

# LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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# Cellophane

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MOST IMPORTANT QUALITIES IN  
APPETIZING MEAL"** — says famous  
Chef Jules Rendapierre of Hotel  
Roosevelt, New York City.

**I**N my native language we have an expression, a wish that we extend to anyone who is about to eat — "*Bon Appetit!*" But this hope of enjoyment, this wish for a good appetite, is useless if the meal lacks flavor,

if the food is not fresh. To my friends who buy in small quantities for their homes, I often give this advice: *buy foods wrapped in Cellophane.* Such foods are fresher, tastier, *plus savoureux*, as we say."

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# "SILK is as TOUCHY as my BABY'S SKIN..



"It's funny I didn't realize it before. Ever since Jerry was 3 days old, he's been bathed with Ivory Soap. Now I should have known that anything as delicate as satin underwear or chiffon stockings should be washed with just Ivory, too!"

"But I didn't—until this happened. I was shopping for a pretty negligee, my first new one in two years. I found a darling in white and lace—and I did so want it! Of course, I had to be practical, so I asked, 'Will it wash?'"

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Yes, soapsteals in fine items all over the country have been advising Ivory for a long, long time. And really they're partial to Ivory Flakes—the quick-dissolving form of the same pure Ivory that you know so well.

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Are you busy to get your money's worth? Then your grocery can show you something. Ask him to weigh a box of Ivory Flakes—then to weigh a box of other silk-socking soap. There's 20% more soap in the Ivory box! Isn't that worth your while?

## IVORY FLAKES



# Make the **OUT**side of fried foods as digestible as the **IN**side!

BE SURE TO FRY WITH THE DIGESTIBLE VEGETABLE FAT



Digestible French-fried potatoes are easy! All you need is raw potato sticks which have been crisped stiff in ice-cold water. Dry them thoroughly. Then take a deep saucepan, a wire basket or slotted spoon and a 3-lb. can of Crisco, the *digestible vegetable fat*. Melt only enough Crisco to fill the pan  $\frac{3}{4}$  full. Heat slowly.

When your Crisco is hot enough to brown an inch cube of bread in 20 seconds, it is ready for a small batch of potatoes. The temperature is very high (395°F.), yet notice that Crisco does not smoke. Do you know that when a fat smokes it is actually *decomposing*? Use Crisco, the fat that keeps *digestible* at deep-frying temperatures.

When the potatoes are fried to a golden brown, put them to drain on soft paper. Keep them in a warm dry place while you are finishing up dinner. Salt just before serving. Then notice how crisp they are! Crisco, the *digestible vegetable fat*, doesn't soak into fried foods—that's why they digest quickly.



COSTS ABOUT

## FRENCH ASPARAGUS TIPS . . . 47¢

(Serves 4) A digestible delicacy with cheese sauce.

1 can short asparagus stalks	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine dry bread crumbs
1 egg, beaten	1 tin Crisco for deep-frying
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	4 slices toast

Drain asparagus stalks well. Add salt to egg. Dip asparagus stalks in egg mixture, then roll them in crumbs. Fry them until golden brown in deep Crisco heated to 375-385° F., or test bread with an inch cube of bread. It should brown in 40 seconds. (See how crispy and appetizing these stalks are when fried in Crisco, the digestible vegetable fat. Afterward, strain Crisco free of bread crumbs and save it—you can fry with that same Crisco over and over again because Crisco keeps digestible.) Drain on absorbent paper. Place asparagus stalks on slices of toast and cover with—

**Cheese Sauce:** Melt 1 tablespoon Crisco the delicate-tasting and digestible fat. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour. Slowly add 1 cup hot milk, stirring to keep sauce smooth. Cook until thick. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup red or grated cheese. Cook slowly and stir until cheese is melted.



COSTS ABOUT

## LENTEN SALAD CUTLETS . . . 29¢

(Makes 8) Crisco crispens them up digestibly!

1 cup finely chopped celery	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup canned salmon	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika
1 cup dry bread crumbs	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon grated onion	Crisco for deep-frying

Parboil celery 10 minutes in unsalted boiling water. Drain. Remove skin and bones from salmon. Mix celery, salmon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of bread crumbs, mayonnaise and paprika. Turn into cookies. Roll in remaining bread crumbs. Deep-fry in Crisco that will brown an inch cube of bread in 40 seconds, 375-385° F. (This is the healthful way to fry because Crisco is the digestible vegetable fat.) When cutlets are golden brown, drain on absorbent paper. Strain Crisco and use for frying again and again—Crisco does not pass on fish or onion flavors to other foods.

All Measurements Level. These prices are approximate and may vary slightly in your locality. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.



COSTS ABOUT

## FRIED FIGLETS . . . 32¢

(Serves 8) All aboard for a sea digestible dessert!

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried figs	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda
1 egg, beaten	2 tablespoons melted Crisco
1 cup flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup flour	grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
1 tablespoon sugar	Crisco for deep-frying

If hard and dry, soak figs overnight. Cut or chop into small pieces. Mix together flour, salt, sugar, soda and baking powder. Beat egg with milk. Stir liquid into dry mixture. Add melted Crisco, figs and lemon rind. Drop by teaspoons into deep hot Crisco (the sweet-flavored and digestible fat). Crisco is the right heat when an inch cube of bread browns in 40 seconds (367-375° F.). Fry until richly brown, drain on absorbent paper. Serve warm with—

**Brown Sugar Hard Sauce:** Measure 1 cup light brown sugar after sifting. Blend 2 tablespoons Crisco (sweet and fresh-flavored) with  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt and one-fourth of the sugar. Beat in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup thick cream alternately with rest of sugar. When smooth and fluffy, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon lemon juice.

# CRISCO

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## digests quickly

FREE! Write for Crisco cookbook, "FRENCH FRYING". Send name and address to Wm. Innes S. Carter, Dept. XJ-24, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE" . . . IRENE MORRELL FINDS THAT RETIREMENT FROM THE THEATER LEADS TO HER LIFE'S GREATEST RÔLE: THE LEAD IN

## Impersonation of a Lady

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

**I**T IS natural that I should view, even in retrospect, the opening incident of the second phase of my adult life in terms of the theater. For I had been on the stage eleven years—in short, since I was sixteen—save for the three-month wedding trip in Europe which had just preceded this scene.

The setting was the drawing-room of a fast train which had left New York some hours before. New books, magazines, luggage recently stamped by various customs inspectors, and a huge corsage bouquet of white orchids distinguished visually this small space from similar compartments on the same train.

To me it was unique, because the other occupant was Donaldson Carr, my husband. Every time I so designated him, I felt a happy surge of pride and embarrassment.

The buzzer of the door sounded. Don got up, to receive an envelope from the dark-skinned porter. "Telegram for you, Irene." He tossed it into my lap while he felt in his pocket for change.

I read the three pages, exclaimed, "Oh, the darling!" and handed them to Don.

To my astonishment, the message which had delighted me produced in him the exactly contrary emotion. His face flushed. He dropped the sheets as if they had been poisonous.

I picked them up to read again. The signature was that of Joe Gruener, whom I regarded as the best of American theatrical producers, as well as the best of personal friends. With characteristic loquacity, he had dictated:

LOVELEST OF LADIES COMMA WILL YOU KINDLY TURN THOSE BEAUTIFUL VIOLET EYES AWAY FROM CONTEMPLATION OF THAT INCOMPARABLY LUCKY MAN WHO HAS THE AEROGANCE TO CALL YOU WIFE COMMA LONG ENOUGH TO SIGN AND RETURN IMMEDIATELY THE CONTRACT I SENT YOU TWO DAYS AGO STOP OF COURSE AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED YOUR VERBAL AGREEMENT IS ENTIRELY SUFFICIENT COMMA BUT ST. ANDREWS BEING BRITISH AND STUBBORN WILL NOT SIGN UNTIL HE HAS SEEN YOUR SIGNATURE STOP AS YOU KNOW HE HAS HITHERTO ALWAYS REFUSED TO PLAY OPPOSITE ANY AMERICAN ACTRESS AND HE WILL NOT ACCEPT EVEN THIS SPLENDID PART UNTIL HE HAS LEGAL PROOF THE STAR WILL BE YOU AND NO OTHER STOP SO BE A GOOD GIRL AND PUT ALL OTHER THOUGHTS OUT OF THAT GOLDEN HEAD UNTIL YOU HAVE MAILED THE CONTRACT STOP ALL MY LOVE NO STOP

"It's too good to be true!" I declared. For the leading man in question, British and stubborn though he might be, was at the top in our profession. With him in the male rôle, Gruener's new drawing-room comedy was certain to be the sure-fire knock-out he himself had insisted it would be, if properly cast.

Donaldson, whose inability to express his thoughts coherently furnished a perpetually surprising contrast to the verbal fluency of my usual associates, now seemed likely to choke with inarticulate rage. "THE IMPERTINENT HOUND!" HE FINALLY MUTTERED.

"HOW DARE HE SEND YOU ALL HIS LOVE!" DONALDSON SEEMED LIKELY TO CHOKER WITH INARTICULATE RAGE. "THE IMPERTINENT HOUND!" HE FINALLY MUTTERED.



"The impertinent bound!" he finally muttered. "How dare he send you all his love!"

I laughed uncontrollably. At last I said, "Don, haven't you learned by this time that to people connected with the stage that doesn't mean any more than 'kind regards' would to you?"

"That doesn't make me like it any better!"

"My dear," I said, "you know Joe Graener. You know he's at least sixty years old, and from an decade, He's always been the soul of kindness to me. And in his way, he's the greatest of gentlemen."

"Well, I don't like his way!"

Further argument seemed futile. In the disconcerting silence I reflected that it was fantastic that I should have been forced to apologize for the unconventional manners of the middle-aged man who had done more for me than any other person in the world. Joe had not only been the first New York producer to give me a chance, and thus end those dreary, disheartening days of playing in stock in small towns; his influence had extended far beyond the advancement of my professional career. His admonitions regarding my conduct onstage, uncouthly expressed though they were, had followed channels as rigid and inflexible as Donaldson himself could have laid down.

That Don, who was innately conventional, had urged me to marry him, and that the famous St. Andrews was willing to costar with me, pointed, I felt, to a dual success, both as woman and as actress, for which I owed Joe Graener eternal gratitude.

Yet as the buzzer sounded again, I found myself hoping that it did not herald the arrival of another telegram. This time, the attendant announced the last call being held in the dining car. I looked smiling. "Maybe you'll rather have the waiter serve you in here?"

"No, thank you," Don and I answered simultaneously. I stood up to adjust my hat. While I was looking in the mirror, Don's arms went around me. Immediately I felt secure and happy. "How childish we both are!" I thought. We went gaily into the diner and took our places at a small table.

Don handed me the menu. "I don't need to look at it," I said. I listed the simple dishes which had long comprised my midday meal.

"Oh, come on!" he answered. "I'm going to have a thick steak with potatoes au gratin and fresh corn with butter and paprika, to start with. I'll make that for two." He wrote it down. He added, "Two hearts of lettuce with Roquefort dressing, two pots of omelet with cream."

I repeated, "I will have a mixed-green salad with French dressing, Graham bread toasted, and a glass of buttermilk."

Donaldson amended the order, but after the waiter had disappeared, he said: "You'd look better with an extra ten pounds, Irene."

**N**OW, I know that this declaration is supposed to reveal the peak of masculine devotion. But under the circumstances, I did not regard it in this light. My strict regimen had been prescribed by an eminent medical specialist. To follow it had necessitated vigorous self-denial. The reward of my deprivations had been the verdict of even the most captious of critics— Irene Morell's figure is as lovely as her face." So to have someone who knew nothing of the exacting standards of the footlights speak of my diet as a whim, exasperated me.

No rejoinder was possible, however, for I perceived that I had been recognized by three excited young girls who sat one table away across the aisle. Long experience in being pointed out in public places enabled me to pretend confidence. "Irene Morell," I called to their attention, my amusement when one of them proudly instructed her companions in the proper pronunciation of my first name.

"It's French," she said. "E-rain'—in't it lovely?"

"E-rain' Morell!" Like a peep, I answered.

"We ought to have eaten in the drawing-room," Donaldson said in a low tone. His back was toward the speaker; he was asleep.

As I refrained from answering, I was beginning to discover for myself the truth implicit in the old adage, that courtship is the most misleading prelude possible for marriage.

As though of the first time we had met, almost a year before. Early in November, I had gone to dine one Sunday evening at Mr. and Mrs. Hastings' handsome, large house just off Fifth Avenue. I had met the Hastingses and their party. I was dining there just as they were leaving. They had rented a house for the season, so their daughter



"YOUR DAVE'S OVER!" BIESSLER  
SHOUTED. "IN A FEW YEARS  
IT WILL BE MY CHILDREN  
WHO WILL RUN THIS TOWN!"

might be presented at court, and we had been entertained by several of the same Englishwomen.

After we had returned to this country, Mrs. Hastings had included me in all her parties which my limited leisure would permit me to attend. On her side, she was prompted by a true liking, maturity, in character. Her position was too secure to need the presence of a celebrity to enhance her social prestige. My acceptance was just as disinterested. I refused innumerable invitations to more ostentatious and wealthier homes, but I was always glad to come here.

On this evening, I found myself seated at the long candle-lit table between Mr. Hastings and a handsome young man I had never seen before. Our host had told me, on the way into the dining room, that the stranger was Donaldson Carr, a former classmate of his son's both at Princeton and at the Harvard Law School.

It did not occur to him that it was necessary to inform Donaldson of my identity. Therefore I enjoyed the unprecedented experience of being admired without hearing a word about the theater. On the contrary, he talked to me on the assumption that I had led the same sort of idle, sheltered existence as the Hastings' daughter, or the girl on his other side, whom he was ignoring.

I found this assumption refreshing. More than that, it seemed an acid test of my skill as an actress. For in a view of the poverty and hard work of my youth, it was gratifying to be mistaken for the type of well-bred *jeune fille* which it was my special province to impersonate on the stage.

When dinner was half over, Donaldson said, "Ever since I first saw you, you've reminded me of someone. I've just remembered who it is."

I held my breath, certain he would add, "You look like that actress, Irene Morell."

Instead, he paid me a sagacious compliment. "You look the way my mother did, when she was young."

He went on to say that she had died when he was six, but that he had a portrait of her, pointed before he was born, for which I might have sat.

A woman does not need to have read Freud to know that a man who sees in her a strong resemblance to his mother is seriously attracted to her. And when I said, "I don't usually talk so much, but for some reason I feel I could tell you anything, and you would understand," I answered sincerely, "I think I would."

He told me that after the death of both his parents, a severe great-uncle had undertaken to bring him up. He had always lived in the town of Wyckton, which contained some hundred thousand inhabitants.

"But it isn't," he declared, "a bit like my small town towns are. It's very cosmopolitan, and the people are delightful."

The reason for his presence now in New York was to decide whether he would accept an offer to become a junior partner in a distinguished law firm, or return to the office of Wyckton's foremost lawyer.

My own love of cities made me wonder at his inclination. But at this point our conversation was interrupted by my other neighbor. Mr. Hastings turned toward me. "I understand a petition is being signed by certain younger royalties to have you go back to London this winter."

"Graener won't let me," I answered. "When this run is finished, he has another play waiting for me."

"What are you talking about?" Donaldson demanded. Before I could disclose the truth gently, the older man exclaimed, "Don! Don! You know this fascinating creature you've been monopolizing, is Irene Morell?"

"I know she's Miss Morell," I answered stiffly. "I didn't know her first name."

Hastings guffawed. His customary tact was obliterated by what he considered a priceless joke. He captured the attention of the eighteen men and women at the table, that, to the accompaniment of shouts of incredulity, related the story of Donaldson's naïveté.

In my vicarious embarrassment I blushed. This increased the general hilarity. Everyone began to ask the unfortunate victim ridiculous questions. "Do you know what city this is?" "Do you know the first name of the President of the United States?"

Donaldson's reaction to this chaffing deepened my initial regret for his presence. He had started bad, but he had risen. He lifted his glass and bowed, first toward our hostess at the other end, then toward me. Looking down at me, he said:

"I wish to propose a toast. Not to Miss Morell, the famous actress whom, in my ignorance, I did not know. But to Miss Morell, the most charming of ladies, whom, in my wisdom, I hope to know!"

He set down. The applause was louder than the derision had been.

**O**NLY when the woman had gone into the drawing-room for coffee was a dissenting voice raised. Mrs. Hastings led me to a sofa apart from the others.

"Isn't the provincial point of view delicious?" he began. "We've tried to smooth down some of Donaldson's rough edges, for my son is devoted to him, but you can't superimpose sophistication on a small-town product."

I inquired, "He isn't married, is he?"

"No. There's some girl at home he's more or less engaged to, I believe. My son went out to visit him this summer, and was surprised. I don't know whether anything about her that isn't *comme il faut*. She's much too proper, in fact, in a bourgeois way. A colorless little thing, who adores him, and is entirely under the thumb of her mother. Her mother, if you please, is herself a grand old lady of the old school."

She said to my son—in it wonderful, really?—I am to Wyckton what Mrs. Astor was to New York forty years ago, only I'm more careful in what I include."

Mrs. Hastings' words brought tears to her eyes. She touched them with a lace handkerchief, as she went on:

"That's why we're so determined Donaldson shall move to New York. You see, he is extremely intelligent—brilliant, really, in his profession—but he lacks social education in the broad sense. He told my boy—"again she chuckled—"to be very careful what he believed at this woman's house! That she was 'the social arbiter' of Wyckton! I'm afraid perhaps—our best friend—she is a little bit like a baroness in a glacier for a hundred years and then emerging? For, of course, all pretense at leadership and exclusiveness, based on her kind of distinctions, has disappeared from every city in the world."

I was not interested in abstractions. The mention of a girl to whom Donaldson was more or less engaged had caused a constriction like physical pain in my heart. I did not call attention to it, but I pretended to myself that it was anxiety for his welfare.

After the men joined us, I talked to those who gathered around the sofa, but I noticed Donaldson's every movement. For perhaps ten minutes he remained in a listless state with the Hastings' young daughter, then, with a glance at me I could not fathom, got up decisively.

By the first measure of that sort I had ever attempted, I had failed miserably. I don't know just as he was leaving. My chaperone was waiting, but (Continued on Page 81)

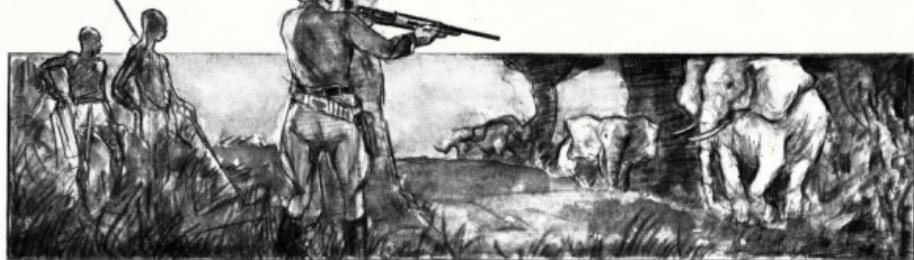


MRS. WYCKOFF SAILED STRAIGHT TOWARD ME. MY HEART THUMPED AS I BOSE. HOW HORRIBLE IF SHE WERE RUDE!

CHRIS WANTED A CAREER, BUT EVEN

IN THE MOVIES SHE HAD TO BE A

## Society Girl



BY ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ALMOST every morning for thirty years Mr. Struthers had gone into his wife's bedroom at half-past nine and said with the air of a man making an unexpected announcement, "Well, my dear, I'm going down town now." This morning, although he came in as usual, he paused silent on the threshold; his youngest, his loveliest and his best-loved daughter was standing in the middle of the room, obviously making a scene. Her white-satin-and-lace dressing gown was wrapped closely about her slim young person; her crisp, dark hair stood on end, her blue eyes blazed, and she was saying:

"Do I have to come out if I don't want to? Do I have to go to parties that bore me, and dance with lame boys who haven't any adjective but 'swell'? Everything is 'pretty swell'—from the President's speeches to a run round the end. I won't do it, mother; nothing can make me dress up every evening and go and do things that bore me with people I despise."

"Hold on a bit," said Mr. Struthers, coming in and shutting the door. "You don't suppose your mother and I care? We'd be glad enough to be saved the money and trouble—"

"He paused, for he saw clearly by his wife's expression that he was saying the wrong thing.

"Edward, you do want the child to be thoroughly normal," she murmured.

The Strutherses were thoroughly normal people—indeed, they would not have resented being described as commonplace. Their apartment—they had given up a house long after most of their friends—had a number in Fifth Avenue, because they still believed there was magic in that thoroughfare, and they viewed with alarm the slums which their more adventurous acquaintances living on the East River must traverse nightly.

The two elder Struthers girls had grown up, come out, enjoyed themselves, married, and were now engaged in getting their children into the best schools and dancing classes, being civil to all the older people who could be of use to their husbands, dining every Sunday night with their parents, and in general behaving in a thoroughly normal manner. And now here was Christabel, the most beautiful, the most exciting of the three, going in a way that neither of her parents could understand.

Mr. Struthers decided to start again. "Now, what's all this?" he asked, as if he had not spoken before.

Christabel turned to him; sometimes he understood her better than her mother. "Father, I don't want to have a coming-out party. I don't want to come out—I don't want to be that kind of person."

"I wish I knew you put all these ideas into your head," said her mother.

"Oh, ye gods!" cried Christabel. "Why must families be like that—why, if you have a natural idea of your own,

must they always attribute it to a malign outside influence? If you could only understand, mother, it's the most normal thing in the world for a girl with any sense not to want to lead an utterly meaningless existence. I want to be someone—to do something interesting and worth while."

"And what interesting, worthwhile thing do you imagine you could do?" asked Mr. Struthers.

"Nothing new, father. That's why I want to prepare myself. I want to study at the Sorbonne, or go to a dramatic school."

"And have you any reason to think," her father began, but his wife interrupted him:

"Go and get dressed, dear." She nodded gently at her daughter.

"What has she got in her mind?" said her father when the door had closed behind her.

"Nothing, I imagine," replied his wife, "but I was afraid that if we hinted her down she might feel obliged to go and find something."

Impressed as always by his wife's practical wisdom, Mr. Struthers stooped and kissed her, went down town, and forgot about the whole incident.

But in this one instance Mrs. Struthers was mistaken. Her youngest daughter not only had a plan, but the maddening quality of family discussion had driven her to act upon it.

She dressed with meticulous care, and left the apartment without saying where she was going. Presently she was stepping out of a taxi in front of a tall building, and then she was studying its bewildering directory.

The summer before, at a peasant in Southampton given in behalf of the unemployed, a well-known film director who managed the whole thing had noted her resemblance to that beloved movie star, Della Delany. It was a resemblance already well known to Christabel and her friends; it had always dictated her clothes, her manner, even her method of speech. She had learned the characteristic Delany smile—not a mere slit of a smile, but a wide oval that showed the full curve of her beautiful white teeth.

The director, Mark Mulligan by name, had told her that she ought to have a screen test made, and that he would arrange it for her. In August she had come to town with great secrecy and the test had been made. The fact that it cost twenty-five dollars was a surprise to Christabel, but she paid the money uncomplainingly out of her depleted allowance.

The test was pronounced extremely successful—in fact, Mr. Mulligan had said that any time she wanted a job, she had only to come to him. You say such things to the daughter of a rich banker when you would not say them to a poor girl out of work. He had not expected to be taken up—and had not been—at the time.

Now when the telephone tinkling on his desk told him that a Miss Struthers wanted to see him, he did not remember for a few seconds who she could be. He was a large, solid man, slightly bald, with a powerful deep voice that became irresistibly dominant when shouting orders through a megaphone.

It was not a good moment at which to ask favors of him. He had just been having a disagreeable interview with Morris Kruger, the treasurer and controlling force in the

organization. The company was a new one, and not yet liberally financed. The costs of Mulligan's new picture, Florida, were mounting too fast.

"If I played six weeks at every theater on Broadway," Mr. Kruger had said to him brutally, "we wouldn't break even."

"You can't get a big hit for no money spent," said Mulligan.

"You certainly can't," answered Mr. Kruger.

Mulligan pointed out that he had come to the company not as an economist, but as an artist. He mentioned the long list of successes behind him—these had not been made by listening to the financial department counting pennies.

"Now listen to me, Mullie," said Mr. Kruger. "If we don't get this loan we're out, we're done. See? If these fellows go into the books and find how you're making the money fly, they won't listen to reason. Let up will you? At least until after the first of the month." And, as he had an irritating habit of doing, he left the room as soon as he himself had finished speaking.

The telephone tinkled again, slightly more insistently. The operator had not understood whether Miss Struthers was to be sent in, or not.

"Oh, send her in," said Mulligan.

The minute he saw her he remembered her perfectly. "It's nice of you to see me, Mr. Mulligan, when you must be so busy," said Christabel, gasping a little between her words, for great offices alarmed her.

"Always a pleasure to see you, Miss Struthers. I was wondering the other day why you never looked me up like you said you would."

He was very cordial now—with the cordiality of a man who means to offer nothing more substantial than cordiality. He talked on and on—about the pageant, and her screen test, and how he had kept the stiffs standing on his desk and everyone had thought they were flattered photographs of Delany. He knew perfectly why Christabel had come.

AT LAST she managed to interrupt the flow of his talk: "You know you said you would give me a job, Mr. Mulligan. How about that?"

"Oh, I wish you had come in last week," said Mr. Mulligan, and he waved his right great fist about as if in agony. "We were casting *Youthful Indiscretion* then—we needed a lot of society girls for that. Now let me see. Figgitts—that's altogether Chinese. We're making so few pictures now. Perhaps if things pick up after Christmas, you might come back."

He shuffled his feet as if he were about to get up, and Christabel, being really a docile girl, rose to her feet. She looked sad, her mouth drooped. And at that moment the door opened and a tall, thin, pale man entered.

"This is Mr. Kruger, Miss Struthers, the treasurer of our company. Miss Struthers was asking if we had any work for her, Morris."

Mr. Kruger's pale blue eyes fixed themselves on Christabel and he said in a low, whispering voice, "Did anyone ever tell you that you look like Della Delany?"

"Like Delany wished she looked," said Mr. Mulligan,

Kruger continued to stare. "Are you any relation of Edward J. Struthers?"

"Just my father."

"I know him."

"Really, do you?"

"I was telling Miss Struthers that maybe if she came in after Christmas," said Mulligan.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Kruger. "But what about Florida? It's your funeral, Mullie, but I would think Miss Struthers would be a big asset in the ballroom scene in Florida."

"I believe you're right," exclaimed Mr. Mulligan. "How come I forgot that ballroom scene?"

Christabel could hardly believe her ears. She beamed at Mr. Kruger, evidently the kindest of men. She was told to present herself the next morning at the studio at ten o'clock, with a ball dress. She had a ball dress? Rather—a lovely new one just out from Paris, and selected by her mother for other purposes than trailing over a studio floor.

When she had gone the two men looked at each other, and Kruger said, "You can't beat these bankers—they always want something off the top for themselves. I felt Struthers was holding out for something. Wants his daughter in the movies, does he—well, why not?"

"They're hard to handle, these society girls," said Mulligan, remembering some incidents of the past.

"Clack her out as soon as the loan's tied up," said Mr. Kruger. Both men felt they had done their best for their company, neither of them ever having seen or heard of a man who did not want his daughter in the movies.

Christabel went away exultant. Like many younger children, she suffered from a sense of persecution. All the family, she felt, were against her. Her sisters invariably agreed with their mother—at least where Christabel's interests were concerned. She had a bitter count against them both. Two years before this she had come near to being expelled from the boarding school to which all Struthers daughters were sent. She had put on a private one-woman show—an imitation of Miss Ormsby, the head

mistress, complete with her neat coat and skirt, pince-nez, English accent and all. Unfortunately, it had been witnessed by a sneaky French teacher—there had been a terrible fuss.

Christabel felt that her sisters had not stood by her—and she had found out some things that they did when they were at school—and there was no use in their saying so at school—there was no use in their saying so. "But those were entirely different, Chris." They were different only because they weren't nearly so amusing. She had been saved by Miss Ormsby herself, who had insisted on seeing the performance, had laughed until her pince-nez fell off, and had made Christabel president of the dramatic club for the next year. No, Christabel felt she did not owe her family complete confidence, in fact, she enjoyed the sense of a magnificent secret.

She announced the next morning that as this was his day at the Junior League, she might be late. Both clauses of the sentence were true separately—it was her day at the league, and she was almost certainly going to be late. No one doubted her, and only the butler observed that she took with her as she left the apartment a small bag. He did not know it contained her best evening dress.

She arrived at the studio somewhat ahead of time. She thought it a great piece of luck that she met Mr. Mulligan in the outer office. He absorbed her in, introduced her to the wardrobe mistress, and to Mr. Stone, the assistant director who was going to take charge of the ballroom scene.

"Take good care of Miss Struthers," he said, patting Christabel's shoulder, "for she's a good friend of mine."

Mr. Stone, who hated Mulligan for the adequate reason that all his own hard work went merely to swell his chief's recent triumphs, said bitterly that any friend of Mark's—

"And I tell you," said Mr. Mulligan, "I'm going to give Miss Struthers that interpolated line—remember? In the ballroom scene, where one of the debs says, 'Isn't the music beautiful?' I think she'd handle that very well."

He beamed on her and hurried away to the direction of the great bathing scene. He left the loan must now be thoroughly safe. What more could you do for an outsider than give her a line the first time she faced a camera?

Christabel, always eager to be helpful, turned to Mr. Stone when they were alone and said, "You know, it would really be more natural if I said, 'Isn't the music divine?' or even 'swell.'"

Mr. Stone stared at her. "Look here," he said, "you are supposed to be a society girl. I guess they don't talk like that. I guess the author knows more about how society girls talk than you and I do."

He turned away, leaving Christabel feeling as thoroughly smudged as he intended her to feel.

Fifteen minutes later, dressed in her pink evening dress, with festoons of chiffon roses on the shoulders, she was ready for work. The ballroom scene was not set as yet. She was permitted to watch the progress of the bathing scene—a distant blue ocean, painted sand, absolutely real, spread to the naked feet of the actors and actresses, under bright sun umbrellas. She watched enthralled—hardly daring to breathe when the sound apparatus was working, quiet as a mouse even when they were merely rehearsing.

She had been aware for some time that she was being stared at by an extremely good-looking young man, dark, square-jawed, standing with his arms folded, his eyes passing over her rather contemptuously—at least, rather ably—the unknown extras making up the crowd of bathers, Christabel knew she had seen that face before—and had seen it on the screen. Their glances kept crossing, she was annoyed to find herself coloring—but not entirely annoyed at recognizing the obvious fact that a well-known film star was pleased with her appearance.

She thought, "He's divine looking, and I know I know who he is, only—"

She decided it would be more dignified to move away; she stepped back, caught her foot in one of the many cables with which a studio floor is—

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"THE MIRROR I'VE HAD AND LIVED AT THE  
ON THE SCREEN, WONDERING IF THERE  
WAS I MIGHT ACTUALLY BEAR TO  
THE—AND NOW THAT TABLE WAS FOR  
GOTTEN ME TO KNOW YOU IN MY NAME!"

# Forward From Polio

BY PAUL DE KRUIF

**I**NFANTILE PARALYSIS was the polio fighter's most important present on his twenty-first birthday. It must have been a wonderful morning for him, what with the doctor leaning over to tell him what ailed him, and then just a few minutes later his mother trying to give him the one hundred dollars she'd scraped and saved for this great day. He couldn't reach to take it. Overnight the sickness had done a perfect job, much better than if it had merely killed him. Here he lay—living, yes, but unable to move his head, his arms, his legs or even his fingers or toes at all, hardly able to swallow and barely able to breathe—just alive.

Such was the morning of our polio fighter's formal entrance into manhood and the beginning of his fight—these are his own words—"forward from polio."

He earns the name "fighter" because without grit he could never have come so far toward self-reliant citizenship in the nine years since that birthday morning. It's best to call nature's sweet gift to him "polio," because "infantile paralysis" is a bad name for a plague that paralyzes many no longer infants, and that sickness may an infant without a sign of paralysis. Polio is short for poliomyelitis, and it is the cheerful slang of those paralysed—they hate the word "cripple"—who are fighting their way toward usefulness in the clear blue water and the strong sun down at Warm Springs, Georgia.

That is where the polio fighter went, a few years after he found, one day, that instead of not being able to move at all, he could wiggle his left hand's middle and index fingers. There is no magic in the warm blue water, mind you. But here he found a band of comrades in misfortune, kidding one another out of their mutual misery. Each day, winking their ruined muscles into working, they were a bit less helpless than yesterday. It was grim and slow, but sure—so long as they kept on fighting. It brings hope to the more than a quarter of a million Americans that polio has left limp, deformed and maimed.

But first, what is this polio mystery? How did the polio fighter—a healthy hundred and seventy-five pounds, and six feet in his socks—come to catch it? Was there microbial divinity at the bottom of it? Why didn't he give it to his father and mother? Why did it single him out, when the bulk of boys of his age are absolutely immune from it? Could his doctor have kept our polio fighter's fever from turning into that total paralysis? What chance was there for any comeback for his body that lay so helpless that birthday morning? Could he escape the deformity that is still a most ghastly consequence for thousands of him?

Thousands, every year, are stricken with polio, even in years when there is no epidemic bad enough to make the newspaper headlines.

II

**H**E HAD just finished his junior year at Dartmouth; and though the polio fighter disclaims having learned anything of importance at college, yet his sickness—mercifully leaving him absolutely clear-headed—because of his helplessness left him time to ask these fundamental questions. For most of them there were already pretty clear-cut scientific answers, and most of them hopeful. This was wonderful when you remember that his affliction was what you might call a baby among human scourges.

When the shrewd German bone mender, Jacob Heine, first accurately reported it in 1840, polio was a no-account sickness. It picked out a very few babies here and there. It struck them down at their loveliest, as they learned to toddle. It was then known for it to sweep through communities, leaving behind it a starfield of maimed. [E]



IN THE POOLS OF WARM, WEIRD, BLUE WATER AT WARM SPRINGS, GEORGIA, LIMBS WASTED BY INFANTILE PARALYSIS ARE BEING TAUGHT ONCE MORE THEIR FUNCTIONS

Heine took a crumb of comfort from it—that he'd never seen it kill anybody—and it is curious that he never saw a victim of it till years after that victim was raised by it.

But, you see, he was a bonsetter. To him there came over a term of years maybe a couple dozen of children—with one or both legs cold and thin and blue, with the calves of their legs doubled back on their thighs and their thighs pulled up close to their bodies, or one or both arms hanging limp like tails. They paled themselves pitifully about in little wagons. They hitched themselves along on their bottoms. They went on all fours like animals. And that kind-hearted old man took a simple German joy in exercising them, mud-bathing them, bracing them, operating them out of those hideous deformities, making them walk up straight like humans, even though grotesquely—like your modern automation.

He guessed shrewdly that the mischief lay in something wrong with their spinal cords; he recorded reports of their parents that the tragedy had begun with a mild little fever. But now came an American, Charles Fayette Taylor. Doctor Taylor had the luck to see the plague in its innocent feverish beginning, and the insight to be a marvelous engineer of human protoplasm.

"A fact of immense importance," said Taylor, "is that all cases tend toward recovery." He, too, never saw polio's terrible deadlines.

But he did see this—that many sets of muscles may not be paralyzed at all, and that one set may get better faster than another. He knew that our muscles are so arranged that one set works against another. He saw that the stronger sets, contracting, staying contracted, pulled against the sick, limp ones, twisting their miserable owners' feet into lifeless curves, their spines, grotesquely deforming them—

He saw how the weak muscles put on a stretch by the stronger ones might be raised forever. Ingeniously he put his acutely sick little patients in splints, resting them, so that they lay there, recuperating, no strong muscle pulling against a sick one. Taylor even devised a crude fever machine to bake the cold, blue limbs of his sick youngsters, to send blood surging back through them to nourish their miserable muscles. He tinkered up a curious machine with balanced weights to start the poor, sick muscles to strength again—the weights keeping the muscles doing less than they were able, so as not to ruin them by tiring them.

This engineer-doctor used his mechanics on a paralyzed boy from Richmond, Indiana, who could only slide himself along on his haunches by his hands. It was fully two years before that boy could walk alone.

"But he did walk at last," wrote old Taylor, "with . . . no halt, or limp, to show that for two years he hadn't taken a step." In this boy he had prevented deformity. "Then why not prevent all of them?" asked this doctor, fifty years ahead of his time. This was in 1868.

Who dares to estimate how many thousands of paralytics, grotesquely twisted, helpless, have been advanced to face the world—victims, as they've been, of ignorance and neglect of Taylor's science? But here our own polio fighter, this boy who got polio for his twenty-first birthday, whose fight is the fight all polios must face, was lucky. His feet were carefully kept at right angles to his legs, and he was so paralyzed that there were no strong muscles to pull against weak ones.

"You don't move, for two reasons," the polio fighter said: "The doctor won't let you, and it's impossible anyway." But now fragments of strength stirred in him. First these two fingers. Then one eye he could himself bring



THERE ARE POOLS IN THE NORTH THAT COULD BE USED THE SAME WAY. CLIMATE? WARM WATER? THE ENGINEERS' COULD TAKE CARE OF THAT—if WE CARED ENOUGH

his arm. "Great!" he muttered. Then he could draw his left leg up and push his right foot down. "Just to show 'em, I split my plaster cast moving that leg," he said.

But the doctor put the sick chrysalis back in his cocoon. "Trying a recovering muscle is the worst thing you can do," the doctor told him.

So the polo fighter lay there, wondering.

### III

HOW had he caught it? Of course, back in the days of that odd neglected genius, Taylor, microbes hadn't yet come into fashion. Taylor hadn't dreamed polio might be catching. But in 1881, in Latitude 64° North, under the crackling northern lights just south of the Arctic Circle, the subvisible polio demons began stirring, in Umea, Sweden. There, that year, a score of paralyzed babies were seen by Doctor Bergsvaldt.

Then the Swedish Doctor Medin—1887—opened his eyes in Stockholm to see the first real terror, the deadliness of this wrecker of the lives of children. How wrong optimistic old Doctor Heine had been! This 1887 summer a little epidemic exploded in Stockholm, with forty-four children stricken.

"I was astonished at the terrible of the acute symptoms," reported Medin—who saw paralysis strike the lower limbs of a three-year-old girl baby, creep up and up, till it killed the muscles controlling her breathing, choking her, so that she died in less than a week. Medin watched it begin like any little ordinary kid's stomach upset and fever, and then in four days choke an eighteen-month-old boy and a five-month-old girl to death.

These dead did their part in the fight against polio. The signs of the sickness were found in the nerve coils of

the spinal cords of their small, dead bodies. It was infection. No doubt of it.

But how did it sneak from a sick child to another doomed to come down with it? How possibly could our own polo fighter have caught it? He'd been near nobody sick with it! Back in 1905 Swede Doctor Ivar Wickman had answered that one for him. This was the winter year of the first terrible polio epidemic in human record. That year more than a thousand were paralyzed, and in all Scandinavia many hundreds never lived to wish they could play like other children.

This Ivar Wickman was the real Sherlock Holmes of polio. He was everywhere that summer, in every Swedish home stricken with it, and in many that weren't. Astonishingly exact, finely painting, he jotted down the crazy habits of this weird contagion. He told how it struck down the forty-six-year-old father of nine children but left all those kids healthy and walking!

Just as polio paralyzed these not infants, he saw it sicken infants, not paralyzing them. In one thatch-roofed Swedish cottage he'd seen a little girl with dead, cold limbs. Her brother had had the same fever, nausea, stiff neck and spine that had been hers at the beginning. Now he was running round playing. And another brother had never been sick at all. In the parish of Tristena this medical Sherlock Holmes trailed the nest of the infection to the parish school and the schoolmaster's children, and proved how a school-going

brother and sister, who suffered never a sign of the sickness at all, brought it home to paralyze their baby brother.

It was hopeful, so said Doctor Wickman, that many might be totally paralyzed yet gradually recover completely. But how could you stop its spreading? Quarantine? Maybe. But you'd have to quarantine the whole population, sick and healthy. Idiiotic. Hopeless. And it was interesting that all those dying choked to death by paralysis of their muscles of breathing.

Our polo fighter lay wondering, getting education deeper than any at Dartmouth. Wasn't it lucky that polio had only damaged but not wiped out his own nerve cells that kept him breathing? Or would it have been better, if—

### IV

IF THE polo fighter could have caught it from some perfectly healthy carrier of infection, what kind of fantastic microbe was it that could pass walkings by to strike him down in his strength? That had been a tough knot for the polo Sherlock to unravel, till in 1909 big, stout-speaking Viennese Karl Landsteiner—with a bit of the spinal cord of that poor nine-year-old Viennese boy, Fritz—had brought

the sickness from man to monkeys. Fritz had died on the fourth day. Ivar Wickman had always said if your child weathered that bad fourth day his chances got better and better. Now here lay the baboon, *C. Assiolytus*, dead on the floor of his cage. And the monkey, *M. rhesus*, dragged his totally paralyzed hind legs after him. Now here at last was a chance to get at truth that would lead to conquering polio.

No one could see the microbe. Even today no one has seen it. Experimenters believe its size to be no more than a millionth of an inch—on the mysterious borderline separating lifeless matter from the smallest living beings.

Out of the paralysis of hundreds and thousands of monkeys and baboons came a gleam of hope against this midget microbe. For though the vaccines that they made failed to guard monkeys, yet let a monkey, or a baby, have the good luck to weather an attack of polio, and it was perfectly safe from another attack. They could go on living, to enjoy their paralysis. But what was this mystery of immunity?

Here was hope—maybe?—for all future babies, hope not sardonic. Paul Römer, who was principal of the Hygienic Institute of Marburg, in Germany, mixed a bit of the deadly virus that hid in the brain of a polio-stricken monkey, with the serum of a child who had gotten better from polio. Virus, you understand, is what they call any midget microbe too little to see; serum is the straw-colored liquid part of blood—minus corpuscles and clot. He let it stand overnight in the ice box. He shot it next morning into a healthy monkey's skull. . . . The monkey never minded it.

With German thoroughness, Römer repeated it—again, again—and yes, no doubt of it, if you survived polio your blood became deadly to the

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HENNINGTON, INC.

# The Crooked Lane

**K**ARL SHERIDAN, ex-Washingtonian, but now a member of the police department of Vienna, returns to his native country and city to assist in installing some new equipment in the laboratory of the Bureau of Investigation. On the night of his arrival he is a dinner guest of his Aunt Cara—Caroline Temple.

"Your seat's over there, K," says Aunt Cara, "between the prettiest girl in Washington and the most outrageous woman in America."

The most outrageous woman in America turns out to be Lady Frederika—"Freddy" to her friends—Parrish; the prettiest girl in Washington is Charity de Tessaincourt—now shortened to "Tess"—Stuart, whom K had known in his boyhood as the War Baby. Tess takes him on a "grand tour" of the table: At her right, Dion Mallory, second secretary at the British embassy—"at present one of my very best young men"; Vicki Wilde; Doctor Byrd, who has broken his engagement to Vicki on learning that the millions she was expected to inherit are only thousands; Joan Lindsay; Brigadier-General Temple—Uncle Gregory; Andrée Chevalier, wife of Raoul Chevalier, French naval attaché; Allan Lindsay, Joan's husband; Abby Stirling, whose husband, Bill, is absent because of his duties as a newspaper correspondent; Sir Oliver Parrish; Aunt Cara; Raoul Chevalier; and at K's left, Lady Parrish.

Shortly after dinner Dion leaves on a hurried motor trip to New York. Before he leaves, however, it is arranged that K is to take the place of Jerry Hardy, Dion's ex-housemate, and share Dion's house.

Tess questions K about his police activities and his equipment for unraveling crimes.

"It's just a little black bag," K tells her. "It is what is known as the Thorndyke equipment, somewhat modified. There are twenty-eight articles in the bag."

"And all you need to get your man is locked up in a few inches of black leather?"

"On the contrary. All I need is locked up in even fewer inches here." He tapped his forehead. "The black bag is simply an instrument for gathering together a few little broken straws that show in what way a small wind is blowing. I am no disciple of what Scotland Yard calls the dominant clue. For me the dominant clue is the motive."

He laughed. "I'll make a little bargain with you. The next time you find a really good murder, I'll leave the little black bag home and still find you the murderer, if you let me have just one party—a party with all the friends of the corpse present. . . . Will you dance with me now?"

"I'd like you to take me home, and we'll finish our talk there. It's after twelve, isn't it?"

Tess shares an apartment on the fourth floor of the old Stuart home with Fay, her younger sister, who has been to a party in Warences with Kippie Todd. When Tess and K arrive, a sign hangs from the sitting-room door: Do Not Disturb—a convention the girls use when either desires privacy.

"Never mind," Tess says. "Come tomorrow afternoon and I'll dangle the sign for hours on end."

K returns to his hotel, and is about to retire when the telephone rings.

"It's Tess, K. Will you come back to the house—and bring your little black bag with you?"

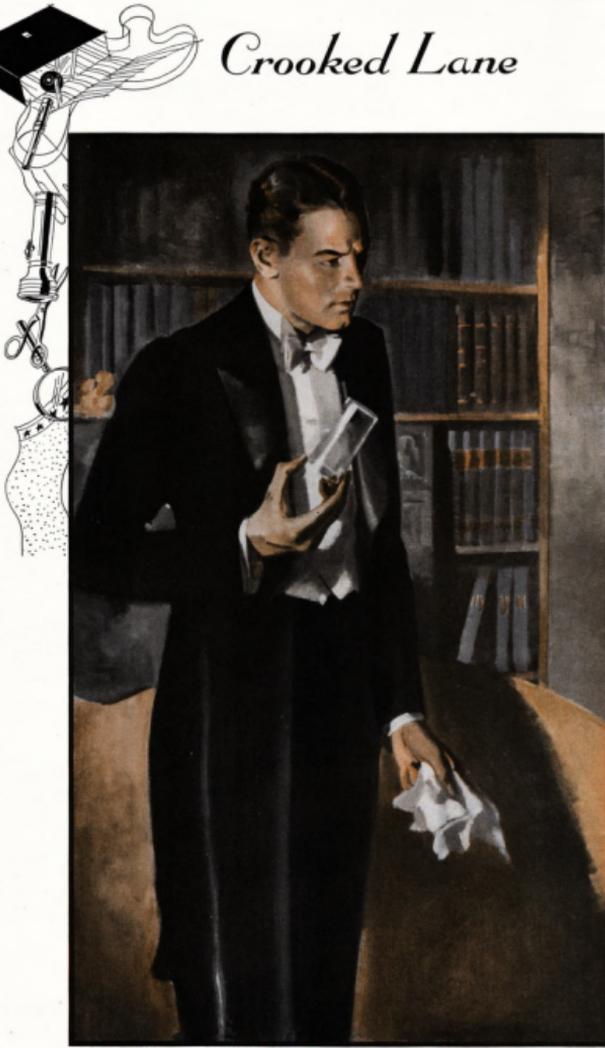
## II--Party for a Friend

**T**ESS was waiting for him just outside the door of the night nursery, one hand on either side of its dark frame, as though it were a fortress held against assault—but for all that she stood straight and tall as a silver arrow, she seemed to him suddenly pitifully young and defenseless. Perhaps it was the heavy white-satin dressing gown, cut as simply and severely as a little boy's; perhaps it was the eyes, pupils widened until they looked dark and lonely in the small white face; perhaps it was the hair, loosed now from order into feathery lightness.

He took a step toward her, and saw that it was none of these. The lipstick with its defiant challenge of lacquer-red sophistication was gone, and he saw for the first time the pure loveliness of her mouth, heart-breakingly young. She dropped one hand to the handle of the door as he came toward her, but otherwise she did not move—only stood staring at him with those lost eyes. After a long moment she said in a voice colorless as her hair:

"It's Fay. She's in there. . . . She's dead."

He was at her side in a second, swift as compassion. "Oh, my dear! How horrible—how horrible for you. She was ill, then, as you feared?"



K HAD HAD NO IDEA WHEN, EARLIER THAT EVENING, HE HAD DESCRIBED WOULD BE USING IT AGAIN SO SOON. BUT THERE WAS FAY, CURLED UP IN TURNED GLASS. CAREFULLY K EXAMINED THE GLASS FOR FINGERPRINTS

BY FRANCES NOYES HART

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB SPRETTEN



THE LITTLE BLACK BAG AND ITS CONTENTS TO TESS, THAT HE  
THE LOVE SEAT, ONE HAND DANGLING HELPLESSLY OVER AN OVER-  
"YOU'RE RIGHT, IT'S MURDER. THERE ARE NO MARKS ON THE GLASS"

"Not, not ill; that is, not really ill." Her eyes strayed from his for a moment, as though they were seeking something that was not there, that was far away. "There's a note on the little table beside the sofa—that says that she's through—that she did it because I wasn't here. . . . Don't you think that was a rather dreadful thing to say?"

"Very dreadful, and not true, not true, believe me."  
"It might have been true," said Tess Stuart, and she lifted one hand to her head, pushing back the cloud of honey-colored hair as though the weight of it were unbearable. "We'd had a quarrel, you see, just before she went to Warrenton; rather a bad quarrel. And then yesterday evening she called up to say that she was coming back, and she wanted me to get her an invitation for the dance tonight. And I wouldn't."

"Why would you not, my poor little Tess?"  
"Because I thought she was drunk," said the girl, her lovely voice shaping the ugly word with a dreadful distinctness. "Because I knew that she would be by the time that she got there. She always is, lately. When she isn't worse."  
"Worse?"

She turned away from him that frozen and piteous mask, but not before he saw it contract fiercely. "Never mind. What does it matter now? Never mind. Anyway, she said if I didn't get an invitation for her she'd come without one. And I said if she did that, I'd call dad that he'd have to come back—that I simply couldn't keep it alone any longer. She's afraid of dad. I could hear her crying at the other end of the wire, and after a minute she said all right, that she'd come home tonight anyway; she was sick of her party, and Kippy Todd had said he'd drive her up right after dinner. She was crying dreadfully, but I was sick of her parties, too, and I hung up. . . . I wish that I hadn't hung up."

"Tess, you must listen to me; you must believe me. It was not because you hung up the telephone that this—that this thing happened here tonight. Never, never so long as you live, believe that. It is not for such reasons that people kill themselves. Look at me—you believe that I am telling you the truth?"

She said, something strange in those clear, wide-spaced eyes, lonelier than a lost child's. "Oh, yes, I believe you, K. You don't know why, but I believe you."

SHE lifted her hand slowly from the door, and he saw, swinging careless and impudent, the gaudy little black-and-scarlet sign with its imperious legend, Do Not Disturb. Do not disturb. His eyes darkened intently. Someone, obviously, had disobeyed that order.

"Tess, how did you find out what had happened to Fay?"

"I couldn't sleep," she said. "I don't sleep very well, ever—not even when things are quite quiet and peaceful, and today things haven't been what you'd call exactly peaceful or quiet. And I'd left my book in the sitting room. After I'd undressed and got into bed I lay there with my light out for almost an hour; I could still see the strip of light from the sitting room shining under my door, but there wasn't a sound—not the smallest laugh or stir or whisper. That wasn't natural; you can hear quite clearly if anyone moves or speaks in there—not what they say, but the voice, even if it's only a whisper. I thought that maybe she'd gone off to bed without remembering to turn out the lights and take the sign down—or maybe that she'd just gone to sleep where she was. She does sometimes when—when she's had too much to drink. And suddenly I began to get really restless, and I did so want the book. There wasn't a thing to read in my room—doesn't give you an awfully empty feeling when there isn't anything to read? And then there was the telephone, too; it's in there and if she'd really taken it off the hook—and she does, any time she thinks it's going to bother her—no one could possibly reach us, and Dion had promised that he'd telephone or telegraph when he got to New York."

"At six o'clock in the morning?"  
"Well, that's when he expected to get there, wasn't it? It meant frightfully last driving in that wretched little rattletrap, of course, and he knows how I worry about his humatic recklessness—though he'd probably just telegraph after all."

"You are very devoted, then, to this young Mallory?"  
His voice was as level and pleasant as usual, but something in his eyes held her for a moment, riveted.

"Devised? What an absurd word!—"  
She checked herself sharply, veiling the silvery candor of her eyes with those few noncommittal lashes. "What does it matter about Dion? Of course I'm devoted" (Continued on Page 41)



## Davy Gets a Rush

BY GRAEME AND SARAH LORIMER

"MY GOODNESS, Davy," I said, trying to keep the dimple out of my voice, "is that you again?"

"Maude," Davy's voice said, very loud and defiant, over the telephone, "you'll sure think I am one dumb chuck, but this is what's happened: There's a very important smoker this evening—I mean, it's one of those things a freshman simply can't pass up for some party somewhere—that's the way things are out here, there are a whole lot of very important —"

"Don't shout," I said coldly. "I can hear you perfectly." "Well, listen, cozy up, will you?" Davy sounded sort of exasperated. "You know I think a horse and lot of you, Maude, but here's the way things are: This is a very important smoker—just about the most important —"

"Let that pass," I said, very calm. "Let all that go. Are you trying to get out of taking me to the Fortnightly tonight?"

"You took the words right out of my mouth," Davy said brightly. "Listen, Maude, you see how I'm fixed, don't you? You aren't mad, have I?"

"You remind me of Davy Dillon," I said, "all but the morals. Do you know I am practically estranged from Chi on account of I said I had this date with you?"

"My heart's broken," Davy groaned. "Not your heart, small change," I said; "your promise." "Oh, that's all right," Davy said flippily. "I'll make you another one. How about Sunday?"

"Listen, you talk good-looking string of misery," I said bitingly, "you and I are such good friends that it hurts. As far as I am concerned, from now on you are definitely on the ice."

"Now, Maude," Davy said, quite alarmed, "what's wrong with me?"

"I haven't time to tell you," I said. "Some people think I'm the flower of my family," Davy went on.

"Then the flower of your family," I told him sternly, "is a blooming idiot."

"SAY, lay off, lay off," Davy shouted. "You might think I've been and personally arranged this smoker. Don't you know I might take you to the Interferently Ball when I decide where to join up? How do you think I like being kicked around?"

"It's a case of mind over matter," I said, simply livid with rage—"I don't mind and you don't matter."

"There was a silence and then Davy said, very stiffly, "Well, I'll be seeing you."

"Not if I see you first," I said, and lunged up, more outraged than I have ever been in my life.

Now, I really love Davy. I have had other loves through the years, but I'm almost over my fickleness now and, feeling as I do about Davy, this was just too much. It seemed that ever since Davy went to college he has been breaking our dates, which I would have absolutely mowed down any other man that did, but Davy was different and I forgave and forgave and forgave, even when I had to go to Susie Tyson's dance alone, which practically every little mind is still talking about. "Well," I thought, with a sob in my heart, "this is the end."

It's a wonder to me how I ever got my divine midnight-blue evening dress down over the lump in my throat, and even when Chi called up to plead with me about turning him down and I graciously yielded to him, I still felt very much like a wet bun—spiritually, I mean—by the time

we started for the Crystal Room in the Academy, where they have the Fortnightly. To make things worse, Chi was just bubbling over with college spirit—he said Davy was rooming together in the university dormitories—which bored me almost as much as all this talk about propriety you hear everywhere.

"Say, stay away a little closer, will you, woman?" he said after a while, in a fed-up voice. "I need an audience. This is rushing season I'm telling you about."

"With me," I said, "it isn't just a season." "As I was telling you," Chi said haughtily, "you don't get the idea at all. The fresh all go round to the different fraternity houses, see, so they can decide which they want to join."

"How could there possibly be any difference?" I said, all men being pretty much alike to me at that point.

CHI gave me a look of scorn. "How?" he said. "Say! Monday we went around to the Alpha Omega house, and Tuesday to the Delta house. Well, the downstairs at Alpha looked like hell in a windstorm on account of all the rough-housing goes on there all the time—I mean, for instance, they got a big lounge over in a corner with a busted spring and stuff coming out in a couple of places. It was pretty crummy."

"It all sounds pretty homelike to me," I said. "Chi frowned. "Wait till I tell you," he said. "We went around to the Delta house after that, and was it smooth? They had their furniture set around all just so and covered in red leather, and there were rugs on the floor instead of carpet, and even a couple on the walls—hoonest—and all around the walls they had animal heads and horns and what not. The Alphas just had one moth-eaten eagle—the Alpha Eagle, they call it, but pretty sad, I'm telling you. You gotta admit there's a difference, Maude."

"Chi," I said, looking at him absently over the collar of my evening wrap, "you nauseate me. I suppose you and Davy crave to be Deltas."

"Well, just confidentially, I'm seared up there," Chi said. "Chi went around to the Delta house after that, and was it smooth? They had their furniture set around all just so and covered in red leather, and there were rugs on the floor instead of carpet, and even a couple on the walls—hoonest—and all around the walls they had animal heads and horns and what not. The Alphas just had one moth-eaten eagle—the Alpha Eagle, they call it, but pretty sad, I'm telling you. You gotta admit there's a difference, Maude."

"Which will he take?" I said, because I had to seem interested.

"Well, the Deltas don't want him to go Zete because they're big rivals, so they're helping the Alphas. I don't tell them, but I think he'll go Zete anyway. Davy is a smooth guy."

"And the Zete house," I said wearily, "is full of animal heads, I suppose. As a Delta, Chi, you will be pretty impressive."

Chi gave me a superior smirk and steered in toward the curb in front of the Academy.

"Don't be posted, Angel Face," he said. "There's lots of Deltas you know. For instance—well—I see you think —"

"There's one now," Chi said, as though pulling a rabbit out of a hat. "Prentice Van Pett, over there on the steps."

"A Delta in every home," I said, climbing out. "Even if it's just Prentice Van Pett."

"Well, he's Old Philadelphia, you got to admit."

"Yes," I said, "and there's some pretty sour apples on these old family trees. Hello, Alita darling." Alita was sitting out of Bob Lindsey's car, and seized me by the arm, looking very ultra in green brocade.

"Maude," she said, looking over at Prentice, "is that something over there we know?"

"Saw," I said. "Friday Evening Dancing Class. Dances with you twice an evening and talks about the last time he saw you. It's Prentice Van Pett."

"Not him—the rusty quarry," Alita said. "I mean the rural town, 'bees him.'"

I looked, and there was a tall boy with a delightfully sacrilegious sort of smile that you wondered how he ever got looked up with Prentice, especially as he had on a tax with a white vest, which gave him a sort of Bohemian air.

"Not a saddle, anyway," I said. "Hello, Prentice. You don't know me from Eve, but I keep trying."

Prentice jumped and smiled as though he had swollen glands. "Oh, really, Maude," he said, "this is great—great! But where is everybody?"

There were about a thousand people going up the steps just then.

"I can't imagine," I said. "I haven't seen a soul in two hours."

The strange boy burst into a smothered chortle and Prentice jumped.

"I—uh—this is Mr. Jones," he said.

"Hello," I said, flashing my smile on him, "how's life been treating you?"

"It doesn't treat me any more," he said. "I was to pay for what I got."

Well, when that missile struck me the evening simply changed. I leaped and bounded up the steps, full of joy, and practically broke my jaw running into Davy, of all things, inside the door.

"Get here after all," he said, as though I cared, "with some fellows from the dorm. Gosh, are you easy to look at!" Then, seeing Mr. Jones, whom he seemed to know, looking after me, he said harshly, "Whatcha got, a blind date?"

"Girls that are easy to look at," I said sweetly, "are seldom seen on blind dates." And I left him to his thoughts.

WELL, we all went in, the way we always do: the girls curtsy to the patronesses in the receiving line, and the boys bow. Just an old Philadelphia custom. Chi and I fell into each other's arms for the first dance and I saw Davy and Prentice and Mr. Jones all melting into the stag line. Chi wanted to show me off to Davy, so he swept past him doing little trick steps with me.

"Say, fell," I heard Mr. Jones say to Davy, "who's that passion flower over there?"

"Whose?" Davy said smugly. "She's mine, and you got her wrong, guy. She's the California-hunglows type: all the modern improvements but no heat. Want to meet her? Come along." And with that he dared to stroll over and pry me away from Chi.

"Sorry to rob you, pal," he said to Chi. "Meet a right guy, Maude, inexperienced but willing. Jay Jay Jones. Maude, listen."

"Hello officially," I said, putting good-bay to Chi's arm, while totally ignoring Davy. "Not that I liked what you said about me. I feel very formal."

Jay Jay took my other hand and drew me to him, but Davy pulled him back.

"What do I get out of this?" he said. "Not even a kind word or a crust?"

"Just a horse," I said sternly, "which I will pick with you sometime."



WELL, WE MANAGED TO GET THE TOP ONE TO OURSELVES, WHERE WE TALKED ABOUT LIFE IN A BIG WAY

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

"Listen," he asked, "do you know who that guy is?"  
 "Some friend of yours, I gathered," I said pleasantly.  
 "Nice, isn't he?"

"He's this and that way about you," Davy said gruffly,  
 "but he's no friend of mine, in case you're interested."

"I am," I said, "in him."  
 Jay Jay cut in just then and Davy bared his teeth in what was meant to be a smile.

"Let's go somewhere and breathe," Jay Jay said. "This is telling on me."

"It's a pious idea," I said. "Only don't let Mrs. Van Pelt see you. She thinks there is something sinister about sitting down at a dance."  
 "That idea," he said, "is a little shiny in the pants these days. What about the stairs?"

Well, there were couples on every other step, but we managed to get the top one to ourselves, where we talked about Life in a big way, the way you do with a strange man.  
 "Well," I said, after a little while, "now that that's over, who are you really, Jay Jay? I mean, why Prentice Van Pelt?"

He looked a little startled. "What do you mean?" he said.

"I've known Prentice since Davy pushed him in the bid bath," I said. "Did you know he even goes to sleep with that face on? Honest. But where did you trip on him?"

"Oh, I see him around college," he said heartily—too heartily. "Good old Soxox."

"That isn't an answer," I said, "but it's a merry name. Are you a—what is Prentice?—a Delt, isn't it?"

"I'm Alpha," Jay Jay said, giving me a very intent look for some reason. "What do you know about fraternities, baby?"

"Nothing," I said, "and all of it bad."

"Now wait," he said. "Just let me say a word about Alpha —"

"You've said it," I said, "and I wasn't interested. Fraternities are all alike to me except the Delt's, and they're worse."

(Continued on Page 102)

Davy backed away. "Not me," he said very airily. "I'm a vegetarian."  
 Jay Jay gave me one of those deep chuckles that stir a girl's soul.

"There's no excuse for that man," I said, melting into his embrace. "If I had my teeth I'd bite him."

"I'm glad to hear it," he said, drifting past the line of patronesses. "I thought he had you staked out."

"I heard him," I said. "When he was two years old they didn't know whether he was going to walk or fly."

Jay Jay gave a shout that nearly blew the nose off Mrs. Van Pelt's bosom. "Maudie," he said, "you're the kind of girl I'd like to know better."

"So would I," I said. "A fascinating study."

"Doesn't kid me," he said. "I never was more serious in my life. Why, one look at you —"

"Really," I said. "Well, you should have seen me when I had my health."

"Listen," he said, edging us away from the stem line, "what's the idea talking as though you were falling apart?"

"That's only the line that I'm using this week," I told him confidentially. "And my eyes are bothering me too."

"I don't wonder," he murmured in my ear. "They bother me."

Then Georgie Edwards cut in and I said, "Thanks, tons," all the time wondering exactly who Jay Jay was and how he happened to come with a little lemon like Prentice Van Pelt and why he wore that white vest. Davy cut in and said, "Listen, Maudie," but Chi cut him out before he finished, and then Bob Lindsay and then Jay Jay again, smiling his untamed smile.

"Oh, Mr. Jones again," I said. "The name is familiar but the face—I have it! You sang a song in the last Grease Point play out at the university, didn't you?"

"My public!" he said. "To think of finding somebody that remembers my song." He looked pleased in the way a man does who is used to praise.

"It's not your song I remember," I corrected him gently. "It's your bow legs"—which was a libel, of course, but it knocked his wind, you could see.

"What a girl!" he said, and then somebody cut in and I said, "Thanks, millions."

Well, it wasn't very long before Davy began cutting in roughly, which is Davy's elemental way of getting jealous.





## You're So Dumb

BY FANNY HEASLIP LEA

"FROM Avranches," said Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer in her deepest, most unctuous platform tones, "this looked like some great galleon at anchor." She was pointing up the worn stone steps of the ramparts of Mont-St.-Michel to view from its Tour du Nord the power and the glory of the oncoming spring tide.

Constance Field, close on those authoritative low heels, thought with uncontrollable annoyance, "You've been reading the guidebook." Her assurance shamed her a little, because if it hadn't been for Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer and her son she wouldn't just that afternoon have arrived at the Mount in such lordly state; wouldn't now be stopping at a famous hotel, with a bath all to herself, with a great yellow-quilted bed, with windows looking over half Brittany.

On her own Constance would have been coming by train or by bus, stopping at some snugly, airless place on the narrow, steep Grande-Rue, which is the only street within the town, huddled at the foot of the abbey. Husted by tourists, she would have been baited by souvenir sellers. Instead, the sheltered ways of traveled athletes. Nevertheless, that rich, carefully inflected voice raked her nerves.

"Here, at close range," pursued Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer judiciously, "we see it—do we not?—like some great fortress of feudal times, solitary and terrible."

With her mind's ear Constance could hear her, about six months later, perhaps on an icy evening in February, before a women's club somewhere in America:

"My friends, if I could only bring to you the unforgettable grandeur of Mont-St.-Michel as I saw it one evening last August, when from all over the world people were gathered there as in a pilgrimage to view the spring tide. . . . And by the way, it has nothing to do with the season of spring—can't that interest you?"

Thirty-six hours after each full moon and new moon this marvelous spectacle occurs. Over eight miles of sand like galloping white-mailed horses the waves roar in. One may find tide-tables—not time-tables, ladies. . . . Tide and time, I know, are sisters under the skin, but don't let that confuse you—"

Here a pause for appreciative laughter. "Where was I? Ah, yes! There, my friends, is one of the greatest masterpieces of French architecture, and its first stones were set together in the eighth century by simple monks for the honor of their archangel. With all the resources of the mechanical age to help us, do we do more today? I ask you, do we do as much?"

The women's club would likely not be able to tell her, . . . at Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer would not be put off by that. Bit by bit she would lay the story of the Mount before them, in words like descending fingerprints. "Can't you stop talking about it?" thought Constance fiercely—allowing, meantime, to the lady's rhapsodizing a politely attentive silence.

THE sky was so ineffable a fading blue. The time-smoked walls of the abbey towered so mysteriously against it. At the very top of the topmost tower golden St. Michael poised so gloriously menacing, wings spread, sword up to slay the dragon beneath his feet. Constance thought, "This isn't the way to see it. It wants being alone—or with just one other." In spite of herself her hand slid into the pocket of her old tweed coat, fingered the sharp edges of the letter resting there. The letter, too, spoke of spring tides—but with a difference: "It's something I've been meaning to see for years. Never got round to it. It's full moon now and something tells me the time has come to pack up my painting kit and make a start. Why can't you meet me there?"

Of all unbelievably cocky and impudent questions! As if Constance were any little fool given to running after the first bright lad that whistled. She carried the letter with her because she thought best not to leave it lying about. Or so she scornfully told herself.

The Tour du Nord was already crowded with people, wedging themselves against the battlements, tiptoeing on the stairs to look down over the stone balustrade to where mile upon mile of naked sand lay gleaming palely in the dying light.

Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer thrust her way capably between a pair of startled Frenchmen and announced with satisfaction, "The tide has not yet begun."

Constance thought, "Now that you're here, it will."

Arriving at that moment, having taken the stairs more leisurely, Robert Gilpin-Thayer, his mother's only son and constant companion, put in a word: "There's ten minutes yet to go."

(The letter said, "Half-past six it starts—full at half-past eight. Honestly, you ought not to miss it. Take the bus from St.-Malo—")

ROBERT GILPIN-THAYER had smooth blond hair and a small blond mustache. When she had happened across him and his mother in the square at St.-Malo the night before, drinking coffee, listening to a band concert, Constance, in the first flush of pleasure at seeing someone from home, had found him not too bad. Rather a futile sort, but what dominant male would endure the unremitting pronouncements of Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer? In spite of recurrent bickering, mother and son seemed somehow to hold to each other. One of those overdependent relationships.

As if he knew that Constance was thinking about him, Robert laid his hand on her arm. He had thin, nervous fingers. "Look—that dry river bed's rather nice, don't you think? Waiting to be filled."

Constance took off her soft felt hat. The wind from the withdrawn sea blew her silken dark hair back from her steady eyes. She wore her hair in a close knot at the back of her neck. Her lips were bright scarlet, but her face had a smooth, clear pallor. She looked down at the empty channel lacing the estuary to the left of the Mount. Before Robert's lyricism she felt an angry embarrassment. She thought, "Why must they both be always putting things?"

"That river is the Cousson," said Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer impressively, "and runs between Brittany and Normandy, dividing the two."

Robert had not failed to sense Constance's lack of response. "If you will forgive my suggesting it, darling," he said to his mother gently—too gently—"the Cousson lies in quite another direction."

Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer reddened. She said, "I know my facts."

"I know you dislike being corrected," murmured Robert. Constance turned aside. She felt she might with a certain amount of effort have blotted out the crowding tourists from her mind. English, French and German—what, after all, had she to do with them, or they with her? Their chatter went past her ears like the chatter of the birds in the tall green trees on the slope going down to the sands—were the trees really so green, or was it the light, clear as the green in an egg?—but the unabashed rhetorical ecstasies, the unlovely cut-and-thrusts of the two Gilpin-Thayers, she found hard to suffer.

She thought unavailingly, "I'm just a beast. They've been so awfully decent to me. She hadn't seen me in two years,



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



SPIKE MARTIN CAME BACK. "HELLO," HE SAID. "THOUGHT YOU'D BE GONE BY NOW." HIS EYES PROBED HERS

yet here I am at her expense—and inside myself I do nothing but criticize and curse her. I ought never to have accepted."

"The letter said, 'I'll be looking for you. There won't be time for you to answer before you start.' Hand in pocket, Constance crumpled the letter viciously."

The sun was setting in horizon mists of violet and crimson. Rose and lilac tinged the swirling sands. Beyond the Mount, nearer open water, the great dark rock of Tombe-laine rose like a hero's catafalque.

Robert looked at his watch. "There should by now be a distant roar." He looked at Constance. "Have you quite lost hope of the tide, darling?" He called most women "darling" in a wholly impersonal way.

"Not quite," said Constance absently.

Disqualified in her locating of the Coosonon, Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer had been peering out to sea with the official intentness of a lookout in a crow's nest.

She turned now suddenly. "What are those strange birds flying past in groups?"

"I'm no Audubon, my dear," said Robert.

"Gulls?" said Constance.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer. With the entrance of a new subject she recovered her executive authority. "I know a gull when I see one." She cast about for someone to question. "I shall ask that young Frenchman by the stairs. He looks as if he might be reasonably intelligent."

"Mother—for heaven's sake!" said Robert. "Must you—"

"Why not?" said Constance. "He might know."

There were three people standing at the foot of the stairs rather close together, somewhat removed from the shifting mass of sight-seers.

"The older man looks like a German Jew," said Robert.

Constance said, "I like his face. Dignified and sad somehow."

"I hope you don't like the way the girl wears her hat," said Robert.

THE girl, Constance thought idly, looked rather like the young Salome. Pull-lipped and heavy-lidded, with thick, crinkly, dark hair tucked under a red beret. The beret was, as Robert had implied, a trifle too much on one side of her head.

"They are speaking French, and something else," said Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer.

"French and German," said Robert. "Which shall you use, darling?"

The younger man was thin and bronzed, with a nose like Henry IV. He stooped lurchly against the balustrade, looking down at the girl. All at once, and for no apparent reason, he lifted his head and looked at Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer. Seizing opportunity by the forelock, that lady beckoned imperiously.

"Really," said Robert, "this is getting a little too crazy for me." He shrugged and moved away to the other side of the tower.

When Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer had repeated her gesture, but not before, the young man came toward her with a questioning smile.

Constance thought, "He is probably saying to himself that all Americans are mad." She caught an amused glint in the gray eyes. His manner, however, was entirely respectful.

Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer inquired of him slowly, in her careful French, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est, ces petits oiseaux?*" If she did not add "my good man," her tone did it for her.

The glint sharpened to a twinkle. Looking where Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer pointed, the stranger replied without hesitation, "*Les penies de la Mer Carey.*"

"Ah—*les penies de la mer Carey!*" echoed Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer, satisfied. She did not thank him. She dismissed him with a nod, turning back to her station against the battlements.

There was, therefore, no one to see the delicate grin which, with a flash of white teeth, the young man bestowed upon Constance.

Constance stiffened. She thought, "Disgusting cheek!" With his first word she had realized that his voice was no more French than her own. She said coolly in English, "In other words, Mother Carey's chickens."

"I see you've heard of them," he agreed amiably. He looked past her to the sea. Something he saw there changed him. In a flash he had put out a sunburned hand, caught her shoulder and swung her round. Before her furious protest could find words, he was saying, with a note of deep excitement in his drawl, "The tide—there it comes! Look at the mouth of the river!"

Long after Constance remembered, half incredulous, the primal beauty of what happened then before her eyes. Into the empty river bed a low wave curled. It moved with the inevitability of birth and death. A moment before it had not been. Now the void filled—as if the invisible hand of God lifted in communion.

After an endless, breathless moment. "Feel as if you ought not to have seen it, don't you?" said the man, and went back to his friends.

(Continued on Page 61)



# A Backward Glimpse



HERETO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF HENRY JAMES

By Edith Wharton

WHAT is one's personality, detached from that of the friends with whom fate happens to have linked one? I cannot think of myself apart from the influence of the two or three greatest friendships of my life, and any account of my own growth must be that of their shaping and guiding, their stimulating and enlightening influences.

From a childhood and youth of complete intellectual isolation—so complete that it accustomed me never to be lonely except in company—I passed, in my early thirties, into an atmosphere of the rarest understanding, the most varied mental comradeship. I despair of enumerating all whose friendship contributed to this heightening of life, but I should like to say something of the few who stood nearest to me in tastes and interests.

Since I have already spoken of Henry James' visits to the Mount, it is perhaps best to put his name first on the list of the friends who composed my closest group during the years I spent there, and those that followed. In fact, however, my first meeting with Henry James had happened many years earlier, probably in the late eighties, though it is at the Mount that his first comes into the foreground of the picture.

For a long time there seemed small hope of his ever figuring there, for when we first met, he was still struggling in the presence of greatness; and I had never doubted that Henry James was great, though how great I never got past till I came to know the man as well as his books. The encounter took place at the house of Edward Boit, the brilliant water-color painter whose latest Sargent admired.

Boit and his wife, both Bostonians, and old friends of my husband's, had lived for many years in Paris, and it was there that one day they asked us to dine with Henry James. I could hardly believe that such a privilege could be mine, and I confess that only one way of deserving it—to put on my newest Paris dress, and try to look my prettiest!

It was probably not more than twenty-five; those were the principles in which I had been brought up, and it would never have occurred to me that I had anything but my youth, and my pretty frock, to commend me to the man whose shoes I thought myself unworthy to use.

I can see the dress still—and it was pretty: tea-sour pink, embroidered with iridescent beads. But, alas, it neither gave me the courage to speak, nor attracted the attention of the great man. The evening was an utter failure, and I went home humbled and discouraged.

A YEAR or two later, in Venice—probably in 1889 or 1890—the same opportunity came my way, with an equal lack of success—though on that occasion I had put on my newest hat! And as for the date of the encounter which finally drew us together, without hesitations or preliminaries, we could neither of us ever recall when or where that blessed event happened. All we knew was that suddenly it was as if we had always been friends, and were to go on being—as he wrote to me in date of the letter of February, 1910—"more and more never apart."

The explanation, of course, was that in the interval I had found myself, and was no longer afraid to talk to Henry James of

the things we both cared about; while he, always so generous and hospitable to younger writers, finding that I was not merely a fashion-plate doll, at once used his magic faculty of drawing his interlocutor's inmost self to the surface.

Perhaps it was our common sense of fun that first brought us together. The real marriage of true minds is for any two people to possess a sense of humor or irony pitched in exactly the same key, so that their joint planes at any subject cross like interlacing searchlights. I have had good friends between whom and myself that bond was lacking, but never intimate friends; and in that sense Henry James was perhaps the most intimate friend I ever had, though in many ways we were so different.

THE Henry James of the early meetings was the bearded Pateros of Sargent's delicate drawing, soberly fastidious in dress and manner, cut on the approved pattern of the *Assommoir* du *avoué* of the eighties; whereas by the time we got to know each other well the compact, upright figure had expanded to a more rolling and voluminous outline, and the elegance of dress given way to the distaste of comfort, while a clean shave had revealed in all its sculptural beauty the noble Roman mask and big dramatic mouth. The change, which was all to the good, typified something deep beneath the surface.

In the interval two things had happened: Henry James had taken the measure of the fashionable society which in youth had subjugated his imagination, as it had Balzac's and was later to subjugate Proust's, and had fled from it to live in the country, carrying with him all the loot it could yield; and in his new solitude he had come to grips with his genius. Exquisitely accomplished as the early novels are—and in point of perfection probably none can touch the Portrait of a Lady—yet measured by what was to come, Henry James, when he wrote them, had but skimmed the surface of life and of his art.

But it would be a mistake to think that, in finding his genius and breaking away from the social routine, he had also, in small matters, emancipated himself from the traditional conformities. In theory he

held to them as much as ever, and though he now affected to humor the whims of the lumbering frame whose physical case must be considered first, he remained spasmodically fastidious about his dress, and about other trifling social observances, and I remember, when he was motoring with us in France in 1907, and suddenly made up his mind—at Putiers, of all places—that he must then and there buy a new hat, the almost inseparable difficulties attending its selection.

It was not until he had announced his despair of ever making the latter understood "that what he wanted was a hat like everybody else's," and I had rather impatiently suggested his asking for a head covering "*pour l'homme moyen sensuel*," that the joke broke through his indecisiveness, and to a rich accompaniment of chuckles the hat was bought.

The truth is that he belonged irrevocably to the old America out of which I also came, and of which—almost—it might paradoxically be said that to follow up its last traces one had to come to Europe; as I discovered when my French and English friends told me, on reading The Age of Innocence, that they had no idea New York life in the seventies had been so like that of the English cathedral town, or the French *siècle de province*, of the same date.

As for the nonsense talked by critics of a later generation, who never knew James, much less the world he grew up in, about his having thwarted his genius by living in Europe, and having understood his mistake too late, I can affirm, as a witness of his long sojourns in America in 1904-05 and 1910, and of the reactions they produced—expressed in all the letters written at the time—that he was never really happy or at home there.

HE CAME several times for long visits to the Mount, and during his visit to America in 1904-05 he also stayed with us for some time in New York; and responsive as he always was, interested, and warmly hospitable to the new ideas, new aspects, new people, the nostalgia of which he speaks in one of his letters to Edmund Gosse—written from the Mount—was never for a moment stilled.

Henry James was essentially a novelist of manners, and the manners he was qualified by nature and situation to observe were those of the little vanishing group of people among whom he had grown up or their more picturesque prototypes in older societies. For better or worse, he had to seek that food where he could find it, for it was the only food his imagination could fully assimilate.

He was acutely conscious of this limitation, and often lamented to me his total inability to see the "material," financial and industrial, of modern American life. Wall Street, and everything connected with the big business world, remained an impenetrable mystery to him, and knowing this, he knew he could never have dealt fully in fiction with the "American scene," and always frankly acknowledged it.

The attempt to portray the retired financier in Mr. Verwer, and to relate either him or his native American city to any sort of reality, is perhaps proof enough of the difficulties James would have found in trying to give life to the American money-maker in action.

On his first visit, however, he was still in fairly good health, and in excellent spirits, excited at first by the novelty of the adventure, the success of his revolt against his own westerly habit—he called me his "old woman," because I crossed the Atlantic every year, and knowing this, he knew he could never have dealt fully in fiction with the "American scene," and always frankly acknowledged it.

It WAS the summer when we were experimenting with "Alfred de Musset" and "George," and in spite of many frustrations there were beautiful hours successfully carried out "in the Whartons' commodious new motor, which has fairly converted me to the sense of what it may do for one and one may get from it"; and this mode of locomotion seemed to me, as it had to me, an immense enlargement of life.

It is particularly to be regretted in the case of Henry James that no one among his intimates had a recurring mind, or rather that those who had did not apply it to noting down his conversation, for I have never known a case in which an author's talk and his books so enlarged and supplemented each other. Talent is often like an ornamental excrescence, but the quality loosely called genius usually irradiates the whole character.

"If he but so much as cut his nails," was Gosse's home phrase of Schopenhauer, and I saw at once that he was a greater man than any of them."

This irradiation, so abundantly banked in by the friends of Henry James, was hidden from those who knew him slightly by a peculiarity due to merely physical causes. His slow way of speech, sometimes mistaken for affectation—or, more quietly, for an artless form of Anglo-Saxon diction—so that the parts they over a stammer which in his boyhood had been thought incurable.

The elaborate politeness and the inevitable reserve that made so difficult intercourse with him so difficult to casual acquaintances probably spring from the same cause. To touch the parts they over a stammer which in his boyhood had been thought incurable. The elaborate politeness and the inevitable reserve that made so difficult intercourse with him so difficult to casual acquaintances probably spring from the same cause. To touch the parts they over a stammer which in his boyhood had been thought incurable. The alertest and most sensitive of minds, to self-consciousness (and in spite of page 73)



## The Answer to Your Make-Up Riddle . . .

■ There was a time, back in the days when make-up was first becoming respectable, when all women used a white face powder and a vividly pink rouge, and thought they had done the utmost. Make-up was simpler then—though most women looked terrible.

Now the experts in cosmetics, color and lighting know much more about make-up. There are subtler gradations in shades of powders, rouges, lipsticks. But the very refinements in the art of make-up have created confusion and problems. How can you choose your own best make-up from the infinite variety of shades offered?

First, you must learn to see red. In fact, to recognize a whole range of reds. You must know a clear primary red (like a red geranium or a fireman's shirt) from the reds with blue undertones (as in a raspberry or an American Beauty rose) and the reds with yellow or brown undertones (as in an Oriental poppy or a Spanish tile).

The bewildering array of rouges and lipstick shades at toilet-goods counters becomes less formidable when you see reds in this way. Some rouges and lipsticks are bright, true reds. Some are definitely bluish reds, whether a light blush rose or a deep wine color. Some are yellowish or brownish reds, varying from a coral to a deep copper red.

Next learn to see the component colors in your skin tone. Any portrait painter will tell you that, to paint a face on canvas, he mixes several pigments to create a true flesh color. Skin isn't white. It is a blend of cream, sand, beige, pink, blue, yellow. Nature follows the method of an old-fashioned cook, putting in a little of this and a little of that, with no set rule for her mixture of color ingredients to make complexion. Some skins are clear cream or a deeper but still cool beige. Some skins have blue-blood undertones, either in a pastel key (a fragile bluish-pink coloring) or in a ruddier depth of color. Some skins have yellow undertones, varying from sallow to sun-tanned. These undertones may be inherent in the skin itself, or be reflected into the skin by the clothes you wear.

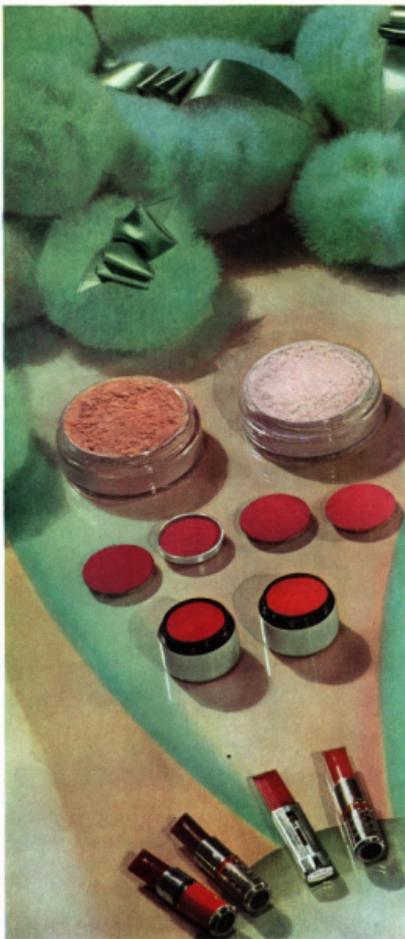
Your make-up will do most to define your type and illuminate your coloring if you choose it according to these nuances of reds and skin tones I have indicated.

Thus if you have what may be called a "colorless" skin, a creamy pale or cool beige complexion, your lipstick and rouge should be a clear bright red (like the geranium or fireman's shirt). Your powder should be a neutral cream, beige or rachel.

If you have a skin in which pink predominates, your powder should be pinkish. Flesh or natural. If you have a Dresden-china complexion, richer rose shades if you are ruddy. Your rouge and lipstick should be chosen from the blue reds, in blush or old-rose tones if you are fair skinned, or raspberry and plummy reds if you are dark.

If you have a complexion in which the blend is yellowish, then your powder should have a yellowish note too, a peach or ochre or gypsy shade, according to the depth of your coloring. Your rouge and lipstick should be a yellow red, an apricot or coral red if you are fair skinned, or deeper tawny or Spanish reds if you are sun-tanned.

If you can't determine to which of these color types you belong, send for the COMPLEXION ANALYSIS CHART, which will tell you. You can see it once from this chart whether your complexion is neutral, warm or sallow, whether it calls for clear red, blue-red or yellow-red make-up, what your powder shade should be. Write, including a three-cent stamp, to the JOURNAL Reference Library, Philadelphia, Pa., and ask for the COMPLEXION ANALYSIS CHART, No. 1128. Another booklet, called TRICKS WITH MAKE-UP, No. 1049 (also three cents), will tell you how to apply make-up to emphasize your good features and subdue the bad ones.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARSHALL BRUCE WHITE

■ The cosmetics in this group are for a skin with blue-blood tones in it, and so the rouges and lipsticks are in the range of blue reds, and the powders are pink or rosy. For these types, it is especially important to keep rouge out of the cheek hollow, for a purplish rouge low on the cheek makes the face look heavy, square, mature. But never, regardless of what your skin coloring, allow your rouge to wander below your lips. Clothes of blue, Lanvin green, purple, bergandy, garnet, blackberry and dusty pink accent the coloring of this skin, and so are becoming, unless the complexion is already too ruddy, in which case cooler colors (as black, gray, beige) are a safer choice.



■ Here in the center are cosmetics for the colorless skin. This is often the most difficult complexion for which to choose cosmetics, so note the shades in this arc. They are the neutral powder shades and the true red-rouges and lipsticks. A famous make-up expert of the film studios makes this suggestion for applying lipstick: First spread the lipstick heavily on the upper lip only. Then roll the lips inward as you do to say m-m-m-m-m. The resulting imprint of color on your lower lip will indicate the shape to follow. Carry the color outward toward the corner of the mouth as far as a line dropped from the pupil of the eye. Applying lipstick thus gives a symmetrical mouth.

■ Women with yellow skin tones (whether born sallow or with the golden quality thrust upon them by sun baths or saffron costumes) will find their cosmetics below the lower green curve in the picture. Here are the powders from peach to Indian, the rouges and lipsticks from tea rose to copper. Whatever your type, remember, in applying powder, to powder your nose last, not first. If you apply a puff loaded with powder to your nose, it leaves such a heavy coating that it makes your nose prominent. Put the first dab of powder under your chin. Powder last and least on the feature you want to subdue.

BY DOROTHY COCKS



## EDITORIALS BY

LORING A. SCHULER

### Moddling

**I**N RECENT months there has been disseminated through schools, women's clubs and other organizations a far-flung propaganda in favor of the so-called Twagwell Bill, under which the Secretary of Agriculture would be given autocratic powers over the food, drug and cosmetic industries—their formulas, their manufacture, their distribution and their advertising.

Presented as a measure for the protection of the public, this bill through its ambiguities would actually hamstring the manufacturers of products in daily use in every home, and set up a huge new bureaucracy for censorship, interference and criminal punishment, without offering compensating benefits to the consumer.

The Twagwell Bill proposes that "An advertisement of a food, drug or cosmetic shall be deemed false if in any particular it is untrue, or by ambiguity or inference creates a misleading impression regarding such food, drug or cosmetic." And gives to the Secretary of Agriculture power to determine what in his opinion is ambiguity or inference or misleading impression, and to send an offender to jail.

For more than a generation, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has exercised what we consider to be proper supervision over all advertising copy offered for our pages. To safeguard our readers, we have consistently refused to publish advertising that we have considered untrue, deceptive, misleading or offensive to good taste—and this policy has always excluded from our pages such items as are shown among the so-called "horrible examples" that have been so widely presented in propaganda.

We are now, as always, in favor of the elimination of fraud in advertising. We are now, as always, in favor of measures to prevent the advertising of "cures" for diseases that should be treated only by a physician. But we are wholly opposed to bureaucratic control of advertising. We are opposed to giving any Government official power to judge an advertiser guilty of fraud without affording him the opportunity for a court hearing.

The Twagwell Bill gives the Secretary of Agriculture authority "to fix, establish and promulgate definitions of identity and standards of quality and fill of container for any food." We are opposed to a system under which Government would have power to sponsor food products through compulsory branding under its own designations—to the detriment of the brands established by manufacturers and favorably known to the public. We are in favor of Government minimum standards for food and drugs, because we believe such minimum standards would be for the protection of the consumer.

In the main, the manufacturers of foods, drugs and cosmetics operate on a high plane of integrity. Their standards are strict, their research is mastery; their advertised claims are seldom unwarrantably exaggerated; and their brands have proved value in public acceptance. The old Pure Food and Drug Act, with its twenty-seven years of loyal interpretation, gives them reasonable protection against chiselers, and should be amended in the light of the discoveries of science fostered largely by manufacturers themselves. The Twagwell Bill, with its loose wording and bureaucratic threats, should be killed.

### Home-Building Prospects

**I**T WOULD seem as if enough Government agencies of one sort and another had been set up during the past year to afford some real relief to the harassed and mortgage-ridden owners of small homes, and at the same time to set about the building of some of the 750,000 new homes that are needed. But not much is happening.

The Home Owners' Loan Corporation was organized to refund distressed home mortgages. It has authority to issue up to \$2,000,000,000 in bonds, with interest guaranteed for eighteen years. That would be enough to refund between 400,000 and 500,000 mortgages—perhaps 10 per cent of the national total. But after nearly six months of operation, loans actually made totaled 4963 in number and \$1,479,183 in amount. Tentative allotments on the first of November amounted to \$289,480,792 more—but the corporation is rejecting one-third as many applications as it tentatively approves. So far as helping in the emergency is concerned, it has been practically without value.

The Federal Savings and Loan Associations, which were authorized under the same act of Congress, are simply not functioning; they have no income.

The Home Loan Bank Board is a rediculous system for mortgages held by building-and-loan associations and savings banks. It was

expected that it would enable savers to borrow to pay for upkeep, modernization, taxes, back interest, and so forth, and that the volume in more than a year has not sufficed to make a dent in unemployment and stagnation of home building.

The Public Works Administration, with its \$3,300,000,000 appropriation, has been making gestures through its divisions of housing, but it hasn't spent much money. Its projects are big business—the building of whole communities of small houses. No individuals need apply. But PWA requires the limited-dividend companies with whom it is willing to do business to raise about 30 per cent of the total cost, to match the Government's 70 per cent—and local funds have been available in few instances.

So far as relief is concerned, the only bright spot on the building horizon as this is written is the possibility that PWA may yield to the suggestion that it turn over a billion of its dollars to finance through new or existing agencies a great remodeling and modernizing campaign. But the situation actually seems to be that new homes are needed; the relief of mortgage distress is needed; jobs for builders are certainly needed; sales of building materials would make more work—but red tape is holding up the ample funds that the Government has for all these purposes. And meantime the opportunity to build in a low-priced market is rapidly passing away.

### They Need Not Have Died

**T**WOO many mothers die needlessly in childbirth, investigators of the New York Academy of Medicine recently reported. The JOURNAL announced that same conclusion nearly two years ago in an article by Paul de Krulff. The Hungarian Dr. Ignaz Semmelweis proved it in Vienna eighty-seven years ago.

Of 2041 New York women whose deaths in childbirth were studied, this committee of doctors has asserted that 1343 need not have died at all. Of these 1343, it finds that 420 died because of the incompetence of their doctors, 493 because they did not take proper care of themselves, and 30 because of unskilled midwives.

One-quarter of the total deaths were caused by puerperal septicaemia—the JOURNAL called it uncleanliness—and of that one-quarter the New York investigators report that 75 per cent were preventable.

Preventable if hospital attendants did not carry infection on their hands and in their breath—especially during the season of winter colds. Preventable—but let us quote the report: "The risk of infection from carriers [of streptococcus organisms] is greater in instrumental than in spontaneous delivery and greater in hospital than in home delivery; the risk in hospital is again increased if the institution has no proper isolation unit or if the obstetrical division is not separated from other units."

The committee concludes that too many women go to hospitals for childbirth, when they might be safer at home; that too many cases are operated instead of letting nature take its course; that proper prenatal care is an absolute necessity; that there are too many insufficiently trained men setting themselves up as competent obstetricians; that midwives, when properly trained, are not so bad as they have been painted.

The JOURNAL still recommends clean hands!

### Lent

**W**E ASSOCIATE the forty days before Easter with sacrifice. As Jesus went out into the wilderness to prepare for His public ministry, so Lent has been observed from early times as a period in which we draw closer to God through sacrificial living in order to prepare for the joy of the Resurrection.

No one can understand Easter who has not known the voluntary sacrifice of Good Friday, but not all sacrifice is good. People often do serving this season properly. In the name of religion and think they are obeying its law when they give up something. To be of value sacrifice must relate itself to God and our fellows. Lent should be used as an opportunity to purge ourselves of those things in which God has no part, and it is also a time for us to live less for ourselves and more for others. This will be sacrificed. It may even involve struggle such as Jesus went through during His period of temptation, but we shall as a result of it better enter into the triumph of the Easter morn.

# Practically Politics

BY ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

UNLIKE next autumn, when all of the House and one-third of the Senate will be up, the effect of the elections last November on the second session of the Congress will be entirely psychological, if any. The results were scrutinized anxiously by politicians and by more or less impartial political observers in the hope of learning what "trends" they might reveal—the search for trends is a highly developed activity on the part of would-be candidates during the year preceding a general election. But no particular trend was discernible that differed much from that of a year ago—which was to "put out the ins."

Several "reform" movements were successful, as in Pittsburgh, where a straight Democratic reform ticket won, and in Philadelphia, where a coalition was victorious. In New York State both Democrats and Republicans claimed to find occasion for rejoicing, though rather moderately; the Democrats at capturing the mayoralties of several upstate cities, the Republicans at increasing their seats in the Assembly.

The New York City mayoralty fight was the only contest that commanded nation-wide interest. The result was a blow to the New Deal element among the Democrats, owing to the belated injection of McKee into the race by the Federal Administration and its New York supporters. The Postmaster General, the boss politician of Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet, declared for him. Mr. McKee, who is sometimes called Holy Joe, dubbed himself the Recovery candidate, and claimed that a vote for him was a vote for Roosevelt. Professor Moley, the original head of the Brain Trust, in an editorial in his magazine demanded McKee's election as a "mark of approval" for Mr. Roosevelt. It was perhaps slightly unwise of Mr. Moley to use that old "stand-by-the-President" line.

A President is always supposed to be neutral in local fights—indeed, Mr. Roosevelt had let it be known that he was in this one, though his air in so saying was reported as being somewhat arch. For a President to take sides is generally considered an impropriety that would outweigh the effectiveness of his intervention. In this instance it would seem to have been particularly undesirable. If the national Administration had taken the side of reform, again demonstrated corruptly, the impropriety might have been overlooked, but as McKee had plainly been put into the race in an attempt by one Democratic faction to grab the control from another, "Stand by the President" was not a convincing war cry to rally votes—and it emphatically didn't rally them. LaGuardia's victory certainly did the President no good, but a crimp in the reputed political astuteness of Mr. Farley, and made the unfortunate Mr. Moley seem just a little more absurd as a politician and publicist.

No one denies that the power of the President in the second session of this

Congress depends upon his popularity in the country, upon his political prestige as a winner, upon whether or not the people, and hence the politicians, are scared. We all love to pick flaws and to expose weakness if it can be done with safety—if by tearing down we are not going to hurt ourselves. So most of the friction and feeling against the President, whether it springs from basic differences on policy, from unsatisfied demands for patronage or from purely political jockeying, will be soft-pedaled or concealed if it is not practically safe to oppose him, but will be manifest in all sorts of ways if it is safe. Undoubtedly the loss of prestige in the New York fight increases the chances of open hostility.

As time goes on it seems evident that the economy effort which was made in the last session will not be renewed in this session—that, on the contrary, Congress will be bent on increasing expenditures all along the line.

Veterans will be going back on the pension rolls, and very possibly some of them should. Federal employees' salaries will be looked after—and there, too, there are hardships that need correcting. More money for this, more money for that will be asked, and appropriated. The Administration has just whetted the appetite of the people and the politicians for spending. It is only beginning to get under way.

## More Outgo, Less Income

MOREOVER, the spending is not limited to the Federal Government; the states, too, are getting into their stride. In Pennsylvania, at the recent election, a \$50,000,000 bond issue was passed for payment to veterans; also a \$25,000,000 issue to support hospitals, colleges and relief work, and another large sum for additional care of the blind. In other states huge bond issues were voted "aye."

Voters in some cases seem to have been torn by the conflicting desires of having more spent on them and paying less to get it—as, for example, in Ohio, where they voted to reduce the tax on real estate, and at the same time passed by a big majority a provision for old-age pensions, thereby presenting to the legislature the pleasant problem of how to raise taxes to make up for those that were reduced, and also to provide for the large tax increases that will be needed for the new expenditures.

There have been welfare drives all over the country, which ask for seventy to eighty millions in voluntary contributions—this quite outside the \$200,000,000 the Federal Government had already appropriated for relief work. The President has also assigned \$400,000,000 from the Public Works Administration to the Civil Works Administration, with the statement that it will put to work 4,000,000 men now out of jobs. The impression that



WITH APPROVAL BY BERRER  
MR. MILQUET AND FAWCETT  
THE TOTEM POLE

the jobs given out of this sum will be on public-works program is erroneous. They are under the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, and will be of the type of "work relief" which that provides. Certainly no one grudges the giving out of "work relief," but it is only fair that the country should realize that it is not bonafide reemployment on necessary projects; that it is, rather, "extra" necessary work—the sort of which one economic authority says that the men engaged on it "for all practical purposes will be receiving a dole."

An estimate made by the National Industrial Conference Board put the cost of

AS A CRITICAL OBSERVER  
WONDERS ABOUT CONGRESS,  
TAXES, PROHIBITION AND A  
NUMBER OF OTHER AFFAIRS

the New Deal to the Federal Government at \$11,735,000,000. That was what it added up to in November, after its first eight months of operation. Sometimes that bill will have to be settled. We can't go on indefinitely saying, "Oh, just charge it"—no credit will stand that—and the soundness of our credit is something it wouldn't hurt to look into.

It wouldn't be a bad idea if once in a while we said to ourselves something about him who dances paying the piper. And if we realize that in this case paying the piper means that we the people of this "broad fair land" will have to make good these vast sums in taxes—more taxes, heavier taxes, direct and indirect. When they are going to be working the beating, still less paying. Won't the 1941 and passing them is one of the big tasks that Congress faces.

## When Prohibition Passes

THE proclamation of the repeal of the eighteenth amendment automatically reverses certain taxes—the so-called nuisance taxes on gambling, on carrying liquor stock and excess profits—as the taxes from liquor are estimated to bring in \$670,000,000. That, I believe, is considered a high estimate—yet it looks rather like chicken feed beside that \$11,735,000,000.

Though national prohibition is off the statutes, we shall still hear much about liquor. Both parties are pledged against the return of the saloon, and though the determination of that matter is solely within the jurisdiction of the states the taxes imposed by Congress will make a great difference. Make them too high, and the bootlegger won't lose his trade; make them too low, and the flow of cheap, easy liquor will almost certainly float in the saloon's side.

It seems almost too much to expect the unprotected scrapping of the thousands of bars which the era of prohibition and the speak-easy brought into use. To see them transformed into rice little tables at which beer and wine are served, within the space of weeks or even months, would be a fair-sized miracle. We are not a nation of wine drinkers. We like our beer well enough, but "hard liquor" is what most of those who drink mean by "drink." The record of the past fourteen years proves that—the bootleg, apart from beer, that pretty nearly swamped us, was at least 90 per cent hard.

The problem of educating ourselves in temperance is still before us—with the end not in sight by many a joyful, I should say.

No one but a fanatic dry wants to see a situation that would give him a chance to play politics again with the fallacy of national prohibition. The manufacturers and dispensers of liquor, as well as those responsible for making and enforcing the laws, and the individual citizen, too, would do wisely, if serious. (Continued on Page 94)



# MAY I GO OUT TO PLAY?

through play." She has observed that radical changes take place in the child's mentality every year; and his surroundings have to keep up with him—or, rather, ahead of him. If you have ever had the humiliating experience of presenting a gift to a child, only to have it a misfit because it was either too young or too old, you appreciate that these yearly jumps in capacity to play games, work puzzles and read books must be respected by relatives if their gifts are to mean anything.

It's quite a lesson to some of us who haven't been in constant close association with children of late, to talk to the modern child without insulting his or her already advanced intellect! Visits to a well-run nursery school reveal groups of two-year-olds confidently pouring milk out of their own pitchers, eating with knives and forks the kind of food formerly considered adult, and wielding paint brushes over easel papers with the greatest of assurance.

One principle of primary importance in choosing toys for children is that the child must have as much part in the handling and manipulation of his playthings as possible. Smooth, odd-shaped blocks that will make buildings for months to come; the push-and-pull toys that will develop muscle; boxes of modeling clay in safe, nonstaining colors; paper dolls to be put on little standing figures mounted on an oblong of wood, so that the doll, when dressed, can stand.

One young aunt, buying a gift for a three-year-old niece, came upon some diminutive dishes about the size of a finger nail. "Oh, aren't those the cutest things?" she raved. "Look, they're all in exact proportion. I must get her those; she'll love them."

As she soon learned, diminutive objects are just what the child least appreciates. The very thing which captivated the aunt—their clever reduction to miniature—is a stumblingblock to small fingers. Smart mothers buy small children articles of rather large scale—large crayons, pegs and peg boards, dishes and dolls which can be easily grasped.

Any grown-up can without a great deal of effort recall that imitating older people was more fun than most pastimes. The girls always wanted to play house, and the boys to ape the mannerisms of a much-admired father or brother. Children haven't changed a bit in their desire to imitate, but the grown-ups and their activities have! Toys which look like the things grown-ups use in their work or play are favorites—for instance, trucks, railroad cars, miniature sewing machines, housekeeping sets, dishes. And mothers insist that these should be as honest as possible; the wheels, if any, should go round, the beams sweep, the sewing machines sew.

One store introduced a well-carved wagon, loaded with blocks of wood, and with a driver in a workmanlike shirt seated holding the reins leading to a very naturalistic horse. This toy did not sell, and it appealed to very few children. When an intelligent analysis was made of the best-selling toys, one mother pointed out to the store that horses are very seldom

seen these days; that loads of logs are rarely, if ever, seen by apartment dwellers! In northern or western countries, where children see logging and hauling done by men, the toy might have sold. Similarly, the little girl who never sees her mother do laundry or maid service may have no desire at all to own a little tub and laundry set; she might prefer a small limousine or a stuffed woolly Pekingese.

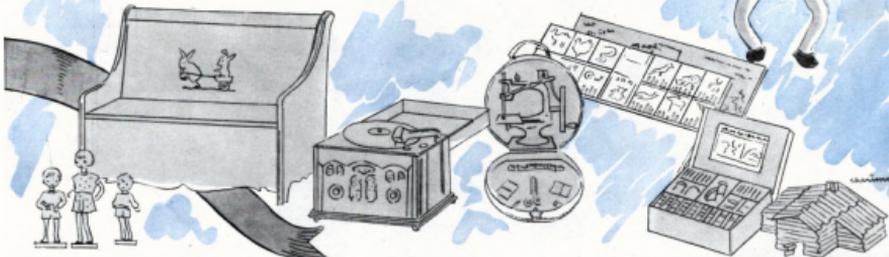
Costumes which faithfully depict storybook characters, as the Indians or Alice-in-Wonderland, are good for children, to encourage dramatic tendencies. The baseball suit, the policeman's coat, stick and helmet, the cowboy suit, all are approved favorites.

To encourage a child in creative and constructive ability, there is no end to the variety of ingenious games and toys. Modern puzzles of the jig-saw variety present the United States map cut apart in states, so the child can put each separate state in its proper setting. Paint books have nature studies in black and white which can be colored easily without the paint's soaking through. Aeroplane parts come in packages with scientifically correct instructions. Blunt scissors, paste and papers furnish raw materials for original cut-out motives. A tool bench for a boy of ten, equipped with the right tools for performing different functions, is the means of unlimited training and pleasure. As the children grow older, there are gardening sets where seeds are planted in real soil, basket-making sets and many other kinds of instructive play materials. Surely, with this variety there is no need for periberty confusion over the gift to select!

Music has its part, too, in this category of "learning through play." The poor child who goes around in the house liping the latest jazz shows his mother that music and rhythm appeal to him, but this could hardly be considered a good beginning for a musical education! There are phonograph records for children to teach them the first appreciation of rhythm, to which they may keep time and carry the tune. There are excellent registrations of the classics of music played by the world's greatest artists, to teach them to love good music. There are simple little nursery rimes that they enjoy learning.

We, as average aunts and uncles, who make presents to nieces and nephews, should not be frightened by the technical phrases tossed about by the educators, as "educational toys," "child guidance," "motivated play," and others. These words often cause the unimformed to discount all modern contributions to the field with, "Well, my mother managed to raise a large family without all these new-fangled stunts. What's good enough for me is all right for the kids."

We must realize that children today are growing up in a more complicated world, and we must simplify the child's world, and eliminate rather than add to his many confused impressions; understand how he thinks, learns and enjoys himself; in short, try to help along the natural process of self-help and learning through play.



## FUN AROUND YOUR FIREPLACE

HERE are four fireplaces of very different type. As different as the people who might own them. Each one shows a different grouping of furniture and each little "scene" might set the stage for the very different kinds of good times these different people most enjoy.

Do you enjoy the pleasures of the simple life? Reading, knitting, and such? Then move an easy-chair to one side of your fireplace and place beside it a holder for magazines, books or handwork. Place the table right before the center of your fireplace, put a reading lamp upon it, a chair beside it, as you see in the picture on the opposite page. Can't you picture a very contented young couple sitting here reading, knitting, dreaming, while the cold winter winds do blow?

Perhaps you enjoy a "merry, quaffing and unthinking" evening. Many



guests . . . much conversation. Then consider the modern rendering of classical style as seen in the top picture on this page. Here, marble covers, plain walls, gleaming mirrored surfaces, a long luxurious couch and formal easy-chairs are arranged as a proper stage. Imagine you in one of the long, new, sheathlike evening dresses standing before this mantel, toe-warming a silver sandal.

But you may be one of those delightful people who best like the company of a small circle of dear and intimate friends. A cup of tea. An hour of chat. Then I suggest you choose for your home the quiet distinction of an eighteenth-century background. An Adam mantel. A Duncan Phyfe couch. A Chippendale chair and a tea table. Such a furniture grouping as that is seen in the picture on the left.

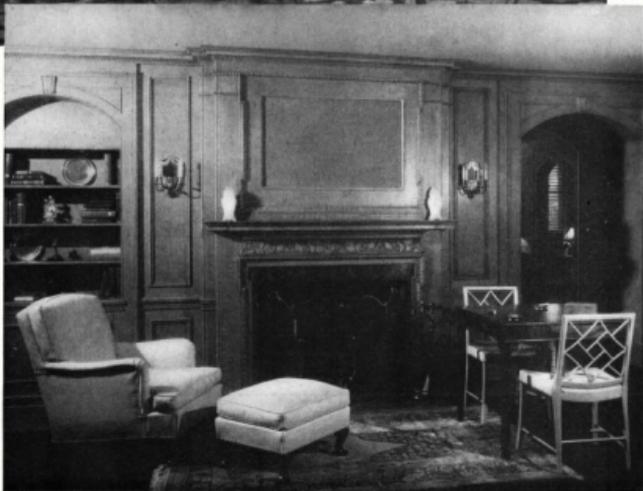


FURNITURE FROM JOHN HARRINGTON. PHOTO BY ROBERT T. HOGAN

Then, again, you may have in your family a member to whom a fireside means solid comfort. Pamper the dear. Comfort-loving souls are always jolled—when they're comfortable. So before the fireplace put a big, leather, deep-upholstered chair, and a stool, to insure even greater ease. You can shuffle your cards on a Chippendale table across the hearth. English furniture against a background of mellow tones and quiet, glowing colors, as pictured in the photograph at the right, is an ideal setting for such evenings.

But, after all, the most interesting fact is that there are more than four different types of firesides. There are almost as many as there are families. So experiment—arrange your furniture, select your backgrounds—with a thought to the happy times ahead.

BY GRACE CORNELL





PHOTOGRAPH BY BARBARET SOURCE-WHITE

**PINK IS THE FLAVOR OF STRAWBERRY**



## STRAWBERRY MOUSSE FOR VALENTINE'S DAY



**Pink** is the flavor of strawberry; pink is the color of romance—for ask any matron you know, and nine chances out of ten she will confess she wore a pink dress the evening he proposed. So why not combine the two and have a really romantic party on St. Valentine's Day?

No need to worry about the making of the mousse, for I have the word of Oscar of the Waldorf that all you must do to make that gorgeous mousse shown on the opposite page is merely to whip 1½ quarts of fresh cream until hard. Add the yolks of 6 eggs, mixed one by one with a wooden spoon with 1½ dessertspoons of powdered sugar. When the egg yolks have been thoroughly mixed with the whipped cream, add ½ pound of fresh crushed strawberries and 2 or 3 drops of vegetable coloring if bright color is desired. Place the mousse in a fancy mold and freeze.

When ready to serve, turn the mousse onto a platter and remove the mold. Then with those tricky and very handy little gadgets for making trimmings, decorate with whipped cream. White whipped cream and some with just a little green vegetable coloring if you want a touch of green as you see on this beautiful mousse made in the Waldorf kitchens. Decorate with fresh strawberries and be prepared for "ah's" and "ah's" and also some "um's."

This recipe will serve sixteen people, and we suggest that you use as your tablecloth dull silk crinkly-cripe of dusky pink; white china—that you see in the picture is handsomely embossed in cabbage-leaf design—and glasses of clear crystal. This, too, has a leaf pattern.

To keep the party in a truly romantic key I have thought of place cards for you. Look now at the dainty designs on this page. Pin pricking, the gentle Victorian Art of Pin Pricking.

Pin-pricked invitations, place cards, tallies and what not will appeal to your most sophisticated guests who appreciate novelties. And what's more, you will find these charming trifles as easy and as fascinating to make as did the languishing ladies of the eighties.

No skill in drawing is needed, for the designs you see pictured on this page—with others that will help you make pictures and lamp shades for your party prizes, or to keep if you can't bear giving them away—are now to be had as transfers. A hot iron, some bits of colored paper, an active pin are all you need to revive this charming Victorian art. And what could be more suitable for a Romantic Valentine Party!

But what will your guests do at the party? Of course you can always bridge, but why not have some really romantic games?

Maybe a dress-up party. Let your invitations suggest that your guests come as famous lovers and be prepared to propose in costume. Appoint a master of ceremonies and conduct the proposals like the scenes of a play. Then mix up the lovers. You may find

Romeo eulogizing Mae West, but such combinations will only make for more meritment. Give prizes for the funniest, the most romantic, the most original, the most realistic.

Or you might have your guests arrive dressed in the style worn when certain sentimental songs were popular. Make the partners pose before the crowd, let the crowd guess the name of the song represented, and give a prize to the one who gets the most right answers.

If yours is a crowd of folks who don't like dressing up, wait until they arrive and are in a really festive mood. Then pair off the couples, provide each one with lots of colored papers, scissors, paste and artificial flowers. Give them fifteen minutes to dress up like valentines. Have each one pose over touching inscriptions written on cards, and give prizes to the most sentimental, the prettiest, the funniest, the worst.

Of course Valentine's Day is just the very best occasion to announce engagements. One clever way to break the news is to have a little book at every place at the luncheon table. At the end of the luncheon each guest must rise and read the page before her plate. These pages will prove to be consecutive leaves of a diary, and as the guests read they will finally realize that it's a real diary. (Of course, not really.) When the guest of honor rises she will read the climax—the story of the proposal.

Or you might have balloons placed at each place and at the close of the luncheon rise and announce that you will give a prize to the one who blows her balloon up largest, without breaking, of course. On the balloons you have previously painted the names of the engaged couple, and when your guests blow up the balloons, they will know the news.

Another up-to-the-minute way is to take movies before the party. These should show the meeting of the engaged couple, how he asked papa for her hand, and then how he put the ring on her finger. You can make the movie as long and as funny and dramatic as you choose, with villains attempting to catch the girl, and so forth. Show this on the night of the party, and the announcement will be well received.

Oh, I know a dozen new and clever ways to announce engagements, and I've dozens of ideas for Valentine's Day games, but here's the end of my page. And so I may only hope that you will write me for the enormous news sheet I've prepared, telling you about these games and new announcement tricks, showing all sorts of new valentine favors and decorations. It's called *AFFAIRS OF THE HEART*, No. 1126, and for a three-cent stamp it's yours. And if you know how easy pin pricking is to do, and what decorative things you can make with a properly educated pin, you'd also send a three-cent stamp for *PIN-PRICK DESIGNS*, No. 1127. Write to the JOURNAL Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and I'll rush them to you.

BY PHYLIS CARR  
THE HOSTESS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. HEBERT STROUD, INC.



# HEARTS

TO MAKE AND BREAK

They are hearts to break, but to bring joy rather than grief with the breaking. Left whole, they give Cupid's touch to valentine menus; broken, they are delicious tastings that please the most fastidious.

There are little hearts, and big ones, delicately hued ones and dark red ones, all with different flavors that make them fit into attractive menus. Some of them are sweet, others belong in the menu where sweetness would be out of place.

At the top of the illustration is a spinach mold. Cooked spinach was chopped fine, seasoned and packed firmly into a heart-shaped mold. After unmolding it, we outlined a heart within the heart with hard-cooked white of egg, and filled the center of the outline with grated egg yolk.

The dark jellies a row down, in their molds, are of cranberry. They are colorful and shapely as the accompaniment to a main course, whether it be hot or cold.

Then come the cookies and canapés. These are cut with heart-shaped cutters. Sugar cookies are popular for light ones. Or, if the color scheme requires dark ones, chocolate or ginger cookies can be rolled similarly and cut with a heart-shaped cutter, large or small, fluted or plain.

To make heart canapés, cut sliced bread in heart shapes and toast it. Then spread or decorate the hearts as you choose. Ours are spread with cream cheese softened with cream—some decorated with an inner heart of caviar, others edged with sliced pickles and finished with an anchovy.

Chocolate hearts can be prepared by baking cake batter in heart molds or by cutting hearts from cake which has been baked in a shallow pan. Frost the cakes with chocolate, and before the frosting is firm mark a smaller heart on the top of the cake with a little heart cutter. Later fill in the center with pink frosting. Or, if you prefer, frost the cake with pink and make a little heart on top with chocolate frosting.

Heart-shaped timbale cases make it possible to include in heart form a great variety of dishes that otherwise would be practically formless—rich creamed dishes, delicately seasoned and done just to a turn, and lastly garnished.

Finally, the large heart at the bottom of the page is a molded lobster salad with an inner heart ring of pimientos.

And so it goes—food hearts that are easily prepared, some of them from everyday recipes, others from unusual mixtures. Each with a place of its own in valentine menus.

HEARTS TO EAT, our new booklet, will help you make hearts too. It is full of recipes for heart-shaped foodstuffs—tempting entrées for your luncheon, molded salads for your bridge party, sandwiches for your club meeting. And after St. Valentine's Day has passed, these recipes will be just as useful for preparing in squares, circles, diamonds, spades, clubs or other shapes that you have in your collection.

Write to the Reference Library, LADIES HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna., for HEARTS TO EAT, No. 1108. It is three cents.

BY JEAN SIMPSON

# Soup is just the thing!

There are so many times when soup is just the thing. So many times when nothing else tastes so good—attracts the appetite so instantly—delights with such irresistible flavor—invigorates and benefits with such wholesome goodness. That's the great thing

about soup—it's the food that is exactly right to meet your differing needs more often than any other one food you can have in the house. Every day has its time for soup. Every member of your family welcomes it eagerly. Have it on hand always!



## Home late!

Soup is just the thing to chase that tired feeling and bring him up smiling.



## Children's lunch!

Soup is just the thing—hot, wholesome, nourishing, digestible. And how they like it!



## Unexpected friends!

Soup is just the thing for such an emergency—already cooked—delicious—hospitable.



## When you entertain!

Soup is just the thing—and there's always the correct choice among the 21 Campbell's Soups.



## Good for his tummy!

Soup is just the thing to supply food he always enjoys. Is readily digestible, firm.



## Lunch already cooked!

Soup is just the thing—a delightful, satisfying midday meal—on the table in a jiffy.

For delicious, assured Quality  
 ...for convenience...for economy

**Campbell's Soup**  
 IS JUST THE THING!



## RECIPES WITH GESTURES

BY CAROLINE B. KING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. HENRY STODOL, ILL.



**MANY** a man will wax eloquent if you give him a chance to prepare his favorite salad at the table. Give him plenty of rice, fresh vegetables, the best of oil and seasonings, and a few willing helpers, and the gaiety of the party is assured. And the success will be the greater if a large, smart, wooden salad bowl like the one illustrated is used for the mixings and final fixings. The following recipe produces a splendid salad. But use fewer vegetables if you prefer, choosing those that combine well, tastefully and colorfully.

**SALAD D'HIVER.** Cut into shreds 1 head of lettuce, 6 stalks of endive and 1 head of romaine. Cut 1 cupful of string beans into 1-inch lengths and chop into small pieces 5 or 6 stalks of celery, 1 green pepper and 1 bunch of water cress. Mince finely 1 teaspoonful of parsley and 1 teaspoonful of chervil, if it is obtainable. Peel a medium-sized cucumber and slice it crosswise. Peel an avocado and slice that thinly lengthwise. Slice crosswise 6 red radishes and 1 carrot which has been cooked. Cut 4 or 5 small tomatoes into eighths. Then heap all these vegetables lightly in the salad bowl. Prepare French dressing, using in it a little paprika, garlic salt and Cayenne if you like, and add it gradually to the combined vegetables. Remember the old Spanish proverb: "Four men are required to make a good salad—a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a wise man for seasonings, and a mad man for mixing." And I would add a snow man for keeping everything cold and crisp.



**THERE** is seemingly no end to the accommodating ways of the waffle, or to the demand for novel waffle variations. Accompanying the new electric waffle iron illustrated at the left are two sets of plates, the one used here, for waffles, and a second flat plate for grilling. You simply remove one plate and screw on the other. And so the iron is also to be used for making grilled specialties, griddle cakes in variety, toasted sandwiches, meat and fish cakes, chops and sautéed eggs. The ideal accompaniment for waffles is good coffee, especially when carefully made in a glass coffee maker like ours at the left, with a metal base holding an electrical plate.

**NUT AND RAISIN WAFFLES.** Sift together 2 cupfuls of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of salt. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of seeded raisins and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of chopped walnut meats or pecans, and toss until well mixed. Beat the yolks of 3 eggs into 2 cupfuls of milk, and add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of melted shortening. Add this mixture to the dry ingredients and beat only until the dry ingredients are lost from sight. Then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs. Place the batter in a pitcher, cover and keep in the refrigerator until it is time to use it. Then pour 3 or 4 tablespoonfuls of the batter in the center of a heated waffle iron and bake. Serve at once with syrup.



**WHEN** the up-to-date electric chafing dish, merely plug the cord into the nearest switch, and in a few minutes the dish will be ready for preparing any one of a large number of tasty medleys to please your guests.

**FISH MOUSSE.** Flake into pieces suitable for serving  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of crab meat and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of lobster, and combine these with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of whole shrimp. Either fresh sea foods or the canned varieties can be used for this dish. In the chafing dish melt 3 tablespoonfuls of butter, add 2 tablespoonfuls of flour and simmer to a smooth paste. Then slowly stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of milk and cook till thick. Beat 2 eggs and add them to  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of milk, then add this mixture carefully to the sauce in the chafing dish. When thick, stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of mushrooms, 1 small pimiento cut into strips, the fish,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful each of white pepper and paprika, a dash of maca and 3 grains of Cayenne. Cook until the mixture is thoroughly heated, then add 3 tablespoonfuls of cooking sherry. Serve at once on toasted crackers.

**TABLE-MADE DISHES,** a new booklet, offers a variety of other specialties which you will be proud to make beneath the very eyes of your friends. Write to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for TABLE-MADE DISHES, No. 1129. It is three cents.



## "Happy Birthday, Daddy!"

She made it herself! . . . and of course she frosted it with chocolate — for most fathers like chocolate best!

**Y**ES, it's the first cake Polly ever made herself—without just a *little* help from Mother. And don't think her Daddy isn't proud!

Don't think, either, that he won't enjoy *eating* his gorgeous birthday cake! For what man doesn't love the rich, satisfying flavor of chocolate!

You'll be mighty wise to remember that, you mothers and daughters, when the next man's birthday comes to your house! And why not make this very *special* cake . . . this even-grained and fine-textured white cake that's frosted so generously with smooth, moist Hungarian Chocolate Frosting.

Just use the recipes at the right. Notice they call for three egg *whites* in the cake—and then, next-as-you-please, three egg *yolks* in the frosting. Of course it's Baker's chocolate you'll use in your frosting. For millions of women agree—nothing succeeds better than Baker's in giving their cakes, their pies and truly fine desserts the delicious chocolate flavor that



men so overwhelmingly prefer to all other flavors.

And it's easy to explain *why* Baker's Chocolate has been America's favorite kind for exactly 155 years. For women know what superb flavor, what moist and mellow richness this supremely fine chocolate gives to everything they make with it.

And now, for easier use, each familiar, blue-wrapped bar comes conveniently divided in handy, one-ounce squares . . . so that you'll *want* to make something chocolate, almost every day. Of course all grocers have Baker's Chocolate. It is a product of General Foods.

### CHOCOLATE WHIP

Here's another dessert they'll cheer at your house! A chocolate pudding as light and creamy-smooth as its name says. So easy to make, too, if you follow the recipe on page 47 of "Baker's Best Chocolate Recipes" (see coupon at right). And oh, so delicious, when you deftly sprinkle its gleaming surface with toasted shreds of tender coconut.

© G. F. Corp., 1934



### IMPERIAL CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

2½ cups sifted Swiss Doves Cake Flour	¾ cup butter or other shortening
2½ teaspoons baking powder	¾ cup sugar
¾ teaspoon salt	¾ cup milk
	1 teaspoon vanilla
	3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla, fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread Hungarian Chocolate Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Double the recipe to make three 10-inch layers.

### HUNGARIAN CHOCOLATE FROSTING

3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate	2½ tablespoons hot water
1½ cups confectioners' sugar	4 tablespoons butter

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Remove from boiling water, add sugar and water, and blend. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add butter, a tablespoon at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Make enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. Double the recipe to make enough frosting to cover tops and sides of three 10-inch layers. (All measurements are level.)



**BAKER'S**  
Best Chocolate  
RECIPES

*free* GENERAL FOODS • BATTLE CREEK • MICHIGAN  
Please send me at once free copy of your 60-page illustrated Recipe Book, "Baker's Best Chocolate Recipes."  
(Please print full name and address.) L.H.J.-34

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# ON A LIGHT DIET

**OVERCOME** with fatigue and overwhelmed with the desire to sink into a chair and let the world take care of itself for a while? Can't eat without feeling wretched afterward, and wondering whether it is better to eat or not to eat? Probably you have been told to "go on a light diet" and rest as much as you can.

Or maybe you are tense and worried almost to collapsing—little things irritate you when you know they should not at all. And nothing agrees with you, gastronomically speaking. Part of the inevitable advice from those enlisted to help you is that you restrict yourself to a light diet.

Or perhaps you are finding that perfectly good meals don't seem to "sit" well, and that every so often you are doubled up with indigestion. Probably the doctor has, among other things, prescribed a light diet.

## WORRY



Or maybe you are recovering from an illness of one kind or another, and have been told to keep to a light diet until you are stronger.

There are so many reasons for turning to a light diet. But there is something desperately indefinite about the light diet itself. For it isn't easy to step into the kitchen, scan the shelves, thinking of a pickle, the spices, the rich, tasty puddings and sauces and all the delicacies that go to making food attractive when it is well, and realize that these are the things that are taboo at the very time the appetite needs to be tempted. All too often we turn to toast and tea as the solution. Fortunately, toast and tea are harmless in most instances. But the satisfaction and nourishment to be had from them as the sole articles of diet are distinctly limited. And to the most patient of the indisposed, they become monotonous.

It isn't impossible, or even difficult, though, to find an assortment of dishes that are entirely suitable for such a diet. Be sure, if you are under the care of a doctor, to learn from him any special restrictions he wishes you to make in choosing your food, according to your difficulty. It isn't safe to take it for granted that you can eat anything and everything. It is wise in the long run to consult an able doctor and follow his advice regarding the kind and amount of food you should eat.

The chief consideration is that the foods be so simple there is little burden upon the digestive system in taking them. Something worth remembering in this connection is that every food must be thoroughly masticated before it reaches the stomach before it is digested. If it is eaten in this condition, so much less work for the

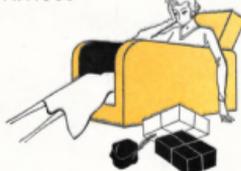
stomach. Hence the emphasis upon liquids and semiliquids in a light diet.

Milk, taken as a beverage or in the many dishes in which it is included, is the backbone of most light diets. It is so readily digested and so well laden with the nourishing materials that are essential, particularly in restorative periods. Drink it as is, make it into cocoa or malted drinks, serve it in cream soups, in custards or cereal puddings or any other way that you like. Using evaporated milk diluted less than usual will facilitate getting large amounts of milk nutrients into the diet.

Fruit juices of various kinds are always refreshing, and they are especially helpful in planning light diets. They are especially valuable because they can be served at any of the three meals a day, and also for mid-afternoon or mid-morning lunches without interfering with the appetite for the coming meal. Tea and coffee and various berths do so much toward stimulating a good appetite and in supplying the refreshing warmth that helps to make a meal thoroughly enjoyable. Be sure to prepare them by the very best method, and to make them strong enough to be satisfying, yet not so strong as to be distasteful or harmful.

Eggs are of first-class assistance in planning these menus, too. But don't forever serve them codded, poached or scrambled, as these are occasionally. Omelets are appreciated and may be varied by adding extra ingredients to the egg as it is beaten, or by adding them to the cooked omelet just before adding it over for serving. Almost any jams or sugared fresh fruits may form the addition, or creamed or buttered vegetables, cream or grated cheese. Eggs may be

## FATIGUE



judiciously worked into menus by soufflés, and the variety of dishes is just about endless. Add an egg to a scalloped dish to enrich it. And a serving of angel food or sponge cake may occasionally be the treat of the meal.

Just how freely fruits and vegetables may be chosen depends upon the case with which an individual digests them. Some of us are better if we limit ourselves to cooked vegetables rather than indulging in raw ones, particularly those that are coarse. Sometimes vegetables that are pureed may be served when others may not. Baking and mashing potatoes are the best methods of preparing them. Fried potatoes or other fried vegetables should be avoided unless they have been prepared with extra care. And some of us find that we are better if we use sweet fruits rather than raw ones.



## THE LUXURIES OF LONG HOURS OF REST AND A TASTY DIET SHOULD BE ENJOYED BY A CONVALESCENT

The more easily digested meats are suitable for most light-diet programs. Tender poultry, carefully prepared fish, lamb chops and scraped beef are good. But rich gravies, much fat or any tough portions should not be served in a light-diet regimen.

There is a great variety of very tasty dishes that will give these menus a satisfying close—deserts that are appetizing even though very simple. There are the junkets in assorted flavors, and cornstarch puddings that may be variously flavored and served with or without cream or a fruit sauce. Rice puddings may be made tastier by adding raisins or chopped dates before finishing cooking. Tapioca puddings may be prepared with varied fruits and gravies. And there are all the gelatin desserts (not those that have very rich

## THE JOURNAL KITCHEN OFFERING FIRST AID

dark, mushy spinach, faded beets or soggy puddings) will never excite an interest of semihalt appetites. Too-thick or too-thin puddings, or ones that are runny, cannot but be distasteful, whereas well-cooked ones may be one of the very welcome dishes on the menu of those who seek warm, bland foods. Stewed fruits served as just sweet enough, and if skins are left in, they must be tender. Toast must be freshly made and free from any soggliness. Crackers must be crisp. Sauces, like cereals, must be just thick enough and just thin enough, and quite smooth, to be appreciated.

And it is equally important that everything be attractively served. Hot things should be brought to the table hot, and cold ones must be really cold. Gay china and linen can do much to make the meals tempting. And your very best silverware and accessories and a generally pleasing table or tray setting will increase tremendously the interest in the food that is on it.

It is often a temptation to let well enough alone, so far as food goes, until a hearty appetite creates a natural demand for it. But this is decidedly a pity, for foods can do a great deal toward helping to regain strength, whereas going without will postpone the pleasant return to normal. Don't overfeed, or eat food that is not readily digested. And certainly don't serve dishes that are unwholesome. It does not take much of any fatty food to satisfy the appetite of half-hungry people. Cream soups are better for luncheon menus rather than dinner ones. Too-rich gravies should not appear on the menus at all. And rich puddings or pies should be reserved until digestion and appetite are back to normal. But reasonable portions of nice, nourishing food are just as vital to recovery as sleep, tonics, exercise and all the other recommendations that are likely to accompany a light diet.

Never serve portions that are large to anyone with a depleted appetite. Nothing is more discouraging than the sight of amounts of food that are all out of proportion to the appetite. Rather, serve less, than may be wanted and let the demand for a second serving be the reward. It is often wiser to serve a little food four or five times a day, rather than try to get someone with a poor appetite to consume enough food in three meals to assure his being well nourished.

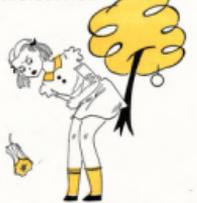
But between-meal lunches must be light and readily digested, and they will interfere with the appetite for the meal to come. Fruit juices or gruels, with simple crackers or cookies, are good for this purpose.

Ingredients added, of course) to add to the tastiness of light diets. Whips, too, are welcome and appropriate.

One of the helpful features about planning a light diet is the fact that although appetites may be jaded, they will in all probability respond to simple foods if they are well prepared and nicely served. The richer dishes are popular, to be sure, when we are hale and hearty; but otherwise, they usually lose a good deal of their glamour. Something less taxing is more genuinely restful.

It is important, though, that everything be cooked at its best. Cook vegetables only until they are tender, by whatever method preserves their flavor and color. Particularly is this important for people who do not act as a rule care for vegetables; for their interest must be whetted by attractive appearance. Brown string beans,

## INDIGESTION



# TWO-SKIN treatment solves age-old problems

*Wrinkles now known to begin in UNDER SKIN*

*Dryness corrected by treating OUTER SKIN*

## THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY



**SMOOTH—GLOSSY**

1 At its peak, the inner and outer skin of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!



**SOFT—SPONGY**

2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has broken away from the outer skin.



**WRINKLED—DISCOLORED**

3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

### You have TWO SKINS!

That's the surprising fact which explains where skin faults really begin. The skin faults you dread most. Lines. Wrinkles. Dryness. Roughness!

In your *under* skin, lines and wrinkles have their earliest beginnings. By the proper care of this skin, you can prevent them.

In your *outer* skin come dryness, roughness, chapping. You can keep this skin moist, satin-smooth by using a cream made especially for it.

### Here's the way:

**Oil Cream for the Under Skin**—Because your under skin shrinks when its oil glands fail, your outer skin falls into little lines and creases—evenly wrinkles! For this under skin Pond's Cold Cream was made. Oil rich. And penetrating! This glorious

cream sinks deep, reaches the under skin. Supplies the oils it lacks. Soon your under skin grows firm. Little lines smooth out—as if by magic!

Because this cream is rich in oils and penetrates so deep, it is a marvelous cleanser. Your skin feels wonderfully fresh and clean, as well as toned after using it.

**Greaseless Cream for the Outer Skin**—To keep your outer skin moist and smooth, an entirely different cream was made—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Quite greaseless, this cream contains a marvelous substance which actually restores moisture to the skin. It smooths away roughness in one application, and is a godsend for preventing or healing chapping. Being

greaseless it makes a heavenly overnight cream. It is also the most delicious, fluffy foundation cream.

Use these wonderful creams day

and night just the way beautiful society women do. Soon see your complexion glowing with life and vitality—satin-smooth and free of lines!



**UNDER SKIN  
WHERE  
WRINKLES START**

**OUTER SKIN  
WHERE  
DRYNESS STARTS**

*Mrs. Henry Field of Chicago. Thrillingly beautiful, one of Society's smartest women, Mrs. Field uses Pond's Creams. She keeps her under skin firm with Pond's Cold Cream, her outer skin soft and smooth with Pond's Vanishing Cream.*

**The TWO-SKIN TREATMENT**  
society women use—as told by beautiful  
MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE  
(née Francesca Braggiotti)

1 "Nightly Pond's Incredible soft Cold Cream spread all over my face and neck. Pond's Tissue to remove it. Then the Cold Cream again. This time I put it in lotions. It slides way down, deep into my skin. My skin feels renewed!"  
(If you like a richer milking cream, use Pond's new Liquefying Cream which is equally rich in vitamins, penetrating and a marvelous cleanser.)

2 "For thorough skin cleaning, Pond's Vanishing Cream. This very comfortable, creamy cleanser, does the thorough job of dissolving makeup and roughness. It's the perfect for hours."



3 "Moisture and thoroughness in the day, Pond's Cold Cream. This is the cream I use. It's the cream I use to take it off. Then Vanishing Cream as a finish and a smoother. My makeup and make-up are so perfect. And they stay on and do every trick I can think of!"

### SEND FOR 5 DAYS' TREATMENT

Pond's Creams Co., Dept. 2, 115 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. (In Canada, write to Pond's Creams Co., Ltd., 115 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.)

Manufactured by Pond's Creams Co., New York, N. Y.



For your Under Skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless, does the thorough job of dissolving makeup and roughness. It's the perfect for hours.



For your Outer Skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless, does the thorough job of dissolving makeup and roughness. It's the perfect for hours.

# THAT QUESTION OF OBEDIENCE



*Marion L. Faegre*

## EDITOR'S NOTE

WE FEEL sure you will be glad to meet Mrs. Faegre "face to face" and to know something about her. She was graduated from the University of Minnesota and has studied in the graduate school at the University of Minnesota and at Radcliffe College.

She is the author, in collaboration with Dr. John E. Anderson, of *Child Care and Training*. She is national chairman of the Exceptional Child Committee, National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

When she is not teaching classes in the University of Minnesota, Institute of Child Welfare, where she is assistant professor of parent education, or lecturing, and leading parents' study groups, she is writing books, magazine articles and radio talks. She is well equipped to understand children, being the mother of three boys, aged ten, fifteen and twenty.

Now we have good news. Mrs. Faegre has prepared another book, No. 1075, *Discipline*. *HOW AND WHEN TO PUNISH*, three cents. This is one of a series of leaflets suitable for individual reading and for club study. Others now available are No. 1076, *BOOKS CHILDREN LIKE TO OWN*; No. 1100, *PLAY MATERIALS*, both by Mrs. Faegre; No. 991, *HOW TO CHOOSE TOYS*, written by Rachel Stinson, professor at the Merrill-Palmer School, three cents each. Write direct to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.

## BY MARION L. FAEGRE

"I don't want an obedient child!" declared a young and intelligent mother, when the talk turned on children. "Of course, I want my child to be disciplined, but I get into the habit of obeying me, and doing only what he is told, how is he ever going to learn to think for himself?"

"What does the word obedience suggest? There is in the word always the sense of master and servant, never that of equality."

"Oh, but," someone says, "that is the reason it is necessary for children to be obedient. They are too inexperienced not to need the direction of their parents. For the sake of safety alone, it is imperative that they should follow commands."

This implies that unless the Argus-eyed parent is always on the watch, a child will invariably pick out the bad or harmful. But what if, instead of pointing out to a child what he should do, we tried to find a way of getting him to select the right thing. Insistence on what we demand means either increasingly unthoughtful docility, or smothered fires of rebellion which will flare up sometime.

We certainly want our children to be self-starters—then we must avoid pushing them into this behavior or that.

Using initiative demands the making of choices. How about the occasions when no choice is possible? When the child must go to bed, or eat his dinner, or go to the toilet? Be very careful on those occasions not to suggest or imply a choice. I have

heard mothers say, "Do you want to go to the toilet?"—a question practically sure to bring the answer, "No!" What other answer could we conceivably expect? Whereas "Time to go to the toilet!" has in it no suggestion of domination by the adult, only a reminder of our reliance on the clock. There are times when danger threatens or when other exigencies demand prompt and immediate obedience. Unless the signal or tone that has been agreed upon as being an imperative summons is used only on those rare occasions, its power to bring a response will disappear.

Undisciplined youngsters are just about as unhappy as they are unloved. No wonder parents try to exact obedience, when they see where the unstraddled, impetuous desires of the child who is "expressing" himself lead! Wild, unruly, misdirected impulses are not "self-expression." Such a term implies the use of one's abilities fruitfully, and so children must recognize the laws of behavior that govern people who would live happily together.

How can we be reasonably sure that our children are learning habits of action that contribute to a wholesome growth of self-discipline? Perhaps it will be a help to suggest a few rules, built on sound psychological principles:

1. Let's remember, in the first place, that the things we are interested in having our child do are not primarily the ones he's interested in. Dressing, eating, going

to bed are all lacking in thrill. If, then, we must separate children from an interesting activity, let's practice tactical tactics in bringing it about. We do it with adults; why question taking such a course with children, who have less understanding? So the first rule is, "Use tact."

2. Next comes responsibility. Unless we can make a thing seem reasonable to a child, it is no more use to expect his cooperation than it would be to expect that of an adult under the same circumstances. (We wouldn't even try, would we?) Explanations, when possible, bring about a sympathetic relationship, and pave the way for quick compliance when there is not time for them.

3. Many of us defeat our own purpose by giving our children too many directions. Arranging as simple an environment as possible, and then letting the child pretty much alone, will mean less risk of wrong responses creeping in. Young children are so curious and eager to explore, that to keep them much of the time in a living room with many knickknacks is inviting trouble. If, on the other hand, a child can enjoy great freedom in a simply furnished room of his own, it won't be asking too much to expect him to curb his desire to touch things when he is in the living room. If we ignore many minor faults and mistakes, we shall not so easily get into the habit of fault-finding and nagging.

4. Encouragement of the child's good responses is much more important than his learning that is blame when he has done wrong. However much unhappy experiences teach children, pleasant ones teach them more.

5. Of course it is easier to tell children what to do, or even to make them do this or that, than to figure out a way of getting them to want to do the thing because they can see for themselves it is desirable. But we have failed, as far as habit training goes, when we insist on the child's doing something unless we have succeeded in making him want to do it.

6. Parents who can agree on ways of handling their children will find their problems diminished by about half.

The plan of guidance, rather than of command, forces parents to use every last bit of intelligence and ingenuity. In the long run, however, such effort saves us—and our children—emotional strain. We can, for example, say to Enid, "No, you are not to buy that dress. It will sell too easily, and it will take a lot of pressing to keep it in condition." Enid will probably feel sulky and think that we take pleasure in thwarting her desires. But if we give her the advantage of our experience, and then let her go ahead and make her own decision, she will be more responsible, and every time she wears it, and pay for its frequent cleanings out of her own allowance, we have actually helped her, because she is responsible for the results.

But surely things can't always be left up to the child! What about the times when you've tried to be reasonable, and cooperative, and understanding of the child's point of view, and he persists in wrongdoing? Of course people get punishment, and that is true. But the older, or older, though, much of the "punishment" takes the form of results of their folly or stupidity. Wholesome growth of "moral results" can be applied to the behavior of the child, it will lead him to a more thoughtful use of his conduct.

While we cannot entirely do away with the personal element when it comes to disciplining our children, we can ask ourselves this question:

"Are my methods such that my child gradually needs less discipline from within, and is becoming a more thoughtful and more thoughtful of conduct within himself, which to a greater and greater degree control his behavior?"

It's my hope to discuss this question page. I have discussed forms of punishment that are harmful and those that seem to obtain good results.

# "I'm a Bride of 6 Months

*—but I've already learned this lesson:*

*It doesn't pay to use a cheap, unreliable baking powder"*



(An intimate chat with Mrs. Joyce B. Blackburn,  
Jr., of Southdale, N. Y.)

**G**ETTING married on \$20 a week takes courage nowadays.

"And, my! Was a time I've had nothing to brag," says Mrs. Blackburn. "I made plenty of mistakes in baking, too, that don't hold any."

"The first baking powder I bought was cheap stuff—and almost costed a cent! The cake I made with it was so poor I threw it out, my husband said he'd rather have some food and butter."

"I'm fully convinced that it's just common to use any baking powder but Royal. You don't see much in a cake anyway—and expensive butter and eggs deserve the best baking powder."

**GOOD FOR YOU, Mrs. Blackburn!** When you figure the cost of ingredients for a cake, it doesn't seem reasonable to skimp along with a doubtful baking powder.

Just look at that chart on the right. Two 1/2! Chocolate, 1/2! Sugar, 1/2!

You can't do for your Royal Baking Powder! That's not much to pay, is it, for a perfect cake every time?

You already know, of course, that Royal is famous for the fine flavor it gives to cakes and biscuits... that it produces a texture so fine and even, your cake holds its moisture and freshness for days.

**REMEMBER,** the next time you buy baking powder, how little it costs to use Royal. And, as a matter of fact, the price is now lower than it has been for 17 years.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

This is the home of the  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER  
Company, New York, N. Y.



"Was I proud of the first cake I baked with Royal! And I've had the same wonderful results every time."

## APPROXIMATE COSTS OF MATERIALS FOR A CHOCOLATE CAKE\*



\*When you figure out the cost of your cake ingredients on amounts shown, it does seem foolish to deprive yourself of the best baking powder—guaranteed Royal!

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Mail coupon today for the new Royal Cook Book to give when you bake at home.

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4 DAYS OF SNIFFLES . . . 4 WEEKS IN BED

**WHICH?**

(read copy below)

Colds cause more absence from occupations than any other disease—They are responsible for lost health, lost time and lost money.



## WHY NOT GUARD AGAINST COLDS THAT HANG ON?



*Listerine gargle attacks germs associated with colds*

• Here is news for cold sufferers:

Actual tests have shown that when men and women used Listerine twice a day, their colds are mild and of short duration compared to colds of non-users.

Never was the relationship of oral hygiene and cold prevention more clearly shown.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks the millions of disease germs breeding there—including those associated with

the common cold and simple sore throat.

Within 5 minutes after the gargle, the number of such bacteria is reduced amazingly—sometimes as much as 99%.

Even four hours after the Listerine gargle, reductions of as high as 64% have been noted. With such lasting effect is it any wonder that Listerine is the usual choice?

On the surfaces of the mouth, made cleanly and protected by Listerine,

disease germs cannot gain the foothold they do on surfaces not so protected.

Get into the habit of gargling with Listerine every morning and night. It is a remarkable aid in warding off colds. And when a cold has started, increase the frequency of the gargle. Often this pleasant precaution keeps a cold from getting serious. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



# LISTERINE is safe

## NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES

HANDBOOK  
PAGES

BY LITA BANE

### WASHING GIRDLES

Remove any delicate trimming that may not be washable, then turn the girdle wrong side out. Make a soda solution of cool water and a pure neutral soap. Squeeze the soda through the material; do not rub, though if there are particularly soiled spots, use soap flakes or beads into the spots. Rinse in two or three waters of lukewarm to cool temperature. Wipe the girdle in a turkish towel to remove excess moisture; do not wring. Hang the garment so that the weight is evenly divided, or ease it into shape and lay it on a flat surface to dry in a moderate temperature. Excessive heat destroys the original elasticity. Do not iron a girdle, even though it looks like satin.

### BRASS, COPPER AND BRONZE

There is a tarnish that appears on brass, copper and bronze—a greenish, poisonous compound. This can be removed by a thick paste of tooth-wash warm buttermilk with linseed oil, or milk. After using vinegar or vinegar with milk, be sure to wash, rinse and dry the article thoroughly. After all the green has been removed, the metal can be polished to a brighter luster with a special metal polish or with all-rub with oil. This stops the acid and protects the surface from tarnishing elements.

### AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATORS

1. Defrost when deposit is a quarter-inch thick.

2. Clean and oil according to the directions provided by the manufacturer.
3. After defrosting, wash thoroughly and dry trays, cabinets, inside and outside of evaporator. Soaking ice-freezing pans with strong, ice-freezing water is desirable. Foreign flavor, which is desirable in warm water to which soda or borax is added. Clean outside of cabinet with mild soap and water.



## Fight Pneumonia—

It ravages with the speed of a forest fire

**P**NEMONIA causes the death of approximately 100,000 people in this country every year. Many of these deaths result because the speed with which it attacks the patient is not matched by promptness of defense.

In rare instances, a person apparently in the best of health is stricken with pneumonia. But usually the disease is contracted by one whose vitality has been lowered by exhaustion or exposure, or who has been dragging himself around for several days through sheer will power or stubbornness, while suffering from a protracted cold.

During the critical stages of an attack of pneumonia the patient's chance of recovery often depends largely upon well-trained, faithful nursing.

There is a serum which is of great assistance in some types of pneumonia. It has helped to save many lives. If your doctor advises its use, have it administered at the earliest possible moment. Time is vital. A fire may be quenched when small, but becomes uncontrollable as a conflagration.

While victory over some diseases can be achieved only by months and sometimes years of patient resistance, the battle against pneumonia is usually won or lost in a comparatively short space of time—sometimes it is a matter of days or merely hours. Meet the speed of pneumonia's attack with greater speed in defense.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet "Just a Cold? Or?"—Address Booklet Dept. 234J.



**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# Luscious—these fruit-cup desserts!



## No boiling water steals Jell-O's rich, fruity flavor!

THE SWEETEST DESSERTS YOU CAN SERVE—and the easiest! Prepare things that ever twinkled in parti-colored lights from a shaker glass! This first—for your fruit goes twice as far! So easy and quick to make—so rich in fruit and flavor—thanks to the marvelous new Jell-O!

On flavor alone—just see how much lives this new Jell-O is! For you dissolve it a different way—a way that uses all the deeper, truer fruit taste.

Instead of the boiling water that turns flavor off in the air on every puff of steam, you use water barely warmer than lukewarm. No flavor escapes—every particle of juicy taste stays in the finished dessert.

No boiling heat to cook away with this new Jell-O—simmer begins at once. You can pour it into your most precious shaker glasses and put them in the refrigerator right away! You'll be astonished at the first serving—the sensationally tender texture.

Get genuine Jell-O for flavor and speed the size that you're getting real Jell-O—a product of General Foods. Get the gelatin dishes that don't need separate flavor-making boiling water—that sets faster—tastes richer!

Look on your grocery's shelf for the assortment of bright Jell-O packages—a different color band at top and bottom for each flavor. A patented inner seal, exclusive with Jell-O, seals in the flavor—keeps it fresh.

### Try these Jell-O fruit cups!

So many kinds of fruit can be stretched and released by Jell-O! Try these ideas for parties—lunch diners—children's suppers! From left to right in the photograph, they are:

#### Raspberry Delight

Fruit or canned drained raspberries in Raspberry Jell-O, with Jell-O cubes and berries piled on top.

#### Lemon Gaze

Apricot quarters in Lemon Jell-O with pineapple wedges and mint cherry sprigs on top.

#### Melange Melange

Strawberry gum beads with grapefruit sections, free from membranes, with cubes of Cherry Jell-O piled on top, garnished with slices of banana.

#### Jalap Cap

Cubes of Lime Jell-O, alternated with seeded halves of green grapes, garnished with mint.

#### Orange Gaze

Orange sections free from membrane, in Orange Jell-O.

Note: Jell-O may be dissolved in one cup of warm water, adding fruit juices for second cup of liquid. Chill Jell-O until slightly thickened before arranging fruit in it. Cubes may be cut from Jell-O molded in shallow pans.



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Send today for the new book, "What Mrs. Dewey Did with the New Jell-O." An interesting, sharp and exciting new recipes. It's free. Mail the coupon for your copy today!

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# The NEW JELLO

Dissolves in  
Warm Water!



## The Crooked Lane

(Continued from Page 12)

to him—deeply. I was telling you about Fay—about how I happened to go into the sitting-room."

"Yes. Because you wanted your book, and because you thought that the telephone might ring. And so then you went in, Tess?"

"SO THEN I went in. She was lying curled up in the corner of the farthest love seat. I couldn't see her face; she had one of her arms crossed over her head and buried her head in it. Her brocade bag was open on the cushion beside her, and there was a book that she must have been reading—I didn't see what it was. There was—there was a whiskey bottle on one of the little end tables; it was almost empty, and there were two or three empty mineral water bottles beside it, and a glass bucket with some half-melted ice cubes. The highball glass was on the floor; it had rolled over to the edge of the hearth, and there was a little dark rattle between it and the love seat. I thought—I thought that she'd been drinking again. I went over and put my hand on her shoulder and gave her a little shake."

"Floor Tess—my poor Tess—that now is all over. That you must forget."

"She put her hand to her throat, and swallowed twice as though it hurt her, her eyes, dilated and incredulous, fixed unswervingly on him.

"I can't forget. It felt—it felt as though I were shaking a rag doll. And suddenly I saw that there was another bottle standing there by the one that had held the whiskey—a little empty brown bottle standing on a scrap of paper. I couldn't move. I couldn't even take my hand off her shoulder. I felt—I felt as though I were dying. I've never felt as though I were before in my life. I think that that's worse than dying."

"It was then that you telephoned to me?"

"No, not then. One of her hands was swinging out over the end of the love seat nearest the glass, and after she had rung a hundred times I bent down and touched it. In books it always says that when they're dead their hands are cold as ice. Why do books tell such lies, K? Her hand was warm."

"He said, his lips rather white, "It is a curious literary tradition. Actually, one must be dead for quite a number of hours before the—the body is cold."

TESS murmured in a small, dreadful, abashed voice. "It didn't make any difference, really; I knew that she was dead. But I couldn't let anyone see her until I was absolutely sure. Her bag lying there, half open, with her lipstick and cigarette box and her little white-enameled mirror. . . . I remembered what you'd said about mirrors, and I turned her head over on my arm and held it quite close to her lips. It stayed as clear as though it had been polished."

"He came to her swiftly, taking both her hands in his. They were as cold as Fay's should have been."

"With all my heart I wish that I could have spared you that," he said.

"Yes. Probably I shouldn't have done that. Because ever since I've felt so dreadfully ill. And I can't be ill. Not now. Not yet." She released her hands very gently and said, looking down at them, "I just had back just the way she had been, and lifted the bottle off the scrap of paper, and read the note through three times. It was after the third time that I went across the room and telephoned to you. I was right; the receiver was off the hook, and it was so long before you answered that I could feel my hair turning white down to its roots."

"Sheridan said very gently, "I am more proud, more glad than I can say, that it was that you called tonight. But why,

Tess, did you ask me to bring the black bag?"

"Because I thought that you would need it."

"But so, my dear, since you tell me that Fay has killed herself, there is no need for anything in this bag. I need only to help you to get in touch with your doctor; he will see to it."

She said, very clearly, her eyes on the black bag, "I never told you that she had killed herself. Fay was—murdered. . . . Shall we go?"

"She turned the handle where the Do Not Disturb sign still dangled its gay warning, crossed the threshold with her long, light step, not stopping until she was half across the room. After a moment of rigid incredulity, he followed her."

It was a far cry, surely, from the day nursery of the Stuart babies to the lucid, sophisticated charm of the great square room before him. All ivory and buff and cream and black and silver, it looked as serenely self-assured as though it had just been sitting for its portrait, sleek and perfect from the miniature grand piano in the right-hand corner to the backgammon table by the door, ready and waiting with its square counters of marble and ivory and lacquer, and its stately, lowly chairs of black and silver, that might have come from Malmson or Pompeii.

HIS eyes, servants trained to vigilance even when the sick servants retired, moved alertly from the half-opened door at the left that led to Tess' room back to the closest one at the right—the door to the room that she so long as had belonged to Fay. This other one, quite close to him, must be the kitchenette. How mannered, artistic, and yet how open and simple—the easy little gardenia trees in their crystal pots on tall black columns, blooming fragrant and thrifty on either side of the door; the soft blue and silver and emerald gleams of the tropical fish, flashing lazily through enchanted forests in the great open spaces of the open windows; the books that completely framed the fireplace at the far end of the room, blossoming in a gay tapestry from floor to ceiling. . . .

But even the books had been forced to flower only in emerald and jade and turquoise, black and sapphirine and cream and silver. Even the low seats that flanked the Persian-tiled fireplace— . . . He halted, feeling something deep within him twist and sick, but his eyes, relentless and unwaried, continued steadily about their business."

She was lying curled up in the far corner of the cream-colored love seat, her head buried in the curve of her arm, so that only the bright clustering hair and the elixir delicacy of the small closed ear of the hair were turned toward them. Sheridan, motionless at the end of the couch, felt his heart turn within him. So small, so small—no larger than a child's foot, surely, lying there with all the limp, confiding grace of a weary child, one small, bare hand dangling helplessly above the other turned glass. Even her hair might have belonged to a child, with its lustered, springing abundance and its gay color of daisies, shining in the spring sunshine. It looked as though it would swell of spring, and sunlight, and flowers. . . .

He passed his hand over his eyes, set his teeth, and took a step toward her.

SHE was wearing bougainvillee aramas made of some shimmering green stuff, cool and silvery and acid as young leaves in April, girdled about with a wide shaft of turquoise-blue that may be the child's mother's succo sandals with their absurd round toes. Like a little Persian page from a long-forgotten fair tale—a little page dancing contentedly amid the fish in a dancing fountain, of silver apples high, high on a jade tree. . . . He took another step and

lifted the swinging hand in his. It was still quite warm and flexible—so tiny, so fairylike in its boneless, velvety perfection that it seemed incredible that it should ever be cold and stiff. He circled the slight wrist with his fingers, his eyes on the thin trickle of liquid drying at the edge of the tall glass. . . . After a minute he let the hand swing free, and rose to his feet.

"The mirror did not lie," he said. "What a world! Fay was— . . . What is that brown bottle, Tess?"

SHE said tentatively, her eyes on the bottle. "Hyposcine-methylene. You can see it's printed on the label."

"Hyposcine? Now why did she have hyposcine?"

"Because I got it for her. It's a sedative, isn't it?"

"You got it for her?" At the look on her face he pulled up sharply, checking the blank amazement in his voice. "As you say, it is a sedative—though hardly a usual one. Where is this note that you spoke of?"

She made an almost imperceptible gesture toward the table, where it lay in the hazy of the lamplight, a little square no larger than the palm of her hand, covered with small black spots as exquisitely and fastidiously precise as those in a medicinal manuscript.

"She wrote always like that?" he asked incredulously.

He combed the knuckles whitened in the hands that Tess Stuart had linked behind her back. "Yes; always. It's a kind of printing that she invented when she was a little girl. She could do it like lightning."

"No, but it is amazing!"

He stretched his hand toward it, and she cried with a sudden, appalling violence. "Don't touch it. You don't touch it!"

"But why not, Tess? You, then—you have not touched it?"

"She covered her lips white, "No."

"But why not?"

"I don't know. Why didn't I? Why didn't I? I don't know." After a moment she enclined her hands, looked at them as though they belonged to a stranger, and said with a sigh of utter exhaustion, "I think that it was because I knew—I think that it was because even then I knew—that it wasn't meant for me."

"Not for you? For who then, Tess?"

"I DON'T know. If we knew that, we'd know everything, wouldn't we? But there are things in that note that simply can't be meant for me."

"What things?"

"That put you at the end—the part where she said that she loved me. She didn't love me. She hated me. And the part there, where it sounds as though she'd threatened before to commit suicide, and that I'd made her stop—look, here where it says "This is the end." That never happened. It couldn't have happened. . . . ever. Nothing in heaven or earth or hell could have made Fay commit suicide."

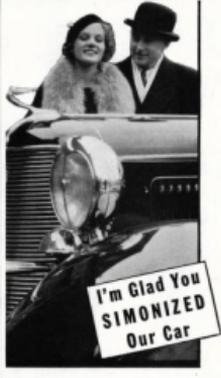
He bent his head over the little black words, his face rigid in its concentration.

Darling: It's too bad that you couldn't stay home for just one evening, isn't it? Especially when you know how horribly I needed to see you, after the rotten mess I've made trying to work things out by myself. Well, this is the end. I'm through. If you won't here by eleven I'll go straight ahead and do what I told you—and this time you won't be here to brighten me out of it. I don't suppose that you'll believe me, damn you, but darling—you're the only person I've ever loved. Ever.

FAY.

He read it through, twice, without stirring when he finally looked up, the lines between his eyes had deepened. "Why,"

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 the lid of the jar off—still they're safe!

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 matter how sensitive it may be.

In Woodbury's Creams you have beauty aids that  
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 which greatly reduce the risk of infection, build skin  
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Dermatologists agree on the superiority of these

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 are vital aids to supple skin texture, firm muscle tone,  
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 the fingers... 100% of them state that apart from their germ-free  
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DR. JOHN MONROE SIGMAN

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you ever tasted!

**T**hus, the surprise, if you possibly can, have this surprise for your husband. Swift's Premium Bacon, the kind that's *Ovenized*.

Now smoked a special way, *in ovens*, it is marvellously better than ever Premium was before.

Such flavor! A finer blending of the tang of hardwood smoke . . . the sweetness of selected pork . . . the smooth richness from a famous cure. Verily, a flavor to spread cheer at breakfast tables.

Then, this new Swift's Premium is more tender.

Can taste similar. *Ovenizing* made a striking difference there. You will notice it at the first taste.

(And incidentally, while you're tasting you might look a little, too. You'll find them something unusually appetizing about the color of *Ovenized* bacon.)

Won't you try it tomorrow morning? There's just this point to remember when you buy. It is Swift's Premium that you want—the only kind that's *Ovenized*. Swift & Company, Purveyors of Fine Foods.

**SQUARE EGGED?** Yes, you can buy a gadget now—the Square Egg Pouch—that actually does turn out square eggs. But whether the eggs are square or round, be sure the bacon is Swift's Premium, the kind that's *Ovenized*.



# SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON *It's Ovenized*

SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM ALSO IS OVENIZED . . . SO MILD, SO TENDER YOU DON'T HAVE TO PARBOIL IT!

# "ANN SNICKERS"

A drain drama with a happy ending  
Pictured by F. G. COOPER.

Yes, my love.

I'm telling you again, Ann, that washbow drain gets my goat! I have to wait and wait for the water to run out. Please have it fixed today.

Now old lazy drain, Mother told me how to fix you with Drāno—so here goes down your neck—and you'll wake up in a hurry.

Well, dear, the drain's fixed—and you owe me \$3.

Fine! It's worth twice that much not to have to wait on waste water.

Just look how the water rushes out now. And pardon me for snickering, dear, I fixed it myself with Drāno and it only cost a few pennies.

Ann, you're a trump! And you can keep the \$3 if you promise to use Drāno regularly so I'll never again lose my temper over a slow-running drain.

Yes, my love.



# Drāno

CLEANS AND OPENS DRAINS

KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING

• SEND ten cents for helpful booklet, "100 Housecleaning Hints" The Drunken Camel, Inc., Dept. J-34, Cincinnati, O.

(Continued from Page 64) that there's something unusual about the pencil!"

"I am quite sure that there is something unusual about the pencil."

"Yes—I see, there's a curious quality like plush or velvet, isn't there? Could it be indelible?"

"Oh, never. With an indelible pencil it would be quite a hand, this gray; and then, see, a drop of water has fallen on it—here, on the word 'ever.' If it had been the indelible pencil, that word would now be visible."

"Well, but then, K, what kind of a pencil was it?"

"I think—I am, I am quite sure—that it was a pencil of pure graphite, with no alloy; a pencil such as is used only by artists. Did Fay draw—sketch—do any work of that kind?"

"No. She simply hated doing anything with her hands. She was very bad at it, and she detested anything that she was bad at."

"Nor you? Not anyone in the household?"

"Nor I. I'm not sure about the servants, of course, but I'll make inquiries, if you want me to."

"That might be wisest. If she wrote that note tonight, as it certainly implies, the pencil must be close at hand, of course. Will you have a thorough search made in the morning? I should like that pencil—and the note, too, if you are permitted to retain it. Now there is still something that I have to show you about this note. It is not the pencil which my eyes were warning me of, you see, though that, too, I find strange. But now you shall see for yourself—look, I will put the page here on this small black table, where it will stand out quite clear. There now—you see?"

She bent forward, eager and intent, only to look up at him with an impatient little shake of her head. "I told you that I was stupid—don't do anything—not anything at all that I didn't see before. I mean. What is it that I ought to see so clearly?"

"You cannot see that this line here is not quite straight?"

He drew his finger lightly and swiftly across the foot of the little page, sharply defined against the shining black surface.

"Yes, now that you show me—oh, but even now I couldn't swear. You're sure?"

thought. On the left it is four inches and two-tenths."

"You were quite right," she said, bending over it, her fingers deep in her hair.

"It seems to be a favorite trick of yours. And if you will wait just a moment, I think that I can tell you what you've been trying to show me. Someone trimmed something off the end of that paper, didn't he? Something that he didn't want anyone to see? Someone who was in a hurry, and whose hand wasn't quite steady?"

"Oh, as for that, one might have a hand as steady as mine, or as yours, and miss that notch an inch if there were no line to guide him! As a matter of fact, it might well have been Fay herself who did it. The only indisputable fact is that the paper has been slashed."

"THERE wouldn't be a possibility of finding any fingerprints on it—any besides Fay's, I mean?"

"No. If it had a glazed surface, perhaps—though even then, I doubt it. It has been very carefully handled; the pencil marks are so soft that they would blur quickly if they were smudged, you see—and except for that one little drop of water, they are quite clear. This paper here is very fine and dull, almost like a vellum. You would not have any idea where it might have come from?"

"Yes. I think I know exactly where it came from. I think that it came from Fay's own notebook."

"Her notebook? And do you know where she would keep her notebook?"

"I imagine that it's in the bag; the bag on the sofa. She carried it with her everywhere, because she had such a dreadful memory."

He was back with it in his hands almost before the words were off her lips. "In this!" He shook the contents impatiently onto the sofa, pushing aside the black bag to make space for it. "Ah, here! This is the one?"

Tea bestowed on the charming, beautiful small object, all shimmering blue and green brocade and diamond corners, the briefest of glances—but the eyes that she turned away from it were haunted.

"That's it."

He turned back the cover with impatient fingers, and paused, looking at it



"Absolutely sure. I could very easily swear—and would."

"But, K, it's such a tiny difference."

"Not so tiny, I think—quite an honest, appreciable difference. A tenth of an inch, perhaps, even an eighth. Wait, I will show you."

He crossed to the end of the love seat, where he had left the black bag, scowled down at its sinister, competent trimness, and turned back, swinging it impatiently onto the table in front of the pale girl, her eyes fixed on the piece of paper. When he looked up again the old friend was gone; the pleasant, courteous stranger was gone; the lover who had lurked behind the noncommittal eyes was gone. In their place stood the physician with his scalpel, the chemist with his scales. In their place stood Karl Sheridan of the Criminal Institute of Vienna, with a steel tape measure in his hands.

"Now there will be no more question of guessing or of swearing," he said quietly.

"See, here across the top it measures three inches, exactly. And here down the right side it is exactly four inches and one-tenth. And on the left—yes, that is as I

strangely for a moment before he detached the last centesimal line."

"That, most undoubtedly, is it. But there is one curious thing about this little page, Tess. It is blank. Now that might mean"—he halted, his pale face suddenly lit with irony—"that might mean, as any fool could see, any number of things. Let us find now just how it measures with our note."

The steel measure sharp sharply to attention, and the dark head and the shining pale one bent forward to read its message.

"A liberal four and a half inches; that means that that clip is half an inch missing. And that, I think, is all that our note will tell us at present. But for so small and innocent a messenger, it has not proved uneloquacious. Now, next, Tess—next!"

He put down the sea-colored notebook, and turned impatiently to the table at the end of the love seat, inventorying its contents with a practiced eye.

"Old Verity whisksy—not more than two drānos at most left in the bottle. Three mineral-water (Continued on Page 68)

**TEETH**  
*whiter, more  
 lustrous*

**—THE NEW VOGUE!**

Firmer, healthier gums . . . a pure breath . . . all thanks to this remarkable new dentifrice that costs just half the price of many brands.

In Paris, they're tinting teeth to give them sparkling brilliance. American women—or at least 2 million of them—know that such an extreme is unnecessary. They have discovered that by changing to Listerine Tooth Paste they get naturally what Paris seeks by artificial means.

Teeth brushed faithfully with Listerine Tooth Paste soon acquire new whiteness, a higher polish and lustre. Thanks to a new polishing agent, this tooth paste removes film and discoloring stains with surprising speed. Yet the polishing ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste is softer than tooth enamel. It cannot possibly scratch or harm the teeth in any way.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste and learn these results. Note how firm and healthy your gums feel as your teeth gain new whiteness, new beauty. See how pleasantly refreshed your mouth is after each brushing; how pure your breath.

In just a few years, Listerine Tooth Paste has become the choice of fastidious women the country over. These women pay only 25¢ a tube, or less. Yet they use Listerine Tooth Paste because it gives them what they do not find in other tooth pastes at even twice the price.

Don't take our word about it. Try Listerine Tooth Paste. Find out for yourself just what it will do—why women prefer it to 50¢ brands. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

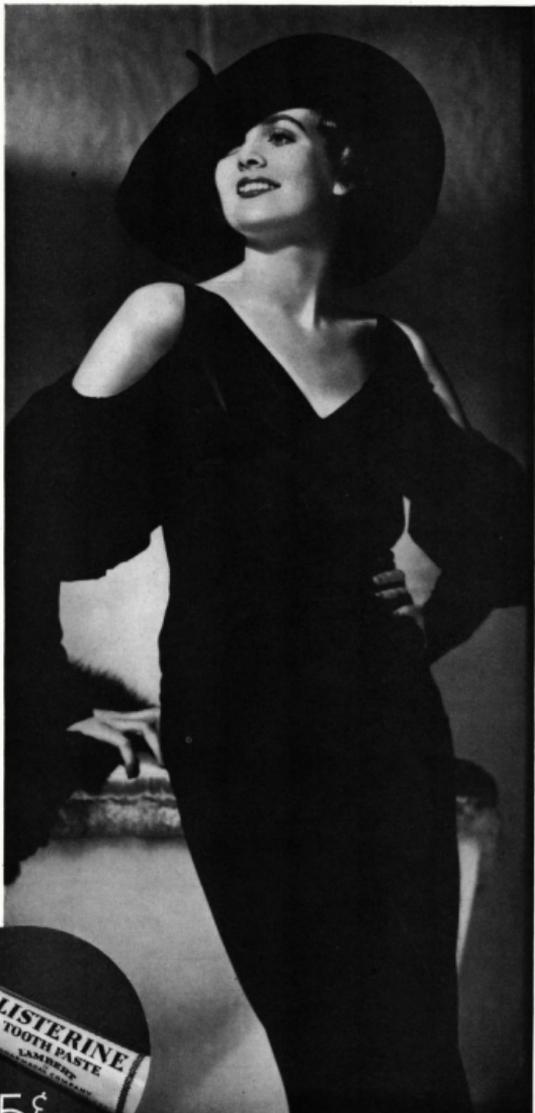
At last! Bristles can't come out!

PRO-FHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH  
 WITH PERBAC-GRIP  
 U. S. PAT. No. 1,872,853



**LISTERINE**

**TOOTH PASTE**





## EXPERT FINDS 56 OUT OF 93 BRANDS OF COFFEE STALE

Fifty-six brands out of a total of 93 brands of packaged coffee purchased in 16 cities throughout the United States were adjudged to be stale, according to an investigation made recently by the *Yen and Coffee Trade Journal*, New York, N. Y. Ten of these brands were said to be unfit to drink.

The packages were received in New York, were opened and tested in the cup by an expert, the identity of whom the *Journal* refused to disclose, but who they insisted is one of the outstanding experts in the coffee industry.

The test was made in order to determine how consumption in this country might be increased. It places considerable significance on the fact that the packages selected for the test included some of the most widely advertised brands.

Of the 93 brands selected for this test, 5 were bought in Atlanta, 6 in Boston, 4 in Cincinnati, 6 in Chicago, 5 in Dallas, 4 in Kansas City, 6 in Los Angeles, 6 in Minneapolis, 6 in New Orleans, 11 in New York, 6 in Portland, Me., 4 in Portland, Ore., 6 in Richmond, 7 in St. Louis, 6 in Seattle, and 8 others in miscellaneous

## When Coffee is Stale

..it's not only flat and tasteless—*it's nervously irritating*

When your husband is in one of his door-slaming moods, his nerves may be on edge because 3 times a day he's putting coffee into his system that is *nervously irritating*.

If coffee is stale, it develops rancid oil. It is a slight but constant and nagging source of irritation to the system. It does not put you so bad, but it wears down your resistance, upsets your sense of proportion. The danger is greater because the drinking of stale coffee is widespread.

The clipping above, taken from an article

in a recent investigation of coffee in the principal cities of this country, shows that 56 brands of packaged coffee were found stale!

You may be one of the thousands of housewives who are unknowingly buying coffee that has not only lost its flavor, but has become definitely irritating.

### One sure way to know: Fresh Coffee

How can you tell which coffees are fresh and which are stale? How do you know how long they have been sitting in the grocer's shelf? There is one brand that

is *Dated* so there can be no doubt in your mind.

Every pound of Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee is clearly marked with the date of delivery to your grocer. It's rushed to him fresh from the roasting ovens by the same quality-wide delivery service that gets you in 24 hours—and Chase & Sanborn see to it that no can stays on his shelf more than 10 days.

No time for its rich, full-bodied flavor to disappear. No chance for it to develop rancid oil and

become dangerously irritating. Sooo drinking it is insurance. Ask your grocer for Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee.

**DATED**—



*means it's FRESH*

Copyright, 1934, by PROCTOR KETCHUM CO.

Over and over, you'll thank your stars...

# Calumet batter can wait!



### Interruptions Don't Matter!

If your youngest comes to grief—or your talkative neighbor runs in—or the oven just won't heat quickly—it's all the same to your Calumet cake batter. Let it sit on the table for as long as half an hour, and when you do get around to bake it, you'll get the same fluffy, very prize-winning!

### Send for This Wonderful Picture-Lesson Book!

#### "All About Home Baking"

A glorious picture-book of mouth-watering good things, fresh from the oven! And the clearest, simplest lessons you could imagine, on every type of baking from pastries to party cakes! This book contains 125 baking recipes, 25 in demonstration form. Each demonstration has pictures in series, almost like a movie, and easy



step-by-step directions. You'll learn just how experts measure, mix, cover, heat, fold, grease pans, regulate ovens, make frostings and decorations. Master these few basics and you can make every recipe in the book perfectly the first time you try it!

Not a booklet—a real book with 144 pages, gorgeous color plates, photographs of cake settings, 14 pages of interesting news. Washable covers in yellow and blue gingham design.

#### Money Back if Not Satisfied!

Send 25c for this book—keep it a week—and if you don't agree that it is really worth \$1.00, return it and get your 25c back. With this book and Calumet, you'll soon be a wizard at baking! Mail the coupon at right!

YOU can keep a Calumet batter waiting an hour... a day... even a week... and still the cake or hot bread you bake from it will be marvelously fluffy... delicate and fine... light as air!

Think what this means to you! See all the ways it saves you work and trouble... helps you to serve hot, fresh-baked treats without last-minute hustle!

#### How Can Batter Wait?

What is there about Calumet Baking Powder that makes all this wonderful convenience possible?

Double-Action! One action in the mixing bowl released by the liquid you add. But... a remarkable second action, held in reserve

to be released in the oven. This second action waits in your batter for hours, or days, or even a week, until the oven-heat says "Go!" Then up comes the batter, rising steadily to even, glorious lightness.

#### Calumet is Thrifty, Too

Notice this fact about Calumet. It's economical—you use less than with many other baking powders. Only one level spoon to a cup of sifted flour in most recipes. All because Calumet's Double-Action is so astonishingly efficient!

Get Calumet Baking Powder at your grocer's. You'll bake oftener, because it's so convenient and thrifty. And how proud you'll be of everything that comes out of your oven!



#### Last-Minute Baking—Easy!

How everybody loves hot muffins—can bread—gingerbread! Yet you don't make them very often because it's such a bother to mix-up-batter-while-you're-getting-a-meal. With Calumet you can mix your batter in the morning, store it in a cool place, bake it while you're getting dinner—and serve a real treat hot from the oven! Light and fluffy as if it had been baked right after mixing instead of waiting all day!



#### Try this Large-Quantity Cake Recipe for Saving!

4½ cups sifted sugar 1 cup butter or other shortening  
4½ cups cake flour 2 cups sweetened condensed milk  
4½ teaspoons Calumet 1½ cups milk  
1½ teaspoons vanilla 2 teaspoons vanilla  
Salt three times, measure three times. Cream butter and all ingredients three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream to light, airy and fluffy. Add eggs and mix until well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Divide batter and store for cakes suggested below.

Fill measurements one half!

To save Calumet batter, cover batter to prevent spoiling, open double priced of damaged three-ounce packs, weigh double priced of damaged three-ounce packs, store in a refrigerator or other cold place. When ready to bake, remove covering.

#### One Mixing—Three Week-End Desserts—Baked as Needed!

**Miracle Orange Shortcake.** Store ½ of above batter in two greased 8-inch layer pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F) 25 minutes. Cool. Arrange sweetened orange sections and shredded coconut between layers and on top; serve with custard sauce.

**Favorite Jam Squares.** Store ½ of above batter in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches. Bake

in moderate oven (350° F) 50 minutes. Cool. Top with ½ cup jam folded into ½ cup cream, whipped. Serve in squares.

**Current Cup Cakes.** Store remainder of above batter in greased cup-cake pan. Sprinkle with currants and bake in moderate oven (375° F) 20 minutes. Or bake without currants and frost for cup cakes, if desired.

# CALUMET

The Double-Acting  
Baking Powder

A product of General Foods



#### Mail this Coupon for New Picture-Lesson Book!

FRANCE LEE BASTON,  
General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.

S. W. 3-24

Please send me your new picture-book of baking lessons and recipes "All About Home Baking," for which I enclose 25 cents (stamps or money order).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Print name and address plainly. This offer expires December 31, 1934; not good in Canada.



## CUT-AND-RUN COSTUMES

BY HELEN BOYD



HERE are some new notions of ways for you to go to your next party in pairs. And these costumes are easy to make in a jiffy out of nothing at all—or nearly nothing; just materials you have at hand.

To do "the family wash" requires only two pairs of pajamas, some waterproof ink, a stout rope and a few "unmentionables" that you see on the line.

The circus lady whom you've seen hopping through her hoops all these years is depending upon little more than Cellophane net in the costume here! And it's easy to dress her companion—a top hat and "tails," a broad band of red-satin ribbon and a whip to crack, and he's an authentic ringmaster!

You may have to practice saying, "Why'n'cha come up an' see me sometime?" but all you need wear to look like Mae West is a box of painted Cellophane and a dress that rustles, and a hat you can dig out of a trunkful of clothes from

the early 1900's. Let your escort visit a customer and he will come out looking for all the world like "one of the boys"—checked suit, bowler, a pair of mustaches and a diamond stickpin.

Everybody loves an Alice. For her a Mad Hatter escort affords comparative safety. His trousers of white duck have been painted all over with checks, and he has made his tall hat from black stiff paper. Alice is wide-eyed in ogee-trimmed with rows of red braid. And to be authentic she should wear a band in her hair.

Of course we realize that there's more to the making of these costumes than we've indicated here, and so we have detailed instructions for getting up these famous pairs—and many more—in the leaflet, *MINUTE MASQUERADE COSTUMES*, No. 1107. If you will send a three-cent stamp to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa., you can start making your costume at once.

# Hands look old sooner

roughen, chap more easily than your face because the skin is Different

Try this test YOURSELF



1. Press one finger across your forehead or down the side of your nose . . . you'll feel the oil that keeps facial skin smooth, young.

2. Hand skin is non-oily skin. It feels dry to the touch because it has practically no oil to lubricate and protect the skin.



*There is a simple easy way to keep hands soft and young*

LET'S look at the backs of your hands. Has this different non-oily skin begun to roughen, show tiny lines, look a bit old?

That's because the skin cells have been robbed of the precious moisture they need to keep them youthfully firm.

Every time your hands are exposed to wind, cold or grime, some of this moisture is taken from them. But you can easily restore the moisture your hands must have.

There is a wonderful white lotion—Jergens Lotion—especially compounded to go right down inside the dried-out skin cells.

*Puts moisture back into the skin*

Jergens does this more quickly, more completely than any other lotion tested in recent laboratory experiments.

That is why Jergens Lotion never feels sticky—why it works miracles with chapped, rough, or oldish hands.

One of its ingredients is just what specialists prescribe for softening and smoothing the skin. Another has a remarkably whitening effect.



*There's witchery in hands—enchantment in the lightest touch of petal-soft fingers.*

After using Jergens Lotion for only a short time you'll notice a delightful change in even much-used hands. Soon you'll become devoted to it, as millions of other women have, and use it every night and morning, and in-between times whenever you have your hands in water.

All drug and department stores carry Jergens Lotion at the toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 50¢ and \$1.00. It also comes in a convenient, smaller size at the ten-cent stores.

**This lotion goes into skin cells more quickly, more completely than any other lotion tested. Do try it!**

**FREE!** *Generous trial bottle*—just mail this coupon to THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., 8403 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (in Canada 8103 Sherbourne St., Perth, Ont.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Jergens Lotion



" I LIKE THE MILDNESS  
AND FLAVOR OF CAMELS "

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.

■ Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., deserts New York early in the season to spend her winters on the Carnegie Island (Cumberland Island) off the coast of Georgia. Besides being a paradise for her two small sons, it gives Mrs. Carnegie the sandy beach and woods she loves and one of her favorite sports, trap shooting with her husband. In the summer she is at Newport in her lovely house. She loves animals and her favorite fox terrier, Bono, who was born and raised in Newport, goes everywhere with her. She is a deft and delightful hostess and her shrimp Newburgh, southern style, is excelled only by her Georgian wild turkey with wild rice. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

" I NEVER TIRE OF THEIR FLAVOR "

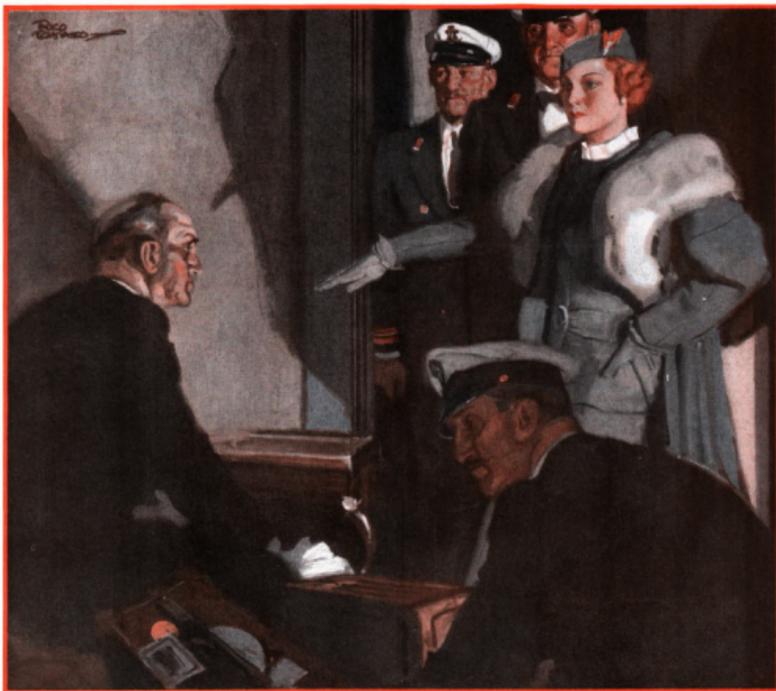
"They always taste so good. They are smooth and rich and certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being flat or sweetish," says Mrs. Carnegie. "Camels never make my nerves jumpy or ragged, either. And they're so popular that keeping enough in the house over week-ends is a problem."

That is because steady smokers turn to Camels knowing that they never get on the nerves. Women especially appreciate this. And they like the smooth flavor of the costlier tobaccos in Camels. For a cool, mild cigarette that you enjoy no matter how many you smoke, try Camels.

**CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER,  
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY  
OTHER POPULAR BRAND**



*Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder*



"TAKE MY ADVICE," CLARA BEGGED. "SEARCH THE CABIN!"

## Too Many Dukes

SIBYL SOLVES A SECRET AT SEA

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

IT WAS the spring sunshine and the tang of a southwesterly breeze through the open port window which induced Clara von Lintz to leave the privacy of *cabine de luxe* No. 14 and mount to the deck. It was, perhaps, chance which induced the officious seaman who brought her a chair to place it next to a solitary young man who was seated gazing gloomily over the rails toward the receding coast line.

It was without a doubt sheer curiosity which induced Clara to remove for a moment the colored glasses which she always wore in the sunshine, to glance at the corset upon the worn brown-leather dressing case which reposed upon the deck by the side of her neighbor. She looked away again almost at once, and there was no sign of interest in her face. Nevertheless, what she had seen provided her with matter for speculation at various periods during the remainder of the voyage.

"Madame has dropped her paper," the young man said a few minutes later.

Madame leaned a trifle forward. One felt that nothing but his innate good breeding kept the admiration from the man's eyes when he realized that he was seated next to a very beautiful woman.

"We shall have a pleasant crossing, I imagine," she remarked as she thanked him.

"If the fog which threatens does not approach," he agreed. "The sea is too calm for this time of the year. It is sometimes deceptive."

The conversation, never thoroughly launched, languished. The young man, however, appeared also to have developed some instinct of curiosity. Through his immovable eyeglass he stared at the label neatly attached to his companion's small jewel case. The printed letters were clearly visible.

"You will pardon me, madame," the young man ventured at last, "but in glancing at your satchel I happen to discover an address in Merton Square, London."

"That is where I live," Clara acknowledged.

"I am not well acquainted with your city," he confided. "Would there be a Merton Street in the same vicinity?"

"Within a few yards," she assented.

"The address, however, is somewhat deceptive. The street is only a converted mess. It is just a short row of dwelling houses and offices."

"You will forgive my interest," he continued. "To tell you the truth, I have been advised to call upon someone in Merton Street in connection with the purpose of my visit to London. Perhaps you would be kind enough to indicate in what direction this Merton Street is situated."

"You will find it without difficulty," she assured him. "It is within a hundred

yards of Berkeley Square, toward Mayfair."

"I am exceedingly obliged," he acknowledged. "I am also," he added, "somewhat surprised. The address which I was given in Merton Street was the address of an inquiry office which I fancied might lie in the direction of the City."

She smiled with sufficient indifference. "The inquiry office you have in mind is doubtless the one conducted under the name of 'Sibyl,'" she observed. "I believe most of their cases are undertaken on behalf of people who live in the fashionable quarters."

"It is a famous firm, madame?" he queried.

"They have an excellent reputation," she replied.

Her lack of curiosity seemed for the moment to intrigue him. He looked at her thoughtfully.

"One imagines, madame," he remarked, with a slight hesitation, "that you yourself are not English?"

She shook her head. "I am Austrian," she told him. "A cosmopolitan from habit. As a place of residence, however, I prefer London to any other city. But for its climate (Continued on Page 45)



"Here . . . Use this New Sunbrite Cleanser. That's the cleanser Mother chose in the Hidden Name Test." . . . Mothers, particularly, are glad they made the Hidden Name Test. Children are so often careless. They make it ever so much harder to keep things clean.

But in the Hidden Name Test, mothers discovered *one* cleanser did a better job in less time, with less work . . . and with never a scratch. So little did so much and went so far that they knew it was the most economical. But they did not know its name . . . because there were no

brand names on the cans of leading cleansers in this one-week test.

On tile and enamel . . . on pots and pans . . . on stove and refrigerator . . . this one cleanser gave better results. Many mothers asked us its name. After the test was over, we told them. It was New Sunbrite Cleanser . . . and the final results showed it was just what.

Here is a test every mother can make. Get a supply of New Sunbrite Cleanser. Compare its results with the cleanser you are now using. By personal test, prove that



New SUNBRITE CLEANSER

© Copyright, 1954, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.

CLEANS EASIER . . . WORKS FASTER . . . WON'T SCRATCH

(Continued from Page 53) I should probably be a permanent resident there."

"You surprise me very much, madame. I should have imagined that Paris—"

"There is no Paris," she interrupted. "The circle has shrunk and shrunken until it has become too small. One cannot breathe in the atmosphere of the few French people who are left. It is a beautiful city, but it is no part of France."

The young man took up a novel which had been lying by his side and settled himself further back in his chair. Clara rose and strolled off. The young man read on undisturbed.

**A** STOUT, dark woman with almost painfully brilliant eyes and the smudge of a moustache upon her upper lip leaned forward to her companion as Clara disappeared from sight. She was seated upon a bench a few yards away.

"Monsieur does not trouble himself about the women," she remarked. "That one, too, she was beautiful."

"She had also distinction," her companion, a man of the same type, agreed.

"She possesses an air of familiarity," the formidable-looking lady ruminated. "Somewhere she has been pointed out to me. She brings into my mind a sense of danger."

The man scrutinized his neighbor calmly. His face was almost as hard as hers, his deep-set eyes as bright. At first sight they seemed to be an ordinary bourgeois couple—probably trapezoidal engaged in a voyage of commerce. Afterward one might have been inclined to change one's impressions.

"It is not like you, Hortense," he observed, "to have ideas."

"If I had no ideas," she scoffed, "you might be living in another world with me. Here, my lamb, we move slowly. It is not that I am nervous, but we are surrounded by matters which need consideration. Walk slowly around the deck, come back to me and report. Amongst other things, I would like to know whether the beautiful lady has descended."

He grumbled a little, but he did her bidding. With his hands thrust deep down in his overcoat pockets, so deep that he could feel something hard in the inner recesses of one of them, he made a complete revolution of the deck. His walk was inclined to be strut. His expression was amiable but self-important.

"Madame," he reported to his companion, "remains at the further end of the deck. Monsieur is apparently engrossed in his book. Nothing changes."

"And the others—little Armand and the woman?"

"One believes that they have not mounted."

From far aboard, where the shores of England lay under a glimmering haze, there came the faint shriek of a siren. The woman puckered her brows and turned around. The man walked to the rail and came back.

"It is a trifle of mist," he announced.

"We shall have landed before it spreads."

**CLARA**, Baroness von Linz, saw ahead in the distance the gray mist thickening upon the water, and heard behind her the siren calling. The bell from the engine room rang and the race of the Channel steamer through the water was limited. Already they were going at half speed.

With a little grimace she turned round, passed through the open door and descended the companionway.

As she approached the door of her cabin a stout, powerful-looking man, his hands thrust into his overcoat pockets, stepped aside to allow her to pass. She passed into the seclusion of *cabine de luxe* No. 14.

Faint lights of mist were straining now and then through the window. She leaned over to close it, but suddenly paused. She was always a curious woman, and she listened. Someone was speaking in the next cabin.

"Port harbor light on the last train signal. Starboard on the castle. Le bon Dieu, what an agony!"

The occupants of that next cabin, *cabine de luxe* No. 16, appeared to have discovered a new form of amusement.

"Port harbor light on the last train signal. Starboard on the castle. If only Bouvard would hurry!" the woman said.

"Bouvard must have failed!" her companion cried. "Something has happened! We do not move."

The women strained forward. It was true. The engines had either ceased or they had become inaudible. The sea was rippling gently by the side of the ship below, but the curling wisps of mist had become stationary. The woman leaned farther forward, beautiful after a certain fashion with her red hair, her delicately preserved cream-colored skin, but with the lines of middle age already asserting themselves. Away in the distance, it was true, the faint outline of the shore was dimly visible, but straight ahead the curtain had fallen. Barely a hundred yards distant was a dense wall of fog, and behind it nothing but the screaming of sirens.

**THE** young man wiped his forehead. He was slim, typically Parisian with his elegantly controlled waist, his carefully draped tie, his closely cropped moustache, and his modern linen and jewelry. He was not of the type, however, which had fought at Verdun. Even the sight of that bank of fog seemed to have reduced him to a state of terror.

"It is the evil one himself who mocks us," he habited incoherently. "How shall we be able to see the land? And Bouvard—he must have failed us."

The woman threw a scornful glance at him. "Bouvard does not fail," she said.

"He told us to remember that it would be toward the end, when people were gathering together their belongings, so just as if all that he had not hastened. They might have searched the cabins."

"If one could only feel oneself safe on land," the young man muttered. "Safe anywhere in London."

"You forget," she reminded him. "We are not going to London."

He protested. "What misery!" he exclaimed. "A grim English hotel—the waiting around—the risk. The game is not worth the candle. Let us throw the boards overboard," he added, touching a large but flimsy paper parcel with his foot and upsetting callously what seemed to be a plant with stiff green leaves enclosed in a wicker-work cage. "Let us change cabins."

"And betray Bouvard! Armand, you are not a man."

"It is my nerves," he moaned.

**I** THOUGHT they might fall in a crisis," she said, and there was a hard light now in her brown eyes. "But listen. They shall not fall now; or if they do, it will be the end. Drink some brandy. Gain courage somehow. This is an affair already committed. There is no drawing back. The fog is much different. Sooner or later we must move, and when we do enough will be visible."

"You should have been a man, Lucie," the young man said.

"I should have made a better one than you," she was the bitter retort.

He drew himself up, but words died upon his lips. There was a knock at the door—a harsh, peremptory summons. The woman crossed the room, and the summons came. She opened the door. One might have divined that she was of that breed who love danger for its own sake.

"Who is there," she inquired in a tone of unexpected sweetness. "I have already told the steward that monsieur is suffering and we do not wish to be disturbed."

"It is Bouvard's Open!"

She drew the bolt and opened the door without hesitation. The stout man who had been strutting about in the upper deck stepped in. His eyes seemed more brilliant than ever. He had the air of a man engaged in an enterprise; every moment of his brought him nearer to success. The young man—there was a duke's coronet upon his dressing case, but the name on his passport was Armand de Boncourt—said:



Her STRAIGHT STRONG BACK—WELL SHAPED HEAD—were built with the help of Bottled Sunshine

She's a beautiful, well-developed baby now, but she wasn't born with a well-shaped head, fine, full chest, straight legs, strong back and sound teeth. She needed special help to build them!

All babies require the protection of one special factor—Vitamin D—to build their bones strong and straight, their teeth sound and even. Specialists tell mothers to keep them out in the sun as much as possible to obtain the Vitamin D they need regularly every day.

But they know that the sun outdoors cannot be entirely depended upon to furnish enough. At this time of year, especially, had weather, clouds, smoke, fog, clothing, and ordinary window glass prevent the "Vitamin D" rays of the sun from reaching the baby directly.

So physicians advise giving Bottled Sunshine—good cod-liver oil! It is the more certain source of bone-and-tooth protection.

A really good cod-liver oil is valuable for other purposes, too. As prepared by Squibb, it contains an abundance of the factor which helps babies grow and increases their resistance.

The vast difference in grades of cod-liver oil, however, makes it absolutely

necessary for mothers to get a vitamin-protected kind. Only in this way will the baby be fully benefited. And knowing this, mothers everywhere ask for Squibb's!

You'll find Squibb's *less expensive in the long run*... In buying cod-liver oil, remember it isn't the original price you pay that counts. It's *how long* the bottle will last. Inferior grades of cod-liver oil have to be given in larger doses. A bottle is soon used up. A *vitamin-protected* cod-liver oil, however, goes further and is actually less expensive to use. Keep this in mind when you buy cod-liver oil. Get Squibb's—the vitamin-protected kind.

Your baby may need an extra rich one... For babies who are growing especially fast, Squibb has a cod-liver oil with extra Vitamin D. It is called Squibb's *Cod-Liver Oil with Fluorinated D*. Used by many mothers for very young babies.

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Free... to every mother. Important booklet, "Why Every Baby Needs Bottled Sunshine," Write E. R. Squibb & Sons, 745 Fifth Ave., New York.



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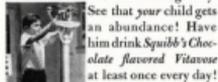
Find out what is interfering with his appetite, making him nervous, bringing down his weight!..... You may be able to correct it this new way.....

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Put an end to this now. Stimulate your child's appetite! Build up his weight! Help him over his nervous habits. Perhaps what is wrong is his failure to get enough of the important factor needed for appetite—*Vitamin B!*

Many children eat poorly and lose weight because they receive too little of this essential appetite-stimulating factor.

But they also have been found to pick up quickly when they are given an extra amount of Vitamin B regularly.



See that your child gets an abundance! Have him drink Squibb's Chocolate flavored Vitavose after each other every day!

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trembling into a chair. His presence became for the moment negligible.

"Success!" the woman asked swiftly.

"It is not Henri Bouvard who fails," he boasted. "Tell that little rabbit to close the window. It will be time enough to open it when we are going again. He can buy himself also with the parcel. The branch of the plant there must be attached in an upright position to the cork."

The young man was incapable of movement. The woman leaned over and closed the window.

"I changed my plans," the newcomer continued. "As usual, luck favored me. The fox threatened, and she and I were left alone. After that, it was easy. I confess, however, that I did not reckon upon complete stoppage. My fear is that Challes will find time now for action. If so, and he has word with the captain, there may be a search before we proceed. I ask myself what is best."

The man's words were alarming enough in their suggestion. The woman, however, merely reflected.

"What have you done with—with it?" she asked.

"The dressing case I disposed of through the portside in the lavatory," he replied. "It will not be easily found. The box is here."

**F**ROM underneath his two coats he produced a sizable looking flat tin box. It was no sooner in the woman's hands than she commenced to wrap it up in a piece of matting which had lain upon the table.

"The immediate trouble might be," she said, listening to footsteps outside, "if anyone insists upon ascertaining. What would two wealthy passengers in a *cabote de luxe* want with a thing like that?"

She pointed continuously to the untidy looking bundle. The man stroked his chin thoughtfully. For a single moment his confidence seemed to waver.

"It was such a wonderful scheme too," he reflected.

"Inevitable!" she exclaimed furiously. "You may grow more clever every day. I am sorry that I spoke. There is poor little Armand shivering with what he calls nervousness. What is that indeed but rank cowardice? Here are you, even you, deliberating. We take our risks. We stay as we are. Henri, until the engines beat again and we carry out our plans exactly as they were made. See here."

She picked up a tumbler and half filled it with brandy from the bottle which stood upon the table. Bouvard accepted it with a chuckle.

"I drink to you, my beautiful," he said. "It is not courage I need. I pause only to reflect upon what is best. Some day, mark you, I shall take you away from this little rabbit. You please me. Madame and I have squabbled for long enough."

He drank from the tumbler. She followed his example with a laugh. This was the sort of man the underdog

**I**T WAS one of those rare occasions upon which Gertrude Horder felt herself justified in departing from the usual routine of her work. She ignored the telephone and made her way by devious passages to the next-door house, which faced Merton Street and had its back to the mews. She knocked at the door of Clara von Linn's sitting room and was answered at the sound of the latter's voice inviting her to enter.

"Come in, my dear Gertrude, and close the door," Clara enjoined. "I imagine that you have an important client. It might possibly be—I believe that it is—the Duc de Challes?"

Gertrude gasped. "But, my dear," she exclaimed, "how did you guess that?"

"I crossed with him on the steamer yesterday. I saw his name on his traveling bag. He asked me what quarter of the town Merton Street was situated. You see, it is not so wonderful after all!"

"Have you any points to give me?" Gertrude Horder asked.

Clara rose from her place. "I am going back with you," she said. "Do not admit him until you know I am in my place and

ready. He has probably come to you concerning the theft of a sum of valuable jewelry. Do not forget to find out how far the police have gone in the matter. I shall probably have to give you some instructions as to how to proceed. You have tested the instruments this morning?"

"Everything is in perfect order," her factotum answered.

The two women traversed the mysterious passage which connected the two houses. When, a few minutes later, the Duc de Challes was seen into the consulting room, Gertrude Horder was seated at her desk. Of Clara von Linn there was nothing to be seen.

The young man entered with a bow and stood with his hat in his hand.

"I wish," he confided, "an immediate interview with the principal of your firm. I am the Duc de Challes."

**G**ERTRUDE HORDER waved him to a chair. "To all effects and purposes, duke," she told him, "you can look upon me as the head of the firm. Every matter of business is transmitted to our principal through me."

The young man frowned slightly. "Mine is not a trivial affair, he saw. "It is an affair which demands the immediate attention of your chief. It is of great importance and it would surely save time if were allowed to state the matter."

"My chief is sometimes called a crank," Gertrude Horder retorted, smiling, "but the firm has prospered and met with great success by its present methods."

The young man recognized finality and took a chair. "I was robbed yesterday," he began. "I am in possession of half a million pounds' worth of jewels on the steambot between Calais and Dover."

Gertrude Horder listened sympathetically. "There were rumors of a great theft in the papers this morning. I have heard no particulars."

"The particulars are simple," the duke explained. "I inherited these jewels from my aunt, the late head of our house. They were handed over to me in accordance with the lawyers on Monday. I was to bring them to London at once to have them shipped to your great-grandson, Messrs. Christie's. During the crossing from Calais to Dover they were stolen."

"In what fashion?"

"I WAS seated on deck," the duke continued, "with my small articles of luggage—including a bag which contained the jewels—by my side. We ran into a mist and nearly all the other passengers descended to the saloon. I was suddenly attacked from behind and received a severe blow on the head. I did not see my assailant to recognize him. When I recovered my breath and my head ceased to swim, the bag containing the jewels had gone, and I was alone."

We were in the middle of a bank of mist and they were unable to find me to speak to the captain. The purser, however, promised that no one should be allowed to leave the ship until the Dover cable had been passed through the customs, and that a rigorous search should be made through everyone's hand baggage. I was obliged to be content with this. The search was made without result. There was no trace of the jewels."

"Did you report the matter to Gertrude Horder's side ring. With a murmured word of excuse she listened, then turned once more to her client.

"Did you enter into communication in any way with the Dover police?" she inquired. "They have the reputation of being a very clever force."

"Five minutes after the purser had told me that the search had been in vain and that he could detain the passengers no longer, I left my own baggage in the care of my servant and went to the police station," the duke recounted. "I found the chief of the police very impatient. He told me that there had been one or two cases in his time of thefts on board steamers and—the how is it you call it?—the booty thrown." (Continued on Page 66)

59 YEARS AGO



TODAY

*Times change...and Lovers' ways...*

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**SOFT, SMOOTH, FREE FROM CHAPPING...**



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**NOW IN A SMART MODERN DRESS**



# Thrifty recipe... million-dollar cake!



### Wonder Chocolate Layer Cake

*(100)*  
 2 eggs sifted Swiss Down 1 cup sugar  
 Cake Flour 1 egg, unbeaten  
 2 teaspoons baking powder 1/2 cup milk  
 1/2 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon vanilla  
 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening  
 Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and mix together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together well. Add egg and beat very thoroughly. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition well smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in very greased 8-inch layer pan in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes. Spread Chocolate Wonder Frosting between layers and on top of cake, spreading top attractively with spatula.

### Chocolate Wonder Frosting

3 ounces (1 package) cream 2 squares Baker's Cream-cheese  
 2 or 3 tablespoons milk 1/2 stick of salt  
 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar  
 Soften cream cheese with milk. Add sugar, one cup at a time, blending after each addition. Add chocolate and salt and beat well smooth. Make enough frosting to cover top of two 8-inch layers. If desired, frosting may be divided to cover tops and sides of cake separately.  
*(All measurements are level.)*



One egg—just a bit of shortening. You know from experience what that would give you if you used ordinary flour. A "Plain Jane Cake"—nothing to boast about—that's certain. But do this...



Make up the recipe given at the left—with Swans Down Cake Flour!—and what do you get? A million-dollar cake! Featherly!—Delicious!—Delicious! A cake that will make you pop with pride!



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(Continued from Page 58) He drew a little nearer. "Always, beloved," he murmured.

She eluded him with a little laugh. "They have told me that you are a dangerous person, marquis. Even with a fortune at stake you show yourself a man of gallantry. But wait. The jewels first."

"The jewels first," he repeated in a mesmerized tone.

She rang the bell. The steward presently appeared. She drew him on one side. With a little nod and a gesture to the marquis, she stepped out into the corridor.

"Steward," she demanded, "who is in the next cabin?"

The man's face fell. He was evidently perturbed. "Madame," he replied, "his name is Fontany, but I know no more about him."

She shook her head gently but reproachfully. "You are an honest man. You do not wish to get into trouble? You do not wish to shield a thief?"

"Not for one moment, madame," was the indignant answer.

"Then trust me," she insisted. "Fetch me the purser as quickly as you can, and tell him to bring two of the officers who have some courage. Tell him if he does this there may be a very pleasant surprise for him."

CLARA VON LINZ returned to her seat upon the lounge. The young man watched her petulantly.

"He does not advise," he complained.

"Who knows your friend in the next cabin?" she asked.

"He does not wish to be seen with me," the marquis assured her. "He is afraid that he might be recognized. Although there was nothing in it, we took the dressing case away from my cousin. There might be trouble."

"And the lady with the beautiful hair who was your companion?" Clara asked with a very creditable simulation of jealousy.

"She went to Follescoite to return by the other route to Boulogne," he explained. "Bouvard thought that it was better. For myself, I am not afraid," the marquis went on with a show of courage. "I try to recover from a relative my own property. It is a man's natural impulse. With Bouvard it is different."

"What do you suppose," she asked, "he is doing in there alone and with the door locked?"

"He is a very excitable person," the marquis confided. "The anxiety has brought on an attack of senescence."

There was a knock at the door. In response to Clara's invitation to enter, the purser and two of the ship's officers were disclosed upon the threshold. She rose to her feet.

"Mr. Brown," she said, addressing the purser, "there is a man locked up in the next cabin who, I believe, stole the jewels belonging to the Duc de Challes. Furthermore, I believe he has the jewels with him."

The purser's eyes glittered. "Baroness!" he exclaimed.

THEY all swung out into the corridor. The marquis found an attack of nerves. He was calling out feebly and trying to attach himself to Clara. The purser knocked at the door of stateroom No. 16. There was at first no reply. Then a very weak voice was heard:

"Who is that? Go away. I am ill. I have the *mal de mer*."

The purser waited no more time. He drew from his pocket a pass-key and fitted it into the lock. He rapped open the door. A man who was lying upon the couch sprang to his feet.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?" he demanded, and his voice was suddenly strong.

The purser looked round the room hurriedly, as if he sought for some trace of senescence. He remarked:

"This is my reserved cabin, which I have said for."

"I demand to be left alone."

"I SHOULD like to point out to you, Mr. Brown," Clara said with a sudden inspiration, "that this man crossed yesterday, on the boat from which the jewels were stolen, under the name of Pontany. He has engaged this cabin under the name of Fontany! It was a stout man then with a black mustache. Look at him now! He has shaved off the mustache and got rid of his false front."

"But this is ridiculous," Bouvard shouted.

"Take my advice," Clara begged. "Search the cabin."

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour things began to look a little awkward. The carpet had been torn up and the boards tested. The lounge had been thoroughly examined and the two chairs dismantled. The purser was distinctly uneasy. Clara herself was puzzled. Suddenly inspiration again befriended her. She turned to the stewardly basin.

"What is that lying by the side of the nail brush?" she asked.

"It appears to be a screw driver," he remarked.

"See if it fits the screws which hold the bowl in place," Clara suggested.

The steward went up with his knees and made an effort. Clara smiled. She was spared the catastrophe of failure! They all stooped down. One by one the screws were withdrawn. The purser pulled forward the lead pipe and bent it over. A little shower of jewels fell on to the floor!

"Don't you see what has done?" he pointed out. "He has opened the pipe at the other end, put in some sort of an obstacle, reserved the jewels on the top and there he has the most complete hiding place anyone could imagine."

The purser looked it up. "Clara directed the Duc de Challes."

"As for the jewels—I claim them on behalf of the Duc de Challes."

HENRI BOUARD's shouts filled the cabin. He tried to fight his way out, but he was easily overpowered. He might, perhaps, have slipped away, but he slunk back trembling before the revolver which the marquis was pointing at him in unsteady fashion.

"The jewels were there after all, Bouvard!" the latter called out. "You have deceived me! It was you who secured the jewels!"

"For your sake, you puppy!" it the other yelled.

"Be *en vos dents*," the marquis sneered. "The whole affair," Clara pointed out, "is quite clear. This man Bouvard double-crossed his companion, who, I dare say, may be a cousin of the Duc de Challes, and who may think that the jewels are his. He reported stolen, having achieved success. You will take care of the jewels, Mr. Brown. So far as I am concerned, the affair is over."



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## You're So Dumb

(Continued from Page 17)

Constance watched while the shining, whispering water came slowly over the sands. Soon up the river bed the sea ran free, and streets of rippling food spread around Tumbleline. Against the moist foundations of St.-Michel's ramparts small waves lapped greedily, each wave a little higher than the last.

Robert came back to stand between his mother and Constance. "Personally," he said languidly, "I find the phenomenon has been overrated."

"But indeed a joyous experience," said his mother deeply. She added in a less pontifical way, "There was not, however, the speed of a galloping horse. I, too, am a wee bit disappointed."

Constance said, "The sand is almost out of sight already." She thought, at least in that unforgettable moment of seeing the wave enter the river, she had been with one who saw the same.

"How was the rather shabby person?" inquired Robert airily.

"I got the information I was after," said his mother loftily.

"CONSTANCE had a word with him a' too," said Robert. "Find him interesting, darling?"

"Not frightfully," said Constance. Robert, the connoisseur, was certainly not going to do any prying into her reactions and reflexes.

A shimmering, rising waste now lay about the Mount on every hand.

"Well," said Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer capably, "we have seen the most important part of this—and we are all hungry." She prepared to depart.

The lamb here is supposed to be a great delicacy," said Robert at once. He took his mother's arm with affection.

Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer responded, almost in a chant, "They graze on the salt mussels—it gives an unusual quality to the flesh; *pre-sauis*, it's called by gourmets."

"To say nothing of the lobster," Robert reminded her ardently.

"Don't forget the famous omelet," said Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer.

Constance had not before seen Robert so moved.

"I noticed a charming little place on a terrace," he continued with almost a tremor in his voice.

"Then let us go there," said his mother, "and satisfy the demands of the inner man and woman."

She led the way with stately tread. Following, Constance saw that the girl in the red beret, the elderly Jew and the friend of Mother Carvy's chickens were now standing at the farther side of the battlements, watching the eastern sky, where the pale-gold rim of a moon past full was lifting.

The charming little place on a terrace of Robert's discovering was halfway down the ramparts, and gave upon a Normandy smothered between moorlands, where the perilous seas into something very like fairie land forlorn.

Constance doggedly dug her lobster out of its shell, swallowed her foamy omelet and cut her salt-fed lamb from its bone.

"Ah, this is something like!" said Robert. "Isn't it, darling?"

"At the end of a delightful day," said Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer, "what could be better?"

Constance thought, "That girl—she's so soft, sensuous. He's probably in love with her. The Jew must be her father."

"Golden Montrachet," sighed Robert, lifting his glass.

"The pressed laughter of peasant girls of France," said Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer.

"Sorry, darling," said Robert—"you're thinking of champagne."

"I had champagne," said his mother hauffily, "before you were born."

CONSTANCE thought, "I shan't see him again, I suppose. Of course an American. Funny his being with those people."

She put her hand in her pocket to take out her handkerchief, and felt the crumpled letter. She had forgotten it was there. She thought of the writer. "If he's come, I wonder where he is."

"There's your pick-up, darling," said Robert suddenly to his mother. "Just sat down—three tables to the right."

Constance looked that way. The girl and the two men were ordering dinner.

Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer created a majestic head. She ignored her son's plesantry. "Now that we have dined," she said, "we will take the car and go over the causeway for a little drive into Normandy."

Something in Constance abruptly and violently rebelled. She thought, "I won't be bred about like this." She said, "Shall you very much mind if I don't? I feel a bit tired."

Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer urged that the ride would do her good, but Constance was stubborn. The more she opposed Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer, the more she enjoyed doing so. In the end, mother and son, arms linked in after-dinner amiability, went one way and Constance another.

THE Grande-Rue entrance of the hotel **I** was deserted. Through an open door on the left Constance took the lower dining room, with a scattering of tourists still buzzing at their meal. She had a notion to go up to her room and fetch a muffler. With sunset the air had gone chill. She met no one on the stairs, but the second landing gave through an open door upon a narrow green alley cut into a cliff, and there a tall figure with a nose like Henry IV waited for her.

Constance's usually excellent nerves betrayed her into a start and a smothered gasp.

"Hello," said the tall figure reassuringly—"kiss I haven't frightened you."

"How did you get here?" she demanded.

"Very simple. Stairs up the rock. This lane goes to the garden—past the museum, save you leave the terrace. Took a chance this was your hotel."

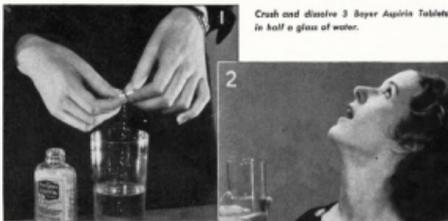
"So you followed me."

"That's very kind of you," said Constance with immense detachment.

He chuckled briefly. "You're Constance Field, aren't you?" (Continued on Page 62)

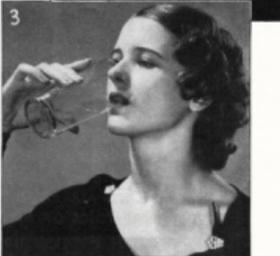
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Feel Rawness, Irritation, Go At Once  
These Pictures Tell You What To Do



Crush and dissolve 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in half a glass of water.

GARGLE thoroughly—throw your head way back, allowing a little to trickle down your throat.



Repeat Gargle and do not rinse mouth, allow gargle to remain as soothing of the throat for prolonged effect.

## Remember: Medicine is the Best Help for Sore Throat

Modern medical science now throws an entirely new light on sore throat. A way that eases the pain, rawness and irritation in as little as *two or three minutes!*

Medicine—like BAYER ASPIRIN—will do these things best! That is why throat specialists throughout America are prescribing this BAYER gargle in place of old-time ways.



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**B**ROOKSIE KNOWS how to keep her pals light-hearted. She's always planning new fun for them, so they'll give that rich, fine-flavored cream for Swift's Brookfield Butter.

Fine cream makes fine butter, is Brooksie's motto. And her big ambition is to maintain the delicious flavor of this famous butter. The proof of Brooksie's success is in the

butter itself. It has the delicate fragrant sweetness, the exquisite flavor which only fine cream can give.

As you taste Swift's Brookfield Butter, you can almost see the lush, green valleys, the pleasant dairy farms that furnish this cream.

For butter with an extra-delicious flavor, remember Brooksie. Ask your dealer for Swift's Brookfield Butter.

\* For years, Swift's Brookfield Butter has been America's largest selling brand.



**SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD BUTTER**

(Continued from Page 61) Constance stared at the young man, incredulous.

"I'm Spike Martin," he said. "I reckon you had my letter before you left St.-Malo." When she still stood motionless in surprise, he took her arm and steered her gently out of the doorway, up the rocky path. "Let's go sit on the battlements and talk. You don't want to be moping indoors on a night like this."

The battlements were flooded with moonlight of an extraordinarily greenish and vivid clarity. It was possible to pretend that within the abbey walls monks told their beads and watched the stilly, gleaming sea for signs of marauding ships.

Spike Martin lifted Constance to a seat on the wall and pulled himself up beside her. Coming up the stairs she had scarcely spoken. All the way along she had thought, "Why didn't I guess at once— She asked abruptly, "How did you know me?"

The wind off the water was chill and sweet. The moon hung in the sky like a blown bubble of gold.

"By your feet," he said, "of course."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"American feet and ankles. Nothing like 'em."

"Am I the only American girl on the Mount today?"

"I haven't noticed any others."

SHE wanted to say, "Too busy looking at the young Salome, weren't you? Pride colored that of us, unspoken."

"You didn't spot me at all, did you?" he asked curiously. "Never guessed—even when we were watching that wave together?"

"Never dreamed. Until you spoke, I thought you were a Frenchman. And those people you're with—they're so foreign looking." So much, she thought, was fair comment.

He said, "I met 'em on the train coming over from Granville. They're an interesting pair. Great talkers. You seem to travel with quite a retinue yourself."

Who's the Red Queen who watches the birds?"

"She's one of my mother's friends I happened across in St.-Malo." She added, frankly snobbish, "I never met people on trains."

"Met Lucy-Jane Lake on a boat, didn't you?" That's how come you had a letter to me. Or so I understood."

"We were put three in a cabin—tourist. Lucy-Jane Lake and a strange mouse of a girl named Emma Gregg—she went on to London—and me."

"Well," he suggested reasonably, "you needn't be proud. I usually go tourist myself."

"Because I was coming to Brittany. Lucy-Jane Lake gave me a letter to you. I gave her a letter to a chap in Paris—a cousin of mine."

"That's too bad. I reckon by this time he's in love with her."

HE WAS burred to such an even darkness that the whites of his eyes and his teeth shined clear against it.

"Oh, I don't know. He's known a lot of girls."

"Have you known a lot of men?" he inquired innocently.

"Quite a few," said Constance coolly. "I came out in New York three years ago. That's an education of sorts."

"Yes, ma'am," said Spike Martin gently. "I'll take your word for it."

"Then next year my father went bust—along with a lot of other people. . . ."

She was handing him the story of her life, she thought, like a kid of sixteen. Yet felt uselessly distrustful of herself, yet went on with it. Something seemed to have loosened her tongue. Not Robert's golden Monarchist—she hadn't taken enough. Something in the ancient stillness of the place, the vagueness, enchantment of the moon. She told him how she had fled when her father failed. "I was just a spoiled brat. I hated it. Hated giving up things. I liked a soft berth. I had my lesson though. There was only one thing

to do. I got a job." She added with a reluctant flare of the old resentment, "And that can be educational too."

"I believe you," he agreed fervently. "Why? Don't your paintings sell? Do you have to take jobs yourself?"

"Sure I do. Ads for breakfast foods and automobiles and such—when I can get 'em."

"What a shame!"

"Oh, I dunno. It's all in the way of experience."

Constance said, "You're easy-going, aren't you?"

"Me and the four-toed sloth," said Spike Martin.

Faint, far fragrance drifted down the wind. Constance sniffed delightedly. "Whatever is that?"

HE LAID his hand lightly against her cheek and turned her face so that she looked down over the western slope of the Mount. "See those terraces just above the tree tops?"

She nodded. His touch disquieted her deliciously.

He said, "Those are gardens full of big, floppy, yellow-white roses that smell like wine, and purple heliotrope and lilacs that just drip sweetness."

"Strange—in this place," said Constance. She put back her head, gazing into cloudless reaches of luminous sky. The golden archangel, trampling the dragon beneath his feet, seemed to swing his sword up till its point pierced heaven.

"He's such a splendid St. Michael," she sighed.

Spike Martin said, "They used to call him St.-Michael-in-Peril-of-the-Sea. Almost makes music, doesn't it?"

"Happiness come to Constance, like the sound of trumpets calling. She said, "Why aren't there any new words for the moon?"

"Because," said Spike Martin, "the moon doesn't need 'em. All words can do is to spoil things." He put his arm around her in the most natural way imaginable.

Constance's heart beat hard. She said, "You're being very Southern, aren't you?" She thought, "This ought to stop right here. I'm getting saucy."

But in spite of herself she felt bonds loosening. All day she had been chafing at unreality. Here was reality lifting its head for her. She couldn't turn back quite yet.

"YOU mean because I don't mind showing what I feel?" he inquired unperturbed.

"You can't possibly feel anything so soon."

"Can't I?" said Spike Martin. "What's life for? You saw that tide come in. We saw it together, didn't we? Know what was back of all that? The sun and moon pulling together. Well—you and me tonight, we're like the tide. The sun and moon have got us. What's the use of waiting time? There'll be plenty of rainy afternoons when we can sit and play checkers. Tonight there's a spell—"

He broke off, laughed deeply. "And even if we didn't go to school together and you never met people on trains, the way that black hair of yours grows in a widow's peak on your white forehead just about makes me ravenous."

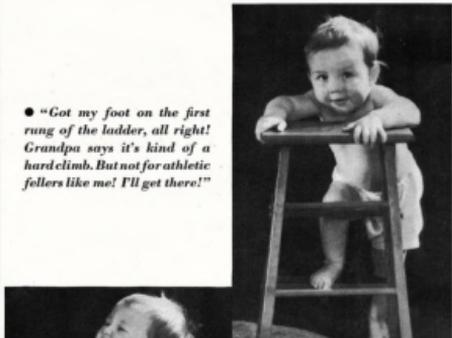
"Constance said, "People like me don't go the deep end the first time they happen to meet someone—"

"Meetings like this don't just happen," he corrected her tenderly. "Any more than that big star following the moon around could just as well be somewhere else."

Constance said, "I'm not a fatalist—that sort of thing's silly." But she didn't sound convincing, even to herself.

"You don't know what you are," said Spike Martin. "And you've always been afraid to find out."

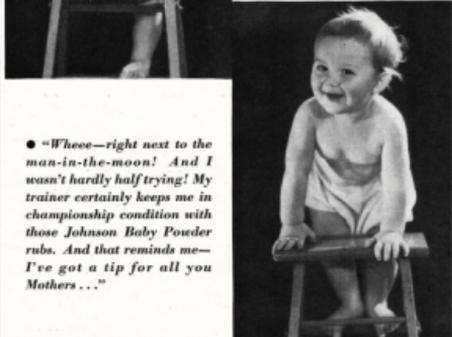
He kissed her. She could have stopped him. She didn't try. It would have been absurd to say she had never been kissed. She had, after all, come out three years ago, but in the moment his mouth touched hers she forgot those others as if they had



● "Got my foot on the first rung of the ladder, all right! Grandpa says it's kind of a hard climb. But not for athletic fellers like me! I'll get there!"



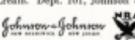
● "Oooh—going up! 'Course this stunt might bother some kids—but it's a cinch for me! No matter how hard I exercise, I never get chafed and uncomfortable, 'cause I use plenty of the best kind of baby powder—Johnson's!"



● "Whooo—right next to the man-in-the-moon! And I wasn't hardly half trying! My trainer certainly keeps me in championship condition with those Johnson Baby Powder rubs. And that reminds me—I've got a tip for all you Mothers..."



"Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger, just like this. Some of 'em feel silky—but Johnson's is soft as silk! And our doctor told my mother, 'There's no zinc-arsenate in Johnson's—and no borax-root.'"

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Nobody knows better than the packers of fine meats what goodness will bring out the last bit of goodness in a slice of ham.

And when eight out of ten leading packers approve French's, it is because the blend of this delicious mustard with a morsel of delicately flavored ham makes an exceptional treat for the fustiest palate.

There's a sound reason behind this approval, too. It is the fine ingredients that go into French's Mustard.

French's Mustard is made from only the finest grade of mustard seeds, distilled vinegar and zealous spices. Cheap mustards contain cheap ingredients with artificial flavorings and preservatives. They are often burning hot or "flat" and

tasteless. There are neither adulterants nor preservatives in French's. The pure ingredients are blended into a perfect condiment—"peppy," flavorful—to bring out the full flavor of meats, cheese, salad dressings.

Five million housewives prefer French's. Their experience has taught them the same truth that the great packers of meats know. Try French's and you will never again buy any other kind.

Better Vinegar  
Better Spices  
Better Mustard  
Seeds  
THE REAL REASON



# French's Mustard

IN TWO SIZES—3-OZ., 15¢; 6-OZ., 10¢

never existed. Her head by against his shoulder. Her hand was locked in his. They sat in a deepening dream. Time flowed past them as the moon swam up the sky.

He had said all words could do was to spoil things. He did not use many now. His cheek against her hair. His arm tightening around her. At moments he whispered something—almost more to himself than to her. She scarcely heard—or understood without hearing.

"YOU don't know your own beauty—you don't know how amazing you are— Just after that he said the thing which shattered the spell he had told her was on them. "I've got to paint you—in the garden tomorrow."

Constance came back to herself like a sleeper awakened. She drew away from his arm. She drew away from his lips. She put her finger tips to her eyes and shook herself.

"I can't," she said huskily. "I'm sorry."

"Can't?" He was surprised beyond hiding it.

"It was difficult to tell him. "Because I'm going on to Paris tomorrow with Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer and her son."

Not at all difficult to disclose from his hold after that.

He let her go with something near revulsion in his voice. "That ridiculous woman!"

"She's not in the least ridiculous," said Constance angrily.

Being angry made it easier to be sensible and hard. "She's quite well known."

"For what?"

"For her books of travel."

Spike Martin growled aloud. "I might have guessed that one."

"She's doing a book on France now."

"Heaven help it!"

"And she asked me last night in St.-Malo to travel with her as her secretary."

"I thought you said you had a job. I supposed you were on a vacation."

"I am, but the woman she'd been using left her in Boulogne. Ill or something."

"I'll bet she was," said Spike Martin.

"Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer has offered me double what I've been getting. I can't afford to refuse."

"And you think any price would be worth it? Having to listen to that claptrap every day. Having to write it down every day."

"How do you know what her stuff is like?" said Constance furiously. She throttled a persistent memory of her own deep irritation earlier in the evening.

"Unfortunately," he pointed out dryly, "the lady's voice carries. Gallons and gallons of horses! I'll bet she lectures too. She's got all the earmarks of a professional enthusiast. You'll be writing her speeches, no doubt. That'll be good for your soul—and your pocketbook."

Constance said to her feet and faced him with her head in the air. "And just how," she said slyly, "do you have the right to comment so frankly on my affairs?"

"I HATE to see anybody make such a job of herself," he told her bluntly. He jumped off the wall and stood leaning against it with his arms folded. In the moonlight he looked rather tired, they eyed each other like duellists.

"You call it being a fool, do you? To want a larger salary—do you mean?"

"To do what you'll have to do to get it? I hope to tell you I call it being a fool! Money's not worth it much. Don't you know you can't work with people like that without losing your sense of values? She's

not real. She's as artificial as a wax banana. She'll ruin your perspective and your honesty—and your sense of humor. Lord, maybe you haven't got any to start with. But I thought you had."

"And I thought you had learned ordinary common sense," said Constance, trembling with what she assured herself was justifiable rage. "I see you haven't. You're so dumb you don't even know that a job is a job. When you're offered more than you're getting you take it—if you know what ambition means."

"Who's so dumb?" asked Spike Martin in a soft, dangerous drawl. "Want me to tell you?" When Constance would have answered bitterly he silenced her with an abrupt gesture oddly different from his habitual jaw movements. "Something else you may not have thought of," he suggested. "How're you going to like stringing along with that blond lad? How do you know she's not planning to find him a wife?"

"CONSTANCE said stiffly, "I'm going back to my hotel. I've heard enough thanks—from a comparative stranger."

"I'll see you home," he replied with detached courtesy. He might have re-

minded her that for a moon-bathed hour there had not been such strangeness between them.

At the hotel he said grimly, "Good night. I'll write Lucette and let her know that I met you."

Then he went upstairs.

Constance went upstairs, acutely unhappy and refusing to admit the fact. She found Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer alone and getting ready for bed. Robert, it ap-

peared, had gone out to look for Constance. "I'm sorry," said Constance. "I was on the ramparts. I'm quite accustomed to going about by myself." It hurt her already lacinated pride to have to explain—falsely, at that.

"Robert was so worried," said Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer repeatedly. It seemed to bear out Spike Martin's hateful suggestion.

Constance said formally, "Thank Robert for me, please, when he comes in. I'm going to bed."

"Sleep well," said Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer. "We shall be starting early in the morning."

CONSTANCE slept very little. She did not expect to sleep. The night had been, on more counts than one, too disconcerting. No man before had ever talked to her like that—with complete disregard of her feelings and prejudices. Also, she remembered from time to time, in spite of shutting her eyes against the vision of the dark face of that arrogant, no man before had so deeply stirred her. She turned her pillow over and over until with dawn dimly flushing the sky outside her window and a cock's crowing on Mount Crown high and thin, she sank into uneasy slumber.

On the edge of consciousness her last thought was, "Don't be silly, my girl! You'll forget him as soon as you get away from this unnatural place. The man never been a man whom she could not forget."

At nine next morning she was in her tweeds, more than half-sleazy, smoothly brushed back from a cool, cool face, mouth scarlet, eyes noncommittal if somewhat shadowed when Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer called to her from the next room. "Constance, come here, dear. I have a little errand for you."

Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer had progressed as far as hat and

(Continued on Page 68)

### THE HARBOR

BY HELEN M. TATE

My heart is a deep harbor  
Where the little boats of all your  
thoughts and dreams  
Ride at anchor and outside the  
shoals and reefs  
Are swept with treacherous currents  
of the sea  
That mark the flashing lighthouse  
That has brought you safe to me.

"Not another Cent for Stockings—go  
**MEND** those **RUNS!**"



EMBARRASSED BY MENDED STOCKINGS, UNTIL



SEE, I'D BEEN RUBBING MY STOCKINGS WITH CAKE SOAP, THEN I FOUND OUT ABOUT LUX

LUX? I READ AN AD ABOUT THAT— IT SAVES THE ELASTICITY OF THE SILK, DOESN'T IT? I'LL TRY IT



THAT NIGHT

HERE'S THE LUX YOU WANTED, HONEY

THANKS, MUMS. LUX CUTS DOWN STOCKING RUNS— IT KEEPS THE SILK NICE AND SPRINGY, SO IT GIVES INSTEAD OF BREAKING



"I want you to know my results—

"I'll say Lux washing cuts down on stocking runs! Honestly, I've hardly had a run in—well, it seems like a month of Sundays. I'm not

always coaxing for stocking money now!

"I see now it's rubbing with cake soap or using soap with harmful alkali that weakens the stocking threads, takes away their elasticity, so that pulls or strains are likely to start runs.

"Luxing stockings every night is so easy. Every girl should stick to Lux."

*Dorothy Dennis*



**LUX** saves Stocking Elasticity



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A single fruit that positively raises the tone of your system! That helps in many ways to keep you feeling at your best! You have it in Canned Pineapple, research shows.

And you get the full effect of it when you eat just a small delicious portion every day—two slices or a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits.

That is why the scientific studies on this particular fruit are so important to you. They not only point out its remarkable dietetic values but they tell you how to be sure of beneficial results from eating Canned Pineapple.

Try it; make it a daily practice for two weeks. Feel the effect. Inexpensive, you get four servings from a single large can. And, away from home, you need only ask for Canned Pineapple. Hotels, restaurants,

dining cars are serving it to thousands now. (The scientific findings reported here are covered in detail in a professional booklet of interest to medical and dietetic groups. Copies are available to individuals in these fields.)

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PINEAPPLE PRODUCERS COOPERATIVE  
ASSOCIATION LTD.  
100 BISH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

## One daily serving gives you these aids to good health!

### Speeds the Digestive Process

It speeds digestion remarkably, particularly if you are over age and have

constipation.

It is a natural laxative.

It is a natural cathartic.

It is a natural purgative.

It is a natural emetic.

It is a natural diaphoretic.

It is a natural antiseptic.

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It is a natural vermifuge.

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It is a natural siccative.

It is a natural astringent.

It is a natural tonic.

It is a natural stimulant.

It is a natural energizer.

It is a natural invigorant.

It is a natural restorative.

It is a natural nutritive.

It is a natural healthful.

It is a natural delicious.

It is a natural palatable.

It is a natural appetizing.

It is a natural refreshing.

It is a natural cooling.

It is a natural soothing.

It is a natural relaxing.

It is a natural comforting.

It is a natural delightful.

### Helps Protect Teeth and Bones

Contains calcium, the essential for

iron-phosphorus, sodium, and Vitamin C

Stimulates

Kidney Function

Actively helps the

kidneys in their

task of eliminating

waste matter from the blood

Promotes

Normal Growth

A good source of

growth-promoting

vitamins A, B, and C

as well as necessary vitamins A and C

(Continued from Page 64) gloves. The remnants of a very excellent breakfast, which had apparently included a parting omelet, lay on the table beside her bed. She said, fingering a roll of notes she took from an impressive black-leather bag, "Will you run down and settle the bill for me? Robert has gone to tell the chauffeur that we are ready."

Constance said, "Yes, Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer." She thought, "I'm subservient already—just as he said I'd be." She was not accustomed to despising herself.

"I prevailed upon Robert," his mother was saying with the air of one issuing a statement to the press, to take radiating this morning but a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon. Something he ate last night—I cannot imagine what—seems to have given him a slight upset. He has a very delicate stomach."

Constance endeavored to look interested in Robert's stomach and its ups and downs.

"Are your bags packed and locked?" inquired Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer efficiently. Constance said that they were.

"In the car," said Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer, "we must go over some notes I have made on Mont-St.-Michel for the book. Always well to capture one's first impressions in little black words on pure white paper, before they can fit away."

Constance agreed that it might be as well. She suffered a sickish qualm at mere anticipation of what the little black words might be.

"There is Robert, coming back now," said Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer, glancing out of her window, which commanded a view of the causeway. "Let us be quick. I dislike delay once my caravan has started."

CONSTANCE left her pottering about among the bags and went down to the desk in the Grande-Rue entrance. A sharp-faced woman with iron-gray hair sat there checking figures in an account book.

In French Constance explained, "I wish to settle the bill of Miss Gilpin-Thayer, rooms that weight, thirty-nine and forty."

Without a word the woman accepted the notes Constance held out and began to make change.

In the street outside, the shrill clamor of souvenir hawkers had already begun. Under a cloudless sky crowds of tourists were already clattering over the cobbles on their way to the abbey.

Constance thought, "It wouldn't be like that in the gardens." Big, floppy, yellow-white roses that smell like wine—

"Madame is leaving at once?" asked the woman behind the desk.

"At once," said Constance. She thought, "There'll be a moon again tonight—and a

tide." She could see the moon and a beauteous herself. She could hear the tide climbing the ramparts.

She looked into the sun-baked banian of the Grande-Rue . . . and while she looked Spike Martin came walking by. With the sad-eyed elderly Jew and the young Salome. They carried bags. He carried none. But under some arm he had his painting kit. He was hatless and his worn olive-drab shirt was open at his sunburned throat. He crossed the doorway of the hotel without looking in. His face was set and unsmiling.

Constance stood one strangely desolate moment staring at employees walking by that slouching figure had been, then she said to the accountant, "Wait!" and ran out of the doorway.

SHE called as she went, "Spike—oh, Spike Martin!" When she saw him stop in his tracks and look back she stopped too and waited. He said something to the two others, who went on slowly without him. Then he came back to Constance.

"Hello," he said. "Thought you'd be gone by now." His eyes probed hers.

Constance said breathlessly, "Will you meet me here in half an hour and help me find a cheaper hotel?"

"Then you're staying?"

"I'm staying."

His sudden grin was like sunlight rifling a thunderhead. "When did you decide? That's important."

She said in the frankest moment of her life, "Just now—when I saw you pass."

"You old sweet thing!" said Spike Martin so low she barely heard him.

About a hundred feet away, down the other side of the street, Constance caught sight all at once of a familiar gray hat, immaculate gray flannels. Before the open counter of a little pastry shop Robert Gilpin-Thayer stood lifting something to his mouth. His shoulders were slightly crunched in an attitude of utter absorption.

Constance didn't want to meet him just then. She turned back toward the doorway.

Spike Martin turned with her. He said, "I'll be here to say good-by to the people I'm with, then I'll be back."

"By which time," said Constance laughing alabaster, "I shall have broken the news to Mrs. Gilpin-Thayer—and she'll be on her way to Paris without me."

"Frightened, Constance?"

"I'm terrified, Spike—but here goes!"

He put his hand on her shoulder and shook her very gently. A curiously satisfying force. "Be calm, my dear lady," he told her. "You've only just begun to fight."

## Come! Enjoy These Extra Dollars!

IT'S easy to be alert . . . vivid . . . to wear new and becoming frocks, . . . to go to plays, pictures and concerts. . . . If you've not yet an up-to-date member of The Girls' Club!

For only the woman with money of her own . . . who knows she'll have extra dollars in her purse whenever she needs them . . . can be really happy or care-free!

"The Girls' Club has paid for a permanent wave, perfume, gloves, history, all kinds of lovely things! I'm a new ME," writes Mrs. Reich, an enthusiastic member.

When Mrs. Carrie A. slipped \$12.50 profit into her purse, she wasn't satisfied.

"I'll do better next time," she says. Married or single, employed or living at home . . . if you have any spare time, you can make money in the Club! No dues, no expenses! Write now to

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB  
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL  
267 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

FOLLOW THE NEWEST DIETETIC ADVICE . . . START OR END

One Meal a Day with Canned Pineapple

Get 100% Pure Pineapple Products  
Liquorless and Alcohol Free



The proper daily serving is a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits—two slices. Healthful, too, in salads or desserts.

# CANNED PINEAPPLE

Plan now on happy earning days in The Girls' Club.

she said . . .

*"How lovely your  
bathtub looks . . .  
why, the surface  
shines like satin"*

and I said . . .

*"It's the Bon Ami  
that does it...and  
it's so nice to use,  
so soft and easy  
on the hands"*



Copyright, 1933, The Bon Ami Co.

Naturally you expect a cleanser to *clean* your bathtub. But women never stop marveling at the *gleaming polish* Bon Ami leaves. A few easy strokes with Bon Ami on a damp cloth and every trace of dirt is gone! It's more than just cleaning—it's a surface transformation.

Bon Ami leaves no gritty sediment—it washes away instantly. It doesn't collect in and clog drains. And there's never a scratch or abrasion to dull your cleansing surface, for Bon Ami doesn't clean by scratching as do ordinary, harsh cleansers. Bon Ami *absorbs* dirt—*blots* it up.

In contrast to its rude treatment to dirt, Bon Ami is *very* considerate of your hands.

It never reddens or roughens them or makes your finger-nails brittle or dry.

And Bon Ami is so pleasant to work with—so soft, fine and white—so odorless.

No wonder thousands of housewives will use no other cleanser but Bon Ami. It's suitable for all household cleaning—sinks, tiling, glass and metal, painted woodwork, etc. Bon Ami *protects* every surface it cleans—it "*hasn't scratched yet!*"



# Bon Ami

In these forms to suit your taste—a long-lasting Cake, a after-rinse run of Powder or a smart In-Late Package for Bathrooms. All are the new Bon Ami.



## MORE DRESSES, MORE FUN

- See how the front of dress 1246 buttons into a triangle under the chin, and mark how the round-and-round cord trimming softens your contours if you are thin. The inverted pleats and back bow are flattering. The dress is designed for 14 to 20 years and for 34 to 40 bust.
- When you want to look a little dressed-up, but don't want a frock that will make your coat silhouette bulky, 1247 is the dress to wear in a bright crêpe or one of the smart pastel or dark colors, with a shirred collar. It is designed for 14 to 20 years and 34 to 40 bust.
- Yes, you really need a dress like 1248 for the days ahead, for you can take out the sleeves and have a jumper frock to wear with lingerie or knitted blouses on days in spring when you leave off your coat. This two-piece dress is designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 42 bust.
- 1249 is the perfect dress for any woman who has a club reception, afternoon committee teas or bridge parties on her schedule. It is made of a rather heavy georgette, with sleeves that are different, but not difficult, and the skirt is cut for easy walking. The surplus line will make a large bust seem much smaller. It is designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust.
- "That dressmaker look about the upper part of the body," says Paris, and 1250 shows it in the most flattering draped collar and bow that we could find. If you have the dress of a ribbed crêpe (dark navy is the newest), then use white for the trimming. The satin and the crêpe sides of crêpe satin would combine beautifully. It is designed for 36 to 46 bust.



In this natural color photograph the bathroom floor is Armstrong's Marble Island No. 267, bordered with Marbleite No. 016, and yellow Linoleum. Walls are Armstrong's Linoleum No. 721. Guest room floor is Marbleite No. 005.

## “. . . and here's our new bathroom”

### IT'S REALLY THE OLD ONE MADE OVER

**T**WO SIMPLE CHANGES, and almost any bathroom becomes up-to-date and attractive. Let's look at your own. Is it about average size, 6 x 9 feet? Then for less than \$20 you can work wonders with a floor of Armstrong's Inland Linoleum, a trimly tailored floor, securely cemented in place.

Change number two provides the smart, modern walls every careful housekeeper wants. And all with very little bother or outlay of money, thanks to Armstrong's



Linowall. This new material is quickly installed right over old walls. Then so more *rejoicing!* For Linowall is permanently beautiful and, like Armstrong's Linoleum, doesn't mind a splashing or even a spilled medicine bottle.

Our new book, "Floor Beauty for New Homes and Old," tells charmingly how to brighten up bathrooms, kitchen, and other

rooms of your home. Full color illustrations show convincingly what a big difference modern Armstrong Floors and Walls can make.

Your copy will be sent for 10¢ to cover mailing costs (20¢ in Canada). Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 974 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pa. (Makers of cork products since 1860.)



Exclusively Armstrong's, this 11½-inch marbleized check pattern, No. 0412, is ideal for kitchens and bath-rooms. In 4 colors, green, blue, red, and black.

## Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

FOR EVERY ROOM  IN THE HOUSE

# NEXT-TO-NOTHINGS

It's noon night; your frock looks exciting in its shimmering newness. You're ready to slip it on. Your head emerging, you smooth it down and look in the mirror. Ah-h-h! Nary a ripple anywhere. And this is a true story, for many of the new undies are made to serve more than one purpose. If you're lucky enough to be born with a perfect figure, and slender, the Milanese garment—top right—with a satin luster back is pantie, garters and light restraint, all in one. The wisp of lace is an excuse for a bra. If you are conscious of your figure, the garment on the next girl down stretches both ways, is conducive to a flat front, a firm rear and still allows freedom for dancing. The bra fastens well down in back, to give the uplift line to the bust. Next is a knit step-in—you really roll it on—which feels light as a feather in your hand, but hugs your nether limbs. It has nice flat garters that won't show through; and bra to match. An all-in-one latex garment gives the smooth waistline and sleek thighs you need under your soft angora and ribbed-crêpe dresses. And if you want to do away with panties or shorts, the girl just below wears a little piece that won't ride up, and a bra of crêpe-de-chine. All some girls want is a garter belt like that in the box below. The latex bra slips on over the head, and the set next is in a fascinating smooth fabric. The evening combination is an affair of ribbons and buttonholes so you can make it as low in back as you want. And last is an all-in-one garment with buttons on straps which fit into buttonholes in the stockings that go with it.

## FOR YOUNGER FIGURES





# DEL MAIZ CORN

*Cream Style Corn that's All Corn*

Dip your fork into corn like this! Then taste it. It's a new experience — a delicious experience. . . . For those big, golden kernels, cooked in their own rich cream, fairly melt in your mouth.

. . . Make you say, "Here's corn as is corn!" . . . Make you want it again and again. . . . For

Del Maiz Cream-Style is the corn that's *all* corn. . . . It's the corn you can eat with

a fork! . . . It's a new breed, a sweeter breed—a more golden breed. Want to

know how good it is? — just watch your grocer's Cream-Style displays disappear!



Another famous Del Maiz product — NIBLETS. Great, big, plump, white, golden kernels of a new kind of corn, grown a bread-wise way and packed a bread-wise way. Packed in vacuum-sealed cream or butter. "Corn-on-the-cob—without the cob!" Try NIBLETS, too.

**ALSO GREEN GIANT PEAS**  
Actually, an utterly new and different breed of pea. They taste like "French Peas in the pod—without the pod." You'll like them—so will the family.



© 1934, M. V. C. Co.

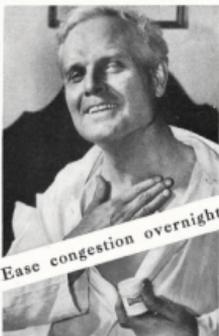


**DEL MAIZ  
CORN**

THIS LICENSE SEAL on a distributor's label means that the can contains the exclusive Del Maiz brand of superior, Del Maiz corn is the exclusive trade mark of the Minnesota Valley Canning Company, Le Sueur, Minn., and Elm Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

# CHEST COLDS

throat irritations



● When you rub Musterole on throat and chest—that threatening soreness in throat or tight congestion in chest seems simply to melt away under the soothing, warming, penetrating action of this wonderful old remedy. Ease comes in 5 minutes, and relief as a rule in 5 hours. You can go to bed, sleep peacefully without discomfort, and in the morning the trouble most likely will have vanished. Better than a mustard plaster, Musterole is NOT just a salve. It's a "counter-irritant"—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Clean, pure, not messy, easy to use. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Used by millions for more than 25 years. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Musterole now made in three strengths:

- Regular Strength 40¢ and 75¢ (Jars only)
- Children's (Mid) 40¢ (Jars only)
- Extra Strong 40¢ (Tubes only)

## "VOICE OF EXPERIENCE!"

Tune in this great humanitarian—counselor to millions—WABC and a Columbia Network. Daily Monday through Friday and every Tuesday evening. See radio page your local newspaper for time.



**MUSTEROLE**  
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

## FOR STORMY WEATHER

SAVE your health, your feet, your temper and your shoes by being ready when the big storms come! No longer are great bulky galoshes necessary. The new types of rubbers and galoshes furnish protection, yet they are trim-fitting, comfortable and smart. The questions to be decided are how high you want them, how you want to get into them, and what design you want in the rubber.

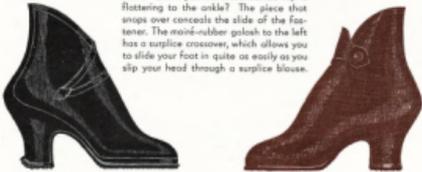
You will notice that some models are grained to represent reptile skins and match shoes; others are very frankly rubber. Both are in good style. It is wise, however, to select stormy-weather footwear that is as inconspicuous as possible—after all, it's purely practical.



Two snops are the open sesame to the main model shown at top. Note the beaming line around the ankle. Flap-toed galoshes, like the one to the left, are grand for the youngsters. They stretch enough at the top to go over leggings. Next is a rubber, light weight and inconspicuous, made in duldest motif.

This interesting finish is reproduced from Texas lizard. The high cuff makes this galosh becoming. The side fastener helps you in and out, but is almost invisible when it's closed.

The galosh on the right is patterned like lizard. Don't you think the curved top is flattening to the ankle? The piece that snaps over conceals the side of the fastener. The main-rubber galosh to the left has a surprise crossover, which allows you to slide your foot in quite as easily as you slip your head through a surprise blouse.



REMOVE  
TOILET STAINS  
EASILY



## Sani-Flush

cleans closet bowls  
without scouring



Buy a can of Sani-Flush. Follow directions on the label. See the toilet bowl become bright and spotless, like new. And you don't scrub or scour. You don't touch the bowl with your hands.

Do not confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It is made especially to clean toilets. It brightens the porcelain. It purifies the hidden trap which no brush can reach. Removes the cause of toilet odors. Sani-Flush eliminates all unpleasant labor.

It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators. Sold at grocery, drug, and hardware stores, 25c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



## "What an Adorable Dress!"



"You-it's the HART-EST dress I ever made—and I made it MYSELF and SAVED at least ONE HALF."

EXTRAORDINARY prices of made-to-order dresses need no warty pen. Really, actually, right at home, 25¢ patterns will teach you the professional secrets of measuring, draping, cutting, fitting and finishing the lovely feminine fashion. You can make your own—no dressmaker necessary. Individually—and doing so—helps to meet their own needs.

### A Successful Career in Dressmaking

Bring some time, energy, interest the demand for dressmakers. You can easily earn a splendid income or home or a smart shop at your own.

### Learn Millinery, Cookery, Tax-Room Management

How to make hats to match each other's coloring, personality, and style. How to design, mill-hatting, hair-dressing, hair-care, and styling. Master sewing ten more, exclusive, beautiful, modern, and interesting.

LET US SEND YOU AN 8-PAGE DRESSMAKING LESSON FREE

TO PROVE to you how easily you can do it, we will send you the 8-page lesson FREE. No obligation. Send the above amount, or you may fight now. SEE FOR YOURSELF. We only say—try it in.

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- How to Run Business in Millinery Hats
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- How to Run Business, Food Store, Tourist Hotel

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please specify whether Miss or Mrs.)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## A BACKWARD GLANCE

(Continued from Page 19)

and self-criticism; and this fact explains the hesitating manner that often passed for a mannerism.

I remember once in New York, when I had arranged a meeting between him and the great Mr. Dooley, whose comments on the world's ways he deeply appreciated, that as I watched them after dinner I saw Peter Dunne frowning in the heavy sea of James' parentheses; and the next time we met, after speaking of his delight in having at last seen James, he added mournfully: "What a pity it takes him so long to say anything! Everything he said was so splendid—but I felt like telling him all the time, 'Just put it right up into Popper's hand.'"

To Henry James' intimates, however, these elaborate hesitations, far from being an obstacle, were like a cobweb bridge flung from his mind to theirs, an invisible passage over which one knew that silver-footed innies, veiled jokes, tiptoe malices, were stealing to explode a huge laugh at one's feet. This moment of suspense, in which there was time to watch the forces of malice and merriment assembling over the mobile landscape of his face, was perhaps the rarest of all in the unique experience of a talk with Henry James.

HIS letters, remarkable as they are, give but hints and fragments of his talk; the talk that, to his closest friends, when his health and the surrounding conditions were favorable, poured out in a series of images so vivid and appreciations so penetrating, the whole so summed over by irony, sympathy and wide-flashing fun, that those who heard him at his best will probably agree in saying of him what he once said to me of Mr. Paul Zouken: "He was the first, easily, of all the talkers I ever encountered."

Of the qualities most impossible to preserve in his letters, because so impossible to explain with whatever fullness of footnotes, was the quality of fun—often of such abstract form—that was the delicious surprise of his talk. From many of the letters to his most intimate group it was necessary to excise long passages of chaff and recurring references to old heaped-up pyramidal jokes, huge cairns of hoarded nonsense.

Henry James' memory for a joke was prodigious; when he got hold of a good one, he not only preserved it piously but raised upon it an intricate superstructure of kindred nonsense, into which every addition offered by a friend was skillfully incorporated.

Into his nonsense world, as four-dimensional as that of the Looking Glass, or the land where the Jumbies live, the reader could hardly have groped his way without a preparatory course in each correspondent's private history and casual experience. The merest hint was usually enough to fire the train; and, as in the writing of his tales a tiny mustard seed of allusion spread into a many-branched subject, so his best nonsense flowered out of unremembered trides.

I RECALL a bubbling over of this nonsense on one of our lumpy motor trips among the hills of Western Massachusetts—the corner of New England he preferred. We had motored so much together in Europe that allusions to Roman ruins and Gothic cathedrals furnished a great part of the jests with which his mind played over what he had called "the thin, empty, lonely American beauty"; and once, when his eye caught the fine peak rising alone in the vale between Deerfield and Westfield, with a wooded barneck of a "summer hotel" on its highest ledge, I told him that the hill was Mount Tom, and the building "the famous Cartesian monastery."

"Yes, where the monks make soft drinks," he flashed back.

Sometimes his chaff was not untimed with malice. I remember that, during one of his visits, my husband imprudently blurted out an allusion to "Edna's new story—you've seen it in the last Scribner's?" My heart sank; I knew it always embarrassed James to be called on, in the author's presence, for an "appreciation."

He had become so engrossed, in the last years, in questions of technic and construction—and so detached from the short-story form as a medium—that very few "fictions"—as he called them—but his were of interest to him; except, indeed, Mr. Wells', for whom he once avowed to me a profound liking, "because everything he writes is so alive and kicking." At any rate, I always tried to keep my own work out of his way, and once accused him of ferring out and reading it just to annoy me—to which charge his sole response was a guilty chuckle.

IN THE present instance, as usual, he instantly replied: "Oh, yes, my dear Edna, I've read it." A gentle smile, which I knew boded no good; and then he softly continued: "Admirable, admirable; a masterly little achievement. He turned me, full of the reverent benevolence."

"Of course so accomplished a mistress of the art would not, without deliberate intention, have given such a so curiously conventional a treatment. Though indeed no treatment but the conventional was possible; which might conceivably, on my dear lady, on further concentration, have led you to reject your subject as—in itself a totally unsuitable one."

I will not deny that he may have added a silent twinkle to the shoot of laughter with which—on that dear, wide, sunny terrace of the Mount—his fellow guests greeted my dressing-down. Yet it would be a mistake to imagine that he had deliberately started out to destroy my wretched tale. On the contrary, he had begun with the sincere intention of praising it; but no sooner had he opened his lips than he was overmastered by the need to speak the truth, and the whole truth, about anything connected with the art which was sacred to him.

Simplicity of heart was combined in him with a brain that Mr. Percy Lubbock has justly called robust, and his tender regard for his friends' feelings was equalled only by the faithfulness with which he gave them his view of their cases when they asked for it—and sometimes when they did not. On all subjects but that of letters his sincerity was tempered by an almost exaggerated tenderness; but when it *stirred* was in question no gentler emotion prevailed.

ANOTHER day—somehow later in our friendship it must have been, since the work under his scalpel was the Custom of the Country—after prolonged and really generous praise of my book, he suddenly and impressively burst forth: "But of course you know—as how should you, with your infernal keenness of perception, not know?—that in doing your talk you had under your hand a magnificent subject, which ought to have been your main theme, and that you used it as a mere incident and then passed it by!"

He meant, in this case, that for him the chief interest of the book, and its most original theme, was that of a made young woman like Undine Spragg entering, all unprepared and unperceiving, into the mysterious labyrinth of family life in the old French aristocracy. I saw the point of his suggestion, and recognized that the contact between the *Undine Spragg* and the old French aristocracy they metry into was, as the French themselves would say, an "actuality" of immense interest to the novelist of manners. (Continued on Page 78)

## Smart Shoes that cry

**"LET'S GO!"**  
to eager, active feet.



ERZIE

**SPECIAL FOOT SAVER FEATURES**  
1. Free Walking Lamin. 2. Fit the Foot in Motion. 3. Lights in Weight. 4. Fit the Arch. 5. Smart Styling. 6. Flexibility. 7. Finest Materials. 8. Patented in-built construction.



SALLY

Here are shoes that aren't satisfied merely to look pretty and repose behind the plate glass window of a smart shoe shop . . . They want to step out and walk!

For every pair of FOOT SAVER Shoes is scientifically shaped over "Free-Walking" lasts so fit the foot in motion!

Stand on your toes! A slender strip of springy steel follows the contour of your foot to give firm support to the curving arch! The heel stays snugly in place! The vamp yields to the pressure of the expanding foot as a glove yields to a flexing fist!

FOOT SAVER Shoes are especially designed to fit feet that go places. Beautifully styled, with a grace of line and richness of finish, they are as smart as any shoes you've ever worn!

FOOT SAVERS will be found at the better department and shoe stores.

Foot Saver Shoes are made by  
**THE JULIAN & KOKENGE COMPANY**  
38 West Main Street, Columbus, Ohio  
Makers of women's fine shoes for more than 40 years



Designed by

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THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 38 W. Main St., Columbus, Ohio

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"With  
a brood like this  
to feed :..."



I can't afford to fool with unknown values!"

**ONLY DEPENDABLE QUALITY PAYS**

And that's especially true today—with DEL MONTE so reasonable in price!

Maybe you haven't four hungry, healthy youngsters to feed. No difference!

Whatever the size of your family, no matter how much or how little you have to spend for food, price is only part of a "bargain". True thrift is getting price and quality, too.

That's why millions of women call Del Monte one of the biggest, and surest bargains in foods.

Del Monte prices are most reasonable, even today. You actually pay no more for this dependable label than for many *unknown*, untried brands.

Yet Del Monte Quality is the same outstanding quality you have always known. Each Del Monte Food still as fine as any you ever tasted. And all of them "vitamin-protected"—an important extra safeguard for you and your family.

If you have been buying bargains, just on price *alone*, why not go back to known, dependable quality now! Insist on Del Monte—every time you buy. Compare what you pay with the *values* you get. You'll call it one of the wisest shopping decisions you ever made.

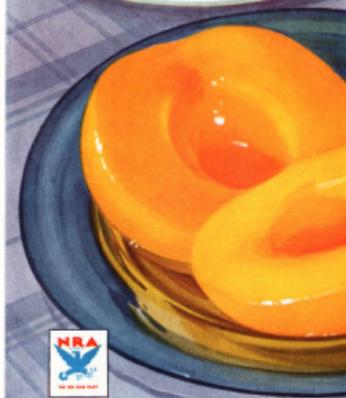


**LOOK—CHECK YOUR MENUS AGAINST THIS LIST!**

Vitamins in foods are unstable, easily lost. Del Monte protects vitamins—by special care in selection, extra speed in canning, and cooking away from air.

Following are some common sources of the most important vitamins—all "vitamin-protected" by Del Monte. Plan your meals with this list.

Product	Vitamins	Product	Vitamins
Apricots	A, C	Peas	A, B
Asparagus	A, B	Pumpkins	A
Blackberries	C	Raisins	B
Carrots	A, B, C	Raspberries	A, B
Cherries	A, B	Salmon	A, D
Corn	A, B	Sardines	D
Fresh Peas	A, B	Sauerkraut	C
Grapes	B	Spinach	A, B, C
Guapifruit	A, B	Strawberries	A, B, C
Peaches	A, B, C	String Beans	A, B, C
Peas	B	Sweet	
Peas	A, B, C	Peas	A, B, C
Pineapple	A, B, C	Tomatoes	A, B, C
Plum Juice	A, B, C	Tomato Juice	A, B, C
Plums	A, B	Tuna	D



**Del Monte Foods**

FULL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY—always



## PRIVATE LINES AND PARTY CONVERSATION



**THE MOON**, the man, all nature conspiring to help you. Do you want action or don't you? If you do, here's a line that works immediately and painlessly: "Gee, when I look at all that sky and the moon, it makes me feel awfully small and insignificant. I mean, it's absolutely terrifying to think of the years it's going to go on without me." (That lends a note of pathos.)

Never be cold and aloof, or try to look stunning in the moonlight. You can't outshine the moon. Be sort of small and low.

If you don't want action, be philosophical. "Are you one of those people who know how long the moon's been shining?" I've heard that it took forty years for the light of some stars to reach the earth. "Serious discussions on life, love, marriage—and the correct way to cook steak."

Don't be flippant under a moon—not too intellectual. Lure, if any.

How's your line? Are you getting enough cuts-in at dances? Do you catch and hold the interest of boys you meet? Do your trivial remarks get a comeback? Or do you feel that the man you're talking with is becoming more and more interested in somebody across the room?

Mostly, conversation is a matter of keeping your wits hitting an all four, and your brain at the wheel. Everybody is interested in something. Find out what it is and get talking about it. Everyone has a story to tell about an automobile accident. Everyone's nearly been kicked out of some school or other. You've loads in common with perfect strangers.

I've been thinking about all the great silences you meet—so this page takes you the rounds. I've been there myself, and here are a few cues—what to say when. When you stop to think about it, it really doesn't take a great deal of intelligence or effort to be a good conversationalist—or much talk, either! Long looks help!



**MANUFACTURED CONVERSATION**—which is what a line really amounts to—doesn't hold much water when you're playing the rags, outdoor, good-sport role. Complete naturalness and good humor are the rule to follow then.

Here's where actions speak louder than words. You're so busy skating, or trying to keep warm, or learning a new figure, that you need all your breaths to keep the engine going.

Here's one place where pauses in conversation go unnoticed. The silences may be frozen—but this condition is only due to the weather.

Forget conversation, and have a good time. Say anything that pops into your head. Be completely natural. Be as witty as you want to.

Dazzle the boys with your bright remarks. They can probably beat you at skating!



**NOISE**, unless she's simply smooth-looking, can make an impression by not saying one word when she first meets a boy! A little conversation and a lot of rapt attention go over better than the most chic dress.

The same holds true on the dance floor. If you're so over-covering that the lads keepink at your tiny feet, you can do a silence. But if you're not, you'll have to open up that rusted mouth of yours and get to work.

"You adore dancing, don't you?" The answer is usually, "Why, yes, how do you know?" "I can sort of feel it by the way you dip. You couldn't possibly dance so keenly if you didn't love it!"

If you see somebody new and different standing in the stag line, go over and say, "Do you want a policeman?" Follow it up with "Or could I help?" It'll serve to break the ice and make him feel at home.

The correct answer to someone who starts off with a terrific line the minute he meets you is "Hey, wait a minute! I'm meant to have the best line here, and you're stepping on my territory!" If he comes back with a smart crack, just look up at him and say slowly, "I wish you wouldn't! Cause then I have to think—and my feet are tired."

"I guess you're the hidden meaning for all this senseless frolic!" In other words, "Meeting you makes the party make sense." This raises you both to a higher level than the rest of the crowd.

But beware how you use any line but your very own. Try it out before your mirror. Try it on your brother. If you get a rise out of him—you'll know you're good!



**WORKING** your most ravishing best, and surrounded by dazzled swains—does your tongue go dry? How on earth to work these puppets alone? Now, never, let the boys put on an act for you. Conversation should be general—to give them all a chance to air their opinions. "Do you really have Indians around here?" "Why does a gasket do what it does?" Answers will tumble out, each in a different key—and there are your cues when you tackle those lads separately.

**IN OFF** moments, girls talk to one another about everything—clothes, movies, hockey, books. Less boy talk. Everyone doesn't share your enthusiasm about your boy friend.

This is just a taste of what to talk about when. My new booklet gives details. Get it while it's red-hot, before the rest of your crowd do. Send a three-cent stamp to the Reference Library, LADIES HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa., and ask for No. 1106, PRIVATE LINES AND PARTY CONVERSATION.

• Next time you add the hot water to gelatin, SMELL IT!

Pheew-ew!

# One "whiff" Tells You-

As you pour the hot water over your gelatin dessert—  
with Ordinary gelatin desserts,  
this vapor has an Unpleasant Odor  
with ROYAL, you get the sweet,  
Delicious Fragrance of pure fruit

AND Royal tastes as good as it smells!

There's no mistaking those Royal pure fruit flavors—whether you smell them or taste them. They're true to the fruit.

Pour the hot water on Royal Lemon—you get instantly the delightful tangy fragrance of the actual fruit. If it's Royal Raspberry, the

aroma is like fresh ripe raspberries picked in hot summer sunshine.

And Royal flavors are full-bodied... never faded out... because Royal Gelatin Dessert is handled as a perishable food. It's rushed fresh to grocers by the same great rapid delivery system that carries Chase & Seshorn's Coffee.

And don't forget that Royal Gelatin Dessert is quick setting. It actually jells in about half the usual time.

Seven pure fruit flavors to choose from: Raspberry, Strawberry and Cherry... Lemon, Orange, Lime, and the new flavor—healthful, delicious Pineapple. The color of the package tells you its flavor.

Serve Royal Quick Setting Gelatin for dinner tonight. It's a particularly good dessert for the children because it aids digestion. And it makes a big variety of delicious and unusual desserts.

**FREE RECIPE BOOK**—Send for "Royal Desserts," a beautiful booklet containing over 100 recipes for desserts, salads, appetizers and beverages. Address: Royal Gelatin, a product of Standard Brands Incorporated, Dept. G-22, 691 Washington Street, New York.

• With Royal Gelatin, you get just a delightful, fruity fragrance. This test will convince you of Royal Gelatin's fine quality.

# Um-m-m!



FRESH! FADING... ALMOST GONE!

• Fruit flavors fade out quickly. To get gelatin with full-strength flavor, you must get it fresh. That is why Royal Gelatin is rushed to grocers by rapid, fresh-food delivery. When you buy Royal, you get an abundance of real fruit flavor.



**ROYAL DATE AND GRAPEFRUIT DESSERT.** Prepare 1 package Royal Gelatin (Strawberry Flavor), following directions on package. Cook until firm. Serve with grapefruit sections and dates stuffed with walnuts. Serves 6. Approximate cost (including fruit and nuts)—21¢.

# BUCKWHEATS

## WITH THE OLD-TIME TANG!



### made with AUNT JEMIMA FOR BUCKWHEATS

Delicious buckwheat cakes with the old-time "snap"! Today you can serve buckwheat cakes with this real old-fashioned goodness—by using ready-mixed Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats. Aunt Jemima's famous pancake ingredients, ready-mixed with choice buckwheat flour. Simply add

milk (or water) to Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats, stir and bake. Give your family these savory buckwheat cakes they've been longing for! Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats in the yellow package; Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the red. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.



Men just can't resist 'em! A great breakfast treat—like old-time Aunt Jemima buckwheats

## A BACKWARD GLANCE

(Continued from Page 73)

and one but little dealt with; in the case of The Custom of the Country, however, I argued that I was chronicling the career of a particular young woman, and that to whatever hemisphere hazard carried her I had to record her ravages, and pass on to her next place. But this was no argument from James' point of view, since he had long since lost all interest in the chronicle novel, and cared only for the elaborate working out on all sides of a central situation. So that he could only answer, by implication if not openly: "Then, my dear child, you simply chase the wrong kind of subject."

On another occasion, when he was staying with us in Paris, I had a still more amusing instance of this irresistible tendency to speak the truth. He had chanced to nose out the fact that, responding to an S O S from the Revue des Mondes, for a given number of which a promised translation of one of my tales had not been ready, I had rashly offered to replace it by writing a story myself—in French!

THERE was nothing I did not do to conceal the horrid secret from James, but he had found it out before arriving, and when in my presence some idiot challenged him with: "Well, Mr. James, don't you think it remarkable that Mrs. Wharton should have written a story in French for the Revue?" It was clear, from the twinkle that began in the corner of his eyes and trickled slow down to his twitching lips, that his answer was ready.

"Remarkable—most remarkable! An altogether astonishing achievement." He swung around on me slowly. "I do congratulate you, my dear, on the way in which you've picked up every odd literary coin that's been lying about the streets of Paris for the last twenty years, and managed to pack them all into those few pages. To this withering comment, in talking over the story afterward with one of my friends, he added more gravely, and with singular good sense, a very creditable episode in her career. But alas! what need do I again."

He knew I enjoyed our literary rough-and-tumbles, and in my case no doubt scrupled the less to hit straight from the shoulder, but with others, though he tried to be more merciful, what he really thought was no less manifest. My own experience has taught me that nothing is more difficult than to talk indirectly or insincerely on the subject of one's craft. The writer, without much effort, can roll off polite lambing about pictures, the painter about books; but to fit about the art one practices is incredibly painful, and James' overscrupulous conscience and passionate reverence for his old-time tales they already inclined him to mercy, made deception doubly impossible.

ONE of our joys, when the talk touched on any great example of prose or verse, was to get the book from the shelf, and ask one of the company to read the passage aloud. There were some admirable readers in the group, but I had never before heard poetry read as he read it, and I never have since. He chanted it, and he was not afraid to chant it, as many good readers are—readers, who though they instinctively feel that the genius of the English poetical idiom requires it to be spoken as poetry, are yet afraid of yielding to their instinct because the present-day fashion is to chatter high verse as though it were colloquial prose.

James, on the contrary, far from shrinking the rhythmic emphasis, gave it full expression. His stammer ceased as by magic as soon as he began to read, and his ear, so sensitive to the convolutions of an intricate prose style, never allowed him to falter over the most complex prosody, but swept him forward on great smooth rollers

of sound till the full weight of his voice fell on the last cadence.

James' reading was a thing apart, an emanation of his inmost self, unaffected by fashion or education. It was as if he read from his soul, and no one who never heard him read poetry knows what that soul was.

ONE day someone spoke of Whitman, and it was a surprise to me to discover that James of Boston, son of the greatest of American poets, Leaves of Grass was put in James' hands, and all that evening he read rapt while he wandered from The Song of Myself to When Lilies Last in the Dooryard Bloomed (when he read "lovely and soothing death" his voice filled the hushed room like an organ adagio), and thence let himself be lured on to the haunting music of Out in the Cradle, reading—or, rather, crooning—it from the first line to the last in a mood of subdued ecstasy, till the fivfold invocation to Death balled out like the knocks in the first bars of the Fifth Symphony.

I believe Henry James enjoyed those days at the Mount as much as he did—or could—anything connected with the American scene; and the proof of it is the length of his visits and their frequency. But on a occasion his stay here coincided with a protracted heat wave; a wave of such unusual intensity that even the nights, usually cold and airy at the Cradle, reading—or, rather, crooning—it from the first line to the last in a mood of subdued ecstasy, till the fivfold invocation to Death balled out like the knocks in the first bars of the Fifth Symphony.

ALWAYS uneasy about his health, he became visibly anxious in hot weather, and this anxiety added so much to his sufferings that his condition was really pitiable. Electric fans, iced drinks and cold baths seemed to give no relief, and finally he discovered that the only cure was incessant motoring.

Luckily by that time we had a car which would really go; and we did, daily, noonday—or, rather, miles of lustrous landscape lying motionless under the still gaze of heat. While we were moving he became a recluse, his spirits rose, the twinkle returned to lips and eyes, and we never halted except for tea on a high hillside, or for a cooling drink at a village apothecary's—on one of which occasions he instructed one of us to bring him "something less innocent than Apollinaris," and exclusively, which was interpreted as meaning an orange phosphate, a beverage most sophisticated for that day.

I knew that James had arranged to leave for England about a fortnight later; and his sufferings distressed me so much that, the morning after the orange phosphate, feeling sure that there was nothing in particular to detain him in America, if he chose to go, I talked a friend who was staying in the house to propose to James my telephoning for a passage on a Boston steamer due to sail within two days.

My ambassador executed the commission, and hurried back with the report that the mere hint of such a plan had thrown James into a state of high perturbation. To change his sailing date at two days' notice, to get from the Mount to Boston—four hours (Continued on Page 80)



*These fortunate people* have forgotten it is night, forgotten they have miles yet to journey, forgotten a dull and importunate world outside. Helping them to forget is the deep quiet luxurious comfort of the Body by Fisher in which they travel, and the consciousness that they will remain unblown and immaculate when they arrive. The smart Fisher Ventilators controlling No Draft Ventilation perform that latter service for them, and the new spaciousness of Body by Fisher, the new breadth and depth of seats and cushions, the new and richer beauty of appointments all contribute to a complete sense of well-being almost beyond price. It is such distinctions as these which invite your critical examination, and make Body by Fisher the only bodies worthy of General Motors cars.

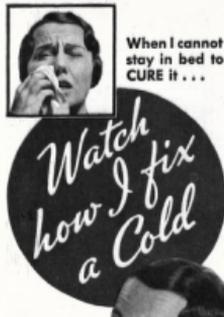


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When I cannot stay in bed to cure it . . .



I use Vapex to give me instant relief without dosing.

Turn your handkerchief into a VAPOR-TENT and stop cold suffering right where it STARTS

When you cannot stay in bed to cure your cold, just put a little Vapex in the center of a folded handkerchief, hold this over your nose, and breathe in deeply. In this simple way you make a scientific vapor-tent that sends powerful medication straight to the "core" of your cold.

#### The Triple-Action Vapor Does It

This easily made vapor-tent sends medication not only WHERE you need it, but also in the FORM you need it—a VAPOR that soothes and normalizes as it penetrates. The cold-infected passages are instantly cleared. Sneezing, sniffing, and eye-watering are immediately stopped.

**Costs half a cent!** Millions use Vapex; yet only the chemists who discovered it know the formula. That's why Vapex cannot be duplicated by any of the 75 imitations on the market. REAL Vapex costs but half a cent an application. The handy bottle usually lasts all winter.



Put a pinch of Vapex in the center of a folded handkerchief.



Do nothing, nothing at all, just use the VAPOR-TENT.



**NEW LOW PRICE**

**VAPEX**

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

—FREE GAZETTE CONTAINING VAPEX—

Mail to: Vapex, 411 Canal St., N. Y. City. Enclose recent issue of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Send for a free handkerchief, too, with Vapex. No money back. But when VAPEX is to the rescue, yours. Also FREE folder giving valuable data on colds and health tips.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from Page 78) by train—in two days—how could I lightly suggest anything so hopelessly impractical? And what about his heavy luggage, which was at his brother William's house in New Hampshire? And his trunk, which had been sent to the laundry only the afternoon before?

Between the electric fan clutched in his hand, and the pile of stacked oranges at his elbow, he covered there, a mountain of misery, repeating in a sort of loud despairing chant: "Good night, good night, good night, what a woman! Her imagination boggles at nothing! She does not even scruple to project me in a naked girdle across the Atlantic! The best collapse has been as nothing to the depths into which my rash proposal plunged him, and it took several hours to quiet him down and persuade him that, if he preferred enduring the weather to flying from it, we on our part were very too happy to keep him at the Mount."

A similar perturbation could be produced—as I also learned to my cost—by asking him to explain any phrase in his books that did not seem quite clear, or any situation of which the motive was not adequately developed; and still more disastrous was the effect of letting him know that any of his writings had been parodied.

I HAD always regarded the fact of being parodied as one of the surest evidences of fame, and now, when he was staying with us in New York, I brought him with me a deliciously droll skit on his novels by Frank Colby, the author of Imaginary Obligations. The effect was disastrous. He shall never forget the misery, the mortification even, which tried to conceal itself under an air of offended dignity. His ever-bubbling sense of fun failed him completely on such occasions; as it did also—I was afterward to find—when one questioned him, in a way that drew out remotely implied criticism, on any point in the novels.

His sensitiveness to criticism or comment of any sort had nothing to do with vanity; it was caused by the great artist's deep consciousness of his powers, combined with a bitter and stinging disappointment at his lack of popular recognition.

I am not sure that Henry James had not secretly dreamed of being a best seller, in the days when that odd form of literary fame was at its height; at any rate, he certainly suffered all his life—and more and more as time went on—from the lack of recognition among the very readers who had welcomed his early novels with such enthusiasm.

He could not understand why the success achieved by Daisy Miller and The Portrait of a Lady should be denied to the great novels of his maturity; and the sense of protracted failure made him miserably alive to the least hint of criticism, even from those who most completely understood, and sympathized with, his later experiments in technic and style.

IN ONE respect Henry James stood alone among the great talkers I have known; for while he was inexhaustible in repartee, and never had the least tendency to monopolize the talk, yet it was really in monologue that he was most himself. I remember his particular manner of conversing when we sat late on the terrace at the Mount, with the lake shimmering palely through dark trees in the background. He said to him, in response to some chance allusion to his Albany relations: "And now tell us about the Emmets—tell us all about them."

The Emmet and Temple families composed, as we knew, the main elements of the van der Groot kinship—"the Emmets," as he called it—and for a moment he stood there brooding in the darkness, murmuring over and over to himself:

"Ah, my dear, the Emmets—ah, the Emmets!"

Then he began, forgetting us, forgetting the place, forgetting everything but the

vision of his lost youth that the question had evoked, the long train of ghosts flung with his light across the wide stage of the summer night. Ghostlike indeed at first, wavering and indistinct, they glimmered at us through a series of disconnected ejaculations, epithets, allusions, parenthetical rectifications and restatements, till not only our brains but the clear air about us seemed filled with a palpable fog; and then, suddenly, by some miracle of shifted lights and accumulated strokes, there they stood before us as they lived, drawn with a million filamentlike lines, yet sharp as an Ingres, dense as a Rembrandt; or, to call upon his own art for an analogate and massive as the people of Balzac.

I OFTEN saw the trick repeated: saw figures obscure or famous summoned to the white square of his magic lantern, flickering and wavering there, and slowly solidifying under the turn of his lens; but never, perhaps, anything so ample, so sustained, as that summoning to life of dead-angels—Emmets and Temples, old loveliness, old follies, old failures, all long laid away and forgotten under old crumbling graveclothes.

I wonder if it may not have been that very night, the place and his reawakened associations adding, that they first came to him and constrained him to make them live for us again in the pages of a Small Boy and A Son and Brother?

In New York, James was a different being. He hated the place, as his letters abundantly testify; its aimless ugliness, its noisy irrelevance, wore on his nerves; but for a while he endured it, because of the social scene, and eager to leave nothing of it unobserved. We therefore invited many people to the house where he was with us, and he dined out frequently and often went to the play, for he was still intensely interested in theatrical matters. But when the minutes of his attention were scattered, his long and complex periods breaking at a dull wall of incomprehension, and dispersing themselves in nervous politeness, was a totally different being from our leisurely companion at the Mount.

I always enjoyed having him under my roof, wherever that good fortune befell me; but hurried, preoccupied New York guests seemed a mere fragment of the great Henry of our country hours.

HE WAS, in truth, much happier, and more at his ease, in Boston than in New York. At Cambridge, in the houses of his brother, William James, and of Charles Eliot Norton, and his kindred circles, he had the best of Boston; and in Boston itself, where the sense of the past has always been so much stronger than in New York, he found all sorts of old affinities and relations, and early Beacon Hill traditions, to act as life belts in the vast ocean of a new city.

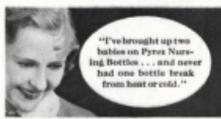
He had always clung instinctively to his cousinsage, and to anyone who represented old friends and associations, whether in Albany, New York or Boston; and I remember his one saying, "You see, dear, that you are so much easier to talk to, because I can always ask them questions about uncles and aunts and other cousins."

He once brought this question-asking system to a high state of perfection, and practiced it not only on relations and old friends, but treated the same pilgrims to Lamb House, whom he would literally silence by a friendly volley of interrogations as to what train they had taken to come down, and whether they had seen all the cathedral towers yet, and what plays they had done—so that they went away agog with the great man's "open," "and," "you see, dear, they hadn't time to talk to me about my books"; the calamity at all costs to be avoided.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In an early issue of the *Journal*, Mr. Norton will continue her story of her friends and other great literary figures of the early years of the century.

## Mothers!

These bottles are safer!



"I've brought up my babies on Pyrex Nursing Bottles . . . and never had one bottle broken from heat or cold."



These bottles heat so fast that water will boil—your can save time without worry about breaking.



From boiling water they go instantly to cold, resisting breakage and avoiding disagreeable feelings.

These bottles can be sterilized more thoroughly. Doctors and nurses recommend them.

Pyrex Brand Nursing Bottles are truly inexpensive for six are generally sufficient for the entire nursing period. Six sided on the outside, round on the inside— with clearly marked ounces. 8-oz. size with narrow neck or wide mouth, 2 1/2"; 4-oz. size with narrow neck, 1 1/4".

**PYREX NURSING BOTTLES**

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



## Be Sure of Success—Use Jenny Wren!

JENNY WREN is the finest ready-mixed, all-purpose flour sold. Use JENNY WREN for cakes, pies, cookies, waffles, doughnuts or any other exciting recipe—and learn how much better your baking can be. YOU'RE ALWAYS SURE OF SUCCESS WITH JENNY WREN. Hundreds of thousands of housewives have discovered the excellence of JENNY WREN.

### The Original Ready-Mixed All-Purpose Flour

Because JENNY WREN never fails, it is the most economical flour to use. No waste nor broken eggs. No extra flour. Always fresh, never spoils rapidly. Blended of the finest wheat and the finest flour. High in calcium content. Try a 4 lb. package. You'll see the difference. JENNY WREN is the flour for you. And remember you do not have to buy flour in 50 lb. bags. You can buy it in 4 lb. packages. We save you that very fine piece of chinaware.

### Beautiful China Ware FREE!



THIS PRICE CONTAINS 4 LBS. JENNY WREN FLOUR. PLUS JENNY WREN'S BEST CHINA WARE. FREE! (See inside for details.) You'll see the difference. JENNY WREN is the flour for you. And remember you do not have to buy flour in 50 lb. bags. You can buy it in 4 lb. packages. We save you that very fine piece of chinaware.

Try Jenny Wren Whole Cakes. "The perfect breakfast cereal"

## Impersonation of a Lady

(Continued from Page 6)

when Donaldson asked if he could take me home in his tax I agreed. With carefully assumed casualness I said that I had enjoyed our conversation earlier in the day, and was so much that I hoped he was going to stay on in New York.

"There are," he said, "so many things involved. It's hard to know what to do. I thought of the girl in Wyckton; I thought, 'If you're one-tenth as attractive as you're supposed to be, Irene Merrill, you'll see he doesn't go back to her!'"

Within two months I had promised to marry him. But even in my delirious state of happiness I retained sufficient common sense not to attempt to combine my work with a honeymoon. I insisted that we wait until the end of May, when the phenomenally extended run of my current success was to end, and I could demand a few months' holiday before starting rehearsals for the next venture.

**O**UR summer in Southern France must be summed up in one word—*leaves*. More than that I could not bring myself to write, even under the cloak of anonymity, aided by the disguising of actual names and places. I can only go on to those final intrusions from the outside world which brought to an end that perfect period of isolation and forced us back into a mundane sphere inhabited by other mortals.

Early in September, upon our return from ten days' motoring to the villa near Cannes we had returned, we found an ominous pile of cables addressed to Donaldson. In consecutive order they announced the sudden illness, then the death, and funeral, of his great-aunt, Martha Carr. Another message disclosed my husband's inheritance of her surprisingly large estate. Added to these were half a dozen inquiries dated a day apart, from the executors, regarding the cash prize for which Don would sell his aunt's house in Wyckton.

"I'm afraid," Don said, "we'll have to go home. I can't settle this at long distance. And I want you to see Wyckton, too, Irene. I only wish we'd gone there before we came abroad. Aunt Martha asked us to wait until fall—but I should have gone, anyway."

**I** PACKED hastily, so we might catch the next steamer, and I consoled myself by thinking that I had made no reference whether we were on the Riviera or in Wyckton. We still had before us a whole month of being alone.

I advised no one save Graener of our return, and he, with the innate delicacy his rather coarse vocabulary and manner to hide, made no attempt to interfere during our two days in New York. He sent flowers to my apartment by a messenger, to whom he also intrusted the contract. I have already mentioned.

Donaldson only said, when he saw these duplicate forms, "Promise me not to sign anything yet."

He was less restrained when he discovered my intention of taking Maggie—who had served me for years, ostensibly as maid, but really as stern guardian and devoted friend—to Wyckton with me. During the period of our engagement, these two had expressed much satisfaction with each other. Donaldson had approved of Maggie's strict chaperonage, and she had been greatly relieved that I was marrying "a fine young professional man, instead of one of those actors." But now, when the Irishman rejoined me, after the longest

separation we had known, my husband vented what he termed her "familiarity." She resented his tendency to minimize my prominence on the stage. "He treats you as if you were just anybody," he declared indignantly.

**S**HE was also hurt because he failed to appreciate her wedding present. With great care she had pasted, in chronological order, in three plastic books all the press clippings about my career, and had these books bound in handsome red leather, with my name and the dates stamped in gold. It was deeply touched, and humanly interested in this record of my gradual ascent up the steep ladder.

The earliest notice was from a halmlet in Tennessee. It said:

Certain of the minor characters were possibly acted. The usual French maid with a feather duster seemed unusually pretty.

Nine years later, the following paragraph had appeared in a serious London journal. A critic knew and feared on both continents for his frankness wrote:

The incompensable performance given by Miss Irene Merrill has caused it to be reviewed in the press. It is a pity that her previous dicta concerning transatlantic acting. In the past, we have conceded willingly the facile ability of certain American actors to portray criminals and denizens of the half-world. But until Miss Merrill arose like the proverbial comet across our horizon, we have never believed it lay within the scope of an American to portray that most beautiful of roles—a lady. Miss Merrill, whose beauty is not only remarkable, but very darkly indeed—gigamorous, witty, and, rarer still, the possessor of a golden speaking voice. A voice to which many of our own countrywomen, who speak disparagingly of the Yankee twang, would do well to listen.

Donaldson, leaning over my shoulder as I read this article, said, "The English always try to be so superior."

**I** TURNED the following pages in silence. The third volume was not yet full. "She hasn't put in anything about our wedding," Don stated dryly.

"Oh, no. These are just things that relate to my profession."

"Not all of them. She's been careful to include descriptions about the Duchesse of Watnot's dance in your honor, and the supper party given for you at the American embassy."

I tried to change the subject, unwilling to say that Maggie's omission might have been prompted by kindness. For Donaldson had been upset by the amount of space devoted to me by the newspapers at the time of our marriage, and the negligible lines about himself. He had been especially startled by the summary in one of the weekly magazines:

**MARRIED**—The beautiful Irene Merrill, 26, outstanding American stage star, of New York, has married yesterday to Miss Irene Merrill, and one Donaldson Carr, in Manhattan.

Now he drew from his wallet a clipping I had never seen. "I'll paste this in it."

He would not let me look at it until it was securely in place. It was from the Wyckton Morning Courier. Under the headline Wycktonian Weds, it began:

One of the most popular and talented actresses of our most distinguished old families of Wyckton was married yesterday to Miss Irene Merrill.

"They've spelled my name wrong!" I cried. "And they've left the accent off!" I read further. They had left off all mention of my stage career.

"But this is marvelous!" I was genuinely amused.

Don was not. "I think they showed very good taste. You're to do it quickly," was the exception that proves the rule. Generally speaking, theatrical people are far from the best. (Continued on Page 92)



WE'VE BEEN EXTRA GOOD, CAN WE HAVE AN EXTRA LOT OF GINGERBREAD?

YES, ALL YOU WANT OF IT. OLD-FASHIONED BRER RABBIT MOLASSES IS AS GOOD FOR CHILDREN AS IT TASTES.

Dolly's weekly  
**Gingerbread treat**  
kept her good as gold . . .

**M**R. CLINTON pondered over her children. How could she make them "be good" at least part of the time without harsh punishment?

Then she laid it!  
"Dolly!" she called. "Bill, come here! If you'll be real good all week, mother will make you a big pan of gingerbread on Saturday."

"I'll be good," declared Bill vehemently. Then he bargained. "If we're extra good, will you make an extra big lot of gingerbread?"

All week Dolly was good as gold. And Bill, as always, followed her example in everything.

And on Saturday, the aroma of fresh gingerbread made from Mrs. Clinton's favorite Brer Rabbit recipe permeated the house. Dolly and Bill each got a big square. So did three or four playmates.

"What's got into these youngsters?" said Daddy one evening. "They're behaving like civilized children, not Indians."

"It's that old-fashioned Brer Rabbit Molasses," smiled Mrs. Clinton. "It

makes such delicious gingerbread that anybody would promise to be good in order to get it!"

Old-fashioned tangy gingerbread, made from Brer Rabbit Molasses, is always a favorite with grown-ups and children. How they love its pungent smell, its rich, tangy flavor, and its wholesome food for the children, too.

Brer Rabbit Molasses is real New Orleans molasses, made from the finest grade of freshly crushed sugar cane. That's what makes it taste so good. It is good for you, too.

Two kinds: Gold Label—the highest quality light molasses for fancy cooking, fine on pasticcini; Green Label—a darker molasses with a stronger flavor.

This is the  
**"Brer Rabbit Gingerbread"**  
that made Dolly and Bill good as gold

1/2 cup sugar; 3 tablespoons butter; 1 egg; 1 cup milk; 1/2 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses; 1/2 cup flour; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon ginger; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; 1 teaspoon soda.  
Cream together butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then add alternately the dry ingredients which have been sifted together and the remainder of milk and molasses. Pour in a buttered shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 45 minutes.

**BRER RABBIT**  
REAL PLANTATION  
*Molasses*

FREE—Bottle containing more than 90 other Brer Rabbit Recipes  
Please & Food, Inc., Dept. LH-11,  
New Orleans, La. Please send no copy of  
"Old Fashioned Molasses Goodies."



Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

# The old floor was a problem — but Muriel solved it



WHEN Muriel and her mother went shopping, they followed the golden rule of rug buying—Look for the Gold Seal. This Gold Seal identifies the one and only genuine Congoleum—both rug and "by-the-yard." The one way to be sure of complete satisfaction is to buy only rugs that have the Gold Seal pasted on their patterns. Fascinating new Congoleum designs for every room in the house are now on display. You'll enjoy seeing them.

CONGOLEUM SALES INC., KEARNY, N. J.

Also available in the form of a rug.

Patent Pending—U.S. Pat. 2,100,000

In Canada: Congoleum Canada, Ltd., Montreal



Here's Muriel and her friends having a "kitchen party" after the movies. "Don't bother about crumbs," says Muriel, "this new rug is a perfect charm to clean." The owner allows it's "fabulous." Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 874. Another available by Abraham & Straus, Broadway, N. Y.

# CONGOLEUM

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Gold Seal Rugs

AND CONGOLEUM BY-THE-YARD

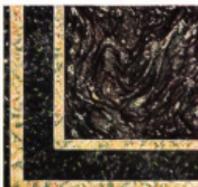
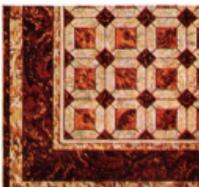


Illustration of an elegant "by-the-yard" rug, available for sale under the "Gold Seal" Congoleum label.



The "Fountain" pattern, Congoleum "by-the-yard" rug, No. 874, is a variation of a more ornate rug design.

(Continued from Page 82) type of citizens. They're unstable and unreliable. They are not... They're the most loyal, generous, warm-hearted people in the world!"

"And they always," he said, smiling, "talk in superlatives."  
I told Donaldson that Maggie had been offended by the desecration of her work, and he had replied, "She doesn't know her place."

"Because she hasn't one. She's my guide, philosopher and all the rest of it. And between times, she takes excellent care of my clothes. I simply can't be presentable in Wyckton without her."

"But if you turn me up with a personal maid, Irene, it will look like showing off. No other woman there has one."

"Not even Mrs. Wyckoff?"

"Oh, I guess she has. But that's different."

"This clinched my determination to have Maggie accompany us."

And after the consumption of our vastly different luncheons, I reviewed all these events—much more swiftly, of course, than they were near when written down—I told Don I would go back and see how she was making out.

I FOUND her in the parlor car behind ours, presumably reading a novel, but actually listening to the chatter of the three girls who had been in the diners. Maggie managed to relate to me the gems of their previous comments, which had related chiefly to their conjectures about Donaldson—who and what he was.

Since they all lived in Wyckton, I related this story when I returned to our drawing-room. "And I thought you were such a popular young bachelor!"

"Wyckton isn't a village," he answered. "There are any number of different sets and subdivisions there."

"All ruled by that great dawg, Mrs. Wyckoff?"

"The only set that counts is ruled by her," he declared. "When she came here, thirty years or so ago, from Boston, she started building up a small civilized group. Of course, her husband's family have always dominated the town, financially, and the older generations continue to do public service to donating the parks and the library and the hospital and the art museum. Personally, I think Mrs. Wyckoff has been almost a greater benefactor by selecting the people who 'belong' and welding them into a more exclusive social order than any large city can boast today."

"He went on to relate the technic by which Mrs. Wyckoff had made her power of rejection a vital matter."

"EVERY New Year's Eve she gives a ball. To it she invites between three hundred and three hundred and fifty people. She never asks a girl before she's eighteen, or a man before he's twenty-one. And she does not invite them automatically, just because she's received their parents. They have to come up to scratch, on their own account. If there's been any scandal or misconduct, they're not on the list. Heavens, I can still remember the agony I went through the year I was old enough to be eligible! You see, she doesn't send out the cards until Christmas Day, so everyone's on pins and needles until the last moment."

"And no one," I interposed, "has a chance to get up a rival party if they're not invited?"

"Oh, they wouldn't want to. You'd be ashamed to be seen anywhere else on New Year's Eve."

"I thought, 'She must be the most odious woman who ever lived!' I said, 'But you were asked, weren't you?'"

"Yes, I was. It was terribly nice of her, too. For Aunt Martha and she were never friendly, and as I wasn't allowed to go to the private school where Francis, her son, went, she didn't need to ask me at all."

I looked searchingly at him. It was not just personal bias which made me consider his mind of splendid caliber. A law firm as distinguished as the one which he

had joined did not take in partners of me-discreability. They had, moreover, evinced interest by giving him a long vacation this summer, and upon his return, scheduled for the next month, he was to take over the preparation of a highly important case. . . . No, it was as Mrs. Hastings had said, a blind spot.

His eyes met mine, and I thought, "He can have a thousand blind spots as far as I'm concerned!" To feel his arms around me, and to hear him say he loved me more every day, was all I asked of life.

## II

WHEN we got off at the Wyckton station I was charmed by the first view of the town. While Donaldson and Maggie attended to the luggage, I walked around to the front of the depot platform, to scan the broad street, and find pleasure in the uniform height of the five and six story buildings, which were not defaced by the garish display windows or gaudy placards which mar most business districts.

I rejoiced, also, in the ruddy face and small twinkling eyes of Collins, the chauffeur, who helped me into an old-fashioned limousine of excellent make and anachronistic design. Maggie rode outside and Dee and I sat close together, our fingers intertwined.

I was not even dismayed when he told me that Mrs. Wyckoff was responsible for the architectural unity of this section. "What she doesn't own outright in this place, she controls indirectly," he said.

After several blocks, Collins turned into a narrower, crowded thoroughfare. A huge scarlet-and-gold sign caught my eye: Ressler's Real Estate. A little farther on, I saw an identical placard.

"Mrs. Wyckoff's influence seems to have stopped here," I said.

"Old man Ressler and she have been sworn enemies for years!" he explained. "Next to her, he's our biggest taxpayer. Nowhere near her in wealth, but, at that, several times a millionaire."

THE food had started, he went on, when Ressler secured the services of Judge Keller, the best attorney in town, to protect his patent rights on certain specialties of food. Mrs. Wyckoff, who had objected to Ressler's modern commercial methods, had delivered an ultimatum to Keller. Unless he dropped the case, which was well begun, she would take away from him the tremendous legal business which for many years the Wyckoff plant had given him. Naturally, the judge yielded.

The day Ressler lost the suit, he went up to Mrs. Wyckoff's house, and by chance finding her in the frost hall, he abused her loudly and profanely. He had shouted, as he turned to leave, "Your case's over! You're through, and don't know it! In a few years from now it will be me and my children who will run this town, and not you and yours!"

The second step in the vendetta had resulted from Mrs. Wyckoff's discovery that Carl Ressler, the son of her enemy, was attending the same private school to which her only son went. She had tried to force the head master to dismiss Carl, but this time it was told that of the two, the school could better afford to lose Francis. She had promptly removed Francis, who was then twelve, and engaged a tutor for him until she had completed her plans for the new school, called the Wyckoff Junior Academy.

This institution, manned by highly paid instructors from the East, had cost her much money and even more effort. But due to its excellence, and the low tuition fees, as well as her persuasiveness, she had eventually led to the other school high and dry. So few students besides Carl Ressler remained that it had to be abandoned altogether.

"She certainly sounds formidable!" I admitted. "What's happened to her son, by the way?"

"Francis? Oh, he's a great disappointment to her. Very attractive and ornamental, but . . . (Continued on Page 83)

# Just a moment, my children . . .

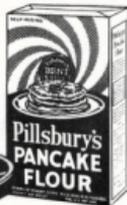


. . . perhaps you are not suffering from a hopelessly blighted love, after all. Perhaps you have just a touch of breakfast trouble. The symptoms are very much the same. Did you ever hear that the secret of a smooth-running, harmonious household is pancakes for breakfast every few days? Did you know there's nothing that cheers the whole day up quite so much as a pancake breakfast? And did you ever hear that no pan-

cakes taste quite as good as the kind you make with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, and that they're the easiest things in the world to make? You simply add a little water or milk to this specially prepared flour, and in less time than it takes to make the coffee you'll have the breakfast that has smoothed a million matrimonial snafus. You're going back home and try it! That's fine. Happy breakfasts to you!

## Pillsbury's PANCAKE FLOUR

The secret of happy homes!





5 years of the  
WORLD'S WORST  
LAUNDRY

and still these sheets wore on!

Out of a Panama jungle comes this remarkable story of sheets that refused to wear out!

It was in 1910," writes Dr. Henry V. Johnston, now of Washington, D. C., "that my wife purchased these Pequots. I was stationed in the Santo Tomas Hospital of Panama City. Alfreda Gomez, our native Panama washerwoman, laundered our sheets and pillow cases for five years in a muddy jungle stream, using homemade soap, and a stone as a washboard.

"We returned to Virginia in 1914—but it wasn't till 1929 that my wife cut up these Pequot sheets—after 19 years of the hardest kind of usage!"

THE JOHNSTONS, of course, got extra long service from their sheets. But anybody can get long wear from Pequots! Thousands of housewives have told us so.

Every woman who wants her money's worth will be glad to know that Pequot's extra wear has been confirmed by an impartial laboratory. The United States Testing Co. recently tested 9 leading brands of sheets. Here are its findings: Pequot was *strongest*, both before and after 100 washings. Pequot was most *uniform* in strength and weight. Pequot *shrank less* than average, and had *least "sizing"*. No wonder Pequot has such a wonderful reputation for wear!

Of course, you'll discover and enjoy other qualities in Pequot sheets—qualities no laboratory can measure. You'll love their true whiteness, their straight, well-sewn hems, their soft, caressing "old linen" feel.

You will appreciate that new Pequot convenience—the Quick-Pick tab. Even when the sheets are folded and stacked, this little permanent signal sticks out and shows you which sheet fits each width bed. No sheets but Pequots offer this convenience.

Many stores are featuring Pequots right now. It's a thrifty time to buy. PEQUOT MILLS, SALEM, MASS.



#### 4 Reasons Why Your New Sheets Should Be PEQUOTS

1 The experience of 4 generations of American housewives proves that Pequots consistently *wear longer*.

2 Impartial laboratory tests prove Pequot *strongest* and most *uniform*.

3 Pequots are caressingly soft, clear white, carefully made, and easy to wash.

4 Pequots have the handy Quick-Pick Tab, which shows the width, even when the sheets are folded on the shelf.



(Continued from Page 83) totally disinterested in business. When his father died, left Mrs. Wyckoff complete discretionary powers until Francis is thirty-five. He is just a year or two younger than I am—about twenty-eight, I guess.

I asked, praying he would not realize how anxiously I waited for his answer, "And what about the other child?"

"Euth? Why, there's nothing special about her. Except that anyone as well bred and as thoroughly a lady is remarkable these days."

No description could have irritated me more. But I said nothing. I tried to check my vague apprehensions by thinking, "After all, he didn't marry her."

THE car had left the shopping district and was ascending a long, well-graded hill. Don tapped on the glass and instructed Collins to stop on the bridge. From this summit a truly impressive panorama spread below us. On one side, the city itself unfolded. But it was the view at the east to which Don called my attention.

Between the railroad tracks and the distant gleaming river a level expanse of at least a square mile was laid out in a neat geometric pattern, wherein white factory buildings of long, low design alternated with strips of green grass and trees. "That," Donaldson said, "is the Wyckoff plant."

My palpable appreciation pleased Donaldson. He told the chauffeur to proceed. At the northern boundary of the plant the boulevard branched. We took the road to the right.

"Over there," Don said, indicating the left, "is a new suburban development. In between, straped like a triangle, is Wyckoff Park. It makes one section—the Heights—absolutely private."

The occasional houses, of half-timbered English style or of red brick in Georgian architecture, were set back at a discreet distance from the road. Each was surrounded by five or ten acres of grounds; none knew the interior had been decorated professionally, and the gardens had been laid out by landscape experts.

I was relieved to catch sight of a smaller, more rambling house, painted white, with a gay door the color of scarlet lacquer.

"Who lives there?" I asked. "Kitty Riesler. Old man Riesler's daughter. After her divorce, she took his name back, just to spite Mrs. Wyckoff, I think. Of course she has no right to be on the Heights, but she had an agent buy the land and build the house before anyone knew it was for her use."

A LONG, low, cream-colored roadster, A driven by a bareheaded young man, flashed past. Don turned around. The car slid into Kitty Riesler's driveway. He scowled.

"That's Francis Wyckoff. I'd hoped that affair was over by this time."

In another moment the roadster had emerged and was at our side. Collins halted, and Wyckoff shut off his engine. As he looked up and smiled, I knew I would like him. His deeply sunburned face was not in the tradition of masculine pulchritude, but there was such engaging warmth and lack of all pettiness in his dark eyes and rather wide mouth that I was immediately drawn to him.

"I'm on the reception committee!" he announced. "Been patrolling the roads until you got here here." With a wave of the hand, he started the motor and flashed ahead of us.

At the entrance to a place surrounded by a high, clipped box hedge, Donaldson took my hand. "This is our home, Irine."

We turned into an avenue flanked by giant beech trees, leading toward a large Colonial white-frame house, with round columns supporting a high portico.

"Widely, Don had not described it to me; I was totally unprepared for its extraordinary charm. It was just the sort of house I had always pictured myself living in. . . . I only it were near New York, how perfect it would be for week-ends!

I got out the second Collins stopped beside the cream-colored car. The hospitably broad door, topped by a fanlight, was closed. While we waited, I looked beyond the screen of maple oak and evergreen trees, to my left, and was astonished to perceive, less than half a city block away, the sloping red roof and round turrets of a huge white mansion, with multicolored windows. I had seen the famous chateau in France from which it was copied, but it did not, I thought, transplant well. Perhaps because it demanded far more space than was permitted it here. I understood now why Mrs. Wyckoff wanted to buy Don's property.

A disagreeable-looking maid with gray hair let us into the hall. She scarcely replied to Don's greeting, and before I could add mine, she said, "I didn't know there was going to be extra help. I'm sure I don't know where to put her."

"There's plenty of bedrooms, aren't there?" I asked Don.

"Four masters', but the wing the maids use is small."

"Then we'll put Maggie in one of the masters' rooms."

I walked to the other end of the wide hall which bisected the main part of the house, to look down with delight at the old-fashioned terraced garden which extended toward the river valley.

Don came up beside me. "I suppose we'd better go in and see Francis."

ARM in arm, we entered the library. "Mellow" was the word which fitted it exactly. The curtains of burnish gold, the variegated bindings of the books which lined every wall and ran over the tops of doors and windows, the dark plain-velvet carpet, the chintz of the big sofa and deep easy-chairs, combined with the shaded lamps and copper bowls of yellow and rust-colored atoms to produce the most harmonious, comfortable effect I had ever seen.

I stood, entranced, at the doorway. Wyckoff came forward.

"This is one of the great moments of my life," he said, as he shook hands. "If you know how long I'd waited to meet you, I can't tell you how glad you are to play—you really say I couldn't wait for the correct time to call."

"That's quite a speech," Don answered. "Aunt Martha always celebrated great occasions with some very fine and quite legal sherry. If you'll excuse me, I'll make a trip to the cellar."

When we were alone, Wyckoff said, "I know it's not considered proper to congratulate a girl. But I'm going to break another rule and do so. For I've known Don since we were six, and he's one of the world's best! My only regret is that you didn't know his aunt. She was a grand person."

"Don always spoke of her as if she were forbidding," I answered.

"Don's attitude, she herself said, was her fault. You see, I got to know her pretty well. Especially last winter, when things were all set up for me and he was away. We talked about everything."

"Why didn't she and Don get along better?" I persisted.

"CHE said that after his parents died, she and she undertook to bring him up. He was so terrified for fear she'd spoil him. But she'd seem other boys raised by women, who had grown up into sinuous molluscoids, and she swore she wouldn't make that mistake. Talk about being Spartan—she suppressed every show of tenderness, thinking that after his character was formed, and he had become manly and independent, they could enjoy each other as equals. But it didn't happen. Habit was too strong."

"But that's terribly sad!" I said. "Oh, how I wish she'd lived longer!"

"At any rate, she was completely happy when Don married you," he assured me.

"She said, 'If shows I haven't altogether failed.' For she was a woman of ability, too, and she admired you tremendously. I don't know what (Continued on Page 87)

Watch that Real Maple Sugar Flavor get things going!



MISS PLUM, ON HER WAY TO QUEBEC, GOT STUCK IN THE MUD TO HER NECK ENERGY ED TOOK A HAND JERKED HER BACK ON DRY LAND

(THIS IS THE LAST LINE TO BE READ—JUST FOR FUN)



## THIS SYRUP SUPPLIES

## ENERGY QUICKLY—SERVE IT TWICE A WEEK

PANCAKES AND SYRUP! Rich flavoured morsure syrup! Who doesn't love it?

It's the breakfast you serve as a real golden treat.

And it's more than that. For syrup is a healthful food.

It is the food authorities say: Syrup is a quick energy maker—a food that every grown-up should have frequently. It's especially good with pancakes (for it makes their food values quick and completely available, so they aren't fattening. Women who are watching their weight can enjoy this breakfast!

So serve the syrup that will make everybody ask for more—Vermont Maid Syrup

EVER BEFORE



with the smooth, golden flavor of real maple sugar.

Vermont Maid Syrup is blended in Vermont—in Burlington—in the heart of the maple sugar country. In this delicious syrup, cane and maple sugars are subtly blended to bring out the full, rich flavor that comes only from maples which grow in the North Woods.

Get a jug of Vermont Maid Syrup today. Serve it to your family often. See how they love it! What new energy it gives them! Prueck & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

2½ A JUG LESS THAN EVER BEFORE



# 500 PEOPLE SHOW HOW TO END COLDS IN HALF THE TIME

Interesting tests showed how Pepsodent reduced number of colds—cut time lost from colds in half.

CHICAGO, ILL. (Special)—Recently an interesting test was made which brought to light new facts about the common cold. Scientists found that the antiseptic you use to gargle and to spray with makes an amazing difference as to how many colds you have. The antiseptic also makes a difference as to how long a cold will last.

These scientists took a group of 500 human beings and observed them closely for five winter months. Here are some of the remarkable things they discovered.

#### Time Cut in Half

They found colds lasted five days on the average. When Pepsodent Antiseptic was gargled twice a day the life of a cold was cut to two days—3 days of suffering from a cold were saved. Pepsodent Antiseptic had no colds in a number of cases among the group.

the public to have fewer colds from work once they catch cold.

#### Other Common

Medical men tell us that colds should be observed which will help in their prevention. One of those is to keep the house warm. It is always better to have plenty of clothing than to have the house get over average temperature. 70° should be the normal temperature and should be permitted to drop during the night. If this is done the cold will be far less apt to catch hold of the person. Rooms should be kept warm and make them susceptible to colds. People who are outdoors in the winter should wear their own friends' coats and are inclined to over-dress. They should be subject to colds.

#### Children Should

Dress the children properly. They should be dressed in warm clothing on the days when they are out. They should be dressed in warm clothing on the days when they are out.

Make 1 do the work of 3 when fighting colds!

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives greater protection—gives you 3 times as much for your money

IN ONE of the largest tests of its kind ever made, Pepsodent Antiseptic proves itself impressively. This proof lies in results that everyone can understand. Read carefully, for these facts are vitally important to your family's health.

#### Practical yet scientific proof

Last winter 500 people were divided into groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with leading mouth antiseptics—some group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group.

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time.

Think of that! Fewer colds—colds ended in half time. That is what modern science offers you in Pepsodent as compared with ordinary antiseptics.

#### For your information

You may not know that when mixed with an equal amount of water many

leading mouth antiseptics cannot kill germs. But Pepsodent Antiseptic does kill germs in less than 10 seconds—even when mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes \$1 do the work of \$3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic. Safeguard your family's health—and save your hard-earned money.



#### IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds are equaled by its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	Cuts and Abrasions
Smoker's Throat	Chapped Hands
Bad Breath	Dandruff
Mouth Irritations	Skin Irritations
Irritations of the Gums	Clothes Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	Tired, Aching Feet

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

(Continued from Page 85) she would have done if Don had married Ruth." He broke off abruptly.

"Oh, do stop," I urged. "I know he was devoted to her."

"Not to her as a person so much as to her as an ideal," he declared. "And that ties up to another principle Miss Carr tried to put into effect with Don—to be democratic."

"Is that why she sent Don to public school?"

"Exactly. And why she wouldn't let him join the Saturday-afternoon dancing class the rest of us had to go to. The result was that the pendulum swung the other way, and gave him an exaggerated idea of social standing."

I was silent, trying to fit together all that he had told me, so that I might act wisely upon it.

"I'm talking too much," Francis said, "but it's hard for anyone who's always lived in the big world to understand the warped point of view of people in a small place like this. And I'm so fond of Don that I don't want you to think his complaint about Wyckton is anything but natural."

"I won't!" I promised. "And I appreciate a word I can tell you, your taking the trouble to explain it."

WHEN Don returned with a tray, we were discussing the theater. He filled the glasses, and as he passed them, asked, "Any new scandals, Francis?"

"None except the usual ones I've stirred up." His smile was not whole-hearted, as he looked at me. "I'm the black sheep of the community, Miss Morrill."

"Mrs. Carr," Don corrected. "She'll always be Miss Morrill in my mind!" Francis rose and drank our health. "Well, he sat down," he said. "But I thought women who were famous always kept their own names?"

He had addressed me, but Don answered, "That's ridiculous!"

Personally, I didn't care what I was called off the stage, and I tried to think of some way to change the subject. But as often happens, my thoughts refused to provide any substitute topic.

Francis asked intelligent questions about certain technical points in the play he had seen so often. I cut my answers short, for I knew Don had no interest in the theater yet, and he actively disliked discussions concerning my performances.

I was relieved when the maid came in to ask how many places to lay for dinner. Impulsively, I turned to Francis. "You'll stay, won't you?"

He hesitated, then said, "With great pleasure!"

Only after this interlude did I glance at Don. His fists were clenched, although he said, "Fine!" I regretted my thoughtlessness in asking another to share our first meal in this house, but it was too late.

"If you'll show me where my room is, I'll be up and ready in a tick," I said.

As soon as we were outside, I put my arms around Don's shoulders. "Will you forgive me?"

"I'd forgive you anything!" he said.

WE WENT UP the stairs. "I thought you'd like the room over the library," he said.

Every light was on. The four-poster mahogany bed, the highboy and the lower chest of drawers and the chaise longue were strewn with my garments. White muslin paper almost covered the carpet. Maggie appeared from the bathroom which separated my room from Don's.

"There's no dressing table," she said, "so I've been putting your things in here where the light's fairly good."

Donaldson surveyed the gold-topped jars and bottles she had gathered on the only stool. "What am I supposed to use?"

"I put your shaving things inside the medicine cabinet. . . . I thought you'd like the white-and-silver gown. Miss Irene, so I pressed it in the kitchen. There's no proper place to do things and that girl Kate is no help!"

Donaldson drew me into his room and closed the door. "Kate and Ellie, the cook, have been here ever since I can remember. I know Kate's moody and sulden sometimes, but you must tell Maggie not to make trouble. I'd hate to have Kate leave."

"Surely she'll stay for a week, Don?"

"A week? Irene!"

"But you know I've got to be back in New York. I ought to go sooner."

"Don't you like it here?"

"I love it! It's the way I've always dreamed a home should be. We've both got to get back to our jobs."

TO MUCH rather stay here, he got into Judge Keller's office. I've got more money than I know what to do with. I can live where I choose.

"But I can't. Unfortunately, rehearsals can't take place in Wyckton."

You haven't signed the contract. . . . Oh, Irene, don't go!" He told me this gently but firmly. "Stay here! You don't have to work now."

I hid my face against his shoulder, trying to evolve the least wounding way to force him that my work was a vital part of my existence, its financial rewards inconsequential compared to my compulsion to express myself on the stage.

Gently he disengaged me. "I want you to see my mother's picture."

There, over the mantel, was the portrait for which, he had told me, I might have sat. As I looked at it, tears filled my eyes. Its resemblance to me was no more than a suggestion.

Masses of light hair weighed down a fragile head; the sloping white shoulders were partially covered by a rose-colored evening gown. But the striking feature of the painting lay in the artist's masterful depiction of a far-away, wistful expression in her eyes, which gave the smile of her delicate lips accentuated. She was a person one wanted to cherish and protect.

I felt nearer Don, in spirit, than ever before. "I thought, reverently, 'Dear God! Let me be a good wife to him! Let me make up for all that he has missed!'"

My exalted mood was shattered by a sharply controversial exchange in the bathroom. But both Don and I smiled indulgently.

"I'll warn Maggie," I said.

Don said, "I'll speak to Kate."

WE KISSED, as if parting for a long time, and I went into my room just as Kate disappeared. Maggie was scowling at a tabloid newspaper.

"When," she demanded, "are we going to leave this dreadful place?"

Over her shoulder, I read:

Wyckton society is agog over the list of guests at the large dinner party being given tonight in its most pretentious home. The tapestry-lined banquet hall of a certain doughy dowager will see all of the younger married set—with the notable exception of the newest arrival among them, who, as incidentally, her nearest neighbors. From one on the inside, we are authentically informed that the child who was so long not yet "settled" is considered, at the oblation, *parvula esse gratia*, and the command to the satellites is "chalmus down." What no doubt someone since this distinguished lady's innumerable admirers on Broadway.

Until I read the last sentence, I could not believe this account related to me. I felt stunned.

Maggie crumpled the paper viciously into the wastebasket, and ran more hot water into the tub. But while I was dressing, her indignation burst forth. Kate's sister, it seemed, was Mrs. Wyckton's housekeeper, and she had run over that very evening to report a terrible scene between her mistress and Mr. Francis. Young Wyckton had finally delivered the ultimatum to a mother—unless she invited Don and me that evening, he would not appear. And now that he was staying at our house, there would be further trouble.

I wiped off the superfluous grains of powder, sprayed a little perfume on my hair, and went slowly downstairs. I did



## Eat Them For Health as well as luscious flavor

RIGHT now it's doubly important to include Stokely's Tiny Green Lima Beans in your family menus regularly. For aside from their temptingly delicious flavor they're an abundance of special food values which make them an ideal winter food. Lima beans, you see, provide valuable vitamins and mineral salts—and in addition they're highly alkaline—which means that, like orange juice, they help to combat common colds caused by too much acidity in the system!

Best of all—children and grown-ups at Stokely's Tiny Green Lima Beans eagerly—because they're such an extra special delicacy. Just the *tiest, tenderest, greenest beans in each pod!* Picked at the perfection point, and prepared immediately—right where they're grown— they're packed to the brim in golden lined cans and sealed before their crisp freshness or summer garden flavor can escape. The golden lined cans keep them tempting, rich in food value as though you'd picked them in your garden a few hours before. And think how much easier they are to serve.

You'll find the same high quality in each of the 28 Stokely Finest Foods—especially grown, packed and packed immediately in cans with spotless golden linings. Ask your grocer for your favorite vegetable—packed the better Stokely way. Write for illustrated book, "Sally Stokely's Prize Vegetable Recipes." FREE.

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IN SPOTLESS GOLDEN LINED CANS

There are 28 delicious Stokely vegetables protected in golden lined cans

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

Just a moment,  
Betty Furness,  
please!

Do you realize  
how treacherous  
those "Spoon Foods"  
are to teeth?



HOW BETTY FURNESS  
ENJOYS SPOON FOODS

"Spoon Foods"—the name for all those soft, molten foods that practically melt in the mouth, with little or no chewing.

Have you thought how those soft "melly" foods rob your teeth of their natural exercise—vigorous chewing... how they invite flabby gums and tooth decay?

Just ask your dentist! He'll tell you that if you don't want to lose those fine teeth, you must eat them. And you'll never use them except on a diet of "Spoon Foods." The one sure way to eat more foods which must be chewed.

Of course you're fond of all those luscious soft foods. You don't want to give them up. And we're not suggesting that you should.

But why not be sure that something is added to them which will really make you chew? And that's where Walnuts come to your aid a hundred per cent.

There's nothing like Walnuts to put real zest into chewing—nothing like Walnuts to

add new flavor to other foods. Think of all those puddings, cakes, pies, breads, salads, cereals and other soft foods—all just "Spoon Foods" until you add Walnuts. But with Walnuts added, they help you revive the lost art of chewing. And Walnuts make your favorite dishes look and taste so much better, too.

Just try it yourself! What better time to start than now? New crop Diamond Walnuts are now at your grocer's. Prices exceptionally low—quality exceptionally high. Order some today! And be sure you get "Diamonds"—full shells, plump kernels—your full money's worth—every time.

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Look for the  
DIAMOND  
on the shell



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Of course, you ought to have the scientific facts on the importance of chewing—on proper teeth, gastric health and all good digestion. We have collected and condensed them for you in our new free book, "On Vigorous Chewing Means to Good Digestion, Sound Teeth and Lasting Beauty."

Sign below, and mail—*free of charge*! With it we will also send our free recipe book, Dept. K-17, California Walnut Growers Association—Los Angeles, California.

not like this situation. As far as my own inclination went, I would be relieved never to meet Mrs. Wyckoff. The prospect of knowing her had bored me, when I had assumed I should have to endure it. But there was a wide gulf between my choosing not to accept her invitations, and her refusal to extend them. No, decidedly, I did not like it.

Outside the library I paused. Might it not be more expedient to insist that Francis return home? Then I heard him say: "No, Don, you're wrong. Mother may pretend she has reasons, but the true answer is that she suffers from megalomania, or whatever you call a person who has an insane desire for power. She's reached the point where the mere possibility of opposition makes her violent."

Don's protest remained unfinished as I went in. As soon as I looked at his face, I knew he had found out about the party, and he was miserable.

WE WENT in to dinner immediately, and although I exerted myself to appear gay, I was just as distressed as my husband. For I realize that even if all the crowned heads of Europe were to give entertainments in our honor, he would still grieve over our exclusion from Mrs. Wyckoff's board. It was a complex, and therefore reason alone could not cure it.

I noticed him staring out of the window, with the expression of a hungry small boy looking into a show case filled with candy. Following his gaze, I saw a procession of automobiles flashing past. As her place marked the end of the road, there could be no doubt as to the destination of these cars.

We went back to the library for coffee. I poked the fire vigorously, wishing I knew what to do. As Kate came in with the tray, I handed her the desk ring. She had answered it, "New York's calling you." I picked up the receiver, and put my other hand through his arm, to keep it beside me. Before the connection was completed, Francis had slipped out. Don told Kate to leave the cups, so she reluctantly followed.

"This is Joe Gruener," a deep voice said in my ear. "Listen, Irene. St. Andrews has had an offer to go to Hollywood. At some fantastic salary, and he's got to decide by tomorrow noon. Now he says he'll keep his word to me, provided you wire him directly that you're going to play opposite him."

Don could hear as plainly as I. He snatched a piece of paper and wrote, "Tell him you will. Tell him you're leaving for New York tomorrow."

I gasped, "Just a minute," I told Joe. I put my palm over the instrument. As I looked at Don. He said, "I mean it! I'm ready and glad to leave!"

HE DID NOT look glad. He looked unhappy and dejected. I thought, "He wants me to return to the stage, but he thinks that I've failed in the role of wife!"

Every fiber of my professional being yearned to acquiesce. But I dared not. I loved him too much to allow him to regard me, no matter how mistakenly, as a failure.

I drew a deep breath. I spoke distinctly into the mouthpiece, "I'm sorry, Joe. I've never let you down before, but I have to now. I'm going to stay in Wyckoff for a few months. You'll have to get someone else for my part."

Joe did not even attempt to argue. No doubt he assumed, quite wrongly, that I was going to have a baby. After a long pause, he said, "Well, good luck to you, wherever you are, Irene! Good-by."

I hung on. All other ties, for the time being, were severed. I felt lost and forsaken.

He smoothed his hair. "I hope," he said, "you won't regret it. I hope you won't find it too quiet here."

"I don't think I will," I answered. For I had made a vow which I thought would preclude quietness: I intended to play, in private life, a part more difficult than any

I had ever attempted in public. I vowed that I would not leave Wyckoff until I had torn Mrs. Wyckoff down from her pedestal, and I would not be replaced her, as the arbiter of society!

III

THE morning after my momentous decision, I awoke permeated with happiness. Until last night, I had derived enjoyment in one of two ways—either as an actress, or as a woman. Now I had combined these two divisions of my personality. For the first time in my life I felt integrated. I liked hard work. I could never have been content without the prospect of a sufficient thrill of me. Do the other hand, I loved Donaldson with all my heart, and I knew that if I returned to the stage before he was cured of his complex about Mrs. Wyckoff, we would never achieve the full measure of understanding I had determined should enrich our love.

As I sipped orange juice—which, with black coffee and unbuttered toast, comprised my first meal—I looked down over the gate to the river, where glancing silver in the bright autumn sunlight. Far to the right, I perceived a white speck which manifested the upper end of the Wyckoff plant.

Maggie was looking at the Wyckoff chateau, at the north. "Well, of all things!" she ejaculated. "That Kate is running through the river, giving silver slip with her sister, I suppose—and she hasn't started on the upstairs." I said, "Maggie, if you saw the general of an army, and you found you had a spy in your ranks, what would you do?"

"They usually," she suggested, "shoot them, don't they?"

"Not the clever generals," I said. "They pretend not to know they're spies, but they are. They're so sure they know the information they want their enemies to have."

"I see," she nodded. "Yes, indeed, Maggie." I added quickly, proud of my strategy, "we'll start by being polite to our spy, so she won't suspect that we're in on her."

"I'll try. But honestly, Miss Irene, she's the most irritating female I ever saw. For the life of me, I can't understand Mrs. Wyckoff was more important than the Queen of England!"

I COULD NOT disclose that my husband shared this fantastic belief; I said, "It's all relative, Maggie. If you live in a town like this, the person who is the richest and most influential is, literally, more important to you than Queen Mary would be if you lived in London. For they have all manner of amusement whiffers in Wyckoff, if Mrs. Wyckoff doesn't receive you, you're cut off from most of the good times."

"Then why are you staying, Miss Irene? If that Kate, and the newspaper, were to be believed, she isn't going to receive you."

"I'm vain," I answered. "I'm vain enough to believe that in the course of time Mrs. Wyckoff will be more worried about my receiving her!"

After she'd left, I went downstairs to the library. The handsome old secretary desk seemed the inevitable place for correspondence. Don had told me he was going to spend the morning with the executors of his great-uncle's estate, and I was not yet eleven. I kept on the trailing white negligee and scarlet mules in which I had breakfasted.

I found gray note paper with "Two, Heights Road" stamped in dark silver, and I waded several sheets in an endeavor to write Joe Gruener. Then I tore them in two and threw them into the wastebasket. I was too fond of Joe to equivocate, yet the truth would have appalled him. As I sat, biting the end of the penholder, nostalgia for the theater crept into my mind. I could not endure the thought of anyone else playing the lead which I had expected to play.

At my elbow the telephone seemed to say, "Just put out. (Continued on Page 89)"



"I'VE SEEN GIRLS LOSE OUT  
TIME AND AGAIN BECAUSE  
THEIR SKIN LACKS THAT  
VELVET-SOFT ALLURING  
QUALITY MEN RESPOND TO..."



"BUT THE GIRL WHO REALIZES  
THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN  
LOVELY SKIN... MAKES HERSELF  
TRULY EXQUISITE... COMPELS  
ADORATION WHEREVER SHE GOES"

Sally Eilers, charming Fox star

# "YOU can have the kind of skin men can't resist"—says *SALLY EILERS*

"I'd like to tell every girl: DON'T be satisfied with just an 'average skin!' says this beautiful screen star.

"It's the complexion with something more... the soft luminous quality of true loveliness... that men can't resist! And this beauty can be yours... with my complexion care. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years because it keeps my skin as incredibly soft and smooth.

"Try it for your complexion. Use it regularly... faithfully... as I do. Then see how soon the delicate new

loveliness of your skin is noticed—admired—adored!"

Girls the country over are discovering that they need no longer be satisfied with a complexion that just "gets by." Hollywood has shown them the way to exquisite loveliness... the irresistible kind of beauty that wins—and holds—hearts!

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It will do this for you, too. Try it! Begin today.



Precious elements  
in this Soap—  
Scientists explain

"Skin grows old looking through the gradual loss of certain elements. 'Beauty pays' to skin as long as possible." Scientists say. "Lux Toilet Soap, an equally valuable, essential moisture-cure, precious elements—'bursts' they live from the skin."

For EVERY Type of Skin... dry... oily... "in-between"

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\*An L.C.B. stands for a Lord's Carve Backline—caused by an incare at the waist which gives the appearance of a ledge of flesh below the waistline. This must be straightened to give you a youthful backline.

NO one can afford an L.C.B.\* with these new close-fitting dresses. But what to do about it if unkind Nature gave you one? Just have a Spencer designed to straighten the incare and cause that ugly ledge below the waistline to disappear. The three accompanying photographs of the same young woman illustrate the remarkable change made in her backline by her Spencer designed especially for her!

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Have you ever had a trained Spencer corsetiere make a study of your figure? At any time most convenient for you an intelligent woman, trained in the Spencer designer's methods of figure analysis, will call at your home. Do not delay.

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### Do You Want to Make Money?

If you are a business woman, or would like to be one, let us train you to become a Spencer Corsetiere. Check here . . .

**SPENCER INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED CORSETS**

(Continued from Page 85) your hand and lift the receiver. It is not too late to reverse your decision."

"I know what's the matter, why I feel lost," I thought. "Every other day I've prepared has begun with the study of a script. I'll have to make one for myself."

I spread out a fresh double sheet and jotted down two parallel columns:

#### QUALIFICATIONS FOR LEADERSHIP

Mrs. Wyckoff Me York. She must be about fifty-five. I'm just twenty-seven, and look younger. *Nesely*, I'm a stranger, so there's bound to be a lot of curiosity about me. *Prouty*, in London. New York, and Washington I'm invited to houses she wouldn't be. *Chawver*, I've had to earn every bit of success. I've had, therefore such strength as I possess lies within myself. Moreover, I've always battled against envy and jealousy, and she's had no real competition.

I read over this summary, then added, "My biggest advantage is that I know from the beginning that war's been declared, and if I'm shrewd, she won't find it out until it's too late."

On the opposite side I listed information necessary before outlining my campaign: "Who are her closest friends? Who, besides old man Ressler, are her enemies? Are there any other sets in Wyckton which are amusing?"

I stopped abruptly as the door opened. I thrust the paper inside a toilet-tissue folder, then turned, to find Don and a tall, black-haired young man I had never before seen, coming toward me.

"Oh, hello!" I called to my husband. "I didn't expect you back so soon!"

Not until I perceived his embarrassment did I remember the informality of my costume.

"Inse, this is Carl Ressler," he said. Don's discomfiture at my unstocked feet and my loosened hair made relaxation difficult for me. Our visitor had to carry the burden of the conversation for the first few minutes.

This he did without effort. He was far more cosmopolitan than either Don or Francis. Apropos of having seen me the year I played in London, he disclosed the fact that after graduation from Harvard College he had studied at Oxford and later at the Sorbonne. How extraordinary it was, I reflected, that he was the younger of the man whose signs marked the dignity of the shopping district!

IF ANY fault could be found with him, it was that he was too suave, too carefully dressed, too eager to impress me with his knowledge of the art of conversation.

Then I was ashamed of this captious criticism. These were but normal reactions. He'd always, in his home town, been kept outside the social pale. I Dan, with his background, and his brains, still retained a childish reverence for the top group, surely Carl Ressler must be forgiven for emphasizing his intellectual superiority.

In my desire to make amends for my mental injustice, I exerted myself to be cordial. He stayed, ignoring Don's occasional glances at the clock, until Kate appeared to announce lunch. Then he jumped up.

"I am sorry!" he exclaimed. "But if you could kindly advise me, I had never heard Miss Morrell!" He turned to Don. "Look here, couldn't I persuade you both to dine with me tonight?" He both expected Don to refuse. But he said, "That would be fine, Carl. We'll come

with pleasure. If you'll remember that she's no longer Miss Morrell."

"Eight o'clock. Black tie. And my house, by the way, is just three miles from the park. The park," he informed me, "separates the sheep from the goats. I'm very far on the wrong side of it."

The moment Dan returned from accompanying him to the door, I said, "He can't be a great friend of yours if you don't know where he lives."

"He isn't. I've always known him of course."

"But then why did you say we'd dine there?"

Don avoided my gaze. "Oh, I thought you'd enjoy it. Everyone says his new place is very attractive. Besides, he's a bachelor."

I knew the answer then, and my cheeks grew hot. Before he'd married me, Don hadn't wanted to associate intimately with Carl, but now that Mrs. Wyckoff's charmed circle was not open to us, he'd decided to accept the second best.

I got up suddenly, yearning for the privacy of my own room.

"Why, what's the matter?" Don asked. "You look feverish. . . . He put his arms around me and stroked my hair. 'I've missed you terribly all morning.'"

I was happy again. I made no move to leave until Kate appeared a second time: then I picked up the folder and started upstairs.

INDULFUL of Kate's alert ears, I determined to keep the conversation at luncheon in safe channels. But it was so inarticulate that I sat opposite Don to look up and find his eyes smiling affectionately at me, and to think, "All our lives we shall be together!" that my vigilance subsided.

Without consulting his indiscretion, I told him of my suspicion concerning a budding romance between Maggie and Collins, the chauffeur and gardener.

"They're going to do it! Move this afternoon!" I announced. "Isn't it wonderful at her age too?"

The sound of the motor starting coincided with the crash of china. Kate had dropped the dessert plates on the serving table.

Don turned around. "That's all right, Kate."

Her reply was inaudible. As he hurried into the pantry, he jumped up and came around to my place. He kissed me. "I adore you!" he said.

As the maid reentered, he went back to his seat, looking as guilty as a child. "Let's take a walk this afternoon," he suggested.

"I'd love to. Or we might play golf?"

"No, let's walk." The brusqueness of his tone surprised me. What, I wondered, could this denote? The answer flashed into my mind. Golf—country clubs, he had met me there several, but that "everyone played at the Heights Club." By "everyone" he had meant Mrs. Wyckoff's group. Perhaps, when he'd left Wyckton before, he'd resigned from it, and was afraid he would not be reinstated.

I risked an inquiry. "Are you still a member of the Heights Club?"

"Certainly." "I'd like to see it," I said. "Can't we go there this afternoon?" If the course isn't difficult, I'd like to play occasionally."

"All right." "I am aware that it was not all right, but I felt it was important for me to meet the crowd he regarded so seriously."

While I was changing into tweeds and low-heeled shoes, I noticed Kate crossing again through the hedge. I thought, "Well, she certainly hasn't anything to remark on that!"

My self-satisfaction would have been shaken had I divined her news. Later, I learned that she'd offended three of my husband's friends. She believed that I had been prompted by deliberate malice in mentioning Collins' invitation to Maggie. It did not occur to her that I had no conception of the fact that (Continued on Page 92)

## Here's The Thing To Do

# When Your Child Refuses Vegetables

—and objects to drinking milk

A Way to Make Him Actually Hungry Even for Such Foods as Spinach . . . A Way That, In Addition to Creating Normal Hunger, Usually Adds Weight at the Rate of a Pound a Week or More

At last—a way to make "poor eaters" hungry, even for vegetables and milk. A scientific finding that astoundingly does away with most time "waste"—with consequent exasperating.

It acts sure by merely "suggesting" the taste . . . but actually creates the sensation of hunger in a wholly natural way.

Once you start, you'll note the difference increasingly each day. Not only will you find your child unconsciously eating such foods as spinach, carrots and lettuce. But you'll think that his willing to drink double the usual amount of milk each day.

A remarkable food reaction first discovered in Switzerland (patented in child nutrition research) has been found to achieve this unique result. It is called Ovaltine—and possesses the unique properties which have engaged world-wide attention.

### How It Makes "Fussy Eaters" Hungry

First: Ovaltine is a rich source of the appetite-producing Vitamin B which is lacking from many every-day foods.

Second: Ovaltine is not only extremely nourishing in itself, but also digests so readily that it gives the stomach a minimum of work to do. Thus acting to lighten the digestive demand on a stomach that's over-taxed or "slow."

These features of Ovaltine are important. And specialists will tell you that the child with poor or "slow" digestion is usually the one who won't eat—who shuns vegetables and objects to drinking milk.

But once appetite is stimulated in a scientific way—and the natural sensation of hunger is produced—a definite change takes place. The old objection to every-day foods gradually disappears. And even a "vegetable-hunger" is built up naturally day by day.



Now—a scientific way to make "poor eaters" eat! . . . By creating a natural sensation of hunger, Ovaltine frequently doubles the amount of vegetables and milk a child will willingly take each day. And often adds weight at the rate of a pound a week or more.

Milk, too, is taken much more readily. For when it is mixed with Ovaltine, the most deeply-rooted objection to it quickly disappears.

### Start Today

For the sake of your child, we urge you to try Ovaltine. Note the almost immediate difference in appetite—and in the way he acts at meals. Keep track of the number of extra glasses of milk he drinks each day. Note, too, the accompanying increase in weight, in nerve poise and in strength.

Give Ovaltine at breakfast always—at other meals and between meals, too. You can get it at any drug or grocery store. Or, if you like, send the coupon at the right for a trial supply.

**NOTE:** Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for sleeplessness—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

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HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S. T. 37

Made by SHARP & DOHME



(Continued from Page 90) before my advent it had been she whose spinster heart had been thrust by his occasional invitations. Her jealous resentment had culminated in the conviction that if I had not selfishly kept luncheon waiting almost an hour, it would have been she, and not Maggie, who accompanied Collins today.

It is not to be wondered that she passed a picture of my "going on" which was destined to be retold to Mrs. Wyckoff a few hours later. Kate had pieced together the letters I had begun to Joe Greuner. She said that it was writing to another man in scandalously familiar terms. She said I had gone downstairs with practically nothing on but a nightgown to receive Carl Ressler. That my own husband didn't seem to take me to the Heights Club to meet my friends, which certainly showed there was something wrong. She ended by declaring that I had forced Francis Wyckoff to stay for dinner the night before because I knew it would discommode his mother's party, to which I had so conspicuously not been asked.

However, my own egotism was too great for me to realize the presence of egotism in any as presumably insignificant as Kate, so I set out with Don unconscious of my first error.

As we swung along at a brisk pace on the park side of Heights Road I thought out loud, "Except for your house, and Kitty Ressler's, one might be in any willy suburb."

"Oh, Lord!" Don exclaimed. "I wonder if Kitty will be at her brother's tonight?"

"I hope so. Is she like him?"

"Not a bit. He's the highbrow of the family. She's far from that. If she's going to be there, I ought not to."

"But why?"

"WELL, after she bought her place here, through an agent—a dirty trick, if you ask me—we all made a pact to—"

"I remember her well indeed!"

"That's what it amounts to."

"I gather Francis hasn't adhered to it."

"Not exactly. But I've never been able to decide whether he goes there because he's in love with Kitty, or just to spite his mother. I suppose I'll find out soon enough. Her divorce becomes absolute within a month or so. I really think it would kill his mother if he married her, yet he's such a queer person you can't tell what he'll do. Kitty's rich, you see, so it wouldn't matter if his allowance were stopped, and in six or seven years he'll inherit half the estate anyway."

"What makes you think he won't marry her?"

"Because I can't imagine anyone with his tradition marrying the daughter of a new-rich, vulgar parvenu."

"Donaldson," I said, in a pseudo-accurring way, "I sometimes suspect you're a snob."

"I am. And I'm proud of it. If you mean by a snob someone who believes in class distinctions."

"Yet you married me? I'm not exactly the descendant of a dozen eels."

"You're the loveliest thing in the world!"

We were almost at the juncture of Heights Road and the boulevard. "Where's the country club?" I asked.

"Do you really want to go? It's always crowded Saturdays."

I was undecided. "All the better."

WE RETRACED our steps until we reached high iron gates. A sports roadster, overflowing with youngsters, stopped just ahead of us. An attendant in dark livery made each member of this party write his or her name in a ledger before he permitted the car to proceed.

Don signed for both of us, and we advanced toward an extensive, picturesque, one-storied building of faded-pink stucco, in Spanish style.

"It's heavenly!" I declared. "I shall spend half my days here."

"It's well done," Don agreed unenthusiastically. He held open the door.

In the antechamber, a bespectacled, severe-looking woman struck an incongruous note in the otherwise well-set table. She also held out a book for our signatures.

"What are fingerprints?" I said sotto voce.

Don was not listening. He surveyed the full page, and scowled. "I don't know half of these people."

There were a lot of debutantes and their guests from out of town, the secretary explained.

"The ladies' wing is over there," Don told me. "I want to get something out of my locker. I'll meet you in ten minutes in the lounge."

I WENT in the indicated direction, vaguely apprehensive. There I scolded myself. "Back you idiot! Are you letting this silly town hypnotize you?"

Nevertheless, as I passed outside the dressing room, I had to pretend I was making an entrance onto the stage. The clamor of familiar feminine interchange made me feel, as I turned the knob, completely alone and alien.

There were only a dozen girls standing before the mirrors or sitting in chintz-covered chairs, but not as they looked toward me, all conversation ceasing, they seemed possessed of a thousand eyes.

"Daniel entering the lions' den," I thought, compelling myself to stand up, out haste, over to the one vacant glass-topped table. I took off my hat with pretended unconcern and with a concern from my bag began to arrange my hair.

"Miss Morrell!" cried an excited young voice. A girl who was far from pretty, save for the animation of her face from her expression, rushed up. "I'm Susannah Blake. My cousin, Virginia Hastings, please say for the antechamber when I was staying with her in New York last spring. You see you remember me, for I've been boasting ever since that I knew you!"

"I remember you well indeed!" I could have embraced her. Within a moment, I was the center of an admiring throng, everyone who was to be introduced, and vied with one another as to the number of times they'd seen my latest play.

Susannah told me she was visiting Marie Keller, with whom she'd gone to boarding school. She begged to be allowed to call on me, if I were staying over.

"But I'm living here this winter," I answered. "I'm married now."

To my surprise, no one but Marie seemed to have heard of Donaldson. "He used to be in father's law office," she said.

AS SHE emerged upon the thrill of having met me actually in the same town, I reflected that it was her father whom Mrs. Wyckoff had been invited to give up old man Ressler's legal affairs, thus starting the Ressler-Wyckoff vendetta. I had intended, anyway, asking her to come with Susannah but now I suggested that I may have tea with me the next afternoon. Was it not Mussolini who had built up his popularity last year through the youth of the nation?

She accepted rapturously. Susannah had sent herself at the table next mine, and Marie was standing by my side, when a sudden hush came over the room. I turned my head and saw a large, majestic woman surviving as well as through a kerogenette. She wore a black-and-white chiffon gown, more elegant than fashionable, and a wide hat was perched on the top of elaborately coiffed white hair. She reminded me so vividly of an actress I knew who excelled in Victorian character parts, that I did not immediately realize who she was.

Marie stepped toward the imposing figure. "How do you do, Mrs. Wyckoff," she began rather bashfully, as if I were introduced to you my guest, Susannah Blake, of Boston.

Wyckoff smiled straight toward me. My heart thumped as I rose. How horrible if she were rude! But she held out a white-gloved hand. "I'm very glad indeed to welcome. (Continued on Page 94)

# To capture freshness



● Freshness—just-picked freshness—makes a mighty difference in the delicacy and flavor of vegetables.

Appreciating that Libby has amazingly shortened the period between picking and cooking... with kitchens built right where the finest vegetables grow; with extra shifts of nimble-fingered workers; with special equipment that actually saves hours of precious time.

Seventeen vegetables are packed by Libby with this painstaking care. Taste them! You'll be delighted with their succulence and flavor.

And there's a plus in health values, too, thanks to Libby freshness and Libby cooking methods. This nutritional advantage is especially important right now when the family's diet is most likely to be deficient in minerals and vitamins.

So always ask your grocer specifically for Libby's Peas, Corn, Asparagus, Stringless Beans and other vegetables. They cost you no more. They're marvelously good.



*Libby's Tiptables sold in Canada are grown and packed in Canada.*



## LIBBY'S VEGETABLES

FROM LIBBY'S FAMOUS 100 FOODS





would be a good thing to see high duties on all imported wines. The few who have palates that appreciate foreign vintages should be willing to pay to indulge them, and at the same time build up vintages of our own.

At times we as a people—or it may be the politicians who represent or misrepresent us—seem to show a willingness, almost an eagerness, to be stampeded into a course which we soon regret and find which it takes us years to extricate ourselves. That was the case with national prohibition, and I should say that something of the same sort happened to us with regard to NIRA. Last spring, Congress, only a handful opposing, delegated its legislative power to the Executive. For under the NIRA the President may actually legislate—precisely as if he were the Congress itself. A good deal like the first steps taken by Mussolini in his abandonment of representative government.

In the beginning the "business" of the country joined the stampede with a rush. There is a lot of the serf in us still, and business seems to have more than its share, for it fairly stretched out its neck for the yoke. It was to be saved—everyone was to be saved—no one would have to act on his own initiative—no initiative had come to the rescue. Our great "leaders" in finance and industry seemed for a while little more than a collection of haggard, harassed "Mr. Millingtons" and were treated as such by the bureaucrats of the New Deal. For months hardly a voice was raised in public criticism or warning. Even in private conversation with bittern independent-minded friends, anyone who ventured to criticize was hushed, was told solemnly that nothing should be so much as hinted that might cast doubt on the new experiment; that hardly a question thought should be entertained. The admission that we were licked seemed practically unanimous, and people flocked with almost camp-following fervor to lash themselves to the totem pole of the blue eagle.

### Penalizing Individualism

TO HIS everlasting credit, Henry Ford refused from the start to be stampeded. He forced the powers in Washington to admit that compliance with the law does not necessitate "adhering" to a code and flying a blue eagle. Mr. Ford's acts were within the law—that NRA admitted. The reasons for refusing to consent to Government contracts, and for insisting on a boycott on his cars, were because of resentment at the opinions he had and wear a badge. For those sinister evidences of the now-derided individualism he was to be penalized and made to suffer.

Undoubtedly NRA is remarkably intolerant and sensitive to criticism. This attitude intolerance and sensitiveness breeds itself in the effort of Johnson and other NRA spokesmen to belittle the demand of the newspapers that a reinstatement of the constitutional guaranty of freedom of the press should be included in the newspaper code. It is the opinion of many competent authorities that the newspapers should not come under the codes, any more than should the small shops and businesses; that the codes should apply only to the big industries that employ labor on a large scale. All these matters are bound to come up this winter at the

Capitol, and will provide mighty interesting discussion.

It will be entertaining, too, to see what the orators will have to say at the Jackson Day dinner, that annual festival of the Democratic Party, which should be taking place about the time this is published. It wonders how the New Dealers and the upholders of the traditional Democratic doctrine will reconcile their conflicting theories of government, function, and the answer that they won't, really, however much they may appear to. And if the public tries to see what relation the policy of an old-time Democrat has in that of a New Dealer, the present general bewilderment will increase to the point of rergals. It will probably become manifest that about the only thing they have in common is a desire to keep in power and hold their jobs, which so frequently seems to be the main motive for party solidarity!

### Gold and the New Deal

THE question of the currency has daily become of more poignant concern to every individual in the country. The Administration's gold policy is one of the main features in the New Deal collection. It originated in the brain of a professor of agriculture—Warren—and was put in the jurisdiction of Mr. Henry Morgenthau, but those qualifications to handle the affairs of the Treasury seem to be that he, too, is an agriculturist, and at college was a pupil of Professor Warren. His appointment to take over after Mr. Woodin resigned—or left on an extended vacation—was plainly a move toward the inflationist, money-tinkering Left.

Another cabinet officer on a sort of vacation is Mr. Hull, who left in November on a good-will tour of South America. On the eve of his departure his wings were clipped by the announcement from the White House that he was not to discuss any of the matters that are of real concern in our relations with the South American republics. It was definitely stated that tariffs and currency were not to be taken up. So far as one can see, the only topic that is left him is the consideration of plans for an inter-American motor highway. Incidentally, Mr. Louis Howe, the President's secretary and his only close friend of long standing, waxed lyric about the highway scheme on his radio weekly, though he admitted that it was as yet hardly even in the planning stage. Perhaps the Secretary of State will be able to bring back a tentative blue print.

Mr. Hull left soon after the arrival of Mr. Litvinoff, and the negotiations attendant on the recognition of Russia were carried on by Mr. Roosevelt himself and Mr. William Bullitt, who has been close to the President as any professor, and has worked harder and more intelligently for the cause of recognition than any other one individual. He has received his reward in the ambassadorship. It is good to have recognition an accomplished fact. The emotional arguments against it always have seemed to me peculiarly feeble. If our institutions are so shaky that recognition of a communist state would topple them over, the sooner we put them to the test the better.

The question of extending credits is a gray issue of a kind that we have never had some sorry experiences along these lines. But who are we, anyway, to talk of "credit"?



### California Prune Pie

1 cup cooked California Prunes\*  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1/2 cup butter  
2 tablespoons flour

Pre prepare and use as half. Do not use, remaining whole layer per recipe.  
Pre prepare and use as half. Do not use, remaining whole layer per recipe.  
Pre prepare and use as half. Do not use, remaining whole layer per recipe.

## A new adventure in varying menus

Send for this beautiful new recipe book—See how many easy attractive ways you can serve California Prunes—Read about the "7-day Bowl" idea—And meanwhile try this delicious innovation tonight!

Here's seen for you who seek ways and means of varying your menus—us the answer to that age-old problem: "What shall I serve for lunch today, dinner tonight or breakfast tomorrow?"

In the intriguing new recipe book just published you'll find more than 30 ways of serving this favored fruit. Send for it today.

But meanwhile, try the recipe given here. Serve it tonight and note how enthusiastically it is greeted by the entire family.

### Good for the System, Too

California Prunes contain many an element the body needs: Vitamin A, that builds resistance to minor infections; vitamins B and G that whet appetites and promote growth; minerals (iron, calcium, phosphorus) to build blood, bone and tissue; natural fruit sugars, easily digested for quick energy. And, of course, you know prunes help regulate the system in a mild, natural way.

But you'll eat them because you like them. If you eat good wholesome foods like prunes and adhere to a moderate, well-balanced diet, you needn't worry about "health value"—that will take care of itself!

Try this recipe today. Send the coupon for more.



### READ HERE ABOUT THE "7-DAY BOWL"

When you create your recipe bowl each week 7 days. Then cook a variety. Place this 7-day bowl in the refrigerator and from it prepare one of your favorite 7 recipes each day for a week. Note the great variety offered—the possibilities of serving a new diet every day.

### THE CORRECT WAY TO PREPARE PRUNES

(For the "7-Day Bowl" and Compote of Prunes)

First, wash the prunes with cold water. For quick preparation, place in pan, cover with water and bring to a boil. Cook at boiling temperature for one hour. If a covered dish is desired, add 2 tablespoons of sugar for the cup of prunes (one cup prunes is about 1/2 cup of prunes). Very excellent cooks prefer to serve prunes with water and cook overnight, standing slowly for two hours in the water. Prunes may be served with or without stems. A few stems of prunes will little lemon juice may be added.



**California prunes**  
every day in some way

WESTERN PRUNE GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA, Dept. 214, 243 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California

Please send the FREE copy of the Prune Recipe Book

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_  
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*Madame, here's . . .*  
**A NEW KIND OF BUTTER**  
*churned from*  
**SWEET (INSTEAD OF SOUR) CREAM**

NOW, we have made it possible to serve real sweet-cream butter on your table. And when you taste the "sweet-cream flavor" you'll know a mouth-watering goodness you will ever after want. A distinctly different, luscious flavor . . . incomparably delicate and rich . . . improving every food you cook, or serve with butter.

*Most Housewives Never Knew*

Until just recently—when you bought butter—any good butter would do. For progress hadn't changed old ways of butter-making. Most dairymen and farmers knew, before LAND O'LAKES came upon the market, that *sweet* cream made more delicious butter than sour cream. But they didn't think it practical to make on a commercial scale. Then . . . by organizing 95,000 selected dairy farmers to rush their *fresh*, rich sweet cream to Land O'Lakes Creameries . . . where it is immediately pasteurized, churned and

lightly salted . . . we made LAND O'LAKES Sweet Cream Butter.

*Flavor From Fresh Sweet Cream*

Now YOU can know the luscious flavor of this *new* butter that already millions use and prefer. You will like the creamier smoothness, delectable fragrance and light golden color that show its superior quality.

The quality and deliciousness that won for this butter acceptance by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, the approval of Good Housekeeping Institute, and that permits us to enclose with every package a "Certificate of Quality" issued by authority of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

This butter brings you new enjoyment of every food that butter-flavor betters . . . gives better results in cooking . . . baking . . . and new zest and tastiness to sauces. Try it today. Say, "LAND O'LAKES Sweet Cream Butter" to your grocer.

LAND O'LAKES CREAMERIES, INC., Minneapolis

You'll Never Know—  
*how good hot biscuits  
 can be—or golden wheat  
 cakes . . . or a steaming  
 baked potato, bursting  
 with meaty goodness . . .  
 until you've enjoyed the  
 treat such foods become  
 . . . with butter made  
 from Fresh Sweet cream.*



Accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

**LAND O'LAKES**  
**SWEET CREAM BUTTER**





## Maiden's Prayer

...a soft smooth skin

**MAIDEN'S PRAYER**—matron's prayer, too, for that matter: "To have and to hold a soft, smooth, youthful skin." For what in all the wide world will so quickly show to disadvantage as a red, dry, chapped skin—especially when you appear in one of the newest of the season's frocks!

Day in and day out, Campana's Italian Balm will guarantee you a skin that men will adore and women will envy. This famous, original skin softener is guaranteed to banish chapping, redness, roughness and dryness—*more quickly* than anything you have ever used before.

Perfectly safe to use, too. No caustic bleaches, no drying astringents. Here is a scientific blend of 16 ingredients—a formula invented by an internationally famous, Italian dermatologist—that will keep your skin satiny smooth regardless of the weather or the tasks your hands must do.

Happily, Italian Balm is a rich, wide-spreading liquid—and consequently it is long-lasting. It's smart to be thrifty, you know! Every package—35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottle, and the 25c tube—bears the Good Housekeeping seal of approval.



Campana's  
**ITALIAN**  
**BALM**  
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

Now also in tubes . . . 25c

**Free** CAMPANA SALES CO.,  
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Gladness: Please send me a VANTY  
50cE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE  
and postpaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
You live in Canada, send your money to Canadian Corporation, Ltd.,  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

"AMERICA'S MOST ECONOMICAL SKIN PROTECTOR"

## Society Girl

(Continued from Page 9)

encumbered, found herself held by strong arms, and set—not too quickly—upon her feet again.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said.  
"Are you apologizing to me?" answered the young man in a deep, rich voice. "Don't you know that those cables may find itself canonized, or something; put away in one of those boxes—reliquaries, don't they call them?—all crystal and gold and precious stones. The hours I've sat and gaped at you on the screen, wondering if longer day I might actually speak to you—and you that innocent bit of cable has permitted me to hold you a second in my arms. I assure you, Miss Delany, that no apologies are in order." Christabel at once indulged in the Delany smile. "You recognized me at once?" she murmured.

"You're not very hard to recognize—or perhaps you are: you're much younger and more beautiful even than I imagined. But I must confess that I have had unusual opportunities for studying your face. I lived a whole winter in an apartment simply plastered with your photographs."

SHE turned her neck forward and a little sideways—a well-known trick of Della's. "With my photographs?" she asked.

"Yes—and one was taken in just that pose." He grew graver. "I roomed a month or so with Billy."  
"This was evidently an announcement fraught with meaning and Christabel met it bravely. "Ah, poor Billy," she said.

"Is that all you have to say? I came home the very day you had chucked him out. I sincerely believe, Miss Delany, that if I hadn't been there he would have killed himself before morning."

He was looking at her quite sternerly. She felt she must do something about it. She drew herself up.

"The whole thing was dreadfully painful," she said, in what she believed to be the reasonable tone of a world-weary woman. "I can't discuss it with anyone. Billy was very unjust—very wrong-headed. But I can tell you this: I give you my word of honor that I have nothing on my conscience in regard to Billy—nothing whatsoever." She looked straight at him.

"I'd believe anything when you look at me like that," said the young man.

Where had she seen him? It was a picture about wild animals—she was almost sure of that. Africa? Or Malaya? She would never dare to ask his name—she'd probably be as ridiculous as a kindly friend of her father's who had asked Charlie Chaplin what his profession was. She tried an experiment:

"When are you going back to Hollywood?"

"Not this year probably. When are you?"

"Certainly not until this picture is finished."

So far she had contrived to say nothing actually untrue.

And at this moment a boy in uniform came by shouting. "Ballroom scene tomorrow morning at ten-thirty. All in ballroom scene report tomorrow at nine-thirty."

"Oh, what luck!" cried the young man. "You don't have to work today, and I don't mean to. Let's go and have lunch somewhere by the water. You really can't say that you have another engagement."

Christabel hesitated—but only as a diver hesitates before the plunge. "Shall we?" she murmured. She allowed herself to be persuaded.

She took longer than usual to dress, partly because she wanted to look her best, partly because she imagined a great film star would not be quick, partly because she felt it necessary to stretch off the initials, C. S., which glittered conspicuously on her hand bag.

When she came out on the street, she found him waiting. He gave a groan of relief: "I was afraid you had changed your mind and weren't coming at all."

This idea was so ridiculous that she giggled a little, and he best down to look under her hat.

"What are you laughing at?"

"It's such fun." He laughed, too, from sheer happiness.

"Are we a little bit silly?"

"Yes, thank goodness. They drove in silence. Averse not only of guilt but

of danger added to her. If by any wild accident her family saw her—here was something she could never explain. She imagined her mother saying, "Who is this young man, Chris?" and her answer, "Sorry, mother, but I haven't the least idea." What a fuss there would be!

THE little restaurant hanging over the Sound was fortunately empty—they had not sitting a table, but a room to themselves. They ordered melons, and *filet de sole*, and *croûtes*.

Christabel intended—much as she enjoyed playing the rôle of a sophisticated and non-moral artist—to tell her companion the truth at the first opportune moment. In her heart she believed that to be a good, well-brought-up girl was an advantage, and she had said so much about her personal charms that she couldn't think he would care much about her name.

They had finished luncheon, and with their elbows on the table, and their noses not many inches apart, they were still joyously talking about themselves and each other, when she suddenly heard that he was saying:

"The most wonderful thing of all is that with your experience and your tremendous achievement, you are as simple and direct as a girl—like a child, Della. If I didn't know better, I could think you one of those countless girls my dear mother is always hopefully asking to the house, and saying when they leave, 'There's a girl who would make you an excellent wife.'"

Thank goodness, he wasn't married. And his name (Continued on Page 100)

### FRAME FOR YOU

BY LEONORA OWLSLEY HERMAN

I spend myself surrounding you with beauty,  
Trying to say to you with finite things  
When you come home from days of arduous duty  
The vivid love of you that my heart sings

I weave a luscious robe of warmth and quiet  
Wishing to wrap your soul in rest and cheer  
After the day of storm, a healing diet  
Of tender little words and deeds, my dear.

It seems I cannot make the frame too precious  
That holds the picture of our daily life,  
Thus my unfolding loveless selfish art  
And keep as lovers, though we're man and wife.

# Little spendthrift *of vital energy*

... she has to face  
double danger now



**Watch the critical years from 1 to 6.  
Are your children fully protected?**

When they're resting, youngsters this age use up a fourth again as much energy as an adult, scientists find. While active, they often burn up as much energy as laboring men!

Yet, unlike grown-ups, these little ones can never store up more than half the energy they need for a single day.

So danger threatens constantly in the years from 1 to 6. A touch of overstrain—and the door is thrown open to a whole group of serious troubles!

To keep your children safe, mother, follow the advice specialists have given for over 38 years—"Cream of Wheat breakfasts for high energy."

A delicious cereal—simple, pure. Youngsters take to it at once without coaxing. It

digests so easily, that it puts its abundant energy to work *faster* than any other type of cereal commonly served.

Millions of mothers before you have raised sturdy families with the help of Cream of Wheat. They have proved what steady, natural weight gains it brings . . . how it helps children ward off illness . . . all without the slightest strain to the small digestive system.

Get Cream of Wheat today. Give your youngsters its protection all through childhood years. (Cost is no problem—there are 40 generous helpings to a package!)

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

**HEAR ANGELO PATRI**, noted parent counselor, and his helpful, dramatized talks on child guidance. Sunday evenings, 10-10:30 E.S.T., over C.B.S.



*Free* — BRAND NEW BREAKFAST GAME  
FOR CHILDREN

Brilliant new color posters of Custer, Molly Pitcher and Davy Crockett! Thrilling cut-outs of Custer's soldiers and the Indians. A Commanding Officer's hat. Badges and stickers in the shape of bronze arrowheads, silver drums and golden eagles. They're all free to members of the H. C. B. Club (the name has a secret meaning!). Enroll your youngsters now and watch their interest in hot cereal breakfasts perk up. Paste this coupon on a postcard and mail to Dept. B-79, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minn.

Child's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Cre. 5034 by The Cream of Wheat Corporation



**CREAM of WHEAT**  
Costs little more than 1/2 cent a serving





## "What would I do...if he should catch a cold?"

HE'S SO TINY and helpless—and she's a young, new mother. What would she do—if he should catch a cold?

If three generations of older and wiser mothers could answer, they'd say—"Don't experiment—use Vicks VapoRub. It's dependable. You can trust it."

And that faith has been earned! Vicks VapoRub has proved itself safe! It treats colds externally. There are no risks of constant internal dosing which so often upsets delicate little stomachs.

**Vicks  
VapoRub**  
BEST FOR  
CHILDREN'S COLDS

VapoRub can be used freely—and as often as needed—even on the youngest child.

Through the skin, VapoRub acts like a poultice. It "draws out" that rasping ache and tight, sore feeling. At the same time, its soothing clearing vapors are inhaled direct to irritated air-passages.

All through the night, VapoRub's positive-vapor action works to relieve the cold.

VapoRub is best for adults' colds, too. Use it in the original amber or new stainless white—your drug-gist has both.

### Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL of COLDS

Have fewer colds in your home this winter. Get rid of colds quickly. Vicks Plan will help you do it, as it is helping millions. In medically supervised clinics, tests show that Vicks Plan materially reduced the

number and duration of colds. It cut school absences due to colds 75%. Full details of Vicks Plan, and its simple rules of health, in each package of Vicks VapoRub and Vicks Nose & Throat Drops.



To prevent many colds—to ease nasal distress—use Vicks Nose Drops



To relieve a cold—to cut its duration and severity—use Vicks VapoRub

(Continued from Page 98) was Jimmie—not Cagney, not Dunn? Who was he? Oh, if she could only remember!

"She managed to say tenderly, "I suppose you would like me much better if I were an innocent girl?"

"Good heavens, no!" He seemed almost angry at the suggestion. "Those girls; they drive me mad—they have never done anything, or felt anything. All they ever say is 'Are you going to the Yale-Harvard game? Isn't that divine?' 'Have you seen the new show—isn't it divine?' 'Have you seen Della Delany's new picture—isn't she divine?'"

She felt a little sick at this rendering of her own habitual manner of speech, but she continued to answer, "I assure you the men of the same group are just as bad—they say everything is 'swell.' They bore me to death. In fact, I won't have anything to do with them. But for you Jim's different. You will some day marry just such a nice little girl, chosen by your mother."

HE NEVER FROWNED. "I shall probably never marry," he said. "Anyhow, don't let us talk of such a gloomy and uninteresting subject as matrimony." He put out his hand and closed it upon hers. She found herself trembling a little. It was too much to expect her to tell him the truth now. She couldn't do it.

A little before five, he left her at the entrance of a large Fifth Avenue hotel not many blocks away from her family's apartment. Fortunately, it had two entrances, and she slipped out of the other one as soon as she felt sure he was well out of the neighborhood. He had been a good deal hurt by her refusal to dine with him that evening and had not seemed to believe her statement that her engagement was not with another man. He had announced that he would be at the studio the next morning. She had pleaded with him not to come—had insisted that it made her nervous to watch, that Mulligan hated outsiders. "He's learned to get up with me," had been the answer. She knew very well he would be there, and discovery would be inevitable. She wished now she had courage to tell him the truth.

As she walked uptown she saw that the future was not clear, but the past was so brilliant that she could still bask in its warmth. She could remember everything he had said, every tone, every look—the very feeling of his hand, as it had taken hers. . . . She was still in a sort of trance when, walking into the sitting room, she found herself in the midst of a crisis: her father at home; Beulah, the most severe of her sisters, her mother with her hair brushed back from her forehead—a sure sign of distress. Oh, yes, something was terribly wrong, and she was not long left in doubt as to what it was.

Her father asked loudly—almost shouted—as she entered, "And may I ask where you have been, Christabel?"

Automatically she laid her hand on her breast and looked innocently surprised. "I," she asked.

"Yes, you. But don't trouble to lie about it, for I know exactly where you have been. The answer is—a child of mine."

"It's so deceitful, Chris," murmured her mother, blowing her nose.

"Sneaky, I call it," said Beulah.

MR. KRUGER, it appeared, had arrived at the Struthers' bank that morning for a last conference with the loan, and in the hope of creating a friendly atmosphere had mentioned that he had given Miss Christabel Struthers her chance to make good. . . . A very beautiful girl, your daughter, Mr. Struthers—just the type for the screen, and talented, too, I dare say. We may make a real actress of her yet. . . .

Mr. Struthers had been unable to believe his ears—had doubted, had been convinced, had refused uptown to scold his wife, and had waited two hours for his daughter's return, during which time his anger had been hotly smoldering.

Christabel sat down and began to cry; tears sometimes had their effect on Mr. Struthers, but these were genuine. She was already small and slender; she was frightened, and she realized that she and Jim might never see each other again. They did not even know each other's names and he had packed off Della Delany, found out how he had been deceived, he might lose all interest. She wept softly while the storm raged above her head. "But, father, dear—" she would say at intervals, while she thought, "Oh, if I had only told him who it was I would have found me if he wanted."

SUDDENLY she sprang to her feet and she left the room, not that that emotion overmastered her, but that she had suddenly thought a telephone call might still catch Mr. Mulligan at his office, and she would be able to tell her who Jim really was.

She got to him with surprising ease. "Oh, Mr. Mulligan, I suppose you've heard about my father. He won't let me act. Isn't it silly! I'd feel so grateful to you and Mr. Kruger for giving me a chance. A great, small, but so, of course, Oh, Mr. Mulligan, by the way—I wonder if you can tell me who a dark young man was whom I met in the studio while I was waiting. I've often seen him on the screen—his first name was Jim. . . . No? Do try to think, Mr. Mulligan."

But Mr. Mulligan wouldn't or couldn't think—he was more interested in explaining to Christabel what a mistake Mr. Struthers had made—not that the company minded at all. . . .

She couldn't face it. Beulah and her husband were dining there; they would enjoy talking over what a little fool Christabel was to have been deceived. She was so unhappy—so unhappy. She knew that she was young, and a life couldn't be ruined by one glorious moment, yet she was wise enough to know that romance in so pure and dazzling a form did not come twice to anyone. If she and Jim never met again—or met with a different result when he had married—or she died—She might be driven into some loveless life, and she would find a career for herself. She must make another effort to convince her father.

She slept, at last, from emotional exhaustion, and woke with a phrase on her lips. "It's my life," she said to herself. No one had a right to coerce another human being to such an extent. She would not come out—she would find a career for herself. She must make another effort to convince her father.

IT WAS already ten o'clock. He would be at his office. She reached for the telephone. "Father," she said, "I want to see you. Can I come straight down to you?"

Mr. Struthers, perhaps more eager than she to make friends, suggested her coming down to lunch with him. Mr. Struthers was delighted to hear of the arrangement. "I know when you thought it over, dear, you'd see that your father was right."

She evidently thought Christabel was going to recant, and her daughter did not understand her.

The bank had been built in the days when banks were proud, arrogant and opulent—magnificent in the sense that Archibald intended. It stood all marble and plate glass, at the corner of two important narrow streets. Although Christabel was an infrequent visitor, the doorman knew her at once—that was his business—and he ushered her straight to her father's private room.

Mr. Struthers was enjoying one of those moments which business men tell us are so rare in their crowded lives—he was all alone and reading the newspaper. He greeted his daughter without a trace of rancor.

"Hello, Chris," he said. "What's on your mind?"

She waited to be sure that the door had shut behind the doorman. "Father, dear,

I was so upset yesterday I didn't tell you how strongly I feel. Don't stop my going into the movies. After all, it's my life."

"What is the use of our going all through that again? I won't have you in the movies."

"But need I come out, father? I want to do something worth while."

"Don't you think it is worth while to grow up and get married and bring up your children the way Bellinda—"

"No, father, I don't. That's exactly the point. Perhaps it would be worth while to marry some great artist and bear his children—but these commonplace boys! Honestly, I could never fall in love with them."

"Both of your sisters managed to."

"Perhaps they don't ask as much as I do. Ye gods! To marry one of these boys who think of nothing but football and Wall Street—"

"Two fairly absorbing subjects, Chris."

"I don't agree with you, father. All they can say is: 'Are you going to the Harvard-Yale game? Pretty swell, isn't it? I should die of boredom. I want to look up to my husband—"

She stopped, for the door was opening and a young man coming in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "I thought you were alone."

"Oh, come in, Jim," said Mr. Struthers. "You know my daughter Christabel, don't you? Chris, this is Jim Brown, the youngest of our vice presidents."

THERE was complete silence in the room. The two young people did not speak; it could not be asserted that they were even breathing. They merely looked. Jim, usually so much at his ease, stood rigid and solemn. Christabel huddled her furs about her face until nothing but her brow was visible, and this seemed a trifle flushed. Fortunately, Mr. Struthers was a man who knew how to fill in conversational gaps.

"You ought to talk to Jim about the movies, Chris," he said. "He's been thinking of nothing else since this Kruger loan. Spends half his time in the studio—not always very well accounted for, either. Lucky you didn't come in a moment ago, Jim. You'd have heard some pretty harsh things said about your Wall Street men of your type. These modern young women, I find, care nothing for dancing partners—all they are interested in is great artists."

He went on and on, not noticing whether he were listened to or not, as long as he

was not interrupted. Christabel was thinking that she knew perfectly now where she had seen that face. Mr. Cavens, the president of the bank before her father, had, when he retired, made an expedition to India, tiger shooting. All through one dreadful evening he had shown his greatest movie pictures to the patient Struthers family—and, at least, except for Christabel, who had resented the whole thing violently. They had seen deck tennis while crossing the Atlantic, dolphins in the Mediterranean, Arab sails in the Red Sea—"The maharajah's favorite elephant—a cobra killed just as we entered the jungle—a long shot by my nephew, Jim Brown." Yes, she had seen that face on the screen. . . .

AND still her father went on and on: "No use in getting your hopes up, Jim—these modern young ladies are all for something interesting and worthy while. Artists, my dear boy—that's what they want, great artists—no commonplace marriages for them with nice young fellows earning their living in respectable businesses—"

Here he was interrupted. "I forgot to tell you, Mr. Struthers. I've just brought back the papers for the Kruger loan—they are ready for your signature. I would have had them sent up here, but they are all spread out in Mr. Van Voorhis's room, downstairs, and the notary is there."

Mr. Struthers rose as promptly as he was intended to do. "I'll go right down. I'm sorry to keep you waiting, Chris, if you're hungry, but I won't be long."

"Don't hurry, father. I'm not a bit hungry."

The youngest vice president opened the door politely for his chief, and closed it behind him.

"I've been like a madman," he said, "trying to find you. When you weren't at the studio this morning— Everyone kept telling me you were in Hollywood: 'Miss Delany is at the coast.' If I ever lack that sentence again—"

"I suppose," said Chris, "that you think I owe you an explanation."

"No," he answered. "I think explanations are a fearful waste of time." He approached her. Neither of them knew just what he was going to do, but it turned out that he was going to take her in his arms and kiss her.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "isn't it too divine?"

"Yes," he answered gravely, "it's pretty swell."

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# Science Finds 11 Different Germs on Teeth

**Curious organisms live on your teeth; now science connects them with tooth decay, gum disorders and many other ills; how these "unfriendly" germs are glued to teeth by an almost invisible film called "bacterial plaque"**



An artist's conception of eleven different types of germs often found in film on teeth as they look to the bacteriologist under his powerful microscope. Some are far more dangerous than others but all should be combated for the sake of health.

**THE** age-old question of theologians which asked: "How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?" has now been changed to:

"How many different germs can be found on a single tooth?" Bacteriologists answer this question for us. When placed under powerful microscopes and stained by various chemical dyes which reveal the different types of germs contained in it, a scraping of the bacterial plaque, or film-coat, from a normal tooth reveals the presence of scores of different germs, not all of them harmful to the teeth, but germs nevertheless. Scientists recently estimated that at least 1,000,000 such germs may live comfortably, thrive, and multiply on just one single tooth.

Probably the most important type of bacteria on your teeth is *Lactobacillus* which many of the leading dental authorities believe are the actual organisms that cause dental decay. These germs first acid that dissolves the tooth enamel is the same manner that they work on bone tissue and cloth. Many organisms do not directly attack the tooth structure, like the acid-formers of tooth decay, but they do cause unpleasant smells. Instead of being on the surface of the tooth, they combine with film and live in the saliva and have a scale-on-work called plaque which is not directly attached to the tooth. This scale becomes the germ, makes them stand when brushed, and may in some cases contribute to gum disease, particularly by your dentist. Hence the famous scale working. "See your dentist twice a year," he will tell you. He'll explain that when the bacteria in

the mouth decompose particles of food, noxious smelling gases are apt to be the result, or, more plainly stated, bad breath (halitosis).

These various germs would probably have a difficult time clinging to the teeth if it were not for the film which covers teeth. This film forms after every meal. It creeps into every tiny crevice. Just run your tongue over your teeth and you can feel this slim, slippery coating. Film runs toward germs like fly paper does toward flies. It traps them. But film doesn't kill germs. On the contrary, it feeds them and keeps them warm so that they may grow and multiply. No germ could ever live in a more comfortable home than it finds in film. For this reason authorities believe that film is heavily responsible for many dental troubles than any other single cause.

How to remove film has therefore become an important problem for science. One of the most notable discoveries in this field was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleaning material was developed. The cleaning and polishing action is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Hence the difference



The \$1,000,000 smiles in the movies are the result of perfect, healthy teeth.

Arteries and veins.

Roots of teeth.

Erosion or areas where enamel has disappeared.

Pyorrhea pockets and rotting gums.

Film stains.

Alveoli due to decay.

Beery growth on root.

Destruction of beery growth due to long tartar deposits.

Upper jaw bone.

Vascular infection (trench mouth)—white spots on gum represent dead tissue.

Dental caries and its treatment.



If the film on your teeth had slipped back until the extent of dental decay is one of women's problems.

Interiors the best teeth pain and tartar. It attacks. Must clean my material as either as hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel and provide a rough surface where germs may lodge or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. To develop a material that would attack without harm to effectiveness and safety precisely the problem was solved with a process so treated that over 30 scientific studies are made daily to control the various steps in the manufacture of this new cleaning material in Pepsodent.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively and because it is twice as soft as the material used in the ordinary standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth. Today Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste" is the best to brush with.

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## MEN LIKE Red Hats

*Better join the Red Hat school of cooking if you're going to cook for men*

By SUSAN FAIRCHILD

NOT every little milliner becomes a Du Barry. Neither does every man answer to the name of Louis, nor write a number after his name. But modern man is just as appreciative of milliners and millinery as the old boys were. And every woman is as interested in what the men like, in hats or whatever, as were the charmers of another day.

Men like red hats. It's the same way with food. There are styles in foods. The steak and potato school sets one style and conforms to one tradition. The lamb chop with its lace pants and mint jelly typifies another style. I belong to the red hat school of cooking. Because I've had to cook for men—and women, too, who wanted something besides steak and potatoes.

The whole secret is in approaching the job with an eye to color and appetite appeal and flavor, and then doing something creative, something new, something different. To be as compelling in the use of the almost infinite variety of foods as a Du Barry with her needle and scissors. You see? It's all the same thing. The difference is only in the materials!

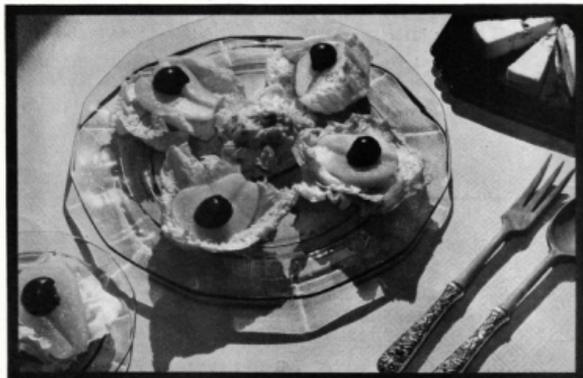
MAY I suggest a few smart dishes, easily done, quickly done? And these dishes are all started by the simple process of opening a can. Note that I said started.

When you open a can of tomatoes, for example, don't just turn them into a stew-pan, heat them up, pour them into a dish and set them before the family expecting them to go into raptures. Repose isn't been that way.

Drain the tomatoes, so ripe, so red, like the red on a lacquered table from the palace of a Mandarin. Then



Drain it well, and serve it with horseradish, pickles, or one of the tangy mustard relishes. And a tomato slice, a la Du Barry.



You won't need a dessert. Not with this salad of canned pears, cranberry jelly and chestnuts. Very smart.

put the luscious fruit into a deep baking dish. Save most of the juice. Let some go into the dish with the tomatoes. Add enough sugar to make the tomatoes fairly sweet, season with salt and pepper to taste. Always taste. In everything, taste tells. It is the criterion by which every dash is judged. As well as your brain.

Down through the tomatoes put soft bread crumbs and have crumbs and tomatoes tightly packed in the dish. Then cover with bread crumbs, soft ones, mixed well with melted butter. Bake this in a moderate oven for half to three quarters of an hour. Serve with any meat or fish, along with rice or potatoes, and don't forget a good salad and rich, strong coffee. You won't need a dessert, unless you want one very much. Not if you serve the salad I will tell you about. This is the way it goes.

HAVE very crisp, cold lettuce. Open a can of pears and a can of cranberry jelly. Canned cranberry jelly gives you cranberries all the year round, in their very essence, like the red in the heart of a ruby. Drain your pears. Save the juice to add to a fruit cup or a fruit jelly. Fill the hollows of the pears with scoops of the cranberry jelly, and arrange each half pear on the lettuce. Top with mayonnaise and serve ripe old cheese with it. Salad and dessert in one. A vegetable dish, so delicious you can't resist it, and a salad-dessert so colorful and enchanting, both to eye and appetite, that you'll have a dozen encores. A regular Red Hat meal. Try it and see!

Do you fancy that you would prefer to make the tomato dish of fresh rather than canned tomatoes? Or the salad from fruit picked out at the market instead of out of a can? Well, why? The fresh things are seasonal. The canned ones we have always on hand. The vegetables and fruits you

buy in cans are fresh. They are plucked and gathered right from the vines and trees and you'd be surprised how quickly they get into the cans. There are no long trips to the canneries for them. No bruised and faulty specimens go into a can. No half ripe or "nearly" fruits are even given the prestige of a can. Every bit of flavor, every particle of goodness and every advantage of perfection are contained in the canned foods you get from your grocer. And every elegant dish that can be made from "fresh" food, can be made equally well from the canned varieties. Not a bit of nourishment is sacrificed, nor a scintilla of the health-giving properties that old lady Nature poured into her gifts for our use. And this is no dream. This is proved and provable fact.

Why, take canned peas. Right off the vines and into the can, for canned foods are processed "on the spot." They don't stand a chance when it comes to wilting and drooping and acting dispirited. Those characteristics are found only in peas that have been picked and allowed to stand days before you buy and cook them.

PERHAPS you think corned beef hash isn't very smart. Put it in. Take it from the can and brown it well, and serve it with horseradish and pickles, or one of the tangy mustard relishes, just for a change. Poached eggs go well with it, too. And with it, serve a tomato sauce, a la Du Barry. All in the cause of the Red Hat School of Cuisine. Use one of the perfectly ripping canned tomato juices for your appetizer, adding a touch of sugar and lemon juice. Remember that in cookery, as in other things in life, the old saying holds good—"By their fruits ye shall know them." By the results you will be judged. And don't be satisfied with anything less than the perfect dish. **CONTINUED**

MISS RUTH ANSWATER  
"Editor of Home Economics, National Canners Association."



**Expert help...  
for the asking**

Any questions about canned foods—about food values, perhaps, or canning methods, or tin as a container for food? Like help on planning meals, and making successful menus? My friend, Ruth Answater, has promised to send you interesting booklets and all the personal help she can. And can that girl be helpful? Write to her and see. Address her at Dept. L-1, 1739 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 102) to worry about would be bursting his buttons, and I put a slice of bread in a long-handled toaster which they gave us and kept in front of us; open fire while he watched me skeptically. After the bread got nice and brown on one side I turned it over and buttered the toasted side and then buttered it under cinnamon sugar. Well, when the underside started to toast, the butter and cinnamon sugar gave off an aromatical aroma so they seeped in and somebody nudged me and said, "Move over, Angel Eyes, and make room for two," and there was the skeptical Jay Jay with a toaster in each hand. Even so, we couldn't make the cinnamon toast fast enough to keep up to our appetites, because it tasted even better than it smelled, when this was done. But big cups of hot chocolate two inches deep in whipped cream helped, and the time came when I had to admit I was full right up to the toes and Jay Jay said he was too. He seemed to have forgotten about Alpha. I asked him to come in and warm up when we got back home, and we sat on the sofa and relaxed the way you do and he told me a story about a sophomore who was having his girl out for the Penn-Cornell game for the first time and asked the senior's advice.

THE sophomore said he was taking the girl to lunch down town and then the game, and after the game around to the tea dance at his fraternity house and then to dinner and the theater.

"And when I take her home after the theater do you think I could kiss her?" he asked.

"Good heavens, haven't you done enough for her already?" said the senior. I laughed and the first thing I knew Jay Jay said he didn't feel that way, while casually sliding his arm back of me along the sofa. Well, I might have known.

"I'll let you —" I said pleasantly.

"Let me watch, Maude!" he asked yearningly, the way they always do, dropping his arm around my shoulders and leaning toward me.

"Let you go home now," I said coolly. "I think you're plenty warm enough."

He jumped as though I had stuck him and tried to laugh it off and then to apologize, but I can be very stern; it was, "Here's your hat, what's your hurry?" Custer's last stand had nothing on Jay Jay, but it wasn't any use. I was sweet in a cool, distant way, but firm, very firm, and without his knowing exactly how it happened the door shut with him on the outside of it.

I sat down on the sofa again, feeling very sleepy—virtue always makes me sleepy—and was just yawning what Davy was probably doing when the telephone rang, like Fate.

"Hello," said a harsh, cruel voice.

"Have a good time?"

"Hello, Davy," I said politely. "Did you want something?"

"No," he shouted, "and when I do I'll ask someone else. I know about this Jones, see, and all I can say is, you may have a line, but all you ever catch with it are fish."

"Davy dear," I said, "did anyone ever tell you that you have a good body?"

"What the heck?" Davy said, not so harshly.

"—but, no motor," I said, and hung up. I went back to the sofa not a bit sleepy, and the telephone rang again. I was afraid it might be Davy, but it wasn't.

"MAUDE!" said a hoarse, passionate voice, "please forgive me for being a bum, and let me come to see you again!" It was Jay Jay.

"Your idea of seeing a person and mine," I said kindly, "aren't the same, Jay Jay."

"Give me another chance, Angel Eyes," he pleaded, "and go to the Interfraternity Ball with me. Please!"

My hand leaped and bumped. "Have you ever been to the bumper?" I managed to say calmly. "Because I am being taken by my aunt on Tuesday night. If you'll

go as the boy I am supposed to ask, I'll go with you to the ball."

"I tried to sound like a person doing another person a favor. We got to the Academy of Music late on Tuesday night, the way you always do when you're going to the opera, and there was Jay Jay in a gray overcoat and soft hat, looking wildly for me.

"I've been standing twenty minutes," he told me, "feeling like a tramp watching all these high hats and velvet collar suits. I might just as well have worn overalls as this hat and coat, Angel Eyes. And worse than that, I've got on a tux instead of white tie and tails. Do you suppose I could take it off and hide it somewhere when I get inside?"

"Certainly not," I said. "I believe in individuality. . . . Aunt Esther, this is Mr. Jones."

"SO NICE," Aunt Esther murmured, "Aunt Esther being a boneless sort of person even if she is my relative. "My husband was so sorry not to get here. He has a cold."

"An opera cold," I said very skeptically. "Uncle Arthur gets them Tuesday nights."

We went in the dark, as it is supposed to be fashionable to stumble in over people's feet and in front of people who are trying to see, until we found our seats. It was one of those long German operas, where a whole lot of very fat people stand here and there and first one sings and then another sings and then all together sing and sing and sing and you feel yourself falling asleep and you can't stop yourself. It is always misery for me, and I decided the only way to make my eyes stay open was to keep looking at Jay Jay's profile, which was really very satisfying, as he didn't let his jaw sag once even when his eyes were shut. Even that was falling me when at last the lights went up and everybody came alive and began checking up on who was there and what they were wearing, and you could see why they really have opera.

"Well, do you like it?" I asked Jay Jay.

"It's a riot," he said.

I laughed, but Aunt Esther gave Jay Jay a shocked look and said, "I'm afraid you haven't a musical soul, Mr. Jones. Maude, who are those young people in Mrs. Dillon's box?"

I looked across what the papers referred to next day as the "glittering and distinguished assemblage" and there like the depression was Davy glaring at me.

"ISN'T that big fellow on the end Dave Dillon? Sure it is!" Jay Jay said enthusiastically, but Aunt Esther was already training the glasses on somebody else and whispering excitedly to a lady in the box next to us; it's funny how a lot of women's minds never seem to light anywhere. Jay Jay turned to me with a happy smile. "It is Dave," he said.

"Isn't that jolly?" I said in a tone that meant more than met the ear, which was completely lost on Jay Jay.

"He's one fine gent," he said.

"Yes," I said. "Oh, yes."

You would have thought I had cheered.

"Well, that's the way we all feel out at Alpha," he said heartily. "We all think he's one fine gent. What I have been trying to tell you is, we want him to come our way. Now, I was wondering—I mean, Angel Eyes, would you just as a favor to me maybe use your influence with him?"

There are times in a girl's life when it doesn't pay to treat a man's motives, and I realized too late that this was one of them. Here I thought Jay Jay loved me for myself; oh, innocent thought! I broke into a hysterical sort of laugh.

"I'll bet the answer's funny," he said, very defiant, "but listen, Alpha isn't as bad as all that. We got an All-American and five senior —"

"Jay Jay," I said, "do you realize that Davy is sitting over there in a rage at this moment, and do you know why?"

"No," he said.

"Because I broke a date with him to go out with you on Saturday, and here you

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are again waving me in his face. You'd better get some of your fraternity to ask him—and why didn't you do that, anyway? Not that I care, I love being a tool!" I suppose I sounded better.

"Listen," Jay said desperately. "You make me sound like a yegg, and I guess I am one, but you'll be happy to know that all the things you're wishing would happen to me are going to when I get back to the fraternity house tonight. The only thing you haven't thought of and I wouldn't believe that I've fallen for is so hard it hurts, and that you think of me now is worse for me than all the brothers beating me up. He was so earnest that it seemed really tragic and I couldn't help saying, "Why will they beat you up?"

"Because," he said, "in the beginning it was just girl rushing—we want Dillon, and nobody knew how to get him on account of Alpha runs more to the plover jockeys and cool crackers than turn into football and crew men in college, and Dillon isn't that type."

"IF DAVEY were a he man like that," I said wistfully, "I would love him more often. For heaven's sake, why do you want him?"

"To build up a Philadelphia alumni," he said. "That's what Alpha needs—some local boys with back to look after our mortgage, for instance."

"I suppose they pay more interest in after," I said.

"It isn't just the interest," Jay Jay said. "It's the principal, too, I mean. To this day, I don't know what he meant."

"But I said," why did they pick just you to rush me? It would have been safer if you'd all right. How big is a fraternity?" I had pleasant thoughts to myself.

The lights were dimming and Jay Jay moved closer to me, his voice low and intense.

"Manzie," he said. "I'm what you might call a representative Alpha. I represent the best in student life—the brothers could muster. I've got on the only respectable tub in the fraternity—i.e. the Monk Callow's—and Jimmy Dick's socks and Buck Kelly's studs and a dress shirt and collar of Sir Wilson's. That car I had belongs to George George. The idea was that I looked the part better than the other brothers, and I drew all the equipment so long as I sewed up Dillon, because you were supposed to do the trick. I'm not a Corbin Jones or a Stacy Jones and I haven't a cent to my name, really—not that you care one way or other—but I just happened to fall for you, Angel Eyes, the first minute I saw you. So I pushed my luck. Ever since the Fortnightly the brothers have been looking for a kill. Well, it's no sale on Dillon, and it's no sale

with you because tonight when I get back to the fraternity I revert—and how! Well, I have never in my life felt more wide awake than I did all through the next day. When the intermission came I took Jay Jay's arm.

"This is where I promenade," I said, "and other things. I have ideas."

We walked around the circular corridor, passing other people and bowing and chatting politely, which is part of the appreciation of music. As we got about and I wasn't around, there was Davy, waiting for his sister Ting, who was talking to some lady love. We strolled over to them and I fanned Davy with my most devastating smile.

He howled and muttered, "Hi."

"Davy," I said, "you have a face like a flight of stairs. No wonder you're losing me."

Jay Jay hummed bravely.

"Looking what?" Davy said. "That was pretty raw, that Saturday business, and you know it." But he looked startled.

"What you don't realize," I said, still winking him with my smile, "is that love is a frail frame and a girl needs a lot of attention to keep from flickering out. You see Jay Jay."

"You're pretty funny," Davy growled. "I'm a college man and it's a tough grind, as I tried to explain to you plenty often."

"Well," I said, "it won't be so hard now, because I'll be seeing you out there soon, so you can live for that day."

"What are you coming out for?" Davy said suspiciously.

"The Interfraternity Ball," I said.

"Manzie! It's almost yelped. "I was going to do you myself when I decided— Dog-gone it!"

I LOOKED very worried. "Oh, Davy," I said, "if I'd only known! I thought you didn't care any more—and now it's too late, because Jay Jay won't give me up as a stranger. Of course, it might be different if you were Alpha too—they have such a spirit of cooperation down there, but I said I found my best into the toe of Jay Jay's shoe."

"Absolutely," he said, putting his hand fraternally on Davy's shoulder, while Davy looked at him suspiciously. "No matter how I felt I wouldn't soil a brother's girl. We have that spirit down at Alpha—i.e. I think that makes for the spirit of old Alpha, not to mention our All-American and five senior hats."

Davy looked at me, love breaking on his face like the dawn. "You win," he said. "Where do I sign?"

We walked back peacefully to our box. As the lights went down I leaned toward Jay Jay.

"Will you go coasting with me next Sunday?" I said. "All you need is a sweater."



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## Forward From Polio

(Continued from Page 12)

deadly polio virus—the monkeys shot with immune serum plus virus stayed, fought, as if nothing had happened. A month went by. Have these monkeys still happy. What to do with them? Römer admits he wasn't looking for a vaccine. After all, you couldn't go round vaccinating every healthy baby in their stork's skulls... But what about those monkeys that had got death and death-guarding serum into their brains at the same time?

On March 15, 1910, this careful German drilled little holes into the skulls of two of these survivors. Into their brains he shot red-hot polio virus—alone, mind you, with no immune serum this time. Now he said they had to take their medicine to get cross and cold and die, and he came back morning after morning, looking to see them hunched limp on their cage floor, and this went on for weeks and months, but they stayed absolutely

happy—immune from polio, vaccinated against paralysis. That was 1910.

YOU'D swear this strange vaccination would have been hurried from monkeys to babies, to children, what with polio growing more and more devastating those very years, with the dead and paralyzed up into thousands in Scandinavia in 1911, and Greece in New York in the dreadful summer of 1916. Römer had repeated his experiment, and, yes—no doubt of it. Serum plus deadly virus plus highly protected monkeys from deadly polio virus that paralyzed and killed monkeys not vaccinated. Karl Landsteiner was the first to think of how to vaccinate—impractically—inside the skull, but could shoot your combination dose in simply under a monkey's skin.

Serely and thoughtfully by 1924—the year our own polio fighter was smitten—

hundreds of thousands of youngsters would already have been kept from death and from crippledness worse than dying, by Römer's vaccine. . .

But science rambles on blind alleys, and surgeons stick their heads into bags like other humans. Römer's marvellously hopeful, potentially life-guarding experiment got shoved into the scientific attic. Death fighters, frantic against the growing polio terror, became bitterns by the foolish notion that, if immune blood would knock the polio virus out in a test tube, it would knock it out the same way when it was gnawing inside the nerve cells of a child already sick. Children were dying. Let's try it, let's try anything —

So began a blunder on a colossal scale. Absolutely no attempt was made to find out whether children into whose spines this immune serum was dangerously injected fared better than sick children who were left without it. It was believed—mistakenly, with many a monkey experiment against it, that if the doctor got the serum into your sick baby's spine early enough, before paralysis showed up, it might prevent maiming and death.

So the doctors rushed round injecting every child with a stiff neck and fever. It was considered inhuman to leave a child without serum when it might save him. So many chased truth out of the window. The famous Doctor Draper, fighting against the terrible polio of 1916, admitted the result "couldn't be expressed in words." He might have added "was in cold, hard figures." He said it was his "impression" that the serum saved them. It was a tremendous lie, with nothing more blame-worthy than human sympathy at the bottom of it. What physician could withhold it, with mothers and fathers begging, crying, pleading?

YET it was a folly, when you remember how many actually sick children never got paralyzed at all, and how many get a little or even a great deal of paralysis and get better with the help of God alone. It is your real God-gift for every true death fighter that today's hard-boiled science may be tomorrow's mercy. But now you are diffident by, and all attempts to vaccinate before the sickness were forgotten.

Health departments of cities and states poured out money to buy serum from recovered polios to try to cure already sick babies by shooting that serum into their spines, with only the pious wish that it might save them.

In 1931 Dr. William H. Park, of New York, lost his patience. He is a mild, small man who beams at you with a benevolent smile, but Doctor Park has more hard-boiled, truth-seeking honesty in his little finger than most death fighters—however well-meaning!—have in their collective bodies. In 1931, in New York, among the dignified members of the eminent New York Academy of Medicine, Park faced it. Children in the first purely feverish, stiff-necked stage of polio were, part of them, treated with polio cure; the central serum while part in exactly the same group and same condition of sickness were left without it.

Between these two sets of little human experimental animals, the doctors had to agree there was hardly a difference. No less paralysis among those serum treated; actually more deaths among those getting the supposedly curative serum. Was it because by chance more had cases had fallen into the group getting serum treatment? Or because it's bad to shoot anything at all into the inflamed spinal canals of children so dangerously sick?

Anyway, hope for serum cure has faded. It would seem as if the polio fight has slipped back twenty years, back to the moment when Landsteiner brought the sickness from man to monkey.

VI

WHAT hope, then, is left for your babies, who may or may not be needed for the tragedy of polio? A great deal of hope, and more than ever now that

we know the folly of trusting to the false hope of serum. Thanks to Philip Drinker's respirator, the "iron lung," which keeps children alive even after their breathing muscles are temporarily knocked out by polio, there's hope against death itself. That can be fought where it couldn't be at all in the sad days of the first great epidemics.

Then, for all those unhappy ones marked for paralysis, there is hope, and for most of them much more than was left for our own polio fighter who was so nearly completely wrecked on that morning of his twenty-first birthday. Four and a half years after that day he arrived at Warm Springs, Georgia. It was medical opinion that if you've rested completely in the beginning, if you've exercised carefully without fatigue for two years after the time polio has hit you, you'll have about reached the limit of your comeback power.

BUT here was our polio fighter knowing no limit. He was one hundred and seventy-five pounds had faded to less than a hundred and thirty. With the muscles of his back and the feeble ones in his left leg he had learned to drag himself, trembling slowly, and in peril of falling, round the house at home. The triceps muscles at the back of his upper arms were nonexistent. Once in a chair, he couldn't raise himself out of it.

He was a strange being made up of bones, sound inner organs, a clear head and almost no muscle at all. But he was indomitable. His brain of a grown man initially tried to drive forward a body no better than that of a feeble child. Only he wouldn't be pitted. The chief "physio" at Warm Springs now made an exact check of every muscle group in our polio fighter's body. She marked on a chart all grades from zero through poor, fair and good to normal—and those muscles could have made a more consistent showing of "poors" and "zeros"?

Now they carried him to the edge of one of those pools of warm, wet, blue water. It was no more healing, maybe, than any other pool of warm water for polios. Yet here there now began a strange happening.

It was too slow for a miracle. You could only call it a miracle if you'd seen our polio fighter as he was on that terrible birthday morning—and then never again till today, as he is now, independent and walking.

THEY carried him to a little table under that blue water, and as it warmed soothed his limbs that were cold and trembling. What they were now going to do to him depended upon no new, fancy-wonder science. The principle of it was as old as that Greek, Professor Archimedes. You remember he was the unconventional little warrior who jumped from his tub, yelling "Eureka!" when he found that, under water, he was as much lighter as the weight of water his body displaced.

What was this? As our polio fighter lay on his little table under water, carefully held by a bronzed girl physio, and as he tried to move, he moved more easily than he had done for more than four years. Professor Archimedes—who would certainly again have yelled "Eureka!" at this use of his science—could have told him why. Under water our polio fighter weighed only six pounds instead of a hundred and thirty.

Now daily there began a discipline, a training more severe than that of your prize fighters, with the tanned physio a sort of gentle tyrant. Under water she now began a delicate working with muscles so wasted, powerless, that during four years at home he hadn't been able to budge them at all.

A leg that had had no power to straighten, she would straighten, gently, and murmur, "Now try it." The polio fighter tried, and couldn't. She bent it, straightened it, kept on telling him to will it. And as days stretched into weeks, and then months, (Continued on Page 110)

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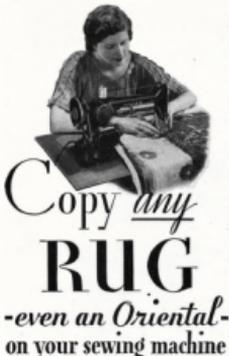
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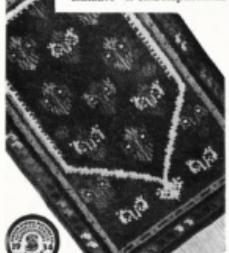


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## In the Middle of Europe

(Continued from Page 110)

all the difference in their outlook and the atmosphere they breathe. Labor Novak also works for the government. He studies hard after his six-hour day, from eight to two, which is the norm for state employees, to prepare for a degree of Doctor of Laws, here as in Austria a necessary qualification for the higher posts in any department of public service. His wife, imbued with the eagerness to learn characteristic of a young Czech, takes a course in political economy in the University.

The Novaks live in a three-room flat, simply but not uncomfortably, on Labor's salary of 2200 crowns—less than \$125 a month, minus a half 20 per cent for compulsory social insurances. They are poor, but they find life interesting, hopeful; that's what matters.

The Kurts and the Novaks are typical, but if they typified all that has happened in their respective countries, one representing the weakest and the other the strongest of the succession states of the empire, the story could be simply told. If Czecho-Slovakia were just a new state and Austria only a relic, the contrast could be neatly drawn. But the new nations of Europe are really restorations of ancient kingdoms that were never allowed to die; they exist only because of a long tradition of survival. And the old states are starting life over again.

Thus while the Czechs had a government of progressives they thought of it, when these new rulers moved up to the castle hill above the Moldau they had to occupy the most romantically beautiful central part of the country in company with its builders, the long-dead kings of old Bohemia. The Austrian republic, on the other hand, in every way. Today, in fact, the weak mother state seems younger than the sturdy stepchild. "How's my big brother?" said the fifty-nine-inch tall Chancellor Dollfus, when he met the Czech foreign minister, Doctor Benes, only a few inches taller. That fairly expressive remark is a fairer appraisal to the former province. It is the subject state of yesterday, more than twice as populous, always the richest part of the empire, which now carries weight in the neighborhood. The pride and pagantry of the present, such as they are, are all Czecho-Slovakia's. Little Austria makes no parade.

### Martial Gestures of Democracy

I HAD a vivid reminder of the change in fortunes of the two countries the day I stood at the top of the wide ascending midway of Prague called St. Wenceslas Square, and watched President Masaryk advancing at the head of the Czech legions. It was the fifteenth birthday of the republic, and for the first time the president confronted with his pacifist principles by reviewing the troops. The Czechs put on a grand parade, a parade of military power; but I wondered if the old professor in harness, at eight-three as erect in the saddle as any of his captains, was not troubled by the martial gestures even demagogues are used to make in the vicinity of thundering dictatorships.

A few days later I listened to Chancellor Dollfus addressing a crowd of peasants in a village in lower Austria. What a different scene! Here was no pagantry, only the visiting firemen from the nearby communes, boys and girl scouts, church societies with banners and feathered hats, grave young Green Shirts of the Patriotic Front—a file of starchy soldiers. That for the Austrians were country folk who had walked from the nearby villages to hear what the little chancellor had to say. He was an appealing figure, like a schoolboy among the village elders. He spoke colloquially, as a peasant to peasants, and the crowd turned his words over in their

minds, as countrymen do; they cheered little, but at intervals they shouted a deep "Ja-uhl!"

Like the new Austria, a New Europe, England, France, even Germany, retain their own character, their old outlines, in spite of great transformations; they change, but not beyond recognition. The Scandinavian countries are as they were, happy examples of peaceful development. But the Middle East is literally another landscape, the hills laid low and the valleys lifted up.

If you doubt that the old order alters, look at men like Dollfus, like Masaryk, and Benes, like Hitler and Mussolini, and compare them with the rulers of twenty years ago. They all throne up over the mass, sons of peasants.

Dollfus at close range disarms with his wistful, little-boy smile. He walks among bombs almost as lightly as a soldier in a front-line trench, and he walks untroubled. He chuckles gayly at the jokes about his size. When he is in a tight place he slips into the dim glow of old St. Stefan's Cathedral to pray. Yet so far this villager has played his cards as well as Masaryk. The smallest and youngest of the chancellors, "as he calls himself, is the sign of the new Austria. Even the wary scepticalism of the old Austria rally round and call him brother.

### Life Gets its Face Lifted

OLD things and new things too—astonishing advances everywhere—new tools for the common life: schools, stadiums, shining motorbuses waiting to re-model villages, cafeterias, vacuum cleaners, electric laundries, electric bakeries, third-class sleeping cars, summer camps, winter camps, people on the move, radios on the farms, ready-made clothes. How the face of life in these countries has changed during the confused decade since I saw them first! I don't explain the contradiction that though not a line on the map remains as it used to be, and all the new lines are impounding as Boulder Dam, stopping the normal flow as well as the abnormal flow of trade, the living level incoherently rises!

Observe only the new houses. Everywhere I go I am freshly astonished by the universal impulse to public building—not post offices, government bureaus, churches, museums, palaces, banks, none of the monuments we used to visit Europe to see, but living quarters for the masses. Vienna starts that movement as soon as the Socialists came into control. In the past ten years the city has provided new apartments for 60,000 families.

The Karl Marx Hotel in the neighborhood where the Rothschilds still own a villa. It consists of two vast connected units built around parklike courts and houses a town of 5000 persons—1400 families.

These families are better housed than many I know who pay twenty times the rent in the cliffside new towers of New York. They have more light and air, larger rooms. They have had four sun-filled rooms—living room, two bedrooms and a modern kitchen—for the equivalent of \$6.20 a month. It had no bath; all the baths were in a white pavilion at the end of the court, above the common laundry, the latter equipped with every electrical device—washing machines, driers, spinners and mangles—to enable each housewife to do the whole family wash in a half day once a fortnight. Imagine that for women who used to rub their clothes between stones in a river. Each unit has a kindergarten where children play. They have a room for the day in delectable playrooms and get a jolly meal of Froebel and Montessori and two meals a day for a dollar a week.



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In Prague the municipality, the traders and the state are literally competing to provide the best houses for the least money. In the newest they have abandoned the coart plan and built long rectangles two rooms wide, with balconies on one side, great square windows on the other and grassy, street-like spaces between buildings. Playgrounds and drying yards are no longer necessary, they say, since the younger children have the kindergartens and the older ones the near-by sport fields, and drying is done close to the communal laundries. Rents are higher than in Vienna, where housing is a kind of public service, like street paving, financed by taxation; in some cases the rents do not even pay the upkeep on the buildings. The carrier Czech Socialists, who have a good record in budget balancing, insist on getting at least upkeep, interest on investment and 1 per cent for amortization out of their housing schemes. The cheapest I saw was about ten dollars a month for one large room, a kitchenette and a shower bath, with hot water and laundry facilities, but no heat.

New houses—and new shoes. Do not smile when I say that to me the most exciting of all the new things are shoes. Whatever it isn't, Central Europe is certainly shod as it never was before. Of the 3000 country people who walked to Gross-Magd to hear Chancellor Dollfus, every other one wore new shoes—not the spindie-headed paper things peasant girls used to limp in when they were pressed up, but good leather walking shoes. Now, shoes are more than shoes in these villages; they are a symbol. They mean a step up, in a way, shoes for everybody mean that automobiles for everybody once meant in the United States. Perhaps that is why the Fascist of Czecho-Slovakia makes shoes. Perhaps some instinctive social passion was mixed with the business enterprise which did the cobbling of Zlin to build up in his native town, in a single decade, the greatest shoe factory in the world. Unfashionably Thomas Bata—pronounced Bat-er—refused the price of shoes everywhere. That was his purpose. When people talked to him about saturating the market, he pointed impatiently to the maps of Asia and Africa and counted the millions still to be shod.

### Going Detroit One Better

THE new shoes drew me to Zlin. It is a Moravian village in a narrow valley between wooded hills, miles from a main railway line, on a non-navigable river, and connected with the outside world mostly by a fleet of fourteen airplanes, always buzzing back and forth in the aimless sky. It became an industrial center only by the will of Thomas Bata, who was killed in an airplane crash on his own field in 1932 and was buried under a huge slab of black marble on a hill overlooking the community he created.

Zlin is more "American," as the term is understood about here, than anything in America. It has gone Detroit one better in organized mass production. It does everything related to making shoes, from tanning hides to producing cardboard boxes. It makes much of the shoemaking machinery.

More important, it makes the shoemakers. These are young, you notice, and have been educated in experimental schools where they are carefully graded year by year, according to their adaptability to work in the factory. They graduate into apprentices, who are housed in standard dormitories when they do not live at home, and have three more years of training on the job and in night schools. Bata's estates include the 14,000 salesmen who sell shoes in its retail stores, and a chiropractor for each store; it educates designers and chemists and social workers; in every language it educates the public to buy shoes.

Everything in Zlin is built in standard units—factories, dormitories, schools, the great new company store and cafeteria,

the new hotel, the hospital and its pavilions, the new cinema, with 3000 seats—to the end that, with a few interior changes, anything can be turned into anything else. The workers' houses are standard ones, two and four family red-beck boxes, ranged in regular files on the hillside. Building goes on without intermission. Three more factory units are in construction as I write, 300 more houses.

If for no other reason, Zlin would be worth traveling a long way to see as an industrial community that does not know there is a crisis. Its 18,000 workers turn out 160,000 pairs of shoes a day; fewer than the largest manufacturer in the United States; but Bata shoes are all sold in advance, so there is no surplus, and sold at a world price, fixed each season and kept the same at home and abroad. The average price in 1933 was about \$1.75.

### Bata's System of Production

BATA's makes cheap shoes not by cheap labor, but, like Ford, by organizing and driving production to the utmost limit of efficiency. In that, it is exceptional in Europe. It boasts that today its operatives are paid as high a money wage as those in the United States, and higher real wages. A skilled worker can make 500 crowns a week—say, \$22.50 at the moment's exchange rate—and a bonus besides, which usually runs up his earnings to 10 to 20 per cent. Beyond that, his living costs are far below the average elsewhere. Rents in the standard company houses are nominal—\$1.25 a week for four rooms, \$1.75 for five, including bath and kitchen. Goods and food are sold at cost in the Bata store, and public services are provided at cost—gas, light, water, fuel.

You can't spend much money at Zlin if you want to. The movies cost less than in New York; the price of a cup of coffee in the big Bata café you can dance all evening, or until eleven o'clock, when the young people have to go home. Nor can you drink anything more stimulating than coffee, for Bata's, like Ford, is prohibitionist, and won't sell even the lightest license of the country. You get the shock of your life in present-day Europe, where hotel rooms and meals are higher than at home and the poor old dollar shrivels daily by day, when you see the price list in the glassy Bata caravansary: ninety cents for room and bath, furnished with the latest comforts and the slickest modern chairs and divans, fifteen cents for breakfast, thirty cents for dinner, and no tips. To Americans there is nothing new in Bata's conveyor system, or even in the self-contained industrial city of fifty identical factory buildings and 3000 cube-like dwellings he has planted round his native hills. In the latest mill villages of the new South I have seen similar industrial installations.

What's new and unique in Zlin is the system of "autonomous workshops" invented by Bata. This is not one big factory, but 252 smaller factories, each working on a kind of collective piecework basis, with a maximum output and wage it aims to reach and a minimum below which it cannot fall. The units work in competition to keep costs down and output up and make the best use of their material. The smaller the units, the less they lose or lose together. In addition, the workers in the higher categories, about 30 per cent in each shop, receive a bonus on increased production or decreased cost amounting to about one-fifth of the normal wage. Bata also pays 10 per cent interest on voluntary savings accounts up to 10,000 crowns. In 1933 the sum of these deposits amounted to 111,000,000 crowns, and the savings accounts in the Zlin bank to 73,000,000 crowns. The working hours are from seven to twelve and two to six, five days a week; the plant shut on Saturdays and for one week in summer, when all employees take a vacation at the same time, with pay.

Zlin is worthy of much more attention as an industrial and sociological experiment

Who will win—Don or Bill? The dog is referee for the Matson Boys.



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than I have space to give it here. Thomas Blata was on the track of the synthesis we are all seeking; he was trying to find the elusive balance between the collectivism imposed by the machine and the individualism inherent in human nature and essential to human progress. Zim is what the Bolsheviks intended and never brought off—with money in the bank besides, and the workers buying Persian rugs, as they were the day I was there, and their children making model cabinet furniture in the beautiful Blata school.

I thought of Liberec and the old Bohemia that is passing. Liberec is in its way more typical than Zim, and not only of the past. It is a village forty miles from Prague, off the main highway, and unless you made the right turn you would never know it existed. Yet it is one of thousands of such villages: from a neighboring hill you can count twenty, looking like hubs of wheels in the center of the radiating fields of the strip system.

In each the solid houses cluster close together, compounds, really, all variations of a common pattern. A wide arched gate leads into a big court and hides the life of the farmyard from the passer-by. The buildings are grouped around this enclosure, the long, low house on one side, granary and stables on the others. The Pateks (that is not their name) live in such a house, thick-walled, very old, white-washed inside and out twice a year, as are all the farm buildings. The door opens on a wooden gallery, the courtyard and leads into a hall which is part kitchen, and there the Patek girls, when we arrived, were cooking the goose and dumplings for the Sunday dinner.

On one side is the big square room where we dined—two well—on soup, rice and goose liver, cold beer and potato cakes, beer, plum dumplings—like potato cake, a national dish—rich sweetwines and black coffee. The food is sparsely furnished and bare-floored, with two red-covered beds in the corners, a case of books, open niches for cupboards, and rough old beams and deep windows to give it dignity and charm.

Mrs. Patek has the soft voice and the perfect poise of a great hostess; though visitors are rare in the village, there not the slightest fuss or any sign of strain or extra effort.

### New Bohemians in Flight

AFTER dinner we see the big, sleek horses, the cows, the little pink pigs, clean as babies, and the great shed that houses the farm machinery. It is an impressive array, and with his stock and his seventy acres Mr. Patek is a large proprietor in his community. Manya and Zora have been to the agricultural high school. Last summer they went to a Sokol congress in Slovenia and saw the Roman ruins on the Dalmatian coast. They are Junqueque girls, bright-cheeked and competent. When I offer to help clear away their laugh merrily; to them work does not mean these light domestic chores, but the daily business of getting up at dawn to milk, feeding stock, cleaning sugar beets for market, binding wheat.

I had a sense of community in this village. I did not feel at Zim. "It's always lively in a farmyard," said Mr. Patek. Mrs. Patek enjoys the radio. The girls used to go to the nearest town once a week to the movies, but now they find them "dull." There is not an automobile in the village, nor any amusement except what the villagers make for themselves, but there's depth and color in its collective life lacking alike on the isolated farm and in the industrial community.

In the cities the pattern changes. The general income level in Austria and Czechoslovakia is lower than in the countries to the west, with the possible exception of Germany, but living costs are relatively high. Except for the tenants installed in the new tenements, rents in Prague take a disproportionate slice of the family income. For this reason, also because the

city encourages private building by exempting new houses from taxation for twenty years, new developments multiply.

Families like the Novalks and the Vozels, however, possibly in the middle average, have to live in three or four rooms at rents ranging from twenty-five to forty dollars a month. The Vranas, who live a month in one child, occupy such an apartment. They keep a maid at ten dollars a month and spend about forty dollars, exclusive of the boy's rent bill, for very simple and monotonous fare, deficient in fruit and vegetables, which are proportionately dearer than meat.

The Vranas are typical of the crowd on the river where they escape for week-ends, winter and summer. Such shacks like the river banks for miles in all directions, as characteristic a feature of the landscape as the allotment gardens of Germany. They are the sanctuaries of the fraternity who call themselves "Tramps" and might be described as the new Bohemians—young people whose one impulse is to get away from crowded flats, streets, offices, regulations and conventions in general. On Saturdays, in all weathers, you see them by the thousands, trekking from the city, sad, happy, utterly and utterly shabby. The girls in knickers, the men in ankle-length plus-fours. As in Germany a few years ago, the youth movement in Czechoslovakia takes the form of a mass parade back to nature and the simple life.

### The Solar Plexus of Europe

AUSTRIAN youth, too, is on the hike at every opportunity, but its mood is bittier, more hopeless. The students in the universities, the young men and women who have been studying in Germany ahead; as in Germany, they turn in desperation to a prospect of violent change, represented by the Communist Party, the extreme or Bolshevik camp at the other. Chancellor Dollfus strives to draw this milling youth into his Patriotic Front, and on his success may well depend the future of Europe. For if they turn to the German Nazis, as many do, and if Germany absorbs Austria, we can see only to the map to figure out what will happen. Austria is the solar plexus of the European nervous system, and peace is as fragile now as when it was broken once before by students, at Sarajevo.

Austria, like Germany, is still suffering the after-effects of the mad inflation of the years immediately following the war. Rents are lower than in Prague, but the cost of living is otherwise high. Social-insurance costs bear heavily on worker and taxpayer alike, and here again the alternative is between an almost insupportable burden and acute social pathology, with both countries insurance against sickness, invalidity, old age and unemployment are an accepted part of the scheme of things—I think a permanent part.

In Vienna, they tell you things are "a little better." People avoid the cafes these days, however, and cafes are the social centers of Vienna and the most civilized loafing places in the world, over the rich coffee and cream in Vienna's possession. Vienna possesses the inimitable attribute of some people and a few cities—style. It is not, like Prague, the robust capital of an up-and-coming nation. But it has the grand gesture, the manners, the habits, the savoir-faire of a great city. Nothing can take it from Vienna's position as the center of Europe. While the dismemberment of the empire has left it almost completely isolated, its political and economic decline only makes it more conspicuous as a real capital, the head and center of that state of transition known as Mitteleuropa.

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# YOUTH ON THE MARCH

BY CATHARINE OGLESBY

"IT'S UP TO THE WOMEN"

TO-day there is echoing throughout America the muffled rumble of youth moving into groups. It is no less insistent than was the staccato thud of marching feet which reverberated through quiet night streets the memorable summer of 1918. And on every hand one hears the question being asked with increasing insistence: "Is there to be in America, too, a Youth Movement?"

Look around the world, study the cause of the youth movements, and you will find every reason for belief that a youth movement in America is being formed. Study the youth of America and you will find every proof that when youth mobilizes in America it will have total different goals from those youth has anywhere else chosen. And that it will proceed in ways that are peculiar to it.

In Germany, in Italy, in Russia, in Cuba—in all these countries where youth is prominent, it rose first to destroy. The youth movement that is gathering momentum in America seems to have chosen quite a different trend. Here it gives every indication of being a throwback. A return to fundamentalism, a seeking of salvation through the reestablishment of American principles and American practices in government—not by revolution, but by legislation.

Two important similarities the youth of America shares with the three million young folk who govern the one hundred and sixty millions of Russias, and the handful of lads that have ruled Cuba. These two qualities are a willingness to step forward into the breach and a readiness to suffer.

The youth of America is not soft. It is not afraid to be hurt. It has a stolid determination to take a hand, to go ahead, but in the American tradition. It is the spirit of the pioneers.

And our youth is preparing for the march with not one whit less active, directed courage than that shown by the lads whose feet tramped the streets those first months of the World War. They called that activity "preparedness" then, and its similarity to the events of today is as clear as spring water. Youth is again in preparation.

If you doubt this, consider these simple but indicative facts. In six leading women's colleges there is an important increase in registrations for citizenship courses. Look:

SMITH—1927-28 Economics and Government, 312; 1928-29, 390.
BARNES—1927-28 Economics, Sociology, Government, 400; 1928-29, 713.
MONROE HOLLANDS—1927 Economics and Sociology, 537; 1928, 558.
History and Political Science, 1927, 376; 1928, 444.
RADCLIFFE—1927-28 Economics and Government, 160; 1928-29, 193.
VASSAR—1927 Economics and Political Science, 707; 1928, 1296.
WELLESLEY—Total enrollment 1928 Economics, 323; 1928, 573.

These figures cannot be regarded in their true light unless the figures of registration for other courses are also considered in relation to them. Along with the increase in Economics and Government, there has come an increase in the number taking courses in Pine Arts. It is a healthy balance.

But before we can accurately appraise the youth movement as it is progressing in America, it is necessary to look around the world and view those other youth movements about which we hear so much. Then only shall we have an adequate basis for comparison and understanding of what is happening, or might happen, here.

Five million young Russians are gathered in the Communist Youth Association. In its original state this was a small group banded together chiefly for the promotion of culture. But it was not until it was reorganized for social reconstruction that it prospered.

The girls and boys who comprise its membership are today the shock troops of the Soviet. They are to be found working wherever the "plan" is in hazard. This may take them into the field of economics or education. It may send them into factories to speed up output, to the great dams and down into the subway. Whether or not you believe in the social order for which they work, you must admit that the lives of these young men and women are constant demonstrations of courage, industry, endurance and skill.

## YOUTH MOBILIZES

In Germany the young are equally active, but the spirit is different. There the youth movement was sponsored by revolt rather than by reconstruction. It is the children's refusal to pay for the sins of their fathers. From the midst of a people laboring under the shadow of war guilt, but which they believed to be a malicious myth, the youth heard the emotional speeches of Hitler. Restless, unemployed, they mobilized.

Thus Germany provides America with a danger signal. There are today several hundred thousand boys and girls wandering about America's transients, victims of economic depression, not a little different from the normal war children of Germany—the youth that Hitler mobilized. In their increase lies the same dangerous seed of revolution.

And right at hand we have Cuba. Here it is the student, the educated minority, rather than the masses that is active. This year has seen the control of the government seized by boys. A directorate of nine formed in which the oldest member was twenty-seven; the youngest, nineteen. And the manifesto which these youngsters wrote was not one whit less noble than the Declaration of Independence.

In the seat of the president this handful of lads placed their favorite university professor—Grua San Martin.

There are youth movements in other lands than these. In China, Italy, Japan, Ireland, Spain—but those three mentioned are so typical that they indicate how youth movements breed, the way they may turn, and their power to build and to destroy.

American students and graduates are aware of these facts and have had excellent chances to study and observe, because international activities in their colleges have been on the increase during the past decade. There are many organizations whose project it is to foster international relations among student bodies. Chief among these are the Intercollegiate Disarmament Council, the International Relations Clubs of Students, the Foreign Policy Association and the National Students Federation. The activities of the students under their leadership is primarily travel and debate.

While war remains the subject that most keenly whets the interest of students, and international affairs lead to an increasing membership in student political clubs, and many groups dedicated to a study of national affairs are organized.

Along with these conservative and liberal student organizations, radical groups are also forming in colleges from coast to coast. America is developing a fair for political haberdashery. The Communist and Fascist groups show an increase in membership. There is a growing number of radical student publications springing up over the country like dandelions in spring.

But perhaps the most spectacular step taken by American students was that staged by the National Federation of Students of America, which held its annual convention in Washington immediately before the opening of Congress, with the purpose of presenting to Congress the viewpoint of student America. One-half of the time of the convention was given over to a discussion of public affairs by students.

It is not only in meetings of students that the viewpoint of youth is being presented. It is actually being sought by organizations composed of their elders. When the National Council of Women met in Chicago last summer, one entire session was devoted to Youth. At the Third Annual Women's Conference in Current Problems, conducted by Mrs. William Brown Meloney for the New York Herald Tribune, an entire session was devoted to Youth Movements in the Present Crisis. On these occasions the young representatives of colleges spoke and the purport of their speeches was "Give youth a chance."

## YOUTH SPEAKS

"We do not blame you for having turned this world into a mess. We do not even blame you for the war you permitted, nor for the debts which you are willing us. All we ask of you is this: Give us a chance to take a hand. Give us the students' own wisdom, to guide, not to protect us. Let us go forward with you. So far we have been spectators; we have watched; and we have listened; we have done nothing. Now we feel that the time has come for the students of this country to do something about the things we have been talking about. We are not bomb throwers. We are safe, intelligent students. Give us a chance."

There are other groups than those in colleges which have within them the nucleus of a youth movement. The Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts, the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., and religious organizations such as the Newman Clubs and the Christian Endeavor, through their strong and quietly molding boys and girls throughout the land to better citizenship—though theirs is a citizenship of principle rather than of political knowledge.

And though its membership is but 25,000, not the least important among the youth movements manifest today is the Association of Junior Leagues. The membership in this organization, which has branches in 131 cities, consists chiefly of graduates of finishing schools and colleges. The aim varies from eighteen to forty, with emphasis on the younger group. Their main object is the giving of volunteer service of a professional standard to their communities, for welfare and cultural projects.

The hope of a worthy youth movement in America rests largely with two young groups; the minority, who have had the privilege of education, training and travel, and the majority, made up of wholesome, brave and progressive youngsters who should find among the first group a leadership that is trained and worthy. Meanwhile, the Youth of America is on the March. It should not be denied, nor silenced, nor cheated. For as President Roosevelt has said: "Those who are young today, will be in power tomorrow."



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### SAFETY FOR YOU AND YOURS IN THIS BOTTLE

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GIVES a natural make-up free of all artificiality.

### Actually Matches the Color of the Human Blood

There is now a new and utterly different way to make-up... the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Continent would follow like a religion. A truly new idea in color that when changes a woman's whole appearance.

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in matters of lip dress, there is virtually no question today among women of national social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

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In its skin, it is typically, naturally of Paris. In its original packaging, it comes in a glass bottle—tasteful, without revealing it. Or as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt **Angelus Rouge Incarnat**. The little red box costs only a few cents. The liquid, the most as smart American make-up items. You'll find it at almost all what it does for you.



The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks.

**Angelus Rouge Incarnat**  
the liquid make-up

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS

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231 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

## ALL-AMERICAN GARDENERS

BY CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

COME on, gardeners, let's go visiting the gardens we have always wanted to visit; let's talk to those people who stand out, and ask them questions we have always wished we might ask them:

"What is the most interesting or curious thing you have learned in your gardening work during the past twelve months?"

"What is the most interesting or curious thing you have drawn from gardening in the same period?"

In Massachusetts, let us visit the man who has done most to bring the rhododendrons and conifers to winter landscapes in that section—Harlan F. Kelsey.

Mr. Kelsey smiles at our questions, and then replies to the first one: "I've learned that we need a new edition of Standardized Plant Names." Mr. Kelsey was a member of the committee that gave us the first edition several years ago.

And then, in answer to the second question, he says: "I am getting more and more as time goes on that the most graceful and useful evergreen tree for our gardens is the Carolina hemlock."

Dr. A. B. Stout, director of laboratories at the New York Botanical Garden, is bringing forth new day-lilies that will prove as reliable as any of tomorrow.

He is giving us seedless grapes and has attacked the disease of lilacs. Out of these pets may be bred for our parks. Meanwhile, when he goes home at night, he gardens for the fun of it.

And he gives us a specific answer to our first question: "A matter offered in my own home garden during the past year which is of considerable importance to me is that the Sweet William thrives and blooms in shaded locations."

In answer to our second question, Doctor Stout puts a good case: "To me the most curious of my garden experiences of the year is that all plants of the garden heliophyte have been destroyed by neighborhood cats. During the autumn, winter and spring they scrape the earth about the crown of these plants, roll and rub against it, and it may be that they pull out and eat the buds and rhizomes. At any rate, the plants do not survive the treatment."

But in a friend's garden on a farm near New York City the cats, of which several are kept, pay no attention whatever to various fine clumps of this same plant. Are the village cats about my home limited in their herbaceous pasturage, and are the country cats on my friend's farm able to find other plants which they like better?"

In New York, we look in on another discerning gardener. He has served the American Rose Society in numerous offices, written most of the introductions to garden books not coming from his own pen, of which there are many, and finds time to edit a magazine when he isn't planning and weeding in his thirteen-acre garden in Connecticut, judging flower shows, or jerking swing garden clubs out of themselves with his penetrating comments: Richardson Wright!

Mr. Wright takes a bit of sly fun in breaking out in unexpected places with his gardening:

"The most important thing I have learned this year is the technique of pot gardening. I have been raising lilacs, Jac-

iris, vines of various sorts and any number of annuals in pots that I can move around at will. While they are a terrible bother to keep thoroughly watered, they give me a mobile garden that is lots of fun. Another thing that has proved important to me—an appreciation of flowering shrubs and trees. If I were to make my garden over again, I would put in fewer perennials and depend more on flowering shrubs and trees for interesting color.

"I've had two curious experiences this year. The first is how terribly excited I got when the first flower of a batch of narcissus seedlings appeared, after waiting six years. We shall see quite a good deal of narcissus hybridizing in this country. Those who undertake it should do a new batch every year, so that after the first planting of seed, flowers come on in succession and the strain upon the emotions is not so great.

The other has been the way I have gotten so great many men interested in gardening. I feel that we shall not have great gardens in this country until more men take an active part in gardening.

Over in New Jersey, only a short distance away, we call on Mrs. Charles H. Stout. A pioneer in dahlias culture, who was a member of the American Dahlia Society, still remains an authority for all outdoor gardeners. Mrs. Stout says: "I have been growing dahlias since the Chateau Flower Show. I had several varieties with growers, and was amazed to see many of our native plants from wood and field carefully tended and making bright showings in the borders of the gardens."

"A representative of an English seed house told me that all their sweet pea seed was grown by Americans in California. All experiments were carried on out there. I was very busy from England what originally had come from home!"

In 1925, I studied Mr. Thomas Hay's wonderful collections of dahlias in the gardens of Buckingham Palace and at Hyde Park. Half of them came from this country, and some were my very own!

As well as being interested in myself to the study of Alpine plants. For many hours I have poured over English catalogues. A huge percentage of their Alpines, as well as plants suitable for the border, are native of the North American continent. Seed collectors in the Northwest supply these times; then we buy them back from England!"

Mrs. Stout proposes an interesting point, in answer to our second question, which will challenge the interest of all specialists as well as beginners:

"For thirty years I have grown dahlias. Twelve of these have been from hybridizing. Gradually I managed to collect eight different species from Mexico. I pollinated back and forth among them, and onto hybrids already in my garden."

"With *Dahlia merckii* I have utterly failed. Its foliage is indescribably lovely, and it never has given me a single seed."

"But *D. merckii* will not cross with any but its own. Seed from *D. merckii* produces only *D. merckii*. Seed from other dahlias pollinated with *D. merckii* never produces plants showing a hint of *D. merckii* blood."

"I give up—and wonder: Is *Dahlia merckii* truly a dahlia?"

# "Her headaches and tired feeling," *disappeared—*"

reports the famous  
**DR. OLIVIER TAILLANDIER**  
of the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris

• Dr. Taillandier—gastro-enterologist—consultant on digestive disorders—noted contributor to the French "Bulletin de la Société de Biologie" . . .

Below, this famous doctor describes a typical case from his own practice to illustrate the effect of eating yeast. He then adds:—

"When intestines grow tired, poisons seep into the blood. Unwholesome breath and a coated tongue follow . . . the effects are also often noticed in headaches, loss of energy . . .

"We have at hand a remarkable food—yeast—which has an astonishing effect on constipation. Yeast stimulates Nature to do her own work in purifying the system . . . Improved general health results."

• Dr. Taillandier is consultant of l'Hôpital de la Salpêtrière, Paris. He describes a typical case from his own practice, below.



"PATIENT COMPLAINED of headaches and tiredness. I examined her. The whites of her eyes were yellow . . .



"HER TONGUE WAS COATED. She had dull pains in the abdomen—confessed she had been using cathartics . . .



"MANUAL EXAMINATION and X-rays showed what was causing her trouble . . . constipation. I prescribed yeast . . .



"IT RESTORED her elimination to normal, purified her system. Her headaches and tired feeling now disappeared."



*"It did me more good than all the pills  
and laxatives I've tried"*

"I'd always lived an active, outdoor life," writes Mrs. Lee Stiel, of Seattle. "Then, marriage—and home duties. I lacked exercise. I developed sick headaches and my skin became bad.

"I read what doctors said about Fleischmann's Yeast, and started to eat it. My appetite picked up. The headaches stopped. My complexion is clear now, too."

**D**ID you know that headaches—like indigestion, bad skin, that "tired feeling"—may mean nothing more or less than an unclean condition of your *intestines*?

If your head aches often, go to see a doctor, by all means. **BUT**—if you are at all constipated—don't wait to start eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Probably it's just what you need!

Eaten regularly—3 cakes a day—Fleischmann's

Yeast actually "tones" and stimulates your intestines. It also softens the waste matter that accumulates in your body every day.

Then, as your bowels start to function normally again, you feel so much better. Digestion improves. You have more energy. You *look* better, too, the minute the clean condition of your intestines begins to reflect itself in your skin.

Isn't it well worth the effort? Then try it. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, and each cake is rich in *three* health-giving vitamins—B, G and D.

Just eat it before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water. Add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet today!



## OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES

## —THAT TRIANGLE PROBLEM



PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE GLENN

**WE** will suppose, to begin with, that that menace to conjugal peace, "the other woman," is as yet but a shadow upon the horizon; there has been gossip, and the observant wife is aware of a sartorial priming and a status consciousness in her formerly matter-of-fact partner. These are danger signals which mark a crossroad where a wife must choose.

Some women say, in bitterness, "If John can be attracted by that creature, then I'm through with him."

Others strive by pathetic efforts to retrieve the philanderer—to improve their appearance and attempt the rôle of siren themselves.

To the first type, let me, as a former wife, call attention to the situation in which a woman in the forties finds herself after she leaves her husband. It is well to realize the social disadvantages of being neither maid, wife nor widow. You will realize as never before that social activities are conducted in pairs. You may occasionally be asked to a neighborly game of bridge with some spinster or widow as your partner, but in general the gay dinners and parties of the married set to which you would naturally belong are carried on without you. You will find that alimony for yourself and the support of the children does not reach the proportion of your husband's income that you had at your disposal when living with him. You will have the undivided responsibility and care of the children, a reduced income, and no way of meeting new men.

Suppose, on the other hand, you decide to stay and fight it out. The first requirement is to rid yourself as much as possible of inconvenient emotions, which paralyze the judgment, and to endeavor to attain a detached, objective, even scientific attitude. Study your home, your interests, what

should be your playtime together, your meals, your disposition, your clothes, as a social worker would study a case in a clinic. First out what is lacking.

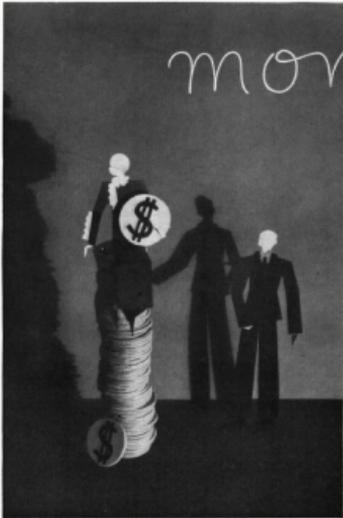
Remember that your husband married you to have a good time. Do you show the physical charm, docile disposition, fun-loving nature and good-humored repartee that attracted him to you originally? It is well to remember constantly that flattery is imperative; marriages are broken by the lack, but not by a surfeit, of that indispensable lubricant. But let us suppose that the conscientious, intelligent and loving wife has put up the best possible fight, and has lost. If she stays, she has the legal protection of her husband's name, his assistance with the children, his escort to social gatherings, invitations as a couple, which she would not have alone, a larger split of his income than she would have otherwise, and a continuance of the easy informal life among old friends to which she is accustomed.

As for his love, she will have to do without it; in any case it is lost already.

In regard to the divorce, do not rush into it. No member of the family is ever the same after that ordeal. Five years is none too long to allow the first fires of resentment to cool down and to allow both parents to be sure of the permanence of their emotions and decisions. Legally, you and your children have a claim upon your husband, until divorced, which you may need in an emergency.

To those fortunate widows in which the triangle problem has not yet appeared, I suggest that it might perhaps be warded off indefinitely if each wife would treat her first husband as if he were the élite—second that she had longed desperately to land. Don't nag. Don't be superior. Don't outshine him away from home. Take as your slogan that John is always right. For, my dears, you have no idea how hard a second one is to get!

## —YOURS, OURS AND MINE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE GLENN

**MARRIED** women with jobs have been the life savers in thousands of homes in these troupe years. But what has this condition done to them? What has it done to their husbands?

Recently a woman said, just conversationally, in a room full of casual acquaintances: "I used to think it my duty to economize to the nth degree in my clothes. Now that I am making my own money, don't you believe I don't keep myself right up to the minute!"

Everybody looked at her. Her hair was lately permanented and she was beautifully gowned.

Her husband across the room said nothing. "She is making a tidy little income and deserves tremendous credit. But it isn't within a great deal of what her husband used to make—may make again. And did he find it possible to be always 'right up to the minute' and meticulously clad? And did he call his income "my money"?"

It is the universal custom of self-supporting married women to term their husband's income "ours" and in the same breath to title their own as "mine."

"Ridiculous," said a woman who heard this said. "Why, my husband and I have everything budgeted. For example, Ned says our income should be divided into one servant, so we pay for one from it. Then I pay for the others which I need because I am working. And I pay for the loads of extra clothes which I need in my work and which 'our' income won't allow me to have." She beamed and didn't know that she had been caught red-handed.

No matter whether they are used to supplement family expenses or educate their children or even are the sole support of the family, the woman always designates her earnings as "mine," her husband's as "ours." Take the case of the Bacchus family.

"Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." For years Mrs. John Bacchus had gotten great boosts of self-pity out of that old saying. It rang through her brain resentfully, and she'd jab her needle with vicious stabs into his sock's toe when, tired after a hard day, her smoldering eyes glared at Mr. John Bacchus relaxing in delicious evening enjoyment. If only she could close her office door and leave it all behind her!

Then, about a year ago, she went into business—and was successful. One afternoon her daughter came into the little room which Jane had turned into her office. "Mother."

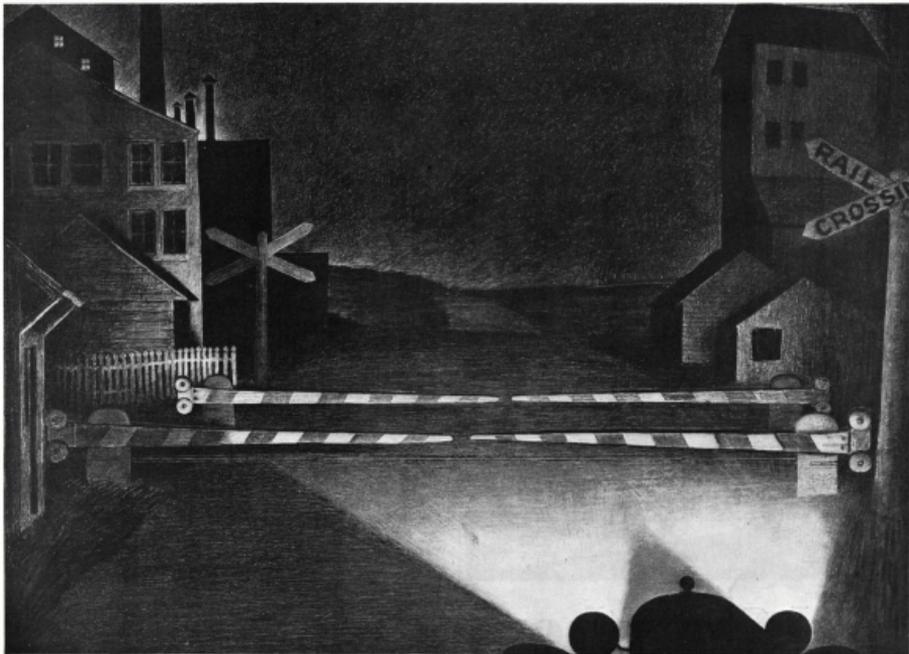
"Just a moment, Ann, please." Jane Tucker Bacchus' fingers were flying. She had only to finish this letter and she would be free and ready to talk. And she wanted to talk. Her fingers raced. She wanted time to impress Ann with the successful day she had just had, the new customer she was almost sure she had gotten. And by the time Ann was duly awed her husband would be home, and her big grown son. She would have a fresh audience.

She smiled and tapped out "your truly." Then she reached for her pen. "Yes, Ann?"

"Mother, suppose we don't mention Daisy Dresses tonight. If we don't, Ned will stay home and play bridge, he said," she gulped. And then exploded: "Suppose we skip up entirely about business tonight—in front of father and Ned, that is."

Ann was one of her mother's saleswomen. "You don't mean 'we'; you mean 'me,'" her mother said slowly.

All through the jolliest family dinner they had had in ages, and during a wildly gay game of bridge, Mrs. John Bacchus surreptitiously studied the deterring, caustic expression of her husband's eye and for the first time understood herself as Ann had seen her. Henceforth, whoever earned it, the money in her family should all be *ours*.



AN IMPORTANT THING IN MOUTH CARE IS TO  
**GUARD THE DANGER LINE** ★

*If you are in doubt about dentifrices—confused by threats and scare-words—remember this:*

It's perfectly true that serious consequences are likely to follow *neglect* of your mouth. But no sensible person need live in endless fear of them.

Take these two simple precautions against decay and gum troubles: See your dentist for examination, say three times a year. Then supplement his expert care with the regular use of Squibb's Dental Cream.

Squibb's Dental Cream is a 3-way guardian of teeth and gums. It cleans thoroughly and polishes safely, with absolute freedom from grit. It gives all the help any dentifrice can give to promote health of the gums—by

safe cleansing, not by the use of dangerous astringents. And its use is true economy.

It's a pleasure to use Squibb's. It has a delightful, minty flavor—leaves your mouth feeling clean and refreshed. Children love to brush their teeth with it. And for them, as for yourself, you can trust its complete safety and efficacy. In every tube is the Priceless Ingredient—the Honor and Integrity of the Maker.



★ *The Danger Line is the area where the thin edge of the gum encircles each tooth, forming tiny ledges, difficult to reach by brushing. Here food particles collect and bacteria multiply, generating acids. Not one, but all your teeth are endangered by unhealthy gums. When you use Squibb's Dental Cream, you force into the sheltered areas countless antacid particles which help to combat the germ acids.*

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 Manufacturing Chemists since 1858

Many dentists advise the use of Squibb's Oral Perborate in its dry form on the tooth-brush twice during the week in conjunction with Squibb's Dental Cream as a maximum protection of the teeth.

**SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM**  
 AND SQUIBB'S ORAL PERBORATE

# These 2 Books



# And 2 Others

THESE two fine books, and twenty others—favorite books by favorite authors—beautifully bound books with gayly colored jackets—can **arrive early** by yours!

Below are a few suggestions typifying the stories of adventure, of mystery, romance, of the Old West, that are included in this offer. Choose any two or all. The list itself will be sent you upon request, and without charge.

**LITTLE GIRL LOST.** One man offered marriage, one of living. The other insisted that friendship would fill her life—and he was the man whom the girl loved. Out of this conflict comes one of Temple Bailey's finest stories.

**KERRY.** When a strong man tells a girl he's going to marry her; when the girl replies with equal emphasis that he is not what happens! Well, find out what happened to Kerry in this irresistible novel by Grace Livingston Hill.

**THE DOCTOR OF LONGSOME RIVER.** A young surgeon found that fortune and love are things one works to get, one fights to keep. By Kitson Marshall.

**THE SHEPHERD OF GUADALUPE.** A feud that is bitter as death and a love that is sweeter than life are in this fine romance. By Zane Grey.

**BLOWING CLEAR.** The salt breezes of Cape Cod blow through this seaful story of

quaint and lovable people in whose lives was much humor—and a grin. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

**TEARS OF THE STORM COULD.** A stirring romance made even more famous by the art of Janet Gaynor. By Grace Miller White.

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# Ladies' Home Journal

270 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania





*I was surprised to find what was causing her discomfort"*

"MY little girl doesn't fuss without a reason and I quickly discovered that she was badly inflamed.

"It bothered me, for I thought I was very careful with her. Pointing to the toilet tissue, Betty said: 'That hurts me, mother.'

"I asked a woman clerk at our grocery for the softest toilet tissue they had. She gave me ScottTissue. I examined it. It did feel much softer than the kind we had been using—and was very pure looking and clean. So I bought several rolls.

"Betty found it comfortable even to her sensitive skin. Her inflammation improved and

soon disappeared altogether. From that time on—I've always used ScottTissue."

**THIS MOTHER'S STORY** is not unusual. It is quite a common occurrence for children, and even grown-ups, to have an inflamed rectal condition.

With ScottTissue or Waldorf in your bathroom, you can feel entirely safe. These soft, cloth-like tissues are made with the same standards of purity as absorbent cottons.

Highly absorbent, they cleanse thoroughly—immaculately. Always keep ScottTissue or Waldorf on hand, not only for your children, but as a precaution for the entire family. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.



SCOTTISSUE—  
the soft, pure white,  
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WALDORF—the  
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**No scrubbing—no boiling!**

FOR THE whitest wash you ever saw—for the easiest washday ever—try *Rinso*. It's all you need 4 or 5 shades whiter—*safely*. Clothes last two or three times longer this gentle way—you'll save lots of money! You'll save hours of hard work, too.

Cup for cup, *Rinso* gives twice as much suds as lightweight, pulled-up soaps. Rich, creamy suds that last and last. No wonder the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—the makers of 40 fashionable for dishes, too. *Grease* goes in a jiffy, dishes come shiny bright in no time. Wonderful suds for all cleaning. So easy on hands! Try *Rinso* now!

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AND LET ME TELL YOU ALL IT DOES FOR MY COMPLEXION

"JOHN and I swear by Lifebuoy—for the face as well as the bath. It freshens my complexion—keeps it clear and healthy. I'm sure it will do the same for yours."

Deep-cleanses the skin just as it purifies and deodorizes body pores—Lifebuoy lather purifies face pores. It banishes clogged water—with the same gentle thoroughness with which it ends "B.O." (*body odor*). Its hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy safeguards daintiness—skin beauty, too.



**NOW! A NEW,  
AMAZINGLY SIMPLE  
WAY TO MAKE**

# Chicken Pie

**NO SHORTENING TO CUT-IN!  
NO CHANGE OF FAILURE!**

90

SECONDS  
FROM  
PACKAGE  
TO  
PIE-CRUST



Add Cream... Mix...



Roll Out...



Put Pie In Oven



MANY GROCERS OFFER COMBINATION SPECIALS ON  
BISQUICK AND CHICKEN. LOOK FOR THEM NOW!

## ADD NOTHING BUT CREAM

To This Amazing New Bisquick To Get An Absolutely Perfect Crust For Chicken Pie!

Accept Free—25c Recipe Book, 101 Smart New Ideas  
For Formal and Informal Entertaining... Note Coupon



That no dish surpasses Chicken Pie in the favor of men—every woman knows. But, until recently, the trouble has been to make the crust. Which is something that even expert cooks admit is one of the riskiest of all baking jobs. But now, thanks to this amazing new food invention from the millers of famous Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour—Bisquick—even a child can make an absolutely perfect crust for chicken pie.

The same marvelous

**BISQUICK** in a *new, new* *new* *new* Here's exactly how simple it is: simply mix some cream with Bisquick... roll out the dough... put over the top... and put the pie in the oven. All of which takes less time than to tell it. And there's no mess, no fuss, no risk of failure.

The marvelously light, crisp and tender gold brown crust

you get this Bisquick way will enchant you. And — will make your husband say that you're the best cook in all the world!

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The "trick" or "secret" of perfect meat pie crust is made into Bisquick by an amazing newly discovered process of mixing the shortening and dry ingredients.

The shortening itself is a marvelous new type which when mixed with other special ingredients, stays fresh and sweet whereas the ordinary types of shortenings have a tendency to turn rancid.

Get a package of Bisquick from your grocer. Follow your favorite recipe for chicken pie filling and make the crust with Bisquick. You'll be glad you did.

Incidentally, every package of Bisquick contains a Gold Medal Silverware Coupon. Save and redeem these coupons to obtain complete sets of lovely 35-year guaranteed Wm. Rogers & Son Friendship pattern silverware.

### Accept New Recipe Book Free

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Enclosed please find ONE TOP which I  
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10/13



When you bake biscuits as shown, by all means use BISQUICK. It is so easy and you are sure to avoid disappointments. . . . The easiest way, however, when you want delicious bread, rolls, cake or pastry is to simply order from your local grocer or through mail order. With true experience skill, your baker creates the wheat, our basic cereal food, from nourishing, low-building grain into yeast, leavening, wholesome, machine-aided, yet acquainted with your baker and his products. . . . When provided an extra touch of tempting, delicious baked foods which add health and joy to every meal,

