

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER, 1934

VOLUME LI, NO. 9

10c.
CANADA
15 CENTS
INCLUDING TAX



BESS STREETER ALDRICH • PAUL DE KRUIF • ELIZABETH ALEXANDER • BROOKE HANLON

Six good reasons why the Joneses are buying'em by the dozen now



SUMMER WAS ROUGH ON THE
OLD SUPPLY—



THIS YEAR, SONNY'S GOING
OFF TO SCHOOL—



FATHER'S BEEN CALLING FOR
SOME REAL BATH TOWELS—



NEW CANNON TOWELS HAVE
NEW COLORS, NEW STYLE—



BUYING IN QUANTITY SAVES
GOOD MONEY—



There's a brand new baby who demands **THE BEST**

If you're like most of our American people, you prefer Cannon towels to any other kind (and that goes for all points from Eastport, Maine, to San Diego Beach). Some women buy them for their better style, others for their unusual softness and absorbency, for their longer wear, lower prices and so on—but most women buy them!

This is merely our gentle reminder that you'll be needing a new supply very soon—and our promise that you'll be much pleased by the new Fall Fashions in Cannon towels. They are simply but beautifully styled—and each one has a woven-in quality that cannot be matched for the money. Bath towel prices range from 29c to \$2.50 singly. . . . Better be a good housekeeper and buy them by the dozen.

CANNON SHEETS have as many fine points as Cannon towels. They are made of smooth, strong, snow-white cotton—with a special, silky finish. There's one in each price class, for every bed—and always a top value, grade-for-grade and size-for-size. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York.



What a FOOL She is!



SO PROUD OF HER JEWELLED BRACELET—SO BLIND TO HER DULL TEETH AND TENDER GUMS—AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

IF men's eyes caught only the sparkle of her beautiful jeweled bracelet, this woman would leave a brilliant impression. But they can't forget and they won't forgive the fact that when she smiles her teeth are conspicuously dull and dingy.

Yet night and morning she brushes her teeth—just as faithfully as you do. Her teeth are dull because her gums need attention. She should be cleaning her teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and in addition she should be *massaging Ipana into her gums.*

Dental science explains "pink tooth brush" and the prevalence of tender, ailing gums. The coarse,

raw and fibrous foods of yesterday have given place to soft and creamy dishes, that rob our gums of work and health. They need exercise... they need massage.

Follow dental science. Massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Use Ipana for both purposes. The zitratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in bringing back firmness to the gums.

And hard, healthy gums are safe not only from "pink tooth brush" but they are in little danger from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are more brilliant when your gums are in good condition! And they are *safer!*

Professional Opinion says:

• From a standard text:

"The effect of refined diet is appalling. The soft, fibreless foods do not give the gums sufficient exercise. They become tender and breeding places of infection."

• Excerpt from a professional journal:

"The health of both teeth and gums depends upon a vigorous blood supply."

• By a famous specialist:

"Massaging the gums... aids the circulation of the blood and proves very beneficial."

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N.B.C. STATIONS

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



THE GIBSON FAMILY ■ ■ ■ JERRY ABANDONED? ■ JANE REPENTS ■ BOBBY'S RAID NIPPED


"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train gain' in five minutes!"

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Mrs. Gibson. "Goodness, I've forgotten Jerry's cake of Ivory!"

"Lots o' time, ma'm," says Sam, smooth as chocolate custard since he knows the whys and wherefores.

Mrs. Gibson is not telling *all* the truth. She wants Ivory for herself, too, because only *pure* soap agrees with her sensitive complexion!

DOCTORS ADVISE GENTLE, PURE IVORY



"MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES," says Sally Gibson. "No, pardon me, it's Jane in a forest of stockings."

"Yes," sighs Jane very virtuously, "I wash-ee, wash-ee."
"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your

stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm a reformed character."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES



"I SAW YOU!" says Julia, the Gibsons' pretty maid, grabbing an ear. "You're taking my Ivory Soap!"

"Aw gee!" squirms Bobby Gibson, the Little Tigers have a shower in Pete's garage. I said I'd bring Ivory,

so's Pete wouldn't have a chance to hand out his smelly soap."

"Take two cakes," relents Julia, "but I need Ivory for dishes!" Dishes, pish! Julia wants *pure* Ivory in the dishpan to keep her hands smooth!

IVORY IS GENTLE TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES

"Yes" or "No" to Beauty Magic?

SHE SIMPLY LOVED to read promises that sounded like magic. Soaps were so absolutely marvelous. They promised "beauty oils"—"youth"—"the beautiful skin that men can't resist."

She tried them all hopefully. But NOTHING happened. "Oh, I'm so disappointed," she told her good doctor.

"I could have told you so long ago," said the unfeeling man. "No soap is magic. But a *pure* soap cleanses without drying your skin. Why don't you use Ivory?"

Doctors are like that about Ivory Soap. You see, they've observed how gentle Ivory is to babies—there's nothing in Ivory to fret even a new-born skin! No color, no perfume, no chemicals!

Is this same purity as vital to your complexion? Indeed it is, for Ivory protects the youth of your skin—with gay bubbly foam that cleanses so gently, and rinses away so completely. No drawn, tight feeling as if your skin were dried out! Your complexion feels *naturally refreshed!*

Ivory Soap

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ PURE • IT FLOATS

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



SEPTEMBER • • • Back to school and college—in such new clothes for college girls as are shown in the photographs on pages 27, 28, 29 and 30; or, if one is a boy, dressed like the little lads on page 51 • • • Bess Streeter Aldrich (Welcome Home, Hal!) lives in a small town in Nebraska • • • Paul de Kruif (*If We Get Rain* —) lives in Michigan, and the "Hungry Street" which he refers to as a synonym for poverty is his own name for a lonely road through the sand blows back of his own home, where once there were prosperous farms • • • Elsie de Wolfe (*Recipes for Successful Dining*) is Lady Mendl, and she has had a remarkable career on the stage, in interior decorating and as a noted international hostess • • • Here's September:

COVER DESIGN BY EUGENE IVERD

FICTION AND SPECIAL ARTICLES

	Page
Welcome Home, Hal!— <i>Bess Streeter Aldrich</i>	5
<i>Illustrated by Elmore Brown</i>	
If We Get Rain —— <i>Paul de Kruif</i>	8
<i>Photographs</i>	
Madame Pagliacci— <i>Fanny Heaslip Lea</i>	10
<i>Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins</i>	
Bridge Widow— <i>Elizabeth Alexander</i>	14
<i>Illustrated by John H. Crossman</i>	
Stagercraft in the Home— <i>Emily Kimbrough</i>	16, 17
<i>Photographs</i>	
The Three Fates— <i>Oscar Grave</i>	18
<i>Illustrated by Henry Balogh</i>	
No Other November (Part II)— <i>Bronko Haulton</i>	20
<i>Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins</i>	
Man Lost (Part IV)— <i>Arthur Stringer</i>	22
<i>Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer</i>	
Prospects for the Fall Elections— <i>Alice Roosevelt Longworth</i>	25
<i>Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins</i>	
The Care for Old Houses— <i>J. Harold Hawkins</i>	45
<i>Photographs</i>	
Have We Time to Hurry Our Children?— <i>Marion L. Faegre</i>	71

FASHIONS AND BEAUTY

Let's be Glamorous in the Evening— <i>Julia Coburn</i>	12, 13
Clothes to Take to College— <i>Ann Batchelder</i>	26
Three Freshmen in Four Scenes— <i>Julia Coburn</i>	27, 28, 29, 30
Two as One	46
School and Play Clothes	48
Autumn Clothes for the Young Man— <i>J. Erwin Perine</i>	51
The Sweater Blouse—From Paris— <i>Julia Coburn</i>	86
Beauty Begins With Repose— <i>Dorothy Coaks</i>	90

FOOD AND ENTERTAINING

Proverbs of a Good Provider	31
September Noon— <i>Ann Batchelder</i>	32, 33
Why Take Pot Luck With Your Coffee?— <i>Grace L. Pennock</i>	34
Quick and Not So Quick— <i>Ann Batchelder</i>	36
Vegetables That Go Places and Do Things— <i>Caroline B. King</i>	38
Recipes for Successful Dining— <i>Elsie de Wolfe</i>	40

GENERAL FEATURES

Editorials— <i>Loring A. Schuler</i>	24
Ann Batchelder Says	31
The Sub-Deb— <i>Edited by Elizabeth Woodward</i>	68
Recipes for Flower Arrangements— <i>Mary C. Cookman</i>	108
Journal Reference Library	110

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL (The Home Journal) is published on the second Friday of the month preceding its date by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
 CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Founder and President from 1883 to 1932.
 GEORGE H. LORIMER, President.
 WALTER D. FULLER, First Vice-President and Secretary.
 PHILIP S. COLLINS, Vice-President and Treasurer.
 JOHN B. WILLIAMS, Vice-President.
 FRED A. HEALY, Vice-President and Advertising Director.
 A. J. FERNANDEZ, Vice-President and Circulation Director.
 LORING A. SCHULER, Editor.

Stuart O. Blythe, J. Harold Hawkins, Elizabeth Woodward, Frank Eitonhead, Julia Coburn, Myron C. Leckner, Alice Blinn, Ann Batchelder, Grace L. Pennock—Associate Editors.

THE TITLE of the Ladies' Home Journal is registered in the United States Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. The entire contents are copyright, 1924 (Trade Mark Registered), by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and in Great Britain, London offices, 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. All rights reserved. Entered as second-class matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under Act of March 3, 1879.

THE PRICE of the Ladies' Home Journal is ten cents the copy. By subscription: To the United States and Possessions, \$1.00 the year; \$1.50 for two years; \$2.00 for three years. . . . To Canada (including present tax), to Newfoundland and Labrador, \$1.50 the year; \$2.75 for two years; \$3.75 for three years. Remit by Post Office or Express Money Order, check, or by Draft payable in United States or Canadian Funds. . . . To Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain, Uruguay and Venezuela, \$1.50 the year. To other countries, \$3.00 the year. Remittance to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft payable in United States Funds. . . . All subscription prices are subject to change without notice.

NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED, AT ANY TIME, TO SELL THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL AT LESS THAN THE PRICES QUOTED ABOVE.

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

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

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

ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES—for advertising business only; subscriptions not received—are as follows: Philadelphia, Independence Square; New York, 60 East 42nd Street; Chicago, 333 N. Michigan Avenue; Detroit, 3044 W. Grand Boulevard; Cleveland, 925 Euclid Avenue; Boston, Stetson Office Building, 70 Providence Street; San Francisco, 1 Montgomery Street.

"I just can't find faded clothes in our wardrobe now"



SAYS THIS PLEASED

YOUNG MOTHER



"It is easy to get David's pants and sweater clean with Chipso. These clothes are 8 MONTHS OLD."

"This new waffle-weave cotton homespun washes beautifully, with Chipso. And see how new Jo Ann's dress looks after at least 60 WASHINGS!"

"Nancy's dress is an old-timer—UNFADED by repeated Chipso washing."

"You know," admitted Mrs. Rae Bryant, of Charleston, S. C., with her attractive, frank smile, "maybe I have a washwoman's soul, but really I love to slosh clothes in Chipso suds! They get so clean. In no time at all!"

"Look," I said, pulling a handful of white pieces out of the tub one day when a friend came in while I was washing, 'aren't they white . . . aren't they just gorgeous?'

"And they *smell* so clean!" she enthused.

"Well they do. All our clothes are nicer and stay so much brighter and crisper since I've washed them myself with Chipso. My colored woman hangs the clothes out and irons them, so the part I do is EASY. You don't have to rub, with Chipso, to get the clothes clean.

"Yet Chipso is too beautifully safe for everything! Even the children's sweaters. As for colors, you can hardly pick the old clothes from the new ones in our wardrobe now. And I'll tell you a joke on me. I had a cheap kimono I didn't like. 'Oh, well, it will fade when it's washed,' I thought, 'then I can throw it away.' But I reckoned with-out Chipso. My kimono didn't fade at all!"

Chipso is SOAPIER . . .

therefore quick and SAFE

Chipso, although it works so fast, is safe for colors and fabrics, because Chipso is not adulterated with harsh, "dirt-cutting" ingredients. It is SOAPIER. Its bland, RICHER SUDS loosen the dirt and float it out without friction. Don't endanger clothes you have

spent good money for by washing them in cheap flakes or strong granulated soaps and powders. Play safe . . . with Chipso. The big package at its low price is an economy in itself, and . . . it keeps the clothes new-looking. Your grocer has Chipso for you, remember.

This unretouched color photograph of Mrs. Rae Bryant and her children, Nancy, David and Jo Ann, was taken at Cypress Gardens, one of the lovely show places of the South Carolina low country.

Chipso
makes clothes wear longer



"When I bought my colored bed-spreads I was so afraid they'd fade. But they come out of Chipso suds every time with the color even and clear as new."



BY BESS STREETER ALDRICH

Welcome Home, Hal!

SMALL-TOWN STUFF PUT ON BY SMALL-TOWN PEOPLE IN A SMALL-TOWN WAY.

HAL WOULD UNDERSTAND ITS WARM SINCERITY, BUT A STRANGE GIRL —

THE last school bell rang throatily, and Judith Marsh, leaving her desk, stepped to the hallway of Room 3 as quickly as though she were a robot connected by some mysterious wiring with the mechanism of the unseen clapper. This quick response to duty may have been very creditable to her as a teacher, but when that immediate reaction to the sound of a noisy brass summons has been going on steadily for eight years, it might, forsooth, also be termed monotonous.

Miss Marsh, of the third grade, was pretty and dainty, and a stranger would have said very young. But when one is teaching in the town of one's nativity—and a small town at that—one's age is neither a matter of mystery nor of speculation. So there was not an old woman in Mayville who did not remember the blizzard of the specific year and month in which Judith Marsh was born, not a parent of her pupils but could say glibly: "Judith Marsh is twenty-nine years old, for she was seventeen the year she graduated, and she graduated in the class of twenty-two." Verily, to abide permanently in the land of one's fathers has its pains and its penalties.

The children came trooping into the hall now for the afternoon session with the same characteristic entrance that all those other seven sets of pupils had affected since Judith started teaching—the first class of which was now of second-year high-school age and engaged at this particular moment in straggling up the long stairway to its study

hall. If the third-grade teacher looked no different to them than she had when they were in her room, it was because of the truthfulness of the fact that her soft brown hair lay in just as attractive shining waves, her wide blue eyes looked as merry as ever, and the texture of her skin remained as delicately pink.

These present third-grade pupils, having hung up their wraps, were passing into the schoolroom now—the girls first, with that pious air of desiring to get right to work which is a wholly feminine one; the boys depositing their baseball bats noisily and dragging their heavy, thick-soled shoes in that quarry-slave-at-night-scourged-to-his-dungeon attitude which is wholly masculine.

Judith sent Red Murray back to the hall to brush his wildly upstanding carrot locks—this performance having become a ceremonial part of every school session, as one might always open services with a litany. Red returned almost immediately, his hair showing a faint suggestion of having made the hasty acquaintance of either a toothless comb or a garden rake and thus rendered obedience to the god of appearances.

Near the front entrance, Emil, the janitor, who had been shoveling coal, stood ready to sound the tardy gong, like a grimy St. Peter about to close the pearly gates.

From the far end of the main hall, her face red with her exertions, a little girl came running breathlessly. She was Ruth Jean Edminston, the child of Judith's girlhood chum.

"Miss Marsh"—Ruth Jean was obliged to use the formal name at school, although her teacher was merely "Judith" to the family—"Miss Marsh . . . I was so scared I was going to be tardy. Daddy was late getting home and he had a letter he was reading to mother, and I waited a few minutes to hear it. Miss Marsh, you never could guess! We're going to have company Saturday and Sunday. *Important company! From New York!* Miss Marsh, he's a Mr. Hal Dening from New York. He's a cartoonist from New York. Daddy says in *New York*."

Well, Ruth Jean could not have known of course. If she had brought one of the baseball bats from the end of the hall and struck Miss Marsh a smashing blow between the eyes, the results would have been both surprising and painful, but not more devastating.

Miss Marsh looked at the child with the same blank expression she might have used had the bat done its deadly work. Then a sibilant tidal wave of whispering behind her brought her out of the frozen stupor and she was all teacher, dismissing the child with "All right, Ruth Jean."

So Hal was coming home.

RUTH JEAN could not know that Hal Dening was the romantic reason that Miss Marsh had not yet married, the reason that she could not quite bring herself to marry good, substantial Doctor McDonald, even though he was offering her one of the nicest homes in Mayville; that whenever she had almost persuaded herself to take the step, it was the memory of that wicked grin of Hal's intruding itself or the twinkle of his eyes—or any one of a dozen lovable characteristics—that kept her from it. Unfortunately, one may not happily mate with Aesculapius if she has known Pierrot.

It is no less than miraculous how the human mind can divide itself into two compartments. The teacher, Miss Marsh, living on the ground floor of her mental apartment house, so to speak, now conducted a very creditable reading class with

no perceptible dimming of her constant oversight of the lesson. "You may take the part of the peacock, Marian. The part of the duck, Joe." While the girl, Judith Marsh, inhabiting the upper apartment, simultaneously talked with Hal Dening, walked with him, rode with him, went up the river with him, saw him in his Grandmother Dening's house as a big gangling boy in Mayville, long before he had become nationally known.

"I do not see why you st-st-strut so," masculinity was floundering.

"Because I am proud of my fine feathers," the deadlier of the species read glibly.

"You may go on from there—Ruth Jean and Edgar."

AND while the peacock swaggered and the duck threw the cold water of a stupid philosophy upon his gay happiness, Judith recalled many things.

She remembered little Grandmother Dening, whose one endeavor in life seemed to have been to bring up Hal so he would miss neither his mother nor the father who had been her only boy. And Grandmother Dening's hands apparently had been full, for Hal was constantly dipping into all the small town's mischief-making. And incidentally, he had thoroughly decorated that town with chalk and pencil. High board fences, woodsheds and sidewalks bore his imprint. Schoolbooks introduced to snickering onlookers a rakish Columbus sailing unknown seas in a bathtub, a silly-looking Benjamin Franklin knocked into ludicrous insensibility by his lightning, foppish Indians calling out ridiculous questions to a pertly retorting bunch of Pilgrims. The bottom of Grandmother Dening's dresser drawers, her cupboard doors, the whitewashed cellarway—from all of them those absurd figures of Hal's had looked at one with their foolish sayings billowing out from grotesque mouths in elliptical-shaped pencilings.

Grandma had endured them all until the day she found the caricature of a terrible tramplike person in those bold

strokes embellishing the freshness of her newly pasted kitchen wall paper. Hal must have been larger than grandma by that time; but size or no size, in her indignation she had given him a sound thrashing—but admitted she had merely cried a little and laughed a little the next day when, across from the tramp, she found a companion piece of an abnormally diminutive person who was herself, and over her knees an exaggeratedly large boy whose long legs trailed out across the picture, with a "Wah! Wah!" in that balloon-shaped flourish of pencil coming from his cavernous mouth.

In the clarity of the recollection Judith smiled, and the children, thinking she was overcome by the antics of the duck and the peacock, all laughed immoderately.

"The last page—Edgar and May."

Well, to grandma's prideful relief and perhaps her ever-wondering surprise, Hal, instead of turning out to be a nitwit, had turned out to be a genius. And, at least in the eyes of Mayville, rather rich. For the great American public, liking nothing so much as to have its risibilities tickled, pays its clowns more than its statesmen. And as though in reparation for all his trouble to her, Hal had later given grandma everything her heart could wish—everything but her youth.

So all through the afternoon it went—like the sound of music through the monotonous reciting and writing and study periods. Hal was coming. Hal was to spend two days with his boyhood friends, Joe and Mabel, who in the old days had made up the foursome with Hal and herself.

He had been back only twice before in all the years. That last time; all the walks and talks—she had thought—But he had gone away with all that might have been said, unsaid.

Looking out through the window now, she could see the back yard behind Joe and Mabel's pretty brick house, the low white fence and the last of the season's garden chrysanthemums. A suit of Joe's on the line turned and whirled and flapped its sleeves in the autumn wind, as though Joe were inside and dancing about in an ecstasy of gladness that his old chum was coming home.

She wondered what Saturday and Sunday would be like; hoped that they would be lovely, so the four of them could turn back the clock and go picnicking up the river just as of old. Mabel's mother could look after Ruth Jean and the baby at her home. Everything would be just as it used to be—the scarlet oaks, the old log cabin for lunching, the river running its lazy way to the sea, Joe and Mabel and she and Hal. Nothing would be different. All afternoon her heart sang a little song of thanksgiving that was both solemn and merry.

IT WAS dismissal time now, and the pupils were passing out with complete and ironic reversal of their entry, the boys enthusiastically, the girls half reluctant to leave.

Ruth Jean stepped out of line because of the weighty thing she wanted to tell Miss Marsh. "Miss Marsh, I have to hurry home and help mother." She had that little girl's importance of helping which becomes quite lost a few years later.

"Mother's got a lot to do before our company comes from New York. Mother says coming from New York that way they will be used to everything nice."

"They?" said Judith weakly.

"Oh, yes, Miss Marsh; I forgot to tell you. He said in the letter there'd be a young lady with him. From New York. Her name is Grace." She came close to Judith, raised herself on her toes and whispered through her fat little hands, "His girl, mother says."

"I see."

"Good night, Miss Marsh."

"Good night, children. No, Mark. You don't need to stay. I'll erase the board myself this time, thank you."

Judith slipped back into her room and closed the door, tried with all her strength to close it on the sweetness of the memories in which she had revealed that afternoon—but it would not shut them out.

Oh, why was he coming? To have buried your heart and to have tried to forget where the grave was—and then at a piece of news to run right to the spot and begin frantically digging it up, only to find it all red and alive and palpitating. It wasn't fair. If he had stayed away—he and his Grace—where he belonged! Why, only recently she had begun to think that perhaps—after all—good, steady Doctor McDonald—

The wind blew around the schoolhouse. Leaves whirled and spiraled, as foolishly active as her memories.

For a long time she sat idly at the desk until Emil, the janitor, stid grimy from the coal, came in and deposited an assortment of jangling pails, mops and brooms, so that she mechanically took down her hat and coat and started home.

Tonight she would not stop at Mabel's. On second thought, better to run in for a few moments, face the music, and get it over. Thanks to her own poise and self-control, they did not know she still cared, though her interest in Doctor McDonald growing so that they had begun to accept the fact that the affair was serious.

"Oh, hello, Judy. Did Ruth Jean tell you the news?" Mabel was trying to take off the baby's coat while he bounced up and down like an animated pump handle. "Yes. Isn't it fine?" She was proud of her straightforward look.

HE'S driving through—going on to Hollywood. Something about screening some of his stuff. Doesn't that sound important? And—she bent over the baby—"bringing his girl. My word, Judy, can you imagine your mother or mine letting us drive across country with our beaus, engaged or not engaged?"

"I should say not. Proof that we're outmoded, Mabel." She was as cool as she could have wished.

Ruth Jean fixed the two with her solemn round eyes. "Maybe," said the small oracle, "she's got married to him by this time."

"Maybe she has." They both laughed. Judith rose to go, but stopped at hearing Joe come into the drive. She would wait to see Joe, too, a minute. She felt strong; now that the first ice was broken she would be all right permanently.

"Hello, Judy."

"Hello, Joe." How poised she was.

"Hear about Hal?"

"Yes— isn't it lovely?"

Mabel separated the baby's mouth and one of the chair's tassels. "Joe and I sort of sketchily planned this noon, just what we'd do for them. We think, on account of their driving in that way sometime in the afternoon of Saturday, we'll have just a small dinner for six or eight of us. Then on Sunday we'll get father's bigger car and all drive to Millard to dinner at the Chief. Maybe Hal might want to make a few calls over there where his mother's people used to live. Then Sunday night we'll have an informal buffet supper here with perhaps twenty—as many of the old crowd as we can scrape together anyway—and a few of the newer people who would like to meet him. He's leaving early Monday morning, he says. About the small dinner, Judy. Shall we have Doctor McDonald for you?"

"No," said Judith in a frantic refusal. "Oh, no." And it had happened.

With no control of her emotions, the thing was said. With words no more important than those simple ones, she had done the damage. It was as though a curtain had been pulled aside and she stood naked and ashamed before her two best friends. Pink and embarrassed and sick with distress, she knew that they had suddenly seen what she had intended no one to see—merely by saying she could not come to a dinner for Hal with Doctor McDonald. For years she had laughed with Joe and Mabel at Hal's foolery in the papers, saved comic strips for them which they might have missed, discussed freely his rise to popularity, lived the constant pretense that he was nothing more than a good friend of the old days—and now this.

"Oh, well," Mabel set the baby down and said quickly to fill the embarrassing



MRS. DURKIN LEAPED. "I'D SAY HE BELONGS TO HIS GIRL," SHE CACKLED, AND SHOT JUDITH A FURTIVE GLANCE

AFTER A LIFETIME OF LONGING, YEARS OF DREAMING, DAYS OF ANTICIPATION, ALL SHE COULD THINK TO SAY WAS, "OH, HAL, MY CAKE'S RUINED." THUS DO WE MEET LIFE'S DEEPEST CRISES

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



gap: "I tell you—we'll just wait a day to see what our plans are, for sure, whether we'll do that way or . . ." Her voice trailed off vaguely.

And Judy went home sick with the hurt in her heart and the wound to her pride.

At home she told her father and mother with elaborately assumed cheerfulness that Hal Denning was coming home and bringing his girl—at which her father launched into a chuckling tale of reminiscences involving the youthful Hal and some contraband watermelons; but with the uncanny knowledge of mothers, Mrs. Marsh kept a discreet and suspicious silence.

During dinner the phone rang. It was Mrs. Clement Waldo Stryker, and she was summoning Judith to a called meeting of the division heads of the Mayville Community Ladies' Welfare Club. The meeting was to be at 8:30 at her home, and the dictum was absolute.

Mrs. Clement Waldo Stryker was the mayor's wife—old Clem having held office for twelve years and bidding fair to hold it another dozen, for one went right on voting for him term after term, realizing that one's ballot was not so much for old Clem as it was vicariously cast for his wife. Mrs. Stryker was the head of so many of Mayville's organizations that, in truth, if Hercules had appeared in Mayville and cut off one of them, in good old mythological fashion, two new organizations would have appeared to take its place, and both heads would have been Mrs. Clement Waldo Stryker.

IT SEEMED now that Mrs. Stryker had just learned of the coming visit to Mayville of Hal Denning and, half incensed at the six hours' delay in being apprised of it, had forthwith decided that there should be a welcoming dinner for him at seven o'clock on Saturday night at the new community building. As she elucidated over the wires, there the new building stood, all completed, so that it seemed as if providence had taken a hand and sent them Mayville's distinguished son just in time to introduce the two to each other as the populace looked on.

In vain Judith began an explanation that Hal was to be Joe and Mabel's guest; that they were planning a small dinner party; that he was bringing a girl friend, so the time did not seem auspicious—

It fell on deaf ears. Mrs. Stryker was the official greeter of the town, and on this particular occasion held no intention of allowing her place to be usurped.

JUDITH went stubbornly to the committee meeting. It seemed so silly to have a dinner of that type—so small-townish. If Hal were coming alone! But the girl—what would she think? The best they could do would be one of those hospitable noisy village demonstrations. A dozen women in Mayville could have given a very creditable little dinner that would not have been glaringly defective from a social standpoint. They were not all backwoods. But a huge conglomerate gathering! It was a horrible thing to perpetrate on Hal and the girl. She began to see everything through the eyes of the strange girl who was coming with him, and the metamorphosis was not pleasant to contemplate.

The Mayville Community Ladies' Welfare Club was divided, through the chief's armylike leadership, into four divisions, each headed by a chairman and Mrs. Stryker—and the greatest of these was Mrs. Stryker. The four were Mrs. Otto Schneiderman, Mrs. Hattie Durkin, Mrs. Ralph Hitchcock and Judith.

Judith was the last of these to arrive, for she had taken time to go around by Mabel's and tell her what Mrs. Stryker was putting across, willy-nilly. Mabel had capitulated, as one must before the Mesdames Strykers of the world; had said that she didn't want to be selfish, and if Mrs. Stryker really felt that Hal should be given some kind of ovation by the town—

"Yours not to wonder why—yours but to do or die." Judith had congratulated herself on her self-possession. Perhaps by adhering strictly to this renewed poise she could counteract any impression she might have given Joe and Mabel earlier in the day.

(Continued on Page 63)



ON MIDWEST FARMS WITH NO IRRIGATION FACILITIES CHILDREN WITH BUCKETS WERE OFTEN PRESSED INTO SERVICE IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE SOME OF THE CROPS

PHOTOGRAPH BY AGNE HENSCHELTER, INC.

If We Get Rain --

BY PAUL DE KRUIF

IT'S June sixteenth and the sky is clear and blue and it's nice and cool and just the kind of day for a picnic or a June wedding, and if we get rain — Well, then maybe they won't have to destroy half of Wisconsin's dairy cattle, and many of our Midwest children will have almost enough milk. If we very soon get a real rain maybe we'll duck the danger of famine in America, that used to boast of its plenty. . . . If we only get rain! This is what you hear in Wisconsin.

A few days ago there were newspaper headlines about peril of this spring drought in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, and then there were showers. And everybody not living right in the middle of what's already disaster was thankful and forgetful. But while newspapers were headlining the steel-strike threat—during the seven days right after those rains I've ridden two thousand miles through clouds of dust from this still-parched Wisconsin land that sucked up those little rains hardly knowing it had them.

I must make it clear that I have only seen the drought in Wisconsin, and that as this is written Wisconsin is typical only of a great area including a large part of our northern dairy region and the wheat-growing great plains west of the ninety-ninth meridian. And even so, scattered through this seared land there are oases where rains have fallen. And, to encourage us, it is true that over the rest of America there have been rains to keep our country a land of promise and plenty.

The drought is maybe not so sensational here in Wisconsin as in the Dakotas and some of the other Western states, where many thousands have been seared off their farms and mothers have got up mornings knowing their children couldn't have water to drink, let alone wash in.

But here in Wisconsin this living without water is more sinister, and more fundamental. This one year's drought costs your Dakota farmer this one year's wheat crop. But the drought that's been devastating Wisconsin's hayfields is in its third, fourth, fifth year over great stretches of that ex-green country, threatening the foundations of the dairy herds—and in Wisconsin the herd is the life.

It is a strange June here, without the smell of new-mown hay as you ride along in the evening past fields that ought to be green with hay and pink with clover, but that now are brown and bare. I'm sitting here watching the pleasant brown water of the Wisconsin River this mock June—with horses dying by hundreds for lack of pasture, with farmers' wives lying awake nights listening to the bawling of starving cattle, with many farmers' children

pinch-faced for lack of bread. In our land of plenty there has never been enough of the master food, milk, for the strength and health of our children. And now, this weird spring, when the AAA wizards were getting ready to prove that the way for our babies to have enough milk was to destroy part of what already wasn't quite plenty—at that moment Mother Nature is stepping in to help them —

To prove that the way to put milk on America's doorstep is to starve so many cows that its price will go so high that only rich children can afford it — That is, if we don't get rain.

II

THERE'S nothing more puzzling than the way our Government price jugglers make speeches about a life of abundance and do deeds to prove their fear and hatred of plenty. For this spring, when living without water was still only an obscure Wisconsin disaster, the Government armchair farmers concluded the time had come to enrich dirt farmers by paying them money to produce less dairy products—of which there was a glut because masses of people who needed them did not have the money to buy them.

There are thousands of hard-pressed American families—on the ragged edge of welfare—whose children don't get enough health-guarding milk because other belly-filling foods are cheaper.

In my own Michigan county I know hundreds of welfare children who get hardly half the milk needed to build their strength.

In Pennsylvania and West Virginia there are stretches of country where children ten years old have hardly tasted milk since they've left the breasts of their mothers.

Over all America, when, for their life and health guarding strength, families of five should consume at least four quarts of milk a day—the average consumption is no better than 2.6 quarts.

Our land of boundless plenty gives its men, women and children eighteen pounds of butter apiece per year—just twelve pounds less than in poor little Canada.

Such, then, in this spring of widespread life without water, was our dangerous surplus of milk and butter. So now, in March of this fifth winter with next to no snow and fourth spring with next to no water in some of Wisconsin's proudest dairy counties, the economic schoolmen of the AAA prepared to put a real crimp in this store of master food of which there was already a long way from plenty.

"Dairy products," announced the AAA arithmeticians, "are the only basic commodity . . . which have not been covered in an adjustment program already under way."

Already, a month before that, veteran Bill Rogan, of Marathon County, dean of the county agents of Wisconsin, had hurried to Washington to tell the plight of the drought-smitten farmers of the northern regions. He'd come back with a promise their cattle would be fed. Here it is April, and here's Bill writing, pleading with Relief Director Hopkins:

"We have three investigators operating from our office who are bringing in reports that it is impossible to talk to farmers in their barns on account of the bellowing of their cows. . . ."

Now it's April, and the priests of the religion of scarcity of the powerful AAA announce to the puzzled farmers of Wisconsin that *they'd be paid* for producing 10 to 20 per cent less milk than the little enough there already was. . . . In mass meetings the farmers thumbs-downed it.

It is still April. Worried Bill Rogan, in the name of the dairy farmers of Central Wisconsin, telegraphs a cry of distress to Director Hopkins, Washington, D. C.:

SEVEN HUNDRED FEED ORDERS . . . HELD UP BECAUSE OF LACK OF FUNDS. . . . OVER SIX HUNDRED IMMEDIATELY URGENT STOP SITUATION SUCH THAT FARMERS ARE SHOOTING CATTLE . . .

At this moment the AAA apostles of the theory that the fruits of God's soil are not for all of us still proposed to abolish this dairy-products surplus that did not exist. To pay farmers to produce less milk and butter than our children need, they proposed to tax these master foods, so that their price would be still higher than the high price many of these children's parents were unable to pay.

Now it is May, and all over Wisconsin, Minnesota and the rest of America's Midwest bread basket there begins to prevail an unheard-of heat like midsummer in Arizona. Here comes drought, not just in Central Wisconsin but all over in earnest. Here comes a sinister ally of the Government upholders of the doctrine that dollars, high prices, are holier than the life of a malnourished baby.

To the office of the Secretary of Agriculture comes a telegram. It is sent by gray-eyed, dynamic Dean Chris L. Christensen, of the College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin. From his size, his forbears and his ability, Dean Chris for me will always go by the name Great Dane,

and he holds the curious belief that our country doesn't produce too much but consumes too little:

JUST COMPLETED FOUR HUNDRED MILE TRIP THROUGH AGRICULTURAL SECTIONS WISCONSIN STOP DROUGHT AND SANDSTORMS HAVE PRACTICALLY ANNIHILATED CROPS, ALREADY PLANTED STOP NINETY PER CENT OF ALFALFA AND CLOVER FAILED TO COME THROUGH WINTER

So wired the dean, and he begged AAA to allow farmers to plant emergency fodder corn on acres they'd already been paid to leave idle—on the theory that Joseph was silly, as history's first food dictator, when he stored up corn in the fat years to take care of the years that were lean.

Now the pleadings of Rogan and Christensen and many another swelled into a roar with the days growing unnaturally hotter and the fields burning drier and the cows getting hungrier. Old Davil Drought—though he's cruel!—at last began to come to the help of those humans who still believe that eating for all comes before high prices for a few. The fear of famine began now to confound the Alice-in-Wonderland arithmetic which might well try to starve America into an empty-bellied prosperity. The specter of next winter's possible masses of desperate men, clutching women, wan-faced children began—I say just began—to explode this folly that artificial scarcity will bring plenty for everybody.

III

THESE disturbing events sent me to Wisconsin to look into the eyes of the men and listen to the words of their women and children, to try to find out what it means to live without water. The advance from Madison up into those northern reaches was curiously reminiscent of half-forgotten rides from S. O. S. into the battle zone in the days of 1918. The morning was fine as we started. The trees seemed green enough. But as we rolled northward, the smell of new-mown hay and clover was absent. And pastures that used to slope down from tree-covered moraines were brown and craggy instead of green and velvety.

No, there was practically no pasture from here on, big Chris said. And even if it rained, there was no chance for grass now—until new pasture came on next year—"I'll get rain."

We rolled north toward Black River Falls. Here the country should be some better; good rains a couple of nights ago, it was reported. Now we rolled north into a weird brown haze. Across unnaturally whitish fields of what used to be brown sandy loam, dimly through the dun-colored cloud I saw a farmer riding his cultivator. The hot wind was blowing the silt from his loam away to God knows where. It was blasting the sand from that loam against the leaves of the little corn plants. It was whirling the soil away, leaving their tender roots naked.

I turned on my headlamps driving through this hot brown hell. I spat out the sand that gritted my teeth. I asked Dean Chris what it was that made this unknown farmer keep on trying to till this field that Nature's crop-adjustment program was taking from him. . . .

Chris didn't laugh and only muttered, "Bad—bad—bad."

Thank God there are branches of our Government that believe direct observation of thousands of farmers in the process of losing all they've worked for will tell you more than slide-rule statistics proving farmers are growing too much. Regional Relief Director Howard O. Hunter, shrewd-eyed and very human, was with us. In the county drought-relief office, jammed with lean-faced, strange-eyed, raggedy overalled farmers, Hunter asks kind questions of a tanned little old man wondering how he'd keep fifty cows living —

This little old man—as Wisconsin farmers go—was very lucky. He had completely exhausted his commercial and his Government credit buying feed to keep his cows giving milk for his own, and for America's, babies. So he was eligible for aid. Couldn't Uncle Sam help him now? He had many acres plowed and ready. Could Uncle Sam loan him emergency seed—Sudan grass, soy beans, anything? He'd be glad to work it out on the road afterward.

"I'll never forget that little farmer's eyes as he asked it," Hunter said. "He wasn't used to asking for anything. He didn't know how to ask for anything. But he trusted me. For him I was the Great White Father. . . ."

How could that hard-bitten, tanned little man know that Hunter knew—that maybe there'd just not be enough seed for everybody? "But if I can just get the seed, and then if we get rain —" the farmer said. . . .

That day will haunt me, too, for always. It's a nightmare movie film of fields of timothy blasted, of clover without blossoms, of barley without grain. I'll see it through

an evil tawny haze of soil that's leaving good sandy-loam fields looking like our own desolate Hungry Street sand blows—those sad Hungry Street sand blows where all that's left of farms that blew out from under their owners are hollows where once were cellars of houses. . . . And clumps of lilacs, planted, as Deplidge says, by forgotten farm women—"for remembrance."

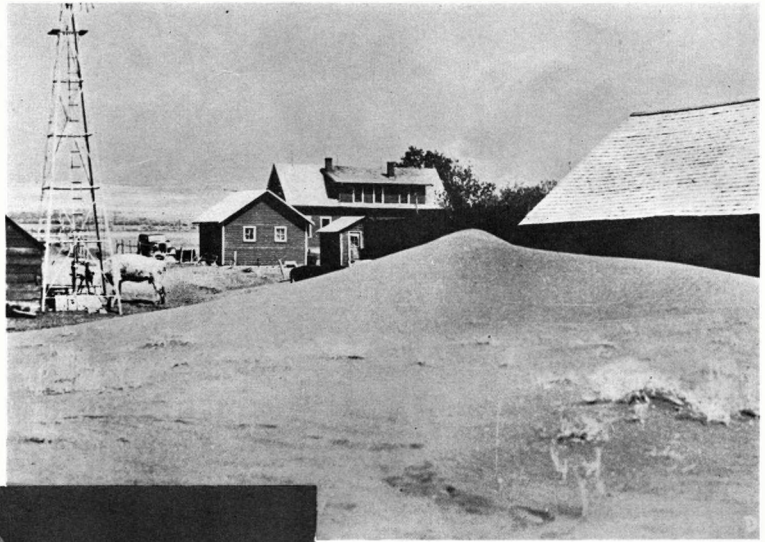
What will haunt me is the look in the eyes of the once sleek black-and-white cattle. They pull at the dead grass. They bring it up with sand and stones. They spit it out. They pull up whole pastures, destroying possibility of next year's food.

What I'll never forget is brown-faced, substantial old Farmer Schroeder, of the county drought-relief committee at Whitehall. "I tell you, mister, what we're going through will turn a man's hair gray," Schroeder said. Here Hunter, the representative of the Great White Father, was coming to help them. So they'd tell him —

Of hundreds of farmers whose average income was five dollars a month—with the rest assigned to the banks and the Government. . . .

Of farmers without hay but still with a little money—buying hay at twenty-two dollars a ton. . . .

Of farmers heavily mortgaged but with cattle still free, pleading for feed loans for which they weren't eligible because not completely on the verge of bankruptcy. . . . "My wife and I swore we'd never mortgage our cows. If we lose everything else, we and our children can still feed at the



PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNE SANDERSON, INC.

ONCE FERTILE TOPSOIL, NOW A DUST PILE REACHING TO THE BARN EAVES, ONE RESULT OF THE WIDESPREAD, PROLONGED DROUGHT IN THE MIDWEST

teats of our own cattle," one farmer said. But he had no hay—and a ton of hay cost twenty-two dollars, and he had no dollars.

IV

FROM its first settlement God has been good to Wisconsin, and its farmers have been upstanding, asking odds from nobody, and have been compared favorably to their brothers from more arid and clamorous regions. Yet it is the contention of your average well-fed armchair intellectual that farmers are always yawning. Was it possible that on this first dreadful day I'd seen hordes of what were chronic complainers?

In Eau Claire County I asked able 4-H Club Agent T. A. Parker to take me to farmers so provident, so industrious that even this drought couldn't touch them. And we rolled into the farm of Charles T. Lisker, amid a weird, ventriloquial warbling of nesting bluebirds. On top the stove in the kitchen was a magnificent pan of fresh-baked doughnuts—a bad thing for one like myself, who is too far this side of starving.

There were three lovely little Lisker girls in the best state of nourishment, and it was obvious everything was jake with the family of Farmer Lisker, and now I sat listening to him—eating doughnuts I shouldn't—and looking into his deep-set, worried eyes. (Continued on Page 78)



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED WISE BORD

WITH FIELDS WITHERING UNDER CLOUDLESS SKIES, AND CATTLE DYING OF THIRST, EVERY DROP OF WATER IS PRECIOUS AND IS DOLED OUT SPARINGLY TO DROUGHT FIGHTERS



"POOR OLD GIRL," SAID CHARLES. HE DREW MADAME'S HEAD AGAINST HIS ARM. HE CRUSHED THE WAVES OF HER HAIR INTO DISARRANGEMENT

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY L. TIMMINS

Madame Pagliacci

THE walls of the alcove in which she sat were gray. The enormous wash basin—in France they do these things properly—was of yellow marble veined with white. The mirror which she faced was high, wide and cruel. Her face looking back at her from the mirror seemed gray like the walls, yellow like the marble.

"Madame," suggested the elderly Frenchman behind her chair, "wishes a shampoo, a finger wave."

"*Mise en plisse*," said madame slowly and distinctly. She was learning the language of hairdressers and couturieres. It was all she considered one needed to know in Paris.

"Madame," said the hairdresser, "has a beautiful natural wave. It would be desecration to touch it with a permanent."

"*Naturelle*," said madame, with diffidence but stubbornly. She thought, "Why should I let them practice their English on me?" Determinedly she trilled the *r* in *naturelle*. Of course she had a beautiful wave. It didn't take a French barber to tell her that.

"*Pas—trop—court*," she said. "And don't use the clippers." She illustrated with two fingers, raising her voice slightly.

"I understand," said the hairdresser gently. He had once been three years in New York with Robert, Who Makes You Beautiful, but forbore to mention the fact.

Madame settled back in the chair. She closed her eyes for a moment. It had always been a beautiful wave. When she was twenty her hair had been down to her waist. A rich mahogany. Rippling deeply.

Charles had been crazy about it. The night before her wedding he had said, "Take down your hair for me—you

never have," and she had taken it down. In the quiet of the dimly lit sitting room. On the old sofa against the wall. With a bowl of *Maréchal* Niel roses on the table at her elbow. . . . Where had all the *Maréchal* Niels gone? You never saw them any more. . . . Charles had caught his breath when she took the last pin out. He had thrust his fingers through the shining web and buried his face in it. When she went upstairs after Charles had gone, her mother had been horrified. All those bronze curls loose and rumpled. "Well, really —" her mother had said. And something about not forgetting the ordinary decencies of life.

Strange how the ordinary decencies of life altered in one lifetime. Madame recalled with curious irrelevance a song her younger daughter was in the habit of singing — Something about "Was he handsome! And did my ma give me hell!" Heaven only knew where the child picked up such trash. And her father encouraged her in it.

"Thank God," he said, "for one member of the family with a little go in her."

"A little more short in the back," said the hairdresser coaxingly.

"*Pas trop court*," said madame. "*Prenez garde!*" That last phrase was from Carmen, of course, but she thought it made sense just the same. Charles had taken her to hear Jeritza in Carmen ten years before—for a birthday present. On the way home she had let him understand pretty clearly she'd rather have had the cash. Twenty-five dollars for two seats in the orchestra! That was while twenty-five dollars still spelled real money to them. Different now, of course. Charles had done very well.

She felt a small, creeping coldness at the back of her neck. "Don't use the clippers!" she said sharply.

The hairdresser apologized and laid the clippers aside.

She had cut her hair for the first time a month or so after Charlotte was born. It had been coming out in handfuls. Her hair that was her one beauty. She had decided suddenly one day in a place where she was getting a shampoo and facial to have it cut—and then she had been almost afraid to go home, for fear of what Charles would say.

What Charles had said had been as foolish as most of his sayings in moments of any importance. He had looked her over long and thoughtfully, and at length he had grinned. "I like it. It'll be like living with a strange woman."

She had thought that was not a very nice way to put it. Marriage could scarcely be called living with a woman. Something much more serious.

She had never let her hair grow long again. Though she found it more expensive keeping it short, still it took a good ten years off your age. She caught her own eyes in the glass and winced. She wondered if it were terribly painful—having your face lifted. Certainly the flesh under her eyes was sagging, and under her chin. When she was a little girl she had had an old dog . . . "dewlaps" they called it, that looseness about the jaws.

The hairdresser was draping her in a white robe, tucking a fresh towel about her neck to protect the white-frilled collar of her dark blue frock. He eased her head backward onto a metal sluice over the basin.

"Is madame quite comfortable like this?" he inquired, smoothing her hair from her forehead.

Charles had sat smoothing her hair away from her tear-wet face all one night—the night her mother had died. Charles hadn't liked her mother, but he had been very sweet when she went.

"I'll take care of you, dear," he had said, attempting to ease her burden. "We've got each other, haven't we?"

"Do I rub too hard?" inquired the hairdresser politely. "Pas du tout," said madame. She endured three soapings and three rinsings before he folded a towel about her head and turned the chair so that once more she faced herself. In the nunlike coiling of the towel she thought she looked not so tired, not so heavy lined.

Charles had said to her that morning, "Why don't you go to one of these snappy beauty shops and get yourself all fixed up? Do you a lot of good."

She had pointed out to him at the time that he himself was getting a double chin and that his waistline was not what it used to be. Not safe, letting a man feel too pleased.

The hairdresser was working quickly and deftly, sleeking her hair into place on either side of a part where gray began to show.

"What perfume would madame like for the friction?" he inquired earnestly. When madame hesitated he suggested, his head on one side regarding her in the mirror with the air of a connoisseur, "Chez Lui—that will be just right; no?"

Madame said, "Très bien." She supposed Chez Lui was some sort of flower; and considered further that it made no difference what you called it, no perfume was better than pure soap and water.

Charles had brought her back a bottle of perfume one from Panama which had cost thirty dollars. He had been there on a business trip. She had always wondered what had happened to make him bring her such a piece of expensive foolishness. Some woman, of course. Thirty dollars for a bottle of perfume. Charlotte had taken possession of it when it had stood for a month on her mother's dressing table unopened.

"Leave me try it on my newest heart," Charlotte had wheedled. "Daddy knows what it takes."

CHARLOTTE could be very trying. Betty, not quite two years older, was more sensible. Betty had chosen to spend the summer in Southampton with a wealthy aunt. Charlotte, on the other hand, had made life miserable until she had been allowed to join a summer theater in New England. Charles had said, "Think you're another Bernhardt, do you?" But he had been pleased as Punch with Charlotte. It hadn't been hard to see. That was how Charles and madame happened to be in Paris alone—together.

"Kind of a second honeymoon," Charles had said the night they sailed. Next morning madame had been seasick, and the honeymoon idea had waned abruptly.

Charles was never seasick. On board ship he always ate like a horse, drank like a fish and danced like a fool.

By virtue of various cruises she had Charles' behavior on shipboard reduced to a formula. On the first night out he danced with all and sundry—looking over the entries. On the second he narrowed his field to the likeliest candidates. On the third he settled to one. Trusting in this fairly

well-established program, madame had dragged herself down to dinner the third night. To find herself too late. The settling already accomplished. On the second night Charles had met and danced with Mrs. Evans.

The hairdresser was arranging a wave above madame's right ear. "Madame," he murmured, "has a beautiful shape of the head, like a young girl."

The Evans woman couldn't have been under thirty. Dark eyes—of course she masqueraded those movie-actress lashes. Too bright a lipstick, and the reddish lights in her smooth, dark hair were of henna, if madame knew it when she saw it. Like a woman out of a Noel Coward play. Smart, sweet, dangerous, all at one time.

"Isn't she a knock-out!" Charles had said proudly, pointing her out to madame. "I want you to meet her," he had added. A suggestion he did not make a second time.

"Why?" madame had inquired coldly.

Charles had been very solicitous about madame's cold cosmé and her glass of champagne, which were all she could manage that night, but he had railroaded her off to bed in no time at all. Any fool could have seen through him. Then he had gone back up to the saloon, to dance with the Evans woman.

"Is that how madame likes herself?" inquired the hairdresser with anxious pride.

Madame looked closely into the mirror and lied: "Jolie!" In her harassed and unhappy heart she did not see herself as at all *jolie*, but the wave at least was good. And she was a just woman.

The hairdresser tied madame's head up in a coarse-meshed brown veil, through an oval opening in which her face showed palely. He connected a great, shiny caterpillar of a tube with a medieval-looking hood of pierced-steel rods, which he presently fitted about and above madame's head. Heated air from the rods began to hiss in madame's ears.

"I will send the manicure," said the hairdresser.

The manicure came with her wicker tray of tools and a little pillow covered with a towel. She put one of madame's hands into a small basin of hot, soapy water and attacked the other with a file. She was a young woman of perhaps twenty-two or three, with a head of artfully careless pale curls. With wide blue eyes behind long black lashes. With peach bloom on her face and bright moist scarlet on her mouth.

She said, "Madame's skin is very dry." She passed experimental finger tips across the back of madame's hand.

"Je sais," said madame stiffly. She did indeed know it. She had known it with increasing resentment over a period of years.

"I can give madame a cream," murmured the pretty manicure.

The Evans woman's skin had not been dry. You could tell that to look at her. Cool and smooth and fresh as

a gardenia just out of a flower shop. When Charles danced with her night after night he had all but put his cheek against hers, until madame had pointedly commented: "Do you want to make yourself the laughingstock of this ship?"

After which significant inquiry he hadn't hung around the Evans woman quite so much. Had seemed to spend more time in the card room, playing bridge. Some nights he hadn't come down to the cabin till two or three. When madame woke and complained of his awakening her he had emptied his pockets onto her pillow. "Here you are: Buy yourself a new car." He had seemed to win pretty steadily.

Ever since leaving the ship madame had been trying to tell herself that she had spoken out at just the right moment about the Evans woman. Make a man ridiculous in his own eyes. That was the only way. When he began once more to make a fool of himself—when once more you saw the same old symptoms showing up in him—laugh! It was like sticking a pin in a balloon. After that you could breathe easy—till the next time.

In the twenty-two years since she and Charles had walked back down the aisle from the altar, madame had done a good deal of that sort of laughing.

"If madame will excuse me," said the manicure suddenly, "madame is using a rouge on her face that is a shade or so too dark."

"Too dark?" said madame abstractedly. It had been dark on the boat deck, very dark—and late—the last night out, when she had gone looking for Charles. Sitting in a velvet armchair, tiredly watching the dancers, doggedly looking on at the noisy delights of a gala in which she was both too stiff and too shy to take part, she had missed the Evans woman from the dance floor. Looked desperately about for Charles, and missed him too.

Dark the boat deck, and windy and cold. In spite of which, from this corner and that, soft smothered laughter—murmurs and mutters—behind a lifeboat, the pale gleam of uplifted arms.

Madame hadn't found Charles, of course. By the time she got back to the saloon, chilled and wretched, there was the Evans woman dancing with the captain. There was Charles, all courteous charm and attention, dancing with somebody in a brown-lace dress—somebody plain and faddish and safe. But there had been powder on the shoulder of Charles' dinner coat. Madame had seen it with her own eyes. And the crow's-wing smoothness of the Evans woman's hair had been a little disturbed—or was that imagination?

WHEN madame had inquired of Charles as he was getting into bed where he had been all evening, he had grinned, and his grin had been reckless. No imagination there.

"Save the third-degree stuff for later, will you?" he had said. He had begun to sing, not very loud—off key, because he had never been able to carry a tune—something about "April in Paris . . . the chestnuts in blossom. . ."

Madame had said to him when she had had about enough of that torturing tune, "You're tight, of course."

"That's where you're wrong," Charles had answered. "I'm cold sober, believe it or not."

He had come over to the side of her bed and stood there looking down at her, tightening the string of his blue-silk pajama trousers. It had humiliated her to have him staring at her with her face full of cold cream, and aluminum wavers in her hair. His eyes had been shining, his face flushed. He might have been in a fever.

"What do you say," he had suggested, "we get ourselves a suite at the Ritz? I'll buy you a lot of new clothes—we'll rent a car—"

"I'd rather have the money," madame had said to him. With a dull ache in her breast she had recognized the surest symptom of all. When his mind was on another woman he always wanted to buy things—for his wife. Conscience—or just the overflow of a rising tide?

He had looked at her strangely for a moment. Then he had turned away. As he turned he had said: "Maybe we should have brought Charlotte along. Paris might have meant something to her besides the rate of exchange."

"A dark rouge," persisted the manicure sweetly, "makes the face look too hard and too old. If madame will permit me to show her. . ."

Too hard and too old. The Evans woman getting off at Cherbourg had looked sickeningly fresh. In a slim black coat, in a smart little black hat. She had a smile like a cat full of stolen cream.

"Good-by, Mr. Welles." With her hand in Charles'. "So nice to have known you! Hasn't it been a lovely trip?"

After that Charles had been almost no use at all about the bags and passports and getting through the customs. He had been like a man in a fog.

"With madame's skin, a little brighter rouge—" said the manicure gently.

Madame thought maybe the girl knew what she was talking about. She said, "When you've finished my nails you can show me."

She found herself all at once too tired to go on struggling with the proper French phrases. She had so much to think of besides the French word for (Continued on Page 83)

BY FANNY HEASLIP LEA



THE EVANS WOMAN AT CHERBOURG HAD LOOKED SICKENINGLY FRESH. SHE HAD A SMILE LIKE A CAT FULL OF STOLEN CREAM



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREEN-FOWLER

Let's be Glamorous in the Evening

BY JULIA COBURN

■ Let's have rich fabrics and vibrant colors, let's have gayety and contrast and life in our evening clothes. With daytime clothes always conservative in color and cut, how else can we express individuality—how can we dramatize personality? There's no better tonic for the ego than a new evening dress. If you went fluffy during the summer, you'll enjoy the sleek smoothness of the evening gowns of autumn. Dark colors—greens, blues and browns as well as black—will be smartly present in the new evening gowns. Satins, velvets, taffetas and metallic cloths, or fabrics shot with metal, will make gowns that gleam, sparkle and rustle. Necklines in front will be quite high, or quite low. Many of the newest evening gowns have a straight-around camisole top, with shoulder straps of lingerie width. And all of them made simply and slightly molded to your curves.



■ The Lanvin model, photographed from the original, on the other page, combines black with flame. The bodice is cut from the high neck diagonally under the arm to the waist in back. The slim skirt has an easy flare at the bottom, with only a slight train. The silver-moire cape is an Augustabernard original, with a deep square yoke in back, to which the material is gathered. Exceedingly simple, and so lovely. Many of the evening wraps are cloaks—long and enveloping. Everyone has been wondering when draped skirts would come back in full force. Certainly this brown satin evening gown from Augustabernard is a strong straw in the fashion wind, with its slight fullness gathered in just above the train. The yoke in back, and enormous bow in front, are of the greenest green velvet. Who but Augustabernard would think of the effectiveness of brown and green?

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN



THERE WAS A MOMENT OF STRAINED SILENCE. THEN DICK SAID, "I TOLD YOU WE OUGHT TO GO SOMEWHERE ELSE! YOU SEE HOW IT IS HERE?"

Bridge Widow

BY ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

EVERY time the telephone rang she wondered what excuse their new friends would find now for borrowing her husband. At first they had been elaborately polite to her, cautious, experimental, with their apparently casual invitations.

"I know you don't play contract, dear—and I suppose it would simply bore you to death to look on, when you don't understand the game—but it does seem a shame, doesn't it, when Dick enjoys bridge so much! And of course there are so few pleasures left that any of us can afford now! Well, it just seems a sort of hopeless situation, doesn't it? Because, naturally, you don't want to be left alone a whole evening! Oh! You *wouldn't* mind? Why, how sweet of you! But you're sure, now, you don't mind? Not even the teeniest-weeniest little bit, because I — Well! You *are* a marvelous wife! No wonder Dick's just crazy about you!"

Later they had become more casual.

"Oh hello Marjorie how are you dear how are the children Dick there?" all in one breathless rush, without waiting for the answers. And if Dick was at home, he would be invited, and left to make his own excuses to Marjorie.

But if he wasn't, the telephoner would begin to give one of the three standard reasons why Dick ought to leave home for the evening:

1. They were just getting up an impromptu game, and needed a fourth, and they had telephoned all over town!

2. Some one had dropped out of the dinner party at the very last minute, and spoiled the two tables of bridge; and would Marjorie be a perfect angel, just this once, and let Dick fill in, and simply save the hostess' life! . . . "And of course, darling, I'd love to have you come over to dinner, too, if you don't mind squeezing in; my table only seats eight comfortably—but it wouldn't be much fun for you afterward, would it?" Marjorie's answer to this was no.

3. There was an extra woman. The hostess had a perfectly darling old school friend visiting her; or someone's husband had the grippe, and Dick wouldn't mind picking up poor Dolly in his car, would he? Or that attractive divorcee, Mrs. Dashforth, simply had to be invited, after all her lovely invitations. And can you imagine Lily Dashforth at a hen party! And you know, Marjorie, there simply *aren't* any extra men in this town!

"Except my husband," Marjorie would sometimes mutter, under her breath.

Dick simply laughed at Marjorie's plan for giving a little dinner party without bridge. No one would care to come—the whole crowd was crazy about contract! The movies no longer interested Dick; he had never cared for music; he did promise to go to the Christmas dance at the country club (if anyone invited them—they couldn't afford club memberships now), but little Richard came down, just then, with measles.

Six-year-old Dickie shared his measles, generously, with his four-year-old brother, Alan; when they were convalescing, they got whooping cough; whooping cough lasted almost three months. Marjorie, who had neither nurse nor cook—only a cleaning woman, who came in, at fifty cents an hour and carfare, for two hours a day—scarcely ever saw the outside of her own house, while Dick scarcely ever saw the inside. The children's long illness, Marjorie's segregation with them, seemed to be the final touch that released Dick into the complete freedom of bachelorhood.

Marjorie appropriated for her bridge lessons the fifty dollars her father had given her at Christmas, and which she had meant to spend on a spring coat and hat. She also had to hire the cleaning woman to stay with the children while she went out. Mrs. Mathews, a rather terrifyingly chesty person, with a Napoleonic manner, gray hair, a

lorette, and a studio done in modern style—chromium, sharp angles, zebra-striped chairs, lemon-tinted walls—asked if Marjorie had never played bridge.

"Well, auction, a little —"

"That's good!"

"I'm afraid it wasn't," said Marjorie. "When we were first married, my husband and I used to play auction sometimes, but there were always so many other things to do then—parties, and the theater, and concerts, and dancing; we lived in New York. And then I had two babies. And Dick began to play contract at his club, but I never learned. It didn't seem very important—I mean, I didn't know Dick cared so much about cards! But now—since we've left New York, and moved out here—there doesn't seem to be anything else to do!"

"No, there isn't much else to do in this little town, and that's a fact," Mrs. Mathews agreed. "And bridge for low stakes is about the only amusement people can afford now."

"That's what Dick says—because your winnings and your losses always even up in the long run."

"Depends on your game. How does your husband play?"

"Oh, awfully well! But he always holds terribly poor cards."

"Seems to me I've heard that before! Usually loses, doesn't he?"

"Well—never very much. They only play for a tenth. Besides, anybody with his bad luck would!"

"Luck," declared Mrs. Mathews, "is the only thing that ever evens up. There's no such thing as holding poor cards, or good cards, all the time. Law of averages."

"Well, I simply can't believe that, Mrs. Mathews, or Dick would sometimes win."

"I'll teach you to win, young lady." A glimmer had come into Mrs. Mathews' penetrating, steely eye. "And from that husband of yours, too!"

Dick, who had been rather disagreeably surprised by Marjorie's extravagance in taking lessons, was inclined to make fun of the studies she now pursued at home—the memorizing of rules and working out of problems. Every now and then he would remark that the only way to learn contract was to play it.

"But I do play, Dick, at the studio twice a week," Marjorie would reply to this. "Mrs. Mathews found three other beginners who would make up a table with me,"



"Twice a week won't do you any good. You've got to keep at it continually if you want to be good."

"Well—Dick." At last there was an opportunity to broach the subject. "Well, Dick, I thought perhaps, after I learned how, I could go out and play with you?"

A cloud crossed Dick's fair countenance. He hesitated. "But, Kitten, my crowd are all too advanced for you, I'm afraid."

"I know," she insisted. "I know they are now. But I mean, Dick, after I've really learned how to play!"

He was silent.

"When you think I'm good enough," she said, humbly. "You—you might give me a test or something, like college-entrance requirements?"

He didn't smile.

"Then—then we could invite them all here to a party," she finished outlining her little hopeful scheme, in a rather hopeless voice. "And when they find out I can play, they will invite me too."

Dick's face did not express any conviction that this would be the case, and suddenly Marjorie's heart sank. All at once she knew that Dick's friends did not want to invite her, and an even worse intuition assailed her. She forced herself to ask Dick:

"But—darling—you want me to play bridge, don't you? That's the only reason I spent the money for the lessons! I thought it was so—queer—for us to be separated every evening. We never used to be."

He spoke slowly, as if he had been deliberating something: "Why—of course I want you to, Kitten—if it would be any fun for you! But—the only thing is, can we afford it, I wonder?"

"Afford it?"

"Yes; you'd be sure to lose against so much better players. And with the rotten cards I always hold we could easily drop five dollars apiece, at a tenth of a cent. And then there's another thing—if we both go out, we'd have to hire somebody to stay with the children all evening. Fifty cents an hour, and we'd probably be away five or six hours—that's another three dollars. Thirteen dollars an evening! We can't possibly afford that!"

Marjorie remembered the time when Dick had spent fifty dollars an evening in a night club or speak-easy, when she had worn one or two fresh orchids on the ermine collar

of her evening wrap. But she did not speak of those days. She did not say anything. There was quite a long silence.

"Lord knows I hate to talk about money all the time," Dick apologized. "But you know how it is with us. You do understand, don't you, Kitten?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "I understand."

Just then the telephone rang. It was late one Sunday afternoon, and Dick had been asleep practically the whole day, recovering from the usual Saturday-night party.

"It's for you, Dick," Marjorie said, in an expressionless voice. "Mrs. Dashforth wants to know if you will come over to her house, after supper, to make a fourth with Dolly and Sam Peters?"

"Lord, no!" Dick said, with conscious virtue. "They ought to know I'm dead. We played until half-past five last night. And I've got to work in the morning, if Sam hasn't!"

Marjorie relayed the message, in a more polite form. Lily Dashforth insisted. She and Dick argued with each other, via Marjorie. Finally Mrs. Dashforth gave up, but not without venom.

"Tell him Dolly and I say he's nothing but a poor old sissy!" her laughing, high-pitched voice sang over the wire.

Marjorie came away from the telephone with flushed cheeks. "So your friends call you names if you want to stay at home even for one evening! And then only to rest!" she added bitterly. "I wonder what all those women would think if I'd call up their husbands, and invite them over!"

Dick looked impatient. He was always annoyed by any signs of jealousy. "Lily Dashforth hasn't got a husband," he reminded her coldly.

"Yes," said Marjorie, "that's only too evident!"

II

"HELLO, Dolly, this is Marjorie Fortune. . . . Yes, *It hasn't* it been a long time since we've seen each other! But then I've heard your voice on the telephone so often. . . . Yes, we must get together some time soon. . . . Really? Well, you *are* being gay! But what I called up about, Dolly"—Marjorie's heart suddenly leaped up and hit her under the chin, but she clenched her hands and went on—"was if I could speak to Sam? . . . Why, Sam! He's still your husband, isn't he?" Marjorie forced a light laugh. "Yes, please do call him to the phone, if you don't mind? . . . Well, you see, Dolly, it's something I have to ask Sam!"

There was a wait of a few terrifying seconds, in which Marjorie thought that her heart would surely pound a hole in her ribs. Then she heard the confidently masculine voice of Mr. Samuel Peters, who rather fancied himself as a bit of a Don Juan and a masterful man, though he was only five feet six in height, and was desperately henpecked by his wife.

"Oh, it's you, Sam? . . . Why, no, nothing's the matter! Nothing at all! I never felt better in my life! Sam! I—I wanted to ask you if you would come to a party. . . . A party, Sam! Tomorrow night, at our house. . . . No, wait a minute, Sam, don't ask Dolly! I don't want Dolly! I mean, I know this sounds sort of funny, but I'm only inviting you. I mean, not just you alone, of course. But only men. It's—it's a stag party! For Dick. It's a surprise party for Dick! Oh, Sam, *will* you come? . . . Well, but why should you ask Dolly?" Marjorie managed another of her artificial laughs. "Why on earth should Dolly mind you coming to our house, when Dick's always at yours! . . . Yes, I know, of course she will be left alone all evening; but hasn't she a good book? . . . All right, Sam, ask her then, if you must! . . . Oh no! Why no, of course not! Of course I didn't mean you had to ask Dolly's permission! I just thought you were afraid. . . . Oh, Sam! You will come? Oh, how nice! I'm so glad. Because it would simply spoil my party if you couldn't come!"

Marjorie replaced the telephone on its hook, and a real smile began to relax the lips which had been set in a terrified grimace. She picked up a list of names and telephone numbers, and went through it methodically; asking always—in tones which grew, in each instance, more self-confident— for the man of the house.

(Continued on Page 53)



THERE WAS A SORT OF FRIGHTENED STIR AMONG SOME OF THE MEN—GLANCES OF APPREHENSION SLID ABOUT AMONG THEM



Stagecraft

BY EMILY KIMBROUGH

ON THE last night of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, in New York, Mr. Guthrie McClintic gave Mrs. McClintic, who was appearing in the play under the name of Katharine Cornell, a little figure in white jade. It is the goddess Kwan-Yin, and belonged at one time to the dowager empress of China. On its back, beside the imperial seal, is inscribed a prayer to the goddess, and the empress is said to have repeated the prayer before this exquisite figure every night it was in her possession.

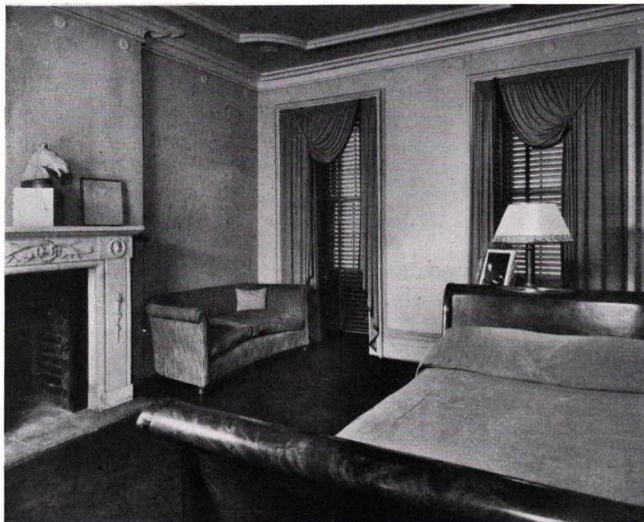
The beauty of the gift and its association combined to make it the most cherished household god, but the difficulty was to find a perfect setting. When Miss Cornell went away for a long-needed rest, Mr. McClintic solved this, by having her bedroom redone entirely around the tiny *lar*—if that is what *lares et penates* reduce to.

The walls of the room he had done in oyster white, and the ceiling a pale sea green. The use of a ceiling darker than the walls, besides being particularly chic just now, is a very effective way of "pointing up" the figure. The carpet is gray green, the glass curtains are white chiffon, the hangings a soft silk-and-wool fabric in oyster white with tiny black and white check-bordered fringe.

Between the long windows, which look on the East River, a simple mirrored dressing-table top covers the radiator, and the mirror behind it goes up to the ceiling. A couch against one wall, upholstered in oyster corded wool, faces a *bergère* chair upholstered in pale blue. On the other side of the fireplace, a deep and wide armchair is done in oyster satin damask. The little French table beside it is very nice, and the pair of lowboys, against the wall on either side of the fireplace, is particularly fine. The actual fire bed is an urn of an Empire design, highly stylized and formal.

The end of the room which faces the windows is solidly paneled in warm French walnut, with a deep alcove into which Miss Cornell's bed is built. Soft silk curtains in a pink beige hang in folds across the back and, when drawn, disclose bookshelves and telephone rest in the paneling behind. The cover and the curtains which frame the bed are in oyster damask, heavy, but very soft in texture, and one of the most pleasing details of the entire

A jewel worthy of its setting here finds a setting worthy of the jewel. When Guthrie McClintic, producer husband of Katharine Cornell, the actress, presented her with an exquisite statue of the Chinese goddess Kwan-Yin, he realized that, just as a stage setting is designed to form a perfect background for the star, to focus the attention of the audience, so Miss Cornell's room must be redesigned to form a perfect background for a perfect statue. The photographs on the opposite page show what he accomplished. "Now let me show you what she did for me," says Mr. McClintic, displaying to the visitor his rooms, which are illustrated below.



in the Home

room is the arrangement of folds across the top. The closets on either side of the bed are scarcely noticeable in the beautiful graining of the wood and its effect of an uninterrupted surface.

Kwan-Yin stands in the center of the mantelpiece against a mirror which touches the ceiling. She is so fragile, so delicate in her distinction, that she might, in a crowded, noisy room, have slipped away into a detail. But in this beautiful and quiet setting, she is the focal point from every corner. The lovely wrought garlands which hold the lights on either side of the fireplace are details of her frame; and on the lowboys, beyond, the bowls of artificial mistletoe with its deep glistening leaves and surprising white berries point the eye back to the milk-white lady between them, with her unearthly, beautiful, uplifted hand.

When Miss Cornell stepped into this room on her return, she was like a child at Christmas. It was all such a complete surprise to her, and, she felt, so perfect a retreat, both for her lovely goddess and for her, that she could scarcely bear to leave it. She showed it to people as the highest mark of friendship and trust in their understanding which she could bestow, and then she began to torment herself over how she could make her husband really understand how much this room meant to her.

Hollywood helped her. It sent for Guthrie McClintic to direct a production; and once he was on the train, Mrs. McClintic set to work. She marched ruthlessly into his study, his bedroom and his bath, and, stifling any misgivings over such an invasion, by remembering her own ecstasy over a like infringement, redded everything throughout.

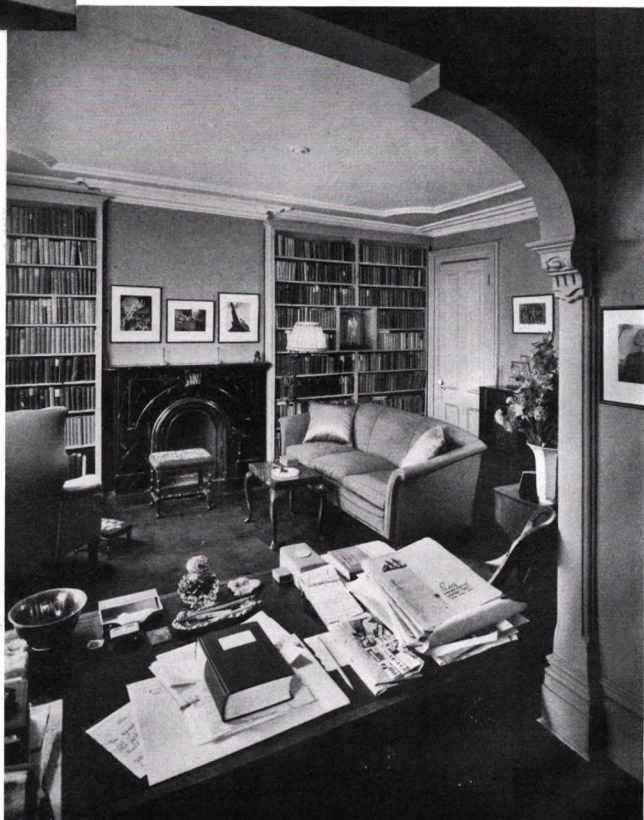
She made the walls of the study pale green, the ceiling white, and carpeted the floor in amethyst. She put bookshelves to the ceiling beside the fireplace, and small ones beneath each window sill. The mantel is of black marble flecked with tan, the same caramel shade as the satin upholstery of the deep barrel chair before the fireplace. Balancing it on the other side is a low couch done in a gray-green corded poplin. The window hangings have a rich chocolate brown background with a pattern in yellow and green and *bois de rose*. There are no glass curtains here to shut out the river, so

that it is almost as much a part of the room as Mr. McClintic's very desk. The desk, however, is the *lar*, the Kwan-Yin of his study. It is set back in an alcove; behind it is a delightful oak dresser, set with pewter, but under, around and on it are books and manuscripts, letters and souvenirs, overflowing bounds as that circumspect river beyond would never be guilty of. And that is why Miss Cornell, foreseeing first such a steady overflow, put the desk into an alcove, where it still dominates the room. The door of the room, however, is assurance that the study will not be forbidding. It is paneled with the gayest possible company of knights in armor on bright red glass, and the room is like that—gay, and warm, and bright, with books for enjoyment, furniture for comfortable talk, and the desk for work—which, oddly enough, is to Mr. and Mrs. McClintic the greatest enjoyment of all.

As she went through the bathroom which connects the study and bedroom, Mrs. McClintic paused to have it solidly incased in beautiful old English wood paneling. Over the doorway, for some curious but effective reason, is a mirror in place of a one-time transom. The cupboards are set into the paneling, the handles and light brackets are crystal drops, and the mirror is framed in gold leaf. A built-in tub denies its solemnity by dazzling curtains, in broad red and white stripes, which, when drawn, complete the astonishing illusion of a Pullman berth.

In the bedroom beyond, Miss Cornell put gray-blue walls, with lovely white medallions at intervals, where molding might have been placed. They match the large medallion in the center of the white ceiling, and, without being restless, leave a very decorative result. The woodwork is a natural walnut, with a dull finish and the faintest tinge of pale *bois de rose*, but there is a tiny band of pale green to outline the door frames. The fireplace has a beautiful and elaborate white-marble mantel, and beside it a couch done in tan-and-brown-striped soft corduroy. But the window treatment is the focus of this room. In the first place, they are so deep-set that their sides are concealed closets. Then their framework is a pale amethyst. The curtains are at the frame of the alcove nearer the interior of the room, and of pale *bois de rose* in crepe de chine, and edged with amethyst. Hung in the manner of an Empire setting, their formal arrangement gives the whole room a quiet dignity.

On his return to New York, Mr. McClintic would not let people go up to see Miss Cornell's room. He stopped them at the knighted door to his study, and with a preliminary, "Now let me show you what she did for me," he would take them through, nor let one smallest detail pass unnoticed.



The Three Fates

THE MODERN COUNTERPARTS OF CLOTHO, LACHESIS AND ATROPOS STILL SPIN WEBS, AND

AT LEAST three times a week they had lunch together. Sometimes four. They were great friends: Miss Dimmerman, Miss Maginnis, Miss Smith—Bertha, Eileen, Jennie.

Shortly before twelve each day their telephones began to tinkle with that light, brief ring that indicated an interoffice call.

"Is it all right for today, Bertha?"

"Yes, Eileen."

"Have you called Jennie or shall I?"

"I'll call her. What time can you go?"

"He's got a date at 12:30. Uptown. So I can be ready at 12:30 too. Can you?"

"Yes. He's going down to the bankers in Wall Street. So I'll be ready. Meet you downstairs."

When they spoke to one another "he" always meant each one's respective boss. No further appellation was necessary. They understood one another perfectly.

They had all worked for Amalgamated Wheat Products, Inc., for years.

Bertha Dimmerman had been the secretary of Henry W. Crosby, the venerable president of the company, for fifteen years.

Eileen Maginnis had been the secretary of Wellington Roberts, the young and aggressive vice president, for more than seven years.

Jennie Smith, comparatively, was a newcomer. She had been the secretary of Paul Weatherby, the amiable and youthful advertising manager, for only three years.

Each of them knew her own boss better—oh, much better!—than he knew himself. Each, in her own way, helped to spin the thread of each man's destiny.

When the three met downstairs in the lobby of the Gargantuan Building, in New York's midtown business section, there was further consultation. Should it be the Goldenrod Tea Room? Or the Sandwich Shoppe? Or the Welsh Rabbit? The last was a little arty and not so safe and sane as the other two, but all three were satisfactory for a good fifty-cent luncheon. Soup—if you did not take salad—an entrée, a voluminous dessert, tea, coffee or milk.

The restaurant decided upon, they set forth happily, aware that food for the soul as well as the body awaited them. Nice girls, all of them. Self-respecting. Sensible. High-school graduates.

Bertha Dimmerman was much too fat, but such a nice, wholesome girl. Smart too. Eileen Maginnis, past her first youth, wearing bifocal glasses, but so trim, so neat. And shrewd.

Jennie Smith, alert and slim and pretty—oh, decidedly pretty, with her little pointed chin, large gray eyes and pale, wind-blown hair. Bertha and Eileen wondered sometimes if Jennie were not too pretty to be considered absolutely reliable, worthy of their secrets. But there was nothing intrinsically flighty about Jennie, they decided, even if she did look a little fragile and flyaway. She was a sound kid. It had not taken three years to convince them of that.

OF COURSE, of late, they'd worried a bit because Jennie did look a little funny whenever the subject of their discussion, their analysis, was her boss, Paul Weatherby. How indignant she became if they said *that* about Paul Weatherby. Not that they were not loyal to their own bosses. They would have gone through ice and fire for them. Well, almost.

The soup selected, the entrée chosen, the dessert named—"Bertha, you shouldn't take that fudge cake, you really shouldn't!"—their heads came close together. They went into a huddle. This was the real salt of the meal.

"That woman called him up again," said Miss Maginnis, "I tried to make my voice cold but there's no stopping her. She hasn't any—what do you call it?—any sensitiveness. He was in a conference and I told her so, but she didn't believe me. Then she left word she was going to Atlantic City for a couple of weeks and he could get in touch with

her there at the Ritz. Can you beat the nerve of some people's children?"

"What did you do, Eileen?"

"I just forgot the message."

"Oh, Eileen, do you dare?"

"Sure I dare!" cried Eileen.

"She'll let him know somehow."

"I suppose so," said Eileen gloomily.

"Well, if I had a wife like that I'd act just like Mr. Roberts," said Jennie Smith. "What kind of a home life does she give him, always gadding? Was that dinner party she gave for the Mountcastles a success?"

"If you call everybody getting drunk a big success, I suppose it was," said Eileen grimly. "He was disgusted. Of course he didn't say anything. He just looked disgusted when he came in the next morning. I could tell. And it must of cost him a couple of hundred dollars. These times too. I know, because I had to order the champagne."

"It's lucky they have the little girl," said Bertha Dimmerman piously. "She's all that holds them together."

"Maybe it's lucky and maybe it isn't," said Eileen. "The more I see of marriage—"

"Now don't say that, Eileen," Bertha interrupted. "Nobody could be happier married than H. W., and he's been married thirty years."

"Yeh!" said Eileen. "Well, maybe after a hundred years you're happy too."

"Eileen, I won't let you say that. With H. W. so worried about Mrs. Crosby."

"What's he worried about?"

I THOUGHT I told you. The doctor says that ever since she had pneumonia that time Mrs. Crosby oughtn't to stay in New York for the winter. She really can't stand a New York winter. She ought to go to Arizona or some place like that."

"Why don't she go, then? They can afford it, which a lot of people can't do when they're told things like that."

"She won't go unless he goes too. You say marriage is always a flop, but those two, I guess, couldn't live if they were separated."

"Why don't he go, then?"

"How can he leave the business just now?"

"Oh, I guess Mr. Roberts could run it all right."

"Yes, that's the trouble!" said Bertha vindictively. "If H. W. let go just now he'd find your Mr. Roberts in complete control when he got back."

"Why not?" Eileen flung at her. "H. W. can't expect to be the big shot forever."

"I think you're perfectly horrid, Eileen," Bertha said. "You're like your own boss. Ruthless! Yes, that's the word—ruthless!"

"Oh, let's forget it," said Eileen, and she turned to Jennie. "How's Mr. Weatherby getting on with that Vassar girl, Jennie?"

Little Jennie Smith flushed, as she always flushed when Paul Weatherby was mentioned. "All right, I guess. She's awfully bright."

"How do you know she's bright?"

"She's had a college education and everything."

"A college education doesn't mean a thing," Eileen declared. "Not a thing!"

"Well, she talks about economics and things like that—even over the telephone. I heard her. And she sent him some books on the political crisis in Europe."

"Oh, phooey!" said Eileen. "If that's the way to win a man I'll eat my hat."

This was on a Monday. On Tuesday, unfortunately, the three could not lunch together. Mr. Crosby was in a mood of perversity and kept Bertha Dimmerman busy at dictation until half-past one. Miss Maginnis had to do a little shopping. "If it gets really cold I haven't a thing, not a thing," Miss Maginnis explained. And Jennie Smith wandered off forlornly and alone to the Sandwich Shoppe. Forlornly she sat alone at the lunch counter and, instead



of having the fifty-cent luncheon at a table, contented herself with a cream-cheese-and-jelly sandwich.

Anyway, she'd have an extra quarter toward that saucy blue hat she had seen in a window. Maybe he'd notice her if she came in late some morning wearing that hat.

But what a fool she was! It was such old stuff for a secretary to fall in love with her boss. It was so—so silly! She didn't approve of it at all. How she wished she could put the thought of him, the look of him, away from her forever. How could she compete with girls from Vassar who talked about economics and political crises? But then her head came up. After all, wasn't she as good as any of them? And she wasn't really dumb. She liked good books and good plays. She liked to do her job in a thorough and efficient manner.

Back home, hadn't her father been a judge? And if he hadn't died, if things had not sort of gone smash, maybe she could have gone to Vassar, too, and learned how to tell Paul Weatherby what she thought of the European situation.

Then, however, munching her sandwich, she flushed, for she realized it wasn't at all that sort of thing she wanted to talk about with Paul Weatherby. She did, indeed, want to talk about silly things with him—whether he liked her or not, and wasn't it strange that so suddenly she found herself liking him so much?

On Wednesday the three lunched again at the Goldenrod Tea Room, their favorite rendezvous.

"Bertha, dear, please don't take that nut sundae."



THEIR BOSSES ARE CAUGHT IN THE COILS OF THEIR DESIGN

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

very morning. How could she tell them that? What an idiot they'd think her! They were so sensible as well as so nice. She wished she were more sensible. In one way, anyway.

She'd worked for him for three years, and yet it was only lately—it was as if she'd been awakened from a long nap. What was it that made her so painfully aware of him of late? She seemed to see him as if she had never seen him before. The way his hair was brushed back from his forehead, how kind his brown eyes really were, the abrupt way he wrinkled his eyes and picked up a pencil when he had a sudden thought he wanted to get down on paper—these things she noticed as she had never noticed them before.

"Oh, what a fool I am!" she thought. "I didn't want this to happen. But it has happened! What can I do about it?"

These were her thoughts, but she could not tell them to Bertha and Eileen.

THEY had luncheon again on Thursday, but were forced to skip Friday. On Monday they lunched again, but it was not until the following Friday that anything eventful had really happened. Friday was a rainy day. The lovely October weather had come to an end. Now November had slunk in like a villain and the skies were gray, the world was sodden. The rain poured and whirled and tore at clothes and umbrellas. But the three nice sensible girls were sensibly prepared for any changes in the weather. Raincoats, rubbers, umbrellas. That is, Bertha and Eileen were. Jennie had lost her umbrella, and one of her rubbers was torn.

"I wish you had more sense, Jennie," Eileen said.

"You'll catch your death of cold. I bet you spent a lot for that new hat. You didn't even tell us how much you paid for it. And then you don't get yourself new rubbers when you need them."

"The hat was so important!" Jennie apologized.

"Important! What do you mean 'important'?"

"Oh, nothing," said Jennie.

"Well, here. Take my arm. Come under my umbrella, I can hardly wait to tell you girls something."

"What?" asked Bertha.

"You just wait till we get there."

Although they liked the Welsh Rabbit least, it was the nearest, so they went there.

"I wonder if I dare take a Welsh rabbit," Bertha ventured.

"No!" said Eileen firmly.

"It's their specialty," said Bertha.

"That's why I don't like to come here," said Eileen. "It makes me sick to see you eat so much, Bertha. And if you take a bottle of beer I'll die."

"You've got to have beer with Welsh rabbit."

"But what's the news, Eileen?" Jennie interrupted.

"She's gone."

"Who's gone?"

"Mrs. Roberts. She sailed this morning for Bermuda. They've been fighting about it all week until at last she said all right, she wouldn't go. And now she's gone. Mr. Roberts told me a little about it and I guessed the rest."

"Did he go to see her off?"

"Yes, and took her a flock of gardenias. I had to get them for him. But that isn't all."

"What else?"

"He's going to Atlantic City."

"When?"

"This afternoon."

"Well, I don't know but what it serves her right."

"I told you it wasn't her I'm worrying about," said Eileen. "It's him. And the little girl. He said to me, 'I'm going out of town for a few days, Miss Maginnis, on a business trip.'"

"I said to him, 'I didn't know you had any business that called you out of town, Mr. Roberts.'"

"Eileen, you'll lose your job."

"I don't care," said Eileen. "Not if he's going to act that way."

(Continued on Page 22)

THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO TELL ONE ANOTHER EVERYTHING, THESE THREE. BUT HOW COULD SHE TELL THEM PAUL WEATHERBY HAD ACTUALLY NOTICED HER NEW HAT?

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I'll take what I want," said Bertha morosely. "I'm feeling low today."

"Why?"

"H. W. says things are pretty bad, and what with his wife not being quite well and everything —"

"Oh, H. W. always says things are pretty bad. He's a professional pessimist—that's what Mr. Roberts says."

"He does, does he?" said Bertha. "Well, he'd better keep his mouth shut if he wants to hold his job. H. W. hasn't lost his pull with the board of directors. Not yet. Your Mr. Roberts may be smart, but he's getting too smart, too smart. H. W. would only have to snap his fingers before the board of directors and out your smarty Mr. Roberts would go."

"Don't be so sure of that," said Eileen. "If it came to an actual show-down between Mr. Crosby and Mr. Roberts, I don't know who'd win out."

"I do!" said Bertha staunchly.

"If H. W. weren't such an old stick-in-the-mud! Why doesn't he let Mr. Roberts and Mr. Weatherby go ahead with that new advertising and selling plan of theirs instead of crabbing all the time and saying expenses must be kept down —"

"Eileen, I don't want to hear any more."

"All right, all right! I'm sorry, Bertha, but you do make me so mad. You'd think H. W. was a little tin god."

"I guess most of us think that about our own bosses."

"Yes, I guess that's right," Eileen agreed. "But some of the paint's coming off my little tin god's wheels. Maybe that's the reason why I'm sort of out of sorts myself today."

"What's the matter?" Bertha and Jennie wanted to know.

"Her!"

"You mean that woman?"

"No, I mean his wife this time. She wants to go to Bermuda with the Mountcastles. And where will that leave him? With that other one sitting on the sand at Atlantic City calling to him! I don't know what to do about it."

"Is he going to let her go to Bermuda?"

"Let her! As if he could stop her!"

"But he needn't give her the money."

"She's got a little money of her own, you know. Just enough to be nasty when she wants to do something he doesn't want her to do."

"Is she going to take the little girl to Bermuda?"

"Not her! She's going to leave her for papa and the servants to look after. A fine mother, I'd say."

"If that other woman gets hold of him it serves Mrs. Roberts right."

"I'm not worrying about her!" said Eileen. "I'm worrying about him. All that other woman wants is what she can get out of him. It'll be out of the frying pan into the fire —" She turned to Jennie. "What's the matter with you, Jennie? You haven't said a word. And you didn't even finish your nice chicken croquette."

"Nothing," said Jennie, with her ready flush. "I'm not hungry, that's all."

They were supposed to tell one another everything, these three. It was their unwritten law. But how could she tell them Paul Weatherby had actually noticed her new hat? "Why, what a pretty hat, Miss Smith!" he had said that

"**CAREFUL,**" Chris Williamson told himself. "Go easy." And then, always, he added another word: "Abby." All the honors that a man could win in four years at Lake Ridge were nothing to lay at the feet of Abby Perrin, daughter of Henry Perrin, for whom Lake Ridge was a form of hobby—Perrin Hall, Perrin Stadium, the Perrin Scholarships. But dancing with Abby, having tea, riding with her, it was easy to forget this Perrin business.

Others, however, remembered the Perrin wealth. And so Chris, dining at the Perrins', found police on duty at the gates, the house bathed in light.

"What's it all about, Abby?" he asked. "The family's got the jitters," Abby told him. "Father's had a crank letter. He's to leave money at a certain spot within five days, or I'll be kidnaped. The silly thing is how seriously they're taking it. I'm not to leave the house till the five days are up."

"I don't think that's silly. Kidnapings do happen."

"You're as bad as father. It's just the Dead-eye Dick in you."

Nevertheless, Chris was alarmed. And Gus Edwards and Barry Sherr, Chris' roommates, were little help. Sherr, reading the report of the threatened kidnaping, proposed that he and Edwards stage a kidnaping themselves.

"Look, Chris!" he said excitedly. "You get her to sneak out and meet you, and you tip us off. We get an unloaded gat and an old raincoat —"

"Drop it, Sherr. That's out."

"I was only trying to help you out. We could even fix it for you to be a hero."

A day or two later Abby, disguised in her maid's clothes, called at Chris' apartment. Chris shooed Sherr and Edwards out and then persuaded her to allow him to take her home. As they left the house a gun was pressed realistically into Chris' side. The man who held the gun wore an old raincoat, his hat over his eyes.

Chris' first impulse was to laugh. Sherr, play acting, "Don't be frightened," he told Abby. "It's only Sherr."

"Into the car, youngster," a gruff voice replied. A sudden cold struck Chris' stomach. He lashed out blindly, and a rain of blows caught him on the back of the head. He fell, half in the car and half out.



"I HATE LEAVING YOU HERE, BUT IT'S THE ONLY THING," HE FINISHED. "YOU SEE THAT, DON'T YOU?"

No Other November

BY BROOKE HANLON

II

EAR was all cold, Chris discovered. It was cold which had hit him in the pit of the stomach back there in front of the apartment house and had now spread upward and downward, engaging all his limbs, holding his tongue to the roof of his mouth as though locked there in a vacuum. He recovered consciousness slowly, and the cold beat its way through the throbbing in his head. He was in a car and the car was lurching and swaying at sixty or seventy miles an hour.

This was a stark, paralyzing terror for Abby that held him. If there had been but himself to consider, he might have been able to move, to strike out. But

Abby — He turned his head and spoke her name.

There was a swift movement beside him and his head was drawn sharply back and a gag fitted in his mouth. A blindfold was drawn tightly about his eyes, and his arms were pinned behind his back.

Two men — There was a recurrence of that dizziness and he had to shake it off. One man working quietly, systematically on his arms and the other facing him. Chris could sense rather than see the gun which had been ready at his slight movement. He might have been able to move, to strike out? Not now.

Think, then. He had to think. Had he been under ten minutes or an hour, and

where were they? Something in the air made him think of the river. Ten minutes north along River Road would have taken them through Wesley, and it wasn't likely they'd chance going through towns. It was forty minutes south on River Road to Waddell. Suppose he had been under a half hour. Say they were between Lake Ridge and Waddell. A turn right would be the Marlon Pike, then. A new wave of dizziness swept over him. When he came out of it the car was lurching to the right, it was careening down a rutted incline. The river, then, if his calculations hadn't been entirely off.

He was taken out of the car and half lifted, half pushed into a boat. The men

didn't talk. There'd be three of them with the driver. Perhaps another in the boat. There were rapid movements and muttered orders, and he knew Abby had been placed in beside him. The motor choked and turned over and the boat moved.

Abby, so close to him he could feel the warmth of her limbs. That perfume that wasn't Stevens' came to him faintly, mixed with the river smell. He moved closer to her; that coat of Stevens' hadn't been very warm, he remembered. Not an hour ago he had been holding it for her before the fire. Not an hour ago. If he had gone to the phone then and called her father, like a man! But no, he had acted like a kid. Loyalty was everything in a kid

world. Well, he'd been loyal to Abby and here she was. Chris writhed and the cords cut into his wrists.

They were moving south, he judged. Still south. They wouldn't retrace their steps. They'd cut off Waddell this way. There was the muffled sound of the motor and that dull pounding in his head. There was the smell of the river, and darkness, and the warmth of Abby near him. There'd be some way of freeing her—his thoughts drove on. There had to be some way.

There was the scratching of a radio then and he was tense and listening. A sudden barking. A curse from one of the men, and the barking was muted.

"Calling all cars. . . . Calling all cars." That was familiar and he got it. The sound of the motor and the throbbing in his head all but drowned out the voice for a moment. He was leaning forward, forgetting to breathe. "— Abigail Perrin —" More indistinguishable words. "— five feet three and a half. Auburn hair. Hazel eyes. Fair complexion. Last seen wearing —"

Five feet three and a half and auburn hair and hazel eyes, pressing closer to him. The voice was metallic and businesslike and it might have been any girl. It might have been any girl—but it was Abby. A sob caught in Chris' throat.

"Car 19. Search all cars intersection State Highway 31 and Marlton Pike. Car 26. Search all cars River Road at state line. Cars 7 and 13 —"

"The river. The river!" It seemed to Chris for a moment that he had shouted, but there was only a dry, painful swallowing in his throat.

Abby moved beside him and he heard her breath catch. Help her? He couldn't even take his coat off and wrap it about her. He couldn't speak to her or touch her. He could move his fingers or his arms, close together, behind his back. He could calculate how far the boat had gone in some direction, but he wasn't sure which direction and his calculations were probably all wrong. Chris' head went slowly down and his groan was a choked sound in his throat.

They were taken out of the boat at last and placed in another car. They proceeded slowly this time, evidently along an abandoned road through the woods, or through brush. Branches scraped the car on top and at the sides and they lurched out

of one rut and into another. The car began to climb.

Chris opened his eyes to a glaring light. That pain shot through his head again and he sank back on a cot bed.

"I'm goin' to untie your hands, kid, but let me tell you first there ain't to be any funny business." The man facing him was squat; his shoulders were broad and his eyes close set. "There's a gang of us and we're armed, and if you start any more hittin' out—well, don't." He took out a knife and freed Chris' hands. This was the one he had taken for Sherr, Chris judged. "Just sit tight, and if you want anything ring for a bellhop." A grin slit the unprepossessing face, and it was a grin which had in it the consciousness of a night's work well done.

Chris moistened his lips. "Let me see the girl, will you?" he said. "Where is she?"

"She's safe."

"Let me see her a moment, won't you?"

"You sit tight and don't make no noise and no funny stuff. That's all." His captor backed out and a bolt slid in the door.

Chris sat for a moment and looked dazedly at the closed door. There was a gang of them and they were armed and there wasn't to be any funny stuff. "That's clear enough," he thought. He was up, then, and moving about swiftly. The room held a cot bed and a chair and a scarred table. The place was old but solidly built. The outside walls were solid, that is, but the inside partitions were flimsy. The one window he'd moved toward it hopefully—was securely nailed into place. Chris was standing, straining his eyes into the darkness, when the bolt slid again.

"Barred," his visitor said cryptically. "You're wastin' your time." He set writing materials on the table. "Come on," he said. "Get busy. We got a job of writin' for you to do. Copy that letter."

Chris read the letter slowly. "I get the idea," he said at the end. "No one would trace my writing back to any of you. I'm afraid you'll have to write your own —"

"No funny business is what I said." There was something gently insinuating in the man's voice. "Maybe this will help you to decide." He took a gun from his pocket. "Maybe thinkin' of what might happen to your girl friend if we don't get this money in a hurry will help you



"YOU'RE THREE MILES OUT OF LAKE RIDGE," A JERKY VOICE TOLD HIM. "STAND STILL AND COUNT ONE HUNDRED SLOW AFTER YOU HEAR THE CAR LEAVE. IT'S UP TO YOU NOW!"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

CHRIS MOVED SLOWLY.
"THAT'S THE POLICE,"
HE SAID STUPIDLY



to decide too. It's that way, see. Now get busy."

Chris saw. He wrote slowly. It was necessary to get Abby out of this, and it was necessary that a letter be written. Mr. Perrin was to drive alone out River Road to the county line Tuesday night with two hundred thousand dollars in small bills. A representative of the kidnapers would meet him there at 11:30 P.M. "You better keep the police out of this if you want your girl to be safe," the letter ended.

"That's right, kid. Play ball." The thick-set man watched Chris with satisfaction.

"Where is Miss Perrin?" Chris asked.

"She ain't far away." His companion took the letter and folded it.

"Let me see her, won't you? Come on, be a good —"

"Hey—Shorty!" It was an impatient voice from the other side of the door. "What's all the palaver? Hurry up in there."

"Come on," Chris begged. "Let me —"

"Not now." Shorty turned hurriedly.

"When the boss goes, maybe."

He was back a half hour later. "Come on. She's right next door."

He led Chris through a larger central room, blue now with smoke. Two other men sat at a table, playing cards. Their backs were to

(Continued on Page 56)



Man Lost

BY ARTHUR STRINGER



XVIII

LINDALL moved very quietly about the tent. For Diana, looking strangely mummylike in her ragged blankets of rabbit skin, was still asleep. She had slept, he estimated, for fourteen long hours. And she needed the rest.

He had worked for two feverish hours putting the finishing touches on his new sled board and lashing it to the crossbars. And having cautiously replenished the fire, he cut caribou steaks and dropped them on the smoking frying pan atop the little stove, inhaling the satisfying smell of the browning meat.

He turned about, when he heard Diana sigh in her sleep, and stooped over her. The grayness, he observed, had gone out of her face. The purple shadow under her eyes, where the tangled lashes gave a dusky fringe to the faintly hollowed cheeks, was less pronounced than it had been. Her slightly parted lips seemed deeper in color again and the look of tragedy that had so disturbed him the night before was no longer there. Nature, he knew, was winding up the run-down clock of energy. The vital young body was giving thanks for the meat that meant life to it.

Diana opened her eyes, heavy with drowsiness, as he leaned over her. She smiled up at him, without moving. She found the warmth of the tent very comfortable. She watched him as he turned the caribou steaks on the pan, adding a little fat to keep them from scorching. And as she did so she remembered, from the night before, his own tolerant smile as he had watched her eat.

She sat up, pushing back her hair as she hungrily inhaled the aroma of food. Her eyes became abstracted as they rested on the smoking frying pan. Lindall, mixing two batter cakes, seemed a benevolent demigod in a drifting cloud of blue smoke.

"I'm just a glutton," Diana protested out of the silence that hung between them.

"But you were half starved," Lindall reminded her, intent on turning his batter cakes.

That was no excuse, she protested, for gorging like a Siwash squaw at a potlatch. Yet she licked her lips, without knowing it, when her camp mate lifted aside the crisped steaks.

"And here I am, hungry again," she dolorously admitted, lying back on her mattress of spruce boughs.

"I want you to sleep in today," Lindall told her. He was chewing on a deer steak as he talked. "I've patched up the sled so I can go and get that buck carcass before a carcajou smells it out. And with that we're safe for a month."

The contentment, of a sudden, went from her face. "But you weren't to leave me alone again," she reminded him.

He filled his battered cup from the tea pail. "That's why I'm making an early start. I can be back, this time, before nightfall."

"Couldn't I go with you?"

He smiled, but his head shake was a decisive one. "I want you to rest up," he explained. "Just eat and sleep and make good red blood. And grow into a fighting Selden again. And see that nothing makes away with our meat."

That meat, she began to see, was more important than she had imagined. For a full stomach could mean an entirely changed viewpoint. It meant courage and daring and the will to do things. It meant aspiration and peace of mind, and new hope growing like fireweed from the ashes of despair. It meant, humbling as the fact seemed, that your first duty in life was to be a good animal.

"It'll give us a heavier load to haul," Lindall pointed out as he made ready for the trail, "but it'll be worth it."

For not a pound of their deer carcass, Diana learned, was to be wasted. Even the skull had been cracked and the brains had been used to rub on the skin, already drying on a rough stretching frame which Lindall had thrown together. The heart they had already dined on. But the liver and kidneys would be eaten fresh. The fat, molded about wick



strings unraveled from the top of a prog bag, would provide them with candles. The tongue and the meat, cut into long strips, would be smoked and dried. The very bones would be cracked with an ax, and boiled overnight in the camp pot, and fat cakes would be made from the solidified grease. Even the entrails, washed clean, would be stuffed with shredded meat and marrow fat, and smoked into a rough form of sausage. The skin, when cured, would make them mittens and moccasins, clothing and sleeping robes. And the spine sinew, when dried and split, would provide them with a supply of sewing cord much stronger than watap.

"That's why I've got to get my buck," announced Lindall as he reached for his snowshoes.

Diana, alone in the tent, bathed and breakfasted and slept again. She awakened, pleasantly hungry, and ate once more. She had no knowledge of the time of day, for she discovered, when she opened the tent flaps, that a low ceiling of slate-gray clouds had obscured the sun. There was no wind, she also observed, and the cold seemed much less intense. An odd quietness brooded over the blue-white hills. She wondered, as she busied herself with her camp duties, if Nature always seemed less sinister when one had a good meal tucked away under one's sash belt. After all, she admitted, she wasn't so vastly different from a Siwash squaw. Civilization had imposed its thin veneer on her, but under that vulnerable shell she was merely an animal. She was merely an incalculable series of hungers, she remembered as she meditatively rubbed caribou tallow on her legs where the skin was chafed, clamoring for survival in the midst of incalculable forces; a rag and a bone and a hank of hair troubled with ghostly dreams, with ghostly dreams that had nothing to do with wilderness life.

That turned her thoughts back to the plane that had flown so blindly across their trail. It surprised her to remember that a full meal had seemed more important than a possible rescue. But she wondered, for the second time,

if that plane meant that Peter Halidon was out searching for them. It would be precarious flying over country so empty. It would mean striking in from the coast, and scurrying about and out again. They might never come back.

But the shadow of that flying plane was wider than it seemed. It brought the world closer about her. It suggested things that lay far beyond snow and silence and a patched and darkened tent on a hillside. It imposed an overtone of eagerness on all the earlier gray level of uncertainty. And along with that eagerness it brought a new unrest, an unrest that made the quietness of the camp increasingly depressing to Diana. She was teased by a hunger for action.

She decided, in the end, to go out on the trail and meet Lindall. He would be glad of her help, after that long haul through the hills. And she would be glad of his companionship, in the dispiriting gray afternoon that seemed like the last tired day of a world getting ready for endless sleep. She noticed, with a casual eye, the grayness of the low-hung sky as she started out, carrying with her the gun and belt ax. Into the belt bag that held her extra shells she slipped a slice of cold deer steak, to eat on the way.

She had no difficulty in following Lindall's trail that wound northward through the hills. The repeating snowshoe prints marked a path as conspicuous as a clear-watered little stream meandering through an endless green meadow. She could follow it, she found, with her eyes shut, by the mere feel of the closer-packed snow under her feet. And that clearly defined ribbon of ruptured snow surface, wandering off into the distance, was both a challenge and a consolation to her.

She noticed, as she pressed forward with her gaze searching the snow slopes for Lindall's returning figure, that it had begun to snow a little. It was a very quiet snow, with soft and feathery flakes wafting

SHE WAS BEATING THE SNOW AS SHE SAT AND BLINKED AT HIM. THEN SHE BEGAN TO LAUGH. SHE LAUGHED UNTIL THE BEARDED MAN STEPPED CLOSER, FROWNING

ILLUSTRATED BY
MEAD SCHAEFFER



(Continued on Page 55)



EDITORIALS BY

LORING A. SCHULER

• *Without Generosity* •

PROBABLY no people in this world have ever been more charitable than our own. When we had money we gave it freely—to community chests and hospitals and clinics and playgrounds and all sorts of social welfare work. If a disaster happened anywhere in the world we chipped in to help, with no thought of reward or even thanks—just because we were a sort of big brother to everybody.

There's a good deal of personal satisfaction to be had out of that kind of giving. It makes the giver for a moment a little gentler and kinder. We've begun to miss it somewhat in the past few years, since giving has been harder because of thinner pocketbooks, and the old glow of generosity will be entirely gone when our benefactions begin to show up on the tax bill along with police and fire protection, schools, roads, post offices and the Congressional Record. Yet it's going to happen to us, just as it has happened in other countries.

President Roosevelt, for the Administration, and Chairman Henry P. Fletcher, for the Republican Party, have both declared in favor of a national system of social insurances, and legislation looking to this end is to be an important part of the program of the Congress that will come into being next January. For relief is now to be made a permanent plan instead of being treated as an emergency.

Just how it is to be paid for—unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, maternity benefits, health and disability insurance, and all the rest—has not yet appeared. The President has expressed the belief that it should be by contribution, which, if Europe's precedent is followed, is just camouflage for taxes. In England and Germany and France and Italy and most of the rest of Europe, such contributions are taken out of an employe's pay envelope before he sees the money; the employer is compelled by law to donate at least the same amount; and everybody else pays taxes so the government can contribute its share as well.

It is all very equitable, very mechanical, very socialistic, and its administration relieves some unemployment by making a lot of new jobs. With us it will create one more alphabetical bureaucracy—and give grandma twenty dollars a month to try to live on.

Worthy as the object of social insurance may be, you have to be pretty much a dyed-in-the-wool social-service worker to get much of a thrill out of it. For the best form of security comes in permanent employment; the best form of charity is that which contains the quality of mercy—which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." Taxes bless neither.

• *The Youth Movement in America* •

WE HAVE long believed that the teaching of government in schools and colleges is too casual and indifferent a performance; that youngsters about to become citizens should know more about the duties and privileges of citizenship; that current events should be taught along with the theory of politics; that youth should be heard more frequently than it now is; that young men and young women should be given larger responsibilities, wider horizons, greater opportunities, clearer understanding.

A trained, responsible, capable citizenry rarely goes berserk; nor are boys and girls educated to a comprehension and a share of governmental authority likely to be swept off their feet by the oratorical wiles of a self-appointed, power-seeking dictator—as has happened in the youth movements of other countries.

So we should, perhaps, be enthusiastic about the newly organized National Institution of Public Affairs, which proposes to send to Washington next February and March selected students from our colleges to serve as apprentices under government officials who will let them see government in operation.

Theoretically we are enthusiastic. Practically we wonder. For so many of the left-wing professors are themselves now domiciled in Washington that the scholarship students of "practical government" are quite likely to come away more than ever convinced that theory and practice are one and the same. Which they are not.

Youth movements in other lands have been built from the top down; a Pied Piper whistled and youth came flocking to lift him to power. The youth movement in America should start in the home. It is for fathers and mothers, rather than college professors, to start the right kind of education.

• *In That Land There Was Bread* •

THERE have been rains in the Northwestern states since Paul de Kruif visited the drought-stricken counties of Wisconsin to write the article that is published in this issue. There will be no famine this year—but by next spring we shall probably have eaten up most of this year's short crops and last year's carry-over.

Maybe there will be snow next winter, and rains next spring, to water the great bread basket of America, and give us a 1935 production of foodstuffs adequate for our needs. Maybe the planned limitation of food crops will turn out all right—though Nature is a silent partner who doesn't tell her plans in advance. But this is certain: That those people who have stood this year so close to the brink of disaster will now read with more understanding and reverence the forty-first chapter of the Book of Genesis, wherein is said:

And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And he gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities: the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in the same.

And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number.

And the seven years of plenteousness, that was in the land of Egypt, were ended.

And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said; and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread.

• *Everyday Work for Others* •

THE JOURNAL'S Community Award Contest is over. The judges have met and have made their decision. It was in many ways a difficult decision to make, in as much as organizations in forty-two states and the District of Columbia submitted the records of the projects by which, in 1933, they had made the effort to better conditions in their communities.

It is all an inspiring story of public service by public-spirited groups of women—Parent-Teacher Associations, Women's Clubs, Business and Professional Women's Clubs, American Legion Auxiliaries, social agencies, health associations and hospitals, churches, libraries, schools, fraternal organizations and many others.

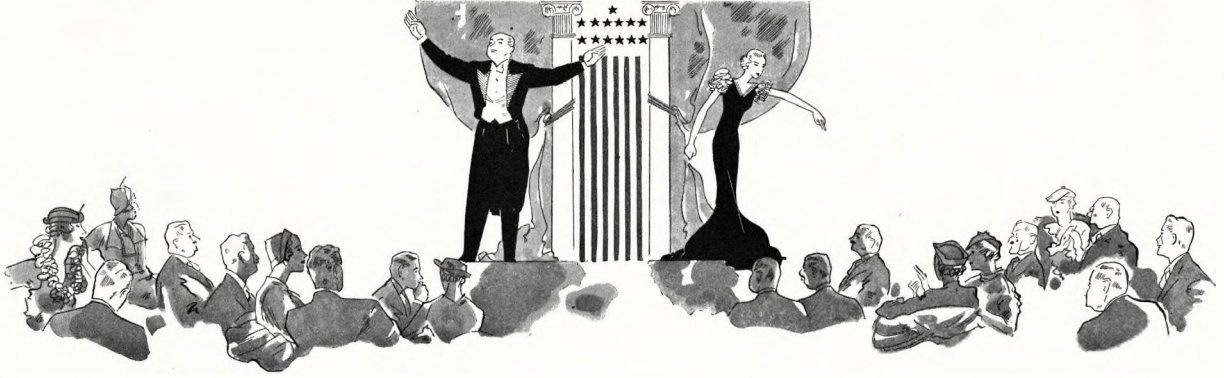
We have seen something of the good that women do outside their homes—their brave attempts to battle political chicanery; their generous work to relieve suffering and unemployment; the stupendous tasks they undertake for the benefit of underprivileged children; their efforts to improve cultural conditions; their labors in behalf of education and the church; dozens of other projects of equal importance. And all these were just the women's commonplace, every-year work for others—for the JOURNAL purposely, in its time limit, gave no opportunity for the initiation of new or more glamorous projects.

The prize has been awarded—a choice with which everyone, we feel, will agree, for the winning project was aimed at a condition that deals not only with the present but also with the future. You will hear more about this splendid undertaking.

• *Glass Houses* •

IT IS a common failure among all sorts of people to condemn most bitterly in others those frailties in which they are most tempted themselves. A man will speak scornfully of another's laziness when he may unconsciously be fighting the same tendency in himself. There comes an embarrassing moment when he catches himself not living up to the mark which he has set for others, and he is covered with confusion because he, too, has failed in the very thing in which he thought he was strong.

Why is it that we are so much less understanding of those weaknesses in which we are most tempted than we are of those in which we have no tendency to err? It may be because of the continual struggle which we wage to succeed. It is, after all, a fine art to be uncompromising with oneself but merciful toward others; and it is one which very few of us practice. Would it not be better, then, and perhaps less embarrassing to us in the end, if, when our struggle makes us bitter, we would condemn the sin and not the sinner?



Prospects for the Fall Elections

BY ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

SINCE Congress adjourned, political interest in Washington has concentrated on the autumn elections. It is pretty well impossible to exaggerate their importance; indeed, to a large extent, the future of the country hinges on them. All of the House and one-third of the Senate are up for reelection.

In an off year the party in power is almost bound to lose some seats. The question is, how many will the Democrats be able to hold, and what are the Republican chances of reducing the majority? The answer to that, as regards the Senate, is that the Republicans not only do not expect to gain any seats but are quite prepared to lose some. The reason for this is that nearly all the fourteen Democratic senators who are up for reelection come from Southern or other safely Democratic states. Among the seventeen Republicans, quite a number, such as Senator Goldsborough, of Maryland, come from normally doubtful states and were swept in on the Hoover landslide in 1928; others come from states that have since shown a marked trend toward the Democratic Party. For instance, in 1930, in Ohio, Senator Bulkley, Democrat, was elected to fill the unexpired term of former Senator Theodore E. Burton, Republican; in 1932, in Connecticut, Senator Lonergan, Democrat, defeated Senator Bingham, Republican, in the Democratic landslide of that year; and in the same landslide, in Indiana, Senator Van Nuys, Democrat, defeated Senator Watson, Republican. Such instances show what the Democratic trend has been, and arouse considerable anxiety in the Republicans who are candidates in those states this autumn.

Moreover, three of those who run this autumn have for some time worn the Republican label without much claim to it, as in 1932 they deserted Mr. Hoover to support the Democratic nominee. They are Senator Johnson, of California, who is endorsed by the Democrats; Senator Cutting, of New Mexico, who has also become a New Dealer; and Senator LaFollette, of Wisconsin, who has launched a third party of his own.

Republican Chances in the House

THE situation in the House is different. There are 313 Democrats, 113 Republicans, 5 members of the Farmer-Labor Party, and 4 vacancies. The top-heavy majority of Democrats is bound to be reduced. A number of the past session's representatives were the most flagrant political accidents. They were put up by their party with no idea that there was any possibility of their winning, and they never would have won but for the tremendous volume of the Roosevelt landslide. Seventy of the Democratic members of the last House were elected by less than 3000 majority. There should be little difficulty for the Republicans to recapture normally Republican districts from many of this group. The usual estimate of a Republican minimum gain is from thirty to fifty seats. Under thirty would be such a licking for the minority party as to be justifiably regarded as a New Deal indorsement. A gain of fifty, sixty or more could legitimately be called a Republican victory. It takes some time for a party to dig out from under a landslide as overwhelming as that of 1932.

There is no chance, it seems to me, for the Republicans to win the House, unless there should be some collapse in

conditions that would cause a revulsion of public sentiment—the sort of thing that happened in the election of 1930 as a result of the depression. Barring some such collapse, the Republicans, while hopeful, enter the campaign under a heavy handicap—the New Deal has created the greatest political machine of all time. The hundreds of thousands of political jobs which are bestowed where they will do most good, the billions that are poured out for Federal relief in every congressional district, will of necessity influence the voters; to what extent can only be guessed. The FERA, the CCC, the PWA, the housing program, bonuses to farmers, all make for a campaign fund of a magnitude no political party has ever before had at its disposal.

I do not believe that there will be a single Democrat who will fail to use the argument that his influence with the Democratic Administration in Washington to get a hand-out of Federal money is far greater than that of his Republican opponent.

We are bound to hear some pretty practical and sordid arguments along those lines during the coming campaign. One would like to think that they would not be winning arguments; that the fights for election and reelection could be confined to questions of principle; to an analysis of the future that confronts us unless we cry halt to the regimentation, the paternalism, the attempt to control our every action, that is being made by the New Dealers since they captured the Democratic party.

Here in Washington incidents constantly occur which, it seems to me, should make anyone who takes even the remotest interest in the efficiency of our Government really grieve that some way cannot be devised to stabilize the secondary departmental positions. Only a political ignoramus can be unaware of the precarious lease that the major Government appointees, such as Cabinet officers, have on their jobs. Cabinet appointments are of course political, and properly so. They are the rewards which are dealt out by the successful Presidential candidate among prominent politicians and his personal supporters when their party has been victorious at the polls. There is nothing wrong and nothing unnatural about that. The recipients of these positions are apt to be men of considerable eminence and capacity, differing very little in caliber from their predecessors who held the same offices under the party that

has gone out. But, after all, they do not really run the departments; the departments are really run by the men who hold the secondary positions. Questions of policy are obviously in the province of the department heads, but what I am talking about are the routine departmental matters, which involve no change of policy, and which function smoothly largely because of the training and experience of those in charge—that is to say, the under and assistant secretaries. That these positions should be treated as political plums is a crime. No government can be efficient under such a system.

An illustration of what I mean occurred a few months ago. When the present Administration came in, the Assistant Secretary of Labor in charge of immigration, with a background of nearly thirty years' experience in immigration work, was requested to stay on, which he did for thirteen months. Then his "resignation was accepted." His skilled services were no longer needed, but his job was. Now I do not want to be understood as saying that there is anything out of the way, unusually unfair or startling about such an occurrence. It is a procedure that we have grown to expect as a matter of course; an inevitable result of "to the victor belong the spoils." Yet such a thing is none the less one of the tragedies of our political system. I do not mean necessarily a tragedy to the individual who loses the job, though in some cases it is indeed that too, but a tragedy for all those of us who hope for real efficiency in government. The English system of departmental officials who keep their positions through change after change of administration is, it seems to me, worthy of study and emulation.

Billions Beyond the Budget

AT NO time for many years has the tone and condition of our civil service been at so low an ebb as it is at present. No one is safe, however able, honest and intelligent. Such qualifications get little consideration when the spoils system is in the saddle. Civil-service employees are laid off on the grounds of economy. Tens of thousands who do not come under the civil service are appointed to positions created by the so-called emergency agencies.

It is estimated that there are 80,000 new Federal employees, the total of whose salaries runs well into the hundreds of millions. A hundred million is a fairly tidy sum, even though it pales into insignificance beside the billions that the President has asked for and been given, to use in his vast "extra budgetal" spending program. As for "balancing the budget," that erstwhile slogan seems to have been pretty definitely abandoned. For if there is one fact that stands out clearly in the confusion of the New Deal, it is that the President has swallowed, hook, line and sinker, the theory of the British economist, Mr. John Maynard Keynes, that the way to recovery is through spending. For the achievement of that objective, the President has at his disposal for "relief" nearly three billion dollars, according to some estimates. Added to that there is the drought appropriation of over half a billion. That gives the President, to spend without check, precisely as he may wish within the limits of his definition of "relief," approximately three and one-half billion

(Continued on Page 31)



MELBA ACHESON gives this advice to you college freshmen. From Iowa State College she wrote, "I took my idea for the ideal minimum college wardrobe to a bridge party with me, and the results, jotted on the back of a score sheet, come from the combined opinions of loyal daughters of six schools. The conclusions were most often founded upon very-funny-now-but-sad-then experiences!"



Robes intime for dilatory domiciles.



All in a lifetime... for her hat.

CLOTHES TO TAKE TO COLLEGE



The chaperons' pet—but where are the stags?

It is possible to go to college with a wardrobe almost as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, or you can arrive with a trunk piled high with Paris creations; but somewhere along in the middle ground there is a wardrobe which might be called the "ideal minimum." With it you will find that you have sufficient clothes for comfort and satisfaction, and clothes to meet every occasion in college life.

Clothes matter terribly—especially in a coeducational college—no matter what the catalogue says. Yet that does not mean that you must have loads of them, or that they must be expensive, either; it means that every article of clothing you take with you must be right.

We'll begin with school costumes—just as you will at college; it's in these clothes that you make your first bow before the important men and women of the campus. You can get along with three complete school costumes in this ideal minimum wardrobe, but they've got to be good. With fewer than three you will find it difficult to keep neat and pressed and fresh, what with library dates, biology labs and football games. No matter whether you pay ten dollars or a hundred—or perhaps make your own clothes—they must be the most attractive you can get.

You will want smart sport things for at least two of the costumes. Before you buy, it will be a good idea to study the fashion magazines and department-store advertisements for the news of the season. For weeks this summer, the fashion newsgatherers for the store in your town have been scouting for the clothes for college girls, so that by now lovely sport things can be bought as inexpensively as the unlovely "uniforms," right in your own town. A knitted suit is practical and smart for the whole year. And you will want a wool dress that's simple, but good in line and color. Checks, stripes and plaids are smart this year, and you'll love 'em! It might be a good idea to have the third costume one you can "do something with"—maybe a tailored suit dress with changes of collars. But one dress of the three should be the kind that is always wearable without the necessity for laundering or pressing.

Aside from school dresses, one rather simple silk dress should be planned. A very smart dark or figured one will answer more needs than a light or bright-colored one. This dress can take in informal teas, luncheon in town, Sunday afternoon and evening engagements and during-the-week dinners. The time-honored "good" dress, no more, no less.

The dress that will go to fraternity dances and informal dinners will be at least ankle length, still more dressed-up than the one we have just talked about. Any color that you or your cavalier most admires. A sort of cross between the "good" dress and the evening gown.

When you come to select your formal evening gown, keep one eye on the stag line, and one on the chaperons' corner. Chaperons warm instantly to the sweet, simple and girlish thing; but, unfortunately, it isn't the chaperons we date! Again study the ads and magazines for the latest effects—then select a dress most suited to your particular type.

If all the college girls who have moaned, "My feet are simply killing me," could be transplanted to China, the Chinese would have to move out! Every shoe that goes to college should be perfectly fitted. There's lots of walking to be done, so get your shoes fitted large enough. A warning you will probably not take, but wish you had.

What kind of shoes? If you can change easily from high heels to low, you will find low heels the most comfortable to wear around the campus and high heels for going to town and teas, and so on. Nowadays low heels, instead of being completely practical, are smart with all types of clothes. Oxfords are good for campus wear. A good-looking and sturdy walking shoe of one of the novelty long-wearing leathers like alligator, lizard or calf, to harmonize with your

school outfits, makes a satisfactory shoe. A pair of pumps or strap slippers will take care of your needs outside of school, except for formal occasions when you will want an evening sandal, or some other kind of formal slipper. You will also need bedroom slippers. Here, too, there's no sense in economizing. Think of the time you spend in them!

And galoshes—don't forget these indispensables! Be sure they are lightweight for comfort and ease of walking, and good looking too. See that they harmonize with your raincoat and winter coat.

From shoes we proceed naturally to stockings and underclothes. Through experience, college girls have found that it is more economical and satisfactory to start out with only enough hosiery to keep them going—three or four pairs—and buy more as they are needed. In this way most girls believe they give each pair more care—more careful laundering, more attention to tiny holes which might easily turn into big ones without the "stitch in time"—moreover are sure of having the right colors for the right costumes.

But plenty of underclothing is essential. For school the new knits and elastics make ideal garments, being comfortable, attractive, easily washed and no ironing. When you select them be sure they are fashioned so there won't be any bumps around your figure when you wear them. College thumbs go down on bumps. For dress-up times you will want some really nice undies. Diagonal-cut, silk and lace, if you can afford good lace; if not, try a little drawn work or chaste embroidery.

There's more to be said about bumps. If you have a tendency toward them, take a look into this hushed-up matter of girdles. If your figure needs but little support and molding, you will like the two-way stretch girdles to wear with a bra, or all-in-one garments. But if you don't need as much as a two-way stretch, there are all the little undergarment things that exercise just slight control—lastex panties, knit step-ins or just a garter belt.

You've known about midnight preads since Patty Goes to College days. College authorities no longer frown on feeds. They know this extra-menu eating is part of the nourishment needed to keep college girls going. So you will want a good-looking lounging pajama. And a robe to slip on over your pajamas when you are studying. Cotton prints seem to be the rule in the pajama game. Several years ago a college girl wouldn't have been caught dead in a night-gown, but occasionally nowadays an exceptionally clever gown makes its appearance without boos from the sisters.

Coats are a very important part of the wardrobe. A coed spends most of her time in one. There's nothing like a good fur coat to make her feel like a Queen of the May. Often, fortunately, fur may be an economy since you can start in college with one and end up four years later with it. That means you've got to pick a good fur and handle it with care. The best part of a fur coat is that it can be worn happily both for dress and campus wear. To supplement it you will need a second coat or jacket for fall and too-warm winter days. With a cloth coat you will need one for dress and another for campus wear, with a coat or jacket for fall.

We'll concede this to the dean—a raincoat is a necessity. Very heavy raincoats often prove useless, since they aren't warm enough to wear cold days without a coat, yet are too hot for warm spring and fall rains.

Hats aren't much of a problem at college: for campus wear, soft fabric hats or berets or small sport felts, one or two; for more dress-up occasions, smart but simple felts or fabrics. A simple evening wrap, if your fur coat won't do, some heavy, warm gloves for school and several dress-up pairs—and you're set with a wardrobe that will supply you adequately for fall and winter and with which you can forget your clothes and be well and suitably dressed.



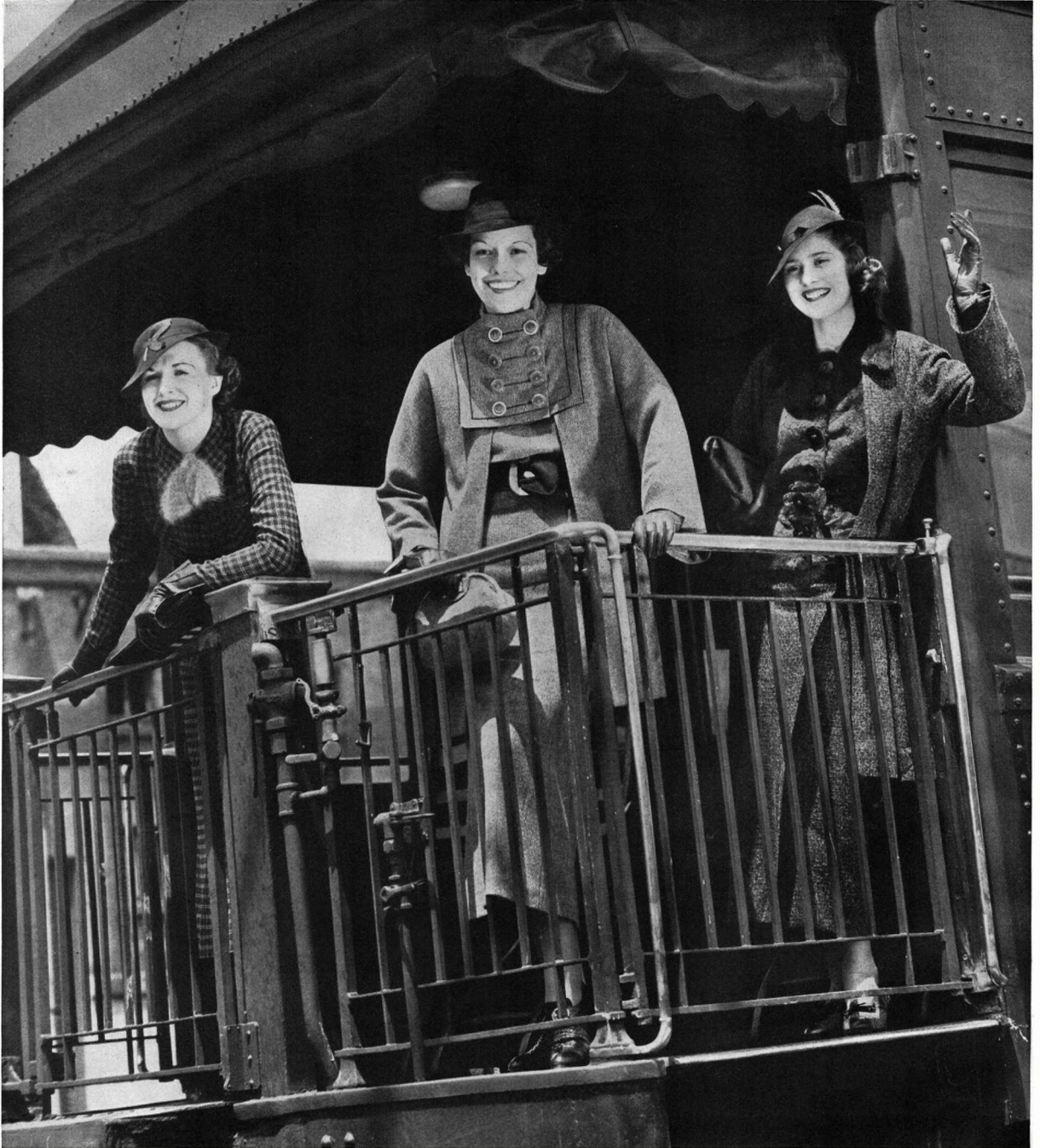
Thumbs down on bumps.



Always fair weather?



O-o-oh, for comfortable shoes!



This is the story of **THREE FRESHMEN IN FOUR SCENES**. Here they are. Jean, standing on the left, wears a checked-wool dress and felt hat; Mary Lou, in a dress-and-jacket suit and Puritan hat; Betty, in a three-piece suit of tweed with lapin vestee front, a roll hand bag of tweed, and a cocky feather in her hat. They're off!

by **Julia Coburn**



**CHECKS IN DRESSES ARE
ALMOST AS POPULAR AS
CHECKS FROM HOME**

Every college clothes list and every advising upperclassman says, "Simple wool dresses." Of course, during the first days of school, you'll wear your summer sport clothes. But when the leaves begin to fall and there's a tang in the air, get into a tailored-wool dress and forget the laundry problem. Brown, green, gold, wine and rusty reds are the most tempting colors. And though these three freshmen chose checks and plaids, stripes and plains can be really just as smart. Lots of girls will hail the return of the two-piece dress. Betty is wearing a green-and-black-checked one, with simple shirt front and

patent-leather belt. Her shoes are ties of crushed pigskin, with comfortable campus heels. Jean, who is standing, has a one-piece woolen in yellow and gold, with bow-scarf and belt of crisp brown taffeta. Her monk-style oxfords are of brown calf, plentifully perforated. Mary Lou's dress is a tan, brown and red plaid, made in simplest two-piece style, with leather buttons and belt. Her tailored felt hat rolls up on the side with an amusing slant to its feather. Some campuses wear hats—some don't. We don't advise arriving with a whole trousseau of hats, anyway. Or of anything else, for that matter.

After a week of libe and lab and conferences and classes, there's always Saturday afternoon. A good time to wear your most comfortable clothes, and be ready for loafing or action. Here you see our trio talking over the program of the day. Mary Lou has perched on a rock that is the pride of the geology department, and is letting us see the back of her marvelous red-kid suede jacket, with its deep pleat and belt only across the back. Too bad we can't see the front, which buttons all the way up, reefer fashion. New leather jackets have a tendency toward the Norfolk, and toward more cut and more fit, made possible by

suppleness of leather. She wears it with a simple tweed skirt. Mary Lou's hat is one of those grand felts that go with anything. Jean wears the same type of hat with her two-piece knitted suit of flecked bright green. The leather belt and laccings are of reddish brown. Betty's green-and-black-striped sweater, worn with black knitted skirt, has a slightly cowl neckline, a black patent-leather belt and short sleeves. Yes, the idea of short sleeves for sport clothes is carrying right through the winter. . . . But now the freshmen have decided that they will just go for a little walk and get something to eat.

"KNITTEDS" AND LEATHER JACKETS—FOR CAMPUS COSTUMES ARE CASUAL

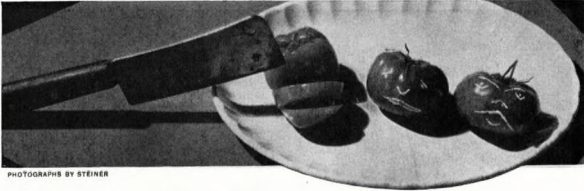




LADYLIKE DRESSES FOR TEAS AND SUNDAY- AFTERNOON CALLS

Even on the most tomboyish campus, calling on the faculty, teas and luncheon in town require smooth sophisticated dresses, and oftentimes even hats! These frocks go to dinner dates, too, when you're not dressing. Black crêpe or satin gives you a grand sleek feeling. Betty chose a black-crêpe one, with armholes too dolmanish even to be called that. The white rears are stitched solidly with braid. Her black-satin hat, because it went so elfishly to a point, Betty nicknamed "chocolate drop." Jean looks like Norma Shearer when she gets dressed up, and she knows it. Her frock here is of gold-colored very fine wool

crêpe, with no trimming but the radiating tucks, and a wooden buckle on the belt. Her beret with quill matches it. Mary Lou is wearing a black-crêpe dress, with inserts and a dropped cowl in the back, of black satin. Red cherries cluster at the belt and neckline. Her satin hat, with crystal ornament, flares right up off the face. All the girls have shoes that are variations of the simple opera pump, with discreet little trimmings of buttons, bows and buckles. Wear any old shoes for scuffling around the campus or to and from classes, but for going places, good-looking shoes are quite as important as well-groomed hair.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEINER

PROVERBS OF A GOOD PROVIDER

AT THE HEARTH that is September
See the year bend to the fire!
And the summer we remember
Kindles autumn's flaming pyre.

OUR LITTLE TOMATOES are in a dangerous
spot. But you don't *huse* to use a cleaver.

A BAKED stuffed tomato is more to be
valued than a ruby. That is, if one is
hungry.

CHICKEN HASH is a choice for stuffed
tomatoes that has no superiors and few
peers.

A GOOD PROVIDER never lacks the admir-
ing eye.

COOLER WEATHER means hotter dishes.

A CROQUETTE on the table is better than
a left-over in the refrigerator.

GOOD FOOD often bespeaks good frying.

FRYING in deep fat is a highly civilized
notion.

FRITTERS are fried, but not all things fried
are fritters.

CODFISH CAKES for breakfast are now in
season. Winter is a-comin' in.

OYSTERS add their charms to the "R"
months. An oyster in time has saved many
a dinner.

THE CLAMS on this page are clams and not
oysters. Merely cousins.

THE PEARLS in the pail are merely to
flatter the clams. Pearls are not used for
stews.

CLAMS are best steamed. Do it in a
steamer and save all the juice.

THERE is still time for picnics. And a
clambake beateth them all.

A TOUCH of lemon juice added to clam
juice has saved many a situation.

CLAM CHOWDER starts with salt pork in a
kettle and ends with a lump of butter in
the bowl.

CREAM AND MILK, half and half, make the
ideal stew.

GREEN CORN is slow to come and quick
to go. Make the most of it.

PLENTY OF BUTTER and enough salt to
savor are all corn on the cob needs to
appear at its best.

COOK corn quickly after it comes from the
garden. It gets mad if it's kept waiting.

A CORN PUDDING is better than its name.

USE SUGAR sparingly with corn, but use
it. Also salt.

CORN in a can was once corn on the cob.
And frosted corn stays on the cob. Both
answer all corn questions.

A TOMATO SURPRISE often isn't very sur-
prising. Think up a new one sometimes.

HERE IS ONE: Fill small tomatoes with
cream cheese and Roquefort cheese mixed
together in equal parts, adding thereto a
little mayonnaise and a few chopped
olives. This is a surprise.

TOMATOES gasp for sugar in cooking.
That is, if they are stewed or scalloped.

A GOOD WAY to do buttered crumbs is to
mix them well with melted butter. Thus,
the whole crumb gets its quota of butter
instead of an occasional dab.

SEPTEMBER hath thirty days and much
haze.

SCHOOLBOOKS and heavy looks are now
the teacher's fate.



ANN BATCHELDER SAYS

I have looked on at a good deal of formal education.

WELL, they're trooping back to school and college, these youthful ad-
venturers into the walled cities of learning. You can hear their hopeful feet go
marching down to a four years' reprieve from life into a four years' security
from splendid or inglorious decisions. From now on, for a spell, their deci-
sions will largely be ready-made, and the cost of the slight alteration
necessary to a perfect fit will be borne by the old man at home. It is very
beautiful. It is known as getting an education. And the educated man and
woman are the leaven that leaveneth the loaf of life.

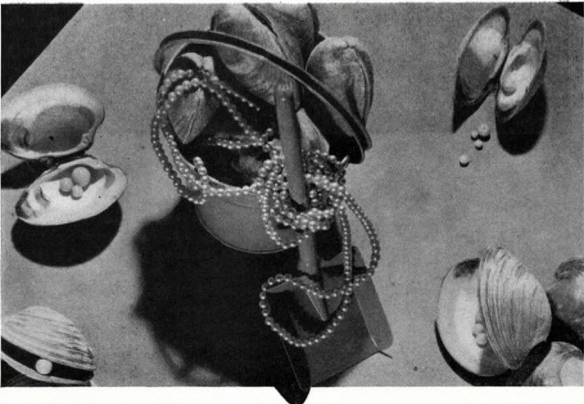
I have looked on at a good deal of formal education. And it seems to me
that the system is somehow all mixed up. Incidentally, I never could get
excited about the person whose mind had been developed into pigeonholes,
like the inside of one of those Colonial desks we hunt for in antique shops.
In one compartment the Greek and Latin—the dead stuff. You know. And
in another the problems learned from the blackboard of the past. Problems
that, we suppose, were solved once by the scholar who set them—and why,
in the name of Euclid, should they have to be solved again? But each year
a new crop of neophytes has to do it. And the knout that is driving them on
is the terrible threat of examinations—the menacing words, "They shall
not pass."

They shall not pass who loiter on the daisy-plagued meadows watching the
stars appear at evening. They shall not pass who leave the desk and the
master's voice for a mountain stream whipped into rapids by the charging
trout. They shall not pass who spend their anxious days reading irrelevant
books about life and love and beauty and death and all that lies between.

I never heard that Moses was college bred. Yet he wrote the first five
books of the Old Testament. And they are still being read. He did pretty
well, too, for he not only gives us a first-hand account of creation, but he
recorded his own birth, and with words of immortal beauty he described his
death and burial—"but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

There are a good many self-educated men and women in the world. In
the mountains beyond and above the valleys of thought they go their
appointed ways. They hear, as Pheidippides did, the wind in the trees at
evening, and to them come the heroes of the past telling tall tales and
mighty instances.

The poet and the peasant are in their blood. And the world is spread out
before them in magnificence, and all the kingdoms of the earth are theirs.
For their minds are free. Their experiences, good and bad, are living ones.
Out of what is past they choose what belongs to them. Into the present
they bring a rich intensity. And they are self-discovered. As opposed to the
personally conducted. Their education, like baptism, has left no scar!



SEPTEMBER NOON

THE days are growing a little hazy and the nights seem a shade more moonstricken. The summer is releasing the year to the first tentative courting of autumn. And on the hills we can discern the full-dress parade of a new season, and hear the silver trumpets of the marchers in the fields.

The gardens that bore a thousand blooms are already forestalling penury. But the fruits of the earth are proceeding to the harvest. And all this means is that summer is over and the "strange interlude" that is September is at hand. For this month places its seal upon one season and sets the stage for another, and lies midway between the two—a finisher and a precursor.

I think we shall wish to make the most of what is left of the warm weather, and complete our summer entertaining in the grand manner. For of course the cold lunch is still the thing; and for a September noon, what could satisfy more than the colorful and delicate foods we have so naturally pictured for you here? Simple they are, too, and, withal, beautiful to the eye and compelling to the taste. No food can do more to fulfill your fondest hopes and satisfy your guests' desires. In other words, here is a swell meal. I should say it is practically perfect. With the addition of a light dessert, of course. And speaking of dessert, you might have some fruit and cheese. Peaches would do well here, and grapes, cold and bitingly crisp, could add that distinctive finishing touch. Not utterly finishing, either. For there's the coffee. Never forget or neglect that. And for this meal it should be hot, I think. Everything else being cold, hot coffee at the last will be a grateful thing.

With such a lunch you will need no first course. Your cocktails and canapés in the living room or on the porch will take care of that. Everything may be prepared in the morning, and the time these dishes spend in the refrigerator will be time well spent, for no good can come of having them less than thoroughly chilled. And you are not particularly restricted when it comes to your garnishes. You may have caviar or not, but there are always fresh green things, and little pimiento cups are good, too, and may be used in the same way as the tomatoes.

So to our September noon, while the haze deepens over the expectant hillside, we bring some of the finest of nature's yield. And life takes on a subtler glow of well-being. We are at onement with the best there is. Apprehending the future!

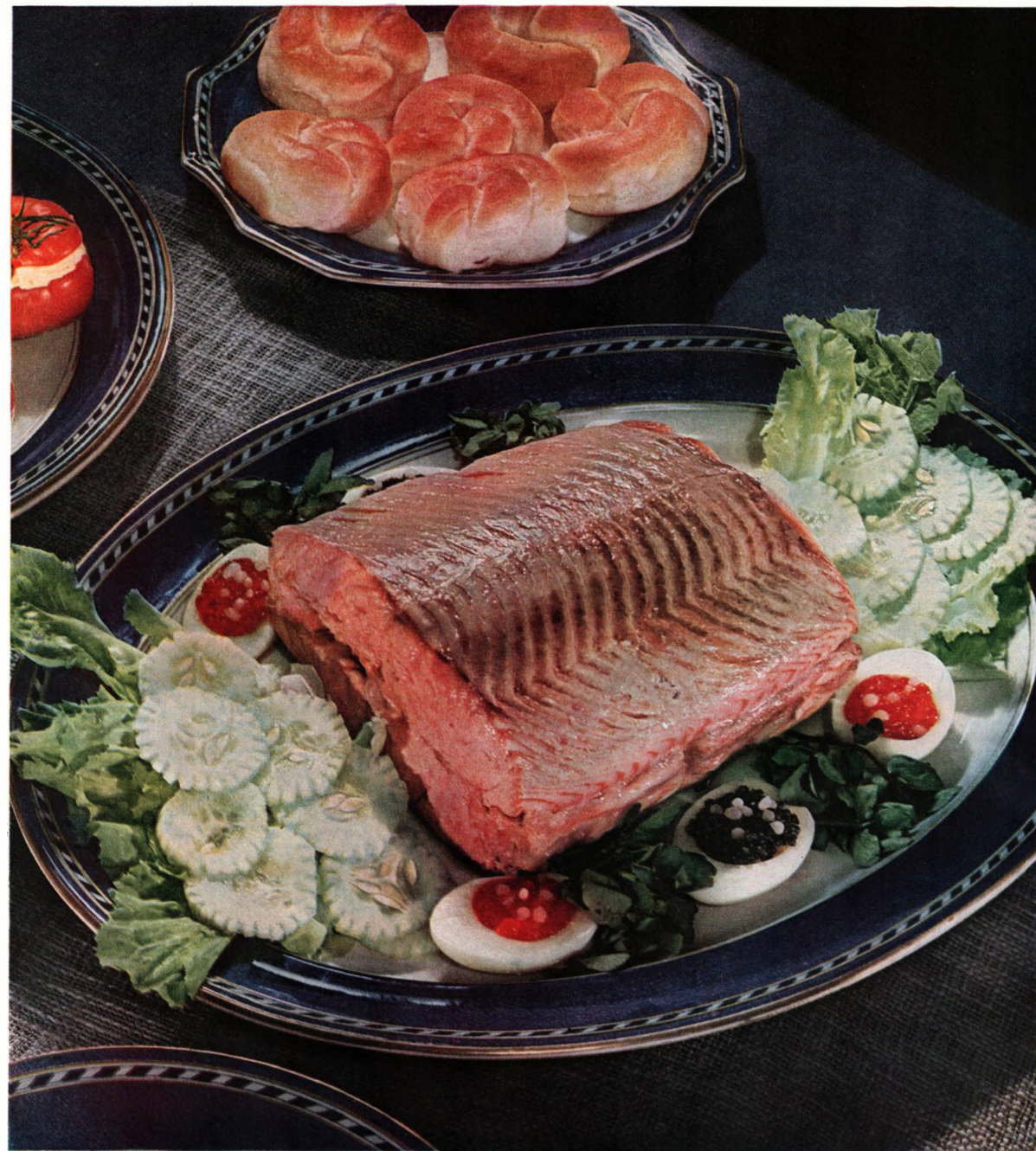


TOMATOES

Scoop out small ripe tomatoes with a sharp knife, saving the tasseled tops. Salt lightly inside and invert and chill in the refrigerator. Fill with a mixture of finely cut celery, chopped, parboiled green pepper and shredded artichoke hearts, well mixed with mayonnaise, to which a little cream has been added. Replace the tomato tops, chill well and serve with the salmon. These are delicious with any fish or served as a salad course alone.

SAUCE VERTE

Just a green mayonnaise, really. Not a bit of mystery about it. To a bowl of regular mayonnaise add a very few drops of green vegetable coloring. You must go easy on the color, for it takes but a speck to produce the right shade. Capers, chives, a sprig of parsley, blanched and cut fine, may be added, and some cooks feel for chopped pickle. For myself, I prefer it without. It depends on individual taste. And that's up to you!

**SALMON**

Fresh salmon, when boiled, as this is, should be wrapped in cheesecloth to insure it against breakage. Plunge it, but with care, into boiling salted water. Boil gently until tender. Take it out and cool in the cloth. Then carefully remove the skin and chill well. Garnish the salmon with sliced and fluted cucumbers, marinated in a sharp French dressing, arranged on a bed of lettuce, cress or chicory. The salmon here has also caviar-stuffed eggs.

ROLLS

Scald three-quarters of a cupful of milk. Add one-sixth cupful of shortening, one tablespoonful of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. Cool to lukewarm. Add two yeast cakes dissolved in lukewarm water. Add one beaten egg. Then stir in flour to make a fairly stiff dough, but not too stiff. Cover and let rise to twice the bulk. Take out on floured board, knead lightly. Make into shapes. Cover and let rise in pans. Bake in an oven at 375° F.

BY ANN BATCHELDER . . .

PHOTOGRAPH IN COLOR BY STEINER-FOWLER

WHY TAKE POT LUCK WITH YOUR COFFEE?



Spare parts—a black coffeepot with gay-colored covers and tiles makes a nifty purchase. An electric heating unit or a plate for the gas flame protects both pot and coffee.

BY GRACE L. PENNOCK

AN EARLY-MORNING grouch and poor coffee go perfectly hand in hand. One leads to the other. The sanguine housewife hopes against hope that heaven will help her to provide a perfect brew every time. It really isn't in the lap of the gods at all, nor are you and the coffee the only considerations. The coffeepot itself is largely responsible.

Good fresh coffee and plenty of it are essential. And in addition use a good coffeepot, one which works easily and without being watched. Be sure the coffee basket holds plenty of coffee and that there is room for the coffee to swell, as it does when moistened. A pinched situation with coffee is not good. We have found that at least four coffeepots out of twelve skimp in this matter of room for the coffee. So when you pick your coffee maker think of this and pick for coffee-basket size in relation to water capacity.

Our standard for good coffee is a bit over one measure of coffee to five of water—depending a little on the kind, the freshness and the grind of the coffee. That is, if the coffeepot holds five cupfuls of water, use one of the same cups of coffee, keeping the same proportions for less or larger quantities. When using a standard measuring spoon and cup, we use three level teaspoonfuls of coffee to one measuring cupful of water.

Coffee makers are improving almost day by day. They are being carefully designed to give the best possible coffee in the easiest way. The general principles of coffee making which they use are familiar to all of you. An old stand-by in the drip coffeepot field has come out with a grand idea for helping out the color-scheme question. You purchase a black coffeepot, then you choose your color for the coffeepot cover and a tile for it to stand on. It may be you wish all black, or perhaps you want the touch of red, or of yellow, green or blue. If you buy one color, and then find you need another, you can buy the cover and tile of the other color later. You do not have to buy a new coffeepot to change your color scheme. You may want a cool green for hot weather; or a bright red or a blue to match colors for decorations. Whatever the need, the change is easy.

One of the problems with drip coffee has always been keeping it hot. If the coffeepot was set over the heat during the dripping process, it was likely to get too hot and boil. If set entirely off, it was cool when served. Various expedients have been followed to solve this problem. The illustration shows a means for settling the matter once and for all—the small electric heating

unit under the coffeepot. It never heats the coffeepot on it beyond a certain temperature, and that temperature is below boiling. There is also a metal plate to put on the gas flame. Both electric unit and plate for gas protect the coffee temperature and, incidentally, the coffeepot. The same plate for gas is very useful for keeping foods hot, for warming plates and for occasional low-temperature cooking processes.

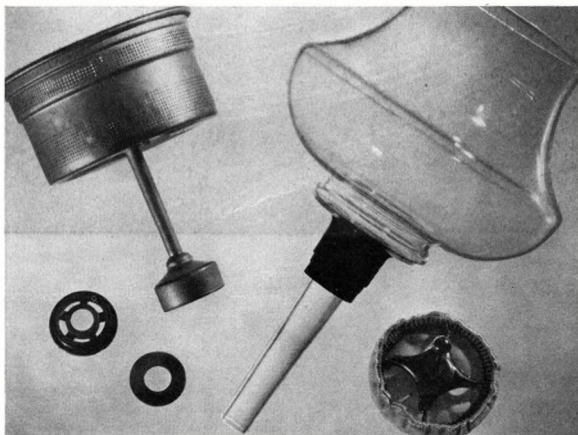
Whatever your method of coffee making is, or whatever style of coffee maker you use, keep it clean—scrupulously clean. The old idea that soap was not good for coffeepots has led to erroneous ways. A good washing in soapy water with a most thorough rinsing is essential for every coffeepot. The coffeepot should smell clean, or rather should have no odor about it. All the filters, the strainers, the parts of the percolator stem and all else should be thoroughly washed.

With good fresh coffee—and plenty of it—and a good coffee maker, your reputation for good coffee will travel fast and far among your friends.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEINER



Does your coffeepot measure up? Is the coffee basket large enough to hold plenty of coffee? Do you always use the right proportions of coffee and water?



Inside parts of a valve-in-the-stem percolator and the filter and coffee basket of a drip type of coffee maker. These are important to coffee success. Keep them scrupulously clean.



*A new achievement
in the art of good soup making*
Cream of Mushroom
by
CAMPBELL'S Chefs

When you entertain and your guests are seated in festive mood about your gleaming table—the opening note is so important. And Campbell's skilled chefs have struck a new opening note for dinner that has found an unprecedented response throughout the country. Let them send to your table their newest masterpiece—that soup de luxe—Cream of Mushroom! Its sumptuous richness will strike a happy keynote for your party and send it off to a brilliant success.

Only the choicest fresh, whole, cultivated mushrooms are used—delivered daily to Campbell's kitchens. These are richly puréed and blended with sweet,

double-thick cream—cream which is 40 per cent butter-fat—cream so thick it will hardly pour. As the toothsome garnish, delightful tidbits of mushroom are added in liberal quantity.

You will be especially interested to know this—the cream is so extra rich that the addition of an equal quantity of water in your kitchen provides exactly the right creamy, mushroom goodness for the table.

What a soup for your parties! Or for your home luncheon, served with a salad! And to think that this aristocrat of soups costs you no more than other Campbell's Soups! Your grocer has it NOW—and you will want to enjoy it at once—and frequently!



21 kinds to choose from . . .

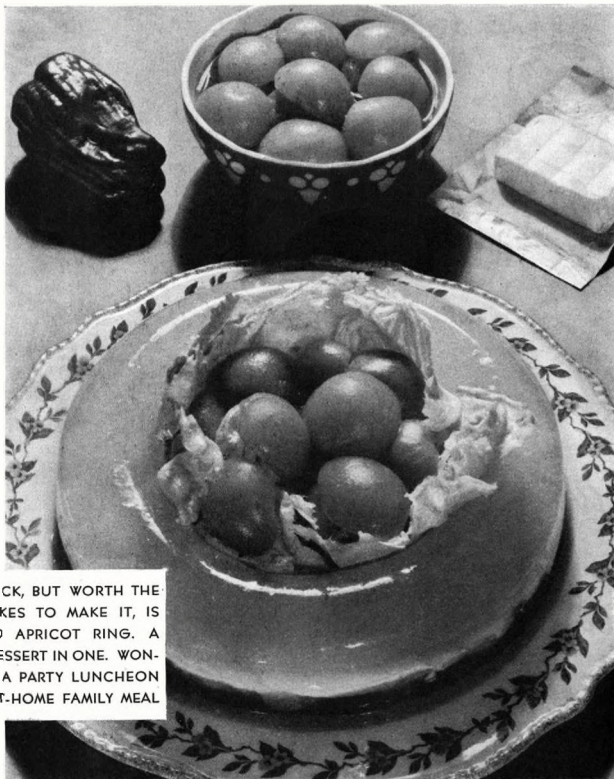
- | | |
|---------------|---------------------|
| Asparagus | Mulligatawny |
| Bean | Mushroom (Cream of) |
| Beef | Mutton |
| Bouillon | Noodle with chicken |
| Celery | Ox Tail |
| Chicken | Pea |
| Chicken-Gumbo | Pepper Pot |
| Clam Chowder | Potsticker |
| Consommé | Tomato |
| Juhenne | Vegetable |
| Mock Turtle | Vegetable-Beef |

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

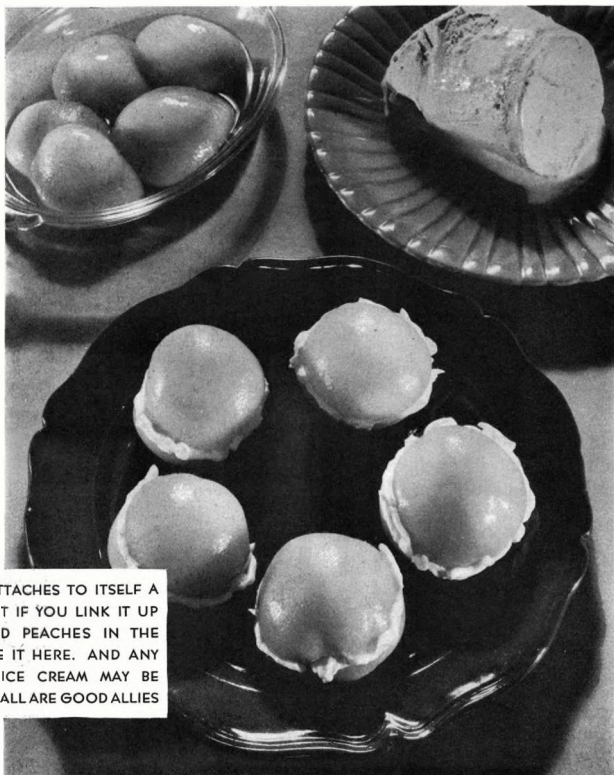
CAMPBELL'S CREAM of MUSHROOM
containing sweet double-thick cream

Double rich! Double strength!
Campbell's Soups bring you condensed, concentrated goodness. So when you add an equal quantity of water in your kitchen, you obtain twice the quantity of soup at no extra cost.





NOT SO QUICK, BUT WORTH THE WHILE IT TAKES TO MAKE IT, IS THIS JELLIED APRICOT RING. A SALAD AND DESSERT IN ONE. WONDERFUL FOR A PARTY LUNCHEON OR A STAY-AT-HOME FAMILY MEAL



ICE CREAM ATTACHES TO ITSELF A NEW INTEREST IF YOU LINK IT UP WITH CANNED PEACHES IN THE WAY YOU SEE IT HERE. AND ANY FLAVOR OF ICE CREAM MAY BE CHOSEN, FOR ALL ARE GOOD ALLIES

QUICK AND NOT SO QUICK

WE often wondered how the fruits of the earth were called what they are called. Ever think of it? Who first named the apricot, for example? And as for the pomegranate, that fabled and fabulous apple of fortune, it required real genius to think up that full-bosomed word. But someone crashed through, and with complete success. And why is a pear a pear, and not by any stretch of the imagination to be confused with a peach? An apple will remain an apple forever, and the grapes are called each by its name, each after its own kind, and there's no possible confusion about it.

This much I do know—and that is that all these names were bestowed so long ago, back so far into the dim realms of the past, that no one can ever guess at their origin. Only I'm curious about it, the way I am about a lot of other things. And another thing, I am struck by the singular appropriateness of all the names of all the fruits. For they are so perfectly descriptive and so dazzlingly right.

Anyway, speaking about such, you'll recognize right here on this page two of the finest of them all—apricots and peaches. It isn't hard to find things to do with these beautiful fruits. They just clamor to be adopted into the scheme of any and every meal. And it's a good thing that they are so content to be canned, for it takes them out of the seasonal class, and makes them possible for every season in the almanac.

If you have an eye to color, you'll enjoy the pistachio-ice-cream-peach combination that makes such a lovely scheme of pale green and blushing yellow, when the peaches are slightly hollowed out, filled with the cream and served with aplomb on a green plate. These are simply grand. And naturally, you can do them with any favored and favorite ice cream. Peaches chum with every flavor I know.

Another thing. The jellied apricot ring at the top of the page is as delicate and rare and lovely as an opal. To make it, take two cupfuls of juice of canned apricots and two cupfuls of pineapple juice. Heat to the boiling point. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in one-fourth cupful of cold water and dissolve in the hot fruit juice. To part of the jelly add one-half cupful of finely cut apricots. Fill a ring mold partly full with fruit and jelly. Let it congeal. When set, spread the jelly with a mixture of two cream cheeses made very soft with a little cream, half of a blanched chopped green pepper and seasoning of paprika and salt. Then carefully pour in the rest of the jelly, which has been allowed to cool but not to set. Congeal and unmold on a large plate. Fill the center of the ring with tender inside leaves of lettuce, and on the lettuce arrange halves of apricots with little balls of cream cheese. The latter are delicious rolled in chopped walnuts. Do it or not, as you please. This elegant dish is a dessert-salad in one. It's just one of those "not so quick" affairs, but it is easy, after all.

I have said many times that one use of fruit that never fails to charm is serving it with meat. Sautéed with hot meat and fish dishes. Cold with cold. It's a great game, this playing with food. Don't you find it so? Makes one want to keep it up.

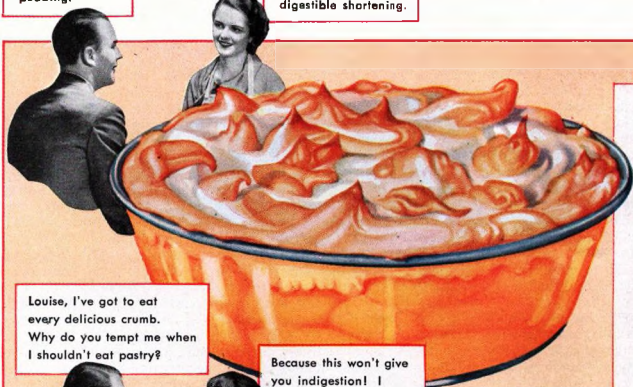
When you wish you could think of something with no trouble at all in its wake, try cutting up a combination of fruits, such as pears, oranges, grapefruit and pineapple, and make them cold in the refrigerator. Cook down the sirup from the pears with the juice of two or three oranges, adding enough sugar to give the resulting sirup body. Simmer until it is quite thick. Cool and add to it lime juice to flavor slightly. Pour over the cold fruit and serve with cake or cookies. And remember the boiled custard with fruit—to use it often. A subtle touch of difference will be had if you flavor the custard with almond. And this is perfect on coffee jelly too. Just a reminder. You understand. I never can resist mentioning that, for it's one of the choicest choices I know! And it is no end of a help on short-notice suppers.

BY ANN BATCHELDER

These desserts say "MORE" because Crisco keeps them digestible

This is a man's dessert. I like an old-fashioned pudding.

Not so old-fashioned, dear! It's made with CRISCO, the modern digestible shortening.



Louise, I've got to eat every delicious crumb. Why do you tempt me when I shouldn't eat pastry?

Because this won't give you indigestion! I know because my doctor said "CRISCO pastry digests quickly!"



Mother, make these every day!

Well, they wouldn't hurt you. I cook with CRISCO, the digestible vegetable fat, that's good for greedy boys.



HATTIE'S PEACH LUSCIOUS

The delicate digestible cake layer brings out all the goodness of the peaches!

¾ cup sugar	1 cup flour	8 to 10 large peaches
2 eggs, separated	¾ cup milk	½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons Crisco	3 teaspoons baking powder	1 tablespoon lemon juice
grated rind of 1 lemon	¼ teaspoon salt	¼ cup powdered sugar

Blend sugar, egg yolks and Crisco (the fluffy digestible shortening) together in few fast stirs. (No creaming needed with Crisco.) Add sifted dry ingredients and lemon rind alternately with milk. Rub sides of wide, shallow baking dish with Crisco. Fill bottom with peeled and quartered peaches. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Pour batter over peaches. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes. Remove from oven. Cover with meringue

(made by beating the two egg whites stiff and slowly adding powdered sugar). Brown meringue in slow oven (325° F.) about 15 minutes. Serve warm, plain or with cream.

All Measurements Level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Company.

8 SPICY PEAR TARTS

a novel dessert men will enjoy in digestible Crisco pastry

5 Bartlett pears	¾ cup water	5 or 6 cloves
1 ¼ cups light brown sugar	¼ teaspoon cinnamon	1 tablespoon diced candied ginger (optional)
¼ cup vinegar	¼ teaspoon allspice	

Peel pears, cut into eighths. Remove cores. Bring all other ingredients to a boil. (Use 2 slices of lemon instead of candied ginger, if you wish.) Add pears. Simmer 5 minutes. Remove cloves and pears. Stir in slowly 1 tablespoon flour smoothed to paste with a little water. Cook syrup until it thickens. Arrange pears in unbaked tart-shells of digestible Crisco pastry. Pour 1 tablespoon syrup in each tart. Cut remaining Crisco pastry in strips. Lay in a cross over each tart. Moisten

ends and press into under-crust. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 15 minutes or until crust is browned. Delicious with cream.

Digestible Crisco Pastry: Sift 1 ½ cups flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup Crisco (the digestible vegetable fat) until coarsely flaked throughout. Add 4 to 6 tablespoons cold water—only enough water to bind mixture. Roll out on lightly floured board. Cut into rounds that will fit inside shallow muffin rings (or tart rings).

12 PINEAPPLE CUPS

You can beat up these dainty cakes in 5 minutes with the help of fluffy digestible Crisco!

1 ½ cups cake-flour	½ teaspoon salt	2 eggs
½ cup sugar	½ cup Crisco	½ teaspoon lemon flavoring
3 teaspoons baking powder	½ cup milk	

Sift dry ingredients. Mix all ingredients at once. Beat three minutes. (Easy to do, because digestible Crisco is so fluffy!) Pour batter into 12 Criscoed muffin cups. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 20 minutes. Remove from oven. Cool. Slice off tops. Hollow out centers. Fill with—
Pineapple Cream: Mix cake crumbs with 1 cup cream beaten stiff with 3

tablespoons powdered sugar. Add ½ cup diced, drained pineapple. Refill cakes. Replace tops.

ONLY 10¢ brings you Winifred Carter's new "Favorite Recipes", 98 tested recipes—33 colored illustrations! Send name and address (plus 10¢ in stamps) to Dept. XI-94, Box 837, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CRISCO digests quickly

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



VEGETABLES

THAT GO PLACES AND DO THINGS . . . By Caroline B. King

THROUGH the markets on a bright September morning! Treasures on all sides; even June did not offer the wealth of good things that are accumulated here, the goldenness, the greenness, the mellowness, the scarlet and pale purple tints. They look so beautiful it always seems a pity that they so seldom taste as good as they look. How many times have you seen people choking down a vegetable lunch with that stern and righteous look which indicates the martyr to a sense of duty? And more than half the time the vegetable part of any meal is likely to be the rather indifferent and highly incidental music against which the stars of the menu do their stuff.

This is not as it should be. These vegetables can be as good and as tempting and as appetizing as they look. Properly and delicately cooked, they have a host of flavors in themselves ready to combine with the right complementary flavors of other foods and seasonings. And in these possibilities of combinations there is variety enough to keep the bugbear of monotony from ever showing its ugly head in a whole year's menus. For the best part of it all is that when you've once learned to make vegetables do things and go places you are not limited to the growing season of the year. Most of summer's bounty of vegetables can be had at any season of the year already cooked in cans, ready for your master hand to begin work on.

If you really want to surprise—positively shock—your guests at a bridge luncheon and show them what can be done, serve a vegetable luncheon that is really delicious. You will have done something that is distinctly different and you'll have made a reputation for yourself.

Better practice a bit first, to be sure you really have your vegetables as good as they can be, and then sail in with your vegetable-platter party. You will not be wasting your time, for every idea that is suggested here as a part of a vegetable-platter luncheon is just as good as a

new way of serving a vegetable when it's a part of any meal. Only it won't be commonplace any more. Now, then, for your vegetable party!

Harmony in color and texture and form must be the first consideration. One vegetable must masquerade as the piece de resistance, and there must be at least three others, irrespective of the salad which you will serve on the same plate. And, finally, you think of garnishes; they shall be unusual and as delicious to eat as to look upon.

Platter luncheons lend themselves so well to bridge-party entertaining, and for two or even three tables will be most convenient to prepare and serve. But the vegetables will look very handsome grouped on one of the new flat serving plates shown in the shops. These new and useful platters are part of what is known as a buffet service. There are a salad bowl, a punch bowl and the serving platter in the service. They are really large enough to meet this long-felt need. The serving platter, in fact, may be had with a turntable like a lazy Susan.

Several of these vegetable menus, planned with due thought for all the "musts" that attend meals of this kind, and suitable for larger or individual serving, follow:

The first platter, and one we ourselves especially like—it's the one shown in the picture—goes like this: Pineapple-stuffed zucchini (Italian squash), for the center of the plate, with cauliflower Mouscellaine, string-bean salad in cups of lettuce leaves, beet balls in sweet and sour sauce, braised celery, and spinach mounds with pimiento and

slices of hard-cooked eggs, all grouped attractively around the small acorn-shaped squash. Olives or some very nice pickle or relish, with a crisp garnish of water cress, completes Platter No. 1.

Stuffed mushrooms—the large, luscious kind—occupy the center of Plate No. 2, with deviled tomatoes, broccoli Hollandaise, Seville potato, cucumbers in sour-cream dressing on lettuce or romaine, and groups of buttered-carrot and turnip balls about the edge of the plate to act both as a garnish and as another vegetable.

Platter No. 3 presents a very charming appearance with an artichoke dressed with *vinaigrette* or *beurre noir* sauce as the main attraction, and five narrow strips of scarlet pimiento—canned, of course—extending from the green center to the edge of the plate and dividing it into sections which are filled respectively with tiny green Lima beans in butter, caramel onions, beets Julienne, cabbage-and-green-pepper slaw in lettuce-leaf cups, and deviled corn.

If your luncheon comes at the very end of the month, when even golden September days are becoming a little snappy, you make it a bit heartier, including some of the later vegetables. Spanish stuffed onions, which are very delicious and unusual, form the piece de resistance of one such menu, with candied parsnips, also novel and very good, baked Hubbard squash with ham filling, and baked tomato on the half shell, all of which can be prepared at one time in the oven. And to take the place of a salad, celery stalks filled with a specially prepared cheese mixture are arranged on romaine or lettuce leaves on one side of the plate. A few spicy pickles complete the platter, which is garnished with parsley dipped lightly in tarragon vinegar.

The second cool-day platter is built about baked cucumber boats filled with a savory stuffing and placed so that they extend from the center to the edge of the plate, green peas cooked in French fashion and served in potato baskets, glazed

(Continued on Page 43)



VEGETABLE PLATTERS WILL GIVE YOU SO MANY SUGGESTIONS FOR SERVING VEGETABLES THAT YOU CAN DRIVE MONOTONY FROM YOUR MENUS FOR A YEAR AND A DAY

"Their Skin is 10 years younger than their Age"

**Dermatologists examine skin
of noted beauties
Find it free from skin
faults usual at their age**



Mrs. Robert McAldoo

"Mrs. McAldoo's skin has the fresh appearance of a skin in the twenties. There are no noticeably large pores, wrinkles or disfiguring marks."—*Dermatologist's report.*
Mrs. McAldoo says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and several times during the day."



Lady Smiley

"Lady Smiley's skin has the bloom of a girl in the teens. Circulation very good. No blemishes."—*London Physician's report.*
Lady Smiley says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clean and soft—prepares it for powder." (Note: Pond's is the largest selling Cold Cream in England.)



Mrs. Adolph Spreckels, Jr.

"Mrs. Spreckels has a perfect skin, younger than her age. Texture fine, tone excellent. No blackheads."—*Dermatologist's report.*
Mrs. Spreckels says: "Two years ago I began using Pond's. My skin began to get smoother, softer. Lines left, never came back."

DERMATOLOGISTS judge the age of your skin by certain definite points.

Loss of tone . . . impaired vasomotor circulation . . . development of wrinkles . . . loss of natural skin oils.

From 16 to 20, a woman's skin literally "blooms." Its texture is satiny . . . the color glows. The skin is soft, yet firm. Not a hint of a line!

From twenty on, the fight to keep a youthful appearance begins. Deep down in your skin thousands of tiny oil glands are beginning to function less and less.

When these glands begin to fail, the skin actually shrinks! Gets harsh—lined—sallow!

Replace natural oils . . . this way

The only way to check these faults is to *replace* those failing oils!

That is what Pond's Cold Cream does!

It contains the purest of specially processed oils that sink into the skin . . . stir up the deep skin to vigorous action. Revitalize it. Liven up the circulation. Erase lines that are threatening to crease into wrinkles.

That is the reason the women who use Pond's have skin that appears a full ten years younger, or more, than their actual age.

Today—1 out of every 5 women who use cream uses Pond's—though there are over a thousand creams on the market!

Pond's is a superb



Pond's Cold Cream cleanses. Corrects skin faults. Used by 1 out of every 5 women who use cream. Pond's Liquefying Cream serves the same purposes—is quicker melting. Cleanses and beautifies.

Deep-penetrating, Specially Processed Oils in this Cream keep skin Young—soft—wrinkle-free

**CORRECTS THESE SKIN FAULTS
in 20's**



ROUGHNESS BLACKHEADS AND LARGE PORES DRYNESS



LAUGHTER LINES LITTLE BLEMISHES

**FIGHTS OFF THESE AGE SIGNS
after 30**



CREPEY SKIN WORRY LINES SALLOWNESS



SAGGING TISSUES DISCOLORATIONS

cleanser and much more than a cleanser. Use it night and morning for pore-deep cleansing; for softening; for tissue stimulation. *Always* before applying make-up.

Pond's Cold Cream serves every complexion need.

Pond's also makes Pond's Liquefying Cream, a new quicker melting cream that melts the instant it touches

the skin. Not only is this new cream a thorough cleanser, but it, too, contains the same specially processed oils as the famous Pond's Cold Cream.

Give it a 3-day trial . . . Tear out the coupon below this very day and send with 10¢ for a liberal supply of this youth-sustaining cream with samples of three other beauty aids.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. 1, 38 Hudson Street, New York City . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for a 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder. I prefer 3 different Light shades of powder I prefer 3 different Dark shades

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



A Cloth of Silver, With a Crystal Ship,
All its Glass Sails Set and Pennants
Flying, Mirrored in a Sheet of Glass

RECIPES FOR

SUCCESSFUL DINING

BY ELSIE DE WOLFE

THIS is not a cookery article at all; rather it is a selection of dishes—the result of many years of traveling in many lands and in many out-of-the-way places; of making friends with interesting and interested *maitres d'hôtel*; of amusing adventures, instructive in many ways that were not culinary and better than any lesson in geography I have ever had in school. It is an article, I hope, that may prove of aid to the distracted hostess.

Have you ever tasted white-turtle soup? Do you know what Tarhonya rice is? Have you ever eaten a duck cooked in a melon? Have you ever eaten pancakes Barbara, which, to be properly served, take the *maitre d'hôtel* and four other servants following in order with the different ingredients: First, French pancakes; second, vanilla ice cream; third, whipped cream; fourth, blanched walnuts; fifth, hot chocolate sauce. This is not a joke.

But I shall not try to tell how to make these, for after all it is the humbler dishes one comes back to with gusto and appreciation—the ragout, grilled sole, roast chicken, *risotto*—dishes in which all the ingredients are of the first quality, prepared by a master hand in a kitchen where there is no receptacle marked "cooking butter"; each dish tasting like what it is, and innocent of yellow sauces and pink and black stars, beloved of second-rate chefs. It does not matter whether one paints a picture, writes a poem or carves a statue, simplicity is the mark of a master hand. But don't run away with the idea that it is easy to cook simply. That requires a long apprenticeship.

Since food, like fashion, changes with the times, the standard of food in our day is very different from the pre-war standard of lavish hospitality. Today, good taste in food is just the reverse of lavish; it is stamped with the same restraint as that shown by a dress worn at dinner in 1934, compared with a dress worn at dinner in 1900.

In my philosophy of food, the perfect meal is the short meal. Naturally, one presupposes in a short meal that the few dishes served are perfection and served generously. The short meal must have a perfectly balanced menu. There should be one simple dish and one richer one. With a careful choice of dishes in this short, well-balanced meal, there is no need of the unnecessary prolongation of the time spent at table, which, in these days of Spartan eating, is the greatest trial to at least fifty per cent of the people who have learned how to eat wisely and well.

Furthermore, I think that at every meal there should be what I call a surprise—a new dish, if possible, presented in a new manner. It has been my object in presenting this collection of recipes to give you as many such dishes as possible, in order that there should be a note of surprise in the short menu to take the place of an extra and unnecessary dish, too often resorted to when imagination fails.

As to the decoration of your table, never have high flower vases or things that obstruct the view of the beautiful woman across the table, or prevent the witticism of the clever man who is your opposite from reaching you except by dodging to one side or the other.

A very successful decoration I have used in Paris is a cloth of silver, with a lovely crystal ship, all its glass sails and its pennants set and flying and mirrored in a sheet of glass. Added to this, according to the size of the table, are two rock-crystal birds and four rock-crystal candlesticks.

In 1929 I used two rock-crystal vases in which were branches of white orchids, but those days are gone and a few white carnations have to suffice now.

At Christmastime, in 1931, I had a table of gold, hoping that it might in some way draw us all back to the old gold standard again. The gold-lame tablecloth, old white china and many yellow roses were a great success, all very low so

that conversation flowed easily not only on each side but also back and forth across the table.

Then for summer decorations I like what I call the *cure's* garden decoration, where all the flowers are put together and make multicolored bouquets—rose and yellow and white and blue and red, as if they had just been plucked from the herbaceous borders. This table should be kept extremely simple and not as "precious" as the two in silver and gold.

I am a great believer in using the plant of the moment, just as I like the vegetable or the fruit or game in season. Cyclamen in bunches of rose and white, and garden lilies when they come in June, cut short and massed together in white or silver jardinières, are lovely. Nasturtiums in silver cups massed are lovely, and there are so many different colors now—the deep brick red; still deeper, almost purple; and the clear yellows. They grow almost wild in my garden, and we make great use of them.

There is a lovely white table to be made with any interesting white pieces that one may possess. I use my Ming rabbits in the winter with a white Saxe basket with Menecy flowers of white in *pâte tendre*. Then there are lovely feather flowers that one can use all winter. Mine are dogwood blossoms made of white feathers on brown branches—very beautiful.

There is a magnolia tree in my garden which also has served me well at small dinners—one single large magnolia, with its lovely evasive perfume, floating on a black dish.

But the first thing to learn is to keep your table decoration low, low, low.

There are certain other rules of mine that will add to the success of a dinner. I wonder if you have the same:

Do you have a menu in which there is one simple dish for those who diet, and one rich dish for those who don't?

Are your plates hot, hot, hot? Do you feel them yourself when they are placed before you at the table?

Are your dishes in the short meal presented the second time as hot as when first served?

Do you serve coffee at the table at the psychological moment when your guests are relaxed and happy, and when good conversation flows? Do not interrupt it by taking them into the drawing-room, where the thread of what might have been interesting is broken. This is not a rule.

And now for some of my favorite recipes, and at the end a few menus as well:

RICE TRIANON. Boil rice in a well-seasoned bouillon. After rice is boiled mix in small cooked "elbow" macaroni, little green peas and green string beans cut into dice and stewed in butter, ham and tongue also cut into small dice. Swiss or Parmesan cheese grated, and a puree of tomatoes. Put all in a mold, sprinkle with grated cheese on top and brown well in oven.

DUCHESS POTATOES. Bake in the oven fine potatoes. When well baked remove the potato pulp from shells and pass through a sieve. Work well into this pulp plenty of butter, and season with salt and pepper. Then add, gradually, the yellow of 4 or 5 eggs, according to the quantity of potatoes. When well mixed, cut with a biscuit cutter into rounds about two inches in diameter and one-half inch thick. Brown on both sides in clear butter.

SUZETTE PANCAKES. Make thin round pancakes about six inches in diameter. Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of powdered sugar with $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of butter and the grated rind of an orange. Mix a little curaçao liqueur to make a thick paste. Put a teaspoonful of this paste in the center of the pancake, and fold over. Immediately before serving place the folded pancakes in a chafing dish, with melted butter and powdered sugar, pour over a glass of brandy or rum, and set aflame. Serve immediately.

CREAMED HADDOCK. Soak for twelve hours the fillets of haddock in milk diluted one-half by water. Then boil in milk and water (also half milk and half water). At the moment when they commence to boil, put the sauceman to the side of the fire and allow to simmer slowly for three-quarters of an hour. Make a cream sauce and add to it thick fresh cream. Place the fillets of haddock on a platter and dress with the cream sauce. Serve apart, with this dish, small plain boiled potatoes. (Continued on Page 74)

You can't expect *fine flavor* or *healthful stimulation* when you drink Coffee that is **STALE**

WE WERE BOTH GUILTY

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 *Journal* refused to disclose, but...



YOU CAN GET a delicious, stimulating, cheering brew only from Fresh Coffee.

When coffee grows stale, it develops rancid oil and becomes nervously irritating. You find yourself becoming excitable and easily upset, without any apparent reason.

And you're very likely to buy stale coffee anywhere. The clipping shows that altogether too large a percentage of coffee now being sold is *stale*.

Even when you pay a high price for coffee, you cannot make certain of its freshness.

But there is one sure way you can avoid stale coffee. Chase & Sanborn have provided an easy method for you to check up—*yourself*—on coffee freshness. All you have to do is look for the date on the can.

The Date assures Freshness

Every pound of Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee is plainly marked—for your protection—with the date of delivery.

We watch this date carefully and make deliveries so frequently that no can remains on the grocer's shelf more than 10 days.

All the rich fullness of *flavor* that you have the right to expect from fine coffee is assured when you buy Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee.

And you are completely protected against stale coffee's usual toll of harassed nerves. Get a pound of Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee at your grocer's tomorrow.



DATED— **means it's FRESH**

Copyright, 1934, by Standa-Hiram Inc.

*So much
of their*

Lovelessness

depends
on the
tooth paste
they use



BETTY COOK shows you the halter-neck of one of the season's newest swim suits.



PHYLLIS GILMAN'S dress is black crepe-Elizabeth with pleated ruffing of pink crepe (Bonwit Teller, N. Y.).



GAY HAYDEN wears this beige an-telope fedora. Her suit is brown wool crepe with orange silk foulard scarf (Spectator Sports, Inc., New York).

*The country over,
more than 2 million
women have changed to
Listerine Tooth Paste
. . . it cleans so much
better . . . gives teeth
such high lustre.
Why not try a tube?*

Ask smart women why they prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to costlier brands—each has some special reason. "I like my teeth to shine," says Betty Cook. "It cleans better," explains another user. "It makes my mouth feel so clean and fresh," a third finds.

All agree—there is no use paying high prices when Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ gives so much better results. More than 2 million women share this belief. Among them are thousands who can afford any amount for cosmetics . . . for whom no beauty aid is too costly. Since other women find it so helpful,

why not try Listerine Tooth Paste yourself? Test the way it cleans. See what a high lustre its gentle polishing agent brings to the teeth. Learn of the wonderful feeling of refreshment you get from its use—so much like the effect of Listerine itself.

At 25¢ for large tube, here's thrift to be proud of.

And if you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢—contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



VEGETABLES

(Continued from Page 38)

carrots, sautéed eggplant, and for a tempting salad a small tomato filled with celery mayonnaise or coleslaw and accompanied by chilled ripe olives, all set forth on a leaf of romaine or points of endive.

In arranging the platters, place the salad last, then it will retain its fresh coolness even on a slightly warm plate. And do be very sure that each vegetable is very nicely cooked, not drowned in quantities of water and not mushy or flavorless. A dash of Worcestershire or Chili sauce, an infinitesimal bit of garlic, a little onion juice or grated onion adds charm to a vegetable meal. But in the matter of flavoring be very careful to use either of the last with restraint; a suspicion of their flavors will add piquancy—too much, and all other flavors are submerged. Like many other good things, the onion is a great teacher of moderation; it has suffered most from its ardent friends. All this, however, does not apply to the platters in which the onion makes its appearance in a stellar part, but merely relates to its use and that of its cousin, the garlic, as flavor.

As a first course or appetizer for a vegetable-platter menu one may, as a matter of contrast, serve a jellied tomato bouillon or a fruit cocktail, or a tiny salad appetizer, or, if something hot is preferred, cream-of-mushroom soup or a chicken-and-noodle or clam broth with small salted crackers will be most acceptable.

Fruit in some form or other makes the most fitting dessert; though, if one prefers, an ice with small cups of black coffee and bonbons may be served. And now for the recipes for some of the very good vegetable dishes we have suggested:

PIEAFFLE-STUFFED ZUCCHINI. Select small, regular-size round squash; wash and steam or boil until partially tender, cut a slice from the tops, scoop out the pulp, mash well and add one-quarter its quantity of drained crushed pineapple. Season to taste with salt and paprika and add a generous lump of butter; mix well; fill the squash shells, heaping them up a bit; sprinkle with soft bread crumbs, dots of butter and paprika, and bake about twenty minutes.

BEEF BALLS IN SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE. Cook large beets without trimming them too much; rinse in cold water, slip off the skins and with a large cutter form into balls like red plums. Make a sauce (for 3 cupfuls of the beet balls) by mixing together $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of cornstarch, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of vinegar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of water. Cook till slightly thickened, add the balls and simmer five minutes, then add 2 tablespoonfuls of butter; serve sprinkled with shredded almonds.

Cauliflower Mousse. Wash, trim and soak cauliflower in salt water ten minutes; drain and cook in boiling salted water, to which a little milk has been added, till tender. Divide into flowerets, arrange on platters, pour over Mousse-saine sauce. Make this by beating slightly the yolks of 2 eggs, adding $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful of nutmeg, 2 or 3 grains of Cayenne, the juice of half a lemon. Cook in double boiler till thick; add 2 tablespoonfuls of butter by small bits. When melted, sauce is ready.

STUFFED MUSHROOMS. Select large, meaty mushrooms; brush well, but do not peel, remove stems and chop them fine. To 1 dozen large mushrooms allow 1 medium-size onion, 1 green pepper and 6 slices of bacon, diced. Chop the onion and green pepper, freed from seeds, very fine. Sauté the bacon, remove from pan when crisp, add the onion and pepper to the fat, sauté a light brown, turn in the mushroom stems and 1 cupful of soft

bread crumbs. Brown delicately, season well, adding a dash of Worcestershire sauce, mix the bacon dice with the bread and vegetables. Fill the mushroom caps and top each with a grating of cheese. Place in a baking pan, pour a little hot water around them, add 1 tablespoonful of butter, bake in a hot oven about fifteen minutes. Serve on squares of toast.

DEVILED TOMATOES. Cut large firm tomatoes in halves crosswise, but do not peel. Brush over thinly with mustard, sprinkle with finely chopped chives, green pepper and celery, season with salt, pepper and paprika, dot with butter and bake in a hot oven.

SEVILLE POTATOES. Boil, peel and mash 4 large sweet potatoes; add 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 2 tablespoonfuls of sherry (or a less amount of sherry flavoring, as required), 3 tablespoonfuls of chopped pecans, salt and paprika to taste and, if not moist enough, a little cream. Make into mounds on a well-greased cooky sheet, sprinkle with finely chopped nut meats; make a depression in each, into which drop a bit of butter and a sprinkling of brown sugar. Place in a hot oven to brown lightly.

ARTICHOKES VINAIGRETTE. Cut off the stems of the artichokes and remove outer leaves, boil in hot salted water, drain well, press back the leaves, remove the chokes and fill the centers, just at the last moment, with *vinaigrette* sauce or with *beurre noir*.

CARAMEL ONIONS. Boil smallish white onions in plenty of salted water till tender; drain well and add 4 tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter; cover and leave to simmer until of a delicate brown tint.

SPANISH STUFFED ONIONS call for mildly flavored white onions—Bermuda or Spanish, as you like—but of a size that makes one to a serving just right. Boil the onions in salted water to which 1 cupful of milk has been added, and when nearly tender drain. Then scoop out deeply. Chop the pulp fine and sauté it in butter or other fat to a light brown; add 1 cupful of soft bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of chopped walnut meats and $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of grated cheese. Season well, adding a mere whiff of mace. Fill the onions, dot with butter and chopped nut meats and bake in a hot oven about fifteen minutes. Baste occasionally with $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of hot water and 1 tablespoonful of butter.

CANDIED PARSNIPS are simply scraped, halved lengthwise, boiled till tender, then sprinkled with brown sugar and bits of butter, salt and paprika, and set in a hot oven to glaze.

BAKED SQUASH SQUARES. Halve a Hubbard squash, cut into squares for serving, scrape away the seeds and fibers, dot with butter, pepper and salt, and bake until partially tender; then cover each square with finely chopped ham moistened with cream, dot with crumbs and finish baking.

BAKED CUCUMBER BOATS. Peel in strips and halve fat cucumbers lengthwise. Scoop out the seeds and hollow slightly. Make a filling of 1 cupful of bread crumbs browned in butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of chopped mushrooms, canned or fresh, salt, pepper and paprika to taste and just a suspicion of grated onion. Fill the cucumber halves, mound up well, dot with bits of butter, place in a shallow baking pan, pour a little stock or hot water to which a very small quantity of beef extract or a beef cube has been added, bake till the cucumber is tender and the filling well browned.

The Heart Disease Paradox

In this country more cases of heart disease are being prevented each year—yet more deaths are charged to the heart than ever before.

DESPITE seeming contradiction, those are the facts. Better protection of children against diseases which are often followed by heart trouble means that fewer young hearts are being exposed to injury. Better treatment of hearts temporarily damaged by the "poisons" of acute infections often prevents such damage from becoming permanent. Better control of venereal and other diseases that damage hearts has been another factor in reducing the deathrate from heart disease at all ages up to 45 years.

* * * * *

You can help to prevent heart disease in your home by having your children immunized against diphtheria and by protecting them, so far as possible, against other heart damaging diseases, such as sore throats, repeated colds, acute rheumatic fever, scarlet fever, measles and typhoid fever.

Should they have any of these diseases, see that your doctor's orders are strictly obeyed, so that injured hearts may not result. Follow his instructions as to how long the child is to be kept in bed. Rest is an important part of the treatment for "poisoned" hearts during and following any acute infection.

Annual health examinations offer a further opportunity

to control heart disease. In middle-aged people the disease may result from chronic or focal infections in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or in other parts of the body.

When advisable, your doctor may employ the fluoroscope and electrocardiograph to determine the condition of your heart. He can see whether or not it is showing the effects of wear and tear long before it actually breaks down. If necessary, your doctor will advise changes in habits of work and rest, food and drink, or the correction of impairments.

Far from being cause for alarm, the mounting deathrate from heart disease at the older ages is encouraging evidence that needless deaths in childhood, youth and middle age are being prevented. Many of the deaths of older people ascribed to heart disease are really due to heart failure—just the natural, peaceful ending of a long life.

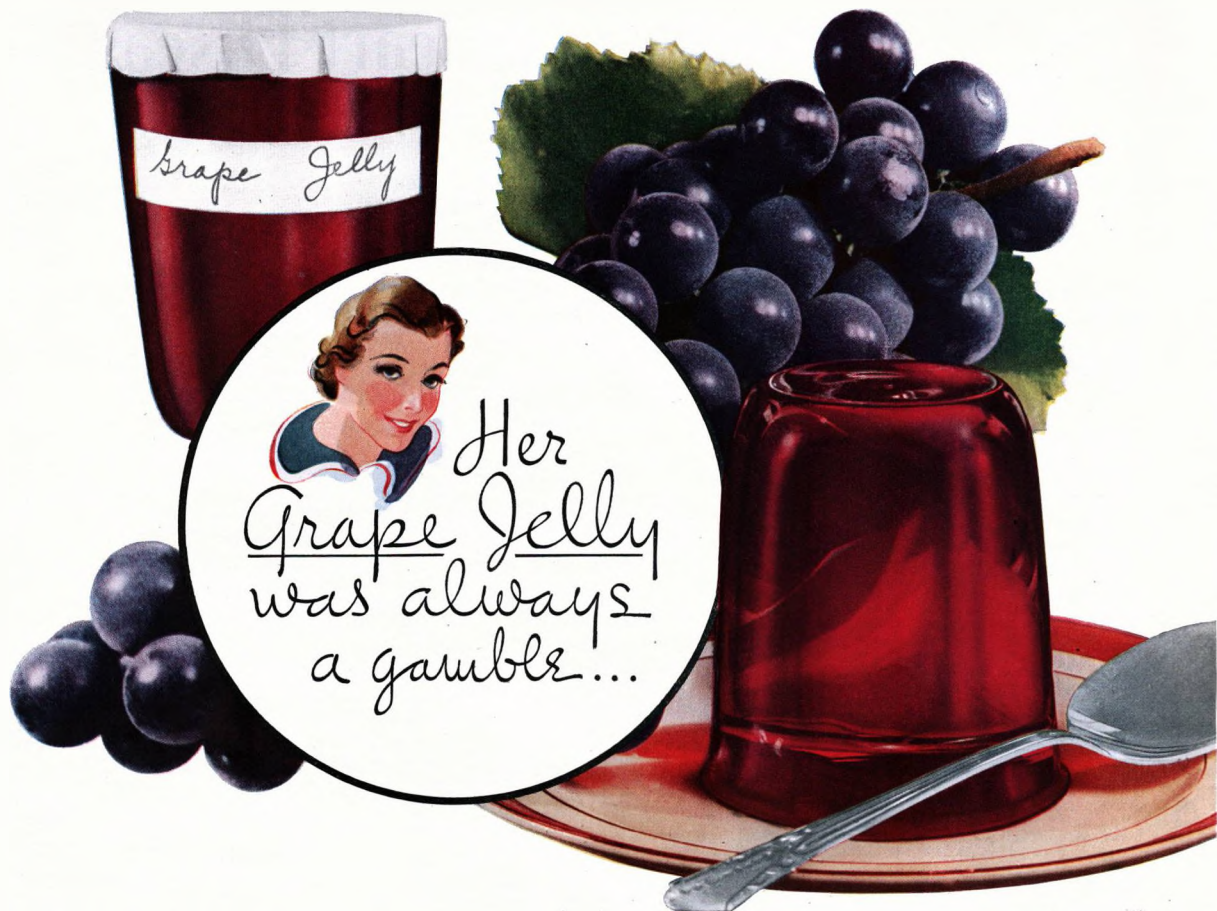
* * * * *

More than half the readers of this page, who are about 35 years old, will pass the age of 70; and one out of five will outlive fourscore years. Many a man is adding years to his life and is enjoying what is literally a new lease of life by taking care of his heart and by making intelligent changes in his living habits.



Send for Metropolitan's free booklet "Give Your Heart a Chance." Address Booklet Dept. 934J.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
 FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
© 1914 N. L. I. CO.



Then a Jelly Champion told her how to avoid failures . . . get finer flavor



"Yes," says Mrs. Edith Boyd of Downsville, New York, whose Grape Jelly took first place over 5,482 entries in a recent nation-wide jelly contest, "with Certo you'll get marvelous jellies in one-third the usual time and at less cost."

"OH, DEAR," said my neighbor, Mrs. Dalrymple, "I do hope this turns out well. My grape jelly is always such a gamble. Occasionally it is just perfect. Then again it is "soupy," or sugary or full of crystals!"

"I couldn't help but smile when I heard Mrs. Dalrymple say that. Because it is so simple and easy to have success every time.

"The secret, of course, is Certo and the Certo short-boil method. Certo

not only makes perfect grape jelly every time, but it makes it possible to get jellies from many fruits that women have thought impossible to 'jell'—fruits such as strawberry, pineapple, cherry and raspberry.

"And the jams you make with Certo are the most marvelous you ever tasted.

"With Certo you save so much time, too, because there's no need to boil your fruit mixture more than a minute or two. And with this short-boil no

fruit juice ever boils away in steam. So I find I frequently get half again more glasses from the same amount of fruit.

"Now just one word of warning—the same warning I gave Mrs. Dalrymple. Always be sure to follow the Certo recipes you'll find in the booklet under the Certo label. Then I'm sure you'll get the wonderful flavor and perfect results that I always get with Certo.

"Last year at the Household Magazine National Jelly Championship, my grape jelly was awarded first prize for being the finest jelly of all the 5,482 jellies that were entered. And the greatest tribute that I can pay to Certo is when I say I never could have got such flavor and such results if I followed any other method."

Certo is bottled pectin—a natural fruit substance that makes jellies "jell." When you add Certo to your fruit juice and sugar, just as the recipes specify, you make perfect jelly or jam from any fruit. Certo is a product of General Foods.

© 1934, G. F. Corp.





This well-built old house had a good location in a desirable neighborhood. Its ugly architecture, with the unrelated details and roofs and forms, suggested remodeling and modernizing as the only way out. The finished job is shown below.

MORTGAGE MONEY IS NOW AVAILABLE



The left wing is all new. The enclosed porch with its row of windows was removed. Roofs were reconstructed. The second-story arched window was eliminated. The result is harmony and balance, and economically sound home ownership.

THE CURE FOR OLD HOUSES

The Journal's National Home-Modernizing Demonstration Will Show You the Way

BY J. HAROLD HAWKINS

AMERICA MODERNIZES! Old homes that were too ugly, inside and out, for women even to consider as homes are being rehabilitated. Dingy interiors, drab walls, poorly arranged rooms, fixtures as out of date as horse and buggy—all these ailments are being cured.

It is a tonic to travel around the country watching the old houses being modernized. The JOURNAL's National Home-Modernizing Demonstration grows by leaps and bounds. Everywhere building and loan associations which are cooperating to make this national demonstration of sample houses possible are availing themselves of the JOURNAL's viewpoint—the woman's viewpoint—regarding what makes a house livable.

A four-weeks' trip recently completed, inspecting old houses in the national demonstration, emphatically proves

that the downfall of these houses was due to the refusal of women to live in them. And why not? This is not an age in which to put up with obsolete equipment, ill-arranged interiors, close, dark or poorly ventilated rooms. So this national demonstration is an effort to show women what can be done to old houses to make them right.

All over the country the demonstration is going on. Local newspapers will announce sample-house openings. Visit some of them and see what has taken place. Notice the kitchen arrangements. While a remodeled room in an old house may not be 100 per cent perfect, the improvement over what it was is great. Enough better to make the modernized room attractive and workable and livable, whereas before many of these old houses had been turned down by women just for their kitchen inefficiency.

There are thousands upon thousands of good old houses for sale. Many are located in desirable neighborhoods, on attractive lots. As they stand, these old houses are not

worth much, yet with vision and architectural help they can be altered and modernized into enviable homes. And these old houses can be bought on long-term, amortizing mortgages whereby, in a term of years, the property is completely paid for. The JOURNAL says, "Don't keep a stationary or static mortgage on your home. Don't be in a position to have the next depression sweep up your home. Don't let that happen again!"

As for the home you now own, obsolescence and deterioration may be robbing you of your home investment more rapidly than you expect. Your home must be up to date to maintain its value. While you may expect to live there the rest of your life, don't forget that every house is sold sometime. Protect it against depreciation and obsolescence by doing a modernizing job now.

Mortgage money is now available in many localities, both for rehabilitation and for new home building. Write me for information on this subject. Now is the time to act.

"WIFE BEGINS AT FORTY"

A prize story about a lazy drain

Pictured by F. G. COOPER

Great Scot! You'll be late to your own birthday party. I should think at age 40 you'd know how to wash dishes.



I do know how to wash dishes, but there's something the matter with this drain.



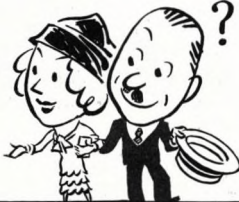
Sorry we were so late for my own party but my pet drain acted up and you know what that means.



Wait a moment—



Here's an extra gift for you. It's Drāno—use it and your drains will never "act up" again.



Come on, let's see what Drāno will do for that drain.



I'll say the best birthday gift you got was that can of Drāno.



So will I. I'll also say that beginning with my 40th birthday I'm using Drāno regularly every week. No more slow-moving drains around here.



Drāno

CLEANS AND OPENS DRAINS

• SEND ten cents for helpful booklet: "100 Housecleaning Helps" The Drackez Co. Dept. J-94, Cincinnati, O.

KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING

TWO AS ONE

Blouse 1505
Skirt 1506

1505-1506. A tie-silk or silk crepe shirtwaist blouse that is pretty but tailored, for a wrap-around skirt. Both the blouse and skirt are designed for 16 years, and 36 to 42 bust.



1507-1508. Choose a blouse that's darker, whatever the color of your suit. The monogram and bosom front of this one are tailored enough for flat crepe, surah or crepe de Chine. The blouse and six-piece skirt are designed for 14 to 16 years, and 36 to 44 bust.



Blouse 1507—Skirt 1508



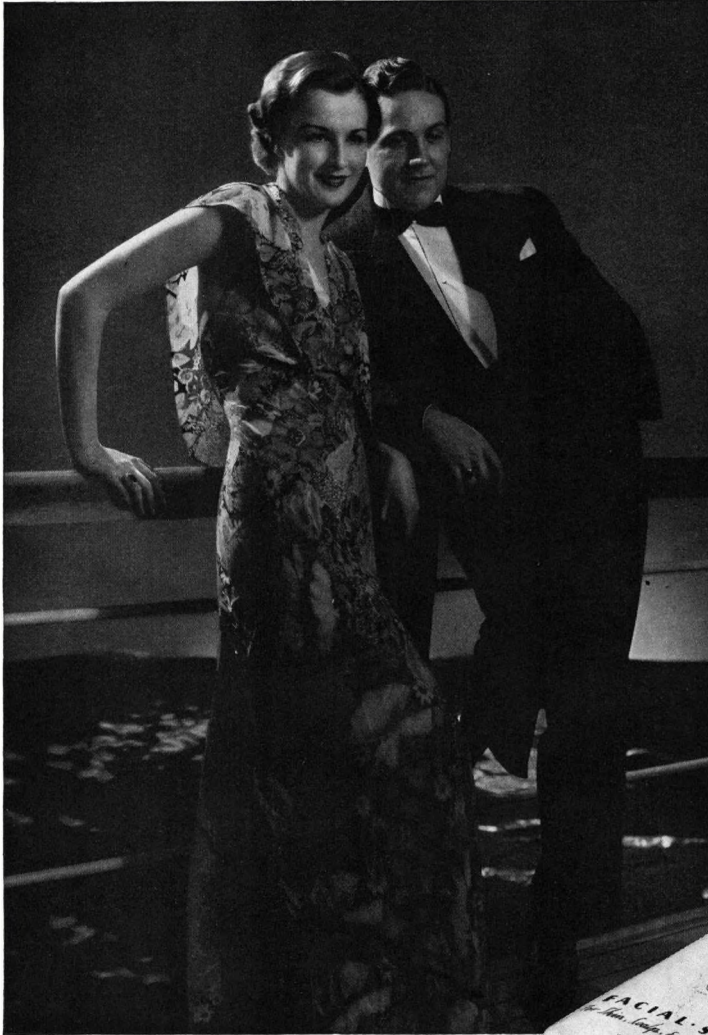
Blouse 1509—Skirt 1510

1509-1510. With a soft blouse of satin, silk crepe or taffeta worn over a three-piece skirt, you have a costume! This blouse and skirt are designed for 14 to 16 years, and 36 to 42 bust measure.



Patterns may be obtained by mail, postage prepaid, from Fashion Bureau, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 10 cents each.

WITHIN 30 DAYS — You, too,
can be ready for Romance!



YOU can't acquire a lovely skin by an overnight miracle! Every intelligent girl and woman knows that! But human patience does have limits!

It's humiliating to pursue a beauty program for months on end without seeing results! That's why Woodbury's 30-day skin treatment has so many enthusiastic followers!

Instead of extravagant claims, Woodbury's offers clinical evidence that it will produce a marked improvement *within 30 days*.

An enormous volume of evidence—case histories of hundreds of complexion problems treated by eminent dermatologists at Beauty Clinics held in nine great nations—proved that skin of every type responds to Woodbury's precious oils and unguents.

Whereas other soaps and beauty aids gave negative or scarcely noticeable results, Woodbury's brought freshness and health to every skin, inside of 30 days.

The new 10¢ cake—the identical quality that always sold for 25¢—enables you to use Woodbury's not just for your complexion, but for all-over skin loveliness. Let your husband, children, guests, use it lavishly.

It's ready for you now, for 10 cents. At all drug stores, department stores. And even at your grocer's.

Woodbury's
facial soap
10 cents



SEND 9 CENTS IN STAMPS FOR LOVELINESS KIT

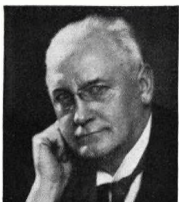
Containing generous trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, 6 dainty packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six flattering shades.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 145 ALFRED STREET, CINCINNATI, O.
(In Canada) JOHN H. WOODBURY, LTD., PERTH, ONT.

Name _____

Address _____

© 1934, John H. Woodbury, Inc. 



DR. THOMAS F. ROCHE... eminent English dermatologist, who practices in London's smart Mayfair, one of many leading skin specialists who conducted 30-day Beauty Clinic Tests in 9 nations to test effectiveness of scores of beauty aids. Dr. Roche reported:—"With Woodbury's, large pores diminished; dry skins became softer; blackheads yielded." In every test Woodbury's proved its superiority over other beauty methods for correcting defects and bringing fresh radiance to the skin.

This tea—Richer in theol
Lifts the Senses up



TEA has exceptional qualities. It stimulates the senses—lifts them up, makes them more active. It adds generously to the well-being of both mind and body.

Yet it gives these desirable effects with no demand for later repayment—it lifts you up, and doesn't let you down.

To get all the benefits of tea, it is important that you select a tea rich in theol. This is the fragrant, flavor-bearing oil in tea. You like tea because of theol.

Tender Leaf Tea contains more theol than any but the most costly blends, not ordinarily found in grocery stores. It consists of the tender leaves alone. They are picked when at the peak of flavor, during the favorable dry season.

Your grocer has *Tender Leaf Tea* in two convenient sizes. Try this tea, richer in theol—enjoy it daily from now on!




 Copyright, 1934,
 by Standard Brands
 Inc.

SCHOOL AND PLAY CLOTHES



TIME for you to be thinking of school, mothers, and for us to be planning clothes for small daughters. Up top there is a dress, 1511, with matching panties for little girls of 4 to 10 years to play in. Next to it is a jersey jumper with an adorable checked-cotton blouse, 1512. Two extra blouses will make this outfit look like three different dresses. It is designed for 6 to 12 years. The bolero dress at the lower left, 1513, can be jersey or a light-weight wool, with plaid-tafteta top to the dress and revers to the bolero. For young misses of 6 to 12 years. Next is a smocked frock, 1514, a frock you can make in light colors for parties, and darker ones for school. It is designed for little girls of 2 to 6 years. The coat, 1515, is the English tailored type with ascot scarf, for little girls of 4 to 10 years.



Patterns may be obtained by mail, postage prepaid, from Fashion Bureau, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 10 cents each.

**"She
was a
wreck—
but not
for long—"**

says **DR. BELOUX**,
noted stomach expert of
Paris hospitals



FURRY TONGUE
"A sign of indigestion) Miss L—
had severe indigestion for days at
a time," Dr. Beloux relates.



CAN'T GET UP
"Awakening was really painful.
Her head felt heavy. She was nau-
seated . . . had very little energy."



TOUCHY
"The girl was highly nervous, al-
ways sad, depressed, apprehensive.
She had frequent headaches."

• Dr. Jules Beloux is a famous consultant on stomach disorders at the great Salpêtrière Hospital in Paris; editor of a widely read medical monthly. His patients have included several members of the French Cabinet.

If you suffer from any of these troubles, this case can mean a great deal to you!

WHY did Miss L— have these troubles? Why do YOU have them, and others like them?

Coated tongue (doctors say) is usually a sign that your stomach juices aren't acting right.

If you can't get up mornings, it usually means your system is sluggish and so you're not sleeping right.

If you're irritable, it is probably because poisons (due to constipation) are attacking your nerves.

What can you do about these

troubles? Well, let us see what Dr. Jules Beloux did for them:

"I put Miss L— on a yeast régime at once," states Dr. Beloux. "And in 30 days, you would never think she was the same girl of a month before!"

"She was entirely well again, full of energy, with good digestion, good spirits, no more headaches.

"Nine people out of 10," Dr. Beloux states, "make their condition worse with brutal cathartics . . . while it is gentleness, not harshness, that is needed. I am a confirmed believer in

yeast. It gently stimulates the weak intestinal muscles, and breaks up hardened waste matter."

Fleischmann's Yeast also speeds up the flow of your gastric juices . . . aids digestion. And your entire health rests on good digestion.

Start now to get at the real causes of your troubles by eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day . . . for at least 30 days! Right now . . . you can get some from a grocer, restaurant or soda fountain. Each cake is rich in vitamins B, D and G.



Eat 3 Cakes a Day

Let Fleischmann's Yeast stimulate your gastric juices . . . strengthen your intestinal muscles . . . soften hardened waste. Then see what a world of difference it makes in the way you feel . . . and look . . . and work!

**To benefit THOROUGHLY,
eat it REGULARLY!**

Don't expect troubles that come from years of neglect to be cured "overnight." Fleischmann's Yeast, remember, is a *food* — not a violent drug. Eat 3 cakes every day, for 30 days at least, or until you really feel well—look well!



Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated



7 stains dim many a Gorgeous Smile ... ARE THEY SPOILING YOURS?

DID you ever notice this about the girls that men admire? They aren't always beautiful. Their features may be plain. But the minute they turn on a glorious smile—they're simply fascinating!

The secret of those million-dollar smiles? This one is very important—*sparkling, white teeth!* This is the secret that counts most.

Remember this—dull, discolored teeth are only stained teeth...

That's why it's so important to remove, completely, all the seven kinds of stains that everything we eat and drink and smoke leaves on our teeth.

These stains which dull and discolor teeth require *two* cleansing actions to remove them

completely. Most toothpastes have only *one*.

Colgate's Dental Cream completely removes all stains—makes teeth whiter and smiles brighter—because it has **TWO** cleansing actions.

First, Colgate's penetrating foam washes away many of the stains. Second, Colgate's gentle polishing action removes all the more stubborn stains, and in addition, polishes your teeth to a brilliant lustre.

So all you have to do to have whiter teeth and enjoy a brighter smile, is to get a tube of Colgate's today—use it regularly.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results... sells at the same low prices.

Science classifies the hundreds of food stains into these 7 major groups—

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Cereals and other starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco smoke.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

if one tube of Colgate's doesn't make your teeth whiter

If, after using one full tube, you're not satisfied that Colgate's has made your teeth whiter... send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., ... and twice what you spent for the toothpaste, plus postage, will be returned to you.

LARGE TUBE NOW

20¢

GIANT TUBE 35¢
(Double Quantity)



BY J. ERWIN PERINE

A MOTHER'S problem in dressing her son really amounts to this: She must preserve a sensible balance between her desire to keep him her "baby" too long, and his wish to grow up as quickly as possible. Sonny has definite ideas about everything else. Isn't it natural that he has them about his clothes? He sees what his playmates are wearing and doesn't want to look too different, or to be laughed at.

All the things we have sketched and are going to talk about are clothes boys will be wearing this fall. We have taken pains to be sure of that. And they have been chosen for their practical qualities as well as for being seasonable.

Let's begin with the very small boy—up to six or so—who has just discovered sailor clothes, perhaps. Anything nautical is particularly good this season. See the navy-blue flannel seagoing jacket below, with brass buttons and thrust pockets. Good to put over a sailor-blouse-and-short outfit, or one with a red jersey top, like that on the boy below.

A good rule to stick to in choosing his other play suits is this: Choose plain colors with very simple trim, piping or braid in two-tone effect or just one contrasting



AUTUMN CLOTHES for the YOUNG MAN

color. The plainer the effect, the better. For fall the combination suit is a good idea. This is composed of a broad-cloth blouse with flannel shorts. It is a flexible ensemble indeed, for a little cotton or wool sweater can be pulled over the blouse on a chilly day, and then a windbreaker added for play outdoors on colder days.

For boys of almost any age—from four years up—a new type of windbreaker for this season is the lumberjack. Last year some of the prep-school boys started wearing plaid-wool jackets—we showed one in these pages, if you will remember—and this season they are being made up for younger boys as well. In plain colors and in bold plaids and checks, usually made with knitted trim at the cuffs and bottoms to make them fit snugly to a boy's figure. The plain navy or brown lumberjack, with shorts to match and a cap, makes an ideal outfit for school.

Down in the left-hand corner, I want to call your attention to some new underwear for little fellows. The garment sketched is made of linen and lisle, a double mesh. There is just enough lisle to keep the linen from feeling even the least bit scratchy. The mesh keeps the body heat in without smothering the pores, so the underwear is porous and absorbent, and at the same time comfortably warm.

Another type of underwear for ages up to seven or eight is made of silk and wool, the silk threads cleverly woven to come on the inside next to the skin and the wool threads outside where they won't irritate a young and tender skin.

For fall nights a one-piece, one-button sleeper of soft cotton is warm. The latex cuff keeps the leg snugly in place at the ankle.

There is a new wrinkle in socks for this age, too, called the "two-way" sock. It is really a double-duty sock, for the cuff can be turned in to make a short sock, or pulled up into a half sock for added protection. Candy stripes, Roman stripes, plain colors with striped tops—all are good.

Cotton is still on the up and up in clothing of all kinds. There are many attractive sweaters for little ones, made of cotton, which gives enough protection without being too warm when worn into the house. Roman or Breton stripes are amusing for youngsters.

If you'd like a change from the Eton or Rugby jacket suit, you will like the Norfolk type of jacket that is good this season. You know the kind, with the little belt all around and vertical pleats with buttoned pockets in behind them. This is in accord with men's fashions, for the Norfolk is beginning to be seen occasionally as a sport jacket for men, after an absence of some years.

And, of course, the little suit of flannel is the thing for dress-up wear—double-breasted for a change, if you like, in navy or Oxford gray or brown. An Eton cap to match is the traditional thing.

Junior's button blouses can be as manly as you wish, made of the same shirting patterns as his dad's—those neat stripes or fine checks or just solid colors.

If your boy is along in grammar school, a tweed knicker suit will be right for fall. And you may find the Norfolk-type jacket interesting for a change from the usual jacket.

But there is some news in shirts for this age. Don't be afraid of the new collar points being shown—they are as smart as they are new for him, and good-looking. Perhaps you may think them a bit fussy, but they are intended for the boy who is beginning to notice his clothes and who wants to dress up—on occasion. They are made just like men's shirts. We have had drawn the rounded-point collar with the eyelets for a pin; the tab collar which is held neatly in place by the small tabs fastening under the knot of the necktie; the button-down collar which is sporty, sensible and popular.

You may have noticed a pert bow tie on well-dressed young men lately. This is news, for bow ties have been for many years out of the picture with men and boys, but now they're back again, and when they are well chosen they are a welcome change. If Sonny comes asking for a bow



tie don't discourage him by saying they're old-fashioned. They're not. The three ties above are typical of good neckwear for boys. No crazy patterns allowed.

A very usable sweater has been worked out this fall—the sweater vest that opens all the way with a slide fastener. It is sleeveless, to serve as a vest, and can be used as a coat sweater over a regular sleeved sweater in a contrasting color. For instance, you could put a canary sleeveless over a pull-over sweater in brown or blue. Such a canary sleeveless sweater vest would look very well under his brown-tweed knicker or blue-cheviot jacket, too.

Our other suggestion about sweaters is this: If you are completely tired of seeing your young hopeful in plain colors, then get an Argyle plaid like the one in the lower right corner. Of course, the small all-over patterns in neat checks or bird-wing effects are good; at a distance, they look almost like solid-color effects.

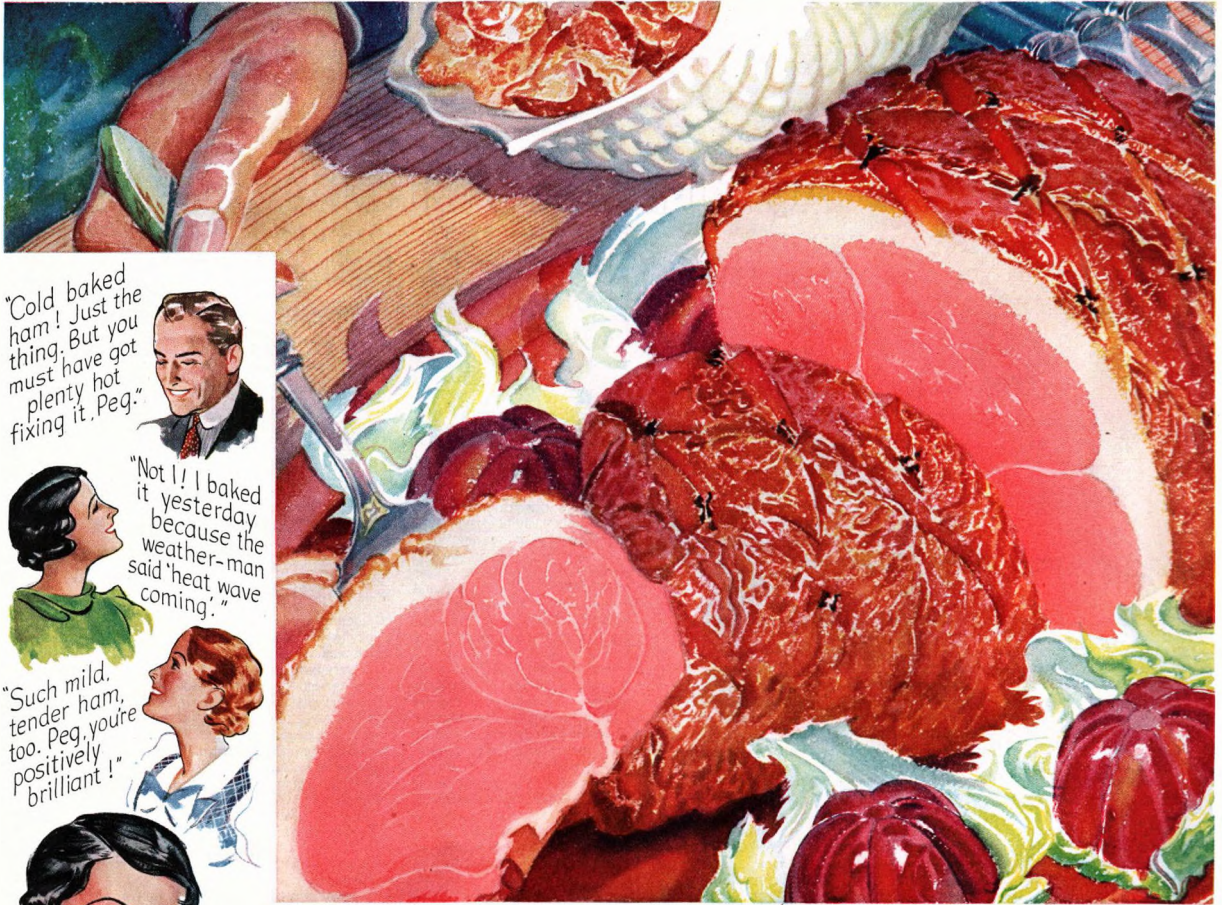
Your best bet in golf socks is solid colors, too, or heather shades, in ribbed weave, with the touch of color and pattern confined to the cuff. Many have a latex band to hold them up in a neat and tidy manner.

Now for the not-so-young one who is chafing at knickers. He can be bought off for a while with a pair of slack trousers in a medium dark gray flannel. What is newer still, just now, is a pair of these slacks in a fine black-and-white check which gives a gray effect from a distance. These black-and-white checks are practical, for they don't soil readily; and, as we remarked before, they're a bit newer than plain gray flannel.

Perhaps it comes hard to let him have long trousers, but you can ease him into them by allowing a pair of slacks to be worn for special occasions with his knicker jacket, or with a sweater for sports. Boys are getting into long trousers much sooner than they used to.

It is never too early to start a boy's taste off on the right track, and up to a certain age that is mother's job. A few tactful hints will do a world of good, and you will find he takes better care of clothes he selects himself—and likes.





"Cold baked ham! Just the thing. But you must have got plenty hot fixing it, Peg."

"Not I! I baked it yesterday because the weather-man said 'heat wave coming.'"

"Such mild, tender ham, too, Peg, you're positively brilliant!"

and just think! I baked it
WITHOUT PARBOILING!

YES, WITH Swift's Premium Ham you can do it . . . bake without parboiling and actually get better results!

For Swift's Premium is *Ovenized*—smoked an improved way, in ovens. This special method of smoking, following the famous mild Premium cure, produces a ham that is uniquely rich and mellow in flavor. Marvelously tender too. A ham so mild and delicious that old-fashioned parboiling just isn't necessary.

This ham you simply put in the oven and bake. (For best results, tear out the easy instructions at the right and follow

them.) Or, if you buy a slice, just fry or broil it without parboiling. Whole ham, half ham, or center slice, you'll be delighted with its goodness.

In planning your hot-weather menus, figure often on cold baked ham. And when preparing the ham, why not try this easier, modern method? Only be *sure* the ham is Swift's Premium. For every Swift's Premium Ham is *Ovenized*. No other kind is. Swift & Company, Purveyors of Fine Foods.

A World's Fair Feature you'll want to see: the Swift Bridge at 23rd Street.

BAKE IT THIS EASY WAY!

- Place a whole or half Premium Ham in a roaster. Add 2 cups of water, and cover the roaster. • Bake in a slow oven (325°), allowing about 22 minutes a lb. for a large whole ham; 25 minutes a lb. for smaller (up to 12 lb.) hams or half hams. • When ham is done, remove from oven. Lift off rind. Score surface and dot with cloves; rub with mixture of 3/4 cup brown sugar and 1 tbs. flour. Brown, uncovered, for 20 minutes in a hot oven (400°).

And try this salad! Dissolve 1 tbs. gelatin in 3/4 cup boiling juice from a No. 2 1/2 can black olives. Add remainder of juice, and pour over pitted cherries, 1/2 cup blanched almonds, 1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives which have been placed in individual molds. Chill. (Makes 8 salads.)

Marta Logan

Copyright 1934 by Swift & Company

Notice how Swift's Premium Ham is identified by the brown dots you will find on even a single slice.



SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM



SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON ALSO IS OVENIZED
 NEW TENDERNESS · NEW RICHNESS OF FLAVOR

It's Ovenized

"I LIKE ESPECIALLY THE FRAGRANT MILDNESS OF CAMELS"

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE OF PHILADELPHIA



■ As Sarah Lippincott, Mrs. Nicholas Biddle grew up in Philadelphia, playing in historic Rittenhouse Square, and then went to school in France. She shares her husband's enthusiasm for big game hunting and their country house is full of trophies. Golf, trap shooting, and tennis are great favorites with her and in the summer she gets very tanned sailing with her five children. She loves people and parties and invariably smokes Camel cigarettes.

*Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
than any other popular brand*

"Yes, I always smoke Camels," says Mrs. Biddle, "because I like their taste so much better than any of the other cigarettes. Camels have real flavor and yet they are so pleasantly mild that I never worry about how many I smoke. And even when I am smoking a lot, Camels never get on my nerves. That is another reason why I am so devoted to them. And I notice that whenever my energy is low, smoking a Camel renews it."

When you smoke a Camel you do feel an almost immediate relief from fatigue. You have released and made available the latent energy in your system. Camels will give you a "lift" and they won't get on your nerves.

**CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS
ARE MILDER**

(Continued from Page 53)

"No suh, Ah lives heah. Miss Ma'jie say keep yo' dimmah wawm in oven," she added hopefully.

"I ate on the train," Dick fibbed, and abruptly left the room.

He was so bewildered, so hurt, so angry, that he couldn't have eaten. He didn't, as a matter of fact, know what to do. Finally, he called up the Peterse's house. No one answered for a long time. Then the sleepy voice of a maid informed him that Mrs. Peters had gone away for the summer. Mr. Peters? No, Mr. Peters was at the club. The country club? "No, sir, that new club; I don't remember the name." Any message? No.

Dick sat down to read. But in five minutes he was telephoning again. Mabel, and Kate, and Gladys were out of town too. All had gone up to their summer camps at the lake. And all of their husbands were out—all at this same mysterious club.

With but faint hope, Dick telephoned Lily Dashforth. Her voice answered him, thrillingly glad. She wanted him to come right over! With the grim expression of "This will show her!"—meaning Marjorie, of course—Dick jammed on his hat, and went to the other woman.

DICK was still awake at two o'clock when Marjorie crept in on tiptoe. She undressed in the bathroom, and didn't turn on the light in their room at all. Just as she was slipping off her mules to get into bed—Dick could hear their click on the floor—he snapped on the light.

"Do you want to tell me where you've been?" he said. "And what's been going on here while I've been away?"

"Why, of course, Dick—if you are not too tired. I didn't want to wake you."

"How very considerate!"

"I was sorry not to be here when you came home, darling. I tried to arrange to have someone take my place, but—"

"So a bridge game was more important to you than—"

"But darling! No! It wasn't that. I have to be there. I'm getting paid for it."

"Paid?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week. I'm Mrs. Mathews' secretary. Mrs. Mathews, Dick, the bridge teacher! Don't look as if you'd never heard of her!"

"Why does a secretary have to work at night?"

"Because that's when the bridge clubs meet. Oh, it's such a long story—do you want to wait until morning?"

"No. I want to hear it now."

"Well, it all started by the men playing bridge together, one night, without their wives—and they liked it! And so they wanted to go on playing like that, but they hadn't any place to go where—well, Dick, where their wives couldn't get at them! So I thought of Mrs. Mathews' studio. Mrs. Mathews was delighted. And she thought of having other bridge clubs meet at her studio, and we are getting more members all the time—"

"All men, I suppose?"

"And Mrs. Mathews got them started playing duplicate bridge—nobody in this town had ever done it before—and now they are all crazy about it! And it's the only place in town to play, because Mrs. Mathews has the boards, and knows how to score; but it's quite a lot of work, so she engaged me to help her. She can afford to pay me, because she charges every-one seventy-five cents apiece an evening, and we serve a buffet supper afterward—that's extra. And we are going to have a big tournament, and invite other towns!"

"Isn't that just dandy?" said Dick.

"Of course I'm glad you had such a perfectly swell time while I was away! But what do you expect me to do now—burst out into three cheers because I've come home to find the whole town gossiping about my wife?"

"You've seen Lily Dashforth," Marjorie replied calmly. "She's simply furious. She always thought, of course, that men were her specialty."

Dick sat up in bed. "And now you find they're yours! Is that it?"

"Don't be silly, darling. It's bridge they like, not me. I don't see anything to gossip about."

"Oh? You don't?"

"Why, no. They only come to our club almost every night because they'd rather play there than at home, or at parties."

"And of course you don't understand why that would make their wives furious?"

"Well," said Marjorie very gently, "I suppose it does annoy them to be bridge widows. Yes, of course, I can understand that."

IV

THE lake was as blue, and as monotonous, as the still summer day. Only children and dogs moved on the hot strip of sandy beach. Under a green-striped umbrella, four women were intermittently playing bridge, and complaining of the boredom of Monday to Friday.

"Goodness knows I'm not crazy about men, like Lily Dashforth or Marjorie Fortum," declared Dolly Peters, in an exasperated voice. "Sam makes me as mad as anything when he's here! Then why is it so dull without them, I wonder? Why can't women have as good a time together as men?"

"I don't believe American men really like women," said Kate. "They say we are the best treated wives in the world, but our husbands only enjoy conventions, and stag parties, and college reunions, and business conferences."

"Don't forget bridge clubs!" said Gladys, with a dry, significant laugh.

"And don't forget there's a woman there too!" said Mabel.

"Well, of course, they'll always like a certain type of woman!"

"Now I think that's unfair," protested Kate, the dearest of the four. "We don't know a thing against Marjorie, really. And, after all, Mrs. Mathews is at the club too."

"Oh, that's just a blind!"

"Nonsense. It's Mrs. Mathews' club."

"Yes, but you know perfectly well that an old, fat, gray-haired woman could never have gotten all the men to go there, night after night. Duplicate bridge! Hmph! They could just as well have played duplicate at home—anyone can buy those boards."

THE thing that gets me about it is, she was so silly! Such a demure little thing, afraid to say boo to a goose, and pretending to be simply crazy about her own husband! Who'd have ever suspected

"It's not that I give a darn about Sam!" cried Dolly wrathfully. "But I can't bear to have another woman make a fool of me! I suppose you've heard that Marjorie and Sam are planning to play together in the state tournament, next fall? He didn't even ask me to be his partner, and of course I play a much better game than she does!"

"I didn't know that Marjorie played bridge."

"Well, she's learned now. And she gets plenty of practice down at that club. Sam says if any one shows up without a partner, Marjorie will always take a hand to oblige. Oh yes, she's very obliging!"

"Goodness me, I can't imagine getting jealous of my husband's playing bridge with another woman," said Kate.

"I told you I didn't care!" cried Dolly.

"It's only that that woman thinks she's put something over on me! And on all of us! The way she got all our husbands started going down to that bridge club, leaving us stranded, night after night! She did it on purpose. And if she keeps it up after we go back home, I'll show her!"

"What will you do, Dolly?"

"Why, I'll simply forbid Sam ever to go there again, that's all."

"Well, it wouldn't do the slightest good for me to forbid George—"

"Maybe not. But I can manage Sam."

At that moment, a small, half-nude figure detached itself from a tangle of children and dogs on the beach, and raced

toward the green-striped umbrella, waving something in its hand.

"Oh, mamma!" the child shouted gaily. "Oh, mamma! Here's something I forgot to give you."

"For heaven's sake!" expostulated Dolly, rising. "You forgot to give me a telegram? Well, Sammie, really!" She snatched the slip from her offspring's hand.

Dolly sat down as suddenly as she had risen.

"What is it, Dolly?" cried the other women, alarmed by her tragic face.

Mrs. Peters made wild gestures, and opened and shut her mouth soundlessly.

"Go on back to the beach, Sammie!" Kate commanded. "Run!"

"This is the last straw! This is the limit!" Dolly gasped out weakly.

"Why, what—"

"He's bringing that woman here! To my house!"

Kate seized the telegram. "But Dolly, Dick is coming with them."

"As if that made it all right!"

"Of course it does. Pull yourself together. They'll be here any minute, if they're driving up. Dolly Peters, you run right up to your house, and powder your nose, and see what you can find for supper. And don't let Sam suspect you're jealous of Marjorie either."

SAM arrived, bubbling over with good humor. He had decided, he explained, to take his two weeks' vacation at the same time as Dick; and Marjorie—like the good little sport she always was!—had agreed, on only a moment's notice, to drive up with them.

It did not lessen Dolly's annoyance to discover that Marjorie had that special talent of some women for looking cool and crisp, even after a hot journey. Both men were dusty and tired, but Marjorie was as fresh as a flower.

"Well, Marjorie, it was very nice of you not to stand on ceremony, and to accept my husband's invitation!" Dolly said. "Sam is so impulsive. But it's the maid's day out, and I'm afraid—"

"Oh, Dick and I want you to dine with us at the inn. We're stopping there," Marjorie replied, quite unperturbed.

"No, sir-ree!" Sam expostulated noisily. "Now look here, Marjorie, I asked you an old Dick—Dick's my best friend—an' this is my own house, an' I—"

"But we never meant to stay anywhere except at the inn. Don't be silly, Sam. We couldn't visit anyone for two weeks," said Marjorie, laughing. "It isn't being done."

"Well, you can stay over the week-end, and then go to the inn! I asked you, and this is my own house, and I won't be—"

"We're stopping at the inn. Come and dine with us tonight at seven, Dolly?" Dick said, in such a tone of finality that Sam subsided.

WHILE Dolly and Sam went in the house to collect ice and glasses, there was a moment of strained silence on the little screened porch overlooking the lake.

Then Dick said, in a low tone:

"I told you we ought to go somewhere else for my vacation! You see how it is up here."

"It won't be that way long."

"Why?"

"Oh, Dolly will be all right as soon as she sees I don't want to collect her little Sam."

"Well—how about the other women, though? Aren't they all down on you?"

"I'm going to invite them all to the inn, tomorrow, and show them how to play duplicate bridge. I brought up some boards and score cards. We can play every day while I'm here. Then they can enter the tournament with their husbands, if they want to."

Dolly came out with a tray of glasses, followed by Sam with bottles and ice.

"I'm really surprised," said Dolly, "that you would care to come up to this simple little place, Marjorie. We are very dull here—just women and children—hardly

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ



SIMONIZ makes Cars Stay Beautiful

Simoniz your car! Then you'll know why millions say there's nothing like Simoniz for keeping cars beautiful. It's so easy, safe, dependable. And after your car is Simonized, you can rely on it to stay new looking.

Every car, new or old, needs Simoniz to guard its beauty. It must have this mighty protection. Otherwise, weather and dirt quickly dull and eventually ruin the finish. But Simoniz positively stops them! It protects the finish—makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading.

Simonizing is amazingly easy! In a jiffy, the wonderful Simoniz Kleener makes the finish sparkle like new. Then apply Simoniz, and your car will stay beautiful. Washing will seldom be needed. Dust and dirt wipe off with a dry cloth, and the finish glows as bright as ever.

Nothing takes the place of Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. So always insist on them for your car. They're sold by hardware, auto accessory stores and garages everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"CUNNING DRESS— BUT IT CERTAINLY HAS A BAD CASE OF 'TATTLE-TALE GRAY.'"

"IT'S A SHAME! BUT THAT 'TRICK' SOAP JANIE'S MOTHER USES JUST WON'T GET OUT ALL THE DIRT. I WISH SHE'D CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA."



"Tattle-tale gray" in the clothes you wash. Here's what that means:

Clothes that look foggy and gray. Clothes that say plain as plain can be—"We aren't really clean."

Who's to blame when clothes get that way? More often than not, it's "trick" soap. For no matter how hard you work and rub, "trick" soaps can't get out ALL the dirt. Neither can "cheap" soaps!

Gets out ALL the dirt

But change to Fels-Naptha Soap and see what a glorious difference! When it tackles the wash, dirt can't stay in. Out it goes—every last speck of it! For Fels-Naptha is full-of-action soap! Golden soap that's richer—with plenty of dirt-loosening naphtha added.



Two lively helpers instead of one! Together, they get clothes clean clear through and sparkling white!

And the beauty of it is, Fels-Naptha

is safe for everything! Douse your frilliest things in Fels-Naptha's suds—silk stockings, filmy lingerie, even your pet woollens. Just swish the bar in your basin till the water's good and sudsy—then take out the bar—and there isn't a chance of any undissolved soap particles sticking to dainty garments. (And that's what turns brown under the iron, you know.)



Fels-Naptha Soap is specially easy on hands, too. For there's soothing glycerine in every bar.

Use it YOUR way!

Fels-Naptha boils or soaks clothes beautifully. It washes clean in hot, lukewarm or cool water. It does fine work in the tub. And as for washing machines, women who know from experience—women who have tried all kinds of soaps—say nothing beats Fels-Naptha!

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get a few bars at your grocer's.



© 1934, FELS & CO.

EVERYBODY NOTICES "Tattle-Tale Gray"
... BANISH IT WITH Fels-Naptha Soap!

ever any men! I really didn't expect to see you all summer."

"Why?"
"I never dreamed you could tear your self away from your precious club!"

"It isn't my club."

"Well, Mrs. Mathews' then."

"It isn't hers, either, any longer."

"What do you mean, Marjorie?" Sam looked panic-stricken. "You didn't tell me! You don't mean there's not going to be any bridge club!"

"Oh, yes, it will go on. But Mrs. Mathews had an opportunity to go to Chicago, to teach bridge and conduct tournaments in a hotel. She thought she could make more money there, so she decided to sell the two-year lease on her studio and the furniture. She threw in the goodwill, I believe." Marjorie smiled, and a mischievous dimple appeared at the corner of her mouth.

"Oh!" Sam took a deep breath of relief. "That's all right, then. You'll still be there!"

"No," Marjorie replied, "I won't."

"Why not?"

Marjorie cast down her eyes and folded her hands in her lap. "I've been fired," she said meekly.

"Fired!"
"That's the word, I'm afraid. I wasn't asked to resign. Or even given two weeks' notice," said Marjorie, without bitterness. "The new owner simply told me to get out."

Sam started up angrily; and even Dolly cried out:

"What a shame, dear!"
"Who is the new owner?" Sam demanded, strutting like a turkey cock. He clenched his fists. "Man or woman? I hope it's a man!"

Marjorie looked more demure than ever. "It's Mrs. Dashforth."

"Lily Dashforth! If that isn't like her!" cried Dolly, in the greatest excitement. "Wait until I tell the girls. We always knew she was man-crazy!"

"I doubt if any of the men we know will want to go there, after this," declared Sam.

"Serve her right!" said his wife. "She must have been plotting this for some time, the little snake in the grass! I suppose she thinks she will have all the men to herself, at last—that's what she's always wanted!"

"I never wanted Marjorie to keep that silly job," Dick said. "I told her, right away, she had to give it up. And it was the first time in our life she ever refused to do what I wanted."

Marjorie smiled at him. "Well, now, Dick, I've done what you want—I've given it up."

"But you didn't exactly give it up, you know," Dick argued, later that night. "It's all very well to pretend, now, that you did it to please me, but the truth is you were forced to, or you'd never have left that club!"

The mischievous dimple appeared again at the corner of Marjorie's mouth. "Dick," she said, "I'll tell you a secret. That isn't the truth."

"What!"

"I could have stayed on at the club. Mrs. Mathews wanted me to own it. She said I could pay her in installments, out of the profits, and take as long as I liked. She said it really belonged to me, anyway, because I'd made it a success."

"Then how —"

"I suggested Lily Dashforth to her."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to be with you again, darling, of course."

"Well," said Dick, "I'm glad you came to your senses at last! For a while, it seemed to me, you were heading our marriage straight for the rocks! You might have known married people couldn't go on like that! Now we can have our evenings together, as we ought."

Marjorie looked up at him quickly, but he was quite serious. She saw that he had the convenient memory of all men. She leaned her cheek against his shoulder and stroked his sleeve. She said demurely:

"It's nice to know that you never wanted to be separated from me, darling—even for bridge!"

No Other November

(Continued from Page 21)

Chris and they didn't turn. Shorty slid the bolt on another door.

Abby was sitting on the edge of a cot in a room very similar to his own.

"How do you like the house party, Chris?" Her smile wavered, but her voice was gallant.

"Great, isn't it?" He tried to play up.

"I do like to get out into the woods this time of year." The note of gayety in her voice held and it was as though she was defying Shorty and his gang and everything he stood for. "For the shooting, Chris, did you bring your shooting things? That will be all, Jeeves. If we want anything we'll call."

Shorty scratched his head and grinned. He backed out the door and the bolt slid.

"A new butler." Abby's air of a harassed housewife held for a full half minute.

"I'll have a time breaking him in, I'm afraid. . . . Oh, Chris, Chris!" Her head was down suddenly and her voice was muffled. "Why don't you say it?"

"Say what, Abby?"

"I—I told you so."

Chris was looking at the abrasions on her wrists and a cold, still anger held him for a moment. He shook it off. She was more rueful than frightened so far. If he could keep her from thinking there was anything to be frightened about —

"It was my fault," he said. "I realized the danger and you didn't. When I think of how I let you walk out of my place and right into their arms, like a —"

"But then you couldn't have stopped me."

"I could have had your father send a guard. I could have"—this was difficult

and his head went down—"put up a stiffer fight. After all"—self-score practically choked him for a moment—"I'm supposed to be the pride of the Lake Ridge boxing team. They wouldn't have shot. The thing was, I had an idea it was one of Sherr's pranks and I — Well, I might have done something."

"You couldn't have." She shuddered slightly. "I thought they'd killed you as it was. I started to scream when I saw you fall and then — Oh, Chris, I am glad you're here."

"If looking at my face helps —"

"And it does."

"It won't be for long," Chris said. "They had me write your father a note."

"I know. I had to write a postscript and sign it. For identification, that was, I suppose. Chris, where do you suppose we are? Not that it will do us much good to know."

"How long did we ride in the first car? That's important."

"It seemed hours." She wrinkled her nose in an effort to remember. "Perhaps it wasn't more than a half hour."

"And not more than twenty minutes in the second car, I'd say. It's 9:15 now. Say an hour and a half in the boat." Chris was on his feet and moving about. "It's a one-story shack," he said. "A one-story shack with barred windows somewhere in the U. S. A." He stopped helplessly.

She was following him, keeping close to him, as a child might have done in a strange place. She'd been cool and poised and charmingly insolent, always, and now suddenly her defenses were down.

"Where—where (Continued on Page 58)

THEY'LL STEAL THEIR WAY TO YOUR HEART



WALLACE BEERY • JACKIE COOPER

ALL the love you have...you'll gladly give the Champ and the Kid as they return to the screen together, in the greatest of all adventure stories.

Anchors aweigh! Follow them to the end of the rainbow of romance! The Jolly Roger flies above...adventure walks the sea-sprayed decks below! Come...the open seas call...We're away to "Treasure Island" as literature's greatest classic springs to life on the screen!



Reverently...sincerely...and with the conviction that it mirrors all of the greatness of the superb original written work, METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER presents Robert Louis Stevenson's

TREASURE ISLAND

with
LIONEL BARRYMORE
OTTO KRUGER • LEWIS STONE
CHARLES (Chic) SALE

THESE IMMORTAL CHARACTERS LIVE AGAIN

WALLACE BEERY as Long John Silver
JACKIE COOPER as Jim Hawkins
LIONEL BARRYMORE as Billy Bones
OTTO KRUGER as Dr. Livesey • LEWIS STONE as Captain Smollett
"CHIC" SALE as Ben Gunn • DOROTHY PETERSON as Mrs. Hawlett

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Directed by VICTOR FLEMING Produced by HUNT STROMBERG



Sensitive skins
need the protection
of these
"Soft-Weve"
toilet tissues

Made soft and absorbent by a special process . . . Scott Tissues assure gentle, immaculate cleansing.

PLEASE be careful, Mother—about the toilet tissue used in your home. Make sure it is very absorbent, soft and non-irritating—like Scott-Tissue or Waldorf.

These "soft-weve" tissues are soothing and comfortable even to the most sensitive skin. Crumple a sheet between your fingers. It feels as soft as fine linen.

The special "soft-weve" process has given Scott Tissues a remarkably absorbent texture, too. They dry the skin thoroughly—cleanse immaculately.

If some one in your household needs



ONLY 2 SCOTT TISSUES

Scott Paper Company makes only two brands of toilet tissue. Remember these names when you buy—and accept no substitute!—

SCOTTISSUE—the soft, white Toilet Tissue. WALDORF—the popular, 1000-sheet, white roll. priced, cream-colored roll.

particularly careful treatment—"soft-weve" Scott Tissues not only assure comfort, but are a real protection against irritation.

In fact—your entire family will appreciate the softness and absorbency of these two health tissues at all times. Don't be careless about this bathroom essential. It really costs no more to buy these famous brands. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

Scott Tissues *Soft as Old Linen*

(Continued from Page 56)

are they keeping you, Chris?" She had to touch him now, a helpless little clinging of her fingers. "Are you near? If you could tap on a wall once in a while—"

"I'll tap." His arms were about her and he held her close. He had to stop thinking. He had to stop that crowding into his mind of all the details of kidnappings he'd read about in the past five years. If there was some way of shutting them out—

But there was no way. Chris' throat was tight. "We'll be laughing about this in three or four days," he promised.

Shorty chose that moment to slide the bolt in the door. "Excuse me." His grin was still in place. "All out now."

"How about some more blankets in here?" Chris dropped his arms. "How about something to eat?"

"I could rustle you a sandwich—and let's say—a coupla auto robes."

HE DIDN'T care about them one way or another except to see that they didn't escape. Chris noted with relief. Abby would be safe as long as things went smoothly; it was when a slip-up occurred and these rats were thrown into a panic that they were dangerous.

"Good night, Abby." He had difficulty in letting go of her hand.

"Good night, Chris." Her chin was up again, for Shorty's benefit. "We'll ride in the morning. At nine, say."

Chris sat on the edge of his own cot and ate his sandwich and drank the bottle of ginger ale Shorty had handed in to him, and it was astonishing how much better he felt. He remembered he'd promised Abby to tap and he went to the thin wall and rapped softly. A faint answering message came back to him. The door was whipped open then and he turned.

"What's that rapping?" Shorty's face was livid and unrecognizable. "Did you—"

"Yes."

"Well, do it again if you want another knock on the head. One you won't come out of."

Chris studied the yellow tinge that had taken Shorty's face. "Now you know," he thought. "I didn't mean any harm," he said. "Just—"

"You do it again and see what happens." Shorty's anger had subsided and the yellow tinge left his face.

"What's the matter, Jeeves?" Abby's voice, close to the wall, was amused and Shorty turned disgustedly on his heel.

"Now you know." Chris sat down on the bed again and thought. One little start and they went hay-wire.

"I'M AFRAID"—Abby picked a card up daintily—"I'll have to let Jeeves go. He knew I was having a house party and he neglected to get new cards in. The coffee this morning was putrid, too. It was vile. There!" She pounced gleefully upon Chris' grimy ten of hearts with a grimier ace of hearts. "What are you thinking about, Chris? You've played two tens with my ace right here on the board."

Chris grinned, but his grin felt strained. Impossible to tell her what he was thinking about, and yet impossible that she wasn't thinking the same thing. They'd been here twelve days. Twelve days, and nothing had happened. The tenseness about the shack had increased to the point where it seemed you could listen and hear something give—that was all. The two men set to guard them were growing more sullen and morose every moment, and Shorty's obnoxious grin had given way to a quiet, and somehow sinister, watchfulness. You could look at Shorty and see the yellow gaining in his face and eyes. They were just a cool hundred times as dangerous as they'd been the first few days. Chris knew that and he had to pretend he didn't know it. He had to pretend to them and to Abby and to himself, and pretending to himself was no good.

"Your play, Chris." Abby's voice recalled him. "Do you know I like pinochle, darling? It's an amazing game. We've

played hours and hours and I'm still learning things about it. How many hours, Chris, do you think?"

"How many hours? He managed another grin. "We'll take our setting-up exercises after this game," he promised.

"You were clever to have the nails taken out of the windows. Imagine, if we hadn't had any air."

It was fortunate he'd had that done while Shorty's good humor held, Chris thought. "Even Jeeves knew we couldn't break through those oak bars with our bare hands." He looked at the window thoughtfully.

"Speaking of Jeeves, did you think the bacon was soggy this morning, darling?" "You're going to call me 'darling' once too often, darling." Chris really grinned this time.

"Well, that's better." She gave him back the grin rather wistfully. "You've been smiling so strangely all day, Mr. Williamson."

"It's the servant question, Miss Perrin." He'd have to watch himself, he thought. "My bath this morning, for instance."

"And mine." She grimaced. "Honestly, Chris, if someone had asked me a month ago what was the most important thing in the world I'd have made some quaint reply like 'love' 'honor'—something like that. To think it's a huge porcelain tub full of warm, scented suds! Verberna," she said dreamily. "Geranium rose. Hot water and cold. Warm, fragrant steam. Sponges. Huge warm towels. Every morning at home Stevens—"

She stopped.

"If someone were to ask me right now I'd look at you and say 'courage.'"

"THANK you, Mr. Williamson. Now Jeeves calls it 'guts.' He said, 'You've got guts, girlie,' one day and there was a genuine glint of admiration in his eye—the left one. But that was before the milk of human kindness curdled in his—"

"Darling!"

"Darling!" Their voices wavered a little. "Your mouth looks so sweet when you say something like that and try to hold it steady. I'm going to kiss you." Abby came around the table slowly. "I don't care how dear and silly and squeamish you've been about kissing when we're practically locked in what's practically a bedroom together. There." Her lips closed over his softly.

"Oh, Abby." His arms were about her, his head buried in her dress. He didn't sleep half the time, afraid one of those thugs would take it into his head to bother her. He couldn't tell her that. Small wonder that his mouth twitched and that a muscle had taken to moving, uncontrollably, in his face.

"Worried?"

"No."

"Well, don't be. You see, father—he's marvelous. I never worry a minute."

"I don't worry about the outcome." Chris lied valiantly from the safe haven of her arms. "I know it's bound to end any minute, but it's the damnable wretchedness of this place for you in the meantime."

HE RAISED his head and their eyes met. He knew he was lying and he knew she knew he was lying, so they laughed together rather shyly.

"Now see here." Chris gathered himself together. "We snap out of this right away. Get the old blood circulating, that does it. Head up, Miss Perrin. Chin in. Heels together—"

"Cut the noise in there," an irritable voice barked at the door.

"Have you noticed a slight atmosphere of strain in the servants' quarters, Mr. Williamson?"

"They're tired of being penned up here."

"So am I, a—a little. I don't like them, Chris."

"Sweetheart! If I weren't afraid of what might happen to you I—I'd do something." It was a silent cry in his heart. "I'd knock one of them out and take a chance on getting the others before—"

(Continued on Page 60)

Stripped of Their Labels Sunbrite Wins . .



Women Choose Cleanser by Comparing Results in "Hidden Name Test"

IT'S an unusual contest! One can't predict the winner. For all the cans look alike, stripped of their famous labels! Only numbers identify them.

Which one will win? Which one is quickest for sinks, pots and pans? Which one does the best job on stove and refrigerator? Which one is safest for porcelain and enamel because it never scratches?

Housewives found the answer to these questions in the "Hidden Name Test." They used the leading brands in their own homes for one week—compared results—and chose Sunbrite!

And here's an interesting fact. Many women were surprised when they learned the name of the winner they had picked—for Sunbrite combines economy with high quality. Of course they changed to it immediately when they found out how easy and fast it makes all cleaning work. And, in many cases, they saved money by doing so, for Sunbrite is one of the most economical cleansers on the market!

Make this test yourself. Just get a can of Sunbrite and compare it, point by point, with whatever cleanser you are now using. Then buy the one you really prefer. That's the way to get most help for your money—and to prove that



"Why, it is actually more economical than the kind I used to buy! And it does much better work—I proved that in the Hidden Name Test."

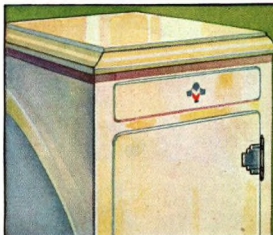


"I tested them on my best aluminum pans and that 3B didn't leave the slightest scratch. I like it much the best."

"Why, that's my favorite too! It makes cleaning so much easier. I used to hate to clean the stove but it's quick work with this cleanser. I wonder what brand it is!"

Now we can tell her—the winner was Sunbrite. In order to be absolutely fair, this cleanser was not always numbered the same in the individual "Hidden Name Test"—but it was the winner every time!

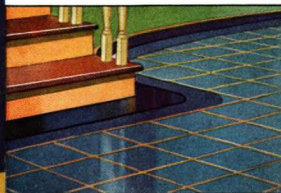
Good-bye to bathtub rings! Even the boys of the family will remember to clean the tub, if there's a can of Sunbrite handy.



SUNBRITE

Cleans Easier • Works Faster

Won't Scratch



Cooked in true ITALIAN STYLE

ONE OF THE 57

COOKED READY TO SERVE
HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE
MADE BY H.J. HEINZ CO.

America's Quick Meal

NOW Southern Italy's masterpiece becomes America's quick meal. You'll relish Heinz Cooked Spaghetti to the last tidbit, because it's the genuine Italian kind—cooked and blended after the formula of a famous Neapolitan chef. Heinz makes its own spaghetti of finest Durum wheat—drying the delicate strands in air-conditioned rooms. Then cooks it till tender. Surrounds it with high-flavored, ruddy sauce concocted of ripe, prize tomatoes, snappy cheese, meat stock and fragrant spices. Seals it in tins—ready for heating and feasting. Try Heinz Cooked Spaghetti tonight. Your family will find it a delicious change from meat and potatoes—and wonderfully nourishing.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. · TORONTO, CAN. · LONDON, ENG.

Heinz COOKED SPAGHETTI

(Continued from Page 58)

"Chris"—Abby's voice was quiet now—"why don't they write another note?"

They had written another note, five days ago. He couldn't tell her that.

"Here's the thing, Abby." He lied glibly, convincingly. He had to. "They like to stall. It makes your people more anxious to do as they say. It"—he floundered—"it mixes the police up too."

"I see. . . . Chris, I want to tell you something. I"—her hand was on his arm—"I want to thank you for the way you've been. You've been marvelous. I mean, I got you into this and you haven't said a word. You haven't even thought anything. I'd know if you had. When—when it's over I want to take you to my mother and tell her you're the best friend I'll ever have. The best friend."

THE grating sound of the bolt being slid drew their eyes. Shorty stood looking at them unpleasantly. "Get back to your own bunk, kid," he said curtly. "You two make more noise'n a hen card party." Shorty's close-set eyes were bloodshot and his shoulders were slumped.

"Okay," Chris said mechanically. He looked at Shorty and knew he was looking at a bad case of nerves. If this lasted much longer—He had to keep choking down thoughts which were unbearable. If fear got the upper hand with these three, or if they had any reason to think the police had got a clue as to their whereabouts—well, they wouldn't be found here with Abby, that was all. They wouldn't attempt to take her out of this, either.

"You're being dumb, if you ask me," Chris tried to keep his voice steady when Shorty brought his supper in that night. "Something's gone wrong. I know that. Now listen. I'm as anxious to get Miss Perrin out of here as you are. I know the family and I know the town. Why don't you tell me what's slipped up, and perhaps I can put you on the right track?"

Shorty looked at him suspiciously. "We're watchin' our step, is all," he said. "Say, what is this dame to you?"

"I"—Chris hesitated. "She's the girl I'd marry, if I could."

Shorty grunted, still studying him. "Them dumb palookas on the Lake Ridge force opened our first letter," he said then, slowly. "Bat—I mean one of our gang got scared off the second time. Say, you—"

"He turned surlily again. "That's all," he said shortly.

THAT'S all. Chris looked straight ahead of him after Shorty had left. Two failures and the gang was in a state of sullen fear, of jitters.

At 6:45 he was crouching close to the door and straining his ears for the news broadcast. At times he could catch snatches of it. "A saddened group waits by the telephone in the Perrin home tonight"—it came at last—"as the twelfth day passes without . . . Federal men, gathered in the little college town, promise three more days of noninterference before . . ."

There was a springing movement outside and the radio was snapped viciously into silence. Federal men, Chris thought sickly—that might be the spark to the powder. Three days. It wasn't long enough. His heart beat heavily and he strained his ears now for the sound of a car. Surely the boss would put in an appearance tonight.

It was nine o'clock before his vigil was rewarded. "They shift gears a couple of hundred feet from the house. The road comes up at the back. . . ." His mind was stored full of such irrelevant details. There was no help to him, but he went on accumulating them, mechanically. Water was brought from a pump and the pump was on his side of the shack, the east side. . . . That sort of thing. The bars on his window were of new wood, but the bars on Abby's were weathered and dark. He took up his post at the door again. The men were quieter than usual tonight. He caught their mood rather than their words as they argued sullenly.

"You can be squeamish." He knew Shorty by the rasp in his voice. "You ain't penned up here with the goods."

"If you don't like the way I'm handlin' this —" There was ominous authority in this voice. It was lowered immediately.

Chris snapped the glaring light off and buried his head in his arms on the table. "You can be squeamish. You ain't penned up here —" It was a sick repetition in his mind.

He started when Shorty opened the door and snapped his light on. "Wake up, you." There was a note of decision in Shorty's voice.

Chris blinked at him.

He stood blindfolded a short time later in the group of men in the outer room.

"Have you got it straight?" a voice rapped at him.

"Yes."

"You realize we mean business, don't you?"

"I realize that."

"One false move from you and it's all up with the girl, see. You'll be watched every minute."

"Leavin' the girl out of it," a new voice said. "Maybe he wants to live a while yet himself. Do you, kid?"

"Sure."

"Then listen: One slip-up and you're dead and nobody knows who bumped you. It looks like an accident, maybe."

Chris's heart was leaden. This—this must be the best thing. It was, at any rate, the only thing. But he had to see Abby before he left. "Let me talk to Miss Perrin a minute, will you?" he said. "It's better she knows."

There was silence for a moment. "Leave him see her," Shorty put in then. "I don't want no hysterical dames on my hands."

"All right," it was decided. "But make it snappy. Get her to sign that paper too."

"GOOD heavens, Chris." He felt Abby's hands on his face. "What's up—a masquerade party? Tell—tell Jeeves I'm not up to it, will you?"

It was hard, telling her. "I hate leaving you here, but it's the only thing," he finished. "You see that, don't you?"

"I'll be all right, Chris." But her clasp on his hands tightened.

"They're afraid to get in touch with your father themselves. The police —"

"But they think you —"

"They think I can get to him and if the police pick me up I don't know anything. If your father is waiting for a phone call, Abby, where —"

"In his study on the first floor. Behind the library. There are French windows opening on a sort of sun deck there."

"I see." Chris could feel her hands trembling and he bent over them for a moment. "If I could see you, Abby —"

"You'll see me soon, darling." Her gayety for the first time was forced and weak. "We'll have dinner at home, and oh, Chris, we'll be happy again. Here—here's for luck." Her lips were soft against his and her cheeks were wet.

"YOU'RE just off the highway three miles out of Lake Ridge," a jerky voice told him. "Stand still and count one hundred slow after you hear the car leave. Go straight ahead then to the highway and turn left. It's up to you now, buddy. You got it all straight?"

"Yes."

"If you don't get the money it's too bad for both you and the girl. If you get it an' anything happens to it it's too bad. One false move an' it's too bad. We ain't far away any time, see?"

"I see."

"You're known in Lake Ridge an' your photo's been in the Detroit papers. You got to be careful an' walk every place and don't attract no attention." The man finished hurriedly and Chris heard the car door slam. He counted to one hundred slowly and then ripped the blindfold from his eyes. It was 12:30.

"You're sure?" Perrin faced him haggardly across the desk. "She's all right?"

BUY KNOWN QUALITY~
Look for the E-Z Label

We call these new, soft, comfy garments "E-ZETTES". Made for children of any age in union suits or vests and panties.

E-Z garments wear and wear a and wear. Fine materials, perfect fit and extra reinforcement where the strains come.

E-Z UNDERWEAR
"For any child of any age"

E-Z Mills, Inc., 57 Worth Street, New York

NEW GUARANTEE against bottle breakage from any cause

Most amazing offer ever made

PURCHASERS of six Hygeia Nursing Bottles and six Nipples now get a Guarantee against bottle breakage from any cause whatsoever. Details in new blue carton. The Hygeia Bottle has no shoulder or neck to collect dirt. No brush or funnel needed to clean or fill it. The Hygeia Nipple does not collect food particles. Patented tab keeps fingers from sterilized inside surface. Patented reinforced base resists nipple collapse. Dirt causes intestinal disorders. Use Hygeia Bottles and Nipples. Use Hygeia Strained Vegetables too.

Hygeia The Safe Nursing Bottle

FLIT POWDER FOR DOGS

Flit Powder is certain death to fleas. Neutral in color, odorless, does not show on dog. It retains its power. Hence when sprinkling beds and kennels, it not only kills the fleas, but those hatching later from eggs, effectively freeing dog from vermin. Harmless to normal skin of man or animal and is excellently for parasites on house birds, poultry, and all pets. 10¢ and 25¢.

PRODUCED AND GUARANTEED BY THE MAKERS OF FLIT SPRAY

SELL STAMPED GOODS

Make 100% PROFIT

New 16 page catalogue FREE. . . . put you in money making business. Look stamped goods direct from manufacturer—sell at 100% profit. Over 100 new items—magnets, pillows, table cloths, bridge sets, towels, aprons, etc. Imported lines and novelties. Complete instructions for minimum free. It's easy. Just write: Machine Art Embroidery Co., 30 W. 31st St., Dept. 69, New York, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY EASILY—SPARE TIME

Sell 15 new Souvenirs—21 10¢ Souv. Artwork Christmas Posters at 81¢. Souv. to Gold Silver Parfumeria. Hand-made capers. Mother of Pearl. Hand-Toned Fishing. Christmas Cards. The Commission. No investment. 21 Souv. for \$1.00. Write for details.

BUNSHINE ART STUDIO, 306 Broadway, Dept. 1, New York.

"There's today's paper, Mr. Perrin. She signed it not more than three hours ago. I have instructions where to take the money and they want your written promise to try to keep her return secret for three days."

Perrin was absorbed in a study of the scrawled signature on the paper. "Carried you off with her, eh?"

"Yes. I started to put up a fight and they knocked me out. Were afraid I'd come to and give the alarm, I guess. They had me write the notes, then."

"They had you write the notes," Perrin was searching in a drawer. He brought out a letter and compared the writing on it with the writing on the newspaper margin.

Chris looked at his watch. He saw that Perrin's former friendliness was gone, but that didn't matter now. Nothing mattered except that he should believe him and that he should hurry. "Please." He was on his feet and his voice was strained. "The last train I can get out of here to-night leaves at 1:50. I'm to be there tomorrow, if possible. I can't afford to be seen in Lake Ridge. If these yokels on the local police force think — If you have the money here, for heaven's sake —"

"I have it here and I'm forced to give it to you," Perrin drew paper to him slowly and his hand was unsteady as he wrote out the required promise. "I've had a feeling for days that she's dead—that Abby's dead." His voice was queer and he looked suddenly old and shrunken in his chair. "Her mother too. Do you swear before God she's all right?"

"There's her signature" on this morning's paper, Mr. Perrin. "Patience returned to Chris. "She's alive and well."

"I can't tell. The ink has run and I can't tell." There was no life in Henry Perrin's voice. "They have ways of making you do as you're told, I know. But wait here. I won't be long."

CHRIS walked the streets of Detroit endlessly next day. His head was down, his hat pulled over his eyes, and his will kept trying to force the hands of his watch forward. Four o'clock was the time set for his rendezvous. His fingers gripped the handle of the bag Perrin had given him so tightly that they were cramped and stiff. He had to transfer the bag to the left hand at times and work the fingers of the right until the blood flowed back into them.

At a quarter to four he had a cup of coffee in a restaurant three blocks from the hotel to which he had been directed. At four o'clock he was at the desk and inquiring for a Mr. Amos F. Bigley.

"Now get out of here and keep your mouth shut," Mr. Bigley had opened the door of Room 415 to him; he'd opened the bag and investigated its contents feverishly. "You're still bein' watched, remember."

"Is it all right for me to go back and tell Perrin —"

"Tell him he'll hear from his girl at eight tomorrow night. We'll drop her near a phone."

"At eight?"

"That's right. Now scam."

He was literally pushed through the door. He was in the creaking elevator. He was in the street and he could breathe again. A thousand-pound weight had been lifted from his chest and he didn't know whether to laugh, to shout or to sing. Sensibly he did none of these things, but merely walked through the streets again with his head down. Abby was free. She was free! As soon as plane or car or train could carry that money, or word of it, back to the shack, she'd be let go.

"IT'S all right," were his first breathless words to Abby's father next evening. "It went through without a hitch. She's to call at eight o'clock tonight."

"I'm glad to see you back here, Williamson." Perrin's face had relaxed a little. He was keeping his watch alone again and he led Chris back to the study. Their eyes sought the electric desk clock. Fifteen minutes. A feeling of lightheadedness came

over Chris and he sank into a chair. The study was a warm and waiting place to-night. The atmosphere was changed. Henry Perrin was merely quiet now, and watchful, and Chris took his cue from him. They watched the creeping noiseless hands of the clock.

"Is the car ready?" Chris asked once.

"Yes."

It was three minutes to eight and they watched the phone instead of the clock. It was ten minutes past eight and Perrin's fingers twitched a little. It was somehow 8:30. Chris' elbows were on his knees and his head was buried in his hands at ten o'clock. Ten-thirty, and Chris could hear his own heart beat. It was a slow, heavy thud that set the whole room to pulsing before his eyes.

Perrin's face was drawn again and there was only his watchfulness left. He picked up the phone with a shaky movement at eleven. "Call back here," he directed hoarsely. The phone rang immediately and he sank back in his chair.

TEN minutes to twelve, and Chris had to fight down waves of sickness which had been engulfing him for an hour. He shook his head and strained for breath and tried to force coherent thought out of the panic that held him. There was some reasonable explanation for this. There'd been some delay. But—"She's dead. Abby's dead. They've killed her!" That sick certainty shut out everything else. He raised his hand as if to strike down the terror that rose in a fog about him.

"Sit still, Williamson." It was a strange, thick voice, and Chris raised dazed eyes to see that Abby's father had taken a small automatic from the desk. "This thing goes into the hands of the police now. I don't know what you know, but they'll have ways of making you talk. My daughter is dead. I've had a feeling she's been dead for days, and tonight I'm convinced of it. You made a play for her from the time she came out here. You —"

Chris' voice was a strangled sound in his throat.

"— You lured her out of this house and into your apartment. She disappeared from there and you disappeared with her. You wrote the ransom notes. Now this. Get up there,"—the voice was thicker—"and dial 211."

Chris moved slowly out of his paralytic.

"That's the police," he said stupidly.

"Yes, 211." This wasn't the Henry Perrin anyone in Lake Ridge knew.

"Will you give me five minutes to tell you —"

"No. Dial that number."

CHRIS' hands were on the phone. "You're killing her now," he said hoarsely. "You promised three days' silence and there's been a slip-up." He had only seconds and his voice was choked and slow. "These yokels will lock me up. They won't listen to me. They won't believe anything I say. I—I've got to get back there. I've got to!" His voice rose. "There isn't anybody in God's world has a chance of finding that place but me —"

"Dial that number."

"Two," Chris dialed. He wasn't dealing with a reasonable man, or even a sane one, and thinking had nothing to do with what he did next. He had to get to Abby and the necessity was a blind roaring about his ears and a helpless pounding in his heart. It didn't matter if Perrin shot. "One," he dialed, and struck out with blind instinct for Perrin's jaw. He heard the gun fall as the older man slumped. In an instant he'd retrieved it and was on the sun deck. He'd leaped to the lawn below and was running blindly. He had to get to Abby. He had to, now.

He stopped running outside an all-night diner on the outskirts of Lake Ridge and fought to control his sobbing breath. Rushing blindly this way wasn't going to help him. He had to have a plan and a car. He had to have someone he could trust. Someone daring and a little mad.

Sherr.

(To be Continued)



If you use MUM we know 3 things about you

You're smart

You're particular

You're busy

You're smart—so smart that you know exactly what you want. And you want an underarm perspiration deodorant that is harmless to clothing and that you can therefore use *any time*—after you're dressed, as well as *before*. You want one that's so soothing to skin you can shave your underarms and use *at once*.

You're particular—so particular that you can't bear the thought of the slightest taint of underarm perspiration odor on your person or clothing. And knowing that your daily bath can't keep your underarms fresh all day long, you give them care that's a *sure* protection—with Mum.

You're busy—so busy that you can't be bothered with tedious toilet rites. Your underarm deodorant must be one that takes no longer than half a minute to apply and when it's on, it's done. And you know you have that in Mum. All toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



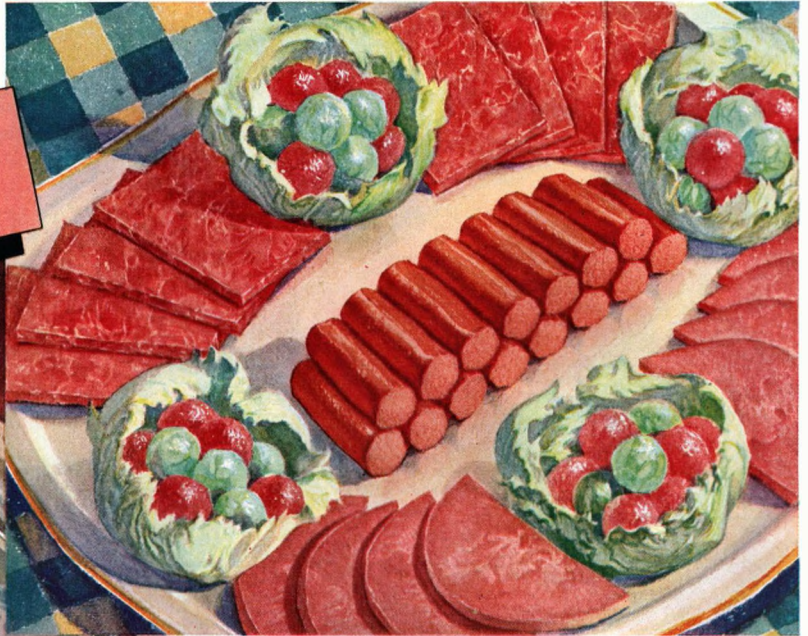
**TAKES THE
ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

ANOTHER THING GRATEFUL WOMEN KNOW—on sanitary napkins Mum gives complete protection from the unpleasantness which is always a source of fear and worry.

Sit back and take it easy!



HERE ARE YOUR MEATS...READY!



"TOM, AND OUR GUESTS TOO, RAVED ABOUT THIS!" A delectable main dish—quick and easy and cool, to prepare and to eat. The ready-cooked meats are Libby's famous Corned Beef, Lunch Tongue, and Vienna Sausage. With them, a salad of cucumber and watermelon balls marinated in French Dressing

● No hot kitchen for you, Madam... not on these summer days. The makings for quick-and-clever meals await you at your grocer's... satisfying meals... with meats! Just ask for Libby's Meat Delicacies, they're ready-cooked.

You'll find a positively inspiring selection of the kind of thing men love. Corned Beef, for instance. Libby's is famous for mild rich flavor. And famous for its economy, too. Low-priced to begin with, every bit you buy is solid meat with no waste or gristle. Then there is Corned Beef Hash... made with lots of Corned Beef

and with "home-touch" seasoning. And spicy little Vienna Sausages (ever try them with scrambled eggs?); and delicate Lunch Tongues; and a finer Deviled Ham.

You could serve a different Libby main dish every night of the week and keep the fussiest family happy... while you cut down work and expense.

This summer, take it easier. Stock your pantry with these short-cuts to successful meals: Corned Beef, Corned Beef Hash, Vienna Sausages, Lunch Tongue, Deviled Ham. All of them Libby's. All of them ready to serve. Libby, McNeill & Libby.

"NOW MY FAMILY ASKS FOR HASH!" Libby's Corned Beef Hash—made with plenty of Corned Beef—is the kind families never tire of. Summer Suggestion: Brown the hash in a frying pan and serve folded over omelet-wise. Accompany with quartered tomatoes, hard-cooked eggs, and Tartar Sauce



THE LARGEST-SELLING CORNED BEEF IN THE WORLD

ASK FOR

Libby's

MEAT DELICACIES

...they're ready to serve

OH, A WHOLE ARRAY! AND SPECIAL PRICES!



● See your grocer's grouped display of Libby's ready-to-serve Meats. Note his special prices. You can save time and money by laying in a supply, right now, of these table-ready delicacies

Welcome Home, Hal!

(Continued from Page 7)

As she mounted the stairs to remove her wraps in Mrs. Stryker's guest chamber, she could hear the other ladies in conversation—specifically the voice of Mrs. Hattie Durkin, remarking acridly: “. . . embarrassing to be an old girl he ditched.”

“Hold on to yourself, Judith,” she said under her breath; “consider the source.”

For Mrs. Hattie Durkin, head of Division II, was the town's human flea. From one person to another Mrs. Hattie Durkin darted, sticking her tiny proboscis of gossip into one, piercing the outer texture of his sensibilities, while her thin lips smiled and her small beady eyes shifted cannily toward her prey.

“Oh, hello, Judith,” she said now. “You'll be glad to see Hal—you were such old friends.” Then she bit Mrs. Ralph Hitchcock, whose husband's business had failed; “Hal will see changes in your life, Etta.” And enjoyed the victim's momentary irritation at the puncture.

They all went downstairs to begin plans for an event which Judith loathed with every fiber of her being.

Mrs. Stryker, having figuratively donned her general's uniform upon first hearing of Hal's coming, was ready with her bombardment. She made her assignments immediately.

MRS. OTTO SCHNEIDERMAN was to have charge of the food, a very sanguine procedure, for Mrs. Schneiderman's theory of life was that earth held no sorrow that food could not heal; her motto, “A bird on the table is worth two in the henhouse”; her prayer, “Give us this day our daily bread,” contained no spiritual interpretation. So she came like a war horse to the Battle of the Menu. One would have thought, to hear her talk, that Hal had never known a square meal since he shook the dust of Mayville from his nimble feet. She was all for vegetable soup, chicken pie, noodles, oysters, roast beef, rolls, cabbage salad, fruit salad—

Judith looked at her through the eyes of the girl who was coming. She seemed to be able to visualize that girl—dark and tall and slender, and the last word in modish attire. She could imagine her soft smile, guarded but supercilious; hear her laugh with Hal later. She could bear anything better than to think that Hal would laugh with her.

If Mrs. Otto Schneiderman was concerned with the food to be consumed, Mrs. Ralph Hitchcock was torn by social problems: where Hal should sit; where the toastmaster, the girl; the order in which the speakers and singers should be honored in the seating problem. Would the Rev. Arthur Caldwell be hurt if the Rev. Benjamin Hass was asked to give the invocation? Should the girl have a corsage at her plate?

“After all,” said Mrs. Stryker pompously, “the dinner is for Hal. We really don't know the status of the girl.”

Mrs. Hattie Durkin immediately lighted and bit: “Good land, he's engaged to her, or he wouldn't have brought her”—and darted her small beady eyes at Judith.

SHE hated it all, did Judith: the deep discussions over trifles; whether to put raisins in the dark cakes or leave them out; whether to have the salad placed fresh on the plates as Mrs. Schneiderman wanted it, or embalmed in gelatin as Mrs. Stryker insisted.

Eventually all four, however, were assigned to their respective posts: Mrs. Otto Schneiderman for food; Mrs. Ralph Hitchcock for the program; Mrs. Hattie Durkin for publicity, tickets and finances; Judith for tables, dishes and decoration; with Mrs. Clement Waldo Stryker, in the language of Mr. Kipling, as he correctly, if unintentionally, described her, “sitting up in a conning-tower bossing three hundred men.”

Out of a chaos of plans and suggestions, ludicrous, feasible and impossible, these slowly and painfully evolved a program for the occasion. She who can handle a small town community affair could be ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Tickets were to be sold to the public.

“He belongs to every man, woman and child in the community,” Mrs. Hitchcock had said, with ready emotional moisture in her eyes.

Mrs. Hattie Durkin had leaped. “I'd say he belongs to his girl,” she cackled, and shot Judith a furtive glance.

THE dinner was to be at seven, or as nearly afterward as it was possible for Mayville's beauty and chivalry to assemble. The high-school orchestra was to play. The Rev. Benjamin Hass was to give an invocation before they were seated. Although it took physical bravery and a goodly portion of tact, Mrs. Otto Schneiderman was to be held down to three courses of food.

Mrs. Walter Merrick, who had studied music in Chicago, was to sing. “To render” sometimes meaning “to inflict,” the Methodist men's quartet was to render a piece. Hannah Thompson Emmett was to read an original poem. Mayor Stryker was to make the official welcoming speech in behalf of the town. Joe Edminston was to give an expurgated summary of Hal's boyhood, after which resume, and appropriately, as atonement follows confession of past sins, the Rev. Arthur Caldwell was to pay tribute to Hal's later and supposedly less lurid life.

This assortment of literary, musical and spiritual contributions to Hal Dening's welcome was good as far as it went, but to Mrs. Hitchcock's emotional nature it did not go far enough.

“As I said before”—her sensitive chin quivered in comradely alliance with her warm heart—“Hal Dening belongs to every man, woman and child in the community, and I repeat ‘child’—but notice that up to this minute not one of the little darlings has a part in the program. I want the little folks to have a share in this welcome, too. Judith, couldn't you train a group—some little flag drill or something of that kind?”

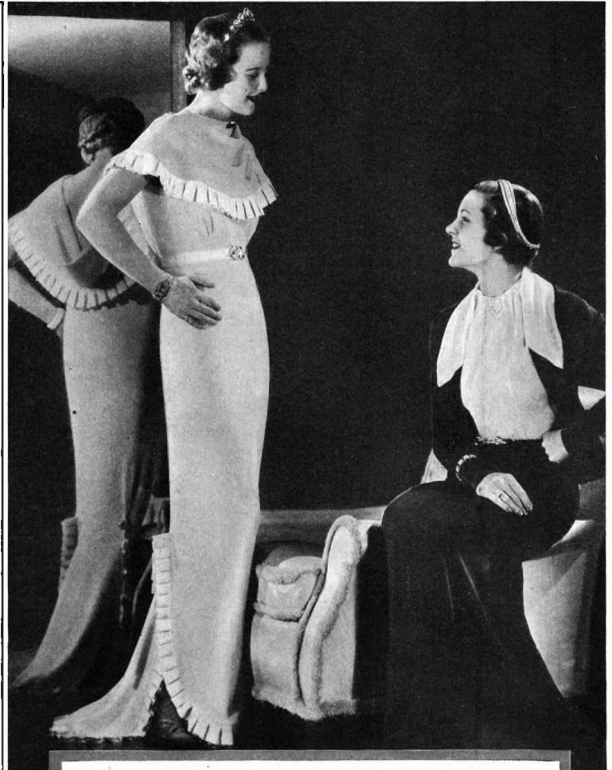
“No, I couldn't,” said Judith, and cast about wildly for an excuse that would not wobble too noticeably. “I—we're beginning a new and hard number work Monday, and I always—always make a good deal of preparation for it.”

And in as much as not one of the other four had ever taught, the frail little excuse limped past them without reproach.

OH, SHE hated it all. If it were Hal alone! But the girl—it would be a ridiculous thing for her to witness. Why should these good, kind people, salt of the earth, as the Reverend Caldwell called them, work their heads off for three days to welcome Hal home, only to be laughed at for their pains? Yesterday she had loved all these home folks—well, almost all of them—tonight she hated them for proposing and expecting to carry out this wild small-town festivity, this village orgy, this—this wineless bacchanalia.

But it was always of the girl she was thinking. Hal would fit in anywhere, but that “rag and bone and hank of hair” who was coming with him; how could she understand the love and affection for Hal that was going into this ridiculous dinner? Hal, alone, would understand, but Hal was not to be alone. Men were so susceptible to the opinions of the girls with whom they were in love—and Hal was in love.

Thursday and Friday were lived through. On Friday afternoon Judith went to the woods with the school children for autumn leaves with which to decorate the freshly plastered sides of the



“Look! I've lost every bulge, thanks to my SPENCER.”

“Yes, and your hips look inches slimmer.”

THE slightest bulge of hips or abdomen is accentuated by the smooth, flowing lines of today's frocks. Your Spencer will be designed to idealize the loveliest lines of your figure and eliminate all bulges.

The gown that looks charming when you first wear your Spencer will lose none of its grace of line months later, for your Spencer is guaranteed to keep its lovely lines as long as it is worn.

Why Spencers are different

Remember this: Spencer corsets and bandeaux are distinguished from ordinary corsets because each Spencer is a special creation—designed, cut and made exclusively for the woman who wears it, and for her alone.

Write Anne Spencer for her personal advice FREE

If some special figure fault troubles you, mark it on the figure at right.



Anne Spencer
Spencer Corset Co., Inc.
141 Derby Avenue,
New Haven, Connecticut

Canada: Rock Island, Quebec.

Great Britain: 96 Regent St., W. 1., London.

© 1924, Spencer Corset Co., Inc.

Name _____

Address _____

Do You Want to Make Money?

If you are a business woman, or would like to be one, let us train you to become a Spencer Corsetiere. Check here . . .

SPENCER INDIVIDUALLY **CORSETS**
DESIGNED



Walk into Fall with chic Vitality in the *Charmed Circle*



There are also Vitality Health Shoes for the younger generation from tiny tots to teen age. Every pair is all leather quality and embodies the best health features. Priced \$2.00 to \$5.00 according to size.

FALL is the time for chic vitality. And shoes, of course, are the finishing touch to the Fall fashion picture. Especially so, now that the smart world has revived the art of walking. But the footwear you select must be right. Vitality Health Shoes are the perfect answer! For you will discover in their style the beauty of authentic smartness—and in their perfect fitting features assured poise and buoyant foot-freedom. As for value, their thorough-going quality and their inviting prices suggest a very worthwhile economy.

VITALITY SHOE COMPANY • St. Louis
Division of International Shoe Co.

VITALITY
health shoes



SIZES 5 TO 11 / / WIDTHS AAAA TO EEE

new barnlike room called by courtesy the banquet hall.

Saturday dawned mild and warm and sunshiny. October's Indian summer was welcoming Hal, too, with the haze in the distance that he loved, and the smell of fall-turned loam and wild haws and bonfires coming over the town on the wings of the autumn breeze.

Just before noon Judith made her angel-food cake—a huge fifteen-egg affair that in its completed white perfection soothed her pride for the space of a few moments. In the early afternoon she went down to the community building and set her tables. At home again she bathed, and dressed for evening in a soft gray-blue mull the exact shade of her eyes. At five o'clock she took her cake in its basket and started back to the community building.

Because there was no car for Joe and Mabel's she stopped for a brief moment, half in fear that the couple would come before she could get away. She found Mabel tired and irritable with the nervousness that comes from preparing to entertain a stranger. Ruth Jean was practicing monotonously "one . . . two . . . one . . . two." The baby was nibbling a piece of paraffin, so Judith extracted it from his mouth and cuddled him for a few moments. "She may not like children," she thought, and for no special reason had a fleeting hope that she would not.

ALL the way down to the dinner she looked at the town through the coming stranger's eyes: the small park with its simple little fountain—once she had been proud of that newly acquired fountain; the wide country-lane streets, with the trees nearly meeting overhead—once she had revealed in their soothing shade; the hodgepodge homes-square frames, hump-galows, cottages, red-brick two-storied ones—once they had looked pleasant and adequate because they housed old friends; the community building itself, now a huge, gray-stucco affair, its architecture merely inverted soup tureen—once she had worked hard for that building, given school programs to earn money for it, been proud of its completion. Today she saw nothing but through alien eyes—and a small Midwestern town through alien eyes is sometimes not a lovely thing.

She went up the walk to the south door. Box-elder bugs swarmed over the whole side, the warmth of the Indian summer day having brought them out of their fall hibernation. They clung to the gray of the stucco like an army of Reds carrying their flags under each wing. They irritated her, as though they too were merely small-town bugs, as though city bugs might have flaunted more modest colors, been better behaved.

She went directly into the kitchen with its new pine built-in tables and sinks. The room seemed too warm with the heat from a range, so she took her cake on into the far end of the cool plastered furnace room and placed it on a shelf near a partly open window, covering it securely with a snow-white tea towel.

BACK in the kitchen she encountered Mrs. Clement Waldo Stryker, her portly figure incased in black satin, jet earrings against the pink smoothness of her fat cheeks, just now a huge apron swathing the satin dress. How grotesque! How the girl would laugh at the combination. Where besides a small town did one ever encounter such an association of servant-and-hostess ideas and clothes?

Mrs. Hattie Durkin came in. She darted a swift glance at Judith with her little shifting eyes. "Judith, you and Hal was such old friends—you should have et with him instead o' workin'."

Judith felt the bite, pretended it hadn't stung, said casually, "Oh, somebody always has to put over a social affair."

The helpers were arriving—the two women were arriving—to pare potatoes. Everything was so confusing in the kitchen that Judith slipped into the large dining hall, where her tables stretched their forms

down the room like block-long white-sheeted panels. The tablecloths were of a dozen varied patterns. Mrs. Schneiderman's Irish damask ones overlapped Mrs. Hattie Durkin's mercerized ones. The flowers were home-grown, the vases a heterogeneous collection borrowed from high and low. All the leaves that the children had brought could not hide the bareness of the newly plastered walls. There were not anywhere near enough new chairs for the crowd, and now the high-school boys were noisily stumbling in with a jumble of drug-store chairs, funeral-parlor chairs, Mrs. Merrick's early-American, Mrs. Stryker's modern-Jacobean and Mrs. Hattie Durkin's painted kitchen ones.

THE high-school girls who were to wait on tables arrived in fifteen-year-old breathless excitement over the coming of the romantic couple. Judith fixed salads. A million little quivering pyramids of pale green gelatin arose from their pale green lettuce beds, giving specific orders that Mrs. Stryker still wielding her scepter, had won in the salad argument.

That majestic personage was now engaged in giving everyone orders. "As soon as I give the signal, start in to arrange the second course. As soon as the second course is being removed, start cutting cakes. It must all go off like clockwork."

Judith had a wild notion that the whole affair was being conducted from the trenches; that this was just before the zero hour, and soon they were all to go over the top. How she would have loved to laugh about it with Hal, imitate Mrs. Stryker's bombastic orders and Mrs. Schneiderman's perturbation over the amount of provender. She could see the way Hal's mouth would have drawn up at the corners and the wicked grin give way to contented chuckles. Or would the girl have a sense of that same deep humor, understand that delicious whimsy?

It was nearly time now. People were in the "parlors," freshly plastered and decorated with the autumn leaves and the G. A. R., Spanish-American and World War flags. She could hear laughing, talking; through the constantly swinging doors catch glimpses of the town's merchants and professional men, farmers and laborers, a cosmopolitan group of men, and such wives, sisters and daughters as were not actively engaged in the food belt.

Three high-school girls stuck their heads through three swinging doors simultaneously to shrill: "They're here!"

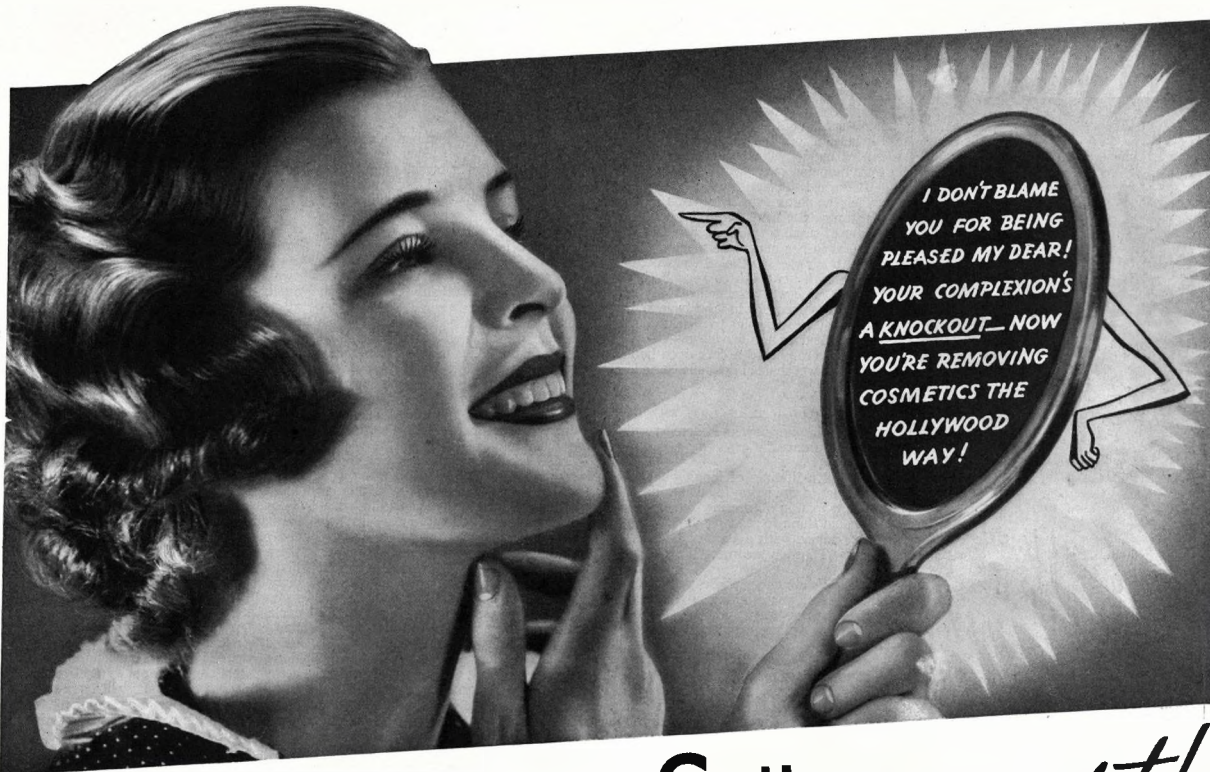
THE members of the Mayville Community Ladies' Welfare Club forgot their cues, ignored the field marshal, crowded to the swinging doors to peek at the guest of honor and his young lady. Mesdames Durkin, Schneiderman and Hitchcock all went out to shake hands with the returning hero and his sweetheart, headed by no less a personage than their bellwether, Mrs. Clement Waldo Stryker.

Judith knew she should have trailed along, too. But she could not—not with the eyes of the town upon her. She had been a traitor to herself at Joe and Mabel's, and now she could not trust the unreliable person she had thought to be her placid self. It seemed suffocating here in the kitchen. In a few minutes she would be all right, but just now her heart was pounding so hard that its noise was in her ears, the pulsation of her throat was so apparent that she put her hand there to still its beating. Suddenly she turned and slipped into the cool quiet of the furnace room, colliding, as she did so, with Joe, who had just deposited an ice-cream freezer therein.

"Oh, Joe—sorry!" she said. And finished lamely, "I have to see about my cake."

And then to fool herself, pretending to herself to prove her point, she walked over to the far end of the room where the cake sat, to unveil its white perfection.

And stared. Some four hundred box-elder bugs were toiling their way patiently up the treacherous iced sides like so many hearty Alpine (Continued on Page 66)



I DON'T BLAME
YOU FOR BEING
PLEASED MY DEAR!
YOUR COMPLEXION'S
A KNOCKOUT—NOW
YOU'RE REMOVING
COSMETICS THE
HOLLYWOOD
WAY!

Sally's pretty and Sally's smart!

She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have you seen warning signals of this distressing modern complexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness—blackheads, perhaps? No need to worry! Cosmetics need not harm even

delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. When this happens, the pores gradually become clogged, distended—unable to function normally—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up during the day, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use this gentle soap to protect your skin—keep it beautiful.

Like most girls I use rouge and powder, but never do I risk Cosmetic Skin... thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**

Loretta Young 20TH CENTURY STAR



MEMO:

to put beside
your telephone



Call out of town
after 7 P.M.
Save about 15%.

Call out of town
after 8:30 P.M.
Save about 40%.

YOU'LL save money by making your calls to out-of-town places in the evening when rates for station-to-station calls are especially low.

Between 7 and 8:30 P. M. the station-to-station rates to most points are 15% less and after 8:30 P. M. are 40% less than daytime rates. During the night period, for example, you can talk 150 miles away for about 50c.

And even greater than the pleasure you get from a telephone call is the pleasure you give. Try it tonight.



"Hold the line, please!"

(Continued from Page 64)

climbers. Several dozen, having gained their objective, peered out from frosted crevices at the top. The gayest adventurers of them all, a few clumsy fellows, flew flappingly up from their highly original investigation of the dark shaft of the center hole. From the open window a long line of happy fellow soldiers of fortune were hurrying cakeward.

It seemed the last straw on a breaking camel, the paramount horror of a hideous nightmare, the final drop of a three-day deluge of small-town stuff. She clenched her fists in her nervousness. Angry tears came to her eyes, so that she pinched her tongue with her teeth to keep back the hysteria. She was ashamed of Mayville, ashamed of everyone in it and everything they did. She was going to slip out of that far outside door and leave the —

Because she heard a door open behind her and saw a shaft of light she turned.

"Hal!"

"Judy!"

"How did you —"

"Joe told me you were in here, crawling into the furnace."

AFTER a lifetime of longing for him, it seems of dreaming it all out, days of the anticipation of meeting him again, all she could think to say was, "Oh, Hal, my cake's ruined with a thousand box-elder bugs." Thus do we meet life's deepest crises.

"What's a bug or two between friends, Judy?" Hal was grinning in that never-to-be-forgotten way, with the corners of his mouth drawing up, and holding out his arms.

Before she could think, before reason had time to command, and only foolish sentiment directed, she was in those arms and Hal had held her close and kissed her. Like a flower to the sun, or the tides to the moon, she had gone, before she remembered how or why she had let herself go. After all, Hal was modern, probably kissed indiscriminately these days if he chose. She had always been a little old-fashioned about it. Well, she still was. More small-town stuff, maybe, but it was the way she felt.

"Oh, Hal! I'm sorry. I shouldn't have — nor let you."

"And why not, Judy-Prudy?" It was the first time she had heard that old nickname for years.

"Well—the girl —"

She was laughing in embarrassment. After all, she shouldn't attach any importance to the very natural thing of that friendly greeting—except for the fact that it had seemed so much more than friendly!

"The girl? What girl? Whose girl? Why a girl?"

"Why—the girl you brought." She looked up at Hal, startled. "You did bring her, didn't you?"

HAL threw back his head and laughed long and merrily behind the furnace in the plaster-smelling room. "My girl's eighty-one—grandma. I told Joe I was bringing her, but it seems that my penmanship isn't all that it might be, and in my hastily scribbled note the word 'Gran' looked like 'Grace,' and Joe and Mabel were all set to welcome a real fiancée. You should have seen their faces when I helped little old Gran out of the car." Then he pulled Judith close again. "Lord, Judy, you're sweet and dear. I don't know why we've wasted any —" He broke off to say hurriedly, "I'm dropping grandma off here to visit and I'm taking you to the Coast with me. Will you, Judy? Marry me before Monday morning and drive on to the Coast with me?" And without waiting for an answer: "How do you get married around here now, anyway? Do you have to tack up a notice in the post office, or does old preacher Hass announce it from the pulpit along with prayer meeting and choir practice? . . . I get married so seldom these days. . . ."

Judy was laughing. Was she always to laugh now? "Oh, Hal—I couldn't."

For the first time he was serious. "There's no one else? None of these new men? If there is —"

"No, there never was anyone but you." Doctor McDonald might have been in Tasmania. "But—I mean—not Monday. Why, I couldn't. I'm a teacher. We're—we're taking up new number work Monday morning."

"So am I. I'm subtracting grandma and adding you and dividing my income and —" Hal would—"we'll talk about multiplying later."

Joe opened a door, stuck his head around the furnace and emitted an ancient small-town joke: "Hey, folks—sorry to interrupt, but we can't start things out here without the prodigal calf."

And Hal had to go. He kept Judy's hand a moment, kissed the soft pink palm. "Aren't you coming in to sit with me?"

"Heavens, no, Hal; go on—hurry! I'm chairman of Division IV of the Mayville Ladies' Community Welfare Club."

"My word—and to think I, once also glimpsed the sultan of Turkey." And Hal was gone.

And Judith, her heart shouting to the four winds that she was going away with Hal, had to go back into the kitchen to hand out quivering green-gelatin pyramids through an aperture in the wall.

THE kitchen was now a mass of moving, hurrying, perspiring members of the Ladies' Community Welfare Club obeying the orders of their chief. When the last of the second course had gone the way of the opening in the wall, the order was on to start the cakes. Judith cut a layer cake of mulatto hue, chocolate filled and chocolate covered; Mrs. Hattie Durkin, next to her, cut an albino-complexioned one of lemon origin.

"My! Hal's swell, ain't he?" was her opening wedge. "And did you hear it was only Grandma Dening he brought?"

"Yes—oh, yes," said Judith, so very, very happy that it was only Grandma Dening he had brought.

Mrs. Hattie Durkin prepared to light. "But he's goin' to get married, though. Pa asked him, and he laughed and told pa 'soon,' and pa just had time to tell me when I was comin' back in."

"Yes, so I heard, too."

Having lit, Mrs. Hattie Durkin prepared to bite. "You're hardly good enough friends with Hal now. I suppose"—she darted her little eyes sidewise toward Judith—"to know who she is? I been wonderin' who he's goin' to marry." She did not care especially who the girl was. She merely wanted to puncture human skin as she hopped lightly from one person to another. "You wouldn't know, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Judy, sweetly confidential; "they say an old girl of his that he once ditched." And she sawed away serenely on a tough, if bugless, cake.

The swinging doors to the banquet hall opened and shut constantly like the doors to heaven. And Judith knew herself to be a peri, one of those elfs of Persian myth excluded from paradise until they had paid penance—and the penance was abject humility before the god of friendships because of disloyalty to her own.

THROUGH those swinging portals she could hear the Rev. Benjamin Hass praying for Hal's immortal soul—Hal, who had given clean and wholesome joy to a nation. She could hear Mayor Stryker welcome Hal home and give him the key to the city—Hal, whose inquisitive nose had poked itself into every culvert and cranny of the village before he was ten. She could hear them laugh uproariously at Joe's homely expose of Hal's checkered boyhood career, and hear the Rev. Arthur Caldwell smooth it over so the Lord would not take Joe's report seriously and think too ill of Hal.

She could see a long unfurled manuscript in the hands of Hannah Thompson Emmett, and guess at the literary value of the home-grown poem. She could catch

glimpses of little old Grandma Dening beaming with prides as though to say, "Just look at the man I paddled him up to be."

She could hear the high-school orchestra, rather top-heavy as to brass; could hear Mrs. Walter Merrick sing in her best Chicago voice "Home ag-a-in . . . home ag-a-in . . . from a faava-in shore" and the slightly discordant but lusty Methodist quartet render "There zno pla sii kome."

HER work done, she stepped through the swinging door in time to see Mrs. Ralph Hitchcock's little darlings welcome home Mayville's distinguished son in their own blithe way. Mrs. Hitchcock, with emotional moisture in her eyes, and much after-school practice, had trained a group of kindergartners to go through a little drill, at the close of which they were, with startling surprise, to form suddenly with lettered cards held high above their heads the touching tribute:

WELCOME HOME, HAL!

In her most enthusiastically hopeful moment Mrs. Hitchcock had underestimated both the startling nature of the procedure and the efficacy of the surprise. Measles having somewhat disrupted the *entree cordiale* during the practice, and substitutes at a late hour having taken the places of a few of the original cast, there was now, as the drill was ending, a bit of confusion in the assembling of the component parts of the surprise greeting. A few of the late recruits, including the exclamation point and the comma, who had not rehearsed at all, becoming confused concerning their respective positions, and fearful of being left out altogether, were elbowing, not to say fighting, their way into the display with more zeal than discrimination. For suddenly, to Mrs. Hitchcock's red-faced mortification and the company's raucous hilarity, the greeting stood forth in all the simplicity of its hospitable invitation:

AW, HELL! COME HOME

Judith laughed with the others until she cried. Hal was shouting like a school-boy. The effect was disrupting to whatever shreds of formality might have clung to the event. Happily it was the last thing on the program, for no other participant could have been taken seriously.

CHAIRS were pushed back—modern-Jacobean, early-American, the funeral-parlor ones and the soda-fountain ones and the yellow-painted ones. People were crowding around Hal, shaking hands with him, laughing, adding their own extemporaneous speeches to Joe's summary of anecdotes concerning the town's prize mischief-maker. A sort of jovial pandemonium reigned supreme. The kindergartners, released from their devastating responsibility of welcoming the home boy who made good, were trying their hands—and mouths—at the various deserted orchestra instruments, with ear-splitting results—all but the exclamation point and the comma, who were surreptitiously finishing the left-over ice cream. In their patrician way the Irish damask tablecloths were as guilty of being awry as the plebeian mercerized ones. Crumbs of homemade cake lay soggly in green puddles that had once jauntily looked the world in the eye as salad pyramids. A thousand dirty dishes awaited washing by a tired membership of the Ladies' Community Welfare Club. A box-elder bug in jolly exploring mood sailed back and forth across the scene, piloting his red-painted airplane impartially from table to table.

It was all small-town stuff put on by small-town people in a small-town way. But Judith, whose heart was singing, felt only a warmth of affection toward them all. Hal would understand the sincerity and kindness that had prompted the whole event. Only a strange girl with critical alien eyes would not be able to understand. And there was no strange girl with critical alien eyes. Just Judith Marsh with tender love-filled ones.

Another Chance FOR JOURNAL READERS !

Expiration Date of America's Most Sensational Gift Offer Extended Due to Unprecedented Public Demand

OCTOBER 1, 1934, NEW TIME LIMIT . . . ACT NOW TO AVOID DELAY IN RECEIVING GIFT . . . NOTE COUPON!

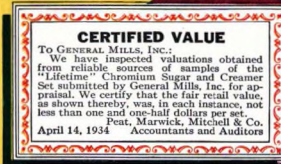
THIS EXQUISITE \$1.50 CERTIFIED VALUE
GENUINE "LIFETIME" CHROMIUM

Sugar and Creamer SET

WILL BE MAILED POSTPAID

To Any Person in the United States Who Will Try Two Packages of Wheaties—*The Whole Wheat Flakes That Children Adore*—And Send Us Sales Slip Showing 2 Package Purchase with Coupon Below and 25c to Cover the Mailing and Special Packaging Cost This Gift Requires

Wm. Approx. 1/2 Normal Size



MANY GROCERS
ARE FEATURING
2 Package Specials
ON WHEATIES
THIS WEEK
LOOK FOR THEM!



TO OBTAIN

Sugar and Creamer Set
And See Your Child Eat Whole Wheat

SIMPLY DO THIS:

Go To Your Grocer—Buy Two Packages of Wheaties—Get A SALES SLIP Showing 2 Package Purchase—Send It In Together With Coupon Below and 25c to Cover Mailing Cost. Then Receive by Return Mail—the \$1.50 Certified Value Sugar and Creamer Set Offered Here. Meanwhile—Watch Your Children Eat Whole Wheat For Breakfast *Without Arguing or Coaxing!*

THAT American women have an instinctive appreciation of values we learned, when we announced, a month ago, that we had spent advertising money to buy these "Lifetime" Chromium Sugar and Creamer sets as gifts to induce people to more quickly try Wheaties.

Carrying a Certified Value of \$1.50, we expected, naturally, a greater response than the usual gift offer receives. *But not the flood, not the deluge* of orders which followed. We couldn't possibly fill all the orders by the closing date. We had to reorder more sets. Hence, the decision to hold the offer open for another month.

The first thing about this Sugar and Creamer Set that impresses you is its exquisite beauty. The design follows the Modern School. Yet its chaste simplicity of line harmonizes perfectly with the design of your present table appointments.

Then, too, this set comes in the famous "Lifetime" process,

full mirror polish chromium finish. Which means it won't rust, chip or flake.

By all means accept this gift. Particularly if you have a child who is "fussy" or "finicky" about eating breakfast. For Wheaties introduce a new taste sensation into the diet.

They bring whole wheat, at last, in a form that children adore—whole wheat in flakes toasted golden brown. Crispy, crunchy flakes as light as snowflakes . . . as gay and alluring to a child as a French Confection. Yet that, with abundant milk or cream and sugar, provide good nourishment for strong bones, red blood, firm muscles. It is this dish which, with some kind of fruit, has become famous as "The Breakfast of Champions."

Contains Almost Twice As Much Protein as Corn or Rice

Wheaties cost 15c the package. But the whole wheat from which Wheaties are made contains nearly twice the body-building protein and a greater percentage of minerals than even such commonly used foods as corn or rice.

Do you wonder now that Wheaties have been accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association? Why such famous stars of sport as Lou Gehrig, Jimmie Foxx, "Lefty" Grove, and many others advocate them?

Accept Free Offer

Get Wheaties from your grocer today. Accept the amazing \$1.50 Gift Offer made here.

GOLD MEDAL FOODS, INCORPORATED
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



MUST BE MAILED BEFORE MIDNIGHT, Oct. 1, 1934
To Obtain \$1.50 Sugar and Creamer Set As A Gift

BETTY CROCKER, DEPT. LHJ-9A
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Dear Betty Crocker: Enclosed please find sales slip (or receipt) showing purchase of TWO (2) Packages of Wheaties. Also 25c to cover the special packaging and mailing charge. For which please send me my \$1.50 Certified Value Sugar and Creamer Set as advertised.

Name.....
Street or R. F. D. No.....
City..... State..... 1332



THE SUB-DEB

EDITED BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

BANISH BLUSHES. Now is the time for all good Sub-Debs to stop being bashful. It's just too utterly silly to be self-conscious. People really aren't watching you, looking you over, listening to catch you up and pounce on you. There's no earthly reason to worry about what they are thinking, because what they are thinking is what kind of impression they are making on you! They're every bit as nervous as you are. So why be afraid? You know yourself that you are not terrifying, so set out to make that other person feel comfortable with you. Banish his blushes for him and your own will fade away.

Make yourself good at something—no matter what. Reading Spanish, doing the tango, knitting, or even the jew's-harp. And I mean good. Better than anyone else you know. When you know you're good—that sets you up.

And take your own sweet time. Hurry is what makes people fall up steps, bang into folks, spill things on dresses, say the wrong thing. Don't be a hurricane.

RACKETY-PACKETY. Let's go—a new kind of poverty party. Decorate the room in rackety-packety style—old curtains, torn draperies, patches on the chairs, and broken furniture. What you can't do with colored paper, remnants and tin cans! And costumes to match—tattered and torn!

For an "opening event" tell your guests to bring some belonging that they'd adore getting rid of. When they arrive, give them a half hour to trade packages. Everybody opens his package as secretly as possible and decides whether he wants to keep it or not. When time is called, each one must keep what he has, whether he wants it or not.

There aren't any good clothes at this party, so down on the floor with everybody to play Crisscross Ball. Partners find each other by fitting together two jagged halves of a circle. Get everybody into a ring, partners kneeling opposite each other, and try to roll the ball to each other, while every other couple tries to get it away. Everybody must stay

in his own place, and must not touch any other player when grabbing for the ball. It's impossible to keep these rules, so be sure to plan some good penalties and forfeits.

After this bit of brawn, comes a game for brains. Let's call it Fish. The leader begins by proclaiming, "One goggling goldfish," which everyone in turn must repeat after him. The next one in line names two of another kind of fish, with a descriptive alliterative adjective. For instance, "Two elusive eels and one goggling goldfish." Everybody repeats this in turn. The third person says "Three marooned mackerel—or perturbed pollywogs—or tough terrapin—or holy halibut—or prancing porpoises," and everything else that the people ahead of him have said. If anyone forgets or makes a mistake he is out, of course. When only one person is left, produce the grand prize—a live goldfish in a bowl. The ones who forgot will immediately cheer up and be glad that they didn't win!

Serve a rackety-packety spread, too—table decorated with torn and worn cloth, bouquet of beets, parsnips and spinach, and carrot candles in bottle candlesticks. Serve the ice cream at the table in big vegetable dishes, the cake on a bread board and the ginger ale in teacups.

FATS. Grab your apron and mixing spoon—it's time we thought about the inner man. And just because girls like to eat when they get together in the afternoon, and at club meetings, here's a Pineapple Pick-up that you won't want to put down. This is for girls. We'll feed the boys later.

Cut sliced pineapple into four pieces to each slice. Drain well. Dip each wedge in evaporated milk and roll in coconut. On some of the wedges put a marshmallow, and dip again in evaporated milk and roll in coconut. Now they should be delicately browned on a greased tin in the oven, or set into an electric grill. Try that over on your stove.

Boys like cheesy things—so feed them Creole Rarebit at Sunday-night suppers and let them officiate at the mixing.

Here's how: Melt in the chafing dish one tablespoonful of butter. Add one teaspoonful of chopped onion and one can of tomato soup. Then add one cupful of yellow cheese cut fine. Season with a little salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce to taste. Add one tablespoonful of chopped pimiento and stir while cooking, until smooth. Then add an unbeaten egg, cook a minute or two longer, stirring all the time, and serve on buttered toast. If you like, a teaspoonful of mustard may be used in seasoning. Serve some cold beverage with the rarebit, and don't forget the pickles and olives!

Really, you know, the eating is most of the fun at a party, so why not go in for Sunday-night supper parties and make a name for yourself? Take loads of time to eat, and let your guests be cooks. Just wave an apron at a boy and you'll hear, "Now get away, let me do this." You let him!

ANIMULES. How's your menagerie? Are you going in for a dog's life, or do you prefer pink elephants all over the place? Some Sub-Debs I know go in for cats—shining china cats, dull porcelain cats, bronze, carved-wood and iron cats. Others have no pride at all and collect all kinds of creatures, helter-skelter. A regular zoo. Personally, I go in for pigs—pottery pigs, painted pigs. And they stay in their pippen—their own hanging shelf over my desk.

Collecting things is heaps of fun—whether it's gloopy dogs or white china mice. What is your pet passion? Let's compare notes. Write and tell me what you collect.

If you're going away to school or college this fall, take your stray monkeys and giraffes with you. There's nothing that will make your new room look so much like the old homestead. And speaking of your room at school, there's no reason in the world why it should be a monk's cell. Take along all your favorite junkies and brickabrackuses and loads of squashy pillows, your pet reading lamp, lots of pictures and a comfy chair. To keep peace with your roommate, you may have to hide some—but take a chance.

EXTRAORDINARY COLORS FOUND IN HUMAN SKIN MAKE POSSIBLE

Amazing New Powder Shades



Bright Blue
Leaf Green

HIDDEN IN THESE NEW SHADES
GIVE SKINS A FRESH YOUNG COLORING
NEVER OBTAINABLE BEFORE



Made of the Finest Ingredients
ONLY 55¢

YOU don't know about these extraordinary colors in your skin because the human eye cannot detect them.

YOU don't . . . but this special optical machine does!

It reads the colors that Nature cunningly conceals in skin . . . colors that mingle to make some skins clear, others pallid, still others florid.

For example: Bright blue gives to blonde skin an exquisite translucence. Leaf green in true brunette skin causes that magnetic creamy bloom.

In this startling discovery, Pond's saw unique possibilities in analyzing human skin for colors actually in them and devising new powder shades.

Two hundred girls' skins examined

Some two hundred girls' skins were examined by this machine—girls whose complexions varied all the way from pearly perfection to dull, lack-luster sallowness.

From these scientific findings, Pond's originated six entirely new powder shades. Shades that will give a petal-textured, fresh quality that is young—appealing!

With the naked eye alone, you cannot see the hidden colors concealed in these new Pond's powder shades!

But there they are! And you *can* immediately see the vital life these shades bring to your complexion.

Here are the facts about each new shade. Now women need not be confused about the correct powder color. Amazingly enough, several brunette shades are simply exquisite on blonde skin—and vice versa.

NATURAL . . . exactly right for fair skins . . . makes them lighter, livelier. Adds faint blush to skin.

ROSE CREAM . . . a natural triumph and delight on most blondes—also on fair-skinned brunettes.

LIGHT CREAM flatters lily-pale blondes and does enchanting things to creamy brunette skin.

(left) Miss Dorothy Richards, dark, chic debutante, says: "Rose Brunette clears . . . brightens my skin wonderfully."
(right) Miss Josephine Kidd, golden-haired blonde, says: "Natural is a glamorous petal-pink—puts life into my skin."

BRUNETTE (a subtle rachel) gives brilliance to a great variety of brunettes—and blondes.

ROSE BRUNETTE, a richer brunette hue, gives skin color and warmth. Subdues ruddiness . . . dispatches sallowness.

DARK BRUNETTE is the shade for sunburned skin.

Feathery fineness makes powder stay

Pond's Powder—soft as swansdown—clings to the face for hours and hours. The perfume . . . very French . . . lends an enchanting witchery to the powder.

At that, Pond's is very thrifflily priced. Witness this: A glass jar holding as much as many \$1.00 boxes is only 55¢ . . . the extra-big jar is \$1.10. Five-and-tens and variety stores carry 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

★ **Send 5¢ for two Special Boxes** and an extra sample of Pond's Powder—3 different *light* or 3 different *dark* shades—with directions for choosing your most flattering shade. See what a fresh, youthful "lift" they give to your complexion!

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. J, 82 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for TWO Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all. I prefer 3 different **LIGHT** shades I prefer 3 different **DARK** shades

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1916, Pond's Extract Company



© 1934, E. R. Squibb & Sons

He's got his teeth in this job

His job today and for many days to come is to eat and sleep, and sleep and eat, to grow strong bones and sound teeth—a healthy body.

Your job is to see that he gets the diet your doctor prescribes—the calcium in pure, fresh milk; the vitamins in green vegetables and cod liver oil; also sunshine and fresh air.

Now is the time to teach him habits of cleanliness that will last throughout his life. Let your

dentist show you the proper way to brush teeth and gums. Start now with your child, so that by preserving the health of his first teeth, his second teeth may grow, sturdy and properly aligned, in healthy gums.

Only a dentifrice that cleanses thoroughly, effectively and safely will help to protect and keep the gums healthy. Such a dental cream is Squibb's, developed by the Squibb Laboratories in the light

of all that modern scientific research has learned about the care of teeth and gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream is one of the best safeguards you and your child can have in the preservation of the teeth.

Every member of the family can use Squibb's Dental Cream with absolute assurance of safety.

E · R · SQUIBB & SONS · *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858*

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER



HAVE WE TIME TO HURRY OUR CHILDREN?

BY MARION L. FAEGRE

WHAT is there to do?" . . . "There's no one to play with!" Why is it that so many mothers complain that such querulous whinings are frequent in their homes? In the life of normal, healthy-minded children such cries should be rare. We ourselves are suspect in connection with a child's failure to feel at ease in the possession of leisure moments for which nothing is specifically planned. If he has become overdependent on others for entertainment, it is up to us to wonder if we haven't helped make him so, by giving him few chances to plan his own fun, too few moments of separation from the group.

Crowding our lives with activity, bustle and noise is a typically American failing that we have been chided for time and again. Now, if we grown-ups like to rush around, and mill in crowds, and excitedly recount the number of engagements we have been able to squeeze into a week, that's our own affair. But it's not quite our affair to assume that our children will enjoy or profit by being forced into that hectic pattern of behavior, or that they are ready for such strenuous regimentation of their time as we often impose on them. Apart from physical strain, and from the fact that our own physical condition reacts on the children, there are several other considerations about which we might well take thought.

How many of us ever stop to think of the impossibility of preparing our children for the "wise use of leisure" of which we hear so much, if there is never any time in which they may practice? It is a pathetic sight to see the way Americans in general misuse or waste their free hours; but what else can be expected, in view of the fact that they have never been encouraged to do anything else?

Preparation for leisure suggests having time early in life to do as one likes, to follow one's own sweet will in developing interests. Our children will not pursue original and enriching hobbies if they never have time to browse around, to spy out the land of possible activities, to try their hands at this or that attractive fancy.

Another evil of the regimented day. In a world in which one must bound out of bed at the whir of an alarm, bathe quickly

in order to free the bathroom for the next comer, more or less gulp breakfast in order to catch the 7:45 or the school bus, and so on throughout the day—what time is there for thinking or dreaming?

As a boy, Sir Isaac Newton was known as an "idler"—on how many other questing spirits has the same harsh and hasty judgment been passed!—because he spent his time making such things as a water clock, a windmill and a sundial, instead of sticking to his books. He knew, as those who gave him the epithet did not, that he must have time to dream, to meditate, to watch the ways of nature. How else did the prosaic fall of an apple from a tree give him a clue to a great riddle?

Few children feel the fascination of the natural world to such a degree as did he, but given the opportunity for following their own inclinations in the way of leisure-time activities, instead of being herded into mass amusements, with encouragement by way of a place in which to carry on experiments, with books to consult as familiar friends, and with the inspiration of interesting conversation in the family, what there is of originality may flower as it would not otherwise.

John Burroughs once told a group of children who asked his advice about writing that he had learned more from going fishing than from any textbook he had ever opened. Shocking! What advice, to youngsters, who usually need slight encouragement to turn their backs on study! Ah, but John Burroughs was studying when he went fishing! No bovine blur of inertness dulled his intelligence while he silently waited for a bite. His mind was both quietly receptive and alertly attuned to all the small sights and sounds with which his surroundings teemed.

I recently visited a schoolroom of six-year-olds. Of absorbing interest that week was the corner where the canary mother was sitting on five eggs, which were momentarily expected to hatch. Some people might have thought those first-graders were "wasting" a lot of time hovering

near the yellow-feathered pair. But what had been going on while they stood there watching? In working on her nest the mother canary had had to start over and over again. When something about her arrangement of fluff and feathers didn't suit her, out went the whole batch of materials onto the floor of the cage, and once more she began patiently to assemble them. And as if this lesson in painstaking care were not enough, here she was, sitting quietly day in and day out, while the father bird fed her and hopped protectively onto the edge of the nest whenever a child came too close. Leisure to observe birds during school hours may seem odd, but it may keep some deeply thoughtful children from being labeled "idlers."

Are we wise in pushing and urging our children, as if we could not hurry them into the competitive adult world fast enough? Music and elocution lessons, boxing and dancing, permanent waves and parties; all the impedimenta of the society in which we live are loaded upon our children's backs, willy-nilly. Our eagerness to make our children happy is understandable and excusable. Not so, blundering assumptions and interference, though they be disguised under the name of solicitous love.

School is the main business of the child for a good many years, absorbing him for long hours. His hours outside school should be pretty much his own. Not, if we've handled him sensibly during the preschool years, his to while away in loafing and dull dissatisfaction, but his in which to soak up the sunshine, to breathe in freedom and spontaneous joy in living.

Before the children start back to school, while the days are still long and hot enough to make us grateful even for the thought of laziness, let's cast about for some way of keeping our minds more leisurely, rather than allowing ourselves to get hustled into the frenzied round of events that begins once the weather becomes more brisk and invigorating. In other words, let's consider if it isn't necessary to make plans to do nothing, occasionally, to leave some gaps in the children's days for them to fill as they please.

He's changed his mind about vegetables!



● This young man used to work himself up into a dreadful state when vegetables appeared on his menu . . . But look at him now! See how glad he is that . . .

His Mother changed to Clapp's



● Home-cooked vegetables are bound to vary in taste and texture from day to day. That's usually why babies struggle against taking them.

Clapp's Baby Foods are *uniformly smooth*. Cooked in glass-lined, airtight kettles—they're rich in vitamins and mineral salts. Clapp Foods are made by experts who specialize only in foods for babies.

Clapp's 15 Foods for Babies



In the new Enamel Purity Pack

● Your doctor will tell you which of these to give your baby—and a drugist or grocer nearby can supply you: Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce, Beef Broth, and Wheatear Cereal.

Send for FREE BOOK

HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC.
Dept. 26, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me your free book, "Before Your Baby Goes on Vegetables."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The booklets listed in the Journal Reference Library will help you solve many problems.

"Millionaire Sleep"—

The Most Comfortable in the World—
YOURS FOR ONLY 2¼¢* A DAY

ONE-THIRD OF YOUR LIFE CAN BE LIVED LIKE A MILLIONAIRE!



JOHN HAYS HAMMOND JR.'s vast Gothic castle, "Badia Mare," in Gloucester, Mass. The towers are 95 ft. high. The great hall, copied from the nave of Carcassonne Cathedral in France, is 75 ft. high and 115 ft. long. Here, as in wealthy homes throughout America, Beautyrest is the preferred mattress.

THE BEST NIGHT'S SLEEP in the world! . . . Sleep that you wake from feeling gloriously alive. Brimming with energy . . . that leaves every muscle and nerve completely rested. Your whole body singing . . . eager to meet a new day's doings.

That's the kind of sleep that millionaires enjoy. But that luxurious sleep is not expensive!

For the Beautyrest Mattress made by Simmons, universally acknowledged to be the most luxurious mattress in the world, and proved by scientific research to be the perfect mattress for completely relaxing sleep—costs you only 2¼¢ a day. Millionaires prefer it—they can buy no better mattress. And yet almost anyone can afford it.

It is one luxury that is already being enjoyed

in nearly two million American homes. Simple, even humble homes. Average homes, such as most of us possess. And many-roomed, luxurious millionaire homes.

*Scientifically correct mattress
first found in wealthy homes—now
enjoyed everywhere*

The Beautyrest Mattress is actually famed all over the world.

When it was first developed, its hundreds of resilient coils, hidden in its comfortable depths, were a sensation. The new discovery seemed like an unbelievable luxury!

Then scientific research proved that this most comfortable of mattresses is actually an investment in health—and good looks.

for itself in renewed strength and nervous force.

The Beautyrest has many imitators. But in no other mattress can you find all the refinements of construction you get in the Beautyrest.

No other mattress exactly the same

The Beautyrest contains *eight hundred and thirty-seven* coils of finely tempered steel. Each of these coils is separately wrapped in its own muslin pocket, to insure further comfort. And the Pre-Built border—an exclusive patented feature—makes the Beautyrest equally resilient *all over*, even to its extreme edges.

The greatest sleep luxury in the world. And you can have it for only 2¼¢ a day.

One-third of your life—the third you spend on your mattress—can be as glorious and as health-



Beautyrest accommodates all 45 sleeping positions

Scientific research has found that we "rest in parts." Everyone changes position from 20 to 45 times every night, in the natural process of resting every muscle in turn. If your mattress is awkward and resistant to any of these positions, you do not get really restful sleep.

That's why the Beautyrest gives

deeper, more vitalizing rest than other mattresses. With its 837 individually pocketed coils (see right), it is equally soft and resilient all over.

Whatever position you take, your nerves and muscles are *completely relaxed*—you awake *fully refreshed*. No other mattress is the same as the Beautyrest or has all its advantages.

★ 2¼¢ A DAY—

That's about what you spend for a newspaper every day, without thinking. Yet, by spending no more than this, you can have restful, revitalizing sleep—the kind that gives you extra energy and success in the day's work. We say 2¼¢ a day because the new Beautyrest is built to give the finest sleep for *at least five years*.



That the sounder, deeper sleep it gives actually renews life and vitality . . . is insurance against tired, slack bodies—lined faces—keeps men and women fit for life's constant struggle.

Quickly the Beautyrest Mattress became everyone's mattress. Iron-muscled manual workers . . . high-strung city workers as well as ease-loving people found that this deeper, truly relaxing sleep actually paid

ful as any millionaire's! So why not get yourself a Beautyrest—this very day?

Fabrics are of the finest quality—patterns and colors of attractive design.

Beautyrest, \$39.50 . . . Deepsleep, \$29.50 . . . Slumber King, \$19.75. Springs to match at proportionately low prices. All prices slightly higher west of Denver. The Simmons Company, Merchandise Mart, 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago • New York, San Francisco, Atlanta

ASK YOUR FAVORITE furniture or department store about their Deferred Payment plan or special Budget plan. They will be glad to deliver a Beautyrest tomorrow and let you pay for it while you use it.



You are sure of at least 5 years of "Millionaire Sleep" on this Beautyrest. So its cost is no more than 21¢ a day. • Its 837 individually pocketed coils give you perfect rest—the sort of rest that brings beauty, health and vitality. • It's not how long—but how well you sleep—that counts. • The Simmons Company

The Beautyrest is used in the homes of these and many other wealthy and prominent people

- MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN
- MISS AMY DU PONT
- MISS ANNE MORGAN
- MRS. J. MORGAN BELMONT
- MRS. A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE
- MRS. ROBERT R. McCORMICK



SIMMONS "Beautyrest"

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF BEDS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES AND STUDIO COUCHES



THIS DRY MUSTARD WAKENS YOUR 4 KINDS OF TASTE NERVES
Adds exciting tang to your homemade pickles

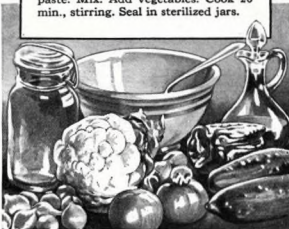
WHAT makes some homemade pickles lend an added zest to a meal, while others are just "pickles"? The answer lies in the recipe. Pickles made with dry mustard rouse all the taste nerves—those at the tip of your tongue which taste *sweet* and *salt* things, those at the back which taste *bitter* things, those on the borders which taste *acid* things.

Great chefs use Colman's Dry Mustard in seasoning foods as well as for pickling. Colman's Mustard is made from seeds grown in famous Lincolnshire, England. Only there do mustard seeds develop to unexcelled perfection.

FREE RECIPE CARDS . . . for new and delicious dishes. Write Atlantic Sales Corp., 3139 Mustard Street, Rochester, New York, Sole Distributors.

MUSTARD PICKLES
 2 qts. large cucumbers, 2 cauliflowers, 2 qts. green tomatoes, 6 green peppers, (all cut small); 1 qt. small cucumbers (whole); 1 qt. pickling onions; 3 qts. vinegar; 4 c. granulated sugar; 4 tsp. celery seed; ½ lb. Colman's Dry Mustard; ¼ c. flour; ¼ oz. turmeric.

Combine vegetables, let stand overnight in salt water (1 cup salt to 2 quarts water). In the morning, scald in same water. Drain. Heat vinegar, sugar, celery seed to boiling point. Add flour, mustard, turmeric, which have been mixed with a little cold water to a smooth paste. Mix. Add vegetables. Cook 20 min., stirring. Seal in sterilized jars.



Colman's Dry Mustard

RECIPES FOR SUCCESSFUL DINING

(Continued from Page 40)

CURRIED VEAL KIDNEYS. Brown in butter a chopped onion and add to it a good pinch of curry powder to taste. Add ½ pint of thickened bouillon and pass through a sieve. Fry the kidneys in butter, having cut them first into small pieces. Stir in the sauce, as soon as the kidneys are well fried. Serve apart **INDIAN RICE**, prepared as follows: Put the required quantity of rice to boil in cold water, and boil for ten minutes commencing from the moment of boiling. Rinse in cold water, and place in the oven for a short time so that each kernel of rice is separate and not sticky.

SHORT BOUILLON (in which all lobsters, fish, and so on, should be boiled): Add to the quantity of water required some carrots, a few onions, a bay leaf, thyme, a little vinegar, and bouquet of spices. Boil until vegetables are cooked.

KIDNEYS ALI-BAB (with credit to Ali-Bab's well-known cookbook). Brown in a saucen pan veal kidneys, cut into pieces, in very hot butter. As soon as they have lost their raw red color, set aflame with a glass of brandy. When the flame has died pour over a glass of sherry wine. Add cut-up mushrooms and cook for ten minutes. Then add thick fresh cream and grated horse-radish to taste. Bring to a boil and serve at once.

EGGS LOUISETTE (recipe by Mrs. Henri Von Heukelom, Paris). Make a good pancake batter, and fry in a small round pan so that the pancakes are not bigger than four inches in diameter. When cooked cut with a biscuit cutter of the same dimension (four inches in diameter) so that all the pancakes are even on the edges and of the same size. Prepare soft scrambled eggs. Put a tablespoonful of the scrambled eggs in each pancake, and fold over the pancake. Arrange them in the form of a spread fan on a well-buttered platter and place in the oven for a few minutes. Place in the center of the platter, before serving, creamed chopped mushrooms prepared as follows: Chop the mushrooms, put them in a frying pan with butter and a little lemon juice (only sufficient lemon juice to prevent the mushrooms from blackening). Shake them in the pan for several minutes over a very good hot fire. Then add a little cream sauce which has been made from a rich bouillon of veal and cream slightly thickened.

EGGS CARLOS (recipe by Princesse Guy de Faucigny-Lucinge, Paris). Boil rice in a well-seasoned bouillon. Place on serving platter in a mound in the center of the dish and garnish around with fried eggs (fried on both sides, and kept small and round as possible), small whole grilled tomatoes, fried whole bananas and strips of fried bacon.

COLD STUFFED EGGS. Cook until hard the quantity of eggs required. Remove the shells and cut into quarters. Take out the yolows, leaving the white quarters intact. To every 6 eggs, mix into the yolows ½ teaspoonful of anchovy paste and 1 teaspoonful of butter, and work until completely smooth. Season with salt, pepper and a dash of Cayenne pepper. Fill the white quarters of the eggs with this paste and reshape to original form. Serve on a bed of crisp young lettuce leaves or water cress.

ROAST DUCK WITH ORANGES. Roast the duck in the oven in the regular way, until it is a good brown and well done. Prepare in good time the foundation of the sauce, which takes four hours to cook, as follows: Take the giblets, carrots, onions, a bouquet of spices, and brown all in butter, powdering over the whole some flour. Wet

with a good bouillon—sufficient to make the quantity of sauce required. Add cut-up mushrooms, peel of some truffles, and cook for four hours. Then pass through a fine sieve, and add the rind of an orange which has been cut into very fine narrow strips and brought to a boil in a little water. Once the duck is roasted, moisten the brown remaining in the roasting pan with the juice of an orange and a little curacao liqueur. Add this to the above sauce and pour over the duck, serving the rest of the gravy in a sauce bowl apart. Garnish the platter with fresh oranges in slices cut in the shape of the natural orange sections, from which all skin has been removed, and which have been heated.

CREAM OF GREEN PEA SOUP. Boil fresh green peas in salted water (select the peas that are as green as possible) and pass through a fine sieve. Put this puree in a saucen pan with the water in which the peas were boiled, and at the moment before serving add to it the yolows of eggs, fresh cream and fresh butter. Serve apart fried bread croutons.

FRIED TOMATOES AND COURGETTES. Remove the skins of the tomatoes, slice into pieces the shape of orange sections (not in rounds). Peel the courgettes and cut into slices of the same shape as the tomatoes. Roll the pieces in fresh bread crumbs, season well with salt and pepper and fry in plenty of butter until soft and well done.

NOTE: Courgette is a vegetable found in France, and is very similar to the cucumber. This dish is equally good when made with cucumbers.

FLAMING CHERRIES. Take a bottle of very best conserved red cherries. Heat well. Add a large wineglass of brandy, set aflame. When flame has died add a small glass of kirsch liqueur. Serve hot with vanilla ice cream.

FILLETS OF SOLE CARMEN. Soak the fillets of sole in half water and half milk for two hours. Dry well, fold over each fillet and place in a buttered dish. Sprinkle lightly over with salt and poach in a short bouillon in the oven for about ten minutes. Prepare a cream sauce made with the bouillon of fish and thickened with the yolows of eggs. Prepare apart a dish of fried tomatoes and cucumbers. Arrange the fillets of sole on a long platter, making a circle around the dish. Dress over the sole the cream sauce and garnish with thin slices of truffles. Place a mound of the fried tomatoes and cucumbers in the center of the platter—not dressing these with the cream sauce.

SADDLE OF LAMB PORTUGUESE. Roast a saddle of lamb. Garnish the platter with small tomatoes stuffed with a puree of mushrooms, and small round potatoes browned in butter.

ALSATIAN SOUP. Make a good consommé, and serve separately young tender cabbage prepared as follows: Boil the cabbage in salted water, drain well and rinse with fresh boiling water. Then chop the cabbage, butter an earthenware baking dish, put in a layer of cabbage, a little consommé, a layer of fine bread crumbs and grated Swiss cheese, and continue in this way layer after layer until your dish is full, finishing with the top layer of the bread crumbs and grated cheese. Put in the oven—not too hot an oven—for one hour. Serve first the cabbage, and then the consommé.

CONSOMMÉ DIABLOTINS. Make a good consommé and thicken slightly with tapioca. Prepare the little "diablotins" as follows: Mix together grated Swiss and Parmesan cheese (Continued on Page 76)

To FREE Housewives

FIRST, one 10c bottle Liquid Veneer free. SECOND, one true story "How Several People became rich by using Liquid Veneer," free. THIRD, valuable Silver certificates packed with each bottle of Liquid Veneer, free, and redeemable in delightful silver-plated tableware with your initial beautifully hand engraved on each piece, and FOURTH, one extra teaspoon free as follows:

WONDERFUL VALUE

Cut out this ad and send it with a certificate taken from a bottle of Liquid Veneer and we will send you the silver you select for your certificate and one extra teaspoon free, for sending the ad. One ad only redeemable with each certificate. We guarantee you will simply be delighted. Or a postcard brings you a 10c bottle and the true story free and postpaid.

LIQUID VENEER
 For Dusting Polishing and Preserving Pianos Furniture Woodwork Automobiles

LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION
 32 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

You can make this Boret and Slip-out of EDERLIN LINEN YARN for only \$4.55

So easy to knit, so smooth and pleasant to wear; completely washable! Ask for **Ederlin** Soft and light as the Ederlin Blue flower.

Get your yarn free from Ederlin (Send 1¢ per order, 24 stamps, and 2¢ postage) write to Grace Hamilton H. J. Ederer Thread Co. (EST. 1905) 245 1/2 Elizabeth St., Phila. The new Ederlin Blue flower of Ederlin is a new kind of woolen yarn that is easy to knit, and only 2¢ extra.

Earn Cash Income EASY PLEASANT WAY
 Big profits from new Christmas selling most useful Personal Greeting Cards and attractive \$1.00 Christmas Card Assortments. No experience needed. Customers buy quickly. Good commission for you. Samples furnished. Write at once, **JAMES ART STUDIOS, Inc.** 444 University St., Rochester, N. Y.

4 envelopes in the improved package

Extra convenience — no extra cost. Each envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes a delicious salad or dessert serving six people, and there are recipes in every package that will bring praise from your family. Phone your grocery for a package and send the coupon for the new recipe books.

KNOX is the real **GELATINE**

KNOX GELATINE, Johnson, N. Y.
 Please send me **FREE** the new valuable recipe books, "Desserts, Salads, Cakes and Frozen Dishes" and "Food Economy".
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

Here you are!

New and Better Milk - at no extra cost!



How is it New? It is enriched with vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin—by irradiation with ultra-violet rays.*

Why is it Better? The unanimous verdict of scientists is that lack of sufficient vitamin D is one of the chief causes of the widely prevalent faulty bone and teeth development from which so many people suffer. Irradiated Pet Milk is better because of the extra vitamin D that's in it.

At no Extra Cost? The cost to the public of Irradiated Pet Milk is not increased because of this extra vitamin D. It still costs less generally than ordinary milk.

Can you Afford to give your family any other kind of Milk?

You can't afford to deny your children the protection which this extra vitamin D provides against the faulty development of bones and teeth that may maim them through all



their lives. You can't afford to deny to adult members of your family an extra supply of this precious vitamin that helps to make their bones and teeth stay sound.

What makes sound bones and teeth? The minerals which milk provides, plus vitamin D, are the fundamental necessities for the development and maintenance of sound bones and teeth.

Irradiated Pet Milk provides both. Because it is double-rich milk,

it enables you to put in your family's diet more of the bone-building minerals which milk provides. Because it is enriched with vitamin D, it enables our bodies better to use the bone-building substances.

Can you afford to give any member of your family any other kind of milk?

Learn more about the reasons by sending for these free books:

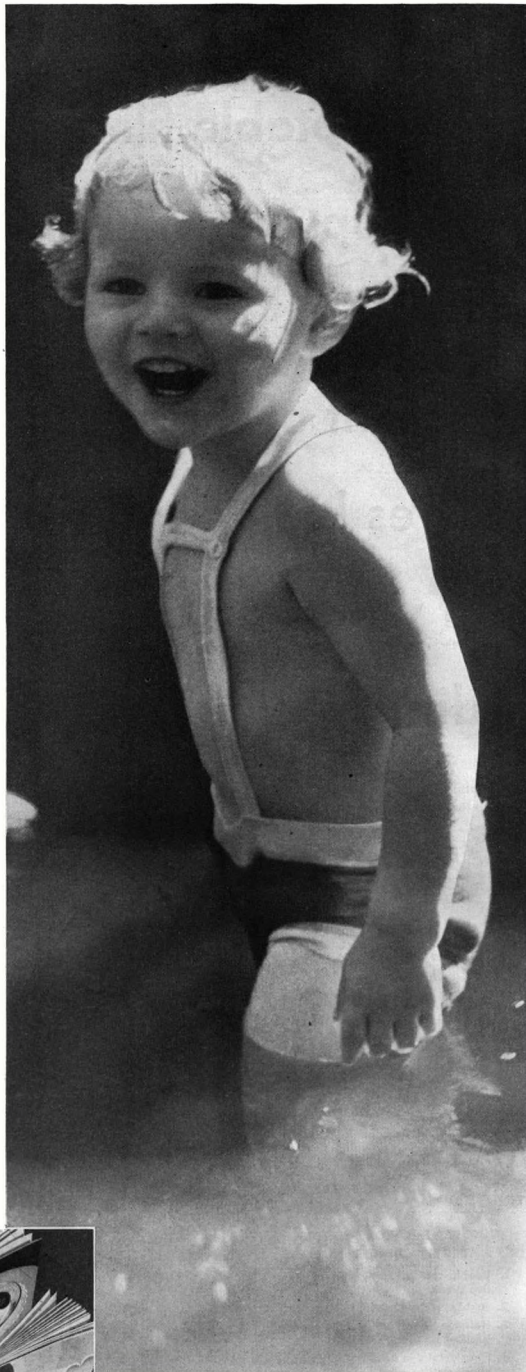
"More Nearly Perfect—When Baby Needs Milk from a Bottle". If you have a baby to feed, this book will tell you why Irradiated Pet Milk is so good for your baby. It contains twenty-eight recipes for special dishes for growing children.

"New Summertime Recipes for the New Pet Milk" will show you how to give your family more delicious and more wholesome food by using Irradiated Pet Milk. Numerous pictures—some showing the preparation of the food step-by-step—illustrate the fifty tested recipes.

Hear the "Pet-Milky-Way"—broadcast by Mary Lee Taylor from the Pet Milk Experimental

Kitchen every Tuesday and Thursday morning, over CBS, 10:45 EST—9:45 CST—8:45 MT. (DST, one hour later).

And—west of the Rocky Mountains—by Ann Holden direct from the NBC Woman's Magazine of the Air kitchen every Tuesday morning at 11:10 PCT.



SEND FOR THESE FREE BOOKS

PET MILK CO., 14341 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. or Dept. 341, 24 California St., San Francisco, California

Please send me, free of charge,

- "More Nearly Perfect—When Baby Needs Milk from a Bottle"
- "New Summertime Recipes for the New Pet Milk" (fifty tested recipes)

Name.....

Address.....

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

(Fill in completely. Offer is limited to residents of Continental U.S.)

* (Under license from Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation U. S. Patent 1680818.)

It's hard to outguess
this adaptable film... It
soaks up the brilliance of
the sun... it drinks in the
dull light of the shade...
it gives better pictures
and works on days when
ordinary films fail.

Accept nothing but the familiar yellow
box with the checkered stripes.



VERICHROME
gets the picture

**HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS
FROM ORDINARY FILM**

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
 2. Highly color-sensitive.
 3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
 4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
 5. Translucent, instead of transparent.
- Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

(Continued from Page 74)

with the yellow of 3 eggs, and butter; season heavily with salt, pepper, paprika and Cayenne. Cut small rounds of bread, about one inch in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick, and spread with the cheese paste, forming a little dome of the cheese in the center. Brown in the oven a few minutes before serving. Drop these into the consommé just before serving.

OLD-FASHIONED RICE PUDDING. Boil the rice in milk into which have been put a pinch of salt, a vanilla-bean stalk and small dried raisins, and sugar to taste. When cooked add a lump of butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of thick cream (quantity according to quantity of pudding required). Cool. When cold and just before serving beat up with 1 cupful of thick sweet cream so that the rice pudding has a creamy consistency.

DEVILED MUSHROOMS. Wash and clean fresh mushrooms. Fry whole in butter to which have been added a little lemon juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of water, salt and pepper. When cold cut into thin slices and fry again in butter, sprinkle well over with chopped shallots and parsley, and add a little thick fresh cream. Prepare slices of toast, butter the toast and place the slices of fried mushrooms carefully on the toast, so that they overlap each other. Pour over a sauce Hollandaise which has been highly seasoned with dry English mustard, paprika and plenty of Cayenne pepper. Brown in the oven and serve very hot.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE. Put the yellow of 3 eggs in a small saucepan, add salt, pepper, 3 tablespoonfuls of water and 1 ounce of butter. Place in a double boiler and cook until it begins to thicken. Remove to a slower fire and add $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of butter, bit by bit, whipping strongly constantly, and replacing from time to time over a hotter fire.

CHICKEN LOAF (recipe by Mrs. Amos N. Barron). Remove the flesh from a fowl weighing 4 pounds. Add 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of veal and 1 pound of fresh pork. If pork is lean add $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of bacon. Pass all through a meat chopper. Add 4 crackers rolled fine, 5 eggs well beaten, 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls of chili peppers chopped very fine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of ground mace or nutmeg, and salt to taste. Mix all together very thoroughly, then shape into a long loaf. Put thin slices of fat pork in a baking dish; upon these place the roll of meat. Slice 2 or 3 truffles very thin, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of blanched almonds, and press into the loaf. (Some almonds may be put in when the loaf is mixed.) Place salt pork on top of loaf and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Lower heat and cook for two hours. Can be served hot or cold.

MARBURY ROLLS (credit for this recipe is given to Miss Elisabeth Marbury).

Take very fresh sandwich bread. Cut into very thin slices. Butter the slices. Fry bacon and chop very fine. Then put a little roll of the chopped bacon in the middle of the slice of bread, sprinkle over grated Parmesan cheese and finely chopped parsley. Sprinkle a generous quantity of paprika and a very small dash of Cayenne pepper. Roll like a cigarette and hold together with a wooden toothpick. Put on a tin platter and grill in the oven. Grill until nicely browned and serve hot.

CHESTER CAKES. Four ounces of flour; 3 ounces of grated Chester cheese; a little salt; a good pinch of Cayenne pepper. Place the flour on a board, and work in the buttered and grated cheese, then the salt and Cayenne pepper. Roll with rolling pin one time only, until it is very thin. Cut with biscuit cutter in rounds about two inches in diameter. Place on a buttered baking tin and bake in a moderate oven. Can be served hot or cold according to taste.

Some of my favorite luncheon menus are:

Caviar
Braised Chicken With Bacon
Hearts of Artichokes With
Asparagus Tips
Cold Virginia Ham
Mimosa Salad
Savarin of Fruit

Fish Cakes With Bacon
Ragout of Spring Lamb
Blancmange With Orange Sauce

Baked Chicken With Noodles
Spring Salad
Caramel Apples

Cold Stuffed Eggs
Smoked Beef Tongue, Cumberland Sauce
Rice
Buttered Green Peas
Macedoine of Fresh Fruit

And finally, here are four sure menus for dinner:

Princess Consommé
Creamed Lobster
Roast Duck With Oranges
Lettuce Salad
Pineapple Ice Cream

Pilaf of Fillets of Sole
Roast Leg of Lamb
Macedoine of Vegetables
Cold Asparagus, French Dressing
Vanilla Cup Cream
Compote of Plums

Oyster Soup
Potato Chips
Spoon Duck
Truffle Salad
Purée of Water Cress
Banana Parfait

Consommé Vert-Pre
Mousse of Sole Hollandaise
Roast Chicken Piemontaise
Buttered Green Peas
Macedoine of Fresh Fruit With Kirsch
Macaroons

*Girls—Get Ready
For Fall Fun!*

WOULDN'T you enjoy showing off some spiffy new frocks to the other girls... Jingling a purse filled with your own money—wearing a smart wrist watch?

Well, you can! You'll smile as happily as Anne A. (picture at right) when you hear about our exciting Girls' Club!

Nileta S. earned \$5.50 the very first time she tried. Eugenia B. has a lovely watch!

Of course you're going to join us! Sit down this very minute and write, giving your name, age and address. No expense to you.

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
627 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



"See, daddy—picture of my Birthday"

Candles on a cake, and the twins with their cheeks puffed out for a mighty "blow" . . . A few years, and the big event would have become a fading memory—but for the snapshots! These little squares of paper save the scenes, keep the memories fresh, mark the milestones. How tremendously important they are in family history! . . . Don't forget to take them.

You'll get better snapshots than ever now—more natural, more expressive—with Kodak Verichrome Film. Use it for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW

. . . you must take TODAY



BOAST A LABEL
THAT READS LIKE

*Dreams of Paradise
to tired women*



THAT'S NO EXAGGERATION—IT'S A FACT! JUST
READ MY LABEL AND YOU'LL LEARN WHY

Read how I bleach white cottons and linens to snowy-whiteness and remove ordinary stains without boiling. How I bleach wooden drainboards, shelves and utensils—no "elbow grease" necessary. And how I bleach unpainted reed and wicker furniture, hardwood and softwood floors!



Next read about me as a stain-remover. Why, the very worst stains—ink, fruit, beverage, medicine, dye, blood and many others—on white and color-fast cottons and linens fade away under my touch! Not even scorched spots or mildew can withstand me. And I'm just as effective on porcelain, tile and enamelware.

Being a disinfectant and deodorant I "police the danger zones" throughout the house—refrigerators, coolers, sickroom equipment, toilet bowls, garbage cans. I kill germs, remove stains and destroy odors—all in one easy operation.



Because I am a germicide—always pure, safe and dependable—I have many important personal uses. I make an antiseptic mouth wash. I disinfect cuts, scratches and burns. I am helpful in treating poison oak, ivy and sumac. I make a soothing foot bath. I'm a prophylactic for "Athlete's Foot" and I soften cuticle, corns and callouses. (One part CLOROX to ten parts water makes a sodium hypochlorite solution equivalent to Dakin's solution in disinfecting properties).

I'm always economical for mine is concentrated strength—a little of my magic goes a long way. And remember, as I work I disinfect—an added safeguard to health.

You'll find me in pints and quarts at your grocer's. Be sure of my name—I have no "double." There is only one



CLOROX

Pure · Safe · Dependable

BLEACHES · REMOVES STAINS · DESTROYS ODORS · KILLS GERMS

If We Get Rain—

(Continued from Page 9)

Yes, Eau Claire County used to be called "the Inland Empire." He used to ship out fifty tons of hay a year. Now he'd had to cut his herd—a very fine high-milk-producing herd—from forty cows to thirty. Yes, he believed Mr. Roosevelt was doing all he could. No, there was absolutely no hay this year, and here were five acres the AAA had paid him not to plant corn on. . . . But now, in this emergency, wouldn't he plant it? . . . No, he'd not plant it, even if his cattle were starving!

Didn't he believe the new Government program to buy and slaughter cows the farmers could no longer feed—slaughtering low milk producers first—was a good one? Yes, but he'd got rid of his low producers long ago. . . . And by winter he'd surely have to cut his fine herd in half—"unless we get rain."

Lisker's eyes bothered me by their intensity, and the only time he smiled at all was when asked wasn't this drought, after all, a mighty good way to get rid of our embarrassing surplus. "Why, there ain't any surplus. The trouble's with consumption," Lisker said. And what about the way the milk yield was dropping? I thought I saw him steal a look at his good wife, bustling with dinner, and at the three well-nourished little girls in the kitchen. He was better off than some, though.

He wasn't like the old man he'd met in Eau Claire yesterday, crying. "No debts, farm clear, stock clear, no feed, no money—cattle starving," the old man had explained it.

Well, even that old man could be worse off, Tom Parker explained, as we drove away past Lisker's sand-blown fields. The old man could still kill his cattle for meat! That wasn't anything to this farmer up the line with forty acres so bad he'd never get a mortgage. Tom had found him feeding ground-up pig feed to his children. . . . You could make a sort of soup of it.

V

IT WAS an old trait of doughboys in 1918 I to think their sector of the show the toughest, and here in the Wisconsin drought zone you find county agents—who are just about as valuable gentlemen as any I've met in our country—saying: "You think Eau Claire is hard hit? Why, they've only been dry three years. You ain't seen nothing yet!"

That, and a yen to find your ideal farmer who never needs help, who never squawks, whose hay grows without rain, whose cows give milk without grass—these things sent me fast through the powdery dust into that strange region in North-Central Wisconsin where there used to be nine months of winter and three months of bad sleighing, and where there's now no snow, where it seems as if the arid West has backed up into land that used to be lush and green.

It has all been disturbing enough these past few days, but I'm glad I wasn't in western Wood County that day of the great nation-wide dust storm. That day fire started in the young birch forests and raced at sixty miles an hour over twenty miles of country hidden by the dust.

A man driving along the road hopped out to help his neighbor, whose barn was just catching. He came back ten minutes after to find his car a twisted mass of steel. Another came from town and put his groceries on the kitchen table. Through the dusty haze he saw his neighbor's house burst into flames. He ran over to help get the children out, and when he came back his own house was gone. Even rabbits couldn't see the fire coming, and they dashed across roads, horrible little balls of fire, to spread it to the tindery brush on the other side. In one frightful hour twelve farmsteads were leveled.

Of course, long ago—what with these poor folks' low milk checks, with the

mortgage money, always the mortgage money, and the high price of hay—they'd had to drop their insurance. . . .

And yet here, and across Wood County into Portage and desolate Marathon, I found the farmers strangely cheerful. At Rosholt, in Portage, I stood in the middle of a powdery road, talking to half a dozen of them. One's milk check used to be \$235 a month. Now it was \$30. And that all eaten up by interest, and no money to buy clothes for the children. Another had chattel-mortgaged his cattle to buy horses to replace his team that died; now they'd foreclosed on his cattle. And so on. These were the kind of men to whom it used to be a disgrace to lose a farm. Now they talked gayly about their forlorn condition. And laughed. And that worried me. And when I asked why they still could laugh, they laughed louder and said: "We got lots of company."

LEO KUNKLE, the gray-eyed, terrific little Polish pioneer of Marathon County, laughed most of all. Round an old lumber-camp site this miniature Paul Bunyan had jerked every last pine stump out of 160 acres of land in fourteen years. In those days when snow used to be higher than your head along the roads in winter and it rained in the summer, this gnarled, good-natured man shipped four carloads of potatoes a year.

During those years he'd had a magnificent herd of grade Guernsey cows—twenty-five of them, great-uddered tan-and-white beauties, Spot, Dolly, Moonie, Ropuska, and the rest of them. They'd been the highest-producing herd among all the 3500 member herds of the cow-testing associations of Wisconsin in June of 1926.

He hadn't overexpanded. He'd stayed living in the lumber-camp bunk house. He cleared \$4000 a year. He raised nine children, and sent one boy to normal school and another to the electrical college in Chicago. He cut his mortgage in half and was Bill Rogan's right-hand man in every county improvement.

Then, five years ago, Marathon County weather went Arizona. Back of the barn there's a meadow that in old June was green and white with clover. "Look at it now," said Leo, and I looked, and it was like Dead Man's Hill northwest of Venon.

The mortgage was back up to the limit now and the marvelous Guernseys—what there was left of them—weren't really his any more, and it was running him \$1800 a year behind to feed them. You see, there's this difference between your farmer and your factory owner: your factory owner can lay off his men, cut his expenses, when prices go below what it costs to produce. But Leo has to go on working for himself—for nothing, and then less than nothing, until—

"What do the wife and kids think of it, Leo?" I asked him.

"Oh, dey don't mind. Dey've still got enough to eat," laughed Leo. "But de're plenty round dis town that ain't. If it wasn't for de Government feed dere wouldn't be 5 per cent of our cattle left here. But lots of people are coming to me now saying, 'Leo, we must have flour, we must have bread—our children are starving.'"

"But why can you still laugh, Leo?" I asked him.

Leo chuckled. "Oh, I got lots of company round here," he said.

VI

"BUT you musn't get too black a picture of it," said leon, dark-eyed County Agent Howard Lathrop, who has a face like an Indian, who fights day and night for the fields and the herds of these farmers near the end of their tether. At sixty miles an hour with a mile-long smoke screen of dust (Continued on Page 80)

A simple sum for rug-shoppers



Lively Wool



fastest dyes



lovely patterns



clever color-scheming



sturdy tufts



True Tension weave



friendly prices



Copyright 1934, Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co., Inc.

Here, Madam, is the plain arithmetic of rug and carpet value.

First, there's Lively Wool. Special blends of imported wools . . . tough and resilient . . . shorn from hardy sheep that live in the wind-swept corners of the earth.

+ Dyes. The fastest Science has yet evolved.

+ Styling-sense. We constantly watch what "they" are buying on the famous Avenues—Fifth and Michigan—along the Champs Elysées; what the best-dressed floors are wearing in the capitals of the world. With this sense of rightness and a keen artistry we weave schemes in some 4000 color shades that will settle right down in your home and behave as well-born furnishings should.

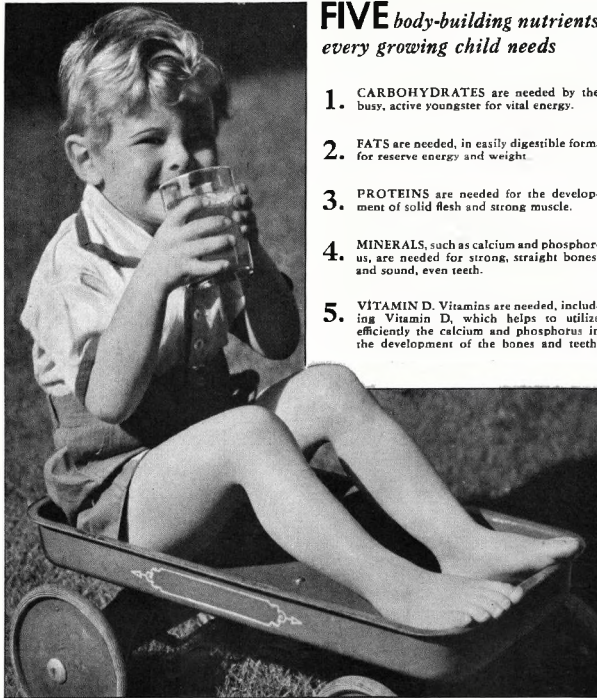
+ Sturdy tufts. You need hardy, up-standing tufts to defy the shuffling feet of Time.

+ Weave. Each tuft is fastened firmly and securely into the back of the rug or carpet by Bigelow's famous "True-Tension" weave.

+ Then last—or is it first?—price! You can get a Bigelow rug or carpet in all the usual price levels with the assurance that your money is buying every single detail we've summed up above.

How can you be sure? Just look for the blue and gold Bigelow Weavers' label! It's always in plain sight. Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co., Inc., 140 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.





FIVE body-building nutrients every growing child needs

1. **CARBOHYDRATES** are needed by the busy, active youngster for vital energy.
2. **FATS** are needed, in easily digestible form, for reserve energy and weight.
3. **PROTEINS** are needed for the development of solid flesh and strong muscle.
4. **MINERALS**, such as calcium and phosphorus, are needed for strong, straight bones, and sound, even teeth.
5. **VITAMIN D**. Vitamins are needed, including Vitamin D, which helps to utilize efficiently the calcium and phosphorus in the development of the bones and teeth.

In Cocomalt your child gets these 5 important nutrients

See how he gains in strength and vitality!

SOME foods are rich in carbohydrates—some contain an abundance of proteins—some provide essential minerals. But very few foods combine all these vital nutrients—and others even more important for sturdy growth and development.

That is why Cocomalt is so wonderfully beneficial for growing children. Mixed with milk, it produces a food-drink of high nutritional value. In this one delicious chocolate flavor drink are combined the 5 vital nutrients your child needs and must have to grow strong, straight, sturdy.

No false or exaggerated claims are made for Cocomalt. It is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association.

Cocomalt gives your child extra proteins, carbohydrates, food-calcium and food-phosphorus. Sunshine Vitamin D has been added to Cocomalt by special process, under license by the Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation.

Every cup or glass of Cocomalt, prepared according to the simple label directions, contains not less

than 30 Steenbock (81 U. S. P. revised) units of Sunshine Vitamin D.

High in food value—
economical in price

Whatever else you give your child, be sure you give him Cocomalt and milk. Every cup or glass, prepared as directed, is equal in food-energy value to almost two glasses of milk alone. No wonder youngsters gain so fast—get to strong and husky—on this delicious food-drink!

We urge you to remember this: Any hot non-stimulating drink, given at bedtime, helps to induce sound, restful sleep. By drinking hot Cocomalt at bedtime you not only invite instant and restful sleep but you also provide nature with 5 vital body-building nutrients as well.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery and good drug stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. air-tight cans. Easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD.

Special trial offer: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send your name and address (and 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 3-J, Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Formulated by scientists, Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.

Cocomalt

Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk



(Continued from Page 78)
behind us we streaked it for the farm of Pete van der Ploeg, Hollander, forty-two years in this country and needing no help from the Government or anybody, not squawking, apparently a genius raising hay without rain, producing milk without grass.

Pete puffed his little curved pipe and plodded slowly down endless rows of his cornfield, planting corn by hand in every hill where corn hadn't come up—

IT SEEMED to light him up to talk to another Dutchman, and when I asked him how come he wasn't having to get relief feed and seed from the Government, he said:

"Oh, you see, I guess I do a little different." He didn't for a moment mean he was better. He meant simply that the reason he still had a little hay in his barn was that he'd always raised a very great deal more hay than his not-very-big herd needed. Unlike the AAA economists and very much like Pharaoh's food dictator, Joseph, Pete didn't hate surpluses.

But how were his pastures this year? And his hay crop? No-o-o—and he puffed his pipe—there was no pasture and no hay this year. But then he paid as he went. He'd never bought electric milking machines or electric-light plants or radios, and he'd got in his emergency soy beans and Sudan grass. So-o-o, if we get rain. And if we didn't he had a little money to buy hay, if there was hay left in America.

But alas, Howard Lathrope agreed with me that this remarkable Pete, in the face of these five years' disaster, didn't prove anything. "When I tell them all to farm like Pete, they say nerts to you," Howard said. And who blames them all when you couldn't imagine, in those flush times, easy buying of electric milking machines, light plants, radios would ever take grass from their starving cows or bread from their hungry children?

Alas, all Pete proved was that if all farmers were Petes there wouldn't be light plants or radios, but there might be milk for babies in spite of no rain.

Even Pete van der Ploeg, rock of ages that he is among so many of his possibly frailer brethren, will have his share of milk and butter to give our babies only—if we get rain.

VIII

OF COURSE you'll say, "Even if there's not enough milk for America's town and city children now, and even if the drought may bring us a real milk famine next winter—those Wisconsin farmers are lucky. Their wives, their children, oughtn't to lack food."

Come along with me, then, to this large farmhouse in Wood County. Clean curtains are in all the windows. Able and very human Doctor Pomainville, of Wisconsin Rapids, is with us, telling us these are excellent, hard-working people. Three little girls were in the kitchen, the oldest one cooking over the range, and now in came the farm wife carrying a six-months-old baby.

"Good day. Do you need anything?" asked Doctor Pomainville. "Why is it you haven't called me this long time?"

"Do we need anything? I wish I knew something we don't need!" said the woman.

Just then the farmer came in from the barn with two little boys. Doctor Pomainville laughed and said, "You're my boys, aren't you?"

"Yes," the farm wife interrupted bitterly, "and you brought this baby too, and we haven't paid you for any of them; but we just can't seem to make ends meet."

The farmer explained that though they'd sixteen cows, their pastures were all burned up, and they'd had to get feed relief from the Government. This, I may interject in parentheses, is, in Wood County, according to Howard Lathrope, just about one-quarter what a cow should get, to give milk. But anyway, in spite of the sixteen cows, the milk check was only bringing \$2.68 every two weeks now.

"And the town chairman says we're not eligible for relief. I don't know why—except maybe he thinks I didn't vote for him last election," the farmer said, not smiling.

The doctor coaxed the smaller of the two little boys over to him, pulled up his shirt, showing sharp rickety ribs and his pitiful pot-belly—malnourished. Two of the little girls had very bad tonsils and were thin. The one who'd had infantile paralysis had had a brace in the good times, but that was too small now. Last winter father, mother, the six children—all eight of them—had had scarlet fever, and the mother had stayed on her feet to nurse them through it.

"But why didn't you call me?" Doctor Pomainville said.

"We owed you too much already, doctor."

Doctor Pomainville looked at the underfed children. You could see he was puzzled. After all, sixteen cows. . . . "Well," he said, "they sure ought to get enough milk."

THE farm wife's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, no, doctor. They could all drink more. They all want more. If we gave them any more there wouldn't be any milk check at all."

"But you've got lots of chickens," the doctor said.

"Yes, thirty chickens. But they don't lay, you know, unless they're fed. And what eggs we do get we've just got to sell to buy the few things we just can't live without."

"But your garden?" asked Doctor Pomainville.

Yes, they'd tried to have a garden, but the first seeding had blown out of the ground and the second seeds hadn't come up yet.

"I'm afraid we'll have to kill our cows if we don't get rain," the farmer interrupted.

You see, the farmer's wife said, they'd used up all the canned things; and of course, if they killed the cattle they could maybe can some meat. Doctor Pomainville looked at the farmer and his wife as if to say, "Yes, after the meat's gone, then what?"

But the farmer brightened. "I guess we can get through the summer all right—if we get rain!"

As you left you could see the dining room. It had a china closet with shining glasses, and the dining-room table had a dolly on it and a begonia in full bloom and everything was clean and shining, and Doctor Pomainville said afterward that these were excellent people, always paying all their debts before it stopped raining.

The good doctor then remembered the last thing the father had said: "We'd like to have these kids fixed up, doctor, but you can't do that when you can't feed them enough to cover their ribs."

DOCTOR POMAINVILLE then explained that this good, half-starved family were exactly the people who might be mercifully removed from their misery the next time flu and pneumonia come on a rampage, as they're pretty sure to do in not-too-many years. That was, after all, the most cheering conclusion it was possible to draw from that morning.

Excepting one other, to wit: That if our whole nation can be aroused to the astounding folly of abolishing dairy-product surpluses when there isn't even enough milk and butter for the very children of the farmers who produce this milk and butter—

If all the people of our nation do understand that, won't they rise in their might—

Won't they say, "If we have to choose between attempts to shore up a rickety price system by artificial scarcity, and the soothing of the wailing of underfed children by using the limitless plenty now possible—

Won't they see to it that this plenty gets to every last spindle-legged, pale-faced child who's hungry for it?"

STAINS GO. TOILETS
CLEAN WITHOUT
SCRUBBING



Sani-Flush

cleans closet bowls
without scouring



SANI-FLUSH saves you all disagreeable scrubbing of toilets. It removes stains and incrustations. It purifies the hidden trap which no other method can clean. Just follow directions on the can.

The toilet will sparkle like new. No spots. No odors. Sani-Flush is not like ordinary cleansers. It is made to clean toilets. Sani-Flush cannot injure plumbing.

It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators. Sold at grocery, drug, and hardware stores, 25c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Women earn MONEY!

and your own Dresses FREE
Showing Latest FROCKS,
... Direct from Factory!



No House-to-House Canvassing
New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You make up to \$22 weekly during spare hours and get all your own dresses free to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere.

No Investment Ever Required
We send you an elaborate Style Presentation in full colors and rich fabrics. Write fully for details of this marvelous opportunity, giving dress size and choice of color.

**FASHION FROCKS Inc. Dept. RH-2229
Chelmsford, G.**

EXTRA Dollars
BIG PAY FOR SPARE HOURS
Laboring for Christmas Card Box Assemblage
All beautiful! Orders retail for 1.50. 25-centual value
with surplus. No experience needed. 100¢ profit. A
big opportunity. Write for free sample offer.
ARTISTIC CARD CO., 251 Way Street, ELIZABETH, N. J.

LEARN TO IRON

beautifully
speedily
happily

TRY
THIS
FREE



Here's that modern way to hot starch without mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This free test convinces. Send for sample.

THANK YOU—
THE HUBINGER CO., No. 764, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,
and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Prospects for the Fall Elections

(Continued from Page 25)

dollars—an average of about a quarter of a billion dollars a month for the next fiscal year.

The bill will have to be paid sometime, and the only way it can be paid is out of the pockets of the taxpayers. The great burden that is being laid upon our future is something that we should realize and about which we would do well to inform ourselves. It seems to me that this should be of especial concern to the younger voters, as the burden will rest most heavily upon them.

There is also a possibility that before the bills become due a bankrupt Government may turn to undisguised inflation. Millions of us, with our fifty-nine-cent dollars, are feeling the discrepancy between what we get in wages or salaries or reduced income from our depreciated investments, and what we have to pay out for food, clothing and other necessities of our daily existence. It has, perhaps, not made us very uncomfortable so far; just a little uneasy. If, however, as many competent observers predict, the dollar a year from now should be worth only twenty-five cents—that is to say, able to buy less than half as much as it does at present—we may begin to grasp a little more clearly the consequences of the spending jag that is going on. Then it may happen that the victims of the depression will find themselves victims of the recovery, their ranks swelled by many others heretofore saved by providence or thrift, all alike engulfed by a tidal wave of inflation.

THESE possibilities, it seems to me, are sufficiently evident to alarm the most optimistic New Dealer. Nevertheless, Congress before it adjourned gave the President all the money that he asked for, as well as most of the additional automatic powers. The powers, however, were not granted without a protest, which, in my opinion, would not earlier in the year have been voiced so emphatically. For instance, the opposition that was displayed toward increasing the strength of the agricultural dictatorship by the "clarifying" amendments to the AAA showed a determination, no matter how scattered and unorganized, to scrutinize and to discuss boldly the Administration proposals. Due to the fight by Senator Byrd, they were first modified and then dropped. They are to be reintroduced next year, and what will happen to them then will depend on the character of the Congress and the condition of the country.

It is a curious thing what advertising does. Last year before Mr. Moley departed for the relative obscurity of his editorial job, he was the big headline. He still makes periodic trips to Washington, but they are unheralded, and there is very little comment about them.

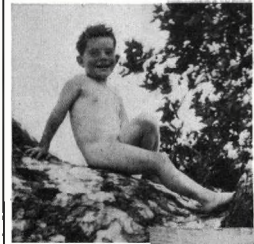
At the time of writing no one can tell how long or how much General Johnson will be with us. The Blue Eagle, indeed, is hardly recognizable, when one recalls the ballyhoo of last summer. Mr. Hopkins' prominence and authority in relief work and in the housing program are pretty sure to keep him in the public eye.

OF ALL the New Dealers, Mr. Tugwell has perhaps seemed to have the most sustained publicity value. Mr. Tugwell has written and spoken frequently and at great length, expounding his views, or what his readers and hearers in their simple-mindedness take to be his views. He appears to be one of the most influential and undoubtedly is among the most radical of the New Dealers.

The President finally promoted him from his position as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture to the newly created office of Under Secretary of Agriculture; his nomination was sent to the Senate and referred to the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry. Although there was never any doubt about his confirmation, the committee decided to hold a hearing, nominally to investigate his qualifications for the position—in reality, I should say, to ascertain his opinions on certain basic governmental and constitutional questions. If that was the reason for calling him, it was signally unsuccessful. He blandly insisted that nothing he had said or written represented his beliefs; that he had been merely theorizing, pointing out the consequences of certain actions and inactions. He adroitly avoided every effort to pin him down. Whether or not Mr. Tugwell's writings express beliefs or merely theories, they certainly have a singular resemblance to the policies which he and the New Dealers, from the President down, are devoutly engaged in promulgating and carrying out. His opponents on the committee were, of course, much hampered by their evident reluctance to venture into the open and ask the question which was in everybody's mind: Have the professional theories become Presidential policies? Those who heard or who have read the accounts of that hearing may well be confused, but I do not believe that they will be fooled, because Mr. Tugwell's deft evasions were singularly unconvincing. In any event, it is doubtful if anyone could live up to a reputation for such power and influence and ability as had been attributed to Mr. Tugwell.

Meanwhile, he and his fellow New Dealers hold the center of the stage in Washington. They have sole charge of our destinies, with six months ahead of them in which to work out their great experiments, free from interruption by the legislative branch.

A TRUE STORY



From A CAMP IN A BLAZING DESERT

A California mother protects the health of family and children under appalling circumstances

"I AM now living in a construction camp one hundred miles from a town," writes Mrs. S. M. Jarrett from the Utah Construction, Mecca, California. "My husband is Safety Engineer at one of the Metropolitan Aqueduct tunnels.

"Being so far distant from doctor and hospital, it is imperative that I keep my family healthy. Our extreme summer temperatures here in the desert are very enervating. It is necessary to use caution in preventing heat exhaustion, sunstroke and digestive disturbances. However, with a correct diet and the aid of Nujol, we keep exceptionally well. My two sons, ages five and seven years, never have a cold. And to date, they have had none of the contagious diseases that children usually have.

"In 1922 a doctor told me about Nujol. I used it to an advantage during pregnancy. I have used it consistently for my children from babyhood. Instead of helping to get them well, it has 'kept them well'.

"I believe that with the proper food, exercise and the use of Nujol every one can be healthy. Nujol is marvelous for toning up the digestive organs and cleansing the body of impurities. It works so gently, so naturally, with both old and young.

"My sons are perfect specimens of health. Firm flesh, straight bones, perfect teeth and unbounded energy. I give much credit to Nujol for keeping them well."

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," comes in two forms—plain and Cream of Nujol, which is flavored and hence often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, 2 Park Avenue, Dept. 6-P, New York City.

Try Our Easy Way of Making Money!

YES! You may be tied at home . . . or have a position which scarcely gives you a spare hour . . . Yet you can earn extra money through *The Girls' Club!*

"In less than an hour I made \$3.75," Mrs. W. U. C. writes. "Easiest money I ever earned."

Miss MacLaren (pictured at right) is a busy girl. Yet in spite of college and clubs, she earns Girls' Club dollars.

You can do it too! No expense—no learning period! Write, giving your name and address, and I'll send everything you need.

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
628 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



Nature created the perfect cleaning material

SEISMOTITE



Science used it to make the perfect cleanser

OLD DUTCH



Thousands of years ago, mighty volcanoes in the Rocky Mountain region erupted masses of a whitish material in a foamlike state which on cooling slowly settled to earth. It also fell on lakes (now dried up) and filtered to the bottom forming deep and pure deposits of this material which our scientists named seismotite.

Scientific research discovered the marvelous cleaning properties of seismotite. It was found to clean more quickly, safely and more economically, and therefore, it was used to make Old Dutch . . . the only one of its kind.

Seismotite (pronounced sis'-mo-tite) is composed of flaky, flat-shaped particles  that cover more surface and contact it completely. As a result, Old Dutch goes further and does more cleaning per penny of cost. It cleans without scratching because it is free from the wasteful, destructive grit  found in ordinary cleansers.

You don't need a variety of cleansers! Whether it's painted woodwork, porcelain, kitchen utensils, floors or glassware, you'll find Old Dutch cleans quicker and better than anything else. It's kind to the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors. There is no substitute for its quality and economy.

VISIT THE OLD DUTCH CLEANSER EXHIBIT . . . HOME PLANNING HALL . . . A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

Madame Pagliacci

(Continued from Page 11)

nails. Charlotte's allowance to be sent at once. Laundry to be sent out at the hotel. Charles' dinner clothes to be cleaned—that disgracefully smudged shoulder.

The manicure finished her work. She went away and came back with a box of dry corallin rouge, a box of fragrant powder.

"Permit me, please," she said. When she had used the two preparations on madame's face, the result was really surprising. No longer gray and yellow. A little tired-looking, perhaps, but healthily flushed.

"I'll take a box of each," said madame suddenly. Charles' rate-of-exchange gibe stuck like a poisoned arrow in her soul.

"And for the lips?" said the manicure. With very little trouble she sold madame a new lipstick. Not too scarlet.

ON A SURGE of newborn, half-ashamed hope, madame was conceiving a plan. What if she were to dress very carefully for dinner that night—say her black lace with the circ belt? She might stop at a shop somewhere on her way back to the hotel from the hairdresser's, pick up a flower to pin on the shoulder—a gardenia or even a rose. A big, soft, yellow rose. Something like a Maréchal Niel. She and Charles might go to a theater. Something with music. Not the Folies-Bergere. Not all those brazen, naked women with their taunting smiles. Something with a little decent sentiment to it—and a happy ending. Maybe an American movie. Afterward, just a glass of champagne in the hotel lounge. Half a bottle, perhaps. A celebration—if that was what Charles wanted. The new rouge made madame's eyes look larger and bluer. Almost as they used to look when she was a girl. She thought she might look for a pair of imitation-pearl earrings to wear with the yellow rose and the black lace. Charles liked pearls.

For three days now—the length of time they had been in Paris—Charles had seemed quite happy and satisfied. If he missed the Evans woman, he didn't show it. Madame thought men were like that. Once you had learned to laugh them out of their crazy fancies.

THE hairdresser came back. The manicure went away. The hairdresser said in two minutes more madame's hair would be ready. He went away in turn, leaving the curtain open.

Madame heaved a long sigh of impatience. The heated air had made her head ache badly. She stretched her neck, trying to ease it. Through the open curtain behind her she found that she could see reflected in one side of the mirror the desk in the outer office, the shriveled middle-aged woman behind it. People coming and going. Paying their checks. It was something to pass the time—watching people in the outer office. A young girl with a dog on a leash. A young man with a green collar. Charles had a shirt with a green collar. Madame was glad she had never let him wear it.

A slender figure, a woman in very thin black with a wide black hat, stood longer than the rest at the desk, apparently making an appointment. Madame thought, "Now she's got chic—that's how I'd like —"

The woman turned and madame saw her face. That smooth, dark hair, the long, smiling, dark eyes, the scarlet mouth. She was going. She had gone. And madame sat with her hands tight-clenched upon each other, her face ashen.

Charles had said he understood that Mrs. Evans was going on to Vienna. He had said it after considerable and rather pointed questioning on the part of madame. Still, he had said it. He might, of course, have been misinformed—then again he mightn't. All three days he might have

been seeing her. Happy and satisfied? Of course. Why not?

The hairdresser had come back, shut off the dryer and disconnected the steel hood. He was taking it away. Taking the veil off madame's hair. Taking out all the little hairpins. Running a comb through the deep bronze waves.

"Madame," he said, "should be careful to keep the space between the end of the eyebrow and the top of the ear quite clear—otherwise an old look, and hard."

Madame jerked under his impersonally caressing hands. Wide black hat and scarlet mouth had disappeared from the mirror, but in their place from the door of the Gentlemen's Salon, startlingly sudden, a man leaped into view. He was tugging on his coat. He was smoothing back his just-trimmed hair. His right hand was up in salutation. He was calling excitedly, "Judith!" Judith was the name of the Evans woman. The man in the mirror was Charles.

"A little brilliantine—a very little?" said the hairdresser.

Madame said, "I don't care—anything." She sat frozen, watching and waiting. A choking lump in her throat.

Back into the mirror after a long moment came smiling eyes and a white-gloved hand outstretched. Charles' hand went out to meet those slender fingers, engulfed them ardently. Charles' tones, always boyishly loud in moments of exhilaration, came clear to madame:

"Just heard your voice. Of course I knew it. Thought I wasn't going to see you till cocktail time. . . . Oh, they don't know what I'm saying. Anyhow, who cares—in Paris?"

BETWEEN Charles' disjointed raptures the scarlet mouth had spoken, but madame couldn't hear what it said. A pantomime of delicate withdrawal—eventual concession—a subtly shaken finger—reproof and intimate amusement.

Then Charles, careless of a listening world: "Fine! I won't be fifteen minutes. Meet you in the lobby of your place, eh? Be good till I see you!"

In or out of his sight, Charles had never thought it necessary to tell madame to be good. In that moment she would have given her right hand if the tender admonishment had been for her.

Never in all the years they had spent together had he come leaping out of a barber shop calling her name. With that excited, imperative note in his voice. Not caring who heard or saw. She had never meant that much to him.

The hairdresser was curling the ends of the wave at madame's ear over his fingers.

Black lace, circé sash, yellow rose, champagne—and something with a happy ending.

"What a fool!" thought madame, hot tears welling up from her heart to her eyes. "What a fool—to think I could do it!" She thought, "It's no good my trying to laugh at him after this. I can't—that's all. This time it's gone too far. What I ought to do is to divorce him."

As if an icy wind blew upon her, with the thought she shivered. The hairdresser said, "Madame is not feeling well?" His sharp eyes had seen her suffering.

She said, "I'm all right, thanks. Finish as soon as you can."

DIVORCE him—divorce Charles? As well cut off her own head and be done with it. What would she do? Where would she go? No training for any sort of work, no experience—even if younger, better-looking, stronger women weren't looking for work already in every town in the world. But if not work, what? Alimony? Take money from Charles when money was all he cared now to give her? Of course she'd take (Continued on Page 85)

From far off India comes

SARÁKA

A discovery that brings relief to thousands of sufferers from

CONSTIPATION

Through the dense humid jungles of India native Hindus search for bassorin, a rare and valuable sap from tropical trees.

Huge trained elephants beat down the underbrush. Hindu rifle-men guard against vicious man-eating jungle beasts. More Hindus gather the sap, pack it in bales and



transport it to ocean liners which bring it to western countries.

A famous laboratory since 1911 has been interested in studying the unique qualities of this sap. Years were spent in exhaustive tests. More years were spent in perfecting it.

Finally the laboratory was convinced that this natural product gave not only a very safe and pleas-



ant relief from habitual constipation, but was also a most effective one of an entirely new type. It was given the name "Saráka".*

Samples of the perfected Saráka were then sent to doctors all over

the United States. Tests were made by 15,862 physicians.

Doctors, having fully satisfied



themselves as to its merits, began recommending Saráka to their patients. Today, on doctors' advice over 350,000 people are using Saráka to relieve constipation.

But we believe there is only one way that you can satisfy yourself as to the merits of Saráka and that is by trying it.

Saráka is on sale in drug stores in three sizes, large, medium and a



10¢ trial-size. If your doctor hasn't given you a trial-size package you may buy one at most druggists for 10¢. Or you may obtain one by mailing the coupon below.

With each sample there is a folder giving interesting information about habitual constipation and how Saráka may help you overcome it.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Copyright 1934
Schering Corporation
NBA



SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. L-9, Bloomfield, N. J.

I'd like to try Saráka. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover postage and mailing of trial package.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Doctors discover vital food element

stored in oatmeal

makes children hungry

curbs nervousness,
helps avoid constipation!



Three greatest problems of child-feeding occur when diets lack this amazing food element, so abundant in delicious Quaker Oats

More yeast-vitamin in 3/4¢ worth of Quaker Oats, than in three cakes of fresh compressed yeast! Yet nothing is added to natural oat grain

IF your child is inclined to be fidgety, irritable, fretful, picky about foods, check up on his diet for this amazing nerve-nourishing element, supplied so abundantly in Quaker Oats.

Children *must* have it to develop poise and self-control. Yet food experts say that meals commonly fail to furnish enough of this vital nerve-nourishing element.

Now it is generously supplied for all in this delicious creamy oatmeal breakfast. For stored in the heart of the oat grain is an abundance of the vital food element, that tones up the system, nourishes nerves, and counteracts irritability.

"Most Important Discovery in Years"
Say Scientists

Some call it the yeast vitamin, or Vitamin B. Yet one serving of Quaker Oats contains more of this precious element than three cakes of fresh compressed yeast. And a Quaker Oats breakfast costs only 3/4¢!

Loss of weight, under-nourishment, malnutrition, result when a child's diet is short of this element. Kids aren't as bright, *don't get along as well at school*, when they suffer lowered vitality in this way. But, warns one scientist, this element *can't be stored up in the body*. So play safe. Serve Quaker Oats regularly!

Serve it not only for its lasting energy. But to aid in these serious child-feeding problems.

How it affects poor appetite—constipation

Now youngsters poorly nourished for Vitamin B, can develop wholesome normal appetites without being coaxed to eat. Poor appetites disappear, records show, after regular feeding of this precious food element, so richly supplied in Quaker Oats. Stubborn cases of constipation also yield to this same magical food element, according to medical records. Now in Quaker Oats, the *economical* breakfast food, every child, rich and poor, may have this splendid nourishment.

Make this two-weeks test!

Start at once to give your child, your family, the amazing benefits of a Quaker Oats breakfast. Quick Quaker, as you probably know, cooks done in 2 1/2 minutes. It is amazingly simple to prepare—and wonderfully good to eat. If you buy thin flavorless oats, your oatmeal may be insipid and flat. Quaker, even in a drought year, selects only the plumpest, meatiest oats; then roasts them, by a special process, through ten different ovens. That's why you can tell the difference, the minute you taste Quaker . . . why it is so much more luscious and appetizing.

Eat Quaker, serve Quaker, for abundant energy!

WHAT EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW ABOUT QUAKER OATS



Builds more muscle, greater energy, because rich in carbohydrates, proteins, fats.



Penty of minerals to build strong teeth and bone.



Rich in yeast-vitamins. Stirs up appetite, soothes nerves, fights constipation.



We infused with sunshine Vitamin D to build straight and sturdy bones and teeth.



Mother's Oats, companion to Quaker Oats, also a quick, delicious break fast.

FREE! THE NEW AUTHORITY ON FEEDING CHILDREN

Send coupon today for your free copy of this remarkable new booklet on the feeding of children. Latest discoveries of clinics and child-feeding specialists discussed in simple terms, with balanced diets for children of all ages. Write to The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Illinois. Dept. LHJ-9

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

(Continued from Page 83)

alimony! Why not? Hadn't she earned it? Hadn't she given him the best years of her life?

Something deeply honest in her cried out. "It wasn't just me giving. We both gave, at first. We weren't making bargains then." She thought. "Then isn't now. Everything's over. This woman is different. She's got him. I can't fight her. This time he's gone."

"Madame is a bit pale," said the hairdresser. "A glass of water—"

She said, "Nothing, thank you." She thought, "I can't let him go. What would become of me? I couldn't live. All the mornings and evenings empty." With a turn of the screw it came to her: "Maybe I won't have any choice. Suppose he tells me he wants a divorce—maybe that's what's coming. I could refuse, of course—but I'd be so ashamed. What shall I do?"

She put a hand up over her heart. The hairdresser thought she was faint. He stood staring at her anxiously.

"Have you finished?" she asked. She thought, "Laughing wasn't enough, even if I could do it again; and I can't, not any more—"

IN the outer office a vague commotion arose. All at once a man's voice—Charles' voice—said loudly, with extreme annoyance, "Don't put that stuff on me!"

Someone, a subservient tenor, answered in French; a rapid flow, of which madame caught only the words *Chez Lui*.

"What do you think I am?" said Charles furiously.

The tenor again protested. "You fool!" cried Charles. "I've got an important engagement. How the devil do you think I'm going to keep it, stinking like this!"

She could see them in the mirror—Charles and the dapper little French barber. The barber had an atomizer in his hand. Obviously he had just sprayed the unsuspecting Charles thoroughly and efficiently with perfume. Charles, on his way to the Evans woman. Charles, about to rush to Romance, smelling like a perfume shop.

Something fluttered in madame's throat. A high, faint chirp escaped her trembling lips. She began to laugh. She laughed till the tears she had been holding back rolled down her face. Over the new rouge and powder.

The hairdresser was frightened. He ran for smelling salts.

Madame lay back in the chair with her handkerchief to her eyes. Having begun, she could not stop laughing. She heard herself getting shriller and wilder, but she laughed the more for that. She gasped for breath while her laughter mounted.

She heard quick footsteps. The hairdresser, of course, coming back. She greeted him with peal upon peal of agonized mirth. Her face was still hidden in her handkerchief. When she felt a hand upon her shoulder she shook her head helplessly, laughing louder and higher.

THE hand upon her shoulder tightened. With the movement a wave of *Chez Lui* enveloped her sickeningly.

"Lizzie!" said Charles, violent in amazement. "What on earth—I heard you all the way out in the office!"

She gulped. "How did you know it was me?"

He said, "I'd know that laugh of yours in China."

At which she left off laughing and began to cry. The hairdresser hovering in the doorway proffered something cloudy and aromatic in half a glass of water.

"What happened?" Charles demanded of him grimly.

"N-nothing!" said madame. She could no more stop crying than laughing.

"You're hysterical," said Charles. "Something must have happened." If he guessed what it was—if he guessed what she might have overheard—his face didn't show it.

The hairdresser put in anxiously, not without a shrewd frankness, "Madame's

head—the dryer may have been a little too hot. I was afraid—"

"You know it was a little too hot!" said Charles, turning on him fiercely. "What were you trying to do? Make my wife ill?"

Madame wept. "Don't scold him—it wasn't his fault."

"**P**OOOR old girl," said Charles. He drew madame's head against his arm. He crushed all the perfect waves of her hair into complete disarrangement. The hairdresser, watching, very nearly groaned aloud.

"Here—drink this," said Charles. "Seems to be aromatic ammonia."

Madame would have taken hemlock from that hand. She drank and choked.

"You just keep still a minute now," said Charles, "and let me take care of you."

He hadn't had to take care of her for years. She had prided herself on her self-reliance. Maybe he would have liked—

"What were you doing in this hot box anyhow," he grumbled, "a sweltering day like this?"

She stammered unsteadily. "You said this morning—why didn't I get myself fixed up—"

The hairdresser, unable any longer to watch the destruction of his handiwork in silence, suggested pointedly, "Madame has beautiful hair."

"Sure she's got beautiful hair," said Charles proudly. "Always did have." He smoothed it away from her forehead with a masterful palm. She shut her eyes and drew a long sigh of incredible beatitude.

"Madame is better now?" said the hairdresser sapiently.

"Much better," said madame faintly. The aromatic ammonia had steadied her. She made a half-hearted attempt at sitting up straight.

"**T**ODAY night where you are," said Charles, "while I go out and nail a taxi. Then I'll come back and get you, take you back to the hotel and buy you a swell luncheon—champagne cocktails and everything. How's that strike you? Gosh, you gave me a bad scare! Are you sure you're all right now? Why, you might have had heat prostration."

"I'm sure," said madame. She lifted a smile that was sweeter than she knew. Only faintly quivering.

Something gleamed for an instant in Charles' gray eyes. Something left over from long ago and far away. He stooped and kissed her. "Back in a jiffy!" he promised and was gone.

Even if he were going to telephone the Evans woman, it could be only to tell her that he wouldn't come. Wasn't he taking madame to luncheon? With champagne cocktails and everything.

With the departure of Charles the hairdresser had leaped into action. He was restoring madame's violated waves with fingers nervously swift. He said, "I will show madame how to put on her rouge, if she will permit." He put a finishing dust of powder on her face just as Charles returned.

"Taxi waiting," said Charles. "Well, you look pretty swell!" He tipped the hairdresser for her. He put a proprietary hand on her shoulder, turning her toward the door. "Fool in the barber shop," he said, "got perfume all over me before I could stop him. Notice it much?"

He was trying to seem casual, but he waited anxiously for an answer. She knew he was feeling self-conscious and uncomfortable. She knew—did she not know!—how he hated to be laughed at.

She said what she would never have said an hour before: "I don't notice it at all, Charles."

He looked tremendously relieved. He had turned to her for comfort and she had given it to him. He took her arm so she might lean on him in case she still felt a little faint. "Want to take it easy now," he said. "I've got you. See?"

What she saw—like seeing a sunrise—was that, for the moment at least, they still had each other.

Ruined? NOT A BIT!



S.O.S WILL MAKE IT SHINE in 10 quick seconds

Cheer up. It's just when things look blackest that S.O.S. shines!

Really like magic. The edge of an S.O.S. pad dipped in water—a few scouring rubs—a rinse—and you'd think the old faithful pan had never sat a-top a stove before. Hard to believe that a few cents invested in S.O.S. will protect many, many dollars invested in aluminum ware, and that 10 seconds can take the place of minutes of scouring by other methods.

Get a package today—at your grocer's, department, hardware, or 5 & 10¢ store—or mail coupon below for free trial package.

S.O.S. SHINES
ALUMINUM
POTS & PANS
STOVES
BAKING GLASS
LINOLEUM
BROILERS
COFFEE POTS
NICKEL
OVER 40 USES



FREE

Mail this coupon or a post-card to The S. O. S. Company, 6263 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill., and we will send you free a trial package of S.O.S. You'll like it. It's wonderful!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



THE SWEATER BLOUSE—FROM PARIS

BY JULIA COBURN

WHEREAS you responded so overwhelmingly to the French "knitteds" I offered you in the spring; and whereas the sweater blouse has taken a fashion front seat, combining the styling of the blouse with the comfortable trimness of the sweater; and whereas Wanda Kofler, of Paris and Vienna, designer of exclusive knit things for expensive shops, has created sweater blouses suitable for all youngish figures, and for making in various yarns; and whereas, because they are suitable for all types of young figures, and for wear with all but the most formal of autumn suits: Therefore, be it resolved that all young women, whether they are going to college or to business, to the city or the

country in the fall, should choose their favorite, and spend their end-of-the-summer spare time knitting or crocheting one of these sweater blouses, to be ready for those early-in-September suit days.

Let's start with the top row, at the left. FRANCES, No. 1193, has a blouse-like collar that ends in a tie. You can make it in wool or linen yarn. Next is CANARI, No. 1194 (but you could use any color), long-sleeved and tailored, with smart draw-string neckline and yoke effect. Directions are for wool and linen yarn. RUTH, No. 1195, in blue, is a shirtwaist sweater that is very becoming to larger figures. You can make it in either wool, cotton or linen yarn.

Along the bottom row, at the left, is AZUR, No. 1196. You can't see how smartly it rolls high in front. Wear it buttoned down the back, as college girls do their cardigans. The zigzag ribs stand out in wool yarn. Next is AMY, No. 1197, whose short sleeves are grand to wear under your fall suit. It can be made in cotton or linen yarn. Last, but quickest to crochet, is PAQUITA, No. 1198, of cotton or linen yarn. Turn to page 88 for directions for PAQUITA.

One set of directions for any one of the sweaters covers all the yarns recommended, so send three cents for directions for the number of the sweater you want, to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

. . . hurriedly she hid her feet!



"It isn't fair!" thought Jane furiously. "Alice *knows* her feet are beautiful and mine are hideous! She *would* suggest plunking down right here, miles away from my beach sandals or robe. Look at her—waving her nice tanned toes at him and arching her instep! Thank goodness I can at least hide my shame in the sand!"

* * *

Today, twisted toes, calloused heels and swollen arches are the marks of careless buying. What does it matter if a woman's hands are well groomed, her complexion faultless, her figure superb—if her feet are gnarled and ugly? For more and more the modern matron or miss must expose her feet to critical eyes.

Until recent years there wasn't much you could do about it—if you still wanted to be smartly shod. But the makers of Foot Saver Shoes solved the problem—married good sense to fashion—and already, on street and beach,

thousands of women are walking proof of this fact. Notice the next pair of lovely, shapely feet you see. Their owner may not reveal her secret. But the chances are the answer is—Foot Saver.

Foot Saver Shoes do not betray their hidden, patented construction. They look exactly like any smart but foot-wrecking and nerve-wrecking shoes. Yet in each Foot Saver is a slender strip of springy steel which follows the contour of the foot, gives firm support to the curving arch. The heel stays snugly in place, does not ruin the stocking or callous the foot.

There is space for each toe. And when you walk, the vamp yields to the pressure of the expanding foot as easily as a fine glove on the steering wheel of your car, because Foot Savers are shaped over free-walking lasts and made to fit the foot in motion.

Naturally Foot Saver Shoes are comfortable, allow your feet to become beautiful again, relieve fatigue, induce graceful carriage. Above all—they are *smart*—smart in line, in shape, in detail.

A selected shoe or department store in your locality sells Foot Saver Shoes. If you don't know which it is write us for the name and we will send you an unusually interesting booklet of New Footwear Fashions. Write The Julian & Kokenge Co., 256 S. Front St., Columbus, Ohio.

FOOT SAVER SHOES

"Smart Shoes for Beautiful Feet"

© The Julian & Kokenge Co. 1934

The Julian & Kokenge Co., 256 S. Front St., Columbus, O.
Please send me your free booklet of New Footwear Fashions "Smart Shoes for Beautiful Feet." Also name of the nearest Foot Saver dealer.

Name.....

Street.....

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

Men's Foot Savers are made by Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co., Whitman, Mass.

PEQUOT TABS

Signal



THE WIDTHS OF YOUR SHEETS
RIGHT FROM THE CLOSET SHELF!



Now you can stop *guessing* which sheets are which! Pequot tabs tell you. They stick out from the pile of folded sheets and show you just which bed each sheet fits.

One of these permanent tabs is sewn on every Pequot sheet. No other brand of sheets has them.

The sheets with these tabs are sure to be not only the *width* you want, but also the *quality* you want. For Pequots are the *longest-wearing*, most economical sheets you can buy! Four generations of housewives have proved this fact in actual service. And now impartial scientific tests by

the great U. S. Testing Co. show that Pequot is the *strongest* and *most uniform* of 9 leading brands!

Take a Pequot in your hand and feel its smooth, firm weave! That "feel" never washes out; it only grows softer with the years, like old linen. And because Pequots are bleached slowly, carefully, without harsh chemicals, they *stay white*.

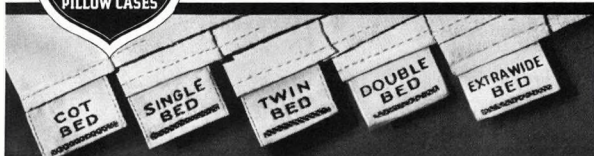
There's only one grade of Pequot sheets—the best. Yet Pequots are moderately priced. It's thrifty to start replacing your old sheets with Pequots now.

Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

PEQUOT

(pronounced "PEE-quatt")

Sheets and Pillow Cases



DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING PAQUITA, No. 1198

HERE are the directions for making PAQUITA, the little sweater that is shown on page 86. You can make it either in two-ply linen yarn, which weighs two ounces to the ball, or in cotton or mercerized cotton yarn.

In making this sweater you may find that your own crocheting is closer or looser than the gauge given here; in that case, you will vary the measurements a little.

IN LINEN YARN

MATERIALS: 6 balls two-ply two-ounce linen yarn in main color and 1 ball two-ply in trimming color; 1 No. 4 crochet hook. 2½-inch square button molds and 2 snap fasteners for size 14.

GAUGE: 5 pattern rows (10 crochet rows)—2 inches. 9 patterns—2 inches.

ABBREVIATIONS: S c—single crochet; d c—double crochet; ch—chain; h d c—half double crochet; sl st—slip stitch.

PATTERN STITCH: Cham a multiple of 2 plus 1.

1st Row: Make s c in 4th ch, ch 1 s c in every 2d ch to end, ch 2. **2d Row:** 2 d c in 2d s c each every 2 c across, ending, 2 d c in 2d s c in last s c, ch 3. **3d Row:** S c in 2d h d c (picking up back of loop only), ch 1 s c in 2d h d c as before, across row. Repeat this st throughout for blouse.

FRONT: Ch 27. **1st Row:** Skip 2, ch 1 s c in each of next 10 ch, 1 h d c (draw loop up to a scant ¼ inch) in each of next 18 ch, ch 3. **2d Row:** (S c in 2d h d c, ch 1) repeat across, ch 32. **3d Row:** S c in 3d ch, 9 s c, skip 1 ch, pattern across, ending with 1 h d c in next ch.

4th Row: Pattern across, ending with ch 15. **5th Row:** Like 3d row, ch 7. **6th Row:** s c in 4th ch, pattern across, ch 13. **7th Row:** 11 d c in 4th ch, pattern across, ch 5. **8th Row:** Like 6th row, ending with ch 3. **9th Row:** Pattern across, ch 8. **10th Row:** Like 8th row, 11th Row: Pattern across, ch 32.

12 to 13d Rows: Even. **14th and 15th Rows:** Add 1 st at beginning of each row. **16th Row:** 33d Rows: Even. **34th Row:** 20 patterns, sl st across 5 patterns, pattern across. **35th Row:** 39 patterns, pattern across. **36th and 37th Rows:** Even—ch 21 at end of 37th row. **38th Row:** S c in 2d, 3d, 4th ch (ch 1, skip ch 2, d c in next ch) 4 times, ch 1, skip 1 ch, 3 s c, 4 sl st, ch 1, s c in st above h d c, pattern across.

39th to 47th Rows: Even. **48th Row:** 2 patterns, ch 9, skip 4 patterns, pattern across. **49th to 51st Rows:** Even. **50th Row:** 15 center front. Shape other side to correspond.

BACK: Ch 27. **1st Row:** Skip 2, ch 1 s c in each of 11 ch, 1 h d c in each of remaining 14 s c, ch 3. **2d Row:** Pattern across, ch 31. **3d Row:** Skip 2, ch 10 s c, skip 1 ch, pattern across, ch 8. **4th Row:** Skip 2, ch, pattern across, ch 11. **5th Row:** 2 h d c in 6th ch, pattern across, ch 36. **6th Row:** S c in 3d ch, pattern across, ch 11. **7th Row:** Pattern across, ch 11. **8th Row:** Like 7th row, 10th Row: 71st Row: Even. **72 to 79th Rows:** Shape second underarm and armhole to correspond to front.

SLEEVE: Ch 50 for one-half of lower edge. **1st Row:** Beginning in 4th ch, make 1 h d c in each ch, ch 3. **2d Row:** 1 s c in 2d h d c, pattern across, ch 2. **3d to 21st Rows:** Pattern at Break thread, make second piece to match first. Do not break thread. Turn. Work 22d row across both pieces (46 patterns in all). **23d to 29th Rows:** Even. **30th Row:** Omit last pattern, ch 2. **31st Row:** Pattern across, omitting 1st and last s c, ch 2. **32d Row:** Pattern across. Do not put s c in end, ch 2. **33d Row:** S c in 2d s c, ch 1. Pattern across, omitting last 2 patterns, ch 2. **34th Row:** Like 32d row with last s c in last group of d c, ch 2. **35th to 42d Rows:** (Like 31st to 34th rows inclusive) twice. **43d to 46th Rows:** (Like 31st and 32d rows) twice. **47th Row:** Like 33d row, decreasing 3 patterns at each end. **48th Row:** Like 34th row. **49th Row:** Like 47th row. **50th Row:** Like 34th row. Fasten off.

COLLAR: Ch 50. **1st Row:** Picking up back thread of ch, put s c in 4 ch and work in pattern to end. **2d to 18th Rows:** Pattern across. **19th Row:** Decrease 1 pattern at beginning of row. Break thread. Make 2d piece to match 1st, decreasing 1 pattern at end of 19th row. Do not break off thread. **2d and 3rd Rows:** Pattern across. Ch 4½ inches (38 sts). Pattern across first piece made. There is a total of 13 patterns decreased at each edge from the 21st to 32d row inclusive, as follows: **21st to 26th Rows:** Work in pattern, decreasing a total of 4 patterns at each end for the 6 rows. **27th to 32d Rows:** Work in pattern, decreasing a total of 9 patterns at each end for the 6 rows. Fasten off neatly.

WAISTBAND: Ch 32 inches. Work in pattern st for 10 rows. Fasten off.

Trimming bows in color. Replace h d c by d c. Make 3 sleeve and smaller front bows. Ch 4½ inches, work in pattern st for 6 rows, decreasing evenly at each end so that the 6th row will be but 3 inches long. Larger front bow: Same as above, beginning with a ch of 5½ inches and finishing last row with 4 inches. Cover ¼-inch square button forms with s c.

FINISHING. Sew seams neatly. Crochet 1 pattern row of h d c across top of center front. Work 1 row of s c around edge of sleeves and front of neck, ming ch loops for buttons at corners of center front. Attach collar. Fasten buttons. Attach waistband, lapping ends 1¼ inches for snap fasteners. Lay small front bow on top of larger and pull through openings at center front and back. ½ inch from both ends of 15th row of sleeves, pull a tie-end through and arrange.

IN COTTON YARN

MATERIALS: 20 balls 2½-ounce cotton yarn or 14 balls 1½-ounce mercerized cotton crochet Size 10, and 1 ball of contrasting color, for Size 16 sweater, 1 steel crochet hook No. 3.

GAUGE: 8 sts—1 inch.

BACK: Begin at underarm seam, ch 27, turn. **1st Row:** 1 d c in 5th ch from hook, * skip 1 ch, 2 d c in next. Repeat from beginning with 2 d c in last st (24 d c), ch 3, turn. Turning ch to count as 1 st on the following row.

2d Row: * Skip 1 st, s c in next, picking up front loop of 2 d c in next ch, * skip 1 st to end, placing last s c in 3d ch of turning ch, ch 3, 15, turn. **3d Row:** 1 d c in 5th ch from hook, * skip 1 ch, 2 d c in next, and repeat from * 4 more times. Then work over 2d row by putting 2 d c in each s c as before, ending with ch 1, ending with 2 d c in middle ch of turning ch 3 (36 d c), ch 7, turn. **4th Row:** 1 s c in 5th ch from hook, ch 1, skip 1 ch, 1 s c in next, ch 1, and continue as for 2d row, ending with ch 15. **5th Row:** Like 4th row, ending with ch 1, ending with 2 d c in next, 9th Row: Same as 3d row (84 d c), ch 7, turn. **10th Row:** Same as 4th row, ending with ch 3, turn. **11th Row:** D c in 1st s c, * skip ch 2, d c in next ch, * skip 1 ch, s c in next, and repeat from * to end of row, ending with 2 d c in 2d ch of turning ch, ch 3, 39, turn. **12th Row:** 1 s c in 5th ch from hook, * ch 1, skip 1 ch, s c in next, and repeat from * to end of row, then work over row of sts of previous row as before. Then work straight for 13 inches in the same pattern. Shape the following 12 rows the same as the first 12 rows.

FRONT: Work first 12 rows same as for back, then work straight for 4 inches. **Next 2 d c Row:** Work in same pattern over 72 sts, ch 3, turn. **Next s c Row:** Work s c and ch 1 over the 72 d c in same pattern, ch 23, turn. **Next Row:** D c in 5th ch from hook, * skip 1 ch, 2 d c in next. Repeat from * 8 more times. Then 2 d c in each s c, skipping the ch 1. This forms an opening at the front neckline. Work 2 inches straight, ending with s c s c row, ch 3, turn. **Following Row:** Work in same pattern 80 d c (40 groups of 2 d c), ch 8, skip 4 s c and 4 ch, and d c (2 groups of 2 d c) to complete row. **Next Row:** S c, ch 1, over previous row (over the ch 8, too). This forms a slit to insert a bow. Work 2 more rows straight. This completes half of the front. Continue 2d half exactly like the first half.

SLEEVES: Ch 51, turn. **1st Row:** D c in 5th ch from hook, * skip 1 ch, 2 d c in next, and repeat from * ending with 2 d c in last ch, ch 3, turn. Work in same pattern for 4 inches. Break thread. Make another piece the same as this one. Do not break thread, but work across next row in pattern, and do not break the thread, continue across the last row of the first piece, ch 3, turn. Continue across the 2 pieces, working straight for 2 inches. **Next 14 Rows:** At each of both ends of s c rows decrease 2 sts (1 s c and 1 ch), and at each of both ends of d c rows decrease 1 d c. Break thread. Make another sleeve like this one. Sew back to front, sew sleeve underarms, and then sew sleeves into armholes.

COLLAR: Ch 43, turn. Work 40 sts in same pattern over this ch for 16 rows. Break thread. Make another piece just like this one. Do not break thread, but continue picking up 40 sts across back neck, then continue over the first piece. **Next 9 Rows:** Continue decreasing as for the sleeves, having the last row s c and ch 1. Work a row of s c down first opening at front neck, up again, across front neck, down other opening, and up again. Finish off sleeve edges and openings with row of s c. Join sides of collar to sides of neck.

WAISTBAND: Ch 231, turn. Work in pattern 7 rows over this ch. Join around bottom of blouse, having opening on left side, with ½-inch overlap. Sew on 2 snap fasteners at opening for closing. Cover 2 buttons with contrasting color, and sew to each opening of front neck. Make loops for buttonholes to correspond.

BOWS: Worked in contrasting color. Three are the same size and one larger. **3 Rows:** Ch 27, turn. Work 3 rows in pattern over this ch, increasing 2 c in each row (1st and 3d rows. **4th Row:** Ch 35, turn. Work 5 rows, increasing 2 d c at each end on 1st, 3d and 5th rows. Join a small bow over a large one, and insert through the two slits at front. Pull through the other two bows at sleeve openings.

If you want to have the above directions in handy leaflet form, send three cents for PAQUITA, No. 1198, to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



Once more Youth creeps back into the skin ... a scientist's discovery has set women agog

"WOMEN are so fascinating at middle age," mused a scientist, "how wonderful it would be if they could possess the added allurements of true girlhood skin!"

The thought challenged him. This scientist knew that young skin contains a natural, softening substance, which makes it fresh—glamorously attractive. "Why not put into a face cream this vital, youthful substance old skins lack," pondered the scientist. "Maybe then . . . who knows?"

That's what he did. The remarkable results became evident when women tried his new creation. Their skins grew radiantly clearer. Age lines and tiny wrinkles began to smooth out. Old, dry skin gained a new, animated freshness.

Sebisol—what it is

The natural, skin-softening substance the scientist

put into Junis Cream he named *sebisol*. It is essential to every living cell. It is so scarce, we had to search the world to find a sufficient supply. Pepsodent Junis Cream contains pure *sebisol*. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Whether *sebisol* alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we are told by women: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

You need no other cream

As you apply Junis Cream, feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—so light in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream is both a cleansing and a night cream.

Try Pepsodent Junis Cream at our expense. We believe you will be delighted with results. You be the judge. Junis Cream, we think, will thrill you

as it has thrilled thousands of other women who have tried it. You can't afford to neglect an opportunity that has so much to do with charm and feminine allure. And until you *try* Junis Cream you may be neglecting the one beauty aid your complexion needs. Send the coupon at once.

FREE—GENEROUS SUPPLY

We want you to try Pepsodent Junis Facial Cream and see how truly revolutionary it is.

THE PEPSODENT CO., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago
This coupon is not good after February 28, 1935 J-109

Name

Address

City State

Note: This offer is available only to residents of the United States
Only one tube to a family



I was troubled with large pores that showed through every face powder I used until I tried MELLO-GLO. Now they do not show and all my friends say my skin is more lovely and alluring than ever.



Looking in a mirror after working all day used to give me a bad shock. Then I discovered new French process MELLO-GLO. It not only hides tiny lines and wrinkles but it stays on so long. It relieves that tired "pasty" look and has given me back the girlish complexion I had at sixteen.



Shiny nose was a problem with me for years. A friend suggested MELLO-GLO—it spreads easily and stays on longer. Now I can dance all night without constant retouching. It's a divine powder.

LARGE PORES ... THE BANE TO BEAUTY

No woman likes to admit she has large pores, yet a careful inspection in the mirror often shows this unfortunate tendency. Large pores are ruinous to beauty and should be controlled. At last something absolutely new in face powders has been created to solve this distressing problem. It is called MELLO-GLO. Made by a new French process, this marvelous new face powder is so delicately textured that it goes over your pores—not into them. Because it spreads in this way, it cannot clog or enlarge your pores and therefore actually prevents large pores. It really stays on your face longer and banishes shiny noses. Get a box of fragrant, flattering, MELLO-GLO today and bring back the soft, velvety appearance of a youthful complexion. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.



BEAUTY BEGINS WITH REPOSE

BY DOROTHY COCKS

There are moments when we are not selfish enough. Even as I write that sentence I feel guilty, heretical. For the picture books all say quite the contrary. Religion preaches a code of selflessness. Civilization is built on a premise of immolation of self for the common good.

But I have just been talking to a psychiatrist of great skill and deep insight. He reminds me that religion and civilization are comparatively recent trimmings on our natural history. As animal beings, as creatures of senses and nerves, we are immensely older than creeds and ethics. And there are times when our nerves arise to remind us of that fact. When the personal self in us asserts rights of its own that are more fundamental even than religion and social duty.

One of the greatest strains of modern life is the need to get on with people. In family, business and community contacts, we are all closely interdependent, making constant mental and spiritual demands on one another. The "clinging vine" people demand supporting strength from others. The "sturdy oak" people demand submission or tribute in exchange for their emotional or mental support.

It is said that whenever two people meet, a sale is made. Either you sell me your ideas, opinions, merchandise, personality, or I sell you mine. One or the other of us dominates, according to the relative power of our two individualities.

We are not always actively conscious of such victories or defeats in every casual contact. The victories and defeats are not always definite and complete. For in growing up, which means in learning how to live in the world, we learn to make adjustments. As a subconscious mechanism of self-defense, we make constant compromises with one another. When lethargic people demand stimulation, highly strung people supply it. When timid people demand encouragement, bolder people supply it. When positive people want acquiescence, negative people give up and give in.

We give and give and give. We give of ourselves, of our essential life force, of our nervous and personal energy, in hundreds

of contacts a day. According to the psychiatrist I mentioned above, we give till it hurts. In our present society we live too much with one another, and not enough by ourselves. In terms of slang, we "get in one another's hair." We have all great need of solitude.

Probably every woman has moments of realizing that need. Don't you feel sometimes that you will go mad if people—including your own loved family—don't leave you alone? I'm sure you have at some time said to yourself, "If one more person rings my phone—or enters my room—or interrupts my reading—I shall find it in my heart to commit murder." Your nerves are asserting themselves in self-preservation. I prescribe a little wholesome selfishness and solitude. You need for a time to withdraw into yourself to regenerate the forces you spend in meeting life and people.

It is not easy for a housewife or mother to find solitude. There seems never to be any time or place for it. But it can be managed, if you give thought to it. Take your mending into your own room. Stop in a quiet church for a quarter hour in the midst of your marketing. Drive off to the woods or the beach with your household accounts or your reading. Sit down in the park on your way home from business. Make a family agreement to respect one another's closed doors. Take up gardening, the ideal occupation for solitude, for it brings you close to the steady calm and quiet of nature.

And connive to get a week or two out of the year to yourself. Maybe you can arrange it after getting the young folks off to school or college this fall. Maybe your opportunity will come when your husband goes off on a fishing or hunting or business trip. Two weeks in the hospital or at home with a nurse, following a confinement or any illness, are a beautiful interlude of repose and withdrawal.

How shall you spend two such weeks? If you have had a baby or an illness, your

doctor will set certain limitations on your movements and diet, of course, and your self-indulgence will be confined to such vanities as can be enjoyed with his permission. But supposing you are well, and have a week or two of freedom from your family cares, try these delicious forms of selfishness:

Have breakfast in your own room. Most of us wake up in the morning feeling slothful and depressed. Then, more than ever, the demands of other personalities—even beloved, familiar personalities—are an effort to meet. Even if you have to go downstairs and prepare your own breakfast, take it on a tray back to your own room, to eat it in leisure and quiet solitude.

If your regular life is involved in business or public affairs, don't even read the paper with your breakfast during these two weeks. But if you long to read the paper and normally never have time, then enjoy the treat of reading it down to the last want ad, making your coffee last an hour or more in delicious extravagance of time.

One of the most harassing aspects of modern living is the necessity of snatching yourself almost instantly from sleep to conscious and efficient activity. Life would be much easier and pleasanter if you could pull yourself together slowly every morning, take time to organize your mind and your energies to tackle the day. Indulge yourself that way, in your two weeks of selfishness. After a prolonged breakfast, take an hour or more for a beauty treatment. Brush and brush and brush your hair. I've formed the habit of hair brushing while I read, and it has done my hair a world of good. For with my mind engaged with the book, I forget the monotony of brushing, and my hair enjoys hundreds and hundreds of strokes a day.

Then cleanse and cream your face. If your skin is dry, take time to warm a softening oil to be worked into your skin with your richest cream. If your skin is oily or sallow, take time to chill the skin lotion—tonic, fresher or astringent—to be smacked and patted on your cheeks after creams. If you have coarse pores or blackheads, give *(Continued on Page 92)*



I said . . . "I like the nice, smooth, shining surface, that Bon Ami always leaves"

and Mother said . . . "Yes and it's so much easier to clean than one dulled by coarse cleaners"

YOU may think that all cleansers are pretty much alike. But they aren't!

Many of them clean by scratching and scraping off the dirt. Naturally, they scratch and dull the surfaces of your bathtubs and basins at the same time . . . making them harder and harder to clean. But Bon Ami is entirely *different*. It keeps your tub *smooth, glistening and easy to keep spotless*. *Smooth . . .* because Bon Ami doesn't scratch or dull the surface. *Glistening . . .* because Bon Ami polishes as it cleans. *Easy to keep spotless . . .*

because Bon Ami works fast—requires little effort.

Feel Bon Ami . . . see how soft, white and fine it is! Then you'll understand why Bon Ami doesn't scratch . . . why it leaves no gritty sediment . . . why it doesn't collect in or clog up drains. You'll realize also why Bon Ami is so easy on your hands . . . why it doesn't redden or roughen the skin. Use Bon Ami for *all* your household cleaning—bathtubs, sinks, tiles, refrigerator, pots and pans, brass, windows, mirrors and smooth painted woodwork. It is the safest, finest cleanser you can buy.

Copyright, 1934, The Bon Ami Co.



"Hasn't Scratched Yet" . . . the *Cake*, the *Powder* and the smart, *Deluxe Bathroom Package* all contain the exact, same Bon Ami.

Bon Ami

protects bathtubs . . . keeps them glossy and new-looking



Free!
— this new
STYLE BOOK
for Stout Women
SEND COUPON BELOW

OF COURSE you'd like to know more about the lovely new dress that is pictured above. It's only one of fifty fascinating frocks waiting for you in this free Style Book—only one example of the magic that can be done for your figure by the skill of America's leading specialist in apparel for stout women.

Lovely styles! Marvelous values! Our new fall Style Book is the finest we've ever printed. Sent FREE; mail coupon below.

The dress pictured is of Transparent Velvet and it's an unusual value at \$10.95. Other silk dresses \$4.95 to \$19.95. Coats \$10.95 to \$40.50. Also hats, shoes, hose, corsets and underwear. Sizes 38 to 58 bust; all at prices amazingly low.

Your name, please; your address, too. Simply fill in coupon and mail it TODAY.

Stores: New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Baltimore, Philadelphia; store agencies in 18 other cities.

Lane Bryant
Address Department 52
39th Street at Fifth Ave. NEW YORK

LANE BRYANT, Dept. 52, New York, N. Y.
Please mail me free Style Book for stout women.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....
If you wish to receive also our Infants' and Children's Style Book, please check here

(Continued from Page 90)

yourself one of those involved but valuable mask treatments that must be left on the face for a little time. Especially if you have been ill, nothing is so good for your morale as a brightening up of your complexion. Two weeks of systematic, thorough facial treatments will give results that more than justify your interlude of selfishness.

Next give indulgent thought to your food. If you market and cook 365 days a year for a family, you may want to tell me here that you won't think of food in your "personal indulgence week." But that's because you're fed up with the family's food.

This is to be food for your own selfish likes. The kinds of luxuries that cost too much or are too much trouble to cook for a big family: chicken soufflé, crab ravigote, squab, fried smelts, galantine of duck, baked Alaska, chocolate soufflé. If you really are too bored with food to have any appetite, begin your two weeks by living on orange juice alone for a day, then on vegetables alone for three days, and by then you'll have the appetite of a rested and refreshed digestive system.

There are a dozen other deliciously indulgent ways to consume time and restore your spiritual poise, alone, by yourself. When my work and friends and family become too overwhelming, I lock myself up with my manicure kit and do my nails, with meticulous attention to detail. I soak fingers and toes in warm, soapy water for half an hour, then soak them again in warm oil for another. And after shaping and smoothing and drying them, I paint finger and toe nails both with

gaudy polish, and feel infinitely refreshed and exhilarated.

Or I rub my richest cream into my elbows and upper arms, where the skin gets so dry and rough, and play solitaire for an hour while it soaks into the tissues.

Or I take a magazine with me into the bathtub and soak for an hour in perfumed water—a perfect orgy of solitude and pampered indulgence.

Or I go for a solitary walk and take long, conscious breaths all the way. You have no idea how shallow most of your breathing is, and how uplifted and new half an hour of deep cleansing breaths and thinking outdoors can make you feel.

It takes time and practice to discover your most flattering make-up. But that is another charming occupation for your solitude. Half an hour's experimenting with a new lipstick gives a woman new courage.

CORRECTING BEAUTY BLEMISHES, leaflet No. 523, will tell you just which regimen of treatment your particular skin needs. Write to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, inclosing a three-cent stamp.

You will find the correct routine for a manicure and pedicure in the leaflet, **LOVELY HANDS TO HAVE AND TO HOLD**, No. 530, three cents.

The leaflet called **THAT LETTUCE LOOK** tells about several fanciful baths you will enjoy. No. 537, three cents.

The two leaflets, **TRICKS WITH MAKE-UP**, No. 1049, and **MATCHING YOUR MAKE-UP**, No. 1128, will guide your choice and use of cosmetics. They are three cents each.

The Three Fates

(Continued from Page 19)

"What did he say?"

"He said, very cold, 'This is personal business, of which you know nothing.'"

"So I said, 'What about the little girl, with her mother away and everything?'"

"And he said, 'Elizabeth will be perfectly all right. Her nurse is thoroughly reliable. But I do wish'—and he got a little red—'I do wish you'd call up the house every day to make sure she's all right.'"

"How long will you be gone?" I asked.

"Three or four days. Over the week-end and maybe Monday and Tuesday."

"Very well, Mr. Roberts," I said, "if you think it's right to leave your child."

"He got red again and I thought he was going to read me the riot act, but he thought better of it. He knows I know."

All this was very thrilling but very horrifying to little Jennie Smith. How awful marriage was at times! At least it was when a man married a woman like Mrs. Roberts, who thought of nothing but her own pleasure. But if she, Jennie, ever married it wouldn't be like that. Maybe she was old-fashioned and sentimental, but she'd do everything for the man she loved. Everything! When he came home tired at night and his kind brown eyes had that worried look she'd soothe him, caress his dear dark head, bring him his slippers. Oh, she knew it wasn't the modern way to act. But that's how she'd act.

On Saturdays the devoted three never lunched together. Saturday was a half holiday and the three friends went their separate ways—Miss Dimmerman to her family in Brooklyn, Miss Maginnis to the apartment in the Bronx which she shared with her brother, Miss Smith to her room-and-bath apartment in West Twelfth Street. In fact, that Saturday Miss Smith did not come into the office. The rainy day and the torn rubber had succeeded in their efforts. Miss Smith had a cold. She telephoned Mr. Weatherby.

"I'm so sorry," she apologized. "I'm sure I'll be all right Monday."

"Don't you worry, Miss Smith," he said in his friendly voice. "Take things easy. Stay home until you're all right."

"Oh, I'll be in Monday sure. It's only a little cold." And she sneezed and hung up the receiver hastily.

Late Saturday afternoon there was a knock on the door of Miss Smith's tiny apartment. When Miss Smith opened the door, there stood Paul Weatherby, with a large white box in his hands.

"Oh," said Miss Smith.

He seemed to be a little embarrassed too. "I was passing by," he said, "and I wanted to be sure you were all right. I knew you lived alone here." (How did he know that?) "And I thought maybe there was no one to look after you. Girls are so foolish about such things."

"Really, Mr. Weatherby, it's just a little cold."

"Are you sure you shouldn't call a doctor? My doctor's just over on Fifth Avenue."

"Really, it's nothing." Should she ask him in or not? She thought of the negligee she was wearing, she thought of her disheveled hair and her red nose, and decided not. She said, "Won't you come in?"

"Oh, no!" he said, smiling. "I just wanted to be sure—and here are some flowers."

"How lovely!" she said.

Then they looked at each other for a moment until abruptly he said, "Good-by," and ran down the stairs.

On Monday, Miss Smith went back to the office, not only recovered but refreshed and radiant. Yet she was a little shy when it came to speaking to Mr. Weatherby.

"The flowers were heavenly," she said. "I—I can't tell you how much I appreciated them. Why, they made me feel better almost right away."

"Nonsense," he laughed. "Are you sure you're feeling perfectly all right now? You look all right. In fact, I've never seen you looking so—so all right."

Jennie Smith flushed. "It was the flowers, I tell you," she insisted.

"I almost brought you a book of poems with the flowers. Do you like poetry, Miss Smith?"

DYE
Your Summer Shoes
BLACK

So easy with ColorShine Black Shoe Dye. Any color shoes made permanent black. Polishes beautifully with ColorShine Black Creme. Each only 10¢ at 10¢ stores. Larger bottles only 25¢ at Department and Shoe Stores.

CHIEFTAIN MFG. CO. BALTIMORE MD.

10¢ AT TEN CENT STORES LARGER BOTTLE 25¢

MONEY Sell New 1934 Schwor Christmas Card Assortment. 21 dainty, original, exclusive pictures. Taste, personality, modernity of picture, all-inclusive, cut-out, varnish finish, water-resistant. Newest air brush, tip-maker. Also 50¢ & 25¢ comic Xmas leaves, gift wrap-papers. Everyday, new comic Birthday boxes. Write today. See sample 21 all folder Xmas box on approval and 3 very special plans Schwor Co., Dept. L-5, Westfield, Mass. GREEN 1-101

A new SAFEGUARD for BABY'S HEALTH

Doctors everywhere are talking this new type diaper as a great advancement in baby hygiene—a modern safeguard to baby health. Developed by the leading manufacturers of surgical dressings, it is made of an entirely different, porous-weave fabric that is 30% more absorbent. It wicks away quickly and thoroughly and dries in a jiffy. It has no seams to chafe or irritate or to hold stains. Its lighter weight and loose weave mean greater comfort for baby and allow the free circulation of air that is the greatest single aid to the prevention of skin irritation.

Send 10¢ for a sample of this new protection for baby

KENDALL MILLS—Dept. 33—Walpole, Mass.

Please send me full-size sample Curity Layette-cloth Diaper. Ten cents is enclosed to cover packing and mailing cost.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Curity
Layettecloth DIAPERS

"Well —"

"I'm told I don't appreciate poetry. Somebody gave me Edna St. Vincent Millay's book of poems, but then I was told I did not appreciate them. And perhaps I don't. So I thought if you'd like it —"

"No, thanks," said Jennie Smith, with surprising spirit. She knew who'd given him that book of poems, and most emphatically she did not want it.

But afterward she thought if he were willing to give away something that she had given him, perhaps his interest, too, in economics and the world crisis was on the wane.

Jennie Smith was so preoccupied with her own thoughts that day at lunch—and no wonder—that she did not notice immediately how strange Eileen Maginnis looked. For Eileen was stewing with news like a kettle over a fire. Eileen looked both complacent and triumphant.

"QAY, didn't I see Mr. Roberts in the hall this morning?" Bertha began. "I thought you said that he was going to stay in Atlantic City over Monday and Tuesday."

"I'll say you saw him," said Eileen.

"But —"

"As you know, he left for Atlantic City Friday afternoon," said Eileen. "And as soon as he'd gone I telephoned his house. The nurse said the little girl wasn't so well. She had a slight fever. Maybe it was only the excitement because her mother had gone away. I suppose a child loves even that kind of a mother. Anyway, I sent him a telegram."

"What did you say in the telegram?"

"I said 'Elizabeth has a fever. Better come back.'"

"So he came back today?"

"He did not! After all, he is crazy about the little girl. That's all he is crazy about, I guess. He came back Friday night," said Eileen.

"Well, I never! I don't see why he keeps you, Eileen. Men don't want people interfering in their affairs."

"Some men do. When they know what's good for them."

"But when he found his little girl wasn't really sick?"

"She was sick enough to give me an excuse for wiring him. I asked him this morning, 'How is Elizabeth, Mr. Roberts?' And he looked at me sort of funny and said, 'She really wasn't very sick, you know, Miss Maginnis.'"

"Well," I said, "I didn't think you'd want to take any chances."

"No," he said. "I guess I was taking too many chances."

"There's nothing to stop him from going back to Atlantic City," said Bertha.

"We don't have to cross our bridges until we come to them," said Eileen sententiously.

Jennie Smith, however, said nothing.

"How's your cold, kid?" Eileen asked her. "You don't look as if you'd had a cold. You look like the cat did when it swallowed the canary."

"My cold's all gone," said Jennie.

"Poor Mrs. Crosby has a cold," said Bertha. "H. W. is so worried."

"Why doesn't he send her to Arizona?"

"I told you she won't go without him."

EILEEN looked at Jennie again with some suspicion. "I don't believe you had a cold at all. You took Saturday off because you were up to something. Where did you get that chrysanthemum you're wearing? I bet you went to a football game."

"No, I didn't. Honest!"

"Well, if you bought it yourself you're crazy. And you with no rubbers."

"I think I am a little crazy," Jennie agreed placidly.

And indeed she was. For that night as she was going home—if you could call a room and bath a home—Paul Weatherby stopped her. Again he looked embarrassed.

"I don't believe in men asking their secretaries to dinner with them," he said.

"No. I don't either," Jennie agreed calmly, but she did not dare look at him.

"But in some cases it's perfectly all right for a man to have dinner with his secretary. What I mean is, when it's all right it's all right, isn't it?"

Jennie Smith considered this remarkable question. "Yes, I suppose it is," she admitted.

"When the man is not married and is free at last from other entanglements, I'm sure it's all right, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, heck, Jennie, what I mean is let's have dinner together some night soon."

"All right," said Jennie. "Why not?"

EVEN so, she could not tell Bertha and Eileen anything about this the next day. How could she tell them? Not yet. It was sort of—sort of sacred.

It was Eileen, as usual, who started the review. "I'm forgiven," she announced. "He brought me in a three-pound box of candy. He looked so foolish when he put it on my desk."

"I guess you were right, Miss Maginnis," he said. "Elizabeth does need me."

"She's not sick again, is she?" I asked.

"No, I don't mean that. You know what I mean," he said, "but we won't discuss it any more."

"I couldn't have said anything if there was anything to say. Honest, I was almost crying. He is a pretty swell guy, you know. I wish he could get a break. But not with her."

"Which her?" Bertha asked.

"Either her. They're both bums," said Eileen savagely.

"Well, I have news too," said Bertha. "It's good news for your Mr. Roberts. For Mr. Weatherby, too, I suppose. It's not such good news for us, for me and him." There were tears in Bertha's eyes.

Eileen put her arm around her shoulders. "What is the matter, darling?"

"He's going."

"Who's going?"

"H. W. The doctor's got him really frightened this time. And so he's going to resign and go to Arizona with her. We talked it over this morning. 'Money isn't everything, H. W.," I said to him. 'You've got to think of her first.' Of course he knew what he ought to do and he wanted to do it. It just needed that little push from me to make him make up his mind."

"But what's going to happen to you, Bertha?" Eileen wailed.

"Nothing! I'm going to stay on to look after his affairs."

"Well, I do feel awfully bad about it," said Eileen. "And yet I can't help thinking what wonderful news this will be for Mr. Roberts. Just when he needs something to buck him up and use all his thought and time and energy."

"Yes, one man's meat is another man's poison. It's always that way," said Bertha.

The three sat silent a little while. Rather stunned, in fact.

Then Bertha said reflectively, "It's funny the part we play in their lives, isn't it. You pulling Mr. Roberts back from Atlantic City; me helping H. W. to make up his mind."

"Oh, I suppose it's part of our jobs to manage them a little," said Eileen. "It is funny, though. I don't suppose people realize how important we are sometimes. She turned to little Jennie and smiled.

"Some day you'll learn how to manage your boss, too, Jennie. When you grow up."

"Yes, maybe I will," said Jennie.

"How is he getting on with his Vassar girl? I haven't heard anything about her in a long time."

"That's all over," said Jennie. "He's all through with her or else she's all through with him. I don't know which."

"This change in the corporation is going to throw a lot of new responsibility on him too. It's time he stopped running around with this one and that one and settled down and got married."

"I think he's going to," said Jennie.

"He is! How do you know? Who's the new girl?"

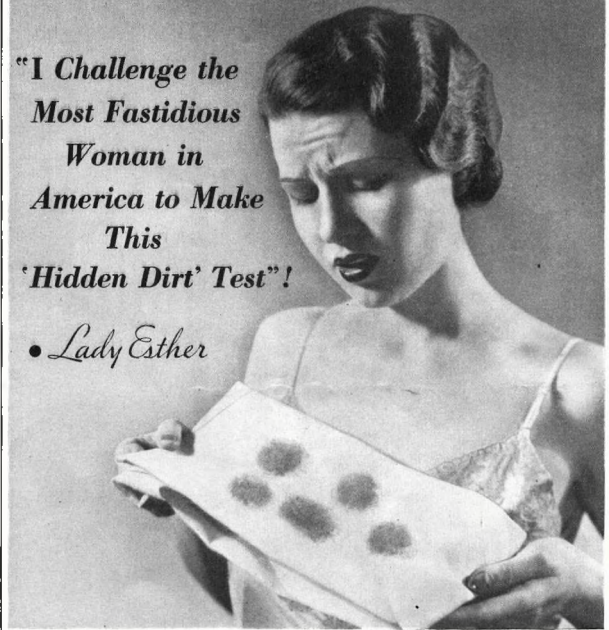
"It's me," said Jennie.

HIDDEN DIRT

CAUSES "PARALYZED PORES"

"I Challenge the Most Fastidious Woman in America to Make This 'Hidden Dirt' Test!"

• Lady Esther



Shocking, but Enlightening

If you think your skin is really clean; if you think that your present cleansing methods, whatever they are, are getting all the dirt out of your skin, just make this experiment.

It may prove shocking to you, but it also will prove enlightening!

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. Clean it extra well! If you use soap and water, use an extra amount. If you use cream, use two or three coatings. Keep cleaning it until your cloth shows not a trace of soil.

Now Look at the Cloth!

Now that you think your skin as clean as can be, take some Lady Esther Face Cream. Smooth or pat it lightly on the skin. Never mind rubbing—it isn't necessary. Leave the cream on a few minutes.

Now take a clean cloth and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth. That skin you thought perfectly clean has blackened the cloth.

This shows how Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses as compared to old-fashioned methods. It brings out unsuspected dirt and grime because it

reaches that "second layer" of dirt that defies ordinary cleansing methods. It's the pore-deep dirt that causes most skin troubles. It continues filling the pores with wax-like grime until they become actually paralyzed, which brings on Enlarged Pores, Blackheads, Whiteheads, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin, Muddiness and Sallowness.

At My Expense

So far as the Lady Esther Face Cream is concerned, you can make the "hidden dirt" test at my expense. I will send you more than enough cream to make the test. Just your name and address will bring a 7-day tube free and without obligation.

Write for it today and compare my method of skin care with the one you're using. I'll leave it to your cloth to decide which is the right method. Mail the coupon (or a postcard) now. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

LADY ESTHER

2006 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

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

This offer is not good in Canada

60

This smart tile pattern is Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum, No. 6253. Like all Shaded Embossed Linoleum, it is made exclusively by Armstrong. The walls are Armstrong's Linowall, No. 723. Complete specifications for this room will be sent upon request. (Natural Color Photograph)



"A lot of happy days will start in
OUR NEW MORNING ROOM"

And even in the dullest weather this floor will provide its own sunshine

PEEP into this room with our little family. Even the morning sunlight seems to be right at home in it . . . notice the play of light and shadow on the Embossed Linoleum Floor.

Mother chose the floor—insisted upon it, in fact. She reasoned this way:

"I've never liked any floor as much as the Armstrong's Linoleum in our kitchen . . . it's so comfortable to walk upon . . . so cheery to look at . . . so easy to clean . . . why should I even bother to consider any other floor?"

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors have entered many modern homes through the kitchen door, then won their way to the finer rooms. For

nowhere will you find floors that better combine the three essentials of beauty, comfort, and long wear. Dusting is all the daily care they need. Occasionally wax them with Armstrong's Linogloss and their colors will keep sparkling through years of faithful service.

Now, when days are still bright, is an excellent time to put new color into your home. Let your local merchant show you his newest array of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors. Then let him give you their exact cost, securely cemented over lining felt, ready for years of beauty, years of duty.

ARMSTRONG'S LINOWALL

"... does for your walls what Armstrong's Linoleum does for your floors." Linowall is ideal for kitchens, bathrooms, and playrooms, because it is soil-proof, stain-proof, and permanent. Ask your linoleum merchant about Linowall, or send us 10¢ in stamps for complete booklet.

Yours—A New Book of Floors. Our book, "Floor Beauty for New Homes and Old" . . . illustrated in full color . . . is full of good decorative ideas. Send 10¢ (40¢ in Canada) to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 981 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
 FOR EVERY ROOM  IN THE HOUSE

Man Lost

(Continued from Page 23)

slowly downward through the gray air. There was no wind and she felt warm and comfortable, with no sense of weariness as she swung one wide-framed racket after the other. The thing that bothered her a little was the consciousness of her lengthening distance from camp. She would be glad, she told herself, when she spotted Lindall and his sled.

She observed that the softly falling down feathers that settled earthward all about her were descending more thickly. But they in no way obscured the trail. They merely muffled it a little. That softly falling snow, settling so silently on fallen snow, even touched her with a sense of peace.

SHE lifted her face and let the gently subsiding flake clusters brush against her lips and eyelashes. They were like fairy kisses. They seemed as kindly as a drifting shower of rose petals, utterly without fierceness. They seemed to feather a hard world in the swan's-down of peace.

But she noticed, as she pushed on again, that they were blurring the outlines of the racket-frame prints. They were building up a soft white blanket that made the wavering snowshoe trail a little harder to follow in the uncertain light. The once clear-cut impression became ovalled sinuses, flowing into one another. The packed trail bed became less of a gorge. It grew shallower and turned into a faintly discernible depression winding through the feathery whiteness.

This disturbed Diana a little, but failed to dishearten her. For even where the trail was no longer plainly visible, she could sense it under her snowshoes. She could distinctly feel the close-packed footprints, just as a person wading through water could feel bowlders in a stream bed. And at any time now, she told herself, Lindall would be coming up with her.

She pushed on more resolutely, her eyes searching the aching white for any guiding hollow. The brushing soft flake clusters, falling more and more thickly, seemed less benevolent. They were not only making snowshoe walking more tiring, they were leveling the ground into one unending mattress of eider-downed whiteness. They were making it distinctly hard for her to decide on her line of advance. But without seeing it, she could still feel the trail under her feet. It meant that she had to go more cautiously, like an Alpinist following a narrow and uncertain ice bridge.

ONCE, when she wandered away from the trail and could feel no reassuring firmness under her, a tingle of fear went through her. She pioneered about, probing and testing the white mattress. When she found nothing but virgin snow she carefully retraced her steps, following her own fresh racket prints until she came back to the firmer footing of the main trail.

But, guarded as she was, she found that the deepening snow was making it harder and harder for her to follow that trail. She decided, when she came to the crest of a hill that fell away again into gray emptiness, that it would be best not to venture farther. Everything would be all right, she inwardly proclaimed, when Lindall swung up with her. He would, obviously, come back by the same trail that he followed going out. He was woodsman enough to be sure of his way. And slow as he seemed in coming up with her, he might even at that moment be within hailing distance of her.

She stood on the hilltop, with her hands cupped to her mouth, calling through the white-flecked twilight. She called, and listened, and called again. When no answering shout came to her she reached for the gun hung by its sling across her shoulders. She fired a shot up into the falling milky way of flakes, and then another.

But no answer came back to her out of the snow-muffled silence.

She decided, as she stood watching the flakes settling moment by moment on her own newly made snowshoe prints, that she would have to retrace her steps. She would have to go back, while there was still a trail to follow. And the sooner she started the better.

She quickened her steps, thinly grateful for that unmistakable serpent of violated white that wound back through the hills. But she noticed, as she hurried on, that the accumulating flake clusters were taking the freshness out of her own trail marks, made but a few minutes before. That brought with it an entirely new fear. If the snow kept falling, she realized, if it kept falling in that silent and incessant way, it would wipe out her own racket prints. And the loss of those prints meant the cutting of her life line. It would leave her alone in a wilderness of snow, without shelter or bearings.

That fear gave wings to her feet. She raced on, following the vague depressions, until her heart pounded and her breath came in gasps. When she stopped, to regain her breath, she saw that it was snowing as steadily as ever. But she could still make out, as she started on again, the ghostly convolutions of the trail. And Lindall, she told herself for the twentieth time, would happen along at any time. He would see her racket marks and come swinging up with her and lead her safely back to the tent where there were wood and meat and warmth and security.

WHEN she stopped again, to quench that she could no longer see the trail. But she could feel it, an irregularly continuing hump in the softness. She could still follow it, a hidden and narrow bridge which must be clung to, no matter what happened. For if that gave way under her it would be like stepping off into empty space. It would leave her as desolately alone as a castaway wrecked at sea.

When she was no longer sure of the hidden trail under her exploring feet, she took off her snowshoes and crawled about on her hands and knees, feeling frantically for the compressed ridge under the deepening blanket of white. She thought, twice, that she had found it. But her digging and groping, in each case, led to nothing.

She knew, then, that she was lost. That discovery sent her running about in small circles, calling aloud as she went. She floundered back and forth in the deep snow, in a foolish threshing of unreasoning revolt, until she stumbled on her own forgotten snowshoes. That seemed to bring home to her the futility of panic, for she steadied herself and stood silent, with the gray curtain of the falling snow wavering about her.

SHE reconsidered her position, point by point. She remembered how Lindall had once told her that a person was never lost in the wilderness until he accepted himself as lost, that fear itself was the one thing to be afraid of. She might have to spend a night in the open; but that had been done before. She was without tent or blanket; but the weather was not bitter. She had her gun and snowshoes. She also had her belt ax and a little food with her. When she came to wood she could build a fire and be reasonably comfortable until morning came. And with daylight and clearing weather once more about her she could make smoke signals or scout about and pick up her lost trail back to camp.

She decided, as she moved forward in search of timber, to advance in what she assumed to be the direction of the tent. But there was nothing to help her make her decision. She had no means, in that opaque gray air, of telling east from west

or north from south. She did her best, however, to follow a straight line, deviating from her general line of advance only where the vicissitudes of the terrain compelled her to veer off to the right or the left. It did not add to her happiness to find the already thin light growing perceptibly thinner. The snowshoe walking was heavy and her steps lagged with a definite sense of weariness. But she floundered on, straining her eyes for the darker shadow of some friendly spruce slope, peering about for some sheltering juniper thicket or some kindly grove of dwarf birch.

SHE went on until she found her trail confronted by a sheer rock face, as precipitous as a wall. So she veered to the right, working her way along the obstructing ledge until she found herself in a little parliament of spruce trees half buried in snow. And there she decided to lay up for the night.

But she could find no dead wood or birch bark, in the darkness, for kindling. She had nothing dry enough to start a camp fire, keenly as she desired one. So she gave up all thought of a crackling blaze. She crouched on her snowshoes, with her back against a spruce bole, slowly and deliberately devouring the caribou steak from her belt bag. To appease her thirst, she as slowly ate a few handfuls of snow, shaking the accumulating flakes from the dickie hood of her *kooletak* as she did so. Then with her belt ax she cut spruce branches until the piled mass of them made a black mound on the snow. She could find no timber substantial enough for a windbreak frame. But she dug down through the drift, using her snowshoe as a scoop, until she came to solid ground. This ground she carpeted and matted with her spruce boughs, carefully feathered, with butts down. About the edge of her coffinlike little shaft she leaned a second army of branches. With these, as she sat on her rustling mattress, she covered her feet and legs. Over them, with her snowshoe, she worked as much of the light snow as she could manage. Then, lying back, she patiently covered her torso in the same way, saving three or four of the heavier branches to bridge over her head.

SHE felt like a ptarmigan buried in a snowdrift. She recalled that even the rhododendrons at Oakhurst, so carefully bagged and surpiced against the winter winds, were more elaborately protected than her own ragged body that night. But snow was not always one's enemy. And burial didn't always mean death. For she knew that the cold could not strike in to her as she slept under that frigid comforter. She could keep reasonably dry and conserve warmth there. She even found consolation in the aromatic smell of the resinous boughs about her. She was able to pride herself, in fact, on her fortitude. When the thought of wild animals occurred to her she felt for the gun and the ax that rested close at her side. When the falling flakes sifted down through the tangle of branches bridging her face she merely remembered that they were thickening her blanket of warmth. And, being very tired, she finally fell asleep.

She slept safely, but she did not sleep comfortably. She missed the singing of the tent stove and the padding softness of her blanket. And the radiated heat of her body, melting the in-sifting snow, left some of her shelter branches disagreeably sodden. Yet when she emerged from her lair, singularly like a hibernating bear emerging from its cave, she found daylight all about her and a clearing sky that promised an end to the night-long snowfall.

As she stood staring about her she saw a ptarmigan wing away over the spruce tops. She was (Continued on Page 97)



GOODBYE
CORNS
PAIN AND BOTHER

DRYBAK
NEATER, SIMPLER
SURER

● To your grateful relief comes this new and greatly improved corn plaster... DRYBAK! In six distinct ways you'll find it better than old-style plasters. It is entirely different in shape—the newly-conceived tabs hold it snugly in place without bulging or overlapping. Drybak Corn Plaster is the neatest plaster you've ever worn—just the right thickness for protection—the smooth Drybak surface is waterproof. You can bathe without changing it. It will not chafe or stick to stocking. Suntan in color, inconspicuous, and doesn't soil. The individual medicated centers are unexcelled for removing corns effectively.



● Drybak Corn Plasters are economical. A box of 12, with 8 individual medicated centers, 25c. At your druggist's.

ALSO NEW—DRYBAK WATERPROOF
BUNION AND CALLOUS PASTERS

DRYBAK
CORN PASTERS

JOHNSON & JOHNSON

All set for refreshment

Drink
Coca-Cola
 Delicious and Refreshing

THE
 COCA-COLA COMPANY
 ATLANTA, GA.

**A natural partner
 of good things to eat**

The revolving door with its chafing-dish surprise swings into the game room. The hostess takes her place behind the appetizing buffet. Time for refreshment! And again Coca-Cola, ice-cold and tingling, plays a leading part. It will refresh you, with life and sparkle that awaken energy, and keep you feeling fit.

*Ice-cold Coca-Cola is everywhere else; it
 ought to be in your family refrigerator.*

(Continued from Page 95)

looking after it, rather regretfully, when her eye fell on a clump of creeping willow half buried in snow. She stared, arrested by a little movement beside it. She saw, as she looked, the black eye and beak of a second ptarmigan, not thirty paces away from her. It was lying there, quite still, with the top of its head just level with the snow. It looked very tame and defenseless as it nestled there in its little hollow, blinking at the morning world.

But Diana wasted little time in considering its beauty. Her face was quite merciless as she dropped back into her sleeping hole and reached for her gun. If her jaw was hard as she sighted and fired, a wave of thankfulness went through her hungry body as she picked up the smaller body, the valourously feathered body stained with red, and realized that she would not be without food that day.

Her spirits rose appreciably when she found enough dead wood for a fire. The stiffness was gone from her legs by the time she had cleared away the snow from her camp site and carried in her fuel. She had no matches, she remembered, but this in no way dismayed her. Recalling what Lindall had told her about getting fire from a gunshell, she laid her wood turns side by side, with a pile of dry twigs and crumbled-up punk near by. She pried the wad from a shell, removed half the powder, and rubbed the abstracted powder into a rag of cotton torn from her clothing. This she tamped lightly down into the gun barrel. Inserting the cartridge, in which she had left only half a dram of powder, she discharged the gun.

THE rag, she found, was smoking. The smoke grew in volume as she sprinkled the rag with powdered punk and fanned it with her breath. It was not long before she had the satisfaction of seeing a blaze going up from her carefully added twigs. And while her fire mounted she plucked and dressed her ptarmigan, using her ax blade as a knife. She could feel her hunger sharpen as she watched the spitted body slowly broil over the coals. But forethought restrained her. She ate only half the bird, saving the rest for a later meal.

She felt more confident as she started out on the trail again. She could see no marks on the snow, but, after a careful survey of the country, she decided on her line of advance. Because of the factor of visibility, she kept to the higher ridges as much as she could. She went on until she was tired. Then she rested and went on and rested again. The gun, chafing on its sling, made her shoulder sore. Her earlier surge of high spirits ebbed away. She began to feel depressingly alone in the world. But she trudged on, scanning the hill crests as she went, hoping for some friendly halloo across the slopes.

SHE saw and heard nothing to revive her dwindling hopes. When she came to a scattering of black spruce she brushed the snow from a blow-down and sat there, blinking into empty space. Her morose gaze, as she fought against a wayward surge of desertion, fell on a spruce stump not half-a-dozen paces away from her. It was coroneted with snow, topped with a tall crown that looked like a bishop's mitre. A breath of wind, she could see, would send it tumbling. She could not resist the temptation, when she moved on again, to sweep that tilted crown of white

from the base where it so precariously rested.

She stopped short, as she did so, staring at the spruce stump. For that stump became suddenly eloquent. She could see where an ax had cut away the bole that once stood above it. The marks of the ax were sharp and unmistakable. They were also fresh marks. They were a record of somebody else in that neighborhood.

She was not entirely alone there. And the world was not the empty place it had seemed.

XIX

DIANA, heartened by her discovery, rushed on over the unbroken snow fields, keeping an ever-watchful eye out for any signs of life. When she saw a lob-sticked spruce on a distant hilltop she altered her course so as to come up with it.

Her spirits revived when she perceived how its lower branches had been deliberately cut away. She could see branch butt after branch butt where an ax had cut through. The marks were not so fresh as those on the valley bole she had left behind her. But there was no doubting their implication.

The light was waning when she first saw the log shack in the clearing beside a lake. It was a substantial-looking shack, in a hollow between the hills that sloped down to the lake. No smoke drifted up from its roof, and about its door the new-fallen snow lay in virginal whiteness. But she broke into a run and shouted aloud as she swept down on it.

She assumed it to be the inland tilt of trappers or fresh-water seal hunters. But it seemed more robustly built than the tilts she had already seen. She observed the stockaded outhouse and the firewood piled almost as high as the roof and the stanchion, on which rested a number of stretching frames. She noticed the rawhide latching and the rawhide hinges on the rough-hewn door, where her repeated pounding with her gunstock brought no response from within.

SHE saw, when she opened the door, that the cabin was unoccupied. But she was accosted by a familiar mingling of smells—the heavy smell of seal oil and green hides and stove grease contending with some ghosting of the fetor of human occupancy. Somebody, she knew, was living in that shack, somebody eking out a meager existence on the fringe of the wilderness.

She stopped, arrested by the seal-oil lamp that stood on the rough table between the stove and the wall bunk. It was roughly shaped of birch wood and lined with a bowl of clay, baked hard by fire. In the narrowing throat of it stood a wick of twisted moss. It impressed her as so primitive that she was a little surprised to find close beside it a tobacco tin which held a dozen sulphur matches.

But what most interested her, once her unsteady fingers had struck a match and lighted the prehistoric little lamp, was the stove. It had been built, she discovered, of rusty sheets of pail tin, riveted together with nailheads. The vent pipe, ingeniously supported by a wooden pole, to which it was wired at intervals, was largely made of baking-powder cans, with the bottoms cut out.

Diana lost no time in starting a fire in that stove. As the warming air brought her an accruing sense of security, she looked more carefully about for food. She noticed the window of oiled parchment, the willow mat on the clean-swept mud



No joking about it—3-in-One is the oil to use on squeaky hinges, stubborn locks and latches. It not only lubricates but prevents rust. All stores.

CONDON'S DUTCH BOOK

Tulip time in Holland, supreme delight of European travelers. You may have the same gorgeous tulip blooms in your own garden if you plant our superior Holland bulbs. Write today for FREE copy of our beautiful colored Fall Catalog. Tells how and when to plant. Don't buy until you see it. CONDON BROS. SEEDSMEN Box 14 Rockford, Illinois

CHILTON ALL-FOLDER CARDS FOR CHRISTMAS

Wonderful newest format—gilt parchment, silhouettes, mother-of-pearl, tip-on, novelty cut-out, embossed and gold, silver decorated folders—each with envelope. Cheery and merry. Distinctive, artistic, original designs. All in beautiful boxes \$2.50 value. Selling for \$1.00. Thousands demand. No experience needed. Friends, neighbors—everybody buys on sight. Also 14 all-folder Xmas box and gift wrapping, birthday, every day assortment. Extra buttons and 1 way selling plan increase income. Make more money with Chilton, famous since 1921. Write today for complete information. Your nearest has an assortment. CHILTON CHRISTMAS CO., 170 Lincoln St., Dept. A-6, Boston, Mass.

Miraculous! You shake up this Mayonnaise!



Eagle Brand MAGIC MAYONNAISE

- 1/2 cup vinegar or lemon juice
- 1 egg yolk (unbeaten)
- 1/2 cup salad oil or melted butter
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2/3 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- Few grains Cayenne
- 1 teasp. dry mustard

Place ingredients in pint jar in order listed. Fasten top on jar tightly and shake vigorously for 2 minutes. The mixture will blend perfectly. If thicker consistency is desired, chill before serving.

Imagine! Deliciously smooth, home-made mayonnaise in 5 minutes! No tedious stirring. No failures! And it costs less! But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

Jacob's Ladder

The campaign of a patent-medicine tycoon against the ramparts of high society. A novel which might well be called "a handbook for social climbers."

By **ARTHUR TRAIN**

Commencing in the October issue of the Ladies' Home Journal

On Sale Friday, September 14

MAGIC! THE MOST AMAZING SHAZOR-CUIS IN COOKING

FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book! Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic!) Candied Refrigerator Cakes! Sauce! Custards! Cooking! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. LHJ94, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name: _____
Street: _____
City: _____ State: _____

(Print name and address plainly)

Borden Quality

Look for Mohawk Sheets



with smart Needlecrest initials

AT THE AUGUST WHITE SALES

Only a few cents more than plain sheets and pillow cases.

Never before have August White Sales brought you such smart bed linen for so little. Mohawk sheets—known by millions as "the thrift sheets of the Nation"—because they wear so long—stay so white—and are so easy to launder.

This year you can buy them with beautiful Needlecrest Initials for only a few cents more than you would pay for plain sheets or pillow cases. Initials are 2½ inches high, embroidered directly on the fabric in lustrous white needlework. Every letter uniformly executed in genuine raised embroidery. Ask at your favorite department store. If they have not yet stocked them, write us direct.

Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills, Inc., Dept. LHJ1, Utica, N. Y. • Also makers of Utica Heavy Duty Muslin sheets and Utica Percale—the sheet with the feel of silk and the strength of linen.

floor, the willow broom behind the stove, the wolfskin beside the wall bunk, the two burlap pillows of bird feathers, the antique four-point blanket, very frayed and soiled, with one corner burned away. But what interested her most was the lard pail half filled with what looked like caribou tallow, the bag of corn meal that hung from the roof rafters, the strips of smoked meat that swung beside it, like a cluster of dust-darkened stalactites. In a grub box at the foot of the bunk she found a half sack of white flour, two cakes of pemmican, some dried fish wrapped in birch bark, a tin of rusty-looking rock salt, and almost a pound of green tea in a lead-foil container.

IT DID not take her long to have a meal under way. She garnered, as she cooked that meal, an impression of forlorn efficiency about the place. She found it expressed in the birch-bark rogens and dishes, in the wooden spoons, in the fish-bone needles and the strands of watap beside a few treasured bits of cotton string. When she saw, for the first time, the bale of animal skins up under the roof, she concluded that she had invaded the trap-line tilt of some frugal coast Eskimo or Indian. But she did not give much thought to the matter. She was glad enough, narcotized by food and warmth, to stumble over to the wall bunk and fall asleep.

She was startled, when awakened by the cold, to find the light of day once more about her. She remembered, as she re-made the fire in the rickety stove, that she would soon have to start out to find Lindall. But this shack between the hills, she also remembered, would provide her with all the shelter and food she required. Her faith in it was strengthened, in fact, when her investigation of the stockaded outhouse showed it to be the repository of smoked fish and seal meat and two lard pails filled with frozen partridge berries. What puzzled her was a series of stakes standing in the drifts beyond the outhouse. She suspected, at first, that it might mark some wilderness grave. But she found, when she scooped away some of the snow, that the stakes held the skeletonlike framework of a canoe, bent and lashed together with thongs of caribou hide. And she still again felt, when she returned to the shack, that some aroma of recent occupancy hovered about it. There was life, she contended, not very far away from her.

THE memory of that was a consolation to her when, an hour later, she once more faced the open. She had the attenuated satisfaction, as she back-trailed along the lake shore, of following her own snowshoe marks in the snow.

That thinly appeared her craving for something she could recognize, for something familiar, in a wilderness where everything seemed new. But she was in doubt as to the best line of advance. So she decided, in her dilemma, to strike for the highest ground possible. It would be from the hilltops, she decided, that she could command the widest sweep of vision and at the same time could be most easily seen by a second seeker.

She found, when she came to the thin-drifted divide, that it looked down on a second lake, even larger than the first. Its white expanse, blue-tinted in the morning light, impressed her as oddly desolate. It was an empty plane that made the eyes ache. It was sheer emptiness, unrolled and elongated and made visible.

Diana, as she stared at it, found something depressing in its unbroken whiteness. It struck a note of space that disheartened her. She even sighed, a little dispiritedly, as she swung forward down the long slope. But the sigh died in her throat.

She stopped abruptly. She stopped, staring at a small asterisk of black against the whiteness. It was something moving, something small and dark, creeping out from the opposite shore line. It did not look human. It looked like a black bear,

all but cut in two, dragging its own trailing hindquarters after it.

Diana was halfway down the hill slope, floundering through juniper that caught at her flying snowshoes, before she saw that it was a man. She thought, at first, that it was Lindall dragging his sled behind him.

But it was not Lindall, and it was not a sled. It was a dark-faced Indian, clad in sealskin, slowly dragging a deer carcass through the snow. He leaned forward on the hauling line, tugging sullenly, so that the trailing body behind the palmed brow lines seemed preposterously elongated as it traipsed over the light drifts, leaving a rounded runnel of shadow in its wake.

Diana stopped at the shore edge, irresolute but unafraid. She waited, thoughtful-eyed, studying the advancing figure so intent on his task. When he stopped and stood upright, as though to wipe the sweat from his brow, she saw that it was not an Indian. She could see that his face was bearded. It was lean and dark. His rifle, in its shoulder sling, stood above his head like a single horn, giving a Mephistophelean touch to his silhouette as he sat down on the flattened deer carcass to rest. He sat there staring at his feet, absently rubbing his shoulder with his mittened hand.

It was then Diana called out to him.

HE DID not look at her, at first. He continued to stare at his feet, for a moment or two. Then he slowly lifted his head. He was absently shaking it from side to side, in a movement of negation, when his eye fell on her ragged figure. His face, as he gaped at her, was full of foolish-looking amazement. He stood up as she floundered closer to him. Then he rubbed his eyes with his mittens and sat down again on the snow. The movement seemed one of stubborn incredulity.

Diana, moving resolutely closer to him, suddenly came to a stop. Her jaw fell open as she too sat down on the snow, within twenty paces of him.

Her cry was a thin and incredulous one. "Oh, Mark!" she quavered, her body beginning to shake.

She was beating at the snow with her two hands as she sat and blinked at him. It made her seem like an amphibian, beating its heavy flippers. Then she began to laugh, as she stared at him, punctuating her laughter with that meaningless and inadequate cry of "Oh, Mark!"

She laughed weakly and persistently. She laughed until the bearded man, getting slowly to his feet, stepped closer to her, frowning as he came. His narrowing eye coursed over her ragged figure and returned to her face again.

"Good Lord!" he croaked.

He realized, by this time, that she had no control over herself. He could see the tears on her face, even as she shook with her crazy laughter, which turned into sobbing as he stooped over her.

"Good Lord, Di, is it you?" Mark was saying. He said it hoarsely, with his bearded jaw hanging a little loose. He was still frowning as he helped her to her feet.

"Oh, Mark!" she cried still again, crowding in against him for both companionship and support.

HE HELD her shaking body for a minute or two, reassembling his universe. She mopped her eyes and steadied herself. Then her arms tightened about him as she studied his face.

"We've found you," she gasped.

Mark's wavering glance went over her ragged body again.

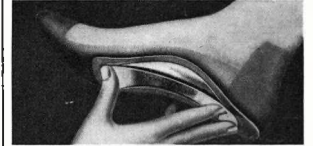
"Who are we?" he demanded. He framed the words slowly, as though speech were an effort with him.

But Diana failed to answer his question. She was busy padding and feeling about him, afraid that he might melt away into unreality.

"You're supposed to be dead," she said, laughing again. (Continued on Page 100)

ACHING FEET

Rheumatic-like Leg Pains?



If your feet tire and ache; if you have rheumatic-like foot or leg pains, callouses on the soles or pains in the heel—it is almost a foregone conclusion that you have weak or fallen arches. You'll get relief at once with Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazers. They remove muscular strain which causes the pain and restore your arches to normal, after which they no longer need be worn. Made under Orthopedic supervision in the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the feet. Sold and expertly fitted at leading Shoe and Dept. stores everywhere. \$3.50 pair. For men, women and children.

For booklet on causes, symptoms and treatment of Weak Arches and other foot troubles, write Dr. Scholl's, 217 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Scholl's

FOOT COMFORT APPLIANCES

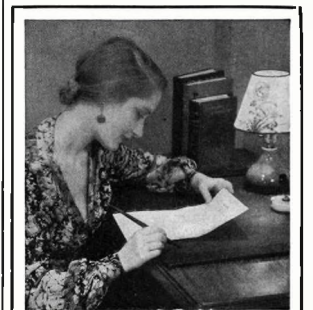
AND REMEDIES FOR ALL FOOT TROUBLES

MAKE BIG MONEY
NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED
Pleasant, Wholesome, Easy Work

MOTHER-OF-PEARL, LEATHERETTE
and PARCHMENT
Christmas Cards

Beautiful MOTHER-OF-PEARL GIFT BOX, containing 100 Christmas cards, 100 envelopes, 100 ribbons and seals, and our Everyday Assortment, simply can't be beat. SAMPLES ON APPROVAL. Write today—Don't delay!

SILVER SWAN STUDIOS 115 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.



YES, YOU

Can Earn at Home!

If you can't go out to business . . . If there are kiddies, a home, loved ones to be cared for . . .

Why not make business come to you? The Earn-At-Home League will show you how to do it—easily, happily! It will help you to make friends—develop personality—put money into your purse!

Send coupon at once for the exciting details. No expense to you, no waiting! Just an opportunity to earn real money!

Earn-At-Home League
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
661 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send everything necessary to start earning at once!

Name: _____

Street: _____

City: _____ State: _____

THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE DISCARDED THE OLD

COFFEE MILL

YEARS AGO * * *

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME TO DISCARD
THAT OLD-FASHIONED RANGE OF YOURS?



THE SOUND of the old coffee mill is no longer heard in the modern kitchen. Progress has relegated this outmoded appliance to the junk pile. Yet thousands of women who wouldn't keep a coffee grinder in the house, except as a relic, continue to use a gas range that is just as out of date. Don't cheat the junk pile and yourself any longer. Take the first step now to make your kitchen thoroughly

modern. Replace the antiquated range with a modern automatic Magic Chef, the *gas range of today*. You'll be proud of its beauty, delighted with its amazing speed and convenience, surprised at what it will save you on both gas bills and food. No other range of any type can give you more modern advantages than Magic Chef. Wouldn't it be fun cooking with a

gas range that lights itself, that keeps your kitchen cooler and cleaner, that gives you better cooked, more delicious food with less time and trouble, that cooks a whole meal without attention while you are away? Think of the many added hours of leisure and enjoyment a Magic Chef will give you. Then decide not to put up with your old range another day.

Magic Chef comes in many models in a wide range of sizes, finishes, color combinations and prices. See it demonstrated at your gas office or Red Wheel dealer's store. Ask for the 12-page folder, "Magic Chef Recipes" or write American Stove Company, Department F, 209 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
World's Largest Manufacturers of Gas Ranges
BOSTON • NEW YORK • ATLANTA • CLEVELAND
CHICAGO • ST. LOUIS • PHILADELPHIA
SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

Magic Chef
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

LOOK FOR THE RED WHEEL WHEN YOU BUY A MAGIC CHEF



MODERN MAGIC CHEF FEATURES

MAGIC CHEF TOP BURNER—Gives a thousand even heats. Will not clog.

MAGIC CHEF AUTOMATIC TOP BURNER LIGHTER.

SANITARY HIGH BURNER TRAY—Conceals pipes and valves, protects them against spatters and boil-overs.

RED WHEEL LORAIN OVEN REGULATOR—Cooks and bakes unattended. No guesswork or oven-watching.

FULLY INSULATED OVEN—Keeps kitchen cooler.

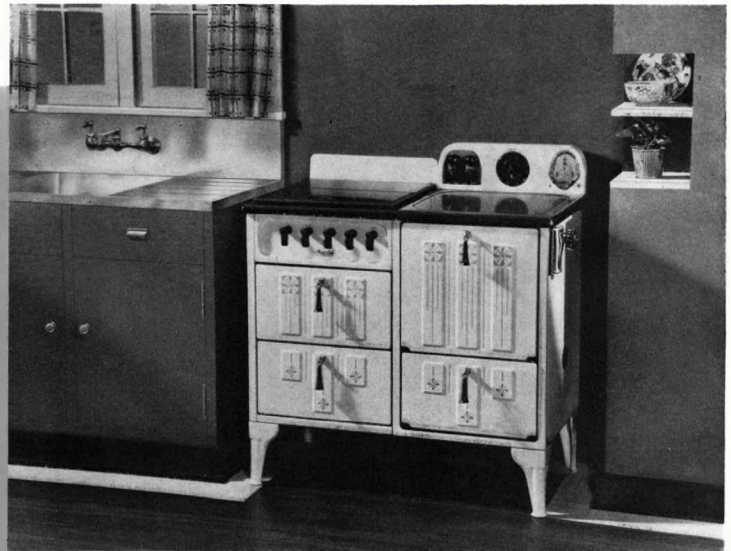
GRID-PAN BROILER—Two-piece with removable grid, porcelain enameled. Basting reservoir to catch melted fats prevents smoking or catching fire.

AUTOMATIC TIME CONTROL CLOCK—(Extra charge) —Telechron Self-Starting. Turns oven burner on and off automatically as desired.

MONEL METAL TOP—(Extra charge)—Stainless, easy to clean, noiseless, durable.

COOK WITH GAS—The Modern Fuel For Speed, Safety, Comfort, Cleanliness, Convenience

Where gas main service is not available, Pyrofax tank gas service may be obtained anywhere east of the Rockies.



MAGIC CHEF SERIES 1200 Easy broiling is a special Magic Chef advantage. Some of the models have an ELEVATED BROILER, just under the cooking top. Does away with stooping.

TO MODERNIZE YOUR KITCHEN . . . START WITH THE RANGE



WHEN THEY'RE HUNGRY FOR "SOMETHING GOOD"

LET THEM HAVE

Deviled Ham

ON CRACKERS

Children want a between-meals snack with "some taste to it." You want it to be good, too—and easy to make.

Here's the tastiest of all snacks and the quickest. Just spread Underwood Deviled Ham as it comes from the can: pure, delicious ham with just the right touch of spice in it. Use crackers or bread, whichever's handiest, and don't bother with butter unless you want to.

UNDERWOOD Deviled HAM



**Branded with the Devil
... but fit for the Gods**

WM. UNDERWOOD CO., Watertown, Mass. L-0
I enclose 10 cents in stamps. Please send me a regular size can of Underwood Deviled Ham and your new folder of "Red Devil Recipes."

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

My grocer's name and address.....

(Continued from Page 98)
"I damned near was," he acknowledged, shaking her a little when she threatened to cry. He sat down, looking first at her and then at the snow-covered hills about them. "Is this real?" His disapproving eye kept going back to her. "You look half starved," he indignantly proclaimed.
"I'm all right, but Steve Lindall's lost somewhere in these hills."
"Steve Lindall?" he echoed, sitting down on the caribou carcass again.

DIANA told him, rather brokenly, of their search for him, of their hardships and hunger, of her night in the open and her stumbling on the lake-side shack.

"That's my tilt," he told her, not without a touch of pride. "And we've got to get back to it."

"But we've got to find Steve."
"That won't be hard," asserted Mark. He frowned. "Didn't you get a message from me last summer?" he asked.

The only word that had come out, she explained, was the story that took Peter Halidon and his plane into the interior.

"But I sent out messages by an Eskimo trapper, five weeks after those two Montagnais polecats stole half my stuff and beat it. He was to get in touch with the Hudson Bay factor at the Little Whale post and send word on to Churchill."

"Not a word came through," Diana told him.

Mark's laugh was ironic and slightly bitter. "I was laid up, then, with scurvy and a torn leg ligament. But the country couldn't lick me. I got through to the Seal Lakes, and swung in with a bunch of Innuits who gave me enough to get along on."

"Peter had you dead and buried."

"He would," was Mark's slightly contemptuous retort. "But I built my shack before the Innuits went north on their caribou hunt. I've grub enough here to see me through the winter. And almost sealskins enough to cover the kayak I'm building, to canoe down to the coast when the break-up comes. And when —"

"BUT a plane went over here two days ago," Diana interposed.
"And it must have been looking for us."
"I don't need to depend on planes," asserted Mark. "I've learned how to take care of myself in this country."
His new roughness of voice and figure seemed to perplex her. She studied him for a silent moment, as though searching deep beneath that shaggier shell for the more passive-minded Mark as she remembered him.

"Haven't you had about enough of it?" she asked.
"I'm not going to whine over it, Di," he proclaimed. "It has its ups and downs. But I found out how to get what I needed, and —"

"Not everything, Mark," cried the rough-faced woman at his side.
"No, not everything," he acknowledged with his wintry smile. "I haven't smelled tobacco for four months. And I wake up in the night, sometimes, and try to remember what sugar tastes like. But I can eat seal meat like a native. I know how to cure scurvy with redberries and juniper tea. I can snowshoe-walk thirty miles in a day. And when I know there's two weeks of good eating in it I can haul a caribou carcass like this three hours through the snow." He stopped and looked at her from under his shaggy brows. "You're right, Di," he said with a wag of the head.

"That isn't everything." He leaned closer to her and looked about him again. "You know, it leaves me a little light-headed, having someone to talk to, after being

alone so much. I'm not dead sure this isn't a dream."

"It's real enough," said Diana, trying to swallow the lump that had come in her throat.

"I suppose you know," he suddenly protested, "that you've upset the apple cart for me." He took up his hauling line. "You've reminded me that I'm a white man. And what I've left behind me. And how this old seal-hide outfit of mine can stink."

Diana had to laugh, to keep from crying. "I'm not so hot myself, Mark," she said as she reached a hand out to help at the hauling line.

Mark, leaning forward, threw his weight on the line. "We've got to get out of this damned wilderness," he grimly proclaimed.

XX

MARK was awake and astir early the next morning, in spite of the fact that he and Diana had talked half the night. The cabin, with the steam going up from the rusty kettle on the equally rusty stove, seemed a singularly comfortable place to the tired-eyed young woman in the wall bunk.

"Now I'm going out to get your man for you," proclaimed the owner of the cabin as he wriggled into his deerskin parka.

The thought of Lindall took the sense of comfort out of the shack.

"Why are you so sure you can find him?" Diana asked as she reached for her worn rabbit-skin underjacket. It was so ragged that she had to be careful how she got into it.

"I know this territory," was the consolingly indifferent reply. "And I know that Steve Lindall will stick to it."

Diana sat silent a moment. "He's not my man," she averred, her voice flat.

Mark crossed to the bunk side and stood looking down at her.

"That's going to work out all right," he said, frowning over a humility that was new to the Seldens.

"But it's not," Diana contended. "Look at me! Look at these hands! And this hair! There's something hopeless about ugliness like that."

"You'll come out of it," Mark answered, without visible concern. "In fact, we've both got something, Di, we didn't have before."
"What is it?" questioned Diana, looking up from where she was stooping to tie the thongs of her grotesquely patched moccasins.

"It's hardness, instead of softness," proclaimed Mark. "And it's worth something to be self-reliant."

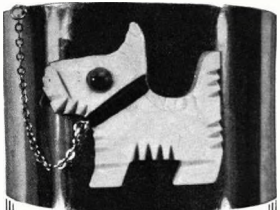
"BUT I'm a woman," protested the none-too-happy Diana. "And it's different with women. It doesn't seem to leave any glamour."

"It gives you something bigger, my dear. And if Steve's the man I take him to be, he'll see it. And he'll get glamour enough out of it, when there's time for glamour. Good Lord, girl, you've toiled and suffered and faced starvation side by side. You've shown him you're made of real stuff. And that goes farther than finger waves and a schoolgirl complexion."

She felt a little happier after that proclamation, even though she did not altogether accept it. She even demonstrated her self-reliance, after being alone in the shack for an hour, by following Mark's suggestion of skirting along the lake shore with his rifle in a search for seal holes. The seals, he explained, were small and shy, but he occasionally shot one, at long range, basking on the ice. And every lucky

(Continued on Page 102)

GIRLS....



Win this SWANKY BRACELET!

Earn Money Too!

Want a Scotty for your very own?

One that won't bark and annoy the family? A perfect darling of a dog?

ENJOY him mounted on this bracelet! You'll love his yellow eye, white coat, and fascinating little red tongue. The bracelet itself has a gleaming, silvery finish!

A Sensation!

That's what the bracelet pictured above will be on your arm!

And it's yours... with a Big Cash Profit besides... if you send only 2 one-year subscriptions, taken from persons outside your own home, together with the full price, for *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Country Gentleman* (\$1.00 each yearly, U. S. A. only), or 2 one-year subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, (\$2.00 each yearly, U. S. A. only).

Hurry Your Orders In!

Then I'll have some more exciting news for you!

Linda Patton (Personal)
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
665 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

Attached are my 2 one-year subscriptions for *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Country Gentleman* (Gold at \$1. each U. S. A.) or 2 one-year subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, (Gold at \$2. each U. S. A.)

Name..... Age.....

Street.....

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

Pin to sheet containing names and addresses of subscribers.

"DICK, DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANY MORE?"



ROMANCE WAS WANING, UNTIL....

His side of it—



"Helen was always exquisitely dainty when we went to a party. And, boy, was I proud of her—everybody said I was a lucky man,



but when we were at home alone—well, she certainly was different. I did try to speak to her about it, but shucks,



a man can't tell his wife just how she's offending. But her sister must have guessed what the trouble was between us.



Anyway she fixed things up while she was here on a visit. Everything's right again! Now Helen is always exquisitely dainty—the sweetest girl in the world."

Her side of it—



"I was so happy with Dick—our own little home. But gradually his attitude changed—he seemed to avoid me. I thought my heart would break the day he turned away when I said, 'Don't you love me any more?'



I cried about it when I told my sister how unhappy I was. 'But, darling,' Anne said, 'perhaps you're to blame. The least little hint of perspiration odor in underthings kills romance—



and with Lux it's so easy never to risk offending that way.' Now I whisk underthings through Lux after each wearing... I'm so happy—Dick has fallen in love with me all over again."

Don't Risk Happiness—

Perspiration odor clings to underthings. Avoid offending this easy 4-minute way...

Romance can't survive this unforgivable fault—don't take chances! Luxing underthings each night banishes every hint of perspiration odor, and it keeps colors lovely as new.

Lux has no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often have, and there's no cake-soap rubbing to weaken fabrics, fade colors. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

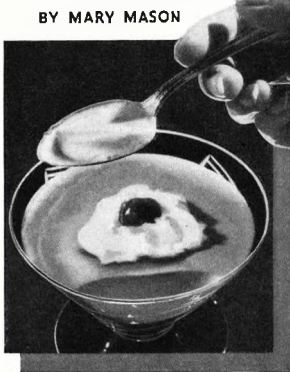


NRA
CODE

-for underthings *Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors*

The Secret of making firmer more delicious JUNKET DESSERTS

BY MARY MASON



Here's a little secret that will improve your junket desserts.

Most women find junket the simplest of all desserts to make. But 8 out of 10 of these very women can make junket desserts even more delicious by doing this one simple thing:

Warm the milk slightly until lukewarm NOT HOT. Thermometer is not necessary but best temperature is 110°F. Chocolate jelly warmer (120°F). If the milk gets warmer than this, the junket does not set firmly. Some women taste the milk on their wrists and have it just the temperature of a baby's bottle.

Junket Desserts are light and tasty—more appealing than heavy desserts. And they are wholesome, for they supply the full nutritive value of milk. Recently scientists discovered that junket digests in the stomach twice as fast as plain milk.

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.

We invite you to visit the Junket Exhibit, Main Aisle, Food and Agricultural Building, at the 1934 Century of Progress Exposition, Chicago.

FREE Trial Package and Recipe Book

The Junket Folks, Dept. 29, Little Falls, N. Y. (In Canada, address Toronto, Ont.) Enclosed is 4¢ to cover mailing cost. Send me Trial Package of Junket Powder, _____ (flavor) and book of 51 recipes for Junket Desserts and Ice Creams.

Cross's Name.....

Address.....

My Name.....

Address.....

City.....

(Continued from Page 100)
shot meant an added store of skin and oil and meat.

But Diana, for all her guarded scowling along the sunlit shore drifts, got no glimpse of a seal. She remembered, as the hours dragged away, that she was hungry and that there was food awaiting her in the orderly little shack between the hills. And she had promised Mark a baking of pan bread, before he got back.

Yet she found the shack, even after she had revived the fire, dispiritingly silent. It was so quiet, as she moved about in the dim light, that she was grateful for the sound of her own movements between the stove and the table. And when a newer and more sustained sound crept into her ear she accepted it, at first, as a part of the silence. But she stopped short, when she became fully conscious of it, with her unfocused eyes on space. For what she heard was a faint and far-off drone that grew into a wavering pulse of sound. She remembered, with a tingle of nerve ends, that she had heard that sound before—three days before.

She ran to the door, startled by the unsteadiness of her hands as she swung it open. She stood, bareheaded in the wintry air, staring up at the sky. She shouted aloud, without knowing it, when she caught sight of the plane. It was flying lower than before, and was so close that the drumming of its propeller throbbled in her ears.

HER heart sank as she saw it pass over the lake. It was rising a little, at the lake end, when she saw it bank and turn and swing about on its course. It circled over her again, like a black-winged hawk, and recrossed the lake and, once over, headed into the wind, dropping lower moment by moment. She knew, by the sudden silence, that the motor had been shut off. She could see the black network of the heavily strutted skis as the runners touched the level white of the lake surface and rose like a red deer taking a blow-down. But they subsided again, with the sun catching the curved curtain of snow thrown up by the plunging skis. The filtered red light turned that curtain into a ghostly firework of rose and gold that burned out into blue white again as the humped black beetle of metal lost headway and came to a stop.

Diana saw a thick and slow-moving figure climb down from the cockpit, stare for a moment at the smoke that went up from the shack roof, and start across the snow floor of the frozen lake. He seemed to move so slowly that Diana, in her impatience, scrambled into her trail clothes, caught up her snowshoes, and went floundering down the hillside to meet him.

She stopped at the edge of the shore ice, waiting for him to come up with her. She did not call out to him. She merely stood silent, blinking at the heavy-bodied figure that made her think, oddly enough, of a Die Walküre night at the Metropolitan and Paul Althouse striding about as Siegmund.

BUT she knew it was Peter Halidon. She knew it even before he came to a stop in front of her, breathing heavily in the frosty air. His face, under his ample beaver cap, took on an expression of disappointment. Halidon, she saw, had quite failed to recognize her. He even looked over her ragged figure with open disapproval.

He took the wind-darkened face under the frayed dickie hood to be the face of an Eskimo boy, for he lifted one gauntleted hand, like a Fascist saluting his flag, and said, "Chimo!"

That, Diana remembered, was the Eskimo word of greeting.

"Chimo!" she meekly responded. He pointed to the shack roof from which the wavering plume of smoke ascended. "Your *lopiak*?" he questioned. He looked very large and bearlike in his overvoluntinous raccoon overcoat. He looked as though he might have stepped out of the Yale Bowl, after an end-of-the-season

football match. His trouser ends were tucked in fleece-lined arctics, with slide-fastened fronts, and his heavy gauntlets of beaver made his hands look like fins.

"You speak English?" he asked, squinting at what he could see of the small dark face. His own face, Diana observed, was a fresh and healthy pink. He looked so comfortably fed that she felt waywardly resentful of his air of well-being. "You speak English?" he repeated.

"Rather," answered Diana. That brought his face abruptly closer to hers. She could see his quick glance cutting through her disguise, like a hungry man shelling an egg. He fell back a step or two, swallowing hard.

"Diana!" he gasped. He stood studying the thin and wind-roughened face. Then his glance fell to the incredibly patched and ragged clothing. "Is it you?" he vacuously demanded.

"Of course it's me," answered Diana.

HALIDON slapped his gauntleted hands together. It seemed like a gesture of finality touched with triumph. "I knew I'd find you," he proclaimed. "They told me I was crazy, but I kept at it. And now I've got you."

"You always succeed, Peter," admitted Diana. But he was too dazed to detect any note of irony in that admission.

"Are you alone here?" he suddenly asked.

"Mark's out looking for Steve Lindall," she explained. "He's somewhere in the hills here."

It took time, apparently, for Halidon to absorb that. "Then I've found all of you," he exulted.

"Where Mark and Steve get back," Diana reminded him. She pointed to the shore hills. "I'm living in Mark's shack here."

Halidon glanced toward the half-hidden cabin roof.

"When will they get back?" he promptly demanded. He was still a trifle breathless.

"I don't know. It all depends when Steve's trail is picked up. But Mark hoped to be back before tomorrow night."

Halidon didn't seem to hear her. He was tramping about in the snow, with heavy urine steps, saying over and over, "What a story! What a story!"

DIANA'S frown deepened. She wondered why she was accepting an event so momentous in a manner so restrained.

"How far are we from the coast?" she asked, as casually as a motorist inquiring for the next town.

"My pilot, Swain, says it's something over two hundred miles. I've got the best pilot that could give me from the Porcupine Mine route. He's a wonder. He saw the smoke going up from the shack and swung back." Halidon stopped and studied her again. "Have you had enough to eat?"

"Sometimes," admitted Diana.

Her companion shook a dolorous head. "Well, that's over. And the sooner I get you out of this wilderness the better."

"Yes, we all have to get out," she said, her gaze on the snow-covered hills.

"By tomorrow night I'll have you safe and sound in a hospital."

"What makes you think I want to go to a hospital?" asked Diana.

"Because you look half dead."

"I was never more alive in my life," Diana proclaimed.

Halidon's glance became a pitying one. "Diana, this has been too much for you. You need rest and care. And you're going to get it. You're going to fly out with me, right now. And tomorrow I'll come back for the others."

She made her glance as imperious as her rags would permit. "No, Peter; I'm not going to fly out with you."

"But it's for your own safety. And I insist on taking you."

"You mean against my will?" she asked, smiling a little at his solemnity.

"It would be for your own good," he maintained.

"You'd have a timber wolf to handle," she warned him. (Continued on Page 104)

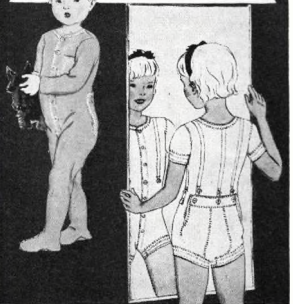
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Nazareth
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

Still Being Sold At Popular Prices

WHILE Nazareth Underwear is sold at popular prices, the name assures you dependable, serviceable, comfortable, correctly styled garments backed by our 48 years of specializing in children's underwear. Fall and Winter styles include Infants' shirts and panties; children's suits; boys' and misses' union suits in a variety of styles and fabrics. Have your retailer show you Nazareth Sleepers. One and two piece styles. Retail at \$1.00 a suit. If your retailer cannot supply you, write us for descriptive price list.

NAZARETH WAIST CO.
366 Broadway Dept. K New York

Mills at Nazareth, Pa.

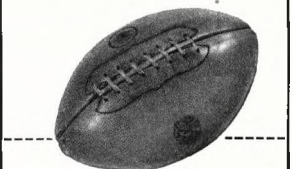


Sell CHRISTMAS CARDS MAKE EXTRA MONEY

Quickest way for men and women to earn in spare time. Show beautiful new Pearl Christmas Cards and 3 unusual \$1.00 Christmas Card Assortments also Gift Wrappings and Everyday \$1.00 Assortments. Sell to friends and others. Experience unnecessary. Samples on approval. State if you have sold Christmas Cards before. Wetmore & Suggs, 758 Monroe, Dept. 8N, Rochester, N.Y.

BOYS! Look!

I'll send you this full-grain cowhide football, with the new metal valve—for only 2 three-year subscriptions for the *Journal* or *C. G.* or 2 one-year subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, sold to persons outside your family at the full price. Pin the coupon below to your order and inclose money (see prices below).



Boys' Club Manager
CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
662 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

Here are my subscriptions, taken at the full price from persons outside my own family. (Three-year *Journal* or *C. G.* \$2.00; one-year *Saturday Evening Post*, \$2.00 U. S. A. only). Inclosed is the money. Send my football to:

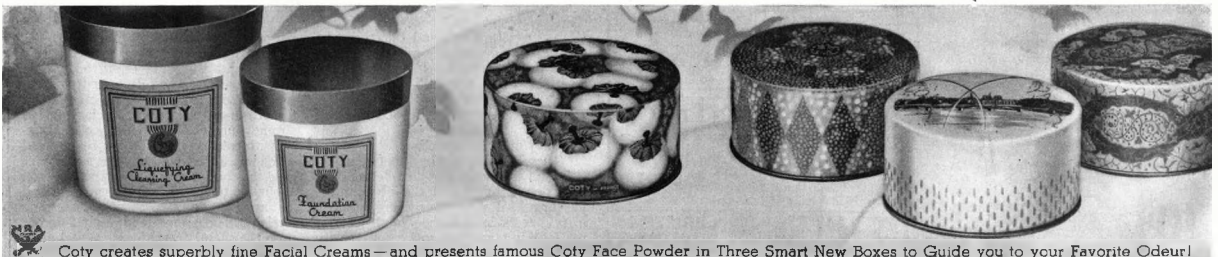
Name..... Age.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

Here's to loveliness!

Every toast to beauty is not expressed in words. A flattering glance at a girl's well-cared-for skin, a flash of admiration at her cleverness in choosing face powder which brings a natural tone to her complexion—these many a woman wins daily, by giving just a little thought to her choice of cosmetics. Especially now, to get ready for Autumn clothes and Autumn entertaining, you will be eager to give *your* skin the friendly help of *Coty Creams*. Every day more women discover the remarkable quality of these pure complexion aids, and express surprise at their pleasant, modest prices. For example—*Coty Liquefying Cleansing Cream*. We believe that you'll say you've never before used a Cream which so quickly and expertly "floats" out the soil and sets clogged pores free to "breathe" again. It comes in a really generous-sized jar, yet it costs just \$1. And then, there's *Coty Foundation Cream*. You'll find that make-up blends with exquisite smoothness over this delicately fragrant, velvety cream, \$1. Don't wreck all the beauty you've coax'd into your skin texture by a careless choice of Powder! *Coty Face Powder* is pure and fine and smooth; it is also famous for *skin-true* tints which "enliven" your complexion—giving a more youthful, fresh effect. Ask your favorite cosmetics counter for good *Coty Creams*, *Coty Face Powder*, and *Coty Lipstick*!



Coty creates superbly fine Facial Creams—and presents famous Coty Face Powder in Three Smart New Boxes to Guide you to your Favorite Odeur!

FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF A CENTURY
in the making of medicinal products we have been
inspired and directed by one guiding principle:

The
priceless ingredient
of every product is the
honor and integrity
of its maker

THE HOUSE OF
SQUIBB

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, NEW YORK
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

©1934 E. R. Squibb & Sons

Double Help
in every package of
BRILLO



Scours and Polishes in one operation

It's the combination that does it—BRILLO Scouring Pads loosen dirt and grease—BRILLO pure vegetable Soap polishes. Two helpers to keep your pots and pans gleaming new. Buy BRILLO. Save energy and time.

At Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McEllan and all 10c & 25c stores, and at leading department hardware and grocery stores. Brillo Mfg. Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Contains 5 metal-fibre Pads and Polishing Soap.



Bulbs—Seeds—Plants

DREER'S AUTUMN CATALOG

Send for your free copy of this most complete Autumn Catalog. 80 pages—offerings of Bulbs, Plants, Shrubs, Seeds—all for fall planting and all of the famous Dreer quality—Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Crocus, Snowflakes, Snowdrops, Glory of the Snow, Lilies, Scillas, and many other Bulbs; Flower Seeds, Roses, Perennial Plants, Succulents, Climbers, Shrubs. Also, Garden Sundries and the dependable Dreer Lawn Grass Mixtures.

HENRY A. DREER
59 Dreer Building
1306 Spring Garden St., Phila., Pa.

Standard of The World!



Ask your furrier to show you garments bearing this label

PREMIER Banded GREAT NORTHERN DYEING SOAP
TRADE MARK—REGISTERED
SPRINGFIELD GARDENS, N. Y. U.S.A.

For instructive booklet write to
GREAT NORTHERN DYEING CO.
SPRINGFIELD GARDENS, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

MEN and women wanted to forward new and renewal subscriptions for *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Country Gentleman*. Devote spare time or full time. For full details write to CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 666 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

EASY MONEY FOR YOU

ALL FOLDER CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT

21 different Christmas Folders, featuring Parchment and Red in beautiful Gift Box. Sold for 41¢. Cost 25¢. Other Christmas items to increase your sales. Write Waldman Art Publishers, Dept. 41, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page 102)
And it was plain that he stood a little hurt by that light-hearted opposition.

"Have you any idea what I've gone through, the last few weeks, trying to find you? Have you any idea what that plane out there has been costing a day?"

Diana's face became sober. "I'll see that you're fully repaid for that," she told him with quarantining coldness. "Did you happen to bring a motion-picture camera along with you?"

HALIDON ignored the question about the camera. "You don't need to talk about repayment," he said, his broad face deepening in color. "I'm glad enough to know you're still alive. But I wish I'd had sense enough to bring a radio along with me. Then the world would know you'd been found."

"Is the world interested?" asked Diana, puzzled by the way in which the newcomer seemed to bring that lost world about her again.

He looked at her, bewildered by that blurring of the focus which is due to a double point of view. "There are quite a number of people still worrying about you," he rather sharply reminded her. "What happened to you, anyway?"

She told him, briefly enough, what had occurred since they had set out from White Porpoise Inlet. But it was sufficient to make Halidon shake a gloomy head over it.

"You'll remember, of course, that I was unalterably opposed to your coming into country like this."

"Why bring that up now?" Diana somewhat dearly demanded.

"All right," he conceded. "From now on, let's be practical minded. Let's get out of this unspeakable mess."

"What do you propose doing?" she asked.

Halidon's gesture was a masterful one. "I'm going to send that plane out," he announced. "And I'm going to stay right here until it comes back with help."

"I'm afraid," she was ungracious enough to remind him, "that you won't be very comfortable here."

HE BRUSHED that aside with characteristic brusqueness. "I'm ready to face what you've been facing. And I'm better able to."

Diana's wavering glance went out to the wide-winged plane, where a diminished figure was moving restlessly about the ski struts and staring from time to time toward the lake shore.

"If we're going to be practical," she suggested, "wouldn't it be more to the point to have your pilot scout about for Mark and Lindall?"

Halidon wasn't, obviously, so actively interested in Mark and Lindall. "It was you," he frankly admitted, "I've been trying to find."

That brought no softness to Diana's unsmiling face. "There's still a man lost somewhere out in those hills," she reminded him.

"Lost in what way?" Diana explained how she and Lindall had parted company.

"How do you know he hasn't struck through to the coast?" questioned the man in the coonskin coat.

"Steve doesn't do things that way," she said with a quietness that did not add to Halidon's happiness.

"All right," he abruptly agreed. "If there's a thing to do, I believe in doing it. I'll go up with Swain and I'll cross-rake this territory in a twenty-mile radius. I'll comb through it until I get both your men. And I'll do it now."

"And if you don't find them?"
"Oh, if they're there, I'll find them all right."

"Then I'll bring 'em back before night-fall. And if I don't spot 'em before dark we'll sleep out and finish the job up in the morning. I'll scour everything inside a forty-mile circle. And then you'll see that my faith in plane exploration for country like this isn't quite as foolish as it seemed."

"I didn't say it was foolish," ventured Diana.

"No, but Lindall did," Halidon reminded her. "And look what he's made you face these last few months!"

"We've been rather awful failures, haven't we?" said the woman in the ragged parka. But the light in her eyes was not altogether one of defeat. And the past months, as she remembered them, failed to leave her entirely stricken with misery.

"Can you keep warm in those rags?" Halidon was asking her.

"I've survived, so far," she listlessly responded.

"You'll get different treatment after this," he stoutly proclaimed.

"There are so many things a woman needs," Diana admitted, staring at the rabbit-skin patches in the faded blue stroud that covered her legs.

That seemed to remind Halidon of something. He stood with his gauntleted hand groping down in the capacious pocket of his overcoat.

"These ought to taste good to you," he announced.

"What are they?" asked Diana with a disappointing absence of enthusiasm.

"They're chocolate," explained Halidon. "Two bars of sweetened chocolate."

DIANA said "Oh!" She blinked down at the two tin-foiled oblongs which he was holding out to her. But she declined to take them. She even drew herself up, chilled a little by his pitying smile of benevolence as he flourished them before her.

"I don't need them," she announced. She announced it quite firmly. But she swallowed hard as her wavering glance went back to the proffered bars of sweetness. She was trying to remember what such things tasted like. She even licked her lips, without quite knowing it.

"Take 'em," commanded Halidon. "We've a dozen more in the plane out there. I make it a point never to travel without emergency rations."

"You think of everything, Peter," murmured the girl with the suspiciously meek smile.

He tried to thrust them into her hand, but she drew back, with her chin held high. She could hear the ghostly howls of appetite baying under her breastbone. Yet she resented his power to make her feel like an orphan to whom some lordly hand was doling out its coveted portion of sweetmeats. And the fortitude of the mind triumphed over the merely ventral call of the body.

"Keep them," she said almost sharply. For life, she remembered, was made up of cravings—cravings for the unpossessed that sent one's pride tumbling in the dust. She recalled how hungrily she had licked up a few rusty grains of Mark's rock salt.

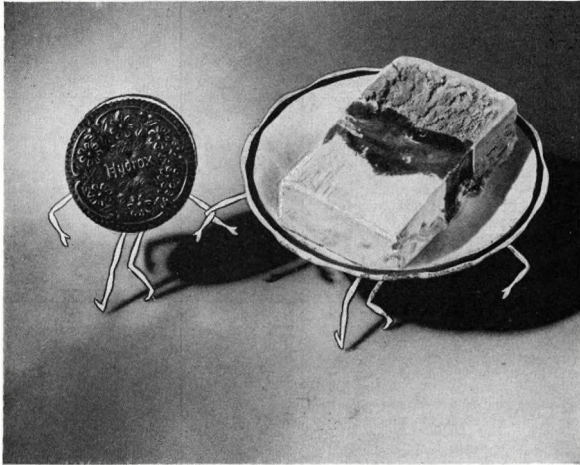
Halidon, to save his dignity, quietly dropped the two bars on the snow beside her. Yet his condoning smile, as he turned away and hurried to the plane, so angered her that she left them lying there. She floundered up through the shore drifts, remembering that she had a baking of bread to finish.

BUT she stopped, before she reached the shack, and stood deep in thought. She repeated the words "sweetened chocolate" aloud. And dignity slowly dissolved in her. Appetite reasserted its supremacy. She retraced her steps, once she knew the plane was over the hill crests, and went back to where the two tin-foiled bars still lay on the snowdrift.

She sat down beside them, troubled by the thought that hunger, in any form, could so barbarize her. But her face hardened as she tore the covering from one of the brown-colored bars. She clamped her strong young teeth on the chocolate, bit it with cold, and ground the compressed solids into a thick and luscious sirup. Her gaze, as she let this rosy sweetness roll about her tongue, became abstracted and far away. She was tasting something foreign and fine, something vastly different from the slightly rancid taste of seal meat and scorched

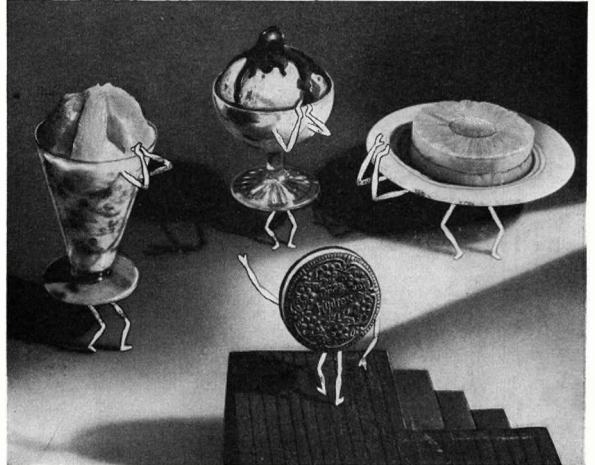
(Continued on Page 106)

FAMOUS COOKIE ENGAGED TO FAMOUS DESSERT



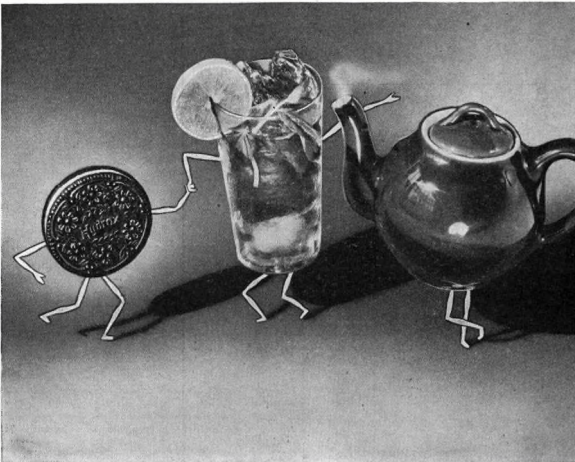
America's favorite cookie-sandwich and America's favorite dessert plight their delicious troth! . . . Sunshine Hydrox vows to make ice-cream taste better than it ever did before.

SUNSHINE HYDROX WINS POPULARITY CONTEST



Smo-o-oth vanilla fondant imprisoned between two crisp chocolaty cookies . . . That's Hydrox! . . . No wonder desserts are enthusiastic about this delightful cookie-companion.

WELL-KNOWN COOKIE WELCOMED AT TEA PARTIES



A dainty ambassador of good-taste is Sunshine Hydrox! For almost three decades this English-style cookie has been the clever diplomat who makes good beverages taste gra-a-nd.

COOKIE-SANDWICHES RESCUE LONELY DESSERT

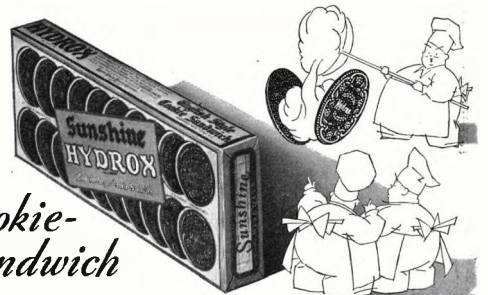


Straight from their handsome packages come Hydrox to save the day! Plain desserts must be made to look better . . . and taste better! . . . Everyone appreciates such timely heroism.

Sunshine Hydrox are at your grocer's in thrift packages of 20 cookies, in handy packages of 10, and by the pound. They're the original and finest English-style cookies baked in America!

Sunshine **HYDROX** *cookie-sandwich*

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY





SMART WOMEN AT THE Bellevue-Stratford



PRICED THIS LOVELY POWDER AT \$1.75 IT'S YOURS FOR ONLY 50 CENTS

We POSTED our little price-reporter in the Cocktail Room at the famous Bellevue-Stratford, rendezvous of elite Philadelphia, and she caught smart, sophisticated women as they swept in and out. She offered them a soft, creamy, clinging powder in plain, unlettered boxes and kept a record of the price they thought would be right for such a dainty product. Most said—"at least \$1.75 a box" and some guessed as high as \$3. Yet this was Armand Bouquet Powder, sold everywhere at 50¢! You certainly want to try a 50¢ powder that smooths on, stays on and glorifies the complexion like a \$3 brand.

Send the coupon. We will send you a real trial package for your purse—enough to give you the "Bouquet Habit"—it's so smart and so economical.

ARMAND, Des Moines, Iowa

Send me a free sample of Armand Bouquet Powder. LHJ 94-B

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 104)

bannock. But she was thinly ashamed of her capitulation. And she wondered, as she sat crosslegged on the snow, munching the last of her chocolate bar, if other restorations would be accompanied by as sternly qualified a satisfaction.

XXI

DIANA, as the day wore away, found her sense of solitude sharpened by the memory that there were others ironically close to her. As darkness fell about the empty cabin she glanced out, for the twentieth time, to make sure that Halidon's plane had not surreptitiously slipped back to the lake floor between the hills. She wondered why no friendly dark figures moved down the lonely slopes to where her seal-oil lamp made the window parchment an oblong of gold.

At midnight she gave up hope and went to bed. When she was awakened by the cold, three hours later, she tumbled out of her bunk and refilled the stove with wood. Then she went back to her bunk. When she awakened, for the second time, she found Lindall sitting close beside her.

"Mark found you," she gasped.
He merely nodded.
"Where's Mark?" she demanded.
"He's coming in," Lindall told her.
"But why didn't he come with you?"
"I'm afraid," he said, "that I've bad news."

"About Mark?"
"No; it's about Swain. Swain was Halidon's pilot. He cracked up on Pounding Lake last night."

"You don't mean he's dead?" she said in little more than a whisper.
"I'm afraid so," answered Lindall.
"Then how about Peter Halidon?"
Diana quickly inquired.

"Mark's bringing him in."
"What does that mean?" demanded the alert-eyed woman in the ragged rabbit-skin jacket.

"I'm afraid Halidon has a broken leg." He pulled himself together and looked appraisingly about the shack walls. "We'll have to get ready for him here."

Diana, struggling into her clothes, stopped short. "Don't be afraid of me, Steve," she said very quietly. "I want to know what happened."

HE SMILED, for the first time, as he saw the vault light in her eyes. But it was a singularly brief smile.

"It's simple enough," he finally said. "Mark swung in with my trail, yesterday afternoon. Halidon, as you know, was scouting about looking for us. About dusk he saw our fire on the shore of Pounding Lake. The light wasn't any too good."

"But what happened?" she exacted.
"They hit an ice ridge that tore their skins off and turned them over," he went on in a tone of deliberated quietness. "The plane in some way took fire. Halidon was thrown clear. But it was too late for us to get Swain out alive."

Diana stood silent, her face paling. She tried not to shudder. But the scene, as she pictured it, brought a tightness about her heart.

"Do you mean he was burned to death?"
Lindall crossed to the door and opened it and then closed it again. "Let's not talk about it," he suggested.

"But why isn't Mark here?" she asked as he hurriedly brought in more snow for their tea water.

"He asked me to come ahead, to let you know. He wouldn't even let me cache my stuff and use the sled to bring Halidon in."

Diana's frown deepened. "Why wouldn't he?" she asked.

"He said that was his job," proclaimed her grim-lipped companion. "He's carrying Halidon in on his back."

Diana stood erect, at that, her eyes widening with wonder. Lindall took the battered tea pail from her hand and filled it with water from the kettle.

"Was Mark willing to do that?" she finally asked.

"He was set on doing it," was Lindall's slightly retarded reply. "And I finally

agreed to it. It's probably the best way for things to work themselves out."

She knew well enough what he meant. The enmities of their earlier world could find no rootage in those rigorous hills. Time, the destroyer, could take the color out of the tapestry of hate itself. The ancient feud, of a sudden, seemed oddly faded and pallid and foolish.

"Yes, it's probably the best way," she finally acknowledged. But her thoughts, a moment later, went back to the rubicund big figure in beaver and coonskin. "But can Mark do it?"

Lindall, for the second time, went to the door and looked out across the blue-white hills. "The answer to that," he quietly affirmed, "is that he is doing it."

HE DREW Diana to his side, in the doorway, and pointed across the level stretch of the lake surface brightening with its first silvering of morning light. Down the long slope, still blue-white in the shadow, she could see a small humped object, diminished by distance, slowly making its way. It stood out, almost black against its background of snow. It looked, as it came to a stop and then uncertainly moved on again, like some uncouth animal wandering back out of paleolithic times.

It crawled painfully forward, and rested again, and once more moved on through the snow. Sometimes it looked like a wounded black bear, battling weakly through the drifts. Then it looked like a bison, shaggy-shouldered and short-legged, floundering in some final struggle of exhaustion.

It was not until the humped object moved forward to the lake floor, where the morning sun picked it out in the pearl-misted air, that Diana could be sure what it was. She saw then that it was a man on snowshoes, a man bent painfully forward, with another man on his back. That second man clung there, grotesquely helpless looking, with his thick arms locked about the other's neck and his legs hanging limp, so that his feet trailed in the snow as they moved forward. Each lift of the rackets that sank deep in the drifts was slow and labored. And when the staggering figure came to a stop again Diana could stand it no longer.

"We must do something," she cried. She was tugging at the things that lashed the tarpaulin on Lindall's heavily loaded sled. "I'll take the sleigh and help him."

But Lindall held her back. "I wouldn't do that," he suggested. "This is Mark's battle, and he'd better fight it out himself."

"But it's so cruel," she contended.
"It may be kinder than you imagine," said the tired-eyed man at her side. "He'll make it all right. He's got to make it. And when he's carried Halidon in through this door he's carried himself back to manhood."

BUT Diana derived no satisfaction from the dramatic irony of the thing. "It's cruel," she repeated as Lindall herded her, gently enough, back into the cabin.

"There's one point," he said as he busied himself making the wall bunk ready for an occupant, "that you perhaps don't understand. It's amazing we've got to let Mark work out of his system if he wants to."

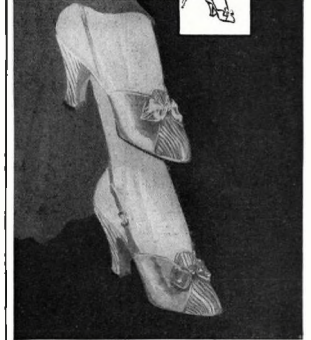
"What is that?" she asked.
His voice had a hollow ring that was a betrayal of utter fatigue. But the deep-sunken eyes with which he studied the slender-bodied girl beside the stove remained patient.

"I said Halidon's plane cracked up on an ice ridge," he slowly explained. "But what turned it over was an ice hump Mark put there himself. It was an ice pile he'd chopped out with his own ax, when he made a hole for fishing through."

Diana, confronted by those patient eyes, did her best to summon up an answering patience. He had, she remembered, just seen a man die horribly.

"What has that got to do with it?" she asked as she dropped a handful of tea leaves in the steaming tea pail.

"DID YOU SEE HER FEET?"



Slippers tell tales!

IN YOUR own home . . . that's where your footwear is especially eloquent. Does it say your grooming stops inside your own door?

Daniel Green slippers on your feet say your standards of appearance are as high inside your home as out. They say your feeling for style is sincere, your sense of value keen.

It pays to look for the name of Daniel Green whenever you buy leisure footwear.

It pays in comfort . . . because feet need proper fitting in house shoes. It pays in dollars and cents, for Daniel Greens far outlast slippers of indifferent workmanship.

And pays high . . . high . . . in your personal pride in your appearance! The Daniel Green Company, Dolgeville, N. Y.

(Above) This dainty mule with a ribbed satin toe and bow is a smart bit of Paris. It makes any foot look tiny . . . comes in lovely colors (including a dusty rose that looks good enough to eat!) . . . and, despite its beauty, will take a lot of punishment, like all Daniel Green slippers.



Styles for the most informal home wear . . . and for lounging in the grandest manner! Daniel Green has them all . . . in materials you'll love . . . at prices that make substitutes unthinkable.

DANIEL GREEN

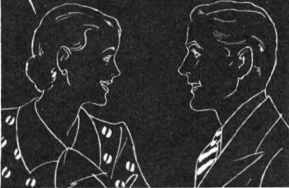
LEISURE FOOTWEAR AND "COMFY'S"

Look for the name
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT IT



WHY NOT USE KLEENEX? YOU SAY DAMP HANDKERCHIEFS MAKE YOUR NOSE RAW AND RED.

NOT A BAD IDEA... USE A TISSUE. THROW IT AWAY. THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO GET DAMP.



YES, AND THINK HOW MUCH CHEAPER IT IS THAN LAUNDERING ALL THOSE HANDKERCHIEFS.



Illustration and text copyright 1934, Kleenex Co.

Save Sore Noses from Hay Fever Misery

Use soft, dry Kleenex; avoid damp, irritating handkerchiefs. End laundry nuisance.

THE agonies of hay fever are bad enough. Don't add to them by using handkerchiefs which often harm more than they help. Instead, try Kleenex. Your nose will be grateful for the change from rough, soggy handkerchiefs that make raw, inflamed membranes cry out for relief.

Kleenex is a touch of comfort you'll welcome. The softest yet strongest of tissues. Far more absorbent than linen or cotton. And always dry, fresh, clean... because you simply use, then destroy. Isn't this better than an endless succession of mucus-clogged handkerchiefs any woman dreads washing?

Kleenex is priced so low you can use many of these disposable tissues for the cost of having one handkerchief laundered. Try Kleenex—at drug, dry goods, department stores.



KLEENEX Disposable Tissues

"It seems to make Mark feel that he owes Halidon something," was the other's weary-noted reply. "And if he thinks this is the best way to balance the ledger, we've got to let him do it."

Diana's face softened. "I see," she slowly observed as she placed bread and meat on the table and beside them set the two battered tin cups. She filled one of the cups with hot tea. "Drink this," she commanded.

She remembered, as he lifted the steaming cup to his lips, that the tea would be good for him. For tea, in the wide-stretched wastes of the North, was the restorer of life and strength. It drove the cold out of their bodies and the weariness out of their limbs. It lifted up their hearts and brought courage back to their bones. It was their lash and their stimulant, their comfort and their consolation.

"THEY'LL need plenty of this," said Lindall as he put down his cup. Diana, as he fell to munching on his bread and meat, crossed to the cabin door and opened it, her breath blowing white in the cold air. She stood watching the bisontlike silhouette of black struggling up through the hill drifts toward her.

"He's making it," she cried, squaring her ragged shoulders. She swung the door wide and turned back the blanket on the wall bunk.

Lindall, still chewing on his bread and meat, looked out through the open door. "This ought to wipe something out," he said as he went back for his second cup of tea. He pulled off his tattered parka and tossed it aside. His old-time energy seemed to have come back to him. "Don't let Halidon frighten you," he warned his companion. "We had to truss that cracked leg of his up in spruce-bough splints. It makes him look like a woodpile. And he got some hair singed off in that plane fire."

Diana, on her way to the door, stopped short. "You don't mean he's going to die?" she questioned.

"Of course not," Lindall assured her. "But that broken leg means a lay-up for two or three weeks. And a little more work for all of us."

"I'm not afraid of that," she said. But Lindall didn't seem to hear her.

"I'm no surgeon," he was explaining, "but I naturally know something about first aid. And if Halidon wants a straight leg, we've got to reduce that fracture."

"And then what?" asked Diana.

"Then," proclaimed Lindall, "we mush through to the coast."

"Won't another plane be sent out? Won't they look for Peter and his pilot?" "They may," acknowledged Lindall, "and they may not. We can't depend on it. But we know, now, where we are, and how to get down to tidewater. And we've grub enough to see us through."

SHE wanted to say more, but she heard the whine of Mark's snowshoe frames on the trodden snow outside the cabin. Her ear caught his wearied grunt of satisfaction as he kicked his snowshoes aside. And the next moment the doorway was darkened by his low-bent shoulders, on which he balanced an uncouth figure in scorched coonskin, a clinging figure with a trailing leg roughly corseted in split spruce boles bound together with thongs of walrus hide.

Mark, as he slowly crossed the mud floor, staggered and steadied himself. His movement, as he dropped Halidon on the waiting bunk, was one of wearied finality.

"Was that necessary?" Halidon demanded in an unexpectedly clear note of complaint.

"What?" barked Mark as he stood back and mopped the sweat from his face.

"Dropping me like that," said the man with the hole-corseted leg. "You knew, of course, that you were hurting me."

"I'm sorry," answered Mark, with no perceptible note of contrition in his voice. "But I might remind you that you dropped me harder than that once!"

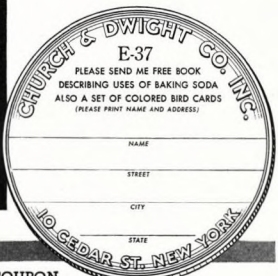
(To be Concluded)

it soothes



When you are footsore from a hard day of work or play, soothe and refresh your weary feet in a foot tub of warm water and our Baking Soda. This household essential, a necessity in the kitchen, is pure Sodium Bicarbonate with many helpful uses. Order either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda, which are identical in quality and cost. Your grocer has these dependable standbys in convenient sealed containers for just a few cents each.

BAKING SODA SOOTHES



MAIL THE COUPON

HOW TO PAINT

A BOOK THAT EVERY WOMAN NEEDS FREE

Ask your dealer for it. If he can't supply you, write to us. Full of interesting color schemes and helpful suggestions. Dealers - we guarantee you an increase in paint sales. Write for details. THE GLIDDEN CO. Cleveland, O.

GLIDDEN EVERYWHERE ON EVERYTHING PAINTS • VARNISHES • LACQUERS • ENAMELS

KNITTING WOOL NEW NOVELTY YARNS 40¢ Samples FREE—Prompt Mail Service COLONIAL YARN HOUSE, 1211-R Cherry St., Phila., Pa.

EXTRA MONEY 100% PROFIT SELL 21 ALL-FOLDER \$1. CHRISTMAS CARD ASSORTMENT. New! Novel! Different! Gorgeous mother-of-pearl folders, parchments, novelty cut-outs, silhouettes, winter scenes, gold, silver effects. Beautiful sentiments. Fastest money maker. Also \$50 box. We start you. Sample box on approval. Write: Bluebird Studios, Dept. A-9, Fitchburg, Mass.

ROCHESTER DIAL THERMOMETERS

OVEN THERMOMETER Guaranteed Accurate HANGES in grating, out of the range. Indicates every oven temperature, from "warm" to "broil" in words and degrees. Saves time, avoids failures. Easy to read. OTHER TYPES ALSO 15c. For refrigerator, outside window, indoors, auto—as illustrated. Lovely decorative models, \$10 to \$100. Bath (Baths) 50c. Candy-jelly-fat combinations (with color-disappearance) \$1.25. Household series, \$1.75. At your department, drug and hardware stores. Guaranteed if not marked "Rochester". Complete catalog free. Rochester Mfg. Co., 100 Rockwood St., Rochester, N.Y.

ACTUALLY Kills FLEAS instead of stupefying them

NONE revive to reinfect! Pulvex also "dies-proofs" a dog or cat, keeping them flea or lice free for days. Harmless, even if swallowed. Odorless. Non-irritating. Sold on money-back guarantee. In shaker top can, 50c. at leading pet shops and drug stores. "10 Tricks To Teach Your Dog" with each can of Pulvex.

PULVEX KILLS THEM OFF... AND KEEPS THEM OFF

Soft and shining youthful hair



... with your first soapless

OLIVE OIL

treatment

WATCH all the natural softness, color and lustre come out in your hair the first time you shampoo this new way!

Admiracion Soapless Shampoo Treatment keeps the youth in your hair. It brings you all the benefits of nature's most wonderful hair conditioner, olive oil — without the use of soap to remove it! Admiracion rinses away in water alone! No messy lather. No tedious rinses. No soap-film or alkali. (No wonder mothers find it ideal for children's shampoos!)

But this is more than just a shampoo. Admiracion is a complete treatment . . . a shampoo, scalp tonic and dandruff corrective in one. It is the only hair preparation containing *Davolene*, a natural, non-alcoholic scalp tonic.

Try Admiracion at our risk. If you cannot see and feel the improvement after one use, your money will be refunded. Buy a bottle today, and ask for an Admiracion De Luxe Treatment next time at your favorite beauty salon.

At toiletries counters in U. S. & Canada

Admiración
Soapless Shampoo Treatment



NATIONAL OIL PRODUCTS Co.
Harrison, New Jersey

Please send me the 2-Treatment Trial Bottle of Admiracion. I enclose 10c to cover mailing and packing.

Name

Address

RECIPES FOR
FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS

BY MARY C. COOKMAN



FLORELEI

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 5 Red Gladiolus | 1 German Iris Bud, White |
| 4 Sprays White Phlox or Stock | 1 Mass Purple Sweet William |
| 2 German Iris, White | 1 Begonia Leaf |

Place gladiolus in fanlike arrangement, tilting to the right. The extreme right gladiolus will be almost horizontal, and the extreme left gladiolus almost vertical. Place white phlox or stock at left with the tallest stalk nearly the height of the gladiolus and the shortest nearly at the rim of the jar. Place iris to the left, extending out, with the iris bud in the space between the phlox and the iris. Mass sweet William to the right with the begonia leaf hanging over the rim.

IN ARRANGING flowers in the home, there are a number of principles which, carefully observed, will transform a haphazard bunch of flowers into a distinctive yet unobtrusive decoration to give personality and charm to any room.

Most flower arrangements are made to be placed on mantels, low chests, consoles

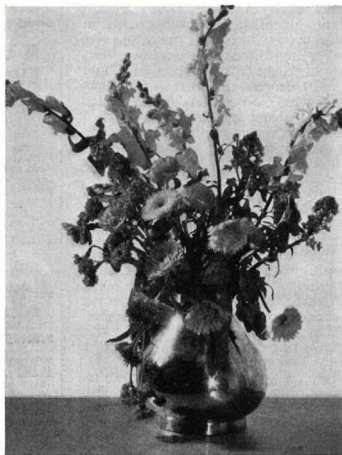
or tables, and are viewed from one side only. Dinner-table arrangements and small occasional-table arrangements must be made to be viewed from all sides.

In selecting flower material, seasonally and logically appropriate flowers should be combined. The problem of arrangement is simplified if uneven numbers of flowers

LET US BE GAY

- 5 Yellow Snapdragons
- 4 Giant Mignonettes
- 3 Orange Calendulas
- 5 Yellow Marigolds
- 5 California Poppies
- 15 Cornflowers

Arrange snapdragons at uneven heights to make the background. Place mignonettes approximately half as high as the tallest snapdragon in front. Use foreground for massing of colors with cornflowers at left extending from rim of container (with a number drooping over edge) to nearly the tip of mignonettes at left. Mass yellows and oranges by placing calendulas in center near rim, poppies just above and marigolds to the left and to the right of the poppies. Use a vase about 8 inches tall, with a 4-inch mouth.



Free
"FUR FACTS & FASHIONS"
No. 78 Contains

valuable information, essential to wise and economical fur buying; true and trade names; the truths about wearing qualities; pictures smart 1934 styles; announces Autumn Sale. Write for it. Send height, weight, size, age, fur color, price range preference, etc. Our suggestions may help you find just the coat you desire.

E. ALBRECHT and SON
Furnish to the Gentlewomen of America for over three quarters of a century.
ST. PAUL MINNEAPOLIS

A-CORN SALVE

REMOVES CORNS

Not a "1 minute wonder" but if you want your corns safely removed after 2 or 3 nightly applications you can depend on good old Acorn Salve. Say "Acorn Salve" to your druggist, follow the simple directions on the package and your corn is gone. Other corn remedies may cost more, promise more, but can do no more.

SELL PERSONAL XMAS CARDS FOR MONEY
FOR STATIONERY

Facilitating spare time work. Take orders for beautiful Xmas cards imprinted with customer's name, from friends, neighbors, business people. Smart, artistic, distinctive designs. Amazing low prices, wide variety assure quick, easy sales. Largest Advance Commission Paid Daily. Extra bonuses. No experience needed. Album of over 100 samples furnished free. Reply starters make most money.

NEW 21 XMAS CARD Sells for \$1—Your Profit 50¢
by forment, artistic, appealing and assure quick profits.

Beautiful newest parchment, mother-of-pearl, cameo, engraved, classily illustrated, metallic work, exquisite cut-out, intricate silver and gold inserts and highlights, all in artistic gift box. Sole on night. 5 other award-winning Gilt-Wrapped, Etched, and Embossed Christmas Cards. Bonus Write today for Free Album and 21 Card Box on Approval. WALLACE BROWN, INC., 223 FIFTH AVENUE, Dept. D-2, NEW YORK

PRICKLY HEAT

ITCHING and burning quickly vanish when you apply cooling, soothing Mentholatum.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

STRIZOL will not kill a million germs in 10 seconds. But in *Feminine Hygiene* Strizol actually soothes the tissues, reduces inflammation and promotes healing—yet is not one bit harmful. Dissolve a spoonful of refreshing Strizol crystals in water and make your own safe, soothing and efficient solution, at a cost of only a few cents a quart. Your Druggist has Strizol.

10 Big New Rock Garden Plants for \$1.00
Prepaid to You.

1 Rocky Mt. Blue Spruce, 1 Dwarf Pine, 1 True Rocky Mt. Blue Dogwood, 1 Colorado Silver Spruce, 1 Douglas Fir, 1 Rocky Mt. Blue Columbine, 2 Mt. VICKI (the water-repelling plant), 1 Rocky Mt. Sunnyside Daisy, 1 KINKINIC (the red-berried evergreen). Plants are 3 to 4 years old, many are pot grown. Special offer **PREPAID** for \$1.00. **BRUCE FOREST, COL.**

H. D. BEUCHER BOULDER, GERMANTOWN, SCOTCH TWEED, SHELTLAND, SAXONY, etc., for dresses, suits, coats, sweaters, etc. *Leaves Prices Over 100 PAGES, \$1.00*

CLIVEDEN YARN CO., 113 N. 5th St., PHILA., PA.

Wedding Invitations or Announcements 100 script lettering \$3.50 including 100 sets of envelopes 100 Wedding Cards \$1.00

L. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1010 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



CLOSE HARMONY

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| 11 Deep Pink Larkspurs | 5 Dark Red Roses |
| 7 Pale Pink Larkspurs | 1 Pale Pink Gladiolus |
| 4 Magenta Stock Sprays | 4 Light Blue Delphiniums |

This composition takes a vase about 16 inches high and 5 inches at the mouth. Use delphiniums as tallest flowers and place at left center. Arrange stock at center with left stalk about three-fourths as high as delphiniums, two center stalks about half that height, and right stalk slightly higher and curving to the right. Place gladiolus at extreme left of delphinium. Arrange 5 deep pink larkspurs at left in front of gladiolus. Arrange pale pink larkspurs at right of delphiniums, about half as high. Use the rest of the deep pink larkspurs in long sprays at lower right, extending one below the rim in a graceful sweeping curve. Place roses low and to the right, reaching out in uneven lengths.

are used. Place dark, heavy material at the base of the composition near the center. If all the flowers are the same color, arrange largest flowers at the base. Keep color masses and flower forms together.

If a shallow, wide container is used, the right proportion can be attained by making the height of the composition one-and-one-half times the width of the container. If a tall vase is used, make the arrangement one-and-one-half times the height of the container. Weight high on one side must be balanced by weight low on the opposite side. Use flowers that are suitable to the container. Calendulas in fine china and roses in heavy pottery are equally unsuited. Do not use deep blues

or purples for an evening-party decoration, as they lose their color value at night. Use flowers of different forms, such as snapdragons and marigolds, and combine flowers in different stages of development to get variety in your design. If you use a transparent container, remember that the stems become a part of the composition, and don't use flowers whose stems are going to make the water murky or that have leaves that will give a cluttered appearance. Too many flowers in a room create too many centers of interest and defeat the artistic and decorative effect desired. In the average living room one striking mass arrangement, with perhaps a small one on an end table, is sufficient.



WEEK-END GREETING

- 1 Spray Pink Rambler Roses
- 1 White Rose
- 1 Mignonette
- 2 Yellow Daisies
- 3 Shasta Daisies
- 1 Ageratum
- 1 Yellow Sweet Sultan

Place pink ramblers in the center, curving to the left. Place white rose at right and mignonette and sweet sultan between white rose and rambler. The shasta daisies are placed just below with yellow daisy dipping over edge of vase. The ageratum goes to the right and at the rim, with the other yellow daisy above and at the center.



**1,000 HUSKY FLIES DIE
IN EVERY P. D. DEATH TEST**

On the Sinclair "Fly Farm" at East Chicago, a million husky flies are raised every year to test Sinclair P. D. Insect Spray. Each batch of P. D. is death-tested on 1,000 husky flies before it comes to you.

In these tests only five-day-old flies are used. Flies at that age are the toughest household insects. That's why you can be sure that stainless, cedar-scented, death-tested P. D. will kill the strongest fly, moth, mosquito, bedbug, cockroach, flea or ant in your home. Ask your grocer for Sinclair P. D. Sold also at drug and hardware stores.



SINCLAIR P. D.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ROACHES,
MOTHS, BEDBUGS, ANTS, FLEAS, GNATS, etc.**
Copyrighted 1934 by Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.)

CUT ME OUT AND MAIL

In odd moments of your spare time you may earn as much as \$3 per day extra! For full information, send your name and address. There is no cost or obligation. LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 664 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

12 CROCUS 10¢
12 guaranteed bulbs (value 25¢) for only 10¢ postpaid; 125 bulbs postpaid for \$1.00. All colors mixed. Hurry! Fall Bulb Book Free. W. ATLEE BURPEE CO., 614 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia

"MY OLD RUG SAVED ME ABOUT \$2000"

You, too, will find it a thrilling new experience to send us a bundle of **Your Old Rugs and Clothing...** and Ten days later receive luxuriously soft, modern Seamless, Reversible **Olson Rugs** that will win the praise of family and friends. **JUST PHONE** the Railway Express to call, or ship by freight at Our Expense.

FREE TO EVERY READER... mail coupon or in postal for the beautiful big 60th Anniversary Olson Rug Book that shows 60 rich new Oriental, plain and Early American patterns in actual colors in model rooms; describes our Patented Process of reclaiming your materials. Size for any need. Week's Trial. **Factory-to-You.** We have no Agents.

OLSON RUG CO.
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
Mail to 2800 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Dept. N-7
YES, send me FREE and postpaid, your new Rug Book in colors and low throat-time prices:

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

Quick Drying
61 FLOOR VARNISH

"61" makes carefree floors that are nonproof, heatproof and waterproof! Requires no polishing. NOT Slippery! At paint and hardware stores. Pratt & Lambert-Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

PRATT & LAMBERT PAINT AND VARNISH

Approved way to get rid of every trace of superfluous hair 50¢

ZIP
DEPILATORY CREAM
PERFUMED!
Spray Deodorant

Also to check perspiration, use

EXTRA MONEY
SELL FINEST OF ALL FOLDER 51 CHRISTMAS CARD ASSORTMENT. Exquisite mother-of-pearl folders, garbments, gorgeous winter scenes, comical, rich illustrations, novelty cut-outs, rare metallic tints, solid, silver creations. Unparalleled assortment. Everybody buys! We want you with **Sample Box on Approval**. Also 50¢ Kamee box and birthday, every day, gift wrapping assortments. Up to 100% profit. Write for details. **Harry Dechka Co., Dept. L-7, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

A PUSHOVER for PUFFED RICE

Figures made of Puffed Rice

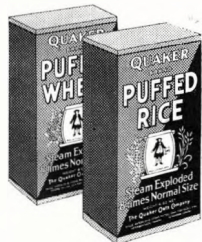


How mothers use Puffed Wheat and Rice to solve problems of child feeding

● What makes 3 out of 7 children hard to feed? "Coaxing" say doctors. For this harmful habit destroys a child's natural interest in food. Now mothers everywhere are following a new plan. Instead of coaxing they serve Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice.

The deliciously different appearance of Quaker Puffed Grains excites appetites, right from the start. They're so crisp and crunchy the child eagerly asks for more. Using milk abundantly. And yet in spite of their daintiness, Puffed Grains are as richly nourishing as the whole wheat and rice grains from which they are made. A single dish with whole milk giving practically as much nourishment as a dish of hot cooked cereal. By all means, get Puffed Grains today and bring the appetites of children and grown-ups back to healthy normality.

See rice shot from guns at The Quaker Oats Exhibit, Century of Progress.



THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

JOURNAL REFERENCE LIBRARY

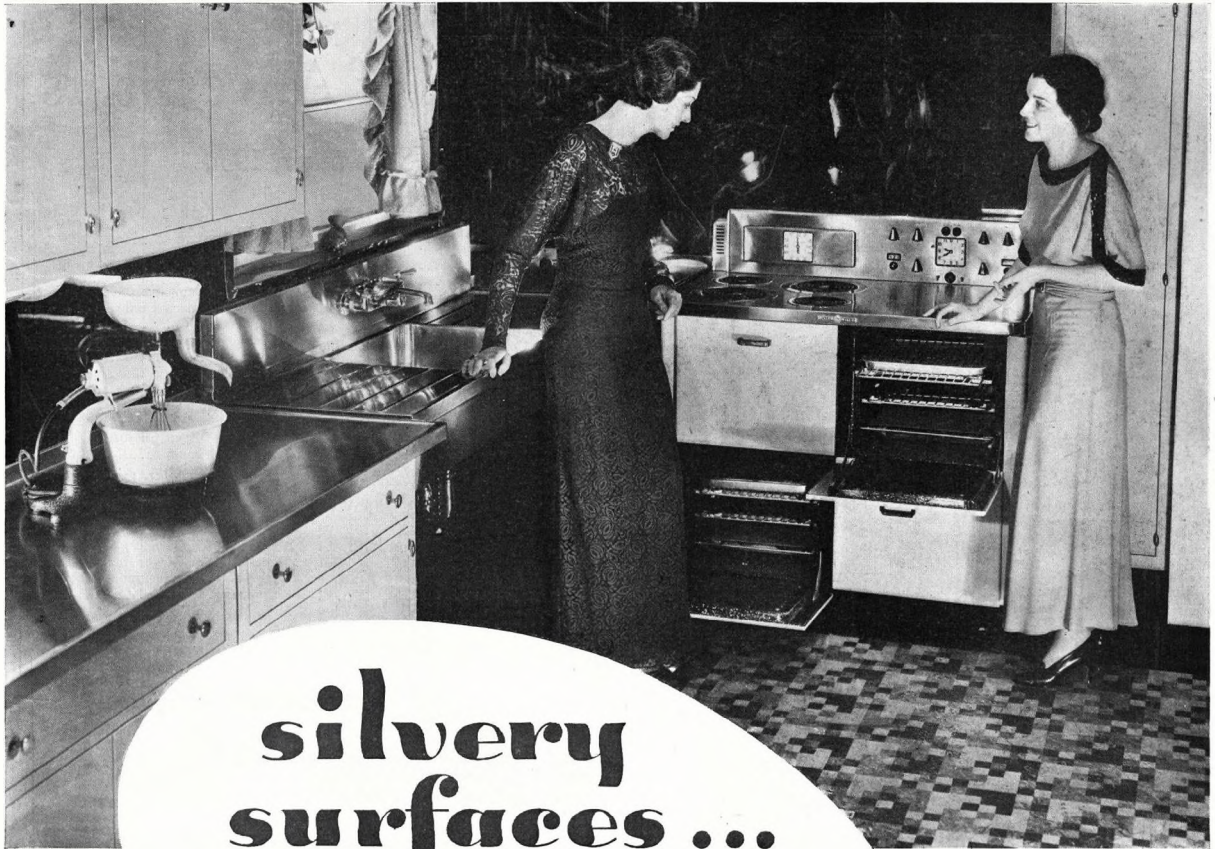
MAKE YOUR SPARE TIME COUNT!

Everybody can do something. Make a rug or a hat, knit a sweater or build a bird bath, quilt a fine quilt or embroider an old-fashioned sampler, weave a basket or wax artistic with papers and a pin. So give rein to your talents and satisfy that creative urge that lies deep in all of us! The leaflets and pattern sheets listed below will start you off.

- HATS.** Give your frock a fresh look with a new hat! Those below are easy to make with the patterns: 1175. POINTED HAT. 5c. 1176. FLAT-CROWNED SALON. 5c. 1177. MATRON'S HAT. 5c. 1178. DROOPY-BRIMMED HAT. 5c. 1188. BRIMMED CANVAS HAT. 5c.
1189. SUN SUITS FOR YOUNGSTERS. Of mesh dishcloths, ice bags, wash cloths. Diagrams to help you. 3c.
- EVENING WRAPS** for you to make: 1181. DOUBLE EVENING CAPE. 5c. 1182. NET CAPELET. 5c. 1183. CHINZ CAPE. 5c. 1184. CAP WRAP. 5c. 1185. PLAID EVENING JACKET. 5c. 1186. DOTTED SWISS CAPE. 5c.
1173. ACCESSORIES TO MAKE. 3c. 1069. COTTON YARN ACCESSORIES. 10c. 1043. KNIT FOR YOUR CHILDREN. 10c.
- METALCRAFT** diagrams and complete directions: 1117. ASH TRAY, CIGARETTES, BUX AND ALPHABET. 5c. 1118. BOOK ENDS AND PICTURE HOLDER. 5c. 1119. OCTAGONAL TRAY. 5c. 1120. RECTANGULAR TRAY. 5c. 1063. LEAD SUNDIAL-BIRD BATH. 5c. 1054. LEAD JAPANESE FLOWER GARDEN. 5c. 1086. MAKE SOMETHING NEW. Want a Brooks twin sweater set—cardigan and sweater? Other things to make. 3c.
1127. PIN-PRICK DESIGNS. Fun to work with colored papers. Lamp shades and old-time pictures, tables, invitations. 3c.
- COSTUMES FOR DANCING DAUGHTERS.** Pattern sheets with illustrations and diagrams. Those below are for 6-year olds: 1158. TOE-TAP-DANCE COSTUME. Of silver cloth. 5c. 1159. DUTCH CHARACTER DANCE COSTUME. 5c. 1160. VELVETREN TAP-DANCE COSTUME. 5c. 1161. FANCY-DANCE LACK COSTUME. 5c. 1162. TOE-DANCE FANCY COSTUME. 5c.
- For 12-year olds: 1163. ACROBATIC-DANCE COSTUME. 5c. 1164. TAP-DANCE COSTUME. 5c. 1165. FANCY-DRESS COSTUME. 5c. 1166. MUSICAL-COMEDY COSTUME. 5c. 1167. MODERN-TAP-DANCE COSTUME. 5c. 1101. NEW FABRICS FOR LITTLE THINGS. Ideas for birthday gifts and prizes. 3c.
62. WEAVING THE NEW BASKETS. 25c. 1066. TWO CROCHETED BEDSPREADS. 10c. 1070. HOW TO MAKE RAG RUGS. 10c. 1050. CHERRY-RIPE QUILT. 10c. 1051. STAR-DIAMOND QUILT PATTERN. 10c. 1052. WILD-ROSE QUILT PATTERN. 10c.
- PICTURE PRESSERS.** Embroider in the stitch, frame in wooden frame and hang on wall: 1111. IT'S AS EASY TO GRIN AS TO GROWL. 5c. 1112. GO TO BED WITH THE LAMB—AND RISE WITH THE LARK. 5c. 1113. PERSUASION IS BETTER THAN FORCE. 5c. 1114. DANGER WAITS ON HASTE. 5c. 1115. A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING and HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR. 5c.

- FASHIONS**
1191. TICS FROM TOWELS and TABLECLOTHS. Directions for making waterproof beach roll, halter top and slacks, shorts. 5c.
1156. SUMMER SAMPLER. Samples of new cottons and linens. Sketches too. 10c.
1155. INFORMAL SUMMER WEDDINGS. 3c.
1073. YOUR WARDROBE FOR SUMMER IN THE CITY. Travel clothes, too. 3c.
- SEWING, SHORT CUTS.**
1172. BODICES, BUTTONHOLES, POCKETS. 3c. 1187. QUICK CUTTING AND FITTING. 3c.
- ENTERTAINMENT**
1077. BOOK OF GAMES. For grown-ups. Pencil games, active games, crowd games. 10c.
1032. BOOK OF PARTIES. Ideas for invitations, decorations, things to do, etc. 10c.
1023. THE ETIQUETTE OF ENTERTAINING. What to do in any social situation, etc. 10c.
1130. ENTERTAINING AT BRIDGE. Buffet bridge, bridge breakfasts, bridge luncheons, mixed bridge parties. 3c.
1121. ETIQUETTE OF THE BUFFET. 3c.
1107. MINUTE MASQUEBADA COSTUMES. 3c.
1074. PARTIES FOR A SONG. Summer-time parties that won't cost much. 3c.
577. YOUNGSTERS' PARTIES. 3c.
115. MENTAL WHOOPER. Five amusing mental tests. Fun for eight people in each set. 10c.
1140. APRON ANTIKS. 3c.
- FOR THE BRIDE**
138. ETIQUETTE OF THE WEDDING. 10c. 137. THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU. 3c. 135. LET'S SHOWER THE BRIDE. 3c. 134. THE BRIDE'S LINEN CHEST. 3c. 136. THE BRIDE'S SILVER CHEST. 3c. 139. THE BRIDE EQUIPS HER KITCHEN. 3c.
- INTERIOR DECORATION**
166. PERIOD FURNITURE FOR MODERN HOMES. Illustrated. 5c.
553. REFURNISHING OLD FURNITURE. 3c.
1030. PICTURES FOR YOUR HOME. Selecting, framing, hanging and more. 3c.
543. COLOR FOR NORTH ROOMS. 3c.
558. COLOR FOR SOUTH ROOMS. 3c.
548. TUCK-A-BED. 3c.
- GARDENING**
57. DEVELOPING THE SMALL HOME GROUNDS. 48 pages, 20 illustrations. 25c.
187. WATER GARDENING. 5c.
55. ROCK GARDENS AND ROCK GARDENING. 5c.
59. ANNUAL GARDENING. 5c.
54. PERENNIAL GARDENING. 5c.
1061. ECONOMY GARDENS. (Vegetables.) 3c.
1071. SUMMER PRUNING AND SPRAYING. 3c.
1021. THE BEST BRISSES TO PLANT. 3c.
1081. THE BEST PROMISES TO PLANT. 3c.
508. GARDEN PATTERN LEAFLET. Illustrates 61 different garden plans. 3c.
- BIRD HOUSES (With Plans). 25c.
- BEAUTY**
1104. HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR PERSONALITY. "Not in our stars, but in ourselves"—there's the fault, if life seems askew. Learn how to make yourself attractive to others, charming, free of self-consciousness. 3c.
1151. HAIRDRESSING TO TYPE. A confiture-analysis chart, illustrated. 3c.
525. HOW TO MAKE YOUR HAIR A HALO. News on the care of the hair and shampoos. 3c.
1065. GIRLS WHO WEAR GLASSES. 3c.
- SUB-DEB**
1192. GENTLEMEN PREFERRED. A book of etiquette for boys. 3c.
1190. DATE BOOKS. What to do with your date, a double date, or a threesome. 3c.
1154. DO-DADS FOR SUMMER. Trick accessories you can make. 3c.
1141. ETIQUETTE BOOK. 3c.
1134. HOW TO ACT GROWN UP. How to "make" the family. 3c.
1106. PRIVATE LINES AND PARTY CONVERSATION. What to talk about when. 3c.
1116. FRIZZ, PIZ and FURBELLS. The latest news about hair-do's. 3c.
1022. HOW TO BE POPULAR. 3c.
1046. HOW TO MAKE GIRLS LIKE YOU. 3c.
1058. FROLICKING FEET. How to dance. 3c.
533. SUB-DEB'S BOOK OF BEAUTY. 3c.
598. LET MAKE-UP MAKE YOU OVER. 3c.
1076. PARTIES IN A JIFFY. 3c.
1034. HOW TO ORGANIZE A SUB-DEB CLUB. Complete with program. 3c.
- HOME MAKING**
1152. SANDWICHES FOR ALL OCCASIONS. 3c.
1174. LITTLE CAKES and COOKIES. 3c.
1128. TABLE-MADE DISHES. 3c.
590. COOKERY BOOK. 10c.
584. RECIPE BOOK. 10c.
573. MENU BOOK. 10c.
1018. MENU CALENDAR. It will plan your meals for a week, a month or a year. 25c.
524. VITAMIN FRIMER. 5c.
599. HOW TO CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT. 3c.
1031. HOW TO MAKE AND KEEP TO A BUDGET. 3c.
- ARCHITECTURE**
555. JOURNAL HOUSE PATTERN CATALOGUE is 25 cents. Illustrates 75 houses for which there are building plans available. JOURNAL HOUSE PATTERNS are \$1.00 each; include cardboard cut-out model, working drawings, specifications and quantity survey of materials. Purchase Catalogue 555 to select house patterns. Please order by number.
- CARDBOARD CUT-OUT MODELS can be bought separately for 10 cents each. Purchase Catalogue 555 to select model.
1027. STENCIL BOOKLET is 10 cents. Shows eighteen cardboard cut-out model working STENCILS are 15 cents each. Purchase Catalogue 1027 to select stencils. Please order stencils by number.

We will gladly send any of these booklets if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes. Booklet orders from all foreign countries should be accompanied by International Reply Coupons. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.



silvery
surfaces ...



that reflect nothing
but smiles!

ARE smiles seldom seen in your kitchen? Then modernize with Monel Metal. We guarantee an epidemic of smiles.

Admiring smiles—from friends to whom you show your lovely line-up of *matched* equipment in Monel Metal. What a change from the old fashioned kitchen furnished in hit-or-miss style (which always *missed* being attractive).

Cheerful smiles! And you're the one who smiles them. Because these smooth surfaces are so easy to clean. And so hard to stain. Because cabinet, sink and range are all at the same comfortable, back-saving height from the floor. Finally, because Monel Metal's bright cheerfulness is contagious. You think pleasanter thoughts while you work.

Wise smiles! You'll see these* on your husband's face. He knows that this modern metal cannot rust—cannot crack—cannot chip. He knows that it wears on and on, because there's nothing to wear off. No plating—solid metal through and through! He knows that he has made a sound investment. . . in kitchen equipment that will never need to be replaced.

* * * * *

So much for smiles. Now we'll show you what wonderful mind-readers we are. "Yes, Monel Metal is frightfully attractive," you've

Lots of things to admire in this all-Monel Metal kitchen with its "Straitline" Sink and Monel-topped cabinet. Particularly notable is the new General Electric Imperial Range, with top and aviation-type control panel of Monel Metal. Other remarkable features are its built-in Telechron clock and timer, two ovens with automatic electric lighting, and Inconel Calrod heating units. Ray Patten designed this range.*

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

been saying to yourself, "but it must be frightfully expensive."

If we're right in our mind reading, then you're wrong in your thought. Monel Metal equipment starts at \$19.50. In case you'd like to know where it ends, we have provided a coupon for your name and address.

NOTE TO MANUFACTURERS: Nobody ever thought of a kitchen sink as beautiful—until Monel Metal made it so. Perhaps this modern metal can do the same thing for one of your products—make it better-looking, longer-lasting and more salable. Consistent advertising has established Monel Metal as one of the best known trade names in America—has created universal demand for articles of Monel Metal. Write today for details of the cooperation available to manufacturers who use Monel Metal.



THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.



Please send me further information on Monel Metal kitchen equipment.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 73 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Snow-white! BUT WILL IT STAY THAT WAY?"



"Certainly! IT'S LIFETIME PORCELAIN . . . INSIDE AND OUT . . ."

Ours is a Frigidaire '34"

Swing wide the door of a Super Series Frigidaire '34. Pass your hand over the smooth, seamless, snow-white surfaces of its big interior, and beautiful exterior . . . sparkling, Lifetime Porcelain-on-steel!

Now look at the freezing unit—Frigidaire's newest development. The "Super Freezer", we call it, because it offers a combination of advantages not to be found in any other one make of refrigerator!

Notice that it is suspended in the center instead of off to one side. There's room on both sides of the freezing unit for a whole case of tall bottles. Also, this central location of the Super Freezer helps keep the entire food compartment

of the Frigidaire '34 uniformly cold! And, this Super-Freezer has automatic ice tray release—as well as automatic reset defrosting . . . a switch that turns itself on when defrosting is completed!

Since the introduction of the Frigidaire '34, we have sold more household Frigidaire than in any other similar period. Think of it! There are now in use a million and a quarter more Frigidaire than any other automatic refrigerator!

Better go in and see this finest-of-all Frigidaire for yourself. You'll find the address under "Refrigeration, Electric" in your local classified telephone directory.



Model Standard 434

HERE IS A FRIGIDAIRE THAT USES LESS CURRENT THAN ONE ORDINARY KAMP BULB—PROVED BY TESTS TO USE LESS CURRENT THAN ANY OTHER KIND OF REFRIGERATOR

Index of Advertisers

September, 1934

PAGE	PAGE
A-Corn Salve 108	Kendall Mills 92
Admiracion Soapless Shampoo 108	Kleenex Company 107
Treatment 108	Knox Gelatine Co., Inc., Charles B. 74
Albrecht and Son, E. 108	Lady Esther Company 93
American Stove Company 99	Lambert Pharmaceutical Company 42
American Telephone & Telegraph Company 66	Lever Brothers Co.: Lifebuoy Soap and Rinso . . . III Cover Lux 101 Lux Toilet Soap 65
Armand Company, Inc., The 106	Libby, McNeill & Libby 62
Armstrong Cork Company 94	Lifebuoy Soap and Rinso . . . III Cover
Artistic Card Co. 81	Liquid Veneer Corporation 74
Atlantis Sales Corp. (Colman's Mustard) 74	Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company: Sunshine Biscuits 105
Belcher, H. D. 108	Lux 101
Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co., Inc. 79	Lux Toilet Soap 65
Bisquick 53	Mello-Glo Company 90
Bluebird Studios 107	Mentholatum Company 108
Bon Ami Company, The 91	Merrilee Art Embroidery Co. 60
Borden Sales Company, Inc. 97	Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc. 57
Bouquet Powder 106	Metropolitan Life Insurance Company 43
Brillo Mfg. Co. 104	Mum Mfg. Co., Inc. 61
Bristol-Myers Co. 1	National Oil Products Co. 108
Brown, Inc., Wallace 108	Nazareth Waist Co. 102
Bryant, Inc., Lane 92	Old Dutch Cleanser 82
Burpee Co., W. Atlee 109	Olson Rug Co. 109
Campbell Soup Company 35	Ott Engraving Co., L. 108
Cannon Mills, Inc. II Cover	Pepsodent Company, The 89
Certo 44	Pequot Mills 88
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee 41	Pet Milk Company 75
Chieftain Mfg. Co. 92	Pond's Extract Company 39, 69
Chilton Greetings Co. 97	Pratt & Lambert, Inc. 109
Chipso 4	Procter & Gamble Co., The: Chipso 4 Crisco 37 Ivory Soap 2
Church & Dwight Co., Inc. 107	Quaker Oats Company, The 84, 110
Clapp, Inc., Harold H. 71	Reynolds Tobacco Co., R. J. 54
Cliveden Yarn Co. 108	Rochester Mfg. Co. 107
Clorox Chemical Co. 78	Sani-Flush 81
Coca-Cola Company, The 96	Schering Corporation 83
Cocomalt: Davis Company, R. B. 80	Schwer Co. 92
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. 50	Scott Paper Company 58
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream 50	Silver Swan Studios 98
Colonial Greetings 102	Simmons Company, The 72, 73
Colonial Yarn House 107	Simoniz Company, The 55
Condon Bros. 97	Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.) 109
Cooper & Nephews, Inc., Wm. 107	S. O. S. Company, The 85
Coty, Inc. 103	Spencer Corset Company, Inc., The 63
Crisco 37	Squibb & Sons, E. R. 70, 104
Cudahy Packing Company, The 82	Stanco, Inc. (Flit Powder) 60
Doehla Co., Harry 109	Stanco Incorporated 81
Drackett Company, The 46	Standard Brands, Incorporated: Chase & Sanborn's Coffee 41
Dreer, Henry A. 104	Fleischmann's Yeast 49
Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies 98	Tender Leaf Tea 48
Eastman Kodak Company 76, 77	Stirizol 108
Ederer Thread Co., R. J. 74	Sunshine Art Studios 60
E-Z Mills, Inc. 60	Swift & Company 52, 59
Fashion Frocks, Inc. 81	Tender Leaf Tea 48
Fels-Naptha Soap 56	Three-In-One Oil Company 97
Fleischmann's Yeast 49	Underwood Co., Wm. 100
Frigidaire Corporation 112	Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills, Inc. 98
General Foods Corporation: Certo Corporation 44	Vitality Shoe Company 64
General Mills, Inc. 53, 67	Waltham Art Publishers 104
Glidden Co., The 107	Wesson Oil & Snowdrift Sales Company IV Cover
Great Northern Fur Dyeing Corp. 104	Wheaties 67
Green Company, The Daniel 106	Woodbury, Inc., John H. 47
Heinz Company, H. J. 60	Zip 109
Hubinger Co., The 81	
Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co. 60	
Hygienic Products Co., The 81	
International Nickel Company, Inc., The 111	
Ivory Soap 2	
Janes Art Studios, Inc. 74	
Johnson & Johnson 95	
Julian & Koenige Co., The 87	
Junket Folks, The 102	

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

WHY JACKY'S MOTHER COULDN'T MAKE FRIENDS



YOUR FACE FEELS SO SOFT AND SMOOTH, MUMMY

LIFEBOUY IS KEEPING MY COMPLEXION AS NICE AS YOURS, JACKY

FRESH, healthy, natural loveliness—that's the complexion beauty Lifebuoy brings! Its creamy, searching lather coaxes out pore-deep dirt—freshens dull skins. Its pleasant, extra-clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy lather purifies face and body pores—stops "B.O." (body odor).

An ever-present danger

Even on cool fall days our pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily. Play safe—bathe often with Lifebuoy. It lathers freely in hot or cold water, in hard water or soft—deodorizes pores, keeps you safe from "B.O."

NBA CODE

WHAT SHE ALWAYS WANTED



NOW I CAN WASH DISHES IN HALF THE TIME

"Rinso suds are not only a joy in my washing machine—they're no end of help in the kitchen! With Rinso I can do the dishes in half the time. Grease goes in a jiffy. And now my hands never get red or rough."

Rinso is marvelous for tub washing, too. Try it next washday. See how it SOAKS our dirt—saves scrubbing—saves the clothes. See how its rich, lively suds last and last, even in hardest water.

Rinso is safe for your finest cottons and linens, white or colors. Makers of 40 famous washers—home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—recommend it. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

NBA CODE

The biggest-selling package soap in America

*If you want fresh mayonnaise
instead of the bottled.*

**HERE'S A NEW QUICK MIXER THAT MAKES FRESH
MAYONNAISE IN 90 SECONDS.** Really, just $1\frac{1}{4}$ minutes! Perfect
mayonnaise every single time. The little jigger is so simple that even a man
can't make it fail — and so quick that — well, really it's just about as easy to
make fresh mayonnaise as to buy the bottled. And fresh peaches do deserve fresh
mayonnaise. A delicious recipe comes with the jigger (or you can use your
own favorite recipe). If your grocer hasn't this new jigger yet, just mail 65¢ to the
Wesson Oil People, Baronne Street, New Orleans.

