

LADIES' HOME



# JOURNAL

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BEGINNING HIT AND RUN BY ALICE DUER MILLER



# What a FOOL She is!



*She* GIVES THE JAUNTIEST TURN TO A SPORTS HAT... IGNORES HER CLOUDY TEETH... HER TENDER GUMS... AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

Can you imagine a girl's taking the trouble to find just the right hat and to give it just the right tilt—and then strolling off to a luncheon engagement in a sports coat all wrinkled from a ride in the rain?

Yet this girl's dingy teeth are just as conspicuous—and just as disappointing—as a wrinkled coat would be! They don't fit in!

Of course she brushes her teeth. As often and as carefully as you do! But she hasn't yet learned that if your gums are weak and flabby and have a ten-

dency to bleed, no amount of brushing your teeth will make them look their brightest!

#### YOUR GUMS NEED IPANA, TOO!

Those soft foods which you eat day after day can't give proper stimulation to your gums. And inactive gums soon become soft and tender. You are likely to develop "pink tooth brush."

Follow the advice of dental science: *Massage your gums.* After cleaning your teeth, put a little extra

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But Jerry's mother is different. She's been using Ivory Soap about 20 years longer, ever since she was a roly-poly armful. She might have been tempted, time and again, to try a tricky perfumed soap or a colored soap. But the young lady knows her mind. She will not use a soap that's one shade less pure than Ivory.

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PURE SOAP. *Ivory Soap.* They are exactly the same thing! Ivory is a soap of such extraordinary purity that doctors advise it for babies' first soap-and-water baths. Surely no kinder soap can touch your face.

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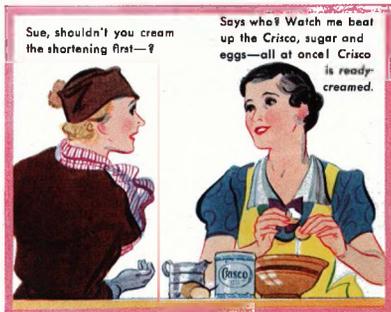
# Crisco, the ready creamed shortening, *saves 1/3 mixing time*



For heaven's sake, Sue—having a party?

Oh, no. I'm just stirring up some chocolate cookies. Both Joe and the boys love them.

Husbands and children are alike. When they see the cookie jar full, they love to empty it. But there's no reason why you should tire your arm making a batch of cookies, if you'll use *Crisco*, the *ready-creamed* shortening.



Sue, shouldn't you cream the shortening first—?

Says who? Watch me beat up the *Crisco*, sugar and eggs—all at once! *Crisco* is *ready-creamed*.

*Crisco* isn't like ordinary stiff shortening. It's *creamed*. You can dip it out in fluffy spoonfuls. Combine *Crisco* with sugar and eggs with just a quick beating. See how easy it is to get a light, blended mixture!



Nothing I like better, Sue, than 4 or 5 cookies before I go to bed!

It's a good thing, Joe, that I made them with *Crisco*, the *digestible* shortening!

Use same trick with cakes, too—spare your arm with *Crisco*, the *ready-creamed* shortening! And remember that *Crisco* cakes and cookies are wholesome because *Crisco* is the *digestible vegetable* shortening!

Only 10¢ brings you *Crisco's* newest cook-book called "Favorite Recipes." Illustrations in natural colors! 98 tested recipes! Send your name and address (with stamps) to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XJ-34, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



## 40 CHOCOLATE DROPS

(with *ready-creamed Crisco*, drop-cookies are easy!)



3/4 cup Crisco	1 3/4 cups flour
1 3/4 cups sugar	3/4 teaspoon soda
2 eggs	1 teaspoon baking powder
3 squares chocolate, melted	1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup thick sour milk	3/4 teaspoon vanilla
	40 blanched almonds or walnut halves

In one easy stirring, blend *Crisco*, sugar and eggs. (So easy with fluffy *Crisco*!) Add melted chocolate. Beat sour milk until smooth. Add it to *Crisco* mixture alternately with all sifted dry ingredients. Add vanilla. Mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls on *Criscoed* cookie sheets. Place an almond or walnut-meat in each center. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

## 48 CREAM SNAPS

(it's easy to make ice-box cookies with creamy *Crisco*)



3/4 cup Crisco	3/4 cup sugar	3/4 teaspoon salt
1 egg	1 3/4 cups flour	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon baking powder	1/2 cup chopped nuts	

Blend *creamy Crisco* with sugar and egg. Add sifted dry ingredients. Add nuts, vanilla. Mix. Form into roll. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill several hours. Slice with sharp knife. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 10 minutes.

*Bridge Cookies:* Use bridge ice-box cookie moulds. *Icing:* Blend 1 tablespoon *creamy Crisco* with 1/4 cup sifted confectioner's sugar. Add 2 tablespoons hot water (or milk) alternately with 1 cup more sugar. Beat. Hearts & diamonds: tint red, use clove flavoring. Spades & clubs: vanilla, tiny chocolate candies.

## DELECTA WHITE CAKE

(snowy, *creamy Crisco* gives you true-white cake)



3/4 cup Crisco	3/4 teaspoon salt
1 3/4 cups sugar	3/4 teaspoon almond flavoring
2 cups pastry flour	1 cup milk
3 teaspoons baking powder	4 egg whites

Blend *Crisco* and sugar until fluffy. (Quick and easy, because *Crisco* is so fluffy!) Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Add flavoring. Beat well. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold egg whites gently into batter. Pour into three 8-inch layer cake pans rubbed with *Crisco*. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 18 to 20 minutes. When cool, put together with—  
*Delectable Icing:* Cook 1 3/4 cups sugar, 2 egg whites and 3/4 cup water over boiling water, beating constantly with Dover beater. Cook and beat for 7 minutes, or until thick. Remove from boiling water. Add 1/2 teaspoon lemon flavoring. Beat until cool. Then add 3/4 cup chopped candied cherries, 3/4 cup chopped candied pineapple and 3/4 cup silvered green gum drops (or chopped nuts).

## 36 COCONUT BELLES

(delicious chery squares, made with fluffy *Crisco*)



3/4 cup Crisco	1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup white sugar	3/4 teaspoon salt
2 eggs (save one white for meringue)	2 tablespoons milk
1 3/4 cups flour	3/4 teaspoon vanilla
	3/4 teaspoon lemon juice

Blend your fluffy *Crisco* (the pure *digestible* shortening) with the sugar and eggs in a quick stirring. Sift dry ingredients. Add to *Crisco* mixture alternately with milk. Blend thoroughly. Add flavorings. Spread 1/4 inch thick in shallow *Criscoed* pans. Cover with the coconut meringue (see below). Bake 30 minutes in slow oven (325° F.). Cut in squares and cool.

*Coconut Meringue:* 1 egg white, 1 cup light brown sugar, 3/4 teaspoon vanilla, 3/4 cup shredded coconut. Beat egg white stiff. Beat in sugar, adding 3/4 cup at a time. Add flavorings. Fold in coconut.

All Measurements Level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. *Crisco* is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

# CRISCO is ready creamed

IT IS THE DIGESTIBLE VEGETABLE SHORTENING

SIX O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING; A STROLL IN THE GARDEN WITH LETTY;  
THEN A SUMMONS FROM THE POLICE TO FACE THE CHARGE THAT HE HAS

## *Hit and Run*

BY ALICE DUER MILLER



"I'M JUST going to play a few holes of golf," said Mr. Osmond. He looked wistfully at his secretary. He did not admit—he did not know—that he was a little afraid of this quiet, blond young man, whose voice was so low and whose manner was so decided. Vice is not at all in awe of virtue, but slackness is terrified of integrity. Sometimes Mr. Osmond regretted his former secretary—kind, untidy, blundering old Vickery; he wouldn't, just by his silence, have made his employer ashamed of playing a few holes of golf on a lovely summer afternoon. Vickery could be scolded, blown up, annihilated, and then benevolently remade; in the three months during which Mr. Osmond had had the advantage of young Mr. Slater's services, he had never spoken a word of reproof—he had had, indeed, no occasion to do so. "Upon my word," he said to himself, "it's been rather the other way—I've been expecting the fellow to read me a lecture."

The fellow might never have found a better moment. Mr. Osmond, the head of a large industrial company, had left his New York office at the beginning of a busy week and had retired with his secretary to his country place on the Hudson. His excuse was that he would be able

to work with more concentration, with fewer interruptions, in this sylvan solitude. But so far Mr. Osmond had done no work at all—he had slept late, walked about his place, interviewed his gardener, and now was going to play golf. The work in hand was the preparation of a report to the stockholders—they were to be told nothing but the truth, of course, only the truth was to be presented in a form calculated to allay the fears of the most timid investor. There had been quite a little trouble at the directors' meeting. Mr. Osmond, with infinite subtlety, had contrived to get himself appointed a committee of one to draw up the report. But his abilities were in manipulating men, not words. He couldn't sit down with a pen in his hand.

"I shan't be long," he said. "Not more than an hour—or two, at the most. In the meantime, you can start work. I left some rough notes —"

The gray eyes of the secretary brightened. "Where are they, sir?" Osmond tapped a folder on the desk. The secretary bowed in silence. He had already seen these rough notes; they consisted of two penciled lines: "Present all facts in the most favorable light."

LETTY PUT HER HEAD THROUGH THE DOOR, WITH HER FUNNY LITTLE GRIMACE OF A SMILE, TO WHISPER TO DICK, "DID I EXAGGERATE?"

When Osmond had gone, Slater permitted himself a smile. His mouth had a little curve at the corners—as the mouths of great jurists often have, and Slater came of a long line of lawyers—a curve which may become alarmingly severe or humorously kind. Slater's smile was kind. He would have liked to say, "Run along and enjoy yourself. I don't need you; in fact, I shall work better without you." But he thought that to express any such sentiment would have been an impertinence. He admired Osmond's great practical facility, his ability to deal with men and things as they are, without theory about them—almost, he sometimes felt tempted to think, without principle.

Then, too, there was something disarming about Osmond's childlike avidity for the pleasures of life. The strictly brought up young New Englander could not have imitated him even if he had wanted to; his sense of duty held him as a vice holds its victims—he couldn't get away from doing what he thought he ought to do; he actually could not have gone to play golf with that report unwritten.

He was still hard at work when, about six o'clock, the door of the study opened and a little girl entered. She had on a white tennis dress, almost to her knees; a blue ribbon was tied about her crisp, dark hair; she had a funny, charming little face, wide at the brow, where the yellow-brown eyes seemed a size too large for the little features below them.

"I'm Letty Osmond," she said. "Can you play tennis?"

This was the first time Dick had seen his employer's daughter. Osmond had spoken of her often enough. "My little girl wants me to take her to a play. . . . My small daughter says. . . . Letty and her young friends. . . ." But this was his first sight of her.

He got up rather slowly, laying down one of his many pencils. Yes, he played tennis. He had not, as a matter of fact, had any opportunity of playing in the last year, but in college he had been thought very good. He had no tennis shoes with him.

He was amused to watch how, with all the practical ability of her father, she set out to obtain a pair for him. She rang the bell and told the footman that she thought Mr. Semmes had left his tennis shoes in the spare-bedroom closet. . . . He had, but they were too small for Dick Slater. Undaunted, she ordered the footman off to the village to buy a pair of sneakers, and ended by getting the man to admit he had a pair of his own which he should be happy to lend.

ON THE court Dick was impressed by her game—excellent for a child her age, which he took to be about fourteen. He didn't quite approve of her backhand strokes. "You don't face your racket right," he said. Undoubtedly there was a strain in him that enjoyed teaching.

"Is that better?"

"No, you mustn't dab at the ball."

It ended by his leaping the net and inclosing her small hand with his large one. "That's the way to hold it." Then, fearing she might think him severe, he smiled at her as he gave her hand a little shake.

"It's awfully good of you to take so much trouble." She was a nice, grateful child.

"You play a very good game"—rather patronizingly.

Dick liked children and, as so often happens with rather rigid people, he was entirely at ease with them. He spent another half hour patiently batting balls to her left side. Before they stopped he was able to praise her improvement.

As they walked back toward the house she said, "Next year we are going to have a swimming pool—only father doesn't know it yet."

"Are you fond of swimming?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you read a lot?"

"No, not much."

Dick thought this a pity. "Don't they give you a list of summer reading at the school you go to?"

She looked at him with round eyes, and shook her head. He repressed an impulse to direct her in a course of literature. That might come later. So sure was he of her extreme youth that he might have dropped a protective hand on her shoulder as they sauntered across the lawn.

He thought about her as he dressed for dinner—a nice child like that getting none of that home education which



from his New England point of view was so essential. He thought of all the years that his own mother had read to him—from *The Rose* and *The Ring to Treasure Island*, then *Scott and Dickens* and *Shakspeare*. And that made him think that Letty was just about the age of Juliet. . . .

He came downstairs first of all, and almost immediately Letty came into the room trailing a tea gown of black-and-white lace—a garment that made her look even more sophisticated than her twenty years warranted.

She smiled at him with a sort of endearing little grimace, but he couldn't smile back. He was angry—not so much at her for deceiving him, as at himself for having that strain of superiority in him that made deception so easy. He stood with his arms folded, and the corners of his mouth looking severe—not at all the same man who had shaken her hand on the racket.

"I rather like being taken for a child," she said, trying to show him that it was all right as far as she was concerned.

"I see, however, that you are not one," he answered her. "Oh, dear, no, quite the contrary. I'm dreadfully cynical and grown-up and world-worn—and all those things the older generation objects to."

Seeing that he was really cross, she set about pleasing him—partly because she was good-natured, partly because she had always found it wise to attach her father's secretaries. They were useful slaves. Old Vickery had not only balanced her check book for her, but he had even been known in great financial crises to slip an item of hers among the great pile of her father's first-of-the-month bills, and get it paid without a question; if she overdrew, he had always held up the notice from the bank and prevented its reaching Mr. Osmond; he had known the moment at which to ask for a small advance on next month's allowance. And Vickery had been a stuffy old man, whereas this one

"I don't see any reason why you should mind," she said.



ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

It had not been built by the Osmond family, who were then small farmers in Ohio, but by a prominent New Yorker of the day whose name is now forgotten. Osmond, when he came East on the tide of his first prosperity, might have bought in the crowded fashionable areas of Long Island, or in New Jersey, where rolling farms suggest English hunting country. But the Hudson River places reminded him of the great estates about Cincinnati which as a boy he had envied; and so, some ten years before, he had bought Rockledge. It was a large, ugly, square stone house with wooden verandas, with gardens and lawns and old-fashioned greenhouses and, best of all, with a view.

Now, as Dick and Letty stepped out of the French window, the high half moon was dazzling on the waters of the Hudson.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" said Letty. Her voice had a husky softness in it.

"Very," answered Dick, and his voice was as cool as ice. It was his way of meeting the emotion in the air. The moon was dazzling not only on the river but on Letty's bare arms, and there was a fragrance from a flowering vine, and a night breeze moving.

Letty stretched her arms out toward the river. "I complain a lot about this place being dull," she said, "but I really love it—it's so pretty."

It is the tradition among New Englanders that under their ice there is a dangerous fire. Dick, like the others, held to this belief.

"Yes," he said, "it's very beautiful, and I must go back to work."

She did not move. Instead, she said rather surprisingly, "I wish you were my secretary."

"Do you need a secretary?"

"Yes; at least, I need someone to give me good advice."

"You're lucky if everyone you know doesn't do that."

"Oh, they do, they do—only it isn't in a form I want to listen to."

"Do you imagine you'd listen to me?"

She nodded. "Yes, I do. I listen to what you say to me—perhaps because it doesn't matter to you whether I do or not."

"You might be mistaken about that."

"MR. SLATER, I'm in rather a mess—or rather, an uncertainty. I don't know what I ought to do—and you're an expert, aren't you, on what people ought to do?"

He drew a little stiff at this suggestion. "I was brought up," he said, "to think that everyone knew for himself what he ought to do."

There was a little pause. Then she asked, "Do you mean you don't want me to tell you what I'm uncertain about?"

She had a very nice voice, and she knew just what to do with it. His nerves shook at its tones. He had one of those inspirations that only New Englanders have when set upon martyrdom.

"Of course I should be delighted to hear," he said, "only not tonight. Tonight I have something to finish for your father."

"I see," said Letty.

In the little study he turned on the desk light, but did not immediately begin work. He sat with legs thrust out and his head bent. He had sacrificed a great deal in taking this job—too much to lose it by falling in love with his employer's daughter. That was something he did not intend to do. Mr. Osmond, at least according to Dick's standards, was something of a snob, but it wasn't snobbishness that would make him object to his secretary's falling in love with his daughter. No man likes his business and family relations confused. That was the trouble with jobs like this—they did not really leave you free.

It had been disagreeable—painful, even—to Dick to abandon the study of the law. His father had been a lawyer and his grandfather a judge in a small Vermont town, not far from the birthplace of Calvin Coolidge. They had always been people of limited means, but there had been enough money to send Dick to Dartmouth, and then to the Harvard Law School. During his first year at Cambridge his father had died, leaving little except the white house on the main street. Dick had managed to fight his way through to his degree, and had then been offered a position in the offices of a

(Continued on Page 55)

"I suppose that I don't like making a fool of myself."  
"Ah, that's because you don't do it often enough. I do it so much I get quite to enjoy it."

"I thought that cynical, world-worn people didn't make fools of themselves."

"You'd be surprised."

By the time her aunt came downstairs, Letty had succeeded in restoring his good humor. This Miss Osmond he had seen before; he didn't like her. She was one of those people to whom middle age becomes more and more of a battle—a vindication of their own will: their will to be slim; their will to be invited to parties; their will to force young people to listen to them. Her black-and-gray hair was curled as hard and smooth as onyx; her diamonds glittered; her finger nails shone redder than other people's. She came down town quite often—making trouble for the office force, changing her bank, fighting over her income-tax reports, disputing with her broker. The first time she saw

Dick she turned her hard, dark eyes on him and asked whether he played bridge. On learning that he didn't, she lost all interest in him.

As soon as dinner was over she and her brother settled down to a game of Russian bank—that refuge of orphaned bridge players. They always quarreled over it: "Stop—I hadn't put the card down." "You had—upon my word, Julia, that's cheating." "Really, Ben, if you are going to jump down my throat—"

Letty rose and beckoned to Dick. "Let's go out on the piazza."

"No, I can't. I must go back and finish some work." Nevertheless, he followed her, saying to himself that he had been churlish before dinner—that he'd only stay a minute—that the child was evidently too much alone.

Rockledge had been built eighty years before, in the days when well-to-do New Yorkers apparently desired a view of the Hudson River more than any other earthly possession.

# Italy in the Year XII E.F.

BY ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK

IN ITALY it is the Year XII E.F. In Rome it is the Holy Year. The first refers to that well-known gentleman, Mr. Benito Mussolini, who twelve years ago next October announced the bankruptcy of the parliamentary system of government, named himself general manager of a nation, and inaugurated not only a new deal but a new chronology—the Era Fascista.

The second commemorates the nineteen-hundredth anniversary of the Redemption. It is a year of pilgrimage, proclaimed last April by Pope Pius XI as a reminder to his own flock, and Christendom at large, that other signs pass—swastikas and fasces, red flags and blue eagles—but the Cross remains the sign of salvation, and we still live in the Year of the Lord.

On a springlike Sunday morning in December I stood near the fountain in the great open-air vestibule of Rome, the Piazza delle Terme, and watched the crowds pouring out of the railway station. On one side is a hemicycle of modern arcades and a fleet of the shining motorbuses that replace the old trams and thunder down the narrow streets at a speed that makes the Fifth Avenue bus look like an old-fashioned stagecoach in a quiet town. On the other side yawn the arches of Diocletian's baths, so vast in ruin that a Christian basilica can be parked in one corner, together with the galleries of that rich museum of antiquities which counts among its treasures the loveliest of classic Venuses, the shy maiden of Cyrene. In the center, where I stood, I was sprayed by the incontinent cascades of one of the most vigorous fountains in the world, lusty even among the tireless water sprites of a city of fountains, resonant even in the clamor of the strongest-lunged and loudest-horned of all capitals.

It was a lusty scene. Everything was mixed up in it: Christ, Cæsar and Mussolini; motorbuses and shaky little *retturas*; the Year XII E.F., the year 1933 A.D. and the year 753 B.C., birthday of Rome, now celebrated as the newest kind of Labor Day, joint holiday of employers and employes, the "productive forces" in the emerging chrysalis called the Corporative State.

## Italians All

EVERYTHING, and everybody. People from everywhere, but mostly, of course, Italians. Italians who had never before left their villages. Piedmontese and Sicilians seeing the capital for the first time. Hardy old men like my mother's favorite gondolier in Venice. "What a country is America!" he used to marvel. "You have been across all the oceans and back again, and I have never crossed the lagoon to Mestre." Peasant women with strong black hair piled up under bright embroidered shawls. Old people, sharp-eyed and wary, in chattering family groups. Young people, youth without end, the organized legions of the young. Groups of students guided by teachers as eager as themselves. Young Fascists in uniform, the black shirts with all varieties of trimming and under caps of a dozen shapes and slants.

Youth in movement. That is the most formidable sight in Italy—not the heavy arterial excitement, the racial passion, of Germany, but a flourish of young life: what my friend Carlo Bonfigli, who is part of it, calls the rise of a new race—the Fascist generation. They look jaunty, confident, as they swagger across the square; they have the air of taking all history in their stride and going ahead with it.

Here also is a population on the move, and that is a universal phenomenon, perhaps more significant than the other. As frontiers close and tariff walls rise between nations, within their own boundaries people are mobile as they never were before. For months I have traveled on trains always crowded with passengers forced or induced by the new nationalism to discover their own country. Nowhere is this more evident than in Italy; the state-owned railways make excursion rates so low and the various towns and provinces keep up such a procession of festivals and exhibits that the natives are seeing for the first time what generations of tourists have flocked to Italy to see. What attracts the new tourists is as interesting as their mobility; country folk go to Ravenna to see a Dante exhibit, to Florence to view a collection of early Tuscan art, to Ferrara for a show in honor of Ariosto!

Above all, to Rome for the Mostra Fascista and the Anno Santo. I watch the streams of pilgrims and patriots mingling in the square, and I don't know whether it is the air of festival, the rainbow flash of the fountain, the animation of the crowds, but it strikes me suddenly that this is the happiest scene I have observed in Europe. I follow one current and then the other. Through the eyes of the youngest Black Shirts, the Balilla, I look at the ingenious, oddly journalistic show, made almost literally out of the files and matrices of old newspapers, which records the history of the Fascist revolution. I pursue them down the Imperial and Triumphal Ways, the magnificent and very modern boulevards that in the Year XII open up for these parading youngsters more of the Rome of the Cæsars than has been visible since the Goths and the Vandals departed.

With Carlo Bonfigli I stand one day at the foot of the Capitoline Hill and listen to the voice of the Fascist leader as he leans over his balcony, thrusts out his chin, and literally pours himself out upon his young cohorts. They stiffen and fill out as he summons them to service with a phrase that was old when it was the boast of Paul of Tarsus: "*Civis Romanus sum.*" Who wouldn't straighten up to that call in that setting? "Make room

for the young!" he cries. "No one is older than he who is jealous of youth." At fifty Mussolini is not the flashing, stormy-eyed leader of the march on Rome. He is sober and bald and heavier; not Italy alone but the world is now his burden. But as he speaks he is younger than any of the boys he exhorts. His vitality visibly flows into them, they are as intoxicated as if he filled them with wine.

Or I trail a group of pilgrims across the Tiber, into the inclosing arms of the vast colonnade of St. Peter's, into the marble fields of the Mother Church itself—colossal apotheosis of the Fisherman—and eventually, jostling other pilgrims on the stairways of the Vatican, shepherded by Swiss Guards in their Michelangelo uniforms and chamberlains in crimson, into one of a long row of magnificent reception rooms, all filled, into the presence of the Pope. Ordinarily, these crowded days, the pontiff addresses his visitors in groups and imparts a general blessing. But these are pilgrims and peasants. He goes around and gives each his hand to kiss. Once in a while he pauses for a word, to an ex-soldier who cannot walk, a mother with her children, a bride in a white dress. Each face he scans keenly, and at the end he sits down in his red chair and talks, very simply, as a father to children. Like Mussolini, he tells his listeners that they are citizens of no mean city, but it is no visible place he evokes; mankind is lost, he says, without a home for the soul.

These people, too, are lifted out of themselves, though not by the power of personality. Pope Pius XI is seventy-seven, yet his step is brisk, his voice is vibrant, the hair is black under his white cap. He is as strong-framed, as strong-minded, as strong-willed as Mussolini, which is probably the reason that they settled between them the question which has divided Italy since 1870. But the individual pontiff does not matter to the pilgrims. They are moved by the power of his office. The Duce is Mussolini; the Pope is—the Pope!

## Peasants on a Double Pilgrimage

I PERCEIVE that the two currents merge. There are Black Shirts among the pilgrims and pilgrims among the patriots. The peasants of this audience are on a double pilgrimage. They come from the countryside around Padua and are returning from a visit to old neighbors who have been settled in the brand-new town of Littoria, symbol of the Fascist triumph in reclaiming the Pontine marshes—since the days of Trajan, and before, a desolate and fever-infested swamp, inhabited only by man-eating mosquitoes. They brought down as a gift from home a heroic statue of Padua's leading citizen and patron saint, San Antonio, and enjoyed a triumphal procession through the streets of the new settlement, the good saint under an arch of palms on a cart drawn by six long-horned white oxen, the visitors carrying from the Paduan orchards 2300 young fruit trees which they planted in the bare dooryards of the 230 Paduan emigrants. They brought, besides, three caskets of precious nuts from a tree planted by St. Anthony himself, and now they were in Rome to present the second to the Holy Father and the third to the Duce.

Church and state are independent but reconciled in the new Italy. The past is employed, is even capitalized, as the natural and organic structure out of which the present grows; as something to build on, and up to, and beyond. Great and amazing changes are in process. As nowhere else that I know of except Russia, what is happening here is truly the remaking of a nation, (Continued on Page 80)



A MODERN APARTMENT HOUSE IN ANCIENT ROME



PHOTOGRAPHS © HARRIS & EWING

MRS. ROGERS

MRS. NORTON

MRS. KAHN

THEY KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT



MRS. LONGWORTH

REFUSED TO SIT IN CONGRESS

# What are the Women Up To?

WHY HAVEN'T THERE BEEN MORE THAN NINETEEN  
IN CONGRESS SINCE THEY WON THE SUFFRAGE?

BY ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

THERE is an impression that in this Administration women are at last really "on the political map." To a degree, at least, this is certainly true. We have a woman in the cabinet, a woman minister to Denmark, a woman director of the mint. Frances Perkins is admittedly the best Secretary of Labor we have ever had; Ruth Bryan Owen, "Madame Minister," fills that position with charm and dignity; Nellie Tayloe Ross, ex-governor of Wyoming, is quite as competent as most men who have been directors of the mint.

These things are unprecedented and would seem to mark long female strides in politics. The fact remains, however, that though women compose nearly half the vote, this is still a man's government—nearly one hundred per cent a government by men—and will continue to be, it seems, for a good long time to come. The best evidence of this, I think, is in the facts about women as national legislators in the fourteen years since the suffrage amendment passed—facts most people either do not know or have forgotten.

Up to date, nineteen women have held seats in Congress. At the time of writing, a twentieth has been elected in a by-election in Louisiana, but there is talk about a contest. A twenty-first has just been elected in New York. The women who have sat in the Congress are as follows:

Miss Jeannette Rankin, Republican, of Montana, elected in 1916 to the 65th Congress; served one term.

Miss Alice Mary Robertson, Republican, of Oklahoma, elected in 1920 to the 67th Congress; served one term.

Mrs. Winifred Mason Huck, Republican, of Illinois, elected to the 67th Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her father, Representative William Mason; served from November, 1922, to March, 1923.

Mrs. Mae Ellen Nolan, Republican, widow of Representative John I. Nolan, of California, elected to the 67th and 68th Congresses to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her husband.

Mrs. Katherine Langley, Republican, of Kentucky, who was a member of the 70th and 71st Congresses, elected to the seat formerly occupied by her husband. Representative Langley had been convicted on a liquor charge and was later pardoned by President Coolidge.

Mrs. Pearl Peden Oldfield, Democrat, of Arkansas, elected to the 70th Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her husband, William Allan Oldfield; also elected to the 71st Congress on the same date.

Mrs. Florence P. Kahn, Republican, of California, elected to the 69th Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her husband, Representative Julius Kahn, and reelected to every Congress since.

Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, Republican, of Massachusetts, elected to the 69th Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her husband, Representative John Jacob Rogers, and reelected to all succeeding Congresses.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, Democrat, of Florida, elected to the 71st and 72d Congresses.

Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, Republican, of Illinois, elected congresswoman at large to the 71st Congress.

Mrs. Effie Gene Wingo, Democrat, of Arkansas, elected to the 71st Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her husband, Representative Otis T. Wingo; also elected on the same date to the 72d Congress.

Mrs. Ruth Baker Pratt, Republican, of New Jersey, elected to the 71st and 72d Congresses.

Mrs. Willa B. Eslick, Democrat, of Tennessee, elected to the 72d Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her husband, Representative Edward E. Eslick.

Mrs. Mary T. Norton, Democrat, of New Jersey, elected to the 69th and all succeeding Congresses.

Mrs. Kathryn O'Loughlin McCarthy, Democrat, of Kansas, elected to the 73d Congress.

Mrs. Virginia E. Jenckes, Democrat, of Indiana, elected to the 73d Congress.

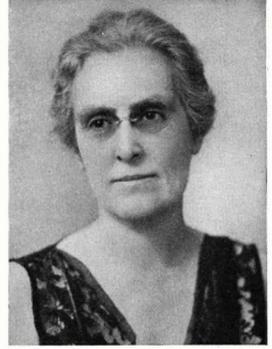
Mrs. Isabella S. Greenway, Democrat, of Arizona, elected to the 73d Congress.

Two women have occupied seats in the Senate: Mrs. Rebecca Latimer Felton, of Georgia, was appointed in the autumn of 1922 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Thomas E. Watson. This was a complimentary appointment. Her tenure of office lasted only two days, when Senator George, who was elected to succeed Senator Watson, was sworn in.

Mrs. Hattie W. Caraway, Democrat, of Arkansas, was appointed in November, 1931, and elected the following January, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her husband, Senator T. H. Caraway. She was reelected in 1932 for the regular term, largely through the efforts of Senator Huey P. Long, who campaigned for her with a sound truck and characteristic stridency.

It is an interesting but generally forgotten fact that Miss Jeannette Rankin, the first woman who was elected to Congress, was also the only woman who was elected before the adoption of the suffrage amendment. She had been an ardent worker for woman suffrage and for the betterment of the condition of women in industry. Her first appearance in the House was at that April session in 1917 when war was declared. The night the vote was being taken on the declaration of war she interrupted the roll call to say, in a voice choked with emotion, that she loved her country but could not vote for war. I recollect the shocked disapproval of the parliamentarians at the violation of the rule that no one speaks during a roll call. Apart from that lapse, which possibly was not thought a lapse by the sentimentalists and pacifists, she made no more impression upon the House than does the usual one-termers. She made a few brief speeches, advocating giving women positions in the Food Administration, and

(Continued on Page 120)



FIRST TERMERS: TOP—MRS. MCCARTHY; BOTTOM—MRS. JENCKES



MRS. GREENWAY GOT \$1,000,000 FOR CHRYSANTHEMUMS

THE DUCHESS BECAME SLEEK, LITHE, ALLURING. "THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A GOOD WOMAN AND A BAD WOMAN," SHE SAID, "IS A MATTER OF EXPRESSION AND WIGGLE THE SHOULDER"



## A Matter of Precedence

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

DE PEYSTER COLLEGE for women had traditions and a long career of elite success. For generations it had undertaken the task of preparing for their high duties the daughters of the most socially correct families in America. It had scanned its list of applicants with a keener and more exclusive scrutiny than obtained in any club. So if your daughter went to De Peyster you could be sure she would meet no single young woman of lesser quality than herself.

De Peyster also devoted some attention to education. Its standards were high, and if you earned one of its diplomas you could assert without fear of contradiction that you were as well educated as any college could make you.

But for some reason De Peyster commenced to fade. It was a gradual, almost imperceptible, progress downward. It could not be explained. It just happened. So that the trustees of the college at their annual meeting faced not only a deficit but the startling fact that it must solicit students, instead of selecting them from a long waiting list. It faced the more startling fact that De Peyster no longer occupied a place of social supremacy, and in short that—if something were not done about it—De Peyster was on its last snobbish legs. Something, something definite and decisive, must be done at once to recreate that atmosphere and that illusion which had caused it to become the most exclusive and most desirable women's college in America.

After a day of discussion the aging president turned in her resignation in a cultured huff. She even walked in cold and stately manner out of the trustees' room. The gentlemen assembled looked after her with bleak and unhappy eyes.

"There," said Mr. Bottomley, "goes our last hope."  
"She stood, in the eyes of the world," said Mr. Hefflin, "for everything that has meant De Peyster."  
"And we might as well shut up shop," said the aging Mr. Gair. "I'd rather shut up shop than see this college turned into a third-rate boarding school for the daughters of wealthy tradesmen."

"It looks to me," said Mr. Marchmont, "as if we couldn't attract the daughters of wealthy anything."

"There's nothing to be done," said Mr. Gair.  
"Unless," said Mr. Stephen Beal, the youngest of the trustees, "we can come through with a stroke of genius which will put us back where we were, overnight."

"Such as?" asked Mr. Gair.  
"Something that will focus the eyes of the country on De Peyster."  
"Publicity!" snorted Mr. Bottomley. "We can't go plebeian."

"YOU can't pull off a stroke of genius secretly, either," retorted Mr. Beal. "Where would society itself be if it didn't advertise? What is the reason for society pages in the papers? Why introduce your daughter to society and take nobody into your confidence? Society lives on envy, and nobody can envy you if he doesn't know what you are doing that he wishes he could afford to do."

"There's something in what you say," agreed Mr. Gair. "Where's your masterstroke?" demanded Mr. Bottomley. "If," said Mr. Beal, "we could get the Queen of England to become president of the college! Something like that."

"She'd jump at it," said Mr. Gair ironically. "And we could get the prince to coach the basket-ball team."

"I was merely citing an example of the sort of thing I meant," said Mr. Beal coldly. "You have to start thinking somewhere."

"There's something in what the boy says," Mr. Gair declared. "It's an idea. Who can we get for president of this institution that will astound everybody? Somebody who is so socially lofty that she'll impress Newport and Southampton, and who at the same time will be suitable from a cultural standpoint as the head of an educational institution."

"We could get a lot of Russian grand duchesses."  
"Wouldn't attract a soul." Suddenly old Mr. Gair smote the table violently. "I got it," he declared. "Who the papers been full of?"

"Not Mrs. —"  
Mr. Gair snarled. "This is a college, not a steeplechase," he said. "Who's landing off a ship today? Eh? Who's been advertised like the Queen of Rumania? Who? Why, that Frenchwoman that writes poems."

"The Duchesse de Carcassonne!" exclaimed Mr. Beal. "Being a duchess she probably writes rotten poems, but it's a good trick for a duchess to write any poems," Mr. Gair said. "She's a descendant of Henry the Great. *Ancien regime*. Related to what crowned heads they got left in Europe. And she's quite a literary celebrity! What more d'ye want?"

"Might be," said Beal thoughtfully. "She wouldn't be coming here to read poems in halls if she wasn't broke. When the duke died, all he left her was the title and some milliner's bills. It's worth a try."

"How old is she?" asked Mr. Bottomley.

"No idea."

"She's French," Mr. Bottomley objected.

"Socially she's impeccable," said Beal. "Intellectually she's said to be something pretty choice. From the publicity point of view she's a knock-out. I'm for making a try."

"Me too," said Mr. Gair, "and as the oldest member of this board I move I'm appointed a committee of one to interview her and see if she's suitable, and if she needs a job."

"Second," said Mr. Beal. It was a counsel of desperation, and it carried. Mr. Gair heaved himself out of his chair, stared nervously at his neighbors, collided with a cabinet that he did not see at all and, leaning on his cane, walked toward the door.

"Strike," he said, "while the iron's hot. I'll report by telegraph."

ON THE following afternoon Mr. Gair was shown into the apartment of the Duchesse de Carcassonne in her hotel on Park Avenue. He saw standing in the middle of the room a vague figure dressed in black. This was suitable. Apparently, he thought, one of the more conservative sort of Frenchwomen. He peered at her through his thick glasses and was agreeably surprised to note that her hair was white.

What his limited vision failed to disclose, however, was that the black garment was conservative only in color. It was, as a matter of fact, both daring and ravishing. It was in the nature of pajamas, and they were of that confidential sort which give the beholder, or force upon the beholder, an opportunity to judge rather accurately their contents. It is true the hair of the *duchesse* bore a resemblance to white, but it was not the pallor of age but the exotic tint that has come to be described as platinum.

To put the matter briefly, Mr. Gair was so near right in his estimate that he was totally wrong, for the *duchesse* was neither conservative nor middle-aged. She was simply amazingly, vitally, pertly young and lovely and alluring in the most mischievous and elfin way imaginable.

"*Madame la duchesse!*" he said in greeting.

"*Monsieur.*"

"I have not called socially," said Mr. Gair, "but as a member of the board of trustees of De Peyster College."

"*Alors,*" said the *duchesse*.

"My primary purpose was to scrutinize you, madame."

"W'ich you 'ave done mos' thorough," said the *duchesse*. "To see," said Mr. Gair, "if, in appearance and character, you are suitable to be president of a girls' college."

"And you 'ave determine, monseur?"

"Briefly, my conclusion is that you are not only suitable but ideal."

The *duchesse* looked about for a mirror. Either something was wrong with her toilette or the old gentleman was mad. She hoped it was the latter.

"*El puts?*" she asked.

"It follows," said Mr. Gair. "that I desire to offer you the presidency and will be glad to know if you will consider the proposition."

"First," said the *duchesse*. "I listen. You make thees offer and I hear it. Then I ask thees question and that question—and we shall see. *Voilà!*"

Mr. Gair explained De Peyster College; he pointed out its beauties of location, of campus, of buildings. He dilated upon the glories of the president's mansion.

"You spik," said the *duchesse* gently, "of all theings but one theeng. This president of a college, she mus' eat, *hein?* She mus' also buy the shoes and the robes and the 'at."

"The *er*—the stipend?" asked Mr. Gair.

"Those!" said the *duchesse* firmly.

"We had considered fifteen thousand dollars a year, madame. In francs that is —"

"In francs I would know how much it is," she said promptly. "Sacred name of a —" She halted suddenly. "You theenk you can 'ire for thees place a *duchesse* for this so-miserable pittance! One laughs. And the poet! What have we here, eh?"

"It was only a first thought," said Mr. Gair.

"'Eet was not a good one," said the *duchesse*. "Now it is that I will spik an offer. See you! For the *duchesse* you pay thees fifteen t'ousand dollaire. For the poet, who is not so—how do you say?—so *chère*—so costly, the *prix fixe* it shall be ten t'ousan' dollaire. But you cannot hire one wiz-out the othaire."

"Madame," said Mr. Gair, "you are a good business woman. I am glad to see it. It is a quality that you will be much in need of if you take charge of De Peyster."

"THE TRADITIONS OF DE PEYSTER THAT MISS HILL SO MUCH REVERES," SHE LIFTED HER SHOULDERS. "SEE, I LOCK THE DOOR. NOW, MR. BEAL, YOU MAKE TO PROCEED."



"It is well. Now it is that you will 'ave your *asocat* and I will 'ave one to me, and togeezzer they will make papers of the law, eh? That is well. For a year we agree."

"Excellent," said Mr. Gair.

In half an hour the old gentleman withdrew, proud of his powers of observation and character estimation. He wired De Peyster briefly:

#### GOT HER STOP JUST THE TICKET

As for the *duchesse*, she rushed to a mirror and studied her face and her figure and her costume and her hair. Nothing was wrong. "To teach thees y'ong lady!" she exclaimed and made a very fetching little face. "*Eh, mon dieu, tout les Américains sont fous.*"

The contract was duly signed and the announcement released to the press. Young Mr. Beal, moved by curiosity, attended the first reading of her poems given by the *duchesse* in the town hall. It was crowded. Presently the *duchesse* appeared upon the platform and Mr. Beal uttered a sound which attracted the unfavorable attention of his neighbors.

"Suffering mackerel!" he exclaimed in a low, awed, horrified voice. And then, having an appreciation for good, clean fun, he stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth and went out to a place where he could laugh undisturbed.

In the autumn the trustees and faculty of De Peyster College found themselves in a number of quandaries. In the first place, social eminence had returned with such a rush that it resembled inflation. Applications for admission poured in, for it seemed that every family of means in the country wished to have its daughter instructed under the aristocratic eye of a *duchesse*. So the first puzzle became one of selection and elimination. It was soluble, if trying.

The second quandary was what to do with the *duchesse* now that De Peyster had her. And that was one not to be worked out by pencil and paper, or even by higher mathematics. For while De Peyster had wanted and needed a *duchesse*, it seemed to the conservative trustees of that institution that they had picked the one *duchesse* in all the world that it did not want. And as for the faculty, male and female alike, one glimpse of the new president and they took what has come to be called umbrage. They did not like her; they disapproved her looks; they were aghast at her behavior; and they were horrified at her mental attitude toward them, toward the student body, and toward what she considered to be a charming world. Trouble loomed.

"Imagine," exclaimed the dean of the literary department—whose osseous structure was nearer her surface than Nature intended it to be—imagine trying to maintain discipline with such a president! Imagine sending a girl to her to be punished for a serious offense! Can the president of a college, dressed in rose pajamas, convincingly threaten an erring girl with expulsion? This college, mind you, is heading for a dreadful scandal."

The first faculty meeting only confirmed such opinions as this. It was a dull faculty meeting. The new president addressed it.

"TADEES and gentlemen," she commenced. "I theenk I 'eet is that you 'ave never meet such a college president just like I h'am. No? Thees college president they are ol', they are not *chic*. You will object that I am y'ong and that I am *jolie*. *Bon!* I answer that I like it to be y'ong, and that I am not *jolie*." She paused and beamed upon them. "*Non!* I am not pretty; me, I am bee-u-tiful." She nodded her head several times to confirm this statement. "I theenk I like you and I understand you. I theenk you do not like me and do not understand me. *Bon.* It is more important I understand you than the *ozzer* way aroun'. And w'y? Because it is that I am the boss, eh?"

Again she beamed upon them and looked even younger than her age, and rather wicked and regrettably lovely.

"See you! I 'ave been to college. Many time. H'in France, h'in Belgium, h'in Germany. I am educate'—also I watch and see how those college are conduct'. I am ver' educate' and ver' smart. W'at you call the bluestocking. And thees bluestocking I wear on ver' nize legs also."

The faculty gasped.

"So all is nize, all is good, all is so efficient, and we educate thees y'ong girl 'ow to spen' their papa's money politely. W'ich is our duty, *hein?* You shall teach and I shall 'ave an eye on you. So we get along nize togeezzer." At this she sat down suddenly and happily.

The head of the literary department arose. "Madame President," she said, "you are new to us. I may tell you that De Peyster College has traditions —"

"'Ow old is De Peyster College?" interrupted the *duchesse*.

"Seventy-five years," said the head.

"So. Seventy-five year' of tradition. I theenk we will not discuss tradition, eh? Me, my fam'ly 'ave seven hundred and feefy year of them. I am ver' sick of tradition."

The head of the literary department sat down suddenly. It was discouraging for seventy-five years to crash head-on into seven hundred and fifty.

"Now," said the *duchesse*, "we will 'ave tea and be nize to each other."

(Continued on Page 42)

# Little Lucy Jones

FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF  
FAITH BALDWIN

**D**URING the last decade I have read hundreds of stories of Hollywood: stories of imported stars who ended up waiting on tables; stories of extra girls who spectacularly made good; stories of gag men, cameramen, directors, script girls and producers. Stories of success and failure, heartbreak and lucky break. And so not long ago I opened the old notebook to see if by any chance there was a Hollywood shot in the locker, but found nothing but the little story of Dorine Dale—born Lucy Jones—and found it, moreover, contained in a scant sentence and with the notation beside it, "Sketch for a novel."

I doubt that notation. The story begins more than ten years ago when I made a trip by subway and elevated to a Long Island studio in order to see a well-known star of the silent pictures whom I had met, some years earlier, at the home of friends. This gentleman, devastatingly handsome, delightfully Irish, was then at the peak of his career and had promised me "introductions" through which, he assured me, I would find fame and fortune. In passing, I found neither, but that is another story.

I was a little nervous on the way out; I wasn't sure just where I should get off the train and so sat uncertainly as we hurtled through space, wondering timidly whether I'd better alight at the next station and turn back. However, I finally summoned the courage to speak to a youngish woman beside me and to ask her for directions. She gave them to me with the glib familiarity of one who has traveled the same route over and over again. And so we fell into conversation.

**B**EFORE we had reached our station she had produced a photograph—several photographs—for my benefit. These were of a child, a little girl, aged, I judged, about twelve or thirteen. She was a pretty child—even the artificial, consciously sweet, whimsical, naive and mischievous poses into which she had been led by the photographer couldn't disguise that. Left to herself and Nature, she would have been charming. I murmured the usual conventionalities, and Mrs. Jones, proud mother of Lucy, settled back to tell me that Lucy would one day be a great motion-picture actress.

It appeared that Lucy and her widowed mother lived somewhere in the city, on a small income left to them by Lucy's late father and augmented by Mrs. Jones' own business activities. She represented a corset concern and her duties consisted of a house-to-house canvass, fittings, figure-correction advice, and the like. She gave me her card and I put it in my purse. But in those far-off days I resembled nothing so much as a short squirt of Vichy, and so never had any reason to think of Mrs. Jones, in her business connection, again.

During the rest of the train trip and the walk to the studios Mrs. Jones informed me that about four years previously she had taken a little vacation and had gone to California by boat. Her little girl was with her, and was, she assured me, the pet of the ship's company. On the boat, it

happened, was a very great screen star, perhaps one of the greatest. We'll call him Larry Wayne, which isn't his name by all the letters of the alphabet. Larry, a genius and an eccentric, had kept much to himself in his suite with its railed-off private deck, and guarded from intrusion by a brace of secretaries, a valet and other considerable *entourage*.

But little Lucy, no respecter of persons, had thrown a round, colored, bouncing ball over the little railing and had stood there weeping and inconsolable, having, in common with all childhood, an unalterable love for such toys, until the great Larry himself had retrieved the ball and returned it to her over the railing.

**H**E HAD been "taken," it seemed, by the bright curls and dark eyes, and had made friends with the child. Well known for his sudden impulses, he had, therefore, created comment but no surprise during his instant, delightful courtship of little Lucy Jones. He avoided the curious, lion-seeking adults; he broke various young female hearts by refusing to attend ship's dances and other festivities; but Lucy had the run of his suite, and as her birthday happened to fall during the voyage, Larry gave her a real party—cakes, ice cream, candles, autographed photographs and even several expensive if inappropriate gifts. The gifts included a bracelet which he produced from his various luggage with all the air of a magician, a hat and a bunny. Doubtless it had been intended for someone at least a decade older than Lucy, and doubtless too he made it up to the other charmer at the end of the trip.

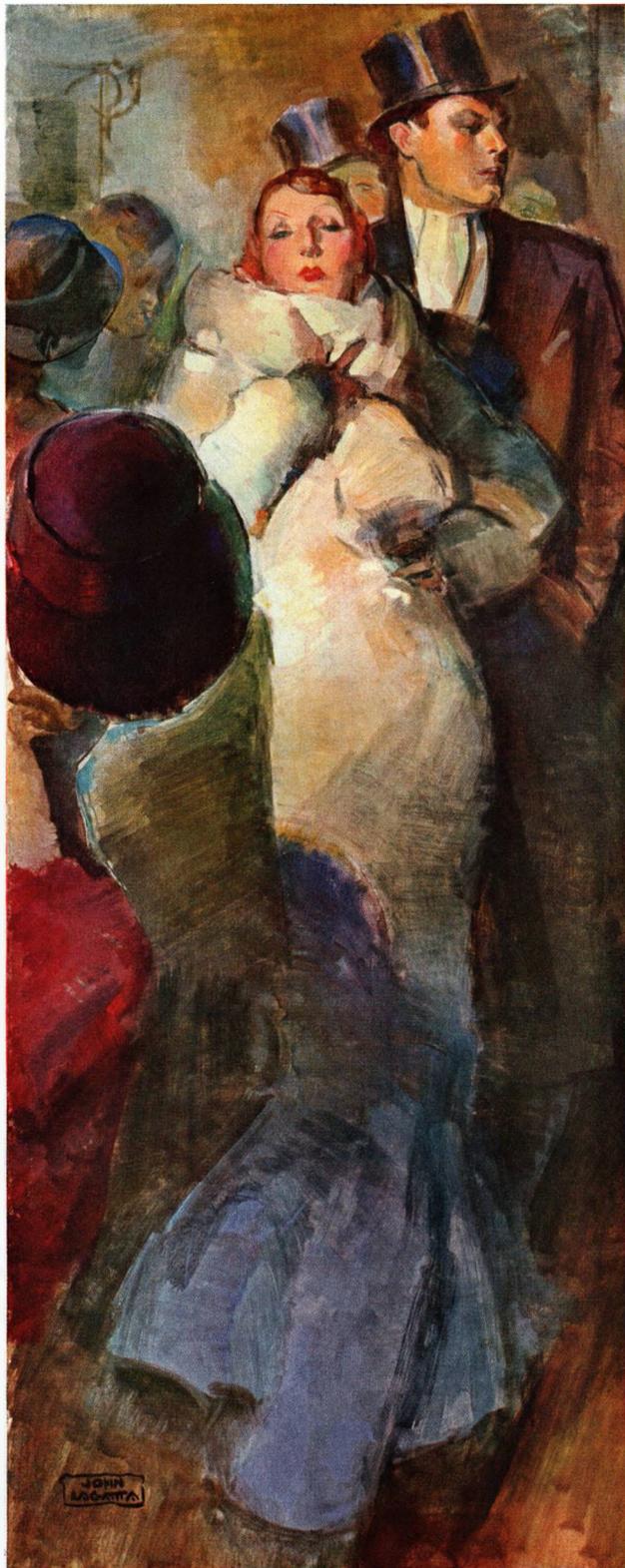
With children, he told Mrs. Jones, one calm twilight afternoon, on his deck, one could be natural, utterly so. A child judged one solely upon one's merits—fame did not interest a child. Children and dogs, he continued, to Mrs. Jones' slight shock, understood realities; could not be dazzled nor misled; saw beneath the trappings. He touched Lucy's lovely little head with his slender, nervous hand and smiled, half gayly, half sorrowfully. A smile made famous on all the silver screens of the world.

Since that time, Mrs. Jones told me, as we walked toward the studios after alighting at our station, Larry Wayne and Lucy had kept closely in touch. She, Mrs. Jones, had seen to it that the child wrote him frequently, that her photographs were sent him at intervals.

"Because," stated Mrs. Jones, with the light of a deathless ambition in her pale eyes, "because some day Lucy will be Larry Wayne's leading woman."

Had he said so? I inquired with real interest. I had never heard of anyone's being reared, so to speak, as a leading woman before. But I have no doubt that it happens frequently, in this day and age.

Well, not exactly, she admitted. But with fate having provided Lucy with such a priceless opportunity, Lucy's mother would have been neglecting her duty toward her child did she not take advantage of it. She was saving every cent toward Lucy's education. Lucy must have dancing and French, singing and, of





course, dramatic work. Perhaps she could afford private schools at a later period. Meantime, the Long Island studio had all Lucy's photographs on file, and today she was taking them new ones. There'd been a toothless period during which photography was not indicated. Presently an awkward age would arise, but during it Lucy would be educated and groomed within an inch of her life, made ready for the great day when she would burst upon a startled world as Wayne's leading woman.

The new photographs were being taken to the studio by Mrs. Jones in person, as she didn't trust the mails. And one never knew when they might look for a child to fill a part.

I thought, "Poor little devil."

I wondered what sort of childhood Lucy had had. Doubtless it had been similar to many others, to millions of others, until that trip to California. Doubtless Lucy had attended public school, played on the streets with the other infants of her own age, gone to the beaches, taken little vacation outings, been spoiled and scolded by turns, a natural human child. But the trip had changed everything.

We reached the studios and our ways parted. Mrs. Jones went off in the direction of the casting director's offices and I went to see my friend in his palatial dressing room, and subsequently spent several bewildered hours in the offices of impressive gentlemen whose status I never did discover, offices paneled in—well, perhaps it wasn't solid gold, but certainly must have been priceless woods, in the days Before Talkies and also Before Bankers. I remember armor.

Very little the wiser and certainly no more famous and not a whit more wealthy, I returned home, and this trip was not enlivened by the presence of Mrs. Jones beside me in the rattling car. My mind, moreover, was not occupied with Mrs. Jones. It was busy formulating those original and spectacular plots which would bring me the kudos of the motion-picture world and which, I may add, never got any farther than my mind.

ABOUT two years ago, long after Lucy, her premature permanent wave and her much photographed childish eyes had faded from my memory, I was commissioned by an editor to write a special interview with Larry Wayne, who, it seemed, had arrived in New York prior to going somewhere else—salmon fishing, big-game hunting, or merely into seclusion. I have forgotten which, although the article I finally did write lies beside me on my desk now.

Mr. Wayne made no appointments; one went merely to his royal suite in his hotel and waited for him there, on the off chance that he might appear. I was ushered in, and up, after considerable lengths of red tape had been unwound and scissored, and presently made myself very comfortable in a large chair in a larger room which was completely filled with people—most of them, male and female, were representatives of the press, while others of the gathering were merely part of Larry Wayne's usual large ménage.

I was there for several hours and I was exceptionally interested in things I overheard—discussions, telephone calls, and the like. I was especially interested in a very pretty young girl equipped with so much manner that she made me feel extremely provincial, and wearing a charming, utterly unsuitable frock. She wandered in and out of the room at intervals, and it was impossible for me to pigeonhole her. It must be added that Mr. Wayne never did appear to shed luster upon the waiting gentry, and that I went home some time later to write my impressions of that gentleman from the surroundings in which he was not.

BUT before I departed I had been presented to the girl whose appearance, both physically and in that particular suite, had intrigued me. She was, I was informed, a Miss Dorine Dale . . . "and," added her sponsor genially, "an old friend of Mr. Wayne's." She had been waiting, it appeared, to see him since morning. She had met Mr. Wayne many years before, when a small child upon a journey, and he had taken a great interest in her ever since.

Miss Dale appeared accustomed to such explanations. She smiled and dimpled and made deprecatory remarks—remarks which, I gathered, had been made often under like circumstances.

Someone asked her, "What are your ambitions?" and then added quickly, before she could reply, "I suppose to be Larry Wayne's leading woman?"

Something clicked in my brain. I found myself staring. I thought, "Little Lucy Jones?" I thought, "I wonder where her mother is. I wonder—oh, innumerable things." But I couldn't ask her. Little Lucy Jones had vanished long ago, and here was Miss Dorine Dale, parrying questions with a smooth, uncanny sort of skill, sitting curled up in a big chair in Larry Wayne's suite and wearing a black chiffon frock.

I spoke to her, as I was leaving. I asked, "You're on the screen, aren't you?"

She was, she admitted, eying me without much interest. She mentioned a Long Island studio. She spoke of an acquaintance of mine there, a youngster like herself who had achieved star billing recently, and she said negligently, "I worked with her on her last picture."

I saw the picture, some weeks later. Dorine was certainly in it, a pretty extra girl. I recognized her in the brief glimpse I had.

Then I forgot her again. Meantime, Larry Wayne's fame had been unaffected by the alterations and changes of the motion-picture world, and his star was steady and brilliant. He became released from the last of several unfortunate marriages and was being seen places with this girl and that, and rumors of an engagement flew thick and fast, and none was corroborated. And that brings me to last summer, when I went out on Long Island and spent a few days with friends there.

Their house was undergoing some alterations at the (Continued on Page 77)

AS A CHILD SHE HAD BEEN A PASSENGER ON  
THE SAME BOAT AS THE PICTURE STAR. . . .  
NOW, "I'M LUCY, MR. WAYNE. I'VE BEEN TRY-  
ING TO SEE YOU FOR MONTHS," SHE SAID

*Illustrated by John La Gatta*



## The Law and Minerva McCann

"MR. SAUNDERS," said Mr. Moses Cohen, his flat derby held timidly with both hands against his narrow chest, "would you mind so much if I spoke to you for a minute?"

"Sure! What's your trouble?" Mr. Saunders, twirling his carefully dyed mustaches, leaned over the row of pot-bellied bottles on the counter before him.

"Mr. Saunders," hesitated the little Hebrew, "could you let me have some money, maybe? You owe me now four hundred and eighty-five dollars for six years even without the interest, and there is nothing to eat at our house."

"I guessed it was that! Look here, Mose. How do you expect me to pay you nearly five hundred bucks with this depression on? I can't get any of my own bills paid."

"But just a little—a few dollars?" pleaded Mr. Cohen. "The milkman don't come no more because I owe him for two months his money. No meat we got since before Yom Kippur. The rent I can't pay for three months now. My landlord says I got to move if I don't—"

"Rats!" snorted Saunders. "He can't put you out. It's against the law. Go and see the mayor!"

"A lot the mayor would help me!" moaned Cohen. "He would kick me out too. Listen, Mr. Saunders—" he clutched at the bigger man's sleeve—"if I can't pay they will put me and my children out in the street. The baby is sick—"

SAUNDERS gave a harsh laugh. He was a big, purple-faced man with a low, simian forehead on which was plastered a "spit curl," and his short, blue-black hair fitted his round skull like a cap. He had on a loudly checked yellow-and-black cutaway suit. Moses Cohen had made it.

"Don't pull any of that stuff on me, you *rauscher!*" he retorted threateningly. "You're always after money. I got babies of my own, ain't I? Beat it, now!"

Moses Cohen quailed, panic-stricken. Nevertheless, the thought of his children upheld him. "Please, Mr. Saunders!" he quavered. "You owe the money. I make you an offer. Pay me two hundred and fifty dollars and it's a bargain, yes?" He smiled hopefully.

"Me—pay you two hundred and fifty dollars?"

"I give you fifty per cent off for cash."

"That's a good one! Why, I don't owe you a cent!"



A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS DANGEROUS—AND MINERVA'S LITTLE KNOWLEDGE OF LAW PROVES DANGEROUS . . . TO AN EVILDOER . . . THE FIRST OF A NEW SERIES OF STORIES

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Cohen turned pale and plucked at the straggling hairs on his chin. "What is? You don't owe me? I'll sue you."

"Go ahead and sue! Listen, baby. I'm goin' to pay you, all right, sometime. But the law won't help you. You'd only be throwing away your money. The six years are over."

"Six years! What six years?" Mr. Cohen seemed dazed.

"Don't you know you can't collect a bill after six years?"

An ague seemed to seize the little man outside of the counter. Tears started from his eyes. "It's a lie!" he wailed. "You thief! You robber!"

Mr. Saunders stepped belligerently around the cigar case. "Get out of here!" he roared. "Before I pull your ears off!"

Moses Cohen stumbled toward the door, hastily jamming his hat over the threatened ears. The pool players in the rear had stopped their game and were watching the fun.

"Can you beat that?" loudly demanded Saunders of them, leering after the retreating figure. "Tryin' to collect an outlawed bill on me!"

II

IT WAS a quarter after seven, and Judge and Mrs. Caleb McCann were seated as usual after supper on opposite sides of the fireplace, with Calvin, their police dog, lying on the hooked rug between them, when Mrs. Higgins, the "hired help," thrust her topknot through the library door.

"There's a man wants to speak to you, judge," she said. "He's Mr. Cohen, that tailor down on High Street. He came to the side door."

Judge McCann looked sharply at Mrs. Higgins' hatchet face over the top of the Athens Clarion. "What does he want to see me about?"

"He didn't say. Law business, I suppose."

"Didn't you tell him I wasn't takin' any cases?"

"I didn't have a chance, judge. Ruby went to the door and before I knew it he was inside. You better speak to him yourself."

The judge smothered a curse. He liked to digest his food in peace and comfort. "Say I'm busy," he told Mrs. Higgins. "Tell him to see me at my office, if he has to."

His wife glanced up from her sewing. "Mr. Cohen was at your office twice yesterday," she commented.

"How'd you know that?"

"Eddie told me."

"By gosh! That boy tells you pretty near everything, don't he?" remarked her husband, with sarcasm.

"I hope so," retorted Mrs. McCann. "Somebody's got to keep an eye on you! If it wasn't for Eddie you'd sit there, swappin' stories and playin' poker with Rufe Hamor and Life Pettingall and that dog-faced boy of Si Parker's, without even comin' home to supper at all!"

Caleb McCann, with a derisive wiggle of his chin whisker, threw the Clarion on the rug and reluctantly got up.

"Well, bring him into the front hall," he growled, following Mrs. Higgins. "The sooner I see him the sooner it'll be over with!"

For forty-three years the judge and his wife had sat thus on opposite sides of that same fireplace, and other McCanns had sat there during nearly an equal length of time before them, for the house had been built by Caleb's grandfather out of the money he had made in California selling hardware to the miners during the gold rush of '49. It was typically American, by Currier & Ives, out of the mid-Victorian era, of wood painted white, with bay windows plastered on everywhere, high ceilings, and a wide stoop with tall, square, narrow pillars. Completed in the first year of the presidency of Millard Fillmore, it had remained unchanged, both outside and in, for over eighty years, and in spite of its architectural ugliness conveyed an impression of sturdy, old-fashioned respectability and comfort—of being, in short, a gentleman's residence.

**C**ONCEDEDLY, the McCann place was the best in Athens, and the only one with a lawn, orchard and vegetable garden covering an entire block. There were finer mansions of brick or stone out on the North Side, toward the golf course, just as there were new and showier families who kept maids and even butler-chauffeurs, but no one in Athens would have hesitated, if asked who were the leading citizens in the town, to name Judge and Mrs. Caleb McCann as the backbone of local society. Athens had grown up around the McCanns, who, together with the cast-iron stag rearing its antlers above the Japanese maple in front of the garage—which formerly housed Caleb's trotters and racing buggy—had remained exactly where, and as, they were.

To have altered either the exterior or interior decoration of the McCann house would probably have destroyed both it and the McCanns. Aunty Min, as she was known, not only to her multitudinous nieces and nephews

but to most of the older Athenians, could no more imagine the sitting room without its horsehair sofa and the View of San Francisco, California, hanging above it, the mahogany whatnots with their shelves of curios, the stuffed kingfisher in its glass case on the marble mantel, the vociferous canary bird in the bay window or the sway-backed rocking-chair in which Caleb always sat, than she could visualize her husband without his chin whiskers.

He had been born in the first year of the Civil War; she, three years after its conclusion; but the house itself was ante-bellum. Other pictures and prints in the sitting room and adjoining parlor—never used except for state occasions, such as funerals—were Life on the Prairie, Grand Democratic Free-Soil Banner, Branding Slaves on the Coast of Africa Previous to Embarkation, Black-Eyed Susan, and—on opposite sides of the escritoire—The Lovers' Quarrel and The Lovers' Reconciliation.

Indeed, she and Caleb had looked, in their younger days, not unlike the two lovers therein portrayed, her bustle balancing his chin whisker, at that time resembling a twist of black rope encircling his jaw. The "quarrel" and "reconciliation," in the prints, were equally mild, and Minerva often looked at them with a satisfaction derived from the knowledge that her own marital association with the judge had been just as successful as that of the slender brunette with the hour-glass figure, water waves and ringlets with her wasp-waisted lover. In point of fact, although much given to teasing, they adored and trusted each other implicitly, and if either had a grievance, rarely voiced it.

Caleb McCann had never been conscious of having any, and Minerva was aware of only one—arising from his assurance upon an unguarded occasion that, when he should eventually retire, after his long and honorable career upon the bench, they would have a real good time, gallivantin' round and all that.

The fact was that, ironically, Caleb now showed no inclination to gallivant whatsoever. On the contrary, he seemed perfectly content to sit on the porch supervising Pat McCarthy, their gardener, who lived with his wife and son, Eddie, over the garage, took care of the furnace, mowed the lawn, washed the windows, and drove the little car when Minerva went shopping. Caleb maintained—had always, in fact, maintained, even during his judgeship—a small office down town on Main Street, presided over by Eddie, who, having graduated from high school, kept the books, typed

the judge's correspondence after his own fashion and had secret ambitions of some day becoming a lawyer himself.

That the McCanns had never had any children of their own may have been one of the reasons why they put up with the gangling red-headed youngster, but Pat had been with them over thirty years and seemed as much a fixture as the cast-iron stag, which, like the one celebrated in the opening lines of *The Lady of the Lake*, also gave the effect of having, on some prehistoric occasion, "drunk his fill." Ruby Washington, the only other member of the establishment, was a thirteen-year-old Negro girl who, like Mrs. Higgins, came in by the day, started the stove, washed dishes and helped generally in the kitchen.

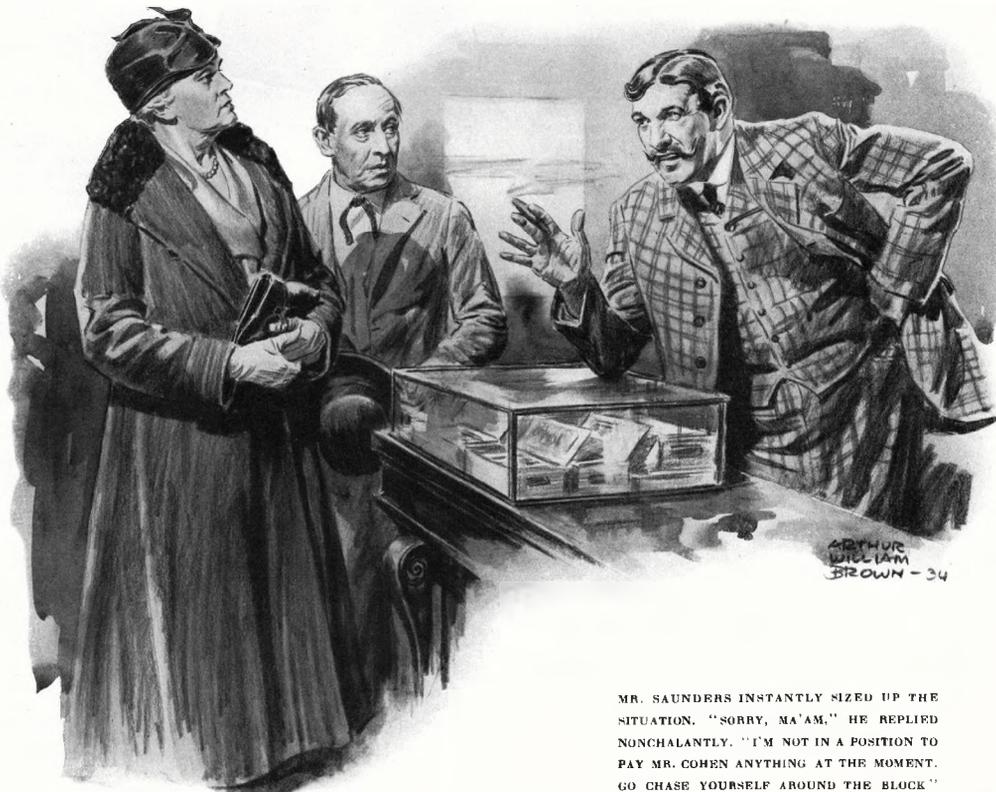
The judge was a kindly old gentleman, conservative, reactionary, viewing everything from a strictly legal viewpoint. Although comparatively a rich man, he had worn the same style of clothes for a quarter century—a frock coat, with a narrow black string tie under a white turn-down collar, and a broad-brimmed black-felt hat built on the lines of an ancient "beaver." From which it may easily be deduced that he believed in things as they were.

**S**INCE he suffered from rheumatism, he was even more inclined to let the world take its course without undue interference from him. In his own words, content lay in the *status in quo*. His twenty years upon the bench had given him a detached attitude, so that he instantly perceived both sides to a question, when his wife could usually see but one. Sometimes Minerva thought that he lacked initiative, but at bottom she knew it really was only an intense desire to mind his own business and to have other people mind theirs. He had toiled hard in the public service and now believed himself entitled to sit back and look on while the other fellows worked.

The fact that each was the exact antithesis of the other—the positive and negative poles of a domestic electron—was perhaps what had made their marriage so successful.

Minerva McCann, at sixty-four, while comfortably rotund, was still a pretty woman with satiny skin, keen, twinkling gray eyes and a slightly arched, but perfectly proportioned, little aquiline nose. Beneath her calm and pink exterior was concealed an adventurous and somewhat rebellious spirit which had never found an adequate outlet even in such a metropolis as

(Continued on Page 122)



MR. SAUNDERS INSTANTLY SIZED UP THE SITUATION. "SORRY, MA'AM," HE REPLIED NONCHALANTLY. "I'M NOT IN A POSITION TO PAY MR. COHEN ANYTHING AT THE MOMENT. GO CHASE YOURSELF AROUND THE BLOCK"

# Children of Divorce

**Y**OU would not put your seven-year-old child in a boarding school except for some extreme necessity. Yet, like so many others, I was in boarding school when I was seven—a neglected tot, lonely, miserable and ill. Many such unfortunates were and are sent to school for the same reason that I was—their homes are broken up. Their parents are divorced, as my parents were. When the question of my custody arose, both parents set their teeth and stood pat. They chose to indulge in dog-eat-dog emotions, to satisfy which I was deprived of a home.

"If I can't have her, you won't!" was the bitter theme song of my childhood. This song would remain forever unsung if divorcing people got divorced with their children's welfare foremost in their minds. The problem ought to be considered this way: Which is more important—the parents' possessive love, or the child's security and future? The latter, of course, divorcing people say; so they proceed to arrange for the child to know and share the lives of both parents. To my mind this is the next lesser evil to boarding school. I think that both courses deprive a child of a normal home, and I believe that a secure, unified home permanently with one parent is the fairer thing for the children of most divorced people.

If this seems contrary to the ideas of fairness accepted by our phenomenally divorcing society, I cannot apologize for it. Despite all the familiar compromises in the custody of divorced people's children—the half year with each parent, the winter with mother and summer with father, the bimonthly visits from the deprived parent—I believe that the average child is better off, and its future more secure, if it is given into the sole custody of its mother or of its father, the other parent not to be seen until the child is grown.

It is a fact that people who divorce when their children are very young—and that is when most divorces take place—almost invariably remarry, and that soon. In isolated cases they can sincerely put into practice the usual determination to remain good friends and to cooperate for their child's benefit. But in the majority of cases, whatever their outward efforts, they are not friends at all in the very nature of things, and less so when new husbands and wives enter the picture. Yet the moral obligation remains—to find the nearest possible approach to a normal home for the child.

Sentimentalists may call my radical plan cruel, brutal, unenlightened, unmodern and prejudiced. Its only prejudice is in favor of the child, its only cruelty the necessary injury to the ego and possessive love of the parent who is to give up the child.

**I** CANNOT see that a child who loses one parent following a divorce is losing any more than if that parent had died. If he or she had died, the child's security with the surviving parent would not be threatened. Divorce entails sacrifice, and I think it just that the two parties to the divorce, not the helpless accessory—the child—should do the sacrificing.

Two people who declare themselves both too utterly and passionately attached to a child to dream of giving it up had better play the game fairly and make a superhuman effort to stay married.

When a parent decides that his individual destiny, his personal freedom, is the most important thing in the world to him, then he is not psychologically too attached to a child to give it up.

There is no justifiable reason why both parents should expect to eat their emotional cake, in terms of ego and parental love, and have it too, while the child gets no cake, or very little. Emotional cake for a small child consists of the texture and atmosphere and identities of its home.



"MOTHER," SHE SAID, "WHO IS JOHN?" . . . "JOHN IS YOUR FATHER," I SAID

## A PLAN TO GIVE THEM HOME, LOVE, LOYALTY

I had no cake, as a child, and there are thousands of people like me. When the hated boarding-school winter drew to its close, the nine-headed Hydra of the summer loomed up. Who was to have me? My preferences were not consulted, though what I wanted was to settle down with my mother in her very happy home—she having remarried successfully and I adoring my stepfather—to a normal four months of happy childhood.

But I would no sooner have plunged into my vacation delights than my father would appear like a horned bogey and I would have to spend two weeks or a month with him. I did not then particularly dislike him, but I know I did not love him. He bored me. His life was a closed book to me. Some of his friends disgusted me. A good many of his personal qualities, emphasized by the abnormality of our relationship, repelled me. He managed in some subtle way to undermine all my pleasure in my mother's secure home life.

Now children are realists. We who have lived through recent social revolution can adapt our thinking to new codes of marriage, divorce and freedom. But the average child is still a simple realist to whom home and parents and bread and milk and Christmas and birthdays are the important things. I wanted to feel that way about my mother's home. With that not allowed me, I had nothing to cling to at all. I was an emotional derelict. When something happens to destroy the normal texture of child realism, it is better to make a clean sweep and substitute a new home, more secure and permanent, for the unstable one that broke up. But to confuse the child with the rags of the broken home by the injection of the personalities that broke it up, confounds him in the exercise of his most elemental emotions.

I was so convinced of this that when I found history characteristically repeating itself, and myself with a divorce and a small child, I swore that nothing should sway me from adherence to my convictions, so bitterly acquired.

I did want to be fair, though, as everyone does, or says he does, at the time of a divorce.

Mine was a case where the father was so obviously unsuited to keep the child that the question never even came up. So, while retaining sole custody of her, I was willing to make the usual arrangement that her father should see her at stated intervals. Almost at once I saw it wouldn't work. Naturally, he and I were polite at the enforced meetings, but try as I might to be simple and casual with him, the child sensed my embarrassment before I realized it myself.

**M**Y CHILD knew her father less well than I had known mine. She could not grasp the exact identity of the man who came on Sunday afternoons and instead of participating in the social life of her home always took her out to the park or the Zoo. She liked to go out, but one day when she returned she knit her infant brows and said, "Mother, who is John?" He had taught her to call him by his first name.

"John is your father," I said. Immediately I saw the child trying to bridge the mental gap between that idea and the status of everyone else's father. From her expression I gathered that John, in spite of the Sunday-afternoon parties, was not doing so well in the comparison.

I was about to be married again and the child had already become greatly attached to my fiancé. He was entirely devoted to her, with a devotion that included willingness to take full financial responsibility for her. After we were married she began of her own free will to treat my husband as if she had never heard of another father, and to call him daddy. John faded farther and farther into the background.

As her sense of security in her stepfather's protection grew increasingly apparent, and as the injection of John into the situation grew more awkward,

I made the final decision. I told John I thought it best if he never saw her at all. I told him in such a way that I threw myself on his generosity and intelligence. I expected some protest, but there was none. The immediate result of my decision was to give the child complete freedom in all her relations to the home and the outside world. There are no bewilderment, no shame and no taunts from other children—which were my lot—about her background.

Now the reverse of this situation might have been equally justifiable. Sentiment seems to decree that the mother is the proper custodian of a child, but this is not necessarily true. A man may be intensely paternal, and a woman have very little maternal feeling at all. Such a woman, however, usually keeps a child after a divorce out of sheer pride, lest the world think she is unfit to keep it. This is a typical gross injustice to the child. The woman's pride should be abased for the child's sake, and she should give it up to the father who may be an ideal parent. Or one parent may react upon a child so as to bring out all its worst traits, while the other fosters all the best. The child should go to the latter parent, obviously. But the ideal situation is for the parent who keeps the child to support it unassisted.

My second marriage has given back to my little girl her birthright of a secure home, a stable background, and the exceedingly beneficial influence of living in a home whose heads love each other. The question of stepfather has never arisen.

A child has only so much love to bestow and only bestows it happily, as is the case with all love, where there are no exactions. The injection of my first husband into my child's present life would be nothing short of barbaric.

Stability is the most important factor in this whole question; stability of home, of emotions, of routine, of loyalties, of influence. Any psychologist can tell you that a stable home in childhood is the first

(Continued on Page 72)

# Strained Relations

"WHAT DID THAT GIRL MEAN, A HUNDRED DOLLARS?" ASKED PHILIP. "DON'T YOU PAY HER?"

MINA'S eyes hurried down the first page of the letter, an apprehensive frown between her light eyebrows. She peered across the table at Philip. "More coffee?" She reached for his cup, with a glance at the banjo clock. Twelve minutes till traintime. "Finish your oatmeal, Roger." She inspected her two small sons. "Are your school bags packed?" Philip had picked up a letter of his own. Hastily Mina turned the folded sheet.

And so I'm coming East on this little trip. I need the change and as I'm motoring with these kind friends it doesn't cost any more than staying in this dreadful place. They're going to Philadelphia, but perhaps you would like to see your only sister. I haven't the extra for carfare, but I'll write or wire when I know where we stay.

Mina's small, sweet mouth shut over an impulse to shout out a violent phrase. She tucked the letter under other envelopes—first-of-the-month envelopes.

Philip crammed his letter into a pocket. With easy, deliberate movement he pushed back his chair and rose. "Time to start, boys." His dark eyes lingered on Mina. On the broad space between them, in the lines past his firm, wide mouth, she saw a hint of sardonic dismay. Probably his brother again, begging. She was glad it was time to make the usual dash for the train.

She ran through the hall, and after a moment of shouting because Roger couldn't find his cap, they were all aboard the family sedan. Mina swung the car out of their driveway along the pleasant street toward the station. As she coasted down the hill she heard the train whistle.

"Now don't worry about your exams." She kissed each of the boys. "Only this week and school will be over." She looked at Philip.

"So long, Mina."

THE edges of her heart curled as she lifted her face for his kiss. That wariness, that fencing between them! "Philip!" she begged, but the train roared down, and the three of them ran along the coach to the step. As she waited for the crossing gates to lift she followed them, more swiftly than they could go—the boys to the station below, where they would pile off and scamper to their school; Philip to the city, where he would walk along an avenue dingy in June sunlight until he turned in to the offices of the publishing firm where he was an editor.

The gates cracked stiffly upright and Mina started up the hill. She had marketing to do before she went home. Hulda had given her a list. Just ahead of her was Florence Ryder, her white-linen outfit effective in the big black roadster.



BY HELEN HULL

Not much of a procession of wives a fair morning like this. Florence waved at her in the mirror. When Mina nosed in near the market, Florence stood waiting for her.

"Hello, there." Sullenness raddled her thin, handsome face. "Got rid of your family? We're going to have an addition to ours. Not that kind, you sentimental idiot. A mother-in-law. You know Ferd's mother?"

"She's going to live with you?" Mina's pointed face was troubled. She knew the marital ice Flo and Ferd stepped on would bear no extra weight.

"So the noble Ferd says. 'You must admit I owe my poor old mother a roof if she is in need.'" Her mimicry was acid. "He may enjoy her alone."

"Maybe she'll try to be more friendly."

"That dame? She finds fault with everything about me, from haircut to cocktails. Oh, Lord, Mina, come along. Let's concentrate on green vegetables." Later, when they had finished shopping, she stood beside Mina's car. "Any chance of getting you for bridge this afternoon?"

"Not today. Philip brought home three manuscripts last night, and I need the money."

"You're lucky to have a way to make any."

"I don't make much." Mina ground the starter. "And you needn't think you're the only one with family trouble."

"I BORROWED IT TO SEND TO GRACE. SHE SPENT IT. ALL BUT THIRTEEN DOLLARS. OH, PHILIP!"

Mina drove home the long way, past the large estates of the suburb. They looked this morning like seed catalogues in color. Dogwood spread its flat creamy drifts, wisteria drooped in purple bloom, on a hillside a single Judas tree lifted its delicate and elusive color against the intense blue of the sky. "It's June," thought Mina, "and if it's spoiled, I can't bear it. It's going to be ruined, if Philip —" She drove on swiftly until she turned into her home driveway. The small Tudorish house sat among neatly banked cedars and firs. She called Hulda to help unload bulky paper bags.

"Native asparagus and spinach for dinner," she announced, as Hulda's round, red arms folded bundles to her bosom. "Remember, four waters for that spinach. Mr. Leigh won't eat it if there's a grain of sand left!"

"Sure." Hulda padded off on heeless shoes, the pancakes of braids over her ears shining like butter.

MINA sighed. Hulda was good-natured, and she meant well. She cost only half as much as the competent housekeeper Mina had reluctantly let go. When was it? Last August, Grace had written distractedly that she was absolutely penniless. Edgar's store had failed; his mother would support him if he came home, and what was she, Grace, to do? Mina couldn't let her sister starve.

She followed Hulda into the kitchen, rushed to tip up the flatiron from a deepening brown triangle on the tail of a shirt.

"I been mos' through ironing," said Hulda cheerfully. "And it's only Thursday. Fine." Mina's upper lip pushed forward, deepening the center indentation to piquancy. "All I need for luncheon is a salad, so you can finish today."

She strolled out of the kitchen, brushing an impatient hand over her soft, fair hair. Where had Philip put the manuscripts? She crossed the living room to the recessed end in which stood Philip's desk. There they were, three fat manuscripts. As she picked them up, her eyes were caught by a small black-leather case. Philip had forgotten his check book. How much had he been sending that brother? She swept the checkbook into a drawer. Things weren't so bad she had to spy on Philip! With a wry face at her impulse she went quickly up the stairs.

When she and Philip had built the house, the room at the south had been her study. She hadn't wished to keep the editorial job she held when she met Philip, but they both said, oh, there'd be all sorts of special work she could do at home. Now Roger had the room for his own. John had the one across, originally called the nursery. Roger adored his privacy, and separating the two had ended squabbles over possessions.

(Continued on Page 112)



THROUGH THE ROOM POUNDED HULDA. BEHIND HER LEAPED BENEDICT; AND AFTER HIM, DON



## The Crooked Lane

BY FRANCES NOYES HART

WHEN Karl Sheridan, late of the police department of Vienna, returns to Washington, where he is to be attached to the Bureau of Investigation, he is a guest of his Aunt Cara, Caroline Temple, and Uncle Gregory, Brigadier-General Temple. He is surprised at recognizing in his dinner companion, Charity de Tessaincourt—"Tess"—Stuart, the long-lost "War Baby" with whom, fifteen years before, he had engaged in many a snowball battle. Among the other guests are Lady Frederika—"Freddy"—Parrish, somewhat of a rowdy; Dion Mallory, second secretary at the British embassy and, Tess says, "at present one of my very best young men"; Raoul Chevalier, French naval attaché; Abby Stirling, wife of Bill Stirling, a famous newspaper correspondent; Vicki Wilde; Doctor Byrd, Vicki's ex-fiance; and Joan and Allan Lindsay.

Dion and Abby Stirling leave early—Abby for her home, and Dion to drive to New York with some papers that have been forgotten by a diplomat who is sailing for Europe the next morning. Vicki also leaves, accompanied by—of all persons—Doctor Byrd.

Tess questions Karl about his police activities, particularly about murder investigations.

"The next time you find a really good murder," K says, "I'll find you the murderer if you let me have just one good party—a party such as this—with all the friends of the corpse present. I'll even leave the black bag home."

"The black bag?" Tess queries.

"It's what is known as the Thorndyke equipment. There are twenty-eight articles in the bag, instruments for gathering together a few little broken straws that show how the wind blows. . . . But to me it is the motive that is all-important."

K takes Tess to her home—an apartment on the fourth floor of the old Stuart mansion which she shares with her younger sister, Fay, who has been to a party in Warrenton with Kippy Todd. A sign hangs from the sitting-room door: Do Not Disturb—a convention the girls use when either desires privacy. K returns to his hotel and is about to retire, when the telephone rings.

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

Tess is waiting for him just outside the door of the apartment sitting room. "It's Fay. She's in there. She's dead."

K finds Fay's body, and near by an empty cocktail glass, a nearly empty whisky bottle, three empty mineral-water bottles, and a bottle that had contained hyoscine-hydrobromide. Beneath the last is a note, in Fay's handwriting, that indicates that she has committed suicide. Tess, however, insists that she was murdered.

"Fay was not happy," she says, "but she'd have gone through all the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition before she'd lift a hand against herself. She had a horrible fear of death—she was insane on the subject."

Tess suggests that the empty glass might have fingerprints on it—those of Fay, who had evidently been drinking from it, of course, and possibly those of another: her murderer. Carefully, K examines it.

"You're right," he says at last, "it's murder. There are no marks at all on the glass."

III

FOR a long moment Karl Sheridan stood staring down grimly at the fragile, shining thing that had held death for one, and now might well hold it for two. And even while he looked, his eyes contracted in a curious concentration—the vague intensity of those other magicians who gaze deep into crystal, and see something strange and bewildering beyond its clear candor.

He took a linen handkerchief from his pocket, and turned the glass in his hand slowly, polishing away the last traces of the fine gray dust.

Tess, her eyes too on the glass, said softly and distinctly, "It must have been someone very stupid who did that, shouldn't you say?"

"Or someone, perhaps, so clever that he was willing to have us think so." His eyes were still intent on something that was neither dust nor crystal. "Though after all, Tess, what could he do? He could hardly wear gloves while pouring Fay those drinks, and still less could he remove his own fingerprints and retain hers. No, I imagine that in all probability he reasoned that the police would leap gratefully to the obvious and plausible conclusion of suicide, and that if by any highly improbable chance they did not, it would be considerably safer to leave behind him this anonymous confession of murder, rather than a confession signed by his own hand. Believe me, before we are through

we are going to discover that the person who did this thing was very far indeed from stupid."

"Are we?" she asked. "Well, then, Dion darling, we must be very careful not to be stupid ourselves, mustn't we?"

"As you say, very careful."

He could feel his heart sicken and twist within him. . . . "Darling, Dion darling. . . . And she had not even realized that she had said it. . . . He returned the handkerchief to his pocket with meticulous care, and stood surveying the glass in his hand with bitter distaste.

"You realize what I am doing, Tess? What I have already done? I have made myself an accessory after the fact, with a bit of linen and a pinch of dust. That, believe me, is a hard and ugly and quite incredible fact to face. It is active treachery and disloyalty to all that I have been taught to honor most. I have been taught, you see, that cooperation in the effort to combat crime is the foremost duty of every member of the police force. Tess, I am a member of the police force."

She said evenly, "Are you asking me to release you from your promise? I distinctly remember your telling me that for these next few days you were on leave, and not attached to any police force in the world."

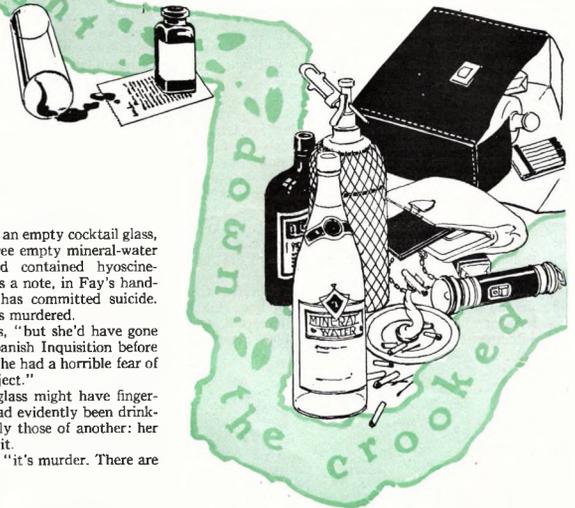
"That is true. But, Tess, how will I look, how will I seem, when at the end of those few days I go to your police with the evidence I have collected here? Even if it is evidence that will put handcuffs on a man, even if it is evidence that will put a rope around his neck, it will look as though I were a self-centered, conceited, fatuous young fool, eaten up by ambition and pride in my own ability. I do not greatly care for that picture."

"K, you promised."

"I was mad when I promised," he said quietly and bitterly. "Very well, I am still at your service, as you remind me. Though I warn you that it is entirely possible that all my trickery may prove as useless as it is detestable."

"Useless? Why?"

"Do you think that your police are fools? I can assure you that they are not, from all that I have heard. If the



slightest suspicion is aroused, they will be down on that glass like a pack of wolves, and it is quite needless to say that they will discover precisely the same thing that I discovered."

"But K, you said that it was practically impossible that murder would occur to anyone—you said that it looked like an absolutely open-and-shut case of suicide. You wouldn't even believe yourself that it was murder. Why should they pay the slightest attention to the wretched glass?"

"There is not one chance in a hundred that they will," said Sheridan somberly, his eyes turning back to the inscrutable cylinder in his fingers. "But it is that hundredth chance that has hung many a poor devil, and made the fame of many a lucky detective. Who can tell what they might stumble on here that would point straight down the path marked 'Murder'? Not I, Tess, and not you. But I can tell you this: If they ever find that path, the first place that they will turn to for further directions will be this glass that I hold in my hand."

"You're sure?" She came a quick step toward him. "No, no, they mustn't do that. Wipe the glass again, K—wipe it carefully. Mightn't your own fingerprints be on it?"

"Hardly." He smiled faintly, but his eyes were still grim. "A glass held as I hold it, this way, between thumb and finger, would have no mark of any kind."

"She watched, wide-eyed, the deft twirl that he gave it. 'Wouldn't it really? Between your finger and thumb, you mean? This way?'"

Her hand reached toward him swift as lightning, thumb and finger conscientiously extended. For a moment it hung poised, and then, above her startled exclamation, a small, splintering crash rang out and Karl Sheridan stood staring down at the shining ruins of what would have undoubtedly been the state's star exhibit.

"Oh, but K, how clumsy of me—how dreadful!" The low voice was raised just a fraction to the proper pitch of contrite consternation. "It's because my fingers aren't as long as yours, but how could I—how could I have been so hideously careless?"

The young gentleman from Vienna abruptly recovered his voice and a smile that was even less encouraging than his narrowed eyes.

"I share your doubts as to its possibility," he assured her pleasantly. "You think quickly, Tess—more quickly than I, apparently."

Tess's eyes wandered mechanically to the little glass bucket where the partly melted cubes still swam majestic as miniature icebergs.

"But it will just look as though it had slipped out of her hand, won't it?"

"Not to anyone gifted with the possession of two eyes in his head," he commented dryly. "Her hand does not swing over the hearth—not by eight good inches."

"Doesn't it?"

**B**UT her eyes were not on the small limp hand; indeed, they had not once rested on it since she had crossed the threshold into the room.

K said, "No. However, we can move the seat, and the glass is of no great importance. You see, this particular glass does not happen to be the one that the murderer used."

"But how do you mean that he was handicapped, K?"

"Principally by time. Time is the great enemy of murder—and he had little margin, I think, to set his stage for suicide. There was always the possibility that some servant might turn up, that you might return unexpectedly early and run into him as he left; that his exit might be blocked if you brought someone with you, and went into one of the rooms downstairs. I imagine that he heard the wheels of Time's chariot very clearly in his ears as he worked, and that even while he realized that it was insane to risk any chances of discovery by leaving something undone, he hurried desperately."

**S**HE murmured, her eyes as fixed on the bits of glass as though she were mesmerized, "Oh, yes. It's insane to take chances if you can possibly, possibly help it. I know that." Suddenly she jerked her head back abruptly, and for the first time he saw in her eyes panic, stark and appalled. "K—K, you make it sound so dreadfully, so horribly real. I was pretending it wasn't real at all, and now I can see him hurrying and frightened and listening, fixing the glass, and fixing the note, and fixing — K, don't let me believe it—don't, don't!"

He caught at her wrists, holding them in a grip as relentless as handcuffs. "Tess, listen to me; no, do not try to get away—you must listen. If you do not wish me to go home, as soon as I have telephoned for a doctor to take care of you, you must get yourself in hand at once. I will not have you making yourself ill. I will not have you driving yourself into a collapse from nerves. I can stand many things, but not to see you break. . . . Shall I telephone?"

She whispered, "No, don't telephone. I'm all right now—you'll see. Give me another chance; I didn't mean to be troublesome. . . . You were saying something about a glass, weren't you? That this—that this wasn't the glass. Am I being stupid not to understand?"

"You are being quite incredibly brave and clear-headed." He released her wrists very gently, and stood frowning abstractedly at the hands that had held them. "This room—I

wish to heaven that I could get you out of this room! You should not be here. I should have thought of that before. There is no place that we could sit—a drawing-room downstairs, perhaps, a living room?"

She shook her head, once more controlled and clear-eyed. "No—I don't care to risk it. These rooms are actually cut off from the rest of the house, and sound-proofed into the bargain. Dad had them fixed that way when they were remodeled, so that the phonograph and the radio wouldn't bother him. But we'd have to pass by the servants' wing to get down to any of the living rooms—and if any of the servants happened to hear us talking, it might make difficulties tomorrow, mightn't it? Because we simply never use the living rooms; the servants aren't any better than spies, and they know that we're perfectly well aware of it—and so is dad."

**B**UT if your father is so very stern with you, Tess, how does it come that he permits you to live in this sound-proof fortress unmolested?"

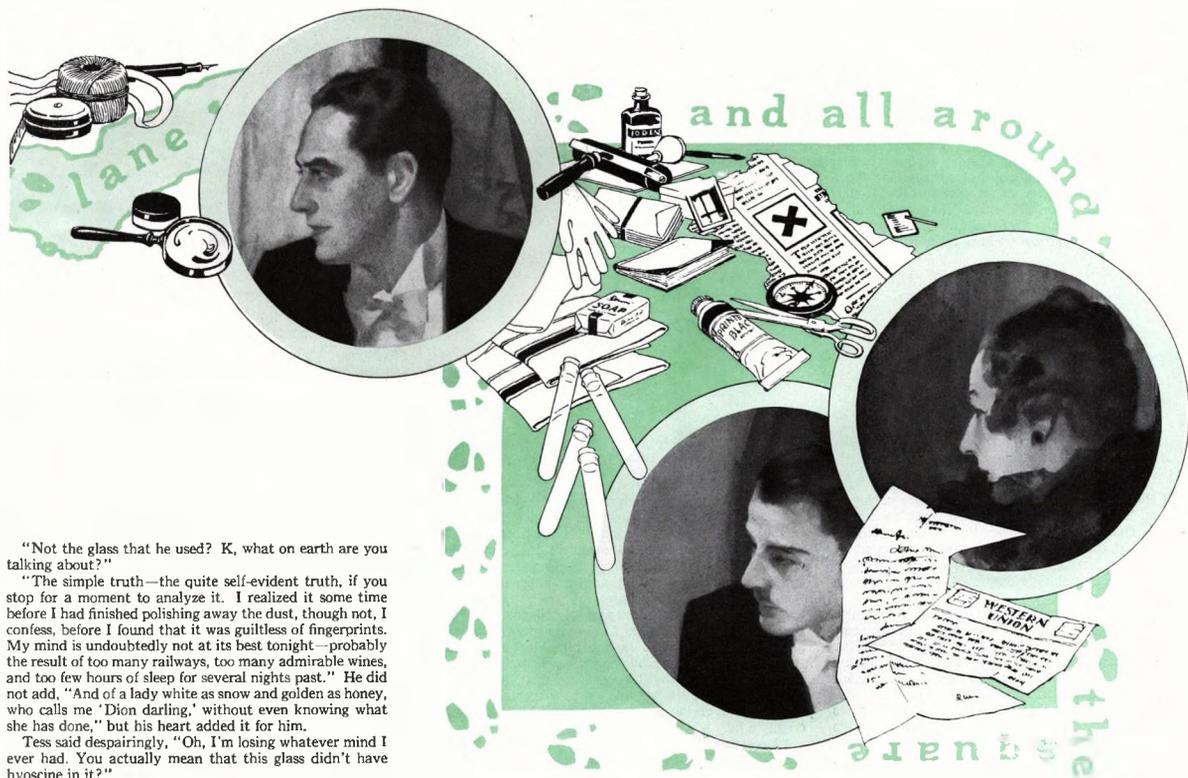
"I imagine that one of the reasons was that I told him that I'd walk straight out of his front door and take the first position I could get if he didn't give me some place where I could call my soul my own," replied Fuller Stuart's daughter in a voice as icy as her father's. "He loathes notoriety, and he knows that I'm a good deal more apt to do things than to argue about them. And then he was trying to bribe Fay to behave herself—and of course he didn't know anything about the Do Not Disturb sign. I think that he'd worked it out that we'd have to share the sitting room if we ever wanted to see our friends, and that I might have a somewhat chastening effect on Fay's activities."

"And did you, Tess?"

"No," said Tess briefly and colorlessly. "You know that I didn't."

"But all this?" He indicated the table with its array of bottles. "It was not forbidden? Or are the servants in so far your accomplices?"

(Continued on Page 63)



"Not the glass that he used? K, what on earth are you talking about?"

"The simple truth—the quite self-evident truth, if you stop for a moment to analyze it. I realized it some time before I had finished polishing away the dust, though not, I confess, before I found that it was guiltless of fingerprints. My mind is undoubtedly not at its best tonight—probably the result of too many railways, too many admirable wines, and too few hours of sleep for several nights past." He did not add, "And of a lady white as snow and golden as honey, who calls me 'Dion darling,' without even knowing what she has done," but his heart added it for him.

Tess said despairingly, "Oh, I'm losing whatever mind I ever had. You actually mean that this glass didn't have hyoscine in it?"

"I did not say that. It certainly held whisky-and-soda—and, if the murderer was as clever as I believe him to be, an insignificant amount of hyoscine as well. Because, you see, I am quite sure that from the beginning he foresaw the possibility of an investigation—however remote, however improbable, still it was there. And to the best of his ability—for you realize that he was handicapped—he prepared for that eventuality."

## Impersonation of a Lady

**MARRIED**—The beautiful Irène Morrell, 26, outstanding American stage star, idol of Social Registerites and peanut gallery alike, and one Donaldson Carr; in Manhattan.

**A**ND that, somewhat to my surprise, marked my retirement from the professional stage. Don, of course, felt that marriage automatically meant the end of my career. It was not until we had returned to his old home town, Wyckton, that he put his thoughts into words.

"Oh, Irène, don't go back!" he said. "Stay here! You don't have to work. I've more money than I know what to do with."

Yet when Joe Gruener called up about a new production which was to go into rehearsal soon, Don wanted me to accept. That, I knew, was because we had not been invited to Mrs. Wyckoff's reception. Mrs. Wyckoff, to whose daughter, Ruth, Don had once paid marked attention, was the social dictator of the town, and when she refused to receive us, Don, I knew, felt I'd failed in my rôle of wife.

And because of that, I turned Joe down—and assumed a rôle that was to prove more difficult than any that I had played on the stage: I vowed that I would not leave Wyckton until I had torn Mrs. Wyckoff from her pedestal, and I had replaced her as the arbiter of Wycktonian society!

### V

**A**T THE far end of the lounge, Don was pacing to and fro, watch in hand. Without noticing my approach, he suddenly dashed toward the antechamber. I followed, curious to see what or who had seized his attention. When I reached the outer room, I discovered him at the doorstep talking so earnestly to a young woman that he did not see me.

His back was toward me, but I had excellent opportunity to study his vis-a-vis. She was dressed in almost the same violet-gray tones as I, but her light-brown hair and her skin were so nondescript that instead of setting off her coloring—which is the only reason for wearing this difficult neutral shade—it made her seem depressingly drab.

I stepped toward them, deliberately letting my shoes clack on the red-tiled floor. Don wheeled; he said to his companion, "See you soon!"

She went out; Don said, "You've kept me waiting half an hour, Irène!"

"Is it," I asked icily, "an old Wyckton custom not to introduce your wife and your girl friend?"

"Irene!" He was so angry he sputtered. "That was Ruth Wyckoff. What do you mean by speaking of her like that?"

"Don't be ridiculous! It's I who should be offended." I could not say more, for Susannah and Marie were coming toward us. I presented Don, and told them, in response to their suggestion that I join them for tea, I was leaving.

Not until we were out on the road did either Don or I speak. Then he asked, "Where did you pick them up?"

"Susannah Blake is a niece of Mrs. Hastings." My tone was frigid. Even a snob, I thought vindictively, ought to consider that Mrs. Hastings' approbation was of infinitely greater social importance than the judgments of Mrs. Wyckoff and her homely daughter!

We marched along in antagonistic silence. Ever since the first time Ruth Wyckoff had been mentioned, when I'd known Don only two hours, and Mrs. Hastings had said, "There's some girl at home he's engaged to," I'd resented her existence. Now that I'd seen her, I thought that no one could be less alluring, but this served to increase my irritation. He had declared, "Anyone as well bred and as thoroughly a lady is remarkable these days."

"Apple sauce!" I said aloud.

"Did you speak to me?" Don asked.

"No!"

Never before had I snapped at him, but never before had I experienced acute miserable jealousy. Don was both blind and stupid, I told myself. He confused the negative trait of sheer unattractiveness with aristocratic restraint. I looked up at him, expecting to say something overwhelmingly caustic, but he met my gaze with such a contrite smile that I smiled too.

He linked his arm through mine. "Don't be cross!"

"But why did you act that way? It was insulting."

"I don't know. I'm no good at analyzing things. Let's just forget it happened."

I agreed, but as we walked, less swiftly now, up the driveway toward the white-columned portico of our house, I realized that his inarticulateness was less endearing than it had once seemed. In contrast to the voluble, overexpressive people of the stage, Don's verbal reticence had furnished a welcome relief. A year ago.

"A year ago," my mind echoed. "When you weren't sure of him. When he was a potential, instead of an actual, husband. You fell in love with him because he was one kind of person, and now you want to change him. It's you who are stupid!"

Inside the wide hall, I put my hands on his shoulders and drew him toward me. I quoted, more for my own benefit than for his:

*"What use are words, unless they shall discover Moments when words are useless to the lover?"*

"That's very nice," Don said. . . . "Oh, heavens, I think callers are coming."

"Tell Kate to say I'm not at home!" I flew up the steps. I had scarcely taken out of its hiding place the tablet of memoranda, to which I was eager to add, when the maid came in, carrying a silver tray containing visiting cards.





"TELL ME WHY WE'RE BEING SO HORRID TO EACH OTHER. WHEN WE WERE ALONE, IN EUROPE, WE NEVER QUARRELED. WHY CAN'T WE SEE A FEW OUTSIDE PEOPLE WITHOUT LOSING OUR TEMPERS?"

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

"Didn't Mr. Carr give you my message—that I was not at home?" I asked her.

"They saw you come in," she defended herself.

"That has nothing to do with it. Go down and say I am not receiving."

She departed sullenly, taking the cards with her.

I could find no writing paper upstairs, so after a few minutes I ran down to the library. As I stepped inside the room, the three occupants rose.

"I hope," Don said, "that you're feeling better, my dear?"

I improvised frantically. "My headache has almost gone. That's why I appeared at last."

"This is Mrs. Stanford, and Mr. Stanford."

I shook hands with the overdressed woman, then with her much older husband, and we all sat down.

"I'm sure," Mrs. Stanford said, with an accent as synthetic as her auburn hair, "you're glad of a chance to lead a quiet life after those years and years on the stage. It must be such a strenuous, abnormal life!"

I said nothing; she blundered on, "And then to be able to live in this quaint old home! I know what a comfort it must be to you, after boarding houses and everything."

Don laughed. "You ought to have seen my wife's apartment in New York! It makes this look shabby."

Stanford said, "I've got some relatives who live in New York. I don't know whether you've ever met them or not. They're very—well, conservative people."

"Are their names Smith?" I asked.

"No. What made you think that?"

Don frowned warningly at me, but I could not stop. "Most relatives are," I went on nonsensically.

Mrs. Stanford said, "I'll probably sound awfully old-fashioned, but in my opinion, real acting died out with Maude Adams. All these problem plays are so—so unnecessary! And there's no technic any more!"

She liked this word. She delivered an impromptu lecture on the absence of technic in the contemporary theater. At its conclusion, she said, "I want to show you a little work of my own, Mrs. Carr. It's a historical drama in blank verse. Of course I wouldn't care to have it produced commercially, for it would be too vulgarized, but we'd thought a private rendition of it—for the hospital, you know."

She added that she was going to play the leading part—that of Queen Elizabeth: "But not as an ugly old lady, the way Miss Fontanne played her. The cast is practically complete, Mrs. Carr, but as you're a stranger I thought it would be awfully nice for you to take the part of one of my ladies-in-waiting."

I got up. "I'm frightfully sorry, but my neuralgia's come back, and you must excuse me! I'm sure your play's lovely,

Mrs. Stanford, and I'm sorry my contracts won't permit me to appear in amateur productions."

I was out of the room before she'd had a chance to protest this falsehood.

When Donaldson came upstairs, some time later, I had decided to buy a diary, instead of keeping scattered notes. A day-to-day chronicle of events in their relation to my ultimate purpose would be the most systematic scheme.

I was so absorbed in this idea that I jumped when Don said sternly, "You were very rude to the Stanfords, Irène."

"They were rude to me, you mean. 'Boarding houses'—'lady-in-waiting.' That woman's a fool!"

"Maybe. But she goes everywhere."

I knew what that meant. "Well, this is one place she won't go! And another thing—I want you to instruct Kate that she is to carry out orders as she receives them!"

He made a mock salute. "Anything else?"

"Yes. Sit down here. Tell me why we're being so horrid to each other. When we were alone, in Europe, we never quarreled. Why can't we see a few outside people without losing our tempers?"

"I guess it's just the ordinary adjustment all couples have to go through. You mustn't forget that each one of us has always been independent, and it isn't easy to adapt oneself to the restrictions of matrimony. Just as an example, I've always had a

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EDITORIALS BY



LORING A. SCHULER

### • *Materialism?* •

THIS is, the critics say, a materialistic age, and we are a materialistic people. Someone, they like to point out, is always trying to sell us something. And it is true. Someone is always trying to sell us greater comfort, better health, longer life, better looks, easier ways of working, the elimination of drudgery, more hours for leisure and self-improvement. That's what they're trying to sell us.

For instance, in one laboratory a dozen draftsmen sit day after day bent over their boards, planning modern kitchens within old walls—trying to sell equipment, so that the housewife will take fewer steps and will be less weary at the end of her day's work. In another laboratory, twenty-five cookery experts are studying recipe combinations—trying to sell their own brands, yes, but making it possible for even an inexperienced cook to achieve professional results. In still other research work, chemists mix invisible ingredients with creams and lotions to make sure of their safety for the human skin and hair—trying to sell cosmetics, but selling beauty, too. In a hospital, scientists spend years to determine the beneficent results of certain fruit and vegetable juices on the teeth and gums—trying to sell something, but saving folks from toothaches. Bacteriologists peer through their microscopes to count the streptococcus microbes clinging to improperly washed dishes—again trying to sell equipment, but also selling family freedom from colds and sore throats.

It has been said that the kitchen is the most neglected room in most homes. It should be the Number One Room. But many women don't know what the inventors have been doing for their kitchens. They know about modernistic furniture. They know about streamlined automobiles. They know, if they have worked in offices before marriage, about calculating machines and teletypewriters. But most girls enter their own kitchens with very little more equipment than their mothers had—certainly with no more knowledge of household management.

Manufacturers look upon the modern home as Big Business, with a couple of capital B's. One great corporation, which until recently found sixty per cent of its business in heavy-duty machinery for industry, is today doing exactly that same percentage of its total volume in equipment for homes—mostly for kitchens.

There is today always news about food and equipment for homes. But unfortunately, such news will practically come to an end if some of the new Government theorists ever succeed in legislating into effect their ideas that housewives should buy only by specifications—"as the Government does"—instead of by brands.

The Consumers' Advisory Board of NRA is supposed to represent the mass of consumers, but its subtle propaganda is trying to break down confidence in the most painstaking friends the housewife has—and it offers nothing in its place. If service and uniform quality and safety and efficiency and the promotion of leisure are materialism, then let us have more of it, rather than less.

### • *Youth Among the Elders* •

MRS. LONGWORTH'S enumeration of the women who have served in Congress, and the complimentary reason why nine out of the nineteen got there at all, must be taken as a sad commentary on the failure of the women who won suffrage to carry their victory into national political office. But they have laid the groundwork upon which the youth of today can build and go forward.

Unlike Germany, Italy and Russia, the youth movement in America is not revolutionary, though youth is more and more taking an active interest in affairs. In the women's colleges, more girls are enrolled in political-science and economics courses than ever before—and it is interesting to remember that women from these same colleges were responsible in other days for the movements that brought about abolition of slavery, higher education for women, equal suffrage.

Some of today's politically minded youth, organized as the National Student Federation, met in Washington just before the opening of the present Congress and discussed such questions as training for citizenship, the relation of students to political parties, and the attitude of youth toward present national issues.

Youth should be heard; it should be given seats right now among the elders. For the youth of today and of tomorrow will inherit both the economic adventures and the financial deficits of the new deal.

### • *Cruel Seventeen* •

ONE of Booth Tarkington's famous fiction characters was Willie Baxter, and those among you who have watched the serio-comic struggles of sons of seventeen know how truly he depicted that trying period when a male person is neither a boy nor yet quite a man.

The Lorimers' Davy Dillon is seventeen of the same kind—clumsy, awkward, sensitive, somewhat dumb, the butt of Maudie's wise-cracking line, and always her not-wholly-willing slave and admirer.

For perfectly obvious reasons one would hesitate to give boys of this age much authority, yet in today's social system Willie Baxter and Davy Dillon and their ilk have almost unlimited power to make or to break the girls with whom they are thrown into contact at dances. They may be meek enough at home, they may still tremble at the schoolmaster's wrath, but put them into the stag line and all their latent cruelty comes forth. Then woe betide the little girl who is not popular enough to win a constant procession of cut-ins—she may as well stay at home, for teen-age chivalry is dead and Davy Dillon will take no chance on being stuck with her for all the evening.

Parents may smile indulgently about all this, but they would get another picture if they could read the letters that their daughters write to us. "How can I be popular?" is the constant cry of their pleas. "How can I make the boys like me?" And we try to give answers that parents themselves should be giving.

To those of us who are old enough to remember the customs of other not-too-distant days, the solution of cut-in cruelty would seem to be a revival of program dances, but since the youngsters themselves spurn that gracious method, the only alternative is for every girl to become so superb a dancer, with so entrancing a "line," that she will never lack for partners. Then she can hold the upper hand, and put Willie, Davy and all the rest in their proper places.

### • *Home Safety First* •

SEVEN hundred thousand persons fall downstairs every year, and the average bill for medical attention in such accidents is \$132. The number of Americans injured in all kinds of home accidents every twelve months would practically equal the combined populations of Detroit, Los Angeles, Cleveland and Baltimore.

Home accidents have increased 40 per cent since 1925, though all other kinds of accidents have declined. As a matter of fact, the number of deaths from home accidents is only slightly less than the total from motor smash-ups, and among older persons falls account for more than three-quarters of all deaths.

On another page there is published a series of simple rules by which this toll of home accidents may be eliminated, or at least lessened. It is simply a matter of taking care of little things. Slippery floors, slippery stairs, slippery bathtubs, teetery chairs, icy steps—these are the sources of danger, and a family campaign to correct the danger spots would be an economy in every home. Let's start today.

### • *Why Do We Go to Church?* •

IS IT fear? Is it a habit? Is it wishful thinking? Or is it a desire to sway the purposes of the Almighty to our own ends? No doubt there are elements of all these reasons in the worship of many people, but if there were no others we could neither account for the hold that the worship of God has on multitudes of people nor for the results of that worship which we see in their lives.

In common aspiration with like-minded people, we go to church where the influence of prayer and hymn and the story of God's love raises us above the level on which we dwell. Baptizing our spirits in that light, we better adjust our lives to be in tune with the Eternal Plan. We come out renewed, purified and strengthened to meet the problems and the cares of living. We have for a space been aware of God, and other things have settled into their true proportions. We have a better perspective. Much that we had craved seems dross by comparison with the majesty of God. Our sorrows and our troubles are lightened by being shared with One who cares. And we go forth with a better courage for having touched the Power which clothes the fields with flowers and which keeps the planets in their courses.

# A Backward Glance

BY EDITH WHARTON

I MUST go back a long way to recover the threads leading to my earliest days in London society. My husband and I took our first dip into it just after the appearance of *The Greater Inclination*; but the dip was so brief that I brought back from it hardly more than a list of names. It was then, probably, that I first met Lady Jeune, afterward Lady St. Helier, whose kindness at once put me in relation with the large and varied throng composing her own society.

The tastes and interests of Lady Jeune, one of the most noted London hostesses of her day, could hardly have been more remote from my own. She was a born "entertainer," according to the traditional London idea which regarded the act of fighting one's way through a struggling crowd of celebrities as the finest expression of social intercourse. I hated "general society," and Lady Jeune could conceive of no society that was not general; she took a frank and indefatigable interest in celebrities, and was determined to have them all at her house; whereas I was shy, or indifferent, and without any desire to meet any of them, at any rate on such wholesale occasions, except one or two of my own craft. Yet Lady Jeune and I at once became fast friends, and my affection and admiration for her grew with the growth of our friendship.

FOR many years I stayed with her whenever I went to London, gladly bearing the brunt of the series of big luncheons and dinners which were an inevitable part of her hospitality, for the sake of the real pleasure I had in being with her. Others have done justice to her intelligent and indefatigable activities on the London County Council, and in every good cause, political, municipal or philanthropic, which appealed to her wise sympathies; but what I wish to record is that this woman, who figured to hundreds merely as the most tireless and imperturbable of hostesses, a sort of automatic entertaining machine, had a strong personality of her own, and the most generous and independent character.

She would, I am sure, have been amused if she had ever heard—as I dare say she did—the story of the cannibal chief who, on the point of consigning a captive explorer to the pot, snatched him back to safety with the exclamation: "But I think I've met you at Lady St. Helier's!"

One of the things that most struck me when I began to go into general society in England was the indifference of the kind and friendly people whom I met to any but their individual occupations or hobbies. At that time—over thirty years ago—an interest in general ideas, and indeed in any topic whatever outside of the political and social pre-occupations of the England of the day, was almost nonexistent, except in a small group which I was to be thrown with only later. There were, of course, brilliant exceptions, and on the whole the most cultivated and widely ranging intelligences I have known have been among Englishmen. But in general, in the big politico-worldly society in which men of all sorts—sportsmen, soldiers, lawyers, scholars and statesmen—were mingled with the merely mundane, I found the greater number rather narrowly confined to their own particular topics, and general conversation as rigorously excluded as general ideas.

I REMEMBER, at one big dinner in this portion of the London world, hearing some one name Lord Basil Blackwood as we entered the dining room, and turning eagerly to my neighbor—a famous polo player. I think—with the question: "Oh, can you tell me if that is the wonderful Basil Blackwood who did the pictures for *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*?" My neighbor gave me a glance of undisguised dismay and hastily replied: "Oh, please don't ask me that sort of question! I'm not in the least literary." His hostess, in sending him in with me, had probably whispered to the

unhappy man "She writes," and he was determined from the outset to make his position clear.

Often, of course, there were rich compensations for such evenings. One night at a dinner—I think at Lady Ripon's—I found myself next to a man of about thirty-five or forty, whose name I had not caught. We fell into conversation, and within five minutes I was being whirled away on such a quick current of talk as I had not dipped into for many a day. My neighbor moved with dazzling agility from topic to topic, tossing them to and fro like glittering glass balls, always making me share in the game, yet directing it with a practiced hand.

We soon discovered a common love of letters, and I think it was our main theme that evening. At all events, what I chiefly remember is our having matched, so to speak, the most famous kisses in literature, and my producing as my crowning effect, and to my neighbor's great admiration, the kiss on the stairs in *The Spoils of Poynton*—which I have always thought one of the most moving love scenes in fiction—while he quoted the last embrace of Troilus:

*"Injurious time, now, with a robber's haste,  
Craves his rich thievery up, he knows not how.  
As many farewells as be stars in heaven, . . .  
He fumbles up into one loose adieu;  
And scants us with a single famished kiss,  
Dislusting with the salt of broken tears."*

Only at the end of the evening did I learn that I had sat next to Harry Cust, one of the most eager and radioactive intelligences in the London world, unhappily too favored by fortune to have been forced to canalize his gifts, but a captivating talker and delightful companion in the small circle of his intimates. We struck up a prompt friendship, and thereafter I seldom missed seeing him when I was in London, and keep the memory of delightful luncheons or dinners at his picturesque house, looking out over a quiet rose garden, a stone's throw from the roar of Knightsbridge.

Among these fashionable cosmopolitans—of whom Lady Ripon was one of the most accomplished—I found again an old friend and contemporary, the beautiful Lady Essex, who had been Adele Grant of New York. She lived at that time in Bourdon House, Mayfair, the charming little brick manor house of a famous heiress who, in the seventeenth century, brought her immense estates to the house of Westminster; one of the last, I suppose, of the old country houses to survive till our day in that intensely urban quarter.

There, in the friendly informal setting of old pictures and old furniture of which her friends keep so happy a memory, I met a number of well-known people, among whom I remember especially Claude Phillips, the witty and agreeable Keeper of the Wallace collection; Sir Edmund Gosse, who always showed me great kindness; Max Beerbohm, the matchless; Mr. H. G. Wells, keenest and most responsive of talkers; and William Archer, the dramatic critic and translator of Ibsen.

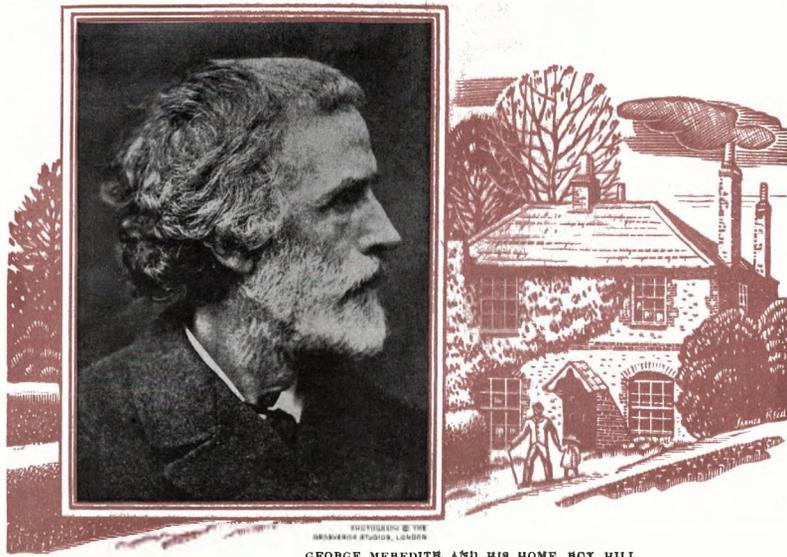
THE Essexes at that time assembled big week-end parties at Cassiobury, Lord Essex's place near St. Albans, and one Sunday at the end of a brilliant London season, when my husband and I motored down there to lunch, we found, scattered on the lawn under the great cedars, the very flower and pinnacle of the London world: Mr. Balfour; Lady Desborough; Lady Anne Poynder (now Lady Islington); Lady Elcho (now Lady Wemyss); John Sargent; Henry James, and many others of that shining galaxy—but one and all so exhausted by the social labors of the last weeks, so talked-out with one another and with all the world, that beyond benevolent smiles they had little to give; and I remarked that evening to my husband that meeting them in such circumstances was rather like seeing their outer garments hung up in a row, with nobody inside.

To Adele Essex, always a devoted friend and responsive companion, and to Lady Ripon, whose sense of fun and quick enthusiasms always delighted me, I owed, on the whole, my pleasantest London hours; though I should be ungrateful not to add to their names those of Sir George Trevelyan, who kept up till his death a friendly interest in my books; Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell, Mrs. Humphry Ward; and my shrewd and independent old friend, Mrs. Alfred Austin.

I WAS often a guest of the Wards, in London or at their peaceful old country house near Tring, for there were many ties of old friendship, English and American, between us, and Mrs. Ward was unfailingly kind in her estimation of my work, and always eager to make me known to interesting people. Indeed, whenever I have been in England I have found there kindness, hospitality and a disposition to put me at once on a footing of old friendship.

Much as I enjoyed these London glimpses, they are no more now than a golden blur on the edge of memory. So many years have gone by, and that old world of my youth has been so convulsed and shattered, that as I look back, and try to recapture the details of particular scenes and talks, they dissolve into the distance. But in any case, I was not made to extract more than a passing amusement from such fugitive dips into a foreign society. My idea of society was—and still is—the daily companionship of the same five or six friends, and its pleasure is based on continuity; whereas the hospitable people who opened their doors to me in London, though of course they all had their own intimate circles, were as much exhilarated by the yearly stream of new faces as a successful shot by the size of his bag. Most of my intimate friends in England were made later, and in circumstances more favorable—to me, at any rate—than the rush and

(Continued on Page 90)



GEORGE MEREDITH AND HIS HOME, HOX HILL

# PARIS SENDS US A CALL TO THE COLORS

BY JULIA COBURN

WHEN you ask me what most impressed me about the advance spring clothes as I saw them in the salons of the couturiers in Paris, I shall reply promptly, "The colors." Spring, of course, is always more colorful in clothes than fall. And there is another possible reason. History of costume has told us that after a war or an economic depression, there is a spontaneous outburst of color in dress. Maybe our colors will show our optimism.

Do you know that for many years—although each season we hear talk of new and delightful colors—stores have bought 90 per cent of their stocks of coats and suits

in black and brown in the fall, and in black and navy in the spring? And they buy them that way because we have proved to them that those are the colors 90 per cent of us want to wear.

Do we really want to go that much into uniform? I'm inclined to think we have followed the lines of least resistance. But now, Paris is suggesting that we exercise a little individuality.

You can wear any color you want to this spring. Besides navy there are all sorts of other blues, in varying degrees of lightness. There are quite a few tawny reds. Brown even becomes a spring color too. Beige and gray have a definite standing. The newest greens are on the blue side rather than the yellow—a clear, dark emerald shade. I'm thinking how lovely that will be for next fall.

The French houses not only used a greater variety of colors in their showings of advance spring models; they made most interesting combinations of color. Have you always thought you should wear navy shoes, bag and gloves with a navy outfit? Try brown this year—a blue and brown combination is very smart. If you decide to have a brown suit, wear with it a blouse of that heavenly

This lovely evening gown of Patou's features the sunburst pleating of which he is so fond. The material is a heavy sheer crêpe. The orange capelet narrows to almost nothing at the back of the neck.

Lelong makes the very wearable dress on the right, of white printed satin with diagonal wavy stripes. The sleeves show the favorite new length. Note the excellent lines for the larger figure.

The red-and-blue tweed suit on the opposite page shows how Schiaparelli has modified her extreme lines of last spring—a charming tailored suit for the youthful figure. It has dash and distinction.

The suit in the center, opposite, Mainbacher makes of a beige sheer wool with the much-loved swagger coat. He enlivens its simplicity with a printed taffeta blouse with high neck and lots of jabot.

The white ruffles belong to Maggy Rouff's daytime dress of sheer wool. (We should probably wear it in silk crêpe.) Nice in navy, or in brown. Note the upstanding collar and cascading yards of organdie.



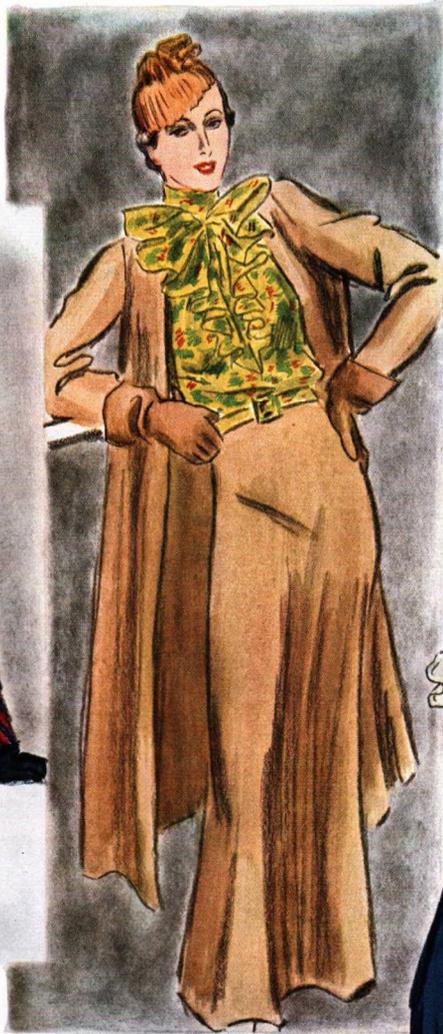
PATOU

LELONG

# THIS SPRING



SCHIAPARELLI



MAINBOCHER



MAGGY ROUFF.

gray blue that we used to call powder blue. Look at the golden taffeta blouse with the beige Mainbocher suit. What life it gives to the costume! Don't be drab! Don't be content with just one color in a costume. With a dark color, use white if you must; but another color is likely to be more interesting, and certainly shows more imagination on your part. One of the most exciting costumes I saw in Paris was a knitted suit of a deep plum purple, with a blouse of aquamarine!

There are fascinating tweeds for spring in the subtlest shades and combinations of colors. Use your own originality in putting different blouses or sweaters with your favorite tweed. But don't look haphazard. It's safer to have things match, unless you can contrast them as if it were an inspiration. Contrasts that look accidental do nothing for you.

Skirts seemed to me definitely shorter. The French dress-makers did not admit that they consciously shortened them; but I do not think they had them so long as we did last fall. No one can give an exact measurement of the right length; but watch when your new clothes are fitted, and if there's a doubt in your mind, take a chance on the shorter length. So many ready-made dresses now come with stitching around the bottom, and no hem. Remember that they are made plenty long, to fit anyone. Just because the length is there, it doesn't necessarily mean you need it.

Suits have short jackets, like the blue-and-red Schiaparelli one, or swagger coats, like the beige costume from Mainbocher. The short jacket is obviously for the youthful figure, while the swagger coat is every woman's friend. Those of us who are addicted to them will be glad to hear that Paris goes right on with various versions of the swagger.

There is a great tendency for clothes to creep up in the neck. Look at all the three costumes on this page. None of them is content to stop where the neck begins. Each finds some way of going up and up. Schiaparelli's new tweed coats have collars that not only go up but thrust themselves forward in front. In fact, there is every evidence that where there are collars, they are not going to lie down on the job!

On the other hand, many necklines on daytime dresses are finished with a tiny V in the back, about two or three inches down from the base of the neck.

Please notice the absence of any flummaddiddles around the shoulders or tops of sleeves. If you went and fell for one of those wild-shouldered coats last spring, don't say that I showed them or advised it! And get something done to bring it back to normal before you wear it this year. Good shoulders are simple, and good sleeves, though not necessarily perfectly plain, are much more likely to have their fullness and their detail around the elbow.

There's so much more I could tell you about the Paris clothes from which American manufacturers draw much of their inspiration for spring. But there just isn't space. So I brought home from Paris a group of color sketches of the most interesting clothes from Molyneux, Schiaparelli, Lelong, Patou, Maggy Rouff, Augustabernard and Mainbocher. I have incorporated them in a PARIS PORTFOLIO, which you may want to have before you start your spring wardrobe. These color sketches have all sorts of helpful hints for buying, for making and for making over. There's a coupon, at the right, for your convenience if you want to order this PARIS PORTFOLIO.

**Reference Library:**

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps, for which please send me Julia Coburn's

PARIS PORTFOLIO, No. 1132

Name . . . . .

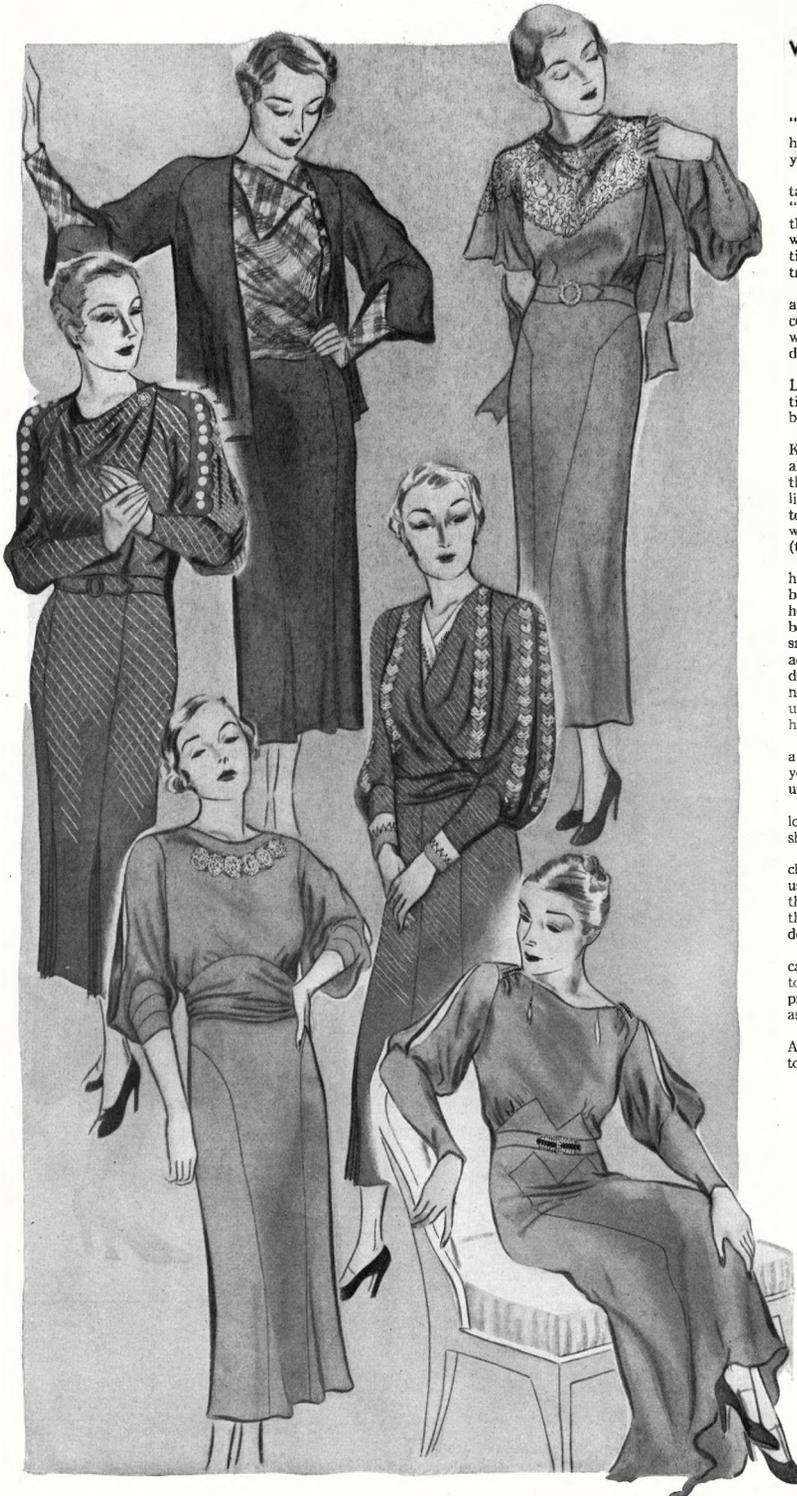
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Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia

# SHORT OR SMALL,

## WITH DRESSES DESIGNED



"AND \$2.50 for raising the waistline." The salesgirl poises her pencil, and to you it's the same old story. Why can't you ever "walk right into" anything?

After all, your figure's really not so terrible—not very tall, of course, but then who was the famous beau who said "just as tall as my heart"? Possibly a bit heavy here and there, but short or tall, whose isn't? No, something seems wrong with the clothes themselves when they have tight, tight sleeves, waists that meet your hips with glee, and skirts trailing gaily on the floor like a ball gown.

All sorts of people in the know—buyers, manufacturers and fashionists—variously estimate that from 40 to 70 per cent of all women are 5' 5" and under, and today are creating what they call "half-size" clothes, just to fit you with less difficulty and to help you look taller and slimmer.

It's the "and under" which makes most of the percentage. Look around you and you will see that we are right, Celebrities too. Look at Helen Hayes—look at Mary Pickford—both belonging in this group of "little women."

The whole trick of looking taller and slimmer is unity. Keeping your lines, colors, silhouette and your accessories all matching or harmonizing. Simplicity must be yours, but that doesn't mean looking like a nun. It means that your lines must go from top to toe—or across on a diagonal—so as to give a feeling of length, while you neatly avoid anything which carries the eye straight across your rather broad (that is, for your height) figure.

Let's analyze you and find out if you actually need the half sizes. To begin with, you are 5' 5" or under. You may be under forty or over, but probably you have rather a large head and a short, somewhat heavy neck. While the actual bony structure of your shoulders and neck is medium to small, you have heavy muscles—and even overplumpness—across the back of your neck and on the top of your shoulders, which creates a heavy appearance. The tightness you notice in sleeves of ordinary dresses is likely due to a large upper arm, while the fact that the cuffs drop over your hands proves that your arms are short.

It may be that you have a large bust. You always have a short waist, inclined to be biggish at the diaphragm. And your *derrière*, as the French so neatly call one's lower back, usually falls, unfortunately for you, on the overplus side.

Your torso—from shoulder to bottom of hip—is really long in proportion to your legs, which are proportionately short and may be bowed or very heavy.

If you want to figure yourself out, we have prepared a chart with the ideal proportions, and a diagram for you to use as a standard in measuring yourself. It is contained in the booklet, *STYLES FOR LITTLE WOMEN*, No. 1133. Send a three-cent stamp to the JOURNAL Reference Library, Philadelphia, for your copy.

Now that you have yourself mirrored in your mind, how can you get these clothes which will accommodate themselves to your own measurements, without your paying half the price of the dress for alterations and then having it look as if you were trying to wear your larger sister's dress?

This is where the half-size dresses and coats come in. Actually they are not just in-between sizes; they are made to fit women 5' 5" and under (and don't forget that "and

*The lady farthest to the left wears a bordered print of blue, diagonally checked in white, with a border over the shoulder and down the sleeve. The softly draped cowl neckline is very becoming, and the sleeves are smart.*

*The jacket dress on the lady in the center at the top is of sheer crêpe, with blouse of an indistinct plaid. Note these good points: the raglan shoulder, the pointed revers, the three-quarters jacket sleeve which shows the long sleeve.*

*A most charming afternoon costume in sheer aquamarine crêpe, and matching Alençon. The cape sleeves fall gracefully almost to the elbow. The jacket ties around the waist, long-sleeved, so it could be worn on the street.*

*The printed dress in the center above uses its border cleverly to add height. The surplice closing and vestee detract from width. This woman, because she is under 5' 5", wears size 22½, instead of size 40, and looks slimmer.*

# LET'S LOOK TALL

FOR WOMEN 5'5" AND UNDER • BY HELEN ASKENASY

under") who have problems of weight versus alterations. Perhaps you don't know it, but your favorite store probably has a special department with these so-called half-size dresses and coats. The dresses you will find there will be larger through arm and hip, while the waist will be raised so that it meets your own waistline. The sleeves will be well-fitted and shorter, so that you needn't turn up yards of hem. And necklines to give you plenty of room without being bulky. Lines will be simple—pleats flat as flat, skirts lying straight and slim, no flares to jut out or bows to fly signals.

You can do a lot to create that feeling of height and slimmest by knowing just what lines and fashions to choose to correct your deficiencies. Your silhouette must be simple—stick to plain lines and a one-color effect, with contrasting or harmonizing notes in your accessories. If you do become enamored of a print frock, see that it's a small effect or that the pattern contributes a becoming note. Checks and plaids should not be too gay or pronounced. Stripes are smart—but take yours vertically. Or diagonally. We're afraid you'd better avoid very bright colors, except as accessories. If you do feel unhappy without a frock of two colors, see that the skirt color is much darker than the waist and also much longer—it will make your hips seem that much smaller! (Except if you have a large bust, then have the darker shade on top to call attention away from your bust.)

Be fussy about your seams. If that seems funny, just notice how a regular armcye looks when it falls over the edge of your shoulder. And the detail of the seams must carry either vertically or diagonally to create the taller, slimmer illusion.

If your neck is short and somewhat heavy, the collarless effect—flat collars in V or in surplice effects—will give the skin tone to your neck and make it appear longer. If you like little bibs and vestees, wear them by all means, but get them narrow in width and rather long. Anything short or round will give a dumpty effect to your whole silhouette. A pointed cowl neckline—not too draped—will be flattering for you too.

Keep the line from your neck to your shoulder flat, and you will appear to lengthen your neck. If your shoulders look heavy, the dropped or raglan sleeve—especially the type where the seams meet in a point at your shoulder—is helpful in creating the illusion of slimmer lines. Avoid fullness at the top of the arm—around the elbow, or below it, is the only place you should have decoration on your sleeves. Bordered prints, with the border going across the shoulder and down the arms, like the ones illustrated, give a becoming balance to the figure.

Waists can make or break you. They are your most important problem, because you're short-waisted and tend to have largish hips. The waist itself needs lengthening, because it's not very long. Of course there is the old favorite, the surplice line, which is so very flattering. Stitchings, buttons or trimmings should have an up-and-down feeling. Avoid a plain line over the bust, if you are heavy there. Revers, soft collars, jabots, diagonal closing can break the monotony.

*Designed for the young woman who is not tall is the most-crepe dress at the lower left, on the opposite page. The slit short sleeves are of the approved new length. White Irish-crochet flowers across the front are the only trimming. This is the young dress you've been looking for, made on suitable lines for the youthful figure. Lovely for any afternoon informal occasion.*

*The dinner frock, lower right on the opposite page, has slight slits in the front, and long ones in the sleeves and in back of its bodice. The jeweled clips on the shoulder match the fastening of its narrow belt. This dress is of moss crepe. It gives grace and distinction to the woman who is short but who wants to look tall. And it solves the question of sleeves or no sleeves.*

*The dress at the top of this page is a tiny flower print on a dark ground, which gives variety but does not destroy the effect of unity. The draped collar is of plain beige crepe, softly flattering. This dress is good for larger or smaller short ladies. Note how the lines of the collar, the skirt seams, all create the up-and-down feeling to give the illusion of greater height and slimmest.*

If you like jacket frocks, they are most becoming when the jackets are long (three-quarters and seven-eighths lengths) or very short like a blouse. Do not select the type which stops at the hipline. This will accentuate the shortness of your waist and the size of your hips.

Light waists under dark jackets, or the reverse, are flattering, for they give the effect of a vestee. And the narrow long vestee will do lots for your figure; just don't let the vestee be too broad or too fussy. Wear belts of the very narrow or "string" type, and tie your sashes to the side in front or in back. And match your belt or sash to your dress so as not to cut yourself in two.

In the new half-size dresses, no longer do you have to raise your skirt at the waistline in order to make it fit over your hips. Because their skirts are made shorter and a trifle fuller, half-size dresses cut these alteration charges almost to nothing.

The straighter your skirt, the taller you will look. If you wear plaids, keep them flat. Wide box pleats should be placed at the front and back, with the hips plain or with very flat, narrow pleating. If you notice how ruffles, flares, peplums and the like increase the width of your hips, you will remember to keep your dress looking all in one piece. With one exception: The two-piece dress, simply made and well-fitting, seems to give height to the figure and to detract from that stubby effect. Don't make the error of thinking very long daytime dresses make you appear taller. They just make you look dumpty. If your legs are good, a bit below the middle calf is usually very smart. For Sunday-night frocks, evening things and the like, ankle or instep length—just showing your swanky new shoes—makes the frock belong to you. If Nature failed you a bit in the nether extremities, the most flattering point for a hemline is just below the heaviest part of the leg, or below the curve if you're bow-legged.

Keep your hems narrow; the wide hem only calls attention to the fact that you have had to shorten your dress. Cut the material off, if the hem is over two and a half inches, and resew it. It's much smarter that way. And keep your whole hemline even.

And where will you find these clothes? In the half-size department of your store, or perhaps in the regular departments. Just go up boldly and say, "Where do I find half sizes?" You will be surprised to find that stores consider you the majority among women, rather than the exception. Half sizes run from 14½, which is the short version of a 14, up to 20½, and then 22½, 24½ and 26½, which correspond to 40, 42 and 44, respectively.

All the dresses pictured here were designed for "little women," and all of them are priced between \$12.50 and \$25. Many stores are carrying them; if you have a favorite, and cannot find it in your store, just write to Julia Coburn, Fashion Editor of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and she will try to help you locate the dress.

And if you want to learn more about the most flattering lines, colors and accessories for your type, send for the booklet, STYLES FOR LITTLE WOMEN, No. 1133. It also contains a chart of half sizes, a diagram for comparing your measurements to the "ideally proportioned figure."

*Note the trim tailoredness of the dress at the upper right. It is actually all in one piece, though in two-piece effect. Of flat crepe in dark colors, with pleatings as its only decoration, and its hipline smoothly molded, its becomingness is beyond question. If she were not short, this lady would wear size 38. As it is, she wears size 20½, and looks taller and slimmer than she really is.*

*Again the two-piece effect, which seems to add height, in the checked dress to the right. It is of roshanara crepe, in green and brown, or may be had in other combinations. The border down the sleeves, the jabot and the emphasized buttons and buttonholes all contribute to height and slimmest. The pleats on all the dresses are inverted. A businesslike dress that is really attractive.*

*A gracious printed gown is the lowest one, across to the right on this page. White flowers are printed in photographic effect on a dark ground. Note how the sleeve fullness drops well below the elbow. A splendid choice for a woman not so young and not so slim. One white flower and one dark-colored flower finish the becoming draped collar of this dress for afternoon.*



# TREAT YOURSELF TO ONE OF THESE

1261. It's very new to have your bow a dark one, and to tie it quite close up under your chin. This one-piece dress with the shirtwaist-and-skirt air is chic in a number of fabrics, lightweight wools and woollike silks. It is designed for 14 to 20 years and 34 to 40 bust.

1262. It's a suit with a wrap-around skirt, a wide-belted jacket (note how the buckles are turned in) and dashing revers. You can wear it now and the whole summer long—if you use a thin woven wool. This suit is designed for 16 to 20 years and for 36 to 42 bust.

1263. This is the newest instep-length dress for daylight dancing and dining, with its tailored tie at the throat, and in an exquisite sheer fabric. Wear it only if you're very young and can carry off the slit back. This dress is designed for 14 to 20 years and 34 to 40 bust.

1264. Here is a dress to make you prettier—the lighter color near your face is so flattering. The drop shoulder is smart and will make you look slimmer if your shoulders are inclined to be heavy. The skirt does miracles in giving the slim line everybody hankers for. It is designed for 16 to 20 years, 36 to 42 bust.

1265. Where could you find a more perfect dress? Raglan sleeve—and anybody knows how becoming that is; an up-and-down feeling to the seams of the skirt—and everybody who feels conscious of her hip-line wants these lines. The printed-silk scarf ties in a jabot in front. It is designed for 36 to 44 bust.

1266. The perfect tailored frock for classroom, office or home. It is a shirtwaist frock which has buttons all the way down the front. In stripes, wide or pencil thin, in wash silks or in thin wools, this dress has a place in your wardrobe planning. Note the collar. It is designed for 14 to 20 years and for 34 to 40 bust.

1267. Just because you call her "mother" is no reason why she need dress the part. The vestee which ties at the side toward the back is of satin, and the dress a flat crêpe. Use two sides of crêpe satin if you like, but contrasting colors in crêpes are newer. The dress is designed for 16 to 20 years, 36 to 42 bust.



# RIGHT ABOUT FACE

BY GRACE MACK

EVERY woman has within herself the essential ingredients for the manufacture of a compelling personality. The trouble with most of us is that we never actually turn the searchlight of self-analysis upon ourselves in order to discover just what these ingredients are and how we can make use of them.

It would profit all of us, I think, to observe and study Hollywood's methods, for Hollywood takes raw material, as formless as potter's clay in many instances, and by processes as painstakingly contrived as the carving of a statue, actually manufactures personality. And Hollywood's first study is given to the mouth and eyes.

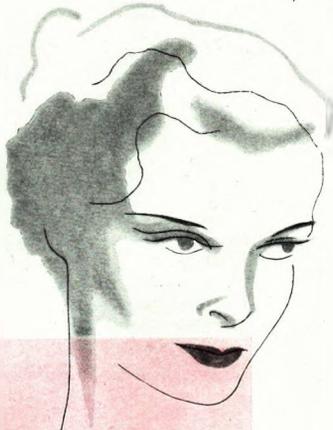
If Hollywood lipsticks could talk, what tales they would tell! The women of the screen rouge their lips along natural lines, always accenting the lower lip. In some magical way this adds character and a certain dramatic accent that many feminine faces lack.

Witness Katharine Hepburn, sketched below, whose first picture, *A Bill of Divorcement*, immediately stamped her as an intriguing personality.

Katharine Hepburn is not beautiful in the standardized sense of the word, but she has brains and a driving ambition. She had no sensitiveness about having her face taken apart and analyzed as cold-bloodedly as if it were the face of a stranger. Her mouth was bad—the upper lip too straight and thin. By carrying the lip rouge above the natural line of her lip, her mouth was made to look fuller. Her eyebrows were lifted to give more expression to her face. The way she was wearing her hair—straight back, in a tight little buttoned-up knot at the nape of her neck—was unflattering and failed utterly to express her personality. A loose, fluffy bob was found to be more in keeping with her contour.

If your upper lip is straight and thin like Katharine Hepburn's, try carrying your lip rouge a little above the natural line. First, dip the tip of an orange stick in lip salve and carefully outline the contour of the mouth you desire. Then fill it in with lip rouge, beginning at the center and carefully carrying the rouge to the corners of your mouth.

Doubtless you will argue that it is all very easy for motion-picture stars who have clever directors to guide them, the best designers to clothe them, expert hairdressers and make-up artists to advise them how to dramatize themselves. You'll wonder what chance your face may have.



EDITOR'S NOTE—Paris, New York and Hollywood—these are the capitals of the beauty world, and as I cannot be both East and West, I have asked Grace Mack to interview Hollywood on manufacturing personality. Here is her answer to the question. You will find detailed information that will be of great help in following through the regimen of screen stars in my *Complexion Analysis Chart*, No. 1128, price three cents; and the booklet, *How to Develop Your Personality*, No. 1104, also three cents; which I will gladly send you if you will address me in care of The Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

—DOROTHY COCKS, *Beauty Editor*.

Observation and self-analysis are the first steps toward making any woman what she wants to be.

Don't be discouraged if your mirror fails to reveal beauty. Real beauty begins behind your forehead. If you are courageous enough to face your mirror and analyze what you see there, not hopelessly or regretfully, but intelligently, there is no reason why you cannot manufacture personality.

Don't be afraid to take liberties with your face. You'll be surprised to discover what you can do with your eyebrows alone. A straight end to the eyebrow will add width to your face. An arched eyebrow gives a note of sleek sophistication. It will also do a great deal toward enlarging a naturally small eye. Just for the sake of experiment, take your pencil and draw a new eyebrow on Dorothea Wieck's picture just above. See what a different expression it gives her—how it changes her entire personality?

There is no denying that make-up and hairdressing play a most important part in the manufacture of a personality. But these are externals. *True personality must come from within.*

Ernst Lubitsch, who has been largely responsible for such sparkling and glamorous personalities as Miriam Hopkins, Jeanette MacDonald, Claudette Colbert, stresses "poise" as the essential ingredient for personality.

"Poise means self-confidence," says Lubitsch. "No woman can be self-confident until she knows, deep within herself, that she has something to be confident about. Whether she is beautiful or not is unimportant. Physical attractiveness is an asset, but it is not essential.

"As a director, I study an actress who is to work with me in much the same way that a doctor studies a patient. I try to find out where her strength lies and where her weakness. Once I have determined that, I then try to build that strength to a maximum."

And when you stop to analyze it, isn't Herr Lubitsch's method something that every woman can apply to herself? There are few women who do not have at least one good feature. Why not use that as the basis for self-confidence? And then by the subtle artifice of make-up accentuate that good feature and carefully camouflage the poorer ones.

Few of us are creators. Most of us need models. That is why I suggest studying the women on the screen. In them you will see the finished product. You may resemble some particular star in type. Use her as your model.

If you wish to accentuate intellectual charm and brilliance, study Diana Wynyard. She is an excellent example of poise that comes from a perfectly adjusted self-confidence.

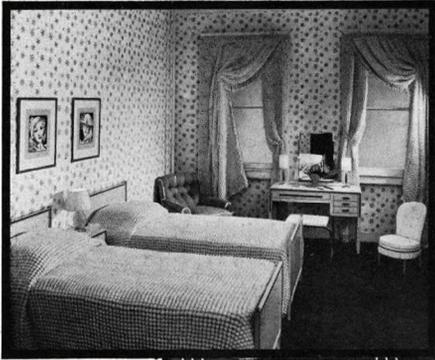
Irene Dunne is an example of the intellectual personality. Kay Francis is the smart, woman-of-the-world type. Frances Dee and Loretta Young typify youthful charm. Carole Lombard is the young *moderne*. Ann Harding is like a cameo. Her appeal is in her naturalness. Anything artificial in the way of make-up or hairdress would completely destroy her personality.

Do not imagine that these women made themselves into masterpieces overnight. Personality is a cumulative thing. It grows with the individual, and it grows with the individual's understanding of herself. So first get acquainted with yourself—the *real* you. Take stock of your assets. And then set about the business of capitalizing them.



# MODERN BACKGROUNDS

THE CONTEMPORARY CODE  
BACKGROUNDS—INTERESTING



**I**F FURNITURE had temperament, imagine the feeling of rage and indignation of a sleek modern chest of aspen wood with sparkling chromium handles when being hoisted into a flowery, chintzy bedroom of rose and blue, all bows and gewgaws. Like Greta Garbo, it's a case of "Ay tank Ay go home."

And the truth of the matter is that when such events occur, the one who was the blithe buyer of this same chest at the furniture store, and who could hardly wait to welcome it into her home, is no less discontented. What she expected to cherish suddenly appears to be a white elephant!

But it needn't. Not if she is aware of the fundamentals of the modern code and is prepared. Amazing as it may seem, this is a code that is simple to learn, easy to execute, and harbors a minimum danger of shopping mistakes. The first thing to do is to familiarize oneself with its three basic rules.

Now, the contemporary code consists simply of this: *Plain backgrounds*—this calls for walls and rugs that are restrained in design or that perhaps have no design at all; *textiles*—interesting because of their unusual texture or combinations of tones and, if there be design, a very simple one; the whole enlivened with *dramatic, colorful accessories*. But let's work out a room.

For example, plan a room to receive aspen-wood furniture. This is a light-brown wood. The background could have a warm brown ceiling to throw it into a pleasant glow. The walls could be a rough-surfaced white; a beige rug with deeper brown could be on the floor. The curtains could be of soft transparent material in brown and beige, with a large striking pattern woven into it. For bed coverings and chair coverings, a striped material of deep russet and red. To further the note of red, ox-blood lamps with cream shades touched with red. But perhaps some other color scheme could induce you to go modern. Imagine your modern bedroom redecorated according to these plans.

## PLAN ONE

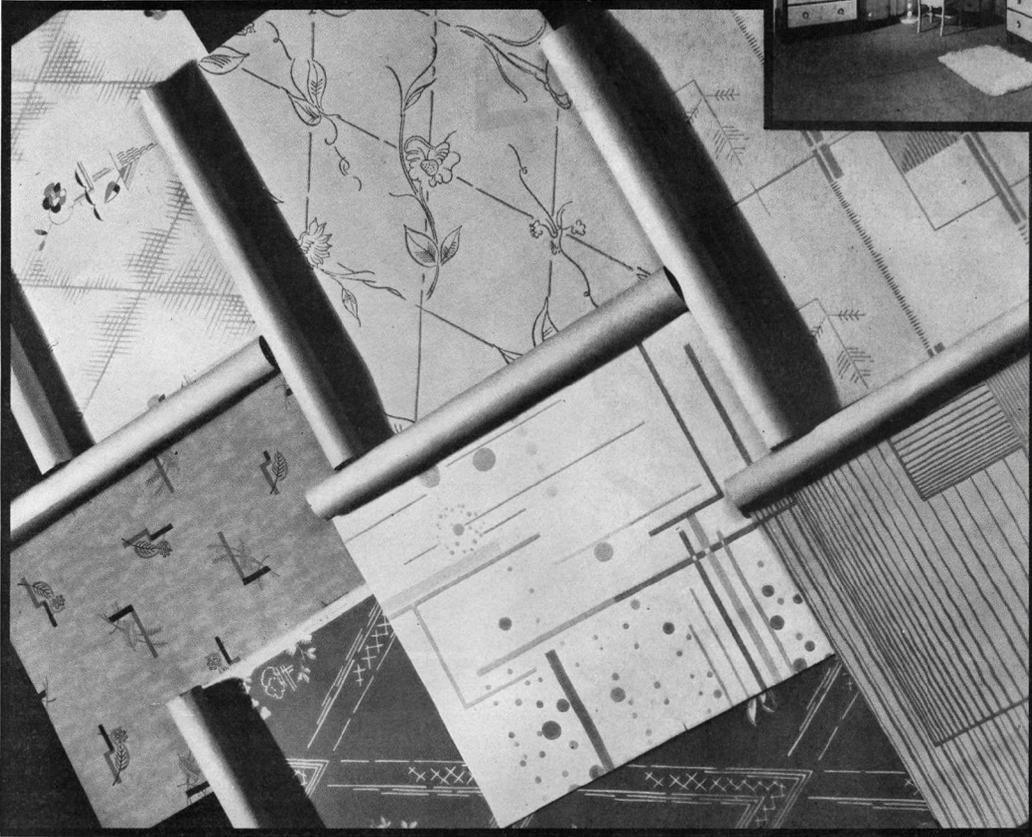
WALLS	WHITE
WOODWORK	LIGHT GRAY
CEILING	LIGHT GREEN
FLOOR	RASPBERRY RUG ON WHITE LINOLEUM
CURTAINS	WHITE, GRAY AND RASPBERRY
FURNITURE	GRAY, BLACK AND CHROMIUM
FURNITURE COVERING	GRAY-AND-PALE-GREEN STRIPE, PLAIN GRAY HEAVY MATERIAL, RASPBERRY, PALE GREEN SMALL FIGURE
ACCESSORIES	GRAY MIRROR, GRAY GLASS, RASPBERRY LAMP BASES AND WHITE SHADES WITH PALE GREEN

## PLAN TWO

WALLS	DAFFODIL YELLOW
WOODWORK	WHITE WITH THIN ORANGE LINES
CEILING	PALE YELLOW
FLOOR	LIGHT HENNA
CURTAINS	YELLOW DIAGONAL DESIGN
FURNITURE	PAINTED STEEL, YELLOW AND WHITE
FURNITURE COVERING	YELLOW WITH WHITE TUFTING, WHITE SUEDE CLOTH, AND LIME-YELLOW AND ORANGE-YELLOW CHAMBRAY
ACCESSORIES	WHITE PORCELAIN

# FOR MODERN BEDROOMS

DEMANDS ONLY THIS: SIMPLE  
TEXTILES—DRAMATIC ACCESSORIES



## PLAN THREE

WALLS . . . . .	CHERRY RED, DULL FINISH, WITH PANELS OUTLINED WITH WHITE-PAPER MOLDINGS
WOODWORK . . . . .	WHITE
CEILING . . . . .	SOFT LIGHT GRAY
FLOOR . . . . .	GRAY-AND-WHITE STRIPS
CURTAINS . . . . .	WHITE-AND-RED STRIPE WITH WHITE FRINGE
FURNITURE . . . . .	MAPLE
FURNITURE COVERING . . . . .	HEAVY WHITE WAFFLE CLOTH, GRAY-AND-WHITE STRIPE, PLAID CHINTZ OF RED
ACCESSORIES . . . . .	ALL TONES OF GRAY

## PLAN FOUR

WALLS . . . . .	LIGHT CLEAR BLUE
WOODWORK . . . . .	DARKER BLUE
CEILING . . . . .	WHITE WITH BLUE STARS
FLOOR . . . . .	CHOCOLATE BROWN
CURTAINS . . . . .	BROWN AND TURQUOISE-BLUE ROPE CHINTZ
FURNITURE . . . . .	MAHOGANY AND MAPLE
FURNITURE COVERING . . . . .	BROWN-AND-WHITE STRIPES, BLUE SUÉDE CLOTH AND LOTS OF CHINTZ LIKE THE CURTAINS
ACCESSORIES . . . . .	TURQUOISE BLUE

In the large photograph on the opposite page, I have grouped a selection of new modern fabrics; and in the large photograph above, you can see some of the new modern wall papers. These will suggest to you what a fascinating time you can have shopping for backgrounds—but perhaps you would like to know something about rugs.

There are hundreds of interesting floor treatments these days. You may paint or stain your floor, or cover it with linoleum. Then at interesting spots—by the side of your bed, or before your dressing table—use the new modern scatter-size rugs. Plain broadloom carpet in neutral tones is modern in spirit. It is also very new now to carpet your room completely, just as they used to do eons ago. However, one need no longer wreck one's annual budget to purchase modern room-size rugs. There are lovely ones—American made—to be had now which will fit into any scheme that even the most progressive or the most conservative decorator can devise.

Of course the joy of modern decorating to women is: After you have completely done over your rooms you will find that, because modern backgrounds are so simple, you can move all your furniture around from room to room as frequently as you please.

So, in case you have a yen to go modern—and who hasn't these days?—follow these rules and you can't go wrong. If it is more ideas that you are wanting, just send a three-cent stamp to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for a large and voluminous sheet covered with pictures of new modern bedrooms, sketches of new curtain arrangements, photographs of new accessories. Ask for HOW TO DECORATE IN THE MODERN MANNER, No. 1135.

BY AGNES FOSTER WRIGHT



# A BEDTIME STORY

BY ELIZABETH MACRAE BOYKIN

## MOTHER'S ROOM • • •

• • • It used to be the style for mothers to be patient, dowdy, martyrs, and their rooms were like that too—filled up with odds and ends left over from the rest of the house. But mothers these days are people, and so their beds have charming color schemes—for instance: The mattress and springs are covered in light blue; the blankets are coral and blue; the spread is one of those luscious new tufted snowball designs; the sheets are white, monogrammed in blue, and are easy to find on the linen shelves because they have those handy size tabs on the hems.

## DAUGHTER'S ROOM • • •

• • • Very smart and sophisticated, as a teen-age room should be, this room is white, jade green, with an accent of black. The bedding ensemble here includes springs and mattress covered in jade green and white; pale green sheets monogrammed in black, and white moire coverlet edged with black ball fringe; a pair of those very new snowy-white blankets, and a white taffeta spread bound in jade green. Such an ensemble would look grand on almost any bed, but if you can wangle from your fond parents one of those new modern, black-metal beds, so much the better.

## SON'S ROOM • • • •

• • • It is bound to be a noisy room that will have to take plenty of wear and tear, so how about a bed setting of such gay but vigorous colors as red, white and dark green? Such a good sturdy bedding ensemble consists of a beige covering for springs and mattress; white sheets; Scotch plaid blankets; and a spread of dark green woolen suiting that could be sat upon, scuffed upon, and be studied upon, yet give no signs of resentment. Incidentally, it has an attractive winter sportsy effect that will do proud the plain rugged maple furniture boys like.

## FATHER'S ROOM • • • •

• • • Hearty, restful colors; plain, comfortable furniture—that's a man's choice. In a brown, yellow and beige room with oak furniture, here's the bedding ensemble: Beige-covered mattress, white sheets with brown monograms, mahogany and beige blankets and crewel-patterned spread, especially grand for a room that is going to be father's den as well—leathery, mellow and fragrant with old books and seasoned pipes. And a room like this is a handy place for a man to make his occasional overnight guests feel like company but comfortable withal.

# HOW BIG ARE YOUR FEET?

THE SUB-DEB

EDITED BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

ARE they big enough to stand on alone, alone? Did it ever dawn on you how often you have to do just that? All your big moments happen to you—and to you alone. That history exam staring you in the face, that you know you have to take and pass. The prom invitation that you've yearned for from the apparently unattainable young man. That look into the mirror at you, devastating in your new evening gown. Those big moments leading up to your first kiss. Your big moments happen to you. And they're *your very own* moments. They don't happen to your sister.

Can you stand on your feet without losing your balance when those big things happen to you? Keeping your balance is all a part of growing up, and

## GROWING UP IS HARD WORK

Sometimes striking out for ourselves knocks us all in a heap. Panic sets in. Cold chills. Even mads at people we know know we aren't as cocky inside as out.

It reminds me of the first time I was persuaded to leave my water wings on the dock. Eons and eons ago, when I was very young. How I got my courage up, I'll never know—nor how I let myself be persuaded. I'm still a little weak-minded now and then. Anyway, I kissed those wings fondly in farewell, and into the wild waves I went! Fear and torture descended with me. I thought my hour had come. I didn't want to drown. There was too much mischief I hadn't yet had time to get into. And I thrashed and flailed around; *Mirabile dictu*, my nose worked. Stayed right out in the air and breathed. When I kissed those wings good-by, they stayed kissed!

That's what growing up is. Jumping off the deep end, into water over your head, with nothing to buoy you up except your own motor power.

Throw away your water wings. Sink or swim.

Now, instead of mother doling out largesse in the shape of one bright, shiny penny which you clutch in one grimy

hand and tear down to the corner candy store to invest in candy corn or licorice shoestrings, you have an allowance. High finance. A check book. The privilege of spending it exactly as you wish. The responsibility of making it go around. The satisfaction of coming out even at the end of the week. And the thrill of blowing it all in on pay day—knowing that you won't have a sou for the rest of the week.

Now your flat remark. "I don't like Brussels sprouts. I never did like Brussels sprouts, and I never will like Brussels sprouts," holds some weight. Mother used to say, "Now eat everything on your plate, or else —" And you ate, whether it choked you or not. Choice is your privilege. It's for you to decide whether the chocolate marshmallow supreme delight is worth the three hickies that are bound to appear on your chin. It's for you to decide whether starving yourself to reduce is worth the headache and washed-out feeling.

If green makes your stomach turn over, you don't have to wear green dresses any more. If the girls in your crowd go in for extreme evening frocks, your vote is the one that counts. If you've a passion for high-heeled slippers, you can have them.

You used to play with the little girl next door. Now you're in grown-up school. Out of the dozens and dozens of girls and boys you meet, it's up to you to pick out the ones you want to have as friends. "Birds of a feather flock together" is only too true. Your choice of friends is a dead give-away. You have to decide whether you want to be known as a wild woman, a stay out. Or whether you want to run around with the too-good girls and get to be a stick! Or whether you want to be popular with all kinds of people and enjoy the intimate friendship of a few precious ones. Mother is no judge of the type of person that is attractive to you. Nor is your brother. But you'll probably hear their opinions! Make up your mind yourself.

Now the adventure is yours of standing in the library before shelves and shelves of books and picking out the ones you want to read. It's up to you. Will it be sticky, gooey love stuff, or hair-raising, cold-chilling mysteries? Or real adventure? Will it be jazz all the time, or Chopin and Schumann now and then? Seems to me that you can keep your balance better if you stand on both feet, instead of one foot all the time.

Now you'll decide whether you'll wear lipstick or not. Lipstick changes some girls from little mice into sparklers. Are you going to be humdrum, or are you out for dash and flair? Lipstick, subtly put on, is a sign of emancipation!

I'm told that woman's intuition and occult instinct are great helps in time of trouble. But you need more than that when you are growing up. Now you look before you leap. You think things through. You weigh things. You decide.

And mother gives more leeway and lets out the rope in proportion as you show you're a good picker.

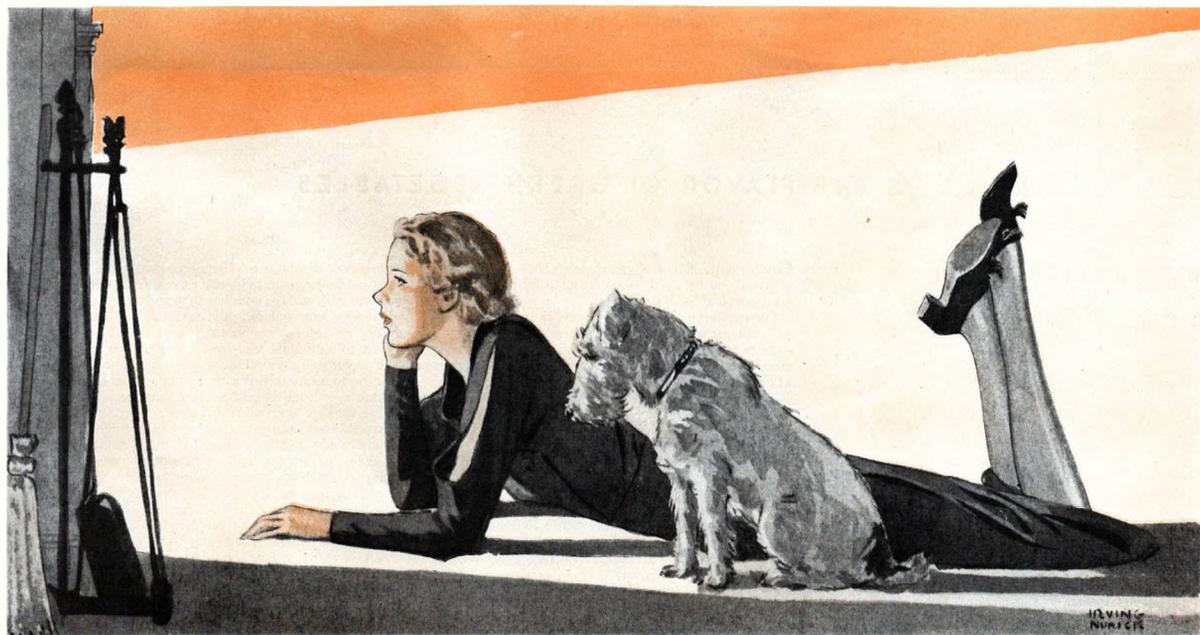
Of course, you can't pick the winner every time. You're bound to be wrong now and then. That's what makes it fun. The girl who is right all the time is a bore—she gets in the hair. Give me a girl who has nerve to profit by the trial-and-error system. Who doesn't murmur a murmur if her high-heeled slippers pinch. If she's flat broke and pining to go to the movies. If the friend she's been championing turns out to be all wet. She doesn't whine if she figured wrong. She won't be such a fool another time!

Whether or not the grown-ups respect you as a grown-up depends on the number of times you do figure right—the good judgment you manage to display. Haven't you heard, with poison in your heart, "Oh, she's just growing up—she'll learn some day"? With hurt pride and feeling of toes stepped on, you'd like to lay out and slash a few people. Tuck this away in the secret places: The more good marks you chalk up for yourself, the higher the score and the greater the prize!

## WHAT DO YOU WANT MOST?

Making up your mind about how you're going to behave, then, is the first step in standing on your own two feet. But that makes you just about even with everybody else. What in this whole world do you want most to be? That's going to establish your personality and make you stand out from the crowd. A dress designer? A great dancer? A doctor? A linguist? Well, go to it! Start now. Lead a double life. Keep one as your great secret until you get it started. Tack in another direction next year if you must—but each tangent you shoot off on will give you just that much more flair. A broader field to decide things in. And loads of things to talk about!

I've spread myself all over the pages of a new booklet called HOW TO ACT GROWN UP. No. 1134. Don't let your family see it or they'll steal your thunder. Take it to your own room and read it privately. Then you can hold up your head and show the family that you're through with dolls. You're not a baby any longer! It's yours for a three-cent stamp, sent to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



Tight-rope walkers hold a bar for balance. You hold Sub-Deb booklets in each hand to hold you steady on your two feet. Don't miss the Sub-Deb booklets listed on the Reference Library page.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

## GREEN IS THE FLAVOR OF GREEN VEGETABLES

BY PHYLLIS CARR  
THE HOSTESS

**GREEN** is the flavor of green vegetables—and a luncheon in green is just the way to entertain at bridge when March brings around St. Patrick's Day.

For the bridge luncheon you see pictured, I planned a table setting with goblets of Empire-blue glass, china in a delicate translucent ivory decorated with dainty sprays of green shamrocks, and a centerpiece of blue mirror glass on which I placed a spray of water lilies.

Then Oscar of the Waldorf called his chefs and they laid at each place a mold of vegetable aspic, surrounded by a ruff of mayonnaise, a circle of carrots and cucumber rings with their green skins still on them. Bits of thick toast cut into squares were laid on the bread-and-butter plates. Salted nuts, stuffed eggs and stuffed celery were added for good measure.

The ensemble was so lovely and so luscious, I knew you'd be longing for the recipe, since we can't all live in New York and have Oscar cater for our bridge club—and here it is: The ingredients are 2 cupfuls of water, 1 teaspoonful of salt, speck of black pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of vinegar, 1 bouillon cube, 1 medium-sized onion,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tablespoonfuls of gelatin, 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water, mixed cooked vegetables—peas, asparagus, carrots, string beans.

Now here's the how of the making: Add the seasonings, vinegar and thinly sliced onion to the water, cover and cook

for about ten minutes. Then strain and to the two cupfuls of liquid that remain (add water to make up to this amount if necessary) add the bouillon cube and the gelatin, which has already been soaked in the cold water. Heat this mixture long enough to dissolve the gelatin thoroughly.

Into individual jelly molds pour enough gelatin mixture to cover well the bottom, and add a layer of the peas. Put aside to set, and when firm add enough of the gelatin mixture to half fill the molds. Then arrange vertically around the sides of the molds asparagus tips, carrot strips and string beans, as illustrated above. Put aside until firm and finally add gelatin mixture to fill the molds. Chill thoroughly and unmold in the center of a luncheon plate. Surround with a ring of mayonnaise put through a pastry tube, with carrots and cucumbers as you see in the picture.

This is but one of the delicious recipes which Oscar of the Waldorf and the JOURNAL Kitchen have contributed to those who entertain at bridge. I've gathered them all together with new notes on bridge—prizes and the wrappings of them; new bridge-party patterns; even some very late fashion information on what to wear—in a booklet I've called ENTERTAINING AT BRIDGE, No. 1130. It's bursting with news, and it's yours for a three-cent stamp sent to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

# BEST SELLERS



## DISHES THAT WOMEN ORDER OVER AND OVER WHEN THEY MEET FOR LUNCHEON DOWN TOWN

For every lady who forth a-shopping goes, ten go down town to eat! Take department stores from coast to coast, it's their tea rooms that make their cosmopolitan reputations. Remember that time you visited Cousin Marian in Cleveland, and she couldn't wait to rush you into Euclid Avenue's main emporium? No, not bargains. *Brioche*s.

Seven department stores have taken us into their confidence and have sent us recipes for food that's the town gossip where they are. Try out these dishes yourself (you have the word of the Journal Kitchen that they are good) and you'll see why women gossip over this food! Serve them at your table and you'll be the talk of your own town.

When you discover that almost every department-store tea room is run by a woman, you will realize why the recipes below are favorites with the ladies. These are the dishes women order over and over when they meet for luncheon in their store. They are sure-fire successes—or, as the department stores say, "best sellers"—and that is why we forecast the little hum of approval which will greet their appearance at your next bridge luncheon or ladies' party.

**IN CHICAGO** it's **POTATO-FLOUR MUFFINS**. If you've ever been to Marshall Field's, you'll remember these muffins. And this is the way to make them:

Separate the whites from the yolks of 4 eggs and beat the whites until they are very stiff and dry. Add a pinch of salt and 1 tablespoonful of sugar to the yolks, which have been beaten, and fold this mixture into the whites. Sift  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of white-potato flour and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder together and fold into the egg mixture. Finally add 2 teaspoonfuls of ice water, turn into ungreased muffin pans and bake in a moderate oven—350° F.—for fifteen or twenty minutes.

**IN TOLEDO** it's **CHICKEN AND TOMATO AU GRATIN**. "Oh, you *must* eat chicken and tomato au gratin, at Lasalle and Koch's," say our friends in Toledo. Just writing down the recipe makes my mouth water.

On a flat baking pan, place slices of buttered toast—two slices for each guest. On these place sliced cooked chicken topped with slices of tomatoes sprinkled with salt and pepper, and, over all, a thin slice of American cheese.

Just before serving time, place the pan under the broiler to melt and brown the cheese. Arrange the toast on a platter and have ready a good hot mushroom sauce—pour it around the platter to be served with the hot slices.

To make mushroom sauce for four, slice 5 large mushrooms and sauté them in 3 tablespoonfuls of butter. When brown, add 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, 1 cupful of chicken

sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Mix the sugar and the beaten eggs together, then add the milk. At the last minute, add the melted shortening. Now add these wet ingredients to the dry ones, as you do in making muffins, and stir rather vigorously until they are combined. Put into small greased loaf tins. Sprinkle granulated sugar and orange peel over the tops of the loaves and bake for about one hour, in a moderate oven—about 375° F.

**IN BUFFALO** it's **CHINESE CHOP SUEY**. All the women in Buffalo flock to Wm. Hengerer Company to find the secret of the famous Chinese chop suey. They were really public-spirited to let us have their recipe for you.

You will need  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of onions, cut fine, 3 tablespoonfuls of fat,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of salt,  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoonful of pepper,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls of celery, cut into small pieces, 2 cupfuls of cooked fresh ham, diced, 3 cupfuls of thickened meat stock,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of water, 1 can of Chinese bean sprouts, 1 teaspoonful of brown sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of soy sauce.

Sauté the onions in the fat, add the salt, pepper, celery and meat, which have already been cooked, the meat stock (which has been thickened with 1 tablespoonful of flour to 1 cupful of stock) and the water. Cook slowly for about thirty minutes, then add the canned Chinese sprouts, drained, and brown sugar to the mixture and heat thoroughly before serving with soy sauce.

**IN WASHINGTON** it's **POACHED PEACHES**. Doubtless you've heard that in Washington one must mind the P's and Q's. One of the things every woman should know is the poached peaches she can order for luncheon at Woodward & Lothrop's.

Place 6 halves of canned peaches, or fresh ones peeled and pitted, in a shallow pan with their cavity side down. Stick each half with 3 cloves and sprinkle with brown sugar (about  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful in all) and dot with butter. Add water to keep them from burning (about  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful) and bake at 400° F. for about one-half hour. These are delicious served with meat, chicken or on a vegetable plate.

**IN LOS ANGELES** it's **AVOCADO-AND-GRAPEFRUIT COCKTAIL**. Unless you've eaten the avocado-and-grapefruit cocktail with assorted sandwiches at Bullock's, then, madam, you don't know what a cocktail can be! Try it at once and see for yourself.

Prepare cubes of avocado and sections of grapefruit, and combine in the proportion of 1 medium-sized avocado to 2 medium-sized grapefruit. Add Thousand Island dressing and mix well, then place a portion of the cocktail in the



stock and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of cream. Stir the mixture well, season it to taste, and bring it to the boiling point.

**IN CLEVELAND** it's **BING CHERRY SALAD**. Whenever I'm in Cleveland, with my nose turned toward the square, there's one stop always to be made. It's at the Lindner Company, to order their Bing cherry salad. Once you've eaten it, you will be a cherry-salad fan too.

Mix the cherry juice from 1 No. 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  can of Bing cherries,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of sherry jelly,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls of orange juice and 1 cupful of sugar, and bring just to a boil. Then add 3 tablespoonfuls of gelatin already soaked in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of orange juice, and heat long enough to melt the gelatin thoroughly. Let the mixture become partially set, then put into the individual molds, placing throughout the jelly cherries which have first been stuffed with pecan or other nut meats.

This same store is just as famous for another delicacy—**ORANGE BREAD**. To make this specialty you will need  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of shortening, 2 cupfuls of milk, 3 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of salt, 4 cupfuls of bread flour, 5 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 2 cupfuls of candied orange peel chopped fine, and the rind and juice of one orange.

center of the serving plate and around it arrange open-faced sandwiches made of any of the following mixtures: Minced olives and chopped chicken, moistened with mayonnaise; orange marmalade blended with cream cheese; deviled egg; crab salad; minced ham with chopped pickle. Garnish attractively with water cress.

**IN RICHMOND** it's **DEVILED CRABS**. And this is the way they devil them at Miller & Rhoads':

Pick all the particles of shell from 1 quart of crab flakes. Add to it 1 teaspoonful of salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of tabasco sauce, 1 teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoonful of butter and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls of thick cream sauce. Mix all together and put into the shells. Then beat 2 eggs and spread over the surface of the filling, particularly over the part where the meat and shells come together, to prevent fat soaking into the filling. Finally, dust carefully with buttered bread crumbs. Put them, 2 or 3 at a time, into a frying basket in deep fat at 375° or 380° F. for about one minute, or until a golden brown color.

These, by popular vote, are the "best sellers" of the country's outstanding department stores. We offer them for you to serve at your next luncheon or family jamboree.

# NUMBER ONE ROOM

BY J. HAROLD HAWKINS

THERE is no doubt but that the kitchen sink is here to stay. However, said sink is certainly undergoing operation, rejuvenation and addition—not to mention modernization. It used to be the boast of a good aviator that he could fly the kitchen sink. Of late, though, this would be a mild statement. Sinks are now streamlined and equipped to rival any airplane.

But why stop at the sink? The whole kitchen is as different from its immediate predecessor as indirect electric illumination is from the old gas chandelier. In fact, the modern kitchen is the A. No. 1 room of the house.

While it is true that remodeling the size and shape of the average kitchen is seldom easy, because of existing features that are permanent, there are modernization possibilities that will make your kitchen the feature of your home.

Getting back to sinks, and especially the tasks one has to perform at or in the sink, there are sinks—and I wish someone would invent another word to replace the unpleasant sound of "sink"—there are sinks that gleam like platinum and perform like a 2034 robot.

Just to digress a moment from sinks, it has been estimated that the average housewife, in her dishwashing career, washes a stack of dishes nine times higher than the tallest building in the world. But now the dishcloth and the hand-sousing of dishes are passé. The combined dishwasher-sink does the washing and rinsing job while Mrs. Housewife busies herself otherwise. The sink is practically automatic. Really, it is marvelous fun now, this dishwashing.

But don't imagine for a minute that the rest of the modern kitchen suffers in comparison with any *one* new efficiency gadget. Not a bit. Porcelain enameled sinks, and in colors, are modernized to the last feature. Sinks with disappearing hoses with spray nozzles for rinsing; set-back shelves with spouts that fold out of harm's way; special drains and compartments, thus eliminating the dishpan, and sinks of cushioned metal that look more than anything else like mellowed family silverware.

If your kitchen is badly arranged, the locations of the major items of equipment may be altered to create more efficiency. While an outside doorway, stairway, cellar, dining-room and hall doorways may be permanently fixed, the wall spaces in your kitchen may nevertheless be made to serve different purposes from those they now do. That is, the locations of the refrigerator and stove may be reversed, and efficiency gained thereby. Or the sink and drainboards may be shifted from one location to another. The changing of water pipes and drains

You should fix up your kitchen so it will go to the head of the class. Your kitchen should be your Number One Room. Receiving guests in the kitchen isn't a particularly new idea. The Pilgrims sat before their cooking fires and passed the time of day with neighbors, perhaps roasting a wild turkey and pouring candles meanwhile. The very aspect of a modern kitchen is conducive to hospitality. So spruce up your kitchen and invite folks in. Everybody likes to get out into the kitchen. There's something human about it all.



probably won't be too complicated or costly. And the outlets for electricity or gas for refrigerators and ranges can easily be switched from their present locations to new ones.

Shelves and cupboards for modernization of kitchens are as last-word in design as the streamlining of 1934 automobile fenders. Kitchens really don't have exposed wall spaces any more. The average kitchen wall should be nothing but closet and cupboard doors, except, perhaps, for spaces where there may be open shelves displaying decorative vases or utensils. Bright splashes of contrasting color may well be in evidence at these occasional spots.

And this brings us, for the moment, to the decoration of the kitchen, an important feature of modernizing. There ought to be one predominating color, preferably light in tone, for the entire cupboard-surrounded walls and large pieces of equipment. One exception is that mat-finished metals for sinks and shelf tops, or even polished metals, harmonize with any color, therefore such metal is not inharmonious with any over-all oneness of color tone for the kitchen. Accents of decorative coloring are possible with contrasting colors used on insides of cupboards, wall spaces back of open shelves, curtains at windows, utensils that show, and the floor.

This last space, the floor, has great possibilities. No longer is a mere over-all design of imitation tile or watered silk sufficient. The floor covering is a feature, and here, on the floor, may be shown more originality than in any other part of the kitchen. There are all sorts of suitable materials for kitchen floors. One thing should be kept in mind, and that is that the floor should be soft to stand on. Many attractive and individual floors have been laid with linoleum, cut to make designs in response to original ideas of the home owner.

Another feature of the modern kitchen is its unusual ability to use indirect illumination. Light comes from unnoticed sources to do, unobtrusively, an efficient job of kitchen lighting. The insides of refrigerators and cupboards can be automatically lighted when the doors are opened—the main idea being to have all working surfaces well lighted when desired, without exposing glaring light lamps in the doing.

Just before giving the kitchen modernization plans your final O. K., it is wise to check over the many simple yet important items that might be included if they can be thought of before going ahead. A towel drier, for instance. An electric clock. Space for a desk. Decorative shelves. Maybe even an open fireplace.

# FOOTSTEP SAVERS

WHERE TO CENTER YOUR TOOLS FOR GREATEST CONVENIENCE

BY LITA BANE

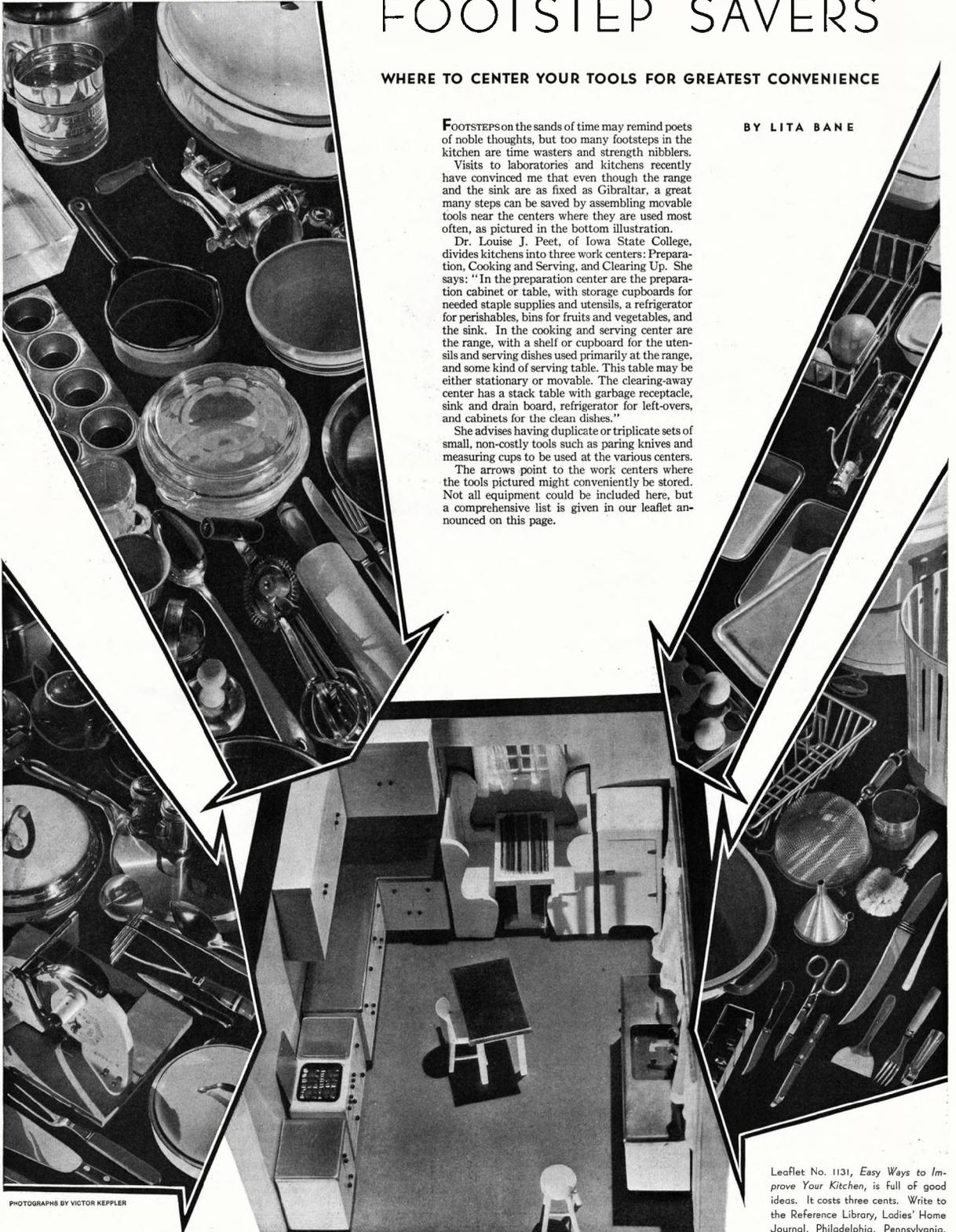
**F**OOTSTEPS on the sands of time may remind poets of noble thoughts, but too many footsteps in the kitchen are time wasters and strength nibblers.

Visits to laboratories and kitchens recently have convinced me that even though the range and the sink are as fixed as Gibraltar, a great many steps can be saved by assembling movable tools near the centers where they are used most often, as pictured in the bottom illustration.

Dr. Louise J. Peet, of Iowa State College, divides kitchens into three work centers: Preparation, Cooking and Serving, and Clearing Up. She says: "In the preparation center are the preparation cabinet or table, with storage cupboards for needed staple supplies and utensils, a refrigerator for perishables, bins for fruits and vegetables, and the sink. In the cooking and serving center are the range, with a shelf or cupboard for the utensils and serving dishes used primarily at the range, and some kind of serving table. This table may be either stationary or movable. The clearing-away center has a stack table with garbage receptacle, sink and drain board, refrigerator for left-overs, and cabinets for the clean dishes."

She advises having duplicate or triplicate sets of small, non-costly tools such as paring knives and measuring cups to be used at the various centers.

The arrows point to the work centers where the tools pictured might conveniently be stored. Not all equipment could be included here, but a comprehensive list is given in our leaflet announced on this page.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR KEPLER

Leaflet No. 1131, *Easy Ways to Improve Your Kitchen*, is full of good ideas. It costs three cents. Write to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

**ENTERTAINING AT DINNER!** I've heard that phrase voiced in as many tones as there are plates in a dinner set: Worried, delighted, bored, harassed, nervous, thrilled, despairing, pleased, despondent, excited—but why go on? Dinner giving always is and very probably always will be one of the most popular forms of entertaining. The little home dinner party which is returning to its own is one of the most gracious ways in which we can do honor to our friends, and it should and may be as thrilling an affair to the hostess as to the guests.

It's quite possible to prepare nearly all of a very nice dinner in the oven in the very dishes in which it is to be served, thus doing away with many of those last-minute anxious preparations which are so harrowing. Serve some gay little appetizer with your before-dinner beverage. Then soup and, if you wish to delight the men of your party, select onion soup au gratin, prepared right in the cunning marmites from which it is to be eaten. Chilled olives and celery hearts are already on the table, and of course no bread is served with this soup, the crisp toast in the marmites taking its place.

Following the soup come the always rather exciting bell-covered plates, this time containing fillets of sole to be served with French-potato balls, stuffed mushrooms or



PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. ROEDT STUDIOS, INC.

spinach Bechamel. Rolls or bread as you like, and you may add to your menu any very nice pickle that you prefer.

The salad may accompany the main course very nicely if the dinner is small and intimate, but it is rather interesting to feature this course, to present it dramatically by having all the materials for it set before the host.

The usual dessert course is sometimes omitted altogether by smart hostesses, who serve instead coffee in the living room following directly after the salad, with fruit, a cheese tray and appropriate crackers. But to most hostesses the menu is not quite complete without some taste of sweetness at its close. A soufflé is quite simple to make, though it has a somewhat dressy appearance.

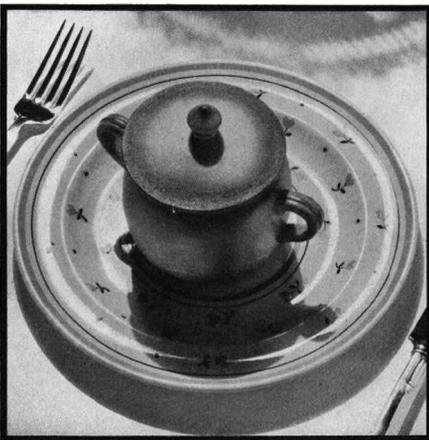
I have suggested chocolate soufflé, as almost everybody adores chocolate flavor. The little soufflés may be all ready to pop into the oven while the salad is being discussed, and they must be served the moment they are finished, for their charm is their puffy lightness which vanishes if they are kept waiting.

You see how easy it all is—a good deal of preparation done early in the day, the salad greens washed and crisped, the table leisurely arranged. Really, entertaining is good fun, especially when the pots and pans are reduced to a minimum as they are in this dinner.

## THE PERFECT LITTLE DINNER

BY CAROLINE B. KING

What else can you serve your guests? Let our booklets help you! *Hot Dishes to Delight Guests* overflows with suggestions—fluffy soufflés, rich chicken and sea-food dishes, golden cheese mixtures—delicious, out-of-the-ordinary treats. *Table-Made Dishes* tells you how to cook at the table. Tender giddle cakes. Waffles that are different. Grill and chafing-dish specialties. Serve them at luncheons, serve them at suppers, and at informal dinners too! Write to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., for *Hot Dishes to Delight Guests*, No. 1085, and *Table-Made Dishes*, No. 1129. They are three cents each.



**BAKED ONION SOUP AU GRATIN.** You will be well satisfied with canned onion soup as the base, but if you want to take the trouble to make it all yourself, here is the recipe: Slice small onions very fine; arrange in individual marmites, allowing 1 onion to a serving. Add 1 teaspoonful of butter to each. Place in a hot oven until the onions take on a golden brown tint, then add 1 cupful of strong, onion-flavored consommé or clear meat stock, well flavored with onions, to each little pot, and top with a round of bread which has been toasted in the oven till brown and crisp; sprinkle thickly with Parmesan cheese, cover and bake ten minutes.

These attractive little crusty marmites can be used for a great many other dishes besides, for any of the delicious recipes prepared in casseroles can be served in them. There are ragouts, with their savory combinations. Escalloped fish or poultry dishes and some of the vegetable combinations will make tasty portions for serving in these novel dishes.

**FILLETS OF SOLE SOUS CLOCHES.** Select and rinse lightly 1 fillet of flounder per serving. Dry well and rub each with a little salt, then pour over 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice and let stand half an hour. For four servings, prepare a filling of 1 cupful of soft fine bread crumbs, 1 very small finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoonful of chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of salt, with pepper and paprika to taste. Brown in 1 tablespoonful of butter. Drain the fillets and spread with the filling. Fold or roll and fasten with toothpicks. Toast nicely trimmed slices of bread on one side only. Arrange one on each baking dish, toasted side down, brush with butter and place a thin slice of Virginia ham trimmed to fit on each slice, with the fillets arranged on the ham. Sprinkle lightly with buttered crumbs and paprika, cover with the bells and bake in a moderately hot oven—400° F.—allowing twenty minutes for rolled fillets, fifteen for folded. Garnish with parsley and lemon sections.



**CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ.** Melt  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of grated chocolate in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of water; do not allow it to boil; cool. Separate the yolks and whites of 5 eggs. To the yolks add 4 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of salt and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat to a stiff fine froth, then pour in the cooled chocolate. Beat the whites of eggs very stiff, fold the chocolate mixture into them, and mix enough to blend the ingredients. Rinse the soufflé dishes with hot water, then pour in the mixture. Set the dishes in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—325° to 350° F.—forty or forty-five minutes. Serve with a garnish of chopped nuts and whipped cream.

The ramekin is as nice for serving any other soufflé—either main course or dessert ones. Rich scalloped dishes may be browned in them. And of course gelatin desserts, simple or more elaborate ones, may be set in these and served in them, garnished tastily.

EAT SOUP  
AND KEEP WELL.



One of your  
appetite's few  
*great favorites!*

Your appetite has its best friends, too—the chosen few that are always welcome and that you are always glad to greet again and again. In that select group Campbell's Tomato Soup is sure to belong. For here is a case where "first impressions" never wear off. Every time you enjoy Campbell's Tomato Soup it seems to be even gayer, brighter and more delicious than before.

The world-famous flavor of this soup can only be produced by Campbell's exclusive recipe. The soup is blended in the most completely and scientifically equipped kitchens devoted to soup-making. Quality is *assured* when you get Campbell's!

*Enjoy it both ways!*

To serve as Tomato Soup, add water. To serve as Cream of Tomato, add milk or cream. Delicious either way!



21 kinds to choose from...

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| Asparagus     | Mulligatawny   |
| Beef          | Mutton         |
| Bouillon      | Ox Tail        |
| Celery        | Pea            |
| Chicken       | Pepper Pot     |
| Chicken-Gumbo | Primitane      |
| Clam Chowder  | Tomato         |
| Consommé      | Tomato-Okra    |
| Julienné      | Vegetable      |
| Mock Turtle   | Vegetable-Beef |

*Campbell's*  
**Tomato Soup**



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

# FAVORITES FROM AFAR



SELECTED RECIPES FOR FOREIGN DISHES THAT CAN BE PREPARED EASILY FROM FOODS FOUND ON AMERICAN MARKETS

## ITALIAN

### ANTIPASTO

- |                                    |                            |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 6 Slices of Sandwich Bread         | 1 Onion, Chopped           |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of Butter     | Bunch of Parsley           |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ -Ounce Can of Caviar | 2 Lemons                   |
| 5-Ounce Can of Filets of Anchovies | Celery Hearts              |
|                                    | 9-Ounce Can of Ripe Olives |

Cut slices of bread into any desired shape, then toast. Butter them and spread with caviar. On each slice arrange 3 anchovy filets in a triangle. Cover the edges with chopped onion, alternating with chopped parsley. Cut the lemons into 6 pieces and place a slice of lemon and a sprig of parsley beside each slice of toast. Serve the celery and olives on a celery tray.

### BRACIOLINE

#### Rollade of Veal

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pounds of Veal Round Steak | 1 Pinch of Salt                                   |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of Oil                | 1 Pinch of Pepper                                 |
| 2 Filets of Anchovies, Chopped             | 2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter                        |
| 6 Green Olives, Chopped                    | 1 No. 2 Can (2 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls) of Tomatoes |
| 1 Egg Yolk                                 | 3 Cupfuls of Green Beans                          |
| 2 Tablespoonfuls of Capers                 | 6 Potatoes  |
| 1 Pinch of Parmesan Cheese                 | 6 Sprigs of Parsley                               |

Have the meat cut in six pieces and pounded. Brush over with oil. Mix the anchovies, olives, egg yolk, capers, cheese, salt and pepper. Spread this mixture on the meat pieces and roll, fastening with toothpicks. Brown all over in butter in a frying pan, then put into the tomatoes, which should be ready boiling. Cook for twenty minutes. Take out the rolls, remove the toothpicks and keep hot. Have the potatoes cut into small cubes and the beans in equally small sections. Cook for twenty minutes in the same juice in which the meat was cooked. Add a little stock or boiling water if the juice becomes too thick. Put in the meat rolls again and reheat for five minutes. Remove from the liquid, arrange meat and vegetables on a large platter, garnish with parsley and serve hot.

## RUSSIAN

### BORSCH

- |                     |                          |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 4 Medium-Size Beets | 3 Cupfuls of Meat Stock  |
| 4 Tomatoes          | Salt and Pepper to Taste |
- Sour Cream

Boil beets until tender, then slice them lengthwise and add to the stock together with the water in which they were cooked. Boil the tomatoes in a small quantity of water, mash them and add to the soup. Bring soup to a boil and serve with sour cream. In some sections of Russia it is customary to add a variety of vegetables to the borsch during cooking.

### POJHARSKY KOTLETY

- |   |                           |
|---|---------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ Leaf of White Bread         | Salt                      |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of Milk             | Pepper                    |
| 1 Pound of Veal, Chopped                  | 2 Eggs                    |
| 1 Onion, Chopped Fine                     | 3 Tablespoonfuls of Water |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of Hot Melted Butter | Bread Crumbs              |

Cut off the crust from the bread and soak it in milk; squeeze almost dry and mix with the chopped veal; add onion browned in 2 tablespoonfuls of the butter and add salt and pepper to taste. Beat 1 egg and add to the mixture with the water. Mix well, make into oblong rolls. Beat the other egg, dip the rolls into this and then in bread crumbs, and fry them in the remaining butter. Kotlety can also be made of chicken, using the meat from a medium-size chicken instead of veal.

### BEUF STROGANOV

- |                                       |                          |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pounds of Round Steak | 2 Cupfuls of Stock       |
| 3 Tablespoonfuls of Fat               | 1 Cupful of Water        |
| 1 Onion                               | 1 Cupful of Sour Cream   |
| 1 Teaspoonful of Flour                | Salt and Pepper to Taste |
| 1 Teaspoonful of Mustard              | 4 Large Potatoes         |

Cut the round steak into long, narrow strips and brown in 1 tablespoonful of fat, together with the chopped onion. Make a sauce of 1 tablespoonful of the fat, the flour, the mustard and the stock. Place the meat in a deep saucepan and pour the sauce over it. Season to taste and let simmer until tender, adding the water and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of the sour cream. When the meat is almost done, peel the potatoes, cut them into long strips and fry in the remaining fat, then add them to the meat. Just before serving, add the rest of the sour cream.

### SELIANKA

- |                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 2 Pounds of Sauerkraut      | 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pounds of Veal, Ham, Chicken, Halibut or Sole |
| 1 Tablespoonful of Sugar    | 2 Dill Pickles, Sliced   |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of Fat | 6 Olives   |
| Onion                       | 6 Pickled Mushrooms  |
| 1 Teaspoonful of Flour      |  |

Cook the sauerkraut in several waters until tender, add the sugar, bring to a boil and drain. Brown in half the fat the sprinkled onion, and add it to the sauerkraut. Sprinkle with flour, add the remaining fat and let simmer for a few minutes. Grease a baking dish, place half of the sauerkraut at the bottom, then the meat or fish cut into slices, as well as the dill pickles, olives and mushrooms. Cover with the rest of the sauerkraut, brown in the oven and serve hot.



## GERMAN

### SAUER BRATEN

- |                                |                                       |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 3 Pounds of Beef for Pot Roast | 2 Whole Cloves                        |
| Cider Vinegar                  | 1 Large Onion, Cut into Small Pieces  |
| 1 Teaspoonful of Ground Ginger | 3 Ginger Snaps                        |
| Salt to Taste                  | Flour Mixed With Water for Thickening |
| 2 Bay Leaves                   |                                       |
| 2 Whole Peppercorns            |                                       |

Half cover the meat with cider vinegar, turning the meat several times to be sure the vinegar coats it. Let stand overnight, and in the morning dry the meat, rub in the ginger and add the salt. Sear the meat in a heavy pot. Then turn the flame low, add the bay leaves, peppercorns and cloves, and simmer, covered, for an hour. Add the onion and simmer another two hours. Remove the meat, and to the gravy add the ginger snaps, softened in a little water, and thicken with a paste of flour and water. Serve with Klose.

### KLÖSSE

- |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of Rice Potatoes | $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of Flour |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of Milk (Scant)     | 1 Whole Egg, Unbeaten         |
| 1 Teaspoonful of Minced Parsley          |                               |

Cool potatoes, add milk, flour, egg and parsley. Drop by tablespoonfuls into gently boiling salted water. When they rise to the top, they are done.

### SAUER MILCH PFANNKUCHEN

#### Sour Milk Pancakes

- |                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Cupful of Flour              | $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of Salt |
| 1 Teaspoonful of Baking Powder | 1 Egg, Well Beaten                |
| Sour Milk                      |                                   |

Sift the dry ingredients together. Add the egg and enough sour milk to make a batter the consistency of very heavy cream. Heat fat a quarter-inch deep in a frying pan. Drop spoonfuls of batter into the pan and let them form small cakes. Fry until golden brown on each side. Serve immediately with a tart jelly or apple sauce over them.



# If Coffee is stale, it tastes weak, flat, bitter, and is always nervously irritating

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

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

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

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

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

WHEN you find yourself making mountains out of molehills, suddenly lacking in your usual sense of humor... it may be just the direct effects of stale coffee.

When coffee is stale, it develops rancid oil. It tastes flat and bitter in your breakfast cup, and its daily use is a continual source of nervous irritation.

### Thousands drinking coffee that is stale

As the clipping at the left tells you, in a recent investigation more than half the packaged coffees

purchased in 16 cities were found to be stale. You may be one of the thousands of housewives unknowingly buying coffee that has not only lost most of its flavor through staleness, but has become dangerously irritating.

### One sure protection—DATING

Coffee deteriorates soon after roasting. To get any coffee to you fresh is literally a race with time. That is why Chase & Sanborn's Dating idea is a real assurance of freshness.

Dated Coffee is rushed to your

grocer absolutely fresh from the roasting ovens, by the same wonderful delivery system that delivers yeast to him fresh. Every pound is clearly marked with the date of delivery, so there can be no doubt in your mind. And Chase & Sanborn see that no can ever remains on his shelf more than 10 days.

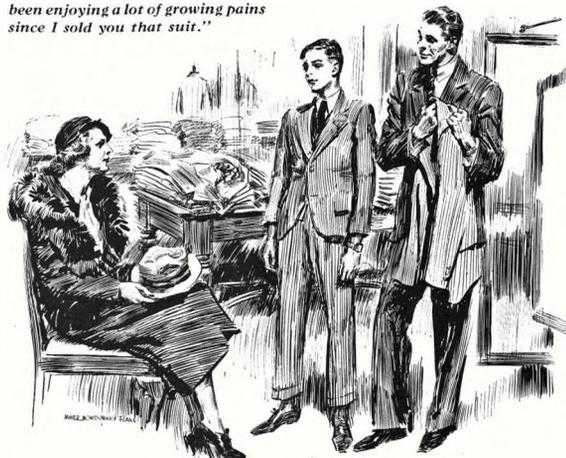
Look for the date. You know the coffee in that Dated can is not stale. When you drink it, you drink a fine winy blend at its peak of flavor... free from rancid oil. A healthful, invigorating drink—never nervously irritating. Ask your grocer for Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee tomorrow.



The DATE on the can means it's FRESH

# The "Growing Pains" Delusion

"Looks to me as though you have been enjoying a lot of growing pains since I sold you that suit."



CONTRARY to widespread belief, children do not suffer pain just because Nature is making their bones longer and their muscles stronger. It does not hurt to grow.

Whenever a child suffers from so-called "growing pains," a thorough investigation should be made by a physician. "Growing pains" come from definite causes. Among them are improper nourishment, muscular fatigue following over-exertion, exposure to cold or inclement weather when not suitably clothed, improper posture which may induce flat feet, round shoulders, round back, flat chest, pot-belly, curvature of the spine. Tuberculosis of the joints is a rare cause.

One of the most serious causes of "growing pains" in childhood is rheumatic infection. Indeed, if it is disregarded, it may lead

to permanent damage to the heart.

The onset of rheumatic infection is often so insidious that its danger to the heart may be unsuspected. This infection may cause a sore throat, as well as pains in the legs, arms or elsewhere; occasionally St. Vitus' dance. Sometimes it is accompanied by a steady, low fever. A child with rheumatic infection may look anemic, may be listless and may have no desire to romp and play. He may have little appetite and may lose weight.



While sunshine, rest, fresh air and nourishing food often help Nature to effect a cure if the disease has not progressed too far, do not delay having a needed medical examination if your child has "growing pains." He may be in great danger—the danger of permanent heart trouble.

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

## A Matter of Precedence

(Continued from Page 11)

It was in the third week of the semester that Dean Hill entered the executive office.

"The matter is delicate," said that austere spinster. "It concerns Miss Hefflin."

"Oo is thees Miss 'Eflin?"

"A granddaughter of Mr. Hefflin, one of the trustees, and heiress to fifty million dollars," said Miss Hill.

"Oo-la-la!"

"Miss Hefflin is unmanageable. She is spoiled, headstrong, undisciplined. She flaunts authority. My opinion is that she is innately depraved. She is creating an intolerable situation."

"So! She iss a student, eh? She matriculates? She pays her tuition?"

"But her grandfather—"

"I think you bring her to me," said the duchesse. "Not 'ere. To my 'ouse in one hour."

AT THE appointed time Miss Hill led a slender girl with sleek yellow hair and high cheek bones and eyes a trifle aslant. She was not beautiful, but she was arresting. The duchesse perceived character—either good or bad—and courage which might degenerate into stubbornness, and a sort of piquancy to stir the imaginations of men.

"This," said Miss Hill, "is Miss Hefflin, of whom I spoke."

The duchesse extended her hand. She was dressed in an afternoon gown of black, a gown of complete sophistication, worn with skill and knowledge and the distinction of real aristocracy.

"Ow do you do? You will sit, not? And tea? It iss the hour for tea."

"I'd rather have a cocktail," said the girl with deliberate challenge.

"P'raps also you wish me to provide you weeth a lover," said the duchesse nonchalantly. "You come to the president of thees college for a cocktail, w'y not for all theengs?"

"I'll be able to provide my own lover when I want one," said Miss Hefflin.

"Probably 'e will beat you," said the duchesse casually. "If I am your lover I think I 'it you weeth many heavy theengs. To be irritating is woman's worst fault. The woman who irritates a man, she is a fool. You—who are—'w at you say?—too fresh."

"So what?" asked Miss Hefflin impudently.

"IN THEES worl' are many sins," said the duchesse. "But I think the worst is bad taste, and one part of bad taste is bad manners. You 'ave them. W'y? I 'ave not offend' you. I offer you my hospitality. Yet you behave so bad. *M'chante*. You make the gesture. You—you sling the bluff."

"I told you," interjected Miss Hill.

"I didn't want to come to this cold-storage warehouse," said Miss Hefflin. "I'm not going to stay if I can help it. Why don't you kick me out? I warn you now I'll make trouble till you do."

"Ah, so that iss it? You wish to be expert. That makes all different. I 'ave the idea you theenk because your grandpapa is a trustee weeth fifty millions you cannot be discipline. You think we do not dare expel you. I was plan' to show you you make the mistake. If you wink your eye I would keeck you out, and if your grandpapa did not like then I also keeck him out. But if you wish to be expert! this is a horse of another carriage. Now you stay if I mus' and cuff you to this campus policeman. So now, as you just say to me—so 'w at?"

"I'll make a mess of your college."

"You make a mess of yourself, maybe." Her humorous eyes roved over the girl's face and figure. "If you 'ave the right advice," she said thoughtfully, "you are ver' striking. Not beautiful, but better as beautiful. If I 'ave to dress you and spik

to your coiffeur I make it so you are the sensation. Your 'air is mooch too mooch—'gna!" She made a quaint little noise, expressive and descriptive.

Miss Hefflin strove to conceal her puzzlement. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" she asked.

"Oh, nozzing. You stay. I theenk you amuse me. W'en you feel ver' *m'chante* and impudent you shall come to call upon me. Go away now and be naughty. But eef you are so naughty you disturb me, eef you make the nuisance, then I remember I am the Duchesse de Carcassonne, who does not like to be worried, and not the president of the college who is pay' for being worried. And then I behave as the gr-rreat lady and not the schoolmistress and make you look ver' foolish indeed among your friend'. No punishment. Oh, no. But your ear will be red and you will grow ver' small and all persons will laugh at you till the tear runs down." She smiled amiably. "Now we talk business no more. We 'ave tea and *petits-fours*."

"And how will you do that?" asked Miss Hefflin defiantly.

"My family," said the president, "ave not been of the *haute noblesse* for many hundred years and not learn 'ow to 'andle the parvenu."

"I am no parvenue," said Miss Hefflin, flushing angrily. "I'm as much a lady as you."

"You 'ave not prove' it thees afternoon," said the duchesse. "In the tea—*citron* or sugar, mademoiselle?"

"SUGAR, if you please." Miss Hefflin was unable to keep pace with *madame la duchesse's* changes of demeanor and subject.

"Now we become cozy," said the duchesse. "*Hein!* Now you shall tell me if you 'ave ever been in love. Always that is interesting, eh? See, I look out at all these yo'ng girl in college, two, t'ree hundred. All of such and such an age. Ready for life. Ready for love."

"Madame!" protested Miss Hill.

"Eh? 'W at it is that it is? They all know it, eh? It is on their mind. *Certainement!* It iss the big business of women, thees love. I look. T'ree hundred. I say two-third' of them marry and that iss the end. They do not theenk, they do not feel. They exist and then they die. Of the other third, for some there is nothing. For some there comes love and misery; for some love and joy. For the few who dare, there comes love and a great, fine life. A few, maybe six or ten, they are jus' bad. They go to the devil. *Pouf!*" She scrutinized Miss Hefflin. "Out of these," she said, "I think you are of the last two I speak. I do not know w'ich. But I like you. W'en you are civilize! I like you better. Now you go, for I am busy. But watch out. Peel the eye. I am dangerous woman."

THERE followed two rather peaceful weeks. Gretchen Hefflin had behaved herself, not so much because she had been alarmed as because she had encountered something she did not understand. She was quite sure she would encounter something unexpected if she continued to cut up capers—and she had a wholesome, youthful respect for the unknown. And, too, she had something on her mind besides mischief.

Yvonne, Duchesse de Carcassonne, was crossing the campus one morning when she encountered Gretchen face to face. The president of De Peyster stopped and frowned.

"Ah, the spoiled one!" she exclaimed genially. "It is that there are three causes why so yo'ng and so bee-u-tiful girl looks as you look today." She checked them off on her fingers. "One, she is seek. Two, there is an affair of the heart which goes bad. T'ree, she

(Continued on Page 14)

# Dryness mummifies the skin



DRY SKIN DATES THE FACE

Sculpture by Buda . . . Photo by Ermina

## But Woodbury's two Germ-free Creams with exclusive Element 576 change aging dryness into supple youth

Dry Skin means a "dated" face! Old as a mummy before its time! Lines, fine wrinkles—scaly, sear—if the Dryness is extreme! Yet 70% of American women—no matter what their age or coloring—are assailed by this universal blight. Blondes are aware of it. But even the darker types are not immune. Dry Skin threatens all alike.

Woodbury's alone has courageously met this problem, with two creams which contain two vital elements no other creams possess. Two vital elements which give these creams two-fold action against Dry Skin.

### Element 576 Brings Vital Energy

First, Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream. It brings directly to the skin vital energy such as vitamins in foods bring the body. It energizes the oil glands to function more actively, to throw out the natural oils which alone keep the skin supple, fresh, unlined. It rouses all the sub-cutaneous glands

to action, gives the skin freshness, renewed vitality. It changes aging dryness into supple youth!

### The Second Element Keeps These Creams Germ-Free

The second Element keeps Woodbury's Creams germ-free as long as they last! Contained in both the Cold and Facial Cream, it reduces the risk of the ugly infections to which dry, thin skin is peculiarly exposed. Keeps

it therefore healthier, more vigorous, more resistant.

Germs, which are everywhere—in the air, even on freshly washed hands and fingers—cannot be kept out of any creams while in use. But this germ-destroying element, which only Woodbury's Creams contain, destroys the germs immediately, prevents their growth, keeps these creams pure, germ-free throughout their use.

Try these Woodbury germ-free Creams that will bring you lovely, supple skin, that will *keep* your complexion lithe and young for years on end!

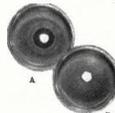
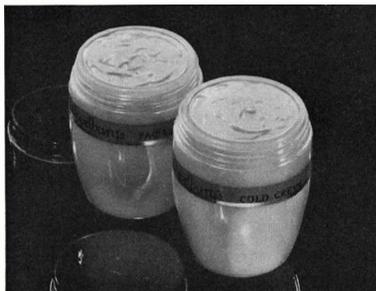
## 109 of the Nation's Leading Dermatologists Have Heartily Endorsed Woodbury's Double-Action Creams



Because of the two unique elements these creams possess, dermatologists have given them their approval, an approval never before accorded to any beauty creams.

From Maine to Florida, New York to California, Michigan to Texas, 109 leading dermatologists tested them on their friends, patients, families. *All* found these creams to be of superior quality.

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, Senior Dermatologist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, reported: "It is with the greatest satisfaction that I welcome Woodbury's Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms."



### PROOF OF WOODBURY'S GERM-DESTROYING POWER

These agar plates, seeded with poisonous germs, tell the story. Plate A bears a patch of Woodbury's Cream. The germ-destroyer has destroyed all the germs in its vicinity as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. Plate B bearing a patch of ordinary cold cream shows no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy the germs surrounding it.

## FREE . . . TRY THESE YOUTH-REMAKING CREAMS

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 6039 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio  
(In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario)

Please send me, free, generous-sized tubes of Woodbury's germ-free Creams and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six shades.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

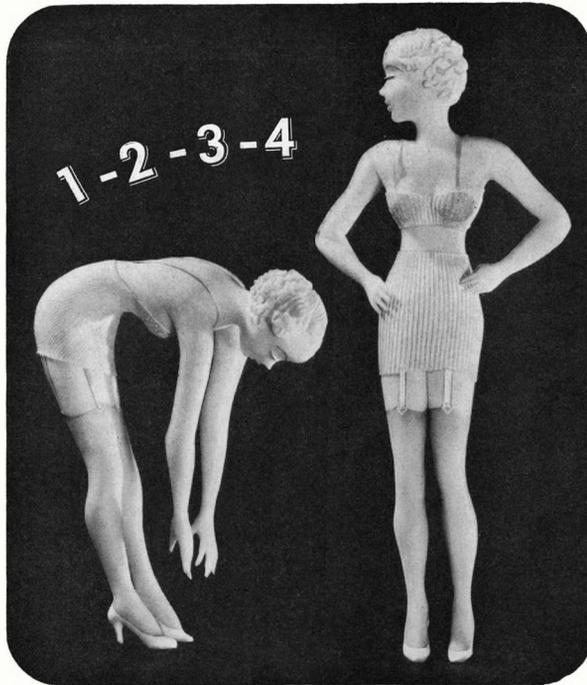
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LISTEN TO "Dangerous Paradise," thrilling radio drama, every Wednesday and Friday evening, National Broadcasting Company's network, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time



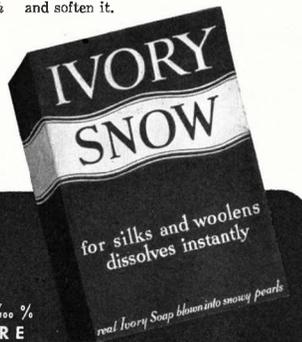
## 4 RULES for keeping foundation garments shapely

- 1. Wash often.** Perspiration will ruin them if you don't!
- 2. Use pure, mild soap.** "Ivory Snow is ideal," says Kathryn Martin, Washability Expert. Ivory Snow is made from the soap that is gentle enough for a baby's tender skin—pure Ivory Soap. You can use Ivory Snow as often as you like, and you can use enough of it to make thick suds, because there is absolutely nothing strong or harsh in Ivory Snow to fade colors, shrink satin, or dry out elastic.
- 3. Rich suds, lukewarm, not hot!** Remember, heat spoils elastic! You do not need heat to take out oily dirt when you have Ivory Snow's rich, fluffy suds. *And you don't need hot water to make suds with*

*Ivory Snow.* Ivory Snow is not cut into flat flakes. It is *fluffy* . . . melts quick as a wink in safe LUKEWARM water. Don't squeeze or twist garment. Slog it gently up and down in the suds. A thick, heavy garment may be scrubbed with a soft brush.

- 4. Gentle, lukewarm rinse — don't wring.** Ivory Snow suds are easy to rinse because they are thoroughly dissolved. No flat pieces in Ivory Snow to paste down on your garment and make soap spots! Roll foundation smoothly in a thick towel to blot up excess water; then shake out and hang to dry in a place removed from direct heat. Just before it is entirely dry, work it in your hands a bit to limber and soften it.

For 15¢ at your grocer's you can get a package of Ivory Snow that is as large as the 25¢ size of other soaps for fine fabrics. Enough pure, safe, quick-dissolving Ivory Snow to wash your silk stockings and lingerie every day for more than a month. Economical to use for dishes, too . . . keeps your hands in the Social Register!



99 1/100 %  
PURE

FLUFFY · INSTANT DISSOLVING IN LUKEWARM WATER

(Continued from Page 42) has made herself march into trouble. You are not seck. You are well. So w'ich of the other two is it?"

"I'm just off my feed," said Gretchen. "You look," said the *duchesse*, "as if you 'ave been chase' by wolves. You wish to spik weeth me, no? I am the woman of wide experience."

"I wish to speak with no one," said Gretchen sharply. "*C'est bon!* You paddle in your own canoe. *Alors.*"

She passed on thoughtfully. "She is frighten'," said the *duchesse* to herself. "That is bad. Why iss she frighten? W'at is it that it is? Ver, terrible, frighten!" She bent her slender brows. "Feefty millions is many dollaire. Bad people would like some of thees feefy millions, maybe. It may be she is chase' by wolves like I say." The president was on her way to a meeting with the trustees, but before she reached the board room she paused. "Thees frighten' girl, she is more important than many solemn trustees," she said, and without further consideration she turned, retraced her steps and, once on the campus again, inquired her way to Gretchen Hefflin's rooms. She rapped at the door.

"Come in," called Gretchen.

MADAME entered. "Behol'," she said as she stepped over the threshold, "it is not the president who makes to come, nor either is it the *duchesse*. *Non.* It is yo'ng woman weeth the name Y'vonne. So w'y are you scare'?" She closed the door behind her and seated herself composedly, arranging her feet and legs to the best advantage. "Were did you meet thees man?" she asked.

"What do you want?" "To fin' out—all theengs. So you will tell. First, w'ere you meet thees man. It is in a motor car, eh?"

"How did you know?" Gretchen was startled at this display of knowledge.

"It is one of the uses of motor cars," said the *duchesse*. "Proceed."

"What else do you know?" "You would surprise yourself," said the *duchesse*. "Tell."

"I had a puncture and he helped me change wheels."

"*Bon.* Firs' he make thees puncture, eh? Then he is upon the spot to fix. And nex'?"

"The wheel wouldn't change. It was stuck. So he drove me back to town. He was interesting."

"Interesting in men is w'at nice legs are in women," said the *duchesse* sententiously. "And so?"

"Well, we stopped for tea and had fun. And we met acouple more times and then —" Gretchen's voice, taut and strained, broke pitifully. She tried to cover it with a cough.

"Then?" prompted the *duchesse*.

"And then came that dreadful night."

"What 'appen on thees so dreadful night?"

"I killed a man," said Gretchen baldly.

"THEENK of that!" exclaimed the *duchesse*, much as if Gretchen had announced the loss of a compact. "You keel him dead. Weeth a gun?"

"With my car," said Gretchen.

"Thees man, he is weeth you?"

"Yes."

"You go last?"

"Yes."

"The road is alone, eh? And, maybe, a car comes at you. Weeth so ver' bright lights shine in your eyes, yes? So you do not see. Then you hit thees man—bang!"

"How did you know?" asked Gretchen. "I am ver' smart, me! And thees dead man he lie in the road all ver' terrible, eh? And thees yo'ng man he is brave. He gets down. He looks. He says thees is dreadful but he will save you. He says you shall drive away queeck, but he will remain and all will be good and nobody shall know."

"It was like that," said Gretchen. "So now thees nice yo'ng man, he wants much money."

"No. It is another man who saw him removing the body."

"THEENGs equal to the same thing," said the *duchesse*, "are equal to each other. Thees is an axiom. In life are many axioms. 'Ow do you say it is lawful to hunt for the deer? The season is open? 'Ah, out. Now you listen to another axiom. Always it is open season for the headlong girl weeth millions of money. And you 'ave write the letter to thees nice yo'ng man?'"

"I couldn't find him when the first demand came, so I wrote. I was frantic."

"*El comment!* Firs' you keel thees dead man; then you make more crimes w'en you conspire to 'ide the body. Then you make the wors' crime of all w'en you write the letter. It is good I 'ave live' before I become the college president."

"Now you know," said Gretchen miserably.

"Weeth so much money involve'," observed the *duchesse*, "these bad men will produce a body, not? It is well if we march before they can make one. *Cherchez le cadavre!* Am I a wicked woman—look!" The *duchesse* stood, she became sleek, lithe, evily alluring. "Am I not bad, eh?"

Gretchen made no answer.

"Were is thees yo'ng man? W'at is hees name?"

"Richard Culm. He lives at the Wellington Hotel."

"*C'est bon!* I veesit 'im. You sit. Make yourself to be compose'. We make another axiom. A bad man makes to fall for a bad woman as easy as a good man." She paused. "Ave you long earrings of jade?"

"Yes."

The *duchesse* added them to her embellishments, and you had a beautiful addendum to the life.

"See. The difference between the good woman and the bad woman, it is jus' a matter of expression and wiggle the shoulder. Goo'-by."



SHE descended to the street, lifted her hand for a taxicab and was driven to the Wellington Hotel, where she ascertained the room number of Mr. Culm. She took the elevator and, unannounced, rapped upon the door. It was her good fortune that he opened to her.

"Monsieur Culm?" she asked. "That's me," said the handsome young gentleman.

"I come in," said the *duchesse*. "I do not wish in the 'all to tell you you are one small fool." She was radiant, magnetic, alluring—in her smile was provocation.

"And who might you be?" he asked.

"Yvonne—that is me. Jus' Yvonne. But see, you meddle weeth my affair. You are w'at you would spik—a piker, eh? You spoil theengs. But you are 'andsome. If you make to behave then I can use you—possible. You play for the dime, I play for the hundred thousands."

"What are you talking about?"

"Mees Hefflin," said the *duchesse*.

"Miss Hefflin!" exclaimed Mr. Culm.

"*Exactement!*" replied the *duchesse*.

"So you spoil for me and I spoil for you."

I know about these motor car and thee body by the road. These are theengs I can use, but you cannot because you theenk too small. I come for teach my language in these college because so many ver' rich girl' study here." She bent toward him and her perfume was in his nostrils. "I like you," she said. "Together we can do much, eh?"

"You know a lot," he said sullenly. "And you," she said, "you go for take pin money away from thee girl. I go for take many thousands away from the grandpa. Wich you rather 'ave?"

"Talk," he said.

"NOT 'ere." She laughed throatily. "Why," she exclaimed, "you 'ave not even the body to produce! That mus' come first in order. You come weeth me now. We spik to the man who can find for us this useful *cadavre*. Then I show how we make Grandpapa Hefflin go to thee bank."

"I'll go no place," said Culm. "You 'ave no choice," she said gayly. "You are h'on one spot. You come or—*ponf!*"

"You are on the level?" He hesitated. "At all times," she said. "Also I take no chance. I am ver' smart. Also I am ver' bad. Now you come."

"Where?"

"To were I live." She touched his cheek with a provocative forefinger. "It is nice you are so ver' handsome yo'ng man." She moved toward the door and he followed. There was nothing to do but follow. It was a chance he must take—and, besides, this young Frenchwoman was very exotic and desirable. They entered a taxi and she gave the address. Presently it stopped before her house and Culm assisted her to the pavement.

"I 'ave nice rooms in thee 'ouse," she said. "You will like. *Entrez*. I send now for thee man who is *necessaire*. You smoke, eh? Be ver' comfortable."

Mr. Culm was bewildered and not at ease, but the *duchesse* smiled upon him and he glowed.

In the hall she encountered a servant. "Go at once," she said, "and bring Mr. Beal. He is to come ver' fast. Nothing is to delay. Say to him, *cadavre*, and 'e will understand."

"Nice layout," observed Mr. Culm. "You like? I am ver' please." Jus' talk now. No business before 'e comes."

IN TEN minutes there came a rap upon the door. "Come in," said the *duchesse*, and young Mr. Beal, frowning and disgruntled, entered the room.

"What is this, madame?" he commenced. "Do you not—"

"Hush!" she said. "Thees is Mr. Culm that we 'ave talk' about. We tell 'ow he make thee yo'ng girl theenk she keel a man. 'E is quite smart, *hein*. But he meddle. He forgets to 'ave the body in readiness. He make the girl pay small money without the body, but weeth the body we make the grandpapa pay much money. So we 'elp one another." She turned to Culm. "You 'ave no body?" she asked.

"I wasn't going to use one. I had enough to put the Indian sign on the girl. She would have come through plenty. I told her it cost a couple of grand to get rid of the body, and I got that. She was coming through plenty."

"Not for us all," said the *duchesse*. "Also you 'ave Miss Hefflin's letter?"

At this name Beal stiffened. He had been utterly bewildered. But now he perceived that something was afoot which demanded his strictest attention.

Culm smiled. "She put practically the whole story in it. Admits killing the man and says somebody is trying to put the black on her."

The *duchesse* held out her hand and Culm's fingers went to the breast of his coat. But he shook his head. "I'll hang onto that," he said.

"He is amateur," the *duchesse* said indignantly. "He blunders. If he come to us first, he does so much better. Look you,

Mr. Beal. He acquaints himself with Miss Hefflin. He rides weeth her in her car. At a spot arranged another motor shines bright lights in her eyes and there is a bump! She sees nothing. But now, beside the road, is a body. Mr. Culm alights. He examines the body. He gives the news it is dead. But there is no body that is dead. Presently it walks away. A gr-eat mistake. There should 'ave been a veritable body, not?"

"I don't go in for murder," said Culm sullenly.

"Jus' blackmail," said the *duchesse*. "Call it that. But you don't fry for it." "Is it all clear to you, Mr. Beal?" she asked.

"Perfectly, I think."

"Then," said the *duchesse*, smiling blandly upon Mr. Culm, "I leave the res' to you. There mus' be no noise. There mus' be no scandal. No names mus' be named." An elfin glint came into her eyes. "The traditions of De Peyster that Miss Hill so much reveres." She lifted her shoulders. "See, I lock the door. Now, Mr. Beal, you make to proceed."

Culm leaped to his feet. "What's this?" he demanded.

"I'd say," said Beal, "that the lady had you on the spot. First I'll take Miss Hefflin's letter. I'm sorry we can't turn you over to the district attorney. But I'll take you to the edge of town."

"And w'at?" asked the *duchesse* with a glint in her eye.

MR. BEAL understood. "And thrash you within an inch of your life," he said to Mr. Culm. He bulked large over the younger man and, seizing him by the lapel, thrust his hand into the inner pocket and recovered the wallet. This he tossed to the *duchesse*. "Is the letter there?"

"Yes," said madame. "Please call my chauffeur. We're going for a drive, Mr. Culm."

The *duchesse* went to the door. "Mr. Beal's chauffeur," she said cheerfully. That brawny man appeared presently, and Mr. Culm was escorted to the waiting car. "Spare the r-rod," said the *duchesse*, "and spoil the infant."

"Don't worry," said Beal. "And by the way, the trustees are in a temper."

"I go," said the *duchesse*.

Presently she entered the board room, to be received in grim silence.

"I make the excuses," she said placidly, and took her seat at the end of the table.

"You were aware that a board meeting was held today?" said Mr. Hefflin.

"Oh, oui."

"Is it of no importance to you? Is our time to be wasted? Are we to be kept dancing upon your whims? Madame, let me say that your conduct is not giving complete satisfaction."

"I was engage' upon a matter of importance," said madame.

"Nothing can take precedence of a meeting of the trustees!"

"So-o-o. I am president of thee college—yes? Ver' well, then I am to judge of importance and not importance. Now we come to order."

"You have no right to let any matter take your attention—"

"V'ER' good," said the *duchesse*. "So hard will I try not to do it again. To you, Mr. Hefflin, mos' especial, I make my apology. Now we proceed."

Just before dinner that evening, Mr. Beal called upon the president of De Peyster.

She smiled at him. "I weesh to see your knuckles," she said.

He exhibited them. Signs of wear and tear were visible. The *duchesse* nodded; she nodded three times.

"You should not go away from trustee meetings," she said very gravely. "Mr. Hefflin speak that they take precedence of all. I thank you and I are rebuke in the minutes. Thees is a joke. It is on Mr. Hefflin, eh?" She led the way into the drawing-room. "You write better minutes on your knuckles," she said, "than thee secretary set down in the minute book."

# "FROWNS BY ROBERTA"

in which the husband is the hero

Pictured by F. G. COOPER

— and don't spill ashes on the floor—I want this house in perfect order when your mother gets here

All right! All right!



I'll take a bath before dinner—I feel positively grimy.

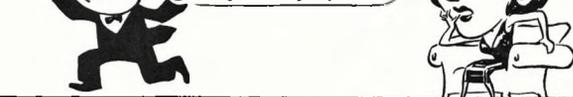
Oh, dear! I forgot to have that bathtub drain fixed!



Jim, your mother will think I'm a terrible housekeeper when she sees how long it takes the water to run out of the bathtub

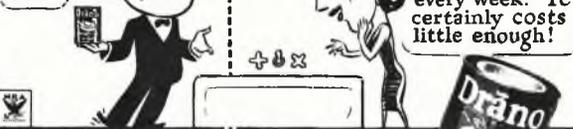


Stop frowning, Roberta, I'll dash out for a can of Drano and have that drain on the run in just a jiffy—



Just look at that water rushing out—

Jim, dear, you saved my reputation as a housekeeper. After this I'll use Drano in all the drains every week. It certainly costs little enough!



# Drano

CLEANS AND OPENS DRAINS

KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING

• SEND ten cents for helpful booklet, "100 Housecleaning Helps." The Draczeq Co. Dept. J-34, Cincinnati, O.

Safe Chipso washing has kept this dress bright and pretty for 18 MONTHS of constant wear.

"Chipso washes this rayon crepe WITHOUT ANY INJURY to the material or the color," says Mrs. Lay.

Chipso SOAKS the blouse SNOWY, yet it's SAFE for the wool skirt! Both garments are a year old.

Last year's sweater still unfaded—and soft as a kitten's ear. Chipso is SAFE FOR WOOLS.

This soft little sweater is also a YEAR OLD. "Washed any number of times in Chipso," Mrs. Lay says.

NO HARM TO COLORS in Chipso suds! No red streaks on the white collar . . . no color running into the white dots.

UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH IN NATURAL COLORS OF MRS. LAY, AUDREY, ANN, DIANA, LIBBY AND MARY, TAKEN IN THEIR HOME AT PLANDOME, N. Y.

# 5..all Girls..

"but with Chipso it's easy to keep them spruce," says their serene young mother



Audrey and Mary are old enough to help. It's rather fun to wash dishes in thick, rich Chipso suds. And Chipso won't coarsen their hands. "I find that although Chipso cleans like lightning," Mrs. Lay told us, "it is as soft as a lotion on the hands." The way Chipso saves your hands shows you why it also saves your clothes.

Find the mother in this group of girls!

Mrs. T. M. Lay certainly is not aged by the cares of her household—not even with five lively daughters to wash for. "My big washes are not hard to do," she says. "I let CHIPSO soak the grimy clothes clean."

No hard rubbing—no backaches—in a Chipso washday! And no regrets for faded colors or weakened materials!

"Since I began using Chipso for my whole wash our clothes seem to wear indefinitely," Mrs. Lay declares. "Chipso isn't a bit harsh. Even silk stockings and glove silk underwear last longer with Chipso washings."

Chipso is SOAPIER—that is why it is

both quick and SAFE. It is not adulterated with harsh, "dirt-cutting" ingredients contained in inferior soaps which gradually weaken fabrics and dull their color. Chipso loosens dirt harmlessly with its RICHER SUDS. That is why Chipso-washed clothes stay new-looking for years.

With a big box of Chipso from your grocer's this week, get *your* thrill from a SNOWY WASH that you don't have to pay for with tired shoulders, sore hands, or "washed-out" looking clothes. At its modest price, you will find Chipso the biggest bargain in rich, SAFE soap on the market today.

# Chipso makes clothes wear longer

# THE PERILS OF STAYING AT HOME

THE old sentiment, "Home is where the heart is," is being amended these days to read, "Home is where you trip over a rug and fracture your collar bone." For it is the brutal fact that one of the most dangerous spots on earth is home, sweet home.

Recently a large life-insurance company concluded a study of 117,000 accidents with the opinion that the risk from injury at home is "almost seven times as great as when riding on busses, surface cars, taxicabs, boats, airplanes, trains and other public conveyances." Considering fatal accidents alone, the National Safety Council reports that our annual automobile slaughter kills only 5 per cent more people than home accidents about which we hear next to nothing. Indeed, in some cities the motor car runs second to the domestic accident as an undertaker's leader.

Considering the occupational hazards of industry and the "carelessness of workmen," which has been dinned into our ears for ages, it is more than interesting to note that while 15,000 people were accidentally killed in the entire industrial field in 1932, 28,000 were killed at home.

Domestic injuries which did not result in death cost 4,230,000 people a grand total of \$630,000,000. That figure covers lost wages, medical care and related expenses, and it is unquestionably a conservative estimate. It doesn't touch what are usually considered little things; it considers an accident as "the mishap which requires the attention of a physician or which really incapacitates the sufferer for at least one-half day."

Not long ago the progressive women of fifty different cities cooperated in a safety survey of 12,134 homes. And when the figures were finally tabulated, they resolved themselves into the cold-blooded actuarial forecast that during the course of a year one home in every seven will have an accident serious enough to come under the definition already established—in other words, this year one home in every seven is going to have to lay out \$148 for some kind of silly mishap—and in nearly 30,000 homes that outlay is going to include funeral expenses.

What is to be done?

## ACCIDENTS DON'T JUST HAPPEN

The first fundamental to be grasped is that accidents do not prevent themselves, and the only success in combating them in industry has resulted from planned campaigns. In the old days one railroad used to have 8.13 accidents for every 100 employees; in ten years they cut that ratio to 0.84 per 100. If a railroad can do that, a home can do better. If you're interested in how it might be done, here is a rough outline:

Taking a typical family of four, the mother becomes the safety warden, the father a supervisor, the two children



THE HORRIBLE HABIT OF CLIMBING ON TEETERY CHAIRS TO REACH



ONE FAMILY IN EVERY SEVEN WILL HAVE TO PAY \$148 FOR SOME KIND OF SILLY ACCIDENT

BY PAUL W. KEARNEY

guards or patrols. The house is divided into four equal areas, and each individual is made responsible for conditions in his particular district.

Each guard makes two "tours" through his district daily, one in the morning and one at night. Hazards found are corrected and reported; if immediate removal is not possible, then the risk is reported to the supervisor or warden, and then the guard's responsibility is transferred.

On a bulletin board in the hall, the kitchen or some other conspicuous point a chart is posted for weekly or monthly periods. The names of all members of the patrol are listed, with space for scores: gold stars are awarded for every hazard removed; red stars for every hazard reported, and so on. If a preventable accident occurs in any district, due to conditions the guard should have reported, that guard gets an ugly blackball on his tally sheet.

In short, make just such a safety drive as the factories do. Have a "No Accident This Month" campaign; score merits and demerits for good or bad safety conduct as well as for inspection, and you'll soon have the whole family conscious of its individual responsibility for avoiding the cause of the vexatious sprain and the costly fracture.

What are these safety guards to look for? Well, a survey of Boston clubwomen developed the fact that 50 per cent of all the injuries were directly due to the physical condition of the premises. The very first hazard to go after is that long list of things which cause people to trip, slip or tumble, for it has been shown that 44 per cent of all important domestic injuries come from falls in and around the house. The chief offenders can be listed briefly:

**RUGS.** Rugs kill approximately seventeen times as many householders as electricity does. Worn spots that catch heels should be repaired; rugs with curling edges should be turned around or removed entirely; rugs on slippery floors should be equipped with vacuum cups, anchors, holders or cement to keep them tight on the floor.

**STAIRS.** The rug menace extends to the stairs, and where simple patching or fastening will suffice, that is easily done. Sometimes, however, the carpet trouble comes from a loose board or weakened tread beneath, and in that case a carpenter is in order.

**MISPLACED OBJECTS.** This covers a wide field: playthings left around the floor; tools or household utensils left where they don't belong; various articles left at the head or foot of the stairs to be carried down or up later.

**POOR LIGHT.** Inadequate illumination is a prolific cause of stair tumbles, especially on cellar and porch steps. And since the average stair fall costs \$132 for doctor's bills, it is obviously cheaper to have a light in those dark places.

**BATHTUBS.** About 120,000 people are injured every year from slipping in the bath, and the bulk of those accidents could be prevented by the simple use of a firm handrail at the side of the tub—preferably wooden, so a wet hand can hold onto it—and the use of a vacuum mat to stand on.

**SLIPPERY STEPS.** Every house should have a box of sand at or near the porch for liberal use on icy steps and walks.

In a general way, these six items cover the majority of serious falls so far as the condition of the premises is

concerned. Of course, when small children are in the house, stairs should be protected with sturdy gates, fastened with child-proof locks; and windows should be equipped with secure screens. Neither should small children be allowed to roam freely through the house unattended.

Other falls must be treated under the heading of "safety conduct." The principal one here is the horrible habit of climbing up on teetery chairs or tables in order to reach something at an elevation. This strikes right at the house-keeper herself, not her children. The sooner she learns the safety rule that there is *no substitute for a good step-ladder*, the better off we'll all be! This type of fall is the most serious of all. It nets the doctors and the druggists an average of \$303 per tumble.

## A HOUSEHOLD CODE OF SAFETY

Continuing in the category of safety conduct brings a number of other points under consideration which the family's safety guards should watch:

Always strike matches *away* from you, not toward you. Always wield a knife away from you. Keep all scissors in sheaths when not in use. Keep kitchen knives in a rack, not in a jumble in the table drawer.

Always put broken glass in a box or strong paper bag—don't throw it in a trash basket loose.

Is there a gun in the house? Remember that *it is always loaded until proved innocent!*

Put small bells on all poison bottles—or shove three or four pins into the cork (heads up) to warn the groper in the dark.

Mop up spilled grease *now*—not "in a minute."

Keep all pot handles turned away from the front and edges of the stove.

Keep gas cocks extremely tight if you have small children. Never burn a gas or oil stove in a closed room. Always have at least one door open. The pan of water on top of the stove won't save you from carbon monoxide.

Keep pails, scrub buckets, tubs, and so on, covered. Put used matches in a tin can.

Don't put pins in your mouth. Don't handle electrical fixtures with wet hands.

Don't leave a chair in the normal path of travel through a room. Somebody may kill himself on it in the dark.

Open all doors of the oven (to ventilate it) before lighting it.

Don't look for a gas leak with a match. Soap-suds on the suspected pipe are better. The gas man is better yet.

Don't use gasoline in the home for cleaning. It cannot be used safely for this purpose.

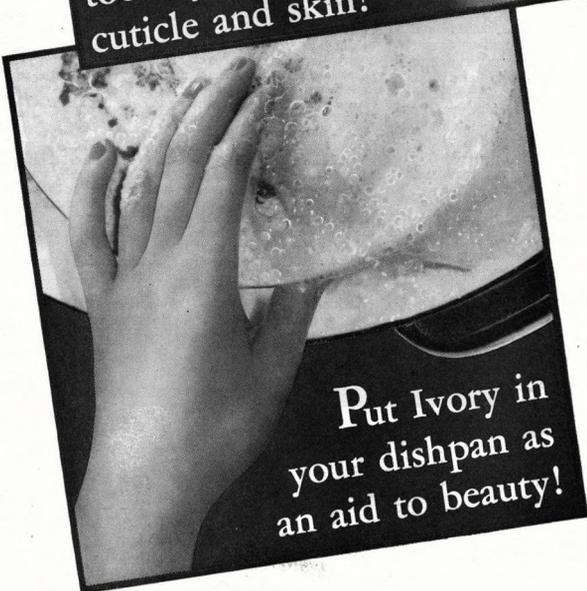
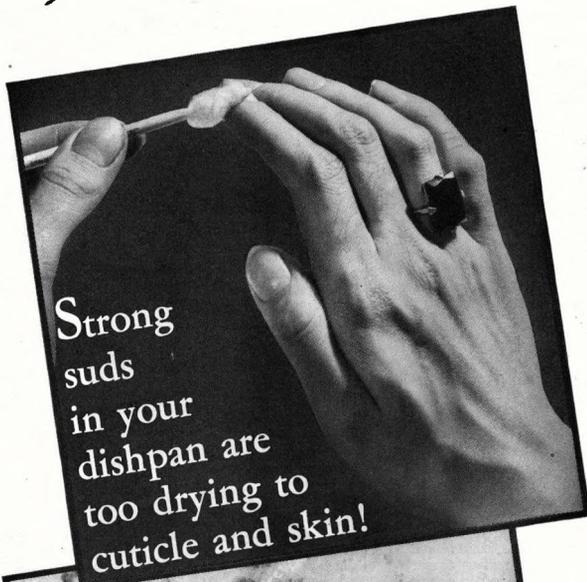
Throw out electric cords when they become frayed or otherwise defective—don't try to patch them up.

Accidents don't *happen*—they are *committed*. That is why they can be stopped. The price is the expenditure of a little energy, but the rewards are enormous.



LET THE FAMILY MAKE SUCH A SAFETY DRIVE AS FACTORIES DO

# "Why does my Cuticle get so RAGGED?"



It costs so little to use Ivory for dishes and all soap-and-water tasks, why ruin your hands with strong suds? The same Ivory that is so kind to a baby's skin will keep your busy hands looking nice . . . . . 99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Pure.

# IVORY SOAP

prevents "Housework Hands"



## HOUSEHOLD BRIEFS

WE ASKED a number of people who have been experimenting with household laundry problems to give us the briefest possible directions for the best procedure with clothing that can go into the washing machine. They suggest:

1. Examine clothes for stains that require removal before washing.
2. Sort and wash in following order:
  - a. Household linens.
  - b. White cotton and linen garments.
  - c. Colored cotton and linen garments.
  - d. White silks and rayons.
  - e. Colored silks and rayons.
3. Soak each load of white cottons and linens fifteen minutes in tub, using light, lukewarm suds—or run machine for five minutes. Do not soak silks and rayons.
4. Wash water should be as hot as available for white cotton and linen materials; lukewarm for silks and rayons and colored cottons and linens. Suds fairly heavy, with a good grade of soap; run machine until soap is dissolved before putting in a load. From ten to fifteen minutes is the average time to run the machine for cottons and linens, five to ten for silks and rayons.

5. A light, soapy rinse of about the same temperature as used for the wash water to eliminate scum.

6. A very hot rinse in the machine for white cottons and linens—lukewarm rinse for colored pieces and all silks and rayons.

7. Lukewarm rinse for all pieces.

8. Another rinse, if necessary, in cool water; blue the white garments in this rinse.

Watch the suds and add more dissolved soap, in small quantities, whenever the froth goes flat. Don't overload your washing machine with clothes. Place handkerchiefs, neckwear and other small articles in a net bag when using a mechanical washer. Stockings are preferably washed separately in a tub or bowl.

Rubber presents itself for our use in many kinds of household utensils. There are tiny window wedges that are inconspicuous but spare us the annoyance of rattling windows, gay attractive floor mats to lessen fatigue—in front of the stove, the ironing board, the sink. There are rubber sink strainers, too, besides sink scrapers, sink racks and drainboard mats.

There is a tiny electric light that can be plugged into any socket and uses a flash-light bulb and almost no electricity, for halls, nursery, bathroom, when it may be convenient to have an all-night light. The light

that can be dimmed by merely pulling a string is a great convenience too.

If you are troubled with your ice trays sticking, you will be glad to know about an inexpensive little grid that can be inserted under the freezing trays.

A small water softener that can be attached to a faucet comes to the rescue of dwellers in hard-water districts. It delivers a small stream of softened water.

Someone has devised a clever booklike file for recipes. There is a visible index and pockets into which recipe cards can be slipped with the title line showing. The four sections fold up, making a book which is labeled "Personal Cookbook."

A damp woolen cloth will gather up broken bits of glass with ease.

Loop the clothesline together and wash the same as your clothes. All the good work of soap and water may be nullified by a dirty clothesline.

Use a discarded dish mop, with a long handle, to wash the leaves of a thorny or "sticky" plant. This will save your hands many a scratch.

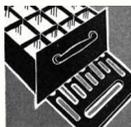
When sewing four-hole buttons to a garment, fasten two holes of a button and break thread. Sew other two holes of button separately. This saves the loss of many a button.

If the seats of caned chairs are sagging, turn them upside down, wash well with soapy water, soaking to wet them thoroughly, and in drying they will go back into place.

Place a thimble on the end of the curtain rod before running it through your curtains. This will prevent tearing, and the rod will run through more easily.

Wind rubber bands around the ends of a hanger and your filmy dresses will not slip off.

Cleaning the bathroom will require less time if you have a basket with a handle tucked away in the linen closet, and in this basket a bottle of kerosene, well corked, for the tub, a can of cleaning powder for the bowl and floor, one for the toilet, and a cloth for scrubbing and one for polishing draped over the handle. No running up and down stairs for the forgotten cleaner, no more searching for clean cloths—everything ready.



# “Even though we’re living on \$900 a Year



—there are some things I simply won't give up, and here's one...

(An informal interview with Mrs. WALTER SPECK, of New Brunswick, N. J.)

LIKE so many American families nowadays, Mr. and Mrs. Speck are running their household on a much smaller income than they enjoyed a few years ago.

“I've learned some good lessons in economy,” says the alert and smiling manager of the household, “and I laugh now at some of my mistakes.

“For one thing, I fell for a bargain in baking powder—and had my first poor cake—so dry and tasteless we couldn't eat it.

“So I threw out the can and went back to Royal—and, believe me, I won't give up that good old reliable red can no matter how scarce the pennies are.”

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, Mrs. Speck. When you figure the approximate cost\* of an average cake like this:

- 2 cups pastry flour . . . . . 5¢
- 2 eggs . . . . . 5¢
- ½ cup butter . . . . . 4¢
- 1 cup sugar . . . . . 3¢
- 1 teaspoon vanilla . . . . . 3¢
- ¾ cup milk . . . . . 2¢
- 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder . 1¢

it does seem foolish to deprive yourself of the best baking powder—Royal!

Most food experts and thrifty housewives regard Royal as their “baking insurance.”

They won't consider any other baking powder . . . because they know Royal *does* give a finer flavor . . . a more velvety, tender texture . . . and that Royal cakes *stay fresh* and delicious for days and days. Royal Baking Powder has been the standard of quality for sixty-five years.

**REMEMBER**, when you buy baking powder, how little Royal costs! And what perfect results it gives!

And, as a matter of fact, the price of Royal Baking Powder is now the lowest in 17 years!

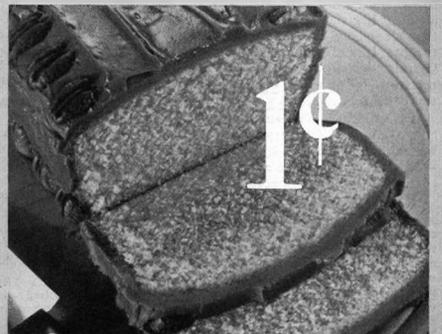
\*Costs of ingredients vary, of course, according to locality.



• “The simplest parties are all we can afford these days, but I make sure the foods I give the children are light and wholesome—baked with dependable Royal Baking Powder.”



• “I see no sense in trusting good eggs, butter and milk to doubtful baking powder.”



• “Why, it takes only about one cent's worth of Royal Baking Powder to make a good big cake. And look at the wonderful result you get with it—*every time!*”

**FREE COOK BOOK**—Mail coupon today for the new Royal Cook Book to use when you bake at home. Over 300 recipes, and valuable hints for baking.

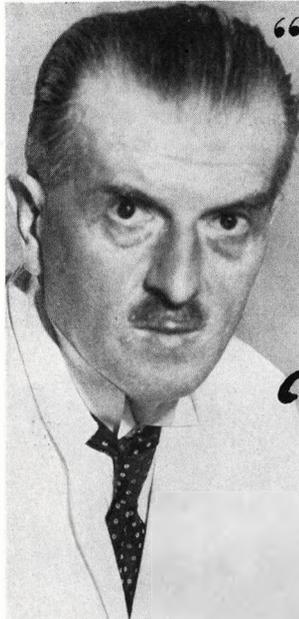


ROYAL BAKING POWDER, Dept. 12, Product of Standard Brands Incorporated, 693 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of the new Royal Cook Book. Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

In Canada: Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.

... ROYAL NOW SELLS AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN 17 YEARS



# "Her face was covered with Pimples"

The noted Paris authority,  
DR. EDOUARD ANTOINE,  
describes this case:—

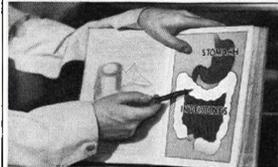
• Dr. Antoine is connected with the Hôpital de la Glacière, noted Paris hospital. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.



"THE PATIENT—a young woman—had had pimples for years. Had tried ointments, lotions, etc., without result . . .



"EXAMINATION SHOWED constipation was the cause of her bad skin. She had been taking various purgatives . . .



"I PRESCRIBED YEAST. It quickly brought the desired result." (Chart shows the intestines, where yeast works.)



• "MY SKIN WAS ALL BROKEN OUT," writes Ruth Mack, of Los Angeles. "I thought my complexion was ruined. One of the boys at the office told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. It cleared up my stuggishness, and in two months my skin was all right again."

**SKIN ERUPTIONS . . .** pimples, blotches, boils. Nobody likes to see these telltale signs of ill health!

As one of Europe's best known medical experts—Dr. Antoine, who numbers a king and other royalty among his patients—says, "Skin troubles—like bad breath, coated tongue, loss of energy—are danger signals"—symptoms of sluggish intestines. "The most effective corrective," he adds, "is yeast."

If your skin is bad—or if you feel "run-down" in any way—try Fleischmann's Yeast by all means—3 cakes a day. It is a food, with certain amazing properties:—

It "tones"—stimulates—literally strengthens the intestines. It also softens the body's wastes so you can expel them easily. Then, as regular, normal evacuations are restored, you feel so much more energetic. Digestion improves—you suffer fewer colds, headaches. And—best of all—there's such an improvement in your skin!

It clears. Freshens. Takes on color. Becomes smoother. Is there any medicine, any cosmetic you know that will do this?

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast, you know (rich in the three health-giving vitamins B, G and D), at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Directions are on the label. Won't you start to eat it—today?



## SOME LIKE THEM HOT

BY BELDON DUFF,

NOWADAYS appetizers are being served on toothpicks, and the eat-as-you-run food problem has been solved in a sophisticated way. For years I've nibbled at the delicious morsels which go the rounds in the living room as a preface to a meal, licking my fingers surreptitiously—the tiny napkins served with them are usually ineffectual. I know, too, what a real chore making those effortless-looking little hors d'œuvres can become, so it is a pleasure to discover that the ones on sticks don't seem to require so much fussing. Just take a sprinkling of this and a dab of that, plunge a toothpick through the finished product, and there they are!

Whether I serve tomato juice, iced till beads of frost stand out on the glasses, or clam juice with a dash of lemon, or perhaps a tart fruit juice, I always find the tray of appetizers brings acclaim. Guests are never too grown up to enjoy thoughtfully choosing from a well-assorted platter.

The last word on hors d'œuvres will never be written. New ones are always being created. But here are a few sure-fire hits. Serve all of them on toothpicks.

### SERVE THESE HOT

**CODFISH BALLS.** Mold your favorite mixture for codfish cakes into small balls, about the size of Junior's marbles, and fry them in deep fat at 375° F. Serve sizzling hot, and watch them vanish like snowballs from your platter.

**LIVERWURST.** Chop a little liverwurst fine, with onion to season. Spread on thin slices of uncooked pastry, roll up in waxed paper, tight, as you would a jelly roll. Place in the ice box for several hours. When you start to get your drinks ready, take out the roll of liverwurst, cut it into thin slices, and brown them in the oven. Don't let those golden slices get cold if you can help it. They are at their best when flaky.

**TINY SAUSAGES.** These are made especially for cocktails and are very small. They can be broiled and rushed to the living room without dressing up, or they can be wrapped in uncooked pastry, the end left open, and baked in the oven. If baked, the sausages should be pricked before covering them with the crust. These make a tremendous hit on a cold winter afternoon.

**STUFFED OLIVES.** No dish of appetizers will be complete without that good old stand-by, the stuffed olive wrapped in bacon and browned in a hot oven or broiler. If you think you have overworked

this one, substitute anchovy filets for the olive and get a distinctly new flavor.

**CHEESE.** And now we come to cheese, which presents so many tantalizing possibilities. Served hot, we offer two suggestions which may prove novel. Parmesan cheese or else American cheese, grated, moistened with the beaten yolk of an egg, and flavored with chili sauce, is the mixture employed in both cases. For the first, use paper-thin slices of white bread. Spread the mixture on it as you would butter, and roll with a firm hand. It must be a hard little roll when finished, about the length and thickness of a cigarette. Brown these in deep fat. For the second, the bread should be cut thicker, and the mixture used with a more lavish hand. The desired result is a small roll to be cut into thin slices and browned in the broiling oven. Pinwheels, these are called.

### SERVE THESE COLD

**SNAPPY BITES.** Any of the spicy little pickles may be wrapped in a slice of smoked salmon. Pretty to look upon, this canapé is exquisitely delicate in flavor.

**SHRIMPS.** A cooked shrimp on a toothpick is delightful dipped into a bowl of mayonnaise or Russian dressing. Substitute for the shrimp a bit of cold boiled lobster if you are feeling extravagant.

**CHIPPED BEEF.** A slice of chipped beef filled with cottage cheese that has been given zest with your favorite seasoning goes well with tomato juice. A twin sister to this one is a slice of cold boiled ham rolled into a cornucopia snug enough to hold an after-dinner-coffee spoonful of horse-radish. Still another idea along the same line is smoked ham. Into a thin slice of it tuck a morsel of Roquefort cheese mixed with a little India relish.

One last suggestion: Cold hors d'œuvres can be rendered doubly attractive in the serving by sticking the other end of the toothpick into a large red apple, a grapefruit or a pineapple.

**First Courses for Fingers and Forks.** Surprise your guests at the very start! Feature canapés or other hors d'œuvres that are distinctly different, and your party is well on the way to success. Our brand-new booklet is full of recipes for appetizers of every description. Write to our Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, for No. 1136, FIRST COURSES FOR FINGERS AND FORKS. It is three cents.

# Brooksie and her Pals

Behind the scenes with America's best-liked Butter

SH-SH--THE BIG PLOT IS HATCHING

M-M-M-M, WHAT'S UP ?



**SURPRISE PARTY...**  
 AND ISN'T BROOKSIE SUR-  
 PRISED! THE FAITHFUL  
 BLACKIE IS THE RINGLEADER  
 OF THIS EVENT. BUT ALL OF  
 BROOKSIE'S PALS ARE READY  
 AND EAGER. NOTHING, THEY  
 THINK, IS TOO GOOD FOR  
 BROOKSIE. SHE'S THE ONE  
 WHO KEEPS THEM FULL  
 OF FUN AND ENTHUSIASM.  
 WITH BROOKSIE ON HAND,  
 THE JOB OF PRODUCING  
 RICH, FINE-FLAVORED CREAM  
 IS A NEVER-ENDING LARK.

**BROOKSIE KNOWS!  
 FINE CREAM MAKES  
 FINE BUTTER**

JUST ONE LOOK at Brooksie and her pals tells you why this butter has become so famous. Choice cream from pleasant dairy farms in sunny valleys is used in making it. Rich, fine-flavored cream is the secret of its goodness. There is a delicate sweetness of flavor, a special fragrance in Swift's Brookfield Butter. With your first

taste you will understand why it is today by far the most popular butter in the country. And it always reaches you *creamy fresh*—rushed to your dealer by Swift's own delivery system. For extra good butter, for the fine flavor that only fine cream can give, remember Brooksie. Ask your dealer for Swift's Brookfield Butter today!



\* For years, Swift's Brookfield Butter has been America's largest selling brand.

Copyright 1934 by Swift & Company

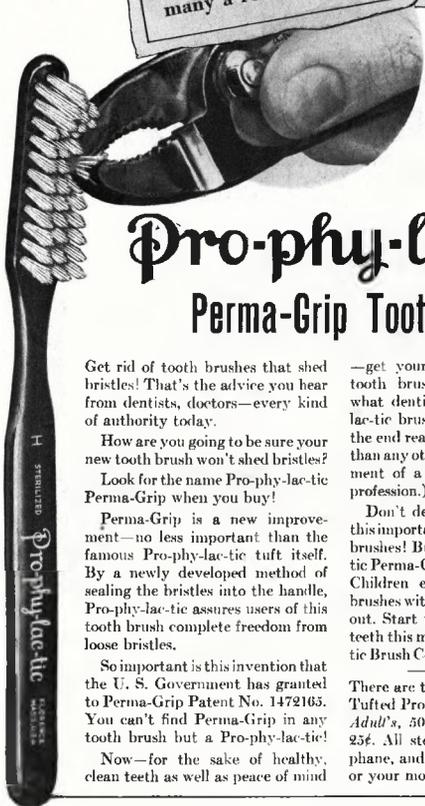
# SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD BUTTER

# Now! Bristles can't come out

## Operation Revealed Bristles



Medical Records reveal that tooth brush bristles have been found in many a removed appendix.



## New Pro-phy-lac-tic Perma-Grip Tooth Brush

Get rid of tooth brushes that shed bristles! That's the advice you hear from dentists, doctors—every kind of authority today.

How are you going to be sure your new tooth brush won't shed bristles?

Look for the name Pro-phy-lac-tic Perma-Grip when you buy!

Perma-Grip is a new improvement—no less important than the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic tuft itself. By a newly developed method of sealing the bristles into the handle, Pro-phy-lac-tic assures users of this tooth brush complete freedom from loose bristles.

So important is this invention that the U. S. Government has granted to Perma-Grip Patent No. 1472165. You can't find Perma-Grip in any tooth brush but a Pro-phy-lac-tic!

Now—for the sake of healthy, clean teeth as well as peace of mind

—get yourself a new Perma-Grip tooth brush at once. Remember what dentists say: "The Pro-phy-lac-tic brush with the long tuft on the end reaches more tooth surfaces than any other single brush." (Statement of a leading member of the profession.)

Don't deprive yourself longer of this important improvement in tooth brushes! Buy the new Pro-phy-lac-tic Perma-Grip for the whole family. Children especially deserve tooth brushes with bristles that can't come out. Start tomorrow to brush your teeth this modern way. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.

There are three distinct sizes of the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic Perma-Grip: *Adult's*, 50¢. *Youth's*, 35¢. *Child's*, 25¢. All sterilized, sealed in Cellophane, and must satisfy completely or your money back.

### From Pro-phy-lac-tic Perma-Grip Users

"My entire family has gone 100% Perma-Grip and since I am on the road it takes three for my own use ... one for home, one for the office ... and one for my kit."

JOHN J. E. ———  
Charleston, W. Va.



FAMILY HEAD



PHYSICIAN

"If I had ever been tempted by cheap tooth brushes I would have been cured when I saw them made in China; men and women sitting in dark doorways actually biting off the bristles with their teeth."

MARGARET R. G. ———  
(M. D.), State College, Pa.

BY JEAN SIMPSON



## S T E A M I N G



STEAMERS are made for steaming, not for filling storage spaces. But this fact is often forgotten by the home-maker who tends always to do her cooking in the boiling kettle, in the frying pan or in the oven. Not but what these are the most common aids to good cooking, but it is a pity to let them be the only ones.

Some of the vegetables, for instance, keep more of their natural, fine flavor, their nutrients and their desirable texture when steamed than when cooked by any of the other methods usually used. The difficulty is, however, that not all vegetables lend themselves to steaming. The so-called strong-juiced ones—cabbage, onions, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts and turnips—are always more delicately flavored if they are boiled in a large portion of water with the cover off.

Most green vegetables, too, are better boiled in an open kettle than steamed. For during steaming they tend to turn brown. And who would prefer vegetables a sorry brown instead of an elegant green? Spinach is an exception, for it has so much green pigment that it can be steamed and still be an attractive green. Carrots, potatoes and parsnips are distinctly superior when carefully steamed. Beets are far sweeter when steamed, and their color is better preserved.

Be careful, though, when you steam vegetables, to give them every chance to be at their best. For improperly steamed ones may turn out soft, flat-tasting servings with little to recommend them.

Don't let steam condensing on the underside of the lid keep dripping down over the vegetables. If your steamer does not send the condensed steam down the sides of the steamer, devise a way for preventing the dripping. Cut a piece of heavy cotton cloth a little larger than the lid, put it under the lid and with a drawingstring fasten the edge up over the top part of it. The steam will collect in the cloth rather than soak into the vegetables.

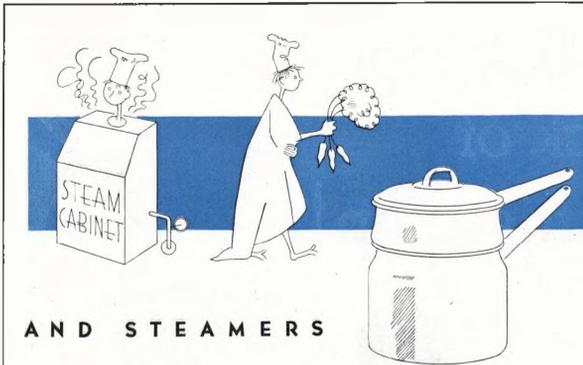
A rack or compartment with a perforated bottom prevents the vegetables from standing in water—in either condensed steam, or their own juices as they appear. Above all, avoid cooking them any longer than absolutely necessary to make them tender. Most vegetables will take about half as long again to cook in a steamer as in boiling water. If vegetables requiring different times for cooking are to be done in the same steamer, you will have to put one in after the other so that they will all be done at about the same time.

Fish is another food that is often deliciously steamed. Twenty minutes to the pound is usually sufficient, or until the flesh can be flaked easily with a sharp knife. Be sure to have some arrangement for removing the steamed fish from the kettle. Put it in the steamer on a plate, a piece of parchment paper or cheesecloth, if you like. When the fish is done, lift out the whole piece of parchment paper or cheesecloth or the plate, and with it comes the fish, unbroken.

Parchment paper is convenient, too, for wrapping foods which would impart a flavor to other foods being steamed at the same time. Flavors and colors stay within the wrapping and so make it possible to steam at the same time, foods with varying degrees of delicate and decided flavors.

One of the advantages of steamers is that a number of foods can be prepared in them at one time, saving fuel and stove space. But a dinner with a succession of dishes steamer-made is often monotonous. Instead of always preparing a steamed dinner, you can prepare in one steaming a number of dishes to be used on succeeding days.

Boston brown bread, for instance, can easily be steamed while the steamer is steaming for other purposes. Steam custards the same way, let them cool and serve them at the next meal. Steamed puddings can be prepared ahead and reheated by placing the covered container in boiling water which comes about halfway up the container. Steamed rice can be prepared for later use in recipes calling for cooked rice.



## AND STEAMERS

It is no trouble nowadays to locate in well-equipped household-furnishing departments whatever style of steamer you want. Below, at the lower left, is illustrated a new aluminum one with a perforated compartment divided into sections which make it suitable for cooking several vegetables at one time. The knob at the right is a weight which is made to rest on top of the steamer to help keep the steam within the utensil.

Above this is another aluminum steamer fitted with a compartment having a perforated base. To the right of it is an enamel one with a perforated tray instead of a whole compartment. One of the special features of this style is the help the handle offers in making a tight fit between the steamer and its lid. Put the lid on the steamer, then draw the handle over to the other side and press it down against the lid.

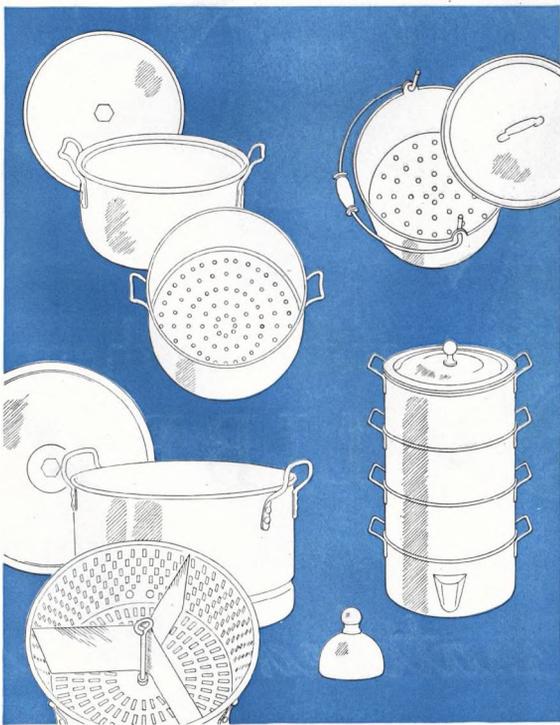
Below at the right is one of the aluminum steamers with three steaming tiers. Two of them are plain, with a tube through which the steam passes, and the

BY KATHERINE GOEPPINGER

third is perforated. The base of the steamer has a wide spout which facilitates the addition of boiling water when necessary. These steamers also come in small sizes, suitable for very small families.

Most steamers have a ridge a couple of inches up from the bottom, which is the mark to which water is to be added. Whether more water must be added depends upon how long it takes the food to cook, and also how freely steam is escaping. The fewer times you open the steamer for any reason, the more quickly the food will cook. But if you must add water, be sure it is not only hot but boiling.

Then double boilers claim place, to some extent, among steamers. The upper compartment of the model illustrated above has a slightly rounded base which makes for easy stirring and keeps whatever is being cooked in it from sticking in the corners.



# WHEN YOU'RE IN A *hurry*

Do you ever really have all the time you want to make your toilet in?

When the rule is rush, as it is these days—that's when you're most thankful for Mum. For you can use Mum in a hurry!

It takes no more than half a minute to give your underarms all-day protection from ugly perspiration odor with this dainty deodorant cream.

Smooth in a bit under each arm—and that's all. Slip right into your dress.

For Mum is harmless to clothing. Indeed, if you forget to use it while dressing, you can use it afterwards just as well.

Mum is cooling and soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

And think of this! Many women keep a jar of Mum in the kitchen to remove stubborn odors, such as onion or fish, from their hands.

You can be absolutely sure Mum never fails in its work of preventing disagreeable perspiration odor. And this without preventing the perspiration itself.

*Use Mum on sanitary napkins, too.* Thousands of women depend on it for protection from this source of unpleasantness. All toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

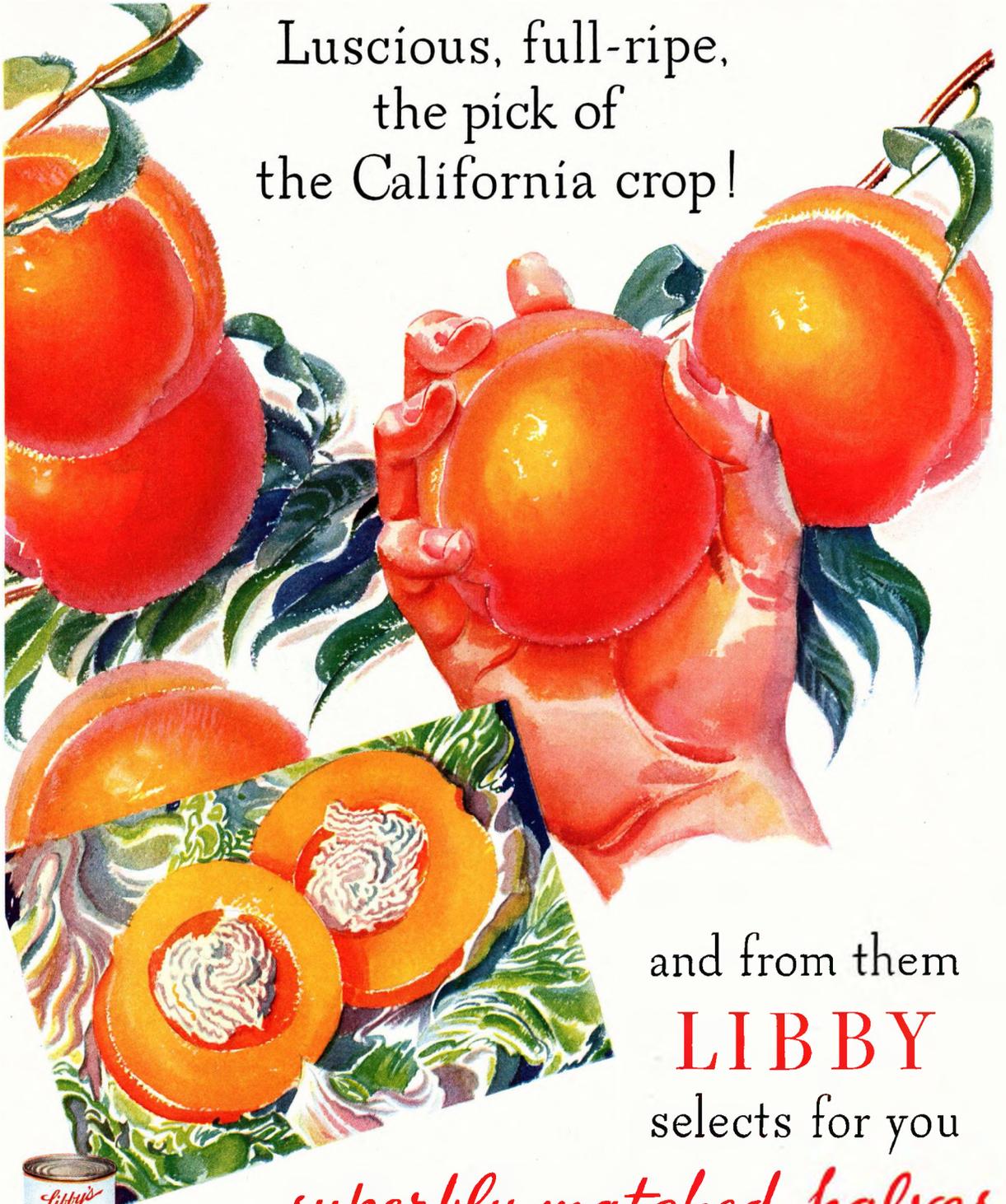
*Only half a  
minute to  
use Mum*



**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



Luscious, full-ripe,  
the pick of  
the California crop!



and from them

**LIBBY**

selects for you

*superbly matched halves*



FROM LIBBY'S FAMOUS 100 FOODS

THEY COST YOU NO MORE

## Hit and Run

(Continued from Page 7)

well-known firm of Boston lawyers. But there, though from a professional point of view it was just what he wanted, he could earn very little for many years.

Someone had recommended him to Mr. Osmond, who was looking about for a successor to Vickery. It appeared to be a perfect combination—on one side an honorable, clever young man with a sound legal training, on the other a high salary and the endless business opportunities open to the secretary of an active New York business man. Bitterly regretting the law, Dick had accepted. But in accepting he had vowed to himself he would make a success of his new venture. When the opportunity came he would be ready for it. He was a man who, having taken a resolution, could stick to it.

Sitting under the desk light, he came to a resolution now: he would not fall in love with Letty Osmond.

HE KNEW it wasn't going to be easy. For some reason that he couldn't fathom, he saw that she wanted his friendship . . . probably his admiration . . . possibly his love. Women—young girls particularly—never understood a man's rejection of all half measures; they always felt they had a right to dispose of the emotion they had roused. He knew he had hurt her feelings that evening, and heaven knew he didn't want to hurt her. She must lead a lonely life—her mother had died six or seven years before, and neither Osmond nor his sister who lived with them was exactly tender.

Nevertheless, when she came the next day at noon, and again at six, pleading for a few sets of tennis, he had the strength to refuse her. At dinner, that night, she asked him across the table:

"Mr. Slater, can you dance?"

"Yes, I can dance." He never knew whether he looked at her too long or not long enough when he spoke to her.

"Would you like to go dancing tonight? There's a place near here that has the most wonderful band . . ."

"I'm afraid I couldn't tonight."

"Surely father isn't such a slave driver as to make you work at night."

"Idle people never believe that busy ones have anything to do," said Mr. Osmond, as if he himself belonged to the great sweltering masses.

"Father, make him take me dancing."

"Letty, I don't really think it's possible to make people do things they don't want to do—except, perhaps, go to prison."

"He didn't say he didn't want to."

"Oh, no, he's a polite young man." Mr. Osmond smiled at his secretary, and Dick saw, though without much satisfaction, that his conduct was approved.

He suffered, and yet there was a sort of glory in the agony of saying no; there was a certain happiness in knowing that twice a day at least he would sit opposite her at table, would look at her and speak to her and hear her lovely, low, childish voice.

THEN suddenly on Friday afternoon, without the slightest warning, the whole picture changed. Suddenly the house was full of young people—a great week-end party. Someone in the neighborhood was getting married the next day—Letty was to be a bridesmaid. Wedding guests filled every room, their voices echoed in the halls, their cars blocked the drive.

That afternoon, for the first time, Dick worked without interruption. The priceless privilege of saying no had suddenly been taken from him. Other voices rang on the tennis court—he could hear them all too clearly: "What's that score?" . . . "On the line." . . . "Why, Letty, you must have been working on your back-hand." . . . "Deuce." . . . "No, it was out a mile." . . . "Oh, Ralph, what a

lovely serve." That last was Letty's voice, louder and gayer than he was used to hearing it. Obviously she was enjoying herself. Dick thought all the voices most unnecessarily loud—they made it difficult for him to concentrate on the classification of the company's undivided assets.

HE LOOKED forward with disgust to meeting them all at dinner—a lot of young wasters who would make Letty seem a stranger to him. Nevertheless he was disappointed, on coming downstairs, to find that everyone was dining out except Miss Osmond, and she was having dinner in her room. Dick ate alone in the solemn dining room. The house seemed strangely silent. He did not feel hungry—naturally, he said to himself, as he had had no exercise.

All through the next morning he wrote with one eye on the door. He certainly expected Letty to make him a fleeting visit—she always did: "A little tennis, Mr. Slater?" That was the excuse. It was hardly decent, he thought, to make it so clear that she had utterly forgotten him as soon as she had more congenial companions. But she didn't come, and he and Miss Osmond lunched alone together. All the others had gone to the wedding and to the breakfast afterward.

It appeared that Miss Osmond was impressed by the social importance of her niece's friends. The headache which had laid her low the night before had kept her from the festivities, but she could enjoy a sort of vicarious grandeur by explaining the guests to Dick—not that she cared much for the opinion of so unimportant a person as a secretary. But Dick wouldn't take any interest; far from being impressed, he kept repeating, in a dull tone of voice, he'd never heard of any of them.

"BUT you must have heard of them," said Miss Osmond. "You must have heard of the Sheehans' place at Nassau, and the Van Baars' parties, and the Semmes' divorce fifteen years ago—Ralph's mother; she behaved dreadfully—the daughter married the Duke of Brent."

"I never so much as heard that there was a Duke of Brent," answered Dick. In his hurry to get away from table he actually snapped at his food, but this did him no good, for Miss Osmond only talked more continuously and ate more slowly.

"Now, it's strange that you shouldn't have," she went on. "Five or six years ago all the papers were full of the marriage. Another American duchess—she was thought very beautiful—and this boy—the brother—is quite the handsomest creature I ever saw. He's just been in England, staying with his sister for the London season. You know they have their season in the spring—it seems queer to us. He evidently admires Letty—I can't say, of course, whether there is anything serious in it." Miss Osmond simpered with an irritating coyness. "She is always surrounded, of course. Quite the nicest circle of young people."

Dick couldn't stand any more of it. He rose firmly, laying his napkin on the table.

"I'm so sorry, Miss Osmond," he said, "but I really must go. I promised Mr. Osmond to have a complete draft for him this afternoon, so that we can get away on Monday."

Miss Osmond was a little disappointed, but didn't protest; she was the first to agree that hired help must do its work. She nodded graciously and Dick left the room.

"Vulgar old harridan!" he said to himself. "What a kick she would get out of being the aunt by marriage of a duchess's brother! So that was Letty's uncertainty, was it? I'm glad I didn't let her tell me. How could I have advised her? What do



GREAT WEEK END ISN'T IT?  
JIM'S NEW WIFE IS A PEACH!

YES... BUT I'M NOT SO KEEN  
ABOUT MOLLIE'S HOUSEKEEPING.  
JUST LOOK AT THESE SHEETS  
AND THINGS!

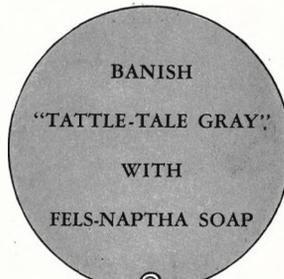
## Everybody notices "Tattle-Tale Gray" ... and here's what to do about it



UM-M! I SMELL  
NAPHTHA!

*It's sad—but true!* No matter how HARD some women work, their washes look simply awful! The clothes won't come white—they will come gray . . . People notice—and whisper! . . . What's the trouble? . . . Dirt still hiding in the clothes! They aren't really clean! That's what makes clothes tell unpleasant tales. But . . .

Change to *Fels-Naptha Soap* and say goodbye to "Tattle-Tale Gray." Unlike *trick soaps*, *Fels-Naptha* goes into every tiny thread and gets out all the dirt. Gets it out—because it brings you two cleaners instead of one. Rich golden soap—and added to that—lots of naphtha. So much naphtha you can smell it!



*Surprise yourself!* Get *Fels-Naptha Soap* today and see how *dazzling white* it gets your clothes. Learn how gentle it is—safe for daintiest stockings and lingerie. Easy on hands, too! In tub or washer, whether you soak or boil clothes, *Fels-Naptha* gives you *extra* help—sweet-as-clover washes!



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## Don't threaten and scold—put an end to her dawdling this new way:

*By correcting the cause of her poor appetite and loss of weight.....*

The reason for your child's lagging appetite may be the same thing that troubles many other children.

They pick at their food, they lose weight, they may be irritable and hard to handle because they do not receive enough of a factor essential for appetite—*Vitamin B*.

Mothers often do not discover this is the trouble until they begin to give the child an *extra amount* of this appetite-stimulating factor regularly.

Then they see the difference in the way the child eats. She has better appetite! She finishes her meal with more relish.

Why not try this new

**Weight goes up! Your child will put on pounds when she begins to eat heartily again. Chocolate Vitavose is a fine builder.**

way of stimulating appetite in your own child? It may save you countless hours of scolding or coaxing.

And there's such a simple means of ensuring your child enough *Vitamin B* every day. Just have her take *Squibb's Chocolate flavored Vitavose!*

Three teaspoonfuls of this delicious food added to a glass of milk supply as much of the appetite-stimulating factor as a *whole quart* of milk.

Children enjoy drinking it. And given to them regularly *every day*, it helps put an end to their "pickiness," helps to restore their appetite.

*Use it instead of chocolate flavorings...*

Many chocolate powders or syrups may flavor milk like Chocolate Vitavose, but they do not give the child the same benefits. It is the *only* milk drink made of wheat embryo, one of the richest sources of *Vitamin B*. Give it to your child regularly in preference to any other chocolate milk drink.



*A delicious appetite building milk drink for the child who won't eat*

Produced, tested, and guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, Dept. 168, 7-5 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send me sample of Chocolate flavored Vitavose and booklet, "Understanding the Child Who Won't Eat." I enclose 10¢ for cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

I know about him, or her, or any of these people?"

At five o'clock, when the door opened, every nerve in his body jumped. The newcomer, however, was Mr. Osmond.

He sat down and for the first time gave his full attention to the report, going over Dick's work item by item, bringing for the first time his shrewd, practical mind to bear on it, improving whatever he altered. He expressed himself as pleased.

"That's a good piece of work, Slater," he said at last, standing up and pulling down his waistcoat. "That paragraph about the new orders is a masterpiece. I'm sorry I didn't get home earlier, but a wedding, you know. Letty was a bridesmaid—very charming, if I do say so. I wish I had thought to ask them to send you a card. You'd have enjoyed it—lovely old house."

Dick said, almost between clenched teeth, "You're very kind, sir, but when I get working on a job like this report I like to stick at it until it's done."

"I know, I know; I'm the same way myself—at least sometimes I am." He walked toward the door, but somehow his walk lacked conviction; something was still on his mind.

"I wish he'd go away and leave me in peace," Dick thought. "Looked lovely, did she? I bet she did."

At the door Mr. Osmond turned and said, with the knob in his hand, "Oh, by the bye, Slater, there is one thing I wish you'd do for me. Not exactly your job, I know, but old Vickery used to do it, and if you could find a minute today or tomorrow I'd be grateful if you would balance Letty's check book. I really ask it more as a favor to the bank than to me." He began to run down, seeing that his secretary was not going to object to the assignment. "It's there on the desk—that small black book—in a great mess, I have no doubt."

HE HURRIED out of the room, and Dick stood, hands in pockets, looking at the book. Her check book! He had never thought of her having such a thing—that child! He opened it with one finger. How cruel the business world was to women! Who could keep accounts in that small compass? One check to a page, and a place to subtract every item. His face softened into a smile—she hadn't, it seemed, made a very good fist of it. His eye lit on neat, green figures—Vickery's, obviously: "To errors in addition. . . . To voucher No. 108, not entered. . . . To counter check. . . . To counter check. . . ."

The book had not been balanced for three months—not since Vickery left.

Well, he might as well get at it. He sat down, drawing his chair forward—and as he read the smile faded from the corners of his mouth, and instead came that look of severity. "To cash, \$100. . . . To cash (bridge), \$125. . . . Bracelet reset, \$1400. . . . To self, \$100. . . . To cash. . . . Mink coat, \$4000. . . . To self. . . . To cash. . . . To cash. . . . Good heavens, this girl had spent over \$10,000 in a few months, wholly on her own luxuries—mostly on her back. Not a single item for charity, when people were starving all about her. Oh, yes, there was a subscription or two, and "Tickets for Marie's benefit, \$75." But that was probably more friendship for Marie than pity for the poor. He thought of the white-brick house in Vermont, where his mother was struggling with a dwindling income, and doing so much for all her neighbors.

HE WAS still frowning when the door opened and she was in the room. She was dressed in some thin muslin of the palest pink, and she carried in her hand a great flapping hat trimmed with pink roses—such a hat as the eighteenth-century English painters liked to put into the long, slim hands of their sitters.

Her eyes went to the desk. "Oh," she said, "you are actually working at my check book, while I have been out amusing myself. I feel a little guilty." She laid her hand on the front of her dress with a sort of suggestion of beating her breast. "I'm afraid it's rather untidy, but then I haven't any head for figures."

"So I see."

"Don't you think you might smile when you say that, Mr. Slater?"

"I'm afraid I don't think ignorance and incapacity very attractive qualities."

"Dear me! Who was it said, 'Show me ten New Englanders and I will show you five prigs'?"

"I believe that saying was invented by the well-known aphorist, Miss Letitia Osmond, looking about for a stick with which to beat a man who had criticized her."

"How unjust that is! I don't mind being criticized."

"No one does who doesn't mean to do anything about the criticism."

"Mr. Slater, why are you cross at me?"

"I'm not in the least cross."

"Are you angry at father's asking you to balance my books?"

"My time is entirely at Mr. Osmond's disposition." (Continued on Page 58)

## Join Our Earning Club!



Is Lillian Bezold happy in The Girls' Club? Her smiling face gives the answer.

"I HAVE earned \$19.00 so far through our Girls' Club," writes happy Ann Vicary. "I bought my dress and slippers for Class Day myself!" "I've just received my Club pin and I'm crazy about it," says Gertrude L.

Grace D. slipped \$5.50 into her purse the very first time she tried our Club plan. And she too has her lovely pin!

Wouldn't you like to have exciting things to tell your chums, money to spend, stunning prizes to show? Wouldn't it be fun to wear the blue and gold pin? *Come join our Girls' Club!*

All you have to do is write a little note: "Dear Manager: Please tell me how to earn money and win my Club pin." Then, in a few days you'll receive a thrilling package, containing full information, supplies, everything you need to start. And there are no Club dues, no costs, no obligations of any kind.

Get pencil or pen and write that note now to

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL  
299 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Dancing fashions come and go, but  
**HINDS** is still her choice to keep hands  
 soft and lovely, to heal painful chapping

1875



1934



♥ From far-off days when lovely ladies in billowing silks dreamily danced to the languorous strains of *The Beautiful Blue Danube*... straight through to the scintillating jazz rhythms of today... HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM has been consistently a favorite.

For 59 long years women have continued to prefer HINDS. Ask them why and they will tell you that they have never found another preparation so thoroughly satisfactory. So quick to soothe painful chapping. So prompt to banish redness and roughness. So certain to keep hands velvety smooth and white.

**Quicker, more lasting results**

HINDS does more than just give the hands a smooth "surface finish" that soon disappears. It is a rich cream in liquid form that penetrates deeply, softening and enriching the dry, abused skin—restoring the natural oils it must have in order to stay soft, smooth and youthful.

Are your hands coarse and red from housework, chapped and roughened by cold? Apply a little HINDS regularly—after hands have been in water, after exposure and always at night. Soreness will ease up almost instantly, roughness and redness quickly disappear. Soon you will be rejoicing over a pair of "new" hands—satin-smooth, white, attractive.

Get HINDS from your druggist today in its bright, colorful new bottle. No change in formula. New-fashioned smartness outside, but the same old-fashioned goodness inside!

♥  
**TUNE IN** on Hinds' HALL OF FAME Radio Program—the world's greatest show on the air—the biggest names of stage and screen—every Sunday night at 10:30 E. S. T., WEA (and associated Red network stations in a Coast to Coast hook-up at corresponding hour.)

**N**ow in a Smart Modern Dress



**HINDS** offers another beauty aid—worthy companion to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream! A liquefying Cleansing Cream that melts at skin temperature; floats out dirt; leaves the skin radiant. Famous Beauty Salons advise this type of cream—Hinds now offers it at 40¢, 65¢.



# Lovely Hands soon grow rough and old-looking

.. because *Hand Skin is Different* from the rest of your Skin



Feel how DIFFERENT hand skin is! Your forehead feels oily, unless you've just powdered, when you press your finger hard across it.



Then notice how dry the back of your hand feels. This is non-oily skin and needs special protection against chapping and roughness.



Don't let your hands lose their bewitching youthful softness

YES, the skin on your hands is different. You can actually feel this difference yourself.

Hand skin is non-oily skin and depends on moisture to keep it softly young. But cold weather and household tasks steal this moisture from the skin, make it susceptible to chapping.

### Restores Moisture to Skin Cells

No wonder hands need special care of their own. You must constantly put moisture back inside the tiny skin cells. Jergens Lotion does this for you.

And does it more efficiently than any

other hand lotion tested in recent scientific tests. Try it out for yourself—you'll be surprised at the change in your hands from even one application. Fingers lose their rasping touch. Drawn, shiny skin relaxes and feels softer.

After only a few days' use, you'll find your hands look noticeably whiter. For one of the remarkable ingredients of this fragrant lotion whitens the skin. Another is just what skin specialists prescribe to overcome roughness.

You can get Jergens Lotion in drug stores and department stores, 50¢ and \$1.00. A handy smaller bottle at the ten-cent stores, too.

This lotion goes into skin cells more quickly, more completely than any other lotion tested. Try it at our expense—

**FREE** trial bottle. Send for it and see the wonderful effects Jergens Lotion has on your hands.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.  
8405 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio  
(In Canada, 8405 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



(Continued from Page 56) She came near to him, in order to crane her neck over the desk at her book, at the page of figuring. "I suppose it was in rather a mess," she said gently.

"Not more so than is to be expected from a person who has no head for figures." "You're really being very horrid." She seemed to run over the possible causes, and then she had an inspiration: "Perhaps you thought I was rather extravagant."

He gave a bitter laugh, but nothing more.

"Did you?" "You must see I can't comment on the items in my employer's books—that isn't my business."

SHE came a step nearer. She, like all the girls she knew, habitually used the most intoxicating perfume she could find. He stepped back from its softening aroma, but she put her hand on his arm.

"That's it," she said. "You are shocked by my extravagance."

"We are not using words in the same sense," he returned. "When you say you are extravagant, you mean 'dashing, generous, open-handed, magnificent,' in the Aristotelian sense."

"I'm afraid that I don't know what that is."

"You think it's charming to be extravagant."

"And you, I gather, don't."

"To me it seems a form of self-indulgence, like—like—"

"Don't say 'like greediness.'"

"That was just what I was going to say."

There was a moment's silence. She stood there drooping her head, but not removing her hand from his arm.

"Well," she said at last, "it's easy to criticize, but what, really, can I do? Father gives me plenty of money and very little attention. I disagree with every idea Aunt Julia possesses, and it's a big notice for her to say she has any. I haven't any talent, I haven't much education."

"You could remedy that."

"That doesn't sound so hot to me—go to a school again when I'm used to dancing till two or three o'clock every morning. No, I have nothing to do but spend money and amuse myself—and that I do pretty well."

"How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty next month."

"Good Lord!"

"Is it as bad as all that?"

"Are you happy, living like this?"

"No, I'm terrified." She looked up at him; her eyes were full of tears.

AND then suddenly she was in his arms. His lips pressed on hers. He did not know that he had caught her to him, only it was clear that the volition had not been hers. She tried to draw away and, finding herself powerless in his firm clasp, could only wrench her lips from his and bend her head, so that nothing but her crisp hair was presented to his eager lips.

A second later they were standing three feet apart.

"You shouldn't have done that," she said gently.

He opened his mouth, supposing that he was about to reply that she stated the obvious; supposing that some cool comment on his own folly would flow automatically. To his surprise, no sound at all issued from his throat. Primitive emotion had taken away his voice.

"You see," she said, "I'm just engaged to be married—just this afternoon."

Such an icy plunge as this was all that was needed to restore his self-control. He turned and walked to the long French window. The study was next to the front door, and the window looked out on the curve of the blue-gravel drive, which cut the smooth lawn like an ugly slate-colored river. He stood with back turned.

"Is this a sudden thing?"

"Oh, no. I've always been crazy about him, ever since I came out, two winters ago. At my first party I fell in love with him—like all the girls I know. He's as

beautiful as an angel—as an archangel, if they are more beautiful."

"Only more virtuous, I believe."

"Oh, then I'm afraid we'd better leave out the archangel. Ralph isn't any more virtuous than other people—like most charmers. Don't think I'm exaggerating—everyone is mad about him; even older women make perfect fools of themselves."

He wished she hadn't said that, but then women always made the men they loved sound offensive to other men—or perhaps it was mere jealousy on his part.

He came back from the window to ask: "How will your father feel about it?"

"He'll be delighted—he adores Ralph."

"Does he do anything for a living?"

He felt, as he spoke, he might have phrased the question more kindly.

"Oh, no, he doesn't have to. The Semmes fortune—not quite so large as it was, but enough. Father likes that—not the money, but the name. You know father does like to roll a name under his tongue. No, Ralph just exists to make everyone happy, to make life pleasant—everything you do with him is easy and amusing and gay. He knows everyone and talks to everyone—and everyone likes him. It's a quality all his own. I can't describe it—except to say that I'm happy when I'm with him."

"Well, then, it seems as if now your troubles were over—if he's the right sort."

"If I am, you mean." She grew deeply serious again. "That's why I am terrified."

"Terrified of what?"

"ABOUT myself. I don't know what I am—only that I'm not so much. When a man selects you out of the whole world—when he says you're the girl he wants to spend the rest of his life with—that's wonderful, of course. Only afterward you begin to ask yourself what you have that can hold him—what he'll think when he sees you without your lipstick, with a cold in your head. Will he say, 'How did I come to tie myself up to this little number for the rest of my life?' Oh, I know what you are thinking—that it's character that counts. But have I got that? I'm afraid not. That's why I want you to help me—you give me a feeling that you know about those things."

"About character?"

"About the things that really last. I need help."

"You can have any I can offer."

"Promise."

"Yes, I do."

"That's just what I wanted." She sounded so triumphant, he had not the heart to point out that there wouldn't ever be a single thing he could do for her.

She moved toward the door. "And you do think him handsome?"

"I haven't seen him." He was careful that the tone shouldn't sound reproachful.

"Oh, I forgot. I'll get him now."

HE COULD not stoop his proud neck to ask her to wait a moment—to give him a little time in which to accustom himself to the idea. She had left the study door open, and as she opened the drawing-room door across the hall he could hear the rattle of many backgammon games, and the low strumming of a popular song on the piano.

Then he saw that she was back again, pushing Ralph Semmes before her. Two lines of Cymbeline came into Dick's head:

*Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Probably the poet, when he wrote those lines, had been in as envious a state of spirit as he, Dick, was now. "Golden" was right. The boy was incredibly handsome. He had had time to change from his wedding garments. He was all in white—flannel trousers and a white sweater from which his young brown throat rose round and firm. His gold hair was a little rumpled, his eyes as blue as the sky. Dick was ready to concede the archangel at once. (Continued on Page 60)

"I NEVER TIRE OF  
THE FLAVOR OF CAMELS"

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

■ Mrs. James Russell Lowell is essentially modern in her manifold interests. She loves sports, plays tournament tennis and bridge enthusiastically. Her flair for interesting and individual clothes is equaled by her talent for decorating and her Park Avenue home, which she did herself, has great distinction. She spends her summers on Long Island with her two young children or in Europe, and divides her winters between Palm Beach and New York. She is a gracious and sparkling hostess and her chicken risotto is memorable. She invariably smokes Camel cigarettes. One of her great enthusiasms is jade of which she has a large collection.

"THEY ARE SMOOTH AND MILD"

"The taste of Camel cigarettes is always delicious—smooth and mild without being flat or sweetish. And they never get on my nerves—which I consider important," says Mrs. Lowell. "Naturally, I have other brands in the house, too, in case anyone should want them, but I find most people agree with me in preferring Camels."

Certainly women prefer a cigarette that doesn't make them nervous. Most men do, too. Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves no matter how many you smoke. They always give you a cool, mild smoke with a flavor so smooth and rich that each one tastes as good as the last.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER,  
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY  
OTHER POPULAR BRAND

*Camel's  
costlier tobaccos  
are Milder.*



# How Mrs. Clarke Relieved Her Cold at Once

and Gave the Best Party of the Year



## Almost Instant Relief From Colds and Pains This Simple Way

If you catch a cold—don't take chances with "cold killers" and nostrums. A cold may be dangerous to take chances on.

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

This is recognized as the **QUICKEST**, safest, surest way to treat a cold. And to ease the pains of neuritis or sciatica that often accompany one this winter. For it often checks an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it. Just do this:

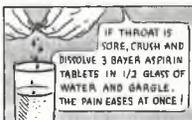
1. Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets.
2. Drink Full Glass of Water. Repeat treatment in 2 Hours.
3. If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 9 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle. This eases the soreness in your throat almost instantly.

Your cold should be relieved quickly when you do this because the real

**BAYER Aspirin Tablets** are so made that they start working almost instantly.

You can combat nearly any cold you get simply by taking **BAYER Aspirin** as directed. Sore throat can be eased by gargling this way in two or three minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real **BAYER Aspirin**. It dissolves almost instantly. And thus works almost instantly you take it internally. And for a gargle, it dissolves completely enough for this purpose. Get a box of 12 tablets or bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.



Does Not Harm the Heart

(Continued from Page 58) His manner was perfect—quiet and modest, verging on the bashful. He said, "Letty says she's told you about us. I hope you'll help us with the old man."

"I don't believe you'll need help, but of course I'll do what I can." Dick felt stiff and dry before this celestial figure, and Letty's obvious eagerness that he should admire made him even more rigid. The few moments' interchange was not easy. No one regretted the interruption when a voice called from across the hall:

"Ralph, come back—she's thrown double sixes again."

Semmes raised his shoulders with a gesture extraordinarily apologetic. "I'm chattering. I think perhaps I ought to go back." He looked from Dick to Letty—nothing, evidently, would induce him to go unless they released him.

Letty put her head back through the door, with her funny little grimace of a smile, to whisper to Dick, "Did I exaggerate?"

"If he had a sword and a dragon he'd be just like that picture in the Louvre."

**S**HE seemed pleased at this, and disappeared.

But Dick was not entirely satisfied—it was hardly to be expected that he would be. He thought that about Mr. Ralph Semmes' personality, as about so many beautiful objects, there was a hint of fragility, of—he did not like to use the word—weakness. Not physically, of course—the boy was a splendid specimen of health; and perhaps he had deliberately acquired that manner of wishing to placate and please in order to avoid the arrogance of some great beauties. Dick did not wonder that any girl was dazzled. He sat, not attempting to work.

When dinner was announced to him, he was startled. The sound of backgammon was still going on in the drawing-room. There was another party that evening—they all went out very late for a half-past eight dinner.

Sunday morning in the Osmond house was always a late morning. Even Dick sometimes dawdled until nine or ten o'clock. But on this Sunday he was downstairs by six. He had not slept at all—at intervals, in the small hours, he had seen headlights flash on his bedroom window, and had heard the sound of cars on the drive, and voices, not always softened, bidding one another good night in the corridors. He had had wild plans in the night—to throw over the whole business world, and tramp round the world; to pick out a city in which he was a stranger and attempt to establish a law practice; Seattle—he had always liked Seattle; to go back to Vermont, and settle down to a simple village life as his grandfather had done. But greater wisdom had come with the morning. He would continue to work for Mr. Osmond, only he mustn't see Letty any more. That could be managed.

**H**E DID not hope for breakfast for an hour or more. He had learned that while the Osmond household was tolerant of those who sat up late, it was unsympathetic to those who got up too early. It was a lovely summer morning, and he sauntered out into the garden, where the shadows were still long and cool. His skin felt sensitive, his eyes strained and his body ethereal—all symptoms of a sleepless night.

Over his head he heard a Venetian blind move, and looking up he saw Letty's head at a window.

"Oh," she said softly, "I'm so glad you're awake. I want to speak to you. I'll come down."

A few minutes later he joined her as she appeared on the veranda. She was wrapped in a pale dressing gown; she had stopped to brush her hair, but not to put on any lipstick, and she looked young and pale and very sleepy. He thought, rather bitterly, that this was just the way she would have feared to be seen by Semmes—by him it evidently didn't matter.

"I suppose it's silly," she said, "but I woke up worrying about whether Ralph was in or not. And he isn't. I got up to look. His door is open, his bed hasn't been slept in. I couldn't go to sleep again."

Dick behaved well. Not a shade of disapproval appeared on his face. "But is that alarming?" he answered. "I thought late guests often stayed and had breakfast where they had been dancing."



**S**HE nodded. "Yes, of course—often. Only last evening he asked me to wait for him, and I wouldn't. I came home with the Van Baars, and left him and his car. I had asked him three times to come home, and I didn't really see why I should lose my sleep because he was in the garden with another girl. I don't mean that I was jealous—." She stopped, and added with the candor which he valued so much, "Well, I suppose, as a matter of fact, I was. Have you ever been jealous, Mr. Slater?"

"Everybody has who has ever been in love," he answered.

"Now I wish I had waited," she went on—not noticing, not hearing a certain bitterness in his tone. "You see, Ralph gets a little reckless now and then."

"Does Semmes drink at all?"

"Well, everyone does now and then, I suppose," she answered, and before Dick had time to protest she continued, "I thought I might be able to go to sleep again, if you would undertake to call up the McNeil house, and find out if anyone is staying on to breakfast. What time is it?"

Dick glanced at his wrist watch. "Almost six."

"**T**HAT'S where he is, of course," she said. "You are such a comfort, Mr. Slater—just talking to you makes me feel all calm and lovely. I'll go back to bed now."

She beamed at him and, wrapping her dressing gown tighter about her, went into the house.

He followed slowly. He did not immediately telephone. He found himself surprised and moved by her anxiety. He wondered if young Semmes could appreciate being the object of such solicitude. He found himself thinking of their reconciliation.

He snatched up the directory, looked up the McNeils' number, and had just pulled the telephone toward him when he heard the sound of a car. A little two-seater was flying up the road at a rate that sent the blue gravel scattering, and laid bare the earth foundation of the drive as the brakes went on.

Slater shoved the telephone from him and went to the long window as Semmes came running up the steps. He had a light overcoat on over his evening clothes, and he was bareheaded. Dick saw at once that he had been drinking.

"Is Mr. Osmond there?" he asked. "I want to see him at once."

"Mr. Osmond won't be awake for hours. It's barely six o'clock."

Semmes made a vigorous semicircular gesture of anger with his clenched fist, and nearly lost his balance doing it. "That's unfortunate," he murmured. He

stood brooding in a sort of black alcoholic despair.

"Can I do anything to help you?" said Dick.

The boy's eyes lightened slowly. "You bet you can, just as well as Osmond—better." He came to Dick and took hold of his arm with both hands. "You see," he said. "I'm a little tight—I had a couple of extra drinks—and down there in the village just now I touched a fella's mud-guard. Not a bit of harm done, but you know how these farmers are—he's in an awful stew—and someone was trying to get the state cops. You know they're hard-boiled, those state cops, and they don't like you to be drunk when you're driving. I always get into trouble in this dump—they gave me a ticket for speeding last month. I don't want Mr. Osmond to know I'm tight the very day I was going to ask him to let me marry Letty—she wouldn't like it either."

"No, I shouldn't think she would."

"Couldn't you fix it up for me? I'm insured, as far as any money damage goes. If Mr. Osmond were awake he'd do it—he got me off all right before. They'll do anything for him. If you went down and said I was the old boy's son-in-law to be, you could fix it."

Dick had no doubt he could. Mr. Osmond was an important and respected figure—a large subscriber to village charities and pension funds. "All right, I'll have a try at it," he said.

"And step on it, will you?" said Semmes.

**T**HIS was not quite the right note. Dick turned severely. "You'd better get yourself a cold bath and a cup of coffee, and sober up before anyone sees you," he returned.

"Don't you worry about me—I have something in a bottle upstairs that will fix me up in a second."

Dick did not answer; he went down the steps and got into the car. The top was down and the morning sun began to be hot. Semmes' hat was lying on the seat, and Dick picked it up and put it on. He had always felt the sun on his head since, years ago as a boy, he had had sunstroke.

He felt Olympian and disgusted. So this was the boy for whom Letty was trying to remake herself—this insolent, drunken—Yet even drunk he was still beautiful. Perhaps if she had seen him then she would not have turned from him. He started down the drive. As he neared the gate he heard the sound of motorcycles; two state policemen—dark, solid figures sitting firmly on their machines—appeared in the opening. They held up menacing hands.

"Is that your car?"

"No, officer, it isn't."

"Were you driving it just now?"

Dick hesitated; if he said no, they would go on and arrest Semmes before he had had recourse to his magic bottle. If he said yes, he could explain at his leisure. He said "Yes."

"Oh, that's him all right," one of the men said to the other. "I saw that hat. About all I could see at the clip he was going—seventy-five miles an hour. I bet, if you'd clocked him."

They made a gesture indicating that Dick was to follow their escort.

The headquarters of the state police was in a new one-story building on the main street. The sergeant in charge was standing in the doorway, evidently waiting for their arrival. Dick knew something of his history—a disappointed young cavalry officer in the Great War. The two

policemen dismounted and closed in on Dick as the three went up the steps.

"Is this the fellow?" asked Sergeant King.

"Yes, sir, this is him all right."

"He admits driving the car," said the other.

"What's your name?"

"Richard Slater. I'm Mr. Osmond's secretary."

"Well, you drive very different from your employer. Bring him in, Meigs." They entered the bare, businesslike office.

"Just a moment," said Dick. "I happen to be a lawyer. You are not going to hold me without taking me before a judge?"

"All in good time," answered the sergeant. "The judge has driven over to church in Connecticut. We shall hold you until he gets back."

"I want to telephone to Mr. Osmond," said Dick. No objection was made to this, but prolonged ringing of the Osmonds' number produced no answer. Evidently the household was still asleep.

"Telephone your lawyer, if you like," said King.

"I must speak to Mr. Osmond first."

"Just as you like, but I'd want a lawyer if I was you." King turned to Meigs.

"Take him into the back room, and get him to make out his own statement of the accident."

This was a complication that Dick had not foreseen. He had no intention of making the written statement which the law demands—a statement which would amount to a false confession. He stood still, thinking, and in the silence a loud clear gong sounded on the clear morning air.

"What do you know about that?" said Meigs to King. "There's the ambulance now—they certainly did the trip in good time."

A terrible weight fell suddenly on Dick's heart. An ambulance? "Has anyone been injured?" he asked.

All three men bent frowning looks upon him, and King answered. "Has anyone been injured? I wish they could give you the chair for this—you hit-and-run drivers."

"Has anyone been injured?"

"I asked you a question," Dick said sternly. "Will you be kind enough to answer it? Was anyone injured by the car that I just drove up to this door?"

"What do you think—in that mass of junk?"

"Badly injured?"

"Messed up plenty."

"Likely to die?"

"We'll get a report on that."

Dick thought fast. There was no use saying the whole thing had been a mistake—that he hadn't been driving the car; these men would never believe him. He could only despise him for not being able to think up a better lie. The declaration of his innocence must come from Semmes; or if he were still too drunk to make a coherent statement, then from Mr. Osmond. These men would believe Osmond. He must get in touch with his employer at once, before he made any statements. He thought of Letty. How terrible for her to discover that the man she loved had injured perhaps killed—someone by his drunken recklessness on this day of all days. Still, even his love for Letty would not lead him to confess to a crime he had not committed. He must establish his innocence immediately. He found the situation unpleasant, but not at all alarming.

He definitely refused to sign any statement, and was locked up in the back room to think things over.

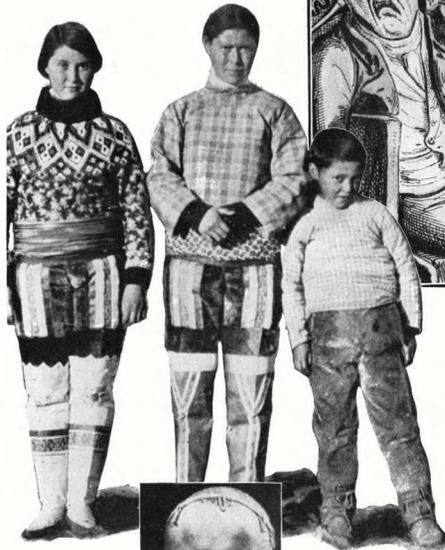
(To be Continued)

# How the White Man Gave the Eskimo Tooth Decay

*Before the white man came, tooth decay was unknown. Now the Eskimo eats the wrong foods, doesn't clean his teeth, has civilized habits, and pays the penalty with poor teeth*



A 17th century artist's conception of pain which might have been caused by an abscessed tooth.



(Left) The modern Eskimo after a half century of civilization's luxuries.

tooth surfaces, where it provides both shelter and food.

Removing film is, therefore, the most important problem in saving teeth. Recently a notable discovery

was made in the Pepsodent laboratories. It is a revolutionary cleansing material. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the New Pepsodent and ordinary brands.

Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. Pepsodent's new material is twice as soft as that commonly used in other tooth pastes, yet it is also remarkably effective in removing film.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively. Because of it Pepsodent is looked upon as the safest tooth paste known. At the same time Pepsodent stands alone in its power to cleanse and polish teeth.

**B**EFORE he ate

the soft, starchy foods of civilization, toothache was unknown to the oldest Eskimo, unless perhaps he had broken one off by accident. Within a few years the toothache of civilized races began to appear, it was found to result from common tooth decay.

New dental science explains the cause of tooth decay in this way: Modern diet consists largely of soft, sticky foods. After eating, particles of food cling between the teeth and under the gums. Germs cause this food to spoil or decay. As food decays, acids are given off which decay or dissolve the tooth enamel. Once through enamel decay progresses rapidly until the nerve is reached and the entire tooth is undermined.

The Eskimo originally ate a different kind of food. It was coarse and hard. In chewing it, teeth were automatically cleaned. His food was also rich in vitamins which made teeth strong. But modern foods have changed all that.

Not one person in ten thousand has teeth hard enough to resist the acids which cause decay. Therefore, modern dental science has turned its attention to fighting these acids and the germs which produce them. These germs live and multiply in a coating of film or *mucin plaque*, which forms on teeth. Film is tough and clings stubbornly to teeth. It catches the acid-producing germs and glues them to the



An uncivilized African who files her teeth to pin points for beauty's sake.

## HOW CAN SHE KNOW?

How can the moon see all she must have seen  
And stay so lovely, nunlike  
and serene?

How can she know so much  
as she has learned  
Of lovers' blushes, and not  
once have burned?

—Eliot Kays Stone.

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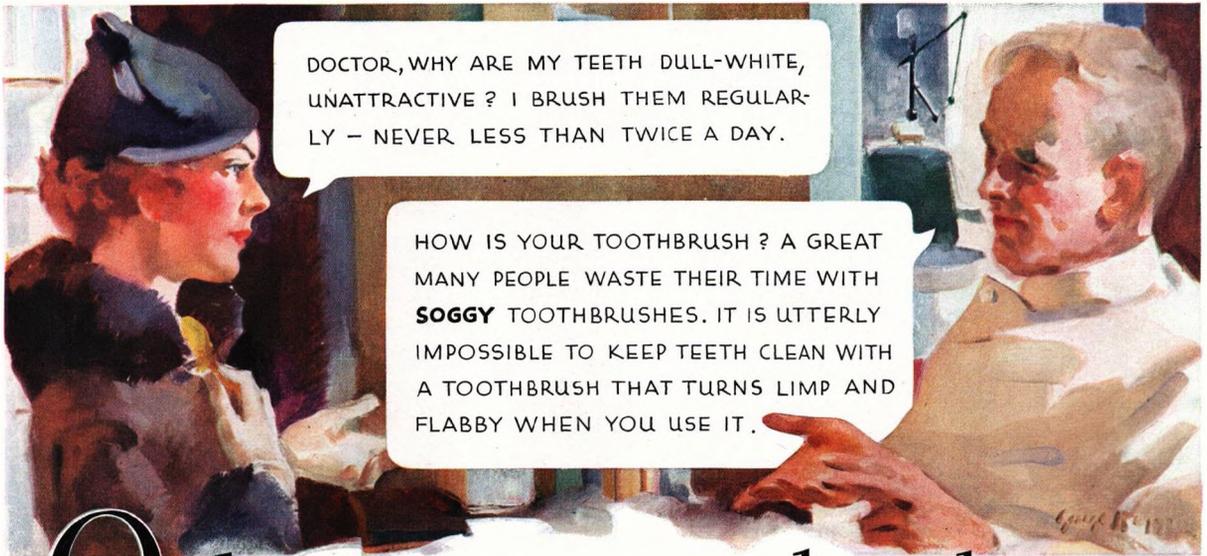
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Offer good only in U.S.A.





DOCTOR, WHY ARE MY TEETH DULL-WHITE, UNATTRACTIVE? I BRUSH THEM REGULARLY — NEVER LESS THAN TWICE A DAY.

HOW IS YOUR TOOTHBRUSH? A GREAT MANY PEOPLE WASTE THEIR TIME WITH **SOGGY** TOOTHBRUSHES. IT IS UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP TEETH CLEAN WITH A TOOTHBRUSH THAT TURNS LIMP AND FLABBY WHEN YOU USE IT.

# Only an *anti-soggy* brush can keep teeth really white!

**R**EALLY BRILLIANT-WHITE TEETH are rare. And the reason is simple. Most people are careless about their toothbrushes. We all want white, good-looking teeth. Yet we go on wasting our time by using toothbrushes that turn limp and flabby when we wet them.

A *soggy* toothbrush—one that is worn-out or cheap or equipped with inferior bristles—simply cannot keep tooth enamel clean. Throw it away. To have sparkling-white teeth—teeth you can be proud of—start today using one of the two *anti-soggy* brushes described below.

## Now! Dr. West's new Economy brush

**29¢**

MADE IN U.S.A.

**ANTI-SOGGY!** At last a medium-priced brush that really gives you your money's worth — really keeps teeth white and clean! This remarkable brush has the famous Dr. West's design. Quickly polishes every surface, every crevice. Most important of all, it is *anti-soggy*. Made of high grade bristles, specially selected (but *not* water-proofed as in Dr. West's 50c brush). DR. WEST'S new *Economy* brush reaches you sterilized and sealed. In six beautiful colors. This exceptional value could be offered only by the world's foremost toothbrush manufacturers—the makers of Dr. West's.



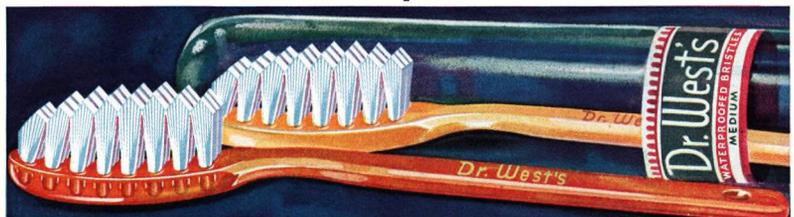
Copyright, 1934 by W. B. M. Co.

## Dr. West's famous Water-proofed brush

**50¢**

MADE IN U.S.A.

**WATER-PROOFED AGAINST SOGGINESS!** Offers the quickest, most effective method known of keeping teeth brilliant-white. It is America's largest selling toothbrush — the only brush *water-proofed* against sogginess. Cleans teeth 60% better than ever before possible. The world's costliest bristles are used in making this famous brush. And these bristles are harmlessly *water-proofed*—cannot grow soggy when wet. With its correct, modern design, this brush sweeps every surface and crevice clean. The only brush that reaches you surgically sterile. Sealed germ-proof in a glass tube. Ten gem-like colors.



AN ADDED SAFEGUARD: IF YOU WANT WHITE TEETH, USE DR. WEST'S QUICK-CLEANSING TOOTH PASTE—EXTRA-FAST, ABSOLUTELY SAFE

## The Crooked Lane

(Continued from Page 19)

"Oh, of course it's forbidden! But Fay tended to that."

She crossed the hearth to the bookshelves near the empty love seat, ran her fingers lightly down the molding that paneled it, and stood back in order to let him see more clearly the cupboard with its neat rows of bottles and glasses concealed behind the gayly colored books.

"She bribed the carpenter who was remodeling it," Tess explained patiently in reply to his look of blank surprise. "I didn't find out until quite a bit later, and I wasn't precisely exhilarated by the discovery—but after all, you'll have to admit that the carpenter made a good job of it. All those nice little bottle openers, and corkscrews, and the racks for the glasses—"

"EXACTLY. The glasses—any number of glasses, aren't there? And any number of things to put in them! Scotch, bourbon, bonded rye, gin, cognac—what kind fairy godmother keeps this little cellar so well stocked, I wonder?"

"Fay had her own sources of supply," said Fay's tall sister in a voice infinitely remote from all such traffic. "She didn't discuss them much with me; I'm afraid that I wasn't a particularly good audience."

"No, I imagine not. . . . Italian vermouth, bacardi, white mint, half a bottle of curacao." He checked the last row of bottles, and stood staring at them with a scowl of profound irritation. "No, but surely, Tess, there is something missing. Where are the bitters?"

"There aren't any bitters. Fay loathed anything like that; she said it reminded her of the medicine she had when she was sick with malaria in Puerto Rico when she was a baby."

"She wouldn't touch anything bitter, you say? No, but that's simply not possible."

"It's not only possible; it's a fact. After all, you didn't know Fay and I did! Why, only a few weeks ago we were in Palm Beach, on a house party over Easter, and everyone was drinking Indian tonic and gin, and Fay thought that it was just a new mineral water. When she found out what it really tasted like, she simply dashed the glass to pieces on the patio tiles, and went upstairs shaking and crying, and she couldn't go to the dance that night because her head was aching so dreadfully. So you see."

"SO I SEE nothing—nothing whatever. Not so much as half an inch into the darkness. . . . What was it that that tonic tasted of?"

"Oh, it tastes of quinine, of course—and that reminded her of all those dreadful months of malaria, and she simply couldn't bear it."

"Quinine. Quinine, no less. Well, that is the end! She could not take even a swallow of something that reminded her of it without becoming actually ill?"

"No—I've told you so already. K, will you be good enough to tell me what this is all about?"

"Certainly I will tell you. If what you say is entirely accurate, then the only conclusion that is possible for me to draw is that she was not murdered."

Tess, a little whiter than before, said scornfully. "That's sheer insanity—or is it a trick so that you can get to bed earlier? I suppose that after she killed herself, she wiped off the glass and tipped it over on the floor? How can you talk such revolting nonsense?"

"Quite simply. No, do not say anything more until I have explained. You are very angry, I know—and I am a little angry, too. I did not appreciate as I should that remark of yours about a trick to get to bed. . . . Are you listening?"

She turned a rebel's face. "Yes."

"Very well. You will have to listen carefully, because it is quite technical. How much do you know of the properties of hyoscine hydrobromide?"

"Do you mean of its uses?"

"No. Of its composition—its derivation."

"Nothing whatever."

"Well then. It is an alkaloid, of the nightshade or henbane family. The alkaloids have one attribute in common: they are bitter. If it was suicide, a person who was not abnormally susceptible to bitterness might have managed to get it down, though I should imagine that it would be an extremely disagreeable drink—but it would be utterly and absolutely impossible to conceal the flavor from someone who was not deliberately making an effort to take it. A hundred of those little white tablets ground up would fill a teaspoon with a powder bitter as the very devil. And if she could not bear the taste of anything bitter, how could it have been murder, Tess—how could it?"

She said, gently and strangely. "Still it was murder. I see what you mean, K, but it was murder. . . . Couldn't he have sweetened it somehow—with sugar, saccharin?"

"ENOUGH sweetening to have killed her—that taste would have made her very ill indeed before she had half done with it."

"Well, then, what did he use, K? He must have used something."

"But, my good child, I am telling you quite honestly that if what you say is true I can think of nothing that it is possible for him to have used, unless it were gin and bitters. But bitters are out, apparently, and anything remotely connected with the whole family of bitters. . . . I am feeling stupid and inadequate enough to satisfy even you, Tess. You should be a little kinder."

She said, touching his hand lightly, "I know I've been disgusting. I don't like the way I've been behaving at all, but truly, I don't think that it's all my fault. I'd counted on you so, and even though I know it's outrageous of me, I can't help feeling—I can't help feeling that somehow you've deserted me." She wrung her hands together in a small despairing gesture, and he made a motion to go toward her—and checked it almost as soon as it was made. "K, for heaven's sake, what is it? It isn't that you're being stupid and inadequate. I know that you're being frightfully intelligent about everything, but you're making me feel like a bad little girl being lectured by a very stern, disagreeable professor. But why, K? When I've told you—when I've told you over and over again that you're the only person in the world that I could turn to for help?"

To his astounded incredulity, he heard a voice that sounded distinctly like his own inquire dispassionately. "Why not Dion Mallory?"

FOR a moment she stood staring at him blankly, lips parted, eyes dark with amazement. "Dion? What do you mean? Dion's on his way to New York—he told you so himself."

"As you say. But surely you could send for him? I believe that you said that you were in constant telephonic and telegraphic communication."

"I said nothing of the sort. And why in heaven's name should I send for him? Dion isn't a detective."

"So I have gathered. But he has other qualifications, has he not?"

"What qualifications?"

"It is you who should know best, surely. Is not Mr. Mallory your fiancé?" She said slowly, the deep, lovely voice touched with incredulous scorn. "I think that you have lost your senses. What earthly difference can it make to you

## A SALON FACIAL you can give yourself



### Simple as 1:2:3!

 1 CLEANSE  2 LUBRICATE  3 STIMULATE

• Wouldn't it be marvelous to give your face the same treatment prescribed for the loveliest patrons of Dorothy Gray's Salon? Use the same luxurious preparations? Achieve the clear, radiant skin so envied in women who have salon care?

You can . . . actually. For Dorothy Gray has so simplified her Salon Facial Treatment that you can now give it to yourself at home. And it takes no more time or money than ordinary care.

Do just three things. Use just three preparations. Quickly, that tired look will vanish. Soon the skin will become soft, fresh, transparent. Then watch the hidden glow appear!

This is the "1-2-3 Facial"

1. *Cleanse.* In the evening, use Dorothy Gray Cleansing Cream. It floats out deeply embedded dirt, prevents blackheads and coarse pores.

2. *Lubricate.* Then, lubricate with one of Dorothy Gray's emollient creams. (Special Mixture for dry skins, Suppling Cream for oily skins.) Pat it on

with the fingers; leave it on overnight. This makes the skin soft, smooths out lines.

3. *Stimulate.* Next morning, after cleansing again, pat on a stimulating lotion. (Orange Flower Skin Lotion for delicate, dry skins; Texture Lotion for oily skins or coarse pores.) This closes the pores, refines the texture, brings out the hidden glow.

Just 3 things to buy  
. . . at any cosmetic counter

Any of the better shops can give you the three essentials in the Dorothy Gray "1-2-3 Facial." Get them tomorrow . . . they cost little. Use them regularly. You'll be surprised how soon they will reveal a fresher, brighter, lovelier you.

There is also a simple and effective Dorothy Gray Salon treatment for any variation from the normal skin. Dorothy Gray, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York. Dorothy Gray also maintains Salons in Paris, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Brussels, Amsterdam.

## Dorothy Gray Salon Facial

# EVERY CAR NEEDS SIMONIZ



"I had a lot of fun Simonizing my car... never imagined it was so easy for anyone to get such amazing results. With a few strokes, the wonderful Simoniz Kleener restored the original luster. Then I put on Simoniz. In a jiffy my car gleamed with a rich, brilliant splendor... that lasts!"

## Protects the Finish In All Weather!

Take the advice of millions of motorists... Simoniz your car! It's the one way to make the finish stay beautiful.

Always Simoniz a new car. But remember, the sooner any car is Simonized, the better. Weather and dirt soon dull and eventually destroy the finish and it must have Simoniz to stop them! Simoniz protects the finish, makes it last longer, and keeps the colors from fading.

Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener are never sold under any other name. So avoid substitutes. Save yourself time and money by asking for and insisting on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. There's nothing else like them!



Motorists Wise  
**SIMONIZ**

KEEPS CARS BEAUTIFUL

whether Dion Mallory is my husband? As it happens, he is not my fiancé. Are you quite through with the cross-examination?"

Karl Sheridan, feeling bands loosen suddenly about his tired heart—though there was little enough, heaven knows, in the words or tone of this frozen young goddess to unloose them—said very simply:

"Forgive me, Tess. As you say, I have lost my senses. I am a fool—and a boor, at that. I think perhaps it is because I am rather tired. Today I have traveled a long way—farther than from New York. Farther, I think, than from Austria. If you will still let me help you, I will be very proud."

SHE unclasped the hard-wrung hands, brushed the hair back from her brow with the old childish gesture of bewilderment and fatigue, and bestowed on him a small, wan smile.

"Poor K, I'm so sorry. It was horrid of me to behave like such a tragedy queen, but I'm afraid that I'm a little tired too."

And he saw for the first time how desperately, how heart-breakingly tired she was, this child with a face strange and lovely as a lost mermaid—even her eyes, the color of moonlight on water; even her parted lips, that faintest and purest of coral; even the soft, pale hair and the snow-white skin seemed drowned fathoms deep in fatigue. He went to her, taking her hand in his; it was cold as ice, and it clung to him as though in his touch she found comfort.

"Too tired, is it not so, to go any further tonight, my poor Tess?"

"No, no; too tired not to. If we stopped now I might go crazy, I think. And there's so much still to do. We ought to go over this whole room, oughtn't we, to see if he left anything behind him? And we ought to find out what she actually took that hysocine in. And we ought to move the love seats closer to the hearth, so that there won't be the space between that one and the broken glass. Shouldn't we do that first, so that we'll be sure not to forget? I could help—I could help with the other end."

"No. I do not wish you to touch that love seat. Stand quite quietly here, and I will do it myself."

But she clung to his hand desperately. "You can't, K. It might tilt, or slip. If it—if it slipped—"

He could feel the shudder run like ice through the slight, cold hand, but even before it was gone she was at the far end of the love seat in the corner of which curled, small and lovely and glittering, all that was left of Fay Stuart; and Sheridan, with a final glance at the white curve of her sharply averted face and a despairing shrug of his shoulders, swung into position at the opposite end. A quick lift, a short step to the side—There was the sound of something sliding, a small, muffled crash, and he saw her stagger and fling her hands up to her face, trying to hide even from him the desperate terror that transfixed it.

HE WAS beside her quicker than thought, his arms about her—his useless arms, that could not shelter her from this nightmare, that dared not hold her close and fast. "Tess, it was only the little bag. Do not tremble so—it was only the little bag. I left it too near the edge, and so it slipped, and all her things fell out—it was that that you heard. Look, they are there on the floor."

But she did not look; she could only cling to him as though she were drowning, the pale, bright head buried against his shoulder, tremor after tremor shaking her from head to foot. When she finally spoke, he did not know her voice, drained as it was of everything save horror.

"I thought—I thought I saw her move."

He could hear the clicking of her teeth, fighting to get the words out, but after a moment it ceased; she raised her head, pushed him gently from her, and said in a voice that was again her own, though

so low that he had to bend his head to catch it, "I've made a fool of myself again, haven't I, darling? I don't blame you for wanting to get rid of me, but I'm afraid you can't just yet. Are those the things out of her bag? Wait, and I'll help you pick them up."

But Sheridan, standing like a barrier between her and the scattered contents of the little glittering bag, spoke in a voice so inflexible in its determination that this time she lifted startled eyes to him.

"DO NOT touch them, Tess. If you do not leave this room—if you do not get somewhere out of this atmosphere of death and terror that is eating into your heart—I swear to you that I will walk straight out of that door, and I will not come back. I have been already tonight ten kinds of a lunatic, but I am not the particular kind that will stand quietly by and let you kill yourself with fear. If you do not think that it is safe to go downstairs, and if you still wish me to clear up certain things tonight, we can try one of these other rooms. . . . Where does this door lead?"

She murmured, with a tremulous smile, "You're being so angry because you're trying to take care of me, aren't you? I think I rather like being taken care of. That door leads to Fay's room."

"Would you prefer your own?"

"It doesn't make any difference. Hers is more comfortable, I think, and it's probably in better order. Wait, I'll turn on the light."

She went by him on feet so light and sure that he wondered why he had ever thought that she had been going to die of terror, there in the circle of his arms. . . . He heard the click of a switch and followed the light feet, slowly.

Inside the room that had been Fay's, all stary blue and crystal, the little silver lacquer bed, swan-shaped and immaculate, stood waiting patiently. On the mirrored table beside it a lamp burned, frosty and serene. There were mirrors everywhere—over the great, glittering dressing table that was a mirror in itself, over the mantel of carved crystal, between the tall windows with their silvery curtains.

K, staring at the shining shelves with their burden of little crystal trees and carved figures, felt suddenly chilled as that other, smaller K, wandering desolate through the Snow Queen's palace. Of all the rooms that he had ever been in, this seemed to him the emptiest and the loneliest; not a picture, not a flower, not a book.

IT WASN'T a room, of course; a room was a place where someone lived, and this was only a gallery of empty picture frames—of frames that would hang now forever empty. The only sign that a human being had passed through it before was the dash of pale coral made by a lipstick as it lay mirrored in the silver lake of the dressing table—and someone had forgotten to replace the stopper of one of the flasks shaped like a spray of lilies that stood beside it. It was the fragrance from the open flask that haunted the room—the ghost of flowers long since dead—cool, disturbing and remote.

Even the intricate arrangement in the fireplace of the miniature white-bird logs, delicate as lace, held no promise of warmth. The clock on the mantel ran carelessly up and down its little chime of silver bells, four times; with an effort that astounded him, he lifted tired eyes to the quiet girl leaning against the mantel.

"Four o'clock," he said gently. "So late—too late, my poor Tess. You will sit here?"

Still silent, she took the chair on which his hand rested, leaning back with a long shudder of utter weariness.

For a moment, looking down at the lashes that rested on her cheeks like dark shadows of fatigue, he thought that she had slipped from him with the ease of an exhausted child into the blessed release of dreams—but a second later the lashes lifted, and she

(Continued on Page 66)



"DREADFUL HAGGARD LOOK"

"WHAT JONTEEL DID FOR ME"

"I couldn't BELIEVE just the wrong shade of powder made me LOOK SO OLD!"

"Instead of improving my appearance, my old face powder just made me look white and tired. Sometimes it seemed to sort of cake in the wrinkles and then I looked simply dreadful. And I always appeared so 'powdered.'"

"It really seems to me that I look years and years younger since I started using Jonteel. Goodness knows, enough people tell me! Jonteel lasts for hours, and I chose a shade that tones in with my skin perfectly and makes it look as clear and soft as a baby's. It veils all the ugly little lines and blemishes that I guess everybody has . . . and yet it is invisible, itself! It's perfumed with a wonderful new odor of 26 flowers . . . and I've never worn a perfume so many men have complimented me on, and so many women have asked me about!"

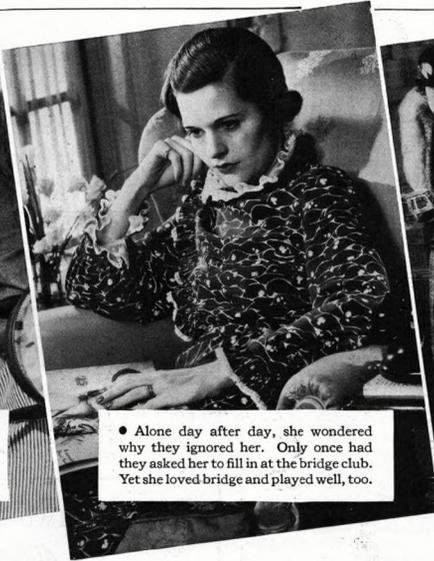
You, too, can look younger and save half of what you now spend to be beautiful. All Jonteel Toiletries are bought direct from their famous maker and sold to you exclusively by the 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores . . . without the in-between profits. The saving is yours.

Ask your nearest Rexall Drug Store for Jonteel Face Powder—two sizes, 25c and 50c . . . and the other Jonteel Toiletries, too. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

# SNUBBED AT FIRST... HAPPY CLUB MEMBER NOW



• Moving to her new home, Mrs. J. hoped to make friends with her many charming neighbors. But somehow they all seemed too busy to have time for her.



• Alone day after day, she wondered why they ignored her. Only once had they asked her to fill in at the bridge club. Yet she loved bridge and played well, too.



• Then one day at the store she overheard a chance remark about perspiration odor in underthings. How dreadful if they were saying that about *her!*



• She belongs to the bridge club now — everybody likes her. Like so many dainty women, she has formed the easy habit of Luxing underthings after each wearing. She's happy to know that now there's no chance of ever offending.

## UNPOPULAR ?

—Avoid Offending

Underthings absorb perspiration odor . . . Protect daintiness *this easy way:*

SO many women who think they are fastidious about personal daintiness never suspect that *they* may be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings.

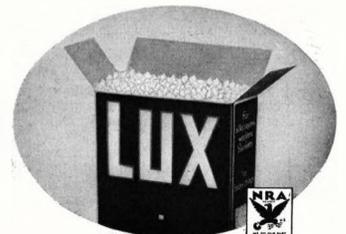
Yet no one is safe. All day long we perspire, frequently over a quart a day. Underthings absorb this perspiration and the odor clings. Don't take chances!

*Try this 4-minute way*

Simply Lux underthings after *each* wearing. It's so *easy*. Just whisk them through Lux, and perspiration odor vanishes! Takes only 4 minutes a day.

Lux saves colors, too—keeps underthings like new longer. No harmful alkali, no injurious cake-soap rubbing with Lux. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

**LUX** for underthings *Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors*



(Continued from Page 64) lifted with them a smile so wanly gallant that he felt once more that knife turn in his heart, and he saw the nails cutting deep into her palms, and realized that no more than the sword relaxed in its sheath could this pale child relax while life burned in her.

"Now why, why didn't I think of that myself?" she murmured, her mouth twisted to rueful mirth. "I've been wondering for ages what it was I wanted so desperately to do. Just to sit down—just to put my head back and close my eyes, and take one long, long breath down to my heart. Why didn't you tell me before, K? And there's another chair, by the way. Why not try it?"

He answered, gravely compassionate, his hand still resting close to the honey-colored hair that smelled of spring—so close that if he moved it a finger's length, it would rest on that silken sweetness:

"Tess, before I take that other chair, think once again, will you not? If I stay now there are many things that I should ask you; things, I think, that it might hurt to answer, and it seems to me that in all truth you are too tired to be hurt any more. Shall I not go now, so that tonight you can rest? In the morning, if you need me, I give you my word that I will return at once."

SHE said, not stirring, "No; don't go, please. Stay. In the morning, with all those people that you say will come, how could I see you? I'm sorry that I was such a coward, but I'm not afraid of being hurt, truly. You can ask your questions."

But he did not want to ask them. Renegade to all that those drilled and disciplined years had taught him on the score of the vital importance of the Case and the profound unimportance of the Individual, he wanted only to protect her, to shelter and comfort her—only to be sure that she should find some brief space of peace in these few hours between night and dawn.

"But I, you see," he said slowly, "I am afraid of hurting you. You should have chosen a braver man to help you."

"K, please, I hate to be tiresome and melodramatic, but I do want rather badly to have you stay. I'd try to sleep, but I'm afraid to. That sounds stupid, I know. But it's just that I'd rather have real things—even the most terrible ones—ahead of me, instead of the things that I might dream about. . . . The only things that I'm really afraid of are dreams. Don't go away, K—don't let me dream. Pretty soon there'll be light in the sky, and then I won't mind so much. But don't go now—don't go now."

Useless to tell himself that it was only the skilled investigator, the coolly detached scientist, that she was urging to stay by her in her need—not the lost playmate of a childhood distant a hundred years—not, surely, the infatuated young fool, lost up to his heart in the dreams that she dreaded.

Not lost so deep, however, that he could not turn as though for rest to the chair that she indicated; not lost so deep that he could not turn to her once more a face all courteous and controlled attention.

"YOU are wiser than I, as I have suspected more than once," he told her. "Four o'clock—as you say, that is not a good hour to be awake—and alone. . . . You have won; you shall have your questions. . . . Why did you say to me, Tess, that Fay had fifty men who would wish her dead? Were you trying to tell me by that that she was no more, no less, than a common blackmailer?"

"Oh, much more," she said, "and much less. Blackmailing seems to me far too pretty a name for it. You risk something when you go in for blackmail, don't you? But Fay never risked anything at all. Did you ever hear of a columnist called X?"

"I am afraid that I've never even heard of a columnist. Should I have?"

"You haven't been long in America, have you, darling? And you make Vienna sound more enchanting than ever! Some

columnists are simply privileged blackmailers. X is one of them; the most famous—and the most infamous. I suppose that he's done as much harm as any one in these United States. His column runs in hundreds of papers every day."

"And Fay?"

"Oh, Fay's one of the most talented of his spies."

"I see." Something in the brave, light scorn of the face that she turned so defiantly to his touched him more than any shamefaced evasion. Well, if she could face these ugly truths with such unflinching valor, so could he. "And this X—does no one know who he is?"

"I VERY much doubt it. I don't believe that if anyone did know, X would be in a condition to conduct his column tomorrow."

"As bad as all that, is it?"

"Oh, a good deal worse than all that."

"But, why Fay, in the name of all that is decent and indecent? Why should Fay have supplied this jackal with his daily ration of carrion?"

She said in a singularly lifeless voice, her eyes intent on the patterns of her linked fingers:

"She needed the money."

"The money? But, Tess, your father is many times a millionaire, surely. How is it possible that she could have needed money?"

"It does seem a little ridiculous, doesn't it? But she hadn't a cent. Dad cut off her allowance over a year ago when he found out that she was spending it principally on stuff to drink, and gambling; and since then she'd had nothing but charge accounts for her clothes. Not even a cent for a magazine, or a taxi."

"Gambling, you say? Was that, then, this other thing that you told me was worse than the drinking?"

"No. No, that wasn't gambling. I should think that it might be rather fascinating. But dad thinks that it's worse than arson or bigamy. He nearly lost his mind when he found out that Fay was starting to do it. She came home drunk one night from the races in Baltimore, with the cards still in her hand—and he swore that he'd cut the poison out of her veins if it killed them both. And he started out by cutting off her allowance."

"And did that work?"

"Oh, yes," she said gently. "I think that you could say it worked. She didn't have any money so she started out to find a substitute for her allowance—and she found it in sending especially selected bits of offal to X's column. And then she had to find a substitute for drink—something quiet and safe, that dad wouldn't know about; something that would make her feel straight up on the crest of the wave—"

"You mean drugs, Tess?"

"WHAT did you think I meant?" she asked, her voice a dead level. "Yes, drugs. You were wondering about why I got the hysocine, K. That's why."

"Yes. Why else should you possibly have had it? I am not proud of my record for intelligence tonight, believe me! You were trying to break her of the drug habit by its use?"

"She was trying to break herself of the habit. By the time I found her out she was scared to her bones, and simply frantic with nerves—and she didn't know how to stop."

"But, Tess, how long had she been doing this?"

"Oh, not very long—not more than a month or so, I think. She started in at some slumming party that she and some of her delightful friends got up, and at first she was simply enchanted with the whole performance. I don't think that any of them realized how far it was going—but it seems that Fay was abnormally susceptible." After a moment of silence, she said bitterly, "She was abnormally susceptible to anything that was bad for her."

"So then you got the hysocine, Tess—and she proved again abnormally susceptible?"

(Continued on Page 68)

# What makes Two REASONS!

- 1 Active Oil Glands in UNDER SKIN
- 2 Natural Moisture in OUTER SKIN

## THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY



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



**SOFT—SPONGY**  
2 A little past its prime, the inner skin of the apple has shrunk away from the outer skin.



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

You have Two Skins. You need Two Creams  
—a different cream for each skin.

Read the story of the apple above!

Amazing that your skin, too, is subject to changes like that!

But there is a way to keep it smooth . . . gloriously free from dreaded lines! That way is to give each of your two skins the different care it needs.

To avoid wrinkles, treat Under Skin

When the oil glands in your under skin begin to fail, you can supply the oils that keep it firm and young. You need an oil

cream that goes down deep. That is what Pond's Cold Cream does. This oil-rich cream penetrates to the very under skin, brings it just the oils it needs. Your skin feels toned—way down. Soon the little lines smooth out. You look years younger.

Use this satiny cream for cleansing, too. Because it goes so deep, it removes every particle of dirt and make-up.

To correct dryness, treat your Outer Skin

Here it's an entirely different need! Not oils but natural skin moisture is needed to

## Actual Skin Tints in

See which has the colors you need  
to bring out your beauty!

HERE'S A POWDER that actually brings you lovely skin colorings. The actual tints in skin.

In your skin are many tints. Yellows, blues, greens—actually—as well as rosy tints and white.

Flatter your Skin!

With the right shade of this powder you can actually give to your own skin the very one of these tints it may be lacking to make it really beautiful. Subdue the too-strong tints that rob it of real freshness and youth!

For Pond's new Face Powder shades contain the actual colors in the different types of skin at their very loveliest.

Each shade will bring radiant loveliness to one of the six types shown—from delicate blonde to exotic brunette.

And this powder is finer by test than costly French powders. Its fineness is part of its success in giving you that living freshness and smoothness of lovely skin. The finest film of it spreads so evenly, so invisibly, it seems like your very own skin. . . . And stays!

A Costly Fragrance

Its fragrance is that of a very costly French powder that sells for many times its cost. An odor that you will always be proud to impart to your skin! And like expensive French powders, Pond's new

# skin *Wrinkle-free — Smooth?*

keep this outer skin from growing dry and chapped from constant exposure.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is made especially for the outer skin. It is *greaseless*. It contains a marvelous substance that actually replaces lost moisture.

You can test this yourself by a *single application* of Pond's Vanishing Cream on dry chapped skin! The roughnesses are smoothed away! Your skin is pearly looking. And Pond's Vanishing Cream will keep it that way. It will hold powder and rouge smoothly for *hours!*

### *Here's the Two-Skin Beauty Treatment Society Women use*

Just try this two-skin beauty care. Eleanor Roosevelt advises:

1. "My night cleansing is Pond's Cold Cream. Pond's Tissues take it off. They show how marvelously this cream cleans. The second time I do this hardly a trace of dirt comes off with the cream, but how grand and clean my face feels!
2. "After cleansing, I leave Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face overnight. It's so good to keep the skin clear and smooth. And there're no heavy oils or stickiness about it.
3. "In the morning, and during the day when needed, another good Pond's Cold-Cream cleansing. Then Pond's Vanishing Cream. It holds powder nicely, keeps off any shine. And, besides, it seems to smooth out any little roughnesses and prevent chapping."

Send for the samples offered in the coupon at right. Or buy a jar of each of these famous creams. In a few days begin to see your own skin growing clearer, smoother, lovelier every day!



**UNDER SKIN**  
WHERE  
WRINKLES START

**OUTER SKIN**  
WHERE  
DRYNESS STARTS

## ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

*daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, of Washington, though not yet 20, has already started her Pond's régime. She guards her skin's youthful freshness with Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin and Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.*



**For your Under Skin**—Pond's Cold Cream, the same delicious, oil cream you have known for years. Or, Pond's quick Liquefying Cream for those who prefer a cream that melts more rapidly into the skin.



**For your Outer Skin**—Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless. For overnight or daytime softening and smoothing. Holds powder.

*Send for samples!*

POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. C, 107 Hudson St., N. Y. C. I enclose 6¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams.

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

## this New Powder—Send for all Six Shades!



**LIGHT CREAM**—an ivory tint that is beautiful with the pale loveliness of Miss Charlotte Young's skin.



**NATURELLE**—the delicate Pond's shade chosen by Miss Whitney Bourne for her extremely fair skin.



**ROSE CREAM**—a youthful coloring that's adorable with Miss Lilla Fisk's pink and white skin.



**BRUNETTE**—a not-too-dark shade, enchanting on Miss Mary Weld's creamy white skin with dark hair.



**ROSE BRUNETTE**—a glowing shade—perfect with Mrs. Edward Burns' true brunette beauty.



**DARK BRUNETTE**—still warmer, is ideal with the lovely dark skin of Mrs. Frederic Bellinger.

### Try Them All!

To know how really lovely these Pond's shades can make your skin, you must actually see them and try them yourself! Six perfect skin shades. Send the coupon. Try all shades and decide which is yours!

powder is packed in glass jars to keep its fine perfume always fresh.

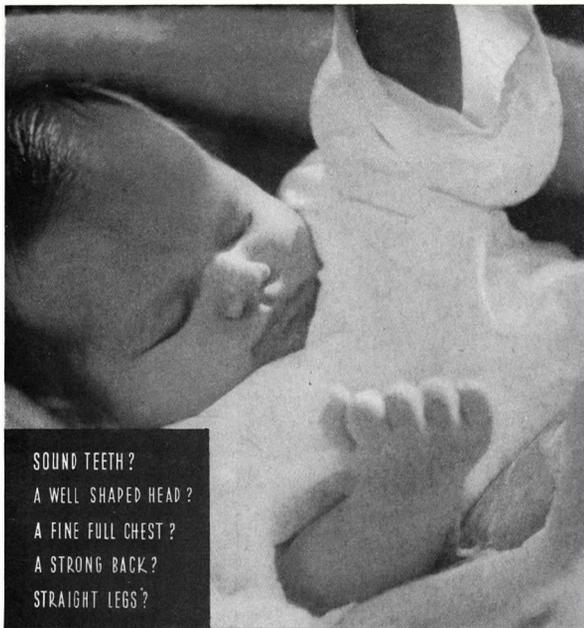
Yet Pond's is inexpensively priced! In a lovely glass jar for only 55¢ you get as much of this exquisite powder as you get in ordinary \$1.00 boxes. The Pond's \$1.10 jar holds twice as much. Ten and twenty-five cent sizes are in the five-and-ten and novelty stores.

Actually  
a \$3.00 Powder  
Only 55¢



Pond's Extract Company, Dept. C, 107 Hudson Street, New York City. I enclose 3¢ (to cover cost of postage) for samples of all six perfect Skin Tones of Pond's new Face Powder.

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



SOUND TEETH?  
A WELL SHAPED HEAD?  
A FINE FULL CHEST?  
A STRONG BACK?  
STRAIGHT LEGS?

THE FIRST FEW WEEKS *may decide whether your baby will build them!*

Even at a month, six weeks, your baby's bones and teeth are being formed. But they can't be built sound and strong and straight, the way you want them to be, unless your baby receives an abundance of one factor in particular—Vitamin D.

This is the vitamin which helps build strong bones and sound, even teeth.

How can you be sure your baby is getting enough?

During the summer he gets some Vitamin D from the sun. But at this dreary season, sunshine outdoors is negligible.

Clouds, fog, smoke, clothing, ordinary window glass prevent the important "Vitamin D" rays from reaching his bare skin where they are needed to be effective.

Every day, in addition to the sunshine he gets outdoors, your baby should have Bottled Sunshine—good cod-liver oil.

Not only will good cod-liver oil help him develop a well-shaped head, full chest, strong back, straight legs, and the other assets which mean so much to his health and appearance, but it also aids in building up his resistance.

This is because good cod-liver oil, in addition to Vitamin D, contains the resistance-building factor, Vitamin A.

But only the best cod-liver oil offers a generous amount of these protective

factors! Hundreds of mothers, to ensure their babies greatest benefits from the oil they give, always insist on Squibb's.

*Squibb's costs no more to give your baby than less effective oils....* The one thing to ask about the cod-liver oil you buy is: How much Vitamin A and Vitamin D does it supply? Cod-liver oils not vitamin-protected may sell for less than Squibb's, but in order to ensure your baby as many vitamins, you have to give them in larger doses.

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## SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

VITAMIN-TESTED AND VITAMIN-PROTECTED... Produced, tested, and guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1834

*Continued from Page 66* "Yes. I only gave her a hundredth of a grain the first night, but she was really hysterical, and it sent her temperature up two or three degrees, and made her heart bang dreadfully. We were both pretty badly frightened, and I put it away, and told her I wouldn't let her try it again until I'd managed to get some medical advice. And last week she started in drinking again."

"It is true that some people are affected that way exactly—though it is not usual. But you, Tess—how in heaven's name did you know of the hyoscine treatment?"

Had he imagined that there was a swift flicker of lashes over the clear candor of her eyes? Her voice followed so promptly on it that it was impossible to tell.

"OH, THERE'S been quite a lot about it in the papers here. Someone from a foundation in New York got a prize for work that he'd done on it as a sedative in treating the drug habit."

"And you had no difficulty in obtaining it?"

"Very little."

"Extraordinary country! You mean you can get it without a prescription?"

"I don't know. I should think that it might be complicated. At any rate, I didn't need a prescription."

"I see. You did not get it at a drug store?"

"No. I didn't get it at a drug store. And I can't tell you where I did get it, so it's no use asking me. I gave my word of honor not to."

"You realize, of course, that it might be an exceedingly important clue?"

"Might it?" she asked wearily. "I don't think so, honestly. But even if it were I'm afraid that it wouldn't make any difference. I have a liberal code of ethics, but I don't break my word of honor."

"No. I can see that, too. Well, then, Tess, that is that, is it not? I have learned quite enough tonight to keep me very busy indeed tomorrow. And if you will permit me once more to give one good look about that room, I believe that I will have found out all that can be discovered at present, and I can even show you a small light in the sky to befriend you after I have gone. You will wait in here, naturally. I have your permission?"

She rose, already on her feet before he had moved. "Of course I'm coming too—there's something I want to make sure of. Didn't you say that it was awfully important to find out what the hyoscine was put into?"

"It is important, certainly, but not important enough to have you return to that room again. Nothing is important enough for that."

SHE SAID, her voice once more filled with that strange, deep serenity that had riveted his attention the first time that he heard it. "I'm not afraid of the room any more. I've always known, underneath, that the hardest things at the time are the easiest things in the end. I don't know why I forgot it tonight. K. could someone have given her that stuff in black coffee?"

"Black coffee!" He smote his hands together in a sudden flare of enlightenment. "Tess, I believe that now you have hit it! Good, strong, black coffee—with many lumps of sugar in it to hide the bitterness. . . . Did she take it often at night—and one cup or many cups? What was her habit?"

Tess shook her head absently. "It wasn't a habit. Even with quantities of sugar in it, it was too bitter for her. But I've made her take it twice, when she'd absolutely made up her mind to go on to some party and wasn't in any condition to go on, to put it mildly. It pulled her together quite a lot. . . . I thought we might see whether anyone had been using the percolator in the kitchenette."

"The kitchenette. Let us see what the kitchenette will tell us about this unknown guest!"

But the kitchenette, apparently, was going to tell them precisely nothing. There

it stood, behind the door opposite the fireplace, blandly presenting for their inspection an interior as immaculate, as noncommittal and, curiously, as ominous as an operating room. And there stood the percolator, its two great bubbles of glass swinging clean and shining on its silver pedestal.

Sheridan, eying with marked distaste the general effect of order that had not been disturbed since the flood, lifted his hand to the black-and-white checked dishcloth, and withdrew it moodily.

"Dry as a bone," he remarked. "Dry, even as two bones. . . . Where do you put the dish towels that you have used, Tess?"

"There, in that little hamper under the sink."

He inspected it perfunctorily, replacing the lid over the vacuum that it revealed with unconcealed displeasure.

"And the things that are not dish towels—orange peels, for instance, or coffee grounds?"

"In the black-enamel bucket—the lid opens, if you step on that tread on the side."

The lid opened, and closed with a distinct clang.

"EMPTY," said the policeman from Vienna bitterly. "If I had not been an unusually complete ass, I should have expected it to be. The coffee is ruled out. I fear. Tess, when is this kitchen ever used? It looks like one that you see shining out at you from a store window."

"Oh, I use it quite often myself," she assured him with a pale smile. "Four of us were here only last night after the theater, and I made a salad and some toasted cheese sandwiches. The servants always see that it's stocked with half-a-dozen fresh eggs, and some fruit and lettuce, and butter and cream and cheese. But of course the maid cleans everything up when she straightens the rooms in the morning. That's why it looks so beautifully tidy."

Sheridan went past her to the refrigerator, opening the door with the air of one performing a highly perfunctory duty. "Ice cubes—both trays practically frozen hard," he reported. "A basket of assorted fruit, two kinds of cheese, water criss, five eggs. Now why, Tess, five eggs? Did you not say six?"

She moved swiftly to his side, her eyes incredulous. "But there are—there are six eggs, K! I noticed them myself, this morning, when I came in to see whether some flowers I'd left there last night were fresh enough to wear for luncheon."

"Well, now there are five, as you can see. What, I wonder, has happened to our sixth egg?"

She stood staring down at them blankly, and then, light breaking over her face in a great wave, caught swiftly at his arm. "Oh," she cried vibrantly, "oh, oh, what a fool! It was that, of course—not the coffee. She was going to make one only a few nights ago, but there wasn't any Worcestershire—"

HE SAID quietly, "If there is any fool here, I can tell you where he stands. A pick-me-up, of course. The only perfect medium, since you must take it at one gulp. Was it—what did we call that thrice infernal thing that we consumed at Cambridge?—was it a praline oyster?"

"I don't know. Bill Stirling gave her one the other night, and she said it worked like a charm and that you hardly noticed it at all if you swallowed it quickly. It was a raw egg with lots of Cayenne and Worcestershire, and then you floated it in brandy to hide the taste."

"We omitted the brandy in our day," commented Sheridan grimly, "but the rest of it sounds appallingly familiar."

"But, K, how on earth could he get rid of the eggshell? It isn't in the bucket, is it?"

"No, it's not in the bucket. But it doesn't take long to wrap an eggshell in a handkerchief—a handkerchief that has first been used to (Continued on Page 70)

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I'VE GOT TO SAVE SOMEWHERE!  
HENRY SAID THIS DINNER WAS IMPORTANT  
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH JOHNNY'S APPETITE?  
I CAN'T AFFORD TO GUESS ABOUT VALUES  
HOW ABOUT VITAMINS?



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Blackberries	C	Raisins	A
Carrots	A, B, C	Raspberries	B, C
Cherries	A, B	Salmon	A, D
Corn	A, B	Sardines	D
Fresh Prunes	A, B	Sauerkraut	C
Grapes	B	Spinach	A, B, C
Grapefruit	A, B, C	String Beans	A, B, C
Peaches	A, B, C	Sweet	A, B, C
Pears	A, B, C	Potatoes	A, B, C
Pineapple	A, B, C	Tomatoes	A, B, C
& Juice		Tomato Juice	A, B, C
Plums	A, B, C	Tuna	D

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**Automatic Time Control Clock . . .** "Telechron" self-starting. Can be set to turn oven burner on or off automatically at any desired time.

(Continued from Page 68) wipe dry a glass—nor to put the handkerchief safe back in a pocket."

"No. No, it wouldn't, of course. Well, we can check up on the brandy, too. There was only half an inch or so left in the bottle and if that's gone now—" She was by him in a flash, and even before he had reached her she had lifted the dark bottle from the cupboard, and was holding it high against the light. "Look, K, it's empty! Then that settles that, doesn't it?"

"It does indeed." He moved toward the love seat, where Fay's gleaming bag still lay near the hearth, its gay contents scattered in half a dozen directions, and knelt to collect them, a curious expression on his face. "Amongst other things it should settle conclusively my value to you as—should I say?—a collaborator. Suppose that I leave you that black bag, Tess, and let you continue what I consider a very promising career as a detective without my somewhat misguided attempts at assistance?"

"NOW," said Tess Stuart, putting the empty bottle back on the cupboard shelf and closing the door on it with a gesture that combined irritation and despair, "you're behaving like an extremely spoiled and cross little boy. You know perfectly well that the only times I've been of the slightest assistance were when I knew something about inside facts—like this brandy bottle, and the hyoscine. I don't think I like you half as well when you're showing inferiority complexes as though they were banners. What's that funny red thing in your hand?"

Mr. Sheridan, still feeling like the outraged head of the fifth grade who has just been spelled off his feet by a yellow pig-tailed upstart from the kindergarten, extended the small, ruby-colored square of glass for her inspection.

"That is precisely what I was about to ask you. You have never seen it before?"

She inspected the small object conscientiously, a critical frown between the dark-feathered, level brows. . . . A square inch of deep red glass bound with a fine line of black tape.

"No, never. What in the world do you think it is?"

"I cannot think. Somewhere, sometime, I have seen its mate, I believe, but so long ago that only a glimmer comes back, like the light of an ornament on a Christmas tree. It could not have been an ornament on a dress, you think—a clasp on the belt of some masquerade costume?"

"No, no—I'm sure it wasn't. Look, there's nothing to fasten it on with."

"AS YOU say . . . Well, since we two have decided to be lawbreakers, let us be good liberal ones. I think that I will take this little red square that makes me think of Christmas trees along with me when I go. Maybe later it will make me think of other things." He took a small envelope from his vest pocket, slipped the glass into it, and returned it with a somewhat disquieting expression. "To be on the other side of the great wall of the law—that has in it distinct elements of novelty, I confess! Well, then, Tess, we are done, are we not? There is the mirror, the notebook, this foot of lace and inch of linen that you who are women call a handkerchief, the lipstick, vanity and chain purse. Everything, I believe, but our red glass." He snapped the jeweled clasp of the purse and started to rise, when something caught his eye, and he bent closer, alert and tense.

"When did you say this room was put in order, Tess?"

"Sometime between noon and lunchtime, as a rule."

"You are quite sure of that?"

"Naturally I'm sure."

"It is extremely important to be sure—of today especially. Have you had anyone in this room, Tess?"

She said wearily, "Does it amuse you to be so frightfully mysterious? So far

as I know no one has been in the room since it was cleaned except Fay, you and I—and one other person. And it was most certainly cleaned this morning, because I happened to hear the upper housemaid, Rose, with the vacuum cleaner, and I called out to be sure to throw out the dead flowers on the kitchenette sink. Now will you tell me what you're staring at through that glass?"

"Most assuredly. I had not the faintest intention of being mysterious; I abhor the investigator who considers sleeves devised for the express purpose of concealing trump cards. There are marks here on the carpet, Tess—four round little indentations, quite sharp and clear. They are directly opposite the place that Fay was sitting, but some distance away—roughly, perhaps three feet. I am quite sure that those marks were made by someone fairly heavy sitting in a chair with small, tapering feet—and sitting there for some time. The pile of the carpet is quite sharply depressed. You see, I think that this person who was sitting there was our unknown visitor, Tess—but I wonder just why that chair was so far from the love seat opposite?"

Tess, schooled by now to the feminine wisdom of thinking neither too hard nor too fast, murmured docilely, "I wonder, too."

"There might be one very excellent reason, of course. Let us see if we can make conjecture fit these little marks."

THE ROSE replaced the brocade bag on the love seat, and moved thoughtfully toward the steel tap, from which he extracted the stick tape measure. His eyes remained preoccupied even after he had measured the spaces between the little marks, and subjected the carpet between them and the love seat to a severe scrutiny with the magnifying glass that he took from his pocket. It was only then that he lifted his head with a smile that flashed triumph to her like a greeting.

"They are there, Tess—those other four marks—quite faint, but when you know where to look you will see them there quite clearly. So, then, they were playing some game. Not bridge, since there were only two who played—and, also, the marks that the table feet have left are a little closer together than those of a regulation card table. What then? Russian bank, perhaps? Chess? No, no, I have it—backgammon!—No, who was in Washington plays backgammon, Tess?"

"Oh, every mother's son and daughter of us! It's dying out in some parts of the country. I've heard, but here everyone's still mad about it."

"All those at the dinner tonight, for instance?"

For a moment he could see mirrored in the gray eyes, clear and shining as spring rain, the gay wreath of faces about Cara Temple's mirrored table.

"All of them but Noll Parrish, and he's taking lessons. You simply can't turn that backgammon table into a clue, K."

"CAN I not? Clues are not things that come running after you whistle for them, Tess. Clues are little things that lie almost under your eyes, camouflaged as skillfully as those great guns in the war. That is why we will have a look at that backgammon table, I think. Who knows—we may find a clue no larger than your finger nail, yet large enough to blow a world to pieces! Let us make quite sure that it is not there." He started to rise, the measure still in his hand, and paused, riveted, one knee to the floor, his eyes on the dark shadow beneath the love seat. "Now how in the name of wonder did that thing get there?"

He extracted the minute object, and rose, staring down at it speculatively as it lay in the brown cup of his hand.

"What is it?" she asked curiously—but no curiosity could again move Tess Stuart one inch closer to that love seat tonight.

"A little green stick no larger than a match. It looks as though it were made of some kind of . . ."

(Continued on Page 72)

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**DOES NOT  
STING  
IN OPEN  
WOUNDS**

(Continued from Page 70) semiprecious stone. Wait, here is a light to see it better."

She moved toward the lamp near the door. All that space between her and the fireplace—that was better.

"Oh, I don't need a light—I know perfectly what it is. It's one of Fay's backgammon markers. You keep score with them, you know. The rest ought to be over here on the table. Probably it dropped off when—when someone was moving it."

"No—when I knelt to get the glass, it was not there, I can swear. Perhaps it fell when we moved the love seat forward. That would account for the fact that it was under the love seat."

Tess, her eyes on the backgammon table, murmured, "But, K, the markers aren't here! That's strange, isn't it? She always keeps them right in this corner of the table."

"PERHAPS the person who put them away did not know that—perhaps even he did not put them away," he said—and though his voice was carefully unstressed, even in his ears it had a sinister ring. "They may have slipped beneath the cushions somehow." He saw her flinch at that, and added swiftly, "We will not look further tonight, of course. But tomorrow—later tomorrow—will you have the maid make a thorough search? I would like it possible to see them. They came in some kind of a container, I suppose?"

"Yes. A little round box of tooled leather."

"And you are quite sure that this is one of Fay's?" He held it close to the lamp, and she turned wearily toward it.

"Of course. You said it was green stone, didn't you? As a matter of fact, it's made of ——" Her voice checked, and he

glanced up swiftly at the still face bending above it. For a second—no, for a fraction of a second—it was stamped with a look that he could find no name for. What was it? Amazement? Incredulity? Anger? Terror? It was gone even while he searched for a word, and the lovely face lifted steadily to his. "It's made of malachite," she said. "I gave it to her last month on her birthday."

LAST month. And she had been nineteen. And she was dead. Well, for tonight he was through with thumbscrews!

"See, my poor Tess," she said gently. "There is your dawn coming in at the window. Now shall I not wish you sleep to keep you well-companied, and courage to face the day that has come? Till tomorrow night, then, Tess?"

"Till tomorrow night—yes."

She stood looking at him gravely for a moment in silence, and then bending, caught his hand, held it for a flying second against her cheek, and was gone.

He watched, motionless, until he heard the faint click of the latch, and then without a backward glance at the strange world of terror and beauty that lay behind him, he crossed to the door that led to the hall, and closing it so carefully that there was no sound from it at all, he stood leaning against the wall for a little space, his eyes closed. After a moment he stirred, lifted his hand to the dangling chain that extinguished the light—and drawing a long breath, turned his face steadfastly to the darkness that lay before him.

All the way down the stairs, he could feel the backgammon marker in his hand, small and cold and smooth as the bone of a fairy skeleton. He could still feel it after the great door had swung to behind him.

(To be Continued)



## CHILDREN OF DIVORCE

(Continued from Page 16)

requisite for a sound, well-integrated character. I was a child without a stable home.

To this very day I am criticized for lack of certain visible loyalties that are the accepted fabric of most people's lives. I never had a chance to form them. It is true that a fair-minded divorced parent will go to great lengths to inculcate loyalty for the absent parent in the child's heart. But you can't plant loyalty like a radish.

Some day my child will doubtless ask me about her father. When she does, I shall tell her that he was gracious and generous enough to step out of her life in order to leave me free to give her a secure and happy home. That he is a gentleman and deserving of her entire respect. That when she has grown up—actually, when she has finished her education and is emotionally of age—she will meet her father. By that time I hope she will be a young woman of poise and judgment.

completely unprejudiced, and old enough to manage her own friendships.

Perhaps she and her father will be close friends. Perhaps she will like him less than I did. No influences have ever been brought to bear on her. But in any case she will never give him the blow I gave my father—which was to cast him off in cruel haste the day I was old enough to speak my own mind.

Whatever she thinks of him as a person, she will always be grateful to him for his generosity—far more grateful than if he had merely been giving her the material support that children accept as their due. For my part, I feel that he has made a fine, selfless gesture, which admiring concession is now my only feeling about him, contrasted with my former intense dislike. This can only react favorably upon his child. It ought to start her toward her own marriage with a gentle, generous tolerance of which I had no idea when I first took the plunge.

## 13 NEW BOOKS

BY VIRGINIA KIRKUS

AMONG the new books are two headliners, published since the last issue of this department was written. Pearl Buck's new book, *THE MOTHER*, is more in the rhythm of *The Good Earth* than anything she has written since—the saga of a Chinese peasant mother, caught in a web of toil and pain and poverty and birth and death, and yet standing out against fate and doing all in her power to keep her dignity in the face of the pointed finger of the community about her.

And then there is the new Sinclair Lewis' *WORK OF ART*. A kaleidoscopic picture of the hotels of this country; the drab, down-at-heel, small-town commercial hotel; the bustling, modern hotel in the live community; the resort inn; the temporary hostelry put up to catch transient trade; the road house of shady reputation; the luxurious, soft-carpeted city caravanary; the aerie of a high-class bootlegger. Lewis has caught them all, and translated them into terms of the human equation through the aspirations of his hero, the village boy who dreamed dreams and saw visions and would not let himself be daunted until he had achieved the perfect hotel—his "work of art."

In non-fiction the month's headliner is probably *Eva Le Gallienne's* autobiography, *AT 33*. She tells the story of her fight for an ideal in the American theater, and a success crowned—to date—by Alice in *Wonderland*, now well along in its second year of playing to crowded houses throughout the country. Her own story takes second place; rather is this the story of the stage as it touches her life, of the people of the stage and the part they played in molding her ideal.

About this time last year Sardinian Sideshow, by Amelie Posse-Brazdova, began to win enthusiastic commendation from both sides of the water. Now comes its sequel, *ROMAN ROUNDABOUT*. The author belongs to an eminent Swedish family; her husband is a Czech and an artist. In a delightful intimate, personal and colorful way she tells the story of their life, first interned as "enemy aliens" on the island of Sardinia, then—in the second book—leading a casual Bohemian existence in Rome, still under veiled surveillance by the officials, since the war is still on and Czecho-Slovakia still officially Austrian. Running as a colorful thread through the background of their daily life is the dramatic and half-secret activity of the forces working for Czech independence, with, in close proximity, characters who are now world figures—Masaryk, Vladja, Stefanik, Seba and others.

A possible "dark horse" for the month is Peter Fleming's *BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE*, which defies classification. A travel book? Perhaps—but who ever heard of an explorer acknowledging that the stage properties of the usual set-up were nonexistent, or else early discarded and scarcely missed, in the trek into Central Brazil? Even the dangers and discomforts of tropical jungles are minimized—and yet he tells a rattling good story of the ill-fated attempts to run down some trace of the lost explorer, Colonel Fawcett, and makes thrilling adventure of a race against time and tide when the director of the enterprise, Major Fingle, haughtily disowns Fleming and his comrade, and departs with their worldly possessions and reputations in his pocket.

IN *WATCH THE CURVES*, by Richard Hoffman, seven strangers are thrown into the close proximity of a rattletap motor car for a seven-day jaunt across the continent. There's opportunity for humor and pathos and drama and melodrama and romance, and Richard Hoffman makes the

most of his chances. Not a great book, but good fun.

Two Irish books make their bow within the month. *A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK*, by Sean O'Faolain, is a really fine novel of the Irish peasant and villager, realistic and stripped of sentimentality. The son of a highly bred mother and a father of the tenant-farmer class, Leo grows up neither one nor the other, a perpetual misfit, with a way with women which brings disaster to most of them, and an urge for a gamble, be it in horses or games or politics. The other is an utterly different type of story: *SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL*, by Rarden Conner—a gruesome picture of Ireland in the throes of the reign of terror, when the atrocities committed by the Black-and-Tans were only outdistanced by the atrocities committed by the republican forces.

There's a new Lewisohn just off the press—*AN ALTAR IN THE FIELDS*. Young love, and the "first year," 1934 version, with the problem of mutual independence rearing its dragon head and almost smashing the frail bark of matrimony. The young couple seek harbor in Paris, a refuge from the depression fever, but the rift widens and it takes an old-fashioned remedy to heal it and to bring them back to America and their "altar in the fields."

Two newcomers to the field of fiction are Jane Oliver and Ann Stafford, who have joined forces in an excellent novel set against a department-store background, entitled *BUSINESS AS USUAL*. Cleverly woven of letters, telegrams and store inter-department memoranda, this novel gives a live picture of romance on the wane and romance in flower, with the pattern of the store activities behind the thread of plot.

Watch for the new G. B. Stern novel, *SUMMER'S PLAY*, shortly to be published. A picture of an English seaside resort, with the conflict between the superior people who "belong" and the transients from an outer and unknown world, thrown into sharp relief by the murder of one of the outsiders.

*JUST PLAIN LARNIN'*, by James M. Shields, is a biting indictment of our public-school educational system, caught in the meshes of politics and industrial domination. Written from the inside, the book has the ring of authority as the story unfolds. The community is typical of hundreds such throughout the country—a town built around a basic industry, and controlled by the industrial magnates.

Finally, don't miss *I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE*, by Lauren Gilfillan, an extraordinary personal account of life in the mining towns beyond Pittsburgh during the period of a general coal strike. Call it propaganda if you will, but it is a stark human document, a tragic revelation of the depths of poverty and sordid surroundings, of the soil in which Communism flourishes, and—with it all—of the extent of human kindness, generosity, sympathy, understanding. The young author went into one of the outlying mining towns where the scabs were working half-heartedly and keeping the mines open, and where the striking miners and their families went daily on the picket, got their scanty food supply and scantier clothing from the relief, sent the youngsters in trucks to Pittsburgh to beg in the streets. Part of the picture, as one of them, this young college girl lived as they lived until they found her out—and then was half-heartedly accepted as the "writer from New York" until the Communist leaders stirred up fear and hate of the unknown and drove her away. This is her story. And—a year later—the conditions are almost the same.

"I'm thrilled about my Pyrex dishes—  
they actually save fuel and money"

"MY HUSBAND'S 'PROUD AS PUNCH' OF ME BECAUSE I'VE ACTUALLY CUT OUR MONTHLY GAS BILL— AND SAVED MONEY WITH MY NEW PYREX SET!"

Pyrex Brand Ware cooks at lower temperatures because it absorbs heat so easily. And that means lower gas bills for you. As an example: Cheese-tomato Soufflé, which takes 55 minutes to cook, ordinarily requires an oven of 385° F., but is perfectly done in Pyrex Ware in a moderate oven of only 325° F. A 60° saving in oven heat. Tested by the Corning Test Kitchen.

"NOW THAT I'M USING PYREX WARE, I DON'T SPEND MY TIME SCOURING POTS AND PANS. I HAVE A REAL CHANCE TO BE WITH THE CHILDREN BEFORE THEIR BEDTIME."

Think of the saving in dishpan time when food is cooked, served, and put away in the refrigerator all in the same Pyrex dish! And there's no jumping up during dinner to get more hot food from the kitchen—even second helpings stay piping hot right on the table in Pyrex Ware.

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FREE . . . RECIPE BOX. 45 recipes with correct cooking temperatures; menus; and how to save money and gas with Pyrex Ware.

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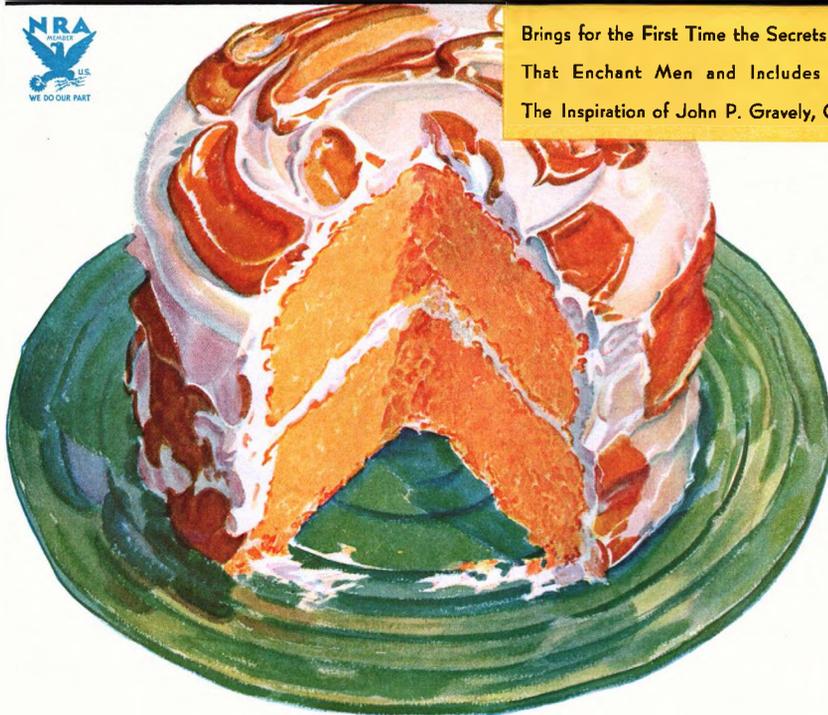
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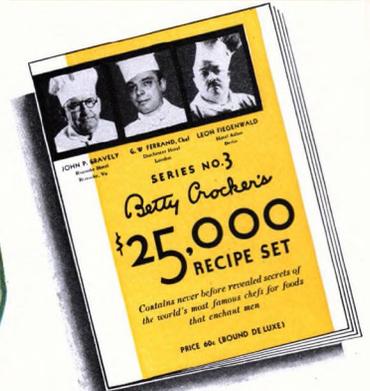
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Brings for the First Time the Secrets of Internationally Famous Chefs for Foods That Enchant Men and Includes the Recipe for *Old Virginia Cake*—The Inspiration of John P. Gravely, Chef of The Roanoke Hotel, Roanoke, Va.



NOTE: This set of recipes is packed INSIDE every size sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour



SET OF 20 NOW GIVEN FREE Inside Every Sack Solely to Induce You to Try Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour—The Simplest, Surest and Easiest Way to Baking Success. Or, Set Mailed for 60 Cents. (Note Address Below)\*

THIS offer—made solely to induce women to more quickly try GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour—brings what is probably the most valuable set of recipes ever published!

Costing \$25,000 to collect and publish, it contains 20 recipes including the secrets of such internationally famous chefs as John P. Gravely; Rudolf Schmid of the Hammer and Hotel, Vienna, Austria; G. W. Ferrand of the Dorchester Hotel, London, England. Recipes simplified in collaboration with Betty Crocker, the noted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour Cooking Expert, to put at the command of every woman all the wizardry, the sorcery, all the subtle art of cookery that genius employs to enchant men!

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Old Virginia Cake Is, for Men, An Irresistible Combination of the Magic Lure of Peanuts and Delicious Cake. You'll Find the Recipe—and 19 Others—Free Inside Every Size Sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour.



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Why Not Now?

Chef John P. Gravely, Famed Creator of Old Virginia Cake. Look For The Recipe Inside Every Size Sack of Gold Medal Flour.

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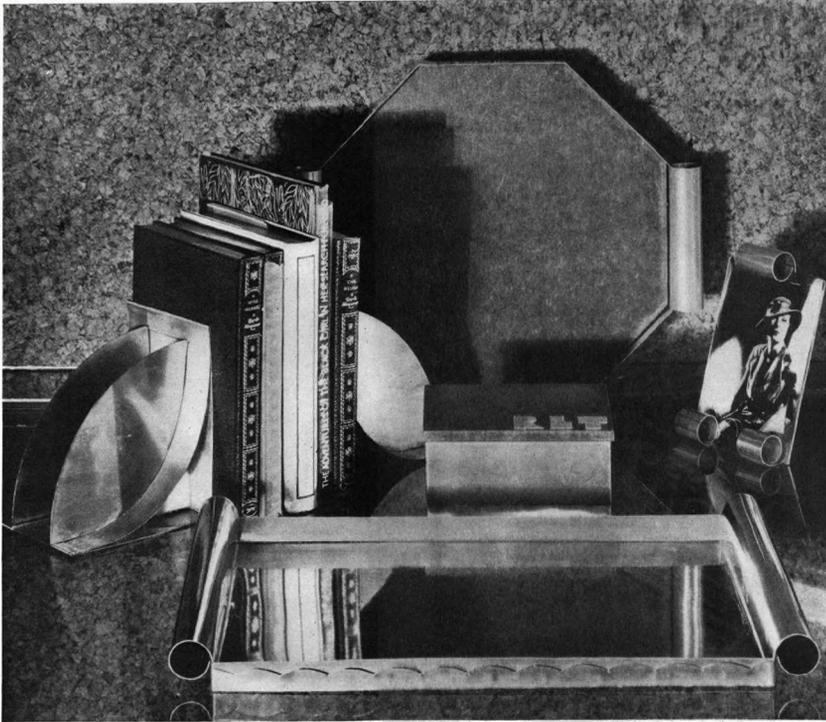
\*If you prefer, you may obtain complete set of "Recipes For Foods That Enchant Men," in beautifully bound book form by sending 60 cents in coin or stamps to Societe des Cuisiniers Internationaux, 230 Park Avenue, New York. 1229

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of  
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When you bake at home, by all means use GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour and follow Betty Crocker's famous recipes. Then you are sure to avoid disappointments. . . . A still easier way, however, when you want delicious cakes, pastries, rolls and bread, is to simply order them from your baker direct or through your grocer. With truly professional skill, your baker transforms wheat, our basic cereal food, from nourishing, body-building grain into tasty, appetizing, wholesome, mealtime delights. Get acquainted with your baker and his products.

# METALCRAFT

DESIGNED BY  
WALTER D. TEAGUE



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARGARET SOURCE-WHITE

BRASS, COPPER, ALUMINUM AND  
WOOD—A LITTLE PATIENCE, A  
LITTLE TIME, A LOT OF FUN—  
AND THE WORK IS SOON DONE!

Do you want to make an aluminum tray for your maple serving table in your Early-American dining room? Or a pair of book ends in the stark modern manner to use on the modernistic end table in your living room? Or perhaps you need an octagonal tray for your cherry sideboard which came down to you from your grandmother's family.

Metal has a great vogue today, for it is in harmony with Early-American furniture, with modernistic decoration and with antique pieces. And when you see the really artistic piece you've turned out, how it will thrill you to say, "I made it myself!"

Handicraft today has come to be more than a hobby; it is a national pastime, for people everywhere find release from the tension of living and great delight in various forms of handicraft. Groups of girls, boy scouts, classes in schools and just ordinary folk are working with metals, with wood and other materials. Because we heartily indorse this pursuit for your hours of recreation, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will present from time to time a series of articles which you can make in your own home and which will be designed by well-known American designers. And of this series, the collection of metal articles shown in the photographs here is the first.

For our first set of articles for you to make, we went to Walter Dorwin Teague, one of the well-known designers in this country. Without realizing it, you have probably seen the glassware, the cameras, the electrical appliances which

came from Mr. Teague's studio, for he designs everything from motor cars to books.

It was our idea to enlist the great designers to create articles of real beauty for you to make in your own homes. In the very process of learning to make things, we become most familiar with the fundamental principles of beauty. And we found that the professional handicraft designers with whom we talked eagerly welcomed this opportunity to work with amateurs. Do you wonder that we are proud to introduce for the first time, through the pages of the JOURNAL, the professional to the amateur handicraft workers?

Mr. Teague told us, "Yes, I should like to design some metal objects for your readers. I do all sorts of metalwork; but I have a little place where I experiment to my heart's content, at home. And in that workshop I think I can find something to interest you." When we visited his home workshop we made a discovery: we found that Mr. Teague and his young son work together in their home studio. And while it was Mr. Teague who designed these objects, it was Walter Teague, Jr., who made them up at home, using a pair of shears, solder and the ordinary tools one finds in any household. It took only an evening or two, to work them out.

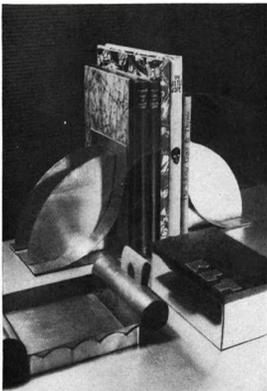
Every one of these articles is in really good design, and artistic enough to please your sternest critic. The picture frame has the same rolled motif as the rectangular tray, the octagonal tray and the ash tray illustrated in the photograph at

the left, below. The modernistic initials can be cut from copper or aluminum, and used on boxes, on women's hand bags, on a leather or suede belt, your suitcase, or really any place where you want to display your initials. And the book ends of copper and brass will make an individual gift for any friend—man or woman.

Think of what a hostess could do with six of the rectangular trays photographed above! Guests could balance these on their knees as a convenient parking place for cup and saucer, silver, plate or anything else that's needful. These are trays which will not stain, no matter how hot the beverage spilled on them.

Young boys and girls can make any one of the articles at school and surprise their parents on birthdays or holidays with gifts the grown-ups will really use. Indeed, there are so many people who can make and use these articles that we cannot end the list!

Whatever the article you want to make, send the proper amount in stamps and the number of the pattern sheet to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia. Complete directions come with each pattern sheet. The directions and patterns for making the ash tray, the cigarette box and the alphabet are contained in the pattern sheet No. 1117, five cents. No. 1118 is the pattern sheet for the book ends and picture holder, five cents. To make the octagonal tray, send for No. 1119, five cents. Or for the long tray, send five cents and ask for RECTANGULAR TRAY, No. 1120.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN T. MOSS

mayonnaise to be  
*Proud of...your*  
 own home made



*When* guests say "What perfectly delicious mayonnaise"... or when your admiring family says "Gosh! *this* is good"... it's pretty certain this mayonnaise was made in your own kitchen.

The "just made" taste... the little "different" seasoning... it's the mayonnaise you make yourself that wins the compliments. And now you can make mayonnaise in less than two minutes! Actually... less than two minutes and *perfect every time*.

The new Wesson Oil Mayonnaise Maker does it. You can see it in the picture. This new gadget makes the most delicious mayonnaise without any trouble at all. It's *brand* new. Grocers are selling it, packed with a pint can of Wesson Oil and a recipe folder. If *your* grocer hasn't got this set yet, we'll send you the whole thing for 65 cents (which includes packing and mailing costs). The Wesson Oil People, Dept. J-3, New Orleans, La.

HERE'S ONE DELICIOUS RECIPE  
 FOR HOME MADE MAYONNAISE

- |                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1 fresh egg        | 2 tablespoons lemon |
| 1 teaspoon each of | juice or vinegar    |
| mustard, salt,     | Dash of pepper      |
| and sugar          | 1 pint Wesson Oil   |

Mix the egg, the lemon juice or vinegar and the seasoning in a deep bowl. Then whip in well, as slowly added, the pint of Wesson Oil.

Or with the new Mayonnaise Maker you can whip with one hand and pour with the other. And the mixer's cup-top lets the oil in at just the right speed, so you don't have to pour slowly. Better get one. They're grand.



wesson oil  
 for making good things to eat

## Little Lucy Jones

(Continued from Page 13)

time, and one sunny morning I fell into speech with the boss electrician, one of the best-looking boys I have ever seen in my life. A nice boy, too—big, broad-shouldered, with a flashing, white-toothed grin, and a deep bronze, very attractive. He wore blue dungarees which rather matched his eyes, and, having learned my name, asked me shyly what I thought of detective and mystery stories. He loved 'em, he confessed, grinning, and had almost scared his mother into fits one night recently by walking in his sleep and announcing that he was Charlie Chan in search of Fu Manchu.

At luncheon I complained to my hostess. I said, "It isn't fair to have anything so good looking around the house, you know. You might have guests as susceptible as I—and considerably younger."

SHE laughed at me. She said, "You've been talking to Davy, haven't you? Is that why you refused to play golf? Davy's a dear. We're all crazy about him. I've known him ever since he moved here with his people, when he was quite a youngster. He took an electrical-engineering course after high school, and he's waiting, he says, for a break, but he does very well as it is. He's hard-working and ambitious, and there isn't a girl in the village who wouldn't give her eyeteeth for a more than passing smile. But he's love-scarred," concluded my hostess, sighing, "and will have nothing to do with any of them."

"Do you mean to tell me," I demanded wrathfully, "that any girl in her senses would turn him down?"

"Apparently," said my friend, "and I'd like to wring her silly neck for her!"

The day I left, Davy engaged me in conversation once more. He wanted to know if I had ever been to Hollywood. I told him I hadn't. He wanted to know, further, if I thought that some day I might go. I responded that it didn't seem likely. Why?

He replied, after a minute:

"I—I have a friend out there. Perhaps you've seen her in the pictures. Her name's Dorine Dale. She—gee, I used to go to school with her when she was just a little tick. I haven't seen much of her lately. You see, she went to Hollywood after the Long Island studios closed. She writes me now and then. She's doing fine, she says."

After a minute I said carefully, "I believe I met Miss Dale once—a very pretty girl, fair hair and dark eyes"; and, as his face brightened and he said, "Yep, that's Dorine," I added, "Wasn't she—Lucy Jones?"

"They changed her name when she went in pictures," he told me, a little astonished, "but I always thought Lucy was plenty pretty. Dorine sounds—sort of made-up."

"What happened," I asked, "to her mother?"

MRS. JONES, Davy told me, had died about a year ago, just before Dorine left for Hollywood. He said grimly, "She was a good egg, I suppose. I mean, she thought the world of Lucy—Dorine—and all. But she never liked me; we didn't get on so well."

"Is Larry Wayne still taking such an interest in Miss Dale's career?" I asked him, after a moment.

Davy shot me a curious look. "I don't know," he said, and frowned slightly. "Dorine says so. She keeps writing that she's seen him, been out on parties with him and his friends. But I saw the cast for his new picture in a magazine the other day—I read all the motion-picture magazines," he informed me—"and she wasn't in it." After a moment he said, as if against his will, "If he hadn't turned her head, back there, all those years ago when she was just a kid—"

"I don't think he meant to, Davy," I said mildly. "I think perhaps it was her mother. After all, eight or nine is a pretty plastic age, and—well, I don't think for a second that the child was concerned with careers at the time. But her mother was. I believe she capitalized—or tried to—what was merely a very charming friendship between a little girl and a man who was momentarily tired of adulation and all the rest of the penalties attached to his fame. Larry Wayne has plenty of opportunity to meet hundreds of young, pretty girls, but it isn't often he meets a jolly, friendly infant, with no ax to grind. That is probably the real truth of that long-ago attachment."

"MAYBE you're right," he admitted, puzzled, unhappy. He added, "But gee, she was a swell kid—I mean, even after. Even when her mother was dragging her around to have her pictures taken, and to French lessons and all the rest. She'd play hooky sometimes. I remember, because that was before I moved out here, and we used to run away! She could pitch almost as good as a boy, and there was a vacant lot near where we both lived, and a grand gang. Once I swiped a dollar from my old man and took her to Coney Island. We had us a day! She was about twelve then. My kid sister Anna went along. We lost her, and Anna turned up missing with the cops at the police station. And there was an alarm for all of us. I got the father and mother of all hidings when we got home, and Mrs. Jones was just about out of her mind. Lucy was sunburned as the dickens and had ruined her dress, and was a sight; when we got back. We'd had ice cream and hot dogs, too, and she was supposed to be on some diet or other for her complexion. Was her old lady wild? I'll say she was. And so I got the hiding, although I was pretty big in those days for that sort of thing. I was four years older than Lucy and should have known better, they told me."

It was time for me to go. My hostess was calling, so I said good-by to him and turned toward the waiting car, when he said hastily:

"If you ever do go to Hollywood, you'll look her up, won't you? She hasn't answered my last three letters."

I THOUGHT, driving home, how curious and how sad. If Lucy Jones hadn't taken a trip to California; if Larry Wayne hadn't happened to be on the same boat, what a different ending the story would have had! Why, it wouldn't have been a story at all, in the accepted sense of the word; just the very simple yarn of a couple of nice kids growing up together, quarreling, making up, falling in love, and maybe getting married, and having a funny little house somewhere together, and a funny little baby or two—a simple, unexciting story that you couldn't print; it wouldn't hold a reader's attention for a minute; but the world revolves to just such stories, from such material life is made.

After that I, too, read the motion-picture magazines and scanned the casts of all the current pictures. I even followed the Hollywood sob stories, wondering if by any chance I'd see Dorine Dale's name listed as one of the heroines of those unlovely yarns in which a heroine is not sung until it is too late. But I never saw a word.

I had almost forgotten Lucy Jones and Davy when a little later I went to a preview of a picture which had been made from one of my novels. There was a penthouse party in it, and for a few moments the screen was enlivened by the moving shadows of pert, pretty young things dancing on a gorgeous terrace to the strains of an excellent orchestra. And as one girl

## a quicker way to make waffles



### QUICK HOT WAFFLES FOR EARLY BREAKFASTS

This simple, fast recipe makes them easy to stir up after the alarm clock goes off.

#### QUICK WAFFLES

- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1½ cups milk
- 2 eggs
- ¼ cup Wesson Oil

Beat eggs, add the milk. Mix and sift flour, salt, baking powder and sugar, and add to the liquid. Mix until free from lumps. Add oil and mix well.

Whenever a recipe says "melted shortening", use Wesson Oil. Good-to-eat as butter, Wesson Oil makes a marvelous shortening... all ready to use... no guesswork, no melting down and remeasuring, no greasy pan to wash. Just pour Wesson Oil into your measuring cup... then right into the batter. Try that waffle recipe over at the right. It's quick as a wink. The waffles are heavenly. And you'll see right away why we say use Wesson Oil whenever any recipe calls for "melted shortening".

This quick waffle recipe is from the new cookbooklet "Famous Wesson Oil Quick Recipes". It's free. Address the Wesson Oil People, Dept. L-31, New Orleans, La.



wesson oil  
for making good things to eat



I discovered a face powder that stays on longer than any powder I've ever used. It's MELLO-GLO. What a relief to stop constant retouching and not have your nose look shiny!



I wondered why my face always had a dull, pasty look until I discovered that I was using a coarse, gritty face powder that clogged my pores and irritated my skin. Fortunately, I found another powder—so delicate—so fine in texture that I never had that powdery look. It is called MELLO-GLO.



If you want a face powder that spreads with velvet-like smoothness, try MELLO-GLO. Don't worry about tiny lines and wrinkles. MELLO-GLO will hide them. I have simply amazed my friends with the magic of this wonderful face powder. They all say I look years younger.

## WONDERFUL FACE POWDER Stays On Longer

Beautiful women everywhere are raving about new, wonderful MELLO-GLO, the face powder that stays on longer. Apply it in the morning, and without constant retouching, your face will have a glorious, youthful glow. No trace of shiny nose—no blotches—no pasty look. Perspiration does not show through. Prevents large pores. Make this test yourself. Notice how much younger you look. Enjoy the smoothness, the exquisite fragrance, the delicate texture of MELLO-GLO. Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO—a square, gold box of loveliness. Two sizes, 50¢ and \$1.00. Tax free.

danced past and turned her face toward the camera, I thought I recognized Dorine Dale.

But she spoke no word, and her name was not listed in the cast. I thought, observing a day or so later that Mr. Wayne's new picture was to have a gala Hollywood opening. "She's still a long way from being Larry Wayne's leading woman."

It so happens that I have a relative in Hollywood—a clever girl who writes for the motion-picture magazines and who knows most of the stars, and has known them for a long time. She wrote me shortly thereafter, about the opening.

"IT WAS the darnedest thing you ever saw," she said. "I thought I'd die—camera going and flash lights popping and microphones and announcers and the usual crowd of autograph seekers pressed against the ropes. Larry was there, of course, in full regalia, with an awfully pretty girl—no, not the one in his current picture, but a new one, supposed to be slated for the next. She's a dazzling red-head, and she took the applause and all the rest of it as to the manor born, Hollywood manor. And quite a scene was created just before we went into the theater, to make things even more fantastic. A girl climbed under, or over, the ropes and forced her way to where Larry was standing with most of the current big shots. She was a pretty girl, too—a little on the thin side, fair, with big dark eyes. I was close behind her, after she got to him, and I heard what she said. She said, 'I'm Lucy, Mr. Wayne. I've been trying to see you for months. I've written...'

"He didn't know her. I could see that. He's a kind person, really, and sensitive. So he took her hand. He said, smiling, 'Did you want an autograph?'"

"At that she broke away and we all stared after her. She was lost in the crowd again, and I saw her as she passed me. A little shabby, she was; and she was crying. Wayne turned to the girl he'd brought, very resplendent in ermine despite the heat. He asked, 'What do you know about that?' And she asked, 'Who was she, Larry?' And he answered, 'I don't know. I never saw her before in my life.' It was all sort of Alice-Ben-Boltish, and bothered me—I didn't know why."

I reread the letter and thought it over for quite a time. Then I wrote my cousin. I said, "That girl's name—screen name—is Dorine Dale. She worked in my last picture—an extra bit. Go to the company and see if you can find out her address. There is a story here, but if you love me don't discover it. Or if you do discover it, don't print it. A story would be the last

touch, I think; and might," I added in an attempt at subtlety. "reinflect her. Just find out her address for me, that's all, and let it go at that."

Last week the address lay on my desk; also a letter from my private detective.

"The girl," she wrote, "hasn't worked for ages, except that one bit. She's been waiting on tables in between. I had a terrible time finding her, but did, eventually, through Central Casting. I traced her to a boarding house and then to a beauty shop, a rather obscure one. She shampoos heads while she's 'waiting,' she told me. Her name there is Jones—Lucy Jones. She told me, 'I don't want the people back home to know I failed.' What do you mean there's a story in it? Not for me. It's the most commonplace story in the world. I run into it every day. I asked her about Wayne, of course; you didn't expect me not to, did you? But all she said was, 'I used to know him when I was a little girl.' So what? I think you're crazy!"

I didn't think so. I copied the address for Davy. I wrote him a little note and sent it to my Long Island hostess to give him, as I had never learned his last name. I said, "Here's her address—and if you can afford a trip to Hollywood, I'd take it. But be very gentle with her, Davy."

I wonder if he went. Somehow I think he did. I like to think of him out there, big and vital and young, tucking little Lucy Jones under his arm and saying to her, "Let's play hooky—I've a whole dollar to spend..."

MAYBE it's too late. Maybe she won't want to come back. Maybe she's been so altered and so marked by these last years that she doesn't dare come back for fear she'll be restless and miserable. Maybe when he sees her again—

I don't know. Perhaps I shouldn't have interfered. That's the trouble with novelists. They want everything to work out as it does in most books—all the arteries tied off, as it were, the threads picked up, to mix metaphors, the pattern woven to the proper conclusion and its happy end. We get so used to creating pen-and-ink people and pen-and-ink situations; we are so accustomed to creating tangles and then disentangling them again that we don't stop to realize that life isn't really like that. Life leaves a lot of raveled ends, and the pattern is never completed—it goes on and on, and we none of us see the end.

However, there it is in my notebook: "Sketch for a novel." But it isn't, of course. And here's the title all written down for me, a long time ago. "Lucy Jones," it reads—"the Foredoomed Child."

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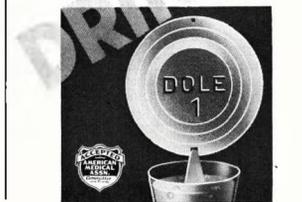
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It's DOLE Pineapple Juice—zestful and keen in flavor—not the sweetened syrup found in canned sliced pineapple. Just the pure juice of fresh, ripe pineapples grown and harvested by us with their vitamins A, B and C protected by the special DOLE vacuum pack. Contains digestible fruit sugars, also alkaline minerals which offset acidity caused by other foods. Accepted by the American Medical Association Committee on Foods. For pleasing variety rotate tomato juice, orange juice and DOLE Pineapple juice in your meals. Ideal for children. Adds delicious flavor to fruit punches and other beverages. At grocers everywhere. Look for the name "DOLE" stamped on the top of the can. Packed by the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd., packers of the famous DOLE sliced and crushed pineapple.



# "Girls who know this secret always win out"

*says Irene Dunne*

1  
YEARS AGO MY LOVELY SOUTHERN GRANDMOTHER FIRST TAUGHT ME THAT A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BREAK HEARTS SIMPLY MUST HAVE A TEAROSE COMPLEXION.

RKO-RADIO STAR



2  
NOW THAT I'M ON THE SCREEN I REALIZE MORE THAN EVER THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN PEARLY-SMOOTH SKIN. I FOLLOW MY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY TREATMENT REGULARLY EVERY DAY.



3  
IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW QUICKLY JUST THIS SIMPLE CARE BRINGS TEMPTING NEW BEAUTY TO THE SKIN. TRY IT YOU GIRLS WHO WANT TO MAKE NEW CONQUESTS! YOU'RE SURE TO WIN OUT!

SO MANY GIRLS have asked Irene Dunne how to make themselves more attractive . . . how to win admiration . . . romance.

Here this lovely star tells you! And her beauty method is so simple . . . regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

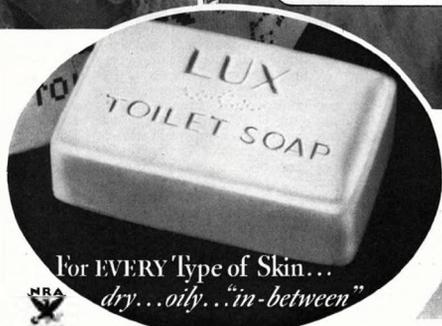
Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer *your* skin becomes . . . how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts!

Nine out of ten glamorous Hollywood stars . . . countless girls the country over . . . have *proved* what this fragrant white soap does for the skin. Is yours just an "average" complexion? Don't be content—start today—have the *added beauty* Lux Toilet Soap brings.

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*dry . . . oily . . . "in-between"*



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# "When Ladies Meet"



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Martha: I must tell you about the wonderful corset I've found. It's a Spencer. They actually design a different garment for each person.

Alice: I certainly need something different. I've got to get rid of these bulges. Nothing looks right on me.

(At Right)  
Spencer Corsetiere: You see—all your figure needed was support for sagging muscles.

Alice: This has actually taken inches off my hips! And it feels so good.

(A Month Later—Below)

Martha: A new dress? Why no, it isn't. But how lovely and slender you look!

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## Italy in the Year XII E. F.

(Continued from Page 8)

not merely a transformation of the political and economic system but a reformation of the character, ideas and social attitudes of a people. Many mature Italians, the old liberals, resent the state of tutelage in which they live. Yet it is not, as in Russia, a tutelage rejecting everything they have believed; it is no wrenching at the roots of life.

The state remodels the plastic mind of the young, but it does not detach them from their families or divide one generation from the next. Consent of parents is a required condition of membership in Fascist youth organization. The state claims the children, and on this point there was a sharp controversy between the government and the church authorities. It takes possession of the youth on Sundays—one of the Pope's objections—but it sends them to church first. Chaplains to the number of 10,000 are attached to the regiments of the Balilla. There is even a Bishop of the Balilla.

The Italians impress one as a people at last in harmony with themselves. As a whole they are happy under Fascism, because it is a return to, or an outgrowth of, their own nature and traditions. Look at the Mussolini Forum, built in the hills on the old Flaminian Way, built with an imperial gesture more grandiloquent, as you see by comparing it with the newly excavated Forum of Augustus, than that of the builders of "the grandeur that was Rome." It is a sunken stadium of white marble, topped by a row of marble giants flanked by athletic fields, running tracks, camps, the modernistic buildings housing the Fascist Academy of Physical Culture. It is a forum, but of a new kind, the Forum of the Young, and illustrates as well as anything the legerdemain which twists old forms into new shapes and starts by historic roads toward new destinations.

Its past smothered Italy for generations. The air itself is the air of reminiscence. The landscape always remembers the blue haze of Umbrian valleys, the Arno slipping darkly under the bridges of Florence, the wine-colored sunsets of the Roman campagna. Among so many yesterdays today becomes too unimportant. But now all this weight is turned into power, like the force of the glacier streams that electrifies the Italian railways.

### The School of Citizenship

LOOK first at the organization of youth. About 4,000,000 boys and girls are enrolled as dues-paying members in the two main branches of the Fascist juvenile army. The youngest, from six to fourteen, if they are boys, are Balilla, so called from a young hero of the war; if they are girls they are Piccole Italiane. From fourteen to eighteen they belong to the Avanguardisti, or to the corresponding girls' organization, the Giovane Italiane. The head of the whole complex is Renato Ricci, a young man just past thirty who grew up among the early Fascists and took an active part in the revolution. His headquarters are in the Ministry of Education, of which the Balilla forms an independent unit. From there he directs the extracurricular activities of all the young, whether or not they are inscribed members of the Balilla, including physical training, medical and hygienic assistance, camps and seaside colonies, pre-professional courses in all branches, sex education and pre-military exercises.

All education is Fascist. The school system has been completely reorganized to harmonize with the new ideas. But the Balilla is preëminently the school of citizenship. More, it is a training ground for the preparation of a voluntary militia on one hand, and of a governing class on the other. From the Avanguardisti the

members pass into a third category, the Young Fascists, and thence, at twenty-one, into the status of full-fledged members of the governing party. Other citizens may qualify for this party, though the lists are often closed, as at present; these picked and trained recruits pass in automatically. Selected on the widest popular base, without any class distinctions, formed and drilled by years of full-time "Fascistization," the "Fascist levy" summons to civic service a real elite of the best youth of the nation.

I think Carlo Bonfigli as typical of this breed. At the age of eighteen, while still a student, he took part in the march on Rome. After that he returned to the university, took his degree, spent a year in the United States on a scholarship, and has been detached from a career of teaching to work in the directorate of the Balilla. Most of the directive work is voluntary—"voluntarism," as they call it, being a fundamental principle of the system—but because Carlo's is a full-time job he receives for his service 1000 lire a month, his salary as a teacher when he gave up his class three years ago. With the help of a small private income from his father's estate, he married a girl as ardent as himself. With their two babies and Carlo's eighteen-year-old brother, Vito, they live in a modernist apartment, one of the few in Rome, which looks anything but modern because every room is walled with old books.

### An Old Race Builds Anew

CARLO insists he is not typical of the new generation. "No," he says, "we who made the revolution were formed in another school. You would feel the difference at once if you spent your days, as I do, with those who have grown up in the atmosphere of the past dozen years. They really have a new mind. They're a better generation than ours, actually, freer, though you liberals doubt it, certainly simpler, healthier, more at home in their world. They express themselves in action. Vito is typical. He wouldn't be bothered by these long discussions of what we believe, why we do things. He wouldn't understand your questions. He doesn't think in the terms you use. If you asked him about the Avanguardisti, 'Come and see,' he'd say. I describe the Fascist party as a nervous system, more responsive to the real feeling of the nation than any vote on accidental issues could be. He'd only know that he feels as Italians feel.

"Another thing: Like many of my generation, I don't practice my religion. Vito believes; with all his comrades he goes to church as naturally as he eats and breathes. Look at the young at their sports. Observe their manners in the streets. Watch them at their prayers. If, knowing the old Italy, you don't think this is a new race, you can't read signs. To me they seem like the saplings growing in the new forests—and how we need new trees in Italy!—growing straight because they have the air and soil most favorable to their development."

Look now at Littoria. I went to Littoria for the same reason that I visited the reconstructed villages of France, to see what an old race builds when it has a chance to start over again and build new. I found something more interesting—a sample, a perfect pattern of the new kind of community visualized by the Fascist state. I do not know whether Italian peasants like change better than the French. On this evidence, I am inclined to think they do; they are stirred by the drama of large-scale experimentation; they have what the French never needed to develop; the adventurous psychology of the eternal migrant. But whether they like to innovate (Continued on Page 82)

**NEW**



**.. the Refrigerator with a Place for Everything**

**The 20<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY  
KELVINATOR**

"**WHAT** a beautiful refrigerator"—this is what you are going to say when you see this new Kelvinator. Perhaps, you have already said it, or thought it, as you admired the charm and good taste of its modern design, so evident in the illustrations on this page.

It is beautiful, which is important, but you don't buy an electric refrigerator for its beauty alone. *Usefulness* comes first.

The 20th Anniversary Kelvinator is the refrigerator with a place for everything. Look at the bottom shelf, with its chrome-fronted Food File. On the left is the Dairy Section, for butter, eggs, etc. In the center, the Crisper, for vegetables. And on the right, the Thrift Tray, with its unique containers where leftovers can be kept for future use. On the next shelf is the new KeepCold Pastry Set, with the refrigerated rolling pin. And on the second shelf from the top is the crockery jug for drinking water.



*A place to keep fish or meat fresh—the Frost Chest, with a below-freezing temperature.*

In the Frost Chest, you can keep fish or meat fresh indefinitely. And in the World's Fastest Freezing Speed Tray (second from top) you can freeze ice cubes in about 80 minutes, hours faster than ordinary freezing speeds. In this new Kelvinator you "file your food"—a place for everything, and everything in its place.

We cordially invite you to visit the Kelvinator dealer and let him explain Kelvinator's "4 refrigerators in 1" and show you the many other features you will like in this 20th Anniversary Kelvinator.

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*The Kelvin Crisper—a place where you can keep lots of fresh vegetables as crisp and tender as when they came from the garden.*



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*A place to make frozen desserts and salads IN A HURRY—the Iso-Thermic Tube Tray which has World's Fastest Freezing Speed.*

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**KELVINATOR**  
**4 REFRIGERATORS IN 1**

**4  
REFRIGERATORS  
IN 1**

Every DeLuxe Kelvinator is really "4 refrigerators in 1." One refrigerator provides for the safe preservation of food. Another has a constant below-freezing temperature, where meat can be kept indefinitely. The third gives you World's Fastest Freezing Speed. And the fourth refrigerator contains the fast freezing trays where large quantities of food or frozen delicacies can be made.



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That is why these exceedingly good-looking shoes are shaped over FOOT SAVER'S famous "Free-Walking" lasts—scientifically designed to fit the foot in motion.

As your foot rocks from heel to toe over miles of stony pavement, the FOOT SAVER Shoe follows every changing contour as snugly and almost as easily as your stock-

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Foot Saver Shoes are made by THE JULIAN & KOKENGE COMPANY, 40 West Main Street, Columbus, Ohio  
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## FOOT SAVER SHOES

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(Continued from Page 80) or not, obviously their rulers do. Nothing could be in greater contrast to the traditional rural pattern than the scattered farmsteads, the side fields, the straight roads and the vast canalized prairie surrounding the model town of Littoria. "American," the Padovanis call it proudly, referring to a speed of construction unknown in their experience.

The Padovanis are emigrants of a type unfamiliar to Europe, but well known to America, where we have settled an empire by a kind of permanent wave of internal migration. They are two brothers with their families, thirteen in all, transplanted from the overcrowded districts of the north to pioneer on reclaimed land within fifty miles of Rome. They live in one of hundreds of new houses, all painted blue, with red-tile roofs, set at even intervals, each in its own thirty or sixty acre plot, in a plain where two years ago there was not a house. Now 12,000 people are settled there, farmers and workers, the prairie is planted with grain, the roads with trees, and soon two other towns will be completed and 50,000 more colonists, all families of ex-soldiers, the largest and poorest families, will be settled on the conquered land.

Littoria is a symbolic settlement. It represents a new movement of internal colonizing to deal with the problem of surplus populations bottled up by world-wide immigration restrictions. It marks a victory in the Fascist struggle with the soil. "These are the battles we prefer," says Mussolini of the Year XII, the anxious peacemaker of Europe. But beyond all that it exemplifies a new pattern of life. The Padovanis are members of a community being collectively prepared for individual ownership, but individual ownership incorporated in a national economy in which all the productive forces are strictly regulated in the interests of the whole.

What Mussolini is trying to work out, or dictate, for the Italian enterprise is pre-eminently a one-man show, is a small-scale version of the American experiment. "Are you following us, too?" he asked me, smiling. Starting out to destroy class war, which he calls the deadliest kind of civil war, by devising a system of collaboration between capital and labor, now he has come to the conclusion that the whole capitalistic system must go. He calls it "economic liberalism"—laissez faire—and says it represents an industrial and commercial freedom as obsolete as political liberalism.

### New Agricultural Economy

PERHAPS little Antonia, who wears the pretty white overall worn in school by all the children, will some day inherit the farm, and the new world being furiously fashioned in her country and ours. Meantime, the Padovanis pay nothing for their solid but crowded six-room house. They pay nothing for their land, which they are taught to work by a hard-headed and humorous agricultural agent from Tuscany.

For the first two years the colonists are helped out even with supplies. After that they will pay rent, half their crop, as do all the *mezzadri*, for fifteen or twenty years, or until they are given title to the property.

The aim is to create a system of small-unit, supervised farms, worked by family labor on an organized plan, and to substitute for the old village a community center providing urban facilities for recreational, social, cultural, religious and, above all, Fascist development.

The line of that development is clearly indicated by the distinctively Fascist institutions already functioning in impressive buildings around the great plaza, the Forum of Littoria. Here, in addition to a full complement of the customary municipal buildings, school, post office, police headquarters, hospital, church, cinema, hotel, dance hall, town hall of a most

lordly aspect, are to be found all the special establishments of the New Italy: the inevitable Fascist headquarters, center of such political activity as is left in the land, of most public movements and of all public relief, which is carried on very efficiently at a minimum cost and with a maximum of the fellow feeling that mitigates the lot of the poor in a poor country. The Balilla House, with gymnasiums, baths, movie and classes in civics. The sport field. The *dopolavoro*, or after-work recreation center, where the worker in his free time can find almost anything he fancies—games, music, café, evening classes, medical service for himself and his family, cut-price tickets for the theater, opera or cinema, a chance to exercise his own talents in these and other lines, opportunities for free excursions. The House of Motherhood and Infancy, combination of baby clinic, nursery, school and hospital for mothers, guardian of what Mussolini calls "the supreme values of the race." The barracks of the Fascist militia. The agricultural center, for assistance and instruction to farmers. The *Opera Per i Combattenti*, what the American Legion might be if it were an arm of the government and given charge of colonization and all projects for the welfare of ex-soldiers. Last, perhaps most important, the headquarters of the Syndicates, local sign of the economic organization named the Corporative or Guild State.

### Government—1934 Model

NOW perhaps you begin to see what Carlo Bonfigli means when he says, "Our state is a family, and our relation to it that of members of a family." You get a shadowy outline of the blanket shape of the latest fashion in government. As a fashion it spreads rapidly. It has been already adopted "in principle" by three European countries with a combined population equal to that of the United States. As a world-wide tendency, stronger than Communism was a few years ago, it goes without saying that it should be understood; yet I doubt if anybody, even the inventor, foresees exactly how it will function in operation.

For twelve years Italy has been engaged in creating the atmosphere and providing the machinery for this reform. The Corporation Law, or Labor Charter, was promulgated in 1926, but it was not until November, 1933, that Mussolini announced that it was ready for application. Then he proposed that in March of this year the existing Chamber of Deputies, a purely perfunctory body, should dissolve itself in favor of a new house of representatives not yet clearly defined or constituted but bearing some resemblance to the present Council of Corporations. Actually, therefore, we are now seeing the first exhibit of the 1934 model of government.

We perceive that it follows none of the old lines, geographical or political, and does away with back-seat driving by the simple expedient of doing away with every seat but the driver's. But it is not merely a dictatorship. The corporative commonwealth has seven states—Industry, Commerce, Agriculture, Banking and Insurance, Inland Transport, Sea and Air Transport, the Arts and Professions—and each of these states except the last has two provinces, one for employers, the other for employees. Under these broad heads enormous problems of classification are still to be worked out. Political classification is simple enough, but have you ever thought what a complicated business it is to put every citizen into his proper economic category? Should they be incorporated vertically, according to the product, or horizontally, according to the status of the producer—all who engage in the silk industry, for instance, in one category, or divided up into farmers, manufacturers and sellers? What to do with persons who are both employers and employees, or neither, persons who belong in more than one category? Carlo Bonfigli, who is teacher, (Continued on Page 84)

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Ask for your favorite vegetable—packed the better Stokely way. You'll be amazed to find the extra protection of golden lined cans adds nothing to the price you pay for these finer quality foods. Your grocer has, or will be glad to get them for you. You may have the illustrated book—"Sally Stokely's Prize Vegetable Recipes," FREE!

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Strained Foods  
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**ASK YOUR DOCTOR**  
Strained Carrots - Prunes  
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▲ (Above) As an effective first aid for burns and scalds, apply a cooling paste of Baking Soda and water, it is instantly soothing. Economical, always dependable, our Baking Soda is obtainable everywhere.

► (Right) When you are weary and footsore after a hard day of work or play, a footbath of warm water and our Baking Soda is soothing, delightfully refreshing.

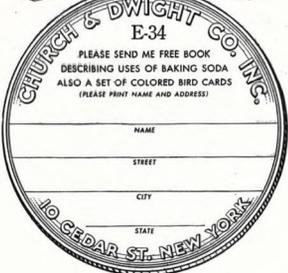


Useful in many ways in the house, our Baking Soda sprinkled on a damp cloth is a safe and effective cleanser for porcelain and enameled fixtures and woodwork, it never scratches.

▼ (Below) To bring out the appetizing natural color and delicious tenderness of fresh string beans, and to shorten the cooking time, drop just a pinch of our Baking Soda in the cook pot with the beans.



▼ (Below) Our Baking Soda has many remedial applications, it may be used with confidence whenever Sodium Bicarbonate is required. Keep an extra package in the medicine cabinet, it is frequently helpful.



(Continued from Page 82) student, lawyer and landowner, thinks he will be represented in four categories.

The only thing certain is that every producer, and that includes nearly everybody, will be included in some category, that each category by some still undetermined method of election will be represented in a general corporation, bringing together employers, employes and technical experts with spokesmen for the state administration and the Fascist party, and that these corporations, forming a National Council, will be real organs of government, with power to make laws regulating and coordinating the entire economic life of the nation.

This is an all-inclusive NRA, made compulsory, made permanent, and replacing Congress. Mussolini's New Deal, unlike Roosevelt's, has evolved slowly and quietly, shaped by facts, modified by trial and error, safe from democratic storms of opposition and criticism. Nevertheless, as a plan of government, it is revolutionary; it implies a complete reversal in the relationship of the citizen and the state.

Is it also revolutionary as a way of life? How does it affect the incorporated individual?

I put the question to Signora Rossi. She is too wise and clear-headed to be typical anywhere, and in Italy it is not usual for a woman to be a technical expert, especially a woman of the older generation. Even now, though girls crowd the universities and rebel against old restrictions, they are not encouraged to pursue independent careers. As in Germany, they are given premiums to marry, and few chances to do anything else except elementary teaching, factory and clerical work, domestic service. Signora Rossi is a widow and the head of a family consisting of her son and his wife and their two children.

"You expect me to say that our ways don't change in spite of revolution. Well, in some respects they don't," smiled Signora Rossi. "We drink less wine. Many of my son's age are abstainers; in the cities many drink little because they can't afford even the cheap local vintages. But it was easier to win the battle of the grain, which last year for the first time made us independent of imports, than to make Italians like potatoes or rice as substitutes for bread and spaghetti."

### Protecting the Workers

"OUR wage standards and living levels were low. At your peak in 1928-29 they are low, but between 1929 and 1933 the drop was not more than 15 per cent in industry and 20 per cent on the farm, and since wages in this country are not changed without an adjustment in living costs, real wages remain about the same. Our unemployment has never reached anything like the proportions of unemployment in rich countries, partly because of the vast public works program; and you must remember in that connection that we did almost nothing that was not needed, that was not long overdue. Nevertheless, our margins are so narrow that we feel depression earlier and more generally than people who have accumulated fat to live on. One sign of change is the national discipline throughout this crisis. We have worked and shared like a family, we have developed a social spirit unknown in Italy."

"You ask how the corporative system affects me. I share, of course, the benefits—mostly moral and mental, but

that's important—of a more-or-less settled order. Materially, I have a feeling of security. I belong to a syndicate of journalists. I am not obliged to belong, though about three-fourths of the professional workers and artists are enrolled in our confederation, and I think I would find it hard to get a job if I didn't. And whether a member or not, the worker in any category, or the employer in any category, is bound by the terms of the collective agreements made by the members. All are agreed by the terms of the labor courts in case of dispute, and there is no other way to settle a dispute. Strikes and lock-outs, you know, are punishable as crimes against the state.

"I am regulated, but so is my employer. He can't discharge me just because busi-

ness is bad and he wants to cut expenses, or make a place for somebody else. He has to have a reason good enough to satisfy the labor magistrate, and he can't depend on a friend at court, because no one knows until the case is called who will try it. If I am let out arbitrarily I am entitled to three months' salary in addition to two weeks' pay for each of the twenty years I have been in my present post, so it is too expensive to discharge me. A friend of mine has ample means to

retire on and longs to close out a business which is no longer profitable. But it would cost him so much to pay off his employees that he has to keep on! If a business fails, these obligations to the workers constitute a preferred claim and must be met before any other debts are paid."

### Compensating the Employers

"CERTAINLY," admitted Signora Rossi, "the profits of capital are reduced under this system, but employers are compensated by protection from strikes and by the certainty that all industries operate under the same rules. And we're all compensated," she smiled, "by the fact that at last we cut some sort of figure in the world! That means a lot to Italians. You have noticed how we like to put our best foot forward? The boys love to parade. The girls step out like fashion plates in the only outfit they have, probably homemade. You'd have to live here to know how we contrive, what sacrifices we make for a fine gesture. Mussolini is a wonderful satisfaction to the national vanity."

Signora Rossi's income is 30,000 lire a year, a fair middle-class norm. A year ago that was \$1500; as I write it represents about \$2500. But to her it is neither one sum nor the other. It remains 30,000 lire. She owns an apartment in a *condominio*, or joint-ownership building, built just after the war and still exempt from taxes. So she pays only the *locative* tax collected from every householder, but her income tax brings her assessment up to nearly 3000 lire a year, paid in six installments, one every two months. The Rossis keep one servant, so a good share of the work falls on the shoulders of the daughter-in-law. The children, three and five, spend half their day at a near-by Montessori kindergarten, the best possible sort of free nursing. The signora comes home for the family dinner at noon. Her working hours, like those of the government bureaus, are from nine to one and four to eight, sometimes later, so there is little time at night for anything but the customary *cena*, or light supper—one hot dish, or perhaps only cheese and fruit.

The Rossis belong among the intellectuals. The signora meets many of the



Turn your handkerchief into a Vapor-tent ... and END the misery of COLDS



Only a VAPOR can reach the hidden air-passages

Your own doctor will tell you that most every cold you've ever had, began in your NOSE. The nasal passages get all clogged up and the membranes way in the BACK of your nose become infected.

That's why it takes a triple-action VAPOR to break through the congestion, relieve the pressure, and stop the sneezing, sniffing and eye-watering.

Millions now use VAPEX because its vapor reaches HIDDEN nose and throat passages at nothing else can. It soothes the hot, inflamed tissues. It strengthens the cold-fighting powers of the nose. It helps Nature throw off the cold!

### Vapex is not a nose drop

A little VAPEX on a folded handkerchief makes a scientific vapor-tent that instantly curbs the nasty symptoms of a cold, and wards off coughing. The pleasant vapor rises as you breathe—nothing to insert in the nose—therefore nothing to leak or irritate.

Only TWO men—the chemists who discovered it during the war—know the VAPEX formula. Yet there are more than 75 imitations on the market. Refuse them—many are worthless.

An application of genuine VAPEX costs but half a cent and keeps its strength for hours.

Get VAPEX from your druggist now and know what it's like to be free from the misery of colds! A handy bottle usually lasts all winter.

NEW LOW PRICE



AWARDED THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL OF APPROVAL FOR SAFETY AND EFFECTIVENESS

Genuine VAPEX

FREE GAUZE CONTAINING VAPEX  
Mail this to Vapex, 475 Canal St., N. Y. City, and receive several pieces of VAPEXed gauze for use inside your handkerchief. It will prove beyond a doubt what VAPEX can do for nasty colds. Also FREE, new folder giving valuable diet advice and health help.

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

makers of the new Italy, lives in the current of her time, and shares the interest and excitement of those who are conscious of the movements in which they live. The Borgheses, of Florence, strike a better average. In its medieval frame, the old city of the artisans is more typical of the country at large than is the high tension of the capital, absorbed in excavations of old splendor and evocations of new. The Borgheses have about the same income as the Rossis, but in Florence it goes farther. They pay what is considered a high rent—600 lire a month—but they have a view on the Arno, a garden, eight rooms, steam heat and a new bathroom. The three little Borgheses, Maria, Giuseppe and Romolo, have not much time to play in the garden. Italian school children are worked as hard as Italian servants. Unlike most of the children of Europe, however, they have a weekly holiday in addition to Sunday, and the government has issued orders that both days must be free from school work and given over to outdoor sports under the direction of the Balilla. All the Borgheses belong to the Balilla. They pay dues of five lire a year, part of which goes for insurance, every child being insured against accident. The boys are already learning to drill, and Maria, at ten, helps to make uniforms for the children who cannot afford to supply their own.

### The Borgheses' Budget

HER mother broke through the traditions of her class, which objects to seeing its daughters work, by going to business college and taking a job as an accountant, and both mother and daughter are resolved that Maria shall follow the same course, not so much for the sake of independence, I gathered, but to improve the chances for marriage. "Our girls have so little choice," sighed the signora. Maria nodded gravely; it does not occur to her that growing up is not synonymous with marriage.

Her daily expenses, to the last *soldo*, Signora Borghese enters in her fat account book. Not because she learned how to keep accounts, but because Italians are methodical about money; they are not so penny-wise as the French, but with less to spend they are equally prudent in spending it. The Borgheses allot 1200 lire a month for household expenses, including such sundries as "cap for Romolo," "marcel," "repairing shoes." Rosina, the maid of all work, does the marketing, buying the day's supplies every morning on her way home from taking the children to school. Rosina does everything: Three meals and a lunch for the children at four, sometimes tea for guests; all the family washing, a little every day, except the heavy linen sheets and the signora's collars; all the cleaning. Rosina takes care of the furnace and scrubs the rugs. She polishes the family boots and mends the children's clothes. There is no doubt that Rosina earns her 150 lire a month and her week's vacation. She is an excellent cook besides, and prepares a substantial midday dinner consisting always of thick vegetable soup or a *pasta*, one of fifty-seven varieties, with as many different sauces, which we bunch all together and call spaghetti; then meat, fish or eggs, with three or four vegetables; sometimes a salad; on special occasions a sweet; invariably cheese and fruit.

The Italian middle-class diet is the most varied in Europe. It includes quantities of vegetables and fruit, which the country supplies in ever-improving quality, especially the rich garden country of Tuscany, where the markets are both better and cheaper than in Rome.

Signore Borghese pays the bills for electric light and gas, both used carefully and averaging 35 lire a month, and for the telephone, which costs 300 lire to install and 40 a month for service. Ten per cent of his income, plus 300 lire *locataire* tax, goes for taxes. He pays 8 per cent income tax, and after the 8 per cent is deducted,

also an allowance of one-twentieth for each of his children. On the remainder, 23,460 lire, he pays a super tax of 2.26 per cent; 2831 lire in all. Income from investments is assessed at a higher rate than income from salary, and if he pays insurance premiums or interest on family debts out of salary, he can deduct these sums from his income. Signore Borghese is the manager of a branch bank and he is allowed a fractional percentage on turnover; this, and his wife's little income, enables him to pay the rest of the family bills and to rent for 1000 lire a season a little country house up in the mountains an hour or so from Florence.

Obviously, neither the Borgheses nor many of their friends can afford a car. Even radios are a luxury. What cars there are make such a racket that you imagine motor cars are as common in Italy as bicycles in Copenhagen. Actually there are fewer in the imperial city of Rome than in Springfield, Ohio, and one for about 180 persons in the country. The cheapest and newest car, a cocky little twelve-horse-power midget, costs 11,500 lire (\$575 or \$1000, according to how you count your dollar; I've given up trying to express these values in our currency), pays a circulating tax of 513 lire, remitted for the first six months, and 9.35 lire a gallon for gasoline, including a heavy tax.

I do not mention the social insurances, here on a purely contributory basis, two-thirds of the premium paid by the employer and one-third by the worker. While fairly comprehensive, they differ little from plans in operation elsewhere, and Fascism has added little save maternity insurance and compulsory insurance of industrial workers against tuberculosis. I cannot even glance at the popular housing schemes, providing thousands in these old cities with better living quarters than they have ever known, at rents ranging from 100 to 200 lire a month. Such schemes are the commonplace of Europe. Nor at the revision of the educational system, in itself a suggestive story of the methods in which a race of Fascists is being developed.

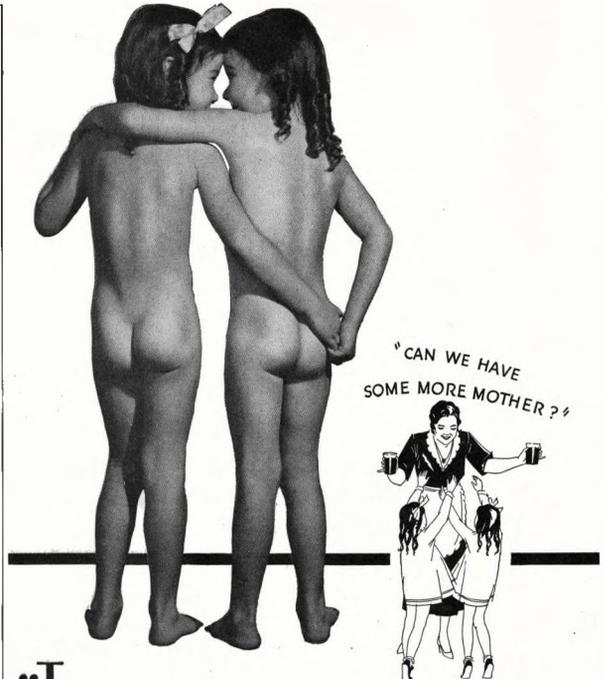
### Whither America?

THE picture is already overcrowded, and I can but pick up again, for emphasis, the most pertinent question it suggests. It goes back to the movement away from democracy, or toward another form of democracy, which Mussolini started. Seeing Italy now, twelve years after, the American of the Year II NRA looks long and reflectively at the Italy of the Year XII E.F. Are we, too, moving into something resembling the Corporate State?

I have some American friends in Florence with whom I have discussed these Italian observations. They live in a typically Italian apartment, overlooking the Arno and the most typically beautiful of Italian views. In contrast to the Borgheses, who have everything new, the Americans have surrounded themselves with typical old Italian furniture. They have learned to live on the Italian scale. I am sure they get more out of Florence than do most Florentines. Yet they produce in that setting an atmosphere indubitably American. Out of Italian food, prepared by an Italian cook, served against a stage background of old palaces across a moonlit bridge, they produce a dinner which is an American masterpiece, even to the inimitable mashed potatoes, the stone-jar pickles, the purely indigenous lemon pie of their home town and mine.

There's the answer, of course. We may go corporative, or coordinate, or collective. We are obliged to invent new fashions to fit the changing shape of life. But just as under Mussolini the Italians have gone Italian, and are happy in their second Renaissance, so wherever we go, we will go American!

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. McCormick's next article will tell of Russia.



"It is almost unbelievable  
...the way my children have thrived  
since drinking milk  
this delicious way!"



says Mrs. N. C. O'Connor  
134 Harmon Drive,  
Larchmont, New York

"THEY say twins are hard to bring up, and I thought so, too—in the beginning. My twin girls were never as husky as other children in the neighborhood. Though I fussed with them at every meal and gave them the best of everything, they actually looked undernourished. People used to say how cute they were, but I knew they were thinking, 'My, aren't those children thin!'"

"I read somewhere about Cocomalt mixed with milk—how children love to drink it and how wonderfully good it is for them. I gave some to Consuello and Gloria for breakfast one morning and they kept asking me for more all day. So I began giving it to them regularly instead of plain milk, and the way they have thrived since is almost unbelievable! They're so chubby now—both of them the picture of health. And if I say so myself, they're the most adorable twins in the world!"

Twins are no more difficult to bring up than the single child who is "finicky" about food

—who dislikes milk or refuses to drink enough of it. But Cocomalt is far more than merely an answer to the "difficult milk problem!"

For Cocomalt mixed with milk produces a food drink of exceptional nutritive value. It gives the child extra proteins, extra carbohydrates, extra minerals (food-calcium and food-phosphorus). Prepared according to the simple label directions, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy to milk—so that every glass a child drinks is equal in food-energy value to almost two glasses of milk alone.

### Rich in Sunshine Vitamin D

Cocomalt is a rich source of Sunshine Vitamin D. It has been added by special process, under license by the Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation. Every growing child needs and must have Vitamin D to efficiently utilize the food-calcium and food-phosphorus (richly supplied by Cocomalt and milk) in the development of strong bones, sound teeth and sturdy bodies.

Cocomalt comes in powder form only, easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD. Sold at grocery and good drug stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. air-tight cans. High in food-value, economical in price.

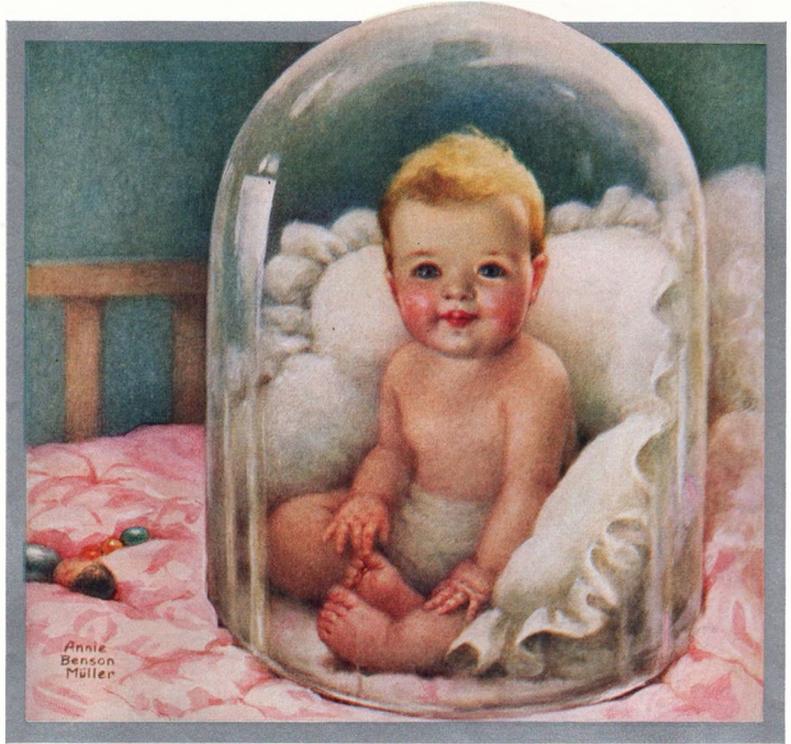
Special trial offer: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 3-C, Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Formulated by scientists, it is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.

**Cocomalt**  
Prepared acidified, adds 70% more food-energy to milk



*Precious!*  
**PROTECT HIM**  
*you can't keep him  
 under glass—dress him  
 in garments that are  
 Sterilized*



For tiny babies every garment is *heat sterilized*, packed and sealed in dainty blue window packages.



**VANTA 620 Vest**  
 Sterilized. Other styles in all weights and fabrics.



**VANTA 62 Band**  
 Sterilized. Other styles in all fine fabrics at prices to suit your purse.

Sweet! Adorable! But ever so delicate those first few anxious months. You can't enclose him in glass but you *can* shield him from avoidable harm. VANTA garments for small babies have *no pins — no buttons*. Insist that those dainty underthings that touch

his tender skin come to him clean, *sterilized* and in sealed packages—be sure they're VANTA. No careless handling by unclean hands—*sterilized* at the factory, VANTA garments remain clean and fresh until you break the seal.

# Vanta Baby Garments

T.D. M.S. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## BABY'S FIRST NEEDS (Take this list to your favorite store)

- |  |                                  |                                      |
|--|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| *3 abdominal binders                           | 3 wrappers (cotton for newborns) | 2 Q-tips (to clean eyes, nose, ears) |
| *3 suits or shirts (long or short sleeves)     | *3 towels (knit) 17x18 inches    | 3 dozen safety pins (assorted sizes) |
| *3 sleeveless vests (to substitute for kimono) | *6 wash cloths (knit)            | 1 bath thermometer                   |
| 3 dozen diapers (knit or binders)              | 1 baby blanket (knit)            | 1 package cotton (8 oz.)             |
| *6 knit diapers (for night use)                | *6 baby hats (knit)              | 1 package gauze (5 yds.)             |
| *3 pairs of hose (long)                        | 1 baby hat (over-day wear)       | 3 water bottles (4 oz.) with nipples |
| *3 knitties (knit cotton)                      | 1 shirt dryer form               | 1 hot water bottle (small)           |
| *3 gossamers (cotton or wool mixture)          | *1 baby soap                     | *1 olive oil                         |
| 3 wrapping blankets (cotton)                   | *1 baby salve                    |                                      |
|  | 1 package or bottle boracic acid |                                      |

\*STARRED ITEMS ARE VANTA PRODUCTS

If unable to locate a VANTA dealer or if you fail to find the VANTA garments desired, write to us immediately.

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 "BABY'S OUTFIT"



C. E. R. Co.  
 1934

NEXT TO YOUR BABY . . . THERE'S NOTHING LIKE VANTA



**"I found out why my baby wouldn't eat"**

"MY little Peggy was a lamb about taking her bottle feedings. But when she was 5 months old, and I put her on strained carrots and spinach... well! The struggles that child and I went through!

● "I went to the doctor, practically in despair. And here's what he said... 'You've probably been giving Peggy vegetables that aren't strained fine enough. Baby is used to liquid food. And habits are hard to change. So when she finds her food rough and lumpy, she just *doesn't* like it!

● "Try Clapp's. I've never seen the baby who didn't like them. They're so *smooth*, and they never vary in that smoothness. Clapp's were the first to make a business of medically approved strained baby foods. So they fully understand how to prepare them to give the right consistency, and to retain the maximum of mineral salts and vitamins!"

● "... "Well... Peggy took her Clapp's Strained Vegetables like a hungry robin—and was I happy!"

**The world's largest Baby menu**

There are 15 intriguingly delicious Clapp's Baby Foods. And every one now comes in Clapp's Enamel Purity Pack, not only preserving the highest purity... but also making it possible for you to have them at a lower price than ever!

● Only the finest selected foods are used, and all the goodness Nature puts in them *stays* in them. Rigid care? Just think—these foods are prepared in tiled kitchens under the most modern sanitary conditions... and are cooked in *glass lined* kettles. Then they are sent on their way to help bring your baby better health.

● Why bother preparing vegetables at home—often with such poor results—when you can get these scientifically-correct foods for only 15c each?

● There's a drugist or grocer near you who sells these splendid baby foods.

● **FREE**—A booklet, "Before Your Baby Goes on Vegetables." Write Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. 21, Rochester, N. Y.



15 delicious foods for Baby

Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce, Beef Broth and Wheat-heart Cereal.



**EMOTIONAL MATTERS**

BY MARION L. FAEGRE

WHEN Peggy refuses to go to bed until someone has gone ahead of her and turned on the light; when three-year-old John screams and kicks because Bob has tried to take away his toy airplane, the one is showing fear, the other anger. Hardly a moment of the day passes without its wave of emotion, pleasurable or painful, exhilarating or depressing. From the time we get up until we go to sleep at night, we are seldom in a completely impassive mood, but are always being stirred by one thing or another.

These bodily changes we dub "emotion" are always going on, hastening our heartbeats, flushing up our faces, fooling us into all kinds of queer behavior. No insect regularity of conduct for us, but the most amazing variety of different responses when things come up that disconcert or distress us, make us feel thwarted and helpless or frightened and panicky.

Very easily, some kinds of responses become habitual. Look at Uncle Edward when his coffee is slow in coming, or his steak too rare. He storms, he grumbles, he makes everyone at the table acutely uncomfortable, while Uncle Joe under the same circumstances jokes with the cook, recalling a story about an underdone steak that sets us all laughing.

**PUTTING EMOTIONS TO WORK**

If it is true that we grown-ups are constantly confused by emotion, is it surprising that children, totally inexperienced in handling their sudden feelings of grief or joy, pain or anger, are completely floored by them? Do you remember how you resented, as a child, having people tell you to "control yourself"? What they really meant was, "Stifle your emotions, hide them, cover them up at all costs."

But since men have begun to study what goes on in the body when emotion is present, we have seen that it is not a very healthful method to crowd down, to disguise, to pretend to oneself that emotion is not there. Emotion, we have gathered from watching those bodily changes, is given us to do something with, not simply to conceal.

It is quite a job to turn primitive, cave-age emotions into useful channels. But it can be done. The mother whose dread of diphtheria impels her to have her children inoculated against it is utilizing her fear, instead of letting it intimidate her. The boy who sets his lips and begins over again when the fragile wood out of which he is whittling a propeller breaks is making a servant of his emotions.

Of course such calm, thoughtful behavior can come about only through learning. When a baby is thwarted, how can he do anything but blow off steam? The extra blood sugar that is being poured into his blood is going there for the purpose of lending him energy. Until he knows how to use that energy, what can we expect but that he will diffuse it over the landscape, in angry yells and stubborn kicks and red-as-a-beet rage?

Human beings, fortunately, tend to respond in energetic fashion when their natural behavior is interfered with; otherwise they would not have got very far among the hostile circumstances of nature.

But these untrained, instinctive ways are often not very well adapted to civilized life.

**PREVENTION vs. CURE**

It was all very well in the days of early man—fear of the pursuing saber-toothed tiger lent wings to one's heels, anger brought down the club with a thwack over the head of one's enemy. But

what chance have we today for outlets in emotional moments? Few that we countenance on the physical side, surely. But children can't be blamed for using the only outlet they have. How can we train them to direct their emotions usefully?

First, begin early to teach children which things are worth getting emotional about. The mother who helps her baby to laugh when he falls down, instead of commiserating him, is doing this. Parents who refuse to get huffy over a fancied slight, but who show indignation over brutal treatment of a dog, are teaching the comparative importance of different things as stimuli to anger.

Another important part of our training is being careful not to subject young children to too many emotional situations. The raw stuff of which the child's adult habits are to be formed is present now, and must be carefully handled if we would have those habits useful to their owner.

When the nervous system is immature and impressionable, habits of reacting are easily formed. When Tommy's train keeps spilling the huge load of blocks he has piled on it, and he bursts into angry tears, we realize that he shouldn't be allowed to get into many of these tight places, where things are just too much for him. A smooth, even routine in which there are few possibilities of violent emotion safeguards the child while he is acquiring good habits of meeting emotion.

Did it "just happen" that as a little boy Uncle Joe looked on the bright side of things, or was (Continued on Page 89)



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.. the other way is to lay them over OZITE RUG CUSHIONS



OF COURSE you can save rugs by putting them on the ceiling. But the real way to protect and ENJOY them is to underlay even the old ones with Ozite Rug Cushions. You'll glory in the new depth and richness Ozite gives each rug... and the air of quiet restfulness these softened rugs give your home. And you'll be grateful, too, through many, many years for Ozite's economy in making your rugs last TWICE AS LONG!

Only be sure you get GENUINE Ozite. Cheap substitutes may prove costly in the end. Only genuine Ozite is ozonized (made odorless), and permanently mothproofed. It is absolutely guaranteed to satisfy you.

● Ozite Rug Cushions now come in two weights: Gold Tape Ozite (heavier weight) and Silver Tape Ozite (lighter weight). Look for the name OZITE impressed in the fabric. Sold wherever rugs and carpets are sold.



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Please send me a free sample of Ozite Rug Cushion and a copy of your new booklet, "Useful Facts About the Care of Rugs and Carpets."

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It's no trick at all this spring for you to accomplish a swift, dramatic change in rooms that have grown tired-looking. An exciting new rug or carpet by Bigelow Weavers will do more than any other one thing.

And we make exquisite designs that even the slenderest purse can manage . . . some that are lovely harmonies in the traditional spirit . . . some that are gay with the dash-and-go of modernity . . . some that are faithful replicas of the mystic trceries of the orient.

Just look through the enchanting rug-piles that Bigelow Weavers have placed in a store near you.

And it's such a comfort to the canny mind to know that all are made of Lively Wool . . . the most resilient of imported wools . . . and woven with a True-Tension that securely binds each tuft in place. Dyed with the fastest dyes known to science.

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MADE OF LIVELY WOOL



... which springs back underfoot!

Typical of Bigelow's care and vision in designing is the rug below . . . one of our new **intempo** group. Notice how calmly it takes its modernity, how readily it would fit into traditional surroundings.



The mark of **BIGELOW RUGS and CARPETS** >>



(Continued from Page 87) he perhaps encouraged to see the humor of the pickles he got into, helped to hear how funny his "snarly, yarly voice" was when he had "the hump"? What train of emotional circumstances in childhood made Uncle Edward such an uncomfortable person to deal with?

Parents who are on the job try to make sure that their children are not acquiring poor outlets for emotion. The boy who sulks and refuses to play because of mocking jeers over his poor kicking of the football will find himself in more and more cases depending on evasion of the issue, that has been going into resentment into learning to play football.

Children should be gaining in ability to control their anger after they reach the age of two years. Until they can express themselves in speech, there are many times when they are bound to feel thwarted. As soon as they have enough of a vocabulary so that they can really establish communication, there is much more possibility of friendly settlements of difficulties.

The well child, records kept by mothers show, does not get angry so often as does one who has a cold, or is constipated, or otherwise upset.

The regularity with which anger mounts toward the end of the morning and again at the end of the afternoon shows us the desirability of preventing great fatigue and hunger—that is, of forestalling the appearance of anger rather than treating it after it has appeared.

Methods of handling children's temper outbursts determine whether these outbursts will lessen or increase in frequency. The parent who uses methods that add to the child's bafflement—spanking, slapping, threatening; any that heighten the child's already overwrought emotions—may expect the frequent reappearance of the tantrums. The parent, on the other hand, who uses a firm but calming treatment such as ignoring the outburst, diverting the child's attention, putting him off by himself where he can cool down and find something else to do, will be rewarded by the falling off of occasions on which the child is not able to handle his anger well.

#### PREVENTING FEAR

All of us need to feel a degree of security. When that security is removed, fear results. A child who hears a sudden thunderclap loses his sense of security only momentarily; but a child whose mother tells him she'll put him in an orphanage if he can't be a good boy has his confidence in one of the pillars of his world shaken.

Fear, like anger, had practical and immediate uses under primitive conditions, but impels to run, or hide, or slyly send an arrow, do the child no good when he is afraid of failing in arithmetic. Fears in modern life are so complex and subtle that we need to be on the lookout lest they rule our lives more than we realize.

Prevention of fear is much easier than curing it. Children who could not be talked out of a fear, once they had it, will soak up explanations beforehand very readily. An example is the child who goes unafraid to the dentist to have his teeth cleaned, before there are any cavities, because he has been told what the dentist

will do and that it will be only a little unpleasant; while another the same age fights and screams at the idea of the unknown experience, or because he has heard adults moan and groan about going.

That the fears of children usually decrease in number after the age of three or four suggests that the unbridled imagination of the young child has the effect of heightening his fears. This would explain why children of this age have night terrors about stories which, read to them a little later, they enjoy without a trace of fear. Even the universally loved Little Black Sambo frightened a little boy who had recently come from the tropics, where animals really were a source of danger. To the city child, however, the shiver of running Sambo's gantlet with him is a thrilling delight.

#### GETTING OVER FEARS

Of course giving children every opportunity to feel safe, to feel equal to many different kinds of occasions, is the most constructive plan. Jean has no fear at all of going to kindergarten alone, nor does her mother fear for her, for the child has

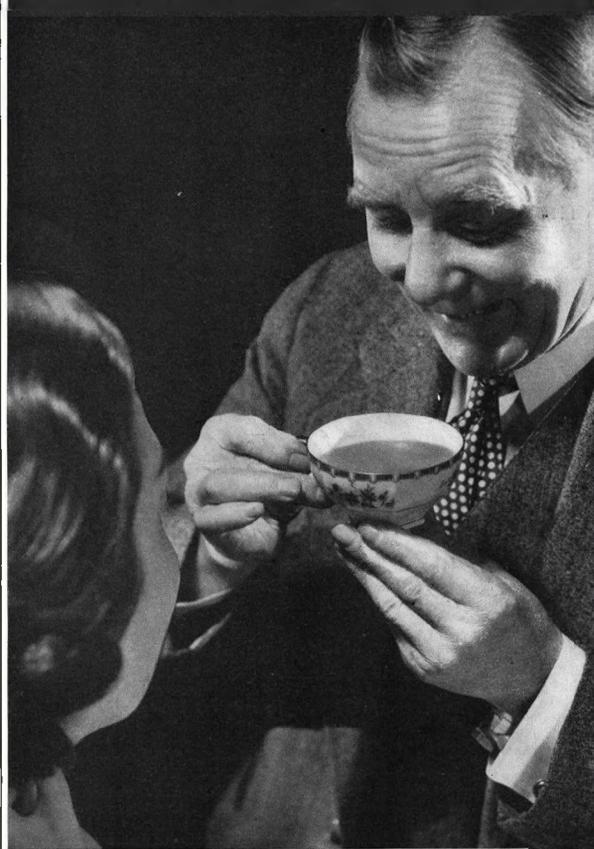
practiced deciding when to cross the street from the time she started going on walks with her mother. She is very unlikely to get into a panic and dash under a car. Jane and Jack have climbed until they are practically human flies. Doesn't their mother worry? She had a large dose of fear when she looked out one day to see the children calmly walking the ridgepole of the barn. After that they were given a chance to do the circus performing they hankered after in the barn loft, where stout apparatus was rigged up and where the hay below made any kind of antics safe.

Treating already-learned fears so that they will disappear is no easy matter. As children grow older, some of their fears are laughed at by their playmates, and they tend to be afraid of being laughed at more than of the original fears. Occasionally, though, this has merely the effect of making the child cover up his fears. Sometimes parents ignore their children's fears, thinking that thus the children will recognize their folly. This is a dangerous method, because it gives the child no idea what to do to get over his fear.

Retraining so as to make the child replace his fear by confidence is often slow, but in the long run is a satisfactory plan. Thus, children who are afraid of thunderstorms have been known to get over their fear and even to enjoy the storms when their mother has shown no fear, has called their attention to the beauties of cloud effects and has played games with them when a bad storm was on.

Do you notice what this method presupposes? It takes for granted that the mother has conquered her own fear, of whatever kind. Women whose children do not pick up their senseless fears are just plain lucky, that's all. The same thing applies to anger. Children imitate that as readily as they do fear. If we are always fluttering in an emotional frenzy, what in the world can we expect but such habits in our children? But if we attack our own problems sensibly, the child will unconsciously be encouraged to carry on with composure in the face of emotions rather than to run away defeated by them.

## "This is mellow coffee!"★



### ★ Brand new quality discovered in coffee as new process gets out bitter caffeine

Call it a lucky find . . . a stroke of fortune . . . this happy discovery of Kellogg chemists! They were working to free coffee from bitter caffeine without disturbing natural flavor. And what a surprise that led to! Masked behind the bitter caffeine, they found a brand new taste-delight . . . a marvelous new smoothness and mellowness! Just try the new Kaffee-Hag Coffee . . . for pure enjoyment as well as for health! Blend of finest Brazilian and Colombian coffees. Vacuum packed. Ground or in the bean.



(Pronounced  
Kaffee-HAIG)

The  
DELICIOUS  
Coffee  
. . . that's  
97% Caffeine-free

NOW I LIKE DELIA'S DAY OUT,  
SINCE YOU MAKE THIS SWELL  
GINGERBREAD

(THINKING)  
I'M GLAD I  
LEARNED TO  
USE BRER  
RABBIT. IT'S  
THAT REAL  
PLANTATION  
MOLASSES  
THAT MAKES  
GINGERBREAD  
SWELL

# Now Gingerbread makes Bob welcome cook's day out

DELIA was a good cook and knew it. So Janet had to give her a full day off each week.

Janet, however, had to compete with Delia's magic cooking on that day, or she and Bob would go to a restaurant. Whichever it was, Bob always grumbled. In fact, he tried to wangle dinner engagements for them from friends on Delia's day off.

Then one day Bob's mother heard about the problem and she gave Janet a tip. On Delia's next day out Janet refused a dinner invitation, pouted at the suggestion of a restaurant, and prepared the dinner herself.

She surprised Bob with a simple little meal, made up of Bob's favorite dishes, exquisitely served on her best china. For dessert there was a plate of brown squares of gingerbread made according to Bob's mother's favorite Brer Rabbit recipe.

Bob's eyes shone. His mouth turned up in a broad grin. "This gingerbread's swell!" he exclaimed. "It beats Delia's fancy desserts all to pieces. I'm glad Janet's out."

Janet thrilled with pride. "Thank goodness for Brer Rabbit," she thought,

"and that mother remembered how he loved it when he was a boy."

Soft, luscious gingerbread, made from Brer Rabbit Molasses, is a great favorite with husbands and children, and guests, too. They all love its pungent flavor, its tang and delicious aroma.

Brer Rabbit Molasses is real New Orleans molasses, made from the finest grade of freshly crushed sugar cane. That's what makes it taste so good. It is a wholesome food, too.

Two kinds: Gold Label—the highest quality light molasses for fancy cooking, fine on pancakes; Green Label—a darker molasses with a stronger flavor.

This is the recipe for the gingerbread Bob loved. It's called . . .

## "My Best Gingerbread"

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of butter and lard mixed; 1 egg; 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups sifted flour;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; 1 teaspoon ginger;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cloves;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt; 1 cup hot water.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg, molasses, then dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Add hot water last and beat until smooth. The batter is soft, but it makes a fine cake. Bake in greased shallow pan 35 minutes in moderate oven (325° to 350° F.). Makes 15 generous portions. Good old-fashioned gingerbread.



**BRER RABBIT**  
REAL PLANTATION  
*Molasses*



**FREE**—Booklet containing more than 90 other Brer Rabbit recipes  
FENICK & FORD, LTM., INC., Dept. LH-15,  
New Orleans, La. Please send me copy of  
"Old-Fashioned Molasses Goodies."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## A Backward Glance

(Continued from Page 23)

confusion of a London season; and some of the dearest of them I owe to Howard Sturgis.

I first met him in Newport a few years after my marriage. I did not even know who he was; but if ever there was a case of friendship at first sight, it was that struck up between us then and there. Like me, he was a great lover of good talk, and shared my inability to enjoy it except in a small and intimate circle. Continuity in friendship he also valued as much as I did, and from that first meeting until his death, many years later, he and I shared the same small group of friends.

Howard Sturgis was the youngest son of Mr. Russell Sturgis, of the old Boston family of that name, who for many years had been the American partner of an important London banking house. Howard, I think, was born in England, and had probably never been in America till he came out on a visit to his Boston relations, the year I met him at Newport; but it was not until I saw him at Queen's Acre, his house at Windsor, that I really began to know him, and it is there that I must turn for the setting of my next scene.

ALONG, low drawing-room, with white-paneled walls hung with water colors of varying merit, and curtained and furnished with a faded slippery chintz; French windows opening on a crazy wooden veranda, through which, on one side, one caught a glimpse of a lawn and shrubbery edged with an unsuccessful herbaceous border, and on the other, of a not oversuccessful rose garden, with a dancing fan poised above an incongruously "arty" blue-tiled pool. Within, profound chintz armchairs drawn up about a hearth on which a fire nearly always smoldered; a big table piled with popular novels and picture magazines; and near the table a chintz lounge on which lay outstretched, his legs always covered by a thick shawl, his hands occupied with knitting needles or embroidery silks, a big handsome man with white wavy hair, a girlishly clear complexion, a black mustache, and tender mocking eyes under the bold arch of his black brows. Such was Howard Sturgis, the perfect host, the matchless friend, wittiest, kindest and strangest of men, as he appeared to the startled eyes of newcomers on their first introduction to Queen's Acre.

In his sunny, shabby house on the edge of Windsor Park, some of the happiest hours of my life were passed, some of my dearest friendships formed or consolidated, and my own old friends welcomed because they were mine. For Howard Sturgis was not only one of the most amusing and delightful of companions, but untiring in hospitality to the friends of his friends. Indolent and unambitious though he was, his social gifts were irresistible, and his drawing-room—where he spent most of his hours on a lounge, not from ill health, but through inertia—was always full of visitors. There one found all that was most intelligent and agreeable in the world of Eton, as well as a chosen few from London, and mingled with them a continual and somewhat incongruous stream of cousins from Boston and New York.

EVERYTHING in Howard Sturgis' life was contradictory, perplexing and in a sense incomplete. He had begun by writing two charming, if slightly over-sentimental, tales, *Tim and All That Was Possible*, both of which had been greatly admired by a small circle of appreciative readers, while the latter had won him a wider public. Thereafter he was silent for a number of years, and then, about 1905, he published a long novel called *Belchamber*, which to my mind stands very nearly in the first rank. But *Belchamber* had no success with the public, and less than his other books with some of his friends.

Howard, after the failure of *Belchamber*, apparently lost all interest in writing. For the joy of his friends this was hardly to be regretted, since it left him free to give them his whole time. Intellectually, he combined a kind of sentimental socialism with a hard lucidity of judgment; emotionally, he was at once tender and malicious, indulgent and penetrating in his estimates, and one felt that he saw through one to the marrow at the very moment when, in all sincerity, he was smothering one under exaggerated praise.

NOT infrequently, on my annual visit to Queen's Acre, I "took off" from Lamb House, where I also went annually for a visit to Henry James. The run between Rye and Windsor being an easy one, I was often accompanied by Henry James, who generally arranged to have his visit to Queen's Acre coincide with mine. James, who was a frequent companion on our English motor trips, was firmly convinced that, because he lived in England and our chauffeur—an American—did not, it was necessary that the latter should be guided by him through the intricacies of the English countryside. Signposts were rare in England then, and for many years afterward, and a truly British reserve seemed to make the local authorities reluctant to communicate with the invading stranger. Indeed, considerable difficulty existed as to the formulating of advice and instructions, and I remember in one village the agitated warning: "Motorists! Beware of the children"; while in general there was a peculiar reluctance to indicate the way to the next village.

It chanced, however, that Charles Cook, our faithful and skillful driver, was a born pathfinder, while James' sense of direction was nonexistent, or rather actively but always erroneously alert; and the consequences of his intervention were always bewildering, and sometimes extremely fatiguing. Perhaps the most absurd of these episodes occurred on a rainy evening when James and I chanced to arrive at Windsor long after dark. We must have been driven by a strange chauffeur—perhaps Cook was on a holiday. At any rate, having fallen into the lazy habit of trusting to the latter to know the way, I found myself completely unable to direct his substitute to the King's Road.

WHILE I was hesitating, and peering out into the darkness, James spied a very old doddering man who had stopped in the rear to gaze at us. "Wait a moment, my dear—I'll ask him where we are," and, leaning out, he signaled to our aged spectator.

"My good man, if you'll come here, please; a little nearer—so," James beckoned through the obscurity; and as the old man came up: "My friend, to put it in two words, this lady and I have come here from Slough; that is to say, to be more strictly accurate, we have recently passed through Slough on our way here, having actually motored to Windsor from Rye, which was our point of departure; and the darkness having overtaken us, we should be much obliged if you would tell us where we now are in relation, say, to the High Street, which, as you of course know, leads to the Castle, after leaving on the left hand the street leading down to the railway station."

I was not surprised to have this extraordinary appeal met by silence, and a dazed expression on the wrinkled face at the window; nor to have James go on: "In short" (his invariable prelude to a fresh series of explanatory ramifications), "in short, my good man, what I want to put to you in a word is this: Supposing we have already (as I have reason to think we have) driven past the turn down to the railway station (which, in that case, by the way, would (Continued on Page 92)

To achieve such *striking radiance*

you need *all the dietetic*

*values this fruit provides*

FOLLOW THE NEWEST DIETETIC  
ADVICE . . . START OR END  
*One Meal  
a Day with  
Canned Pineapple*

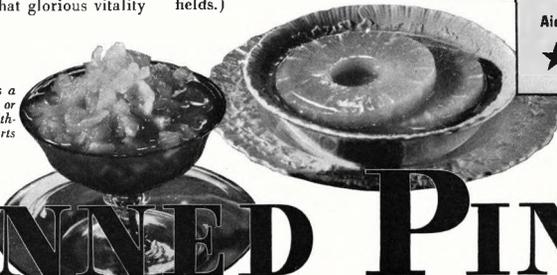
Breath-taking, glowing loveliness—joyous vitality. Yet science tells us such radiant health can be *dimmed* through little deficiencies in your daily diet!

Through dietetic research we learn of one delightful fruit—Canned Pineapple—which contains *many* essential food factors. And it takes so little to produce noticeable results—just a daily serving—two slices or a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits. A pleasant, easy aid to that glorious vitality you want.

Don't wait—Canned Pineapple is economical to buy—four full servings from a single, large can. And you needn't miss your daily serving when away from home—soda fountains, dining rooms, trains, steamships serve Canned Pineapple.

(The scientific findings reported here are covered in detail in a professional booklet of interest to medical and dietetic groups. Copies are available to individuals in these fields.)

The proper daily serving is a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits—or two slices. Healthful, too, in salads or desserts



## 2 Slices or a Pineapple Cup daily for all these health benefits

### Speeds the Digestive Process

It speeds digestion remarkably, particularly of proteins such as meats, eggs and beans

### Helps You Resist Infections

A good source of Vitamin A—a protection against throat and nose infections, authorities say

### Combats Nutritional Anemia

Valuable source of iron, copper and manganese—minerals essential for blood building

### Aids in Preventing Acidosis

Contributes effectively to the alkalinity of the blood.

### Helps Protect Teeth and Bones

Contains valuable amounts of the essential factors—phosphorus, calcium, and Vitamin C

### Stimulates Kidney Function

Actively helps the kidneys in their task of eliminating waste matter from the blood

### Promotes Normal Growth

A good source of growth-promoting Vitamin B, as well as necessary Vitamins A and C

★ For daily use, Canned Pineapple is recommended. Canning processes cause a beneficial change of dietetic importance.

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Educational Committee

PINEAPPLE PRODUCERS COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION, LTD.  
100 Bush St., San Francisco, California

# CANNED PINEAPPLE

**Experts Find Junket Works Wonders with Milk**

Speeds digestion of Nature's nearest-to-perfect food—Provides many added benefits—Encourages appetites



**NOW PROVED FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT IT**

Junket Milk Drinks are tempting and much more easily digested.

# Makes Milk \*Digest TWICE AS FAST!

So it digests easily and without discomfort—Increases stomach activity—Makes children eager for their milk

SCIENTISTS at a great university have just issued a most important report. They reveal a way to give children and adults milk in a more tempting form without risk of the distressing effects of slow digestion or indigestible curds.

They fed some children with milk. Others with milk to which Junket had been added. They found that the custard-like soft curds of junket digest twice as fast and produce the benefits of easily digested foods. That junket encourages appetites.

This is because Junket contains a precious natural enzyme found in no other food. It performs the first step in digestion of milk. And junket provides the full nutritive values of milk for building strong bodies.

**Read This Money Back Guarantee**

See what delightful desserts and tempting milk drinks Junket makes. Serve them to your family 4 times a week for one month. Watch appetites improve! Milk consumption soar! Or return the Junket package fronts and we will gladly refund your money.

**Cool Creamy Desserts for Your Whole Family**

Make junket with either Junket Powder or Junket Tablets. Junket Powder is sweetened and flavored:

Vanilla	Chocolate	Lemon
Orange	Raspberry	Coffee

Junket Tablets, not sweetened or flavored. Add sugar and flavor to taste.

The Junket Secret—To make the firmest, most delicious junket, warm milk barely lukewarm.

\*As shown by in vivo tests. Report on request



Raspberry junket is so pink and pretty that everybody likes it.



Chocolate junket is an ideal dessert—light and easily digested.

# Junket

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**makes MILK into delicious DESSERTS**



Junket is the first and only product of its kind so far granted this famous seal.

**FREE TRIAL PACKAGE AND RECIPE BOOK**

THE JUNKET FOLKS, Dept. 23, Little Falls, N. Y. (In Canada, address Toronto, Ont.) Enclosed is 3c to cover mailing cost. Send me Trial Package of Junket Powder (flavor) and book of 51 Recipes for Junket, Desserts and Ice Creams.



My Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 My Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from Page 90) probably not have been on our left hand, but on our right), where are we now in relation to —"

"Oh, please." I interrupted, feeling my self utterly unable to sit through another parenthesis, "do ask him where the King's Road is."

"Ah! The King's Road? Just so! Quite right! Can you, as a matter of fact, my good man, tell us where, in relation to our present position, the King's Road exactly is?"

"Ye're in it," said the aged face at the window.

It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast than between the hospitality of Queen's Acre and that of Lamb House. In the former a cheerful lavishness prevailed, and a cook enamored of her art set a variety of inviting dishes before a tableful of guests, almost always reinforced by transients from London or the country. At Lamb House an anxious frugality was combined with the wish that the usually solitary guest—there were never, at most, more than two at a time—should not suffer too greatly from the contrast between his or her supposed habits of luxury and the privations imposed by the host's conviction that he was on the brink of ruin. If anyone in a pecuniary difficulty appealed to James for help, he gave it without counting; but in his daily life he was haunted by the spectre of impoverishment, and the dreary pudding or pie, of which a quarter or half had been consumed at dinner, was put on the table the next day with ravages unprepared.

WE USED to laugh at Howard Sturgis because, when any new subject was touched on in our talks, he always interrupted us to cry out: "Now please remember that I've read nothing, and know nothing, and am not in the least quick or clever or cultivated"; and one day, when I prefaced a remark with "Of course, to people as intelligent as we all are," he broke in with a sort of passionate terror: "Oh, how can you say such things about us, Edith?"—as though my remark had been a challenge to the Furies.

The same scruples weighed on Henry James; but in his case the pride that apex humility concerned itself (suddenly enough) with material things. He lived in terror of being thought rich, worldly or luxurious, and was forever contrasting his visitors' supposed opulence and self-indulgence with his own hermitlike asceticism, and apologizing for his poor food while he trembled lest it should be thought too good. I have often since wondered if he did not find our visits more of a burden than a pleasure, and if the hospitality he so conscientiously offered and we so carelessly enjoyed did not give him more sleepless nights than happy memories. I hope not; for some of my richest hours were spent under his roof.

LIKE Howard Sturgis, he was waited upon by two or three faithful servants. Foremost among them was the valet and factotum Burgess, always spoken of by his employer as "poor little Burgess." Burgess' broad, squat figure and phlegmatic countenance are a familiar memory to all who frequented Lamb House, and James' friends gratefully recall his devotion to his master during the last unhappy years of nervous breakdown and illness. He had been preceded by a manservant whom I did not know, but of whom James spoke with regard as an excellent fellow. "The only trouble was that, when I gave him an order, he had to go through three successive mental processes before he could understand what I was saying. First he had to register the fact that he was being spoken to, then to assimilate the meaning of the order given to him, and lastly to think out what practical consequences were expected to follow if he obeyed it."

Perhaps these mental gymnastics were excusable in the circumstances; but Burgess apparently soon learned to dispense with them, and, without any outward appearance of having understood

what his master was saying, carried out his instructions with stolid exactitude. Stolidity was his most marked characteristic. He seldom gave any sign of comprehension when spoken to, and I remember once saying to my Alsatian maid, who was always as quick as a flash at the uptake: "Do you know, I think Burgess must be very stupid. When I speak to him I'm never even sure that he's heard what I've said."

My maid looked at me gravely. "Oh, no, madam; Burgess is remarkably intelligent. He always understands what Mr. James says." And that argument was certainly conclusive.

WHEN I was staying at Lamb House my host and I usually kept to ourselves until luncheon. Our working hours were the same, and it was only now and then that we went out before one o'clock to take a look at the green peas in the kitchen garden, or to stroll down the High Street to the post office. But as soon as luncheon was dispatched—amid unnecessary apologies for its meagerness, and sarcastic allusions to my own supposed culinary extravagances—the real business of the day began.

Henry James, an indifferent walker, and incurably sedentary in his habits, had a passion for motoring. He denied himself, I believe, quite suddenly, the pleasure and relaxation which a motor of his own might have given him, but took advantage, to the last drop of petrol, of the traveling capacity of any visitor's car. When, a few years after his death, I found myself again under the roof of Lamb House, with the friend who was then its tenant, I got to know for the first time the rosy old town and its sea-blown neighborhood. In Henry James' day I was never given the chance, for as soon as luncheon was over we were always whirled miles away, throwing out over the countryside what he called our "great loops" of exploration.

ONE day was particularly memorable. We were motoring from Rye to Windsor, to stay, as usual, with Howard Sturgis, and suddenly James said: "The day is so beautiful that I should like to make a little detour, and show you Box Hill." I was delighted, of course, at the prospect of seeing a new bit of English scenery, and perhaps catching a glimpse of George Meredith's cottage on its leafy hillside. But James' next words chilled my ardor: "I want you to know Meredith," he added.

"Oh, no, no!" I protested. I knew enough, by this time, of my inability to profit by such encounters. I was always numbed by them, and unable to find the right look or the right word, while inwardly I bubbled with fervor, and the longing to express it.

I had a great admiration for Meredith's poetry, and treasured two of his novels—The Egoist and Harry Richmond—and I should have enjoyed telling him just what it was that most delighted me in them. But I knew the impossibility of doing so at a first meeting, which would probably also be the last. I told James this, and added that the great man's deafness was in itself an insurmountable obstacle, since I cannot make myself heard even by the moderately deaf.

James pleaded with me, but I was firm. For months, he said, he had been announcing his visit to Meredith, but had always been deterred by the difficulty of getting from Rye to Box Hill without going up to London; and I should really be doing him a great service by allowing him to call there on the way to Windsor. To this, of course, I was obliged to consent; but I stipulated that I should be allowed to wait in the car, and though he tried to convince me that "just to have taken a look at the great man" would be an interesting memory, he knew I hated that kind of human sight-seeing, and did not insist.

So we deflected our course to take in Box Hill, and climbed the steep hill to the garden gate where (Continued on Page 95)



# 500 PEOPLE SHOW HOW TO END COLDS IN HALF THE TIME

**Interesting tests showed how Pepsodent reduced number of colds—cut time lost from colds in half.**

CHICAGO, ILL. [Special]—Recently an interesting test was made which brought to light new facts about the common cold. Scientists found that the antiseptic you use to gargle and to spray with makes an amazing difference as to how many colds you will have. The antiseptic also makes a difference as to how long a cold will last.

These scientists took a group of 500 human beings and observed them closely for five winter months. Here are some of the remarkable things they discovered.

**Time Cut in Half**

Those who gargled five days on the average with Pepsodent Antiseptic were gargled twice a day. The time lost from a cold was cut to two days—3 days of a cold were saved.

Of the group who gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic had no cold at all during these five months. The number who had colds was 50% less than among the group who gargled with plain salt and water.

the public to have fewer colds and lose far less time from work once they catch cold.

**Other Common-Sense Rules**

Medical men tell us that there are other rules to be observed which will help us avoid winter colds. One of these is to keep the house well ventilated. That is always have plenty of fresh air. At the same time never let the house get overheated. 72° is a good average temperature. 74° should be the limit. Naturally the temperature should be kept fairly uniform and should be permitted to drop as much as 10° during the night. If this is done children and adults will be far less apt to catch cold when they go into the severe cold. Rooms too hot soften the body and make them susceptible to colds. During the winter weather people should not overeat. This is the most commonly neglected rule. If you consider your own friends you will find that many are inclined to overeat are usually those who are subject to colds.

**Children Should Have Warm Feet**

Dress the children warmly. When they are indoors they should have warm clothing on but when they are outdoors they should be dressed warmly. They should not have severe and abrupt changes in temperature inside and outside.

# Make \$1 do the work of \$3 when fighting colds

**Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. It may be mixed with 2 parts of water—thus it gives you 3 times more for your money.**

CLAIMS are easy to make, until they have to be proved. That's why scientists spent last winter in making one of the largest experiments of its kind ever conducted. They wanted proof of what Pepsodent Antiseptic was worth in fighting colds.

Five hundred people were divided into several groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent Antiseptic. Here's what happened.

Those who used Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group.

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time.

What convincing evidence—what remarkable testimony.

Here is a clear-cut example of the protection Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

**Know this about antiseptics**

Take note! When mixed with an equal part of water, many leading mouth

antiseptics cannot kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes \$1 do the work of \$3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic—and none other. Safeguard your health—and save your hard-earned money.



**IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)**

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting more throat colds are equaled by its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

**Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic**

Sore Throat Colds	Cuts and Abrasions
Head Colds	Smoker's Throat
Bad Breath	Chapped Hands
Mouth Irritations	Dandruff
Irritations of the Gums	Skin Irritations
After Extractions	Checks Under-Arm Perspiration
After Shaving	Odor "Athlete's Foot"
	Tired, Aching Feet

**PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC**

# FEASTS CREATED FAST

15, 20 and 30 minute meals conjured from a closet shelf

BY JOSEPHINE GIBSON

HAVE you believed, as I used to believe, that the measure of a meal's enjoyment is determined by the pains and time involved in its creation? That every extra hour in the kitchen, added just so much more gusto to the feast?

It is a theory somewhat less than cheering. For no matter how attractive one's kitchen may be, there are today, simply scads of other things the modern household caterer must do.

It is a theory which many women have exploded. My daily mail is rich with letters proving this. Long hours in the kitchen are no longer necessary. Nor am I recommending makeshift meals which lack delicious flavor, which crumble family morale. It is gloriously possible today to set upon the table, less than half an hour after entering the kitchen, feasts that fetch deserving praise from candid members of the family, from guests who speak their minds.

Let me be specific. Let us suppose you've just returned from a bridge club afternoon. Each rubber, what with an over-bidding epidemic, was long and drawn out, and a hungry family is waiting. Well, in twenty minutes you can serve a feast.

Here is the menu. Cream of mushroom soup . . . Shepard's Pie, New England style . . . spaghetti . . . steamed fig pudding with sauce.

Here is the process. First put two pans of water on to boil. Then proceed with the Shepard's Pie:

- 2 cupfuls leftover mashed potatoes
- 1 medium tin Heinz oven-baked red kidney beans
- 1 tablespoon minced onion, if desired
- 1 tablespoon Heinz prepared mustard
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful grated American cheese
- Paprika

Line a buttered casserole with well seasoned mashed potatoes, saving out enough for top. Place in prepared casserole Heinz oven-baked kidney beans combined with onion. Spread beans with mustard. Cover with remaining mashed potatoes. Sprinkle top with grated cheese and paprika. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for 15 minutes. Serve hot.

When the Shepard's Pie is in the oven, place into one pan of boiling water a large unopened tin of Heinz home-recipe cream of mushroom soup, also one tin of Heinz cooked spaghetti. Into the other pan of boiling water place a tin of Heinz fig pudding. Now, prepare the pudding sauce, the recipe for which is on the label of the tin.

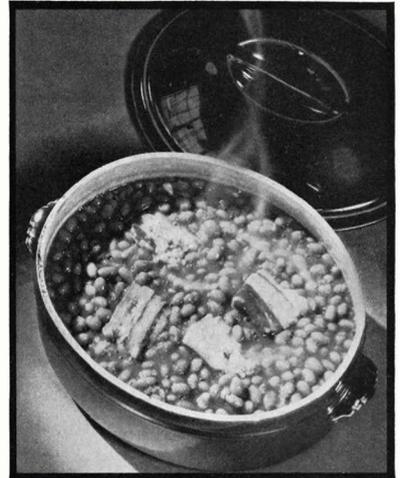
The rest is both easy and obvious. The usual result is a shower of demands for encores.

That is merely one of hundreds of delicious feasts that you can conjure up in less time than it takes to eat it. Meals that are *not* makeshifts, meals exuberant with old-fashioned "home-made" flavors. (Many more quick menus and recipes are included in the useful books shown below.)

In that phrase, "home-made", I have struck the keynote of the House of Heinz. Home-kitchen recipes; ingredients of tested quality, fresh from their sources; the Heinz jury of fussy flavor experts, with ruthless, idealistic standards, who test each batch of each variety; these are some of the factors that assure in the 57 Varieties the precise duplication of the best of wholesome home-cooking flavors.

Many women have, in effect, employed the services of a corps of chefs, by stocking a "quick-feast-shelf" with soups, entrees, condiments, relishes and desserts from the 57 Varieties. May I suggest that you, too, try this delightfully time-saving, flavor-enhancing idea, and, in doing so, join the ever-growing circle of clever women who conjure feasts entire, with a speed that's almost magic.

RADIO ADVICE for modern kitchen generalissimos. Have you heard my "Hostess Counsel" broadcasts, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning? I shall be delighted if you will tune in some morning soon. You can find the time and local N. B. C. station in your newspaper's program listings . . . And if I can help you in any way with menu or recipe problems, please write to me.



There are a galaxy of delectable quick feasts in Heinz oven-baked beans—served either alone or combined with other exciting things. These are not ordinary beans—they are truly oven-baked.



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Chefs in Heinz kitchens are your cooks, and they make soups as well-taught home cooks make them—in small batches, of the choicest fresh ingredients that Heinz scouts can find—in small open kettles. They reach you, sealed in stout tins, ready to heat, serve and enjoy without the addition even of a pinch of salt or a drop of water. Some day soon, do try some of the sixteen delicious home-recipe soups of Heinz.



(Continued from Page 92) James was to get out. As he did so he turned to me and said: "Come, my dear! I can't leave you sitting here alone. I should have you on my mind all the time; and supposing somebody were to come out and find you?"

There was nothing for it but to comply without further discussion; and somewhat sulkily I followed him up the narrow path, between clumps of Sweet William and Scotch pinks. It was a tiny garden patch, and a few steps brought us to the door of a cottage in a gap of the hanging woods. It was needless to announce oneself in advance when one went to call on Meredith. Illness had long since immobilized him, and he was always there, and always, apparently, delighted to welcome his old friends. At any rate, the maid who took in our names at once returned to say we were to come in, which meant taking two steps from the threshold into a very small, low-ceilinged room, so small and so low that it seemed crowded though there were only four people in it. The four were the great man himself, white of head and beard, and statelyly throned in a Bath chair; his daughter, the charming Mrs. Henry Sturgis (wife of Howard's eldest brother); another man, who seemed to me larger than life, and who turned out to be Meredith's great friend, Mr. Morley Roberts; and, lastly, a trained nurse, calmly eating her supper at a table only a foot or two from her patient's chair.

IT WAS the nurse's presence—and the way she went on steadily eating and drinking—that I found most disconcerting. The house was very small indeed; but was it really so small that there was not a corner of it in which she could have been fed, instead of consuming her evening repast under our eyes and noses? I have always wondered, and never found the answer.

Meanwhile, I was being led up and explained by James, and Mrs. Sturgis—a laborious business, and agonizing to me, as the welkin rang again and again with my unintelligible name. But finally the syllables reached their destination; and then, as they say in detective novels, the unexpected happened. The invalid stretched out a beautiful strong hand, and, lifting up a book which lay open at his elbow, held it out with a smile. I read the title, and the blood rushed over me like fire. It was my own *Motor Flight Through France*, then lately published; and he had not known I was to be brought to see him, and he had actually been reading my book when I came in!

At once, in his rich organ tones, he began to say the kindest, the most appreciative things; to ask questions, to vouchsafes—but, alas, my unresonant voice found no crack in the wall of his deafness. I longed to tell him that Henry James had been our companion on most of the travels described in my modest work; and James, joining in, tried to explain, to say kind things also; but it was all useless, and Meredith, accustomed to steering a way through these first difficult moments, had presently taken easy hold of the conversation, never again letting it go till we left.

THE beauty, the richness, the flexibility of his voice held me captive, and it is that which I remember, not what he said; except that he was all amenity, all kindness, as if the voice were poured in a healing tide over the misery of my shyness. But the object of the visit was, of course, to give him a chance of talking with James, and presently I drew back and chatted with Mrs. Sturgis and Morley Roberts, while the great bright tide of monologue swept on over my friend.

After all, it had been worth coming for; but to me the real interesting thing about the visit was James' presence, and the chance of watching from my corner the nobly confronted profiles of the two old friends: Meredith's so classically distinguished, from the spring of the wavy hair to the line of the straight nose, and the modeling of cheek and throat, but all like a slightly idealized bas-relief after a

greater original; and James' heavy Roman head, so realistically and vigorously his own, not a bas-relief, but a bust, wrought in the round by harsher but more powerful hands. As they sat there, James benignly listening, Meredith eloquently discoursing, and their old deep regard for each other burning steadily through the surface eloquence and the surface attentiveness, I felt I was in great company, and was glad.

MEANWHILE, a year or two after the publication of *The House of Mirth*, my husband and I had decided to give up our little house in New York, and take a flat in Paris. For two years we occupied an apartment sublet to us by American friends, in a stately Louis XIV hotel on the Rue de Varenne; then, having decided to make a permanent home in Paris, we hired a flat in a modern home in the same street, and there I remained till 1920, so that my thirteen years of Paris life were spent entirely in the Rue de Varenne; and now all those years rise up to meet me whenever I turn the corner of the street. Rich years, crowded and happy years; for though I should have preferred a foothold in London, I should have been hard to please if I had not discovered many compensations in my life in Paris.

From the first I found myself among friends, old and new. The Bourgets always spent a part of the winter in their flat in the quiet and leafy Rue Barbet-de-Jouy, a five-minute walk from our door; and in other houses of the old Faubourg, a stone's throw away, I found three or four former girl friends whom I had known in my youth at Cannes, and who since then had all married, and were established in Paris. Their welcome, and that of the Bourgets, at once made me feel at home; and thanks to their kindness, I soon enlarged my circle of acquaintances. My new friends came from groups as widely different as the world of the university, that of letters, and the old and aloof society of the Faubourg St-Germain, to which my early companions at Cannes all belonged. As a stranger and newcomer, not only outside of all groups and coteries, social or political, but hardly aware of their existence, I enjoyed a social freedom hardly possible in those days to the native-born, who were still inclosed in the old social pigeonholes, which they had begun to laugh at, but of which they still accepted the constraint.

SOON after coming to Paris my husband and I, wishing to make some return for the welcome my old friends had given us, invited a dozen of them to dine. They were all intimate with one another, and members of the same group in the Faubourg St-Germain; but, facing new to the job, and knowing what delicate problems the question of precedence raised in French society, I begged one of the young women I had invited to advise me as to the seating of the other guests.

The next day she came to me in perplexity: "My dear, I really don't know! It's so difficult that I think I'd consult my uncle, the Duc de D—." That venerable nobleman, who had represented his country as ambassador to one or two of the great powers, was, I knew, an authority in the Faubourg on questions of social ceremonial; and though surprised that he should be invoked in so unimportant a matter, I gratefully awaited his decision.

The next day my friend brought it: "My uncle was very much perplexed. He thinks, on the whole, you had better place your guests in this way." She handed me a plan of the table. "But he said: 'My dear child, Mrs. Wharton ought never to have invited them together'—not because they were not all good and even intimate friends, and in the habit of meeting daily, but because the shades of difference in their rank were so slight, and so difficult to adjust, that even the diplomatic Duc recoiled from the attempt."

In the numberless books I had read about social life in France I had been told that the salon had vanished forever, but before I had (Continued on Page 97)



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**Scott Tissues—Soft as Old Linen**

(Continued from Page 95) lived a year in Paris I had discovered that most of the old catchwords were still in circulation, most of the old rules still observed, and that the ineradicable passion for good talk, and for seeing the same people every day, was as strong at the opening of the twentieth century as when the *Précieuses* met at the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

Among the salons of Paris when I first went to live there that of the Comtesse Robert de Fitz James had a prestige which no Parisian hostess, since 1918, has succeeded in recovering.

Madame de Fitz James, as became a model hostess, was almost always at home; in fact, she very nearly realized the definition of the perfect hostess once given me by an old frequenter of Parisian salons. "A woman should never go out—never—if she expects people to come to her," he declared, and on my protesting that this cloistered ideal must, on merely practical grounds, be hard for a Parisian hostess to live up to, he replied with surprise: "But why? If a woman once positively resolves never to go to a funeral or a wedding, why should she ever leave her house?"



IN MY limited experience, I have never known

easier and more agreeable social relations than at Madame de Fitz James', and I could name among her guests nearly every one whose company was sought after in the salons of that day; but I am impatient to escape from the seats of honor to that despised yet favored quarter of the French dining room, the *bout de table*. In France, where everything connected with food is treated with a proper seriousness, the seating of the guests has a corresponding importance—or had, at any rate, in prewar days. Host and hostess sit opposite each other in the middle of the table—a rule always maintained, in my time, at whatever cost to the harmonious grouping of the party—and the guests descend right and left in dwindling importance to the table ends, where the untitled, unofficial, unclassified, but usually young, humorous and voluble, are assembled. These *bouts de tables* are at once the shame and glory of the French dinner table: the shame of those who think they deserve a better place, or are annoyed with themselves and the world because they have not yet earned it; the glory of hostesses ambitious to receive the quickest wits in Paris, and aware that most of the brilliant sallies, bold paradoxes and racy anecdotes emanate from that cluster of independents.

THE Parisian table end deserves a chapter to itself, so many are the famous sayings originating there, and so various is the attitude of the table-enders. At first, of course, it is good fun to be among them, and a sought-after table-ender has his own special prestige; but as the years pass he grows more and more ready to make way for the rising generation, and work upward to the seats of the successful.

Not long ago I met at dinner a new Academician, elected after many efforts and long years of waiting, and who had risen without intermediate stages from the table end to his hostess' right hand (since Academicians outranked all but Dukes and Ambassadors). As the guests seated themselves, an old and unpromoted table-ender, passing behind the new Academician, laid a hand on his shoulder and said: "Ah, my dear B., after so many years of table end I shall feel terribly lonely without my old neighbor!"

Everyone burst out laughing except the Academician, who silently unfolded his napkin with an acid smile, and the mistress of the house, who was flurried by this free-and-easy treatment of a guest now raised to the highest rank.

A GOOD story is told of the Comte A. de AR—, a nobleman known as a fierce stickler for the seat to which his armorial bearings entitled him, and who on one occasion was placed, as he thought, too near the table end. He watched for a lull in the talk, and then, turning to the lady next to him, asked in a piercing voice: "Do you suppose, *chère madame*, the dishes will be handed as far down the table as this?"

In those old days at Madame de Fitz James' there were, I imagine, few malcontents at the table ends, for the great rushes of talk and laughter that swept up from there sent a corresponding animation through all the occupants of the high seats. The habitual holders of the ends were the young André Tardieu, then the masterly political leader-writer of the Temps, his governmental honors still far ahead of him; the young André Chammeix, in those days also of the Temps; Abel Bonnard, almost the only talker I have known in a

French salon who was allowed to go on talking as long as he wanted on the same subject (the conventional time allowance being not more than five minutes); Etienne Grosclaude, the well-known journalist and wit; and only a seat or two farther up (when the company was small), Alexandre de Gabriac, Charles de Chambrun, Taigny and the Marquis du Tillet, each alert to catch and send back the ball flung by their irrepresible juniors.

THE whole significance of the French salon is based on the national taste for general conversation. The two-and-two talks which cut up Anglo-Saxon dinners, and isolate guests at table and in the drawing-room, would be considered in France not only stupid but ill-bred. In France social intercourse is a perpetual exchange, a sort of market to which everyone is expected to bring his best for barter.

At Madame de Fitz James' the men always outnumbered the women, and this also helped to stimulate general talk. The few women present were mostly old friends, and *de fondation*; none very brilliant talkers, but all intelligent, observant and ready to listen. In a French salon the women are expected to listen, and enjoy doing it, since they love good talk and are prepared by a long social experience to seize every allusion, and when necessary to cap it by another. This power of absorbed and intelligent attention is one of the Frenchwoman's greatest gifts, and makes a perfect background for the talk of the men. And how good that talk is—or was, at any rate—only those can say who have frequented such a salon as that of Madame de Fitz James. Almost all the guests knew one another well; all could drop into the conversation at any stage, without groping or blundering; and each had something worth saying, from Bourgeois' serious talk, all threaded with golden streaks of irony and humor, to the incessant fireworks of Tardieu, the quiet epigrams of Henri de Regnier, the anecdotes of Taigny and Gabriac, the whimsical and half-melancholy gayety of Abel Bonnard.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The concluding installment of Mrs. Warron's *Reminiscences* will appear in an early issue of the Journal.

## How to tell whether your child is a COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE — and what to do about it if he is



1 Does your child catch cold easily?



2 Do wet feet mean trouble for him?



3 Do his colds hang on and on?



4 Does he have four or more colds a year?

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# BACK-YARD GARDENS



BY ELSIE JENKINS SYMINGTON

OVER barrels of ashes and empty tin cans I looked last spring into one of the prettiest little gardens I have ever seen. Tucked in between a six-foot ivy-covered fence and the wall of a concrete garage, it was separated from the alley in which I stood by a wrought-iron gateway about three feet high. Including a brick path which ran along the fence to the kitchen door, it did not cover altogether more than twenty feet square. A rock garden boasting a tiny pool rose with such ease against the concrete wall that the rocks and their vines looked as if they had been there first and the wall had come after. A carpet of creeping phlox made of the little place a jewel set in sordidness.

Thirty houses, representing two sides of a city block, turned their backs on this same alley. Twenty-nine of them, indifferent to the mess in their kitchen yards, rarely thought of it except when the ash man called. I asked what courage had prompted No. 309 to create such a lovely picture in such discouraging surroundings.

"He is a physician," the answer came, "and his office looks out on that little garden. He hopes it may encourage some of his patients to grow flowers of their own. He prescribes gardening as a cure for many ills of mind and body."

Often on summer evenings I sit in a garden which never feels the warmth of sun. Brick walls three stories high rise on either side of a narrow court not more than ten feet wide. On one wall hangs a Della Robbia plaque toward which some ivy gracefully stretches out its fingers. Under this and against a background of the ivy, thickening as it nears the ground, stands a queer old porcelain chest, on each side of which grow small cone-shaped evergreens. On the opposite wall, flowering boxes hang underneath the houses' deep-set windows. Sitting in this cool place in the afternoon, I can look through dark perspective toward a sunny yard, to see there fruit trees outlined against the western sky; or, facing about, I can enjoy the view of a quaint arched gateway, overhung by vines but leading through a wall onto the front street.

## ORGANIZING THE CONTEST

A third back-yard garden was planted by a school-teacher no longer teaching school. Having all her life trained young things to grow properly, she had lately substituted plants for children. She now works happily every day in her little garden on the corner of a busy thoroughfare, hardly hearing the heavy traffic which hums past her unconcerned.

All these gardens, and many more, were started a few years ago by several enthusiastic women who called themselves the Home Garden Committee. Their purpose was to encourage the making of back-yard gardens in the busy Southern city where they lived. Through the cooperation of one of the local daily papers, they inaugurated a garden contest, in which each year every garden in the city is invited to enter and compete for prizes. During the first year 292 gardens were enrolled; last year there were 3550.

Regularly in April this newspaper advertises its invitation to the public by means of an entry blank inserted in its columns and returnable to its own office. The Home Garden Committee then sends its trained worker to every one of the addresses received. Needless to say, after her first visit many gardens are eliminated, but whenever the would-be gardener shows a sincere desire to learn he is helped over

the trials of beginning to a better start next year. In July a visit of encouragement and counsel is made, and in September the judging is done. On this final visit there goes with the worker a special committee consisting of the supervisor of public-school gardens, the state horticulturist and state landscape architect. The gardens are judged in the following classes:

Large city gardens.	
Small city gardens.	
Suburban general planting.	} Within city limits but suburban in type.
Suburban garden area.	
Best block of gardens.	
First-year gardens.	
Unique gardens.	
Vegetable gardens.	
Children's gardens.	
Window boxes.	

Prizes range all the way from bronze medals of merit through dollar bills up to silver vases. In the case of the block which boasts the greatest number of well-kept gardens, every householder in it gets two dozen tulip bulbs.

For every class there are first and second prizes; for some classes there are also a third and a fourth. The prizes for flower gardens and window boxes are awarded according to the following count:

20 for quantity of bloom.	20 for maintenance.
20 for effect of bloom.	40 for arrangement.

When I remarked on the high score given for arrangement, it was explained that in order to earn so many points competitors often made drastic changes in their gardens, thereby creating effects of greater charm.



Prize-winners in the 1933 National Yard and Garden Contest. Above—When expert skill is employed; First prize awarded to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Doyle, of Riverside, California. At left—First prize for gardens on which some manual labor is hired won by Mrs. Sam Jackson, of Memphis, Tennessee. At right—Mrs. Gus Schellenberg, of St. Louis, Missouri, earned first prize for garden work done by the family.

I saw many interesting results of such competitive stimulation of the gardening urge in a big and prosperous city. In one section, making the circuit of a typical city block, I walked past the fronts of houses, each one exactly like its neighbor and all standing wall to wall in rows. While one row faced north, one east, one south and one west, all of them, from their back windows, looked out on the same hollow square, and there the individual taste of each householder, coupled with the cooperative enterprise of all, had worked wonders. The high board fences once separating all these back yards had been pulled down, and in the areas theretofore inclosed now bloomed gardens, planted by each family with its favorite flowers according to its own design. Behind sixty uninteresting front doors I found back yards of real distinction. Each family's garden makes a lovely picture for all the others to enjoy. And since roses predominate in the planting, the little green square is gayly bordered all summer long, making the most attractive place in the neighborhood to gather for festivals of any kind.

## WORK FOR GARDEN CLUBS

A prize-winning garden can spread through a neighborhood the urge to grow flowers almost as if it were a contagious disease.

I was shown one such garden belonging to a policeman. Until he moved there, the block was innocent of any bloom. Spending all his spare time at work in his back yard, it soon became under his hands a lovely picture and was awarded a first prize. The following year the man next door sowed some grass seed, dug a trench, planted some flowers and entered the garden contest. Today every house in the row has flowers in its back yard, all inclosed by a uniform low iron fence. Recently these people also formed an association in order collectively to clean up a dump which from across the alley marred the view from their homes. Getting permission from the property owner, they removed the trash, covered the area with topsoil, planted some grass and trees. Now benches placed along the factory wall which bounds the new grass plot make of the place a pleasant spot to sit on all fair days.

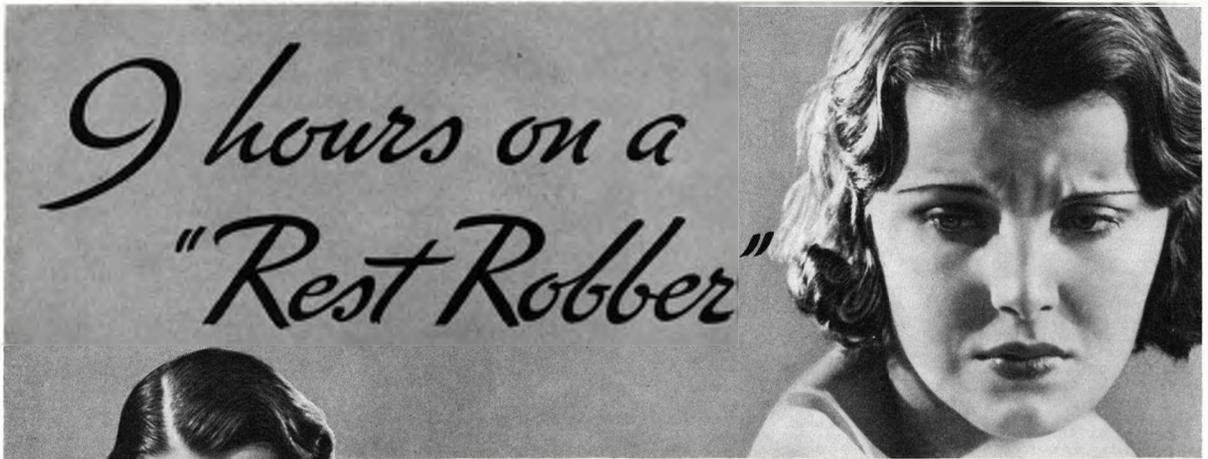
What better work for garden clubs than to lend a hand toward the creation of out-of-door beauty as a healthy interest in city dwellers' lives? If a paid worker is not possible each club member who boasts a garden can help create from it some city offspring, so that out of the older garden's surplus the younger one may be fed.

Starting in a small way, each club should appoint a home-garden committee, whose chairman should present before some community gathering the idea of making gardens in their back yards. A meeting of the Parents and Teachers Association would be the best place to make such an address.

If possible the names and addresses of those expressing interest should be taken after the meeting, and a call be made to determine conditions. After conferring as to a plan, the householders—who should be expected to prepare the soil—should be able to count on the garden club to supply the plants, at least for the first year. If enough interest in any one neighborhood were aroused, prizes could be given at the end of the first season for the best-kept garden. After the second season, prizes for most bloom, neatness, and arrangement could be awarded.



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE NATIONAL YARD AND GARDEN CONTEST



**Face and Body Worn**—Even though she slept an extra hour, her face is lined and drawn, shoulders sag, muscles are tired.



**R**EAL SLEEP IS REST—perfect relaxation. Going to sleep doesn't always mean resting. Long sleep isn't necessarily restful sleep. Nine hours on a mattress that keeps muscles taut and nerves tense does not rest body or mind.

Strong men look weak and jaded when they are tired from improper sleep.

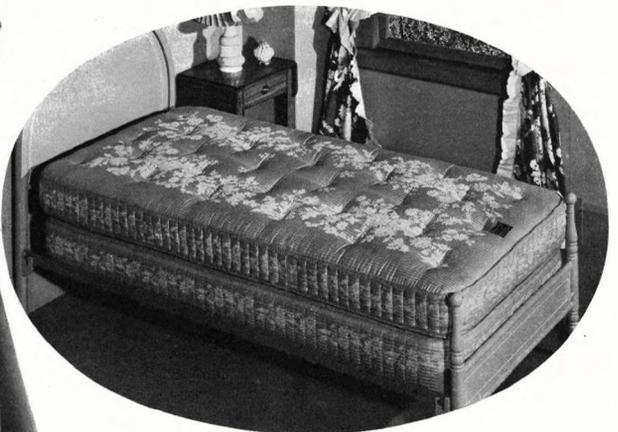
Really lovely women seem old and worn—even their bodies listless—after just a few nights of restless sleep on a lumpy, poorly made mattress.

You can't fight a "rest-robber" mattress all night and fight life's battles successfully the next day. You must have really restful sleep to greet the day smiling.

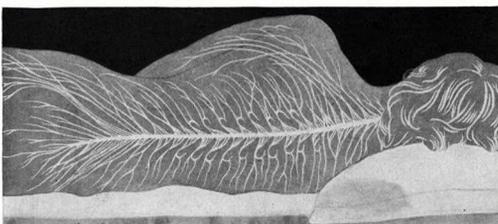
#### *7 hours of Real Sleep enough*

Seven hours on a Beautyrest Mattress is actually enough for most people. It is not how much, but how well you sleep that counts.

In the Beautyrest 837 resilient coils arrange themselves to sustain your body so that every tiny muscle can relax—so that all nerve tension is



**BEAUTYREST**—choice for supreme rest in over 1,500,000 homes. Upholstered in green, tan, rose, blue and orchid damask . . . \$39.50  
**DEEPSLEEP** . . . \$24.50    **SLUMBER KING** . . . \$19.75  
 Springs to match at proportionately low prices. All prices slightly higher west of Denver.  
**SIMMONS BEDS**—a new and striking selection in modern styles and colors that bring freshness and new beauty into your bedrooms—Priced in a wide range to suit every pocketbook.



*Every Nerve and Muscle Must Relax . . .* Over two million sleep observations proved that the Beautyrest Mattress permits the different positions needed for complete relaxation of every nerve and muscle. Only this completely relaxing sleep can bring fresh loveliness to a woman's face and body.



**Face and Body Glorified**—*A glad, new day. She faces it erect with courage, rested, smilingly confident. Yet she slept only seven hours.*

eliminated. Your mind sleeps, your muscles sleep, the great nerve plexus in your body sleep. You awake full of confidence in yourself.

*Today's World is difficult*

You need courage, confidence, cheery good nature to sustain you. Streets are filled with unlovely worrying women—with the sag-shouldered men walking with listless gait of defeat. All can come from fighting a "rest-robber" mattress every night.

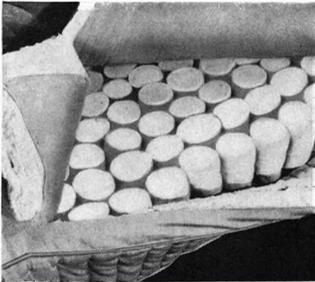
Invest \$39.50 in a Beautyrest and see what a difference it makes in you—or in that husband who works so

hard for you and your family. Get real rest *every* night and let it help to ward off serious illness. Keep the children growing straight and strong by giving their growing bodies perfect sleep.

\$39.50 can't buy more real beauty for women, or strength for men, than a Beautyrest will bring.

*The Simmons Beautyrest Mattress is used in the homes of*

MRS. HENRY TAFT  
MRS. EDWARD F. SWIFT  
MRS. MORGAN BELMONT  
MRS. HUGH CABOT  
MRS. HOWARD LINN  
MISS ANNE MORGAN  
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837 COILS—each in an individual cloth pocket—give instantaneous adjustment to the slightest movement. The Simmons Beautyrest Mattress is all that the name implies. No other mattress has the same construction or all of its advantages.



**SIMMONS** *Beautyrest*

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# "I wrote a letter to Tony Wons"

"Dear Mr. Wons: You should see how much better my floors and furniture look since I started using Johnson's Wax! My housework is lots easier, too,"—writes Mrs. M. B. Bates.



TONY WONS, radio philosopher, receives thousands of letters from housewives. • Tune in Tony's Scrap Book Tuesday and Thursday A. M. (C. B. S.)

Here are photographs of Mrs. Bates, 7647 Ashland Avenue, Chicago.



"It's no trouble to keep my floors radiantly polished with Johnson's Wax. They don't show scratches or wear and I never have to scrub. The polish stays on indefinitely."



"This table doesn't collect smudges and stains on its wax-polished surface. My dusting has been cut in half by the Johnson Wax method. All my furniture is waxed."



"Since my woodwork has been waxed it stays so much cleaner and brighter. My window sills are waxed too, as a protection against dampness."



"We polish our shoes and suit cases with Johnson's Wax. It keeps the leather pliable and gives it longer life. I protect all the small leather articles in the house with wax."

## How the Johnson Wax method cuts down work and expense

• Johnson's Wax spreads a radiant shield of protection over the surface of wood, linoleum and leather. It positively repels dust, scratches and wear. Cuts dusting in half. Eliminates floor scrubbing entirely. Gives a lifetime of beauty to furniture, floors and woodwork. Wards off finger smudges and moisture. Saves cost of refinishing floors and repainting light woodwork. Johnson's Wax is very economical to use. A little goes far and gives a lasting polish. It cleans as it polishes (a cleaner and polish all in one). Use it on leather articles, parchment shades, painted walls and cupboards, metal radiator covers, as well as bicycles and all painted toys.

• For sale at grocery, hardware, paint, drug and department stores. • Rent the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher from your dealer at small cost.

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PASTE AND LIQUID

for floors and furniture



S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. L13, Racine, Wis. • Enclosed is 10c. Please send me generous sample can of Johnson's Wax and very interesting booklet.

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

Send the coupon for trial size of Johnson's Wax



START SEEDS INDOORS IN EARTHENWARE SEED PANS OR BULB PANS

# SUCCESSING WITH SEEDS

BY F. F. ROCKWELL

THE first step in succeeding with seeds is to secure strong germination. The second step is to keep the little seedlings growing in such a way as to make sturdy, healthy plants. The third is to transplant them without check.

Most seeds germinate best in a soil which is thoroughly and evenly moist, but not soaking wet. Such a soil can readily be prepared by mixing together equal portions of garden loam, gritty sand and peat moss. There is now procurable an extra finely granulated grade of peat moss which is especially good for the starting of all very small seeds. For such seeds the loam may be omitted from the seed soil and a half-and-half mixture of sand and fine peat moss used.

Seeds to be started indoors or under glass are sown in flats or in seed pans. Earthenware seed pans, which have the advantage of being porous, are often preferred for small quantities of very fine or valuable seeds, especially those which may require a long period to germinate or which will remain a considerable time before being ready to transplant.

Seeds to be sown in the open, with the exception of quick and strong growing annuals and perennials, and the few things which do better without transplanting, should be given a specially prepared seed bed rather than just sown in rows in the garden. It is an easy matter to prepare a temporary cold frame by placing a few boards on edge and holding them in position with stakes.

The seed bed should be forked several inches deep, well pulverized and raked, and then covered with a layer, one to two inches thick, of the prepared seed soil, well firmed down. If the soil is at all dry give a thorough watering, to moisten it clear through to the bottom, and after the surface has dried sufficiently rake it lightly.

Scatter the seeds so they don't quite touch in the rows. In flats, make the rows two to three inches apart, and in the seed bed three to four inches apart, or somewhat more if the seedlings are to be left until large enough to go direct to the garden. Very tiny seeds should be merely pressed into the soil, small seeds should be barely covered from sight, while larger sorts may be covered about twice their greatest thickness.

It costs but a fraction of a cent per package to dust seeds with one of the organic-mercury disinfectants before planting. Merely place a pinch of the dust in the seed envelope and shake thoroughly. This is very cheap insurance against seed-borne diseases, and greatly lessens the danger of damping off when the seedlings are up.

After sowing, never let the surface of the soil dry off until the seed breaks ground. Panes of glass may be placed over seed pans or flats. In planting in the open ground the home gardener may well use the method practiced by many commercial growers—over the seed bed, after the seeds have been planted and before they have been watered, place a light mulch of salt or marsh hay, two to three inches deep, but very loosely applied. Then water—the hay will prevent washing. Water often enough to maintain soil surface in a moist condition.

Any covering must be removed when the first tiny sprout shows. Do all watering with a very fine spray which will not wash the soil or knock over tiny seedlings.

Once the little plants are up, the first thing to guard against is spindling growth. When the tiny plants are so thick that they must push up, instead of developing normally, thin out immediately, even if you must use tweezers to extract them. A dozen sturdy plants will give more satisfaction than a hundred weaklings.

If the seedlings are indoors or in a frame, provide ample ventilation. Lack of fresh air will result in weak growth, as will also insufficient direct sunshine.

Avoid overwatering. Once the plants are up, it is no longer necessary to keep the surface of the soil moist. A safe rule is to water only often enough to prevent wilting.

The sooner the little seedlings are transplanted after they are big enough to handle, the better. In most cases the development of the second or third true leaf indicates a good time for the shift.

A good compost for transplanting is half garden loam and one-quarter each of sand and peat moss, with a quart of fine bone meal to each bushel of soil. Shade for a few days after transplanting will prevent any excessive wilting and gives the plants a quicker start.



PUT CINDERS IN BOTTOM FOR DRAINAGE GLASS OVER THE TOP



THE SOONER THE LITTLE SEEDLINGS ARE TRANSPLANTED, THE BETTER



BELOW—FOUR FEET IS A GOOD WIDTH FOR A TEMPORARY COLD FRAME

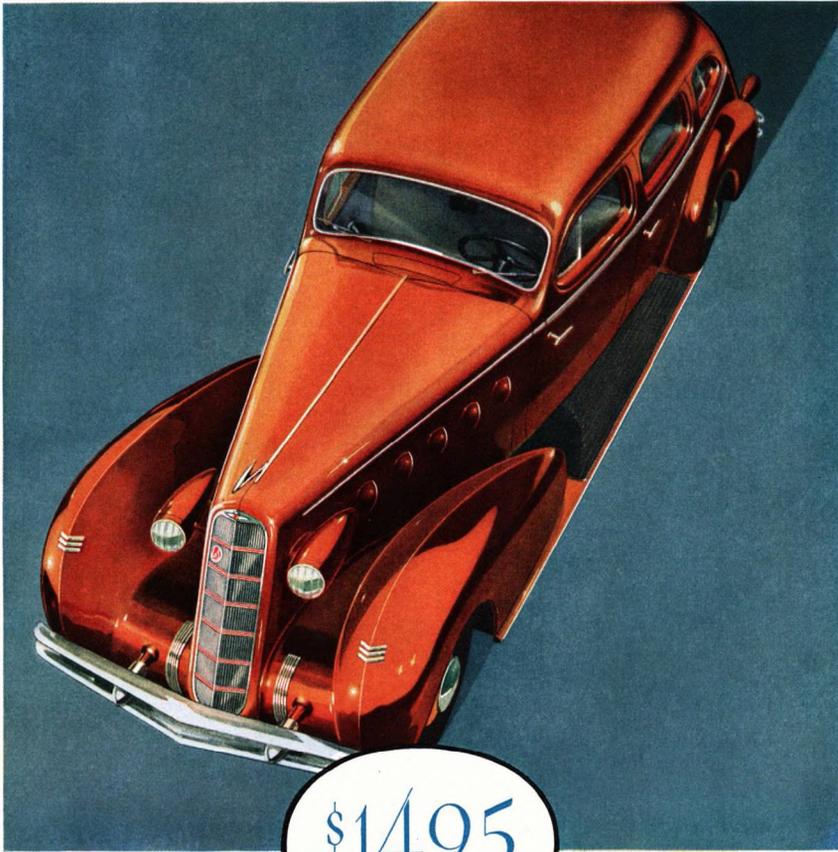


LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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THE *NEWEST* CAR IN THE *WORLD* !



\$1495

AND UP. F.O.B. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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# MOTHERS- use Musterole

## when your child gets a CHEST COLD or CROUPY COUGH

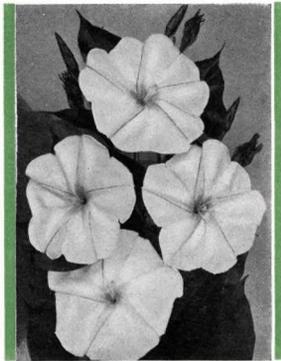
● Don't let common sore throat, chest colds or croupy coughs get serious. Rub Children's Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This pure white ointment, which is good old Musterole in milder form, stimulates, warms and penetrates to the very seat of the trouble and seems actually to melt the congestion away. Ease comes in 5 minutes, and relief as a rule in 5 hours. This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. Remember, Musterole is NOT just a salve. It's what doctors and nurses call a "counter-irritant" and is recommended by many of them. Convenient, not messy, clean, pure and safe to use on babies and small children.

Musterole now made in three strengths:

- Regular Strength 40¢ and 75¢ (Jars only)
- Children's (Mild) 40¢ (Jars only)
- Extra Strong 40¢ (Tubes only)

All Druggists

"VOICE OF EXPERIENCE!"  
Tune in this great humanitarian—counselor to millions—WABC and a Columbia Network. Daily Monday through Friday and every Tuesday evening. See radio page your local newspaper for time.



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. HORACE MC FARLAND

# IPOMŒAS IN JUNE

BY EDNA BILLINGS

IPOMŒA is the botanical name for the mammoth Japanese morning-glories, or moonflowers, as some growers label them. The blossoms are very large, often more than four inches in diameter. They come in several colors, the two most popular of which are *Ipomœa grandiflora rubro-cœrulea* and *Ipomœa grandiflora alba*.

The rubro-cœrulea is popularly called heavenly-blue, which is in no way a misnomer, for it changes its hue as much and as frequently as the heavens. It is interesting to watch the way its tone varies, as if with the mood of the day, from a pale tint to almost a sapphire, but always ethereally beautiful. One English grower describes it as one of the most gorgeous blue flowers he knows. The blossoms usually unfold early in the morning. When the weather is favorable they remain nearly all day, but if the hot sun reaches them before the dew is gone, or if water touches them, either from rain or the garden spray, they vanish as quickly as they came, not to return, but to be succeeded the following day by others equally beautiful.

The grandiflora alba is, of course, white, just as beautiful as the rubro-cœrulea, and of immense size. This is more literally the moonflower, as its buds open into gauzy white trumpet-shaped flowers late in the afternoon and remain through the evening until the sun reaches them the following day. If the day is cloudy, the blooms frequently do not fade until the new buds unfold. They have a fragrance quite unlike that of most other flowers.

These two varieties grow in proximity prove satisfactory, as either one or the other is always a mass of bloom. There are a few other varieties not so well known—*Ipomœa coccinea*, having brilliant scarlet flowers and small foliage, and *Ipomœa setosa* (Brazilian morning-glory) with bright rose-colored blossoms.

Soak the seeds overnight, or for about twelve hours, in warm water, before planting. Some say to cut or file a hole in the hard outer shell, but I have been afraid of that doing more harm than good, and have found the soaking method quite satisfactory as an aid to germination, which is naturally slow.

Plant seeds early in April in boxes of moist soil. This is necessary in our Wisconsin climate, in order to secure early bloom, but farther south, no doubt, they could be sown in the open ground. Place in a sunny window. Keep well watered. When four good leaves have formed, transplant each seedling separately to a large flowerpot. Put a stake in each pot, and leave in the sunny window.

When the vine has grown to a height of a foot or a foot and a half, and when danger from frost has passed, set the whole pot, plant, stake and all, well into the ground, but before filling in the soil gently crack the pot—don't break it. The reason is this: Confined or partially confined roots are more conducive to maximum bloom and minimum vine. If the roots are allowed to grow unrestrained, they reach out for yards and yards in every direction, and the vines run correspondingly rampant. I have found in the autumn on digging up a plant which had been set out in the pot, and which had bloomed profusely for several months, that, while the pot was still in its original shape, the root had pushed through the crack and grown straight down about two feet but had set out nothing more than a few very short hairlike runners.

Good plants will show tiny round buds forming at the base of each leaf by the time they are ready to set out-of-doors. If started in a conservatory, the plants are often in full bloom by that time. Some plants when small show no evidence of buds but do show signs of branching. These are the plants that run to vine and little or no blossom, and, in my opinion, might as well be discarded at once. I have found that they can be made to improve their habits somewhat after they have become firmly established out-of-doors, by cutting back both branches and leader to within a foot or two of the ground. Then buds will start to form. It may be a little difficult to distinguish between the buds and the embryo branches, but by looking closely it will be found that the buds are tiny little balls, while the branches show the pointed ends of the leaves. The first buds form singly, but as the plant grows larger they come in clusters on a stem five or six inches long.

Ipomœas do not like commercial fertilizer, and with even a small dose of it their leaves turn yellow and the buds drop off. They thrive best in soil rich with leaf mold and well-rotted natural fertilizer. They may be sprayed with nicotine solution if they show any evidence of aphid.

Buy ipomœa seeds only from a reliable seedsmen, as inferior seeds will not give worthwhile results.

Fences, trellises and arbors are all suitable places to grow these vines. It has been my observation that a low fence is better than a high one, because on it the branches fall to the ground and hide the base of the plant, which is rather bare and ugly. One plant can be grown up through an ivy vine on a house, or on a climbing rosebush, with beautiful effect.

## FERRY'S

PUREBRED VEGETABLE  
**SEEDS**

NOW COST ONLY **5¢**

Buy fresh dated packets at  
a nearby store

## DREER'S

1934  
**GARDEN BOOK**

Far more than a complete and accurate catalog of all the worth-while flowers, plants and vegetables. This new 216-page Garden Book is indispensable as a year-round reference work for all amateur gardeners who know the true economy of the best in seeds and plants. Free on request to anyone interested in a better garden.

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FAMOUS FOR 106 YEARS

**3 GENEROUS  
PACKETS  
FLOWER SEEDS  
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**"GET ACQUAINTED OFFER!"**  
A Beautiful Garden for 10¢  
Write today for FREE ILLUSTRATED GARDEN GUIDE & CATALOG. 144 Pages. Complete Planting Instructions and 3 Generous Packets of Mammoth Cosmos, Mice, Nasturtium & Sweet Zinnia. Send only 10¢ to cover postage.

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## GET YOUR PACKET FREE

"Sunset" the New Wonder Vegetable (Snapdragon a Vine) (Noodle Plant) Easy to grow. 8 to 10 to a vine. Can be prepared in a dozen tasty ways. Grow some: so surprise your friends and neighbors. Write for your FREE packet today. Send 3¢ toward packing and postage.

**E. ANDREWS FRESH Station 347 PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

## ASTER SEED FOR TRIAL

Offer something New! A Wit Realistic Strain of Astera im- mense from Wilt Disease. Now anyone can grow Astera. I am making World-Wide-Taste and will send Sample pkt. (100 seeds) Giant Flowering Mixture, 10 colors, Free if stamp is enclosed for postage. 1934 Seed Book of many New Flowers included Free. F. B. MILLS Seed Grower, Box 44, Ross Hill, N. Y.

## 3 ROSES GIVEN BY EARL

Just send 25¢ (no coin) to cover post- age, packing and mailing and receive Ferris Get-Acquainted Gift of Climbing Roses, 1 yr. time. Real, Pink, White. Also give 1934 Planting Guide EARL FERRIS NURSERY, 575 1/2 Bldg., Hanover, Pa.

## 3 GIGANTIC ZINNIA 10¢

3 BEST COLORS, SCARLET, YELLOW, ROSE. 1 pkt. each (value 30¢) postpaid for only 10¢. Guaranteed seeds. Burpee's Garden Book FREE. W. ATLEE BURPEE CO., 833 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia

## Maternity STYLE BOOK Free

LANE BRYANT Maternity clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and after baby comes, as well. Designed to conceal condition and to provide for expansion. Latest styles in Dresses and Coats. Also apparel for baby. Style Book FREE; send today.

**LANE BRYANT**  
Address Dept. 69  
Fifth Ave. at 39th St., New York

# "ANOTHER HELPING OF Protein, MOTHER



... and be sure it's alkaline, with plenty of iron, calcium, phosphorus, potassium, magnesium... and vitamins."

Of course, the children don't really talk like that, but it means the same thing when they ask for more California Limas.

For this famous food combines the energy elements of meat, with vitamins and liberal stores of needed body minerals.

Why not pick a regular night each week for the service of Limas as the main dinner dish? The family will surely approve—and you'll save kitchen time and money.

For top quality—ask for *Seaside Brand*. SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

For free booklet of tested Lima recipes by nationally known Food Editors, just address Dept. 276, California Lima Bean Growers Association, Oxnard, California.

**CALIFORNIA**  
"REGULAR" OR "BABY"  
**Limas**

**Protested at Pot Roast**

**- CLEANS THE PLATTER NOW!**

**NO WONDER!** For Lea & Perrins Sauce brings out the full, rich savor of the meat. Doesn't smother the natural flavor with a new one. That's why this original Worcestershire Sauce is used by famous chefs and good home cooks everywhere.

Get a bottle of Lea & Perrins today. See how delicious it makes soups, gravies, vegetables! For more enjoyable meals, always have Lea & Perrins Sauce in your kitchen and ask for it at restaurants. And send for new cook book with 140 tempting recipes. It's FREE.

## LEA & PERRINS Sauce THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

LEA & PERRINS, Inc.  
Dept. 33, 241 West St., N. Y. City

Please send me free your 50-page recipe book, "Success in Seasoning."

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

## Impersonation of a Lady

(Continued from Page 21)

bathroom to myself. And it irks me to find your jars and bottles all over the place so I can't get my shaving stuff on the glass shelf.

"I'll try to remember that." I controlled my desire for countercharges. "Now tell me about the Stanfords. What's their claim to fame?"

"Stanford's father was a cousin of Francis Wyckoff's grandfather. He just naturally had position, as a bachelor. Then after he married—well, you can see for yourself that she's no Vere de Vere—they were taken off the lists for about five years. Mrs. Stanford had been a trained nurse, and so the hospital board got her on it, chiefly for her big contributions, but before they knew it she was running the place. It happens to be one of Mrs. Wyckoff's pet hobbies, and as Mrs. Stanford was willing to do the actual work and raise the money, while letting the credit go to Mrs. Wyckoff, they gradually became friends.

"Run down and get me a notebook and a sharp pencil!" I urged. "Then bring your book in here, and read, but don't talk to me!"

"Are you going to write a play too?"

"Yes, with myself as the villainess."

As the afternoon waned, and I covered page after page, jotting down the nucleus of this record, Don would occasionally glance at me, and smile indulgently, as if I were a little girl playing with dolls.

VI

I TOLD Maggie that the white-and-silver robe de style was too splendid for Carl Riessler's dinner.

"I know it cost six hundred dollars," she returned. "But it's your first appearance in the evening, here, and they'll expect you to look grand."

When I surveyed myself in the full-length pier glass she had found in another bedroom and had brought into mine, I was glad I had followed her advice. A berth of delicate silver lace hung off my shoulders, the close-fitting bodice was fastened with a snug belt of silver ribbon, and the full skirt, which touched the floor, was artfully stiffened so that it spread out into graceful width.

I sat down so she might fasten the clasp of my pearl necklace. I sprayed perfume on my hair, and wiped off the last grain of superfluous powder just as Don called out that he'd wait for me downstairs, and unless I hurried we'd be late.

"Indeed, you look beautiful!" Maggie declared.

The warmth of this praise surprised me. I pulled on long white gloves, knowing she had something further to say. She satisfied herself that everything I would need was in the silver evening bag; she helped me into the wrap of ermine, and adjusted the big collar of two white foxes, before she spoke.

"I suppose I ought to tell you, Miss Irène, the latest reports our spy has brought home?"

"Of course you must, Maggie."

"Is it true that you mimicked Mrs. Wyckoff at the country club this afternoon?"

"Quite true. And I might say it was one of my better efforts. But do you mean that Kate knows it?"

"She does. When we were having supper, she told about it. It seems the secretary of the club saw you, and reported to Mrs. Wyckoff that you'd given an impersonation of her."

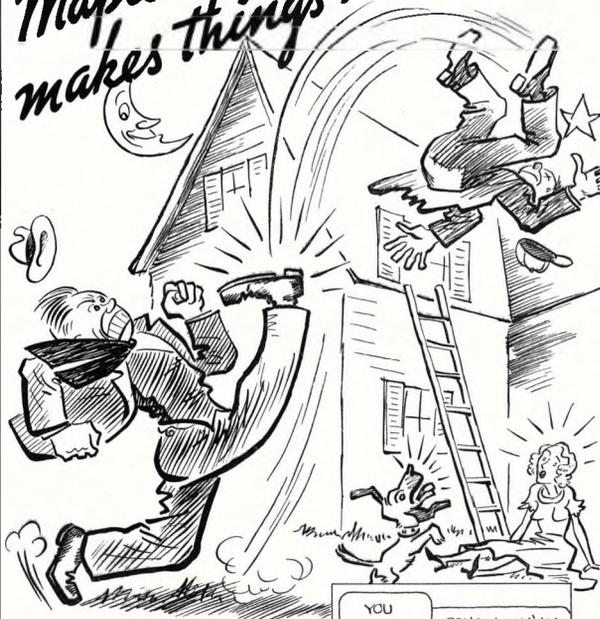
"Yes? That isn't all. Go on, Maggie."

"That's really all. Except that Kate says Mrs. Wyckoff said, 'I'm so glad. I think it's very wise of her to try to impersonate a lady.'"

For a second I could not speak. Nothing could have been more diabolically clever than this retort. If widely circulated—and,

(Continued on Page 107)

# That Real Maple Sugar Flavor makes things Hum!



A KIDNAPPER, OUT TO KIDNAP,  
TOOK FRIEND ENERGY ED FOR A SAP  
AS HE CAME DOWN A LADDER.  
ED GOT MADDER AND MADDER.

(FILL IN THE LAST LINE YOURSELF—JUST FOR FUN)

YOU MARVELOUS MAN!

PSHAW, MA'AM, DON'T THANK ME—THANK THAT VERMONT MAID SYRUP I HAD ON MY HOT CAKES

## THIS SYRUP GIVES QUICK ENERGY—SERVE IT TWICE A WEEK

"PANCAKE MORNING!" Aren't your menfolks glad when it comes around!

And how they douse their cakes with syrup! That rich, maple-sugary syrup, smooth and golden, that makes men reach for more—and more!

That syrup's good for them, food authorities say. They say it gives quick energy. Adults ought to have it frequently.

Syrup makes energy—not fat. And pancakes eaten with syrup aren't fattening, either—because the syrup makes their food values quickly and completely available. You can enjoy them without a twinge of conscience even if you are watchful of your weight.

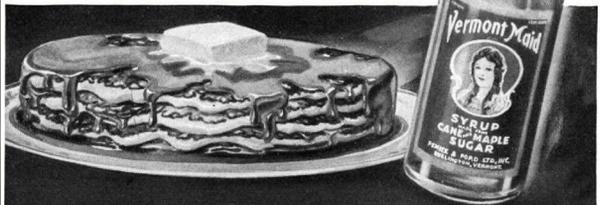
So serve the syrup that will make everybody ask for more—Vermont Maid

Syrup with the smooth golden flavor of real maple sugar.

Vermont Maid Syrup is blended right there in the real maple sugar country—in Burlington, Vermont. It is made of cane and maple sugars to bring out all the richness of flavor that comes only from maples which grow in the North Woods.

Try serving it this week. Your family will take helping after helping. And go off full of zest for the day's doings. Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

2¢ A JUG LESS THAN EVER BEFORE



# How fast can a good secretary become a good wife?



*I'll show you!*



"Don't ever think a woman can't go right from a typewriter to an oven—and be the same capable, charming person in her kitchen that she was in her office. Nowadays it can be done—for nowadays a woman gets a kind of expert help which her mother never had. For instance, at the very beginning the 'balanced' recipes and the 'balanced' flour in my bag of Pillsbury's Best started me off like an 'old hand' at baking!"

Amateur or expert, newly-wed or matron—here is a baking combination you can use with greater satisfaction and greater economy! Inside every bag of Pillsbury's Best Flour are two things every woman needs. First, a flour that is perfectly "balanced." Second, a folder of "balanced" recipes, developed and proved by Mary Ellis Ames, Pillsbury's famous kitchen adviser. When you use these recipes with this flour, you can Bake—even if you've never had much baking experience! What is the importance of "balanced flour?" Simply this: When a flour is made from only one kind of wheat, it may be out of "balance." It may work all right for one kind of baking, but not for another. But the "balanced" flour, Pillsbury's Best,

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(Continued from Page 105) obviously, it would be—it would give anyone who did not like me the opportunity to say that my appearance and manners were merely superimposed—part, indeed, of my ability to act—and therefore proved nothing of my worth as an individual.

I managed to say, "Don't wait up, Maggie. And thank you for the information."

Don turned from his post at the front door as I entered the downstairs hall. "You look pale," he declared.

"And you look very handsome." I had determined to dissemble my feelings; he must not learn of Mrs. Wyckoff's witticism at my expense. "I like you in a silk hat."

Collins tucked a rug over us, and inquired apologetically if we minded having Kate ride on the front seat with him, as she had an errand in our direction.

THE second the light inside the limousine went off, Don's arms went around me. "It's funny," he said, "but I don't care where I go, if I go with you."

I made my question seem casual. "If you were still a bachelor you wouldn't go to Carl Riessler's, would you?"

"I wouldn't dream of it." In the darkness, I satisfied an impulse to push the knife deeper. Still pretending to be inconsequential, I said, "And if you'd married Ruth Wyckoff he wouldn't even have invited you, would he?"

Don withdrew his arms, and moved away. "That's a subject I prefer not to discuss. Ever! You might just as well understand, right now, that in certain ways I admire her more than any girl I've ever known. You can make what you want out of that. I'm not going to have you nagging at me about her any more!"

"Nagging? What a provincial expression, Don!"

"It fits the case. . . . And now shall we talk about the weather?"

"Where's your sense of humor, silly? Aren't you making a mountain out of a molehill—and a particularly insignificant little molehill, at that?"

"The trouble with you," he flung back, "is that you're spoiled! You think that the whole world ought to revolve around you! Your idea of a husband is a cross between a courier and a valet!"

Just then the car stopped at the traffic signal of the intersection, and in the sudden light from the street lamp I saw, to my horror, that the window between us and the driver's seat had been lowered a few inches from the top. Kate must have overheard every acrimonious word we had exchanged!

This discovery stunned me; then, viewed from a third person's angle, it made me realize that I had been solely at fault. I wanted to say so, to ask Don's forgiveness, but Kate's proximity stopped me. When we got out, at Riessler's house, the door was immediately opened by a manservant.

I WENT in the direction he indicated, to leave my coat. The maid hung it up with a half dozen other luxurious garments in a mirror-lined powder room; I noted absently that my color had returned, but my looks were not enough to restore the self-confidence which had been so severely jolted. I rejoined Don, and we followed the butler on to a balcony which overlooked a huge two-story room. At the opposite end, a group of people were gathered before an enormous stone fireplace. Surely a theatrical setting, I thought bitterly. "At any rate I can do this justice!" I saw our host move toward the stairs, and I descended slowly, aware that my costume must be dramatically effective, even before Riessler bent over my hand and exclaimed:

"Now I know why I built this place!" He greeted Don, who had followed me at a little distance, then escorted us toward the other guests. The only person who did not come forward to be introduced was a black-haired girl in a scarlet dress, sitting back in a deep sofa.

"Kitty!" Carl admonished her. "I want to present you to Mrs. Carr. . . . My sister, Mrs. Riessler."

She merely inclined her head, but motioned to Don to sit beside her.

Riessler pushed toward me a high-backed Italian chair covered with a heavy velvet. "It's miraculous," he said, "that everything here seems to have been designed for you."

While he talked, I speculated about the well-dressed, impeccably groomed men and women around us; if they had been transplanted to a smart New York drawing-room they would not have been distinguishable by their clothes, certainly. And judging from the younger generation I'd encountered that afternoon, to say nothing of Mrs. Stanford, I could not believe they were less presentable than the members of the top group. What were the qualities which had kept them from admission into that set?

Dinner was announced and Carl offered me his arm. Kitty made Don pull her up from the couch, nor did she relinquish his hand.

"I thought," she said to her brother, "Francis had been offered sufficiently enticing bait to come."

Carl winced. "We won't wait," he answered enigmatically. I admired the dining room. The ceiling was of normal height, and the paneled walls were painted a cool apple green. "It looks very English."

"That's just what it is," Carl replied. "I bought it, complete, from a country place there." While the others drifted in, he described the process by which the house itself had been built, on the slope of a hill, around the furnishings he had collected in various parts of the world.

SUDDENLY his face became a mask. He rose, to receive Francis Wyckoff's apologies for his tardiness and his brown tweeds. Francis greeted me exuberantly.

"Your place," Carl interposed, "is at the other end of the table."

Francis smiled. "Making the punishment fit the crime, eh?" He went briskly down to a chair next Kitty, opposite Don.

Carl spoke to me of the theater. "Is it true that you've retired?"

"No; I may go back at any moment." I was as surprised as Carl by this declaration; it had issued spontaneously from my unconsciousness.

"That reminds me," he said, "that there's another actor in Wyckton. A handsome lad named Desmond McLean. He's coming in later on. I believe you know him?"

"But very well!" I was deeply excited. For a second I wondered if the mercurial young Irishman had followed me out there. I had not heard from him since I had told him I was engaged to Don, and although that occasion had been distressing to us both, now that I was securely married I rejoiced at the prospect of seeing him again.

"He's managing a little playhouse here," Carl explained. "He's more interested in writing, I believe, than in keeping on with acting, and he's using this as a sort of laboratory to test out some of his own work. I like him—I like his hopeless passion for you!"

It seemed disloyal to Don that my heart should thump like a happy puppy's tail. I said, "It will be fun to hear about his experiments. He has a lot of talent, if he'd only concentrate."

WHEN the excellent dinner ended, I was still thinking of Desmond, and I was humanly pleased that I was looking my best. Without premeditation, I was the first person out of the room, and I seated myself in the very place Kitty Riessler had occupied earlier.

I emerged from this comalike preoccupation to find her dark eyes surveying me with a sharp gleam of amusement. Amusement at my expense, I realized too late.

She said, clearly enough for the other women to hear, "How awfully sweet of you to take charge of the coffee, Mrs.

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Car! I'm sure you'll do it much better than I could!"

Only then did I perceive the table containing tiny cups and a silver service at my elbow.

The transition from my thoughts to the fact of her hostility was so abrupt that my self-possession was threatened. Ad-libbing—that is, improvising lines—on the stage is far easier than ad-libbing in real life. A precept from my profession restored my equanimity, however—"What ever you do, never get out of character." And the character I'd cast myself for was the future leader of Wyckton society.

Kitty, I reminded myself, was not *persona grata* among the elect. It would be fatal to allow her the smallest of victories. I arose, sauntered toward the fire, and with my back to the blaze, confronting the feminine, curious audience, I replied with equal distinctness, "My dear Mrs. Riessler, nothing could induce me to take your place!"

A ripple of laughter acknowledged this *double entendre*. It was catty, but, as children say, she had started it.

Half an hour later, when the men came in, they found me the center of a semicircle made up of all the women except Kitty.

I had excited myself to be entertaining in my replies to their naivequeries about the stage, while I myself had gained certain information about them. I now perceived a distinction between them and their metropolitan contemporaries. This lay in the matter of self-confidence. Their counterparts in New York might be equally unknowing, as to fundamentals, but they would never admit ignorance, whereas these women were constantly apologetic and self-conscious. I stored away this enlightenment for future use, as I acquiesced in Carl's suggestion that I glance at his first editions and certain interesting manuscripts of which he had spoken at dinner.

The library to which he conducted me, despite Wyckoff's protest, was plainly the sanctum of a man possessed of an abundance of both money and taste. Before opening the safe, which held the most valuable of his documents, he called my attention to the portrait over the mantel.

"THAT'S my father," he stated. "I keep the picture here, partly because it's the most rugged thing Lazlo ever painted, but more, because I like to remind myself that every material object is, as well as every bit of my education, mine directly to his hard work."

I looked carefully at the portrait, seeing in the determined lines of the chin and nose something of his daughter's aggressiveness, and in the brown eyes, something of his son's mysticism.

Carl handed me a yellowed sheet of paper; it was one of the last letters Keats had ever written. "Just think," he said, "of the tons of Riessler's mince meat my father had to sell, so that I could possess a thing of his incomparable beauty!"

Glancing up from the pathetic message, which the poet had implored its recipient to destroy, I saw that Carl's mouth was

tightly closed. After a pause, he continued, "It is essential that you understand me! I'm not a dilettante because I'm weak, but because it gives my father pleasure to think his son's a 'gentleman'!"

His bitterness embarrassed me. I said, "After all, the Medici were both merchant princes and great patrons of the arts."

"It's wonderful that you should have said that! For until I studied about them, when I was fourteen or so, I'd determined to change my name to Smith or Jones, when I grew up, and move away from Wyckton and the chain stores!"

**MY RESPONSE** was cut short by the whirlwind entry of Desmond McLean. As superbly good-looking and impetuous as ever, he rushed across, flung his arms around me, and kissed first one cheek, then the other. "Irene! Darling!"

Holding both my hands tightly, he stepped back to scrutinize me. Over his shoulder, I saw that Don and Kitty Riessler had followed him into the room.

"This touching reunion," the girl began, "might get along without you, Carl. Your guests need a little attention. Don and I are organizing a poker game, and you're needed for a table of bridge."

I knew that Don was reluctant to accompany her back to the other room, but she gave him no choice. Carl seemed equally unwilling, but at last they went and Desmond McLean and I were alone.

"Darling, you're more beautiful than ever!" he said. "I'm afraid you're going to break my heart all over again! Not to mention several others I observed on various coat sleeves."

"Tell me about your playhouse," I suggested, as we sat down near the open fire.

With quick shifting of mood, he revealed his purpose in accepting its management. Characteristically, he had never saved any money even when he'd been receiving it in large sums, so in order to secure the leisure necessary for the perfection of his play, he had agreed to come here for a comfortable salary.

"Who's in your company?" I asked.

"Chiefly girls who've come out a year or so ago and are fed up with nothing but parties. And a sprinkling of older ones. Most of them, I confess, with more money than talent. Then there's one forlorn little creature whom I can't make out at all. She can't walk across the stage without her knees knocking together, but she insists upon being in everything."

"Probably attracted by your *beaux yeux*," I looked into his black-lashed blue eyes, and was surprised to see them narrow speculatively.

"If I weren't so faithful to you, in my fashion, it might solve all my troubles—assuming you're right!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the girl's family owns the whole town. She's Miss Wyckoff."

I jumped up. "Come to tea tomorrow, Desmond. I'm going home now."

I indeed, I was so eager to get back to my own script that I took Don away from the card table, said good night to our host, and was inside the car within five minutes.

**THE DUSK HAS FALLEN**

The dusk has fallen with the coming of snow.

The small flakes sigh against the windowpane,

Whipped by the wind. The smoldering cedars throw

A golden light across your face again.

The wind moans in the trees. I sit and stare

Into the ambers dropping spark by spark;

They hesitate in falling, fade and flare

Like lanterns swung along a road at dark.

This is a time when love, unspoken, says

All that a love can ever say; when all

Love's silent music, without playing, plays.

Your head upon my breast, hearing snowflakes fall

In shining tidings that swirl and drift apart,

Let no word stir this peace within our heart.

— Daniel Whitehead Hicky.

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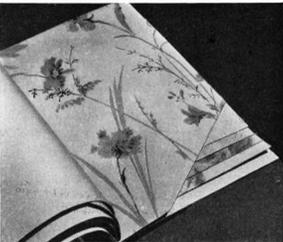
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Don said, "What were you and that actor fellow talking about?"

In an excellent burlesque of his own tones, I said, "That's a subject I prefer not to discuss. Ever! You might just as well understand —"

He laughed aloud. "You little devil!" He held me close to him. "You do love me, don't you?"

"More than anything in the world!" I started to apologize, but he cut me short.

"Remember that poetry of yours about the uselessness of words?"

As soon as I reached my room, I took out of its hiding place the record of the day's happenings. But before I could add to it, inspiration descended upon me.

I asked Don to come in. "Listen, I know the present I want you to give me. You really meant that I could choose anything?"

"Anything!"

"Then I want to build an addition to this house."

"All right." He pulled me down to the chaise longue beside him. "Want a palace like Carl's?"

"No. I want to build a small private theater."

He nodded approvingly. "Fine!"

I felt only slightly guilty as I reflected that his enthusiasm must arise from the belief that this project indicated my willingness to live in Wyckton permanently. Nor did I undecieve him by revealing that I was animated by the exactly opposite desire, to pry him loose from his attachment to the town.

A theater here. Desmond as its director. Ruth next door. Oh, the plot was developing splendidly!

But at a much later date, I noted at the bottom of my account on this day's activities: "I forgot that plays are never written; they're rewritten."

VII

THE clang-clang of hammers outside my windows, as the theater rose toward completion, furnished a triumphal Arvil Chorus, to the accompaniment of which for an hour each day I chronicled my steady advancement toward the goal I had set.

Happily unaware that at some future date I should utilize the margins of my journal to record certain errors I was committing, I put down on the right-hand page of the big ledger-diary an account of my crowded diurnal activities, while on the opposite page I pointed the relationship of these events to my general plan of campaign.

A negative condensation of the most serious blunder of this period would be the always valuable warnings: "Never underestimate human vanity. Never try to definitely catalogue people, nor predict their reactions to given circumstances."

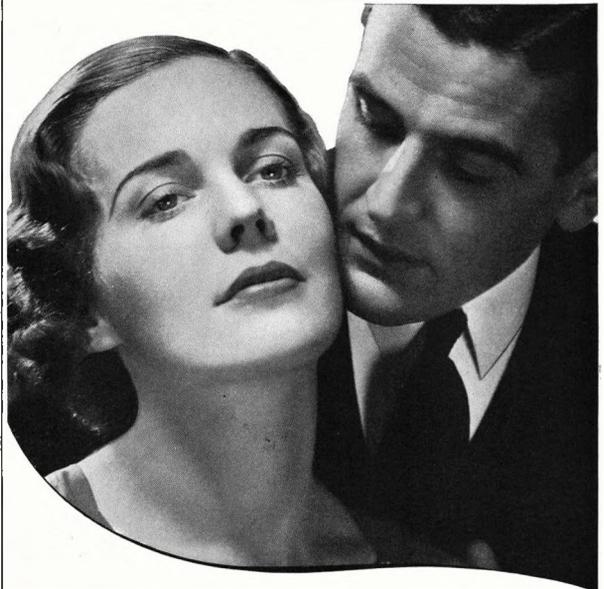
Yet even now, with the clarifying vision of retrospect, I do not minimize the achievements of my first months in Wyckton. For I had made excellent headway toward proving two tenets of my program.

Convinced that I could not compete with my rival on the basis of dominating a small, rigorously exclusive set, I was gradually inculcating metropolitan standards of social interchange. The prevailing fear of seeming provincial and small-townish, plus the knowledge that I alone had intimate acquaintance with internationally known hostesses in New York and London, aided this propaganda.

I let it be understood that I drew a line, but that, in common with the prevailing cosmopolitan rule, my line was concerned solely with personal attractiveness or distinction. This constituted a challenge; it gave my invitations special value. Moreover, it enabled me to ask together men and women who had formerly been kept in segregated compartments of the social order.

My second guiding principle was interlocking: "Society here is a matriarchy; I must gain the approval of women." With this end in view, I had gathered feminine recruits from several diverse strata.

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**A creamy-base lipstick that intensifies natural Color  
At the same time... soothes and softens**

THINK of your lips as they look in the morning — almost drained of color. Yet there is some color present... a hint of rose. And that's the shade your lipstick must emphasize. Does it? Ordinary lipsticks don't. They merely coat lips with unnatural red paint that jars with your natural rose.

But there is a lipstick especially made to heighten your natural color... and at the same time smooth and soften your lips. This lipstick is called Tangee.

**LOOKS ORANGE — ACTS ROSE**

Tangee isn't paint. It's different. Even looks different. In the stick, it's orange. But on your lips, Tangee changes to blush-rose. Not plain rose. Not jarring red. But the one shade of rose individually your own!

It's this color-change principle in Tangee that makes it intensify your natural color, thus preventing that artificial painted look. Don't be fooled by imitative orange-colored lipsticks. Only Tangee contains Tangee's exclusive color-change principle that makes it change to a natural shade whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead.

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Run your finger-tip over your lips. Feel that slight roughness... those tiny chapped ridges? You can't smooth them away with harsh lip-

New—Tangee Face Powder gives skin a soft underglow. Contains the magic color-change principle. Prevents powdery, mask-like effect.



Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

sticks. They catch on the ridges and form red blotches. But Tangee Lipstick contains a special cream-base. Not greasy, yet soothing, softening. So Tangee becomes a very part of your lips, not a blotchy coating. That's how it gives your lips a satin-smooth sheen of rosy color.

**GOES ON SMOOTHLY**

Touch Tangee to your own lips! Feel how velvety it is. Notice how smoothly it goes on. And at the same time, watch this remarkable lipstick enhance the natural loveliness of your lips! On sale in 39¢ and \$1.10 sizes.

Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or, for quick trial, send 10¢ with coupon below for 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

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**TANGEE**—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



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**A BEAUTY EXERCISE**  
 First sit quietly and relax. Then chew one or more sticks of DOUBLE MINT with chin nicely balanced. Everyone in a while move head to the far right; then to the far left.

Through Marie Keller, I had come to know the debutantes belonging to what the unhumorous morning newspaper termed "our fine old families." These youngsters flocked to my parties, and, surer sign of my standing, insisted I should attend their coming-out receptions and dances.

By means of Desmond McLean's management of The Amateurs, I had met many of the younger married women who were on Mrs. Wyckoff's limited list of eligibles, and whose husbands were Donaldson's contemporaries. With them I also exchanged hospitality, and although they had not yet invited us to any function at which that august dowager was present, they did not hesitate to compare their enjoyment of our gay Sunday-night buffet suppers with the onerous formality which attendance at her banquets imposed.

Carl and Kitty Riessler's circle presented a more difficult problem. They all seemed rich; their houses, on the other side of the park, were as splendid as the houses along the sacrosanct Heights Road, but their mere banishment from this section seemed to have put them on the defensive. They were self-conscious and quick to take offense. In order to overcome their resistance, I had to see more of them, and ask them oftener, with the Heights residents, than mere inclination prompted.

**B**YOND all these, however, I had made friends with other women, to whom social nuances were too trivial to compete with their professional or artistic pursuits. My association with them was primarily disinterested, although one amusing exception carried a surprising result. Having arranged a luncheon for half a dozen young matrons of the conservative clique, I persuaded a child psychologist, who had recently come to Wyckton, to join us. As I had hoped, she was bombarded with eager questions relating to the training of children, and when she left, to return to her office, everyone declared she was "too fascinating for words." What I had not foreseen was that she would gain profitable patients through this introduction, and widely spread the story that I had gone to great trouble to help her.

Perhaps my increasing self-confidence is not to be wondered at. It seemed almost too easy to make a place for myself which would eventually tower high above Mrs. Wyckoff's outmoded throne.

Then, early in December, shortly before the theater was scheduled to be finished, I awoke one morning, immediately conscious that something was wrong. I listened, but no sound broke the silence. I looked at the clock; it was long past the hour the carpenters were accustomed to start. I glanced at the calendar. It was Tuesday, and no holiday was registered. I ran to the open window. No one was in sight.

In answer to my summons, Maggie appeared. She put down the breakfast tray with a less cheerful "Good morning" than usual.

"What's happened?" I inquired, certain that through Kate's enmity, and Collins' admiration, she would be informed.

"**T**HAT Mrs. Wyckoff's getting an injunction against the theater! There's some law about this district being restricted to residential purposes, and she calls this 'a place of amusement.' And she also charges that you're building closer to the edge of her property than you have any legal right to."

"But if that were true, she'd have stopped it long ago!"

"I suppose she wanted to wait until it was pretty far along, so you'd be worse disappointed."

"Has Mr. Carr left?"

"Yes, Miss Irène, he went out quite early. To play golf, I believe. He said he wouldn't be home for lunch."

I asked Maggie to put out a gray-tweed tailored suit and a fresh white blouse, and then tell Collins to be ready with the car. On the way out, I gave Pierre meticulous instructions as to the menu and table decorations for our dinner of ten that evening. The guests in themselves presented sufficient hazard; I wanted no culinary experiments. I knew I could count on him to follow orders precisely and to see that Ellie, the cook, did too. I had sent to New York for him, not only to insure the dignity and smoothness only a highly trained French butler imparts to household service, but also to relegate Kate to less advantageous listening posts.

**A**S COLLINS drove toward the country club, I reflected, however, that the maid's close communication with the menage next door had again proved of great value to me. My instinct not to discharge her had been justified.

I signed the porter's book at the iron gates, in the antechamber of the clubhouse I again prepared to sign, but the bespectacled secretary stopped me. It was she, I remembered, who had seen and reported to Mrs. Wyckoff my impudent impersonation on the only other occasion I had been here.

"I don't believe you're a member," she said.

"No, but my husband, Mr. Donaldson Carr, is."

"Memberships are for individuals only. It is a rule that no outsider residing in Wyckton may be brought here more than once a year."

"Please send word immediately to Mr. Carr that I wish to see him!"

After a period which seemed endless, but was literally twenty-two minutes, I got up from an uncomfortable Spanish chair to greet Don.

"Is something the matter?" He regarded me anxiously. Perspiration gleamed on his deeply sunburned face, but never before had he appeared so handsome.

I took his arm and led him outdoors. When I had finished my breathless recital, he said:

"Irène! How can you take servants' idle gossip so seriously? I noticed the men weren't at work, but I realized it was because they were waiting for some material. Murphy told me last week the roofing hadn't come. Besides, why would he quit before an injunction was served? Not that such an absurd story could be true!"

"Will you call him up and find out?" I asked.

"As you see, I'm in the midst of a match. I should think you might have done that before you came running down here with such a tall yarn!"

**I** KNEW that he was none too eager to leave my project under way, involving, as it would, Desmond's daily proximity; I also knew how sharply Don resented any implication that Mrs. Wyckoff was an unscrupulous dictator, instead of the gracious *grande dame* of his childhood belief. This explanation of his irritability did not entirely assuage my wounded feelings, but it enabled me to conceal them.

"You're right," I answered. "Go back to your game. Whom are you playing with?"

He flushed deep red. He stammered, "I—I ran into—"

I realized, even before he hesitantly named her, that the only partner who could have caused this unwonted self-consciousness was Ruth Wyckoff.

(To be Continued)



# Will Your Gelatine



**W**HAT will the gelatine I use *do* for me?" is a fair question to ask. If it is *plain* gelatine—Knox Sparkling Gelatine—it will do many, many things. Not only will it make the four dishes on this page—and many more besides—but it will make them properly and deliciously . . . rich in the vitamins and minerals nature intended you to have and which you wouldn't get if Knox were the ready-flavored kind.

Plain gelatine is so useful . . . and so simple to use! Notice how well it combines with cheese in the Savory Cheese Salad . . . and it is really a wonderful dish! See what a good idea the recipe for Green Salad gives you! Combining canned fish, or vegetables, or fruits (canned, fresh, left-over) with Knox Gelatine introduces you to new economies at the same time it permits you to serve new dishes to your family or guests.

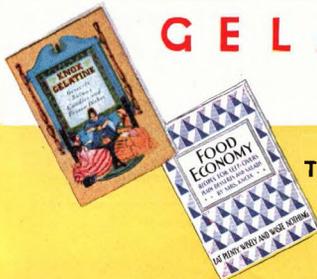
Just to show you the scores and scores of day-in-and-day-out ways in which Knox Gelatine will help you, we have prepared a special Kitchen Library containing more than 200 delicious recipes. It's FREE. Just mail the coupon. And do telephone your grocer for Knox Gelatine so you can start on the delicious Orange Chiffon Pie.

*4 Envelopes in this improved package*



**NOTE:** The improved package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine now contains four envelopes. Each envelope contains enough to make a delicious salad, a main dish or a dessert serving six people. Every box of Knox Gelatine, therefore, makes not one dish—but four. For example, one package will make all four of the recipes on this page. That's economy!

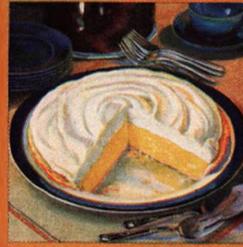
# KNOX is the real GELATINE



THIS FAMOUS KITCHEN LIBRARY

*Free*

## MAKE A PIE LIKE THIS?



### ORANGE CHIFFON PIE

(1-9" Pie - uses only ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 ¼ cup cold water 4 eggs 1 cup sugar  
 ½ cup orange juice 1 tablespoonful lemon juice  
 ½ teaspoonful salt 1 tablespoonful grated orange rind  
 Add one-half cup sugar, orange juice, lemon juice, and salt to beaten egg yolks and cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Add grated orange rind. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which the other one-half cup sugar has been added. Fill baked pie shell and chill. Just before serving, spread over pie a thin layer of whipped cream.

## MAKE A SALAD LIKE THIS?



### SAVORY CHEESE SALAD

(6 Servings - uses only ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 ¼ cup cold water 1 cup hot water ½ teaspoonful salt  
 ¼ cup mild vinegar 1½ cups grated American cheese  
 ½ cup stuffed olives, chopped ½ cup celery, chopped  
 ¼ cup green pepper, chopped  
 ½ cup cream or evaporated milk (whipped)  
 Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add hot water and stir until dissolved. Add salt and vinegar, cool, and when it begins to thicken, beat until frothy. Fold in cheese, olives, celery, pepper and whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce and serve with a salad dressing. This is very good for a sandwich filling.

## MAKE A VEGETABLE DISH LIKE THIS?

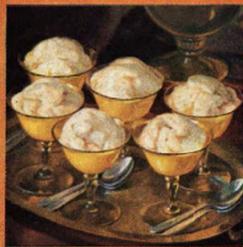


### GREEN SALAD

(6 Servings - uses only ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 ¼ cup cold water ½ cup hot pineapple juice  
 ¼ cup blanched almonds (or other nuts) ½ cup sugar  
 ¼ cup mild vinegar ½ cup stuffed olives, sliced  
 ½ cup sliced pineapple (canned)  
 ½ cup small sweet cucumber pickles  
 ¼ teaspoonful salt Green coloring, if desired  
 Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot pineapple juice (drained from canned pineapple) and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and green coloring, and cool. When it begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Pickles should be sliced thin, almonds chopped and pineapple cut in small pieces. Turn into individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water. Chill, and when firm, unmold on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise.

## MAKE A DELICIOUS DESSERT LIKE THIS?



### MAPLE NUT SPONGE

(6 Servings - uses only ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 ¼ cup cold water 1½ cups hot milk 2 eggs  
 1 cup maple syrup (or brown sugar syrup, adding a few drops mapleine if desired)  
 ¼ teaspoonful salt ½ teaspoonful vanilla  
 ¼ cup chopped nuts  
 Add hot milk to slightly beaten egg yolks and cook over boiling water until the mixture thickens slightly. Remove from fire. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add to hot mixture and stir until dissolved; then add maple syrup and salt. Cool and when mixture begins to congeal, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, vanilla and nuts. Turn into serving glasses and chill. Serve garnished with whipped cream.

KNOX GELATINE, 23 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

Please send me **FREE** the new Knox Kitchen Library: "Desserts, Salads, Candies and Frozen Dishes", and "Food Economy".

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"Sorry, dear, I'm afraid I'm not very hungry tonight."

Poor Appetite?



"Steero Bouillon sure gives me an appetite! Bring on that roast!"

## A cup of HOT STEERO BOUILLON will make you hungry

**APPETITE POOR?** Food tasteless? Stomach fussy? His real trouble is probably **POOR DIGESTION**. What he needs is a mild, appetizing stimulant to get his stomach tuned up and ready for food **BEFORE HE EATS**. And that's just what a cup of hot Steero Bouillon before meals will do.

Here is what happens when you drink Steero Bouillon: its beefy, piquant flavor of wholesome beef, vegetables and spices starts the digestive juices flowing at three vital points before you eat—(1) the mouth, (2) the stomach, (3) the pancreas. And these juices make the digestion of your meal faster, easier. Your appetite "picks up."

Prove this to yourself. Try a cup of hot Steero Bouillon as a drink or

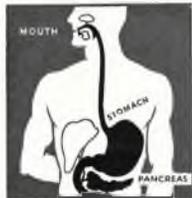
thin soup with your meals for a few days. Note how your appetite is stimulated, how you look forward with real zest to the rest of your meal.

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### \*Steero Bouillon Aids Digestion at 3 Vital Points

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\*The Three Vital Points

**SO EASY!**  
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A CUP." JUST ADD  
BOILING WATER.

At right,  
Steero 50  
Cube Tin.  
Other sizes  
—12 and 100  
cubes, and  
new 10c size.

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## Strained Relations

(Continued from Page 17)

She drew a chintz-covered chair near the window of her bedroom, piled the manuscripts on a footstool, located scratch pad and pencil, and sat down. Her reading, in the past, had furnished a margin for pleasant extras. This past year she had made just enough to send to Grace. She suspected that Philip wheedled the books away from office readers, to save her face. She couldn't ask him for money for her sister! She began to read, dropping typed pages face down beside her chair.

The telephone rang in the hall below. Hulda bellowed, "Mis' Leigh! Oh, Mis' Leigh! Is you somewhere?" Impatiently, Mina hurried downstairs.

Philip, his voice constrained: "Mina? Don has just blown in. I know you won't like it, but I'll have to bring him out tonight."

"What did you say?"

"Philip needn't have put it that way. 'How long is he going to stay?'"

"I don't know." His voice came across miles of Arctic ice floes. "I can see if I can get him put up at the club. But with other expenses —"

He meant Grace! "I didn't say I objected, Philip." Could he even hear her, across the frozen distance? "Of course you must bring him home. Only what's he doing here? I was surprised, that's all."

"He's looking for a job. I didn't know he was coming, Mina." A faint warmth, a note of apology. "And, Mina, you'll be nice to him? He's sort of cut up. I'll tell you about it tonight."

**CUT** up, was he? Mina banged down the telephone. She'd like to cut him up into little pieces. Coming East on Philip's money, to wheedle more out of him! Handsome, lazy wretch. Philip was positively soft where he was concerned.

Mina got to her feet, her whole small body energized with anger. Halfway up the stairs she halted. Good heavens—Grace! She couldn't hurt her sister because Philip insisted on bringing his brother home. What a mess! At least Philip couldn't object, as he called it. But how the two would mix!

Late in the afternoon Mina stretched back in her chair, the final page of the second manuscript, drifting down on the pile. The shouts of boys playing ball on the vacant lot across the street floated in with syringa fragrance. This second book wasn't much good. Conventional romance. If someone would only write about the rest of love, instead of repeating the beginnings of it. They never went on to tell what happened after the plunge: the strangeness of the ocean, the rich life on the ocean bottom, the confusion, the fear, the strength which grew with the years. Mina sat up. She'd better hurry, or she'd be too late for the train.

**AS SHE** dressed she heard the boys clattering up the stairs, and hurried to shake down over her head the soft green-silk frock. A few smart strokes with the brush laid her fair hair smooth over the crown of her head, coaxed it into curls at the nape of her neck.

"Mother! Can we drive down with you?" John pounded at her door.

Mina opened the door and found Roger staring mournfully into his room. "Why must we have visitors?" he asked. "I can't move all my things."

"Aunt Grace has to have the guest room, and so Uncle Don must have yours."

"Let him go sleep with John, and see how he likes it," grumbled Roger.

Mina gave him a quick hug. "Come on, fellow, don't be a grump. Come on, John." They pelted ahead of her. Probably they'd scrap until Don left —

She sat in the car, watching her sons stalk about the station platform. The bell at the crossing vibrated, the train tore in, its smoke a fine pennant.

**CERTAIN** small events kept for Mina the quality of a recurrent miracle. One of them was the first glimpse of Philip at the end of a day. She had no conscious fear of what might happen during absence, but his reappearance gave her a quiet ease. She watched the two men, the boys trotting beside them, as they came toward the car. Don was taller, quicker of movement. The elusive resemblance lay in the space between the dark eyes. Don's mouth was immature, Philip's strong, subtle.

"Well, Minal!" Don held her hand, adressed her aggressively. "Prettier than ever. Here's the bad penny again." He climbed in with the two boys, while Philip slid in beside Mina, bulging, worn portfolio on his knee.

"Tired?" Mina brushed finger tips across his hand, her glance querying his mood. A little defensive, lest he need to pick up a cudgel for Don.

"New car, eh?" Don leaned forward. "What's the mileage?" ("Implication of prosperity," thought Mina.) He went on in a lower tone, entrancing the boys. He was first out of the car, extending a gallant hand to Mina. "Your house looks charming." His expression was that of a worn Ulysses, gazing from afar at paradise. "You're lucky to have such a place. We lost ours."

Mina knew. She and Philip had had a bad week before Philip had decided Don would have to let it go. His house, was it? About five hundred dollars' worth of fifteen thousand. Furnished—what was the phrase?—on income!

"You show Don his room, Philip," she said. "I'm giving him Roger's."

Philip's eyebrows questioned her, but Don was at his heels. "You boys scrub up for dinner." Mina corralled them toward the stairs and went out to inspect the dinner table.

"**WHAT'S** the idea, Mina?" Philip stood in the doorway. "Why not give Don the guest room? Wouldn't it be less trouble?"

"Well, you see"—Mina moved toward Philip, her mouth droll—"it's really comical, Philip. Please laugh." (Queer how far away Philip seemed, as if Don's presence drew him back into years before she had known him.)

"It's Grace. I had a letter."

"I know you did."

"She's driving to Philadelphia and wants to run up here for a few days."

"Really! You might have told me."

"I didn't dare." Mina's tone ridiculed her own discomfort. "Till Don —"

"How on earth can she gallivant around the country on what you give her?"

"That's what is funny," Mina laughed.

"Both our liabilities on tour!"

"I told you Don was on the track of a job." Philip's tone was too forbearing.

"The boy has" (Continued on Page 114)



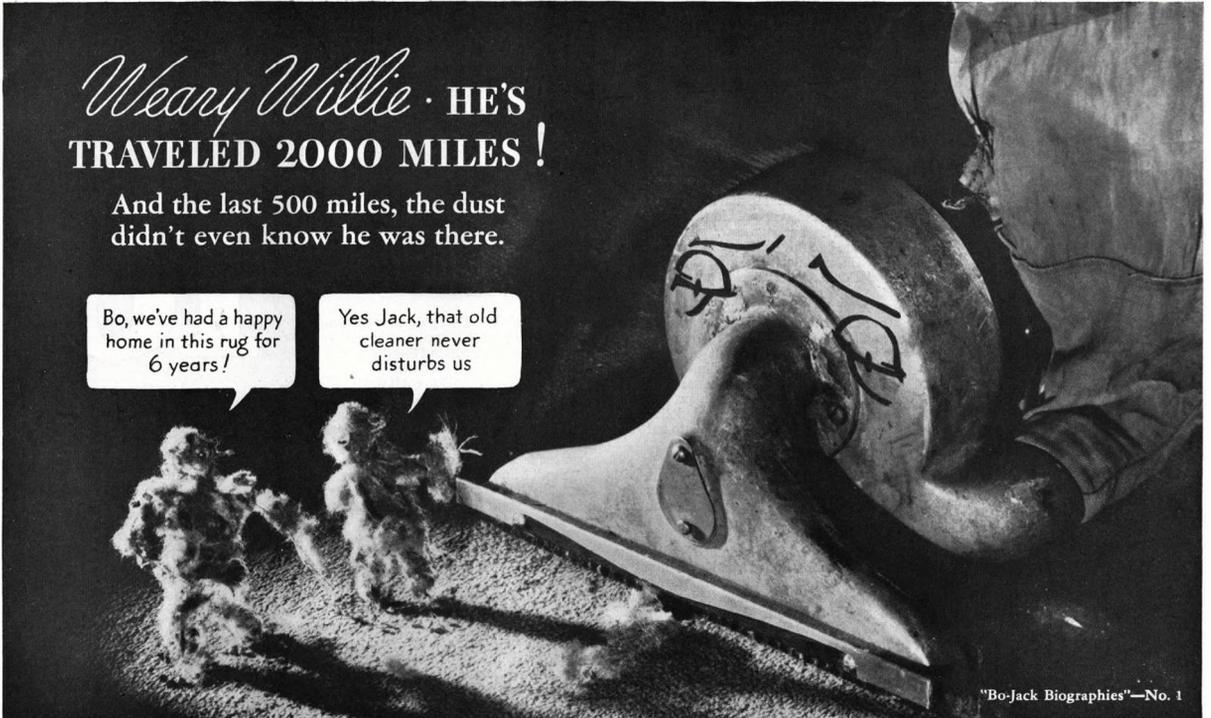
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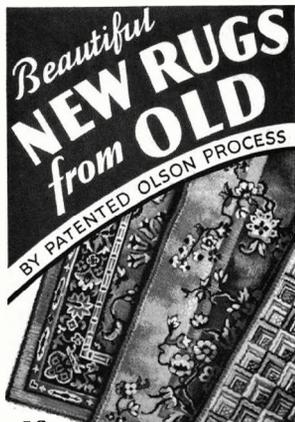
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(Continued from Page 112) been having a rotten time. His wife's gone running home to mamma because the installment company took away the stuffed chairs."

"All right. It isn't funny." (How keep it a joke alone?) "The cases are entirely different. I can't refuse to see Grace, and the guest room is more convenient for a woman." Mina turned with specious calmness to speak to Hulda.

Dinner moved slowly; Mina felt like an old stern-wheeler, paddling upstream through sluggish conversation. She found Roger eying her. He had a disturbing response to undercurrents in the household.

"You boys may go now," she told them. "Come back by half-past eight."

"Oh, moth-er! It's light till nine."  
 "Don't argue!" Philip was stern, and the boys scotched off.

After coffee Philip and Don strolled out-of-doors. The summer twilight lay golden over trees and grass. Mina watched the two men out of sight, and listlessly returned to the dining room for breakfast plans. The telephone rang. Telegram, collect. Mina felt a preparatory contraction. "Wire hundred dollars for fine lost license street car ran into auto am in jail love Grace."

**A**HUNDRED dollars! Grace in jail! Mina's thought whirled centrifugally, scattering her in all directions. She couldn't stir up that much money. She had to. Less than ten in her purse. Philip—how could she ask him? Florence Ryder—she might! Mina dialed the Ryder number, had to endure sparring from Ferd before he would call Florence. Florence was sorry; cleaned out at bridge. She'd ask Ferd. (Was Hulda eavesdropping?) Ferd had sixteen. Mina was welcome to it.

"What's up?"  
 "My sister's in some kind of auto mix-up." (Nine and sixteen. Lot of good that would do!) "If I can scrape up the rest, I'll drive over for yours."

Now where? Hulda was staring at her, pale blue eyes wide and flat. Desperately Mina called her. "Hulda, have you any cash on hand?" The girl didn't believe in banks. "I must wire some to my sister. I could return it tomorrow."

"Sure. Been trouble?" Hulda plodded animatedly toward her. "Sure. I keep in good place. How much?"

In a whirl of humiliation Mina listened to Hulda's heavy feet on the rear stairs. If only Philip didn't come in! Hulda returned, untying knots in a large handkerchief, counting out crumpled bills.

"Don't say anything about it. Tomorrow I'll give it back." Although how?  
 "Sure." Hulda's bland face connived at solidarity for her sex.

As Mina drove out of the yard, she heard a call. She pressed her toe down and the car shot ahead. She had to drive to the second town to find a telegraph station open.

**W**HEN, after nine, she slid shut the doors of the garage, she peered at the house like a conspirator, to determine where she might make the least conspicuous entrance. The kitchen was dark, and so locked. She'd have to march in the front door. Tobacco smoke drifted through the study windows. Philip and Don had come in, then. As she stole into the hall, bedlam descended upon her, a clatter, a banging, a yell. Hastily she ran up the stairs. The noise ceased with ominous abruptness. She pushed open the door of John's room. The two boys confronted each other, diddling on their toes, glaring like bantam cockings, and on the worktable a pool of black ink spread amebalike.

"Who knocked that over?" Mina was curt.

"He did!" They sang it in chorus. "Wipe it up quickly." A step on the stairs. "Hurry, John."

"I didn't do it. Coming in here and spoiling my rug an' everything!"

"Did you hear your mother, sir?" They all jumped. Philip filled the doorway.

"Find a cloth and wash the table, John." Mina moved a pile of books. John rolled a

wary eye toward his father and got busy. "Then go to bed, you two."

Mina left them, minor culprits, and strolled into the hall.

"I didn't know you were back," said Philip expectantly.

"Oh, yes." ("Where have you been?" he meant.) Mina looked up flippantly. "I didn't know you were back. Have a nice walk?"

"Didn't you see us as you drove off? I called."

"You did?" ("Oh, not tonight," thought Mina feverishly. "I can't tell him tonight.") She heard Don in the hall, clearing his throat.

"Well," said Philip, "there was a telegram for you while you were gone."

Mina drooped against the wall, comic dismay on her face.

"**D**ON took it." Philip drew an old envelope from his pocket. "It sounds peculiar. Released without fine don't need hundred see you soon love Grace. I hope," he added stiffly, "that Don got it straight."

"Oh!" cried Mina. "Oh-h!"

Don was coming up the stairs, whistling. "Guess I'll turn in," he said genially. "I say, was that message okay? I had the operator repeat it twice."

"Yes." Mina's glance scurried between them. She had to explain! "It's my sister. Grace Wagstaff. She wired earlier. She was in an accident."

"Whee-oo! Too bad." Don was solicitous. "Glad she's okay." He moved past them into Roger's room. The latch of the door did not click shut.

"I suppose she wired for money," said Philip, "and you've sent it."

"I had to. She was in jail!" Mina wanted to babble the story, to beg for sympathy. But Philip stood off, straight and solid, and that door down the hall swung in the evening breeze. Don would enjoy this!

"Where could you get a hundred this time of night?"

("Oh, Philip! Less like a judge!") Mina made her voice very small. "I borrowed it. But now Grace will send it right back. I've had such a time!"

"You poor kid!" Philip crammed the offending envelope into a pocket, his eyes lighting in quick warmth, and reached an arm toward her.

"Oh, Phil! If you could look here a minute—" Don, collarless, thrust his curly head out of his door. "Here's that prospectus. Just a sec."

**H**ANDS clenched in fury at a moment broken just as it opened to inclose her in warmth of comprehension, Mina watched Philip into Don's room. Her lids burned with quick tears as she closed her own door. The murmur of voices continued, secretive, excluding her. Miserably she crept into bed. Later she stirred out of drowsiness as a board creaked. Philip, tiptoeing to his room. He would say, the next morning, "It was so late I knew you were asleep." He was afraid she might ask what Don wanted!

She glittered determinedly through breakfast the next morning. Roger wouldn't finish his oatmeal. She knew how he felt! "Hurry up, boys," she said briskly. "Almost time to start. They'd all gone to bed wrong, and mood hang-overs were the worst kind. Thank goodness, Don was going in town with Philip. And then Mina couldn't start the car! She had left the lights burning."

"Here, I'm swell at cranking cars." How she hated Don's joviality! He and Philip rolled the car out of the garage, Philip with an air of courteous restraint. If they had been alone, he would have grinned and said, "Well, old Crinkle-top, what was on your mind?" Instead, once they had the motor running, he said, "I'd better drive. You'll have to be cautious about stalling."

Philip turned his head as he tore along the shaded road. "Did you by any chance finish those manuscripts, Mina?"  
 "They're no special good." She could be superior about them. "I'll write the

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reports today." Then, perversely, "Could I have the check today?"

"Certainly," Philip's jaw lengthened. "You must need it."

"Trust a woman for that," came Don's light comment.

As they slid down the hill toward the tracks, the gateman ran out to plant his flag. Philip thrust on the brakes. "Pile out!" he ordered. "We can get through on foot." Mina watched the four of them duck under the descending gates. She had to sit there, the engine throbbing because she didn't dare throttle it down, cinders rattling on the hood, until the gates lifted and she could turn the car.

The bank wouldn't be open yet. She must return Hulda's money. She'd have to borrow from the household account. Grace would send the hundred by tomorrow, Mina assured herself stoutly. She didn't see Florence or the black roadster anywhere. That meant a real scrap. She didn't blame Florence. With other people in the house there was no leeway for swinging at your domestic mooring with the tide. Instead, the small craft bumped and scraped.

AS MINA turned into the main street, a red pterodactyl of an oil truck shot backward from an alley. Mina grabbed at the emergency brake, sat with quivering knees while the truck driver leered at her and thundered away. "Don't stall," Philip had said. Honks assailed her from the rear. She stepped out, looked helpless, and presently the constable and a few drafted bystanders had pushed the car to the curb.

The mechanic at the garage was indifferent. All the rental batteries were out, and the other men, too, on a wrecking job. He'd try to get it sometime before night.

Mina walked to the markets. They'd have to deliver. Couldn't promise till afternoon, way out there. She purchased fish for dinner. No one liked fish, but it was cheap, and if you had extra people—

She hated the flat, glazed eyes of the fish, the odor of scales and blood.

She walked slowly home. The still air was heavy with fragrance of blossoms; a glaze obscured the brilliance of the sky, almost saffron-hued, the color of a storm brewing. The city would be unpleasant. Philip hated the heat.

Hulda had attacked the living room, and the vibration of the vacuum cleaner as she ran it lustily back and forth shook the house. Mina plodded up the stairs, and tried to defeat the vacuum machine with her typewriter. The heat, dead-fish eyes, chagrin, helped her to deal caustically with romance.

IN THE middle of the morning she remembered that she had not gone to the bank. Perhaps—hopefully—Grace would get the hundred back and the household funds could stay undisturbed. What if that car had been wrecked? Had Grace been driving? Her thoughts were noisier than Hulda and the cleaner.

By midafternoon she could see white thunderheads rolling up in the northwest. The air was as motionless as if the earth had ceased to revolve. She was glad when she heard the boys' shout as they rushed into the house.

"Mother, we passed all right!" John clattered up the stairs, loud in triumph. Roger lifted a face brilliant with release. "And Roger was almost the best!"

Mina hugged them. "Good boys. Change your clothes before you go out, and don't go far. A storm's coming up."

As she sorted the sheets of the final book, she heard a car stop in front of the house. Had the garage found a battery? No, a woman's voice. "Put them here in the hall. You didn't say it would be extra. I never pay extra at home."

With a recurrence in her knees of the near-collision feeling of the morning, Mina went down to the lower hall, the boys after her. "Why, Grace!"

"Mina, darling!" Grace kissed her heartily. Her fair, plump face was heat flushed, her white turn face askew, her

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flowered chifon plastered over arms and breast. "What a dreadful trip! What an experience!" Busily she unbuckled a white pump, wriggled her toes free. "Roger, could you get your auntie a drink? Oh, that's John! An icy drink?"

Mina looked at her sister, looked at the pile of luggage draped with a dingy white polo coat. She remembered, against her will, a comment Philip had made. "Grace makes me think of a reflection of you in one of those Coney Island mirrors—you know, the convex kind. She makes me uneasy."

"You don't look very glad to see me," Grace dabbed at her nose with a grayish wipe from a vanity case. "I hope"—distantly—"it's not inconvenient."

"Of course not, Grace. Roger"—he peered gloomily down through the balustrade—"come speak to Aunt Grace, and help John carry the bags."

Roger squirmed under Grace's, "How he's grown!" He escaped with a suitcase. John followed with a hatbox, and before Mina had escorted Grace to the guest room, she heard the two of them stealing down the rear stairs.

GRACE stroked the taffeta bedspread. "You have a lovely house, Mina." She pulled off her turban and patted her wavy hair. "Servants too?"

"I have Hulda." Mina thought, "I'm hypersensitive."

"You certainly are lucky," Grace tipped the mirror over the dressing table. "Perhaps I better take off this dress, I got so warm. Do you like it?"

"It's quite striking," Mina settled herself near a window, pushing back the gazed-chintz curtain in search of air. "Do sit down and tell me what has been happening to you. Your telegrams—"

"Plenty. I never was so upset in my life!" Grace sank down on the bed, exploring with a thumb along her diaphragm. "There's a bone sticks into me right there. . . . Nor so disappointed in people I thought were friends. Fair-weather friends. Huh!"

She tossed fragments of the story at Mina for her to piece together. At first the trip had been grand, except that the Collings stopped at tourist camps. Stinky. When they reached Philadelphia it was Grace's turn to drive, and although she never did like traffic she wasn't going to be a quitter, and this street car swung out around a bend, with a lot of workmen on it, and what yelling. And then the Collings blamed her, but finally a nice officer found Grace was from Indiana and just let her go, and she hoped she'd never lay eyes on the Collings again.

"Well," said Mina, "I'm glad no one was hurt. I'm glad you didn't need that hundred dollars, too. I had a time getting it."

"Oh, that!" Grace peered at Mina coaxingly, a dimple in her plump cheek. "I really got that officer not to make me pay the fine, so I saved the money."

"Incredulity, complete and numbing, held Mina silent.

"I KNEW you wouldn't want me to look shabby. I hadn't bought a new dud for two years."

"You spent that money?"

"Why, Mina!" Grace's chin quivered.

"You gave it to me, didn't you?"

"I borrowed it from Hulda! From my maid! Because you were in jail."

"Tch! Tch! Hasn't Philip—why, I supposed he was doing well." Grace pounced to her feet, and with a dramatic gesture tossed a purse at Mina. "Take it! I never expected you to begrudge—"

She spread a handkerchief over snuffles.

Mina counted the contents. Thirteen dollars and thirty-one cents.

"With my nerves suffering from the shock, too," sobbed Grace.

"You might as well stop that noise."

This, no doubt, was the way Grace had managed poor Edgar about money. "I told you last summer I could send you fifty dollars a month, no more. If you'd stayed in Centerville you wouldn't have

got into this mess! You don't suppose I ask Philip to support you!"

"I had to have a change!" Grace sniffed. "You have everything!"

"You better pull yourself together. Philip will be home soon. His brother is visiting us too." Mina walked out of the room, her fist closed over the thirteen dollars.

Time to drive to the station. She telephoned the garage. They'd been too busy to send for a rental battery, but they had hers on the charger.

WELL, that was that. Hulda inquired, ominously, if the lady was staying to dinner. The fish been not come yet. Mina called the market. Oh, the fish was on the way. Any minute now, ma'am. Mina could see it hopping on its tail, filmed eyes staring. Through the window Mina saw lightning streak, pale in the daylight. She felt as the electricity in the air polarized the cells of her body, giving her a fictitious energy. As she ran upstairs she heard water running in the guest bathtub. Grace was, evidently, pulling herself together.

"When Grace isn't here," thought Mina, as she stripped off her pique frock, "I remember how kind she is, how we used to play together. . . . I can't have a bath; there'd be no hot water for Philip. It's been hot in town. Does Philip feel that way about Don?" Ouch! What a crash that was! Suppose the house was struck, or Philip, trudging up hill from the station. She hurried into her frock, a sleeveless white silk. Her hair clung with tiny crackles to the brush until she had to smooth it with her hands. Dark clouds rolled up like smoke.

Below her window started suddenly a commotion—words, yelps, a crash. Mina stared down. In the middle of the grassy plot lay her bird bath in fragments. Protruding from the syringa were long, gray-trousered legs. The bush heaved, and the rear end of Don burst out of the lower branches, drawing after it an enormous animal, white and yellow. Don rocked back on his haunches; so did the dog. A Saint Bernard, jowls and drooping eyes mournful even in puppyhood, huge paws braced against motion.

Hulda! "shouted Don. "Bring me a dish of water! He's thirsty."

MINA heard Hulda's shriek. She hurried down. "What in the world—"

she began.

"Hello, Mina." Don rose, brushing off his knees. "Meet Benedict. You haven't got a bone, have you? He won't move."

He did move, suddenly, upon Mina, paws at her waist, dripping, loving tongue on her chin.

"He likes you!" cried Don. "Here, Benedict! Be a one-man dog!"

Mina backed away. "Where did you get it? What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to take him home with me, pedigree and all. When I saw him, panting his life away in a shop on Fifth Avenue, I just had to rescue him. He was lonely as I was. When she said I tie him." The puppy yelped. "Too hot, isn't it, Benny?"

Thunder crackled. "Say, I can't leave him out here."

"You can't bring him in the house," wailed Mina. "Where's Philip?"

"Have a heart, Mina. Nice doggy. Shut up! I haven't seen Phil since lunch. I got a fellow to drive me out. See, it's raining now!"

Mina felt the first drops on her hair.

"Put him in the garage."

She stepped in the kitchen entry, shaken by laughter. A Saint Bernard, because they were both lonely! With Philip's money.

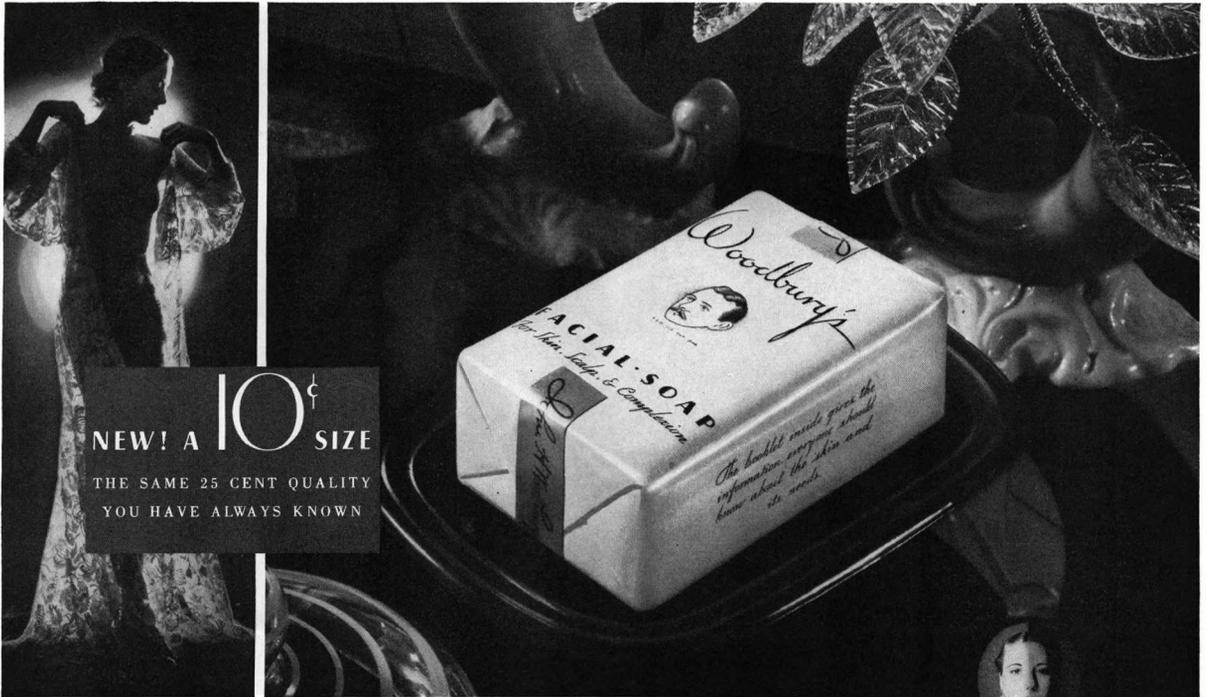
Hulda had to be soothed. The fish had come, none the better for being so long about it.

"Do the best you can," said Mina.

Uneasily she went to the front door. The wind was turning up the maple leaves, showing their pale petticoats; the rain splattered in huge drops. A black roaster shot up the drive, halted shyly at the door. The (Continued on Page 118)

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**Colman's Dry Mustard**

(Continued from Page 116) glimpse of the high spirits of her family turned Mina's worry sour. In the rumble perched the two boys, and beside Florence, not the least fatigued or drenched or anything except glowing, sat Philip.

"Hello, Mina!" Scarlet earrings dangled into soft white fur at Florence's throat. "My own man's so furious he didn't even come home. So I fetched yours along. You might lend him—you've enough people on hand, I hear."

Absurd to mind. The boys scrambled out, knobby knees scratched and grimy. Philip stepped out, lowered the heavy rear lid. "Better step on it!" A sudden squall sent the boys scampering into the house.

"By!" She shot off rakishly, cutting down turf at the curve.

"Well, did the old car go dead?" Philip shook drops from his hat, bent absently to kiss Mina. "Lucky Florence came along."

"I wish we had that kind of car," said John. "It's mere fun."

"Especially in the rain?" asked Mina. "You boys better hurry."

"I hear your sister arrived." The animation faded from Philip's face.

"Yes, she's here. And Don's here. And Don's new dog. Maybe you'd prefer to go with Florence."

"Maybe I would, if you —" Philip broke off as Grace swept down upon him.

**DURING** the brief conversation which followed, Mina suffered a small misery. Philip's politeness had rents through which she detected its sardonic lining. Grace did gush, of course. Why should Mina feel responsible? A survival of childhood, before one's own identity separated itself from that of the family as a whole, perhaps. She welcomed the entrance of Don, stalking in from the kitchen as if he owned the house. He and Grace met for the first time, with a clash of lances, scenting each other as rivals.

"I didn't know you lived with Philip and Mina," began Grace.

"And I thought Mina's sister was way out West."

"I must clean up," said Philip. "The city was filthy today."

Don followed up the stairs. "I have to scrub dog off my paws," he confided to Philip. "Wait till you see him! And was he a bargain!"

"He looks like Philip, only younger." Grace pursed her lips. "He's got that same sarcastic way, too. How long has he been here?"

From overhead Mina caught Philip's accent, incredulous, angry. Hoorary! "A day longer than you have," she answered Grace, who ignored the implication.

Dinner would have been funny, Mina knew, if she hadn't been too close. Philip was silent. Casual remarks from the others led to sparring.

"Where's Uncle Edgar?" asked Roger.

"Why, yes, where is Uncle Edgar?" inquired Don genially.

**UNCLE EDGAR** was at home on his mother's farm, running it for her. Don thought he was a merchant. Of course, but he'd almost had a breakdown, and had to stay out-of-doors. Grace herself didn't care for farm life, and—coquetishly—"You know how mothers are about their sons' wives!" Wasn't Don married? Where was his wife? Home with her mother, too, although not running a farm. Wasn't that a coincidence?—this from Grace. Both of them here, and his wife and her husband home with their mothers.

"And we're home with our mother!" John thought that very funny, in spite of a dark look from Philip.

The rain, beating against windows, pounding the roof, made a prison of the house for the evening. Philip sat at his desk, formidable behind papers. The boys didn't want to play checkers; they didn't have any good books to read; they refused suggestions, until Mina sent them to bed. What, she wondered, would all the summer days be like, with this household?

Then, lacing the noise of wind and rain, came a new note, plaintive, persistent. Mina watched Don move casually about the living room with the air of one making an inventory of bric-a-brac, until he edged out of sight. Grace launched into a story about a milliner at home whose husband looked like Don and ran away with a waitress. Mina thought the moaning had stopped.

Suddenly from the kitchen came a crescendo of shrieks; in through the dining room pounded Hulda, her face a full moon of terror. Behind her, wagging every hair in ecstasy, leaped Benedict; and after him, grabbing for a dangling rope, Don. Hulda barricaded herself in a corner behind the piano. Philip stalked from his study, with an end-of-all-endurance look.

"**HE WON'T** hurt you, Hulda," Mina reached for the girl's quivering hands, found them sticky with dough. "Don't scream so! He's only a puppy."

"He jump on me, Mis' Leigh! On my bread I make! Oo-oh!"

"He was crying so, I just thought I'd bring him in a minute." Don had an arm about the dog's neck. "I didn't know anyone could yell so! Good lungs."

"You give me my money, I go home." Hulda shook flour-daubed fists. "Too much people and animal. I go home. You give me hundred dollar, Mis' Leigh."

"Come on, boy," said Don. "Let's go." He scuffed the dog over a rug.

"Hundred dollar," repeated Hulda. "Do you owe her that much?" asked Philip.

Grace made a chattering sound, like a woodchuck. Mina looked at her, then at Philip, her hands, limp-wristed, open in a beseeching gesture. "See, Hulda, you're safe now. Come on." She longed for a leash to drag Hulda away with her. "You can wait till morning for the money. Please come. I couldn't spare you."

Don sidled past with a jaunty good night. Grace hovered at the entrance to the living room. "I don't see how you stand such a maid!" she began. Then, hastily, "I might as well go to bed." Hearing no protest, she tapped up the stairs.

**MINA** waited for the sound of her closing door. Then, slowly, she walked into the alcove to join Philip.

"What did that girl mean, a hundred dollars?" asked Philip. "Don't you pay her?"

"I borrowed it. To send to Grace, for that fine."

"But she didn't need it."

"She spent it. All but thirteen dollars." Mina brushed unwelcome tears of humiliation from her lashes. "Oh, Philip! What are they doing to us? Not money. Something deeper. We've tried to cover them up, as if each of us belonged more to them than to each other!"

"You mean Don too? Do you know what he did?"

"The dog, you mean?"

"He spent a hundred and fifty for it. Money I gave him for debts. I guess we're quits, aren't we, Mina?"

"What are we going to do?"

"We've been awful fools, eh? Protecting them, concealing their deceptions. I knew you didn't like Don, didn't like my helping him —"

"I couldn't bear to tell you about Grace."

"Let's pack 'em off home tomorrow with a nickel apiece. Let's tell 'em in unison we're through being bamboozled. So much a week to keep them off the bread line."

"Grace could go home with Edgar, only she isn't so comfortable."

"Exactly. And Don could find something to do, only he expects too much. It's good to talk to you again, Mina!"

"Don't stop! Don't you dare ever stop! I've been scared, Phil —"

"Scared? You've been a thistle, a hornet!" He shook her gently, held her face against his throat, his fingers tugging at her curly hair. "Little fool!" At Mina's laugh he admitted, "A pair of fools!"

# GIRLS...



**Want Money for New Clothes?**

Would you like a spiffy new hat?

Slippers? A spring outfit that will bring out your best?

**WITH** the coming of warmer weather, don't you want to look as lovely as you feel?

You can earn the necessary money easily through our jolly Club! Many of our members have earned several dollars the very first time they tried.

Florence Wolf, charming school-girl pictured above, made a profit of \$4.00 in only three hours.

"I think this is a wonderful way to make money," writes Dorothy Adriansen. "The very first time, I made \$1.60."

## Win Prizes Too!

You'll love the prizes too, won by good work. Membership brings you the Club pin at once. Then there'll be all kinds of monthly prizes and surprises till you finally win the white-gold wrist watch.

Fill in the coupon now and send it in. Not a penny of expense, so join us and see what you can do. We'll show you how to earn **AT ONCE!**

**CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
333 Independence Square  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I can earn money and prizes.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print name and address)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

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



# Doing Right By Our Nell

*Rescued from the toils of  
her kitchen, Nell achieves  
lovelier-than-ever meals*

By SUSAN FAIRCHILD

WHEN the "Old Homestead" was a hit, and Denman Thompson was wringing the hearts of the country, there was mighty little hope for the woman in the kitchen. The apple pie for breakfast idea was abroad in the land. Hours and hours of every day in the week had to be spent over a hot stove, preparing the endless stews and pies and puddings the hearty appetites of her "men-folks" demanded.

Years passed and the girls began to find out that Nell wasn't getting her share of the breaks. She wanted more time to read, more leisure to listen and a freer mind to absorb the absorbing things lying around loose in this much publicized world.

I'll tell you this. Nothing in the world has contributed so much to doing right by our Nell as has the canning industry. It has taken away the hard work and toilsome labor of food preparation, until no woman in her right mind is tied up—or down—to the methods of her grandmother.

There's soup. You can have a different one every day in the month. And you can use canned soups as a base for

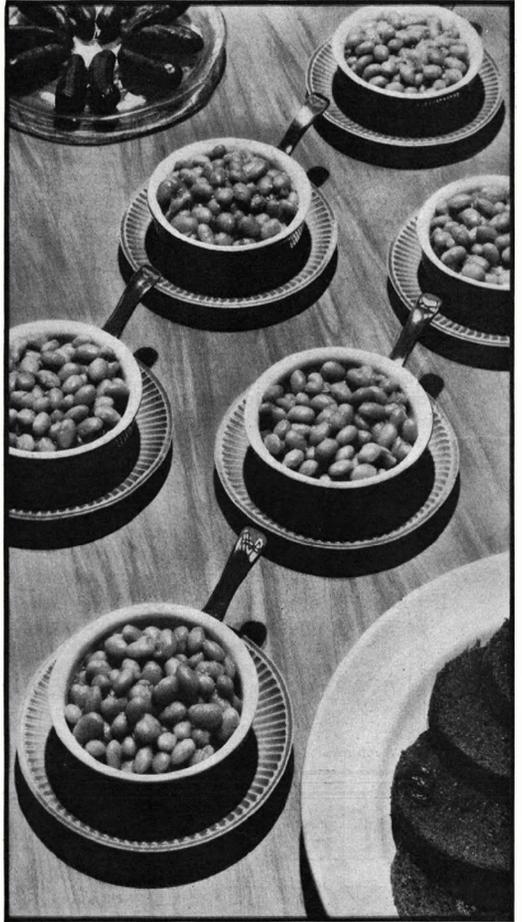
sauces and gravies, as well as for soup "as is." The soup kettle is gone forever.

Would you like a perfect aspic? Heat two cups of canned tomato juice, season with salt and pepper to taste. Add the juice of a lemon. Soak one and one-half tablespoons gelatine in a little cold water and add to the hot tomato juice. Dissolve, strain and use as you like. Nell's mother would have taken hours getting that aspic. Beginning with tomatoes on the vine, and working right through.

IF you think baked beans aren't stylish, you don't know your Palm Beach. But they aren't beans baked by hand and with trial by fire in stifling kitchens. The best baked beans in the whole wide world come right out of neat little cans.

When you think of the seven washings, and sortings, spinach once had to undergo, you can't blame Nell for thinking spinach was a sort of last resort. But out of a can now comes spinach tender and green and perfectly cooked, all the back-breaking labor done, waiting to be served in half a dozen splendid ways.

Well, just to show you. Drain well four cups of canned spinach. Add to it one-third cup melted butter and one and one-fourth cups of light cream sauce. Season with



*The best people are serving them and the epicures are eating them. But they are not beans baked by hand and with trial by fire in stifling kitchens.*

a little mace, salt and pepper. Fill a ring mold and heat well in a moderate oven. Turn out the spinach ring on a hot platter, fill the center with creamed canned mushrooms, and garnish with sliced hard boiled eggs.

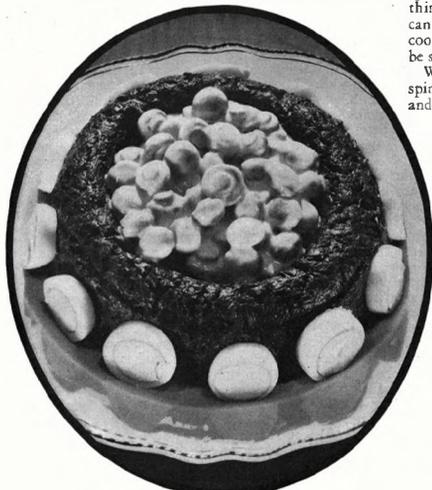
It's all so modern. We've come into a new leisure, and lost none of the lovely results of the old painstaking cookery methods, for the foods are the same fresh foods as ever—we simply don't toil over endless tasks that the canners and packers do so much better.

THERE'S not the slightest chance for anything but the finest, freshest fruit, vegetable, meat and fish to get itself into a can. Why? Because foods are popped into cans so quickly after they're ready, that they don't stand a Chinaman's chance of losing their freshness and their succulence. They are modern foods, good foods, superior foods, and you can bet our Nell knows it.

Who wants to wait till August for corn to be ripe? There is corn to be had three hundred and sixty-five days in the year—also during leap year. And in a variety of styles. A pretty brand new one is the whole kernel corn. You can make marvelous corn oysters of it. This way: open a can of whole kernel corn, chop it fine. To one cup of the corn add one well beaten egg and a touch of sugar, salt and pepper. Add one-fourth cup of milk and flour to make a good batter. Mix and fry on a greased hot griddle. Serve with chicken or ham or most anything.

I know of few fine dishes that cannot be achieved from canned foods as well and maybe better than from foods that never saw a can. Only to you remains the art of using these modern foods in all their endless variety. Yes, the canners are doing right by our Nell.

*Advertisement.*



*But out of a can now comes spinach tender and green and perfectly cooked, all the back-breaking labor done, waiting to be served in half a dozen splendid ways.*



MISS RUTH ATWATER  
Director of Home  
Economics, National  
Canners Association.

*She's just pining  
to be helpful*

*What I haven't told you about canned foods, would fill a dictionary. But—and here's a point. My friend, Ruth Atwater, Director of Home Economics of the National Canners Association, has a lot of little books all full of interesting facts on canned foods—food value, grades, canning methods, etc. She will send them for the asking. And she'll tell you whatever you want to know on the subject of meals and dishes made from these modern foods. In fact she's just pining to be helpful. So write and find out just how helpful she is! Her address is Dept. L-2, 1739 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.*

# WARNING!

If you see advertisements in magazines or hear on the radio statements calling attention to "smell" being present in ordinary *gelatin* desserts, remember they do *not* mean or refer to Knox Sparkling Gelatine (plain gelatine). Knox Gelatine is free from unpleasant odor and is much purer than government standards. The public is invited to see it made in a modern food kitchen.

Knox Gelatine never becomes stale. It is kept plain in the belief that housewives, who understand the difference, want to give their families the superior flavor and health benefits of the real fruits and vegetables they add to it (which they would not get if Knox were factory-flavored with fruit oils and fruit extracts, and artificially colored).

If you will refer to the Knox advertisement on page 111 you will find helpful information that you can believe because you will not see exaggerated or offensive statements in Knox advertising.

If you have never tried Knox Sparkling Gelatine, won't you order a package from your grocer. It is fully guaranteed to please or money refunded.

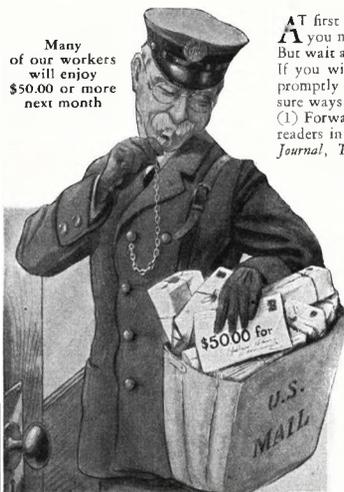
**Remember Knox is the Real Gelatine**



Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute  
and accepted by  
The American Medical Association

## Will He Bring \$5000 to YOUR Home?

Many  
of our workers  
will enjoy  
\$50.00 or more  
next month



AT first reading of the question above you may murmur, "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—*today*—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profit:

(1) Forwarding the renewals of present readers in your locality for *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Country Gentleman*. (2) securing new subscriptions and (3) accepting the orders of folks who desire to send subscriptions as gifts.

### No Experience Necessary

If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may earn an extra \$50.00 or more. As we cannot, do the next best thing and mail the coupon below. It will bring you, without charge, all the information and equipment you'll need to get started right away.

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 332 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Please send to me by return mail everything I'll need to make an extra fifty or more.

Name ..... Age .....  
Please print name and address  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....

## What are the Women Up To?

(Continued from Page 9)

upholding the principle that women should receive equal pay for equal work—a principle that is still a matter of controversy, and that comes into the code-making problems of the NRA.

The second congresswoman to be elected, Miss Alice Robertson, of Oklahoma, was a fine, white-haired, clear-blue-eyed old lady, whom the House regarded with affection, and whose defeat for a second term, owing to her stand against the bonus, was regretted by all.

It has become almost an unwritten law to ask the widow of a congressman who dies in office to take his seat. Such a suggestion was made to me in 1931, but it just happened to be the thing I least wanted to do.

The majority of the women who were elected to fill vacancies for reasons of sentiment made little impression on the House and did not stay there for more than one or two terms. There are, however, two outstanding exceptions. Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Kahn, both of whom were elected to succeed their husbands, rapidly made good, and have each been reelected four times. Both of them rank on a par with any man in the House for hard work and ability and a complete understanding of what it's all about.

Mrs. Rogers' work for disabled veterans is outstanding. She is also a stout advocate of an adequate navy, is interested in the development of the foreign service and trade, and in the civil service. Mrs. Kahn, shrewd, resourceful and witty, is an all-around first-rate legislator, the equal of any man in Congress, and the superior of most.

Mrs. Norton, who was elected to Congress entirely on her own merit, is in the same class with Mrs. Kahn and Mrs. Rogers, as a full-fledged politician and legislator. Three other women in that class who no longer are in the House are Ruth Hanna McCormick, Ruth Bryan Owen and Ruth Baker Pratt, all of whom were elected on their merits and records.

### Bringing Beauty to the House

MRS. McCORMICK is one of my oldest friends, and perhaps I am prejudiced in her favor, but I do not believe anyone can deny that she has a thorough knowledge of American politics which it would be hard to match. She won her election as representative at large after a record-breaking state-wide campaign. Though her husband, Medill McCormick, had also been representative at large from Illinois, as well as senator, she did not come in the category of those who were chosen for reasons of sentiment. It was twelve years after Mr. McCormick had been elected to the House and three years after his death that Mrs. McCormick made her fight.

Ruth Owen had, of course, political background. She is the daughter of William Jennings Bryan, but her really noteworthy career is due to her own ability and personality. If she wanted money to eradicate a fruit fly in Florida, that money was forthcoming!

Ruth Pratt also got to the House quite on her own, without even a political family background to help her, and made her two terms there a full-time job.

Of the seven women members of the present House, Mrs. Kahn, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Norton are seasoned hands. The other four are serving their first terms. Mrs. McCarthy and Mrs. Jenckes were elected in 1932, so both saw service in the spring session. Mrs. John D. Clarke, of New York, was elected recently to fill the term of her late husband.

A most recent woman arrival, Mrs. Greenway, was elected to fill the seat left vacant by Mr. Lewis W. Douglas, when he resigned from the House to become

Director of the Budget. I have known her since she was a girl, and perhaps I am prejudiced in her favor too. Among the women representatives there have been some, in these seventeen years, who have amounted to very little; some who have been as good as any man; and many of them have had charm and good looks as well as ability. But never before has the membership of the House included in its ranks a real beauty. For Mrs. Greenway is a bona-fide beauty, whose photographs, had she lived in England in the days of professional beauties, would have been for sale in all the shops, like those of Lily Langtry or Lady Warwick. Other congresswomen have been shrewd politicians, have had personal fortunes, have been able and have been articulate, but never before has sheer beauty such as Mrs. Greenway's been seen in Congress, and but rarely elsewhere. It is going to be amusing to watch the effect of that beauty, to see if it will not prove more potent and count for more than any amount of plodding homely traits.

### Work for Idle Miners

NOT that Mrs. Greenway is not entirely capable and a hard worker in the interest of her constituents. That she is. Already her state is reaping the benefit of her election. Even before Congress convened, she secured a loan of a million dollars for the purpose of raising chrysanthemums, from which an insecticide is manufactured. Heretofore, we have imported this variety of pyrethrum from Japan. Now Arizona will grow them, and the problem of the unemployed miners will be solved—they are to plant and tend these flowers. And Mrs. Greenway has brought this about. It is quite a feat. What is more, I will make a bet that if the crop becomes too large, Mrs. Greenway will have the Government paying those horticultural miners to plow under the blossoms they have raised.

So far, the women members of the House have been a silent lot. They seem almost to have had a tacit agreement not to talk unless they had something to say, which is good. From time to time they take a brief part in a debate, but hardly any of them have ever made more than a sprinkling of actual speeches during a session, and those speeches very often only a few hundred words in length. Indeed, there have been several women in Congress who never spoke at all during their entire stay there. No symptoms of real oratory have as yet been discernible in any congresswoman, though Ruth Owen did sing most lustily on the closing day of the session in March, 1931. Now and then some of the women members avail themselves of the privilege of "extending their remarks" in the Record. They are, however, on the whole, remarkably free from the responsibility of swelling the bills for printing that increasingly voluminous publication at the expense of the taxpayer.

Even though the women don't talk much, they have an excellent record for attendance and miss few roll calls. As I look down from the gallery, they seem to be there in full force most of the time, following the proceedings. No members work harder than they do on their committee assignments, and more and more of them are being placed on important committees. They are conscientious and willing to work, facts which their masculine colleagues appreciate and make use of.

Yet I sometimes wonder if the women have any more influence now, after fourteen years of suffrage, than they had before. Certainly it was their determination to promote temperance and to stamp out drunkenness that (Continued on Page 122)

# ON MILLIONS OF PANTRY SHELVES

*... because they're flakier and more flavorful!*



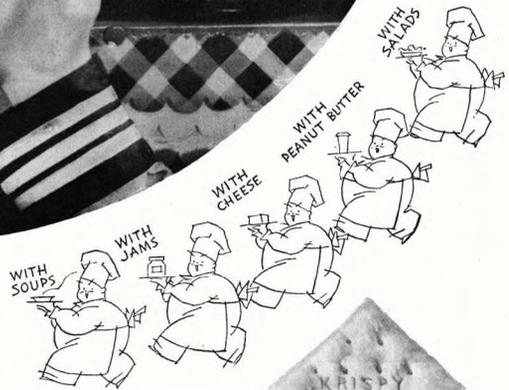
*Quality put them there; now-  
wise economy keeps them there!*

It's no accident... this constantly increasing popularity of Sunshine Krispy Crackers! Busy housewives keep discovering the astonishing convenience of these dainty, slightly salted crackers with soups, salads, cheese.

And just watch that always-hungry youngster of yours! See how he enjoys the

extra crispness and unusual flavor of Sunshine Krispy Crackers, when he spreads them with jam, jelly or peanut butter!

Few foods offer so much value for so little cost. Sunshine Krispy Crackers give you the economy you insist on, but the big point is, they give it to you *without sacrificing quality!*



## Sunshine KRISPY Crackers

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY



*It's ready... and it's Free!*  
**this STYLE BOOK for Stout Women**



All-Silk Flat-Crepe \$6.95

**THINK** of it—the tiny act of signing the coupon below may change the whole course of your clothes-career. Two minutes of your time will bring you FREE our new Spring Style Book—the result of over thirty years of scientific study of stout apparel.

72 pages of New York and Paris fashions—in YOUR size! Adapted by the world's greatest specialist in apparel for large women, and priced so thriftily we know you'll rejoice.

The dress pictured is of weighted all-silk flat crepe at \$3.95. Other silk dresses \$4.95 to \$19.85. Lovely coats as low as \$12.95. Also hats, shoes, corsets, hose and underwear. Over 400 pictures of the latest fashions to choose from—each in every size from 38 to 56—and all at prices amazingly low.

This fascinating Style Book will be sent FREE; mail coupon TODAY.

Stores: New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Baltimore, etc. Also store agencies in 12 other cities.

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**Lane Bryant**  
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 39th Street at Fifth Ave. NEW YORK

LANE BRYANT, Dept. 52, New York, N. Y.  
 Please mail me free Style Book for stout women.

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(Continued from Page 120) turned into a demand for total abstinence, and eventually became the driving force in bringing about first local and then national prohibition. All of this happened before they got the vote. The majority of the blue-ribbon brigades and the antidrink crusades which prevailed in the last century were undoubtedly made up largely of women. They were laughed at and jeered at, until the country found itself swept along the sawdust trail by those earnest and often savage ladies. I do not believe that it was man, unopposed by woman, who demanded and got prohibition. Women played a conspicuous part in getting out of it too.

And certainly it was not the men who wanted woman suffrage. Of course it wasn't. The women wanted the vote and they got it, and as citizens they certainly had a right to it. But it sometimes seems to me that the great influence required to get the vote has been allowed to sag since they got it. These things are, of course, slow, and perhaps the women will really hit their stride after a few more campaigns. What I mean to say is that it took more power to achieve the suffrage than women have shown since the achievement.

Nowadays, women are being continually called upon. They are exhorted to support the NRA, to report code violations. They are reminded that they are the "buyers of the nation." All these appeals that have been and are being made to the women make one wonder why, as they are such an important part of domestic economics, more of their sex have not been sent to Congress to help frame and pass the measures which it is claimed so vitally concern them, and about which they are supposed to have such practical knowledge in their business as managers of the family's budget. If women take these appeals and themselves seriously, one might expect to see a large increase in the number of women in the next Congress.

The interest women take in public affairs, in which economics figures more prominently every day that passes, is undoubtedly more alert and intelligent than it has ever been before. In my opinion their interest is becoming less emotional, more reasoned, and I do not believe that attempts to stampee the women of this country through an appeal to their emotions will meet with any general success. At least it will not get any farther with them than it does with the men.

## The Law and Minerva McCann

(Continued from Page 15)

Athens, with its hybrid population, of fifteen thousand souls. In her youth she had been something of a cut-up, but once she had married the tall, young county attorney, for whom everyone predicted such a rosy legal future, she had subordinated her inclinations entirely to his.

Yet fundamentally she had remained emotional, romantic and liberal in her ideas of social intercourse and relationships. Had Caleb really known everything that went on behind Minerva's placid brows, while he might not have loved her less, he would undoubtedly have been surprised. But he did not know—he did not even suspect!

When, for example, girls began to bob their hair and shorten their skirts, Judge McCann had lost no opportunity to express his disapproval and to stigmatize such practices as unwomanly and decadent. Yet to Minerva, although she had no desire to adopt these habits herself, they seemed all right for such as felt the urge.

Until quite recently, Mrs. McCann, resting secure in the belief that her good time was coming, had never, in spite of the fact that she had inherited from her father a controlling interest in the Athens Printing Company, which published the Clarion, the only local daily, openly opposed a single one of her husband's opinions. But when Judge McCann, after having been retired for a period of over six months, gave no indication of intending to essay anything in the nature of a second blooming, she began to be vaguely uneasy, and in time even slightly resentful. She had a suspicion that she might be going to be gypped, after all.

**THUS** the self-precipitation of Moses Cohen into their family circle would not in itself have proved epoch-making had it not occurred at what is commonly known as a psychological moment in the McCann domestic relationship.

Judge McCann was gone not more than three minutes. Having resented himself in his rocker and recrossed his carpet-slipped feet upon the fender, he was reaching down to pick up the Clarion and return to his perusal of the day's events, when Minerva said:

"What did Mr. Cohen want, Caleb?"  
 "Free legal advice—like all the rest of 'em. Wanted me to collect a bill against Harry Saunders, the bootlegger, who runs that pool room on River Street. I simply told him—just as I tell everybody—that I'd retired from practice and that he'd better retain someone else."

"He's a very poor man, Caleb. How much does Harry Saunders owe him?"  
 "Bout five hundred dollars."

"That's a lot! Don't you think you ought to help him?"

"I told you when I left the bench I wasn't going to practice any more law," he reiterated wearily.

"Well, even so, it wouldn't have cost you anything to give him a little advice," she replied calmly.

He grinned. "If it comes to that—I did."

"What was it?"  
 "I told him his claim was no good. It's outlawed by the statute of limitations."  
 She puckered her brows. "What's that?"

"**IT'S** the statute providin' that unless a creditor commences an action on a debt within six years of the date it's contracted he's got no legal redress."

"That seems mighty unfair to me! It looks as if the law punished a man for going to sleep on his debtors."

"The Bible says that God helps those who help themselves, don't it? The law's the same way. Anyhow, there's got to be some time limit. Six years is the period."  
 "So Mr. Cohen will have to lose his money?"

"I reckon so. I told him he ought to have got busy sooner."  
 "And you're not goin' to do anything about it?"

"Not a thing! I can't! Look here, Minerva, if you're so much interested in the Cohen family, why don't you try and collect the money yourself?"

"Maybe I will!" she unexpectedly announced.

There was something in her tone that caused him to lay the Clarion over his knee and regard her with whimsical curiosity. "What's the matter, Minerva?" he asked. "Anything wrong?"  
 "Nothing special."  
 "You sound like it!"

Minerva folded up her sewing and leaned forward. It was a sign as infallible as the lashing of the tiger's tail. Then she said very quietly, but with great distinctness: "Caleb, when are you going to take me to Europe?"

He stared at her. "Europe! Who said anything 'bout goin' to Europe?"

"Caleb, you've always said that when you quit the bench we were goin' to have a good time. It's true, you never mentioned going to Europe yourself, but you must have known that I've always wanted to go there." (Continued on Page 124)



**IT WON'T FRAY SO QUICKLY NOW...!!**



*Amazing results in new EASY Spiralator*

**The New Washing Machine Principle**

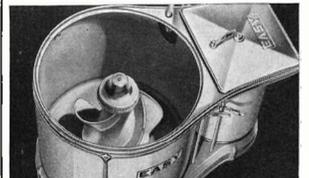
● In the Easy Spiralator... different in 31 patented ways... each piece is washed all over all the time. Clothes and water are moving constantly, two to three times faster than in ordinary washers, yet so loosely and freely that even embedded dirt is thoroughly but gently forced from those hard-to-wash garments.

**OTHER SENSATIONAL FEATURES**

1. Triples washing life of clothes
2. Washes 50% more load at a time
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Ask your EASY Dealer for the Spiralator Lipstick Handkerchief Test! It will show you why the Spiralator is DIFFERENT from any other washer you have ever seen.

Send coupon below for illustrated booklet brimming with washing facts.



**EASY WASHER**

Easy Washing Machine Corporation, Dept. 301  
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 Please send me free illustrated booklet on the new Easy Spiralator Washer.

Name: .....

Address: .....

City: ..... State: .....



*Dear Marjory* I could love you if you'd stop eating . . . or start using Colgate's

You are almost a very beautiful girl, Marjory.

Your hair—ah, your hair is gorgeous. Your eyes, your lips—divine. Your figure—umpty-um-tum!

But darling, your teeth are dingy. And I dislike, I hate, I abhor, I positively loathe dingy teeth in woman. Most men do.

You're old enough to know that everything you eat and drink stains your teeth. Not just one kind of stain, either—but SEVEN KINDS.

And don't be silly. I'm not seriously suggesting that you stop eating. But you might try Colgate's Dental Cream.

Why Colgate's?

Because, the stains on your teeth are not only hard to get off, but they differ in kind.

No one cleansing action will remove them all. And most toothpastes have only one cleansing action.

But Colgate's, my love, has *two* actions. An *emulsive* action that washes away the less tenacious stains. And a *polishing* action that *safely* removes the others. Together, these two actions will make your teeth as dazzlingly beautiful as the rest of you.

And now, "Au Revoir." You will never get this letter, Marjory, I am going to make an advertisement of it instead. But I hope you will see the ad. And I hope you buy a tube of Colgate's.

If you do . . . we'll be going places together.

P. S. Colgate's only costs 20¢ for a large tube.



# It costs less... yet "It tastes better than mayonnaise"

says  
prominent Chicago  
hostess

**MRS. SYDNEY HEYWORTH HEAP**  
— whose table is noted in smart circles. Mrs. Heap's photograph, together with her statement regarding Kraft's Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, appeared in Chicago newspapers.



**JANE:** 'Lo, Mary! Did you see Virginia Heap's picture in the paper this morning?

**MARY:** Yes—talking about some new salad dressing, wasn't she?



**JANE:** Here it is—Miracle Whip!

**MARY:** Cook needs some dressing for the salad tonight. Guess I can take Virginia's word for it that it's good—she's particular.



**JOE:** I usually pass up salad—but this is swell! What's the dressing, Mary?

**MARY:** Kraft's Miracle Whip. Sort of a cross between mayonnaise and boiled dressing. Lots of people like it better than mayonnaise!



**JANE:** Yummy—so rich and smooth—

**JOE:** It's got the right tang!

**MARY:** And so inexpensive, my children. Nearly one-third less than mayonnaise!

## WHY THOUSANDS PREFER IT TO MAYONNAISE

Thousands . . . millions . . . of lovers of good food agree with Mrs. Heap and Jane and Mary and Joe! They prefer the flavor of Kraft's Miracle Whip Salad Dressing to that of mayonnaise. It's made of the same choice ingredients as mayonnaise and old-fashioned boiled dressing—newly combined and whipped to new creamy fluffiness in the exclusive Kraft Miracle Whip machine. Try it on any kind of salad. You'll enjoy its distinctive tang! And remember—it costs less than mayonnaise.



**NRA**  
Approved  
© 1934 by  
Kraft-Phoenix Cheese  
Corporation

THE LARGEST SELLING SALAD DRESSING IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 122) "Can't you buy all the clothes you want right here in Athens, or down to Boston?"

"I'm not thinking of clothes, Caleb McCann!" she retorted. "I want to see the world—to do something different before I die! We've stuck here forty-three years and never got further than New York."

"We been pretty happy, ain't we?" "That's not the point. Have we lived? That's the question."

"What's the matter? Want to go 'rollin' down to Rio' some day before you're old?"

"Something like that, maybe."

He gave a jerk of impatience and the Clarion fell to the floor. "Look here, Minerva. You're talkin' nonsense. I don't see that you've got anything' to kick about! There ain't a woman in Athens got a better house, or a better cook, or more friends, or has a better time. You got all the money you want, kin do anything—within reason!"

"Do you realize I haven't been to the theater more than a dozen times in my life?" she demanded. "And I haven't ever been to the opera, although you've promised to take me often enough. What's the use of havin' money if you don't spend it?" She paused, and the pause was pregnant with defiance. "I'd—I'd like to see the inside of one of those speak-easies!"

"Minerva McCann!"

"Yes, I would! I don't want just to sit here and disintegrate from dry rot, when there's so much goin' on outside. I want a little—activity."

The ring of sincerity, if not of purpose, was in her voice.

"For heaven's sake!" he gasped. "Next thing you'll be h'istin' up your skirts, croppin' off your hair, and doin' the fox trot!"

"That's all right! Maybe I'll do all those things too!" she retorted, with more spunk than he had ever known that she possessed.

### III

JUST what Minerva McCann intended to do about the matter she hadn't the faintest idea, but her strength was as the strength of ten when next morning she ordered Patrick and the car and drove to Moses Cohen's shop on High Street. She found the little tailor stitching away disconsolately in his tiny workroom, surrounded by a few dusty rolls of cloth, a sewing machine and a dilapidated presser, while from the curtained doorway leading into the living apartment floated the smell of cabbage and the squalling of an infant.

"Good morning, Mr. Cohen," she said brightly. "I'm Mrs. McCann. Does Harry Saunders owe you some money?"

Mr. Cohen laid down the pair of trousers he was mending and peered at her with curiosity over his spectacles.

"Four hundred and eighty-five dollars he owes me, without interest. But Judge McCann said it's no use to try to get it."

"Well, you put on your coat and hat and come along with me."

"The judge has changed his mind, maybe?" he asked expectantly.

"Not that I know of. I'm goin' to see what I can do for you myself."

MR. COHEN appeared dubious, but Minerva looked so friendly and nice that in spite of his surprise he at once arose and did as she directed. Maybe, he thought, he could persuade her to let him do some repairs on her husband's clothes.

"How many children have you got, Mr. Cohen?" she asked as they drove toward River Street.

"Six. Rebecca, she is fourteen; Ikey is eleven; Rosie, nine; David, seven; Leah, four; and little Moses is eight months. My wife died six months ago. Rebecca, she keeps the house."

"Who cooks for you?"

"Rebecca."

"And who takes care of the baby?"

"She does."

"And you all live here?"

"Yes—until we get put out; I guess this month, yet."

Mr. Harry Saunders was feeling pretty good as the old car drew up in front of the pool room; a motor, particularly a closed one, usually meant a sale. But he was somewhat taken aback when a stout, elderly lady stepped out, followed by Moses Cohen, considerably more so when she swept into the store and, fixing him with her calm gray eyes, said:

"I am Mrs. Caleb McCann."

Now Mr. Saunders knew Mrs. McCann very well by sight—Judge McCann had once handed him three months in jail, but that had been a long time ago.

"What can I do for you, ma'am?"

"You can pay this poor man what you owe him—four hundred and eighty-five dollars, with interest at six per cent!"

"I'll take two hundred and fifty," interposed Moses Cohen hurriedly. "I'll make it two hundred."

"No you won't!" answered Mrs. McCann, thrilling to her new adventure. "You'll do no such thing! Mr. Saunders is going to pay you every cent!"

THE bootlegger instantly sized up the situation. His attorney, the Hon. Timothy McManus, who was also the political boss of Athens, had advised him fully as to the law, and he felt secure. Cohen must have gone to the judge, the judge had given him the gate, and now the judge's wife, out of misdirected sympathy, had come there to try to bluff him into paying up. Well, she had another guess coming!

"Sorry, ma'am," he replied nonchalantly. "I'm not in a position to pay Mr. Cohen anything at the moment. You know these are hard times!"

"Yes, I do know it," she retorted. "And I also know that Mr. Cohen has six motherless children and that, unless he can get the money to pay his rent, they'll all be thrown out into the street. You owe him around seven hundred dollars, principal and interest. You can pay him a hundred dollars down and give him a three months' note for the balance."

"Me—give him a note?"

"That's what I said."

"And hand him a hundred bucks?"

"One hundred dollars—now!"

Mr. Saunders delicately uttered an undignified sound commonly known as the Bronx cheer. "Madam," he remarked with elegant irony, "you can go chase yourself around the block."

### IV

"EDDIE," said Mrs. McCann fifteen minutes later in her husband's office, "do you know how to draw up the papers in an action for debt?"

Eddie's jaws stopped for an instant their rhythmic movement. "Sure! A cinch. It's all in the form book."

"Where's the judge?"

"He's gone to a directors' meeting—won't be back until after dinner."

"All right, Eddie. I want you to help me get out the proper papers in a suit to be brought by Moses Cohen against Henry Saunders for four hundred and eighty-five dollars and interest. Put the proper legal backs on them."

"The judge's law backs?"

"Sure!"

"But he mightn't like it!" protested the horrified Eddie, to whom the proceeding savored of forgery.

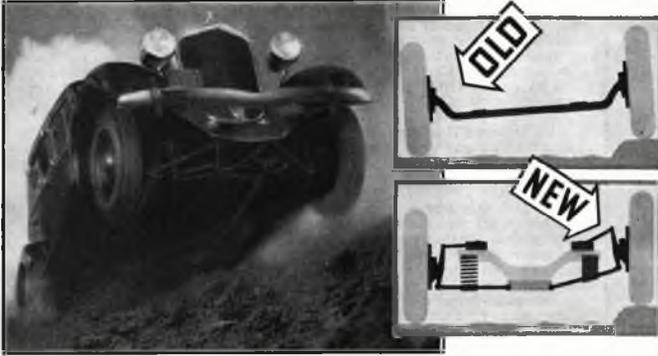
"You leave that to me. You sit right down at your typewriter and make out those papers. Then you put the judge's backs on 'em—the blue kind—and have Mr. Cohen swear to 'em. And don't you dare mention a word of it to my husband! I'll come in after them tomorrow morning. I may want you to serve them."

It was dinnertime when Mrs. McCann got back to the house. They had lamb stew on Tuesdays, and its fragrant odor filled the front hall. The thought of that Harry Saunders with his purple mustache and spit curl made her fighting mad.

"You look het up!" said Mrs. Higgins as she placed the platter in front of Mrs. McCann. (Continued on Page 126)

# NOTED WOMEN PRAISE LUXURY DODGE OFFERS

## FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN LOWEST-PRICED CARS



**"FLOATING-CUSHION" WHEELS**—the final step completing the leveled, vibrationless ride. Independent front-wheel suspension makes smooth riding no matter how rough the road. When one front wheel strikes a bump or rut, the wheel—independently of the rest of the car—rises and falls with the bump. The shock is absorbed by

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**STORAGE SPACE—INSIDE!** Simply raise the hinged back of rear seat and you'll find plenty of room for luggage, packages, etc. Things can't get wet. Does away with outside trunk rack that gets in the way of spare tires.



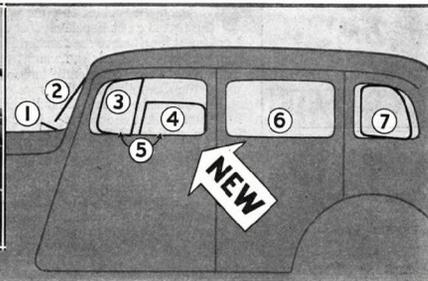
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**MISS MIMI ELAINE RICHARDSON**—one of the season's loveliest debutantes, demonstrates how quickly and surely Dodge hydraulic brakes work. They stop instantly—are always equalized. That is why they are safe and dependable in all kinds of weather.



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raised or lowered. (7) Rear quarter window has "butterfly" draft control.

Dodge would not adopt any ventilating system until Dodge engineers had *perfected* it. Dodge "7-point Ventilation" is more than a way of controlling drafts because it allows for thorough ventilation under all conditions of weather at any temperature, in all climates.

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(Continued from Page 124) Her duties did not include waiting on the table after having once "sot down" the dishes, but she was apt to linger for conversational purposes, especially in the judge's absence.

"I should think I would be!" ejaculated Minerva. "That miserable scamp of a Henry Saunders was just too insulting for words! He made a disgusting noise at me, besides refusing to pay poor little Mr. Cohen a cent!"

"He ought to be in jail!" agreed Mrs. Higgins. "The dirty bootlegger! Ruby says he has been."

"Been what?"

"Been in jail—down to Atlanta. Ruby says her pappy used to work for him four or five years ago when he had a place over at the other end of town. The Federal agents caught him drivin' a load of liquor into New Hampshire and sent him up for three years. You see, nobody knew about it 'count of the trial bein' held over there and he gave a false name and, when he got out, he pretended he'd been away tryin' to raise oranges in Florida."

"Well, I'd just like to send him back there—or something!"

"YOU never could! He's too slick. He's a terrible man." Mrs. Higgins shook her head. "He's in with the police. . . . Do you want custard or brown Betty? I've got both."

Mrs. McCann's fury against Henry Saunders did not prevent her from eating a hearty meal. She knew very little about legal proceedings, but enough to realize that in a suit on a debt the outlawing of it by time would probably have to be pleaded as a defense. Anyhow, she'd put the miserable wrangle to the inconvenience and expense of having to go to court! Shame, of course, he had none!

There was a small room off the parlor where the judge kept a set of the state reports and some law books, among them sets of Ruling Case Law and Corpus Juris.

Taking down Volume 17 of Ruling Case Law, she looked in the index under Statute of Limitations, to find herself referred to Limitation of Actions, p. 651. Bravely she turned to the designated page. A complicated synopsis—full of strange and incomprehensible terms—confronted her. Everything about the limitation of actions since the beginning of the world was there. She stared bewilderedly at the chaotic mess of various-sized type: Validity and Constitutionality of Statutes—Construction and Applicability of Limitation Laws—Principles Governing the Construction of Statutes, and so on and on. It was a seven-ringed legal circus. Then her eye caught a subdivision:

*Exceptions implied through construction of statute.*

"Exceptions?" Caleb hadn't said anything about exceptions! Apparently there were a lot of them. She followed down the text; the very last read: "39. Exceptions due to nonresidence." Her old heart gave a quick pound. Wasn't being in jail in another state "nonresidence"?

**BUT** when she tackled the fine print of the text she got hopelessly lost in the legal forest long before she reached Exception 39, and in despair she sought refuge in a much smaller and friendly-looking volume—the Compiled Public Laws of the state—where she had no difficulty in finding exactly what she wanted. After defining the statute of limitations, the commentary continued:

*Defendant's Absence.* If the defendant in a personal action was absent from and residing out of the State at the time the cause of action accrued, or afterwards, the time of such absence shall be excluded in computing the time limit for bringing the action.

At the bottom of the page was a footnote:

As where a debtor has been confined in a Federal or State's prison in another State.

"Well, that's plain enough, even if I ain't a lawyer!" she declared aloud.

There were references to numerous state and Federal reports, but Minerva had never looked up any authorities and didn't know just how to go about it. Instead, she went out into the kitchen and told Ruby to come into the library.

"What's your father's name, Ruby?" she inquired briskly.

"Napoleon Bonaparte Washington, Mis' McCann."

"Where does he work?"

"He works down to Hallock's warehouse by the bridge."

"Well, you go over and have him come right up here. Tell him I'll give him five dollars. And here's a quarter for you, Ruby."

"Oh, thank you, Mis' McCann. I'll go right over."

**DURING** Ruby's absence Minerva at length managed to dig up a recent and definite case to the effect that the statute of limitations did not run during such time as a debtor was outside the jurisdiction, and she had just managed to digest it, when Ruby's "pappy," a huge and very black Negro, clad in overalls, made his appearance.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Washington," said Minerva. "I want to ask you a few questions."

"Yassum," replied Napoleon. "Glad to answer anything you cares to ask."

"Did you ever work for Henry Saunders?"

"I sho did. I done work for him two years up to the time they arrested him in New Hampshire. He done owes me two months' wages."

"What work did you do for him?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte Washington twisted his cap."

"Well, ma'am," he said, "I doan know 'zactly how ter splain it. Dis yere Henry Saunders am a mighty peculiar man. He kep' a place over in the fourth ward with a couple of pool tables—and I jes kinder cleaned up and looked after it—but that weren't his business."

"When was he arrested?"

"He done got pinched on Memorial Day four years ago. . . . Say, Mis' McCann, this yere talkin' ain't goin' to get me into no misery, is it?"

"Not unless five dollars is a misery!" Napoleon showed a set of ivory like the keyboard of a piano and uttered a chuckle resembling a hiccup.

"I reckon five bones wouldn't be no misery to me!"

"Then tell me about the arrest."

"**WELL,** de evenin' befo' Memorial Day dat year Saunders he got me to help him put a couple o' big boxes into the back of his car and tole me to come 'long and help drive. We started 'bout fo' o'clock in de mo'nin' and finally come to a big river with a bridge. It was light by then and he made me walk across and see if anybody was on t'other side. I was supposed to wave to him if they wasn't. Well, I didn't see nobody and I waved jes like he said and started walkin' 'long the road on t'other side. He seemed like a long time comin' and when I turned 'round, dey was two men in the car with him. He made believe not to know me when they drove by, and bimby I come to a big place with a co'house and the ole car was standin' in front of it. Someone said they done caught a bootlegger."

"Well, it was a long way from home and I didn't have no money, so I stayed around there doin' odd jobs for a couple of weeks and then I heard they was goin' to try dat bootlegger and so I went to de co't and dere was dis Henry Saunders standin' at de bar ob justice. I got dere jes in time to hear him plead guilty and hear de judge say 'Waldo Smith, I sentence you to t'ree years hard labor in the penitentiary at Atlanta. An' den I didn't see dat Henry Saunders no mo' until las' year when he come back to Athens. Then he come around to where I was workin' one day and sez:

"Dat was a funny thing, Napoleon, the way I lost you (Continued on Page 128)



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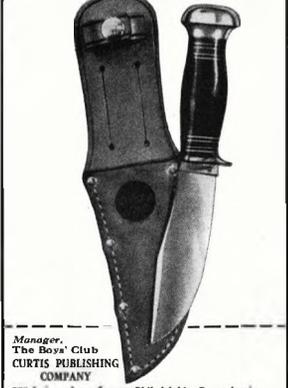
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Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

**ELASTIC**  
HOT STARCH  
IN 30 SECONDS

(Continued from Page 126) dat time on the bridge. Wherever did you go to?"

"I done come back right yere, Mr. Saunders, I sez. 'How about those eighty bucks you owe me?' I sez.

"That's all right, Napoleon," he sez; 'I'll pay you all of it in good time, he sez, 'but I lost a lot of money down in Florida and I'm short of cash at present.' Den he done give me a dirty look and he sez, 'But if you expect to git dat money don't you ever say nuthin' 'bout how I lost you!'

"I ain't never tole nobody until now, but he still owes me those eighty bucks and I'd like to get it."

"I think maybe I can get them for you," said Mrs. McCann reassuringly. "Here's five dollars, anyhow. You better give one to Ruby. Be here tomorrow morning promptly at ten o'clock."

"I sho will, Mis' McCann. Thank you, ma'am!" said Napoleon. "I'll sho come any time you done send for me!"

MR. HENRY SAUNDERS was lounging in his pool room at eleven o'clock the following morning when, to his disgust and astonishment, the door opened and four persons who, he perceived at once, could not be customers filed in. One was Sheriff Nolan, the second was Eddie McCarthy, and the next was Mrs. McCann, followed by Moses Cohen.

Eddie handed him a bundle of blue-backed papers. "This is a summons and complaint in an action brought against you by Moses Cohen for debt," announced Eddie.

Saunders tossed it on the counter without looking at it. "That's all right," he remarked. "You can serve me with all the papers you want. . . . What can I do for you, sheriff? Want to look the place over?"

"Not today, Hank," answered Nolan. "I'm on another matter. I'm here to serve you with a writ of attachment covering your various goods and chattels."

"Suits me!" laughed Saunders, jerking a derisive thumb at the tailor. "Neither that summons nor your writ is worth the paper it's written on. That debt is barred by the statute of limitations."

Mrs. McCann stepped forward, her lips compressed and with a look of determination in her eye.

"Henry Saunders," she announced, "unless you want to find yourself in a peck o' trouble you better send for your lawyer before this goes any further."

"That's right, Hank," advised Nolan. "You better telephone up to Tim McCann's office and get him to step down here. I'm willing to hold the papers until he arrives. You know my fees are expensive."

"What are you giving us?" demanded Saunders truculently, but with a faint change of color.

"A chance to pay your just debts!" bristled Mrs. McCann. "You have no defense to this action and you can save a considerable amount in costs if you pay up promptly."

"A bunch of hooley!" sneered Saunders. "Didn't you ever hear of the statute of limitations?"

"Yes, I've heard of it," said Mrs. McCann, "but it doesn't run while a debtor is in jail in another state."

Saunders stared at her. "Wha'd'yer mean?"

"I mean that the six-year limitation under the statute, which might otherwise have enabled you to escape payment, is extended under the law by whatever period you have been outside the jurisdiction; in your case, by the three years you spent in the Atlanta penitentiary."

"Who's been in Atlanta?" shouted Saunders.

"You have!" Minerva shrilled back at him. "Under the name of Waldo Smith—for violation of the United States liquor law." She turned to Eddie. "Ask Washington to step in here!"

But Mr. Saunders had already reached for the telephone. "Send Tim down to my



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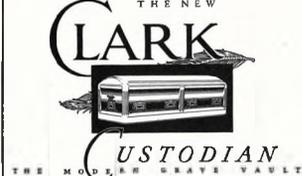
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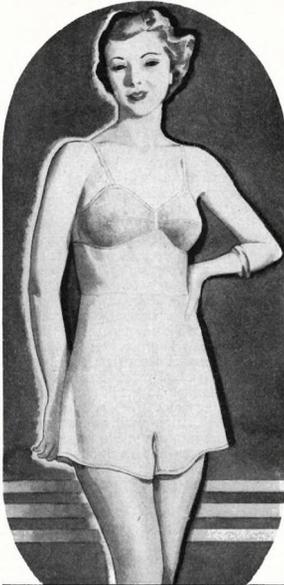
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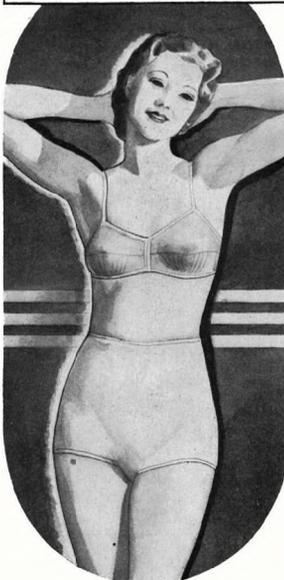


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**MUNSING**  
Wear



place, quick, will you?" he directed. Then, turning to the grinning Napoleon, "You blackmailing nigger!" he roared. "What do you mean by mixing up in this?"

"I jes' want my eighty bucks, Mr. Saunders. You done promised to give 'em to me often enough, but I ain't never seen a cent yet."

"I propose to have you pay Mr. Washington's claim, with interest, along with that of Mr. Cohen's," Minerva informed him.

The Hon. Timothy McManus, hurriedly crossing the square from the city hall, where he had been engaged in a friendly game of pinochle, entered at that moment.

"Hello, sheriff! Why, how d'y' do, Mrs. McCann! What is this—a birthday party?"

"I don't know whether it's anybody's birthday," answered Mrs. McCann, "but it's a party!"

"Well, what can I do for you, ma'am?" inquired McManus deferentially, since he had no inclination to antagonize the wife of so prominent a citizen as the judge.

"You can advise Mr. Saunders that he'd better pay his debts."

"Didn't you tell me that all debts were barred by the statute of limitations at the end of six years?" demanded Saunders of his attorney.

"Sure, I did."

"Did you tell him that the time he spent in Atlanta must be added to that?" commented Mrs. McCann.

McManus faced Saunders. "Atlanta! When were you in Atlanta?"

SAUNDERS gnawed his mustache. Some of the dye came off on his lip.

"Is that right what she says about the statute?" he asked nervously. "Why didn't you ever mention it?"

"Because you never asked me!" retorted McManus. "I thought you were growing oranges."

"It wouldn't have made a particle of difference what he was doing," interposed Minerva, "so long as he was outside the state!"

"That's true, Tim!" nodded the sheriff. "It's just as Mrs. McCann says."

"Then all I've got to say is that you're a fine lawyer!" returned Saunders furiously. He took a couple of turns the length of the pool room, then addressed the group in front of the counter: "How much is this going to cost me?"

"Seven hundred and thirteen dollars and forty-three cents for Mr. Cohen. And eighty-nine dollars and fifty-seven cents for Mr. Washington," answered Mrs. McCann. "I've got the signed releases right here. If you pay up I'll turn them over to you. If you don't —" She paused.

"If I don't—what?" snapped the bootlegger.

"IF YOU don't, the sheriff will levy his attachment, and the Clarion will probably carry an item tomorrow on its front page about one of our least desirable citizens."

Saunders scowled helplessly at McManus. "What'll I do, Tim?"

"I guess all you can do is to settle. This place stands in your name and it's assessed for five thousand dollars. If you fight, you'll have to pay costs and disbursements. Besides, there's the publicity. . . . I congratulate you, Mrs. McCann. You're almost as good a lawyer as your husband."

Mr. Saunders, with a muttered string of imprecations, unlocked his safe and counted out eight hundred and three dollars upon the top of the cigar case. Minerva McCann distributed it in the proper amounts between her clients, then handed him the releases.

"Is there anything more I can do for you, madam?" inquired the bootlegger with sarcasm.

Minerva McCann regarded him quizzically.

"Well," she said, "you might chase yourself around the block."

# GREAT DISCOVERIES

may save you  
many anxious  
moments like  
this ↓



W. G. Mennen in his laboratory developing the new Mennen powder which is definitely antiseptic.

## Now—Keep Your BABY SAFER lovelier and happier

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This new powder is much more than a nice, soft talcum that merely protects against friction and moisture. It does these things supremely well; but, in addition, it is *truly antiseptic*—antiseptic to a greater degree than any other baby powder. If your baby's skin is chafed, chapped or broken, this new Mennen powder gives the much-needed protection against infection. Yet it is entirely non-irritant, non-toxic. It sets up a condition which permits the skin to exercise its full recuperative powers and to heal with amazing speed. Change to this powder and see for yourself if it does not keep your baby's skin more healthy, lovelier, more comfortable than any other baby powder you may have been using.

"Won't you accept the joy and peace of

mind which come from knowing that your baby is safer, happier—especially since you pay no more for this powder than for ordinary baby powders?

### Facts about OIL

"I would like every mother also to know what has been going on in respect to baby oil. Do you realize that practically every hospital now oils its babies at least once a day from head to foot, and that the oil most widely used for this purpose is Mennen Antiseptic Oil? It keeps the infant's skin soft, smooth and perfectly conditioned; and it provides a dependable protection against infection. It cannot grow rancid, never irritates, leaves no greasy residue, will not stain clothing, is pleasantly scented. If you want your baby to have the *best* care, rub his entire body with Mennen Antiseptic Oil every day for at least the first six months—and thereafter to relieve dryness of skin and to protect against wet diapers, chapping or sunburn."

W. G. Mennen

If you want to try both these products—oil and powder—free samples will be sent you, with a valuable baby chart covering the entire external care of your baby. This offer expires December 31, 1934. Address Dept. J3, The Mennen Co., 345 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

# MENNEN

ANTISEPTIC BORATED POWDER

MENNEN ANTISEPTIC OIL

## MONEY FOR ART'S SAKE

BY CAROL WILLIS HYATT



AMONG the excellent art projects conducted by women's organizations stands the Hoosier Salon. Recently it presented its tenth annual exhibit, but this outstanding art event really started one June day in 1924, when Mrs. Clarence Bruce King, art chairman of the Daughters of Indiana, a Chicago federated club, won the cooperation of the Indiana Society, a social organization of prominent Indiana-born men, and the approval of the veteran Indiana painter, John Elwood Bundy.

Mrs. King wanted her club to do something more concrete than conduct classes in art appreciation. She wanted to open an exhibit where artists might exhibit and sell their pictures. The first problem was to collect the pictures.

Out of the limited club funds, money was appropriated for postage. Some of the members began to write to artists and to Indiana women whom they knew, asking them to help locate pictures suitable for exhibition. They had a treasure hunt and found pictures in attics and barns. So the Hoosier Salon was launched.

Mrs. King's daring idea has now expanded until it includes a permanent Hoosier Gallery in Chicago, where new exhibitions by artists born or living in Indiana are hung each month; from which traveling exhibitions are sought by clubs, libraries, schools and colleges, and loan exhibitions are sent into homes.

Through the activities of the Salon and Gallery, sales of pictures by Indiana artists have totaled over \$100,000 in Chicago alone during the past ten years. The artists have made many more sales to those who have sought out their studios after a visit to the Salon. Prize awards have amounted to \$40,000. Even last year, while metropolitan art galleries did little business, the Chicago Hoosiers' efforts sent \$7000 to Indiana artists.

This record does not include the commissions placed or the positions found for artists. But it does indicate that with such tangible evidence of appreciation, art is no longer an undernourished stepchild in Indiana. School children vie for the scholarship at the art institute given each year to a young Hoosier artist of promise by the Daughters of Indiana.

"But there were many discouragements before the first salon was opened," Mrs. King remembers. "Artists in the smaller towns were afraid that they would be laughed at in so large a place as Chicago. There was the ever-present problem of how to raise funds. Not a single member, including myself, knew anything about the management of an

art exhibition. The Indiana Society insisted that together we must make the exhibition the outstanding art event of the year and give prizes as attractive as those offered anywhere. Where could we hope to raise \$4000 for prizes?"

The lift over this obstacle came in September. A few members of the Indiana Society invited Mrs. King and the president of her club to luncheon to discuss the progress of the plans. When the women left they had pledged for \$2000. Nothing seemed impossible after that.

Then they went after the next problem—that of finding a gallery in which to hang the exhibition. Mrs. King was dauntless enough to approach the manager of the picture galleries of a large department store. She wanted the use of their five well-lighted exhibition rooms and their sales force trained in selling pictures.

The manager said there was no precedent for such a request, but forty-eight hours later came the answer: "Yes."

Now, as then, three club committees stage the exhibition. The members of the art committee are the hostesses. The social committee serves tea. The housing committee arranges accommodations and entertainment for the artists while they are in Chicago.

From the first the Hoosier Salon has been an artist's convention, featured by lectures and instruction for the artists.

A jury which chooses the pictures to be hung and awards the prizes is selected by Chicago and Indiana artists. To enter pictures an artist must have been born in Indiana, or have lived in the state one year before the exhibition, or have received early art training there. A fee of five dollars entitles an artist to exhibit three canvases in oils, pastels or water colors, or nine pictures in black and white.

After its auspicious beginning, money was easier to raise the second year. As the venture grew, a separate exhibition organization, the Hoosier Salon Patrons Association, was formed with Mrs. King as permanent chairman. A guarantors' committee was created to furnish financial backing. Patrons pay ten dollars a year and are permitted to choose a different picture each month for their homes.

Can any club do for the art of its state or town what the Daughters of Indiana have done?

Mrs. King says: "Yes, if they shun personal acclaim and make their sole interest the service they are giving. And if they do, it will mean the development of a real appreciation and help for America's starving and unrecognized talent."

## RHYTHM WITH REASON

BY DORA MAE JONES

THERE are real community dances in Pasadena, California! And everybody goes—that is, everybody who ever goes to any dance.

They are sponsored by the Community Dance Association, whose president, Mrs. William B. Munro, has guided the project through various phases of development until now these dances have become gala social affairs, with outstanding orchestras and special entertainment, for thousands on Friday and Saturday nights of each week.

Mrs. Munro stepped from college circles to assume the responsibility of these community dances. The idea was conceived, as a postwar service, in 1920. Members of the Drama League felt the need was real for some sort of community recreational activity. Young people were enticed to the near-by city, and often went long distances to the various beaches to attend dances, where there was a gay atmosphere and better music than local public dance halls provided at prices with which hotels could not compete.

Following conferences held with the city fathers, it was decided to hold community dances on the tennis courts at Tournament Park, where entire families, groups of friends, couples or individuals would be welcome.

The idea achieved immediate success. On Friday night the scene was an attractive one for participants as well as spectators. The tennis courts were festive with their brilliant lighting and the gayety of nearly a thousand persons who came to dance and enjoy the music.

These dances have become so largely patronized—18,000 people on some evenings—and the work of looking after the various details has grown so extensively, that the dances are now sponsored by the Community Dance Association, whose members are all volunteer workers. This committee decides the policies of management and confirms all business arrangements.

There is maintained a regular business organization with a paid staff of about twenty members. The set-up includes a business manager, floor managers, ushers, checkers, hostess, maid and ticket men. The business manager, who is chosen for his good showmanship as well as his business sagacity and interest in social welfare, acts as master of ceremonies.

A consistent policy is maintained by the paid staff, which enforces certain rules of dress and conduct. It insists that a boy wear either a coat or sweater-jacket

and a necktie; no one wearing corduroy trousers, leather jacket or beach pajamas is admitted. The committee is prepared for those who have not known about the rules. A plentiful supply of sweaters and neckties is kept on hand to loan any boy not suitably dressed.

The Community Dance Association differs from other groups, in that it is not dependent on subscription or subsidy; the expenses are so planned that the box-office receipts carry the same. The dances began with a modest outlay for a set-up. There have never been any serious financial problems because expenses have been increased only in proportion to intake.

The financial arrangement is unlike that of the usual public dance, in that there is no exploitation of the patron, in making money for the organization or individual. It is non-profit, and any money made goes into the future improvement of the dances—it does not finance any outside activity; the money is used for carrying purposes, such as lighting, rent of hall, the paid staff, orchestra and other indispensable items. The dances are held only for the pleasure of the patrons.

The weekly dance became so popular with the young people that it especially catered to a collegiate atmosphere. Because of this an older group of young people and married couples asked to have their own night.

On Friday night boys and girls around eighteen and twenty years of age come in groups, couples or singly; they wear informal and sport clothes; they prefer the fox-trot type of music; they like having programs and gather at the end of the hall to exchange dances; they are primarily interested in dancing themselves, so have not quite so much interest in the contest and exhibitions. The same crowd comes again and again.

On Saturday night the crowd is more varied; they are usually over twenty-five years of age; they often come in groups. Dutch treat; they check their coats and find seats, to which they return between dances; as a rule, they do not care about programs; they are a much better dressed crowd; they have a greater appreciation for good music and thoroughly enjoy the exhibition dancing. Among the dancers are two men past seventy, and one blind man always comes.

The best orchestras on the coast or visiting the coast supply the music, and thus one community has solved its dance problem.





*A noted authority gives this simple rule for eye strain in children: "Watch your child as he reads. If he is holding the book or paper 14 inches or closer, the chances are his eyes are being overworked. He needs a trip to an eye specialist, better light . . . or both."*

## Light that cheats young eyes IS DANGEROUS!

You may think your boy is getting all the light he needs because the lamp he is using is marked to give a certain quantity of light. But is he?

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"IF YOU WOULD KEEP YOUTH IN YOUR FACE

Keep Pain from your Feet"  
Says DR. SCHOLL



One of the consequences of painful foot troubles and neglect of the feet is the merciless way it deals with youthful beauty. It puts tired, winching lines in the face, causes drooping facial muscles and by discouraging youthifying, slimming activities, steals the soft curves of the silhouette.

Aches and pains in parts of the body remote from the feet are common among foot sufferers. To the feet are often directly traceable the cause of headaches, backaches, rheumatism, neuritis and other ailments.

What a price to pay for something so utterly needless! Your foot trouble can be remedied for you with more simplicity, certainty and economy than you probably imagine.

Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, who has devoted his life to the study of the feet, has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance to

## Relieve Every Foot Trouble

Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Weak or Fallen Arches, Flat-Foot, Tired, Aching Feet, Foot and Leg Pains, Crooked Toes, Hammer Toes, Morton's Toe, Ingrown Nail, Swollen Ankles, Sore Toes, Sore Heels, Itching Feet and Toes, "Athlete's Foot", Sore, Hot, Aching or Tender Feet, Odorous Feet and many others.

These scientific Dr. Scholl Correctives are made under Medical and Orthopedic supervision in the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the feet.

To insure foot happiness for yourself quickly and economically, go to any good shoe, department or drug store and ask to be shown Dr. Scholl's Relief for your foot trouble. If it does not give you satisfaction, your money will be refunded.

## Write For Valuable Free Booklet

Write for Dr. Scholl's illuminating booklet on CARE OF THE FEET. It's free. Simply address DR. SCHOLL'S, Inc., Dept. 55, 213 West Schiller Street, Chicago.

Below This Line

If you value your looks, health and happiness, give proper care to the part of your body "below this line!"



### CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain and quickly and safely remove corns. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads end the cause—keep you rid of corns; prevent sore toes.



### CALLUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve pain in one minute and quickly remove the hard dead skin with absolute safety. These soothing, healing, protective pads stop pressure on the sore spot. 35¢ box.



### BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer relieves bunion pain by removing shoe pressure; reduces by absorption; bites the unsightly bulge, preserves shape of shoes. Worn insistently under the stocking. 75¢ each.



### WEAK ARCHES

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Easter relieves and removes the cause of tired, aching feet, foot and leg pains, weak or fallen arches, etc. Worn in any shoe with immediate comfort. Price 13.50 pair.

Dr. Scholl's AIDS FOR THE FEET

The Singer

# "Make-it-yourself" Plan

*to help you have more and prettier clothes*



IT'S spreading like wildfire—this thrilling idea of *making* the things you want. And no wonder! Singer has made it all easy with the "Make-it-Yourself" Plan. This unique idea helps you to have clothes for yourself and the children at a third the usual cost. Distinctive clothes in the styles and fabrics and colors that you like best.

"Make-it-Yourself" means not only dresses—but curtains and draperies, rich deep-pile rugs, cushions, fringes and trimmings for bed and table sets. These and countless other articles are easily made with Singercraft.

Find out at once how you can have the benefits of the "Make-it-Yourself" Plan—at any Singer Shop or from any Bonded Singer Representative. See telephone book for nearest address of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, Inc.

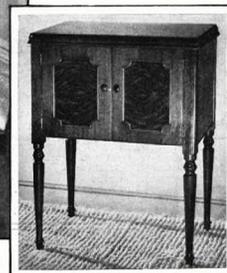
## What You Get through the "Make-it-Yourself" Plan

1. A 1934 Singer Electric—beautiful in design, smooth, swift, quiet—the perfected product of 80 years of experience.
2. Personal instruction by expert teachers at a Singer Sewing Center near your home—a Complete Course or any special help you need.
3. A Complete Sewing Library—4 helpful practical books on Dressmaking, Children's Clothes, Draperies and Home Furnishings, and Short-Cut Sewing Methods.
4. Fashion Books each Spring and Fall to help you plan distinctive and becoming clothes.
5. Instruction in the use of Singer Fashion Aids.
6. Book of designs and personal instruction in Singercraft—the new sewing art.
7. Personal consultation with Singer teachers on special style and sewing problems.
8. Expert inspection and adjustment service on your sewing machine.

*This button identifies Bonded Singer Representatives. It carries value holder and month during which it is valid. Border is green for February, yellow for March.*

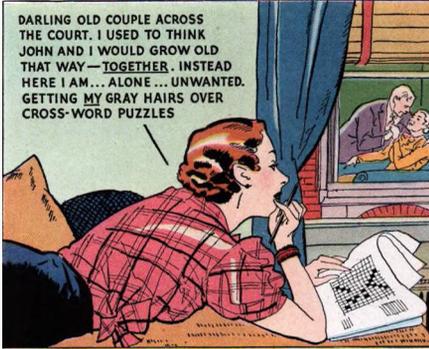


■ Singer Electrics for 1934 include a wide variety of beautiful new models. The machine illustrated sews forward or backward. Ask also to see the 66-50 with the new "Style-o-matic," which does 17 kinds of stitching, finishing and decorating without changing attachments.



# Make it yourself on a SINGER

# A BACHELOR GIRL'S ROMANCE



DARLING OLD COUPLE ACROSS THE COURT. I USED TO THINK JOHN AND I WOULD GROW OLD THAT WAY—TOGETHER. INSTEAD HERE I AM... ALONE... UNWANTED. GETTING MY GRAY HAIRS OVER CROSS-WORD PUZZLES



LATER — a friend drops in

HELLO, CONNIE. YOU'RE JUST IN TIME. WHAT'S A FIVE-LETTER WORD FOR A WEALTHY ANGLO-INDIAN? BEGINS WITH AN "N"

LET'S SEE... "N"—OH, THAT'S EASY—"NABOB"



THEN FIVE DOWN MUST BE "B.O."—"ODOR OF LONELINESS" HOW SILLY! IF PEOPLE ARE LONELY BECAUSE THEY HAVE "B.O."—WHY THEN I'M THE WORLD'S WORST OFFENDER

OH...ER...I SUPPOSE EVERYBODY SHOULD TAKE PRECAUTIONS. I ALWAYS DO



I ENJOY PLAYING SAFE. LIFEBOUY LATHER IS SO SOFT AND CREAMY LEAVES YOU FEELING EXTRA-CLEAN

YOU'RE SO ENTHUSIASTIC I'LL HAVE TO TRY IT—ALTHOUGH I'M SURE I DON'T NEED IT



NEXT DAY

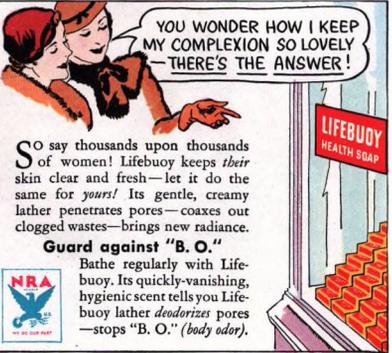
CONNIE'S RIGHT—LIFEBOUY IS WONDERFUL. IF BY ANY CHANCE "B.O." WERE THE REASON JOHN CHANGED—I'M SURE I COULD WIN HIM BACK NOW



"B.O." GONE... her bachelor days are over!

JOHN, DARLING, I'M GOING TO TRY SO HARD TO MAKE YOU HAPPY

DON'T HAVE TO TRY, HONEY. JUST STAY AS YOU ARE NOW



YOU WONDER HOW I KEEP MY COMPLEXION SO LOVELY—THERE'S THE ANSWER!

SO say thousands upon thousands of women! Lifebuoy keeps their skin clear and fresh—let it do the same for yours! Its gentle, creamy lather penetrates pores—coaxes out clogged wastes—brings new radiance.

Guard against "B. O."

Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy lather deodorizes pores—stops "B. O." (body odor).



## WHY IT WAS MOTHER'S FAULT



YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR LUNCH TO SCHOOL TODAY, BETTY

DON'T FORGET THE COOKIES, MOTHER—



I'D MUCH RATHER HAVE HER COME HOME FOR LUNCH, BUT I'M ALWAYS SO TIRED ON WASHDAY

IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT—



IF YOU THREW OUT THIS WASHBOARD—YOU'D SAVE LOTS OF WORK AND GET WHITER WASHES, TOO



TELL ME HOW!

USE RINSO! IT SOAKS OUT DIRT AND SAVES SCRUBBING. CLOTHES COME 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER



NEXT MONDAY NIGHT

SO YOU HAD LUNCH AT HOME TODAY, BETTY—

YES, DAD. MOTHER DOES THE WASH A QUICK, EASY WAY NOW—WITH RINSO!

What a thrill to see clothes come like new—without scrubbing!

YOU'LL never go back to old-fashioned washdays, once you try the safe, scrubless Rinso method! Dirt floats off by itself—clothes come so white, so sweet and clean, they don't even need to be boiled! And clothes last 2 or 3 times longer this gentle way. You'll save lots of money!

Great in washers, too

The makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend Rinso. It's wonderful for dishwashing, too—so easy on the hands. A little Rinso gives lots of thick, lively, long-lasting suds even in hardest water. Try Rinso now!



RINSO MAKES CLOTHES LAST LONGER!

YES—2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER!

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute



The biggest-selling package soap in America



# Old Dutch is made with pure "SEISMOTITE"

that's why you get more cleaning per package



This is a highly magnified particle of Old Dutch. You see it is flaky and flat-shaped and cleans with a smooth sweep. That's why Old Dutch does more cleaning quicker and easier.

### How Many of These Particles in a Package ?

A microscopic count reveals the fact that there are over 120 billion of these little cleaning units in a package of Old Dutch. That's the reason Old Dutch costs less to use.

What is "Seismotite"? It is a fine, natural, flaky material of volcanic origin mined from the earth and makes Old Dutch the safest, most effective and most economical natural cleaning material. It is a unique cleansing agent that doesn't scratch because it is entirely free from harsh grit and crude abrasives.

Why does Old Dutch clean more economically? Its flaky, flat-shaped particles  contact the surface completely and cover more surface than do the chunky, gritty particles  present in ordinary cleansers. As a result, it goes further and does more square yards of cleaning per penny of cost.

Old Dutch is ideal for all cleaning from kitchen utensils and floors to glassware and

metals . . . it polishes as it cleans porcelain, enamel, tile, etc.; it will not harm any surface on which water may be used. Cleans quicker, is kind to the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors. There is no substitute for the quality and economy of Old Dutch Cleanser.

\* \* \*

Send for the attractively illustrated booklet "Cleanliness Thru the Ages." The story of the world's struggle against dirt from early Egyptian days down to modern times. Six cents per copy.

Address OLD DUTCH CLEANSER  
Dept. B-192, 221 North LaSalle Street  
Chicago Illinois

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*Doesn't Scratch*