

Journal



Merry Christmas to Everyone

See here, Santa Claus!



See what she's been hinting for all this time—a glamour-touched gift set of Cannon towels! These, perhaps—sweetened with carnations. Or another equally tempting new Cannon pattern—each tucked, this year, in the most eye-widening boxes that ever went under the tree. Gaily trimmed, ready to tag—gift sets certain to delight everyone, including you. For they're cheerfully priced, whichever treasure-of-Cannons you choose!



CANNON GIFT SETS START AS LOW AS \$1.95!



1. Ipana is recommended by more than twice as many dentists as any other tooth paste.
2. Ipana is used by more than twice as many dentists as any other tooth paste.

(According to a recent nationwide survey)



Product of Bristol-Myers

Ipana ...for your Smile of Beauty

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle (pictured above). 1,000 dentists helped design it.



BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H. M. QUEEN MARY. YARDLEY, LONDON



Its lovely lady air haunts boulevards and byways with memories
of beauty that stir anew each day. For the romantic charm
of "Bond Street" is unmistakable, and shared by women of
dramatic taste and noble poise everywhere in the world.
"Bond Street" Perfume, \$2.50 to \$15. Toilet Water, \$1.50 and \$2.50. Plus tax.

"Bond Street" by **YARDLEY**





JIMMY
Alose Buckley Heath's Son

"Now let me give you the real dirt. My mom just thinks she wrote *Baby in the Bathroom*. I said it all. Now I can talk plain her writing is stopped still. Nobody but me could think of doing all the things I do. Her made me up? Phooey. I don't care if she did go to forty seven schools. I don't care how pretty and smart she is. In all her 28 years she never could just think me up like that. Do I look like something out of a book? Nosanky!"



GEORGE RAYMOND
RIEMER

"My pet hate at the moment is a thumbnail sketch, like this one. A writer's stories more intimately reveal his past than his autobiography. I'll stand by *Marysong*, my only child. My bookshelves are filled with the works of Saint Thomas Aquinas. I think nothing tells more about a man than his choice of books, unless it is the girl who chooses him, and I am unmarried. This is not my first dealing with the JOURNAL. In 1933 I peddled it."



WILLARD H. TEMPLE

Mr. Temple's story is *What Can You Do With Money?* but that's fiction. The problem never troubles him otherwise. After graduating from the University of Michigan in 1936, he came East to look for a job. He couldn't find work, so he started to write instead. Between rounds of golf, he has been writing ever since. "I'm surrounded by girls," reports Mr. Temple: "a wife, two preschool daughters and a dog, also female. One, or the combination of all four, should help me with my heroines."

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The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.



Published here monthly The greatest star of the Column No. 101 screen!

For the fast approaching festive season, M-G-M offers one of its most fabulous Technicolor musicals.

For a great time, a delightful time, a tuneful Technicolor time, by all means see "This Time For Keeps".



This time, there's handsome Johnnie Johnston to sing love songs (psst! he gets Esther after a lot of romantic trouble).

This time, there's lovable Jimmy Durante, up to his nose in Technicolor, playing the piano even under water (we're not kidding).

And there's the magnificent Lauritz Melchior, in moments of melody that will make you applaud madly.



Oho, and that's not all! There are the terrific rhumba rhythms of Cuggie—Xavier Cugat to you—and his orchestra.

The accolades for "This Time For Keeps" go to those veteran showmen, Director Richard Thorpe and producer Joe Pasternak. The screenplay by Gladys Lehman was based on the story by Erwin Gelsey and Lorraine Fielding.

It's all beautifully filmed in Technicolor. Breathtaking winter and summer scenes photographed on enchanting Mackinac Island. What a background for romance!

For a gala holiday treat, for the time of your life, it's M-G-M's "This Time For Keeps".





Day after glorious day we hiked. Your hand always there to help me. "I love touching your hand," you said. "It feels so soft in mine." Of course! Her hands are Jergens-soft.

At divine Lake Louise LOVE came my way



My last evening—"I can't say Good-bye," you whispered. "Your soft hands have such a hold on my heart"... Keep the heart-holding charm in your hands by using Jergens Lotion.

Your hands can be even dearer now—smoother, softer than ever. Thanks to recent research, Jergens Lotion is now better than ever. Protects even longer, too.

Why—two ingredients in today's

Jergens Lotion are such able skin-softeners that many doctors use them. Still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax). And no oiliness; no stickiness.

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

FREE:

"Try it" size of today's even finer Jergens Lotion. Mail coupon now

Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. (Please send gift bottle.)

Name _____ 250

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish) (Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only)

Our Readers Write Us

Trimming the Tree

Macon, Georgia.

Dear Sirs: Due to a fire, our Christmas-tree ornaments and lights were destroyed and there were absolutely none to be had in town last year, so we trimmed the tree with Christmas cards, and thereby solved



Two problems—one answer.

two problems—what to do with the tree and what to do with the cards.

We made a small hole in the back of the card, up near the fold, and inserted a paper clip twisted to form a hook. Hanging this way from the corner, slightly open, gave a lighter, airier effect than if the wire had gone through both sides of the card, and the face of the card was not marred.

Sincerely,

ELIZABETH DAVENPORT PLANT.

She'll Shrink, Shall We?

Amityville, L. I., New York.

Dear Editor: My husband has been comparing me lately to the JOURNAL—we both get larger every month. Come December, my "first edition" will be "published," and I'll be shrinking back to normal size—but what do you intend to do?

Sincerely,

MAUREEN CONWAY.

♦ We hope we get no bigger, but everybody loves a fat mag. ED.

His Aching Back

Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sirs: My husband does not like the size of the JOURNAL because he is a postman.

Very truly yours,

MRS. ALFRED E. DANKER.

♦ We wouldn't either, if we had his job. Actually, postmen are not required to carry more than 50 lbs. a bag. Seldom do they carry that much, so we're told. ED.

She Never Fumbles—Well, Hardly Ever

Yarmouth, Maine.

Dear Miss Batchelder: If you have time, I would like to ask a few burning questions. Do things always come out perfect in your kitchen at the JOURNAL? In the photographs there's never a fluff of flour; no dribbles of milk or egg; the pie shells never even sag; there's the recipe that says "roll out, spread with this and that, roll up, transfer to tin." Oh, boy, I stare at the picture of the neat roll laid on a shiny tin, then at my broken beauty, filling oozing out, and well, I swear!

Sincerely yours,

MRS. F. B.

British Battle of the Hemline

London.

Dear Laura Lou: The JOURNAL has arrived and you'll be interested to know that the battle of the hemline has its repercus-

sions here. Every newspaper and magazine which carries illustrations of the new silhouette is studied with anxiety worthy the handling of a rare manuscript. I lent the JOURNAL with its pictures of the Paris dictum to my friends and it has gone the rounds of the hall. There've been interminable discussions pro and con.

Many people here are for "the new look" in moderation. More feminine, they say. Others feel that fashion is altogether antisocial when it makes arbitrary decrees at such times of poverty. . . . There was a fashion show at the Royal Albert Hall. Skirts were ankle length. The hobble skirt, the cloak-and-dagger costume, the protruding curve at the back, the stomach bump, all were there, considerably modified.

Every English newspaper has comments on the extra inches below the knees and the amount of material required. The British are in a quandary. Shall they be unfashionable and consumed with misery because of it? Shall the clothes they make for export run the risk of being dubbed *démodé* for lack of the necessary inches? Will it lose for them forever the snob appeal of their expensive woolsens, their severely cut, distinctively English suits? How are they to find the extra cloth without cutting down on the minimum they owe their own people? You can understand why the names of Christian Dior and others will be anathema here as long as there's hardship in Europe.

There's a sense of faint despair in "the fact that Princess Elizabeth's trousseau was calf length must be counted as one of the major victories for the vested interests of the fashion houses. That in itself almost gives the new style official status." And a small consolation that J. Arthur Rank's stars on the screen will keep to short skirts. The dressmaking houses are urged to plug "the London look" for all they're worth. Skirts won't be as violently lengthened as in Paris, but they will not cut the women off at the knee as they have for so long.

Here in London there's no change in the general look of the women. You see, for five months, starting in October, people have only 20 clothing coupons. A coat takes 18 and will soon be 25. A suit takes that many. Shoes are 7. Stockings are 3 to 4. Socks, gloves, scarfs, 1 and 2 each. Underwear, 6 for a set. If you have household linen to buy, then it's farewell to clothes.

I talk such a lot about the skirt because wherever women go, the air buzzes with it. . . . I remember in New York last winter I was walking down Park Avenue, wearing my Burmese *longyi*. Two women behind me, taking it for granted that an Oriental could not understand, remarked on the length of my skirt. They agreed that it looked simply terrible and how could anyone wear long skirts? I'll bet those two women are wearing them now.

Affectionately,

MA THAN E.

♦ The Burmese *longyi*, ankle length, of brilliant solid color, is usually worn with a white waist. Very lovely. ED.

For the Not So Young

Melrose, Massachusetts.

Dear Sirs: First a plea from a customer of some thirty years' standing: Why can't you have a department for your "middle-agers" and over? Youth has so many advisory magazines of its own of late, but what do we have of their equivalent (we so-called "ladies") to keep us up on proper make-up, hair-do's, and particularly clothing? You always picture girlish figures with gay clothes, but don't you know these youngsters have mothers, grandmothers and not-so-young aunts who don't have time or energy to chase around town and ferret out suitable things for near-plumps or "stouts"? Couldn't you put in a section picturing us and giving advice as above? I bet you would get a happy response.

Are all your editors slim young things?

Yours very truly,

MARIAN W. BELCHER.

♦ No, but they're all beautiful. ED.

(Continued on Page 6)

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRESENTS

PRELL The New *Radiant-Creme Shampoo* in a Tube!



PRELL REMOVES DANDRUFF IN AS LITTLE AS 3 MINUTES!

LEAVES HAIR *Radiantly* CLEAN *Radiantly* SMOOTH



HERE'S WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT PRELL

DAD: That tube's so handy! Prell's just dandy! And a little goes so far!

MOTHER: No waste, no drip . . . no spill or slip . . . For youngsters it's a star!

BROTHER: And after Prell, I know all's well. My scalp feels really clean.

SISTER: You just can't hope—with any soap—For hair with such a sheen!

AUNTIE: It's safe they say, for every day—For my dry hair, it's swell!

ALL: Hair radiant, bright . . . no dandruff in sight, when we shampoo with Prell!

Really thrilling! Yes—new, different, wonderful Prell is *thrilling*. This marvelous emerald-clear *Radiant-Creme* shampoo leaves your hair so *shiningly* radiant . . . and *free* of ugly, embarrassing dandruff. Doctors' examinations proved that Prell removes unsightly dandruff in as little as three minutes—and proved that regular Prell shampoos **control this dandruff!**

And thrilling Prell leaves your hair so *soft*, so sleek and smooth—and yet so manageable . . . easy to set and to arrange. It's the perfect shampoo for every kind of hair and hair-do. No more messy jars or slippery bottles to break either—Prell comes in **such a handy tube**. Women . . . men . . . teen-agers and children all find Prell a joy to use—get a tube of this new, different, *Radiant-Creme* shampoo *today!*

Her hands do lovely things for your figure



It's a wonderful experience to put on your first Charis foundation. Under the trained hands of your Charis Professional Corsetiere, bothersome bulges are slimmed to sleek lines—gentle but firm support gives you that lifted feeling—you look pounds lighter and feel years younger. The Corsetiere does this for you in the pleasant, unburied privacy of your home—no shopping, no fuss—a miracle right before your own mirror. Expensive? Not at all—Charis' extra services are included in the price of the all-in-one girdle or bra you buy, and it costs no more than ordinary garments of equal quality! Girdles and all-in-ones from \$6.95 to \$19.95, bras from \$1.50 to \$4.75. And unbelievable as it may seem—you buy from Charis—and Charis only—on a 30-day money-back guarantee!

See for yourself why Charis is the favorite of millions—write for your free copy of "The Foundation of Loveliness."



Your Charis Corsetiere

- 1—Analyzes your figure and posture
- 2—Selects your garment scientifically
- 3—Provides up to 77 garment variations in each size to fit your personal figure requirements
- 4—Personalizes your garment by expert fitting and adjustment

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Available only through Charis Professional Corsetieres

CHARIS

Charis Corporation, Department L3, Allentown, Pa.
Charis Limited, Toronto 14, Canada

All in ones • Girdles • Pantie Girdles • Bras

(Continued from Page 4)

Regional Houses Our Heritage

Bryan, Texas.
Dear Editors: This is a fan letter because my heart is full to the brim with grateful appreciation to Mr. Richard Pratt. There are no descriptive phrases complete enough to describe the pure excellence of the pictures he is using for his Regional Houses.

Mr. Pratt is doing a great deal toward instilling the pride that each of us should take in the beauty of our heritage. These articles are among the finest ever done by any magazine. Thank you.

Most sincerely,
MRS. D. D. CHERRY.

"21" Gives 3 for Joan

Washington, D. C.
The Editors: Three cheers for Letters to Joan, by Gladys Denny Shultz.

Some of our mothers are so sweet that you dare not bring the subject up. And girls sometimes get confused and worry over whether simply *having* emotions means being classed as a "bad girl."

A book containing these letters should be presented to young girls (at what age, I suppose the mothers would have to decide). Sincerely,
"21."

◆ The "Joan letters," very popular, terminate with this issue. If Joan hasn't got the point now it's just *too* bad, ED.

An Apple for the Teacher

Arnold, Kansas.
Dear Editors: While other magazines harp on the need for adult education, you give us the best adult-education program that could be devised. I refer to the How America Lives section of your magazine.

My husband went "back to teaching" from a well-paid position as a methods analyst which he held during the war. He could have continued in the Vocational Guidance Department, but what use vocational guidance, if young people are so poorly trained in fundamentals that they are unfit for any vocation? Many of our friends have twitted us for going "back to teaching," but my husband is doing it for one reason: What is to happen to our children if conscientious, well-trained teachers quit now? The children are here to be educated, and it is a job somebody *must* do. Yours very truly,
VIRGINIA L. CRABTREE.

People Friendly but Starving

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I have come half across Europe since I last wrote you. Over poor tattered France, which appears to be strangely empty. From Paris to Brique, in Switzerland, we saw no one at all on the roads or in the fields. And no birds sang. They were all eaten up long ago in pies. No rabbits gambol in the fields. They are translated, with horse—into salami. One rabbit to one horse.

I spent one night at Venice, which I find difficult in believing in: a dream city with a multitude of smells—a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. Silks, satins, jewels and rings fill the shops.

But lurking in the shadows are people poor beyond anything we know. Old women, just walking bundles of rags. Men covered with starvation sores. There are few of us who would not rather have things as they are at home. I could not be happy with my whole ham and rich wines if an old woman with her feet in rags lurked under my balcony singing a sad, apologetic little song.

Treate is an international port now. A sort of no-man's-land—or is it any man's-land. British, American, Italian and Yugoslav all dwell together, supposedly in unity. The net result seems to be that the once flourishing port is dead. No ships lie in the harbor. No winches rattle there any more. The Russians, non-co-operative as always, have taken all the trade to Fiume.

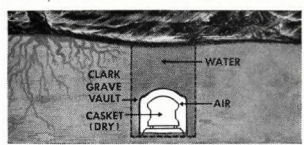
All night long trams rattle, clatter and toot. Gay lads and lasses greet one another with loud joyful cries. At 2 A.M. family parties still roam around the streets, with the children. Explosions just off stage tell of people trying to impress their political opinions on others by chucking bombs.

What a pity people don't stick to the things they can do well. The Italians are wonderful at basketwork, love and singing.

(Continued on Page 8)



It's so consoling... when rain clouds gather overhead... to know that the casket of a dear one is protected against water in the ground by a Clark Metal Grave Vault



Placed over the casket, the Clark Metal Grave Vault is designed to use the pressure of air in the dome to keep seeping water from the rains and melting snows from reaching the casket.

Your funeral director will show you beautiful Clark Vaults within your means. All made of enduring metal instead of porous material. And available in styles armored with 25 to 35 lbs. of zinc to insure up to 2 to 5 times as long-lasting protection as the same vault uncoated.

THE FINEST TRIBUTE • THE MOST TRUSTED PROTECTION



Write for FREE 28-page booklet, "My Duty." Tells what to do when you are asked to "take charge." Over a million copies distributed. The Clark Grave Vault Co., Dept. E-127, Columbus, O. Copyright 1947.

Berkshire's

City Lights

*the stocking colors
of the season*

Half Light
High Light
Black Light



Costume by
Nettie Rosenstein
for Lord & Taylor

Sheer...
Sheer... **Berkshire Stockings**

for the loveliest legs in the world . . . by the world's largest manufacturer of full-fashioned stockings



"Struck Oil, Pop?..."

"Try looking under that pile of diapers—that bottle of Mennen Oil must be somewhere! Ah, there it is! Now go into your smooth-and-soothe act with that mild, gentle, protective oil. Tommy loves it!"

Protects baby's sensitive skin better because it's antiseptic.

Mennen is the famous original antiseptic baby oil, the only widely used baby oil that is antiseptic. Over 3300 hospitals buy and use Mennen on the extra sensitive skin of newborn babies. And most doctors recommend it to help keep baby's skin smooth and healthy.



Helps prevent many skin irritations because it's antiseptic.

Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil forms an unbroken shield of protection—helps safeguard against roughness, chafing, urine irritation, diaper rash and many other infant skin discomforts. You'll love its delicate scent—makes baby smell so fresh and sweet.



Baby loves NEW Mennen Baby Powder, too!

Thousands of mothers have switched to the New Mennen Baby Powder. So soft, so white, with a delightful fresh scent! See if you don't agree! Like Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil,

the New Mennen Baby Powder is made especially to agree with baby's delicate, sensitive skin. Borated, for soothing protection. Perfect for grownings, too—after bath or shower. Get New Mennen Baby Powder today!



Mennen Baby Powder Antiseptic Baby Oil
Two of the world's finest baby products

(Continued from Page 6)

They built Venice—one of the most beautiful cities in the world. But at bombs they are not good. Mostly they are so casually put together that they do little damage. We sit out on a balcony and view their little insurrections. Small and not very harmful battles go on below. A crowd of young men come marching along with torches, singing a sacred song. Soon they clash with counter-marchers going in the opposite direction with a fearful dirge. There is a temporary tangle and tie-up, which police of all nations rush in to stop. After much shouting and pushing the two factions divide and march on. The patriotic chant breaks out anew. Ambulances arrive to cart away the few whose heads have got broken in the fray and all is as it was before. The family parties stroll. The moon looks down. The currency is dastardly. A lady paying the week's wages looks as if she were preparing to paper a room. Most of the notes look as though they had been used in their day as handkerchiefs.

As in Venice, the poverty is dreadful. A pretty little girl has offered to work for me for nothing if I will take her to England "where it is clean," out of the displaced persons' camp where she now lives, and give her a winter coat. That is all she asks. How the ordinary people live I can't imagine. The maid goes off to purchase potatoes with several thousand lire and will not bring back much change. For us, changing pounds, it is just possible, but what if people paid in this ghastly currency? This is inflation.

I would rather have it our way. Everyone a bit uncomfortable, but sharing what there is. There is no rationing of ordinary goods. Sweets, shoes, wonderful silks and woollens are all to be had—if you have the vast number of lire needed to buy. If you haven't you wrap your feet in rags, singing a sad little dirge, and don't eat much. Today we had coffee with two American wives. They live in small apartments overlooking a lot of rubble, angry with the columnist who spread the news that out here they live in the lap of luxury, using soldiers as servants. I saw little sign of luxury and they mostly do their own cooking. And how homesick they are for Florida!

Love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK.

First Things First

Dayton, Ohio.

Gentlemen: There is a plump, good-natured Filipino lady who lives in a small village in Central Luzon. During the Jap occupation from '42 to '45 she lost her home, with most of its furnishings, food stocks, chickens and pigs. Later, the family made many friends in our engineering outfit; the mother and daughter doing laundry for the boys during the day and entertaining at night with songs in native Tagalog dialect, and Filipino tales.

"When I paid a last call on "mom," as we knew her, I asked what I could send her from the States. She needed practically everything essential in having a home. She smiled and said, "Please, sir, if you could send me LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, perhaps?" I have since drawn a multitude of morals from this little story—you can possibly find a few of your own.

Sincerely yours,
RAY METTER.

A Bit of Harney

Dublin, Ireland.

Dear Editors: I have a friend, who has a friend, who has a brother in New York, and the JOURNAL comes my way about three months after it is published.

I am amazed when I see what you produce at such a moderate cost. It certainly takes Americans to do things better than any other people.

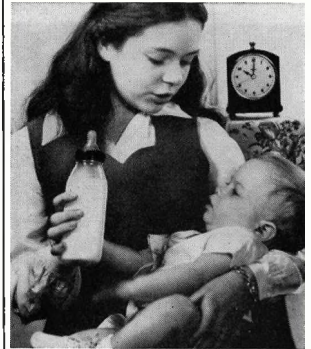
Listen, Ann Batchelder, we simply adore your "cooks' tours."

The fashion section is a real delight, and I notice one of its clever editors has an Irish name. More power to you, Nora O'Leary.

A word about your advertisements. These, they say, are the life and soul of a paper. Well—judging by yours, your JOURNAL will outlive eternity! One simply cannot resist reading your ads—all of them—even though the things they laud are beyond the reach of little us.

Slan lath, and good luck to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

MAEVE O'CONNOR.



Baby Sitters Like Evenflo Nursers!

Easy to use! Nancy just takes a sealed Evenflo Nurser from the refrigerator, warms it, turns up the nipple and it's ready for feeding.

Nurses better! Evenflo Nipple's twin valves automatically let air into the bottle as food is withdrawn. This provides smooth nursing action and enables babies to finish their bottles better. Modern Evenflo Units (nipple, bottle, cap all-in-one) 25c at baby shops, drug and dept. stores. Parts 10c each.



Evenflo
"America's Most Popular Nurser"
It breathes as it feeds!



Knoll

3-in-1 AJUSTA-MATIC KRIB

Converts into JR. YOUTH BED

Grows with your child!

Prolongs useful life of crib!

By the makers of the famous **KROLL KABS**

KROLL BROS. CO.
Dept. L-12, Chicago 16, Ill.

Write for **FREE FOLDER**

Wet Feet? Sniffles?



It's Listerine Antiseptic—*Quick!*

FOR COLDS AND SORE THROATS

MOTHER knows best... realizes that, used early and often, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle can often head off a cold or lessen its severity. In countless families it's a time-tried first-aid against colds and sore throats. Here's why:

Attacks Surface Germs

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called "secondary invaders". These germs often invade throat tissue when body resistance is lowered by wet feet, cold

feet, fatigue, or sudden changes in temperature.

If used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, Listerine Antiseptic can often help guard against the mass invasion of germs.

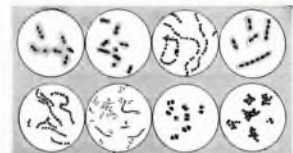
If the cold has already started, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle may help reduce the severity of the infection.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic on Hand

Bear in mind Listerine Antiseptic's impressive rec-

Some "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks

These are some types of the threatening germs that can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedländer's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus salinarum, Staphylococcus aureus.

ord made in tests over a 12 year period: those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle... and fewer sore throats.

So make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a "must" for the whole family. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest and use it at the first hint of a cold. Better still, make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a morning and night habit for everyone.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

NEWS! Now it's easier than ever to get Double-Rich Hotbreads with Crisco!



**It's sensational! Make your own mix with Crisco . . . get
DOUBLE-RICH HOTBREADS AT PACKAGE-MIX SPEED!**

Here's great news for the holidays—right from the Crisco kitchen! It's the perfect hotbread mix you make yourself! It's so easy to make, easy to store away. And with this wonderful Crisco mix on hand, you're ready to bake the best hotbreads you ever tasted—at a moment's notice! Hotbreads that are lighter, flakier, and twice as rich as you get with leading package mixes!

Of course, pure, all-vegetable Crisco is tops for delicious hotbreads no matter what recipe you use. But now, with Crisco's speedy home-mix method, you get all the real home-made goodness you love in hotbreads—and ready-made convenience, too! In ten minutes or less, you can make up a batch of Crisco mix. Just follow this simple recipe.

CRISCO BISCUIT MIX

3 tablespoons baking powder 1 tablespoon salt
6 cups sifted flour 1 cup Crisco

All Measurements Level: Mix dry ingredients. Cut Crisco into flour with a blender or two knives until mixture looks like coarse cornmeal. Store mix in any covered container. (Crisco biscuit mix needs no refrigeration—stays fresh for months!) Yield: about 7½ cups mix—about 60 biscuits.

It's quick, easy to use! Just add milk!

Add ¾ cup milk to 2½ cups biscuit mix. (This makes about 20 biscuits. 1½" in diameter.) Blend well. Put dough on floured board or pastry cloth. Knead lightly several times. Roll dough about ½" thick. Cut with a floured biscuit cutter. Bake on ungreased pan in a hot oven (425°F.) until brown as desired, about 15 minutes.

use CRISCO *in everything
you fry or bake*
IT'S DIGESTIBLE!



Be thrifty—buy the 3-lb. economy size!

FREE!
**AT YOUR DEALER'S
8 Holiday Recipes**
**USING CRISCO'S HOME-MADE
HOTBREAD MIX!**

Don't miss this special holiday offer! For a limited time only, your dealer will give you, free, the recipe for Crisco's new home-made mix, plus eight tested, sure-fire recipes for mouth-melting hotbreads!

Just think how you can dress up holiday meals with these eight delightful hot breads: tender tea biscuits, biscuits, cheese biscuits, orange biscuits, ham wheels! Fluffy meat pie topping, and rich, flaky short-cake, too! They're all quick and easy to make with your free Crisco hotbread mix! So get this dee-luscious offer lasts!



LADIES' HOME

Journal

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Don't Pursue Happiness

BY STRUTHERS BURT

BACK of most divorce—at least, hasty divorce—back of so many other aspects of American behavior, is the strange, persistent, American belief in the pursuit of happiness. The belief, that is, that personal happiness is the inherent right of every man and woman. That if you go after it hard enough, and are bright enough, you are bound to catch up with it.

Perhaps the Founding Fathers are responsible for this persistent, and often fatal, American myth. No other nation believes in it. The word "chance" should have been substituted for the word "pursuit." Every man and woman, to be sure, is entitled to a *chance* for happiness. That chance should be guarded vigilantly. The gate should be kept open. But *pursuit* is something else.

Those who have *pursued* happiness, without finding it, live with the conviction that life has defrauded them in their personal relationships. And this sense of frustration and defeat shows itself clearly in too many American marriages. Once the honeymoon is over—and honeymoons do end—the misguided pursuer feels himself cheated and on the slightest pretext hurries off to Reno.

Fundamentally, marriage is a contract. That's old news. A partnership. An agreement that two heads, working together, are better than one; and that two wills, provided there is give and take, are stronger than a single will. Like all contracts, all agreements, it requires discipline, good humor and good will. Moreover, it requires time.

Successful marriages just don't happen, they're achieved. But once they are achieved, they are the finest relationship in the

(Continued on Page 209)

Lend Money the American Way

By Dorothy Thompson

IT seems to me that what is most lacking in Washington is moral and intellectual courage, and willingness to depend, not upon slogans, but upon tested American experience. To take one example, and a most important one: the matter of continuing aid to Europe. In this there are two schools of thought—or perhaps, better said, of slogans. One holds that we have already given away too much, and that it has all been so much thrown down the drain; the other warns that without aid Europe will collapse into economic and social chaos and will all probably, as a result, come under Russian hegemony, thus bringing about exactly the condition we fought the war to avoid: the domination of Europe and Asia by a single power that could menace American security.

But suppose both factions are, to a certain degree, right?

Without strong financial and economic aid from America, which alone is able to give it, Europe will certainly sink deeper and deeper; the extinction of the rest of Western civilization will certainly affect the United States, morally, politically and economically. It would do so even if there were no Soviets to take advantage of it.

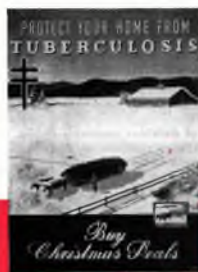
But the *way* in which, up to now, we have been giving aid has not halted that seeping disintegration; we have no guaranty that more of it, given in the same way, will prevent collapse. And if collapse comes after more billions have been poured in, we shall be just that much weaker in protecting ourselves from the cataclysm.

A bold and courageous mind, at this point, would say: Therefore, we must find *new* ways of giving aid, that do promise to avert collapse, and will *not* have ill effects on the American economy.

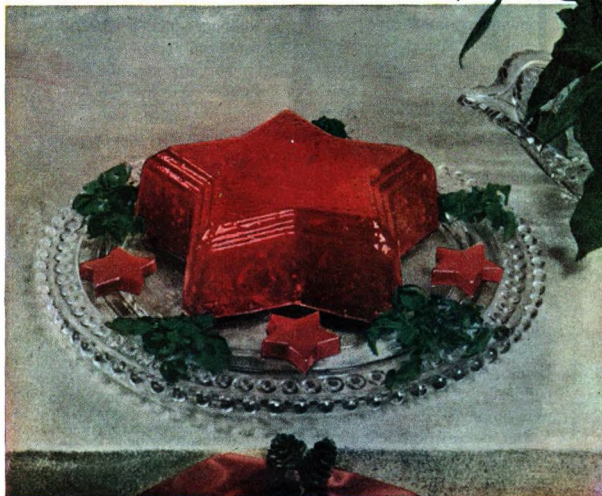
So far we have aided Europe by giving billions of dollars of quickly consumed relief (UNRRA) and by loans to European governments.

Loans to foreign governments, whether by another government or by bankers, are a traditional, conservative way of doing things. Most of the European governments to which we are presently offering them are very uncertainly seated. They fear, among other things, their communists; like all governments dependent upon the electorate, they are subject to organized pressures from various greedy groups; and all of them are in a frightful condition of public finances. All the countries to which our money goes suffer from runaway inflation and live in black-market economies. Much of the money we lend eventually flows into these black markets to increase inflationary prices; and since dollars are eventually spent for American goods, these inflated prices are reflected in our own price structure here at home, accelerating the

American inflation and impoverishing the American people, not by way of the money lent, but by diminishing the purchasing power of the American people. For the people in Europe who have any money at all



Christmas means Cranberries



A ruby cranberry salad to bring Christmas to your table



Cranberry Star Salad

Soak 1 envelope plain gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water 5 minutes.

Dissolve over boiling water.

Crush 1 can Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce with a fork. Add dissolved gelatin to cranberry sauce.

Pare and core 2 large (or 3 medium) apples, and put through food chopper together with 1/4 lemon (rind and pulp).

Add to cranberry mixture. Pour into star-shaped mold and chill in refrigerator until firm. Serves 6.

If your family is like ours, you'd better double the recipe and make an extra salad to serve with leftover turkey or chicken!



Christmas and cranberries belong together, but no longer do you serve cranberries only at Christmas. Ocean Spray now brings cranberry sauce to your table every week in the year . . . ready to serve, and ready to be enjoyed with meat, with fish, in salads, or colorful desserts. So when you get your Cranberry Sauce for Christmas, get some extra cans for good eating right through the week.

FREE RECIPES: 32 pages of delicious cranberry dishes, every one tested in Ocean Spray's "Cranberry Kitchen." Ask for "Cape Cod's Famous Cranberry Recipes."

OCEAN SPRAY, Dept. L127, Hanson, Mass.

only wish to get rid of it for things, and since things are in frightful shortage, they care nothing about the price which they have to pay.

But America could aid Europe in a way that would avoid these evil repercussions and cost us much less than past or proposed policies.

We could, for instance, make ten billion dollars do the work of twice or three times that sum, provided we stopped lending money to political agencies (governments) and invested it in genuinely economic enterprises.

I am not suggesting ordinary "dollar diplomacy," or a return to large-scale private investment in private European enterprises, though that was actually the chief way in which Europe was aided to recover with quite phenomenal swiftness after World War I.

But all European countries today are semisocialistic; private capital is almost wholly depleted; private capitalists are, many of them, under a cloud as Fascist collaborators; and no European governments would welcome having their industries come into possession of other countries or the nationals of other countries. Actually the Russians are making themselves highly unpopular by aping the very capitalist practices which, when performed by others, they brand as capitalist imperialism. They are forcing or attempting to force neighboring countries to set up mutual trusts for the exploitation of natural resources, the Russians having a 51 per cent, or controlling, interest.

But it is perfectly possible for the United States to create, under American leadership, and with (temporarily) dominant participation of American industrial, transportation, hydraulic and mining engineers, European public corporations, to which, and to which alone, we would lend money for European reconstruction. The eventual ownership and complete control of these public corporations, or Authorities—the Tennessee Valley Authority is an illustration—would pass to the countries where they operate. The initial money should be loaned without interest—or, rather, without more interest than the United States Government must itself pay, say 2 per cent—and amortization should be postponed for a period of, say, twenty years, assuming that it will take fully that time to get Europe on her feet again.

Ten billion dollars thus invested and backed with American know-how, divorced from the political pressures within the countries where it would be used, is an enormous sum, though it is less than half of what the European governments think they need. But ten billion dollars invested to create wealth to create money to create more wealth is very different from twenty or thirty billion borrowed to meet current and approaching deficits.

SUCH public corporations, set up on behalf of the people of European countries, would return no profits to the United States, except indirectly—as it is immensely to our interest to have a prosperous Europe and prosperous potential customers. Such profits as were not reinvested by the corporations to create more wealth, employ more persons, and create a sound basis for the currencies, would be earmarked to the governments for special purposes, such as social services. And eventually these corporations would revert to the states in which they operate, by the simple process of allowing the states to buy them out at par on an amortization plan.

We would then get our money back, having meanwhile put Europe really back on her feet. And we should be recompensed, apart from the moral satisfaction of having helped save civilization, by

having also saved ourselves from the serious effects of European economic collapse and resultant American panic and unemployment.

When we talk about "aiding" any country other than our own, it makes a great deal of difference to define whom we are aiding.

I, for instance, am willing to make no sacrifices whatever to enable an Egyptian millionaire to buy an American automobile for three times its normal price and thus contribute to force up the price of my own car. But I am willing to make considerable sacrifices for irrigation, health and road-building projects in the Middle East for the purpose of raising the living standards of the whole Egyptian people, increasing food production and aiding general prosperity.

WE have lent money to Turkey. Surely it is not impertinent to inquire for what purpose? In Turkey, economic developments started by Kemal Atatürk resemble those of all dictator states. The Turkish economy is vertical rather than horizontal: top-heavy industries imposed on nothing underneath.

Turkey, for instance, has food to burn—while Americans are urged "voluntarily" to ration themselves. There is enough surplus food in Turkey certainly to feed the Greeks. But it rots for lack of proper transportation facilities. Europe is freezing, but not a tenth of the potential coal production of Turkey is exploited. Iran is glutted with oil, but starved for water. She needs hydraulic engineers and great irrigation projects. America has the know-how really to reconstruct Europe, provided we spend our own money on genuine reconstruction.

The majority of the plain people in the U. S. will, day in and day out, make fewer mistakes in governing themselves than any smaller group will make in trying to govern them. —THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Some people will say I am advocating American capitalism entering Europe. I shall not deny it, provided we can agree on a definition of capitalism. In an industrial society there is no other

known economic system except capitalism. Capitalism is the system by which money is combined with organization brains, engineering skills, management, techniques, science and labor to produce wealth, which is expanded then in the form of income to the various contributing factors, part being given to the state to supply its revenue and part reinvested to create more wealth. If capitalism is "private," individuals put up the money and take the profits and expend or reinvest them. If capitalism is public (called socialism), the state puts up the money and takes the profits and expends and reinvests. Either system will work for the public welfare if there is correct distribution of the wealth produced; that is to say, if all the contributing factors are so compensated that the whole mechanism keeps on functioning, and the disinterested brain could almost compute success or failure in pure mathematics. When either system fails it is because other than purely economic factors mess it up—political factors and political pressures of one kind or another. And they mess up state capitalism as well as private capitalism.

But unless Europe gets back into production, and into rational production, her people will go on starving and her social orders collapsing. There just isn't enough American wealth to keep more than twice our own population on relief. And since no country in the world begins to know as much about production as we do, we should export with our money the brains and skills to make that money work for the European people: to make it work in such a way that we shall actually be building up for them a fortune. With just a little more imagination and courage and more advice from industrial engineers and less from politicians, we could go places and take others with us, into more common sense, more creation and more happiness.

THE END



Just what Santa Claus deserves...

AMERICA'S LUXURY HAM

Hand Picked • Sugar Cured • Tender Cooked



The best and nothing but the best is labeled

ARMOUR

ARMOUR'S
80th ANNIVERSARY

This-n-that about Ham

BY

Marie Gifford



Director, Armour Consumer Service

Watch your Santa smack his lips at sight of this platterful of Merry Christmas:

Cinnamon Glazed Ham. No use your getting up when Donner and Blitzen have just dashed away. With Ready-To-Eat Armour Star Ham in the kitchen you can skip longer cooking time—set your oven at 325° F. and reheat only 10 min. per pound. Half an hour before ham is finished, pour on this Red Cinnamon Glaze and baste frequently:

2 cups sugar 1 cup corn syrup
1 cup water colored with ½ cup red cinnamon candies



Bright Cinnamon Pears. Poach whole, fresh, peeled pears in a heavy saucepan using a similar amount of glaze mixture, adding red vegetable coloring if necessary. To keep pears firm, cook very slowly about 20 min. and turn often.



Sure-To-Please Gift for friends or relatives—a wonderful big Ready-To-Eat Armour Star Ham. Truly America's Luxury Ham—for each choice ham is hand-picked, mild sugar-cured, and slow-smoked for unforgettable flavor. What woman wouldn't love to have one on hand for holiday entertaining—for instance, that New Year's Eve buffet party she's planning.



Hearty-Starter Breakfast for chilly winter mornings: Fried Eggs and thick slices of Visking-wrapped, boneless Armour Ham. Bone already removed, it's an economical buy. You pay only for usable meat and one pound yields four very generous servings.

For Free Ham Recipes—delicious and different—write: Marie Gifford, Dept. 177, Box 2053, Chicago 9, Ill.



"Sweet and Lovely"



• Fostoria's *Romance* pattern is sweet for any occasion and lovely for your best table wardrobe, holiday time or any time, when you, as a charming hostess, seek to blend everything into one shining setting. It's patterned for personality and a treasure to give or to receive. So here's to *Romance* for dreamers and practical folks as well...one of many Fostoria favorites in better stores everywhere.

FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY • MOUNDSVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA



"I've never seen him smile."

UNDER-COVER STUFF

BY BERNARDINE KIELTY

IF there's any person in one's immediate environs who deserves a Christmas present, it is the local postman. Sometimes in the city one forgets, what with the impersonal routine of doorman and elevator deliveries. But if you make a point of seeing the mailman and handing him his gift yourself, you may find—as we did—a nice elderly man who has been bringing you your letters and cards and bills twice a day for many years. He knows something about you, even if you don't about him. And not only the city, but the truly rural postman. How he deserves a pat on the back! The only postman on a certain New Jersey rural-delivery route last year was still delivering Christmas mail, including 80,000 Christmas cards, over his thirty-eight-mile route, up to January 13th. He had worked fifteen hours a day for three weeks.

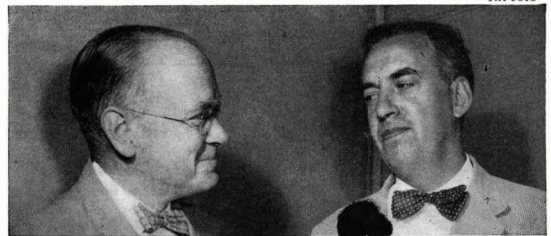
The "real Santa Claus" is the postmaster of Santa Claus, Indiana, who sometimes has had as many as 4,500,000 pieces of mail go through his office in one season, all stamped with the legitimate "Santa Claus" postmark.

Though the beginnings of Christmas cards are lost in the mists of time, the date of their earliest popularity in this country seems to be pretty well set in the 1880's. They were printed by L. Prang and Company, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, a firm long famous for its art reproductions. Mr. Prang in-

augurated a series of prize competitions among artists, and from the prize drawings made his first lot of Christmas cards. *Cella Thaxter*, the poet, wrote verses for them. But times have changed. We still have the art, but where is the poetry? Who, indeed, does write the "sentiments" on Christmas cards?

DAHL'S BRAVE NEW WORLD, by *Francis Dahl*, cartoonist, and *Charles Marion*, writer, is a kind of glorified, sophisticated comic strip enriched with pages of shrewd satiric comment. It is highly amusing. In the first place, the two authors essay to classify the man of today—of Today's Brave New World. If the "typical citizen" of the 1920's was the Executive, and of the '30's and much of the war, the Man With the Brief Case, then today's is the Man Who Owns a Food Freezer. "Never were so many wonderful machines and labor-saving devices at the beck and call of the prosperous American. And never were so many prosperous Americans, from Nob Hill to Park Avenue, washing so many dishes." Quoting news items of new inventions, Dahl pictures the possibilities of an Unmixing Machine, which can unscramble eggs, help people find the right pair of rubbers, straighten out traffic jams; of a Mechanical Baby Sitter, who doesn't have boy friends and doesn't try on

(Continued on Page 16)



Morton and Dahl view the brave new world with mixed emotions.



before a girl marries...

You're on the go...you're doing so much, there's little time to dream. But you do...don't you? You dream of him and what a wonderful husband he'll be. You dream of making him proud of his home...as proud as you both were today when you bought your first good things...your first Gorham Sterling place-settings.

Your flair for living nicely makes these first Gorham place-settings a must. Because with Gorham, you have confidence in its exquisite design and workmanship...the assurance that comes of one hundred and seventeen years of fine silver-making. As you match and add, you

can enjoy using your Gorham every day... seeing it grow lovelier with the years. Truly good things, like Gorham, are made to live with and love for all your life.

Send for illustrated book, "Entertaining—the Sterling Way" 10¢ (outside U.S.A., 40¢). The Gorham Company, LHJ-1225, Providence, R. I.

THE MODERN WAY to buy sterling (solid) silver is in units of place-settings—each consisting of six pieces. Place-settings about \$23.00 (Fed. tax incl.), depending on which of the twelve Gorham patterns you choose.



Illustrated: five of the twelve Gorham patterns.

Gorham
STERLING ©
AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831



*Patents Pending

This Xmas, bestow a lifetime of beauty and flavor by giving a Revere Ware Pressure Cooker*, or by selecting your presents from Revere's complete line of Copper-Clad Stainless Steel Ware. (P. S. Be sure to look for the trade mark on the thick copper bottom.)

Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated,
Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 14)

all the nylons, gowns and cosmetics belonging to the lady of the house; of a Self-Wiping Cream which expands to a fluff without help from human hands; of the Galoshes for Cattle designed to circumvent hoof disease.

Dahl and Morton may be lighthearted about these, the latest gadgets—they may be able to laugh—but they are bitter when it comes to today's food. Listening to the radio, they have discovered that "mild" is the word for it. "Mildness" is the criterion of all food products. "The food industry rolled up its sleeves and quietly set about hiring radio comedians. If people laughed at the jokes, they correctly reasoned, people would eat the cheese. If slugged often enough, the word 'mild' would soon have them demanding weakness of flavor as their inalienable right. If the show reached a 30.4 rating, they would settle for no taste at all." All food, to these young men, now tastes alike.

In our own homes we can still get back to somewhere within calling distance of the good old prewar food. True, the light layer cakes with thick rich frosting seem to have gone the way of general houseworkers, homemade soup and old, slow-type oatmeal. But every day a new cookbook comes out, efficient, well-charted, understandable to the girl out of school or in, which does something toward restoring our once highly flavored national taste. JOURNAL readers will be glad to know that Gladys Taber has written one—STILL-MEADOW KITCHEN. If you don't stop short at her oysters Rockefeller, drooling, you will at the Irish Stew, or at James' French apple pie. . . . THE COOK IS IN THE PARLOR, by Marquette Gilbert McCartha, is worked out on the supposition that besides cooking you nearly always want to have a little fun. She gives many excellent menus and tells how the dishes can be prepared ahead. How to cook and yet enjoy your company is her thesis. . . . FAVORITE RECIPES OF WELLESLEY ALUMNAE may sound rather esoteric, but it will bring back nostalgic memories to those who were privileged to know the original Wellesley Tea Room Fudge Cake. Included in the alumnae favorites are Mayling Soong Chiang's Sweet and Pungent Pork, President Horton's Mushroom Soufflé, and (again) Gladys Bagg Taber's Eggplant Caviar.

Legs, according to Hollywood classification, are divided into four groups: Petite, Chorus Girl, Debutante and Show Girl. Petite is the "pony" type.



Which class are Esther Williams'?

short and shapely, measuring 74 inches at the ankle, 12½ inch and 15½ thigh. Chorus Girl size is about 7½ ankle, 14 calf and 19-inch thigh. Debutante is usually long but somewhat more slender than normal, possibly 13-inch calf and 16½ thigh. "The Show Girl legs are the longest and shapeliest, and to many people the most beautiful."

(Continued on Page 18)

White clothes washed
Gleaming white
Bright clothes washed
Sparkling bright

White
Bright

All my clothes washed
just right
With speed-washing
Dexter Twin

the Only washer with
"Speed Washing"
TWIN TUBS

Dexter Twin is the one washer that gets all clothes cleaner, quicker, easier without soaking, hand rubbing, or waiting! Dexter Twin washes, rinses, and wrings all at the same time. In an hour or less your weekly wash is ready for the line.

FREE—Twin Tub Booklet, "Two Instead of One," explains exclusive Dexter washing method. Write Dept. L127.

THE DEXTER CO. • Fairfield, Iowa

DEXTER TWIN TUB
WASHES CLEANER—QUICKER—EASIER

Short or Tall
Right Height
for All!

MET-L-TOP
ADJUSTABLE HEIGHT
IRONING TABLE

7 easy adjustments for height

In a jiffy you can adjust the legs of the new MET-L-TOP to suit your height. It means comfortable-posture ironing . . . reduces back strain, arm strain and general ironing fatigue . . . SPEEDIER, EASIER ironing. It's a big new advantage added to the features that made MET-L-TOP America's outstanding ironing table.

MET-L-TOP is the original all-metal ironing table . . . fire-proof, warp-proof. Will not wobble or creep . . . stays put. Mirror-smooth, white-enamelled, ventilated top, plus the useful ProtectoRest. The new ADJUSTABLE HEIGHT MET-L-TOP sells for only \$10.45. Standard Model, \$8.65.

See Your Dealer

For best results use MET-L-TOP pad and cover set. Tailored to fit.

MET-L-TOP Division
GEUDER, PAESCHKE & FREY CO.
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

CLEAN YOUR SINK FAST

THIS SAFE, EASY WAY!



SO EASY...

CLEANS WITHOUT GRIT!

Why scratch dirt away—and the finish with it—when fine, white Bon Ami does the work without harm to sinks and tubs? Remember, scratches catch dirt—make your cleaning harder.



SO SAFE...

POLISHES AS IT CLEANS!

Now get a polish as you clean. No extra work. Lots of extra sparkle. Bon Ami-cleaned sinks and bathtubs keep that shiny, "new" look. You finish up faster—get better, brighter results.



SO FINE...

WON'T REDDEN PRETTY HANDS!

Your own hands are proof that Bon Ami contains no harmful grit or caustic. Feel its fineness. Use it. Now look at your hands ... they're soft and nice as ever. That's how Bon Ami is different! It's fast, it's easy—it's SAFE!



Bon Ami



"hasn't scratched yet!"

EASY, EASY, EASY MEALS

Hearty Heinz Oven-Baked Beans—Mealy, Mouth-Watering, Sauced to Spicy Perfection—Are a "Natural" for Brisk Fall Days, Hungry Families and Busy Cooks!



EASY on the purse—There's a whole hefty meal in a thrifty tin of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans! For they're energy-giving—rich in protein—and high in the quality for which Heinz has been famous 78 years!

EASY to cook—Even experienced cooks admit they can't match Heinz Oven-Baked Beans for mellowness and for that spiced-to-glory sauce of "Aristocrat" tomatoes! All this goodness is yours—for the heating!

EASY to serve—Set a crock of crackling-brown beans on the table and your job's done—except for refilling the family's plates! You'll enjoy both kinds—in tomato sauce with succulent pork or without pork!

- and Oh so EASY to EAT



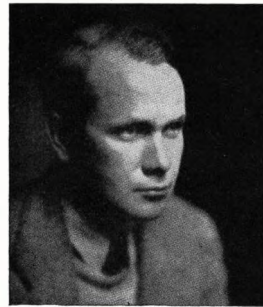
HEINZ BEANS

THEY'RE OVEN-BAKED

(Continued from Page 16)
says **Gregg Toland**, the cameraman from Hollywood who has gone to all the trouble of making these measurements. Which brings to mind **Esther Williams**, movieland's aquatic star, and the admiring comment of **Jimmie Duranto**: "She wasn't born; she was built. Have you ever seen such a perfect structure?" He said it one day when Esther appeared for a picture in a gold lamé bathing suit—the one, possibly, that is reputed to have cost \$1000.

Vincent (Minnie) Sheean has been blessed in many ways. One of our top-notch writers and one of the handsomest, he is better versed in the literature of opera and symphonic music than probably any other American litterateur, and is a quadrilingualist, speaking almost equally well Italian, French, German and English. His latest novel, **A CERTAIN RICH MAN**, is a best seller. And his autobiographical books, **PERSONAL HISTORY**; **NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD**; **BETWEEN THE THUNDER AND THE SUN**; and **THIS HOUSE AGAINST THIS HOUSE**, represent probably the most sensitive and certainly the best-written impression of twentieth-century America—America as part of an international world—that we have.

A CERTAIN RICH MAN is the story of a young man of vast wealth, returned from the war where all soldiers were economic equals. What to do with his money is now his major problem, involving his wife, the girl he meets casually in a secondhand bookstore, his



Vincent Sheean.

children, and the real estate he owns in Harlem. There is a third woman in the story who will create the most talk—one of those amoral, oversexed, exotic, seductive women such as unnerved all the characters in the novels which followed the last war. Arabella, Sheean's fictional seductress, is hardly a part of the major plot, but she runs away with the story. There are some readers who will believe that Fate—or Mr. Sheean—has meted out her just deserts in her terrible lingering death. She is decadent romance if you like, but she has a way with her.

Buying children's Christmas books is no chore if you're lucky enough to live near a bookstore in which you can browse. No two people will pick alike, so the recommendations from our own browsing can't please all. But here are the ones that attracted us most—several of which, in fact, we bought:

MISS HICKORY, by **Carolyn Sherwin Bailey**, illustrated by **Ruth Gannett**, received the John Newbery Medal for "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children." Miss Hickory is a New England spinster with a hickory nut for a head. . . . **THE LITTLE ISLAND**, by **Golden MacDonald**, illustrated by **Leonard Weisgard**, received the Caldecott Medal

(Continued on Page 21)

MOM, I NEED A MENU IDEA

THE GANG IS DROPPING IN TONIGHT AFTER THE SHOW



WELL, SUE, HERE'S MY FAVORITE SNACK

AND EVERYBODY ALWAYS SEEMS TO LIKE IT



"It's simple, easy and quick. Make toast and put flakes of tuna on each slice. Pour that well-flavored rarebit sauce of yours over each serving. With coffee or chocolate and a few cookies, that's all you'll need."

This is just one of scores of ways of serving these famous brands of quality tuna . . . hot or cold. So, always try to keep a supply on hand, both for regular use and for those times when friends drop in unexpectedly!

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THE BRANDS THAT MADE TUNA FAMOUS
Buy EITHER Brand . . . the quality is the same.

Pancakes Deluxe!

**SAVES
HALF YOUR
BUTTER**



with

HOT BUTTERED Sweetose^{*} *a new patented syrup — made from corn!*

THE EXTRA-SWEET CORN SYRUP[®]

Here's a really delicious flavor secret famous cooks have known for years. Try it, and enjoy the best pancakes you've ever tasted!

Just add a spoonful of butter to a cupful of hot Sweetose—and there's the most delicious buttery syrup you've ever enjoyed! All the golden richness of butter—and the special sweetness of Sweetose blended together to give you a syrup that men and boys really love!

Try Hot Buttered Sweetose on waffles, French toast and hot biscuits, too. Like hundreds of other dishes, they'll taste far better when they're sweetened with Sweetose. For Sweetose is a com-

pletely new type of sweetener made from corn—so different that it is made under a new basic patent.

Hundreds of women who have tried Sweetose prefer it to sugar for luscious desserts, stewing fruits, and many other uses, too. It mixes very quickly, blends well, and gives a really satisfying sweetness that men and boys really like.

We want to send you recipes for eleven delicious new desserts—husky, flavorful desserts that will win the whole family. All made from this wonderful new syrup.

Just mail the coupon to us today. Your copy will be mailed to you. A. E. STALEY MFG. CO., DECATUR, ILL.



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*Sweetose is a trade-mark of the A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Illinois, registered in the U. S. Pat. Office.

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Box 1091, Decatur, Ill.

Please send me, free, your recipes for eleven delicious desserts made with your patented new-type syrup—Sweetose.

Name _____
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Prize Novel... the story of a love

that braved

earthquake

and tidal

wave and

savage tribal

warfare! It's

from M-G-M

... and it's a

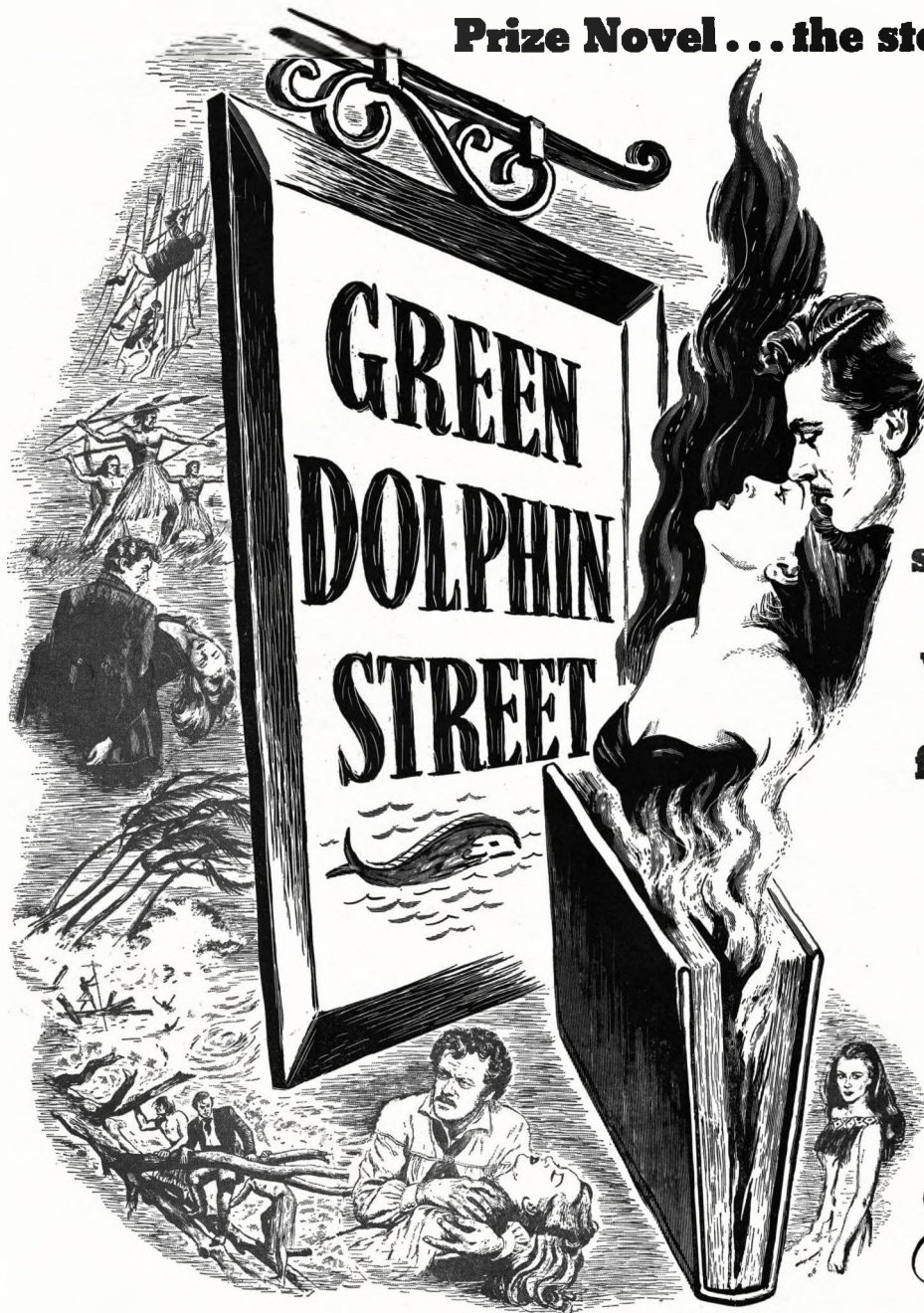
big picture!

*Lana
Turner*

VAN HEFLIN · DONNA REED · RICHARD HART

Frank MORGAN · Edmund GWENN · Dame May WHITTY · Reginald OWEN · Gladys COOPER

Screen Play by SAMSON RAPHAELSON • Based on the Novel by ELIZABETH GOUDGE • Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE • Produced by CAREY WILSON • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.



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Gift sets by JOY, combining America's finest manicure implements of surgical steel with custom-stitched leather cases.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

#1000
\$10.00
Fed. tax
70¢

Extremely smart zipper set with 6 essential nail care implements.

7 implement set for a complete manicure. In a choice of fine leathers.



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30 handsome JOY SETS to choose from
LADIES' SETS from \$3.95 to \$44.00
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Sheer Christmas joy... Lovely Mojud nylon stockings... a gift every woman will welcome.

MOJUD
the dependable
HOSIERY

AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

TRADE MARK REG. © 1947 MOJUD HOSIERY CO., INC. N. Y. C.

(Continued from Page 18)

"for the most distinguished picture book." . . . And **THE TWENTY-ONE BALLOONS**, written and illustrated by **William Pons du Bois**, is also a prize winner. These three are outstanding for their illustrations. . . An old book in a magnificent new edition—one of the prime favorites for every generation—is **THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF NILS**, by **Selma Lagerlöf**. This book we reread with complete adult abandon—just for ourselves this time, not for the children. . .

An annual favorite is any book by **Walter Brooks**, voted tops by children of our acquaintance, eight to twelve. This is the series about the barnyard animals who first appeared in 1927 in **TO AND AGAIN**. This year's book, fourteenth in the series, **FREDDY THE MAGICIAN**, concerns the tricks put over by Freddy, the pig—the same Freddy who last time got out the **Bean Home News**, remember? . . .

Two of the very best children's books of late years, in the opinion of this department, were **GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WORLD** and **ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S WORLD**, by **Genevieve Foster**—history in pictures, each page depicting what was going on all over the world contemporaneously with the various events in the lives of those two men. Mrs. Foster's new book, **AUGUSTUS CAESAR'S WORLD**, is done in the same way. This time she unfolds the world of Jesus Christ—and the years just before and after He was born. Though listed for age ten and over, this is a book which adults will enjoy fully, and out of which they will extract quite as much information as the schoolchild. . . Then there is **THE MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET**, by **Valentine Davies**, which will probably be severe competition for **Dickens' CHRISTMAS CAROL** for annual out-load reading. . . And for every family that loves to sing there is the **FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS**, ballads, sea chanteys, cowboy songs and railroad songs, hymns, spirituals, Christmas carols, selected and edited by **Margaret Bradford Boni**, with simple but very intelligently written music, and charmingly illustrated.

• • •

The popular conception of pitiful old age is having a general upheaval these days. A friend of ours had a grandmother safely bedded down—or so she thought—in sunny California. Grandmother wrote occasionally that she'd like to be back East, but the family always wrote back sternly about the snow and slush that were their daily fare. One day in late spring, however, they received a telegram. Grandmother had sent the telegram as she was boarding the

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Don't be alarmed! Just mention that you think he's in remarkable condition for a man of fifty-one and he'll go back upstairs."

plane to come East. She was eighty-seven years old and alone. But there was nothing to do about it, because she was already winging her way across the continent, and all they could hope was that the poor old heart could stand it. The entire family repaired to the Newark airport to meet her. When the plane landed, passenger after passenger descended, but no grandmother. Finally, after a considerable lapse of time a stewardess came out carrying a basket, and after her a very little old lady looking quite green. When she spied the family group she tripped up to them at once. "It would have been all right, my dears," she said hastily, "if it hadn't been for that ice-cream soda in Cleveland."

Gold Tassel

Wrisley



. . . a gay, soft fragrance with an evening air of romantic elegance

Wonderfully lovely Gold Tassel bath toiletries will delight the lover of beauty in you . . .

lusciously scented bubble bath, cologne, bath powder, bath crystals—huge, sculptured bath cakes . . . exquisitely ensembled for you or for precious gift-giving.

IN SETS OR SINGLY . . . ONE TO TWO-AND-ONE-HALF DOLLARS



HAVE YOU
LOOKED AT
Your FLOORS
LATELY?

Your Teen-Agers

LIVE IN A SHOW WINDOW, TOO!

"Come on, let's go up to my room!" When your Teen-Agers can say that with pride, then they're happy. They don't mind letting friends get a "show-window view" of their room. How can you make your Teen-Agers' and other rooms more attractive? Start with the floors. Treat yourself to comfort and beauty with this Alexander Smith Caracul twist broadloom in Opera Red. Modest in

price, decidedly smart. See Alexander Smith's all-wool Broadloom Carpets and Floor-Plan Rugs (ready-made to fit your rooms) at your favorite store. Many in B.H.F. colors to go with other B.H.F.-color furnishings. Send for "Colorama", Clara Dudley's free Color Idea Book. Write Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Co., Dept. S-87, 285 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



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MINORITIES . . . Philadelphia Fellowship

HATREDS CAN BE CURED

by MARGARET HICKEY

"PEACE on earth, good will toward men" is on many lips. "Joy to the world," we chant. Yet our country knows race prejudice, religious intolerance and class hatred.

Some intelligent efforts are being made to help cure these diseases of the mind. Community efforts to improve racial or religious understanding are being developed by 262 local committees, 34 state commissions and 118 national or state agencies.

In California, the Council for Civic Unity struggles with the problems developed in the wake of wartime migration of Negroes from the South, the steady influx of Mexicans and postwar return of evacuated Japanese. The Council supports the unsegregated use of all tax-supported institutions. In San Francisco, this group has the assistance of 24 city organizations. Here one of the first victories was the passing of a "first come, first served" rule for all veterans in the public-housing projects, regardless of racial or religious background.

Efforts are being made to solve the age-old conflicts between the Negro and the white man. In North Carolina, Dr. Frank P. Graham, president of the University of North Carolina, and a group of outstanding Negro educators are working together on an educational program. Patient, steady approach brings real results.

One of the most recent attacks on racial, religious and national prejudices is the five-year program undertaken by Louis Wirth, professor of sociology, and six other faculty members at the University of Chicago. It is underwritten by a grant of \$150,000 from the Carnegie Corporation and the Rockefeller Foundation. The goal is the development of scientific programs based upon facts and tested activities.

Co-operating with the American Council on Race Relations, Chicago University will start pilot programs to test newly discovered means for establishing better intergroup relations. The university will work from three centers: industrial relations (labor), communications (public opinion), and human development (attitudes and behavior). The American Missionary Association has held four annual Institutes of Race Relations at Fisk University in an effort to further interracial understanding.

A vigorous educational program is under way in Minneapolis. Established with the aid of Dr. Willard E. Goslin, superintendent of schools, the program calls for the development in primary and secondary schools of attitudes favorable to the welfare of all men. The Race Relations Committee of the American Friends Service Committee makes provision for Negro professors to teach in white schools and colleges for given periods. In this way the white students are given opportunity for greater understanding of the Negro and appreciation of the part he can play in American culture.

The Urban League, the country's oldest interracial social-service agency (founded in 1910), has a network of centers to aid the Negro in 56 cities in 29 states. The League wastes no time in futile protest against local discrimination. Instead it works steadily toward finding better jobs, providing better housing, health and living standards. During the past three years it has made notable progress in Tulsa, Oklahoma; Charleston, South Carolina; New London, Connecticut; and other cities.

William H. Baldwin, president of the National Urban League, points out that "clashes are sensational, they are apt to dominate the news while the evidence of the scope of co-operation between the races is the light still hid under the bushel." Because it is essential that this light be shed more widely, we are presenting the story of how one community went about answering the question, "How can we live together as neighbors?"

Philadelphia, noted for being conservative, has a working laboratory of democracy where men, women and children of all races, colors and creeds are accepted as fellow human beings. The birthplace of American ideals now has taken the initiative in proclaiming, practicing and proving these ideals.

THE END

AT a busy city intersection is boldly chalked: "A GOOD JEW IS A DEAD JEW." In a high-school washroom a young white girl pours a bottle of poison over her face and dress, then runs out into the schoolyard yelling, "A nigger did it! A nigger tried to poison me!" On Election Day, thousands of small white cards are distributed: "Attention Non-Jews and Non-Catholics: There have been too many Jews and Catholics endorsed. Support candidates such as have membership in the Ku Klux Klan and other civic groups."

These are actual incidents on police record. All of them occurred, since the war, in Philadelphia—known as the City of Brotherly Love.

The Quaker City's Negro population is now 14.5 per cent of the total, as against 10 per cent in Chicago and 7 per cent in New York. One in seven Philadelphians is Jewish; one in four a Catholic.

Although racial and religious tensions are rife in Philadelphia, the situation is not nearly so serious as it was before and during the war. As Hitler was marching into Austria, there were over 9000 Ku Klux Klanners holding regular and fanatic meetings in this city; 4 or 5 Coughlinite groups, 6 or 7 pro-Nazi and an equal number of so-called "100 per cent American" clubs which were anti-British, antiwar and anti just about everything and everybody except Hitler and Mussolini. The official newspaper of the German-American Bund (which was circulated throughout America) was published in Philadelphia.

Mothers of killed soldiers were sent smear pamphlets saying, "Is this the price you are paying for Jew revenge?" War workers laid off at the factory were handed a little sheet at the gate: "A Jew has your job." During the terrible days of the Battle of the Bulge, an airplane dropped pamphlets saying, "We are only buying at Christian stores this Christmas."

During these war years, there were 40 or 50 cases of racial violence a year in the city. By and large, Philadelphia police

(Continued on Page 215)

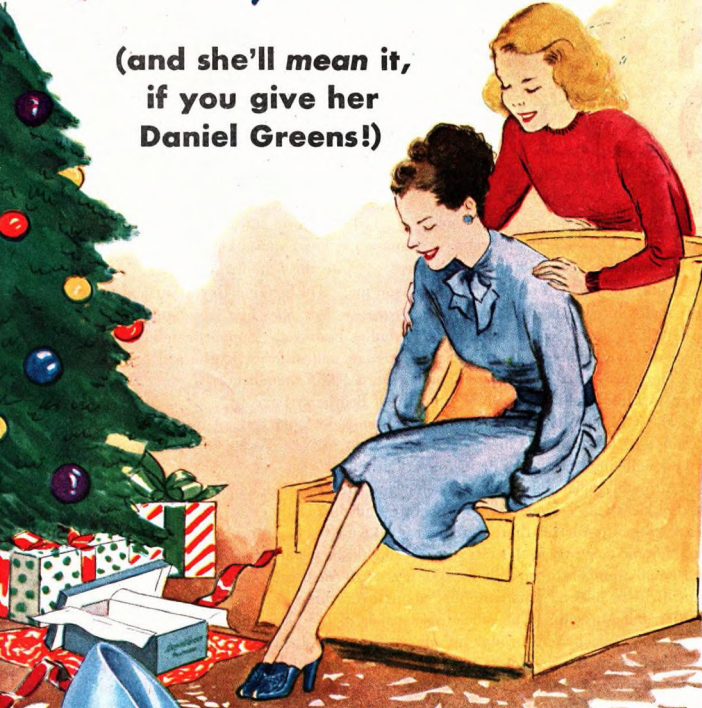
PHOTO BY J. DI PIETRO



Wide-eyed interest shines from the faces of these four- to twelve-year-olds during a story hour at Fellowship House. Mrs. Solis Kopeland, a volunteer worker, is describing the dolls dressed to represent various races, creeds and nationalities.

Darling, I Love Them

(and she'll mean it,
if you give her
Daniel Greens!)



LURE, \$6.00



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AMIGO, \$5.50

All these slippers come in shimmering rayon satin, and are available in blossom pink, heaven blue, cherry, royal blue, wine, and black.

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COMFY SLIPPERS
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REFERENCE LIBRARY

Knit One, Purl Two

WINTER days and warm, cozy sweaters go together like peas in a pod! For variety and the newest in something different choose two or three of the JOURNAL patterns pictured below and make your own additions to your sweater wardrobe in several of this season's fascinating colors; you will find them ideal for every hour of the day. More patterns are included on 1571, Knitting and Crocheting List.

Patterns



2289. KNITTED CARDIGAN. 5c.
Matching cap and vest, 2290, also 5c.



2294. KNITTED AFTERNOON SWEATER. 5c.
Trimmed with gold-star paillettes.



2290. RIB-STITCH CARDIGAN JACKET. 5c.
Roll collar, patch pockets, gold buttons.



2250. STRIPED-FRONT CARDIGAN. 5c.
Plain back and sleeves, matching bow.



2291. STRIPED DINNER SWEATER. 5c.
Stockinet stitch, shoulder-tip neckline.



2295. WHITE KNITTED JACKET. 5c.
Matching chenille muff, 2296, also 5c.



2294. SLEEVELESS CARDIGAN. 5c.
Knit it in two colors, wear over blouse.



2199. KNITTED SWEATER WITH HOOD. 5c.
Crocheted mesh hood, sequin stars.



1969. KNITTED PULL-OVER SWEATER. 5c.
Trimmed with contrasting sequin stars.



2244. STRIPED-YOKE SWEATER. 5c.
Match it with a new full skirt.



1946. KNITTED SPORT JERKIN. 5c.
Make it from heavy yarn, two colors.



2197. KNITTED SLIP-ON SWEATER. 5c.
Trimmed with sequins, separate belt.



2188. SLEEVELESS CARDIGAN. 5c.
Weskit style knitted in two colors.



2196. WIDE-SHOULDERED PULL-OVER. 5c.
Made with cap sleeves, tiny roll collar.

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| 1660. LIST OF JOURNAL HAT AND BAG PATTERNS. | 1752. HANDICRAFT PATTERNS LIST. Things for you to make for your home, your children, gifts or yourself. |
| 2333. CHILDREN'S PATTERNS LIST. | |

We will gladly send any of these booklets and patterns 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 or Savings Stamps. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna.



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Light!... only a trifle over three pounds, a lot less tiring when the laundry is large.



Comfortable!... handle is kept cool by a ventilated deck, fully enclosed to prevent burns.



Accurate!... fabric dial maintains correct, even temperature for any type of material.



Convenient!... reversible cord, out of the way for left or right handed ironing.



P. S.—What could possibly be a more useful Christmas gift... be remembered longer and with more appreciation... than this finest of irons?

MAKING *Marriage* WORK

LITTLE THINGS CAN CAUSE YOU TROUBLE IN A BIG WAY ★ BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS,

Ph.D., The Pennsylvania State College
Department of Psychology

Are you an escapist?

Without realizing it, many persons constantly try to avoid or escape their responsibilities. Not only are obligations neglected, but the escapist makes excuses that fool no one except herself. Although the escapist tendency can appear at any age, its roots are frequently laid down in early life. When parents extend privileges to children without requiring the acceptance of associated duties, they simply encourage the development of escapism.

Dorothy is a lovely 17-year-old girl, healthy and intelligent. Her parents make constant sacrifices to fulfill her wants. Her clothes cost more than theirs combined. Even her personal allowance is greater than her father's. When Dorothy gets up in the morning after the third or fourth call, she rushes to school with her bed unmade and clothes strewn everywhere. By the time she gets home in the evening, she finds that mother has straightened her room and put her clothes away.

Granted that it's natural for parents to want to do everything in their power to make their only child happy, Dorothy's parents are really doing her a disservice. When she was small, she was given a small dog on condition that she feed, bathe and exercise it. She did none of those things—but nevertheless was permitted to keep the dog. So it has gone ever since.

You know the kind of wife Dorothy will be someday. She has not mastered a single household skill. Her husband will get his own breakfast; his other meals will come from cans or the delicatessen. In the early months of marriage he will let her sleep late, do many of her chores, and as long as he lives with her he will be little more than the servant her mother was.

Other wives escape by being bridge fanatics. One woman I know spent most of her waking hours in community activities. Too busy to have children, she found time to hold most of the offices in the local organizations. All these things—in reason—have their place, but they become escapes when overdone. The alcoholic is an escapist; so is any other extremist.

Sometimes marriage isn't what a wife expects. Jolted by some of its boring routine, she tries to avoid its unpleasant aspects. Gradually this tendency may reach the point where she is home as little as possible.

Husbands are far from immune from escapism, as many wives can testify. Just as it may carry over to their jobs and result in discharge, so may a wife's avoidance of her duties bankrupt the marriage.

It is easy to check yourself on escapism. Here are some of the symptoms.

● Keeping your husband up late at night, letting him go off to work while you catch up on your sleep.

● Being away four or five afternoons a week and having frequent meetings to attend in the evening.

● Constantly forgetting to buy little things that are essential to a smoothly functioning home.

● Hastily contriving meals and promoting opportunities to eat out.

● Straining an unbalanced budget to have an ill-afforded maid come in to clean two or three times a week.

● No regular schedule of housework which gets things done in an orderly way.

● A feeling of boredom and unrest that is intensified when you work around the house.

If these symptoms persist, it might be wise to get a job and earn your own living, for you may have to do it sooner than you think.

What is a good husband?

No gambler or drinker, Jim earns a good living for his family. After supper he takes his paper to the radio and sits until bedtime unless his lodge is meeting. His wife goes about her own duties or pleasures undisturbed, so long as she doesn't upset his routine. Sunday finds him at church, and in the afternoon he may take the family for a ride. Most men and some women would rate Jim as a good husband.

Some males, like Jim, think earning a living is the only responsibility they have in marriage. What they don't realize is that a good husband shares himself—his leisure, his interests, his energies—with his family. In this respect, Jim is falling short of his obligation.

Mary needs love and affection. Praise and encouragement from Jim would keep her tasks from seeming tedious. To keep her life interesting, Jim should take her out occasionally, and should stay with the children once in a while so she can get out by herself. Evenings at home, the paper could wait while he helped her with the dishes; this shared chore gives them a chance to talk over the day's happenings.

Though a few husbands deliberately shirk their responsibilities, Jim is not one of them. He has no idea that he is being selfish or neglecting his wife. Most husbands, like Jim, want to do their part. Their shortcomings result from failing to realize all that "their part" should include.

Frequently, the wives are much to blame. By her own attitude, a woman can foster in her husband the qualities she wants him to display. Instead of lamenting—however silently—your husband's shortcomings, ask yourself if you are doing

all you can to encourage in him the traits you long for.

What are the qualities of a good husband? Let's list the traits that most wives would agree are desirable in a man.

● He is dependable and trustworthy. If he's late getting home, you know that business or some other emergency detained him, and not a woman.

● He is kind, thoughtful, considerate. He doesn't forget to phone you about any change in plans.

● He treats you as an equal and likes to talk things over with you. He respects your advice, though he may not take it; and in turn offers you suggestions, not demands or orders.

● He praises you for your achievements, instead of taking them for granted. His appreciation inspires you to do your best in running the home.

● He is interested in you. He wants to hear what you have been doing, how the day has gone, and possible plans for the week end.

● He gives you a helping hand. When you are feeling bad, he does the chores and puts the children to bed.

● He shows his love for you. The unexpected kiss, the passing hug, the little gift are reminders of what you mean to him.

Few husbands display all these virtues all the time. If yours has most of them, you are fortunate. Your relationship may not be perfect, but if you each do your part, you two are bound to be happy.

But if your husband isn't like this, here's something you can try. It is based on sound psychology. Set yourself the task of having a perfect home for two weeks. During that time do not nag or quarrel. Do your best to show the same traits you wish to see in your husband—good humor, responsiveness, an eagerness to share his interests and to let him participate in yours. Let him know you really want to please him.

He may surprise you. If he doesn't, dig in even harder for another two weeks. Should that bring no sign of improvement, have a frank talk with him. Tell him your needs (not your wants). Explain how much he can help you by making just a few changes. Tactfully approached, most husbands will try to do better.

Do you agree?

My daughter, a second-year college student and a devoted church worker, is in love with a boy of a different religious faith. How do I break it up?

Don't try. Ask her to postpone marriage until after graduation. Most such affairs gradually dissolve if not intensified by impetuous parents.

ASK YOURSELF: "Am I well-balanced?"

Your answers to these questions are a good indication of your emotional maturity, and so of one aspect of your fitness for marriage. Read each question carefully before you answer "Yes" or "No."

1. Do you greatly dislike very bossy people?
2. Do you like to write personal letters?
3. Do you like people who are more clever than you?
4. Is it hard for you to like "yes" people?
5. Do you like to entertain friends at home?
6. Do you usually plan your work in detail?

7. Do you have great confidence in yourself?
8. Do you like Bible study or religious reading?
9. Can you usually cheer up a depressed person?
10. Do you ever rewrite letters before mailing them?
11. Will you fight to get your own way?
12. Does praise or blame affect you very much?
13. Has anyone ever given you a very "raw deal"?
14. Do your friends think you are conceited?
15. Is it annoying to you to lose an argument?
16. Do your friends often talk about you behind your back?

17. Is it hard for you to keep your temper in check?
18. Do you dislike cautious and conservative people?
19. Do you believe in a double standard of morality?
20. Do you frequently feel miserable or grouchy?

The first 10 questions should be answered yes, the last 10, no. If you answered 15 or more correctly, you would appear emotionally well-balanced and in that respect likely to be happy in marriage. A score of 10 or less suggests that you may not yet be ready to assume the responsibilities of marriage.



GIVE THE GIFT YOU'D LIKE TO GET...

Give Martex Towels

Luxuriously lovely towels . . . soft and absorbent, famous for color, texture, design and long wear. A joy to use and to own. Towels to be proud of for years. And, gift-packed by Martex, *extravagant looking* as a Christmas gift should be.



Martex Rose Box

Truly a gorgeous gift! Box holds a big Martex bath towel, two guest towels, two wash cloths! In "Doric," a textured beauty (pictured above) or "New Rex," with stunning colored border. Choose either design . . . about \$5 for complete ensemble.



THEY DO WEAR LONGER



Martex Gift Supreme

For someone very special . . . an exquisite embroidered ensemble (four towels, two wash cloths, plus a tufted lid cover and bath mat). In charming "Primrose" (shown above) or "Sweetbriar." Ensembles about \$20.



Bozo, the Clown and Suzy Mop

Delightful dolls that turn out to be great helps in the kitchen, for they're both made of a quick-drying Martex kitchen dish towel, two dish cloths, a pot holder and handy dish mop. (Bozo also boasts a kitchen *hand* towel.) Suzy: about \$2.25. Bozo: about \$3.25.



Christmas Tree Balls

Fabulous plastic balls — packed tight with Martex luxury! The larger one holds a lovely six-piece ensemble; the smaller . . . six big, fluffy wash cloths. Larger: about \$7.50. Smaller: about \$3.

Gifts to Give

THE SUB-DEB ★ EDITED BY MAUREEN DALY



IT WAS the night before Christmas, and all through the house everyone was full of good will and holiday spirits—all except one lone, sad Sub-Deb who had troubles. She was a girl who hadn't had the foresight to face her Christmas-present problem early and squarely. So here it was, just about time for old St. Nick to make with the reindeer and the big brown sack, and she still hadn't made up her mind about sending Christmas presents to the boys on her current dating list, or decided whether or not, even at the last minute, to wrap up a candy cane or even some of her father's old neckties for John, the No. 1 man on the list. It was a sad situation without the traditional joy and jingle bells, and even the mistletoe begins to droop on a night like that!

So be a wise gal, and don't get caught in the same corner—do your Christmas thinking early. Like a good reporter, put down all the facts of "who, how, what and where" about every boy on your "maybe" list:

WHO . . . Well, just about anyone with whom you have had three or four dates (or even one big special date!) would be pretty pleased, and not at all surprised, to find a small gift from you tucked under his tree on Christmas morning. Boys are usually just as shy as girls about this Christmas giving, but judge a Christmas gift for what it is—just another way of saying you hope somebody will be happy on a very special holiday. Anything from a white linen handkerchief tucked into a greeting card to a neat box of homemade candy will carry that message. If you aren't sure about whether or not to send anything at all (if you're worried that a present might make Dick think you're trying to pin him down as your steady boy), make the gift small, simple and inexpensive so it will not be embarrassing to you, the Joe who unties the bright red ribbon—or your pocketbook.

HOW . . . With as much bright cheer and gaiety as you can tie up in any Christmas package. You remember the old saying: "It's not what you do, but the way that you do it." With Christmas presents, that could read: "It's not what you give but the way that you wrap it." If you have a number of interesting characters marked on your Christmas list for casual gifts, send them identical cookie boxes, with all the gingerbread men and frosted stars made by you, of course. Bake the cookies just a few days before Christmas. Give them all the traditional decorations of chocolate drops, colored sugars and silver candy-shot eyes. Arrange the cookies in the boxes in layers separated with red Cellophane, wrap the package in holly paper with red Cellophane bows or in midnight-blue tissue with silver ribbons and silver-stick-on stars. Make the box a treat and a surprise in

itself! (It's a good gift—personal but casual—for that boy who is just beginning to find out how wonderful you are!)

Use a variety of colored papers, ribbons and stickers, with a few small pine cones, bits of evergreen or cotton for a Santa's beard as added trimming to give inside-and-outside cheer to every gift you give.

WHAT . . . That all depends on how well you know the boy and how much folding money you have left after selecting presents for all the family members on your list. Would your beau boy like a wallet, a key chain, cuff links, handkerchiefs, golf balls, monogrammed stationery or a good book? Or is he the kind of good-natured character who would enjoy showing the other boys the neckties, Argyle socks or skating mittens that "his girl" turned out for him with her own little needles?

Think twice (and then don't make any decisions until you think it over once again) before you send your picture to any boy for Christmas. You may be the biggest thing in his life at the moment, but to his family you're probably just "Billy's Friday-night date." And since Bill may be anywhere from sixteen to nineteen, his parents might be alarmed to see him unwrap a life-sized, color-tinted, gilt-framed likeness of some dream girl which he hopes to display prominently atop the family piano! If you do want him to have a picture of you, make it wallet-sized.

Here's an idea for a gift, partly handmade, that should please any boy who likes to know what's tops among juke-box favorites. Buy two plain record albums—these record holders can be bought, sans records, at any music store for about 79 cents to \$1.25. Next pick out sheets of a good "he-man" wallpaper, plaid, striped or in a new tweed design. Experiment first with plain brown wrapping paper, then use the wallpaper to cover the front and back covers of both albums. From black or colored felt, cut out neat letters to spell out the words, "sweet" and "swing"; paste one word on the front of each album. Fill with special sweet and swing records—disks that are all-time collectors' favorites or numbers that have special memories for just you two.

WHERE . . . Even in the holly season, with good will toward all men, most girls feel a little scared when the big moment comes to give a present to the current Big Moment. So if you want to avoid doorstep difficulties, such as handing over a gift to a strange father or a curious brother because Dick isn't home, and if you don't have a date with him on Christmas Eve—why not send the present by mail? Round Christmas time, the mailman is just St. Nick in a blue uniform, and it's fun to get a gift that way. So make your plans early, wrap up your best wishes with a big red bow and send it on its way!

28

IF YOU'RE IN LOVE . . .

you've probably thinking of going steady! Or maybe you're merging into a twosome combo just because everyone else is doing it. But before you make any big decisions, take some tips from the Sub-Deb leader, *Know Your Man*, No. 1542, just 5¢ from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.





HAT BY LADDIE NORTHBRIDGE

Trushay...the "beforehand" lotion...protects hands even in hot, soapy water! Smooth on Trushay before you do dishes or light laundry, to guard against drying damage. Remember, too...Trushay's wonderful for softening and smoothing your skin at any time!



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



"Here they come, Mom! And Jim won't need the wish-bone—they've got their PLYMOUTH!"

LETTERS TO JOAN

Last in a series of letters from a mother to a daughter.

BY GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

DEAREST JOAN:

It was my contention, you may remember, that you girls will be better off emotionally, as well as in many other ways, if you remain virgins until you find the man you will love and marry. Cynthia agrees thoroughly, and believes it is morally wrong to do anything else. In her reading and studies, though, she has encountered a quite opposite view—that sex is necessary to health, and should be taken regularly, like vitamins.

These books dwell on the damage done by sex repressions and inhibitions, and trace bodily ills as well as mental quirks to so-called puritanical attitudes. One gets the impression that to wait continently, as I have advised, for a permanent and spiritually satisfying love relationship, is to incur practically anything from failing eyesight to fallen arches, and to acquire various personality maladjustments besides.

Heretofore it has been taken for granted that it is desirable for girls, at least, to eschew sex experience until marriage. No one worried about the effects of continence—all the worry was about the effects of illicit sex. Now among some people the shoe seems to be on the other foot, psychologically speaking. In many quarters the stress seems to be on sex. It is continence that is under attack.

I have often wondered what the effect must be on young persons when casual sex is served up in so many modern books, movies and plays as a necessary and desirable thing, with no unhappy consequences. While to be sexually repressed or inhibited is, one gathers from many of these writers, the up-to-date version of the "fate worse than death."

Please understand I feel as strongly as anyone could that it was wrong to regard sex as shameful, and not to be spoken of, and thus kept separate from all the rest of life. That attitude did develop fears and complexes.

But is it abnormal and unnatural to hold our sex desires in check until we find a love that answers all our needs? If you girls elect continence until you find mates who satisfy your hearts and minds, will you be doing yourselves harm? I am glad of a chance to tell you how this appears to me, for I think some extremely important facts are being overlooked in the present stress on sex as a bodily appetite alone, which must be satisfied whether we have found our proper mate or not.

First, sex satisfaction is normal and desirable for adults—I'm not denying that for a minute. But it has been the experience of a great many people that it is rarely satisfying except with a partner who is permanent, and for whom one has respect and affection. First attempts at sex are often disappointing, for sex partners need to adjust to each other as can hardly be done in casual or fleeting relationships.

This is especially true with women, some of whom are married for months or longer before they are happy in the new relationship. Many men, too—the great majority, I think—find something missing in casual sex. Joan's father told me he had heard men say they were terribly disappointed in their first experiences, and wondered what all the fuss was about. Men, as well as women, feel that they lose something when esteem and affection are not involved in love relationships. These men are not lacking in virility either.

Second, many people have been continent for long periods of time without being aware of any damage, physical, mental or emotional. In my generation, virginity until marriage was the rule for girls, and it never seemed to do us any harm. As for the men—again I know of a number who had their first sex experience at thirty, or even later, when they found the girls they wanted to marry. These men were charming and normal. When they did marry, they made excellent husbands and fathers.

A third thing, and I think it's very significant, is that when you have experienced sex with love, and all the tenderness, consideration and respect that go with it, sex without love is anything but attractive. From my experience, people who have been happily married are not inclined to rush into sex relationships when the partner dies. Quite the contrary. This goes for men as well as for women. They are much more likely to wait, continently, for the kind of affection, interest and congeniality they had enjoyed with the spouse, even though it means doing without sex for years, and perhaps for the rest of a lifetime.

Fourth, I should like to point out that a great many people have lived their whole lives without sex experience, and have contrived to get along very well, to outward appearances, at least. This is not the lot I should prefer, or advocate for you girls. But I have observed that when such men and women have filled their lives with enjoyable interests, they have been far better people, both physically and emotionally, than those I've known who have indulged in sex without regard to its spiritual and emotional factors.

Do you know what I really think? That someday science will make the brilliant discovery that sex is beneficial and wonderful under conditions that make for emotional and spiritual as well as physical satisfaction; for permanent relationships, the establishment of homes, and the bringing into the world of children who are legitimate and loved. But—that under other circumstances, continence is the better and more wholesome rule, as well as the moral thing to do.

All love,

MOTHER

"This year we're giving practical presents"



Tested to support over 1000 lbs.



COSCO STEP STOOLS

A restful seat and a safer household ladder, combined for complete house-keeping convenience. Form-fit seats and rubber-treaded, "swing-away" steps. Just the right height for doing home chores in solid comfort. Easy to keep clean. Models with and without backs, plain or upholstered, chromium or baked-on enamel finishes. Choice of bright colors.



COSCO YOUTH STOOLS

Perfect for "tween-agers," just past the high chair stage. Provide plenty of leg room at the table. No sharp edges to catch clothes, hose or hands. Form-fit seats and backs, plain or comfort-padded, chromium or enamel finishes in choice of gay colors.



COSCO KITCHEN STOOLS

Sturdy, comfortable and styled for sitting pretty while ironing, washing dishes and doing other home tasks. Models with and without backs, plain or comfort-padded, chromium or enamel finishes in a variety of harmonizing colors.

• There's a handy, handsome COSCO Stool for every purpose in every home—priced for every purse. So check your gift list against the complete line of COSCO Stools next time you shop. Ask for COSCO at leading department, furniture and hardware stores, or write for name of dealer nearest you.

HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CORPORATION • COLUMBUS, INDIANA
Manufacturers of All-Metal COSCO Household Stools and All-Metal COSCO Step Ladders



They're never too young to learn!



"My dear, you're not too young to know
For dishes mild bar soap's too slow.
It may be all right
To keep my hands white
But for speedy dishwashing? Oh, no!"

YES! BAR SOAP WAS TOO SLOW! She should have used
Ivory Snow for speed! Much faster sudsing than
slow bar soaps, yet tops in safety for hands!

"Now you'd think to get dishwashing speed
Maybe strong washday soap's what I need."
Mummy tried it and said,
"Look, my hands are all red!"
And did she like that? No, indeed!



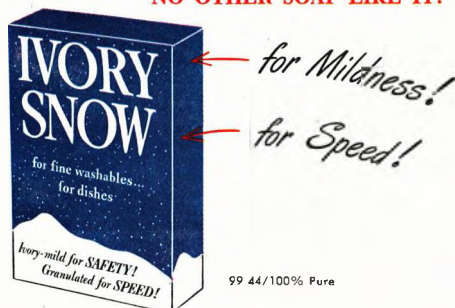
NO! THAT WASHDAY SOAP WAS TOO STRONG! She should
have used Ivory-mild Ivory Snow. So much kinder to hands,
yet because it's in granulated "snowdrop" form, it's as fast
as the fastest washday soap!



Now she's found Ivory Snow—and HOORAY!
Mummy's hands look real pretty, I say.
And what suds in a WINK!
When I grow up I think
I'll use Ivory Snow every day!

YES! IVORY SNOW'S JUST RIGHT! It's the only soap
that's both Ivory-mild-and-pure for protection to
hands and granulated in "snowdrop" form for speed
and efficiency in the dishpan. That's why women
who've been using half-right soaps—slowpoke bar soaps
or strong washday soaps—are turning to wonderful
Ivory Snow . . . one soap both safe for hands and fast!

NO OTHER SOAP LIKE IT!



This one soap gives
both { Kindness to Hands!
Speed in the Dishpan!

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL



IT was ten below zero in New England on Christmas Day in December, 1897. That month a man walked from Barnsborough, Pennsylvania, to Topeka, Kansas, to propose to a wealthy widow, who turned him down. John L. Sullivan of the mighty fists decided not to run for mayor of Boston after all; President McKinley's aged mother died; and a nineteen-pound baby was born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Beautiful Lillian Russell blew out 36 birthday candles.

"Let the children bring in snow and dust and general disorder on Christmas," advises Editor Bok in the December, 1897, JOURNAL. "Don't interfere, don't curb them. Life offers plenty of time for decorum. Give your child a Christmas after his own heart."

The Journal suggests for Christmas dinner

Oysters on the Half Shell
Clear Soup
Custard and Spinach Blocks
Deviled Spaghetti
Roast Turkey—Chestnut Stuffing
Sweet-Potato Croquettes
Peas in Turnip Cups
Ginger Sherbet
Lettuce Salad Cheese Balls
Toasted Crackers
Plum Pudding—Hard Sauce
Coffee Bonbons

Exercise for women: "A celebrated physician tells me," remarks Ruth Ashmore, "that he considers walking the very best exercise. Tennis, he believes, is too violent. Cycling renders women awkward in their walk. Horseback riding is one-sided and croquet is no exercise at all."

Sleeping: "The head of the bed should be placed to the north so that the polar current may strike vertically through the body to the feet. The correct position for sleeping is on the right side."

"Suggestions for Mothers: Do not allow the children to drink ice water. If taken with meals it interferes with digestion, and if drunk when the child is overheated, the result may be fatal."

"English women are the worst-dressed in the world," reports Lillian Bell from London. "I saw thousands of them with high, French-heeled slippers over colored stockings. As to the shoe sizes, I should say that 9's were the average."



Journal About Town

IT won't be so very long now before New York will once again, this year as always, be the most Christmas-tree-conscious city in the world. Almost a million of the ordinary-size trees will come in for setting up in homes, but it's the really big ones for public display that will give the town its festival appearance. On every other block on Park Avenue, from 34th to 96th, a 35-foot spruce will light up at night. There'll be a 60-foot one at City Hall, and 40-foot ones in most of Manhattan's parks; giants in Madison and Washington squares. But the biggest tree of all, as usual, will be right here down below the Workshop in Rockefeller Plaza: 75 feet high; hung with 700 huge golden globes for daytime decoration and with thousands of small clear bulbs that will glow at night like all the fireflies in the world.

One celebration with countrywide appeal which is held every Christmas Eve down in the Chelsea district is in honor of **Clement Moore**, the poet who wrote "The Night Before Christmas," whose home was one of hundreds that had to make way for the block-big apartment house in whose courtyard the ceremony is held. The proud possessor of an original copy of these famous verses is a tavern keeper in the neighborhood. Hangs right over the bar.

The day **Princess Elena of Denmark** called on her friend **Henrietta Murdock** here at the Workshop recently, she brought with her, wrapped up in a plaid shawl, her black-and-white cat, Genghis Khan, who created quite



Genghis Khan, the cat that started his travels as a cow.

a few headlines on his journey by air with his mistress from Denmark by way of Scotland. Customs difficulties in the latter country were the cause. Someone had put Genghis down on the manifest as bovine instead of feline, and the resulting notoriety didn't subside until the Scottish officials were satisfied that the princess was carrying a cat, and not a cow.

One of **Richard Pratt's** Bucks County neighbors, more noted for her serious novels than for any serious attitude toward clothes, turned up at his house one evening lately, to everyone's astonishment, in a dress whose style, cut, skirt length and all were right in the present fashion. Startled herself by the attention it received, the writer explained that it was merely something which she had found in rummaging through a



Manhattan celebrates the Yuletide in a big way as giant Christmas trees glow like swarms of fireflies all over town.

trunk—something she'd bought way back in 1937.

American Army men, during the time from December, 1945, to July, 1947, brought home 72,707 war brides, mostly from Great Britain, France, Italy, Australia and New Zealand. Roughly 1000 were Germans. . . . More couples were married and divorced in 1946 than in any previous year. It is estimated there were more than 2,300,000 marriages and 620,000 divorces. Marriages increased 42 per cent over 1945; divorces, 24 per cent. . . . Swing music is on the way out, say five top band leaders. "The public just doesn't go for the hot stuff any more."

Mary Bass sat next to **Bernard Baruch** at a dinner party the other evening and the talk got on to the complex question of how to run the world, about which the general feeling seems to be that if only the United Nations could be empowered unreservedly by the people of the world to produce a plan, such a plan would solve the problem. But when Mary's famous neighbor at the table was asked what he would do if he were thus empowered, the wise old man who for many years has been the great adviser of Presidents said very simply he wouldn't know where to start.

Two book suggestions for Christmas with JOURNAL connections: For grownups, **Bernardine Kielt's** wonderful collection of her seventy favorite stories from the past hundred years, from Balzac and Turgenev to Hemingway and Thurber. And for both children and grownups, **William McCleery's** WOLF STORY, now published as a book after appearing here last May.

Louella Shouer, who finds herself at all sorts of luncheons, found herself the other day at one being given to tell food editors that tapioca is now

back on the market. Seems you couldn't buy it during the war because tapioca makes one of the best adhesives in the world, and the Government needed all it could get to put on stamps.

Two of **Dawn Crowell's** recent dealings with florists have had a somewhat unusual aspect. The latest was across the street, where she went to pick out some roses for a beauty picture at the Rockefeller Center shop of **Jack Trepel**, who furnishes a lot of the flowers you see in the JOURNAL. About to leave with her bouquet, Jack said, "You don't want all these things, too, do you?" And reaching in among Dawn's roses, he extracted a handful of coins, a deck of playing cards and a rabbit. Seems when he was a boy, his father's florist shop was next door to where **Houdini** lived, and through the old master, Jack got to be one of today's best magicians. . . . Oh, Dawn's other incident. That was on the morning of her wedding, when our beauty editor took a pair of scissors around to her neighborhood florist, and got him to cut her hair.

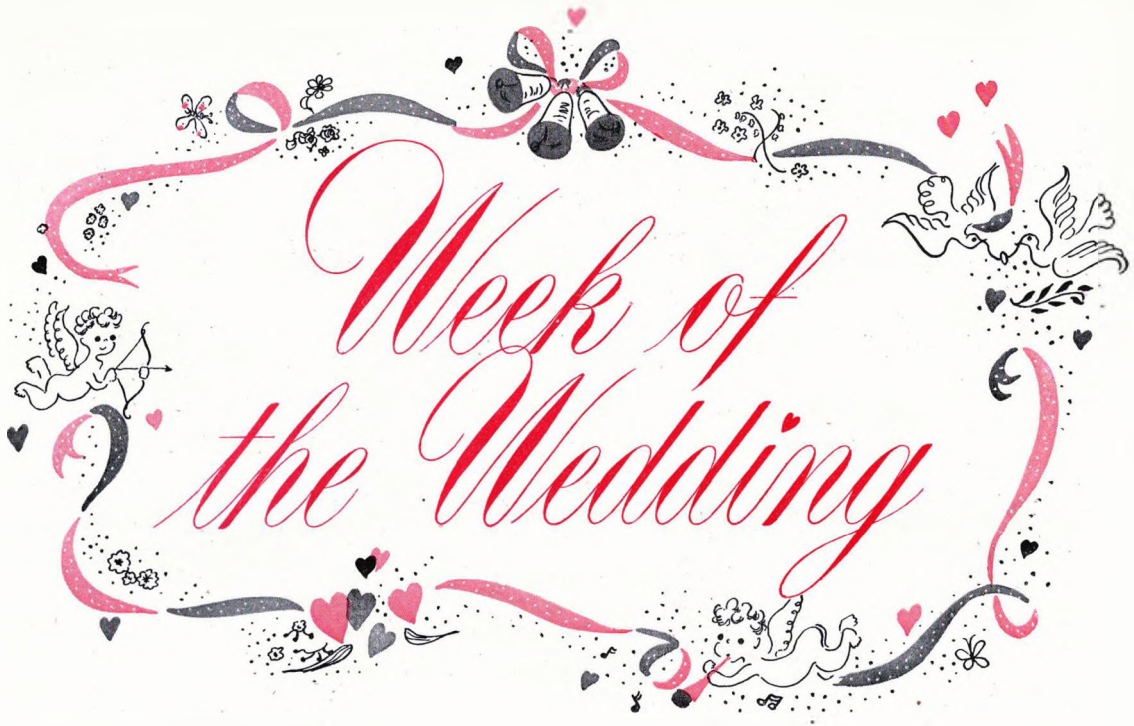


This time, when Dawn Crowell bought flowers that's all she got.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.



It was the most important
time of her life in many
more ways than one.



THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL ♥ BY DWIGHT HUTCHISON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

IT'S really serious when a man reaches a point where he can't decide whether to go fishing or not. *Here I am, Curtis Phelps said, a graduate M. D. and a lieutenant in the Navy, and I sit here like a schoolboy not able to make up my mind.* He had come to Bar-mouth two weeks before for a rest, torn with indecision about the Baltimore job. Resident surgeon in a swell little hospital. Any young doctor's idea of heaven. The trouble was it was too good. He was afraid of it. Afraid he'd fail. And now, after a two-week rest, he couldn't even decide whether to go fishing or not. Pretty soon he wouldn't be able to decide whether to get up in the morning or not.

He looked across at his aunt. Sandy Finucane never had dilemmas. She thought, she acted. Click, click. And once started on a course of action, nothing stopped her.

Every day she sat here on the terrace—always in those same clothes—and looked down on her late world. She called those suits her uniform of emancipation. Dark-blue flannel trousers—tailored by Horace's Back Bay tailor—a man's shirt or a navy jersey. On cold days she stalked about in a great brass-buttoned ulster like the captain of a liner in a bit of nasty weather.

A fishing boat beat its way out of the harbor, so brightly spangled in the morning light. Sandy waved. The fishermen might be looking and they mustn't think her snooty. A Finucane, but not snooty.

Curtis had heard that Horace's family raised a row when he married Sandy Phelps. The Phelpses were as good as the Finucanes, but she was altogether too fresh and flip, they said. She'd never make a good Finucane. Her ambition had been to marry a light-house keeper, live on a rock in perpetual storms and polish the light hanging by her teeth. So she fell in love with the young

banker, Horace Finucane, who never did anything unless three generations had found it safe. But she fooled his family. For over forty years she had played the part of Mrs. Horace Finucane to a fare-you-well. That was what was wrong with her now, of course.

Her glasses were following the line of the harbor, by the Coast Guard station, by the park Horace gave the town, by the town itself at the head of the harbor—its geometric slabs of roof rising to the spires of the Portuguese church—by the red fishhouses and so out to Norman's Point opposite. The glasses slid by the Italian villas and the Gothic castles and then they stopped. They must find the place without help by now—the largest house on the point, sitting back on ten acres of lawn, under half-a-hundred elms. Leeward (pronounced nautically, "Loo-ard") Hall.

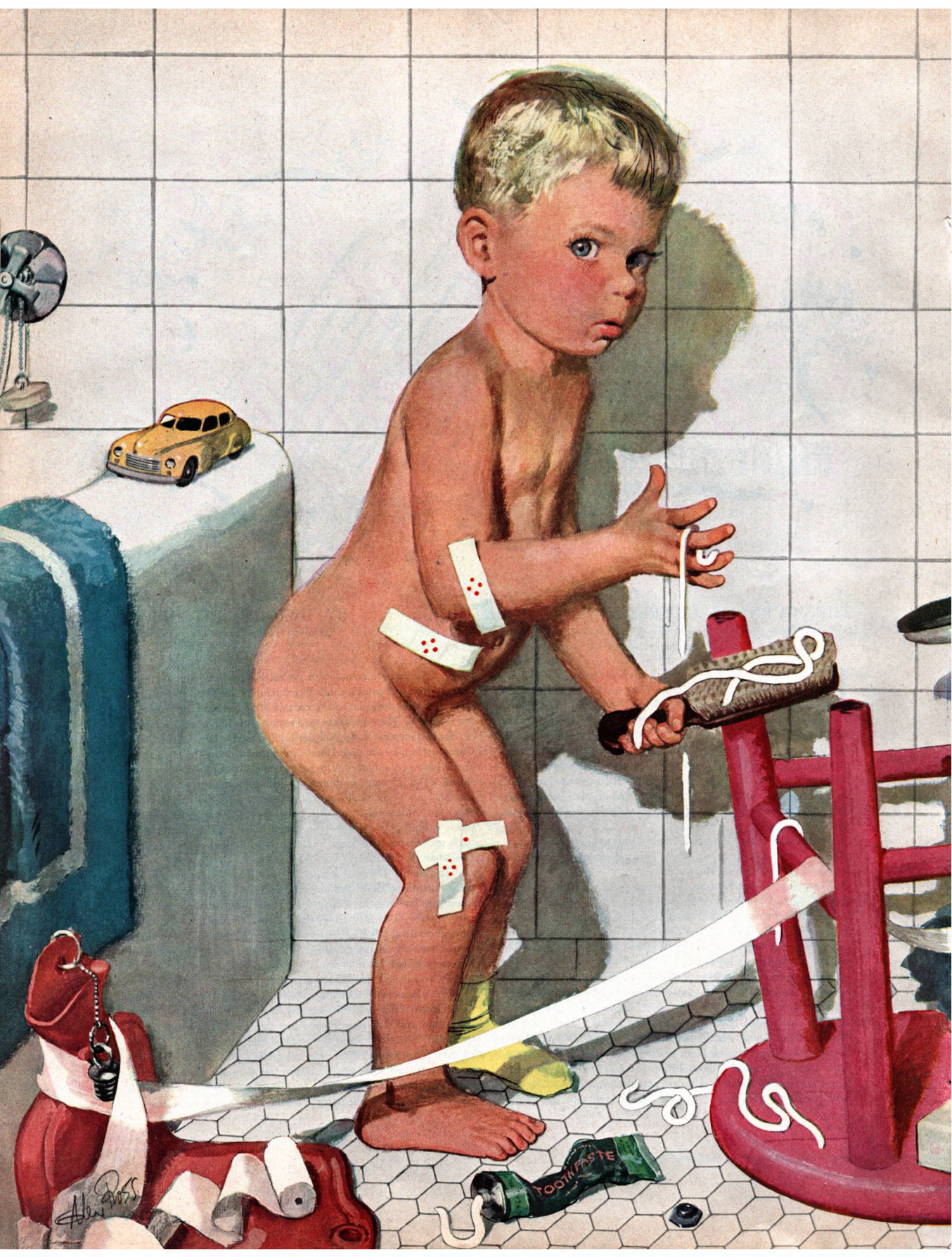
"The money Horace spent on those stables!" Her glasses had picked up the buildings back among the pines. "Of course the young Finucanes had to go for a canter every morning, with a groom. With two grooms. With fifty grooms if that was the custom. But only Donoghue liked to ride. Fallon was too lazy. Denis—I sometimes think Denis was afraid of horses." Her voice always softened when she spoke of her favorite son.

"d'Oro rode. I remember her riding."

"Not when she was small." She laughed suddenly. "She never would ride the fine mare Horace gave her—we finally got out of her why. She said the horse looked just like her. It did too. . . . Orchids!" She had apparently reached the greenhouses. "I hope I never see another. That was one of my jobs. Make sure the gardeners didn't drag the Finucane name in the dust, bringing home only red or white ribbons from the flower shows. What's the matter with these?" She pointed to the

(Continued on Page 123)

He could see that she was still reliving that brief encounter with love.



Baby in the Bathroom

BY ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

"JIMMY," I said. "Jimmy dear. Come out of the bathroom."

"No, sank you," said Jimmy.

"Please, dear. Come on out."

"No, sank you," said Jimmy.

"Jimmy, come out of that bathroom *at once!* Do you hear me?"

"You hear me?" said Jimmy. "You hear me? You hear me?"

"Jimmy," I said wittingly, "you don't want to be a bad boy, do you? Open the door, darling."

"Jimmy bad-boy. Oh, *bad-boy!*" said Jimmy, giggling.

"Honey, don't you want some candy?" "Want candy, mawther?"

"Well, then, open the door and come and get it." There was a contemplative pause inside the bathroom.

"Mawther?" said Jimmy.

"Yes, dear."

"Jimmy want candy?"

"Then open the door, dear."

Another pause, then:

"Mawther?"

"Yes, dear."

"You open door."

"Jimmy," I said in a controlled voice.

"Now listen to me, Jimmy. Mother can't open the door. The door is locked on the inside. You locked it. But *you* can open the door. So turn the knob, honey"—I jiggled the knob—"and open the door."

"Mawther?" said Jimmy.

"Yes, dear."

"Open the door."

"Look here, young man." *This is not shouting.* I kept telling myself. *This is merely speaking firmly.* "Look here, young man! If you don't open that door, *at once*, mother will put you in your room with the door *shut*. Do you hear me?"

I paused for consideration. My voice really *was* getting highish and, besides, what I had said sounded a little silly even

to me. After all, hadn't I just punished Jimmy by putting him in the bathroom with the door *shut*?

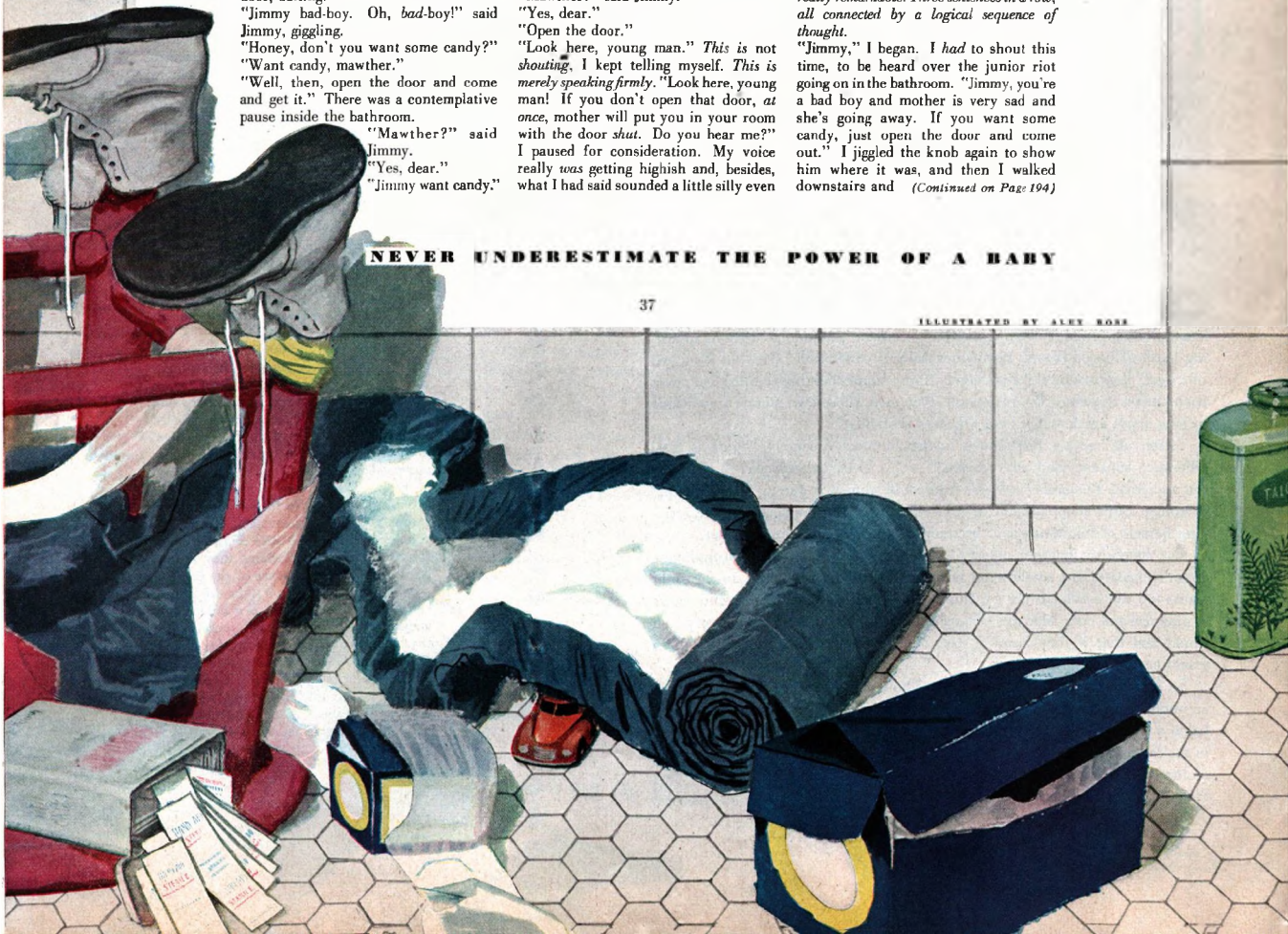
There was a short silence on the other side of the door, followed by a really electrifying barrage of kicks and blows and screams.

"Bad-boy mawther!" roared Jimmy. "I want candy. Open the door. Bad-boy mawther!"

Why, that's wonderful, I thought. *That's really remarkable. Three sentences in a row, all connected by a logical sequence of thought.*

"Jimmy," I began. *I had to shout this time, to be heard over the junior riot going on in the bathroom.* "Jimmy, you're a bad boy and mother is very sad and she's going away. If you want some candy, just open the door and come out." I jiggled the knob again to show him where it was, and then I walked downstairs and (Continued on Page 194)

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A BABY



GIVE ME A

Noble Wolf

THERE'S NO BETTER AUTHORITY ON DREAM GIRLS THAN MEN. HERE'S ONE WHO HAS A RECIPE: BE A LADY, BUT DON'T OVERDO IT. • BY RALPH FAIRLIFE

Editors' Note: The author of the following article is a brave man. When his manuscript arrived in the JOURNAL offices it was shown to a few of the junior editors (female). Some of their comments were: "Illogical!" • "Garbled condescension!" "This has me foaming at the mouth!" • "Patronizing attitude!" • "He's seen too many movies!" • "He hasn't spent enough time on dates!" • "Inaccurate generalizations!" • "Every one of my back hairs stood straight up with rage!"

IT always astonishes me what queer notions women have of what men like in women. They spend countless time and effort in the hope of pleasing men, at details which to men don't matter. On the other hand, they totally neglect little things which to men are of the greatest importance. Granted that there are men and there are men. There are chronic wolves and there are sissies. We're talking of the average, decent, intelligent young man, the type you'd like to marry.

His opinions, as expressed in bull sessions, in the barracks, dormitory, golf club, smoker, are often far different from those women expect. But men agree on what they want.

Men don't care whether women smoke. If you enjoy a cigarette, no man will object; he'll be glad to keep you supplied with your favorite brand. But don't gag on a smoke merely in the hope of pleasing your companion. Men don't care, one way or another.

On the other hand, men secretly resent women swearing, and wish they'd give it up altogether. To the sophisticate who asks, "Since when have men become moralists?" the answer is that men don't object on moral grounds. It is merely that profanity is so masculine no woman can indulge without appearing hard. When a friend, kissing her sailor good-by said, "Gee, but it's a hell of a war," it struck us all as extremely funny simply because this girl had never been known to swear. But in general, even men whose own morals are nothing to brag about are irritated by a woman's profanity.

"After all," said a Frenchman in the National Assembly, "there is little difference between men and women." . . . "Vive la différence!" chorused the audience. Remember a man's interest in women is due to "la différence." A woman can't adopt a habit as masculine as coarse language without stripping herself of femininity and becoming, in effect, just another man.

But the notion that men object to women in slacks is hokum. Naturally one doesn't expect a girl to show up in slacks for the theater. But in the right place—on the beach, in the garden, cycling, hiking—most men regard slacks as practical and cute. Madame Chiang loses no dignity in slacks, and many men would feel that if they'd never seen Marie McDonald in slacks their lives would be less than complete.

So long as the slacks are feminine. The small difference between women in women's slacks and women in men's trousers is the big difference between being a girl or an imitation man. If, for certain types of work, on the farm, in the factory, durable clothes are necessary, it is up to women to wear rugged clothes with a feminine touch, not raid the men's shops. Men resent the fact that women dress as men under circumstances

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IT is extraordinary that an obscure inspector of customs should have changed the course of painting in our time almost as much as Michelangelo and Rubens did in theirs. In 1885, when Henri Rousseau retired from government service to become a painter, Impressionism was still the dominant movement in French painting, but the machinery of scientific representation which it developed had ceased to be an inspiration to artists, and a revolt against the tyranny of optical appearance was beginning. Cézanne was the leader of this reaction, and it was continued by Van Gogh, Gauguin, Odilon Redon and others. None of these Post-Impressionists, with the possible exception of Cézanne, however, anticipated or influenced the direction of the modern French school to the same degree as did the self-taught and much ridiculed customs inspector, the so-called Douanier Rousseau. His admirers and disciples included most of the leading artists of the first quarter of the twentieth century: Picasso, Braque, Derain, de Chirico, Vlaminck, to mention a few.

For Rousseau brought to painting the qualities that artists had lost: directness of vision, innocence of technique, and naïveté of spirit. He was one of the very few unself-conscious painters of modern times. When a critic was preparing a Who's Who of French artists, Rousseau appeared with his self-portrait and his biography. Speaking of himself, he said:

"He has perfected himself more and more in the original manner which he adopted and he is in the process of becoming one of our best realist painters. As a characteristic mark he wears a bushy beard."

It is surprising to find that Rousseau considered his paintings realistic, but we know from many sources that he wished to render nature accurately and that he envied the academic painters their greater skill. But still more important than realism to his mind was the artist's emotional response to his vision. Apollinaire, the French poet, describes how the Douanier, when painting a terrifying subject, would quite genuinely become frightened by his own creation and rush trembling to open a window. His pictures had for him a life of their own. He once said that he did not mind sleeping in his uncomfortable studio, for, as he put it, "You know, when I wake up I can smile at my canvases."

And it is this curious inner life which makes *The Equatorial Jungle* so fascinating a picture. Painted in 1909, the year before the artist's death, it recalls an impression received as a young man when he traveled to Mexico in the army of the Emperor Maximilian, an impression later revived by many walks in the botanical gardens and zoo in Paris. The wilderness he remembered across the years is overfecund and sinister. Leaves and flowers are magnified even beyond the fantastic fertility of the tropics. Interwoven and interlocking, they form a barrier and convey a sense of the impenetrability of the jungle. Within this jungle and furtively peering out is a hidden life, menacing and full of small sounds. The rhythmic beauty of the repeated leaf shapes in Rousseau's landscape is extraordinary, for as a decorator he is difficult to surpass; but the real wonder of the painting lies in its imaginative realism, in its powerful conception, in the degree to which the artist is possessed by his subject until the scene he depicts comes alive in a strange, almost magical way.

JOHN WALKER,
Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art



REPRODUCED COURTESY CHESTER DALE COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Equatorial Jungle, by Henri Julien Rousseau: 1844-1910



PHOTO BY MYRON EHEBERG

Fresh milk is a rarity to nine-year-old Maria Costas, in a feeding camp in Kalavryta, Greece. Her one hot meal a day consists of meat or cheese, potatoes or rice, a few canned vegetables (usually in the stew made from C-rations), cocoa or canned milk, and some bread. About once a week she tastes fruit or tomato juice. Results of this diet show in her lusterless eyes.

*RETARDED
children's intelligence
boosted by feeding
substantial doses
of glutamic acid
in dramatic
New York City
Neurological Institute
experiment.*

Nutrition and

GLUTAMIC ACID. From America's scientific laboratories is coming remarkable news about nutrition—news which holds out the promise of a happier, healthier and longer life for everyone. In a previous article I reported the astonishing results that have been achieved at the Pennsylvania Hospital and elsewhere when expectant mothers are given new, scientifically developed diets—diets which result in a great reduction in premature births, involuntary abortion, stillbirths, deaths of young babies, and in the birth of babies with defects of many kinds. In this article I propose to tell of the equally remarkable results achieved by giving special diets to older children, with a resulting definite improvement in intelligence and, in many cases, in the whole personality of the child.

One set of experiments of tremendous importance has been conducted recently by Dr. Frederic T. Zimmerman, of Columbia University, and his associates, Dr. Bessie B. Burgemeister and Dr. Tracy Putnam, at the Neurological Institute in New York City. Their work has been based on the feeding of substantial doses of glutamic acid; and at this point perhaps I had better explain what this acid is.

As most people know, the human diet has three important elements: protein, carbohydrates and fats. All of them are vitally necessary; for

example, protein is the chief source of the valuable element nitrogen, and the body relies on it heavily for energy.

Protein of animal and vegetable origin is taken into the body and there broken down, by the action of enzymes, into the amino acids. These acids, often referred to as the "building blocks" of human tissues, are then reassembled, in a fashion not yet wholly understood, into new proteins which go to build up all the tissues of the organism. Among the aminos, one of the most important is glutamic acid, which occurs widely in many kinds of food; for instance, in milk, wheat, and in soybeans and other legumes.

The first clue to the extraordinary power of glutamic acid came with work done some time ago by another group of investigators, experimenting with drugs which they thought might have a beneficial effect in cases of epilepsy. This disease has two types: *grand mal*, which is accompanied by violent convulsive seizures; and *petit mal*, which is more often characterized by brief lapses of consciousness. (Recently, three drugs have been discovered which are effective in the case of *grand mal*, and one which is beneficial for *petit mal*.) The earlier investigators were working on the problem of *petit mal*, and were using a drug with several elements, one of which was glutamic acid. Although this disease is

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*NORMAL
but undernourished
children's mental
efficiency increased
by addition of thiamin
to diet in two-year
study made by
Teachers College,
Columbia University.*



PHOTO BY GORDON COSTER
A daily diet featuring lots of fresh milk, fruits and vegetables contributes to the sparkle of Naomi Cook, brilliant Quiz Kid, who is in the fourth grade of the Grover Cleveland School in Chicago. She drinks milk at school for midmorning and midafternoon snack. She eats three warm, well-balanced meals a day. Between meals she likes apples, peaches and ice cream.

I Intelligence

by **BRUCE BLIVEN**

We stand at the threshold of a great era of knowledge about the relation between human intelligence and nutrition that promises brighter children and a healthier, happier, longer life for everyone.

THIAMIN. There are undoubtedly several elements in the human diet which are necessary for the full functioning of the human personality, in both its physical and its mental characteristics—if, indeed, we can differentiate between the two. This fact is strikingly shown by experiments with the vitamin thiamin, conducted over a period of years at the Presbyterian Orphans' Home at Lynchburg, Virginia. These experiments, in which a number of individuals participated, were conducted by Ruth Harrell, under the general direction of Dr. Arthur Gates, of Teachers College, Columbia University.

Thiamin is a food; it was the first of the vitamins in the B complex to be isolated, and is often known as vitamin B. It is sometimes popularly called the "morale vitamin" or the "nerve vitamin," because a pronounced deficiency of thiamin produces decided feelings of anxiety and general nervousness. Experiments conducted in other places with rats showed that when the vitamin-B complex was omitted from their diet, they were as much as 50 per cent less efficient in learning a maze. There is some evidence that lack of thiamin, more than the other B vitamins, was responsible.

There is also evidence that the handicap to alertness which comes when thiamin is deficient continues into maturity. Experiments performed by N. Gavrilescu and R. A. Peters have shown that the use of oxygen by

the brain tissue in pigeons is definitely lowered by a thiamin deficiency; without adequate oxygen, of course, the brain does not function properly.

The Presbyterian Orphans' Home was chosen as the scene of the experiment I am describing, partly because of the ease with which, in such an institution, conditions could be controlled. There were about 120 children available, who all received the same diet and could readily be divided into two groups, one of them to receive supplementary thiamin while the other got only the standard diet of the home. This diet, while adequate, is plain and restricted in character.

During the two experimental periods, one of which lasted six weeks while the other lasted two years, one half the children received a supplement of two milligrams of thiamin daily in the form of pills. It is usually assumed that the average individual gets about one milligram daily of thiamin in his food, and the children who were in the study group therefore received about two milligrams more than the average amount. This is a very small increase by the standards of laboratory experiments, so small that some experts predicted in advance no measurable improvement would be shown. This amount of extra thiamin, or even a much larger amount, is, of course, harmless, since it is a food and of that class of foods whose excess is not stored in the body but is excreted rapidly. *(Continued on Page 181)*



*He saw a dollar sign whenever he looked
at her . . . and wondered what she saw in him.*

What can you do with money?

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

THE simple statistics are these: Mary is five feet five inches, with brown hair and blue eyes, and a too thin nose if you are a woman and determined to be critical; she has a breathless quality in her voice that makes you feel any remarks you make, such as, "It's a nice day," are highly important; and she weighs one hundred and fourteen pounds without her beaver coat.

I was driving home from work and thinking about her when I stopped at Seventh and Main to pick up Sally Blaine, who was waiting for a bus. She was an old flame, lately married to a good friend of mine, and I acted a little heartbroken because it seemed the thing to do.

"That was quite a girl you had at the dance Saturday," Sally said. "Did you notice her sheared-beaver coat?"

"Did you notice her eyes?" I said.

"And her dress," said Sally. "That girl will never meet herself coming down the street."

"My taste in women," I told her, "has always been impeccable."

That got a smile. "Thanks," said Sally. "And diamond earrings. I'm not leading up to anything except that she had about two thousand dollars' worth of exterior decoration. I'm just impressed."

"Well," I said, "I think I have finally found a girl who can support me in the style to which I would like to become accustomed."

I dropped Sally at her corner and went on to my rooming house and thought about Mary, about the first time I had seen her.

It was at a party, and I was hoping I didn't look the way I felt, which was bored, when my eyes locked with those of a girl across the room. She smiled faintly and looked away and I elbowed

through the crowd to her side and asked her her name.

She said it was Mary Beattie. We talked about the party and the weather. I noticed the brilliant red of her fingernails, and her slim ankles, and then a bird with a mustache and a Boston accent came up and took her away. I saw her just once again as she was leaving. She made a little gesture with one hand that seemed to say that she and I had had a fine time at the party.

I woke up on Sunday morning and I could hear her voice and see the intent way she had looked at me. After I got dressed I went through the phone book and found the name Beattie. I dialed and said, "Miss Mary Beattie, please. Mr. Hawkins calling."

Her voice had the same breathless quality when she answered. "Is this Pete Hawkins?" she said.

I grinned into the telephone. She remembered me and it seemed a major triumph. "There's a dance next Saturday," I said. "A charity affair for the hospital. You probably know about it. Would you like to go with me?"

She hesitated for a moment. "All right," she said. "I'd love to go. Call for me about nine. And thanks."

I hung up happy as the day is long. *She's breaking a date for me*, I chortled, *she's standing someone up*.

I was thirty, but I didn't feel thirty. I felt sixteen again and getting ready for my first date. I hadn't known you could feel that way at thirty. I thought it was something that happened shortly after you put on long pants and then it never happened again.

I had to leave town that night, and it was the longest road trip I ever spent. Nights I ordinarily finished my reports and drifted into a hotel lounge to settle world affairs with other salesmen. This trip I sat in my room and said her name over to myself. I even wrote her a letter. It

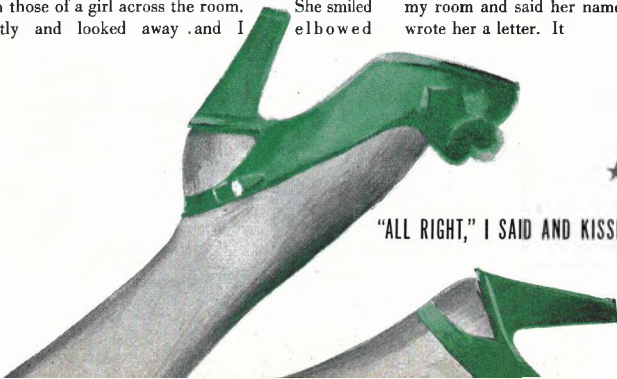
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★ "GET OUT," SHE SAID.

"ALL RIGHT," I SAID AND KISSED HER ON THE MOUTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY

Jon Whitcomb



Marysong

It was Christmas — a time for miracles
to happen * * * By George Raymond Riemer





Now, as they had for many years, they began their march . . . the Marysong march with its matchless music.

OF all the many monasteries that stood in Austria in the seventeenth century, the little one called "Marysong" was unique in its manner of living for God. Some monasteries served the countryside: they built roads or studied how to make farm soil give up better hops and rye. There were monasteries which could be proud of the histories written and the manuscripts copied by their monks. Certainly the monks at Marysong would be among the first to admit that other communities slept on harder wood, wore rougher hair shirts and heavier chains, or ate fewer prunes with their water. But of all the religious houses in Austria, not one could stand with Marysong in its love for fine music.

What gave Marysong distinction gave it its name. The community served God by means of reeds and strings, by notes, measures and keys. Each man tried to be a beautiful song; each tried to play his life in harmony with God's will, and then offered his song to Mary. So it was that originally the monks had named

their monastery "Mary's Song"; but people got used to running the words together and now it was called just "Marysong."

Marysong was a little brown huddle of buildings, sheds and shops far from the city, on the crest of a heavy, round-shouldered hill. A dirt road made by the Brother Buyer's trips to market took the way of least resistance toward the hill bottom. The good brother's bad habit of eating between the appointed times showed itself in the road. It stayed close to the vineyard as long as it could. It went under fruit trees and around berry bushes.

In early spring a pretty shawl of green and white clover covered much of the hill. Warm weather mixed orange, blue and yellow with the green and white. Autumn streaked soggy reds and browns over the ground till winter came and spread clean sheets of snow over everything.

Once upon a time, on a certain evening in early winter just twenty-three days before Christmas,

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Light in the Window

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY CORY WHITMORE

THE success of their marriage seemed doubtful because of the tension between Courtney and Ricky Wayne. Ricky's mother had offered neither help nor advice: "They're your people now. You'll have to stay with them while Court is overseas, and live with him when he gets back." She had been too embittered by the death of her son, Dave, to care about her daughter. Ricky's mother-in-law, Elizabeth, was openly pessimistic: "After all, you and Court didn't know each other very well. There's the difference in background. Court is really just a boy . . ."

It was true that he had gone to war a boy, but he returned a restless, dissatisfied man reluctant about entering the publishing house which his father, Matthew, had founded. When he finally did, his intimacy with Emmy Baldwin, an employee and old friend, grew out of his first unrest. Fatherhood and Matthew's disapproval made him end their affair. Emmy took it quietly: "I'll miss you, Court. But what's over is over." Courtney was relieved; Emmy had been expensive, there was a lack of ready money, and he must support Ricky's mother and Dave's son. Now, more money was needed for the new house.

The new house, motherhood and her surprisingly warm friendship with Roberta, Matthew's sister, caused Ricky's fresh serenity. That serenity was shattered one day by a letter found in an old tin trunk. It was written in a foreign script:

Dearest Courtney: You will find this letter when you return to America. I make no claim upon you. You have made me happy. I hope that it was so with you. Now I can tell you that I shall bear your child. Do not worry. I regret nothing.

ELSA.

Ricky stared down at the letter. The long, bitter waiting for him to come home, and all the while this German girl. . . . Slowly, painfully, she

walked down the stairs to her room. After hiding the letter in her jewel case, she glanced about the familiar room as if it were unknown. She must get out of this house.

III

RICKY never remembered later just where she had gone, except that she had walked endless blocks, trying to clear the confusion from her mind. It was a bleak winter day, with now and then a flurry of fine snow. It fell and melted, and after a while it turned to rain.

It was quite dark and still raining when she found herself near Roberta's apartment house. On impulse she went in and rang the bell.

Roberta was alone. When she saw Ricky she knew at once that something was wrong. The girl's face was white and her lips almost blue.

"What's happened? Come in and get that coat off you. You're soaked. Do you want pneumonia?"

Ricky let her take the coat and sat still while she brought her a cup of tea.

"Take that. It's hot," Roberta said. "Don't talk. Just get it down."

The tea helped her. She slipped off her sodden pumps and managed a smile. "Why do I come to you when things go wrong, Aunt Roberta?"

"Because I'm always here. And because I've had troubles of my own, probably. What's the matter now? The house?"

Ricky shook her head. "It's Court. I've just learned he had some sort of affair with a girl while he was in Germany. A German girl."

"And she's turned up?"

"No. It's not that."

"Then why worry? After all, that was years ago, wasn't it? He's probably forgotten her name by this time."

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Her face set. "I have a right to know you were living with another woman after you had married me."



*Grandfather Ruddyfuddy
looks over Lancaster*

It was a day when everything happened exactly the way it should.



"OF COURSE MY NOSE IS RED," SAID GRANDFATHER. "IT'S COLD AT THE NORTH POLE."

By Joel Earnest

GRANDFATHER RUDDYFUDDY was hitching Nicodemus to the Portland cutter when Jacob Schusslich stuck his head in the barn door. Jacob had an old red muffler tied around his neck as protection against the cold December day. It looked like a two-foot-long bow tie. Nicodemus pretended to be startled, though he'd seen Jacob in that muffler before.

"Whoa," shouted Grandfather.

"Why don't you drive to Lancaster in the car?" asked Jacob. "It's a cold day."

The barn was warm and smelled of sweet hay. Nicodemus had no desire to leave it for the cold outdoors. He tried to step on Grandfather's toes.

"Get off my feet," said Grandfather to Nicodemus. "I wish," he said testily to Jacob, "you wouldn't put ideas in this horse's head."

"It's eight miles to Lancaster, and if the horse has more sense than you do, don't blame me. Besides, with this snow, the train will probably be late."

Grandfather buckled the chest strap and began to slide the reins through the keepers before he replied. "Do I hire you to work for me," asked Grandfather, "or are you running the place?"

Jacob considered the question. "When I hire out to a man, I hire my brains as well as my muscles," he announced virtuously.

"That," said Grandfather, "is more than I bargained for."

"You need new reins on that set of harness."

"Humph," said Grandfather, unconsciously using Grandmother Ruddyfuddy's favorite reply.

"And we need some snitz," continued Jacob. "There ain't any in the house. I looked. When you get to Lancaster buy some in market."

"Never," said Grandfather, "in my whole life have I known such a Wunnerfitzer."

"My sister is a worse Wunnerfitzer than me," said Jacob. "It runs in the family." *(Continued on Page 205)*

THE three telephones in the Chicago nurses' registry kept ringing all morning. Each time that one of the tired clerks picked up the receiver she heard the same words—the familiar and sometimes frantic words—"I want a nurse!"

"I want a nurse for twenty-four-hour duty in my home, ninety miles out of town. My little girl has pneumonia." But there are no trained nurses left in Chicago who will take twenty-four-hour duty today.

"I want a nurse for my wife: she had to leave the hospital four days after the baby was born because the nurse shortage there was so acute. Can you get us an eight-hour nurse to get things settled?" Well, there's a chance. There are twenty-seven names ahead of the husband who is calling, but if he leaves his name there may be a nurse for his wife two weeks from now; if he will cook and serve her meals. "I need her tonight," he pleads. Not a chance.

There is pathos in many of these calls. A mother whose son is suffering from rheumatic fever—a long-drawn-out disease—has to go to work every day to pay the rent. Who will look after her child while she is away from home? Not a trained nurse—not nowadays.

A man living alone in an apartment house has a broken hip. He had better count on help from the janitor.

What has happened to the nurses? From spending a few hours in any registry in the country one might get the idea that they have all abandoned their profession—that the nurse is nowadays as obsolete as the coachman or the tandem-bicycle rider. By American

Nurses Association reports, 46 per cent of the requests which come into the registries, throughout the country, will *never* be filled. Have the nurses disappeared? No. There are nurses—plenty of nurses. There are 318,000 RN's in the country, a higher number than we have ever had in our history. There is one trained nurse, today, to every 367 Americans, twice what the ratio was in 1920.

But nurses today don't want to nurse the sick!

As the result of a widespread effort to give nurses "prestige," bedside nursing is contemptuously viewed, by leaders of the profession, as a steppingstone to any one of a number of interesting desk jobs. Trained nurses now receive a more elaborate education than they ever did in the past; but it doesn't educate them to want to take temperatures and change sheets and help us to get well.

The propaganda against bedside nursing goes on constantly. The American Nurses Association, in an effort to recruit more and more college girls into its ranks, has been advertising the opportunities open to the trained nurse. It lists 90 fields, including "field consultant," "counselor," "industrial nurse"; these, and not care of the sick, are the jobs for which the nurses-in-training are urged to set their caps. These are the jobs they obtain.

The head of a training school in one of our best-known universities told her graduating class, "I hope I never hear of one of my graduates doing special-duty nursing." (*Special-duty nursing* means taking care of

you and me when we are sick.) An official of the National League of Nursing Education recently said, "There are at least a dozen fields of nursing open to young nurses upon graduation from an accredited school." A doctor connected with one of the major training schools of the country states, "The emphasis in our school of nursing is to develop what is generally known as a 'public-health nurse.' I have been told by students in our nursing school that they have no interest and never expected to have any interest in the care of sick patients."

Does this seem harsh, incredible? The American Journal of Nursing, in 1946, asked 31,000 Army nurses what kind of work they hoped to do when they returned to civilian life: only 5 per cent of them named private duty, as compared with 13 per cent who favored industrial nursing and 13 per cent who were eying the field of public health.

AND they meant it: of the 318,000 registered nurses, one third have retired from *any* kind of nursing, either to become wives or to take jobs in other fields—this, according to a sample study lately compiled by the U. S. Department of Labor. Over a quarter of the remaining 200,000 trained nurses are in teaching or executive jobs in hospitals; 20,000 of them are in public-health work. Other large groups have taken jobs as industrial nurses, or as camp counselors, or as airline stewardesses. The sick patients will probably never see their faces again!

Yet the sick continue to need care, even if nurses prefer to work at other jobs. Someone must look after them.

Their situation has, indeed, become so serious that the American Surgical Association recently appointed a special committee, headed by Dr. Howard Naffziger, of San Francisco, to report on the matter. The surgeons, after polling their members, reported that "the quantity of nursing is 55 per cent to 60 per cent of that needed, and the quality is down 75 per cent." For nurses who have become contemptuous of jobs by the side of the sick do not, naturally, do as good work there as women dedicated to a life task of patient-care.

"Nurses," the report goes on, "have spent years to educate themselves out of a much-needed economic group and have made no provision for the care of the sick. Schools of nursing have tended rapidly to center on education for those who are to become supervisors, hospital and school administrators and public-health nurses, and the direct care of the sick has become a minor interest. The medical profession, the hospitals and the sick patients demand adequate nursing care. It can be given. Years of higher education are not required to supply it, in spite of the unwise aims of national nursing bodies."

The education trained nurses receive is a matter of personal concern to you, if you have to become a hospital patient today. For it is in the large hospitals that most nurses get their training (though not all; today there is a trend toward university courses for the nurse). When you stay in one of these hospitals today you may get a shock: patients are almost universally complaining; some of them are obviously neglected. (Yet they are, each and every one,

(Continued on Page 98)

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TRAINED NURSES WON'T NURSE THE SICK?

By Gretta Palmer

Nurses are more intelligent and better trained than ever before, but this accomplishment is of little comfort to the sick who merely want personal care.

If You Ask Me



I was shocked to hear George H. Earle quoted as saying that he was proud to be called a warmonger if it meant dropping bombs on Russia. This is a free country, but shouldn't it be a criminal offense to make statements like that?

Mr. George Earle's remark is one of which I think every American is ashamed. Nevertheless, we prize our freedom very highly in this country and I would dislike turning our country into a police state. I feel sure that most of our people can stand up under the impact of such silly and wicked remarks as Mr. Earle's and realize that when a man makes such statements and believes them, he is not worth listening to.



Will you please explain where religion enters into Communism? Or are Communists atheists?

I have no idea whether Communists are atheists, but I do remember at one time they did not permit the practice of religion in Russia, largely, I think, because the Orthodox Church had allowed certain abuses to grow up which caused resentment. Now, however, I understand that they allow freedom of worship to all people. For a time the devotion to Communism as a way of life, and also as a political belief, was a substitute in the minds of the people for religion, just as in Hitler's Germany he established a state religion.



Our discussion group of young married people reviewed the news account of your effort to have Hanns Eisler admitted to the United States. Several believe the request for assistance came from a source unknown to you personally, and in an attempt to be helpful you addressed a note to Mr. Sumner Welles. Another group believed you knew of Hanns Eisler's membership in the Communist Party but do not regard the influx of Communists into our country with the same alarm that others of us do. Still others believe that you knew Hanns Eisler's past in Germany, but for a reason obscure to your reading public, wrote the letter to Mr. Welles believing the New Deal Administration so strongly entrenched that this letter would never come to light. Which of these opinions is the truth?

If you read my letter to Mr. Sumner Welles which was published in the New York papers, you will realize that all I asked was that Mr. Eisler's case be reviewed. A number of papers had been brought to me by a man whom I knew slightly, but I also knew that several other people, such as Miss Dorothy Thompson and Mr. Alvin Johnson, were interested in Mr. Eisler. I had never heard of him before that, and naturally I did not know that he was supposed to be connected with the Communist Party. In any case, at that time one was more concerned as to whether Germans were connected with the Nazi Party, and I was assured that he was not.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, % the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the JOURNAL.

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

While I was in Washington I passed on hundreds of requests to different departments of the Government. Their files are probably filled with memos of different types. I never asked that anything specific be done, but always asked that situations be investigated or people be given a proper hearing.

I never dreamed at the time that any of the letters or memos had the slightest importance, and even after the Dies Committee began to function, it never occurred to me that there was anything to hide in these communications; but it is apparent now that under the Dies Committee and its successor, the Un-American Affairs Committee, we are becoming somewhat inclined to the pattern of communistic and fascist states. Gestapo methods are making many people fearful. That I have never been and hope I never will be.



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"The only fair and easy way to explain it to you is this: Republicans are represented by an elephant—a big, strong, honest beast of burden. Democrats, on the other hand, are represented by a scrawny jackass."



I wonder how many other people are as confused as myself. What I wish to know is: For what does the Democratic Party stand; also the Republican? Will you state the essential differences between these parties?

Traditionally, the Democratic Party has stood as the liberal party and the Republican as the more conservative party, but in both parties nowadays there are conservatives and liberals, and many people feel there is no longer a clear-cut line of policies between them.

However, I should say that it was fairly well established that while there is a conservative group within the Democratic Party, it is not so closely allied to the great moneyed interests of the country, and one of the great differences between the two parties is that the Republican Party traditionally has been very closely tied to the powerful moneyed interests of this country as well as other countries, and is so well disciplined that there is little appeal from party decisions.



Please explain to me why it is so terrible to write a letter to a person and not sign your name. Sometimes we wish people to know something, and what is the difference who tells them, and why do they have to know from whom it comes?

When you want to tell someone something you should be willing to stand by what you have written and to sign your name to it. No one who hasn't the courage to be identified with what he writes should indulge himself in writing. Very few people pay any attention to anonymous letters, and no one has much respect for those who write them.



We have been having an argument over what age is called middle age and what is old age. I would very much like your opinion.

Age is a matter of the mind as well as of the body. I have known people old in years who were yet young in their outlook on life and in some ways managed even to keep their bodies young by their mental processes.

Ordinarily, old age is supposed to begin at sixty. After that you are more or less living on borrowed time, and after seventy most people count each year as an unusual gift.



I have been married for almost a year, and during that time have known very great happiness. I love my husband dearly, and have every reason to believe he feels the same way about me. I think he is a model husband—kind, considerate and loving. There is only one area of our lives where we have ever had any disagreement or unpleasantness. Even before our marriage, my mother-in-law and I came into a conflict of minds which has not improved with time. Although I am not happy about this lack of friendliness between us, it is my husband's attitude which makes me most unhappy. In every disagreement between his mother and myself I have never known him to defend me, my ideas, actions or points of view. Rather, he nullifies every effort of mine to explain my point of view by an effort at nonchalance and an apologetic attempt to soothe his mother's ruffled feelings. I cannot understand why he should refuse to defend me even when I am right, nor why he is emotionally tied to his mother, unless it is a subconscious feeling of obligation. She is both poor and a widow. What would you advise me to do about this situation?

I would advise you to try to refrain from putting your husband in a position where he has to take sides between you and his mother. It is hard for a man to side against his mother even if he feels his wife is right, and I think you will find that if you just keep quiet, he will gradually come to take up the cudgels in your behalf. Of course, if your mother-in-law lives with you, I realize that that is an extremely difficult situation because the rubs and disagreements must be very constant. If it is possible it would be better if you could at least live in separate quarters. I think you would find it easier to get along.

SOUTHERN MARYLAND





Tulip Hill, with its widespread wings, looks out from its terraced hilltop in Anne Arundel County over almost a mile of farmland to the Chesapeake Bay.

By Richard Pratt

ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL

IT is true that in Annapolis, where Southern Maryland begins, there are more well-set-up midshipmen to make the place attractive than grace any other American city. But it happens that Annapolis, compared with any other American city, also contains more handsome Georgian houses of great distinction; and it is really because of this fact, beyond everything else, that the town is beautiful. Then for further beauty, from the neighborhood of Annapolis, where the Severn opens into the Chesapeake, all the way down to the Potomac, the back roads of Southern Maryland lead you to more fine Georgian plantations than can be found in any other region of equal size in the country. You can take, as two superb examples of what you will find, Whitehall, on the opposite page, whose portico faces out across the bay just before you come to Annapolis; and Tulip Hill, above, which is the first great house you discover after you leave. From there on, among the rolling hills and along the tidewater rivers, farther and farther away from the Naval

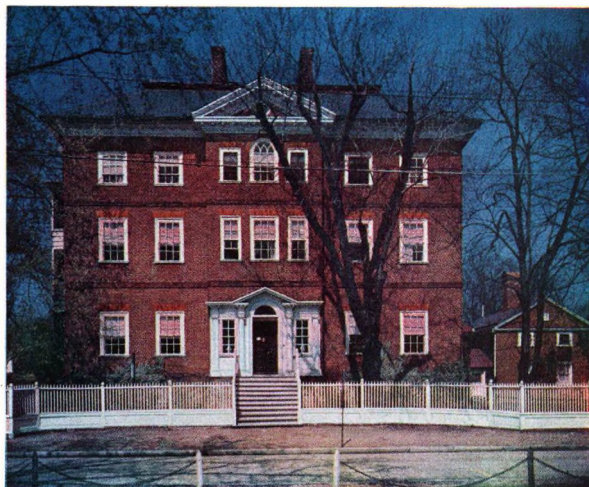
Academy, the only competition the houses get comes from the landscape itself, which plays right into the picture.

Walking through Annapolis streets, you meet one masterpiece after another. The prize, in my opinion, is the Hammond-Harwood house, shown two pages farther on, the work of the same William Buckland who was the master carpenter of Virginia's famous Gunston Hall, pictured here just a year ago. Directly across the street, the stately Chase house, shown at the right below, and near by the Brice and the Paca houses, the latter now part of Carvel Hall, the former now made into apartments for many families where once one family lived in grandeur. Even the street names, like the streets themselves, carry you back to Colonial times: King George, Prince George, and the Duke of Gloucester Street, where the Ridout house, at the left below, stands out as a major masterpiece along a streetful of minor ones—the minor ones on many streets serving as a connecting chorus throughout the town to the east of principals.

The Ridout house, in Annapolis, famous for the purity of its proportions.



The Chase house is one of the noblest and tallest of the Annapolis mansions.





Near the crossroads village of Friendship at the lower tip of Anne Arundel County, Holly Hill's appearance is somewhat misleading, for with its single-story eaves it looks like a small house, which it isn't. Otherwise, there is nothing misleading about its looks, it being one of the loveliest and most appealing of Southern Maryland's old country houses, from its brickwork and windows and cornice right up to its chimneys.

HOLLY HILL



Being one of the earliest of the Georgian houses in Southern Maryland, Holly Hill has had plenty of time to acquire a history. One legendary fragment is that it was used by a pirate named Hogarth who had dug an underground passage to Herring Bay, half a mile away, through which he carried plunder from his boats. The place the "passage" enters the cellar can still be seen but, as the tunnel now extends only ten feet from the house, skeptics are inclined to doubt the story's authenticity. No one could possibly doubt, however, the authenticity of Holly Hill's age and beauty. Records show that the house was begun in the seventeenth century and finished early in the eighteenth, and it is obvious that its beauty was built into it. The marbleizing which covers the entire wood-paneled end of the main bedroom at the left, and the painting on wood above the fireplace are indications of its unusually charming interior, which was beautifully restored to its pristine condition about ten years ago by its present owners. Some of the original window-panes bear the diamond-scratched signatures of the early occupants of Holly Hill. But as yet no signature of the pirate Hogarth has been found.

HAMMOND-HARWOOD HOUSE

This has been called the most perfect example of Georgian architecture in America, and the chances are that that is a fairly safe estimate of its standing in the great community of Colonial houses which line the Eastern seaboard from Maine to Charleston. The charm and dignity of its design, along with its incomparable carving, are all the creation of the master carpenter, William Buckland, who was introduced to Annapolis by George Mason after Buckland had made such a success of Mason's Gunston Hall in Virginia. Its restoration and maintenance have been made possible by the proceeds from the annual pilgrimage which every spring makes most of the great old houses in Maryland accessible to the public.



Every detail of the Hammond-Harwood house, in Annapolis, is a work of art. The principal rooms in the main section of the house are all celebrated for Buckland's beautiful woodwork, but the dining room, with its carved shutters, is the showpiece.





RUMANIA



POLAND



FRANCE



ENGLAND



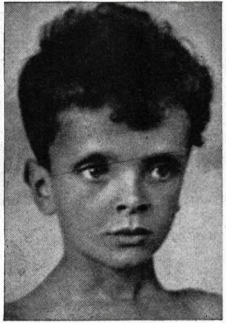
CHINA



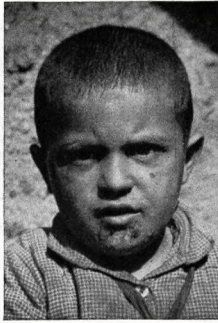
FINLAND



ITALY



INDIA



GREECE



GERMANY



AUSTRIA



HUNGARY

HELP!

IN Austria, a boy binds his feet in rags to walk the frozen streets to Mass. . . . In Italy, a girl hems the frayed burlap sack that will be her holiday dress. . . . In Greece, a new baby, wrapped in newspapers, dies slowly of starvation. . . . And in Poland, a family of six hoards a scuttle of coal, a bar of soap, a sack of relief flour—to pretend for one day that living can be something warm and clean and well-fed.

Hopelessness, hunger and bitter cold: this is the Christmas lot of 30,000,000 European children. In their thin little bodies is a terrible passivity; in their eyes, an even more terrible despair. Without help, millions will continue to suffer from rickets, pellagra, tuberculosis; without help, millions more will die this year.

Their plight is due, in part, to a real shortage of food and cloth; in part, to distribution difficulties; in part, to a lack of planned co-operation among governments. It is ironically simple to outline the solutions of these problems on paper; it is desperately difficult to work them out, to live them out. Farm animals, farm machinery, seed, tillable land—all have been war-expendables. War-damaged factories are idle for lack of funds to buy repairs and materials. And the ill-clad, ill-fed victims of war cannot work as long or as hard as they once did.

And yet, at any cost, these problems must be solved. For war and revolution are born of want, and no one will be exempt should they strike again. As the United Nations' Food and Agricultural Organization grimly reports: "We can no longer afford to be defeatists about the abolition of poverty and hunger, because were we to be defeated in this, it would mean the defeat of civilization."

What can we do? What can be done? These are questions that cannot be asked too frequently, that *must* be asked until the solution is

found. The largest—most important—answer is slow-shaping, tedious, work-demanding. It is outlined in the Marshall plan for Europe's recovery. Under its provisions, sixteen nations have determined what they can do and what they will need to build a stable tomorrow. They have submitted to us their programs for reconstruction and asked our long-term aid in financing them. Soon, Congress—in our name—will decide whether or not to back this plan. On our support and understanding depends the measure of its success.

But until such an over-all program is in force, immediate needs must be met, at least in part. To this end, volunteer agencies are pushing history's greatest campaigns of mercy. Through public contributions they have sent abroad billions of dollars in food, clothing and medical supplies. Through them, we can express a personal answer to suffering in our individual efforts to help.

Here is a specific plan of action:

FIRST: Determine what you are best able to give—food, clothing or money.

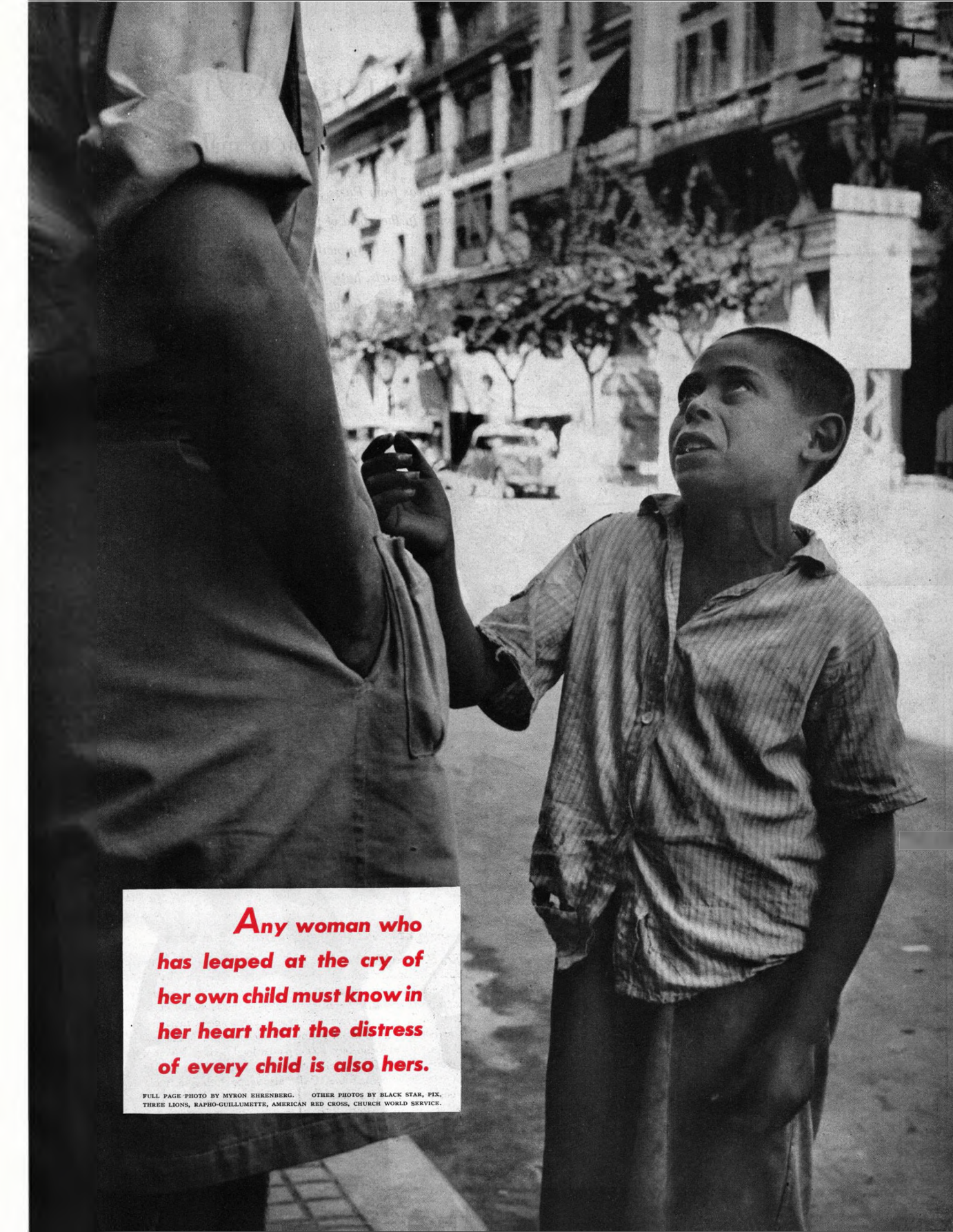
SECOND: Blend your efforts with those of a local community group—women's clubs, Girl Scouts, church societies.

THIRD: Work through the major relief agency that is best fitted to work with you.

ORGANIZATIONS THAT WILL FORWARD YOUR GIFTS

CARE, 50 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. This is the only Government-approved agency through which individual Americans can send help to designated persons or groups in 15 European countries. It guarantees delivery and, because it buys in bulk and distributes directly from its own overseas warehouses, offers one of the cheapest and most efficient methods of giving. It accepts checks and money orders. For \$10, you can buy a 21½-pound food package—a month's supplemental rations for a family of four. And there are special packages for small children or babies. CARE also sends clothing parcels; for \$10, a complete layette or linen for a household or a special blanket package or one with cloth, thread, needles, buttons and scissors to make a suit.

(Continued on Page 112)



***Any woman who
has leaped at the cry of
her own child must know in
her heart that the distress
of every child is also hers.***

FULL PAGE PHOTO BY MYRON EHRENBERG. OTHER PHOTOS BY BLACK STAR, PIX,
THREE LIONS, RAPHO-GULLUMETTE, AMERICAN RED CROSS, CHURCH WORLD SERVICE.

Journal Originals

for you to make

Ideas from Paris . . . New York . . . the most famous designers in the world of fashion are contributing to the growing collection of Journal Originals.

Hoods, shawls, hats, bags . . . you can make them easily and reasonably—for gifts, or for yourself, from Journal

*patterns, 15c. ★ By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal*



The fringed tweed shawl (or lap robe) fits inside matching barrel bag closed with slide fastener, 2391; worn with John Frederics' basque dress.



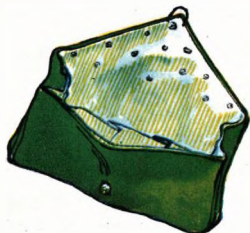
New twist for an ascot: Schiaparelli does it in striped taffeta or satin, 2393.



Embroider or appliqué flower designs front and back on a jersey or knitted pull-over, 2392; original by de War.



John Frederics' cosmetic case: velvet moire, satin, with sequins, 2394.



Line the case with bright faille; and make pockets for cosmetics.



The star sweater: embroider or appliqué stars on jersey or machine-knit, or on your own hand-knit; by de War, 2395. Draped jersey hood by Gres, 2396.



Reversible hood in two tones of jersey, by Gres, 2397, to go with your winter coat.



Wreath of roses, twined with leaves, lovely year-round fashion by Gres.

Evening scarf in violet tulle, yard-wide square, caught with sequin balls, by John Frederics, 2398.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUBBERMAN



Fringed wool apron, afternoon or Sunday-night fashion by Schiaparelli, over a slim skirt, 2399.

Send 15 cents for each pattern (and order by number of pattern) to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pa.



Cord and tassel beret in corduroy. Original by Lilly Dache, for you to make, 2400; Toni Owen's high-collar velvet blouse, 2401; double-decker corduroy bag by Rowland Hughes, 2402.



Gay bouffant tulle, off-shoulder neckline, huge gathered sleeves. Vogue Design No. 6202; sizes 12 to 18.

Beautifully draped bodice, voluminous skirt in sheer gray chiffon. Vogue Design No. 5-4832; sizes 12 to 20.

ms

Make Your Dream Dress...

In bouffant taffeta... enchanting tiered lace or brocaded satin.
Beautiful dresses to make for the Holiday Season.
Head-turning silhouettes in magnificent fabrics. by Nora O'Leary

Simple blouse, Vogue Design No. 6238, sizes 12 to 20.
Ankle-length skirt, No. 6231, 24 to 32 waist.



Enchantingly beautiful tiered lace off-shoulder dress with
elbow-length sleeve. Vogue Design No. S-4824, sizes 12 to 18.

DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD

New rounded-shoulder, rounded-hip look with chic
simplicity. Vogue Design No. 6210, sizes 12 to 20.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from
Vogue Pattern Service, Petram Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 21 Dundas St., Toronto, Ontario.
Other views and prices on page 197

Elegant brocaded satin with beautifully gored skirt;
tiniest of waistlines. Vogue Design No. S-4830, sizes 12 to 20.

Something long and lovely



The jeweled wool apron skirt, bountifully full, tied around a slim waist; by Tina Leser; with one of her superb little black jerseys; for city or country, a few friends or a party.



Dinner for two or more—romantic velvet gown in chartreuse with a medieval silhouette; designed by Tina Leser.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILBELA CUSHMAN



Sapphire-blue wool hostess robe for holiday nights at home with the family. Designed by Clare Potter.

... for the best hours
of your life. Evenings
at home, when you dress to please
the most special people
in your life, or just to please
yourself. In clothes that lend
enchantment. ★ BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



The robe that stays home with a book, or goes traveling—natural beige wool, wrap-around style with long sash and red tassels.



The luxurious dressing gown in navy-blue wool with scarlet satin, by Joseph Whitehead; for winter nights by the fire.



The fashion of brilliant wool, basque top, fan pleats, designed by Bruno for "come to supper" winter evenings.

Sunday afternoon ... in the city



Afternoon party, dress as you please—the fashion of a jeweled wool skirt and jersey top by Tina Leser; or Joseph Whitehead's ankle-length red wool.

Sunday afternoon is a small and enchanting island of time . . . when you do the things that mean the most to you . . . dress leisurely in clothes that please your personal fancy and suit the time and place; walking on a long-loved country road or through the halls of your favorite museum . . . or sitting by your own bright fire. ★ **BY RUTH MARY PACKARD**



City stroll, early supper—a wool-lined nutria coat, finger-length over Monte Sano's beige tweeds Norfolk suit; Lilly Dache's mushroom hat.

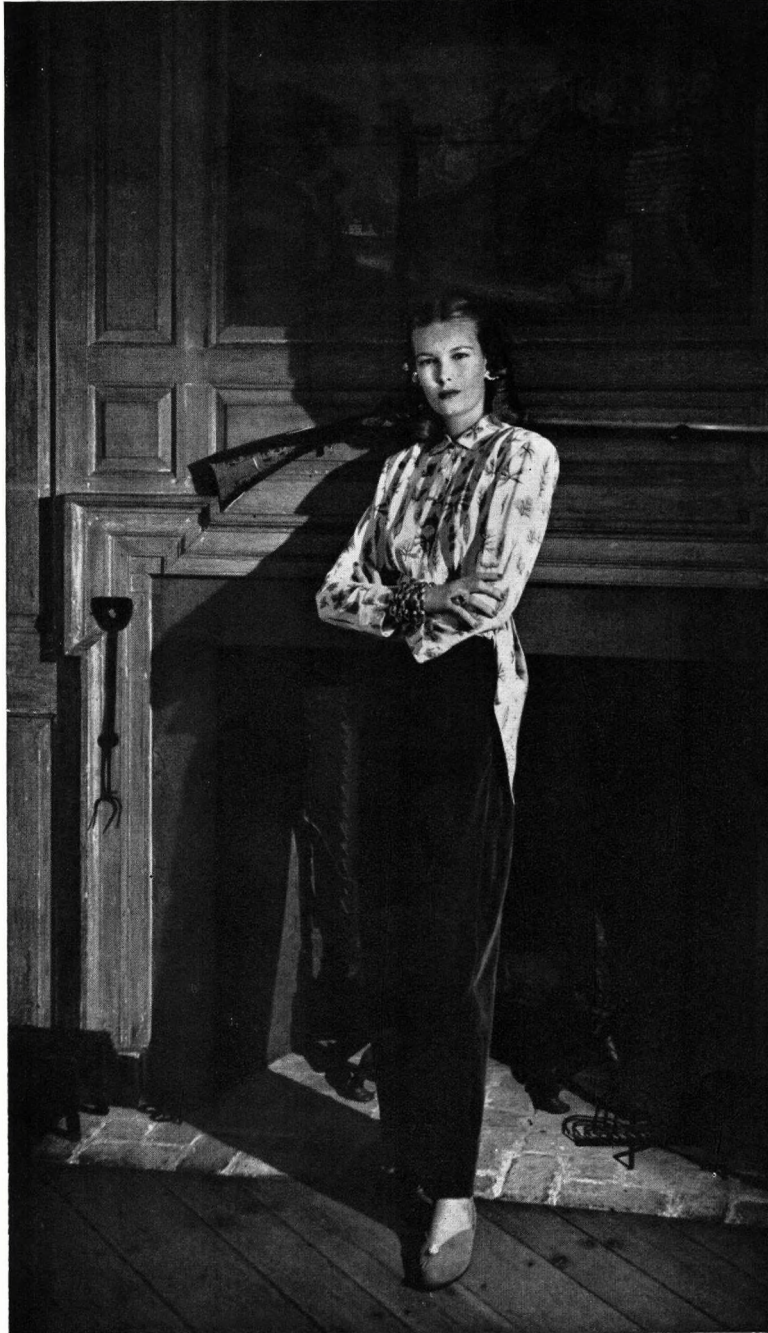
Museum trotter, pretty as a portrait, in a Victorian brown wool peplum suit, trimmed with black braid, by Tina Leser.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



Sunday afternoon ...in the country

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FONSSAGRIVES

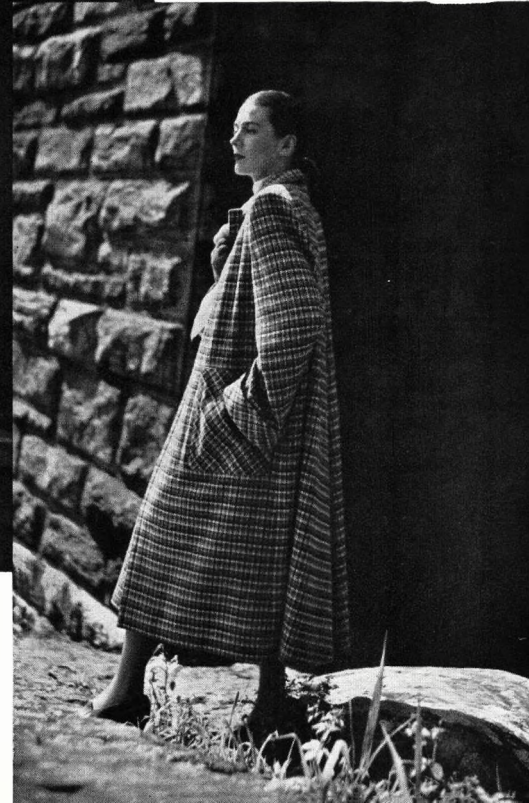


Country at home: velveteen slacks, printed wool jersey shirt and sash, a Clare Potter fashion for hostess or guest, afternoon or suppertime.



Pale yellow corduroy, pretty neckline, longer skirt—anybody's house in the country, by Joset Walker.

The plaid coat, full-length flare, with its own matching skirt and jersey pull-over—enormous style and rugged character; designed by Morgan Fauth.





First Christmas in our Kitchen

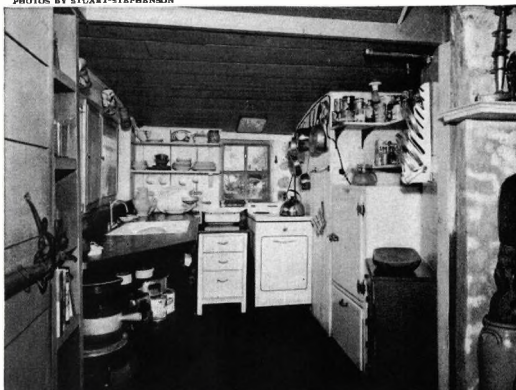
In a summer cabin made snug for winter living, supper is served in front of the fire. When sleigh bells outside the door announce the guests, all is ready for them in the new kitchen behind the folding screen.





Into the kitchen went some things old—the range and the refrigerator; and some things new—the built-in cupboards and shelves of wood, the double-bowl sink and a water heater hidden in the corner. Every available inch was used for storage and work space.

PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON



Lighthearted vacationists forgave the original kitchen its lack of convenience. To make it suitable for year-round living, it needed planned cupboards and shelves and more working space. Also to be provided was some way of heating water, and a more adequate sink. Fortunately, few complicated structural changes were needed.

BY GLADYS TABER



THIS month's kitchen project brought back memories of long-ago summers in the northern woods of Wisconsin, where my family had a cottage. Summer was always so short, and about the first of August I fell into a brooding melancholy because it was going to be "time to close up the cottage." And right after Christmas I began to badger my mother about going up and taking off the shutters and opening the cottage again. We usually did go before the ice had melted from the porch steps, or snowdrifts from the back yard.

It always seemed to me the little cottages were lonely in the winter, deserted and silent. And now, in these times when the housing problem is so acute, I rejoiced that many vacation or week-end houses might be turned into permanent homes by the use of a little imagination, good planning and not too much expense. The JOURNAL felt that our solution of this problem might be helpful to many people who could change a part-time to a full-time house. Of course there are many flimsy shacks and cottages built from old orange crates in this country which do well enough to camp in, and would not be worth remaking for anything more unless they could be reinforced with insulating board. But our cabin, being soundly built, steadfast against storm and naturally insulated by the thickness of great oak beams, offered basic comfort and made the

(Continued on Page 94)



It's a
date!



Merry Making

BY ANN BATCHELDER

This is a Christmas that you're sharing with the whole world. For every cooky and candy and sweetmeat you wrap up with loving hands for your friends and family you want some child in Europe to have one too. Better get busy if you haven't done anything yet, and turn to page 56 for instructions.

WHY do I stick around where the fancy paper and that dratted paper ribbon are? Somehow, that sideways trick with ribbon I never got the hang of. And my bows! Well, let's not go into that. No matter what precautions are taken, the package that leaves my hands looks exactly like a battered and slightly untidy traveler who has sat up all night in a caboose. And that's the truth.

That business of cards. That's where I really shine. Sending Christmas cards. I begin way back about August to make my list. Then I don't go through that terrific last-minute headache trying to remember if I sent a card to Aunt Bella and one to Cousin Bert. *I know.* Smugness sits on my brow like a tiara when it comes to *this* phase of the Christmas powwow. Cards flow from my pen like a river (Continued on Page 117)

Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without fruitcake full to bursting with sugar and spices and fruits galore. No cake has quite the appeal of this supermasterpiece. And this cake is a perfect one for a perfect Christmas.

It's easy to buy candy, but it's fun to make it, so make your holiday candy with ease and dispatch, for your celebrations at home and presents around the circle of friends. You can't resist it, can you, after one good look?



Remember those immortal words of Shakespeare—something about “infinite variety”? There's more to it, but let it pass. Instead of to Cleopatra, these words as used by me apply to this collection of Christmas cookies. You will find the right one for the right person here.

PHOTOS BY STUART POWLER





Line a Day

1 There are few beautiful sights in this world so arresting, so breath-taking as a winter sunset. Just one thing: when the last colors go, watch the purple against the snow. You won't forget that, because you can't.

2 Now is the time for those rich beef stews. Not the strings-in-water kind, full of old carrots and such. But chop, *very* fine, a green pepper and add it to your stew with a can of those broiled-in-butter mushrooms. Thicken your stew to a good gravy consistency. No noses will turn up at such a dish, served in a casserole, boiling hot, with sippets of buttered toast on top. (No fat on the meat. And use a good cut of the round. Cut in neat cubes.) Little potato balls? Rather.

3 When you're really hungry, what comes to mind? I'll tell you. A hamburger. Have them not more than an inch thick—broiled medium. Anointed with butter or margarine. Redolent of onion. But—saute the onion before introducing it to the meat. And put in the butter or margarine you sauteed it in. Little touches touch the spot.

4 If it's a skating or skiing party crashing in, how about salt pork and cream gravy? Old New England specialty. Parboil the thin slices of pork and slit the edges. Fry in its own fat until cracklin' crisp. Make a real cream gravy, not a "milk sauce." And baked potatoes. And apple fritters.

5 Those little Portuguese sardines are as usual now as buttons on a shirt. Short there, a white back. Break them up, heat and spread on hot toast. Serve your fried eggs or poached eggs on top. And there is a breakfast mankind will remember.

6 *Herb notes:* Moisten your herbs for a cooked dish or sauce in a little salad oil and let them "herbinate" for an hour or so. Then use them as you planned. And to stews and soups put in the herbs—sparingly—at the last hour of cooking. Enough.

7 And so, when you cook fish in salted water, add a little flavored vinegar to the water. Sweeter, firmer fish. And it won't break into pieces right under your eyes.

8 Canned salmon—the steak kind—turned out whole on a pie plate, covered with seasoned sour cream and baked until the cream browns in patches, and bubbles, is delicious. Serve it with green peppers stuffed with boiled rice, or mashed potatoes and a tomato salad.

9 Thin griddlecakes with a fine berry sauce—there's a luncheon dessert to really go to town with. Blueberries, gooseberries, raspberries. Well, you canned some, didn't you? If not, there are canned and frozen to be had. So go on from there.

10 If your grapefruit tries your patience by insisting on being sour when it ought to be just right, put some honey—not sugar, but *honey*—on it, and it will turn out as sweet as a little girl in her first poke bonnet.

11 Heat together a 6½-ounce-can crab meat, 1 cup cream-style corn, 1 can condensed mushroom soup, 1½ cups milk, ¼ cup butter or margarine, 2 sliced lemons, salt and pepper. Bring just to boil. A quickie soup to serve with pride.

12 I like a good meat loaf. Just a while ago I found out—think of it, after all these years—that dry cereal instead of bread crumbs is twice as good in it. Bet you beat me to this; but if you didn't, I'll share.

13 Did you know that hamburgers fry better, taste better and *are* better if you sprinkle the spider with salt before you fry them? Use almost no fat. Work fast on the turnover.

14 *A thing to avoid:* For croquettes, chop the chicken or sweetbreads (or whatever). Don't put them through the meat grinder; chop fine, but *fine*. Have them soft and creamy inside, highly seasoned. Nothing compares with a perfect croquette.

15 *New idea for soup:* A smoked-turkey split-pea soup made from the remains of smoked turkey. It's wonderful. You may also buy this in cans—concentrated.

16 *One more newsy piece:* There's a pan lining going the rounds. Made of aluminum foil. Slip one in the frying pan and do whatever. Use them in casseroles too; no stick, easier dishwashing.

17 Broiled baby turkeys are done just like broiled chickens. Serve with grilled sweet potatoes, green peas and mushrooms and an avocado salad. And be sure there's plenty of rich cream sauce for the turkey.

18 Custard pies don't travel well to a picnic, but they'll travel from plate to mouth, won't they? Cover one with a meringue, sprinkle with coconut, brown in the oven and serve cold. Currant jelly under the meringue is a thing to remember.

19 Orange cake—if it's perfect—with orange filling and frosting, is a pretty pleasant thing. Try making it with orange juice in the batter. Makes it complete.

20 One of the finest herbs grown is garden sage. But use it with care. To my mind no turkey or chicken stuffing is worth its salt without sage. And don't you let any come-lately herb fan tell you different, for I hear tell there are warnings about.

DO YOU REMEMBER ME?

Belinda, tell me if you hear
So far beneath the snow.

What of the past, the passing year?
Does time abide below?

There is no time, that you so say.
There is no first and no last day,
And round our ears the dead things play
A never-ending roundelay.

Belinda, do you remember me?
Only a path's end and a pale green tree.

21 *Tautime note:* A little bowl of shaved sweet chocolate on your tea table. Try a sprinkling of the chocolate on hot buttered toast. It rates a more glamorous name, but they call it Dutch toast.

22 Tried a little grated lemon peel in a pumpkin pie. Generous to a fault with my secrets, they tell me. So I pass it along.

23 Ever serve a "chef's" salad? So-called because a lady in Hartland, Vermont, thought it up. Farmer's wife. Anyway, it's a mixture of greens and anything else that comes handy. See that it's made with tarragon vinegar. And any little herblet, like basil or thyme, helps a lot.

24 *From an old cookbook:* "One should not serve great quantities of gravy aside from the necessary to satisfy the desires of those who wish to 'wipe' their plates with bread or biscuits. It is bad manners, and delays the meal." But it's awful good eating, man.

25 It's a pity to throw out good strong coffee that nobody wanted. What's wrong with coffee jelly, with plain or whipped cream? It's a wonderful dessert and, made right, one of those popular items that never grow stale.

26 They'll soon be moving their fishing huts out on Lake Champlain. I know the best spot. Then they'll cut a hole in the ice, light the stove and their pipes, and fish. Fifty feet down, they'll take out the sweet, incomparable smelt. Don't miss them.

27 As for smelt. I say don't split, don't broil. Well, hardly ever. Clean them, fry them in salt pork or bacon fat. If all are like me, let's have four to six to a serving. With creamed potatoes. That's *me!*

28 Potato puffs as *are* puffs are these: Take two cups of mashed potatoes, hot, add two eggs, a teaspoon of baking powder, salt and pepper to taste. Beat like mad. Drop by spoonfuls in deep hot fat and fry to a fine brown. Drain on paper. Serve with meat or fish. And, if you like it, beat in a little nutmeg. My, they're good.

29 Scallops broiled with bacon and served with tartar sauce in lemon baskets and little bouquets of water cress are pretty popular. I find. Roll them in fine seasoned crumbs before they take to the heat. Do them on a heatproof platter. Skewers if you wish, but why bother?

30 And now a little cheese setup, just because. Mix well and smooth Roquefort and cream cheese, with minced chives. Season. Use on Melba or some very thin buttered toast. For salads, for appetizers, wherever cheese lovers come.

31 Coming up to what are known as "The Holidays." They are going to be good. Lots of ice and snow, sleighs and skis and skates. And let's have fun. You do and so will I. But not with skate or ski.

Merry Christmas

from Ann Batchelder





*"What's cookin',
Good Lookin'?"*

"When my husband greets me like that, I know he's brought home his appetite—and what a help to have good, hot soup ready. I just couldn't keep house without Campbell's Soups. They're so tempting and nourishing and . . . a real life-saver for us young-marrieds. Of course Bill and I have our favorites, but it's such fun to go 'exploring', too, among all those 21 kinds. You make wonderful discoveries!"

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



BEEF through and through—a stock simmered from lean beef, plenty of pieces of beef, golden egg noodles. A main-dish soup for a hungry man!
CAMPBELL'S BEEF NOODLE SOUP



Asparagus—ever-welcome springtime treat—made into a tempting purée. Lots of tender asparagus tips. Prepare it with milk or water.
CAMPBELL'S ASPARAGUS SOUP



"Almost a meal in itself" is what women everywhere call this hearty, homey soup, with its 15 different garden vegetables and good beef stock.
CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE SOUP

Here's MY Friend for Extra Growth and Health Protection!



Quaker Oats Plan Boosts Your Energy Too!

Yes, delicious Quaker Oats is far more than just an ordinary cereal. Serving it every morning constitutes a PLAN for giving your children extra growth and health protection—extra energy

and stamina boosters for you and dad! Quaker Oats is 100% whole-grain oatmeal, richest of all natural cereals in 4 great key elements! Quaker Oats brings you—



EXTRA VITAMIN B1—for "Spark Plug" energy, mental alertness, and for fighting fatigue!

EXTRA IRON—Especially necessary for women and girls for sparkling vitality, rosy cheeks—greater stamina for all!



EXTRA PROTEIN—Nature's great strength-builder; absolutely vital for normal growth!

EXTRA FOOD-ENERGY—Another great energy booster you get in abundance in delicious Quaker Oats!



Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are the same.

Nut-roasty Quaker Oats is America's favorite cereal. Quick Quaker Oats cooks fast as coffee. Get a big, economical package today! Serve it daily.

Quaker Oats

The World's Best-Tasting Breakfast Food

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

(Continued from Page 46)

"Not if she had a child. I think she had. She put a letter in her Army trunk. She as much as said she was having a baby. His baby. What am I to do?"

"Do? Are you going to make a fuss over what's over and done with long ago? Don't you suppose I knew my old Arthur had his pretty ladies for years? He always came back to me, especially if one of them had been nasty and gone around with someone else. He needed comfort and I saw he got it."

Before this matter-of-fact attitude Ricky's semihysteria began to look childish and immature. She made another effort, however.

"He wasn't in love with them, Aunt Roberta. Court was in love with this girl."

"Of course Arthur was in love with them; one after the other."

She was very late getting home. She was going back, back to her husband and her children, and tomorrow to her own house. But in the cab she realized that something had gone out of her marriage.

Courtney was already at home when she got there. He was sitting on the floor beside the trunk, with his bad leg stretched out as though it bothered him—as it did in bad weather—and with the children crawling over him. In their night clothes, covered with diminutive bathrobes, they were clean and sweet as they rushed at her.

"Daddy's showing us his uniforms! Come and look. He's got a helmet too."

Court was smiling. "I'd clean forgotten this old stuff. How about a kiss for your soldier boy?"

She hesitated only a second. Then she bent down and kissed him. He looked happy and excited, with his children swarming about him and the stuff spread out around him.

"Do you want to keep all that, Court?"

"It doesn't take up much room. I'll bet I couldn't get into these uniforms now."

He got up carefully, picked up a blouse and, pulling off his coat, put it on. It was too small. He eyed himself in the hall mirror, as the children laughed.

"GREAT Scott," he said, "what a kid I must have been! And I thought I'd kept my figure pretty well!"

Ricky watched him. Of course he had been a kid. The German episode had been a part of his youth, of the reaction after the war, of the very loneliness the girl had mentioned. The hard tight band around her chest relaxed.

Ricky went in to change for dinner. She took off her wet pumps and stockings and put on a negligee, since most of her things were already packed. The letter was still in her jewel case. She would get rid of it as soon as she could.

Courtney cleared out his desk in the den that night. Now and then he wandered in to where Ricky was finishing her packing. He found a letter from Walter, the chauffeur who had gone to Colorado years ago after being gassed. It was dated three years ago:

Dear Mr. Wayne: I am all right now. Have been doing odd jobs out here for some time. But I don't care for the West. I wonder if you know of a place for me. If your mother needs a driver I would like the job again.

Courtney felt guilty as he read it. He was sure he had forgotten to reply, and after

three years it was unlikely the address was any good. He had always liked Walter.

It was a distracting evening, and it was late when they prepared for bed. When he had taken a shower he came in to find Ricky already settled, the room filled with packed trunks, and his chiffonier already empty.

"Where are my handkerchiefs, Ricky?"

"I left two out for tomorrow. They're on the bureau."

But they were not on the bureau. "D'you suppose the kids took them?"

"They may have." She got out of bed and pulled on a kimono. "I'll go and look. I hate to open your trunk again."

The handkerchiefs were in the nursery, folded to resemble vaguely a pair of rabbits. They were not too clean, either. She carried them back. But she did not give them to Court. She stopped abruptly in the doorway.

Her jewel case was on the top of her toilet table and Court had the letter in his hand. He looked up when he heard her, his face set hard.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"It was in the trunk, Court. I meant to burn it tonight, but I've been so busy, and you kept coming in—Don't look at me like that!"

"You had no business reading it. Letters are private property."

Her own face set. "I have a right to know you were living with another woman after you had married me. I'm not on the defensive, Court. Oh, I know all the answers," she said wearily. "You were young. You'd been through battle and sudden death. What about this child? Are you supporting it?"

"There is no child, Ricky."

She stared at him. "But she says—"

"I hear from her father now and then. She's married. He's

worried about the way things are going over there, but he's never mentioned anything else. He would have if it had happened. Be sure of that."

She said nothing. He came over and stood near her, looking down at her gravely.

"Do you mind if I tell you about it? It's been over for a long time. And you'd have to know about conditions over there to understand. The awful boredom of the occupation—I almost went crazy. And she and her family had been through a lot too. I—well, I felt sorry for her. For them all, for that matter."

"Didn't you make them a poor return? To seduce their daughter?"

"It wasn't like that. It just happened. The man she'd been engaged to had been killed. Most of the young men had been. There wasn't much future for her. She got in the habit of talking over her problems with me. Then one night—Look, I don't want to talk about it. There's no real explanation. Certainly there's nothing to wreck our marriage about."

"No," she said slowly. "I know that."

Court was tearing up the letter. "That's that, Ricky. Let's forget it, shall we? I'm sorry, dear," he told her. "You know that, don't you?"

She knew it. Her hysterical shock of the afternoon was gone and she lay content and tired in his arms. Tomorrow they would begin again, in the new house.

(Continued on Page 75)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Alchemy

BY PAULINE HAVARD

Continually Time sweeps her hand
Across the earth's brown face;
Though now we see a snowbound
land,

Spring's secret fingers trace
The pattern of the small, brave leaf
Upon the frozen bough;
Plans sunlight's harvest, sheaf on
sheaf;

The scented cherry snow.
Yet Time achieves a greater thing:
Her alchemy on hearts
That hold no hint of warmth or
spring—

Time's healing touch imparts
Its peace like tardy sunlight; green
New growth where wide, dark
scars have been.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Doctor? Lawyer? Merchant? Chief?

What will these babies be 25 or 50 years from now?

Many things and many people will shape their lives, of course. Parents, home, friends, teachers. And one big factor will be health.

Fortunately, babies born today enjoy far more chance of good health and long life than their parents or grandparents did. For example, only 30 years ago, one baby out of every 10 died before its first birthday. Today, the rate is less than one in 20. And over the same period, the average span of human life has lengthened from about 55 to 66 years.

This priceless gift of life and health has come largely through the skill and research

of the medical profession. And nutrition has played a part.

Good eating contributes to good health. Our knowledge of what to eat and when and why has vastly increased in recent years. It will grow even faster in the years ahead—aided by research in great laboratories like those of National Dairy. There, National Dairy men and women work constantly with milk, *nature's most nearly perfect food*—protecting its quality—creating new foods and products from it.

As medical and nutritional research advance together, they carry the hope of healthier citizens, and a better world.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



These brands assure you of highest quality

NATIONAL DAIRY
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Holiday Fixin's

CRANBERRY CHRISTMAS TREES are easy to make—just grease cone-shaped paper cups and fill with hot cranberry sauce; place cups in water glasses for support while sauce sets. The tart flavor is a perfect accent for the mellow richness of Swift's Premium Ham. With Swift's Premium you can, of course, be absolutely certain of superb quality. That certainty, maintained through half a century, has made it America's traditional favorite, far and away the best-liked ham of all. To enjoy its matchless flavor at its best, *follow the easy cooking instructions on the tag that comes with either the whole ham or butt half.* For tree decoration and "music" on ham, use softened cream cheese. Garnish with holly. Then—bring on the ham. Carve it carefully. As you savor the fragrant slices—Brown Sugar Cured and smoked Swift's special way—remember the grand left-over dishes this royal ham will make.

You honor your guests with
America's traditional favorite
when you serve
Swift's Premium Ham

CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEA! A Swift's Premium Ham makes an unusual and impressive Christmas gift. 2 kinds—regular style, or cooked and ready to eat. Also Swift's Premium Bacon—in the piece, or sliced in ½ lb. and 1 lb. packages. Both ham and bacon come in gay holiday wrappings.



(Continued from Page 72)

She was never to forget the confusion of the first day in the tall house near the park. It was still raining, and the mowers dripped over the furniture and the new carpets. She had two new servants, a parlormaid and a housemaid, who stood around useless and bewildered in the confusion. The children ran wild that day. Hilda could not restrain them.

By the time Courtney came back there was at least a semblance of order in the house. He went up the short staircase to the second floor. In the drawing room the lamps with their heavy silk shades were lighted and a fire was burning. In the hall at the head of the stairs Sheila had turned on the wall fountain. It splashed gaily into the basin below, fringed with ferns and hanging vines. He stopped to inspect it, and he was still there when Ricky started down from the floor above. He looked up at her, his eyes wary and anxious, but she was smiling.

She had dressed carefully, and he watched her with pride, as well as relief. It was all right. He caught her in his arms and lifted her from the lower step.

"Hello, beautiful. Love me again?"

"I never stopped, Court. You know that."

He was boyishly happy all evening, boyish and lovable. She did not tell him how alien she felt in the house or even in his arms. And that night for once he forgot his worries. To his amazement his mother had sold all her bonds. They amounted to almost two hundred thousand dollars. She had handed him a check for that amount.

"Your father has given me some every Christmas for twenty-five years," she said gaily. "Now let's go in and make a killing."

Elizabeth found the months that followed exhilarating. The market continued to rise, and she only laughed when Courtney warned her.

"It won't go on forever, mother. We can't expect to buy at the bottom and sell at the top. We'll get a decent profit and get out."

But it was all new to her, new and exciting. When she went out to bridge parties she was one of a group of women most of whom were gambling in stocks. The vernacular began to come easy to her, and she learned how to read the stock list in the papers. Not that she let Matthew see her do it, of course. She waited until he had gone to the office or was asleep in bed.

By fall, at his own request, he became chairman of the board. He sat at the head of the long table putting motions as they were made, taking the votes, and watching his business gradually ooze from under his hands. It had changed in the past few years, and he felt incapable of coping with it. The old methods had gone.

"I used to know my writers," he grumbled to Angela. "Now I never see them. I might as well be buying a new overcoat."

Now and then Courtney saw Emmy. She apparently held no resentment against him. Sometimes he even played a round of golf with her when Ricky was not available. She was still showily attractive, her brassy hair bobbed and carefully waved, her short skirt flying as she swung her club. They played a dollar a hole, but when she lost it was only a matter of bookkeeping, as the rent had been.

"That's three I owe you. Wait until I put it down."

Out would come the book. They would walk back to the bar and have a highball or two. After that he would drive her back to town, go home and take a shower, to doze over a manuscript after dinner while Ricky sewed, the fine hand sewing her mother had taught her. He had no feeling about Emmy, except a sense of relief that she had gone out of his life.

One day she made a surprise visit to his office. "Look, Court," she said. "I've got some money. I've made a cash settlement with Bill Baldwin. Twenty thousand and no more alimony. I'm going to invest it."

"Fine," he said heartily. "How about some bonds?"

"Don't talk like a fool. I'd get six hundred a year out of bonds. I'm going to buy common stocks."

"Then why come to me, Emmy? Go to a good broker."

She laughed. "I don't want a broker. You've done pretty well with your mother, haven't you?"

He knew it then for what it was, a bit of more or less polite blackmail. He was annoyed at her mention of Elizabeth. How much had his mother been talking?

He put up a fight, or as much a one as he dared. He couldn't be responsible for her money, he told her. She remained insistent, however.

"You owe me something," she said. "I've behaved pretty well, haven't I? I lost my job here, I lost—well, some other things. If this is my chance I'm taking it."

It ended by his giving her a list of Elizabeth's stocks, as carefully selected as possible. She tucked it into her purse and got up.

"We'll call it even now, Court. And watch me go!"

When his secretary came in with the mail to be signed she found him deep in thought. He looked up, startled.

"I didn't hear you, Adele."

She was a small, pretty girl. Secretly she adored him, but she would have died before she let him know. He signed the letters and checks. Then he looked up, smiling.

"You're not in this market business, are you?"

She flushed. "I have ten shares of General Motors, Mr. Wayne."

"Well, sell it and get out," he said.

It was different with his mother. It was useless to tell her that general business was not really good, that there was still plenty of unemployment, and that there was nothing under the market but hysteria.

To add to his worry, he was certain that his father was suspicious. Matthew was, indeed. He knew his Elizabeth; knew this febrile exaltation of hers was not normal. But the real shock came in the fall of 1927, when she had her face lifted.

She had not told him. She went to a private hospital "to be looked over," and asked him not to visit her: "I need a rest."

He was worried about her. She had not been sleeping well, and she had been pushing herself—and him—too hard. Almost every evening for the past year or two he found himself in tails and a stiff white shirt, either going out or entertaining at home. So he was glad she was taking a rest; although the few days in the hospital extended to two weeks and more.

On the day she was to return he was back at the house early. He went down to the front door when he heard the car drive up. Johnson was already there, but Matthew went out to the curb and opened the door himself. It was late afternoon of a November day, and all he saw was Elizabeth in her mink coat as she got out. He gave her a quick husbandly kiss.

"I was about to go up to the hospital and ask you to move over in the bed," he said. "Feeling better?"

"Fine. How are you, Johnson? I hope everything's been running smoothly."

"Very smoothly, madam," said Johnson, and gave her a strange look.

She preceded him up the stairs, so it was not until she had taken off her hat that he realized what had happened. He stared at her in horror.

(Continued on Page 77)



Betty Crocker

You Don't cream shortening

YOU DON'T BEAT EGGS!

Yet amazing Betty Crocker "Double-Quick" way with SOFTASILK gives you more delicious cakes than any other method, any other flour!*

- Use only 1 bowl! . . . Mix only 4 minutes!
- So sure, brides, too, bake higher, lighter, more delicious cakes!
- Betty Crocker Softasilk is cake flour milled for cakes and cakes alone! Even simple cakes have Party Cake lightness, delicacy, and texture when made with Softasilk!
- Get Softasilk, the only cake flour Betty Crocker recommends for her "Double-Quick" Recipes! Get Softasilk, the kind of flour leading cook books specify! With Softasilk and a Betty Crocker "Double-Quick" Recipe, any cake is a Party Cake!

* See Guarantee on package.



A Betty Crocker "Double-Quick" Recipe

FAVORITE DEVILS FOOD CAKE

Have all ingredients room temperature. Preheat oven to 350° (mod.). Grease well and flour 2 round layer pans, 8-in. wide, 1 1/4-in. deep. Sift SOFTASILK before measuring. Spoon in lightly. Do not pack. Measure all ingredients level.

Sift together..... $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 \frac{1}{2} \text{ cups sifted SOFTASILK Cake Flour} \\ 1 \frac{1}{2} \text{ cups sugar} \\ 1 \text{ tsp. double-action baking powder} \\ \frac{1}{2} \text{ tsp. soda} \\ 1 \text{ tsp. salt} \end{array} \right.$

Add..... $\frac{1}{2}$ cup high grade vegetable shortening and $\frac{3}{4}$ of..... 1 cup milk

Beat vigorously with spoon for 2 min. by clock, 150 strokes per min. You may rest when beating by hand (count actual beating time or strokes). With elec. mixer use *slow to med.* for 2 min. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl frequently.

Add..... $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{remaining } \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup milk} \\ \frac{1}{2} \text{ to } \frac{3}{4} \text{ cup unbeaten eggs (2 medium)} \\ 2 \text{ sq. unsweetened chocolate (2 oz.), melted} \\ \frac{1}{4} \text{ tsp. red food coloring, if desired} \end{array} \right.$

Beat 2 more min. Pour into prepared pans. Bake 30 to 35 min. in 350° oven (mod.). Cool. Frost with Fluffy Beige Icing.

FLUFFY BEIGE ICING

Mix together 1 cup brown sugar (packed in cup), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Boil without stirring until mixture spins 8-in. thread (242°). Keep pan covered first 3 minutes. Pour hot syrup slowly into 2 stiffly beaten egg whites (with $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. cream of tartar added when whites are frothy). Beat constantly with rotary beater. Add 1 tsp. vanilla. Continue beating until mixture is fluffy and will hold shape.

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12 CAKE RECIPES
7 ICINGS—WITH EVERY PACKAGE

Remember Any Cake is a Party Cake
Made with Betty Crocker



SOFTASILK Cake Flour

A Product of General Mills

HOT OFF THE FIRE —
and full of that Del Monte flavor!



When it comes to the delicate, tempting flavor of spring peas—Mother Nature and Del Monte are full-time partners.

It was her idea to provide a range of sizes as the best way to get the full flavor she puts in a batch of peas.

So we take our flavor cue from her, and pack several different sizes together in Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas. First, of course, we take out any peas too young or too old for flavor. Then we carefully select the best of all the rest and blend them. That way, the richness of the larger peas rounds out the sweetness of the smaller.

Care like this has made Del Monte the long-flavored, familiar brand for flavor, on many a shelf. Look for, reach for, Del Monte Brand *Early Garden* Peas.

FLUFFY OMELET, GARDEN STYLE

3 eggs, separated	3 tbsps. finely minced parsley
3 tbsps. water	2 tbsps. butter or margarine
½ tsp. celery salt	1 No. 2 can Del Monte
½ tsp. pepper	<i>Early Garden</i> Peas

Beat egg whites and water until stiff but still glossy. Beat yolks, add seasonings and fold into egg whites. Heat butter in 9 or 10 inch skillet. Pour egg mixture into skillet; with spoon, make 4 shallow nests in omelet. Cook over low heat until omelet "breathes" and is brown on bottom, about 10 to 15 min. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 to 15 min. Remove from oven, carefully place about 4 tbsps. drained, heated and generously buttered peas in each nest. Garnish with pimiento strips as shown, if desired, and serve at once with cheese sauce to which the rest of the Del Monte Peas have been added. Serves 4.



Del Monte MADE IN U.S.A. *Early Garden* **Peas**

the brand that always puts **flavor first**

(Continued from Page 75)

"What have you done to yourself?"

For there was Elizabeth, smiling carefully—she had been warned about smiling—with a blank expressionless face and the outer corners of her eyes slightly tilted upward.

"Don't you like it?" she inquired. "They're very proud of it at the hospital. I looked so dreadful, Matt. I did it for you."

That was what hurt. He knew she had done it partly for him. But this mask was not his Lizzie's face. It was terrible, dreadful. It was as though he were in a familiar bedroom with a strange woman.

"I suppose I'll get used to it," he managed to say, "if you like it, my dear."

Then he did the bravest thing he had done in a long time. He went over to her and kissed her cool, unwrinkled, unfamiliar cheek.

He never grew entirely reconciled to his new Lizzie, although after a time he accepted her. Her eyes were less tilted, for one thing, as time went on. Nevertheless, he was as self-conscious as a debutante at her first party when they went out together. He could see the startled looks of the people they knew and hear whisperings behind Elizabeth's elegant slim back.

It remained for Court to come out flatly when he and Ricky went to see her. "Mother! You look like a plaster cast. What on earth made you do it?"

But Ricky—you could always trust Ricky, Matthew thought—kissed her warmly. "You look years younger," she said. "Don't mind these men. Did it hurt much?"

Elizabeth accepted the kiss, but her eyes were on her son. "Your wife understands, if you don't. And if you think it was any picnic—"

Matthew was grateful to Ricky that night, and later he realized that this had been the beginning of a new rapprochement between the two women. Whatever she felt privately, Ricky had risen to Elizabeth's defense that day.

By the fall of 1928 life for Ricky had fallen into a pattern. True, it was an expensive one, now that there were five servants, including the chauffeur. In the mornings she did her marketing and shopping, and attended to the thousand-and-one details of her complicated establishment. If she felt more mother than wife sometimes, she could do nothing about it. She was reconciled to the house by that time. She would never like it.

It looked as though her life would go on like this forever. Certainly she and Courtney had settled down into the conventional married couple. He was gentle and even tender with her. And she had given up all hope of anything more. There were times, of

course, when he wanted her, but he was an experienced lover now, and on this common ground at least she could meet and respond to him.

Some of his anxiety about his mother's stock gambling was gone by that winter, for the market was still going up. She told him one day she had almost three quarters of a million dollars.

"On paper," he reminded her. "Isn't that enough, mother?"

It wasn't enough by that time. Nothing was enough for Elizabeth, with her new face, her new car, her box at the opera. Nothing was enough for millions of other people too.

Courtney gave Ricky a string of pearls for Christmas that year. He stood by the tree after they had trimmed it and pulled a flat case out of his pocket.

"Here's something I got at Woolworth's," he said. "See if you like it."

She was a little pale as he put it around her neck and kissed her. He picked up his highball and held it up.

"To my wife," he said, "and to us, my darling. To us, and to the children and the future."

She was happier that night than she had been for a long time. Happy even when he asked her not to tell Matthew they were real.

"I've made some money in the market," he said, "but you know how the old boy is. Fine as they come, but a bit behind the times."

He bought a limousine too. In the evening now when they went out she wore her pearls and the chauffeur tucked a fur rug about her knees. There was a sense of unreality about it, but all their world was doing much the same.

One evening that winter Court came home looking amused. "We've got a new bootlegger, Ricky," he told her. "You'll never guess who it is."

"Not Aunt Roberta, I hope!"

He laughed. "No. It happens to be Walter. You remember him, don't you? Used to drive for mother. He was gassed in the war, but he looks all right now. Doing pretty well, too, he says. Has his own boat. Works off Cape Cod, or somewhere up there, then trucks the stuff down."

Certainly she remembered Walter: Walter trying not to cough; Walter showing her the Aquarium, and the Hudson and Central Park. Now he was a bootlegger. She felt rather shocked.

"It doesn't sound like him," she said. "It's dangerous, isn't it?"

"He doesn't seem to think so. Says they play poker with the Coast Guard between shipments. Then they go out and chase each other around."

She still did not like it. Walter had done his best for her during that unhappy time

2 ways TO MAKE REAL ICE CREAM

The Old Way... and the NEW

The old way - expensive, too

Chocolate Rich Ice Cream

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The old fashioned way makes a rich, delicious ice cream—but you have to buy rich cream, milk, fresh eggs, and cane sugar in addition to the chocolate. Then you have to break the eggs, separate the yolks and mix all these ingredients together. This means more work, more time and more money than if you use TEN-B-LOW, a heavy concentrate of extra-rich ice cream. See how easy it is to make velvet smooth home-made ice cream with TEN-B-LOW.

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CHOCOLATE-RICH ICE CREAM

1 1/2 CUPS WATER • 1 CAN TEN-B-LOW • 2 SQUARES BITTER CHOCOLATE*

MAKES A FULL QUART

- Spoon contents of a can of Ten-B-Low into a mixing bowl, add chocolate which has been blended with 1 1/2 cups warm water. Mix thoroughly.
- Transfer to freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze solid. You need add only water and flavoring in Ten-B-Low, because each can contains all the sugar, heavy-cream-binding cream, milk and egg yolks you need for extra-rich ice cream.
- Spoon frozen Ten-B-Low back into the bowl and whip to a consistency a little softer than creamy mashed potatoes.
- Return to freezing tray in refrigerator and freeze. That's all there is to it—and the nothing to add but chocolate and water we've removed! Ten-B-Low is NOT a powder, NOT a so-called "mix," NOT a gelatin, but a genuine ice cream in heavy concentrated form! Get several cans of Ten-B-Low today!

*Do not use sweetened chocolate or chocolate syrup—there is sufficient sugar in Ten-B-Low.

There are so many wonderful flavor combinations that go with Ten-B-Low. For a free recipe folder, drop a card to Ten-B-Low Company, Columbia 14, O.

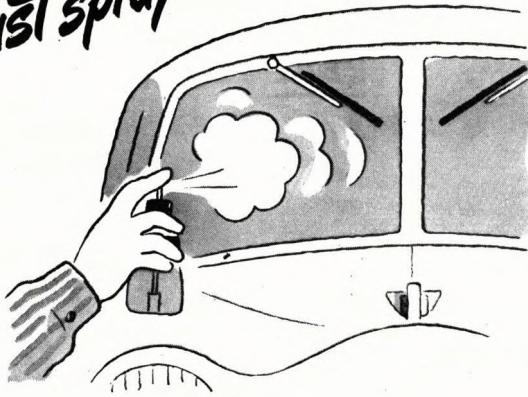


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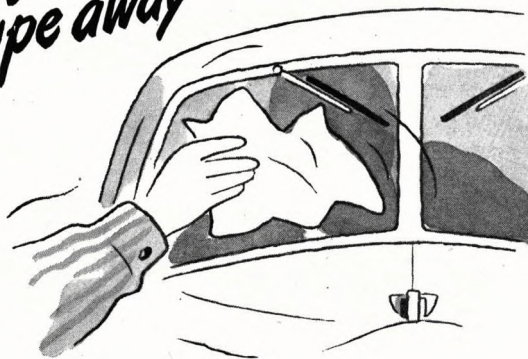
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Just spray



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before Court came back. "He had a bad cough," she remembered. "Is it gone?"

"No cough, and he's better dressed than I am!" He says his liquor is good. He has a graduate from Columbia analyze it. I sent him around to see Sheila. She has to have liquor for some of her customers."

Both of them would have been astonished could they have seen Sheila and Walter that night in an Italian restaurant on Fifty-third Street. Walter did not drink, but he had brought a flask of Scotch and poured some for Sheila in a coffee cup.

"How is it, Miss Truesdale?"
"Wonderful. How on earth do you get it, Walter?"

He told her, over minestrone and spaghetti with meat sauce. It was a game to him, but a lucrative one. "After all, if people are going to drink, get them decent liquor," he said.

He sat beside her, debonair and smiling and carefully dressed, and Sheila's gray-green eyes snapped with excitement as he talked.

"You know you scared me to death when you first came over," he said.

"I did? Why?"
"Well, I'd never known any people with titles before. Your mother was Lady Truesdale. Maybe you were something or other too. I didn't know. This aristocracy stuff—"

"Mother was an American, and forget the aristocracy, Walter. It didn't mean a thing. Mother brought me here to find a husband."

He looked surprised, then amused. "How's it worked out?"

"I preferred a job."
"Still free, are you?"
"Certainly."

"Maybe you haven't met the right kind of man."

She gave him a long, sideways glance. "Just possibly," she said.

In early June Ricky went home to see her mother. Later she would take the children to Maine as usual, but she went home alone. She had not liked leaving Courtney. He was worried about something, but he did not confide in her. So far as she knew, the business was prosperous. Indeed, all the world seemed prosperous. Even the town when she got off the train.

A new taxi took her home. Main Street had been repaved, the drugstore at the corner had a fresh coat of paint. The taxi driver looked at her in the small mirror in front of him and grinned.

"Old town's waking up for sure. Been asleep ever since the war. Now look at it!"

She was relieved to find her mother's house unchanged. It looked rather more weather-beaten, if anything, but at least there had been some attempt at repairs. The real indication of what had happened was a bicycle at the front steps and the sound of a boy whistling from somewhere in the rear. She put down her bag and walked around to the kitchen door.

Young Pete was sitting on the steps. He was wearing a pair of clean but patched overalls, and he was whittling at a piece of wood which bore a vague resemblance to a plane. He saw Ricky then, but made no move.

She smiled. "Hello," she said. "You're Pete, aren't you? I'm your Aunt Fredrica. Don't you remember me?"

Aside from the fact that his chin was small and pointed like his mother's, he was even more like David than before. He had the same eyes, the same unruly hair, even the same grin. Now he grinned at her in derision. "I haven't got any aunt."

"I'm your father's sister, Pete."
"Haven't got any father either. He was killed in the war. And my mother was a bad woman. She's gone too. I'm making a plane. It's going to be the best damned plane around here."

He had raised his voice somewhat, and Beulah's angry voice came from the kitchen. "You talk like that and I'll get my Joe to whale the life out of you. Who you got out there?"

"She says she's my aunt," he replied indifferently. "I haven't got an aunt, have I?"

The visit had a nightmare quality after that, what with Beulah's excitement, her mother's restrained greeting, and Pete. She saw at once that the household revolved around him. And while the boy was rough and tough, she did not think he was vicious. She noticed that his language was more restrained when her mother was around. But even Beulah spoiled him badly.

"He's all right, Miss Ricky," she said. "He picked up them bad words at home, that's all. He likes your mother all right. As for her, you'd think she'd got your brother Dave back."

"What about his mother?"
"She don't never write," Beulah told her. "Old man Stewart's dead and the rest is scattered hither and yon. He's got nobody but us."

BUT Mrs. Stafford did not look well. Climbing the stairs left her breathless, and now and then she complained of a pain in her chest. It annoyed her to have Ricky mention it, however.

"Only indigestion," she said. "For heaven's sake, don't fuss over me. I'm all right."

Ricky stayed only three days. On the afternoon of the day she was to leave, Jay Burton came in to see her. She was surprised to see that his hair was turning gray. He

was friendly and smiling, and his light kiss was a brotherly one.

"You look as though the world's being kind to you."

"I'm fine, Jay. And you?"

"Things are picking up. I suppose you've noticed."

Even a lawyer gets some pickings these days. Not in the market yourself, are you?"

"I don't know anything about it."

He did not stay long. He said he had some work at the office. Hat in hand, he stood looking down at her, not smiling. "I've missed you, Ricky. I guess you know I never got over you. Now it's too late for me to change."

"I like to think you're always here, Jay."

"I'll always be here when you need me."
He turned quickly and went away. He was the faithful type, she knew. Like Matthew. She did not know why she did not put Court in the same category.

The limousine was waiting for her when she reached New York the next morning. As she stood at the curb she became aware of a woman in black standing beside her and realized that it was Anne Lockwood, whom she had met once or twice. Anne had not seen her, however. She did not move until Ricky touched her sleeve.

"I'm Ricky Wayne, Mrs. Lockwood. Can I take you somewhere? I have a car."

Anne Lockwood did not start. She merely turned her head. "I'm all right, thank you. I've just been taking Tim home."

"Tim?"

"My husband. I took him down to Arlington. He'd earned his place there."

She got into a taxi and left Ricky, stunned and shocked, on the pavement.

She told Matthew about the encounter that night. The next day he took a train and went to the small town upstate where Anne lived. Tim's bed was gone from the porch now, but Anne's typewriter stood uncovered on its table. As though she had only been able to take time out to bury her husband, he thought. He felt guilty and ashamed.

When she came down, he put his arms around her. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't know. How can I help?"

"We're all right."

"New publishers taking care of you?"

"Not as well as you did."

"I'd better tell you, Anne. I didn't know about the other book until it was too late. I liked it when I read it."

"Did you?" Some of the bleak look left her face. "Tim did too. He took it rather hard when it came back."

(Continued on Page 80)

▲ He is always right who suspects that he is always making mistakes.

—SPANISH PROVERB.

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A dishwashing joy! Only **Swan** has it—
this wonderful "super-creamed blend"!

SWAN brings you this easier, pleasanter way to wash dishes. So kind to hands—so work-saving, too! It's the happy result of Swan's patented process.

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Forget strong soaps, rough hands. Thanks to Swan's "super-creamed blend," you get rich, velvety suds—mild as fine castiles—that leave hands satin-smooth.

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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

SOME "DO'S" AND "DON'T'S" FOR APPENDICITIS



DO

—learn the warning signals that may mean appendicitis! The first sign of acute appendicitis is usually pain in the abdomen accompanied by nausea or vomiting.

The pain may be general at first, like a simple stomach-ache, but will probably become localized in the lower right side. It can be a sharp severe pain or a dull ache.

Appendicitis symptoms sometimes vary, so any persistent, puzzling "stomach-ache" should have prompt medical attention.



DO

—call your physician at once when such warnings appear! Today, appendicitis is rarely fatal if it is recognized and properly treated in time. But it may be difficult to diagnose.

Your doctor may need to take blood counts or make other tests. Calling him promptly permits him to make such tests and to determine the proper treatment before serious damage has occurred.

Appendicitis today takes only about half as many lives as it took 12 years ago. Many more lives could be saved each year if everyone made it a point to call a doctor at the first sign of an attack.



DON'T

—treat yourself with home remedies! If you have an abdominal pain and are nauseated, avoid taking a laxative or enema. They may cause the appendix to rupture.

A study of appendicitis in one Eastern city showed that when appendicitis patients took no laxative, only 1 in 62 died. Of those who took a laxative, 1 in 19 died.

External pressure can also cause a rupture, so you shouldn't rub or massage the site of the pain. And it's wiser not to apply either a hot water bottle or an ice bag.



DON'T

—try to keep going normally if you suspect appendicitis. When appendicitis strikes, don't try to ignore the pain and keep on with your normal activities. Any physical exertion or exercise may lead to complications, so lie down, in bed if possible, and stay there.

The pain may let up but this does not mean the attack has passed. It's up to you to keep quiet and relaxed until the doctor has had a chance to examine you.

Food and liquid can also be dangerous, so try to avoid eating or drinking anything, except water, until your doctor has examined you.

(Continued from Page 78)

He nodded. There was nothing he could say, or do.

He stayed in New York that summer, as did Courtney. Both of them, for different reasons, were apprehensive. Matthew felt that the solid ground under the business was threatened. Courtney's anxiety was about his mother. All his arguments had been of no avail.

"Don't be such a pessimist, Court. I'll get out in plenty of time. Don't worry."

"What if there isn't time?"

"That's plain silly."

He had never told Ricky, but at the railroad station, seeing his family off on the train, he finally broke down. "See here, I want you to keep your eyes on mother," he said. "She's to get out when I send her the word, and no fooling."

"Get out? You mean . . . the stock market?"

"I do," he said grimly. "If it breaks, she's done for."

"She's in it, then?"

"Up to her neck," he said sourly.

One day when Ricky had been gone a couple of weeks he received another letter

from Professor von Wagner. It was, as usual, entirely friendly. He wrote of Elsa's boy and Hedwig's two daughters. Then he went on:

The Germany I know is gone. The people are carried away with this man Hitler. Now we have secret police who watch everybody. Do you know our Luther? He said when a prince is in the wrong his people are bound to follow him. This princeling of ours is in the wrong. But where he would lead us, make no mistake, we will follow. The new geopolitics is another word for war.

He showed the letter to his father that night. "Just to lay an old ghost, dad," he said.

Matthew put on his glasses and read it. "What does he mean about another war? Are they going to start all over again?"

"That's German pessimism, dad. They're like that. They have a saying that an optimist is someone who thinks the future is uncertain."

MATTHEW did not smile. "The future is uncertain," he said. "I think we've come to a showdown, Court. How far is your mother in this market?"

It was a relief to have it out. Courtney put the letter down and faced his father.

"All the way, I'm afraid, dad."

"She sold her Government bonds, I suppose?"

"Yes. I feel guilty."

Matthew got up. "I know your mother," he said dryly. "It's been my theory all my life that a woman had certain rights—but she has no right to ruin herself, or me either. We have the business to take care of. We have our employees and our writers. And I'm not touching my insurance. That's for her after I'm gone, and for you and the children. I'm going to Maine and talk sense to her."

Court saw Matthew off a day or two later. The latter left the train at Ellsworth at six the next morning and looked around for the car. There was no car in sight, and the early morning was chilly. He waited for some time, shivering on the platform. Finally he lost patience and, ordering a local taxi, drove the eighteen miles to Bar Harbor.

Before they reached the island they ran into the fog. The bridge was shrouded in it, the mountains barely visible.

"Looks like a bad one," the driver said. "Worst this year."

Matthew was very cold by that time. He had had no breakfast, and the change from the city heat had been too abrupt. He began to shiver again.

Good way to get pneumonia, he said crossly to himself. *Maybe Lizzie didn't get my wire.*

It was still thick in the town when they reached it, and they seemed to creep along. The long winding drive from his own gate to the house was a milk-white sea.

To his surprise, the door to the portecochere was open, as was the one at the end of the hall that faced the sea. The furniture had lost its distinctness, and he almost groped his way to the service quarters. Here, however, the lights were on and a strong smell of coffee filled the air. The cook was at the stove, but she looked at him strangely. And Hilda was in the kitchen.

"What's the matter?" he roared. "Where's Albert? Where's the car? And get me some of that coffee. I've got a chill."

The cook did not answer, and all at once Hilda was crying noisily, with her apron to her face. Matthew was astounded.

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"It's the children," she gasped. "They're gone."

"Gone? What do you mean?"

"They're out in old Trimble's boat and nobody can find them."

He sat down abruptly, staring. "When did they go?"

"Yesterday. The fog came in sudden like, and there's been a big sea since the storm. The boats have been out all night, searching for them. Albert's with them."

"Where's their mother?"

"She's on the beach by the cove. We can't get her in. She's been there all night."

"And my wife?"

"We got her to bed, Mr. Wayne. She'd been out to a party. She didn't know until we called her up. When she heard it they say she fainted. We got the doctor for her. He's given her something to quiet her."

He did not go up to Elizabeth's room. He found an old overcoat in the hall closet and put it on. Then he went out the front door and through the fog to the cove. Dimly he could see a woman's figure there. It was Ricky. He went to her and put a hand on her arm.

"You're not doing them any good here, girl," he said gently. "Better come back to the house."

"I can't," she said. "I want to be here when the boat comes in—if it ever does."

"That's nonsense. Of course it will come in."

"So many things could happen," she said, her voice still flat. "The captain might have gone overboard. Or the engine might have blown up and burned the boat."

"Or the fog have caught them and they anchored where they were. Trimble knows his job. They're all right."

But he felt inadequate and helpless before the sick bleakness of her white face. He knew the sea and its tragedies.

"I'll bring you some coffee and an extra coat," he told her. "No use your getting sick."

If she heard him, she did not speak. He left her there, staring and listening.

Albert had come in when Matthew reached the house. He was standing by the kitchen stove trying to warm his half-frozen hands and looking exhausted.

(Continued on Page 83)

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- A new parlor game

Is your face round or square . . . long or oval? Do you really know? Before trying a different hairdo—put tracing paper over your photograph, then outline your face. It tells you your true type, so you can plan your coiffure accordingly! Experts say that's important. Same as it's important (on problem days) to know your type of sanitary napkin. That's easy, with Kotex. Just try all 3 sizes of Kotex: you'll find the one that's very personally yours.



Feel neglected at a no-date party?

- Crawl into a corner
- Start a conversation
- Choose the nearest exit

At a strictly stag-and-doe shindig, maybe you haven't snared a partner. So—you're crushed! To banish "wall-flower panic" just stroll up to that boogie man at the keyboard . . . start a conversation. It'll be a duet! Self-assurance wouldn't forsake you if you'd learn to meet trying situations confidently. Take trying days, for instance. You'd be poised—feel secure—with Kotex and the extra protection of that exclusive safety center. Kotex keeps you fluster-proof!



What's the latest "dorm" doings?

- Snack smuggling
- Platter spinning
- Briefing-sessions

Even "dorm" life can be beautiful! Main idea's to be comfortable, though, say campus queens. They're the gals who know that for comfort on *difficult* days there's nothing quite like the softness of Kotex: the napkin made to *stay soft while you wear it*. They're the same, comfort-loving gals who are "briefing" their bathrobes . . . chopping 'em off, for more freedom. Or sporting the dreamy, poetic Study Coat pictured here. Either way, brief's the word!



Who should follow the head waiter?

- The girls
- The boys
- One couple

When a head waiter beckons, it's no time to be confuddled. Confidence is such a help . . . like being sure

that the *girls* should follow first. The eyes of patrons are upon you! Then's when (at certain times) you bless Kotex for those *flat pressed ends* that reveal no outlines. You're *sure* you're smooth. And at ease, too, with comfort of your new Kotex Sanitary Belt that gives you snug, smooth fit without binding . . . that's adjustable; all-elastic!



More women choose **KOTEX*** than all other sanitary napkins



3 guesses what girls forget most!

- Keep daily with deodorants
- Practice good posture
- Buy a new sanitary belt

Of course you're careful about daintiness, you say. And you keep-posture-perfect, too. But isn't there *one* thing you've overlooked? Namely, to buy a new sanitary belt? Yes, because most girls forget . . . keep putting it off "till next time." To get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new Kotex Sanitary Belt!

Fact is—the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. So a Kotex Belt fits snugly; comfortably. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . doesn't bind when you bend!



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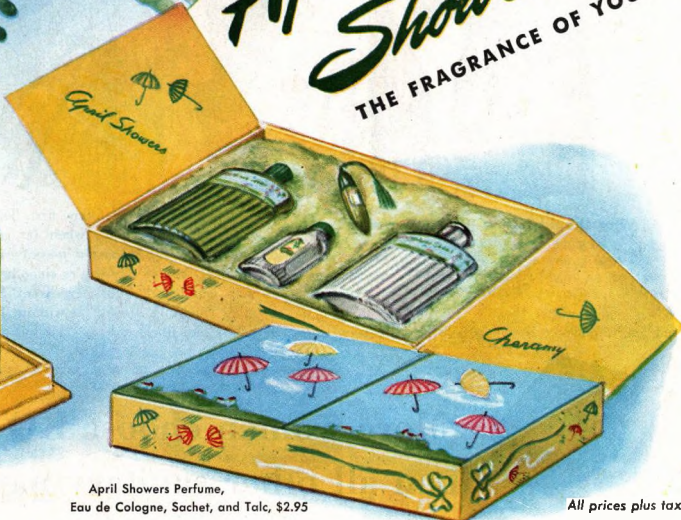
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April Showers Perfume
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April Showers Eau de Cologne
and Dusting Powder, \$2.25



April Showers Perfume,
Eau de Cologne, Sachet, and Talc, \$2.95

All prices plus tax

(Continued from Page 80)

"Sorry about the car, sir. One of the lobstermen was sick, so I took his boat and went out."

"No sign of them?"

"Well, no, sir, not yet. They'll find them all right. Trimble's a good man, and his lobster pots aren't far from shore. Trouble is, if his engine went wrong the tide might have carried him out a ways. That's what they think's happened."

"Has anyone telephoned their father?"

"He's been out, sir. He wasn't in at two o'clock."

When Matthew came back to Ricky the fog seemed to be slightly thinner. He had brought a vacuum bottle of coffee, a blanket and a chair for her. She let him wrap her in the blanket, but refused the coffee, and he drank it himself. He felt sick and cold, and the chill was definite now. There was a sharp pain in his chest, too, and he went along the shore and lost his breakfast.

They were both still there an hour or so later when the children came back. They could hear their excited voices.

"Captain Trimble was scared, Hilda. But I wasn't."

And Jeffrey's voice, held down to a shout: "I'm hungry. How soon's breakfast?"

Matthew never forgot the look on Ricky's face when she held them in her arms. Only when they were warmed and fed did she look up at him.

Someone had better call Court. He may be back by this time."

But Courtney was still not at home. It had started simply enough. Court had seen Matthew off and found himself with an empty evening on his hands. It was still hot at seven o'clock, and the house, when he reached it, seemed empty and forlorn.

He took a shower and felt slightly better. But the long evening stretched ahead with nothing to relieve it. For the first time in years he was glad to hear Emmy's voice when she called him on the phone.

"What are you doing?" she inquired. "I'm slowly dying of the heat. How about dinner in a cool spot somewhere?"

"Is there such a thing?"

"I KNOW a place on Long Island. Good food and drink, and a breeze from the ocean. How does it sound?"

He hesitated. "What about the country club?"

"What about Central Park!" she jeered.

"They're both jammed."

In the end he picked her up in his car. The place she had recommended was not cool, but it was less hot, and the food and drink were both above average. He felt grateful to her. She did her best to amuse him, and he found himself relaxed, sometimes laughing.

They drank a good bit, and it seemed only natural when he took her home to go to her apartment for a final nightcap. He had no intention of staying, but the heat wave had broken with a heavy storm. He waited until the worst was over, taking off his white dinner coat to cool off, and when she offered him another drink, sipping it comfortably.

It was very late the next morning when he awakened, and Emmy was apologetic. "I'm sorry, Court. I meant to wake you, but I went to sleep myself."

He felt better after she made him some coffee, but he was uneasy. His car was in the street downstairs, and when he left he was in his dinner clothes. Apparently, though, no one noticed him.

At the house it was different, however. He found Rosie in the lower hall, and she looked tired and as though she had been crying.

"It's all right, Mr. Wayne," she said.

"The children have been found."

"What about the children?"

"They were out in a boat all night. They tried to get you on the telephone, but I didn't know where you were. I haven't been to bed at all."

He sent her to get some sleep, but when he tried to get Ricky at Bar Harbor he found she was resting. The children were apparently none the worse for what had happened. But his father was not well. They had sent for a doctor.

He took the train that night, to find Matthew in bed with pneumonia, and a cool Ricky who did not ask for an explanation but was completely passive under his kiss.

"I'm sorry, darling. I was out with some of the boys. Poker game."

"It doesn't matter."

"But it does. To have you go through that alone —"

"It's over. Let's forget it."

MATTHEW came close to dying during the next few days. Nurses and doctors came and went through the house and tight-lipped, frightened Elizabeth hung around the hall outside his room. Then one day it was over. Matthew roused from a normal sleep to see Courtney sitting by his bed.

"When did you get here?" he asked weakly.

"Been here all along, dad. Think I was going to let you go through this alone?"

He held out his thin hand and Court took and held it.

But he was a bad patient. He shuddered at the cost when he found he had three nurses, and let two of them go. He was worried about other things during his convalescence. There was something wrong between Ricky and Court. When he learned that Courtney was sleeping in a guest room Matthew sent for him.

"Not my business, son. I don't interfere between husbands and wives. But when the husband is you, and the wife is a girl I'm fond of, maybe it's time to speak up."

Courtney took a minute to fill his pipe and light it. "It's rather a long story, dad," he said. "In a way it goes back to Germany. She found a letter from Elsa von Wagner—it was in my war trunk. I didn't know it was there—and I suppose it left her suspicious of me. She was a good sport about it. But when she couldn't locate me the night the children were lost she—well, she suspected the worst."

"Where were you that night? Can't you tell her?"

"I've told her I was playing poker."

"She doesn't believe it, I suppose?"

"No. I hate lying to her, but what can I do?"

"I wish you'd grow up," Matthew said wearily. "I won't have Ricky's life ruined." "I'd been drinking, or it wouldn't have happened. That's no excuse, but it's how it was."

Matthew's recovery was slow. It was a long time before he could get downstairs to sit on the terrace, a blanket over his knees. Over beyond the flower garden men were mixing cement for the new swimming pool Elizabeth was building. But Ricky was seldom in sight. When he asked about her it was to learn that she was out somewhere, climbing a mountain or knocking a ball around the golf course.

He did not like it. It was as though she had turned the children over to Courtney and was going her way alone. There were even times during that shocked interval when she considered going back home, to her mother, perhaps also to Jay. She knew it was foolish and irrational. But there was cool deliberateness in her handing the children to Court.

Not until the day Courtney left did Ricky have a real talk with him. Then she told him frankly what she felt and thought.

(Continued on Page 85)

Touch of magic for the hair men love!

Hair that *thrills* at the very sight or touch of it! Hair that gleams with natural highlights and shadows—sparkles with silken softness—delights with clean fragrance—how can *any* man help adoring such lovely hair? And today more and more women of all ages are discovering that the *secret* of this glamorous hair-appeal is Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that lathers luxuriously in hard or soft water, and sweeps dullness away . . . quickly (no special rinses) . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit blended gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic cream that introduces a new glowing softness, a wonderful *obedience* to your hair. Try it. Discover what a world of True Hair Loveliness one jar of Lustre-Creme Shampoo can bring. At all cosmetic counters.



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See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. See how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.

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TUNE IN TED MALONE
EVERY MORNING
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
A B C NETWORK

(Continued from Page 83)

"I think it's time you made a choice," she said. "I'm not like your Aunt Roberta. You can't come back to me from someone else. And don't try to lie to me, Court. I always know when you do."

"I told you about that night."

"I don't believe it. I never have believed it."

"That sounds like an ultimatum."

"It is."

She stayed on in Maine after he had gone. She seemed unwilling to go home, and one day Matthew—now gaining strength rapidly—saw her sitting on the rim of the fountain and went over to her. He sat down beside her and took her hand.

"What's wrong, my dear?" he asked. "You can tell old Matthew, can't you?"

"I was just thinking. It's very wearing to build your life about one person, dad. It's like walking a tightrope. If someone jerks the rope —"

"Still holding that night against Court, aren't you?"

"I don't believe he was where he says he was. He's a poor liar."

Matthew was silent for a moment or two, gently stroking her hand. "Let's look at it, Ricky," he said.

"Most men marry later than Courtney did. They've—well, they've been around. He hadn't. If there's a woman in this it needn't mean anything. Maybe he'd been drinking; maybe he was only lonely. God only knows why. I did it myself once, but Lizzie took me back. We've been very happy ever since."

"It isn't the first time, dad."

"It could be the last, my dear. He's in love with you. Whatever it was—and I don't know if it was a woman—he realizes he's acted like an idiot. But he's proud, Ricky. Probably you've hurt him too."

"I have some pride of my own."

"Of course, but you haven't done anything you're ashamed of. Maybe if you wrote to him —"

"I'm not sure I want to go back to him. But I can't carry on like this—live on his money, in his house. Not if there is someone else."

"There's no one else," Matthew said sturdily. "Go back, my dear. I'm counting on you."

"Give me some time, dad. I'll try. It's a promise."

Back in New York, Roberta learned the story of that frenzied night. She thought it over for a day or two, then she went to see Emmy Baldwin.

The rain had kept Emmy home. She expected no visitors, so she was wearing an old negligee and no make-up. At thirty-four she found late nights and bad liquor left their mark on her. She had covered her face with cold cream, and with a highball beside her was checking her holdings against the market reports.

When the doorbell rang she decided there was no time to improve her appearance, and opened the door. She was stunned to see

Roberta and to have her walk past her into the cluttered living room.

"I want to talk to you," Roberta said, sitting down. "I want you to let my brother's family alone, Mrs. Baldwin."

"I don't know what you mean. If it's Court you're talking about —"

"You know perfectly well what I'm talking about."

EMMY picked up a cigarette. "We're very old friends, Lady Truesdale. I knew him long before he knew his wife. I don't intend to give that up. Why should I?"

Roberta ignored her. "I am interested in your personal affairs," she said. "I am interested in Courtney Wayne and his marriage. I came to tell you that if you continue to try to break that up I shall have to interfere."

"What do you mean, interfere?"

Roberta looked around the apartment and through the open door at the bedroom, the wide bed mussed where Emmy had been lying on it, the cluttered toilet table.

"You see," she said calmly, "you haven't a chance with him. A wife always has the advantage over any other woman, and I think Courtney is in love with his."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Roberta remained unruffled. "I happened to see him leaving here one morning not long ago in his dinner clothes. He was very indiscreet. He had even left his car out on the street."

Emmy flushed angrily. "And what do you propose to do? If his wife chooses to go away for weeks at a time —"

"She remains his wife."

"All right. Tell her. Break up his marriage. See if I care!"

"I have no intention of doing anything of the sort," Roberta said dryly, and got up. "Don't hope for that. He has an established place, a family and a business. He has no intention of losing any of them. I shall speak to him myself if it becomes necessary."

Not until she had closed the door behind her did Emmy recover sufficiently to go into a rage. She had been right in one thing, however. Roberta did not talk. But the effect on Emmy had been rather disastrous. She had no intention of giving up Courtney Wayne, and the moment she learned he was back in town she called him.

"Back from the wilds, I hear," she said gaily.

"I'd hardly call Bar Harbor the wilds."

But he was still rankling from that final scene with Ricky. He took Emmy out to dinner that night and went to her apartment with her. Back there, however, while he mixed drinks and she changed out of her street clothes, he had a feeling of revulsion. He was acting like a spoiled brat, he thought. After all, he didn't want her. Why was he here?

When she came back, in a thin nightgown and with her feet bare, even her slim ankles made him feel sick. He tried not to look at

(Continued on Page 87)

Here Suns are Born

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

The farmer's sons are like a flight of stairs.

From his dark brown, the heads of lighter hairs

Go down toward the earth one after one

To the youngest, which is another sun.

All hours the father has in his proud eyes

The steps he came from secrets of the skies

In brightening flames of his repeated birth,

Each more like the dandelions of earth.

No wonder that the man goes very proud

Everywhere he goes, having a crowd

Of witnesses that he is still a part Of fiery goodness at the world's young heart.

When he drops seed, his own seed help him sow;

There is another self in every row To cover up the kernels that are sown,

Which will be corn and wear hair like his own.

Fire on new beads calls to old fire. Here on the smallest farm is the entire

Circle that sweeps death out of its power;

Here suns are born and stars come into flower.

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(Continued from Page 85)

them when she curled up on the sofa. To his surprise she was laughing softly.

"I wish you'd seen old horse-face when she came here, Court!"

"Who is old horse-face?"

"Now who could it be? The aristocratic Lady Truesdale, no less."

He put his glass on the mantel. "Are you saying Aunt Roberta came here?"

"I am, and she did, sonny boy. She walked in here and told me to lay off you." She laughed again. "I wish you'd seen this place. The cleaning woman hadn't shown up and I was a sight. I'll bet it jolted her."

He still looked incredulous. "How on earth did she know?"

"Saw you leaving here that morning in your dinner coat. I told her to get out and to mind her own business."

He looked around him, at the gaudy bed in the other room, at the untidy sitting room, at the light on Emmy's bleached hair, and loathed everything he saw. As it must have appeared to Roberta, sitting there and gazing about her.

"I suppose you know where this leaves us, Emmy."

"Where? The old girl won't talk. She wouldn't dirty that aristocratic mouth of hers."

When she saw him pick up his coat, however, her mouth set.

"You're not leaving me, Court. I won't have it. No man walks out on me and gets away with it."

"I don't know what you mean by that, Emmy. We've never pretended to be in love. If I hurt you I'm sorry, but that's the way it has to be."

"You don't mind cheating so long as you can get away with it," she said furiously. "If you're afraid of that mealy-mouthed wife of yours —"

"We'll keep my wife out of this," he said, and heard a glass crash against the door as he closed it behind him.

In the end it was Sheila who told Matthew the story; an embarrassed, unwilling Sheila, up to Maine for a week end, and trying to make light of the whole thing.

"I'm sure there's nothing in it, Uncle Matt. What if he does take her out now and then?"

"I can guess what, knowing her."

He went back to New York soon after Sheila left. He was a thin shadow of himself. But there was nothing soft about him as he shoved aside the accumulated mail on his desk and sent for Courtney. He was sitting stiffly in his chair, his hands out on his empty blotter and his eyes cold.

"Just how long have you been intimate with the Baldwin woman?" he demanded.

Courtney flushed. "So Aunt Roberta's been talking, after all."

Matthew looked surprised. "Roberta? What's she got to do with it? I still have my wits. So has Ricky, although she doesn't know who it is. Are you letting that hussy break up your home?"

COURTNEY sat down. He looked rather white. "It's over, such as it was. I haven't been keeping her, if that's what you mean."

"Do you want your wife and children back?"

"That doesn't need an answer, does it?"

"Then call her up, write to her, go up to Maine and get down on your knees to her. I don't care what, so you end this nonsense."

"She's let me know pretty plainly that she's through with me, dad."

"Not unless you want it that way. Only don't lie to her, Court. She's too smart for that."

It seemed to him, after Courtney left, that life did curious things to people. For years he had realized that Ricky had given more to her marriage than Courtney had, more love, more of everything. Now, after watching his son's face, he wondered if the situation had not reversed. Courtney was

badly hurt. However much he had deserved it, he was feeling Ricky's desertion deeply. Perhaps it always worked out that way. As a man grew older he depended more on his wife. He might wander, like Arthur Truesdale, but in the end he came home. Or wanted to.

RICKY did not come back until well into September. She had had a letter from Courtney, but it had sounded stiff and constrained:

I am sorry to learn from dad that you are still angry, darling. I have already told you I am sorry. I am. But I think I have the right to know whether you really want to come back to me as my wife. I am lost without you. Anything which might have come between us is over. I promise that. If you will meet me halfway —

She wrote that she would come back to him, but not at once. She still needed a little more time.

One day Court had a surprise visit from Anne Lockwood. She put a box on the desk and greeted him with a thin smile. "I've brought a manuscript," she said. "It's not a romance. You may not like it at all, but I've fulfilled my other contract. If you want it you can have it."

"Of course we want it."
"Better read it first. It's not my book, really. It's the one Tim meant to write. I did it from his notes. In a way it's a bitter book."

"That's strange, coming from you, Anne."

"Is it? I lived ten years with a war casualty. I know what war does to men. I don't want another one. I've called it *The Drifters*. Tim always said that's what we are."

He read it the same night, sitting in his pajamas in his study; read it with increasing surprise. In a sense he could see that it was not Anne's book at all. It was the book of a

man who had lived and suffered. But it was not really bitter. There was no hatred in it, no malice. Tim had believed that there would be another world war, greater than the last. For nothing had been settled. Greed and avarice had built a bonfire among the nations. Someday a spark would set it afire, and war was the supreme folly of man.

It was two in the morning before Court finished it. He sat for a long time with the last page in his hands, thinking of Jeff, of the boy Ricky's mother had adopted, of all the roistering youngsters playing in the city parks, or diving into the pool in Maine. And he remembered Dave, dying in the mud and now only a headstone, one of the long rows that stretched like marching men along the slopes of Arlington.

His impulse was to call Ricky, to say, "Come home, darling. Come and bring the children. Life is short and uncertain, and I need you." When he looked at the clock, however, he put down the telephone. They would be asleep, all of them. It could wait.

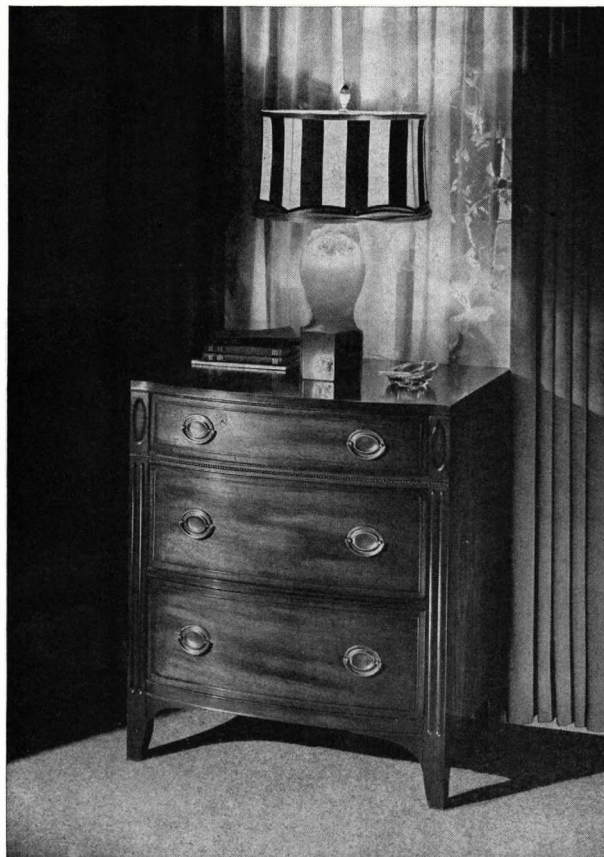
He wrote her something of the same sort the next day and he gave *The Drifters* to George Mather.

"Read it and weep, George," he said. "You've got a boy of your own."

In spite of Courtney's letter, Ricky had not come back at once. She could not, for Elizabeth had unexpectedly collapsed. She had fainted at a dinner party and had to be brought home. It was not serious, Ricky told them over the telephone. She had been going too hard. Now she needed a rest. Neither of them was to come to Bar Harbor, but she was sending the children home.

To Ricky the time that followed was highly trying. Not that Elizabeth was a poor patient. She seemed contented enough, looking out at the sea and mentally figuring the profits. But after the first week or so they were virtually alone. Even some of the servants had gone back to open the city house, and most of the summer cottages were closed.

(Continued on Page 89)



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(Continued from Page 87)

By early October Elizabeth finally rebelled, and they started home. Matthew met them with a wheel chair, but she repudiated it indignantly.

"There's nothing wrong with my legs. Send that thing away. I'm walking to the car."

She did not look well. Her color was poor, and after a time she took Matthew's arm.

"I guess I need a little support, Matt."

"Well, I'm here, girl. I'm always here when you need me."

The meeting that day between Court and Ricky was a quiet one. Both had a sense of guilt, both wanted to get back on the old footing again. It was not easy.

Then they were at the house, with the children screaming down the stairs. After the children were in bed they sat in Courtney's study, and for the first time he unburdened himself fully about his mother. He sat, his head bent, his shoulders sagging, and told her the whole story.

"I feel responsible to you, to dad and the kids. To the business too."

"We'll get through somehow, Court. You know I don't care about money."

"No." He looked at her. "I doubt whether you do, my darling. You've never liked this house either, have you? I wished it on you."

"I'm getting used to it, Court."

It was like coming home after a long absence to hold her in his arms that night; as though she had been in a far country. He was very humble with her, but she gave herself wholeheartedly to him.

He felt the next morning as though he was living again; the good smell of coffee and frying bacon, the shouts of the children getting ready for school, Ricky waiting for her bath until he had finished. He went over and kissed her as she lay in bed.

"I love you," he said. "Always and ever, my darling."

She put her arms around his neck and drew him down to her. "We have so much, Court," she said. "Let's keep it."

He was still worried about his mother. Yet the business was doing well, that October of 1929. The Drifters had been selected by one of the book clubs, and the fall list was a good one. There was nothing to warn anyone of what was to come so soon. The market merely slipped at first. Elizabeth sold some stocks that day on her broker's advice, but as prices went down still farther she bought again.

"Only some Steel," she told Courtney over the telephone. "It's a good buy. After all, everybody needs steel."

"Look, mother. You get out, and get out fast."

"And take losses! Be yourself, Court."

"This is only the start," he told her. "And you don't actually own anything. Remember that. A sharp decline will wipe you out."

SHE refused, and when she did consider it, it was too late. As the week went on, one by one her margins were wiped out, and her brokers were obliged to sell her out to protect themselves. But the time came when there was little or nothing to sell. She not only had nothing left; she found herself heavily in debt.

"I don't understand it," she said, bewildered. "How could they do such a thing to me? If they'd only held on —"

She was restless at night. Matthew would feel her stirring in the bed. And sometimes he went down to the basement kitchen and heated her some milk to put her to sleep.

Nothing had any value now, not even the house or her jewels or the cars. Matthew did not reproach Elizabeth. By the middle of November he sat down quietly and told her where she stood. And where he stood too.

"The house will have to go for what we can get for it," he said, "and you'd better let me see what I can get for your pearls. Not much, I'm afraid. We'll have to put the Bar Harbor place on the market too. No buyers, probably. But one thing I'm holding on to, my insurance."

"That old insurance," she said bitterly. "It's kept us poor for years."

"It's all you may have when I'm gone, Lizzie. I'll be lucky to pay the premiums, but I intend to, if we have to live in two rooms."

It almost came to that in the end. Years ago he had put the house in her name. Now he found she had mortgaged it heavily, and the bank took it over. They might have stayed on there, paying rent, but Matthew refused.

"We can't have enough servants," he said. "We can't light and heat it, either. Get this into your head, Lizzie. We've still

got the business, but outside of it we're back where we started. Only then we didn't owe anything."

Both Courtney and Ricky offered them their house, but Elizabeth refused it.

It was Roberta who found the apartment for Matthew and Elizabeth, a Roberta who knew—who better?—what it was to lose a home. It was small, but it faced south and Matthew took it. Elizabeth protested, but in the end she accepted. For this was a new Matt, grim and gray of face; a silent Matt, always going over papers at night, figuring and calculating. One night when he did not come up to bed Elizabeth went down, her knees shaking with fear, to

find him alone in his dismantled library, with no fire and with packing cases all around him. He looked up at her gravely.

"Can't you sleep, Lizzie?"

"Not with you down here, Matt. I'm frightened. You'd never leave me, would you? I mean, you'd never try —"

"Leave you? What are you talking about? Of course not."

"I'd be so lost without you," she said. And broke down for the first time. With his arms around her she quieted finally. She even told him her fears, and he patted her gently.

"I guess I'm still needed, my girl," he said. "We'll fight this out together."

It was the end of a cycle. Both Courtney and Matthew had cut their salaries sharply. And by the spring of 1930 Ricky had dismissed all the servants but the cook and Hilda.

"I rather like it," she said. "I feel as though I belong in the house now."

There was no question of selling it. They could hardly have given it away. A good bit of the housework devolved on Ricky. One morning Roberta dropped in to find her on her knees scrubbing a bathroom floor. After that Roberta came frequently. She would come in, put on an apron, find a duster and a carpet sweeper, and without removing her hat set to work. When Ricky protested she ignored it.

"Why not?" she said. "I've done dirtier work."

She was there the afternoon Emmy Baldwin came to see Ricky. A determined, hard-faced Emmy, with her hair no longer brassy, and her make-up carelessly applied. Ricky

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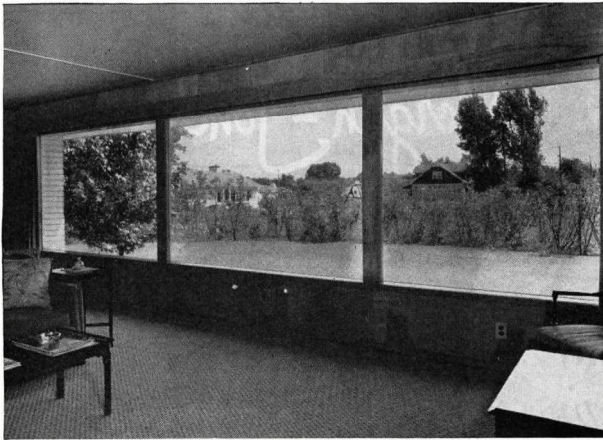
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herself admitted her. Roberta was not in sight, and Emmy said nothing as she followed Ricky up the stairs.

It was a long time since the two women had met. And Ricky was puzzled. "Can I give you some tea?" she suggested.

"Tea!" Emmy laughed shortly. "No, thanks. I'm not making a social call."

"Then why are you here? I hope you're not in trouble of any sort."

"Trouble! Who isn't?" She sat down and took a cigarette from a box. "Except you and Court. You seem to be doing all right."

Ricky had not sat down. She looked down at Emmy, puzzled and uneasy. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

Emmy leered at her. "You wouldn't," she said. "Women like you never do. Protected women. They make me sick." She had been drinking, but there was something deadly about her. Ricky sensed it without understanding it. "I'm broke," Emmy said. "Flat busted. If you don't believe me, ask your husband about it."

"Court? What has he got to do with it?" "He gave me a list of stocks to buy. Only he was smart. He sold out. I didn't. All I had. Every dollar in the world, and it's gone."

"I'm frightfully sorry"—Ricky kept her voice even—"but I'm sure he must have warned you. After all, you were old friends."

"If that's what you care to call it!" Emmy laughed but there was no doubt of the malice in her voice. "It's nice of you to put it that way, but maybe Court —"

Ricky stiffened. "I have no intention of asking Court about you or your affairs. I don't know why you are here, Emmy. I'm sorry you've lost your money, but if this is polite blackmail I'm simply not interested."

Emmy opened her mouth and then closed it again. Roberta was standing in the doorway. "I'll see this person out," she said. "Don't bother, Ricky." She wore her hat and a checked apron, but there was nothing humorous about her.

Emmy put down her cigarette and got up. "All right," she said. "I can take a hint. I'm going. Lady Truesdale. How are Sheila and her bootlegger getting on?"

Roberta ignored this. She stood aside and let Emmy start down the stairs, but she followed at her heels. She was still there when Emmy reached the pavement. Roberta closed the street door behind her and, reaching out one bony hand, caught Emmy by the arm.

"So you're trying to make trouble," she said.

Emmy was frightened. There was something alarming in Roberta's face. "Let go of me!" she said. "What business is it of yours?"

"I'm making it my business. If you start any trouble between Courtney Wayne and his wife you will be sorry. Very sorry."

"Just what would you propose to do?" Emmy demanded. "If you're threatening me, I'll go to the police."

Roberta released her, with a curious smile. "Why not? I'm quite definitely threatening you. I am willing to be very drastic if I have to. I've seen a lot of trouble and even death in my time. I don't seem to mind them much any more."

Emmy managed a laugh. "You're crazy," she said. "You ought to be shut up somewhere."

But she knew Roberta was not crazy. Emmy shrugged and walked away, but her knees were weak. She felt as though someone behind her was pointing a loaded gun at her.

Roberta found Ricky where she had left her. "She won't bother you again, Ricky. She'd been drinking."

"That doesn't alter what she was saying. If there had to be a woman, why one like that? She's a common tramp. It makes me feel dirty. Cheap."

She cried a little on Roberta's shoulder, but when Courtney came home she was her usual calm self. She even met him with a smile, for the man who came back to her that night—and every night—was a weary man,



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looking older than his years, and with even a little gray in his heavy dark hair.

Courtney saw no change in her. He was distracted, almost frantic at times. And the market continued to slide. By the summer of 1930 most of those who had managed to hold on were slowly being eliminated.

The business, however, was still carrying on. Matthew had thrown all his resources into the company, and so far they were managing.

One day Courtney went into his office to find Roberta there. "I'm a little anxious about Sheila, Court," she said. "I've let her live her own life, as most mothers do today. But she's going around with a bootlegger. I think she's in love. You know him, Courtney. He was your mother's chauffeur years ago. His name is Walter. Walter Kincaid."

Courtney whistled. "Walter! Well, he used to be a decent sort of chap. Matter of fact, both dad and I buy liquor from him."

"Apparently there's money in bootlegging," she said calmly. "Only—it's dangerous, isn't it?"

"He seems to have managed all right so far, Aunt Roberta. She might do a lot worse."

Sheila and Walter Kincaid were married soon after Robert's visit. Elizabeth had refused to be present, but Matthew was there, and Ricky. She and Courtney stood up with them, but the ceremony was a dreary one. The office was shabby and dusty, and the magistrate himself clearly bored. But there was nothing either dreary or bored in Sheila's face, or in Walter's eyes when he kissed her after the ceremony was over.

"I'll be good to her, Lady Truesdale," he told Roberta. "Don't worry about her. She'll be fine."

"She'll have you to worry about," Roberta said. "Better take care of yourself, young man."

"I'll manage all right. It won't be long anyhow. Then Shilly and I are going to have a farm somewhere."

It was odd to hear him call Sheila Shilly; odd and rather tender.

The summer of 1931 Ricky took the children to her mother's. They needed a change and so did she. Not only was she tired; she needed to get away, to get some perspective on her marriage after almost fourteen years.

Perhaps Courtney would be better without her for a while too. The long strain was telling on him. Even the children angered him at times.

"Get up when your mother comes into the room, Jeff."

"Oh, heck, I'm reading."

"Get up, I tell you."

Jeff would unfold his rangy length sulkily and stand. He was almost eleven now, and growing too fast. But he was headstrong and often recalcitrant. It annoyed him that Peggy tagged after him wherever he went.

At eight Peggy was losing some of her baby fat. She was a pretty child, with yellow curls and dark eyes, but Courtney spoiled her.

"How's my girl tonight?"

"All right, daddy. What's that? Candy?"

Ricky did her best with them all, although at times the house itself seemed to bear down on her as a physical burden she could hardly carry. But it was sanctuary to Court. He looked rather desolate when he saw them off.

"I'll miss you," he said. "And you kids are to behave. Your mother's worn out. Look after her. She's had enough of looking after you."

It was still daylight when they left. As they went through New Jersey, Ricky realized that she had not understood in the city: the closed mills, the smokeless factory chimneys. There was something else that shocked her: the freights they passed with men and boys huddled on them, not knowing where they were going; only hoping that somewhere else would be better than where they had been.

Ricky was still more startled when she got out of the train the next morning. There were no cars in sight, not even the local taxicab, and the railroad spur leading to the factory was grown up with grass. Even the station agent seemed to move more slowly as he greeted her with his dour smile.

"Kind of different from the last time you were here, isn't it?" he said. "Place's as lively as an amputated leg."

It was a relief to find the house much as she had left it. Evidently Courtney's allowance had helped. The lawn was cut and the porch steps mended. But she was surprised when Beulah, opening the door, put her finger to her lips.

"She's sleeping," she said. "She got excited about your coming, and you know her. She had to have everything just right. I kept her in bed. She don't sleep so well." She leaned down over the children. "So these are your babies!"

They eyed her as they had the stationmaster, with the usual suspicion of all children for strangers. But Beulah had the gift of her race. In no time they were at home with her. That morning as she washed the train dirt off them she talked to them steadily.

"Now you're going to be quiet, because your grandma's not well. Lemme at that pretty hair of yours, Miss Peggy. Looks like there's been mice in it."

To Ricky's great relief, Pete and Jeff hit it off from the start. Pete had improved in both speech and manners, although he occasionally let loose language which made her shudder. He was thirteen now, a tall boy who immediately patronized Jeff and took him in tow.

"Bet you never climbed a tree."

"I have too. At Bar Harbor."

"Where's that? Never heard of it. Come on, let's see you do it."

From that time on she saw them only at mealtimes, when they would come in dirty and hungry.

But Ricky was worried about her mother. That first morning when she had finally awakened, Mrs. Stafford was indignant at Beulah. "Really," she said. "I'll have to get rid of her. The way she acts, as if she was head of the house. I had it all fixed to go to the station."

"I'm glad you didn't. The children were tired and dirty."

She asked after them then, but she was only mildly interested. Clearly her real love was given to Dave's boy. And Ricky, sitting beside the bed, was shocked to find how ill she looked. Her lips had a slightly bluish tinge, and she seemed more short of breath than when Ricky had seen her last.

Ricky spent most of her time at home with her. She had been there only two weeks when Courtney wrote her he was going to England. He was to be gone a month, but she felt lost and rather lonely when he left. He sent her a good-by cable from the ship, and mailed her a check, for now she was paying all their expenses. Even with Courtney's allowance Beulah had barely managed.

It was after Courtney's cable came that she saw Jay again. She had been marketing and was carrying a basket on her arm when he came across the street.

"Ricky! When did you get here?"

"A couple of weeks ago. I brought the children."

He took the basket and fell into step beside her. "And I had to choose that time to go fishing!"

"You look as though it had agreed with you."

"Nothing else to do. No business. How about taking the kids for a picnic someday? They ought to know me. I'm their Uncle Jay."

"Of course. They'll love it."

He carried her basket home, claiming to have nothing else to do. Peggy was on the pavement, balanced precariously on a

(Continued on Page 93)

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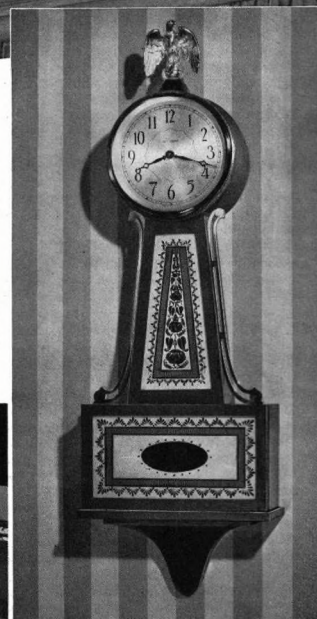
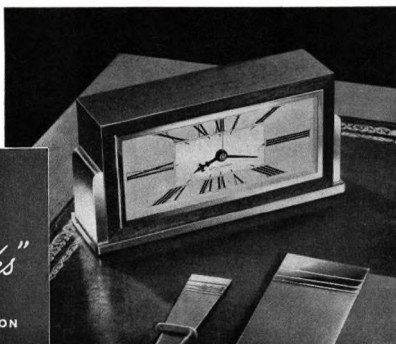


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(Continued from Page 91)

pair of roller skates while a boy stood by watching.

"Hello," Jay said. "And what young lady is this?"

Peggy eyed him critically. "I'm Peggy Wayne."

"Well, well, who'd have thought it! Would you shake hands with your Uncle Jay?"

But Peggy, being Peggy, put up her face to be kissed. He looked slightly embarrassed.

"Do you do that with all the men you meet?"

"Only with the nice ones."

A few days later they held the picnic, the three children in the back seat of the car, Ricky and Jay in front. Jay cooked steaks over hot wood ashes. When the meal was over, Pete took the youngsters off, and Jay looked after them.

"How's Pete doing?"

"All right, I think. Mother adores him. Of course, a lot of him is Stewart."

"Considered pretty wild here in town," Jay said, and scrapped the subject.

The drive home was quiet. The children were tired and Ricky got them all to bed as soon as she could, and went in to her mother. Mrs. Stafford was awake. She was holding her Bible but not reading it, and she was breathing heavily. Ricky put an extra pillow behind her and, leaning over, kissed her.

"Pete loved the picnic, mother."

"He's like his father. Dave liked the woods."

Ricky kissed her and left. She went out on the porch and sat down in the cool darkness. She was still there when she heard a woman's voice from the porch steps.

"Hello, Mrs. Wayne," it said. "I've come to get Pete."

Annie Stewart came up on the porch. In the light from the hall Ricky could see she looked half sick, and she coughed as she sat down.

"What do you mean, you've come for Pete?"

"Why not? He's a good-sized boy by this time. He can get a job, and when I'm better I can work too. We can stay at the farm for a while. There's nobody living in it. And there's some stuff in the house. We can manage."

Ricky pulled herself together. "You wouldn't do that to him, would you? He has a good home here. And of course he can't work. He has to go to school."

"He could work part time."

"But you're not well yourself. Perhaps we could find a place where you could stay until you get better."

"I'm all right. It's only this cough. He's my own son. You folks have no claim on him."

"He's my brother's son, too, you know," Ricky told her.

"Lots of good that did him!" Annie said, her voice rising. "When pop left your ma grabbed him. It's kidnaping, that's what it is. And I want him back."

She was determined. Also she was frank. She had been in a house in Columbus, she said. The fellow she ran off with had left her stranded, and what was she to do? There had been good money in it at first; Annie had got along all right. Now and then, of course, one of them became infected. The woman who ran the house paid their bills until they were out of the hospital, but she would not take them back. That was what had happened to her.

"She gave me twenty dollars," she said, while Ricky stared at her incredulously. "That's how I got here. But she said I was still sick. That's a dirty lie. I'm all over it. It's only because times are bad now."

Ricky recovered her voice. "Is that what you're planning to take Pete back to?"

"No, I'm all through. I'll get a job and he can work. He's mine. I have a right to him."

Neither of them had seen or heard the boy in the hall. He chose that minute to come out onto the porch and close the door behind him.

"Hello, mom," he said, his voice a trifle stiff. "Where did you come from?"

"Pete! Is that you, Pete?"

HE moved slowly toward her, and she began to cry. He stood by her, waiting for her to stop and glancing uneasily at Ricky. When at last Annie got a soiled handkerchief from her bag and dried her eyes he still made no move toward her. But he let her reach out and put an arm around him.

"I've been sick, Pete. Awful sick."

"Gee, I'm sorry, mom."

"I haven't any money either, Pete. I want to go back home. You'll go with me, won't you?"

"To the farm? There's nothing there. It doesn't belong to us, anyhow."

"Then we'll get a room somewhere. You wouldn't leave me alone, would you, Pete? I'm sick. I'm your own mother. You haven't forgotten me, have you?"

"No," he said slowly. "I remember you all right. I guess if it's like that —"

He glanced at Ricky, fairly desperate by that time.

"You can't do it, Pete," she said. "I'll see that she's taken care of. You've been happy here, haven't you? Think it over."

He drew a long breath. "She's my mother. I guess I belong with her."

There was no love in his simple declaration; no particular interest in the woman who claimed him. He was merely seeing his duty and intending to do it. But there was

Dave's stubbornness, too, in his mouth and young chin.

"I'd better go upstairs and pack," he said.

He turned and went into the house. Ricky thought there were tears in his eyes, but his slight body was erect in his striped pajamas. Annie regarded her with triumph.

"You can't do a thing about it," she said. "Not a thing."

Ricky said contemptuously, "You've played a cheap, dirty trick, but it won't work. Not if I have to call the police."

Annie, however, was not looking at her. She was gazing at the hall door. Mrs. Stafford was standing there, a hand clutched to her chest.

"What's wrong with Pete?" she said. "He won't speak to me. He —" Then she saw Annie. "What are you doing here?" she demanded.

Annie smiled at her. "I've come for my son. He's going away with me."

Mrs. Stafford did not answer. She drew a long strangling breath, clutched at the doorframe for support and then slid almost gently to the floor. By the time Ricky reached her she was dead.

Ricky did not cry until Jay arrived and took her in his arms. "My poor girl," he said, and let her sob on his shoulder.

She cried her heart out, there with his arms around her. Something sternly repressed for a long time revived as he held her. Not until the doctor arrived did Ricky miss Annie. She released herself from Jay's arms and dried her eyes on his handkerchief. It was then she realized that Annie had gone.

A few moments later Beulah came lumbering down the stairs. "That Pete!" she said. "He's gone, Miss Ricky. He's taken his clothes and all he had. And he's been at your pocketbook. It's on the floor empty."

They had escaped completely. Jay, searching for them at the old farm the next

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 And still he says, "Don't women dress funny!"



Dave's stubbornness, too, in his mouth and young chin.

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They had escaped completely. Jay, searching for them at the old farm the next



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day, found no sign of them. The station-master had not seen them either, and he had to go back to Ricky with the news. She took it almost indifferently, though, as the shock of her mother's death had deadened her to everything else.

"He may come back," she said wearily. "Annie had been living in a disorderly house. I'm afraid she got something there. If he finds it out he'll leave her."

Only of course there would be no place for him to come back to.

Matthew had come out to help her, and he told her so after the funeral. He and Jay had taken hold of everything, and she had had a cable from Courtney sending sympathy and love.

She saw a good bit of Jay during the time that followed. He was continuing his search for Pete, notifying the police, even advertising in the papers, but without result. He told her one day that there would be a home for Pete if he came back.

"He's Dave's boy, Ricky, and I live alone. I'd like to have something that —" He

checked himself. "I like boys. Maybe I could make something of him."

She thanked him gravely.

She spent the last night at the old hotel, and the next afternoon before traintime she drove with Jay into the country. He was constrained and unhappy.

"I miss you, Ricky. You can't realize what these last weeks have meant to me."

"I wouldn't have known what to do without you," she said gratefully.

"If Pete comes back and I take him it will be for your sake, Ricky. I'll do my best to make him a man."

"I know that, Jay."

"And I'm always here," he said. "Good old reliable Uncle Jay to your kids! Ricky, how am I to let you go?" He stopped the car and put his arms around her. "Let's say good-by now, darling. I don't mean to be bitter. It's just that I've been living too long on husks."

He gave her a hard kiss and let her go.

(To be Continued)

FIRST CHRISTMAS IN OUR KITCHEN

(Continued from Page 67)

kitchen remodeling possible without practically rebuilding the house.

In fact, our cabin was unusual and a bit of an adventure: we wanted to preserve the charm of the original and yet create a permanent home from this vacation cabin. And I thought, as I watched the wind stirring the green pine branches outside, "This is the kind of cabin our forefathers lived in, raised their families in, went out from to fight for freedom. Now it comes again into its own as a home, keeping its folk warm and cozy in winter as well as comfortable in the middle of August."

Also, the cabin had electricity and plumbing and ice-cold running water. In my childhood this would have seemed too civilized—we carried our water from the spring and lit the old Aladdin lamps at night. Moreover, this cabin had a small old electric refrigerator and an apartment-sized electric range. Not so romantic as our spring box with the water cress growing round it, or our old oil stove, but certainly a fine help when you think of three-meal-a-day all-year-round life.

But in spite of these refinements, when I looked at the kitchen ell, my heart flopped. "This time," I thought, "it is impossible to make anything of it!" Casual vacation meals could be scrambled up here, but what else?

In the first place, the whole kitchen corner was only five and a half feet by seven and three quarters, plus a small alcove for the refrigerator. And the one work counter was so wide I couldn't reach the back of it at all, and the door cut off a big hunk of it besides. There wasn't room for more than that single counter, I decided, unless the cook was a brownie. A small brownie might manage.

There was no storage space except those open shelves under the old sink, and a couple over the refrigerator and on the end wall. An old low cabinet and a small chest had been shoved in, and the pots and pans hung on nails driven in the wall where they reached out and banged an unwary person. I backed away after a sound whack from the spider.

Then, too, the whole place was full of cracks and corners to catch every mite of dirt; the wooden counter and floor were painted dark blue, but the paint came off every time they were cleaned.

The whole effect was rather like a mouse-hole, and I myself favored just cooking over the open fire and living on hot dogs with barbecue sauce or hamburgers with onion.

But the JOUROS Workshop staff began to make those little drawings on transparent paper, and compose lists, and measure.

Here is what they found it was possible to get in a 5½x7¾ foot space: a double sink, a hot-water heater, an apartment-size range,

a 4-cubic-foot refrigerator, 8 running feet of counter space, 4 cabinets with 6 drawers and 8 shelves, and 24 running feet of shelves. They even squeezed in a tray rack, a towel drier and a concealed housing for the fuse boxes and the master switches for the range and water heater. When you have no cellar and no attic you do have to plan!

Hot water was a first need, for cold showers are stimulating in August but definitely unattractive in January. And heating water in a teakettle may do for week ends, but not for regular living. So an electric table-top water heater was installed back in the corner at the right of the sink. This was ordered minus the usual porcelain top, which made it possible to fit the heater into the space, and moreover occupied space that would be of little use for storage anyway.

A little towel-drying cupboard next to the sink gave access to the controls of the heater, without making it necessary to tear the cabin down if one wanted to reach them. I once knew a house where you had to climb on a ladder and swing like a monkey from the ceiling to get at a fuse box.

With the hot water "laid on," a new twin-bowl sink was set in under the three windows. This replaced the old awkward single bowl sink and provided a swinging hot-and-cold-water faucet.

The electric range was then centered under the end window, which left a little space on both sides for storage and counter space.

The refrigerator was left in its original wall niche, for that was the only place which would accommodate it. There could be no counter beside the door opening, but then, one can't have everything. Not in a room five and a half by seven and three quarters!

A skillful local carpenter came to build the wooden cupboards. They had to be cut and fitted expertly around the old beams so that not a half inch would be wasted. He placed a tight backing of plywood behind the cabinets against the beams. He made the cabinets two feet deep, so all the counters on either side of the sink could be usable, and extended the counters to the end of the kitchen wall, rounding the ends to make free movement easy for the cook. In effect, this added four inches to the width of the kitchen!

At the end of the counter rounded shelves added more storage space. These shelves were cleverly designed so they could swing out and give access to the master switch and fuse box.

The space under the sink was left open for garbage pail and wastebasket, but curved shelves along the side and back accommodate soaps and cleansers neatly. Most summer cabins I know line all the equipment for

(Continued on Page 96)

Women, as a rule—women of all times and of every nation—keep a kindly feeling in their heart for the suitor whom they reject.

—BARONESS ORCZY.



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CINCINNATI 6

(Continued from Page 94)

cleaning right on the edge of the sink, and what a nuisance!

The cabinet on the left of the sink has two drawers for table linen and silver, plus a cupboard. On the right is the ventilated cupboard towel drier. Cutlery and kitchen tools, pots, pans, holders, towels are housed in the cabinets and drawers flanking the range. I thought the cleverest addition of all was a canned-goods-and-staples supply space made by pushing the board wall beside the range back 7 inches. This wall has the bathroom on the other side and the space was not missed there. It seems to me many extra shelf spaces might be built in crowded rooms in this way, making the walls work for you.

ANOTHER feature many people would appreciate and might copy was that of allowing air space around the refrigerator, for refrigerators work better when they can breathe. So the shelves in the cabin kitchen do not go back to the wall, but leave space for air circulation behind them. There still is ample room for tray storage and table dishes above and to the right of the refrigerator. A three-cornered counter with cupboard below is most helpful at mealtimes.

The JOURNAL chose blue linoleum with a marbled pattern for the floor, counter top and shelves. This gives the kitchen unity, an air of permanence and color. A folding screen was made to conceal the kitchen entrance. This is another special trick that might often be useful, for it can be opened out to shield the kitchen when company is coming, and yet air comes through the slats to keep the cook from suffocating as she stirs the gravy. Or it can be folded back out of the way, and I do think nothing is more maddening than to bump into a door at every step when you rush around a small room.

The lights were recessed into the low ceiling, shielded to give diffused but good light through ground-glass panels. In a small kitchen, lights over sink, range and refrigerator are important, for otherwise it seems that you always stand in your own light wherever you are.

Finally, cabinets and walls were painted with chalk-white enamel, making the room

seem larger and minimizing unevenness in the boarding. The ceiling, screen-door frame and shelves beside the door were painted a heavenly turquoise blue, and the heavy door leading outside to the pine woods was made coral, which picked up the colors of the outside trim of the gray cabin and brought them inside. When it was finished, the kitchen was as snug and gleaming as a ship's galley.

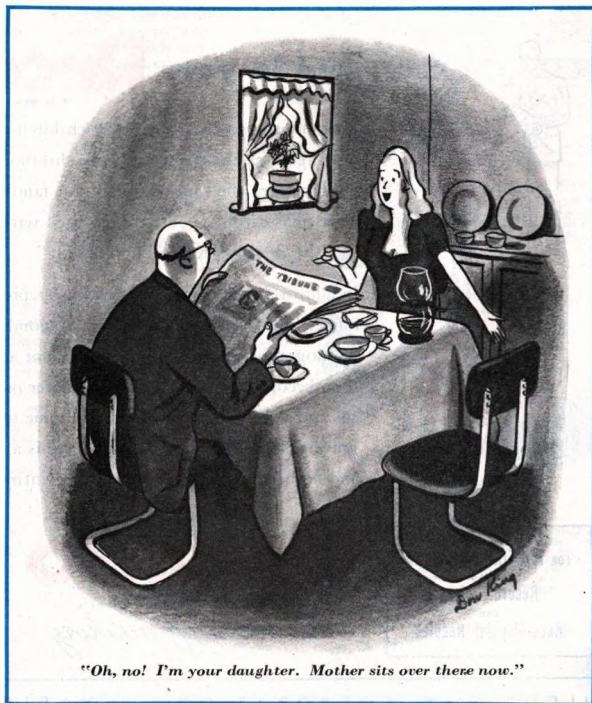
One last problem remained. When a kitchen is practically just an ell off the living room, it must be related to it, if the house is to give an effect of harmony. In a small cabin this is especially important, too, for it makes the place seem larger. And so the rafters and ceiling in the main room acquired a coat of coral, the fireplace was painted white, and a turquoise shag rug repeated the turquoise of the kitchen. The kitchen has touches of chartreuse in the china, and this was echoed by chartreuse cushions for the small benches which could be pulled up to the fire on a cold night. Low tables can be drawn up close to the hearth, and supper served easily for four.

Keeping the cabin snug and comfortable against the blizzard cold was made simple by putting a circulating oil heater behind a screen at the right of the fireplace. This is connected to a pipe once used for a small old Franklin stove. It gives a steady, even warmth and is both easy to regulate and easy to fill.

WHEN I climbed the path for the last time, to see the new kitchen in the cabin, drifts of snow covered the slope. There was a fire on the hearth, birch logs crackling, and candles were lighted. The spicy smell of cut evergreen branches filled the whole cabin, and there was the kitchen, even more charming than I remembered. How wonderful to see the color and gaiety inside and look out to the serene white and dark green outside! Everything inside glowing, and outside the softness of the snow!

Last year this sturdy little cabin was shuttered and still under the pines and the snow. And now it is a place to dream about, and the happiest place in the world to echo with "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

THE END



"Oh, no! I'm your daughter. Mother sits over there now."

A Merry Christmas

FOR EVERY SMOKER

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A carton of Camels will bring a happy Yuletide smile to any cigarette smoker on your list. These cartons come all dressed up in a strikingly handsome Christmas design with a "gift card" right on top. Remember: More people are smoking Camels than ever before!



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that I've been doing last Sunday I spent in the last weekend. There's something about the soft sweet and homesick. It took me

ing then train from where quick you up directly off know we have and so it by John's first business in the train. By the way it's to be from like

You compare everything shrewdly—even in a fountain pen! And chances are, if you compare all four leading pens on every count . . . looks, dramatically different design, and easy writing . . . you'll pick a Moore Fingertip Pen, too. Most folks who compare 'em do!

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WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TRAINED NURSES WON'T NURSE THE SICK?

(Continued from Page 50)

paying thirty to forty cents of each hospital dollar for nursing care!)

For in our hospitals all the little luxuries that contribute so much to a quick recovery are wanting today. Patients who would once have had private-duty nurses must get along with the shared attention of the floor nurse. (There are only 59,000 private-duty nurses in the country, and they work on eight-hour shifts.)

The floor nurse is overworked. So are her student nurses. It is not their fault that the little indulgences have disappeared. But the patient—who is still paying for them—is unhappy, nonetheless. The bedside bell which once brought a starched and smiling nurse within three minutes now rings for an hour—two hours—before it is answered. Nobody today has time to drop in and plump the pillows or lower the shades or give an alcohol rub to relieve a weary back. In some wards even daily baths have disappeared from the routine.

"It is worse than during the war," some hospital executives admit. "For then we had the volunteer nurses' aides. Now even they have disappeared."

In one New York institution the nurse shortage was so acute that a patient, still unconscious from anesthesia, was left unattended and died. The doctor blamed the absence of a nurse who might have sounded a warning when the first dangerous symptoms of trouble appeared.

Hospitals are even closing down whole sections because they cannot obtain nurses: in New York City 2100 beds are now kept vacant, and over the country as a whole the figure amounts to 33,000. The American Hospital Association reports that almost one fifth of all our hospitals have had to resort to this desperate measure; even so, they are seriously crippled as to staff. At a large Boston hospital the number of nurses dropped from a normal of 743 to 504, with no substitutes available. The waiting list of

a Baltimore hospital is one fourth its entire capacity.

All, mind you, because there are not enough nurses who want to nurse to go around!

"But," you may say, "surely there are still the student nurses in the hospitals?"

There are—and they are given 70 per cent to 90 per cent of the care of the patients nowadays, according to Dr. Walter Wise, of Baltimore, who has become alarmed over the matter. But while students carry this heavy responsibility, they are also preparing themselves for one of those much-thought-of posts in public-health or industrial nursing.

Doctor Wise asks, "Are the present patients getting the desired consideration if the student nurses are compelled to spend from one third to one half of the time on duty at doing something that is not at the patient's bedside? Is the patient receiving his just due when he is given the interrupted, lick-and-promise, hummingbird type of attention that the modern curriculum necessitates?"

"The patient is paying for nursing care. It is difficult for him to reconcile himself to having his nurse rush off to class to learn some highly technical, perhaps superfluous information while some lifesaving device for him is neglected."

For it is during the years of her education that the nurse's new viewpoint is established: it is in training school that these young women learn to despise the care of the sick as the least and most menial of the opportunities opening up before them.

The process begins, indeed, before the girls are even accepted for training as nurses. Thanks largely to pressure from the various nursing associations, the training schools do not now accept any girl who has not graduated from high school in the top quarter of her class. The American Nurses Association is now urging that, in addition, two years of college be required, as a preliminary, by all

(Continued on Page 100)

Changes in Education of the Trained Nurse

(Recommendations made in the Curriculum Guide of the National League of Nursing Education. This guide is widely used for setting up legal standards in the states and also for planning courses of study of the nurse-training schools.)

1919—Maximum hours of theoretical instruction: 595.

Nursing practice: over 6000 hours.

Basic studies: medical nursing, surgical nursing, obstetric nursing, nursing in diseases of infants and children.

If public-health nursing is offered at all, it should be an elective course.

1927—Hours of theoretical instruction recommended: 885 (including 15 in "social science").

Nursing practice: 5000 to 5500 hours.

New basic studies: communicable-disease nursing, psychiatric nursing, "social and economic aspects of nursing."

Public-health nursing urged: "Health nursing is just as fundamental as sick nursing, and prevention of disease is at least as important a function of the nurse as the care and treatment of the sick."

1938—Hours of theoretical instruction: 1200 to 1300.

Nursing practice: 4400 to 5000 hours.

New studies urged: psychology, "sociology," mental hygiene, "cultural aspects of nursing," "nursing as health conservation."

Public-health nursing required course.

The Curriculum Guide is now being revised by a joint committee of the National Nursing Council and the Carnegie Corporation to take cognizance of the "rapid advances in medical science and the social forces which are creating an ever-increasing demand for nursing and health services."

SLICK TRICKS

FOR  ST. NICK



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1 FIRST, seal wrapping paper with transparent "Scotch" Tape. Then letter names on packages in color with "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape.



2 EDGE your fancy gift paper with bright strip of "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape. Gives brilliant effect and added strength.



3 DESIGN an unusual all-over pattern on plain paper with multi-colored strips of "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape. Many novel effects.



4 MAKE this frivolous looking package with colored cellophane bound firmly at the top with "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape.



5 CUT designs out of tape strips and fasten to package for unusual effects. Try Christmas trees, stars, candles, sailboats.



6 PENNY postal cards make clever Christmas greetings if you live them up with a couple of strips of "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape.



7 ACCENT a package with this simple attractive corner treatment. Attach name cards with "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals.



8 TREE ornaments that have lost their fasteners are easy to hold to twigs with a loop of transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape.



9 HANG a bright sheet of paper from wall moulding, then as Christmas cards arrive, stick them up with transparent "Scotch" Tape.



10 FOR an unusual decoration, hold spruce and holly twigs or miniature bells to packages with transparent "Scotch" Brand Tape.



11 MAKE your gift wrapping easy and neat by sealing the wrapping paper firmly with transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape before decorating. It's almost invisible and sticks at a touch without moistening. Especially useful when wrapping odd-shaped, bulky gifts.



fore decorating. It's almost invisible and sticks at a touch without moistening. Especially useful when wrapping odd-shaped, bulky gifts.



BUY a roll of each of these "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape designs. You'll find that half the fun of Christmas is in working out clever packages for your friends to admire. You'll want "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals, too. Choose any of four bright colors—each dispenser holds

108 seals in seven different designs. "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape 10¢ per roll. "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals and transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape 25¢. You'll find these gift wrapping helps at all drug, department, variety, stationery and hardware stores.

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Model illustrated, priced, \$4.95. Others, from \$5.95 at leading department, hardware, appliance stores.

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Bringing more convenience, satisfaction and time-for-recreation to every day living, the Everhot line includes the famous Everhot Roaster-oven (at right) and other appliances of unique quality and good taste that meet the requirements of every season for labor saving and comfort in the home.

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 <p>EVERHOT BROILER GRIDDLE Fits all Everhot Rectangular Roasters. Removable chrome reflector slides above element for broiling. Below for frying.</p>	 <p>EVERHOT AUTOMATIC BLANKET Large—72x90 inches. More wool—75% wool, 25% cotton. Underwriters approved. Plastic bag for storage or travel included.</p>	 <p>EVERHOT ROASTERETTE A beautiful compact unit that both cooks and serves casseroles, meats.</p>	 <p>EVERHOT RANGEETTE Occupies less than 2 1/4 sq. ft. Broils, fries, toasts. Oven for baking and roasting, extra.</p>

Ask your dealer or write
THE SWARTZBAUGH MFG. COMPANY...TOLEDO 6, OHIO

(Continued from Page 98)

schools. They are delighted at the even higher standard set by three of the country's best-known institutions, which will not accept a student until she has a college degree.

When the student nurse has been accepted, she has by no means finished with the emphasis on book learning. According to the standards set down by the National League of Nursing Education (a trained-nurses' group) she must then study "physiology, anatomy, microbiology, materia medica, pathology, obstetrics, sociology, pediatrics, chemistry, psychiatry, diet therapy" and a half dozen other academic subjects.

These scholarly young ladies are promised, by the organized nurses, that they will graduate as members of "a proud profession." Perhaps so; but this elite is far less popular with the physicians and surgeons queried by the American Surgical Association committee than nurses were, before they became members of the intelligentsia.

Doctors complain that they do not like the new nurse. A Montreal physician says, "The prolonged training of nurses seems to reduce their interest in the sick." A Midwestern doctor echoes him: "It seems to me that the attitude of these super-educated nurses is not, on the whole, as good as that of the nurses who are not college graduates." The physicians from all cities seem to agree: the new nurse looks on the care of the sick as a stepping-stone to something better; her insistence that only the bookish may join her ranks "keeps out a great many women who could render faithful and intelligent service if they were allowed to become nurses."

For the promised "prestige" does not seem to attract to nursing, in sufficient numbers, the girls of super-I. Q. who alone are welcomed. Massachusetts General Hospital put in additional tennis courts and telephones, recreation rooms and other lures to student nurses; but it was 25 per cent short of the expected student personnel. The American Hospital Association launched a drive to induce 40,000 intellectually qualified girls to study nursing; only 15,000 responded. In 1946 only 31,000 students entered all the country's training schools, a drop of 25,000 from the year before. Hospitals now send out "scouts" to the high schools, to try to induce honor-grade girls to sign up with them—but a Baltimore superintendent of nurses who visited six schools gathered only two applicants. And, throughout the country, 38 of every 100 girls who enter training drop out before graduation from the nurses' schools.

Why don't honor-grade girls want to become nurses? Is it the long hours, the hard work? Would easier working conditions and more "prestige" correct the situation? That is the official stand of the nursing organization spokesmen. But there are voices raised to say that the answer lies in exactly an opposite direction.

Miss Mary Richardson, supervisor of nurses at Lenox Hill Hospital, New York, says, "I deplore the slogan that ours is 'a proud profession.' It must be a humble pro-

fession—or, rather, a vocation. The girl who enters nursing without a true desire to help humanity makes a poor nurse."

A BOSTON hospital official makes this statement: "Up to about 1917 the nursing profession was entered by young ladies who were primarily interested in the care of the sick, and secondarily in money. Shortly after World War I, I noticed a gradual change in the attitude of those engaged in the nursing profession; it has become even more marked since 1932, when the eight-hour day for nurses was instituted. It seems to me that there is no longer in the average nurse the same idealism and devotion to duty, but rather an accentuation of shorter hours, higher pay and as little work as the individual nurse can get along with."

Even the American Journal of Nursing has deplored the loss of the old-fashioned unselfish ideal. In an editorial it remarked that the profession "seems to be suffering from a type of spiritual exhaustion." This is reminiscent of the ideal of Florence Nightingale, who opposed even the registration of nurses because, she said, examination could never test the "absolutely essential requirements of spirit."

We do not usually think of education as being a good thing of which you can have too much; yet if it leads to educational snobbery, it can crowd out more important things. And that is exactly what has happened in the case of the nurses, according to a California physician, reporting to the A.S.A.: "The nurse of 1946 has attempted to substitute, by high intellectual attainments, for the position of dignity she was once granted as a spontaneous tribute to her nobility and spirit of selfless sacrifice. It was a bad exchange, and it has not resulted in satisfaction for anyone. The nurses, now that they are putting prestige ahead of service, naturally seek the positions which give them the greatest prestige. Those positions are never by the bed of the sick."

And all this education is for a very short professional life, indeed. The American Hospital Association has found that six years after graduation, 50 per cent of the nurses have completely left the profession. The U. S. Department of Labor, in its recent study, found that of 22,000 nurses still registered, over one third had retired from any kind of nursing work. A three-year course of training, piled on top of two years of college, would seem an elaborate preparation for six years of nursing, at the most. Yet half the girls we train work no longer than that.

But is such training necessary even to turn out the kind of nurse who will die in harness—the kind whom doctors fight over as "a jewel"? Few of them think so. The doctors point to the experience of the war years, when overseas nurses were able to turn over most of their duties to G. I. corpsmen and ward boys and even captured prisoners of war, who had been given only a few months of preparation for the task. They remind us of the superb assistance given the hospitals during the war by the Red Cross-trained nurses' aides, whose training was never so



The Christmas of the Past

By Christie Lund Cole

The Christmas of the past comes back tonight,
The moment when we paused upon the stair
To view the tinsel tree, the baubles bright,
The mysterious gifts wrapped and waiting there.
There was the little stove, the stockings filled,
The games, the dishes and the colored ball,
The shiny buggy miraculously filled
With the enchanting, wide-eyed baby doll.

There have been other moments of delight,
And other treasures time has freely given,
Yet, still, that Christmas morning
Never attained again . . . so near to heaven,
Till now when we clothe a doll for another
Star-eyed little girl who calls us mother!



(Continued on Page 102)

"LET'S MAKE IT FOR KEEPS"



FOR KEEPS, SHE'LL TREASURE:

MORNING STAR—It's *new*, it's pierced, deep-carved; it's a pattern to live with, a pattern to love!

CORONATION—Strong lines, fluted carving, distinguished design—and tops in popularity.

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The Bride Gets the Bounty



I GET A KICK out of this story because I'm just a newlywed, and Aunt Bea knows all about everything. I'll tell you why she gave me that necklace.



SHE FOUND ME in the kitchen one morning making Borden's Instant Coffee. "What's that?" says Auntie. I told her Borden's was wonderful. No pot, no grounds, no waste... and delicious.



"COFFEE MY GRANDMOTHER!" says Auntie. "I've tried those instant things for years. Don't serve me any of that new-fangled nonsense!" So I made her a pot of the old-fashioned kind.



NEXT DAY, HOWEVER, I gave her a cup of Borden's without her knowing it. "Now, my chickadee," says Auntie, "you're learning! This is the best coffee I've had in years." When I told her it was Borden's she called me the smartest young housewife in America. "I thought I knew all about instant coffee..." she said, "but I didn't know Borden's!" Went right upstairs for that necklace, too.

Money back if BORDEN'S doesn't beat your favorite coffee!*

AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING PURE INSTANT COFFEE

* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 100)
elaborate as the mere two-year maximum for nurses (some doctors would like to see restored. (In Canada such a reduction of nurses' training from three years to two is now being tried.)

Every effort to reduce the length of training in this country, or to lower the standards of admission to the schools, has met with the unyielding resistance of nursing groups—which suggests, at first, that there will never be enough nurses to care for our sick.

And yet, the situation is not so altogether hopeless as these figures and quotations may seem to indicate. The clue to a happier future lies in the fact—attested by the A.S.A. committee and by many other groups—that at least 60 per cent of the tasks carried on by a trained nurse could be delegated to someone with much less education than the RN of today. If the trained nurse refuses to admit to her ranks any girl incapable of mastering microbiology, say the doctors, we'll take away from her these routine jobs she seems to despise. We will relieve her of the bedside care of the sick, and we will build up another group of women who do not aspire to doing anything at all except that immensely necessary job of old-fashioned nursing.

This is no mere blueprint of a plan. The new women, who are to replace the vanishing trained nurse by our sickbeds, are already beginning to appear. They have a name: "practical nurse." They have been licensed and registered in nine states, and legislation is impending in five more. Their scale of pay has been set—in New York City it is, by law, 75 per cent of a trained nurse's pay, and most experts concerned feel that such a ratio is fair. Their duties, their limitations, their period of training are being outlined by experiments with grants from several foundations. Practical nurses may still arrive, in numbers, in time to save us from a national disaster.

For there are girls—plenty of girls—who want to become nurses. Nursing is generally scorned by the intelligentsia of the high schools at whom the trained-nurse officials have set their caps; but vocational advisers to the high schools in New York and other cities have found that nursing has a powerful attraction for just the kind of girl the trained nurses won't accept—the girl with a warm heart, manual dexterity, a liking for people and no great interest in making the pages of Who's Who. Such girls are naturals for the growing profession of licensed practical nurse.

There are, today, 109,000 practical nurses—one third as many as the trained-nurse popu-

lation. Many of them are merely women who are "handy" with the sick, leftovers of an age in which training schools for practical nurses did not exist. But, as soon as the state laws are unified, it is expected that new licenses will be granted only to women who have completed a set course of instruction, taking about a year to complete. Today, the patient who wishes to be certain she gets a well-trained nurse can ask for a woman who has a diploma from one of the recognized schools of practical nursing.

There are about fifty such schools today, most of them affiliated with the National Association for Practical Nurse Education. This clearinghouse (which has been in existence for five years) is headed by a trained nurse, Miss Hilda Torrop, formerly the director of the practical-nurse courses offered by the New York City Young Women's Christian Association. Its offices (654 Madison Avenue, New York) receive some forty-five letters a day from girls who wish to become practical nurses. For while the trained-nurse schools close down for lack of the kind of students acceptable to them, thousands of ineligible women a year beg for a course of nursing training. And—best news of all!—what they hope to do, when they have completed it, is to spend a lifetime nursing the sick, either in a hospital or in the home.

Who are these girls? Miss Torrop will tell you: "Some of them are women past their youth, who enjoy helping others and have a gift for making sick people comfortable, but are not able to prepare themselves as professional nurses. Some are young girls who don't have the high-school diplomas or high scholastic records that would get them into a trained-nurse course. Others cannot devote three full years to preparation—they must begin earning money after a single year."

The schools which accept students of practical nursing will usually take applicants who have not finished high school. In New York State a grammar-school education is all that is required. In Michigan girls can combine practical-nurse training with other studies at vocational high school. Formal education for this profession is not stressed in any of the schools.

Neither is age: most of the schools accept applicants from eighteen years to fifty—even older, if their health is good. Tuition varies from nothing to around \$175 a year, and soon there will be more of the no-tuition schools, financed by the U. S. Office of Education. (The U. S. Government will have to help finance 195,000 new hospital
(Continued on Page 104)



Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

THE difficulty between parents and children is that too often the fruits of experience cannot be handed down until they are overripe.

Like honey, kind words not only sweeten but leaven.

My husband and I are now closer together than we have been in years; he has gained ten pounds and I have lost ten.

Daughter: "Why do you always underestimate me?"

The worst thing about a man trying to find something is that he usually ends by forgetting what he's looking for.

The meanest mother is the one who doesn't let her children hang ornaments on the Christmas tree.

Child's description of a caterpillar: "It walks like an accordion plays."

At least the single-track mind usually knows where it's going.

He earned a living by the sweat of her browbeating.

Telephone call from small daughter at the corner grocery: "Mother, I thought I would tell you what I ate for lunch so you wouldn't worry. I had two sodas, three candy bars and a hot dog."

When my teen-age daughters blossom out in something outlandish, I'm going to remember the time I took some leftover emerald-green silk and sewed it, with an entrancing dip or two, to the bottom of a petticoat.

G. I.'s, with families attached, give a realistic touch of what the future holds for the other undergraduates.

Before marriage a girl should know a few of the facts of life in a kitchen, such as:
A kiss is all right for an appetizer if the meal is substantial.
Love can be "folded in" with nimble fingers.
Grounds for many a divorce have been found in the coffee-pot.
To remain the apple of his eye, mind his apple pie.

Exciting
Christmas
News!

Spry with Cake-Improver

Try this marvelous method prepared by the famous
test kitchens of Lever Brothers Company

WHAT fun to get cheers from your holiday company for simply divine cake! It's easy now... Spry has a special cake secret that makes possible Spry's One-Bowl Cake Method. You mix a cake in two-thirds less time. And from your oven come

exquisitely light, fine-grained layers of mouth-melting deliciousness. How proud you'll feel!...

Try this luscious Christmas party cake and discover what a wonder-worker Spry is. Count on Spry's help for new success with ALL your cooking.

SWIRLS OF CREAMY PINK FROSTING
AND THE MOST HEAVENLY CAKE!

CHERRY SNOW CHRISTMAS CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Spry
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup canned pineapple juice or milk
$3\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder (tartrate powder, 5 teaspoons)	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon salt	$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons almond extract
	3 egg whites, unbeaten

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, salt into mixing bowl. Drop in Spry (no creaming needed). Add $\frac{2}{3}$ of liquid, then flavorings; beat 200 strokes (2 min. by hand or on mixer at low speed). Scrape bowl and spoon or beater. Add egg whites and remaining liquid; beat 200 strokes (2 min. on mixer).

Bake in 2 square 8-inch Sprycoated pans in moderate oven (360° F.) 25-30 minutes. Chill layers, split in half. Spread Cherry-Almond Filling between layers and on top of cake. Chill in refrigerator several hours before serving. *Cherry Almond Filling*—Soften 1 tablespoon gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water 5 minutes. Place over boiling water; stir until completely dissolved. Add finely cut Maraschino cherries with juice (contents of 8-ounce jar), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in 2 cups heavy cream, whipped; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched almonds, finely cut; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract. Fold in gelatin mixture.



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LIGHTER!"



"SUCH SCRUMPTIOUS
TASTING CAKES!"

"AND SPRY'S ONE-BOWL METHOD
IS THE EASIEST EVER!"

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"New cake triumphs
—more compliments
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Wedding Clothes courtesy B. Altman & Co.

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"My Solid Silver"*

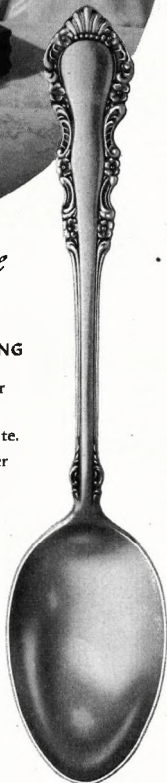
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Imagine your thrill as you show your friends your own beautiful pattern of sterling. Their delighted admiration will sincerely compliment your good taste. So choose carefully. For over a century and a quarter brides of distinction have selected Reed & Barton patterns in both flatware and tea services.

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FRAGRANCE
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FRANCIS' FIRST

(Continued from Page 102)

beds, under the Federal Hospital Construction Act: it is as worried about the nursing shortage as you or I.)

The young woman who graduates from one of these schools has made a minor investment of time and money in preparing herself; as a result, she can afford to work for less money than we can fairly ask a trained nurse to accept. The American Hospital Association reports that practical nurses employed by hospitals last year earned a monthly average of \$125; trained nurses on general duty in hospitals averaged \$172. Obviously, the practical nurse is a good buy.

But if you take a good look at those figures they will make it hard for you to judge the trained nurse too harshly for deserting the sick; a girl who starts out with top-of-the-class honors in high school, and piles a three-year training course on top of that, is scarcely being overpaid when she makes \$172 a month—and not all of that in cash, for if the hospital provides meals or laundry it is deducted from this amount. Stenographers, with a period of training of less than a year, often make as much. Even chauffeurs, cooks and gardeners may command \$172 a month in some sections.

True, there is one time in everybody's life when nurses seem to be the highest-paid professionals in the world—and that is when they must be engaged for a patient too sick to be left alone, night or day. With the eight-hour shift, private-duty nurses can clean out the average family's bank account in a few weeks. For trained nurses in the home get \$8 a day in most cities; that means \$24 a day for round-the-clock care. A patient asked to pay \$168 a week for home nursing alone may feel gypped; actually, the money is divided among four different women. None of these trained nurses on eight-hour duty will be very far ahead at the end of the year.

Practical nurses are less insisted on the eight-hour day: last year registries placed over one third of their practical nurses for twelve-hour assignments, and 8 per cent of them took the old-fashioned twenty-hour duty. Their payments for this work varied, but few of them got more than \$7 a day, even in big cities. Two nurses, at this rate, can give a patient constant care for \$14, compared with the \$24 he would have to pay for three trained nurses.

But will the public accept the practical nurse? Will it? The New York Academy of Medicine has made a study of requests to nurses' registries; it found that the calls for trained nurses increased 13 per cent between 1939 and 1943—and that in the same period requests for practical nurses went up 43 per cent.

"The principal reason for the public's preference," says the academy report, "seems to be the lower fees charged, the acceptance by the practical nurse of both sickness care and household duties, and the general feeling that the practical nurse makes a more satisfactory adjustment to the household situation."

(Yes, the practical nurse gets special training in household marketing and the planning of meals. She expects to help on the household chores, especially in cases where the mother is the patient.)

How do the doctors feel? Very eager to get more of those practical nurses into the homes and hospitals where their patients wait for them. The American Surgical Association members expressed, three to one, their willingness to trust these women to fill at least half the orders they have been giving to trained nurses. Some of the surgeons went farther—they stated that the practical nurse can take over three quarters of the bedside duties a trained nurse performs (when there is a trained nurse).

The Journal of the American Medical Association also approves of practical nurses; in an editorial it recently pointed to

the success of nurses' aides during the war as proving that "bedside nursing" can be carried out by "intelligent women especially trained in the fundamental duties of making sick people comfortable."

How about the attitude of the trained nurse? This is a little more doubtful. The American Nurses Association and five other groups of nurses have officially blessed the plan to train and license practical nurses. But they do not wish the training to take place in the same institutions which offer an RN degree. And there have been a few cases of what the American Surgical Association calls "closed-shop practices": graduate practical nurses have been barred, by the trained-nurse staff, from working in their hospitals. But this attitude, it is hoped by doctors, is only a temporary difficulty; in time, the trained nurse is expected to wake up and to rejoice at finding someone who is able and willing to relieve her of the routine duties involved in bedside care.

For the practical nurse cannot drive her out of business; there will always be a need for trained nurses—in public health, in administrative jobs and in many of the fields into which they are swarming today. Even in the hospitals, it seems unlikely that the trained nurse can be dispossessed; her work in the operating room, for instance, calls for a skill which few women could acquire in a single year's course. Other specialized types of nursing also require a long period of preparation.

But there are millions of chronic patients in the country—tubercular, cancer, heart-disease cases—who need to have the same simple care, day after day, for months without a change. The practical nurse can admirably take them over.

She can also look after the convalescent, who has passed his crisis and needs only routine services to help him back toward health. She can accompany the mother and the new baby to their home, to share the first exciting

weeks of adjustment with them. She can care for the aged sick—a group increasing as our population grows older—and for patients with mild mental maladies. She can work as a visiting nurse: Henry Street Settlement in New York has already hired a number of practical nurses for such jobs.

No, there is no danger that the practical nurse will ever languish for lack of a job! "I could place twenty-five thousand of these girls in New York State alone," says Miss Torrop—and there are only 109,000 in the whole United States.

But the number of practical nurses is rising, and rising fast: last year it increased by over one third, and most of the recruits were young graduates of the new training schools. Such girls are bringing fresh blood into the profession, and brand-new scientific skills, and a bit of youth and glamour too. The average age of the practical nurse used to be over thirty-five years; it is twenty-three today.

So cheer up: help is on the way! The practical-nurse boom may not solve the problem of illness in your home tonight; you will probably have to ride out the present nurse shortage alone. But when your week-old baby gets his second set of teeth, with complications; when your sister has her fifth child, and not the first who is due home tomorrow, things may be different. Five years from now, you may be able to call a nurses' registry and hear the words, "Miss Brown, a licensed practical nurse, will be at your home within an hour, prepared to stay until the patient is cured."

Five years from now. But don't expect it today, in a period when the trained nurses have tired of caring for the sick, and the practical nurses have not become numerous enough to replace them.

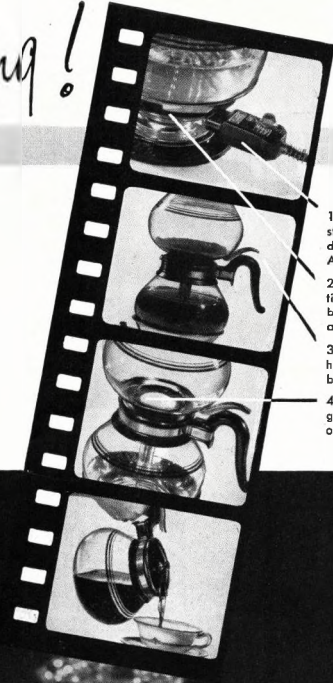
No. You still can't get a nurse in 1947— not unless you are an industrial plant or an airplane or a county government. You're just a sick patient? Sorry. You have no nurse appeal.

THE END

A woman never forgets her sex. She would rather talk with a man than an angel, any day!
—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

New adventure in coffee making!

Imagine! *Every time* you make coffee in this Silex coffee maker—it's absolutely perfect! Clearer, finer, completely delicious! And here's why! First, because this Silex coffee maker brews your coffee exactly the right time . . . at exactly the right temperature. Second, because the exclusive Silex flavor-guard filter doesn't allow even a hint of taste-spoiling sediment or dregs to touch the coffee you drink. Why not buy your Silex coffee maker today? First cup in the morning or last cup at night—you'll enjoy the best coffee you ever tasted!



1. "Anyheat" thermostat control maintains desired temperature. A Silex exclusive!
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Conversation Piece

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE



PHOTOS BY STUART

Open house, with plenty of good food for all, for a snack or a supper! There is no form of generous holiday entertaining more convenient for both hostess and guests.

An open heart, an open door, a board laden with good things for all who may come to share them with you! That's the spirit of your holiday open house—come one, come all, early or late, and eat little or much. Peace in your heart and plenty for all your friends!

We need to keep alive the tradition of Christmas hospitality, but this year there is every reason to concentrate your holiday entertaining (Continued on Page 109)



Flaky meat rolls in blankets—hot and crisp and very tasty—and a fine way to use leftovers.



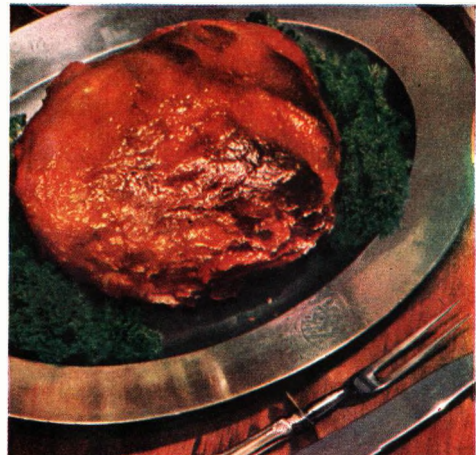
A huge lazy Susan, laden with salads to tempt light and hearty appetites.

Christmas fruit pudding—with coat of gold and bands of gay cherries. Chocolate croutons, too, and sugared mint leaves. Desserts in the holiday spirit.

Cold baked ham, coated with apricot glaze and filled with delicious stuffing. Cut in paper-thin slices or in meal-size slabs, this is very special.

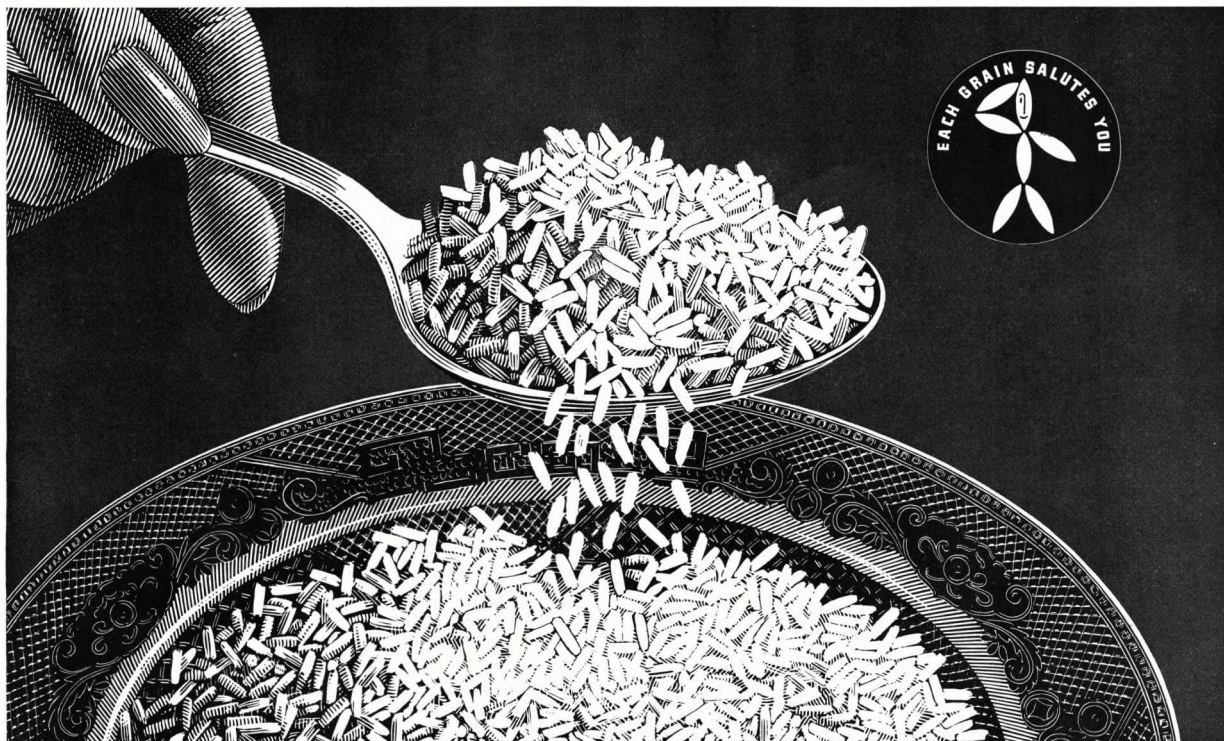


Oysters anchovy will do double duty as a hot appetizer or a fine main dish.



NEW KIND OF RICE

Anyone can cook it like an expert



It's so easy to prepare. Sunny-colored grains that cook white and fluffy every time. The grains stand apart—"Each grain salutes you." Richer, fuller, nut-like flavor

The new idea in rice that created so much interest among food chemists and the Army's food experts early in the war, is now becoming available at food stores everywhere.

Fluffs Up—Looks Nicer

Leading chefs like it because it fluffs up—looks nicer on the plate. They have learned, too, that it may be kept, either hot or cold, without gumming up or sticking to the pan. Naturally it goes further. You will like it for the same good reasons.

White Magic in Cooking

The first thing you will notice about Uncle Ben's *Converted* Rice is that the grains are sunny colored. But presto! In cooking, the grains turn white and fluffy.

No Pot Watching

You don't have to time Uncle Ben's

Rice to the minute. If dinner is delayed a little, you can still have fine, fluffy, good-tasting rice.

Richer, Fuller Flavor

Another happy discovery about Uncle Ben's will be its flavor—a delicate, nut-like taste—a richer, fuller flavor than you have ever known in rice. It's a taste you don't tire of... a wonderful new eating experience.

And best of all, you'll find that it's a lot less trouble to cook Uncle Ben's Rice. You can forget about the washing, rinsing and steaming that take extra time and require extra utensils.

B Vitamins Saved

This is the product that The Reader's Digest called a "Revolution in Rice."

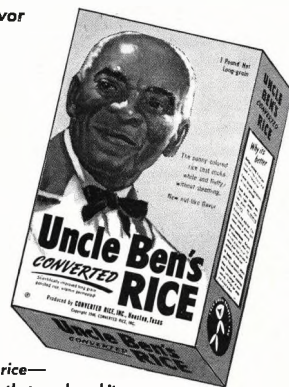
This is the product that the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps took

control of during the war because of its high vitamin value and because it kept better in any climate.

This is the product that nutritionists have been enthusiastic about because our new patented process (exclusive with Uncle Ben's) saves, in the rice kernel itself, a high percentage of B vitamins and other whole-grain properties that are largely lost in ordinary polished rice.

Try this grand-tasting new rice—in your favorite rice dish—soon.

Scientifically improved long-grain polished rice—vitamin permeated. The sunny-colored rice that cooks white.



Uncle Ben's RICE

"Uncle Ben's" and "Converted" are trade-marks of CONVERTED RICE, INC.

CONVERTED RICE, INC., Houston, Texas

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meat *and the protein needs of your child*

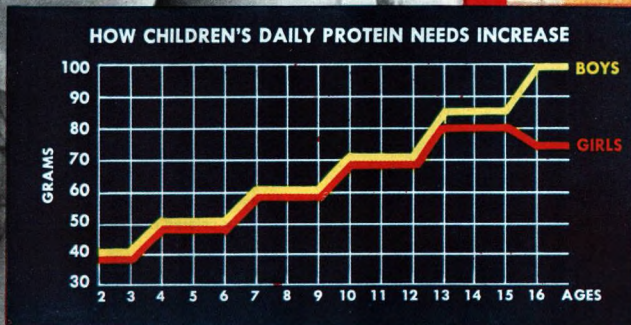
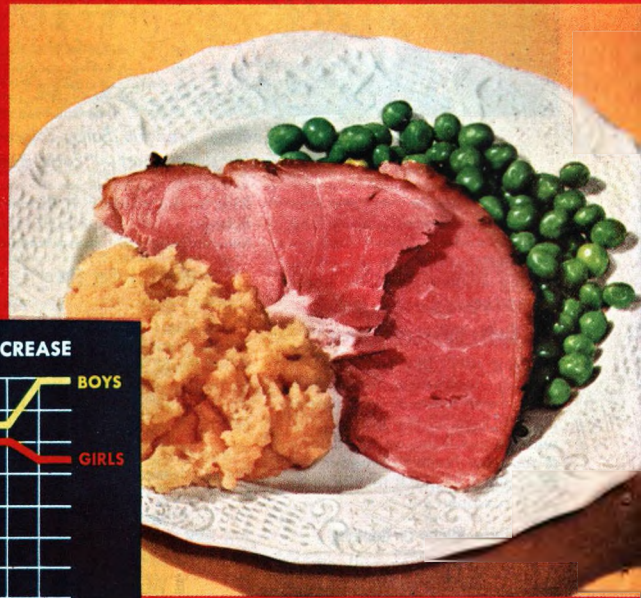


A dress for your five-year-old daughter takes much less material than a dress for you.

But in *body-building protein*, her needs are crowding close to yours. Your doctor will tell you that complete protein, with all the essential amino acids, is the foundation of your child's growth pattern.

Meat—which children like so much—is rich in this complete protein. Equally important, meat is highly digestible. When you give your children meat, mothers, you're giving them the "building blocks" to help make full-grown, healthy bodies.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
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By age 10 the protein needs of both boys and girls approximate those of a grown man. From 12 to maturity, boys' needs are higher than girls'; both are above a grown man's. The protein of meat is of high quality, capable of meeting the protein needs of growth at every age level.



This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

(Continued from Page 106)

in one all-inclusive occasion, with the economies and food saving that makes possible, instead of the string of varied parties so often given. It may be more fun too.

Some may stop in for an hour or two before dinner, and others may stay through the dinner hour and the evening. But with the food we're planning you can be perfectly serene through it all. The work will be done ahead of time and you will be free to relax in the comforting knowledge that there is a variety of food and plenty of it to satisfy every kind of appetite.

There will be a baked stuffed ham coated with a thick apricot glaze—and quite a production this is. Whether cut in paper-thin slices or in generous slabs, it is special. It looks pretty, too, and—no small item these days—it makes one ham stretch from here to there. The ham will be cold; not that it isn't delicious hot, but for this party it's more practical to serve it cold. And the wonderful things that can be done with what's left over! Every drop of broth and sliver of ham can be used in one way or another.

Oysters anchovy will be the hot dish, and I hope you'll keep this recipe on tap for a luncheon or late supper at some future date. It's a combination of cheese sauce, fillets of anchovy and oysters, very easy to make, can be done ahead of time and is super. I think and have been told. The anchovies sharpen the sauce, but their taste is not dominant. In fact, several people who have eaten it here recently and raved about it have said,

Never argue at the dinner table, for the one who is not hungry always gets the best of the argument.

—WHATELY.

"But I thought I didn't like anchovies"—or words to that effect. Beside the oysters anchovy we'll have crustades—bread baskets fried in deep fat—for those who want large servings, and strips of crisp buttered Melba toast for those who want to spread on just a little and eat it with the fingers. Thus it can be a main dish or a hot hors d'oeuvre, a perfect double duty for this party.

For another hot hors d'oeuvre, to be eaten with the fingers, a tempting stack of meat rolls in blankets will make a popular little number. Odds and ends of leftover meat and fowl come into their own in this recipe, and a fine thing that is.

Salad, of course, and this time there will be three kinds, so that hors d'oeuvre or dinner appetites will be pleased. We'll have tiny molded vegetable salads with a slice of lobster tail, a shrimp or a slice of egg topping each to make them look pretty and different. Small pickled beets hollowed into thin shells and filled with egg salad, and strips of beautiful avocado marinated in French dressing. There will be plenty of greens to garnish the salads, and mayonnaise for those who want it.

This mustard-butter sandwiches, to be eaten plain or with slivers of ham, and a tray of chocolate crustons, for a touch of sweets, complete the buffet.

But we mustn't forget a real dessert for those who stay on, and this will be a holiday dessert—a Christmas fruit pudding. It will be as full of fruits and nuts as a fruitcake, but the base will be a delicate cornstarch pudding. A simple raspberry sauce can either surround the molded pudding or be served in a separate bowl.

Now I'd better get going with these recipes, or space won't permit. I'll plan for twenty-five or thirty people. If a smaller number is expected, the recipes are easy to cut.

STUFFED HAM WITH APRICOT GLAZE

Select a fine ham and ask your butcher to remove the shank and all the bones and sew up the shank end. Also ask him to give you the bones and scraps that accumulate during the boning process. The size of the ham should depend on the size of your crowd. My ham weighed 22 pounds, but, after all, it had to have its picture taken and I wanted a beautiful monster. Most hams we buy today have been processed for tenderness and needn't be soaked; but if your ham is home-cured it should stand in cold water 5 or 6 hours before you proceed with the next step.

Chop the ham scraps left from boning into tiny pieces and mix them with 1 pound ground fresh pork, 1 medium onion, finely chopped; 1 raw egg; 3 slices crumbled bread, no crusts; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cinnamon and a handful of seeded raisins. Mix thoroughly and sauté a little dab so that you can taste for seasoning. While the dab is cooking, wipe the ham inside and out with a damp cloth, insert your hand into the cavity and stretch in all directions to make the hole bigger. Add more seasoning to stuffing if needed, and stir in 1 cup seedless green grapes. Fill cavity with stuffing and sew up open end. Now wrap the ham in parchment paper or the paper it came in, tie it up and put it, fat side up, in a baking pan that has a lid. Pour in 2 cups water, cover with lid and cook in a 300° F. oven, allowing 20 minutes a pound for a large and 25 minutes a pound for a medium-size ham. If it is not a processed ham, allow 30 minutes a pound. Add a little water from time to time to make steam and prevent browning. When cooking time is over, remove paper and any skin that has been left on and allow to cool to lukewarm.

A note on leftovers: As soon as ham is removed from baking pan pour the highly concentrated broth that will be left into a large kettle, add ham bones and water, cover and cook 3 or 4 hours. Strain into jars, cool, and store in freezing unit or refrigerator. When I cooked my ham I got three jars of rich delicious broth which I used as the base for several terrific soup meals. Any leftover ham can be turned into ham jambalaya or croquettes.

APRICOT GLAZE

Soak overnight in cold water $\frac{1}{2}$ pound dried apricots. Boil until puffy and tender and strain through a fine sieve. Add 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, and cook over brisk heat for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 1 tablespoon cornstarch, dissolved in a little water, and continue cooking a minute or two.

Put lukewarm ham in a shallow pan and carefully coat it with as much apricot glaze as will stick. Put it in a 400° F. oven until glaze has set. Don't let it brown. Take it out where you can see what you're doing, coat again with glaze and return to oven. Keep this up until all the glaze is used or until the ham is completely coated—except on the bottom. Don't try that.

Cool and keep in refrigerator or other cold place until ready for use. The ham should be prepared a day or two days before the party.

OYSTERS ANCHOVY

Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds good sharp American cheese into small pieces. In a skillet heat to the sizzling point a piece of butter or margarine about the size of an egg; add 3 pounds frozen oysters, or the same amount of fresh, and let them cook until their edges curl. Strain oysters and measure juice. Add to the juice enough milk to make 6 cups in all and heat this liquid. In a saucepan or in the top of a double boiler melt 5 tablespoons butter or margarine and blend into it 6 tablespoons flour. Remove from heat and add hot liquid slowly, stirring constantly. Open 4 two-ounce cans fillets of anchovy. Leaving the anchovies in the cans, strain off the liquid; let some cold water trickle gently in and strain that off. They need washing, but you can't be too rough about it or your anchovies will go down the drain. Mash the fillets with a fork and add these and the cheese to the hot milk, and so on. Now cook over direct heat or in double boiler until cheese has melted and the sauce is thick and creamy. A double boiler is best for any cream sauce, but direct heat is perfectly safe if you don't forget to stir pretty constantly—and it's so much quicker.

Add the oysters and let them cook a little. If they're going to give off any more juice, this is the time we want it. Blend 2 tablespoons cornstarch with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

EARLY SHOPPER GETS BEST PICK...



PICK UP CARTONS
IN THE STORES



"SIXES-TWELVES"
AND 24's

EVERYDAY'S TREAT AND A

Holiday Must

Dr. Pepper is a gay, sparkling "goodie," a tradition, for festive times. Build up your reserve stock. Rely on this luscious, liquid lift for needed extra relief... for wholesome hospitality... for grateful relief after any over-indulgence. Dr. Pepper! America's good friend during work days, school days and especially holidays. Drink-a-bite-to-eat at 10, 2 and 4 o'clock or anytime you're hungry, thirsty or tired.

NOTE: Dr. Pepper availability in a few markets has been delayed by continuing shortages. These will be opened by new, franchised Dr. Pepper bottling plants as rapidly as supplies will permit.

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FOR THE VERY FINEST in modern automatic cooking appliances, look for the "CP" seal. It's on this super-modern TAPPAN Gas range and on dozens of other models—all built to "CP" standards. See these stunning new ranges at your local Gas Company or Gas appliance dealer's. There'll be one that's just perfect for your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen."

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

GAS has got it!

and add a little of this at a time until the sauce is thick enough to be spooned onto a piece of Melba toast and stay there. You may or may not need all the cornstarch, and if you use it all and the sauce seems a little thick, add a few tablespoons milk until the right consistency is reached. Add several good dashes Tabasco sauce, taste and add more if needed. Oysters anchovy can be made hours ahead of time and reheated before serving. If there's any left after the party, bake it the next day in scallop shells, ramekins or a casserole, with a thick coating of homemade bread crumbs on top.

CROUSTADES

These are simply baskets carved out of a hunk of bread. Cut the bread in slabs 2 inches thick. Starting with the bottom of the basket up, cut the crusts off the four sides in slices slanting outward, leaving about a 2-inch square for the bottom and letting the top be as big as the slice of bread without its crust. Now turn it

FIRST WOMAN TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Probably of all the pursuits in which women are engaged, the most familiar is the telephone operator whose unruffled "Number, please" has just about cornered the 175,000 jobs at the nation's switchboards. How it is that women hold these jobs to the exclusion of men dates back to the time when males were the operators, and each time you lifted the hook a booming voice asked you what you wanted—in no uncertain terms. Or at least it did until masculine operators started inviting complainers to fight it out at the corner saloon. At this point a cool and collected young lady named Emma N. Nutt was signed up in 1878 by Boston's Washington Street telephone exchange as the feminine first at a switchboard. Higher-ups in the phone business, it seems, had come upon an ageless discovery. Women, they had to admit, were politer than men.

—JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL

MELBA TOAST

Make this in the usual way, but spread it with a little butter or margarine and let it dry out in the oven.

MOLDED VEGETABLE SALADS

Chop pimientos, green peppers, onions, celery and cucumbers (no seeds) to make 6 cups in all. Since these are to be small molds, the vegetables should be chopped very fine.

Soak 4 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ¾ cup cold water. Add 2½ cups boiling water and ½ cup sugar and stir until gelatin has dissolved. Add 1 cup vinegar, 1½ teaspoons salt and the juice of 1 lemon and stir again. When the mixture is cold but not set, stir in the vegetables.

Now to molds. Almost anything that is small and will turn out will do. I use demitasses and some tiny eggcups I bought years ago in a ten-cent store. Neither was intended to mold a vegetable salad, but they do a fine job of it. Wet the molds and put a shrimp, a slice of egg or a slice of lobster tail in the bottom of each and spoon in the vegetable-and-gelatin mixture, which should have begun to thicken. Make the day before and store in refrigerator.

FILED BEETS

Get small canned beets and hollow out the insides with a ball vegetable cutter. This is no trick to do, and keep digging until the shell is fairly thin. Cover the shells with some of the beet juice and vinegar, water, salt and sugar to taste. A mild sweet-sour pickle flavor is what we want. Do this a day or two ahead of time. (Save the trimmings and the rest of the beet juice for borsch.)

Hard-cook some eggs, allowing ½ egg for each beet to be stuffed. Chop very fine and add chopped chives or parsley, allowing ½ teaspoon for each egg. Bind together with mayonnaise and season to taste with salt, freshly ground pepper, mustard, grated onion and a little sugar. Drain the beet shells and fill them with the egg mixture, piling it high. All preparations can be done ahead of time, but the beets should be filed reasonably near the last minute.

AVOCADO

Peel several large ripe avocados, cut in half, remove stone and at once sprinkle entire surface, inside and out, with lemon juice. Marinate in French dressing that has a good strong garlic taste, and when you are ready to arrange the salad trays cut the avocados into slender strips.

The arrangement of the salads will depend on the sizes and shapes of your serving dishes. The three varieties can each have its separate tray, or there can be an assortment of all three on as many trays as you like. Or, if you happen to have one, a large Lazy Susan laden with the salads will look gay. Garnish with plenty of crisp greens and serve with a bowl of mayonnaise.

MEAT ROLLS IN BLANKETS

Put leftover scraps of any kind of meat or fowl, or both, through the finest blade of the food chopper twice. Measure, add ½ the quantity of liverwurst and grind all together; 3 cups in all should make enough rolls for this party. Add a good hunk of butter or margarine and season highly with salt, black pepper, cayenne, grated garlic, Worcestershire sauce and catchup. High seasoning is important, but it's difficult to give exact measurements. For instance, the last time I made meat rolls in blankets I used, in addition to the liverwurst, leftover turkey, leg of lamb, steak—and all three had been seasoned differently when they were cooked the first time. Do a lot of tasting and adding.

Roll pie dough a little thinner than for a pie and cut into long strips about 4 inches wide. Make a finger-size roll of meat a little less than 4 inches long, place it at the end of a strip of dough and roll until meat is completely enclosed. Cut the dough and seal the roll with raw egg white. Continue until you have used pastry and meat. Place rolls on cookie sheets, brush lightly with beaten egg yolk and bake in a hot oven, 450°F., until brown—12 to 15 minutes. The rolls can be prepared for baking the day before and kept in the refrigerator.

MUSTARD-BUTTER SANDWICHES

Cream together 2 parts butter or margarine to 1 part cream cheese and add enough prepared mustard to give a decidedly snappy taste. Bahamian mustard is best, I think, but use less of it than of other varieties because it's scorching hot. Slice bread very thin; remove crusts; make small sandwiches, using the mustard-butter spread.

CHOCOLATE CROUTONS

Cut fairly thick slices of white bread into strips, tiny disks, stars—whatever shape you like. Fry these very slowly in butter or margarine until golden brown on both sides, transfer to cookie sheets and dry thoroughly in a slow oven. When cold, dip in melted chocolate until completely coated and place on wax paper to dry. I like ¾ sweet to ¼ unsweetened chocolate for the coating, but follow your own taste. Before the coating operation begins, better try one for crispness, but don't eat them all. They're even better with the chocolate on. Make plenty. They go faster than cookies or candy—at least in my house they do.

CHRISTMAS FRUIT PUDDING

This recipe will fill a 3-quart mold which can be any shape you like. More on the mold subject later.

Cut, as for fruitcake, 2 cups pitted dates, 1 cup candied cherries, 1 cup figs, 1 cup candied pineapple, ¼ cup citron and ¼ cup candied grapefruit peel. Mix with the fruit 2½ cups toasted English walnut and pecan meats, broken into fairly small pieces.

(Continued on Page 112)

YOU CAN SAY *Merry Christmas* 3 WAYS with just **1** recipe! . . .

Big Fruit Cake... little Fruit Cakes... and a Pudding—all made with the same wonderful KARO* Syrup recipe! Every one of them rich and moist and with that delicious flavor, KARO always gives. My Mom says it's a grand

idea because you can make 'em all ahead of the Christmas excitement. (Just wrap well and store in airtight container.) I say, "Better not let me know where you hide 'em!"

the KARO kid



YULETIDE SAUCE

Combine 2 egg yolks, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup KARO Syrup, Red Label, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt in top of double boiler. Mix well. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture is slightly thickened, about 3 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon Sherry flavoring or 2 teaspoons Sherry. Cool. Chill. Just before serving, beat 2 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in 2 tablespoons sugar. Fold in egg mixture. Makes about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups. Serve with Steamed Pudding.



FRUIT CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. seedless raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dates, finely cut
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. assorted finely cut candied citron, lemon and orange peel, pineapple and cherries

$2\frac{1}{2}$ c. sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. each allspice, cloves and nutmeg

1 c. shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. brown sugar
1 c. KARO Syrup, Red or Blue Label
4 eggs, well-beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. orange juice

Weigh and prepare fruit. Dredge with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the sifted dry ingredients. Cream shortening; add sugar; cream until light. Add KARO; mix well. Add 1 cup of dry ingredients; beat until smooth. Add eggs; beat well. Add orange juice; mix well. Add fruit mixture. Fold in remaining dry ingredients. Bake in well-greased loaf pans, lined with waxed paper, in slow oven (250°F.) 4 to 5 hours, depending upon size. Place shallow pan of water on bottom oven rack during baking; remove during last hour. (Cake improves with age. Prepare well in advance. Wrap and store.) Makes 5 pounds.

Steamed Pudding: Use Fruit Cake recipe. Omit fruit, substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ pound each seedless raisins, chopped candied figs, finely cut dates and candied citron. Place in greased 2-quart pudding mold or individual molds. Cover tightly; steam $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours for large mold; 1 hour for small molds. (Re-heat for serving by steaming 1 hour.) Makes 1 large or 20 individual.

Petite Fruit Cakes: Use $\frac{1}{2}$ Fruit Cake recipe. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nut meats with fruit. Bake in fluted paper cups in cup-cake pens in slow oven (300°F.) about 1 hour. Remove. Brush tops with egg white, garnish with candied cherries, sliced almonds or citron. Return to oven, bake 15 minutes longer. Cool. Serve in fresh paper cups. Makes about 24.

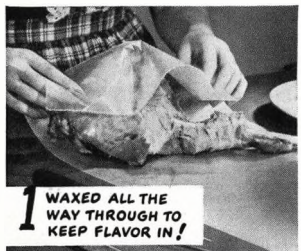


Here's a test of wax papers

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... WRAP A SECOND SLICE IN ANOTHER BRAND... AFTER 3 DAYS SEE WHICH SLICE IS FRESHER MOISTER!

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More women use Cut-Rite than any other Wax Paper!

(Continued from Page 110)

Heat 6 cups milk, stir in ¾ cup sugar and add slowly, stirring constantly, 1 cup cornstarch blended with 1 cup cold milk. Cook in double boiler until thick and add 2 tablespoons vanilla and 2 envelopes gelatin softened in a little cold milk. Put 2½ cups of this pudding in the top of a double boiler and mix the rest with the fruit and nuts.

To the pudding in the double boiler add 4 well-beaten egg yolks and 1 envelope unflavored gelatin softened in ¼ cup cold milk and cook 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and allow to cool.

The plain pudding will make a golden top for the fruit-and-nut pudding. If a flat-bottomed mold is used, square, oblong or round, the procedure is quite simple. Wet the mold, pour in the golden pudding and chill until almost set. Spoon in the rest of the pudding, which should be cool but not set, and pack it carefully to avoid air pockets. When it is turned out, decorate the sides of the golden top with a rim of green and red maraschino cherries—decorate the top, too, if you like. To make the cherries stick, dip them in boiling water before you insert them into the pudding.

A melon mold will make a gorgeous pudding, and if you're an ambitious cook and don't mind the extra work, here's how. First chill the mold in a pan of ice and water. Now turn the mold on one side so that the water touches but doesn't enter it, spoon in a little of the golden mixture and rock the mold to make the mixture spread. Have a spatula handy to help with the spreading. When one area is nicely coated, hold the mold still in the ice water until the pudding is set and then begin on adjacent territory. Coat the sides first—the bottom is a cinch, as you will see. No great skill is required,

but patience, yes. Half an hour of patience it takes me, but the result is gratifying—you have a golden coating all over the pudding.

RASPBERRY SAUCE

Thaw 3 packages frozen raspberries and press through a fine sieve, extracting all the juice and as much pulp as possible. Add to this the juice of 1 orange, the grated rind of ½ orange and 3 tablespoons sugar. Bring to a boil and stir in 2 tablespoons cornstarch blended with a little cold water (or, if you wish, brandy). Serve very cold around the mold or in a bowl.

Servise. Yardage of wordage! I'll have to step lively through this department, but service is really so easy. The food is set out attractively and everyone helps himself when and how he pleases. What could be simpler? Except for replenishing dishes and occasionally whisking away used plates, there's nothing for you to do but be charming and have fun. Keeping the hot food hot is the one problem, but that's easily solved. Heating devices are to be found these days—I don't mean the supply is abundant; I wish I did, but there is such a variety of them. Chafing dishes, of course—and they're hard to beat for the oysters anchovy—but there are electric hot plates, pottery dishes in metal containers with electric heating units controlled so that food will stay hot without continuing to cook, and all sorts of attractive table stoves or heaters that use solid alcohol for fuel. Also there's the familiar little solid alcohol stove—most practical and very inexpensive. So we can all provide gadgets for keeping food hot at the table.

A warm heart, too, with all this good food—that's what it takes to make your holiday open house a huge success.

HELP!

(Continued from Page 56)

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THE AMERICAN JEWISH JOINT DISTRIBUTION COMMITTEE
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New York 17, New York

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350 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, New York

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
1 Madison Avenue
New York 10, New York

THE CHURCH WORLD SERVICE
37 East 38th St.
New York 16, New York

LUTHERAN WORLD RELIEF
231 Madison Avenue
New York 16, New York

UNITARIAN SERVICE COMMITTEE
9 Park St.
Boston 8, Mass.

In addition to the above there are more than 50 other agencies working in single countries or in special relief fields. For information regarding programs you may have heard of, write: The Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, 1778 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington 25, D. C., or The National Information Bureau, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York. **THE END**

Young Mother with 20,000,000 Children

Who? The International Children's Emergency Fund is the United Nation's answer to the needs of 20,000,000 half-starved infants, children, pregnant and nursing mothers. The Children's Fund is the only international governmental organization in existence which is providing aid on the sheer basis of need, regardless of politics, race or religion.

UNRRA. At present, the Fund has about \$31,000,000. This amount is woefully insufficient to help to maintain even the present level of child care in Europe and the Far East.

When? The need is NOW. Allocations already made provide some aid for approximately 3,705,000 children and nursing mothers in thirteen European countries. A drive for additional funds is now being conducted through UNAC. You will have a chance to support this campaign in your community.

How? Assets of the Fund consist of contributions from governments, organizations and individuals, plus the residual funds of

Fun to GIVE... a Thrill to GET



ELECTRICAL SERVANTS



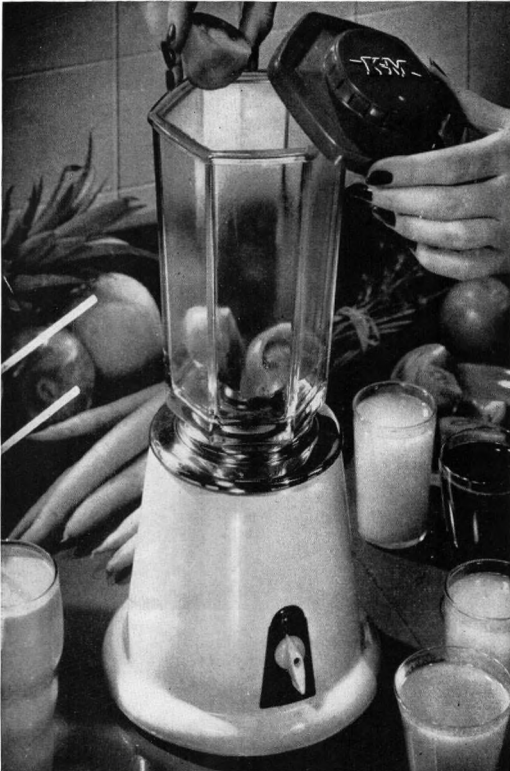
DECK THE TREE WITH K-M MAGIC
GIFTS THAT PLEASE
BOTH YOUNG AND OLD,
USEFUL GIFTS ...
AND GIFTS THAT PROMISE
BETTER LIVING ... JOY UNTOLD!



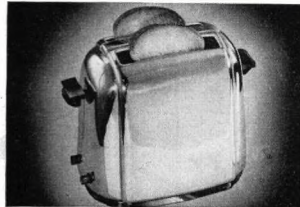
K-M Waffle Baker— Handsome? Yes, indeed! Makes handsome waffles, too, *extra big*, in any one of three shades. Signal light goes off when waffle is ready.

Hostess Gown, Courtesy of Hattie Carnegie

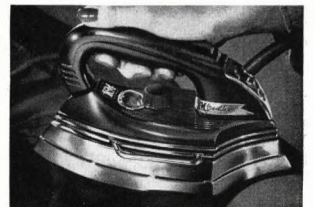
Save your gayest wrappings for these **K-M** gifts! You're giving MORE than handsome appliances... you're giving MAGIC! Magic hands to do a hundred tiring chores. Magic moments of leisure saved from tedious tasks. Magic aid for entertaining, for everyday good living. And while you tie the bright ribbons, make a wish... that someone will make YOURS a magical Christmas, with **K-M** gifts!



K-M Liquidizer—Star Performer for Kitchen or Bar! Mixes, purees, chops, grinds, grates, even shaves ice! Flick the two-speed switch—it does the rest. Baked enamel and sturdy glass. A magic gift!



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K-M Speed Mix—Speed control has 101 speeds! Revolving turntable, push-button beater release, two bowls, juicer. Whips, stirs, extracts juice, mixes, beats.



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FOR THE "SNOW BALLS" use your favorite cake recipe (angel, white, or yellow.) Fill paper cups three-fourths full of the batter and bake in muffin tins. Then entirely frost the balls with 7-minute icing*, and toss them in shredded coconut.

FOR THE "GOLDEN TOUCH" on this beautiful dessert platter, choose Libby's Pineapple. And as you open the can and drain off the juice, note the wonderful fragrance of Libby's... the sweet, fresh aroma that can come only from pineapple ripened to its full glory! You see, Libby's "pedigreed pines", whether they are to be packed in slices, chunks or juiced—are always picked at peak flavor.

FOR THE CENTER of your glorious dessert tray, buy colorful mint candies. When you put them on your shopping list be sure to write "Libby's Pineapple" at the top. Get plenty and enjoy Libby's peak-flavor goodness often in slices, chunks and sparkling juice.

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*Recipe in any cook book.



IN ALL FRUITS
LOOK TO **Libby's**
FOR PERFECTION



GIVE ME A NOBLE WOLF

(Continued from Page 38)

where it is entirely unnecessary. A high-school friend, daring enough to wear a skirt, was ostracized by all the blue-jeaned girls in school. But the boys went for her like camels sighting an oasis.

When foreigners visit America they are immediately impressed by the beauty of American women. Europeans may criticize everything else American, including the sometimes bad manners of American men, but they generally concede that American women are the world's loveliest. Ziegfeld and Goldwyn have glorified them, novelists have extolled them, G. I.'s have roamed the world bragging about them. Despite the kidding, the American man thinks well of the American woman and treats her with more courtesy than is accorded women anywhere else in the world. Most men want women to have all the equality they can get.

What men can't understand is why women are willing to settle for mere imitation of men, rather than demanding true equality in feminine terms. Why hide your light of feminine beauty under the bushel of rough masculinity? Women could do no better than to follow Rita Hayworth's advice: "After all, a girl's job is to be a girl. It's nice to be told you're successful at it."

There is no denying that men do attach great importance to good looks. If you're pretty your chances are infinitely better—*at the start.*

However, men are sympathetic toward the girl who makes herself reasonably attractive. Men do not share the female notion that looks are predetermined. A man may not overlook homeliness to search for deeper qualities; he may not even sympathize; he merely wonders why she doesn't make herself good-looking. Models' agents, casting directors, beauticians and others whose interest is more than amateur agree that any woman can be lovely if she wishes. Many movie stars were not born beautiful. If a girl is willing to submit to the standard disciplines of diet, sleep, exercise, and applies good judgment along with her make-up, she can be appealing. *And men have special admiration for the plain girl who makes herself attractive.*

Don't argue with the man who tells you you're beautiful when you think yourself plain; don't imagine he's flattering. You may be lovely because you're pleasant. No matter what a girl starts with, she can be attractive if she makes the most of her possibilities, if she attends to her attitudes as well as to her face.

It is best, in the man's view, for a girl to accentuate her natural assets. Men are suspicious of extremely heavy make-up, as they are of such eccentricities as green nail polish. Provided it isn't overdone, however, men do like the glamour-girl appearance.

Compared with women, all men are dopes when it comes to romance, and sometimes need a jolt to wake them up. Suppose you've done everything in your power to make the most of appearance, and the man you desire still doesn't react. One method works equally well on all types, from plumbers to professors: Make a not-too-subtle play for him for several weeks. Then overnight assume an attitude of complete indifference. This blow to the male ego is more than any man can stand, and he'll soon come round with his tongue hanging out.

Your looks will arouse a man's interest, but it will take more than looks to put you over. Women regard men as hopeless simpletons who require only a pretty face and figure. This is contradicted by statistics which show that college men prefer character to looks. In the girl he intends to marry, a man wants attractiveness plus.

One criterion of character is your ability to steer clear of petty jealousies. Right or wrong, men believe that women do not get along as well with women as men do with men. A girl once told me that all members of her bridge club tried to arrive at the same time so that early arrivals wouldn't gossip about those who came later. Men are extremely irritated by women's criticisms of one another.

The other night I had dinner with a lovely airline hostess and an old friend of mine who is an Army captain. He was greatly impressed and I expected him to give her a rush. But about halfway through the meal the girl began making catty remarks about our waitress. Instantly the captain's attitude toward the cute airline girl changed. He was through with her.

Moses gave us the first ten. If you want to get along with men, the eleventh commandment is: *Don't make carping remarks about other women.*

Nothing will ruin a girl's chances so effectively as proficiency at masculine athletics. Men may like to see the girls play professional hard ball, but find them as individuals too rugged.

But it is desirable that, in addition to dancing, a girl be proficient at some form of feminine athletics (tennis, golf, swimming, skating, and so on). Such ability will reward a girl not only with fun and companionship but with better posture, grace, a good figure, a pleasing walk. It isn't a matter of life and death, but without such proficiency a girl is likely to lack a balanced personality. A man can pick out the athletic girl in a crowd by her physical confidence. Star swimmers have perfect figures.

"The trouble with me," said the career girl, "is that I'm too intelligent to appeal to men." She echoed the common notion that while men love beauty in a woman, they are allergic to brains. This "beautiful but dumb" idea is a myth. Beauty and brains go together. Compare the lookers in your high-school or college classes with their grades. Intelligence confers upon a girl a beauty more striking than that of the dumb Dora. Statistics indicate that the more education a girl has, the better her chances for happy marriage. Fewer high-school graduates are divorced than eighth-grade graduates; fewer college women than high-school graduates.

The reason the career girl, and others like her, fails to appeal to men is not that she is too intelligent, but that she has abandoned those feminine qualities which men place first.

It is strange but true that the intellectual woman often becomes stiff, snobbish, unsympathetic, intolerant. Several men may be miles apart in their views, yet remain good friends. Intellectual women who fail to agree consider it a personal affront, and often lose their tempers even on radio forums.

The real woman, the well-balanced woman, no matter how brilliant, doesn't appear intellectual. Her feminine qualities outshine everything else. Ingrid Bergman, a man's favorite, has an amazing knowledge of foreign affairs, reads a complete novel in a few hours, and speaks eight languages. But when one meets Ingrid one is conscious only of her warmth, radiance, gaiety. She stops to talk to the studio cop, plays poker with the truck drivers, likes to tell funny stories. She's human and feminine. So is Annaloe Jacoby. So is Anita Colby, one of the most brilliant as well as beautiful women in Hollywood.

Now to come to the \$64 question: Is it true that the idealistic girl will simply never

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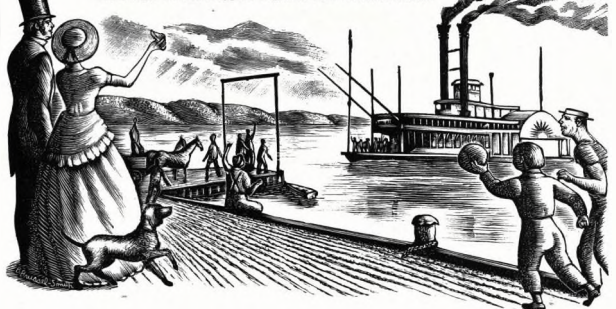
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It has Jell-O's delicate vanilla goodness!

1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding 2 cups milk
 1 cup canned pitted, dark sweet cherries and juice
 Make Jell-O Vanilla Pudding as directed on package. Pour into dessert dishes and chill. Then carefully spoon cherries and juice over each serving. Garnish with whipped cream for added richness. Makes 4 or 5 servings. A dessert that's rich in vanilla flavor, satiny, smooth-as-cream. Like all Jell-O Puddings—the finest ever. Jell-O Puddings are nourishing, too—made with milk.

get anywhere with men? Physicians, psychologists, sociologists, advisers to the lovelorn, and parents all reassure her that men don't require a girl who necks. Too often this is belied by experience: without necking she seems to go short on dates. Confusion and double talk are the rule. Most girls flounder around until marriage legitimizes everything. The girl not yet in love, who wants dates for companionship, might paraphrase Shakespeare: "To neck or not to neck, *that's* the question." Leave us abandon fairy tales and talk plain English.

Remember that the sailor on shore leave might want someone far different from the girl he hopes to marry. It is a fact that even wolves despise the promiscuous girl, laugh about her behind her back. Since the cheap girl has countless dates with men whom she doesn't respect, and who she knows don't respect her, she is never sure she can attract a man on the right level, for herself alone. The result is an inferiority complex; it is axiomatic that the promiscuous girl has little character. But even the wolf desires character in the girl he settles down with.

Most of the confusion results from varying definitions of chastity.

Although men like the clean-cut girl, they resent the appearance of coldness, weakness, selfishness, which they rightly suspect is not true chastity. They are repelled by the girl who reeks of "touch me not," insulted by the girl who acts always as if the man were going to make a pass at her even when he obviously has no intention of doing so.

Men are also disgusted with the girl who talks about the purity of her own habits, who criticizes the morals of others. Such a girl will complain men don't like her because she's pure; the real reason will be her cattiness. You can be as idealistic as you wish. *But don't criticize those who aren't.*

What, then, is the secret?

Analyze the techniques of the most attractive women in real life, in books, plays, the cinema.

Summarize the conversations of men, the reports of psychologists. You can draw one conclusion: men like neither the priggish nor the promiscuous girl. What they really like is an *idealistic wolf*.

A girl can be as pure as she pleases. She need only remember that there are thousands of gestures still available, *and use them*. The result is the beauty, sparkle, charm and warm friendliness which sets a man walking on air. Such a girl is confident of herself, for she is living up to her highest ideals, yet completely at ease with men.

ONE well-known Powers model, a girl of twenty-six, is the perfect example. She greets a date warmly with both hands, and takes him by the arm into the living room, where, although she neither smokes nor drinks, she has the smokes and drinks set out for those who do. She has a vital interest in the man, his ambitions, his triumphs. Supplying a few words here and there, she becomes the perfect conversationalist by being a good listener. She makes every man feel like a long-lost friend; on the street she takes his arm in a way to make him feel a prince. She doesn't mind kidding about her Southern accent or crazy hats. She likes concerts, good books, swimming, and Bugs Bunny cartoons. She's companionable; she likes the man's friends. She can make it clear that the association is just a friendship, yet be warm and congenial. Yet, if her date hesitated to kiss her good night, she might gently kiss him.

This is the type song writers dream about; it's no wonder she's always booked up. Men like a girl they can show off. They prefer a chaste wolf to a real one, not as a matter of morals, but because of the "class," the distinction, radiance, personality, "extra something" of such a girl.

When Ingrid Bergman visited the boys in Alaska, they said, "Ingrid has brought us as close to heaven as we'll ever get short of peace." Miss Bergman is noble-minded, but

uses *all* the resources within idealism for easy association with men.

The more idealistic a girl, the more confident, for she is doing nothing to violate her better judgment. She need only explore the *unlimited resources* within good taste which she's previously overlooked. Thus she will open up a whole new world of friendships with men.

Recently a beautiful brunette passed up the empty seats in the streamliner and sat down opposite my friend and me. After a while she tossed her head back and smiled. We laughed and got into conversation. She told us about her visit home, her work (radio actress), and gave us a good-humored bawling out for being single during a surplus of women. We got on famously, and were sorry when she left. This girl was not a pickup, but a noble wolf. Using the resources most women neglect, she enjoyed herself (as we did!) rather than sit alone at the other end of the car.

THERE are many ways a girl may stay within bounds—that is, be a wolf without being one. No matter what her relationship with a man, she can, relatively speaking, let herself go: straighten his tie; place a flower in his buttonhole; light his cigarette.

But more than anything the girl actually does, it is an *attitude*, clean-cut, yet "in the know," completely at ease in the presence of men. Maybe the right smile. Maybe the nurse registering mock disappointment because his pulse didn't go up when she held his hand; or joking that she kissed all new patients good night. Little things swing the deal. The only thing a woman gets out of chasing a man is a headache; but you must

provide every opportunity for him to chase you. It is a question of using, or accepting from the man, all the gestures which are in good taste.

But most women who want to be idealistic erect all sorts of foolish barriers to shut themselves off from wholesome contacts.

By using all the legitimate methods, by being a clean-cut wolf, you can be infinitely more successful than a real one, and yet be happy in living up to your highest ideals.

Either sex attracts what it deserves; men seldom get off the beam with a girl obviously not the type. Suppose they do. "How," you ask, "can I ward off unwanted advances and yet appear attractive?"

Men only resent ill temper and prudishness. Cancel his passes with gracious gestures which boost his ego, and you appear the more wonderful. Stick a cigarette in his mouth, and light it for him; or let him light yours, and blow smoke in his face. Link arms. Flatter him. Tease him about being a ladies' man. Men want whatever they haven't got; they like a girl who isn't an easy mark.

Depest in every man's heart is the desire to be a Somebody. Make him feel he's Mr. Importance and he'll forget you denied his passes.

In love and marriage the formula for success with men is the same: unlimited generosity within the bounds of unlimited idealism.

If you fail with men it is never because you are too idealistic or intelligent, but always because you are too masculine or have not made the most of your appearance or of your personality.

One of the great secrets of success with men is to pick your type. Most women waste the best years with men who are not the most ideal, but most available. Don't pass up good bets simply because they don't go to your school, office or club. When you meet an unusually appealing man, go to work on him. But never tell a man either before or after marriage that he hasn't had competition. A man desires a girl much more for he imagines other men want her.

To sum up: 1—Be self-reliant and independent, but feminine; 2—Set high standards for yourself, if you wish, but don't criticize others; 3—Be a noble wolf!

THE END

MERRY MAKING

(Continued from Page 69)

of gladness. I'm having fun—in a quiet and refined way. Writing, addressing, counting, checking off, stamping the beauties. Into the mail slot with them. My annual Christmas-card stint is easy. And of the making of Christmas cakes and cookies I never tire.

You're making cakes and cookies too? Start early. Give yourself plenty of time. Get everything set beforehand. Require absolute obedience from all helpers. Get all the helpers you can muster. Then go to it. To help, encourage, cheer you on and wish you luck, here is a complete—well, pretty complete, glossary, catalogue or compendium (how I've waited to use that word) of Christmas sweetmeats. And if you can look at the pictures and not tie to the store, the storeroom and the kitchen and get things going, you're a stronger character than I am. Don't be. Throw resistance to the winter winds and have fun—merry making. And once more, from me to you, each and all, the best, the whitest, the trimmest Christmas of all your lives. Maybe I'll send you a card!

Your ANNIE

Let's Start With Cookies

MINCEMAT REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

Cream $\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening and 1 cup sugar together until light. Add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla and 1 egg, well beaten. Mix thoroughly. Sift together $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Add to the creamed mixture alternately with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned mincemat. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts and mix as well as ever you can. Form the dough into several rolls, wrap in wax paper and store in the refrigerator overnight. Cut in thin slices and bake on greased cookie sheets in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., about 10 minutes. This makes about 7 dozen small cookies.

SUGAR THINS

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine with 1 cup sugar until very light. Add 1 well-beaten egg, 1 tablespoon cream and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sift 2 cups flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking powder; add to the creamed mixture and mix as you meant it. Chill the dough overnight. Roll out a small quantity of dough at a time, very thin, on a slightly floured board. Cut the cookies out with small cutters. Decorate them as you like, or sprinkle with sugar. Bake on a greased sheet about 5 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. This makes about 10 dozen. And a finer, more delicate and elegant cookie you won't find in a month of Sundays. But have them thin, that's the secret.

ALMOND-COCONUT MACAROONS

Work $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, a little at a time, into 1 cup almond paste. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Beat in thoroughly 1 unbroken egg white at a time until you have added $\frac{1}{2}$. Now add 1 cup dry shredded coconut. Divide the mixture in half. Leave half plain. To the other half add $\frac{3}{4}$ square unsweetened chocolate, melted. Let both mixtures stand 20 minutes at room temperature. Drop by spoonfuls on ungreased brown paper laid on cookie sheets. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., about 30 minutes or until just dry on the surface. When slightly cool, loosen from the paper and let stand, covered, in a cool place overnight. They should be quite chewy in the center. They dry out unless kept in covered crocks or tins, the tighter the better. This makes 2 dozen.

CHOCOLATE-PECAN WAFERS

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening and 1 cup sugar together until light. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add 2 unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Melt 3 squares unsweetened chocolate and add to the creamed mixture. Now add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped pecans. Mix well. Drop from a teaspoon

(Continued on Page 119)

THE BRIDE'S MISTAKE
shows you the way to LOW-COST meals!



This bride really blushed! She thought she was making just enough rice for two. Instead, it was enough for more like twenty-two.

A little rice gives a lot in quantity and nutrition. And each package of River Brand Rice provides many servings of delicious, low-cost food.

TO COOK RICE RIGHT
save time and fuss... retain nutrients
... use this simple, tested recipe

1 cup RIVER BRAND Rice, 1 tsp. salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold water. Wash thoroughly in 5 or 6 waters and cover. Place over moderate flame and bring to a vigorous boil. This should take 8-10 minutes. When steam and foam begin to escape, turn flame down lower and cook the rice until tender—about 20 minutes. All the water should be absorbed. Keep in warm place until you are ready to serve. Serves 5 to 6.

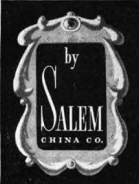
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CINCINNATI, O.

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DELICIOUS
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* MORE MEAT THAN BEANS
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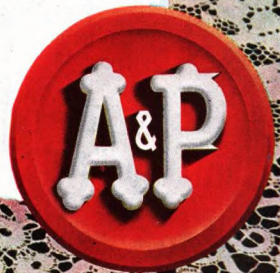
And the crowning touch of any Christmas dinner is a festive Jane Parker Fruit Cake! Here's real, old-fashioned fruit cake... rich and moist... filled with fruits and nuts. Yes... every luscious cake is studded with glacéed cherries and crammed with delicious plump raisins, tangy citrus fruits, and meaty, crunchy pecans. Whether you select the famous Jane-Parker Light Fruit Cake (illustrated) or the traditional Jane Parker old-fashioned Dark Fruit Cake... your family and guests are sure to love it... to the last delicious morsel.



YOUR CHOICE LIGHT or DARK CAKE



Jane Parker
 AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR
FRUIT CAKE
 AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES



(Continued from Page 117)

on greased cookie sheets. Leave the cookies about two inches apart. Flatten the cookies by pressing with a glass covered with a damp cloth. Sprinkle with finely chopped pecans. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., 10 minutes. This makes 7-8 dozen small cookies.

DATE-AND-NUT MERINGUES

Put 1 pound pitted dates and ½ pound shelled walnuts through the food chopper. Use the fine blade and alternate nuts and dates to avoid packing the grinder. (If you haven't got a grinder, you've got a chopping bowl—yes?) Work in ½ teaspoon grated orange rind. Form into small balls. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add ½ cup sugar gradually—a tablespoon at a time. Put the date balls on the end of a fork and dip in the meringue. Coat the ball completely, but scrape off the drippings. Place the balls on greased baking sheets. Sprinkle with coconut. Bake in a very slow oven, 250° F., 30 minutes until the meringue is crisp and the balls are a light tan color. This makes about 50.

BRAZIL-NUT COOKIES

Cream ¾ cup butter or margarine with ¼ cup undiluted evaporated milk or cream, 1½ teaspoons vanilla and a pinch of salt. Sift 1¾ cups flour with 6 tablespoons powdered sugar and work it into the butter-or-margarine mixture. Now add 1 cup finely chopped Brazil nuts. Chill the dough. Pinch off small pieces and roll into little balls. Arrange an inch apart on greased cookie sheets. Bake 20 minutes in a moderately slow oven, 325° F. They should be light in color (light, not brown). Lift from the sheets with a spatula. While still warm, shake in a paper bag wherein you have secreted some very fine sugar. This makes 5-6 dozen cookies, small in diameter.

ALMOND-COFFEE COOKIES

Cream ¾ cup shortening with 1 cup sugar until light. Add 1 well-beaten egg. Sift 2¾ cups flour with 2 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add to the creamed mixture alternately with 3 tablespoons strong coffee. Stir in ½ cup finely chopped almonds toasted in a slow oven to a light tan color and cooled so they will not thin the batter. Chill the dough thoroughly. Roll out thin. Cut out and arrange on greased cookie sheets. Sift colored sugar over the top. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., 8-10 minutes. This makes about 9 dozen small cookies. (Note: We used to be able to buy colored sugar—but it's easy to make your own. Add a drop or two of liquid red or green coloring to about ½ to ¾ cup sugar. Mix with a fork or pastry blender, adding more color if needed until you get the right color. When thoroughly

mixed, spread out on trays to dry—then put through a coarse strainer and store in a covered jar.)

BUTTER-PECAN ROLLS

Cream 6 tablespoons butter or margarine with 1 cup brown sugar. Add 1 well-beaten egg, a pinch of salt and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Add 6 tablespoons flour and 1 cup finely chopped pecans. Drop by teaspoons two to three inches apart on greased cookie sheets. They spread, so be sure to leave room between them. (And when they spread, you've got something, so watch it.) Bake about 7 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Let cool on the sheet for a few seconds, then loosen and curl each around your finger while still soft enough to roll. It's better to bake these in small batches so you have enough time to roll a tray of cookies before the next tray comes out of the oven. Makes about 8 dozen rolls. (And makes sense too.)

ORANGE-NUT COOKIES

Cream ½ cup butter or margarine with ¼ cup sugar. Add 1 egg yolk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Mix well. Stir in 1 cup flour sifted with ¾ teaspoon salt. Mix to form a soft dough. Chill. Beat 1 egg white slightly. Flour your hands, pinch off bits of the cookie dough and shape into balls. Dip balls in the egg white, then roll in finely chopped nuts. Place on greased cookie sheets two inches apart. Put a piece of candied cherry on top. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 20 minutes. This makes 2 dozen.

*Candies for Everyone***FIG-AND-NUT CANDY**

To 3 cups mixed chopped nuts (walnuts, pecans or blanched almonds), add 1 cup dried figs cut into small pieces. In a deep, heavy saucepan mix ¾ cup sugar, 1½ cups molasses and a pinch of salt. Cover and bring to a boil slowly. Uncover, put in the candy thermometer and continue cooking and stirring now and then with a wooden spoon. (And speaking of thermometers, if you haven't got one, do. They are better than any guesswork on frostings, sauces and so on. You can't always be making candy, but you'll love your thermometer.) Cook to 260° F. or until a little forms a hard ball when dropped in cold water. Then add ¾ cup butter or margarine and continue cooking, stirring now and then, to a temperature of 280° F., or until it is brittle when tested in cold water. Remove from heat and add a pinch of baking soda, 1 teaspoon vanilla and ½ teaspoon almond flavoring, and the prepared nuts and figs. Mix just enough to blend. Pour

(Continued on Page 122)



MEET YOUR NEIGHBORS, EXCHANGE IDEAS AND RECEIVE \$1500.00 IN CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH

A service to the women of America by the Pepsi-Cola Company

Here are the five top prize-winning suggestions in the third of this monthly series of "Good Neighbors Club" contests:



\$700.00 paid to Mrs. M. B. Clark, of Anderson, S. C., for this idea:

In many cases today, people who seek regular, responsible domestic employment are unqualified only through lack of training. My suggestion is a "training center" for cooks, maids, etc., such as the one established in one Southern town. This center, a civic project run with the cooperation of the mayor, has turned out many well-trained, capable "graduates," who now hold well-paid domestic jobs.

\$250.00 paid to Mrs. M. B. Clark, of Milford, N. H., for this idea:



The detailed plan or "map" of your house, showing all hidden plumbing and wiring, should be kept up-to-date and in a safe place, perhaps with the deed to the house, and turned over to the new owner if the house is sold. This "map" saves trouble, time and money when repairs are needed.

\$125.00 paid to Mrs. Olga Helwig, of West Allis, Wis., for this idea:



Teen-agers in our neighborhood have "adopted" an 80-year old widow who lives alone nearby. Each one "dates" her regularly for a movie and soda; a group songfest, with refreshments, or some other simple entertainment. It's hard to tell who enjoys it most: the teen-agers or their guest. But surely, the mutual affection and respect which this idea has fostered make better neighbors of us all.

\$75.00 paid to Mrs. John Winlock, of Glasgow, Ky., for this idea:



Youngsters are apt to forget all about the time when they're out playing. At least mine is. So when he goes out to play I simply set a small alarm clock and fasten it to his tricycle. When the alarm goes off, he heads for home. Really, it's a very simple idea, but wonderful for keeping meals on schedule.

\$50.00 paid to Mrs. R. K. Robinette, of Alexandria, La., for this idea:



My idea is the organization of a maid service of five or six maids under the supervision of a responsible woman to do part-time cleaning two or three times a week for working wives. This full-time schedule of part-time work would keep the maids' salaries constant, but individual costs reasonable.

Besides the above prizes, ten dollar awards were won by each of the following 30 women:

Mrs. Harriet W. Ament, Mrs. Fred Berbig, Jr., Mrs. S. D. Brown, Mrs. Jack N. Bryant, Mrs. L. Chatterton, Mrs. L. R. Fellows, Mrs. Tommie V. Gerlach, Mrs. Ralph A. Gomes, Mrs. Robert F. Grabb, Miss Amsel Greene, Mrs. Dabney W. Hancock, Mrs. Charles Herman, Mrs. Henrietta Hochschild.

Send in your entries now... read these simple rules

1. These contests are being offered every month as a public service of Pepsi-Cola Co., to be of help to women in their daily lives.
2. Here's all you do: Write out in 50 words or less, the best idea you have which will help your neighbor. Then write your reasons for selecting the idea you did. Ideas can deal with any subject of interest to women.
3. Submit your entries in your own words... literary style will not count. The originality and aptness of the subject matter, and your reasons for selecting it, are the things for which prizes will be awarded. You may enter these contests as many times as you wish. Write each entry on a separate sheet with your name and address on each.
4. Mail your entries to Pepsi-Cola Company, Dept. L, Good Neighbors Club, P.O. Box 230, Long Island City 1, N.Y. All entries that are received during

December, will be judged in the December contest.

5. Every month, 35 cash prizes will be given totaling \$1500.00, in order of excellence as follows: 1st Prize: \$700.00; 2nd Prize: \$250.00; 3rd Prize: \$125.00; 4th Prize: \$75.00; 5th Prize: \$50.00; plus 30 prizes of \$10.00 each.

6. Checks will be mailed to prize winners in the Dec. contest not later than Jan. 31, 1948.

7. Pepsi-Cola Company shall have the right to publish all prize-winning entries in any form desired, with or without editing, and including names and addresses of winners, and also pictures of the five top prize winners. Do not send any pictures with entries.

8. Judges will be a nationally-known judging organization. Their decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned.



"But with all this training I don't have time to find a husband!"



The finest gift of all 
for folks who love their home!

A BEAUTIFUL, NEW 1948 GENERAL ELECTRIC SPACE MAKER REFRIGERATOR



8-cubic-foot de luxe model has all these features. Special Butter Conditioner. Big Freezer holds 24 standard packages of frozen foods, plus 4 ice trays (80 cubes). Spacious shelves conveniently arranged. Bottle space big enough for 12 square,

quart-size milk bottles, also for very tall bottles. Big fruit, vegetable, and meat drawers, all 6 inches deep. This de luxe model also available in 10-cubic-foot size. Meat drawer holds standing roast; fruit and vegetable drawers up to $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel.



One-third more refrigerated food storage in the same kitchen floor space

At the left is the conventional, old-style 6-cubic-foot refrigerator with all the food you can possibly keep in it under refrigeration. At the right is the new General Electric 8-cubic-foot Space Maker.

See how much more food you can store under refrigeration in this space-making wonder! *The Space Maker actually holds one-third more!* Imagine what that extra capacity can mean to you and your family!

YOU WALK INTO your kitchen on Christmas morning, and there it is . . . the most gorgeous refrigerator you ever laid eyes on!

It's a sleek, gleaming-white General Electric Space Maker!

And your joy in its beauty is only the beginning. You'll marvel at the big Freezer for storing as many as 24 packages of frozen foods . . . the ample space for bottles . . . the spacious shelves and the *big* drawers for meat, fruits, and vegetables!—the Butter Conditioner that keeps butter at the right spreading temperature.

A gift to serve you through the years!

Thanks to the famous "sealed-in-steel" refrigerating unit, you can count on this great refrigerator to serve you faithfully through many and many a Christmas to come.

This type of unit—pioneered by General Electric—has set an unbeaten record for dependable, year-in, year-out performance!

5-Year Protection Plan

Included in the price of every General Electric Refrigerator is a 5-year Protection Plan. This

plan consists of a one-year warranty on the complete refrigerator, plus an additional 4-year protection on the hermetically sealed refrigerating system.

Don't wait! See them now!

See the great, new General Electric Space Makers at your retailer's *now*. He offers convenient payment terms on any model you select. Among the models available, you have a choice of three 8-cubic-foot models and two 10-cubic-foot models. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



Space Maker Refrigerators

A Million Refrigerators in Service 10 Years or Longer

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Every 8 seconds...

SOME GOOD COOK SAYS
"GIVE ME MIRRO-MATIC!"

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◆ Every day, thousands of value-wise women decide that MIRRO-MATIC is the only pressure pan for them. By comparing, by asking neighbors and friends, by consulting home economists, they've learned how *much* cooking with MIRRO-MATIC can mean. ◆ MIRRO-MATIC does have lots to offer. It's fast. That alone means low fuel cost and less time in the kitchen. And here's another big money-saving:

Simplified Pressure Cooking is a Cinch!

◆ Simply set the selective MIRRO-MATIC Control at the recommended pressure, 5, 10, or 15 lbs., and turn heat high. When pressure is reached and Control signals, turn heat low. The Control *automatically* limits pressure to your selection until cooking is

breast of lamb, rump roast, all the real economy-cuts, will quickly cook tasty and tender in your MIRRO-MATIC. Real "second-helping" flavor and natural, appetizing colors of all foods are preserved by the moist, quick MIRRO-MATIC heat. Saved, too, are a larger portion of vitamins and healthful minerals. You'll welcome MIRRO-MATIC for home-canning, too. It has a *practical* capacity of 4 one-pint jars at a time.

completed. With MIRRO-MATIC, you can cook a whole meal with less attention than it takes to fry an egg.

◆ At department, hardware, and house furnishing stores... wherever dealers sell the *finest* aluminum. 4 qt. size with rack, \$12.95. (West \$13.95).



THIS IS WHAT MAKES THE Big Difference
MIRRO-MATIC Selective Pressure Control
Automatically Limits the Pressure to Your Selection...5, 10 or 15 lbs.

The indestructible MIRRO-MATIC Control limits pressure to your selection, accurately and automatically, throughout the entire cooking period, *without watching!* Offering a choice of 5, 10, or 15 lbs., this automatic Control simplifies maintaining the *correct* pressure for cooking meats, fresh and frozen vegetables, fruits, desserts as well as for pressure canning.

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ALUMINUM GOODS MANUFACTURING COMPANY - MANITOWOC, WIS.
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS

(Continued from Page 119)

into a well-greased square shallow pan. Let stand, but not in the refrigerator, until cool. Loosen the block of candy around the edge and turn out in one piece on the breadboard. Cut into small squares. To cut this, only chewy candy such as caramels, use a firm-bladed knife—not one that bends. Mark the line of cutting and cut with a sawing motion—back and forth. The knife won't stick and the pieces will have smooth edges. Makes 2½ pounds. This candy retains its character best at room temperature.

CARAMELS

Bring 2 cups sugar, 1½ cups golden corn sirup, 1 cup heavy cream and ¼ teaspoon salt to a boil, stirring occasionally. Add 1 cup more heavy cream and ¾ cup undiluted evaporated milk very slowly so mixture does not stop boiling. Cook to 240° F. by the thermometer. Add ¼ cup butter or margarine and continue cooking, stirring constantly but gently until it forms a firm ball when a little is dropped in cold water. Remove from the heat. Add 2 teaspoons vanilla and, if you like, 2 cups broken pecans. Pour into a greased square 9" pan. Cool but do not put in the refrigerator; that's too cold. Turn out on a board and cut as for fig-and-nut candy. This makes 2 pounds.

MAPLE CREAMS

Put 1½ cups pure maple sirup, ½ cup heavy cream and ¼ teaspoon salt in a saucepan. Stir the mixture until blended. Put in the thermometer and cook slowly to 236° F., or until a soft ball forms when a little is dropped in cold water. Do not stir the candy during cooking. It will make it grainy. Pour onto a platter. Let it stand until lukewarm. Beat it with a spoon until it lightens in color and begins to set. Taking a teaspoonful at a time, roll into balls in the palms of your hands. Place on a greased cookie sheet and press a pecan half or blanched almond into each patty, flattening it slightly. This makes ¾ pound.

DIVINITY

Mix 5 cups sugar, 1 cup light corn sirup and 1½ cups water together. Cover and bring to a boil slowly. Remove the cover and cook over moderate heat. From time to time wipe off the crystals from the sides of the pan with a swab made by wrapping a clean strip of cheesecloth around a fork, then dipping it in hot water. Cook the sirup to 238° F., or until it forms a soft ball when a little is dropped in cold water. Let sirup stand 5 minutes. Add ½ teaspoon salt to 2 egg whites beaten until stiff but not dry. Pour the sirup into the egg whites in a steady stream, beating vigorously as you add it. (Got to get up steam at this point.) Flavor with 1½ teaspoons vanilla. Add chopped nuts if you wish. Continue heating until the mixture becomes very thick and begins to lose its shine. Drop by spoonfuls as quickly as you can onto greased pans or wax paper (better have someone help you spoon it out), or pour it into a greased square pan and cut when cool. Garnish with chopped pistachio nuts or chopped candied cherries and citron. Makes about 2 pounds.

STUFFED DATES

Split open pitted dates with a sharp knife without cutting clear through. Spread the dates open; lay them out on trays. To fill 6 packages pitted dates (about 3 pounds), cream ¼ pound butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon salt and 1½ cups confectioners' sugar together until very light and fluffy. Add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind and ¾ cup finely chopped nuts. Stuff dates generously—using 2 whole dates to make one. Roll in sugar. Let them stand four or five hours before packing. Makes 7-8 dozen large stuffed dates.

SPICED ALMONDS

Blanch ½ pound shelled almonds. Place in a slow oven, 300° F., just long enough to dry. Sift 1¼ cups powdered sugar or fine granulated sugar with 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ginger, ¼ cup cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and ½ tablespoon cloves. Divide in two parts. Add 1 tablespoon cold water to 1 egg white. Beat slightly, just so the egg white will not be stringy. Put a few of the almonds into a coarse strainer and dip it up and down in the egg white until each nut is completely coated. Roll the nuts in a part of the sugar mixture. In a

Nix on elbow grease!

Don't be a Rubbit! Don't try to rub a sticky, crusty broiler clean with a lazy dishrag. Use Brillo!

BRILLO shines it quick!

Whisk off grease and crust—with a square metal-fiber Brillo soap pad! Fast! Easy! Makes pans sparkle—because Brillo soap contains jeweler's polish. Keep aluminum like new—use Brillo every day!

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Paraffined Carton

Be sure you get full value for your butter money. For finest quality, always select a brand packaged in paraffined cartons. Then keep the butter in the carton when returned to the refrigerator. The paraffined carton protects against the absorption of flavors and odors from other foods, guards against rancidity, the deteriorating effect of light and heat, and keeps its contents clean, fresh, enjoyable.

Also used to protect the quality and flavor of ice cream, margarine, lard, shortening, frozen foods.

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shallow baking pan put a layer of spiced sugar. Place the nuts on the spiced sugar, leaving space between them. Cover with the rest of the spiced sugar. Bake 1½ hours in a slow oven, 200° F. Stir the nuts every half hour. The finished nuts should be completely covered with a thin brittle coating of the spiced-sugar mixture. Remove from the oven and sift the sugar from the nuts. Keep the spiced sugar in a jar to use again with fresh nuts. (And on hot, thin, buttered toast, for tea, 'tain't bad.)

A Pudding, a Cake and Some Marmalade

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Sift 3½ cups cake flour with 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon nutmeg and ¼ teaspoon mace. Mix with 1 cup ground suet, 1½ cups raisins, 1 cup currants, ¼ cup candied orange peel, chopped. Stir in 1 cup molasses mixed with 1 cup milk. Mix well. Pour into greased molds. Cover with aluminum foil. Steam 4 hours for 1 large mold or 1 hour and 40 minutes for large gift-cup size in the picture or any 1½ to 2-cup mold. If you use the large cup, you'll have 3 puddings. Each will serve 3.

GOLDEN FRUITCAKE

Measure or weigh: ¾ pound Sultana raisins; 1½ cups blanched almonds, slivered or cut into pieces; ½ cup pistachio nuts or pecan meats; 1¼ cups diced candied pineapple; 1¼ cups moist or dry shredded coconut; ½ pound candied cherries, sliced; ¼ pound candied lemon peel, chopped; ¼ pound candied orange peel, chopped; ½ pound citron, cut into fine pieces. Flour fruits with ½ cup flour. Cream 1 cup sugar with 1 cup shortening. Beat 5 eggs light and add gradually to the creamed mixture, beating like all get out after each addition. Sift 1½ cups flour with 1 teaspoon salt and 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Add to the batter alternately with ¼ cup pineapple

juice, beating well after each addition. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and ½ teaspoon almond extract. Add the floured fruits and nuts. Stir well until well mixed. Pour the batter into 1 large pan or several small ones that have been lined with 3 layers of brown paper, and greased so they look greased. Bake in a very slow oven, 275° F., about 4 hours for a large cake, less for the smaller ones. Test them with a toothpick or give them the old broom-corn treatment. Put a pan of water in the bottom of the oven when you bake fruitcake; it will keep the cakemoist. The cake may be decorated with almonds and cherries after 1½ hours' baking, or you can wait until the cake is done and trim it up with fruits before you do it up for a present. Use a heavy icing syrup cooked to the thread stage to stick the fruits in place, else they'll act like Mexican jumping beans.

THREE-FRUIT MARMALADE

Cut 1 grapefruit, 1 lemon and 1 orange into quarters. Take out the seeds. Slice very thin. Measure. You must have 3½ cups. Add 3 times as much water as you have fruit. Let the fruit soak in the refrigerator 24 hours. Next day add a pinch of salt and cook until rind is tender and transparent. Measure again and add ¾ cup sugar for each cup fruit and juice. Cook to the jelly test. Add 1 cup blanched almonds. Pour into hot sterilized glasses. Cover with melted paraffin. This makes 7 glasses. (Grate the skins slightly before slicing, to make the rinds more tender.)

CRANBERRY-APPLE MARMALADE

Slice 1 large orange very thin and take out the seeds. Parboil in 1 cup water until it is very tender. Put the fruit through a food chopper with 3 cups cranberries and 4 apples, peeled and cored. Mix with 4 cups sugar and cook the whole works over low heat until thick—20-25 minutes. Stir frequently so it won't stick to the kettle. Pour into hot sterilized glasses and seal with melted paraffin. This makes 5 glasses.

WEEK OF THE WEDDING

(Continued from Page 35)

flowers over the wall. "I fling a handful of seed out and up they come, fighting to live, spunky. No French lessons, violin lessons, ballet lessons, cooking lessons, swimming lessons." She was a little confused there. "Cars turning into Judge Hannemann's. That's the sixth. Must be the annual meeting of the Fishermen's Relief Society." She grinned. "Not many get a chance to sit up, alive and kicking, and watch all life's idiocies going on without them." As the wife of the oldest Finucane she had had to run drives,

head committees, manage bazaars. Not any more. "Tomorrow's August first. The Andrews' garden party. August first for thirty-five years. The hats I have put on my head for that garden party! Horace liked big hats with a bushel of flowers piled up on them. I used to feel like a donkey." She leaned back and looked up at the sky.

Her white, cropped head was like a Roman's—large strong nose, fine lines in the jaw. Keen eyes. If at times she acted like a schoolgirl, who could blame her? She was taking up life where it had stopped when she married Horace.

She had bought this place largely to shock the family. Leeward Hall was too big for her with the boys married and d'Oro living abroad. One day, as she sat wondering what to do about it, she got a signal from across the harbor. That was the way she told it. The sun was hitting a pane of glass in the old building on the headland at the mouth of the harbor. She turned her glasses on it. Rough land—bayberry, high-bush blueberries. No lawns with four men to keep them cut. No neighbors nearer than the Coast Guard. She went over.

The box of a house had been a fisherman's club, but it was closed by the police after a fatal stabbing, boarded up and left to fall apart. It wouldn't take long to tear it down. She'd build a small house in the same spot. It was the perfect place to end her days in, looking down on the harbor, the town and the point. Going back to the car, she stumbled over the old sign: THE HOT TIME SOCIAL CLUB. The vulgarity of the name tickled her. What would the Finucanes say if she told them she was going to live in the

Hot Time Club? For forty years they had waited for her to do something they could disapprove of. She went back and climbed in the window.

"The building inside wasn't so bad as I had thought, and I needed only four rooms."

"And you kept the house just to make the Finucanes mad," he had exclaimed.

"It was worth it. It was a fine row. They saw it in the paper." Mrs. Alexandra Finucane, of Leeward Hall, Norman's Point, has bought the Hot Time Social Club and will make it her home. Donoghue and Fallon both tried to get me to live with them. d'Oro was the only one who took it calmly. She cabled, 'You almost tempt me to join you.' She knew that was the worst news I could get."

The smart young architect had done a wonderful job. Large plate-glass windows across the front—the house was two stories in back, one on the harbor side. A wide brick terrace right to the edge of the cliff. Then when d'Oro headed home Sandy built on a guest wing, turned slightly to face out to sea. Each room with its own door opening onto the bricks and the view. Modern, the archi-



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tect called it. d'Oro said it was Mediterranean. Just the old Hot Time Social Club, Sandy insisted.

Mrs. Washington came out onto the terrace behind them. "You keep sayin' you've died and gone to heaven, but the postman don't seem to know it." She handed Sandy a pile of letters.

"Chuck the lot over the wall." But she took them and dropped them onto the bricks. "May be something important," Curtis objected.

She shook her head. "Begging letters. You go over them. I read telegrams—sometimes."

"Miss d'Oro be back for lunch?" Mrs. Washington asked.

"Set a place for her. Then she won't. Just the doctor and I. And don't ask what I want. Gulls' eggs. Stew up some seaweed. Did you paint a picture yesterday, Mrs. Washington?"

THE colored woman nodded her head and walked back to the house. When Sandy went in for her simplified costumes Mrs. Washington appeared in a messboy's white duck. She didn't have Sandy's bony frame, but plenty of stewards of the big yachts weren't so slender either. Did that keep them from wearing pants? Sandy chose her of all the servants and she took the honor seriously. She did what Sandy did.

"I told Mrs. Washington we were free—we could do anything we pleased—and asked her what she wanted to do. She said take care of me. I finally got out of her she wished she could sleep mornings once in a while. 'Fine,' I said. 'I always wanted to get my own breakfast.' So she isn't allowed to set her foot on the floor until after nine. Then I finally got out of her that she used to wish she could paint pictures. I sent to Boston for easels and paints and brushes and heaven knows what. Every day, out she goes to paint."

"Are they any good?" This was the day he came, before he had seen those extraordinary paintings.

"Good? How would I know? What difference does it make?"

The sun mounted the sky and Sandy went marketing. She asked him to go, but she had left before he decided to. You really couldn't be a good surgeon unless you could make quick decisions. You had to be stuffed solid with self-confidence, too, and for some reason, after he left the Navy, that important stuff oozed out. He used to work himself into a crazy state when he first got back, thinking of the fellows he hadn't saved. When they came in so thick and fast there on the carrier you had to decide which to take first and which not to take at all. There was no time to waste operating on a man who couldn't be saved. What a chance to go wrong!

He had been taking graduate surgery courses for a year now, just as a stall, because he was afraid to go back to practice. Of course no one knew it. Then this Baltimore thing came up and scared the pants off him. They obviously made a mistake asking him. Sandy thought he ought to settle here in town and be a small-town M. D. Should he? Or should he take the Baltimore job? Should he go fishing or sit?

Curtis Phelps was not Sandy's own nephew. Her younger brother Paul—Col. Paul Lansdowne Phelps—came back from World War I with tuberculosis, reconciled to the fact that he had only a few more months to add to his thirty-nine rather dull years. His nurse—Curtis' mother—was a widow, but only twenty-seven, a laughing, vital, red-cheeked girl. She nursed Colonel Phelps back to health, forced him to believe in that health and then consented to marry him. Instead of death, there he was, facing life with a beautiful young wife and a son.

Four months after they were married she died. The flu epidemic took the young and healthy as greedily as the war had.

What a problem it had been for Paul Phelps! He knew nothing of small boys;



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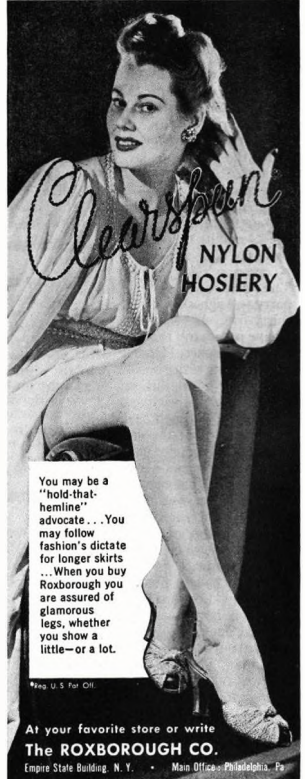
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this particular small boy was a big-eyed, frightened stranger. With conscientious effort Paul went at the job of being a father, starting by having the boy change his name from Arthur Curtis to Curtis Phelps.

After he grew up Curtis wondered if even as a child he hadn't felt in his subconscious what a burden he was. Had Paul really liked tennis as he said he did? Those fishing trips to the mountains—what a strain for a sickly middle-aged man! Obviously Paul would have lived longer if he hadn't had to make such sacrifices for his stepson.

Sandy's relation to Curtis was very strange. She insisted he was very like Paul. He frowned like Paul, he read a book the way Paul used to—looking up more than he looked down. He was tall like Paul, and loose-limbed.

"Paul was a fine-looking man," he reminded her.

"Do you think you break mirrors?" she asked him. "I bet you never find the nurses too busy to help when you need them."

She had given him her father's watch, and an old wallet that belonged to her grandfather, as though they were his by inheritance. Sometimes she seemed to think he was Paul—but that was just a moment's slip. Sandy was far from being in her dotage. At other times she seemed to feel that he was

her own son, hers alone, no Finucane. She was constantly telling him how unlike the Finucanes he was.

"Imagine a Finucane resting his bottom on those rocks for three hours to catch a fish he could buy downtown. Send Donoghue down there and he'd come up with a fishing company organized and the common stock sold. But no fish."

"I haven't caught so many."

"Fallon—Fallon would summon a group of fishermen, give orders that one fish eighteen inches long be on his line in ten minutes. It would be too. He was a chairman of the board in his cradle. Dictated memos to his nurse. . . . You used to sit on the rocks all day when you first came to Leeward. I don't suppose you remember."

He remembered. But he hadn't sat on the rocks all day—he had been following d'Oro. His mother had just died and Paul had thought a summer in a house full of children would be good for him. Paul's idea of children! Fallon, the youngest boy, was eighteen. d'Oro was fifteen. She had been good to him in her own way. For instance, she had allowed him to follow her about the grounds at a distance of ten feet for two hours morning and afternoon. There had been various complicated rules. If he dropped more than ten feet behind, she could run and leave him. (That was when Sandy saw him fishing. It's hard, when you are only seven, to judge ten feet exactly.) If she raised her right hand he could come forward five feet.

He had nightmares about distances every night, but he adored her and listened, absorbed, to the stories she told him of her outrageous adventures. He knew they weren't all true even though she obviously was capable of many things ordinary human beings couldn't do. She wasn't like his mother in a single particular, but in a small way she had been a substitute.

Sandy hadn't given him more than routine attention, for that was the summer of Denis' unhappy love affair, and she had been upset over that. Although d'Oro had had a finger in Denis' troubles too.

As Sandy had suggested, he looked through her mail. One envelope with a deli-

cate scroll writing he set aside, and as soon as she came back, he gave it to her. She read it through twice, then she sat staring across the harbor. Finally she turned to him.

"My children are failures," she said. "The boys are snobs—hundred-per-cent Finucanes. Denis wasn't a Finucane, but he wasn't a Phelps either. d'Oro — It's a nice day; let's not bring up d'Oro. So far, I have seen no improvement in my grandchildren. Look at Donoghue's daughter. Ran down Jo Popo's father with that car she drives. Just a fisherman, she told her father. Look at Fallon's second boy. Kicked out of eight schools." She shook her head. "All our faults perpetuated, Horace's and mine. None of our virtues."

CURTIS took out his pipe and filled it. He looked at the letter in her lap, but he didn't bother to guess whom it was from.

"This"—she held it up—"this gives me reason to think I may have one grandchild with a grain of sense. Which is odd when you consider her mother. You know what happened to Denis. I was to blame. I should have told him to go ahead and marry Margaret Leary. If I had he'd be alive today. This time!"—she picked up the letter again—"it's going to be a very different story. This is from Denis' daughter."

"I met one of those Finucane girls in New York once. What a beauty!"

"That was Auriole or Lamar. This is from Therese—Tracey, we call her. Listen to this: 'Darling, darling Sandy.'"

(She read it fast. The "darlings" came oddly from her lips, and she knew it.) "I have the most astonishing news—I am engaged to be married! I have written you about fifty letters and then not sent them. I didn't want to let anyone know until I got used to the idea myself—if I ever do as long as I live. I almost wish I never had to tell anyone—it's

like putting up a target for people to shoot at, and if anything should happen to us I'd die. I don't know how I can ever tell mother; she's going to be so upset. His family is very poor. His father is a mill hand and his mother does something—washing or cleaning. I haven't met them, but I know they will be wonderful. I am writing now because I have a vacation next week and he can get away then too. Could we possibly come there? Wire me right back and don't hesitate to say no. All my love, Tracey."

She looked across at him, her eyes arched. "How's that? Red blood from the wrong side of the tracks. Just what this family needs. I told Tracey, when she was here last, her homely little face would be her salvation. Save her from making a 'good' marriage."

Curtis shook his head. "You shouldn't have read me that. That was confidential."

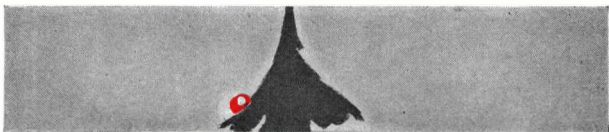
"Confidential stewpots! You'll be here when they come. Suppose you won't know they're in love?"

"But the way she puts it. Is that the way young girls feel? If she ever gets used to being loved as long as she lives. What's the matter with her?"

"Shy. First time she has been in love, probably. She's only nineteen. Of course Auriole and Lamar were both married at eighteen, but Tracey's different."

He sat considering the matter as though it were his consent that had been asked. "Did you say she is homely?"

"As a little mud hen." She laughed. "Belle insisted they gave her the wrong child at the hospital. You'd think she would be satisfied with two beautiful daughters.



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Belle will be furious about this. Blame me for sending Tracey to college."

"Both the others are married?"

"Lamar is divorced already. Auriole probably will be. Belle married them off. Auriole's husband is over forty—a cheese-paring from an old Southern family. Never did a day's work in his life."

"If you tell people things, it's like putting up a target for them to shoot at." That's a terrible thing to say! That letter is really shocking."

Sandy laughed. "I didn't mean to spoil your day. I thought I was reading you good news. She's in love and engaged. Cheer up." She considered his worried expression. "Ever been in love, Curt?" she finally asked.

"Nope. But I've picked up a few ideas on the subject."

"Ideas! Worst things you could start with. I don't believe doctors can fall in love. Doctors are just the mechanics," she taunted him. "They tinker up the engine, tighten the bolts, grease it and turn it over to the fliers."

He smiled to himself and then he turned to her. "Oh, I could fly."

"If you do decide to settle here in Bar-mouth I'll find you a nice girl. Doctors need wives. Maybe that's your trouble," she added. "A wife wouldn't let you sit around all day trying to make up your mind. She'd say, 'Of course you'll take that Baltimore job,' and you'd find yourself hacking off legs down there in Baltimore before you had time to think about it."

"That's what I've always been afraid of . . . Are we going to wire Tracey?"

"Yes—yes. Of course. Get me pencil and paper. We'll send her and this boy"—she looked at the letter—"she doesn't give his name—we'll send them a rousing welcome."

She filled the paper with large pushing strokes as though the urgency of her writing could carry over the wires.

OF COURSE WE WANT YOU GOOSE TICKLED PINK BY NEWS BACK YOU TO THE LIMIT NOT A WORD TO YOUR MOTHER BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE GIVE THE BOY A NAME ALEXANDRA FINUCANE

He read it and laughed. "You can punctuate telegrams nowadays."

"Write it yourself—write it yourself. You know so much about young girls in love."

SANDY and Curtis had scarcely finished lunch when they heard a bicycle drop in the road below and a telegraph boy came up the steps. Sandy never allowed her telegrams to be phoned. She wanted them right in her hand, to read when she felt like it. She apparently felt like reading this immediately.

"Tracey must have been sitting in the telegraph office waiting for my answer. I hope she liked it." She tore it open, smiling, but threw it down angrily.

"She's not coming?"

"It's from Belle. The little fool must have written her. Listen. 'These shocking news received. Must insist you refuse to receive this fellow.' She insists! I will be sixty-six next year and no one ever insisted I do anything yet. Not even the Finucanes. They knew better."

"Very foolish of her to take that attitude," he agreed.

"Receive him! I suppose that's Southern talk. Does she think he is the British ambassador?"

"Keep cool, Sandy."

"I am cool. That woman is an idiot. I'll send another wire to Tracey. Tell her to come tomorrow."

They turned at a click of the gate. The telegraph boy came through, grinning. "Had

another for you and didn't know it. Thought it said Finnegan."

"There isn't a Finnegan in town." Sandy grabbed it and the boy ran. Her face softened as she read it. And she handed it to him, almost smiling.

NEARLY BURSTING WITH HAPPINESS. IF MOTHER WRITES PLEASE IGNORE. HIS NAME IS LEON PALUCHEK. ALL MY LOVE. TRACEY.

"So Belle can't stop her. I always did like Tracey." She started sweeping off the terrace as though the lovers were to arrive in an hour. She shook out the checked tablecloths, relocated the chairs, picked dead leaves off the great tree geraniums.

"You think you are excited about Tracey's coming," he told her. "It's the fight with Belle you are looking forward to."

"Anyone would enjoy fighting with Belle. My other daughters-in-law are fools, but they are Boston fools at least."

Mrs. Washington came puffing up the path carrying a great canvas and was called on to show it. It was, as usual, a view of the harbor, which she rendered freely by adding any touches that occurred to her. She put a face on the sun to make it look happy. She drew the house she was born in right beside Leeward Hall. The lighthouse was pink because pink was such a nice color. And she filled the water with fish, sticking their heads

up, mouths open, so the doctor would have plenty of fish to catch. He, she explained, was behind the rock where he didn't show.

"Where's Sandy?"

She pointed to the lighthouse. "There she is." He thought she meant Sandy was living inside, but Sandy interpreted it differently.

"That's just what I am—a riveted-steel lighthouse. And built on a rock too. Nothing can make me budge an inch. Belle ought to know that."

"Suppose you find you've made a mistake?" he ventured.

"Me make a mistake? At my age! Why would I make a mistake?" Then she picked up the telegram again. "Leon Paluchek. That ought to give the Finucanes something to raise a sweat over. And Belle St. Cyr Carrière Finucane." She sat in the chair beside Curtis. "Margaret's name was Leary. That wouldn't have been so hard for the Finucanes to swallow, but her father was Bill and known as Beary. He drank. Burned his house down one night coming home tight. They lived in a tar-paper shack out on the back road after that. He wasn't any good, but Margaret's mother was a fine woman."

Curtis had known only the main facts of the scandal. Denis fell in love with Margaret Leary. The finucanes objected—violently. His mother persuaded him to leave town until it blew over. He never came back. He married Belle and later killed himself.

"Of course we didn't know what a splendid girl Margaret would turn out to be, but I should have known Denis wouldn't fall in love with anyone that wasn't fine. He was that kind of a boy. I knew that. I should have stood up for him. But there was Uncle Oswald screaming—this was in Horace's library—Rowena . . . Cato.' The clan gathered there like hounds after a fox. Denis didn't say a word. He never had the will to fight, not with his brothers even. I knew that too. He just stood there white and stiff. For twenty years I'd been waiting for a chance to tell the Finucanes what I thought of them, and I said nothing. Horace was looking at me, afraid I'd let myself go, and I said nothing."

"Have you got the girl in trouble?" Uncle Oswald yelled.

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"Denis shook his head.
 "Then why in thunder do you want to marry her? Whatever your reason, you can't do it."
 "When I got him upstairs afterward, he was like a baby. I was ashamed; twenty-two and tears streaming down his face.
 "But mother, I love her. She loves me. We'll never give each other up."
 "Go off on a trip somewhere," I said. "Let it blow over. You can come back in a few months."
 She stared at the lighthouse again, ashamed of the time she had failed to live up to its ideal.
 "Their old Finucane name! Wreck a boy's life for a name!"
 "So Denis married Belle."
 "She trapped him somehow. He had three daughters in four years. And then he heard Margaret was coming to Atlanta."
 "I never heard that part."
 "Someone let him know she was down there. Some meddling fool. He had three daughters then, the whole business was over and done with. Neither Finucanes nor Phelps go running off leaving their wives and children. I don't know that he planned to. Maybe he just wanted to see her in a friendly fashion. She didn't see him, but I've always thought maybe he saw her in the hotel or somewhere and it all came back. Anyway, Margaret refused to see him and he shot himself."

They were silent a minute and then he asked, "What happened to Margaret?"
 "I thought you knew. She died at Anzio. With the Red Cross. One of the finest women this town ever had. What a wife she'd have made Denis!"

A STRING of little catboats went out of the harbor, evenly spaced like papers on a kite string. Their eyes followed.

"Denis used to race. It was the only thing he did that mixed him up with other people. Always by himself until he met Margaret. When Tracey was here last I thought she was very like Denis. Didn't ever say much."

And now she was following in her father's footsteps, falling in love outside her class, as the family considered it. He hoped she had found herself a good chap. She sounded like a nice girl.

He had been reading for a long time when Sandy suddenly went on with the story. She certainly couldn't forget it.

"d'Oro had a hand in Sandy's leaving town too. She went out to see Margaret. Fixed herself up as though she were in a play—an old riding habit of mine, a hat with plumes she found somewhere. She rode out to the Learys', knocked on the door with her whip and ordered Margaret to leave her brother alone. She told her about the scene in the library—trust her to have listened; she was probably under Oswell's chair all the time—made it sound worse than it was, and Peter Hooley, the groom, spread it all over town. She took him along so he would. You'd think Margaret would just have laughed at such theatrics, but Margaret wasn't that kind. She wouldn't see Denis again." After a few minutes Sandy said, "d'Oro is not to try any of her monkeyshines on Denis' daughter."

He laughed. "Now Sandy, don't be ridiculous. d'Oro is no longer fifteen. She'll probably be very interested in Tracey and her young man."

"She won't get a chance to be. She won't be here." Sandy was tight-mouthed.

"She's going away?"

"She doesn't know it. I'll get her to go visit—she has friends enough. Don't you tell her Tracey is coming."

"Sandy, d'Oro is nearly forty. It's silly to treat a grown woman that way. You're so unfair to d'Oro." He'd wanted to say that ever since he came.

"I am not unfair to d'Oro. I know her good points, although I must say I remember them better when she is abroad. She did fine work in the war, they say. I believe it. I'd back her against any Gestapo. Try to stop her! (She's been very mild since you

(Continued on Page 129)



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(Continued from Page 127)

came. I guess she always liked you. I can't figure it out—she has such outrageous taste in men. But I won't have her here, making trouble for Tracey."

"Why should she?" he asked with considerable annoyance in his voice. He didn't know Sandy could be so stubborn.

"Why does she make trouble?" Sandy exploded. "Maybe her nurse put vinegar in her bottle. Maybe an old witch in the attic pricked her with a needle. I don't know why. I gave up figuring it out years ago. She has had two husbands, maybe three. I never did know whether she married that Norwegian or not. She has had no one knows how many lovers."

He laughed. "She says she has."
"And every one of them was another woman's property. It's a form of kleptomania. d'Oro is a very homely woman, and she hates murderously all pretty women. It's her lifework to make fools of them, and the easiest way to make a fool of a woman is to take her man away from her. Then ask her the next time you see her, 'My dear, whatever happened to that charming fellow you were engaged to?'"

"You know, Sandy," he said, thinking it over, "you and d'Oro both love dramatics, melodrama. She tells you stories and you not only believe them, but add to them in your own mind. Anyway, with Tracey the whole thing falls through because you said yourself Tracey isn't pretty."

"It may make d'Oro all the worse. She's proud of being so homely. Another homely Finucane may make her jealous."

"I see. Imagine a woman of thirty-eight trying to steal a man from a schoolgirl!"

"She can't help going it, I tell you. Anyway, she won't get a chance. She's going."

d'Oro never slipped in unnoticed. Usually her entrance was preceded by a laugh—a provocative laugh, thin and scratchy with a slightly taunting

note to it as though she laughed with and at. It did not indicate, however, that she was accompanied. It might be the taxi driver she was amused by, or a bird in the tree. Or even herself. But tonight she was followed onto the terrace by a little man with shiny black hair and round beady eyes.

"This is Rikki," she announced loudly. "Rikki-tikki-tavi, I think. . . My mother, Mrs. Finucane; my cousin, Doctor Phelps. . . Rikki says he is a baron, but I doubt it."

Rikki bowed and laughed. "Yes-s. Baron Ricardo Honi."

"Sounds phony, but he's a nice little thing. Bought me an excellent lunch. . . This is our view, Rikki. Do you like it?" They walked to the wall and she pointed out the town and the spots of interest. "Our former home across the way. Lewd Hall."

Curtis laughed. He had forgotten d'Oro's name for the place. She had had stationery engraved thus, and substituted for her father's and he had sent out many important letters before he discovered it.

"Rikki says this is better than Amalfi," she told them. "I don't believe he has been east of Hoboken." If he understood her comments he was amused by them, for his little red mouth smiled continuously and his eyes snapped. "You must skip along now, Rikki, or you won't get to Portsmouth by nightfall." He was moved along to the gate. "Good-by, my love. Do not fall over the steps."

"If you continually tell people not to fall down the steps, someday you'll have some-one going headlong," Sandy said.

"That's my little experiment. Well, my sweet ones, how have you passed this long day without me?" She walked to the wall, dropped her cape behind her and sat, her long feet in a v, her chin resting on one twig-like finger.

She was as tall as her mother, but thinner and with sharper features. Her neck was longer, her jaw seemed half again as long as

a jaw should be, her nose an extended, precipitous incline. She dressed, not to offset her idiosyncrasies, but to emphasize them. She wore foot-high hats, scarfs wound round and round her throat. She affected flowing capes of strange materials and skirts inches longer than the current styles. The result was not freakish, curiously enough. Her inextinguishable self-confidence made her seem to have a kind of superstyle. You felt this was the goal at which all well-dressed women aimed.

"Marvelous bones," Curtis had heard a man mutter once when he dined with d'Oro. "Bones!" the woman with him had scoffed. "It's wickerwork."

She sat and smiled at them both. Affectionately, it seemed to Curtis. "I must go bathe in ointments, unguents and perfumed oils. Boston women have a strange stench."

"d'Oro, I won't have you saying that. You are a Boston woman."

"I," d'Oro said, "have a strange stench. Nothing new has happened?"

"Nothing," Sandy apparently realized she had said it too emphatically and covered it with a yawn.

"No letters—phone calls—cables—chits—little black boys bearing gifts?"

"Nothing that I remember." Her mother yawned again.

Curtis listened to the interplay, amused. Under Sandy's chair was a yellow envelope. He put out his foot and covered it. d'Oro headed for the house, dragging her cape across the bricks.

"Is it next week you go to the Oldfields?" Sandy called after her with exaggerated casualness which fooled no one.

d'Oro stopped and came back. She looked down at her mother, one eyebrow raised. "No. I have no intention of going to the Oldfields. Who is coming?"

Sandy was about to deny that anyone was coming when Curtis forestalled her. He reached in his

pocket and pulled out Tracey's letter. Sandy glared at him and he smiled back saucily, pleased at his boldness. Let her see that d'Oro wasn't so silly.

d'Oro read the letter through and handed it back expressionless. "Perhaps I shall go to the Oldfields. I cannot face adolescents in the throes of what they call love."

Curtis smiled at Sandy. So d'Oro wanted to stay and steal Tracey's man, did she!

"This is the homely child, isn't it?" d'Oro asked. "She seems not very bright. I hope you wrote her we all have the pox."

"I certainly did not. I told her to come. Belle wired me this afternoon that I was not to receive them."

"She's quite right. Keep out of it, Sandy. You pull a strong bow, sweet, but you sometimes shoot your arrows into the seat of your own pants. Interfering in love affairs is bad business."

"Interfering—interfering! She asks if she can come and I say yes. So that's interfering," Sandy was stiff as a flagpole. "No one is going to interfere, not this time. She wants to marry this whatever-his-name-is and she's going to. Neither Belle nor anyone else is going to stop her."

Long after Mrs. Washington had carried off the dishes, they sat at the table on the terrace. The sunset lighted every window on the point. Two clouds heaped with roses hung over the lighthouse, like two of Sandy's former garden-party hats. The harbor was faintly lavender—waveless, rippleless.

Curtis twisted his glass. "A very pretty setting for young romance," he commented. "There'll be a moon, I think."

d'Oro turned to him. "Have you buckled on the armor for this girl too?"

"No. I shan't until I meet the man."

"Of course that's silly. The man is of no importance. It just seems obvious the girl is not competent to manage a love affair. It's so ingenious to talk of marrying a man you are in love with. It's the one man you



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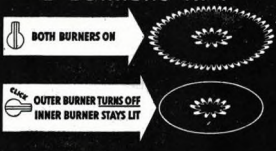
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shouldn't marry. Marriage needs wits. Love makes the reasoning processes deliquescent.

"We should get a boat for them," Sandy said, not listening to d'Oro's philosophizing. Or not seeming to. "When people are in love they like to go out in boats."

"If she really wants to marry this fellow I suggest we wire her to come, but on no condition to bring him. You can then teach her the ABC's, Curt."

He flushed, d'Oro was making fun of him. "When Horace was courting me we used to go sailing. Got caught in a calm once. Had to spend the night on Shipshape Island."

"Sandy!" d'Oro shrieked in mock horror. "Imagine a girl of today waiting for winds to blow or not to blow," she said to Curtis.

"Hrmp," said Sandy. "Think we couldn't have rowed home?"

"Tracey doesn't seem to be a typical modern girl," Curtis suggested. "She's shy, Sandy says."

"Shy!" d'Oro laughed. "When girls are too stupid to know how to behave they call them shy."

"If we can't get a boat we'll just have to go about our business and give them a chance to be alone," Sandy said, continuing her own conversation.

Curtis laughed. "I think Sandy expects me to hide behind bushes and listen under the table."

"Wish you would," she told him quickly. "Might get you to the point of finding yourself a girl. You're right on the verge of it. It would just take a little push."

He could feel d'Oro's eyes on him, as though she were taking Sandy's nonsense seriously. "The Oldfields," she said, with what seemed complete irrelevancy, "live on a lake. Of course the Italian lakes, the Bavarian lakes—but a lake in Maine! I think perhaps I'll wire the Oldfields to forget the whole thing."

"I WOULD," Sandy said heartily. "I certainly would. Lakes are damp. You'll get rheumatism again. At your age you have to consider those things."

d'Oro laughed merrily. "Veddy, veddy clumsy, Sandy. Obvious. Untrue. I never had rheumatism in my life. I'll go, darling. I'll go to the Oldfields because you want me to. Consider that and marvel." She got up and went to her room. At the door she turned. "Why don't you come with me, Curt, my love? You may be in danger here."

The lights came on in the houses opposite—real lights this time. One sequin and then another shone on the velvet of the sky. The lighthouse blinked once and was dark. Twice and was dark again. "Rocks," it warned. "Keep off. Rocks . . . keep off. Love . . . keep away. Love . . . beware." He stirred uneasily and looked at Sandy, who had put such nonsense into his head. He had never been with lovers. Men on the carrier had confided in him. Men in delirium had re-enacted love scenes. Dying men had called for wives as though their presence would stem the tide that was ebbing away. As though in love were healing. Was that true? Would love cure any soul-sickness?

The wind turned east, bringing the strong smell of wet ropes and dry seaweed, of fish and salt and rotting piers. The waves on the little beach below lapped faster and faster. He got a coat and put it across Sandy's shoulders and she looked up at him. Her face seemed old and tired. She had probably been thinking of Denis.

This is going to be a good thing for Sandy, he thought. Seeing this girl happy will be compensation for her old age. Perhaps it's better that d'Oro is going. It will be more peaceful.

"Wait till you see the blast I wrote Belle. I told her just what I thought of her, sending me a wire like that. Insists I am not to receive him. Stewpots!"

The day before Tracey was to arrive, d'Oro left—with all the bustle of a *safari* leaving for the interior of Africa.

Curtis, summoned to her room to close a bag—a bag! the room was full of bags—was admonished, "Keep an eye on Sandy. She's all wound up. I don't know why I go off and leave you two babes in the woods to manage this thing alone."

He laughed. "This thing' being a school-girl in love. It would seem to me the less managing the better."

She shook her head. "Love and the Finuacanes!"

"Oil and water?" he suggested.

"Babies and pogguns."

"I think we'll get along, but we shall miss you. I shall."

"Ah, life!" She stopped her packing to throw a dramatic glance at life up above her ceiling somewhere.

They saw her off from the top of the steps. Mrs. Washington, who loved d'Oro's dramatics, almost wept.

d'Oro waved a long scarf. "Good-by—good-by. . . Mrs. W., I leave you in my charge. Maintain decency and dignity at all costs. . . Sandy, never forget you are a Finuacane. Good-by—good-by."

Sandy turned away. "Probably be back on the next train," she muttered.

Curtis sat on a bench and picked up Tracey's latest wire. It said nothing but the hour at which she would arrive. He was disappointed.

Sandy was raising a terrific rumpus getting rooms ready. She swept and shook mops and pushed furniture about. He had offered to help, knowing it would not be accepted. But now she came to him for advice.

"I've put love stories in Tracey's room. What books shall I put in his?"

"More love stories."

"Men don't read love stories."

He was amused at her scorn. "Sport, travel, adventure, crime."

"Get me Moby Dick, on the shelf by the fireplace."

"What do you think he will be like?" he asked, giving her the book. "Must be rather an ordeal, visiting a girl's family, having them look you over."

"I'm not going to look him over. If Tracey wants him, that's all that matters. Don't put your cigarette in that ash tray. And don't sit on the bed."

He went downstairs to Mrs. Washington. She, too, was getting ready. A large chocolate cake was steaming on the table and a jellied something sat on a platter.

"Ought to be heart-shaped," he said, pointing his pipe at it. He sat on a stool and watched her beating up something in a bowl. "These two are in love," he told her. "They won't eat."

"She may not," she agreed. "He will."

"Men in love eat, do they?"

"They eat good and they sleep good and they act just as bad as befo'."

He considered that. "d'Oro says never fall in love with the person you intend to marry. You think she's right?"

"Miss d'Oro's great on talk."

"She ought to know."

"Humph." She went into the closet and he took a cookie from a jar.

"What does 'humph' mean? Anyone married three times ought to be a good authority."

"Know what Ah think?" she asked suddenly, stopping her beating. "Ah don't think Miss d'Oro's evah been married at all."

"You don't? Why do you think that?"

"No man got sense enough to fall in love with her," she said.

He thought that over. Such an idea had never occurred to him. He turned on the beater, and frosting flew.

"Yo better find yo'self something to do," Mrs. Washington told him. "You're gettin' in mischief."

He got his gear and went fishing. He couldn't see how he fitted into this picture at all.

Sandy had to call him twice when they left for the train. He had been trying to decide between a red string tie and a small yellow bow. Suddenly realizing the absurdity of it, he put all ties away and unbuttoned his collar. What difference did it make what he wore?

Sandy sat in her old battlewagon, the engine acting as though it hadn't been out of the pasture in a week. "Sandy, you're not going in that thing?"

"Why should I put on airs for Tracey?" Sandy had a perfectly good car, but she never drove it. No one knew where she picked up this ancient model. For years she had ridden in long, sleek, perambulating drawing rooms—Horace always had custom-made bodies on his cars. And he preferred that she be driven by a chauffeur. This ratty, dirty old buggy was apparently the car of her dreams. She seemed to go out of her way to splash it with mud. A stranger, hearing it coming, would look up expecting a high-school student and would gasp at the sight of Sandy's dignified head.

"You never got an answer from Belle," he said.

"No. She's looking over her ammunition dump to see what she can hurl our way next. At least she hasn't stopped Tracey. That girl's no fool. I think you'll like her."

The train slowed and entered a station, darkening the windows and starting a flurry of movement among the passengers about to leave. Bundles and bags down from racks, coats on, hats brushed off. Tracey watched them with interest. She cared so much more about people now—or cared in a different way. It was as though she had recently been taken into the club they all belonged to. She used to have the feeling that they had forgotten to ask her to join, or even that her name had come up and been voted down. It was silly to have feelings like that, but you can't stop them by knowing they are silly. The woman with two babies put their bonnets on. By the time she finished with the second the first had his off. She looked up and Tracey caught her eye and smiled.



(Continued on Page 133)

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(Continued from Page 130)

Fellow members. The man across the aisle who had been staring at her was leaving. Men didn't usually stare. Could it be she was better-looking? Girls in love are supposed to be prettier, but that implies you have some prettiness to start with.

The night Leon asked her to marry him—ten nights ago last night—she burst into tears, to her shame. "You can't be in love with me. You can't." It was a terrible way to act when a man proposes. She explained, her head buried in her arms, "I'm so . . . horbely."

He said a girl's looks didn't mean a thing to him, that he always felt it was character that counted. She wished he had said he thought her beautiful—even though she would have known he was lying. Just that once—the only proposal she would ever have. Character is a pretty dull thing to have at such a time.

His proposal hadn't been very romantic, but that was all right. She explained to herself it was boyish embarrassment. "Say—I have an idea," he began as though it had just occurred to him. "You'll probably think I'm nuts, or pretty fresh." Long wait. "What would you say to our getting married sometime? We get along pretty well; I mean we have hit it off so far. You have to expect a little squabbling. I'm pretty good at dodging if you took to throwing things."

Embarrassment made him talk like that. Auriole and Lamar would have laughed for half an hour over it. They used to compare notes on proposals. Auriole had two authentic ones on the same night, once. Her mother couldn't count the number of men who had proposed to her. She was so beautiful perfect strangers followed her as though they were hypnotized. The Carrere family had always been famous for its beautiful women. Tracey was supposed to be all Finucane.

If she had been merely not quite so pretty as Auriole and Lamar, she imagined her mother wouldn't have talked about it so openly. But it was such an obvious fact that people would practically laugh when the family was introduced. Her mother, Auriole, Lamar and then Tracey! They would say, "Well, I'm sure Tracey is a very good girl."

"If you'd only smile," her mother would say.

But what did it matter now? What did anything matter? Leon loved her. If she said it over a thousand times she could never make herself believe it.

The car door started to open and she saw a dark head through the glass, but it wasn't Leon. He had probably met someone interesting. Maybe he would bring whoever it was back to meet her. That would be a strange sensation. She had met none of his friends; he, none of hers. In a way she was glad he didn't come, because it showed that he didn't feel tied. She would never want him to feel that he had to be with her.

THERE had been various sights out the window she wanted to talk to him about, but in some ways it was just as good pretending he was looking at them with her. She had to get used to his joking so much. It was good for her; she had always been much too serious. And of course it was that joking, or at least that wonderful disposition, that made him so popular at college. Everyone—house-mothers, faculty, girls—whenever they phoned for a taxi always added, "And please send Leon."

The girls teased Leon because he was so handsome. They called him Mr. Belvedere and Mr. Apple-o. He asked her once what they thought he had to do with apples. It wasn't his fault that he hadn't studied Greek art.

How startled she would have been last winter if she had known she would go riding evenings with Leon the taxi driver! She of all people, who never had a man call on her in college and had gone on only one blind date—too painful to think about.

When she took her job with the Alumnae Association she thought she would have a quiet, browsing sort of summer. There would be a few graduate students and some faculty; she might get to know them.

During Commencement she went to New York with her roommate. They had a wonderful time and Tracey came back to Redding happier than she had ever been. They had gone to shows and bought clothes. Tracey had her hair done by a famous hair-dresser who said straight hair was in style and she had the right face for it. She learned her way about New York and she went into and out of hotels as though she were anyone at all. When she went back to Redding she felt that she was an entirely different person.

It was Leon who drove her up from the nine-thirty-four. He asked her if she hadn't got her dates mixed, coming back in June, and she explained. He said she'd find it awfully dead and she said she didn't think so; the library would be open, and the art gallery, and there was going to be a string quartet Thursday evenings. (She never heard it once.) He laughed and said, "You're a funny one." When he took her bags up—she had taken a room on South Street—he saw the name Finucane. He had heard that name somewhere, he said. She mentioned that some people didn't know how to pronounce it and he said, "How'd you like to have the name Paluchek?"

How extraordinary it had been! How fated, right from her meeting him the next day. She had her arms filled with things from the five-and-ten—lamp shades, a wastebasket and a basket of pansies. "Hop in," he said. "Free ride on the company." It would have hurt his feelings to refuse. And anyone who saw her would think she was paying.

The first time she went out with him—about four nights later—she had been sitting on the front porch. He had an errand in Taylorville, he said, and he saw her on the steps as he went by. He hated driving alone, even around town.

Should she have gone or not? Her mother would have been horrified, her sisters shocked. But if she had said no, he might think she thought herself too good to ride with him. And if he really did have some kind of phobia about riding alone—men in the war got funny ideas. He'd remembered where he heard the name Finucane. A buddy of his overseas came from Barmouth and he had mentioned some Finucanes that lived there. Was that her home town? She explained that she came from New Orleans, but her father originally came from Barmouth and her grandmother and lots of aunts and uncles lived there. It was a kind of tie having him know someone who knew them.

The next time, he said he'd come to ask a favor of her. He wanted a list of good books to read. He realized what a mistake he made leaving school so early, and reading might help. He thought she would be just the person to make suggestions. Then he came another night to get the list. Then he came to tell her how much he liked them, especially the one about Dick. He meant Moby Dick. That showed what inherent good taste he had. She told him he mustn't worry because he hadn't read much. People who lead rich, full lives didn't need reading. Reading was really only living vicariously. He agreed that it probably was.

Then he came to ask about taking the engineering course, evenings. Of course she advised him to do it, thrilled. It might affect his whole life and years later he would say, "That girl, whatever her name was, started me on this, that summer in Redding."

One night they drove by a dance place out by a lake and he had the sudden idea they go in and dance. No one she knew would be there, and what if they were? When she got home there was a special delivery from her mother. She opened it feeling certain it would scold her for dancing



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with Leon. The letter merely asked her to lend Auriole her white coat, but she had quite a session with her mother after she got to bed. Or with someone who would be her mother if her mother were different and would listen to arguments.

For after all, how does one judge a man? What counts? His clothes? The way he cuts his hair? (Leon's was much too long and very curly. Nice men, she felt, don't have curly hair.) Could her mother honestly claim that Frannie and Tom, her sisters' husbands, were better men, as men? Just because their fathers had money? Imagine either of them working all day as Leon did and then sitting up at night to study.

The train took a wide sweep around a hill; up on the side in front of a birch grove was a white house with a large red barn. She would have liked to show it to Leon. They had never discussed where they would live, for of course they couldn't get married until after she graduated next June.

The door opened again. Would he never come? Was he really there on the train? Was it possible they were going to be together for two weeks? Leon would adore Sandy and she would admire him—a young man fighting to get on in the world, refusing to be handicapped by the lack of money or education. Sandy was her ideal, in practically every way. She loved her mother, but understood her. Everything was mostly the fault of the way she had been brought up.

Again the door, and this time it was he. The veins in her body were flooded with a hot tide of blood. She felt slightly dizzy, weak. He glanced at the girl who had just got on, but it was she he was coming to. Of all the girls on the train, of all the girls in the world.

But he walked right by; he didn't even glance at her. Then he turned and came back. "I beg pardon," he said. "Is this seat engaged?" She laughed and told him not to be foolish. And he sat beside her.

"Do you suppose your grandmother will have the chauffeur meet us in Boston?"

"I don't know. She didn't say so. She would have said so, I think, so we'd be looking for him."

"You'd think she could spare one chauffeur to meet her own granddaughter." Mrs. Leon Paluchek. She was glad he drove a taxi. It was hard work—he'd told her often how hard—keeping the cars in repair. It means so much more to marry a man who works for you with his bare hands.

"Did d'Oro know what day they were coming?" Sandy asked as she jammed on the brakes at the station.

"I guess she did." "Then she'll be on this train with them. Think it a great joke." Poor Sandy, so afraid something would happen to spoil this girl's romance.

The Willow Crossing station was in the woods with not a house or building in sight, only the high wall of a neighboring estate. Along the wall stood a line of cars that might have been placed there on exhibition: convertibles of all colors, station wagons with scarlet trim, sedans as long as boats. Their chromium shone, their paint was speckless, their white-walled tires unscuffed.

Sandy had stopped her mongrel out in the road where its engine shook and shivered and coughed, making impertinent remarks, no doubt, to the array of blue bloods. Sandy spoke to one of the chauffeurs, who touched his hat in unsmiling deference. Everyone in town was used to her eccentric clothes and car. The stationmaster came and talked of the new Y. M. C. A., which, Curtis gathered, Sandy had been instrumental in building, although she had never mentioned it.

His watch said it was four minutes to traintime. He must have sat like this when he was small, too small to remember the exact occasion, and waited for a train to bring someone very important. It was silly that waiting should have an almost unbearable excitement, as though all one's nerves were arguing, *It's coming . . . it isn't. I hear it . . . it won't come at all. Silly.* He had no special interest in the train.

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"You go to the front," Sandy bellowed. "I'll go to the back."

The train had come in and he hadn't noticed, he was so absorbed in watching a pretty girl in a yellow dress. A work of God, a face like that! He walked to the front of the train, annoyed at being interrupted. He was in no mood to meet these two. He heard Sandy's wa-hoo and turned and went slowly back.

A girl was running with a kind of lobe toward Sandy. She seemed about to leap up on her, astride her waist like the finale of an acrobatic act. But she merely reached up and hugged her great structure of a grandmother. The boy with suitcases would be Leon. He had masses of black curly hair and enormous black eyes. Curtis whistled. No wonder she fell in love. He was like a Pompeian painting. But he had an odd physique: his shoulders and chest heavily developed, but his legs a little too short.

As Curtis approached, Tracey was standing back to, introducing Leon. Leon dropped the bags and smiled widely. He was a darned attractive boy. With a smile like that he would go far, those merry black eyes, unusually red lips. Wonderful self-confidence. He was obviously accustomed to being liked.

"Glad to have you here, Leon," Sandy said briskly. "This is my nephew—where are you, Curt? Here, Doctor Phelps. . . Tracey, did you never meet Curtis?"

Tracey whirled about suddenly, stepping on his foot, bumping into him. He caught her and moved her back and she turned and looked up into his face with a queer expression. As though she were enormously glad to see him. Had she heard Sandy talk about him? He was horribly disappointed in her. In spite of all Sandy had said, he had thought of her as being lovely—just because she was in love, probably. The girl in yellow had been slender. Tracey was just thin.

Leon walked down the platform beside him. "Certainly right out in the sticks, eh, doc? Not even a drugstore."

Curtis explained that it was not the regular station, but Leon wasn't listening; his eye had caught the line of cars, and he whistled softly. He slowed to a standstill and stared greedily, as though the whole line were there for him to choose from. And just then Sandy walked out to her old rattletrap. Curtis almost burst into a laugh at Leon's expression. Doubt, disgust and then something very close to anger crossed his handsome face.

"Leon, I'm going to let you two men ride in the rumble. Show the bags in, Curt."

Leon's smile had come on again. "A rumble, eh? I haven't ridden in one of those in years. Think we're safe, doc?"

"Sure. Sandy's a wonderful driver."

SANDY turned and cocked an eyebrow at him. He had complained all the way over at her driving. "Everybody on board? We're off." She started as though the car might rattle.

"We managed to persuade the weatherman to stage something special," Curtis said to his seatmate, to take his attention from the car, which was behaving just as badly as possible. He looked up at the sky to indicate that he meant it was a nice day. He sounded, he realized, like an aging professor being cute with his students. But Tracey turned her head and smiled at him and looked up too. Apparently she liked aging professors.

"I'm on the lookout for a car myself," Leon said. "Thought I might look here in Barmouth. Sometimes small towns have better values. The things they pass off on you these days! They don't put that stuff over on me; I know better."

An instant's silence at his tactlessness, then Tracey turned, the sun making her squint. "Leon drives a taxi," she said in a matter-of-fact tone, free from apology or pride, "so he knows all about cars."

Curtis considered that. How would she have met a taxi driver? Of course boys back from the war, unable to find jobs, did any

thing. As a matter of fact, recently he had read of a taxi driver who had a Phi Beta Kappa key. Rather admirable that she had had the courage to do this, considering her mother and sisters.

Tracey was turning to him again. "Are you really my cousin? It seems strange I never met you." She had a stunning voice, beautiful enunciation, low, but with only a modicum of Southern in it.

"Actually," he said, "I'm only pseudo. Before the war I lived in California." He was going on to explain how they missed each other, but Sandy broke in.

"P-S-SEUDO!" She sounded as though she were scaring a cat off the road, and as usual accompanied her exclamation with a shove on the accelerator that snapped their heads back. "There's nothing pseudo about Curt, He's the best relative I have. Or you either, Tracey."

Leon let out a bleat of laughter and looked sideways at Curt, jerking his head at Sandy. For a second Curt was angry. People didn't laugh at Sandy. Had this boy no manners? Then he softened. She must seem queer to strangers. And he was just a kid. Leon would get Sandy shortly.

He studied the back of Tracey's head. It sat well on her shoulders; there was some of Sandy in her in that respect. And d'Oro. Both carried their heads unusually high. She turned to say something, found his eyes on her so intently, colored and stammered. Sandy broke in to point out that they now took the road that led to the Hot Time Social Club.

Leon was shaking his head at Sandy's driving. He had a curious mouth, almost too shapely for a man, but there was something about the curve of the lip that suggested cruelty. A silly notion, probably. He was being very foolish. She was a sensible girl and she would fall in love only with someone worthy of her.

They were driving along the road over the marshes, the sea shut off by a ridge of trees. Suddenly it dipped and a vast shine of blue filled the space.

"There it is, Leon," Tracey said excitedly, turning to him. Her face lighted delightfully when she smiled. "A little larger than Hunter's Pond, isn't it?"

"It's all yours," was Leon's comment. Couldn't he figure out if Sandy lived by the sea she probably liked the stuff? Anyway, why wipe that look off a girl's face? "I had enough salt water to last a lifetime," Leon explained to Curtis.

"Navy?" "Seabees," and he proceeded to tell why he joined that branch of the service.

Curtis listened, ashamed of himself again. Why should the boy know how to be tactful? He was embarrassed visiting Tracey's family, over his head, ill-at-ease. He could learn those things, couldn't he?

"The Navy certainly had great respect for the Seabees. I felt they never got the publicity they deserved."

"You're telling me!" "I'd like to hear more about it when you get a chance."

Sandy pulled up at the garage. "Here we are—here we are. Prepare to faint. Curt, get out your smelling salts. You'll die laughing, Tracey, but you can't make me mad. I wouldn't swap it for Windsor Castle."

Tracey fell in with her mood. "Oh, Sandy, I can't wait."

"Go ahead, Tracey, you go first. Don't mind the steps. I put them there on purpose. They keep out friends and relations."

Leon was looking up at the house. From the road it was a two-story affair lacking in charm, grace—and certainly in any hint of luxurious living. The paint was white, the windows clean—that was about all you could say for it.

At the top of the steps Tracey opened the gate and stepped out. The contrast could not be more dramatic—the wide brick terrace with the yellow furniture, and dark-blue checked cloths, the scarlet geraniums—



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even if she did not turn to see the front of the house itself. She walked across the bricks and leaned on the sea wall. It almost looked as though a regatta were being staged for her. The harbor was jammed with boats and many were strung with flags. White sailboats slid in long tangents through the blue water, little launches crisscrossed. A speedboat shot out from a group of yachts, little more than its rudder in the water. Across the blue of the sky gulls wove a striped bunting. Suddenly bells chimed and the tinkling was taken up in various tones up and down the harbor.

"I never—never—saw anything so thrilling. Oh, Leon!" Tracey turned and held out her hand. But Leon had gone. He had slapped his pockets, feeling for cigarettes, and then hurried back to find them.

Curtis stepped into the breach. "You must see the house too—the old shack."

She looked up at him, her funny little face grave. "I'll wait for Leon. I want him to see it with me."

Supper did not explain the couple. Tracey was silent. She seemed emotionally exhausted, made almost no comment and didn't seem to hear anything that was said, in spite of the fact that both Sandy and Leon talked very loud and there was much laughing. Curtis studied her. Something was wrong.

Leon had figured out Sandy and was greatly amused by her. After two trial "Mrs. Fincuanes" he had adopted "Sandy." In spite of the fact that everyone in town called her that, Curt thought there was a touch of insolence in Leon's tone. He really thought her a great joke, a character.

"These carpenters and plumbers"—Sandy had been telling of doing the house

What you don't know doesn't hurt you, but it may amuse others! —ANON.

over—"they'll welch on the job every time. You have to watch them. But I guess no one puts anything over on you." He flashed his smile at Sandy.

"Not these men," Sandy disagreed. "They work hard and they earn all they get too. I've known them since they were born. . . . Tracey, why aren't you eating?"

Tracey blushed and made motions of doing better.

"She never eats," Leon volunteered. "That's why I'm marrying her." A wink at Curtis. "Keep expenses down. When we go out, a box of crackers and milk. I thought she was kidding. I think she'd be better-looking if she ate, but all the more for me. Saying which, he reached for the whipped cream," he added.

Sandy roared at his witticism, then, seriously, "Curt, haven't you any little pills that will make her eat like her young man?"

Tracey looked up at him and then looked down again, a curious appeal in her eyes.

"A little sea air will do the trick," he said, not very brightly. He seemed to have no role to play. Leon talked and Sandy laughed—she obviously thought him very funny. Probably he was. He was certainly very . . . "dashing" was the word.

Once Tracey looked up and exclaimed at the beauty of a boat which suddenly appeared around the point of rock, its full-bellied sail like velvet, its slow, steady motion the very epitome of grace. She stared, lost in its beauty, as though between her and this boat were some promise of fulfillment.

Leon resorted to his favorite humor. "What, that old scow?" and a wink to show he was kidding.

The two went for a walk after supper. Curtis watched them cross the rocks. Tracey in a gingham dress, which was certainly not new, faded and plain. Leon, however, had obviously bought a wardrobe for this trip. He wore a turquoise shirt—Hollywood, Curt thought it was called—worn outside like a coat, the sleeves of a different ma-

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terial. His shoes were white with net inserts and black laces.

Curtis and Sandy sat silent. He waited for her to speak. Leon's inadequacy was as obvious as though it were in headlines across the evening sky. His clothes and his tactlessness were easily changed—given time—but his lack of understanding of Tracey, could that be mended? Sandy would have some ideas on how to go about it. What would bother her, as it bothered him, was why Tracey was in love with Leon.

Finally she turned. "Well, Curt, what do you think of her?"

"Of her?" He fumbled. He had been so sure the sentence would end "of him."

"Well . . . she isn't quite what I expected. That letter sounded so young. She is, but it isn't immaturity or callowness. It's rather"—he talked slowly, figuring it out—"it's rather a freshness that has for some reason resisted the spoiling that comes with growing up, and at the same time this youth is superimposed on a philosophy of life that is quite adult. She has a belief in the beauty"—He got no farther. Sandy threw back her head and roared.

"Curt, you're crazy as a loon. That girl sat there and hardly opened her mouth. How in thunder could you find this something or other superimposed on this something else?"

It was a fair question; he considered it, staring at the water. "Intuition, I guess."

"I hope you don't use this on your patients. She's a fine girl."

"I protest that 'homely' label you have given her," he continued.

"Beauty superimposed on homeliness," she taunted him.

"No, just the opposite. I'm not sure that she hasn't a kind of basic beauty, a potential beauty that could be brought out. She has no bad features. Her mouth is large, but large mouths can be beautiful, especially with such nice teeth. She has a charming smile. If only she could get over that tense, strained, gaunt look."

"You should have seen the picture Belle had taken when the girls were small. The two older ones sat on fancy chairs, pretty as peaches, tossing their masses of curls at the cameraman, and between the two, on a stool, Tracey with a tight little scowl on her face. Belle hand-tinted the picture—pink cheeks, color in the hair and lips—but she didn't bother to put any color on Tracey, just the two older ones."

"Why, that's barbarous! Hasn't the woman any sense? I suppose the picture sat around where Tracey could see what her mother had done."

"Oh, yes, it was framed. That's Belle. Her children were paper dolls and she got cheated on the last one. Tracey's like Denis. She never let anyone know how she felt."

The tragedy of the girl's childhood tore at him. In a way it was not so different from his own, except he merely suspected that Paul didn't want him.

"She's still horribly sensitive. That's why this boy—" He shook his head doubtfully. "What do you mean?" Sandy's tone was icy.

"I mean he isn't fine enough. I don't believe she will ever marry him. I don't think she should."

"Curt, don't tell me you have gone over to the camp of the enemy!"

"Camp of the enemy! Don't be so dramatic, Sandy. I just say he doesn't seem to me good enough. I'm willing to —"

"I can't believe my ears. All my life I have lived among snobs, and how I hate them! Good enough for her! Because he doesn't hold his fork right and has rather sketchy manners. Because he drives a taxi. So—you are a snob too!"

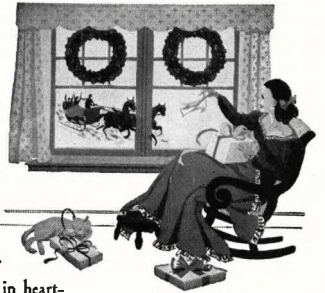
He was astonished at her outburst. "Now, Sandy, I didn't say that. I don't *have* to like him because he drives a taxi. I don't care what he does. I just say, as a man he isn't good enough—fine enough, if you prefer. She is a sensitive —"

"You said that. She'd better get over being so sensitive."

"She won't get over it married to him. They are incompatible from —"

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"I haven't the faintest intention of interfering. I merely mentioned I thought he wasn't good enough. Why should I care who she marries? All right, he's a clever businessman, and just the husband for her. You're right and I'm wrong."

"You and Belle!"

There was no use saying any more. Sandy was on a high horse. The whole argument was so silly. If Tracey was in love with the boy, whose business was it but hers? The boy was in love with her; he couldn't be too awful at heart.

He was almost asleep when he heard Tracey come into her room. He heard her moving about, pushing against a chair, opening a closet door. That was one drawback to Sandy's wing: the bathroom came between a pair of rooms, but the other walls were thin. He concentrated on sleep, but suddenly lifted his head. Tracey was crying. He raised himself to get up. Perhaps she was sick. Long sobs and little gasps. Then she turned on the light and got a handkerchief. She wouldn't want him to interfere, he decided, and lay down again. When she got back into bed it started again. She had buried her head in the pillow, but he could hear her, sobbing and sobbing.

Curtis was alone on the hot, sunny terrace when Tracey came out. She walked to the wall and then turned and saw him.

"Good—come join me," he called. "I was afraid I was going to eat alone. I don't know where Sandy is. Quite a day, isn't it?"

There was no trace of last night's tears. He had tried to figure out what they could mean until he was completely befuddled. She stood by his table and eyed his breakfast with obvious envy. "Leon is still asleep, I guess."

"He may sleep until luncheon. He'd feel badly if you waited." He doubted if that was true. "Come, I'll show you the breakfast routine," and he explained about Mrs. Washington's sleeping late and the upstairs pantry with everything prepared.

They came back with her tray. "I took three rolls," she said, "and both jam and marmalade. Your sea air must have worked. Do take one of my rolls."

He took it. This was very pleasant. She had tied her hair back in two mare's tails with white ribbons like butterflies over her ears. Her shirt was a faded red, and her white shorts very short.

THERE were a few freckles across her nose; they looked very nice with that costume, like an accessory for sportswear. She stopped in the middle of a bite to watch a boat tacking near the shore and then glanced across at him and smiled. It was a complete comment on the beauty of the boat, the loveliness of the day, the delight of breakfast when you are hungry.

"When I was here last I was only fourteen." She said it in a confiding way, as though only he should know this. "I used to sit in the summerhouse—do you remember what they called a summerhouse? It had a marble floor and brocade walls."

"I used to climb the honeysuckle vine and sit on the roof."

"So did I. I was really on the roof, only I didn't like to say so. I used to sit there and watch the boats come in. I had the silliest idea." She looked at him hesitantly. "I used to imagine someone was coming on one of those boats who would fall in love with me. I would have died if anyone had guessed what I was thinking."

"And now," he said, "the boat has come in."

"What?" She looked up, puzzled.

"The boat has come in, the lover has landed and the dream has come true."

"Oh—oh, yes." He had caught her. A second's expression had shown him that her dream had not come true and she knew it.

"It was strange that I thought I knew you yesterday," she said, changing the subject.

"I'm a common type, stringy. . . . Let me get you more coffee." Anything to keep her here talking. "Now"—he came back—"you thought you knew me."

"It's doctors. I'm always that way about doctors."

"A lot of people want to run when they see one."

"I've always had the feeling that doctors aren't just ordinary human beings at all, that they are . . . all good."

"Good heavens, you ought to meet some of the doctors I've known."

"I don't mean moral goodness. I mean . . . loving-kindness. They are the source of it. It all comes from them."

"YOU used to know a doctor?" he guessed.

"Yes. I had diphtheria when I was small. The other girls didn't get it and were sent away. I was very sick, I guess. Mother took care of me with Lucibelle, our nurse. It seemed as though it were years. This doctor—I don't remember his name; I never dared ask mother—he came every day and they talked about me, sitting there in my room. And then one day—the girls came home. I heard their voices downstairs and mother kissing them. I must have been well. Of course I should have known they would come back someday. That night I cried and cried. Nothing would stop me. In the morning the doctor was there; I think mother must have sent for him. He told her there was something the matter with me, I don't know whether he gave it a name or not, but it was something that you get after diphtheria. So he kept on coming. And later I used to go to his office. He lived just down the street. I'm quite sure he never gave me any medicine—all I remember is talking to him. And sometimes he talked to me about himself—I remember he said he was very lonely when he was small. Of course now I know I wasn't sick at all and he knew I wasn't. Mother began wondering about it after a while and took me to another doctor. He said there was nothing the matter with me. Right after that my doctor moved away. I think mother had something to do with his leaving town. She was terribly cross."

When Sandy had read Tracey's letter he had thought, *That girl can absorb an awful lot of loving.* How right he had been! She was parched, dehydrated. She could soak it up by the gallon for the rest of her life. And how she would blossom!

"Your doctor was a very understanding man," he said slowly. "But he just happened to be a doctor. He might have been a teacher, or a minister or a priest—anyone." Now, he thought, *I've fixed that all up. She will figure out that a taxi driver can be just as understanding as a doctor. That is my kind deed for today.* And then some shocking impulse in him caused him to ask, "Did you ever tell Leon this story?"

She looked up. "Did I tell Leon about it?" she repeated, and shook her head.

"Why didn't you? he asked her silently. *Doesn't it seem queer to you that you didn't?* His thoughts were interrupted by a sudden screeching of the gulls. Tracey was leaning over the wall, watching.

"They're all picking on that poor old gray one on the rock."

"Young gray one," he corrected. "Gulls are dark and dull when they're young; they grow white and beautiful as they grow older."

Her eyes widened as she considered it. He wanted to say some people do the same, but he didn't want to be quite so obvious. When he looked up she was studying him.

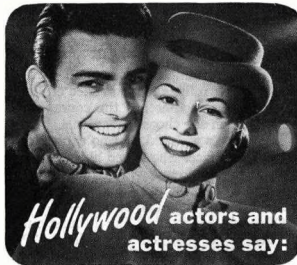
"How old do you think I am?"

She studied him until he blushed and hated himself for being so sophomore. "If you are a doctor—that takes time. And you were in the Navy, so I suppose you must be twenty-eight, maybe, but —"

"Hi—hi, everybody. What a day!" Leon came over in white trousers and undershirt, a bath towel over his shoulders, his shaving cream performing the air. "You folks eaten?"

"Oh, Leon, I did."

"Afraid you wouldn't get any if I got to it first, eh?" He slapped his towel at a pass-



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ing butterfly. "Have to put a shirt on, I suppose. Be right with you. Sleep O. K., Honbun?"

"Oh, yes," she lied. And then looked guiltily at Curtis, as though she knew he knew she lied. Did she think doctors are omniscient too?

"Guess I'll go fishing," Curtis said and left the two to be together.

As he walked down the path he decided this talk with Tracey had not been such a good idea. He was the chorus, not a principal. Or not even chorus. Just audience. Perhaps he should ask for his money back. It didn't look from here like a very good show.

He had been on the rocks long enough to be pleasantly assuaged when Leon appeared. The sun had a pleasant stinging quality; the water whirled in green marbled whirlpools; white splashes reached at him playfully, the drops making wet smacks on the rocks. The gulls were practicing fancy figure eights.

"Hi!" Leon came down over the rocks, flapping his arms with deliberate grotesqueness. He landed on the rock just above Curtis and squatted on his heels. "Fishing, eh? One thing I never cared for. Now if I had a gun I'd like to take some shots at those gulls. That's fun. The women seemed to want to buzz, so I left them. I brought this book along—Moby Dick. Funny thing, Tracey got after me to read it in Redding and then here it is, here. Ever read it?" Curtis nodded. "I wish you'd give me the dope on it. Who kills you or who the guy marries, so I can sound like I'd read it."

"The book is about a whale, if that helps." "A whale!" He flung it down and, putting his hands behind his head, squinted into the sun, studying the opposite shore.

"So you're studying engineering!" That had come out at supper.

"Well, I'm thinking of it. I haven't exactly started. Taxi driving isn't so hot unless you can raise

the capital and go in for yourself. Not that my company doesn't treat me right. They have to. They'd be a howl from the college if I left." He looked up and smiled. It was hard not to respond. He was darned friendly and likable. "Is that the place where Sandy used to live?"

Curtis followed his eyes and nodded. "Yes, with the wide lawns."

"I want to see that place someday. I hear it's something. Swimming pool, fifteen bathrooms, stables, cost nearly half a million to build."

Tracey hadn't told him that.

"You know, I didn't get Sandy at first. She drives that old car just to be different. She must have plenty salted away." He sounded very casual. It was just a friendly chat on the eccentricities of rich people. Or was it? "She must have got plenty for that place—if it was in good condition."

CURTIS hesitated, then he couldn't resist. "She didn't sell Leeward, she gave it away. To the St. Agatha Society. They do very fine work, I understand—with wayward girls." He was talking just to talk, watching Leon. The boy's face had gone black with anger. "Gave it away! A half a million dollars. What right did she have? Why, she's crazy—she ought to have a guardian!"

Curtis walked out onto a spur of rock. So that was the answer. Leon had heard about the Finucane money—before he met Tracey, probably. Poor little Tracey, thinking at long last love had come to her. Taking for gold this resounding brass. This noisy, big-mouthed, flashy brass. It wouldn't take Sandy long to find this out. She despised people who thought money mattered. But of course he would say nothing to her. You don't go round telling tales on your cousin's fiancé. But he wouldn't have to. Leon had a certain smoothness, but he was not subtle.

When he came back to the rock, Leon was asleep. Curtis considered him. What a handsome kid. His eyelashes were like shoelace fringes. The mouth was the flaw. The cruelty showed more in his sleep.

He put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Leon, wake up. You'll get sunburned." The boy opened his eyes. "O. I., doc. Be right up."

Curtis went up the rocks. Halfway to the top he looked back. Leon was asleep again. Should he go back? Doctors, a small voice said, are all good. He hesitated and then went on up the path. Doctors have a right to choose whom they'll be good to.

SANDY was knitting a washcloth. By her quick jabbing strokes and the set of her jaw, something was wrong. *d'Oro has come back*, he thought. But the quiet contradicted that thought.

"Where's Tracey?"

"In her room."

"What has happened?"

"A letter from Belle. She's coming. Going to take Tracey back with her. Unless she gets a wire saying Tracey has given up Leon."

He considered it. Not such a bad idea. "The fool! Take her back South. You know what that means. Marry her off to an old Southern wreck. Or else she'll never marry. Get a bad complexion—bookkeeper in some Godforsaken little town—live in a rooming house."

"Maybe she won't go home with her mother."

"She will. Belle has a will of iron. She gets her way always—always."

"Now, Sandy," he protested, not taking the matter very seriously, "you know Belle couldn't get Tracey away from you."

"I won't have her here. I don't want any argument with her."

"Then Tracey will have to give up Leon." Sandy shook her head.

"Never."

"Well, what do you plan to do?"

"Simple enough. When Belle gets to New York next week—we'll find out just what day she is coming—she will get a telegram."

She looked up, her eyes gleaming saucily.

"Yes?"

"A telegram saying Tracey and Leon are all married."

"What? Next week?"

"Next week. They'll be married here. As soon as we can arrange it."

He took a long breath. "Sandy, you can't do that—marry her off to this boy just to get even with Belle, or the Finucanes, or anyone else you're mad at."

"What a silly thing to say. Was it my idea she marry him? Did I introduce them? Did I suggest he propose to her?"

"Look, Sandy," he said desperately, "I think I know something about Leon. Just give me a little time. I don't like to say anything about it, but—" He was embarrassed and ashamed of having said so much.

"Curt, I don't want any of your ideas about Leon. I told you so last night. They'll be married here next week."

Tracey came out of her door a few minutes after her grandmother had announced that the two were to be married the following week. Her eyes were red, but she smiled at them, a smile that seemed infinitely pathetic to Curtis. Here was the small fawn about to be caught in Sandy's ugly trap.

"Where's Leon?" Tracey asked, rather spoiling his idea. Fawns don't go around asking for traps.

He jumped up guiltily. "I'm afraid Leon has fallen asleep in the sun. I'll go get him."

"Just a minute." Sandy put up her hand.

"What did your mother say, Tracey?"

Tracey looked at Sandy and then down at her lap. She didn't seem to be angry at her mother; ashamed for her, rather. "Mother said she would come up next week unless—"

"You told me that, you told me that. What else did she say?"

"She said... if I should marry Leon they would act as though I had never been born. They would never want to see me again."

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"Look here, you don't have to tell us this," Curtis protested angrily.
"She'll feel better if she gets it off her mind."
Why in thunder didn't the girl tell Sandy to go chase herself?
"She said," Tracey went on, "Lamar telephoned to some girl she knew who graduated last year and asked her about Leon. It isn't true. I know it isn't." Her voice was firm now, but there was no fire in it. She wouldn't fight for herself. Sandy could put anything over on her.
"If it isn't true, why let it bother you?" Sandy was knitting. Curtis had a feeling that it was part of the scheme, that each stitch bound Tracey in, tighter, surer. "What did the girl tell Lamar?"
"She said—just after Leon came back—he tried to elope with a freshman. The family lawyer, or a friend, or someone, was on the train and saw them and wired the family. They got detectives and traced them and sent him back and the girl went home. She said the college hushed it up. . . . I know it isn't true."
Curtis considered it. Of course it was true. Counting on his looks, he had set out to marry a rich girl. The funny thing was Tracey didn't, probably, give two cents for his looks. The other girl's family had grabbed her away, but here was Tracey being handed to him. Leon must be laughing to himself to see how easy it was.
"Silly gossip," Sandy said. "Every school has stories like that. We'll ask him if it's true."
"Oh, no—no, no, don't do that." So Tracey suspected it was true.
"What do you plan to do?" Sandy asked.
"Shall we wake up Leon, tell him your mother has ordered you not to marry him and ship him off on the next train?"
Tracey shook her head.
"Shall we tell him you made a mistake? You've changed your mind, so off he goes?"
"No—I can't do that."
"Of course you understand when you go South you go for good. Your mother won't let you leave again, not even to go to a Southern college."
It was all so neat. A stitch here, a stitch there. There was only one way open. Sandy was heading Tracey that way, but she didn't see it. Sandy would, of course, prefer that Tracey be the one to suggest they be married right away, but she wouldn't. She'd never think of such a thing. He watched her; everything about her suggested helplessness: her hands hanging so limply in her lap, the set of her head, her lowered eyes. Beside her Sandy sat up like the king's executioner. He never had thought he could have such feelings about Sandy. He looked at Tracey again. If only she had more self-confidence!
"There's nothing common about you, Tracey," he put in suddenly. "I hope you know that part isn't true."
SHE gave him a half-smile, but Sandy gestured impatiently. "Don't be idiotic, Curt. . . . Your mother," Sandy began, working up to the kill, "has wrecked lives right and left. Look at Auriole and Lamar. Do you want to marry the kind of men they married? Do you want a husband like Fran-
Tracey looked up. "Did my mother wreck my father's life? Was it her fault he killed himself? I've never known."
"There's no use going into that," Sandy said. "The point is she is not to be allowed to wreck your life. I intend to stand by you and see that she doesn't. I know you don't want to see her now. There would be endless arguments—talk, talk, talk. Scenes. Hurt feelings. She would see herself losing and get sick."
"She has been sick. She says she may have to have quite a serious operation."
Sandy gave a triumphant cackle. "So—she has resorted to it already. She's as healthy as I am. She'll come up here, put her hand on her heart, act faint and you'll do anything she says. She mustn't come."

"But what can I do, Sandy?"
She asked for advice and she got it. "Marry Leon now. Before she comes. Then wire her it's too late." Sandy offered it simply, without emphasis or raised voice. "One daughter refuses to be married off like a slave. One daughter has the courage to marry the man she chooses."
Tracey's eyes widened, but no expression showed on her face. She stared like a person empty of thought, empty of resolution. "I don't like to rush anything that's so important. I think we ought to be sure —"
"Of course you should," Curtis burst out, delighted at her first sign of rebellion. "Of course you shouldn't —"
"Hi, everybody. I fell asleep. I'm going to look like a boiled lobster, all right. What you been doing, Honbun?" Leon smiled at them, his eyes hazed with sleep, then he sensed that his arrival had not been opportune. "Pah-don me. Trust me to walk in at the wrong time."
"This isn't the wrong time." Sandy bit off her words. "This is the right time. This is something that concerns you."
"Suppose we let them discuss it by themselves," Curtis said, despairing. What chance to stop it now! Tracey would never put up resistance to the combination of Sandy and Leon. He got up. "Come on, Sandy. Tracey can explain."
"Oh, no. I'd rather Sandy explained it," Tracey said, and Leon sat down, waiting to be told.
Curtis walked off. His advice had been magnificent. "Of course you should . . . of course you shouldn't." He started to walk down the road, but turned back. He wanted someone to talk to. Someone with good common sense. He went into the house through the kitchen door and sat on a stool.
"Want me to wipe dishes?"
"Who you hiding from?" Mrs. Washington asked.
"Myself. Look, Mrs. W." He took up a glass and a towel. "Suppose you had a friend who was blind—a lovely, charming person, but blind. And another friend was trying to push her off a cliff. This other person was blind, too, and didn't know the cliff was there. She thought it was just . . . a bed of roses."
"How come you know so many blind people?"
She was right. Everyone else was blind, but he saw things plainly.
"That wouldn't do. "Suppose we put it this way."
He held up his glass to the light, twisting and turning it to admire the good job he had done.
"Suppose you saw a friend buying a diamond ring and you knew it was a fake. Naturally you would want to stop her. But suppose the jeweler who was selling it was a friend too. He didn't know it was a fake, or care very much. He had to sell it or go out of business. But at the same time the girl who was buying it was spending every cent she had."
This was a masterpiece of idiocy. He didn't know just what Sandy's going out of business represented.
"Don't go butting in," Mrs. Washington said, taking the glass from him and putting it on the shelf. "Maybe she'll find out and maybe she won't. It ain't your business to go round showing up fakes. How come you know so much about diamonds?"
How come he did?
"Ah don't know anything about diamond rings, but Ah know enough to mind my own business."
He carefully folded up the wet dish towel and put it in the drawer. It seemed like excellent advice. He was the one who was being melodramatic now. People don't marry people they don't want to marry. If Tracey wanted to marry Leon, she would. If she didn't she wouldn't. And what business was it of his?
(Continued on Page 142)

Repatee is any remark which is so clever that it makes the listener wish he had said it himself. —ANON.

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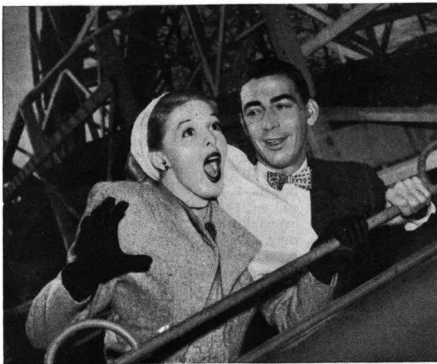
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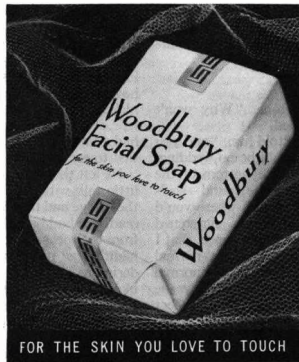
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(Continued from Page 140)

He went down to the docks, found an old fellow who was trying to mend his engine. Helped him lose a couple of pieces overboard and make a mess of the whole thing, had a fine afternoon and came home dirty as a stoker.

Leon was on the terrace alone when Curtis arrived. He turned and leaped to his feet. "Say, where you been? Heard the news? Boy, are you a sight! We're going to be married next Wednesday. What d'you think of that?"

At the sound of the voices Tracey came out. "Is this true?" he asked her.

She nodded, smiling. "I'm not sure it will be Wednesday, someday next week. Mother is planning to come at the end of the week and we want to be married before she gets here." She didn't even remember he had been there that morning trying to prevent it. "But there is going to be a lot to do."

"Just a few clothes," Sandy said behind him. "There are good shops in town, in the summer. We can go over tomorrow, buy them out. This is all on me, remember, Tracey. Just because I wear pants doesn't mean I don't know how to buy dresses. I never had a chance to marry off a daughter. d'Oro, with all her weddings, never had one at home."

d'Oro had warned them of trouble. Why had she gone? This would never have happened if she had stayed.

He congratulated them, inadequately no doubt. They didn't seem to notice. But while it was on his mind he took Tracey to one side. "Do you remember d'Oro?"

She didn't. She said d'Oro was in school in Geneva the first time she came North.

"She's a wonderful woman. If you should ever want someone to talk things over with she's just the person."

She thanked him, but it seemed like a silly idea to have brought it up.

Supper was what might be called gay. They discussed where they would be married—at church, here, even at Leeward. Leon thought that would be a great joke—a wedding at a home for wayward girls. He laughed, his eyes flashing, his head thrown back. His voice was a little louder and his manner surer. He rested his hand on Tracey's shoulder and called her Honbun until even she must be sick to death of it. He was the white-haired boy, he was the grandson-in-law. He was the bridegroom-elect. "How about some more butter, Mrs. Washington?"... "Sandy, you're shivering. Let me get you a coat."... "So you took an engine apart, did you, doc? Find any broken bones?"

They discussed who would marry them, what everyone would wear, who would be invited. Tracey had wired her mother, it seemed. She had said merely that she could not give Leon up. Nothing about the coming wedding. Although announcements of the engagement had gone to the local and Boston papers, they felt sure Belle would not see it. The Finucanes would, Sandy said. They'd start raising a rumpus as soon as the morning papers were out.

"How about this Dora?" Leon asked. "She's your daughter, is she? Will she come to the wedding?"

"No. She will not."

LEON roared at her tone. "Why won't Dora come?" he persisted.

"If she came," Sandy told him, "and you called her Dora there would be no wedding. You would be found at the bottom of the harbor. Or you wouldn't be found—she's too smart for that—but that's where you'd be—nearly anchored. She was christened Dorothea. Thinking, in my innocence, that I had given birth to a reasonably normal female infant, I gave her a reasonably normal name. I think it was the second day she spoke to me about it. Explained what effect the name had on her digestive system. Illustrated it, no doubt, too. d'Oro always makes her point. Ever since she has been d'Oro. Small d, apostrophe."

Leon was all choked up from laughing. "There were other names for short periods," Sandy went on. "She was Dolor one summer and went around looking anguished. Horribly unbecoming. But then almost any expression was."

"She may not be pretty," Curtis began, "but she has tremendous —" No one was listening.

"This girl is married, is she?" Leon asked.

"If you can possibly mean d'Oro, yes. Three times, I'm told."

Leon whistled. "Must be quite a looker," he said.

"On the contrary." Sandy left no doubt about it.

"Well, can you beat it!" Then with outrageous cruelty he turned to Tracey. "I suppose you'll get yourself all fixed up for the wedding. Honbun. A perm and all that. I saw a movie once, showed a girl—gosh, was she awful! Then some beauty company gave her the works. You wouldn't believe it. She was a knockout."

Sandy was studying Tracey. The girl looked up, colored and looked down again. "No, I don't think a permanent," Sandy

light. The oarlocks in a dory rattled and on the beach the waves sh-h'd it.

Somewhere out in that loveliness, in that beatific loveliness, Tracey and Leon were making plans for their wedding. Down on the rocks, probably. Or perhaps beyond, on the beach. Or they might be on the bridge where he had talked to the fisherman. The moon would make the tidal river fathoms deep; leaning over the rail, you could see in the depths an upside-down world, similar in outline but vague as to substance. In that world each filled in his own desires. Tracey would be beautiful, dazzlingly beautiful.

He wondered if she was shy with Leon, or did she respond to his love-making? Did he keep up his continual joking when they were alone? Did he enlarge on the fact that a bride ought to be pretty and what did she intend to do about it? Did he ever show her real affection? Curtis tried to imagine it and then he tried not to—out there in that moonlight, that pervasive, restless moonlight. She who was starving for love. How appealing she had been, telling that story about the doctor!

Hold Everything!

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

We're kindly folk and gentle folk

And social-minded, too—

And we've never tripped our

mothers,

And we've given dogs their due;

And we're very fond of babies

(We adore the wee papoose!)

But there comes a time when even

saints

Will dwell on gas and nooses.

We've memorized the formulæ

By heart, we'll have you know,

Of every babe from Scranton

To the south of Jericho;

And the albums that we've gazed

upon,

If laid out end to end,

Would ring the rim of Saturn,

With a ten-mile dividend!

How cute that Susie's sitting up!

How sweet that Stevie's teething!

Incredible that Linda laughs!

How nice that Billy's breathing!

We're both berserk with ecstasy!

But lady, time has flown—

And we've only got three hours left

To rave about our own!

said. "Perhaps a center part, or with a veil maybe your hair should be worn high like d'Oro's."

"For myself," Curtis said—it was almost the only time he had spoken—"I like Tracey's hair just the way it is." He didn't even think how her hair was, he just wanted to stop this picking on her. Even Tracey laughed. Her hair, it seemed, was still in pigtails and they had a lot to say about wearing two veils, one tied to each pigtail.

He left their hilarity to mail a letter, had a little talk with a fisherman in a dory under the bridge and then went back to his room to read. He had brought Leon's Moby Dick up from the rocks. Tracey liked it, did she? He hadn't read it in years. He opened it, wondering as he turned the pages what she had liked especially. But not even Melville could make him forget this monstrous thing Sandy was planning, and he threw it down and put out the light.

Immediately the moonlight streamed into his window. He raised his head and looked out. The harbor was one vast shimmer of silver, quivering as though the water were alive with millions of silver herring. The roofs on the point opposite were painted with phosphorus. The air was filled with that weird, astral silence that accompanies moon-

It was late. His ears strained, listening for steps on the bricks, for whispers outside his door—good-nights. A tug went out of the harbor with hollow wheezes. It must be nearly dawn. *If you were to be married next week, he asked himself, if you had found that girl who was to share your life, and you were out there together, heaven just a few days away, would you come home? Would you tear yourself from her because of figures on a clock?* When he fell asleep at dawn they still had not come in.

Tracey came to breakfast looking as bright and fresh as though she had slept right through the night.

"So you buy your trousseau today," he said.

"No. We have put it off."

"Put off the wedding!"

"Oh, no, the shopping. Leon wants to see Leeward, so we are going over today. Shop tomorrow."

"And the wedding is to be Wednesday just the same?"

"Yes, I guess it is."

"Today is Thursday. That means there's less than a week to the wedding."

"Yes. We have a boat and we're going to row across. Sandy said we could take her car, but we thought this would be more fun." "More fun but hard work. You should have had a good night's sleep before such exercise."

"Oh, I did. I went to bed before dark. Leon had a headache and Sandy was in her room, so I went to bed too."

The moon had poured its invitation, its benediction, its torture, and they slept, oblivious!

Again they breakfasted together. Her skin had turned golden as he thought it would. It made her eyes larger. Her teeth whiter. He would be glad when they were married and gone. It had been peaceful before they came.

When they had pulled off, Sandy sat over by the door. "Time for the phone to start ringing. I don't want to miss it. The Finucanes will want to know who in thunder Leon Paluchek is. They'll ask what his great-grandfather's maiden name was. Rowena will. Cato will want to know what business he is in. So will Howard. Donoghue will see it too. He may come over. I didn't even tell them Tracey was here." No phone rang. "Donoghue always reads the paper at breakfast. Fallon's wife misses nothing. Do you suppose it was left out of some editions?"

Not out of all, for their copy was on the table. Sandy had read it aloud to them: "Mrs. Alexandra Finucane announces the coming marriage of her granddaughter, Therese Carrere Finucane, to Mr. Leon Paluchek." No more. They didn't want either New Orleans or Redding papers to copy. And it made it more mysterious to the Finucanes, Sandy explained.

Too mysterious, perhaps, for by eleven no phone call had come. Sandy went off angrily

(Continued on Page 144)



Gifts that whisper Romance

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS



The gift set de luxe! Bottle of Evening in Paris Perfume, Talcum, Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick **\$7.00**



A perfectly gorgeous gift chest containing Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Talcum, Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick **\$5.00**



Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne and the new "2-0-8" Face Powder, in star-studded blue-and-silver box **\$2.75**



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Evening in Paris Perfume **\$1.65, \$3.00**; Metal encased Lipstick **75c**; Triple Vanity **\$6.75**; other Vanities **\$3.00, \$5.00**



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All prices plus tax.

GIRL'S DATE RUINED



ESCORT AGHAST! Car splashes girl's party dress. Her evening has been spoiled but fortunately she knows there is a sure way to make that dress look like new again.

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A dry cleaning discovery is doing an amazing job for millions of women across America. That discovery is Sanitone—the better kind of Dry Cleaning.

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To get this better kind of dry cleaning, look for the Sanitone Seal of Approved Service. It has been issued to local dry cleaners who have met and continue to maintain the rigid standards of the Sanitone complete service. Sanitone is a division of Emery Industries, Inc., Cincinnati 2, Ohio.



WHAT A SURPRISE! Mother and daughter say thanks to Sanitone—the dress looks new again.



SANITONE DRY CLEANERS are listed in classified directories. Look for the Sanitone Seal.

(Continued from Page 142)

to do her marketing. Did he have missiles all piled and no enemy to hurl them at! To work up a splendid defense against an attack that never came off. Didn't Finucane care who Finucane married any more? Poor Sandy!

Curtis didn't want to take the calls if they came, so he went down to fish. The water was gray and greasy with patterns of fat and lean, like a repulsive kind of sliced meat. It was hot and low tide. The kelp stank. Outside on the horizon a line of freighters dirtied the sky. The gulls made so much noise he couldn't think. Not that he had anything to think about.

He went back up the banking. A perfectly strange girl stood on the terrace; she turned as he came up the path. She was extraordinarily beautiful.

"Ah'm lookin' for Mrs. Finucane," she said. A sister come to save Tracey! She had read of the coming wedding.

"I'm Curtis Phelps. You are Lamar?" He greeted her delightedly.

"Auriole."

"I met you in New York, Auriole. At the Harveys—Bank Street. Years ago. Sit down. I don't know whether Sandy is back yet or not."

"Wait a minute befo' you call her." She had rich chestnut hair—pounds and pounds of it, all curls—heavily lidded eyes as though just waked from a lovely sleep, full, pouting lips wide to the corners. Her face was broad through the cheekbones, her chin deeply dimpled. She was slightly heavy from the waist up, but her hips, thighs and legs were slender. She stood before him refusing the chair he offered. "Did Tracey come?" That roller-coaster Southern inflection!

"Mother telephoned me last night and said Tracey was comin' here."

"Yes, Tracey came two days ago."

"And that terr-ible man?"

"Er—yes. Leon came too."

"Is he simply aw-ful?"

"They aren't here just now," he said quickly. The temptation was to shout Yes, yes, yes. "They've gone for the day. To Leeward." No mention of the wedding. Apparently she hadn't seen the morning paper. How on earth could he tell her?

His indecision was interrupted by Sandy's entrance. "Such a surprise, Auriole. How do you happen to be up here? Is your husband with you?"

"Frannie's down in the car. We've drivin' to Bar Harbor with the Twitchells. It was miles out of our way, but mother said Ah just had to come. Ah don't know what she expects me to do. Ah can't imagine Tracey havin' an affair with a taxi driver."

"Nor can I," said Sandy calmly. "She isn't having an affair."

"But he is a taxi driver. We know that. Mother hasn't been a bit well, but she says she's comin' right up here next week unless Ah can do something."

"Just what do you expect to do?"

"Well, Ah thought Ah could tell her what we think. Or Ah could talk to him, maybe. Ah'm sure he's marryin' her fo' her money."

"You would think so, Auriole. You have always underestimated Tracey. It is quite possible for men to fall in love with girls who aren't pretty. As a matter of fact —" Whatever poisonous truth Sandy was about to pronounce was interrupted by a voice at the gate.

"You said you'd be only a minute, Auriole. The Twitchells are wild." He came forward, his hand out. "How-de-do, Mrs. Finucane. Remember me? I'm Frannie."

He was a most peculiar combination of twenty-one and fifty-one. His thin body could have been either, but his clothes were youthful and he wore a youthful crew cut. His face was deeply lined, his eyes so sunk they were hardly more than indications of where eyes had been. His smile might have been a boy's, it was so guileless.

"You remember my husband, Sandy. This is Doctor—it is Doctor?—Phelps. Tracey's here," she explained, "but she's gone for the day. We'll just have to leave a message fo' her."

Curtis was sunk. Leave a message!

"Ah've never heard mother so upset," Auriole was saying. "The phone people finally had to just cut her off, she talked so long."

"You should have become accustomed by now to your mother's inability to stop talking," Sandy said.

FRANNIE let out a cackle of laughter and patted his two hands at Sandy in silent applause and looked at Curtis and grinned. But he subsided suddenly as though he had already forgotten what he was laughing at.

"You are quite right in thinking there is nothing you can do," Sandy said, unperturbed. "Tracey is old enough to make her own decisions. I'd be delighted to have you both stay; it is a good many years since you've visited me. I prefer to know in advance when guests are coming, but I shall be very happy to have you here. However, if you merely came to cause trouble, I see no necessity for you to wait. I don't care for scenes. And for you to presume to tell Tracey who she should marry, Auriole, makes you look very foolish."

Frannie waved his straw hat as though his horse were winning. "That's me she means." He was delighted. "I'd like to hear you talk more, madam. I like ladies with snap. But we must go. And you, sir"—he put up a finger of warning in Curtis' direction—"drive that taxi carefully."

The scene was utterly disheartening to Curtis. Her family should be his allies, they could help him stop this wedding, and this was all they were capable of. The girl's life about to be ruined and they spared a few minutes to leave a message!

The two came back from Leeward earlier than expected. Curtis saw them

pulling around the anchored boats and noticed through the glasses that Tracey was rowing. When they came up the path he could see she looked worried. Leon's sunburn, it seemed, had come out full strength, and he did indeed look like a boiled lobster. The dashing manner was gone. He looked thoroughly sick, limp, deflated.

Curtis got him to bed and did what he could to take the sting out of the burn. Leon groaned and cursed. He was extremely unattractive, and unappreciative too. Tracey was torn with pity. It was all her fault, he hadn't wanted to row. She sat by his door and every time he groaned she raised anguished eyes to Curtis. Couldn't he do something more?

"Oh, he'll live, he'll live," Sandy said. "Teach him not to fall asleep in the sun."

Talk about feeling guilty! Curtis knew perfectly well it was his fault. A fine doctor he was!

"Come eat your supper," Sandy said to Tracey. "He'll fall asleep. That's one thing about men, they can always sleep. And Leon's no exception, I notice. Some people around here have been wondering if you were in love," she added, her eyes twinkling. "Let them look at you now."

It didn't prove she was in love at all, but Curtis could hardly argue it. She would act that way if anyone was sick. Especially if she felt responsibility. Gradually she relaxed and it proved a most delightful meal. So peaceful! So lacking in bright jokes! So free from the belittling remarks that followed every serious thought Tracey expressed. They didn't even talk much about the wedding. And ahead was a whole evening without Leon! Tracey and he could take the boat—thus eluding Sandy—and row about. Or they could find that old fisherman and discuss life with him. He was a great old boy. Tracey would be amused by his thoughts on summer people. And then —

(Continued on Page 147)

A diplomatist is a man who always remembers a woman's birthday, but never remembers her age. —FROST. The Golden Treasury of the World's Wit and Wisdom. Edited by Norman Lockridge (Black Hawk Press).

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE

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U. S. Gaytees make the weather just another excuse for dressing up. Gaytees offer more than dry, trim protection. They're smart fashion accessories—styled to go with suave town clothes or rugged tweeds. You'll find Gaytees to please you at your favorite Stormy Weather Shop.



Luxury Look of VELVETEEN GAYTEES with the vanity of fur 'round the top. Sympathetic to luncheon, the theatre and festive evenings. Lined to cherish your pretty shoes and keep lightly shod feet dry and warm. Slide fastened at the instep. Black.



Station-Wagon Look of GRENADIERS, left. Low arch fits all shoes. Women's, misses', children's. Black, brown, red. *Sporting Look* of SPECTATORS, right. Fur cuffs, warm lining shut out raw weather. Flat sole. Brown, black.



Matinee Look of PEERLESS Velvetten Gaytees with fur banding around top and down front. Laces give you snug fit at instep. Black.



Town Look of OXFORDS, left, for rainy, muddy days. Trim and neat, sculptured for snug fit. Black, brown. *Trim Look* of CAMEO KWIKS, right. Easy and supple for driving. Kwik slide fastened. Black, brown.



Fashion-Over-The-Shoe

Norman Norell

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*A red silk taffeta dinner dress
with a fur border.
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KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

“THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING”

(Continued from Page 144)

"You look as though you were sharpening the knife for a nice juicy appendix," Sandy said. "What devilry are you up to?"

He felt the guilty flush spread from chin to forehead. A doctor exulting in a patient's disabilities so he could spend the evening with the sick man's wife—practically! He was so ashamed he rushed to town and into a news-mer theater as though Tracey were chasing him. When he got home he hurried to bed. He tossed and turned, cursing Sandy for questioning his integrity. There were so few evenings left. He had merely wanted to talk to Tracey. He had no interest whatsoever in sleep and finally got up. Sandy could have no objection to his sitting on the terrace alone.

The sky was patterned with huge clouds that turned the place from night to twilight in rapid sequence, as though time had lost its bearings. The moon had had a slice removed from the temporal bone, but seemed oblivious of its disfiguration. It was just as haughty, took the earth's infatuation just as much for granted. If you disassociate the moon from all the nonsense written about it in the last thousand years, it is really rather an objectionable object. Suppose it had been called Old Bloater or The Blob. Not even Keats could have written about sitting in the light of The Blob. Anyway, there was nothing sillier than a lone man sitting staring at the thing. He got up to go back to bed.

"Isn't it beautiful!"

HE turned with a start. Someone was sitting back in the shadows. It wasn't Sandy—or Leon—or Mrs. Washington. He pulled his chair over by her.

"Beautiful. Perfectly beautiful," he agreed.

"It's so wonderful," Tracey said, "that there should be a planet with just enough light to make night more beautiful, more nightlike, but not enough to spoil it the way the sun does."

"Well, that's an odd idea. The sun just goes around spoiling the night."

"If the moon were twice as large it would be frightening. If it were smaller it would be insignificant. Do you think that's just accident?"

"Definitely not. Because the moon is the size it is, the earth is populated. If there were no moon, love-making would be too

enforced by law. That would result in bootlegged bachelors and criminal chastity."

"Arc all doctors so bitter about love? They can't be."

He turned to her in amazement. That was what Sandy had said—*Doctors are the mechanics. They can't fly.* "On the contrary, doctors — Tracey, I must talk to you." He should have thought up some innocent-sounding subject that would not startle her or make her suspicious but would lead inevitably to why in thunder she wanted to marry this blob of a Leon, but he hadn't had the patience. "I want to talk to you, Tracey." She didn't answer, and he was sure he saw tears on her cheek. "Come down to the rocks where no one will hear us." Silence. "You must talk to someone; you are being rushed into this."

She shook her head. "I'm not," she whispered back. "I want to marry him."

"Come."

He took her arm and she put up no resistance. They went down the path over the rocks. *Heaven give me wisdom*, he prayed.

"Then you came," he began, "you didn't plan to marry Leon for some time."

"Next year, after I graduate. But this last year at college doesn't matter much."

"It isn't that year I'm thinking of. Sandy has persuaded you to rush into this marriage. I've been watching you and I'm sure you are being rushed into it against your better judgment."

"No, that isn't so at all. I want to marry him. And if I am going to I might as well do it now. There's no sense waiting to get confused and let things interfere. Sandy is right about mother—she's very difficult." She had such a lovely flutelike voice.

"If it's the right thing for you to marry him, it will do no harm to take time to be sure. But on the other hand you might find, not that you had changed exactly, but that what you look for love was . . . something else." No quick denial. That was something. "That often happens. After a while you would get a perspective, understand yourself better." Still no answer. He sensed her tenseness.

When she spoke she sounded not angry, as he had feared she might be, but horribly weary. "I don't want to talk about it. I'm going to marry him. Nothing can stop me."

"Why the insistence? And the very obvious unhappiness? You know you aren't happy."

"I am," she said almost with anguish. "It's not the way you think at all. I couldn't find out I had made a mistake."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I have already."

"You have found out that you don't love him?" He turned to her in surprise.

"Not the way I thought I did. It's hard to explain. It seems such ages ago, back in Redding. I was so . . . young. Have you ever been in love?" He stammered a no. "It's hard to describe, or believe in—after it's over. You are really insane. I simply couldn't bear it when I wasn't with him. And when he was there I acted so silly. I said things that made no sense. Nothing else mattered. If I'd seen an earthquake right in front of me and everyone swallowed up, it wouldn't have been as important as having him drive up and stop and say hello. And then —"

He had to urge her to go on. "I can't tell you this. It's not fair to him."

"You really ought to tell someone."

"As soon as we get here, right away, almost at the station, it just went. Like a balloon blowing up."

"But you foolish girl, then of course you can't marry him."

SHE ignored him. "I think the world we were on was just large enough for two. As soon as anyone else came onto it—you and Sandy—it collapsed."

He felt absurdly happy. "This can be straightened out. Naturally you felt embarrassed, but of course you'll have to tell him."

"Oh, no. I'm going to marry him. I still love him in a way, in a way that is much better for marriage. I understand myself and I understand him and why he is the way he is. Like today at Leeward."

"What happened?"

"He told everyone that his fiancée used to live there, like a small boy showing off." There was tenderness in her voice. "It means so much to him to be someone." She hesitated. "It's like joining a club he had always been shut out of. An' he isn't very subtle about hiding his feelings or saying the right things. When he's like that I could hate anyone that laughs at him. Money and power and, well, the name Finucane—all that. He wants it so much. It seems so wonderful that I can help him get it. That's loving him," she said defiantly. "He doesn't know any better than to act the way he does. And somehow it seems my fault."

"But my dear girl, that's neurotic," he protested. "To assume guilt for another's faults. To look at a leper and say 'How wicked of me not to be a leper too.'"

"But I only feel it for him."

"That's because you feel guilty that you no longer love him."

"No—no. Because I do love him. It's as though you had adopted a child, a child who seemed perfect to you, and then you discovered it had several quite serious faults. You wouldn't give it up. You'd love it all the more because it needed you."

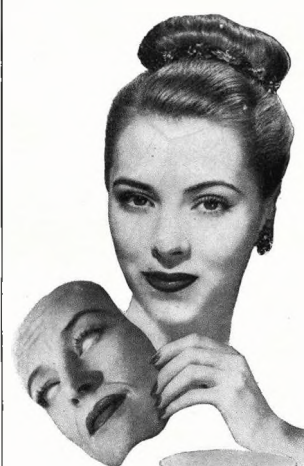
"That's nonsense—absolute nonsense." He couldn't say it strongly enough. "In the first place, you don't argue yourself into loving anyone. In the second, he isn't your child. You have no responsibility whatever toward him. He's just a man you met, like a million other men you might meet."

"Oh, no. He always will be different. He asked me to marry him. I said I would. There was all that in Redding. You couldn't understand unless you loved someone the way I loved him. What is left is really a finer kind of love. Much better for marriage. I could never, never give him up. Lamar was engaged once to a boy she'd known all her life and she broke it off to marry Tom. I met him downtown one day and he drove me home and talked to me. He said he was going to kill himself, she had ruined his life. He had been drinking, I think. I begged Lamar to go back to him. It's like a nightmare to me that I might hurt Leon that way, that something might happen that would make me give him up."

"Look, Tracey, you have a right to be happy. You won't be, married to him."

warning!

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JENNIFER



Jessie Grover

"I am going! But gosh, I gotta go to school for ages yet—so why should I hurry now?"

NO BONES ABOUT IT

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Wonder of wonders, a smart new girdle that has no bones, yet it won't wrinkle, won't roll over, won't bind. Yes—IT STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS. This new "Perma-lift" Girdle gives you all the advantages of bones, yet none of the discomfort. For a real comfort thrill, wear a new "Perma-lift" Girdle. At fine corset departments everywhere, most styles \$5.95 to \$12.50. The perfect companion to your "Perma-lift" Brassiere with The Lift that never lets you down.

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She denied that quickly. "So many things make me happy that have nothing to do with Leon. All this." With her head back she surveyed the moon battling the clouds. "And it makes me very happy to do things for him."

"He doesn't understand you, your feelings, your ideas. "Marriage should be give and take. This will be all giving on your part." He was on dangerous ground. Did she know Leon didn't love her?

"Giving is a kind of taking. To be allowed to give." And then the poor child answered his question. "I know—he can't give me anything but that. But that's enough."

Her sobs that night had been not merely the realization that she did not love Leon any longer, but that he never had loved her. What a crash that had been for her! But by the next morning she had remade her world, this pitiful world in which she was merely grateful that she could give. Perhaps she even knew that it was Sandy's money he was after. She would merely be sorry that money should mean so much to him and glad that she could give it to him.

"Suppose you marry Leon," he said, trying desperately to think up arguments against such a barren philosophy. "Then in a year, two years, maybe in just a few months, someone comes along who falls in love with you. And you love him the way you once thought you loved Leon. Here is a chance for real happiness, complete, whole happiness, but it's too late."

She considered this, but not for long. "You ask me to suppose something I can't. Not any more. It's as though I were to believe the moon is looking down on me with the same awe and wonder that I feel for it. It couldn't be. And"—she hesitated for just a breath—"I wouldn't want it to be like that. I'd rather sit and worship the moon, knowing it doesn't even see me."

"You mean you don't want to be loved?"

"No, I don't. I couldn't bear it." She said it softly; it was a horrible confession of failure. It wasn't that she had given up her dream—she was still starving for love—but with this blow she had lost courage, she had persuaded herself that to continue to search was hopeless.

He pointed out one flaw. "You say you wish to sit unseemly adoring the moon, but you just said Leon was no longer your moon."

"Anyone you are faithful to, anyone you consecrate your life to, becomes your moon. It must be like that."

You adore that which you serve because it allows you to serve it. What a groveling, barren belief for a young girl. What a desperate giving up of any future! She had completely lost all faith in herself as anything but an instrument of service. What could he say? What mere words would break down such a monstrous prison as she had built for herself? And the time was so short! Minutes ticking by would become hours, hours would become days and Wednesday would be here and it would be too late to save her.

"Let's forget all this moon business and get down to earth." He shifted to a rock opposite her so that he might see her face better in the occasional stretches of moonlight. "What is Leon going to do? What about this studying to be an engineer?"

Her head was on her raised knees. She shook it without looking up. "He isn't studying. He never will. He just said that to make a good impression. Oh, please don't dislike him for that."

"Of course I dislike him for it," he said brutally. "You can't go around asking the world to change its values for Leon. What is he going to do? Where are you going to live?"

"He thinks we can stay with a cousin for a while—he has a two-family house. He will get a gasoline station, maybe. What difference does it make what he does?"

"What will he buy it with?"

"I think he has some money saved. Then we'll try to get a house. It will be a small one, of course."

"A darling little white house all covered with roses and ruffy curtains at the window, and you in a darling little apron—"

She turned on him angrily. "I can paint a house white. I can plant roses and make curtains and aprons."

"But suppose Leon prefers a dark flat with no curtains, and tin cans instead of roses."

"Then we'll have it," she said quietly. "You can live in a house no one sees, a house you have built—"

"You'll live in it alone, so why marry?" "I'll never—never—never give him up. I'd hate myself all my life."

HE was asking her to face facts; he might as well face a few himself. Her grandmother would undoubtedly give her money now and leave her more later. She could get her white house with roses from cellar to chimney, and swimming pools thrown in. Leon would join the country club and have a blue car with yellow wheels and a horn that played *Hail, hail, the gang's all here*. Somehow, that seemed worse for her than the little house, or the flat, with Leon in a gasoline station, and her washing his overalls.

He suddenly remembered a nurse who married a man crippled from polio. She was devoted to him, he loved her. It seemed like a happy marriage. Contrary to all expectations, he recovered and a year later there was a divorce. Women who confuse marriage with binding wounds.

Don't they realize that men, normal men, have the same urge to bind wounds too.

Tracey was acting as though she would leave.

It must be Friday already.

Saturday . . . Sunday . . .

Monday . . . Tuesday.

And from now on she would be too busy to think what she was doing. What could he say? He had a chance to save Tracey and he didn't know what to do.

She stood up and shrugged off the stiffness of the hard rock. He reached up and took her hand. "Don't go. I'll say no more about Leon. Tell me more about yourself. We've had so little chance to get acquainted. Darn funny Sandy never invited me to Leeward while you were there. Tell me what you've been studying at college."

She did sit down and she talked for a while, but in some mysterious way she turned the tables. He had been talking a long time before he realized it. She listened as though she were interested, but there was no reason why she should be. It was all about Paul and how he was realizing more and more what a nuisance he must have been, remembering incidents like that fishing trip. He felt sure, he told her, Paul would have lived years longer if he hadn't had a rambunctious great nuisance of a boy to bring up. She didn't think so. She had an idea that Paul might have died right away, but he kept on living for his stepson. "Think what satisfaction he got knowing he had done something for your mother!" He'd never thought about it that way. And then when he told her about wondering if he hadn't made a mistake trying to be a doctor she was almost angry with him. She said he was born to be a doctor. He of all people. And as for that job in Baltimore, it didn't matter whether he took it or not, because he would do either one so well. He'd be a marvelous general practitioner, she said. Everyone would like him and have confidence in him.

She was a remarkable girl. He was glad they had that talk. It was the last one they would have. After she was married they'd both remember it. They went up the path slightly ashamed—at least he was, at keeping her up so late. But it was a kind of good-bye. He could feel that he had at least tried to stop her, even if he had failed.



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Alka-Seltzer

"Here you sit chattering and a thousand things to do," Sandy said. "Four days! Great guns, when I think of four days before my wedding day! My trunks were packed and we haven't even bought your clothes. Find the clothes list here, Tracey." She dropped a bunch of papers on the breakfast table. "Announcements, invitations, flowers. Where is that list of clothes? How's Leon?" she asked suddenly as though a groom might be almost as important as flowers and clothes.

"He's much better, although it still hurts horribly. When I brought up his breakfast he had fallen asleep again, so I took it back. Maybe I ought to wait."

"Nonsense. Mrs. Washington is a better nurse than any lovesick girl. We ought to go right along. The shops are jammed later. Who's that at the gate?"

It was the telegraph boy, and the telegram was from Belle. It said:

HEALTH PREVENTS MY COMING NORTH NEXT WEEK. RETURN HOME IMMEDIATELY.

"She isn't coming," Curtis jumped up, making no bones of showing his delight. "She isn't coming. They don't have to get married now."

"Why should they change their plans?" Sandy asked acidly. "Everything is arranged. You're the most cold-blooded chap, Curt. Or you have been lately. I don't understand you."

Tracey was studying the telegram. "Do you think she is sicker than she says? 'Return home immediately' might mean that she was seriously ill. Perhaps I should go."

"When your mother is sicker than she says I'll buy you a tin horn. If she were really sick someone else would be sending the wire."

Tracey agreed to that.

"Look," Curtis said. "The only reason for them to get married so suddenly was Belle's threat to come take Tracey home. Tracey, you know that. You never thought of getting married until next June. You said that was the reason, Sandy. The only reason for rushing it. Well, Belle isn't coming." He looked from one to the other.

"You have a perfect obsession on the subject, Curtis," Sandy was completely unmoved by his appeal. "I don't know what you have against marriage. Because you aren't married you don't want anyone else to be; d'Oro must have poisoned you with her bitter ideas."

"TRACEY." He appealed to her. She didn't look up. "I think we'd better go ahead with it."

He collapsed back in his seat.

"I don't need all these things, Sandy. And I have a perfectly good suit." Tracey went down the list.

"Send it overseas."

"But I like it."

"Keep it. Keep it then. But don't spoil my fun in getting a new one. Come on, we must go."

"Will you see that Leon gets some breakfast when he wakes up?" Tracey asked him. He shook his head. "I'm going with you."

"Shopping with us?" they chorused.

"No. I have business of my own to attend to."

Sandy must have thought his voice sounded queer. "You aren't thinking of going off somewhere, are you, Curt? Just because I ride you a little?"

"I don't know. I might. I don't know anyone on a lake in Maine, but I have some friends on a hill in New Hampshire." And then he cursed himself for saying that.

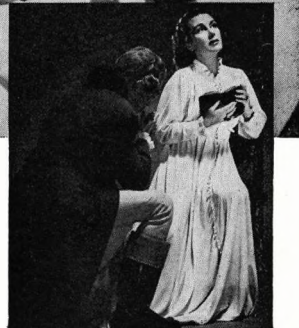
Sandy shook her head. "I think he had a girl and she married someone else. He hates weddings. Come on. We'll take you as far as Commercial Street anyway."

He went back to get more money. Maybe he'd have to fly to Maine.

At that hour in the morning the little seaport town relaxed to its winter status. The summer people were not yet about and fishermen and the local housewives had their way. But there was an air of prosperity to the town that was never produced by local dollars. The drugstore had a plate-glass front

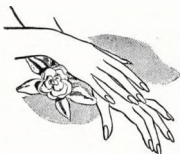


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SHULTON

Rockefeller Center, New York

and no show window. There were innumerable antique shops, sure indication city people were about. The dress shops they were headed for were the equal of any in Boston.

Everyone knew Sandy's car and she was called to and waved to, all the way down the street. The Finucanes were neither fish nor fowl. They had lived in Barmouth but they year round for three generations, but they behaved like summer people. All but Sandy. And she didn't act like a native either.

They let him off at Commercial Street. He hadn't spoken all the way in, overcome with guilt at what he was about to do. And shame. He was remembering that d'Oro had said they would get into trouble without her.

A red-haired girl at the telephone office helped him, not at all staggered by the name of the lake or the name of the nearest post office. In less than half an hour she reported that his party was on the wire.

"What in the world, Curt —" d'Oro began, hardly giving him confidence.

"d'Oro, we need you here. Right away." And then he added quickly that there was nothing wrong with Sandy. "A situation has developed," he said cryptically, "that needs to be tackled by a diplomat."

"That's a crack. What's wrong?" "Tracey is here with her man, and Sandy has decided that they are to be married right away—for no reason that makes any sense at all. For them to marry ever would be downright tragedy, and in time she'd see that."

But I can't get anywhere with Sandy. Or with Tracey either." "If she wants to marry him, idiot, why should you stop her?"

"Come meet him, you'll see. You read her letter—she's a fine, sensitive, intelligent girl. He's a clown."

"And what am I supposed to do?" "I don't know. I just know if you were here the thing would blow up. People would come to their senses. You are not afraid of situations, you understand people, you are frank. If Tracey could only talk to you, you would make her see what she is doing. I just go around in circles."

There was silence at the other end, then d'Oro said, "Sorry, you'll have to think of someone else. I don't believe in that sort of thing."

"But, d'Oro"—his fingers whitened as he squeezed the phone—"d'Oro, I wouldn't have called you if I hadn't been sure you were the one to do it. The only one who can."

"Look, Curt, you can't run people's lives for them. Because Tracey is the way she is, she does what she does and she gets what she gets. I learned that some years ago. Interfere and worse things may happen."

HER voice was unnaturally tense and he suddenly realized that it was d'Oro who sent Denis to Atlanta and to his death. Interfering, trying to make up for the trouble she had caused, she only made things far worse. She would never take a chance of interfering with Denis' daughter.

d'Oro had switched to a light note. "Pack your little bag and leave, darling. Go back when the wedding is over. I suspected he'd be a lemon. Next time she'll make a wiser choice."

"d'Oro, don't hang up," he said frantically. "Promise me you won't hang up. Maybe she will, maybe you're right. Maybe I'm crazy, but come! Please—please come!"

The receiver was silent. He could see her there, studying her nails, drawing little things on paper. He listened for her breathing.

"d'Oro," he called desperately. "I'll think it over, pet," she said in quite a different voice.

"You'll have to come right away. The wedding is Wednesday."

She hung up. He didn't know whether she heard or not. But she would come, of course she would. He went out so relieved he forgot to pay. The redhead called him back and smiled at his beaming face.

He stood on the sidewalk not knowing what to do next. There was nothing else to

do. It was out of his hands. He lighted a cigarette and walked down the street. He didn't want to go home and feed breakfast to Leon. What he really wanted was to find Tracey and tell her d'Oro was coming and everything would be all right. He could hardly do that. He would find them and watch them buying clothes and gloat, knowing the wedding would never come off.

He looked into shop after shop and finally found them at MADEMOISELLE ET MADAME—New York, Paris, Miami, Hollywood, Barmouth. Sandy was talking to the proprietor, somehow giving the impression—in her blue-flannel-trousered suit—that she wore a train and feathers in her hair.

"Oh, hello, Curt. Tracey is trying on a dress. Sit down."

HE stood. It seemed symbolic. Sandy's reign was over. He walked about the great semicircular, mirrored room studying dresses on figures. "This is pretty," he said, pointing to something pink, all fluff. "Why don't you buy her that?"

"Now, Curt, if you have come to make suggestions, please go. She'd look hideous in that. . . . The wedding is to be Wednesday." She went on with her conversation with the dapper little proprietor. (*Ha-ha. It is, is it?*) "The alterations will all have to be completed Monday for the trunks to be packed. However, I think there will be very few alterations. She has a nice little figure. Size nine seems about right."

"Size nineteen," Curtis corrected her. "Curtis, shut up." "Misses' sizes —" the proprietor started to explain.

There was a throaty laugh from behind the partition. "Look!" Tracey came running out. "Look at me." Seeing Curtis, she stopped suddenly, standing tiptoe, arms out, her look of excitement changing to surprise. To more than surprise. This was the man who told her her doll was stuffed with sawdust, that her dream was bogus, fake.

It was a picture he knew he would never forget, though he lived to dotage. The wedding dress was of muslin, as simple as a baby dress, full and long with a narrow schoolgirl collar. Its innocence was cruel. It was a dress for a child to pretend in. *Don't tell her it's real, don't let her know she's being trapped.* sold. She wore a short veil, held with a tiny muslin crown of scallops and points; in her sudden stop it had slipped to one side. She stood, her eyes wide, scared.

"Ah, yes," the proprietor said coyly. "The groom is not supposed to see the bride in her wedding dress before the wedding."

"My nephew, Doctor Phelps," Sandy said offhand, studying the dress, indifferent to the man's idiotic mistake, and to Tracey's startled look. "I think it's just the thing, Tracey. Simple. Plain. It suits you. Turn around. I wish to heaven you had more bosom. You're as bad as d'Oro. Stand up now—head up. Take a few steps. No—no—no. I see we'll have to practice this."

"I'll go along. I have to see . . . someone." At the door he turned. "Tracey," he said solemnly, distinct with his sincerity, "you are beautiful." Then he hurried out.

He knew now, seeing her in her wedding dress, that d'Oro wouldn't come. Sandy couldn't be beaten. She was invulnerable. He would follow d'Oro's suggestion and leave town. He had given Tracey as a wedding present a truth, a truth that had just come to him. She was beautiful.

He went down the street as though a ghost with white dress and veil were chasing him. Out over the curb to pass groups on the narrow sidewalk—the summer people were out in full force now—dodging trucks coming from side streets. Ahead he saw Doctor McLeod, who was to marry them. The minister advanced with outstretched hand. He, too, must think Curtis was the groom. Curtis stopped and faced the opposite sidewalk as though he had been hailed.

"Oh, hello," he called. "How've you been?" and he plunged across the street to

(Continued on Page 152)

One must ask children and birds how cherries and strawberries taste. —GOETHE

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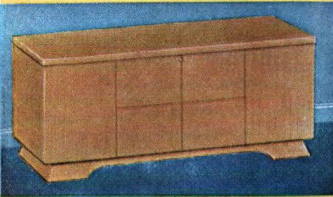


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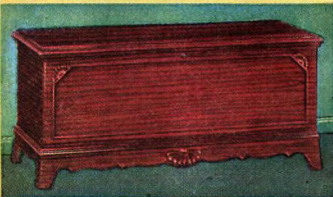
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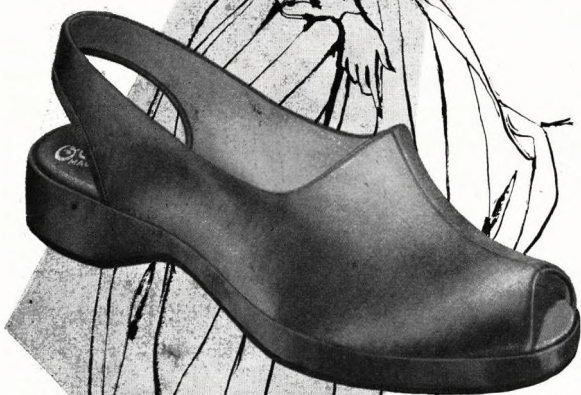


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(Continued from Page 150)

where no one stood but a small girl sucking a hunk of candy on a stick, staring at him stupidly.

He packed his bag and a half hour later was on a train to Boston. With a week's supply of clean clothes, he saw a movie. Then he took the next train back. d'Oro might come. He had to believe in someone.

d'Oro came Saturday afternoon at five o'clock. The four were on the terrace. Sandy and Tracey addressing envelopes. Sandy had just offered to let the two take her other car, her presentable car, for their honeymoon. She was also talking about their coming back to Barnmouth afterward. She thought she could find a little house for them there in the town. Leon could get a job there easily, any-one as smart as Leon could get a dozen jobs easily. Leon said he would think it over; he had never had much use for small towns. And as for the car, he'd like to see it first. He had to have a car in first-class condition before he drove it. He'd hoped to get a new car, but he'd had no luck so far. But he had friends with pull, he might still get it. His ideas had gone up since he arrived. It was a new car now. He'd probably find one at the door as a wedding present from Sandy. And it wouldn't be a surprise to him.

All day Curtis had told himself d'Oro would come. He hadn't left the terrace for fear she would arrive and talk to Tracey before he saw her. He should explain a little more, although she would see through Leon right away and appreciate Tracey. After their talk—probably with tears on Tracey's part, and warm understanding and sympathy on d'Oro's—Tracey would yield and postpone the wedding. That would be the first step. There would be a scene with Sandy, but d'Oro would manage it somehow. He had complete confidence in her.

They sat on the terrace. The taxi stopped below. Curtis pretended not to hear. Then when all heads had turned he said, "A taxi. I wonder who it can be?"

"I hope it isn't Auriole back," Tracey said. She had been so thankful she missed her sister and had been afraid she might return after reporting her failure to her mother. "It certainly can't be mother," she said, startled.

"Take care, Renaldo, that you do not lose your footing."

SANDY'S eyes met Curtis' and he looked away quickly. "Sounds like d'Oro," he said.

"Hello, my loves." She stood with both hands high, in about as false a gesture of greeting as could be struck, her long fingers dripping from upturned palms. She wore a short jacket of black-and-white stripes, a long black cylinder of a skirt, an orange lighthouse on her head. Curtis wouldn't have cared if she had worn all of Norman's Point on her head. She was an angel of mercy. He remembered to show surprise as well as pleasure, however. d'Oro held her pose for a full minute and then walked directly to him. "My dear," she said, "I have come."

His face must have shown his confusion. He had thought she would understand that his phoning must be kept secret.

She raised an eyebrow and then nodded. "Very well"—as though the others were deaf—"I'll say nothing until you wish."

Renaldo—who was Mike Reynolds to everyone but d'Oro—stood watching, grinning.

"The third door." She waved him on with twiddling fingers. "I am still housed in the third door?" No answer from Sandy. "As I expect-ted," d'Oro went on, "the lak-ke stauk-k." Then with startled surprise she noticed that there were others present—not two feet from her. Others beside Sandy and Curtis. "Tracey—my dear cousin. Welcome to Bismuth."

"Oh, sit down—sit down," Sandy said wearily. "Tracey has been here for days. This is Leon. You heard before you left that Tracey and Leon were coming."

Leon had been staring, mouth open, slumped in his chair. Now he stumbled to his feet. "Say—I'm glad to meet you. I've heard

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all about you." Wide grin. "I guess you've come for the wedding."

"Wedding?" d'Oro gave Curtis a quick look. "A wedding! Not you and Tracey?" Leon nodded, his dark eyes flashing wickedly. "Wednesday."

"Kindly tell us why you are here," Sandy commanded. "The lake took a long time to stink, it seems to me." She was looking at Curtis suspiciously.

"I cannot tell you why I have come." Mystery in her downcast look. "Just revel in the joy of seeing me." Leon blatted. "Yes, Renaldo," she called shrilly, "that, too, goes in the third door. Also the jewel case. Also the two hotboxes."

She tossed her hat onto the bricks—her hair was never such a strange ginger color—and settled back.

"So-o-o—Leon and Tracey are to be married Wednesday. How fortunate that I have come! I am a wedding expert," she told Tracey. "I have been married three times," she explained to Leon. "At Vevey in the morning. At noon in Paris—ah, my dears, if you could be married in Paris! And one jeweled night in Venice. I will plan your wedding. I cannot perhaps cover all the little matters—I have certain affairs of my own to attend to. Is it to be at the prefecture—the mayor's office? Or perhaps here. That is an idea, is it not? A wedding here, as the sun rose and the fishers put out to sea. What do you think?" she asked Curtis, putting her hand on his.

Think? He thought her whole performance stank. Worse than any lake. He thought she was laughing at him for taking Tracey's marrying so seriously. He wanted to leave and shuffled his feet to rise, but d'Oro held to his hand.

"This wedding is all planned," Sandy said violently. "If you are still here Wednesday"—double emphasis on this thought—"Tracey will probably invite you to be present. Otherwise, keep your hands off."

"Shall I be here Wednesday, Curtis?" "Why—I don't know." "Well, we'll see. When does your mother arrive, Tracey?" "Mother isn't coming, d'Oro."

SHE looked unhappy and Curtis realized that it was troubling her to be married with none of her family here. That was a good point, bringing that up. Tracey was deeply attached to them and might be persuaded it was unfair to go ahead without having some of them present. She would regret it later. It was a point to work on, certainly.

"Good," said d'Oro. "A great mistake to have her here. Families at weddings! Flies in ointment."

Curtis' heart sank. He should have met d'Oro in Boston and briefed her. She was going at everything wrong. Her manner would shock Tracey—this frivolous attitude toward marriage, this affected, patronizing air. Tracey would never take advice from a woman who talked like this.

"Mothers should be barred from weddings by law," d'Oro went on. "Think, if Sandy had been at my first wedding! To Humbert. Her hair would have whitened and fallen, hair by hair. Mine almost did. I cannot think why I married him. The men one marries in one's youth! Fortunately it was quickly remedied. A week later I met Tolly. Dear Tolly. Your family will be here, Leon?" She changed subjects so quickly—they followed her like sheep with a hare-brained leader.

Leon's grin faded. "No. But I wrote them it was coming off Wednesday. Was Tolly your second husband?"

"Tolly?" She looked blank. "Oh, Tolly. No. Unfortunately Tolly was not eligible. He was married to a minor princess. India, I think." She smiled vacantly. "I must go. That train!" She brushed germs from her jacket. "How you Americans endure travel without the first-class carriage!" Before she left she leaned over Curtis' chair. "We must have a talk, my love. In an hour? Or perhaps after supper on the beach." She couldn't have made it plainer that they were conspirators.

Sandy was stiff with anger. She sat, her elbow on the table, biting on her thumb, the words she wasn't saying making her face purple. Did d'Oro have to irritate her so?

TRACEY'S eyes followed d'Oro to her door, wide, troubled. Leon's did too, with a front-row-on-the-aisle grin. "So that's d'Oro! I see why the men fall for her, all right. I wouldn't mind taking her out myself. And I bet she's old enough to be my mother—almost."

What in thunder is she up to? Sandy asked the checked table cover. She raised her eyes. "What is it, Curtis?" she challenged him.

He flushed. "Did you ever know d'Oro to tell anyone what she was up to?"

"Did your family want to come, Leon?" Tracey asked. "I never thought."

"No, they couldn't of come," Leon told her. "Pa couldn't get away. And ma wouldn't come without him. Nick's wife might, but she's having a baby and no one to leave the kids with."

"Of course I wish mother could come," she said pensively. "Any girl would want her mother at her wedding—ordinarily."

The evening was like the interior of a shell—pearly, translucent, undefiled. From some high planet, freshly distilled air had come gently down, replacing all that was earthy and spent. Quiet had descended even to the

little shore waves, the quiet of ocean depths. Perhaps, Curtis thought, the earth had left its usual path and was on an excursion up into new firmaments. The fishermen, he remembered, called evenings like this weather breeders. "Weather" meaning bad weather, of course. Were storms due? It would take a very heavy storm to stop a wedding.

Only Curtis and Tracey seemed to notice anything special about the evening. Sandy's anger at d'Oro could not be cleansed by any air from the planets. Curtis suspected she was thinking back, remembering that d'Oro had wrecked Denis' life and now had come to wreck his daughter's. And she was wondering why d'Oro was the way she was, whether something in her upbringing had caused it, some favoritism for the boys, or perhaps some poison of Sandy's own coming out in her daughter.

Leon was enjoying the show—loudly. He sat with his eyes on d'Oro, his mouth slightly open or stretched in a grin. Now and then he wagged his head back and forth in pleased commentary. Occasionally he leaned back and roared.

d'Oro chose this evening, this serene evening, which called for meditation and quiet discourse, to tell them of her life in Europe, of her oh-so-amusing friends and of incidents which revealed their characters—if what they had could be called character. Little Willi Zeucchi—nasty little Willi Zeucchi—who married old Madame Mondraïne. Carmen Teitlebaum and her six daughters. Bebe Brooks and the Brazilian tenor. It was like selections from the worst in European novels of a generation ago. Curtis found himself laughing occasionally. d'Oro was an

(Continued on Page 155)



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(Continued from Page 153)

expert at innuendo, at surprise endings. Now and then he thought he recognized characters—the Teitlebaum grandmother who thought she was a monkey, wore red-and-gold vests and leaped from table to chair. He could swear he had read of such a character in a novel.

He studied d'Oro as she talked, to try to discover why she was doing this. She had come there for a definite purpose. Either she had forgotten why she had come or she completely misjudged Tracey.

The girl was obviously shocked. Once she asked, "But d'Oro, what do these people do? Is there any idea in life to enjoy themselves?"

d'Oro's answer had been a smile at Curtis. "Isn't she too sweet?" she asked him. It was an obvious insult.

She told them of an extremely vulgar Cuban from whose apartment she had escaped only through the fortuitous arrival of a telegram announcing his mother's death. While he stood in the middle of the room crying, "Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma-ma," she had fished the door key from the pocket of his dressing gown.

"Who does he remind me of?" she asked suddenly. "Who—who—who? Those eyes, black as plums." She poked her finger at Leon's face. "You, you, Leon. My love, you are very like my naughty Juan."

Leon couldn't have been more delighted. It made Curtis wonder if all this was merely to make Leon look cheap. Did she think that Tracey would cancel her wedding plans because of a few leers from Leon? What she did not seem to realize was that she was making herself so vulgar in the process that any influence which she might have had with Tracey was quite hopelessly lost.

d'Oro seemed, he thought, like a caricature of herself. A caricature done by someone who despised her. She had always been slightly vulgar, but it was an amusing, assumed vulgarity, with her innate decency showing through. She had never been cheap. She had told rather broad stories—to tease her mother or to amuse Curtis—but underneath was always evident her warmth, her fineness, her tremendous compassion for mankind.

SUDDENLY d'Oro looked at him. "I am offending Curt," she said. "Impatience is a virtue—in a man. Shall we take our walk now? Curt," she said to the others, "is very like one of Prince Olaf's sons. When he came to Paris the streets ran with broken hearts. He was tall, too, and as blond as you, with that same transparent skin. His eyes perhaps not so blue. But he was a stupid boy. You haven't found our Curt stupid, have you, Tracey? *Au contraire*. Shall we go, Curt?"

But on the path she remembered letters that must be finished first and she returned him to the others, promising to meet him on the beach in one half hour. He never felt like such a fool in his life. In one half hour d'Oro would be made to explain what in thunder she thought she was doing.

Tracey left—out of embarrassment surely—taking Leon.

Sandy immediately attacked him. "Why is d'Oro meeting you on the beach?"

"Why not? We often used to walk, evenings before she went away."

"If her plan is to flirt with Leon and make trouble—"

"By meeting me on the beach?"

"Why in thunder did she come back here? Did you wire her to come?"

"No, I didn't." And then, ashamed of such quibbling, and with Sandy of all people, he told her, "But I did telephone her. Why I phoned her and what I said is her business and mine. We are both over twenty-one and free. You who are so set on freedom don't allow much to other people." He stalked off up the road angry with all three Pinucane women.

He decided after he was calmer that love was their trouble. Sandy fell in love with the wrong man and now was a tyrant and a rather absurd rebel against everything con-

ventional. She had undoubtedly made d'Oro the way she was, sneering at love and marriage. And Tracey—poor unhappy Tracey—was so starving for love that she grabbed at a wretched imitation. *Love raises Cain with women*, he concluded. *Thank heaven I'm not a woman!* His legs took longer and longer strides. He kicked the pine needles in his path and sent stones rolling. *When I fall in love it will be a simple, natural process with none of the torture women go through.*

d'Oro was not on the beach. Not in twenty-five minutes. Not in forty-five. Not in an hour and a half. Perhaps she had taken Leon off somewhere with some end in view. Perhaps she had found a chance to have a talk with Tracey. But when he went up Tracey was in her room; he could hear her opening bureau drawers. Leon, behind his door, chased a mosquito with a towel. d'Oro's windows were dark.

SUNDAY-MORNING breakfasts were special. Everyone rose at the same time and ate calves' brains and scrambled eggs, waffles and sausages. All but d'Oro. Silence from her room. She might even have returned to Maine. Curtis was noticing that Tracey ate little and stared off at the distant horizon. She looked pensive, troubled. After her talk with Curtis she had seemed actually happier about her approaching marriage, as though, having put her philosophy into words, she was right with herself. But now with the wedding coming nearer she looked as though she might be questioning her decision. He kept glancing at her, thinking he would give hundreds of dollars to know what she was thinking, what outrageous argument of justification she was working out for throwing away her life on this worthless boy.

Leon had eaten enormously and now studied the Sunday funnies. Nothing was troubling him. He had gained at least five pounds since his arrival; his sunburn had faded and the skin underneath was pink and fleshy. *I suppose when you sunburn*, Curtis told himself, *the new skin comes in marble-white, or perhaps blue from your fine blue blood.* He wasn't sure which he disliked more this Sunday morning—this last Sunday before the wedding he had failed to prevent: Leon Paluchek or Curtis Phelps, who was a failure at everything he attempted.

Tracey's face, still studying the water, showed sudden interest. Following her eyes, he saw it had turned a strange green. A small boat heading out of the harbor came about and turned back. The Coast Guard flag was stiff with fear. He turned his head. In the west black and green clouds were swirling in a frenzied mass, miles high. He had no sooner called Sandy's attention to it than a crash of thunder tore the sky apart. They jumped to carry chairs to the shelter beyond the house, to help Sandy collect envelopes blowing across the terrace, and free and fold the tablecloths held by the books and ash trays.

"The geraniums," Sandy called. "Let that Sunday paper go, and get the geraniums." Leon flew to obey, trying to carry one of the enormous plants to the house.

"No—no—no. Lay them down. Against the wall. Show him, Curtis."

The rain struck before they were through and they ran for the house—all but Tracey.

"Tracey," Sandy yelled. "Come inside."

She stood, letting the wind blow up her sleeves, looking up at the clouds, smiling. The heavens opened again with a white flash and an instantaneous crack followed by a roar that echoed to the town and back.

"The silly little fool," Leon exploded, standing in the door. "Look at her. Wet to the skin. What's the matter with her anyway?" He called and called.

She did not turn her head. The wind blew her hair back and her dress was tight against her slight figure. She seemed to be reaching up as though expecting to be borne up into the clouds. She was a creature from another planet waiting to be taken back to her home up beyond that black curtain.

(Continued on Page 158)

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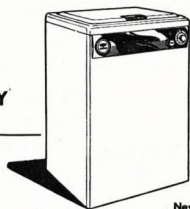
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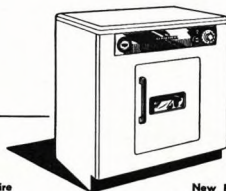
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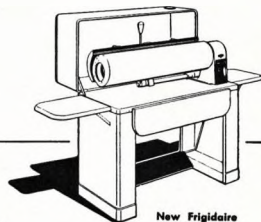
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(Continued from Page 155)

If she should decide she could not go through with it and if she could not with self-respect give Leon up—what then? Would she not be looking for escape? It would be so easy to slip down onto the rocks at night. The reaching arms of the sea would seem friendly as now this storm seemed to be her friend. She was like Denis, they said, and Denis escaped when life was unbearable. She must be watched.

Curtis hurried out. She turned to him with a start. "Come inside," he said.

She nodded and then she looked down at herself. "I'm wet," she said as though surprised.

"You might have been struck," Leon told her angrily. "What were you trying to do, anyway? Didn't you hear me calling you?" She shook her head. "Haven't you any sense?"

She stood silent, then turned and entered the house. She went to the great windows and peered out like an animal that finds itself caged from its natural element. She wanted life with Leon to be difficult, she had said. Did she truly want that? Could she stand to be called crazy, and scolded whenever she asserted herself?

She turned to him smiling. "I'm sorry, Leon. I'm sorry you were worried. I just like thunderstorms. I like to feel wind and rain. It is crazy, I guess. I'll go get dry clothes on."

"That's right, Honbun. You might catch cold and we'd have to postpone the wedding."

"We won't have to." She smiled at him. Curtis turned his back.

"Honest—for a while there I thought she was nuts. Sometimes she does the queerest things. I can't figure her out."

"Girls in love are nuts," Sandy said calmly. She had not been bothered by the incident.

LOOKING through the great windows was like looking into the depths of the sea. It was as dark now as late evening. The lighthouse had seemed to be cut out of white paper against the darkness of the sky and water. Now it was gone, the point was invisible, the harbor and the boats. A snake of lightning struck from the zenith to the horizon and the thunder cracked and roared, shaking the rocks and the walls of the house. He would watch to see that Tracey did not harm herself before the wedding, but what about afterward? Who would protect her then?

She came back into the room in blue jeans and a striped shirt. Her hair was plastered to her head, her cheeks glowed from the rain's beating. "Would you like to play checkers, Leon?" she asked.

"Gosh, no. I couldn't put my mind to it." "Silly time for a thunderstorm," Sandy said.

"I hope it won't rain Wednesday," Tracey said.

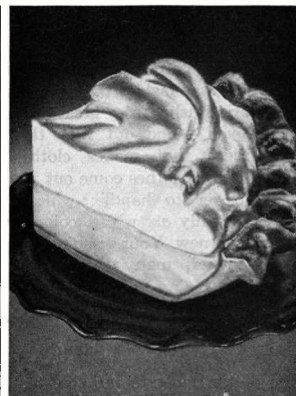
"Say, do you realize Wednesday is only three days off?" Leon stretched and grinned. "Guess I'll have to go into town tomorrow night and hit the high spots. How about it, doc?"

Curtis stood motionless, his head against the window. The heavens were protesting this horrible wedding, but they were helpless too. Fate had decided that this outrage was to take place and neither man nor Nature could stop it.

The voices went on behind him. "We must remember to order the lobsters for Wednesday... we must order the cake for Wednesday..." *We must order sunshine for Wednesday... and happiness. Let us not forget to order happiness... and God's mercy—an extra large order of God's mercy. She'll need it, heaven help her.*

"How veddy, veddy appropriate!" d'Oro's voice was as sharp as a cymbal. It rang out suddenly like the bell buoy when a lost ship was trying to find the harbor. The thunder growled at her for taking the center of the stage and she laughed. "I have always been good at sound effects."

For the first time in her life she seemed to have been careless about her appearance. Her hair was scrambled up in an untidy mess, her lips were colorless, which gave her whole



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face a greenish hue—or maybe it was the storm. She wore a most hideous black sweater, too tight, but loose about the throat. She seated herself regally on the couch as though she were holding a reception. She had looked directly at him when she came in and it occurred to Curtis that perhaps he was showing how wretched he was.

"The storm is nearly over, my love," she called to him. "Soon the sun will shine."

He looked at her sharply. Was she promising something? His heart began to beat madly. Did she mean that?

"Come sit here," she said, and he went and sat beside her. She leaned toward him. "I am going to tell them now." It was addressed to him, but perfectly audible.

Sandy looked up quickly.

"My dear family"—d'Oro spoke in a loud announcing voice, looking from Sandy to Tracey to Leon—"tomorrow Curtis and I are to be married." Her hand tightened fiercely on his, anticipating his jerk of astonishment. "We weren't going to tell you until after Tracey's wedding, but you were sure to guess. I am afraid I am too happy to hide it." Her voice was sirupy. "So last night on the beach we decided to wait no longer."

Curtis sat like a piece of the couch, no mind to reason, no voice to protest. The room was silent as though her words had been a physical blow, landed squarely on the solar plexus of each listener.

"Of course a double wedding would be frightfully amusing, it's one kind I've never had. But I am afraid it wouldn't be fair to Tracey, and I was never much good at sharing the spotlight. So we decided we would just run up to town in the morning and find a little church. Curtis insists on a church." She smiled at him. "His first marriage. He is so sentimental about it."

Sandy sat motionless, her work dropped in her lap, her eyes like electric sparks. Tracey seemed to be paralyzed, too, but had pulled back slightly like a small animal that sees a python coiled before it. *I must tell her it's just a joke*, he thought, but d'Oro's hand seemed to be across his mouth.

"You seemed surprised, Sandy," d'Oro went on. "You know I have always adored Curtis. Of course he isn't in love with me—no, my dear, you aren't. He was in love with a girl once—very well, I'll tell no more. But he is very sure he will never fall in love again. He thinks we will make a very good team. Isn't that the expression you used when you phoned me?"

Things were beginning to take shape as d'Oro ran on. To make sense almost. He nodded yes to her question.

"We shall live in Paris—we sail on the Elizabeth next Tuesday. He will give up

this silly doctoring, of course. I have my apartment there, and money enough for us to be very comfortable." She certainly had it all worked out. Was it possible that she really meant it? Might he actually find himself married to d'Oro tomorrow? "I'm so anxious for Curt to meet my friends."

"Dorothea Finucane"—Sandy had found her voice—"as a joke this is infernal."

"We expect to be veddy, veddy happy."

You fight fire with fire. *If this wedding is unsuitable so is that one.* Or maybe she meant to bargain with Sandy. *We won't get married if they won't.* Whatever she was up to, he was backing her.

He put his free arm about her shoulder. "Expect to be? We are happy." It didn't ring out with much fire, but it brought Sandy out of her state of shock.

"Curtis, you are not to marry her. I absolutely forbid it."

"I'm afraid you can't do that, Sandy." "Of all the unsuitable, ridiculous marriages! You're right at the start of your career. She'd wreck your whole future. She's years older. You—you've always been more to me than my own sons. d'Oro, if you go ahead with this, I warn you, I never want to see you again. I'll never —" She stopped, her throat unfinished. Did she hear Belle's voice echoing through her own? *We never want to see you again.* She got up, started to speak, hesitated, her hands twisting helplessly. Then she went slowly out of the room.

Curtis pulled away to go after her. He couldn't stand it to see Sandy like that. "No-no-no-no," d'Oro whispered.

"d'Oro, you can't do this." Tracey had jumped to her feet. The little creature was attacking the python, with fury and with scorn. Curtis looked up, astonished. Why should Tracey take up Sandy's fight?

"You're a horrible, horrible woman. You can't do this to Curt. I won't let you."

"Well—for crying out loud!" Leon reached out and pulled her back. "Hey—why should you get into this?"

"Leave me alone," she blazed at him. How could this be Tracey—the docile child who never spoke up for her own rights? Curtis stared at her amazed. Her head was high, her mouth was set, she looked at d'Oro as though she would strangle her with those two small hands. "This is all your idea. Curt never thought of it. I know he didn't. You talked him into it. You took advantage of him when he was discouraged—when he couldn't decide what to do. He just needed to have someone believe in him —"

"Well, re-ally!" d'Oro commented shrilly. "And what does this exhibition mean? Just what has this to do with you, Tracey?"

"That's what I'd like to know," Leon said.

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Tracey's fire went out. She stood staring at Curtis. She looked as surprised, as puzzled as they. "I don't know. . . . I don't know." She turned and ran out the door.

Curtis jumped to his feet, but d'Oro pulled him back. "Leon, go see if Tracey has gone to her room. Don't speak to her or go in, just listen outside her door, make sure she is there." He bolted out and d'Oro finally let go Curtis' hand, shaking the circulation back into her own. "Well—there you are. Take it from here." She looked at his face and then she threw back her head and laughed. "Yes, my sweet, Tracey is in love with you. She wouldn't face it. She wouldn't so much as cast a glance at it." He stared at her. "And I suppose you didn't even know you were in love with her!" He jumped up and started for the door, but she stopped him again. "No, not yet. This has been a terrible shock to her. She won't see you. She has announced to the world—except to Leon, he didn't get it—that three days before her wedding she is in love with another man. Announced it to the world and discovered it at the same time herself. She's going to be a pretty upset girl."

"But, d'Oro," he grinned foolishly. "How did you know I was in love with Tracey when I didn't know it myself?"

"You told me so over the phone. And I figured, unless the girl was stuffed with sawdust, and blind —" She smiled into his eyes. "I thought of just pushing you off the rocks to bring her to, but I felt she would think me the greater danger."

Leon stuck his head in the door, said Tracey was in her room and went discreetly out again.

"Now pull yourself together, Curt, and go and see Sandy. That was terribly cruel. I'm sorry she had to come into it, but I couldn't figure any other way. We have to hurry. My timing was a little close. The taxi will be here any minute."

"Who's leaving?" he asked dumbly.

"I suppose you expect Leon to stay on and be best man at your wedding. He and I take the twelve-two. Now go on. Get Sandy back into shape."

He stood outside Sandy's door. *I am in love with Tracey. Tracey's in love with me. I am* — He would have gone on indefinitely, but he heard Mrs. Washington's voice inside.

"How come you start believing Miss d'Oro's jokes? Don't you remember the time she tol' you she was goin' to marry that Chinese man in the circus?"

He knocked and went in. Sandy was lying on the bed staring at the ceiling. He pulled up a chair. "I guess it didn't seem as funny as we thought it would. We'll think up a better joke the next time we want to take your mind off a thunderstorm."

"I knew she didn't mean it. I came in here to see the storm better. d'Oro always had a streak of cruelty in her jokes. She knows I've always been fond of you."

Someday Sandy would understand, see what a big, generous thing d'Oro had done, deliberately making herself everything Tracey would despise, acting so silly and cheap and old. And Sandy wouldn't mind that Leon was out of the picture now that he and Tracey were to be married. At that his own pulse jumped so Sandy's wrist slipped from his fingers.

"Fine strong heart you have," he said.

"Fine strong stepwots. Put him out. He's a fake."

"You may sit up ten minutes morning and night. Take a long walk twice a day. Soft diet—after meals."

"What's gotten into you, Curt? I don't believe I've been told the truth yet. Come back here."

He blew her a kiss and bolted. Surely he had waited long enough now! What did d'Oro think he was made of? But she stood outside the door with Leon, waiting for him.

"Leon has a problem," she said. "He'd like your advice."

Leon wiggled his foot on the bricks. "Look, doc, I'm in a funny sort of fix. Only a louse would run out on a girl a few days before the wedding, and if you say the word

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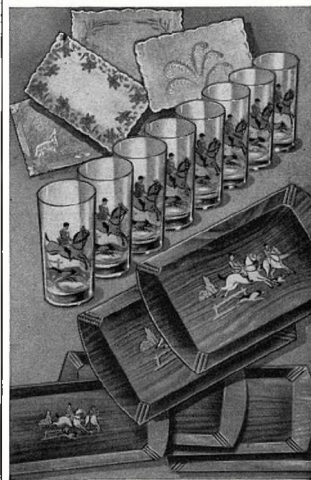
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"I'll go through with it, but here's how it is." He looked to d'Oro for confirmation. "We don't think Tracey is well enough to get married this week, and maybe for some time. I don't know what brought it on—maybe she studied too hard—but it looks as though she was getting set for a nervous breakdown. As a matter of fact, I've always been the quick, nervy type myself and I'm not so sure Tracey ought to marry a fellow like me at all. d'Oro says she has been wondering about that too."

Curtis nodded, his head bobbing up and down, impatient to get away.

"And then this opportunity came up." Leon ducked his head at d'Oro. "She knows a woman, a widow you said." d'Oro nodded. "She's going to South America on this trip and she wants someone to drive her. She's got a big car and she has to have someone who understands fine cars. d'Oro thinks I ought to go up for an interview."

Curtis raised an eyebrow at d'Oro. Where on earth had she dragged this rich widow from? "It certainly seems like a splendid opportunity," he said. "And I'm afraid Tracey couldn't see you if you stayed. Not for some time." He tried to sound completely professional.

"That's just what I thought. The poor kid! I wouldn't want to upset her more. I could write her a note."

d'Oro quickly produced pencil and paper and Leon wrote what was probably the only note Tracey ever received from him. Poor little Tracey! The end of that sad, strange dream. With d'Oro's help Leon wrote a note to Sandy too.

"And now, my darling," d'Oro said.

"Go right ahead," Leon told them. "I'll look the other way." He walked over by the bags.

"I never played a pleasanter role," d'Oro said. "You would have made a wonderful fourth. I don't know why I didn't think of it sooner. Be happy, Curt. She's a lovely child."

"You're the most wonderful woman that ever lived." He kissed her. "All these years I've been keeping to my ten feet behind you. I thought for a minute you had raised your finger for me to come closer. . . . We sound so final," he said, laughing. "You'll be right back."

SHE shook her head. "Sandy won't want me around. Not for a bit. Don't be too soft with her. She needs a gaffly. When she tops fighting—Come, Leon, my love," she called. "Renaldo waits below. You may carry this bag, but take care—lest you fall on the steps."

Curtis watched them drive off and then he turned. The sky was such a sharp turquoise as he had never seen. Never had he really felt beauty before, as a part of life, as a substance to nourish one. Now the whole world would cease to be just a chaos of people struggling against the whims of an idiot fate. Now life assumed order and divine intent. He would take that Baltimore job right away. He could swing it. With Tracey behind him he could do anything.

He put his hand on the latch. "Tracey." There was no answer and he opened the door. She was lying flat on her stomach on her bunk, her two arms stretched straight up, her face turned to the wall.

"Please go. I'm all right. I don't need a thing."

How should he start? There must always be complete honesty between them. He'd best explain everything. "It was a cruel

thing to do," he began. "I didn't understand what she was driving at myself. I mean—you know it isn't true, don't you? You know I never thought of marrying her?"

"I hate her. Why did she have to come here?" She had been crying so long the words came out in gulps and half-breaths. What nonsense all this explaining! Why not take her into his arms, hold her to his heart, kiss her wet cheeks? With any other girl—not with Tracey. It must all be cleared up first.

"Where is Leon?" she asked in muffled tones. The Penitente taking up her cross.

"Leon has gone. He left this note for you." He put it into her hand, but she dropped it. She buried her head in the pillow and writhed with the humiliation she could not endure. "It's all right, Tracey. Read his note, you'll see. He isn't hurt at all. He has a chance to go to South America and he thinks you aren't well enough to consider marriage for a long time. He doesn't know—"

"Doesn't know what?"
 "That I love you. That you love me." Awe filled him as he said it. Completion for them both. Consummation. He would bring her all the love she had ever dreamed of, multiplied a thousand times. And her love would make him whole.

There was complete silence in the room. The wind stopped, the waves were silent. The clock by the bed made no more sound.

"What did you say?" she asked quietly.

"That I love you—" He got no farther. She burst into sobs.

"Don't say that—don't say it. Go, please—go."

"But I do love you."

"It doesn't matter what happens to me. I'll go back to college. I'll go home to mother. Please—just go."

He laughed and then he choked. "My darling, will you never get sense into your crazy little head? You said don't believe two people can love each other. You said you couldn't bear it to be loved, but you'll have to. I shall sit at your feet and adore you all the rest of my life. Whether you know I'm there or not. But if you do love me, if such a wonderful thing could be, we'll be married right away."

"Oh, no—no—no."
 He had been stupid to say that, to think she could turn so lightly from her hurt.

"Listen, Tracey." He spoke very gently. "It is not a disgrace to have found the mistake you made. You have done Leon no harm. You have been true to yourself, and that is as important as being true to another. If you won't marry me now I shall keep right on trying to persuade you. I shall court you."

She turned her head slightly, but the hand clutching the crumpled handkerchief did not relax.

"I shall write you love letters every day. I shall come up to college every chance I get . . . and send you flowers . . . and take you to dinner and dancing. We have never danced together. I shall spend every cent I earn calling you on the phone to hear your voice, your lovely, lovely voice."

From her lashes he could see that her eyes were open and she was gazing at the opposite wall, but she didn't turn to him.

"Oh, Tracey, Tracey," he burst out, "I need you so."

Her hand reached back and found his and he gathered her into his arms. **THE END**

WITH THE CHILDREN

"I hope the circus will be as good as I think it is going to be. Sometimes it happens that you have more fun waiting for it than you do when you get it."

"Some people tell their children that babies are bought and that's too bad, because it's much nicer to know you were made by the ones who love you most—it makes you more special."

"I never tattletale because I have too many things I could be tattled on, so I figure if I don't I'll set 'a sample.' Anyway, the older you are the more you know that other people's badness never does you any good."

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"The more kids, the more fun." Peg and Al have two of their own, five as boarders and "love enough for a baker's dozen."

Never too Many Kids

Meet the Welches, of Kennebunk, Maine

BY BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

WHEN a wife is just crazy about kids and the husband just isn't, you have a situation which can easily disrupt the happiest marriage. Peggy Welch had both her children before she was twenty-one. And that, announced her husband with the bulldog tenacity which made him featherweight champion of Maine, is that—no more kids, ever. Today, when Al Welch drives back from work to his home in Kennebunk, Maine,

he's greeted at the door not by two kids, but by seven, the oldest only ten. Peggy, a willowy blonde of thirty, rushes to kiss him as if they had been parted for weeks, a toddler in her arms, the rest dancing around like the multiple family in the shoe.

The five smallest children aren't hers—merely borrowed from working parents—but Peggy's love shines on one and all like the summer sun. Al can't see why his wife

9.3% of American families have yearly incomes between \$3000 and \$3500.

The Welches' six-room house has no bathtub or hot water. But kids get "real scrub" every Thursday night, "extra dunks" between. Left to right, Gloria Welch, Sally and Sharon Dixon, Skeeter Welch and Betty Ann Dixon watch Peg give Patsy Goulet "a high polish."





PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO

"I don't feel right," says Peg, "without the gang underfoot." Says Al, "What I'd like is a soundproof room." Both agree that everyone needs space "to break loose in," take to back yard for picnics, winter or summer, "when four walls just won't hold us and our tempers."

chooses to knock herself out caring for everybody else's children when she could have things fine and easy. Their own two children, Skeeter, ten, and Gloria, nine, are just about completely self-sufficient now.

But Peggy can't see it that way. "I was one of five, myself. When people asked me how many kids I wanted, I'd say a million. I used to wonder why mother held her head in her hands and everybody laughed. Who would look after these kids," she goes on reproachfully, "if I didn't?"

She points out Patsy Goulet, a beguiling little girl of three with blond braids and April-blue eyes. Her father has undulant fever, so her mother, a girl of twenty-three, supports the family. Chibby Lesuer—he's that handsome curly-headed boy of seven—has two parents who work. And the three little Dixon girls with the great

haunting dark eyes—their parents are separated. Their pretty young Irish mother works next to Al Welch in the shoe factory, packing heels.

If Peggy lived on a farm, with room to turn around, she could probably handle twenty kids with the same happy dispatch as seven. As it is, she is hampered by a severe lack of space and conveniences. The Welches live on one of the most beautiful streets in the U. S. A., Summer Street, in Kennebunk, and Peggy is ashamed that theirs is the only shabby house on it. On both sides are huge square white Colonial homes built by sea captains more than a century ago when lonely wives watched from cupolas for a sight of white sails on the harbor four miles away. The great arching elms were planted by the owners, one for each member of the family, as was the custom those days. The Welches live in half of a yellow clapboard twin, within the

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

Come zero weather, the kitchen is room of all living. Peg's dream: a home without drafts and with a furnace.



"Me, I ought to work for the Army," says Peg, who serves six meals a day on \$30 a week. Al is treated to "special menu": chocolate cake for breakfast.



"Al's got the big ideas," says Peg: "a table for two and candles and stuff." But mostly, Welches hold open house for kids, "any pal of ours who needs a square."

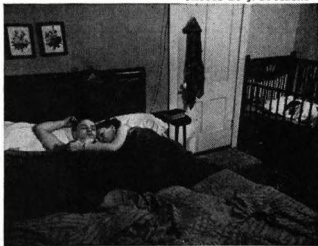


"When you've got the guy you love

and kids—you've got the breaks."



"The one thing I don't want the kids to be is skinny or lonely." Peg keeps doctors' bills at low \$50 a year, takes baby to free Kennebunk clinic (left) for checkups and shots. In shared bedroom (right): "What she gets, we get."



"The only time I get a day off is to go to a funeral." Al helps Peg do big weekly shopping (left), joins tub brigade when "Junior" (right) needs bath. But chores are her job: "Home's where a man should take a load off his feet."



"I like to wait on him hand and foot—it keeps us out of trouble." Peg's never too busy to shine Al's shoes, scrub his back, or "help get a chip off his shoulder."

PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO

shadow of the lovely Christopher Wren steeple on the ancient white church across the street. The six rooms which they rent for \$16 a month have no central heating, no bathtub or hot water. Two oilstoves heat their cramped quarters through subzero Maine winters. Upstairs are three small bedrooms and a room with a toilet, but no sink, so the whole family washes and bathes and brushes teeth in the kitchen.

Three of Peggy's five charges stay overnight—the other two are deposited by their parents before 7 A.M. as they rush off to work. Peggy is up regularly at 6:15, fixing her husband's lunch box and giving baby Betty Anne Dixon, a toddler of fifteen months, the first installment of her breakfast. Al Welch is off to the shoe factory at ten of seven, and then the children come clattering downstairs to join the others for breakfast.

THE four girls all have long hair which must be brushed and plaited and tied in ribbons; their ears and knees and elbows well scrubbed in turn by Peggy. As they line up at the sink with toothbrushes, the baby sits in the high chair mauling the black kitten, Bizerte. The dog, half Spitz, half chow, has sense enough to hide under the stove. Comparative quiet descends when most of the children get off to school and Peggy is left with the baby, three-year-old Patsy, and Sharon Dixon, four, and the realization that she hasn't had any breakfast and it's time to start washing clothes. This mother to seven frequently skips breakfast and lunch too.

Peggy washes some clothes every day of the week, and does a staggering load in the washing machine, first heating the water on the stove, on Mondays and Thursdays. The ironing is continual; in the wintertime the long black kitchen stovepipe leading over to the chimney is never cleared of piles of freshly pressed rompers and shirts and underwear. Peggy just accepts it like the weather and taxes. "When I was a kid, mother was always at the ironing board when we went to bed. When we got up, she was still at it. I used to think she ironed all night."

Peggy dry-mops and dusts every room in the house every day in the week, and scrubs the kitchen linoleum on her "prayer handles" twice a week, the rest of the floors once a week. Somehow she finds time to make practically all the children's clothes—whether they're hers or not makes no difference. On her ancient sewing machine she does a magnificent tailoring job of girls' wool suits and coats, and flannel sports shirts for the men of the family. For \$1.50 she made matching red wool jerkins for Gloria and herself. But ordinarily she doesn't make anything for herself. "Those dresses are old enough to vote," she indicates the crepe party frocks in her closet. "When Al was at the shipyards, we used to go dancing in Portland every week end, but we can't afford it now."

Al worked two war years, from '43 to '45, fitting pipe covers down in the ships' engine rooms. "We broiled in summer and froze in winter—seven days a week I worked and twice did a forty-eight-hour stretch during a rush job." Although the pay was high—as much as \$140 a week sometimes—he was glad to quit and go back to his old job. Al is a rougher over at the York Wood Heel Co. in Biddeford, about nine miles away. He scrapes the bottoms of women's wedgie heels so they will stick to the soles. With an electric wire brush he does about seventy-two heels every four minutes—one of the fastest operators the shop has ever had. His over-all weekly earnings last year averaged around \$48.

"We don't make much money, but we have a lot of fun," Peggy and Al remark at least once a day. The rug in their living room, new five years ago, is now worn right down to the threads from jitterbugging—their pet pastime. This is a pleasant, sunny room with flowered curtains that look so handsome you have to touch them to tell they are crepe paper. The furniture is sturdy rock maple—the overstuffed chairs often substituting for beds when the Welches get a big crowd overnight. They've had twelve at a time in their little house, "hanging from hooks," says Peg happily. Skeeter Welch is overjoyed at the opportunity to pop into his sleeping bag on the floor.

At noon the children flock home from school for a hot lunch, and by the time she's cleared up the dishes, it's time for Peggy to get the baby up



"Scrapping" with his prize-fighter dad's only one of Skeeter's many hobbies, which feature trombone playing, gardening and the back-yard construction of model cars. His idea of a good future: "To live outdoors—with no girls."



"We could use an extra sink." Peg would like big house where she could take more kids, have a "real business." Now, she makes \$21.50 a week, saves \$5. "But I tell Al they're my luxury—that's the way I feel about every one."



Peg's one bugaboo: rainy days when her eight lines of washing are draped in the house. She makes most children's clothes, jackets to "show off Al's shoulders. My wardrobe—it's old enough to vote."

from her nap. The baby is the only person who sleeps during the day. Peggy is supposed to get two hours' rest every afternoon—a bout of rheumatic fever laid her up a whole summer two years ago—but if she dozes off for a half hour on the couch, Patsy or Sharon is sure to wake her up with questions every ten minutes.

She's usually mending socks or at the ironing board when the children get home from school at 3:30. Skeeter, her son, is apt to disappear immediately. He's a husky boy of ten, with a big toothy grin, full of enterprises. Although an attack of scarlet fever left him with a slight heart murmur, he plays both football and basketball with the fourth-grade team. He's learning to play the guitar, and he likes to crayon the local scenery too. In the summer he loves to go blueberrying or swimming off the rocky beaches four miles away, or he can ride a rich neighbor's Thoroughbreds, provided he shovels enough manure in their stables first.

His sister, Gloria, is an intensely domestic little girl of nine, with a pink-skirted dressing table covered with bottles of powder and cologne presented her on birthdays and Christmas. She is plump and blue-eyed, with lovely curly blond hair. She helps her mother keep the young fry under control; but as the afternoon wears on, they get tired and quarrelsome, as children do. Peggy issues crisp ultimatums with no shilly-shallying, and no perceptible effect upon her sunniness. Although she races through the day with the precision of an adding machine, she makes it all seem effortless, even gay. She starts cooking at four, as her husband likes to eat promptly when he gets home at five. He also likes peace and quiet to read his newspaper, and this is the only time of the day that Peggy rides herd on the noisemakers. "Al is the center of the wheel," Peg describes her household. "He comes first, always. The kids are the spokes, and me—I guess I'm the rim, going round and round."

At five o'clock the Boiler—the Welches' 1931 Ford sedan with drooping running boards and temperamental brakes—roars into the driveway. Al comes in wearing a red-and-black lumberman's shirt and carrying his lunch box, a cocky, good-looking Irishman with tremendous shoulders and humorous gray eyes. Peggy waits on him hand and foot, she admits freely, cajoles him and kids him, and acts as buffer between the children and his explosive temper. His passengers come in to collect two of the children left with Peggy for the day, but are usually persuaded to draw up a chair to one of her delicious meals first: steaming fish chowder made with plenty of milk and onions, hot biscuits, and meringue-topped cream pie. In the summertime the Welches and their friends often sit down to fifty or sixty lobsters, which are given to them free by their fisherman friends.

"I CAN remember," says Peggy, "when Al was earning fifteen dollars a week at the factory during the depression when we had to catch our own fish in order to eat. I used to spend three dollars a week for groceries. Al was off every week end, fighting in some match. I'd be home Saturday night with the ironing, and boy, I'd feel guilty spending a quarter for some love magazine and a bar of candy."

Peggy Welch was born Gertrude Clara Lesueur in Eastport, Maine, the most easterly city of the U.S. and near the Roosevelts' famous summer home, Campobello. Peggy's father was an electrician who also played the drums. When she was sixteen and going to her first dances, she always had to go home with papa, who was right up there with the orchestra keeping an eye on her. Peggy's family, French in origin, dropped the last *u* in Lesueur, which was Joan Crawford's maiden name. Peggy has written to and received several letters from the movie actress, who thinks they may be distantly related.

(Continued on Page 200)

"When we're flush, we find us a juke box; when we're broke, we roll back the rug." But Saturday nights, the Welches have a "steady date," get Dixons' mother to sit the kids. Summers, the two take Al's guitar to the beach—"where no one cares if we sing flat."



How the Welches Spend Their Money

Food	\$1475.00
Rent	192.00
Insurance	78.00
Light	52.00
Income tax	83.10
Clothing	200.00
Children's allowance	52.00
Savings	315.00
Medical	50.00
Car upkeep	150.00
Fuel	178.00
Newspapers and magazines	30.00
Pool and radio tax	4.25
Recreation	250.00
Christmas and birthdays	150.00
Miscellaneous	100.00
	<hr/>
	\$3364.35
Al's salary	\$2513.79
Peggy's salary (3 mos. 1946)	216.32
Board received for children June-Dec. 1946	662.00
	<hr/>
	\$3392.11

Al makes \$48 a week as a "rouger" in Biddeford shoe factory.



PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO



LISTEN! THERE'S BIG COMPLEXION NEWS FOR US GIRLS...

Ivory's improved...Sudsier than ever!

Something sudsy has happened to Ivory! Baby's pure, mild Ivory makes extra suds faster. Just swish improved Ivory around in the water and watch! Up come heaps of cuddly, smooth suds in a jiffy! They last longer, too. Yes, the most famous soap in the world has been improved. The same pure, mild suds—and more of 'em—faster than ever!

That's "sudsational" news for baby, too! More suds—more fun in the tub. Baby loves pure, mild Ivory—it's so kind and gentle to her tender skin. More doctors, you know, advise Ivory than any other soap.

Your skin never outgrows Ivory! Millions of Ivory-pampered babies have grown up to be Ivory beauties—girls with naturally lovely

complexions. You'll find that the pure, mild soap that's so right for baby's tender skin is just the soap for your skin, too.



You can have That Ivory Look! If you'll promise never again to be careless about your complexion—if you'll change to regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap—you can have That Ivory Look in just one week. Yes, a lovelier, younger-looking, more radiant complexion can be yours just one week from today. Use Ivory for baby, for you. Pure, mild, faster-sudsing Ivory!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

99% 100% Pure...It Floats

Dear Audience:—Be sure to tune in LOWELL THOMAS, America's best-known newscaster, Mon. thru Fri. evenings Columbia Broadcasting System... Ivory

WHEN CHILDREN QUARREL

By Irma Simonton Black

MANY a mother, looking at her screaming and entangled brood, wonders if her ideal of a companionable family was just a wild, unattainable dream. Right now the children are acting more like a group of cannibals squabbling over a kill than like supposedly loving brothers and sisters. Certainly this can't be the way families should behave.

Peggy Welch and, to a lesser extent, Al have a vast amount of practical experience with children. Peggy has handled dozens of children, usually in batches of seven or eight at once. And over long periods of time. Al, while he pretends utter astonishment at the idea of voluntarily taking on such a job, is, you feel, deeply fond of all the youngsters. He blusters humorously, "I don't know how she stands it," but you know that Al isn't very fierce when you see him, as I did, at his cousin's farm, scratching the back of a baby pig, or feeding the young rabbits grass. Al has sympathy and warmth, and much of his bluster is a way of handing the disciplinary problems to his wife. She takes it all smilingly and goes on in her own good-humored way.

When we rode back through town and saw a scrawny, pathetic eight-year-old drifting along the street at 10 P.M., Al said, "There oughta be a law against lettin' a kid go neglected like that. He don't get a decent break."

Al isn't long on theory. Neither of the Welchses is academic in approaching a problem. Their ideas are severely practical, but they reflect sense and experience.

"Kids are just born that way," said Al about quarrels. We were sitting in Peggy's neat kitchen, watching Al put a patch on the screen door. Al talked the way he worked—directly, with no waste motions. But if you dress up his statement in psychological language, you come out with a fact experts have stressed: that quarrels are perfectly normal and that parents need not get unduly excited about them.

Peggy was a little more articulate than her husband. She put it this way: "It's the differences in their personalities that start quarrels, I think. They're bound to clash when they're just learning to get along with other kids."

MANY parents less experienced and matter-of-fact than the Welchses are shocked by the frequency of their children's quarrels. They tend to judge the children's behavior by grown-up standards. Fighting and bickering as a permanent method of settling differences is certainly not desirable. But because a child quarrels is no indication that he will always quarrel. Just as he must crawl before he runs and babble before he talks, so he must have his share of squabbling and fighting before he can learn to reason and to compromise. The healthy aggressiveness that makes an adult outgoing and forthright may show up at first as a willingness to wade in with both fists. This trait should be guided into desirable channels, but certainly not eliminated.

Peggy often encourages a timid youngster to talk back, she says, or even to fight back. She would prefer to see a child stick up for his rights than to give up without a struggle. The child who never quarrels under any circumstances should cause

more concern than the one who has his fair share of fights. The nonquarrelor is either extremely timid and passive, or he has almost no social contacts at all. Neither of these is a desirable state of affairs. As a matter of fact, studies of nursery-school children show that the most friendly, sociable children are the ones most often involved in squabbles. This apparently paradoxical finding is perfectly sensible if you stop to think about it. In childhood, quarreling is a legitimate form of social contact. Squabbles are the natural result of children's social trial and error.

The Welch method of handling quarrels was stated by Al with characteristic vigor: "Keep out of 'em. That's my motto." Peggy smiled. "I do when I can," she said. "Often they work out of a fuss by themselves. So when they're evenly matched, I try to let them settle it."

THIS is a sound policy. Children learn through their quarrels. When three-year-old Sharon tries to grab three-year-old Patsy's stuffed dog, she finds that Patsy and audible signs of displeasure, Patsy, on the other hand, learns that she has to be ready to defend her possessions. No amount of adult talking could take the place of this experience.

What about quarrels that arise from genuine lack of understanding? In the early preschool years, this kind of quarrel is

frequent. Often a few words will explain one child to another so that both are satisfied. Take the youngster who tries to hitch his wagon to his sister's tricycle. She doesn't know what his plan is—she only knows that she is stopped from riding. She pushes him away and screams. A grownup can explain, "Johnny wants to make a train, Betty. Wouldn't you like that?" and the chances are that Betty will be intrigued at the prospect. She just didn't know what it was all about.

"Oh, yes," Peggy said. "I often act as peacemaker when I see that the children don't understand each other. A few words at the right moment can stop a real brawl."

An interesting insight into the mistakes parents make in handling quarrels emerged from Peggy's frank statement of what she believes is her commonest fault. Skeeter is likely to be a storm center, she said. And since she expects to find him at the bottom of many troubles, she feels that she has often blamed him when actually he had no more to do with starting the quarrel than the other child. She tends to jump on the noisiest and most active child, in other words. Many mothers do that without realizing that the quieter one who always seems to be picked on has incited the other child's wrath in small subtle ways.

When Chibby dances teasingly around Skeeter and pretends he won't give Skeeter his football, Skeeter will stand it just so long. Then he starts to attack Chibby. It may look like a violent and unnecessary explosion, but the teasing that preceded it is certainly part of the picture.

The fact is that it is usually pointless to try to assess blame in children's quarrels. It's much better to be calm and sympathetic with both fighters—the attacker as well as the attacked (if you can sort them out). When Skeeter grabs the ball Chibby

(Continued on Page 214)

Sh-h-h-h-h

it's Quiet...

it's a new kind of Vacuum Cleaner!

It's the Lewyt

(rhymes with "do it")

"IT EMPTIES AS NEATLY AS AN ASH TRAY!"

Now baby naps... you chat or listen to the radio right while you clean house top-to-bottom! Lewyt's new "Purr-fect" Silencer hushes its powerful motor to a whisper. And watch the Lewyt get way *under*, clean way *up*, reach way in to grab dust and dirt everywhere! Beautifully built, beautifully balanced—so light, easy to use. Don't miss seeing the Lewyt—get a peek at tomorrow's home cleaner *today!*

Every Lewyt feature is "NEWS"!

- ✓ **NO MESSY BAG TO EMPTY** chemical-treated paper filter is neatly poured out with the dirt from Lewyt's smooth metal "Dust Bowl"!
- ✓ **CYCLONIC SUCTION** "all-out" power that gets the embedded dirt and grit! 31-ft. "cleaning-range" from 1 outlet!
- ✓ **NO SMELLY DUST** leaks back to film your rooms—Lewyt's exclusive Triple Filter controls the dust!
- ✓ **All connections GASKET SEALED!**
- ✓ **AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTS** to rug contours—flick of Dial Control reads it for thick rugs, thin rugs, all kinds of rugs!
- ✓ **PRESS-TOE SWITCH** taps on and off easily—it's rugged, can't be broken off accidentally!
- ✓ **Genuine FULLER BRUSHES** used throughout—new Wonder Brush eliminates hand-dusting!
- ✓ **STORES AWAY NEATLY** in attractive dust-protected container—takes little closet space!



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"Just couldn't resist the temptation!"

... for every woman who dreams of more time to do things outside her home

THE GIFT OF IRONING LUXURY... a Horton Ironer

Yes, *this* gift is more than a beautiful, streamlined piece of modern equipment. It is a short cut to a new freedom. It is *release* from the ceaseless drudgery of ironing by hand. It is the dramatic difference between tense exhaustion and having—at the end of ironing day—sparkle and energy left over to enjoy your home, your family, the many outside things you'd like to do and see.

For the Horton Ironer takes the *ache* out of ironing—lets you *sit* at comfortable ease, rest your feet, rest your back, while *it* does the work.

See these Horton Ironers *before* Christmas—try them. And tell your particular Santa Claus what their streamlined magic can mean to you—and him.

The beautiful Horton Console Ironer—once a week it's a marvel of efficient ironing performance, the rest of the time a handsome, useful, desk-high work surface. Designed by Van Doren!



THE LIFE OF THE PARTY . . . That's you when you finish your easy, sit-down Horton ironing. You're full of pep and zest for any sort of fun with the family, because the Horton does all the work for you.



IT'S AUTOMATIC . . . Clothes simply fly through (and do mean *simply*) as the touch of your knee or elbow on the single control puts the Horton through its paces almost like magic.

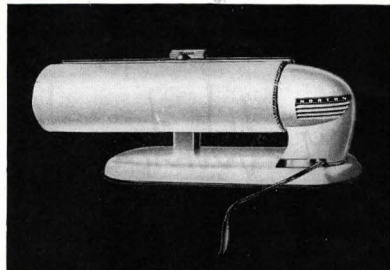


MORE TIME FOR LIVING . . . You have leisure to enjoy your hobby, whether it's hats, hikes, or hemstitching—and all because the Horton's a glutton for work, rolls its way through 2,528* square inches of ironing *every minute!* Just compare *that* with what the most modern hand iron can do.

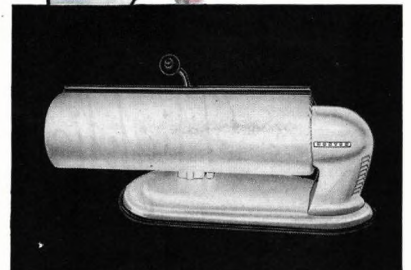


Horton has been making fine ironers ever since they looked like this.

*2,156 square inches for the automatic portable.



This beautiful automatic portable Horton has all the wonderful operating features of the console *plus* the advantage of small size that makes it easy to iron in the pleasantest room in the house!



Portable but manually controlled—a little wonder of an ironer that tucks away into any space, fits the most modest budget, brings ironing luxury to any home. It's a beauty, too!

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Color contrast in Textron's Hostess Pajamas . . .
about \$20 complete

Highlights for Winter Nights

Now—Aurora Borealis colors in Textron's new Hostess Pajamas to warm her heart at Christmas time . . . brighten her "at homes" all winter. Of finest rayon satin, with a softly quilted tunic top and sleekly-cut trousers. See the Textron tailoring . . . the new, naturally rounded shoulders, that generous pocket. Apple Green with Tangerine, Aqua or Cerise with Black.

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• HOSTESS COATS

Blue velveteen jumper with a blouse for daytime; without for evening. Jumper only, Vogue Design No. 6245, 12 to 20.



Pretty full-sleeved blouse, Vogue Design No. 5724, 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

Checked wool skirt and cummerbund, Vogue Design No. 6160, 24 to 32 waist. Wear with a blue bolero, Vogue Design No. 6017, 12 to 20.

dw



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIMONE



MAMMA'S DATE DRESS

Peggy Welch loves to go out with her husband, and her date dress is the most versatile dress she owns. That is the way she planned it. It is blue because that is his favorite color. It is velveteen because it can look very dressy or quite tailored. It is a jumper because it lends itself to endless combinations. When Mrs. Welch goes dancing on Saturday night, she wears it without a blouse and dresses it up with a pretty necklace and a gay scarf. She might even wear her bolero jacket, too, if it is a chilly night. By making a full-sleeved white blouse to wear under it, she has a perfect afternoon dress. Her blue-and-white checked wool skirt makes the jacket and blouse do double duty. She has found that making her own clothes cuts the cost more than in half. Mrs. Welch proves the practicability of combining patterns by her effective use of four interchangeable pieces. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 21 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ontario. Other sizes, prices and sizes are on page 197.



© VOGUE

Bolero worn over jumper makes a pretty suit; the jumper with the white blouse to be worn as a dress.

Hughes

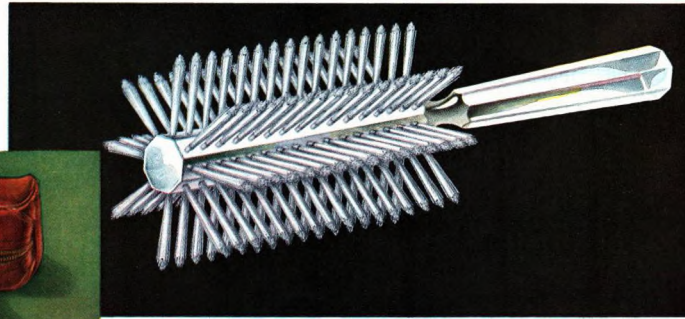
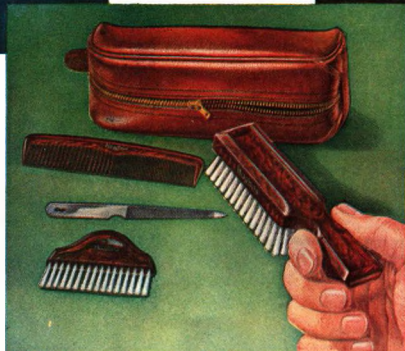
Gifts that go to their heads!

How about a hug or two for Christmas? Try hanging Hughes sparkling brushes on a few trees around town! For every her or him on your list... belles and beaux, helpmates, cousins and classmates. See the Hughes selection at your favorite drug or department store.



THE MINI-KIT*... Glamor-groomer for gals. Miniature hair brush, clothes brush and comb. (Lucite with nylon bristles.) Unbreakable mirror (not shown). Smart zippered case for pocket or purse. \$4.00, plus 30¢ fed. tax on case.

THE MALE-KIT*... For the men in your life. Pint-size hair brush and clothes brush (Mock Tortoise Shell with nylon bristles). Plus comb and nail file. Zippered case, roomy enough for other articles. \$5.00, plus 35¢ fed. tax on case.



THE ALL-A-ROUND* HAIR BRUSH... Hughes sensational "deep-action" brush... first of the feminine loves. Lucite handle, completely encircled with nylon bristles. In dressing table case \$5.00 and \$7.50.

*Mini-Kit, Male-Kit, All-a-round are trade-mark names of Tek Hughes, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Makers of a complete line of Quality Brushes, popularly priced.

HAIR-DO'S UNLIMITED

A new switch from an old hair-do can be made with the clever rearrangement of your own hair—or with supplementary hair pieces if your locks are lazy about growing! This page of hair arrangements is designed especially for the woman who has difficult, unmanageable hair—and who longs for a beautifully groomed look. Flyaway hair can be twisted into sleek braids, interlaced with ribbons. A too-high forehead can hide behind softly waved bangs. A sophisticated chignon helps camouflage the strawlike ends of an unsuccessful permanent. The illustrations show a number of different hair-do's which can be achieved with your own hair exclusively—or with the help of extra switches made to match your hair. They may be a solution to your hair problems—as well as fun to try. ★ **BY DAWN CROWELL**
Beauty Editor of the Journal



BACK BRAID. Part your hair in the center back. Then braid ends (or extra switch) with ribbon, and pin securely from top of head to bottom, as illustrated.



BRUSH your hair back from your face and clip together at top of head so that ends fall smoothly. For extra length, pin switch underneath place where ribbon ties.



COMB your hair over to one side of your head, brush into chignon, and hold with trim hair net. (Extra hair piece adds fullness.) Use ribbons for dress-up.



BANGS can be real or make-believe. Cut them from your own hair or devise with supplementary hair piece. Pin underneath your own hair, add pretty ribbon.



PHOTO BY HAL REIFF

Mrs. Elton Welch has the kind of fine, blond hair that, in her own words, "is impossible to do anything with!" Here, Mrs. Welch is shown with her artificial switches twisted into braids over her ears.



IF YOUR own hair is long enough, braid the ends, then make a coil out of them. If not, an extra switch braided into a flattering chignon can do the trick.



SOFT CURLS make a pretty frame for your face. Unmanageable manes can be combed smoothly to one side, the ends trimmed and turned into individual curls.



COMB your own hair into a smooth hair-do. Then braid switch, arrange it over the crown of your head from one ear to the other, then add two ribbon bows.



Keep goodness up and food bills down
to help you
Walnuts are cheaper

You expect walnuts to inspire you—in an exciting new cake like this. But use any thrifty recipe—salad, hot-bread, main course or dessert—add *Diamond Walnuts*, and discover a brand new goodness!

**TWO-IN-ONE LOAF CAKE
WITH CHOCO-WALNUT FROSTING**

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1 square (1 oz.) chocolate, melted | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 2 tablespoons hot water | ½ cup finely chopped <i>Diamond Walnuts</i> |
| ¼ teaspoon soda | ¾ cup milk |
| 2 cups sifted cake flour | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | ½ cup shortening |
| | 1 cup sugar |
| | 3 egg whites |
- Diamond Walnut* halves and pieces for use on frosting

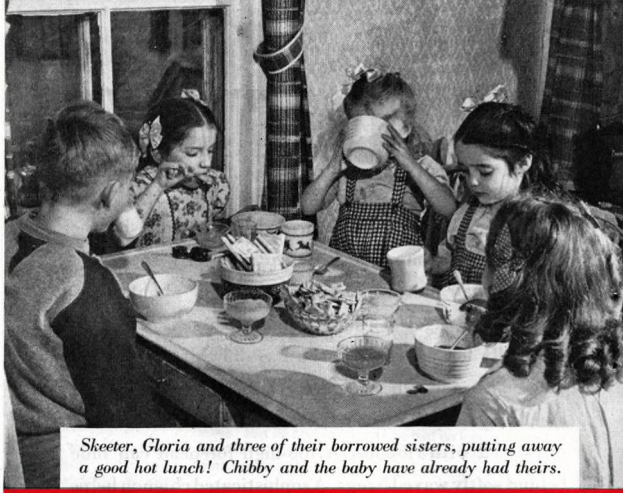
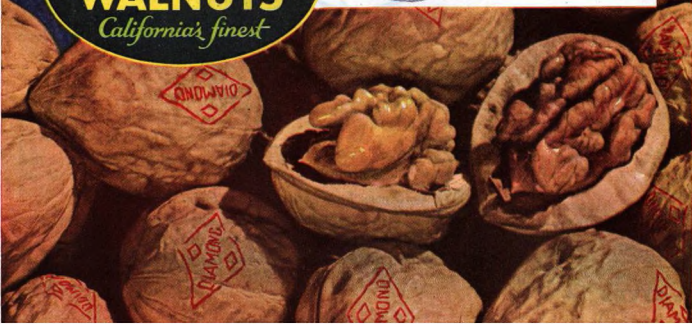
Here's a bright idea in cake baking... but don't forget, *Diamond Walnuts* make all cakes, cookies, and candies taste and look better. For Two-In-One Cake grease bottom of pan (about 8" x 8" x 2"), line bottom with waxed paper, grease the paper. Stir hot water and soda into melted chocolate, set aside to cool. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; add the flavorful

chopped walnuts. Add vanilla to milk. Cream the shortening, gradually add ¾ cup of sugar. Cream them together until fluffy; alternately add small amounts of milk and flour-and-walnut mixture, beating smooth after each addition. Beat egg whites stiff; gradually beat in remaining ½ cup sugar. Fold into batter. Four about half of batter into separate bowl; add chocolate mixture to one portion, mixing thoroughly. Spread chocolate batter in prepared pan; over it spoon white batter. Bake in moderate oven (350°) about 45 minutes, until done. Cool on rack. Frost with chocolate frosting—press crisp, coarsely chopped walnuts generously onto sides of cake and decorate top with beautiful, big *Diamond Walnut* halves.

How to buy the best walnuts—look for the *Diamond* brand on every shell. You'll get more plump, usable kernels per pound, crisp and fresh, California's finest.



Back Again - Vacuum Tins
Same high quality as *Diamonds* in-the-shell. Mixed halves and pieces in 4-ounce and 8-ounce tins, ready for instant use. Keep a supply always on hand.



Skeeter, Gloria and three of their borrowed sisters, putting away a good hot lunch! Chibby and the baby have already had theirs.

PHOTO BY J. DE PIERRO

Home for Lunch

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUB

LUNCH recess! Here are some inexpensive hot dishes to serve the youngsters for lunch when they troop in red-cheeked and snowy. Peggy Welch's brood go for good Maine stand-bys: soups and chowders; scalloped potatoes with cheese; and shepherd's pie. The \$5 a week that Peggy is paid for the care of each boarding child barely pays for its food, but Peggy doesn't mind. Hers is a labor of love. Cost has been figured on retail prices as of early fall, 1947. These same dishes could be adapted for large-quantity service in the school lunchroom—and at much less cost per serving. To complete a meal built around these dishes, add ½ to 1 pint milk for each child, a citrus fruit or some raw vegetable or fruit, enriched or dark bread and spread—a simple pudding or cooked fruit for dessert.

Bacon Corn Bread with Creamed Codfish

Serves 6
Approximate cost, 93¢

Soak ¾ pound dried codfish in cold water overnight. Drain. Cook until tender in fresh water. Drain and flake the fish. Add to 1 quart thin cream sauce. Season with a little pepper and paprika.

Bacon corn bread: Beat 2 eggs light. Add ¼ cup sugar, ¾ cup milk. Sift 1½ cups flour with ¾ cup corn meal, 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add liquids to the dry ingredients. Mix just enough to make a smooth batter. Pour into a greased square pan. Lay 4 raw slices bacon over top of batter. Bake in hot oven,

425° F., about 25 minutes. This corn bread has no fat in it, as the bacon on top takes care of that. If you ever want to make this without the bacon on top, add ½ cup melted butter, margarine, bacon drippings, salad oil, or other shortening, with the milk, eggs and sugar.

Cut corn bread in squares and serve with the creamed codfish.

Vegetable Rice Pudding

Serves 6
Approximate cost, 60¢

Scald 2 cups milk and add gradually to 3 eggs, slightly beaten. Add 1 cup grated cheese, and when it is melted combine the liquids with 1½ cups cold cooked rice. Season with ¾ teaspoon salt and a little pepper. Pour into a greased bak-

ing dish. Cover with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cooked or canned peas that have been thoroughly drained. Season lightly with salt. On top of the peas spread 1 cup diced cooked carrots. These should be drained too. Season lightly with salt. Sprinkle 1 teaspoon sugar over the top. Dot with butter or margarine. Set baking dish in pan of hot water and bake 1 hour in moderate oven, 350° F.

Hamburger-and-Macaroni Casserole

Serves 6
Approximate cost, 98¢

Cook 2 large onions, chopped, and $\frac{3}{4}$ pound hamburger in 4 tablespoons bacon drippings until meat browns and onions are golden. Season with 1 teaspoon salt and a little pepper. Add 4 cups canned tomatoes, 1 green pepper, diced, and 1 package elbow macaroni cooked until tender in boiling salted water, drained and rinsed with boiling water. Mix well. Season mixture well, to taste. Pour into casserole and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 1 hour.

Maine Potato Bargain

Serves 6
Approximate cost, 55¢

Into a greased casserole put alternate layers of thinly sliced potatoes, thinly sliced onions and 1-inch pieces of raw filleted fish (cod, halibut or haddock). Season each layer with salt and pepper, dust lightly with flour and dot with butter or margarine. Have the top layer of potato. (Note: To 1-5 potatoes, use 2 onions and $\frac{3}{4}$ pound fish fillets.) Add enough milk to come almost to the top layer of potatoes (about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups). Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until the potatoes are done—about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Maine Corn Chowder

Serves 6
Approximate cost, 66¢

Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ pound salt pork into small pieces. Fry until crisp. Add 1 onion, sliced, and cook until golden. Add 2 cups diced potatoes,

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups water and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned corn. Season with 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt and a little pepper. Cook until the potatoes are tender. Add 2 cups rich milk and 1 cup thin cream. Add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Reheat. Place a split common cracker in each bowl. Pour chowder over crackers.

Hamburger-Stuffed Potatoes

Serves 6
Approximate cost, 74¢

Fry $\frac{3}{4}$ pound hamburger in 5 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. Add 2 small onions, chopped. Cook together and season with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Bake 6 large baking potatoes. Cut a slice off the top of each, lengthwise of the potato. Scoop out the potato. Mash the potato while hot with 5 tablespoons milk and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter or margarine, heated together. Add 1 well-beaten egg and the hamburger and onions. Whip up well. Re-season to taste. Put the mixture back in the potato shells, heaping them up appetizingly. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until nicely browned.

Ham-and-Egg Custard

Serves 6
Approximate cost, 80¢

Cut 4 slices bread into 4 strips per slice. Leave crusts on. Arrange half the strips in a well-greased shallow casserole. Sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese over the bread. Arrange remaining bread over the top. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt and a little pepper to 4 eggs and beat slightly. Add 3 cups scalded milk gradually. Then add a 3-ounce can deviled ham and blend in well. Pour over the bread and let stand 30 minutes. Sprinkle top with another $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese and 3 strips cooked bacon, crumbled. Set custard in pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 1 hour or until knife comes out clean.

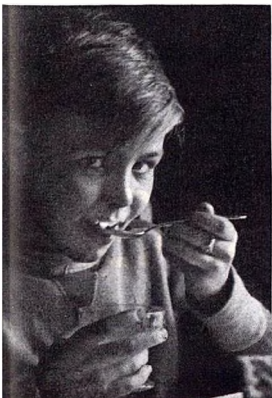
Economy Stew

Serves 6
Approximate cost, 54¢

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ pound dried navy beans overnight. Fry $\frac{1}{4}$ pound bacon, cut into pieces, and 2 onions, sliced. Add to beans with 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{3}{8}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf and 1 No. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ can tomatoes. Cook until beans are almost tender. Add 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper, diced, and 1 cup diced potatoes. Cook until all is tender. Re-season to taste. Serve in deep bowls.

THE END

There's nothing wrong with Skeeter's appetite—ever. Like all boys, he's always ready for a second helping. Ten is a hungry age.



Bake Beans for a Feast

(WASHBURN'S WAY)

You And Your Folks Never Tasted Such Good Bean-Eating, Unless You've Been Baking Your Own Washburn's Right Along



Pour one pound (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups) of our Washburn's Fancy Beans into 8 cups cold water. Cover; cook slowly until tender, about 2 hours. Drain, saving liquid. Pour beans into 2-qt. bean pot or casserole

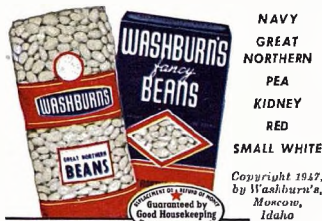
For six cents or less per serving (including all ingredients), simply wonderful tasting baked beans with our easy Washburn's recipe

Start with our Washburn's Fancy Beans, the kind that cook tender and rich as butter. Follow our recipe—and bring to table the best eating baked bean feast you ever tasted. And the whole dish costs less than 34 cents! Our Washburn's Fancy Beans come in your favorite bean variety—and are the choice of the crop. We sort all our Washburn's beans by hand. We clean and polish every bean. Your grocer has Washburn's in red-and-blue cellophane packages and in cartons.



- ↑ Pour over beans $\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses, and 2 cups of the bean liquid mixed with 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tbsps. brown sugar, 1 tbsps. salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. dry mustard
- ← Press into top of beans a scored $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. chunk of salt pork or bacon. Cover and bake in very slow oven (275°) 4 hours, adding water if needed to keep beans moist. Uncover last 15 minutes to brown
- ↓ Serve your baked beans bubbling hot—makes 6 hearty platefuls

WASHBURN'S BEANS FOR BAKING



- NAVY
- GREAT NORTHERN
- PEA
- KIDNEY
- RED
- SMALL WHITE

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Beans in your favorite varieties, Split Peas, Whole Peas, Lentils, Pearl Barley, Rice, Popcorn


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Don McNeill, and the Breakfast Club start the day for millions of loyal listeners with a smile, a song, a friendly thought. And a few wise words about the finest refrigerator of all time... *Philco Advanced Design*... the most completely equipped refrigerator your money can buy. "See it . . . compare the features", says Don McNeill. Judge for yourself.

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An ordinary little room was made over into a combination playroom and dining room with a three-section toy cabinet and a sturdy trestle table for meals, games and study.

HAROLD FOWLER

Children of the Welch household entertain themselves indoors with toys, games and drawing, need private domains for some occupations, floor space for active fun.
I. DI. PISTRO



CHILDREN'S CENTER AT HOME

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

"WOULDN'T it be wonderful to turn over a whole room to the children's activities and then forget about it?" This was Mrs. Peggy Welch's wistful appeal as we stood in the doorway viewing the assortment of toys, skates, porridge bowls and schoolbooks, jumbled together in what was originally the Welch family dining room.

We thought so, too, and straight off got busy planning such a room for the children of the Welch household. A more mature version of a nursery-playroom seemed about right. There were lots of toys, games, sports equipment and books, and neither shelves nor closets to hold them. So, right off, we designed a toy cabinet to hold this assortment of playthings, making it in three sections for easy handling if it has to be moved into a new setting later on.

Since the Welch children eat in their playroom, we had built a trestle table with a linoleum top to serve both as a dining table and as a study and game table between meals. Children use a floor for so many purposes, we kept our decorations practical and covered the old boards with *jaspé* linoleum, which is both decorative and easy to keep clean.

Here are the particulars of the Welches' children's room, a feature of which can be adapted to the odd room in an average home. An entire household is more easily managed if children's activities are centered, and housekeeping is certainly simplified. **The decoration scheme.** We chose green for our basic color, as so many tones combine with it

(Continued on Page 211)

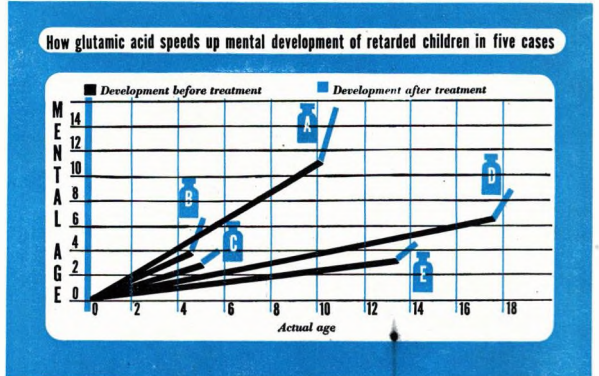
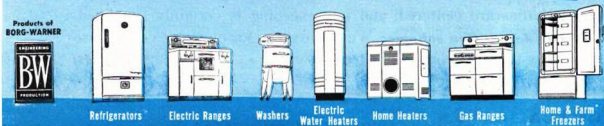


Think first of your clothes

In selecting a washer, consider *how big* it is, as well as *how beautiful* . . . *how fast* it is, rather than *how fancy*. And, most important of all, determine *how easy* it is on your clothes! The Norgo "Ro-ta-tor" washer qualifies splendidly in the matters of *capacity* and *speed*—and your clothes will actually *last longer*. These, and many other interesting facts about Norgo washers, will be explained to you—gladly—by your Norgo retailer. You can find him easily, for he is listed in your classified telephone directory. Norgo Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan. In Canada: Addison Industries, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

SEE
NORGE
BEFORE YOU BUY

Norgo products, distributed worldwide, are typical examples of the values made possible by the American system of free enterprise.



NUTRITION AND INTELLIGENCE

GLUTAMIC ACID

(Continued from Page 40)

generally supposed to be accompanied by some gradual lowering of intelligence, the experimenters noticed that the patients receiving the drug which contained glutamic acid seemed, on the contrary, to become more alert. It was on the basis of this slender clue that Doctor Zimmerman and his associates began their epoch-making series of experiments.

They first used a group of white rats, and employed the old familiar test in which a rat is placed repeatedly at one end of a fairly complicated maze with food at the other end. A record is made of the time it takes him to learn the maze, the number of trials necessary and his speed and degree of accuracy in traversing it. The rats were divided into two groups, one of which was given a normal diet, while the other was given a special addition of a very unusual amount (for a rat) of glutamic acid. The results were astonishing. All the rats which received the extra glutamic acid solved the problem of the maze substantially faster than those on a standard diet, *some of them in half the time*. The maze involves the ability to make successive choices correctly, and feeding glutamic acid resulted in a maximum increase in this ability of 200 per cent.

The next series of tests was conducted with a number of children drawn from the list of patients at the Neurological Institute and the Vanderbilt Clinic in New York City. These were all children who had been on the rolls of one institution or the other for a substantial period of time, and their intelligence levels had been recorded on several occasions over a number of years. There were seventy-two of them, of all ages up to adolescence. Twenty-eight were of fairly normal mentality, but suffered from convulsive seizures. Thirty-three were without such seizures, but were mentally retarded, and eleven suffered from both these handicaps. The parents of these children were told about the experiment, and in all cases they gladly co-operated. Over a period of many months, substantial amounts of glutamic acid were added to the children's diet. At frequent intervals they were brought back to the Neurological Institute and were given tests of various sorts, including those for the level of their intelligence.

In all these cases, both the testimony of the parents and the results of examinations at the Institute showed decided improvement, both in intelligence and in the whole personality of the child—his co-ordination, alertness and ability to get on with those about him.

At this point it is necessary for me to explain the meaning of the phrase "intelligence quotient," which is now in daily use, although many people do not understand its

precise significance. Over many years, a whole group of highly standardized tests have been developed and have been given to many thousands of children of all ages. As a result, there have been developed rather precise standards of achievement which can be expected of children of any given age. If a six-year-old child, for example, can perform the tests expected of a six-year-old, no more and no less, he is said to have a mental age of six years or an intelligence quotient of 100. If, on the other hand, he is able to perform the tests that are normal for eight years, he is said to have a mental age of eight; or, dividing his chronological age into his mental age, an I.Q. of 133.

The astonishing result achieved by Doctor Zimmerman in his experiments was to discover that with glutamic-acid therapy administered daily over a period of many months the mental age *increased on the average about one year*. It grew, in many cases, twice as fast as is expected of a normal child. This is more remarkable when you know that children who are mentally retarded show, as a rule, a slight progressive deterioration in intelligence with the passage of time.

Let me illustrate this amazing result with a couple of case histories, beginning with "Alice"—which is not her name.

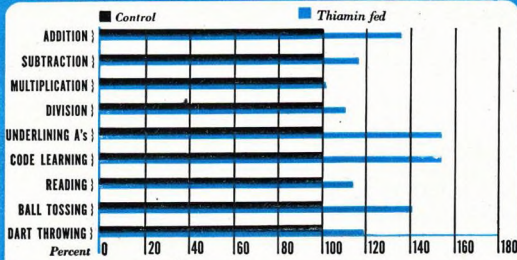
ALICE is nine and a half years old. She was a premature baby, and was born with serious mental and physical deficiencies that are often associated with the well-known problem of the "Rh factor," incompatibility of the blood types of the father and mother. Her I.Q. was only 69; her speech was almost unintelligible because of bad enunciation. A few months' treatment brought the following results: her interest in reading improved markedly; she could now jump rope and bounce a ball with substantial accuracy; for the first time she showed an interest in arithmetic; friends of her family who had not seen her since the treatment began commented on the "remarkable improvement." *Her I.Q. went up 18 points*, from 69 to 87, which means a decided lessening of lifelong problems to herself and those around her.

Or take the case of "John," age sixteen and with an I.Q. of 50—that is, a mental age of eight. After glutamic-acid treatment, John's disposition was much improved; he was more alert and got on better with his playmates. For the first time, he began to read newspapers, and to play checkers with his grandfather; he could now be trusted to travel on the streetcars alone. *His I.Q. went up 16 points*, to 66.

Many similar records can be given regarding other members of this group.

Why does glutamic acid have this extraordinary effect? We now know that intelligence—which the scientists prefer to describe, since it is a rather uncertain quality, merely as the "ability to act in intelligent ways"—is associated with the number and health of the brain cells. If these cells are

How thiamin speeds development of normal children



seriously undernourished, so that some of them are partly or wholly atrophied—either before a baby is born or afterward—the result can be an inferior mentality. Children taken out of a bad physical and cultural environment sometimes appear to show a definite improvement in their I.Q.'s. There is now no doubt that feeble-mindedness in a baby, in varying degrees, can be created by a diet on the part of the expectant mother which is greatly deficient in some of the elements necessary to a healthy life.

Though the scientists are not yet entirely sure, their theory is that glutamic acid has a beneficial effect upon the changes in the electrical potential of the brain cells; these changes take place during the nerve activity that is the physical accompaniment of thought. It is significant that glutamic acid is the only one of the amino acids which is known to be metabolized—that is, altered in its character—by brain tissue. Glutamic acid increases the effectiveness of a substance called choline acetylase. This substance in turn synthesizes in the body another substance, acetylcholine, which is definitely known to be useful in the functioning of the brain.

In Doctor Zimmerman's experiments, it was necessary to give rather substantial amounts of glutamic acid, due to the fact that there is such strong competition for it in the body. Much of it, for instance, is used by the liver or by other organs aside from the brain. The dose varies from one fifth to a maximum of approximately four fifths of an ounce each day, taken by mouth. The standard procedure is to begin with a small dose and increase it steadily until the patient shows symptoms of restlessness or over-excitability, at which time it is slightly reduced and then maintained at a constant level. The increase in intelligence, cooperativeness and general personality continues steadily for about two years, after which there is a leveling off. It is not yet certain whether it is necessary to continue to administer glutamic acid in order to maintain the improved condition.

There are several types of glutamic acid that are commercially available, but only one of them has the effect I have described. I am deliberately omitting the name, because this therapy is one which should not be administered without the advice and constant watchfulness of a physician—and, moreover, a physician skilled in this particular technique. One should not, however, think of glutamic acid as a drug, since it is a food, and an essential one. There is no reason to believe that it increases the number of brain cells. What it probably does is to improve the functioning of those which are partially inactive.

The glutamic-acid therapy is as a rule much less effective with adults than with children, and with those of normal or superior intelligence than with those who are subnormal. Sometimes, however, there is a startling improvement even in a normal person. One subject, for example, age seven and a half years, recorded an increase in

I.Q. from 107 to 120. This is a development sufficient to remove an individual from the average group to that considered definitely superior.

The experiments with glutamic acid (which have been supported by the Putnam-Salzer and Commonwealth foundations) are still in progress. Their importance to the whole future welfare of the human race speaks for itself.

Do the experiments with glutamic acid which I have described suggest that we should all eat quantities of the foods containing this substance, such as wheat, milk and beans? Unfortunately, they do not. The normal individual gets slightly less than half an ounce of glutamic acid in his daily diet, and it is desirable for the sake of his health that he should; but there is no evidence that his intelligence level would be improved if he tried to take a larger amount. As already mentioned, other parts of the body than the brain make tremendous demands on the supplies of glutamic acid that are received, and these demands appear to take precedence over those of the brain cells. And remember, only one type of glutamic acid has the effect specified, and only in a highly purified form.

What should be done by the parents or other guardians of a mentally retarded child who wish to take advantage of this therapy? The answer is: consult your own physician, and tell him that the Neurological Institute, Fort Washington Avenue at 168th Street, New York City, will be glad to give him full particulars on request. Don't be discouraged if he happens not to be fully informed about this work, of which the present article is one of the earliest public announcements. Many busy doctors have not yet had time to familiarize themselves with its details.

THIAMIN

(Continued from Page 41)

The second experiment was undertaken because the results of the first were so striking that the experts in charge wanted to make sure there could be no doubt that these results were produced by the thiamin alone. The second experiment confirmed the results of the first; for the sake of clarity, I shall describe here what was found in the first series of tests, unless otherwise indicated.

Both experiments were conducted with scrupulous attention to proper scientific methods. All the children received pills every day, but those given to the control group were like "bread pills," or "sugar pills," but without nutritional value. After a certain interval some of the children were secretly switched from one group to another in order to make sure that no accidental factor of superiority of certain individuals was involved. The two groups had been selected in advance so that each represented a comparable sampling of the range of I.Q.'s from low to high throughout the institution. These I.Q.'s ran from 64 to 142;

(Continued on Page 183)

"When you come back,
be sure that bag's full of
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP"



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR



Can you tell the **wiser** shopper?



ANSWER:

The one who looks for this

The young lady on the left thinks that all silverplate is alike so she just looks at patterns. (Alas!)

The other young lady (a *smart* young lady) knows there is a better kind of silverplate. She looks for the mark INLAID at the back of the spoon handle.

This tells her that it is Holmes & Edwards Sterling Inlaid, the silverplate that is not just *extra-plated* or *reinforced* but invisibly INLAID with two blocks of Sterling Silver at backs of bowls and handles of her most used spoons and forks.

She knows that the lovely Holmes & Edwards pattern she picks will *stay* lovely longer.

And she is surprised to learn our prices are *not up* like so many other things... but are *still down*! Amazing! when you consider the extra quality of Holmes & Edwards.

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HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

WHICH PATTERN? Three to choose from: Youth, Lovely Lady and Danish Princess, all made in U. S. A.

HOW MUCH? Only \$68.50 for 52 pieces, service for 8, with chest (No Federal Tax).

WHERE TO BUY? At jewelry and department stores.

WHAT ABOUT DELIVERY? More and more sets are being delivered, so your chances of prompt delivery are excellent.



Youth

Lovely Lady

Danish Princess

(Continued from Page 181)

the average chronological age of the children was slightly over eleven years.

Both groups were given numerous tests before and during each experiment. Not only were their I.Q.'s taken, but they were examined for eyesight, co-ordination and other abilities. These tests included:

- Speed and accuracy in reading.
 - Speed and accuracy in working mathematical problems, such as subtracting, multiplying and dividing.
 - Proofreading (for example, underlining the letter A on a page of letters, or the figure 4 on a page of numerals).
 - Identifying geometric figures.
 - Filling in an incomplete geometric design.
 - Throwing baseballs into a pocket eleven feet away.
 - Throwing darts at a target at the same distance.
- In addition, the strength of grip was tested for both hands, and especially the left, which is usually the stronger.

A TEST markedly popular with the children was one which uses a machine to simulate automobile driving. In this, the child sits before a device with an automobile steering wheel and brake, and has to solve quickly problems of the same sort that would arise if he were actually on the road.

These tests proved that the children who got extra thiamin performed better than those who did not. Their superiority was shown in eighteen different tests in one experiment and fifteen in another, in which more than one million separate measurements were taken. Both groups improved with practice, but the one with extra thiamin improved more—in fact, 27 per cent more, on the average—in six weeks. Here is a table showing some of these results. It shows the percentage by which the gains made by the group receiving the extra thiamin surpassed the gains made by the other children. Although many of the actual gains were small, the thiamin-fed pupils made greater gains on the average.

ACTIVITY	PERCENTAGE OF SUPERIOR IMPROVEMENT MADE BY GROUP WITH EXTRA THIAMIN
Intelligence test	26 per cent
Addition	36 "
Subtraction	14 "
Multiplication	20 "
Division	25 "
Underlining 4's	47 "
Underlining A's	51 "
Throwing baseballs	42 "
Throwing darts	15 "
Right-hand grip	31 "
Left-hand grip	86 "

Groups with enriched diet increased their scores in one intelligence test by 14 points in two years; those without it increased only 9 points. It will be seen from the table above that manual dexterity and co-ordination of various types increased as well as performance on an intelligence test. It is reasonable to infer, therefore, that even children with a higher intelligence level may benefit from getting an adequate amount of thiamin, especially if their co-ordination and dexterity are rather low. In addition to the results cited, those with extra thiamin:

- Gained more in eyesight.
- Had a significantly better memory for faces and names.
- Were able to memorize written material better.
- Increased their height slightly faster than the control group.

Weighed slightly more.

Acuteness of hearing was tested in both groups of children. Those with extra thiamin showed a greater increase than the controls in hearing with both right and left ears.

Incidentally, children with thiamin reinforcement developed only 80 head colds, while the children without it had 117.

Should children or adults, on a basis of the Lynchburg experiments, take extra amounts of thiamin to increase their mental level and their manual dexterity? This is a difficult question to answer. Thiamin and the other parts of the vitamin-B complex occur most heavily in meat, milk, eggs, fruit and whole-grain cereals. Several of these are expensive foods, and others, even while fairly cheap, do not occur extensively in the typical diet for millions of Americans.

In general, dietary experts feel that for most people, under normal circumstances, it is better to take your vitamins in a widely varied diet of simple, unprocessed foods. There are, however, a number of multiple-vitamin capsules on the market which contain at least the minimum daily requirement of thiamin, and of other vitamins and minerals. For anyone who is somewhat below par, there could certainly be no harm in taking such a multiple-vitamin pill. There could also be no harm in taking two or three times the minimum daily requirement of thiamin separately, at least for a short period. Brewer's yeast and wheat germ are rich sources of all the vitamins. It is a good idea to consult your physician, and certainly this should be done before taking large amounts of any vitamin or any group of them.

Great Britain has studied this question extensively. Even under her present great difficulties, 2,250,000 school children are receiving a daily meal in school. They receive half an ounce of fat, two fifths of an ounce of sugar, four cents' worth of meat, and a fifth of an ounce of preserves, plus a third of a pint of milk—a diet rich in several important nutrient elements. The milk will be increased to two thirds of a pint as soon as it is possible to do so.

We in the United States now have a federally aided school-lunch program under which millions of children get extra food during the school day, and there is no doubt that this extra food is of tremendous value to the average child. In the light of our present knowledge, however, of the vitamin deficiency which exists in a great part of the entire population, it would seem highly desirable for the nutrition experts of the Federal Government to review this whole situation at once and see whether, to the school-lunch program, there should not be added supplementary vitamins.

The experiments with glutamic acid and with thiamin which are recorded in this article, arresting and important as they are, are less significant in themselves than for their future potentialities. It is clear that we are only on the threshold of a great era of knowledge about the relation between human health and nutrition. None of these experiments, so far as we know, has resulted in raising the intelligence level above what ought to be considered normal. In other words, what has been done is to offset, to some degree, the damage mankind has done to itself by departing from Nature's ways. The experiments I have described suggest the enormous and exciting possibilities that lie before us as we probe deeply into the whole field of nutrition and its effect upon human life.

THE END

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"Don't miss this! The bowl doesn't move—the beater travels around it this way, folding to the center as it beats. That's the most thorough, consistent mixing you can get, Mrs. C.—planetary mixing action. What's more, you're looking at the huskiest mixer motor built. That means no "power-adapters" needed for any job. We're all set for even finer meals prepared more easily. Here's your KitchenAid recipe book, and . . . Say, shouldn't you wait 'til I get under the mistletoe?"

KitchenAid

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



There are several KitchenAid mixers to choose from—and the KitchenAid Coffee Mill for fresh home-ground coffee—all husky little brothers of big Hobart commercial food machines. Even though we're producing more than ever before, we're afraid there'll be some sad Santas because demand still exceeds supply. So shop early. Ask for KitchenAid by name at your department store or electrical appliance dealer.

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The Hobart Manufacturing Company, Troy, Ohio



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Christmas time is hospitality time. For friendly visits and unexpected guests, *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola provides a gracious welcome. There's more Coke now, so keep an ample supply in your refrigerator for visitors, for your family, and for yourself.

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Listen to *The Pause That Refreshes On The Air* with the Songs of Ginny Simms and the Music of Percy Faith and his Orchestra... Sundays 6:30 P. M. EST Columbia Network.



MARYSONG

(Continued from Page 45)

the monastery workshops were closed unusually early and the cloistered quadrangle was empty. Eleven minutes before, Brother Monotone, who rang bells for the community, had tugged his ropes for general assembly—with special excitement, some thought.

The snow-covered yards showed a pattern of footprints leading to the main doorway of the monastery proper. All the lights of that building were out but the light in the chapter room. In the chapter room, before all the monks, sat the abbot. The faces that watched him were puzzled, and on the table before him was an opened letter—he had just finished reading it. Now the abbot spoke:

"Dear Brothers in Christ, I have called you together for a special reason. As you might guess, the new cardinal-protector of Marysong has been a busy man in Rome during the past year. His work in defense of our institute must have made him a tired man. He needs a rest. That is a probable explanation for the letter I just read you. Whatever his reason, the cardinal is coming to spend Christmas with us. He will stay for two weeks.

"Brothers in Christ, this will be our first meeting with the cardinal. It is only fair to our reputation and to our traditions that we impress him well with our manner of serving God. Not all powers in Rome sympathize with what we do. From time to time our enemies have urged the cardinal-protector that we be more useful to the world. They say we're still in the Dark Ages. They would have us make things for market—popular hymns, fancy lettering, pious poetry for bookmarks—instead of giving so much of our time to the practice and composition of real music."

The monks, arms in sleeves, sat in broken lines about the room. Some were tall and bony, others were short. Some looked healthy, others didn't—some looked hungry. Not even their habits looked alike: the patches on each were of different sizes and in different places; the stains on their scapulars came from different foods. But the eyes of every man in the room showed the same warm alertness. Every man felt the same excitement, a live, hot excitement. If anyone differed in this, it was Brother Monotone, who showed approval and interest by turning this way and that way, smiling at the others. Brother had made up his mind from the first to show he was cheerful under his cross, whether he was or not.

"BROTHERS, I see you realize how providential it is that the cardinal will be here for the novena of music. We will begin at once to prepare for it. For the next three weeks you will do only necessary farm work and no copy work on manuscripts whatsoever. Leave off doing any work about the house that is not essential. In addition to the usual number of hours, you will give all your extra time as well to practicing. It is important, Brothers, that we make this year's novena the best in the history of Marysong."

Every year at Marysong, during the first nine days after Christmas, the monks would march in procession to the Mary shrine of their garden. Their march was perfect—these men *lived* in rhythm! As they marched they sang, tenors in front, basses behind the tenors. At the shrine, before the Christmas crib, the procession stopped and the monks knelt to pray. They followed prayer with music, the best music they could make, the best music Austria could make. It was Brother Chironomy, known all over Europe as a judge of good music and a director of male voices, who wrote the program. There were instrumental soloists and vocal soloists, there were duets, trios, sextets, quartets,

octets, all sorts of mixed groups, and nothing less than the full monastery choir under Brother Chironomy himself put climax to the program and closed it. This was the novena of music.

While the abbot was privately giving out assignments for the novena program, Brother Monotone slipped out of the room. He went to the chapel, to a side alcove, to a little picture of the Blessed Virgin, and there he knelt down.

Of all the monks at Marysong, Brother Monotone alone could neither sing nor play. His sense of rhythm was limited rather closely to an obvious four-four time. His fingers were thick and had stubby ends; they stopped two holes at one time on the flute; on the harp they sounded strings above and below the string he aimed at. The nearest he came to playing an instrument was as community bell ringer.

As for his voice, even the vaulted wash hall, the most resonant room in the house, couldn't make it sound like anything, not to Brother Monotone himself. It wasn't that he couldn't hit the notes; he couldn't stay on them, he couldn't carry a tune. But even more basic than that, though his range was actually six notes wide, he couldn't make his notes follow one another the way they were supposed to: *te* after *do*, *mi* after *re*, *fa* after *mi*. A new abbot, not knowing Brother Monotone, had once given him a refectory penance for harmonizing on an "Amen" when the music called for one held note. The "Amen" was the only part of the whole song that Brother Monotone had sung.

Brother Monotone didn't wait for an assignment because he already knew what his was: Brother always pumped the organ.

The picture before him showed Our Lady being borne to heaven. Beneath her was a little cloud, fine, like bleached Angora. Among the long naps of the cloud were baby angels; other angels were escort; all were laughing, giggling and singing. Brother Monotone often prayed here; he came whenever his feelings encouraged him to think he was out of place at Marysong, and that was often.

Tonight after his usual prayer for right attitudes and broad-mindedness, he prayed for the success of the novena. He prayed for the abbot, for the program organizer, for the choir and Brother Chironomy, and finally for the cardinal. Then for a long time he just looked at the picture. Before he left he said half aloud with insistence, "Have angels teach us."

During the two weeks before the cardinal's coming, much more practice noise went over the monastery walls than was usual. Brother Archive put it down in the records that never before had the house seen such a thickness of melody and rhythm. Pilgrims making the Way of the Cross along the road wondered at it. The rain-gutter pigeons, ordinarily rather self-possessed, never quite got used to it.

Brother Monotone was almost everywhere at once during those weeks of getting ready. The other men, each one absorbed in doing his part of the program in the best possible way, thoughtlessly took advantage of Brother Monotone. He milked cows for Brother Pizzicato; he chopped wood for Brother Magnacumvoce; he carried water for Brother Cadenza. Wherever he went he was asked for help:

"Brother Monotone, would you pump for the quartet today?" . . . "Brother Monotone, I need a new bass string. Could you put that down for a minute and —" . . . "We need more copies of the Kyrie. Brother,

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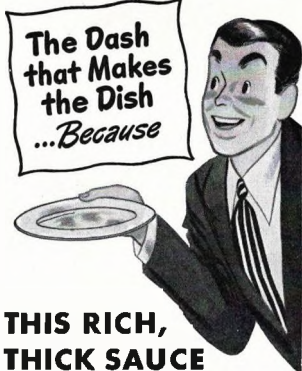
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upstairs in the attic —" . . . "Brother, please pump a little faster."
 Brother Monotone was fast wearing through. His face was sickly pale; the only color in it was around his eyes, where gray-blue shadows had gathered in the hollows. The abbot noticed this and one day spoke to him about it.
 "Brother, you look tired. Are you sure you're all right?"
 Brother Monotone suddenly felt afraid that the abbot might stop him from helping the program. "I am, Father. I'm in the best of health," he said.
 "What's that you're carrying? It looks heavy."
 "It's not, Father. Merely some music for Brother Chironomy. I'm in the best of health, Father," he said again.
 "Brother, I'm afraid your best isn't so good. You'd better forget about helping the others for a while. I suggest you get outside for a lot of fresh air."

BROTHER had been saying his vow of obedience over and over to himself. Now he nodded to the abbot, looked to the floor, and went off to practice it.

"And, Brother —" There was warmth and understanding in the abbot's voice. Brother came back and waited. "If you feel you *must* help with the program," offered the abbot, "you can gather a load of fir branches to decorate the Mary shrine."

Brother Monotone left the abbot and went to his room for boots and a cloak. He got a piece of rope and a hatchet, pulled his cowl up over his head, and left the house.

The quadrangle was empty, and Brother got to the walls without meeting anyone. He could hear the choir. The square piece of sky above the walls was a late-afternoon gray. The yard was fresh white. In between the sky and the yard it was snowing; he watched the snow. Just as feathers fly about and fill all the room when little boys fight with pillows—they laugh and hit each other hard, and aren't afraid, because they're home all alone and have the house to themselves; nor do they care to stop even when the seams have ripped, and feathers are covering chairs, the bed, the rug, the window sill, and all things else in the room—just like this, Brother thought, did snowflakes crowd the air and swing from side to side as they settled to the ground and covered everything.

Outside the walls Brother picked out the best part of the woods and walked toward it. Now that no one could hear, he began to sing. He tried to sing what the choir was singing and almost did, but the farther he got from the walls, the farther his song got from the choir's. By the time he reached the first fir his voice had slid into a song entirely different from the one he began.

The first tree was too thin, he decided, and walked on. The second tree's branches were too high off the ground. The third tree was too young. Then he found a good one and stopped. He chopped two branches from it, tied them together, slung them on his back, and walked on singing. All he could hear besides his song was the snow falling into fir trees. His song wandered from end to end of his six-note range—how satisfying it must be, he thought, to be able to sing an octave, or even seven notes. He said a little prayer for monastery novices, prisoners, the unhappily married, and for all others fenced within a small range.

Another good one! . . . too wet . . . too high . . . again, a good one. It wasn't long before he had all the branches he could carry, so he stopped looking and turned back. Brother wouldn't admit it, but he really had more than he could carry.

The branches made him tired. He tripped once, and for some time after felt warm and sticky from his effort to keep from falling.

After a while he unsung the branches and placed the bundle next to the base of a tree trunk. He sat on the bundle with his back and head against the tree. A rabbit watched him from under a near-by bush and he said "Hello" to it. The snow kept falling.

All at once Brother Monotone felt a little thrill of surprise. Off in the distance, among the trees, was a light; it was standing still.

H'm-m-m. What could *that* be? He moved toward it to find out. The light, eclipsed now and then by trees, led him to the hem of a little square of cleared land . . . and there he stopped, completely afraid and useless. Brother Monotone knew these woods inside out; he didn't remember ever seeing the square of cleared land!

The shed amazed him even more. A woodshed stood in the clearing; someone was in it. But what really took Brother Monotone, and held him, and made him forget he was afraid, made him forget his surprise at the shed in the clearing, was the music. Never had he heard such beautiful music, and *it came from the shed.*

Without a thought of doing anything else, Brother Monotone walked toward it. From its sides, where the boards warped away from one another, a soft, yellow light seeped out and buttered the snow. Brother looked in through a knothole.

Inside the shed, his back to Brother Monotone, sat a man. He was looking into a fire, apparently listening to the music. Where it came from Brother couldn't tell. Certainly the man wasn't making it. Certainly there were no instruments in the room.

Now and then he looked up from the fire to the young lady who sat on its other side.

THE MEMORY LINGERS ON

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She faced away from him so that Brother saw her only in profile, but certainly she wasn't making the music. In front of the lady was a box; and, inside the box, a baby. She gave the baby so much attention that she seemed not even to hear the music. She had small, white hands and very little fingers. With one of her fingers she was softly tracing over the baby's face: an eyebrow . . . the lips . . . the nose. She was very beautiful even when she didn't smile; but when she did she was overwhelmingly beautiful. Every once in a while she would wrinkle her nose and smile or laugh, then bend close to the baby and say something to it.

Brother Monotone was a great way out of himself at merely the sight of her, but he really got lost when she began to sing. Her voice was soprano. He wished Brother Chironomy were here. Other voices, many and of all kinds, were now singing with her, though certainly there was no one else in the room:

"Rise, shepherds, rise, For your Saviour has come from the skies."

Brother's heart beat in great surges. Music like this made the best of Marysong sound like a clatter of cowbells on washboards. He thought of the singing angels on his picture back in the chapel.

"He came down from heaven For your salvation. Bow down before Him In adoration."

The woodshed became a soundboard and picked up his heartbeat. Brother was sure that the man inside heard it and began to worry; he grew ashamed of his heart and tried to muffle its sound. It reminded him of the time the abbot had taken a drum away from him at the monastery. "Brother Monotone, some of the men have complained that your drum-beating annoys them. The difficulty seems to be that you lack a sense of rhythm, and hence you play against the music instead of blending with it. I'm sorry, Brother, but I'm afraid I'll have to —" . . . "You have no rhythm, Brother, that's why he took away the drum." . . . "Why are you so different, Brother Monotone?" . . . (Stern) "He has no vocation. He should never have been allowed to enter." . . . "Brother Monotone, play us some *noise.*" (Laughter.)

"I'd better go, he decided, and he tried to leave. But he couldn't leave; he had no legs; he had no arms. Only a Heart. The Heart beat louder and louder."

"Rise, shepherds, rise, For your Saviour has come from the skies."

The man inside *had* heard. He had picked up a lantern and gone out of the shed. Brother closed his eyes and awaited discovery. He could see through his closed eyelids the light of the lantern coming toward him.

"Brother Monotone! Brother Monotone!" Brother opened his eyes and looked into the face of the abbot. The abbot held his lantern closer, the while examining Brother anxiously. He picked up from the snow a wine bottle and brought it to Brother's mouth.

"Are you all right, Brother?" he asked.

Brother Monotone looked dully at the bottle, then at the abbot. The flutter of lantern light kept stretching shadows over the abbot's face and letting them flap back again to the hollows and shallows they came from. He looked away, over the abbot's head, to the bobbing, wavering lanterns behind him, to the brown cloth cloaks beyond the lanterns. Then at once he awoke and sat up and looked about. On every side of him was nothing but trees; the farther trees walked off into blackness. *No shed. No clearing.* And now, when he tried, he couldn't even remember the song.

"Are you all right, Brother?" the abbot asked again.

Brother Monotone felt a sudden fear that the abbot might stop him from helping the program. He smiled flabbily and mumbled something about feeling fine. Then his eyes closed on him and he was trying to see the little shed and the beautiful girl with her beautiful song.

One afternoon, three weeks after the abbot's announcement, two carriages crunched over snow up the lazy road to Marysong. It was the day before Christmas Eve; the cardinal-protector was coming.

The curtains of the first carriage were closed, but the drivers could hear talk and laughter coming from inside. The second carriage was silent. Its driver heard nothing but cold wheels on the frozen top snow.

Now its curtains opened. A stately, wintry-faced man looked out over the fields. He saw no signs of work; no hay piles, no wheat stubble, no cornstalks. He dictated something to a secretary, looked out once more, then let the curtains close.

THE curtains again drew apart a while later when the carriage pulled by the monastery vineyard. It was a small vineyard; it gave just enough first-press juice for Mass wine; second-press went on the table. The cold-faced man took note of all this; his adding-machine mind clicked away. "Room for two hundred more acres of sticks," he said to his secretary. He closed the curtains.

When the carriages wriggled through the woods, the smell of pine caused the curtains to open once more. The cardinal's eyes counted trees, classified them, measured them, weighed them. "Cabinetmakers in (Continued on Page 188)

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(Continued from Page 186)
the villages below would pay fine money for some of these trees." His secretary's quill worked as well as it could, with what the road's bumps and holes. The driver heard nothing more for the rest of the trip. The curtains stayed shut.

The community got its first impression of the cardinal the same day he came. It was a house custom that the highest dignitary present at Christmastime be asked to sing the Solemn High Mass at midnight. The cardinal accepted the honor, then turned around and appointed his secretary to substitute for him. During the Mass itself, he sat in the last pew; while the choir sang the Gloria and the Credo, he read his hours. Later he himself said a Low Mass.

In church circles Marysong's cardinal-protector had the reputation of being a reformer, not of spiritual or eternal works, but of the temporal business of monasteries; he was an efficiency expert. His secretary was forever at his elbow, forever writing. They inspected the kitchens, the dormitories, the shops in the quadrangle. An estimate of livestock and poultry was taken. The men in charge of house and farm maintenance were called in for interviews, as likewise were various managers; all had to present for inspection what books they had kept. At the end of it all the abbot himself was summoned.

"Father, I fear there will have to be some changes made," the cardinal began. He sat behind a broad desk. The desk top had a high polish; it was clean of dust, free of novelties; only one sheet of paper was on it. The abbot sat next to the desk on a straight-backed, wooden chair. The cardinal was very formal. "I shall not take much of your time," he said. "I have only four points to make."

The cardinal read his points from the sheet of paper. The abbot sat forward.

"First. Your house spends little money, it is true, but what it does spend it spends without prudence. It is hard to understand such bills as the bill for rosine."

"But that can be explained, your Eminence," put in the abbot. "You see, we have to have rosine for —" The abbot stopped. The cardinal was listening, but he wasn't interested.

"Second. I found the house and farm somewhat neglected. Your managers tell me you recently gave orders that all extra time was to be given to practice for some program. It is hardly good order, Father, to put pleasure before business. Moreover, your decision was bad example for the others."

The abbot was in pain. *It was for you, he wanted to say. Can't you see we did it for you?*

"Third. I think it impossible for anyone to have religious peace of mind in a house where noise is so constant. I refer to the music practice, of course."

The cardinal's fourth point was really a sermon, preacher tone and all, based on a quotation that he had garbled from the Advice for Ascetics by Rodriguez.

"Fourth. 'It is dangerously easy for the spirit of the world to slip into the heart of one who overindulges in the fine arts. . . .'"

The abbot sat in full silence through the whole of it, more from a feeling of helplessness than from the virtue of patience. Piece by piece the cardinal was taking away his vocation; and not only his: the abbot stood for the whole of Marysong. He had no hope at all of impressing the cardinal with the beauty of lifting one's mind and heart to God by means of fine music.

The cardinal had finished his paper. He folded it in silence, then looked straight down into the abbot and said, "Father, to conclude all this, unless you can convince me that the monastery has not missed its time, I warn you now that a change will be made in the daily order."

It was a custom at Marysong that each year a small number of visitors be admitted for the last day of the novena. Music lovers from all over Austria worked hard for the permission to come, but only high notables and major benefactors of the house got it. Novice masters at Marysong became very strict in accepting applicants when it was

found that men were losing their vocations soon after the novena. Brother Bursar reported an increase in the number of major benefactors beginning from the year the rule of exclusion was made.

The cardinal had a chance that others would have given much for, but he didn't use it. He could have heard the entire novena; instead, he made inspections or wrote accounts or read his hours, and he missed eight days of it. "Business before pleasure," he would say to the abbot. The look on his face would add: "Go, and do thou likewise."

Most of the monastery's thoughts about the cardinal were true, but its most important thought was not. What the monks took to be a positive dislike for all music was really no dislike at all. It was merely self-defense. From the first moment of his first day at the monastery the cardinal-protector of Marysong had protected no one but himself. He had only a little artistic understanding and no artistic expression whatsoever, and he felt out of place with the monks, who had a high degree of both. He was hard on the abbot and his men because he suspected they thought little of him for his lack of talent. Away down underneath his defense the cardinal really liked music. He liked to hear it,

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By Ethel Jacobson

Make him fond
And make him true—
And any color
Eyes will do!

Make him gentle,
Make him sweet,
And I won't quibble
At two left feet.

Make him tender,
Gallant, gay,
And who cares what's
His monthly pay?

Santa, heed
This heartfelt sign.
If you see him,
Make him mine!

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even to sing it, only it had to be simple. Short enough to remember, and simple. He had no taste at all for intricate songs. His favorite song, one he often sang to himself, was an Austrian carol, very short, very simple. His mother had taught it to him, taught him to sing it before guests and visitors—but all that, of course, was before his voice changed.

In later years whenever he thought of the song he would sing it to some audience in his imagination. The people in these audiences were always important and were always thrilled and pleased with his singing. They were so packed that his personal enemies (who came every time) had to stand or not hear at all; they always chose to stand.

As he thought of the song now and sang it, he saw the Pope and all the cardinals in his audience; the biggest state officials were with them. Away at the back and along the sides, looking very embarrassed, were the monks of Marysong. He put as much sweetness as he could into the song that began in his throat and came out through his nose:

"Rise, shepherds, rise. . . ."

On the last day of the novena the abbot decided on one more try at the cardinal. He went hot from the chapel to the cardinal's room. Even his knock showed how his lips were set. The cardinal was still saying "Come in," when the abbot came in.

"Your Eminence, I've come to ask your presence at the novena today."

The cardinal, annoyed, put down his pen and was about to say the equivalent of "business before pleasure," but the abbot beat him to the first word and kept going.

"There are important people here for the novena, your Eminence, and wealthy benefactors among them. They'll expect to see you. After all, you are the monastery's protector, you know."

At "benefactors" the cardinal looked interested, but the abbot had set and warned himself to speak out two arguments and couldn't stop to take advantage of the word.

"Furthermore, your Eminence, I must say you are hardly being fair to us. You ask us to prove that we haven't been wasting time, but you won't give us a chance to show the good we've really done. Apparently you don't care for music. At least you haven't come to hear ours. If you'd only come and listen, and listen without prejudice, I'm sure you would think God must be very pleased with our service."

WHAT the cardinal had only suspected all along was now in plain sight, and he found it painfully offensive. The abbot's manner spoke better for his mind than his words did. The whole monastery despised him and criticized him, all because he was doing his duty and was too busy with it to listen to their music, their heavy, complicated, abstract music. He waited till some of the resentment left his face and the indignation got out of his throat before he spoke; in the meantime, he tried to look very controlled and judicial.

"You and the others think I can't appreciate music. Well," he said triumphantly, "you're all mistaken. I love music. I haven't got much time, I'm too busy for play, but I'll come anyway. Of course I'll come."

The abbot had come in with his voice properly pitched and keyed for an argument. This sudden change of mind threw him off balance. He felt foolish for having talked so fast and so high, but couldn't think of how to apologize for it; the best he could do was back away from the cardinal and out through the doorway. "Thank you, your Eminence, thank you, thank you," he kept saying.

The Mary shrine, floor, walls and ceiling, was of gray stone. Thin blue shafts of light came into the room through stained-glass windows. The floor was usually bare of seats and kneelers, but during the novena chairs were put in toward the rear of the shrine for visitors. This year Brother Monotone placed one chair out and away from the others; it belonged to the cardinal.

Ordinarily the shrine held only a statue of Our Lady, but during the Christmas season the statue was taken out and a crib took its place. Brother Monotone was in charge of the crib. The slim, Gothic figures of the Holy Family were carved from walnut. Brother set them in the same places year after year. Joseph sat on some hay bundles and faced Mary. Mary was half sitting, half kneeling. She leaned forward over the Infant, one hand on the manger's edge for support, her free hand lightly on His face. Her mouth was a small way open, as though she were talking or singing.

For the third time on the last day Brother came to the shrine to see whether all was right with his crib. Soon the visitors would be here, then the procession. Brother went to the front of the crib and stood facing it. He was imagining what would happen.

During the novena program it was usual for the monks to stand at the sides of the crib. Those in actual performance stood in front of it. They played or sang toward the Holy Family. The Holy Family was their real audience; everyone else in the room merely overheard.

The closest Brother Monotone ever came to singing before a real audience was at the monastery's *excitator*. Every morning at four thirty Brother was allowed to wake the community for its first prayer of the day: "Surgite et cingite lumbos vestros!" Before he actually sang out it was a habit with him to pull the blankets over his head and, as quietly as possible, do a minute or two of

(Continued on Page 190)



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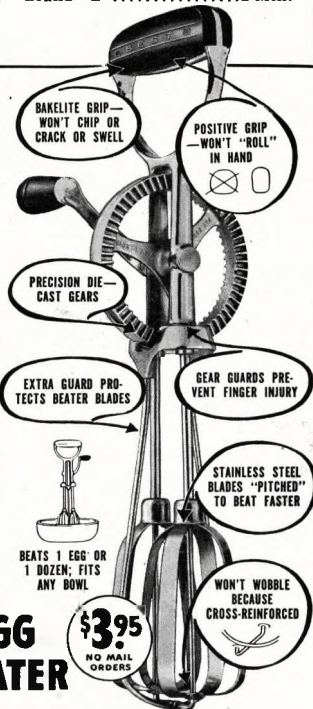
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(Continued from Page 188)

vocal exercise. On least days he practiced five minutes. Yet with all his care, almost every morning he was either flat or sharp. Now and then a monk would let himself get oversensitive about the matter and would ask the abbot to appoint a new *excitator*. Some excused themselves from one or other of the regular penances, reasoning to themselves that the unnatural hour of rising and the *excitator's* voice were penance enough for any man. But for most of the monks it was too dark and too early, and most were too sleepy to let it bother them.

Brother was still standing before the crib, but he wasn't imagining any more; he seemed puzzled now. His eyes were shut very tightly. His lips wrinkled together, as they would for a kiss, and stayed that way. He was trying to remember something. A song it was. The crib, the hay, the figures of wood, especially the figure of Mary, all reminded him of a beautiful song he had heard somewhere.

All at once he felt cold air creep up and about his ankles. A door slammed shut, then a harsh noise from behind him scratched across his thoughts and broke them. He turned to see. The first visitor had come in for a front seat and was scraping snow from his shoes. Others were coming in now. Dimly he could hear the procession song. Brother walked over to the organ. His lips were still pursed. He was still trying to remember.

It must be admitted that the monks who were to sing or play on today's program were more alive to the audience sitting behind them than to the Holy Family. Brother was among their thoughts even during the opening prayers. Today might be the last day of the novena in more ways than one; this might be the last novena.

There were no announcements. Brother Cadenza was the first performer; Brother was a master of the lute. He bowed slowly to the cardinal, to his brothers in religion, to the notables and major benefactors, then turned slowly to the Holy Family. Brother was afraid to start because he didn't feel ready. His hands were much too cold and dry. He did his best work when they were warm and slightly moist. He rubbed them together. They stayed cold and dry.

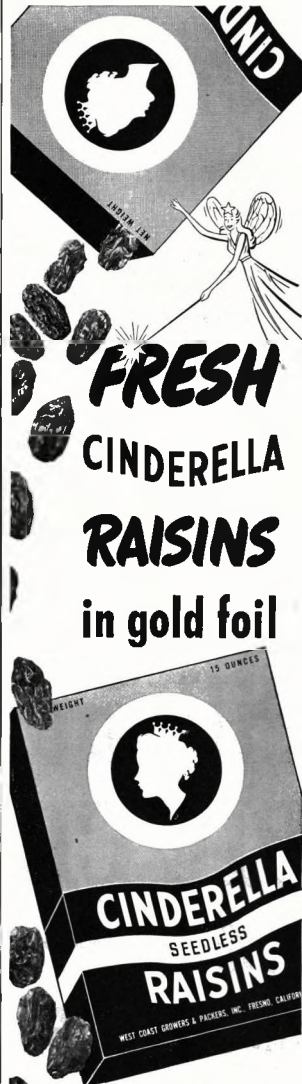
Back from the crib, back from Brother Cadenza, the cardinal's unconscious attitudes were deciding audience reaction. The notables and major benefactors, anxious to be pleasant, were set to watch every twitch of his face muscles and to act accordingly. Should the cardinal smile, they would applaud. Should he applaud, they would stand and shout "Bravo! Bravo!"

But as it was, the cardinal's apathy lowered the room's temperature. His eyes counted the number of instruments, guessed at their cost, and estimated their upkeep. When Brother Cadenza began to play, he thought of the time involved in getting even a simple melody from the lute.

Brother Cadenza went through his song in short style. The only feeling he had was of coldness, and he put it all into his music. He finished, bowed and left. For the rest of the program he stood apart from the others and tried to keep down bitter, black feelings of disgust.

Brother Magnacumvoce, the next to perform, was the monastery's loudest and ablest haritone. Brother was to sing an aria with a flute-and-zither accompaniment. The child had rolled up from the audience and was now settled upon the monks. Brother Magnacumvoce felt it and his teeth chattered together. He could see his breath in the cold air.

The three made their bows, then waited; Brother Magnacumvoce was to give the signal. Brother Allegro was overmerry and pushed one lonely, naked note out of his flute into the air. The cardinal's audience tittered; he had smiled at the sound of the lonely note. Brother Pizzicato was jumpy, too, and twanged his strings too soon. "Come, come, brothers," whispered Brother Magnacumvoce tightly. The three smiled a shallow confidence toward one another and started off together, this time on the same



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beat—but not on the same key; Brother Allegro was a shade flat.
 Brother Magnacumvoce sickened. Again he felt the chill from the audience. The thin blue light from the windows sank through him and made his spirit brittle. Twice his voice broke. This was the longest song he ever sang. After the trio finished, he left without waiting for the resonance of the zither to fade out. Brother Allegro and Brother Pizzicato bumped together and got tangled trying to get to the sides in a hurry, and then Brother Allegro dropped his flute and Brother Pizzicato stepped on it.

At the sides the abbot and the program organizer said a few quick words to each other. The abbot came before the audience, bowed to the cardinal without looking at him, then softly, sadly, said that the sextet, octet and tenor solo "originally scheduled would not appear owing to unforeseen difficulties"; the choir under Brother Chironomy would close the program with some stanzas of Gregorian chant. There was an effusive scuffle of music stands and lanterns as the choir came out and stood themselves in a quarter moon about Brother Chironomy. The cardinal felt an ugly little joy at the program's collapse, then was disgusted with himself for having it and tried to disown the joy.

Brother Chironomy was in constant demand all over Austria as a director of soloists and of choirs. He had the reputation of being one of the best judges of male voices in Europe. The way he used his fingers, the way he carried his head and held his body, every move he made was professional. He didn't feel the cold; it would take more than a mere audience to upset Brother Chironomy.

He touched an organ stop and gave his men their key. He raised his hands, tensed his fingers, then waited, waited for every man's eye. So confident in Brother Chironomy was the choir that it wasn't flustered by the coughing from the audience—the cardinal had cleared his throat during the wait. Quiet once more. Then Brother dropped his fingers and rolled the choir into motion. Its attack was perfect: one voice from sixty bodies. Brother Chironomy's fingers held the voice in, then drew it out and out and out, in a swell; then raised it, then hushed it, then brought it high again, then lowered it; crescendo, decrescendo, hit, hold: the voice and Brother's fingers had one being. The choir had never sounded so good, and the abbot, singing with it, thought briefly that this might not be the last novena after all. But it didn't last. Brother Chironomy brought the choir to the close of the first stanza, then held it for another wait; and he would begin the second stanza only when the audience was straining to hear it.

But he hadn't counted on the cardinal. Mixed noises of all kinds began to come up from the audience. People coughed; wooden chair legs scraped over the floor; there was talking; shoes scuffed across rough stone; here and there someone laughed. The cardinal had thought the choir was finished, and had stood up! The audience was leaning!

Brother Chironomy proved his reputation and was master even of this. He dropped his fingers quickly for the choir to begin the second stanza. But he didn't have each man's eyes and not all the choir saw his signal. Those in back rows started late and never caught up. When Brother tried with his fingers to bring them up, some in the front rows took his signals as asking for speed and gave it to him. Section jarred against section, measure against measure, note against note. The back rows were syn-copating with the front. The left side was singing in eight-four time, the right side in six-four. One man's voice climbed to a high note all alone and someone in the audience laughed: the cardinal had smiled at the solo voice. The laugh was too much for even Brother Chironomy. He walked away from the choir and gave up.

In the confusion that followed no one noticed that the brother who pumped the organ had left it and knelt down before the crib. If the monks had noticed it, they would have thought he was praying—for Marysong probably, that Marysong's vocation be preserved. The brother knelt close behind Joseph. He appeared not to feel that his body was in an uncomfortable position. He seemed to be listening to something, and what he heard made him unconscious even of the world he was kneeling on. He was looking at Mary's face.

"Sing, angels, sing!
 In a stable is born heaven's King!"

For the first time the monks saw Brother Monotone; he was kneeling before the crib. And singing!

"His mother is kneeling
 Humbly before Him.
 Soon will the shepherds
 Come to adore Him."

Of the whole community of monks, Brother Chironomy was the first to have a thought. He had listened to the best voices in Europe; what they sang and where they sang had made them sound even better than they were. But from the first two lines of this song he was utterly sure he had never heard such a clean and clear, such a beautiful voice! The choir members, one by one, quit what they were doing and froze into stillness. Brother Magnacumvoce was breathing hard. Brother Cadenza stopped talking with his disgusts and came out of himself to listen.

"Pray, Christians, pray
 To the Child lying there in the hay!"

The nobles and major benefactors were listening, too, and they forgot all about the cardinal. Other voices were now singing with the brother's. One soprano, with angelic clarity, sang high above all. Some of the audience wondered where they came from, but no one cared to miss anything by guessing. Certainly they were not from the choir. Brother Archive had the thought that all this would look good in the house records.

But more than the nobles and major benefactors, more than Cadenza and the abbot and all the monks, and more even than Brother Chironomy, the voice moved the cardinal-protector. It entered into him and stopped him and made him listen. It made the thoughts about the waste of time and money and work let go their hold and drop off. He covered his face with his hands, absorbed body and soul by it, and he knelt down on the bare stone with his red robes in the snow water. The quiet joy he had felt at the choir's failure was overwhelmed and lost. The world to him was only a small, dead noise far away. And then at last, as the voice reached deeper still, his big proud fear of making a mistake in front of the monks, of not seeming as great as his name and position, it went, too, and was broken off and was flooded out of his mind. It took the broad thrill in his side to remind him he had a body. They were singing his song. . . . Truly Marysong made great music and surely it gave pleasure to God—did not angels belong to its choir?

"His mother and Joseph
 Guard Him from danger.
 He can sleep safely
 There in the manger."

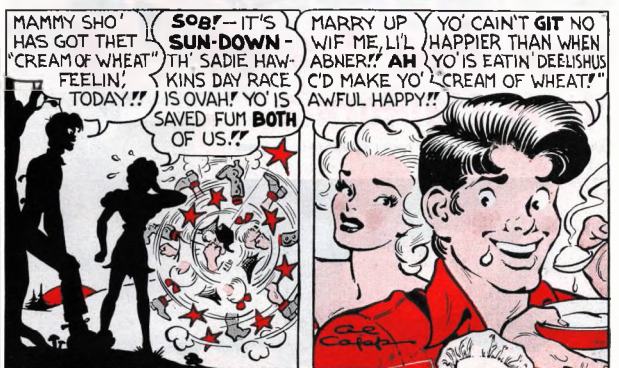
Brother Monotone was ecstatically happy. He never dreamed it could be so much fun singing on the outside of a six-note range. He was free! He not only remembered, he was actually singing Mary's song.

"Rise, shepherds, rise.
 For your Saviour has come from —"

THE END



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EASY RECIPE

Christmas Tree Salad

Lush Fruit Cocktail in sparkling gelatine!

- 1 envelope Knox gelatine
- ¼ cup cold water
- 1 cup fruit cocktail syrup
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind
- Few grains salt
- Few drops red food coloring
- 2½ cups canned fruit cocktail
- Salad greens Mayonnaise

Soften gelatine in water and dissolve in heated cocktail syrup. Stir in lemon juice and rind, salt and a few drops of food coloring. Cool. Add 1 cup drained fruit cocktail. Divide among 4 cone-shaped paper cups. Set each cup in small glass to hold upright and chill until firm. Unmold on greens; top with mayonnaise. Garnish with additional fruit cocktail. Serves 4.



Christmas Tree Salad is suggested by our guest home economist, Jane Knox of Knox Gelatine Company.

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More Fruit Cocktail Holiday Tips

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QUICK AND EASYS

for two

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUBER

THE holiday whirl has already begun. Party dates begin to dot your calendar. Visions of things still to be done dance in your head. You make lists like mad—wonder why you weren't one of the smart ones who started their shopping in October.

Here are some easygoing menus that will leave you free to spend more time making Christmas merry.

Equal to the Occasion

- Avocado-Caviar Appetizer
- Oyster-Bacon Rolls with Creole Sauce and Rice
- Celery and Olives
- Danish Cottage Cheese with Fruit
- Coffee

Two can dine divinely—and on short notice. Here's a meal that will bring surprise to the eye and delight to the palate. The first course is beguilingly simple, but delicious. Slice half of a peeled avocado in lengthwise strips. Arrange on salad plates. Spread a ribbon of red or black caviar on each slice. Serve with lemon wedges and garnish with cress. A small jar of caviar won't break the bank on occasion. This is one of them.

OYSTER-BACON ROLLS WITH CREOLE SAUCE AND RICE

Drain 4 large oysters per person. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Wrap each with ½ slice bacon. Secure with toothpicks. Cook ½ cup rice. Have it dry and fluffy. Broil the oyster-bacon rolls about 1½ minutes on each side. Do this when you're sure everything else is ready. Overcooked oysters are tough. Heat 1 jar creole sauce in a small saucepan. This is new on the market. If creole sauce is too hot for you, you could heat bottled cocktail sauce or use a still milder substitute—condensed tomato soup, adding a little green pepper and chopped onion. Heighten the flavor with a little basil and oregano, if you have it. To serve: arrange rice and oysters (don't forget to remove the toothpicks) on a small platter or individual dinner plates. Pass the hot creole sauce separately.

No salad is necessary with this meal, as your first meal course is partly salad. Serve celery and olives at this point instead.

DANISH COTTAGE CHEESE WITH FRUIT

To one 8-ounce package cottage cheese add 2 tablespoons sugar and ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Thin with 3 tablespoons cream. Pour into a bowl and sprinkle generously with cinnamon. Pass with an accompanying bowl of black Bing cherries or thawed frozen strawberries.

To the Aid of a Party

- Bacon-and-Water-Cress Sandwiches
- Special Cheese and Crackers
- Fruitcake Squares
- Tea or Coffee

The living room has a special waiting-for-Christmas look. Why not have a small party before Christmas? A buffet supper is a little hard to manage from your small kitchen, but you could have a few friends in for an evening's snack. A good sandwich, something to spread on crackers, and squares of fruitcake, as a bow to the holidays, are all you need to serve with tea or coffee.

BACON-AND-WATER-CRESS SANDWICHES

Make any number of these you want. For 20 small 2-inch-size sandwiches, combine ½ cup crumbled crisp cooked bacon with ½ cup chopped water cress. (Fry the bacon in the morning. Leave out at room temperature—not in refrigerator—if you have a job by day.) Moisten with 3 tablespoons mayonnaise. Season with ⅓ teaspoon salt and some pepper. Buy unsliced bread for sandwiches so you can slice it thin. If you have a small round cutter about as big around as a silver dollar, use that. Or you could cut bread in strips. In any case, eliminate crusts, saving them for bread crumbs or brown Betty later on in the week. Soften your butter or margarine. It spreads easier, thinner—goes farther. Spread sand-

wiches with the bacon-cream mixture. Cover with a damp cloth. Keep cool but not cold.

SPECIAL CHEESE SPREAD

Put $\frac{1}{2}$ pound blue cheese through a sieve. Cream 1 cup butter or margarine with the sieved cheese. Grate 1 clove garlic into it. Add 4 tablespoons prepared mustard—no, this isn't too much. Season lightly with salt and pepper. Serve in a bowl with a butter spreader near by. Have crackers, sliced pumpkin- or packaged Melba toast to spread it on.

FRUITCAKE SQUARES

Buy the fruitcake. Cut it into fudge-size fruitly squares. It so often crumbles when you try to slice it thin.

Monday Memo

Corned-Beef Patties with Hot Sauce
Frozen Peas
Raw Vegetables
Peaches de Menthe
Coffee

Monday's the day to make notes to yourself re: plans for your week. While you're at it, plan a Monday-night dinner that will consist mostly of what you have in the house. A can of corned-beef hash and one of peaches, plus a jar of mint jelly you bought last week end, might be your starting points. Your seasoning shelf comes to your aid—always. So does your refrigerator salad pan. You might buy a package of frozen peas on your way home. Or if you have a vegetable left over from Sunday, you needn't do any shopping.

CORNED-BEEF PATTIES

Mash $\frac{1}{2}$ can corned-beef hash. Add 1 beaten egg, 1 small onion, finely chopped, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon prepared horseradish. Season with salt and pepper and mix well. Shape into 6 patties. Roll them in flour. Then fry quickly in hot bacon drippings. Drain on paper toweling and serve with the following sauce: To 1 cup chili sauce, add 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, a dash of Tabasco sauce and 1 tablespoon sour cream.

PEACHES DE MENTHE

This is so good it deserves a fancy name, but its composition is simple. To $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream, whipped until stiff, fold in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mint jelly, beaten until light. Serve on cold canned peach halves.

Dress Rehearsal

Easy Macaroni and Cheese—
Bacon
Green Salad
Shadow Cake
Coffee

You're lazy tonight! Macaroni and cheese is a favorite with everyone, but to make a

cream sauce, besides cooking the macaroni, would take more time than you actually have—to say nothing of baking the usual dish $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. You don't have to do all that, really. You can still have macaroni and cheese and you'll do it much more simply. Your dessert will be a high triumph. No one need know your ruse. In fact, you'll try it out as a dinner specialty tonight. Tomorrow you'll serve it as a late-evening bite to guests whom you've invited to come and help you tie up packages for the orphanage or whatever your 1947 Christmas-charity project happens to be.

EASY MACARONI AND CHEESE

Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ package macaroni—elbow macaroni or the regular kind of macaroni broken into pieces—in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Rinse with boiling water. Combine one 5-ounce jar sharp American cheese spread with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot milk or cream to a good sauce consistency. Combine with macaroni. Season with salt and pepper. Pour into a shallow baking dish or 10" pie pan. Broil 5-8 minutes until the dish is bubbly and brown. In last 2 minutes broil bacon alongside the dish.

SHADOW CAKE

For this dessert, buy the packaged cake layers. To serve two, use half of 1 layer. Frost generously with marshmallow cream. It comes in a jar. Melt 1 square chocolate—or two squares if you're a chocolate fiend. Pour over the layer of cake frosted with the marshmallow cream. Serve at once or, as I like it best, chill in the refrigerator while the main course is being prepared. The chilling "sets" the chocolate—gives it a crisp, crackly texture. Use 1 layer for four—2 layers for eight. Do each layer individually, of course—don't stack them as a 2-layer cake. Use a proportionate amount of chocolate.

Shopper's Special

Chicken Livers with Sour Cream
Broccoli—Mustard Butter
Peas—Blue Cheese
Coffee

On your way home from shopping you pass a store that specializes in chicken in parts. The part you are interested in tonight is fresh chicken livers—not easy to come by unless you have such shops in your city or town. However, you can sometimes buy the frozen chicken livers. Chicken-liver omelet is one of your favorites, but tonight you forgo that for a very special way of cooking and serving chicken livers. It fits into the quick-and-easy category. Add it to your repertoire.

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH SOUR CREAM

Sauté $\frac{1}{2}$ pound fresh or frozen (and thawed) chicken livers with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 2 peeled hard-cooked eggs, diced. Last of all, add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sour cream. Cook over low heat just long enough to heat the cream. Too-long cooking may curdle the cream. Season with $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

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INDIVIDUAL MEAT LOAVES.
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minutes. Fill pear halves with
mince meat and bake in same
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Serve with cranberry sauce.

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Flavorful pork is delicious. So is tender beef. When the two are combined Swift's special way, the flavor is doubly delicious . . . as you'll agree when you try these individual Prem loaves.

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Swift's Prem gives you the nutritional benefits of both beef and pork. That means you get plenty of high quality proteins, important minerals and B vitamins—the vital food elements of two fine meats.

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Swift's Prem is firm . . . delightfully tender. And because it's all meat, there's nothing to waste. Served hot or cold, it's delicious to the very last bit.

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Tender beef has been added to Swift's Prem because a majority of homemakers wanted it. From experience, they knew that beef and pork combined was bound to be better. So try Swift's Prem soon . . . see how much better it is.

Say PREM.. It's SWIFT'S!

BABY IN THE BATHROOM

(Continued from Page 37)

out of the house and over to my next-door neighbor's.

"Bad-boy mawther, bad-boy mawther, BAD-boy mawther," came floating across the lawn after me.

Mrs. O'Hara is a small, very neat, very precise person, and since I had moved into the house next to hers only forty-eight hours before, I was a little dubious as to the impression I was making as a brand-new neighbor.

"You see, Mrs. O'Hara," I said nervously, "he's only just two." I considered briefly telling her about the three sentences in a row all connected by a logical sequence of thought, and decided against it. Some other time, perhaps. Or I could write and tell mother. "I know he can open the door, because he did it yesterday, but he won't. He's not himself, exactly. The excitement of coming to a new place to live, and only two days since that long train trip and all. He's—he's really only just two," I trailed off desperately.

Mrs. O'Hara smiled warmly, patted my hand and shifted to the other foot. "And so?" she prompted gently.

"Oh, yes! And so, I thought if you would lend me your ladder, I could climb through the window and get to him that way."

Mrs. O'Hara raised her eyes from her front doorstep to my bathroom window. I did too. My bathroom window was open about six inches. In Florida, bathroom windows—all windows, as a matter of fact—are like miniature French doors and open from the inside by means of little levers which run through holes in the screens. That was one of the first things I learned about Florida: the screens are inside the windows, instead of vice versa. I gazed without love at my cunning little bathroom windows, immovably fixed six inches apart.

"And anyway," Mrs. O'Hara continued kindly, "even if you could get through, the screen can't be taken down only from the inside."

"Oh," I said unhappily. "I see."
We listened for a while to Jimmy, who was now chanting, "I want can-dee, I want can-dee."

"But," said Mrs. O'Hara, "if we could get the ladder up to that window, at least we could talk to him face to face, and that might help. Come into the garage."

We went into the O'Haras' garage. It was nice there—cool, and we could hardly hear Jimmy. The ladder was suspended on two hooks in the wall, very neat and orderly. The hooks were six feet from the ground and the ladder was very large. I looked at Mrs. O'Hara, and she looked at me. I am five feet two, and Mrs. O'Hara is smaller than I am.

"I know what," I said after a moment, slipping off my shoes. "I'll just climb up on your car here and from there I can reach one end of the ladder and I'll hand it down to you and then—"

"No," said Mrs. O'Hara, in the kind of voice I try not to use with Jimmy.

I looked down from the fender of Mrs. O'Hara's car, a little startled. "Why not?" I said. "I've got my shoes off. I couldn't possibly scratch the car."

"It's not the car, dear," said Mrs. O'Hara. "It's you."

I stared at her blankly.
"Your condition, dear," said Mrs. O'Hara delicately. She looked as if she wondered if I knew. "Not that you show, of course. Not to anyone but me, dear. But you see, I'm the mother of nine."

If I had been a man I would have taken off my hat. "Oh, no, Mrs. O'Hara! Not nine!" I gasped. "Well, you must know everything there is to know about it, then; but still, the doctor didn't say anything about—well, ladders, or cars."

"He probably didn't think the situation would arise, dear," said Mrs. O'Hara in a quenching voice.

"Oh," I said.

I was born small and round, and twenty-eight years of unremitting effort have changed me very little, so I was surprised that Mrs. O'Hara knew. I very rarely think of my condition except during Jimmy's more trying moments, when I pray fleetingly but fervently that my next seven babies will be very fat little girls, placid, lethargic and possibly retarded. Although I knew positively that climbing on cars and lifting down ladders were not on my doctor's list of prohibitions, I could see that they were very definitely on Mrs. O'Hara's. I sat down on the running board of Mrs. O'Hara's car and put my shoes back on in silence. It was very hot and I had been up since six and I didn't know what to do about Jimmy, and I was very much afraid that Mrs. O'Hara was beginning to be sorry I had moved in next door.

"I'll talk to him, dear," said Mrs. O'Hara, and taking me by the hand, she led me back across the lawn and into my house.

Jimmy had abandoned "I want can-dee" and was once more in his "Bad-boy mawther, bad-boy mawther, BAD-boy mawther" routine.

"Jimmy," said Mrs. O'Hara. "Jimmy dear, open the door."

"No, sank you," said Jimmy.
I hope she noticed the "thank you," I thought.

A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.

—SAADI.

"Jimmy," said Mrs. O'Hara, "come out of that bathroom at once, do you hear me?"

"You hear me?" said Jimmy. "You hear me? You hoor me?"

Mrs. O'Hara bent suddenly over the knob of the bathroom door, adjusting the glasses on her neat little nose. "There's a keyhole in this knob; did you know that, dear?"

I shook my head dumbly. Mrs. O'Hara would have known it by the time she'd been in a house two days.

"You haven't any keys around, have you?"

"Just trunk keys, and even those seem to be sort of misplaced."

Mrs. O'Hara went into the bedroom and put her head out the window. At least the beds were made, even if Jimmy had been jumping on them just a little. "Betty," she called. "Oh, Betty!"

A pretty dark head popped out of one of Mrs. O'Hara's upstairs windows. "Mother?"

"Betty," called Mrs. O'Hara, "just run over here with our keys, will you, dear?"

There was a brief silence from the other house.

"All the keys, mother?" The O'Haras had lived in the house next door for over twenty years.

"All the keys, dear," said Mrs. O'Hara firmly. "This is an emergency."

"Oh, an emergency," said Betty. "Shall I call daddy and the boys home?"

"This is much too serious to call daddy and the boys," said Mrs. O'Hara. "You get on over here with those keys."

Mrs. O'Hara is a woman of great determination. She should have been the mother of Jimmy. She tried thirty-four keys without so much as looking up from the doorknob, and while she tried the keys, Betty tried to make Jimmy open the door. Betty was much better than I was. Besides candy, she gave Jimmy the impression that awaiting him in the hall were orange juice, apples, lollipops, ponies and rides on the choo-choo. Jimmy didn't open the door, but he didn't call Betty a bad boy either. Betty has quite a way with children.

"Betty," Mrs. O'Hara finally looked up from the thirty-fifth key. "Run over and ask Mr. Jenkins to get that ladder down for us. I think he's home this morning." Then she started on the thirty-sixth key.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins came back up the stairs with Betty a few minutes later. They looked like Crime and Punishment and they intimidated me a little.

"Uh, how do you do," I said, wishing our upstairs hall were larger, and not quite so hot.

"How do you do," said Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. They lived next door to me on the other side, and I was afraid they were going to wish they didn't too.

"Vinnie," said Mr. Jenkins to Mrs. O'Hara—he was the one who looked like Crime—"sometimes I wonder about you. Would I be home this morning if it weren't for my lumbago? And would I for so much as one moment try to pry that ladder off the wall with this lumbago?"

Mr. Jenkins looked at Mrs. O'Hara in an extremely unpleasant way, and I hoped Mrs. O'Hara was only Irish by marriage. She must be, because she said mildly:

"Why, that's too bad, Fred dear. That really is too bad. . . . Did you bring your keys, Maybelle? Mine don't fit, or at least sixty-four of them don't."

Mrs. O'Hara and Mrs. Jenkins bent once more over the doorknob, and Mr. Jenkins turned his attention to me. I noticed nervously that he still looked hostile. I am Irish by birth, but sort of Swedish by temperament.

"You can't tell me," Mr. Jenkins said. "You can't tell me that all you women can't get a two-year-old out of that bathroom because he won't open the door."

He was entirely correct, of course. I couldn't possibly have told him. Not while he was looking at me like that. But I couldn't think of anything else to tell him either, except wasn't it a warm day, and what did he think of existentialism, so I just stared at him and swallowed.

"Now, Fred," Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. O'Hara said soothingly.

"Now, Fred," Jimmy said suddenly from the other side of the door. "Now Fred. Now Frid. Now Frood."

Mr. Jenkins just kept on looking at me. He was ever so slightly walleed, and I kept wishing he either wouldn't or wasn't.

"Is he afraid of his father?" he finally asked, jerking his head toward the bathroom.

I cleared my throat. "Well, not so very," I said humbly.

"Ha!" said Mr. Jenkins. "Ha" is a word to which Mr. Jenkins gives its full significance. He jiggled the knob of the bathroom door, the twenty-seventh jiggle that morning, I calculated. "Baby," cooed Mr. Jenkins, in a strange sugary voice. "This is daddy, dear. Open the door."

"No, sank you," said Jimmy.

"Baby," bellowed Mr. Jenkins, "open that door, or daddy'll whale the living daylight out of you."

A large, hard object which I mentally identified as the cleanser can came into violent contact with the door. It was immediately followed by a rain of kicks and a tornado of shrieks. Jimmy could easily out-bellow Mr. Jenkins.

"Bad-boy man," roared Jimmy. "Go way, Jimmy not like, Jimmy spit. Bad-boy man!"

The roars were briefly interrupted by savage spitting noises. *Spit! Another new word, I thought complacently. And just two last month!*

Mr. Jenkins' face was getting alarmingly red. As a matter of fact, he looked a little bit as I had seen Jimmy look from time to time, and it worried me. For Jimmy, I mean, not for Mr. Jenkins. The red face was turning in my direction again, and then it not only worried me for Jimmy, it alarmed me for

(Continued on Page 197)

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(Continued from Page 194)

myself. After a moment of silence on our side of the door—Jimmy was still kicking and spitting on his—I noticed that it wasn't only Mr. Jenkins I had to bear up under: everybody was looking at me. First their looks said, "Well?" Then their looks said, "He's your child, isn't he?" All except Mr. Jenkins. His look began with, "Really!" and progressed by rapid stages to, "Never in all my life —" I felt I should say something back, but I couldn't think what. It was too hot, and our little hall was really terribly crowded. Finally I thought of something.

"Won't you all have some iced tea while we think?" I asked chattily.
 "No," said Mr. Jenkins.
 "Yes, please," said Betty.
 "I don't think so, thank you," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Not with the baby in the bathroom, dear," said Mrs. O'Hara.
 "Ice tea?" said Jimmy. "Ice tea, iced taw, ice too?"

A ringing call from the O'Haras' lawn interrupted Jimmy's chant and saved, I have an idea, Mr. Jenkins' sanity.

"Hey, mom!" It was a boy's voice. "Hey, mom! I'm home. Where are you?"

The five of us moved to the bedroom. Mr. Jenkins sat on my bed and rubbed his back, muttering something about his lumbago, and the rest of us looked out the window. Three boys of Henry Aldrich age stood outside gazing up at us.

"Michael O'Hara, what are you doing home from school at this hour?" asked Mrs. O'Hara.

"Teachers' meeting, mom," said the red-haired Henry Aldrich. "Joe and Ralph came too."

"I noticed," said Mrs. O'Hara. "Peanut-butter sandwiches and all the milk you want. That cold chicken in the icebox is for tonight. Understand, Michael O'Hara? For tonight."

"Mrs. O'Hara," I broke in, "we've got some men now. Or practically. I mean, they're strong."

Mr. Jenkins erupted from behind us and we all jumped. "I'm a man," bellowed Mr. Jenkins.

"Oh, I'm sure you are, Mr. Jenkins," I stammered. "I meant—well, you know, men without lumbago. I mean—well, you know, a man with lumbago —" I could hear my voice trailing off again, and it surprised me. I usually end my sentences with at least a comma, if not a period.

Mrs. O'Hara saved me. "You're quite right, dear," she said, in a firm, full-bodied voice. She turned back to the window. "Michael O'Hara," she called. "You boys get that ladder out of the garage and set it up beneath this bathroom window here. We'll meet you outside."

"Yes, mom," said Michael.
 "Yes, Mrs. O'Hara," said Joe and Ralph.

There was a little difficulty in getting the ladder up, because Michael wouldn't let them set it on the wall of the house. Michael said what did they want to do, ruin a thousand-dollar paint job? Or what? ("Or what," said Jimmy. "Or wheet. Or whoot?") But they finally got it up to Michael's satisfaction and the boys, flopping on the lawn in attitudes of the most pitiable exhaustion, looked inquiringly at Mrs. O'Hara.

"Mrs. Quincy's baby has locked himself in the bathroom, boys, and he won't open the door. We all thought we'd feel better if we could see him."

"You know, talk to him," I said. "Reason with him."

Mrs. O'Hara and Mrs. Jenkins looked at each other. So did Betty and the boys. Mr. Jenkins looked at everybody, especially me, and snarled. I avoided Mr. Jenkins' eye and started up the ladder with an air of, I hoped, great firmness and dignity. On the fifth rung, however, I collapsed. No one can be firm and dignified with Mrs. O'Hara tugging at her skirt from behind.

"Bend down, dear. I want to whisper," said Mrs. O'Hara.

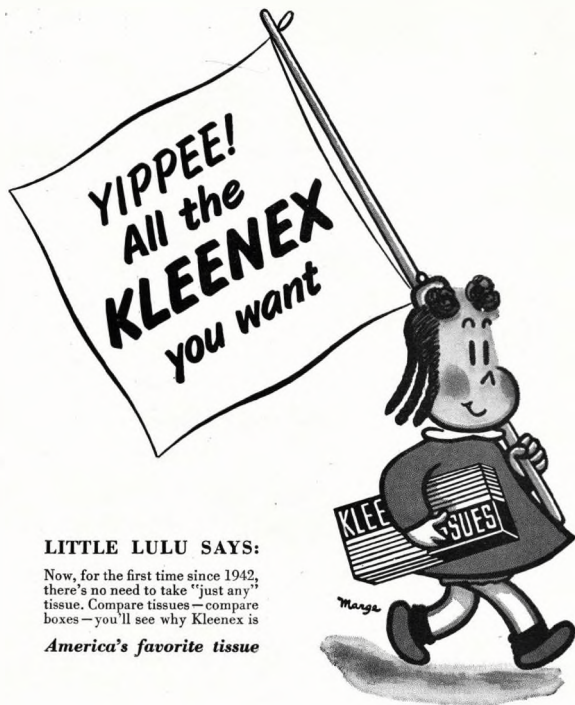
"Your condition," whispered Mrs. O'Hara, tugging at my skirt.

I blushed and looked at the others.
 "Her condition," Betty was saying to the boys.

"What do you mean—condition?" Mr. Jenkins was bellowing at his wife.

I looked over my shoulder at Mrs. O'Hara, wondering what would happen if I kept

I have often wondered how it is that every man loves himself more than the rest of men, but yet sets less value on his own opinion of himself than on the opinion of others.
 —MARCUS AURELIUS.

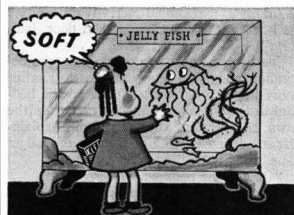


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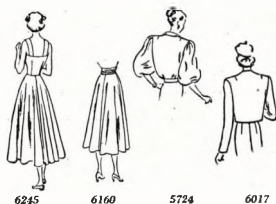
Back Views, Prices and Sizes of Vogue Patterns on page 173

Vogue Design No. 6245. "Easy-to-Make" jumper dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38; 50c. (The blouse shown in the photograph on page 173 is not a Vogue Design.)

Vogue Design No. 5724. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 40c.

Vogue Design No. 6160. "Easy-to-Make" skirt and cummerbund; 24 to 32 waist measure; 35c.

Vogue Design No. 6017. Bolero; 12 to 20, 30 to 38; 40c.



Back Views, Prices and Sizes of Vogue Patterns on pages 60 and 61

Vogue Design No. S-4824. Evening dress; 12 to 18, 30 to 36; \$1.

Vogue Design No. S-4830. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38; \$1.

Vogue Design No. S-4832. Evening dress and bolero (the bolero is not shown in the sketch on page 60); 12 to 20, 30 to 38; \$1.

Vogue Design No. 6202. One-piece dress; 12 to 18, 30 to 36; 75c.

Vogue Design No. 6210. Evening dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38; 75c.

Vogue Design No. 6231. Skirt; 24 to 32 waist; 50c.

Vogue Design No. 6238. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38; 50c.



6210 S-4824 6238 6231 S-4830 6202 S-4832 S-4832

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climbing, but she was wearing an I'm-the-mother-of-nine-and-I-stop-at-nothing look, so I climbed down.

Joe took my place, and he was allowed to get all the way to the top. He inserted his head carefully between the half-opened sides of the window.

"Hey, kid," said Joe.
"Jimmy," I murmured.
"Ought to call the fire department," someone muttered behind me.

"Hey, kid," said Joe again, apparently stuck.

An excited little pink face appeared at the window and two hard little fists pounded at the screen.

"Looka me, mawther," called Jimmy. "Looka me."

"Nobody, I thought, can deny that he is extraordinarily handsome. I looked round to see if everyone noticed how extraordinarily handsome he was, but nobody seemed to."

"Hey, kid," said Joe, for the third time.
"Jimmy," I murmured.

"Call the fire department," someone muttered.

"Hel-lo, nice boy," said Jimmy.
So friendly too, I thought, looking round again. Nobody seemed to notice that either, though.

"Hey, kid, see that knob over there, on the door? Well, turn it."

"Turn it," said Jimmy, beaming. "Turn it, tine it, toun it."

"Hey, kid —"

"Jimmy," I murmured.
"Quit horsing around," continued Joe.

"Just turn that knob."

"Point to it, Joe," said Mrs. O'Hara.

"Tell him you'll give him candy, or something," said Betty.

"Tell him what you'll give him if he doesn't," shouted Mr. Jenkins.

"Don't lean so hard on those windows," yelled Michael. "What do you want to do, wreck a hundred-dollar window job?"

"Nothing left but the fire department," someone muttered.

Words began to gush forth from Joe. I decided that he had had stage fright before.

"Hey, kid," he said. "Want some candy? Want some Coke? Want a nice, big, juicy apple? Well, turn that little knob over there."

Jimmy's face clouded over. "Want candy," he howled. "Want Coke. Open door, bad-boy."

Joe turned toward us a face that was beginning to look old beyond his years. His lips moved once or twice, but between the bedlam in the bathroom and the racket on the lawn, he might have been an umpire explaining an adverse decision to a group of Dodger fans. Finally he drew a deep breath.

"Quiet!" he boomed.

We were all quiet, even Jimmy.

Joe blushed. "He won't," he said, in a small voice.

"Won't, won't!" shrieked Mr. Jenkins. "I'd like to hear any two-year-old tell me he won't —"

"One just did, dear," said Mrs. O'Hara mildly. "If the child won't, he won't. We'll just have to think of something else. Remember, you children," she said to Betty and the boys,

"you'll all be parents someday, and you might as well begin to think now about what you'll do when this happens. Because it will. I know; I'm the mother of nine."

We all thought except Jimmy, who had gone back to his

"I want can-dee"

routine. After a while I got tired of thinking, as I often do, and I moved over to the house.

"Joe," I called in as subdued a voice as will reach from the bottom of a twenty-foot ladder to the top, because the others were all sitting on the lawn in various postures by Rodin. "Joe, how does he look? Does he look all right?"

Joe peered through the opening in the window. "He looks all right," he said after a moment. "Except—did he have any clothes on when he went in?"

"Well, naturally," I said. "He looked beautiful. He had on underwear and socks and shoes, white ones, and the sweetest little pair of butter-yellow rompers that exactly matched his hair, with a cunning little monogram embroidered on the —"

"Not now," Joe broke in. "Not a stitch."

"No! Really, Joe? Shoes too? Just think of that! And all by himself! He's only just two, you know."

"I know," said Joe. "Do you want to hear how the bathroom looks?"

"Oh, Joe," I said. "Not—not the shaving cream?"

"Yes'm," said Joe glumly. "And bath salts in the bathtub. And designs in talcum powder on the mirror. And a couple of inches of water on the floor. Right now he's at the toothpaste. He's squeezing it into somebody's hairbrush. Mrs. Quincy?"

"Yes?"

"I could easily force this window open wide enough for someone your size to get through," Joe suggested.

We both jumped at the voice behind us.

"Mrs. Quincy is not going up that ladder!" said Mrs. O'Hara, enunciating each syllable.

"And besides, what about the screen?"

"I could easily make a couple of little holes in the screen where the catches are and push it in."

"That's right," bawled Michael. "Smash up a fifty-dollar screen. Go ahead."

"Somebody ought to call the fire department," somebody muttered.

"What do you think, Fred?" Mrs. O'Hara turned to Mr. Jenkins. "If anybody in this group has an idea, we might as well find out about it."

"Starve him out," snarled Mr. Jenkins.

"He'll open the door when he gets good and hungry."

Mrs. O'Hara looked at Mrs. Jenkins. "Maybe? Have you got anything constructive to offer?"

"Just whatever you say, Vinnie," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Betty?"

"How about a locksmith, mother?"

"Take too long. Mrs. Quincy, I know what you think, and it's out of the question. Ralph, I don't want to hear one more word about the fire department—not even out of the corner of your mouth."

I joined Ralph in a sulky silence.

"Michael, what do you think?" Mrs. O'Hara asked.

"Well," said Michael gloomily, "you can always break down that forty-five-dollar door."

"Michael O'Hara, dear," said Mrs. O'Hara, "sometimes I wonder how you ever got into a lovely family like mine."

"Well," said Michael, "have you got any ideas?"

"Of course," said Mrs. O'Hara. She looked surprised. "Michael, you run get a screw driver and hand it up to Joe. Joe, you open those windows as wide as you can and push the screen in. Be sure it doesn't fall on the baby. Ralph and Fred, you two keep quiet. Mrs. Quincy, you sit down on the lawn; you stand too much. Betty, Maybelle, you two get on either side of the ladder and hold it firmly."

By this time the window was open, the screen was off, and Joe was back on the ground, looking happier than he had for some time. Mrs. O'Hara's immaculate little white shoes stepped firmly up the rungs of the ladder. Mrs. O'Hara's starched little hips wriggled with dignity through the opening in the bathroom window. Mrs. O'Hara, mother of nine, disappeared. We waited. Pleasantly chatty little sounds began to emerge from the bathroom: the mother-hen type from Mrs. O'Hara, the baby-chick type from Jimmy, and then the click of the bathroom door. A moment later Jimmy, naked as a jay bird, tore out of the house and hurled himself into my arms. I sank to my knees and buried my face in his sweetly little neck.

"Oh, Jimmy," I said. "You're really a bad boy, darling."

Jimmy lifted round blue eyes up to mine.

"Bad-boy?" he asked, in a tone of acute surprise.

"Yes, honey," I said, kissing him on the left cheek. He's really an unusually attractive child.

"Jimmy bad-boy," said Jimmy, shaking his head mournfully. He looked round the group, fixed his eyes on Mr. Jenkins, and giggled. "Jimmy bad-boy," he informed him with pride. "Oh, bad-boy!" A bird alighted on the lawn, near the corner of the house, and he struggled out of my arms and after it.

"Jimmy catchum bird," he announced.

"Looka me. Jimmy catchum bird." He disappeared.

I rose to my feet hastily. The atmosphere felt almost cool. "Well," I said uncertainly, "I really can't thank you all enough. I don't know what —"

A babel of voices broke in.

"Before I'd let a child of mine —" said Mr. Jenkins.

"A little tap or two," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Good scolding, at least," said Betty.

"When I was a kid —" said Michael and Joe and Ralph in various versions.

I glanced unhappily at Mrs. O'Hara, mother of nine. Mrs. O'Hara smiled reassuringly, shrugged her shoulders, raised her eyes skyward . . . and froze. One by one, our little group faltered into silence there on the lawn, as we turned our eyes in the direction of Mrs. O'Hara's increasingly glassy stare.

Jimmy's face appeared at the bathroom window.

"Looka me, mawther," he called.

"Jimmy shut door. Jimmy bad-boy, oh, bad-boy!" Jimmy giggled.

Just a regular boy, that's what he is, I thought. But I didn't say anything.

THE END



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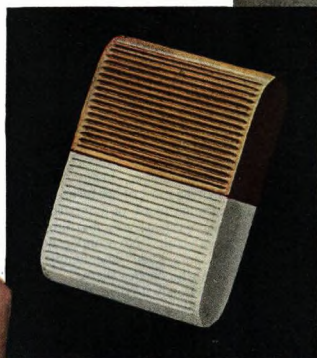
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NEVER TOO MANY KIDS

(Continued from Page 168)

Al Welch, whose first name is really Elton, was born in Central Maine in West Byron, the son of a lumberman. He was orphaned at five when both his parents died of Bright's disease. At fourteen, he ran away from the aunt and uncle who were supporting him and led a catch-as-catch-can existence as a golf caddy and as a factory hand in Boston, where he hit the soup lines at missions with fair frequency. According to Peggy, he became a lost youth of the depression, tough, wild and cynical, dependent only on his own two fists. "I was always a brawler, and I made it pay," he says of his prize-fighting success.

When he was eighteen, his sister persuaded him to join the CCC, thinking it would be a good influence. "Three squares a day and all you had to do was pull your part," Al says approvingly. He became camp cook up at Millinocket, Maine, where Peggy's family was living at the time.

Al had a voice as melting as Bing Crosby's in those days, says Peggy, who met him on the town bridge of Millinocket, where the young blades and their girls used to sing close harmony on summer evenings. Al didn't pay much attention to the stringy blonde with the disconcertingly candid gray eyes until the night of a local carnival. He was throwing his money around so grandly that Peggy persuaded him to give it to her. The next day she saw him sitting on some store steps, his face like a funeral, moaning that someone had lifted his month's pay.

"Remember me?" she asked. He didn't. "Well, here's your money," and she handed over \$36. Al was thunderstruck.

"I never knew that women came that way. She was the first honest girl I met."

Al was eighteen, Peggy was seventeen, and he thinks now that he must have been out of his mind to want to get married right away. They had no savings, only his \$36 a month at the CCC camp. Peggy didn't care about the money, but she did want to finish high school. They waited a year, and then one June night they went together to the graduation ball, Peggy wearing a long pink tulle dress—the first and last long dress she has ever owned. They danced so long and so close that she didn't have the strength to walk home and he carried her, fireman fashion, over his shoulder.

They were married that summer in a Baptist church and Al continued living at the CCC camp while Peggy was supported at home by her parents. It wasn't long before Skeeter started coming, and they were desperate about money. Finally Al's sister in Springvale, Maine, wrote that Peggy could come and stay with her, and there Skeeter made his difficult entry into this world. The doctor simply threw the infant on the bed, saying he wouldn't live, and turned to Peggy, who had stopped breathing. The sister picked up Skeeter, who looked, she said, as bruised and battered as his dad coming out of the ring. She put the infant in the oven, in cold water, in warm water, and finally held him under a cold-water pump until he drew breath and hollered.

About this time, in April, 1936, Al quit the CCC and went to work in Kennebunk at the Kesslen shoe factory to support his young family. In September, Peggy was pregnant again. During most of her term, Al went through a strange phase of sympathy sickness, losing his breakfast every morning, while Peg felt wonderful. "No wonder he doesn't want any more kids," she laughs, "when he's the one who carries them."

No one expected Peggy to live through this delivery, but the whole affair was a breeze. Five minutes after Gloria arrived she felt like getting up and scrubbing floors.

Peggy was deliriously happy with her two babies, but soon she was pining for more. Gloria wasn't two years old when Peggy's nephew, Chibby Lesuer, joined the household. He was only three weeks old when his mother went back into the factory and Peggy raised him until he was old enough

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for school. She had only one bad scare during that time. Chibby got the whooping cough when he was two. When he would start to strangle, turn black and go stiff as a board, Peggy would fling open the window and dangle him out by the heels in the freezing midwinter weather. She pulled him through fine.

When Chibby was four, Peggy took in another little baby for a year, charging \$3 a week for his care, and then still another. Sharon Dixon joined the fold when she was a year old and her father had both legs broken in a motorcycle accident.

All these years Al was working in the "shoe shop," as they call it, and fighting bouts on the side. In 1940 and '41 he was state featherweight champion—Skeeter still has the posters announcing his father's matches tacked up in his bedroom. Al quit undefeated when he could no longer endure the pain of fighting with his great broken hands, the backs of which are humped with pulverized bones.

When this source of income was cut off, Peggy gave up her shoe-box nursery and went into the shoe shop; but fast as her hands fly at home, she just couldn't get the hang of factory work. When 3:30 came and she knew her two children were out of school and wandering about by themselves, she worried herself sick until closing time. After a year of this she came down with rheumatic fever and was laid up for three months in the summer of '45.

After recovering, she went back to the factory, but slid downhill so quickly that she finally gave it up altogether. Within a week she had her brother-in-law's little baby girl in the house. Then some friends of hers, the Goulets, brought two-year-old Patsy over when her father came down with undulant fever. Soon afterward she acquired the three Dixon girls, Betty, Anne, Sally and Sharon, when their parents separated.

Peggy has been sick only once since she took up her nursery again. One day last winter she and all the small fry came down with gripe, so Peggy just crawled into a big double bed, taking four youngsters with her. The baby spent the day creeping over the prostrate sufferers, digging sharp little nails into aching bones and poking her fingers into mouths and eyes. Peggy didn't try the bed treatment again.

SKEETER, along with his father, is the only person who doesn't consider the Welch menage ideal. Gloria is thrilled to have company in the house, especially babies, and goodheartedly shares her bed with the overflow at any time. Skeeter hates having three little girls sleeping in his room. He is like his father in nature, headstrong, demanding and inclined to be jealous of the affection his mother showers on the other children. Patsy and Sharon irritate him by pulling things out of his closet, and he retaliates by inciting them to pillow fights in the morning. Sunny-natured as a rule, he occasionally launches into a "bullying spell" of complaints that seems to be about the only thing that really gets his mother's goat.

She can sympathize, however, with his passionate desire for a room of his own, and hopes that before too long they will find a better home. Like everything else they have ever had, they will probably acquire it the hard way. For recent events have turned their dream for the future to immediate necessity. The yellow clapboard has been sold and the Welches face eviction. And since Maine shares the nation's housing shortage, they also face the high cost of buying or building. At present, though, they're not too worried. Al has his eye on a small five-room job not far from town and Peg believes that, working and saving together, they can swing a down payment and even add a wing to shelter her brood more conveniently.

The fact that they now have only \$30 in their savings account is no damper to her enthusiasm. The shoe shop suffers a seasonal slump in the winter, but during the summer she manages to salt away as much as \$300 or \$400. She collects \$21.50 a week from her boarders: \$5.50 each for those who stay overnight from Monday through Friday, and \$5.00 for Patsy Goulet, who goes home at night. When you consider current baby-sitter rates in most areas, this is phenomenally cheap, but then Peggy is not in the business for the money.

A Man of God in the World Today

EVERY Saturday when he is nine, Joshua Loth Liebman blew his nickel allowance on an ice-cream soda with three straws so he could share it with his two closest friends. "Not sanitary, but brotherly," he remembers.

Today, that brotherliness still lives in him as one of the nation's most respected men of God. Rabbi of Boston's Temple Israel, author of the best-selling *Peace of Mind*, he is never too busy to talk over a parishioner's problem; he went from Boston to Cincinnati to save a despairing stranger from suicide once. His life is shared by his brilliant wife, Fan, a former student of his who rated an A in his course but got a B because he couldn't appear to show favoritism, and Leila, their seventeen-year-old adopted daughter who came to this haven of peace from the nightmare of a German concentration camp. For the intensely human story of how a rabbi lives read

HOW AMERICA LIVES

By David Davidson
and Hilde Abel

in the January Journal

in gloves again. But he has no capital for such a project, and a New England horror of borrowing, so he has no hope whatever of seeing this particular brain child born.

Peg dreams of the day when she and Al manage to get away by themselves for a vacation. They've never had one the whole twelve years of their marriage. A very special dream revolves around herself in a long dress, wearing flowers, and her husband in tails, dancing at the Stork Club!

"But we're lucky," says Peggy. "We've never been in debt—practically no serious sickness. We've never starved, either, though the fare at times sure got monotonous. We don't make much money, but we have a lot of fun."

Every Saturday night they leave the kids with a sitter and go roaring off in the Boiler for an evening of jitterbugging or square dancing, sitting very close in the front seat, harmonizing the old songs as they once did by the old stream in Millinocket. It's still all there between these two—the way they look at each other, the tender way Al's great broken hands hold her as they dance.

"Being in love and married, with kids, that's the best life," sighs Peg happily.

THE END



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Hamburger Quickies. So easy to prepare! So economical, because Hunt's Tomato Sauce costs but a few cents a can. So delicious—well, ask Pop and the youngsters! You'll need—

1 lb. chopped meat 1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Season hamburgers, brown in hot fat on one side. Turn, pour Hunt's Tomato Sauce over them. Cook 8 to 10 minutes more, basting occasionally. Serve on hot toasted rolls. And better make plenty!



Tomato Scrambled Eggs. Just try 'em! And you'll bless the day you discovered the rich, *all-tomato* goodness of Hunt's Tomato Sauce. You'll need—

6 eggs 1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Soft-scramble the eggs. Meanwhile heat Hunt's Tomato Sauce in separate saucepan. Serve eggs, topping with sauce (the sauce will do for 8 eggs if desired). After enjoying, jot down on your shopping list: 6 cans of Hunt's Tomato Sauce!

Four Quick Stunts with



← the wonderful cooking sauce from California



Bacon 'n Beans. They have tantalizing tomato tang, and no wonder: it takes more than four fresh, plump tomatoes to make one can of Hunt's Tomato Sauce. You'll need:

4 strips bacon 1 large can beans
1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Dice bacon, fry till crisp. Add beans and Hunt's Tomato Sauce; simmer 10 minutes. Nothing could be simpler—nor taste better. Try it and watch the family grin!



Vegetables Hollywood. So good—this recipe's a plot to make you a *regular* user of Hunt's Tomato Sauce. You'll need—

Cooked vegetables Grated Cheese
1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Place cooked onions, cauliflower, green beans, or other large pieces of cooked vegetables in flat baking dish. Pour Hunt's Tomato Sauce over them; sprinkle with cheese. Place under broiler until well heated and sauce bubbles. Good? You'll say! Because Hunt's is *kettle simmered* with fine seasonings and spices.

Hunt-for the best

Hunt Foods, Inc., Los Angeles, California



Melody likes the nip of snow better than a cat's life of lying by the warm hearth. Even the dogs feel the satisfaction of country living in winter.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

BY now the valley people are really dug in for winter. Wood is piled high in sheds, cabbages and potatoes are binned in the cellars, and squash and apples are stored. Shelves of canned fruits and vegetables load every fruit closet. Evergreen branches banked around the houses give a natural and beautiful insulation against the cold.

The breath of the cows smokes in the morning air. When George comes to feed the dogs, he stamps his boots on the floor and snow crystals fall. The kennel heater is turned up, but the cockers seldom stay inside; they dash around in the new clean snow, barking with excitement. Linda and Little Sister, being puppies still, take little nips of snow as they run. How curious that this stuff melts in their warm little mouths and it is only water!

The cats step lightly along the fence. Tigger seems to like it; his heavy black coat glistens with snow, his face is bland. But Esmé's sapphire eyes are scornful. After a brief scouting expedition she goes back to the edge of the open fire and almost scorches herself. If the fire blazes too high, she retires to the top of a radiator and cooks pleasantly. The amount of heat a Siamese can endure is simply wonderful.

Our own cellar now is filled. The acorn squash ran slightly amuck last summer and we stored 125 squash, besides some butternut variety. Fortunately we like squash, especially stuffed with beef, fish, sausages, or even chili! I always steam them first until they are almost tender when pierced with a fork, then stuff and bake until the stuffing sizzles nicely. It takes about half an hour for most things. It is possible to bake the acorns by splitting them and turning them upside down for the first thirty minutes, then right side up for thirty more, but I think they are tenderer with the preliminary steaming.

We have a shelf of red cabbage canned the sweet-and-sour way, which is an experiment, and a successful one. We followed a regular recipe for the German sweet-and-sour cabbage, then processed the jars in the

pressure cooker for thirty minutes at ten pounds. We like it especially with pot roast or pork. And the rich purple-red looks so good in a milk-glass bowl.

The freezer is full too. All those hot days we spent putting down spinach and chard and zucchini and eggplant are worth it now. We froze barbecue sauce, too, and when the freezer was full, we canned some. We did chickens and ducks and fillet of flounder.

And nothing tastes better than a delicate fillet of flounder when it is one you caught yourself, because even in the midst of a blizzard it brings back memories of a blue ocean, sea gulls flying, and the good pull of the line when the fish is on. I like them best rolled in corn meal and fried in half bacon fat and half butter or margarine. Breakfast is the time to eat it, with toast made on a long fork over the open fire.

There is a peculiar satisfaction to country living in winter; that sense of being snugged down against the weather must be an old feeling we inherit from our forefathers. Let the snow fall, let the wind howl—and it does howl—but we are secure. Sometimes we even have a sense of pride when a storm is very bad. "Never knew a worse one," says George happily; and "We are getting some weather now," says Mr. Bennet as the mail car rocks in the drifts.

The house fills up just before Christmas as the children come home from college or jobs and guests arrive for winter week ends. We cut greens from our own woods and pick out a nice even tree. I like the tree all in silver and blue, but in the end we always use the old favorites too.

I like the chipped ornaments that some special puppy worked over. Just as I love my down puff because it has a place in the middle where Silver ate a hole out in a fit of boredom. The large patch somehow brings her back when I see it.

Now Jill's daughter and mine are "out in the world," and only Don is in college. Only yesterday, surely, they were three small figures in red and blue and brown bunny suits trudging through the snow

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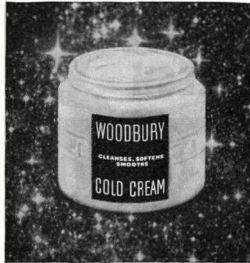
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says **VIRGINIA MAYO**, co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy "THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"

"My beauty-glow cleansing"

"There's no secret about a lovely-to-look-at complexion. Just beauty-cleanse the way I do with Woodbury Cold Cream. It whisks off even the heaviest movie make-up." Yes, Ginny is wise to Woodbury. It contains rich oils. It's really deep cleansing. Smooth it on quickly...and that quickly your skin blooms beauty-bright and clean. Try it . . . Woodbury for that "Always-Fresh" look!



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Excitement in the air—enter Virginia. She says, "First after work comes my beauty date with Woodbury. Its rich cleansing smooths my studio dry skin. In a flash skin's fresh—oh, so smooth." Yes, Woodbury's four special softening ingredients smooth your skin—but surely, Remember—to cleanse skin thoroughly, to soften dryness wondrously . . . count on Woodbury Cold Cream.

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with ragged branches of pine clutched in wet mittens. And we were superior beings. Now they all treat us with kind condescension. We mean well but we don't know very much is the general idea. In a few more years our status should rise.

Don feels life is lost to all but Cornell students. Cornell has everything. He is a sophomore. I myself am an old addict of the University of Michigan, especially that Michigan band playing The Victors. I mentioned this the other day, but Don was scornful.

"They got the idea for the Michigan band from Cornell," he said loftily. "It isn't their own at all."

Dear me, I thought, even the Michigan band is Cornell's. You can't beat that.

What a wonderful thing this school loyalty is. Even the grass is greener, the autumn leaves brighter on one's own campus. If the football team loses, it should have won, it was a fluke. The other team was nowhere near so good.

This is all right and proper for the student age, but it is a kind of attitude which shouldn't go on all through life. I always feel embarrassed when I hear some senator over the radio saying America is so much better than any other country in the world. If it be so, we have dire responsibilities which we are not fulfilling to the rest of this globe. And that old school tie should not blind us to the good in other countries.

We are rich; everyone says so. And prosperous. But there is plenty of poverty still, enough injustice to keep us from being as smug as a turkey. And if we do not share the material things we have that other peoples need, we are like the rich man pulling his robes aside as he walks past the beggar.

The real joy of Christmas is the joy of sharing. I often think women who say they dread the extra work and the shopping and the confusion are women who secretly have little passion for giving. If it is just a duty and a chore, there is no fun in it.

We are having another Christmas which we planned to get ready for in August and didn't. It sounds so efficient to collect gifts through the year and label them and greet the holiday season with a folded pair of hands. But we are always wrapping madly up to Christmas Eve itself.

When I was growing up, we used to pack the gifts in baskets, and carry them around the little town late Christmas Eve—meaning between five and seven. How I loved those snowy walks with a basket filled with red and gold and green packages. I always think of it now when most presents mean standing in line at the post office. Mamma used to tie sprigs of holly in the ribbons.

The stars would come out over the church spire, and the sound of carols was in the air, and it was all wonderful and exciting, for there was no dark current of war as yet. Mamma made pounds of Christmas candies, sweet and bitter chocolates, fondant, divinity fudge, panocha, Turkish delight.

THEN we had ribbon candy in lurid green and red and blue, and big striped candy canes sharp with peppermint. Oh, yes, stuffed dates and almonds browned in butter. There were no shortages then, except of oranges and grapefruit. An orange in the toe of the stocking was wonderful.

Mamma always gave her best presents to people who didn't have much. I always concentrated on the people I loved best, spending hours of thought over a photograph album for my dearest friend. Mamma was easy, for she loved delicate things of any sort, but father was impossible. He did not smoke. He had no patience with gadgets. He thought novels were light reading and a waste of time. He did read Longfellow and Burns, but the only other reading except geological journals was the National Geographic. I used to give him blue ties.

One year he gave mamma a full set of The History of the Cheyenne Indians, and he enjoyed that. He and I both loved Indians, but mamma thought they were poor things

the Government had done wrong by in the past and no use talking about it.

When I grew older I made him give her a potted plant, by way of romance, but his heart was not in it. What was the use, he asked, of things that wouldn't last? But when people came to the house, mamma would point out that potted cherry the first thing and tell where it had come from.

THE best thing father ever did for me was to build the dollhouse. All my life, now and then, there is something that I want so passionately that I dream about it. I yearn for that thing almost indecently. If I don't get it, I quiet down about it after a while. But oh, how much I do want it! Usually it will be something like a certain dog or a cat or new books. That year it was a dollhouse. And he built it, working nights in the cellar, and there it was on Christmas morning, a three-story one, with an elevator in it that pulled up and down! If joy could have killed me, I would have perished right by the little front stoop. My ecstasy must have alarmed him, for he kept saying afterward, "Now you can't have everything you want in this world!"

The cooking for Christmas is fun. Jill and I begin days ahead baking and brewing. We bring the turkey up from the freezer in time to thaw well. We usually stuff our birds before freezing, and I like chestnut or cornbread stuffing for the turkey. Our own cranberry sauce is special, because

the wild cranberries in the meadow are large and sweet.

For years we had a frantic hunt every year for Grandma Raybold's plum-pudding recipe, in her slanting, faded handwriting on yellowed old letter paper. Now we have it in the cookbook and turn smartly to the page. Jill says it is worth all the work of getting the recipes together to be able to lay our hands on what we want. I sometimes feel doubtful when I think of how I felt when we found the cup of applause had been left out of the applesauce-cake recipe by an error. A horrid fear has beset me ever since that I might go down in history as the woman who tried to make applesauce cake with no applesauce!

If we have a big crowd Christmas Eve, it is always the party of the year for me. I can be sentimental over every minute and nobody minds. I can even write little verses for each place, have only candlelight, and play all the Christmas carols.

We can pop corn and crack nuts with a flatiron on the hearth, and Rob can copy Rogers' Rangers Hot Buttered Rum. Andy can read aloud the very best of Moby Dick or quote poetry, while Fay knits on a scrap of bonnet for her daughter's new baby.

This is really the best of life, I think, with the snow deep outside, and the firelight warm inside and the aroma of herbs and turkey and pine and bayberry candles in the air. With cockers underfoot and cats on the hearth, and carols in the air. Good friends, and the children all at home from their far-off lives. What they do and feel is a strange new way the rest of the year, but now, at Christmas, they are all family again.

I always wait up, after everything is quiet, so I can put a last log on, let Honey, Melody and Hildegard out a last time, let the cats in, turn the lights off and see the Christmas tree glitter in the light of the cold winter moon.

I think of the people all over the world who have no Christmas. I think of the old weary world. I utter my own prayers for a better world for them tomorrow. I remember my childhood in a peaceful time, and the dollhouse. And I think of the Christ child born centuries ago to bring peace on earth, good will to men. That is all we need. Peace on earth, good will to men.

Melody stands in the lighted doorway with me, looking out at the soft drifts, her nose powdered with snow crystals. The stillness of snow lies over the hills and the valley.

And I end the day, as I have for years, saying softly, "God rest you merry, gentlemen."

THE END

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**GRANDFATHER
RUDDYFUDDY LOOKS
OVER LANCASTER**

(Continued from Page 49)

Grandfather took hold of the throatlatch and began to buckle it. Nicodemus, still thinking of the car and how comfortable he was in the barn, reached down and grabbed a large mouthful of Grandfather's white beard.

"Tarnation," said Grandfather in a muffled voice, and swung his arms wildly until he found Nicodemus' nose. He squeezed the soft nostrils shut and Nicodemus had to let go. Grandfather rubbed his chin. "Jacob, fetch a string of sleigh bells, the little silver ones, and strap them on."

"There's already big brass bells set on the shafts," said Jacob, as he returned with the long strap covered with silver bells.

"I'm going to meet Grandmother in Lancaster with bells ringing," said Grandfather, "if it kills both you and Nicodemus. Put those bells on, and open the door."

Grandfather climbed into the sleigh and tucked the old buffalo robe around his legs. He pulled on his mittens and picked up the reins. "Ho, Nicodemus," shouted Grandfather, slapping the reins on the horse's back. Jacob rolled the barn door open and Nicodemus tugged at the sleigh. He pretended he couldn't move it on the dry barn floor. "Ho, boy, you can do it," shouted Grandfather and slapped the reins again.

Nicodemus got the sled moving, and it slid out of the barn onto the soft snow. The big brass bells on the shafts and the little silver bells on his back began to jingle. *This isn't as bad as I thought*, said Nicodemus to himself. He broke into a trot. The big bells took up a deeper note, and the little bells sang a chorus of young and tiny voices.

"Ho," said Grandfather, and he took a tighter grip on the reins. "This is the life!" His blue eyes began to twinkle again, and his breath was gray steam through his white beard.

At the forks Grandfather swung Nicodemus off the main highway onto the old, unpaved Lancaster short cut. The snowplows left that route to the last, and he and Nicodemus had the road to themselves.

Old Mrs. Stolfus heard the bells and hurried to the front door. She waved at Grandfather, and he waved back. *My, it does a body good to see a sleigh again*, thought Mrs. Stolfus, and went back to her rocker feeling all warm inside.

GRANDFATHER passed the two Roche children on their way to school, and they sang to the sleigh bells, "Good morning, Mr. Ruddy-fuddy." Grandfather shouted back, "Good morning," and wished they were going his way. It would have been nice to bundle two small children under the buffalo robe with him and jingle them down to school. Grandfather thought of turning around, but then it was six miles to Lancaster, and Nicodemus wasn't as young as he used to be. He mustn't be late for Grandmother's train either. My, how astonished Grandmother was going to be when she saw the sleigh. She'd fuss about it at first, but after they got out of the noise of Lancaster and she heard the bells ring out on the white world, she'd remember bygone years and know why he brought the sleigh. Even though she never said much about it when she got one, Grandmother could recognize a compliment.

Yes sir, thought Grandfather, we'll stop at old Mrs. Stolfus' on the way back and say hello. She and Grandmother haven't seen each other in years. I'll buy some extra snits in market to take to her, and some raisins too.

Ho-ho-ho sang the big bells. *Yes-yes-yes* answered the little bells. Nicodemus arched his neck like a three-year-old and put more knee action in his stride. His sharp-shod feet made a *put-put-put* in the snow and Grandfather and Nicodemus went to Lancaster in the Portland cutter.

"Napoleon, what in thunder made you come into Lancaster in a sleigh?" asked William Fox, as Grandfather and Nico-



*It's
so much
softer!*

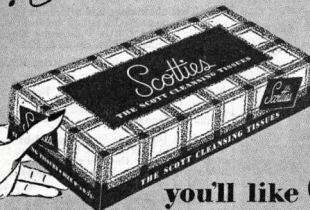


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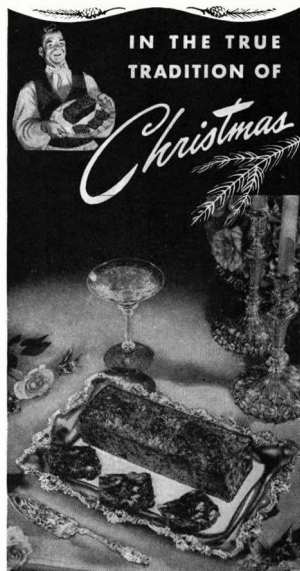
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demus pulled into the little livery stable near the station.

"Oh," said Grandfather airily. "I just felt like it." He rolled back the buffalo robe and wrapped the reins around the whipsocket. "You must be near froze," said William. "Come into the office and have a little schnapps."

"Well," said Grandfather, sorely tempted, "that's kind of you, but I'm meeting Mrs. Ruddyduffy on the New York train."

"Oh," said William understandingly. "She been away?"

"Two weeks," said Grandfather. "Visiting our boy."

"My," said William, "you must be near starved."

"Made smoked sausage and pancakes for breakfast. Good ones too," said Grandfather.

"I wish I hadn't of asked you," said William. "There hasn't been a piece of smoked sausage in Lancaster in a month. Want me to feed Nicodemus?"

"Just a forkful of hay," said Grandfather. "The train's most due. Grandmother and I should be back in fifteen minutes."

He set his fur cap at a jaunty angle, waved good-by to William, and sallied forth to the station. A train from Pittsburgh was pulling out as he mounted the station platform.

"The Philadelphia train on time?" asked Grandfather of a passing station agent.

"Be in in ten minutes," answered the agent, hurrying toward his warm office.

"That's fine," said Grandfather.

He walked up and down the almost deserted platform, considering which was the best way to greet Grandmother. She was so much taller than he, public demonstrations of affection were always awkward. He'd about decided just to put one arm around her and give her a quick squeeze, when a voice said:

"Where's your red suit?"

Grandfather turned around and looked way down at a pair of brown eyes and brown pigtail under a rabbitskin hood. "What?" asked Grandfather.

"Why aren't you wearing your red suit?"

"Oh," said Grandfather, who always kept forgetting how much he looked like Santa Claus. He glanced up and down the platform, as if to make sure no one was listening, then bent down and said, "I'm traveling incognito."

"Oh," said the little girl, looking wise.

My, thought Grandfather, she's a smart little thing to understand such big words.

"What is the little girl," "is incognito?" Grandfather scratched his head. "It means nobody's supposed to know who I am."

"Why not?"

"Because," said Grandfather, and then he had an inspiration. "Do you know what day it is?"

"Certainly," said the little girl. "It's four days before Christmas."

"That's right," said Grandfather, "it's the twenty-first of December. I always come to Lancaster four days before Christmas to look around and see if everything is ready. That makes it much easier when I return on Christmas Eve. I'm a very busy man on Christmas Eve."

"Of course," said the little girl, "you must be. Do you go to Columbia ahead of time to look around?"

"Well," said Grandfather, scratching his head again, "I don't know if I'll have the time." The little girl looked horrified. "Of course," Grandfather hurried on, "I might be able to have one of my assistants take care of it. What's your name?"

"Prudence," said the little girl.

"That's a nice name," said Grandfather. "Are you going for a train ride, Prudence?"

"No," said Prudence. "I'm waiting for my daddy."

The big electric engine with its string of cars pulled into the station and stopped before Prudence or Grandfather heard it. A loud-speaker in the station blared, "Train from Philadelphia . . . Train from Philadelphia. Passengers for Columbia and Marietta change here." Grandfather looked at the few scattered passengers alighting from the train. There was no tall, gaunt woman in a black dress. He walked the length of the platform and peered in through the car windows.

"All aboard—all aboard," sang the brakeman.

"Hey," said Grandfather, "what happened to the New York coaches?"

The train began to move. "Snow's got the New York-Philadelphia line all tied up," shouted the brakeman. "New York train missed connections with us. They ought to be along on the next train."

"When's that due?" yelled Grandfather.

"About two hours," yelled back the brakeman as the train gathered speed and pulled away from the station.

"Tarnation," said Grandfather.

"What," said a voice, "is tarnation?"

Grandfather turned and looked down. "Prudence," he asked, "were you waiting for daddy to come from New York?"

"My daddy is coming from New York," said Prudence.

"He'll be here in two hours," said Grandfather. "We better go into the station and find your mother."

"She's not in the station," said Prudence.

"What is she?" asked Grandfather.

"I don't know," said Prudence.

"My heavens!" said Grandfather.

"Mother's gone away," continued Prudence. "Aunt May put me on the train in Pittsburgh. She told the man in the blue suit to have me wait here for daddy."



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC..

Required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, published monthly at Philadelphia, Pa., for October 1, 1947.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA)
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Bruce Gould, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.
Editors, Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould, Hopewell, New Jersey.
Managing Editor, Laura Lou Brookman, Philadelphia, Pa.
Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

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BRUCE GOULD,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of September, 1947.
[Seal] W. C. Turner, Notary Public.
(My commission expires April 1, 1951.)

Grandfather looked at the tiny Prudence. He looked at the empty platform. He thought of the dark and barren waiting room and of the one crusty old station agent.

"Prudence," he asked, "how would you like to join me in looking over Lancaster for two hours?"

"With Santa Claus?" breathed Prudence with awe.

"Incognito," said Grandfather, and took her hand.

When Grandfather and Prudence walked into the livery stable, William Fox gulped his glass of schnapps and stuck the bottle in Nicodemus' manger. "My," said William, "how Mrs. Ruddyfuddy has changed!"

"Shush," said Grandfather, putting his finger to his lips and nodding toward Prudence.

"Shush," said Prudence.

"Shush," said William automatically. "Hey—"

"I am incognito," said Grandfather to William Fox.

Nicodemus pulled his nose out of the hay and watched Grandfather. So, thought Nicodemus, he took some schnapps after all. It's a good thing for him Grandmother didn't arrive.

Prudence pointed at Nicodemus. "That doesn't look like a reindeer."

Nicodemus looked behind himself to see what she was talking about.

"That," said Grandfather grandly, "is a reindeer. He has to be incognito too."

Prudence nodded her head. "Of course," she said. "I didn't think of that."

William Fox reached into the hay, touched the schnapps bottle and shuddered.

Grandfather helped Prudence into the sleigh and tucked the buffalo robe about her. "Ho," said Grandfather, slapping Nicodemus with the reins. "We'll be back."

"On Christmas Eve," said Prudence.

Nicodemus started at a careful walk. "Ho, Blitzen, trot," said Grandfather, giving an extra-hard slap.

My heavens, thought Nicodemus, this is bad, and he broke into a trot.

"Bells!" said Prudence.

"Silver bells!" said Grandfather.

The bells danced down old Duke Street. People stopped to watch. Nicodemus arched his neck and lifted high hocks through the snow. Ho-ho-ho sang the big bells; Yes-yes-yes chimed the silver bells. Grandfather sat up straight and his beard blew white in the wind.

"Your nose is awfully red," said Prudence.

"Of course it is," said Grandfather. "It's cold at the North Pole."

"Do you like to come down here where it's warm?" asked Prudence, and shivered.

Grandfather pulled the buffalo robe more tightly about her. "Cold?" he asked.

"I'm hungry," said Prudence.

"My goodness!" said Grandfather. "I hadn't thought of that. When we get to market I'll give you some snitz pie."

"Is it good to eat?" asked Prudence.

"It was raised on snitz pie," said Grandfather.

"Then I'd like some," said Prudence.

They turned into Chestnut Street, and Nicodemus slowed to a walk. Christmas store windows beckoned with good things and invited them to come in. A Salvation Army Santa Claus rang his bell at them as they passed.

Prudence tugged excitedly at Grandfather's sleeve. "His whiskers are made of cotton. He's an impostor," said she, pointing to the Santa Claus.

"That's a big word," said Grandfather.

"Yes," said Prudence. "It's somebody who pretends to be somebody he isn't. They put you in jail."

"I hope not," said Grandfather.

Patrolman George (Fats) Dougherty was directing traffic at the intersection of Queen and Chestnut streets when he heard the

bells. That's no fire engine, he said to himself and held out his arms to stop the cars on Queen Street. On Chestnut Street, automobiles crawled behind the walking Nicodemus. It's that old fool, Napoleon Ruddyfuddy, said Patrolman Dougherty to himself. He ought to know better than to bring a horse and sleigh down Chestnut Street!

Patrolman Dougherty held up his hand and Nicodemus stopped. "Look here, Mr. —"

"Shush," said Grandfather.

"Shush yourself," said Patrolman Dougherty, "you old fossil. You ought to know better than to tie up traffic with that sleigh."

"That," said Prudence sharply, "is no way to talk to Santa Claus. Oh—I told it! I'm sorry."

"It's quite all right, Prudence," said Grandfather. "Mr. Dougherty is an official of the city, and he knows I always make a survey of Lancaster at this time of year."

Patrolman Dougherty took a deep breath. He looked at the brown pigtailed and earnest brown eyes. Then he looked into Grandfather's twinkling blue eyes. "Excuse me. I didn't recognize you. You see, miss," he said to Prudence, "Mr. Claus hasn't been here since this time last year."

Horns tooted. An angry motorist leaned out of his car door and shouted, "Hey, you, get this traffic untangled!"

Patrolman Dougherty shouted back, "I'll untangle it when I feel like it."

"I'll see the mayor about this," yelled the motorist. "I'll give him your number."

"Go ahead," bellowed Patrolman Dougherty. "You'll find him at the Stevens House." He returned his back on the hubbub and addressed Grandfather.

"How do you find things in Lancaster this year, Mr. Claus?"

"Fine," said Grandfather, "very fine."

"They are not, Mr. Policeman," said Prudence. "There's an impostor in town."

"Where?" demanded Patrolman Dougherty, reaching for his handcuffs.

"There," said Prudence, pointing to the Salvation Army Santa Claus.

"He has cotton whiskers," said Grandfather.

"I'll attend to that right away," said Patrolman Dougherty in an authoritative voice.

"Fine," said Grandfather, "fine. I always appreciate the welcome I get in Lancaster. Ho, Blitzen." He slapped the reins on Nicodemus.

Patrolman Dougherty was halfway up the block toward the Salvation Army Santa Claus when he came to a halt. What in Blitzen, said he to himself, do I think I'm doing now?

Grandfather drove into the horse shed behind the market and put a blanket on Nicodemus. "This," said he, taking Prudence by the hand, "is my favorite spot in Lancaster."

Prudence's eyes grew round with wonder. The curb before the old market house was lined with Christmas trees. Holly and laurel and rhododendron leaves were piled a glossy green on flat tablelike booths. Yellow-red bittersweet trailed over the counters and spilled on the sidewalk.

"It must be wonderful," breathed Prudence, "to be who you are."

"It is," said Grandfather. "Come along." He swung open the great door of the market house.

"Oh," said Prudence. "Oh!"

Yellow pumpkins and white cauliflowers seemed to pour toward them. Farther away, flowers—yellow chrysanthemums, white snowballs, blue hyacinths—stood stiffly in prim glass vases. Red-pepper plants nodded gracefully in their flowerpots, and beyond were apples, and great baskets of potatoes, and white onions, and yet beyond hung heavy sides of bacon and cans of lard.

"Need any corn meal?" asked a woman. She dipped a cup in a heap of golden meal on her booth, held it high and poured it back.

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"Not today, thank you," said Grandfather. "I've some nice scrapple too," said the woman.

"Is scrapple as good as snitz pie?" asked Prudence.

"Yes," said Grandfather, "only it's not as digestible."

They passed booths loaded with fat turkeys and tender chickens. Pyramids of eggs confronted them. And the smells—smells everywhere: of smoked meat and cheese, and crisp vegetables, and apples, and flowers, and warm wet earth.

The tiny hand in Grandfather's big one tugged and came to a stop. Grandfather looked at Prudence. An Amish woman in her black bonnet and plain clothes was selling soft green moss for use in making Christmas-tree gardens. Each piece was a little green rolling meadow, and in the middle of all the meadows stood a lamb. He was carefully carved of wood, with real wool on his sides. His nose and his hoofs were painted a shining black, and his eyes were a trusting brown. Prudence was staring at the lamb.

"Do you," asked she, "ever deliver presents ahead of time?"

"Well," said Grandfather, "it's highly irregular."

Prudence continued to stare at the lamb. "Of course," said Grandfather, "today's snow might melt before Christmas, and I'd have trouble getting to Columbia."

Prudence reached out and touched the lamb with one finger.

"I think," said Grandfather, "we'd better take it along right now." He pulled a little cloth sugar bag out of his pocket, untied it, and took out a dollar bill.

"But you don't have to pay for things, do you?" said Prudence.

"No," said Grandfather. "I just want to leave her my address."

"Tell her it's the North Pole."

"That's a pretty big place," said Grandfather. He took out a stub of a pencil and wrote, "Shush, I'm Santa Claus," on the bill and handed it to the Amish woman. She put on her spectacles and read the note carefully.

"Ach," said the woman. "For Kriss Kringle there is no charge," and she handed the bill back to Grandfather.

"Who is Kriss Kringle?" asked Prudence, tucking the lamb under her arm.

"Just another of my incognitos," he told her. "Come along, Prudence, for here are the snitz pies."

Miss Azaela and Miss Peachy Parker were famous for their baking. Pies with flaky top crusts and open-faced pumpkin pies adorned their counter. Cakes with chocolate icing and fuzzy coconut cakes floated lightly beside the pies. Fat doughnuts, sugar-dusted, stood in solemn columns, and sand tarts tumbled on a tray like yellow dollars.

"We," said Grandfather, "want a snitz pie."

"Good morning, Mr. Ruddyfuddy," said Miss Azaela. "I haven't seen you in a month."

"Madam," said Grandfather, "there must be some mistake. I haven't been here since this time last December."

Miss Peachy, standing behind her sister, sniffed audibly. "Drinking. No wonder his wife's left him and gone to New York."

Miss Azaela spoke loudly, hoping to drown out Miss Peachy's voice: "When's Mrs. Ruddyfuddy due back from New York?"

"Madam," said Grandfather, "it has been reported to me you make the best snitz pies in Lancaster County. We wish to try one."

"Give it to him," whispered Miss Peachy, "before he makes a scene."

Miss Azaela selected a pie. She picked up a paper bag. "Shall I put it in a toot?"

"No," said Grandfather, "we do not plan to save it. Come Prudence." He led her to a near-by lunch counter, and they climbed on high stools. "Two glasses of milk," said Grandfather to the counterman, "and two plates."

With his jackknife Grandfather cut the pie in half. "Here, see what you think of that."

She took a bite, tasted it, and looked at the pie. "Why, it's made of dried apples."

"Certainly," said Grandfather. "I told you it was snitz pie."

"I'd like to grow up on snitz pie too."

"There's nothing better," said Grandfather, taking a bite. They finished their pie and milk and Grandfather slipped a quarter under his plate when Prudence wasn't looking. He pulled out his big silver watch.

"My heavens!" said Grandfather. "We must hurry or we'll miss the train."

Nicodemus looked at them reproachfully as they returned. He hadn't expected to stand around Lancaster all day, and the market shed was cold. When Grandfather took the blanket off his back and put it in the sleigh. Nicodemus moved restlessly.

"Steady, Blitzen," said Grandfather.

"He's a wonderful reindeer," said Prudence.

This, thought Nicodemus, gets worse and worse.

Grandfather lifted Prudence into the sleigh and quickly wrapped her in the robe.

"Hurry, boy," said he to Nicodemus, "we haven't much time."

They returned up Chestnut Street at a trot so fast the bells stuttered with excitement. Patrolman Dougherty waved at them as they passed, and they waved back. The Salvation Army Santa Claus had moved to another location.

"The impostor's gone," said Prudence.

"I knew our friend the policeman would take care of it," said Grandfather.



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They swung into Queen Street and one runner left the ground. "Oo-ohh," said Prudence, as the sleigh tilted sideways.

A block from the station Grandfather heard the train whistle. "Ho, Blitzen—ho, boy," he called. Nicodemus broke into a gallop and the bells rang loud and clear. At the station, Grandfather hastily threw the blanket over Nicodemus and lifted Prudence from the sleigh. He took her hand and they dashed up the steps and onto the platform. People were descending from the train.

"There he is," said Prudence. She let go of Grandfather's hand and, clutching her lamb, ran toward a tall soldier.

"Whew," said Grandfather. He wiped his forehead with his blue bandanna.

Grandmother was so tall she was easy to find in a crowd. Grandfather saw her, put his bandanna away, felt under his whiskers to make sure he'd remembered to put on a necktie, and straightened his fur cap.

"Hello, mother," said Grandfather, taking her suitcase.

"How are you, Napoleon?" said Grandmother.

When they reached the top of the steps Grandmother saw Nicodemus and the sleigh. "Humph," said Grandmother. "It would have been more sensible to bring the car."

Grandfather was tucking the suitcase in the back of the Portland cutter when he heard a familiar voice.

"Everything seems to be very ready for Christmas in Lancaster," said Prudence.

"Yes," said Grandfather, turning around. "I'm quite pleased with the arrangements."

"Good-by, Mr. —"

"Shush," said Grandfather, putting his finger to his lips.

"Shush," answered Prudence. She put her finger to her lips, turned and skipped away.

"What in the world is that child talking about?" asked Grandmother.

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Grandfather, putting his arm around Grandmother and giving a little squeeze.

DON'T PURSUE HAPPINESS

(Continued from Page 11)

world. The most rewarding. A veritable fortress against misfortune. Satisfaction is bound to be there; and for all you know, that will-o'-the-wisp, personal happiness, may also overtake you.

Hasty divorce is seldom the broad, inviting road to release and further adventure which it appears to be at a distance. Observation leads me to believe that the hastily divorced (and that's the majority) sooner or later regret it. This regret is hastened, and heightened, if there is remarriage, as there usually is.

Men and women are likely to marry by types. The woman, for example, who prefers a weak, complaisant, charming man, given to drink, after a while becomes weary and divorces him. Ten to one, pretty soon or immediately, she turns up with a weak, complaisant, charming man, given to drink. The woman who prefers the supermasculine, arrogant, bullying male, divorces him for "mental cruelty," and before long appears with an arrogant, bullying successor. Jumping from the frying pan into the fire is one of the oldest of human pursuits.

At the moment, around thirty out of every hundred marriages in the United States end in disaster. The ratio between divorce and marriage is steadily narrowing. If divorce about catches up with marriage, the results are fairly obvious.

Marriage—the family—is the foundation of civilization. If you destroy the foundations of a house, the house falls down. Nor does it make much difference whether the destruction comes from without or within; so for all we know, ill-considered divorce may be as threatening as a third World War. That's something to think about. Irresponsible men and women are as dangerous as atomic bombs, and there's a lot more of them.

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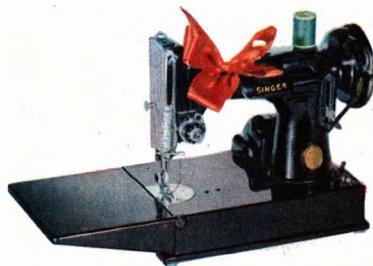
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Check address of your local Singer Shop in phone book. Singer Sewing Machine Company.



• **Singer Sewing Lessons** at the Singer Sewing Center—a welcome gift for mother or daughter! 8 lessons, \$8 for teen-agers, \$10 for adults. Shown above is the Singer Sewing Center at 827 East Lake Street, Minneapolis, Minn. Hundreds more from coast to coast. There's one near you!

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

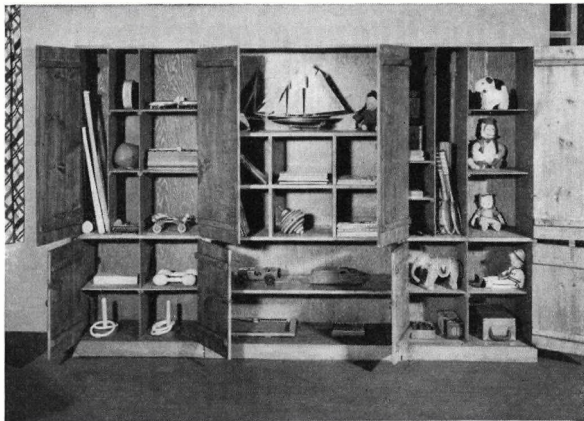


PHOTO BY J. DI PIETRO

This shows inside the toy cabinet made in three sections for easy moving.

CHILDREN'S CENTER AT HOME

(Continued from Page 179)

harmoniously that it is easy to change the color accents from time to time and have a whole new effect. Green jaspe linoleum on the floor, yellow-green walls, and bright plaid sailcloth at the windows make the room gay and sufficiently grown-up to please the older children.

The natural wood is simply finished with shellac so it will withstand hard use without marking. Remember one thing in planning a children's center: don't make it resemble a nursery. Children grow up rapidly, so that cute decorations are unsuitable, and it is much better to have a background which does not date than to be changing the accessory decorations to suit the maturing taste of developing children. Children like a room with grown-up touches, especially if everything belongs to them.

The table and benches. The table is a simple trestle style, carpenter made, and finished with a red-linoleum top. A home carpenter or handy man can make it. The dimensions are as follows: top, 32" x 72"; height, 28½". For the shaped ends, cut or draw a pattern like the one shown, or use your own design, and have it sawed out by a professional, with a band saw. The benches are schoolroom style, likewise easy to make. A single board makes the top, and the end supports are sawed out in the same manner as the table.

The toy cabinet. Just about everything a child plays with fits into our three-section cabinet. It is made of unselected pine—sidewalk lumber—with no trick joints or fitting. You just nail piece onto piece in true amateur style.

The easiest way to build such a cabinet, if you haven't a fairly well-equipped basement workshop at home, is to look up one of the cut-lumber-service stores and have all the pieces cut exactly to size, ready for you to take home and nail together. Incidentally, these cut-lumber-service stores, which are becoming more and more numerous, save you worlds of time and worry, and the cost of cutting is negligible. You can just load the cut sections into your car, drive home, and start nailing the pieces together. Lacking this service, go to a carpenter for the cutting. It won't cost much and starts you well on your way. If you have an old-style bookcase or china closet, even a big wardrobe, you can remodel it to use as a toy cabinet. Open shelves are less desirable.

Elsewhere in a children's center. Have a couch for naps, a blackboard, a closet for out-of-door play clothes, a first-aid cabinet, and a movie screen. De luxe features are a low lavatory with mirror for washing up before meals, a drinking fountain and a practice piano.

Cut-lumber specifications for the toy cabinet

CENTER CABINET

- Top, bottom and 4 center shelves . . . 6 pieces ¾" shelving 16½" x 44½"
- Exterior sides 2 pieces ¾" shelving 17" x 72"
- Back 1 piece ¼" plywood 46" x 72"
- Separations 4 pieces ¾" shelving 11½" x 17"
- Shelf supports 8 pieces ¾" x 1" x 17"
- Bottom furring 1 strip ¼" plywood 3½" x 46"

2 SIDE CABINETS

- Top, bottom and center shelves . . . 6 pieces ¾" shelving 29½" x 17"
- Exterior sides 4 pieces ¾" shelving 17" x 72"
- Backs 2 pieces ¼" plywood 31" x 72"
- Doors 4 pieces ¾" shelving 14¾" x 43"
- 4 pieces ¾" shelving 14¾" x 23½"
- Door strips 16 pieces ¾" x 1¼" x 14¾"
- Plywood separations 4 pieces ¼" plywood 16" x 43¼"
- 4 pieces ¼" plywood 16" x 7"
- 8 pieces ¼" plywood 16" x 14¾"
- 2 pieces ¼" plywood 16" x 23½"
- Shelf supports 24 strips 1" x ¾" x 16"
- 12 plywood strips ¼" x ¾" x 16"
- Bottom furring 2 pieces ¼" plywood 3½" x 31½"
- 8 pr. hinges 8 doorknobs

An Easy...you darling!

I was afraid you were giving me a Fur Coat!



I'D love a mink coat too. But if you want me to stay the glamour girl you think I am, then give me a new Easy Spindrier washer!

Why do I want an Easy? Because it will take over one of my biggest jobs ... my week's wash...and have it ready for the line in less than one hour!

The secret is...it has two tubs. One tub washes a full load while the other tub rinses and spins another load damp dry. Whirls out up to 25% more water than a wringer! Clothes dry faster and are lighter to handle. No deep-creased wrinkles to iron out. And no broken buttons, or mashed zippers.

My best blankets will last longer because the action is thorough yet gentle and safe. We'll even save cleaning bills because I'll do "washable" drapes and slipcovers at home!

MORAL: See Easy in action. Compare it with any washer at any price. We think you'll agree it's America's biggest washer value.

And see the new Easy Automatic Ironer. Cuts ironing time. Irons everything from sheets to shirts while you sit down! Now available in some cities. Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse 1, New York.



Say Merry Christmas with ...

America's top washer value!



I see you always,
sought after ... loved ...

**"I picture you surrounded by friends.
You are graceful, lovely to watch, with
warmth and heart that draw others to you ...**

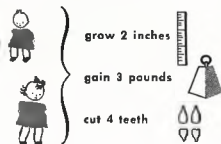
Every day, when I fondle, love, and praise you, I help your spirit grow. At the same time, I want to help you develop *other* assets: a well-shaped head, a straight, strong back, a fine, full chest, straight legs, sound teeth. This I pledge myself to do, because I realize the importance of helping you grow in spirit *and* in body during these early months."

What special help is needed?

One factor, Vitamin D, is essential to help your baby build a fine framework. Physicians advise giving it, day in and day out. You can make sure your baby receives enough Vitamin D by starting her now on Squibb Cod Liver Oil. Give Squibb's regularly ev-

ery day! You will help her bones grow strong and straight. She will carry herself more proudly all through life.

These changes in only 6 months
Between 18 months old and 2 years,
your baby probably will:



While she is growing rapidly, give Vitamin D - Squibb Cod Liver Oil every day. It will help her build sound bones and teeth.

SQUIBB *cod liver oil*

The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker

The Overweight Child

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

MANY times, mothers of overweight children have said to me, "Of course, Mary is a little tubby, but I guess it runs in the family, and nothing can be done about it." As gently and politely as I could, I've told most of these mothers that more than likely the only thing that runs in the family is the bad habit of eating too much of the kind of food that makes fat.

It seems hard for many people to understand, but the fact is that the fat, overweight child is suffering from malnutrition—just as the excessively thin child is. Also, fat children are more susceptible to many diseases than are normal-weight children. Furthermore, as they become a little older and more self-conscious, their social and emotional growth may be handicapped by the fact that they are overweight and inactive.

I hope that in cautioning mothers about the overweight problem I have not made them *too* weight-conscious, so that they are constantly consulting the scales and the height-weight tables, and fussing when an extra ounce or two show up. Most mothers know today that there are fairly wide variations in normal weights among children of the same age, sex and height, depending on the sturdiness of the skeletal structure.

A good rule for mothers to follow is this: If your child is 15 to 20 per cent or more over the normal average weight shown in the tables (get one from your doctor, school or health department), ask the doctor for advice about controlling weight gain. If overweight exists, it will be largely up to you to manage the situation.

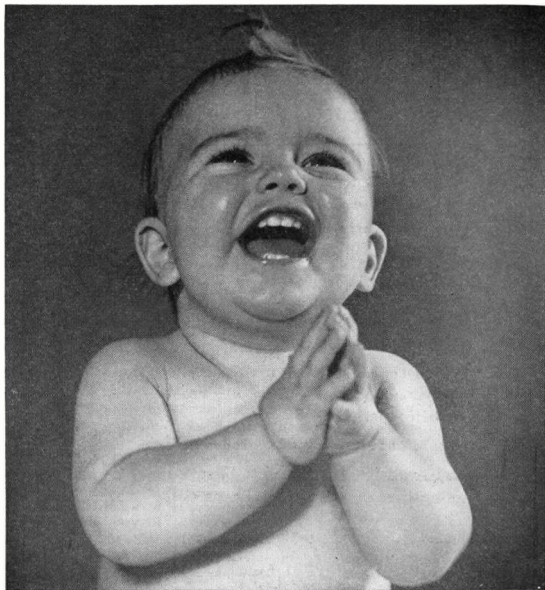
Before going into methods of control, I want to emphasize again the simple fact that in by far the largest number of cases *overweight is caused by overeating*. There is a widespread notion that many fat children are that way because of some mysterious "glandular condition" which is difficult or impossible to correct, and that supervision of the fat child's diet is therefore useless. Probably this notion results from the fact

that some extremely rare cases of endocrine-gland disorder are accompanied by gross obesity. In such cases, however, the doctor will discover symptoms other than overweight; there is no "glandular" cause for simple fatness.

Another popular belief, and one that is also misleading, though possibly closer to being true, is that children inherit their obesity from fat parents. It is a fact, of course, that the general bodily structure of the child is inherited from the parents. The heavy-boned, "underslung" youngster probably has a mother or father of about

(Continued on Page 214)

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, a *necessary supplement* to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



TANA HOBAN

Proper eating habits can correct overweight, a form of malnutrition caused by overeating, in your child.



Give her thinner Skin your Gentlest Care

—IT'S FINER AND THINNER THAN YOURS

YOUR BABY'S SKIN is the most wonderful thing to touch. It feels so soft and tender and delicate . . . fragile as a butterfly. That's because it really is finer . . . actually thinner than a grownup's.



It is for this reason that you keep your baby dry, and conscientiously rinse her diapers free of every particle of irritating soap.

For this reason, too, you should take extra special care in the selection of a proper tissue for her bathroom needs.

The Wise Way To Choose Baby's Bathroom Tissue

To save your baby daily discomfort . . . First, look for cloud-softness, so it cannot irritate or chafe

that thinner skin. Now, be sure it is truly absorbent . . . to cleanse more thoroughly. And see that it is sufficiently firm to prevent tearing or shredding.



More mothers every day are finding this ideal combination of qualities in ScotTissue than in any other brand of tissue. ScotTissue is "old linen" soft, highly absorbent, yet firm enough for perfect cleansing.

You can be sure it will meet your most exacting demands in caring for your baby's *thinner* skin now. And it will aid you in training your child to proper toilet habits later on.

Mothers, Here's a Diaper-Laundering Saver

For babies up to six months, fluff up 20 or more sheets of soft, absorbent ScotTissue and cushion the diapers with them. You will have fewer diapers to wash, less staining. Just flush away the soiled tissue. Keeps baby "comfy" and saves on laundry, too.



ScotTissue is soft as old linen

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



Settings and Accessories by B. Altman & Co., Inc.

Now we are three...

In all your life never a moment like this! In all the world nothing too good for your small son! And among baby blankets none quite so fine as a gentle North Star "Iris." Colors light as a baby's dream, texture soft as that peach-bloom cheek, deftly woven of precious virgin wool to be handed down from baby to baby. Full crib size (42 x 60), richly bound all around—a fairy Godmother gift for your favorite baby!

On the bed: Luxurious Regal Pair, Peach Pink, to start your North Star Blanket Wardrobe.* And note Mother's and Dad's smart robes of North Star 100% wool fabric.

FREE SAMPLE! Blanket Wardrobe Swatches, North Star Woolen Mill Co., 282 So. 2nd St., Minneapolis 1, Minn.

\$9.95 to \$145 (Baby Blankets start at \$2.95)

North Star also distributes Meaneave Handwoven Throws

*TRADEMARK REG.



(Continued from Page 212)

the same architecture, and the slight child with slim bones no doubt has similarly streamlined parents. But these differences have little to do with the problem of overweight. As I have told hundreds of stout mothers and fathers, "The inheritance your child suffers from most of all is a household attuned to overeating—especially of starchy, sugary, fat-producing foods!"

Nearly always, fat children are discovered to be heavy bread-and-butter eaters, dessert eaters, candy and between-meal-snack eaters. And why not—when their parents, as is true in so many cases, are guilty of precisely the same excesses? Moreover, the child who is growing up in a family characterized by overweight leading to inactivity, which in turn leads to more overweight, is likely to fit right into this unhappy pattern.

For children as for adults, there is as a general rule only one method of controlling obesity: *Cut down the food intake!* If your child is only slightly over the upper limits of normal weight, a few simple measures are probably all that will be needed. These are: Only one slice of bread and butter (thinly spread) at a meal; not over three or four eight-ounce glasses of milk a day; one serving of dessert (not starchy); no candy between meals; an apple, dates or a thin cracker instead of a huge "catchall" sandwich for the bedtime snack. In general, the diet for these children should emphasize fresh fruits, fruit juices and vegetables in season, lean meats, and whole-grain bread and cereals instead of white bread and rolls.

Don't expect your child to become visibly slimmer the week after these rules go into effect! Remember, it took a long time for all the excess fat to accumulate, and it will probably take a long time to lose it. See that the rules are followed consistently for several

weeks, and keep careful records. Once or twice a month is often enough to weigh. Most important is remembering to weigh at the same time of day.

If weight gains are still more than they should be (very rough average: half to three quarters of a pound a month from age five to the adolescent speed-up); a more rigid diet is called for. In this case, you will need the doctor's advice to make certain you are not sacrificing needed growth and protective foods in the effort to cut down on energy foods. Just for safety's sake, the doctor's knowledge is needed to determine what foods must be retained and what ones may safely be discarded. With his approval, here are some of the things you may do:

1. Use skim milk instead of whole. This cuts milk calories in half without sacrificing its protein and calcium value and many of the vitamins.

2. Eliminate sugar on such foods as cereals, fruits and the like.

3. Allow the child only one slice of bread and butter daily. No candy, starchy desserts or ice-cream sodas between meals, except as a rare treat. No bedtime snacks.

4. Of course, you must fulfill the demands of a reasonable appetite and give the child single adequate helpings of every dish that is served at the family table. But everything possible should be done to discourage the "extra helping" habit. Try to slow down the child's eating pace by serving foods that take longer to eat (toast instead of bread, for instance). Keep games and conversation going to prevent concentrated "wolfing" of meals.

Above all else, however, mother and dad must remember that example speaks louder than precept. Proper eating habits are far more easily caught by example in our daily lives, than taught.

WHEN CHILDREN QUARREL

(Continued from Page 171)

was holding, it would be better if Peggy didn't just get after Skeeter for grabbing. She could go a step farther and remind him that there's another ball upstairs. Or if there isn't another one, she might suggest a game in the yard. Parents should realize that their chief function is not to act as judge, but to help the children on to better social relations. Too great a preoccupation with the rights and wrongs of the squabbles will only delay the resumption of normal relations between the children.

The cause of some quarrels, despite their usually social nature, is not social but physical. Hunger and fatigue are great breeders of trouble, as Peggy pointed out. "Late afternoons are sometimes pretty hectic," she said. "I should be in six places at once, and sometimes I can't." With dinner on the stove and Al due home any minute expecting a good hot meal, Peggy has her hands full. Sometimes small storms gather and break almost without her knowledge. Sometimes she corrals Gloria, her own helpful ten-year-old, and gets her to read to the smaller ones. Or she settles them down with crayons and picture books. Any quiet occupation will relax them and cut down quarrels. End-of-the-day blues may also be warded off by a cracker or a piece of fruit or raw carrot.

Staying out of quarrels, explaining one youngster to another, and making a positive suggestion that will facilitate co-operative play are all good techniques for handling quarrels. But sometimes quarrels get out of hand for no reason that can be seen with the naked eye. Peggy has a favorite method of handling extra-frequent quarreling.

"I march each one to a separate chair, and there they stay for five minutes. Of course, that seems awfully long to them."

Peggy has the right idea—separation—for constant quarreling. When fighting gets completely out of hand, or when one child is hurting another, or constantly interfering with another's play, the fighting must be stopped. Brief periods of isolation are the best discipline, when discipline is needed. Peggy's idea is sound, but she doesn't have

the facilities to carry it to its logical conclusion. Instead of making the separation into a punishment, it works out better if a grownup simply separates the brawlers and sends them to different places to play for a while. The idea is not to cut them off from play, nor to shame them, but to cut them off from social play until they are able to handle it. The child who is tired or overstimulated will often be refreshed by a short stretch of solitary play.

Peggy's method has the possible disadvantage of making the youngsters feel unnecessarily embarrassed and ashamed. But Peggy is handicapped by lack of space. The flaws in her methods are balanced by her genuine love for the children, her interest in their doings, her sunniness and youthful good humor. And she showed real insight into the thought processes of children when she spoke of five minutes as "an awfully long time."

There are children for whom quarreling and fighting are symptoms of a basic difficulty. They quarrel because they feel resentful and sore all the time, and nothing will stop the excessive fighting but the healing of these deeper hurts. Al Welch, in his direct way, hit the nail on the head: "Jealousy's at the bottom of a lot of fights."

Many of Skeeter's rows, for instance, undoubtedly come from a feeling of irritation at having the younger children take so much of his mother's time and attention. But Skeeter is no serious problem, and neither is any of the others in Peggy's care. Skeeter only shows how a problem may develop. Parents who have a child who is embroiled in fights conspicuously more often than his brothers and sisters or his friends are wise to look for the source of his angry feelings. It is often jealousy, as Al said, but it may take other forms too. Sometimes too heavy-handed discipline will be the cause of constant fighting. When a child quarrels much more frequently than other children his age, look for the basic cause, and try to remedy that. The fights will lessen when his feelings are improved.

THE END

OH! my aching leg!

AH! my Absorbine Jr.

For FAST RELIEF, help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

● It's no fun to have leg muscles get stiff and lame after unusual exercise. Rub Absorbine Jr. on those aching muscles and they'll limber up... *fast!*

Tired muscles are often famished muscles. Your extra effort has burned up their nourishment. But rub on Absorbine Jr. and you help step up the local circulation. Then fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment... your aching muscles become supple again—you feel like a different person!

Ask your druggist today for your Absorbine Jr.—a famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients. \$1.25 a long-lasting bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Massachusetts

PHILADELPHIA FELLOWSHIP

(Continued from Page 23)

have a good record in handling incidents of this kind. But in 1940, when two white girls reported attempted rape, 562 Negroes were apprehended in an area of twelve by twenty city blocks. Over half of these, arrested for rape, were women! Philadelphia Negroes, watching their sons and fathers and even their mothers carted off wholesale by the police, have been a long time forgetting this.

Today, outbreaks of racial violence in the city have dropped to almost nil. Among two million persons of vastly conflicting cultural groups, only 17 incidents of trouble between White and Negro or Jew and Christian were reported last year, and most of these "incidents" were bloody noses between school children. The 25 organized hate groups active before and during the war have diminished by two thirds.

Credit for this remarkable change of climate in such a short space of time must go largely to a young Baptist woman who trained as a magazine illustrator and to the son of a Russian-Jewish immigrant.

Marjorie Penney and Maurice Fagan, who last year jointly won the \$10,000 Edward Bok award for contributing the greatest good to Philadelphia, are a uniquely potent combination. Marjorie, slender, vivacious, and usually dressed as if she were on her way to

◆ The boss called one of his clerks into his private office. "I have noticed, Jones," he began, "that you, of all my clerks, seem to put your whole life and soul into your work. No detail is too small to escape your attention. No hours are too long for you."

Jones glowed with pride and anticipation of the satisfactory promotion and increase in salary which he felt were coming.

"And so, Jones," his employer went on, "I am forced, much against my will, to sack you. It is such men as you who go out and start rival establishments."

the Barclay for lunch, exudes a kind of radiance about her work which inspires downright hero worship among her followers. Maurice Fagan, balding, personable, energetic, is the practical "facts" or brain man of the combination—"Marjorie has the spiritual vision needed," he says. Together they founded two institutions—Fellowship House and the Fellowship Commission—which have pioneered in techniques for combating race tensions which are spreading with spectacular success throughout the country.

Discussion groups sponsored by the Society of Friends first attracted Miss Penney to race problems. In 1935, she gave up her art work altogether to head an earnest but pretty ineffectual group called The Young People's Interracial Fellowship. "Mostly we just got together and talked." Miss Penney had an office and supposedly a budget of \$1000 a year; actually she seldom saw any cash, paid all the office postage herself, and mostly sat staring at the wall and wondering how on earth to combat the city's anonymous and well-organized hatemongers.

One day in 1938, when the city was being literally blanketed with hate leaflets from the air, in subways, in trolleys and on street corners, Maurice Fagan came into her office to enlist her aid. A former high-school history teacher and insurance salesman, Mr. Fagan had given up both pursuits to head something called The Philadelphia Jewish Community Relations Council, which was even poorer than Marjorie's outfit, having a budget of \$650 a year.

The two of them joined forces trying to get newspaper space and radio time to refute the lies of the hatemongers; some of the smear literature, they discovered later, was

When baby fusses because of "Childhood Constipation"



...give **Fletcher's Castoria!**



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your cheerful child whines and wails...when she fusses because of "Childhood Constipation" ... why not do the wise thing?

Give her Fletcher's Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively. Yet it's so gentle, it won't upset her sensitive digestive system.

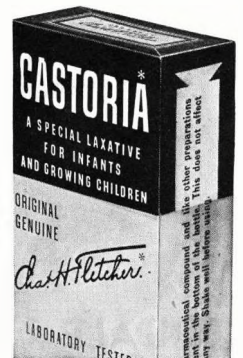
Why it's right for children

Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Fletcher's Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Fletcher's Castoria has such

a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without any struggle.

Get Fletcher's Castoria at your drugstore today. Look for the green band on the package. It identifies the original and genuine product.



Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA

The original and genuine

Biltrite

WILL NOT SLIP
RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

Best by Any Test

At Leading Shoe Rebuilders Everywhere

Legs are young in **QUAKER** nylons

QUAKER LACE COMPANY
HOSIERY DIV. • SALES OFFICE
330 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



Blossom-bright NITEY NITE SLEEPERS keep your darlings warm and well. Their "bootee" foot makes toes toasty. Their ribbed cuff hugs little wrists. Sturdily tailored of soft, absorbent, cotton-knit, in one and two piece self-help styles, every seam is nine-thread sewn, every point of strain is reinforced. Gripper fasteners. Long to wear . . . easy to wash . . .

NITEY NITE SLEEPERS in four gay blossom colors—Delphinium, Peachblossom, Buttercup, Aqua—now await your choice at leading stores.

Two-piece style, sizes 0-4;
One-piece, sizes 4-8.

GLENDALE KNIITING CORP., PERRY, N.Y.

being composed by a Sunday-school teacher. But nobody had ever heard of Miss Penney or Mr. Fagan or their organizations, and they were generally snubbed. About the only positive thing which came out of these first halting efforts was the originating of the "trios," or speaking groups of a Jew, Negro and Christian, that barnstormed summer church camps, telling stories of hate and discrimination. These trios of bright, attractive, zealous young things made an instant hit and are still a big part of the Fellowship program in Philadelphia and elsewhere.

Marjorie Penney's genius lies in the spark of warmth and friendliness she can strike from all manner and kinds of people. She was not the person to accomplish things with a typewriter and a file cabinet; what she wanted was a workshop in the worst conflict area she could find, a human laboratory where she could study the origin and cure of hatemongers. Mr. Fagan had quite a different dream. He wanted to take all the competing, financially anemic little agencies in the city striving for better race relations and mold them into one powerful voice constantly exhorting the press, radio, schools, police and churches to stop being fence sitters and actively to fight race and religious hatreds.

Marjorie Penney realized her dream first when a donor gave her \$500 as down payment on a laboratory. She chose a four-story building at 1431 Brown Street, eight blocks north of Market, in a neighborhood of indigent whites, respectable middle-class, unskilled Negroes, immigrant Russians, Poles, Lithuanians, German-Americans—and the Jews, who owned the little string of shops and were reviled and cursed by everyone. "I felt that if race riots broke out anywhere in Philadelphia, it would be here; here was a place where I could really see and hear hatreds in the making." A desperately poor neighborhood, the houses adjoining No. 1431 have neither electricity nor heat. Her choice was in a condition of indescribable filth. It had been, at various times, a firehouse, a perfume factory, a coffin factory and a hide-out for a bunch of thugs.

VOLUNTEERS did all the work to make the place livable. Floors, thick with resinous machine grease, had to be cleaned with acetylene torches; ceilings were washed and plastered, windowpanes replaced. Discarded office chairs and wooden church pews became gaily painted furniture. The Main Line mink crowd and day laborers, Jew, Negro and Quaker, scrubbed on their hands and knees together. This was what the house was going to prove, that peoples of all kinds can work harmoniously together.

"People rarely get a chance to become part of something bigger than they are," explains Miss Penney. "We demand a lot of our members—that's why Fellowship House means so much to them."

Contributors to Fellowship House have included Marshall Field, Marian Anderson and Frank Sinatra, who have given thousands of dollars, but mainly it is supported by the kind of people who have to pinch

to give \$5 or \$10. This past year the total contributions reached \$27,000.

Active members of the house (about 500 persons) give at least ten hours of work a month—many give every free afternoon and evening they have. There is a job for everyone at Fellowship, with 21 projects covering everyone from four-year-old small fry to seventy-year-old grandfathers. Youngsters from four to twelve are taught the tenets of the house in dramatic fashion through dolls, songs and games. Junior and senior high-schoolers belong to Fellowship Clubs, which are the only exclusively interracial and interfaith youth clubs in the country. An adult Fellowshippier can join the magnificent choir of 80 voices—of all creeds and races—which is so popular it is forced to turn down twice as many appearances as it can accept. Or he can become a member of a speaking trio, or write for the Fellowship House newspaper,

or raise money, or interest himself in anti-discriminatory legislation in Harrisburg and Washington. He's just as welcome if he's handy with a hammer and wrench (the place has no janitor). Women members can partake in all these activities and more—they can help cook and wash up after the 700 meals served there each month.

THERE is one thing which all members have in common, no matter what their creed or color: they have all taken a course of eight lectures called Units for Unity, designed to explain from a historical viewpoint unfair emotional attitudes and prejudice.

About 75 people, all of them new recruits, attend each weekly session. There is an amazing lack of self-consciousness at these meetings, of eager and excited give and take. A middle-aged businessman explains, "You won't find any crackpots or Communists here. Most of these people were sent by their ministers." It is a well-dressed, conservative selection of pleasant-faced housewives, young Quakers, white and Negro

schoolteachers, a dignified white-haired minister or two, a few Japanese and Chinese and Italians. Except for the Negroes, it might be any group of people in the lobby of one of the city's better hotels.

Among the Units for Unity speakers is Maurice Fagan. With his vast experience in analyzing propaganda, he dissects a hate germ, tracing the basic causes of race hatreds. A distinguished Negro Quaker escorts a hypothetical Negro from cradle to grave through the experiences of school, job hunting, finding a place to live, marriage, and so forth. At this point, someone always throws in the question of intermarriage with the air of tossing an atom bomb. The Negro speaker usually answers simply that his people have no desire to marry another color—a situation which creates as much tension and tragedy for the Negro as for the white. "You can just hear the satisfied 'oh's' that go up, and everybody sits back in his seat and relaxes," a Fellowship House worker laughs.

In the fourth form, an authority on Jewish history stresses the impact of American civilization upon the patriarchal, deeply religious Jewish family of the Old World. And

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To be a Mother

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

To be a mother is to have walked with sorrows,
Is to have slept with pain and waked with fear;
It is to have roused a sleeping child and wondered:
Is it fever—or is it hot in here?

To be a mother is to have watched at bed-sides
And known death as a foe so dark, so sly,
That he hovered in the shadows, always ready
If one should ever rest or close an eye.

It is to have watched from windows waiting, waiting,
Aware what life has done and may again,
To have heard a scream and had the heart stop beating
Till it was known that it was joy, not pain.

To have borne is to bear and live again twice over
Another's happiness, another's tears;

To be a mother is to have walked with sorrows
And found the strength to meet the last lone years.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

oooh, lovely!

JUST WHAT MOMMY AND I NEED



Cuddle-Nest®
A KANTWET PRODUCT

"I'd look so pretty and be so comfy going bye-bye in this rich rayon satin all-in-one of pad, pillow and coverlet. Safe from embarrassment, too, 'cause the lining's wetsproof." *In pink, blue or white.*



A KANTWET PRODUCT

Quilted Duffel

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"My very own travel duffel is so smart mommy's proud to sling it over her shoulder. Peek inside—compartment for bottles; wetsproof container for my you-know-whats." *Quilted plastic—red, navy, white, pink or pastel blue.*

Products by KANTWET

*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.—Pat. D. 240,917. Other Pat. Pend.

STOP CORNS!



INSTANT RELIEF

Protect sore toes from tight shoes with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads today and you'll stop corns from developing tomorrow! But—if you have corns—Zino-pads will instantly stop painful shoe friction, lift pressure and quickly remove corns. Get a box NOW!

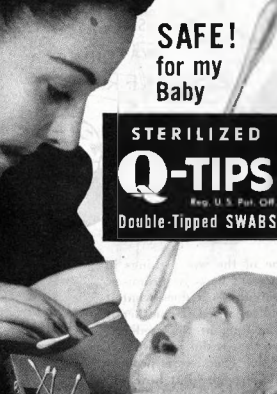
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

SAFE!
for my
Baby

STERILIZED

Q-TIPS
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Double-Tipped SWABS



29¢ 49¢ PKG - AT ALL STORES

Q TIPS, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

so the story progresses, covering every race and nationality, attacking with facts such misconceptions as: Negroes are inferior intellectually to other races; the Jews "control" this or that industry in America; all Japs are treacherous; all colored peoples are shiftless, and so forth. "What Can You Do?"—the last lecture—offers these suggestions:

Stop using epithets like nigger, wop, chink, kike. Don't tell jokes which stir up ridicule or dislike of groups. Don't generalize about a whole group.

Invite a person of another race or creed to your church and visit his. Encourage ministers, priests or rabbis to meet with civic groups.

Get your facts straight, then send letters of protest against undemocratic practices. Likewise, send letters of praise for editorials, movies, broadcasts, and so on, which advance racial harmony.

Look over your children's textbooks for prejudice. Never disparage another race or creed—even jokingly—before children; they get most of their attitudes from you.

Become a member of a "trio," or be an individual speaker in the cause of racial understanding.

These rules are tough to follow—and may completely change a person's life.

Take Mrs. Smith—that's not her real name, of course—a good-looking, well-dressed suburban matron who raised five children, "and until the youngest was eleven it never occurred to me to go anywhere at night without my husband." Because her Presbyterian minister urged her to do it, Mrs. Smith attended all eight of the Units for Unity lectures, sitting next to a blond, blue-eyed girl whom she thought particularly attractive. At the end of the last lecture a trio was picked: a Negro boy, the blonde next to Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Smith herself. "I thought to myself, 'They must think I'm Jewish.' It never occurred to me that the blond girl was Jewish. You see, all those lectures hadn't really changed a lifetime of prejudiced thinking—to me all Jews were dark and swarthy, with large noses, and you could recognize one instantly."

MRS. SMITH has since become one of the best of the 75 speakers from Fellowship House who appear before church and club and school groups as trios. She attends church regularly with new-found Negro friends. "My friends were all horrified at first. Now they say, 'Well, Jane at least practices what she preaches.' My children wanted to disown me; now that they're older and more mature, they have a good deal more respect for me than ever before."

An outstanding Negro worker at Fellowship House—let's call her Mary Jones—a person of great intelligence and humor, tells of the first time she appeared as a member of a trio at a meeting of some upper-class Philadelphia women. The white woman next to her turned suddenly and said, "I think education is the whole solution to the Negro problem, don't you?"

The Negro agreed that it was part, but certainly not the whole solution.

"Well," the woman went on smugly. "I have two hundred years of cultural background behind me. You claim anything like that!"

It seems amazing to an outsider that the trios can take this kind of treatment and still retain their fervent crusading spirit. "No matter how often I go out with a trio," says another girl, a young radio writer, "each time I get charged up all over again. 'I go home afterward just floating on a cloud. I never thought the day would come when I'd stand up before a bunch of perfectly strange people and say, 'Look, I've got blue eyes and fair skin and black hair—ever since I've been a child I've been called Irish. Well, I'm Jewish.' And you know," she goes on, "the best thing about Fellowship House is that it makes you feel proud of what you are. I'm happier to be a Jew today than ever before."

One of the most inspiring projects of the house is the Religious Fellowship, new this year, which is a getting-together of Protestants, Jews and Catholics of all colors for religious inspiration. One of its purposes is

Best-Known Home Remedy

You Can Use to Relieve

distress of Colds!



Even while your little one sleeps, Vicks VapoRub keeps on working to relieve distress.



WORKS 2 Ways At Once To Bring Relief In The Night

PENETRATES to upper bronchial tubes with special medicinal vapors.

STIMULATES chest and back surfaces like a good warming poultice.

YES, Mother... the moment you rub throat, chest and back with warming, comforting Vicks VapoRub, it starts right to work to bring relief. And it *keeps up* its wonderful relief-bringing action for hours.

It relieves distress...invites restful sleep...brings grand relief. *Often by morning the worst miseries of the cold are gone!*

Remember...only Vicks VapoRub gives you the special Penetrating-Stimulating action shown above. So make sure you get the one and only home-proved Vicks VapoRub.



WORKS FOR HOURS to bring comforting relief even while you sleep. Often by morning the worst miseries of the cold are gone. Try it!

NO WONDER 19 MILLION MOTHERS USE VICKS VAPORUB

It's so easy because there's nothing to swallow—nothing to upset delicate stomachs. *It's so effective* because it starts instantly...and works 2 ways at once. It's grand for children and adults. Try it!



DREAM Creations



Adorable originals from NANNETTE'S holiday collection. Just the beguiling frocks to make your little glamour girl bubble with joy. Captivatingly styled with deep hems, exquisite embroidery and lace touches—of unmatched quality, workmanship and fit.

Babe Frocks, Sizes 6, 9, 12 mos.
Toddler Frocks, Sizes 1, 2, 3... About \$3.00
AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

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to encourage leaders in churches and synagogues throughout the city to draw minorities into church membership. As more and more middle-income Philadelphians move out of the city to the suburbs, the churches are faced with the problem of shutting their doors for good or remaining to serve the community. Too many churches have chosen to move out to the suburbs in pursuit of their old members.

A Negro woman attending one of Fellowship's religious meetings said that she often attended services in white churches, and was usually received cordially, but once she made the mistake of attending a church supper. This overstepping of the social boundaries resulted in such an excruciatingly painful evening that she determined never to try it again. "What do the churches mean," she asked, "when they talk about the brotherhood of man?"

Religious Fellowship also makes pilgrimages to Jewish, Catholic and Protestant places of worship throughout the city, and without asking Jews to convert to Christianity or Catholics to become Protestants, seeks to promote a deep understanding of the common roots of all religions.

"We aren't trying to obliterate the differences between races and religions," Miss Penney sums it up. "We are only trying to build bridges of understanding so people can pass back and forth."

All Fellowship House's projects have been a result of painstaking experimentation. In 1943, the Olney High School riots, where Jews and Christians in a good residential district met and fought every afternoon or evening for three weeks after school hours, resulted in a group of teachers and students converging on Fellowship House, demanding that something be done to prevent such rioting in the future. To date, some 2200 school children from both public and private schools have been exposed to the principles of Fellowship House. Senior-high schoolers take four Units for Unity lectures and are then available for Cavalcades. These

are conducted by bus all over the city—to slum-housing areas, to the Italian, Jewish and Chinese markets to see what different nationalities eat, to Chinatown to hear first-hand about discrimination even tougher for Orientals than Negroes. Housewives act as bus drivers; schoolteachers are guides.

Junior-high schoolers in their Fellowship Clubs act out "didja" plays, which are based on actual incidents of racial strife. "Did you know what to say or do when your friends jumped on a Negro boy and started beating him up?" is the theme of one; the children make up their own endings to the play, both happy and tragic.

There has been no repetition of the Olney riots in any school where the Fellowshipists have taken over. One school, which is 95 per cent Negro and had a bad record of strife, now has two Fellowship Clubs, both of mixed membership.

On the third floor of Fellowship House is a large sunny playroom where youngsters from four to twelve in the immediate neighborhood of 1431 Brown Street gather to learn the meaning of human fellowship through stories, songs and games. Here, too, is the famous doll collection, over 250 of them, each representing some famous person of various races or faiths. Each stitch of clothing was made by women's groups throughout the city; some dolls were contributed by foreign countries. Emma Lazarus, Jewish poet who wrote the inscription on the base of the Statue of Liberty, is elegant in black velvet with plumed hat and cameo. Marian Anderson wears regal blue lace. The nurse doll is Lillian Wald, Jewish founder of visiting nurses. William Penn is there, too, and George Washington. Four librarians are kept busy carting the dolls to schools and churches, explaining each one's story. Children borrow the dolls a week or two and in their imagination actually "live" with a person of another race and creed.

It was a hard struggle to get the parents of these neighborhood children into Fellowship House. Now they have a regular

star-glo

fluorescent bed lamp

Unusual gift? Thoughtful gift? ... Watch their eyes sparkle when you give Electro STAR-GLO! Its soft, fluorescent rays are cooler, brilliant yet amazingly glareless and restful ... far easier on the eyes. Abundant light just where needed. Harmonizes beautifully with any setting. At leading stores everywhere. (If dealer cannot supply, write us direct). Price including bulb \$5.95

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THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A PROMISER

By Munro Leaf

A PROMISER is one of the worst things in the world to live with—if it doesn't keep its promises. No one can believe a Promiser unless it does what it says it will. This Promiser had promised its mother it would never, never touch anything in the medicine cabinet, and you can easily see that it did just what it said it would not. Right now this Promiser is promising its mother it will never do it again, but how, oh, how can its mother believe this kind of Promiser?

WERE YOU A PROMISER THIS MONTH?

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE POULTICE

**SIMPLE
CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL
IRRITATION**

**SIMPLE
SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES
BOILS**

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat.

Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also reduces swelling and relieves pain due to a boil, simple sprain, bruise, or similar injury or condition and limbers up stiff, aching muscles. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE MEDICATED POULTICE-DRESSING in tube or can at your drug store NOW.

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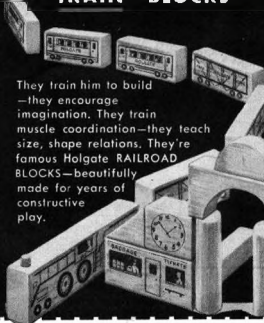
The White Package with the Orange Band



Undies and Sleepers
Hi-Choir to Hi-School
Nazareth

IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE THEY'RE

HOLGATE "TRAIN" BLOCKS



They train him to build—they encourage imagination. They train muscle coordination—they teach size, shape relations. They're famous Holgate RAILROAD BLOCKS—beautifully made for years of constructive play.

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FREE Holgate Toy Folder showing large assortment of Holgate Toys. If you prefer, send 10c to cover cost of mailing, for complete 24-page large size catalog, including classification chart which helps you choose the toy best fitted for your child's age.

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HOLGATE TOYS TRAIN AS WELL AS ENTERTAIN

Parents' Night and are so enthusiastic about it that each year they raise \$500 from a block party for support of the house, even though many of them are on relief. "We can't say that we've eradicated tensions in this neighborhood after six years' work, but they are distinctly mellowed." At least there has been no recurrence of the sign, "Hitler knew how to treat the Jews," on the wall of a delicatessen run by a gentle old Jew and his wife.

Many of Fellowship House's 21 projects have been copied and adapted by other cities. Fellowship Houses have been started in Media and Reading, Pennsylvania; Baltimore and Kansas City. Fellowship groups are active in Washington, New York, Chester, Cincinnati, Columbus and Richmond.

But Fellowship House is only part of the Philadelphia Idea. While it was growing and expanding, Maurice Fagan was fighting to bring together all the other agencies in the city working in their diverse ways for racial harmony. The Race Relations Department of the Philadelphia Council of Churches (Protestant) and of the Society of Friends (Quaker) were with him from the beginning; with Fellowship House and his own Philadelphia Jewish Community Relations Council, this made four members of Fellowship Commission. Finally there were eight member agencies when the International Institute, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the National Conference of Christians and Jews and the Council for Equal Job Opportunity joined. Headquarters had been set up in Fellowship House, but the place was too small for all these agencies to move their offices there; co-operation was sporadic and difficult.

THEN came the bombshell Philadelphia Transportation Co. strike of 1944, touched off by the promotion of 7 or 8 Negroes to streetcar conductors. Not a trolley, subway or bus ran in this city of two million. In the sultry August weather, people waited endlessly and hopelessly on street corners; tempers flared; Negro districts seethed with feeling; small boys ran amuck, heaving bricks at store windows. The morning of the strike Miss Penney's phone started ringing at seven o'clock and never stopped until one the next morning. The newspapers wanted the dope—the PTC wasn't talking. Radio stations wanted to broadcast instructions; City Hall was on the wire; nobody knew what to do or where to turn. Although serious rioting was finally prevented, with armed soldiers and scores of plain-clothes men riding every car that finally ran, the experience revealed forcibly that the city was unprepared to deal with a bad race riot.

It also revealed to Maurice Fagan that the best of intentions are not enough to settle racial frictions. It was time to tackle the problem scientifically. There was a need for more reliable sources of information, for better methods of instruction for leaders, for more enlightened strategy. Each of the eight member agencies of Fellowship Commission should be under one roof, he felt, where problems as they came up could be discussed, analyzed and acted upon according to a co-ordinated plan. Only collective effort could possibly be effective in the fields Fellowship Commission planned to enter: bad housing; unfair employment; discrimination in hotels, restaurants, theaters; registration quotas in colleges and professional schools—all incidences of discrimination.

First of all, the Fellowship Commission needed a mid-city office building. There was \$261 available. Failing to find any space to rent, Mr. Fagan, with his heart in his mouth, borrowed \$40,000 from a bank and \$18,000 from four individuals and bought a seven-story \$58,000 building at 260 South 15th Street. That was in the summer of 1945—it took that long to persuade the eight member agencies to move under one roof. By the end of 1947, the commission had raised \$141,000 and was doing a whale of a job, with every agency gaining deeper insight, broader horizons and far greater effectiveness, at a great saving of time and money.

An auditorium holding 300 people was added to the ground floor, as well as 21

(Continued on Page 221)

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Come Muddy Rain or Frosty Snow... Weather-Bird Shoes have sure protection... in the 5 special Weatherized Features. They weather rough treatment, too... in all kinds of weather... wearing as no ordinary shoe can!



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Style 6500



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WEATHER-BIRD
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115 sizes in this style alone! Perfect fit at every stage and age of growth!

Most all parents know Weather-Birds mean extra value. Special fitting qualities protect growing feet. Extra reinforcements in vital parts give longer wear—such as soles with added service. Demand Weather-Bird Shoes—"It takes real leather to stand the weather."

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Maybe she'll save you
 ← the price of a dress!

Our friend at the left is in trouble.

She bought a dress that went on shrinking and shrinking. Now good-by dress!

So let her misfortune teach you a wonderful dress-and-money-saving lesson . . .

Never buy a cotton dress till you see its "Sanforized" label with your own two eyes! For when you see the "Sanforized" label you can be sure you're *safe* from shrinkage every single time!

*The style will never shrink away from
 the dress with the "Sanforized" label.*



The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used on compressive pre-shrunk fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owner of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

This is
**SMART
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A neckline can make, or break, a dress!
 But a "Sanforized" label is *just* as important.



Wash without a worry! If your dress is tagged "Sanforized," it'll never shrink its pretty lines away.



Pay \$2 or pay \$20—but get value for your money. Get a "Sanforized" label on every cotton dress you buy.

(Continued from Page 219)

offices, a library, kitchen and air-conditioned, soundproof movie-projection room where hundreds of school children see race-relation films each year. The commission also writes and directs several weekly radio broadcasts; one of them, called *Within Our Gates*, is so outstanding that it won a national award last year and its script has been requested by over 200 stations. Two and a half million pieces of literature were distributed from Fellowship Commission last year; two million of these were tucked into paper bags by corner grocers all over the city. These grocers have been alerted to report any incident of race violence in their neighborhoods directly to the commission. Working intimately with the Crime Prevention Bureau of the police, the commission sees that police investigators are dispatched to the spot immediately. In the case of the schoolgirl who ran screaming to her friends that a Negro had tried to poison her, plain-clothes men were on the scene and extracted a signed confession from her within an hour that the charge was false, thus avoiding what might have led to an ugly situation.

"We've got the support of the press and the radio now," says Maurice Fagan, Secretary and Acting Director of Fellowship Commission. "The schools, the police, the mayor are all co-operating. We've got 5700 members, including some of the most influential people in Philadelphia. We've got the big

shots interested. Now we've got to reach more people.

"We're going to make a spot map of Philadelphia of all our members, then have them start Fellowship meetings right in their own homes and neighborhoods. The people who suffer the worst prejudices—they're never going to come to a place like this. We have to go to them. We want to get clergy and laymen together, and let them hash out together whether to admit minorities to church membership. We'll try to get businessmen and labor leaders to write fair-employment practices right into their individual contracts. We need to reach more parents, and teachers too. It's a lot easier to teach youngsters fairness and equal opportunity than to unteach prejudices when they're adults.

"Not every community needs an elaborate setup like this. The important thing is to get Negroes, Jews, Catholics and Protestants all working together; we'll help all we can."

As a solid suburban citizen down at Fellowship House put it, "You know, right here they've got their finger on what's really wrong with the world. It's impossible to meet anybody these days who doesn't hate somebody, who isn't violently agin something-or-other. I like to think about this place being originally a firehouse. Because that's what they're doing here today—putting out fires all over the city. And who knows? Maybe the world."

WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH MONEY?

(Continued from Page 43)

wasn't what you could call a love letter; I just wrote that I was lonely and thinking about her and I hoped she didn't mind if I wrote. But I tore it up and sent her a card with a picture of the hotel on the front. "Wish you were here," I said; "X marks my room," and I thought it might do for a gag, at the same time letting me have what I wanted, which was to write to her.

I got back on Saturday morning, and went to a florist shop and sent her an orchid in a box with a transparent lid. I went home and waited until I could start dressing.

I called for her at nine o'clock. She lived in a house set back from the road, with a

Dr. William Kitchener, one of England's outstanding gourmets, started his dinner hour at five, as was the custom in the early nineteenth century. At five after five, the front door was locked and the key hidden. Those who came late were not admitted to his house.

—From *The Best-Book of Eating and Drinking*, Copyright, 1943, by Richardson Wright, Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

semeicircular drive leading up to it. I parked in front, and went up and rang the bell, and a little man with a collar two sizes too large for him opened the door. I was going to shake hands with him while asking myself how could a lightweight like that have a daughter like Mary, when I discovered he didn't want to shake hands, and he wasn't her father. He took my hat and coat and piloted me into a living room about as big as a swimming pool. "Mr. Hawkins," he said, and an elderly white-haired man got up and introduced himself as Mary's father.

Mary's mother smiled at me from a big chair, and we chatted for a few minutes until Mary came down the stairs. Not with dignity, with a rush, and she swirled into the room and took both of my hands in hers.

"How nice to see you, Pete," she said.

The best I could do was, "Hello."

She got her coat and we went outside to my car. "Thanks for the orchid," she said. "It was sweet of you."

It occurred to me later that any girl I'd ever run with would have been more enthusiastic about the orchid. The girls I knew—if they got one orchid during their courting days they had achieved par.

I didn't think about it then; we both became subdued and I think we felt the same. We'd had that initial attraction for each other, and now we were both holding back, wary and not trusting our instincts.

It lasted until after the dance, when we went to a dog wagon and sat on the stools

eating scrambled eggs at three A.M. Then we were ourselves again. When she talked to me she put one hand on my arm. I sat there, talking, and running a second conversation all by myself in my mind.

Pete, I said, *she likes you. She wouldn't do that if she didn't*. Then I said, *It's just a habit, she does it with everyone*.

At three-thirty I said good night to her and kissed her as we stood on the porch. She put her hands flat against my chest and finally she pushed me away lightly, turned and put her key in the door.

"It was lovely, Pete," she said, and smiled and hurried inside.

I went down the steps with my hat on the back of my head and got behind the wheel and grinned and lit a cigarette and tapped a tune on the horn button with my fingers. I was punch-drunk, loony.

That was a Saturday night. On Monday I met Sally Blaine, who mentioned the beaver coat and other items, and that night I did a little thinking. I thought about the house and the grounds.

Taxes probably run close to eight hundred dollars, I thought. It took me better than two months to earn that much.

I telephoned her Wednesday morning, and she sounded not so breathless, which disturbed me until she said I had awakened her.

I asked for a date and she said, "Why don't you come up some evening next week? What about Monday? About eight?"

I circled Monday on my desk calendar. My telephone rang and a purchasing agent took my head off, and then when I didn't give him the soft answer that turneth away wrath, but just sat there mooning, he bellowed, "Pete! Are you there?"

"Yes, sir," I said, and tried to come to. Monday night. Eight o'clock.

Mary let me in and we sat down on the davenport pulled up in front of the fireplace. The butler, whose name was Healy, came in. I still didn't know how to treat him.

"Hello, Healy," I said, and he smiled and said, "Good evening, sir," and put a tray down on the coffee table. He went out and I

(Continued on Page 223)

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Her Very Own Jewelry
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Other Speidel gift items for little girls \$2.95 to \$6.95 in same exquisitely packaged gift box.

*PAT. PENDING
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(Continued from Page 221)

said, "Do guests say hello to butlers? I shocked Healy the other night. I almost shook hands with him. He is a gentleman, however, and doesn't seem to hold it against me."

She laughed and pulled over the coffee table.

I said, "I never did it this way."

"How do you do it?" she said.

"Well," I said, "if I call on a girl and we want a drink we go out in the kitchen. And the girl hunts for a bottle and I open the refrigerator door and find the ice cubes. Only sometimes the ice trays are empty or full of ice cream or frozen hamburger, and we have to go next door for ice."

"Next time we'll try that," she said.

"What do you do, Pete?"
 "I sell plastics," I said. "I'm on the road twelve days of every month. When I'm home I go to ball games and play golf. I never go to concerts. I read a book once a month, see my dentist twice a year and wake up grouchy in the mornings."

"We'll have to have a game of golf sometime," Mary said. "I haven't seen you at the club. Do you belong to the Cliffs?"

"No," I said; "to Briar Hills."

There was a difference. Briar Hills cost me a hundred and fifty a year. I'd never played at the Cliffs and I knew only one member, J. C. Ciphers, sales manager of our

company. To get in you had to come well recommended, and after that you had to buy a five-hundred-dollar bond, and the dues were two hundred and fifty a year.

We sat and talked, and after a while I put my arm along the back of the davenport. That was at eleven o'clock; at eleven-ten my arm had fallen down across her shoulders. She moved a little closer and tucked her legs up under her. Her dress was pulled tight across her knees and I could see the long outline of her legs from hip to knee.

I kissed the tip of one ear first. She put up one hand to take my hand that was over her shoulder—for affection or protection, I don't know. Then she turned her head and I kissed her lips, and I almost did it, I almost said, "I love you." But I didn't, because somehow the Cliffs got in the way, and Healy, and the rug on the floor and Mary's earrings and her beaver coat. So I said she was adorable, which I believe is standard technique in the rule book.

I took away a little from the rest of the evening, even the final good-night kiss, and when I went down to my car I was going over the character and prospects of one Peter Drescher Hawkins, age thirty, salesman.

I had been a little cocky. I was a crack salesman, so I thought, and not many of my college classmates were making four thou-

(Continued on Page 225)



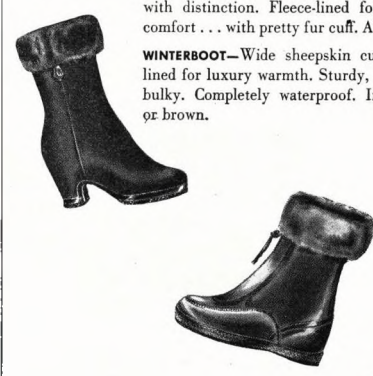
Fair
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 warm ... On a
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Wonder-warm boots and galoshes that are built especially to pamper your feet through Winter's worst! Hood makes them in styles that are new... gives them features that flatter and comfort. They're light in weight... fit over your shoes just right. As shown:

RAINTOG BOOT—High... and protective to your nylons. Enclosed Talon slide fastener on side. Black only.

VELVETEEN BOOT—On slim-footed lines... with distinction. Fleece-lined for warm comfort... with pretty fur cuff. All black.

WINTERBOOT—Wide sheepskin cuff... lined for luxury warmth. Sturdy, but not bulky. Completely waterproof. In black or brown.



Hood Rubber Company, Watertown, Mass.

Bringing up Parents

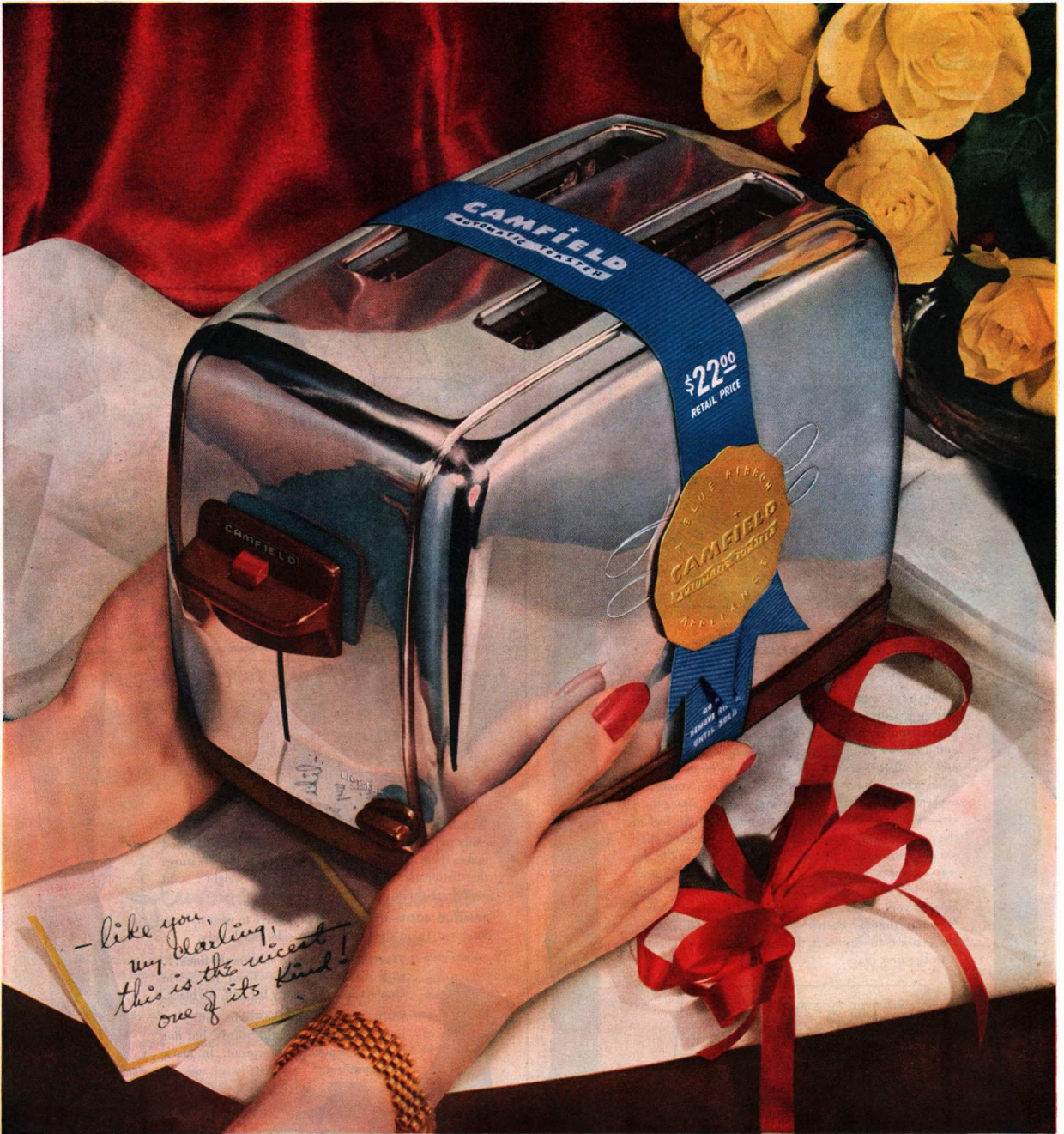
DR. BARBARA BIRER, Consultant
 Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

Nowadays most parents know the importance of setting a young child loose with a few jars of bright paints. For painting gives him an emotional release and a chance to assert himself. He becomes the monarch of all he surveys—in this case, a large sheet of clean white paper. And not only does the youngster experience the thrill of creating, but he also gets a sensory pleasure from the colors, and even the feel of the paint. However, grownups can spoil the fun if they see all painting as "pictures" that try to copy life the way a camera does. Asking a child, "What is it?" may make him feel that he has failed because he can't answer you. Remember, each child's painting has a meaning that is deeply personal—and often there are no words to express it. That may be why he painted it in the first place.



"Gosh, yours doesn't look like anything."

★ Granted the Good Housekeeping Seal, which provides replacement or refund of money if not as advertised therein.



Here's everything you could ask for in a toaster

Yes, the Camfield has all the features you'd expect in a fine automatic toaster—and something else besides!

For it toasts to *individual taste*. Automatically pops up each slice exactly as you like it, despite voltage fluctuations. Camfield's exclusive "Equa-Therm" accounts for that—it's the revolutionary, post-war toast timer, supreme achievement of Camfield engineers' long experience in producing fine electrical appliances.

Among the many other things you'll like about the Camfield are its silent performance, its hinged crumb tray for ease of cleaning, automatic current shut-off, hold-heat oven type construction, AC or DC operation.

For a gift or for yourself, choose the beauty and all-around excellence of the Camfield. You'll find it, in every respect, the Blue Ribbon toaster! Camfield Manufacturing Company, Grand Haven, Michigan.

★
CAMFIELD
 AUTOMATIC TOASTER

(Continued from Page 223)

sand a year. I had an older brother back east, a schoolteacher making about two hundred a month, and to him I was the big success, the boy who had made good.

I didn't feel so big now and I was old enough and just smart enough to know I had limitations. I wasn't ever going to be president. I wasn't likely to succeed Ciphers as sales manager of the company. I knew what he thought of me: a good salesman, but not the executive type. I should make five thousand a year someday; I might squeeze six or seven, but no more. Once it had seemed like a lot.

Now I began to shrink a little in the car, but a salesman is not a salesman because he is timid. He is supposed to be aggressive, and the next morning I went in to see Ciphers.

"This isn't business," I said. "I wonder if you would mind sponsoring me for membership in the Cliffs?"

His gimlet eyes bored holes for a moment. "Belong to Briar Hills, don't you?" he barked. "What's wrong with Briar Hills?"

"Nothing," I said. "I'd just like to change."

"Hawkins," he said, "the Cliffs is an expensive club, and naturally I know what your income is. I think you're better off belonging to Briar Hills. But if you've made up your mind, I'll get an application for you to fill out."

"Thank you," I said.

I had dinner with Mary on Sunday at her house, and afterward her father gave me a cigar and we talked business. He didn't know Ciphers, he said, but he knew Shanley, Dave Shanley, very well. Shanley is president of our company. I see him perhaps twice a year and he looks at me and frowns and says, "Oh, hello there—ah—ah—Hawkins." And he beams with pride.

He knew Shanley. But he didn't know Ciphers, two ledges below him. And that left me where? Healy, bring me a periscope.

They were nice to me, though, they were delightful. And then Mary said, "I'll follow you home in my car, then I can take you to the station."

I felt wonderful about that until we got in her car. You could have tied a ribbon on mine and put it in the back seat.

At the station we didn't have anything to say, we just looked at each other. Then Mary blushed and fussed with the ignition.

"Do you ever write letters?" she said. When I jumped aboard the train at the last second, the conductor backed away. I think he thought I was going to kiss him. But he just looked like Santa Claus until I began thinking about her car.

When I got back from my trip there was a letter on my desk welcoming me to membership in the Cliffs. Along with the welcome was a bill for seven hundred and fifty dollars plus tax. I juggled my savings and checking accounts and paid the bill. I went out to the Cliffs and rented a locker. My bag looked shabby and I bought a new one.

Mary and I had dinner at the Cliffs that night. The food was about the same fare as that at Briar Hills, but the silver and china were better, which probably accounted for the check's being four dollars higher.

I felt like the Sunday rotogravure sitting there after dinner; I felt like a caption—Young Tycoon and Socialite at Play.

"This is swell," I said, "really swell."

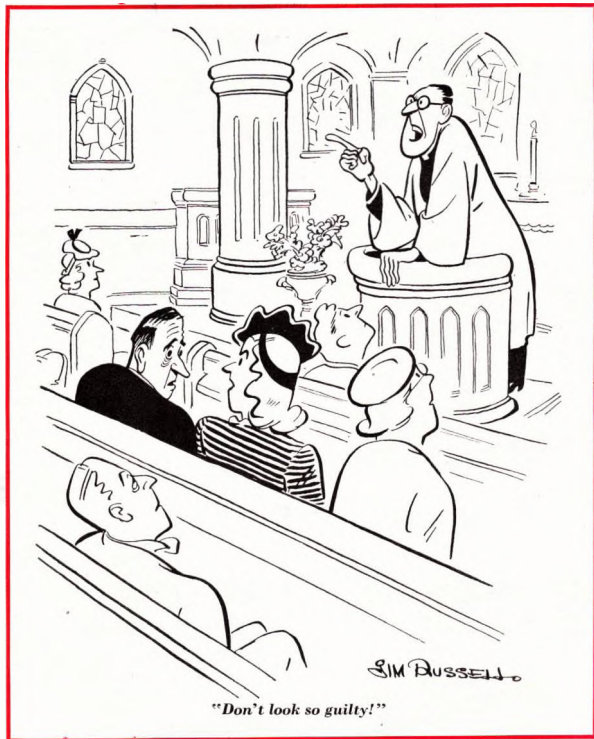
"Do you think so?" Mary said. "I'm glad you like it. You don't think it's rather a stuffy club?"

"Well," I said, "once at Briar Hills a member was suspended from the dining room for a month for hitting another member in the back of the head with a hard roll. That wouldn't happen here."

"Anyone I know?" Mary said. I stopped feeling like the Young Industrialist. "A Jerk named Hawkins," I said, and Mary laughed.

The trouble with the Cliffs was that I felt like an impostor. Nobody snubbed me and I could still shoot an eighty-five on my good days, but I couldn't help thinking that I was probably the only member who made less than ten thousand a year.

The first round I played with two lawyers and a doctor, and we played for a dollar instead of a dime a hole.



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NASHUA ALSO MAKES HEAVY-DUTY MUSLIN SHEETS...BLANKETS...INDIAN HEAD COTTON

In the locker room one of the lawyers said, "Found a new tailor in town. Best suit I ever had."

"Yes," I said, "it's a nice suit," and I took a quick look in the mirror at mine that had come off the rack for forty-five dollars.

I went to the tailor the next afternoon and found a nice tweed which made up into a suit for one hundred and fifty dollars. There were dances at the Cliffs every other Saturday and I didn't want to be taken for a waiter in a Tuxedo, and the tailor happened to have enough material to make me a set of tails.

I met Johnny Furness at the first dance we went to. I knew there were other men, but he was the one, and when he came up to us, I could tell by the way that Mary looked at him that he was special. He was there before I was, he had been there a long time.

"So this is Pete," he said. "I've heard a lot about you."

We looked each other over, and fifteen years before we would have gone outside and slugged it out. But we were thirty. I offered him a cigarette (it was a nice case I had picked up for twelve dollars) and later in the evening he bought me a drink.

He was like other people at the club. He had that dollar sign. It was unobtrusive, but it was there. If he wanted something he bought it; he didn't stop to think how much it cost, he just bought it. The money was always there; it was a part of him, like his poise and his good manners, and he didn't have to think about it.

Mary and I had some good times, but it was always there in front of me, the dollar sign. I couldn't forget it, not even the time when Mary and I played golf and decided to let a twosome go through because we were playing slowly. We drifted off the fairway and we not only let the twosome go through, we let four foursomes go through and never did finish the round.

But you can't go on just calling a girl "darling"—not forever. You can't just keep on kissing her. And I got a little panicky the day I thought that Mary seemed a little bored. I thought that perhaps I was a novelty—a guy who didn't know how to talk to butlers—and as a salesman I knew that novelties are not a repeat business.

Well, in the Sunday paper there were business opportunities advertised, and I finally settled on a plastics proposition because I knew plastics. The man I contacted had an idea about making gadgets out of plastic scraps, starting in a small way in a garage. I got a half interest for fifteen hundred, but unfortunately my partner knew nothing about merchandising. And there were others in the field; it would have been a hard row at best. I did what I could after hours, but I couldn't do it all, and what finally happened was that I got four hundred dollars back.

I had accomplished some things. I'd wangled a three-room apartment, and Mary had helped me choose the furniture. I had the clothes and I played the part, but any teler at the First National could have told you I was aphony.

And not to leave anything out, there were the horses.

To begin with, one of the men I played golf with at the Cliffs was a broker. And the stock market interested me, but I felt that I didn't have enough money to take that plunge. I needed a real stake. The plastics bust, the things I'd bought, the apartment and my golf-club membership had all eaten up too much.

But you can bet on a horse with two dollars. You can win and pyramid your winnings and bet again, and then finally you can take your winnings and go into the stock market. That is the theory, and as a theory it is airtight, and there is only one thing wrong with it: it doesn't work.

It wasn't working at all when I got word from my brother. It was a letter he had obviously hated to write. He needed three hundred dollars. He was married, with two children, and the older child was recovering from a severe illness. The medical bills had piled up and he couldn't borrow any more, his own savings were drained.

I DIDN'T have three hundred to spare. I looked at my bank balances and my bills, and I was about in the same stage I'd been back in college when I was stoking sorority furnaces to pay my tuition. The dollar sign was haunting me now.

I left work early and went downtown and finally saw the neon sign. I followed the pointing red-and-green arrow up the worn wooden stairs and finally I sat at the desk before the man who advertised that he was delighted to loan people money.

He let me have the three hundred in cash. I went out with it and was walking toward the parking lot where I left my car when I

saw the pin in the jeweler's window, a graceful curved shape, outlined against the velvet cloth.

I went inside just to inquire, because Mary's birthday was three days away, and ten minutes later I came out with the pin, and the jeweler had one hundred and fifty dollars. I sent the rest to my brother with a note that I couldn't spare any more at the moment.

I dropped the pin at Mary's—she wasn't in—and the next day I had to

leave for a district convention. I got back three days later on Mary's birthday, and when I reached my desk there was a note that Ciphers wanted to see me. I didn't think about that—I was thinking about Mary, that things weren't getting better.

I went into Ciphers' office and he didn't shake hands or smile. He said calmly and flatly that unless my work improved they would have to let me go.

"Pete," he broke out finally, "I used to be able to count on you. What's happened? Are you in trouble? Is there anything I can do?"

"There isn't anything anybody can do," I said.

I went back to my desk and called Mary, thinking that I was sliding out but maybe the pin would help.

"Pete," she said, "I'm sorry, I'm terribly sorry, but I can't accept your present. I can't take a gift like that from a friend."

"I'll come over," I told her. "Is that all right?"

"Yes," she said, and hesitated. "Johnny Furness may be here."

My suit was baggy from the train ride, and I needed a shave and I felt ugly. I wanted to hit someone. I suppose it was the loan to my brother that brought on the ugliness; I really was hating myself.

I drove my new car over to Mary's. It was a convertible with maroon-leather upholstery. I parked it and went up and rang the bell. Healy let me in as usual. Mary was there, and Johnny Furness.

The pin was in its box on an end table and I picked it up and shoved it in my pocket. Mary was looking at me. She hadn't said anything, not a word.

(Continued on Page 228)



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