

# LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JULY, 1934

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LOIS MONTROSS • ARTHUR STRINGER • THE LORIMERS • ANN BATCHELDER

This is the way we take our baths—  
take our baths — take our baths —



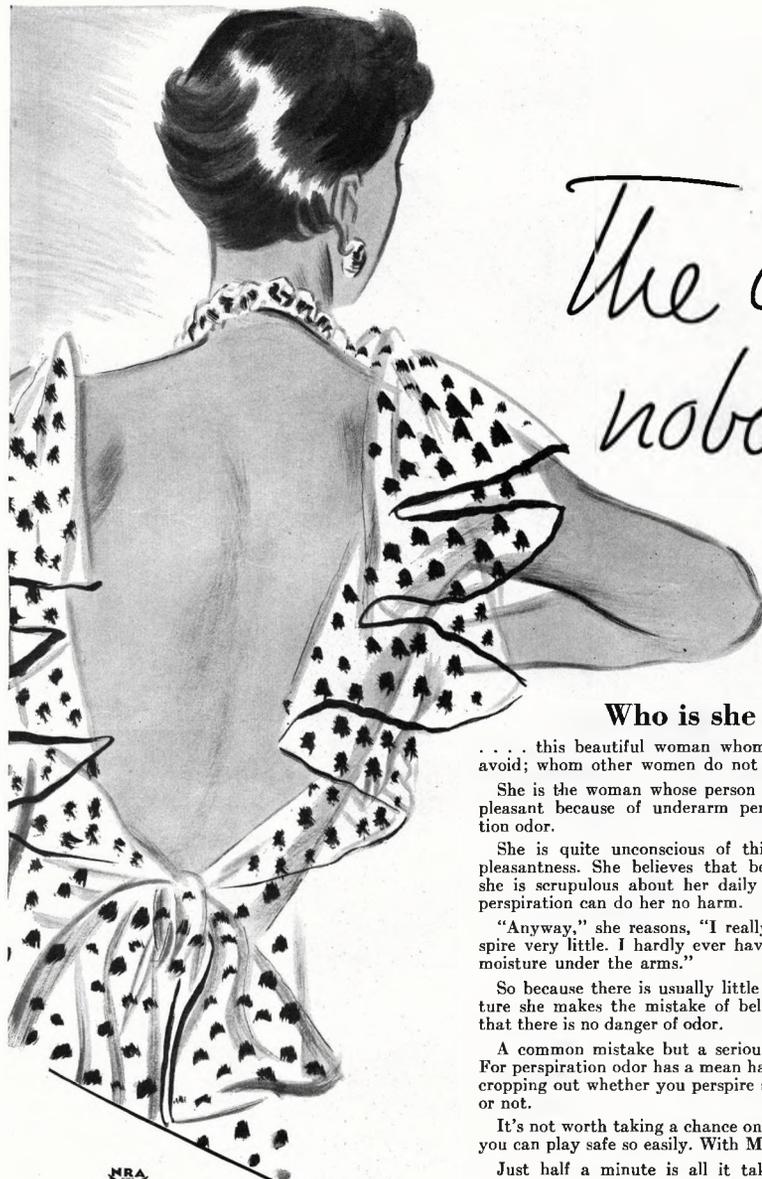
If you were to ask which is the perfect towel for a rose-buddy baby or a busy husband or a welcome guest—we'd be at a loss. With all our training, we couldn't point to this or that style and say, *Seek no farther. This is IT.* But we could promise a successful end to your own treasure hunt at the Cannon counter of any good store.

Because—we've made towels that have what it takes to please you, whatever it takes. One person wants extraordinary softness . . . so this Cannon towel has that. Another asks for more color and higher style . . . well, just look at these! Your mind may be set on absorbency, or larger sizes, or super-strength or some other specialty . . . and Cannon towels have it. At lower costs too. For, remember, it's an old Cannon custom to manage plus-quality, minus expense—every time.

But please don't stop with just one strong point. Look for all the points in every towel you take into your home. Which means, *Look for the Cannon label*—since all Cannon towels, large and small, high and low, excel six ways at once. That's the only way we know how to make them. And that's why eighty million people take their baths our way this year. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York.

- Cannon sheets have as many fine points as Cannon towels. They are made of smooth, strong, snow-white cotton—beautifully finished. There's one in each price class, for every bed—and always a top value, grade-for-grade and size-for-size.





The woman  
nobody wants  
to be

Who is she . . .

. . . this beautiful woman whom men avoid; whom other women do not envy?

She is the woman whose person is unpleasant because of underarm perspiration odor.

She is quite unconscious of this unpleasantness. She believes that because she is scrupulous about her daily bath, perspiration can do her no harm.

"Anyway," she reasons, "I really perspire very little. I hardly ever have any moisture under the arms."

So because there is usually little moisture she makes the mistake of believing that there is no danger of odor.

A common mistake but a serious one. For perspiration odor has a mean habit of cropping out whether you perspire *visibly* or not.

It's not worth taking a chance on when you can play safe so easily. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all it takes to

*guarantee* freedom from any taint of odor for all day or evening. Just a quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm when you dress—and it's done.

And think of this—if you forget to use Mum when dressing, use it *afterwards*. It's harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too; even a sensitive skin. You can use Mum right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, this dainty deodorant cream does its work of neutralizing unpleasant body odor *without* preventing perspiration itself.

Another thing—many women now keep a jar of Mum in the kitchen to remove clinging odors of onion or fish from their hands. Try it for this.

The girl or woman who is careless about underarm odor always pays for it in lost popularity. Use Mum and be sure of yourself. All toilet counters have it. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**TAKES  
THE ODOR OUT OF  
PERSPIRATION**



"WE PRIZE MUM FOR THIS, TOO," women say. "We simply couldn't get along without it to use on sanitary napkins. It relieves us of all worry and doubt about unpleasantness on this score."

"Chipso is nice," says Mrs. Pine, "because it is **SAFE**. This print has been washed many times, yet the colors are as bright as new."

"Chipso gets the floor dirt out of David's rompers **WITHOUT HARD RUBBING**—yet it is safe, too, for his soft wool sweaters."

Posy's dress is as fresh-colored as **NEW** although "it has been washed time and again with Chipso this past year," her mother says.

"Bob's suit has been in the wash almost every week for 9 months. The **COLOR** has **NEVER RUN** nor faded at all."

"Patty's candy-striped dress has had regular Chipso washing winter and summer **FOR OVER A YEAR.**"

UNRETOUCHED, DIRECT COLOR PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN THE HOME OF MRS. R. L. PINE, DAYTON, OHIO.

## "No clothes lost through fading"

one important reason why Mrs. Pine has her washing done with Chipso

Look at Patty and Posy Pine. How charming their small frocks are, with their simple lines and clear, definite colors! And Bobby and David are well-groomed little men. Their suits are not streaked or faded and the white trimming is snowy white.

This photograph shows you that clothes need not be new to look nice. Nicely laundered clothes stay new looking. That is where Chipso helps Mrs. Pine. "Chipso takes the

dirt out quickly without hard rubbing, yet Chipso doesn't fade colors," she says.

"In fact, we think Chipso is unsurpassed because it is so **SAFE** for *everything*. My sports clothes and house-dresses wash beautifully in Chipso. Underwear and stockings keep their color and wear well. I usually wash the baby's woolen sweaters myself with Chipso. The wool stays nice and soft, without shrinking or turning yellow."

It's soapier . . . never harsh on hands or clothes

"I like Chipso for dishes," says Mrs. Pine. "It foams up into quick, thick suds which are not at all harsh on my hands."

Your smooth hands, after a session in Chipso suds, show you why Chipso-washed clothes stay new looking. Chipso is **SOAPIER** . . . it is not adulterated with harsh, "dirt-cutting"

ingredients, but loosens dirt with **RICH**, lively **SUDS**. Don't endanger the clothes you've spent good money for by washing them in cheap flakes or harsh soaps and powders. Get your big box of Chipso from your grocer. At its low price, Chipso is truly the best value in rich, **SAFE** soap on the market today.

Rich suds . . . dirt out without hard rubbing

Bertha (the children call her "Birdie") worked for Mrs. Pine's mother when Mrs. Pine herself was no older than Patty is now. Here you see Birdie with a Pine-family wash in progress. "And it's no trifling item," says Mrs. Pine. "With David at the creeping and toddling age, Birdie often washes three times a week. But Chipso puts the work through fast because it makes such good, rich suds. They **SOAK** the dirt out. That is another way that Chipso saves our clothes. It makes hard, wash-board rubbing—which frays materials and scrapes off buttons—totally unnecessary."



Chipso makes clothes wear longer

# LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



**By the Sea  
or Mountain High,  
Here's the Journal  
For July!**



COVER DESIGN BY AL PARKER

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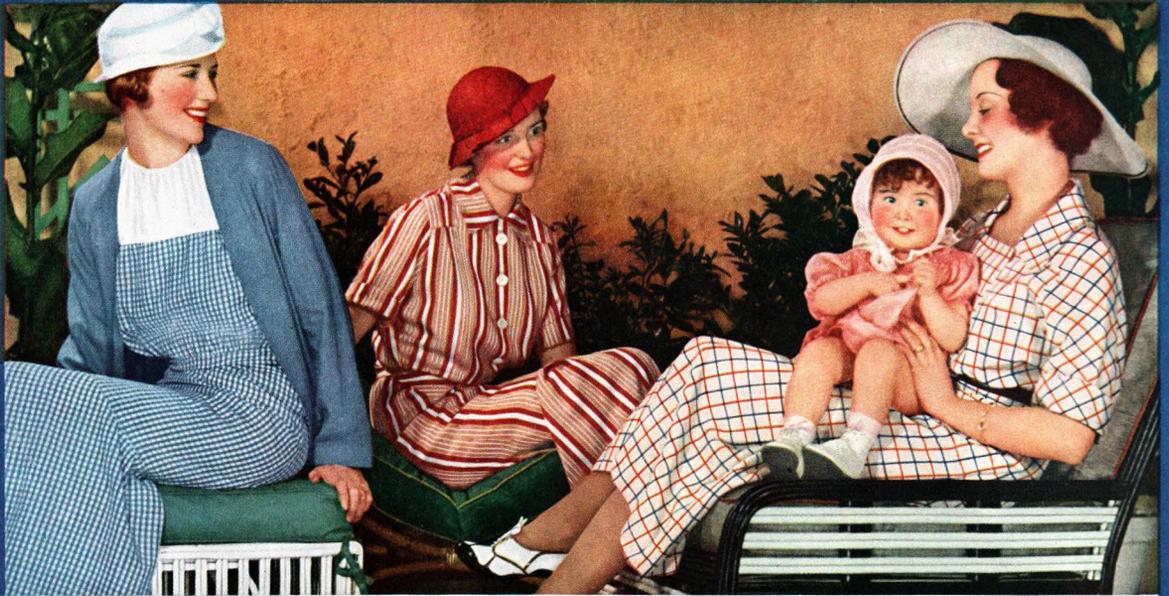
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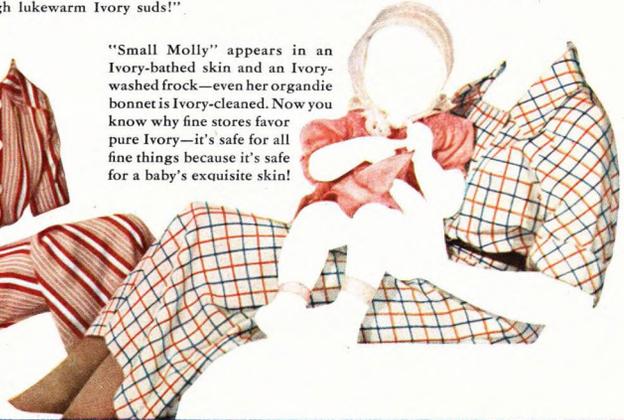
"Oh, this silk gingham ensemble isn't new!" says Dee. "I've washed it so many times with Ivory Flakes. I guess that's why you think it's new—Ivory's so marvelous for colors." True, Dee, but aren't *you* glad the salesgirl advised you to use *only* pure Ivory Flakes?

"Do you use Ivory Flakes, too?" asks Peggy, the wide-eyed witch in rosy-red. "I guess everybody does who knows. I wouldn't buy this silk shirt-dress until I knew it was washable. Then the salesgirl told me just how to squeeze it through lukewarm Ivory suds!"

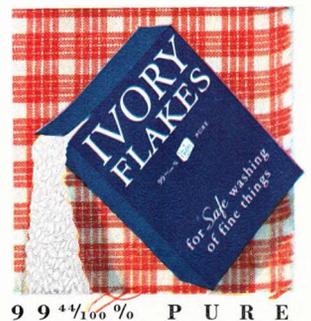
"Mother Molly," jaunty in checked sailcloth, joins in, "You can't tell me *anything* about Ivory, dears. I *live* with it. I never tremble over soap spots when I use Ivory Flakes—they melt so fast—you *couldn't* make me use another kind of soap flakes after what a salesgirl once told me!"



"Small Molly" appears in an Ivory-bathed skin and an Ivory-washed frock—even her organdie bonnet is Ivory-cleaned. Now you know why fine stores favor pure Ivory—it's safe for all fine things because it's safe for a baby's exquisite skin!



Save 20% . . . See how much bigger the IVORY FLAKES box is than that of any other fine-fabrics soap flakes. More soap for your money!





PANDORA'S NEW HOUSE WAS PERFECT—A SETTING OUT OF GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES, ATMOSPHERE BY ANDERSEN—BUT THERE, DOWN BELOW, WERE THE

## Red Roofs

By Lois Montross

WHEN Pandora bought the house it was natural for her to observe only the immediate surroundings and to regard the village below with vague benevolence. But later she berated herself for this vagueness, which seemed to her no less than blind idiocy. How had she ignored a thing which actually threatened her aesthetic sanity?

The house itself Pandora thought perfect; and, best of all, it was not "smart." She was completely fatigued with the "smartness" which had necessarily been her code during the five years she had worked as fashion artist, assistant editor and stylist for Modern Modes. She was only twenty-seven now, and very proud of her business success. She had cut her life to an elaborate pattern of elegance, just as if she were a clever couturier. Everything that threatened the silky surface of her existence she had gracefully avoided. In New York she was an authority on the newest manners in eating, drinking and dressing. In search of newer manners she had gone to Paris every year for the past three years.

Pandora Mallard's page in Modern Modes was respectfully scanned by women of twice her age and ten times her social position. She found this the more fun because her father was an Iowa grocer.

She delighted in sprinkling her fashion notes with brittle aphorisms: "Today romance must be well-groomed, and even love carries a lipstick"; or "Some women are well-bred to their finger tips—but their finger tips are ill-bred"; or "What does it profit a woman to gain a man's soul if that is her sole gain?" Mrs. Parks, the white-haired editor, had felt a bit uneasy about that one, but it was widely quoted by debutantes, who believed that it meant something.

Pandora thought of herself as one of the best-dressed women in New York, rather than beautiful. She was not sure that she cared to be beautiful, for beauty seemed to her an unoriginal asset. It amused her to appear at parties looking so striking as to be almost plain and then to watch Beauty fly panic-stricken from her daring cleverness. With unflinching art she created a new personality for herself every week or so.

Then something happened. She found herself growing indifferent to the precious *dernier cri*. She even remarked, "I eat *dernier cri* three times a day and I'm getting sick of it. Isn't there some other kind of *cri*?" Mrs. Parks smiled indulgently, not realizing that Pandora actually could be sick of it.

The worst of it was she didn't know quite what had happened. What had caused her to waver, and

to wonder, "Am I really like this? After all, what am I like? It's time I tried to find out."

Perhaps the old man on the boat coming back from Paris had influenced her. Not realizing her hard modernity, he had talked gently of Thoreau and encouraged her to read Walden. She had, in fact, started to read again—old books, leisurely and quaint. She noticed that she was even neglecting her newspapers, a shocking symptom. Other things she did were still more heinous, and rather frightened her. She avoided the hairdresser for three weeks. She bought a cheap dress trimmed with machine-made lace, perversely wondering how Fourteenth Street feels. She was surly with elevator boys, but talked avidly with taxi drivers. Observing her own strange malady, she thought in desperation, "Perhaps I'll even start letting my heels run over." Mrs. Parks criticized her gloves one day and Pandora felt unreasonably irritated.

Or was it all the fault of that boy of twenty who had fallen so ridiculously in love with her? She had laughed at him, disillusioned him—which was her duty. But after he had disappeared, Pandora had the sense that she had failed him, that she was unworthy of his adoration and that he knew it.

At last she confessed to Mrs. Parks that she needed a vacation of at least two or three months. It was a dangerous thing to do, for the temporary assistant editor might conceivably step into Pandora's hand-turned shoes. Nevertheless, she was Pandora Mallard, and she would still write her

monthly page which she had made indispensable. Besides that, she intended to draw and paint once more. Nothing smart—just the things she loved, done sheerly for her own enjoyment.

Seeing her drive the cobalt-blue roadster through Vermont, nobody could have suspected that she was fleeing from fashion. Her gray-and-blue suit exactly matched the car, even to the chromium accessories. She felt adventurous and excited, and, as if in answer to her hopeful mood, the first village in which she stopped overnight contained the miraculous little house. In a week she possessed the deed, and she wondered continually how a prosaic document like that could have made her the possessor of tradition—a past generation's love and toil and contentment.

The house was completely furnished, even to silver and linen. Pandora wrote to Mrs. Parks: "It's a wonderful feeling to accept a stranger's taste placidly—and like it. The setting is out of Grimms' fairy tales, the atmosphere by Hans Christian Andersen. I am really sorry for the spinster who had to sell all this and go to Florida—but after all, I have my own life to live."

For the first time in years she was able to forget the miracle of her own blond charm; overnight she grew as natural as a young child. The first morning she slipped into old yellow-and-white beach pajamas and walked barefoot in the dewy grass. At noon she had Addie Allen move the porch furniture out to the garden terrace. (She had inherited Addie along with the linen and silver.) This terrace was the finest spot on the place; she sat under a really fetching apple tree and gazed at the blue hills beyond the valley nestled with white houses. Her property, itself, was on the side of a hill, so that the village below appeared like a quaint toy town.

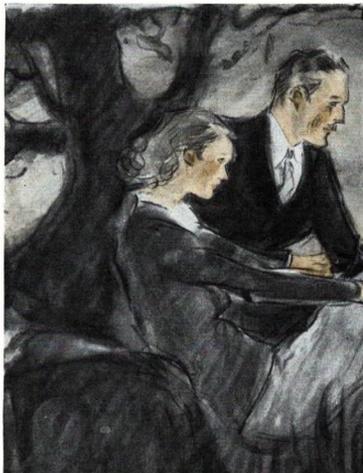
But now Pandora was aware of a feeling of discomfort, an intense antipathy which approached physical illness. For a moment she could not determine the cause, and then she realized that she was faced with a monstrous discord. The house at the foot of her hill had all its roofs painted red—not a dull, time-stained maroon, but a bright, fresh, raucous barn red. Seen over the tops of her orange calendulas, the effect was one of shocking disharmony which would have annoyed a person of merely ordinary perceptions; and to Pandora's highly trained color sense it was sickening, unbearable.

Those red roofs seemed to shout jeers at her serenity. The only way to escape them was to sit in the kitchen dooryard, where there was a fine view of a picket fence and a clothes dryer. And it was not as if there were just one small red roof—the house had an eccentric collection of them, sloping at various angles. There was not only the house proper for the eye to deal with, but a wing, a kitchen porch, a summer kitchen and a woodshed. The jolly, self-indulgent painter had not slighted a square foot of this lavish roofing!

## II

SHE ate luncheon under the apple tree but with her chair turned against the hills which she knew to be dazzling in sunlight and glory. And her resentment against the red-roof neighbor increased to a righteous sense of persecution.

PANDORA AND NICOLAS WATCHED THE SUN REBORN. HIS HOUSE—THE RED ROOFS THAT HAD SOMEHOW GIVEN HIM HAPPINESS—ALL HAD VANISHED!



As Addie Allen arranged the salad and cheese neatly on the wicker table, Pandora said, "By the way, who owns that first house down below?"

Although a large, kind, amiable woman, Addie still possessed the frugal Yankee trait of reticence. "I don't know, ma'am," she said cheerfully.

"But you must know! Or haven't they been there long?"

"Not long. He just bought it a month ago."

"He—who?"

"One of those New York people."

"Do you have many here?"

"We have," said Addie, "the summer people, the winter people and the just plain village people."

"And which is he?"

"I don't know, ma'am. . . . A sort of an invalid." She picked a leaf from the apple tree and looked at it reflectively. "This tree has prime cooking apples."

"And did he have those awful roofs painted red?"

"I presume so," said Addie. "Everybody laughs about them."

"Well, I don't," said Pandora bitterly.

THAT afternoon she went down town—or "down the street," as the Vermonters say—to the only real-estate office in the village. She spoke to Eddie Granger, through whom she had bought her cottage.

"Mr. Granger, everything is lovely except one thing. You know the house just below mine? It has bright red roofs. I can't bear it."

He laughed heartily. "They're a town joke."

"Not to me. I'm quite serious. I want you to write to the owner and ask him to repaint them. Do it in a nice way, of course, but explain firmly that I can't bear red roofs."

Suddenly uneasy, Granger glanced away from her bright, beautiful, imperious eyes. They were electric blue, derived from both frost and flame.

"Why, I could hardly do that, Miss Mallard. I could hardly write to Mr. Craigie like that."

"I don't see why not. Surely he wouldn't want to ruin my place for me."

"Well, I don't think you'd have any legal right, see; and I wouldn't want to offend Mr. Craigie. Anyhow, why don't you see Lawyer Todd?"

Willful, determined and smoldering, she hastened to Todd's office. He was a dapper, humorous little man and he chuckled with appreciation when she stated her grievance. But her mounting anger forced him to grow serious. "Those red roofs are a public nuisance," she said. "Isn't there a law—"

"But they're roofs on a private house. They don't constitute a public nuisance, Miss Mallard."

"To me they constitute assault and battery."

"You must remember," he said sententiously, "that what is one man's meat may be another man's poison."

"The proverb doesn't help me. I shall have to sell my house."

He suggested hesitantly, "If it's as bad as that why don't you write him a letter?"

"I wish you would write it for me. It would seem more—uh—impressive."

"Oh, no, indeed, Miss Mallard. I wouldn't want to hurt Mr. Craigie's feelings."

But what about her feelings? And why was everybody so considerate of this wretched, tasteless Craigie? He'd lived here only a month, after all, and even in that short time had made himself ridiculous by putting a blot on the charming village. You'd have thought the townspeople would have been most affronted instead of humorously tolerant. He must be an eccentric old person, not quite accountable for his behavior.

On her way home Pandora walked very slowly past his house and had a glimpse of a man reclining in a deck chair taking the sun on a knoll which rose at the side of the lawn. This site would have given him an excellent view of his own

obnoxious red roofs if he had not had a magazine spread over his face. He was very thin. On his knee slumbered a small, homely, yellow kitten. She did not permit herself to feel any weak sympathy, although he looked helplessly tired. After all, she too had come here because of fatigue, and she had her own right to tranquillity. She did not realize that she was already becoming mentally rested because of her absorption in a new problem. New York had given her an incurable addiction for conflict.

After dinner Pandora asked the housekeeper. "What is the full name of the old gentleman who bought the house just below me?"

"Mr. Nicolas Craigie, ma'am," said Addie. "Only he isn't old."

It was exasperating to realize that all the time Addie had known well enough who he was, where he came from and probably what he had paid for his house, but would not give the information freely because she enjoyed hoarding it.

Pandora repeated the name to herself. It was familiar. Nicolas Craigie . . . Nicolas Craigie. Yes, that was the name of an economist who wrote dull articles for the more serious magazines. He had also been a war correspondent, she vaguely recalled. If he were actually that Nicolas Craigie she could appeal to his reason. She wrote a letter:

*My dear Mr. Craigie:* I have just bought the white house on the hill which overlooks your house. If you are fond of red roofs it will, of course, seem strange to you that I cannot endure them. But, after all, we live in a network of social obligation, and since your red roofs make my view unbearable I have no compunction in asking you to repaint them—a dark green or gray or brown; anything but bright red. I am sure you will not think I am presumptuous, and I'm equally sure you will regard the matter ethically.

Very sincerely yours,  
(MISS) PANDORA MALLARD.

P. S. Or a deep Mediterranean blue might be nice.

For her pains she received the next day a brief note:

*My dear Miss Mallard:* I happen to be fond of red roofs and I have no compunction in saying that I am unable to regard them ethically.

Very truly yours,  
NICOLAS CRAIGIE.

P. S. I have never cared for the Mediterranean.

## III

IT WAS no easier to escape the impossible Craigie than his red roofs. When a young workman was about to trim the ragged elm beside Pandora's house he quoted Mr. Craigie's opinions on the trimming of elms. And she had to hear all about Mr. Craigie's elms, which had a magnificence her own, apparently, could never hope to attain.

"This ain't no elm anyway," said the tree trimmer. "It's a hardhack. Mr. Craigie's got one just like it and he says it's a hardhack."

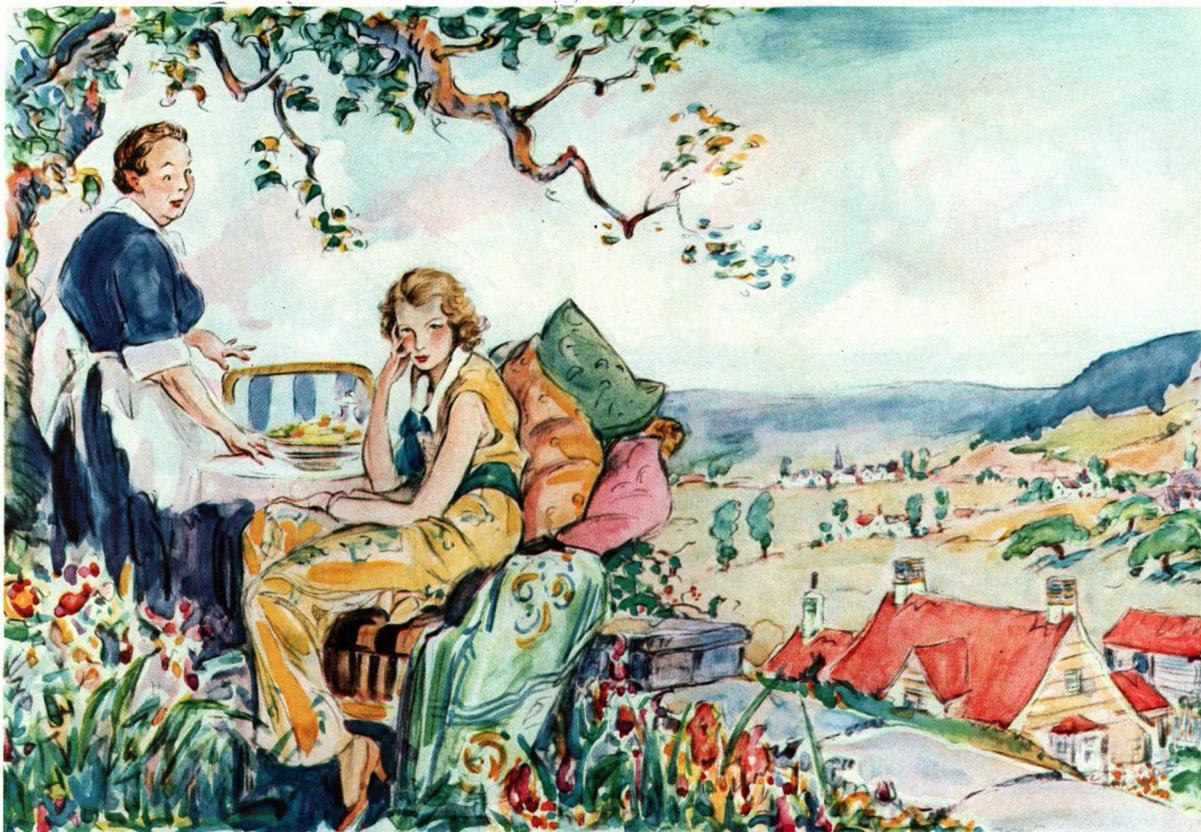
When she ordered artichokes to be sent from Boston the grocer assured her that Mr. Craigie had them from Boston once a week. Pandora frowned inwardly. "Well, that's grand. That makes artichokes perfectly *au fait!*"

One morning she went out to the kitchen much earlier than usual, carrying a list of menus she had prepared for the next few days. She had invited five people from New York to come on a house party over the Fourth of July. To her surprise Addie Allen was neither in the kitchen nor in her room. Pandora poured a cup of coffee and waited. She noted that even through these windows the red roofs loomed hideously, clashing with the pink-and-white-checked curtains of the kitchen.

At last Addie hurried in, carrying an empty glass dish with a napkin in it. She looked embarrassed at seeing her mistress and began to bustle nervously about the kitchen.

"Where have you been, Addie?" Pandora asked, more from curiosity than in reproach.

The housekeeper's face became a fresh strawberry color as she replied, "Well, I just took a deep-dish apple pie down the street . . . to that Mr. Craigie. The grocery boy was telling me that he hardly eats anything—and I thought



PANDORA ATE LUNCHEON WITH HER CHAIR TURNED AGAINST THE HILLS. HER RESENTMENT AGAINST THE RED-ROOF NEIGHBOR INCREASED TO A SENSE OF PERSECUTION

something to tempt his appetite — I didn't think you'd mind, you're so nice and generous and all. He's sort of an invalid, and sits out in that chair in the sun, so patient, trying hard to get well. A writer. He has three yellow kittens. I think I could get one for you if you wanted."

She had changed the subject with such anxious haste that Pandora began to laugh. Then she said firmly, "No, please. I wouldn't have you ask him for the world. One doesn't go around begging yellow kittens from perfect strangers, Addie." In spite of herself she felt more benevolent toward that poor wretch, Craigie, even taking some credit for being charitable in the matter of the pie. Doubtless he was a mental case. Psychopathic. Yellow kittens and red roofs! The man had a strange turn of mind, if mind you could call it.

THE plans for her first party in the house were absorbing. She had an orgy of furniture moving, whipped together a new set of curtains for one of the guest rooms, bought two more hooked rugs and several vases. Judith Templeton, the temporary assistant editor of *Modern Modes*, drove up with Bill and Eleanor Bates. He and his wife were young playwrights who had recently collaborated on a Broadway success and had married to celebrate it. Both were sunny, talkative, vital. Then there were Drake Kington and George Harridge, who were both so fond of their hostess that it was scarcely fair to Judith Templeton. But since Pandora couldn't marry both, she felt that Judith might very well secure the other one—whichever he might be.

It was exciting to have three cars whizzing up into the driveway, to hear the sound of excited conversation again, and lavish praise of her fairy-tale house. They were immediately at home. They talked of never going back to the city. Bill and Eleanor decided at once to buy a place in the village, while Drake and George were immediately serious about starting a night club over the post office. But as they lounged on the sunny terrace Pandora noticed a perplexed

frown on Judith's little face. She would glance down at the village, and then she would narrow her eyes slightly, and then she would look away with a pained expression.

Pandora knew well enough what was the matter. "Darling," she said, "you've discovered the terrible flaw, haven't you?"

"Well," said Judith, laughing, trying to make the awful red roofs into a joke, "you'd hardly call it discovery, Pan."

"No, it's more like being hit on the head with a club." Then everybody stared at the red roofs and shuddered. "But what is it?" asked Eleanor. "A big, bad barn?" "Soviet headquarters," Bill told her, "undoubtedly."

"You can certainly make them repaint those roofs, Pan," George said with authority.

"How?" asked Drake. He was a young lawyer.

"Why, it's a tort or something, isn't it?" "No; mayhem," said Bill.

Pandora told them gravely of the actual situation. "I," said Judith, "would offer to have them repainted, myself, at my own expense."

"I wouldn't," George interrupted. "Listen, this will be swell. I'll repaint them tonight. In the dark of the moon. Have you got a ladder? Is there still time to get some dark-green paint? Or can you order it?" He was quite serious, but Drake objected:

"That really would be a tort, George."

"Why?"

"A wrong for which the owner could take civil action." "To 'ell with your law," George snorted. "The law won't give Pan a break although this Craigie has committed an æsthetic tort against her. . . . By the way, Bill, that's a good title—The *Æsthetic Tort*. Don't steal it from me. . . . Therefore I shall take the law into my own hands. Pandora—he sprawled and put his dark head in her lap—"if I repaint those roofs will you marry me?"

"Ah, lyric love," murmured Pandora. At this moment the postman's feet came crunching up the driveway, and he handed Pandora a thin envelope.

"Scuse," she said, and tore it open. She flushed, recognizing the black, angular handwriting of Nicolas Craigie. He said:

*My dear Miss Mallard:* Kindly do not try to bribe me by having your housekeeper bring burnt offerings. (This is merely a figure of speech, as the apple pie was not burned.) I am on a strict diet and cannot eat any form of pastry.

Very truly yours,  
NICOLAS CRAIGIE.

Pandora was so angry that she would not show the letter to her friends; besides, she was afraid of so many highly developed senses of humor. She did, however, give the note to Addie Allen to demonstrate what mischief she had wrought. Addie began to weep. To her slow, blundering mind it seemed that her cooking had been mysteriously insulted.

"But it wasn't burned," she protested, sniffing. "No, he says it wasn't burned," Pandora repeated patiently. "And that isn't the point of the letter anyhow."

"I'll make him something else—something he will like," said Addie, brightening a little. "How about a nice floating island?"

Pandora hit her small fists together in a gesture of exasperation and despair.

"Addie, do you understand? You are never to give that dreadful man anything. *Never!*"

"But he's such a gentle, friendly man —"

"He is about as gentle as Bluebeard," said Pandora.

Poor Addie sighed. One could see that she still yearned maternally over the unspeakable Craigie.

That night, before falling asleep, Pandora invented scathing letters of reply to his note. None quite pleased her. None seemed devastating enough or as clever in irony as she desired. "This is a light occupation," she thought; "a lovely new indoor sport: The *cremation of Craigie*." Phrases of insult, phrases of

(Continued on Page 36)

## Of a Laxness

**I**T MUST be admitted that nearsightedness on the part of Trustee Gair restored De Peyster College for Women to the social and educational pinnacle from which it had descended. If Mr. Gair had not mistaken platinum hair for white, and an exceedingly provocative black set of lounging pajamas for something conservative in the way of widowhood, the Duchesse de Carcassonne would never have been hired to become president of that institution.

The duchesse was a poet and a scholar, but she was also very much of a lady and quite considerable of a woman, and in the ordinary course of events her hair would not become gray for another twenty or thirty years.

So madame became a college president and De Peyster became as difficult to enter as an ultra-exclusive club. And young Mr. Beal, who inherited his trusteeship from his father, commenced to devote an unreasonable part of his time to the problems of education.

"W'at," asked the duchesse when their acquaintanceship had ripened somewhat, "is your other name, eh?"

"William," said Mr. Beal.

"La, la! It is fony, *hein*? W'en you take thees William and make it to be leetle—so!" She crushed the William in her hands with one of those gestures which upset Mr. Beal and took his mind off his work.

"W'en you make heem leetle he become' Beel, not?"

"Yes, Bill."

"So then w'at are you? Behol! You are then Beel Beal. *Très chic*. Beel-Beal! W'en you are a very good friend and not the so-dignified trustee it shall be my name for you—Beel-Beal."

"Gair is grumbling," said Mr. Beal.

"So?"

"Discipline again. He views with alarm. He thinks you do not hold yourself sufficiently aloof from the student body, and that you are not severe with culprits. He's afraid the student body will get out of hand."

"Nize ol' man!" said the duchesse indulgently. "For sixty-seventy year he have no fon. He get' like that. Does not this college march? Is there wickedness? Do these yo'ng lady burst out and make the riot? No. Bicause I do not roar he theenk I am not a lion. He is so innocent."

Beel-Beal contemplated with inward amusement the innocence of that hard old financier.

"*Regardez-la!* Is thees worl' a prison for shut up all people in, or is it a garden for play about and smell the flower? It ees not the one nor the ozzer. But it ees more garden than prison. If you shall not sniff wiz the nose how shall you tell w'ich smell' the nizest, the violet or the cabbage?"

"I'm just recounting," said Mr. Beal.

"You shall not have fear—I take care of thees nize ol' man Gair."

"But, madame, do you think you should go tobogganing with the girls and then roast Frankfurters over a bonfire?"

**I**LIKE thees toboggan. She go w'izz! Also thees *sausisse*—so ver' vulgar, but they taste more good than the egg of the lark, w'ich ees ver' elite." She paused. "Also, these yo'ng girl' they see I 'ave nize legs and they forget I am president bicause the president must 'ave beeg ankles, and they talk and I learn." She paused again and eyed him with a mischievous gleam. "But, all the time, eef they make themself to get fresh I slap them down."

"I'm betting on you."

"Oh, always," she said, "these yo'ng girl' wish to be like me. Bicause I am Frenchwoman and spik wiz much fony accent they theenk I am a leetle wicked. So they admire. All nize girl' admire a leetle wicked. So they do not shut up like the clam."

It was the hour for tea and Beal was fortunate to find the duchesse without other casual guests. Presently she glanced at a tiny watch and made a grimace.

"Behol! Now I mus' be the college president again. So you shall go away ver' quickly." She arose smiling, and Beal got reluctantly to his feet.

"I'm marking time till summer vacation," he said glumly.

"W'en," said madame, "I shall go to my home in France."

"Over my dead body," said Mr. Beal, and took his departure.

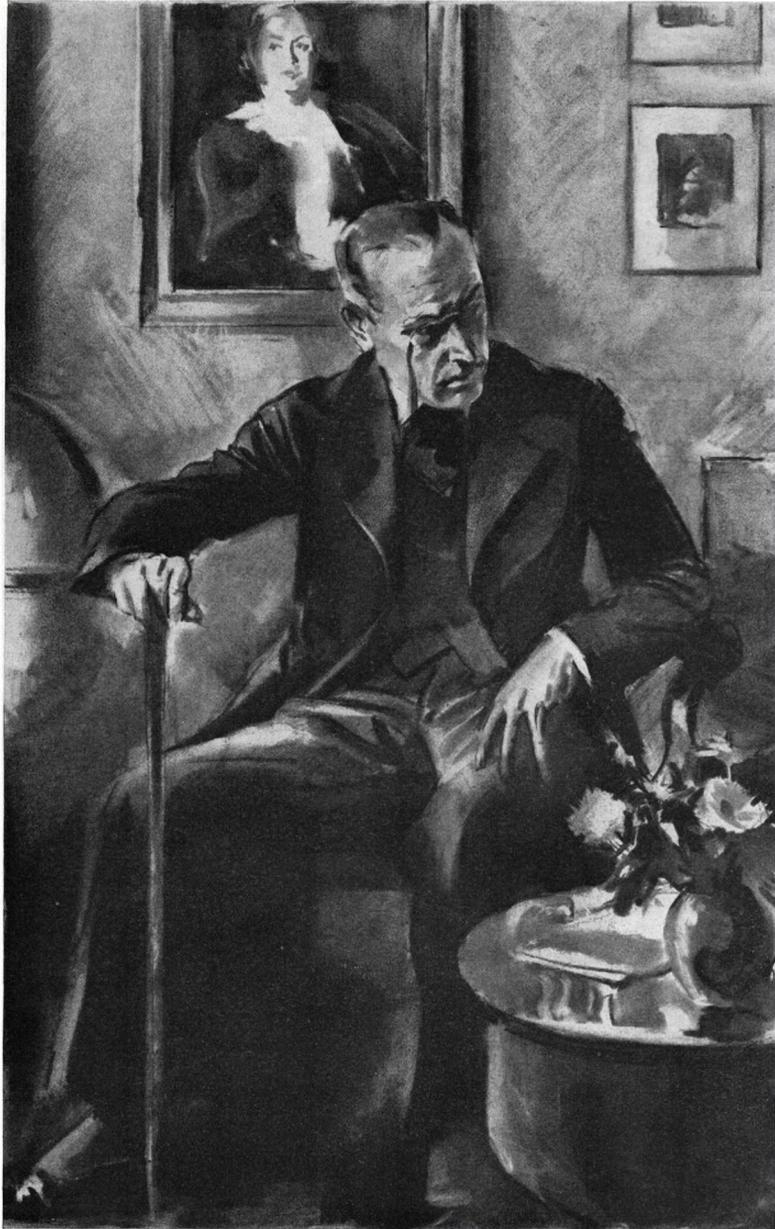
It was perhaps half an hour later when the card of Mr. Gair was brought to the duchesse in her office, and she directed that he be admitted. He came in frowning, which was not an innovation, for he did a great deal of frowning in the course of a year.

"I want to talk about my granddaughter," he said grimly.

"Firs'," she said, "you make to sit down. You 'ave granddaughter, eh? Me, I am surprise! All thees time I theenk you are too yo'ng for such family."

"My granddaughter is a member of our sophomore class," he said.

"That is ver' nize! Her name also is your name? I do not know."



"Her name," said Mr. Gair, "is Dorothea. Her parents are dead."

"*Pauvre petite!*" exclaimed the duchesse.

"She has been a problem at home. At the schools she has attended she has been a problem."

"So? Here she has not been a problem—yet."

"Save for a grandson of my brother she is my one surviving relative," said the old man coldly.

"W'at does she make to do that constitute' thees problem?"

"She's headstrong. She defies authority. She is undisciplined. She is all but unmanageable. In short, she does not give promise of growing into the sort of woman to make a proper marriage and to be intrusted with—er—my considerable fortune."

"Oh, ver' bad. Ver' naughty, indeed. *Alors!* But I theenk she mus' be ver' pretty, eh? Weeth such a grandpa she must be *très jolie*."

"That makes it worse," snapped the old gentleman. He scowled more deeply. "If she doesn't mend her ways I'm going to wash my hands of her." He paused. "She is not doing satisfactorily here."

"Those marks!" offered the duchesse. "Those so difficult studies!"

MR. GAIR SCOWLED DEEPLY. "I WISH YOU WERE AN OLDER WOMAN, MADAME, WITH FIRMER DISCIPLINE AND A MORE IMPRESSIVE DIGNITY," HE TOLD HER

## By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN



"ABOUT THE TIME AMERICA WAS BEING DISCOVERED," SAID THE DUCHESS, "MY ANCESTORS FIND THERE'S NO NEED FOR THEM TO BE DIGNIFIED"

"She," said Mr. Gair more or less desperately, "is a young hellion. I feel my responsibilities. I have done my best, but she listens to neither arguments nor threats."

"Maybe these argument' fill her with ennui. Also it ees possible these so terrifying threats make to appear a perversity. There ees something you wish me to do?"

"I want her made to realize her responsibilities. I—I wish you were an older woman, madame, with firmer discipline, and—er—a more impressive dignity," he told her.

"About the time thees America was being discovered," said the duchesse with that innocent air which she knew so well how to assume, "my ancestors find there ees no longer the need for them to be dignified. Dignity, it ees for the *parvenu*. It ees for the person who is not sure. For that one who find it *necessaire* to impress others that he ees a person of importance. It ees some hundreds of year' since my family have required it. So, lacking thees thing, w'at is it you wish?"

"I thought you might talk to her. I thought you might show her she can't get away with it." He cleared his throat. "I admit that in some

respects I have been disappointed in you, madame. You have no discipline. You fraternize with the students as an equal. You cannot command respect without letting these young women know distinctly where they get off."

"It ees mos' kind for you to give me thees advice," she answered sweetly. "I shall theenk to improve myself. Meantime, while thees improvement takes place I shall speak weeth the yo'ng lady. *Hein*. Then we shall see."

"I don't hope much to come from it," he said coldly, "but I am obliged to you."

"And I to you, because you speak to me weeth dignity and are mos' severe—as I shall be weeth thees Dorothea. It is mos' kind that you, who have so much difficulty to manage one small girl, shall teach me how to manage these hundreds."

He looked at her suspiciously, but her eyes were so innocent and her face so demure that he laid aside a suspicion that she might have been ironical. She extended her hand as he arose, and smiled at him so charmingly that it is regrettable his eyesight would not allow him to perceive its various charms.

THE president of De Peyster College was always a trifle late, even to meetings of the trustees, but generally she knew how to dispel that irritation which falls upon gentlemen while they are compelled to sit twiddling their thumbs and waiting for a lady. She entered the board room now and poised for an instant just over the threshold to permit them an ample view of herself. Usually this little performance succeeded, but today there was only silence and an atmosphere of chill hostility.

Having fired her first shot and missed, the duchesse saved her ammunition and awaited the enemy's volley.

"This," said Mr. Gair in his most formidable voice, "passes the limits of a student prank."

Madame was wide-eyed. "Prank! I do not see thees prank."

"Look!" said Mr. Gair, and pointed to the five portraits of former presidents of the college which embellished the walls. They belonged to that school of art which can best be described by the term "hand-painted," and the duchesse often had reflected with horror upon a day when her likeness might join these others on similar terms. She looked. She swallowed quickly. Five austere women gazed down upon her, each improved by the addition of a black, curled mustache such as were worn by villains in the melodramas of the eighties. The effect, when taken in connection with the coiffures, was one which made it a risky thing for her to look at Beel-Beal. So she did not look at him. Instead, she raised her eyes in horror.

"It is a vandal," she said. "Oh, those so dignified ladies!"

"I say nothing of the intrinsic value of those portraits," said Mr. Gair. "I do not mention the wanton destruction of property. I speak only upon the impudent flouting of authority. Of the lawlessness. It is an act, such as one would expect to flow from censurable lack of discipline."

"These vandal!" exclaimed the duchesse. "At least he might have give' to these ladies mustaches without the curl. 'E might 'ave consider' their so venerable years and paint the mustache of gray."

"He!" said Mr. Gair furiously. "Why do you say 'he'? She! Some member of our student body."

"It is not a matter for the valuable time of the trustees," said the duchesse gently. "For thees it require' the attention of the authorities of discipline. Shall we make to proceed?"

"It is a matter for the trustees," said Mr. Gair. "I shall insist that the perpetrator be expelled without mercy."

"It is more better we catch thees miscreant before we hol' the execution," said the duchesse.

"This laxness. This playing about with the students —"

"Upon that subjec' we have enough for thees day," said the duchesse. "Of this college I am the president. If I do not come here by thees time there is no college at all. Because I come there is not room for those who apply. Is it not so? Ver' well. You say discipline, discipline at all times. I am weary of thees word. You are ver' nice ol' gentleman, M. Gair, but you are so innocent, so unsophisticate'." At this Mr. Beal choked. "Now we make the business to march."

Mr. Gair fumed inwardly, the more because a feeling of helplessness assailed him. He could do nothing with this unreasonable woman, and to endeavor to do so only made him appear ridiculous. He failed to realize that he was encountering discipline of sorts.

The meeting proceeded rapidly. It broke up and the president walked from the room with a smile for each of them.

Beal followed her. "Really," he said, "you mustn't bait Gair. If he gets his back up he's bad medicine."

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DAVY BARGED UP NOT THE LEAST EMBARRASSED IN A TUX WITH A SOFT SHIRT

## Return Engagement

**TOM CURTIS** is very different from most people in our crowd, being an artist—that is, he goes to art school. They paint things there, but when you see the things—like, for instance, that one of Tom's of the slice of watermelon and the two skulls—you realize that they probably don't keep their minds on what they're doing—if they have minds. Personally, I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like, and the funny part is, I like Tom. He has charm and he looks like the Dying Gladiator without the beard. I sometimes wonder whether the reason most artists talk about beauty in the abstract is because that's the only kind they know anything about. Oh, well.

I was wearing my beautiful white-moire dress the night Tom came to take me to the horse-show ball, and looking

very unlike if it hadn't been for the back, which there wasn't any—to the waist, I mean. The horse show comes each spring, with a fête that goes with it, and I was helping in the fashion booth for the first time, having been such a financial success in the country fair, though to this day mother's nostrils quiver when people mention it. All I can say is, that's gratitude.

Tom is Mrs. Carter's nephew, so when she asked him to come and do portraits of people for fifteen dollars and fame he couldn't turn her down, and anyway Tom is very human about some things—the fame, for instance, which was for him; the fifteen dollars was for the fête.

The night before the horse show opens they always have this ball, with most of the girls in white and all the men

that own them in pink hunting coats, which it is a social error to call red even though that really is the color of them, and the orchestra playing John Peel during supper, with everybody drinking punch out of a big silver bowl that somebody's horse won. It was the first year that mother had let me go, and I was as keyed up as a grand piano by the time Tom knocked on the library window and I let him into the hall.

"Come on, come on," he said, practically filling up the house with himself in the red—I mean pink—coat, "you look like a complete dream. I got to pinch you to see if you're real."

"Ouch! I'm real all right," I said, slowly powdering my nose to calm myself. "Anyhow, a nightmare would have been more appropriate for a hunt ball, wouldn't it?"

Tom emitted a moan as though in pain, but I smiled provocatively and he revived and said, "Come on, dream, don't let's go to this party, after all. You come around to my studio and let me catch you, just as you are."

"Tom," I said coldly, "do I look like a girl that you could catch in a studio? What kind of a world is this, anyhow?"

"**TERRIBLE.**" Tom said, taking away my compact. "Leave the map alone, will you, while I still recognize it?"

"You haven't painted anything yet," I said sadly, "that I ever recognized. Give me back my compact."

"You're just a crude materialist," Tom said. "That's the difference between you and me: I'm an artist."

"There are other differences," I said, sliding out the front door and down the steps, "which I will tell you about sometime when I want my hair mussed. Come on, Shelley."

"Shelley, nuts!" Tom said, but it didn't really matter, because Tom knew I didn't hold with artists anyhow.

Everybody in the world was at the ball, and all the men looked very new and dashing in pink coats and gold hunt buttons on their waistcoats, which makes you realize why hunting is such an institution everywhere, it being practically the only chance men ever have to look like somebody out of a book. And most men love it. Or even if they don't they do on account of the thrill it gives their girl. Except Davy, the selfish pig, who said he couldn't see the sense of putting all that money into a pink coat you only wore about once a year. I told him he was just a crude materialist and that made him mad and we had words and more words and after he called me a blister I got so mad I couldn't see straight and told him if I ever dreamed I was wringing his neck I'd never want to wake up. So I went to the ball with Tom, and of course the first person we saw when we got inside the door had to be Davy. Instead of having the proper decency to hastily fade into the background, he barged right up to us not the least bit embarrassed and looking very cool and negligee in a tux with a soft shirt.

"Hello, Maudie; hello, Tom," he said. "Say, have you heard the latest about Josie Emery?"

"Don't know her," Tom said.

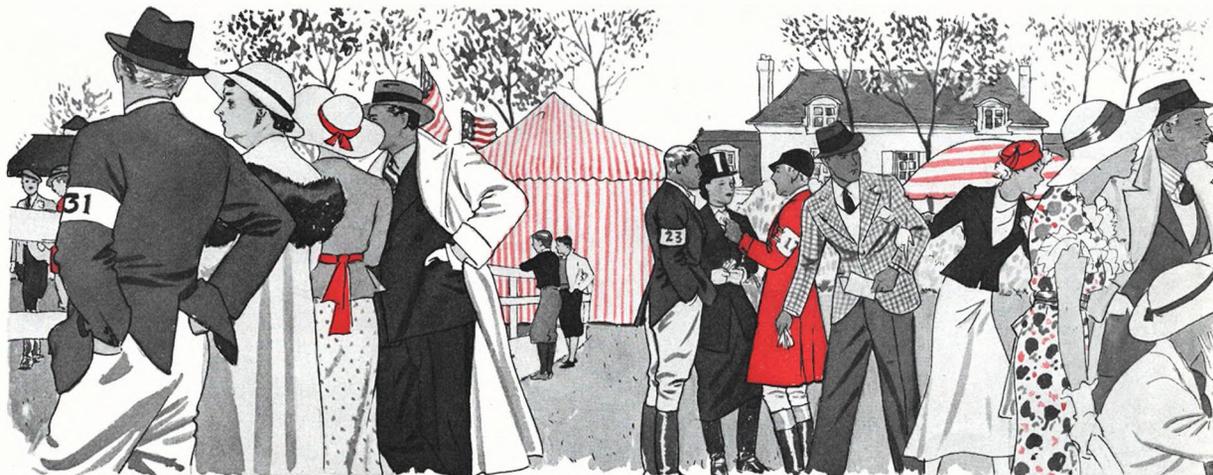
"You mean that she's finally decided to marry Eric Sheldon?" I said.

"A dull bird," Tom said, "with a dull face."

"It isn't his face," I said. "It's the wool business."

"Oh, well," Tom said with a wave of the hand, "I get them mixed."

"Nonny, nonny," Davy said. "That was last week she was going to marry Eric. It's all off now, and she's



taking up nursing. He couldn't hold her. She's dynamite. You gotta meet her, Tom."

"Sure," Tom said, taking me into his arms and mashing my face up against his buttons, "later, sometime."

"I'd certainly hate to be your horse," I said, to get a little room to breathe in and also time to puzzle out what was going on in that lump of dough Davy calls his mind. I must be a psychic. I guess, because what did Tom do but ask me what Josie looked like just as I was thinking about her and wondering why Davy wanted to sick her onto Tom.

"She's little and frail-looking," I said, trying to think what Josie did look like, "with brown hair and a shaky smile and big sort of haunted eyes. She probably has on a black dress tied with a rope. You know, terribly abnegated."

"Gosh," Tom said, weaving around, "why?"

"Didn't you hear Davy say she'd just broken her engagement?" I said. "If you knew Josie you'd know she'll be putting all she's got into acting disillusioned with life—not that I mean to be catty, or anything."

"God forbid," Tom said.

And then people began cutting in and I didn't have a chance to give any more thoughts to Josie until super-time. Tom and Davy and Van Hallowell, who was down for the horse show, were taking me in to supper when I saw Josie and Monk Tracy, a boy I don't like, going in after Carroll's crowd.

"Josie," I called, "come sit with us. I need support."

Well, that wasn't exactly the truth, as a girl like me doesn't ever really need support, but I hoped the Lord would forgive me, because I had seen Davy introducing Tom to Josie one of the times I was dancing with someone else and I just had to try to find out what he was up to. Josie turned and gave me a sad, sad smile as they came over.

"How lovely," she said, "I'll just watch you all, I'm not hungry."

"It isn't a rope," Tom muttered in my ear; "it's a chain."

"If you had been out putting up a booth all day, like I was," I said, "you could eat two suppers, like I'm going to."

"Oh, yeah?" Davy said. "Where's it coming from?"

"Well," I said, "I have nothing up my sleeves. Josie, you look simply lovely tonight. I'll bet you've put on five pounds."

Josie looked shocked, and her eyes got big and hollow-looking. "My dear, I've lost seven," she said. "Life has been too awful." She looked around at all the men.

"I KNOW," I said, chewing away very fast. "This horse show is killing everybody. If charity would only begin at home it would be much more convenient. You ought to eat, Josie, to keep up your strength. Have Davy's croquette." And I thoughtfully spiked Tom's and ate it.

"Hey!" he roared. "Why did I ever bring you? Will you look at that plate with the croquette gone?" he appealed to everyone. Josie was looking shut up and annoyed.

What she wanted was a chance to tell us all about her broken heart, but I guess I was subconsciously very fed up on Josie without knowing it, because Josie is one of those girls who is always throwing herself violently into things and tearing herself out again and then telling the whole world about it in headlines. I'm a very sympathetic person by nature, and at first I would spend long agonizing hours with Josie trying to bring a little sunshine into her darkened life. It wasn't till she ran away from school to enter a convent and then turned up two weeks later on a horse at

the Aiken Drag that my sympathies began to yawn and I realized that Josie is a girl with a footlight complex. Everything she does is an act. She sees herself as a nun, and that's sublime for a while until somebody mentions riding to hounds, and right away Josie is there in a top hat. I don't mind that, but can I help it if I'm bored?

"The whole town seems to be in this horse show and fete," Van said, munching a nut.

"Up to the knees," Tom said. "What are you, Miss Emery, besides beautiful?"

"Tom, darling," Josie said, "you overwhelm me! I'm in the Little Bit of Bagdad booth—you know, Margy Jones has it. I sell cigarettes."

"Not to me," Tom said. "I smoke a pipe."

"Piped he," said this Monk, who had been all digestion up to that point.

"Mercy!" I said, looking around at him. "What was that?"

"The cigarette booth," Davy said, eating my roll, "is just an excuse for a lot of voluptuous women to wear pants."

"No voluptuous woman," I said coldly, "needs an excuse to wear pants."

"No," Tom said, "but what is one without — Maudie, will you lay off my peas? Honestly, the girl's a menace."

I gave a contented sigh. "Well," I said, "I'm fed."

"Thank the Lord," Van said. "I'm getting the jitters waiting for you to attack my plate."

"Maudie," Josie said in a deep, alluring voice, "aren't you afraid of getting fat? No," she went on before I could answer, "of course not."

"Why of course not?" I asked, I must confess, because I thought Josie was going to say something nice about my figure. Like what Mae West says about a curve being the loveliest line between two points.

Josie gave me a soothing smile. "You're an extravert," she said.

Well, a hush fell on even me while we tried to figure out whether that was a nice thing to call a person. Tom looked at me with a sort of smugly disapproving expression, as though all these years he had known I had an unmarried

grandmother or something. The next minute Davy was saying something to him and Josie in a low voice that I couldn't hear, and they both laughed; which, as any girl knows, is no laughing matter if she's the one that didn't hear.

I can see now that I should have taken Josie a little more seriously, but the rest of the evening I was having such a good time I forgot all about her. And anyhow, every so often I like to relax and let life run itself, so even when Tom said, "You don't understand Josie Emery, Maudie," on the way home I just grinned at him and said, "You can't tell about a girl—and if you can, don't," and I wondered how anybody could resist me in my white-moire dress. Which just goes to show that whoever said "clothes don't make a man" was right.

I really love the horse show. It lasts three days. The grand stand is always full of riding clothes and flowered chiffons and dogs on leashes and snobby little children with ice-cream cones and old gentlemen in yellow straw hats and striped shirts and two old ladies with feather neckpieces that you see every year in the end box that everybody talks to because they know the difference between a stallion and a hackney and such and they remember the parents of all the horses and most of the judges. People drink tea, and tea-booth girls rush up and down the steps with trays and change, and the program boys bet on the jumping classes, and all the people in boxes say "Darby" and the people on the top row say "Derby" and it doesn't matter anyhow because this is just the horse show.

Our booth and the floor where the fashion show was to be were right beside the north end of the ring, where people could try on clothes without missing a class. Alix and I were helping Mrs. Brandt and the ladies on her committee, and I will say we are just naturally gifted in selling people clothes that look too, too divine on us.

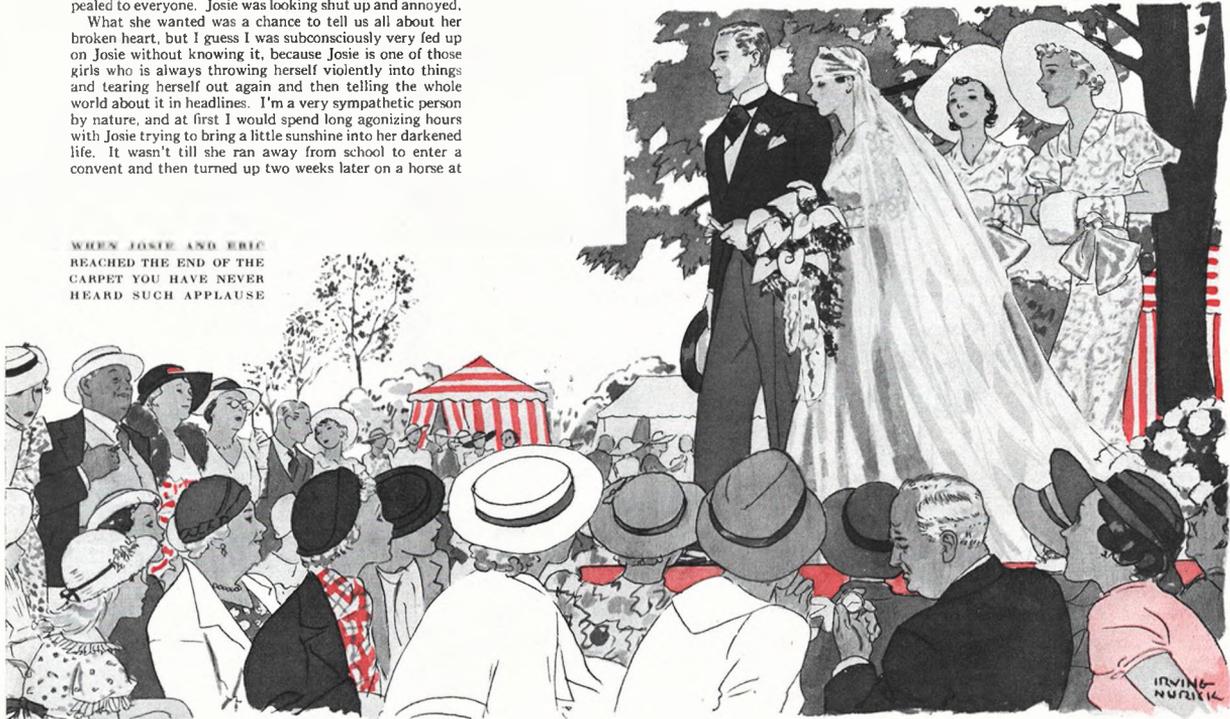
"Maudie," Alix said, peering behind the curtain where we kept the clothes, "it'll be pretty terrible if anybody else comes in here asking for a grey dress."

"Why?" I said, trying to fix my hair after eleven dresses had closed over it.

(Continued on Page 69)

## By Graeme and Sarah Lorimer

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK



WHEN JOSIE AND ERIC REACHED THE END OF THE CARPET YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD SUCH APPLAUSE

# Have You a Camera Face?

BEAUTY IS AS BEAUTY SCREENS—AND IN  
HOLLYWOOD NEGATIVE BEAUTY WINS

BY HUGH WEIR

"READY, Miss Crawford!" The speaker was Bob Leonard, the husky blond director, and the place was the famous Stage 5 at Culver City, where Marie Dressler had achieved so many of her cinema triumphs. Today, however, age had given way to beauty, comedy to love. "Five" was about to be the scene of one of those ultra-romantic Dancing Lady love duels between Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone.

In other words, the stage was set for the kind of scene which almost every good-looking American girl has at one time or another imagined she was playing. You have imagined the great cavernous studio, with its overhead tracery of wires and lights, the giant reflectors, the microphones glaring from every corner, the towering sets, the cameras moving about on wheels, the stage hands with their galluses, the cameramen with their sweaters, the script girls with their scripts, the director with his tantrums—and you in the center of it all in the arms of Clark Gable or Lew Ayres or Joel McCrea or Mr. Tone.

There you stand, a star among stars, with those Klieg lights beating down on you—but have you ever thought how you would look with those Klieg lights beating down on you? They are merciless, those lights.

Miss Crawford, who should fear them less than almost anybody I know, had spent hours with her maid and her dresser and her make-up man—in Joan's case the make-up man happens to be a woman—preparing to face the ordeal.

You are probably thinking that Joan Crawford would be beautiful in any light. Offstage, she is. Through the camera's eye—well, one expert told me, "The slightest mistake in photographing Miss Crawford is fatal."



JOAN  
CRAWFORD



MARLENE  
DIETRICH



peculiarity, makes her nostrils look too large. This is why Miss Crawford is so difficult to photograph."

"How about Jean Harlow? I suppose you use top lights to emphasize her hair?"

"No. I wish we could, but we can't use anything but floor lights with her. A top light emphasizes the fact that her eyes are deep-set and makes her cheeks look almost fat by comparison. The most interesting effect of lights on a girl's face, though, is on Myrna Loy's. People are always asking how Miss Loy can look like an Oriental in one picture and an Occidental in another, and they usually attribute it all to make-up."

"Well, it is make-up, isn't it?" I ventured. "To a degree," the cameraman continued, "but it is mostly lights. A top light on Myrna gives her that slant-eyed Chinese look which is so effective in some of her roles. A straight-on light, on the other hand, brings out the modeling of her face and makes her appear to the movie audience just what she is—a healthy American girl."

The camera, by whatever tricks of make-up or lighting, performs similar miracles for almost every woman star in pictures, which convinces me that no girl of reasonably good looks—provided, of course, she has courage, patience and ability—should despair of ultimate success in Hollywood. So look in your mirror—and don't despair even if your face seems all wrong!

Willy Pogany, the famous artist, says that it takes the eyes of one girl and the mouth of another and the neck of another and the nose of another to make the ideal camera face.

Many Hollywood beauties, Pogany has discovered, are not really beautiful; they just seem so. Ruth Chatterton's mouth is much too large for the rest of her face, but by a skillful use of make-up, especially on the underlip, she has not only reduced its apparent size but made it one of her best photographic features. Clara Bow's face is all wrong, academically speaking. The top part is concave;



JANET  
GAYNOR



RUTH  
CHATTERTON

the bottom part is convex; whereas the perfect face, as everybody knows, should be all one or the other. In Clara's case, it is this very imperfection which gives her face its piquant charm. Norma Shearer's face also divides into two distinct types: the lower half is classical and almost cold; the upper half is warm and full of allure. Pogany says she gets the latter effect chiefly by the way she narrows her eyes.

One of the most interesting cases is that of Janet Gaynor, who, according to academic beauty standards, hasn't a single outstanding feature. It is the wistful charm of her face that has raised her to the movie heights.

All of which goes to show that you cannot tell what you may have in your own nature, as it shines through your eyes or expresses itself in the curves of your mouth, which may do more for you than the mere possession of a conventionally beautiful face. No one, by the widest stretch of the imagination, would call Greta Garbo conventionally beautiful. Her eyes go one way and her mouth another. The nose lines and the chin lines, if continued upward and downward, would cross each other like Broadway and Fifth Avenue at the Flatiron Building. Hers is the beauty of a great sadness.

Connie Bennett has a stick-out chin and a square jaw; that's why most of her posed pictures are taken three-quarter view. Her mouth is too small for the rest of her face; but she has learned to use this very dissimilarity to advantage. Even Joan Crawford isn't altogether right. Her nostrils, as we have seen, and her mouth are too large for beauty; and she has the forehead of a man. Yet, like all these other "unbeautiful beauties," she is ravishing on the screen.

So there you are! Obviously screen beauty is not a positive thing. It's in the negative!

If there is one thing that all this study of the stars proves beyond peradventure of doubt, it is that you not only do

NORMA  
SHEARER



GRETA  
GARBO



not need a perfect face but that you do not need any particular type of face to succeed on the screen. In the old days, if you didn't look like Mary Pickford, you didn't have a chance—but the girls who came to Holly-

wood and made overnight names for themselves on the strength of "looking like Mary Pickford" sank one by one back into cinema obscurity.

Charles Rosher, who is still known as "Mary Pickford's cameraman," says, "The eyes, of course, are the most important feature. A good pair of eyes, the right make-up, the right lighting, the right camera angles—and a really homely girl can be made to look beautiful on the screen. Wonders have been done, too, by good cameramen with a nose or a chin; and miracles have been performed with profiles. So you tell your girl friends that the only way they'll ever know whether they are any good or not is to get a screen test."

There are, however, certain types of features which are considerably easier to photograph than others. For example, blond hair photographs a little better than brunet, not because it is more beautiful, but because it catches the light better and imparts more life. Fortunately, however, this is a matter about which a candidate for the screen need not concern herself, because

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BEBE  
DANIELS

JEAN  
HARLOW

It would have been much the same if I had been on the Jean Harlow set or the Norma Shearer set, or if I had been in another studio watching Connie Bennett or Janet Gaynor or Margaret Sullivan or Anna Sten. In each case the cameraman would have looked up from his work and complained that he had to be "particularly careful" in photographing his own particular charge.

Nobody escapes. For the motion-picture camera is a searching thing. It finds things in your face, both good and bad, that you never suspect are there. For one thing, it is not just a single camera. It is plural. When you go to a photographer, he studies your face and selects the angle from which you look most beautiful. You may have a profile like Helen Hayes. Your family may think it's cute. But your photographer will decide, if he knows his business—just as most of Helen's have—that you look better full-face. In the studio, however, with cameras coming at you from every direction, both long shots and close-ups, believe me it's different!

So if you were entering that set, as Joan Crawford had just done, you, too, would have had to spend hours under expert direction preparing your face for its contest with the Kliegs. And some cameraman would be saying, as this one was now saying about Joan:

"It is no reflection on Miss Crawford, of course, that her nose, which looks perfect off the screen, is proportionately larger at the bottom than at the top, with the result that a light from the floor, which tends to emphasize this slight



DRAWINGS BY DOROTHY HOPE SMITH



THE PATH TO PARENTHOOD BY ADOPTION IS NOT ROSE-STREWN. HERE ARE SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT WHEN SOMEONE SAYS "WHY DON'T YOU?"

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I ADOPTED a child. It sounds simple now. Indeed, the actuality of Felicity, fat, unsteady and determined, trotting about the apartment, weeping tragically over face washings, giggling wildly over small escapes, uttering moans of passionate endearment as she pursues my bored elderly bachelor cat, is so simple and normal now that it takes a wrench of the mind to recall pre-Felicity days. But you have no idea how far from all this the idea of adoption seemed before I shut my eyes and jumped off the deep end, to come up with Felicity, her rag doll, her diet and her trousseau. That is, those of you who don't need to adopt have no idea.

You see, the adoptive parent won't tell. By some blessed process of Nature she tries to make you think—she believes herself, indeed—that it was all spontaneous, simple, easy; that from the moment she decided she wanted a child, all the tides of her emotions and her will swept one way.

I shall believe that myself in four more months. I feel it coming on. In six months more I shall probably, in spite

of my writer's capacity for detachment, stiffen all over when reminded that Felicity isn't my own daughter. And in a year, I shall take the bows complacently when people say, "How much your little girl looks like you." Even now I note a faint thrill of pride when it is remarked that we both have brown eyes.

The reactions to my step range from the helpless "How interesting" of the secretly horrified, the kindly "What a lovely thing to do!" through the "What a wonderful mother gesture!" of the sentimental, to the grim "Well, you have taken a load off!" of bored mothers.

But the thing that the majority of people have said—a few sentimentally, but more with genuine earnestness—is, "I always wanted to adopt a child!" The first time this was said to me I answered negligently, in my new pride of accomplishment, "Then why don't you?" And then I realized with a pang of conscience that I was doing exactly what others had done to me. So before the processes of Nature make me forget all about it, I am going to tell these people who are in the same state of desire, doubt and dread that I was, the things the other adoptive parents didn't tell me. I am going to give them every explanation in the power of somebody who actually has taken the cold-blooded, nerve-racking step of domesticating another woman's baby.

For nerve-racking it is. None of the dealings I may have with Felicity for the next twenty years can ever be so bad as getting myself up to the point of taking her, in spite of the fact that I wanted her as I have never wanted anything else in the world. You see, with a born baby you are going with the human tide; with adoption you have only the fundamental need; and this, oddly enough, often blocks itself. For a woman who wants a child badly enough to adopt it has to surmount the fact that what she primarily wanted was a child of her own; a passing on of the flesh-and-blood torch of immortality, somebody with her

father's eyes and her husband's talents—a little diary, in short, of the two families. And the theoretic baby, unseen, seems a little intruder, a bitter substitute. The children we never had are so alive, we know their looks and ways so well. Adoption is such a chilly thing to do.

Well, you simply have to face this and surmount it. My intellect reminded my emotions that, being normal, I had never yet taken care of a dog or a cat or a human being without growing fond of it. Nobody can, except neurotics. I shut my teeth, I let my intellect rule my unconvinced emotions, and indented for that other woman's unknown child I did not love at all, because I knew that what I could feel for a gray cat or an old setter with a martyr complex I would feel for a human being.

The next adoption hazard is the family's attitude. I don't know how many women have said to me, "Jim opposed it so long that when he gave in I simply hadn't any courage left for it."

Of course you can't adopt a baby against a man's violent refusal. Your husband is your partner. It isn't fair. But very often the men who have objected, and suggested all the terrors that your own fearful mind has thought of first, are merely behaving as they did when you first decided to bob your hair, if you're of that period; acting on the male principle of opposing because all women need braking down. Or of making sure you really do want it.

As for the argument that husbands and your own heart offer for twenty years sometimes, "Perhaps I'll have one of my own," it is an odd fact that adoption is often followed by just that long-desired real child.

But the biggest lion in the way is the one growling in the ear of every prospective adopter: "I don't know how it would turn out!"

I have an inquiring mind. I asked about it. I asked my friend, Dr. Josephine Baker,

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THE INDIAN SENT HER BACKWARD, FULL LENGTH ON THE SNOW. LINDALL, HURRYING BACK, WAS A WITNESS

MARK SELDEN engages in an altercation with Peter Halidon at his club, and is soundly beaten. Peter is an explorer, a big-game hunter, a traveler to far places—but he does like to tell the stay-at-homes all about his adventures. In fact, it is Peter's lecture at the club, illustrated with motion pictures—one of the shots is of Halidon, in true rotogravure form, arms crossed on manly chest, foot placed triumphantly on a dead lion's head—that rouses Mark's resentment and provokes the quarrel. Though the fact that Mark's girl has just married another man may have had something to do with his mood.

Later, Halidon, calling on Mark's sister, Diana, attempts to justify himself, but "I'm not blaming you," Diana tells him. "You were perfect. Mark always said you were smug, but I tried not to agree with him. There's a sort of sleek flawlessness that I abhor in a man."

"And I possess it?" asks Halidon.

"It possesses you," Diana replies.

Mark, brooding over his humiliation, resolves to make a man of himself, and when Stephen Lindall, another of Diana's admirers, calls, Mark queries him.

"What," he asks, "is the hardest country in the world?"

"Not counting the Polar regions," Steve replies, "I'd say Labrador."

"Then if I can lick Labrador, I can come back and do the same with Halidon." So off to Labrador Mark goes, alone, intent on recovering his lost manhood.

Nearly a year later, Halidon, just returned from another African adventure, brings Diana a press report from

## Man Lost

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

*Author of Marriage by Capture, etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

St. John's. A Montagnais Indian has been found with some of Mark's possessions—things without which Mark could not live on the trail. The Indian says that they were found in the camp of "a white man who would no longer need them."

Halidon professes disbelief in the story, and flies to Labrador to investigate. He finds the camp as described by the Indian, and identifies two skeletons as those of Mark and his Indian guide. He brings back as evidence of Mark's death a belt buckle, buttons from Mark's jacket, a knife and other pieces of equipment known to have been purchased by Mark.

Lindall, looking through these relics, comes on three small white objects. "What," he inquires, "are these?"

"Those," replies Peter, "are three of Mark Selden's teeth. They fell from his jaw as I was burying him."

Lindall, unconvinced, takes the teeth to the Selden dentist, who proves to him, by an X ray he had made of Mark's jaw, that the teeth are not Mark's. Mark, then, may still be alive!

Steve goes to Diana with the result of his investigations. "As soon as I can get ready," he tells her, "I'm going up to Labrador. And if Mark is still alive, I'm going to find him."

"And I'm going with you," Di proclaims.

X

DIANA, as Lindall conferred with one of the less-articulate Labrador natives, stood alone on the abraded crib end. She watched the rust-stained coasting steamer back away and swing about and once more face the open sea. And it came home to her, for the first time, how completely she had changed her worlds. There were many things, she realized, that she would have to forget, and there were also many other things that she would have to remember.

For this new world in which she found herself was one of low-lying rock and water, of cooler winds and paler skies, of scattered wooden huts clinging to a broken and time-worn gneiss shelf, of codfisheries and drying racks and bobbing whaleboats and barking Huskies. And inland from the water front, where the calpin flashed in hurrying silver bords through the beryl-green shallows, loomed the lonely and ever-receding hills, tier after tier of almost treeless

desolation. It was the same world, she remembered, that her brother Mark had faced a year earlier.

Yet it was not, she found, entirely depressing. There was a tang of mystery about it, a touch of magic, something elusive and undefined. It was the frontier between the known and the unknown, overhung by some ghostly aroma of high adventure. It challenged and stirred something dormant in her. It left her undisturbed by the stinking vats of cod livers, by the poverty of the plain-boarded huts, by the joylessness of pinch-faced children and the Scottish reticence of the weather-worn toilers so preoccupied with their endless battle for food and shelter against the icy winds of winter.

They were, she found, a proud and purposeful folk, scant of words and tough of sinew, dourly glorying in their end-of-the-world independence and frankly suspicious of the strange couple who were so madly intent on a trip beyond the Height-O'-Land.

Yet those rugged and few-worded Labradorians who went about their own ends in their own way, Diana found before the week was over, possessed qualities which she was forced to respect. They were at least honest in speech and act. They were also willing to share what little they had. And they kept the Sabbath, she observed, by sedulously refusing to fish or hunt on the day of rest. They kept it even to the extent of declining to let God's sun work for them on that day, since the very cod flakes laid out on the drying racks were religiously piled up, over the week-end, and replaced on the racks beneath the sun when the day of rest was over.

**THEY** also cooperated with Lindall, once they realized he was less of a tenderfoot than they had assumed, providing him with a sturdy canoe and the local equipment he stood in need of. They even finally agreed that the two voyagers from outside might swing in with their annual summer-end migration to the interior, where, with their fishing dories tied up for the winter, they fought their way autumn by autumn to lay out their winter trap lines and harvest their stock of furs.

Lindall agreed to this, since he had no choice in the matter. And Diana, during those busy days of preparation, nursed a new respect for her companion's patience and forbearance. She meekly discarded her sleeping bag, which was deemed too bulky and moisture-holding, for a quilt of rabbit-skin babiche. Her excess of toilet soap and tooth-paste she distributed among the settlement children, though she clung to an extra toothbrush and one precious jar of cold cream. She even accepted their evil-smelling footwear of sealskin and adorned herself with a bright-colored woolen sash, like the rest of the furring gang with whom she was to travel. Lindall, in his rougher camp clothes, she found both a trifle intimidating and a trifle more remote from her.

He seemed more remote, yet in another way he was brought much closer to her. For from the first day of their advent at White Porpoise Inlet they found it expedient to pass as man and wife. It was, in fact, the second occasion on which Lindall had no choice in the matter. Diana, it is true, was tempted to rebel against a deception that impressed her as both tawdry and cowardly. But any such rebellion, in that grim new world, could not last for long. For she could see that the simple-minded natives were refusing to accept her as she wished to be accepted. And no explanations could make the matter clear. When a man and woman travel together, when they camp together and eat together, it is an obvious inference that they have mated. And mating, in the simple annals of Labrador, meant matrimony.

Lindall seemed the more indifferent of the two about it. He contended, preoccupied as he was with other things, that it didn't much matter. He even refused to be excited when, their first night ashore, they were committed to a single room where their bedrolls had already preceded them. He merely, without comment, strung a tumpline across the room and from it suspended a spare blanket, dividing the white-boarded little chamber in two.

**FROM** that night forward, in fact, they were thrown even more intimately together. But close as they were in body, Diana was conscious of a mental preoccupation that seemed to keep them divorced in spirit. She was conscious, through the fogs of hardship and fatigue, of an odd duality of existence, of an emergence into a world where she was no longer Diana Selden but a suppressed and hardened substitute of her former self.

It was not that she became animalized. It was merely that she became indifferent. The ever-changing problems confronting them were too pressing to leave them worried about the accidents of biology. The trivial strains of the moment seemed swallowed up in the never-ending strain of that feverish migration. Diana even found, in time, that she could take off her clothes and bathe her tired body, without trepidation, in a steam-misted small tent, with nothing more than a tarpaulin swung between her and the indifferent-eyed Lindall. When wet to the thighs, through a misstep at a portage lip, she could sit on a rock, while

her companion waited for her, and tug dry wool over her cold legs.

If Diana was thinly grateful for that impersonality on the part of her trail mate, there were times when she suspected it to be a deliberated course of indifference. For he, too, she began to see, had no appetite for emotional side issues. Such things would be as out of place, she came to realize, as soft words spoken in the roar of a burning house.

Lindall was brusquely frank with her, but he was never deliberately brutal. He gave her to understand, from the

first, that she was expected to fulfill her promise to do her part. But he was never, she acknowledged, more selfish or more exacting than the exceptional conditions they faced demanded. He was willing to give her what meager comfort he was still master of. He was ready to ease the strain on her, when he saw it was too heavy. But he did it with no parade of sympathy and with no unnecessary comment.

She accepted it as a part of their compact, as a tacit feature of the conditions they had to face. And she was not ungrateful for that man-to-man (Continued on Page 53)



DIANA HAD FORGOTTEN THERE WERE TOMORROWS. LIFE WAS ONLY THE LIVING PRESENT



"YOU WANNA KNOW THE FUTURE?" INQUIRED ZAIDA

## A Dark Man in Her Life

MEANT TROUBLE AHEAD, SAID  
THE QUEEN OF THE GYPSIES.  
BUT MINERVA MCCANN FOUND  
A WAY TO LAY THE TROUBLE  
ON THE DARK MAN'S DOORSTEP

By Arthur Train

*The gypsy fires are burning,  
The kettle sings its song.*

"ALEB," said Mrs. McCann at lunch one day about a month after they had come back from New York. "the gypsies are here. Wouldn't you like to drive out and see 'em?"

"Gypsies? What gypsies?"

"The Zingaras—six vanloads of 'em. They're camped out beyond the race track. Sallie Hatch says they're terribly interesting and picturesque."

"Gosh, Min!" returned the judge. "Didn't you see enough in New York to satisfy your curiosity for a while? What on earth do you want to visit a lot of dirty gypsies for? You might catch something. They'd probably steal your watch."

"No, they won't! I can hang on to my own watch. And anyhow, I guess I'm too old to catch anything. I'd like to have a look at 'em."

"Well, get somebody else to go with you. I can't. I got a conference—"

"I know that 'conference.' You're just goin' to play poker with Messrs. Hamor, Lefe Pettingall and Jojo Parker. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, wasting all that time and money over a card game."

"It's no worse than wasting your time and money over a lot of gypsies! I don't want you going out alone to that race track among all those rough people. If you go, have Patrick walk around with you. But I don't approve of it!"

Judge McCann folded his napkin, thrust it through its tartan ring, got up and marched out to attend his conference with Messrs. Hamor, Pettingall and what Minerva sometimes referred to as "that dog-faced boy of Si Parker's." She looked after him affectionately. She didn't mind Caleb's grouching. More than half of it was just put on. And they'd had a swell time in New York.

"I'll ask Lily Packer," she said to herself. "She'll probably be glad to see the gypsies."

II

"YOU wanna know the future?" inquired Zaida, queen of the Zingara Gypsies, of Minerva McCann, who, with her niece, Lily Packer, sat uncomfortably in a small, stuffy tent in front of a plush-covered table on which rested a glass ball smeared with finger marks. "You wanna penetrate the hidden veil of mystery? All righty! One half dollar—fifty cents." The queen was enormously fat and dressed in a sloppy Mother Hubbard adorned with tinsel signs of the zodiac. She was chewing gum.

Mrs. McCann, slightly apprehensive as to the safety of her watch, produced the fifty cents as unobtrusively as

possible. The queen slipped the money into a small leather "grouch bag" hanging from her neck; then, making some passes which jingled the bracelets on her wrists, she bent over and placed her forehead in reverent juxtaposition with the glass ball. From behind a curtain came the sound of some tinkling instrument.

"All is dark!" muttered Queen Zaida in tones intended to be ghostly. "You stand in the midst of clouds. I see a shape beside you. It is a man—a dark man! He is very tall, he has piercing black eyes and a Roman nose." She shifted her gum. "You are talkin' together. I cannot hear what you are saying. He is angry—very angry. He has disappeared. You are alone again. The clouds lighten. Lo, they are gone!" She lifted her good-natured, greasy face and Minerva was fascinated by her quota of chins. "Listen!" said Queen Zaida. "You're gonna get mixed up wit' some dark feller who'll try to put sumpin over you. It'll be a terrible struggle. But have courage! Be not afraid! All will be well. You'll get a strangle hold on him. You'll triumph in the end. And happiness will be yours."

Minerva, in spite of the fact that she could not recall any tall, dark man with a Roman nose in her immediate acquaintance, became immediately interested.

"What is his name?"

The queen appeared to be listening. "I can't hear distinctly! But I think it begins with a G. Yes, it's a G."

"How soon will all this happen?" asked Minerva.

"Right off quick!" replied Queen Zaida. "Now if the other—the young—lady wants me to read her forchin it'll be four bits more. Come on, lady. Learn what the future has in store."

Lily pushed back her chair. "Thanks very much, but I don't think I will today. I'm—I'm not feeling very well."

The queen looked sympathetic. "I can tell you all about that, too, dearie! Come on! I'll make it a quarter."

"Really, I'd rather not!" gasped Lily. "Let's go, aunty!"

Zaida followed them out of the tent. "Come along and I'll show you how we live," she offered. "It's all right. Nothin' to hurt you. Won't cost a cent. Take a peek."

Minerva gingerly approached the rear of the van and climbed up the steps until her head was level with the floor of the inside. The acrid odor of sour bed linen and soiled babies, cabbage and garlic nearly made her lose her balance. The interior seemed to be filled with old comforters, from between the folds of which peered the black eyes of innumerable children.

"Dear me! How very nice!" she exclaimed. "How many are there?"

"Eight," answered Queen Zaida proudly.

"Do you all sleep in there?"

"Sure—and my two daughters-in-law."

"Well, well! I declare!" said Mrs. McCann.

"You haven't any odd jobs you want done about the house, have you?" asked the queen. "My eldest girl is mighty smart. She'll come cheap—two dollars a day."

Minerva remembered her watch. "Not at the moment," she replied. "However, I'll bear it in mind."

THE rest of the visitors had gathered around a group of fantastically dressed gypsies at the other end of the inclosure.

"Better go listen to the concert," advised the queen. "We got a swell band. We work a grind in Suchow's Medicine Show. Hot stuff! Come again, ladies, and bring your friends." She winked at Minerva. "Look out for that tall, dark man!"

"Well, I don't want to see any more gypsies!" declared Lily as they drove back to Athens. "They're not nearly so romantic close to as they appear at a distance. Imagine—how many?—twelve people all sleeping together in that wagon! And such a smell! Anyhow, it was nice of you to take me." Patrick had pulled up in front of the apartment house where Lily lived. "Won't you come in and have a cup of tea?"

Descending the steps at that moment, followed by a diminutive Pom, was Mrs. Erastus Doolittle, by long odds the most conspicuously elegant of all those living at the Marlborough Arms, if not in all Athens. The relic of a wealthy cheese manufacturer, she had rented the top and headed the airiest suite in the house. She was one of those persons who regard it as essential to their own dignity to be always finding fault about something. To Mrs. Doolittle, Minerva McCann was nothing but an old fogey, a "has been" who hadn't the sense, with all her money, to live in an up-to-date house or wear decent clothes, but was content to ride around in a rattling old flivver. On the other hand, to Minerva Mrs. Doolittle was, as she might have

said in her quietly dry way, "little or nothing." But, since she was always polite to everybody, she was polite to Mrs. Doolittle. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Doolittle," she said innocently. "Have you seen the gypsies—the Zingara Gypsies—out at the race track? They're quite the thing!" "Oh, really?" answered Mrs. Doolittle. "No, I haven't seen them yet."

"Well, you ought to!" declared Minerva. "They're worth seeing. You should get Queen Zaida to tell your fortune."

The Marlborough Arms was the somewhat pretentious name given by Jacob Gottschalk, the real-estate man, to the pseudo-Renaissance structure of red brick with brown-stone trimmings which he had erected on the corner of Broadway and Main Street as a means of getting fifteen per cent on his uninvested surplus. Carefully constructed with regard to the incomes of the financially better class of Athenians, it was six stories in height, with two five-room suites on every floor, each boasting a parlor, dining room, kitchenette, double bedroom and bath. There was a suit of tin armor in one corner of the lobby, a stand of spears and halberds in another, and the walls were lavishly decorated with scenes from the tourneys of King René and his Court of Love. While the apartments were hardly large enough to accommodate domestic servants, the tenantry included a number of the best known, as well as the more fastidious, of the Athenian aristocracy. Various were the inducements he had held out to those upon his hand-picked list of prospects, and so persuasive had he been that he had leased every apartment long before the mortar was dry.

THE Packers had a sunny suite on the fifth floor, and they had, perhaps a little unwisely, spent a not-inconsiderable percentage of their capital in making it as dainty and homelike as possible. It was all that they had expected, and even better than they needed, and they did not regret the amount they had expended for the piano and other furniture. Then, like a sudden storm, the depression had come, and they had found themselves with an elephant upon their hands—an elephant that not only consumed their entire remaining income but threatened to swallow up their principal as well. For most improvidently—as was now clearly apparent—Willie had signed a lease for five years.

Minerva wormed the whole story out of Lily—who hadn't intended to tell her aunt a thing about it—as they sat over their teacups in the Packers' cozy sitting room upstairs.

"You see, Aunt Min," said Lily, unable to suppress the indignation in her voice, "Mr. Gottschalk called on Willie just as soon as he read that we were engaged, and told him what a lovely apartment house he was going to build, how anxious he was to get the very best class of tenants possible, and that on account of the social position of our families in Athens, and all that sort of thing, he was prepared to make us a considerable concession on the rent."

"He said that although the building was only half up there were but two suites still unrented; that all the other tenants were paying two hundred dollars a month, but because we were who we were, and so on and so forth, he offered to let us have our choice of them for a hundred and fifty, provided we would take it for five years. Afterward we found out that he'd only leased one other at the time he approached us, and that we were paying the highest rent of everybody."

"When Willie naturally protested that he couldn't think of tying himself up for any such period, Gottschalk said that he wanted to be able to tell everybody how we liked the place so much that we had insisted on taking it for five years, and absolutely promised, if we signed the lease in that way, to let us cancel it at any time we wanted on a month's notice. Willie believed him—the poor lamb!—and signed on the dotted line, but the other day when he went to see Gottschalk and give his notice the old cheat denied ever having said anything of the kind."

"How could he?" demanded Minerva. "He just told Willie that he must have misunderstood him, and that all he could possibly have said was that he might be willing to let us cancel the lease provided there was a waiting list. You don't blame Willie for getting mad and telling Gottschalk what he thought of him. But it's

"HOW DO YOU DO, KING PEDRO," SAID MINERVA. "DO YOU WANT TO MAKE A HUNDRED DOLLARS?" THE KING'S SMILE BECAME EXPANSIVE. "YOU'RE TELLIN' ME, LADY! WHEN WE START?"

too late! We're stuck!" Lily dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief. "I wouldn't mind so much if it wasn't for —"

"I know, darling!" Mrs. McCann leaned over and patted her hand, for she loved the pale little thing. "But you'll find some way out! Have you been to a lawyer?"

"Yes, we went to Mr. Fishback, and he said that while it was a swindle, Gottschalk had us 'hog-tied'—legally. You know we spent eleven hundred dollars on the furnishings of this room alone!" she sighed. "And Mr. Fishback says that if we don't pay our rent Gottschalk can keep and sell it. If he did, you can imagine how little it would bring!" "It's a perfect outrage!" declared her aunt. "Where is this Gottschalk?"

"He lives on the first floor."

"I'm goin' right down to see him!"

LILY grasped her arm. "Do be careful, Aunt Min! If you make him angry again you don't know what he might do. He's got that Morris Epstein for a lawyer, and they know every trick there is!"

"I guess Morris Epstein isn't the only one that knows any law. There's books and books of it right up at our house. You can't satisfy me that a man can tell such a pack of lies and then turn around and hold you to a lease he's induced you to sign by fraud!"

Just then the latch clicked and Willie Packer came in. He was a curly-haired boy of twenty-five, the son of Minerva's younger sister Ella.

"Hello, Aunt Min! What's the matter? You look as if you'd swallowed something that disagreed with you!"

"Aunt Min's going to give Gottschalk a piece of her mind," explained Lily.

"Piece!" I'm going to give him the whole works!" Willie threw himself down in one of the Morris chairs. "It won't do any good," he said. "I've been all over the whole thing again and again. The trouble is that the law won't permit you to prove that a written document means anything other than exactly what it says. The rule is that you can't vary a written instrument by parol evidence." So as far as I can see, we've got to go on paying the old skinflint one hundred and fifty dollars a month for four more years, when our income has been cut to a hundred. We haven't any defense under the terms of the lease, and if we move out, Gottschalk will merely take judgment against us and attach my securities in order to satisfy it."

(Continued on Page 78)



**THERE IS A CERTAIN CRISPNESS TO SUMMER EVENING FROCKS**





THIS is no summer to go droopy and languorous in the evening. Your frocks must have a crispness. No, they don't have to be tailored if that isn't becoming. But you will notice pleatings are used instead of ruffles, organdie or silk muslin for jackets instead of chiffon, and perky taffeta instead of soft ribbon for sashes. Net is an exciting new material for evening frocks. Taffeta, especially in gay plaids, is grand for the young.

About the dresses shown here: The blue-lace one, left on the opposite page, underneath its piqué-trimmed jacket, has a low bodice, with a slight V front and back. That's a flowered chiffon next, with bow and collar of white silk muslin. The caped jacket slides right under the collar. Yes, that's gingham in the blue-and-white-checked dress, with the new square neckline. The bow under the chin comes from crossed straps in the back. Notice again the flattering effect of the sheer white jacket.

The girl in the foreground on the opposite page wears navy blue silk marquisette. Navy blue was one of the newest colors worn in Paris for evening. The little double-breasted jacket with long sleeves goes over the dress and its sailor collar bound in three colors.

Something around the bottom of evening dresses is new. This one of blue shadow-patterned organdie has a pleated flounce and pleatings around the neck. Don't you love the combination of blue and magenta in the georgette frock with taffeta sash on the right?

The black dress with flowers is glazed chintz. It has a deep V in front—very sophisticated dresses are striking a new low. It is simply tailored, and rather revealing in the back.

So have any fabric you want—any color you want—but, at least if you're young, look crisp and don't look sissy!

BY JULIA COBURN . . .

EDITORIALS BY



LORING A. SCHULER

### • *Planning and the HCL* •

**Y**OU are operating your household, let us suppose, on a budget. Out of known income, you have allotted a certain amount for rent or for payments on your house, a certain amount for food, and other sums for clothing, furnishing, insurance, church and charities, vacation, savings, emergencies, and so forth. You are planning, you believe, for the utmost safety and comfort and well-being for yourself and your family. But suddenly you discover that each and every other member of your family is also planning the conduct of the household and the spending of the income, but in ways quite different from your own. What then becomes of your plans? And how can you stretch the income to cover everyone's pet extravagances?

A situation rather closely akin to this is developing in our Federal Government. The whole Administration, from the President down through the professors, the Cabinet members and many of the law-makers, is dedicated to a program of "planning" our national future. A considerable number of so-called plans have already been put into effect, and many more seem to be in prospect.

But, as in the case of the family that plans not wisely but too much, many of these Government plans are in costly conflict. The AAA plan for farmers runs afoul of the NRA plan for business, with extra costs for both, without corresponding gains. The plan to curb crooked financing has been made so drastic that legitimate enterprise is also hampered. And all the plans together are costing so much money in direct and indirect taxes passed on to the consumer that a wholly unplanned HCL—High Cost of Living—may possibly result.

No one can object to proper planning. It is a necessary part of business, of homemaking, of government. But a rigid budget, or a fixed program for action, must take into account not only the planner, but also those who are to operate under the plan. In the case of the Government's "planned economy," the interests of industry, of labor and of the ultimate consumer must be coordinated—and though the consumer has so far been inarticulate, he will not long remain so if old HCL comes back into the national picture.

### • *"Yes, My Darling Daughter"* •

**"H**ANG your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water" was the injunction in an old, old song—in the days before parents waked up to their duty by seeing to it that every child should be taught to swim. A generation ago, if children became good swimmers it was commonly due to happy chance, and drowning accidents were all too frequent. For that matter, they still are, though the Scouts and other organizations, including the many summer camps for boys and girls, have made a good beginning in teaching youngsters how to handle themselves in deep water. But along with swimming and diving, it is highly important that life-saving and first aid be made a universal part of water training.

Nor is swimming as a measure of safety the whole story. Physicians and instructors in physical training agree that there is no more beneficial form of exercise and none which is less likely to be attended by evil results. It is one of the few physical activities in which the feet are not required to bear the weight of the body, and in which the dangers of strain are negligible. What it does for the victims of infantile paralysis is known to all.

For women and children, swimming is peculiarly beneficial. It makes for deep breathing, and along with strength it brings grace, suppleness and good wind. For children, there is no exercise better calculated to lay the foundations of vigorous health in adult life.

### • *Vacation Time* •

**S**TREAM-LINED motor cars, faster trains, air-conditioned sleepers, comfortable steamships, quick hops by air, rebuilt roads, seashore hotels, mountain resorts, summer camps, fishing streams, hunting lodges, golf courses, tennis courts, heights for climbers, trails for hikers—it's vacation time.

West calls to East; East beckons to West; the big show resumes at Chicago; our neighbors to the north say, "Come and see our country." If you like crowds you can find them; if solitude appeals we still have

plenty of wide-open spaces. Each to his own taste—but try to go somewhere away from home, if only for week-end trips.

Last winter was a tough one, and almost everyone came into spring a little low in spirits and vitality. If weather runs in cycles, we may be in for another just as hard—and now is the time to soak away resistance by close association with Old Doctor Sun.

Wherever you go, however you travel, be a good sport. The roads are yours—but they belong to the other fellow too. Don't crowd; don't push; don't lose your temper. Have a comfortable vacation.

### • *Modern Homes* •

**A** TELEGRAM from John H. Fahey, chairman of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, through which Washington is converting unpayable private mortgages into Government loans with easy terms for payment:

"I am informed that you are preparing a national home modernization demonstration through the medium of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, as a means of stimulating interest in modernization. Your plan to provide patterns or examples of desirable forms of modernization is highly appropriate and commendable. This effort, which is to be financed by certain members of the Home Loan Bank system, has my hearty support, particularly since I am persuaded that you intend to emphasize improvements that are economically justified and only those that can be made at moderate expense and quite within the reach of people of small means."

Read the article on page 32 of this issue—and renew your hope that a new or a modernized home may soon be within your reach!

### • *Jobs for Young Voters* •

**T**HE most important recommendation of the League of Women Voters, in recent convention, was that younger members return to militant partisanship in the politics of their home communities. It is valuable for young voters to study national and international affairs, so they may understand what government is all about; but the place where they can work at politics and actually get results is in the cities and precincts where they live.

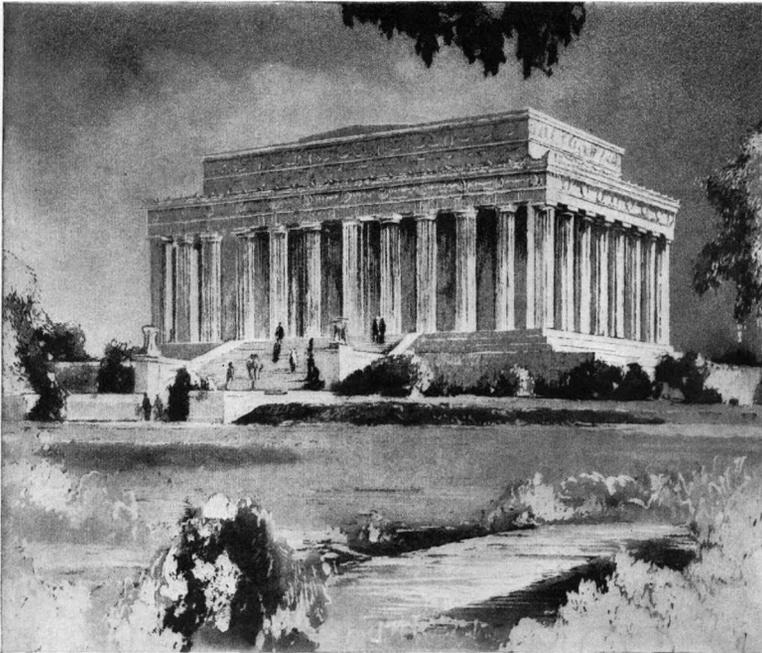
And it is not only at election time that these young women should go forth to battle; the political season is open twelve months in every year, and government needs watching all the time. Let them find out how tax money is spent. Let them investigate the justice meted out by police and minor courts. Do the schools in their towns offer adequate courses in civics and government—or is the teaching of citizenship weak for the reason, as has more than once been whispered, that politicians, who control so great a part of our educational facilities through their budget power, fear that a really enlightened citizenry would throw them out? To uncover such matters as these is often more important than to elect a favored candidate.

The League of Women Voters has had an honorable history of accomplishment under the past leadership of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Mrs. Maud Wood Park and Miss Belle Sherwin. It can go on to even greater things under the new presidency of Miss Marguerite M. Wells, if it will inspire and train younger women in the privileges and practical duties of their citizenship.

### • *Toleration* •

**O**UR forefathers, coming here to find liberty to worship according to conscience, were not always tolerant of the beliefs of others; but when the principle of religious freedom was once established, a growing sympathy for religious toleration was a natural concomitant. It has not enjoyed an uninterrupted course, but on the whole great progress has been made.

It is hard to conceive of a political revolution in this country which would affect this right as it has been affected in Russia and Germany. However, it is well to be on our guard not only against the intolerance of a Stalin or a Hitler; but against a bigoted attitude of mind which makes such a state of affairs possible. Let us say with Gamaliel, "If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to nought: But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."



AQUATINT OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, BY EARL HORTER

## Illusions and Confusions

**B**Y THE time this is printed, Congress in all probability will be on its last legs or will have adjourned, and those who are responsible for the passage of the far-reaching and bewildering program which has been put over in the name of recovery will be back in their states and districts preparing for the November election.

In the first session of the seventy-third Congress nearly all the measures passed extended the power of the Government over the individual to a degree we shall realize only when they are finally put into operation by the agencies whose task it is to make them effective. Many of them have entailed the appropriation of such vast sums that it would be idle to guess how and when the bills will be paid.

The country as a whole has shown curiously little concern at the thought of the day of reckoning. There have, of course, been here and there voices raised in protest and warning as billion has piled on billion, but generally speaking the mass of the people have seemed no more to realize the implication of the word *billion*—if such a realization is ever possible—than they did when Insull and Krueger and all the others were talking in the tens and hundreds of millions of the boom years.

Perhaps our casual view of these vast sums may come from the fact that we became so accustomed to the spectacle of private speculation during those demented times that the speculation by the Government now has for us no shock of novelty; that we are inured to the sound of sums which can't possibly mean anything to us.

A few months ago one of the leading proponents of the New Deal made a speech in which he arraigned the misguided individuals of the predepression period, as "mortgaging the future to create an illusion of wealth." That description seems to me to apply very accurately to the financial policy of the Administration. The President estimates the national debt at \$32,000,000,000 by 1936. We see Government money, which is taxpayers' money, poured out in a reckless volume for any scheme that emanates from or strikes the imagination of the theorists and professors who were responsible for originating and formulating the New Deal program, and who are very largely backed by the Democratic politicians. Because politicians are eminently practical gentlemen, and, at least for the time being, see the result of this beginning of the "redistribution of wealth" in terms of long lists of grateful voters. If all this is not mortgaging the future to create an illusion of wealth, or of recovery, it would be difficult indeed to say just what it is.

**CONGRESS LOSES ITS DOCILITY. THE SPENDING SPREE CONTINUES. HOW AND WHEN WILL THE BILLS BE PAID?**

**BY ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH**

Of course, it depends upon the angle from which you look, how things appear. For instance, the operation of the New Deal certainly seems different to those who view it from a distance than to those who see it here in Washington. I do not believe that anyone who has a close view will fail to agree with the trenchant description given some time ago by Mr. Walter Lippmann, who is certainly a not-unfavorable critic of the Administration. Mr. Lippmann, touching upon Doctor Wirt and the dinner party, said, "It is not conspiracy we have to fear; it is confusion."

I should say that this is a sound and accurate statement. The confusion is almost incredible. The Administration policies cross and clash and counteract. Many of those engaged in their execution work blindly in a fog. There have never been so many people in Washington who do not know what they are doing or where they are going. Practically any given branch of the New Deal admits this, rather saturninely—about every other branch. Informed private opinion has known for some time that this is the case, and even public opinion is becoming uneasily aware of it. Not perhaps vocally or through the exercise of reason; subconsciously, rather, but nevertheless aware. This instinctive realization became apparent as the session went on.

The seventy-third Congress in its second session was not quite so docile, so practically unanimous in carrying out the wishes of the President, as it was in the first session. The legislation that was sent up from the White House was discussed, criticized and sometimes amended in a way that would not have been possible a year ago. Finally, at the end of March, this restlessness reached the surface in a revolt against the Administration, and the first dramatic vote of the session came on the question of sustaining the President's veto of the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill.

Nothing is more exciting than a close vote, especially one on a veto. The chances of a successful revolt became apparent only a short time before the bill came up for final passage. After some weeks of sparring, it had been made the vehicle for two amendments, or "riders." One of these amendments restored in part the 15 per cent pay cut to Government employes, which went into effect in April, 1933; the other restored compensation to certain classes of veterans who had been removed from the pension and compensation list by the Economy Act of last year.

This group of veterans, amounting to about 29,000, are what are called "presumptive" cases. When the Economy Act passed, it had been understood that they would be looked after by special regulation, but as the months went by and no action was taken about them, Congress decided to amend the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill instead of waiting for the regulation. The bill as amended was passed and sent to the President, who on March twenty-seventh returned it with his veto message to the House, where it was promptly passed over the veto by a vote of 310 to 72.

I happened to be sitting in the Senate gallery when a friend sent in a note telling of the action of the House. On my way downstairs, I stopped in the hall outside the Senate chamber to sniff the atmosphere of excitement that I knew I should find; I was not disappointed. Members of the House were flocking over to see their senators; everyone was discussing how such and such a senator would vote; whether the veto would be taken up that afternoon in the Senate; what the best strategy would be.

The next morning the Senate met at twelve and settled down to seven hours of debate and speechmaking that culminated in overriding the veto in that body by a vote of sixty-three to twenty-seven. The galleries were packed as they had not been for a long time, double lines waiting in the corridors outside in the hope of getting a seat. There was full attendance on the Senate floor; hundreds of House members were jammed around the wall, following the debate. In the lobbies, members of the Cabinet, brain trusters and other Administration cohorts were busy applying pressure. Those interested in the passage of the bill were equally active. Neither side had any real confidence in the outcome of the vote. A report came that it was to be delayed until Senator McCarran, of Nevada, for the bill, got back from a trip out of town. He was seen on the floor. Still no vote. Finally, at about seven, everyone (Continued on Page 44)



## SUMMER COMFORT FOR HUSBANDS

Look at the cotton-scape above! Trees, umbrella and chair, golf bag and even the bench it leans against—all necktie patterns in cottons. The tennis court is an oxford shirting, a neat all-over dot effect, and the net a lightweight sock with a big plaid (a pattern with fine lines in black and yellow on a white background). The tennis champ wears a white mesh shirt, polo style, and slacks of a cream-colored cord cotton, especially treated to resist wrinkles. The middle man is in a very smart sport coat in a bold check-pattern seersucker with slacks in medium-gray effect from finely spaced black lines on gray—also seersucker. Behold the golfer wearing a gray mesh polo shirt and gray cord-cotton slacks!

Our friend below has just hopped out of bed in his feather-weight pajamas—an all-over square pattern. Note the bed-cover! It is a candy-stripe in this very self-same cotton fabric



LADIES, this is an appeal to reason . . . to feminine reason. Though we men may boast of being the logical sex, when one thinks of the clothes we usually wear in summer—well, perhaps, after all, we aren't so logical!

Women have always been sensible about summer clothing, looking cool and lovely in delicate chiffons or crisp cottons that wash easily; but men have long stood firm for stuffy woolens, and a few benighted souls have even worn vests to the office with the thermometer at 90 degrees on the desk! That is, they used to. Not so much any more, for during the past three or four years a few common-sense ideas have been stealing across the Mason and Dixon Line.

How? It's an interesting story.

You doubtless already know that Yale and Princeton men do actually set the fashions for men in this country. Their indorsement is as much a *cachet* as Paris' is for fashions for women. Often these college boys take their ideas from London; again, they originate ideas of their own. But for their summer clothes they took from the South, a few years ago, the vogue of wearing linen and cotton suits.

They wore these suits on their campuses and at home during their summer vacations. Other men—business men who found the idea attractive—took up the idea, and soon on Wall Street and Broad Street one saw a man here and there in a light-colored, washable suit. Stores heard about it and thought it a bright idea, and sold suits to more men—and that is the way this fashion has spread!

Linen suits are an American fashion. Many fashions for men start in London, but not linen suits. Linens and seersuckers have been the accepted hot-weather suits among Southern gentlemen for many, many years. A sensible idea, isn't this—of a man's being comfortable in summer?

Too sensible an idea not to be adopted by men everywhere. And you women can put it across. Most women at least instigate the choice of clothes for the men in their houses. And thank goodness for that . . . most men need feminine guidance in color and style.

For some reason men feel freer to show a little individuality on the golf links or at the beach, and take up new things more readily in sport clothes. But why shouldn't they be comfortable at the office? They spend more time there than at any other one place. And wives, your husbands' dispositions would be much sweeter, at the end of a hard, hot day, had they been comfortably clothed all day. Think it over!

When linen suits first appeared in Northern cities, they were subject to jibes of all sorts—"Just like a

street cleaner," and so on. That prejudice has vanished completely, and this summer white or near-white linen and cotton suits will be common in nearly all Northern cities.

But if your own man still objects to wearing white, show him the new cotton clothes in sober tones, more conservative effects—as, for instance, small all-over checks in medium gray and brown or finely spaced lines on gray to give the medium gray effect.

Besides making darker-toned cottons, the manufacturers have improved them in many ways. You already know what sanforizing has done for your wash-dress materials; the same process is widely used now for men's-wear fabrics. And cottons have been treated to resist wrinkles. Often a little mohair is added to give resilience to the cotton fibers. Cotton yarns have been made smoother, to help shed dirt rather than pick it up. All these experiments make cottons more practical for everyday wear.

Let's take a look at the new cottons. A year or two ago, did you think of seersucker as that funny-looking, crinkly-striped fabric, good for bedspreeds? See today how this practical cloth has been developed in fascinating patterns and completely dressed up for you to wear! Look at some of the interesting men's-wear samples the artist put on the figures on this page.

Gabardine goes to the office now, as well as to sports occasions. It is good in either the popular olive drab or in rich shades of brown and also gray. Of course, the gabardine jacket makes a grand sport coat worn with odd trousers—either gray flannels, or checked or plaid slacks.

But summer comfort for men is not just a matter of suits. There are plenty of accessories which contribute to a completely cool outfit. Mesh shirts, for instance; mesh undershorts, too; lightweight or mesh socks; washable ties—cotton is as cool around the neck as the thinnest silk, cotton ties are inexpensive and many trips to the tub do not affect their color or crisp smartness. Even featherweight materials for pajamas are available, and how much cooler they are!

If you feel this is too expensive to go into, let's do some figuring. At least two wash suits are necessary, in order to have one to wear while the second is being washed. Naturally, three will give more variety; but two good wash suits can be bought for the price your husband probably pays for the suit which he wears in winter.

Suppose you induce him to get a rough-weave white-cotton suit like the herringbone Shetland pattern we have shown here. It comes from a well-known manufacturer, and will be about \$18. The cotton has been

specially treated to resist wrinkling and to shed dirt. A linen suit can be bought for from \$10 up, but we suggest that you buy a better grade suit, which will be worth more than the difference in price, in the long run.

Then, with this white suit, get a seersucker in either a small all-over check or indistinct plaid, medium gray or brown. If you can, a third suit in the neat closely set stripes, a fairly dark gray effect, would give a good variety to mix into different outfits. Seersucker suits will be around \$12.

Your husband could wear the white coat with the gray trousers, or gray coat with the white trousers. Any of the three trousers would be perfect for golf and tennis, or to be worn with another sport coat. You see, there are endless possible combinations, all of them smart and practical.

And do you know that white cotton or linen coats, either the single or the double breasted variety, are very smart with medium gray or even dark gray trousers which are made of plain gray flannel or some fabric in a neat check, tiny stripe or plaid?

The sport jacket which we have shown on the man in the center of the trio on the opposite page has a big lively check and is very good. It's nothing to be afraid of as dangerously new or startling. In fact, such bold patterns are getting to be quite the usual thing in sport jackets. And when they are made of a cool cotton, as is this one, they are sensible as well. This jacket can be worn with white or gray flannels or cotton trousers, or with the checked or fine-striped trousers.

To wear with white suits, all-white shoes are going to be very popular this summer. If your husband does not want to wear an all-white shoe to the office, then persuade him to buy a plain tan shoe. Let him save his combination-color shoe to wear with sport outfits. An all-white shoe, however, is perfectly correct to wear to business or for sports—a good all-round shoe.

As to hats—good panamas are usually expensive, but they do last and are cool and light on the head. One can buy less-expensive ones. Some men, however, shy from panamas and stick to the stiff straw hat. (And others think they look funny in stiff straws! Aren't men queer?)

Now for other cool ideas. Mesh shirts first. They are just what their name implies: made of cotton mesh which has now been perfected so that it will not shrink or act strangely when you launder it. You can get mesh shirts which are sanforized shrunk. They are perfectly safe, though we would not recommend too cheap a grade. Two dollars, or a little less, will buy a good mesh shirt in a well-known brand. Start with just one shirt until you see how he likes it.

If your husband leans toward shirts in solid colors, a new good one this year is called corn color, though actually it is a very light yellow—more of an off-white. This comes in oxford cloth, also a good summer cloth for its airy and absorbent qualities. The button-down collar is good in this type of shirt.

Besides the regular collar-attached shirt, you can buy him a mesh shirt, polo style, with a slide fastener at the neck. It's the perfect sport shirt—cool and absorbent,

and he'll thank you once he's had it on! In solid colors or white, also interesting checks and plaids.

Both plain meshes and patterned ones are equally good for shirts for office or for sport, though perhaps the plain cloths would go to church with more fitting grace. This is the place where you will need to do a little persuasion, for most men balk at patterns in shirts.

Mesh undershirts are a perfectly logical idea, too. They are very comfortable—not a bit lingerie, as some men seem to fear. In fact, the good mesh cloths for either shirts or shorts do not look like mesh, except under a microscope. Get a couple of pairs of mesh undershirts and slip them into his bureau drawer, and see if he doesn't ask for more! In plain colors, they sometimes have contrasting piping.

Now for cotton neckties! They come as gay as a lark or as sober as a dove. In neat checks and gingham colors, or in simple stripes and polka dots. There is a great variety to combine with both linen and cotton suits, or even with lightweight worsteds. Even the real light-colored cotton ties are sensible, for they wash in a jiffy. They've been known to last three or four years! Just a little starch will take out the wilt after frequent tubbings, and give new life to the ties.

Get him one or two cotton ties and see how he likes their crisp, cool effect. He will probably want at least a half dozen at once, but they cost only around fifty cents, and what is that compared with the price he pays for one silk one?

Even pajamas have been improved. They are now made in a very lightweight material, cool as a breeze, worked out in thoroughly masculine patterns. They are made of what is being called "featherweight cloth," which is all we can call it. And of course there are cotton lounging robes and beach robes to make him do you proud in public.

Here is a suggested minimum wardrobe to begin a cool summer kit for a man:

- Two washable suits.
- Three mesh shirts.
- Three pairs mesh undershirts.
- Three pairs cotton socks.
- Six cotton ties.

Little enough, isn't it?

If he seems to take to cottons, you can add:

- One extra sport jacket in a rather bold pattern.
- Two pairs cotton pajamas.
- One cotton lounging robe.

You know the old saying that men talk politics and the weather, but do nothing about either! So it seems to be up to wives and sisters and sweethearts to convince the hidebound man who shies at anything different, new, colorful or even comfortable in his clothes. And your biggest job is to convince a man that he should be comfortable in summer. Firmly embedded in the masculine mind is an age-old tradition of discomfort, as deep-rooted (much as we blush to admit it) as the old Puritan idea that everything pleasant is sinful! But where's the task you women cannot accomplish? You can do it, and here's luck to you!



The man at the seashore wears a white cotton in a rough Shelland herringbone weave, with gray-flannel slacks. (They might also be of cotton, since there is a cotton that looks like flannel.) The boardwalk is really a blue-and-white-ribbed summer sock pattern!

At the office—temperature high and in high humor! The desk percher wears a checked-cotton coat with gray-cotton trousers looking like towels. The cigar smoker wears a seersucker suit, a small black-and-white check. The other two are in seersucker, too: one an overplaid effect with finely striped trousers, and the other in Glen plaids. See the gray-and-black summer-weight hose pattern, in the buildings silhouetted through the windows.



BY J. ERWIN PERINE



martinot



DRAWINGS BY LURELLE GUILD

# CRISP AND COOL BUT COLORFUL

GREAT, RAGGED MUMS SPLASHED ON A DARK GROUND, FOR SLIP COVERS ON SOFAS OR CHAIRS. THIS CHINTZ WAS DESIGNED BY LILLIAN GAERTNER PALMEDO

BY MRS. HOWARD LINN

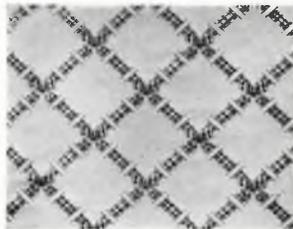
CHINESE INFLUENCE—MRS. PALMEDO'S LITTLE CHINAMAN SWINGING IN HIS ROCOCO MEDALLION—ANOTHER COOL SOLUTION FOR A SUMMERY BEDROOM

CHINTZ, roller skates and slip covers always spell summer to me—and bespeak coolness, too, even when vivid in color. Perhaps this is because of a little girl's memories of hasty hair curlings and face scrubbing and popping into freshly starched gingham for a demure curtsy to visiting grown-ups in the dim, flower-starred coolness of the parlor.

For this bright red-and-white bowknot-chintz bedroom I have chosen early-American furniture of maple, because the simplicity of design and naturalness of the waxed wood seem far cooler than would more elaborate pieces. For coolness, too, the random-width-board floor, stained

honey color, is left bare except for small black scatter rugs. Other touches of black—baseboard, casement and picture moldings—set off the light wood, the gay curtains, walls and ceiling—yes, ceiling, too!

My childhood "undies" of white nainsook, with their rather coarse English eyelet embroidery, are here translated into glass curtains and bedspread—full flounces. The wall paper, scarlet-and-white plaid, is perfection in its harmony of scale and color with Adrian's ribbon chintz—for Adrian, the great Hollywood designer, created this chintz. And that completes the patriotism of this all-American room—red for coolness, crisp, clear, used with lots of white.



## WHAT I THINK ABOUT FOOD

BY ANN BATCHELDER

WHERE Eve made her great mistake was not in eating the apple that caused all the trouble, but in not looking into the possibilities of apple pie. Maybe she didn't know about apple pie. I believe I must grant that she didn't. But somebody found out about it. I don't know who. Troubles in this world were softened considerably after that discovery.

For a long time after the Garden of Eden episode, folks went about eating in a sort of catch-as-catch-can manner. Our ancestors, from very far off, knew nothing and cared less for food in its sublime and exalted moods. They wandered around, the poor nomads, eating this and that and getting along in a sort of casual indifference that seems pretty shocking in the light of what is happening today in our kitchens, pantries and dining rooms. Pity we may give them. It cannot hurt them now. Nor be much comfort to them, either.

But a day arrived when things began to look up. Some inspired genius thought that food ought to look like something besides a slab of wild boar *au naturel*. So she went out and gathered a little mint that grew neglected beside a meandering stream. She crushed the mint between two stones. It exuded a fragrance unsuspected and unsurpassed. She found some sprigs of thyme and a handful of sage—it grew untrammelled and unafraid on the hillsides thereabouts—and, combining these in a bouquet, she roasted her boar meat over an improvised fire. The art of cooking was born! And the artistry of living began.

Oh, well, I can't prove it. Don't ask me to. Take the foregoing for what it's worth. But try to see in it that in food, as in lesser things, from such rude beginnings sprang the foundations of supremacy. That supremacy we claim today, here and now, in the realm of good cooking, good eating, the good life.

And this leads, as naturally and easily as loans into interest, to the ideas I have as to what food is, why it is as it is, and what we can do to keep up the tradition and make traditions of our own. Bigger and better ones. Every day of our lives. It all rests with us.

First, may I say that when you look at food you want to see something you long to eat? You don't want to see the Eiffel Tower, do you? Or do you? Oh, well, any boat will take you over to see the original. But a cake is a cake. Meant to be eaten. Admired first, as a cake. Then eaten because you can't help it. Any right-minded cake will do that for you.

I like food that stands out for just what it is. Take a steak. The minute I see one so overlaid with fripperies of garnishes and embellishments that its steakhood is lost to all human understanding, I just back off and go away and broil a steak for myself. With a little salt, that first of condiments, and with a suspicion of pepper, I season it. And pepper should be like scandal—a mere whisper. Plenty of butter, arrived at in green pastures and fragrant butteries, graces this steak.

Perfection begets satisfaction. Let us have the first in our food, and the other will flow to the spirit as easily as water flows downhill. Quality in your food isn't



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEINER

so difficult to have. And it doesn't mean elaborateness, either. Some of the most elegant meals I have ever eaten were so simple they'd make the average French chef faint with disdain or laugh his head off in derision. Quality is the thing. The best foods to begin with and the best cooking to be had, then the long sigh of contentment in the eating. That's quality.

And how shall we achieve it? By learning a few uncomplicated rules and then making our own rules to suit the time, the place and the occasion. By using imagination, without which food loses its gallantry and becomes something to fill up on and forget—the quicker the better.

But food that's remembered! Ah, that is another matter. Food that, once eaten, causes us to find our easy-chairs and, in the company of strong, uplifting coffee, relax and dream and tell our dreams in language only two human artists can draw forth—the great musician and the good cook. Yes, it's an ideal. And a realizable one. And it's what I think food should be and do. I know. For I have both cooked and eaten such. So who should know better?

One thing I hope none of you will ever let yourself do. That is, think of cooking as drudgery. To be sure, the attainment of this art requires patience, practice and perseverance. The three indispensable *p's*. But so it does to play a fiddle or write poetry or learn to plow a straight furrow. We are born, not made. We make ourselves. That is what life means. We are given the raw material. Out of it we hammer life, and what we are in the end is mostly our own handiwork. And I want to say, as I've said before, that there is a deep and lasting pride in being a fine cook.

Food should have style and beauty. We have to use our imaginations when we take up the tools of our calling. The creative faculty has full scope here. We shall see in the eye of the mind the finished product—and know that our work is very good. Then the dishes we make and set before our guests will, each in its own way, be as compelling to the eye as to the appetite. And that is the ideal to go after.

I think that one of the most important things for a cook to remember is that taste tells. Especially is this true when one sets out to make a sauce. No memorable sauce was ever achieved by the guesswork method. As you make it taste and taste again, getting your effects subtly, and feeling the mood of your sauce. For sauces, as well as other things, have moods and temperament.

Then there's the sense of hospitality that makes of a meal a whole entertainment in itself. Not to rush through an indifferent dinner in order to get a quick break at the movies. But to savor the occasion as well as the food. The conversation that flows like wine and sparkles just as brilliantly. The unhurried enjoyment of a perfectly cooked meal. It needn't be course upon course, but it must be prodigal of perfection. This is all part of what I think the meal should be.



FOOD—EVEN MUSHROOMS IN A NOODLE RING AND GOOD OLD STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE—SHOULD RETAIN ITS GALLANTRY



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEINER



## THE EPICURE LOOKS AT SUPPER

I DON'T want to be taken too seriously. Maybe I should say too literally. But one thing I always say is that epicures are born and not made. Like other artists, that's the way they are. And nothing can be done about it.

And that leads me on to state that the true and authentic epicure looks at more than supper and the supper table. He looks at life in a large way. He savors existence as well as sustenance. He is forever concerned with an unequalled sense of well-being. This is not vengeer. It's in the natural grain and polish of the epicurean soul itself.

Having written these words, I'm going right back on them. I am about to say that there are things in this world that are so radiant and compelling to the eye and the taste that, like magic, we are all epicures. None of us can escape the luster that goes with the title. And few enough titles boast a comparable refugence.

See how naturally this leads us into a consideration of the supper you see pictured on these pages. As a matter of fact, this meal is a postgraduate course in the epicure's development. It just has everything.

Undeniably, a lobster is an epicurean feat of Nature. But to enjoy it at its best, choose your lobster wisely and well. Not too large, and not too undersized and meager of proportions. It must be freshly boiled. And let me tell you that no broiled lobster ever came off a grill that could compare with a perfectly boiled one.

Having the lobster of your choice boiled and made cold in the refrigerator, carefully split it and crack the claws. There are shears that perform the cracking successfully, but a hammer is always handy. Take out the soft part near the head and be sure to leave the liver, which the epicures call the "tommi." It is a delicate green, like the inside of a green shell. And if you're lucky enough to find a "coral" lobster, save every last crumb of the coral. It is the ultimate delicacy of them all!

All the dressing you need, or will want, if you are a lover of lobster, is a restrained sprinkle of salt and a tolerant attitude toward the pepper. Some there are who lean to mayonnaise or sauce tartare. And for such, their choice is their choice. But lobster is as delicate as the touch of the leaf to the bud. It is of no forthright disposition. The flavor is there, and when you conceal it with condiments it is the condiment and not the lobster that claims your attention. So much for that.

With our lobster goes a salad. And the salad is the place for the dressing. The salad you see here needs a fine mayonnaise, and that you will serve separately. Don't require the salad to support more than its own symmetry.

Crisp lettuce, as cold as the heart of a politician, and translucent endive, tenderly green as the green fire in the heart of a tourmaline, are the foundations of our salad. All salad greens should be crisped. That is, washed and lightly dried, and put in the covered vegetable pan, or wrapped in a wet napkin and put in the refrigerator for several hours.

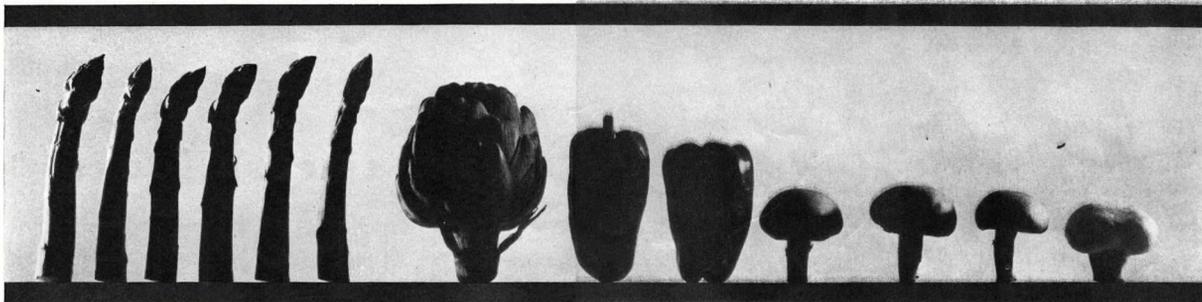
For this supper salad to go with its rich relation, the lobster, choose the smooth elegance of peas. And let me say here that peas cooked too long, and so made mushy, should never be used in a salad. Make 'em into a puree, if a puree is what you want, but don't get absent-minded and put the puree into a salad.

And then gather together a few ripe, firm tomatoes. Nothing can compare with tomatoes for a salad. Alone they are admirable. And with almost any other salad ingredients they are companionable.

Lastly, decorating this superb salad are the never-failing and always desirable sliced hard-cooked eggs. Both a garnish and an integral part of the dish. You have a masterpiece here, and one your lobster will perfectly support and be supported by!

And I won't be dictatorial in the matter of hot rolls and sweet butter for this supper for an epicure. But you *should* have them, just the same.

ANN BATCHELDER



## FOOD WIT AND COOKING WISDOM

BY ANN BATCHELDER

**A** VEGETABLE parade pleaseth the cook better than an army with banners.

**F**RUITS that are cool to the hand can be counted on to be cool to the palate. And the fruit that maketh the cool drink is the solace of the summer thirst.

**F**RUIT is Nature's compliment.

**C**HEESE is the experienced evidence of the cow's good intentions toward man.

**A**ND both fruit and cheese are life belts to the summer diet.

**C**OMPOTE of fruit, well chilled, is a July inspiration.

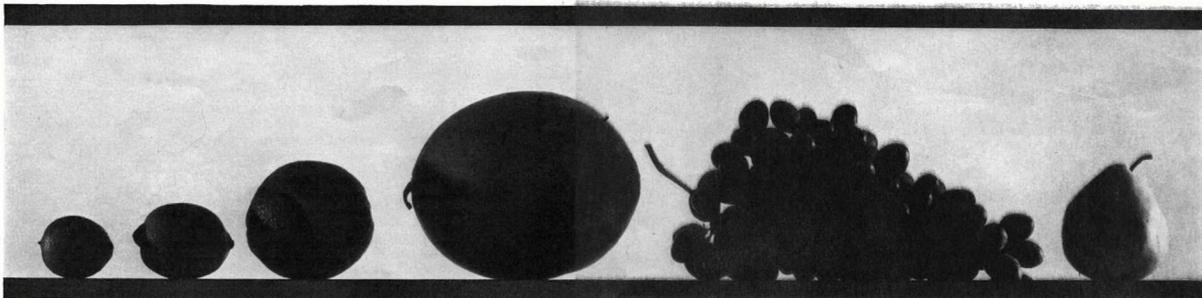
**T**O COMPOTE fruit, simply poach in simple sirup. It's no trick at all.

**I**CED coffee has charms to soothe the most savage breast.

**T**HE world is better because of baked beans.

**C**OLD baked beans with tomato salad go well on a rainy night.

**A**S for picnics, whether it rains or not, try them sometime.



**W**HEN it's a question of peas for dinner, spare not and want not. Be prodigal with all green things.

**R**EMEMBER the hot soup before a cold meal. Your meal will then pass with a high mark.

**T**HE hot days are gelatin days. Few things speak so sweetly of coolness.

**N**O SALAD is better than its dressing. Keep an eye on the oil and a tight mind on the vinegar.

**A** SALAD dressing is a study in mixing. If you won't mix, expect little.

**J**ULY has silver bugles blowing. But how I wish that it were snowing. And when the snow is in the sky, I sit and wish it were July.

**C**HILL a melon in the refrigerator. The person who puts ice in a cut melon is a specialist in error.

**C**UT your melon as late as possible before it comes to the table. Melons hate waiting.

**A**LL fruit is better cold. Don't cuddle.

**W**HEN you wash berries, except strawberries, you are fooling yourself. And spoiling the berries.

**S**PRINKLE berries lightly with fine sugar. But not long before serving. Sugar applied too far ahead demoralizes even the most right-minded berry.

**A** LITTLE kirsch on any cut fruit disposes of all criticism.

**K**IRSCH is made from cherries. So the flavor is all there.

**W**EAK coffee should never be iced. It is better not to be made in the first place!

**S**TRONG coffee will not be downed by the most obstinate ice cubes.

**P**OUR the coffee over the ice. It's the hot coffee introduced to the ice that performs the miracle.

**U**SE cold coffee in a coffee jelly. Let hot coffee start your iced coffee. A study in contrast.

**A**MONG cold beverages for July, or any other hot month, iced chocolate is in good repute. The same goes for the malt cocoa.

**I**CE in iced chocolate isn't so good. Chill it from the outside in, rather than from the inside out. The refrigerator will do the job nicely.

**A** PICNIC in the rain breaketh the bravest spirit. The shortest way home is the right road to take.

**A** PICNIC should not be confused with a pick-me-up.

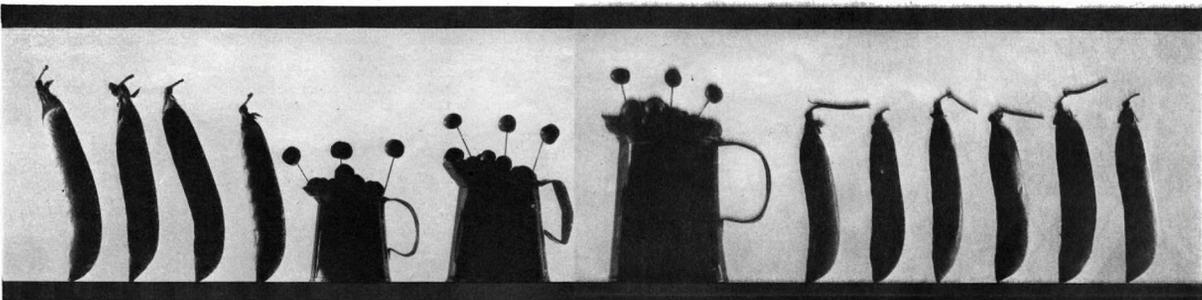
**A**N ARTICHOKE wears an armor. Don't judge by appearances here. Look beneath the skin.

**A** RIPE melon never deceives. But an unripe melon tempts fortune.

**L**IME in moderation enhances the flavor of all good melons. Lemon may do the same.

**S**ALADS discreetly concealed in gelatin will make the bridge game twice as lively.

**A** BRIDGE luncheon for a hot day should begin with a soup and end with a jellied salad. Don't forget the iced coffee.



# THIRSTY WEATHER

BY CAROLINE B. KING

**JULY** spells parties. Parties mean refreshments. And, in July weather, refreshments mean long, cold drinks in frosty glasses. You have a wide choice, but do be original. Don't serve the same trite iced tea or lemonade with a lone slice of lemon or a solitary cherry floating on the surface on every occasion. Try experiments, unusual combinations, different garnishes. In other words, make yourself an authority on summer beverages, get yourself a reputation for always serving something exquisitely cold and thirst-quenching at your parties; and here is where I am going to help you.

For convenience in deciding when to serve what, I have divided my entertaining into Little Parties, Middle-Sized Parties and Great Big Parties.

Little Parties may mean merely the family, or a friend or two dropping in, or the young folks scrambling home after a swim or a game, or merely mother and the children lunching festively in the garden. Such affairs must be more or less impromptu—and therein lies their charm.

Middle-Sized Parties are usually invitation affairs, and because the number of guests is limited one may go into things a little more fussily, try out some pet combinations, splurge a bit on garnishings and toppings, and so on.

Great Big Parties are events that seldom occur more than once or twice during a summer—dances, showers, wedding

receptions, garden parties. They seem to call for the more formal type of beverage—fruit punches, frappes, sangares, and the like. But even so, it is possible to give such affairs a touch of the original to lift them out of the commonplace.

A little forehandedness will make the refreshments for any of these parties, even the most informal, a really delightful occasion. A few bottles of fruit sirups—strawberry, raspberry and lime—always on hand; constantly replenished supplies of ginger ale, lime beverage, grape juice, liquid or carbonated or semiprepared powdered coffee and ready-to-mix malt cocoas and carbonated waters, and your success as a hostess is assured. Add to these a jar of simple sirup made by boiling sugar and water in the proportions of two to one, with a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, for five minutes or so. Include also a jar of chocolate sirup and you will be able to make up some spiffy drinks in the twinkling of an eye. The refrigerator should always yield lemons and oranges as well as ice and milk, evaporated and fresh. Canned fruit juices are a veritable boon at times, and if you augment your supplies with a few little jars of cherries, an occasional bit of mint and such trifles for the indispensable garnishing, you are ready for all comers.

First let us consider iced tea, for it is the foundation of a dozen refreshing beverages. Experts tell us that tea for

icing should always be freshly made, brewed for the exact number of minutes to produce perfection and then poured steaming hot over cracked ice. Though this method is unexcelled, I grant you, it is very hard on the ice, so it may be reserved for those occasions when no more than two or three persons are to be served. I find it quite satisfactory to make the tea for late-afternoon serving in the morning, taking care that it is a little stronger than for serving hot, that the water is actually boiling when it is poured over the leaves and that the tea is allowed to steep only from five to seven minutes. Then it is strained, cooled as quickly as possible and set away in the refrigerator to chill until it is needed, when it may be dressed up and garnished, or left plain, as preferred.

**MINTED ICED TEA WITH LEMON ICE** is delightful for Middle-Sized Parties. Formosa Oolong is a good choice of tea for this. Allow 1½ teaspoonfuls to 1 cupful of boiling water, and while hot add a dozen crushed mint leaves; strain, cool, chill; when ready to serve fill iced-tea glasses one-quarter full of lemon sherbet, add the tea and place a sprig of mint in each glass for garnish. Powdered sugar may be passed for those who wish a sweeter beverage, or the tea itself may be slightly

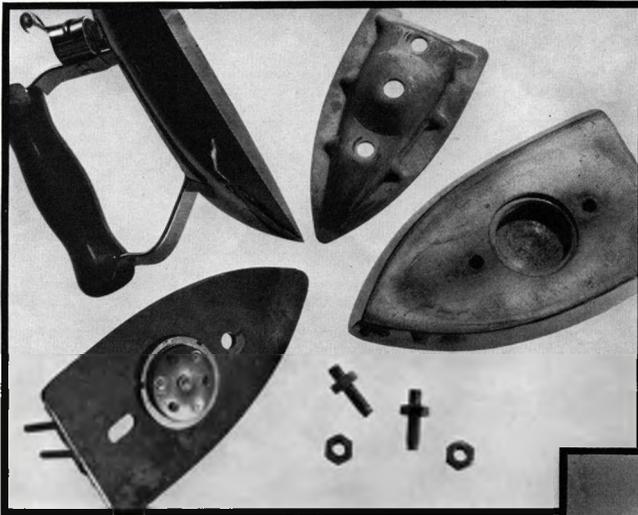
(Continued on Page 61)

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. HOEDT STUDIOS, INC.



UNUSUAL COMBINATIONS, DIFFERENT GARNISHES, WILL ADD TO THE GLAMOUR OF YOUR PARTIES AND ENHANCE YOUR REPUTATION AS A HOSTESS

# INSIDE INFORMATION ON EQUIPMENT

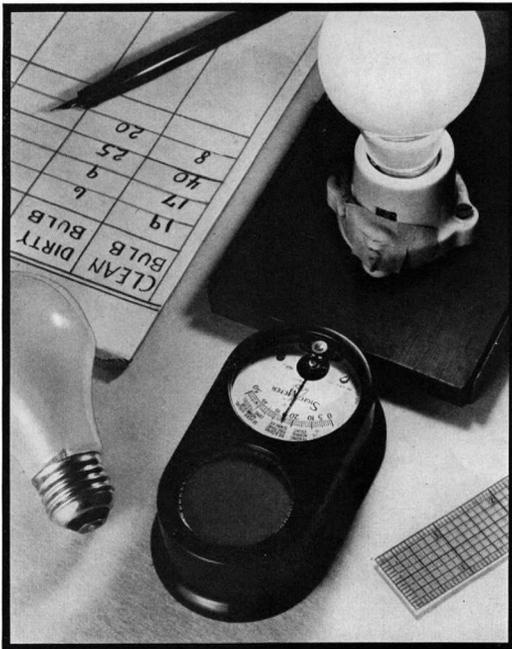


YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN THE TEMPERATURE CONTROL IN AN ELECTRIC IRON. IT'S THE HIDDEN WATCHMAN. CAN YOU FIND IT?

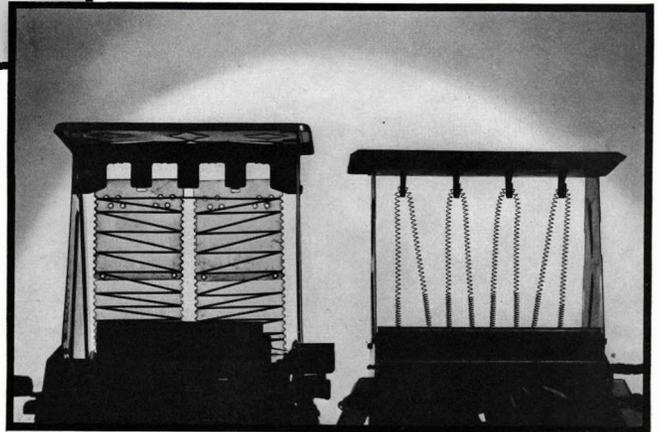
**EQUIPMENT** for the kitchen is not all created equal. Some of it has a poor start in life and never does get anywhere. It pays to look into the inheritance and early environment of the new household appliances you buy, and to check up on the way you are using the equipment you have. There are points which do make a difference. The reason may not be evident on the surface. The secret may be inside where the observer cannot find it; or the facts, though evident, may need interpretation. It sometimes takes inside information to reveal why the wheels go around or why they don't.

The temperature controls built into the best irons today provide a great convenience as well as a safety feature. At a low setting the iron automatically provides a temperature at which you can iron silks or very thin fabrics with no danger of scorching them. You do not have to connect and disconnect the iron to keep it from getting too hot. A setting for medium temperature automatically keeps the iron at a higher temperature, and the highest setting provides the full power of the iron. The convenience of this automatic regulation of the heat has to be experienced to be fully appreciated. It eliminates entirely the possibility and danger of an overheated iron.

An iron using 800 watts or more is needed to keep up a good ironing temperature right along when ironing heavy damp things. If you do a great deal of such things as tablecloths, watch the wattage when you buy and buy large.



DIRT IS NOT CHEAP. HOW MUCH ARE DIRTY LAMP BULBS COSTING YOU?



DIFFERENT TYPES OF CONSTRUCTION, WHICH WILL GIVE YOU BETTER TOAST?

It goes without saying that a toaster should toast evenly. Black on one end and white on the other is no formula for toast. Continued even toasting throughout the life of the toaster is essential. In order to have this evenness assured, heating elements must be durably and carefully made. An element made with wires properly spaced and well supported will keep its shape and will give this even heat. An element made of unsupported wires is very apt to stretch, to sag and otherwise get out of shape. This will mean that the heat will not be distributed as planned, and burned spots on the toast result. The heat from the element should not be wasted. It should heat primarily the bread, not the frame of the toaster. For instance, one toaster required eight minutes' operation to make two slices. In addition to toasting the bread, the legs of the toaster, its handles and all other parts became extremely hot. An efficient toaster made two slices in three minutes—thus using less than half the current of the old one.

**THE** OLD saying that dirt is cheap is proved entirely false when the dirt is on the electric-lamp bulbs or on the shades and reflectors. It is distinctly expensive. This can be proved with a sight meter. Taking various measurements with this meter has shown how greatly a film of dust on the electric lamp can cut down the amount of light it gives out. In a corner where the reading light seemed inadequate the meter registered in the danger zone—the too-little-light section. After a brisk use of the dust cloth the sight meter was used again and the reading light was ample, no higher wattage bulbs were needed—just a case of where it paid to be clean. Electric bulbs which have become dark inside from long use give out a similarly small amount of light, yet they use as much current as a new one. It is more economical in the long run to replace these blackened ones.

BY GRACE L. PENNOCK

*Have you tasted the*  
**2 NEW**  
**CAMPBELL'S SOUPS**  
*Tremendous favorites already*



**NOODLE** WITH CHICKEN **SOUP**

*hearty egg noodles... rich chicken broth...  
 tender chicken meat*



Noodle Soup — as great soup chefs make it! Here is an old favorite—glorified—improved beyond measure—better than you have ever before tasted it.

Campbell's Noodle Soup—a new creation—will be a revelation of goodness to your appetite. Already thousands of families are praising its remarkable chicken richness—its taste appeal—its hunger satisfying quality.

Here is Noodle Soup lifted to a new high in deliciousness.

The finest egg noodles, right in size and substantial in quantity, in full-bodied, flavory chicken broth that makes your appetite sing. Tender morsels of chicken are the tempting garnish.

*The price — the same  
 as other Campbell's Soups!*

**CREAM OF MUSHROOM**

*containing sweet double-thick cream*

Supreme luxury in soup! The most renowned soup chefs in the world—Campbell's—send it to your table in the Cream of Mushroom now available at your grocer's.

Only mushrooms of choicest quality are used—whole, fresh, cultivated mushrooms delivered daily to Campbell's kitchens. Rich, flavorful purée of mushroom is blended with sweet, fresh cream—40 per cent butter-fat—cream so thick it will hardly pour. Tender tidbits of mushroom are the liberal garnish.

The cream in Campbell's Mushroom Soup is double-thick so that when an equal quantity of water is added in your kitchen, just the right, rich, creamy mushroom goodness is obtained.

*The price — the same  
 as other Campbell's Soups!*



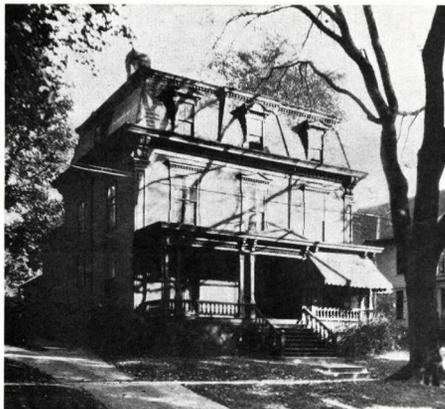
LOOK FOR THE  
 RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



**NEW**

*They're at your grocer's*

**TODAY**



## NATIONAL HOME-MODERNIZING DEMONSTRATION

**T**HE long-awaited revival of home building will be getting under way at about the time this issue of the JOURNAL reaches its readers. Remodeling and modernizing of old dwellings is the first step. This activity comes first, because there are thousands upon thousands of existing houses that, when modernized, will create homes as good as newly built ones, and often better. This modernizing movement, unlike any that has gone before, will create for hundreds of thousands of families up-to-date houses that they can buy, and can actually pay for.

In this new movement—the National Home-Modernizing Demonstration—the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is cooperating with building-and-loan associations throughout the country. Old houses are being made new. All sorts and kinds and descriptions. Little jobs and big jobs. Each house in this nation-wide demonstration will be open for public inspection. Local newspapers in the cities where the demonstrations are being carried on will tell you where these sample houses are located and when they will be open for inspection.

The following home-financing institutions are initial co-operators with the JOURNAL in this National Home-Modernizing Demonstration:

Suffolk Cooperative Bank, Boston, Massachusetts.  
Home Modernization Committee, New York City.  
West End Building and Loan Assn., Newark, New Jersey.  
First Mutual Building and Loan Assn., Atlanta, Ga.  
First Federal Savings and Loan Assn., Chicago, Illinois.  
Railroadmen's Building and Savings Assn., Indianapolis, Ind.  
Shreveport Mutual Building Assn., Shreveport, Louisiana.  
Gibraltar Savings and Building Assn., Houston, Texas.  
Union Building and Loan Assn., Lansing, Michigan.  
Commercial Travelers Loan & Homestead Assn., Peoria, Ill.  
Commonwealth Building and Loan Assn., Little Rock, Ark.  
Safety Savings and Loan Assn., Kansas City, Missouri.  
Minnesota Building and Loan Assn., St. Paul, Minn.  
Benjamin Franklin Savings and Loan Assn., Portland, Ore.  
State Mutual Building and Loan Assn., Los Angeles, Cal.  
Dist. of Columbia B. & L. League, Wash., D. C.  
Security Savings and Loan Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The plan under which this demonstration is working is harmonious with the whole national recovery program. We seek to accomplish three purposes:

First, to create economically sound, modern homes for many families; second, to change the type of home-buying mortgage to a long-term, low-interest-rate, easy-payment, amortizing or self-liquidating mortgage; and third, to put the vast building industry to work, which will give jobs to the major portion of the remaining unemployed.

Government is taking a hand in home financing. This means the end of gyp high financing and too high interest rates. It means the end of short-term, maybe-renewable-with-a-bonus, straight mortgages—first, second and third. And in their place will come the long-term, low-interest-rate, self-liquidating or amortizing mortgage. One paper covering the whole transaction of buying a home on time.

Government has made money and credit available, to be distributed for lending through its Federal agencies. These agencies are the twelve Home Loan Banks, and the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. The personal contact points between individual home owners and these Government agencies are the building-and-loan associations and the Federal savings-and-loan associations.

Average home financing should be done by local thrift institutions. The fundamentally sound theory of home financing is the use of the savings of the people of a community for lending to home builders in that community. When this sound practice is employed, and the borrowers pay back monthly on long-time, amortizing mortgages, the local real-estate market enjoys stability.

Home ownership is not home ownership when the home has a stationary debt attached to it. Home ownership, in its real sense, is owning a home that is free and clear of debt. The soundest method of home buying is the kind that gradually pays for the home, by monthly installments, until your property is all your own.

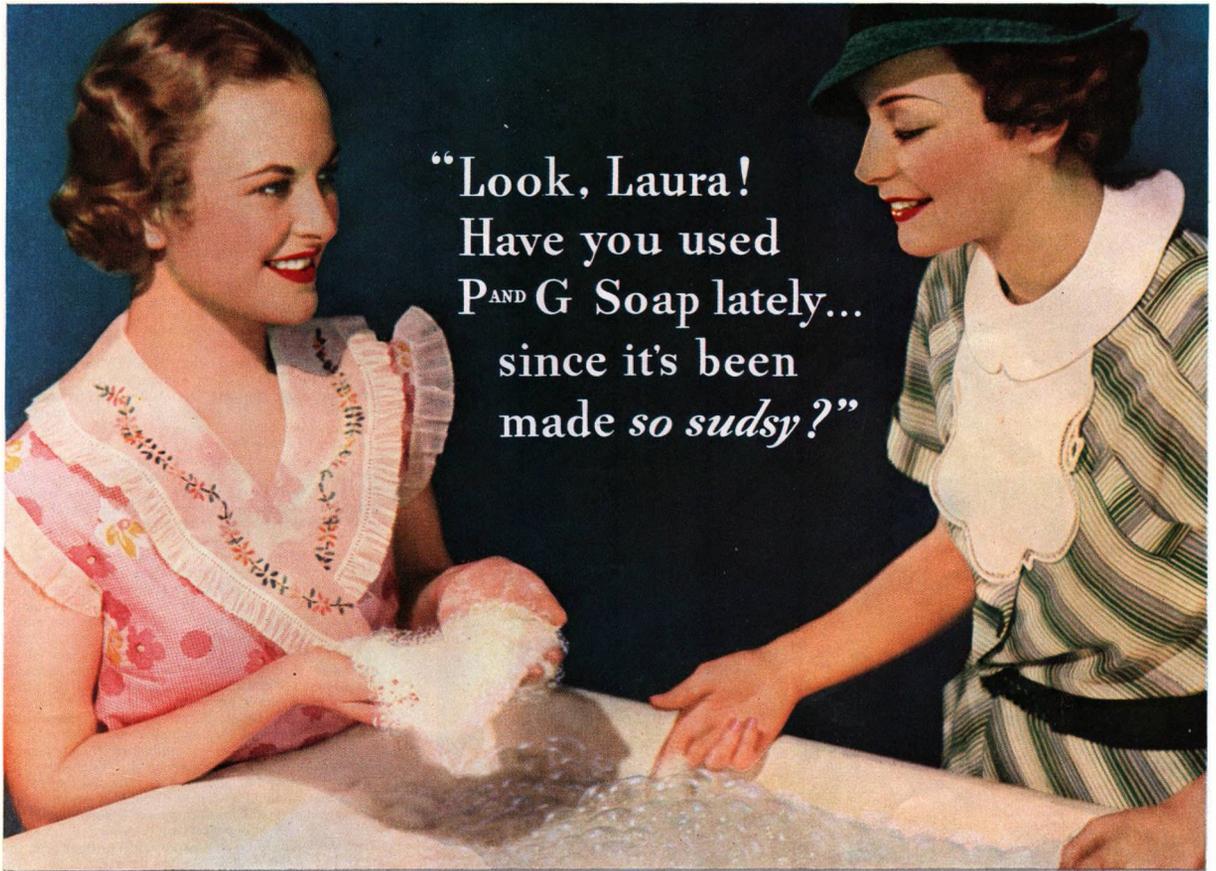
The sample houses, opened to the public under the National Home-Modernizing Demonstration, will be sold on long-time, amortizing mortgages. The financing will be done by the local building-and-loan association that is cooperating in this demonstration.

There will be reliable people available in each sample house to answer questions. You may want to do something to your home. Perhaps you have your eyes on an old house you would like to buy and remodel. Whatever your thoughts, these sample houses are headquarters for remodeling and modernizing information. You may expect to receive honest, sincere, unbiased answers, and you will be under no obligation. You are our guest, and if we can help you that is our pleasure.

In future issues of the JOURNAL you will see pictures of the modernized houses, and you may read accurate descriptions of them. Each sample house will be an economically sound job from all angles. The proof of the sound logic behind this great modernizing movement will be brought out by the JOURNAL. Facts and figures on all kinds of jobs will be arrayed before you. You yourself will be the judge.

NO STAUNCH, WELL-LOCATED HOUSE SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO DETERIORATE INTO OBSOLETE-ENCE. ECONOMY DICTATES MODERNIZING. HOUSES SUCH AS THESE WILL BE MADE INTO EXCELLENT HOMES IN THE JOURNAL'S NATIONAL HOME-MODERNIZING DEMONSTRATION

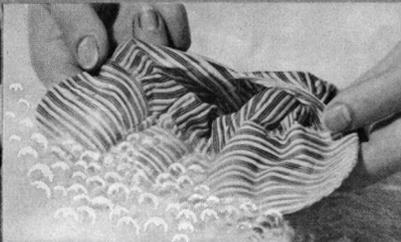
BY J. HAROLD HAWKINS



“Look, Laura!  
Have you used  
P<sub>AND</sub> G Soap lately...  
since it's been  
made so *sudsy*?”



“LOOK, here's the new BIG cake of P AND G. Isn't it as smooth and white as a toilet soap? And the suds really are wonderful—so big and rich!”



“NOW LISTEN—those big whipped cream suds dissolve dirt right out of clothes—even out of the dirtiest spots like Jimmyboy's collars and cuffs.”



“And P AND G is so nice on my HANDS. Stays nice too—never gets hard or frosty. I got 10 cakes and the last was as fresh when I used it as the first.”

## Alone, or with box soap, new P<sub>AND</sub> G saves work!

Even when you use a packaged soap, there's always some hand rubbing to do on collars and specially dirty spots!

Here's a P AND G way to save this hand rubbing: Even if you're going to pop your clothes in a washing machine, first find the extra-dirty spots, dampen them and slather on P AND G. Let stand for a few minutes in a little water before the clothes go into hot suds! There'll be no hand rubbing to do later!

Here's why—P AND G dissolves the grease that holds the dirt! For a special reason: P AND G is NOT made of “ordinary laundry-

soap” ingredients. P AND G Naphtha Soap uses the very same *special oil* that goes into fine liquid shampoo soaps! This oil makes a LATHERY, grease-dissolving soap!

No matter how you wash, P AND G's grease-dissolving suds save rubbing . . . and are easy on hands. P AND G stays *fresh* too—it comes to you just the way it was made—full of suds and easy to chip for your machine. And P AND G gives you *more* value for your money, no matter what you're paying for soap now—because P AND G is such a BIG cake of such a FINE soap for such a LOW price.





TESS CAME SLOWLY TOWARD HIM, HEAD AND WHITE SHOULDERS BENT

## The Crooked Lane

BY FRANCES NOYES HART

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

### VII

JOAN LINDSAY, her hand still on the door that led to Toby and Tabby's nursery, stood looking for a moment in surprised amusement at the unmoving rigidity of the young man standing by her desk, with the truant's pencils and crayons still in his hands.

"Couldn't you find a place to put those? Oh, just drop them anywhere! You can come in now if you want to—they're still sound asleep, even though I rolled Tabby over three times and stood Toby straight up on his head. But if you'll just kindly tell me whether you don't honestly think that they're the most absolutely ravishing —"

She stopped, frowning in delicate incredulity. The young man from Vienna was not even pretending to listen to her.

Quite deliberately he had arranged the pencils and crayons neatly on the desk, and now stood staring down at something on it with a degree of concentration that made it obvious even to a fond mother that he had lamentably little time to waste on maternal prattle. Joan Lindsay, who was rather more exigent about pretty manners than the average human being, having such very pretty ones herself, pulled the door of the nursery gently to behind her, and crossed the sitting room to confront her singularly graceless guest.

"Of course," she remarked with ominous sweetness, "I don't know of any particular law compelling you to inspect your hostess' offspring if you don't care to do it—and if you've really found something more interesting on my

desk —" She broke off, checking an involuntary movement of one childish small hand toward the telltale square of ruby glass lying beside Fay Stuart's note with its impressive row of red stamps. It was entirely too obvious what Mr. Sheridan had found to interest him, and for a moment she stood perfectly still, waiting until her fingers were steadily occupied with arranging the knot of violets over her heart before she continued in a voice that held just the right ripple of rueful amusement: "Oh, there's no two ways about it—that pair will simply have to be spanked! Just look what they've done to this desk—and I told them that if they left their tricks and toys around here one single time again —"

Sheridan, picking up the bit of black-taped glass and holding it critically between thumb and finger, raised a pair of dangerously ironic gray eyes to the velvet ones with the absurd lashes.

"This, then, is one of Toby's tricks and toys?"

Joan Lindsay, appraising the exact degree of the level menace through the shield of her lashes, shook her head, as she bestowed on him the most ravishing and mischievous of her large repertoire of smiles.

"No, no—that's one of mine!" She bent forward, drawing him into the circle of her confidence with a beautifully burlesqued stage whisper. "Secret writing, Mr. Sheridan! Whenever we want to get through some very important news in a note that we can turn over to anyone as innocence itself on the surface, we send each other the most beautiful bits of wicked gossip on postage stamps. You know—quill pens, and colored inks, and little tiny slanting letters that particularly bad imps probably use when they send out invitations for their nefarious revels. Did you ever hear of anything so infantile and *Backfisch*?"

"OH, YES," he assured her. "I have heard of it—at least once. . . . That first time was at Christmas, more years ago than I care to remember—a real Austrian Christmas, up in the mountains, with snow and stars and candles lighting those great shining red and green balls that are the fruit of all good Christmas trees. I was not much taller than your Toby who sleeps in that other room, but I can remember well a very tall, straight old gentleman standing beside me with a letter in his hand that someone had just driven up to bring to him in our mountain lodge, and I can still hear the jingle of the sleigh bells about the necks of that messenger's horses as they waited outside, and smell the good, gold, sweet smell of snow and fir and the night as the wind blew in through the open door. I can remember that tall old gentleman taking down one of the candles from the tree so that he could see better through the square of red glass that he brought from his pocket, and so that I, who was his very favorite godson, could see better too. . . . There was a red stamp on the letter, just as there is on this one of Fay Stuart's—only hers has three, has it not? The message on the one that my godfather held for me to look at was quite short—only nine of those small, slanting words—but it was quite long enough to make it sure that before the snow had melted a man would die with his back against a wall. . . . In those days, you see, we shot our spies quickly."

Joan Lindsay, her fingers still busy with the diamond clasp that held the violets, found time to sketch him a pretty and appropriate small shudder.

"I keep forgetting—once upon a time you *were* our enemy, weren't you? What a perfectly ghastly little tale—and how beautifully you told it! . . . How in the world did you know that that was Fay Stuart's letter? I thought that the poor child was dead before you ever got here."

"She died, as a matter of fact, the night that I arrived. But I have seen her writing—it is quite distinctive, should you not say? Now why, I wonder, did she not send it to your business address? And why did she use all those fine red stamps for so small and light a little note?"

He picked up the letter and stood weighing it abstractedly in the palm of one hand, the red glass hovering casually above it, barely a thumb's breadth away.

"Will you tell me how in the world you knew that I had an office?" inquired Joan Lindsay, wide-eyed and graciously diverted. "Good heavens, three-quarters of the people I know in Washington would swear that I hadn't brains enough to run a doll house, much less a travel agency, and here come you, the stranger in our midst, knowing all about it!"

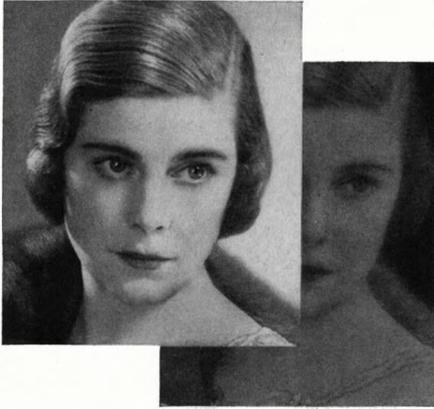
"Oh, not quite all about it, I assure you! And I do not actually know; like the eminent Mr. Holmes, I simply deduce. . . . I deduce, too, since I am at that entertaining pastime, that Fay Stuart was sending you one of those schoolgirl bits of very wicked gossip that I was supposed to find so highly diverting. Have you any objection if I try to see whether my hand and eye have lost their cunning since that far-away Austrian Christmas? Let us see, now—the writing runs sideways, does it not? 'Why not ask the hospitable landlady of the Felton Inn at Wilmington if she remembers —'"

Mrs. Lindsay's hand flashed out with the sure, dainty savagery of a kitten's paw—a reckless and dangerous kitten that did not make the slightest effort to sheathe its claws when it was after

(Continued on Page 90)

# Two Creams needed for your *Two Skins*

a greaseless cream to  
prevent *Dryness* in your  
**Outer Skin**



... an oil cream to  
fight *Wrinkles* in your  
**Under Skin**



**YOU HAVE TWO SKINS!** Each entirely different.

Your wafer-thin Outer Skin is *dried* out by sun and wind... by heat and cold. It needs a cream that restores moisture.

Your Under Skin—many times thicker, and full of nerves, blood vessels, and tiny oil glands, is kept firm and full... unwrinkled... by oils. It needs an oil cream. Each cream entirely different.

That's why it is impossible to treat both skins satisfactorily with any one single cream.

### How Wrinkles begin . . .

Wrinkles mean one warning thing . . . that your *under skin* is lacking in lubrication. Its tiny oil glands are failing to pour out sufficient natural oils . . . the under skin shrinks . . . lines form!

This starved under skin needs a deep penetrating, oil-rich cream . . . Pond's Cold Cream. This famous cream goes deep—encourages the under skin to remain firm, young, wrinkle-free! And, because it is so deep penetrating, Pond's Cold Cream is a superb skin cleanser. Its precious oils loosen pore-deep dust, rouge, powder . . . float every last particle to surface.

### To correct Rough, Dry Skin

To soften your outer skin and keep the natural moisture from evaporating so fast, cover your face lightly with Pond's filmy Vanishing Cream. This cream con-



For your **UNDER SKIN**—Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream or the new Pond's Liquefying Cream that melts instantly.

For your **OUTER SKIN**—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Greaseless. Corrects dryness. Holds powder for hours.

tains a remarkable moisture-restoring and softening substance. See how it dispatches dryness . . . how it rids you of vexing skin roughnesses.

And your skin holds powder and rouge smoothly—over a foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream!

Try this remarkable Two-Skin Care that so many beautiful women follow! Begin now to have the smooth skin you always hoped to have. Here's the way Mrs. Henry Field uses Pond's Two Creams:

1. "At night I smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over my face

*Mrs. Henry Field* OF CHICAGO

(Left) Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, of New York. Thrilling brunette and exquisite blonde. Each keeps her beauty by using Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

and neck, wiping it off with Pond's Tissues. Then more Cold Cream . . . patting several minutes. It cleanses perfectly . . . makes my skin feel firm, refreshed. Again, Pond's Tissues." (If you like a quicker melting cream, use Pond's new Liquefying Cream which is equally rich in oils, and a marvelous cleanser.)

2. "Then I pat on Pond's Vanishing Cream, leave it on all night.  
3. "In the morning—and during the day—again a Pond's Cold Cream cleansing. I finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream to keep my skin soft . . . hold my make-up."

### Mail Coupon for Samples . . .

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. G, 38 Hudson Street, New York City  
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and three different shades of Pond's New Face Powder as checked.

I prefer Light Shades  I prefer Dark Shades

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

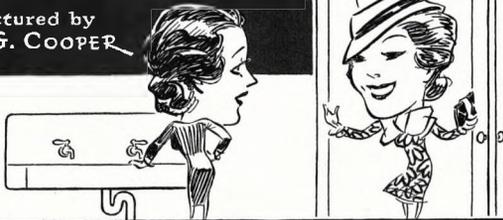
Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

# "DRAIN TAKES A HOLIDAY"

A Household Drama in which the Drain is the Bad Actor

Pictured by F. G. COOPER

Come on, let's get going. Isn't it a grand day for our picnic?



I'm having my picnic right here. The drain's gone on a holiday and the water's taking all day to run out of the sink.



Calm yourself, calm yourself.

Well, you know I can't go and leave a mess like this.



You don't have to. I'll dash over to the store and get a can of Drano. That'll fix it.

Now watch. We'll pour in a little Drano—wait a few minutes and then flush with clear water. And there's your drain working like a good fellow.



I've always heard Drano was marvelous. Now I know it. I'll never be without a can of it here on the shelf.



Yes, and if you'll use it regularly, like I do, you'll never have your drains taking a holiday.

## Red Roofs

(Continued from Page 7)

delicate opprobrium, neatly turned sentences of brilliant sarcasm raced through her mind . . . then all at once it was surprisingly morning.

IV

EVERYBODY said it was the best Fourth of July party ever given—it was even better than a Fourth of July party in childhood. The smell of punk and gunpowder was delicious on the sultry air. Small packets of crackers sizzled and popped beneath tin cans; giant crackers roared patriotically on the terrace. Addie dared not venture from the kitchen.

At six o'clock all toiled like heavily laden immigrants up the hill to an old outdoor fireplace. The food was just as they had remembered picnic food on the Fourth—a gargantuan potato salad, cold ham, toasted Frankfurters, chubby dil pickle, angel-food cake.

"Nobody but Pan," said George, "could have given the whole thing such verisimilitude."

"Even to the very ants in the salad," observed Bill. "Rococo ants of the exact Victorian period."

"All I had to do," said Pandora, very pleased, "was simply to remember how we did it in Iowa."

It grew abruptly dark. A thick, velvety blackness had covered the whole earth; there was neither a moon nor a single star. The frail beauty of sparklers captured the fancy. Hung in bushes, they were like dancing silver flowers; whirled overhead, they were molten arcs dripping crystal asterisks. The enormous box of fireworks came forth. Red flares awoke the drowsy grass. Pinwheels whirled like dervishes on the surprised trees. The wooden chute for rockets which George had made in the afternoon was, to everybody's astonishment, a success.

"George," said Drake, "is a better chute maker than a bond salesman."

George replied modestly, "I started at the bottom and worked up."

THE low, dramatic repartee of the Roman candles was answered in the black sky with red orbs like youthful laughter.

The first rocket started its exciting journey, shot through the sky and burst into a spangled fountain of emerald and ruby. Nobody, now, cared for anything but rockets. The red and green flares died unnoticed; the sparklers were cold and gray and lifeless. Rockets were all at once the goal of existence. Watching them was like rushing off the earth into a frightening void and suddenly becoming articulate in color and sound. Their evanescent magic was pitiful but glorious, like poets who have died too young.

Later, Pandora wondered how so lovely a thing as a rocket could also be a criminal. Bill noticed it first. "What's that funny light down there? It looks like red flares on those roofs."

Pandora said gayly, "How marvelous! Mr. Nicolas Craigie is so fond of the color that he has to have red flares on his red roofs." Then she rose, feeling uneasy, and stared at the house below.

Bill and Drake walked a little way down the hill.

"You don't think it's on fire?" asked Eleanor soberly.

"It can't be!" said Pandora. Her voice was sharp. It was almost as if she had willed his house to be on fire.

"It is," said George. He jumped to his feet and started to run down the hill, letting the three women follow as they might. Against the rosette color that now illuminated the sky they could see Drake and Bill also running.

Pandora reached her house as soon as George—they grabbed at the telephone simultaneously. He gave it to her.

"Operator," she said crisply, "put in a fire alarm. The house just below mine.

This is 3 Maple Hill." She turned to George: "Damn! She says the fire truck just went out to Hebron Four Corners. . . . Oh, George, I'm terribly sorry for poor Mr. Craigie."

"Well," said George heartlessly, "one of your rockets took care of those red roofs. I won't have to repaint them now. Will you marry me anyway?"

"Don't," said Pandora, pushing his arm away. She hurried out and down the steps with George at her heels.

There was little anybody could do. It was appalling to see a house burn that way, in spite of the perverse human rapture that destruction by fire arouses even in civilized hearts. The siren in the town hall continued its hoarse blast of appeal, but when the engine at last clanged up the street there was not much left. The hose played over a ruin; and at the side a tall man stood watching silently.

Pandora's heart was heavy with grief. She forced herself to walk over to the tall man who stood so quietly.

"Mr. Craigie!" Her voice was distressfully uncontrolled. "I'm Pandora Mallard. This is all my fault. It is one of my rockets." ("There," she thought, "it's said. At least it's said.")

HE TURNED to her the saddest, gentlest smile she had ever seen. "I've been forcing myself to think of Europe," he told her, "so this won't seem so bad."

"You don't think, then—you can't possibly think—that it was anything intentional . . . malicious?"

"How could I?" he replied. "You?"

"But you don't even know me."

"I've seen you walk by nearly every day."

"Can you read character from that?"

"Yes," he said simply.

The fire engine went noisily away; the crowd began to disperse in loitering, talkative groups. Pandora stared at the charred foundations of what had been a house. Nicolas Craigie also stared at it.

"All your books! All your things!" she said, tears springing to her eyes.

"Yes, isn't it hell?" he remarked without emphasis.

"Of course you had insurance?"

"No. I was a fool, wasn't I? If I ever have a house again I'll certainly insure it."

"But," cried Pandora, "what does it mean, then? It's all gone and you have nothing?"

He nodded, being neither tragic nor artificially restrained. Since the thing had happened there was, really, little comment worth making. "I'll go back to New York and work again. I was almost well, anyhow. I had what the doctors call a nervous breakdown, but what I call unexplainable apathy." He glanced at her, smiling a shy, one-sided smile. He had a young, thin, strained face.

The burden of her sympathy was almost more than she could bear. "Please," she said, "Mr. Craigie, will you come up to my house and have some coffee, and we'll talk? There are a few guests, but I won't let them bother you."

"I don't mind being bothered. I've been rather lonesome, in fact. Yes, thanks so much. You see"—his boyish laugh suddenly rent the melancholy—"I can't very well ask you into my house."

Pandora was glad he had laughed. She laughed, too, although it was an effort. She wanted so much more to cry. "Too unconventional?" she asked lightly.

"No," said Nicolas Craigie. "Because you don't like red roofs."

IT WAS four o'clock in the morning when they walked up the hill. Bill and Eleanor and Drake and George had cozily seated themselves in the living room for a (Continued on Page 39)



# Drano

CLEANS AND OPENS DRAINS . . . KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING

SEND ten cents for helpful booklet, "100 House-cleaning Helps." The Brackett Co. Dept. J-74, Cincinnati, O.

# Stale Coffee offends your taste and irritates your nerves—

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

Fifty-six packages 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 *Fee 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 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 shows 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, 8 in Seattle, and 6 others in miscellaneous cities.

Coffee bought in many cities all over America found *STALE*—recent investigation shows

To taste rich and satisfying . . . to make life seem brighter and cheerier—coffee must be fresh.

When it is stale, it's flat and insipid. It develops rancid oil and is a source of nervous irritation. It slowly undermines your morale.

And you may be getting coffee that has grown stale, no matter how much you pay for your brand. In 16 cities in the United States, an investigation disclosed that 56 brands of packaged coffees purchased were stale—many of them unfit to drink!

Make sure your coffee is *Dated*. There's no question of the freshness of Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee. The date of delivery is clearly marked on every pound, for you to read. We watch this date carefully and make deliveries so frequently that no can remains on your grocer's shelf more than 10 days.

You can be sure that this coffee is fresh—full-flavored, rich and satisfying, and absolutely free from rancid oil.

Try Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee tomorrow.

## HOME TO MOTHER—



Don't lose your temper  
Look for the Date



**DATED means it's FRESH**

Copyright, 1934, by Standard Brands Inc.



SO MUCH A PART OF

*charm*



Attractive wives whose husbands seem always to be attentive . . . stunning young enchantresses ever able to captivate men . . . mature women whose many friends look forward to their presence . . . what is their secret? Such women, you will almost invariably find, give as much attention to their breath as they do to their hair, their skin, their teeth, and their clothes. Never would they be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath). Conscious always of the possibility of offending others, they regularly take this simple and sensible precaution: Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

*Before Social Engagements, use*  
**L I S T E R I N E**  
*The Pleasant Deodorant*

(Continued from Page 36)

spontaneous game of bridge. Judith had gone to bed.

Pandora took Nicolas into the kitchen and made lavish sandwiches with her own, rather shabby hands. "We have some apple pie, too," she told him. "But you can't have any."

He blushed. "I've been on a strict diet." "You needn't have written such a horrid note."

"I know, I'm sorry. But sometimes one's nerves —"

"That's why I left New York."

"Me, too." He bit into a sandwich. "These are wonderful." This remark pleased her more than if he had told her she was beautiful—which at this moment she was. She glowed with the ardor a woman feels at meeting a new, significant, lovable male.

Then they walked out to see the dawn, climbing to the top of the hill where the view of the distant mountains came to them diffused by blue and purple light, and the white birches were like young dancers carved in ivory.

Pandora and Nicolas sat beneath the great cedar tree and watched the sun re-born; they said very little. Around them was the debris of the picnic. The burned-out Roman candles looked strange in the grass. And the rocket chut, Pandora said, reminded her of Coney Island in the winter. Although she did not fret him any further with her remorse, she was not free from an overwhelming pain. His house—the red roofs that had somehow given him happiness—all had vanished! And now he had nothing and she, alone, was to blame.

ONCE he reached out and took her hand and looked at it. She wanted to press his fingers fiercely and warmly, but for the first time she was afraid to be nonchalant or even confident with a man. "Does he like me or does he despise me?" she wondered, as if she were an uncertain, untutored, awkward young girl.

And when she knew the next day that he had left for New York she staved off her emotion by desperate bravery until her own guests had departed and she could be as unhappy as she pleased in solitude.

Pandora grew nearly ill from fruitless brooding over that which had happened to Nicolas Craigie. It was true, she learned, that he had nothing, whatever, except the house. Everything in the village—unconsciously cruel—informed her of fresh reasons why they regretted his departure. It all came to the fact that there was something lovable, humorous and brave about him which the village had recognized and Pandora alone had missed.

But, sensibly knowing that she could not continue in this way, Pandora made a decision.

Work was started immediately on Nicolas Craigie's house. Laborers in the village were grateful to have employment. Brick and stone and mortar and cement and shingles and—finally—paint appeared in endless procession. Pandora studied the monthly statements from her New York bank, frowned to herself, and wrote new checks—always fuming at the Government tax on checks. What if it should amount to her whole savings? . . . She bolstered herself: "Anyhow, I'm giving employment."

WHEN the rebuilt house stood ready for the finishing touches she directed the painters to make the roofs a bright barn red. Then she wrote a letter to a certain Nicolas Craigie in care of a well-known newspaper syndicate. But the syndicate informed her briefly that Mr. Craigie had been sent abroad to look at the European situation.

Pandora Mallard sat at luncheon under her fetching apple tree, day after day, alone. Whatever her faults, she was not weakling. She looked down at the red roofs which had become so strangely beautiful simply because Nicolas had liked them; and she said to herself, "Taste is nothing unless it makes you happy, and nothing makes me happy except to stare at his damnable red roofs."

She also said to herself, "How can I go on like this? The summer is almost gone."

It was true. The leaves on the maple trees were changing to burnt orange and scarlet, and the hills across the valley had patchworks of russet among the thickets of cedar green. The birches had become shy accents of pale gold. Woodbine, turned to crimson, clung to all the stone walls as if to shelter the gray stone by bright flannel blanketing from the cold.

Pandora tramped through the woods. She knew that ordinarily she would have loved the color and the crisp sunlight. But, although she always started out brisk and with the appearance of gaiety, it ended the same way. She sat down in the fallen leaves or on an old log or lichen-covered stone. Her hands crept over her face and she repeated without reason to herself, feeling starkly alone, "How can I go on like this?" Then she would argue with the person who, presumably, had been Pandora Mallard.

"But this isn't I."

"WELL," answered the new Pandora, "you wanted to find out what you were like, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't count on anything like this."

"What does it profit a woman —" began the satirical inward voice. At that reminder Pandora always tramped onward through the fallen leaves.

One morning Addie Allen awakened her apologetically. "I didn't like to disturb you—but it's a telegram, and I always think telegrams are important."

It was from Mrs. Parks: IMPERATIVE FOR YOU TO RETURN STOP JUDITH HAS JUST MARRIED DRAKE KINGSTON STOP REPLY AT ONCE

Pandora wired:

BACK DAY AFTER TOMORROW

"All right! All right!" she said to her image in the mirror, small fists clenched. "Stand there, looking smug and sophisticated! And go back to New York! . . . I'll always be here, Pandora Mallard. You can go and edit your old magazine and look smart and wear swell clothes and dictate fashions. You despise red roofs, don't you? . . . Well, it just happens that I like them." Then she began to cry terribly, but, in spite of that, packed her trunks and her bags and wrote out a list of things for Addie to do in the morning.

She busied herself the next day with many small duties about the house. Her train did not leave until five in the afternoon. Finally she went out to rest on the terrace under the apple tree, which was now only a curious specter of its former self. Pandora looked down for a last time at the roofs. . . .

THEN, lips parted, staring and without noticing her own clumsiness, she knocked over the wicker table with its trays and magazines. She was shivering, but it was not because the pale sunlight had disappeared over the hills. On the largest portion of the reddest roof below, somebody had painted in great white letters the words: "I Love You."

And even while she looked, Pandora saw Nicolas bounding up the tedious steps. She ran to meet him. The tears were falling down her cheeks; she knew she didn't look beautiful or smart, didn't look any way at all. "Oh, darling, darling!" she said, in an untrained voice, as if she had never heard of Modern Modes. "Did you see it?" he asked, gesturing toward the red roof slashed with white. "Of course it's a bold statement. And I've come up to find out if it's true."

Pandora's hands clenched desperately behind her back. "Is it?" she said in an adamant tone, so unlike what she wanted, but so necessary. "Is it?" she repeated almost savagely. "Is it?"

For answer Nicolas put his arms around her, smiled into her eyes a brief moment, and kissed her. The red roofs with the white legend blurred into a distant motif, but the Vermont hills remained benevolently the same.



## Have a Good Vacation

If you have been grinding away, month after month, you need a special tonic. It is the world-famous health builder, the blending of sunshine, fresh air, change of scene, rest and diversion—a vacation.

Plan to enjoy a totally different kind of a life for a short time. New ideas, new scenes, new people afford recreation. And recreation is necessary to health and good spirits. Joy, pleasure and laughter invigorate mind and body. They help to tone up the entire system.

What would you like to do in order to have a complete change? Motor, hike, or take a trip by rail or steamer? Will you go deep into the woods near a lake

or a mountain? Or sun yourself on the beach at a summer resort? Active sports or quiet leisure, or both?

But while you are happily planning your vacation and thinking of the good times and the rest you will have, keep in mind that people are more likely to be hurt or to hurt themselves when in strange surroundings than when in familiar ones. Don't let your vacation be spoiled by a needless mishap. You can guard against most accidents.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet "First Aid" which tells you what to do in event of accidents. Send for your copy, read it and take it away with you.

### VACATION "DO'S" AND "DON'TS"

#### At Ocean, Lake or River

Know how to resuscitate in cases of apparent drowning. Do not go in swimming when overheated, or within two hours after eating. Never go in bathing alone at any time, even if you are a strong swimmer. Do not dive unless you are sure of the depth.

#### In the Woods

Don't drink from wayside springs, streams or strange wells, unless the water is boiled, in order to avoid intestinal or other disorders. If you come in contact with poison ivy or poison sumac, wash exposed part in at least five rinsings of soap and water. In a serious case, see a doctor.

Break a burned match before dropping it, to be sure that the flame is extinguished. Never leave a fire or embers burning.

#### Anywhere

In case of fire caused by gasoline or kerosene, smother flames with sand or dirt, or with blankets, coats or other heavy woolen articles. Never use water. Never throw away a lighted cigarette or cigar. Grind it out. Get a "First Aid" booklet and keep a First Aid kit at hand.

The Metropolitan's free booklet, "First Aid" tells what to do and how to do it—at home as well as when you are away—in event of broken bones, burns, sprains, poisoning, apparent drowning, fire, wounds, electric shock, bites, sunburn, sunstroke and common accidents of various kinds.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. DEPT. 734-J

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet "First Aid."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# Let a Champion Jelly Maker

## Explain this Modern Way



Mrs. Effie A. Mills, of Detroit, Michigan, won 43 prizes in all for her entries in the Michigan State Fair last year. She now uses Certo in all her prize-winning jams and jellies.

**WHICH METHOD DO YOU FOLLOW?  
THE NEW WAY**

**THE OLD WAY**

- Mrs. A after cleaning and crushing her berries and crushing her berries was ready to start making her jam at nine o'clock.
- The red band on the kettle indicates the amount of fruit and juice that Mrs. A got from her berries (4 cups). The red raspberries cost 19¢ a quart—2 quarts 38¢.
- Mrs. A added 2 lbs. of sugar to her berries. The sugar cost 5¢ per lb.—2 lbs. 10¢.
- Following the old "pound for pound" standard recipe Mrs. A had to boil the fruit and sugar about 30 minutes before the jam thickened to the desired consistency. This long boiling evaporated one-half of the original weight of the berries and carried off most of the natural fresh fruit flavor as fragrant steam.
- When Mrs. A poured her jam she found she had 6 glasses. The cost:
 

Berries . . . . .	38¢
Sugar . . . . .	10¢
	6) 48¢
	8¢

The 6 glasses Mrs. A made cost an average of at least 8¢ per glass.

**THE NEW WAY**

- Mrs. B was ready to start her jam making at nine o'clock, too.
- Mrs. B using the same quantity of raspberries (2 quarts) got the same amount of fruit and juice (4 cups). Her berries also cost 19¢ a quart—2 quarts 38¢.
- Mrs. B added 2¼ lbs. of sugar to her berries. The sugar cost 5¢ per lb.—2¼ lbs., about 14¢.
- Mrs. B simply brought her fruit and sugar to a tumbling boil, boiled for 1 minute, removed from the stove, and added ½ bottle of Certo. Certo is simply the jellifying substance of fruit in concentrated liquid form. At 35¢ per bottle, the half bottle Mrs. B used cost about 18¢.
- Mrs. B got 10 glasses of the same size from her berries. The cost:
 

Berries . . . . .	38¢
Sugar . . . . .	14¢
Certo . . . . .	18¢
	10) 70¢
	7¢
- Mrs. B's 10 glasses of jam were made in 12 minutes. She was all through at nine-twelve.

The 10 glasses cost only 7¢ per glass. Note how Certo pays for itself in increased yield and saving of time and fuel.

Mrs. Effie A. Mills, champion jelly maker, contrasts the modern Certo method of jam and jelly making to her grandmother's old-fashioned method.

"In the chart above," says Mrs. Mills, "you can see the difference in the two methods of making jellies.

"I never used Certo until 1927. But now I use it in every jelly and jam I make.

"The Certo method, as you can see above, is much quicker, and because you get half again more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit, each glass costs less.

"Then, too, because the fruit does not boil off in steam, your finished jams and jellies have far more of the delicious flavor of fresh ripe fruit. There's none of that boiled-down taste.

"Certo, you see, is a bottled fruit pectin that makes jelly from any fruit. You will find a handy booklet of recipes under the label." Certo is for sale at all grocers. A product of General Foods.

© G. F. Corp., 1934

TODAY MORE THAN  
FOUR MILLION JELLY MAKERS USE CERTO

Just slit the label of the Certo bottle and note the handy booklet of jam and jelly recipes. Different fruits, you know, require different handling—the reason that Certo gives you separate recipes for each fruit—89 in all!





# TAKE YOUR BEAUTY OUTDOORS!

BY DOROTHY COCKS

**A** DOSE of natural sunshine comes as near to being a beauty potion, an elixir of charm, as anything that the apothecaries and beauty specialists of all the ages have ever concocted. I've rubbed elbows with a lot of the cosmetic wizards of the present day. Their products—the creams and lotions, fine soaps and face powders you find in the stores—are excellent. Sound products of modern science. They do much to repair the harm of our crazy modern mode of life. But they aren't miracles.

Whereas sunshine is a miracle! It does obscure magical things to the calcium and phosphate and other sordid minerals of your tissues. Transmutes them into pep, radiance, positive physical charm!

I'm a great believer in what might be called the "overflow" theory of personality. The theory that personality, attractiveness, etc., are a kind of magnetic radiation from an abundantly healthy individual . . . an overflow of physical energy, which pours outward from you in electric sparkles, when and if your physical vitality is in excess of your physical needs. A woman who is below par in health, constantly overdrawing her physical and nervous reserve, is seldom a vitally attractive person. Whereas a woman with superb health is usually dynamic, stimulating, attractive to people.

And that's what sunshine can do for you! Pile up that reserve which generates personality. Recharge your storage battery of charm. I think one of the greatest tragedies of civilization is the fact that we live so much of our lives indoors and bundled up. Thank our stars we are learning to move out and under the sun, in a minimum of clothes. No wonder the scanty bathing suits reveal ugly, distorted figures! We've been living like moles for centuries! No wonder the Greek goddesses had such divine figures! They knew how to dress scantily and play outdoors. Their beauty secret, long forgotten in the dark Middle Ages and Victoria's era, is coming to light again.

If you are so careless as to let your face get badly sunburned, you may question whether sunshine is any beauty aid. But that will be your own fault. There are any number of good preparations to protect your skin from burning until it gains a little hardihood of its own. If your skin is comparatively opaque, a heavy application of your powder foundation and a generous powdering will be enough. If your skin is dry, an oil rubbed into it while you sun bathe will prevent soreness and blistering. If your skin is thin, fair or sensitive, you should surely use one of the creams that definitely screen out the burning light while you tan to your heart's content.

Don't let yourself get badly sunburned. It coarsens and thickens your skin for months afterward—and that's not becoming in this age of femininity. Moreover, a bad sunburn is a *burn*, with the attendant fever, toxic condition, destruction of red blood corpuscles. No health in that! So take your tonic sunshine in moderation.

But take it! For in moderation, it vitalizes all your system. Makes your eyes clear, brighter, more sparkling. Makes your cheeks and lips rosy with health. Makes your skin glow with that inner radiance that is so seductive. Makes you look vivid instead of insipid.

And, more practically, sunshine is grand medication for certain skin faults. For pimples, for bumps under the skin, for the scars and pits that follow eruptions. For dandruff. For the dull, muddy complexion that characterizes poor circulation and many digestive ills.

The fashion oracles tell me that the new clothes are more and more designed for the woman with "shape." So more and more of you will be writing to ask me how to develop the bust. Now is your chance, in these summer months, to take part in the exercises that will mold your shoulders, chest and breasts in lovely proportions. Swim—there is no exercise so good for firming flabby breasts or correcting flat-chestedness. Play tennis—it is grand for lifting and modeling a shapeless bosom. Play golf—it lifts the breasts and diaphragm, hardens and shapes flabby upper arms. I can never conscientiously sanction massage of the breast, about which so many women write me. These tissues are too delicate for amateur treatment. But sports and exercises which use the muscles of the chest, diaphragm, shoulders and upper arms, are all excellent to give roundness and firmness to the breasts.

Air and sunshine can do a lot of good to your hair too. Gradual sun tanning of your scalp, to tone and invigorate it, is sometimes all that is necessary to correct mild dandruff or oiliness. If your hair has a tendency to dryness, however, protect it from too sudden or prolonged exposure to sun, just as you protect your skin. Use a rich oily scalp pomade, an oily scalp tonic, or an oily hair dressing (rubbed into the scalp and brushed down the length of the hair), to keep your hair from becoming parched and brittle.

Sunshine bleaches the hair. So if you cherish the even blondness or the particular chestnut tint of your locks, stick to shade hats and beach umbrellas.

And now a word about your toes. After years of seclusion, toes are coming right out in public, not only on the beach but at the most formal evening parties. And not all toes can stand this amount of social attention. They don't show off well. Do yours?

Barring actual bunions, you can do almost as much for toes as you can to make your hands pretty. And by the same process. Manicure your toenails as regularly and carefully as you do your hands, if you're going to indulge in sandal footwear. Scrub them vigorously with hot water and soap and a determined brush, to remove dead, dingy cuticle. Shape the nails *roundly* (not pointed for toes) with an emery board. Cover an orange-wood stick with cotton, wet it with a cuticle-remover preparation, and work this gently but thoroughly under the nail tips, all around the cuticle edges, and over callous spots. Then scrub your toes again, and go over each nail painstakingly with a corner of the Turkish bath towel, wiping away all the scraps of dead skin that make toes look so unkempt and unused to a social life. Then apply nail polish, if you want your toes to be very dressy. The vivid and deep shades of polish are even more gay and smart on toes than they are on finger tips. With evening sandals, though, I think the pearly or pastel rose shades are even more alluring and newer. Use your hand lotion or hand cream all over your feet to make them have a nice complexion to set off sandals prettily.



New interest is Aroused  
by this tea—richer in theol

**R**ESPONSIVENESS is increased by tea. Thought flows more freely, interest is quickened, imagination is stimulated. The sense of well-being is pleasantly stirred.

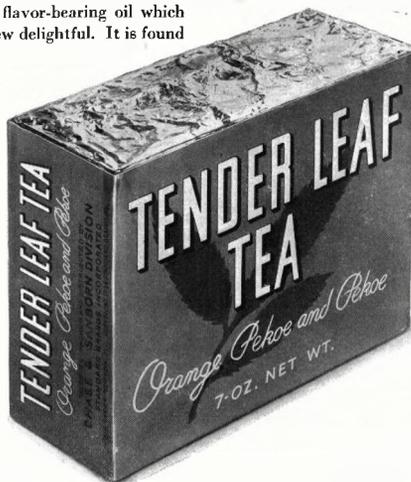
Yet no "let-down" follows. Tea gives you its benefits with no unfavorable reaction—no undesirable after-effects.

To get the most out of tea, be sure to pick a blend that is rich in *theol*. This is the fragrant, flavor-bearing oil which makes the brew delightful. It is found

in all tea, but in different amounts.

There is *more theol* in *Tender Leaf Tea* than in any but the most costly blends, not ordinarily found in grocery stores. Only the tender leaves go into it—leaves picked at the height of their flavor, during the favorable dry season.

Your grocer has *Tender Leaf Tea* in two convenient sizes. Try *this tea*, richer in *theol*. Enjoy it daily!



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#### AFTER LIGHTNING

**I** THINK the later stars, in pale  
Concern, must wonder  
That God, who made a nightingale,  
Made also thunder  
To jar a silken sky in one  
Resistless motion,  
And quench the moon—a lantern spun  
Through mirrored ocean.  
—MAY CARLETON LORD.

#### LOUISIANA RHAPSODY

**I** SAW in full consistency  
A tree of crested cardinals.  
Their scarlet was a rhapsody  
Of bright melodic intervals.  
The mockingbird is dull to see,  
His song alone is leaping fire;  
But the cardinal only has to be  
To chant aloud life's red desire!  
—CLEMENT WOOD.

#### LINES FOR A SUMMER DAY

**T**HE world is yours today, my lad. Your feet  
Possess each mile of daisy field they cover,  
And where they pause beside the cool retreat  
Of shady brooks and hillsides red with clover,  
They, too, are yours, and all the butterflies  
You chase like shining arrows down the wind;  
The robins in the willows, and the skies  
Bluer than seas of larkspur. You will find  
The wild flowers ring their bells for you; the grass  
Grows sweet beneath your shadow as you run,  
And all the furry fellows as they pass  
Will pause to greet you in the summer sun.  
Remember, as the twilight takes the lane,  
The world is yours today, but never again.  
—DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY.

#### THE GOLDEN GOOSE

**S**UMMER is a golden goose  
Staked to a golden peg,  
And every morning just at dawn  
She lays a golden egg.

She lays a shimmering golden egg  
In a grassy nest  
Which she has lined with silken floss  
Plucked from her yellow breast.

A golden egg . . . a golden day . . .  
Because there are so many,  
Until too late nobody deems  
Them worth a copper penny.

Until too late, when autumn wind  
Sets the big bird loose;  
When frost, the hunter, and his hounds  
Have killed the golden goose.  
—ETHEL ROMIC FULLER.

#### ODE TO ADELINA CATTI

**S**MALL, amber-eyed divinity  
Of feline femininity,  
How sweet your golden furfulness,  
Your soft and soothing purriness!

O paragon of cattery,  
No praise of you is flattery;  
We love your graceful attitudes,  
Your winsome pussy-cattitudes!  
—ARTHUR GUTERMAN.

#### FAMILY TREES

**T**HESE elms, so carefully planted here  
By this house, are not the mere  
Means of making sure of shade.  
The men whose fingers bent and made  
These symmetries of arching wood  
Were creating something good  
As the tall sons their loins bore.  
These were the children beyond the door,  
These were the children they left outside.  
The men legot them in their pride  
And set them here to do their duty  
Of walling the house around with beauty.  
The fathers loved them with the others  
Who had less patient, stately mothers  
Than the green earth. Elms like these  
Are a family of trees.  
—ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

#### PRESERVING TIME

**C**OLOR is bubbling, aroma is curving.  
Hadn't you guessed it? Time for  
preserving!  
This is what budtime promised alluringly.  
Life moves from fancy to fact  
reassuringly.  
Time keeps its promises, fragrance to  
flavor.  
Now is the time for preserving life's savor.  
—RALPH CHEYNEY.

#### BOY RUNNING

**B**OY, under the rain,  
you race like a blowing deer, your brown eyes soft  
in the slanting silver, loving the dark wood stained  
by wetness, loving the thin and dripping leaves . . .  
You come to the meadow and see them circling aloft  
and swooping in figures of eight—the swallows over the sheaves . . .  
And your mouth is a curve of sweetness,  
your eyes are wide with joy!  
Boy, you have learned already to taste the light,  
yellow or cloudy, white with snow, or gray  
with the march of rain . . . and you run in the breathless way  
a deer runs under returning seasons, glad  
for an hour, an instant, for a golden or darkened day!  
—FRANCES M. FROST.

YESTERDAY... the privilege of one woman in 65  
 TODAY... the beauty right of every woman

# "The Skin you love to touch"



No man can resist the glamour of a woman's lovely skin!

Costume, Courtesy of Jay Thompson



BARONESS IDA LEGAN

participant in Vienna Half face Beauty Test—one of many such tests which settled decisively which beauty aid most swiftly improves the skin. Conducted in 9 nations by leading dermatologists. For 30 days, the subjects used Woodbury's Facial Soap on the right half of their faces. Other cleansers on the left half. In every test Woodbury's produced a volume of proof for its scientific care of the skin unmatched by any other method.

THE same 25-cent quality you have always known in Woodbury's Facial Soap is now yours... for just 10 cents.

Today, you... and every woman... can step inside the envied circle that has always held the world's loveliest women.

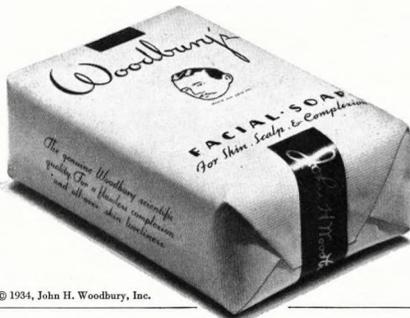
For Woodbury's has created a big new 10-cent cake... so that scientific skin care might be universal... in every home... for every skin use.

Woodbury's has not changed its world-famous beauty formula by one single detail. Today,

for 10 cents you get the same high quality, the same fine ingredients, the identical precious oils and unguents as the 25c size contained.

Today, for 10 cents, you may expect the same definite and visible improvement *within 30 days*, as Woodbury's recently gave to hundreds of women in beauty clinics conducted in nine nations.

The big, new, long-lasting 10c cake of Woodbury's is ready for you now... at your druggist's, your department store or your grocer's... the proved formula for "The Skin You Love to Touch."



# Woodbury's

FACIAL SOAP • NOW



© 1934, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

SEND 9¢ IN STAMPS FOR WOODBURY LOVELINESS KIT



Containing generous trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, 6 dainty packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six flattering shades... John H. Woodbury, Inc., 143 Alford Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Name

Address

# AM I HAPPY!

*My washes look like a million dollars now!*

**W**HE-E-E! How that sun dazzles you—shining on my washline!

See? Those clothes aren't yellow. They aren't gray. They're white!

How did I get them that way? Well, I've learned the secret. I've found that "trick" soaps just can't do a job in the tub.

What clothes need is real soap—soap that goes deep into the tiniest little threads and gets out ground-in dirt. And that soap is Fels-Naptha—the golden bar with lots of dirt-losing naphtha in it!

Make a test with Fels-Naptha, just to see what I mean. The dirtiest part of your wash, I imagine, is the neckbands on shirts. Well, try Fels-Naptha on those neckbands! See how quickly that

stubborn dirt is loosened! (Naphtha and soap are working for you—helping you do the rubbing!) See how easily Fels-Naptha suds—rich and lively—wash all that dirt away!

**Yet—here's an important point—that wash of yours will be whitened—safely!**

Fels-Naptha doesn't hurry clothes to the mending-basket. It's the best thing ever for dainty lingerie, silk stockings and woolens. It's nice to hands, too.

Get some Fels-Naptha Soap today and try it. Soak your clothes or boil them—use hot, lukewarm or cool water—machine or tub.

**No matter how you wash your clothes, Fels-Naptha will turn them out snowy-white—in record time! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.**



**"More good news! . . . Fels-Naptha Soap now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years!"**

## Illusions and Confusions

(Continued from Page 21)

got out pencils and score cards, the roll was called, the result was announced, with cheers of approval from the galleries.

Senator Cutting, of New Mexico, and Senator Steiwer, of Oregon, made the principal speeches in favor of overriding. They were telling presentations of their side, and will well repay anyone to read. Senators Robinson, of Arkansas, Byrnes, of South Carolina, and Tydings, of Maryland, bore the main burden of presenting the Administration position.

The President in his veto message had claimed that the bill exceeded the estimate submitted to him in the sum of \$228,000,000. That figure has, I think, been proved beyond dispute to be incorrect. Representative Taber, of New York, issued a statement backed up by detailed figures to show the exact amount carried in the bill in excess of the President's recommendations. He said, "By the most liberal figure it only can be made \$80,000,000 on an annual basis, without regard to the savings carried in the bill.

"The majority of Congress felt that with the orgy of expenditure that has been going on, a 5 per cent cut for the civil employes, carried by new legislation in this bill into the year 1935, was as far as they wanted to go.

"One hundred and twenty-five million dollars of savings in the expenditures of the Government by the extension of the provisions of the Economy Act into the year 1935 was made for the taxpayers of the country by this bill.

"As to veterans, the bill carried the following:

- |  |              |
|--|--------------|
| "1. For Spanish War veterans . . . . .   | \$37,400,000 |
| (The President, by his regulations of Mar. 27, 1934, restored Spanish War veterans on a temporary basis so that it would cost more than this for the year 1935.) |              |
| "2. To restore the war-disabled veterans to the rates they were receiving prior to the nineteenth of March, 1933. . . . .  | 30,000,000   |
| (The President, by his regulations of March 27, 1934, did not do this.)  |              |
| "3. To restore the World War presumptively service-connected cases on a 75 per cent basis . . . . .  | 9,312,500    |
| (The President, by his regulations of March 27, 1934, did this on a basis which would have cost approximately \$11,500,000.)                                     |              |
| Total . . . . .  | \$76,712,500 |

"The cost of the President's regulations, according to the best estimates I can make, would have been \$60,000,000. With reference to veterans, the Congress voted but \$16,000,000 over what the President was willing to do for veterans. Congress, therefore, did not destroy the Economy Act, as has been inferred."

### Take a Look at the Record

**I**N RELATION to the amount involved in the restoration of the pay cut to the Federal employes, I wish to quote from a letter written by Senator Walcott, of Connecticut: "The cost of the restoration of the pay cut to the Federal employes amounts to approximately \$145,000,000. Without the passage of the bill, full restoration would have become due automatically on July 1, 1934, but this bill provided that the cut of last spring be restored one-third April first, one-third July first, and one-third, at option of the President, on or before January 1, 1935."

These two statements by Representative Taber and Senator Walcott can be checked by the record, and it seems to me

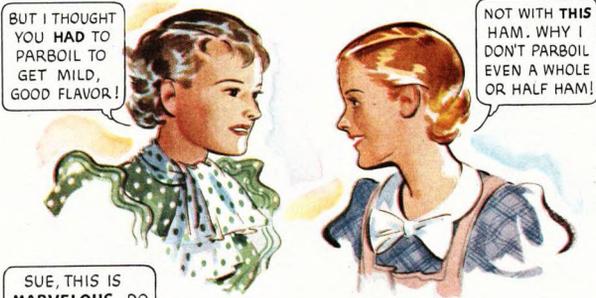
are conclusive evidence that the claim made by the Administration, and pretty generally by the press of the country, that the overriding of the veto "increased the budget by \$228,000,000" is without foundation in fact. The truth is there was a perfectly amazing misrepresentation of what had really happened. An impression was created that the Economy Act had been completely nullified. Much of the newspaper comment would have led the average reader to believe that the bill restored to the pension and compensation rolls veterans with disabilities not traceable to military service. There was also a widespread belief, incredible as it may seem, that those who voted for this bill were voting for the bonus. Of course, it had absolutely nothing to do with the Bonus Bill. Yet I have heard many people who were presumably well informed say, "How could So-and-So vote for the bonus?" Aside from its merits as regards the righting of injustice to the service men and Government employes, the howl raised against this legislation for upsetting the economy program does strike one as more than a little inconsistent.

### The Fisherman's Return

**W**HEN one considers that the present Administration has been spending on an average of \$30,000,000 a day for many months, that it is paying out untold sums to agricultural and other groups, and that we face a deficit in the next fiscal year of \$7,000,000,000, the amount involved in the restoration of their pay cuts to the meagerly paid Government employes and the restoration to the rolls of the presumptively war-disabled veterans seems relatively insignificant.

There was a comic aftermath to the final passage of the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill. On the evening of the day that the House overrode his veto, the President left Washington for a two or three weeks' fishing trip with Mr. Vincent Astor on his yacht Nourmahal. To celebrate his return to the capital, someone conceived the touching thought of having his devoted House of Representatives and Senate proceed in a body to the station to greet him on his arrival, possibly as a sort of evidence that they were sorry they had voted to override, that they hoped all would be forgiven and forgotten. Anyway, whatever the motive, some 160 Democratic members of the House of Representatives actually assembled in front of the Capitol and, following the Marine Band, solemnly ambled to the station. Such members of the upper house as attended the reception preserved their cherished senatorial dignity by not parading, but joined the others at the tracks. There they waited for the special train to draw in, like a group of pupils who had been throwing spitballs and upsetting the desks while teacher was out of the room. They were rewarded by a few jocular remarks, including a rather flagrant pun, from the President, and ambled back up the hill. Someone who saw them march down described them as a little self-conscious but laughing and joking; going back, however, they were in another mood—not entirely, it seems, one of repentance. They were not noticeably chastened, though the grins had given place to a certain glumness. They were a little uncomfortably aware that they had not been given absolution. Yet that fact appeared to worry them less than it would have ten months before—in fact, one was heard to remark, "Well, I guess we may override him again sometime."

And certain it is that Congress since the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth of March has shown a temerity in differing with the President which is a great change from a year ago.



Copr. 1934 by Swift & Company

**How Sue prepares finer ham *without parboiling***

Be sure the ham is Swift's Premium. If it is a center slice, simply fry or broil it. (Martha Logan suggests serving it as illustrated with watercress and tomato slices spread with horse-radish and dotted with butter, broiled, and sprinkled with chopped green pepper.) If it is a whole or half ham, bake it this easy way: Place in a roaster; add 2 cups of water and cover the roaster. Bake in a slow oven (325°), allowing 21 minutes a lb. for a large whole ham; 25 minutes a lb. for smaller (up to 12 lb.) hams or half hams. When ham is done, remove from oven. Lift off rind. Score surface and dot with cloves; rub with mixture of ½ cup brown sugar and 1 tbsp. flour. Brown, uncovered, for 20 minutes in a hot oven (400°).

*You cook it* **WITHOUT PARBOILING**

**This ham, the Ovenized ham, is milder, far more tender**

A half ham, a whole ham, a center slice . . . baked or broiled or fried, but *not parboiled!* Not if it's Swift's Premium Ham. For Premium now is so mild, so tender, that parboiling just isn't necessary.

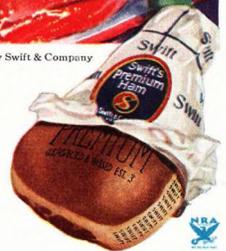
*Ovenizing*—a special method of smoking

in ovens—did it. *Ovenizing*, plus the famous mild Premium cure. This improved way of smoking enriched and heightened the flavor of Swift's Premium Ham, while keeping it delightfully mild and mellow. Made them far more tender, too.

So now you need never parboil again. Now you can say farewell to an unpleasant job, and actually serve finer ham! Just be sure you buy the kind that is *Ovenized*,

Swift's Premium. Then cook it according to the recipe above, without parboiling.

Try it once! Find out why thousands of housewives, and their families, are convinced that this is the way to enjoy more delicious ham. Only remember: every Swift's Premium Ham is *Ovenized*; no other kind is. Swift & Company, Purveyors of Fine Foods. . . . Visit *A Century of Progress 1934, the new World's Fair at Chicago!*



Notice how Swift's Premium Ham is identified by the brown dots down the side. You will find them on even a single slice.

**SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM** *It's Ovenized*

SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON ALSO IS OVENIZED • NEW TENDERNESS • NEW RICHNESS OF FLAVOR

# LOTS OF COLOR —OR WHITE



1300. Striped piqué, seersucker or gabardine—and you have a dress for the beach, golf, tennis or any sunny morning. Navy and white, red and white—you choose! It is designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 40 bust.

1302. When everybody else is in color, be clever and come out in white! For women in white are to be a summer's hit. But you can have color accents. The dress is designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 40 bust.

1301. Cape sleeves—so graceful, so cool, and flattering if you're young or if you only hope to look young. Wear a sheer fabric flower, in the color of your print, low in the front. It is designed for 16 and 18 years, and 34 to 42 bust.

1298. A very young French designer thought up this one-piece dress, with its perky bow. Set-in cape sleeves, yoke line at the hips. Have it in any linen or cotton. It is designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 40 bust.

1299. This is the way to look fresh and youthful and cool! Flowered or shadow-print organdie, chiffon or flowered net will make a flattering frock for five o'clock. This dress is designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 40 bust.



**"IT'S MY BUSINESS**  
*To look beautiful*

**..that's why I changed to  
 LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"**

Dorothy Swanson is typical of many lovely New York models. These girls, like scores of other women . . . educated, critical of values, able to afford the choicest beauty aids . . . have rejected older and costlier dentifrices for Listerine Tooth Paste.

They find that this 25¢ dentifrice cleans more thoroughly, gives enamel higher lustre, and sweetens the breath.

Scores of discriminating men, likewise, find Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding. They like the quick way it removes film and stains and the fresh, wholesome taste it leaves in the mouth.



REGULAR SIZE

**25¢**

NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

Children as well as grown-ups, every user at once becomes aware that this tooth paste is *different!*

Learn the benefits—far beyond price—which Listerine Tooth Paste will bring to *your* teeth. Learn, too, of the saving which you can make by changing to this tooth paste at 25¢. The new Double Size Listerine Tooth Paste, at 40¢, is a still greater economy. It contains *twice as much*—saves 20% more! At druggists everywhere. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



THE NEW "MERRY WIDOW" HAT from Bonwit Teller, New York, which Miss Swanson wears is of shantung haku—sky blue in color with shell-pink grosgrain band and nosegay of rosebuds. Below—Bernice Lorimer shows you a brown and white checked angora coat and hat of toya straw—both from Anne Davis, New York.

"We'll call  
you every  
Wednesday  
evening!"



WHEN summer separates the family, keep in touch by telephone. *Talking is next best to seeing.* Regular voice-visits are a quick and easy cure for loneliness. They're inexpensive too. After 8:30 in the evening, for example, station-to-station calls cost as little as 35c for 75 miles, 50c for 150 miles, 75c for 275 miles. Why not have a family reunion tonight . . . by telephone?



"Hold the line, please!"

## BABES IN DISHCLOTHS

SIX LITTLE SUN SUITS DESIGNED BY MARISKA KARASZ



*It was Mariska Karasz, who also designs the most exquisite custom-made frocks for children, who thought, "Since little summer sun suits go in and out of water, whether on or off a youngster, why not make them of materials that were designed to spend their life in the water, without turning or fading?" So she betook herself to a dime store, bought wash cloths, vegetable bags and dishcloths—and see the result! You, too, can make them with some tape, some crochet thread, and a very, very little time.*



The little tot with the starfish up there wears the sun suit and holds his jacket—and both are made from two wash cloths. This suit is for a child from one to two years old. Striped wash cloths, fifteen by sixteen inches, blue or green mercerized crochet cotton and five buttons are all you need to make one like it. Think what grand pick-up work this will make for an afternoon on the beach with other mothers!



The toddler (he may be only six months or one and a half years) wears an excuse of a suit made of two wash cloths. You can be fancy-free and select them with designs of flowers or leaves, to make a more decorative sun suit if you like. Make several of these suits and squish them in and out of soapsuds in a jiffy—all summer long. At the left of each one of these descriptions you will see the reverse views of these little suits.



Put your small daughter in this sun suit and let the violet rays do their health-giving work! One vegetable bag makes the suit, which can be used for a child from eight months to two years old. The tape which holds on this sun suit ties in bows to give the feminine touch! This is the easiest way we know to give your child a good tanning, and yourself an easy summer vacation! Make her a whole wardrobe of them.



A strapping affair—this little suit which can be made for a child from two and a half to five years old. It takes two wash cloths eight by twelve inches, about three yards of tape to match the color of the edging on the wash cloth, and eight bone curtain rings. Yes, really, that's all! Put it on your small daughter and send her down to the water to spend the morning. And she cannot slip out of the straps.



You will need two dishcloths sixteen by sixteen inches, with a large plaid design, for this sun suit for a child of three to four years. You place one dishcloth diagonally over the other square, and overlap—but then it's far easier to show you with pictures, which we have done. Start making a set of suits today. Can you imagine anything easier to wash, less likely to fade, and cool as a breeze for your little precious?



Junior, if he's one or if he's two, should have a rather sturdy suit for the play pen. A face cloth nine by fourteen inches, which comes tubular and double, is the first requirement. You do a little crocheting around all the edges, and it's quickly made! If you want a diagram to help you put these suits together, send 3 cents to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa., for booklet No. 1189.



**PIMPLES**

"My patient had pimples, blackheads, boils, itching of the skin," the noted Dr. Pulay relates . . .

**INDIGESTION**

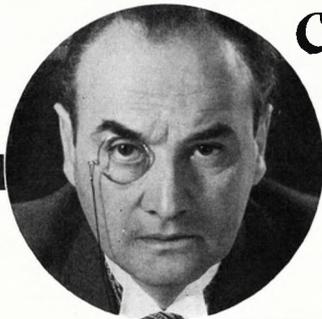
"The young lady suffered from upset stomach, felt distressed after meals" . . . Dr. Pulay adds.

**CONSTIPATED**

"She was a victim of 'self-poisoning.' When I examined her, the intestines felt toneless."

# "Every one of these ills was corrected *-in 30 days*"

says **DR. ERWIN PULAY**, noted Vienna specialist



Dr. Pulay is the famous author of "Metabolism and the Skin," and of 120 important medical articles; eminent member of Austrian Society of Dermatologists.

**H**OW DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK? Unhealthy, rough, all broken out? Do you suffer from unsightly pimples . . . painful boils?

Does your stomach "act up" . . . make you avoid the foods you like best . . . cause you distress after meals?

And are your "calls of nature" irregular . . . weak . . . not urgent as doctors say they should be?

Then note how similar all your troubles are to the case illustrated above and described by Dr. Pulay:—

"This patient's skin was greasy,

full of pimples, itchy. She had many blackheads. The scalp covered with dandruff. Her perspiration was excessive.

"She often had indigestion, was frequently constipated. An X-ray of her intestines showed 'self-poisoning.' The patient could see for herself what was making her so miserable.

"I had her eat yeast. At the end of four weeks, her skin was completely clear, her digestion greatly improved, and her intestines worked perfectly."

Fleischmann's Yeast does many different things for you. It helps clear your blood of the poisons which infect your skin and cause eruptions.

It makes your stomach juices flow faster, and thus aids your digestion.

It strengthens the bowels. It softens the wastes so they are expelled easily. As Dr. Pulay explains, it is "so much better than cathartics which are weakening, harmful to delicate bowel tissues."

Won't you benefit by this great

doctor's experience? Eat Fleischmann's Yeast (rich in vitamins B, D, G) that all of us need. Directions are on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

Eat 3 cakes a day—for at least 30 days! Let Fleischmann's Yeast tone up your system, clear away impurities, give you healthier digestion, clearer skin, regular bowel movements, lots more energy! Get some today!

**"My own doctor advised it"**

"As a studio technician, I often worked 18 hours a day," writes Paul Roberts, of Hollywood, Calif. "I developed a bad case of indigestion, was 'all in,' felt 'headachy,' had no appetite. The studio doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon I felt fine again."

**Eat 3 Cakes a Day**



Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

# The men who "mislaid" my telephone number are finding it again



"After I removed the 7 stains from my teeth, the telephone started ringing again. I'd found a new beauty—a new popularity."

**J**UST TO THINK—three months ago you wouldn't have believed our name was in the telephone book!

"All the romance I got then was out of magazines. And I had plenty of time to read them, too. Even to the advertisements—thank goodness. For it was an ad for Colgate's Dental Cream that opened my eyes.

"It told how everything we eat, drink and smoke leaves seven kinds of stains on teeth . . . how men loathe stained, discolored teeth in women.

"I looked in my mirror. Sure enough—my teeth were getting dull and yellow. Evidently, the toothpaste I'd been using had failed to remove these stains completely. And the stains had built up so gradually, I was not aware of them. So I decided to try Colgate's.

"I liked it. It was refreshing! Left my breath sweet! And what a difference it made in my teeth! Why, I could hardly believe my own mirror! Almost before I knew it, my teeth were so white, so sparkling—so beautiful! I was impatient to smile and show them. And maybe you think I didn't!

"Then the telephone started to ring again. I heard: 'Doing anything tonight?' Or, 'How about a lunch date tomorrow?'

"And now men say my smile is positively dazzling."

### Don't Gamble With Your Charm

Remove the 7 stains with Colgate's—completely

It is true—most toothpastes cannot remove all the seven kinds of stains that food and drink leave on teeth. For most toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action—and one isn't enough. But Colgate's has *two* actions. An *emulsive* action that washes away many of the stains . . . a gentle *polishing* action that removes all the others.

Try Colgate's for ten days. Note how beautifully white and lustrous it makes your teeth. And at 20¢ for the large-size tube, Colgate's is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty-aids.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has **TWO** cleansing actions, sells at the same low prices.

**LISTEN IN**—"The Colgate House Party." Donald Novis, Frances Langford, Don Voorhees. Every Saturday night 9 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over National Broadcasting Stations, Coast to Coast.



# SIX LITTLE SUNDOWNS

QUICK TO MAKE AND GRAND TO WEAR



**SERENA.** Make it yourself—of taf-feta, of organdie or of crêpe. A pert little collar hugs the neck, and the ends cross, Vionnet fashion, and tie in the back. Wear it over a simple cotton or silk frock, and make it of the gayest color you can find. Serena is No. 1181, 5 cents.



**SONDRA.** Become a grand lady, in a simple summer frock, by adding Sondra—made of net or organdie! You wear it up under your chin in front, and way down deep in back, making a peplum. And put matching ruffles on white fabric gloves—it's a set! No. 1182, 5 cents.



**SAMMY.** The fullest cape you ever saw, with plaid peeping out where it billows. We made it of glazed chintz on top, plaid gingham underneath. You might use taffeta, plain on top, plaid underneath. Sammy is very young and very flippant, and it is No. 1183, 5 cents.



**SONIA.** This cape wrap might be plain crêpe to wear over a print, or flowered, to wear over a plain color. No sleeves—a cool cape back. We think you'll wear it in the daytime too. No. 1184, 5 cents.



**SALLY.** Young and pert to top any summer evening frock, or perhaps to disguise last year's. Plaid organdie, if you want it to show through; plaid taf-feta, if you don't. It is No. 1185, 5 cents.



**SONNY.** Swagger coats have gone full in the back, inspired by Alix Barton in Paris. Sonny is in dotted Swiss, with tuxedo revers in front. You can use organdie or taffeta. No. 1186, 5 cents.



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but interested her very practically in conchology—she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her collection, the

finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country, spending a great deal of time in the West. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.



CAMELS ARE  
MADE FROM FINER,  
MORE EXPENSIVE  
TOBACCO THAN ANY  
OTHER POPULAR  
BRAND

## Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels. Besides,

I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy.

"And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder

## Man Lost

(Continued from Page 15)

relationship which made easier a trail in no way distinguished for its ease. Her one determination was to live up to Lindall's expectations of her. She had committed him to this course, and it was her duty to carry on as best she could. And if he expected her to be a two-legged Husky, a two-legged Husky she would be.

But she was still a woman. She was still a woman, she remembered at the end of a more arduous day, and there was something, she knew, definitely wanting. She had her moods of silence and waywardness. There were even times when a ghostly feeling of hostility toward her trail mate troubled her, made her willfully remote, touched her with resentment at his ever-grim matter-of-fact acceptance of his presence beside him. Then he would help her, without speaking, over some unusually hard bit of going. And she would be sorry, without saying so, for adding to his troubles when he had trouble enough.

It was, she saw, merely a process of attrition, stripping her down to the primitive. There was much that she still failed to understand. She never fully (athomed why the natives always spoke of traveling "down North," and why, in a country of furs, they so largely abjured the wearing of animal skins. She never fully understood why Lindall disapproved of the use of airplanes in their search, or why he looked with disfavor on her Saranac snow suit of llama wool, or why he repacked his flour in bags coated with lead paint.

**B**UT Diana learned a lot during their first week out from White Porpoise. Among other things, she learned the value of traveling "light." She learned that food and firewood were never to be wasted. She learned that a "tilt" was a roughly built shack along a wilderness trail, a cross between a cave and an Alpine hospice, where "r-mushers" could "mug up" and rest overnight. She learned, too, that the bronze-faced and wiry Labradorers of the furring gang were intent on only one thing, and that was to effect as much of their journey as possible before "freeze-up." For the greater part of that uphill migration had to be accomplished between fly time and frost time, before the tangled rivers and lakes "skimmed over" with ice, with "skin" ice that could bite the canvas from their canoes and break through under their weight and finally hold them back until old carrying sleds could be resurrected from tilt lofts or new sleds could be laboriously made.

If she felt, at first, that the furring gang's dogged madness for haste had all the aspects of a conspiracy to humiliate the tenderfoot, she eventually realized the need for that fight against the calendar. For they had to battle their way through four hundred miles of barren and broken country before reaching the inland watershed that marked the limits of their furring grounds, carrying with them what they needed for the winter. She learned to do her part in helping to pitch tent on a tilted rock shelf, to cut brush for the floor and what wood they could find for the fire, to cook on a little box of a sheet iron camp stove with its battered vent pipe going up through the smoke-stained tent roof, to gulp down hot tea and pork and beans and sleep with her cropped head on a brin bag and be off again at daybreak, waywardly exulting in action as she helped pole against angry currents and paddle against head winds, but fighting, always fighting, toward an ever-receding Height-o-Land.

**S**OMETIMES she was wet to the skin. Sometimes, when she took her turn at the tracking line while Lindall kept the heavily laden canoe headed straight against the current, she slipped and fell on the viscous bank rocks. And sometimes she waded knee deep in water that made her teeth chatter. That always brought a reproof from Lindall, whose dread of wet feet she finally learned to respect. For wet feet, on the trail, meant disaster. They cracked

and weakened and played out on one. And the very meaning of the word "tenderfoot" came home to her for the first time. One survived, she began to realize, by the toughness and the reliability of one's feet. Their failure, in the wilderness, meant helplessness under conditions where no one must be helpless.

Yet one, through utter weariness, she slept in wet clothes beside the singing tent stove, which she knew would steam her dry before morning. She paid for it by sore and stiffened leg muscles which took the joy out of life and threatened a lay-up, unless relieved. Lindall, who had no intention of dropping behind the gang, unearched a fiery embrocation from his medicine kit and grimly rubbed the ache out of the stiffened muscles. He did so, Diana observed, with the same frowning detachment with which he might have attended to the foot hurt of an overdriven sled dog. And he suggested, with quite unnecessary gruffness, that intelligent mushers ought to make it a point to "sleep dry."

**H**ER confidence in Lindall became a two-fold one. The matter of direction and destination she left entirely in his hands. Their plan, he gave her to understand, was to trail along as far as they could with the furring gang, who had learned the easiest routes and remembered the dangerous spots to be avoided. Then, while the natives scattered for their winter trap lines, Big John Bechard, a veteran of the hinterland fur gatherers, would guide the obsessed couple from the South through a Montagnais encampment where they could possibly obtain Huskies and dog feed and a buck or two to break trail through the Ungava hills. And every mile that they traveled was bringing them closer to the silence that had swallowed up Mark.

But the deeper they struck into the interior, Diana found, the harder proved the going. And, to compete with, they had veterans who knew there must be no delay: for, as the days shortened and the weather grew more uncertain, occasional sleet and scuds of snow foretold the coming of winter and the end of open water. So there could be no relaxing in the race against time.

Diana realized this as she sat in the canoe, fighting the angry waters of Big Squaw Rapids. Lindall, with the hauling harness of walrus over his shoulders, leaned and tugged against the long tracking line, scrambling and pawing for footage on the broken shore rocks which driving sleet had left treacherous, doing his utmost to keep the roaring current from dragging him back.

**T**HE line tautened and straightened like a bowstring as he leaned forward, contesting the sullen back pull of that current. Sometimes, as he tugged, maneuvering for foothold on slippery rock faces, that counter tug held him static. But he dropped lower, with a toe hole in a friendly crevice, and moved forward an inch or two, and then another inch or two. Sometimes, as he fought to keep the craft before him in sight, he was compelled to wade knee-deep through water and slob ice. At other times, where the rapid became more canyonlike, he had to mount uncertain rock ridges and crawl forward, grudging foot by foot, on his hands and knees, clutching at anchorage in any gneiss cleft, winning a few inches, and resting, and edging doggedly on again, with his heart pounding and the sleet beating in his face.

It took all Diana's strength to keep the plunging canoe head-on in the boiling rapid water. When, at a turn in the rock-walled channel, the straightening line rested and sawed on a ledge of stone, she waited, watchful-eyed, for the usual tug of war to end in the usual way. But instead, the tracking line suddenly parted

and the canoe swung about in the raging current.

She thought, as she was swept backward, only of her precious cargo. She did what she could to keep it afloat, sheering off from white-watering bowlder and rock fang, making her paddle fly, to keep in the center of the channel. But a gasp of frustration broke from her at the thought of that lost ground. She was unwilling to give more than she had to.

When she saw the canyon walls fall away, and the widening channel seemed momentarily calmer, she fought her way out of the current, heading for a foam-streaked backwater fringed by a tangled bar of driftwood. She thought, in her blindness, that she could take up the speed of the plunging canoe. But that tossing craft proved utterly beyond her control. It struck and caromed off a submerged bowlder, leaping like a race horse for a gravel bar that brought it up short.

The impact threw the startled girl clear of the thwarts. It threw her headlong into a shallow of icy water, where she fought for air as her paddle floated away. But, stunned and soaked to the skin as she was, she remembered about the canoe and its cargo. She clutched at the tilted gunwale and clung to it. She hung there until she could get her breath. Then she struggled to her feet, and righted the unwieldy craft, and tugged and warped it foot by foot closer to the slob-edged shore.

**S**HE was bailing it dry, with a copper tea pail, in the hope of lightening it sufficiently to drag it to safety, when Lindall came scrambling down the shore rocks.

"Are you hurt?" he shouted as he waded out to her. His face, she noticed, was rather grotesquely twisted up with fear and relief.

"No," she gasped, wondering why she should feel weak at the very moment his sustaining arm was there to go about her.

"But I've saved our things." He picked her up and carried her to the shore. But once there, he dropped her with unexpected abruptness. For the battered canoe, he saw, had swung about and was threatening to drift away on the current. He waded out to it and dragged it ashore. He waved her back, almost angrily, when she moved forward to help him.

"You've done enough," he said as he searched for his ax under the wet tarpaulin.

He had wood gathered, and a fire going, in an incredibly short space of time. When he saw that her fingers were numb with helplessness, he undressed her and rolled her in a double fold of blankets, close to the crackling fire, over which he placed a tea pail to boil.

Diana felt more comfortable, after her second draught of hot tea. She felt less desolate. She felt less unprotected and alone in the world, as she saw the tent go up and the damp bedrolls steaming dry before the blaze. She told herself, as she watched Lindall hang her sodden clothing on a spruce-bolt frame beside them, that this quick-moving and efficient-handed man was bringing her back to life, was driving from her body the cold that had numbed both heart and brain. Without him she would have died there, slowly and miserably. She would have gone out, like a candle in the wind. She would have been merely a little pile of bones, bleaching in the next summer's sun.

**S**HE looked at Lindall, with a foolish wash of gratitude, as he emptied the canoe, overturned it and studied its ruptured bottom. She wanted to thank him, to reward him in some way. She wanted to be near him.

"She'll take some patching, before she floats again," he said as he studied the torn canvas.

But Diana wasn't thinking about the canoe. She was thinking how defenseless human beings could be, once the barriers of everyday life were beaten down. She reached out and (Continued on Page 55)



*It wakens  
the taste  
nerves!*

**4 KINDS OF TASTE NERVES**  
Rouse all 4 with this  
**Dry Mustard** to enjoy every  
hidden hint of flavor



#### RUSSIAN DRESSING

1 cup mayonnaise; ½ cup chili sauce; 1 tbs. minced pickle; 2 tbs. minced pimiento; ½ tsp. Colman's (dry) Mustard; 1 tsp. French's Worcestershire Sauce. Combine ingredients in order given, mix thoroughly, chill, serve.

**THE NERVES** that taste *sweet* and *salt* things are at the tip of your tongue. At the back you taste *bitter* things. The nerves that taste *acid* things are along the borders.

Great chefs and famous cooking experts use dry mustard for seasoning. They know the zest it adds to a meal... the piquancy it lends to a salad dressing. For dry mustard arouses all *four* kinds of taste nerves.

And great chefs use Colman's Dry Mustard because it imparts a rare flavor to foods. It is made from mustard seeds grown in the Lincolnshire fields of England. Only there do mustard seeds develop to the perfection that makes Colman's a matchless seasoning.

**FREE RECIPE CARDS**... for new, delicious recipes, write Atlantic Sales Corp., 3137 Mustard Street, Rochester, New York, Sole Distributors.

**Colman's Dry Mustard**

*This one is always a bargain, lady, because it won the "Hidden Name Test"*

**"All right, Mr. Grocer. But what's the Hidden Name Test?"**

**G**EE-WHIZ! I thought everybody knew about *that!* Hundreds and hundreds of women were given the leading brands of cleansers without any labels on the cans. They couldn't tell one brand from another . . . except by results. They tried them all equally for a week . . . on pots and pans . . . tile and enamel . . . all over the house. Then they voted for the one they liked best. And New Sunbrite Cleanser won."

This young man has a big advantage. He is only *playing* store. But time is precious to your real grocer. He may be too busy to tell you these facts about New Sunbrite. So if you want to be sure of getting the winner of the "Hidden Name Test" ask for New Sunbrite Cleanser by name. Get a supply today . . . and compare its *results* with the cleanser you are now using. Its *low cost and long-lasting economy* will appeal to you. And your own test will convince you that

**New SUNBRITE CLEANSER**

**CLEANS EASIER . . .**  
**. . . WORKS FASTER . . .**  
**. . . WON'T SCRATCH**

Official Cleanser of the United States Navy  
 Approved by the United States Navy  
 Swift & Company, Inc.

(Continued from Page 53)

touched her camp mate as he crossed to the fire and turned over her drying clothes.

"I want to thank you, Steve," she said, rather throatily, wondering why his eyes refused to meet hers.

"We'll have to lay up here for the night," he curtly announced. He moved away a little so that her hand fell away from his wet jacket sleeve.

"And then what?" she asked.

"Then we'll swing back to the river and catch up with the others. Tomorrow, you see, is Sunday."

SHE failed to find any particular significance in that fact, until she remembered that her Covenant trail comrades always declined to travel on the seventh day. She had even forgotten there were any tomorrows. She felt that life was only the living present, the little moment between two eternities, like the constant yet racing curl at the lip of a waterfall. And if you wanted happiness you had to snatch at it as you flew along Time's tumbling course.

It struck her as odd that Lindall could be so preoccupied with his trivial camp duties. She felt without a partner in some passing moment of exaltation that cried out to be shared with another. She wondered, as she watched him go off with his ax for more wood, if he wasn't secretly afraid of her. She assumed, as she dressed, it was the luxury of warm wool once more about her chilled body that made her so aboundingly light-hearted. And she waited, wistful-eyed, for her mate to come back to her.

It was Big John, clambering down the river bank in his malodorous mukluks, who brought her abruptly back to reality.

"I thought you two was done for," he grudgingly admitted. He joined Lindall in an inspection of the canoe bottom. "Anything lost?"

"We lost a paddle," admitted Lindall. His voice sounded tired. Big John looked upstream, through the gathering darkness, as the other man added fresh wood to the fire.

"I guess I'll have to bunk with you Yankees tonight," announced Big John.

And Diana, conscious that something warm and ardent had burned away in her breast, was neither glad nor sorry for that intervention.

XI

WINTER overtook the voyagers before they reached that peninsular divide which they spoke of as the Height-o-Land. Winter, early coming but unequivocal, closed in about them, changing the manner of their going. It marked the end of paddling and portaging, of tracking and poling, of bucking rapids and bailing.

Yet Diana, in one way, was sorry to say good-by to open water, hard as life on it had been. For it had not proved a life of utter ugliness. There were times when she forgot aching sinews and knotted muscles at the sight of a foam-crested waterfall overhung with a cloud of spray, a waveringly nebulous cloud that turned rose and gold in the light of a sun low over the dark-blue line of the spruce ridges. Sometimes, as she paddled along a serrated shore line spangled with conical small islands, with the silvered lake water crooning at the canoe wake, she even gloried in a new-found sense of strength and conquest. And sometimes, camped in a quiet cove between hills bright with birch and juniper, she had watched the lowering sun intensify the blue black of the hilltop spruces, observing how the lake water waited, smooth as glass, for the midnight frost that would turn it to ebony and malachite. And she would resolutely refuse to think of home as she heard the horned owls call desolately across the twilight, with the silenced northern landscape darkening into night again.

But the picture changed with the coming of the snows. That meant the laying up of canoes, the fashioning and loading of pliant-bottomed sleds handled by man power. The streams, turbulent as they were, became dammed with "slob," shore

ice became treacherously uncertain, and trail breaking through bowdlered ravine and brush and tundra became a new test of endurance. Instead of paddling against head winds until numbed fingers stiffened on paddle handles, and patching canoe bottoms abraded by sheet ice, and panting up rocky portages bunkered with gullies and blow-downs, it was a matter of bucking drifts and balancing a tarpaulined load on its creaking toboggan and searching for a sheltered camp site in that Never-Never Land of muffling white.

But it seemed a cleaner world, Diana, of a clear night, could see the brittle sharpness of the northern stars against the blue-black sky, followed by the marching spears and pennons of the lights, the flaming gold and rose and green of the aurora that made the wearied traveler feel there could be an inalienable majesty even in desolation.

But any momentary peace it brought to her soul was bought at a price. She was slow in getting used to her snowshoes, and "mushing" on them brought an entirely new ache to her legs. Her feet troubled her more than she was willing to admit. She also understood, at last, why Lindall carried along his clumsy little wooden snow goggles. For that wintry sun not only bothered her eyes; it also combined with the wind to burn and darken her face. But she learned how to follow the mushers' trail, four hours at a time, and even take her turn at hauling the sled, and, after a brief rest and a mug-up, to push on again for another grueling four hours.

SHE was becoming, she found, both less exacting in her demands and less finical in her habits. If their hastily made bannock and "rose bread" proved to be gray instead of white, she accepted it as a condition of camp life. She learned how to bathe in snow water and "brush" the tent floor deep enough to keep out the wintry earth dampness. When her second toothbrush was lost she used, in its place, a little mat of folded burlap. She became reconciled to split peas, the musher's best food, and acquired a liking for grease cakes. She dutifully cooked and washed dishes. She kept up with the line, and waited, as eager as the others, for the periodic "boil-up" of acrid tea and the brief rest by the wayside before pushing on again. She was glad when they had rabbit. She even learned to eat stewed porcupine, first singed down to the flesh, and spruce partridge and *kukamish* fried in lard, licking the last of the gravy from her fingers as she sat in tent or tilt.

When her last towel wore out, she made another from the canvas of one of Big John's empty flour sacks. When her last precious cake of hand soap wore away Lindall showed her how to make soap of her own, by leaching wood ashes and boiling the lye down with what animal fat could be spared for the purpose. It was a soft soap, solidifying only with cold. But she treasured it in an old baking-powder tin, knowing, as she made grudging use of that biting emulsion, that a little of it could go a long way. But she still managed to bathe. She learned how to wash her body, as efficiently as a cat, behind a blanket in a steam-misted tent, standing over an old lard pail, ankle deep in balsam brush, with her bagging for a towel.

AS SHE did so, it is true, she more than once thought of how lightly she had accepted the luxuries of Oakhurst, where the inventiveness of unconsidered experts had made existence so easy for her. She remembered the casualness with which she had accepted call bells and light switches and slender-handled faucets, her own warm and glimmering bathroom, with its needle shower and its long and sarcophaguslike tub and its mirrored cabinets and its shelves of unguents, where she had neither to fetch nor carry, and her maid, at the turn of a hand, caused hot water so miraculously to flow and as miraculously to disappear again.

In the daily toil of the trail, she found, there were sweat and dirt. Clothes became worn and had to be patched. Holes

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appeared in stocking feet and had to be darned. Dishes had to be washed with camp ashes to cut the grease. Fish had to be gutted and animals had to be skinned and dressed. It was, in a way, neolithic in its barbarity. But some inner determination kept her from surrendering completely to the grossness of life. She remained, through it all, stubbornly fastidious in spirit.

If Diana hardened in both muscle and mind, she also became more self-immersed. She knew that the seasoned Labradorians with whom she traveled had quietly looked for her collapse along the trail. But she disappointed them. She continued to pull her weight. She did so with a quiet-eyed stoicism, knowing that life depended on what was carried along with one, where a woolen blanket could be worth its weight in bank notes, and a bag of flour could take on a value unknown in the trading places of the world, where an ax or a match safe would mark the narrow hair line between death and life. And the Height-Of-Landers even parted from her with a new respect, as they dropped off, pair by pair, to seek out their lonely forest tilts and set their winter trap lines.

THAT respect was, in a way, a reciprocal one. For Diana had more than once marveled at the lore of these illiterate fur gatherers. They knew little of the world as she knew it. But they knew their Labrador. They knew it lake by lake, and rapid by rapid, rampick by rampick and lob-sticked hill by hill. The trail that was a blank page to her was to them a crowded chronicle of signals and warnings and signs. Their country, to her, was still an unmapped wilderness, with one lonely vista bewilderingly like another. Their trail was to them a crowded page of text, packed with meaning and underscored with memories.

She began to understand what Lindall had meant when he said that in a new land you must always learn from the natives. And she was willing enough to follow unquestioningly along the trail which Big John Bechard was now breaking for them. Yet Big John was not, she could see, overly happy in parting with his "boys." He became silent and irascible and a little suspicious of the sanity of the two strangers from outside who seemed satisfied to winter in a country that could scarcely support an Eskimo. Since the passing of the caribou, he contended, no white man had a right in that *terra incognita* of snow-covered rocks. And he was worried about his dwindling food supply.

It was as Diana was lashing the tarpaulin over her sled load, on the fourth morning under Big John's sullen leadership, that Lindall came and stood beside her. He looked strangely paleolithic in his patched and ragged clothes. The skin on his cheek bones, she also observed, was drawn tight and seemed as dark as old leather.

"Big John's going to turn back," announced her trail mate. "He says this is his last day."

"What will you do?" asked Diana, doing her best to speak quietly.

"Go on," answered Lindall, "if you're willing."

"Of course I'm willing," was her answer.

"There's an Indian camp four or five leagues ahead, according to Big John. We'll push through there, and get a dog team and guides."

THEIR food supply, she knew, was getting dangerously low. It was three days, she remembered, since they had seen even a hare or a ptarmigan.

"And then what?" she asked, trying to keep the listlessness out of her voice.

"Then we will go on and find Mark," was Lindall's quiet-noted reply.

"Are you sure of your route?" she asked, wondering if his assurance was merely pretense, a sheltering hand between her and too-hard realities.

"I'm reasonably sure," he told her. "But you'll have to take my word for it."

"All right," she acquiesced as she knotted the end of her lashing line.

She was neither glad nor sorry, the next morning, when Big John left them to back-trail to his furring grounds. If she was depressed by any passing sense of desolation, as she and her trail mate munched on alone, she made an effort to conceal that depression. And, on their third day of solitary traveling, she felt her faith in her companion confirmed. For Lindall, on that day, stumbled on a lob-sticked spruce from which a tatter of bleached cloth fluttered in the wind. On the blazed base of the tree they could see, still decipherable, Mark Seiden's name, above a date not quite so decipherable.

THAT scrawl on a gum-streaked face of forest wood seemed, to Diana, to bring her brother reassuringly closer to her. She went on, buoyed up by a foolish revival of hope. Yet two days later, when they came to what Lindall described as Dead Indian Rapids, she experienced a corresponding droop of spirits. For above the snowdrifts they found the cross and cairn which Halidon had built there.

Lindall reminded her that it merely marked the burying place of two renegade Montagnais. He seemed to accept it as little more than a landmark confirming his route. But that lonely grave depressed Diana more than she was willing to admit.

"It's the living we're looking for," Lindall curtly announced, "and not the dead."

"But everything seems dead, in this country," she said, staring about at the desolation. She pressed closer to him, where he stood dark against the wind-ribbed snowdrifts. Her face, under her worn fur parka with its fox-skin fringe, had a bleak look.

"What is it?" asked Lindall, perplexed by an expression that was new to him.

"Would you mind," she asked quite humbly, "holding me close to you for a moment or two?"

He took her in his arms and held her rough-clad and dolorously slender body close to his own frost-rimed body. She stood, quite silent, with her head resting on his shoulder.

"There doesn't seem much left," she said, without raising her face.

"We mustn't give up," he contended, wondering as to the source of that mood of surrender.

She drew a deeper breath and tied the ends of her trailing woolen sash tighter about her waist. "No, we mustn't give up," she acknowledged. And she took her turn, passively enough, in helping to haul the heavily loaded juniper sled on across the white and interminable hill tiers that melted into a sky line left blood red by the setting sun.

## XII

DIANA wondered why Lindall, when they came to the level floor of a frozen lake that offered them an easier right of way for their sled, clung so stubbornly to the heavily indented shore line.

"We're in for a drifter," he told her when she spoke about it.

"What does that mean?" she asked, conscious only of a lowering ceiling of clouds that was darkening their world to a ghostlike grayness.

"It means a blizzard," he answered, peering through the gray light for the next point of land.

She knew, an hour later, that he was right. The sharpening wind brought furies of granulated snow that whipped stinging against their faces. It buffeted against them, as tangible as the pressure of water on their leaning bodies. It tore between them, blotting out both shoe and sled tracks.

"We must keep together," was Lindall's shouted warning. "When we're sure of firewood we'll lay up."

It was his intention, apparently, to buck the flailing wind and snow until he got to the lake end. But the storm was too much for them. The subzero rush of air, with its flying lashes of ice, took the very breath from their bodies. It made them feel naked. It blinded their eyes and cut into



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their skin. It beat down their resistance and buffeted them into panting helplessness. And they were compelled to fight their way inshore and seek the shelter of a thinly wooded valley overhung by a striated rock wall.

They could not entirely escape the wind. But, in that comparative calm, they could once more breathe and see. And when Lindall bagged a dozen storm-numbered spruce partridges in a valley thicker where he was floundering for wood, Diana refused to surrender to the hopelessness that was tugging at her wind-abused body.

"We'll den up here," he shouted to her across the streaked grayness between them. And Diana joined him in the task of scooping away the snow.

But they had trouble, both in clearing the ground and getting up the tent. The driving white blanket rolled in on them, even in the half shelter of the hill. And twice, with the rising snow filling their little collar between the spruces, their tent blew over on them. They had to grub down to the rock and caribou moss for stones with which to anchor the flapping side walls. They had to cut extra shoring poles for the roof. And while Diana scooped out the intruding ground drift and brushed the floor deep with balsam branches and unearthed their belongings from the half-buried sled, Lindall, busy with his ax, floundered back and forth with firewood.

SHE was wet and tired and a little out of breath before the tent was finally anchored and the little sheet-iron stove set up. But it surprised her to discover, once the door flaps were tied tight against their howling enemy, how the narrow grotto between the smoke-stained canvas could become a place of warmth and peace. The very drifts that deepened about them became benevolent. The accumulating snow converted the tent into a *meelhuop* and an igloo combined, armoring it against both cold and wind. It buried them so deep, in fact, that Lindall had to tunnel a molelike passageway out to his woodpile and latrine. It blanketed them in silence.

Diana's one fear was that it would choke up the end of the battered little vent pipe that went up through their sagging roof. But the pipe heat, Lindall assured her, would take care of that. And once her clothing was dried out, Diana knew an unexpected sense of comfort. She liked even the friendly mixture of steam and smoke mist that tickled their dimly lighted little room. She liked the balsamic smell of the floor brush. Even the aroma of drying wool and babiche seemed companionable and soiling. And when they mixed and baked a double pan of sour-dough-risen bread she sniffed hungrily at the brown crust and proclaimed its perfume to be heavenly.

They denned up there for three days, until the storm had blown itself out. They ate and slept and washed and mended. Diana, when darkness descended upon them, would light one of the kit candles and patch worn moccasins while Lindall oiled his gun and repaired a broken snowshoe and marked off another day and made his accustomed entries in the little dog-eared notebook where he kept recorded his landmarks and mileage.

DIANA had wondered, more than once, why he was so painstaking about such things. But she was beginning to see the need for them. For all sense of time, she realized, was slipping away from her. She felt, in the quietness of that drift-buried tent, that the clock of the world had stopped. She felt that they were alone on a lost world, a world that could never again swing back to its accustomed orbit. And that, in turn, gave birth to a teasing desolation of spirit, an inner restlessness that cried out for some companionship which was being denied her.

She wondered, as her eyes rested on Lindall, if he, too, knew that feeling. She had not, she remembered, always been fair with him. She was not without her surges of gratitude. But he did little, she also realized, to make that gratitude easier

to articulate. And those softer impulses had been followed, more than once, by moods of waywardness, when she had been as snappy and sullen as an overdriven Husky. She was always sorry for these, once the mood had passed, even though she nursed her womanly regrets that they made so little impression on her trail companion.

They were, she assumed, the result of fatigue. And she fathomed the fact that toil could insulate the emotions. The danger, she told herself, lay in idleness, in idleness like the present, when the lethal fogs of weariness no longer prevented her from thinking and feeling.

"Do you hate me for bringing you here?" she asked out of the quietness that was broken only by the singing of the little sheet-iron stove.

THAT question seemed to startle Lindall. The estimative glance with which he swept her even carried a note of disapproval.

"I should be asking that," he contended. He went on knotting a thong of rawhide about the split rim of his snowshoe.

Diana smiled, a trifle willfully, at what seemed like a retreat into cover. "Couldn't you be a little kinder to me?" she questioned. She put down the knitted woolen stocking from the top of which she was unraveling enough wool to darn its worn-out heel. The stocking, she noticed, was slowly getting shorter. But there were circumstances, she told herself, under which cannibalism like that was justified. "Couldn't you be a little kinder?" she repeated, letting her gaze lock with Lindall's.

He put the snowshoe aside and sat silent a moment. "Yes, very easily," he acknowledged, "if you'll agree with me it is kindness."

Her smile, as she thought that over, was a wintry one. "Does anything much matter?" she asked.

It was Lindall's turn to do a bit of thinking. "No, nothing much matters here," he finally said. "But we're not going to stay here."

"We may have to," she dolorously reminded him.

"Once we're sure of that," he conceded, "we can burn our bridges behind us."

"But you're all I have, Steve," she said in the sweep of that tide of surrender.

"Yes, we're trapped together," he acknowledged. "And there's one thing we've got to remember. After an animal's caught in a trap, it never eats. No matter how hungry it may be, it gets no joy out of the bait food close beside it."

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"It means that until we find Mark, until our one overshadowing question is answered, we can't think much about ourselves. We'd only be cheating our own hearts."

SHE sat back in the candlelight, with a small sigh of relinquishment. "And you don't hate me?" she asked, consoled a little by the studied grimness of his face. He was denning up, she suspected, in his own shielding snow banks of austerity. He was, after all, a little afraid of her. "You couldn't hate me, could you, Steve?" she provocatively inquired. She had noticed, more than once, how he had balanced things by hardening his voice when she deliberately softened her own.

"I'll answer that when the time comes," he said as he busied himself putting fresh wood on the fire.

"Chivalrous Steve!" she murmured. Yet any trace of mockery that lurked in that murmur was largely defensive. For she knew it was the renewal of an armistice. It was an armistice, she remembered, in which she was supposed to play her part.

When the weather cleared, and they were able to dig themselves out again, Diana took to the trail with an oddly quietened spirit. Life, she found, was humbling her. And it was teaching her, at the same time, how calm could come after

# Princess Rostislav Gives Two Smart New Party Ideas

BY Betty Crocker



Princess Rostislav

THAT Princess Aleka Rostislav firmly believes "variety is the spice of life," is seen in the two party suggestions she gave me the other day. The first is a new type of muffin which, according to the Princess, is a great favorite with members of Chicago's smart young set and particularly suited for bridge luncheons.

"BUFFINS" is the name Princess Rostislav gives these new-type muffins. As she says, "I make them from Bisquick and they really are so much more delicious and lighter than I christened them 'Buffins.'" The beauty of her suggestion is that anyone can make "Buffins" simply by following the recipe for muffins on the back of the Bisquick package.

**An Informal Treat.** The other dish that Princess Rostislav gave me is, I think, a flash of sheer genius. It's utterly new and unique and quite the smart thing for informal suppers. It's called Chicken Livers and Mushrooms a la Rostislav, and here's the recipe:

**Chicken Livers and Mushroom a la Rostislav.** Wash ½ lb. fresh mushrooms, remove stems and peel. Caps do not need to be peeled. Cut stems and caps in pieces. If canned mushrooms are used, drain well and slice thin. Clean from 4 to 6 chicken livers. Cut in pieces and then cook very gently with the mushrooms in 6 tsp. butter for 20 minutes. Blend in 6 tsp. Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour, and stir in 3 cups milk. Cook over hot water until thick and season carefully with salt and pepper. Serve on hot Bisquicks.

We have tried Princess Rostislav's recipe for Chicken Livers in our Gold Medal Testing Kitchen and found it extremely simple. The dish is a glorious treat. Now about making the Bisquicks this recipe calls for. Remember how easy they are to make.

All you do is mix a little milk or water with Bisquick... roll and cut out the Bisquicks and pop them in the oven. All of which takes but 90 seconds by the clock and I promise you you've never had such fluffy, biscuits in your home. And that your husband will say the same thing.

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tempest and how beauty, of a sort, could sometimes flower out of ugliness.

For the blizzard had done strange things to her world. It had muffled its hardness in a new sense of peace. It made her marvel at the lowliness of snow. The wind, she saw, could do fantastic things to it, carving it into crested waves, ribbing it into wavering designs like watered silk, placing damascened crowns on down-bent fir tops edged with opal and emerald, hollowing out little amphitheaters about rocks and tree boles, piling up long and lonely windrows, one beside the other, until the landscape looked like a gently heaving sea solidified overnight into marble and mother-of-pearl. It placed a towering miter of alabaster on a rock, a scimitar-sharp curving cornice over a cliff edge, a fairy edifice of skyscrapers on the huddled tops of the spruces. In some places it rounded and softened every line and plane, molding them into definitely tender curves, making them marmoreal, with a delusive touch of the voluptuous in their interflowing convolutions of chastity.

**T**HERE was, Diana soon discovered, also the recurring miracles of sunlight on snow, light and color that were never quite the same. There was the blue white of a windless morning, the flat marble gray that came with passing cloud shadows, the pallid salmon pink that fell with the lowering sun across westerling drifts. Sometimes this pink paled to lilac, and sometimes it deepened to a wine glow, so that the sapphire-tufted crests, about the time of sunset, were edged by a deeper Burgundy red, backed by hollows of opal and amethyst.

Sometimes, too, the diamond dust in the air turned the snow fields to meadows of iridescent splendor that made the eyes ache. It turned the hill slopes into spangled stretches of purple and rose and gold and orange interweaving on a sparkling tapestry of tumbled pylons and columns and pilinths, fluted and cut and crosscut by the blade of the wind.

It was, she knew, largely a matter of refrangible rays. But it seemed like a miracle of sculpture and painting combined. Even a stronger puff of wind, blowing a ragged snow cloud along a lake surface against the sun, could convert that cloud into a drifting curtain of rainbow colors with ethereal edgings of frost lace. And even a snowshoe trail, breaking the virgin white of new-fallen snow, could be a thing of beauty, the lonely purple-edged racket prints trailing back behind them like the prolonging wake of a ship at sea, frame mold by frame mold, as far as the eye could perceive.

It was that new-found sense of cleanliness in the world about her, Diana assumed, that kept her from sharing in Lindall's elation when they came to the Montagnais camp. She should have been glad, she knew, to see human beings again. But the dirt and destitution of that camp depressed her. And the Indians with whom Lindall carried on his barterings seemed a sullen and sorry lot, with their lean and howling huskies and their equally lean and ill-clad children. Nor was she more favorably impressed by the two long-limbed bucks whom Lindall finally induced to break trail for him toward the Land of the Big Water. Their dogs were old and mangy; their food supply of fish and seal was as foul smelling as their own persons; and their medium of communication was a grunting pantomime interspersed with a few words of pidgin English picked up at the coast fisheries.

**D**IANA resented their presence. She resented their morose silences and the lethargy of their ill-nourished bodies and the childlike gluttony that went ill with their dwindling grub bags. She resented their jabbering quarrels as to routes and their accruing resentment against Lindall's ever-increasing demand for haste. The one thing that made them endurable was their being in a back-country rumor that a white man had been seen by caribou hunters, three moons before—a solitary white

man who wore bearskin like an Innuite and speared fish in the lake country beyond the Barrens.

But the lake country, they contended, was no-good country. They gesticulated and argued as to trails and detours; they complained of mysterious sicknesses; they dolorously pantomimed over the depletion of their food supply. It was a bad country, they repeated, into which the white man was heading.

Lindall merely hardened against their sullenness. "We're going to push through," he proclaimed. And two hours later when they told him, not without a morose satisfaction all their own, that they were in a blind canyon which meant several miles of back trailing, Lindall went angrily ahead to look over the terrain.

**D**IANA, as she waited, saw the taller of the two Montagnais unlash the tarpaulin that covered the sled load. When she quietly approached him she discovered that he was pilfering food from one of the grub bags. She could see him stuffing the last of their chopped beef into his greasy belt pack. Every ounce, she knew, was precious, and her cry of protest was a naturally indignant one.

The Indian, chewing on a mouthful of dried beef, regarded her with an insolently indifferent eye.

"Put it back," she shouted, pointing to the half-filled pouch at his waist. But he pretended not to understand her. When she reached out, to take possession of the bag, he caught her roughly by the arms. His quick push of resentment sent her backward, full length on the snow.

Lindall, hurrying back to the sled, was a witness of that encounter, without comprehending its meaning. His reaction to it was instantaneous. He caught up the dog whip lying beside the sled and brought the heavy butt down on the half-turned head of the Montagnais. The Indian crumpled up, a ragged sprawl on the trodden expanse of white.

Lindall regarded him with an indifferent eye as he lay there. He waited until the stunned body showed signs of life again. Then, having motioned for the second Montagnais to help his muttering camp mate to his feet, the white man with the steel-cold eyes confronted them.

"Touch that woman," he proclaimed, "and I'll kill you both."

There was little doubt as to his meaning. But Lindall, to bring it home to them, reached in under the tarpaulin and took out his magazine rifle. And his pantomime with the firearm, as he illustrated his intentions to the two silent Montagnais, was both brief and graphic.

"Now *watch!*" commanded the white man. "Get your dogs going! And if you lie to me again about blind trails I'll cut your hearts out. Do you understand? Get going! Mush!"

The Montagnais started forward, in sullen obedience. But Diana noticed that Lindall, for the rest of the day, kept his magazine rifle close at his side.

*XIII*

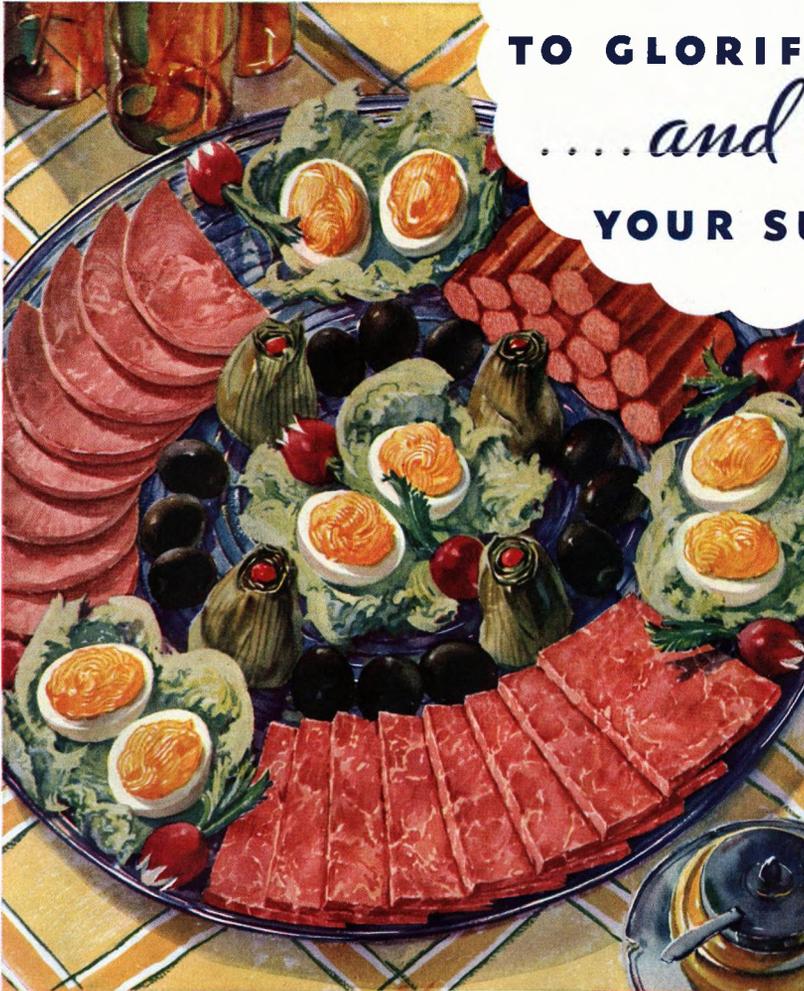
**D**IANA was conscious of a sense of strain as they moved on through the wintry silences. Lindall, she observed, formed the habit of always sleeping with the rifle close beside him. It did not add to her peace of mind when he casually suggested that she might carry the lighter shotgun and keep it under her blanket at night.

Yet nothing outwardly happened. And they were kept busy breaking trail and foraging for wood. For the country through which they were pressing was one of glacier-scored granite saddlebacks that yielded them scarcely enough fuel for their tent stove. When nothing better offered, they scooped down through the snow with their snowshoes and found creeping willow and caribou moss, which, when luck was with them, they could shake dry and coax into a flame. But the smell of the smoldering moss was obnoxious and the heat that came from it was pathetically inadequate. (Continued on Page 60)

TO GLORIFY

....and simplify!

YOUR SUMMER MEALS



● It sounds a bit contradictory, doesn't it? . . . to glorify and to simplify, both at once. But many a smart hostess knows that it's easily done . . . like this:

**FIRST**—lay in a supply of the ready-cooked, tinned delicacies prepared by the Libby chefs. There's a positively inspiring selection. Corned Beef, marvelously mild and delicious (the largest-selling Corned Beef in the world!). Spicy little Vienna Sausages. Lunch Tongue, smooth-textured, delicate. Corned Beef Hash—a wonderful Corned Beef Hash, with lots of meat and a real homemade flavor. An incomparable Deviled Ham. Each one is a masterpiece—capable of attending single-handed to the glorifying business. As for the simplifying—well, all of these meats are ready to serve.

**SECOND**—put the meats in the ice box to chill. Then apply yourself to the nice, cool, ladylike job of garnishing. Radish roses, ripe olives, deviled eggs . . . you can devise so many smart little, gay little touches.

**THIRD**—assemble your meats and garnishes; add bread and butter and something cold to drink. And there is a perfect cold supper . . . for the family or guests.

Why don't you make a note now of these various Libby Delicacies? Corned Beef, Corned Beef Hash, Vienna Sausages, Deviled Ham, Lunch Tongue. They mean money saved as well as time. All solid meat with no waste, they are most economical. You can get them from your grocer. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

**"THIS MAKES A HIT WITH MEN!"**



A whole glorified, delectable meal on a single platter! Quick and easy and cool, to prepare and to eat. The ready-cooked meats are Libby's Lunch Tongue, Corned Beef, Vienna Sausages. Suggested garnishes: deviled eggs on lettuce; radish roses; artichoke hearts; and Libby's Ripe Olives. And don't forget an accompanying jar of Libby's Mustard!

**"PICNIC MEALS ON THE PORCH ARE FUN!"**



On hot nights have picnic suppers on the porch or in the garden! All of Libby's Meats make delicious, satisfying sandwich fillings, but we specially recommend the Deviled Ham. It has such a different, intriguing flavor. Try it for party "appetizers" too. Libby's goes through a pastry tube with the greatest of ease, and its tangy flavor is just what's needed.



**"HOW CONVENIENT! AND SPECIAL PRICES, TOO!"**



See your grocer's grouped display of Libby's ready-to-serve Meats. Note his special prices. You can save yourself time and money by laying in a supply, right now, of these table-ready delicacies.






## What do YOUR slippers say?

THE WORLD'S greatest gossips are your slippers . . . the ones you wear at home. What a lot they tell about you!

When your slippers are smart, trim Daniel Greens, they say: "Here is a person who refuses to be ill-groomed even in her informal moments."

And why not be well-shod at home? Daniel Green slippers cost no more, in terms of *lasting* wear. Comfort and beauty are built in from the very foundation . . . where quality always must start. The Daniel Green Company, Dolgeville, N. Y.

(Above) The "Artons" . . . Silken triangles in peach and angel-pink bound in fine gold kid. The soft, enchanting colors are produced by an exclusive Daniel Green process. Though this slipper looks so delicate, it is built on a solid foundation for fit and wear and comfort.



Dainty mules or cozy Comfs. . . there's a Daniel Green style made just for your own special wants. Whatever the style and fabric, the quality never varies.

# DANIEL GREEN

COMFY AND LEISURE FOOTWEAR



(Continued from Page 58)

They both suffered, for the first time, from the cold. And since Lindall had decided to ration out what was left of their food, their resistance to sub-zero weather was definitely lowered. They tired easily and chilled overreadily in the wind that swept across their trail. Their bodies cried out for strong meat and fats, for suitable fuel with which to stoke the tired engines under their ragged furs.

When Lindall had the luck to bag a hare or a ptarmigan or two they fell on it with a quiet savagery that betrayed the extent of their secret hunger. They even disdain the use of a knife and fork, groping for steaming portions in the camp pot, clutching with bare hands at a rabbit shank or a partridge leg, gnawing the bone clean of its last shred of meat and then cracking the bone and sucking out the marrow. In the gravy they dunked their unevenly cooked grease cakes, licking their fingers clean when it was all over.

NO WORD of complaint escaped Diana. But her moist clothing, she noticed, more often threatened to freeze stiff with the cold at the mug-up rest by the wayside. And the warmth that came from their tea made with snow water did not stay with her long. She awakened more frequently in the night, for all her weariness, when the fire in the tent stove died down for lack of fuel. In the face of that cold the last barrier of reticence went down between them. The blanket with which Lindall divided the tent could no longer be spared for a curtain.

"You'll have to sleep under this," he told her, "until we stumble on firewood again."

She was grateful for the extra blanket. But she felt selfish in usurping it. And the next night, when the cold became unbearable, she moved closer to Lindall, so that one half of it might cover the tattered babiche of rabbit skin in which he was wrapped. She slept more comfortably there, for through her own worn babiche quilt she could feel the warmth of his body.

They could, she realized, conserve heat in that way, sleeping side by side, oddly remote and yet oddly intimate, as close as two spoons resting in a cutlery case.

Lie, Diana realized, was hunching her. No comment, in those hours of strain, was made on the situation. But Lindall, she saw, seemed to sleep more comfortably when she was there beside him. And it consoled her to remember that she, too, was contributing to his comfort, through the radiated warmth of her own body.

Anxiety, she could see, was leaving him more silent than usual. He was quietly watchful, where the two sullen-eyed Montagnais were concerned, and once or twice he openly lost his temper with them. But his one object was to win through to country where they could find firewood. For he wanted, he proclaimed, to be warm again, for once in his life.

WHEN they dipped into a widening valley where spruce and juniper were thick along the slopes, a little of his old-time spirit returned to him. He was no longer afraid of the cold. He unheeded his ax and sharpened his ax and struck off with empty sled to cut enough turns of firewood, as he expressed it, to roast a polar bear.

How it happened he never entirely knew. It may have been impatience and the faulty coordination of fatigue. It may have been due to the numbness of his chilled hands or to his uncertain stance in the snow. But an ax stroke went wrong. Instead of sinking into the spruce bole on which his foot was planted, the keen-edged blade struck through his worn moccasin, cutting into the flesh to the bone.

He stared down at the cooing blood reddening the snow, wondering why a wound so deep should bring with it so little pain. But his foot, he found, was useless. It would, he mordantly surmised, be useless for some time. And that meant a lay-up in the wilderness, when a lay-up could be ill afforded.

The cold, creeping into his body, prompted him to action. He did what he could to stanch the flow of blood, binding up the wound with his emptied belt bag, tied tight with a moccasin thong. Then, dragging the empty sled behind him, he crawled on all fours back to camp, leaving a thin trail of red as he went.

He was glad that Diana, busy in the tent, was not a spectator of that return. But the sight of the blood, as he proceeded to wash and dress the wound, brought a sharp gasp of alarm from her.

"It's just a nick," he protested. And as a demonstration of his masterfulness, notwithstanding that nick, he hobbled out to the two watchful and silent Montagnais. "Get wood," he commanded. "Get big heap wood!"

He watched them as they went sullenly off to do his bidding. But he was glad, once they were out of sight, to drop down on all fours and crawl back to the tent. The anxiety on Diana's face disturbed him. But he still made light of his wound.

"We'll have to lay up for a few days," he acknowledged as Diana, depressed by his pallor, brewed hot tea for him.

"Then we're lucky," she averred in her own effort at casualness, "to have lots of firewood on hand."

"That ought to keep us comfortable," he protested.

But he was far from comfortable that night. His sleep, because of the pain in his foot, was both light and unsettled. He dreamed of ghostly figures creeping about his tent and of stealthy brown hands groping and padding about the grub bags.

WHEN he found himself fully awake he thought, at first, that the darkness of night was merging into the retarded gray of dawn. But he realized from the wavering rise and fall of that light that it was merely the aurora borealis flashing its penons across the high-arching sky. What perplexed him was the repeated sound of stealthy movements outside the tent, followed by a series of sharp dog yelps.

Lindall struggled to his feet, for all his lameness, and stepped outside. There, in the light from the dimming aurora, he saw the half-starved dog team hitched to the Montagnais' sled. Beside it stood one of the Indians. And already lashed to the sled was a goodly portion of the white man's outfit.

Lindall knew what it meant. And he was determined to stop that flight. He would stop it, he decided as he tumbled back into the tent, even though he had to shoot them down in their tracks.

"What is it?" called Diana, starting up from her sleep. He was stooping down, she could see, to pick up the magazine rifle that lay beside his rabbit-skin robe.

But before he could answer her the taller of the two Montagnais had pushed his panting way into the tent. He reached for his knife as he came, knowing now that it was too late for deceit.

He leaped catlike for Lindall before the white man could bring his rifle up. But Lindall, for all his foot wound, was unexpectedly quick of movement. He warded off the knife blow, clutched at the Indian's mottled wrist, and closed in on him.

As they parted and twisted there, locked together, Diana remembered about the loaded shotgun under her blanket. She reached for it, brushed by the stamping feet beside her. She could not shoot, she saw, at such close quarters. But when her chance came, she decided, she could use the stock of her gun to club the twisting and bobbing head of the Montagnais.

SHE was still waiting for that chance when the second Indian ran into the tent. In his hand he carried a fresh-cut turn of spruce, almost as thick as his arm. The white woman, with a contemptuous hunch of his bony shoulder, he sent hurtling over the camp stove, scattering the coals in the floor brush as the stove went over with her. At almost the same time he brought the end of the spruce bole down on the matted hair of the white man, who fell, stunned, to the ground.

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Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES



Jim writes Jane from the Royal Hawaiian Hotel

Dear Jane: Honolulu, May 2

Just a note. Supper on the beach last night. They served me real DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice. Perfectly delicious! Want me to send you some?

Love,  
Jim

and this is Jane's reply

Dear Jim: Chicago, May 11

Silly! Didn't you know you could get DOLE Pineapple Juice at our grocery store around the corner? Believe me, I wouldn't miss a morning without it!

Love,  
Jane



Diana, from where she lay, could see the two bronze-faced figures bend over him for a moment. She watched them, without moving, nursing her gun close to her prostrate body, half stifled by the smoke from the overturned stove. She waited until, with nothing more than a nod of agreement, the two Montagnais made their escape from the tent. Then she struggled to her feet and ran after them.

She could see them, in the uncertain light, as the whip cracked over the straining dogs and the sled melted away along the blue-white valley slope. She shouted for them to stop, without quite knowing she was doing so. She was without moccasins or leggings, but she ran forward in the snow, raising her gun as she went.

She shot after them, twice. But that double scattering of bird shot, at such a distance, entirely failed to reach them. So she ran back to the tent, to get Lindall's rifle.

But the tent brush, she discovered, was already on fire from the scattered stove coals. And in the midst of that smoke Lindall was lying helpless.

She dragged him to the tent door, where, in her excitement, she flung a handful of

two of snow on his face. He merely groaned and turned away from her. Then she realized that the tent itself was in danger. So she gave her attention to the burning floor brush, smothering the fire with snow. When the last smoldering twig was quenched she found matches and a candle end and dragged Lindall back to his bedroll. Then, having closed the tent flaps, she righted the overturned stove and fitted together again the battered links of the vent pipe.

She had the fire going, and a tea pail of snow water steaming above it, when Lindall opened his eyes and looked blinkingly about.

"Anything wrong?" he asked, rather thickly.

She did not answer for a moment, being busy in putting fresh wood on the fire. But she was able to force a smile as she looked down at him.

"What's wrong?" he repeated, sitting up on his ragged robe of babiche.

She refused to let the smile on her face vanish. "Everything's all right," she answered, with the valor of the undefeated.

(To be Continued)

## THIRSTY WEATHER

(Continued from Page 29)

sweetened with the simple sirup while it is warm.

**ORANGE-PEKOE PUNCH** is slightly more dressy. A pint of orange-peko tea made as directed forms the foundation. A pint of simple sirup is made and poured while hot over a grated fresh pineapple. The juice and grated rind of 6 lemons and 3 oranges are also added, and the sirup is mixed with the tea. Strain the liquid after it has cooled partially and set aside to chill. When ready to serve, add white-grape juice or ginger ale to make one gallon, and for decoration add several fresh red raspberries to each glass.

**TOMATO FLIP** makes a refreshing drink for a hot summer noontide. Serve it with finger sandwiches of whole-wheat bread and butter, and no more satisfactory luncheon could be desired. Simply add the juice of 2 lemons and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of orange or pineapple juice to 1 quart of tomato juice. Season to taste with salt and sugar, mix well, and serve in tall, dewy glasses half filled with cracked ice. For a garnish add water-thin lemon slices sprinkled with chopped water-cress leaves.

**CHERRY SANGAREE** calls for 2 cupfuls of juice from canned or stewed red cherries, the juice of 3 oranges and 2 lemons, 1 cupful of canned pineapple juice and 1 to  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls of simple sirup or 1 cupful of powdered sugar. Mix well, dilute with 3 bottles of ginger ale, pour over ice and garnish with pitted deep-red cherries.

**FOURTH-OF-JULY SORBET** is midway between a beverage and a sherbet, and will be the very thing for a small dance or a garden party. Boil 1 cupful of sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of water to the thread stage, pour slowly over the stiffly whipped whites of 3 eggs and continue beating till cold. Then very gradually beat the meringue into 1 quart of raspberry ice, whipping it to a pink froth. Serve in slender glasses and top with 2 or 3 fresh raspberries and leaves. If you desire to serve the sorbet in more liquid form, the glasses may be half filled with it, then finished with a fizzy sparkling water.

Ice cream is a wonderful addition to a summer beverage. Chocolate ice cream with orange juice and carbonated water is a most fascinating combination. Vanilla ice cream goes deliciously with sarsaparilla, ginger ale or merely charged water, though any of the fruit sirups or a

tablespoonful of maple sirup may be added for additional flavor.

Fresh or evaporated milk is a good mixer too. This may please you: Pour  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of orange juice into a shaker, add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful of evaporated milk,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of crushed ice. Shake madly, pour into slender glasses and top with a grating of chocolate.

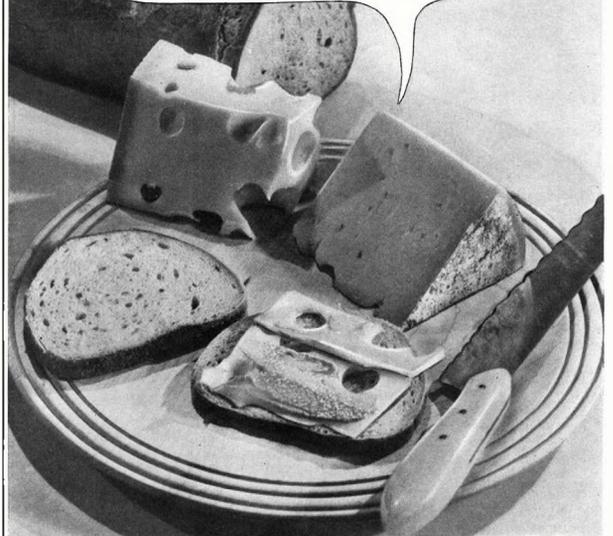
**FOAMING COFFEE** has a definite appeal to all coffee lovers. Make a quart of clear, rather strong coffee, strain and add sugar and cream to taste, while hot. Then pour slowly over the stiffly beaten yolks of 3 eggs and add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff, fine froth, incorporating 1 teaspoonful of granulated sugar for each egg. Pour the coffee over the egg whites, then pour the beverage back and forth from one large pitcher to another until it is foamy and light. Serve at once in tall glasses half filled with ice, topping each with a spoonful of whipped cream or ice cream. With chicken-salad sandwiches, or others of a substantial type, this beverage makes a wonderfully intriguing luncheon or supper.

**STRAWBERRY SYLLABUB** for the children. Add 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of strawberry juice to each glass of rich milk, sweeten as desired, pour over cracked ice and shake till beady. Serve with bread-and-butter sandwiches, cut not too thin, for a picnic luncheon under the trees.

Just a word more. Do see that the ice supply is never failing, that there is always at hand a good workable ice pick and ice crusher. The latter may be merely a wooden mallet with a strong canvas bag, or one of those very handy little machines that are to be found in the shops just now.

A supply of straws, glass and otherwise, which are to be had in colorful variety, the beverages, are all quite important. And I would add several attractive trays—perhaps one or more of the little tray stands that are very inexpensive and most useful to summertime entertaining. Cocktail napkins, which can be had in amusing designs, are also useful. Then, to complete the equipment, there are your foundation sirups. Spend a morning in the kitchen now and then making up a nice supply of them to tuck away in a cool place and you will be all set for any sort of party, little, middle-sized or big, that calls for a long, cool, refreshing beverage.

## CHEAP MUSTARD DROWNS OUT MY MELLOW FLAVOR



*8 out of 10 Leading Makers of fine cheese say...*

**"This unadulterated mustard blends perfectly with fine Swiss and American cheeses"**

**SWISS ON RYE**—American on white—most popular of all sandwiches! And what more appetizing snack exists than these mellow cheeses—with their delicate flavor enlivened by the savory zest of a really good mustard.

Leading makers of Swiss and American cheeses know that harsh, biting condiments quickly kill all the delightful flavor of their products. And when they approve French's Mustard, you may be very sure it is because they know this mustard has just the right piquancy that blends so appetizingly with these cheeses.

Only the very superior grades of mustard seeds, distilled vinegar and spices go into French's Mustard. Cheap mustards are often made from cheap and inferior ingredients—they frequently contain artificial

preservatives. French's Mustard contains no adulterants and no artificial preservatives. It has a piquancy and depth of flavor which make it a rare treat with cheese, meats and salad dressings.

Just try French's yourself and you will never use any other brand.



# What To Do About The Child Who "Hates" Cereals

And — A Way That Works Wonders In Getting Him To Eat A Big Breakfast

Try This Marvelous New Creation That Now Brings Whole Wheat in Flakes as Light as Snowflakes . . Crispy, Crunchy, Golden-brown Flakes with All the Gaiety, All the Allure of A French Confection

*Yet*

A Dish That With Milk or Cream and Sugar and Some Kind of Fruit Makes A Meal So Nourishing It's Called "The Breakfast of Champions"



Accepted by The Committee On Foods of The American Medical Association as a Pure Food, Honestly Advertised

NOW in answer to the question so many mothers are asking—"What Can I Do To Get My Child to Like Cereals?"—comes a very simple solution. And—one that is acceptable to leading child authorities.

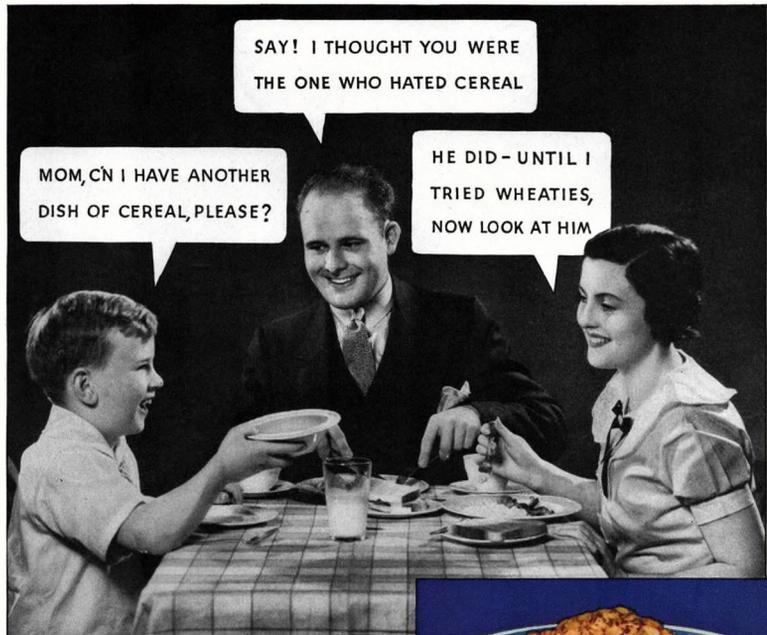
They say that, due to the serious digestive disturbances often resulting from emotional "scenes," no child should ever be *coaxed* or *forced* to eat a cereal he "hates." Instead, a child should be served a cereal he will eat *willingly!*

If you agree with their thinking on this subject, then you are urged to try this amazing new whole wheat creation. For it brings whole wheat, at last, in a ready-to-serve form that children adore.

A new and unique form of the most basic of all cereals for human consumption. A form so marvelously delicious and enticing that children revel in it like a party dish—will eat it *absolutely without coaxing, commanding.*

It's whole wheat in flakes as light as snowflakes. Crispy, crunchy, golden-brown flakes having all the gaiety, all the allure of a French Confection.

Yet that, with abundant milk and sugar, makes a dish which, together with some kind of fruit, comprises a breakfast that builds strong bones, red blood, solid flesh. And—gives the energy the growing child needs for work or play. In short, this new development of the millers of famous Gold Medal "Küchen-tested" Flour is a magic transforma-



SAY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE  
THE ONE WHO HATED CEREAL

MOM, CAN I HAVE ANOTHER  
DISH OF CEREAL, PLEASE?

HE DID—UNTIL I  
TRIED WHEATIES,  
NOW LOOK AT HIM

tion of the "necessary" food, whole wheat, into one that's marvelously light and tempting.

The name of this whole wheat creation is Wheaties. And it's supremely delicious, served with milk or cream and sugar. If you believe in whole wheat for yourself and child—you are urged to try Wheaties.

### All The Mineral, Vitamin Containing Elements Retained

In the manufacture of Wheaties, none of the bran, containing valuable phosphorus and iron, none of the germ (that part of the wheat berry where nature has stored up essential vitamins A, B, E, and G) has been removed. All the carbohydrates that provide energy, all the protein that builds healthy flesh; all these are retained in Wheaties.

Another point, accepted by the American Medical Association's Foods Committee, is that whole wheat, from which Wheaties are made, contains nearly *twice* the body-building protein and a greater percentage of minerals than even such commonly used foods as corn or rice.

Wheaties cost but 15¢ the package—enough for a week. Yet the special type of wheat they're made from is far superior to best grades of ordinary wheat. Do you wonder why millions of homes "switched" to Wheaties last year? Why this dish with some kind of fruit is called—by such stars of sport as Jimmy Foxx, Lou Gehrig and many others—"The Breakfast of Champions"?

Get Wheaties at your grocer's. Ask for by name—W-H-E-A-T-I-E-S. You'll be glad you did. 1314

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GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



LOU GEHRIG

"The Iron Man of Baseball"

SAYS:

"I certainly will go on record that Wheaties with plenty of milk or cream and sugar and some kind of fruit is the 'Breakfast of Champions.'"

"I know that any boy or girl—or any Dad or Mother, either, for that matter—will find that a big bowlful of Wheaties every morning is just the right thing to start the day out right. They keep you 'feeling like a million' all day long."

"So take a tip from me—if you want something that tastes swell and something that gives you the old pep and steam, start eating Wheaties every morning."

**WHEATIES** The Breakfast of Champions™  
WITH ABUNDANT MILK OR CREAM,  
SUGAR AND SOME KIND OF FRUIT

# MANNERS

BY MARION L. FAEGRE



POLITE BEHAVIOR SHOULD BE MORE THAN SKIN DEEP. WHEN A CHILD PLAYS TEA PARTY OR DRESS-UP, SHE IS ALSO ACQUIRING MINOR SOCIAL GRACES

A CHILD'S manners should spring from his feelings, and unless we can guide him so that he *feels* gracious, or respectful, or generous, there is no point in having him pretend to such virtues. What are some of the ways in which children acquire the elements of good behavior that gradually make them more or less acceptable members of society? First, there is the actual training, more or less deliberate, that goes on in the family; second, the attitudes and practices of adults; and third, the movies.

Let's take as an example children's table manners, on which we spend a good deal of time and energy. Do we, though, spend enough time considering whether what we are expecting of our children is in line with their abilities at the ages in question? Many a mother refuses to let her eighteen-month-old baby use his spoon, because he spills and makes an awful mess, and then, when he is three or four, chides him if he takes large bites or holds his fork awkwardly! How can she feel so sure of what he ought, or ought not, to be able to do at these different ages? As a matter of fact, the baby of eighteen months can handle a spoon very well, if he has been given a chance to practice. Many babies of this age feed themselves; and it requires no stretch of the imagination to believe that the four-year-old who "has no appetite" is sometimes the product of the thwarting of his early ambition to feed himself.

Take the business of washing—how the two-year-old loves it, and how often he is kept from dabbling in water as though it were full of germs! And then when he gets to be ten, it is desired that he be fond enough of soap and water so that he will leave his marbles, or his airplane building, rush to the bathroom before meals, and scrub like a surgeon about to enter the operating room!

Two very good rules to keep in mind, then, in our more or less planned social training are to be sure that the child is capable of what is expected of him, and that the training method is bringing about pleasure in the doing. A little child loves to answer the doorbell or the telephone, for he finds pleasure in being grown-up enough to take responsibilities. But will he do these things with the same cordiality later, if he is criticized for such mistakes as not asking the caller to sit down?

Again, how much opportunity for practice has to do with the gaining of manners that are above reproach! Mary and

Molly, besides having very different personalities, have lived in very unlike kinds of homes. Mary has three younger brothers and sisters, whom she has helped to dress and feed and bathe. Molly is very competent about meeting people, because she has been almost entirely in the society of grown-ups, but she has had to do very little for herself, and would be completely helpless if she were to change places with Mary for a day, and find herself involved in the intricacies of baby tending. And Mary might appear very gauche in surroundings where no opportunity appeared for the exercise of her own abilities.

Perhaps the most usual way of all in which children acquire manners, good or bad, is to copy them from the older people with whom they spend those first so impressionable years. Now it should be as easy for a child to pick up "Thank you" and "Excuse me" as it is for him to learn to spell his name. Grown people help the child spell his name, but how many of them take pains to be as polite to children as they are to adults?

And how easily adults correct children, oftentimes when the latter can't possibly know that what they are doing is wrong! Why not give practice in manners just as we would in spelling, making occasions for the child in play, in an easy way, to equip himself with automatic habits of graceful ease? The three-year-old's tea party and the occasions when the nine-year-old dresses up in her mother's cast-off clothes and high-heeled shoes are perfect for learning minor social graces, if only we enter in imaginatively.

Just as in sex education we try to give children correct information early enough so that they will not be shamefacedly seeking it from other and less reliable sources, so in social training the seeds that we plant early will have a better chance than those sown later.

Jane Addams has pointed out what a responsibility the movies have for setting standards for social behavior for children of immigrant parents, pathetically eager not to be different from other children. But it is not only these children who are watching what happens on the screen for pointers. Our own children who sit with eyes glued to the screen—just as their ears are glued to the radio—are picking up useful tricks of behavior.

It is easy to see why the movies, aside from their emotionally exciting qualities, exert a more lively influence than the

modest suggestions given at home or the ideas gathered at parties. On such occasions the adolescent involved is a part of the picture, and therefore always more or less self-conscious. But while he is absorbing the lessons he learns from the screen, he is unobserved, detached, entirely free to sit there in the dark and store up details for future use. He is not being confused or humiliated, as he often is when the suggestions are given at home—for in such cases he is more often than not being corrected for some crudity or omission, perhaps being laughed at by older brothers and sisters for "not knowing better."

Did it ever occur to you how much fun children would get out of being allowed to turn the tables, and be the layers-down of rules, instead of the followers?

"But children have too little respect for their elders as it is! Their free-and-easy mannerless ways are disconcerting enough now. Surely they need to be held in check far more than they are at present, when a 'raspberry' is a far more frequent response than a curtsy!"

That much-used objection is almost worn out. Of course, some modern parents have committed awful crimes against children in the name of freedom! We are living at a moment when the pendulum of behavior has swung far to one side, and the tendency toward informality has become extreme. But let's look below this surface disrespect, and see what we find. Did the children of yesterday who spoke so deferentially to their parents always feel exactly as they sounded? Or did they sometimes seethe with resentment, which they were obliged—on account of fear—to smother under a smooth exterior? When one had to be respectful at all costs, wasn't it possible that a little deceit sometimes crept in?

Manners or no manners, courtesy or rudeness, the child of today has a friendly feeling for his parents which was not called out by the awe-inspiring parents of yesterday. What seems like impertinence or disrespect has this much to recommend it: It means that fear is not standing in the way of the child's character growth. Whatever the lacks in our equipment as guides of childhood, we are one and all relieved to drop that old powerful weapon of fear, which was so effective in producing an appearance of conformity, but which was so dangerous to that fragile and easily mangled thing, human personality.

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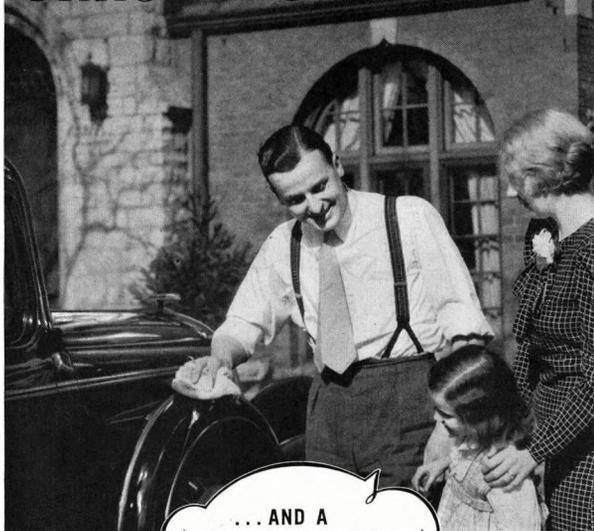
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## Of a Laxness

(Continued from Page 9)

"Pouf!" said the duchesse. "He try for kick me out, eh?"

"Quite possibly."

"If he do," she said, "I myself will discover his portrait and will paint upon it side whiskers long and red. Mr. Gair is—how do you say; w'at ees thees idiom?—he ees the dumb cluck."

"You are learning English from the undergraduates," said Beal. "Ah, well, I don't know as I'll be sorry if he does boot you out."

"You, Mr. Beel-Beal, are ver' obvious. But not adroit. In France the men do not make love by wishing the lady lose her job. Besides, I am busy. I go to see this granddaughter of M. Discipline." She paused. "You theenk I am beautiful, not?"

"Very," he said fervently.

"Once a day it ees good for a woman to hear that—even if she ees not beautiful. It makes you to jump up. It gives you the kick, eh? Now I am refresh'. I work so hard from this point. Did you say 'very'?"

"Very," he repeated.

"You should not say 'very' twice. The nex' time after the first you should say 'extremely' or 'and how!' or somesing sweet and touching as 'You bet my boots!' I go for get this Dorothea's address."

SHE stepped to the secretary's office and inquired of a young man where Dorothea Hall might be found.

"Bussen Hall, B.," he said promptly.

The duchesse marveled. "You know all name' and address' of these students?" she asked.

"Miss Gair is a sort of cousin of mine," he answered.

"So? You, then, are thees grandson of M. Gair's brother, eh?"

"Yes, madame."

The president walked across the campus to Bussen Hall, and as she walked every girl within eyeshot studied her clothes, her poise, her carriage, and consciously or unconsciously took her for a model. She mounted the stairs and found Miss Gair's door, but as she was about to rap she noticed a discoloration upon the door knob. She touched it daintily with her glove tip. Then she smelled the glove and cocked her head to one side and made her mouth round—for it was black paint. Then she knocked.

"Come in," called a jaunty voice, and the duchesse entered to see a little girl, very graciously made, with black, close hair and a pert, intelligent, lovely face, lolling in a big chair.

"Ah, *ma petite!*" exclaimed madame.

THE girl got to her feet and smiled.

"Madame!" she said. "Oh, do come in. You look so wonderful!"

The visitor nodded twice. "You would be surprised! I am ver' wonderful. Also you are ver' wonderful. Chic. But also the charm. I like you at once, so why are you so ver' naughty?"

"Am I naughty? I thought I was behaving pretty well."

The duchesse laughed deliciously. "For you—perhaps; for thees of grandpapa—not at all. So I must visit and make the discipline. Behol'—I am lax. Thees student and that student—they make monkeyshines. *Alors*. W'y do you at all times be kick' out of schools? W'y do you study not at all?" She lifted her shoulders. "I ask like the orator, but all the time I know, eh? But this of' grandpapa, he does not know."

"His main job in life is to cramp my style," said Dorothea. "Honest, madame, I'm not such a bad egg. But he rubs me the wrong way."

"Nevertheless, he rub' weeth the hand full of gold," said the duchesse with all the practicality of a Frenchwoman.

"Has he been threatening to cut me off with a shilling again?"

"He make the hint." The duchesse wrinkled her nose. "I theenk he means it. I theenk you cannot tell w'ich way thees ol' frog will jump. So I come. I say *attendez!* I say it is more better you watch your Q's and P's. It is more better you burn those glove' on the table weeth black paint on them, and clean thees door knob w'ich also has black paint."

"You're a dear," said Dorothea.

"I am a wise and wicked ol' woman." She spread her hands. "Now I go. You shall walk softly, eh? Not bust loose and tear the lid off *hein?*" She frowned portentously. "We mus' maintain thees discipline."

BUT discipline was not maintained; there followed a series of deprecations unprecedented in the annals of the institution, and each of them was planned as a flagrant flouting of authority, and as a most irritating slap in the face of those in high places. Someone in the college was certainly feeling her oats; some of the pranks were ludicrous, some merely impudent, and one or two were acts of deliberate vandalism.

The dean, an able but humorless woman, consulted with the president. "I've investigated thoroughly," she said. "I have collected and examined evidence, and an embarrassing situation presents itself. I hesitate to lay the facts before you."

The duchesse nodded her little head three or four times in a jerky, cunning way. "You hesitate, is it? You are embarrassed! Me, I am not easy to embarrass. *Nom*. You weesh to inform me that the perpetrator of these deeds is Miss Dorothea Gair."

"My goodness! How did you know?"

"I get aroun'," said the duchesse.

"But what shall we do? Mr. Gair insists upon the expulsion of the culprit. It is dreadful."

"For now," said the duchesse, "we do nothing. Mr. Gair make' the roar and the outcry. For him it is good. His life is made interesting, not? We sit tightly and wait."

BUT it can't be glossed over. Discipline will be ruined. There will be charges of favoritism.

"Nevertheless, all the same, we shall pause," said the duchesse.

"I can't understand that girl! But one never gets to understand girls. She seems a lady. She is very pretty. True, she chafes under restraint and verges sometimes on the impertinent, but one gets the idea of breeding."

"Your eye," said the duchesse. "is of an acuteness. You detec' bad taste. In each of these deprecations you perceive more than mischief, eh? You see the act of the *canaille*, the vulgar, the common."

"Precisely," agreed the dean. "But there is no question of her guilt."

"*Alors!*" said the duchesse, using that word indispensable to the French language, to French life, to French philosophy of living—because it means nothing and means everything, can be used in any connection and commits one to nothing.

"Me, I theenk the orchestra have play', the prologue have been spoken. Now we shall see the performance."

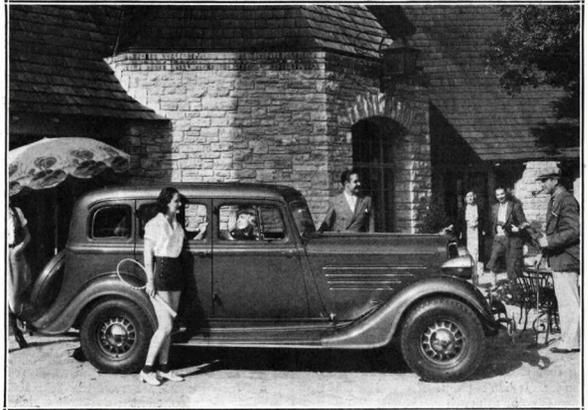
It was in the midst of this turmoil that Mr. Gair chose to make his great gift to the college, and he announced it at a meeting of the trustees—no less than a first-folio Shakspeare, purchased at tremendous cost. It was a munificent gift, and the duchesse, with Gallic love of drama, determined to make an event of it.

"It is of a grandeur—a magnificence," she said. "Thees possession makes dignified any library. It must not be put in place as if it were (Continued on Page 66)

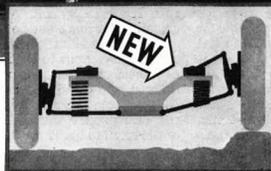
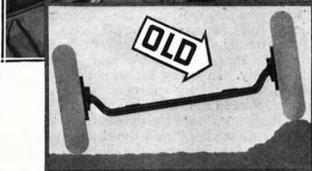
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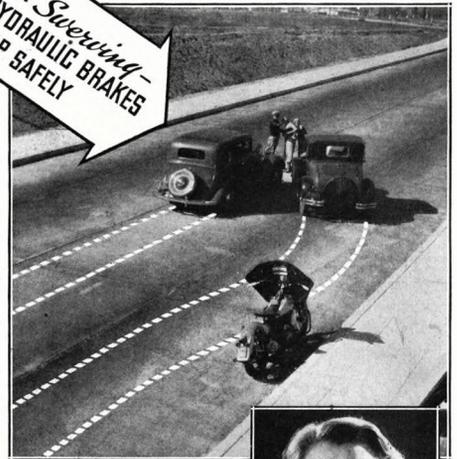


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Simply emphasize the natural color in your lips! Not with ordinary lipsticks, mind you; all too often they jar with natural color and succeed only in making your lips look conspicuous with pain.

What you need is the lipstick that intensifies the natural rose of your lips... without risking that painted look. This lipstick is called Tangee. It isn't paint. It's a lipstick that changes color to match your own!

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In the stick, Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not plain rose. Not jarring red. But the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to your type! Don't be fooled by other orange-colored lipsticks. Only Tangee contains the original color-change principle that makes it blend with your complexion. Moreover, Tangee's special cream-base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Becomes part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee today, 39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See offer below.)

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Check Shade  Flesh  Rachel  Light Rachel

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(Continued from Page 64)

a new dictionary. *Non, non, non.* There must be appropriate ceremony. There must be what you call the unveiling."

Mr. Gair protested only faintly, and the thing was determined. There were to be ceremonies. Distinguished guests were to be present; a certain eminent Shakspearean actor would read Hamlet's soliloquy—and the gift would be unveiled.

There was the usual flurry of preparations; even the student body was interested, and the literary department suggested a pageant of characters from the plays. It was determined that the actual unveiling should take place upon the steps leading to the Grecian portico of the library, with the students and guests grouped below. An important and imposing occasion!

The day arrived; distinguished guests appeared in town, the campus was thronged, and at the designated hour more than a thousand persons were gathered to witness the event. There was music, the pageant, speeches, the soliloquy, and then Mr. Gair himself arose and advanced to the shrouded case in which reposed the treasure. He spoke a few crabbed words and then seized the ribbon which released the concealing draperies and tugged. The silk slipped to the floor, revealing the huge book. It stood upright, and Mr. Gair lifted it to display it to the throng.

**T**HERE was silence; then a sudden gasp from those close at hand, then a murmur, then a giggle which—as the astounding fact became known to the crowd—erupted into a shout of laughter. For what Mr. Gair held aloft in his hands was not a first-folio Shakspeare; not a great literary treasure, but a bound volume of a not-too-nice magazine for the year 1889! Mr. Gair looked at the volume which he had raised so proudly, and each individual one of his hairs seemed to erect itself with rage. He bristled. He seemed about to burst before Nature and his irascible disposition provided a safety valve. With a magnificent but curiously boyish gesture, he hurled the volume to the stone pavement, glared at the assemblage and, turning on his heel, stamped into the library and out of sight.

There was a distinct and apprehensive pause. Even the young ladies of the college could feel some sympathy for the old gentleman's humiliation, and everyone waited silently to hear and see what would come of it. *Madame la duchesse* arose from her place, gracious, lovely, perfectly composed. She advanced to that spot from which Mr. Gair had fled and gravely surveyed the audience.

"**N**EVERTHELESS," she said in that rich, charming voice which was one of her choicest attributes, "M. Shakspeare remain! M. Shakspeare—the gr-r-reatest of all in thees English tongue, and perhaps in any tongue." There was a singular dignity about her as well as beauty; there was that bearing which can come authentically only from a score of generations of ancestors—and those who saw fell under her spell. "It is not possible for even a naughty little girl to make thees M. Shakspeare ridiculous. It is not possible for anyone so to do. I will not speak of what has happen'—it is of a negligibility. It is nosing. We have listen' to the lofty speech and the splendid declamation; we have see' the glamorous pageant. Thees were to the honor of a ver' gr-r-reat man and to the generosity of another. If thees M. Shakspeare see today w'at has happen' he would lif' his shoulder and say 'Alores.' We also lif' our shoulder and say 'Alores.' That is all."

The duchesse, at whose side walked the perturbed Beel-Beal, found Mr. Gair pacing up and down the librarian's office. He turned upon her.

"You see! You see what has come of your lax methods! You see the results of

your frivolous manner! I shall demand your resignation at the next meeting of the board of trustees."

"*Paucere petiti!*" exclaimed madame sympathetically, and even in this moment Beal could smile at the application of this epithet to the choleric old man. "See, he suffer! He is wound! I am ver' *triste!*"

"I'll not be satisfied with mere expulsion," said Gair. "I'll prosecute criminally. I'll —"

"I theenk," said madame to Beal, "we shall call thees meeting of trustees at once. M. Gair may burst, eh? It give' him thee outlet."

"I will see to it," said Beal. "In one hour," said madame. "But fir's you come to my office, Beel-Beal." It was the first time she had named him so, and he was elated.

"I'll see to it," said Beal. "In one hour," said madame. "But fir's you come to my office, Beel-Beal." It was the first time she had named him so, and he was elated.

"This is terrible," she said. "Me," said the duchesse, "I theenk it ees more terrible than you know."

"But see! I felt it my duty to examine that—that book. I did so. Among its leaves I found this!" She held out the fragment of a sheet of paper. "It is torn from notes made in Mr. Widdicomb's class. The writing I recognize."

"Ah, I have not see' thees writing, ma's I theenk I would recognize it also. It ees Mlle. Gair's."

"Yes." "Beel-Beal," said the duchesse, "you will go to the room of Mlle. Gair. You will make the search for the veritable Shakspeare. Also, you will detain thees young woman. You will put her in my office. Make yourself to move weeth swiftness."

The president went to her room, to which came presently Beel-Beal and Dorothea Gair, the young lady evidently in a state of mind.

"But, madame," she burst out, "he found it in my room —"

"*Excitement!* W'ere else you theenk he find, eh? Of all place' in this worl' your room is the only possible. Ah, eet is bad!"

"But —"

"**Y**OU will say nosing. I do not wish for you hear you speak at all. You remember those black paint on your door knob and your glove that day I call? Eh? The day thee miscreant paint' on those grim ladies the curly mustache. You remember all these outrage' w'ich have vex the college? Jus' like the black paint, there is in all case' the indication w'ich point to you. We are not blind, mademoiselle. So now you sit here w'ile thees trustees have the meeting and plan w'at hard theeng they will do. Then you will come."

Madame went to her room and changed her dress for something more austere. The gown she wore at the fête would not become this more tragic occasion. She would not be able to do herself justice unless she dressed to match her humor. She was careful with her toilet, and when she emerged she might have been a queen on her way to the scaffold. Madame required herself to attend to such matters as this. It was important. A calamity was a calamity. It must not be minimized. She descended the stairs and walked across the campus to that building which contained the board room, and when she entered one could not help thinking of Mary, Queen of Scots. With silent, tragic, pathetic dignity she walked the length of the room to her chair at the head of the table.

"The meeting," she said, "is call' to order."

"What has been done," demanded Mr. Gair, "about discovering the perpetrator of this outrage? And finding that stolen book? Do you know, madame, the cost of that book?"

"It was a gr-r-reat price," said the duchesse.

Gair pounded upon the table. "For months I have protested," he said furiously. "I admit it was I who interviewed and recommended the hiring of—of madame to be our president. It was under a misapprehension. My eyes. I—er—thought her hair was white. I thought she was an older and graver woman."

"It ees ver' bad theeng not 'ave w'ite hair, monsieur, and to be yo'ng. I am humiliate'. I acknowledge this wickedness."

"But even so," said Gair, "I did not think she would play like a hoyden with the students and relax discipline to the point where this institution of learning became a—a —"

"Monkey cage?" asked madame. "I theenk you will like thees words. A monkey cage."

"Exactly," said Mr. Gair, glaring. "A squealing, mischievous cage of undisciplined monkeys."

"Now, Gair," said Trustee Hefflin, "it's not quite so bad as that."

"Worse," snarled Gair. "Mustaches on portraits. Malicious pranks. A state of anarchy. It is unendurable. I, therefore, demand the resignation of our president—er—forthwith."

"That shall come in its order," said madame. "Fir's we consider thees culprit. Mr. Gair, you weesh for find thees so-wicked person?"

"Wish it!"

"And, whoever it turn' out to be, you will act with gr-r-reat severity?"

"She shall be expelled. Nothing less. And I shall proceed criminally—for theft."

"Ah, This is a mature judgment? You 'ave make up your mind?"

"Positively."

"**T**HEN we must see. Now we commence at the beginning, *hein?* At thees so black, so curling mustaches on the grave ladies. On that day I make the call—I fraternize weeth one mademoiselle. I fin' on the knob of her door black paint of a wetness. I find also black paint on her glove."

"What?"

"It ees like that."

"And what did you do?"

"I say to thees mademoiselle, it ees more better if you burn thees glove."

Gair was stricken inarticulate. He sat gaping.

"Do I understand, madame," asked Hefflin, "that you advised this girl to destroy evidence; that you shielded her? But this is impossible!"

"*Non, non, non!* All theeng' are possible."

"Her name! Her name!" blustered Gair.

"You wish her name?"

"Without quibbling," said Gair.

"The name," said the duchesse, "was Dorothea Gair."

Silence followed this disclosure. If it shocked or hurt the old man, he did not flinch. "Why was I not informed?"

"Bicause," said madame. "Now we will listen to the dean. She awaits. If one will open the door."

"The meeting," she said, "is call' to order."

"The dean entered. "You will disclose to thees gentlemen," said the duchesse, "w'at you 'ave tell me of thees depreations. All, concealing nosing."

"Naturally," said the dean, "we investigated. In each case we investigated thoroughly. In every instance the evidence, what I may call conclusive evidence, pointed in one direction."

"The name," said the duchesse.

"Dorothea Gair," said the dean.

"Also, w'at did you find today?"

"In that—ah—book I found a scrap of paper. The young lady must have been reading the dreadful thing. On it was the handwriting of Miss Gair."

"You knew all this?" demanded Gair.

"All," said the duchesse.

"Yet you did nothing?"

"Oh, much. I did ver' much. I conceal' it all."

(Continued on Page 68)

One of 39 tempting ways to serve  
**HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS**



ONE OF THE  
**57**

**CAPE COD BAKED BEANS AND CORN**

Place 1 medium can Heinz Oven-Baked Beans (Boston Style) in earthenware pot; add 2 cups canned or fresh corn,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, and 1 teaspoon molasses, and mix well with the Beans. In the center of the bean pot bury 1 peeled onion and a 2 inch square of salt pork, allowing the rind to protrude above the Beans. Bake in a moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours, or until onion and pork are tender. Serves 6.



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Soapless Shampoo Treatment

(Continued from Page 66)  
"Why? Did you think I wanted it concealed? Were you playing politics? Were you discriminating in favor of my granddaughter, expecting to please me? You were wrong. I am —"

"You are ver' grim and incorruptible man," said the duchesse.

"Where is the book?"  
"It is here. It was found in the room of mademoiselle."

"So," said Gair ominously. "The girl I have brought up; the girl my money was to go to!" He breathed hard.

"Thees money," said the duchesse, "it was to be considered."

"Expel her!" snapped Gair.

"But even a college does not punish without one trial," said the duchesse.

"What is there to try? Her guilt is evident."

"Oh, ver' evident. I never saw a so-evident guilt. It ees so evident thees Mlle. Gair must be the 'alf-wit. It is advertise' like on these billboard."

"So then?"

"So then I consider. I consider thees pranks. I look at each one by himself. They are of a similarity. In each is the favoring that ees in the other. And w'at, I ask, is thees favoring?"

"What?"

"Bad taste," said the duchesse. "Each is the thinking of a mind of vulgarness. It is common."

"So what?" demanded Gair.

"ALSO I 'ave observe the billboard' of w'ich I speak, and the mustaches made upon them with pencils by naughty boys. It is a thing for think about, but neavira, no, not one time, 'ave I seen a mustache that is not drawn by a boy."

"What of it?"

"Ah, monsieur, you observe the chicken'. You perceive there are hen chicken' and rooster chicken'. Also you see always it is the hen chicken that produce' the egg. So then, if someone bring you the egg and declare mos' emphatic that it was produce' by the rooster, you pause and you think, not?"

"Where is this nonsense getting us?" Gair interrupted.

"Many place, perhaps. We leave the egg. We consider the common, the vulgar. Now I 'ave observe' thees Mlle. Gair. She is *petite*. She is yo'ng and life makes to bubble within. But I do not see the bad taste. I watch the dress. It is ver' good always. It does not ron ahead of the style. It does not display itself. It is never vulgar, but always as a lady should wear. I fraternize among thees student'—of w'ich you complain. I b'come welcome; they no longer pretend, but are natural. Again I observe mademoiselle. She is personality. She is vigor. She is object' because her style is cramp'. Sometime she raise ol' Ned—but never is she vulgar nor common nor weeth bad taste."

"It's too late to praise her."

"I DO NOT praise—I state. I state that in all these pranks there is the vulgar. In mademoiselle never is the vulgar. So I make to wonder. Do natural theing' act ever not according to their nature? Do *poimmes de terres* grow upon rose-bushes? Do dogs make to miaow like the cat? Never."

"Suppose, madame, we drop this chatter and come to business."

"Oh, we come. Quite quickly we come now. And so, because I know this ol' grandpapa is hard and see only w'at is put under his eye, and is of an innocence incredible, I say nossing and wait. And I say, 'W'at is involve' here?' To that the answer is, 'Ver' much money.' Also this ol' grandpapa weeth no knowledge of the worl' will go off half-cock."

"I'm not here to be insulted, madame," Gair told her.

"You are here to be instruct'. Maybe even to be improve'. So you shall listen. And nex' I say, if thees mademoiselle be chucked out and cut off and abandoned, who shall get all thees money of the ol',

so-innocent grandpapa? And w'at do I fin'? But before I say thees thing, I make anozer point. I look for this vulgar and this bad taste. I find him. I find me one that spend' bees time weeth a girl that 'ave big ankles." She lifted her shoulder. "It ees a confession of guilt. Also she is common and vulgar and waits upon people in a cafe. And his necktie', they are a crime. So w'at does he read? I observe. Trash. The nasty book weeth many words and scenes that make fastidious persons to be ill. In all theing' he is common and vulgar."

"Come to the point, madame, if there is any."

"But w'en thees person is also the only one in all the beeg worl' who is profit' if mademoiselle b'comes cast off by her ol' grandpapa, I 'ave made up my mind. I speak of the grandson of the brother of Mr. Gair."

"Nonsense. He's a good boy."

"M. GAIR, he is so unsophisticate,'" said the duchesse with a little grimace. "And then come thees unveiling today. I say, if thees vulgar yo'ng man work all times to put suspicion upon mademoiselle and make her ol' grandpapa to be in a fury weeth her so he get' all thees money—then thees fete is up his avenue. *Hein!* If he can make grandpapa absurd; if he can make a dreadful scene; if he can do the worst thing of all and prove it is mademoiselle that have done it, then the money is his."

There was silence now, even from Gair. He leaned forward and frowned and waited.

"So I 'ave thees yo'ng man watch', and I 'ave this folio watch', and because of his position in this college he can make his way to it in the nighttime, w'ich he does. And put this so-absurd book in its place. And today w'en we all watch the pageant, he goes weeth the folio and hides it in the apartment of mademoiselle." She spread her hands and lifted her shoulders. "It is a denouement, eh? So, to the ol' grandpapa I say I fraternize and I wait and I do not disclose until I can make the proof of w'at I guess. And that ees all, and 'ere in this envelope is that resignation you ask' for." She arose. "Messieurs, I bid you good day."

Gair sat grim and silent. He let her pass his chair and reach the door. Then he sprang to his feet and banged the table imperatively. "Come back here!" he said savagely.

Madame lifted her brows.  
"You go back in your seat. This meeting isn't over yet. I've got a motion to make, and I'm going to make it."

"I will stand here," said the duchesse.

"I MOVE," said Gair, "that this board I offer to the Duchesse de Carcassonne a contract as president of this college for the term of five years—or for life, b'gad, for that matter. I may be innocent and a dog-gone old fool, but I know a good thing when I see it." He hesitated. "Madame," he said with a courtesy foreign to his harsh nature, "anything in this world that Hiram Gair can give you is yours."

"You cannot give me w'ite hairs," she said.

"It," he said, "I was forty years younger I'd do my darnedest to give you a husband."

"Nize grandpapa," she said with a charming smile. "But I mus' not 'ave two. I 'ave one pick' out. I think he ask me for marry heem today pretty soon, so w'en he does I shall say yes."

"Hey, does that mean you're leaving the college?"

"Oh, I do not know. I tell you w'en I 'ave ask' Beel-Beal. I 'ope he lets me stay."

"My dear," said Mr. Beal, "all I ask is to be allowed to stick around."

"There is jus' one word I make the promise never to speak to you," she said gaily.

"What word, duchesse?"  
"Scram!" she said.



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## Return Engagement

(Continued from Page 11)

"Because there aren't any more," Alix said. "What's the matter with people, anyhow? Dotsy Peterson looks like a mud pie in gray."

"Well," I said, "did you see the gray Bobbie-Buntie I sold Mrs. Ewing to go skiing in?"

"Gosh—skiing!" Alix said. "She's sixty—isn't she sixty, Maudie?"

"I don't know," I said, combing my back hair. "I looked lovely in it."

"Well, I think it's disgusting," Alix said. "Look what she weighs."

"A parent can do no wrong," I said. "And she's a parent. Here comes Carroll Emery. What have we got that would look nice on Carroll?"

"Nothing she'd buy," Alix said. "Carroll always wants black."

"Hello, girls." Carroll came ambling up to our booth. "How're you doing?"

"Everybody," I said. "How about that little flowered number over there, Carroll? Want to try it on?"

"Oh, I'm not buying," Carroll said. "Just visiting. You gals are too flimsy for me. When's the fashion show?"

"Saturday," Alix said, "at four."

"Ting's the bride, party? I suppose they're having it this year?"

"Ting's the bride," I said, "and Alix and Helen and Jane Elson and I are the bridesmaids."

"Well, I hope Ting looks better than she did last night," Carroll said.

"Why?" Alix and I said, both very belligerently, as we are very fond of Ting, who is Davy's sister.

"She looked green," Carroll said comfortably, "and she went home from the ball early."

"Listen, Carroll," I said, seeing two ladies strolling in our direction, "speaking of green, why is everybody rushing in here to buy gray? Practically everything we've got is blue and brown, because those are the colors this spring. In two minutes we're going to fail because we haven't any gray left."

Carroll laughed and got up. "Ask Tom Curtis," she said. "He thinks gray has a soul, or something. He told Josie while he was painting her picture this morning. I suppose she told everybody."

Well, the two ladies came barging in just then and Alix went slithering forward in her best mannik walk, so I ducked out the door. Tom's little booth stood with its back to ours, and just as I got there Josie came down the steps. She had on her Bagdad pajamas and the wicker tray of cigarettes hung around her neck, but just the same I didn't like the look of it, somehow.

"All right, darling," she was saying, "but I know they haven't. Nobody else smokes a pipe, so why should we have pipe tobacco?"

"Well, I was just trying to help you get ahead," I heard Tom's voice from inside, and I thought, "Yeah, she certainly needs one." Then he came to the door and there I was scowling at him through Josie's kind smile.

"Well," he said, "it's about time. Where you been, Hattie Carnegie?"

"TOM CURTIS," I said, "what did you tell about forty women about gray having a soul?"

"Nothing," Tom said. "Come on in."

"You really ought to explain, Tom," Josie said, coming in, too, of all things.

"Tom and I were discussing women, Maudie," she said, turning to me in that sweet, patient tone that you explain something to a child before company in. "He didn't say gray had a soul. He said it's the color that gives a woman a soul. We wear gray down at the clinic and I often think as I catch a glimpse of myself—there is something, as Tom says." She gazed over the hills.

"Take all the women you know," Tom pounced on me, but I waved him away.

"You take them," I said, "and tell 'em that navy blue and brown bring out a girl's inner self. That's all Alix and I have left, and we've simply got to sell it."

Tom sat down on a camp stool beside a perfectly nauseating picture of a horse and smiled up at me.

"If I said what I'm thinking right now," he said, "I'd tell the whole female race that navy blue and brown never looked like anything but hell on any woman. I'm an artist, eggshell, and don't you forget it."

"If you were," I said coldly, "I wouldn't."

JOSIE gave Tom a slow, intimate smile. "Don't let them discourage you," she said, and then her eyes got that hollow look. "Art is beauty, and there's too little beauty in this sad world. Take my work. Down at the clinic there's tragedy everywhere. I'm hoping by my little effort to bring joy where there is sadness. You see, joy is beauty." She looked at us very stary-eyed. "I understand," she said to Tom. "You see—I guess I'm an artist too." And she faded away down the steps.

"Tom," I said, sitting on the window sill on the other side of the picture, "what is that picture?"

Tom jumped. "What is it, idiot? It's a horse!"

"How can you tell?" I asked pensively.

Tom scowled at me. "Don't be funny," he said.

"I mean—it doesn't look like a horse, does it?"

"And why should it?" He jumped up and began waving his little board full of smudges at me. "If you want to see a horse go look at one over in the stable. An artist, Maudie, isn't a photographer. When I paint something I paint what I see in the thing, not the thing itself. What's the use of painting something everybody can see by looking out of a window?"

"If I looked out of my window and saw that horse," I said, "I'd have a stroke. Why does it have two heads?"

"Don't you like a horse's head?" Tom said.

"Why, yes," I said.

"Then you ought to be glad to see two of them," Tom said. "The horse is thrilled."

"I see," I said unenthusiastically. "Portrait of a Thrilled Horse. Carroll said you were painting Josie."

"Yeah," Tom said, making little marks on the horse. "Get out of my light."

"I should think it would be more fun," I said, "to work on Josie than this horse, besides which Josie will pay the fête for hers."

TOM clutched his hair and moaned. "Oh, heavens!" he choked. "Maudie, you have the soul of a cash register. Will I please change my color sense to suit the fashion booth? Will I kindly bring in fifteen bucks for the show instead of listening to my artistic conscience? Will I? Yes, I will not."

"Maudie, for heaven's sake, where are you?" Alix came tearing up the steps. "Mrs. Brandt is having a fit because I'm the only one to wait on eight people."

"Come and see Tom's picture of Josie," I said, pointing at the horse with my foot.

Tom slapped my ankle. "Do you know how artists rate beautiful objects?" he said.

"No," I said. "Ouch!"

"First man."

"The big, handsome brute," Alix said. "—then the horse, eggshell." Tom went on gloatingly, "and then woman. Full of errors, the poor gal: legs too short, hips too broad—"

"That may be so," I said, drifting over to the door, "but I'd rather be myself than Man o' War." (Continued on Page 71)

# I GET BY WITH THE WOMEN!



*I'll say so...*

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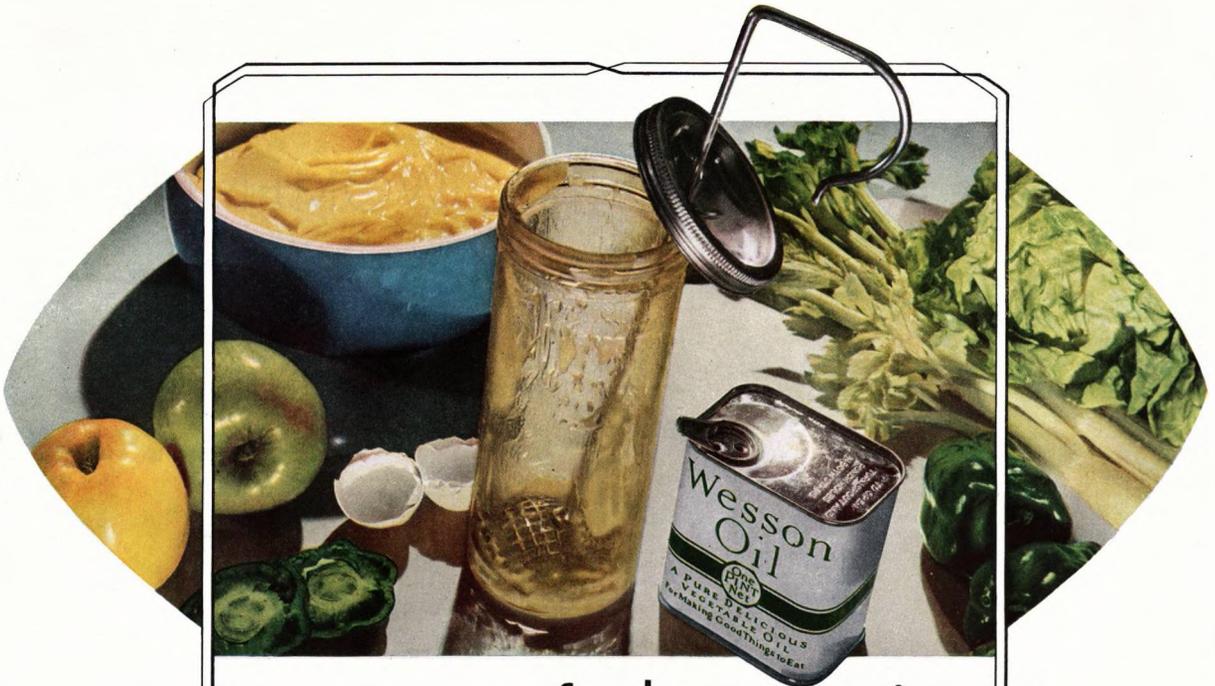
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W E S S O N O I L  
*for making fresh mayonnaise*

(Continued from Page 69)

Alix and I did an unbelievable amount of business the rest of the day, so I didn't have time to think about art again; and besides, it isn't a thing I think about very often anyhow. I would rather see a thing the way it looks instead of the way it is if the way it is is the way Tom makes it look.

The next morning when I got to our booth Mrs. Brandt was talking to Mrs. Ewing.

"Isabel says it's nothing but a bilious attack," Mrs. Brandt was saying, "but Ting seemed a pretty sick child to me. I'm just desperate about this fashion show. Nobody else can possibly wear that wedding dress. Ting is so thin."

"Now, dearie, stop worrying," Mrs. Ewing said with a portly little pat. "Tomorrow is another day. Hello, Maudie. How's our little manikin?"

**I** MURMURED something about being all rightie, which is the kind of influence Mrs. Ewing has over me, and just that minute Josie came in. She was wearing a gray dress.

"Come walk as far as the grand stand, Maudie," she said. "There isn't a customer in sight except the people riding."

"What class is this?" I said, flapping through a program that Alix had left on our desk.

"Tandem," Josie said. "It doesn't seem very interesting."

"Eric's driving," I said, my eyes still glued to the program.

"Is he?" Josie said very carelessly. "I really hadn't noticed."

"Why don't you like Eric?" I said, which you might have supposed was sort of tactless, but knowing Josie I knew it was just what she'd been dying for someone to ask her.

"Maudie," she said, "this is just about the most painful subject that I could discuss, but since you've asked me I'll be frank. Eric is a nice, hard-working boy, but when I'm with him I feel stifled. Something here—she pressed her bosom—can't get out. I can't explain it, except that it's bigger than I am. I know that life wants me to give myself, to pour myself into a forward-moving current, and I can't do it with Eric. I feel that I belong in my work among the sick."

Well, in my private soul I knew what Josie meant, better than she did. Being married to Eric and the wool business didn't have any colorful part for Josie to play, like marrying a Navy man or a Georgian prince or something, and so of course it wouldn't do. I suppose filling out charts at the clinic gives you a feeling of being right on the edge of drama—I mean, it's somebody else's appendix which is being taken out, only you see all the excitement. The funny part is that people like Josie get mixed up and the first thing you know they get to thinking they're the appendix.

"Anyway, I like Eric," I said.

**WE** LEANED against the fence with our arms on the top rail and watched the tandem class. A tandem is where one horse pulls the other horse and the carriage. The driver sits up very straight on the seat and drives around the ring, and whereas a girl looks very smart and perky driving a tandem, a big lanky man like Eric looks just a little bit silly. I began to wish he were in the jumping class, where he might get thrown or something. Driving a carriage inside a fence is just about the safest thing I know of.

"There's Tom," Josie said suddenly in a low, thrilling voice. "Isn't he a glorious creature?"

Tom was sitting on the top rail of the fence with his shirt billowing in the breeze and his hair mussed and black riding boots on. His arms were leaning on his knees and he was looking down through them and every so often hitting something on the ground with his riding crop. I have seen Tom look that way a thousand times except for the fence, and always my subconscious mind would say, "Just another man." Now for no reason at all I felt

prickles in my backbone and I was awfully anxious for Josie to keep on giving her life to the clinic.

Alix was in the booth when Josie left me there, modeling the divinest clinging evening gown of gold mousseline de soie for Mrs. Ewing—oh, heartbreak!

"It's pretty sweet, Alix dearie," Mrs. Ewing was saying. "It would have to be altered a little, of course."

"Do you think so?" I said, smiling bitterly at Alix. "Oh, I think you ought to wear it just the way it is. It seems a shame to spoil the lines, don't you think?"

Mrs. Ewing looked awfully pleased. "Now, Maudie," she smiled, "be a sensible child. You know I'm a little heavier than Alix. We'd better open the seams."

"A little heavier!" Alix muttered to me.

"What's fifty pounds?" I muttered back. "Do you really think it's such a nice color, Mrs. Ewing?" Alix looks sort of bilious in it, even with her dark hair.

Alix made a strangling noise, but the deed was done. Mrs. Ewing got up.

"I believe I'll think about it," she said. "If we buy a dress we should wear it." She smiled brightly and left. Alix and I practically foamed at each other.

"Of all the rotten, loathsome things to say about a so-called friend," Alix began, but I cut her down.

"Imagine showing that divine gown to a tub like Mrs. Ewing," I snarled. "That heavenly romantic material. Can you just picture it all stretched and busting over Mrs. Ewing's—over Mrs. Ewing?"

"Didn't you sell her the Bobbie-Buntie?" Alix said sulkily.

"Yes," I said, "but it didn't have a soul like this dress. Alix, you look simply supreme in it!" I am nothing if not a kindly nature.

**TOM** was coming around to take me to lunch at the cafeteria, but just before one he yelled across out of his back window that he was busy, so I went alone, feeling very forlorn, as I didn't have enough money to buy myself anything but a sandwich, so I gave Davy a warm and forgiving smile when I saw him also going in the direction of food.

Well, I'd have starved first if I'd known how insufferable he was going to be. He kept rubbing it in about how whenever I found myself out in the cold I could always come back to him and all would be forgiven. And what did I think of the match he'd made between Tom and Josie?

I tried to laugh it off, but he seemed to be so sure of what he was saying I began to suspect what kind of business had kept Tom so busy he couldn't have lunch with me. And when Josie walked into our booth that afternoon, her eyes all hollow and shining, I knew.

"Maudie," she said, "have you got a smock?"

"A what?" Alix said. "What do you want a smock for?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Josie said. "I've been helping Tom. You see, I've decided eventually to study art, but I want to begin now by being there with him, watching him work and posing the children that come in. Haven't you any smocks?"

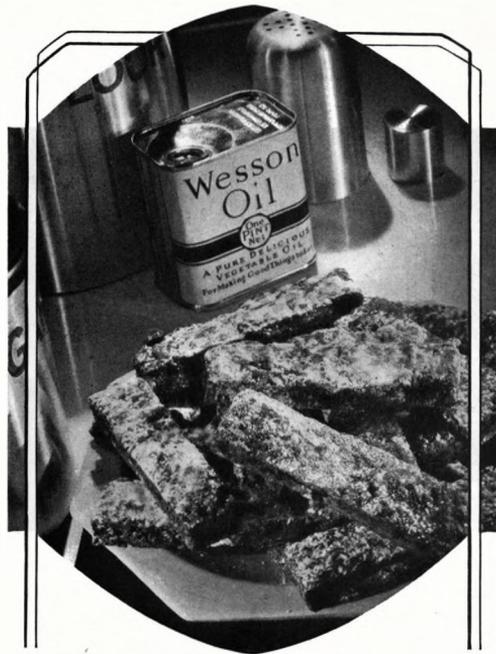
"Tom paints in riding boots," I said casually, feeling all cold inside, "but I guess we have one. Can you study art while you're working in the clinic, Josie?"

"Oh, I'll give up the clinic," Josie said. "Haven't you a gray? You see, Maudie, anyone can do that, but not everyone can create ideas upon canvas. After talking to Tom I feel that I have a little talent that I owe it to myself to bring out."

"**A**FTER watching Tom," I said, digging in a box of smocks. "I feel that a babe in arms could win a medal. It's two-fifty."

"Gosh, the girl is versatile," Alix said, pushing the box back under the desk. "Not everybody could leaf through a fiancé, a clinic and an artistic career in one week. Here come the Wister twins. Have we any two things alike?"

Well, the idea of Davy being able to gloat over me for losing Tom was too awful to think about, and besides, even if I



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### QUICK DATE BARS

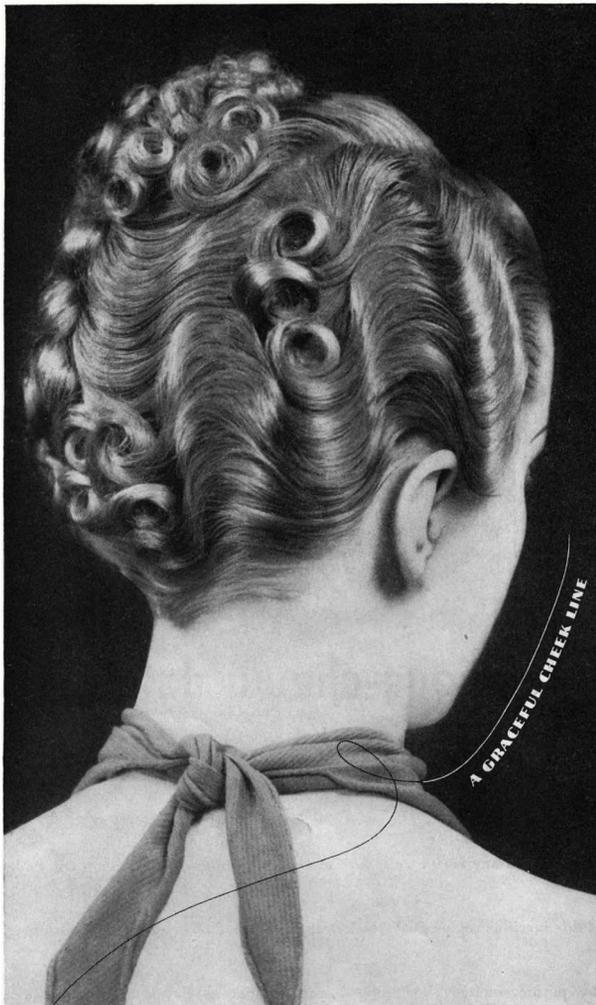
1 cup pitted dates 1 tablespoon Wesson Oil  
1 cup nuts 1 tablespoon lemon juice  
1 cup powdered sugar ½ teaspoon salt  
4 tablespoons flour 2 eggs

Put dates and nuts through food chopper. Add sugar and beaten eggs and mix well. Add Wesson Oil, lemon juice, flour and salt and mix well. Spread mixture ½ inch deep in shallow pan. Bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) about 30 minutes. Cut in strips and roll in powdered sugar.



# W E S S O N O I L

when the recipe says "melted shortening"



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have loved lots of people better than I loved Tom, he was mine at the moment, and nobody has ever been able to walk in and lift something I wanted just because they wanted it too. I could imagine the effect that Josie in a gray smock brooding tenderly over that horse with two heads would have on Tom. I knew that it was just another costume part for Josie, but Tom didn't, and if I tried to tell him, it would tell him something else too—that I was jealous. That night I went home very depressed.

The next morning I stopped for Alix, and we went to the horse show together. Mrs. Brandt got there just as we did, and you could see that she had just been having hysterics on the way.

"Ting Dillon has jaundice!" she said. "And that absolutely wrecks our fashion show! I knew there was something serious the matter with that child! I simply don't know what we're going to do."

"Can't we get somebody else to be the bride?" Alix said. "Loads of people would love to."

"Of course they'd love to," Mrs. Brandt said in a very irritated voice. "But nobody can wear that dress. Ting was so tall and thin." You might think Ting had died, the way she said it.

"MAUDIE can," Alix said. "She only weighs a hundred and twelve, and we could baste up the front. Then I could be the maid of honor and wear that divine gold mousseline-de-sie dress, and Helen and Jane could be the bridesmaids. That would be all right, wouldn't it, Mrs. Brandt? If Maudie isn't afraid of the superstition that being a bride without a groom is bad luck?"

"A girl like me doesn't have to depend on luck," I said with hauteur. And then a divine inspiration struck me.

Mrs. Brandt looked at me disapprovingly. "I want to show those four bridesmaids' dresses, and heaven alone knows where we're going to find two extra girls the right size to fit them at the eleventh hour," she said. "And Maudie isn't the type for the bride, but I guess we'll have to do it. Oh, dear, dear!"

"Wait a minute," I said. "I think I can fix it."

And I ran over to Tom's booth. Josie was there in the gray smock, sitting on a camp stool gazing up at Tom, who was telling her something. I didn't wait to hear what it was.

"Josie," I said, "could you come over to our booth for about fifteen minutes and save a few lives?"

"Mercy!" Josie said, but she got up. "What in the world —"

I hurried her down the steps. "It's the fashion show," I told her, "and you are the one person in the whole world that we need to be the bride."

"Oh, Maudie," she said protestingly, "how in the world could I

Josie," I said, "not everybody has the expression of their soul looking out through their eyes like you have. We want someone who all the time they are walking down the red carpet will seem to be looking down through the years. It ought to be—well, it really ought to be sort of holy. And the dress is the most delectable—it's imported, you know."

JOSIE stood still and her eyes got that hollow Katharine Hepburn look. Then a slow far-away smile began to creep over her face.

"Of course I'll do it, Maudie dear," she said. "You were right to ask me."

I left her among Mrs. Brandt's embraces and raptures and tore down to the grand stand. The children's jumping class was going on, and up on the top row of the grand stand I saw Eric eating a hot-dog sandwich with mustard, going out the ends. I don't know Eric very well, but you would never have guessed it as I leaped up the steps and flopped down beside him with my plan.

"Eric, do you honestly want to marry Josie?" I gasped, all out of breath from running and excitement.

"Huh?" Eric mumbled through the last of the dog, and then what I'd said began to penetrate and he blushed in the most naive way. "Isn't that a rather personal question?" he tried to evade.

"Well, sort of," I admitted, "but if you don't want to miss your big chance you better tell me quick."

"Here's the ring," he said, pulling it out of his pocket with a pathetic smile. "That shows what kind of a fool I am, I guess, but somehow I couldn't bear to turn it in."

His voice broke and I found I was getting all welled up myself as I realized how nice he was. He was so much too good for Josie it was a shame, but if she was what he wanted —

"Fine," I said. "You may need it. Have you got a cutaway?"

THE fashion show was the big event of the day, with every chair around the stage filled and people standing. Alix and Mary Brandt and Pauline and Jane Elson and Cora Miller and I floated up and down the red carpet to soft music, wearing tea gowns and tennis dresses and silk suits and evening wraps and beach clothes and other things, and it reminded me for all the world of playing dress-up when I was a little girl.

Finally there was a hush and then the orchestra started playing the Wedding March and Alix and I came swaying out in yellow-lace dresses with flower muffs which you so often see on fashion-show bridesmaids and never anywhere else. Jane and Helen followed us, and then everybody went "Ah-h-h!" and there was Josie with tulle down to her wrists and up to her throat and a bouquet of calla lilies against her bosom. She was really marvelous, with a light shining in her eyes and around her smile, and just as she got to the end of the carpet where we go up onto a little platform and slowly revolve, so everyone can see the dresses back and front, Eric stepped out from the crowd, looking almost distinguished in his cutaway and white carnation, which I had snatched from the flower booth, and offered her his arm.

For one ghastly moment I thought she was going to make a scene, and after all it must have been something of a shock, but her love of a good act that I'd counted on came to the rescue and she took his arm with a divine smile for the benefit of the crowd. They made a turn on the platform and then came down the carpet together with the band playing the gay going-out tune just like at a real wedding.

EVERYONE sort of gasped and then started buzzing to each other, because this was the first time there had ever been the realistic touch of an actual groom in one of these fashion-show wedding processions, and when Josie and Eric reached the end of the carpet and the music stopped you have never heard such applause and even cheers and whistles. It was too thrilling. And by the time I could get to them they were simply surrounded with mobs of people congratulating them and saying how simply marvelous they looked together.

"Maudie, my dear, did you ever see anything so dramatic?" Josie burbled in my ear. "To think that Eric — Oh, Maudie, love has come to me at last," and she showed me her finger with Eric's ring on it.

Eric winked at me and I felt as happy as he and Josie looked, because then I knew everything was going to be all right if he could have a sense of humor about Josie. I bet there'll be plenty of times he's going to need it.

"Isn't that nice?" I said to Josie, while sighing to myself over Tom's stirring profile in the distance. "And now I don't guess you'll be giving much use for that smock, so how's for having it to me? I'm planning to go in rather heavily for art."

And I found myself gleefully wondering what other schemes Davy would think of to win me back.

**IMAGINE, SALLY'S ACTUALLY ENGAGED— AND TO THE BOSS'S SON!**

**AND THEY'D THOUGHT SALLY WOULD NEVER WIN ROMANCE...**



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## I Always Wanted to Adopt a Child

(Continued from Page 13)

who has been one of the biggest baby authorities in America for twenty years, and she said firmly, "Get a healthy one. You can turn a healthy baby into anything you like. Nothing else matters."

I asked Albert Edward Wiggam, who has written two interesting books on heredity—*The Fruit of the Family Tree* and *The New Decalogue of Science*—and he said just as firmly, "Get the right ancestry. Nothing else matters."

I thought of a dozen terrible stories: Of the kind old upstate farmers who took a Levantine baby who cheated them out of the farm at twenty-one. Of Clarence, down the block, who went to the Bad. Of Beatrice and Helen, furious with their parents because of the shock of discovery in adolescence, angry with them for good, and breaking their parents' hearts. Of the prostitute's baby who reverted to type at fifteen. Of the son of an unknown saint who was restless and wild and a drifter. And I escaped into the invariable dream of the adopter: The brilliant young athletic professor of long lineage, killed in an accident together with his beautiful, virtuous, strong young wife, leaving one child of precisely my own ancestry and tastes whom nobody wanted but me. But that couple has a trying way of never dying.

Then I remembered that for every terrible story of an adoptive child who was a failure there were two of one who was a success. Also, that even born children have a way of doing their families out of money and being no good at all. And I thought about Grandfather DeWitt.

My mother's father had seven of his own. He was also what might be called an amateur of adoption. Settled irrevocably in a down-at-heel neighborhood, he was its finest influence. From first to last twenty or more children, more or less adopted, passed informally through his hands—friends' orphans, relatives, waifs. They just turned up. One morning a seven-year-old boy, son of a notoriously worthless family near by, walked into the farmhouse kitchen, saying, "I've come to stay with you. I like it better than home." And stay he did until he was old enough to go to work. He was the only member of his family who grew up a useful citizen.

### Let Baby be Himself

NOT I'm the complete behaviorist.

I've seen enough litters of animals—and heard enough about generations of cousins—to know that ancestors do make a difference. Doctor Wiggam is right. But also Doctor Baker is right; if you take any baby not of hopelessly worn-out or run-down stock, love it, and give it a chance to develop along its own lines, you have as good a chance as with one of your own. Nature is always fighting back to the norm again. And there is an incredible numerosity of choice in the genes and hormones behind all of us.

I believe the origin of most of the tales of the terrible adoptive child is that the adoptive child is apt to be more unlike you and yours than your own—and you try to make it over. Now trying to make something into something else merely ruins what it would have been and what you want it to be—see all psychiatry of whatever brand, also sensible mothers. That's why sons of famous fathers (usually like their gentle mothers) often fail. They try to like dad.

Felicity, except for the gray-brown eyes which are superficially like my chestnut-brown ones, has nothing one bit like me or mine. I am something of an introvert, naturally, she is the complete extrovert. I was an earnest child who meditated on Life and always asked Why. Felicity giggles with sheer animal spirits and will never ask anything but How. I still drop hats and so forth around; if anything in

Felicity's two-and-a-half-year-old world is out of alignment, she earnestly tidies till it is straight. I was always a shy child; she flirts and grabs or says a sternly dismissive "Goo-by!" And I'm going to let her. I'm not going to turn her into a defective me, or even an imitation mine. She isn't going to be one of these self-expression nuisances, but she's going to be like the best of what she is that I can manage. It has worked very well so far.

But all these are mental hazards. Walking up to the cannon's mouth in the shape of actual application for a child is a physical one, and not too easy at the best. I suppose one magnifies consideration or inconsideration, because I don't know anybody, in the freemasonry of those who have attained adoptive children, who hasn't a story or so to tell.

"I've had dreadful experiences with placing people," one friend said. "They try to make you take anything." And another friend of mine told me that she was frightened out of adoption entirely because some too zealous young underling tried to make her take the child of a feeble-minded mother. Now these stories are the dreadful exception, and the women who try to "make you take anything" or to take over children with a defective heredity, would probably lose their jobs if they were caught at it by their superiors.

The executive secretary of one of the largest child-placing agencies of New York assures me that no child placer has any business to put a wrong type child over on a parent. Nor is a refusal of the first offer any bar to a chance at more with any reputable child-placing agency.

"I nearly gave up, the questionnaires and the investigators were so insulting," my friend Marion told me. "They acted as if Jim and I were criminals!"

It is perfectly true that the official adoption places will make you fill out questionnaires, and they will investigate you. And it is true that there are investigating young women with no common sense or tact who will act as if a well-bred, sensitive woman were a burglar applying for the key to the United States Treasury. Again, they are exceptional, but they exist.

There are bad people in the world who apply for children for bad motives. Brutal farmers who adopt little boys so they can get adult-size farm work done and somebody who can't retaliate to beat up. Greedy, cruel women who want little blond girls. Silly ones who want to fool their husbands into thinking they bore a child. Casual irresponsibles who order children on impulse, as they would a dog or a bird, with neither intelligence nor money to rear them. It is these, not our decent, sensitive selves, whom the placing agencies must allow for, and their inquiries perforce fall on just and unjust.

As for the private placing agency Marion finally went to—and got two beautiful babies from—it is a good one. Child-placing agencies not under the state, if state supervised and approved, may be nearer what you want than the state ones; it depends entirely on your viewpoint. The state agencies insist on complete documentation of both parents, giving you all possible light on what you are taking. The private ones feel that the mother of the baby, if it's born out of wedlock, should be allowed to slip back into society without leaving damning documents behind. There are drawbacks and merits to both ideas.

"Well, but it's so discouraging," said somebody to me yesterday. "I know a friend who waited three years!"

Well, that was a very exceptional thing. That friend must have been very particular and pinned her faith to just one slender source of baby supply. There are a good many. Of course, another reason for any shortage is the present idea—also behavioristic—that a child is "conditioned"

beyond repair after three at latest, and you mustn't take anything older than that. My personal feeling is, what of it? In a phrase of yesterday, "So's your old man!"—and you didn't refuse to get married because your husband had been made what he was going to be forever by the age of twenty-six or twenty-eight. A ten-year-old child, even a neglected one, may be a very good sort, even if he or she isn't your sort. You may like it. I know stories with happy endings about that too.

"But how could I fit one into my life right now?"

You can't. You simply have to chuck it in. No grown-up life that has been childless for a while holds a ready-made slot for a baby. But somehow — Well, let me tell you.

I had applied for Felicity in the spring. Nothing had happened and I thought they had forgotten all about me. I rather hoped so, to be frank with you. When the summons to view her came, nearly giving me a heart attack, I had just had to put a lot of improvements on my house. I had just had my predepression fur coat remodeled at a sinful price. I had taken a short lease on a New York studio for the winter months. I had made some lecture engagements. I had a long piece of writing to finish in hurry-up time. My mother, that rock of dependence, had been ill and was ordered South as soon as she could go. There was practically no place in my life or my bank account for a baby.

### Felicity Gets a Mother

WELL, I wired them I was coming. Even the bank was shut; I had to coax the credit manager of a department store to cash my check for the railroad ticket. I broke about fourteen engagements. I hired, after a terrific struggle, a mysterious something called a trundle bedroom. If I told you all the blocks and hindrances that piled up against my going even to look at that child, you'd never believe me. I got on the train so frightened I couldn't eat or sleep, self-consciously carrying a box of toys and a suitcase larger than I needed.

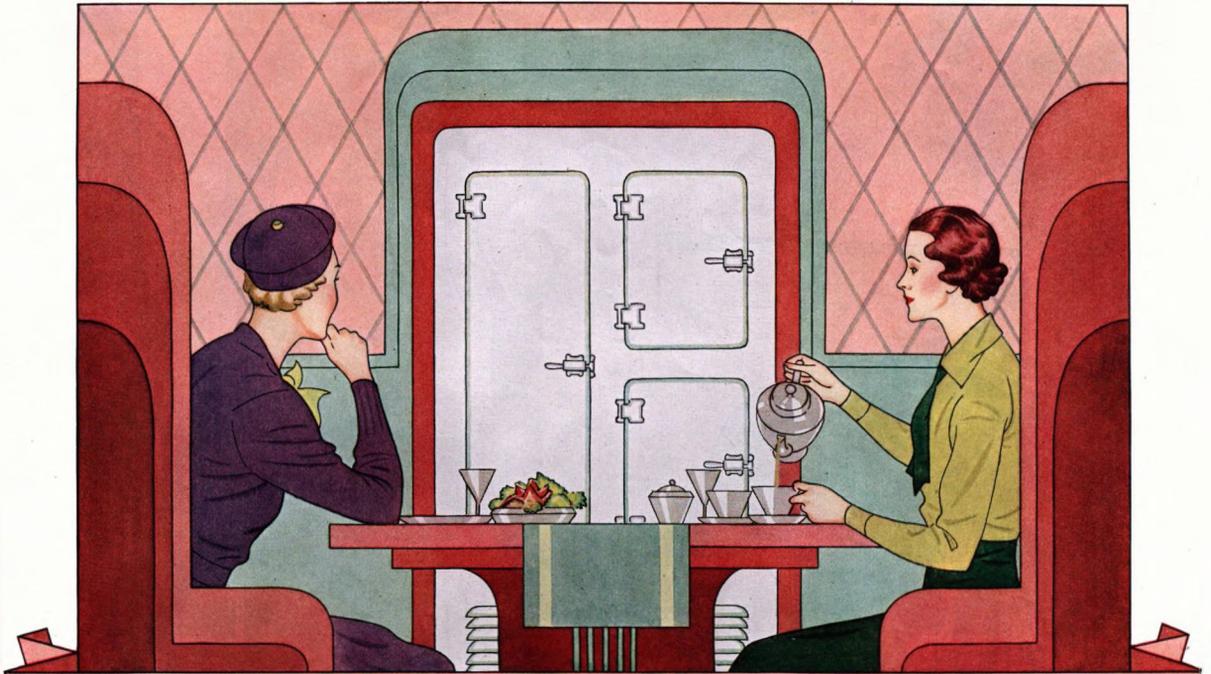
When I got there the lady temporarily in charge of the child couldn't be located. I waited for what seemed years of nervous hours for the child to be brought.

I had expected a fragile little invalid, resentful and pallid. Her gentle guardian, almost as nervous as I, entered with a fat little girl like an old-fashioned French doll, in a red play suit too big for her, who eyed me in a friendly fashion through her thick eyelashes, then snatched for my red beads with a delighted giggle. I had the Baby.

From that moment everything straightened out like a string. I had gone off without any hope of a nurse—our housekeeper proved to have been one, and to be willing to nurse on the side. I had expected wails and struggles—Felicity was quite delighted at going with me. I had been worried about money—a royalty check leaped from an unexpected quarter almost as soon as I got back. I didn't know where to leave her when I went into the city for the winter—in desperation I took her along, and discovered a park in front of the house. I thought she would pour ink on everything I owned—instead, she has a tidying complex.

Of course, I don't guarantee that this will happen to others; though I have found that the every other adoptive mother tells me the same thing—things straighten out somehow, once you have the baby.

As I said, it seems perfectly simple—now. I am a parental type, and I have possessed myself of a child. I feel like a cat which has always been uncomfortably Mank and is now waving a flame, if synthetic, tail. Things are normal. Felicity isn't a terror or a problem any more. She's just "the baby."



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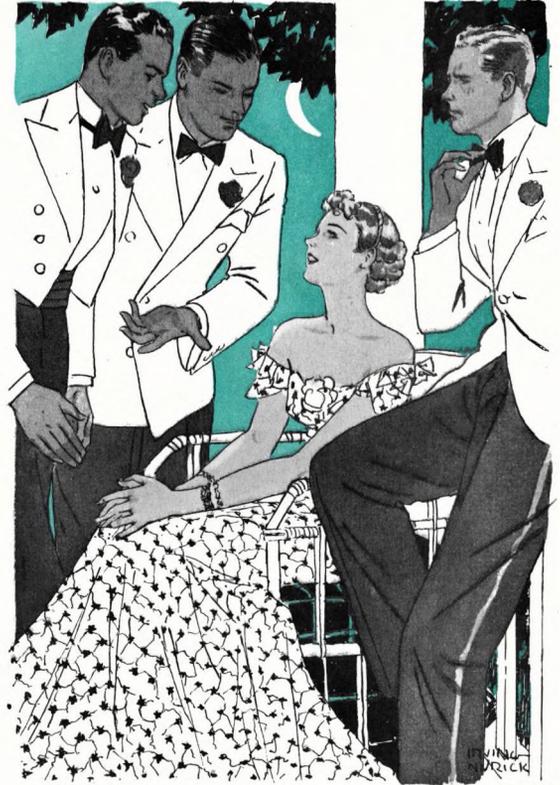
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## ARE YOU A HELP . . . OR AN INSPIRATION?

**A** SMUDGE on the nose, hair in the eyes and a great helpfulness around a flat tire is an all-right game to play in the light of day. Summer friendships thrive on it. No school and all play from morning till night. Being a good sport, ready for anything, comfortable, undemanding and fairly unexciting.

But girls, if you're wise, and if you're going to play with the same boys all summer, change your tune in the evenings. Go glamorous; go mysterious. Blossom out as the sun goes down. And give the lads a jolt.

Variety is the spice of life, they say. And if you'd have your dates spicy, turn on all the tricks you've learned this year. Save your tomboy airs for tomorrow's swimming party. Don't try to run in your best evening slippers. If the tire goes flat don't be a help, be an inspiration. Let the moonlight and the soft air and the music help you. And lo, the lad who has taken you for granted these past few days will find that you have happened to him!

### A POLO PARTY

Here's something different in the way of parties. Your invitations might read:

*Won't you come to my house to play polo?  
You won't even need to know how!*

*For we've learned to play*

*In a horseless way*

*That's really a perfect wow!*

*Time . . . Place . . . Date . . .*

Comb the neighborhood for kiddie cars—you'll need eight of them. And eight wooden mixing spoons and a tennis ball. Mark out a polo field with white garden stakes on a stretch of smooth green lawn and put a goal at each end of the field. Divide your guests into teams of four, two boys and two girls, and you're ready to begin. The first two teams mount their kiddie cars and play the first period—it's called "chukker" by those who know—of five minutes.

### THE SUB-DEB

BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

The game is started just like basket ball, the ball being placed in the middle of the course and the two centers trying to hit it when the referee blows the whistle.

After the first two teams have played their first chukker, the next two play theirs, and the winners play off to decide the championship. You'll probably find four chukkers enough for each team, what with hysterics and falling off the "horses." There are very few rules to the game, the main one being a penalty if a player pushes the ball with his hand or foot instead of his spoon.

Get paper hats in two colors, one for each team—quite horsey. If you like to do things in a big way, you might cut out horses' heads from cardboard and tack them to the handlebars of each fiery steed. Set aside one corner of the lawn as the stables, and have each losing team solemnly "water" the "horses" and ride them out of the stables for the players of the next chukker.

It's a long game and a strenuous one, and the players will be ready for real food when the championship is won and the cup awarded. For a really horsey spread, arrange your bridge tables in the shape of a horseshoe, and cover them with paper tablecloths in gay colors. Put candles in low candlesticks every few feet down the center of the horseshoe. Serve scrambled eggs and bacon, rolls, coffee and ice cream and cake. To make your dessert unusual, cut thin

layers of sponge cake into horseshoe shape, about four inches across at the widest part. In the center of each, put a scoop of chocolate ice cream, and on top a dash of whipped cream and a cherry.

If you have time and strength for more games after the eats, stage a horseshoe-pitching contest, and a horse race on the kiddie cars.

### FURTHER FUN

Now's the time—out and doing—parties, gatherings, get-togethers. My motto is "Further Fun." And that means getting into the swim down at the beach, at the lake, or in ye olde swimming hole. Picnics on horseback, bicycles or in the faithful old car. Hay rides under a full July moon with supper around the camp fire and songs and ghost stories. Spur-of-the-minute parties after a rousing tennis match. Saturday-night dances. Treasure hunts in French. Further fun every night in the week.

If you want to have fun, you want to feel comfortable about the way you look. If you hate freckles with a passion, now's the time to avoid them. Don't get them at all. Wear a hat and cover up your face and arms with a protecting cream or lotion when you're out in the sun.

And remember that last winter's face powder over this summer's tan will make you look like a piebald mare. Invest in a little dark powder and mix it carefully with yours. Change the shade as your skin gets darker.

If you want to make a big splurge on a summer evening, look very cool and crisp and young in a new cotton frock like those in this month's fashion pages. And there are cunning wisps of evening wraps that you can make yourself.

Sub-Deb clubs, stand on your feet and hang together during the summer. Regular meetings get to be rather a nuisance in hot weather—but parties? Never! So round up the gang and have fun.

When it's time to go back to school and to get your club in full swing again—I'll have some news for you.

Many of you ask, "What shall we do when the boy friend comes over and we don't want to just sit and talk?" **DATE DOIN'S** is the answer. What to do with your date, a double date, or even when there's a crowd. Send a three-cent stamp to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa., and ask for booklet No. 1190.

# Vary your nail tint with your gown



*Coral*  
Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black and dark brown costumes. Smart also with any of the deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

*Rose*  
Rose is a lovely feminine shade that you can wear with any color dress. Blondes often prefer it to all other shades. It is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender, blues. Smart with dark green, black and brown.

*Ruby*  
Ruby is a new real red red. Choose it for any color dress when you want to be particularly gay and dashing. It is especially striking with white, black and any of the pale pastel tints.

**I**F YOU'RE ONE of those who get about a lot, you'll have noticed that the smartest trick these days is variety in finger nails.

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All shades!

Whichever one best accentuates your gown. For accent is the exciting secret of this new style.

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It's as simple as all that. You'll be amazed to see how the correct color nails will make *any* dress—to say nothing of its owner—stand out in a crowd.

Try it and see! Choose your colors from the eight lovely Cutex shades . . . Natural, Rose, Coral, Mauve (new), Mahogany (new), Cardinal,

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**2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 4 other manicure essentials . . . for 12¢**

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I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked:  Rose  Coral  Cardinal  Ruby

# CUTEX Liquid Polish

**Smart Inexpensive**

Here's the Easy-to-Use  
NEW LIQUID  
DEODORANT



QUICKER  
to  
APPLY

QUICKER  
to  
DRY

No separate applicator.  
Simply touch the sponge-  
topped bottle to your armpits.

WHAT a grand improvement!  
A clear white liquid to stop  
perspiration, approved by Good House-  
keeping . . . in a bottle that cannot spill  
or splash.

Women tell us it is the fastest-drying  
liquid deodorant they've ever used.  
Gentle on the skin, too.

See How Easy it is to Keep  
Armpits Dry and Odorless

You just lift the Perstop bottle and  
draw its little sponge top over the armpits.  
Precisely the right amount of safe,  
harmless Perstop covers the underarms  
after the use of this new splash-proof  
and drip-proof, built-in applicator.

Nothing more to do! You set your  
Perstop bottle back on the boudoir table  
and forget it for 1 to 5 days.

Generous Trial Offer

Every woman who perspires freely should use  
a safe LIQUID deodorant to keep frocks free  
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can keep the armpits perfectly moisture-proof  
as well as odor-proof. And only Perstop has  
the patented sponge-applicator bottle.

If you do not agree that Perstop is the  
PERFECT liquid deodorant, return the partly  
used bottle and have your money refunded!

Leading department stores and druggists  
from coast to coast now feature Perstop. 30¢  
buys a bottle that seems to last forever.

Made by the ma-  
kers of Borsari, the  
original cream  
deodorant applied  
like a lipstick.



Feminine Products  
469 5th Ave., N.Y.



**Perstop**  
THE EASY WAY TO STOP PERSPIRATION

## A Dark Man in Her Life

(Continued from Page 17)

"All the same, I'm going to talk to him!" Mrs. McCann got up, resolution in her ordinarily mild gray eyes. "I'm going down to talk to that man right now!"

"Do you want me to go with you?" he asked.

"No, I'd rather tackle him myself! Just let me have a copy of your lease. Thanks. Good-by!"

III

MINERVA McCANN thumbed Mr. Jacob Gottschalk's push button with a loud and defiant ring. While she had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, she knew that he had the reputation of being the shrewdest real-estate operator in Athens. A tall, swarthy man with small black eyes set close together opened the door.

She was too angry to pay any attention to his physical characteristics. "Are you Jacob Gottschalk?"

"That's my name. What can I do for you, ma'am?"

"I'm Mrs. Caleb McCann. That young man on the fifth floor is my nephew. I want to talk to you about his lease."

"Well? What about it?"

"They can't afford to pay the rent any longer. I want you to cut it to fifty dollars a month. If you will, I'll be responsible for it personally."

"Why should I cut it?"

"Every landlord is adjusting rents these days. You should temper the wind to the shorn lamb, like the rest."

"I'm not aware that Mr. Packer is a shorn lamb. I understand he has plenty of capital. I'm a shorn lamb myself."

"Didn't you agree to let them move out any time they wanted to if they'd only sign a lease for five years?"

Mr. Gottschalk regarded her coldly. "I did not. All tenants claim their leases don't mean what they say. They'll find out that they do!"

Minerva took his measure. Clearly he was hard-boiled. "So you won't make any concession?"

"Not a concession!"

"All right!" she replied tartly. "There's more than one way to kill a cat—and skin one. And I'm not goin' to stop with the hide—I'm goin' after the bones!"

Turning her back on him, Auntie Min marched stiffly out of the Marlborough Arms. At the moment she had not the remotest idea what she was going to do; then, as she walked toward home, she stopped short at the sudden realization that Jacob Gottschalk was a tall man with "piercing black eyes and a Roman nose."

"By gracious!" she gasped. "And his name begins with a G!" She gave an apologetic cluck. Of course it was all queer and nonsense! But it certainly was stuff! "I don't believe a word of it!" she muttered. "All the same, Queen Zaida said I'd get the better of him—and I will!"

IV

JUDGE McCANN had just settled himself comfortably in his horsehair rocker before the mantelpiece after supper when Minerva remarked:

"Is there any way to break a lease, Caleb?"

The judge lowered his copy of the Clarion to look at her suspiciously. "What are you up to now, Min?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to find out." "Seems to me you ought to try to induce people to keep their contracts rather than to break 'em."

"Maybe," she replied quietly. "It would depend on circumstances. My own lease I'd like to break—right in my own family."

Judge McCann laid down the paper. "Whose?"

"Willie's."

"Willie Packer, your nephew—the one that married the little Jessup girl?"

"Yes. You know he lost most of his money a year ago, and last month the firm told him they'd got to lay him off. He was getting a salary of thirty-six hundred a year, besides another twenty-five hundred from his investments. Now that has been cut in half, he's out of a job and—Lily's expectin' in about three months."

"Too bad! Willie's a nice feller! But they're lucky to have even twelve hundred to live on these days!"

"That's the trouble," answered Minerva. "They haven't got it. That's where the lease comes in. They took a flat in Jacob Gottschalk's new apartment house at a hundred and fifty dollars a month and signed up for five years. They can't afford to stay in it, they can't sublet it, and if they don't pay the rent Gottschalk will sue them every month, get a judgment and levy on Willie's securities at the trust company."

The judge shrugged. "Let 'em live on their capital, then! Gottschalk's entitled to his rent. Willie ought never to have signed a lease for five years."

"How long do you suppose their capital will last with a baby coming? Just about four years! After that they'd be destitute. I'm going to try to dig up some way to get Willie out of it."

THIS time Judge McCann threw the

Clarion on the rug and took off his glasses. "Look here, Minerva!" he said as sternly as he ever allowed himself to address her. "I think you ought to call a halt on this mixing up of other people's affairs that you've taken to lately. I'm not going to help you break anybody's lease. First thing you know I'll be having to defend you for practicing law without a license. It's a prison offense—with a maximum sentence of one year and a thousand-dollar fine."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "I'd like to see any judge put me in jail. And no jury would! Anyhow, I'm willing to chance it, if I could save the Packers eighteen hundred dollars a year, when they can have a room at her mother's for nothing."

Judge McCann grunted and reached for the paper. Minerva was clearly in one of her "sot" moods. "You'll have to do it yourself then. You mustn't expect me to be a party to any such skulduggery."

Mrs. McCann folded up her sewing. "Got any book about leases, Caleb?"

"No," he answered shortly.

"Can't I find anything about them in the library?"

"I don't know. You can just leave me out of it!"

Minerva stepped quickly over and kissed the top of his head. "I'm glad one of us is ethical!" she laughed.

Mrs. McCann went into Caleb's library, which adjoined the sitting room, and took down the index of the American Encyclopedia of Law and Procedure, which, under the word "lease" referred her to "Landlord and Tenant"; but, when she had located the proper volume, she was rather dismayed to find that the subject covered nearly two hundred pages of fine print. Nevertheless, she lugged the big book to the sofa underneath the lamp and began to read. She was hard at it when the clock struck nine, their usual bed hour.

CALEB yawned and got up. "Come along, Calvin," he said to their old police dog, who dated from the Harding Administration. "Time for you to go out." Then he turned to Minerva. "Goin' to set there readin' all night?"

"I'm goin' to set here until I find out how to break a lease!" she replied.

"I reckon, then, you'll set there some time," he answered. "I'll tell you one thing," he added seriously. "When a man puts his name to a document under seal, and agrees to pay another man money, the



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Ask for Ambrosia preparations at drug or department stores. 75¢. Slightly higher in Canada. Also in smaller sizes at 10¢ stores. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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New Notes,  
Boss?"

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GIVE A CANARY  
FOR COMPANIONSHIP

law expects him to live up to his obligations."

Minerva shook her little bobbed gray head. "The trouble with you, Caleb, is that you were so long on the bench you've forgot how to be a lawyer."

Her husband was already fast asleep when, two hours later, she went upstairs, undressed and climbed into the big four-poster beside him. She lay there for some time, excited, thinking. Unexpectedly, she laughed out loud and he awoke.

"For heaven's sake, Minerva! What are you laughing at this time of night?"

"I was just thinking of Mrs. Doolittle."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Oh, nothing!" she replied.

But, whether her confidence was grounded in the Law or the (Gypsy) Prophecs, she was satisfied that in the end, however fierce the struggle, she would triumph over the tall man with the black eyes and Roman nose.

V

THE next afternoon, to the surprise of Patrick, Mrs. McCann again ordered the car and, having picked up Willie Packer at the Marlborough Arms, once more drove out to the race track. She found Queen Zaida sitting behind her van with a half-naked baby upon her lap.

"Good afternoon, queen," said Mrs. McCann. "What a lovely child! I should like to meet your husband."

"Sure! That's easy! Come on out here, Pedro! Lady wants to see you!"

There was a rumbling inside the van and a head appeared in the half-open doorway.

"That's him!" said his mate.

If Queen Zaida was a mastodon, King Pedro was a veritable behemoth. His corduroy suit with silver buttons, his purple shirt and the vermilion sash around his abdomen accentuated his enormous girth. Greasy black curls hung in his open collar, fierce black mustaches drooped about his mouth. He must have weighed at least three hundred pounds, but he looked amiable, as do most three hundred pounders.

"Howdy!" he nodded. "What you want, lady?"

"How do you do, King Pedro," said Minerva. "Do you want to make a hundred dollars?"

"Do I?" The king's smile became expansive. "You're tellin' me, lady! What do I have to do?"

"Practically nothing. Listen now. This gentleman here is Mr. William Packer, my nephew. He lives at a place called the Marlborough Arms, in a fine apartment. He's going away and wants someone reliable to take care of the place during his absence. You're just the man for the job. You'll make an ideal caretaker. But we wouldn't think of separating you from your family. In fact, they would probably be able to help you. You can bring all of them along. There's a great deal more space in the apartment than in your wagon. You needn't bring a thing but your own bedding. He'll pay you twenty-five dollars down and another seventy-five when he is through with your services. You may only have to stay a few days. It all depends on circumstances. But in any case, you get a hundred dollars—if you don't mind being a servant temporarily. What do you say?"

He looked at her blandly, his eloquent eyes puzzling over this strange old lady.

"Okay! When do we start?" he said with a grin.

"Mr. Packer will let you know in plenty of time. Here's ten dollars extra to bind the bargain. Remember, now, you're working for Mr. Packer. You are merely his servant. In case any question is raised about it, here is a letter, outlining the terms of your employment."

It so happened that within a day or two of the interview just recorded, Mr. Jacob Gottschalk was summoned to New York on business. Behind him, in charge of the Marlborough Arms, he left Rufus Lee, a trustworthy but not overintelligent Negro watchman who also, when necessary, operated the freight elevator in the

rear of the building. Mr. Gottschalk had economized on the front-hall elevator, which was small, and automatically operated by means of buttons. He had no sooner taken his departure than Willie Packer, acting under Mrs. McCann's instructions, informed Rufus that he was going away for a while and was turning over his apartment to caretakers. Since the information was accompanied by a good-sized tip, and since Rufus greatly admired both Mr. and Mrs. Packer, he showed no astonishment at the arrival of King Pedro and Queen Zaida that evening, and assisted them to move in. He also raised no objections when the following day Willie Packer removed the more valuable pieces of his own furniture from the apartment.

Three days later, when Mr. Jacob Gottschalk, on his return from the metropolis, drove up to the Marlborough Arms, he was surprised to find standing at the curb on the opposite side of the street a gayly painted van from which floated the sound of music. Also, sitting upon the steps was an elephantine gypsy in full Romany regalia with fierce mustaches and rings in his ears. The fellow looked ugly, and Mr. Gottschalk decided for the moment to let him alone. As he entered the foyer he was annoyed to find another and apparently even larger female gypsy.

"Want anything?" irritably inquired Mr. Gottschalk.

"No," answered Queen Zaida calmly.

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothin'."

"Then you better get along," said Mr. Gottschalk. "We don't allow peddlers."

Just then the telephone inside his apartment started ringing and he unlocked the door and hurried in.

It was Mrs. Erastus Doolittle. "Garlic!" she rasped.

"What?" returned Gottschalk.

"Garlic! I said, garlic!" she repeated furiously. "It's all over the house! It makes my eyes water and it gives Jewell bad dreams. I won't stand it!"

"I'll be up at once!" he assured her.

He found the good lady disintegrating with rage. "How do all these gypsies come to be living here?" she demanded furiously. "The house is full of them."

"Gypsies? Living here?"

"Yes—a whole tribe—hundreds! Listen, Mr. Gottschalk. Two days after you left, when I came in from my usual afternoon drive, I found at least a dozen of them loafing on the front steps. They wouldn't move an inch for me—the most terrible looking people! I was frightened out of my wits. So was old Miss Petersilia, who arrived just at the same time. When finally I mustered up enough courage to push by them into the front hall to get to the elevator, there turned out to be a lot more inside. One of them—a huge, bloodthirsty-looking man—stepped into the car ahead of me and pushed the button, so that Miss Petersilia and I were left standing there. He wouldn't get out, and kept riding up and down, and finally we had to walk upstairs."

"Incredible!" gasped Mr. Gottschalk.

"THAT'S not the worst of it!" she panted. "They all sleep in the apartment under mine, that used to belong to the Packers—"

"It does belong to the Packers," he informed her. "They leased it for five years."

"I don't know anything about that!" she retorted savagely. "I suppose you persuaded them to, like you did everyone else! Anyway, those gypsies got in there somehow—dozens and dozens of them! They sleep there and eat there and shout and sing and keep the radio going and raise the most awful rumpus all night long. I can't close my eyes. They hang around the entrance all day so that I'm afraid either to go out or come in, and they're always riding up and down in the elevator. There might as well be one here at all. I've told you time and again that elevator was too small anyway, Mr. Gottschalk. And whenever I order them to be quiet they

(Continued on Page 81)



This little NORMA MARIAN BOUGADES was chosen as one of the prettiest children in Suffolk County.

## "Like magic...the way my little girl filled out

as soon as she began drinking milk this way"



says Mrs. Nick Bougades  
59 E. Main Street  
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"OF COURSE I'm terribly proud of Norma! But there was a time—not so very long ago—when I am sure that Norma could not have won a prize for her looks or for anything else! She was so thin and puny, the neighbors looked upon her as a sickly child. I gave her the best of everything, but she couldn't seem to grow sturdier or more energetic.

"One day I read about mixing Cocomalt with milk and how it helped other children fill out and gain vitality. I decided to try it with Norma. I gave her Cocomalt in milk three times a day, and it certainly worked wonders with her! The very first week she showed signs of new energy. Now she's filled out like a husky little athlete and all our neighbors marvel at her radiant vitality. From a plain, frail child Norma has developed into a rosy, chubby little prize-winner!"

We asked Norma what she thought of Cocomalt, and she said, "Mother gives me lots

of it—and I'm so glad—I love it!"

Thousands of children, everywhere, have shown remarkable gains on Cocomalt and milk. For this delicious drink gives the growing youngster extra carbohydrates for energy; extra proteins for solid flesh and muscles; extra minerals (food-calcium and food-phosphorus) for strong bones and teeth.

Cocomalt is also rich in Sunshine Vitamin D (under license by the Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation). Every cup or glass, prepared according to simple label directions, contains not less than 300 ADMA units of Sunshine Vitamin D. The rich Sunshine Vitamin D content of Cocomalt helps to utilize efficiently the food-calcium and food-phosphorus (supplied by Cocomalt and milk) in building strong bones, sound teeth and sturdy bodies.

Cocomalt comes in powder form, easy to mix with milk. Delicious HOT or COLD. At grocery and good drug stores in 1/2-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. air-tight cans. High in food-value—economical in price.

Special trial offer: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send your name and address, with 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing, to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 3-G, Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. It is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.



# Cocomalt

Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk



# A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SCHEME

## FOR QUICK HOT-WEATHER FEASTS

BY JOSEPHINE GIBSON

There are days, of course, when cooking is a fascinating sport. But not when July heat waves creep through kitchen windows. Not when languid summer moods crumble one's morale—when bridge and motoring and other summer pleasures beckon.

Have you ever wished you could command a modern genie who would magically fabricate and place upon the table a dinner that would win the palate ballots of your family?

Well, if you will follow carefully a little scheme that I've worked out, I promise you results not far less pleasing than the magic of Aladdin's lamp.

You have today at your command a group of skillful chefs, each a specialist in his own branch of culinary craft. With their aid you can accomplish three important things—(1) cut down pre-meal kitchen sessions to as short a span as fifteen or twenty minutes, (2) produce the sort of feasts that fetch high-spirited appreciation, and, (3) actually trim down the size of the provender budget.

The chefs I speak of exercise their skill in the kitchens of the House of Heinz. They buy raw foods of a higher quality than those ordinarily available in

the markets. They follow recipes secured from homestead kitchens and from culinary masters. They deliver, through your nearest grocer, 57 Varieties of grand, delicious foods, all ready for you to heat and serve.

Entire meals can be conjured in less time than it takes to eat them. Soups, entrees, relishes, salad ingredients, and desserts are all provided among the 57 Varieties.

Let us start this summer "quick feast" with home-made soup. Choose from the sixteen Heinz home-recipe soups the one you like best—perhaps cream of mushroom, noodle soup, gumbo creole. They come in tins, but *there* the "canned soup" similarity abruptly ends. I have seen Heinz soup chefs mix and cook these home-recipe soups. I have tasted them, batch after batch. And I say sincerely that one simply cannot detect a difference between these *finished* soups and those of well-trained family cooks.

However, do not take my word for this. Try two or three varieties yourself and form your own opinion.

Who likes real baked beans? Who loves those autumn-brown morsels of mealy, munchy goodness which only thorough *oven-baking* yields? Everybody, I'll wager—everybody who ever tasted really *oven-baked* beans. Once again Heinz chefs have duplicated the "home-made" flavor of the well-trained home cook.

Just try a tin of Heinz Boston style baked beans,

prepared and baked through and through just as they are baked by proud New England cooks. You see, they are baked for folks who are satisfied only with truly home-baked beans. When you serve them, no one at your table need know they were not baked in your own oven.

Well cooked, well sauced spaghetti is perhaps the most delicious form of wheat, "the staff of life". In the Heinz kitchens the preparation of this universal favorite of foods has been carefully perfected—from the making of the raw spaghetti, to the mixing of the ruddy, palate-tempting sauce with which each batch of cooked spaghetti is completely drenched.

This sauce, by the way, is a mixture of red, ripe tomatoes, just the right kind of cheese, meat stock and selected spices. Is it any wonder, then, that Heinz cooked spaghetti is a flavor favorite in a million homes? Do introduce it soon to that family of yours. Merely heat it, serve it without a word, and be prepared for firm and resolute demands for second helpings.

And now, the basis of my midsummer night's scheme is an idea which many of my readers have written me about—a "Quick-Feast Shelf", laden with a liberal assortment from the 57 Varieties. You will find a complete list of them in the Salad Book described below. I suggest that you investigate its kitchen-freeing possibilities.



TWO QUICK HOT-WEATHER FEASTS—HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS AND HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI

**KITCHEN PROGRESS—NO. 8**



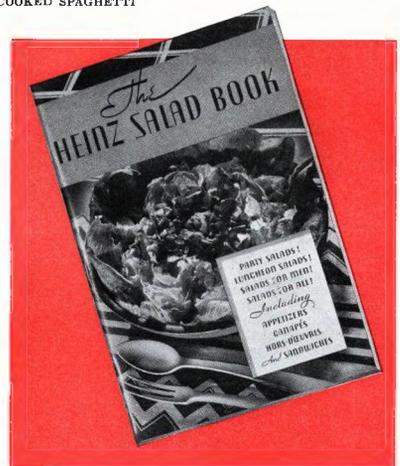
**1900**  
2 HOURS TO  
PREPARE  
DINNER



**1934**  
20 MINUTES  
TO PREPARE  
DINNER

SEE LEFT—The same dinner that a few years ago took 2 hours to prepare, can be prepared today in less time than it takes to eat it. And many families agree that today's duplication of the good old-fashioned feast is just as rich in home-made flavors. Read Miss Gibson's story on this page, and learn how you, too, can free yourself of kitchen bondage this summer.

RECIPE BOOK BECOMES BEST SELLER—By the thousand, daily come requests for the new and thrilling Heinz Salad Book. No ordinary recipe book is this. Page after page of novel and daring salads—party salads, luncheon salads, salads for men—dozens of exciting salad dressings, and sandwiches, canapés and hors d'oeuvres. While it cost many thousands of dollars to compile and publish, it is offered for 10 cents, which helps defray handling costs. Address Josephine Gibson, Dept. 67, H. J. Heinz Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.



(Continued from Page 79)

send me back insulting messages. I tell you right now—either they go or I go!"

"They shall go at once!" he declared.

"I don't know where they came from or how they got here, but however it was, out they go! I'll step right down —"

"Smell that?" inquired Mrs. Doolittle, pointing to the open window. "Soup!" she hissed. "They make it all the time. It stinks up the whole house. It simply takes my appetite away!"

Coincidentally, what appeared to be a full chorus of male and female voices chanting a weird tune burst out in the rooms below, accompanied by a guitar, accordion and the rattle of castanets.

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Gottschalk. He leaned out, bent over toward the open top of the Packer window, and withdrew his head, wrinkling his nose. "I'll soon stop that!" he asserted. "You'll have no further annoyance on that score, Mrs. Doolittle. There'll be no gypsies in this house by six o'clock tonight."

As the lord proprietor of the Marlborough Arms descended to the next landing he met his pet tenant, Mr. Joseph Mullen.

"For Pete's sake, Gottschalk!" exclaimed the latter. "What are you trying to do—ruin the place? How did you come to let a lot of gypsies in here? The Arms will be the laughingstock of the town!"

"I didn't let any gypsies in here!" protested Gottschalk. "They got in while I was away in New York. Packer let 'em have his apartment."

"You can't have the place turned into a gypsy encampment," said Mr. Mullen. "Better send for Epstein."

"I don't need Epstein or anybody to advise me!" snorted Gottschalk wrathfully. "The lease provides that no tenant can sublet without my approval, and I haven't given it."

HE FOUND both King Pedro and Queen Zaida sitting under the murals of the Court of Love. "Look here," he blustered. "How do you come to be occupying Mr. Packer's apartment?"

"We're taking care of his flat for him while he's away," answered the king.

"For how long?"

"He said something about bein' away for four years."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Gottschalk. "Well, that's what he said."

"And he's letting you occupy his apartment?"

"Sure."

"But he has no right to sublet it without my consent in writing."

"We don't rent it. We're just taking care of it for him."

"That makes no difference. It's a mere subterfuge. You'll have to move out at once!"

King Pedro moved his enormous body defiantly. "We ain't goin' to move," he rumbled.

"It's a swell dump!" added Queen Zaida complacently. "We like it." Heaving herself to her feet, she started toward the elevator.

"Hold on there!" called Gottschalk. "If you are really employees of Mr. Packer, you must use the freight elevator!"

"I'm going to use this elevator!" declared Zaida.

GOTTSCHALK stepped quickly in front of her, closed the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket.

"Not much, you ain't!" declared he forcibly, if ungrammatically. "What's more, you have all got to be out of here by six o'clock tonight. If you don't go peacefully I'll have the police throw you out!"

That Gottschalk had won appeared to be demonstrated when, an hour later, a highly colored van drew up at the door of the Marlborough Arms and the gypsies began loading their bedding and cooking utensils into it. That they should thus silently fold their tents and steal away he attributed entirely to his own authoritative manner and moral suasion. He'd told those gypsies where they got off and they had got—that was all! He was, in

fact, so well satisfied with the outcome that he failed to observe that they had also removed all the Packers' remaining furniture along with their own.

But a different situation presented itself as the hour of six drew near—a situation causing Mr. Gottschalk acute embarrassment.

The sidewalk in front of the Marlborough Arms suddenly became congested with gypsies of all sizes, shades and costumes, while the king and queen sat conspicuously upon the steps just beside the Renaissance door, so that the elegant Mrs. Erastus Doolittle, with her Pom under her arm, was obliged, to her intense repugnance, to force a way through the milling crowd while Jewell loudly voiced his disgust. Not only Jewell! Not only Mrs. Doolittle! But Mr. and Mrs. Howard Tucker, Miss Julia Bloomsburg, Mr. Rufus Spotswood and Mrs. Petersburg—the cream of the Gottschalk tenantry—were similarly obliged to run the gantlet; and each, without exception, having once found sanctuary within the foyer, pounded loudly upon the owner's door and demanded to know what was going on.

AT SIX o'clock the throng of gypsies upon the sidewalk was greater than ever and, since the king and queen, augmented by several of their court, remained comfortably enthroned upon the steps, the landlord telephoned to the police station. Two officers presently appeared and, shouldering their way through the mob, mounted the steps and reported to Mr. Gottschalk in person.

"I want you to put those gypsies off the premises!" he explained, slipping each a five-dollar bill. "They have no business here and they are creating a nuisance."

Meanwhile the king and queen, following Mrs. McCann's latest order, had gone inside and were standing by the elevator.

"Move along! You can't stop here!" ordered one of the cops.

"But we live here!" explained King Pedro. "We occupy an apartment on the fifth floor front."

"Horse feathers!" retorted the other cop. "Step lively or we'll have to take you to the calaboose."

"We live here and we want to go upstairs!" protested Queen Zaida. "We want to use this elevator."

"Throw 'em out!" ordered the landlord. "They got no right here at all."

JUST in order, as it were, to prime the engine, he unwisely gave King Pedro a slight push in the direction of the doorway. In return His Majesty landed a fist like a bung starter squarely on Mr. Gottschalk's nose and sent him reeling backward, scattering blood drops against the mural decorations of King René and his Court of Love. In another moment the entrance of the Marlborough Arms became a scene of riot. The Zingaras put up just enough of a fight to eliminate any question but that they had been ejected from the Marlborough Arms, not only constructively but *in et armis*. The conflict was over in a couple of minutes. The forces of the law prevailed, the foyer was cleared.

Minerva McCann, watching the struggle from across the way, decided that King Pedro had earned his money. Mr. Gottschalk, standing beside the elevator, also experienced a sense of victory.

"They're out, boss!" panted the first cop. "But if you want 'em to stay out, you'd better lock the front door."

Just at that moment King Pedro returned. "I want to go upstairs!" he asserted. "I don't care whether I go by the elevator or not, so long as I get to Mr. Packer's flat."

"Beat it, gypsy!" answered the second cop. "When you're out, you're out!"

"You beat you are!" echoed the owner of the Marlborough Arms.

Thus ended the first phase of the great battle between Mrs. Caleb McCann and Jacob Gottschalk.

It was not until at least thirty minutes thereafter that (Continued on Page 83)

# Tooth decay reduced 57% with fresh Orange and Lemon Juice



**Gum troubles decreased 83%—children's rate of growth greatly improved—as scientists make "the most comprehensive study of child nutrition on record"**

AT MOOSEHEART, famous City of Childhood, 1400 children live complete and happy lives of play and study. Their diet and dental care are beyond the usual.



Children who were under weight made extra gain in height and weight during their first year on fresh orange and lemon juice.



341 Mooseheart children were chosen by scientists as typical American boys and girls—well-cared-for, well-fed.

From these were chosen 341 typical American boys and girls aged 10 to 17 for the 3½-year study of child nutrition reported in the monograph and Free Booklet below.

The first year they received their usual diet. By all previous standards it was excellent: milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, fruits, meats, cereals and sundries. But like other American diets it did not prevent frequent gum troubles and new cavities.

The second year two 8-oz. glasses of fresh Sunkist Orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each were added to the daily diet.

Less than half as many children had new cavities this year. Gum troubles lessened 83%. And the rate of growth was vastly improved.

The final eighteen months the amount of fresh orange juice was reduced to three ounces daily. This amount aided growth, but gum troubles and decay returned.

## What this means to you

Small amounts of fresh orange and lemon juice are valuable in the diet because they supply the four protective food essentials which help to keep the body youthfully vigorous—vitamins A, B, C, and calcium.

But much greater protection is afforded

by two full-sized glasses a day. And since vitamin C, one of the essentials, is not stored in the body, it is recommended that one glass be taken at breakfast and the other later in the day.

## FREE—Send for booklet

Send coupon below for free booklet, "World's New Dental Story," giving the complete, authentic account of this study.

## TO DENTISTS, PHYSICIANS and NUTRITIONISTS

"Diet and Dental Health" by Milton T. Hanke, Ph.D., contains the full scientific report of the study described here. 300 pages, with many reproductions of natural-color photographs made as case records. Tables give complete data (serum calcium, oral bacteriology, etc.) on every child. Remit \$4.00 to University of Chicago Press, 5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.



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she said ... "Ann, is this a new sink?  
it shines so beautifully"

and I said ... "No, it's many years old  
but it's never been cleaned with  
anything but Bon Ami"



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PERHAPS you don't think it's possible for a kitchen sink to remain glossy and new looking, year after year? But it is . . . provided you use the *right* cleanser!

And that can mean *only*—Bon Ami. First, because Bon Ami doesn't scratch or scrape off the dirt (and at the same time scratch and dull your sink) as many cleansers do. Second, because Bon Ami actually polishes as it cleans . . . not only quickly makes your sink *spotless*, but gives it a real lustre and sparkle.

Women love to clean with Bon Ami. It looks so snowy-white . . . feels so fine and soft . . . smells so *clean!* It doesn't redden or roughen your

hands nor make your fingernails brittle. It doesn't collect in or clog up drains and pipes . . . nor leave gritty sediment in the bottom of tubs and basins. It's the perfect cleanser!

Try Bon Ami for *all* your household cleaning. It's equally good for everything from bathtubs, tiling and sinks to kitchen utensils, refrigerators and smooth painted woodwork. Bon Ami keeps them all smooth, glistening, and unscratched.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . . NEW YORK CITY

**Bon Ami** *protects sinks... keeps them polished and new-looking*



"Hasn't  
Scratched  
Yet!"

To suit your taste . . . Bon Ami comes in a handy Cake, a sifter-top can of Powder or in a Deluxe Package, especially designed for Bathrooms.

(Continued from Page 81)

Mr. Gottschalk discovered that his victory had been a Pyrrhic one. Answering his doorbell, he again found Minerva McCann standing outside. Beside her was Mr. William Packer. Loitering at a distance was a tall form which he identified as that of Judge McCann.

Mr. Packer held something out to Mr. Gottschalk which the latter mechanically took. "Here's the key of my old apartment," said Willie. "I'm turning it in."

"How do you mean 'turning it in'?" demanded the landlord.

"I shan't need it any more, now that you've terminated my lease."

"Terminate your grandmother! I haven't terminated your lease. It's got four more years to run."

"Oh, no, Mr. Gottschalk," interposed Minerva. "You broke the lease at six o'clock this afternoon when you ejected Mr. Packer's servants and refused them access to the premises. What you do to a man's servant you—constructively, in the eyes of the law—do to him."

"Those gypsies weren't servants, and you know it!" retorted Gottschalk.

"They were subtenants, and Packer had to get my written permission before they could come in here."

"You're entirely mistaken," replied Mrs. McCann. "They were servants,

employed and paid as caretakers of the apartment in my nephew's absence."

"That were nothing but circus people!"

"It makes no difference what they were. There's no law against employing a gypsy—or a Hottentot—that I know of. Lots of people employ Japanese or Chinese servants. That doesn't give a landlord any right to throw them out."

Mr. Gottschalk's lip curled. "You think you're pretty smart, don't you! Well, I know a thing or two about leases myself. Packer's lease provides that his servants shall use only the service elevator." When they insisted on using the front elevator, and refused to use the freight elevator, they proved that they regarded themselves not as servants but as tenants, and that the whole thing was a sham.

"Is that so?" inquired Minerva demurely. "Caleb, let me have that book, please." When the judge had handed it to her, she went on. "You evidently haven't looked up the law on this subject, Mr. Gottschalk. For if you had you might have heard of the case of Greens versus Gretz in 226 New York Supplement 739, the latest authority on this subject. In that case the lease also provided that servants should use only the service elevator." The only other elevator in the building, as here, was a freight elevator.

But there was a city ordinance which forbade people without parcels or freight from riding on freight elevators. The court held that 'the practical construction of the lease required the landlord to allow the tenants' servants to use the passenger elevator. The refusal of the landlord to allow such use to the tenant justified the abandonment of the premises and constituted a constructive eviction.'

"But there isn't any such ordinance in Athens," Gottschalk protested.

"Yes, there is," came from the shadows where the judge was lurking. "The city council passed one three years ago. My wife's statement of the law is absolutely correct. Other controlling cases on constructive eviction of a tenant by the ejection of the latter's servants are Presby versus Benjamin, 169 New York 377, and Vincent versus Crane, 134 Michigan 700. You'll find it all in 57 Law Reports Annotated 317."

Gottschalk leaned weakly against the doorpost. "If that's the—law," he stammered, "Mr. Packer can have the apartment for the rest of the term for fifty dollars a month."

"No, thank you," said Mrs. McCann. "When we're out—we're out. Come along, Willie." As she reached the foyer she turned back. "You have got a Roman nose, haven't you?" she asked interestedly.

## NEW BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING

BY VIRGINIA KIRKUS

### THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN AMERICA

E. M. Delaford

laughing with the author at her inimitable picture of the "provincial" Englishwoman. Now the shoe's on the other foot, and she gives us a chance to laugh at ourselves in our relation to an English author on American parade.

### COMPANY PARADE

Storm Jameson

English. A generation at loose ends, disillusioned, the glamour and ideals of the war fever stripped away, the poverty of the aftermath exposed to view.

### SEVEN MEN CAME BACK

Warwick Deeping

misfit, a man who was a hero to his men during the days of the war, and whom peace stripped of all his glory. Possibly a man's book rather than a woman's.

### FIVE SILVER DAUGHTERS

Louis Golding

past, its insanity in the present. The Silvers lived in a house backing on Magnolia Street—do you remember that novel?—and shared in its teeming life until unexpected success hurled them into the limelight, and for a time they were caught in the vortex, with gradually expanding ripples embracing Europe in the throes of war's aftermath. Then the collapse, and the cycle brought them back to Magnolia Street again.

### UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL

T. S. Stripling

Boro Case, sufficiently camouflaged and altered in details to escape the stigma of journalism, but recognizable.

### WAKE AND FIND A STRANGER

Eleanor Shaler

York City, by a writer of the Dorothy Parker-Katharine Brush school, who writes from her own experience and a thorough familiarity of background, behind the scenes in theater and night-club life.

### RUMOUR OF HEAVEN

Beatrix Lehmann

partly created by the setting, a remote corner of England; partly created by the odd group of people, a family escaping reality into a dream world of their own, where the abnormality of two of the children can be hidden, and newcomers from the outer world—a neurotic writer, an irresponsible artist and an idealist who brings them "rumour of heaven" in his tale of a distant island.

### THE LORD'S ANOINTED

Ruth Eleanor McKee

between the tenets of faith which a missionary contingent carried to the natives and the demands of life and love. A vigorous handling of a tenuous theme.

### THE BEGONIA BED

Elizabeth Kyle

never content to let any flies escape from their intricate webs.

### STAMBOUL LOVE

Anne Duffield

wherein lies the insidious power of Mustapha Kemal?

### HOXIE SELLS HIS ACRES

Christopher LaFarge

medium for a depicting of a rural community, drawn together and thrust apart by the threat and completion of the sale of land to a real-estate development.

### EFFICIENCY EXPERT

Florence Converse

involved.

### MYSTERY STORIES

THE MAN WITHOUT NERVES, by E. Phillips Oppenheim—the story of a man hunt set in an English village. . . . THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG, by Erle Stanley Gardner—another Perry Mason case, in which a mysterious will and a howling dog play conspicuous parts. . . . BASTARD VERDICT, by Winifred Duke—a story of what happens after the trial, when the accused man has been acquitted by the jury and condemned by public opinion. . . . ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE, by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes—a sinister tale of a spoiled and beautiful woman, tied to a cripple, and in love with another man.

### NON-FICTION

MERCHANTS OF DEATH, by H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen—an absorbing and horrifying expose of the munitions racket, world-wide in scope, all-embracing in its tentacles of power. . . . THIS BEWILDERED WORLD, by Frazier Hunt—a penetrating analysis of present conditions, popularly written, although tinged with a Red bias. . . . NINE ETCHED FROM LIFE, by Emil Ludwig—the human side of the great men on the European stage: Nansen, Masaryk, Briand, Rathenau, Motta, Lloyd George, Venizelos, Mussolini, Stalin.

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### GIVES COMFORT IN NEW OR TIGHT SHOES!

Grateful relief will be yours the minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on any part of your feet or toes made painful by shoe friction and pressure. Aching corns, tender joints, sore toes, painful callouses, throbbing bunions, sore insteps, chafed heels—all are instantly relieved by these safe, thin, dainty, soothing, healing, protective pads.

#### END THE CAUSE

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end the cause by cushioning and protecting the feet and toes. They soothe the irritated nerves, and prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and abrasions.

#### REMOVE CORNS and CALLOUSES

Now, to quickly remove a corn or callous, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks included in every box for that purpose. One or two applications and the hard, dead skin is safely loosened and easily, painlessly removed.

#### ALSO SPECIAL SIZES—THICK

for hammer toes, very large joints and thick corns and thick corns.

In addition to the regular thin sizes, Dr. Scholl has perfected a new series of Zino-pads "THICK" for removing pressure and friction of shoes in exceptional cases where regular sizes are not of sufficient thickness to give you complete relief. Ask for them by number.

Sold everywhere.

# Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

HAVE YOU OTHER FOOT TROUBLES?

Dr. Scholl has perfected a Foot Comfort Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, 132 West Schiller St., Chicago.



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Underwood Deviled Ham goes farther than you'd expect, though, because it is so concentrated. Just fine ham and choice spices blended into a pure delicious pâté.

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I enclose 10 cents in stamps. Please send me a regular size can of Underwood Deviled Ham and your new folder of "Red Devil Recipes."

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# FLOWER SHOWS

BY ELSIE JENKINS SYMINGTON

**D**URING the past ten years, thanks to the garden clubs, an entirely new kind of flower show has developed. No longer are modest amateurs restricted to wandering as onlookers among the elaborate competitions staged by commercial flower growers. They now have competitions of their own.

Today, during the growing season, the garden club of almost every community arranges one or more contests in which aspiring gardeners may vie with one another by exhibiting their flowers when they are at the height of their bloom. In the early spring they may show their daffodils, tulips and irises; in June, their roses and delphiniums; a little later, their midsummer flowers; and toward autumn, their gladiolus, dahlias and chrysanthemums. They may enter classes for the artistic arrangement of cut flowers; for attractively planted window boxes, wall brackets or hanging baskets; for well-set and charmingly decorated dinner tables and breakfast trays; or for interesting terrariums or clever mirror gardens. These last are fun to fool with. They are set up by standing against a wall a mirror measuring about 3 by 6 feet, or 4 by 7 feet or 8 feet, and arranging a small garden in front of it. If properly done, the garden gives the appearance of being twice its actual length.

An aquarium class with unusual water plants and strange fish always enlists the spectators' interest.

### PUTTING ON A SHOW

With the exception of the class for the artistic arrangement of flowers, the points to be judged are more or less the same—originality, suitability and condition of plant material, perfection of detail and general effect.

One of the most attractive classes of all is that in which are set up small life-sized gardens. For such an exhibit, a definite size should be stipulated. If an exhibitor will use outdoor material and do most of her own work, she can easily arrange a garden measuring 5 by 6 feet at an exceedingly small cost. Some practical possibilities for such a class are: A bird bath with planting; a paved terrace garden; grandmother's herb garden; an informal pool; a corner of an old rail fence; a wall fountain; children's playground; a garden path; a gateway to a garden.

The points judged for should be: General effect, 15; design, proportion and layout, including background, 25; plant materials—suitability, 15, variety, 10; practicability for actual use, 15; condition and finish, 15; correct and suitable labeling, 5.

Of course, every show must have classes for specimens, blooms and plants. Sometimes the whole show is given over to these, but then it is a dull affair, interesting only to the exhibitors themselves.

The points judged for in these classes should be: Specimen blooms—size of flowers, 15; color, 10; length of stem, 15; stiffness of stem, 10; foliage, 15; quality and condition of flowers, 15; number of flowers on stem, 10; spacing of flowers, 10. Pot plants—size, 20; shape, 25; health and vigor, 30; flowers, quantity and quality, 25.

For the inexperienced there are many pitfalls in staging a flower show. Besides the exhibits and the judging, there are the practical preparatory considerations of acquiring a suitable hall where there are facilities for keeping the flowers fresh, of making schedules and rules for the eligibility of entries, of arranging for publicity and, if the show is a large one, financing.

To attend to these matters the following committees should be appointed:

A General Committee, whose duties should be to select a time and a place for the show; prepare schedule of classes, also rules governing exhibits, having copies made for exhibitors; prepare general plan or layout for show and receive reports of plans from subcommittees; if show is to be a big one, to prepare budget, and to enlist the cooperation of chamber of commerce, florists, seedsmen, nurserymen, and so on.

A Registration or Entry Committee, whose duties should be to prepare notebooks for registration of all entries and cards for individual specimens, and so on; classify and register exhibits as they are brought in, tagging each with entry card, passing exhibit on to staging committee; prepare judges' sheets; label all containers with section, class and exhibitor's name to insure safe return.

Staging or Exhibit Committee, whose duties should be to prepare hall for show; furnish necessary tables, shelves and containers for specimen flowers; lay out plan of show as prepared by General Committee, allotting space for each section and class; make and place large cards, labeling each class for information of public; receive and place entries in proper class; keep flowers well supplied with water; have one member of the committee in charge of each section.

Publicity Committee, which would furnish newspapers with news, interest clubs, churches and schools; if possible, advertise with window cards and flower displays in store windows; send out schedule to all interested.

Information Committee to have one member on duty before and during show to answer questions; feature garden magazines and books; arrange educational exhibits of unusual flowers and plants.

Judging Committee, which would secure qualified judges for show who have had previous experience, meet and entertain them; see that they understand schedule and are provided with guides to pilot them around show.

Additional committees sometimes are necessary to attend to prizes, tickets and commercial exhibits.

More important almost than the flowers is the judging. If it is done carelessly or ignorantly, it results in hurt feelings, squabbles and the discouragement of exhibitors.

For this reason many garden clubs during the winter months hold judges' courses. These consist of a series of three or four lectures, on which the members of the class take written examinations. Depending on the result of these tests, participants are either qualified or disqualified as judges. Sometimes in small communities it is hard to get a lecturer who is equipped to lead such a course, but generally there is one available in the larger town near by. Of course, her traveling expenses should be paid.

Also important are the rules governing exhibitors. The following are some that are commonly used:

1. Entries are open to all who wish to exhibit.
2. All flowers must be grown and arranged by exhibitor.
3. Competitors for prizes must be amateurs.
4. All exhibits must be staged by . . . . . at which time judging will start.
5. The show committee reserves the right to exclude from exhibition any exhibit it may deem undesirable.

Sooner or later every show committee will have to determine what conditions

differentiate the professional or commercial exhibitor from the amateur. These conditions will vary in different communities.

Before making final plans for a show given over to a special flower, the national society interested in that flower may be consulted. In some cases they publish special bulletins on flower shows.

For an informal afternoon show, one which may be held in lieu of the regular garden-club meeting, and to which each member might bring one or more specimen blooms and one flower arrangement, the following schedule is suggested:

### CLASSES IN FLOWER ARRANGEMENT: Class

1—An arrangement in a copper container for a living-room table; Class 2—Miniature arrangement for a guest room; Class 3—Flowers of contrasting colors, in any container; Class 4—Flower arrangement in Japanese manner in an appropriate container.

SPECIMEN FLOWER CLASSES: Class 1—Specimen flower (any which is in season); Class 2—Group of five flowers (any which are in season).

### CLASSES FOR A LATE SHOW

For a late-summer show, which may well be held at the county fair, the following schedule would be appropriate:

SECTION A—*Dahlias*. Class 1—Collection of ten varieties, one bloom each in separate container.

Decorative type: Class 2—Red, one bloom; Class 3—Orange, one bloom; Class 4—White, one bloom.

Cactus type: Class 5—Red, one bloom; Class 6—Orange, one bloom; Class 7—White, one bloom.

### SECTION B—*Gladiolus*.

Large-flowered type: Class 1—Collection of ten varieties, three spikes, each variety in separate container; Class 2—Three spikes, white; Class 3—Three spikes, light pink; Class 4—Three spikes, red; Class 5—Three spikes, deep pink; Class 6—Three spikes, yellow; Class 7—Three spikes, any smoky variety.

Primulinus type: Class 8—Three spikes, white; Class 9—Three spikes, yellow; Class 10—Three spikes, orange.

SECTION C—*Specimen flowers, twelve blooms in each exhibit*: Class 1—Zinnia, giant or dahlia-flowered; Class 2—Zinnia, quilled; Class 3—African marigold; Class 4—Snapdragons; Class 5—Asters.

SECTION D—*Pot plants*: Class 1—Boston Fern; Class 2—Begonia; Class 3—Coleus; Class 4—Fuchsia.

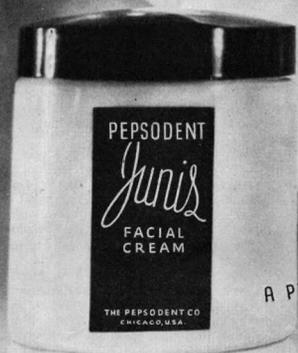
SECTION E—*Flower gardens*: Class 1—Small detail or corner, five feet by six feet; Class 2—Small garden, any style, six feet by nine feet.

SECTION F—*Rock gardens*: Class 1—A collection, covering a space of three feet by three feet, arranged for effect.

SECTION G—*Flower arrangement*: Class 1—Arrangement of wild flowers eighteen inches or more in height; Class 2—Arrangement of garden flowers eighteen inches or more in height; Class 3—Arrangement of garden flowers not over fifteen inches high.

The important points about schedules are clarity of definition, and practicability as to season. For instance, the terms "stalk," "stem," "spike" and "spray" can easily be confused, just as can "kind" and "variety." To avoid confusion, it is sometimes wise to use descriptive footnotes at the bottom of the sheet.

It is obviously foolish to list a class for a flower which is either only grown by a few people in the community or will be out of bloom by the date of the show.



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## A beauty idea... a thrilling adventure complexions given new allure

Women have proved what a scientist believed; that the new discovery  
Junis Cream produces remarkable results when applied to skin

HE had heard a woman sigh, "Romance goes with youth and youth is gone at 40." That's what started a scientist seeking a way to hold youth in women's skins.

This scientist knew that young skin contains a natural, softening substance which makes it fresh, alluring—glamorous. So he got some in pure form and put it into the finest facial cream he could develop. Women tried it and their skins grew clearer, more transparent. Age lines melted. Skin began to stir again with life.

### *Sebisol—what it does*

The natural skin-softening substance put into Junis Cream the scientist named *sebisol*. *Sebisol* is our name for this part of the chemical substance of your own skin. It is essential to every living cell. It is so scarce,

we searched throughout the world for a sufficient supply.

Pepsodent Junis Cream contains pure *sebisol*. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Whether *sebisol* alone brings these results we cannot say. But we know from women's statements that Junis Cream does for women's skins what other creams do not.

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Gently apply Junis Cream to your face.

Feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—how light and smooth in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream serves for every purpose—for cleansing and also as a night cream. We ask you to try Pepsodent Junis Cream at our expense. We believe

you will be delighted with results. You be the judge. Junis Cream, we believe, will thrill you as it has thousands of other women who have tried it. Mail the coupon below for a free 10-days' supply.

## FREE—GENEROUS SUPPLY

*We want you to try Pepsodent Junis Facial Cream and see how truly revolutionary it is.*

THE PEPSODENT CO., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago  
This coupon is not good after December 31, 1934 J-107

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## After Removing Arm and Leg Hair

A Way That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Definitely Ends The Stiff Re-growth Problem

● Now one can actually get rid of arm and leg hair. Can, once and for all, banish the coarsened re-growth, the bristly stubble that follow the razor.

This is due to a new scientific discovery by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

### What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where



hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—gone so completely that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble. For this amazing creation *definitely ends after-razor "stubble"* . . . When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

### Where to Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Comes in two sizes: medium and large.



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## If You Want to Make Money . . .

We need reliable men and women to act as Subscription Representatives!

The employment is dignified and pleasant . . . the money returns surprisingly large! It won't cost a cent to enter this paying business . . . and you may give part or full time as you wish!

Write now for particulars and supplies. No expense or obligation.

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 484 Independence Sq., Phila., Pa.

## Have You a Camera Face?

(Continued from Page 12)

changing the color of a girl's hair is one of the easiest things they do in the movies. In fact, it is an old Hollywood custom.

Changing the color of the hair is important chiefly in changing or modifying the personality. When Alice White had dark hair, she was invariably cast in heavy screen roles; when she became a blonde, she emerged in the light-comedy roles in which she now appears. So far as beauty and photographic effectiveness are concerned, the way the hair grows around the face—the kind of frame it forms for the picture—is much more important and much more difficult to change.

The arrangement of Jean Harlow's hair is more of an asset photographically than its famous color—or lack of color. It was this feature of Mary Pickford's hair, rather than the curls, which gave her the most perfect photographic hair of the early days of the screen.

Mouths, as we have seen by a glance at Ruth Chatterton, are movable quantities. They are almost as flexible as the color of the hair. But it is better to have the mouth too large than too small. The corners of Joan Crawford's mouth, for instance, extend well out to the centers of the pupils of her eyes. But if you have a small mouth, don't worry. The lipstick, in skillful hands, can do wonders for almost any kind of mouth.

Much the same thing is true of eyebrows and eyelashes; even of teeth. Few stars are content with their own lashes; many shave off their eyebrows and paint on new ones to suit their particular style of beauty; and a great many of them have had their original teeth capped and crowned with porcelain of the required shape and hue.

Marlene Dietrich has an advantage over most girls who wish to change their eyebrows, because the ones Nature gave her are so light in color—this goes for the eyelashes, too—as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye.

Another advantage that Marlene has—and she shares it with Joan Crawford and Katharine Hepburn and a good many more—is that her face and her personality lend themselves to bizarre styles in eyebrows. Watch the eyebrows of these girls next time you see them on the screen; then watch the eyebrows of Loretta Young and Marian Nixon—the natural young-girl type.

**T**HE nose offers more difficulties to the make-up artist than almost any other feature of the face. To be sure, there have been cases—Jack Dempsey is a notable example—where aspiring movie candidates have acquired new noses for old, but the feeling in the most expert Hollywood beauty circles is strongly against the practice.

The new nose may be a better nose than the old one, considered by itself, but it may not belong on the old face. The individual expression, and with it the personality, may be gone, never to return.

But it is true, of course, that some noses photograph more easily than others. Most experts say that noses which are not too aquiline but straight are the easiest to photograph. But if you have the perky type of nose, don't worry, for an astounding number of our leading screen actresses have distinctly *retroussé* noses, which is to say turned-up. Some argue that this is because *retroussé* noses and short upper lips usually go together, and the latter, with the glimpse they afford of flashing teeth, make an especially pleasing impression on the screen. There may be something in the theory. Anyhow, the list of movie girls with turned-up noses is a long one.

Gloria Swanson is the example that comes immediately to mind; but if you get out some profile pictures of the stars, you will find in the *retroussé* group such outstanding screen personalities as Marlene Dietrich, Lillian Gish, Ruth Chatterton, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, Clara Bow, Colleen Moore, Wynne Gibson, Nancy Carroll, Kay Francis, Fay Wray and Helen Hayes; even Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer. Dolores Costello—Mrs. Jack Barrymore—was another distinguished example of the effectiveness of the *retroussé* nose on the screen.

**O**F COURSE, everybody knows that large eyes photograph better than small ones, and dark eyes better than light ones. That latter statement does not mean that blue eyes are a handicap; but they must be blue with a depth to it. Joan Crawford's eyes, which photograph black, are really a deep blue. Greta Garbo, Gloria Swanson, Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding, Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer and Ruth Chatterton also have blue eyes. A very blue eye photographs much better than a too dark one because of the heavy shadows which so often accompany the latter.

Eyes that protrude slightly, as Mabel Normand's did and Joan Crawford's do, are very effective when seen through the camera's lens; and eyes that are set far apart, with approximately the width of an eye between them, are the closest to ideal. Ruth Chatterton's eyes, which are by far the best photographic feature of her face, are almost perfect in this matter of spread.

In the same way, a wide face photographs better than a narrow one, and curves photograph better than angles—which brings us, as most discussions ultimately do, to the (Continued on Page 88)

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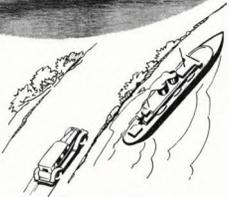
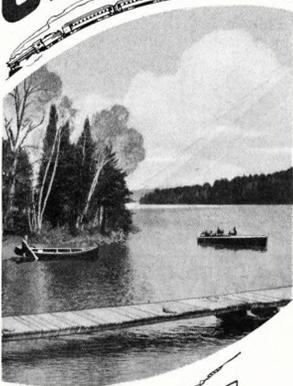
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(Continued from Page 86)  
question of "fat" or "slim," and the figure as distinguished from the face. And here we run into a little difficulty, for the screen experts don't seem to know which way to go; but the consensus of opinion—Mae West to the contrary notwithstanding—seems to be what it always has been: That slim girls photograph better than fat ones for the very good reason that the camera inclines to make its victims look about ten pounds heavier than they really are.

When Clara Bow was at the height of her popularity, she had what most Hollywood casting directors consider the ideal screen figure. She was five feet three inches tall, weighed 110 pounds, and was—as you may remember—symmetrical.

The five-foot-three figure is arrived at because it seems to be the ideal height for playing opposite the average six-foot leading man. The poundage is about right, photographically, for that height. The symmetry, although not essential, is most desirable for anyone who is to be photographed from every angle and in almost every pose.

There are, of course, decided exceptions to this average. Greta Garbo stands five feet six and weighs 125 pounds. Marlene Dietrich stands five feet five and weighs 120. But most of the leading screen

beauties conform approximately to the standard: Ruth Chatterton, five feet two, 110 pounds; Nancy Carroll, five feet four, 115 pounds; and Joan Crawford, five feet four, 110 pounds. Gloria Swanson is shorter—five feet one—and weighs less—100 pounds. Janet Gaynor stands only five feet, and her weight is 98 pounds.

For the screen musicals, a slightly taller girl is most in demand. Here, too, however, a certain "voluptuous thinness" seems still to be the order of the day. An authority in one of the big studios gives the following figures as ideal for this work: Height, five feet five; waist, twenty-six inches; hips, thirty-seven inches; calf, thirteen and one-half inches; bust, thirty-five inches; shoulder length, fifteen inches; neck to waist, fifteen inches; waist to feet, forty-one inches; neck length, three and one-half inches; and arm length, twenty-seven inches.

But don't let all these precise measurements bother you too much—that is, if you are thinking of trying to go into the movies yourself. Don't worry about your teeth, or about the color of your hair or the length of your eyelashes or the shape of your eyebrows. Beware especially of quack facial surgeons and beauty experts who undertake to make over your face.

Don't spend any money on anything but photographs and postage, and don't go to Hollywood until some studio sends for you.



## PLANT NOW FOR AUTUMN COLOR

BY F. F. ROCKWELL

**G**AY though the garden may appear today, so full of bloom that the flowers literally crowd one another in their effort to find room to unfurl their many-hued petals, it is time now to pause and take stock: to realize that there are many, many weeks before hard freezing weather, and to consider what there will be, in late summer and autumn, to "carry on" when this midsummer beauty is gone.

Especially for those who go away for lengthy midsummer vacations is careful planning at this point essential, if they would find presentable beds and borders upon their return. Even where a professional gardener is engaged, it too often happens that the end-of-the-season garden gradually peters out and is woefully lacking in gayety, color and freshness long before there is the least necessity for it.

Refurbishing the garden for late summer and fall is not a difficult nor an impracticable undertaking. Failure to have a satisfactory late garden is usually caused by lack of a definite plan to accomplish this purpose.

Effectiveness in the late summer and fall garden, even more than in the spring or the midsummer garden, is dependent upon masses of color. Any plan for refurbishing the late garden should be made with this fact in mind. In some places, particularly in the mixed hardy border, there may be room for but a few plants of a kind—perhaps so few as three to a half

dozen. In other places—especially where masses of earlier-flowering annuals, or the matured and scraggly growth of some of the early perennials, may be cleared away—there will be room for broad splashes and spreading carpets of color.

There are three general groups of plants which can be drawn upon to accomplish these late-season effects. First are the annuals. Some of these—such as poppies, portulaca, gypsophila—may be sown where they are to bloom, but for the most part it is better to start them in rows in a frame, or a sheltered bed of rich light soil, for transplanting later.

Among annuals which may be expected to flower in late summer or early autumn if planted at this time and kept supplied with moisture so they will make normal growth, are poppies, gypsophila, dwarf phlox, dwarf nasturtiums, dwarf zinnias, dwarf morning-glories, dwarf petunias, mignonette and—especially for hot dry places—portulaca. These are all low-growing. Some taller ones are clarkia; cosmos (the new Extra-early Express type, which flowers in sixty days); calliopsis; dwarf sorts; flax (*Linum*); scabiosa; and, for a place where a really tall plant is wanted, spiderflower (*Cleome*), and miniature-flowered sunflowers.

For blooming after the first frosts—and in some cases until hard freezing—there are alyssum, calendula, dwarf marigold, petunias, gaillardia (the new Indian Chief

There is very little money and very little opportunity in "extra girl" work.

But directors are always on the alert for new faces. If your photograph shows unusual possibilities, it won't be neglected. You will be asked to come to Hollywood or to some near point where the studio can test your appearance and personality before a motion-picture camera.

If this happens to you, there are a few simple rules to observe. Don't wear a white dress, because it will catch the light and detract from your own impression. Don't wear a dress with a loud or heavily marked pattern, because the pattern will look bigger than you are on the screen. Go to the studio with very little make-up on and let the director or make-up man prepare you for the camera. Stand up straight. Don't look into the camera. Do what you are told.

And above and beyond everything else, be natural.

Naturalness! That's what they want in the movies today—far more than conformity to any set of physical specifications. Like Ruby Keeler; like Lee Tracy; even Katharine Hepburn, filmdom's one best bet for 1934, has what one critic has described as a certain "dynamic naturalness." So I say, as my last word to the young woman who wishes to be successful on the screen:

"Be yourself!"

is a wonderful fall color) and verbenas, of which the new Royal Bouquet is of compact, upright growth.

Easiest of all, so far as culture is concerned, is the second group—the bulbs which may still be set out. Dahlias, especially the small-flowered single and "bedding" types; gladiolus, canna, tuberose and summer hyacinths can all be planted until the first of July; as can also canna and tuber begonias, which are available started in pots.

The third group of plants which offer material for the late garden consists of hardy and tender perennials, either in the form of pot plants from the florist, or of growing clumps to be shifted into the garden just before they come into bloom. I know of one place where scores of clumps of hardy chrysanthemums are grown in rows in the vegetable garden until the first killing frost. Then they are taken up and transferred to the flower garden, which they glorify for several weeks. After blooming, or in the spring, they are returned to the vegetable garden.

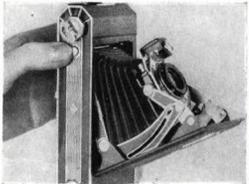
Among hardy perennials for late bloom which can be obtained now from the nursery, either as potted plants or in field clumps, are hardy' mums, hardy asters, rudbeckia *newmanni*, helenium, physostegia, eupatorium *coelestinum*, delphiniums (cut back after first bloom), dianthus, pansies and the lovely large-flowered violas of the Jersey Gem type.

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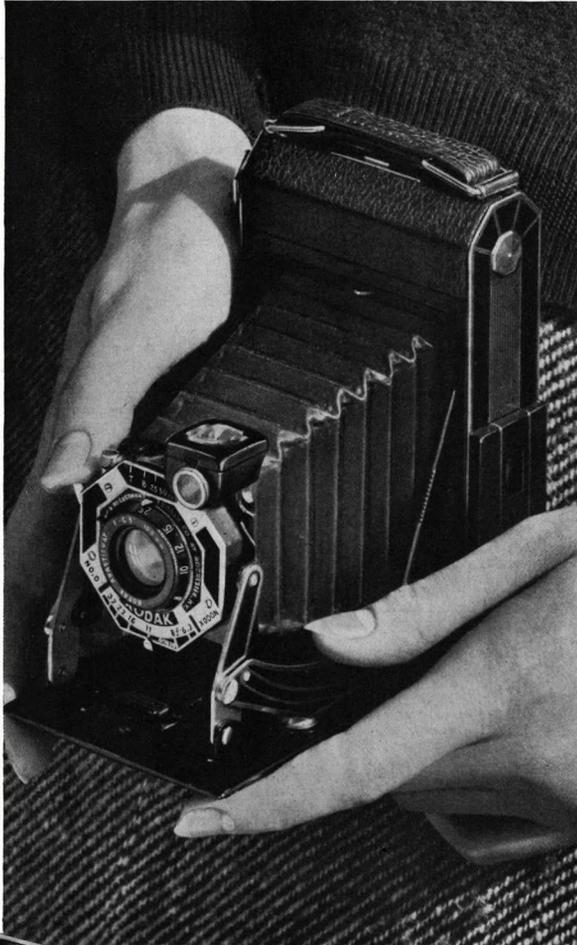
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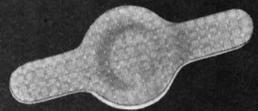


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*The Crooked Lane*

(Continued from Page 34)

something that it wanted. The glint of the claws was still in her eyes as she stood contemplating the long red mark on Sheridan's hand, with Fay Stuart's note safely crumpled in her own.

"Oh, but I have any number of objections!" she assured him in a silken voice. "In the first place, it's what lawyers call a privileged communication from one of my clients—you'd guessed that, hadn't you? And in the second place, when Tess Stuart suggested that I ask you to the party tonight, I hadn't realized that you were going to come in your working clothes. I don't think that they're particularly becoming, as a matter of fact. Couldn't you go away somewhere and change them? Or maybe it would be simpler if you just went away."

"Oh, but far simpler," Sheridan agreed, contemplating his wounded hand with undisguised amusement. "I was about to avail myself of the privilege of doing so when you proved so entirely irresistible in yours that I fear that I turned into wax in your hands. I can only beg you to believe that it was against my better judgment."

"I haven't the remotest idea of what you're talking about, I'm afraid. If you'll excuse me for a moment, I hear the telephone ringing somewhere, and I think I'll take the call here."

"I WILL excuse you for longer than one minute," said Karl Sheridan. "Though you may not believe it, I will excuse you for everything. . . . And I was simply referring to the attractions of your own working clothes, of which you are probably perfectly aware."

"I am perfectly well aware of impertinence, when I encounter it," she assured him. "As it happens, I'm not a working woman any longer. Don't you ever read the papers? You should—they're full of frightfully amusing things."

Sheridan, still smiling a little gravely, put the red glass back on the desk beside the yellow pencil that had once belonged to Jerry Hardy, and stood waiting patiently for his hostess to finish her conversation on the telephone.

After the first quick cry of, "Margot! Oh, Margot darling, I've been so worried," the fluting little voice that the angels might have envied was curiously muted—a hurried murmur, a blurred whisper, though something strangely suggestive of tears, and finally a voice as gentle and protective as a blessing saying clearly, "All right, dearest—not tonight, then. But tomorrow, you promise? Anywhere that you want—here, Washington, Baltimore, New York—only just so that I can be with you, Margot—just so that I can take care of you for a while, poor little lamb." Mrs. Lindsay put back the receiver very gently on the hook, and looked up at him bravely from a child's face so drenched in tears that it made any handkerchief in the world seem lamentably inadequate. After a second's pause she said in a small, woeful voice, "That was Margot—Margot Hardy, you know—the girl we were giving the party for. The play's just over, and it's apparently a tremendous success, but they couldn't tell her till after the curtain came down, of course. About Jerry, I mean. He's dead. He died twenty minutes ago."

SHERIDAN said gently, "There are so many people who will be the sadder for that news, I fear. Those who knew him seemed to care for him very deeply. Should I find Mallory, do you think?"

"Oh, yes—poor Dion. He'll be out of his head—he did so love him." She had found a scrap of lace and lawn somewhere behind the violets, and was striving conscientiously to cope with the flooding tears. "And Margot—this was her first real chance, poor darling, and she really is a simply superb actress, and such a good,

good child; I did so want to give her one really heavenly party to remember, and now the whole thing's just a ghastly mess." She was twisting the long-suffering handkerchief in a valiant attempt to restore it to at least its original capacity for utility. "It was really a good-by party, too, though I didn't want anyone to know that until it was all over. Freddy and Nell Parrish bought the house Saturday—did you know that?"

"Indeed, no. How could I possibly have known that?"

SHE shook her head again, with a spiteous attempt at a smile, and another despairing side glance at the handkerchief. "Well, you'll have to admit that you seem to know practically everything, won't you?"

"I am sorry. I was outrageous about that note, but it was because I was interested in something concerning Fay Stuart, who wrote it from the Tappans' the night before she died, not in that—that business career of yours. And will you believe one thing more? No matter how admirable an actress that poor Margot Hardy may be, I think that we have had with us tonight an actress far more brilliant—an actress who has given in all probability the finest performance in all her career, so that a handful of lucky and thoughtless young idiots—like the one who stands before you, for instance—should carry away with them a memory all charm and fragrance and grace."

She said simply, "You're kind, aren't you? I ought to have known that when Tess liked you so much. . . . And will you believe something, too? Will you believe that no matter how strange and horrible it may seem to you that a person who isn't particularly strange or horrible should be that—should be that person X, it seems a hundred times more strange and horrible to me?"

"Of that," he told her, "I have been quite sure."

"I CAN'T talk much about it—not even smile, more piteous than all her tears. "But it truly did start as sort of a—sort of a joke. At least I thought that's what it was going to be. . . . I lost a simply ghastly lot of money on stocks, and Freddy suggested that it would be a bright idea for me to take a room down town, and work whenever I could with one of the really smart tourist agencies. So I did—but nobody in the world seemed to have the faintest desire to tour, and one morning when I was sitting there with nothing to do but ruin a perfectly good manicure by biting off my finger nails, I started reading one of those syndicated gossip columns, and I remembered that I knew two or three rather amusing things that would fit into them beautifully. Not horrid things—just funny ones. And I wrote them down and sent them off. And that was the beginning—and the end."

She sat silent, staring down at the small wet rag, and when she spoke again her voice was so low that he had to bend his head to catch it.

"When we were in boarding school, one of the books that we read was about a man called Frankenstein, who created a monster that he thought he could rule, but who destroyed him. . . . And that's what I did—only it was Fay Stuart who was the monster. It's wicked to say things about people who are dead, I know. But no matter what I said, it couldn't be as wicked as Fay was. She found out who I was—no one else here even guessed except Abby Stirling—and she made me print things—she made me print things—"

She dropped her head in her hands with the long racking sob of the utterly defeated child, and Sheridan, bending lower still, touched with gentle fingers the



To the Japanese Garden, at the Ritz in New York, went our clever young "cosmetic inquirer" with her bagful of pink, sweet-scented powder-samples. She interviewed in the dressing-room . . . just asked each attractive young luncheon-guest one question . . . "What would you pay for this new powder? . . . try it and tell me." Sixteen replied with "\$2 a box" and ten said "at least \$1.50." Thirteen mentioned how well it adhered . . . and not one would believe that this soft, fine, becoming powder sold everywhere at 50c! Try it yourself, forgetting price, and see what it does for the tone and transparency of your skin. Send the coupon below.

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round, lovely shoulder that should have belonged to the most exquisite of Eugenie's ladies in waiting.

"Do not, I beg of you, think of those things any longer. They are past, they are gone, they are not even enough remembered to say that they are forgotten. . . . Will you wait here a little while until you, too, have forgotten them, and I will tell you guests that you have only just heard of Hardy's death, but that you will be with them very shortly? I am anxious to find Mallory—it will go hard with him, I know—and if I do not return again to wish you good night, you will know, will you not, that I am wishing you far more than just that. . . . Shall I go?"

She nodded, not lifting her head, but touching his fingers with hers for a moment, light and hesitant as butterflies; halfway down the great sweep of the stairway he still felt that light, timid touch, and even half across the wide hall with its flower-colored Persian frescoes where Abby Stirling and a generously proportioned young woman with heavy black brows and a fine sweep of bronze hair were busily engaged over a backgammon board, the pity was stamped deep on his dark face.

"HEY!" saluted the sleeky guileless Mrs. Stirling. "Didn't you hear me howl out there in the bushes while I was waiting for you, or didn't you just give a darn? Come over here and meet Nell Tappan—Nell, meet Europe's latest contribution to us as a token payment—personally, I should think it leaves us a bit up on that game for the first time!"

"Mrs. Tappan, I am so very glad to meet you. Later, perhaps, may I not—"

"And am I glad to meet you!" replied Mrs. Tappan, with a girlish enthusiasm not too well adapted to a lady of her somewhat Junoesque proportions. "Later nothing! What I've heard about you these last twenty-four hours—"

"Later, unfortunately," Sheridan's agreeable voice carried conviction and finality. "At the time being it is of the very greatest importance that I find—"

He paused, eyes riveted on the little tooled-leather cup sitting with the bland unconcern of inanimate objects halfway down the bar dividing the handsome leather backgammon board. "But I see that you are one of the fortunate recipients of Tess Stuart's famous sets of backgammon markers—and a particularly charming one at that. Ivory and jade, is it not? Or are they yours, Mrs. Stirling? And will you think me quite mad if I ask you whether I could look at them for a moment?" The small heap of matchlike sticks were cupped in the palm of his hand, even as he spoke. "Believe me, I beg, there is real method in my madness! I have wanted to count a set of these wretched little objects for enough hours to make eternity—and to whichever one of you they belong I tender my most abject apologies. . . . Yes. . . . Thirty white—twenty green. Fifty exactly—they are all in there!"

"Sure; they're all in there. We'd just started this game—it was our third shot, wasn't it, Abby? And they're certainly mine all right, now—though if I keep on getting the jitters every time I look at them, they won't be much longer!" Nell Tappan's face was pale under the ruddy tan. "As a matter of fact, I called Tess up this afternoon to offer to turn them over to her tomorrow if she wanted them for—"

"BUT why in the world, if you do not consider the question too impertinent, should you have returned them to Tess—to Miss Stuart? Surely if they were yours—"

"Is this the young fellow you told me was so bright, Ab?" inquired Nell Tappan. "Sure they were mine—from Friday afternoon on. I won 'em somewhere around five o'clock shooting craps. But be sure that they'd belonged to Fay Stuart. Will you kindly tell me what you're starting at now?"

"Forgive me. I had been told—I had been told quite definitely that the set that

belonged to Fay Stuart was of malachite and lapis lazuli. She had two, perhaps?"

"Lord, no—this was the only one she had; Tess gave it to her on her birthday, and she was proud as Punch of it! As a matter of fact, the lapis-and-malachite set belongs to Tess—and after she got back late this winter, she had a duplicate made for Dion Mallory. Listen, will you get me—"

"MALLORY," said Sheridan, in a voice startlingly clear and distinct, speaking as one roused sharply from a dream. "I must find Mallory. It was that that I was starting to tell you when I noticed the markers. Have you by any chance seen him? I have, you see, a message for him of the very greatest importance. Jerry Hardy died about half an hour ago."

"Oh, Lord!" cried Nell Tappan with smothered violence, pushing the backgammon table from her. "Well, that just about puts the finishing touch on these last few days! I've had enough, thanks. I'm going home to bed and—"

"Steady on, child. You don't want to do anything to break up Joan's party, do you? Mallory's gone, Mr. Sheridan. He was here until about half an hour or so ago, watching our first battle, and as a matter of fact he left a message for you."

"A message for me?"

"Yes. He said to tell you that he was sorry to have to leave so abruptly, but that it was extremely urgent, and that he had borrowed one of Allan's cars, and left his parked to the right of the side entrance for you to use whenever you were ready to come home. The keys are in it."

"Someone must have told him, then, of Hardy's death?" It was more a statement than a question, but Mrs. Tappan uttered an emphatic protest:

"Oh, Lord, no—I don't believe that it had a thing to do with Jerry Hardy. One of the servants came dashing in here with a tray of stuff, and told Dion that a young lady who wouldn't give her name was on the phone, and she said that she simply had to speak to Mr. Mallory—that she'd tried three times before to reach him, and that she was just going to hold on till somebody found him; that it was of the greatest possible importance."

"Within three minutes," said Abby Stirling. "Dion was back from the telephone, and within four minutes he was off."

MR. SHERIDAN, like his impetuous housemate, clearly did not intend to stand longer on the order of his going. He glanced briefly at his watch, made an even briefer and silent calculation that did not seem to give him any marked pleasure, and stood bowing over Abby Stirling's small, capacious hand.

"You will forgive me if I follow his example? I am really anxious about the effect that Hardy's death will have on him. This morning he seemed so profoundly upset at the thought even of his illness. And the next time that we meet, I will promise to do my level best to atone for all the sins of this evening. I trust that I may be permitted to do penance to you, too, Mrs. Tappan. And will one of you be gracious enough to make my apologies to my host? To Mrs. Lindsay I have already done so. . . . Good night, then—and to our very speedy reunion."

It was almost three-quarters of an hour later when Sheridan brought the small, somewhat decrepit roadster to a careful halt half a block from the little Georgian house that for the past twenty-four hours he had called home, and took the flight of black-leaded steps that led up to the grass-green front door three at a time, though no one even a few feet away would have heard a footfall. Twenty past twelve, his hastily consulted watch told him. Those unfriendly calls from the corner cigar store had certainly consumed an ungody amount of time.

The shades were all drawn, and as far as one could see, the house was quite

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(A Month Later—At Right)

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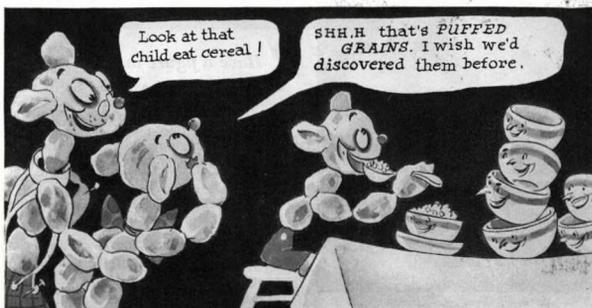
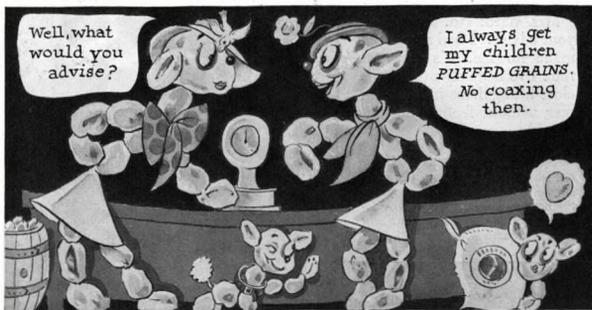
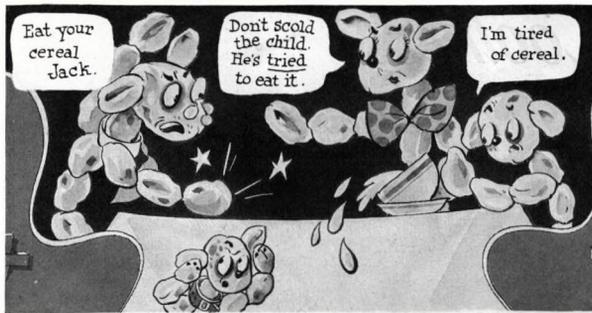
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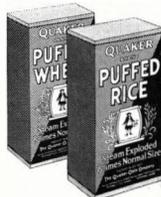
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dark. Still, with those long, heavy draperies, it was hard to tell. In the lock of the green door, the key turned as noiselessly and precisely as though it had been oiled—which was not entirely extraordinary, as that was exactly the process that it had undergone some half-dozen hours previously.

Inside the charming, diminutive hallway the little silver lantern was shining reassuringly, and though, again, it was difficult to be certain, Sheridan thought that there was a faint glimmer of light under the dark-paneled doors that led to Mallory's study. For a moment he halted irresolutely, staring in its direction, only to turn away. Not now—later, perhaps; after he had attended to that one really vital bit of business that would peg down the whole infernal affair—but not now. If there was one thing that he was clear about in a world of loathsome indications, it was that he did not want to see Dion Mallory at the present moment.

**E**VEN his noiseless feet on the twisting stairway, moving at last toward that final and urgent bit of work, were curiously reluctant. He paused on the top step almost as abruptly as though a hand had reached out and checked him, starting straight ahead of him into the semi-obscurity of the second floor. Something was wrong—a sixth sense more vigilant and alert than either sight or hearing called the warning loudly—something was definitely and distinctly wrong. His own senses moved swiftly forward to the rescue.

The door at the left that led to his bedroom was closed, just as he had left it; so, too, was the one at the right, that led to his sitting room. But the center one—the one that led to the hall closet that held Jerry Hardy's chemicals and artist's stuff—the third door was standing an inch or so ajar, and undoubtedly and inexplicably there was a faint light shining through the crack.

Sheridan, moving toward it on feet so entirely noiseless that they might have been shod in velvet, circled the knob with his fingers and jerked the door sharply toward him—and stood staring into the dimly lit little cavern before him with an expression of marked displeasure. Empty. That is, if you could describe any place as empty that was so thoroughly cluttered as to floor and crowd as to shelf as the closet of the late Jerry Hardy. True, someone had undoubtedly been in it during the evening. The dim little bulb far up in the ceiling was burning as brightly as its limited capacity permitted, but that was the only sign that the intruder had left behind him.

Sheridan took his hand from the door knob and looked about him with a slightly grim smile. Hardy must certainly have taken his experiments seriously. Shelf after shelf lined with bottles and cans and jars rose to the ceiling in unbroken rows. No, there was a break, in the third one to the right—that must be the little empty space that Mallory had spoken of—the space that had once held poor Hardy's hyoscine bottles, standing between a bottle of silver nitrate and a can of — He paused, his eyes narrowing in a sudden shock of surprise. There was the bottle of nitrate, all right—but there wasn't a can the whole length of the shelf, much less a can of cyanide of potassium. If it had ever been there, it had disappeared as completely and inexplicably as the hyoscine bottles. . . . He reached up his hand slowly, and pulled the cord that plunged the closet once more into its accustomed darkness.

**I**N HIS own room, he turned on the switch with a sudden uprush of gratitude for the warm flood of light. Light, and a great deal of it, had it decided merits. The long desk with the shining microscope and its accessories was not a hand's breadth from him; he took a step forward resolutely, and pulled open the center drawer, his face pale for all its darkness. Now was as good a time as any—or as bad. . . . The red glass and the gray

envelope with its red stamp neatly fixed in the corner were exactly where he had left them; he lifted them out with set teeth, drew the student lamp closer, and bent his dark head to them.

After a minute the head lifted. . . . So that was it. Even with his eyes closed, he could still see them clearly. Nine little slanting words—there had been nine words on that other stamp that he had read by a Christmas candle. Nine were enough, apparently, to send — Somewhere below a door closed, quietly and decisively, and as though it were a trumpet call, Sheridan was on his feet and at the head of the stairs in three long strides.

**T**ESS was standing quite still at the foot of the stairs under the little hanging lantern, one hand on the newel post, her eyes on the lowest step. Sheridan saw once more, with the strange contraction of the heart that came to him at even the sound of her lightest footfall, her most distant whisper, that the ruby ring was back on her hand, and that the shadows still lay deep beneath the long, dark lashes when she dropped them, as she did now. And once more the lovely, reckless mouth was tinted to match the ruby, once more a white cloud of silvery gauze floated and clung about the tall young length, once more the small bent head was smooth and lustrous as honey-colored satin. She was trailing a long cloak made of some supple heavy stuff, lustrous and silvery, from her left hand, careless of its subdued splendor, and one silver-sandaled foot was already on the first step.

Staring down at her, the young man from Vienna thanked his gods that murder and treachery and cruelty and horror had still left the snow and gold of his tall young goddess as unflawed as on that first night that he had met her. How long ago—three thousand years? Three brief spans of hours? . . . He drew a deep breath, placed his own hand on the railing, and said quietly:

"I heard a door close down there, and thought it was Mallory. . . . Is there something that I can do for you, Tess?"

"No, it wasn't Dion. He's in there. You don't have to disturb him now, do you? He's been pretty badly upset. I don't know that there's anything that you can do for me. Still—may I come up?"

"Surely. You do not prefer that I come down to you?"

"No, I'd rather come up, thanks. You have Jerry's sitting room, haven't you? Nobody will disturb us there—and I have rather a lot to tell you."

**H**ESTOOD watching the fan of foaming silver following in her wake around the gracious curves of the stair as she came slowly toward him, closer and closer, her head once more bent, and the white shoulders a little bent, too, as though by some invisible burden. It was not until she stood directly before him that she pulled together all her slim length from brow to heel, and stood smiling at him faintly, though she did not stretch out her hand.

"It's this door to the right, isn't it? Shan't we go in and sit down? I'm just beginning to realize that I'm a little tired."

"By all means. Wait one moment only until I find the lights. . . . There!"

The green-and-white room was as fresh and fragrant and ordered as when he had left it—fresher, even, because the inimitable Timothy had emptied the ash trays, and placed on the little table between the two great barrel chairs that flanked the unit fire, the nut-brown bottle of ancient sherry, and a small grayish crock marked Finest Old Potted Skilton, and a plate of thin, salted biscuits. There were two glasses waiting, too, sparkling and immaculate, and a slim goblet filled with the white bells and long grassy-green leaves of lilies of the valley.

Tess, with a slight, expressive gesture toward the table, asked hesitantly, "Oh—two of them? Perhaps I'm in the way, then. Were you expecting someone?"

"I did not even know that they were here. It must (Continued on Page 94)

# New Device Revolutionizes Face Powder Colors



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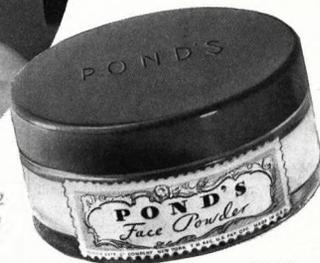
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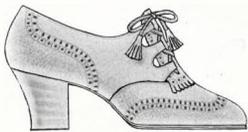
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(Continued from Page 92)

have been Timothy's idea that Mallory and I might share a nightcap before we turned in. The sherry is really extraordinarily good—may I not give you some? If Mallory comes up later we can quite easily get another glass. You say that he was badly upset. He has heard, then, of Hardy's death?"

His hand was already stretched halfway to the bottle before he felt her fingers on his arm.

"Yes—I told him. . . . K—wait a minute, will you? If I were you, I wouldn't touch those things—not any of them—especially not the glasses. Leave them just the way they were when Timothy brought them in." Her voice was soft, but he could feel the long white fingers tighten about his arm, and through the cloth of the coat sleeve it struck him that they were cold—that they were colder than ice.

After a moment he said lightly, but with raised brows, "Oh, but naturally. Is it possible that you are afraid of leaving fingerprints behind?"

She said, more softly and unemphatically still, taking her hand from his arm. "No. No, that's not what I'm afraid of. Can I use this sofa here by the window? Do you mind?"

He saw then for the first time that it was necessary for her to rest her hand on one of the chairs in order to steady herself; a fine tremor was running through her from head to foot. And, as he stood staring down at the still face, whiter than snow, at the unseeing eyes, blank as pools of silver rain, something in it made him pause and check back, wondering whether even Fay's death had given it the look that it bore now—a look of controlled terror and desperation; a look of passionate determination that rose from the very center of her being.

AFTER a moment that seemed to him interminable he asked, "May I, too, sit down? We have many things to speak of, you and I."

Tess Stuart whispered, more as though she were echoing than answering him, "Oh, yes—a great many things."

Sheridan inhaled three deep breaths before he spoke again. Then he remarked, casually and pleasantly, "I tried to reach you tonight at your house, by telephone, but it did not answer."

Tess replied, still from that wide-eyed and unseeing distance, "From Joan Lindsay's, you mean? Oh, by that time, I'd probably left."

"Have you no servants, then, Tess, to answer bells that ring?"

At that she fixed her eyes on him, no longer blind, but startlingly luminous and alert. "Yes—we have quite a lot of servants. The bell used to ring in their quarters, and there was always someone only too willing to answer it, day or night, unless the circuit was deliberately disconnected. But today I arranged with the company to fix it so that I could switch

off everything except my own telephone in my room. It's a very comfortable arrangement, especially as now the entire domestic colony can't listen in to every last word of my more or less private conversations. . . . Was there something you wanted to ask me, K?"

"I thought that it was you who were going to ask me things. Or was it that you were only going to tell me them?"

She whispered, "I don't know. I don't know how much I'm going to tell you. That was what I was trying to decide. I thought—I thought that you might be able to help me."

"MAYBE I am. Though not the way that you expected me to, I am afraid. When I could not reach you at your own house, I tried this one. Someone—Abby Stirling, I think—had told me that Mallory had left some time around eleven because of a telephone message that I gathered he had received from you. It was well over half an hour before I called both houses, and this one didn't answer either."

"No," she said in the same small, strange voice, "I suppose it didn't. That must have been the bell that we heard ringing. Timothy and Susan had gone home, and Dion said not to answer it."

"I see. Perhaps, after all, Tess, before you tell me anything whatever as to what you and Dion were doing here tonight, I should tell you something—something of the utmost importance. In fairness to all three of us. But first, will you answer me a question?"

"Any question."  
"Thank you. When you called up Mallory tonight at the Lindsays', was it to tell him that I suspected him—that he was in danger?"

"I didn't have to tell him that, K. He knew that you suspected him, and that he was in great danger."

"You had told him?"

"No. He had told me."

"But these suspicions—when did he begin to have them?"

"From the first time that he talked to you about it—about Fay's murder, I mean. That was this morning, wasn't it, before he went to the embassy? Afterward—when the telephone message came to you from the air field, he was sure."

"I see. Then it may interest you to know, perhaps, that Mallory was the one to entertain the suspicions. When I spoke to him this morning, I was concentrating my efforts almost entirely on Jack Byrd and Jerry Hardy, with two or three other possible strings to my bow that I was not at all anxious to use. Dion, it seemed to me, had a really impregnable alibi."

"When did you definitely know that you suspected Dion, K?"

"Definitely? When Nell Tappan told me that the malachite-and-lapis-lazuli backgammon markers were his, of course."

"But didn't Nell tell you that my own markers were malachite and lapis lazuli?"

"Oh, yes. She told me that too."

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Hospital-Safe  
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"Well, didn't it occur to you that the marker we found might have been mine?"

"Yes. That occurred to me. That occurred to me more than once."

"I thought probably that it did. . . . When was it that you first suspected me, darling?"

"You?" Under the shock of that unexpected broadside, he felt his heart stagger and his lips whitened; but the words that he forced through them were as evenly spaced as her own. "Almost from the first, I think. . . . How did you know?"

"How could I help knowing? I'm not precisely a fool, after all! But I wondered—I wondered what I'd done to make you really think of it first?"

"There I am not sure. You see, Tess, I did not even dream that I thought that nightmare of a thing. Something in me built a wall so high, so strong, so impregnable, that every clue that pointed to you shattered to pieces against it. Perhaps Mallory, too, was inside that wall with you, and I did not know that either. . . . After all, even in the beginning I realized that you were incredibly cool and collected and clear-headed for one so young, and extraordinarily intelligent for one even very old, Tess. And I knew, too, that you were quite fearless, and quite reckless, and intolerant of coercion of any kind whatever. And you had lied to me twice before that first night was over."

"TWICE? I remember once—about the Backgammon marker—but no other time, truly. And about the marker, what could I possibly have done, K? I knew it was Dion's, of course, and there I was backed into a corner, and still there was absolutely nothing that I could do about it but lie—even though I realized perfectly all the time that I was doing it what a desperate chance I was taking. I had to take that chance, didn't I?"

"That and several others, unfortunately. Still, it was twice that you lied to me; once about the marker, which you had quite definitely made my business—and once about Dion Mallory, which was quite definitely yours."

"She asked, 'How did I tell you about Dion that was a lie?'"

"Oh, everything, I think. Not in so many letters and syllables, perhaps, but in every gesture, every inflection, every laugh or smile that implied that what you felt for Mallory was no more than affection, flirtation, diversion. Tess, do you, then, love him so greatly?"

"She asked, very simply, 'But, K, don't you really know?'"

"No. Not yet. Not surely and finally. In a little while I will have to be sure, but for now—for both our sakes, let me not be sure. Tess, do you remember exactly what I said that first night when you finally managed to persuade me to try to find out who murdered Fay? About what I should feel bound to do if I discovered the murderer?"

"You mean that you would turn whoever had done it over to the police? Oh, yes, I remember that."

"Tess, I do not think that you will be able to believe me, but I still intend to do exactly what I told you that I would do that night."

SHE said slowly, the wide eyes on his, unwavering and unterrified, "Oh, but I can believe it quite easily—I've believed it from the first. I told Dion that you were perfectly capable of it, though it does seem fantastic to realize that you'd actually turn me over to the police as a murderer, just to satisfy your pride, and your loyalty to a tradition and an ideal."

"Turn you over?" His voice was harsh with the sudden revulsion of feeling that swept through him. "Tess, what insanity is this? You know as well as I do that it is Dion Mallory who killed your sister—that it is Dion Mallory that I intend to turn over to the proper authorities before this night is over. . . . Are you telling me that she had not known that, Tess?"

Tess, her hands once more wrung hard together, whispered, "I thought I knew.

But there was always just the chance—just the chance that I might be wrong."

"You know as well as I that I had Dion's note to Fay with the red stamp on it, and the ruby glass through which the orange ink on the stamp became clear."

"I ought to know it," she said soberly. "I gave them both to you myself."

"Well, then, surely you must realize that those nine little words sealed his death warrant as definitely as though he had signed a confession. 'Will meet you in night nursery tonight at eleven.' As the envelope was postmarked last Saturday morning there couldn't be even what the law hopefully refers to as a reasonable doubt about that, could there?"

"No. . . . No, thank God." He saw, to his incredulous amazement, that her face was suddenly bright and tremulous with tears—a strange, brilliant shower through which her eyes smiled at him, stary and triumphant. "K, where's your handkerchief? Thanks, darling."

HER fingers touched his fleetingly as he reached for the sheer square of linen he produced, and at something in their touch he drew back his hand mechanically—something so alien from their usual velvet delicacy that he felt as though they had been drawn rasping across every nerve of his body. Though, strangely, they were not rough at all. They were smooth—a curious, sinister smoothness, as hard and inflexible as though some ugly gaud had sheathed the soft flesh in caps of horn.

"For what are you thanking me, Tess? For lending you my handkerchief, or for proving beyond any possibility of doubt that Dion Mallory is a murderer?"

Tess put down the drenched handkerchief with a small, twisted smile that was not for him. "I was thanking you because you'd proved twice over that something that was making me sick with terror—too sick to move or breathe or dare to ask you the answer to it—wasn't true at all. You see, all the way up those stairs, all the way across the room to this sofa, I've been wondering if by some hideous chance I'd made the most horrible mistake that anyone ever made. . . . And now you've told me that I didn't. Here's your handkerchief; I won't be such a little fool again."

"And what was this mistake that you thought that you had made?"

"K, would you mind if I didn't talk about it just now? When I try to put it into words—even just inside my head—it makes me feel that same deathly sickness all over again."

"I SEE. . . . Does it make you sick if I, myself, put it into words? If I suggest that after you had persuaded Mallory that I was distinctly more ruthless than he anticipated, and that he must burn his boats and prepare for flight while you devoted your ingenuity to keeping me well in hand, that only after the boats were burning did it occur to you that I might not have managed to put the two and two together of the glass and the stamp and make the final four that spelt damnation to every plan you had; and that even if I had done so, Mallory might not have too fatally committed himself as to the time and the place in the writing on the stamp? After all, that was the only actual proof that you were sure that I had."

"You mean that you believe that I've been urging Dion to escape, K? I? No, no, you're wrong there. Dion—Dion simply wasn't built for flight."

"You know that, Tess?"

"Oh, K, how could anyone help knowing it? Dion sinking up back alleys in Shanghai or Port Limon, like one of those wretched creatures who sit in dark, shadowy little corners, and forget every day or so to get a shave, but jump rather badly if someone comes up too quickly or too loudly, and most especially if someone lays a hand on a shoulder? You know the kind of people who jump if you put a hand on their shoulders, don't you, K?"

"Too well," he told her.

"Yes, Well, Dion's one of them. You know that, too, I suppose. He's one of



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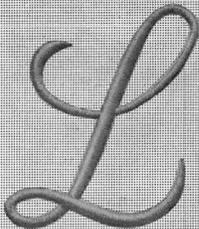
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the kind whose bones would turn into dust and whose blood would turn into water while he was waiting for that hand to bear down. At least, that's how I figured it out, quite a long time ago."

"And that, Tess, was what you told him tonight?"

"That was one of the things that I told him tonight," she corrected gently.

"And you forced him to admit it?"

She murmured, "I think I did. I'm almost sure that I did. The part that makes it hardest is that I won't ever be quite sure, I suppose."

"But you were quite sure, Tess, that there was no need of flight for you, that any twelve good men and true would send you back scatheless and vindicated to this lovely spring world that is all yours—or were you even surer that I would never have turned you over to them?"

For a brief moment the eyes went wandering, seeking for the focal point in this new attack. "Turn me over? Oh, it didn't seem to me that you had any real case against me at any time. If I had thought so, I probably shouldn't have even hinted at the possibility. I'm not precisely a coward—but K, no one ever wanted to live more than I do; no one, ever. It's not that I'm afraid to die, but I'm terribly afraid not to live. I know how to do it awfully well, you see; most people don't."

THE eyes holding his were no longer black—enemies playing sentry in the cool, exquisite face; they were as luminous and valiant as the lost War Baby. Charity de Tessaincourt Stuart had not yet learned to know when she was beaten.

He felt suddenly something salt and bitter stinging in the little empty place where his heart should be, at the thought of all that valiant grace, too serene even for defiance, beaten down finally into the weary, humiliating dust of irretrievable defeat. . . . After a moment he said, gently, "Give me your hand, Tess."

She stretched it out to him, unhesitatingly, with a small, tolerant smile of amused wonder—it was steeper than his own—and for a moment he felt only the cool freshness of her palm against his.

"No, turn it over—that way—yes, now I can see. . . . What is it that you have been doing to your fingers?"

She sat staring in silence for a moment at the pale upturned hand cupped in the dark shadow of his—at the little balls of the finger tips with the faint, rosy gloss almost like varnish over the curiously wrinkled skin, and then, with a small shrug, that held in it as much amusement as resignation, let it relax in his.

"It's nail polish; didn't you know? I thought that you'd guessed when I touched your hand. I don't ever wear gloves; I told you that the first night—remember? But you didn't tell me whether anyone had ever tried liquid nail polish as a substitute, did you? . . . Might I have my hand back now, if you're quite through with it?"

CHERIDAN, releasing it without even the lightest pressure, acquiesced pleasantly. "Quite, thanks. I am to gather, then, that there was some special reason why you did not wish anyone to know that you were here tonight, but that, for the time being at least, I am not to know what that reason was? So then, Tess, will you tell me whether when Mallory sent Fay the pleasant little note about the races Saturday morning he had already made up his mind to kill her?"

"Saturday morning? Oh, good heavens, K, even you ought to know that Dion couldn't possibly have planned out all the details of a highly complicated murder in cold blood hours and hours before he was actually going to try to bring it off. People like Dion simply aren't made that way. It's perfectly true that he was furious when he sent her the note Saturday morning, agreeing to see her that night. The whole thing was beginning to sound like blackmail to him, and I imagine that most generous, chivalrous people have quite a definite prejudice against

blackmail. But he still kept thinking that he could make her see that what she was trying to force him to do was plain madness. That was why he agreed to try once more."

"And just what was she trying to force him to do, Tess? Or is that a secret too?"

"No, that's not a secret—not now, not from you. That's part of what I have to explain to you. She wanted him to marry her."

"And why, if she was as ravishing as you say, did he not want to marry her?"

TESS said steadily, "Because he wanted to marry someone else. He wanted to marry her rather badly."

"And she—this other girl—did she want to marry him?"

"I don't think that I should answer that, K. Let's just say that lately she'd found out some things that made it—that made it impossible. At least she thought it was impossible. Maybe she was wrong. Dion was quite sure that she was."

"I need not ask if that other girl was you, Tess?"

"No," she said. "You needn't ask that."

"Very well. Let us return then to this final act that drove Mallory back against the wall, so trapped and desperate that murder seemed to him the only possible solution. . . . I am right in thinking that you were not actually involved in Fay's murder, am I not?"

She answered, the white face a little whiter, "Not even remotely, of course. Unless you call being an accessory after the fact remotely. You can't believe that I'd have dragged you into this ghastly business if I'd ever dreamed that I'd be even as remotely involved as that, can you, K?"

"Since we seem to be putting some of the cards that we have been concealing up our sleeves out on the table where we can both look them over, that has most certainly been one of the possibilities that I have considered more than once. It struck me, you see, that a fairly astute young man with an excellent scientific equipment who was even casually following up a trail that had unexpectedly opened up before him might prove a rather dangerous person to have at large, and that the safest place to keep him might well be directly under your eyes, where you could see precisely what he was up to, and back-track and mislead him at every possible favorable opportunity. At any rate, you will hardly deny that this is obviously what Mallory decided to do when he offered to share these quarters with me. Was it with malice aforethought that you suggested the arrangement to him?"

"I've already told you," she answered, "that I hadn't the remotest idea that Dion had anything to do with Fay's death until you showed me that malachite backgammon marker. I believed that he was practically in New York."

"I should never have permitted myself to touch that whole hateful affair."

"I've felt like such a despicable little beast," she told him, the young, deep voice suddenly small and desolate, "sitting there cheating and tricking and lying to you when it was my fault that you were there at all. I used to turn my face away, so that I couldn't see that rime on the tile of the night-nursery mantel. . . . You know—the one with the little boy sitting on the stile?"

"And after that, where?  
Straight down the crooked lane,  
And all round the square."

"That was where I was trying to lead you—or mislead you would be truer, I suppose. And you had been so kind to me—so dear to me—trying to help me all the time."

"Yes, that tile I remember very well. But it was not straight down even a crooked lane that you were trying to lead me, was it? Down a lane, yes—and all round the square most assuredly—but never straight. (Continued on Page 98)



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Now—A Remarkable Swiss Food Development,  
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 A Week While Curbing Nervousness, Too



By actually creating the sensation of hunger, the remarkable food concentrate described on this page frequently doubles the amount of vegetables and milk a child will willingly take each day. And weight is often added at the rate of a pound a week or more. . . . Try it and see for yourself. Note the special offer below.

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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."

Third: It is common knowledge that milk turns to solid curds when taken into the stomach. And some children do not easily digest these milk curds.

However, when Ovaltine is added to milk, it has the power to break up these curds into small granules. Thus increasing digestibility to a marked degree.

Milk is also taken much more readily when mixed with Ovaltine. And children love its delicious taste.

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YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK" WITH **WHITE RIT**



Harmless as Boiling Water



(Continued from Page 96)  
The straight way I had to find myself, and from beginning to end it has been a lonely and hateful business. Because you are quite right. All the time I wanted to help you—you who were still the little girl who so many years ago had been my brave enemy. I wanted it, I think, more than I have ever wanted anything in my life. . . . I still want it."

She said, in that small lost voice, "Life's stupid, isn't it? Even when I love it best I can see that. Don't want it any more, please, darling. It's no good. . . . Because now at last I can be honest. . . . The special event that did finally precipitate things was a telephone call from Fay, from the Tappans', Saturday evening at almost seven. That was the first time that he realized that the whole thing was perfectly hopeless; that the game was up, once and for all. Fay had been drinking quite a lot; he could tell that even over the telephone—and by the time she'd finished talking he knew that he stood just about as much chance of shaking her in her purpose of marrying him as he stood of shaking the Rock of Gibraltar. . . . So he decided to kill her."

"With no more than an hour to make all his plans? He works fast."  
"Yes. This time he had to work very fast. He realized, you see, that later he would have to work even faster."

"But just what made him realize, Tess, that there was not one single chance left of convincing her of his folly in trying to force him into a marriage that he did not desire? He had managed it before, I gather?"

"Oh, yes, he'd managed it several times before. But she hadn't known then who the girl that he really wanted to marry was. She hadn't really been sure that there was another girl."

"I see. And when did she find out that this other girl was you?"

SHE lifted the hand with the ring as though in protest, then with a small, unhappy smile, let it drop. "Oh, I suppose you're right; there isn't any use in trying to keep up what's simply a farcical pretense any longer. Fay found it out Wednesday night. It was all mixed up in that filthy row that we had when I cornered her on the Raoul Chevalier—X business. I was pretty frantic with rage myself, and I was going at her hammer and tongs."

"You are not, then, actually engaged to Mallory?"

"No—not really engaged. I told you that once, didn't I? I knew that dad would never in this world forgive us if we became actually engaged while he was off in some corner of Central America. As soon as he got back we intended to announce it formally. I didn't see why there should be any particular trouble—until Fay told me."

"What did she tell you, Tess?"  
"That Dion belonged to her. That while I'd been away last winter they'd had—what's the prettiest word for it, K?—an affair. That if I dared to even hint to anyone that we were engaged, she'd make a series of scenes that would rock our happy little household and the British embassy and the whole United Kingdom and the United States to their foundation. She was going to send anonymous letters to dad and the ambassador and a whole series of ghastly little titbits to X to use in his column. She was perfectly willing to ruin herself and what was left of her reputation in the process—but she made it extremely clear that she had every intention of dragging me down with her when she went. And there was one episode ugly enough to justify a good deal of what Fay implied, though he was never really in love with her. I know that."

"HE IS fortunate in having your confidence so completely," remarked Sheridan dryly. "What was it that Fay and Mallory did that made you believe that it was impossible for you to marry him—that that ugly episode that you spoke of?"

"Oh, that!" Her fingers were once more restless. "It was the usual thing, except that she tricked him into it. No, you needn't smile—she told me that herself. She was quite proud of it. . . . It happened in January, I think. Half a dozen of them had been up in Philadelphia for a house party, and Dion was motoring Fay back alone in his roadster. About seven o'clock they stopped for dinner in a little hotel in Wilmington—a perfectly decent, respectable place. Dion said—and suddenly just when they were finishing their coffee and the landlady had come in to ask them if everything was perfectly satisfactory, Fay gave a clutch at Dion's arm, and said that she had the most ghastly pain in her side and she simply couldn't go on—that she was afraid that it was her appendix again, and could the landlady possibly give her and her husband a room for the night? The doctor had said that there wasn't any danger at all if she lay down and kept perfectly quiet. Well, Dion was too staggered to say anything—he was too staggered even to think. After all, what could he say? There was Fay, with her bags and her appendix and a perfectly good room—and there was he. . . . Only after that, he wasn't quite so crazy about her. She had to tell him that it wasn't the first time that she'd made a fool out of a man—and whether he was right or wrong about it, he didn't believe that it would be the last. So as far as he was concerned there weren't any more ugly episodes—even Fay admitted that. . . . And in March I came back from a cruise."

"You came back from the cruise, and after that Fay did not count even one little bit. Is that what happened?"

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"Yes, that's exactly what happened—until Wednesday night. After that she counted quite a lot."

"That little note that we found beside the empty bottle of hyoscyne—the note that made it sound as though it was telling you that she was about to kill herself—that note was to Dion, was it not? Written from here with one of Hardy's pencils, while she was waiting for Mallory to come in?"

"You are clever, aren't you, K? We wondered whether you'd worked that out too. Yes—it was written here, Thursday night, some time around ten o'clock. I sent Dion a note by special messenger after the hideous quarrel that Fay and I had Wednesday, letting him know that she'd told me about Wilmington and everything else, and that we'd have to see each other Thursday night, and talk over—and talk over everything; but that in the meantime he absolutely must keep out of her way, no matter what she did to try and see him."

"She was in a dangerously excited state, you think?"

"I THINK that she was insane, K. . . . All Wednesday night she sat up writing dozens and dozens of horrible little pieces of filth about Dion and me and herself that she apparently intended to distribute all over Washington—things like, 'Why not ask the hospitable landlady of the Felton Inn at Wilmington what distinguished young diplomat with more than a touch of the brogue spent far too many hours there with a blond and beautiful Washington debutante on the night of January fifth?' She showed them all to me Thursday morning—that particular one was meant for X's column, and you can imagine what it would have done to Dion's career!"

"Yes. That does not require much imagination."

"I couldn't bear that," she said, very simply and gently. "To watch Dion—Dion, who was born for happiness and brilliance and success—go down and down into the dirt of ugly scandal and failure—I couldn't bear it, that's all. Dion sent word back to me that he'd get out of town for the day—tell them at the embassy that he had to see Jerry, who was worse—and that we could meet and have dinner at a little farmhouse in Maryland that we'd been to several times before, and talk things over. That's where we were while Fay was here, waiting for Dion."

"You were going to tell me about that note that Fay left for Dion, were you not?"

"Yes. She wrote it some time between ten and eleven, apparently, because at a little after eleven Timothy came in, and showed her a telegram from Dion, saying that he was spending the night in a Baltimore hotel and wouldn't be back until morning. So she left the note, and came back to the house. I was in bed with the door locked when she got in, and when she started rattling it, I told her that she could shake the house down if she wanted to, but that it was going to stay locked; I'd had enough—I was through. She told me next morning that she'd decided to go down to the Tappans' for the week-end. I didn't know then that she'd telephoned to Dion before she left."

"That was last Friday morning?"

"YES—Friday. . . . You remember how you measured the scrap of paper that Dion put beside the hyoscyne bottle, and how you were sure that someone had cut off almost half an inch of it? Well, you were perfectly right, of course. She'd put on a postscript, telling him that if he didn't telephone her by eleven the next morning, she'd simply go straight over to the embassy and tell them the whole story. So he telephoned, naturally. He kept the note because he wanted to show her what a crazy, reckless thing it was to leave a thing like that lying around on a desk where anyone could see it; and then Saturday night when he decided—and then he decided that there was only one way

out and that he could quite easily make it look like suicide, especially with that note left beside her on the table, he only had to snip off the telephone bit."

"And what did he say to her in that telephone conversation Friday morning?"

"He promised to have dinner with her Monday when she came back from the Tappans'. I think he tried to make her believe that I'd—that I'd exaggerated what he felt about me a good deal. He was perfectly right to make her think that, of course; but I did hate it—I did hate it when she told me about it over the telephone Friday evening."

"Friday evening?"

"YES—when she called me up to ask for that invitation to the Temples' party, and I wouldn't get it for her."

"After Fay had spoken to you, you said that she called Mallory, I think. Do you know what she said in that message?"

"She said that what she wanted to do was to beg him to have one last party Saturday night, just as soon as he could get away from the Temples' dinner dance. He was to bring his backgammon markers, because she'd lost hers that afternoon shooting craps with Nell Tappan. And he must write her a note the next morning, playing their old stamp game, so that she'd get it when she arrived home from the Tappans', and would really and truly be sure that he was coming. He simply fell for the whole thing—though he did hate the stamp part."

"This secret writing on the stamps, Tess; you did not know about that?"

"Do you think I'd have handed you over his note if I'd even dreamed of it? No, that was a little trick that some man who'd been in the secret service showed her two or three years ago. Dion said they used it quite a lot this November and December. . . . But I hadn't even seen the red glass until it fell out of her bag that night."

"I should have guessed that. And between that telephone call Friday and the final call Saturday evening, nothing of any importance happened?"

"NOTHING you could measure or put your finger on. But something must have happened at the Tappans' to start Fay off. Heaven knows what it was, but by Saturday night she was insane enough to qualify for any padded cell in the land; she'd apparently decided that we were going to try to get married while she was out of town, or something like that. At any rate, when she called up Dion at around seven Saturday, she simply carried on like a raving maniac, and told him that if he didn't take her to the Temples' dance and tell the whole world that they were engaged, she'd go herself and do it for him. And he believed her. I would have believed her too. She was nothing more nor less than a maniac when she lashed herself into one of those states. . . . He still had a vague, faint hope that he might be able to talk her out of it—but it was then that he began to make his plans."

"Around seven. Did the forgotten attache case of the distinguished tariff expert drop like manna a little before eight in order to provide him with an alibi, or was he counting on an alibi as a part of his scheme?"

"Oh, as a matter of fact, Dion found those papers some time around five behind the sofa in the embassy guest room—just where he said he found them at eight o'clock when he told you the story—but he promptly dropped them back again, partly because he detested old Harrington, and partly because he thought they might come in very handy as another kind of an alibi."

"Another kind?"

"Yes—he thought that perhaps Fay might let him off the party with her if he told her that he had to run up to New York on business with official papers. He planned from the first to rediscover them on a final hunt around eight—too late to catch the last train to New York—and to call her up at our house when she got in

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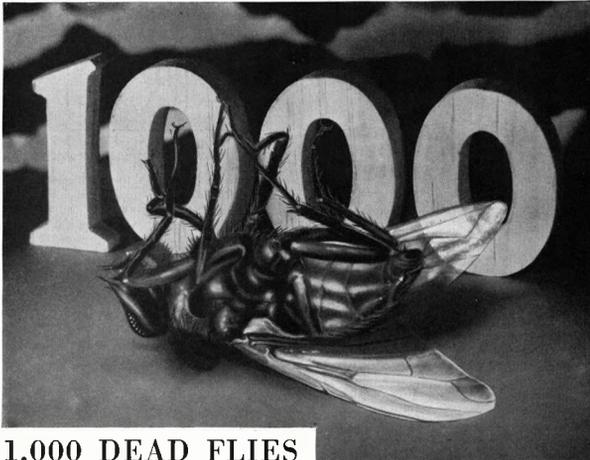
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between nine and ten and explain the situation; but when she called up simply half out of her head with hysterics at seven o'clock, he saw that there wasn't a chance of even trying to persuade her, but that it might—it might work in extraordinarily well as a real alibi."

"As it did. Very ingenious indeed. So then what, Tess?"

"So then—so then—you've guessed most of the rest of it, haven't you, K? Most of it—you guessed aloud to me, and some of it—quite a lot of it—I helped you with before I realized what I was doing. He went straight from the Temples' dance to the house; he didn't dare change his clothes first, naturally, but he knew that he would have a chance to—afterward, when he came back to get the attache case here. He'd already worked everything out about the airplane at Crawford Field, in case—in case he had to use it—and he had the note that Fay had left on his desk Thursday and Jerry's two bottles of hyoscine in his pocket. He knew that I had some that I'd got for Fay—I'd told him that I kept it in my bathroom cabinet because I was afraid of the effect on her heart, but he wasn't sure that mine would be enough. He had to have quite a lot, so that it would work quickly. He'd already decided that he would give it to her in a pick-me-up, because that was the only way that he could be sure of hiding the bitterness in a huge dose. . . . You see, he knew the way she felt about taking bitter things."

"And then?"

"The door was on the latch when he got to our house just a little after eleven, and Fay was waiting for him in the night nursery. She had the backgammon board ready for him, and even though she'd been drinking a frightful lot, she was still perfectly sober enough to realize what was happening, and absolutely adamant about going on later to the party at the Temples' and announcing their engagement to the assembled company. And then—and then they played six games of backgammon. And he told her that he didn't dare to take her on to Cara Temple's unless she would take something to pull herself together. And she suggested the pick-me-up herself. . . . And he went into the kitchenette and ground up two grains of the hyoscine—about a teaspoonful—and floated it in between the brandy and the egg yolk—and brought it back to her—and she drank it. He says—he said that he couldn't be sure, but that it looked as though she died before she even drew another breath. . . . Do I have to tell any more, K? He did everything just as you worked it out. When he left the house he took the egg shell, and the two smashed-up hyoscine bottles that he'd already washed the labels off of, and the hyoscine pills that were left over from Fay's bottle and some from Jerry's, and threw them all into a public burning dump between here and Baltimore. . . . You knew that he motored as far as Baltimore, didn't you?"

"Yes. That I was almost sure of."

**HE WONDERED**—did you telephone Johns Hopkins to find out whether anyone had actually taken any serum to Hasbrouck Heights?"

"Not until too late tonight to obtain authentic proof. . . . Before tonight, you see, I was by no means sure enough of my case to warrant such a call—and, as you have already guessed, I did not want to be sure. But when Mrs. Tappan literally thrust the proof into my hands tonight, I did consider it my duty to close the case, and I tried to reach the proper authorities at Johns Hopkins to verify my suspicions. I tried from the cigar store on my way in from Joan Lindsay's—the same cigar store through which I also endeavored to reach this house, and yours. In all three cases I was both unsuccessful and—unregretful."

"You didn't want it to be Dion, did you, K?"

"No," he said evenly, "I did not want it to be Dion. There was only one person in all the world that I wanted it less to be.

But since now we know that it is Dion, there are several things that I will still need somehow to clear up. But not tonight, poor child. Tonight—well, suppose that now, tonight, I see that you get safely home, and wait until tomorrow morning before we even think of any more questions. Mallory's car is only halfway down the block outside; we could use that—or I could call a taxi."

"I'd rather not do either, if you don't mind. I can get home perfectly by myself. . . . What were those other questions that could wait till tomorrow, K? Perhaps I could answer them now."

"There is no need for you to answer them, either now or tomorrow," he told her gently. "If Dion prefers to say nothing—and that might be wisest—I can undoubtedly check with the airplane company and the steamer line on which Mr. Harrington sailed."

"You mean about how he got to New York—how long it took, that kind of thing? Oh, I can tell you that perfectly; he explained it all to me, because I couldn't understand it either. He gave Fay the pick-me-up at a little before twelve, but he didn't get out of the house until after twelve-thirty; there were quite a lot of things to do, and he spent almost ten minutes looking for the note—he knew that that stamp would be dangerous if it and the red glass ever fell into the hands of the police. K, doesn't it seem incredible that what really ruined him was a little piece of red paper and a stick of green stone no bigger than a match? . . . Well, when he got back here, he still had to hurry; he had to change his clothes, and he found an old Burberry of Jerry's in the closet that had a black band on one sleeve—Jerry wore it after his uncle died last fall. He took some glasses of his own, too, that he'd had to wear when he had trouble with his eyes a year or so ago. It was all a simply hideous rush, because in order to make that alibi absolutely unshakable, he had to be in New York in between five and six hours, after he left the Temples'; which, if he'd done what he was pretending to do, would have just barely given him time to collect the attache case, change into day clothes here, and break every record for slightly decrepit cars getting to New York. If he had left this house at eleven-thirty, and made the trip in, say, five hours and a half, he'd have arrived at the docks at about five o'clock Standard Time—and that wouldn't have left even ten minutes to spare for a murder that must have taken at the very least an hour to carry out. What he actually did, of course, was to get away from here a little after one, and, as it turned out, he made such good time by plane and the taxi between Hasbrouck Heights and New York that he had to kill almost half an hour before he finally went on the boat at five, to make the automobile proposition seem even possible. He actually arrived there at about half-past four, you see, and he didn't send the telegram until after he'd seen old Harrington, and delivered the papers. If no one had thought of airplanes, it really would have been one of those impregnable alibis, wouldn't it? And he thought he'd managed even that part by using Crawford Field at Baltimore and the little field near Hasbrouck Heights instead of Washington and Newark. Afterward he did realize that the old gentleman with the accent and the limp and glasses was almost too good to be true—but it was too late."

"As you say, too late. . . . Will you give me once more your hands, Tess?"

"She held them out to him, unquestioningly as a child, and he held them as carefully and as gently as though he realized that it was to a child that they belonged.

"So cold!" he said. "Too cold, my poor Tess. . . . Mallory came to you Sunday afternoon, was it not? Did he return to Baltimore by plane to get his car?"

"No. He took a train—rather a slow one, so that there wouldn't be any chance of his meeting anyone that he knew. He got his car out (Continued on Page 102)

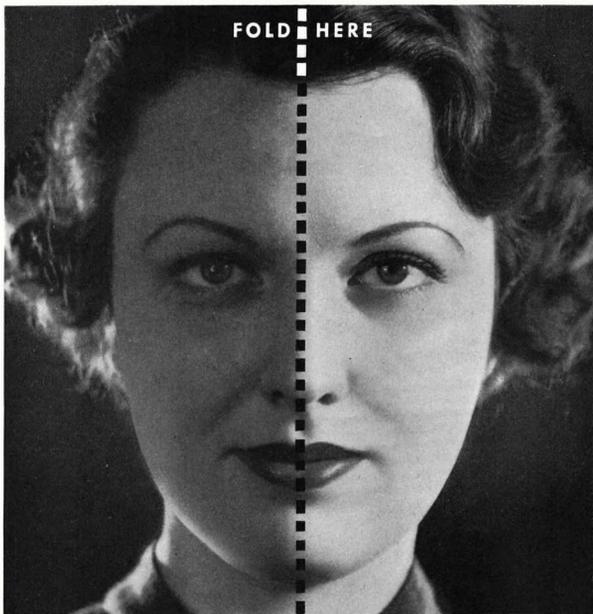
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(Continued from Page 100)  
 of the garage where he'd parked it the night before, and drove over to Stillhaven to try to see Jerry, and when he found that he couldn't, he came back to Washington—he came back to me."

"And did you tell him then that you knew that it was he who had killed Fay? Or did he, perhaps, tell you?"

"No." The hands that were already as cold as ice seemed suddenly colder still. "I thought then that maybe I wouldn't even have to tell him—that maybe if I gave you the note and the backgammon markers, they would absolutely clear him. . . . I was a fool, of course. If I'd told him then, he'd have warned me about the note and the glass, and I might have saved him. But I was afraid. I was afraid that if we ever—we ever even whispered it under our breaths to each other, it would be a sword between us forever."

"When was it that you told him?"

"I DIDN'T. He told me. . . . Tonight, after he heard you get that message from the field. Sometime between six and seven, wasn't it? Just after you'd both had the sherry, and he was supposed to be dressing for dinner. He came straight to me because he simply had to find out if you had the note with the red stamp. And I had to tell him that I'd given it to you. He only stayed about twenty minutes—but he wasn't angry with me at all, K." Her voice broke for the first time, and she added proudly, in spite of that small, childish quaver, "It was me that he was sorry for all the time—it was me that he wanted not to be hurt. If you knew Dion, you'd understand. You can't imagine all the plans that he had—all the ways, even in twenty minutes, that he had to prove to me that everything was going to turn out all right."

"What kind of plans were those, Tess?"

"The kind of plans that a little boy might make who'd been reading Treasure Island. If he was convinced this evening that you definitely suspected him, he was going to clear out as soon as you'd gone to bed—get over the Mexican border some way, and work his way down to Costa Rica, where he'd suddenly appear with a beard and forged passports, and acquire a coffee plantation near San José, where he was to settle down as an Australian gentleman of distinguished but obscure background, and wait till I came to join him."

"You, Tess?"

"Yes. I was to arrange to go on a cruise next winter, and simply disappear—preferably in the vicinity of Port Limón—and with the family reputation for suicide, the entire world would leap to the conclusion that I'd simply jumped over the nearest deck rail. Of course what I was actually supposed to do by Dion was to dye my hair jet black and join my supposed Australian husband in the uplands of Costa Rica. . . . And we were to live happy ever after."

"HE WAS leaving no excuse for his flight behind? It was to be taken by his colleagues and Washington in general as an admission of guilt, pure and simple?"

"Oh, he wasn't admitting any guilt at all! He was leaving a very neatly constructed letter for me, with a postage stamp on it and everything, that I could turn over to the police, saying that he simply couldn't face life any longer—that I knew what Fay's death had meant to him, and that this seemed to him the only way out, and that even if it appeared cowardly, he was taking it. . . . It didn't actually say that he was committing suicide, but I think that it would have satisfied even you that he intended to."

"Why are you so sure of that, Tess?"

"I ought to be sure. I dictated it so that it should sound exactly like that."

"Then? Early this evening? At your house?"

"No—no. If I'd done it there, it wouldn't have had the right paper, or the right ink. You've taught me quite a lot about notes, K. Dion wrote his only an hour or so ago—with his own fountain

pen, on his own paper. . . . Don't you think that I ought to be going now?"

"Did you let Dion think at first that you agreed with those plans of his?"

"I don't know what he thought—except that he loved me, and I loved him."

"Why were you trying so desperately to reach him at Joan Lindsay's tonight?"

"Because I was desperate. Nell Tappan called up to say that she would give me back tomorrow Fay's backgammon markers that she'd won from her, if I wanted them, but that she was taking them tonight to Joan's, as she'd asked her to bring some extra ones. And I knew then—I knew then that everything was over. Even if you hadn't found out yet how to read the writing on the stamp, I knew that you would see those markers, and learn that they were Fay's. And I was afraid that Dion might see them, too, and lose his head. I had to see him quickly."

"You wanted to make him see that those plans of his were quite impossible? That you would have no part in them?"

"I wanted to make him see it—yes—but I couldn't tell him. How could I tell him, K, that I couldn't bear life chained to a fugitive and a derelict? That even if I could bear it for myself, I couldn't bear it for him? I couldn't tell him that—ever."

"Still, you think that in the end you made him see it?"

"IN THE end, yes—in the end, I do think that I made him see it. . . . Even though we did drink our Happy Landings toast to Costa Rica."

"Happy Landings? That is the Royal Flying Corps toast, is it not?"

"Yes—that's what it really is, of course. But with us it's just a foolish trick that we've gone through every time we've had a party together since we really got to know each other this spring. We drink to the next time and place that we're going to meet—that way it makes it seem safer and surer somehow. And tonight, because it seemed to us a specially important night, we drank it in champagne. I'd just finished washing and drying my glass in the kitchenette when you came in—so that no one would know that I had been here. Dion agreed when I came that that was a very good idea."

"I had thought," he said, "that I came in very quietly."

"Oh, but you did," she assured him consolingly. "It was just that I was rather expecting you. If I hadn't been, I'm quite sure that I wouldn't have heard you."

"There was one thing that struck me as rather extraordinary when I came in," he said slowly, his hands closing a little more strongly on hers. "There was a light in the closet out there—in Hardy's closet, where he kept his chemicals. I went in because I thought that there might be someone inside, but it was empty. Only I found that one of the chemicals—one of the most important chemicals that Mallory had told me he had seen there—only quite recently—was gone. A small tin can of cyanide of potassium. . . . Do you know what cyanide of potassium is, Tess?"

"Do you mean do I know that it's practically the same thing as prussic acid, and that it's a deadly poison? Oh, yes—I know that."

"TESS, do you think it is possible that Mallory took that can of cyanide?"

"I know that he did. I asked him to get it, a few minutes before you came, while I was fixing the champagne cocktails."

"But, Tess, why?"

"I told him that I thought that it would look even more as though he were going to commit suicide if he left it standing by the letter to me," she explained gravely. "Open, you know, with just a little sprinkle of it on the desk, as though he were taking some with him. He thought that was a good idea too. . . . Can I go now, K? It's really getting dreadfully late."

He rose, standing aside to let her pass. He could feel the chill penetrating deeper—down through his flesh, down through his bone—as he followed the bright foam of

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the silvery train, sweeping just ahead of him around the curves of the stairs. On the desk, she had said—open on the desk. . . . The silver cloak on his arm was heavy as lead.

AT THE foot of the stairs she stood waiting, gracious and submissive, while he folded it about her, and then turned toward him, holding out both hands with that valiant and heartbreaking smile.

"It's good night again, isn't it, K? Or is it good morning? It must be long after one, isn't it?"

"Long after," he said mechanically, letting her hands drop almost before he touched them. "Tess, you may think me the worst of fools, but that tin of cyanide—that tin of cyanide open on his desk—that I do not like to think of. Even though it may disturb him, I think that I will knock on Mallory's door and ask him to give me that tin."

She said, her hand already on the knob of the street door, "Don't knock. He won't hear you."

Sheridan stood rigid, staring at the dark-paneled door on which he was not to knock. "He has gone, then? After all you said, he is gone?"

"No, I told you he's in there. He's dead, K." Her voice was as steady as her eyes, but Sheridan stretched out his hand, and held fast to the newel post.

"So that, Tess, that is what you have been trying to tell me since you came up those stairs. That Mallory is dead—that he has killed himself?"

She said, "No—no. I've been trying to tell you that I killed him. Only you wouldn't listen."

He whispered, not moving, "I do, not believe you. You are mad."

"I don't believe myself—quite," Tess Stuart told him gently. "But it is true that I put the powder in his glass—quite a lot of it, so that it would be really sure and quick. I asked him to get my cloak from the hall, and when he came back it was all done. But K, what I said was true: I do think in the end he understood—I do think so."

"Understood? What was there that he understood? That you were a murderer?"

"K, hasn't prussic acid got a very strong taste? A taste like bitter almonds?"

"You seem well acquainted with all its properties," he said.

"You couldn't ever disguise it just in a champagne cocktail, could you?"

"No. As you say, not ever."

"WELL, but then, don't you see—I didn't try to disguise it. I just put it there, and he touched his lips to it and said, 'Happy landings—in Costa Rica!' And then he stood looking down into it as though—as though he saw something, and after a minute he lifted up the glass, and smiled straight at me, and said, 'You're braver than I am, aren't you, darling? Still—happy landings!' And he drank it down quite slowly, every drop of it, with his eyes still on me. He needn't have drunk it, need he, K? He needn't have drunk it unless he'd understood?"

"Yes, that surely—that surely he must have understood. Thank God, then, Tess—thank God that you never really loved him."

He heard her own voice saying, touched with wonder, "Not love him? Oh, darling, but it's you who didn't understand. . . . He's the only man that I've ever loved—he's the only man that I'll ever love in my life."

He could feel the little cool rush of air from the street, and the sound of the door closing behind her as quietly as though it were not his own life that it had closed on. When he dropped his hand, the hall was empty; only the echo of her voice still haunted it—that deep young voice, clear and gallant as a child's, even the echo of which was to make every other one that he ever heard again unreal as a dream.

(THE END)

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Our Baking Soda, a standby in the kitchen, is pure Bicarbonate of Soda with many remedial applications. Either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda may be used with confidence whenever Sodium Bicarbonate is indicated—it is of United States Pharmacopoeia standard, and is often prescribed by physicians. Keep an extra package in your medicine cabinet—BAKING SODA RELIEVES.



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# THE MOVIE PROBLEM

THE PROGRAM OF THE NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS

BY CATHERYNE COOKE GILMAN

WITH broader conceptions of the community's responsibility for the character of motion pictures produced and of the possibilities for their educational and recreational uses, new policies and plans are being adopted to insure accomplishments commensurate with the insistent and overwhelming demand for educational and cultural pictures to be used for teaching and entertainment purposes.

Instead of limiting efforts to censorship, or to the selection and promotion of commercial pictures already produced for the theater, the new plan proposes the development of new production, distribution and exhibition companies.

It suggests independent production of pictures, fair distribution practices and opportunities for exhibition in community auditoriums owned and operated as civic enterprises. To secure the desired changes in production, distribution and exhibition presupposes the necessity of interesting new groups from the fields of science, art, education and technical mechanics.

Therefore, it is recommended that local units in parent-teacher associations, churches, social and civic clubs appoint committees of seven to fifteen members, according to the size of the groups, and provide source material for the study of

Arizona, Florida, California, Colorado, Yale, Chicago, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Iowa State College, Kansas, Kentucky, Harvard, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas and Wisconsin have visual-education services. The New Jersey State Museum, the American Museum of Natural History and the Religious Motion Picture Foundation furnish film service on application.

The committees on visual education will include in their contacts the normal schools and colleges of education for the purpose of suggesting courses of study for training teachers in the use of films and film equipment. Such committees can bring to the attention of all parents, teachers and community leaders the educational and economic advantages of motion pictures.

The committees on recreational films have very different tasks, but not less interesting. A study of the catalogues obtained from nontheatrical commercial sources is the first step. These can be compiled from the monthly releases of nontheatrical film companies as listed by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the United States Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.; the Trade



all available research, analyzed experiences and necessary legal measures upon the subject.

Such community committees may be divided into subdivisions depending upon the capacity and the interest of the group. Three main divisions are suggested—namely, visual education, recreation and legislation. These may again be subdivided to allow for specialization.

The committees on visual education confine their efforts to contacting their state departments of public instruction, visual-education divisions of state universities, the Visual Education Department of the National Education Association, visual-education societies, state historical societies, museums and research laboratories for available material. They locate all available state and local film libraries for strictly instructional purposes to supplement the textual material.

Such committees will need to bring information to the attention of three special groups: First, parents as parents, but also as taxpayers; second, educators and community leaders; and third, boards of education or groups to whom is delegated the responsibility of securing for the schools the community's best educators, and the finest teaching equipment.

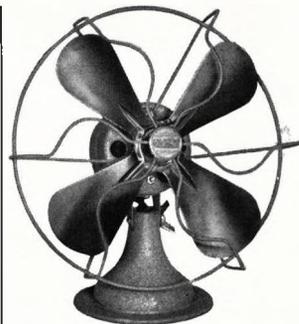
Bureaus of visual instruction of state universities or departments of public instruction will send catalogues on request to groups interested in the use of visual aids to education. The universities of

Directory of the Educational Screen, combined with Visual Instruction News, 64 East Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois; and the American Cinematographer, Guaranty Building, Hollywood, California.

There are other sources for such films both in the 35 and 16 mm. width which should be explored by the committees. The foreign films and the best of the theatrical films after the first and second runs are sometimes available through the independent distribution companies. It is important that all films be selected and edited before being accepted. This makes it difficult for any group outside of the distribution centers, but national organizations can perform this service for their constituents by having state groups in such centers recommend programs already used.

There are a number of nontheatrical companies with which local groups can make arrangements for a series of programs. The group should protect itself by having the pictures trade-shown, individually booked and arrangements made for cancellation if not satisfactory to the local committee. There are several outstanding projects to illustrate what can be done, although none of them claim to be perfect or easily accomplished.

The Bureau of Visual Instruction of the University of Wisconsin has recently announced that it is "prepared to render an entertainment film service in addition to the regular educational film service."



8" Stationary Electric Fan. 110 volts, A. C., 60 cycle only. A fan like this makes Mother's job of ironing or cooking a lot easier. It's great for hot, stifling nights, too! Get it for Mother by selling only three one-year Journal or C. G. subscriptions, or two one-year Post subscriptions, to folks living outside your home, at the full price.

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# A TRUE STORY

By A TEACHER

whose discovery ten years ago, has made a great difference in his boy's life

INTELLIGENCE is a pretty good thing to have in this world, and a good many people who use it find it makes their lives much easier. One fine example is Mr. George F. L. Bryant, a well-known school teacher, of 24 Elm Street, Fairfield, Maine. Mr. Bryant writes us that ten years ago he had what the doctor said was colitis. Being a school teacher he was not getting the proper amount of exercise, and he tried various kinds of medicines, which relieved him for a time, but nothing gave him permanent results until he discovered Nujol.



"I have tried several other brands," writes Mr. Bryant, "but there is nothing I have found equal to Nujol in effectiveness. The density of it appears to be just right, and Nujol has no unpleasant taste. It is the only thing my youngster of thirteen will take. He has used Nujol since he was three years old. He is strong, and well—and I think Nujol has a great deal to do with his excellent health.

"Fact is, the whole family uses Nujol. When we go on a camping trip our appetites are enormous, and then is the time when Nujol becomes the most important thing in our medicine chest.

"You can publish this letter and this picture of me if you want to, if you think it may do somebody else some good."

Indeed we do think it may do somebody else some good. This ten-year record of father and son certainly proves that Nujol is harmless used over a long period of years, and that it can't do you anything but good! Like most worthwhile discoveries, this is so simple it seems too good to be true.

Follow Mr. Bryant's example. Use Nujol yourself—bring up your children on it to be regular as clockwork. Nujol now comes in two forms, plain, and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get Nujol at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, Dept. 6-M, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

When a state university will accept the responsibility for such service, the local committees are very fortunate. It, however, does not relieve them of an obligation to support the service so that it will continue to merit the appropriations necessary to maintain it. If a state does not have the service, then it becomes a project for the committee to develop.

The state motion-picture chairman of the Illinois Congress of Parents and Teachers reports on projects in her state which have been conducted over a period of several years where 200 to 800 children have attended nontheatrical programs. These have been socially and financially profitable even though in some instances a high rental cost was included. The difficulty reported is the limited number of suitable auditoriums available. The chairman reports that the programs are sources of income for the parent-teacher associations.

The state motion-picture chairman of the New Jersey Congress of Parents and Teachers reports sixty-seven parent-teacher associations giving successful weekly motion-picture entertainments from nontheatrical or independent sources in community auditoriums.

The state motion-picture chairman of the Wyoming Congress of Parents and Teachers tells of the successful use of privately owned films and those provided by the United States Government. The United States Government has seven departments and several separate bureaus making and distributing films, most of them informational and many of them highly entertaining.

The recreational motion-picture committees, besides making arrangements for the films, will need to classify programs according to age groups. It is suggested in this connection that, where possible, amateur cinema clubs be formed among the high-school groups under competent leadership. This movement has gained remarkable standing in several foreign countries, notably in England.

Committees on legislation will find two important phases of the subject to study and promote. The objective of the new movement is to produce better pictures and to secure their independent selection and classification according to audience suitability. Because of the existing conditions, students of the subject are proposing Federal legislation which will provide for supervision of the selection and the treatment of subject material used in the production of films, and the regulation of trade practices used in their distribution and exhibition. H. R. 6097 and H. R. 8686 are measures incorporating these principles, and those interested in better motion pictures should give these bills careful consideration and support.

Before any action upon the new motion-picture program is taken, study and discussion of policies and plans are essential. The Payne Fund Studies, Motion Pictures and Youth, in nine volumes, and Our Movie Made Children, by Henry James Forman, a popular presentation of the research projects, give authoritative information concerning the influence of motion pictures on conduct, character and health. The Public and the Motion-Picture Industry, The Motion-Picture Problem—The Cinema and the League of Nations, by William Marston Seabury, present some legal, economic and international phases of real significance to anyone working with motion pictures. The Congressional hearings on bills, Supreme Court decisions, and the recent hearings before the NRA commissions furnish important information for subcommittees dealing with the legal phases of the subject.

The plan rests on the assumption that a new movement is arising in recreational control; that independent production, while not adequate, warrants a beginning, and that socially conscious groups are prepared, or willing to prepare themselves, to initiate arrangements for the distribution and exhibition of the type of films for which they have so long been asking.

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"Of course not . . ."

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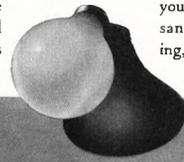
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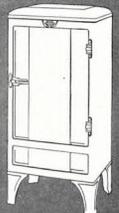
spilled on the gleaming interior surface.

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Model Standard 434



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**ZIP** Today, ZIP is the only registered "Epilator" for actually destroying hair growths. It has been used by thousands of women for hair on the face, as well as on the arms, legs and underarms.

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**ZIP** This is by far the most popular depilatory cream today. It is as delightful as your choicest cold cream. Simply spread and rinse off. If you have been using less improved methods you will marvel at this white, delightfully perfumed cream. It instantly removes every vestige of hair; eliminates all fear of stimulated growths. Giant tube, twice the size at half the price—50c.

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Doctors put strong emphasis on this warning: "Make sure that toilet tissue is *soft* before you use it!"

And women understand at once why such advice is especially aimed at them. For they have an *extra* use for toilet tissue. Too intimately personal to be stated openly . . . but far, far too important to be ignored!

With this special need of women in mind—Northern Paper Mills has adopted a special process that produces a tissue that is 100% pure cellulose—*similar to cotton!* So each and every sheet of Northern

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A tissue so unquestionably safe for women is naturally safest for the children—for the whole family. Order three rolls of Northern Tissue—or Gauze (a companion product) . . . and let their *softness* convince you. Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wisconsin.



Both Northern Tissue and Gauze have been especially designed for women. Northern Tissue is pure white. Gauze is for women who prefer a lighter-weight, cream-colored paper, at a slightly lower cost. Both Northern Tissue and Gauze are linen-ized for even greater softness.

# NORTHERN TISSUE and GAUZE

# LOVE IN A ONE-ROOM APARTMENT

BOB, WE'D SAVE ON RENT LIVING HERE. COST LESS TO FURNISH, TOO. BUT "ONE ROOM AND BATH" IS PRETTY SMALL FOR TWO PEOPLE

NOT WHEN THEY LOVE EACH OTHER AS WE DO. OUR MARRIAGE IS GOING TO BE ONE LONG HONEYMOON

THAT SUMMER

STILL LIKE YOUR LITTLE APARTMENT, DARLING?

I DO, SALLY, BUT BOB TALKS NOW ABOUT A LARGER PLACE. SAYS WE NEED TO GET AWAY FROM EACH OTHER AT TIMES—ESPECIALLY IN HOT WEATHER

SALLY, YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED TWO YEARS. TELL ME WHAT HOT WEATHER HAS TO DO WITH HAPPINESS?

A LOT—AS I FOUND OUT TO MY SORROW! I SUSPECT YOU'VE MADE THE SAME MISTAKE I DID ONCE IT IS SO EASY TO OFFEND THESE HOT PERSPIRY DAYS

HEAVENS, SALLY, I NEVER REALIZED ONE COULD HAVE "B.O." AND NOT KNOW IT! I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY AT ONCE

HOW REFRESHING LIFEBOUY IS—WASHES AWAY THAT HOT STICKY, TIRED FEELING—"B.O." HASN'T A CHANCE

NO 'B.O.' NOW TO SPOIL THIS HAPPY HOME WHEN YOU GET YOUR RAISE BOB... I KNOW THE CUTEST LITTLE BUNGALOW —

FINE! BUT WE'LL NEVER BE HAPPIER THAN WE ARE RIGHT HERE SWEETHEART

YOUR COMPLEXION'S GETTING SMOOTHER AND CLEARER EVERY DAY

HUSBAND MINE, LIFEBOUY IS MY ONLY BEAUTY TREATMENT

EXPECT a lot of Lifebuoy—and even then you'll be surprised! For its deep-cleansing lather purifies both face and body pores. Makes dull, cloudy skin glow with radiant loveliness. Stops "B.O." (body odor)—the unforgivable fault so common these hot, perspiry days.

In hard or soft water, hot or cold—Lifebuoy gives quantities of soft, luxurious lather. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy does more!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

## KEEP COOL ON WASHDAY—HERE'S HOW!

PATSY, QUICK—RUN NEXT DOOR FOR MRS. AMES! I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE HEAT

YOU OUGHT TO BE SPANKED—BOILING YOUR WASH ON A DAY LIKE THIS

NEXT TIME USE RINSO. IT SAVES SCRUBBING AND BOILING. RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES WHITE AS SNOW

NEXT WASHDAY

WASN'T THIS A SCORCHER? BUT THE HOUSE SEEMS NICE AND COOL

THAT'S BECAUSE I DIDN'T BOIL CLOTHES TODAY. I USED RINSO, JOHN—AND I HAD THE EASIEST WASHDAY EVER!

AND THE WASH IS 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

SAY goodbye to steaming kitchens...to back-breaking scrubbing—use Rinso. Its creamy suds soak out dirt—save scrubbing, boiling. Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money. Rinso gives rich, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Makes dishwashing easy. Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

The biggest-selling package soap in America

Enjoy those **CREAMY FOODS**



But don't risk

**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

**Y**OU can dine at a fashionable restaurant or you can have a simple supper at home, but you cannot escape the modern diet of soft and creamy foods—foods that rob your gums of health and vigor.

To be firm and healthy, your gums need work and stimulation. Deprived of it by today's soft foods, they become weak and tender—they often leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. And "pink tooth brush" is often the warning of danger ahead.

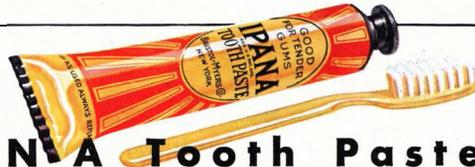
Unless you are willing to risk such disorders of

the gums as gingivitis, pyorrhea, Vincent's disease—or to endanger sound teeth, don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on.

Follow the teaching of modern dental science, and massage those tender gums back to health. Clean your teeth twice a day with Ipana Tooth Paste. And, each time, put a little extra Ipana on

your brush or fingertip and massage it directly into your sluggish gums.

Make Ipana and massage part of your daily health routine. Your gums will be firmer, far more healthy. Your teeth will be much brighter. And you'll insure yourself of a minimum of danger from "pink tooth brush."



**I P A N A Tooth Paste**

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

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