

MC CALL'S

TEN CENTS

DECEMBER 1931



Cradled in tragedy but driven to love — their story

PROLOGUE TO LOVE

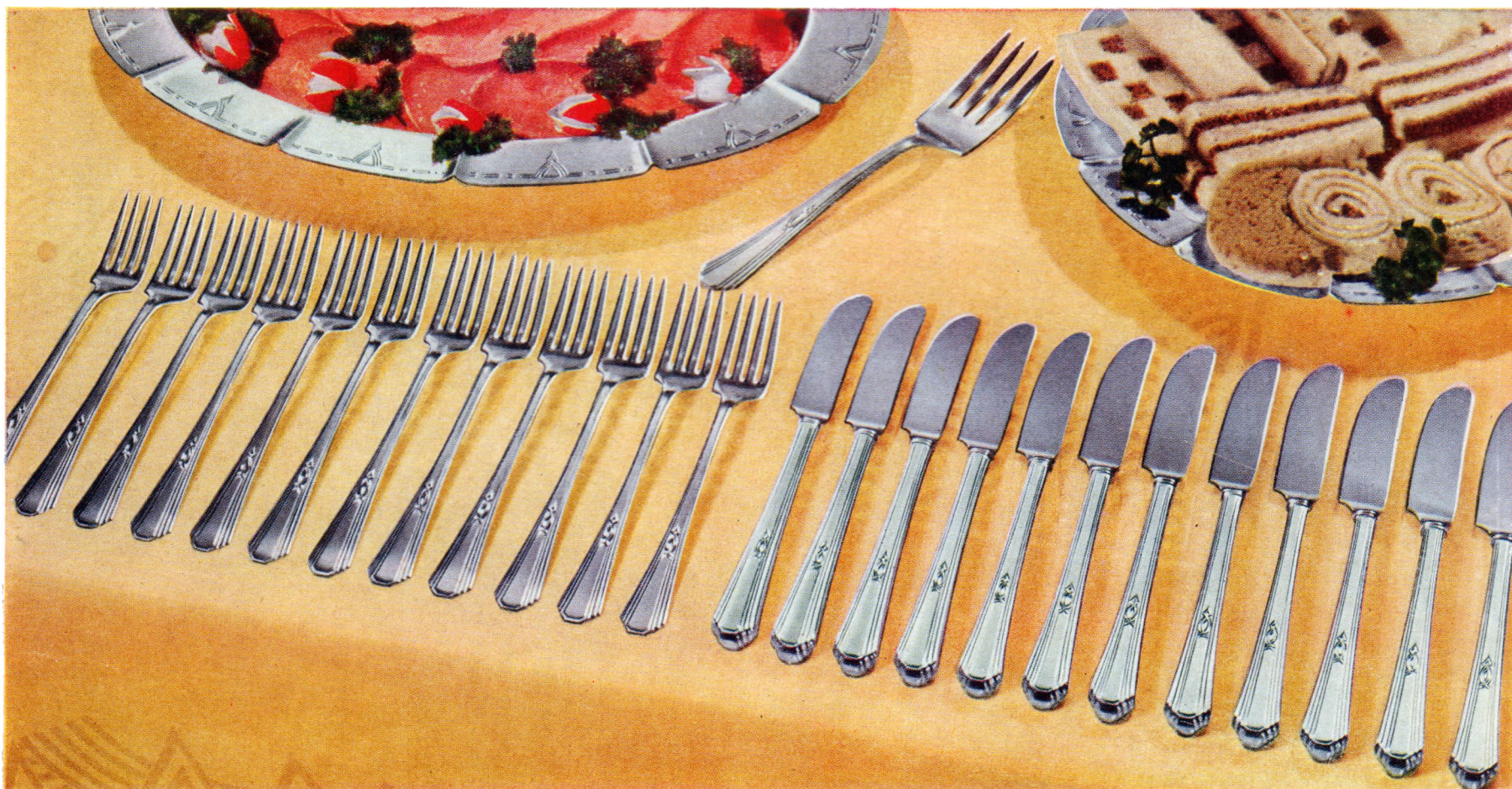
is Martha Ostenso's newest novel.

Zane Grey · Vivien Bretherton · Morris Markey
Margaret Culkin Banning



100 out of 104
Philadelphia women
guessed wrong...
but now they know

SMARTNESS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH PRICE



THE PARIS PATTERN IN A BUFFET SUPPER SETTING. THINK! 50 PIECES COST ONLY \$29.00!

ARE you good at guessing prices?

Recently, in Philadelphia, our Traveling Reporter asked 104 women to guess the price of the silverplate he set before them—50 pieces in the very same pattern illustrated here.

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\$29.00 for a service for 12!

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Styled as once only sterling was styled—by leading stylists—designed as once only expensive silver was designed—by masters—here is silverplate that belies its moderate price in every line of it! Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate belongs to the new era—the era of the alliance of industry and art—the era in which *smartness has nothing to do with price!*

See this beautiful, distinctive silverplate—do! See the Viande* style in knife and fork, the accepted fashion in smart homes. (Mrs. Emily Post, famous

authority on etiquette, calls the Viande knife "the perfect instrument.") See the matching hollowware—an innovation at this price level. Then realize—this is Wm. Rogers & Son—Genuine Original Rogers Silverplate—guaranteed for many years of daily wear! Many dealers are offering this lovely silverplate on the Deferred Payment Plan.



The Mark of the

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1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate and
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*Trade Mark—Viande Knife—Patent Applied for

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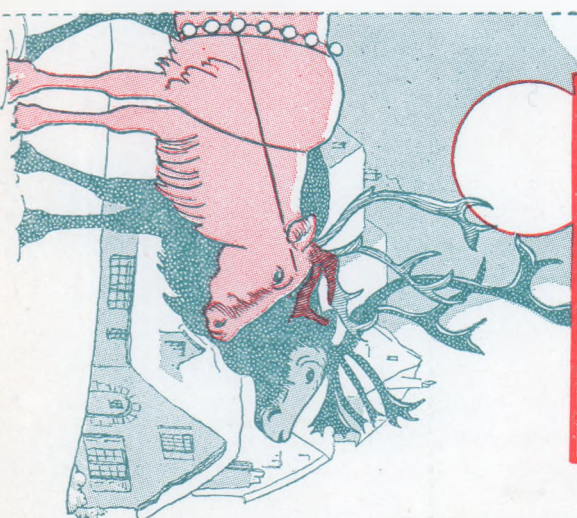
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McCALL'S

From

"Pink Tooth Brush"—I really can't laugh *that* off!



"PINK"—on your tooth brush—seemingly innocent, isn't it? Yet "pink tooth brush" is an indication of a gum condition which may cause you no end of trouble before you're finally through with it!

It means that your gums are lazy, flabby, and becoming more and more tender with every day. You've eaten soft foods ever since you ate anything at all. And your gums, lacking the exercise that is absolutely necessary to their health, have gradually lost that vigorous hardness they had when you were a child. That's why they tend to bleed—that's why you had better do something at once about this "pink tooth brush" business!

If you don't, your teeth are going to look dull and grayish. But far more serious than the good-looks of your teeth is any one of a number of gum troubles that "pink tooth brush" makes you susceptible to. Gingivitis, for instance. Or Vincent's disease. And you wouldn't ever *choose* to have pyorrhea, would you?—though that's far more rare.

If you ignore "pink tooth brush", you may even be risking the soundness of good teeth through infection at the roots!

To check "pink tooth brush" isn't complicated or expensive. All you have to do is to get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Brush your teeth with it in the usual way. But each time, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and lightly massage it into those inactive, touchy gums of yours.

You'll like the way it makes your gums feel, and the way it brings back almost at once a nice sparkle to your teeth. Keep on using it—regularly—with massage—and you won't be bothered for long with "pink tooth brush"! Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage! He'll explain *why* it checks "pink tooth brush" so summarily!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-121
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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NOW—and—THEN

“What’s past is prologue.”—SHAKESPEARE

AND invariably that past makes diverting reading. There is, for instance, in this issue, the story of Autumn Dean—Autumn, whose destiny is so closely linked to that tragic past of her mother’s.

There is, too, the story of the author herself, Martha Ostenso. She has been called “Daughter of the Vikings”—but not by us. When you meet her you will discover why. Here is no angular, undemonstrative Nordic. Rather, one is arrested by her fragility—the slight, almost delicate figure, the fair hair, wide, cool, blue eyes. Hers is a curious synthesis of worldliness with the naïve, wistfulness with determination. Her conversation touches people more often than things, although places stir her profoundly. The Kamloops valley of British Columbia, in which her new story is laid, summons an enthusiasm that is matched only by her feeling for her native Norway. There, high in the tiny hill town of Haukeland, Martha Ostenso was born.

Change the environment of a growing child, someone has said, and you create an author. From a mountain village in Norway to the vast prairies of Minnesota and South Dakota would seem change enough for anyone; certainly a child. That journey Miss Ostenso made, with her parents, in 1902.

“The story of my childhood,” Miss Ostenso tells you, “is the tale of seven little towns in Minnesota and South Dakota. In one of them I learned to speak English”—and here, too, her preparation for authorship began.

“When I was fifteen years old, my father’s restless spirit drove him north to newer country. The family settled in Manitoba. After high school, at seventeen, I went with a teacher’s permit into the lake district of Manitoba.

My novel, *Wild Geese*, lay there, waiting to be put into words. . . .”

But she delayed writing it then. Instead, for eight months, she wrote obituaries, fashion notes, book reviews, etc., for the Manitoba “Free Press.” This was her bridge to New York. And in 1920 she crossed it to Brooklyn, as a worker in the Bureau of Charities.

Wild Geese was published—and acclaimed—in 1925. The success of that story was the prologue to Martha Ostenso’s present eminence, and fortunately, to the writing of *Prologue to Love*.



Martha Ostenso

NOW it’s our turn to talk about the future. The immediate future, of course, spells Christmas. And Christmas implies gifts. If, this year, the giving seems more difficult to achieve than last year even, there is always— But you read about it on page 109.

We could tell you about Morris Markey, who made his first bow to the ladies in Alexandria, Virginia; since when he has become at varying intervals a husband, a novelist, a soldier, an aviator and reporter-at-large for *The New Yorker*. But you’ll hear a great deal about him on this page next month.

Or we could talk about our January short stories. *Expect Me When You See Me*, for instance, by Marion Brandon, a new McCall author. Or Arthur Munyan’s *Wild Garden*—a few thousand words of entertaining proof that two cannot live as cheaply as one, but more happily. (Which is something you may always have suspected.) Or *Song Bird*, the story of a girl who had a voice that led to a career and a man who had a voice in the matter—told in Reita Lambert’s sparkling manner.

But we’d rather tell you about our choicest gifts for next year—our serials. There will be one, beginning in the February McCall’s, by Temple Bailey. It is called *Little Girl Lost*. Miss Bailey’s romances have endeared her to McCall’s readers for the last four years. Her new novel should win her an even wider audience. Following this serial, Margaret Culkin Banning brings you one of the new year’s most poignant emotional stories, *The Town’s Too Small*. Grace Richmond, making her debut on McCall Street contemporaneously with Mrs. Banning, greets you with *Bachelor’s Bounty*, introducing Scott Farrington—and Scott Farrington, the bachelor hero, is as alluring in prospect as a new star. Not long after, Frances Noyes Hart, who interrupted her writing of tales as charmingly romantic as *The Honorable Tony*, in order to write *The Bellamy Trial* and *Hide In the Dark*, will abandon the murder mystery field long enough to contribute *Pastorale* in her most enchanting mood.

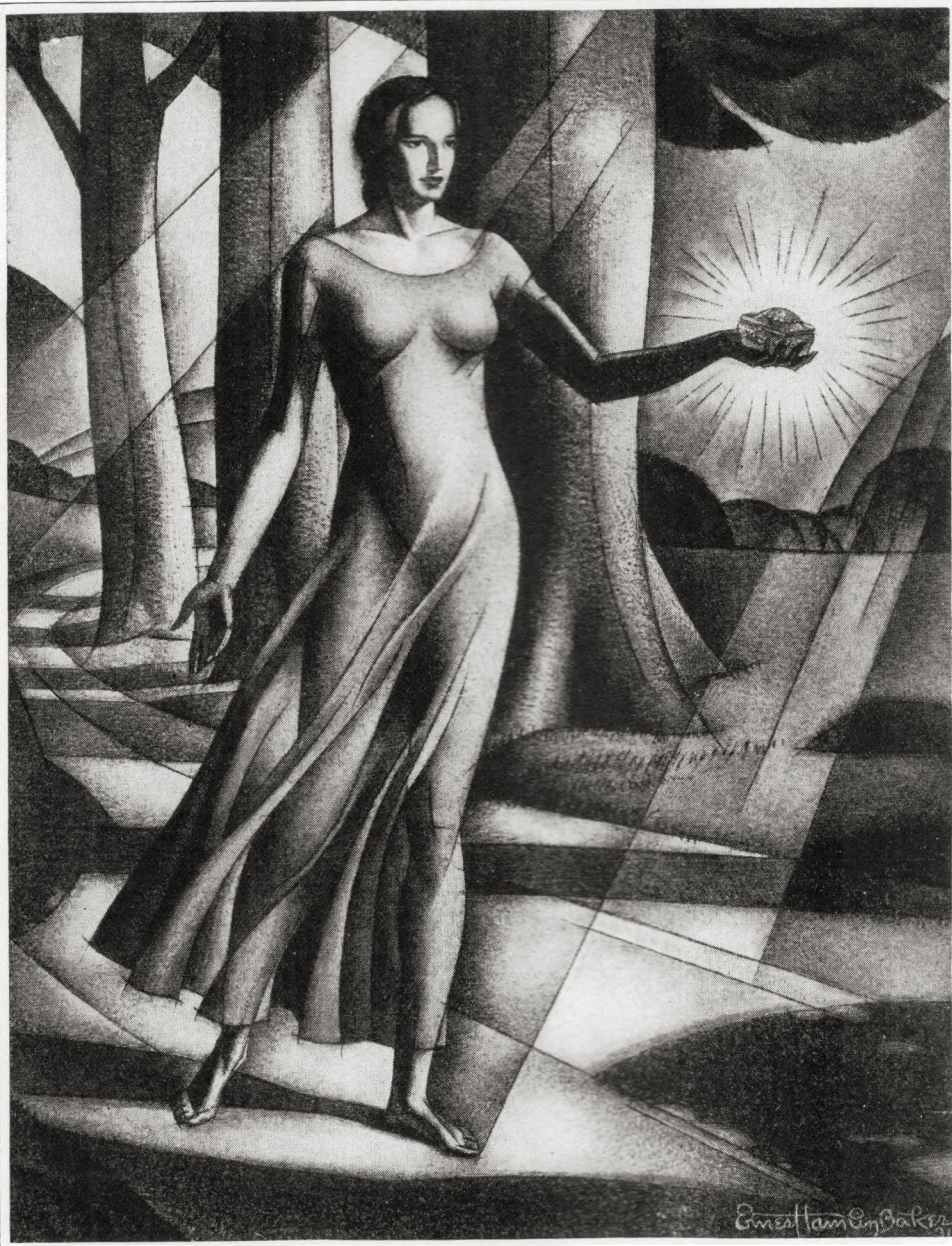
Enchantment—Christmas—“Peace on earth, good will toward men.” These are one with our sincerest wish for you—“A very Merry Christmas to you all.”



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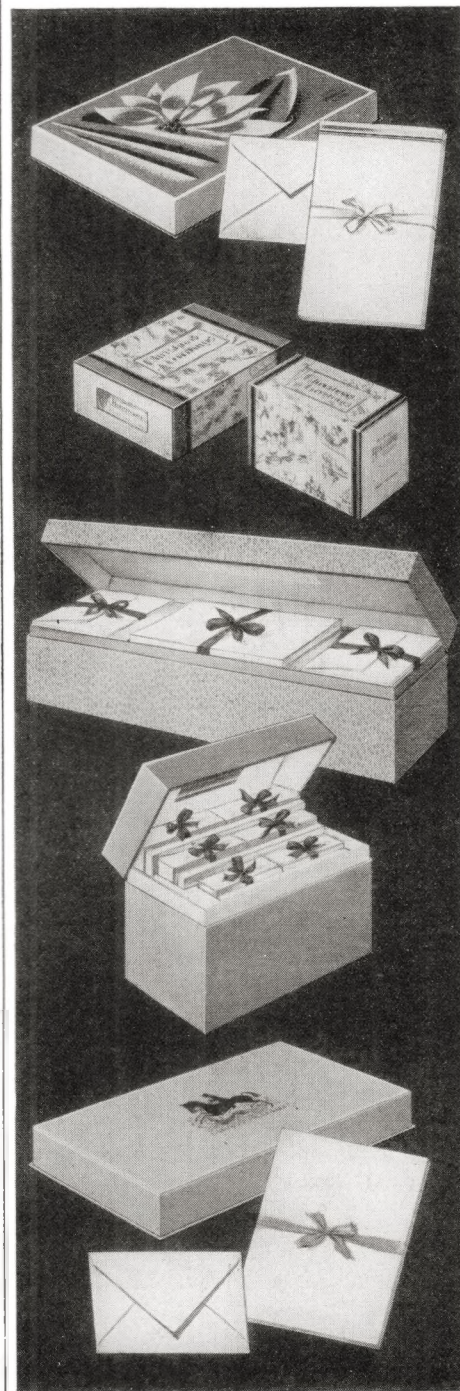
THE GIFT

A L O N G T H E H I G H R O A D O F L I F E



Giving is greeting, along the highroad of life. The gift must be as fine as the feeling that inspires it, as intimate as the pressure of a hand. The gift of Eaton's Highland writing paper becomes part of the life of her to whom it is given. It is her messenger to those she loves. It brings her closer to them by its beauty and quality, its taste and distinction. She confides her great moments to it, and her dreams, to share them with dear ones who are far away. With every letter she writes, along the highroad of life, her Eaton's Highland paper tells her you found the gift that truly expresses herself. — Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

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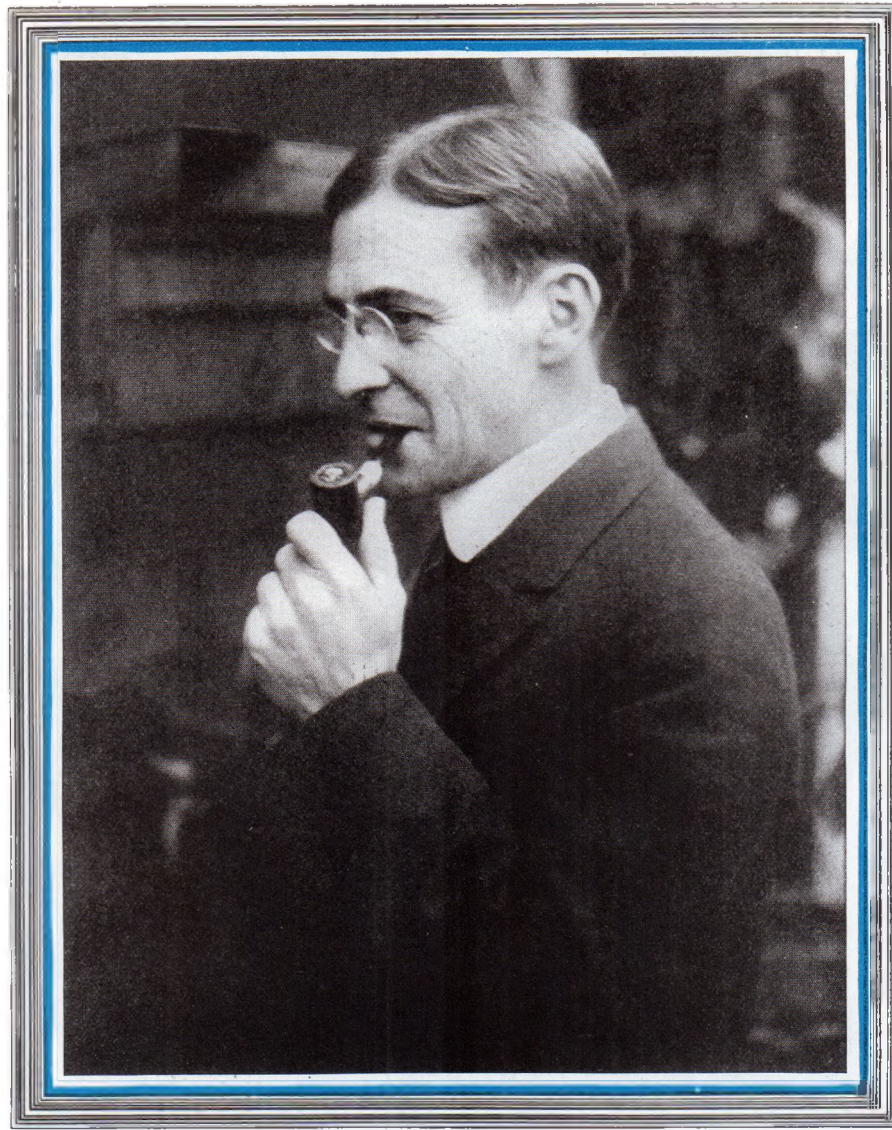
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Cleveland Plain Dealer Photo

"I doubt whether any President ever spent as many happy hours in four years as I now spend in each month . . ."

NEWTON D. BAKER

President-at-large?

By Morris Markey

YOU remember vaguely, perhaps, that he was Secretary of War for Woodrow Wilson, that he practices law somewhere in the Middle West, that he is known as a "good citizen." But what is he really like—this "little man from Ohio" who, it is rumored, may be the next President of these United States?

—The Editor.

HE COMES walking toward you—small and very erect and stepping not very quickly—with big eyes that seem even larger for the black-rimmed spectacles that he wears. He is not at all impressive to look at, and there is even a little shyness in his gestures.

Then he begins talking in a steady, quiet voice, rather low of pitch. There is, you notice, a gleam in his dark eyes: hardly the gleam of brilliance, but of clarity that is a little disturbing. He speaks with clarity, also. Rather slowly the words come, chosen with extreme care to express precise shades of meaning.

You know that his name is Newton Baker, and that he was Secretary of War for Woodrow Wilson. You know that he has led, since that service was ended, a singularly quiet life—a life wherein his wife and his three children, his unpretentious home, and his amateur carpenter shop have played no less important parts than the huge—and dull—cases at law over which he has labored. You also know that people are talking

about him as a man who may possibly be the next President of the United States. And it is difficult to avoid being stricken with curiosity about such a fellow.

But you have an instant respect for his dignity and his reticences. You do not say, boldly: "Do you want to be President? Do you think you can be President? What will you do for us if we elect you?" That would hardly seem decent. On the other hand, your curiosity might crystallize to the point of inquiry from the facts—from the crowded past where so little remains a mystery in the long run.

Five years ago—in 1926—when all of Newton Baker's extraordinarily devoted friends were saying to him that he should be the next President, that he should exert himself to secure the Democratic nomination at the Houston convention, he wrote one of those friends a letter. In it was this paragraph:

"I have held public office often and long, and I cannot remember ever having even a momentary thrill of pleasure out of the honor and glory end of it. But I can remember long periods of loneliness and distress, on Mrs. Baker's part chiefly, which no amount of kudos could compensate for. The President is the loneliest and most defenseless prisoner in the world. I doubt very much whether any President from Washington down to Coolidge ever spent as many happy hours in four years as I now habitually spend in each month that I practice law and grub potatoes."

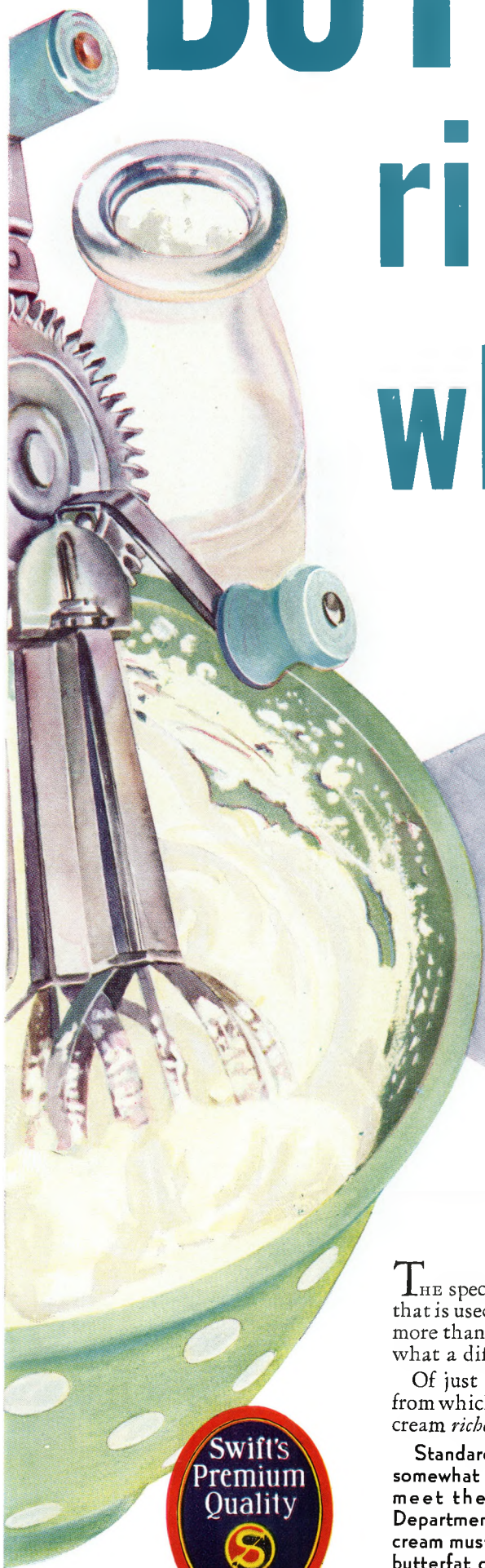
It is doubtful if there can be found a more suggestive single clue to his spirit than that brief paragraph. For in addition to the simplicity and the truth of its observations, the sincerity of their statement, and the disenchantment with the romantic rewards of life that is made clear, we come upon one of the most pronounced characteristics of his whole life: his genuine distaste for pushing himself forward.

Since the day that he was graduated from Johns Hopkins University and began the practice of law, he has moved steadily into prominence. Yet invariably each new step in the movement has been literally forced upon him by his friends; invariably he has protested. He protested with unusual vehemence when Woodrow Wilson appointed him to the cabinet—but let us go back a little earlier than that.

His full name is Newton Diehl Baker, and he was born in Martinsburg, West Virginia, in 1871. He was the third of five children. His father was a veteran of the Confederate Army and a surgeon whose practice stretched over two or three large counties. The family was in pleasant circumstances for the time and the region. There was money enough to buy books, to educate the children, for Dr. Baker to own two or three of those fast trotting horses which were his hobby and his pride.

The boy began his knowledge of life at the doctor's side. There were many nights when he held a lantern in cabins up and down the dark valleys while his father bent over an anguished bed, plying his craft for the relief of some forgotten sufferer. The things that he saw during this grim experience led the boy to decide upon surgery for his own career. [Turn to page 84]

BUTTER from cream richer than whipping cream!



**America's largest
selling brand of Butter**

THE special cream—thick, heavy—that is used for whipping. . . . It costs more than ordinary table cream. But what a difference in richness!

Of just such richness is the cream from which this fine butter is made. . . cream *richer* than whipping cream!

Standards for whipping cream vary somewhat in different localities. To meet the standards of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, whipping cream must have at least a 30 per cent butterfat content. The cream used in making Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter **AVERAGES** substantially in excess of this requirement.

Insist on this finer butter—made from cream richer than whipping cream. Cream from selected dairy regions. Cream that is graded, tested, *tasted* by expert tasters who accept only the finest in flavor for Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter.

Every day, in Swift's own creameries right in the dairy country, master butter-makers churn Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter. Creamy-smooth, it comes from the spotless churns.

Then—straight from the creameries—it is rushed under refrigeration to your dealer. No extra stops—no

delays. You get it with all its new-churned flavor—Creamery Fresh!

Now that you can have butter made from cream *richer than whipping cream*, why accept any other? Try this finer butter today! You'll see why Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter is *America's largest selling brand of butter*. It costs no more than ordinary butter. Dealers everywhere have it.

Of equally fine quality are Swift's Brookfield Eggs and Swift's Brookfield Cheese.

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Swift's Brookfield Butter

SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD EGGS • SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD CHEESE

RADIO! "The Stebbins Boys"—
every evening except Saturday and Sunday,
over the N. B. C. networks.



DO 94 MEN

want to **M**arry the same **G**irl?



CERTAINLY not! It would be pretty hard on the rest of us if that were the case. Just the same when I asked 100 attractive and unmarried young men to describe the girls they'd like to marry, I did get a surprise.

94 of them agreed! 94 out of 100 said, "My ideal girl must look and be *natural*."

Had you realized how much men admire *natural* beauty? I hadn't before those interviews.

By being natural they didn't mean being plain. No man would like that. As one young newspaper reporter expressed it—"she needn't be beautiful but she must look fresh and attractive and alive."

What 73 Doctors say about your skin

Since fresh, natural charm is what men want, let's give it to them! Let's use a recipe for it that really has medical approval—Camay cleansing.

Dermatologists, you know, are doctors who

specialize in the care of the skin. They are the only real authorities on what complexions need for health and beauty. Here's what they say: "Every normal complexion needs regular cleansing with water and a gentle soap."

73 of these famous specialists enthusiastically approve Camay as an ideally gentle soap for even the most delicate skins. Many of them prescribe Camay for the extra sensitive complexions of their own patients.

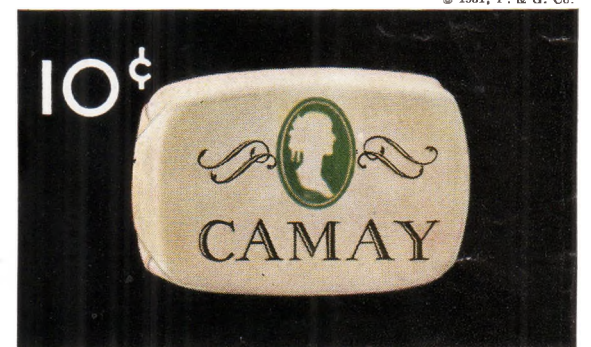
No other soap has won such medical approval.

On their advice and mine—and also because of those 94 attractive young men—do try Camay. You'll find it the loveliest soap you ever used—a cake of creamy whiteness that lathers to fragrant, petal-soft suds, and leaves your skin fresh and glowing with that clear natural beauty men admire so much.

Helen Chase

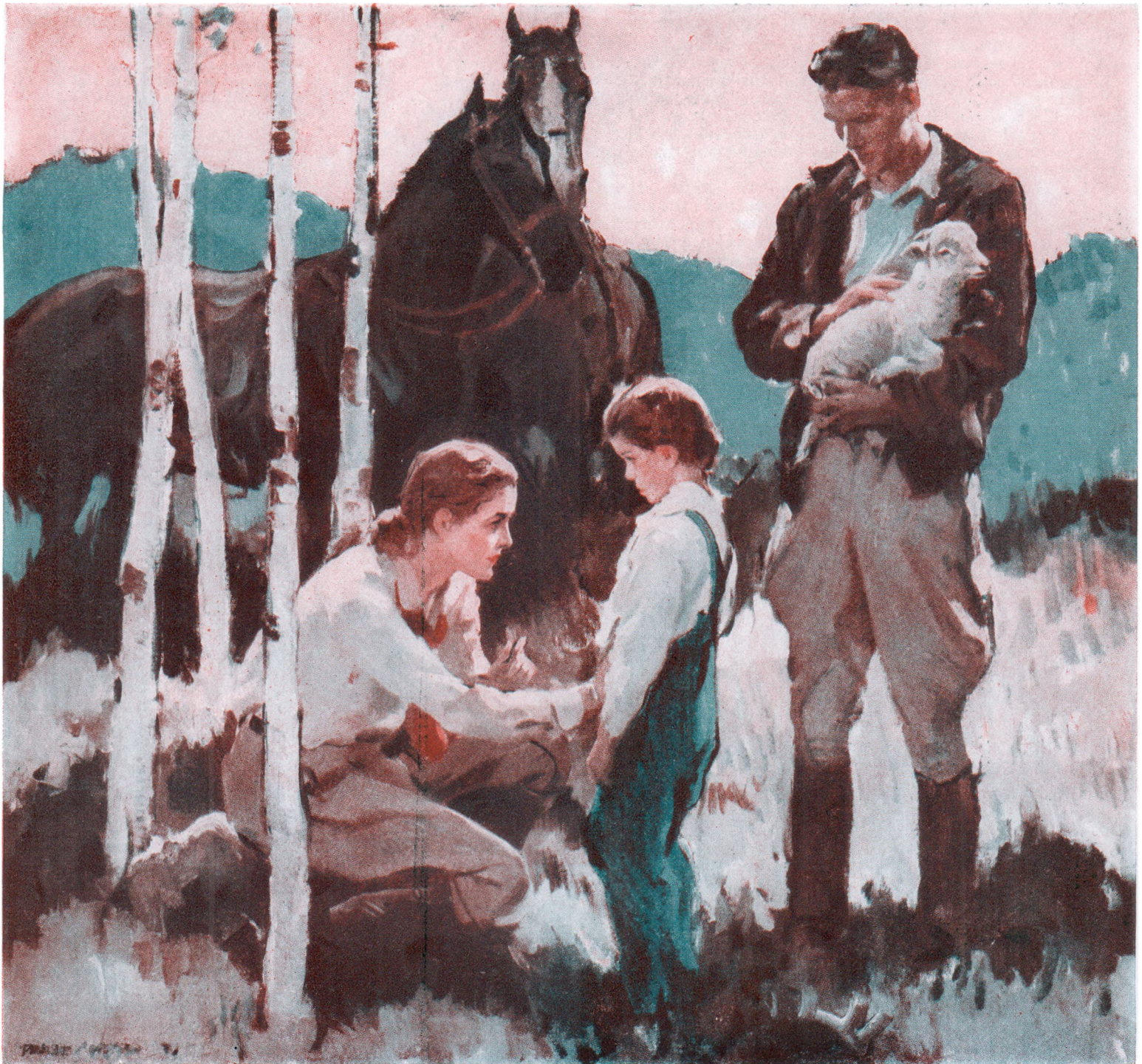
When I asked a handsome young doctor whether the girl he'd marry would have to be beautiful, he said, "Beauty? When a girl is healthy and happy, and looks natural and unaffected, she *is* beautiful!"

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



For the fresh NATURAL skin men admire

CAMAY



"Sooky, you little monkey! Come to Autumn, darling"

Introducing a new novel by a new McCall author — Martha Ostenso's

PROLOGUE TO LOVE

"What's past is prologue."

—SHAKESPEARE
"The Tempest"

THE daughter of the Laird was riding home. Ascant hour ago she had got down from the train at Kamloops, in that British Columbia valley midway between the Cascades and the Rockies, where the mellow traditions of the old world and the lusty, rugged ways of the new are to be found quaintly and agreeably cheek by jowl. To Autumn Dean, after nine years in Europe, where she had been

A romance that never died illumines the haunting destiny of Autumn Dean, true daughter of Millicent — forever loved, forever lost

educated and groomed to within an inch of losing her own identity, there was nothing strange or incongruous about this Upper Country in which English custom and English fidelity to a secure ritual of life had been nurtured by three generations of English builders of Empire. To her the dark encircling rim of the mountains

Jarvis Dean, that tremendous old man who was her father, imagined her at this very moment safe in England.

Safe? Autumn's brows drew together in a half-humorous, half-troubled smile. She had dropped in upon old Hector Cardigan directly from the train, a

under the limpid night sky of May breathed home.

It was odd, she thought, that she should be reversing the approved process of playing truant. She was running home. And the Laird,

half hour since. There she had changed to the riding clothes she had packed into a bag, and had commanded Hector's hunter, protesting that it was unbecoming to the daughter of the Laird to return home otherwise than in the saddle. Dear old Hector and his antiques—grown ancient now among his ancient possessions—had seemed almost reluctant to recognize her. But he had probably been hobnobbing too long with his delirious old clocks and doddering highboys.

SHE reined in where the road curved out to a steep incline above the town, and looked back down upon the diamond-studded valley she had left. When she was a little girl she had thought of the town of Kamloops by night as a jeweled brooch lying on a bed of black velvet, the river a ribbon of dim silver festooned about it. To the north and west, the hills slept darkly with their brows against the stars, the majestic and awesome sleep of the colossal spawn of earth.

As the miles slipped behind her, she recognized at last the features of her father's land—the beginning of those thirty thousand acres that led sheer up into the dusk of the southern mountains. Three miles more, and she arrived before the massive pillars of field stone that stood at the entrance to the Castle of the Norns. So she

had named the place herself, when she was twelve years old, her fancy steeped in ancient lore. The name suited the house well, that odd pile with its curious gray stone turrets and parapets, the like of which probably never adorned another ranch-house in all the world.

She checked her horse to a walk as she rode up the gravel approach between the tall pines. A light was discernible now in the east tower of the Castle. Her father's study was there. Except for that and the subdued glow of the light in the broad hall, the house was in darkness. Old Hannah, the housekeeper, who had been Autumn's nurse, would have gone to bed long since.

A dog barked sharply from the direction of the lodge, a short distance from the house. Immediately a clamor arose from the stables and sheds beyond.

Now, from within the house, another dog barked—once, twice, a deep-throated and ominous sound. Autumn dismounted and hurried up the steps to glance through the heavy glass panels of the door. Her father's great Irish wolfhound was coming down the staircase. Autumn tried the door, found it unlocked, and entered.

Old Jarvis Dean, his heavy briar stick in his hand, was coming slowly down behind the dog. At the first

sight of her, he let his cane fall and supported himself with one hand on the shining black balustrade. The other moved slowly across his brows.

Autumn rushed up the staircase. "Hello, Da!" she cried, and flung her arms about his stooping form. "Don't faint, darling—it's really me!"

"God bless my soul!" Jarvis exclaimed. "What's this—what's this!"

He placed an arm tremblingly about her and held her for a moment without speaking. Presently she heard his voice, a voice almost a whisper, the defenseless voice of a sleep-walker.

"Autumn—my little Autumn!"

She thrust him from her, laughing with excitement. "Oh, Da, let me look at you!"

He stooped and picked up his cane, then turned and took a couple of steps up the stairway. His great voice resounded in the hall. "Hannah—Hannah! Come down here!"

The old woman's voice responded, "I'm coming. I'm coming. What in the world is it?"

"Come down here, you dunderhead!"

He turned to Autumn and put his fingers to his lips. Then he began walking uncertainly down the stairs, Autumn moving before him, her voice low, but vivid, in the austere silence of the lofty hall.

"Oh, Da! I'm home again!" She turned upon him suddenly and threw her arms about him once more. "I didn't say a word to you about my coming, darling, because I—I didn't want you to know. I wanted to surprise you."

He looked at her sternly. "Don't lie to me, you young brat!" he warned her, with enough humor in his eyes to take the sting from his words. "You didn't tell me about it, because you knew I'd forbid it!"

Autumn kissed him and laughed. "What difference does it make, you old fraud! We belong together—and we belong here. That ought to be reason enough for anything."

"Reason! There's no reason in anything you do. You're a woman, and the devil himself is in women."

SHE turned from him and skipped toward the doorway that opened into the drawing-room. She pushed the button on the wall and the long room became flooded with a pleasant amber radiance. She clasped her hands as she stood still for a moment, her senses possessing the room, making its simple harmonies her own again. This had been her mother's room and had been furnished and decorated under her mother's direction. Old Hector Cardigan had assisted her, as Autumn knew, and together they had finished it exquisitely, in Queen Anne delicacy. The room had always made Autumn think of chrysanthemums—lushness, soft and feathery and cool and golden. Old Hannah had told her years ago that "Miss Millicent" always had yellow chrysanthemums here when they were in season.

Jarvis seated himself before the white marble fireplace, where a pink glow slumbered in the ash. From a tiny, lemon-hued satin settee opposite, Autumn looked at him. His hands were clasped above his cane, his leonine head jutted forward, and there was in his eyes a naked look—was it of fear, or of mere perplexity?

A hideous feeling came upon her that this was not her father at all who sat facing her, but some grotesque old changling, with a demon-ridden soul, whose eyes burned as they searched her face.

"Tell me, Da—what is wrong?"

The old man's body seemed to sag, exhausted, into the depths of his chair. He was gazing at her with a rapt fixity. "Your mother's hair—burnished as October," he said



"You! You! Millicent Odell! Take her away, Bruce! Take her away!"

Illustrated



He was gazing at her with a rapt fixity. "Your mother's hair—burnished as October," he said

absently, then lifted his head slowly. "Nothing is wrong, my child, nothing."

The sound of Hannah's footfall on the stairway broke the moment's spell, and Autumn got up as the old housekeeper hurried nervously into the room.

"Hannah!"

THE woman halted suddenly, her hand clutched at her breast. She eyed Autumn incredulously, then drew her breath in a quick gasp. Autumn put her arms about the bowed shoulders.

"Hannah—don't you know me?"

The only immediate response was a sob.

"My baby—my baby!" Hannah said at last, her voice thin and broken and incredibly old.

Autumn drew her close and soothed her with little words of endearment remembered from her childhood. "Hannah, Hannah! Little Muzzy-wuzzy!"

Jarvis Dean drew himself up ponderously in his chair. "Come, now!" he thundered. "There'll be time enough for that. Put on the kettle and make us a pot of tea."

Hannah drew away, and Autumn patted her affectionately. "Yes, Hannah—we'll have days and days to talk. I'm never going to leave home again."

The old woman pattered away to the kitchen, and Autumn sat down again on the satin settee.

"So you are counting on staying here," her father said.

"If I have to turn sheep and run with the flock, Da," Autumn laughed.

Jarvis Dean's head sank forward on his chest. "Were you not well enough off with your aunt, then?"

"I have nothing against Aunt Flo, Da. She has always been lovely to me."

"What brings you home, then?" The Laird's voice was deep, his breathing labored.

"I'm fed up with all that meaningless existence. I've stood it for nine years—ever since I was fourteen. I

discovered that I was simply smothering. I need space, Da."

Jarvis glanced sharply up at her from beneath his shaggy brows. "What about that young chap you were engaged to? I thought Flo—"

"You mean the last young chap, Daddy?" Autumn said lightly. "He would have been a lord, some day. The idea bored me."

"You are a frivolous and graceless young woman!" Autumn raised her eyebrows. "Exactly. But don't blame Aunt Flo, darling. She did her best—or worst—to marry me off well. But it just didn't work."

"No," Jarvis remarked, as though to himself. "I might have known it wouldn't."

"Besides, this is my home." Autumn's voice quivered and broke at the realization of the fantastic heartlessness of the situation. "Do you mean—you really don't want me here, Da?" she asked.

The old man shifted uneasily in his chair. "Here? What kind of a place is this for a girl like you?" he demanded.

Autumn's eyes darted helplessly from one object in the room to another, as though she were seeking refuge from the overwhelming and cruel stupefaction that had come upon her. "Why—whatever can you have against my being here?"

Her father held up his hand with a peremptory gesture. "What did I tell you last Christmas when you wanted to come back here with me?"

"I never believed you really meant that I *couldn't* come back. Why, it's—it's the most unreasonable thing I've ever heard of. We've always had such wonderful times together, and I—"

Jarvis Dean rose abruptly, and the anguish in his face wrung her heart. "Let's talk no more about it," he said, with an effort. "You have come—and you'll have to stay—for a decent time, anyhow, or people will have something to wag their tongues about. I'll not have them talking about the Deans."

So swift a change came over him that the horrible thought came to Autumn that perhaps he had, for the agonizing period just past, been mentally deranged. A

half-mocking smile played about his stern mouth, but his eyes were wistful as he came toward her.

She got up quickly and put her arms about him. "Poor old Da," she said softly. "I should never have come if—"

"Enough of that! You are here." He turned from her. "What's keeping you, Hannah?"

"I'm coming directly," Hannah replied querulously.

The old man shook his head slowly. "She's about done, that one," he muttered, "but there's nothing I can do about it. I can't kick the old dunderhead out at her time of life."

"The more need you'll have for me about the place, Da," Autumn observed, as old Hannah entered the room with a loaded tray.

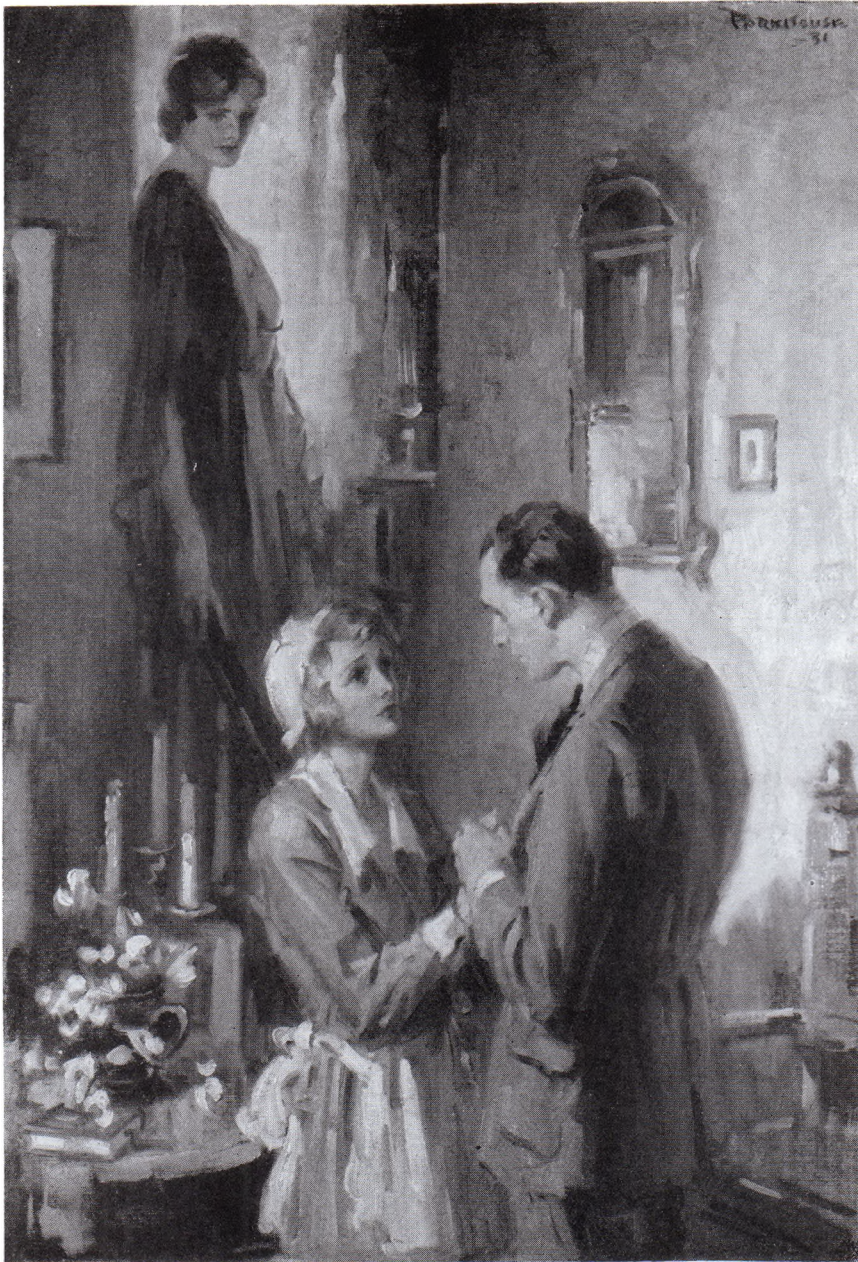
Autumn placed a small table before the fireplace as her father sank once more into his chair.

Later that night, when she was in bed in the room that had been her mother's, Autumn lay awake for hours, trying to establish in her mind the peace and serenity to which she had hoped to return in this land of spacious loveliness. From the sounds that came to her from her father's study, she knew that the old man was awake and moving restlessly about the room. As sleep came to her at last, an unfathomable dread wove itself into her dreams, so that time after time during the night her eyes flew open upon the darkness in startled fear, as though there were some presence in the room like a hovering menace.

JARVIS DEAN stood before the great windows in the hall, gazing out upon the world where the light of early morning was aflame above the spires of the pines. He moved away once and called up the stairs to assure himself that Autumn was getting ready for the ride that she had insisted on taking with him into the sheltered ravine where the lambing was in progress. When she replied, he strode back to the window and looked out upon the softly-lighted mosaic of the world that was his—the rosy headland on the southeast, the pallid swells of grazing land on the north, the violet troughs of the wooded ravines, and the

[Turn to page 32]

by Pruett Carter



"I couldn't be with you, Enid, and not love you"

But do you always know what's in a woman's mind when she dresses in her best clothes?

FEBRUARY the first went down in the history of Good Samaritan Cottage as the day on which they had three doorsteps within a single hour and the whole place was thrown into a state of excitement bordering on hysteria. Who had put them there, and how could it have happened without anyone seeing? In the big nursery, with its rows of tiny beds, the girls huddled together, whispering, feeling a hovering and mysterious presence.

Outside a winter sky cast its gray shadow on the face of the snow. The wind was a human voice crying out.

Against the white earth every cedar, every fence-post, stood out sharply, and a moving object would have been discernible for a mile in any direction, yet there had been nothing except a gaunt, starving dog skulking the premises.

Now it was the mission of Good Samaritan Cottage to fling wide its doors to such babies as were homeless, unwanted, or deserted, and the motto of the house hung conspicuously over the entrance:

WELCOME, ANY BABY

But the capacity of the Cottage was already overtaxed. Mary Lovelace had crowded twenty-nine babies into space that was a tight fit for twenty. And all the winter no one had come adopting.

"Finding's keeping's these days," said Ray, the red-headed nurse, as one by one babies arrived, and one by one they stayed.

On this memorable day, the first of the doorsteps—a little day-old girl—had been discovered about ten in the morning, and young Doctor Brannon, summoned to have a look at her, stumbled over a shoe-box at the front door. He knew before he picked it up what it would contain. . . .

When black Rosie fetched in the third, she hadn't even been suspicious. The butcher's boy was late with the order, and Rosie, going to look for him, saw he had left his basket on the step.

"Dat no 'count triflin' boy, dumpin' de meat on de step, and me waitin' and waitin' to make de broth." She took it in and slammed it down on the table.

The basket emitted a thin, high wail.

Rosie backed away, her eyes rolling. "Nah-ah! No you ain't, basket—no you ain't!" Making a wide circuit around the table, she got to the hall door and announced in a quavery voice: "Miss Lovelace—Miss Lovelace, you better commere!"

Mary Lovelace was seeing people in the office, and it was Miss Todd, the assistant, who came.

"Miss Todd, see whut in dat basket. It let out a kind ob me-ow."

"Rosie, don't tell me it's another. . . ."

NO QUESTIONS ASKED

By Norma Patterson

Illustrated by Stanley Parkhouse

They stood regarding it fearfully. The basket wailed again.

"Somebody playin' us a joke. Miss Todd, wid all dese findlin's, else dey's hoodoos and ghosties flutterin' 'bout. I'se gwine git out ob here—Rosie ain't minglin' wid no hants."

"That's nonsense. Rosie, it's the hard times and the awful winter we're having. People can't take the proper care of their babies. But how can we?" This was getting serious.

IN THE small white room where the new babies were undressed and examined and bathed and weighed, a petrified group regarded this third of the morning's arrivals.

"Do you suppose," said Ray, eyes big as saucers, "that they are triplets, and this was breaking it to us gently?"

"Do you suppose," suggested Marigold, no less amazed, "that they are *quadruplets*, and are breaking it to us gently?"

"The first two are new babies," said Miss Todd, amused, in spite of her consternation, "but this little fellow will be about four weeks old. A darling, isn't he, but pitifully undernourished. Whatever shall we do with all of them? I dread telling Miss Lovelace—she's worried already."

"For all we know, the day's stampede is only beginning!"

Good Samaritan Cottage was hospitable but, after all, there was a limit to all things. Ray slipped away, and over the WELCOME sign she hung another which said succinctly:

STANDING ROOM ONLY

Mary Lovelace, for once, had troubles on her hands that eclipsed the troubles of her many babies. It had been a desperate winter. Every day people came here asking for jobs. Thinly-clad girls, middle-aged women, old women, frail and shaking and timid.

Poor human race, asking only the chance to live—what was expected of them? Why—to fight! Not to whimper—not to beg! Yet, talking to them, Mary asked herself, why preserve so carefully the babies of the race, if in the long, long end they came but to this?

Take this girl before her now; ethereal, fragile, dainty, with deep strange eyes and a shy loveliness. And quite an unusual voice. A girl to be adored and sheltered, not one to come asking for work in a voice unsteady with the imperative need, and eyes through which a latent fear kept escaping.

Mary saw all of that, but she must say, as she had to the others, "I'm sorry, my dear—dreadfully sorry, but we can't take on one other person here. I've already almost as many girls as babies." A shadow crossed Mary's face, and she sighed. "Now, if you'll leave me your address or telephone number, in case something turns up later," she finished briskly.



That old sop— No doubt this girl had heard it too many times to bother with complying, or maybe she didn't have a telephone number or an address. She rose. "Thank you, then, for talking. It's been good of you to bother."

She gathered her coat about her and started out.

Mary's troubled gaze followed her. With a hand on the door knob the girl looked back at Mary, sitting securely in the warmth and shelter of this house. And then Mary knew. Faces have that trick of giving out secrets.

Mary glanced down to hide her own thoughts, and she said: "Well, perhaps, Miss Burns, I might. . . . I can't offer you a salary at first, but if you care to stay on and see if we can find a corner to fit you in. . . ." She looked straight into the other's eyes.

The girl did not answer, but a radiance—swift and leaping—swept her face. She gave a quick grab at the door knob before she crumpled to the floor.

Mary got her to the couch. "I suppose she hasn't had anything to eat for days. Starving, and I was sending her out into this blizzard. If you are the last resort for a person, there ought to be something to let you know." Perhaps there was. Perhaps that was what Mary had seen.

OPPORTUNITY knocked at Mary's door that day and she was to remember afterward how she had almost missed hearing it. Because Enid Burns was a jewel. Once she was fed and the color restored to her cheeks and the spring to her step, they began to realize what they had.

Some women have a gift for house shining, and some can bake a cake without benefit of recipe; and some can take a bit of ribbon and a twist of lace and you have a hat, and others are born with a knowledge of babies. Enid was the latter. A few deft turns and she had the wildest baby undressed, bathed on four sides

and the face—even unto the eyes—and none of the usual hullabaloo. She could slip a fat arm into a tiny sleeve, engineer a doubled-up fist through a wristband, fasten buttons that had disappeared beneath pink chins—and all with such a beautiful smoothness and ease that it was bewitching to watch. She could lay a hand on a sobbing, shaken little body, murmur endearing things in that lovely, lovely voice, and a baby's bewildered heart was comforted and reassured into tranquil slumber.

They put her in charge of the three new babies (housed temporarily in the examining-room with three market baskets for beds) and never did babies flourish as these. In the big nursery, which the girls called the Wailing Wall, twenty-four Little Fellows were capable of considerable rough house. And in the adjacent room where the larger children slept, Tubby and Gwinn had fights, and Pansy hated cereal—very loudly at times—and Charlie *would* run away. But Enid's babies were happy and well-behaved; they slept as babies should, and ate as babies should, and waxed in wisdom and in knowledge. Enid laundered all their little clothes, kept them sweet and fragrant, named them Winkin, Blinkin, and Nod.

Mary Lovelace, coming in to watch baths, smiled at the picture they made. Winkin being powdered, kicking fat heels, cooing. Enid, her hair curling in the dampness, her cheeks flushed and happy, lifting a shining face. "He's gained another half pound."

"Magic, my dear—sheer magic."

The other girls couldn't resist coming in to watch. "It's the cutest thing to see her," Miss Todd remarked to Mary Lovelace. "What is it about her that's different—precious?"

"She's very beautiful," Mary said. "Did you ever see such finely spun gold hair? And those eyes!"



"But there's something else that sets her apart, puts a glamour in the little room."

"It's because she's so happy to be here."

"Too happy. It frightens me to see anyone as happy as she is. It's odd, too, that she has no friends—such an attractive girl, and never a telephone message,

never a letter. . . ."

Mary was instantly silent. She had a strict code regarding the babies, most of whom were doorsteps. Each one upon crossing the threshold of Good Samaritan Cottage received, as it were, a fresh ticket to life. This was a house of no-questions-asked. Nothing came here but came in obscurity. Long ago this had ceased to matter with Mary.

AT THREE o'clock every afternoon a quaint procession went through the halls. Among the gifts made to the Cottage, from time to time, was an old-fashioned baby carriage. Enid appropriated this, and the girls lined up to see her taking her babies for a sunning.

"For to see and for to admire, and for to behold this world so grand," she explained, as three sets of eyes blinked and three sets of fists flopped hilariously. Winkin was the cheer leader, expounding to the lesser members of the trio the theory and the meaning of life.

"A lord of creation," laughed Enid, "showing off before his women. What a squeal! And look at that scowl. It's nothing but a dimple over his eyes, but he imagines he's being a regular thundercloud, and you can tell they admire him for it. Oh, isn't he adorable!"

"You're partial to Winkin!"

"Why not, when he makes such gorgeous faces? His little sisters are really prettier, but—I like this Winkin!"

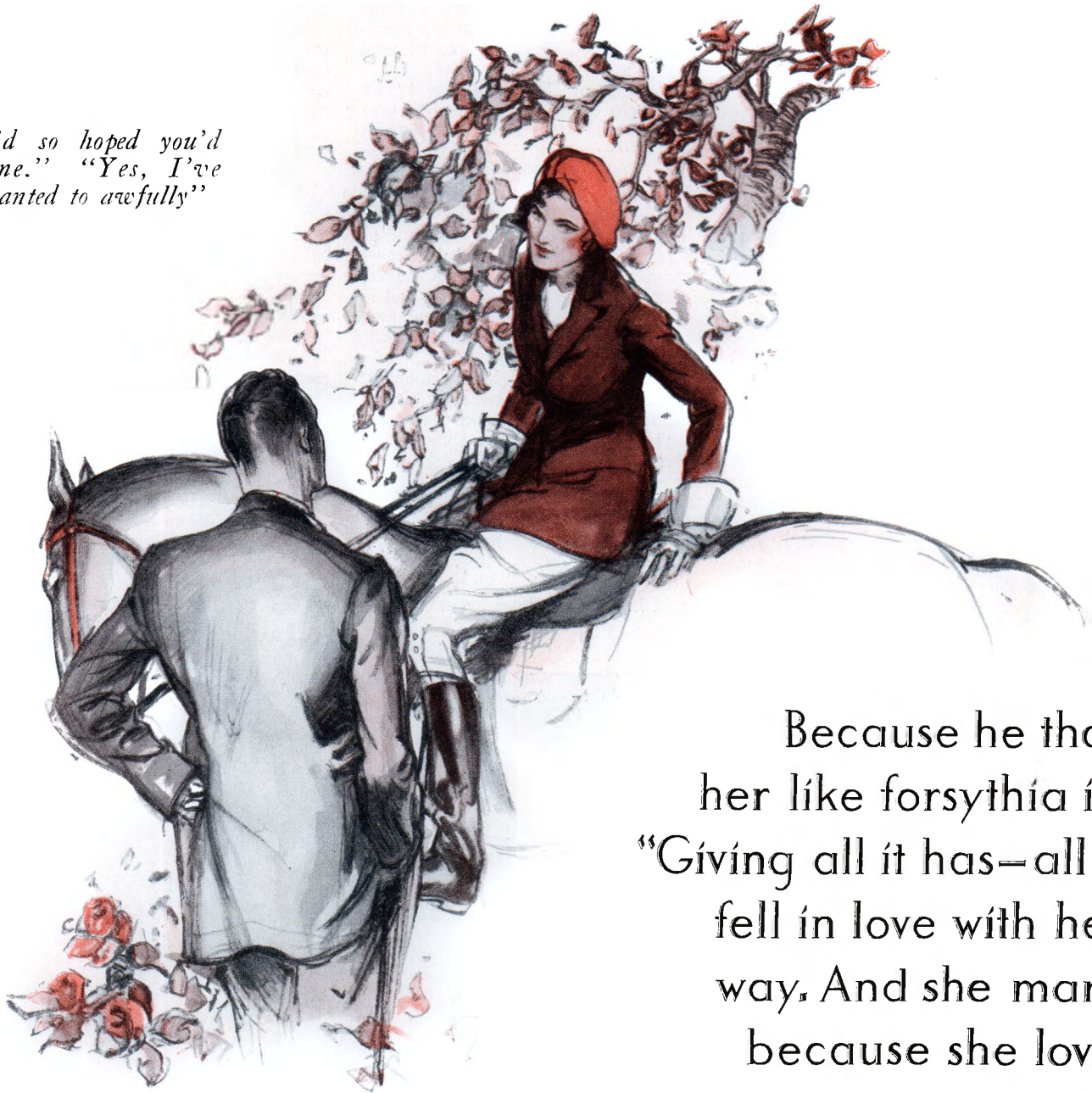
The girls were not the only ones attracted to Enid's room. Doctor Brannon made it a habit to "pop in" whenever he passed. It seemed to [Turn to page 102]



"Never mind, child, we are all breaking our hearts together here"

BLOSSOM WITHOUT LEAVES

"I'd so hoped you'd come." "Yes, I've wanted to awfully"



Because he thought
her like forsythia in Spring;
"Giving all it has—all at once," he
fell in love with her—in his
way. And she married him
because she loved him
in quite another

By Margaret Culkin Banning

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

IT IS necessary to make some things clear at once, for this is a love story and must be fair to both of them. In the first place, it was an almost accidental marriage and out of the direction of both their lives, passionate and inescapable though it was.

Molly hadn't even intended to go to Sycamore that Easter, but the Chiltons had urged her to come because the Horse Show was going to be so much better than usual. She'd been there only once before, though she knew people who made a habit of Sycamore in April, or had houses in the hills that footed the mountains. But she didn't even know Brian Mead lived there, and it wouldn't have added to her reasons for coming, if she had known. She had no idea of seeking him out as so many women did, until he believed that he had left New York to avoid them. He said, in his half-humorous way of having nothing to be conceited about personally, that a decent unmarried man was simply in everybody's way in New York.

Then, because some people perhaps have not seen forsythia in Spring, it must be explained that it is a bush that breaks into bloom before you have any real right to expect bright yellow flowers in profusion on anything. The branches of the bush are slim and tobacco-brown where they show through the clusters of

yellow, and the little bell-like blossoms come before the leaves. It is common enough in many places, but northern Minnesota is too cold for it, so Brian had never seen it in his boyhood.

There is probably no need to say much about Brian himself, because anyone who knows what the current successes of Broadway are, or reads magazines, must have it pretty well in mind that he had a considerable success even before thirty, that his modesty makes him avoid publicity and brings it upon him, and that he lives in Sycamore, North Carolina, in a house of his own designing and of great charm. He never will rent this house when he is abroad or in New York. His remark that no house can serve two masters is often quoted.

One might go on to say that Brian has a great respect for clever phrases and a love of apt comparisons. He would, of course. These two words in electric lights on Broadway, *Buttonhole Bouquet*, which are the title of

his most successful play and almost slang now for a certain attitude toward women, had been worth fifty thousand dollars to him at the time of his marriage. And when you have been brought up among people who are warped and misshapen with privation and find that your mind can do lovely, adroit things that for-

ever take all the harsh lines out of living, it is natural to cherish the mind. It is easy to understand why other people admire it until, escaping vanity, one runs into something more deeply intimate, more subtly ingrowing. But perhaps that last is not necessary explanation. It may be the story.

BRIAN had been playing his usual bad game of golf that morning. Elinor Hubbard—that was Mrs. Edward C. Hubbard III—had been going around with him, and, though she hadn't made it too hard work, he had been slightly discomfited. Brian refused to take golf seriously, but Elinor sometimes made him come along because she thought he needed the exercise.

They walked back to the clubhouse, and his discomfiture wore off on the way. It was a bright, windy morning and a forsythia shrub, yellower than butter, was in their path. He put Elinor's attention on it and, perhaps accidentally, off the subject of his game.

"It always amazes me," he said, "to see that bush in full bloom before there's a leaf on it. It gives you all it has—all at once. There's something ingenuous and awfully young about it. It doesn't pretend to strength or productiveness or importance. It's nothing but beauty, and it's sure that's quite enough."

"No doubt it's a lady bush," said Elinor, "and knows the kind of thing men like."

"You must learn not to talk of men in job lots that way."

"It's the way most of them come," she answered.

THEY were out for golf, but also for that kind of conversation which always stimulated both of them, because it kept them thinking of themselves and the problems they didn't quite share. He liked the way her complete worldliness remained untampered with by country life, and she liked various things about him, from his fast-moving mind to his appearance.

Brian might play bad golf, but he never looked as though he would until he got in action on the course. He looked very well in out-of-door clothes, not as athletic as heroic in build, but blond and heavy-shouldered and well set up, astonishingly so for a man who often had to be coaxed into exercise. But, of course, he did walk a good deal in the mountains—sometimes with Elinor and sometimes with Cor one Boyden. His mind always worked well on those walks.

The clubhouse was a little, lazy-looking building with a broad veranda, and a few people on it exchanged glances with them as they approached.

"Who's that?" asked Brian.

"Which one do you mean?"

"The girl in yellow. The one who looks like forsythia. That blossom without leaves."

Elinor laughed.

"Brian, you're uncanny once in a while. That's exactly what she is. It's Molly Fleming. She's visiting the Chiltons over the week of the Horse Show. One more proof of the débutante over-production, that's all. Doesn't know anything, and it's cost a fortune to bring her up. But she is very decorative."

Molly had brown hair and a browned skin, because she always kept herself under the sun in some place or other. The dress was bright yellow—there was a lot of that color being shown in New York, and she'd bought it at Pegler's, where there are no blunders in sport clothes. There was a brown scarf around her neck, thrown backward toward a knot. She was standing there with her head up, listening to what someone

else was saying, and, since Brian knew the man who was talking to her and had fallen into a way of knowing how excited and pleased people always were at meeting him, he had no hesitation in joining them as Elinor went to hunt up a coat.

Molly didn't place him. She didn't remember literary names—there was no reason why she should. But she liked his looks and she more than liked the way he looked at her, as if devotion were just on its way. It was the look that had made New York a nuisance for him.

"I took you for a forsythia bush," he told her.

"Aren't you nice," said Molly in her clear, level, unembarrassed way.

"I'm only honest and admiring."

"Don't tell him anything, Molly," said the man with her. "He puts people in plays."

"Oh, heavens, then he's a clever one," said Molly regretfully. "Too bad."

Brian protested. "I'm not clever at all," he insisted. "I'm just a hard-working hack writer. Are you going to be here for some time?"

"A couple of weeks, at least. It's such stunning weather for golf, and there are no end of places to ride to. I keep finding new roads and new views."

"I wish you'd stop some day, when you're passing, and have a look at my view. I built a place to give a home to one."

"Oh, thanks," she said, "I'd like to."

He knew that she didn't remember his name, but he was confident, with the sureness of celebrity, that very shortly someone would tell her all about him. The man they were waiting for came up just then, a tall, lean, muscular person with a sunburned face, who looked more than thirty, but probably wasn't. Brian knew him too. He was Fred McElroy, who had taken the big estate at Pinecrest because his wife was so ill. There wasn't much hope for the wife, people said, and the story was that she made things dreadfully hard for McElroy, who was doing everything he could for her.

The last glimpse Brian had of Molly was of her brown stockinged legs going briskly off over the course toward the first green. Elinor had come back by that time, and they drove back to her house for lunch. They were

great friends. He liked the tart flavor of her mind and her dialogue, which was clever and always had a touch of disillusion. Elinor Hubbard had been sophisticated even before her marriage, and that event was certainly enough to make any woman worldly wise.

She had cut loose completely from the group it bound her to and come to Sycamore, first so that she wouldn't have to see anybody, and later because she liked some of the people she saw there. Later she had bought a house. While Brian was building his, he had taken a great deal of advice from her. She was not enough older than he was to make her an ill-matched companion, and they enjoyed being together. She was cool and bitter about the relations of men and women, but she couldn't leave them alone yet. Brian occasionally drew on her results of experience, because he himself hadn't had such a hard time with women that he could really resent them. And women, though they had made New York difficult, were none the less necessary to Brian. Years ago, in his small Minnesota birthplace, the excessive sympathy of an English teacher of twenty-nine for a talented, sensitive boy of nineteen had been remarkable. He used to sit and talk to her for hours, just as he had sat last winter talking to Fan Mosley in her penthouse in New York. About life, with its touchstone of himself.

He was fond of Elinor. Today, when she was especially caustic, he told her so.

"I hate the way women prey on men," she said.

IT WAS a good lunch and the appointments were perfect. They'd often discussed emotional disappointments over this table in such fashion.

"I mean in marriage, of course," Elinor went on. "Look at Fred McElroy. That woman's a demon and she only married him because he was rich. It's her own fault she's gone to pieces, of course, but she takes it out on him. I was surprised to see him escape for a game of golf this morning. And he loves everything athletic."

Brian went back to marriage, McElroy's troubles notwithstanding.

"You think marriage is always a mess, don't you?"

"I'm not the one who's proved it," she said. "Maybe it's all right if you expect nothing." [Turn to page 96]



Brian seemed to forget Molly was there. He grew very much excited in a discussion with Zelda



"Now you've found me, what are you going to do about it?"

King Arthur sent Lancelot
Miles Standish sent John Alden
Clay Thaxter sent Toby Wells
Does history repeat itself?

TOBY WELLS was scanning everything in skirts that came down the gangplank of the *Ile de France*. This wasn't his idea of a pleasant pastime. It was the idea of Mr. Clay B. Thaxter, who was too busy engineering big deals in San Francisco to come to New York and meet his own fiancée, returning from abroad. If it didn't work out—and Toby Wells was convinced that it wouldn't, because

hadn't he already forgotten the fiancée's name—he, Toby, would be looking for a new job.

The thought of that tragedy trembling on his horizon put new life into Toby's activity. If any fiancées were wandering around loose, he was going to find 'em! He peered at fat dowagers and at giggling schoolgirls; at a resplendent movie star and at various and sundry females, ranging from those with faces nobody would look

KING ARTHUR DID IT

at twice to those with faces nobody bothered to look at once. But he was hanged if he could see anybody remotely resembling "the most beautiful girl there!"

Recalling Clay B. Thaxter's somewhat florid taste in beauty, Toby looked for a dashing brunette or a flamboyant redhead. She'd be a little overdressed, like Clay B. Thaxter; her charms a little overstressed. And she'd probably be as sour as a quince because Thaxter wasn't there to meet her himself.

Toby had tried to point that out to his boss. He'd tried to point out a number of things in the half hour that stretched between the time he was called into Thaxter's private office and the time he found himself on a train, speeding east. But none of his arguments had worked, not even the one about King Arthur.

Toby had used it as a final, desperate gesture. "He did it," he pointed out, "several centuries ago. Sent some other chap to bring his girl home to him. And look what happened!"

BUT that, of course, went completely over Clay B. Thaxter's head. He didn't know anything about King Arthur, or about the love affair of Lancelot and Guinevere, that started piling up trouble during that Maytime cavalcade and went on making complications around Court for the rest of their lives. He said, "I'm sending you, Wells, because you've got a nifty look about you—educated, and all that sort of thing."

Toby thanked him politely and went on registering protests. But Thaxter slapped him on the shoulder and hurried him out of the office. "You'll manage—and you'd better rush along now. Here are the tickets and your reservations, and do the right thing, you know—flowers and all that sort of thing. We'll settle the expense end of it when you get back. Oh, you'll make out—can't miss her—most beautiful girl there. Depend on Clay Thaxter to be a good picker. And good luck—"

Good luck! Toby, watching the crowd from the boat thinning out, told himself he'd need it. "This," he said disgustedly, "is one swell mess. Toby Wells, you can pick yourself a new job, because you aren't going to pick your boss a fiancée. Not this trip!"

It was at that moment that Toby saw her—a solitary girl sitting on her luggage and looking as if she'd done all the waiting she wanted to do. Toby made a flying leap for her side, hoped to heaven she'd be the right one, and said politely, "I beg your pardon, but are you Miss—Miss—"

She looked up at him, and Toby blinked. It was quite evident that she was the wrong one. For she wasn't a dashing brunette and she wasn't a flamboyant redhead. She had little golden wings of hair lying against each soft cheek, and as for her eyes—well, she simply didn't have any business with such eyes.

And then, incredibly, he realized that she was saying, mildly, "You're Toby Wells, aren't you?"

By
Vivien R. Bretherton



Illustrated by W. C. Hoople

Toby looked bewildered. Evidently she knew him, and in that case he ought to know her. And yet—

"I—I'm awfully sorry," he said—and indeed, Toby looked it—"I know I ought to say glibly, 'Didn't I meet you at Scappinish?' or 'It was Mrs. Thingamabob's dinner, wasn't it?'" but you see I never went to Scappinish, and I don't know any Mrs. Thingamabob, and the truth is—"

"The truth is," she finished for him, "you haven't the slightest idea who I am, and you don't know whether this is a pick-up or Aunt Tillie's youngest daughter. But it's neither. Not even a mystery. I'm Marly Farrel and Clay Thaxter wired that you'd be here to meet the boat."

TOBY wiped a perspiring brow. Then this *was* the girl he was hunting! Well, luck was with him at last. Or maybe it wasn't. Maybe luck was with Clay B. Thaxter. He said, ruefully, "It's a darned good thing he did. You see, I'd clean forgotten your name. I'd just about given up finding you, and if you think I was chortling over the prospect of going back and telling my boss 'No, thank you, I didn't bring you any fiancée today—'"

The girl eyed him thoughtfully. At last, just as Toby was getting a little nervous, she murmured, "And now that you've found me, what are you going to do about it?"

She sounded, Toby thought, as if her feelings were ruffled. Hadn't he known they would be! So he hastened to explain all about Clay B. Thaxter, and how it was that he simply couldn't get away, and how it happened that he, Toby Wells, had been sent as proxy. He stressed the fact that Clay B. Thaxter was desolate at not being able to meet her, and that he was impatiently waiting the moment when she would be restored to his arms, or words to that effect. In fact, he waxed so eloquent that he stopped in the middle of a sentence, grinning sheepishly. "But, I say, what's the use of telling you all these things about Thaxter. You know him better than I do!"

The little golden wings on her cheeks seemed to dance, and so did her eyes. "But you've no idea," she said, hastily, "how I enjoy hearing you talk about him. I don't believe I really appreciated him before. They ought to call you John Alden."

"Better than Lancelot," thought Toby, grimly, and then he resolutely put the thought of that romantic knight out of his mind. This girl was too like the young Guinevere to make such comparisons safe.

"I'll look after your luggage," he said, quickly, "and call a taxi. The train doesn't leave until ten-thirty tonight, and you'll want to—"

She looked surprised. "But I'm not going out tonight!" she said. "I've just come! I haven't seen New York for ages, and I have shopping—and things to do!"

Toby wondered if this business was going to be as simple as it had promised. "He—Mr. Thaxter—expects us to come right out," he told her. "I thought—that is, I understood the wedding was to be at once."



"Do you like my frock? Chanette calls it 'Danger Afoot' "

"The wedding," observed Marly Farrel logically, "can't be until the bride gets there. And now, if you'll find a taxi—and a nice hotel—"

So Toby found a taxi, and one of the best hotels in the city, and he would have found time to wire Clay B. Thaxter if Marly Farrel hadn't announced that she'd already done so.

"I explained everything, and it's quite all right. You are to show me the town—and give me a lovely time—and then, in a few days, when I'm rested up, we can talk about traveling."

Toby surrendered, for who was he to argue with the future Mrs. Thaxter. Besides, he had an idea it wouldn't do any good. She had the look of a girl who usually got her way with men. Somehow, between the time he left her at her hotel and time to call and take her out to dinner, he managed to get himself some evening clothes. And promptly at eight, looking far more attractive than a proxy had any right to look, he presented himself at Marly Farrel's suite.

Marly herself was not in sight, but her voice came drifting out from an inner room.

It said, confidently, "You're so beautifully on time, Toby Wells, one would think you were seeking adventure instead of substituting for another man."

Toby quirked his left eyebrow. He knew the proper retort to make to that remark and he also knew the sensible reply to make to his boss's fiancée. Being as he was, he voted for the proper retort. "If you will flaunt hair like a bright pitfall and then go reckless in the matter of eyes, you'll have to expect adventurous thoughts to lurk in the background of even a substitute."

He heard a little sigh. "If I can only be sure that your actions will match your thoughts—" Then, decorously, "You'll find cigarettes on the table."

TOBY wandered about the room, and thought a lot about Clay B. Thaxter, and firmly refused to think at all about Miss Marly Farrel. But it didn't do a bit of good, because there she was, standing in the doorway. Toby took one look at her and decided he'd better not look any more. But that didn't do any good, either. For Marly Farrel was in that beatific state of mind of a woman wearing a super-frock. "Am I all right?" she asked. "Do you like my frock? Chanette calls it 'Danger Afoot' and if it doesn't prove dangerous, I shall send it right back."

Toby thought she needn't send it back. "But I think I'd better warn you," he said, firmly, "that I have a wife and five children at home. I am [Turn to page 72]

WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Acting Is Acting

BECAUSE, on occasion, unquestionably fine actors of the stage have failed on the screen, and because some of the more admired film stars have appeared ludicrously ineffective when they tried to act on the stage, there has been developed the theory that there is an emphatic difference in "technique" between the two mediums.

I don't know just what the technique of acting is; indeed, I'm inclined to doubt that there is such a thing. Good acting, it seems to me, is good acting—whether observed on the stage, the screen, in the circus ring or in the halls of Congress; and bad acting, similarly, is bad acting. Technique does not matter at all, but temperament does. A stage actor's temperament is adjusted to the circumstances of the theater. The audience is an

essential part of his equipment, and when he transfers his activities to a movie studio and tries to play his part before a confusion of machines, he is apt to be bewildered, frightened and thrown off his balance. He loses confidence—and an actor without confidence is not an actor at all. This is why so many stage stars have seemed so laughably unimpressive in their first appearances on the screen.

Those, however, who have been given second chances, and have accustomed themselves to the cameras and the microphones, have discovered that the theories of difference in technique are largely nonsense.

essential part of his equipment, and when he transfers his activities to a movie studio and tries to play his part before a

Some eight years ago Alfred Lunt was engaged to play in a pair of pictures. He was then among the more promising of the younger actors in New York, and he seemed to have all the attributes essential to movie success. In his first picture he was a calamitous disappointment. In his second picture he was considerably better, but his first experience had embittered him and he would have no more of the films. His case has been cited again and again as proof that a stage actor must forget everything he has ever learned before he can be any good upon the screen.

Now Alfred Lunt is back in the movies. With his wife, Lynn Fontanne, he is to be seen in *The Guardsman*, the Molnar comedy which was one of their earlier joint triumphs. As a play it was, and as a picture it is, as superb a demonstration of the art of acting as you will see in a month of Thanksgiving days. Phlegmatic indeed is the spectator who can suppress the gasps of admiration which this scintillant display provokes. Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne are just exactly as good on the screen as they are on the stage. Of course, they suffer [Turn to page 44]



Rabbi Silver

IN THE PULPIT

What Is Happening To The American Home?

BY DR. ABBA HILLEL SILVER

Reviewed by REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

DR. SILVER is Rabbi of The Temple in Cleveland, one of the largest Jewish churches in America. A brilliant public teacher of religion, he is influential in behalf of all good enterprises in his city. His recent book, *Religion in a Changing World*, won wide recognition for its pungent thought and its picturesque style.

As in his book, so in the sermon here noted, he surveys the situation as regards the American home with vividness, grip and point. In the midst of much that is happy and wholesome in the American home, like everything else it is played upon by economic pressure, the chaos of moral thought; the changing vision of religious ideals and new conditions confront it.

"There are vast reserves of spiritual and moral strength in the American home," says Dr. Silver, "and one need not anticipate its early liquidation. Love and fidelity and the spirit of self-sacrifice have not entirely vanished from among us. Yet it is the sheerest folly to assume that all is well with the American home. It is passing through the stages of a new adjustment made necessary by new conditions of life, and the process is attended by pain, suffering and tragedy. Once the home was an economic unit, but that is no longer true, and factors other than material must now be counted upon to preserve the solidarity of the home.

"The dogma of obedience to authority has broken down, and in the home it leads to an assertive individualism. Each member of the household claims and exercises the right to live his or her own life, and the result is a disruptive centrifugence in the home. The new paganism, which came in the wake of the Great War, relaxed all moral disciplines, making for laxity justified by a hedonistic fatalism. War is always the enemy of the home, and we are suffering from the cheapening and vulgarization of life which war brings.

"But American civilization is Hebraic and Christian, not pagan, and it will not long tolerate a spirit alien to its genius. Our people know that the demands for looser ties within the home, for easier divorce, trial marriage, free love, and the like, are not tokens of advancing social order. They are atavistic [Turn to page 53]



Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne superbly play "The Guardsman" for the screen

MUSIC

BY SIGMUND SPAETH

O Opera, O Mores

WHEN these lines appear in print, the opera season will be just getting under way. And this musical heretic is about to go on record as believing that "Grand Opera" is a comparatively unimportant form of art, and that America is not an opera loving country and never will be. By the simple process of addition it has always been assumed that any performance which enlisted the resources of music, drama, the dance, the orchestra, soloists, chorus, costumes and scenery must necessarily be more significant than something requiring only a part of such equipment. It has been consistently overlooked that by making a heterogeneous conglomeration of all these factors, opera merely weakened each element, without producing any combination to atone for the loss. Operatic music suffers from the demands of drama, and drama in turn suffers from the restrictions of musical expression. In many cases even costumes and scenery seem to deteriorate when dignified by the name of "Grand Opera."

In spite of these rather obvious facts, the myth persists that opera is not only exceedingly worth while, but also necessarily a hugely expensive undertaking. "Angels" have been told frankly that opera takes a great deal of money, but that even if they lost heavily, the gods of art would smile upon them for this public-spirited and aesthetically righteous enthusiasm.

The moment opera is mentioned, every participant, from the star tenor down to the meanest stage hand, assumes a magic increase in value, and everything at once becomes outrageously expensive. The Chicago Opera, for example, has been [Turn to page 100]

READING AND WRITING

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Comeuppance

IN MY grammar school days—in a year unspecified and in a town which shall be nameless here—I had a crony among my contemporaries whose father was a deep-voiced, richly-bewhiskered man, given in public to such good works as made his name then (and his memory now) blessed throughout the commonwealth. If I did not share the almost universal enthusiasm for him, it was not because I was made uneasy by his patting me on the head and calling me "my boy" in tones of enveloping benevolence, but rather because of a chance glimpse of his complex nature afforded me one wintry afternoon when, in the twilight after school, I went over to challenge his small son to a brisk game of Halma.

I remember that we played by gaslight flickering noisily from a jet which could be extinguished by one of those little pendant brass rods that dangled from the fixtures of yesteryear. I recall this detail because, in my leap of surprise at what happened that evening, my head struck this rod and so plunged the ensuing scene into fantastic semi-darkness. For what happened was that the father, informed (misinformed, by the way) of some wild misdemeanor committed that day by his small son, stormed into the room [Turn to page 53]



A. J. Cronin



Ladies of the Veil dance in Earl Carroll's "Vanities"

ON THE STAGE

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

The Theater Puts Out Buds

OF THE season's first crop, there are only two shows which give any promise of maturing into full-grown blooms. And it is not because they are first-rate entertainment; but rather that they are composed of certain basic elements identified by

knowing persons as "good theater."

If the theater is any reflection of present-day modes and manners, we seem to be retrogressing. There is apparent a lamentable lack of sophistication in the current Broadway offerings. If the trend backward were a complete turn-about-face to the romantic era with its frail, lovely heroines, handsome strutting heroes, and sleek, heavily-mustachioed villains, it might not be so bad. At least it would be amusing. But, judging from the one bud which has already caused considerable comment, the intent seems to be simply to shock.

I have no serious objections to stories and skits carrying a double *entendre*. In fact, I like them in moderation. But I prefer that they be served up to me garnished with a little subtlety. It is just as difficult to swallow them raw as it would be to swallow a dose of bitter medicine without water.

Walking into Mr. Earl Carroll's new coral and green and silver show-shop on the opening night, I expected nothing less than a Scheherazade spectacle. I had heard that it was going to be a rather daring performance, but I dismissed that information from my mind as just an idle rumor. In this sumptuous fairyland anything less than supreme artistry would undoubtedly cause the black and silver roof to fall, the coral chairs to fold up and the immense green velvet carpet to roll itself away in horror.

Frankly, I was disappointed. I kept glancing around surreptitiously, waiting for the [Turn to page 47]



"There's one man alive. He has a black beard—" "My father! Oh, thank God!"

JUNE, '71 . . . San Antonio, its squat pine buildings defying the blaze of the sun, hummed like a busy hive. Cowboys lounged about, exchanging gossip of the ranges. Trail bosses bid for services, bartered with storekeepers. For the Chisholm Trail led out from San Antonio into a land of promise; at its end lay Dodge, where gold was exchanged for cattle.

Adam Brite's meager band of twelve drivers, saddled with the Gargantuan task of wrangling forty-five hundred longhorns, moved slowly north. With Brite rode handsome Texas Joe Shipman, foreman of the drive, Less Holden, Texas' "pard", Deuce Ackerman, Pan Handle Smith, Ben Chandler, Bender, San Sabe, Robby Little, Roy Hallett, Whittaker and Alabama Mose and finally—Reddie Bayne.

From that night at Pecan Swale when Reddie, a little too slim in her riding breeches, had slipped into camp and asked for food, Adam Brite's drive was destined to be different from all others. But it was not until Wallen, with his henchman, Ross Hite, had overtaken Brite's camp and demanded Reddie's release, that her secret became known. "I want this rider, Bayne," Wallen growled. "He came to me in a deal I made with Jones at Braseda." "What do you say, Reddie?" Texas queried coolly. "He's a liar!" she shrilled. "I've run off from three ranches to get away from him!" Then, to save herself, Reddie confessed: "I'm a girl, Texas." And not a minute later Wallen pitched a dead weight from his saddle, the victim of a well-aimed bullet from Texas' smoking gun.

On went the drive . . . The boys betrayed their knowledge that a pretty girl was part of the outfit by their gay banter—all except Texas Joe. As trail boss he had

his hands full. The herd drifted, threatened to stampede. No sooner had he coaxed the stubborn cattle back into formation than there was trouble with Roy Hallett.

Reddie had been spared this scene, but before the smoke from Pan Handle's gun had drifted, she came tearing up on her big black horse. "Mr. Brite—Texas—Pan Handle!" she panted. "Nichols with his herd is right on our heels!"

Calmly Texas surveyed the raging river across which he must swim his herd at once. Swayed by the emergency, he agreed to let Reddie take the remuda across. From the bank the boys watched her pilot the restless, pitching mustangs through the swirling waters. And having dispatched her detail, to the astonishment of the watchers Reddie plunged into the river again. "Go back!" they yelled. "Turn about—" But on she came and—made the shore! Texas Joe stepped over, jerked her from her saddle. "I can't slug you as I would a man," he said grimly. "But I'm gonna shake the daylight out of you."

When Texas let her go, she sank down upon the sand. "There, Miss Bayne," he panted. "Where—Texas Jack?" she gasped—and then Pan Handle broke in with the thrilling cry, "Heah comes the herd!"

Part III

THE old bull mossy horns, huge and fierce, with his massive horns held high, led the spear-shaped mass of cattle over the brow of the long slope. Drivers on each side of the wedge rode frantically, forward and back, yelling, shooting, waving. But the

THE

Reddie Bayne
succeeds in keeping
Texas Joe's mind on
a more intriguing
matter than
stampedes, Indian
raids, and the
rustlers' swift
revenge

By Zane Grey

Illustrated by
Herbert Stoops

noise they made came faintly through the din of bawls.

"Reddie," called Texas, earnestly, "all this is new to you. Will you promise to stick close to me, so I can tell you if you start wrong?"

"I shore will," replied Reddie, with surprising complaisance.

"Boss, you hang to their heels," concluded Texas, curtly. "Pan, you drop back about half way. Above all, don't drift into the herd. . . . Come on, Reddie!"

Swinging his lasso round his head and yelling like a madman, Texas plunged his horse into the swirling river ahead of mossy horns. Reddie's big black lashed the muddy water into sheets as she headed him after Texas. Then all sound was deadened as the great wedge, like an avalanche, hit the shallow water with a tremendous roar. The cattle to the front, once in the water, spread to find room. Herein lay the peril of the drivers, and the dire necessity of keeping the herd pointed as long as possible.

Across the backs and horns Brite espied Ben Chandler on the downstream side of the herd, close to the leaders and oblivious to danger. Bent on retrieving his error, he had no fear. San Sabe and Ackerman, both on the down river side, slowly gave ground toward the rear of the herd, intending to fall in behind as soon as the



TRAIL DRIVER

end passed. Rolly Little, Holden and Whittaker passed Brite in order, fire-eyed and gaunt with excitement.

Brite gazed spellbound until the wide rear of the herd had crashed off the bar in a maelstrom of swishing water and twisting bodies. Then he spurred his mustang out into the swift center current.

To Brite's right, three drivers were working their horses away from the herd, or so it appeared to him. Then Brite saw San Sabe point up the river. A mass of driftwood was coming down on the crest of a rise.

Brite reined his mustang to avoid the onrush of driftwood. As he did so he saw a whole tree, green and full-foliaged, surrounded by a thick barrage of logs, drift right into the middle of the swimming herd. The swift-floating island of debris split the herd, turning the rear half downstream. If it kept on down river it was doomed.

STANDING in his stirrups Brite made out the head of the herd now beyond the current, well toward the shore. Already two of the riders were out. Grateful for so much, he turned his attention to the endangered half of the herd. They were milling back toward the center of the river. This amazed Brite until he heard the boom of

a heavy gun. Chandler was on the other side, driving the cattle again into the current.

But in spite of Ben's efforts the milling circle of horned heads was swept on down the river, past the wading vanguard, surely to slide by that steep corner of bank, beyond which could lie only death. Brite could stand the loss of stock, but a rider sacrificed hurt him deeply. At this juncture Brite saw a rider, one of the three ahead of him, wade his horse out of the river, to mount the bank and ride swiftly along its edge. He did not recognize either Texas' or Pan Handle's horse, so the rider must be Ackerman, speeding to give aid to Chandler.

When Brite waded out on the bar there were only a few hundred head of stock behind and below him. They were wearied, but safe, as all had found footing. Three riders were waiting. Texas and Reddie had vanished. Bender, Whittaker and San Sabe were working out behind the cattle.

"Mr. Brite, we had bad luck," said Pan Handle. "The herd split in the middle an' the back half went down river, taking Chandler with it."

"Never mind the cattle!" panted Brite. "What about Chandler? Is there any hope for him?"

"Shore. He's a gamblin' chance to get out somewhere. But I wouldn't give two bits for the cattle. Ackerman is ahead, keepin' up with them. Texas followed with Reddie."

"What'll we do?"

"Make camp heah in the grove. Plenty of grass. The stock shore won't move tonight."

They rode up the sandy slope to a level bank of timber and grass, an ideal place to camp. "Get off an' throw yore saddles, boys," said Brite. "Somebody light a fire so we can dry out."

ALITTLE later, while Brite was standing in his shirt sleeves before a fire, Texas Joe and Reddie rode into camp.

"We can't send good money after what's lost," Brite said, philosophically. "I reckon Ben is gone, an' there's only one chance in a thousand for that bunch of cattle. We gotta look after what's left an' fetch Moze across."

"Poor Ben!" said Reddie. "If he's lost I'll never forgive myself. I—I was mad this mornin' an' I said too much."

"Wal, you shore said a heap," drawled Texas. "If you'd said as much to me I'd drown myself pronto."

"Don't—don't say it—it might be my fault," wailed Reddie.

"No, kid, I was only foolin'. Ben was just makin' up for the wrong he did us. An' he's shore square with me."

"Oh, I hope an' pray he got out," rejoined Reddie.

While the others stood drying out around the fire, Texas and San Sabe rode back across the river to assist Moze with the chuck-wagon. Brite had his doubts about this venture, and when horses and wagon struck off the



"I saw two bunches of Injuns, about two miles apart . . . they were watchin' us"

bar into deep water, to be swept down by the current, he expected it was but a forerunner of more misfortune. But the wagon had been built to float. It sailed down the river like a boat, at last to cross out of the current into the slack water, and eventually to the bar. Texas brought back word that the herd following Brite's would bed down that night on the south shore, and cross in the morning. It was too close for comfort, but the cattleman could not see how that might be avoided.

Presently Deuce Ackerman rode into camp, haggard of face and covered with mud from head to foot. He all but fell out of the saddle, and it was some time before he could speak. Finally he began: "Wal, I rode along the bank an' caught up with the cattle. An' there was that idiot, Chandler, hangin' along the leads, slappin' his rope afraid of him. He hadn't given up pointin' that bunch of longhorns to this shore. I yelled an' waved him out of the river, but he paid no attention. I'd run a couple of miles, I reckon, when I seen far ahead on my side a wide break in the bank. Darned if Chandler hadn't seen it, too. He kept lashin' the leads and beatin' them farther an' farther to this side. An' if he didn't work 'em over to shore just when the current had carried 'em to this bank! The water close in was shallow, too. Once the leads hit bottom they came to life, an' my! how they swarmed off that bar!"

"You mean to tell us Ben drove those cattle out on dry land?" demanded Texas, incredulously.

"Darned if he didn't! But on account of the cattle blockin' his way he couldn't get out of deep water. So he was carried on down river, past the break. I rode on for all I was worth, yellin' to Ben to hang on. I saw where the swift water ran close under the bank, an' made for that place. Shore enough Ben swept in close, an' I leaped off with my rope. But just as he was about to come within reach of my rope his game little pony sank. Ben made a feeble effort to stay up, but he was all in. That was the end. . . ."

Reddie burst into tears and ran from the campfire. Texas knelt to throw bits of wood upon the coals.

"Ross Hite or no, Ben shore paid for his fling," he muttered.

"Ackerman, that was a terrible thing," declared Brite, badly upset.

Texas rose, dark and stern. "I'll get a hawse an' ride down to locate that bunch. How far, Deuce?"

"I don't know. Four miles, maybe."

SHIPMAN trudged wearily away, despite Brite's call for him to rest awhile longer. Perhaps Texas wanted to be alone, a disposition more than one of the drivers soon manifested. Reddie had evidently hidden in the green brush. Being a woman she would take this tragedy hardest to heart, believing she had been partly to blame.

The hot fire dried Brite's clothes and made him drowsy. Lying down under a tree he fell from rest to slumber. Upon awakening he was chagrined to note that the sun was westering. Pan Handle, Reddie Bayne, Rolly Little, and Texas were in camp, a stony-faced quartet. The other drivers were gone.

"Ha, Tex, you back?" queried Brite, sitting up.

"Yes, boss, I'm back," replied the cowboy, wearily.

"How far's the spilt half of the herd?"

"Wal, countin' the half hour I been heah, I'd say about ten miles to the north."

Brite sensed more tragedy, and braced himself to continue coolly: "How come?"

"Boss, I plumb hate to tell you," rejoined Texas, miserably. "Of all the luck any outfit ever had, we've had the worst. I'm seein' red."

"Tex, you're not *tellin'* me anything," interrupted Brite. "What happened? Who's with the cattle?"

"You explain to him, Pan," urged Texas. "I can't."

"Mr. Brite, it's an unheard of deal," complied Pan Handle. "Texas rode out to get a line on that split half of the herd an' couldn't see it nowhere. So he rode up a high ridge an' soon spotted yore cattle. They were travelin' north at a good lick in front of about ten drivers."

"Ross Hite!" thundered Brite, in a sudden rage.

"So Texas reckoned. An' as was right an' proper he rode back to tell us. We've been havin' a powwow about it. Tex wanted to take fresh hawses an' ride out to shoot up that stampedin' gang of Hite's. I was against that an' the more I reckon the stronger I am set."

"I agree with you, Pan Handle," rejoined Brite, at once. "If we chase Hite an' pick a fight, win or lose, some of us are goin' to get killed. And we leave what's left of my herd here to mix in with the herds comin' behind. No! Let's stick with the bird in the hand."

"By all means," agreed Pan Handle, with satisfaction. "Ross Hite can't get so far ahead that we can't ride him down in a day. Let him go. There's no sale for cattle short of Dodge. He'll take that branch of the Chisholm Trail, because it's much farther to Abilene.

An' the night before we expect him to ride into Dodge, we'll cut off the trail, an' be there to meet him."

"Boss, on second thought I stand by Pan," spoke up Texas. "But that's the last way to get our cattle back. We got a dozen more rivers to cross, an' redskins to meet, an' buffalo by the million! Hite is no trail driver. Maybe somethin' else will turn up."

THE night fell warm, with a hint of summer in its balmy sweetness; the stars shone white through the foliage of the trees; the river gurgled and murmured along the shore, without any of the menace it seemed



A STAR HAS STOPPED ABOVE MY HEART

By Grace Noll Crowell

A star has stopped above my heart —
I am aware
Of silver dust upon my face,
And through my hair;
I feel the star points lengthening
Along the air.

A star has stopped above my heart,
So blinding, white —
I cannot see, I cannot breathe,
It is so bright!
It blooms, this silver annual,
Each Christmas night.

A star has stopped above my heart —
A flower in flame,
The same star that stood over Him
The night He came.
I turn, the quick tears in my eyes,
And call His name.

to have by day; the frogs trilled lonesome music. All the vast range was locked in silence and slumber. Yet everywhere thieves and death were at work.

Brite felt all this while trying to woo sleep, which would not come. Reddie had made her bed near him in the shadow of the heavy bushes. Presently a tall, dark form stalked between Brite and the pale starlight. Texas Joe was roaming around camp, perhaps about to call a change of guards. But he went stealthily around Brite to kneel beside Reddie.

There followed a moment of silence, then Reddie murmured drowsily: "Huh? . . . Who is it?"

"Ssssh! Not so loud. You'll wake up the boss. . . . It's only Tex."

"What you want?"

"I'd like to talk to you a bit. Never have no chance in day time."

Brite had a desire to cough or roll over, or do something to acquaint the young couple that he was awake. He had also a stronger desire, however, not to do it. There seemed to be something big and alive and wonderful abroad in the night.

"Wal, what you want to say?" asked Reddie.

"I always have a lot to say. An' I can't say it," whispered Texas, sadly. "Reddie, will you marry me?"

"Texas, you're out of yore head!"

"Shore, I reckon I am. But it's the first time—about a girl."

"Cowboy, you don't know how high you're aspirin'. You think I am a poor waif of the range. Wal, I *was* a waif but *now* I'm an heirsch!"

"What? . . . You're a locoed kid."

"Texas, I'm Mr. Brite's adopted daughter!" she announced proudly.

"Aw! . . . Honest, Reddie?"

"Cross my heart. I don't know how it all came about. I don't care. I only know I'm happy—the first time in my whole life!"

"Dog-gone! I'm shore glad. The boss is a fine old southern gentleman. He owns a big ranch outside Santone. You'll have a home. You'll be rich some day. You'll have everything any girl could set her heart on. . . . An' beaux, too, Reddie!"

"Beaux? Oh, dear. How—how funny!"

"Yep, an' that means Tex Shipman an' all his gun-totin' breed can go hang. But no one will ever love you as much as Texas Shipman."

"Faint heart never won fair lady, Texas Jack," Reddie taunted.

Then followed a sudden low thump, a convulsive wrestling, and the sound of a kiss.

"Oh!—Don't—you—you—"

"I *told* you," Tex whispered. "I warned you that if you didn't quit callin' me Texas Jack I'd make you call me Jack darlin'. An' I'm shore goin' to."

"You *are* not," flashed Reddie. "If you try that again I—reckon I'll scream."

"I'll bet you won't. I'll risk it anyway."

Evidently Reddie fought fiercely for a moment, to judge by the commotion, then she gasped and gave up.

"Please, Tex. This is no way to treat a girl. . . . Oh-h!"

"I can do that all night," replied Texas, his full whisper poignant and rich. "Are you goin' to say Jack darlin'?"

"But, Tex, that won't mean nothin'!" she exclaimed, wildly.

"Very well." And he kissed her again and again.

"Oh!—yes—yes—I give—in," Reddie at last found voice to say. "Let me—breathe!"

"Not till you say it. Pronto now, unless—"

"Devil! . . . Jack—dar-lin'!"

"Thanks, Reddie. I'm sorry to offend you. Yet I'm glad, too," he said, no longer in a whisper. "Cause you're out of a poor trail driver's reach now. Miss Reddie Bayne Brite. But you've been kissed an' you called me darlin'. That'll have to do me all my life."

After he had gone Reddie sighed and rolled restlessly in her bed. Brite could not tell now whether she was in love with Shipman or not. He was sure of one thing, however, and that was that she would make Texas the most wretched cowboy on all the plains before she capitulated.

BY SUNUP the drivers were on the trail again, but a different spirit prevailed. Loss of half the herd had made them grim and stern. Instinctively they all began to save themselves, as if what had happened was little compared to what was to come.

But Round Top and Brushy Creek camps, Cornhill, Noland Creek, Loon River and Bosque River were reached and passed with only minor mishaps. Once from a swell of the vast prairie, which had taken them all day to surmount, San Sabe pointed out the stolen half of Brite's herd, only a long day ahead. They knew for a certainty now that Ross Hite was driving those cattle. At Belton, a little ranch settlement on Noland Creek, Hite had left behind enough to identify him.

At Fort Worth disturbing information was elicited from one of the soldiers stationed there. A detachment was being sent that day to Fort Richardson, where a massacre of settlers had been perpetrated by Comanches not long before. Comanches and Kiowas were on the warpath again and raiding the territory between the Brozos and the Red Rivers. Buffalo herds were to be encountered frequently south of the Red, and the country north of it was packed almost solid with them as far as the Canadian River. Beef and hide hunters, rustlers and horse thieves, were following in the wake of the buffalo.

"Lieutenant Coleman advises you stay at the fort for a while," concluded the sergeant who gave them this information. "There's only one herd ahead of yours. An' that outfit wouldn't listen to reason."

"Ross Hite's outfit?" inquired Texas.

"Didn't get the name. Tall, sandy-complexioned Texan with deep slopin' lines in his face, an' narrow eyes."

"That's Hite," confirmed Brite. [Turn to page 78]



They both knew the harm curiosity and gossip can do, but these afternoons were halcyon

The beginning of a new romance concludes WIND BEFORE DAWN

By Lois Montross

Illustrated by Matt Clark

WHEN the doorbell rang the next evening, Cristobel sprang up from her desk. She had placed it close to Stuart's in the study, for she loved to work with him after supper. "Father, may I answer? I think Mary's come for her purse! Must I call her Mrs. Arthur, Dad?"

Stuart rose too. He stood, listening, while Cris opened the door. "Oh, I thought it would be Mary!" she said, with unconcealed disappointment.

"Come in, Paul," Stuart called. He found that he wanted to see Paul Arthur simply because he was a part of Mary's life.

Cristobel followed Paul into the study, looking up into his face curiously.

"You're a nice big girl," said Paul, in careless, grown-up formula.

"Do you think so?" Cris answered politely.

"Do you like to go to school?"

"No!"

"Oh! . . . Well, I'll tell Mary that you want to see her."

"I would like to take her to a movie," Cris told him. "She took me to several when I was a child. Tell her I'll pay for both of us this time. I get forty cents a week allowance now, you know."

"Forty cents! Well, that's wonderful!"

"No," said Cris gravely, "it's just ordinary. Lots of children get fifty cents."

Stuart made a face at her, which she promptly returned. Before leaving the room she whispered in Stuart's ear, "He thinks he's pretty smart, don't he?"

"Doesn't he," Stuart whispered back.

Paul sat on the edge of the desk. "I'm going to New York and look for a job the end of the week. Can you imagine me pommeling at the gate of commerce? Sickening!"

"What do you want to do?"

"I merely want to travel and write verse and lie around in the sun. I'm very lazy. I loathe the idea of working at anything—unless it's artistic."



"Well, that's frank. But what kind of job do you want?"

"I really can't do anything. Though I don't suppose that matters, if one has a pull. Do you know anybody, Stuart, who has a drag in New York?"

"You might see my publishers. The advertising department—"

"Oh, I loathe advertising."

He was so cheerfully impervious that Stuart could not help laughing.

"Sammy is doing well, reporting. He's had some signed stories."

"He must have a drag with the editors. What a bore he is! But I might see him. Maybe he has some influence. I'm really at a loss. Mary and I are nearly

broke. I've hardly had any money at all from my mother since the bottom fell out of the market."

Meeting Paul's tentative glance, Stuart realized that he was being asked for a loan. He took out his check book and examined the stubs. "See here, I could let you have a hundred." It wasn't for Paul, though. It was for Mary.

"That's topping of you, old fellow. Wait, let me write you out an I. O. U. There you are! I'm really awfully grateful, and you can be sure of getting it right back."

"How is Mary feeling?"

"There's nothing the matter with her. It's just moodiness."

Stuart rifled his manuscripts uneasily.

"Where will you live?"

"It depends on our work. Mary's going to hunt for something, too. Remember how I always said I was going to marry for money? I suppose I really should have. But then one falls in love and plans go by the boards."

"Usually a man who marries for money is made prisoner either by his wife or by her family."

"Oh! What I've really decided about marrying is that all women should and no man ought to."

Stuart laughed. "It could hardly be worked sociologically."

HE HOPED that Paul would forget the purse, but just at the door he remembered. As Stuart took it from the drawer of the desk, he saw that a faint dusting of powder remained, and he could smell the fragrance of jasmine. Although Cristobel went to the movies with Mary, Stuart did not see her. He realized now that she was avoiding him.

They met at a dance, but a cold formality seemed to have fallen between them. She danced with nobody but Paul. She was wearing violet and silver—a gown that flowed demurely long. She was so slim and grave, that she seemed no more worldly than a dryad. The orchestra began playing Ravel's "Bolero," and Paul and Mary fell into the movement of a tango. They seemed to caress the music. . . .

Stuart turned away. He could not watch any more. His heart felt squeezed between bitter, torturing hands from which there was no escape.

He left the fraternity house abruptly and took the hill road that he tramped so often. The "Bolero" throbbed in his ears and he could see Mary's slim body, all violet and white and silver, moving to the rhythm. He leaned against a maple tree, flushed already with the hectic crimson of autumn, and watched his cigar glow and deaden in the cool moonlight. Harvest moon again. The air smelled of wood-smoke and apples and brittle leaves. He was forty years old now. Yet this suffering had all the rapture, the fear, the hunger of youth. No, it was more intense. It showed its fangs more relentlessly.

He remembered his own voice greeting Mary on this same hill road: "O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!" She had come leaping down the hill—Why had he not known then that he loved her? He understood that this was the most unanswerable regret his life would hold.

The days dragged on. It would be such a little while before Mary went away. Stuart heard from Dennison at the Faculty Club that Paul was going this evening and Mary would follow in a short time. The professor had easy confidence in his son-in-law. Apparently he entertained no suspicion of Arthur's ineptitude.

Stuart had grown so accustomed to the gray wall of silence that separated him from Mary that he was astonished when she appeared at his door. He had long

given over expecting her. And now he could see in her eyes that she had come for some purpose, some errand—it was not that she was personally eager any more.

"Stuart," she said, "I had to come. Does that remind you of anything? Do you remember that time I made you meet me at the covered bridge?"

"Of course."

She stared at her hands. The silence was disturbing, but he could think of nothing to say. At last she said: "I wanted to ask you—did you lend Paul some money?"



"I'm desperately sorry about other things, Averill. You understand, don't you?"

"Why?" He knew that his voice was stiff with embarrassment.

"Because I don't want you to. I won't have it!" She fumbled in her purse and flung down some bills in sudden anger that disintegrated all her strange reticence. "How dare he! How dare he ask you? You, of all people?"

"What do you mean?" Stuart demanded fiercely. "Why not me?"

"You wouldn't get it back. He's borrowed from everybody! All over Europe! I won't have it any longer."

She pushed the money across the coffee table and it fell on the floor. "I just found out that he had borrowed from you. Well, there it is. Take it. Oh, Stuart!" Her hand was crushed against her mouth. She looked at him, stricken, humiliated.

"Mary, Mary, Mary!" he said.

"Not from you. Not from you," she kept repeating.

"Tell me what you mean by that. There's some reason. Why not from me?"

"Because I love you, that's why."

HE STOOD quietly for a moment, his heart pounding. He was not sure that he had heard her rightly. Yet her words seemed present in the room. He knelt beside her, and she was in his arms. Their lips clung together.

After a while they both began to laugh, still not daring to separate or raise their eyes.

"Do you understand?" Stuart said.

"I don't want to understand. I want to stay like this."

He gave her a little shake. "Can you stop laughing for a minute; can you be serious and listen to something very important?"

She waited in tense silence for him to speak, her face hidden in the hollow of his shoulder.

"Mary, I want you more than I've ever wanted anything."

"Oh! But are you sure?" she cried.

"Don't you know?"

"Yes, I know. But I want you to say it. Oh, darling, darling, it's been so long—so terribly long!"

An automobile horn had been honking imperatively before the front door. Now the bell began to ring with angry insistence.

Stuart said: "Mary Frances. I hate to think of seeing anybody but you this evening."

"Must we answer it?"

"I'm afraid we must. The lights are on all over the house. . . . Do you notice that we are already saying 'we'?"

"But I know it's Paul. He has Father's car."

"Paul! Then I must answer. Mary, isn't this the night he's leaving for New York?"

She glanced at Stuart oddly. "Never mind! I'll go to the door."

PAUL followed her into the living room, talking in an exasperated voice. "What do you mean by going away when we're taking the train tonight?"

Then he noticed the money lying on the floor.

"Oh, so you returned it, did you? Stuart, did you ever hear anything so silly? I borrowed it so she could go along tonight, and she flew into a passion."

Mary was looking at him with a steady, dangerously quiet expression.

"I told you that I meant to return it," she said.

"Then how can I take you along?"

"I'm not going along," she answered calmly.

"What do you mean you're not going?"

"I'm not going anywhere with you—ever."

"Oh, I've heard all that before. It's just silly drama."

"Paul, I'm in earnest. You must see that I'm in earnest."

"All I see is that you're making one of your scenes in front of a stranger. Get your coat."

"Stuart isn't a stranger. I'm going to stay here and talk to him."

"Oh, I suppose you want to stay and cry on his shoulder."

She put one hand on the mantelpiece and rested her forehead against it for a moment. "I wish you'd let me alone. Do go away."

Paul seized her shoulders and kissed her with a certain brutal, desperate arrogance. Stuart walked to the farther end of the room and stared out of the window.

"Do you realize," he heard Paul say, "that if you won't go with me tonight, I'll never come back?"

"Goodbye," said Mary. The one word sounded clear and surprisingly hard.

After a short silence, Paul's footsteps echoed in the hall and the door slammed.

Stuart waited until Mary called him back to the fireplace. "Please come, Stuart!"

"Are you sure that you want to do this, darling?"

"Entirely sure."

"Will you marry me?"

"Of course, I'll marry you."

A flood of foolish endearments came rushing from his lips. He beat Mary's hands together in the sudden glory of his happiness.

"Oh, dearest, what a funny faculty wife you will be! I shall have to keep the students away with a rifle! Did I ever tell you that I've been made an associate professor? But what am I thinking of! [Turn to page 106]



A snap, a dash,
A score, a riot —
All thanks to Campbell's
In my diet!



There's health

in the ring of their laughter

21 kinds to
choose from...

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- Bean
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LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE
LABEL

The tumult and riot that suddenly break loose upstairs may summon you to police duty, but there's a hidden chuckle behind your reproof. For you know that boundless energy and vitality are proofs of the children's glowing health . . . Such exuberance and vigor are the deserved rewards of all your care in giving the children wholesome food. No wonder Campbell's Vegetable Soup is such

a regular, trusted stand-by in millions of homes. For children require plenty of fine garden vegetables for proper growth . . . and they get them in extraordinary abundance in this soup which they devour so eagerly. It's a great help to any mother always to have in the home such a richly healthful vegetable food that is so easily prepared and served. And how the children love it! Order it today.

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

Men go wild, simply wild, over me . . .



I'm not a bold bad baby who rolls her eyes. But men simply love to play around with me. Every time they get a chance they tickle my chin or tenderly stroke my cheeks!

All this has got me thinking that they like girls with complexion allure.

Now what I'd like to know is — what's the difference between complexion and skin? Grown-up ladies say what's above the neck line is complexion. Now, really, I wasn't born yesterday. I know that my skin is the same all over me—and it simply feels grand after an Ivory bath!

I guess mother's come over to my way of thinking. She doesn't fuss over her face the way she used to do. She washes her face good and clean with my cake of Ivory Soap. I guess she realizes that a soap that's nice to my sensitive skin is just bound to be the best beauty treatment for her pretty face.

And she's getting my complexion allure . . . I notice father is cheeking with her, too!



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IVORY SOAP

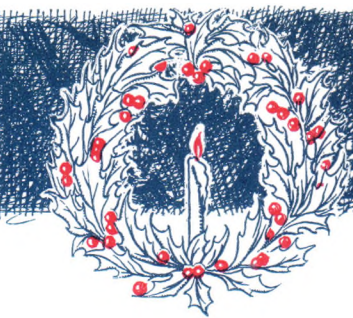
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FREE! You can have a picture of this adorable Ivory baby in color, suitable for framing. Just fill out coupon and send to Procter & Gamble, Department VM-121, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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CHRISTMAS

By Frances Noyes Hart

Christmas. . . whenever I hear the word, no matter how hot or tired or cross I may be, I have only to close my eyes, and suddenly the air is cold and sweet with the smell of frost and fir; and the world is so still that I can hear the bells again, far off across the snow; and so dark and quiet that the only lights in it are the little golden flames of candles and the little silver flames of stars. A lost and lovely land, wrapped in snow and peace and mystery --- waiting to come back at just the sound of a word. ¶ It is because I think this world should be the heritage of every child that I am making a plea for it now. It is so easy to lose it in a whirl of department stores and mince pie and holiday movies. For so many children Christmas has become merely a feverish scuffling through a chaos of too many tinselled packages, too many forbidden sweets, too many false whiskered Santa Clauses and overladen Christmas trees in other people's houses, from which they troop surfeited and rebellious to bed. And as they stuff their small pillows

(Continued on page 50)



THOMAS FOGARTY



"And when they opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh"

CHRISTMAS AT YOUR CHURCH

By Margaret Applegarth

Has your church or Sunday school been looking for a new, dramatic way of retelling the Christmas story? Here is the answer. Miss Applegarth, who is associated with Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick at the Riverside Church in New York City, has the magic gift of translating noble religious truths into simple terms that even a little child can understand.—The Editors.

ONE of the most solemn episodes in the ever-lovely story of the birth of Christ centers around the Wise Men who, led by the Star, journeyed to Bethlehem to lay their treasures at the feet of the Child. That moment when they "were come into the house, and saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him," still fills me with awe and emotion, just as it did when I was a little girl. Years of experience in church work convinces me that it affects other persons in the same way. For this reason it makes an ideal theme for a Christmas program in a church or Sunday school. Let me tell you how to present that sublime picture for everyone to understand.

Gold and frankincense and myrrh, the royal gifts of kings of old! They shall be the symbols of *our* gifts. Gold stands for *Wealth* in any form, however humble; frankincense represents the gifts of the *Spirit*, such as joy, love, faith; myrrh typifies *Service*. Every part of the program, from the call to worship to the benediction, emphasizes these three types of offerings.

PROGRAM

CALL TO WORSHIP: PASTOR

HYMN: "Hark The Herald Angels Sing"

THE STORY OF THE WISE MEN
(Matthew 2: 1-11)

PRAYER

FIRST PROCESSIONAL

RESPONSIVE READING

HYMN: "Brightest And Best"

THE GIFTS OF GOLD

SECOND PROCESSIONAL

RESPONSIVE READING

HYMN: "It Came Upon The Midnight Clear"

THE GIFTS OF FRANKINCENSE

THIRD PROCESSIONAL

RESPONSIVE READING

HYMN: "There's A Song In The Air"

THE GIFTS OF MYRRH: Christmas Talk or Story

RECESSIONAL: "O Little Town of Bethlehem"

BENEDICTION

The focal point for the entire program is a crèche, or manger, placed toward the front of the platform and to one side. By the side of the crib Mary sits, draped in white and light blue, as the great masters have shown her. A straight curtain of soft, deep blue, with one large Star of silver paper, forms the background. From the lowest point of the star falls one long ray, seeming to point directly to Mary and the manger, over which she bends with wondering love. A few additional stars of smaller size may be used to increase the illusion of the sky.

If you can secure a tall, shapely, evergreen tree, use it on the platform, rather near the side wall and toward the front, so as to balance the crib and the Star.

In order to include as many gifts as possible under each symbol we form three processions, each headed by a King. Those in the first processional bear golden gifts (brass bowls, packages wrapped in gilt paper, brass dishes with fruit) signifying the gift of *Wealth*. Those in the second processional bear burning incense in bowls of brass, copper, or softly colored pottery. The delicate fragrance arising in slender spirals of smoke symbolizes the gifts of the *Spirit*. The members of the third processional carry objects symbolizing *Service*, described later. The older members guide little children to the crib by means of wands tipped with a golden star.

Because the action of the pageant is extremely simple, we must give drama to it by the adroit use of great sweeps of color. The First King wears soft purple, and his followers wear other deep colors in soft shades. The Second King wears a cloak of soft red, and his people wear colors that harmonize with it. The Third King wears a clear, soft yellow cloak, while his followers wear the lighter shades that go with yellow. If this color scheme is followed, you will get the inspiring effect of a great mural painting. [Turn to page 94]

JUST WASH HALF YOUR FACE

Don't take our word for it . . . make a simple test that will settle once and for all this problem of how best to care for your skin.

Once every day, for a week or two, just wash *half* your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Keep on using your favorite ritual of creams, soap, lotions or whatnot on the other half of your face. The clearer, finer, *newer* look on the Woodbury cheek will soon convince you of the greater effectiveness of this simple beauty treatment.

All we could tell you about Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . its tonic cleansing effect . . . its corrective action on lazy pores . . . the healing stimulus it gives to a skin with blackheads or pimples . . . none of these statements would be so convincing as a few days' test of Woodbury's Facial Soap on your own face.

Perhaps you have a beauty treatment method that you think does everything your skin needs. Test Woodbury's Facial Soap against that method. Treat one side of your face with Woodbury's every day. Coddle the other side with any luxurious ceremony you wish. When you see the skin growing clearer on the Woodbury side, pores growing finer, tension firmer, smoother . . . you will need no further proof that Woodbury's is utterly necessary in the daily care of your skin.

Perhaps you have a normal skin that you take for granted needs no particular attention. Don't assume your skin would not be grateful for sound protective care. Wash half your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap for a couple of weeks. Neglect the other half as recklessly as you like. The Woodbury half will bloom surprisingly . . . proof that even a healthy, normal skin is lovelier when Woodbury's keeps it wakefully active.

This half-face test is not an empty advertising statement. In all sections of the country and under all climatic conditions 15 of the country's leading dermatologists used this wonderful method to make scientific comparison of various beauty treatments. Their clinical records of the test on 612 women's faces show that time and again Woodbury's Facial Soap corrected coarse pores, dull sallow skin, blackheads, flabbiness, lines, pimples . . . when other toilet preparations failed. The doctors carried on the test for 30 days.

Probably you will only need to wash half your face with Woodbury's for 10 or 12 days to see results that will make you adopt it for all your face and all your life. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere. Buy a cake today!



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To please a Man at Christmas...

If you were a man, you would be delighted with this new Woodbury's Gift Box for Men. The kind of gift every man wants—but seldom buys for himself! It contains Woodbury's Facial Soap, Talc, Shaving Cream and Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion . . . Special value for one dollar. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Banish mirror fear by making this 30-day test. Read amazing results of actual case histories published in "The Index to Loveliness." Yours for the asking.



USE THIS COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

I would like advice on *my* skin condition, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For this I enclose ten cents.

Oily Skin Coarse Pores
 Dry Skin Blackheads
 Wrinkles Sallow Skin
 Flabby Skin Pimples

Send sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, for which I enclose ten cents. Also send copy of authoritative pamphlet giving scientific advice on the care of my particular type of hair. (Check the type of scalp you have.)

Normal Scalp Oily Scalp Dry Scalp

Copy of "The Index to Loveliness" sent FREE with either of above coupons.

Name _____

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Mail to JOHN H. WOODBURY, Inc., 512 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.



December's frost and starlight are captured in a white and silver table—set for cocktails

HOME'S BEST



Salad plates repeat the green and amber color scheme



Wreaths and pewter and green decanters of country cider—an early American Christmas



A happy ending—dessert served on red-starred plates

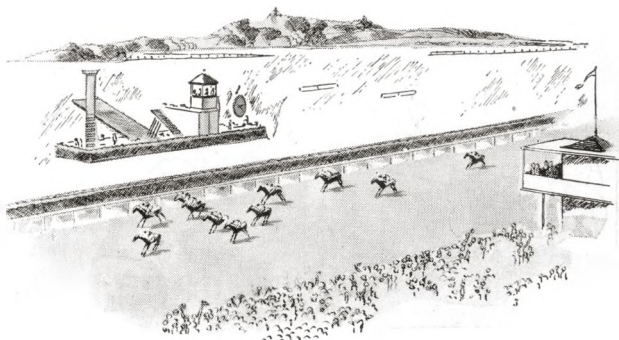
IT'S Christmas! Out come our treasures. In troupe our friends. For one glorious week, at least, each of us wants *home* to be the gayest and most attractive place on earth.

McCall's presents on this page a group of glamorous holiday tables decorated by its Housefurnishing Editor. Inspired by the traditions of the four great sections of our country, she has told their history in china, linen, and glass. The Eastern table, with its Georgian accessories, is a record of the English settlements; old Spain lives again in the gorgeous color of the Western table. Southern hospitality shines forth from ruby tinted glass and china, while fragrant evergreens and pewter do homage to the North of our pioneer ancestors. Study these four settings carefully. You will find many ideas which you can easily duplicate with your own possessions.

We shall be glad to send you a more complete description of each of these holiday tables with simple directions for making fruit garlands and a variety of centerpieces. Just send a self-addressed stamped envelope to The Housefurnishing Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Young and lovely, her frank good sense points the way to beauty for every woman



Belmont Park, the famous race course on Long Island

YOU catch a glimpse of her over intent masculine shoulders, at Belmont Park races, at country house parties in Long Island or Westchester, dancing at exclusive New York night clubs.

Yet she is as popular with women as with men— young Mrs. Morgan Belmont, with her lovely laughing eyes, her red-gold hair, her dazzlingly fair complexion. To a host of friends she is "Maggie."

Beauty . . . and brains! The gay wit that sparkles in her ready repartee is kin to the unerring taste that guides her striking individuality in dress. And to the forthright good sense with which she eschews superfluous fads and frills of beauty care and will have nothing but the simplest, most wholesome care for the flawless radiance of her skin.

"What needless extravagance," Mrs. Belmont frankly exclaims, "to clutter one's dressing table with bottles and bottles, jars and jars of complicated beauty preparations!"

"The simple, wholesome Pond's Method will keep one's skin fresh and clear in less time, at less cost."

YES, for "practical home beauty care," as Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, this easy Pond's way "carries off all honors." Follow its four steps, and you'll agree with her:

1—Amply apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

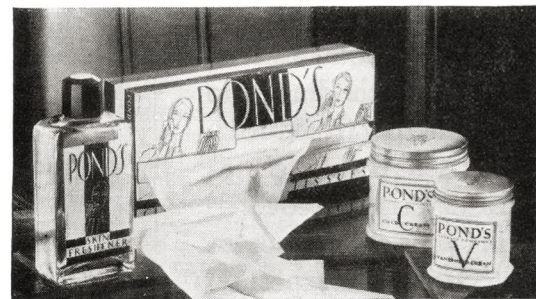
2—Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, better because softer, more absorbent. White or peach.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and refine pores, promote a lovely natural color.

4—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a smooth and velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms. And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!



MRS. MORGAN BELMONT of New York is the beautiful and brilliant wife of a son of the late August Belmont. Like many other lovely society women, she is devoted to Pond's four famous preparations for the exquisite care of the skin (at right).



Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening
9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra.
WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

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The Gifts You Get

SOON you will be busy writing letters and paying visits, trying to thank everyone who has sent you a present, careful not to forget anyone.

But because they weren't addressed to you personally and sent by mail or express, perhaps you have forgotten to acknowledge some of the priceless gifts you have received.

Think for a minute of the welfare organizations that have been giving you their time, their training and ability, devoting their every effort to make you, your family and your neighbors safer and happier.

The Red Cross and other great organizations fed the hungry and nursed the sick while you remained comfortably at home—their gift to you of hours of leisure.

Volunteer members of national and local associations found children who were suffering from tuberculosis, sent them to camps and sanatoria to recover—giving your children extra protection from exposure.

Boy Scout and Girl Scout

leaders gave up their holidays to teach clean living by word and example—a gift of better companionship for your children.

Big Brothers sat in stuffy court rooms to rescue waifs and strays who did not have home background to guide them—a gift of future good citizenship to your community.

You will probably never meet, nor be able to thank, the doctors and scientists who have waged campaigns to make it increasingly unlikely that you and yours should ever contract smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid

fever or other communicable disease. In their laboratories they are searching for means to prevent premature death from cancer or heart disease. Magnificent gifts to you of health—perhaps life itself.

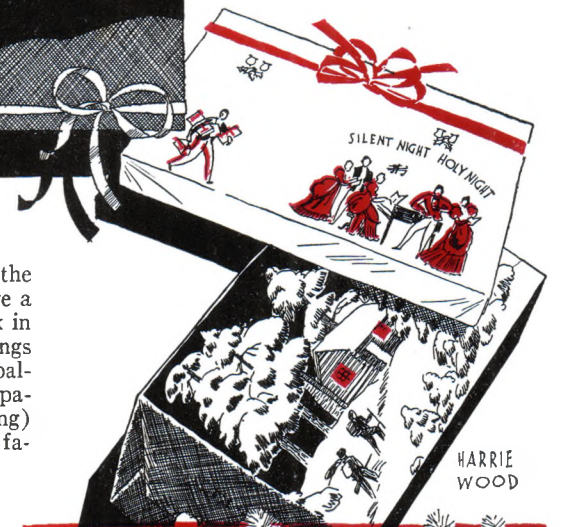
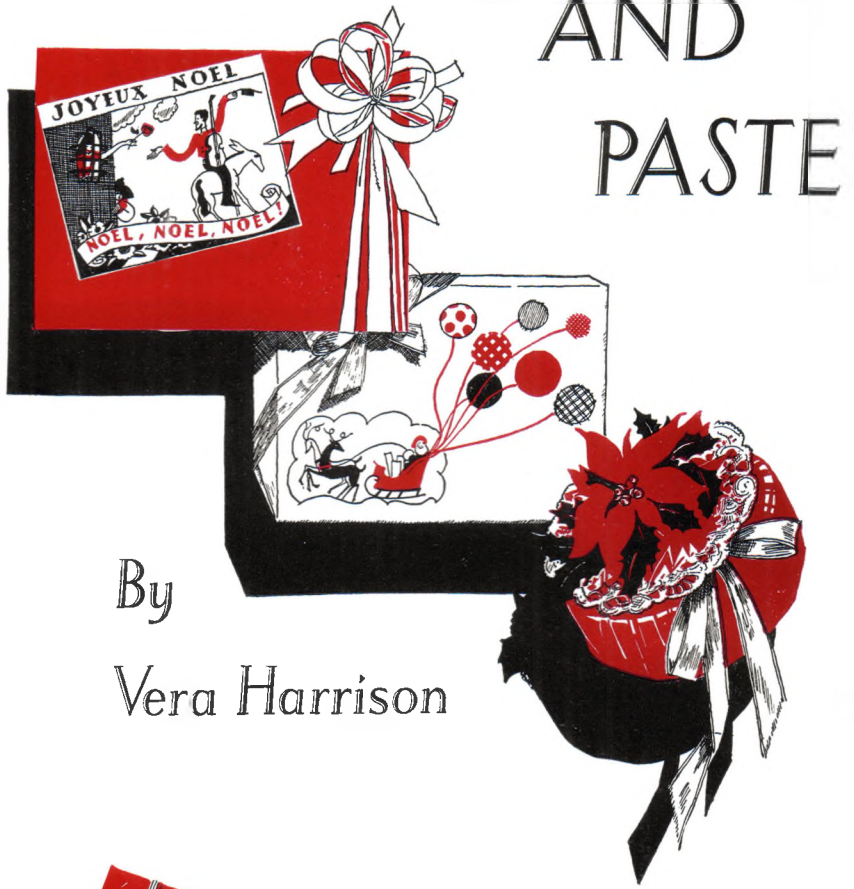
But you do know some of the great volunteer organizations which work for you continuously and ask your good will and support. At this season will you not say "thank you" to two of them by wearing a Red Cross button and by using Christmas Seals?



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

WITH SCISSORS AND PASTE

By
 Vera Harrison



POCKETBOOKS all over the country may be on a reducing diet, but that hasn't dimmed our Christmas enthusiasm: we decided this was the year to do something really different about wrapping our Christmas packages. We collected rolls of shiny blue, red and white paper, silver and gold ribbons, stars, Christmas cards of other years, and colored pictures cut from magazines. Then we got busy with our scissors and paste, The result—we blushing admit—is surprisingly artistic.

THE red rose tossed to the departing lover will give a touch of romance to a box in which are such homely things as woolen socks; trailing balloons (rounds of colored paper pasted over silver string) lend an airy grace to the familiar but always welcome handkerchiefs; a round tin of homemade cookies masquerades entrancingly as an old-fashioned bouquet. The Three Wise Men following the Star will please an older friend, and the small niece will find your practical gift of a panty dress perfectly alluring if her eyes are first dazzled by a wrapping of gay red paper, decorated with a Christmas tree and glittering tinsel.

HARRIE WOOD



**IT WON'T BE
LONG NOW**

... Before he needs this correct tooth paste

Almost before you know it, he'll have so many teeth that it will be high time to start brushing them.

That's one of the important moments in his life—when you begin the care of his teeth. Depending on how well you do it, you make them grow fine and strong—or unhealthy and ugly. You influence his permanent teeth. You teach him habits of the utmost importance to his appearance, comfort, and health.

You can't be too careful. You can't use too good a tooth brush and tooth paste.

Why not start right out with Listerine Tooth Paste, which so many mothers have found ideal for their children? Its taste makes children love to

brush their teeth, instead of rebelling. It cleans extra-thoroughly, without scratching or damaging even an infant's teeth. And it costs only half as much as most dentifrices!

*Cleans Teeth Extra-thoroughly
And Extra-safely, too*

The makers of Listerine had 40 years' experience in oral hygiene behind them before they put Listerine Tooth Paste on the market. That made them able to produce a better tooth paste than ever before.

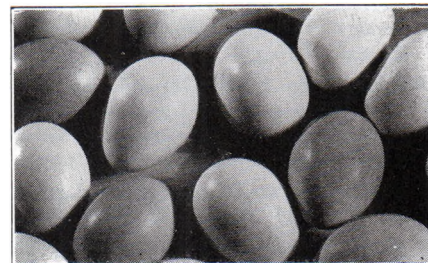
But, above all, the excellence of this dentifrice is due to a special

polishing agent, which sweeps off tartar, tobacco stains, and all other discolorations, in half the usual time. Yet it is too gentle ever to damage tooth enamel, even a child's.

*Up-to-date Manufacturing
Saves Money for You*

Many millions responded at once to its wonderful effects and its appealing taste. To the surprising price—25¢ instead of 50¢. They switched over to Listerine Tooth Paste, and have used it ever since.

This huge demand permits production on a great, cost-cutting scale. And enables us to use the most modern, economical methods of manufacture. That is why we are able to sell you this top-notch tooth paste for the rock-bottom price of 25¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co.



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with that \$3 you save**

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PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 9]

half-discernible, bone-colored basin of a soda lake. He regarded this domain of his with a fierce and obstinate pride, and had sworn that so long as there was breath in his body he would not surrender it to any pressure of circumstance. But now as he stood, weary and haggard from a sleepless night, it came to him that it had been better had he sold it last winter when he had had a substantial offer for it. Why had he stayed on here stubbornly, bitterly, when his world had seemed ready to crash about his ears, after the death of Geoffrey Landor—twenty years ago? And then—Millicent.

Ah, Millicent, forever loved, forever lost! Her slender red smile, red still as she died in fever, red in the undying love of another, slender in hatred of himself, seemed to pierce the brooding east as he stared at it with vacant eyes.

He turned as Autumn came down the stairs, dressed for the ride.

"Let's go!" she sang out.

Two horses stood before the door, Jarvis Dean's big black, and Hector Cardigan's hunter.

"I hope old Hector won't mind my riding his pet hunter over the hills," Autumn said. "It's slightly more than I bargained for."

Her father grunted. "Him? He thinks of nothing but the gimcracks he's got into that house of his."

Autumn smiled. "You mustn't be hard on Hector, Da. He's getting old and he loves every piece he has stored away in that place of his."

They were on their way to visit old Absolom Peek, her father's oldest herder, at his camp in the ravine. When they turned at last from the main trail and took a winding path that led toward the camp, Autumn remembered a roundabout and more picturesque way to the place, down through a gully where a tiny creek ran and where the white birches grew in a dense wall up either slope. It was down there beside the creek among the birches that the body of Geoffrey Landor had been found years ago by one of his own men—Geoffrey Landor, who had shot himself one day in spring.

"Come on, Da!" she called. "Let's go down this way. I used to find gold pebbles down there."

Jarvis drew up short and exclaimed, "I've no time for such fooling! Are you riding with me, or are you not?"

AUTUMN held her horse for a moment in perplexity, then followed her father along the trail of his own choosing. One of these days, she thought to herself, it would be necessary to warn the Laird that his daughter was a woman grown, and not to be spoken to as though she were a child.

When she drew abreast of him again, the old man's face was oddly rigid and colorless. He was getting old, she thought, and the burden of living had lain too heavily upon him. Her impatience with his brusqueness melted to pity as she thought of him.

"By the way, Father, how are the Landors?" she asked casually, when they had ridden a short distance.

"Well enough," he said absently.

"You told me at Christmas that Mrs. Landor had been ill."

"Yes, yes, of course," he said hastily. "Old Jane has been very low. She's not long for this world."

Autumn thought fleetingly of proud Jane Landor—and the fiery young Bruce, who had elected himself her

champion one day at the country school and had fought with Sandy Cameron, who had washed her face with a handful of the first snow of the year.

"I am very sorry," Autumn said. "And Bruce? It will be strange to see him—grown up now."

But Jarvis had fixed his eyes suddenly upon a straggling bunch of frail new weeds which were growing close to the trail. He dismounted abruptly and pulled the plant up by the roots.



"Milk vetch," he remarked, and got back into the saddle.

OLD Absolom Peek was in his shack, brewing coffee and frying bacon. While her father went indoors, Autumn lingered outside. The snug little valley into which they had ridden was filled with the bleat of ewes and the tiny cry of hundreds of new-born lambs.

Jarvis Dean's voice called to her from the doorway of the shack. There was old Absolom Peek, grown more wizened and gnome-like than ever, his weathered face contorted in a shy grin.

"Hello, Absolom!" she called, as she ran to him.

"Welcome home, Miss Autumn," he said. "You've been gone a long time. But a fine young lady they've made of you, I see."

"I've been gone too long, Absolom," Autumn said. "But I'm home for good now, and I'll be over to see you often."

"We'll be makin' for the hills right after shearin'," he told her.

"Stay and visit with Absolom while I go out and look over the new family," Jarvis said, starting for the corral.

Autumn entered the shack and seated herself while Absolom tended his coffee and bacon.

"It'll be like old times havin' you back at the Castle, Miss Autumn," the old herder said. "You'll be puttin' new life into the place."

"Perhaps it could stand a little," Autumn replied.

Absolom turned to her, then glanced quickly through the doorway.

"It could stand a lot of it," he said. "The Laird's a great man, mind you, but there's need of someone about the house there besides that poor old body that does the cookin' and cleanin'. In the old days there used to be a little life down there—but yon's a morgue, gettin' to be."

"You give me an idea, Absolom," Autumn said. "How about inviting the countryside to a dance? It isn't every day in the year that a daughter comes home. Will you come?"

"We'll be leavin' in another fortnight," he reminded her.

"We'll make it next Friday night."

Absolom's face lighted up with enormous pleasure. "I'll come, right

enough. But ye'll promise to put on a few of the old dances, mind."

Autumn laughed. "It wouldn't be a dance otherwise, Absolom. I'd better leave you to your coffee now, while I go and take a look at the lambs."

"Aye, and they're worth lookin' at. Nigh unto five hundred was dropped during the night."

Autumn found her father beside one of the pens that opened off the corral. Within it a large, robust ewe stood in maternal dignity, while about her pranced a day-old lamb on its ridiculous legs, flicking an absurd cottony tail.

Autumn laughed in sheer delight. "Oh, you little rascal!" she said. "I'll have to learn about sheep all over again, Da."

She glanced up at him and noted the wistful eagerness that came into his eyes, and the restraint that immediately masked them.

He sighed heavily. "It's no business for a woman, my girl."

"That's a man's opinion, Da."

"With good luck, I'll be out of the business myself before another year," he retorted.

"Out of sheep raising? Nonsense! You'd die without all this—you know you would."

One of the sheep dogs came bounding up to them, and Jarvis stooped to pat him. "I know. But I'm getting too old for it, Autumn."

As they walked back to their horses, Autumn chatted resolutely about what she could recall of sheep lore.

"... And in 1785 Louis XVI imported fine Merino sheep from Spain and began improving them at Rambouillet, near Paris. Thus we have the name today. You see, I do remember some of your lectures, after all, though they were so long ago."

Jarvis smiled in spite of himself. "I sent you to Europe to forget all that," he muttered. "But it's little you can do with a woman, it seems."

With a lighter heart, Autumn mounted her horse and rode beside her father, up the steep trail that led back to the highway.

IT WAS many years since the Laird had opened his doors to the purposes of merry-making, and people had come from as far away as Kelowna to welcome his daughter's return. The drawing-room and hall thundered with the lusty measures of a Highland schottische; Old Country folk stamped resolutely on the polished floors—middle-aged and elderly Scots, their gnarled faces scarlet and streaming, swung their partners with the earnestness of warriors going into battle.

Jarvis Dean, in dinner clothes that seemed somehow awkward on his vast, rugged frame, moved from one to the other of his guests, grimly attentive to the polite conversation in which they engaged him.

When the dance came to an end and the exhausted performers scattered to find chairs or to go out into the evening, two or three of the younger men hurried toward Autumn, standing near the doorway.

One of them took her peremptorily by the arm. "The next dance is ours, Miss Dean," he informed her. "I have asked the orchestra for a waltz."

Florian Parr was reputed to be the most dashing young man of the countryside. The Parrs, a wealthy Scotch family with a fruit ranch in the Okanagan Valley, had recalled their son from England a year after Autumn had left

[Continued on page 35]

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✓ This wonderful goodness of Premium's, its tenderness and fine flavor, make it a favorite for Christmas dinner. Try baking it the festive way shown above: the skinned surface rubbed with breadcrumbs, then basted frequently with honey mixed with chopped Maraschino Cherries.

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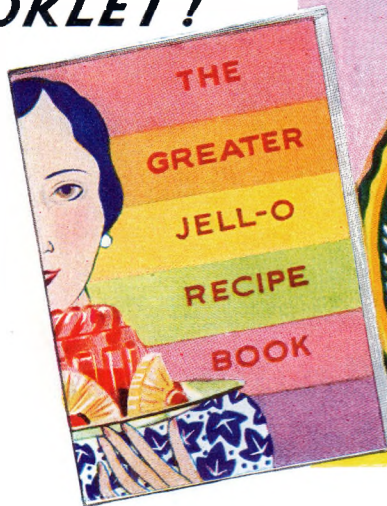
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BRAND-NEW 48 PAGE
JELL-O BOOKLET!



RASPBERRY DELIGHT
1 package Raspberry Jell-O 1 cup boiling water
1 cup raspberry juice and cold water
1 cup canned raspberries, drained
Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add raspberry juice and cold water. Pour 1/2 of Jell-O mixture into mold. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in raspberries. Fill mold with remaining Jell-O. Chill until firm. Unmold. If desired, serve with whipped cream flavored with almond extract. Serves 6.

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● *If you want pure fruit flavors.* Those words "pure fruit flavor" on the Jell-O package are your protection—the U. S. Government permits their use *only* when the flavor comes

from fruit itself. And remember—no synthetic flavor ever quite catches the real flavor of real fruit.

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JELLIED FIGS

1 package Orange Jell-O
1 pint boiling fig juice and water,
1/4 teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup stewed figs, drained and cut

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling fig juice and water. Add salt, lemon juice, and figs. Chill until slightly thickened. Turn into sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Serve plain or with whipped cream. Serves 8.

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SPICY BEET WITH BACON GRILL

Dissolve 1 package Lemon Jell-O in 1 pint boiling water. Cool. Add 1/2 cup prepared horse-radish, 3/4 cup raw apple, finely diced, and 1/2 cup raisins. Chill. Combine 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon caraway seed, and 1 cup cooked beets, finely diced. When Jell-O is slightly thickened, fold in beet mixture. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Makes 8 molds.

Prepare luncheon plate of broiled bacon, toast points, and a Jell-O mold, unmolded on crisp lettuce.



LIME SALAD SUPRÊME

1 package Lime Jell-O 1 cup apples, diced
1 pint boiling water 1 cup crisp cabbage,
5 teaspoons vinegar chopped
1/2 teaspoon salt 4 olives, chopped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in apples, cabbage, and olives. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Serve with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 6. (All measurements on this page are level.)

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PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 32]

to join her Aunt Flo in the Old Country. Florian was just under thirty, blond, tall, firmly knit, and dressed in white flannels and a blue sack coat. In that amusing medley of rustics and bland sophisticates, Florian Parr stood out like a man from another world.

His manner was an immediate challenge to Autumn. "Our dance, Mr. Parr? I can't recall any engagement."

He stepped closer to her. "It is not so much a matter of engagement, Miss Dean, as it is—a matter of preference."

She laughed. "Preference, Mr. Parr?"

"I can only speak for myself."

She wrinkled her nose at him. "You seem to find little difficulty in that."

"Are you going to make this awkward?" he countered.

Autumn chuckled softly. "Not at all, Mr. Parr. Besides, I should think a man who plays polo and pilots his own plane—"

"A splendid alliteration," he put in.

Before she could reply, he had swung her out upon the floor. The crystal chandeliers of the drawing-room were turned off, and immediately the long floor was a dim pool of violet light from the colored lanterns that had been strung below the ceiling. Autumn permitted herself to drift in the joy of the dance, glancing up at her partner now and then with that rare, long look of half-closed eyes that is the piquant compliment of the most subtly articulate of dances.

In the encore that followed the waltz, Florian maneuvered so that they moved through the open French windows, out across the piazza, and down the steps into the garden.

The moon, almost full, hung like a quaintly misshapen Japanese lantern in the blossoming peach tree. Autumn looked up at it through the blown pallor of the tree; then, feeling the intensity of Florian's eyes, she let her own gaze drift deliberately, provocatively, back to his in the way she had learned in the light, unimportant nights of English gardens and of olive groves in Italy.

Florian leaned above her, with one elbow resting on a bough of the tree.

"I think I am going to love you," he whispered.

Another couple strolled by in the moonlight.

"I am forgetting my duties, Mr. Parr," Autumn remarked. "Let's go back."

"I'll go along—if you'll call me Florian," he stipulated, in a voice so low and engaging that it brought her throaty, pleased laughter.

"Very well, Florian," she responded, and they retraced their way to the brilliantly lighted house.

THE music floated out to them when they mounted the steps to the piazza that was completely festooned with honeysuckle in sweet, heady bloom. Florian caught her arm.

"Your eyes are the color of jade," he said. "Let's finish our dance before we go in."

He drew her lightly away on the rhythm of the waltz that was being played. The piazza was in darkness, and as they waltzed to the farther end, they found themselves alone. There Florian paused, drew her close, and brushed her hair with his lips.

Autumn's lips and cheeks glowed faintly, and she experienced the old swift sensation of being deliciously drugged. Then, for some unaccountable reason, she thought of her mother, Millicent, whom she could recall only as a dream; and of that other Odell woman, known only as a myth, the woman who had been her grandmother. The Odell women! She winced suddenly and drew away from Florian.

Casually and without a word, she led him back into the rectangle of light from the open French windows, and a moment later they were among the dancers in the drawing-room. When the waltz had ended, Autumn spoke a quiet word to her father, and slipped away up the rear stairs to her room.

AUTUMN never knew what mad impulse caused her to desert her father's guests and come out here to be alone on the silverlit range. In her own room it had taken only a minute or two to change into her riding clothes. Some yearning for escape, she knew, had prompted her act. She realized now that she had run away from Florian Parr. It was from the Florian Parrs she had run when she had left that shallow life in Europe—the Florian Parrs, in whom deep passions were merely quaint and laughable.

She was well within the Landor ranch before she realized the direction she had taken. She discovered now that the ruddy glow toward which she had been riding for the past few minutes was at the entrance to a deep ravine that was flowing with moonlight, the white birches ghostly fountains within it. Faint currents of dewy air brushed her cheek, the fragrant wraiths of mountain lilac, mallow, and fern.

She had been sitting there for minutes, breathing deeply of the night's enchanted perfume, when a sound behind her caused her to wheel her horse about. Another rider was coming down the narrow trail.

"Hello, there!" a man's voice challenged her, a calm voice, unhurried, its intonation rich and deep.

As he drew closer Autumn could see that he was bare-headed, dressed in riding breeches and dark shirt.

"I am Autumn Dean," she said quickly, as he came alongside her.

Although the moonlight made an obscure mask of his features, she thought she saw a look of puzzled

surprise cross them.

"Autumn Dean!" he exclaimed, and extended his hand.

"Why—Bruce Landor! It is you, isn't it?"

Above their clasped hands, Autumn saw his smile—the boyish, quizzical smile she remembered.

"I was sure it was you—at once," he told her.

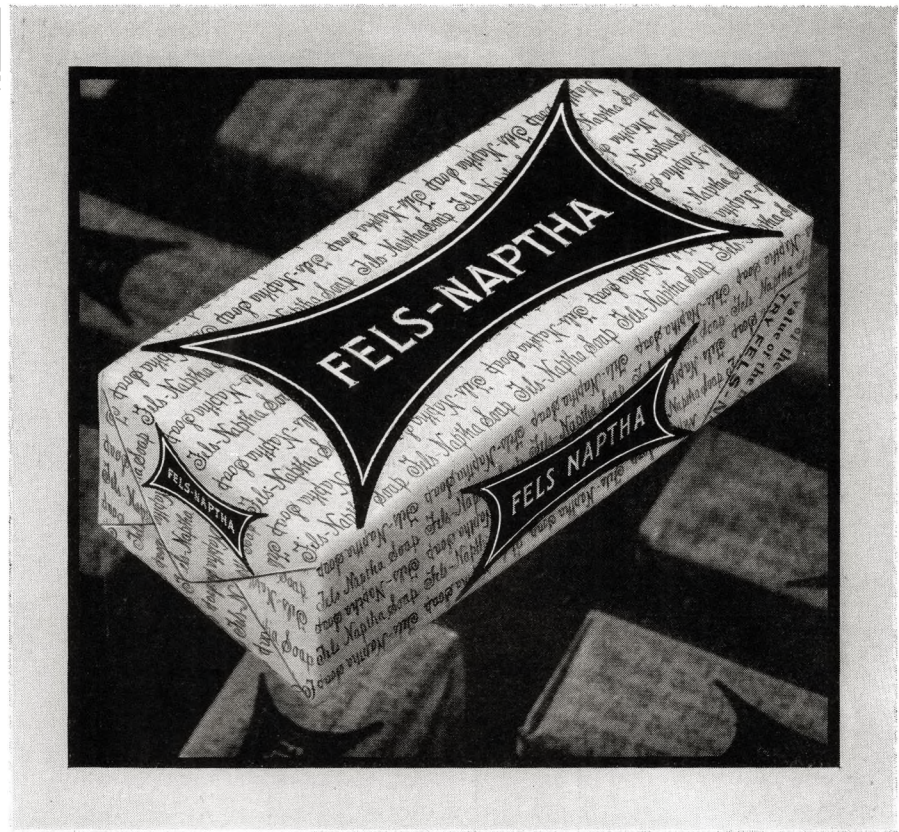
A thrill of uneasiness coursed through her—a queer, unsteady feeling that left her irritated at herself.

"Why didn't you say so, then?" she demanded.

He held her hand warmly and smiled at her. "I have learned long since to take nothing for granted," he observed. "But I understood you were celebrating over at your place tonight. How do you happen to be here?"

"I don't believe I could explain that myself," she said a little blankly. "I just rode."

[Continued on page 36]



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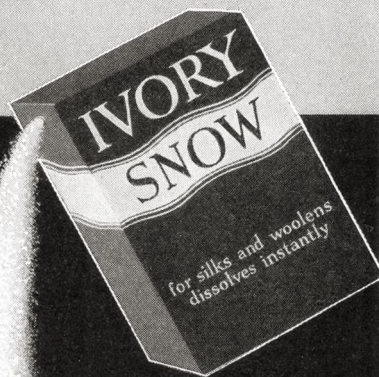
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PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 35]

He smiled again and lighted a cigarette between his cupped hands. In that brief moment she saw the dark, crisply curling hair, the straight dark brows rather heavy above eyes that she remembered now were a deep blue, a nose well-formed and sensitive about the nostrils, and a mouth that was somewhat full but straight-drawn and resolute. In the sudden realization that she was giving him a shameless scrutiny, she wrenched her gaze away in the instant that he looked at her.

"I had expected to see you at our dance tonight," she said. "Weren't you the least bit curious?"

"Curious?" He regarded her intently. "I should have come if I'd been able. This happens to be a very busy time for me—and besides, Mother has taken another bad spell."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Father told me she had been quite ill. I should have been over to see her, if I'd had time. Do you think she would remember me?"

"I doubt it," he said. "You are a woman now."

"Won't you take me down to see her?"

"Now?" he asked.

"Why not? It's still early, and I can ride back that way. Unless, of course, she's asleep."

"She never goes to sleep until I come in," Bruce told her.

"I should love to go down, then," she said.

Bruce glanced once in the direction of the ravine. "Come along, then," he said. "I can come back here later."

He led the way across the slope to a point from which the light in the Landor house was plainly visible.

"I hope you will not be shocked at Mother's condition," he said. "She has had a stroke, you know, and it has left her partially paralyzed. She may not even remember your name."

They rode side by side under the moonlight, and talked of the lives they had lived since they had been together at the country school. Autumn found it hard to tell of the petty interests that had occupied her mind during those years while Bruce had been struggling forward on the sacrifices his mother had made, in order that he should achieve a college education and fit himself for the business of living. He must be twenty-eight or nine now, she reflected.

It was only when they reached the long avenue of Lombardy poplars leading to the house that their voices ceased. Autumn recalled now that as a girl she had always been afraid of Jane Landor, though she had never known the reason. It was not fear that overcame her, now, but pity—deep pity for the woman whose staunch fortitude had been reduced to frailty by a life that had beaten her at last.

WHEN Bruce dismounted before the doorway and stretched his hand up to her, she laid her own within it and jumped down. He smiled at her and folded his other hand over hers. "You look—frightened," he said, leaning close to her.

At his nearness she experienced a faint swaying of the senses. "Not frightened," she told him, "only—somehow strange."

He laughed softly. "I can understand that," he said. "But that will pass. Come along in."

She followed him into the house. The large room was in darkness, but a light from the open doorway of an

adjoining room cast a soft glimmer over the quaint furnishings of the place.

Immediately a woman's voice, nervous to the point of querulousness, spoke from the inner room.

"Is that you, Bruce?"

"Yes, Mother, I've brought a visitor to see you."

There was a moment's silence. Then, "A visitor? Who?"

"I'll let you figure that out for yourself," he said, and led Autumn into the room.

Jane Landor was in a half-sitting position among her pillows, a light attached to the bed above her thin, colorless face. Autumn had expected to find her changed from the woman she remembered, but she was not

prepared for what she saw there in the soft light. She drew back instinctively before the look from the fierce black eyes that were turned upon her as she stepped through the doorway.

"Come in where I can see you," Jane Landor ordered.

Autumn stepped into the light and smiled down at the frail woman.

"Don't you remember me?" she asked, in a soft voice that was none too steady.

Jane Landor's face twisted suddenly as if in a spasm. She lifted her thin hands to her wasted cheeks and drew her breath in a quick gasp.

"You!" she cried. "Millicent Odell! What brings you back here? Take her away, Bruce! Take her away!"

Her voice was hysterical now. She covered her eyes with her hands and lay back sobbing among the pillows.

Bruce was beside her instantly, his arms about her shoulders. "Mother, it's Autumn Dean. Don't you remember Autumn? She has come back."

His expression was shocked and bewildered. "Take her away, I say!" his mother insisted vehemently. "Nothing but death follows in the way of the Odells!"

She clung to Bruce, and Autumn stole in a trembling daze from the room and out of the house.

AUTUMN had ridden home with an acute feeling that some curse had been laid upon her. Her subsequent presence among her father's guests had been as unreal to her as some delirious dream.

When the last guest had gone, she had hurried to her room, where she had lain awake until dawn. She had risen early, burdened with a mysterious dread from which she could not free herself. When the Laird left at last for the sheep camps, she had taken the car and driven to town to talk with old Hector Cardigan.

She sat now in Hector's low shadowed living room, the rays of the late morning sun filtering in between the heavy drapes at the windows, and suggesting to Autumn the curious fingers of the present prying into the crypt of the past. Hector stood with his back to the open fireplace, his hands behind him. There had been a hint of apprehensiveness in his face and in his manner when he had opened the door to her—as though he had been living for days in the anticipation of some disaster.

Autumn got up and examined one or two of the curios on the mantel, amulets, ancient dice, an Italian dagger, a string of Inca beads hanging down over the Dutch tiles. Presently

[Continued on page 38]





OXYGEN can't hijack Maxwell House flavor

That's why the new VITA-FRESH Process is winning new friends for this famous coffee

ONCE you have tried your first can of Maxwell House packed by the new Vita-Fresh method, you will realize why you have never been quite sure about your coffee.

For Maxwell House packed this new scientific way is always uniform in strength and flavor. Because it is strictly fresh, not robbed of its precious fragrance and aroma by Oxygen, you can follow the simple directions on the package and get a superb cup of coffee every time.

Coffee flavor is highly perishable. Air (Oxygen) robs coffee of its strength and flavor.

Just read these amazing facts established in the laboratories of a leading Eastern University:



- (1) Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in nine days after roasting
 - (2) Coffee in old-fashioned cans loses 45% of its flavor in nine days after roasting
- All due to the attack of Oxygen!*

Think of it! Forty-five to sixty-five per cent of the flavor gone from nine-day-old coffee. Even vacuum packing, a definite improvement over old-fashioned methods, removes only part of the air from the can, leaving sealed in enough Oxygen to cause flavor loss and deterioration.

The new Vita-Fresh Process removes the air so *completely* that the most rigid chemical analysis reveals *no trace of Oxygen in the Vita-Fresh can after packing.*

Remember — Oxygen is the destroyer of coffee freshness and flavor. The Vita-Fresh Process *alone* gives full protection to coffee

goodness. Maxwell House and Maxwell House *only* gives you this guarantee of full flavor, full value in every pound.

You'll be thrilled by your first taste of roaster-fresh coffee!

Ask your grocer today for a pound of Maxwell House Vita-Fresh Coffee. Serve it for breakfast tomorrow. Its fragrance and aroma will tell you at once when you open the can, that here is something different and finer in coffee. And when you sip your first cup you'll know (probably for the first time in your life) how infinitely more delicious really *fresh* coffee is.

We'll risk a pound to prove it

After trying Vita-Fresh Maxwell House Coffee, if you and your family do not agree that it is the finest coffee you have ever tasted—simply return the can with unused portion to the grocer from whom you bought it and he will gladly return the full purchase price.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

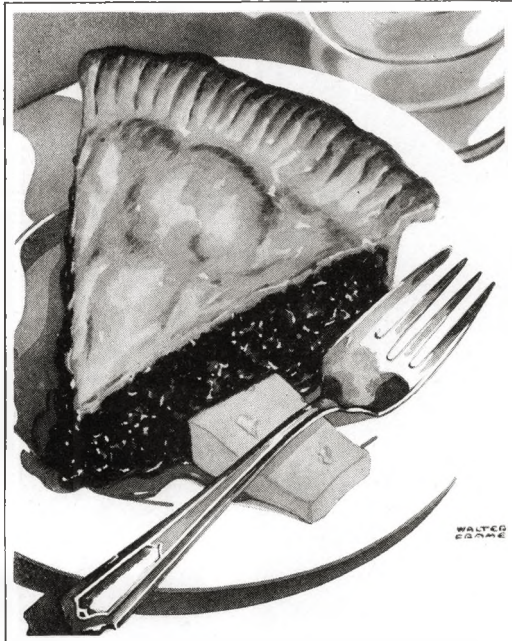
A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

Good to the Last Drop

© 1931, G. F. Corp.

A thousand women told us these interesting things

about Mince Pie



WE'VE found out some things about mince meat and mince pies that were interesting to us, and that we think every woman who cooks would like to know, too. We did it by asking more than 1000 women all over America a lot of questions like this: "What pie does your family like best?" "How often do you serve mince pie?" "Do you still make your own mince meat or do you buy it prepared and why?" And lots of other questions.

And here are some of the things we found out: First, that except for apple and lemon, mince pies are the most popular. But most women bake them only at Thanksgiving and Christmas time. They've somehow come to think of mince pie as a special treat to be served only a few times a year, though many who know what their men folk like—and what's really good for them—serve it at least once a week during the winter months.

AND then we found that more than half the women still make their own mince meat. Think of it! It surprised us to know that there were women in big cities and small towns who went through all the hard work of mixing up their own mince meat with such ingredients as they could buy. They actually didn't know of the care with which we seek out the choicest ingredients—ripe, juicy apples and other luscious fruit, choice meats, spices from all over the world—to make None Such just the best mince meat it's humanly possible to make. They didn't realize that the experience of more than 45 years in blending all the carefully chosen ingredients of None Such produces a delicacy of flavor and a

tastiness that no home-made mince meat could possibly excel.

Then, too, we were sorry to have so many women tell us that mince meat wasn't good for them—indigestible and all that. It seems to be an old belief handed down from our grandmothers—when a mince pie was so full of heavy meat that no wonder it brought on nightmares! But, heavens! That's not the case now! Look at a None Such mince pie, for example. Just the things we all know are *most* digestible go into it. Apples and other fruits that are eaten every day, simply for their healthful qualities, are the chief ingredients. That's your modern mince pie for you—and that's None Such!

BUT here's something that did delight us: We asked our good ladies what brands of mince meat they had used and which they preferred. You'll know which to use yourself when we tell you that three of every four insisted on None Such—a tribute to the quality of its ingredients and its superb flavor.

So many women told us they used None Such for cakes and cookies and all sorts of other delicious good things as well as pies, that we have printed a delightful recipe book—"None Such Recipes." We'll send it to you free if you write us.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
350 Madison Avenue New York

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT



PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 36]

her eyes fell upon a strange brass object with a strap attached to its top. She picked it up. Instantly a sound of unutterable purity pierced the room with a thin, thrilling resonance that seemed to drift on and on beyond the confines of the bedecked walls.

"I picked that up in Spain, on a walking trip I took one year through the mountains," Hector told her. "It is a Basque bell—a Basque sheep bell."

"I have never heard anything so lovely!" Autumn exclaimed.

"I should like you to have it, Autumn," he said. "Take it with you."

SHE looked up at him in quick, pleased surprise, holding the bell so that it chimed again, light and clear as the echo of a fay song in some unearthly place. "Do you really mean that, Hector?" she said softly. "I know how you hate to part with your treasures—and this one—"

"It's very old," Hector murmured. "Some shepherd—in the Pyrenees, perhaps—heard that bell fifty years ago, when your grandmother was a girl here in these hills, just over from Ireland. When your grandmother was breaking hearts up and down the Okanagan, my dear, some shepherd boy was listening to that plaintive note on some mountainside—on the other side of the world."

Autumn smiled. "Was Grandmother Odell such a heart-breaker, Hector?"

Hector took the bell and held it thoughtfully in his palm, stroking the satiny texture of its spherical upper half with his eloquent fingers. "The Odell women," he said slowly, "had small respect for hearts."

"Even Mother?" she asked.

"Millicent Odell—" For an instant he seemed quite oblivious of her presence. His narrow, brown face glowed as though he were listening ardently to the music of that name, the name of her mother, twenty years dead. Then he glanced down at the bell once more and smiled boyishly. "Like the Odell women," he said softly, "its beauty casts a spell over a vast distance. Its music echoes and reëchoes into eternity—and haunts you forever. It has an elfin soul, my dear, and its power is blackest magic."

"What sort of woman was my mother, Hector?"

He looked at her quickly, a startled expression in his eyes. "Your mother? She was the most beautiful woman I have ever known, my dear."

"Was she in love with my father?"

Hector smiled. "How can one know what is hidden in a woman's heart?"

"Did anyone else love her?"

"My dear child, we all loved her," Hector replied with a sigh. "She was the only woman I ever loved."

The simplicity of his statement brought a momentary silence to Autumn. She seated herself again in the armchair and took a sip from her glass.

"I saw Jane Landor last night," she announced suddenly.

Hector started. "You spoke to her?"

"I'm not sure. A word, perhaps. I forget."

Hector moved uneasily. "Poor Jane Landor! I understand she is no longer—coherent. Did she speak to you?"

"When I stepped into the room, she became hysterical. She declared that

I was Millicent Odell and pleaded with Bruce to put me out."

"Was that all?"

"As I turned to leave, I heard her say that death follows in the way of the Odells."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing. I hurried home as fast as I could."

For several seconds Hector remained standing with his back to the fireplace. "Very curious," he said at last. "But as I said before, the poor woman—"

"The poor woman, Hector, has lost her sense of time and place, but you can't convince me that there was no significance in what she said. Was Geoffrey Landor in love with Mother?"

"I don't see how he could help it, really," Hector said lightly.

"Please, Hector, I want the truth. You know exactly what I mean. I must know."

Hector Cardigan crossed the room and seated himself in a large chair opposite Autumn.

"It is only natural, my dear," he said, "that I should feel a bit embarrassed, perhaps. I have not grown used to the ways of young people today. I am going to be just as direct in my answer as you have been in your question. Millicent Odell—who became Millicent Dean—was a woman of honor and integrity, and would have gone to her grave rather than broken the vows that bound her in marriage to your father." He paused for a moment and gazed unflinchingly into Autumn's eyes. "Is that an answer to your question, my dear?" he asked finally.

"As far as it goes," Autumn replied. "I confess I—"

"Let me come to the point, Hector," Autumn interrupted. "Behind what Jane Landor said to me last night there exists a life-long hatred—or fear—of Mother." Hector would have spoken had not Autumn checked him. "Please, Hector! Do you think that Geoffrey

Landor shot himself because he loved Mother too much to live without her?"

"It is too late—too late by many years, my dear—to answer that question. I knew Geoffrey well. He was headstrong.

He was—romantic, I should say. But he was hopelessly in debt—and he had been drinking heavily, as I recall, for several days before the tragedy. Given the facts, I should imagine your guess would be as good as mine."

"And your guess, Hector?"

He considered the question a long time before he replied. Then he got suddenly to his feet, his shoulders drawn back and his head erect in soldierly bearing. "I refuse to answer that question. I should think you would know better than to ask it. There is a point in such matters beyond which a man of honor cannot go."

THERE was no mistaking his meaning. He would say no more about it in his present mood. On the other hand, his very manner was in itself a confession. Autumn's question had been answered. She had no desire to leave her old friend in an unpleasant frame of mind. She looked up at him and laughed.

"Hector, you old goose," she said, "I believe you are almost angry. After all, there isn't much that either of us

[Continued on page 41]

HOLIDAY TREATS

they'll talk about for years!

...so easy to make with

CALUMET'S DOUBLE-ACTION!



CHRISTMAS CANDLE CAKES

- 1 3/4 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- 3/4 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon lemon or vanilla extract

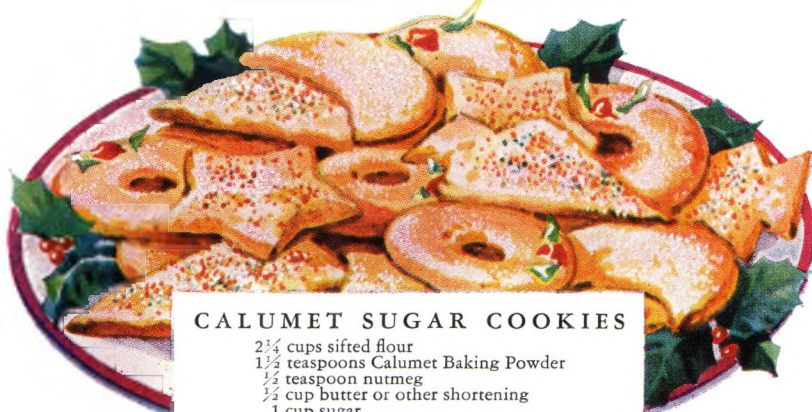
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring. Pour into greased muffin pans, filling them about 3/4 full. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Cool. Cover with boiled frosting and Baker's Coconut. Makes 2 dozen cakes. Serve with lighted candle in each. (All measurements are level.)



PLUM PUDDING

- 1/2 cup apple, chopped
- 1/2 cup suet, chopped
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 cup figs, chopped
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup currants
- 1/4 cup citron, sliced
- 1/4 cup candied cherries, quartered
- 1 tablespoon candied orange peel, chopped and chopped
- 1/4 cup almonds, blanched and chopped
- 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon allspice
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

Combine apple, suet, molasses, eggs and milk. Sift flour once, measure. Mix 1/2 cup flour with fruit and nuts. Combine remaining flour, baking powder, salt, soda, and spices, and sift again. Add to molasses mixture. Add fruit. Turn into well-greased molds, filling 3/4 full. Cover tightly. Steam 3 hours. Serve hot with hard sauce. Serves 12. (All measurements are level.)



CALUMET SUGAR COOKIES

- 2 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 3/4 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- 1 tablespoon rich milk or cream

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and nutmeg, and sift together twice. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, lemon rind, and cream and beat well. Add flour, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Roll into thin sheet on slightly floured board. Cut with floured cookie cutters in fancy shapes, and dredge with white, red, or green sugar, or decorate with bits of candied cherry, pistachios, angelica, nuts, etc. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 7 minutes. Makes 2 1/2 dozen 3-inch cookies. (All measurements are level.)

A HOLIDAY surprise for the family? . . . make it *three!* Just use these easy recipes —and trust Calumet's Double-Action! You'll have a gorgeous trio of triumphs! A tantalizing plum pudding crammed with fragrant, spicy fruits. The crispiest, golden cookies and the gayest, fluffiest snowballs that ever crossed your table.

And when the compliments begin, remember—Calumet's remarkable Double-Action brings to all your baking —cookies, cakes and quick breads, too —the very height of perfection! Extra lightness! Extra silkiness! Superb flavor!

What do we mean—Calumet's Double-Action? How can it make such a difference in baking? . . . Listen! Calumet acts *twice*—not just *once*. The first action begins in the mixing bowl. It starts the leavening. Then, in the oven, the second action begins and continues the leavening. Up! . . . up! . . . it keeps raising the

batter and holds it high and light. And that's the way Calumet's Double-Action protects your baking from failure. That's why Calumet has become the world's largest-selling baking powder!

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action nor in the amount that should be used. And not all will give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet's scientifically balanced combination of two gas-releasing ingredients produces perfect leavening action—Double-Action!

Note, too, how little Calumet the recipes given call for. The usual Calumet proportion is only *one* level teaspoon to a cup of sifted flour—a splendid economy which the perfect efficiency of Calumet's leavening action makes possible! . . . Calumet is a product of General Foods Corporation.

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LOOK! See Calumet's Double-Action!

MAKE THIS TEST TO-DAY! Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This demonstrates Calumet's *first* action—the action designed to begin in the mixing bowl when liquid is added.

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of *hot* water on the stove. In a moment, a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the



top of the glass. This demonstrates Calumet's *second* action—the action that Calumet holds in reserve to take place in the heat of the oven.

DOUBLE-ACTING — COMBINATION TYPE! Calumet's Double-Action, explained above, is the result of a scientific *combination* of two gas-releasing ingredients, one of which acts chiefly during the mixing and the other chiefly during the baking. For this reason, Calumet is known both as "The Double-Acting" and "Combination Type" baking powder.

CALUMET THE DOUBLE-ACTING BAKING POWDER

FREE—WONDERFUL NEW BAKING BOOK. SEND TO-DAY!



MARION JANE PARKER
c/o General Foods, Battle Creek, Michigan

MC C. 12-31

Please send me, free, a copy of the new Calumet Baking Book.

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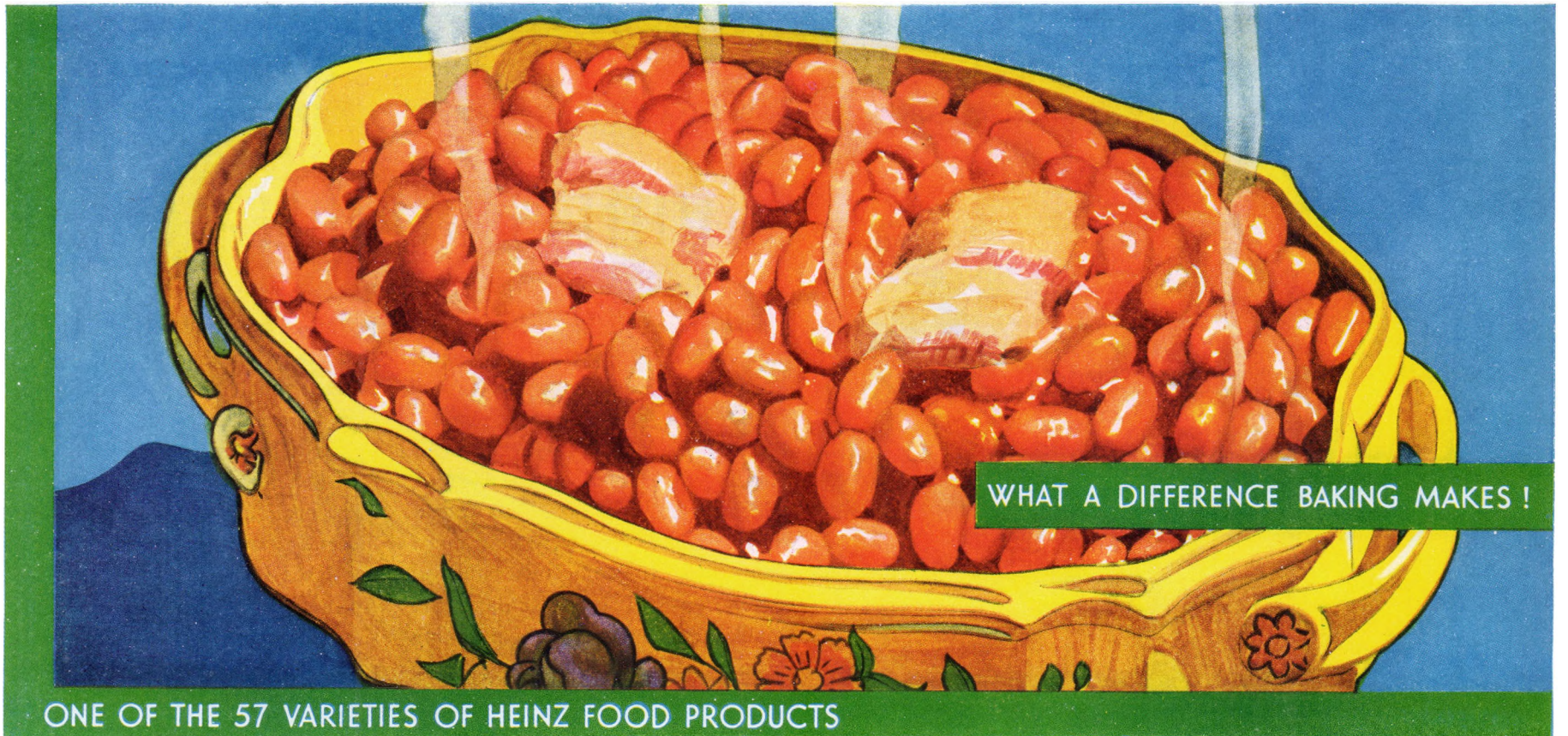
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IF YOU THINK ALL THE BEANS YOU CALL "BAKED BEANS"
ARE REALLY BAKED ● YOU DON'T KNOW BEANS ●



ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES OF HEINZ FOOD PRODUCTS

HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED

You call the beans you get "baked beans." But are they really baked? Don't be too sure! Few brands are. Before you answer "Yes"—read the label. Look for the word "BAKED."

If the beans aren't plainly labeled "BAKED," they aren't baked. They're only steamed or boiled. And there's all the difference between such beans and Heinz *Oven-Baked Beans* that there is between boiled and baked potatoes.

But, you may say, I like the beans I get. Of course you do—or you wouldn't keep on getting them. But

just wait till you've tried *real* baked beans—beans actually baked in ovens, by the special Heinz method! For oven-baking makes beans lighter and more digestible—brings out the full flavor—lets the sauce permeate through and through, just as butter permeates a baked potato. Yes. Just try Heinz *Oven-Baked Beans*—once—and you'll never again be satisfied with any others.

Heinz *Oven-Baked Beans* come in four tempting styles. Two styles with tomato sauce—with pork and without. And what sauce! Made from ripe, red, *fresh* tomatoes—a delightful blend with the luscious flavor

of the beans themselves. Then there is Boston Style—with pork and a rich molasses sauce. Lastly, Baked Red Kidney Beans, in a savory sauce—ready to serve—a delicious vegetable for luncheon or dinner.

Make a note—now—to get Heinz *Oven-Baked Beans* in the style you like best. Watch your family's broad smiles at the very first bite. An appetizing dish—and a nourishing one, too. All the food value of meat and potatoes. Serve them often. But just make sure of one thing—*real baked beans*. Insist upon Heinz *Oven-Baked Beans*.

FOUR KINDS OF HEINZ BEANS . . . ALL BAKED!



BOSTON STYLE—
WITH PORK

WITH TOMATO SAUCE—
AND PORK

IN TOMATO SAUCE—
WITHOUT MEAT—"VEGETARIAN"

RED KIDNEY BEANS—
WITH PORK

UNLESS
THE LABEL
SAYS "BAKED"
THEY AREN'T
BAKED BEANS!

Under the Pure Foods Law, only beans that really are baked can be labeled "BAKED."

PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 38]

can do about it now. Come along, darling, and show me your flowers."

THE moods that had attended Bruce Landor all day had been of two disconcerting extremes. In one moment he would be swept up to heights of emotion as he thought of how Autumn had looked at him last night, the quick, shy veiling of those luminous gray-green eyes of hers, a concealment that had brought a strange throb to his blood. In the next moment he would be in the depths, remembering how she had been sent away.

All his life, it seemed, Bruce Landor had been compelled to adjust himself in one way or another to his mother's humors. He had grown to understand that his mother's sudden outbursts were probably her only means of preserving her sanity, after what had happened to his father, that dashing figure romantically and tragically limned in memory.

In all those twenty years Bruce had never heard his mother speak the name of Millicent Odell until she had spoken it last night. His memory of his father was very vague. He did not know how he had come to think of him and Millicent Dean as friends, but somewhere in that dimly recollected past he had seen them riding together down some forgotten trail, and his boyish fancy had clung to the picture so that he had rarely been able to think of them apart.

It was mid-afternoon, the light falling moist and sweet from the green of the hills into the curved valley where the Landor ranch seemed to hide in humility from its more magnificent neighbor, the domain of Jarvis Dean. Bruce mounted and rode off to the southward to visit one of his camps. The flock was grazing to the east, close to the edge of the Dean property, the sheep edging their way across the face of the hill, on their way back to camp for the night.

Bruce rode out and circled to the rear of the flock, where he found his herder at work with the dog, keeping the sheep on the move toward camp. "You've seen nothing more of that big coyote?" Bruce said.

"You won't see much of him now," said the herder. "Them two shots I got at him, day before yesterday, come close to puttin' him away for keeps. But I *did* hear something this afternoon over on the Dean place—down near the gully."

"You heard something?" Bruce asked.

"Sounded like one o' them cats we get up in the hills—or mebber like a youngun cryin', it was."

"When did you hear it last?"

"Mebber an hour back. I could 'a' swore it was a kid cryin'."

"Perhaps I'd better ride down that way," Bruce said, and turned his horse about.

At the entrance to the ravine, Bruce swung out of the saddle and walked slowly into the birches, until he came to the fatal spot which he had marked years ago, and which he had visited occasionally during the summers that had come and gone since his boyhood—the spot where the sheep herder had found the still form of Geoffrey Landor.

He paused a moment and looked about him. The light of the waning afternoon was a pure amber sprayed

with lacy leaf-shadows. Here it was, and on such a day as this, that Geoffrey Landor had last looked upon the world he loved.

Bruce lifted his eyes suddenly at the sound of a child's whimper. Only a few yards away, half-hidden behind the shining birches, a small boy was leading a lamb at the end of a rope. It was the young son of Tom Wilmar, Jarvis Dean's foreman. In a moment he had the boy in his arms.

"Why, Sooky! Where did you come from?" he asked.

Sooky buried his face on Bruce's shoulder and sobbed. The lamb promptly lay down in the fern that grew beside the water.

Bruce laughed as he hugged the boy close. "Where in the world do you think you're going, Sooky?" he asked.

"I want to go home," Sooky sobbed.

"Sure you do. Come along, son!"

Bruce took the lamb under one arm, and the boy on the other, and made his way to his horse. Almost at the same instant he heard a woman's voice call from the hilltop to the northward. He looked up to see Autumn Dean riding toward him. He hailed her and waited until she had dismounted beside him.

"Where did you find him?" she asked Bruce.

"Down there in the gully," Bruce told her.

"Sooky, you little monkey!" Autumn said. "Come to Autumn, darling!"

BRUCE surrendered his charge and stood by while Autumn wiped the boy's eyes.

"Don't cry, darling. Autumn will take you home." She looked at Bruce. "Could anything be sillier?" she said, and laughed. "That's Mo-mo you have in your arms. The men were going to dock Mo-mo's tail this afternoon, and Sooky wouldn't stand for it. They ran off to hide in the hills. They must have been gone for hours before anyone missed them."

"How did you know where to look for him?" Bruce asked.

"We have young Dickie to thank for that. After all hands had made a frantic search about the place, Dickie confessed that he had seen Sooky go away in this direction, and I rode out at once. The men are scouring the hills."

"It was sheer luck on my part," Bruce told her. "One of my men was over this way and told me he thought he had heard a child crying."

Autumn set the boy on his feet and looked down where the birches grew along the creek. Abruptly and disquietingly, out of the obscure weave

of the past, a pattern, a color, stood out vividly before her. This was the gully she had visited years ago, against her father's desires.

"I used to come down here

often," she said hesitantly. "I still do—sometimes," Bruce replied slowly.

She was sorry then that she had spoken. A wistfulness had come into Bruce's eyes.

"Come along, Sooky," she said quickly. "We've got to get you back home."

"I'll go along with you," Bruce suggested. "You won't be able to manage alone."

[Continued on page 42]



Safeguard yourself and others by using KLEENEX Disposable Tissues

A SOILED handkerchief is unpleasant at any time . . . and during colds it is a positive menace to your health! Scientific tests identified as many as 240,000 dangerous germs in a handkerchief used a single time!

You cannot avoid self-infection if you carry this germ-trap back to your face! Nor should you put it in your pocket. Or in a laundry bag, to spread infection through all the clothing.

Use Kleenex and destroy

Kleenex ends forever the menace of the handkerchief. Kleenex is a handkerchief tissue, so inexpensive that you use it only once and then destroy! No soiled handkerchief goes back to your face to self-infect.

And think of the wonderful convenience! No laundering—and every woman who's ever washed a dirty handkerchief knows what *that* means.

Kleenex is made of rayon-cellulose, a marvelous substance softer than linen,

KLEENEX Disposable TISSUES

more absorbent than anything! It's downy texture cannot possibly irritate; and so Kleenex is a great comfort during colds.

Try Kleenex for polishing spectacles. For manicuring. For applying medicines and bandaging minor wounds.

For removing face creams, Kleenex has no equal. Its absorbency is necessary to blot all dirt and make-up from the pores. Kleenex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores.



DISEASE GERMS

Bacteriological tests show that handkerchiefs used during colds may contain Micrococci Catarrhales, Staphylococci, Streptococci and Pneumococci.

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Chicago, Illinois.
Please send free trial
supply of Kleenex.



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Dirty handkerchiefs are a menace to society!



TELALARM has an electric alarm, lights its own face, costs only \$9.95. Model 715 (same case, but without illumination) \$8.50.

THREE ELOQUENT WAYS OF SAYING

"Merry Christmas"

A GIFT need not be frivolous to express the devotion of the giver, nor need it be severely practical. Telechron Clocks combine gift-grace and gift-sense! They give to the whole household . . . beauty and the serene satisfaction of correct time, day in, day out, year after year.

Telechron Clocks may be plugged into A. C. electric outlets in any room

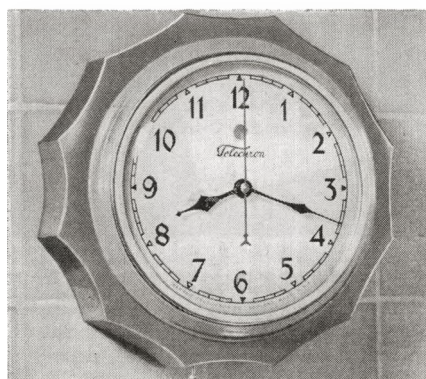
in the house. Their self-starting electric motors are designed to maintain precision with the aid of Telechron Master Clocks in power houses. They keep time silently and accurately, and they never need winding. There are models for mantel, wall and table. Prices range from \$7.50 to \$55. The Revere Clock Company manufactures distinguished strike and chime clocks equipped with Telechron motors and priced from \$22.75 to \$650. The Telechron dealer near you is listed in the classified telephone directory. And a clever Santa Claus he is!

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Telechron

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Warren Telechron Co.



HOSTESS keeps kitchens on time and gives you a choice of seven smart colors for \$9.75.



LOYAL is a new Revere model with mahogany case of Colonial design. It costs only \$22.75 with hour and half-hour strike, \$29.75 with mellow Westminster chimes!

PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 41]

"Thanks, Bruce," she said, and got into her saddle at once.

When he had seated the boy before her, he lifted the lamb and mounted his horse, and in a moment they were riding slowly up the hillside on the way back to the Dean ranch.

"I hope you will try to forget what happened last night, Autumn," Bruce said, when they had gone a little way.

"One doesn't try to forget such things, Bruce," she replied. "One tries to understand them."

"That's better, of course," he said. "I am sorry it happened."

"It couldn't be helped. It was I who insisted on going down. Besides—I think I'm glad, rather than sorry."

"I can't quite see that," Bruce protested.

Autumn was silent for a moment before she replied. Finally she said: "You and I, Bruce, have grown up together—without knowing much about ourselves. I lay awake last night, wondering why your mother should have hated mine for twenty years or more. I think I have learned the reason. I spent an hour this morning with Hector Cardigan."

"Hector?"

"Yes. Has it ever occurred to you that your mother's bitterness comes of—"

She hesitated, and Bruce said, "Of jealousy?"

"Do you think that the two—your father and my mother—may have been in love with each other?"

"I have never thought of either of them—without the other," said Bruce slowly.

They rode forward in silence, aware of a deep and tacit understanding that was more than words.

FLORIAN PARR filled his glass a second time. He was pleased with himself. He had spent a large part of a beautiful Sunday afternoon motor-ing with Jarvis Dean's daughter. It had been a delightful outing—almost like a visit with an old friend.

He had thought Autumn beautiful during their ride, but he had never seen anyone quite so ravishing as the girl who stood before him now. She was gowned in a coolly glowing white satin that clung the length of her body and flared out almost to the floor; small tips of green pumps peered out from below the white, and at her throat, on a platinum chain, hung a large single emerald, her father's gift, she had explained, on her twenty-first birthday.

He raised his glass toward her and smiled. "You may drink to what you please," he said, "but I'm toasting the queen of the Upper Country!"

"Queens are becoming so old-fashioned, Florian," she countered. "I am not flattered."

"My error," he apologized. "I'll compromise on the Princess—they're still in style, aren't they?"

"Expatriated," she observed.

"Good enough," he said. "You know," he went on, "I can't help thinking of you as carrying on the legend of your forebears—your mother and her mother. They must have been lovely creatures to have given life to such traditions as they have handed down."

"Lovely—and flaming."

"Lovely—and flaming!" Florian repeated. "My father has told me about your mother. You must be very like her."

"I know very little of my mother," Autumn replied, "except what I've been told."

He came and stood beside her, erect and confident. His eyes were narrowed as he looked down at her.

"You will find me very abrupt at times, Autumn," he said. "I've been thinking about—us."

"Us?" Autumn smiled. "I'd almost swear you were going to propose to me."

"But I am," he said. "I believe you and I were made for each other."

She laughed. "Why, Florian, what a quaint idea! I don't believe those words have ever been used before!"

"They may have been," he admitted, "but never more appropriately. We are both bred from adventurous stock. There is something untamed in us. We are both gamblers. But I've never been more serious in my life. I want to marry you."

AUTUMN could not doubt his seriousness. "Florian," she said, "you really are a dear." A perverse humor seized her. "Suppose I tell you that I'll think it over?"

"Excellent!" he replied, placing an arm about her shoulders. "You are permitting me to hope, then?"

She laughed up at him. "Not at all, Florian," she said. "I am, in effect, refusing you."

His serious mood vanished suddenly. He was actually amused at the situation. It was the first time he had proposed to any girl in earnest—and she thought she was turning him down! Jarvis Dean's girl at that, with a background as iniquitous as sin! It was that background that lent piquancy to his quest, after all. Besides, he was crazy about the girl! Presently his amusement subsided and his lips drew to a thin, petulant line.

"I'll give you time to think about it, Autumn," he said, striving to be gay and inconsequential. "When we are alone again, I'll tell you how I love you."

"And how do you love me, Florian?" Her tone was gently mocking.

He stepped toward her again and grasped her wrist. Autumn was amazed to see that his face had gone suddenly pale.

"Don't be a little fool!" he said. "You know when you've met your equal—in nerve—in contempt for life. You are going to marry me, Autumn, because we see—eye to eye."

He released her and walked away as Jarvis Dean's step was heard on the stair. Autumn turned to greet her father.

"Come in, Daddy!" she called. "Florian has just been proposing to me."

Jarvis Dean smiled as he entered the room. "He'll be safe enough, so long as you don't accept him," he said.

Florian laughed. "Father sends you his respects, sir," he said, "and would like to see you, when you can take a day off."

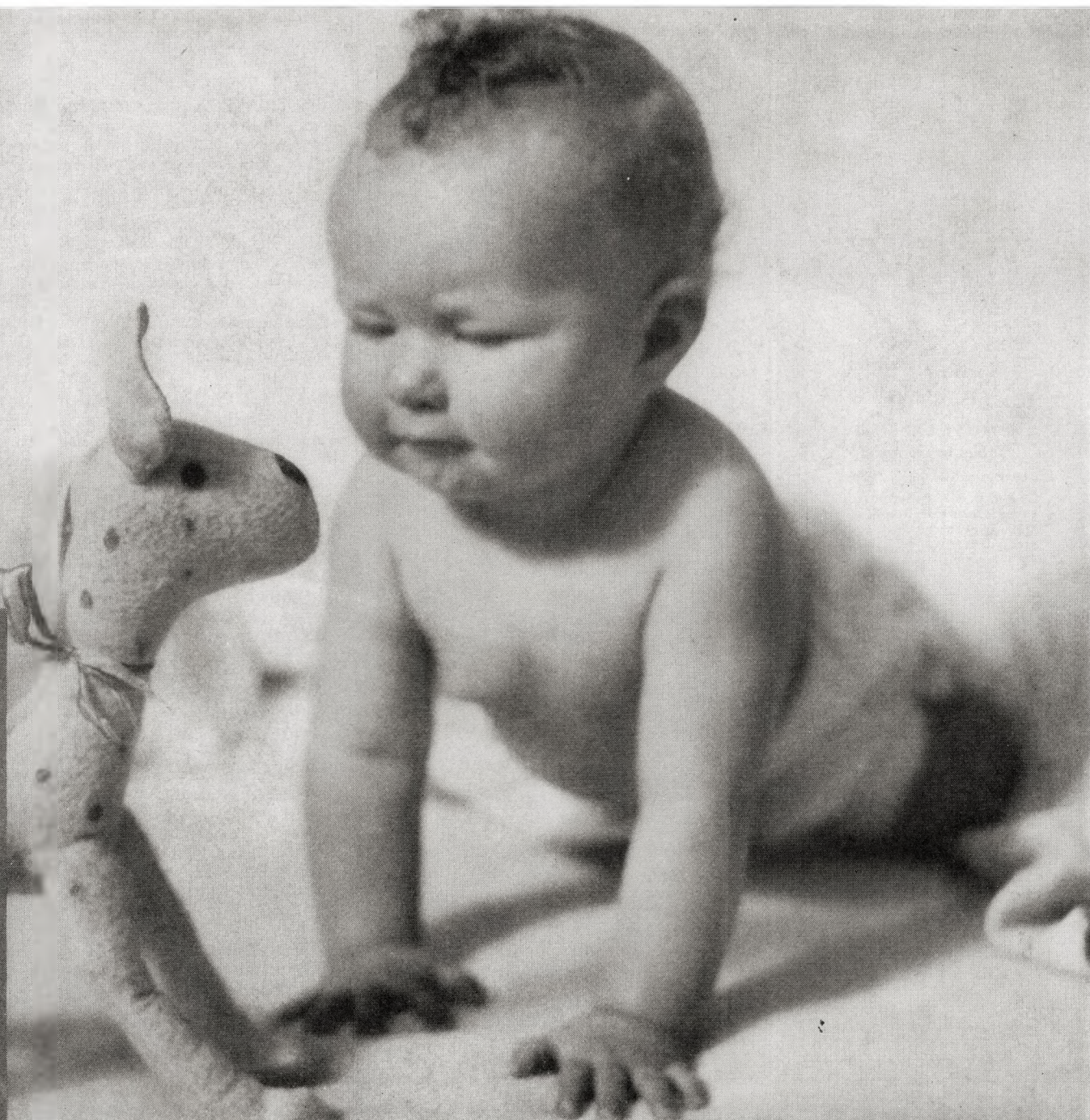
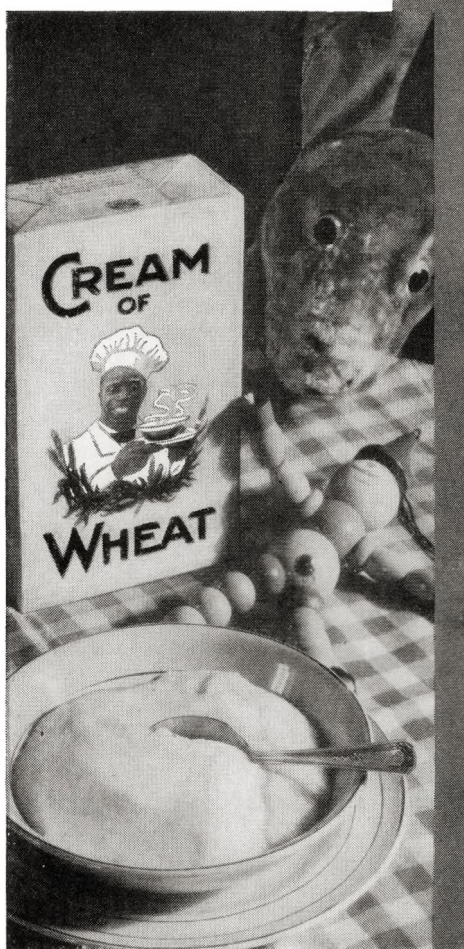
"And I'd like to see him, too," Jarvis replied, seating himself.

"I have asked Autumn down for the polo game next week-end," Florian

[Continued on page 44]



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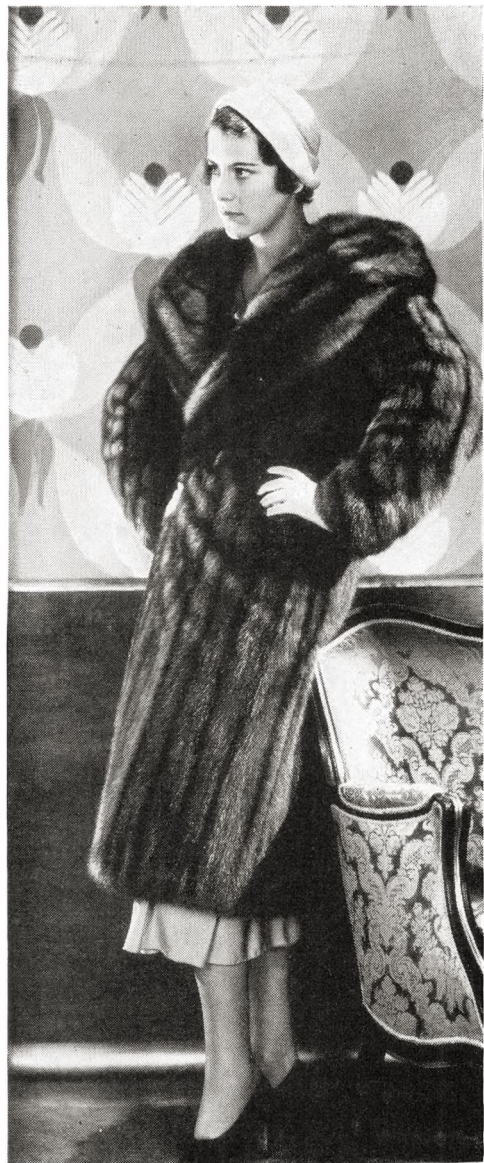
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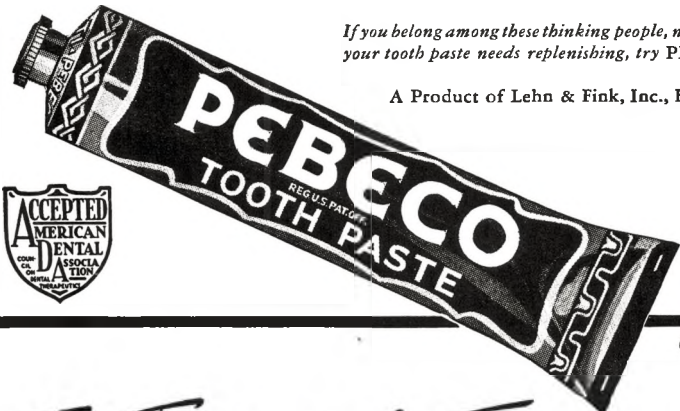
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Wherever people use a dentifrice for *the good it will do their teeth*—there you will find Pebeco.

If you belong among these thinking people, next time your tooth paste needs replenishing, try PEBECO

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The Toothpaste for Thinking People

PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 42]

went on. "Perhaps you could find the time, sir."

"Not yet, not yet," Jarvis replied. "It's a busy time of the year for me."

His big white head was thrust forward in its characteristic way, as though he were eager to show an interest in the plans and projects of these youngsters, while his mind and his obscure spirit remained withdrawn, remote. Autumn had seen the deaf and the blind make that same piteous effort at sociability. She was glad when old Hannah announced dinner.

JARVIS DEAN'S flocks were moving toward their summer ranges. An hour before sunset the sky had been overcast; the thrumming of insects and the humid smell of the air presaged rain. On a grassy hilltop, ten miles eastward from the Castle, Autumn dismounted and let her horse graze while she stood and looked into the valley below.

On the slopes that streamed into the valley, like smooth, reddish cascades, more than ten thousand sheep moved in bands, twelve hundred to a band. At dawn the herders had started them from home on the trek up into the mountains, to the very margins of the eternal snows, in the relentless, lonely quest for grass. As Autumn gazed down upon that gray-white, living tide, into her senses came a strange, nameless nostalgia, a yearning of racial memory, an inscrutable awareness of remote ages when primitive man had driven his flocks upward into sweet hills in this same inexorable quest. Her throat filled with an inarticulate emotion as her eyes were held fascinated by that slow drift of life—the gentle, indomitable surge of the herd in a dreamlike unity.

Now, from the hillside directly opposite her across the little valley, came the sweet note of a bell. It seemed to Autumn that the sound was almost visible, floating like some silver bubble within that rosy dome of silence, lingering and vanishing into the infinity whence it had come. It was the note of Hector Cardigan's Basque bell.

On a sudden impulse that morning, while watching her father's herders

preparing to depart, Autumn had gone back into the house and brought out the bell. She had entrusted it to the keeping of the young Irish herder, Clancy Shane, whom her father, out of the kindness of his heart, had employed as helper to old Absalom Peek. Young Shane—Jarvis had dubbed him "Moony"—had secured it to the wether of his flock, and now, from the farther hillside, came the pure sound of the bell. There was something in it that brought the lovely wraith of her mother out of the nebulous glamour of the past. This had been Millicent Odell's world, and now in turn it was hers. Suddenly she was glad, glad with all her heart, that she was back here where life had meaning, where life was a profound harmony.

All day this feeling had been with her. All day, too, within her consciousness of powerful and elemental things, had moved the awareness of Bruce Landor, or rather it was as though thought of him had lain, bright and constant, in the depths of her mind and was being revealed now in her own passionate response to the life forces about her. He was part of this life—as she was. Her heart felt suddenly heavy and sweet with its insupportable burden of knowledge, the knowledge of herself and Bruce. She knew no defense against it. The reticent tenderness of the evening—the small murmurings in the sage, the plaintive note of a whip-poor-will in a wooded ravine close by, the wild, faint bleat of a stray lamb hurrying back to the flock, the slow, idyllic beauty of that onward drifting herd in a deep symbol of man's struggle and hope, a symbol of life itself—all surged in upon her with destruction to her defenses.

SHE pulled a bit of bloom off a sage-bush and began to pick it to pieces. There had come upon her a revelation that dismayed, frightened, exalted her. She stood for a moment, looking down into the valley, where the shadows were beginning to deepen; then, impetuously flinging away the shrub she held, she mounted her horse again and rode westward, toward the Landor ranch.
[Continued in JANUARY McCALL'S]

MOTION PICTURES

[Continued from page 16]

somewhat because of an inability to adjust the timing of their performances to the varying whims of the remote audiences; but they also gain by the magnification of their facial expression which, in a theater, are not easily perceptible to those in the back rows.

Another conspicuous example of successful transplantation is George Arliss. When he first attempted the movies, years ago, he was hopelessly, fumblingly ill at ease. Behold him now since he has realized that there are no occult mysteries in the Hollywood branch of dramatic art; having played in a series of films which, in the hands of a lesser actor would have seemed feeble nonentities, this elderly gentleman has gained the devotion of millions of fans who are supposed to be attracted by nothing but the most violent sex appeal.

One can go through the line of Hollywood's immortals and discover that the overwhelming majority of them enjoyed training on the stage before they ever looked at a camera. Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, Marlene Dietrich, John Gilbert, Joan Crawford, Richard Dix, Ann Harding, William Powell, Ruth Chatterton, Ronald Colman—but

there's no need to mention all the names, especially John Barrymore's.

The list of those who have gone in the opposite direction—from screen to stage—is far smaller, for the adequate reason that once an actor has partaken of Hollywood's bounty he is not eager to return to the more frugal diet of Broadway.

Recently, however, Lillian Gish and Lois Moran, two of the cinema's fairest daughters, have been the recipients of cheers for their performances in plays in New York. Neither one had had any real stage experience before, but both have learned that the thousand eyes of the audience are no more to be feared than the single eye of the camera.

There may be technique in piano playing, or hurdle-racing, or ice cream soda mixing, but I think there's as little of it in acting as there is in the writing of poetry. All that anyone needs to be a fine actor is an abnormal amount of character. Granted that, and a reasonable degree of intelligence, the actor will be able to give a stirring performance even though he has no more of an audience than his own reflection in a shaving mirror.

THREE CHOCOLATE CHEERS FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

A famous fudge, a truly regal sauce.. and an artful frosting that you don't have to cook



ROYAL SAUCE

- 1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces
- 3 tablespoons water
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- Dash of salt
- 1½ tablespoons butter, melted
- Few drops vanilla

Combine chocolate, water, sugar, and salt in double boiler. Heat and blend. Add butter and vanilla. Beat well. Makes ¾ cup sauce.

All measurements are level



CHOCOLATE FUDGE — see recipe on page 52 of new Baker Cook-Book
(Illustrations reproduced from color photographs)



INTRODUCE these three members of the chocolate nobility to your family, just once — and every time they are announced thereafter loud rejoicing will greet them. Of course the cheers will really be for you, because a sure way to become a popular celebrity in your own home is to serve something made with *chocolate*... particularly if it is something as gorgeous as one of the three temptations shown on this page... for chocolate is America's favorite flavor.

The newest of the new is *Clever Judy Frosting*... so new it isn't even in the Baker's Chocolate cook-book published this year! And clever indeed... a chocolate cake-frosting that *doesn't have to be cooked!* You've never seen such a luxurious creamy-soft frosting so easily made as Clever Judy. Smooth it onto the cake with a lavish hand, as thick as you please. What a deep, velvety robe it makes for any good layer cake! If you haven't a favorite cake recipe of your own you will find a sumptuous one in the new Baker cook-book. You can use this frosting on cup cakes too. Another clever thing about Clever Judy... you can make up a batch and keep it in the refrigerator for several days, and it will be just as softly smooth as the day you made it! What a help—during the busy holiday season!

Next, there is good old *Chocolate Fudge!* A pastime for rainy afternoons and a happy home-made treat for the holidays! You don't have to experiment to get *this* recipe right... it will be butter-smooth first time!

Then as a crown for your ice creams, cakes or puddings, nothing could be so truly regal as this silky textured *Royal Sauce*.

Don't be afraid that you won't be able to live up to the reputation that these chocolate wonders will bring you... there are over 130 other marvels of chocolate cookery that you can perform in the new cook-book "Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes." Fill in the coupon and get your copy—it's *Free!*

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CLEVER JUDY FROSTING

[A good layer cake recipe is on page 16 of new Baker Cook-Book]

- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 egg or 2 egg yolks
- 2 to 4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
- 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar
- ¼ cup milk
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together well. Add egg, milk, vanilla, and chocolate. Place bowl in pan of cracked ice or ice water and beat with rotary egg beater until of right consistency to spread (about 3 minutes). Makes enough frosting to spread between and on top of two 8-inch layers. Double recipe to cover top and sides of three 8-inch layers. *All measurements are level.*

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ite with women who watch their household budgets closely. It saves eyes, prevents many "kitchen" headaches, and provides a light that uncovers dirt wherever it lurks. Buy a 100-watt inside-frosted G. E. MAZDA lamp today for use in each room in which hands as well as eyes must work. And to be sure of economy and lasting quality, look for the initials G. E. in a circle on the end of the lamp and on the familiar blue con-

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Are you following the THIRD ANNUAL LENZ BRIDGE CONTEST in JUDGE magazine, sponsored by General Electric MAZDA lamps?

ON THE STAGE

[Continued from page 17]

cataclysm to occur. But to my surprise the chairs, the carpet and the roof remained inanimately calm and stationary. Even the spectators remained to guffaw at the jokes, gasp at the nudity of alabaster bodies and marvel at the little gadget which permits you to read your program when the house is dark.

One number, however, seemed to me to justify somewhat the effort and expense connected with the building of the Carroll Theater. Ravel's "Bolero," if slightly less than perfect, was impressive and stirring. True, it tended slightly toward garishness and somewhere along the line the music failed. But the tom-tom rhythm, the vivid reds and golds, and the sensuous abandonment of the dancing had the effect of dulling reason and titillating the senses into joyous response. And that is the function of a musical revue.

Of course, I don't mean to advocate that every revue should be made up of music by no less a person than Ravel. I doubt very much if he had in mind Mr. Carroll's *Vanities* when he wrote that piece. It seems to me that Irving Berlin, George Gershwin and Michael Cleary write music which is more adaptable to that type of entertainment. In fact, for sheer melodiousness, "Have a Heart," as sung by Lillian Roth was for me the best thing in the show.

The notion that a revue must present a gaudy, glittering spectacle seems to have come down to us from the old circus days. We used to thrill in delighted yet fearful anticipation at the prospect of beautiful girls in tights cavorting on the backs of spirited horses or swinging high in the air from a trapeze. And now we thrill to the sight of female beauty draped in spotlights and doing nothing more exciting than being decorative in a gold, silver or (as in Mr. Carroll's theater) chromium background.

And so for many years producers of musical revues concentrated on lavishness. The cost of producing a *Follies* or a *Vanities* has steadily mounted until it has reached the half million mark or thereabouts. And most of the money expended goes into tinsel settings, wispy costumes and intricate mechanical devices.

MR. CARROLL has taken great pains to stress the fact that he has gathered together the most beautiful girls in the world. In fact, he has had special dressing rooms built with every sort of new device to aid them in preserving their beauty. Well, maybe he's right. The young ladies of his ensemble are not lacking in pulchritude. But I've seen girls just as pretty in Florenz Ziegfeld's *Follies*; *The Band Wagon*; yes, and in *Shoot the Works!*, too.

Apparently this impresario is under the impression that only blondes are beautiful. I don't remember ever having seen so many platinum heads at one time. In fact, when I did spy one or two brunettes in the line-up I experienced a distinct feeling of relief. It was like coming into a cool, dark glen after having been out too long in the glaring sun.

There is a distinct air of asceticism about Earl Carroll. Unlike his show

he is not gaudy. Standing on the stage after the first act finale, dressed in a smock, collar turned back, he looked for all the world like a Greenwich Village artist. Only the immaculateness of the smock and the precisely creased trousers belied that impression.

I am sure if he would concentrate less on trappings he could produce another *Band Wagon* or a first *Little Show*. Or, if he must go in for spectacles, he should at least inject humor which is less bawdy and more sophisticated. He owes it to his theater, his audience and himself.

THE only other show which seems likely to have any sort of a run is *Cloudy With Showers* at the Morosco Theater. It was written by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell and the producer is Patterson McNutt.

The story, briefly, concerns a college professor and his charges—more particularly, one of his charges—in an institute of higher learning for girls. The young professor is greatly perturbed by the fact that this obstreperous undergraduate has seen fit to express herself too freely in a thesis entitled "Sex Life of the Modern Woman." It is his contention that she doesn't know what she is talking about. And, furthermore, her subject is decidedly "bad taste."

But Miss Critchlow refuses to be intimidated. Her come-back is that her teacher knows less about such things than she does. She accuses him of being afraid of women and in order to prove her point nags him into inviting her out for an automobile ride. From then on the story becomes rather stereotyped.

They run into the usual storm, are detained for several hours in the bedroom of a roadhouse run by a very understanding—oh, much too understanding—Italian who loves wine, beautiful women and romantic situations. Draped in a bedspread, her wet clothes drying near the fire, Miss Critchlow succeeds in convincing her old-fashioned but attractive professor that it really is important for a man and woman to "really know each other" before venturing into matrimony.

The end of the second act finds them plighting their troth amidst pistol shots, a murder, two state troopers and an outraged Italian. It is these utterly extraneous situations which take *Cloudy With Showers* out of the realm of first-class farce, and make it just another rather mediocre comedy.

Thomas Mitchell, co-author and director, gives a superb performance as Professor Hammill. He is entirely convincing in his portrayal of the studious, harried and rather gauche young college professor. Unlike others who have attempted to write, direct and act all at the same time, Mr. Mitchell has done a swell job of acting and directing. I regret that I cannot say as much for him as an author.

Rachel Hartzell, as Miss Critchlow, also does nobly. She is a very attractive young woman and displays an admirable sense of restraint and finesse. Somehow she manages to keep alive the picture of a young, inexperienced college girl the while she exercises all her womanly wiles in getting her man.



wrong laxatives are worse than none at all!

MANY people make the mistake of using *violent* laxatives. So they purge themselves one day—only to find they are more constipated than ever the next!

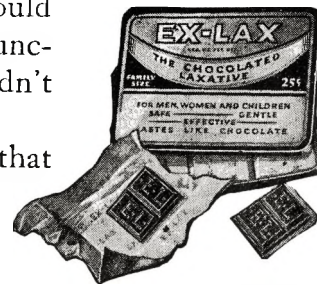
When trying to overcome the evils of constipation, it's wise to consider some of the things that your doctor would tell you about this important subject.

What doctors look for in a laxative

A laxative, says the doctor, should be *safe*, and should be *gentle* in its action. It shouldn't gripe. It shouldn't be absorbed by the system. It shouldn't disturb digestion.

A laxative should not overstimulate and irritate the intestines—which would weaken the natural functions. And it shouldn't *form a habit*.

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A BANQUET FOR EVERY PURSE

By Sarah Field Splint

Director, McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management

THE Spirit of Christmas asks for special attention this year. Old Man Gloom is trying hard to down him. How shall we rescue him for our own household—where, perhaps, there are real causes for worry?

Family life is always a reflection of the homemaker. Her state of mind makes home a happy or a dismal place. She cannot dodge the fact that keeping cheerful is as much a part of her job as cooking. Cheerfulness must be put on in the morning when she gets up, and kept on all day. It must last through hard times; it must be strong enough to put hope and courage into those she loves. Women who possess it have been known to make a lean Christmas look like a royal holiday.

Most trouble passes—if we give it time. And when it is over we often look back with regret because we behaved like frightened children, instead of like adults with common sense and the will to work things out. No matter what our anxieties are let's begin *now* to make plans for the merriest Christmas in the family's history.

Below are the menus for three feasts which our staff cooked and served in McCall's kitchen. The cost of each is given. All the materials were bought in the New York market—where prices are higher than in most places. Six persons were served generously, and the turkey dinner would have been enough for eight. Costs will be less, of course, if you live in the country and have your own chickens, vegetables, or canned goods.

We served both of the soups in cups, and used evaporated milk for cooking. Either canned or packaged mincemeat can be used for the pie. We bought a two-pound can of plum pudding: the portions seemed large enough considering the hearty dinner that had gone before.

For each of our three dinners we followed one of the table schemes on page 28. They were so lovely

that several of us intend to copy the ideas for our own family gatherings on the twenty-fifth.

The food looked fascinating when it came to the table. It was arranged on our prettiest dishes, accompanied with gala garnishings. The veal birds, for instance, were served on a round platter, with the sweet potatoes making a mound in the center. A small paper frill on a toothpick had been stuck in one end of each plump, brown "bird," giving it the aristocratic appearance of choice game.

A few extra touches, costing nothing in money and very little in time, will turn any plain meal into a banquet. Here are some devices we use:

FOR SOUP—Garnish with croutons; chopped parsley; paprika; Julienne vegetables; alphabet noodles; whipped cream; chopped hard-boiled egg; pop corn. Serve with saltines or cheese crackers, heated in oven; bread sticks; toast rings; Melba toast.

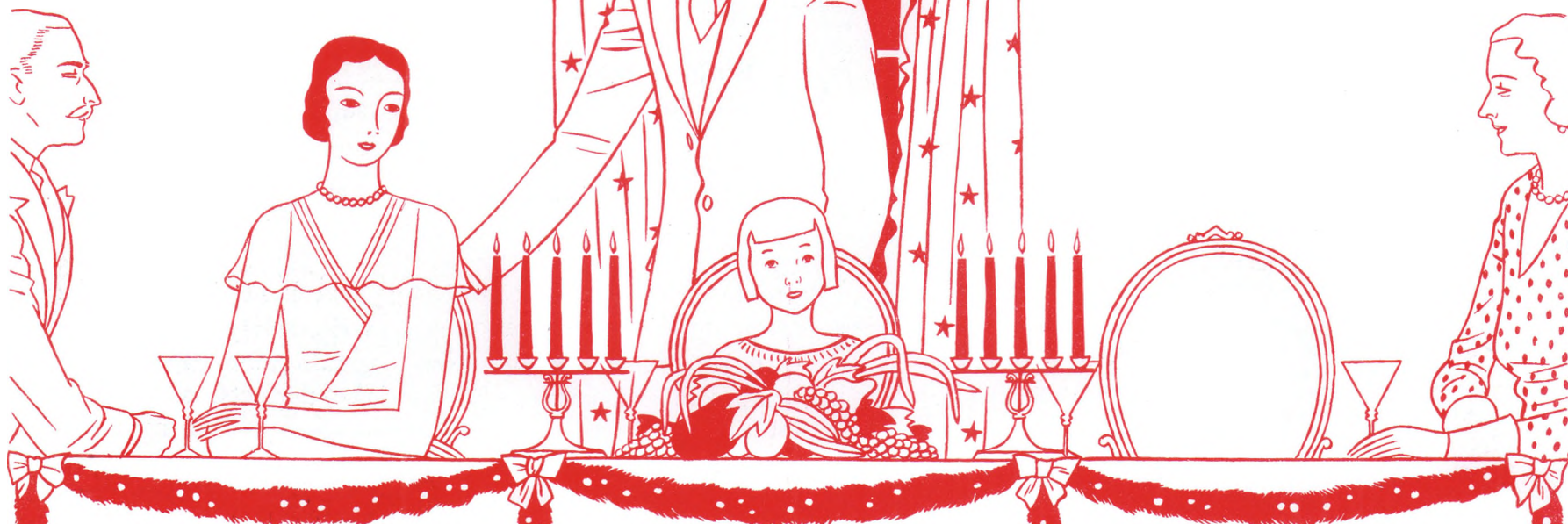
WITH MEAT—Serve cranberry sauce; currant jelly; glacé apples or apple rings; baked or fried bananas; baked pineapple slices; glacé oranges.

WITH SALAD—Paprika crackers; cheese crackers; cheese straws; tiny biscuits; Melba toast.

FOR DESSERT—Garnish with whipped cream; nuts; coconut; preserved cherries (red or green); raisins; candied orange or lemon peel; candied fruits; candy shot (in different colors); colored sugar; crystallized mint.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIMMINGS—Olives (green, ripe, or stuffed); celery (hearts, curls, or stuffed with Roquefort or other cheese); pickles (gherkins); small pickled onions; pickled walnuts; watermelon rind; pickled pears; spiced peaches.

If you would like to have the recipes for making the foods listed on the menus, write to me in care of McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York. I shall be glad to send them to you. . . . And now our whole staff of editors joins in wishing you a Merry Christmas with all your loved ones around you.



CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP CROUTONS
 VEAL BIRDS
 SWEET POTATOES SMALL BUTTERED ONIONS
 PICKLE RELISH CRANBERRY-APPLE SAUCE
 CELERY AND WALNUT SALAD
 MINCE PIE
 COFFEE

CONSOMMÉ JULIENNE
 TOASTED BREAD STICKS STUFFED OLIVES
 ROAST CHICKEN, CELERY STUFFING
 GIBLET GRAVY CURRANT JELLY
 HARLEQUIN POTATOES TURNIP CUPS
 PINEAPPLE AND CREAM CHEESE SALAD
 MOUSSE MARQUISE
 COFFEE

GRAPE AND ORANGE COCKTAIL
 STUFFED CELERY RIPE OLIVES
 ROAST TURKEY, OYSTER STUFFING
 CREAMY MASHED POTATOES STRING BEANS
 CAULIFLOWER, HOLLANDAISE
 CRANBERRY JELLY DINNER ROLLS
 AVOCADO SALAD, PIQUANTE DRESSING
 PLUM PUDDING, RUM SAUCE
 COFFEE

\$2.50

\$5.00

\$10.00

Dusting Powder. Particularly gifty is this metal box, with its gay plaid of blue and coral. Package contains lovely puff . . . \$1.
Sachet . . . in a charming jar, is a perfect selection for the "little gift," for which one wants something new and different . . . 75c.
Toilet Water is a gift every woman, young or old, appreciates—and how much more—when the scent is Seventeen! . . . \$1.25.
A Compact . . . so sophisticated . . . that will go straight to the heart of any girl! Thin and lovely, it gleams like onyx. Single, \$1. Double, \$2.
Seventeen Perfume comes in enchanting bottles in 5 sizes. This is the famous scent created to inspire the mood of Youth! Flacons at \$5, \$2 and \$1.

Toiletries enough to keep some girl happy for months! Seventeen Compact. Rouge, Lipstick (in matching black and silver cases). Seventeen Soap and Face Powder. Talcum in frosted glass jar. Toilet Water. Sachet. Brillantine. French-cut flacon of Seventeen Perfume. The stunning, modernistic box will prove most useful after contents are removed . . . \$10.



Bath Powder

Sachet

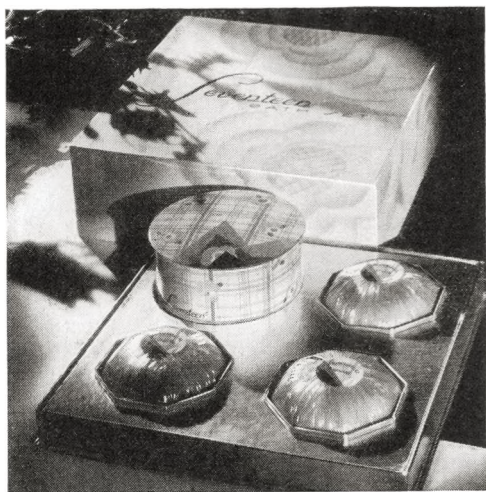
Compact

Perfume

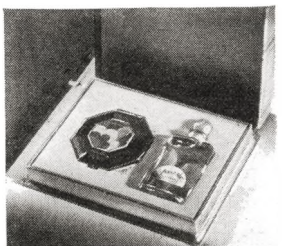
Toilet Water

Let's go Christmas shopping right here on this page . . .

Seventeen proves your Christmas giving may be superb . . . while costing very little



A Bath Set de luxe . . . three big, round cakes of Seventeen Soap, and gay, metal box of Dusting Powder. This luxurious soap is creamy, soft and gentle to the skin, the powder and soap both add to the delightful refreshment of the bath. . . . \$2.



Seventeen Perfume and the beautiful Seventeen Compact, that's slim and elegant as a costly watch. This package is particularly convenient for mailing, and is truly a lot of gift for just \$2.

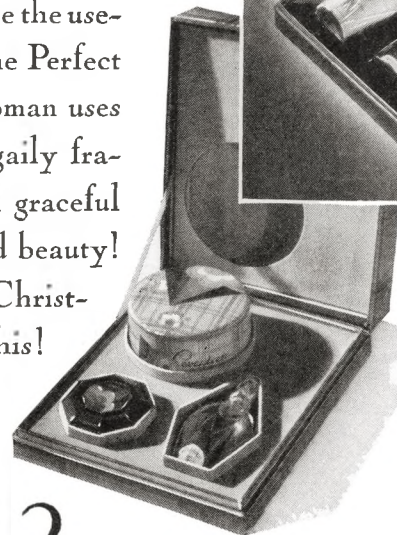
THIS page is printed in plenty of time to save you from almost *all* those haunting Christmas worries! Just look at these pictures. Read the descriptions, and note the modest prices. Why, you can check off practically 80% of your entire gift list, right here on this page!

For these Seventeen toiletries combine the usefulness and hint of luxury that define the Perfect Gift. Here are toiletries that every woman uses . . . but so smart and new . . . so gaily fragranced . . . so alluringly packaged, in graceful jars and bottles! A tribute to youth and beauty!

How absurd to fuss and worry over Christmas shopping, when it can be as easy as this!



Seventeen Face Powder, Toilet Water and Sachet are flatteringly framed in this stunning box with black and silver lining. The price is no indication of the impressiveness of this gift! \$3



Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a double Seventeen Compact—selling regularly for \$2—and a flacon of Seventeen Perfume. . . \$5.

Seventeen

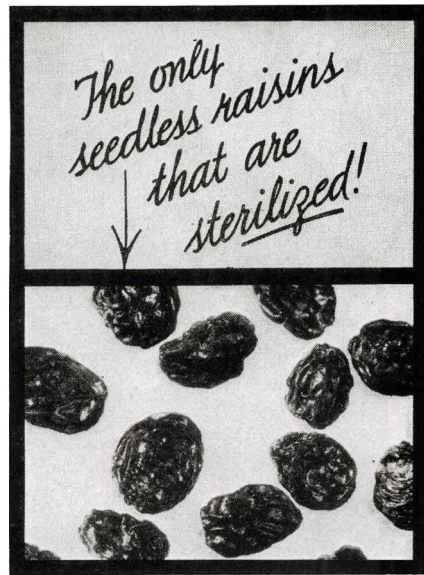
...NOTE THIS DIFFERENCE IN SUN-MAID SEEDED RAISINS

Compare the photos below. Note the great convenience of Sun-Maid Puffed. Ordinary seeded raisins come to you in a sticky mass to be painstakingly pulled apart one by one. Not so with Sun-Maid Puffed. They are ready for instant use. No fuss or muss. No washing. No wasted time.



SUN-MAID GIVES YOU FINER SEEDLESS RAISINS, TOO...

Sun-Maid Nectars (Seedless Raisins) are plump, uniformly large and cannot dry out. By a patented method all the rich flavor is scientifically preserved. You will quickly detect the delicate nectar fragrance and flavor. And they are the only seedless raisins that are sterilized.



Discover this difference as millions of others have!

...and you'll discover why Sun-Maid are the best raisins in the cleanest and most convenient form

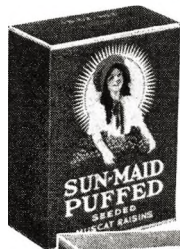
Using raisins has been reduced to a split second operation. No longer need you waste time pulling raisins apart, or even washing them.

For those occasions when cooking requires the sumptuous richness of seeded Muscats, you'll want SUN-MAID PUFFED (the blue box). These are the only seeded raisins ready for instant use. Plump, moist, they are free flowing from the carton. Just pour them into the mixing bowl! What a contrast to old-style sticky bricks!

Another surprise awaits you in the seedless variety—the kind for salads and baking into cup cakes, custards, cookies, etc. Here again our patented methods give added value in SUN-MAID NECTARS (the red box). Their flavorful freshness naturally improves the dishes you prepare. And they are scientifically sterilized—so you know they're clean.

... TRY THIS DELICIOUS RAISIN PUDDING TONIGHT!

FREE RECIPE BOOK MAIL THE COUPON



The recipe for this delicious Raisin Pudding is one of many in our new recipe book. Send for it today. It gives you scores of helpful cooking hints.



PATENTED SUN-MAID PROCESSES GIVE THESE EXCLUSIVE ADVANTAGES...

SEEDED RAISINS (SUN-MAID PUFFED)

1. Ready for instant use.
2. No washing; no pulling apart.
3. All the rich juice sealed in.
4. All seeds carefully removed.

SEEDLESS RAISINS (SUN-MAID NECTARS)

1. Scientifically sterilized.
2. Glossy, plump, uniformly large.
3. Always fresh—can't dry out.
4. Natural grape-like flavor.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Fresno, California, Dept. M-12.

Please send your new FREE Recipe Book.

Name _____ City _____

Address _____ State _____

CHRISTMAS

[Continued from page 25]

under their tired, cross, hot little heads and turn their flushed faces to the unsympathetic blankness of the dark walls beyond their cribs, they have a baffled, empty feeling that everything is over and that something frightfully important—the most important thing of all—is missing.

They are perfectly right: yet it was there all the time. They have missed magic, you see, and perhaps that is the most important thing in the world. This Christmas let us be sure that we make it our gift to them.

MAGIC doesn't cost much in money. It costs time and thought and imagination, but it seems to me that it is cheap at any price. Is ten dollars and a handful of busy hours too much to pay for a dower of enchanted memories that will last two small people through a whole long life? Well, for ten dollars you can buy magic.

You can buy quite a tall tree, green and comely—you can buy bubbles of ruby and emerald and chains of feathery silver to hang from its branches, and a star to shine tranquilly over all that shimmering mystery. You can buy a tiny tree, too, for the table; and ten cents' worth of pop corn and cranberries to string it with; and icicles to tremble on its green tips; and silver rain to sprinkle over it; and perfectly good glittering snow to heap about its base. It's very reassuring to know that you can buy snow and rain and icicles and stars over the counters of the five-and-ten cent stores—and a hundred other magic things, as well. You can buy shiny red cambric to make into two fat little stockings, with enough left over to fit one to the kitten or the favorite doll.

For two dollars more you can fill them from those same counters with dolls and crayons and trains and beads and puzzles, as well as with fine, useful, grown-up things like vases and necklaces and pens and fans and cuff links and purses. You can buy ten tall holly-red candles, and two or three dozen small ones with shiny silver holders for the Christmas tree. You can buy a gayly tinted copy of the *Night Before Christmas*, and deep blue paper to wrap your gifts in, and silver cord to tie them with, and silver stars to make them beautiful and strange. You can buy a canip mouse and a red ball for the kitten's stocking, or an entire new set of jewelry and a scarlet hair ribbon and a china baby for the doll's.

A little further down the street, at the market, you can buy a great armful of pine and laurel; and a fine holly wreath; and a pearly sprig of mistletoe; and a long garland of twisted green, jeweled with gay clusters of scarlet partridge berries and tiny brown pine cones. And don't forget a bit of suet that you can mix with bread crumbs in a gay little basket, so the birds will know it is Christmas too.

And even with all these treasures, if you have been thrifty, you will find you have enough left to stop on the way home and purchase a record of one of the great choirs of the world singing the old Christmas hymns and carols, with the chimes ringing out "peace on earth, good will to men," whenever the heavenly voices cease. . . .

And now, finally, you are home again and it is Christmas Eve—and every one of those knobby, strangely shaped packages that fill your arms holds just lots of magic. See that you use it well!

First you must hide the big Christmas tree. Children under fourteen should never lay eyes on their Christmas tree until Christmas day, when they should come upon it softly where it stands glittering and mysterious in the far corner of the dark, still room that smells of balsam and magic and hushed gayety. The little tree, on the other hand, belongs to the children themselves until noon on Christmas: it is theirs to trim and to experiment with, theirs to exhibit to the awestricken circle of dolls, after they have hung it with their gifts for the family, wrapped in gay tin foil; theirs to place proudly, with careful hands, in the exact center of the table, spread for the Christmas dinner. Right after supper on Christmas Eve is an excellent time for them to trim it, although the pop corn and cranberries and brightly colored paper ornaments should have been prepared on a rainy day some time before.

And while the children are busy making their own magic in the nursery upstairs, you—their lucky guardians—should be busy at the task of making more magic for them below. First you must strip your fireplace of every ornament that usually adorns it. And if you haven't a fireplace, you will have to invent one for this night at least. Nail up a narrow shelf on the wall space facing the sofa, and across it—hanging far down on either side—drape your green garland starred with red.

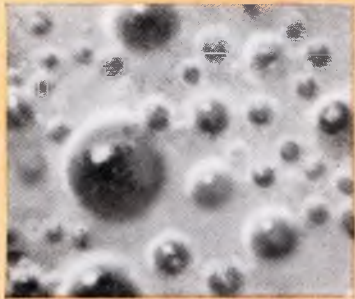
There should be nothing on your mantel but four of your tall red candles, and above them you should hang your Christmas picture—a picture that will remind every one that Christmas doesn't just mean turkey and red ribbon and striped candy canes, however delightful those things may be. Let your picture be of the Wise Men, following the Star through the blue desert night—or of the Baby lying warm in his cradle of straw with the gentle cattle pressing closer to see him—or of Mary smiling down at her little Son, safe in the circle of her arm. If you have not such a picture already, I am sure that you can find one reproduced as a cover or in one of the pages of the Christmas magazines. Cut it out and frame it in silver passe partout and hang it high above the candles until Twelfth Night reminds you that all the beauty that belongs to Christmas should be laid away for another year.

OVER the living room doorway hang the mistletoe's pearls, and outside the front door hang your holly wreath to say "Merry Christmas" to all who pass by. Fill some jars and bowls with your laurel and pine, place one of your tall candles in each of the living room windows—you will still have four left for the Christmas table. Scatter a circle of pillows about the fireplace and a handful of Fairy Fuel over the logs, put your record on the phonograph close at hand—and you are almost ready to begin. There remains nothing but to turn out the lights, to turn on the phonograph, to light the candles and the fire, and to call to the children upstairs to bring down the red stockings because Christmas has begun.

In the quiet room where nothing stirs but music, they will find magic waiting for them—magic to warm them through the years—the magic of firelight and candlelight and love and a spiced and scented peace—the magic of Christmas, shining and mysterious as a star.



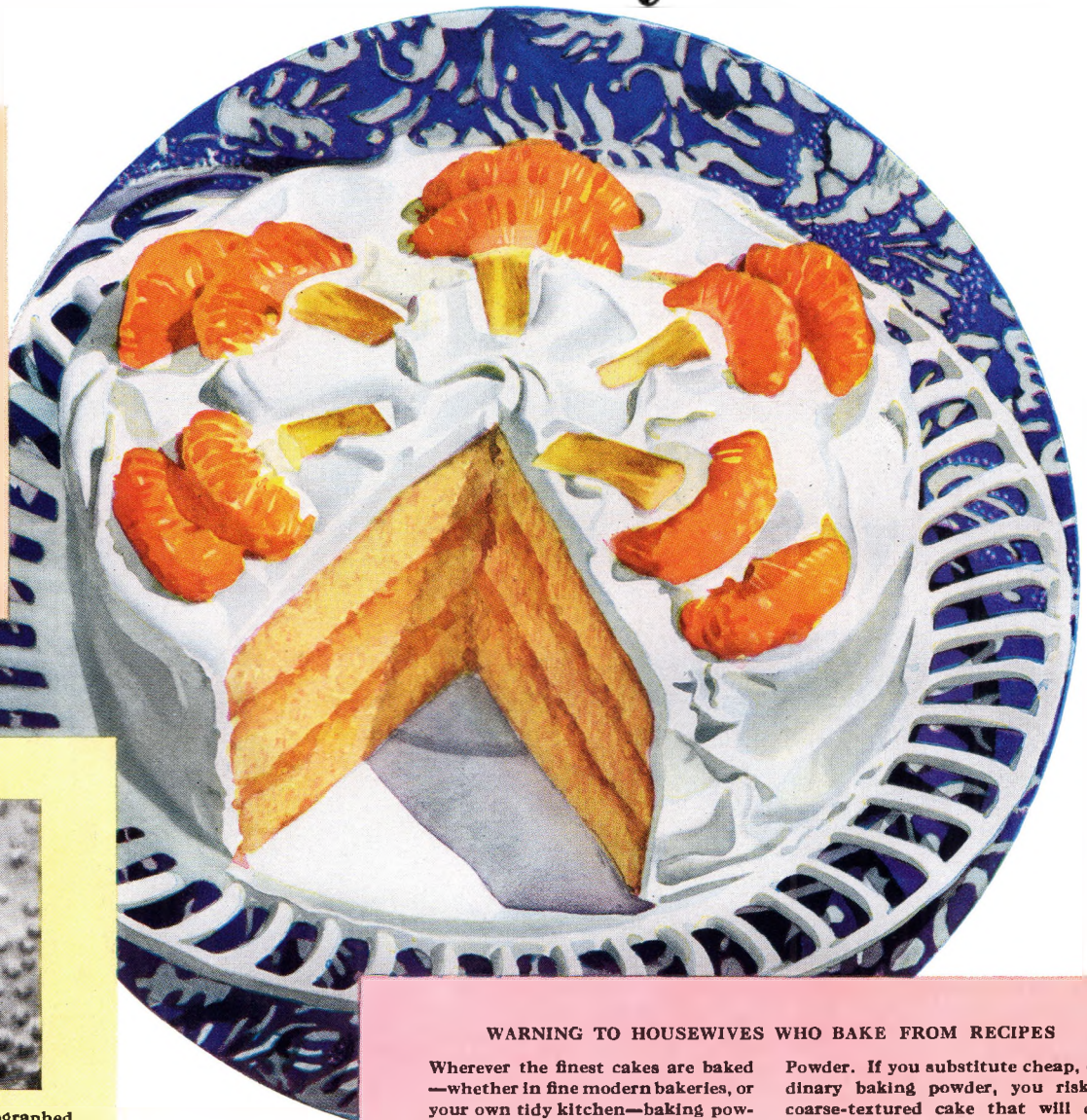
Big Bubbles in your batter cause "Air Holes" in your cake



Cake batter made with cheap, ordinary baking powder (photographed through microscope after 5 minutes in oven). See the large, irregular gas bubbles. These bubbles leave "air holes" that cause cake to dry out quickly.



Cake batter made with Royal (photographed through microscope after 5 minutes in oven). Note small, uniform bubbles, due to Cream of Tartar. These give you fine-grained cake that retains moisture and stays fresh for days.



WARNING TO HOUSEWIVES WHO BAKE FROM RECIPES

Wherever the finest cakes are baked—whether in fine modern bakeries, or your own tidy kitchen—baking powder is a most important ingredient.

That's why the baking recipes in practically all authoritative cook books are planned for Royal Baking

Powder. If you substitute cheap, ordinary baking powder, you risk a coarse-textured cake that will dry out quickly and lose its flavor.

Take no chances. Always use Royal, the choice of food experts and discriminating housewives for over 60 years.

Be sure to use Royal, experts advise; *it insures an even texture*

WHAT happens inside your cake . . . while it's baking in the oven? Would you like to peek right into it and see for yourself?

Then look at the pictures above . . . actual photographs—through a microscope—of two cakes baking in the oven. The most surprising thing about them is that both cakes were made by the same recipe. With the same ingredients—except the baking powder.

The top picture shows how your cake batter would look after *five* minutes in the oven—if you used cheap baking powder.

See the big puffy gas bubbles. Every one leaves a hole in your cake . . . a

hole as big around as a pencil. And what a disappointment when you taste the cake next day! It's dry and crumbly . . . lacking in flavor.

But the lower picture tells quite a different story. It shows how *Royal Baking Powder* acts in your cake batter. Note the tiny bubbles—all

about the same size. In the heat of the baking, these small bubbles build up a fine and even texture. And out of the oven comes a cake that meets your heart's desire. Fluffy . . . velvet-smooth . . . and delicately tender.

As for flavor—well, just taste that cake a few days later . . . if you're lucky enough to have any left over.

You'll find it hasn't lost one bit of its wonderful fresh-baked flavor.

And that isn't all. You can bank on Royal's dependability. Unfailingly good results—*every time*.

Why risk a failure . . . with wasted ingredients and loss of time . . . when less than 2 cents' worth of Royal will insure success?

FREE Cook Book
Mail the coupon for your free copy of the famous *Royal Cook Book*



ROYAL BAKING POWDER Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
Dept. 49, 691 Washington Street New York City, N. Y.
Please send my free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book

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Good for waffles, too!

YOU may *think* you are satisfied with the ordinary "good" pancake. But try Pillsbury's Pancake Flour just once, tomorrow morning. Find out what a really *modern* pancake can taste like—you'll never again be satisfied with the old-fashioned kind! Pillsbury's Pancake Flour makes the finest pancakes on the face of the earth, in the easiest possible way. No measuring, no fussing. Simply add milk or water, stir the batter, and bake your cakes!

L I S T E N
 to the music of the Pillsbury Pageant, each Friday night at 10:00 to 10:30, Eastern Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

READING AND WRITING

[Continued from page 17]

and fell upon him like a medieval calamity. Without noting the presence of a witness, and without waiting to hear a word from the accused, he knocked him to the floor and then, pouring forth a torrent of maledictions, kicked him and kicked him and kicked him until he was exhausted. When at long last, Papa had departed like an appeased typhoon, the little boy crawled to his feet, lit the gas again, wiped the tears from his eyes, and began rearranging the Halma men as if such interludes were commonplace in a kid's life. But I was too shaken to go on with the game, and in another moment was running home at full tilt, putting all the distance I could between me and that dreadful house, racing with pounding heart through the lamplit dusk as if my eyes had beheld something too ugly to be borne. Which, indeed, they had.

I THINK I must have brooded long over that intolerable memory, for to this day I find myself peculiarly exhilarated by any book or play in which a flagrantly tyrannical parent gets his richly deserved comeuppance. I know no more abhorrent creature in the human parade than the father who, in his relations with his children, proceeds on the assumption that his position as senior, bread-winner, and legal guardian entitles him to self-indulgence as a rancorous bully. If I here report myself as one with an old grievance on that score to be assuaged, it is only so that you may discount, if you like, my enthusiasm for the book called *Hatter's Castle*.

This is the new novel by A. J. Cronin, a young Scotch physician who, like Somerset Maugham before him, has put away his stethoscope and pills and gone in with a vengeance for beautiful letters. The setting of his first tale is a mean, sooty little town near Glasgow, sixty years ago. But in the telling of it he has gone about the business of doom and disaster with the young, uncomplicated gusto of a Greek tragedy. The central figure is a tin-pot megalomaniac, a two-by-four colossus, bestriding a terrified household and exercising his delusions of grandeur by a daily dozen of domestic brutalities. You watch the havoc his diseased vanity works, the pitiable degradation of his wife and mother, the forcing of his enfeebled son to tipsy violence, the kicking of one violated daughter into the storm and the driving of the other, a pathetic, scrawny little schoolgirl, into hanging herself in childish fear of him. But in the end you see him brought toppling down in ruins. The crash roars in your ears, and the sight is most satisfying to the soul.

IN THE PULPIT

[Continued from page 16]

hankerings after lower forms of life discarded long ago. Far from rendering the lives of men and women freer and happier, as fatuously assumed today, these looser ideas cheapen and embitter life, because they rob it of its dignity.

"When men have not the courage to blame themselves for their failings, they blame institutions. We are too busy money-grubbing to attend to the duties of citizenship, so we put the onus of political corruption upon our democratic institutions. We fail in our religious duties, and blame the church. Men and women lack the strength of character to welcome the restraints of pure family life—and the fault is not

I would not seem to suggest that my relish of such stern justice as *Hatter's Castle* metes out is unique or even abnormal. Indeed, I think the hunger for such fine old satisfactions is a widespread appetite. Witness the cleansing catharsis of the emotions (testified to in great, gusty sighs of contentment) when any audience watches the children of a tyrannical father avenged in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. That play, which has served our Katharine Cornell so well this season and last, was spun from the oft-sung romance of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. But the absorbing antagonism is the one involved in the frail Elizabeth's imprisonment in the absolute monarchy established by her jealous, possessive father. Some few onlookers may find a special piquancy in the phosphorescence of perverted desire which fills certain of the scenes with an unholy light. But if the strange play has held the great multitude breathless, it is rather because, in its nourishing essence, it is the tale of a bully humbled and defeated. Among the bird-brains who rule our theaters there used to be a dictum that what the public wanted was a happy ending. In the sense intended, that was always poppycock. You have only to recall the sweeping triumph of the desperate and unhappy play called *Rain* to realize that what the public craves is the satisfaction of its sense of justice. Those who have that craving strong within them will find, when they read *Hatter's Castle*, that their cup runneth over.

Dr. Cronin might complain that in sketching here the trajectory of his protagonists I have told just enough to take away the reader's appetite for his book. If that is his notion, I shudder at the animosity he must feel for his gabby American publishers who, on the jacket, have printed a synopsis of the plot so precise that it might fittingly wind up with the chilling admonition: "Now don't go on with the story." Certainly there is no excuse this time for the deplorable habit of looking ahead.

SO MUCH for *Hatter's Castle*, and please don't let my casual drum-beating in front of its prosperous booth mislead you into thinking that I regard it as the book of books. While I think of it, let me urge you, before the sands of 1931 run out, to put in your order for the nobly imagined novel called *The Good Earth*—it is, I suppose, the book of the year—and also for *The Martial Spirit*, the authentic, malicious, and wholesomely corrective account of America's felonious and adolescent behavior in that now half-forgotten war with Spain wherein we grabbed the Philippines as a reward from heaven.

with them, but with the institution of marriage.

"Religion has long known the traits and arts of human nature and it refuses to be impressed by the heathen ragings of our day. In a world of shifting moral standards, religion holds today, as of yore, its few simple, strong, unalterable convictions touching the basic sanctities of human life. Marriage, it maintains, is holy ground. The home is a spiritual entity, built out of the imponderable things of the spirit: loyalties, memories, sacrifices, laughter, tears. Faith, reverence, modesty, tact and delicacy sustain it. These religious ideals are exalted, but neither unreal nor impossible—they are inevitable."



FREE—the recipe SHE USED!—
together with over 90 other Brer Rabbit recipes.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. MC-12, New Orleans, La.
Please send me my free copy of "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies."

Name _____

Address _____

Gingerbread

wins over Mother-in-law



Southern Spicy Gingerbread

2 eggs • $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar • $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses • $\frac{3}{4}$ cup melted shortening • 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour • 2 tsps. soda • 2 tsps. ginger • 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsps. cinnamon • $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cloves • $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. nutmeg • $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder • 1 cup boiling water.

• Add beaten eggs to the sugar, molasses and melted shortening, then add the dry ingredients which have been mixed and sifted, and lastly the hot water. Bake in small individual pans or in a shallow pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 40 minutes.

BOB and I'd been married six months and this was the first holiday we were home together... We had a solemn oath from the city editor not to disturb us for just one day. (Bob does sports and I do fashions for the *Record*.)

Our quiet was short-lived. The telephone rang almost immediately... It was Bob's mother... She'd come all the way from Oregon to "surprise" us...

Now, I'd never seen Bob's mother. I knew only two things about her: She adored her only son, and she considered a girl with a "career" a little unnatural.

I had to make a good impression!—And nothing in the house for lunch! I dispatched Bob to the store; I mixed up some tangy Brer Rabbit gingerbread. I thought the gingerbread would impress my mother-in-law.

Later Bob's mother confided to me that she had had her doubts about her only son marrying a girl with a career. "But, if Robert had only told me you could make gingerbread like this, I should have felt a lot easier."

GOOD old-fashioned gingerbread, made with Brer Rabbit Molasses, always makes a fine impression. Failing

appetites are revived by its savory goodness, its mellow richness.

The flavor of Brer Rabbit gingerbread is distinctive. For Brer Rabbit is real old New Orleans molasses, made from the very cream of fresh-crushed sugar cane juice... Rich in iron and lime.

THERE ARE TWO GRADES—*Gold Label*—the highest quality light molasses for fancy cookery, delicious on pancakes; *Green Label*—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses. It's a matter of individual taste, which you prefer.

BRER RABBIT
Molasses
IN TWO GRADES

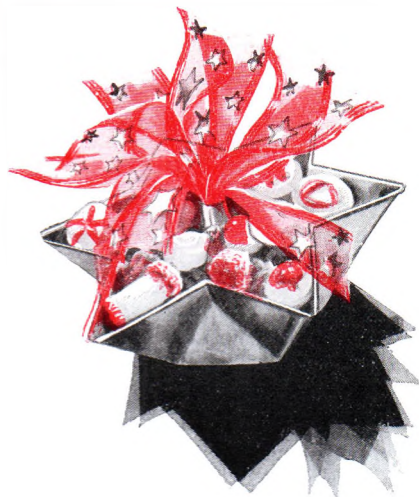
Fill a need... and
save \$10⁵⁰ to add to
Christmas funds!

PREMIER DUPLEX . . . with motor-driven brush . . . 50% stronger suction . . . new non-kinking rubber cord . . . ball-bearing motor that needs no oiling . . . easily convertible to electric floor polisher for \$6.50 extra . . . now only \$49.50. For those who live in smaller homes the powerful medium-sized PREMIER JUNIOR, at \$37.50.



PREMIER SPIC-SPAN does away with old-fashioned attachments. Cleans hard-to-get-at places . . . Comes with blower and deodorizer to attack moths and expel odors. Weighs only four pounds . . . \$15.50 complete.

NEW CANDIES



Mix thoroughly. Pour into a greased pan. Cut when cold: it is better if allowed to stand overnight.

Raisin Chocolate Squares

1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 1/2 tablespoons butter	1/2 cup fondant
1/2 cup milk	1/2 cup marshmallow crème
1 square chocolate	1 1/2 cups seedless raisins
1/4 teaspoon salt	1 1/2 tablespoons white corn syrup

Combine sugar, corn syrup, butter, and 1/4 cup milk and bring to a boil, then add remaining milk gradually so as not to stop candy from boiling. Cook to 238° F., or until a spoonful dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Then add chocolate and cook to a hard ball (245° F.). Remove from fire, add salt, vanilla, fondant, and marshmallow crème. Beat fast and thoroughly.

When well mixed, add raisins and pour into a greased pan. This may be cut when cold, but is better if allowed to set overnight.

Fondant

2 cups sugar	2 tablespoons white
1 1/2 cups water	corn syrup
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook sugar, water, and syrup together stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Cook to 238° F. (soft ball stage). Remove the crystals on the side of the pan with a fork covered with a clean cloth dipped in cold water. (This helps to prevent a grainy texture.) Pour syrup on a cold, wet platter and cool to 110° F. Beat with a spatula until white and creamy. Add vanilla and knead until the mass is smooth and free from lumps. Put away in a glass jar to ripen for 2 or 3 days. The fondant may be colored by adding a few drops of pink, red, or green vegetable coloring, and may be softened, when desired, by heating over hot water.

LAST Christmas a friend sent us a huge box of candy. When we opened it, what a revelation it was! Dried fruits had been transformed into a new candy that looked and tasted like a professional's dream. Needless to say, we begged for her recipes and now we pass them on—our Christmas gift to you.

To the borrowed recipes we added our own ideas in containers. Practical ones that cost only ten cents! The star mold; the green glass jar with its "rain" tassel; Fido, the plant-holder; and the coy camelopard, with his Cellophane packs, will all serve a purpose after the last crumb of candy is gone. —McCall's Food Staff.

Apricot Jelly Squares

These are especially fine for quick consumption, but are too delicate to pack in gift packages.

1 1/2 cups dried apricots	2 cups sugar
1/4 cup gelatine	3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup cold water	1/2 teaspoon rind

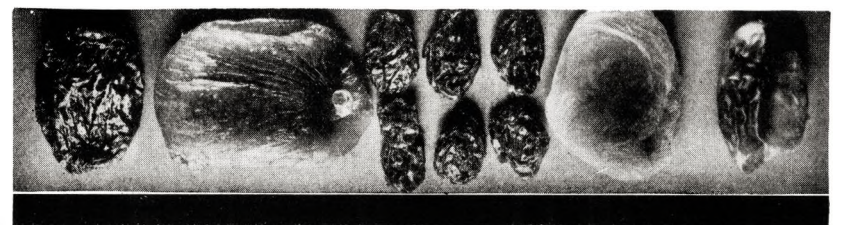
Cook apricots 40 minutes and mash them through a sieve. Soak gelatine in cold water a few minutes to soften, then add sugar, lemon juice and rind, and boil gently 20 minutes. Remove from fire, add apricots, mix thoroughly, and cool. Pour into a shallow pan lined with wax paper and allow to set overnight. Remove from pan, peel off paper, and cut into squares. Roll in powdered sugar. This candy must be kept in a cool place.

Raisin Coconut Candy

This is similar in texture to nougat.

1 cup sugar	1/2 cup marshmallow crème
2/3 cup white corn syrup	2 1/2 cups seedless raisins
1/2 cup water	2 3/4 cups shredded coconut
1 tablespoon butter	1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar, corn syrup, and water and boil to 236° F., or until it will form a soft ball when tested in cold water. Stir constantly. Remove from fire and add butter, salt, marshmallow crème, vanilla, raisins, and coconut.



Now . . . regular \$60 model
**Premier Duplex
Electric Cleaner**
... only \$49⁵⁰

THIS Christmas fill a real household need—"Give the home a gift"—and have \$10.50 more for Christmas buying!

Millions of women have found the Premier Duplex a remarkable value at its usual price of \$60. The standard, really, of electric cleaners.

But we have found several new ways to cut production costs. One, for instance, saves six expensive hand operations. So *without lessening quality*, we have reduced the price \$10.50. *Until further notice* the regular \$60 Premier Duplex Electric Cleaner costs you only \$49.50.

Only \$49.50—with the same 50% more powerful suction, the same ball-bearing motor that requires no oiling, the same light but sturdy construction! Only \$49.50—with the same large capacity dust-bag, easy-handling balance, non-kinking rubber cord.

So we urge you to act now! See the Premier Duplex at any store where they are advertised! Welcome any salesman who calls on you to demonstrate a Premier Duplex.

Buy this \$60 cleaner now at \$49.50—and have \$10.50 more for other Christmas presents! Mail the coupon now and we'll send you, at once, a handsome booklet that tells you all about the Premier Duplex.

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada.

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER CO.
DEPT. 1712, CLEVELAND, OHIO

I want those helpful hints on Cleaning . . . and the real facts about vacuum cleaner values.

Name

Street Address

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY

(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.) Dept. 1712, Cleveland, Ohio

Branches in all leading cities. Made and sold in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., Toronto
Foreign distributors: International General Electric Company, Inc.

FROM FRUIT

By Marjorie Black

Decorated fondant, in a variety of shapes and sizes, adds a gay note to the Christmas package. Use candied fruits, nut halves, cinnamon drops, angelica, bitter chocolate, or red and green shot.

Sun Drops

Sun Drops look like little brown burrs. The tiny prune center, dipped in hot caramel and rolled in nuts, becomes the size of a walnut. They keep well.

CENTERS

2 cups uncooked prunes $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnut meats
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fondant

Remove pits from prunes, then put prunes and nuts through a food chopper, using a medium cutter. Mix with fondant and shape into tiny balls, using about $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful for each. This center may be divided and flavored with different materials, such as brandy extract or grated orange peel.

CARAMEL

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons hard
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white corn coconut butter or
syrup nut margarine
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups thin cream $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
or evaporated milk $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

COATING

1 pound chopped walnut meats, not too fine

To make caramel, cook sugar, corn syrup, and half the cream to a boil, then add remaining cream and coconut butter gradually so that the candy does not stop boiling. Stir constantly to prevent burning, and cook to 240° F. (medium hard stage). Remove from fire, add salt and vanilla.

Dip the previously prepared centers into the hot caramel one at a time, balancing them on a fork, lifting each out, and putting it into a pan containing the chopped nuts. With the fingers help each to collect nuts, then place on wax paper to harden. As the pan of



caramel cools, set it in a pan of boiling water. If it gets too hard, add a little more cream and allow to come to a good boil again. *Note*—Coconut butter can be bought at the confectioner's.

Raisin Rice Brittle

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups puffed cereal $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white corn
syrup
3 cups seedless raisins 1 tablespoon molasses
1 cup sugar 2 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda

Put cereal in oven, and dry until a kernel will crush to a powder between the fingers. Mix raisins and dry kernels together and keep warm in a big bowl or pan. Have a greased pan warm, too. Combine sugar, corn syrup, and water and cook until the grain of the sugar is dissolved. Remove the crystals on the sides of the pan with a fork covered with a clean cloth dipped in cold water. Continue to boil to 290° F. (or until it snaps in cold water).

Turn fire low, add molasses, butter, and salt. Let come to a boil. Remove from fire, add soda, and stir fast. Pour it on the cereal and raisins, mix well, and pour mixture into the warm pan. Smooth top of candy to make it flat. Mark in squares. When cold remove from pan and break into pieces.

Peach Strips

These Peach Strips are particularly nice to serve with afternoon tea.

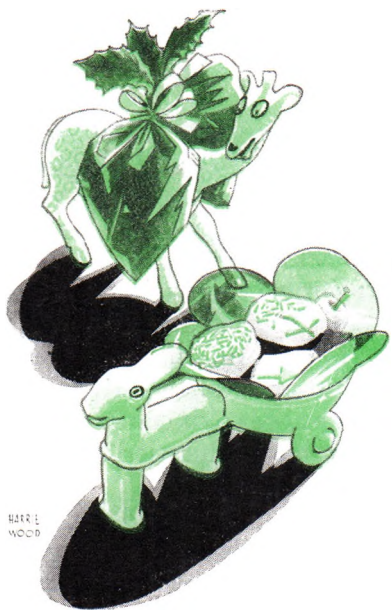
1 cup dried peaches Granulated sugar

Wash peaches, steam five minutes, and remove skin. Flatten halves as much as possible, then cut in very thin strips. Roll in sugar.

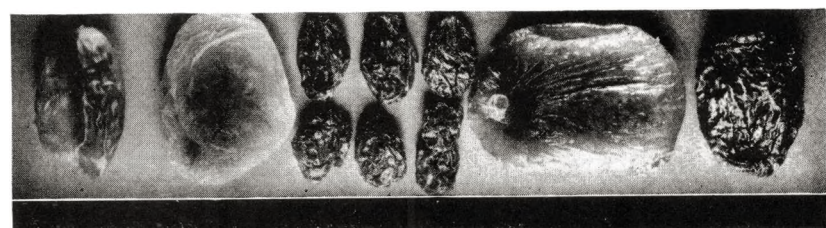
Fig Ginger Candy

1 cup dried figs 1 cup granulated
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup candied ginger sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup thin cream or
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar evaporated milk
1 tablespoon butter 1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup seedless raisins

Boil figs 5 minutes, drain, and cut or chop. Wash off sugar from candied ginger and cut into very small pieces. Combine the sugars with the cream and figs; cook to 234° F. (soft ball stage). Remove from fire, add butter and vanilla, cool slightly, then beat until creamy. Add raisins and ginger. Knead and shape into a loaf. Slice as needed.



MARIE
WOOD



TO KEEP
Young

Always have a package of **DOUBLE MINT** on your dressing table. Enjoy chewing ten minutes Twice Daily. It relaxes tense lines around the mouth and keeps lips and chin lines charmingly young.



5¢

*Inexpensive
Satisfying*



L-213

WRIGLEY'S

IN DOUBLE MINT YOU GET THAT DELICIOUS FLAVOR ONLY OBTAINABLE IN DOUBLE DISTILLED PEPPERMINT



For colds
and irritated
throats

More than 29 DISEASES may enter the body through the MOUTH, nose, and throat

These figures are impressive. So too is the statement of one of the world's most distinguished physicians "that if mouth infection could be excluded, the other channels by which disease gains entrance into the body might almost be ignored." Both clearly indicate the importance of keeping the mouth clean at all times, and of immediately consulting your physician in case of illness.

**Keep Your Mouth Clean
Consult Your Doctor**

Gargle with the *SAFE* antiseptic

Make sure that the mouth wash you use kills germs. But make doubly sure that it does not irritate tender tissues with which it comes in contact. Mouth washes so harsh as to require dilution may irritate tissue and thereby make it easier for germs to gain entrance to the body. Such irritation also slows up nature's processes of recovery.

Safety wins acclaim

There can be no question of Listerine's safety and its germicidal power. Both have won the commendation of the medical profession. Its entire reputation as an aid in preventing and remedying colds and associated sore throats is based upon these two properties.

TASTES
PLEASANT



If you compare the product itself and its results with ordinary mouth washes and their results, its superiority is at once apparent.

Aid in preventing colds

To keep the mouth healthy, gargle with Listerine twice a day at least. Used thus it is a precaution against colds, other mouth infections, and bad breath. When you feel a cold coming on increase the frequency of the gargle to from three to five times a day. That often nips the cold at the outset or checks its severity. Millions realize this.

Half as many colds for garglers

Controlled laboratory tests contribute further proof of Listerine's ability to prevent infection.

Of 102 persons under medical supervision for a period of sixty days, one-third, called

"controls" did not gargle Listerine; one-third gargled twice a day; one-third gargled five times a day. Note these amazing results:

Colds less severe

The group that gargled twice a day contracted only half as many colds as those who did not gargle at all. The group that gargled five times a day contracted one-third as many. And in both groups the colds contracted were less severe and of shorter duration than in the group that did not gargle.

These scientifically controlled tests, performed on average people under average conditions, definitely indicate the high value of Listerine in arresting infection.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Gargle with it twice a day at least. It keeps not only your mouth but your breath clean. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

.. *Reduces*

Risk of Colds 50%, Tests Show

JUST BACK FROM PARIS

There's a lot of gossip going round. But don't believe it. We shall not have to wrestle with hoops when we stand or with bustles when we sit or with any gadgets that a ladylike era invented for want of something better to do.

Fashions promise to be safe and sane though the past has been raided. But styles salvaged from the days of the vapors would never be accepted as gospel by women who take their sports like men, which you can see by running over this portfolio of French models.

Bustles? If you want to call these pancake details that. Paray edits those Victorian notes by running a double pepulum across the back or by swinging a trio of tabs from the waistline.

Maggy Rouff de-bones the basque and gains an illusion of its past paper-on-the-wall fit through shirring. And that fulness-drawn-to-the-back effect is figuratively rather than literally translated—as you can see in the gown on this page with its triplicate ruffle.

However, don't be misled into thinking that every costume must show some kinship with the natty fashion of the past to be the smart fashion of today. The tailored style is as spick and span as ever—with new points, of course. But no flying ends! No excess baggage!

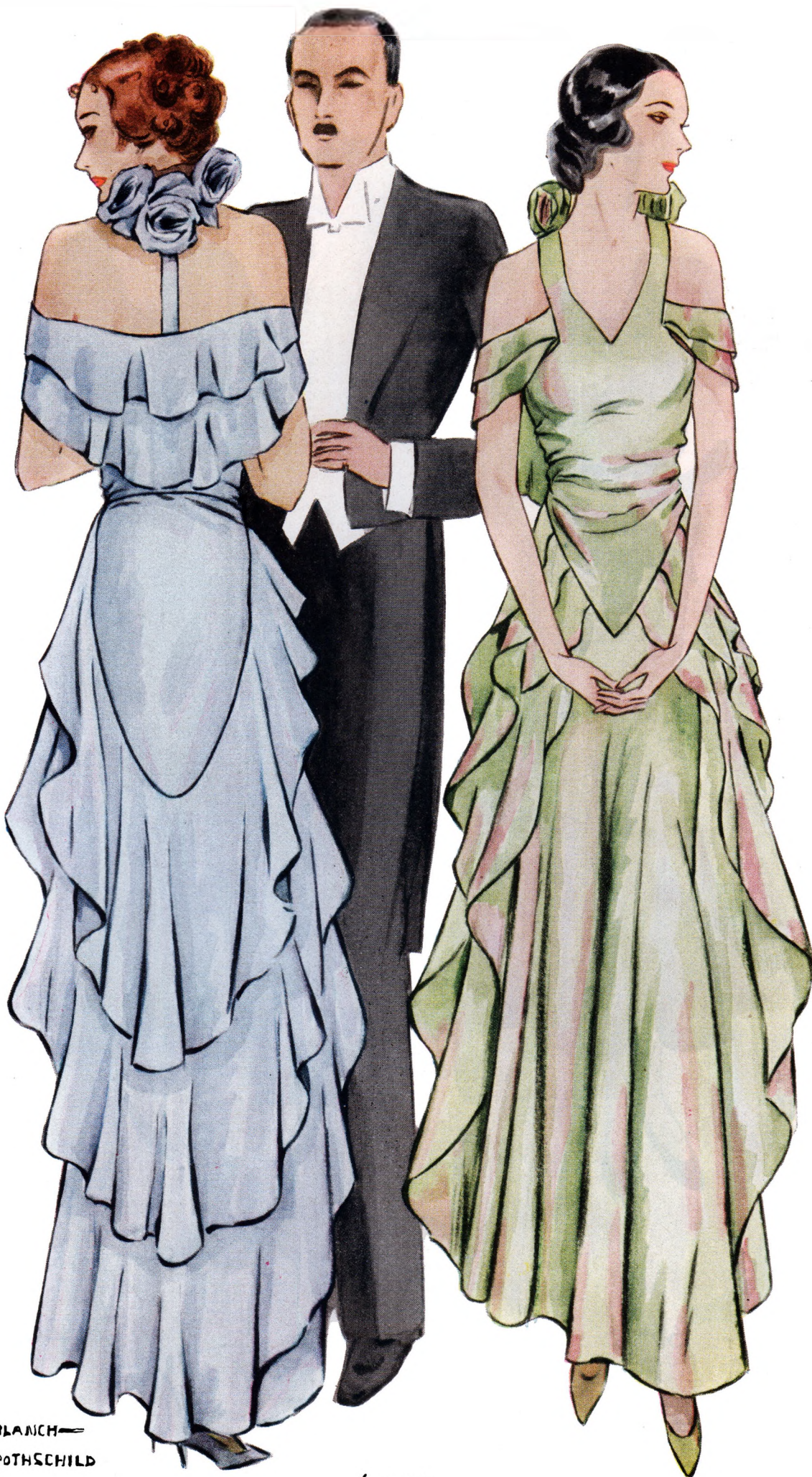
Pages 60 and 61 bear chic testimony to this. Goupy tops a clean-cut woolen frock with sleeves and yoke of velvet—plus a dash of lace. Clair Soeurs cut down an Eton to a mere wisp and poise it over a school-girl-simple frock.

Period or no, all styles are sleeve-conscious. Lanvin places cart-wheel sleeves in the world's largest armhole. Maggy Rouff is all for poufs. Paray slithers shirring down the arm. And so on!

In a nutshell—go as far as you like with sleeves . . . be strict to the point of austerity with your tailored things . . . indulge in period whims and longer skirts for afternoon . . . dip into other days and other ways after sundown or stay in the present if you wish.

But whatever you do, stick to the slim, sleek, simple. Avoid like poison that overstuffed look of eras from which certain features have been foraged.

by
May Piper Spear



BLANCH
ROTHSCHILD

6753

For yardage see page 102.

No. 6753. When 1931 borrows from 1880, the result is sophisticated without question. Dropped shoulder lines, a basque effect, fulness drawn to the back—all give new interest with none of the elaboration of the time of Queen Victoria.



6755

6749

6741

A 1931 Viewpoint

For back views and yardage see page 102.

No. 6755. Both the cowl neckline and peplum show a nice sense of restraint, demonstrating that simplicity is still prized above all other qualities in the smart fashion.

No. 6749. Drapery, but mind you, very flat drapery in a brand new kind of hip-defining sash and scarf collar . . . and flat bands to give character to sleeve and skirt.

No. 6741. If you want to appear feminine without cuteness or coyness, try a frock that scorns trimming only to fashion its own fabric into unexpected details as you see here.



6756

6751

Of 1880 Details

For back views and yardage see page 102.

No. 6756. As a chic vagary, the French designer of this frock, turns the hip frill up instead of down. Narrow twin peplums cross the back and are joined with a bow tie.

No. 6751. The suit is as simple as ABC—just a bell-hop jacket and gored skirt. But the blouse is another story. Full sleeves and scant peplum are displayed dramatically.



6739

No. 6739. The new double sleeve caps the climax with its chic. Breadth is given to the shoulders and that extra fillip, so essential to the smart frock, is added. A circular collar ties with vast charm and the skirt is interestingly seamed.

No. 6754. Can it be lace, woolen and velvet in the same frock? Yes, and the combination is stunning. Stunning too, is the way in which the velvet sleeves and yoke join the bodice in a stair-step design that is pleasantly echoed in the slim skirt.

No. 6742. The Eton continues to uphold the jacket tradition and although this one is but a mere wisp of fabric, its chic is tremendous. The contrasting bodice and two-material sleeves are details well worth noting here and other places.

6754

6742

SLEEVES VOICE THEIR DIFFERENCES STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

For back views and yardage see page 102.



6748

**MANY A FROCK SCORNS TRIMMING
SAVE ITS OWN INTERESTING FABRIC**

For back view and yardage see page 102.

6743

No. 6748. The skirt may depend on a complex-looking—but really simple—cut for interest . . . or it may add a flounce to give that smart illusion of fulness drawn to the back. Either way, it says Paris, when allied with the slim, trim bodice.

No. 6743. No matter how old-fashioned the velvet plus wool combination may sound to you, it is sure to look new-fashioned when you see it. It is an especially happy combination in this frock since the velvet is made to appear as an Eton.



6741

6750

For back view and yardage see page 102.

No. 6741. Another basque effect, another fitted bodice—another puff sleeve—prove the importance of these details. In case you are interested in skirt lengths, this ankle hem is one that is good for afternoon.

No. 6750. This design never fails to draw compliments and deservedly, too. Although there are numerous other-day points about it, these are brought smartly up-to-date. Front view in the original French fabric.

PULL IN YOUR WAISTLINE



6752

6757

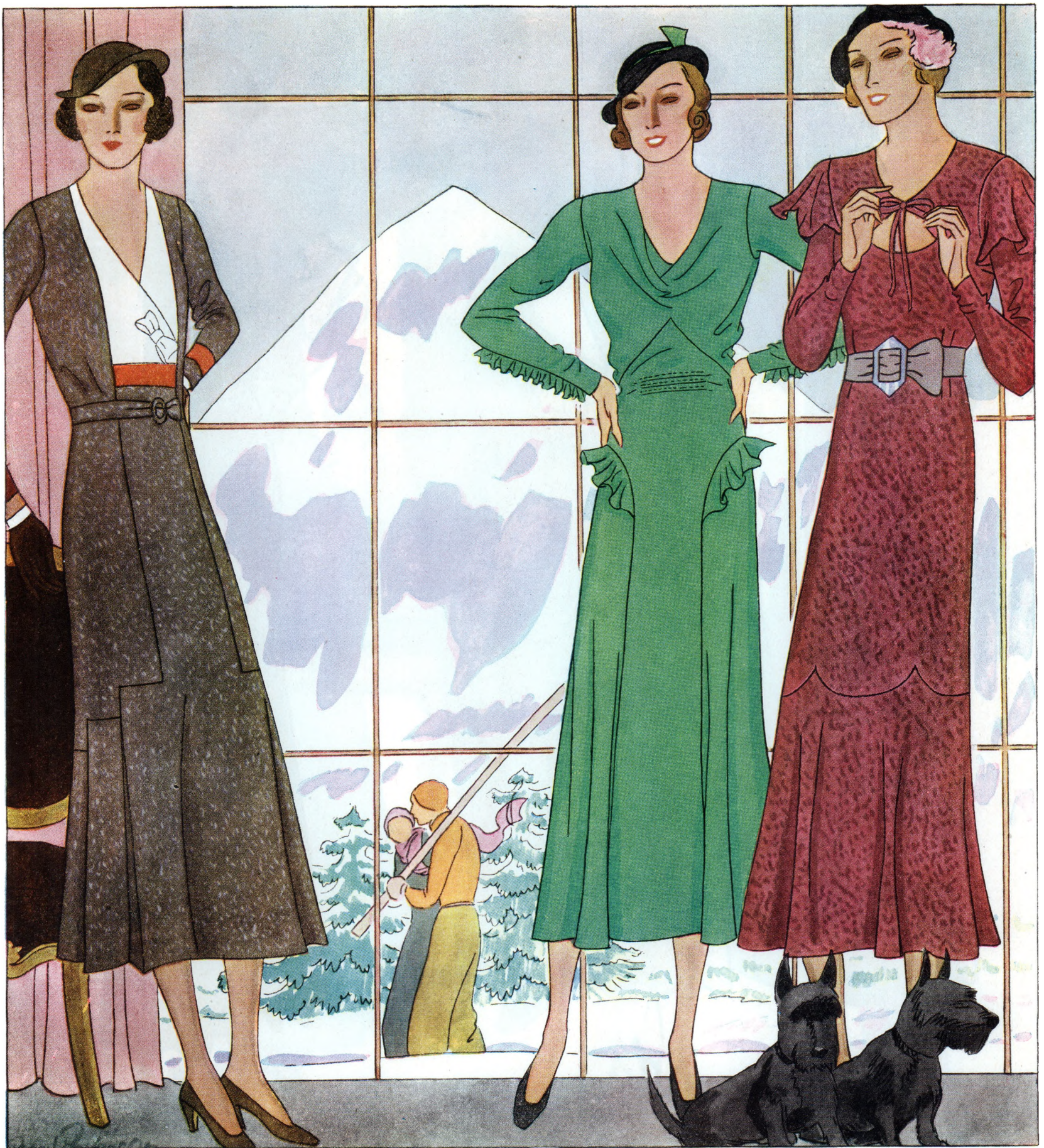
BLANCH
ROTHSCHILD

PUFF OUT YOUR SLEEVES

For back view and yardage see page 102.

No. 6752. Mold the bodice in front with shirring, suggest a bustle with a flat double peplum—punctuate the sleeve with a puff—and you will have a frock whose Victorian details brand you as an ultra-modern.

No. 6757. The French designer of this gown has a way with sleeves that has made her famous. In this case, the thought seems to have been "The bigger, the better," and the result justifies that motto.



6744

6745

6746

No. 6744. Every line in this model has been designed with an eye toward the figure at its slender best. A surplice vestee starts the good work, a front panel continues it and stair-step pleats make an effective finish.

No. 6745. If you have ever wondered about the sophistication of frills, look at this circular one that starts at the front panel of the skirt, skims up over the hips and comes to an end under a pleated tab, center-back.

No. 6746. A double sleeve just doubles the becomingness of this frock—and a clever neckline opens up an entirely new way to smartness. Microscopic tucks shape the waistline. A wide belt marks it emphatically.

S U B T L E S K I R T F U L N E S S

For back views and yardage see page 102.



6737

6738

6734

WITH PLEATS OR FLARES

No. 6734. Drape your vestee and continue that drape in a tie collar for one of the most flattering frames the face can find. Smooth hips, of course, but notched seaming below them for that essential interesting cut.

No. 6738. This frock turns its back on bias cut and varies its diagonal texture with curved seaming. Wisely, a white collar and vest are added—there is nothing like the lingerie touch to set off a woolen dress.

No. 6737. As with all well-behaved woolen frocks, this model looks to cut and little else for smart interest—the cut here being of the diagonal variety. Skirt fulness is concentrated in a pleated inset in the front.

For back views and yardage see page 102.



6760

6735

6762 EMB. 1720

LIKE MOTHER LIKE DAUGHTER

For back views and yardage see page 102.

No. 6760. Young things are going in for straighter lines without sacrifice of freedom and of course, that means pleats. The collar swerves to the left side and a row of buttons accents this asymmetry.

No. 6735. The only thing smarter than a woolen frock these days is another woolen frock. A lingerie collar, of course . . . a leather belt to indicate the newly recognized waistline . . . and pleated flounce.

No. 6762. A small touch of embroidery makes a whole frock smart as this golden yellow frock so openly admits with its pockets decorated with brown spray motifs suggested by Embroidery No. 1720.

No. 6761. The young lady making her way toward Santa as fast as she can wears a box-pleated model in blue linen. The little shorts that are included in this costume are made of the same fabric.



6761

6740

6759

6736

6648

IN SIMPLICITY AND GOOD TASTE

For back views and yardage see page 102.

No. 6740. There's nothing straight about this frock except its silhouette. The bodice sponsors a surplice closing . . . diagonal sections make the skirt . . . even the fabric is lined with a diagonal pattern.

No. 6759. Whether this young lady believes in Santa or not, she is dressed for the annual introduction in a Chinese green jersey frock with one-sided collar of white jersey and new flaring cuffs.

No. 6736. Contrary to what some people think, the tailored frock was never smarter than now. Of course, there are new details such as seaming on the skirt section that gives the impression of a fitted yoke.

No. 6648. The well-dressed younger man has wash suits in his wardrobe the year round. This one is of linen with the conventional cut individualized with a square neckline and a trig side closing.

FOR A COLORFUL CHRISTMAS

by Elisabeth May Blondel



1933

No. 1933. Dancing silhouette figures are the very essence of gayety when they display their Terpsichorean arts on the edges of towels. You might select colors to blend with the bathroom of the lucky recipient of such a gift, or the black silhouette figures dancing on the appealingly prim row of flowers in color, is a charming choice. Hemstitching finishes the deep borders.



1932

No. 1932. Tap dancer dish towels! Just seeing these sprightly creatures performing on the edges of kitchen towels will put new energy in you. These are especially clever ones. The crosses are turned edgewise—a delightful effect—and just outline the figures. A set of these would make a very gay and charming looking package, if the dancing figures matched the border color.



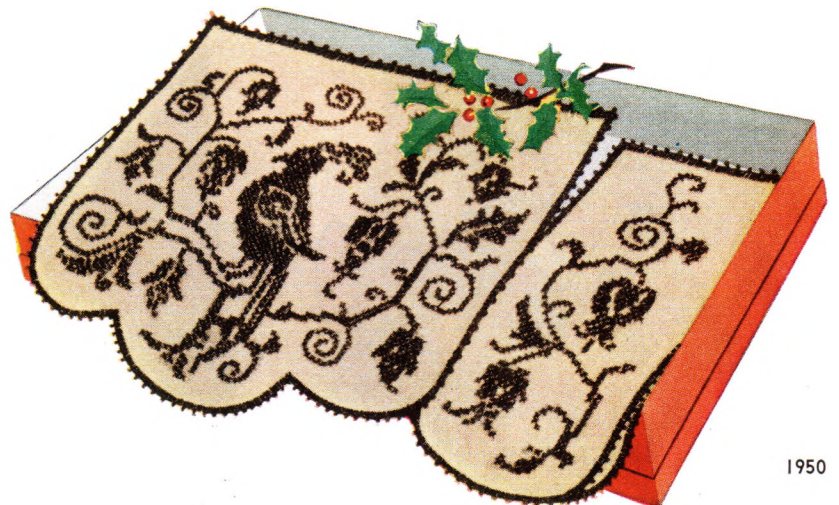
1948

No. 1948. The older woman—one who knits or sews, will enjoy having a really lovely bag to hold her work. A black taffeta one, lined in a contrasting color silk and decorated with a colorful wool embroidery motif is a selection that would be sure to please. A generous size, large enough to hold a good deal of sewing is another item that should be considered.



1934

No. 1934. Gay sporting scenes showing scarlet coated hunters riding to the hounds are popular motifs for towel ends, as well as for luncheon cloths and little framed linen pictures. If you like to make the gifts you give, one of this type would be as suitable for a man, as for a woman. Such scenes are cross-stitched in color and sometimes in the black silhouette cross-stitch.



1950

No. 1942. Below. The girl or man who enjoys sports will enthusiastically welcome a pillow that has a gorgeous hunting scene on the top. He can't have too many pillows in his room, but they must be masculine looking. These dashing scenes are sometimes made on linen in bright colors, and sometimes on luxurious satin pillows. The boxed edges are finished with cording.



1942

Now..

Add 5 Pounds a Month

to your Child's Weight

Utterly Without Forced Feeding or
Straining the Digestive System

*A Unique Swiss Food Creation Now Employed
by Child Experts in 50 Different Countries*

IF your problem is an underweight, nervous child, mail us the coupon below. Let us send your child a 3-day supply of this delicious food creation. It will bring quick new vitality and add weight at the rate of a pound or more a week.

Any underweight, nervous child should use it without delay. It has stood the test of time. Over 20,000 doctors, including child experts in more than 50 countries of the world, endorse it for building up children who need quick weight and nerve stamina.

It comes from Switzerland, home of so many discoveries in child welfare. It's a delightful food-drink that's given with milk, and children love it for the flavor alone—you never have to coax them to take it.

Give it with meals and between meals, for a month. You'll be amazed at how your child's appetite improves—how his weight goes up week by week and nervousness disappears.

What It Is and How It Acts

It is called Ovaltine. You get it at your druggist's or grocer's. Children never have to be forced to take it—and it gives them practically every vital food element

Famous Ovaltine Oatmeal Test

Put 3 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine into a full glass or cereal dish of cooked, warm oatmeal. Stir a few times to mix. Then



watch and you will see the oatmeal liquefy before your eyes. You will see how a small amount of Ovaltine digests the entire starch content of the oatmeal in the same way that your own digestive organs should. It is a perfect demonstration of how Ovaltine, if taken with a meal, digests the starch content of other foods in your stomach. And why it speeds up digestion and creates the sensation of hunger.

—in a form that's quickly turned into weight and energy.

This is due to the fact that Ovaltine has been *processed*, not mechanically mixed. Vital food elements have been prepared under vacuum, to preserve, in concentrated form, all vitamins and enzymes.

Then the processing prepares this complete, concentrated food so it will digest and nourish even when nothing else seems to "agree."

In addition, Ovaltine increases the digestibility of all the other foods a child eats—this way:

It contains in high percentage a remarkable property known as "diastase." Diastase is a property in one food which gives it the power to digest starches in other foods. For example, a glass of Ovaltine with a meal will digest the major portion of all the starch content of that meal.

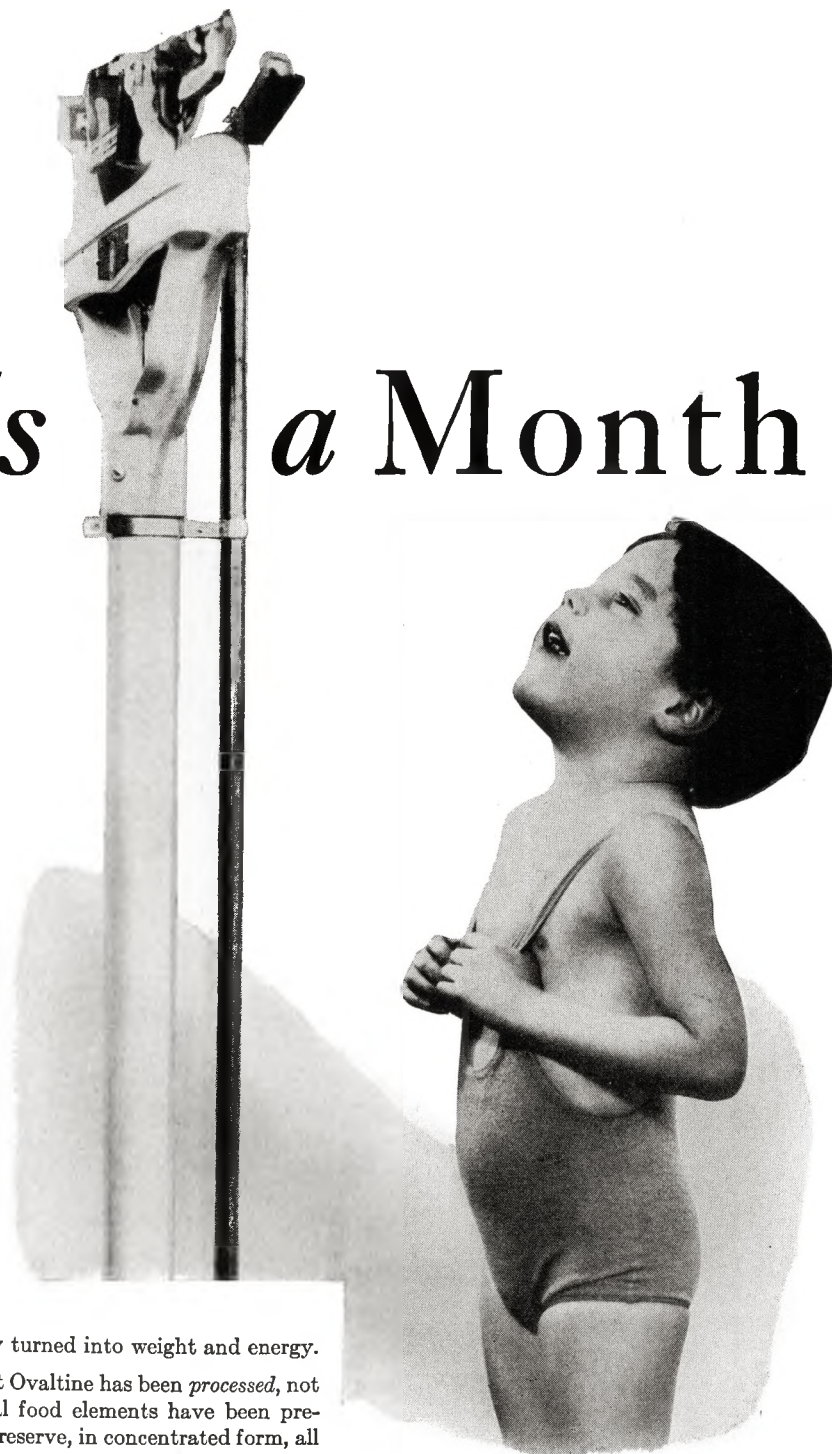
And this is how Ovaltine stimulates the appetite—by digesting the starches in the stomach. Thus it speeds up digestion and empties the stomach sooner. And this makes a child hungry. For the sensation of hunger is caused by the walls of an empty stomach pressing together, and hunger is the basis of appetite. Moreover, Ovaltine has a high content of the appetite-producing Vitamin B.

This appetite-creating power chiefly distinguishes Ovaltine from any other health food in the world and explains why a child drinking Ovaltine will eat more of everything, and get more nourishment from everything he eats.

Ovaltine also contains a natural, vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of actual nerve and brain tissue. This aids in building up the nerves and in a few days nervousness is curbed noticeably.

Not New

Ovaltine is recognized the world over not only for its high food content, but also for the remarkable rapidity with which it is assimilated into the human system—which enables it to accomplish such unusual results.



It has been used in hospitals as a food for invalids and convalescents for over 35 years. During the World War, it was used as a standard ration for rebuilding nerve-shattered, shell-shocked soldiers.

For your child's sake, we urge you to try Ovaltine—with meals and between meals. You will be surprised at the almost immediate difference in your child's weight and nerve poise, strength, energy and appetite.

You can get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or, if you like, send the coupon for a 3-day trial supply.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine, on physicians' advice, to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely prescribed for sleeplessness, nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER CO.,
180 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
Dept. L-30

Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

(These offers not good in Canada)

SPECIAL OFFER

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package, 25c.



Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

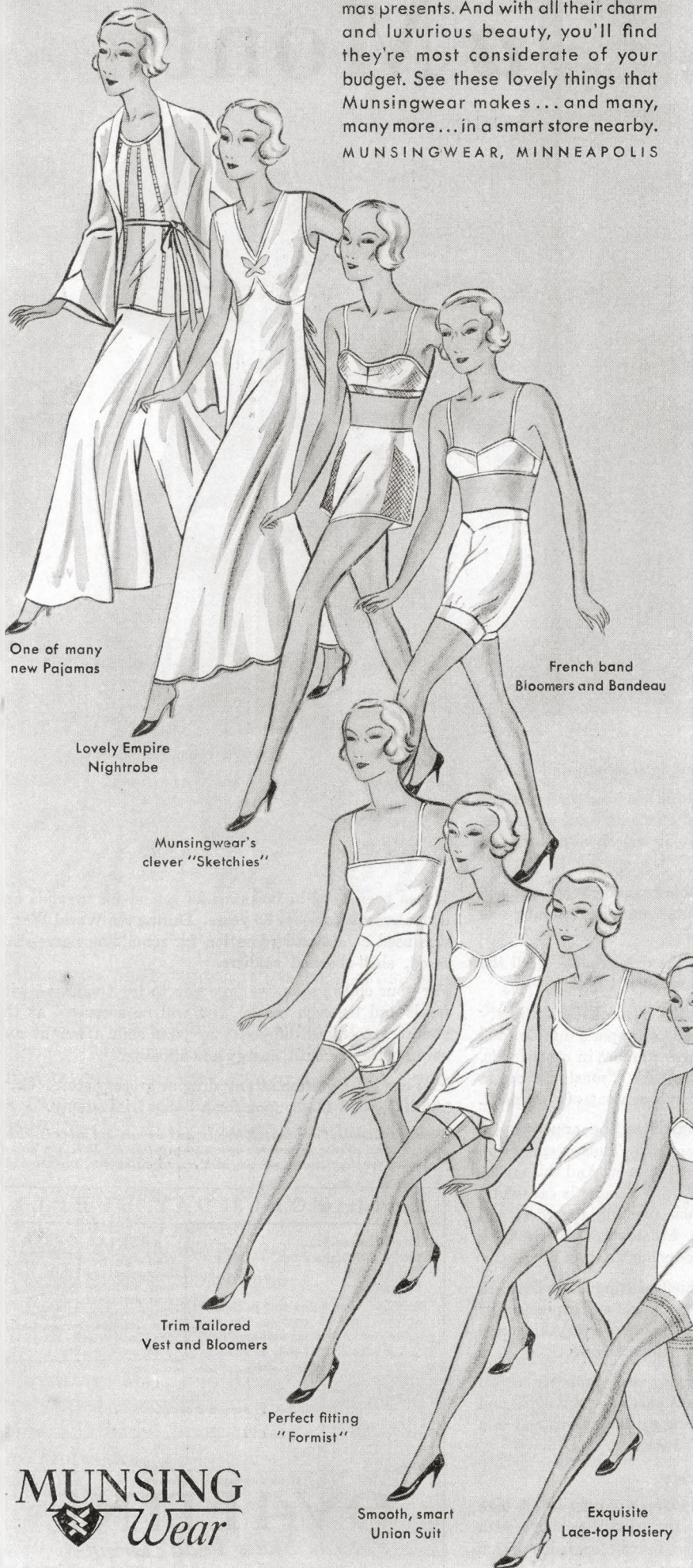
City.....State.....
(One package to a person)

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

New Munsingwear Modes Line-up for Christmas

These adorable new Munsingwear Modes, fashioned of specially processed Munsingwear Rayon and sleek caressing Tricot, make perfect Christmas presents. And with all their charm and luxurious beauty, you'll find they're most considerate of your budget. See these lovely things that Munsingwear makes . . . and many, many more . . . in a smart store nearby.
MUNSINGWEAR, MINNEAPOLIS



One of many new Pajamas

Lovely Empire Nightrobe

Munsingwear's clever "Sketchies"

Trim Tailored Vest and Bloomers

Perfect fitting "Formist"

Smooth, smart Union Suit

French band Bloomers and Bandeau

Exquisite Lace-top Hosiery

MUNSING
Wear

OUR EXPERTS



THERE is something so glamorous and exciting about Christmas shopping that an expert who can keep her head is really needed to find just the right things, at just the right prices.

The gifts here, aside from being oh, so style-right, are almost unbelievable bargains. Imagine, for instance, spending less than seven dollars for the two-bulb lamp with its cream base, gold banded shade, and full twenty inches height! We loved it at first sight. So would Mother or married sister Sue.

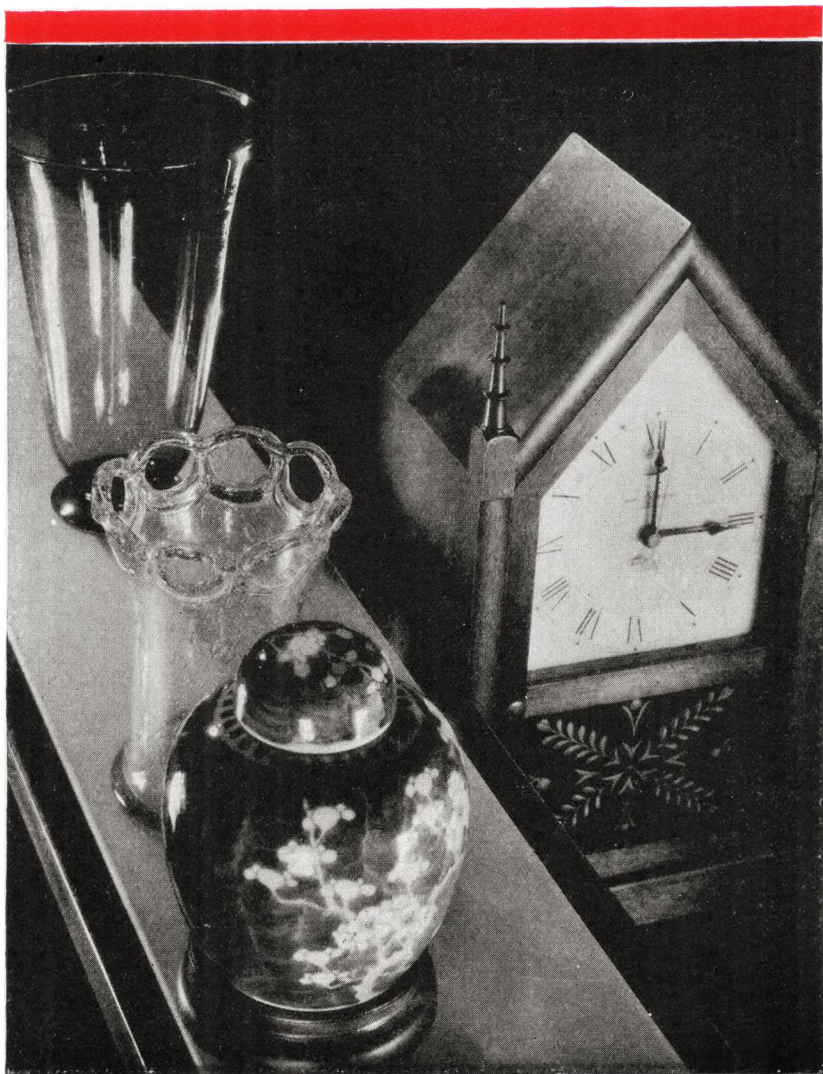
The two pieces of Georgian crystal also call for special praise. The vase is ideal for a boudoir bouquet, and the graceful compote would win compliments even from particular Aunt Ellen.

Did you guess that all of the clocks are electrically operated? The Dura-silver one above has an alarm, and a dial illuminated by a small bulb. With it on the bedside table, Bob would have no excuse for late appearances.

The beautifully designed desk clock, shown below, has a concealed dynamo which takes charge of the operation if



GO SHOPPING

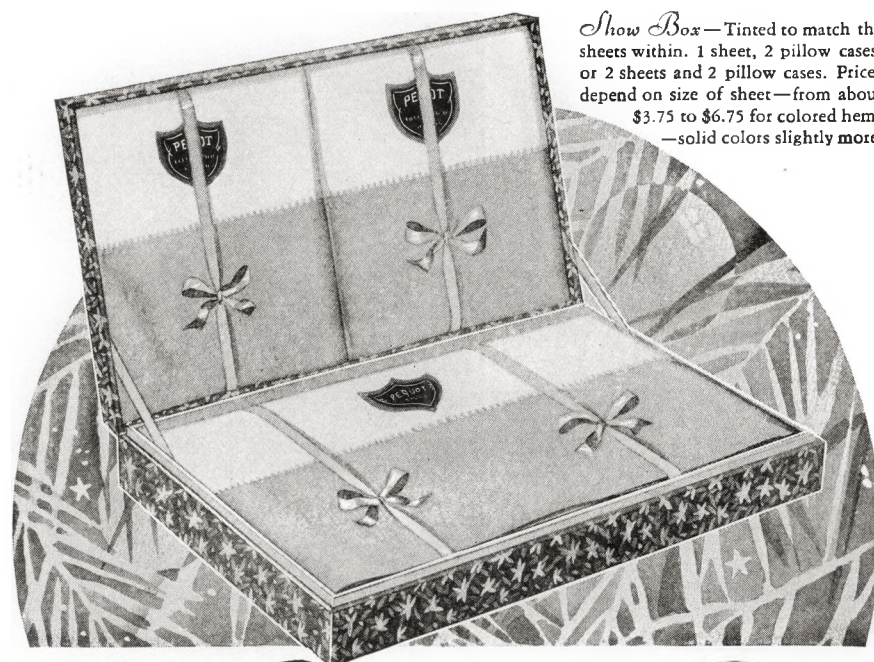
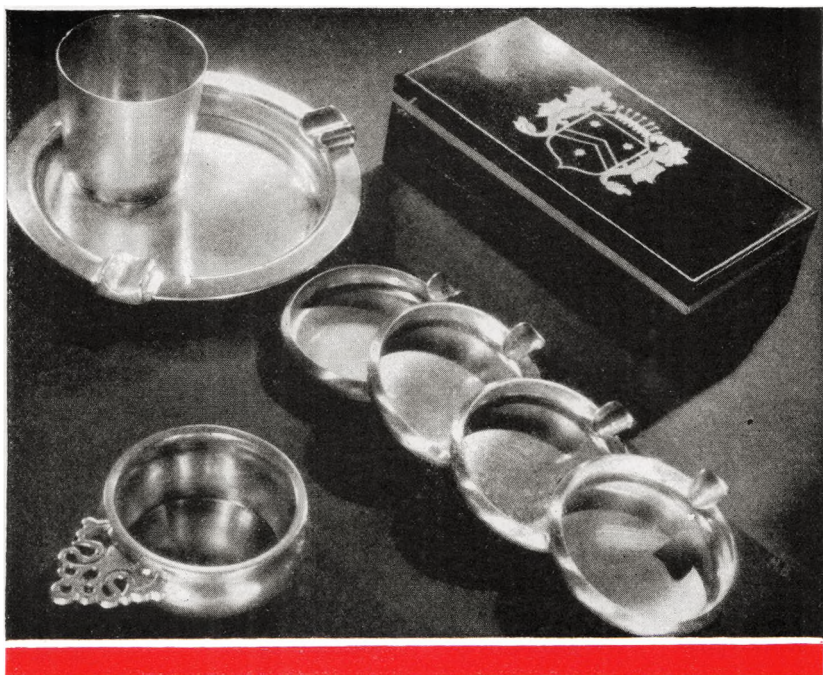


the electric current is cut off; that's what we call forethought. We hope your gift-list includes at least one person who needs an inkwell, for this pewter one is an aristocrat. The little pewter canister is a nice companion piece, though it's quite a perfect gift in itself. You'd be surprised to see how many odds and ends it can hide. Concealed behind the old-time exterior of the mantel clock above is a modern electric unit controlled from the central power station. No wheels and springs to get out of fix *there*. The

two flower vases of bubbly-green glass are for the friend who takes gardening seriously. Anyone would appreciate the quaint blue and white tea jar.

The smoking accessories below are ideal for the friend who "has everything." Whether you choose the black and gold cigarette box, the space-saving tray, the handy bridge set, or the little porringer, you can't go wrong.

Wouldn't you like to know more about these gifts? Send a stamped, addressed envelope to McCall's Gift Editor, 230 Park Avenue, New York.



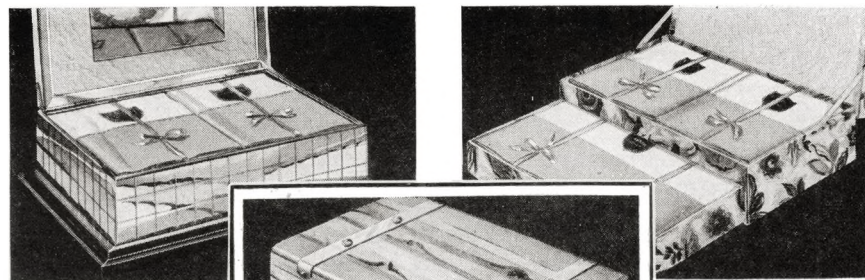
Show Box—Tinted to match the sheets within. 1 sheet, 2 pillow cases, or 2 sheets and 2 pillow cases. Prices depend on size of sheet—from about \$3.75 to \$6.75 for colored hems—solid colors slightly more.

The Christmas Gift WITH A TROUSSEAU THRILL

WHETHER she's a bride, a bride-to-be, or a bride of yesterday—every woman with a spark of housewifely instinct gets a little thrill of pleasure as her fingers touch a gift of lovely, smooth Pequot sheets! It's been so for generations.

Now you can weave this old, old trousseau thrill into the even older magic of Christmas. For Pequot sheets are available with radiant pastel-colored hems, or luxurious solid colors—seven colors, guaranteed fast. They are daintily presented in *gay gift boxes*. These are *useful* boxes, too—built to last—planned to hold handkerchiefs, gloves, or stockings. Boxes and sheets—a *double gift*!

Notice what a wide range of prices you may choose from, in selecting Pequot gift sets. Even the little pillow case set at \$1.50 has that rare thing in a gift—assurance it will be welcome. For it bears the shield-shaped Pequot label—symbol of America's most *popular* sheets! If your store cannot supply you, please write us, specifying colors and sizes, so we can direct you to a source of supply. Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.



Beauty Box—NEW!—of gleaming metal, with colorful picture under glass in the cover and large mirror inside. A really luxurious gift. Either 1 sheet, 2 pillow cases, or 2 sheets, 2 pillow cases. Retail prices from about \$5.95 to \$8.50. Also solid colors.

Cedar Chest—A miniature hope chest! Contains either 1 sheet, 2 pillow cases, or 2 sheets, 2 pillow cases. Retail prices from about \$4.95 to \$7.50. Solid colors also.

Boudoir Box—covered with lovely cretonne-patterned paper. 1 sheet in pull-out drawer, 2 pillow cases in top tray. Any of the 7 colors. Prices from about \$3.95 to \$4.50. Pair of pillow cases only, about \$1.50 to \$1.75. Solid colors are slightly more.

PEQUOT GIFT SETS

The Most Popular Sheets and



Pillow Cases in America



APPLES HAVE IT !



PRUNES HAVE IT !



HEINZ RICE FLAKES HAVE IT TOO

What is this "it"?

a mild, natural laxative effect!

TRY A big bowlful of Heinz Rice Flakes, with milk or cream. See how crunchy and good these golden-brown flakes are! And remember—

Heinz Rice Flakes contain pure cereal-cellulose. That's why they help keep you healthy—just as the cellulose in apples, prunes, lettuce, and certain other fruits and vegetables helps you!

For cereal-cellulose is one of the gentlest, mildest, and most effective of correctives. Made from whole grain rice by a special Heinz process, it is added to Heinz Rice Flakes and gives these crisp, delicious flakes their mildly laxative action—the healthful quality sometimes referred to as a "corrective vegetable effect".

Here's something else to remember, too—Heinz are the only rice flakes that have the cereal-cellulose added. Get a package when you go to your grocer's—and be sure to insist on Heinz!

● Try Heinz Breakfast Wheat, too—the hot cereal that contains the essential cereal-cellulose. ●

FREE!—A GENEROUS TRIAL PACKAGE . . . Send for a generous trial package of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for three good servings—free! Try these delicious flakes at our expense. See how good they taste! Mail the coupon—now!

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,
Dept. Mc-12, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send me a trial package of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for three servings—free of charge.
(This offer is good only in the United States.)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

ONE OF THE **57** VARIETIES OF HEINZ FOOD PRODUCTS

KING ARTHUR DID IT

[Continued from page 15]

a proud father and a contented husband."

She beamed, shamelessly. "How awfully nice! I always did think every girl should have at least one little fling at a married man with five children before she settles down! It gives her a sort of a polish." And that, it seemed, was that.

The dinner, Toby admitted, was perfection, partly due to his knowledge of where to go and what to order when he got there, and partly due to the decorative effect of Marly Farrel. What he couldn't figure out was where Thaxter had met her, and how it happened that, out of all the men in the world, she was marrying him.

Perhaps Marly read his thoughts. For she said, suddenly, "I haven't seen Clay Thaxter for two years. Not since he sent me abroad to school. He found me in a circus, you know, and wanted to educate me."

"Circus!" Toby exclaimed, looking a bit dazed.

She nodded brightly. "Snakes. My mother was Sari, the snake charmer. She wanted me to follow in her footsteps, but Father—he was the great Darrow, trapeze and fire dive—wanted me in his act." She sighed. "Snakes always make me shiver, and I get dizzy even in an elevator."

"You mean Thaxter—he found you there—"

Her eyes were dreamy. "I'll never forget that night. Circe, the big python, got temperamental. I suppose I'd have been killed, if they hadn't shot her. As it was I got rather damaged. Clayton was there, in the audience. He came to the hospital the next day, to ask for me. And later—" she spread her hands in an eloquent little gesture—"I can never repay him—he's been so good to me!"

But the next morning, when she met him, she told quite a different story. "This one is the truth. The other—about the circus—was just pretend. It's really been three years since I saw Clay. I was just eighteen, and Dad had taken me to China—"

But Toby wasn't to be caught napping this time. "Of course," he said gravely. "I remember. You were caught by brigands—nice, yellow ones with villainous expressions. They were going to chop you up into tiny pieces, but they thought it over and decided you'd make a nice little Christmas package for a mandarin. So they—"

Marly tucked her arm in his. "I knew you'd be like that," she sighed. "But Clay took an awful chance, sending you to meet me."

TOBY thought it was high time to state his stand. "Look here," he said firmly, "I'm not going to fall in love with you, so don't expect it. This is just a job with me. I didn't ask for it and the more I see of it the more I wish I didn't have it, because no man is safe near you. But if you'll be good—and promise not to be any more disturbing than you can help—perhaps I'll give you one more whirl around the big city before I pop you on a train and take you where you belong." Which was very diplomatic of Toby, because he had the feeling that he couldn't budge her, anyway, until she really wanted to be budged.

So Marly promised. She really was, she pointed out, a very docile person. "A reed in the wind—bending to every breeze. I can always be talked down in an argument, and I follow the line of least resistance."

Toby eyed her. "Is that why you're marrying Thaxter?" he asked evenly.

But Marly had an answer for that. "Does it matter why I'm marrying him?" she murmured, and Toby had to admit that it didn't. The fact that she was, he told himself, should be enough to keep him from making an utter idiot of himself.

THEY were, undoubtedly, delightful—those next few days. Toby Wells spread New York out before Marly's eyes and let her have her way with it. And almost before he knew it, a week had passed.

Toby, by this time, had surrendered

to a "we, who are about to die" philosophy. He was convinced that there were stormy seas ahead—and that he'd probably lose his job over this thing; but he was equally convinced that kidnaping the Statue of Liberty would be a simple proceeding compared to moving Miss Marly Farrel out of New York before she wanted to go.

Not that he didn't make the effort. He began each morning right by looking in his shaving mirror and saying, firmly, "Toby Wells, this thing has gone far enough. Today we start the great trek west." But just as certainly, after one look at Marly, he found himself recklessly committed to another twenty-four hours in New York.

On the eighth day Toby woke to the realization that it was the eighth day—and to the disturbing fact that he had no desire to make his morning speech to the shaving mirror. That was warning enough for Toby, who was resolved not to pull a Lancelot. He sought out Marly, and before she had time to get in her good work he said, "We're leaving tonight, Marly Farrel. Thought you might like to know it."

Marly regarded the little flower on her coat sorrowfully. "And I thought I was being so entertaining!" she sighed. "While all the time he has been scheming to get rid of me!"

He said, helplessly, "Is it absolutely necessary for you to be lovelier every time I see you?"

Marly beamed. "That," she admitted modestly, "is the general plan. When I begin to pall upon you, it will be time to leave."

"And, if you don't pall, aren't you afraid you'll have me on your conscience?"

It seemed he wasn't. "My conscience," murmured Marly, "isn't even twinging. I'm having a lovely time—and so are you if you'll only admit it. And neither of us is mortgaging the future to pay for it."

Toby had his own opinions about that. "Is it your idea," he asked curiously, "that the future can be disposed of so easily?"

"It is my idea—" and Marly sighed for the beauty of it—"that this is one of those mad and lovely things that happen but once in a lifetime and then only to very lucky people. I've always held that two nice souls should

[Continued on page 75]





DEL MONTE ASPARAGUS

What asparagus! Right from California's famous delta lands. Two lengths—Long Spears, in No. 2½ Square cans; Tips, in No. 1 Square and Picnic size cans. Different diameters of spear—Giant, Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium or Small, plainly marked on each can. Also Salad Points—for soups, cocktails, etc.



CORN—Cream Style, and the new Whole Kernel pack. The latter, plump, unbroken kernels, like corn cut fresh from the cob.

PEAS — Early Garden Sugar Peas—just the best sizes, selected, carefully graded, then blended together for that natural garden flavor.



TOMATOES — All the healthful goodness of red-ripe, selected tomatoes, solid-packed in their own delicious juice. Not another thing added.

SPINACH — The finest fresh-picked spinach, washed and re-washed, then cooked, ready to heat, season and serve.



WHY GUESS?
when the world's leading canner makes you this promise!

THE unknown brand may be "just as good." *But you never know!* And why should you run the risk of disappointment?

One thing is *sure*—you know DEL MONTE and you know it always promises you the best in foods. You know it has *kept* that promise for years. And you know that more women prefer DEL MONTE today than any other canned fruit or vegetable brand in the world.

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why take the chance that goes with "blind-fold" buying?

Especially when there's some grocer close at hand who has the DEL MONTE varieties you want. A grocer who puts *your* interests first—who wants to sell the foods *you* want.

Let him serve you—and you're sure of the best, whenever you buy canned foods.

Del Monte Coffee—
just the coffee you'd expect of Del Monte!
Always fresh in the vacuum can



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Time saved . . . there's something worthwhile! And at a time when there's so much to do. Put Old Dutch to work on the pots and pans, the enamelware, aluminumware and silverware, all your cooking utensils. Never have you had anything that cleans so quickly or so well.

The same with the bathroom, refrigerator, sink, floors, painted walls and woodwork, and all the other extra cleaning the holidays bring. Old Dutch is a versatile worker, helps you in every room in the house.

Always safe . . . doesn't scratch or dull the lustre! And gets every bit of dirt and impurities with its quick, smooth sweep. Removes obstinate dirt in the hard-to-clean places. Ideal to clean the hands of grease, grime and stains. To know how really good Old Dutch is, try it on something hard to clean. Its flaky, flat-shaped particles are the source of all Old Dutch's distinctive ways. Natural cleansers, they're free from scratchy grit and acids. Perfectly safe for all cleaning.

Every day more and more women are adopting Old Dutch Cleanser exclusively because it Cleans Quicker . . . doesn't scratch . . . cleans more things, safely and thoroughly, than anything else . . . protects homes with Healthful Cleanliness . . . goes further and costs less to use . . . and doesn't clog the drain.

Buy Old Dutch three packages at a time. Keep it in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry in the attractive, new holders. Send for some today. For each holder, mail 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch label.

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111 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
Please find enclosed . . . cents and . . . labels
for which send me . . . Old Dutch Holders.
Colors: IVORY GREEN BLUE

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LISTEN to the Old Dutch Girl every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning over 36 stations associated with the Columbia Broadcasting System at 8:45 A. M. Eastern Time • 7:45 A. M. Central Time • 6:45 A. M. Mountain Time

KING ARTHUR DID IT

[Continued from page 72]

be able to come together—for a brief time, of course—and brew a little magic. With no aftermaths. And no ensuing obligations."

Toby looked at her—at Marly of the mad and lovely impulses—and suddenly he wanted to shake her. So cocksure, she was, about her aftermaths and her obligations! So confident that she could walk into a man's life—and turn it topsy-turvy—and then walk out of it again to the tune of another man's wedding march! Marly, with her little golden wings, and her brewing of enchantment, and her lovely unforgettable mouth—

And then he was kissing her, which was probably just what Lancelot had done under similar provocation. And he was saying, rather unsteadily, "I think that settles the aftermath, don't you? And New York, too. We're clearing out of here today."

MARLY turned her back on him and walked to the window. Having gazed on New York's skyline for a full minute, she said, calmly. "I think you are right. Undoubtedly we should clear out of here today. I'll send a wire to Clay at once. How glad he will be."

Toby stared at her. When a man kisses another man's fiancée—for this reason or that—he may expect anything along the emotional line. But he doesn't look for a casual agreement that it is high time for the lady in question to be going to her future husband. He said, abruptly, "Marly—" and then he said no more, because Marly had turned from the window and was looking at him, and the little golden wings on her cheeks no longer danced, and her voice was cool as green linen.

"I think," said Marly Farrel, "that I am tired of New York. If you don't mind, I won't bother with it today."

Toby crossed the room in three strides. He caught Marly by the shoulders, and bent his head until her eyes were forced to meet his.

"Marly Farrel," he said, deliberately, "have you been flirting with me? Because if you have, you'll have to take the consequences."

Marly didn't move, but somehow she was out from under his hands and saying, lightly, "One little kiss isn't flirting, Toby Wells. And now, if you don't mind, I think I'll go and start my packing."

Toby did mind, but it didn't make any difference, because before he could protest Marly was gone, and from the room beyond came the unmistakable sounds of packing.

Toby, waiting in the lobby to take Marly to the Pennsylvania Station and the tenth-train—called, cynically enough. The Rainbow—hoped that, by some stroke of good luck, Marly would dim her radiance a little, now that she was headed west. But Marly, when she met him, was the living proof that a woman can be as casual as a troubadour, and still be as disastrous as a Michael Arlen heroine. She even said, brightly, "The Rainbow! How nice! Because the pot of gold is waiting at the end of it, isn't it?"

It was tactless, thought Toby grimly, to call Thaxter a pot of gold. "It happens that Chicago," he pointed out

evenly, "is waiting at the end of it. I hope you'll sleep well tonight."

Marly was sure she would. And, in truth, when Toby looked at her across the breakfast table the next morning—they had only an hour in Chicago and used all of it for breakfast—he had to admit that she looked as if her dreams had been nice ones. He was relieved when they were at last speeding out of Chicago and he could retreat to the smoking car.

But he couldn't stay there all the time, and the next day, about the time he was counting the mileposts of Wyoming, "See here," angrily, "you can't marry a man you don't love."

Marly drew reluctant eyes from the beauties of Wyoming's mileposts and turned them to Toby. "You'd be surprised," she murmured, "at what a girl can do, once she's made up her mind to it." And Toby was left to interpret that as best he could.

And then, suddenly, it was the evening of the last day, and Marly was so polite that it hurt. Marly, who had made audacity such a delightful weapon. Toby couldn't stand it any longer.

He said, his eyes on Marly's little golden wings, "I don't know whether you've been punishing me or disciplining me, but whichever it was, I must say you've been thorough."

"I've just," murmured Marly, "been writing 'Finis' to the chapter that you closed."

"What do you mean, closed?" Marly's eyes widened innocently. "Well—we're here, aren't we? I always meant to come, but you'll admit you hurried up the starting."

HE LOOKED at her helplessly. "You must know," he said, "that I'd have given anything I possessed if I'd met you in some other way. But I'm not taking any man's girl away from him—not behind his back."

Up went Marly's yellow head. "Who said," she cried fiercely, "that you could take me away from Clay! And anyway, I told you I was only flirting! So you don't have to have any regrets!"

Toby, thrashing around in his berth that night, wondered if there had ever been a girl as irritating! Flirting, indeed! He would tell her what he thought of that, across the breakfast table! For he'd have one more breakfast with her before he took her to Clay Thaxter. Then he looked out of his window—it was seven o'clock—and saw that he wouldn't have breakfast with her. For there on the platform was Marly, fully dressed and, with her bags, headed for a low-slung roadster.

Toby had one minute in which to see that they were in Berkeley—one minute in which to remember that Clay Thaxter lived in Berkeley—and three minutes flat in which to get into his clothes, down the aisle, across the platform and into Marly Farrel's car.

He did them all in record time. Marly, coming around the side of her roadster, found him sitting behind the wheel. "You didn't," she cried, hotly, "have to get off! I know my way around in California!"

Toby took her ignition key from her and thanked her for it. "I started out

[Continued on page 76]



Others can't be "just like Kotex"

—substitutes don't offer this safety and security; Kotex is shaped to fit inconspicuously; it is tremendously absorbent.

absorb away from the surface, which remains soft and delicate.

You know how some kinds of protection seem soft, at first. But later you realize there is a difference. Kotex softness lasts.

You can wear Kotex on either side with the same degree of protection. It doesn't have to be adjusted a certain way.

Kotex is shaped to fit, and easily adjusted. It is treated to deodorize. Sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Or, singly, in cabinets by the West Disinfecting Company.

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Health is involved

Demand a complete answer to these questions. You have a right to know—your health is involved. Be very sure before you sacrifice the absolute safety of Kotex.

And when buying sanitary napkins already wrapped, inquire of the clerk: "Is this Kotex?" Thus you'll make sure of getting nothing but the genuine Kotex.

Kotex is bought by hospitals in enormous quantities—showing that it fully meets their requirements. Kotex, indeed, is made with hospital care. In surroundings of immaculate cleanliness. Modern methods are used throughout, so hands never touch Kotex in the making. As soon as made, Kotex is sealed in dust-proof packages.

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Every precaution is taken for your comfort as well as health. Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. These layers

IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
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The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX
Sanitary Napkins



not sick ...

"just tired"

SHE plans a full day but is weary by noon. Evening finds her longing for bed. It isn't laziness, but *malaise*. That's the doctor's name for the mental and physical fag that robs one of all ambition.

And it's usually due to a condition so easy to control!

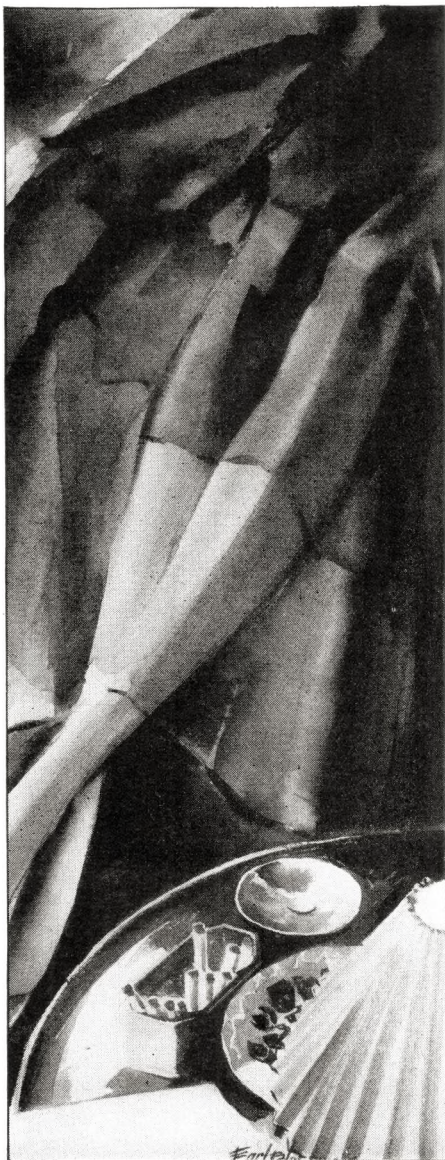
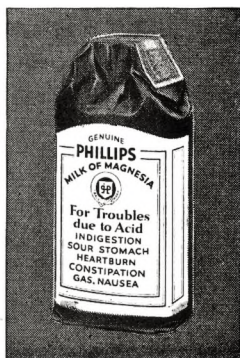
Too much acid in the system lowers your vitality. The least exertion brings on a headache, or you are constantly catching cold. No appetite for food; what you do eat sours in the stomach. Bowels are sluggish, and the breath may be bad. Those are the signs that you need more alkaline—and here is the way to get it:

Begin today to take two spoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of



Magnesia, night and morning. It doesn't take long to restore a proper alkaline balance this way, for magnesia in this form neutralizes many times its volume in acid. It's the scientific way—the physician's way—of doing what would require weeks or months of dieting.

Important: The remarkable results of this alkaline treatment aren't promised for any form of magnesia, or every preparation which may have been labeled "Milk of Magnesia." Get the prescriptive product known as *Phillips' Milk of Magnesia*, in the familiar package below:



KING ARTHUR DID IT

[Continued from page 75]

to deliver you to Thaxter," he informed her grimly, "and I'm going to do it! What are you trying to do, anyway? And where did you get this car?"

"It's my car. I wired for it to be here. And you might as well get out of it!"

"When we reach Thaxter's house," promised Toby. "The original plan was to take you in to San Francisco, but if you want to drop in on him for breakfast, that's all right with me. The sooner I see him the better."

"But—but I'm not going to—Clay's house now! I'm tired and grimy! I'm going somewhere—and make myself look beautiful before I see him! I will phone him—"

Toby didn't argue further. He just slid out from behind the wheel, went around to her side of the car, picked her up unceremoniously, dropped her over the door of the roadster, and before she could do anything about it he was back behind the wheel again.

Toby drove, silently. Marly sat beside him, just as silent. And even when they rolled into the long driveway of Clay Thaxter's too pretentious home, she said nothing at all.

Toby stopped the car. "If you don't mind, I'll go in first. There's something I want to say—"

Marly stared stonily ahead and Toby took the steps at two strides. This, he told himself, squaring his shoulders, was going to be the toughest part of the whole trip.

And then he was inside, facing Thaxter across the living room. And he was saying, steadily, "She's outside. But there's something I've got to say before you see her. You can call me a rotter if you like, but I couldn't help it. I never wanted to go in the first place, though I was joking when I spoke of King Arthur. I never expected it to happen."

THAXTER was staring at him. "Would you mind explaining," he said patiently, "what you're trying to say? And where have you been?"

"That's part of it," explained Toby. "I—that is, we—anyway, she wanted to stay over in New York. I suppose I could have stopped it, but—well, I didn't. Probably I was in love with her already. But I didn't know it—not until I kissed her. Then, I—I did the best I could. We started that day. But I might as well tell you—that's why I'm here—I love her and I'm going to marry her, if I can."

"You are," remarked Thaxter, "out of your head. Gone clean loony."

Then someone came to the open doorway. Toby saw, with a start, that she was a flamboyant redhead. A little overdressed. Her charms a little overstressed.

He said, in a voice that was not his own, "Who—who is that?"

Clay Thaxter glowed. "Meet the wife, Wells! Come in, Milly, and tell Wells how you walked out on him!" He turned to Toby, beaming. "What do you think this little girl did when she found out that the boat docked early? Took a taxi and caught the first train out!"

"Then—then who," Toby muttered wildly, "have I got parked out in your driveway?"

"Don't know what you're talking about, young man, but I think you had a bit too much in the big city. I ought

to fire you for not wiring or showing up sooner, but I won't. Too happy. So come along, now, have some breakfast with us."

Toby wiped a perspiring brow. "Thanks. I—I—" He was already making for the door. "There's something I must see about—"

HE REACHED the driveway just in time to see Marly, who had tried to start her own car and couldn't, because Toby had absent-mindedly put the key in his pocket, making off down the driveway. Toby caught her at the entrance.

"Just who," he demanded, getting a good hold on her lest she run away, "are you?"

She tilted her chin defiantly. "I told you! I'm Marly Farrell."

"But you aren't engaged to Thaxter."

"No." She admitted it.

"You're not, by chance, engaged to anyone else?"

"No."

Toby grinned. "Your mistake. You're engaged to me."

That was too much for Marly. "I am not!" she flared. "I wouldn't be engaged to you if you were the last man living! You—kissing me in one breath—and calmly planning to hand me over to another man, in the next!"

"You little idiot—I never had any intention of giving you up—"

"But you brought me here—you said—"

"I said," observed Toby patiently, "that it was high time we cleared out of New York. It was. I wanted you to break your impossible engagement to Thaxter before I did this—again." And deliberately he kissed her.

"But I don't see yet," he admitted later. "how it happened. You said—"

"I said," murmured Marly, "that Thaxter had wired that you'd be there to meet the boat. He did. But it was you who jumped to conclusions about me. I knew you'd be there because Milly told me so. She stuck to my side, the whole crossing. She liked me." "Anybody would! But—how did you know me? And how—"

Marly looked aggrieved. "You don't remember me yet!" she wailed. "And to think that I fairly worshiped the ground you walked on, four years ago! I went to bed every night with your football picture under my pillow."

Toby stared. "Say, who are you—besides being the future Mrs. Toby?"

He didn't deserve it, but Marly told him. "Jimmy's sister. Jimmy Farrell! Oh, you don't remember—and you spent all the holidays with us, your last year at Stanford!"

"Jim Farrell! His kid sister—you don't mean the funny little one—"

"I wasn't funny! I was fat—they called me Tubby—but I loved you! And when I had a chance at you—in New York—well, I just took it! I always meant to tell you in the end, but when you got so poisonous—popping me on a train to take me to another man—I just decided I'd see it through. And sneak off the train at Berkeley. I live here, too, you see."

Toby saw. He saw a lot of things, but none of them as entrancing as Marly's little golden wings. He kissed them, just for luck. "King Arthur did it," he murmured, "but Lancelot never got the break I did! We do things better in the twentieth century?"



HER Domestic Hands

TELL EVERYONE
THEY CAN'T
AFFORD A MAID

They have been married just a year. And her husband, a promising young lawyer who some day will make his mark in the world, cannot afford a maid to help her with the housework.

She is young and fresh and lovelier than on the day they wed. Lovelier, except her poor chapped, red Domestic Hands that she wishes she could hide.

Her husband can't help noticing a change in her when they go out together. She used to play the piano so beautifully. But now she hardly ever touches the keys.

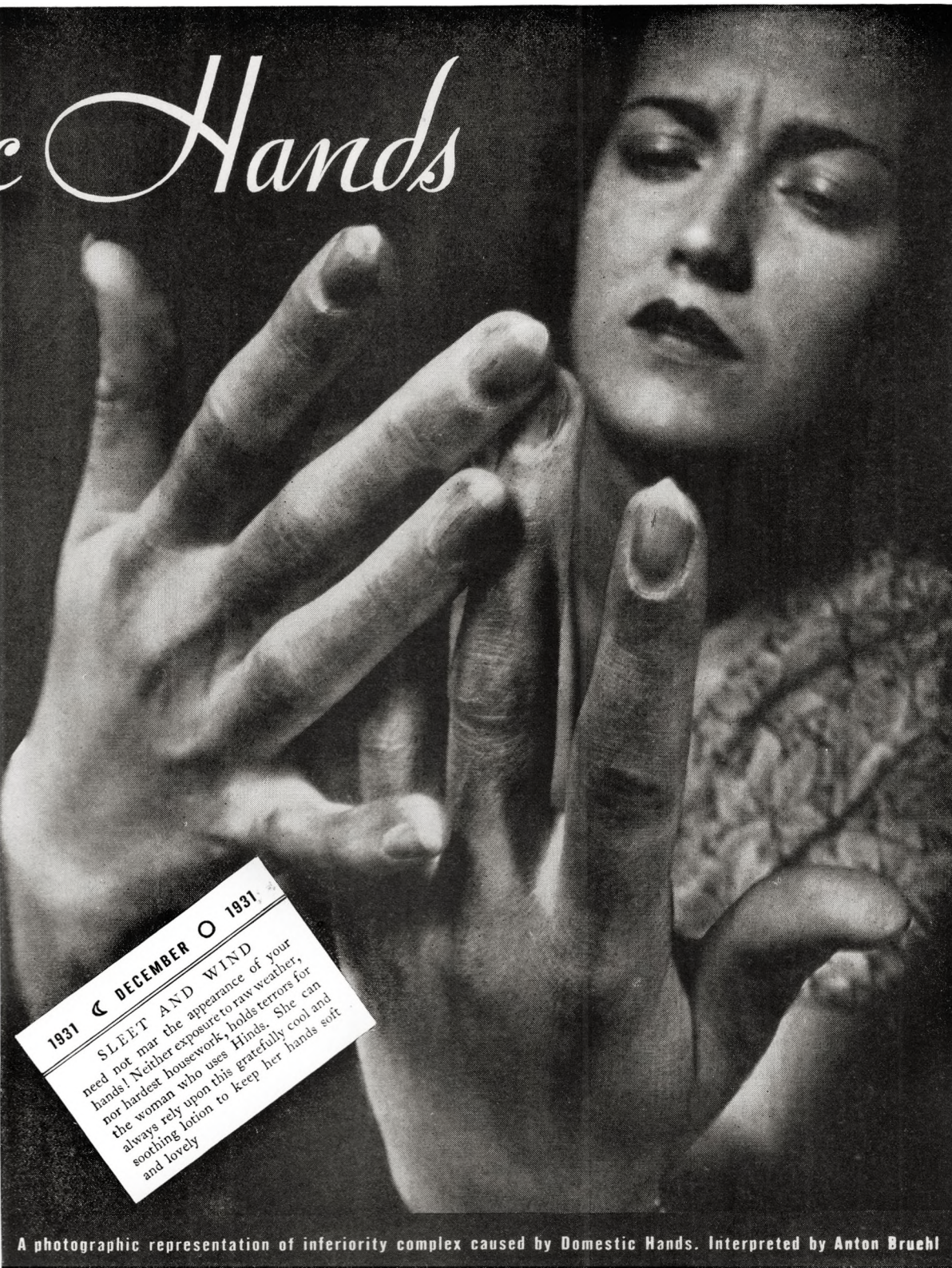
He knows the reason: Domestic Hands. Yet he is helpless to tell her. He blames only himself and his small salary.

How unnecessarily cruel! How needlessly miserable they both are when just a little intelligent care would keep her shapely hands soft and white and lovely and make him so proud of her.

*A Milk-White Soothing Lotion that
Keeps Hands Young*

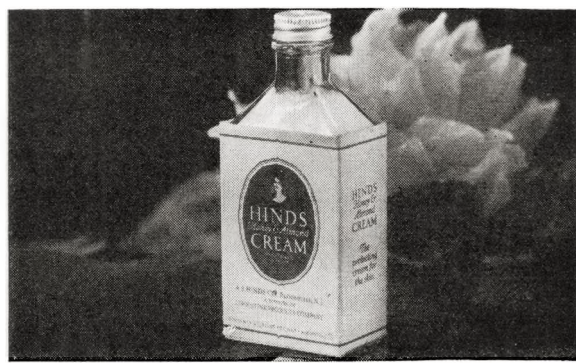
How easily you can avoid the embarrassment of Domestic Hands, keeping your hands young and beautiful always despite housework and exposure to chapping winds and weather. Just smooth Hinds Honey and Almond Cream into them two or three times each day. You will be delighted with the results. Even pitifully rough red chapped hands, aged by neglect, grow amazingly whiter and softer and more beautiful each day.

That is the pleasant easy way to get rid of the inferiority complex caused by Domestic Hands. No other so-called hand lotion contains so little



A photographic representation of inferiority complex caused by Domestic Hands. Interpreted by Anton Bruehl

alcohol as Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. That is why it soothes and softens with never a danger of drying out delicate skins. Its delightful clinging, milk-white texture comes from the finest skin softening emollients, a special secret of its formula. Beware of deceptive imitations that simulate its texture by the addition of gummy, thickening agents that really do not benefit the skin. Play safe—protect your hands by insisting upon the original Hinds Honey and Almond Cream which in half a century has met no equal.



HINDS
honey and almond
CREAM

Ask your druggist for a bottle this very day. The sooner you start its application the sooner will you escape the embarrassment of Domestic Hands. For a generous free sample mail your name and address to the A. S. Hinds Co. Dept. B-10, Bloomfield, N. J.

INVITATION

To users of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. We will send you Hinds 3 new beauty aids \$1.40 value for 50¢

WHAT YOU GET	Retail Value
<i>Hinds Cleansing Cream.</i> A silky, fragrant cream that liquefies 2 to 7 times faster than ordinary creams. Removes all dust, dirt and makeup	40¢
<i>Hinds Toning Cleanser.</i> A new-type liquid cleanser that refines skin texture. Dissolves out pore-residue, thus allows pores to shrink to normal size	60¢
<i>Hinds Texture Cream.</i> A greaseless skin softener which is absorbed rapidly, giving skin the smooth, dewy texture of youth	40¢
Total Value	\$1.40
YOURS FOR50

Offer good only until December 31, 1931. To get these remarkable new Hinds products (at little more than one-third regular price) print name and address on the front cover of your Hinds Honey & Almond Cream carton today and mail with 50¢ to: A. S. Hinds Company, Bloomfield, N. J.

This offer not good in Canada

© 1931
Lehn & Pink, Inc.

\$4.75 for this New Bissell sweeper*

(Only 25 cents more in extreme West and South)

... the most useful gift you can buy!



* (Other beautiful NEW models at various prices)

3 Things the new Bissell does:

- 1 Gets more dirt! Brush forms perfect contact with any surface.
- 2 Usefulness doubled! Sweeps linoleums as well as all rugs and carpets.
- 3 No more hard bearing down on handle. Just easy, one-hand movement.

NOTE: There are play-size Bissells—real sweepers—for the little folks, 25c and up. Ask your dealer.

HERE is a real thrift suggestion for Christmas: this new "Apartment" Hi-Lo (ball-bearing) Bissell. Its "Hi-Lo" brush gets more dirt—in one-fourth less time. It sweeps bare floors and linoleums, as well as rugs and carpets of all kinds. It moves with magic ease... no more hard bearing down.

This Bissell is built much lower, lighter and a trifle shorter. It gets under and around furniture like a small car in traffic and requires but little parking space.

It's time your old, half-worn sweeper that has given years of service is replaced. This new Bissell sweeps so much better—runs so much easier. No other gift you

can buy for so little money will give so many years of daily service.

Bissell's "Hi-Lo" models start at \$4.75 (the one shown here). Only 25c more in extreme West and South. Several other NEW, more beautiful, low models to select from. Leading hardware, furniture or department stores will gladly show you. The Bissell is made in Canada, too. The Bissell Booklet mailed free. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Listen in! Bissell Pick-ups Program, N. B. C. network, mornings except Saturdays and Sundays, 8:30 E. S. T., 8:45 C. S. T.

THE TRAIL DRIVER

[Continued from page 20]

"He'll run plumb into everything this range can dig up. You'd better hold up for a spell."

"Impossible, Sergeant," replied Brite. "There are two big herds right behind us. One an' two days. An' then six days or so more there's no end of them. Two hundred thousand head of stock will pass here this summer."

"Well, a good many of them will never get to Kansas. . . . Goodbye and good luck."

"Same to you," called Texas, and then turned to his outfit with fire in his eyes. "You all heard, so there's nothin' to say. We'll go through shootin'. Boss, I reckon we better load up with all the grub an' ammunition we can pack. No store now till we get to Doan's."

Brite's outfit of drivers went on, prepared for the worst. And again they had days of uneventful driving. At Bolivar, a buffalo camp, the Chisholm Trail split: the right fork, heading straight north to Abilene, was the longer and safer; the Dodge branch was shorter, harder and more hazardous, but ended in the most profitable market for cattle and horses. Texas bedded down the herd near a small stream, several miles east of Bolivar. Then he and Pan Handle rode into the camp to find out, if possible, which fork Hite had taken. They returned before supper was ready, much to Brite's relief.

"Wal, boss, Hite took the Dodge trail yesterday about noonday," said Texas, cheerfully. "He's ahead of us right smart, but accordin' to the buff hunters he'll be stuck in no time."

"Wal, that's good news, I guess," replied Brite, dubiously. "What you mean—stuck?"

"Wal, if nothin' else stops Hite the buffalo will."

"Then they'll stop us, too."

"We don't give a darn so long's we get our cattle back," rejoined Texas. "That Hite deal shore went against the grain for me."

TOWARD the close of supper two strangers approached camp. Texas greeted them, thereby relieving Brite's concern. The visitors proved to be hide hunters stationed at Bolivar.

"We been lookin' over yore herd," announced the taller of the two, undoubtedly a Texan. "An' we want to inform you that Hite's cattle wore two of yore brands."

"No news to us. But yore tellin' us makes a difference. Much obliged. It happened this way," rejoined Texas, and related the circumstances of the fording of the Colorado and the loss of half the herd.

"Then you needn't be told no more about Ross Hite?" queried the hide hunter, in a dry tone.

"Nope. Nary no more."

"Wal, that's good. Now heah's what we came over to propose. We want to move our outfit up between the Little Wichita an' the Red, where we heah there's a million buffs. An' we'd like to go with you that far."

"Wal, I'd like to have you, first rate," said Texas, frankly. "But we don't know you. How can we tell you ain't in with Hite or have some deal of yore own?"

"You can't tell," laughed the hunter. "But you've got guns."

"Shore, an' you might spike 'em. . . . Reddie, come heah," called Texas. "These two men want to throw in with us, far as the Little Wichita. If you was trail boss what would you say?"

"Gee, give me somethin' easy," retorted Reddie, but she came closer, surveying the two strangers shrewdly.

"Howdy, lady. Do you know Texans when you see them?" queried one, quizzically.

The shorter of the two removed his sombrero to bow politely. The act exposed a ruddy, genial face.

"Evenin', Miss. If it's left to you I'm shore we'll pass," he said, frankly.

"Texas, I've seen a heap of bad hombres, but never none that I couldn't size up pronto. If I was foreman I'd be glad to have these men."

"Wal, that was my idea," drawled Texas. "I only wanted to see what you'd say. All right. You're welcome. Be heah at daybreak. . . . An' say, what's yore handles?"

"Wal, my pard goes by the name of Smilin' Pete. An' mine's Hash Williams. Much obliged for lettin' us throw in with you. Good night."



NEXT morning, two hours after the start, a cloud of dust, whirling down into the herd, stampeded it. Fortunately it

was toward the north. The drivers had nothing much to do save ride alongside and keep the herd bunched. They ran ten miles or more, in a rolling cloud of dust and thunder, before they slowed up. It was the first stampede that trip, and was unfavorable in that it gave the herd a predisposition to stampede again. Texas Joe drove on until the chuckwagon and the two hide hunters caught up, which was late in the day.

That night at the campfire the trail drivers compared notes. San Sabe had seen smoke columns rising above the western hills; Ackerman and Little reported buffalo in the distance; Brite thought he noted an uneasy disposition on the part of all game encountered; Reddie had sighted a bunch of wild horses; Pan Handle averred he had spotted a camp far down a wooded creek bottom.

Texas apparently had nothing to impart, until Reddie said tartly: "Wal, Hawk-eye, what're you ha'id of this outfit for, if you can't see?"

"I wasn't goin' to tell. I shore hate to do it. . . . I saw two bunches of redskins today."

"No!" they chorused, starting up.

"Shore did. Both times when I was way up front, an' had first crack at the hilltops. Country gettin' rough off to the west. We're nearin' the Wichita Mountains. I shore had to peel my eyes, but I saw two bunches of Injuns, about two miles apart. They were watchin' us, you bet, an' got out of sight pronto."

"Comanches!" cried Reddie, aghast.

"I don't know, kid. But what's the difference. Comanches, Kiowas, Apaches, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, it's all the same."

"No, Tex, I'll take on all the last to pass up the Comanches."

"Men, it's nothin' to be seen by Indians," spoke up Pan Handle, coolly. "From now on we'll probably see redskins every day. We'll get visits from them, an' like as not we'll get a brush with some bunch before we get through to Dodge."

Smiling Pete and Hash Williams had listened quietly, as became late additions to the outfit. Whatever apprehensions Brite may have entertained toward them were rapidly disseminating. When they were asked, however, they readily added further reason for

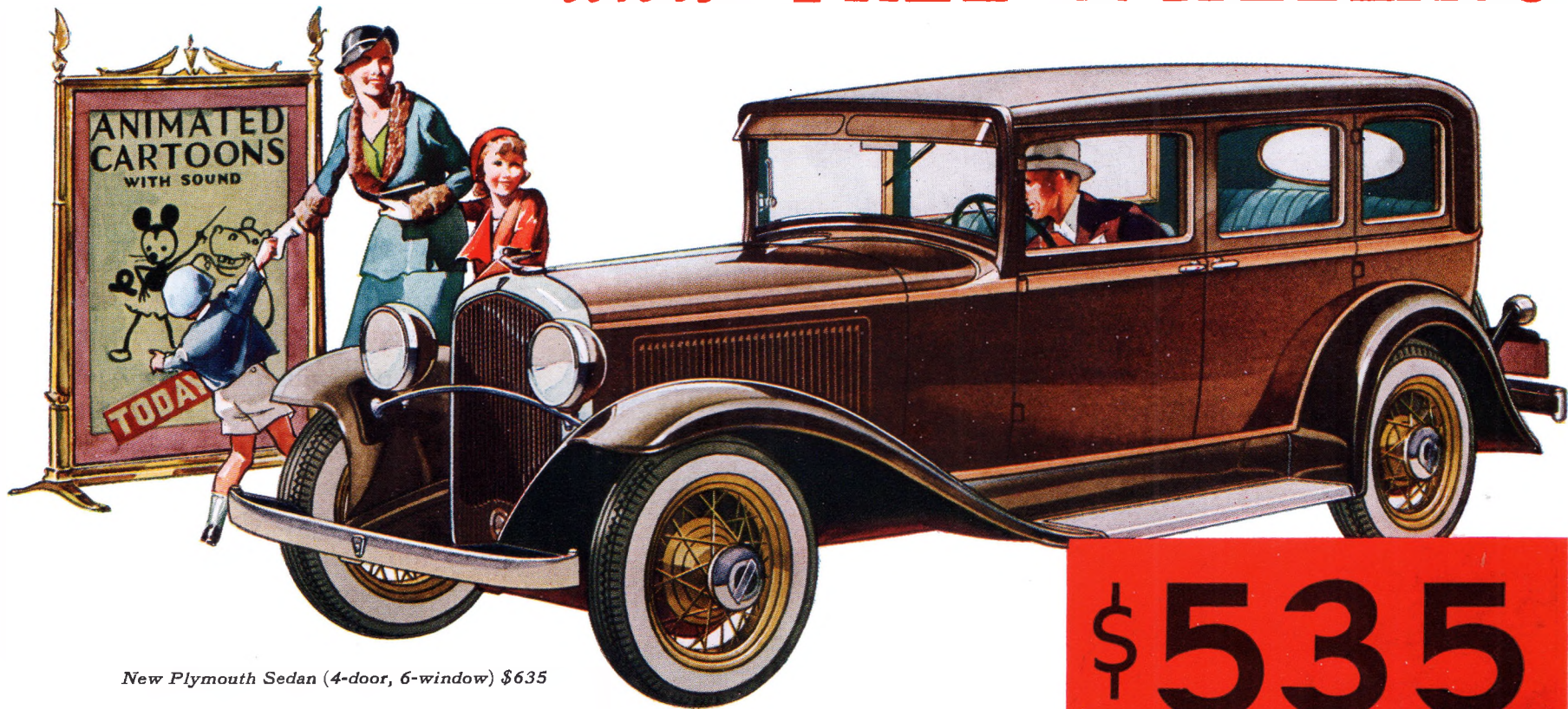
[Continued on page 81]

THE SMOOTHNESS OF AN EIGHT • THE ECONOMY OF A FOUR

NEW PLYMOUTH

FLOATING POWER

and FREE WHEELING



New Plymouth Sedan (4-door, 6-window) \$635

\$535

AND UP - FOB FACTORY

"FOURS RIGHT"

OF COURSE, Fours are right.

Right in simplicity; right in economy; right in ruggedness; right in performance—

Right in value and quality for cars of lowest price.

Previously wrong only in vibration—the “interrupted torque” that used to send tremors from the motor up through frame and body to torment the minds and irritate the nerves of driver and passengers.

Now, even that last objection has been overcome by the genius of Chrysler Motors engineering.

For “Floating Power” has achieved the silken power-flow of a fine Eight, without adding cylinders, lessening four-cylinder economy or changing four-cylinder simplicity.

In the New Plymouth, Chrysler Motors engineers have ordered four-cylinder vibration off the premises and out of the car in a new triumph of scientific achievement.

To say it is the greatest contribution of Chrysler Motors engineering to fine motoring in no way belittles the great accomplishments of the

scientists who have contributed so much to the fine Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler Sixes and Eights.

Floating Power—exclusive to the New Plymouth—is not something to describe.

It is something to experience, to enjoy—a great new development that will thrill and enthuse you.

And Floating Power is but one of the quality features with which the New Plymouth challenges the whole world of lowest-price cars.

Plymouth gives you Free Wheeling that brings to the field of lowest price the thrilling feature of high-priced cars which makes it possible literally to glide through heavy traffic. You can shift between all forward speeds without declutching—easily, quickly, smoothly.

Plymouth also gives a new, Easy-Shift transmission. You can shift quickly from second to high and back again at speeds of 35 and 45 miles an hour without clashing or grinding of gears even with Free Wheeling locked out.

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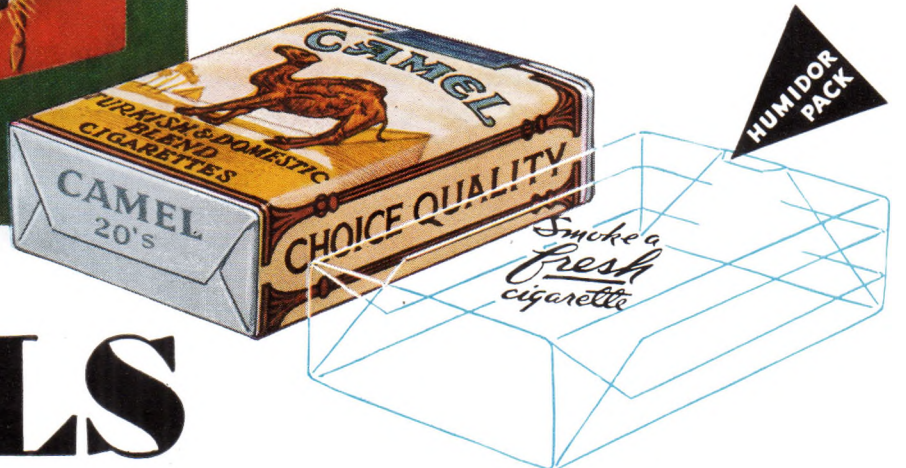
NEW LOW PRICES—Roadster \$535, Sport Roadster \$595, Sport Phaeton \$595, Coupe \$565, Coupe (with rumble seat) \$610, Convertible Coupe \$645, Sedan (2-door) \$575, Sedan (4-door, 6-window) \$635, f. o. b. factory. Low delivered prices. Convenient time-payments.

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Smoke a **FRESH** cigarette



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Mild . . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

*This year you can give **FRESH** cigarettes*

NEVER before at Christmas could you give what you can send to friends this year — because this is the first Christmas of Camel Cigarettes in the Camel Humidor Pack.

That means you can give the unmatched flavor of fine, clean, dust-free, fragrant tobacco — in cigarettes which *stay fresh* till the last Camel in the last package has been enjoyed.

Contrast that with the bite-and-burn of dried-out or parched dry tobaccos, and you'll know why Camels make such a welcome gift.

No matter how many miles you send them, no matter if someone else happens to send Camels too — the fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos in Camels will keep mild and cool and throat-easy, thanks to the *moisture-proof* wrapping which seals Camel flavor in the Camel Humidor Pack.

Be smart this Christmas. Make your shopping easy — and your gifts welcome by sending Camels straight through the list.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday

● Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

THE TRAIL DRIVER

[Continued from page 78]

speculation. Both had seen Indian riders so near at hand that they recognized them as Comanches.

"Reckon you've seen some Indian fightin'?" queried Brite.

"Wal, I reckon. But not so much this spring an' summer as last. Our camp was only raided once this trip out."

EVERY day's travel thereafter was fraught with increasing suspense. Old campfires in the creek bottoms, smoke signals from the hilltops, and lean wild mustangs with half-naked riders vanishing like specters in the distance, kept the Brite contingent vigilant and worried all the way to the Little Wichita.

Ordinarily it was a small river, easily forded by stock. But now it was a raging torrent, impassable until the freshet had gone by. That might take a day or longer. A short consultation resulted in a decision to find a protected swale or valley where grass would hold the cattle and timber would afford cover for the trail drivers in case of attack. The drivers of the herd ahead of them, presumably the one stolen by Ross Hite, could not have crossed, and no doubt had gone up the river with the same idea in mind.

Texas sent San Sabe down the river to reconnoiter and he proceeded up the stream for a like purpose, leaving the rest of the drivers to tend to the stock. The cattle had been driven off the trail half a mile and the chuck-wagon was hauled into the thickest clump of trees. Then armed to the teeth, alert and determined, the drivers awaited events.

Presently Reddie called to Brite that she heard a horse running. "It's San Sabe," she shrieked, pointing. "Look at him ride!"

"Injuns after him, I'll bet," added Brite. "We want to be huntin' cover."

A moment later San Sabe reached them.

"Injuns!" he shouted hoarsely, as he reined in. "But they ain't after me. They didn't see me. Haven't you heard the shootin'?"

No one in Brite's company had heard shots.

"Wal, it's down around that bend, farther than I reckoned. I was goin' along when I heard yellin' an' then guns. So I hid my hawse in the brush an' sneaked on foot until I came to a place where hawses had come up the bank out of the river. I follered the tracks till I saw their ponies in an open spot. Then I heard more shots an' yells. Takin' to the hillside I snaked along under cover till I saw what the deal was. Some settlers had made camp in a shady place, no doubt waitin' to cross the river. I saw three wagons, anyhow, an' some men behind them shootin' from under. An' I saw Injun arrows flashin' like swallows, an' I heard them hit the wagons. Then I sneaked back to my hawse an' come a-rarin'."

"Brite, we'll have to go to their assistance," replied Pan Handle, grimly. "Shore, we will."

"How many redskin ponies?" queried Williams, in businesslike tones.

"No more'n twenty—probably less."

"How far?"

"Half a mile below the bend."

"Boys, halter a couple of hawses for Pete an' me. But don't take time to saddle."

"What's all the confab about?" queried a cool voice. Texas Joe had come up behind them. San Sabe gave him the facts in few words. Then Hash Williams spoke up: "Shipman, I'm takin' it you'll go pronto to the rescue?"

"Shore. Have you any plan? You're used to redskins."

"We'll split, soon as we leave the hawses. Come on. We might get there too late."

San Sabe led off down the trail at a canter, followed by the drivers. Reddie was pale, but given over to the thrill

of the adventure. Brite would not have considered leaving her behind with Moze. The cavalcade rounded the river bend, stringing out with Brite and Bender in the rear. San Sabe soon halted and, leaping off, led into the timber on the right of the trail.

They tied their horses in the thick brush at the foot of the slope. Heavy booms of buffalo guns, and the strange, wild, staccato yells of Indians, soon sounded close.

"Comanches," said Williams, grimly. Presently San Sabe parted the bushes. "Heah's their ponies."

"Less'n twenty. Wal, they're our meat, boys," replied Hash Williams. "Shipman, keep Pete heah with you, an' choose five men to go with me."

"What's yore idea?" flashed Texas.

"If I can get above those red devils they're our meat," replied Williams. "Most of them will have only bows an' arrows. They'll crawl under the brush an' be low along the slope. . . . Strikes me there ain't enough shootin'. Hope we're not too late. . . . When we locate them an' let go, it's a shore bet they'll run for their hawses. You'll be hid heah."

"Ahuh. That suits me. I see where we can crawl within fifty feet of those Injun mustangs an' be well hid. . . . All right. You take San Sabe, Ackerman, Whittaker an' Little."

"Boys, throw off spurs an' chaps, an' follow me quiet."

WHEN the five men had disappeared, Texas peered around the glade where the mustangs had been left.

"Come on, an' don't make no noise," he whispered, and slipped away under the brush. Holden followed, then Smiling Pete, then Bender and Pan Handle, after which went Brite with Reddie at his heels. Texas led to a little higher ground, at the foot of the slope, and on the edge of the glade, where broken rock and thick brush afforded ideal cover.

"Heah we are," whispered Texas to his panting followers. "Couldn't be better. Spread out along this ledge. When you see them, wait till we give the word. Keep mighty still."

The Indian mustangs were haltered to saplings at the edge of the glade. What a ragged, wild-eyed bunch! They had caught a scent of the whites.

[Continued on page 82]



"SICK HEADACHE"

It is not necessary to give-in to that headache. It's a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time, takes some tablets of Bayer Aspirin and heads it off.

Keep Bayer Aspirin handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, systemic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they're fairly started if you'll only remember this handy, harmless form of relief. Carry it in your purse and insure your comfort shopping; your evening's pleasure at the theatre. Those annoying, nagging aches that bring a case of "nerves" by day are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home

are forgotten half an hour after you have taken two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin!

The more serious your suffering, the more these tablets will help. If you get real aspirin, you'll get real relief. In every package of genuine Bayer tablets are proven directions which cover headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica and similar suffering.

The tablets stamped Bayer won't fail you, and can't harm you. They don't depress the heart. They don't upset the stomach. So take them whenever you need them, and take enough to end the pain.

BAYER ASPIRIN

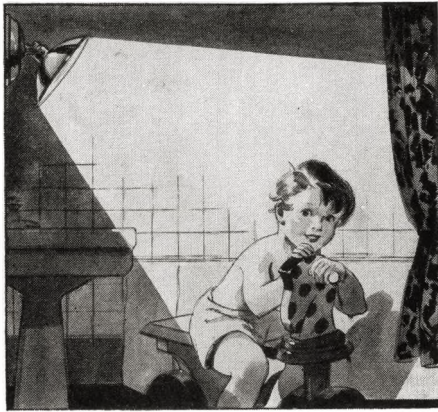


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G-E Bathroom Sunlamp

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You know how Baby frets on rainy, gloomy days, when he can't get out for his sunshine bath. And you should fret, too, until you get him a G-E Sunlamp to take its place. For you know just how important sunshine is in helping him grow. Science tells you that ultra-violet rays of the summer sun help to build strong bones and teeth, and to increase bodily resistance.

Fortunately for Baby — and for the whole family—it is these same beneficial ultra-violet rays that are approximated so closely in the new G-E Sunlamp.

This new model is to be installed on the wall or ceiling of your bathroom, where it is out of the way, yet ready for instant use, and perfectly safe to use.

Use it for Baby's "sun" baths, and let the whole family use it—when bathing, shaving, shampooing.

Other G-E Sunlamps, for living room, sunroom and office, range in price from \$34.50 to \$59.50. See your G-E dealer, or send for booklet on the benefits of ultra-violet.

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E wiring system. It provides adequate outlets conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.



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General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Please send me free booklet "Sunshine and Health,"
telling all about the benefits of ultra-violet.

Name.....

Address.....

THE TRAIL DRIVER

[Continued from page 81]

Heads were pointed, ears high, nostrils quivering.

Presently there came a series of blood-curdling yells, the hideous war cry of the Comanches.

"They've charged the wagon train," ejaculated Pete, hoarsely. "Williams mustn't have located them."

"He can do it now," replied Texas.

All at once the whoops and piercing yells were drowned in a crash of fire-arms.

"Ho! Ho! Listen to that! It'll be short now. The Comanches will be comin' in a jiffy."

BRITE gripped his rifle and watched the far side of the glade. Presently he espied a naked savage slipping through the trees. Farther down the edge of the woods other Indians emerged into the sunlight. They made for the mustangs, making signs to others coming.

Suddenly a warrior let out a screeching cry. No doubt he had seen or heard something of the ambushers. The next instant Reddie had fired at the nearest Comanche. He let out a yell of agony and stumbled backward. Simultaneously then, with fierce shouts, the ambushers began to fire. The terrorized mustangs tore away their halters, and scattered in every direction. Soon the firing thinned out, then ceased, after which there followed a dreadful silence.

"Reckon that's about all," drawled Texas Joe.

"That first buck who yelled got away," replied Pete. "I missed him. But we shore dropped the rest pronto."

"Tex, heah comes Williams an' our boys," shouted some one.

The hunter could be seen approaching hurriedly, yet warily, with several men at his heels.

"Hash, only one got away," called Smiling Pete. "We did 'em up quick an' brown."

"Good! But we were too late," boomed the hunter. "Come along back with us."

Texas Joe and the others followed Williams to a little clearing, where a camp had been established. Three wagons had been lined up to enclose a triangular space. The wheels had been barricaded in places with packs and beds. Indian arrows stuck out with ominous significance.

"Pete, we slipped up as fast as we could," Williams was explaining. "But too late. I reckon we were in only at the finish."

Brite bade Reddie remain back while he followed the hunters. He had seen gruesome sights before, yet it was a shock to renew such experiences. Williams dragged three dead men from under the wagons, and then a fourth who was still alive. Evidently he had been shot, for no arrow showed in him. They tore open his shirt and found a bad wound high up, just missing the lung.

"Reckon this fellar will live," said Williams, practically. "One of you tie a scarf tight over this hole an' under

his arm. . . . Search everywhere, fellas."

"I saw a girl just as we bust loose on 'em," said Ackerman. "Two redskins were chasin' her. I crippled one. Saw him go down an' crawl. Then the other grabbed him into the brush."

"Heah's a daid woman," called Texas Joe, from the back of the third wagon.

"That's not the girl I saw," shouted Ackerman. "She had light hair and was wearin' a plaid skirt."

"Wal, spread out, some of you, an' search," ordered Texas Joe.

But neither the wagons, nor the brush, nor the clumps of trees rewarded their hasty search. Deuce strode to the river bank, which was not far away. Suddenly he gave a wild shout, and leaped off the bank out of sight. Texas Joe and other drivers ran in that direction. Before they could reach the bank Deuce appeared, half supporting a light-haired girl.

"There, little lady, don't be scared," Ackerman was saying. "You're all right."

He helped her to a log, where she sank down, and her head fell against his shoulder. She appeared to be about sixteen years old. Wide, horror-stricken blue eyes gazed at the men.

"Lass, are you hurt?" queried Williams, anxiously.

"I don't—know. . . . I guess—not," she answered faintly.

"How many in yore party?"

"Six," she whispered.

"There's one man alive. He has a black beard. Reckon he'll live."

"My father! Oh, thank God!"

"What's yore name?"

"Ann Hardy. My father is John Hardy. We were on our way to Fort Sill to join a wagon-train there. . . ."

"Is the woman yore mother?"

"No, sir."

"Wal, that's all now," concluded Williams. "Men, we better not lose any time gettin' this girl an' her father up to our camp."

"I'll put her on my hawse," said Ackerman. "Come, Miss Hardy. . . ."

"You saved my life," she replied, and fixed strained eyes upon him. "I was about to jump into the river."

"All's well that ends well," rejoined Deuce, with a nervous little laugh. "We have a girl in our outfit. Heah she is. . . . Reddie Bayne."

"Oh, you poor dear," cried Reddie, putting her arm around the girl. "But you're safe now with us."

DEUCE and Reddie led the girl up the trail, followed by the other drivers, two of whom carried Hardy. Deuce put the girl up on his saddle and mounted behind her. In a few minutes they reached a familiar grove of trees.

"Wal, I'll be hanged!" vociferated Texas Joe, suddenly halting.

"What ails you, Tex?" asked Brite.

"Look about you, boss. Heah's camp an' our chuck-wagon. But where's Moze—an' where's our cattle?"

"Gone!" screamed Reddie.

[Continued in JANUARY McCALL'S]



For Christmas Baking

by
MARGARET B. BAKER
(Home Economics Director)



DON'T overlook the opportunity for expressing holiday spirit in your baking at this time of the year.

There is nothing quite so novel—or good-tasting for that matter—as home-baked cookies of various shapes suggesting the Christmas season.

These cookies make good Christmas tree ornaments, too—and will be enjoyed by the youngsters.

Here's an easy-to-follow recipe:

SUGAR COOKIES

2 1/2 cups Occident Flour (about)
1 cup sugar 4 tsp. baking powder
2 eggs 1 1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup butter 1 tsp. vanilla
1/2 cup sweet milk

Method—Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Add well beaten eggs and sweet milk. Sift dry ingredients. Mix soft—using as little flour as possible. Chill—roll thin, sprinkle with granulated sugar and roll lightly.

Cut in shape of Christmas trees, stars, snow flakes—as shown in the illustration—and sprinkle with shredded coconut, chopped nuts, candied cherries and citron cut in pieces.

Bake in hot oven (425°-450° F.).

Be sure to make a hole in each cookie before baking if you want to attach them to your Christmas tree with tinsel string.

For cookies and all other kinds of baking, you will find that Occident Flour gives you insured results. There are "No Accidents with Occident."

Try Occident. If you are not satisfied that it is better than any other flour you have ever used, your dealer will refund the full purchase price.

We have many other reasonable holiday recipes which I would like to send to you. Won't you mail the coupon below—now? I'll get them off for you by return mail.

Sincerely yours,

Margaret B. Baker

M. B. Baker, Home Economics Director,
Russell-Miller Milling Co., 4 McC
Security Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me the book of recipes developed
and tested in your Home Economics kitchen.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Grocer's
Name.....



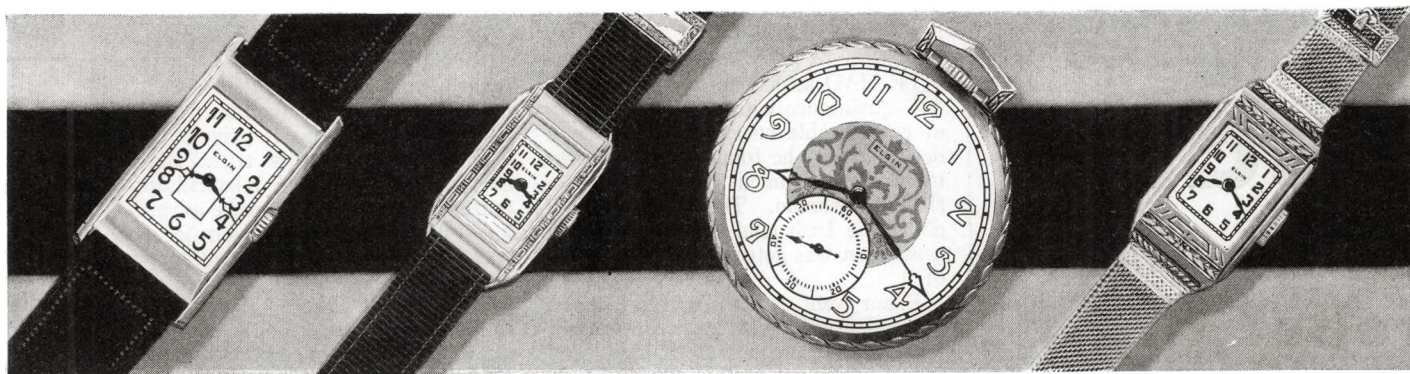
This year..of all years

GIVE A GIFT THAT'S WORTH WHILE

Better by far one worth-while gift
than a dozen odds and ends



A family gift for mother, sister, or the one among you who needs a modern, dependable Elgin. This new model is the smallest truly American made watch ever produced. Comes with 15 jewel movement, 14k white gold semi-baguette case \$60



This new styled Elgin is a perfect gift for the man. 17 jewel movement and 14k white gold filled case with yellow gold filled side bars . . . \$50

A beautiful creation for the young lady. Comes with dependable 7 jewel movement and 10k white or yellow gold filled engraved case, \$27.50

For the man who wants a pocket watch of unusual character. Comes with 17 jewel adjusted movement, and 14k white gold filled case . . \$45

Expressing a new note in jewelry design. 15 jewel movement, 14k white gold filled case. Comes with white gold filled mesh attachment . . \$40

A beautiful Elgin . . . a gift from the whole family. . . is a remembrance to be cherished always. And think! An Elgin costs no more than the 3 or 4 ordinary things you would otherwise give.

IT'S GOING to be a thrifty Christmas, of course. But beware of the kind of thrift that expresses itself in a flood of cheap and unwanted trinkets . . .

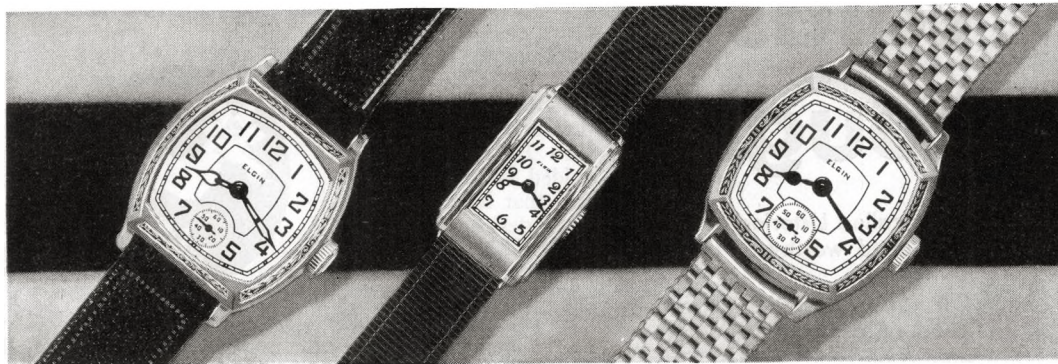
Better by far to give one beautiful, useful and lasting gift, than a whole houseful of ordinary trifles . . .

Think, in years past, how you would have traded all the things that you received for that one perfect gift on which your heart was set.

This year someone in your family wants a fine Elgin watch. Even though this is more than you alone can afford to give, there is no need for disappointment . . .

Call a family conference . . . now! Choose from the beautiful watches on this page, and see how easy it is to give an Elgin when the whole family goes together.

Your jeweler is now showing these newest Elgin models in a wide variety of distinctive case designs. Priced from \$16.25 to \$500.



For the young man . . . a handsome, sturdy Elgin. 7 jewel movement fitted in nickel chromium plated case. Luminous dial and hands . . . \$20

A lady's watch of unusual beauty . . . very modern. Comes with rectangular 15 jewel movement and 14k white or yellow gold filled case . . . \$37.50

A new Elgin distinctly masculine in design. 17 jewel adjusted movement, 14k white or green gold filled case with gold filled band . . . \$39.75



THE accuracy of any watch rests mainly upon the precision with which its tiny parts are made. Many watch manufacturers still use the old hand-tooling methods of centuries past. But human hands tremble, and errors occur. To make its tiny parts unfailingly accurate, Elgin has developed marvelous precision machines. The wonders of these inventions are widely known, yet their secrets are carefully kept concealed.

Though machines are used to give precision, the work of assembling your Elgin is done slowly and painstakingly by hand. It takes a whole year of this marvelous work to complete an Elgin.

ELGIN

made in America by American workmen



the
Listerine
people
now make a
salve
for the quicker
relief of . . .
croup
colds
coughs

● It is called Listerine Rub and it's indeed worthy of the Listerine name.

It comes in a tidy tube instead of a messy jar. And—what a blessing!—it leaves no permanent stain.

Listerine Rub penetrates deeper and therefore relieves quicker. The eight rubefacients it contains give the skin an immediate warmth and glow that stimulate circulation.

You've never seen anything like the way it relieves muscular pain and congestion accompanying croup, colds, and coughs.

Don't forget the stainless feature. Don't forget either that it is 25¢—important saving.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

it's Stainless
and it's **25¢**
LISTERINE
RUB

NEWTON D. BAKER

[Continued from page 4]

and when the time came he went off to Baltimore. At Johns Hopkins he met Wilson, a fellow student. He began the amazing accumulation of friendships which must certainly be in these days the most cherished possession of his life. He also learned that he could not be a surgeon. His eyes were not good enough.

He accepted the fact at once, but went on through to the graduation. Then he went to Washington and Lee College in Virginia and studied for the law. When he had passed his examinations he went back to Martinsburg, hung out his shingle, and prayed for litigation among his acquaintances. The prayers, however, were quite unavailing, and after a year of almost painful idleness he decided upon a trip to Europe. It was on the ship which brought him back that his real career began.

HE HAD struck up a shipboard acquaintance with an old gentleman of considerable energy. Coming upon deck one day, he found this gentleman in violent argument with an impassioned Irishman. They were talking about the Irish land laws, and the old gentleman was getting much the worst of it.

Baker went at once to his defense. He had acquired somewhere an exact knowledge of those land laws, and presently he had the Irishman admitting that he knew little or nothing about the subject. But the discussion ended in more than friendly fashion, for the Irishman said:

"My name is Martin Foran. You're a bright young fellow. You've got to come to Cleveland and work in my law office."

Thus began the first important instance of pressure and protest—with Baker's life being guided on between. He said that he had not the least desire to practice trial law, because he was sure that he had no talent for it. But Foran declined to listen, and finally he exacted the promise that Baker would at least call on him in Cleveland.

A few weeks later, mindful of the promise, Baker dropped into the Foran offices. He was prepared for a little chat and a quick departure, but instead he was led without ceremony to a small, pleasant room.

"This," said Foran, "will be yours. I will see that you are not disturbed." He thrust forward a heap of papers. "Go through these as quickly as you can and let me know what you think of the case." There was nobody to listen to Baker's protest, because Foran had closed the door and gone away. The young lawyer glanced at the papers, found an absorbing interest in them, and settled down to his new job.

He acquired a strong liking for Cleveland, and under Foran's influence he soon found interest in the politics of the town. In 1897 he met the late Tom Johnson, who was Mayor of the town and the leading spirit of all the liberal thought in the section. Almost at once Johnson began to exert a profound influence over Baker. In the first place, an immediate and very deep personal attachment sprung up between them, and in the second place Johnson's political philosophy was something that Baker could follow with complete sincerity.

Before long Johnson appointed his young friend Assistant City Solicitor,

and later, when the opportunity came, made him the chief of the city's law department. Both had to go through periodical elections, of course, to keep their jobs, and it was during the campaigns for these elections that Baker learned from the wise head of his mentor the rough and tumble game of politics. It was then that he developed his gift for oratory which makes him, without much question, the most brilliant public speaker of our day.

When Johnson died, it was natural that the heir to his policies and his power should be the man who had been so close to him. A new Mayor had to be chosen. To those who suggested that he run, Baker urged that a more experienced man be found. But finally it was borne in upon him that none could carry forward Johnson's uncompleted plans with such clear understanding of their purpose as he.

Now I must point out a distinction. A little while ago I said that it was almost impossible to make him work for the advancement of his private political fortunes. That is true. But it does not mean that he is a lackadaisical crusader when it comes to the advancement of an idea. He is an idealist, with incredible energy in the support of his ideals, as anyone who heard his speech on the League of Nations at the New York convention in 1924 must know. On that memorable day he poured forth a stream of eloquence that was stunning, because he felt it was an obligation to Wilson's memory to make one last stand for Wilson's greatest dream. In the Cleveland campaigns, likewise, he was toiling to bring into reality policies and ideals which he had inherited from his dead teacher. And he demonstrated very clearly that he was capable of immense energy, immense astuteness in the matter of getting votes.

He was elected Mayor of Cleveland in 1912 and again in 1914. It was in 1916, just at the end of his second term—when he had accomplished virtually all of the Johnson plans that he had pledged to accomplish—that Wilson appointed him Secretary of War. He had placed Wilson deeply in his debt, politically, in 1912, when at the Baltimore convention he led the fight to break the unit rule in the Ohio delegation. That coup, more than anything else, made Wilson's nomination possible. But Wilson was never famous for his acknowledgment of political indebtedness. He wanted Baker to be Secretary of War for the single reason that he thought Baker would make a good one.

HE HAD—according to his temperament—protested strongly against his appointment. He was desperately anxious to serve under Wilson, because he admired Wilson very profoundly, but he said:

"Don't you think this is a mistake? Everybody knows my reputation as a pacifist. The European war is getting closer to us. The country wouldn't want a pacifist in charge, if we got involved. Shouldn't you get somebody else?"

Wilson said: "Suppose you let me judge that, Mr. Baker. I want you to swear in, now, as quickly as possible."

So the little man from Ohio went back to Cleveland, agreed with Mrs. Baker that it would be bad for the children to take them out of school,

[Continued on page 87]

A WARNING TO WOMEN WHO CHERISH BEAUTY



—keep yourself
free of acidity!

YOUTH, they say, is beauty. But beauty in a woman is something more than a matter of youth. It's really a matter of health—the health of sparkling eyes, smooth soft lips and rose-petal skin. And she can only hope to hold her charming freshness when she frees herself of acidity. Even now, and even without knowing it, you may be a victim of this excess acid condition. Brought on by faulty elimination, which is womankind's most common ailment, it keeps you neither sick nor well. You may complain of headaches, occasional nausea, sour stomach and loss of sleep.

If such is your case, chances are you have acidity, and for that reason here is an announcement that should be of vital interest. Milk of magnesia and mineral oil have at last been smoothly united—scientifically emulsified. And now, in Hale's M-O (Milk of Magnesia plus Mineral Oil), you can have the combined benefits of the two most valuable aids in correcting faulty elimination and acidity.

When the system is clogged and fermentation occurs, Milk of Magnesia "sweetens" stomach and intestines, and neutralizes acids that otherwise would spread through the system and bring age to your face. Mineral Oil lubricates accumulated food waste. The two combined, in Hale's M-O, act gently to cleanse and freshen the digestive tract, restore normal function, and return youthful freshness to skin, lips and eyes.

So nearly tasteless it is, that children cannot detect Hale's M-O with their milk. And because it is an emulsion, normal doses cause no leakage. Thousands of patients of all ages daily take this emulsion by physicians' orders. At druggists', full pint bottle \$1. A generous sample sent upon receipt of 10¢ in postage stamps. The Hale M-O Co., Inc., Geneva, N. Y.

HALEY'S M-O

AN EMULSION

OF MILK OF MAGNESIA

AND PURE MINERAL OIL

The Hale M-O Company, Inc.
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Geneva, N. Y.

I enclose 10¢ postage for which please send me a generous sample of Hale's M-O.

Name.....

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MAIL COUPON NOW



“It’s a

GENERAL ELECTRIC!”

CHRISTMAS morning! Holly and mistletoe—starry-eyed laughter and dreams-come-true! Happy those women who wish for, and get, a General Electric Refrigerator.

Here is the Christmas gift that demonstrates the giver’s consideration . . . in a thousand steps saved, in unmatched convenience, in positive protection of the family’s health—in “extra money” it saves out of the housewife’s budget the year ’round. Low operating cost lessens refrigerating expense. Food spoilage is eliminated. Perishable foods bought in quantity on bargain days, can be safely stored—saving 10% to 20% of the annual food bill and many tiresome trips to market.

The General Electric requires no attention—not even

oiling. Within the modern beauty of the famous Monitor Top is all the simple, current-saving mechanism, hermetically sealed-in-steel. There’s generous storage space in the rugged, durable All-Steel Cabinet. Sliding shelves bring food in easy reach; porcelain interiors are acid and stain-resisting; the sanitary Super-Freezer of gleaming porcelain is full visioned, easy to clean and keep clean. . . these conveniences bring delight to the feminine heart. And a full 3-Year Guarantee affords complete protection against service expense.



Convenient payment terms available. General Electric Co., Electric Refrigeration Department, Section N 12, Hanna Building, 1400 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR



**Walnuts add so much
TO WINTER MENUS
--so little to their cost**

... especially at today's BARGAIN PRICES

What menu miracles a good cook can work with Walnuts! What a joy it is—these long winter evenings—to have a heaping Walnut Bowl always within easy reach!!

And this year, no Walnut Bowl need ever be empty—no family need be without them. For Walnuts are now on sale at bargain prices—the lowest in 15 years.

Now you can have all the Walnuts that you want—to fill the children's stockings at Christmas, to "dress up" your cakes and cookies, salads and desserts, to add flavor to homemade candies and other special treats. You'll want lots of salted and roasted Walnuts. You'll want to be liberal with them during the holidays—and right through the year.

Walnuts add so much to so many different dishes—and they can even save you money on your grocery bill. For that's a fine thing about Walnuts. They give a "party touch" to many simple foods, and often make them take the place of dishes that are more expensive. There's real economy in using Walnuts freely—especially at the bargain prices which your grocer offers you this year.

If you want to take full advantage of this Walnut bargain, of course, you'll insist on

Diamond Walnuts. For there you get not only low price, but better quality, too. Better growing methods, higher grading standards, stricter systems of inspection make Diamond Walnuts even better values today than they were in pre-war days, when you last saw such low Walnut prices.

And, fortunately, it's easy to be sure of getting Diamond Walnuts. For every nut is *branded*; the Diamond trademark stamped right on the shell. Just see that 97% of the Walnuts you are buying show the Diamond trademark. Naturally, there are different sizes and varieties, selling at different prices; but regardless of variety and size, Diamond Walnuts always give you *more and better kernels per pound*.

Ask your grocer about his bargain prices! He'll probably make it worth your while to order several pounds—enough for all your holiday uses. In fact, when you learn how cheaply Walnuts now supply food value, as well as holiday cheer, you'll probably want to let them help solve your Christmas gift problem, too. What more practical gift than 5 or 10 pounds of fine Walnuts—economical, rich in Christmas traditions, sure to please!

**May we send you
THIS FREE RECIPE BOOK?**

You'll find many delightful suggestions for "dressing up" everyday dishes in our 40-page booklet, "For That Final Touch—Just Add Diamond Walnuts." Also scores of recipes for holiday treats. Better write for your free copy—today! Address Dept. I-12,

**CALIFORNIA WALNUT
GROWERS ASSOCIATION**
Los Angeles, California

*A purely cooperative, non-profit organization of
6212 growers. Our yearly production over
70,000,000 pounds.*

Shelled, too!

And don't forget Diamond *shelled* Walnuts (mixed halves and pieces) packed in two sizes of vacuum sealed tins, to keep them always fresh and sweet, ready for instant use. They are exactly the same tender, mature, full-flavored kernels as Diamond Walnuts in the shell. Many women have found it pays to keep *both kinds* on hand.



**Try These Suggestions For
Making Christmas Menus Merry!**

HOLIDAY CANDIES simply aren't complete without Walnuts! Their golden kernels "dress up" bonbons. Their crunchy crispness improves even the finest homemade candies—fudge, penoche, divinity, nut brittle, nougat or any other. You'll want to use them freely.

WALNUT GRAHAM MUFFINS: Mix and sift ½ cup bread flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, and ¼ cup brown sugar. Add 1 cup graham flour, ½ cup Diamond Walnut kernels cut in pieces, and ½ cup raisins washed and cut in pieces. Mix well, add 1 egg beaten until light, ¾ cup milk, and 2 tablespoons melted shortening. Beat thoroughly, bake in 12 greased muffin pans in a hot oven (400° F.) for 18 to 20 minutes.

WALNUT AND SALMON SALAD: Dissolve ½ package acidulated gelatine in 1 pint boiling water and add 1 teaspoonful salt and 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice. Cool until mixture thickens slightly. Then add ¾ cup cooked or canned salmon broken into small pieces, ¾ cup chopped cabbage and ½ cup broken Diamond Walnut kernels. Put into individual molds and chill.

CHOCOLATE WALNUT WAFERS: Cream ½ cup butter, add 1 cup sugar gradually while beating constantly, add 2 eggs well beaten, 2 squares chocolate, melted, 1 cup Diamond Walnut kernels broken in small pieces, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla, and ¾ cup sifted flour. Drop from top of spoon on a greased baking sheet one inch apart, and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 15 to 20 minutes.

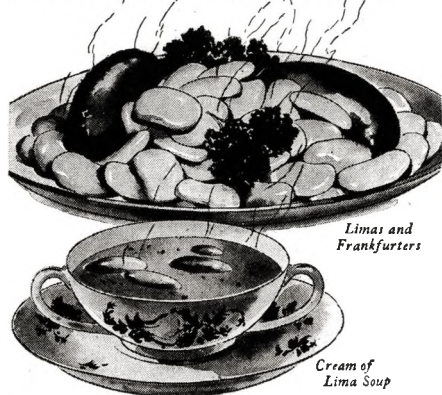


See recipes above

DIAMOND *California's finest*
branded **WALNUTS**

"It's fun being thrifty

when I can serve dishes like these"



Limas and Frankfurters

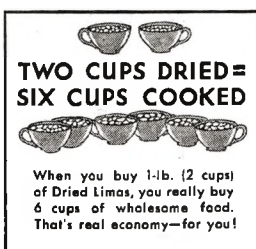
Cream of Lima Soup

YOU'LL SAY IT, too, when you try the many economical but interesting ways in which California Limas may be served.

For Limas are, first of all, a real treat in wholesome goodness and flavor. Their wonderful economy simply makes them doubly welcome. At this year's bargain prices, you'll want to serve them in so many different ways—and enjoy the practical kind of thrift that gives you better meals, yet keeps your food bills down.

Limas are *healthful*, too—rich in protein, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts. And because they are highly *alkaline*, Limas do much to neutralize excess acidity, the cause of Acidosis.

To be sure of getting the *best* Limas, ask for SEASIDE BRAND, either "Regular" (large) or "Baby" Limas, the pick of California's finest crop.



TWO CUPS DRIED = SIX CUPS COOKED

When you buy 1-lb. (2 cups) of Dried Limas, you really buy 6 cups of wholesome food. That's real economy—for you!



Look for this 100-pound SEASIDE bag before you buy.

New!—the same highest quality Dried Limas in cans—ready-cooked. Just heat and serve.

SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

For free booklet of tested Lima recipes by nationally known Food Editors, just address Department 216, CALIFORNIA LIMA BEAN GROWERS ASSOCIATION, OXNARD, CALIF.

NEWTON D. BAKER

[Continued from page 84]

and returned to Washington alone to run the greatest war in history. He arrived in the evening, carrying a single suitcase, and he went to a little bedroom in the University Club, where he had slept before on his visits to the capital.

The next morning he went to his new office for the first time and found it crowded with Army officers. Villa and his Mexicans had fired on American cavalry in New Mexico and killed several men. It would be necessary to send troops against Villa. On his first day in office the pacifist Secretary found it necessary to direct hostilities.

THAT was the beginning—a hint that coming events, in all truth, cast their shadow before. Before long we were in the midst of war and the accumulation of events is so vast, the movement of men and affairs so swift and full of confusion that it is futile to seize upon details and read into them the meaning of the whole pattern. We shall be content with a few glimpses.

In 1929 Baker wrote a letter in answer to the inquiry: "Why did you appoint Pershing to command the American armies abroad, rather than his senior, Leonard Wood?" Here is the letter, in part:

"The selection of General Pershing to command our expeditionary forces was my personal selection. I had never seen General Pershing at the time the choice was made. General Pershing was not suggested to me by any other person, military or civilian. I took the records of all the major generals in our service to my house and studied them alone. Having reached the conclusion that General Pershing was my choice, I communicated that fact to General Scott, Chief of Staff, without telling him my estimate of any other general officer or my reasons for selecting General Pershing. General Scott made merely the comment, 'Mr. Secretary, you could not have made a wiser choice.' As you know, General Scott was a devoted friend and admirer of General Wood. I presented my choice to the President for his approval, told him the method I had followed to inform myself and the reasons for my choice, and he approved the selection.

"I think it important that you should know that President Wilson had no part whatever in the so-called 'treatment' of General Wood by the War Department. Whatever was done I did. The responsibility is mine and not President Wilson's, and there was neither personal feeling nor political feeling in it."

When Baker finally had decided upon Pershing, and received the President's approval, he sent for Francis E. Warren, Senator from Wyoming and Pershing's father-in-law. "Tell me," asked Baker, "does your son-in-law speak French?" Senator Warren did not remember, but said he would telegraph to Wyoming at once. The reply came back that the General had studied French and could pick it up easily. Then Baker ordered him to Washington.

When he had formally notified Pershing that he was to command the American Expeditionary Forces, Baker stood looking at the square-faced soldier in his private office. "General," he said, "you will receive two orders from me. The first, I give you now:

Take charge of our combat troops and direct their fighting. The second order will be: Come back. Between the two, you shall receive no directions whatever of a military nature. You are in command."

He was remembering, then, the stories his father had told him in his boyhood, of competent generals in the Union Army hampered and harassed by senseless orders from Washington. He was determined that Pershing should have no such experience. It was five or six months after America's active entrance in the war when Baker went to France to observe how matters were going. American troops had received their baptism of fire and they had acquitted themselves well, but it was the fact that all of Pershing's job in those early months was a diplomatic job, rather than a fighting one. To preserve the unity of the American army he had gone through tortuous conferences and almost impossible political situations with the allies.

Baker and Pershing were riding alone in the carriage of a train from Paris to Chaumont. It was bitter cold. And they sat muffled in their overcoats, shivering. "General," said Baker, "I have a confession to make to you. If I could have foreseen the diplomatic tangles that would confront our commander arriving in France, you would have been the last man chosen to head the Army. To tell the truth, it was a miscalculation of the problem, on my part. But now—looking back—you would still be my choice. You have handled a difficult job of diplomacy and you have handled it perfectly."

We see him, again, in his office at Washington, overwhelmed with work. His family has moved down from Cleveland, but he sees little of it. Walter Camp, the athletic director, calls on him and outlines a series of exercises that he must follow if he is to keep fit. But he smiles.

"I've never played games nor cared much for exercise," he says. "I've been a stationary engine all my life, and it's too late to turn into a locomotive." He refuses to take the exercises, but General Tasker Bliss, Baker's secretary, and Dr. Raymond Fosdick devise a friendly plot. They insist to him at six o'clock every evening that there are no more callers, no more papers to be considered, and make him go to the White House tennis courts to bat the ball around a little and forget his desk.

STILL again we see him under a curious attack from a certain newspaper of anti-Semitic tendencies. This newspaper insisted that the American government had fallen into Jewish hands, and pointed to Baker as the most striking example. He did not make a public answer, but wrote to a friend who wanted some facts:

"The facts are simple. On my father's side the Baker connection is English. My father's mother was of German descent, the name Billmeyer, and both the Bakers and the Billmeyers have been in this country since at least as early as 1790, the Bakers living in Maryland and the Billmeyers in West Virginia. On my mother's side the combination is Irish and German. My mother's father was a German named Dukehart from Württemberg, and her mother was a Miss Murphy, whose

[Continued on page 88]

YOUR CHARM need never fade



THOUGH blessed with the lineaments of a goddess—though gowned by Lanvin, and hatted by Agnes—a woman may yet fail in attractiveness because of the poisons that collect in the system. For attractiveness, that elusive quality, depends most of all on *internal cleanliness*.

When poisons cloud the skin, dull the eyes, drag down the spirits, kill charm—all the beauty treatments in the world cannot correct the damage they do!

Be clean internally, then. The saline treatment with Sal Hepatica makes it an easy matter.

What the "saline cure" does for fashionable Europeans, who go regularly to Continental springs and spas to recapture health and beauty, Sal Hepatica can do for you at home. For Sal Hepatica has the same properties as the famous European waters. It banishes constipation, cleans the bloodstream, gets rid of the poisons that keep you from being good-looking, clear-eyed, alluring.

Begin the saline treatment with Sal Hepatica tomorrow morning.



SAL HEPATICA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-121
71 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

NEWTON D. BAKER

[Continued from page 87]



Hold family reunions regularly by telephone!

"Season's greetings, son! . . . How is Helen? . . . and the children? . . . Oh, Dad and I are both well. . . . Let me talk to Jimmy, Junior, will you?"

FAMILIES scatter with the years. Too often they can't get "back home" for old-fashioned reunions. Yet, at holiday-time, you want to share the happy glow that's in your heart and hear intimate bits of news about them all.

Visit them by telephone! Distance doesn't matter. And telephone reunions are the least expensive kind. Best of all, you can have them all-year-round, any time, anywhere.

To most places 25 miles away, the day station-to-station rate is about 25 cents; 40 miles away, 35 cents; 75 miles, 50 cents; 125 miles, 75 cents; 150 miles, 80 cents. Many rates are lower during the evening and night periods.



father was a sea captain who was lost at sea. In my boyhood I knew people in the Baker and Billmeyer families, the Murphy and Dukehart families, covering about three generations. I never knew any member of any of these four families who had the slightest physical appearance of being a Jew, and I never heard the suggestion that any of them or their descendants, with the exception of myself, was a Jew.

"I regret to say that both my father and my mother had a slight anti-Semitic prejudice, although neither was strong about it and it appeared to be rather due to the fact that they had never known any Jewish people, and their feeling was rather against strangers whom they did not know than any racial or religious thing.

"The religious persuasions of the several families were as follows: The Bakers and the Billmeyers were all Lutherans, some of them distinguished clergymen. The Murphys were originally Presbyterians. The native religion of the Dukeharts I do not know, but my grandfather and my grandmother after their marriage became Episcopalians.

"I have known many delightful Jewish people and have always numbered a lot of them among my cherished friends. I have made addresses in Jewish temples and synagogues, have worked on committees with Jews about Palestinian and other Jewish problems.

"Incidentally, it may be worth while to say that my wife's maiden name was Elizabeth Leopold. The Leopold family is, I believe, Dutch. At any rate, it is Quaker and ancient Pennsylvanian. The rest of her family is Price and Streeper, both old English. They were all good Presbyterians until I captured Mrs. Baker to the extent of her permitting our children to be baptized in the Episcopal Church."

THE war came to its end, and when the last soldier was home, the great army demobilized, Baker's work was done. There can be no serious doubt that he was an extremely able Secretary of War. Wilson so characterized him, when he said, "Mr. Baker is one of America's most valuable public servants."

And as for that record into which we are looking, a rather amazing fact comes to light. The Republican administration which followed the Democratic direction of the war began its series of natural and proper investigations. There were more than fifty separate inquiries, and their net result was almost ludicrous. After all the charges of war frauds and profiteering were brought to book, there were two convictions and two pleas of guilty. They involved these crimes: (1) A man in Texas stole a government truck valued at \$2,400. (2) A man accepted a bribe for approving an order for non-skid chains. (3) A man stole enough government property to warrant a fine of \$100. (4) A man pleaded guilty to falsehood in applying for a passport. This was the extent of the war frauds—and Baker retired to private life with no blemish and much praise upon his record.

But he retired very poor. When the family returned to Cleveland, there was almost exactly enough money to pay one month's rent. They had lived for years on the small salaries that public servants receive, and Baker set out to restore his fortunes.

During the years since the war he has made a considerable success as a lawyer. He is the head of a firm in

Cleveland, and has represented litigants in a number of very important cases. He is a director of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and an important advisor to the Van Sweringen railroad interests. He figured prominently in the McCormick will case that was tried in California—prominently enough to stir the rumor that his fee was \$5,000,000. As a matter of fact, no fee at all has been decided upon as this is written. The entire question is in the hands of the California courts, which will eventually name the fee arbitrarily. Baker declined to allow his client, Mrs. McCormick, to suggest a fee of \$1,000,000 for the consideration of the court, as she wished to do. This, he said, was far too much, and no amount at all was suggested.

THE Bakers live in a comfortable house in Cleveland. The son, Jack, was married last July. The oldest daughter, Betty, was married four years ago. The youngest daughter, Peggy, is eighteen and lives at home with her parents. Domestic life is that amiable, friendly business that has its basis in mutual respect, mutual esteem. Mrs. Baker is a musician of considerable talent, and she lives with quiet dignity, although on rare occasions she will grow angry at aspersions upon her husband. Once or twice, sitting in a train, she has heard strangers attack the former Secretary of War, and she has spoken to them, briefly, but quite witheringly.

Since the war, Baker has served the State officially on but one occasion. President Hoover appointed him to the Wickersham Committee, and in his individual report he emphatically urged prohibition reform. Even prior to that it was no secret that he was against the dry laws. He has been, outspokenly, from the first. On the other hand, in his personal habits he is a teetotaler, or virtually so. It is a family joke that he is an honorary member of the Cleveland Bartenders' Union, and holds an ancient card certifying to that fact. In the old days of his early campaigns in the city government, he was presented with it as a token of esteem from an earnest admirer who felt that he could offer no greater flattery.

So much of the portrait is filled out by the clerkly historian. But beyond the simple record of facts as they were and things as they are, there are more subtle valuations. One of the clearest of these, to me, is that matter of his friendships concerning which I have spoken. I have talked to a lot of these men—and they are all sorts of men, editors and bankers, philosophers and politicians and less exalted citizens. The quality of their devotion to Baker is really amazing. Moving among them, one is assailed with the doubt that any man is so splendid as they believe him to be—that, being human, this small fellow from Ohio must have the faults that are inescapable in earthly clay. Yet it is almost impossible to discover them. To them he is an idealist—sincere, touched with the grace of humility, learned, talented, and tempered with the ineffable gift of humor. You ask of them, "Frankly, what are his defects?" They knit their brows, and think, and present all the appearance of honest creatures trying to answer honestly. But then they shake their heads and say, "Really, I can't think of any that are at all important." Well, now, it is quite something to have a reputation like that, even among friends.

The Best Electric Cleaner "BUY" on the Market



BUT don't take our word for it. Don't even take the G-E initials on it as proof...though that is proof enough for millions of people. Get this cleaner into your own two hands and make it prove itself. Lift it. Examine it. Turn on the motor and note the power. Watch it gather up all the dirt in sight...and a lot more that isn't in sight. Watch it glide swiftly over your rugs and floors, leaving them bright, clean, new—refreshed for longer life.



After it gives you a performance equal to any other cleaner, then look at the price tag: \$35. Can any other company but General Electric give you so much for so little?

We want you to see this cleaner, whether you are ready to buy or not. For it is of the same fine family as our famous G-E refrigerator and our 20-year fans. It is a worthy member of this family, and we can count on it to convince you that when you do get a cleaner, it will be a General Electric. Will you send us your name, on the coupon below, so that we may arrange a demonstration for you? In return for this courtesy on your part, we will mail you, postpaid, a fine, large, chemically treated dust cloth, absolutely free.

The "Standard" at \$35 is one of the five superior cleaners offered by G-E. The others are: The Super, a brand new motor-driven brush type, \$49.50; the De Luxe at \$42.50 and the Junior at \$27.50; both straight suction cleaners like the Standard, differing only in size and price; and the ever useful Handy that does all the work of ordinary attachments—and more—\$14.50.



GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANER

When wiring or rewiring your home, specify G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.



A FREE OFFER

Section V-8712, Merchandise Dept., General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free dust cloth, and booklet about G-E cleaners.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

A CHICAGO DEBUTANTE SCOFFS AT STORMS



Miss Barbara Graf, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Graf, Jr., of Chicago. Her debut ball will take place in December.



Rain has no terrors for football fans who own Zippers.

"SOMEbody should give a prize to whoever designed this year's Shower Boots. They are simply marvelous for style and warmth. You can wear them over thin-soled slippers to the Stadium, slosh through the mud and then drive back in an open car to the Club. And this deb solemnly declares that even the tips of your toes will be warm all afternoon. Wash off the mud, turn down the cuffs to expose spotless stockings, and Philo Vance himself would not know you had been out.

"That important little matter of fit and smartness is beautifully solved in these Shower Boots. It is a riddle to me how they can make your feet look so small and your legs so slim and tapering to an ethereal ankle. Though, of course, they only weigh seven ounces.

"Look at the gunmetal rubber Shower Boots for wear with black clothes, and the brown ones that harmonize perfectly with the new winter colors. If I get to Lake Placid for the skiing, there will be two pairs of these little Zippers in my trunk." The B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corp., Watertown, Massachusetts.



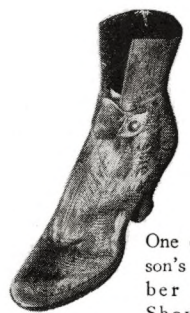
At fashionable Lake Placid, where it is as smart to be a spectator as it is to ski jump.



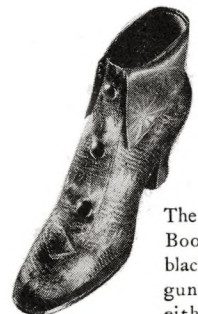
Tea at the Casino Club. For years the club has been a dominant factor in the fashionable life of Chicago. The new building is one of the most beautiful in the city. Zippers are familiar friends at the Club on rainy days.



They weigh seven ounces—not much more than your vanity case.



One of this season's black rubber brocade Shower Boots with slide fastener and ankle snap.



The new Shower Boots come in black, brown and gunmetal with either slide or snap fasteners.

ANOTHER
B.F. GOODRICH
PRODUCT

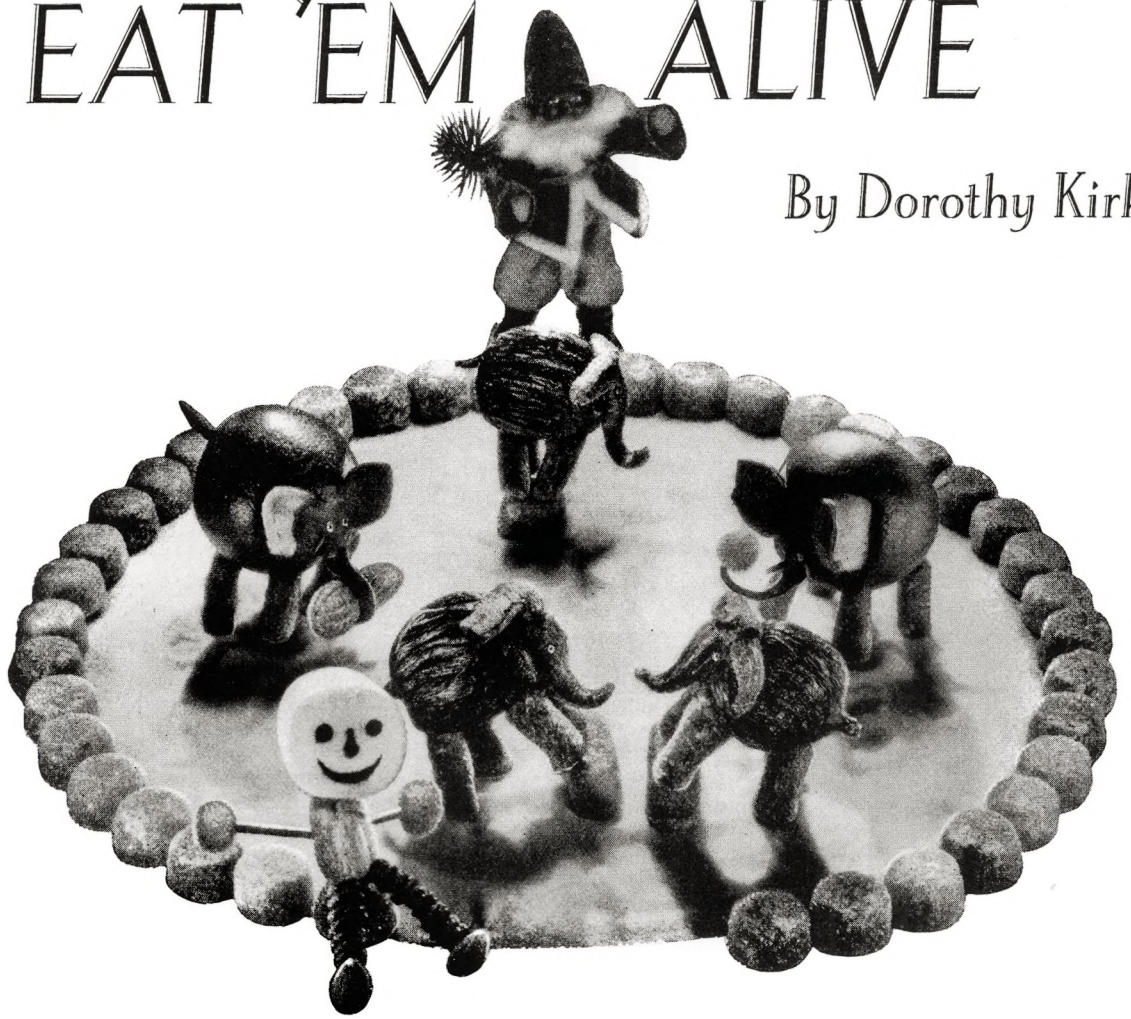


GOODRICH ZIPPERS

*Shower Boots
and fabrics*

EAT 'EM ALIVE

By Dorothy Kirk



Surprise your Friends with Gifts you've made yourself

This year you can remember all your friends with lovely gifts at a fraction of their cost to buy. For here is a book filled with ideas for attractive gifts that you can make on your sewing machine. Pajamas, lingerie, robes, pillows, card table covers, fabric toys — these are but a few of its many suggestions.

GET THIS BOOK FREE

PACKED WITH IDEAS AND HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS

To get your book, simply take the coupon below to any Singer Shop. The experts at the Shop will also gladly give you helpful instruction to enable you to make your gifts. Every sewing convenience is provided, including the use of swift Singer Electric Machines. Do not hesitate to take advantage of this special service which is now available at every Singer Shop.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO. INCORPORATED

This coupon, when filled in and presented at any Singer Shop, entitles you to a free copy of "Gifts You Can Make on the Sewing Machine."

Name _____

Address _____

See telephone directory for nearest address of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

LA-A-D-I-E-S A-N-D G-E-N-T-U-L-M-E-N . . . Let me have your attention. . . We are now going to tell you about the Greatest Show on Earth! . . . A Christmas Circus with Ringmaster Santa Claus cracking the whip. Give us your strict and careful attention and we will show you many strange and astounding curiosities which are now being exhibited for the first time.

The fat elephants, Jack and Jill, were brought at enormous expense and with great danger to life and limb, from Indo-California, where they were King and Queen of the Orange Jungle. Their marvelous feats of strength will make you gasp with astonishment. . . . Jack can lift a large size peanut without the slightest effort, and Jill balances a red gumdrop on her trunk for hours at a time without showing the slightest sign of weariness.

Santa found the smaller elephants roaming through the fig forests of darkest Africa. They were most ferocious and it was only after hours and hours of tickling-behind-the-ears that they could be captured. Peter and Paul, the two talented performers in front, will amaze and delight you with their clever tricks.

Peppy, the lively rascal in the rear, cavorts about so madly on his candy barrel that Santa has to watch with an eagle-eye to keep him from hopping clear out of the gumdrop circus ring right into some little girl's plate. (And if

that happened, poor Peppy would be gobbled up immediately.) We won't attempt to promise you anything from Bouncing-Boscoe, the Clown, for he's such a capricious little fellow one never knows what he will be up to next. Of course, you can't expect sensible conduct from anyone who has such nutty feet!

His very fat brother, Blimpo, (shown at the lower right) can be depended upon to make a fascinating dessert of an ordinary baked apple. Maybe it's his soulful chocolate expression, or the funny little green gumdrop hat perched on his head, or perhaps it's the wild-animal crackers parading 'round his middle—but anyway, he is completely captivating and he's sure to start a riot of enthusiasm wherever he makes an appearance.

At the lower left is the famous "Bananza"—the ice boat that never leaves port. It carries a cargo of fruit so temptingly delicious that the captain always finds his cargo gone before he can set sail.

The directions for making the circus centerpiece, and the two desserts are surprisingly simple to follow. They would be a thrilling feature for any sort of party, and the elephants would make entrancing favors for big and little folks. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Service Editor, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio, for the "Big Show." You'll have a circus all by yourself while you're making it.





© H. J. H. CO. '31

ONE OF THE

57

TOMATO WELSH RAREBIT

1 medium can Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup • 2 tablespoonfuls butter
2 tablespoonfuls flour • ½ pound American Cheese, grated or cut finely
Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and stir until well blended. Add Cream of Tomato Soup and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add grated cheese and stir over a slow fire until the cheese is melted, and serve on buttered toast or crisp crackers. The toast on which the rarebit is served may first be spread with Heinz Fresh Cucumber Relish, if desired.



*How you'll enjoy this flavor-
ful soup . . . already
prepared with rich, thick
cream!*

What a delight to eye and appetite—this nourishing *Cream of Tomato Soup* made by Heinz. To the rich essence of plump, vine-ripened tomatoes—prime juicy tomatoes from Heinz own pedigreed seed; to the delightful savor of spices and seasonings, Heinz chefs add rich *cream*. Reasons enough for that distinctive flavor, that wholesomeness, that most appetizing color you'll find in Heinz *Cream of Tomato Soup*. You can't find a happier combination of flavor and nourishment and downright attractiveness in a soup no matter where you search!

OTHER HEINZ CREAM SOUPS — *Cream of Celery*, *Cream of Pea*—*Cream of Asparagus*—are really delicious, too . . . Many a household has come to depend on these four flavorful soups as an important course of the formal dinner, as well as a family standby. Simply because they unfailingly do credit to the hostess who serves them. There's nothing to add to them—nothing to do but heat and serve. All their tasty deliciousness comes to your plate intact.

And nothing more convenient, more appreciated, was ever made for the children's lunch. How little appetites approve these Heinz Cream Soups! Many housewives keep a supply always on hand.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA. • TORONTO, CANADA

**HEINZ
CREAM OF TOMATO
SOUP**

PARTY CAKES

MONTHS ago we began making plans for our Christmas McCall's. "We simply must do something about cakes," said one of us; "no holiday party is complete without a cake." "They'll have to be especially handsome ones," observed our enthusiast on fancy cooking. "But an amateur should be able to decorate them," our youngest housekeeper urged.

Here are two of the cakes we made. Anyone can duplicate them—even if her artistic talent is completely minus! Don't let the flutings of icing discourage you; they are not needed on a "family-size" cake which can be served, as usual, on an attractive plate or tray. But if you must have a cake two or three times the usual size, follow the caterer's method (as we did) and put it on a smooth board about two inches wider all around than the cake. This board may be concealed with icing or with a large lace paper doily or with a garland of soft green foliage. We used the first because we thought you might like to see how it looks. The fluting is a finishing touch put on with a pastry tube after the icing on the cake and board has set slightly.

The decorations came from the candy store (see descriptions). On a flat paper pattern, the exact size of the top of a cake, we experimented with our materials until we found a design we liked. Then with this beside us on the table we iced our cake and, while the frosting was still soft, transferred our model piece by piece, from the paper to the cake. Simple, isn't it?

The next time you want a cake appropriate for a wedding anniversary, a shower luncheon, a children's party, or a bridge tea, investigate the stock at your grocer's and confectioner's. Nuts, candied fruits and peel, peppermint hearts, colored drops, chocolate shot, silver dragées, angelica, and citron will help you to work out many color schemes and designs.



Above—Red cinnamon drops and candied mint leaves make a Christmas wreath on a plain cake which we frosted with our favorite boiled icing. If mint leaves are not carried by your confectioner, cut angelica or citron into thin slices which can be trimmed oval-shape to look like leaves. For a wedding anniversary small silver candies, instead of red, would make an attractive color scheme. Trimmings like these need to be applied while the frosting is still soft; if it becomes hard, they have nothing to which they can cling.



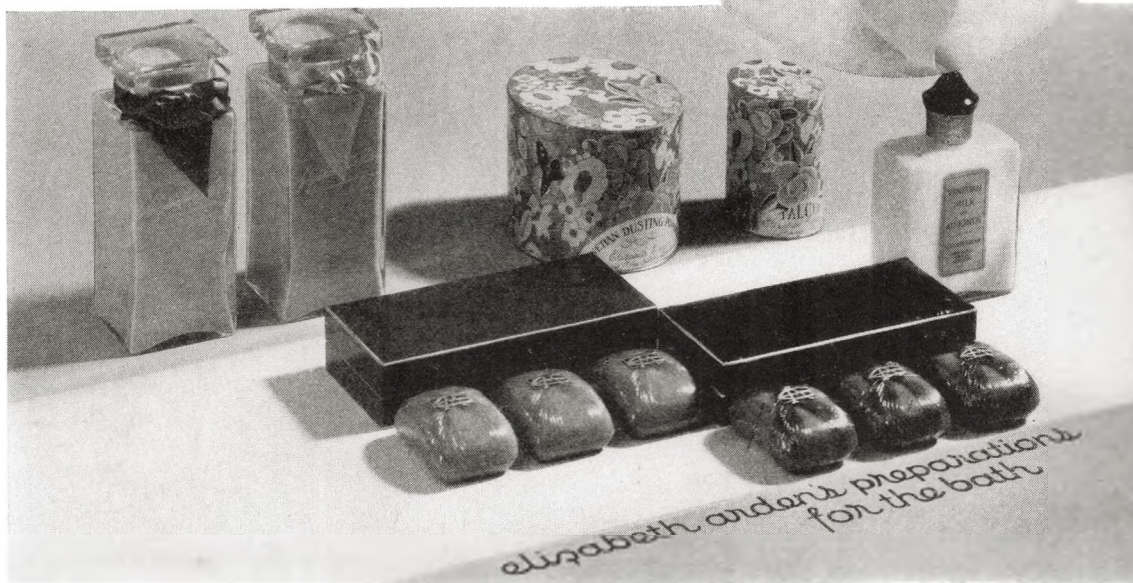
Left—"Calico frocks and curtains are popular," we reflected, "so why not follow the style and make a Calico Cake?" The quaint little sprigs consist of three small round candies for blossoms, a slender strip of angelica for the stem, and a pair of perky leaves which are really halved pistachio nuts. To make the contrasting fluting, we added the tiniest bit of red vegetable coloring to some of our orange frosting. The cake itself is sponge—we were thinking of the children when we planned it. Almost any of the familiar calico patterns could be copied effectively.

* * * a Beautiful Gesture

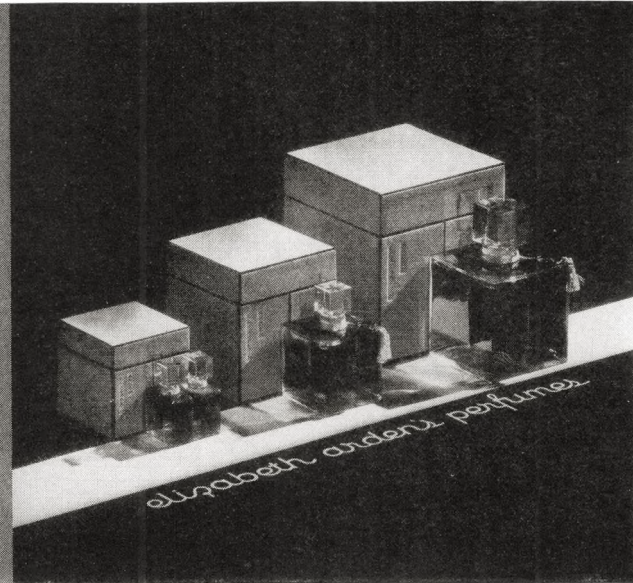
A gift from Elizabeth Arden is a compliment of the season in every sense. It compliments her who gives it, for it marks her as a woman of good taste, and keen discrimination; it compliments her who receives it, for it is proof conclusive that she is worthy of the beautiful gesture it represents. Then, too, there is something gay



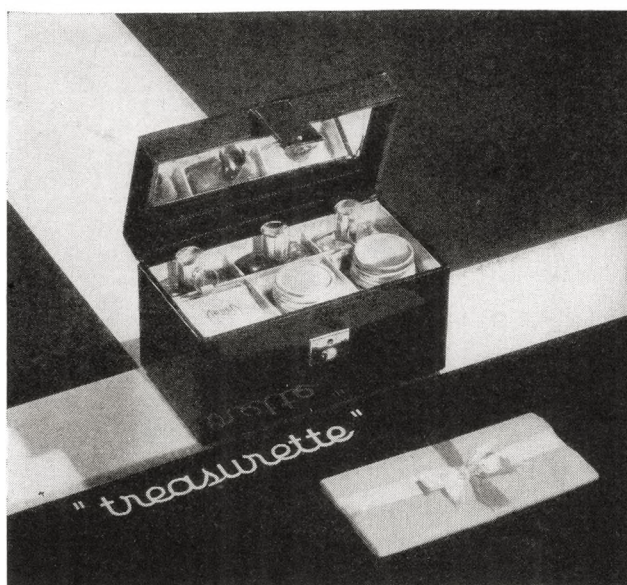
and irresistibly festive...genuinely Christmas...about the packages themselves. From the smallest box of delicately scented soap, to the most elaborate of the famous Beauty Boxes, each of Elizabeth Arden's gifts is the loveliest thing of its kind. * Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smart stores.



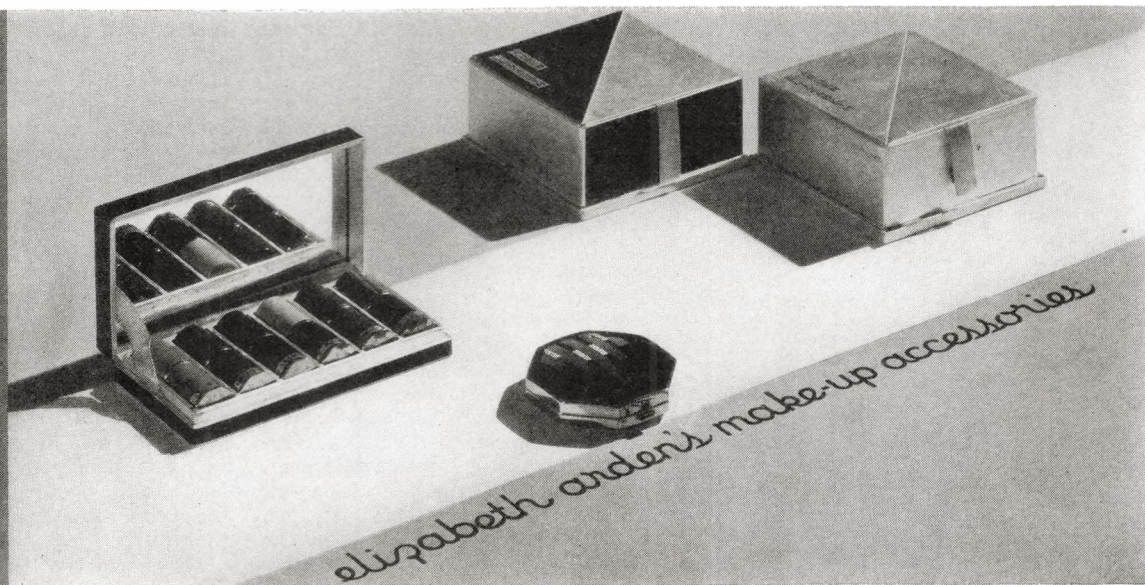
* LUXURIES FOR THE BATH...The two lovely glass jars contain Powdered Bath Salts scented with Ambre, Allamanda, Jasmine, Rose Geranium, or Russian Pine. \$5 the jar. In the gaily colored boxes are Venetian Dusting Powder, \$3, and Snowdrift Talcum, \$1. Three large cakes of exquisitely smooth, delicately fragrant Elizabeth Arden Soap, in a box that will make a charming jewel case afterwards, are a fascinating gift. Jasmine, Allamanda or Ambre scented. \$3 for three cakes. Venetian Milk of Almonds, containing pure almond oil, is an exquisite after-the-bath preparation. \$2.50.



* ELIZABETH ARDEN'S FAMOUS FIVE FRAGRANCES...L'Amour, Le Rêve, Mon Amie, La Joie and L'Élan...express the emotions in perfumes that are incomparably suited to personalities and occasions. In many sizes, priced from \$15 to \$125. The twin box contains a combination of any two of the Five Fragrances. \$6.



* TREASURETTE...all the essentials of an Elizabeth Arden treatment in a leather case only six inches long! \$16, \$18. Miss Arden's Beauty Boxes, created to maintain loveliness wherever you are... wherever you go...come in a wide diversity of sizes, fittings and preparations, and range in price from \$3.85 to \$135.



* ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MAKE-UP ACCESSORIES...never was there a more timely gift! For Miss Arden has proved that, with the proper make-up, any woman can wear any color. The Arden Lipstick Ensemble, containing six smooth, indelible lipsticks in six smart shades, is the sensation of the year. The Ensemble, \$7.50. Each lipstick, \$1.50. Poudre d'Illusion in seven becoming shades is \$3 the box. Lovely rouges, and make-up assets for the eyes come in many shades and make enchanting gifts. The Ardenette, in black and silver, is \$4 for the single compact and \$5 for the double.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

691 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LONDON • PARIS • BERLIN • ROME • MADRID



Laura La Plante says:

"I find a lemon rinse marvelous for the hair."

Beautiful HAIR

Its natural charm is revealed by the Fresh Lemon Juice Rinse

HAIR is not naturally dull and lifeless. The charm is there always—though hidden perhaps by shampoos that failed of their purpose.

Soap forms curds on the hair every time used. It stays there in a cloudy film if not removed. Repeated water rinsings are of no avail. The delicate acid-action of fresh Lemon Juice is needed...

What To Do

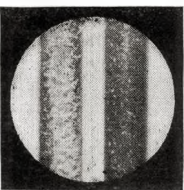
After usual soapings, rinse twice with clear, warm water. Then add the juice of 2 Sunkist Lemons to a washbowl of water and rub solution well into scalp. Rinse with clear, cold water.

Then know the joy and natural charm of truly clean hair! The glowing warmth of auburn beauty. The sparkling brilliance of the blonde. The deep, full brunette lustre. Hair thus rinsed is soft and silky. Waves stay in much longer.

FREE—Beauty Booklet

If you would like to know how lemon rinse controls dandruff through frequent use—how to make a delightful and economical hand lotion of lemon juice and glycerine—and dozens of ways lemons beautify skin, nails and teeth—send coupon for free booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic."

Well-groomed women keep lemons always on hand. Sunkist Lemons, juiciest of all, are fresh in your market every day in the year, wrapped in tissue with the "Sunkist" trademark. © 1931 C.F.G.E.



Microscope shows failure of two plain-water rinsings to remove soap curds from hair—sample at left—and how one lemon rinse has completely cleaned another hair (at right) from the same head, disclosing all its natural lustre. Unretouched microphotograph from test under actual conditions by W. F. Herzberg, Ph. D.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR USEFUL BEAUTY BOOKLET

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Sec. 612, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, California.

Please send FREE booklet, *Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic*, telling how to use Lemons for the skin, manicuring and beautifying the hair.



Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



MORE THAN A CARD



HAVEN'T you certain friends to whom you would like to send a little something more than a card at Christmas time? If you have ever seen our service booklets, you'll agree that they are just the thing. They cover so many interesting subjects and they are as pretty as any card. Just wrap them in red Cellophane and paste a gold star on top.

- PARTY GAMES - - - - - 30¢
Contests, guessing games, fun
- PARTIES FOR GROWN-UPS - - 20¢
Plans for all months of the year
- PARTIES FOR THE BRIDE - - - 20¢
Showers, announcements, games
- PARTIES FOR CHILDREN - - - 20¢
Charming affairs for little ones
- UNUSUAL ENTERTAINING - - 20¢
Bridges, banquets, carnivals, etc.
- LET'S HAVE A PICNIC - - - - 10¢
Picnic games and eats
- WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES - 20¢
Tempting menus and recipes
- THE UP-TO-DATE HOSTESS - - 20¢
Table setting and service
- BOOK OF ETIQUETTE - - - - 20¢
What to do on all occasions
- AFTERNOON TEA - - - - - 10¢
How to serve it; recipes
- BEAUTIFYING THE HOME PLOT 20¢
Help for the gardener
- AN OUTLINE OF BEAUTY - - - 25¢
How to be even more attractive
- ALL ABOUT CURTAINS - - - 20¢
Make curtains and draperies
- ALL ABOUT SLIP COVERS - - - 20¢
Cover chairs and cushions
- TIME SAVING COOKERY - - - - 10¢
Quick ways with meals
- CANDY - - - - - 10¢
How to make homemade sweets
- REFRIGERATOR RECIPES - - - 10¢
Desserts, salads, ice cream, etc.
- LEAVENINGS - - - - - 10¢
Foundation recipes: cakes, rolls
- SUGAR - - - - - 10¢
Recipes for frostings, candy, etc.
- FLOUR - - - - - 10¢
Difference in flours; recipes

THE SERVICE EDITOR, McCALL'S, DAYTON, OHIO

CHRISTMAS AT YOUR CHURCH

[Continued from page 26]

In order to emphasize the thought back of the tableaux, each processional opens and closes with: *first*, a responsive reading, arranged from the Bible, in which the pastor (or Sunday school superintendent) and the congregation participate; *second*, an appropriate Christmas hymn; *third*, a group of recitations by the players.

The three processions form at the back of the church or Sunday school room. After the first responsive reading, and while the hymn, "Brightest and Best," is being sung, the first processional advances slowly down the aisle, led by the First King who bears a large casket or box as bright as gold. They file up on the platform and group themselves behind the manger.

The First King kneels in silence and leaves his gift beside the manger. Then a Hindu beggar, holding on his outstretched palm a tiny golden ball, gives a lovely parable by Rabindranath Tagore, and lays his gift beside the King's.

The others in the procession tell their stories and leave their gifts, then all move to the opposite side of the platform and group themselves there as the second responsive reading is begun.

During the singing of "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," the second processional has come slowly down the aisle. The characters in this group represent the nine "fruits of the Spirit" mentioned in the responsive reading.

These characters tell their stories and

leave their gifts, then pass to the center of the stage and group themselves there as the third responsive reading is begun.

While "There's A Song In The Air" is being sung, the last processional comes down the aisle. In this group are as many persons as you care to include—teachers carrying globes, Red Cross nurses, mothers carrying a market basket of colorful vegetables, or a child's toys, Sunday school teachers with Bibles and charts, playground workers carrying large balls in soft colors. A small child, or group of children, accompanies each of them.

Service to helpless childhood is the interpretation of this group.

On the platform the children kneel behind the manger, while the adults stand behind them. This is the position they retain through the telling of their story. When the pageant is finished, "O Little Town of Bethlehem" is sung as a recessional, while the performers file from the platform and march down the aisle to the rear of the room, where they disperse.

If you follow the suggested color scheme, your audience will be thrilled by the expanse of brilliance on the platform, ranging in tone from the deep purple of the First King to the soft pinks and lavenders of the small children in the Third Processional. These lighter colors in the group surrounding the crib give an illusion of radiance that seems to issue from the Child.

Complete instructions for staging this year's Christmas pageant for large or small groups are in our printed leaflet THE STAR CAME. Send six cents in stamps to the Service Editor, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio.

A Seed That Solves a Vital Problem



Thousands acclaim this discovery of a Great Sanitarium



Retaining body poisons that should have been eliminated 24 or even 48 hours before makes vibrant health impossible!

At Battle Creek this subject has been given more study perhaps than anywhere else in the world. Out of it has come wonderful relief in a dozen different forms. None more important than Psylla (pronounced Silla). None such a welcome change from old-time methods.

These small seeds swell in water, give off a soothing gelatine-like substance and sweep thru the intestine like a sponge. They absorb and carry away the poison. The seeds pass thru undigested. The regularity that is restored naturally puts you on your feet.

Your local authorized Battle Creek Dealer, your Grocer, Druggist or Department Store is featuring Psylla together with the full line of Battle Creek Sanitarium Health Foods.

Remember that only thoroughly cleaned and sterilized seed is fit for human use. Just anybody's seed won't do. Look for the name Battle Creek Psylla. Then you know you are safe. Our Psylla WHITE is the largest dollar can on the market today. Our Psylla BLACK is the famous original product. Both are equally effective.

At Battle Creek we maintain a staff of dietitians to advise you on any diet problem. Check your particular diet problem on the coupon below and mail to our Dietetic Department. We will send you suggestions for your individual diet, without charge. Naturally, no diagnosis of any disease will be attempted. Consult your physician for that. "Healthful Living," a most helpful book written by a leading nutrition expert will also be sent free.

FREE diet advice

MAIL COUPON TODAY
Dietetic Dept., The Battle Creek Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to avail myself of your Free Diet Service. My diet problem is checked below. Also send copy of "Healthful Living."
 Constipation Colitis Acid Stomach
 Nervousness Overweight Underweight
(Check your diet problem) McC-12-31.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

PSYLLA
{Psyllium—a Laxative Seed}

“DOLLAR, go forth like DAVID!”

WHEN David went forth to fight the enemy of his people with a pebble in a sling, the hills and plains rang with laughter.

But when the scornful Goliath lay harmless at the victor's feet, David's people had found a new king.

Your people are threatened with a Goliath today—a merciless giant who wants to spread hunger and illness and despair among you.

You have a “David's Dollar” to send against Goliath.

Don't laugh at that dollar. It is a king in disguise—a gentle, kindly king, but mighty in wrath against the common enemy.

The battle of David's Dollars will be fought this Winter. You can help win it—and the

whole nation will be lifted by the thrill of a common achievement.

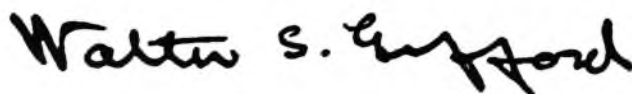
Hunt in your pockets, in your savings bank, in your heart, and see how many David's Dollars you can find.

Put them together and take them to those community groups—whether they be the established welfare and relief organizations, the community chest, or a special emergency committee—which have set themselves the task of protecting your people from the threat of Goliath.

Say to them, “Dollars, go forth like David, and slay the giant.”

And, in the love and sympathy and kindness which send those dollars to the battle, your people, too, will find a new king.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORGANIZATION ON UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF



WALTER S. GIFFORD, DIRECTOR

COMMITTEE ON MOBILIZATION OF RELIEF RESOURCES



OWEN D. YOUNG, CHAIRMAN

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

AFTER
WASHING DISHES . . .



take
37 seconds
TO KEEP YOUR HANDS
soft and smooth



Haven't you always longed for a quick, easy way to remove the rough, red traces of dish washing from your hands, leaving them soft and smooth, well groomed and presentable for bridge and other parties?

Here's the quickest way—apply Chamberlain's Lotion right after removing your hands from the hot soapy water. Quickest because stopwatch tests on the hands of 1143 women proved that the average skin completely absorbs this clear liquid lotion in only 37 seconds. Because it penetrates the pores so quickly, no bothersome massage is necessary.

Chamberlain's Lotion is not greasy or sticky, not messy to use. It has a delightful orange blossom fragrance.

Use it on hands and arms after any housework, after exposure to wind and weather, and always as the finishing touch to your toilette. You will find it an ideal powder base and a delightfully refreshing astringent.

Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, 50c and \$1.00.

Chamberlain's LOTION "The Invisible Glove"



To prove to yourself how quickly Chamberlain's Lotion beautifies hands and arms, send coupon and 10c for purse size flaconette, a two weeks' supply

Chamberlain Laboratories
Dept. 14
Des Moines, Iowa

Enclosed is 10c. Please send me the purse size flacon of Chamberlain's Lotion.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

BLOSSOM WITHOUT LEAVES

[Continued from page 13]

"Isn't there another way, and that's to expect everything?"

She gave him a queer look, and he let that go. He had a genuine gift for letting things go just at the right moment.

When they had finished the coffee, he had to go home and work. Just before he went he looked down at her handsome face that never would be happy and said, as he had so often before, "I'm awfully fond of you, Elinor."

That left it in perfect condition. And it was true that he was fond of her.

On the way home he stopped at Zelda Greenway's studio, and found her in the agony of completing a picture.

"Tell me if it's bad or good," she demanded. "if, by any chance, you know."

"Sure, it's good. You'll have trouble with it, though. It violates every principle of repose—"

"Oh, principle of repose!" she scoffed. "Who cares?"

She was an almost ugly girl, with careless hair and an overgrown body, but she had gorgeous brown eyes and a very active mind. Also she was beginning to have a very considerable reputation as an artist. Brian always found her stimulating.

"Come on back and I'll get you some dinner," she offered.

"No. You come to my house."

Zelda's dinners were apt to be sketchy and flavorless. He'd rather have her before his own open fire, slightly in shadow, pouring out those gusts of inspiration about people and places and things. He always worked better after a session with her.

But today it didn't seem to work. There were four hours before dinner, when he got home, and he wasted them. He found his mind on the most irrelevant things, such as wondering what they'd told Molly Fleming about him. And once he got up to go outside and look at a forsythia bush and recall the exact depth of its yellow color.

It was just four days later that Molly Fleming, circling the hills on a spirited horse, passed his house as he was coming out of the garden.

"Hello," she said. "So this is where you live. Isn't it sweet?"

"It has its points. Won't you get down and have a look. I so hoped you'd come."

"I've wanted to awfully. Will the boy in your garden hold my horse?"

She slipped out of her saddle, and for just the second of dismounting Brian had her close against him. He knew then what had happened to him.

They went in, and he showed her the windowed room that had made many a journalist and visitor gasp with delight, a room that seemed to lie against the hills and against the clouds. And he showed her all his possessions, knowing even then that she was to be offered them.

PEOPLE were very kind about their marriage, but, of course, no one really expected it to last.

Elinor Hubbard said to Brian, "I think you've done very well for yourself. Your blossom without leaves is a lovely thing. Only remember what I said about expecting."

"I don't expect to lose my friendship with you," he told her.

"Why should you?" she asked. "Don't be so suburban."

She spent the autumn in New York while Brian and his wife were in Paris.

Zelda Greenway said that it was a crazy marriage, and that his work would probably all go to pieces because he was marrying a girl who didn't know what work meant.

Molly's family took the marriage a little hard. She had been expected to



marry some young Harrison Jr., or Claxton III. A playwright, even one who got into electric lights on Broadway, was disturbing. Still Molly was twenty and had all her Grandfather Fleming's money, so there wasn't any real check on her.

One of the most sincere wishes for her happiness came from Fred McElroy. He shook her hand with an almost intense energy and said that he hoped she'd be very, very happy. While she and Brian were on their wedding trip, someone wrote her that Mrs. McElroy had died. But she was so happy that the moment's pity hardly pained her.

MOLLY was twenty. She'd had just two decades of being expertly cared for. She had been taught everything that might make her accomplished or give her a good time and nothing especially useful, except as being decorative is useful and playing a good game helps things along, and being happy makes the world easier for everybody. She never thought about her mind at all, and if it was referred to, she always said that she wasn't in the least clever. She married Brian because, after she had seen him two or three times, she couldn't possibly not have done what he asked her to do. Having married him, he became so quickly entwined with every delicacy and tenderness and desire in her that she belonged to him completely. And that, of course, meant belonging to a celebrity.

Some of it was easy, but other things were hard. She rather minded being shown off to people who weren't really friends and never would be—interviewers and other writers who were "making a contact" and had to be asked to dinner. Even when she and Brian were alone, she didn't feel isolated. Then there was the problem of his talk. It didn't seem talk designed for her personally, as it had in the beginning. It deserved an audience, response, criticism. She did try to follow what Brian said, but that wasn't always easy. He talked about so many things with such fluency.

"I just want you to be beautiful," he told her, when she was worried about it.

She said, "I ought to do better than that."

"No," said Brian, "you're a blossom without leaves."

It was a phrase that he often used as a caress. He was thinking now of writing a play about it and Molly had had a nasty shock when she found the words on a sheet of paper in his typewriter. Because they had memories for her that she wouldn't have told to anyone.

They were married in the autumn and came back to Sycamore after Christmas, just because there would be

hardly anyone in the place. Brian told Molly about the things he was going to write, and she listened. He was almost too much in love to write at all.

"I waste all your time," she said gravely.

"What else is my time for?" he teased her indulgently.

Of course, that was to be expected for a while. What people said and prophesied was that Brian would

find that his wife didn't and couldn't satisfy him mentally. It had seemed so strange that, after avoiding all the clever women who had been interested in him, he should even try to content himself with a girl who had nothing but youth and beauty and a rather unusual simplicity to offer. Once in a while it seemed a little strange and interesting to Brian himself, deeply in love though he was. And, possibly because Molly didn't know what he was talking about a good deal of the time, he was glad to hear that Elinor Hubbard was going to reopen her house early in March.

Elinor came back a little thinner and a little more caustic. She dined with Molly and Brian and they with her, and she was very amusing. A good many of the allusions sped by Molly completely. Sometimes, during the second evening they were together, Molly had a strange feeling of waiting until she was spoken to. Zelda Greenway had come in and brought an artist from New York. Brian seemed to forget Molly was there. He grew very much excited in a discussion with Zelda. But when they were home again, he was not only kind to Molly but exceedingly tender. It gave her an unusual feeling, which she did not recognize as humiliation, because she had never been humiliated before.

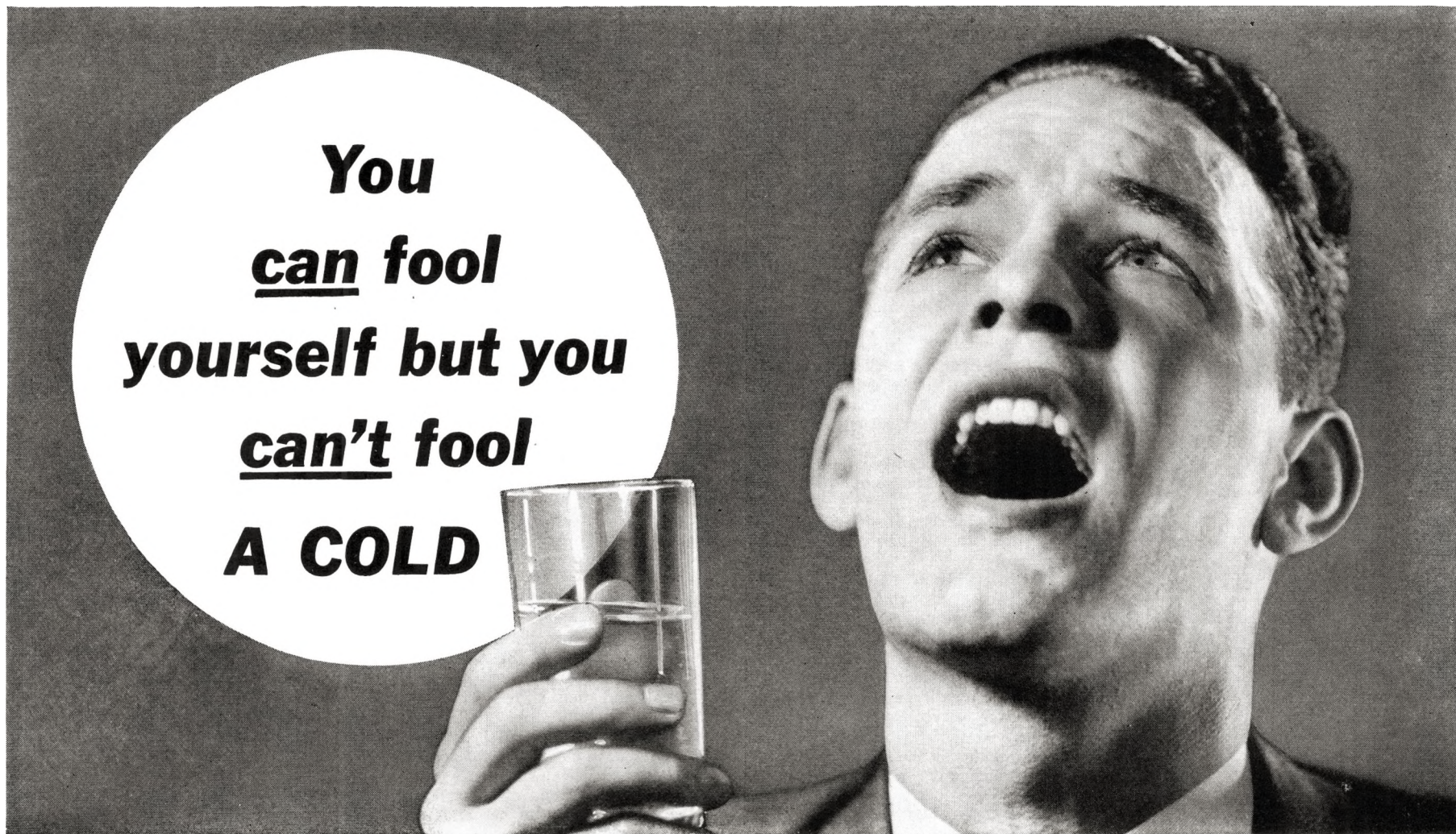
She did not blame him. She could see how very clever Elinor Hubbard was and how stimulating it must be to talk to her. The same thing was true of Zelda Greenway. An increasing feeling of unimportance crept over Molly. When people asked her about her clever husband, she felt less clever than ever. She wasn't unhappy, but Sycamore began to guess that life was working out as might be expected for the young Meads. Brian was often seen with Elinor Hubbard.

"He's got to have mental companionship," people said.

IT WAS more satisfactory, in that puzzling spring, when Molly had been married six months, to throw herself into the preparations for the annual Horse Show, which was again impending and, as Fred McElroy said, was to be a world-beater this time. He had come back for a few weeks' rest, and was staying at one of the Inns and breaking in a horse he had brought from Connecticut. He was grave and

[Continued on page 98]

**You
can fool
yourself but you
can't fool
A COLD**



Gargle... Gargle... Gargle

You gargle grimly on. Why does your throat stay sore? Why does that cold hang on?

Don't waste dollars on antiseptics that must be used full strength. We've discovered a new antiseptic that, even when diluted with two parts of water, kills germs in 10 seconds.

MILLIONS of garglers are wasting their time on weak and ineffective antiseptics. Stop gargling long enough to consider this: If you mix your mouth wash with water—as 3 out of 4 do—you *must* use one that kills germs when diluted. Then, and only then, have you a right to expect relief from sore throats or winter colds.

A radical new scientific discovery

Modern research laboratories have thrown away the old ideas on killing germs.

Now there's a revolutionary antiseptic on the market—Pepsodent Antiseptic. Its formula is a radical advance. It climaxes the best antiseptic study of 50 years. A germ-killing agent is employed unlike those now in use. It makes Pepsodent Antiseptic from 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics, depending on which one you use.

Kills germs in 10 seconds

That is the startling news in this new discovery. Think! You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with one or even two parts of water, to suit your taste, and it still kills

germs in 10 seconds. That's where most mouth antiseptics fail. On the other hand, Pepsodent Antiseptic is utterly safe when used full strength. What a weapon this new antiseptic is in your fight against colds.

New security against bad breath (HALITOSIS)*

Bad breath checked 1 to 2 hours longer! That's Pepsodent Antiseptic's record in fighting this widespread social offense due to unhygienic mouth conditions. Immediately after use—95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs remains reduced by 75%. That is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics.

And remember when you use Pepsodent Antiseptic to check bad breath, you are doing double duty by also fighting colds.

\$3 worth for \$1

To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to dilute them is a waste of money.

Pepsodent Antiseptic can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. That means every \$1 bottle does what 3 bottles of other mouth antiseptics do. Goes 3

times as far—you get \$3 worth for \$1 ... a saving of \$2.

Over 50 different uses

Combating a cold and checking bad breath are only two uses for this remarkable antiseptic. There are scores of other uses. Some are listed on this page. Learn to rely on Pepsodent Antiseptic whenever a safe, effective germ-killing agent is required.

Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember! You can fool yourself but you can't fool a cold.

BAD BREATH (Halitosis*)

Pepsodent Antiseptic does double duty when fighting colds and sore throats. For at the same time it overcomes breath odors. Tests show that P. A. checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than any other leading mouth antiseptic.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern Antiseptic

Cold In Head	After Shaving
Throat Irritations	Minor Cuts
Voice Hoarseness	Blisters
Bad Breath	Loose Dandruff
Cold Sores	Checks Under-Arm
Canker Sores	Perspiration
Mouth Irritations	Tired, Aching Feet
After Extractions	

New Standard Dictionary Definition:
***Halitosis**—A malodorous condition of the breath.

Pepsodent Antiseptic



THEY WERE MARRIED in "Eighty-one"

YOU wouldn't recognize Granny and Grandad in this old tintype. But it is they—as they looked on the day they began their 50 years of sweetheart days. Now she is the sweet, gray-haired little woman... nearing seventy years... whom you so often see. His work here was finished just a year ago.

Many times, when the winds howl and the rain lashes down—she silently thanks the one who suggested the CLARK Vault at the time her life-long sweetheart went home. She knows that within its protecting influence is a safe, serene sanctuary—into which outside elements may not intrude.

☆☆☆

It is our great privilege to provide this comforting assurance to those who "carry on." For it is *they*—as well as the departed—whom the CLARK Vault is made to serve.

We make CLARK Metal Vaults of specially processed, rustproofed metals because this is the only material that is absolutely non-porous—proof against water and against *c-r-u-m-b-l-i-n-g*!

We test each vault, submerged under 5000 pounds of water—for leaks. Not even a pin-hole leak can escape. Then we guarantee it for 50 years. CLARK De Luxe Vaults of solid copper are guaranteed forever.

Leading funeral directors everywhere can furnish the CLARK Vault in a choice of nine appropriate finishes. Cadmium plating by the UdyLite process is included. Prices are very reasonable—within the means of all.

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Western Office and Warehouse: Kansas City, Mo.



GRAVE VAULTS

This trade-mark is on the end of every genuine
waterproof Clark Grave Vault

BLOSSOM WITHOUT LEAVES

[Continued from page 96]

yet very good company, and Molly rode and played golf with him a good deal. They had nice talks. She always knew what he was talking about.

Once he came to dinner with Molly and Brian and Elinor Hubbard. Molly drifted lightly out of the conversation, as usual, and Fred went back to his hotel quite early.

"Nice fellow, but dull," said Brian. "Dull?" asked Molly.

She was surprised, because the thing that had bothered her all evening was that Brian hadn't been able to talk to Fred about so many subjects. He'd veered off golf and said that he thought the Horse Show was rather an absurd exhibition and that he didn't care how a horse walked. Then he hadn't wanted to talk about business conditions. She hadn't liked to have Fred get the impression that Brian wasn't clever.

"I don't think he's dull," Molly answered.

Brian laughed. "You're a darling, Molly. You don't think anyone's dull. Come within reach, will you?"

Molly looked into the fire instead. Her mind was making a distinction that it didn't want to make. She was thinking how strange it was that a husband could make her feel so not like a wife.

It rained during the first week in April, threatening the fate of the Horse Show, which was set for the tenth. A feature writer came down to get an interview with Brian and stayed two days. Brian spent one whole afternoon working with Elinor Hubbard on the dialogue in his new second act and telephoned to say that they weren't through and he wouldn't be home for dinner. It was a dull week, and Molly was intensely glad when, on the seventh, the sky cleared and the sun came out with a tomboy rush.

Fred McElroy telephoned that morning.

"It's too wet to take the horses out on anything but the highways, and that's no fun," he said, "but I've got to go on an errand over near Mount Goodhue this afternoon. The car's light and I think we won't get stuck. Want to come?"

"Yes," she told him.

She was especially glad to have a reason to go out, because they were still not through with the second act, and Elinor was coming in for tea to see how it read after the changes were made. She knew they would ask her what she thought and pay no attention to anything she might think, and she hoped she wouldn't get back until the reading was over.

THE errand was to look at a cat that belonged to someone who lived a little way up Mount Goodhue. Fred was not altogether sure of the road. They struck off the highway about five miles out of Sycamore and began to travel on a gravel road that turned to red clay before long.

"It doesn't look like the best of driving," said Fred. "Want to go on?" "We can't do worse than get stuck. Yes. Let's go on."

"We must take this turn to the left," he decided.

But, after a couple of miles, it began to be apparent that they shouldn't have turned to the left.

"We ought to be there by now," he muttered.

"We're climbing the mountain," said Molly cheerfully. "I've ridden up here, and it's the world's worst road. It's

the edge of nothing as you go around some of these embankments."

The road grew steeper and narrower. The ruts were soft, sticky red clay. The car slid about in them and skidded dangerously.

"If we go ahead, we must find a place to turn."

"Oh, sure we will," she said.

"It looks as if we're the only people who've tried this road in years."

"Doesn't it?"

HE WAS worried. They both knew it was dangerous, with the tires of the car clogged with mud, and a ravine unguarded below. But the best thing to do seemed to keep the engine plowing ahead. Around each curve they hoped for a road that would strike off, and each curve only brought them to a narrower pass. The engine roared and struggled on. The road still narrowed, and then, as they rounded a high point, they both saw the same thing at once. The road had been half-washed away over the embankment. There wasn't going to be enough road for the car.

Fred tried his brakes. There was one second when the car seemed to stagger backward, and then Molly knew that she had been thrown out of the car, but not far enough for safety. There was a merciless clutter of machinery coming toward her, and a queer, very clear facing of the end of things.

Then the car slid by her and left her in a tangle of bushes. She got up. Fred was up, too, calling her name.

"I'm perfectly all right," she said dizzily. "Are you?"

She could feel his hands on her face, on her shoulders, going over her body to see whether she were hurt. She winced.

"I tore that leg some—not much."

"There's some first aid stuff in the car," he told her. "I'll get it

and fix you up."

"You don't have to."

"Lie still," he said, ever so gently.

He put on the antiseptic, then wrapped her in blankets, and went for help. After he had gone she remembered that all the time he had been whispering endearments, and she hadn't even thought there was anything strange in it.

Nothing seemed strange or difficult just then. There was only the clear pain and the sureness, the importance, of being alive.

Within an hour Fred was back. He had found a farmer to take them down the hill and then managed to rent a car from the nearest garage. The endearments had not been repeated after he returned. But during the last mile before they reached her house he abruptly stopped talking of the bad road and the accident.

"I probably wouldn't have mentioned this, if I hadn't been shaken up by the whole thing. But look here, Molly, I guess I've got to know. You're happy, aren't you? You love that fellow you're married to?"

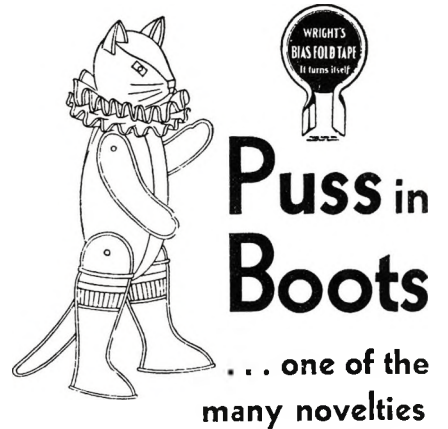
"Yes," said Molly, "I do. I like you—oh, ever so much, Fred. But—" her voice stopped.

"Of course. And a woman's got to stay by her husband. People who are married belong together. That's what has to be done."

"I want to," said Molly. "I'm sorry about you, Fred. Fearfully sorry."

"Sorry!" he exclaimed. "I ought to be shot."

[Continued on page 100]



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many novelties
you can make with
Wright's Bias Fold Tape

DOLLS, pillows, curtains, patchwork quilts and garments of all sorts are being made quickly and easily by thousands of women... with the aid of Wright's Bias Fold Tape and the ideas shown in the new Wright Sewing Book.

Contains illustrations in color, showing how to make many interesting things.

Wright's Bias Fold Tape is made in a wide variety of colors, qualities and widths, both single and double fold. Guaranteed color fast. Insist upon Wright's—ask for it by name!

SEND FOR THIS NEW
WRIGHT SEWING BOOK

No. 25, for Fall 1931. Full of valuable sewing suggestions for making things for yourself, your children and the home. Send 10c for this book... and a 3-yard sample of Wright's Bias Fold Tape.



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Dept. F-11, Orange, New Jersey

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Makes GLASSWARE and SILVER gleam and sparkle.....

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Save 60% of the money you usually spend on Christmas presents

Lucretia Vanderbilt
\$2.50 DOUBLE

COMPACT

\$1 SIX FOR \$5.50

The same famous beautiful, blue lacquer, silvered compact in blue leather case sold by smart stores. Contains double mirror. Lucretia Vanderbilt perfume-scented Face Powder (Natural, Rachel or White) and Rouge (Light, Medium or Dark). The opportunity of a lifetime at this price. Order at once.

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Please send me _____ compacts. Enclosed is \$ _____

Powder Color _____ Rouge Color _____

Name _____

Address _____

WHAT IS IN IT?

NOTHING HARMFUL
NOTHING HARSH

—JUST A PURE VEGETABLE PREPARATION
MADE SPECIALLY FOR BABIES AND CHILDREN



WHAT shall I give my child when he needs regulating? This is a question every mother must decide.

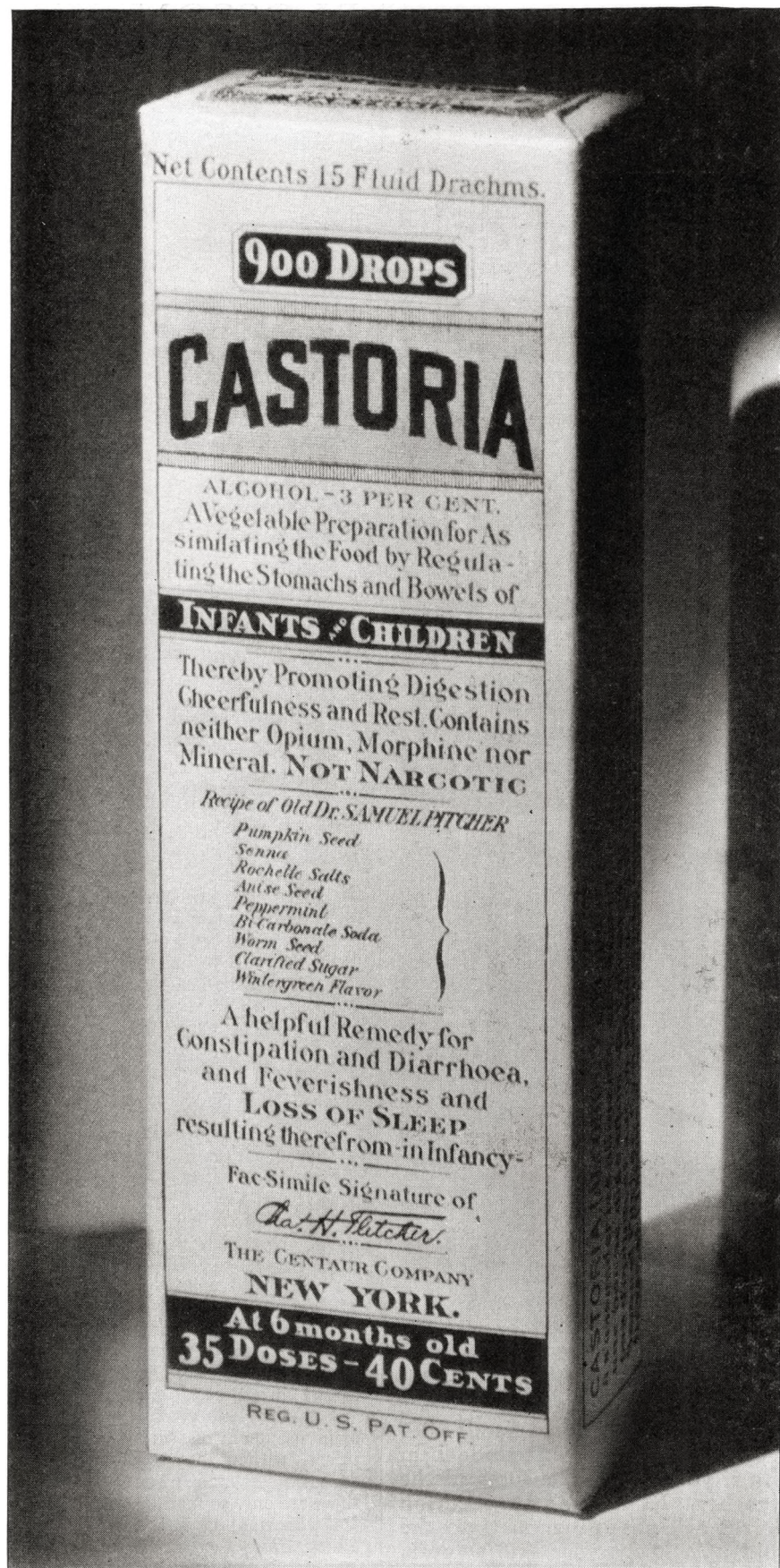
In making your choice you have one important thing to remember. The organs of babies and children are delicate. Little bowels must be gently urged—not forced.

For more than 30 years family physicians and child specialists have made use of a preparation formulated specially for the delicate needs of babies and children. Castoria!

Castoria is mild enough for young infants. It is extremely useful in colic; relieves the pain and relaxes tense little bodies so that restful sleep may come.

Chas. H. Fletcher.

CASTORIA



Mild as it is, it is unfailingly effective. Larger doses give equally good results for older children.

Careful mothers are particular about what their children take. No harsh purgatives, no narcotics, no harmful drugs for *their* children.

Read the Castoria formula on the carton shown above. Ask your doctor about it. He knows it is harmless, yet effective. One famous child specialist says of Castoria, "I could not write a better prescription."

The next time your child has a little cold or fever or a digestive upset, give him the help of Castoria. You won't have to coax him to take it. Children like its taste, you know. That's why it has been known so many years as the medicine that "Children Cry For."

Be sure you ask your druggist for genuine Castoria . . . it always has the name of Chas. H. Fletcher on the package.



"Chap hands! Chap hands!"



"Chap hands, chap hands,
When winter-time comes,
It reddens our knuckles,
Roughens our thumbs—"

Mother Gooseflesh

You'll clap those same hands with glee . . . and never need to hide them . . . if you let Frostilla forestall the weather. Its fragrant protection drives evil chapping out into the cold . . . keeps your skin smooth, soft, white and caressable.

Chilly days, chilly nights, pat on Frostilla Lotion . . . before you bundle up to go out . . . when you come back to thaw . . . and always after you wet your hands and face. Then you won't chap, and won't you be happy!



35c 50c \$1.00
everywhere. 10c handy size
at 5 and 10c stores. (Sales
Reps: Harold F. Ritchie
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Free! Surprise him with a large
10c size tube of new Frostilla Brushless
Shave Gives easiest, speediest,
smoothest shaves ever. Free if
you write Dept. A, Frostilla
Co., Elmira, N. Y.

**FROSTILLA
FOR LOVELY SKIN**

BLOSSOM WITHOUT LEAVES

[Continued from page 98]

"Listen Fred," she said, for they were at her house now, "I'd like to go in alone. Do you mind?" She smiled at him. "Come in tomorrow."

"You take care of that leg," he told her roughly, and then picked up her hand and put his lips upon it.

SHE went in. They'd just finished tea, and Zelda and Elinor and a man called Brady were going.

"Hello, darling," said Brian, but he didn't notice her much until the others were gone. Then he saw that she was disheveled. "You look as if you'd been in a wreck."

"I was," said Molly, and told him.

When she had finished, he turned to the window and looked out.

"It's all right," she told him again. "It's just my leg."

"Darling," said Brian, "don't. Please don't talk for a minute. I can't bear to think of it. I've got to realize it. You might not have come home. I might be alone tonight."

Her leg was hurting abominably, but something else in her was hurting worse. She had brought home her adventure, her escape, her marvelous straight interview and encounter with death, and he was dramatizing it already. He was stealing it from life for literature. He was seeing himself as the center of the tragedy, getting ready to suffer and take notes on his suffering.

"You might not have come home," he repeated. "my precious blossom without leaves!"

Suddenly that absurd characterization seemed the last straw.

"Don't call me that," she broke out, "ever again! I'm your wife, and I was nearly killed. Dead. Do you know what that means? You'd have had to bury me, and you'd have hated that. You'd have had no wife, just all these women who flatter you. And what good are they to you? I'm much more important. Of course, I might not have come back! I might not have wanted to, after I got out of that wreck. But I did, because I love you and I'm your wife and my leg hurts and hurts and hurts and what are you going to do about it?"

She had ripped straight through to reality. He actually saw the whiteness of her face, heard the strain in her voice, and picked her up as Fred McElroy might have done.

"I'm going to put you to bed where you belong," he said, "and take care of you, Molly."

She closed her eyes in utter content, and a vision of the happiness that lay ahead. And Brian could feel the change in himself, feel a different kind of manhood rise to new responsibilities. If he looked with interest over his shoulder at his old self, that was only natural. It was his talent, the thing that had made him famous, even accidentally given him Molly. He knew he must be a changed man. It was a splendid crisis, and he took it all in, even while Molly's words were ringing in his ears.

Blossom without leaves, he thought. But the leaves do come in the end. Inevitably. That was a thought worth his remembering.

MUSIC

[Continued from page 17]

operating for years under absurd deficits largely because so many people connected with it were abnormally overpaid.

In New York they have until recently managed to make both ends meet, but this is partly because of a staple audience, founded upon social tradition, and willing to put up with anything and pay any price, and partly because the astute Gatti-Casazza makes up for the expense of his star salaries by getting his minor singers at the lowest possible price.

Fortune Gallo tried the experiment of giving opera on the road, at modest prices, without any star names, and for a time he made a success of it. But there are only so many people in America who want to hear *Carmen*, *Aida*, *Tosca*, *Butterfly*, *Cavalleria*, and *Pagliacci*, and practically everything else proved a liability. So Mr. Gallo is today concentrating on an excellent film production of *Pagliacci*, and letting it go at that.

Richmond, Virginia, did well with Gallo's San Carlo company by making it a social event and interesting the merchants of the city, but when the Metropolitan tried it a year later, everybody lost money. Atlanta has managed to hang on to its traditional week of opera at considerable sacrifice, and Cleveland has lately proved an admirable outlet for the Metropolitan after the close of the New York season. Ravinia Park, near Chicago, has consistently made artistic successes and financial failures with its summer opera.

Yet there are still people who prate of "municipal opera in every American city." They are evidently unaware that before any city can support an opera company, it must support a large orchestra, some chamber music

and a well-trained chorus, and that these exist at present in only a few of our larger musical centers.

The best operatic music has been found just as effective on the concert stage as in the opera house, if not more so. Wagner is at his best when played by a symphony orchestra. When thousands flocked to hear the extraordinary voice of Caruso in an opera which allowed him only a few real opportunities, would they not have welcomed the chance to hear him on a single program, without handicaps of costume or action, singing *Celeste Aida*, *Una Furtiva Lagrima*, *Vesti la Giubba*, *E Lucevan le Stelle*, and *Che Gelida Manina*, with a few Neapolitan folk-songs thrown in for good measure? Actually they did that very thing, when the great tenor gave one of his infrequent concerts.

Any honest music lover will admit that there are vast stretches of deadly dull music in the Wagnerian operas. *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger* may be the greatest of their kind, but there is more satisfaction in hearing their high spots in concert form than in sitting through an entire performance, waiting for those same spots to emerge triumphant from oceans of bad singing and worse acting.

THE Wagnerian music-drama of the future will be given through motion pictures, with the accompaniment of a symphony orchestra, actual or recorded. Not "talkies," but beautiful scenic presentations, with convincing human figures, real oceans and forests, and only the music and action to tell the story. The film factories may have details of this plan immediately on application to the writer. Why not Marlene Dietrich as *Isolde*, and perhaps Gary Cooper as *Tristan*?



DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

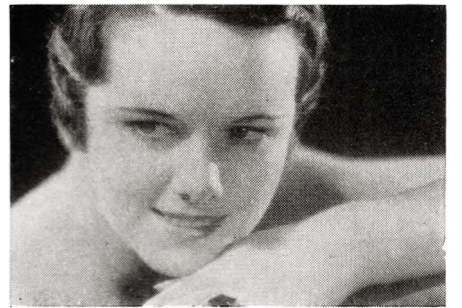
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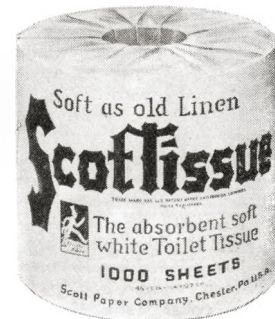
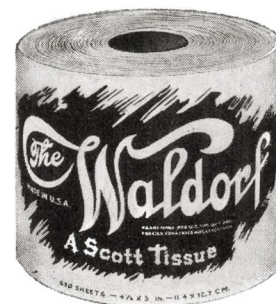
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NO QUESTIONS ASKED
[Continued from page 11]

Mary that he now spent his time passing. So at night, when the babies were all tucked up, and the march of the ducks around the wall had halted at the sandman's signal, and the lights winked shut their eyes, Mary would ask Enid into her room for a visit.

Mary had a beautiful room. It had been given her as a reward for the years when, alone and with only a tent to shelter them, she had fought for those first babies and had won.

Mary sat in a deep chair and Enid on the hearth rug, the fire putting a halo about her bright head. Mary talked. Of her motherless childhood; her work with the poor when she grew up; her early struggles to establish this home. And she spoke of Robert Shaw, who had loved her, and never married. But if she had hoped for confidences from Enid, she was doomed to disappointment. Enid listened, her face absorbed and vivid, but with its veiled silences upon it.

SPRING came. The ground overnight was a tender green. Old Man River whistled in the woodshed and oiled up the lawn mower. A robin on a lacy limb bubbled over with ecstasy, and in the kitchen Rosie sang.

Times were better. The old world was righting itself. People began to think of gardens and rows of pansies and jonquils; of sunshine and children's shouts; and rooms in their houses that had been meant for nurseries, and were not.

They came adopting. Six Little Fellows were proudly fitted out with parents, and sent forth to seek their fortunes. And one day the couple that small Charlie had lost his heart to, on a Christmas visit, returned. Mary Lovelace glanced up from the morning mail to find them standing before her unbelieving eyes—a tall, red-headed man and a blonde girl.

"There was a little boy here," they said. "We've been around the world—and even in China we couldn't forget him. So we let go the world and hurried back. His name was Charlie."

Mary stood up. Here was a miracle, and you took miracles standing. Charlie for over a year had steadfastly waited the return of the mother and father his heart had adopted. Twice people had wanted Charlie, but no—he couldn't go. He was waiting for Daddy, with the long legs and the pink hair. And Mary, with misgivings, had let him wait.

She spoke unsteadily, "Go down the hall to the door at the left."

Mary was behind them when Charlie glanced up. That small transfigured, faithful face!

"I knew you'd come!" Throwing himself against a tall man's legs. "I knew you'd come!"

Had his faith drawn them back across the world—pulled ships and trams and rickshaws and airplanes and trams?

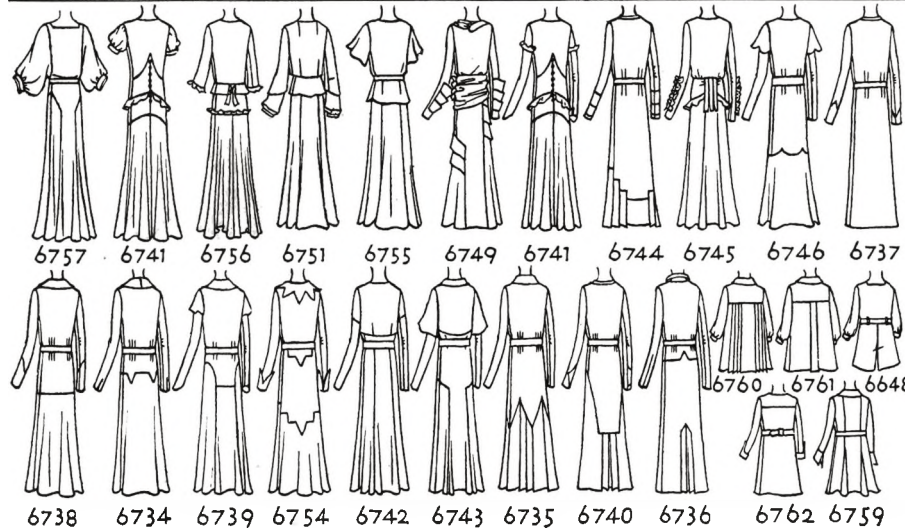
Charlie, kicking along in new boots, holding his Daddy's hand. "Goo-by, Lovely." His name for Mary.

What was there in a freckled little face with such a brilliant faith upon it to make you cry?

Rounding the stair landing, Mary came on further evidence of the season. Below her in the hall Enid had paused to hear what Doctor Brannon had to say to her. But the face she lifted in friendliness took on a look of startled surprise. Mary heard what she said.

"Oh, I'm sorry for this. I never dreamed. . . ."

"I couldn't be with you, Enid, and not love you."



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"But you mustn't." A warning in her voice.

"You mean it's—hopeless."

"Yes, please believe it."

And the spring brought also a band of roving gypsies with a sick brown baby. "He got a lil cole. You keep, pleas'um, two-three days and we come back. Can't tak sick baby by the rain." It seemed inhuman not to take him in, and Mary consented. The gypsies didn't, of course, come back, and the baby had diphtheria.

MARY had a pet nightmare—epidemics. Though they had skated on thin ice a few times they had always escaped, and now, after fifteen years of hard-fought experience, of learning that a soft heart can prove expensive and sometimes dangerous, Mary, with her own hand, had brought them to this. It was something she was never to forgive herself.

For the babies took it.

Weeks that were the hardest of Mary's life. Haggard days and sleepless nights. Things she must shut her eyes against; tiptoe past with averted gaze. Two o'clock in the morning.

Mary bowed over a crib, the doctor's hand on her arm. "Don't grieve so. Perhaps his life would have been unhappy." Mary climbing to the roof to stand beneath the stars, asking for strength.

In time she grew more worried about Enid than about the babies. The girl looked stunned—horried. Her three little charges were very ill, and Mary wished there was some way to get her out of the Cottage until the worst of this was over, but they couldn't even make Enid rest.

Coming downstairs several times during the night, as was her custom, Mary would find Enid—a haggard wraith—floating through the halls. After a few remonstrances Mary spoke to her severely. "This is being foolish. Go to your room at once."

Enid turned upon her like a sheet of flame. "I won't!"

Later she crept into Mary's room, dropped on the floor by Mary's bed, put her head against Mary's hand in mute apology and grief.

"Never mind, child, we are all breaking our hearts together here."

Enid's little tots pulled through; battled upward.

"Plucky little rascals," said Mary, admiringly.

Early April found the quarantine lifted and the Cottage gay again. The babies were thriving. The WELCOME sign polished. The sun out. Everyone pretending to forget the past weeks. Mary sent the girls, one by one, on vacations, but she couldn't get Enid to go.

"Why don't you just run into town, Enid, for the day. Everything is all right here and you do need to get away. You're looking peaked."

Enid hesitated, then her face cleared. "Yes, I think I shall. I'll go window-shopping. It's been such ages and ages since I did that."

On her way out she looked into Mary's room to say goodbye. "How pretty she looks," thought Mary. Whatever her trouble, working with the babies had helped.

At dusk Enid was back, looking marvelously revived. "It was a great day. And sweet to get back home, Miss Lovelace. But I did some skipping, knowing everyone was safe here."

And Mary had to tell her.

"Everyone isn't safe, Enid. The new baby—his heart—effect of the illness. We've fought all day."

"Which one?"

"Winkin."

A sharp cry, and Enid was running toward the nursery, flinging coat and hat and gloves on the floor as she ran.

She pushed them all aside. "Get away—all of you. He's my baby. Mine. I came here so I could care for him. He's all I've got, and I won't give him up."

Her voice carried through the house. And after that a stillness. Yes, of course, he was her baby. That was the light that had shone in the little room. Strange they had not known before. Mary Lovelace, of course, had. It was what she had seen on Enid's face the day she came—that look of the mother in her eyes.

Doctor Brannon was the first to get into action. He was at the telephone, calling the great specialist from the city. "You must come at once." Then he picked Enid up and carried her to her room, gave her a sedative, left someone to watch her, and went back to the baby.

As soon as Mary could she went to

Enid's room, sent the other girl away. After weeks of restraint and silence something gave way at sight of Mary, and Enid could talk at last.

"We were wild about each other, but his people are immensely wealthy and long ago had chosen a girl for him. They are that kind. When they found he cared for me, his father swore he'd disown him unless he gave me up—married this other girl. Wesley wanted to tell them openly, but I begged him to wait just a little—perhaps we could win them. I didn't want to be the cause of his breaking with his family. So we waited, and then they had this girl visit at their home. Wesley had to take her about. I saw them out together, and I thought how easy life would have been for him if he'd chosen her. . . . And then I found out about the baby. I must have gone off my head with jealousy and grief. I'd always think I'd held him through pity and because of the baby. I couldn't stand that. So I told him I'd changed—wanted freedom and not married life. I was going to Europe to study voice. He never knew. . . . he doesn't know now. . . ."

Enid's voice broke. She slipped a hand under her pillow and brought out a photograph.

Mary's mouth took on a hard line. She recognized that boy. It was Wesley Harper.

SHE sent someone to sit with Enid. She went to her office, sat thinking. How to get hold of the boy without arousing his parents' suspicions, or his own. She didn't know Wesley personally, but she was prepared to believe the worst. Well she knew the reputation of his father, and she didn't blame the kids for being afraid of him—everybody was. The hardest man in the state. A man of whom it was said, "He never changes and he never forgets." She would need Robert Shaw's help in this.

"Robert," she said, when she had him on the wire. "I must see Wesley Harper. Get hold of him tonight—no matter where he is—make him understand that it's imperative. And then bring him out here."

[Continued on page 104]



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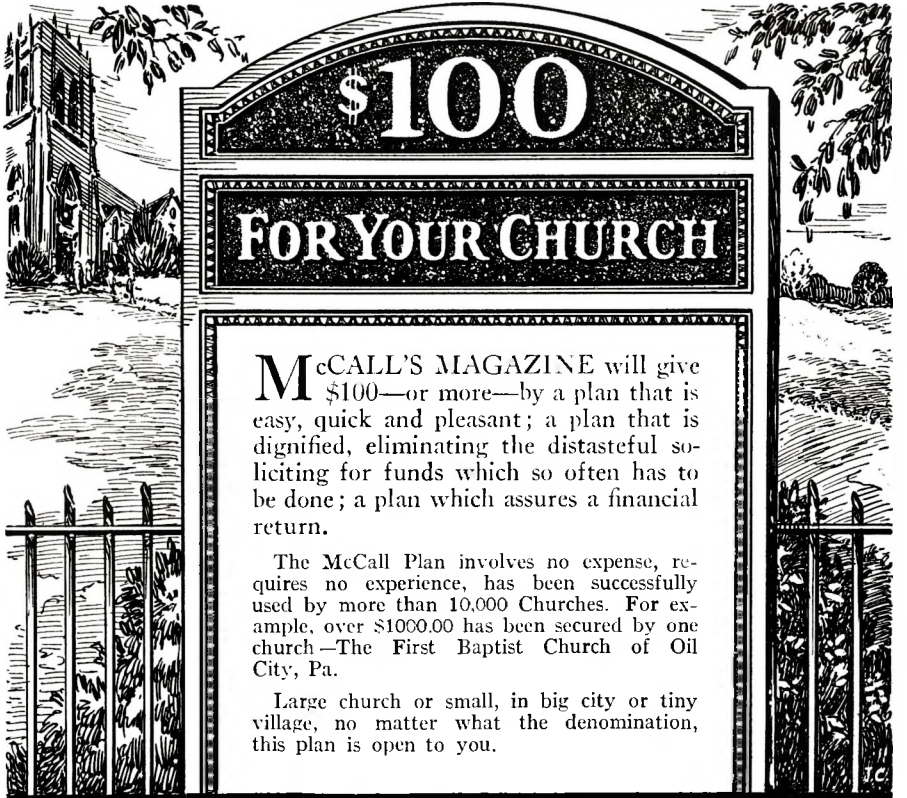
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[Continued from page 103]



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There was silence, and she heard—or fancied she did—a soft whistle of amazement. Then he said, "Right. Call you back in a couple of minutes."

Good old Robert, rushing always to her rescue; getting in uncomfortable tangles for her sake; making enemies for her sake; never letting her down. He thought himself a free bachelor, but, speaking largely, Robert ran a home for homeless babies and the multitudinous threads that ran backward into society from this.

When he rang it was to say: "The boy is sailing from New Orleans in the morning for South America. On the run. Anything I can do?"

She spoke in a defeated voice. "I'm afraid not."

"Would you like to wire him, Mary?"

But if Wesley Harper were running (and it very much resembled flight) a wire would only speed him on his way. "I'll think about it, Robert. Where is he staying tonight?"

He gave her the name of the hotel, and Mary hung up; sat dejected, heavy-hearted. One did so want to believe in youth and love. She picked up pencil and paper, began composing a wire—shoved it aside. That was no good. Wesley Harper was gone, and there was no way to get him back. . . . Yes, there was.

Mary was no coward, but she was afraid of one thing—airplanes. As a speck in the heavens at which to crane one's neck and say marvelous, they did well enough. But never, never could she get into one. That bottomless drop. That leaning on space.

"After all," she sighed, "we can't drop but once."

She called an airport. No, there was no ship for New Orleans tonight; the regular passenger plane had left at six. She could, of course, charter one.

"Very well," said Mary. "Send a taxi, please, at once."

She sat listening to the wild thunder of her heart. She wished that years ago she had married Robert and let him take care of her—see that she never, never got into airplanes. "If I get back alive, maybe I'll marry him yet. He deserves some return for fifteen years of not fussing at me any more than he has."

She made a simple will on the back of an envelope; got into her best underthings; stood in the nursery door letting her eyes linger on the little cherished rows of beds; told Miss Todd an urgent case called her away. And, looking a little too cheerful, she went forth into the starlit night.

AT AN hour past midnight she stood before a hotel door. She had experienced some difficulty in getting to that door.

"I must see Wesley Harper, registered here," she had said, appearing before the night clerk with a strange gleam in her eye.

"He will have retired."

"Ring him. Get him up."

The disturbed clerk had accompanied her personally to the door.

"But you can't go in yet—he—he's in his pajamas."

Mary pushed past his perturbed politeness, and spoke to a back and two long arms shoving up into a lavender dressing gown.

"I'm Mary Lovelace, from your home town. You've got to come back with me. You've got to come back to Enid."

The lavender dressing gown spun sharply, and the silken cord was jerked to a savage knot. He was across the floor, and he had Mary by the shoulders, shaking her, shaking her hard.

"Enid. Where is she? What's the matter with her?"

MARY backed away and got her breath. Never had she enjoyed a shake more. She liked this young man. Any girl would be safe with a boy who could shake her like that.

"She's at my home. She needs you. Her baby is dying."

"Her—her what?" In utter incomprehension.

"Her baby—your baby."

She thought he was going to begin shaking her again, but suddenly he sank on the bed, took his head in his hands.

"There, there," said Mary, "I knew you didn't know."

"But why didn't

she tell me? I thought she was in Europe. I've been half wild, believing So that was why! It was wrong not to tell Father from the first that we were married instead of—even last week, when he started me on this trip, I"

"You are—married?" said Mary faintly.

"Yes—you didn't think. . . ." He lifted his face, an unbearable look in his honest eyes.

She went to him and put an arm about his shoulder.

"Son, never mind. I hadn't seen you then, and Enid wouldn't talk. You're a fine lad, and it's time you stood on your own feet. Tell your father so. Let him keep his money, Wesley—money is nothing. . . ."

He turned away, so she could not see his eyes.

Mary said, her voice coming strangely, because it had to come over a lump, "I've an airplane, and we can reach home by daylight. We may yet be in time. We can do some pretty strong praying as we go, and there won't be a thing between us and the Lord to keep the prayer from getting home."

Day was breaking when they alighted from a taxi at the nursery door. Mary dispatched one of the girls for Enid, even if they must awaken her. For this was better than sleep. She wouldn't ask about the baby. Not yet. They waited in the office.

At the sound of the opening door Wesley whirled. One moment the width of the room had separated them, the next moment—there had been no sound, no word, no footfall—they were in each other's arms.

The minutes went past with little sharp, metallic steps. They did not move. They did not speak. Mute, still, silent love.

Mary waited at the window, while the sun came out on the earth, and the golden tide of day flowed toward her, and all the objects stood framed in their light.

He spoke at last. "My darling, how is he . . . how is that little fellow of ours?"

Enid answered bravely. "Not—not gone yet. But I've got to fight."

"I'll fight too," he said.



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WIND BEFORE DAWN

Studying his message she said, casually: "By the way, Mother heard from Averill. She is coming back."

He wheeled around, unable to conceal his sense of shock. "Coming back! What do you mean?"

"Mother is trying to find an apartment for her."

"I don't understand. That's awfully strange."

"Did you know anything about it?"

"Not a thing. Do you suppose it's because of Cris? But Cris was going to Averill for the holidays."

"I'll leave Trent! I don't want to see her, but you'll see her."

"Of course, I'll see her. What of it?"

She was silent. "Please don't be absurd!" he said impatiently.

"No. There's no use talking about it. I wanted to plan with you a little. I'll get my divorce."

"Yes." "And then we'll meet somewhere and be married."

"Yes." "And we'll do it very quietly, and I won't tell Mother until it's over."

"That's as you choose." "She and Dad are going to Berlin in the summer. He's taking his sabbatical leave next year. I don't think Mother will ever let him come back to Trent, if you and I are here."

STUART was sure that Mrs. Dennison suspected something.

"I don't understand," Mary said, "why Mother dislikes you so much. I don't see why you can't like each other."

"Mary," he asked, "did your mother invite Averill to come here?"

"Yes," Mary replied, unsuspectingly, "she asked her first to come for a visit. And then I said I'd go away, if Averill stayed at the apartment. So Mother had to change the invitation. She suggested that perhaps it would be more restful for Averill to have a small place of her own and stay for some time and help with the club again. Then today Averill wired that it was exactly what she would like to do."

"Well, I'll be darned!" he muttered. "Clever, very clever."

"What? What did you say?"

"Listen, Mary! Your mother invited Averill because she thinks it will upset me to see her again—that it will make a difference between you and me. And you can bet your bottom dollar that you haven't fooled your mother a bit. She knows or guesses everything that has happened."

"Oh, no, Stuart. I'm sure—"

"Listen to me, Honeykins. I don't like this secrecy business and I never did. It's childish and there's no reason for it. Get your divorce and then tell your mother that you're going to marry Dr. S. T. Patmore of the department of English, Trent College, and author of that invaluable *Handbook of Rhetoric*, still selling by the thousands. Or, if you like, I'll go and tell her right now."

She clasped him around the waist. "No! I'd much rather do it myself. Please, please don't. I can do it much more diplomatically, I'm sure."

"And you will—as soon as possible?"

"Yes, darling, I promise."

"And if things grow too painful, you can go away somewhere until we can be married. The decree is *nisi*, remember."

As she started toward the door he called, "Mary, you have a hole in your stocking!"

"Oh, Stuart! My good stockings! Where?"

"I haven't the least idea. I just wanted you to stop for a minute. I want to kiss you."

AFTER her divorce Mary went down to High Pastures, Massachusetts, to her aunt, Frances Dennison. During the Easter vacation Stuart was going to meet Mary, and they would be married at High Pastures.

One evening Fred Dennison called Stuart aside at the faculty club. "I want to tell you," he said, looking embarrassed, "that I don't share my wife's—uh—attitude about the—uh—arrangements. Of course, Evangeline is easily upset. A bundle of nerves. She does too much. And then the divorce was a great shock. She had thought Mary and Paul were getting along so well." He cleared his throat, passed a palm over his bald head. "Patmore," he said, "I've always liked you."

"Thank you, Dennison," said Stuart. They shook hands feeling rather foolish.

"I've had an offer from Chicago University. I don't know that I'll care for the west, but Evangeline says it is a freer intellectual atmosphere. I suppose she knows best. I don't like to cross her—you see she's never been very strong."

"Well, don't worry about Mary, Professor Dennison."

"No, indeed. What I mean to say is, I'm glad it's you." Very oddly, almost ludicrously, his pale blue eyes slowly filled with tears. He had tried to say something very different and failed.

Stuart spent a while longer in the lounge of the cloakroom, smoking and writing to Mary. He was going to call on Averill that evening, but he was in no hurry. He had no idea how he would feel nor what he could talk about.

Cristobel had already gone to stay with her mother during the visit.

As he went up the stairs of the private house where Averill had taken several rooms, Stuart dragged his cane along the balustrade, absently making a loud tattoo. A door above was unlatched, and he heard a familiar voice: "Is that you, Pat?"

He saw her standing beneath the dim hall light. "I knew it was you because you so often used to do that with your cane."

His hands felt cold, his forehead damp. "Averill, how are you?"

"Splendid. Do come in."

It was not until she had taken his coat and stick that he was able really to look at her squarely. For the first moments he had felt like a figure in the odd snatch of a dream, a little vague and as if he were enacting something that had happened long ago.

Then when he was seated in an armchair across from Averill, she seemed like a different person, somebody he had not known very well—an acquaintance of his youth who had drifted into



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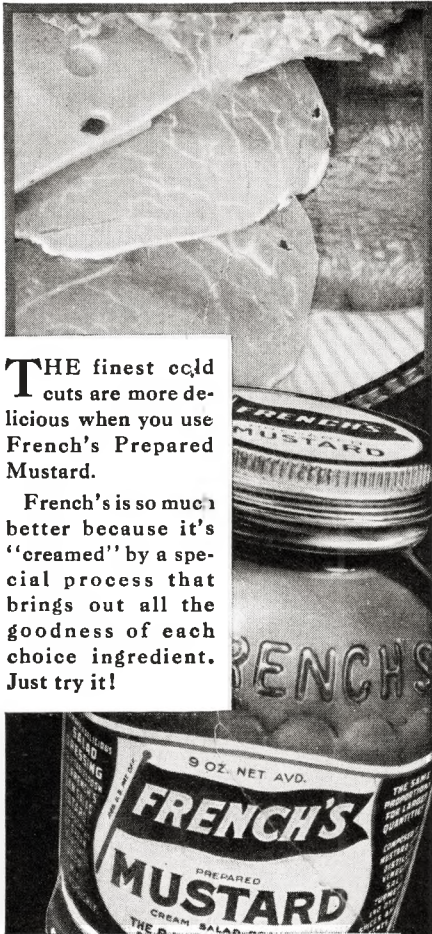
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[Continued on page 108]



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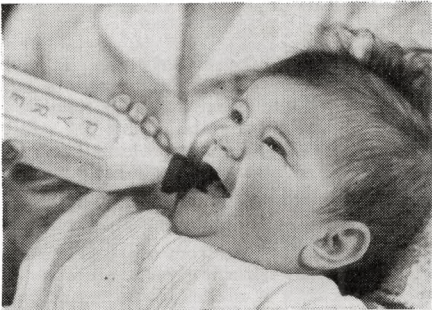
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WIND BEFORE DAWN

[Continued from page 107]

separate experiences and returned most casually. This is going to be easy, he thought, rejoicing in the fact that he was undisturbed and self-possessed. After they had talked banally for a while, he began to be bored. He thought of Mary, and he was homesick for her. While Averill spoke, he counted up the number of days that must pass before he went to Massachusetts to join her.

"Is Cris in bed?" he asked.

"Yes, but not asleep yet. She asked if you would kiss her good night."

He went into the bedroom and found Cris in the darkness, her neck smelling of talcum powder.

"Dads," she whispered, as she had whispered so many times before, "why don't you and Mother like each other?"

"We do, Cris," he answered, as always. "But not quite enough to be together all the time."

"She's really very nice," Cris assured him. "She brought me a big French doll. I wish it had been a live monkey, only I didn't say so. I didn't want to hurt her feelings."

The children, of course, were the indestructible links between them. He found, when he returned to the little parlor, that he was tender again toward Averill. He recalled how she had lain in the hospital bed crying, with Jeffrey's dark head nuzzled against her breast. He forced himself, as he had now for years, to forget those disturbing recollections.

He could not help noticing how much older Averill looked. There were lines about her mouth, and her classical nose had become pinched, almost sharp. Although her neck was thin, she had gained weight around the waist and hips. Her hair, arranged in a very smart fashion of wide, careful waves, seemed metallic. She was beautifully groomed, but the loneliness of her eyes appalled him. He remembered that she, too, would soon be forty.

HERE at Trent College she had been welcomed back as a celebrity. Everybody said she had accomplished so much, she had achieved freedom. She was an example of woman's emancipation from outworn fetters. As far as Stuart could make out, she had done nothing but travel to Europe a number of times, speak at women's clubs, attend conventions and expensive luncheons, achieve an English accent, meet a great many well-known people, and write some book reviews about woman's higher purpose in life.

Meeting her as a stranger, Stuart would have been fooled for a short time into believing that she was a woman of wide culture and deep introspection. Her manner was admirable, and her remarks clothed in assurance and ease. But, knowing her so thoroughly, he detected an inner weariness that was almost despair. It was not the weariness that follows actual accomplishment, but the fatigue that lurks in the trail of artificiality and finally, like a pack of wolves, devours the body because the mind has no whip-lash.

This impression grew keener each time he saw Averill during her visit to Trent. Although she was fêted and fussed over and invited to lecture and to instruct her less courageous sisters

in the art of freedom, he knew that she was lonely. The realization hurt him. It gnawed at him, overpowering any more detached judgments he had made of Averill. She was lonely, she had come back. She was empty-handed. She had nothing but a few superficial friendships and some meaningless accomplishments. First youth was over, and there was no warm hearth or companionship waiting to comfort her.

SHE always greeted Stuart with unconcealed eagerness. Time after time he went to see her, knowing that he would suffer an agony of pity, but unable to withhold any solace that she found in him.

He realized, too, that Averill was still blind to his real feelings. She was confident that because he had once loved her so much she still had the power to renew his emotion. She probably dismissed Mary as unimportant, thinking of her as a child.

The first time that he understood why Averill had come back was the first evening she visited him in their old home.

He was surprised to see her at the door. He had just finished writing a letter to Mary, and he was still caught up with the pleasure of weaving silly rhymes that would make her laugh, and in the intimacy of

describing his impatience and his ardor.

Averill said she wanted something to read. "I've felt rather dull. Of course, it's a lovely rest. But it does seem quiet after the city."

Because he was ill at ease, Stuart built a fire, although the April evening was unusually warm. Averill sat beside him and watched the firelight. "This was always a pleasant room," she said.

She began to talk eagerly about things they had done together, about funny things the children had said. Did he remember how Cristobel had put gum in Jeffrey's hair and didn't want him to pray for her? And how Stuart had set fire to the mattress when he fell asleep smoking his pipe, and she had helped him lug the blazing mattress out into the street? They were both in pajamas, much to the shocked surprise of Miss Swain's mother, who sat at her watchful post in the bay-window. And a wonderful sleigh ride the first time Averill was outdoors after Cristobel was born. Did he remember the Northern lights they saw that evening? They had never been so beautiful, never. And the little camp they owned up in Maine called Patmorland—had he ever gone there in the summers? Did he remember the first lake trout she caught?

All these memories he longed to escape, but he realized painfully that he had helped to create them—they were partly his handiwork, tangible and living and indestructible. There was nothing he could do but suffer and remember.

As she sat close beside him, he noticed unwillingly that her hair was coppery, an unfamiliar color. Beneath her chin the firm line had blurred out and, while she talked, a faint mottled flush spread at the base of her throat. Her skin, although still fair and finely

[Continued on page 112]

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FOR THE FESTIVE FORTNIGHT

By Hildegard Fillmore



Help for the tired shopper! Off with coat and hat, bind back your hair, turn on a nice, warm bath. Cleanse your face and neck thoroughly. Then give yourself the simple facial massage described below



NO MATTER how tired you are when you step in the door laden with Christmas packages, you'll be a changed woman if you follow this restorative routine. Slip into your negligee; bind back your hair with a strip of gauze; turn on the bath water at a warm temperature. Now take off the day's make-up and grime with cleansing cream and tissues followed by warm soap and water or a toning lotion.

The simple stroking treatment illustrated is one I learned at a lovely New York salon. It's called a "quick rejuvenating treatment," and it seems to smooth away the little tired, tense lines, leaving your face feeling years younger and inclined to smile rather than droop. In the salon they use a rich, satiny nourishing cream, and apply it to the face with upward strokes. To whiten the skin one may add a dab of a milky emulsion. Now put the two thumbs under the chin; extend the fingertips up so they're flattened and touch each other across the nose. With a firm pressing and lifting motion draw the hands apart, from nose to ears. Thumbs travel under the jawline, firming, tightening. Palms slide over the cheeks, pressing, lifting. Fingertips slip lightly over the eyes to the temples in a soothing, caressing movement.

Do this about ten times. Then place fingertips at bridge of the nose, traverse eyebrows, temples, circling the eyes completely. Now put a few drops of stimulating oil on each cheekbone. Stroke the cream and oil mixture in well

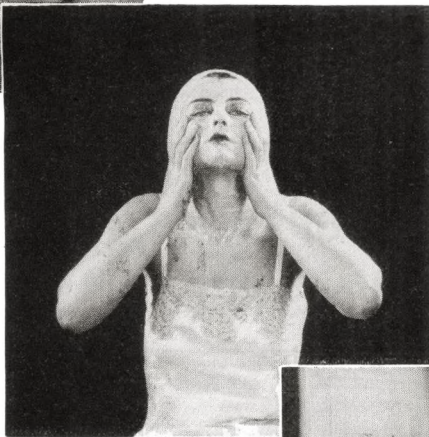
with the full hand-massage described. Circulation stimulants in cream, oil, or lotion form belong in these quick restorative treatments. Always use them exactly as the directions say. This rule is one that beauty-wise women apply to every jar and bottle on their cosmetic shelves.

you've given your hair a good brushing. For evening make-up, smooth on liquid powder over shoulders, neck, back, and arms. Be sure to shake the bottle well before applying. The salon expert who gave me the stroking facial advocates her very stiff foundation cream for make-up. You touch your fingers to the cream surface and blend on the skin only what the surface of the fingertip can hold. Never apply stiff foundation cream heavily. Use the lighter creams or liquid make-up bases exactly as the directions say. Your skin should have only the merest film; whatever it can't conveniently take up will come out in spots under your powder.

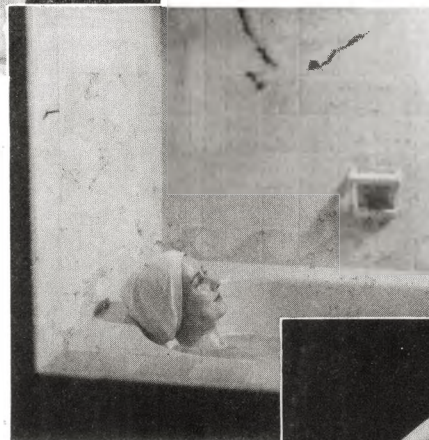
After the foundation, pat on your rouge, probably a brighter shade than you use in daytime. Then lip-stick, eye make-up, if you wear it, and powder. Don't rub powder in; that tends to smear the make-up. Simply press a full puff all over the face. You can brush off the surplus powder with a fine powder brush or a fluff of cotton. As a last touch, perfume.

When unexpected domestic calamities keep you busy till the very last minute, don't despair. If you have only half an hour you can take a ten-minute facial, a bath, and have ten minutes for make-up and coiffure. The facial is good after a day of nervous strain. If the day has tired out your muscles, however, substitute a ten-minute relaxation or nap for the facial. In either case give your face a two or three-minute patting after the bath. Use a patten or cotton pads folded firmly, wet with skin tonic, and held by one corner.

Lately I've found some nice helps for hasty grooming, and I'd like to give you the latest information about depilatories and deodorants. It's the careful use of these daintiness aids that marks the fastidious woman. Won't you write for the December Cosmetic Style Letter? It lists cosmetic gifts, too. Send an addressed, stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York.



Slather on your richest cream. Holding your face in your hands, keep pushing hands apart, using firm thumb pressure under chin line. Sink back into a tub of warm water without removing cream

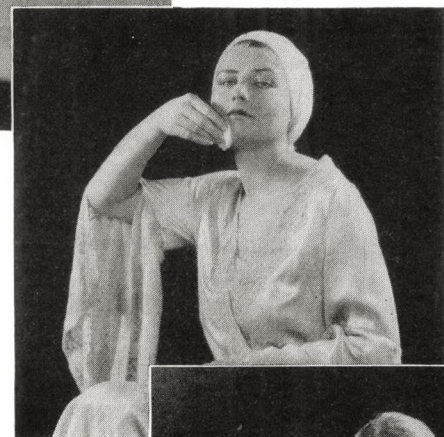


Let the cream stay on face and throat while you take a good, soapy scrub in water scented with bath salts. Dry the body and use dusting powder. You'll love the new atomizer that sprays powder over you in a gossamer film. Using plenty of cleansing tissues, remove all cream. Make sure none of it remains, by swabbing the skin with cotton pads wet with skin tonic. If the skin is very sensitive to cold, you might pat in a soothing lotion. If it tends to oiliness, use a stronger astringent. At this point, also, use the eye lotion. This sweeps away foreign particles and leaves the eyes bright and clear.

Bath and facial should not require more than thirty minutes. Now rest for a fifteen-minute period; sleep, if you can, with your alarm set.

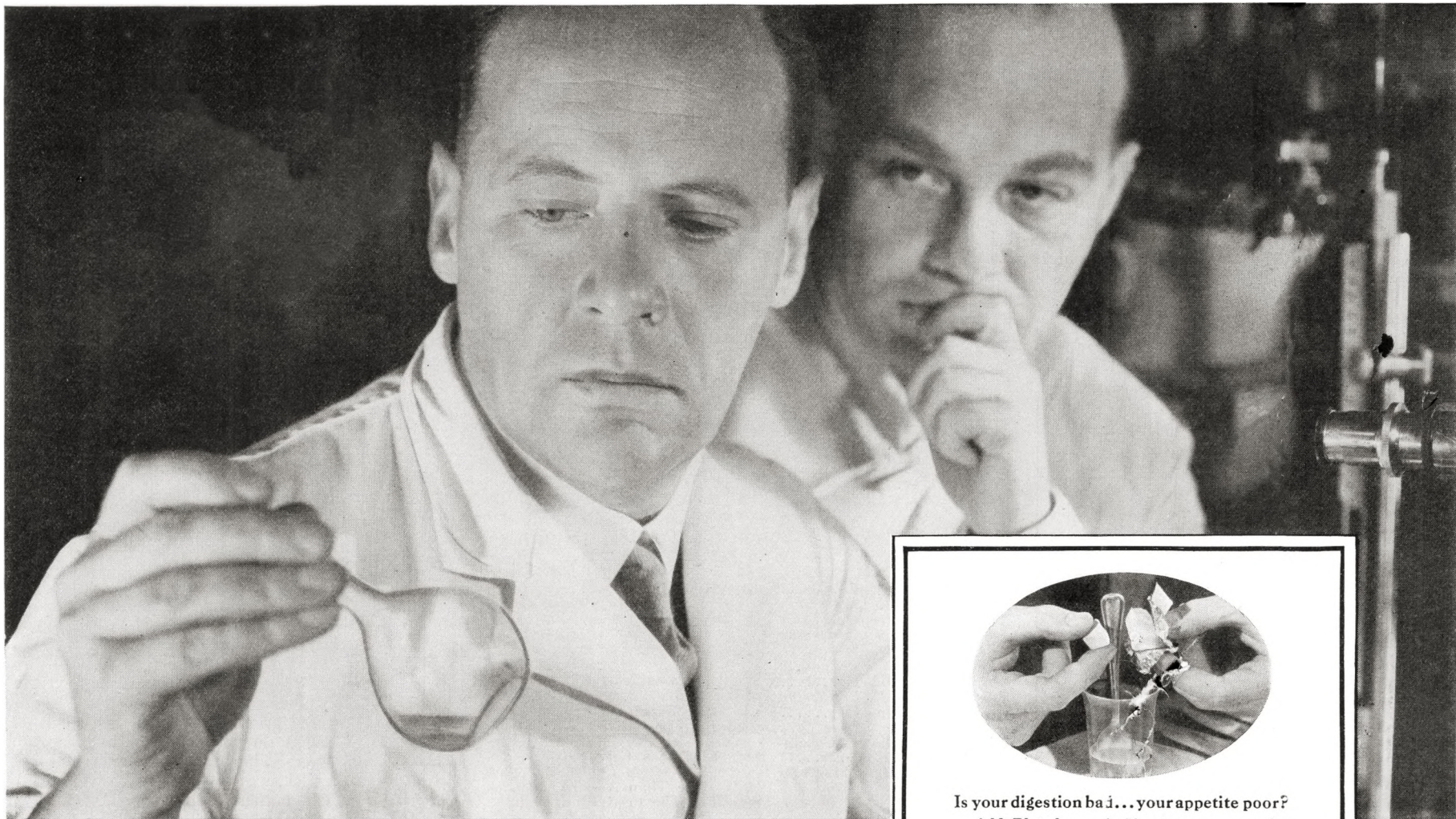
After the quarter-hour relaxation you have fifteen minutes in which to dress, comb your hair, and put on make-up. I hope that some time during the routine

After the bath remove cream with cleansing tissues, then pat skin with cotton pads wet with a cooling lotion. Liquid powder smoothly applied is the final touch for lasting make-up



Even a short nap takes lines out of the face

DR. ERICH SCHILF IS ONE OF GERMANY'S FOREMOST PHYSICIANS AND EXPERTS ON PHYSIOLOGY



“It aids the flow of gastric juices— *checks Indigestion*”

declares DR. ERICH SCHILF of Berlin

WHY has fresh yeast such a remarkable effect in cases of gastric distress—“acid stomach” . . . heartburn . . . discomfort after meals, etc.?

The reason is very simple. Yeast purifies the entire digestive tract . . . “tones it up” . . . stimulates secretion of the juices that help digest your food!

If you want proof of that statement, here are the words of one of the foremost physicians in Germany today . . . Dr. Erich Schilf, Professor of Physiology and Internal Medicine in the great University of Berlin.

“Doctors,” he explains, “have long pre-

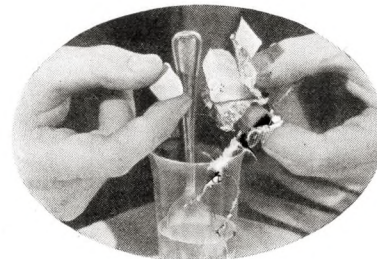
scribed fresh yeast for intestinal and digestive troubles. Its action is very different from that of the usual irritating laxatives and pills . . . Fresh yeast increases the flow of gastric juices, incites a stronger activity of the intestines . . . helps prevent attacks of indigestion and other symptoms of poor health.”

If you want a healthier digestion, a normal appetite, and regular daily elimination of body



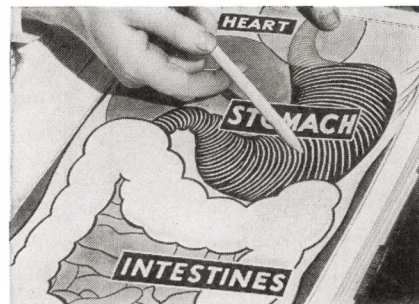
“My Case confirms what Doctors say”
(Right) “I had been overdoing,” writes David K. Young, Springfield, Mass., “and felt all in. No pep, no appetite. Indigestion. My whole system was sluggish and my skin showed it . . . A doctor had recommended Fleischmann’s Yeast to friends of mine. I tried it—haven’t had any indigestion since.”

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Is your digestion bad . . . your appetite poor?

Add Fleischmann’s Yeast to your regular diet! Eat three cakes a day—just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water or any way you like—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.



Eaten regularly, Fleischmann’s Yeast fosters secretion of digestive juices . . . strengthens and cleanses the stomach and intestines . . . corrects indigestion and faulty elimination by natural means.

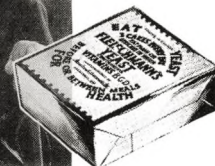
waste, act on this famous doctor’s advice. Eat three cakes of fresh yeast every day!

Just ask for Fleischmann’s Yeast—the fresh yeast rich in health-giving vitamins B and G and the “sunshine” vitamin D. And write for free booklet on Yeast for Health. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

The noted French stomach specialist, DR. BÉCART, says, “To strengthen a weak stomach I prescribe fresh yeast.” DR. HANHART, prominent Zurich physician, states, “Yeast corrects the self-poisoning caused when wastes remain in the body too long.”

Important

Fleischmann’s Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend! At grocers’, restaurants and soda fountains.



textured, had early translucence. Only her feet, her slender legs, seemed exactly the same. Good old . . . He had always known how she would hate the loss of any of her loveliness, and he had meant to be so good, so devoted to Averill when she began to grow old.

His observation of all these tell-tale signs only drew him closer to her. Rather than estranging him, they made him sad and more tender. He discovered that pity is more disarming than passion—a twin rather than a kin to love.

"Do you know," she was saying, "I can hardly decide what to do about my rooms over at Mrs. Todd's. I only took them for these three months, and now she has a chance to rent them after the Easter holidays."

(Easter! That was when he was going to Mary.)

"What do you think I ought to do?" she asked.

He arose and carefully moved a burning log with the tongs. He hoped that he could make his voice sound natural. He understood what Averill wanted.

"Why, Averill," he said slowly, "I hardly know. I'd have to think about it. I mean—to consider your problem."

Her thin hands locked together in a tense gesture. She stared down at her feet.

"Did you give up your apartment in New York?"

"I sublet it for a while. You see, I needed a rest. I came here because it is quiet, and yet I knew people. Of course, I have a great many friends in the city, too, but somehow they are not quite the same as old friends. I miss Jeffrey terribly, now that he's at school. This winter I didn't care to travel. I was very ill in Paris last winter. It was rather a dreadful experience—alone. Sometimes I wondered what if I were to die over there? I wondered if you would have come?"

"Of course I'd have come, Averill."

"I've been very happy," she said, with a sudden recurrence of pride, "and I do feel that I've achieved something. I don't know why I should have grown bored lately—but perhaps I need a quieter life, closer companionship."

Again she waited, having come dangerously near to her real meaning.

"My dear," he said, "I can hardly advise you. It's hard to tell another person what to do, you know."

She nodded, pressing her lips together. He saw that she realized his indecision.

"I'll come to see you in a little while," he added hoarsely. "When I've thought things out better."

"Then I'll go now." Her face had brightened. "I know you have work to do. Where are my books? Good night!"

She reached ahead of him to open the door. She had grown used to opening doors for herself.

Stuart sat with his head in his hands. He knew that there are very few times in life when a human being faces a clear problem of self-sacrifice. To most people that moment, the necessity for deciding between their own happiness and another's, never comes. The hedonist suffers the most when such a moment arrives, for, loving his own pleasure so much, the idea of wresting it from another is intolerable. The martyr can find some melancholy satisfaction in the virtue of suffering, but the poor hedonist finds no satisfaction but in pleasure. If he gives up his own life, he is rebellious and angry; but if he refuses, his happiness is still destroyed by the pain he has inflicted on another. Saints and martyrs, Stuart reflected, have a far easier time in crises. But the pagan has a much better time on ordinary days.

He was shocked to discover that he was actually trying to decide whether to ask Averill to come back to him. Before she had arrived, he had been sure such a question was impossible. But his pity, his sympathy for her emptiness and desolation, had gradually deepened until it was an obsession almost as moving as love. And she had recalled all the other times when he had protected and comforted her.

Was it possible to desert her now, when she stood lost and stranded, staring ahead into loneliness and old age, and perhaps the fear of dying alone in some foreign hotel room? She had always been so afraid of dying. He had never thought of it much. It was his creed to ignore the inevitable. But sometimes Averill had awakened him in the night—afraid—and she had wanted his arm thrown about her shoulders.

WIND BEFORE DAWN

[Continued from page 108]

It was a great pity she had gone away. She had insisted, selfishly, with little thought for his suffering. But she had followed an illusion—everybody followed mistaken illusions, especially of freedom. He had tried to tell her that no person is free and solitary. He is only free when he loves and loses himself in love. He has great good fields to wander in then; the flowers are fragrant, the sun is bright. The tight little dark room of himself alone has none of these to give, however much the soul seems to possess itself by introspection. . . . She knew all this now and she had come back to him. She wanted to regain the lost meadows.

was old, he took pride in all sorts of odd accomplishments. Coquet and riding a bicycle and Doing Good. . . . Now, because he knew that he had persuaded himself, he rose and walked up and down the room, saying half-aloud, "I can't, I can't. . . . I can't!"

Late that night it was more nearly dawn—he wrote Mary a letter. He noticed that his handwriting was very small, almost precise. He wondered if people's handwriting grew precise when they threw away love. . . . Though likely enough it was because he was trying so hard to keep the pen from shaking.

The next day he carried the sealed letter in his pocket. He did not intend to mail it until after he had seen Averill. He had a guilty, and he knew futile, hope that she would refuse. Although he could have called on her in the afternoon, he put it off until evening.

At last he took up his hat and stick and walked through the quiet streets. Before he reached the rooming-house a silvery spring rain had started to fall. The misty coolness was good against his face. The automobile headlights threw long, engraved, golden ponds against the dark, wet streets. He paused a moment in the covered bridge to hear the shallow river rustling around the adamant rocks. The moist air held a hint of lilacs.

Stuart touched the damp parapet. "Mary?" he said aloud. His voice sounded strange, and he felt foolish and hurried onward.

CRISTOBEL opened the door for him. "Hello, Chick," he said, "what are you doing up so late?"

"Mother said I might draw until you came." She showed him some pictures of dubious cows and windmills and wooden-faced princesses.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" he asked, giving her his hat and stick.

"Oh, Father!" She giggled, sucking in her breath, hoping to be tickled, and yet too old to ask for it. Then she was serious. "I just want to express myself."

"Cris," he said, "what is it you want to express?"

"Oh, I don't know. A person can't know exactly." Then, with a violent reversion to childhood, she threw herself into his arms, kissed him with loud smacks, and ran toward the bedroom. "I'll call Mother. Good night, Daddy."

Averill came into the room. He noticed that she was wearing the earrings that he had given her one Christmas.

"Do sit down," she said. "You look tired. I have some coffee for you."

She came back from the kitchenette with the coffee. She had remembered the right amount of sugar and cream. She said, "Oh, I wanted to ask you. What do you think I ought to do about the rooms here? Do you think it would be better to stay in Trent, or go back to the city?"

Stuart said: "I don't believe you will be happy in Trent very long. I shouldn't, if I were you, take another three months' lease on this place. I've thought about it, and I believe I'm right. You had better go back to the city."

She raised her eyes to his. They exchanged an anguished look of understanding. "You—think so?" she said faintly.

"I know it, Averill," he said. The silence seemed to hammer against their pulses. The faint rain fell on the windows, steady and inevitable, without regret.

"I'm sorry I can't stay longer," Stuart said at last. Then, "Averill, I'm desperately sorry about other things. You understand, don't you?" He rose, felt her cold fingers in a hopeless clasp. He wanted to say more, but he couldn't. Out in the street he drew a long breath and began to wonder about human volition. He had made a careful decision, and then he had done exactly the opposite, without considering at all. He was conscious of no reason for his sudden words. Springing forth, unpremeditated, they had canceled all his actual intentions.

As he walked toward the station, he thanked all the gods of outrageous impulses for saving him from a self-sacrifice. How wretched he would have made Averill and himself! He went into the railroad station. He would go home later and pack his bags.

"High Pastures, Massachusetts, by way of Springfield."

"One, sir?"

"One," he answered. [THE END]

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Cover design by Neysa McMein

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He could have been more callous, if he could have forgotten the habit of his old protectiveness. Her suffering when Jeffrey was born, when Cris almost died of mastoiditis, and Averill clung in desperation to his reassurance. When he carried Averill up and down stairs after her operation. . . . Illness and poverty made bearable only by the united hopes of two human beings. No, it was impossible to forget that she had once depended on him utterly, and she could not believe that he would fail her now.

HE THOUGHT of Mary. She was young and in a few years her passion would undoubtedly be diluted and finally erased by new impulses and experience. But what could lie ahead of Averill? She had coolly turned from emotion so long that it was unlikely she could manage to enrich her life by any new philosophy. He was not deluded into thinking that she wanted to come back because she loved him; it was because she was lonesome and somehow friendless, and she longed to slip back into the old familiar channels of companionship. And they would have the children together. They could, perhaps, when he had grown more quiet and stodgy, find a kind of contentment founded on habit, on the sharing of past youth together. Mutual lethargy and all that sort of thing. Maybe some day he would even be proud he hadn't let Averill down—if he could ever take pride in self-abnegation! Just now it seemed to him a contemptible pursuit. But perhaps, when one

"La-dies 'n' gen-tle-men...now comes the death-defying jump!"



But this means that mother needs DIRT-DEFYING soap

ANOTHER ACTUAL LETTER FROM A P AND G NAPHTHA HOME

Procter & Gamble

Dear Sirs: I know only too well the need of economy, living on a North Dakota farm when the price of everything we have to sell is down zero. So when it comes to soap I want quality at a low price. And that means P AND G Naphtha every time.

My four children are dirtier now than when they were small. Bud runs the tractor and the cars. He's busy now helping to overhaul the machinery. So his shirts and overalls get covered with the dirtiest of dirt. But they come out of the P AND G washings clean and bright.

The other children get play soiled—and just as dirty in their ways. Right now, when they aren't skating and skiing, they're in the barn or the attic. Plenty of dust up there!

And, finally, with all the dirty towels, what would I do without P AND G?

The answer is—I don't. I know that the price, the size and the goodness of P AND G are right!

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. D. W. McKellips, Souris, North Dakota

MRS. MCKELLIPS is a good friend of P AND G White Naphtha because it's earned every one of her good words.

You'll soon learn the true economy of those big white cakes of P AND G. They never get gummy in the water or waste away. (Ordinary laundry soaps do!) It's a mighty big washing that wears down a big firm cake of P AND G.

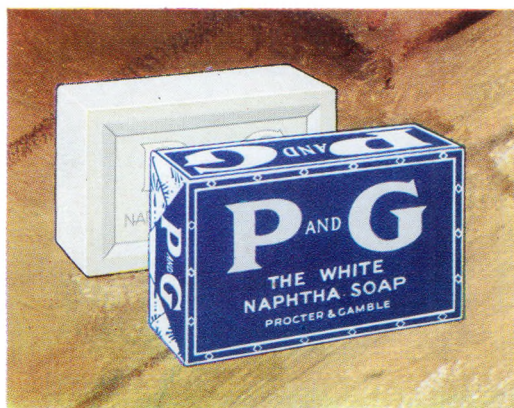
Then, too, P AND G is so obliging—it works in hard and soft water, in warm or cold water. Its fine whiteness contains grease-cutting naphtha. With this help, you'll find it easy to get snowy washes and bright, fresh colors.

How does it come about that such a quality soap costs mighty little? Here's the reason:—

P AND G's fine materials are bought in shiploads and trainloads at quantity prices. Then this saving is shared with you on every cake of P AND G.

And don't forget this—P AND G is the largest selling soap in the world because millions of women know that *it really is a better soap!*

ANN CUMMINGS



Doesn't it seem nicer to use a white soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to white soaps, and most of them are using P AND G.

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The largest-selling soap in the world

At Iowa's Famous State Fair

17 Prizes Were Hers

Mrs. J. Galloway of Beaman, Iowa, Gives Her Famous "Kitchen-tested" Recipe—FREE with 14 Others in Every Sack of Gold Medal—for this Perfectly Marvelous FUDGE CREAM ROLL



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LAST year, the most famous American cookery experts advanced their ideas for baking the "Kitchen-tested" way and gave their most famous recipes to the readers of this magazine. Sarah Field Splint, Betty Crocker, Alice Bradley, and a dozen others.

Now, this season, comes the *result* as American women found when they adopted this far simpler, better and easier way in baking—women who won prizes at the most notable state and county fairs of the year.

Thousands of women won prizes this way. Many of them the most coveted baking prizes in this country. In Minnesota alone, at the famous State Fair, 66 awards were won with bakings made from GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

Notable among the prize winners is Mrs. J. Galloway of Beaman, Iowa, who took 17 prizes at the famous Iowa State Fair.

Her favorite "Kitchen-tested" recipe, along with 14 others from 12 other prize winners and from the famous Betty Crocker, are now enclosed with every sack of GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour. *You'll find them all in any sack of this flour you buy.* (Recipes changed every 3 months.)

Simplifies Baking In This Way

By the development of a new type of flour—GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour—baking has been remarkably simplified for the housewife. *And the cause of most baking disappointments banished*—lack of uniformity in flour used; the chance of two sacks of the same brand varying greatly in results.

GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour means flour that has been tested in a home oven, just like yours, for *uniformity of results*, before it goes to you. Every batch tested for home baking of cakes, pies, pastries, breads, by a number

Try These Other Wheat Products Made by the Millers of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

FREE
15 New Greatly Simplified "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—including one shown here—now inside every sack

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of experts directed by the noted cooking authority, Betty Crocker.

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For the Great Kitchen Thrill, try this way today. Get GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour at any grocery store. The "Kitchen-tested" recipes—including the one pictured here—are inside the sack.

The best bakers today are using Gold Medal Cake Flour and other well-known high-grade ingredients for making a variety of delicious cakes. Have you tried them?

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Accept Special Offer

Now, for a limited time only—with this Coupon and 75c—you may obtain the famous GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Recipe Set, priced regularly at \$1.00. Includes 100 basic recipes and comes complete in oak cabinet, with index file, and extra cards for recipes from sacks.



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