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Brooke Hanlon

Leonard Hess

Vingie E. Roe

McCALL MIRRORS

TWO GREAT SERIALS START IN THE MARCH McCALL'S

WHICH is the greater anguish, a love that goes unrequited or a love that bears the burden of a haunting doubt? If behind a shield of silence there loom obstacles to the completion of her love, should a woman deny the commands of her own heart, or remember, and dream of futures that may never be? In

streets, the pony of *The Long Road*, the bucking broncho with his sky-scraping antics and the racer coming down the home stretch like a wonderful machine."

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD has gone out into the Great Unknown, out from his deep forests of pine and fragrant cedar, the whispering wilderness whose language he understood with a heart's understanding. But the brave spirit of this adventuring writer who brought the cool beauty and gleaming romance of his hills and valleys to millions of home-bound folk, lives again in

FIRE OF YOUTH

by Margaret Pedler

The foremost writer of youthful romance

PHYLLIS, the fascinating heroine, is forced to choose her destiny. And in each succeeding installment she will be brought face to face with reality, on the one hand, and the half world of illusion on the other. How would you choose, if the task were yours?

DOES it seem strange for a young man in his early twenties to fall in love with a woman ten years older? Isn't it natural if the woman is all grace, all softness and charm? But what of the woman? Must she go on pretending to her boy lover, when the man she has always known would come drifts out of the blue and into her life? MARGUERITE JACOBS in *Driving Mists*, for March, catches this situation with the brilliance and color of fretted sunlight on a crystal prism. Undoubtedly *Driving Mists* will follow its distinguished predecessor, *Singing Eagles*, into story anthologies.

IN *Dark Forests*, Leonard Hess leads his hero into the jungles of Suriname and yet Mr. Hess is a born and bred New Yorker who has never circled the globe.

VINGIE ROE'S letter to us, sent by air from her great hill country of the Trinitys, gives away the secret of her art in creating her captivating stories about animals. It is her love for them. Here is a revealing paragraph: "I was reared in Oklahoma before it became too civilized, actually living all day long in the sun and wind. My father, understanding me early, bought me a pony, put me astride him and turned me loose. From that day on, I was part horse! Nothing in my whole life has given me more joy than horses. I love them all—the poor old abused wreck on the city

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SON OF THE FORESTS

by James Oliver Curwood

Which appears in the March McCall's

BEFORE his going, Mr. Curwood wrote this story of his life, beginning with the happy-go-lucky days in Ohio when James Oliver Curwood was just a ragged little king of Boyville, as mischievous a figure as Huckleberry Finn. It is the tale of a gypsy's roaming and it will call to the roving strain in every one of us.

BROOKE HANLON, the author of *Daisy's Day*, is as delightfully young as she looks. She is in New York for the winter, and is working so diligently at her short stories that she finds little time for such fluffy things as literary teas—or letters to McCall Mirrors.

DOROTHY DUCAS has answered the question that is on the tip of every tongue: "What is Ishbel MacDonald really like?" in a March article that makes you feel you have just had tea somewhere with England's charming young hostess. Miss Ducas was the only newspaper woman to accompany Miss MacDonald on her triumphant tour of America.

NEED one woman's chance for love and a home and all the things she holds dear be sacrificed for another's security, no matter what the tie may be between them? Or is it an unwritten law that burdens must be shared, unmindful of the cost? Jacqueline, the appealing character who lives in Temple Bailey's serial, *Wild Wind*, is torn between her duty to Mary, her sister, and her overwhelming love for Kit, her fiancé. In the next installment of this absorbing novel she is forced to make her choice. Which will it be?

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SKETCH BY
WALTER
TITTLE



In Miniature — Mrs. William E. Borah

Born to the purple in politics, a perfect complement
to a brilliant statesman husband

By Letitia Preston Randall

IN A small town in northern Idaho a young girl sat listening to a fiery young man being oratorical about her father, who was running for Governor. She thought he was very clever, and she hoped his youthful ardor would help in the election, but aside from this enthusiasm and earnestness he did not interest her at all.

This young girl was the daughter of William J. McConnell, once Senator from Idaho and at that time campaigning for the governorship. The young man was William E. Borah and, in view of later developments, it might reasonably be assumed that he was of some assistance. At any rate the election was a successful one for the McConnells.

It was not until two years later that beautiful Mary McConnell met this young man. Her days were full of social engagements and as he did not care for social life their paths never crossed until fate stepped in and took a hand. Politics and horses were his only interests and, as these happened to be Mary McConnell's, too, they were immediately attracted. Of course the fact that the Governor's daughter had lovely brown eyes, a piquant little face and undeniable charm had nothing at all to do with the matter.

Having been reared in an atmosphere of politics young Mary had very definite ideas on the subject. Time and time again she shook her mop of golden curls and said, firmly, "I'll never marry a politician"; but she certainly did. She was decidedly annoyed with him when he was elected to the United States Senate. It was nothing to rejoice about. To young Mrs. Borah it simply meant moving.

Leaving her animals behind was the real hardship. She had several beautiful Persian cats, a parrot, horses,

and a lot of dogs, which, she explains gayly, were "Just dogs. You know—boys' dogs." Giving up all these and going to a Washington apartment where one could have only canaries and goldfish was not particularly thrilling. Goldfish she would not have. "They're such unsatisfactory pets," she declares. "You know there is just nothing responsive about a goldfish. They are so depressing, and keep reminding me of people I know. Now you *know* you've met people who remind you of goldfish!"

She does love canaries and her sun-porch is full of bright-colored cages. There is one old brown bird who has a cage all by himself and his history is typical of Mrs. Borah's quick sympathy. She was buying a bird and there were literally hundreds from which to choose. Crouched disconsolately in his little box she saw one entirely bereft of his feathers. Certainly no one else would buy such a dejected little creature, she thought, and for fear that he would never have a home she immediately purchased him. The bird repaid such a spontaneous act of kindness and for ten years "Brownie" was the cheeriest singer of them all. Now he is too old to fly even to his perch and sits all day in the bottom of the cage. All of the birds are cared for each morning by Mrs. Borah herself.

Her friends in Washington call her the "Scavenger" for she spends a great deal of her time rounding up discarded magazines and other things she thinks disabled soldiers would enjoy. Every Friday she goes to St. Elizabeth's Hospital where there are a number of

shell-shocked soldiers. If you could see their radiant faces when she appears you would know how welcome she is. Always she goes laden with magazines, cigarettes, candy and, best of all, a warm and affectionate interest in her invalids. She is just as gay and witty for these boys as she is for a distinguished dinner partner, and she is one of Washington's most sought-after guests.

Her drawing-room is furnished entirely in Chinese things, ranging from an old chest, which is a veritable museum piece, to flowers arranged in oriental simplicity. The warm coppers, soft old ivories and teakwood, seem a proper frame for a personality which is so strikingly original. Nothing about Mary Borah is commonplace. She is as individual as the crystal scarab ring she wears.

She says she has a "color complex"—purple is her favorite—and thinks women, to be really well dressed, should stick to one color in assembling a complete outfit. Things that don't "go together" should not have a place in the wardrobe of a well-dressed woman. While considered an authority on *chic* she declares that she has very few clothes but plans each outfit with care.

While Mrs. Borah has no children of her own, she loves them and has many little friends.

In spite of having been in the Congressional set for twenty-two years she finds nothing monotonous about life. In fact she finds it a lot of fun and each morning when she wakes up she wonders what will happen during the day. It is almost sure to be something interesting.

Living up to the reputation of being one of the wittiest people in Washington, the wife of a world-famous Senator, and one of the best-dressed women there, is quite an undertaking, but the responsibility sits lightly on the shoulders of this gay and charming person.

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Keeping your Hands Lovely on 3 minutes a day

by Celia Caroline Cole, Beauty Editor of Delineator

4 Advantages the new Liquid Polish offers busy women

HANDS really need more care, in the name of beauty, than either face or hair. They are exposed to more damaging contacts. Neglected hands make one awkward. Hands should be so beautiful that one sits and looks at them with delight.

Light breaks in more and more brilliantly on manufacturers of nail cosmetics. With a bit of practice a woman now can give herself an excellent home manicure in just a few minutes.

Today more and more women are using the new liquid polish because in it they are finding four very definite advantages. It is so easy to apply. For days and days after using



At the TERMINAL BEAUTY SALON of New York's famous ROOSEVELT HOTEL, where the *soignée* art of feminine loveliness is cherished, they say:

"As our clientele represents the brilliant social life of New York, all our preparations, naturally, must be of the smartest. These women enjoy the assurance that the new Cutex Liquid Polish will keep their hands exquisite, their nails gleaming all the week through until the next manicure. And they are delighted in having a liquid polish that does not peel or discolor."

At toilet goods counters everywhere! A generous size bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢. Unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.



The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

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2. The New Cutex Liquid Polish that protects and enhances the nails

First scrub the nails with warm soapy water, then gently apply an orange stick wrapped with a thin layer of cotton and dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover around the base of the nail to mould the cuticle and bring out the lovely pale half-moons.

Pass the orange stick, wrapped with cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover, under each nail tip. Dry and clean with dry cotton. Rinse fingers in cold water.

Remove all the old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish, brushing it evenly from the half-moon toward the finger tip. For an especially brilliant lustre, apply two coats of Cutex Liquid Polish.

As a finishing touch, use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil around the base of the cuticle to keep it soft and pliable, and just enough nail white under the nail tip to enhance the flattering radiance of the polish!

it, their finger tips sparkle with a natural, flattering lustre!

In fact, with one manicure a week, when you apply liquid polish, you can keep your nails always lovely in less than three minutes a day—just enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tip.

The new liquid polish doesn't peel off. Instead it serves as a splendid protection for the nail. Properly used, it does not make the nails brittle. Always apply it starting at the half-moon, don't go all the way down to the cuticle.

Never be imperious with your nails—they won't stand rough treatment. Soak the cuticle—apply a cuticle remover. Never cut the cuticle—push it back gently with an orange stick wrapped in a thin layer of cotton dipped in cuticle oil, until the cuticle is soft and pliable.

One manicure a week and a few minutes' care each day keep your hands always lovely!

Hands are so easy to beautify! What are you doing with yours?



Mrs. MICHAEL ARLEN, formerly Countess Atlanta Mercati, is conspicuous for her great beauty and exquisite grooming. "I am devoted to your new Cutex Liquid Polish," she says charmingly. "For days and days after using it, my nails are delightful. And with so little effort. The Cutex preparations certainly have simplified my manicure!"

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Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks co-star in "The Taming of the Shrew"

What's Going On in the World

Shakespeare With Sound

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

A SLIGHTLY snobbish American, talking to a titled Englishman at a reception in London, expressed regret that democracy must necessarily be dull and colorless. "We have no royalty," he said; "and we acutely miss the pageantry and glamor that go with it." The Englishman expressed polite sympathy; and then added, "I can understand your envying us for our possession of the Prince of Wales, but don't forget that you have Doug and Mary."

It is a pleasant fact that our Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks are universally ranked among the crowned heads; and there are, in the elder monarchies, no princes or princesses born to the purple who enjoy a better claim to regal eminence or who carry more gracefully the burdens of popularity.

The first venture of this prominent pair as a co-starring team is an event of major importance in the movies. It assumes additional significance in view of the authorship of the story in which they make their joint debut. The combination of Pickford, Fairbanks and Shakespeare sets a new record for what is known as "name value"; and what is more, it sets a new record for harmonious collaboration.

The Taming of the Shrew is a beautiful and delightful talking picture. It is also an extraordinarily good interpretation of a Shakespeare play. Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks work perfectly with each other, and both achieve completeness in their understanding of the characters that were bequeathed to them by the Bard of Avon. The divine words flow like distilled honey from the mechanism of the movietone; and they are

enhanced by a wealth of pictorial loveliness that has not been equaled in any previous Shakespearian production.

The two stars have received immensely valuable assistance from their director, Sam Taylor, their designer, William Cameron Menzies, [Turn to page 85]

What The Church Can Do Today

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

REV. JAMES GORDON GILKEY, D.D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON



James Gordon Gilkey

DR. GILKEY is pastor of the South Congregational Church of Springfield, Massachusetts, and professor of Biblical Literature at Amherst College. His dual ministry in an important institutional Church and a busy student-body gives him vivid contacts with the religious situation today and the perplexities of people who feel that religion is either unreal or unnecessary, or both. Out of a rare experience he has written three little books, *A Faith for the New Generation*, *Secrets of Effective Living* and *The Certainty of God*, most helpful to those who wonder what religion is all about and how they can use it. In the sermon here reviewed, in contrast with the carping critics and snipers of the Church, he gives us hopeful and helpful leadership.



Beatrice Curtis Brown

"If belated critics of the Church would wake up," Dr. Gilkey tells us, "they would find that recent progress in the Church has been quite as remarkable as recent progress in business, education, law and medicine. The average outsider, who does not know what has happened in the Church, has a distorted view. Amazing changes are going on, quietly and unobserved, two of which may be named. First, the old debates which so bitterly divided our fathers are forgotten; a great advance has been made in tolerance and friendliness, and what we may call religious common sense. Second, there is an earnest and determined effort to unite the religious forces of the community in the interest of a more effective practical service.

"As a result of these and other advances," Dr. Gilkey predicts, "the Churches will grow in vigor and power in the years ahead. Why do we make such a prophecy? Because the younger generation has no interest in old sectarian differences; but they are beginning to see that the real task of the Church is vitally important; and if it falters or fails, society is in a [Turn to page 115]

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH FRANCES NOYES HART

THIS month I am offering you a few new remedies for a medicine chest that should surely be as amply stocked as the one that holds your panaceas for the ills of all flesh. You have remedies for sore throats, I know—but what for sore hearts? For aching heads, of course—what for aching minds? For tired feet—what for tired souls? I hold that the swiftest, the surest and the safest of all prescriptions for the maladies of the spirit, lie in black letters on white pages between two covers. Here, on a shelf within reach of your

hand, you should have balm of Gilead, potent tonics, healing unguents, sedatives, opiates, stimulants, anodynes—you can even keep anesthetics in stock, though I'll spare you any prescriptions for the volumes that Mark Twain bitterly refers to as [Turn to page 154]



Siegfried Rumann (foreground), an heretofore unknown leading man, who was loudly acclaimed in "The Channel Road"

What's Going On in the World

WHENEVER a critic turns playwright, every man's hand is against him. Dramatists, whose work has fared badly in his notices, and actors who were dismissed with a brief and contemptuous "adequate", come to the first night in high hopes that it will be terrible. But the verdict concerning Alexander Woollcott's first venture called *The Channel Road* must be the old Scotch one of "not proven". This comedy is surely not a play to scorn and yet it falls distinctly short of its potentialities. Few plays of the year have manifested such a gap between their best and worst scenes. To be accurate *The Channel Road* is not precisely Mr. Woollcott's play, for it was written with the collaboration of George Kaufman. Mr. Kaufman is himself a newspaper critic, but an anonymous one, and long ago he won the right to be identified with the professional playwrights.

The Critic Goes Straight

A REVIEW OF THE THEATER

BY HEYWOOD BRUN

In the background there lurks still another co-author, for the program makes acknowledgement of the fact that the piece was "suggested by De Maupassant's 'Boule de Suif.'" The dead Frenchman might contend that the dramatists had followed his suggestion chiefly through the process of galloping in the opposite direction. If my French is anything like what it used to be, "boule de suif" means "ball of fat", but the lady in question becomes the "jam pot" in the play. This may give some hint of the nature of the change which De Maupassant's little sketch has undergone.

All along the line there is a deal of sweetening. Yet at this point a defense must be interposed for Woollcott and Kaufman. The author who attempts to dramatize a short story must add a vast amount of his own material. He has no more than a nugget with which to gild three acts. Also it is difficult to sustain throughout an evening the bitter ironic mood which may serve to animate a brief piece of fiction. To some extent a playwright must give his audience a moral or, if you please, a point. De Maupassant, on the other hand, could afford to say, "The point of my story is that it hasn't any." Audiences demand something more explicit.

In *Boule de Suif*, a cheap little courtesan finds herself a fellow passenger in a coach occupied by a group

of respectable French people bound for the Channel ports. She is ostracized by her companions until the party is held up by a detachment of Prussian soldiers. The officer is desirous that the girl yield to him. Because he is a hated German she refuses. Suddenly the outcast becomes the most important member of the party. The rest cannot proceed until she has yielded. The respectable French folk undertake to flatter and cajole her. Her refusal to have anything to do with the German was never very deeply motivated and her surrender is a thing of as

little emotional moment. When the party resumes the journey, Boule de Suif finds herself back in the rôle of outcast.

Obviously, a playwright must heighten the emotional values in this story and underscore them. Woollcott and Kaufman have made their courtesan a highly intelligent woman who is quite self-conscious about all she symbolizes in the situation. She is France; she is the spirit of never-say-die; she is almost Joan of Arc herself. It is only fair to say that the girl grows articulate about these things in a somewhat cynical spirit. But the underlying mood is not one of [Turn to page 85]



Maria Jeritza and Lawrence Tibbett

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

"The Girl" Eighteen Years Older

EIGHTEEN years and ten months older, to be exact. For it was in December, 1910, that Giacomo Puccini's latest opera, *La Fanciulla del West*, was seen and heard for the first time anywhere at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The occasion promised unswerving brilliance. The music was by the world's most popular living operatic composer, then at his zenith and present in person; the libretto, like that of its immediate Puccini predecessor, *Madame Butterfly*, was adapted from an American play by David Belasco; the cast, including Emmy Destinn, Pasquale Amato and Enrico Caruso, was the most illustrious that the Metropolitan could offer. Moreover, this production marked the first time that an opera by a European composer was to have its world-premiere in an American opera house.

Nevertheless, *The Girl of the Golden West*—to use its more familiar American title—languished. Audiences were cordial, but hardly clamant. [Turn to page 115]



In lovely Santa Barbara

bon vivants gather here

FOR more than a century the de la Guerra house—home of Commandante Don José Antonio Julian de la Guerra y Noriega—has yawned in California's sunshine.

Built in the days when sailing schooners were triumphantly rounding the Horn, when the brown Padres, sandal shod, made their solitary way from mission to mission, the Casa de la Guerra was famous for its royal hospitality. In "Two Years Before the Mast" Richard Dana tells of a lavish wedding feast held here, when Santa Barbara was a little Spanish town.

Later, the house lapsed into a picturesque old adobe ruin. Today, restored, it is the nucleus of Santa Barbara's far known "Street in Spain."

Here, tempting and exotic shops . . . here, studios of people renowned



The Restaurante del Paseo, in "The Street in Spain," Santa Barbara. From coast to coast peasants are sung—in praise of its Spanish atmosphere—and its delectable meals. The discriminating from the corners of the world gather here.

on more than one continent in arts and letters, group around a quiet and spacious inner court.

Like a jewel in a lovely old world setting is the Restaurante del Paseo. In the shade of an orange tree . . . within sound of a fountain's musical drip . . . you may lunch or dine, serenely conscious that a shrugged "Mañana" is becoming second nature.

Strings of red chillis make shadow patterns on the plaster of cloistered arches. Mexican bus boys, swarthy against their white coats, glide deferentially about. Trim waitresses, in costumes as colorful as the ever present caléndula, bend to your order.

You'd be perfectly safe to go back to the old childish custom of shutting your eyes and poking an adventurous finger into the menu. Any dish is delicious at El Paseo. But one of the luckiest pokes would lead you into Spanish realms and bring you into Epanadas. Versatile little turnover affairs that are sometimes entrée, sometimes dessert, according to what delightful filling they house.

They're fit to grace the commanded feast of an 18th century Spanish Grandee—or a 20th century American millionaire. Pastry that is short and fine grained. Tender. Colored a coveted sun tan. And the recipe so easy to follow.

The thing to be careful about, say the powers-that-be at El Paseo, is that all important question of the lard you use. It should always be Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard—rendered sweet and pure from choice pork fat. The de la Guerras had to do without it, a century ago. But any housewife today has only to ask for it by name. "Silverleaf" comes in the one half, one and two pound self-measuring cartons, and in the 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company



Much of the festivity of the yearly Old Spanish Days Fiesta centers about El Paseo's famous dinners. Guitars thrum . . . castanets click . . . haughty dons with wicked looking spurs ride richly caparisoned horses . . . and bold caballeros sweep sombreros to the smile behind a lace mantilla.

SPANISH EMPANADAS El Paseo

- 1/2 cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
- Pinch of salt 1 egg, beaten
- 2 cups flour 2 tbsps. water

Work lard and salt into flour with finger tips. Mix 1/2 egg in water and work in with knife, making a soft dough. Brush top with remaining egg. Cut into 12 parts and roll out thin. For a dessert, fill with jam, preserves, or well seasoned fruit. For an entrée, with diced veal, beef, chicken, or any force meat, highly seasoned. Fold and bake.



Swift's "Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD

SOAP

Here is the new speedy
to wash dishes with

amazing new soap, ready-
prepared for dishwashing



NEWS

1, 2, 3 way

Chipso Granules,



1—instant suds! 2—a short soaking! 3—a hot rinse!

HERE is a marvelous new form of soap—a different, quicker soap especially for dishes. This new Chipso—in *tiny white granules*—looks almost like a powder, but isn't a powder. It is *Chipso suds in steam-dried form*, ready-prepared for dishes by a wonderful new process.



The 1, 2, 3 way to wash dishes

When you use Chipso Granules, you needn't wait a moment for suds. You merely add water, hot or lukewarm, and you have suds—the richest, foamiest dishwashing suds you ever used.

You needn't add more and more soap to renew your suds—*these suds last until you are through with the pots and pans.*

You needn't scrub at grease or food particles because these special dishwashing suds *melt grease away like magic.*

You needn't wipe dishes, nor wash dish-towels—these suds rinse off completely at the first dash of hot water! And your dishes dry themselves with an extra sparkle.

(1) Instant suds, (2) a brief soaking and a few quick swishes with your mop or dish-cloth, (3) a hot rinse. And you're through!

A compact soap—thrifty to use

Chipso Granules are not bulky—they are compact, steam-dried suds—no waste. For 25¢ you get a big box that will do all your dishes for a month. And what a saving of time and hands! Chipso Granules are at your grocer's now.



Chipso in original flaked form for easy washdays

There's nothing on washday that can equal the original, quick-dissolving Chipso flakes—as millions of women have discovered. (Chipso washes more clothes every Monday than any other flaked or other packaged soap.)

Chipso's *rich, lasting suds* make the difference. While many other soaps make nice-looking suds, these suds often fall down when they meet soiled clothes—they aren't rich enough to do real work.

But Chipso suds "stand up" even when clothes are extra-soiled. Chipso is extra-rich soap—and it does an extra amount of work. Chipso's lasting, rich suds loosen *all* the dirt and remove it safely in record time.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FLAKES



Chipso

Now in 2 forms

GRANULES





You don't have to go to Paris to learn this: In 30 leading American cities, salespeople were asked which soap was safest for fine garments. In every single city, an overwhelming majority said, "Ivory."

IN PARIS TOO...

"But mademoiselle, one should always use Ivory for fine things"

A friend of mine who got back from Paris three weeks ago was hardly off the boat before she said, "I have something to tell you about Ivory." . . . And this was the "something":

In one of her favorite Paris shops she had complained: "Some of the underwear you made for me last year faded rather badly."

"Ah, mademoiselle, a pity!" was the answer, with a vivid French gesture. "But you could not have washed it properly. You should always use your Ivory Soap—then we know our lingerie will *not* fade."

(And this was Paris—where a cake of Ivory Soap costs 20¢ and a 10¢ box of Ivory Flakes costs 28¢!)

I thanked my friend for her story, but I added, "You didn't have to go to Paris to learn that. You could have got advice like that in any good store right at home."

She laughed. "True, darling, but I seem to be one of those unfortunates who always have to learn from painful experience."

SALESPEOPLE ALL OVER AMERICA ADVISE IVORY

Salespeople in leading American stores who probably know more about the practical care of delicate clothes than anybody else, will

tell you that when you use Ivory—in cake or flake form—you never need worry about your soap.

"Ivory is pure and safe," say salespeople from San Francisco to New York. "No complaints from customers who use Ivory." "Many other soaps cut and rot silks in time." "Woolens are fluffier when washed with Ivory—silks keep their color." "The manufacturers we deal with advise Ivory."

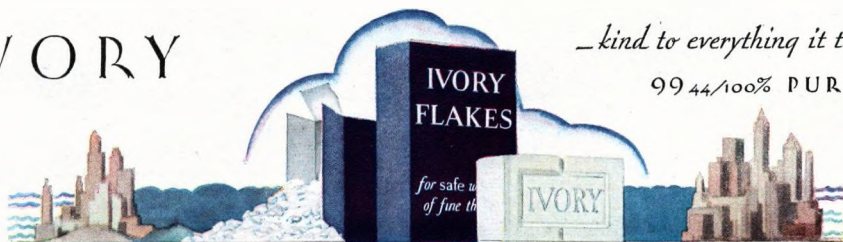
You yourself will hear statements like these when you inquire in the leading stores. And you will find that Ivory is the *only* soap which is never criticised by salespeople as being "too strong" for delicate woolens and fine silks.

Briefly, you don't have to ruin a precious garment, or go to Paris, to learn which soap is safest for your nice things. You can just go into any good store and ask.

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Free—A little book, "Thistledown treasures—their selection and care," gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Simply send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VM-20, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY



—kind to everything it touches—

99 44/100% PURE

for safe use
of fine things

IVORY

FEBRUARY McCALL'S 1930

WILD WIND



Illustrated by
C. D. MITCHELL

A
triumphant story
of '17 and the women who
waited—for love or loyalty

WAR is drums beating and flags flying and pipes playing," said Jacqueline, when her lover went overseas.

Of course war is more than that—blood and brutality and horrors and hatred; and Jacqueline knew it.

"But I won't think of it that way," said Jacqueline to herself; "or my heart will break."

It was a very young heart, for Jacqueline was seventeen and she really had no right to a lover. But there he was, and what were you going to do about it?

So she kissed Christopher goodbye, and told him how brave he was, and how handsome in his ensign's uniform, and how glad she was that he wouldn't have to fight in the trenches.

"For when the sea is as blue as blue, I shall be thinking of you all nice and clean, with your buttons shining."

Christopher held her close and she clung to him, for he knew and she knew that the sea wouldn't always be blue and that even when it was, Christopher might not be seeing it; for there might be smoke screens, or orders that would keep him below decks, or he might even be sinking to unfathomable depths among the fishes.

So he went away as a gallant lover should, with his head in the air, and the prayer book Jacqueline had given him against his heart. And the Star-spangled banner fluttered in the breeze and Jacqueline's eyes were wet with the beauty of it.

By Temple Bailey

Author of "Burning Beauty"

She felt that the way she had sent Christopher off entitled her to say things to her sister, Mary.

"I shall die if Joel leaves me," Mary wailed, when Jacqueline, having been sent for in hot haste, arrived bag and baggage in a station taxi, and was met at the door by Mary's small daughters, who were five and nine, and who adored their aunt.

"Don't be an idiot," Jacqueline said as she bent and picked up the brand-new baby. "He'll be back before you know it."

"He may be killed."

"Nonsense, Mary."

"I don't see how you can take it so lightly, Jackie." Jacqueline knew that she dared not take it any other way, but all she said was, "They'll come back with flags flying."

Mary sat up and looked at her. "What do you mean by 'they'?"

"Christopher. He went, a week ago."

For just a breath's pause, the eyes of the two women met, and Mary saw!

But she wasn't sure a moment later that she had seen anything, for Jacqueline was flapping the baby's hand against her cheek, and was saying, "Does he love his Auntie Jack? And is he going to be the only man left in the family?"

Well, of course Joel went, and Mary held on to him until the very last, sobbing and begging him to stay.

And in the front room, the two small girls and their Auntie Jack talked about the war.

"Mother's crying because Daddy's had to go," said Yolanda, who was the older and had a straight thinking mind.

Jacqueline treated the matter lightly. "She'll laugh when he comes back."

"But he might get killed." Yolanda grew pale.

"Nonsense," said Jacqueline, as she had said before to Mary. "He'll come back with medals pinned all over him; and we'll be as proud as proud, and we'll have turkey and ice cream for dinner, and you and Patsy can have the drumsticks."

The thing sounded to the children enchanting. Medals and turkey and Daddy coming back. "Will it be like that?" Yolanda demanded.

"Yes, and the band will play and you and Patsy will wear your white dresses and carry bunches of roses." Jacqueline was breathless with the ardor of invention.

"What will the roses be for?"

"For Daddy and the other men with medals. And then we'll eat the turkey."

"And we will have drumsticks, drumsticks," Yolanda sang in a lilting voice.

And Patsy echoed, "D'um'ticks!"

Over their heads Jacqueline saw Joel coming out of Mary's room. White-faced, he closed the door behind him and leaned against it heavily, his arm across his eyes.

She kept the children with their backs to their father. "Daddy's coming. Now, don't look till you get in line! Show him how you can march. One, two, one, two—! See them, Joel, they are going to march like that when you come home."

She saw him straighten up, square his shoulders.

Her gay voice ran on: "And we are going to have turkey, Daddy, when you come back with your medals; and bunches of roses—and drumsticks!"

She hardly knew what she was saying, but she drove herself to it. "Won't it be corking, Daddy, when you come home?"

He had Patsy now in his arms, Yolanda clinging to his hand. And now he, too, was playing the game! Thank God, he, too, was playing! He began to sing to the tune of "Here we go round the mulberry bush":

"This is the way we march to war,
March to war,
March to war.
This is the way we march to war,
All on a Monday morning!"

The children sang with him, and when he had them laughing, flushed, heedless of the shadows which had hung about them, he caught them up and kissed them. "Save me a drumstick," he said, and said it smiling.

Then he kissed Jacqueline. "You're such a darned good sport! I'll never forget it. And look after Mary."

LOOKING after Mary meant more than Joel had dreamed. In the first place it meant that Jacqueline must give up college. She had had only her freshman year, and now the whole thing must stop. But then, she told herself, no girl had a right to as much happiness as four years in college and a real lover. And she still had Christopher and his letters.

Christopher was ten years older than Jacqueline; and before he left for his war-time training, he had had an office in his uncle's warehouse down near the docks in Boston harbor. His uncle had inherited the business from Christopher's grandfather; and back of that had been a great grandfather whose ships had brought from the Far East picturesque cargoes of teas and spices and silks and sandalwood. The liners which had replaced the sailing vessels were, perhaps, less spectacular, but Jacqueline, visiting his office with Christopher, would bring away with her packets of tea, and jars of ginger and things in ivory and things in jade; and once she had said to him, "I believe it's because of the ships that I fell in love with you. It's like something out of a book—Keats and Coleridge."

Christopher, less fervid in his literary passions, had smiled at her. "No man named Christopher was ever a part of a poem."

And she had tucked her head against his arm and had said, "You're a part of my poem."

It was a very pretty head, though all this happened twelve years ago, when America went to war with Germany. Jacqueline's hair wasn't bobbed or permanently waved. It was just beautifully braided and wound about her head with curls breaking through here and there, and bronze lights all over it, and the face that it framed was wistful and charming, with a narrow sweep of black brows above the blue eyes. Her skin was fine and white,

and her lips as red as the lacquer box which Christopher had just given her.

They were in his office at the time. It was a very interesting place and Jacqueline adored being there.

On the walls were models of the company's old ships, boxed, with glass over them. There were quaint compasses, brass spyglasses, a ship's clock with its chiming bells. There was a portrait of Christopher's grandfather in the uniform he had worn when he commanded a ship during the Civil War. He was sturdy and upstanding, with a thatch of rough curls like Christopher's, and the same gay, flashing glance. And Jacqueline, looking up at the portrait, had said, "You're like him, Kit"; and Christopher had said, "I wish I were half as fine."

It was then that he had given her the lacquer box and had said, "You're to keep my letters in it."

IT WAS a long time, however, before letters came; and meanwhile Jacqueline went about her task of taking care of Mary. It seemed strange to be doing that, for Mary was much older, and had been the beauty of the family, and had always had her way about things. But her way had been a lovely way, and when their parents had died and the two girls were left without an adequate income, it was Mary who had worked and after little Jack, and when Mary married she had insisted that her young sister go to college, even if she and Joel had to live somewhat scantily to accomplish it.

But now that Joel was gone, Mary seemed to have lost her moorings, and it was Jacqueline who took the helm, as it were, and guided the family ship.

Guiding the family ship meant packing up everything and moving

from the roomy house in Brookline to a tiny cottage in a sleepy seaport town where the rents were cheap because the season was over, and where Mary and Jacqueline could do the housework and take care of the children, with only one maid or perhaps with none at all.

All the women of the sleepy town had waked up for the moment and were busy making surgical dressings; so Mary went every day to the Red Cross rooms, and seemed to find in this service a sense of nearness to Joel. But Jacqueline stayed at home and looked after small Joey and the two girls, and did a thousand things that she had never done before; and some nights when she went to bed she was so tired it seemed as if she could never get up again.

She wrote about it to Christopher, however, as if it were all a joke and a joy. "When the wind roars about us on these autumn nights, we are cozy as birds in a nest. We have a great fireplace, and a peach of a furnace. And outside there's the sea, stretching away between you and me, and every morning I blow a kiss to you across it. I miss you more than I can tell, but you mustn't worry about me. For while life isn't all cakes and ale, we have our moments. Last week there was a dance at the yacht club for the officers who are stationed here, and I wore blue taffeta, and I am sending a snip of it in this letter. It is like a periwinkle and matches my eyes."

AND Christopher, writing back, said, "Your letter was all putting-your-best-foot-forward, and I love you for it. But you needn't think I don't know how brave you are, my dearest. And I am wearing the snip of taffeta as a talisman. And if it is like a periwinkle it doesn't match your eyes, for they are sapphire."

That was, Jacqueline felt, the lovely thing about Christopher. He always understood. Beneath all those shallow sparkling things she had written him, he had discerned the hurt that the hard days brought.

As the weeks went on, Jacqueline decided that it might not be as dangerous to take care of her sister's children as it was to fight in the front line trenches; but it was, none the less, work which belonged to the saints and martyrs. And as Jacqueline was neither a saint nor a martyr, she was sometimes put to it to know what to do with Mary's children.

"If only I could spank 'em," she said to herself in tense moments.

But of course she couldn't, although now and then Mary did it. But only mothers have the right to discipline their children. Mary had told her that, and of course Mary knew; but there were times when Jacqueline was sure that only a spanking would make it possible for her to live another day in the same house with Patsy.

Patsy was adorable. She wore primrose rompers which stuck out on each side like Dutchmen's breeches, her hair was a bronze mop of beauty, her eyes were gray and black-irised under long lashes, and when she wanted a thing she wept for it.

And she always sat down to weep, and nobody could move her, not even if she were in the middle of the street, except her mother, who would say, "Get up, Patsy," in a quick voice, and Patsy would scramble to her feet at once, and stop crying.

Jacqueline might say "Get up" forever, and Patsy would stay glued to the ground.

Mary protested, "You're not firm enough with her, Jack. She minds me." But Jacqueline knew what Mary did not—that Patsy, with uncanny wisdom, had divined Jacqueline's limitations in matters of punishment and but acted accordingly.

Yolanda was more tractable, but she was none the less disturbing. She had a logical mind and faced facts. Her aunt, whose philosophy had to do with making things easy for everybody, talked about pleasant things to Mary, and wrote pleasant things to Kit and Joel, and tried not to think of the



"I believe it's because of the ships I fell in love with you"



"There's probably a pretty nurse in the ward. And you are a thousand miles away—"

awfulness of everything, because she felt that if she let her mind dwell on it for a moment she would go mad.

But Yolanda, with her flair for realism, softened nothing. She talked with the children on the street and at school and repeated to her mother and aunt stories of men drowned in submarines and caught in barbed wire, and blown to bits by bombs, until the two women, blanched and breathless, would beg her to stop, and Yolanda would fling out at them, "Well, it's true, isn't it, Mumsie?" and her mother would cry, "Jacqueline, take her away."

So Jacqueline would go off for a walk with her niece, and the two of them would have it out. And Jacqueline would say, "You mustn't tell such dreadful things to your mother."

And Yolanda would say again, "Well, isn't it true?" "My darling, yes. But we try not to think of it."

YOLANDA was not convinced, however, nor was she credulous in matters of dogma.

There was the morning, for example, when they went into the old church.

It had been Jacqueline's suggestion. "Let's stop in and say a prayer for Daddy."

So they had entered and knelt down together, and Jacqueline had prayed first for Christopher, and then for Joel, and then for all who fought.

Yolanda, kneeling beside her, had prayed for Daddy and had let it go at that. The other soldiers had their own families to pray for them and enough was enough. So she put her chin on her folded hands and looked up at the window over the altar. It was a wonderful window and showed the resurrection of Christ, and the heavens in a glory.

When they came out, Yolanda talked of the window. "When you're dead, you're dead. How can you come alive?"

"My dearest, look at the trees. There's not a leaf on them now. But in the spring they'll be budding and beautiful."

"Well, why don't the Lord do that to old people? Just let them lose their hair and their teeth for a little while, and go to sleep, and wake up young again?"

"They do wake up young, in Heaven." "I'd rather wake up here!"



There were times, however, when the children were adorable. At night, for example, when you put them to bed and they lay curled up in infinitesimal pajamas, like warm kittens. And you told them about Santa Claus, and about the little wax angel that was to hang on the tree.

It was a saving grace in Yolanda that she liked the idea of the wax angel better than she did that of Santa Claus. She liked to hear about its golden wings and its golden trumpet and the message of peace that it brought to a war-sick world. Of course Jacqueline didn't call the world "war-sick" when she talked to the children. And as she sat there in the tranquil, lamp-lighted room, with Yolanda and Patsy, lovely and lovable in their bed-time mood, it seemed as if the thing happening in France must be a nightmare and that presently she would wake and find Christopher safe by her side, and her wedding bells ringing.

But Christopher was not safe, nor Joel. And it was just after Thanksgiving that Joel was wounded. Jacqueline got the message and it was she who had to break the news to Mary.

Mary, after the first moment, took it calmly. "In a way I'm glad, Jack. At least he isn't in the trenches."

The two women clung together for a moment, then Jacqueline whispered, "I wish Kit were there with Joel."

But Christopher was somewhere at sea, and at the mercy of those great gray sharks, the submarines. In his letters, he never spoke of the dangers which confronted him. He said, indeed, that he bore a charmed life. "It is because of the talisman. That bit of blue silk goes with me everywhere."

The children had to be told, of course, of their father's wounds, and it was Yolanda who asked, "If he dies, will he go to Heaven?"

Jacqueline, stabbled by the thought of Joel dead, demanded, "How can you doubt it?"

Yolanda persisted, "If I only knew more about it."

"About what?" "Heaven."

Jacqueline tried to explain. And Mary. Helplessly. For Yolanda was still skeptical. She was sure Daddy wouldn't be happy. Not without the rest of them. Not without Mother.

Patsy, untouched by doubts, broke in: "There'll be a pink wax angel waiting for Daddy, and it will have gold wings an' a gold trumpet, and it

won't be on top of a tree, and it will come walkin' up to him and hold out its hand, and it will say, 'Are you Patsy's Daddy?' An' my Daddy will say, 'Yes, but you can be my little girl while I'm in Heaven.'"

"Patsy!" Jacqueline remonstrated.

But Mary, who was knitting, knitting, endlessly, raised her anguished eyes and said, "Oh, let her talk, Jack. If—if anything happened to Joel, I'd want to have her think of him like that."

THAT night the wind blew down from the north; and as Mary and Jacqueline sat late by the fire, the little house was filled with the roar of it. Mary still knitted, but Jacqueline's hands were folded in her lap. They had been busy hands since early morning. They had dressed the baby and made the toast and coffee, and had set the table for luncheon and dinner, and had peeled the vegetables and wiped the dishes for old Hannah, and had given Yolanda and Patsy a final rub-off in their baths.

But why go over it? The day was done.

Mary talked as she knitted—about Joel and the children, and the high prices, and the need for retrenchment. "We might let Hannah go. I could give up my war work and help more about the house."

Jacqueline wouldn't hear of it. They must keep Hannah. "They need you at the Red Cross. Who else could they get to instruct in surgical dressings? And you are so lovely, Mary, in your uniform."

Mary smiled and went on with her knitting. "Darling, will you ever grow up?"

Mary was beautiful. There was no doubt about it. Even as she sat there, worried and weary, you were aware of her golden fairness. She was tall and had a grace of bearing like that of the Duchesses of Towers in an old book, or of the lissome ladies in the *Idylls of the King*.

Jacqueline was not a tall and lissome lady or a golden beauty. She was small; her figure childish. As she leaned back in her chair and looked at Mary knitting in the firelight, she wondered how it had come to pass that her sister, with all her poise and previous training in the hard things of life, should lean now so heavily on others. For it was Jacqueline who in these days assumed the bulk of responsibility.

Mary's thoughts were running in the same direction. "I've been such a slacker, Jack. And you're marvelous!"

But if Kit were your husband and there were babies, you might not be as brave. Loving them all so much weakens me."

Jacqueline spoke with a sort of tense passion: "I love Kit as much as you love Joel—"

"I know. But as yet you haven't had any of the realities—the sharing of everyday things. All that means so much. I thought I loved Joel all I could before I married him. But now—"

Mary couldn't go on. She began to cry. Jacqueline soothed her, and at last put her to bed; then got a book and sat alone by the fire. She found, however, that she could not read. Mary's words blazed up in her mind. She had wanted to cry out that no woman had ever loved any man as she loved Kit. And Kit was finer than Joel. In many ways. Joel was a good husband and father, and he adored Mary. But Kit's head touched the stars!

And oh, how she wanted him! She was restless, and at last she rose, opened the door and looked out. The moon was shining, and the sea was a raging, restless expanse. Light clouds flew across the sky like birds in a flock. The air was icy. And singing, shrieking, shouting, the wild wind came down from the north!

Wrapped in a warm coat, Jacqueline made her way up the hill to the edge of a high bluff. The wind blew her hair about her face and beat her back as she pressed against it. She felt her blood warm to the struggle, and when at last she stood looking out over the illumined waters, she was aware of a sense of exaltation. For the first time in weeks her cares fell from her. She forgot Hannah and the dishes, Mary's depression, the baby's food, the unceasing demands on her of Yolanda and Patsy. She forgot, too, the gray sharks lurking in dark waters. For on the other side of that illumined sea, she seemed to discern a shadowy figure, which grew brighter as she gazed. Laughing, triumphant, his head thrown back, Kit was holding out his arms to her.

SO REAL was the vision, that she put her hands to her mouth and called to him, "Christopher!"

She seemed to catch his answer, "Jacqueline!" When at last she tore herself away and went into the house, it was as if she and her lover had kept a sacred tryst, as if they had met and parted. There on the bluff she had had a sense of his actual presence. And it was not until the next morning, when the glamor had faded that she wondered if the visitation might not have been an omen. What if Kit were dead, and she had been granted, at the last, one radiant moment?

But Christopher was not dead. For letters came and more letters, and in December one which seemed to Jacqueline the most wonderful of all, for in it Christopher said, "There's our old house in Salem. It has been closed since Mother died. Four generations of Howlands have lived in it, and you and I are going to live in it when I come home."

The key was, he said, at the bank. She was to go there and get it and have a look at her future home.

When she read that, Jacqueline held the letter against her beating heart. How sure he seemed of their life together! How sure he seemed of coming back!

The next day she went to Salem. She took Yolanda with her.

The child was full of curiosity. "Whose house is it?"

"Christopher's."

"Why are you going to look at his house?"

"Because I am going to marry him, Yolanda."

"Oh, I know that. But why can't you just keep on living with Mother and Daddy and me?"

"People have houses of their own when they are married."

"But Mother and I want you."

"So does Christopher."

And so lighted was Jacqueline by the rapture of it all that when she came to the bank the clerk who gave her the key thought he had never seen anyone so gay and glowing.

Christopher's house was a fine old Georgian residence on a wide old street. It was of brick and

its sturdy white door had a brass knocker. The knocker was tarnished and the steps unswept, but in spite of this there was a benevolent air about the entrance as if it brooded over the days when carriages drew up to it, and there was much prideful going in and out.

It was flanked by other residences no less imposing; but these other houses had occupants. There was smoke coming from their chimneys, and a stir of life about them in keen contrast to the somnolence of their neighbor. The trees along the street were coated with ice. It was very cold; and Jacqueline, turning the key in the door said, "We should have had a fire built, Yolanda."

The hall as they entered it was dim and deep. Yolanda drew back. "I'm frightened, Aunt Jack."

But Jacqueline was not frightened. It seemed to her that the arms of all the friendly folk who had lived there unfolded her. It was as if their spirits crowded about her to welcome her as the wife of one of them. She ran up the stairs swiftly and unlatched the shutters of the great window on the landing. The winter sun streamed in, and as she turned and looked down she was aware of Yolanda's staring up at her. "Shall you like being a bride in his house, Aunt Jack?"

"My dear, of course."

"I'd hate it."

"Why?"

"It's too old—" Yolanda shuddered. "When I have a marriage house, Aunt Jack, I shall have everything new."

Jacqueline, descending the stairs, said cheerfully, "It will be your house, and you can do as you please. I adore all this, because it is Christopher's."

Yolanda weighed that for a moment. "Do you like him as much as that?"

"I don't like him. I love him."

As they went into the drawing-room they found themselves facing a long gilt-framed mirror. Jacqueline would have passed on, but Yolanda stopped her. "Look, Aunt Jack, I'm almost as tall as you."

"You'll be taller some day."

"Like Mother?"

"Yes. And you will have her good looks."

Yolanda's face in the mirror betrayed a sort of startled ecstasy. "Not really?"

"Yes, really."

"Will it be like the ugly duckling?"

"But you're not an ugly duckling, dear."

"Why?"

Yolanda shrugged a skeptical shoulder.

"I'm not much to look at."

She did not turn away, however. She stood for a moment surveying their mirrored figures in silence. She had taken off her hat, and her hair, floating

free about her shoulders, was like spun gold. There was little light in the room, so that the reflection had the depth and darkness of an old painting. Yolanda wore a wide rose-colored ribbon in her hair, and there was a certain flamboyancy in her youth and coloring, which threw into delicate contrast the bronze of Jacqueline's braids, the whiteness of her skin, the fathomless sapphire of her eyes.

Yolanda said unexpectedly, "Aunt Jack, I'd rather look like you than Mother."

"My darling, why?"

"Because you're so young."

"Mother isn't old."

"I know, but she will be some day. And you won't—ever." Yolanda's precocity was sometimes startling.

"How do you know I won't?" Jacqueline demanded. "Well, you wait and see."

They returned to the examination of the room, which was charming with its crystal chandeliers, its carved white-painted woodwork, its mellow gilding, its sofas and tables in Empire pattern, its chairs in faded brocade. The library beyond was lined with books, and it was here that Yolanda stayed, buried deep in a volume of Dürer's engravings while Jacqueline made her way to the upper floor. She was glad she could go alone, for the old house spoke to her of a thousand things which Yolanda would never understand until she, too, had lived and loved and waited for her bridegroom. Here other men and women had loved and lived. Here men had brought their brides; here, too, had been the tragedy of parting, when death claimed a husband or a wife, Christopher's mother had been left alone . . .

BUT then she had had her happiness with Christopher's father. She had given him a son.

Jacqueline climbed finally to the attic, and found there the toys which had been Christopher's—in soldiers in a box, a train on a track. There was the little trunk which held his baby clothes, each garment marked in his mother's fine script. There were photographs of Kit; Jacqueline did not have time to look at them all; and as she laid things back in the trunk, she had a feeling almost of awe that this boy Christopher had lived through all the years that he might one day be her lover.

Continuing her search, she found under the low attic window, a cradle in which had been rocked all the babies of bygone Howlands. An antiquated, out-dated bit of furniture. Babies in these days were never rocked. They told you that at the hospitals. They had told Mary; and Yolanda and Patsy and little Joel had been put to bed by rule of book!

But if there was ever another Christopher Howland, he should be rocked in this cradle! Nurses and doctors, notwithstanding. What did nurses and doctors know of angelic influences? Might not a child gain something of strength and wisdom from those who hovered about him? The attic even now was filled with welcome as the hall had been. Jacqueline, kneeling there beside the cradle, seemed to face the friendly spirits with a question, "Do you want me?"

And the spirits answered, "Yes."

Yolanda was calling, "Come down."

When Jacqueline joined her in the lower hall, the child said, "There's someone in the house."

"What do you mean, Yolanda?"

"They opened the kitchen door."

"But, my dear, how could they?"

"I don't know. And I was scared and ran up to you." [Turn to page 35]



"Jack, do you think you and Kit could—wait?"



"H'm. Fifty-three! Still using lavender stationery . . . Heigh-ho"

Daisy's Day

Brings the dawn of sweet tomorrows to one woman who had closed her eyes to the beauties of life's richest years

By Brooke Hanlon
Illustrated by H. J. MOWAT

JUDITH put the shades up in the chintz bower that was Daisy's bedroom and let in the nine o'clock daylight-saving sun.

"Yo' skin jes' like a baby in de mawnin', Mis' Daisy." She spread a bed-table with a yellow cover and disposed Daisy's breakfast on it. "Three lettahs fo' yo' dis mawnin'. Strawberries 'n cream!"

"Heigh-ho." Daisy opened one blue eye. "H'm." She sat up and read a letter aloud, with comment, with biting of thin toast.

"Dear Daze—" That's Jen Withers. "Well, here I am in Atlantic City! I came down here to rest up for a few days and it's the same old Atlantic City, that is lots of the best people are here at this time of the year and my dear, if things aren't hectic! I mean, Daze, I am having a very quiet time because that is what I am down here for. Dr. Bashore insisted that I take this week's rest of doing absolutely nothing, otherwise it would be hard for me to be down here and not be in the swim, but I figured better a stitch in time than an operation or something for if you remember, Daze, the month before I had my appendix out . . ."

"H'm." Daisy's eyes scanned two pages of close writing while she sipped fragrant coffee. "So why don't you run down for the week-end, as I start back to the

big city Monday. Now, Daze, think of me all by my little lonesome down here and likely to get into mischief . . ." H'm." Daisy finished skippily. "That's Jen Withers," she repeated; and after a time, "Poor Jen."

She poured another cup of coffee and dropped three lumps of sugar into it. "I never thought Jen looked as well after she had her hair hennaed," she ruminated. "When a person's hair begins to go gray there's nothing to do but let it go gray." By wriggling a little she was able to catch a glimpse of her own almost white permanent wave in the triple mirror. "It gives distinction," she mused. "Distinction is what it gives. And Jen's eyes are fading, too. That's the trouble with these real light blue eyes, though they used to give Jen quite a baby stare and I think she got quite a lot of things she wanted with them, I mean from her two husbands, no—let's see, Jennie's fifty-three. Fifty-three. Heigh-ho." She gave the letter a toss, indicating that fifty

three was an age not to be taken seriously. This put fifty-one in a much more comfortable light, and Daisy herself was fifty-one.

"H'm. Ruthie Potter." She picked up the next letter. "Still using lavender stationery and lavender stamps! Wouldn't you think a woman with three grown children . . . Let's see. 'Dear Daisy: Well, the last chickie is going to fly from the nest! I mean, Daisy, little Doris is graduating at Smith next Wednesday and—' Ummm. That's the one I bought the jewel box for, Judith. Little Doris Potter. Well, she isn't so little, either. Five feet seven and you'd hardly call that—"

Daisy put the letter down and took up a cigarette. She watched Judith cleaning the canary's cage. "Make him take his bath, Judith," she directed. "Give him some lettuce, too. Daffy have to take him biff," she crooned to the bird, tilting her head on one side. "Yes him do! Would get lettuce, so him would! Yes him would! Was good boy, so him was."

She picked up the third letter. Amy Furness was coming down from Springfield for a week and suggested that Daisy keep a couple of evenings free. "That means I'm to ask her to stay here," Daisy deducted. "She'll stay on two weeks, maybe three or four. Heigh-ho."

She pictured Amy sitting about on low stools and talking endlessly, stopping only to embark on trips about the city looking for things, for her skin-texture at twenty, for her chin line at twenty-five, for the blond satin of her hair at thirty.

"Poor Amy," Daisy thought.

She'd turned thin and rather dried in the last ten years, Amy had. "It's better to be plump," Daisy thought, getting rather heavily out of bed. She wrapped herself in an orchid negligee and stepped into gold mules. When she came out of the bathroom a moment later a frown had traced itself on the smooth surface of her brow. "Judith," she said sharply, "have the man come up from Mingle's and test the scales. I couldn't have gained three pounds in a week." She waited.

"Sho' yo' couldn'," Judith returned comfortably.

DAISY stopped to confront something in the middle of the floor. It was a sentence which rose up and stayed her passage. "The girls are getting old." There it was and she blinked at it in surprise. There didn't seem to be any getting around it, or over it, or under it, so she pushed it aside and began to sing, "*I belong to you, you belong to me*," she sang, her light high soprano trilling. She took dancing steps up to the canary's cage, back again; she snapped her fingers softly. The canary puffed out his chest and sang, too. The phone rang.

"Master Gerald callin'." Judith's teeth gleamed.

"Hello, Mother." Gerald's careful voice came down from Montclair. He was a careful boy.

"Hello, baby!" Daisy blinked her eyes rapidly. She made three quick kissing sounds and blew them from

her finger tips into the transmitter. When Gerald was six she'd taught him to call her Bibbsy, at ten she'd had him call her Bubbles, and at fourteen, after a struggle, she'd got him to call her Beautiful. But for ten years now she'd had to answer to a formal and conservative "Mother."

"We've got a little girl up here," Gerald said. "It—it's a little girl. Two hours old. It was born at seven o'clock. We—"

Daisy's hand flew to her throat. "B-baby!" she said.

"It—she weighs eight pounds. She was born at seven o'clock."

Daisy struggled. "H-how—" She made queer noises. "Everything's okay," he said. "Everything's fine now. Eleanor's fine. It's a girl. She weighs—"

"That's fine, baby. Th-that—" Daisy's fingers were tapping frantically on the little table. Her finger nails were shining, the table top was shining, the sun was shining. Her chin was a little unsteady. "That's fine," she repeated. "I—I'll come up in a few days, baby. I—"

"Yes, Mother, We'll look for you. Everything's okay now. Goodbye."

Daisy turned from the phone, her hand still at her throat.

"Mis' Eleanor—" The whites of Judith's eyes were showing. "Has she done—"

"Yes." Daisy's fingers crept up over her cheek and into her hair. "Yes, she had it. It's a little girl. It's a girl." She moved now in a flurry of quick movements to the window and back again. She moved to the dressing table and picked things up and put them down. She

clasped her hands and went up to the canary's cage. Daffy, thinking the duet was to be resumed, trilled.

"Take him out!" Daisy said sharply. "Take him out of here!"

Judith stood in the doorway with the cage. "It don't seem lak yo' could be a gran'maw, Mis' Daisy." She giggled. "Don't seem jes'—"

"Take him out!" Daisy's voice went high and shrill. "Why are you dawdling around so this morning, Judith? You haven't done a thing. I mean look at this breakfast tray standing. You know I want to get out to the shops while it's cool and you haven't even put out my clothes. I gave you an extra afternoon this week and this is the way you repay me. Dawdling. Just dawdling."

"Shut up yo' mouf' honey," Judith said gently, to the bird. "I done disremembered yo' tole me yo' was goin' shoppin'," she apologized.

DAISY pulled out drawers and assembled hose, silk bits of underthings, a lacy handkerchief, gloves. She picked up an atomizer and sprayed perfume through her hair. She anointed her finger tips and the lobes of her ears with it. "I'll wear the eggshell dress with the blue silk coat," she thought agitatedly. "It's warm and—I'll wear the eggshell dress."

She pulled her stockings on. "Married a year in February," she thought, panting a little from exertion. "Married a year in February and a baby already! Heavens, couldn't they have waited? I mean they could have waited five years. Ten years they could have waited. Ten years from now would have been time enough." She struggled with straps [Turn to page 56]



"You belong to me, I belong to you," Daisy crooned as she rocked



DARK FORESTS

Can a woman be loyal to a man whose restlessness makes him a wanderer?

By Leonard Hess

Illustrated by PRUETT CARTER

I AM in the habit of thinking of this as Jasper Ferrow's story. But it is not his any more than it is Joan Leighton's or Paul Biddell's. Nevertheless, Jasper Ferrow thrusts himself forward beyond the others, and it is the strange coloration of his character, the mystic tone of him, which, for me at least, lend these happenings a special glow.

There is much blameworthy in his conduct, if you insist upon considering him as the sort of man you are likely to meet any day. If you consider him, as I do, a harrowed spirit, you can find little in him to censure.

He was not harrowed by material things, such as the lack of funds. He was scourged, rather, by restlessness. Amazing as it sounds, he had not made up his mind

about a profession when he was within a year of being graduated from Southridge. It was this curious circumstance that first acquainted me with him.

One May day I was in the library when Jasper Ferrow shuffled toward me, obviously with the intention of speaking. He was tall, lank, with blond hair and gray-blue eyes that never looked at you. No, never. They looked, I swear, at nothing closer than infinity. They were the eyes of a visionary. He did not greet

me, but drew a chair next to mine and sat down; or rather, he sprawled.

"I don't know what I shall want to do next term," he said in his soft, slow voice.

"Specialize in?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Yes. I'm in engineering, you know. But what branch? Have you anything to suggest?"

"Well," I said, "why not chemical?"

"That gives one a chance to travel, doesn't it?" he asked—and again that far-away look.

"From what I hear, you're likely to be stuck away in some foul hole in Bechuanaland or pitched on top of a peak in the Andes, to live on rarefied air," I said, wondering why he had singled me out to advise him.

I had said this to discourage him, for it had suddenly occurred to me that he was too delicately organized for much rigor. To my surprise, his face grew animated, his eyes blazed like a fanatic's. He leaned toward me, and whispered, "That's what I want. That's why I went in for engineering. That's what I thought about chemical engineering. A hole in Bechuanaland, eh? Or a peak in the Andes?" Then he slumped in his chair and became greatly depressed. "But there isn't anything in chemical engineering for years and years. I'll be poor. I can't afford that. I've got to think of my mother."

HE PLUNGED hecticly into a recital of the family history. His mother was a widow. There was only himself, and practically no money; an immense sacrifice, sending him through college. I could feel the intensity of his filial love. I could feel the strain drawing him in opposing directions; the desire to go into something that would earn a living quickly, and the desire to get to that hole in Bechuanaland, to that mountain top in the Andes; to follow his gaze to the far ends of the world, to infinity.

"What would you do?" he pleaded wretchedly.

It was a devilish hard place to be in. Tell him to do what would be best for his mother? Tell him to follow his longings? Both would have been hell for him. I caught glimpses of his soul. I knew it was the soul of honor, yet it might be influenced by me.

"It's deuced hard for me to advise you, Ferrow." I squirmed uncomfortably on my chair. "If you think you'd be good at chemical engineering—"

"No money in it for a long time," he interrupted. "Thanks, Dawson. I don't suppose anyone can advise me." He rose, shuffled out of the library. Through a Gothic window I watched him drift over the campus. His shoulders were stooped, and he looked old. Also, I thought I had never seen anyone give such an impression of complete isolation from humanity.

Some enigmatic mark was upon Jasper Ferrow, surely.

THE following day I met him in the corridor outside the dean's office. The fellows milled about, but he was oblivious of their jostling.

"Well, have you settled it?" I asked.

"Yes. I'm going to take electrical. That offers a better chance for quick money."

His tone sounded bright, with tarnish on the brightness. His face was pale and drawn. I am sure he had not slept, making his decision. I began to feel warm toward him, admiring his tremendous self-abnegation. And that summer, which I spent mostly at my uncle's place up-state, I thought often of him.

In the fall, back at Southridge, his pale face was sharply contrasted with a black mourning tie. His

mother had passed away unexpectedly in August. His grief was deep. I expressed my sympathy sincerely and he thanked me a dozen times, fervently. From then on he sought me out. I was someone to talk to about his mother.

"I've changed to chemical," he volunteered some weeks later. He confided that his inheritance was meager, just about enough to get him on his way after graduation. But that didn't matter. He was going to the hole in Bechuanaland, the peak in the Andes, far-off places of the earth.

For a long time he found no joy in these prospects. He was all in from his mother's death. In November I said to him, "I'm going up to my uncle's place in Fremont over Thanksgiving. I want you to come along. It'll do you a lot of good."

"I don't know," he replied frankly. "I don't mix well with people."

"There aren't any people up there except my uncle, who is the old-fashioned country doctor, and my cousin. They'll leave you entirely to yourself if you want it. It's a big house, with plenty of corners to hide in. You need a change."

When he agreed to come I saw it was because of me; either he feared to offend me, or, I might flatter myself, he did not care to be without my companionship for the four days of our vacation.

Joan, three years younger than I, greeted me by flinging her arms around my neck. There was a sort of tradition among friends, and even among some members of the family, that I would marry Joan; one of those lovely idylls of sweethearts from the cradle. Well, young as we were then, both of us knew this was not so. We have never analyzed just what our feelings were for each other; love undoubtedly; high respect and the deepest of attachments. But, to put it crassly, a brother-and-sister feeling.

JASPER FERROW stood shyly by while we kissed. Joan suddenly became aware of him. He was standing below the steps of the porch, with the red sunset of winter lighting him. And though a cold wind blew through the bare elms he held his hat in his hand.

"Oh!" Joan exclaimed.

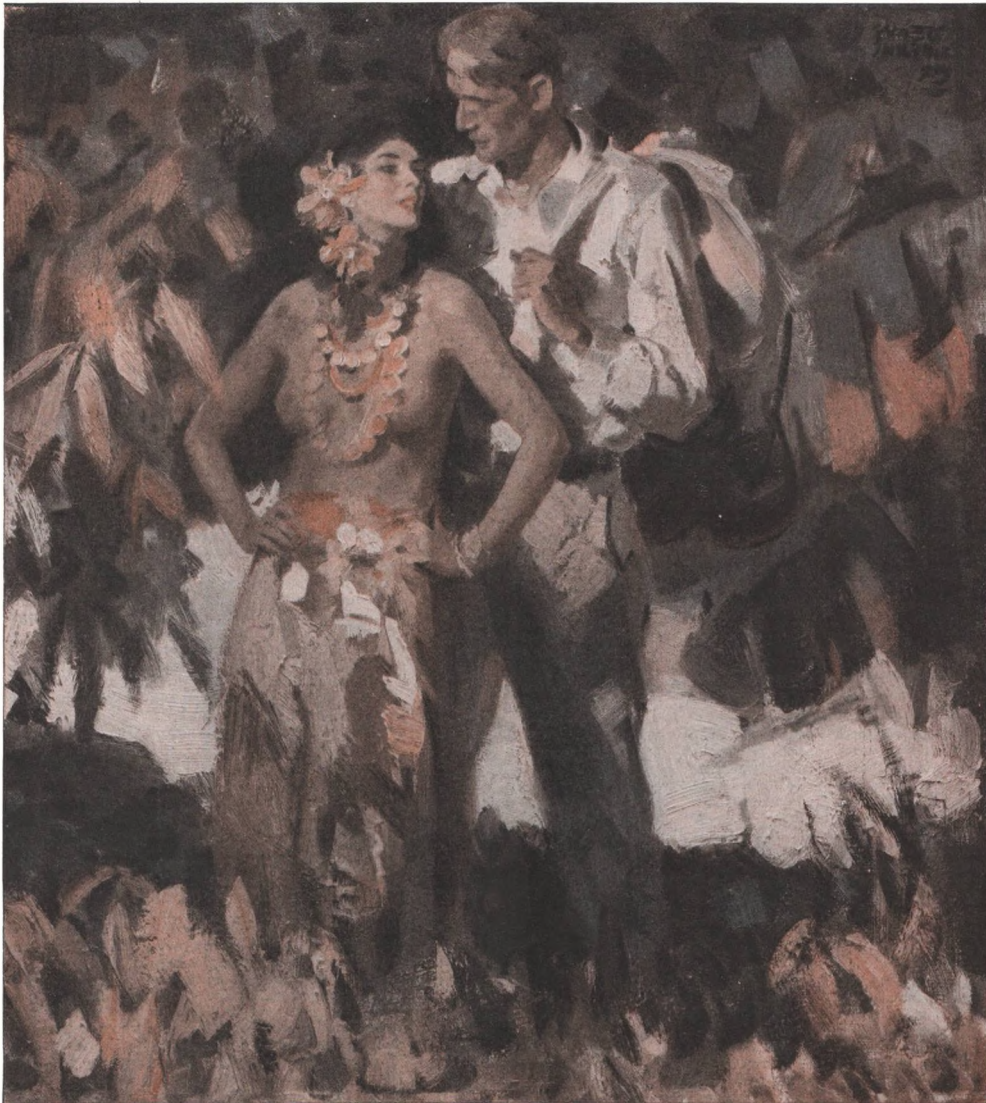
We had come up from the station in a cab. My uncle was driving the car about somewhere over the countryside on his ministrations to the sick. Jasper's presence was a surprise to Joan, as I had not thought it necessary to write of his coming.

"This is Jasper Ferrow," I said.

I had mentioned my new friend in a letter. I think that, impelled by the extraordinary in him, I had been urged to tell her of his dreams about the hole in Bechuanaland and the crest of the Andes.



He found her in the black forests—a beautiful creature, half native, half



Spanish, the embodiment of romance, the unknown, the fulfillment of a dream

"Oh!" Joan exclaimed again. Her honest eyes rested frankly on him. Quite evidently I had awakened her curiosity. Soon I discovered that I had sounded the romantic chord in her; that a man who chose a profession in order to go to Bechuanaland or the Andes, or the Poles, was a figure as glamorous as the sunset, which still deluged him with its crimson and golden beams.

As for him, I think never had he surprised me as at that moment. I had expected him to fumble shyly before Joan. He had always been gauche in the presence of women. But now he advanced with a hand held out, and with a firm, assured tread. He looked frankly into Joan's face without the flicker of a lash.

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Miss Leighton."

IT WAS love at first sight between Joan and Ferrow. My uncle saw it too. By the evening of the third day, while the two of them were off somewhere together, Uncle James stretched his feet toward the blazing fire in the library, drew two or three long puffs on his pipe, and said to me in a tone between amusement and worry, "I think you've started something, my lad."

I knew what he meant. He was a man who accepted life calmly, and who had learned not to interfere with the emotions of human beings; so quite as though Ferrow had already asked for Joan's hand, he began to question me as to Jasper's prospects and character.

"I suppose," he said, after I had given him what information I could, "that Joan will be ready to go with him to grub for a living in some mining town five thousand miles away. Unfortunately I am not rich. I can't help them very much."

"Jasper would be too proud to accept help. He has a deep sense of honor; a peculiar sense of honor, I imagine, just as everything about him is peculiar."

My uncle gazed into the flames for a long while. At last he said, "I don't expect him to make Joan happy."

"He's very fine," I said.

"Yes. I can see that. Exquisite texture of character. But—" He moved a hand.

I knew his unexpressed meaning. Then, as if in answer to my unspoken question, "But I shan't interfere. Joan could never understand."

They came in just then, flushed by their walk. Before the end of the holiday they were openly engaged. Ferrow had told my uncle that he loved Joan. He was brilliant with plans for the future. At that time, with Joan looking proudly at him, nothing seemed impossible to him.

He knew of at least three companies that would gladly employ him after his graduation.

"It'll be hard going for a while," he admitted. But even this was said cheerfully. A new Jasper Ferrow was revealed to me.

On Sunday evening, when they said goodbye to each other, you'd have thought they never expected to meet again. And in the train Ferrow wrapped himself in a gloomy silence. He was depressed, he afterward told me, by the idea that there was a year to wait, a year at least, before he could marry Joan. For that promise my uncle had secured from them, that they wait until Jasper was, at any rate, a chemical engineer, attested to by a diploma. I suspected, too, that Uncle James had a vague hope of Joan having a change of heart in that year.

WELL, she did not have a change of heart. Also, the year passed. Then I found that somehow Uncle James had managed to bind them by another promise. I think the sheer, mellow goodness of him made it impossible for them to refuse him. The promise was that they would not marry until Jasper had a position. Joan, I believe, objected; but Jasper, thankful for my uncle's "gift" of his daughter to him, agreed.

Getting settled wasn't simple. The three companies on which he had so ebulliently counted found no room for Jasper in their organizations. He could not bring himself, some week-ends, to see Joan.

"Can't face her," he muttered.

This went on for four months. Joan wanted to get married. Her young love believed itself some

sort of potency which would open the necessary doors to her husband.

Another month and Jasper found a company that could use him. But the victory was not without thorns.

"They want me to go to Trinidad," he informed me glumly, "to make some asphalt tests. I can't take her down there. Devilish climate—fevers—I can't. Yet I feel I ought to accept. I must. There may not be another offer for a year. They pay four thousand."

"Take it," I urged him. "Just to get started. Maybe after six months you can persuade them to place you nearer home."

AGAIN hope and resilience, abetted by the fire of his love, buoyed him up.

"I'll do it. I'll give them first-class service down there, and then they won't refuse me what I ask. I shan't take it, though, unless they agree to have me up here in six months."

I thought that if he insisted on that, the company would tell him to get out. But no. They accepted his proposition. You can't get men every day to go down to Trinidad. I suspect they agreed, thinking that once they had him they could keep him there.

Joan was for marrying and going with him. She almost died at the idea of some seven thousand miles between them.

[Turn to page 92]

GRAND CENTRAL

Here hopes and fears, sorrows and romance pause—then go their way

WHEN from those roaring streets in New York City you enter that great marble hall that is a famous station, and stand on the stairway looking down, at first it feels so quiet there. High above is a ceiling painted blue, to represent the starry skies; and you get an impression of spacious ease. But go down among the hundreds and thousands of people pouring through the corridors and watch and listen, and very soon you will notice strained expressions on many faces hurrying by, and by degrees you will grow aware of a deep, vibrant humming sound like that of some big dynamo. For one of the mightiest impulses of this age is working there—the impulse to travel, to try new things, new jobs, new lives—the driving force of America.

Far at the other end of the hall in a balcony there stands a queer old-fashioned train of cars of nearly a century ago. Above it is an airplane that crossed the Atlantic two years back. And those earlier Americans, who once bumped and joggled along in that clumsy little train, would be as surprised by this age of speed as though they were riding in the skies. The speed of the age all centers here; and into this great clearing-house come people with little stories to tell, that give swift revealing glimpses into individual lives, comedies or tragedies, while again they open vistas wide into this national life of ours. Here are a few of the fragments I've heard:

Late one November afternoon, a slim pretty girl of sixteen arrived, and she stopped at the desk of the Travelers' Aid to ask about a boarding house. She had come from a town in Ohio, she said; and on questioning her, the agent learned she had won a fifty dollar prize. She had thirty-two dollars saved besides, and had come to New York for a gay career. She wore silk stockings, and under her coat could be seen a pink-flowered georgette evening gown. She carried a cheap little vanity bag and a small suit-case, which when opened revealed only a pair of dancing slippers and two glamorous circulars from dancing schools on Broadway, that guaranteed to make a girl a professional night club dancer, for fifty dollars in six weeks. Her parents were glad to have her come, she glibly assured the agent, and in fact they were both coming, too.

"They'll be here Saturday," she declared. "They sent me ahead not to lose any time!"

The agent smiled and shook her head and told her, to the girl's dismay, that she would have to keep her here while she telegraphed back home.

AND while the restless prisoner sat waiting, trying to plan her escape and tapping a small foot on the floor, another prisoner came along. About twenty-five, but stunted in growth, his face was rather old and lined; but he had quick, twinkling, humorous eyes. He, too, had once come to New York for a little excitement and a career. He was on his way to Sing Sing now, with one hand locked to that of his guard. He stopped at the desk of the Travelers' Aid and produced a small silver rabbit's foot. Speaking in a southern voice, he asked the agent with a smile:

"Would you-all be so good, ma'am, as to send this heah little rabbit's foot to my brother Bill down in Tennessee? It always brought me good luck till a little while ago, an' I reckon it will again some day. But it would be askin' it too much to help me where I'm goin' now."

Then he caught sight of the girl of sixteen, who sat excitedly watching him. And he smiled at her and said: "Hello, Sister. You a prisoner, too?" She colored and tossed her pretty head. With a twinkle, he advised her: "Next time you try to break into New York, jest you keep away from this desk. These ladies heah are mighty kind, but they do love to send girls home!"



The bride-to-be carried her luggage in a pail

With his free hand, he raised his hat, and moved on with his guard and disappeared. And an hour later this telegram came:

"Hold our daughter without fail arrive tomorrow to bring her home."

She was one of many young prize winners of dancing contests and beauty shows all over the land, who come to New York for a career. He was one of numberless men and women who walk through this marble hall on their way "up the river," some to the electric chair. But they are barely noticed in these torrents of humanity. For every tragic figure like that, come a thousand young people, rich or poor, from colleges and high schools, from little towns and villages, from ranches and from lonely farms, looking for jobs and adventures here. Fresh lives for the furnace of city life.

A middle-aged Spaniard arrived one night—or rather, a Spanish American. He had come all the

way from California. For nearly twenty years, he said, he had owned and worked a small vineyard out there. His wife was dead, and his only daughter had left him three or four years ago and was now a singer in a café in Baltimore. She had telegraphed that she was ill, and might even die, the doctors said. So he'd rushed across the continent, sleeping in day coaches and barely touching food.

Haggard and anxious, he arrived in this station at 1:30 A.M., and had to wait the rest of the night for the next train to Baltimore. He had heard nothing from his daughter since that terrible telegram; and as the hours wore away, his suspense became unbearable. To relieve him, the agent telephoned to the hospital where his daughter lay ill; and when word came back that the girl was safely through the crisis now, he dropped on his knees in that empty hall. It looked like a church to him, that night.

There are would-be wives who come through on their way to meet grooms they have never seen before. For their courtships have been all by mail.

"Stop auntie," begged one telegram. "She is sixty-one years old and has tried to get married fifteen times. She sends my photograph as hers and when the man sees her he turns her down."

So, when the adventurous auntie arrived, she was sent back to her niece in Maine.

Another romantic creature came through, whose age was only forty-nine. She got tired of living alone, she said, and so she had often answered "ads" in matrimonial papers. She had married a man in Kentucky in this manner some time ago, and had been happy enough till he died. Then his relatives had shipped her home. Now she was hopefully on her way to a would-be husband up in New Hampshire, who had described himself in these terms:

"A plain man of seventy-two who has not shaved for thirty years. Leads healthy outdoor farmer's life and is looking for a good wife."

She had sent him her photograph and a little lock of her hair, and he had written back at once asking her to come to him. The bride-to-be wore a percale dress that did not reach quite to her bony knees, and an enormous Quaker bonnet. Her luggage she carried in a pail. She went on up to New Hampshire, but only a few weeks later, she came back from the Granite State, in a complete new outfit of clothes and with a new satchel in her hand. She had married her suitor, she explained; but she could not get on with his five grown sons, who were all over six feet tall and were bachelors of middle age, who had grown used to bachelor living.

"They didn't like me," she remarked. "And what's more, they showed it, too!"

They had bought her new clothes on condition that she would leave them half orphans again. And so now she was on her way back to her little farm in Delaware. "I raise peaches there," she said.

RUNAWAY lovers by thousands each year pour through this immaculate marble hall. And who they are and where they come from and what becomes of them, nobody knows. For they are like drops in the ocean here. But some are stopped by telegrams. One such couple came from Troy and arrived in the early evening. The big hall was rather quiet then, but there was no sign of quiet in the girl's big restless eyes—excited, uncertain, now very gay, but the next moment a little afraid. She was slender and dark and stoop-shouldered. The groom a resolute stocky young blond, with a suit-case in either hand, looked no more sure of himself than the bride. But when they were stopped by the Travelers' Aid, on a telegram from her home, he swore that he had the promise of a good job in New York, and he produced birth certificates proving both of age.

"You can't hold us!" he declared.

"Possibly not—if you are married."

"We're goin' to be!" the girl replied.

"Look here, my dear," the agent asked, "have you any good friends in New York?"

"No, and I don't need none!" The older woman smiled at her.

"You don't feel the need of any just now, and I certainly hope you won't, my dear. But believe me, I'm your friend tonight. Are you sure you don't want to be married before you lose touch with me? We have often arranged such weddings before. I know a little church close by and I'll go with you tomorrow as a witness, if you like, and help you get your license, too. Only come to us first to spend the night."

By the look that came in the girl's big eyes, the agent saw she would win her point. And though it still took some arguing, in the end they followed her advice and were married the next afternoon. That was several years ago. I wonder what has become of them?

There are older fugitives, too—runaway grandmothers by the score, grandmothers of the vigorous kind, who, when they were young, helped to build up their home towns and led active busy lives, but who now have been left with nothing to do.

So, rebelling against married children who wish them to sit with their knitting like nice old ladies, they save some money and watch for a chance and slip away and come to New York for a little excitement or wistfully hoping for some new life. Most of them are shipped back home, in response to frantic telegrams. But I heard of one who refused to be shipped.



With only a pair of dancing slippers she came for a gay career



"Have you any friends in New York?"

By Ernest Poole

"I'm not in my dotage!" she declared. "I'm barely sixty—in my prime! I never felt better in my life! I've got money enough for some weeks in this town, and I mean to try to get a job!"

So this resolute old lady stayed, and got just what she came for. As assistant manager of a club house for working girls, she keenly enjoys the chance she has to get in touch with youth again. She recently said:

"I go home for the summer and I like to keep in touch with folks back there. But just because I have a past is no reason that I can see why I shouldn't have a future, too!"

There are others passing through this hall who are trying to break away from their past; they are running away from memories, from intimate secret tragedies or from disasters large and small, memories still so close behind that some of these refugees come with haunted looks in their eyes. But no such tragic feelings bothered one gay little family group who had come from the Mississippi flood and were on their way to make a new home with relatives in Providence. A young negro and his wife and three lusty babies in arms. When the flood rushed over their small farm, how had they escaped, they were asked. Broadly smiling, the man replied:

"Why, Missy, we-all jes' climbed right up into a big sycamore tree!"

"Babies and all?" He chuckled at that and his plump helpmeet hung her head.

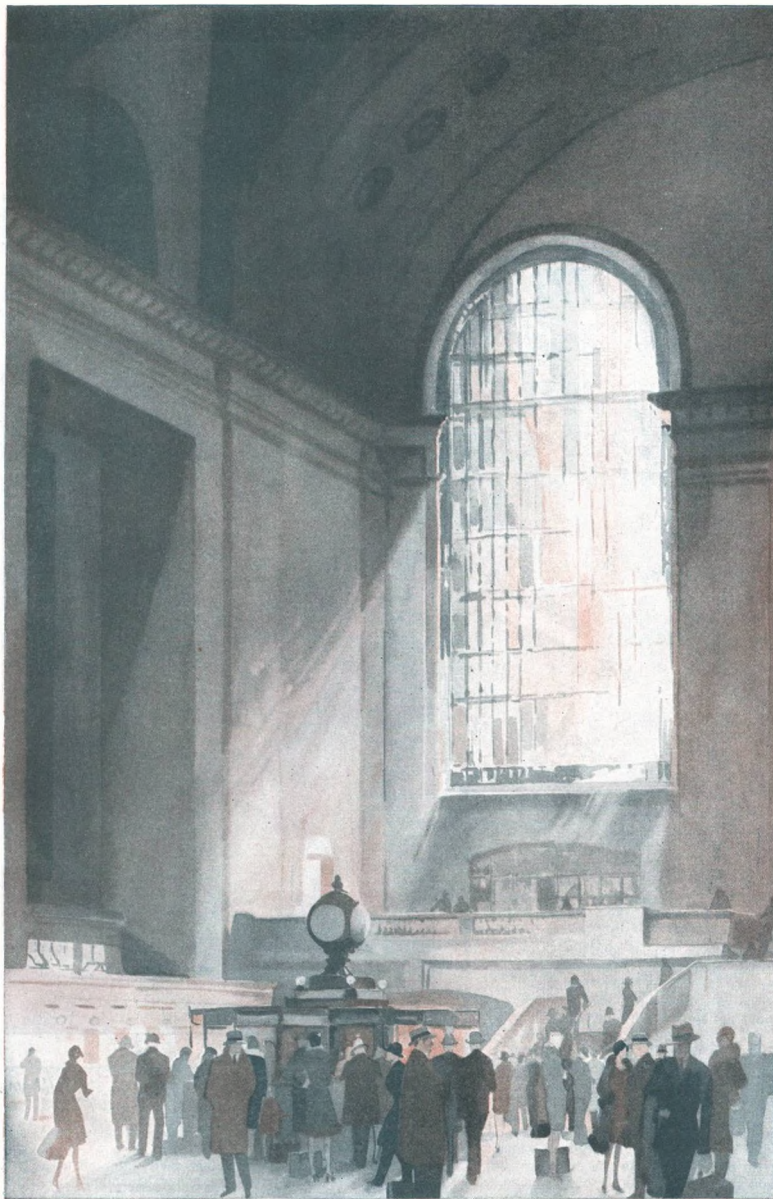
"They wa'n't no babies then," he said. They were born the following week, he explained, in a camp for colored refugees to which a relief boat had taken them. Triplets! It was a great event. A buzz of excitement went through the big camp, and countless fellow campers came to advise about the christening. They racked their brains for some real grand names—and as a result, these gurgling mites were cheerfully beginning their lives as Flood, Deluge and Desolation Jones!

MANY children come alone. Two tiny Chinese children arrived from the Hawaiian Islands one night and were sent down to Chinatown. They had been tagged and ticketed. But one small boy from Illinois had not been tagged, and all he had was a dirty gray kitten clutched tight to his heart. Both travelers were given milk; and feeling much more cheerful now, the little boy said that he had run away to come to see his grandfather, who lived somewhere near New York. He was pretty sure he could find the house, for he had been there a year ago and remembered it very well. His grandfather was a nice old man and let him help in the grocery store. But the nice old man could not be found, so the travelers were sent back home.

A stocky old woman from Indiana came into this hall one day. She was wrinkled and brown and her stubby hands were gnarled from work upon a farm. She was an Esthonian. She had come from the old country with her husband thirty-five years ago, and together they'd lived on their small farm in Indiana till he died. Now only her grown son was left, and he was away most of the

time. She had grown hungry in these last years for the sound of her mother tongue; so she had saved up some money, she said, and had come to New York for a day or two; because somebody had told her that she could find quite a few of her countrymen here who still spoke Esthonian. She wanted to hear it before she died. She found them. She heard it. And then she went back home to the farm in Indiana.

It looked like a church to him



A cathedral erected to the glory of traveling

The last of these little fragments of yarns is of a grotesque-looking boy of thirteen, who stood six feet four in his shoes. "A museum piece," somebody had called him. He was a Swedish-American. He hailed from Philadelphia and carried a Bible under one arm. His widowed mother had died about two years ago, he said; and dreading lest he be put in some big orphan asylum, he had wandered about alone since then, picking up a job here and there. But he was gigantic and dull and slow, and nobody wanted to keep him long. His last employer had laughed at him and told him to try a dime museum.

"I doan' fit in nowhere," he said, anxiously. While the sympathetic agent was questioning him and trying to find what sort of job he was suited for, there came one of those sudden commotions often heard in this marble hall. Thousands of people came rushing in, laughing and pushing and crowding the ropes at the gate to the Century Limited. Police reserves had to be

Decorations by George Howe

called. Reporters and movie men arrived, and the buzz increased to a welcoming roar! For what? For whom? The President? No—it was Jackie Coogan come to town! Like a little monarch of all he surveyed, that small, grave boy marched smiling through these hosts of his admirers. And he passed on, and they all disappeared. And the other boy of thirteen, the "museum piece" who was six feet four, and who "didn't fit in nowhere," stood staring with a queer light in his eyes, as though he were dully wondering how it would feel to be welcomed like that?

So this vast river of human life flows endlessly through here day and night. And the voice of it dies down to a hum, and again deepens and swells to a roar. But it is always the same kind of voice, for it always speaks of restlessness, of hopes and ambitions, worries and fears, driving and pulling the young and the old, the rich and the poor, and the wise and the foolish, on to new ventures, new lives, and new things!

Ransom

By
Rafael
Sabatini

Illustrated

by

W. E. HEITLAND

THE Sire Tristan de Beloeil, standing upon the threshold of Eternity, considered perhaps for the first time since his birth, twenty-five years ago, how much there was in life which could not be left without regret.

Well-born and well-dowered, comely of face and tall and vigorous of body, the world's best gifts had lain within his easy reach and there had been on his part no reluctance or niggardliness in making them his own. For his own part he was content enough with the world of men, and would prefer to continue to inhabit it, postponing until much later the delights of Paradise to which the hangman was to despatch him in the morning.

He leaned on the stone sill of the solidly-barred window of his prison in the Gravensteen of Ghent, and contemplated a sunset for the last time, bewailing that he lacked the power of Joshua to arrest the sun in its course and so postpone the doom which its circling would bring him in the next twelve hours.

Never had life seemed so sweet and desirable as now that by the justice of the great Duke of Burgundy he was to forfeit it. This justice, he thought, had been too harshly administered by the Ducal Lieutenant in Ghent.

IT WAS true that the Sire Tristan had grievously wounded a man; and equally true that deeds of blood were of all offenses those which the ducal lieutenants, operating so briskly with sack and cord throughout the Duke's wide dominions, were instructed to punish most rigorously. But, after all, this had been no act of brigandage. It had been something done in the way of honor. The Sire Tristan had fought honorably with Conrad van der Schuylen, and it was monstrous that he should be required to pay for it by dying a felon's death.

Yet if the Ducal Lieutenant of Ghent, the wooden-faced Sire de Vauvenargues, had confined himself in his judgment to the fact itself and taken no account of the circumstances, the fault was largely the Sire Tristan's own. He had stubbornly refused to inform the court of the grounds of the quarrel, arrogantly claiming that he



"Will you deny me my wish, Sire Tristan? Will

was within his rights to engage in single combat whenever honor should demand it.

"How," the Ducal Lieutenant had asked him, not unreasonably, "are we to judge that honor demanded it in this instance unless you state the grounds upon which you quarreled?"

The Sire Tristan however, would not yield the point. "It is a gentleman's right to quarrel upon any grounds he pleases. The grounds of this quarrel are such as I cannot publish without disloyalty to its cause. It is in your knowledge that I did not fall upon Messire van der Schuylen unawares, like an assassin; therefore you cannot deal with me as with a common murderer."

But the court showed him that it could. If he would not defend himself in what the court accounted proper terms, the court must assume that he had no proper defense. Van der Schuylen's turn would come later when and if he recovered sufficiently to stand his trial. Thus the Ducal Lieutenant, who thereupon proceeded calmly to pass sentence of death upon the Sire Tristan de Beloeil as an example to all men who might be disposed to practice turbulence within the ducal dominions.

The Sire Tristan was sprung from a family of some consequence, and this family exerted itself vigorously, urging as a last plea its ancient blood as a reason why execution should be stayed until appeal could be made to the Duke's Highness in person. But the Ducal Lieutenant met the plea with that monstrous falsehood of all time that in the eyes of the law all men are equal, and that, therefore, no appeal to the Duke could avail.

Thereafter, an advocate had arisen in the gray justice chamber of the Gravensteen to offer on behalf of some person or persons unnamed to ransom the prisoner by the payment of any reasonable fine which the Ducal Lieutenant might see fit to impose as an alternative.

He was curtly informed that the justice of Burgundy was not for sale, and the Sire Tristan was conducted back to his prison there to prepare himself for his end. He was not even to have the satisfaction of knowing what stout generous friend had sent that advocate before the court with his amazing offer. The Sire Tristan possessed many friends; but he could think of none whose love for him would have gone such lengths.

THEY kept him waiting until noon next day, thereby subjecting him to a torment of hope. He perceived one reason when at last they brought him forth from the palace-fortress which once had been an old castle of the Courts of Flanders and led him through the mean alleys of the Oudeburg to the great square where the scaffold was erected in the shadow of the Belfry, regarded by the burghers as the monument of their power and wealth. They had chosen the hour when the noon bell summoned the forty thousand weavers of Ghent from their looms to the midday meal. The hour of deserted looms was deliberately chosen so that all Ghent might be free to witness the operation of Burgundian justice upon a disturber of the peace.

Under a strong guard of archers in white surcoats over their hauberts and bearing upon their breast the



you shame me by refusing me here before all these?"

Burgundian badge of St. Andrew's Cross came the Sire Tristan de Beoleil marching briskly to his doom. He carried himself erect, his face composed, if pale, and he dressed himself in his best as if for a bridal, accounting that his birth and blood demanded that he should make as brave a show as possible on this his last appearance.

Beholding him so young and comely, so elegant and intrepid, the crowd was moved to general compassion, whilst here and there indignation rose that he should suffer a felon's death for a deed which no equitable justice would have regarded as felonious.

THE Sire Tristan was bareheaded, and the abundant hair which hung to the nape of his neck was so lustreously golden that it reflected the sunlight of that fair April noon, so that an aureole of light seemed to glow about it. This was observed by some and pointed out as a portent, a sign of heavenly grace, a prognostic of beatitude to be earned him by his approaching martyrdom. A woman was the first to voice it.

"There is a nimbus about his head!" she cried. "It is a sign!"

Another took up the cry and amplified it: "There is a throne awaiting him in Heaven, the dear young saint."

The people began to mutter, to protest against this hanging, and, at last, to jostle and hinder the archers of the guard, so that these were forced to employ their staves, to thrust back the press and open a way to the gallows prepared for the execution.

Under the shadow of the crossbeam, from which the noosed rope of yellow hemp was dangling ominously, the Sire Tristan stood to address the people, as was the right of every man in his parlous case. His face was gray; the brave smile on his lips was stiff, frozen and lifeless. A sort of paralysis held him. Neither his mind could conceive nor his lips articulate any valedictory words for the people upon whom a hush of piteous attention had now fallen. But before the perception of his plight had time to arise, the general silence was broken by a cry, followed by rapidly spreading turmoil.

It began at a corner of the square to the left of the Stadhuis, which the doomed man was facing, and appeared to have as its source, a lady on a richly-caparisoned white horse, for whom a number of grooms were laboring to open a way through the crowd, a way which opened of itself rapidly enough and almost joyously once her identity became known and her object, or at least some part of it, suspected.

She was the lady Margaret of Saint-Gilles, the daughter of an opulent Flemish nobleman of Waes, sharing the esteem and affection in which her father was held throughout Flanders, adding to it even by her own natural endowments. She was unknown to the Sire de Vauvenargues, who was a Burgundian. But there was in her commanding beauty a passport to the favor of any man who was not withered to the marrow. And the Sire de Vauvenargues, for all his cold austerity of manner and lean gravity of countenance, was still on the young side of forty and far from insensible.

A flash of blades, a duel won, and threatened death by the hangman's noose—the princely price paid for the honor of a lady's fair name

Disturbed though he might be again by the growing murmurs of the populace, yet the greater part of his attention at the moment was for this splendid figure in a trailing riding-dress of mulberry velvet, mounted on that richly-caparisoned horse. She carried her head proudly, he observed, and as she neared the low balcony he occupied, he was dazzled almost by the effulgence of the dark blue eyes which glowed in a face as pale as ivory. Her head was crowned by the tall steeple-shaped hennin, from which floated a misty veil of blue, and a jewel of price gleamed in the black frontlet across her brow, as if to proclaim her rank.

When first the eyes of the Sire Tristan beheld her, a tremor ran through his limbs, a tinge of color crept into his pallid cheeks and life returned to his gaze.

NOW the attention of the Captain of the Archers, of hangman and even of priest, like that of the multitude, was transferred from the doomed man to the lady on the white palfrey. The Sire Tristan had suddenly ceased to be the chief actor in this grim scene.

She had drawn rein immediately under that low balcony whence the Ducal Lieutenant in his furred gown and chain of office observed her, with the Burgomaster van Genck and a group of attendant officers. She lifted up her voice, a voice rich, sonorous and musical to match her splendid personality.

"A boon, my Lord Lieutenant! I ask as a boon what by our ancient Flemish customs I might claim as a right: That I may be married to this man whom the Duke's justice has brought here to hang."

It occurred then to Tristan de Beoleil, who had missed no word of it, that all this was not real; that it was not happening at all; that he was still in his prison asleep, and so dreaming of this incredible thing. The Sire de Vauvenargues, ignorant of the ancient Flemish custom to which she appealed, may have had some similar thought. He flushed and scowled. He turned to the lady with a curt [Turn to page 123]



PHANTOM FORTUNES

A thrilling picture of the gypster's office where Main and Wall Streets meet



THE postman was coming down the street. Caroline Brown ran to the front door to meet him. She was as happy as the day was sunny, and why not? Everybody was well; the house was practically paid for, and there were three thousand dollars in the savings account. She nodded a bright "Good morning" to the carrier as she took the thick white envelope addressed to herself. Opening it, she giggled a little. Someone was sending her a financial sheet, a four-page magazine of stock market advice. How funny! Neither she nor Allan had ever owned a share of stock. But it was fascinating reading. She pored over it for half an hour, then picked up the morning paper and for the first time in her life read the financial news. All day she was thoughtful.

During the next three weeks, while Allan was away on his trip, there were three of the thick white envelopes delivered. The daily papers told her that certain stocks had risen, stocks recommended for purchase in the sheet. She counted up. If she had been daring enough they would be two hundred dollars richer!

IN A bare room in the lower part of Manhattan a boy handed a sheet of paper to a well-dressed man sitting near one of the numerous telephones.

"He says begin at the top of this."

"Mrs. Caroline Brown," read the man, and turned to the telephone. It was three minutes before the operator put through the call to Kansas and Caroline's phone rang violently.

"Mrs. Brown speaking. O-oh, yes, Mr. Gregory, I've been getting the sheet you mention . . . No—I did not buy . . . Well, you see we have never bought stock. Yes, I guess we are a bit old-fashioned— Yes, I see that we could have made money . . . Well, I don't know. Where did you get my name, anyway? Oh, that was it! . . . Yes, we own our home. No, I don't really think I want to pay for the sheet. Well, if you wish to go on sending it. Yes, of course I've heard of the Biscuit Company. No, well, if you wish I'll listen to the radio this afternoon. You're talking from New York? . . . Oh!"

She listened to the market talk on the radio that day and the next and there was a second long distance talk on the day following. It was impressive to have a man call twice, all the way from New York. The sheet came in its thick white envelope. She could not help but figure on the money she was losing, it would have been three hundred by this time. What a surprise for Allan! And she had that four thousand Aunt Mattie had left in railroad bonds that paid hardly anything.

That day she took fifteen hundred dollars from the savings account and mailed an order for the stock of a firm she had always known, by name. Nothing could be safer than that. And the manager had said it would rise. The stock came, everything was quite regular. Within a month, Mr. Gregory wired her advising her to sell. The stock had

risen, she netted one hundred and fifty dollars. Allan had returned and had gone again and she had told him nothing. She was jubilant over Mr. Gregory's congratulations.

"You've quite a nice surprise for your husband, haven't you?" he said, laughing. "Well, I'd like to help you plan a nicer one. I've got an inside tip for you. You know the A and C stores? They are buying out the Z chain and the stock will go right up. You needn't buy through us if you do not wish, just place your order, quick."

It was the last sentence that decided Caroline. Who but an honest man would say a thing like that?

"I'll mail you a check within an hour," she promised.

The A and C stock rose almost immediately. For ten days Caroline followed the market eagerly. Her three thousand invested meant thirty-five hundred, thirty-eight hundred; it was too good to be true. Mr. Gregory had not called her; perhaps she ought to wire

DON'TS FOR WOMEN INVESTORS

DON'T believe the fellow who tells you not to tell anybody. There is no such thing as an inside tip. If it's inside it stays inside; if it is told it is outside. Gypsters always confide secrets.

DON'T believe the man who reminds you that Ford stock "once sold at \$5 is now \$365." That has been true and may be true again. But it is in the nature of a miracle and there are few miracles.

DON'T believe strangers who try to persuade you by mail, telephone, radio or in person. Buy through your bank or a broker who is known to you.

Don't believe her because she is a woman. There are successful saleswomen wearing diamonds and fur coats at the expense of the housewives of this country.

DON'T hurry. The gypster is always in a rush. There are 46 Better Business Bureaus. Consult one.

DON'T forget that 42 states of the Union have enacted "blue sky laws" that at least mean that administrators guard the issue of incorporation papers. And that only four states, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Connecticut, have Fraud Bureaus for the purpose of protecting their investors. Find out where your stock company is incorporated.

DON'T be too lazy to study the market for investment as you study the market for food for your family. Money can be made through intelligence acting upon information.

DON'T help criminals to luxurious living.

DON'T be an easy mark — Don't be a moocher!

Selected with the able assistance of Charles H. Tuttle, U. S. District Attorney, New York City; H. J. Kenner, Manager, and W. P. Colis, Chief of the Investors' Section of The Better Business Bureau, New York City.



him. Finally, she did wire. There was no reply. Then suddenly the stock dropped to its original price. Distracted, she called the New York investment office.

"Mrs. Brown? I'm sorry but Mr. Gregory is no longer with us. Your stock? Oh, that will be mailed to you."

The next morning the stock came. But it was not A and C stock. It was something of which she had never heard, and which she could not find on the list in the paper. With it was a letter explaining:

"The buying of A and C stock was so rapid that your order could not be filled. We have, therefore, taken the liberty of substituting—"

CAROLINE BROWN was no fool. She sensed what had happened, but she called the New York office. A bored voice answered:

"Why, Mrs. Brown, that stock's all right. You have a good investment. Oh, no, I would not advise you to sell at present. Why, if you hold on to that stock—" There was more. Caroline was paying for the call. She left the telephone, baffled. If she had been able to see the other end of the line she might have been enlightened. As Mr. Gregory, who was not using that name any more, put up the receiver, his next neighbor asked:

"Fuss any?"

"Not she," returned Gregory. "She knows she's been done."

"What'd you let her go at three thousand for?" demanded his neighbor.

"Oh, well," returned Gregory. "she hadn't much more. And with all this fuss, we've got to play fairly safe."

"Huh," retorted the other. "You fell for her. Say, boys, here's Rand fallin' for the soft voice of a 'moocher'."

There was a roar of laughter. For the gyp salesman, operating from the "boiler room," heartily despises his victim. For him there is no human being so worthy of his contempt as the man or woman who falls for his wiles and so enables him to make a handsome living.

"Just the same," objected 'Rand Gregory', when the roar had subsided, "we can't afford to pluck 'em so hard they all squeal. We've got to play safe for a while. And you know it."

The room quieted and the men at the phones were suddenly grave. In every "boiler room" in New York City at least, that warning to "play safe" is flying.

Since last July the drive against stock swindlers started by the Better Business Bureau of New York City, in cooperation with the forty-six Better Business Bureaus in cities throughout the country and with the Federal authorities, represented in New York by U. S. District Attorney Charles H. Tuttle and his associates, has caused many a phoney stock seller to fold his tent and silently fade away. The great market crash of October caught not only hundreds of thousands of American citizens who were playing the national game [Turn to page 127]

By Helen Christine Bennett



Douglas fell back. "Go away, you heartless young beast!" Judith cried

ANSTRUTHER EYES

A wolf of Wall Street clashes with a spinner of dreams over the hand of a fascinating young person named Judith

By *Stephen Morehouse Avery*
Illustrated by **RAYMOND SISLEY**

A FAINT night breeze blew across Manhasset Bay into the dark warm cover of the Long Island North Shore. Judith Anstruther spread her arms to capture as much of its coolness as possible. Behind her an open lawn swept upward in paler darkness between black, irregular borders of shrubbery to the lighted downstairs windows of the house, stretching across the entire arch of the hill top. It had been hot up there. Old Mr. Pierson, the lawyer, was with her father again. After greeting him, Judith had left the house and had gone to the terrace, wandering gradually down the slope and across the lawn. Beyond the three-foot stone wall was the North Shore road and beyond that the waters of the Bay. Nearby was the small lodge house where the driveway entered the estate. In the driveway, clearly outlined in the silvery moonlight and motionless as a sentry on a battlement, stood a man.

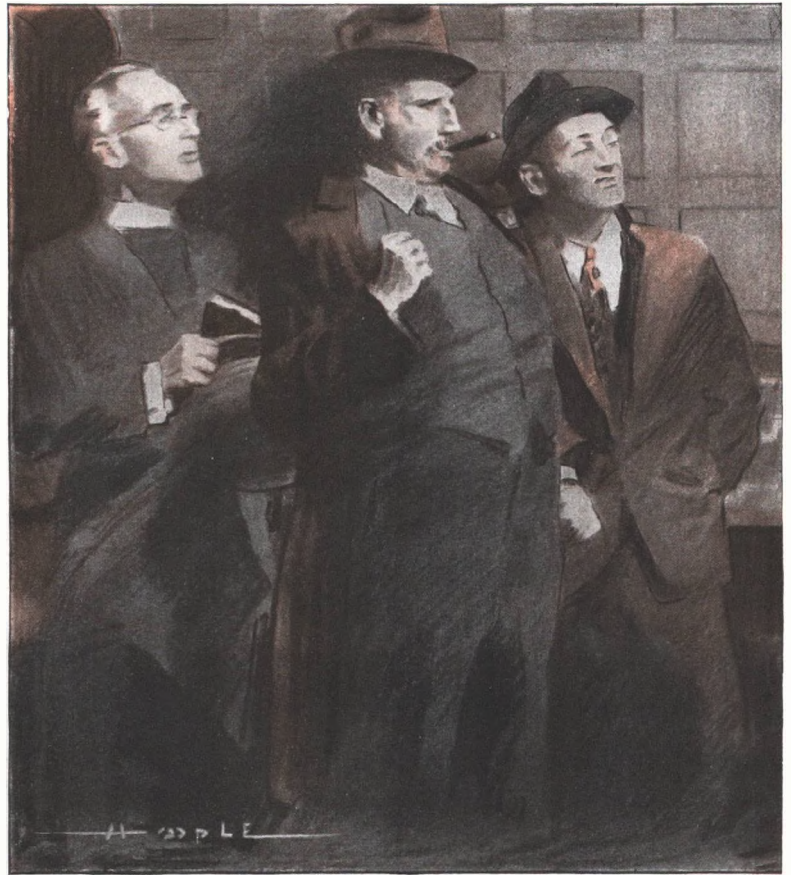
Judith started back; he called out to her at once and came across the lawn with a stride she knew. "You!" she said. "How you startled me! What on earth were you staring at there in the drive?" "I don't know," he said. "My car is across the road. I happened to be going by and just stopped. Do you mind?" She spoke to him gently, as she always had, and put her arm through his. His coat was flannel, soft and comfortable, and she could feel underneath the tension of

his forearm muscle. "Of course I don't mind, but it's a strange, silly thing to do. But that's you, strange, silly, helpless boy." He nodded, smiling. "I guess that's right, Judith darling. Here, we can sit on the wall. You see, I wasn't really looking at anything as I stood there in the drive. I was thinking. Your getting married is going to be the end of things. At least it will be for me. It makes me sad. That's silly too, of course." "Oh, no," Judith said. "It isn't silly. If I think of it that way I'm a little sad too. Do you remember when you used to come over and tell me about all your girls? And I gave you such wonderful advice? I was fifteen then." "I remember," he said. "Don't let's talk about it. You've been taking care of me ever since, too, telling me when to stop drinking at parties, getting me out of that mess with Mrs. Hazelton. [Turn to page 100]

THE GREAT GAME

By
Harold MacGrath

Illustrated by W. C. HOOPLE



LOVELY Elsie Crowell, rightful heiress to millions and alone in the world, is engaged to John Dumlithy, playwright. Unless Elsie is married on or before nine o'clock on the evening of her twenty-third birthday, by the terms of her father's peculiar will, the inheritance will go to Arthur Hilton, the ne'er-do-well son of the late financier's former sweetheart. Elsie knows of this curious proviso and has set her fast-approaching birthday as her wedding day; but Dumlithy is not aware of it until he is told by the girl's guardian, Gilbraith, a shadowy, silent old man. And the playwright, in consequence, is not surprised when he is fired upon as he leaves the Crowell estate.

Naturally he suspects Hilton of trying to get him out of the way until Elsie's birthday has passed.

Aided by detectives, Dumlithy unearths evidence that exonerates Hilton from blame but points strongly to Gilbraith as the culprit. With a wealth of damaging information about the old man, Dumlithy feels he is drawing both ends of the mysterious circle together when, suddenly, he is abducted. Queer, sweet fumes sweep out all consciousness. As his vision clears he looks about him . . . a deserted house . . . then down—police handcuffs and manacles about his ankles!

Part II

STUPIDLY Dumlithy stared at the polished metals. He even touched the three links of the chain connecting the two circles of steel, the toughest known. Manacles around his ankles, making it impossible for him to advance more than three inches at a step!

"Patience, old scout; take it easy," he said aloud. "Let's not waste any strength. There's a way out of this, and we'll find it."

He hitched back to the chair and sat down heavily. Mechanically his hands began to explore his pockets. Nothing was missing; his watch, his bill-fold and his keys were in their accustomed lodgings.

"Old Smelfungus, you're a bird!" Then he fell to laughing—ironic laughter. "You never make any mistakes, for a fact. For all that, you're not going to keep me here . . . damn you! . . . I wonder where in the devil my hat is?"

Elsie—calling and calling in vain! What would she do! Ten to one, she would be calling up the police and getting the newspapers on the trail. Lord, and what a whale of a yarn it would make! Just the brand he had thrilled over in the old days and hunted down relentlessly. He was something of a celebrity. That he had completely vanished after leaving the theater was a

good story all by itself.

There was one break in the clouds. Gilbraith would have his hands full. News-

paper publicity was the very last thing he would want.

Three or four inches at a time: it would take him all day to walk a mile, if that. A hundred yards would exhaust him. A wave of despair rolled over him, and fury bubbled up again. To mitigate this, he searched the pockets of his topcoat. They had left his pipe and tobacco and a matchbox half filled. He filled the pipe, fired it, and began to smoke. It would add to his thirstiness, but on the other hand it would clear up the confusion in his throbbing head and take the taste of chloroform out of his mouth.

What time was it? Two-thirty, in the morning. He had something like eighteen hours. No hope in the world of unlocking the manacles. Somehow he must sever the links. But to sever these there would be need of a three-cornered file, a chisel or an ax; and all he possessed in the way of tools was an ordinary pocket-knife. He took further inventory.

One candle. He might need that later. He rose. "Let's mark every point in the game," he said to himself, "so we won't have to look back and wish we'd done this or that."

How far was he from town? In which direction did it lie? Half after two, and he had left the stage entrance at eleven-ten. He judged he must be somewhere around two hours out of New York, fifty or sixty miles, for good measure. That is to say, a good hundred miles from the Crowell home.

In a deserted house, isolated, without neighbors, where calling for help would be a waste of breath. He dropped his head upon his arms. A little sleep would not go amiss. He was dog-tired. The manacles clinked as he shifted his feet. He dozed for perhaps half an hour. Then he raised his head and sniffed. Marsh and water somewhere about. He saw a window clearly outlined, and he hitched over to it. Sand dunes, and that recurring white line must be the surf. Jersey or Long

"Here I am—what's left of me, Elsie! And here's

Island? There was no sign of any habitation; no light-house, no passing ships. The house stood in the middle of a small Sahara.

He began to compute. The car couldn't have got out of town, seaward, under an hour. That would lessen the distance to the Crowell's considerably. These were the waters of the Sound. He was on mainland; otherwise he would have seen the vast aura that always hangs over the great city at night. There was a bit of cheer in these computations; he had a rude compass for his immediate need. There was nothing to be done until daybreak. He might just as well curl up in a corner and go to sleep, for he needed it.

BUT it was sleep troubled by queer dreams. He saw ghostly forms moving through smoke—war-stuff. He was again steering the lumbering, shell-laden truck over a pitted road. Far ahead of him a German shell dropped, sending up a geyser of stones and then dust. He heard the crash of another shell to the rear. Watching for the next shell, he took the edge of a hole. The truck toppled and went thundering into the ditch. Stunned, he lay where he had fallen. He heard, or thought he heard, the clatter of a motor cycle. Presently a hand gripped his collar and he was dragged to the road. A face, mistily favored, peered into his . . . His mind now clicked—Hilton's.

Dumlithy sat up, wide awake. Hilton! . . . But a dream! . . . No, no; everything he had dreamed had actually happened. Hilton! But if he had saved John Dumlithy that day, what was Hilton doing in the present mixup? The worst man unhung has a certain regard for the man whose life he has saved. For a long time Dumlithy sat there on the floor, mulling over this astonishing revelation—that it might possibly be Hilton who had saved his life back in those war-ridden days, and if it was, what could a fellow do about it?



Love, laughing
gayly, throws
a wrench into the
machinery of a
perfect crime

the parson I brought along to be on the safe side"

Picton was highly interested in Dunlithy's fortunes, so he decided to sit up until he received the news that his friend had safely arrived at his apartment. Before leaving the theater that afternoon he had ordered George to report to him the moment they reached the apartment, which would be about 11:30. It was now twelve o'clock, and he was beginning to worry. They might have stopped somewhere for a bite to eat; but considering all things, that seemed rather doubtful. Ha!—The buzzer. He grasped the telephone.

"Hello! That you, George? . . . What made you so late? . . . What? They got him? . . . You big boob! . . . Oh, I see! Give me Miss Crowell's telephone number."

Picton rested the receiver on the hook, then put it to his ear again. He called the number and waited patiently. Finally the answer came.

HELLO! This the Bentley House? Will you please call Miss Crowell and say that Detective Picton wants to talk to her? . . . What's that . . . She left the house half an hour ago?"

Picton possessed the gestures of a cricket, sharp and angular. He dumped his automatic into his pocket, rushed to the hall and snatched at his hat on the wing. He couldn't permit John Dunlithy's best girl to wander distractedly about the streets. She would go first to the apartment, and finding no one there, would ask the way to the nearest police station. He would try to head her off by going directly to the station. The police force of New York was a large and competent one; but Picton knew that twenty times their number would not discover Dunlithy's whereabouts—not tonight!

Anything might have happened to Elsie, but nothing did. She arrived without delay or mishap at the apartment house where Dunlithy resided. It was in her mind that Dunny had been stricken down as he had entered

the apartment, or she should have gone first to the police station and then to the apartment.

As she stood on the sidewalk, somberly eying the windows, a new emotional volcano lost its cap. Gilbraith! She was going home, and Gilbraith should send out the call for Dunny's release or suffer the consequences of his refusal. No tigress who had found her cub stolen could have contained a larger fury. By midnight she was on the way north, driving at a speed that was less reckless than daring.

As she entered the hall, Gilbraith came running out of the study to meet her.

"Where have you been?" he cried. "I've been worried sick!"

"Come into the study, please," she said, holding her violent impulses in check. She followed him into the study. "Mr. Dunlithy has been kidnaped . . . Take up the telephone and order his immediate release."

Gilbraith's mouth opened. He was the picture of utter astonishment.

"I am waiting," she said, unmoved by this presentation of astonishment. The Crowell temper—her father's—was now uppermost: a calm relentlessness of purpose.

"What in heaven's name do you mean?" Gilbraith burst out. "Release Dunlithy? How should I know where he is? Didn't I warn you to bring that stubborn young man back here, out of harm's way? I really believe you are accusing me of having had a hand in his disappearance—if he has disappeared! Why, it is unthinkable, Elsie . . . from you who know me!"

Tears! Actually, tears in the faded blue eyes! Elsie's fury had in no manner dimmed the clarity of her sight. Either this agitation was genuine, or the little man was a great actor; but she left none of this doubt appear in her face.

"I haven't accused you of anything, Mr. Gilbraith," she said, her tones no longer metallic. "I merely asked you to take up that telephone and order Mr. Dunlithy's release at once. Will you do it, please?"

"I am stunned!" he said. "I have done everything to warn Mr. Dunlithy and to thwart Hilton. Why, you can't possibly mean that I know where Mr. Dunlithy is!"

He seemed to grow old and broken, no longer dapper. He stared at Elsie, then picked up the telephone. Elsie felt suddenly weak as if the movement of the telephone had cut off some magnetic current and left her limp. Dunny, her man! Presently she heard Gilbraith's quavering voice.

"This is Picton himself? Good. This is Gilbraith. Mr. Dunlithy has disappeared. Use every man you have to get him back before six o'clock tomorrow evening. Offer a reward of ten thousand. He *must* be found. Set a man to trail Hilton. What? Miss Crowell is here beside me."

LET me speak to him," said Elsie, recovering. This might not be Picton. "This is Miss Crowell speaking. Where were you about four o'clock this afternoon? At the theater with Mr. Dunlithy?" She knew by this that she was talking to Picton. "Will you begin the search at once?"

Gilbraith could easily hear the detective's answer.

"There is no hope of finding him, Miss Crowell. He'll have to get out of this alone. But Dunlithy, he never gives up. I'll bet my coat against any doughnut ever fried that he *will* get out. Don't worry, don't talk, sit tight. Do you get that? Sit tight!"

Elsie turned her face that Gilbraith might not see her relief. An interval of silence; then a hand fell upon her shoulder, timidly, and strangely enough the touch did not give her any feeling of loathing.

"Elsie, my child, I love you better than anything else in the world. Why, you're the only child I ever had. I swear to you, by all things that are good, I do not know where Mr. Dunlithy is. Hurt you, or hurt anything you love? I'd cut off my right hand first. It is going to tear my heart to pieces to leave you and go away."

There are certain tones in the human voice that cannot be enacted without some compelling emotion as a basis. Instinct told Elsie that every word Gilbraith uttered came from his heart. A great mystery somewhere.

"Go to bed," she heard Gilbraith say. "We are all in a queer whirligig. I don't blame Mr. Dunlithy. He knows nothing about me. You have beauty and courage and intellect; and if I were young like Dunlithy, all the dungeons of Richelieu would not keep me from you."

At dawn the gulls, quarreling as they scavenged the beach at low tide, awoke Dunlithy. [Turn to page 155]

THE LONG ROAD

*A love-starved, shabby little boy
and his grizzled old pony answer
the call of the heart*

By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrated by FRANK SPRADLING

THE West Coast sun was shining on the great valley of the Sacramento. A little warm breeze came up from the south, sweet as honey, sweet as honeysuckle or the scent of far south gum-woods, for it came across miles and miles of green alfalfa that was just blooming into purple mist. Perfume, thrice refined. It blew through the towering walnut trees that lined the shining road, and through the rooms of the low ranchhouse in invisible veils. It was sharp and pungent in the fields where the mowers sang at their work.

The long roofs of the dairy barns were sharp against the sky. Far across the brilliant green the spotted Holstein herds shone like a painted picture. All this was very lovely to the senses if one's heart was happy. But at Broadfield Farms there was impending tragedy and two hearts were sick with the dread of it.

Little Bill Bradley, just turned fourteen in April, had aged five years in the two weeks since his father's death. His thin shoulders had peaked up higher under the blue cotton shirt, his long arms and legs seemed less spry. His aunt's lean eyes saw new, bleak shadows in his delicate face. He stood near the open window where the

white curtain rustled as though shaken by a ghostly hand. The lad's face was turned from her as he spoke.

"I tell you, Aunt Edna," he said, "I know he's goin' to do something. Something we won't like. He looked at me a long time yesterday when he was pickin' his teeth after dinner, and it was just 's if he was huntin' for another sore spot to punch me in."

The young woman crossed the kitchen and put her arm about the boy. Anxiety had, long ago, driven the winsomeness of girlhood from her face.

"Honey," she said in a guarded voice, "one never knows when John Bradley will step in around a door; we're no match for him, you and me, and neither was poor Tom. I know—Lord, how I know! He's a hard man and a mean man. He wasn't like that ten years ago; not when I married him. He was stubborn and hard

headed then, but I thought it was only force—admired it. Lord!" She was talking now more to herself than to the boy. "It was poor Tom's helplessness that brought John out; all the avarice in him came out; he began looking ahead to Broadfields, hoping for the death that would give this place to him."

She felt the bony shoulders wince under her arm and drew the lad tighter into her embrace as she stooped and kissed him.

"You're his own blood, his brother's son. You might expect more from him than dislike and irritability—"

"And fear!" the boy interrupted with old wisdom. "Don't forget that, Aunt Edna! In seven years I'll be of age, if I live through, and the Farms will be mine an' young Tom's. He hates me for that, and young Tom, too. I do wish young Tom'd come back from Australia."

The woman sighed. "So do I, honey, but it isn't likely, not for four of those seven years, anyway. He signed with the wool company out of Princeton for a long-term contract, you know that."

"I know," Billie sighed. "And besides, I know that in four years there won't be no Broadfield Farms; you know that, Aunt Edna. Dad knew it too. I've seen it in his eyes when he couldn't speak. It was there, plain as them colors out the window. Dad knew John was after what he'd made of this place in the years before his stroke, you're darn right he knew! He was always trying to tell me something, or to tell Bert. Bert says so, too. But he *couldn't* tell—poor old man!"

Tears came with the memory of the helpless father he had loved, and little Bill bit his lips manfully. Noticing his lips quiver Edna kissed him again.

"I think he's goin' to separate us, Aunt Edna," he gulped. "Send me away to school, mebby—I dunno."

"It would be the best thing for you, honey," said the woman sturdily; "but it'd break my heart for fair. You're all I'll ever have to show for my years of drudgery, the raising of you into a good and honest man."

"An' I'll be one!" cried the boy with a tragic squawk in his young voice; "so help me John Rodgers, or my name ain't Bill Bradley! You ain't a-goin' to have no failure along that line, Aunt Edna, you can lay your last dime!" [Turn to page 70]



Shaggy's gentle heart knew the comfort of love; of family kinship





She wanted to smooth the rumpled hair from his forehead

EARLY TO BED

Life keeps its promise to Primrose

By Lynn and Lois Montross

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

BEFORE leaving Hixon Park Primrose hurried over to the Inn to see her father. She found President Cathcart with him, as he often was. The little formalities were always the same. They consisted of an exchange of short syllables and

bluff Anglo-Saxon amenities as the men shook hands. "How d'ye do, Dr. Cathcart," Mr. Muffet always said.

"How do you do, Mr. Muffet. Cigar?"

"Umph. Thanks." Mr. Muffet peeled the band off the cigar, clipped the end with his new clipper and muttered, "Sit down." They were always shy and uneasy at first.

Dr. Cathcart took the most unobtrusive looking chair, a little awed by Mr. Muffet's wealth and grandeur.

Then entering on his toes Mr. Muffet always asked: "Like to hear a little radio, Dr. Cathcart?"

"I don't mind," said the good president, trying not to eye the magnificent cabinet too eagerly.

Important, and looking as if he had invented the radio, Mr. Muffet would experiment with the dials.

"Here's a lecture about these prehistoric dolichocephalic skulls discovered in Kamchatka," he would announce thoughtfully. "And then I see by the papers there's a symphony we can get from Boston tonight . . . A fellow in New York's giving a book lecture—and—by golly! I've got tuned in on WMSG, Madison Square Garden . . . Mind a little jazz, Doctor, and some sporting news?"

"No, no, I don't mind it at all." The president would lean back in his chair with satisfaction and tap a foot to the orchestra's strident syncopation. A little later he would take off his coat; and then Mr. Muffet would take off his coat. A bottle of ginger ale was opened and the long, pleasant session had begun. Dr. Cathcart was

lonesome. Mr. Muffet was lonesome. And so in a bashful monosyllabic fashion, each awed by the other's importance, they had struck up this satisfying friendship, based on the radio and excused by it.

As Primrose entered now, Dr. Cathcart started up almost guiltily. Mr. Muffet he understood and admired, but Primrose always left him uneasy and confused with her short skirts and red lips and wide eyes. She was not like the Hixon College girls.

"If you'll excuse me," he said, "I'll be going along now." Then he eyed Mr. Muffet hopefully. "If you're not going to be busy tonight," he added, resurrecting some of his natural pomposity, "I'll drop in this evening to talk over those college matters."

Mr. Muffet nodded. Both of them knew they were going to listen to a long program of jazz on the radio.

As the president went out Primrose walked over to her father and touched his hand. "I want to tell you something, Dad."

The door closed. Mr. Muffet turned off the radio and looked up rather nervously. "My goodness!" he said. "What's the matter now?"

"Father," said Primrose, "I'm going to New York to try to see Roger Van Horne. You know about him, don't you? About him being gone?"

"I do," said Mr. Muffet angrily. "He's the one who dropped you from college and had to resign. You bet I know!" He wagged his head triumphantly. "Dr. Cathcart told him a few things. That's a fine fellow, that Dr. Cathcart."

"Well, I—Dad, I'm in love with him." She spoke abruptly and in desperate haste.

"Dr. Cathcart?" said Mr. Muffet, aghast at the revelation, but ready to believe anything concerning his daughter, Primrose.

"No, no!" She laughed at the comical notion. "Roger Van Horne."

He rose and strode about the room trying to digest this disrupting and uncorrelated fact. "Primrose! Primrose!" he muttered in bewilderment. He held a glass of ginger ale in his hand and took little absent-minded sips as if to wash the information down hurriedly. "Why, my goodness!" he muttered.

BUT Father, it doesn't mean anything," she amended. "He's engaged to Ellen Maitland and they're going to be married in June. So don't be worried. I'm just going to find him because he lost his job on my account—and because he's sick and hasn't any money!"

Mr. Muffet turned his round eyes upon her and stroked his fair, straggling mustache. "D'you really care about him?" he demanded. "I mean, do you really want him—want to marry him?"

She sighed in a tired way and then she laughed faintly. "Why—why, of course. I love him terribly . . . but that makes no difference."

"It does," said Mr. Muffet soberly. "It does." He stared fixedly at the radio with his sudden look of angry, stubborn concentration. "See here, Primrose—I and you don't back down for anybody. Not the Muffets." You could see why he had succeeded in his business by one look at his determined, unwavering eyes. "When I was a boy I couldn't have most of the things I wanted, and I always allowed it would be different with you. If you care about this young man, why he's got to care about you. I don't approve of some of the things he's done, but if he'll make you happy you're going to have him, that's all. You're going to have him," he added impressively, "or my name's not Alexander Muffet, LL.B."

She continued to laugh with a note of tenderness and of grief and of despair. Her hands lay a moment upon his valiant shoulders.

"Dad, dear, this is different. He isn't a college. We can't endow him."

And then her dark eyes began to dream in spite of her despair, drawing courage perhaps from his unvanquished, resolute face. "But there just might be a chance . . . a sort of fighting chance. And if there were, you wouldn't mind, would you, Dad?"

"I wouldn't mind," he said concisely and bravely, "not if he'll make you happy. You've got to have everything you want, Primrose." He meditated. "Your mother was like that," he said in short, clipped syllables. "She had an idea I would make her happy; and heaven or earth couldn't stop her until she got me. It was a good thing," he mused simply. "We were happy. And nobody thought we would be."

Primrose remembered her mother. A small plump woman, talkative and tireless, and rather downright and quaintly cheerful . . . She could say nothing more. With a fierce clutching of her father's hand, more awkward than tender, but understood by both of them, she burst from the room.

As she reached the street below the Inn her father stuck his head out of the third-story window and bawled: "You be back by ten o'clock now! That's the college rules, you know."

Hurrying to the garage to get her car Primrose was thinking deeply and nearly wandered into a car speeding along the intersecting avenue. She jumped back, shuddering. She didn't want to die just yet. The car slid into an abrupt stop. A derisive voice called to her and she saw that it was Allison Blaine. "Little idiot!" he exclaimed. "I nearly killed you. And I'd much rather kiss you. Come here."

She ran up to him and rested both hands on the roof of his roadster. "Why, darling Allison," she said effusively, "I'm so glad to see you. I'm just going to New York."

"Well, get in," he said, "and I'll take you. What do you want to do? Shop? Dine? Dance?"

N-NO . . . I'd better not tell you or you won't want to drive me in. I'm looking for Roger Van Horne again." But she nestled down beside him.

"That red-haired young man again?" He shook his head sadly.

"M'hm."

"And you had forgotten all about your engagement with me this afternoon?"

"Yes . . . Oh, Allison!" She suddenly let her weary head fall against his shoulder, unable any more to withhold the freshets of pain.

"Poor little Primrose. Are you so unhappy then? But I remember . . . first love is like that. So unbearable you can't endure it. And that sadness of later love is that you can endure it."

His shrewd, narrow eyes slanted away at the brown leaves piled in huddled drifts along the park's white gravel path. He murmured: [Turn to page 131]



"Please drink some water, dear." Primrose's hands hovered with shameless tenderness about Roger's unconscious shoulders

SOUP

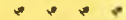
has a charm all its own!



No other food can possibly give you all the advantages of soup. No other food offers you such a fascinating variety of flavors, with so many different and tempting foods blended in irresistible combinations. This savory, not liquid we call soup acts also as a wholesome, invigorating tonic to the digestive system.



The 21 different Campbell's Soups make your daily selection easy. Naturally a frequent choice will be the famous Campbell's Tomato Soup—best-liked soup in the world. Pure tomato juices. Luscious tomato "meat." In a smooth puree enriched with choice butter. Seasoned to a nicety by Campbell's French chefs. How you enjoy it!



And Cream of Tomato Soup! You've never tasted it at its most inviting best until you've prepared it with Campbell's. It's so easy and convenient. Simply mix Campbell's Tomato Soup with an equal quantity of milk, stir while heating but do not boil. Serve immediately. Such richness and nourishment! Especially good for the children. 12 cents a can.

Your choice . . . Order any of these
Campbell's Soups from your grocer

- | | | |
|---------------|--------------|-------------------|
| Asparagus | Clam Chowder | Pea |
| Bean | Consommé | Pepper Pot |
| Beef | Julienne | Printanier |
| Bouillon | Mock Turtle | Tomato |
| Celery | Mulligatawny | Tomato-Okra |
| Chicken | Mutton | Vegetable |
| Chicken-Gumbo | Ox-Tail | Vegetable-Beef |
| (Okra) | | Vermicelli-Tomato |



Who wouldn't be happy
And smiling and gay
With twenty-one Campbell's—
A soup for each day!

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



I went to NEW ENGLAND to discover why some cake was called pie -- And I learned a flavor secret, too



No wonder Boston is the "hub of the universe" with a marvelous tasting pie like this named after it!



I HAVE an awfully interesting job—running the kitchen where all your Crisco recipes are tested. But occasionally I desert my kitchen to travel over the country talking to women about the good food they cook in theirs. And they tell me things I couldn't possibly find in books.

The experience I've just had in Boston proved that. I'd gone there to talk about New England cooking and, incidentally, to see if I couldn't find out why Boston cream pie was called "pie". This luscious anomaly is really *cake*, you know.

Hours in the Boston Public Library taught me nothing. Questions, questions—to professors, to old inhabitants, to cooking authorities—taught me nothing. "Why are layers of cake joined with a custard called 'pie'?"

BUT, in a KIRCHEN in Salem, the chirpiest, little grey-haired woman gave me this answer—

Old fashioned housewives lived only to please their husbands. And their husbands *would have pie*—for breakfast even. And sometimes the wives wanted cake. So they baked a layer cake in pie tins, filled it with custard, cut it in pie-shaped wedges and *called* it pie. That's why Boston cream pie must always be baked in round tins and cut in wedges.

And, incidentally, cooks I talked with said it was always made *best* with Crisco, because Crisco perfectly preserves the *flavor* of its skillfully blended ingredients.

Crisco does more than that. It actually saves $\frac{1}{2}$ of your cake mixing time! It's so workable and fluffy just as it comes from the can that you can put your eggs, sugar and Crisco all into the bowl together and blend them in one opera-

tion. And Crisco so completely and so easily wraps itself around every tiny grain of sugar that out of the oven comes one of the finest, most even textured cakes you've ever baked. You'll find that the best bakers everywhere are using Crisco, too. That's why women in a hurry never hesitate now to buy delicious cakes from their bakers and grocers.

I hear a fish story

From Boston I went to Gloucester to get a codfish cake recipe and heard a funny little story. A Gloucester woman complained that her husband was "getting a little tired of codfish cakes." "How often do you have them?" she was asked. "Why, only every morning since we've been married." And they'd been married 15 years!

Three hundred and sixty-five times a year is probably too often, even for such codfish cakes as these, but I've yet to find a man—or wife—who has tired of them. They're fried in Crisco—and what a difference Crisco makes in the *appearance* of things fried in it—as well as the *taste*. These Crisco-fried codfish cakes are golden brown with the crunchiest crust you can imagine;

and when they're broken, little spirals of appetizing steam almost sky-write the word good. The sweet Crisco preserves their delicate flavor as no other fat *can* do quite as well.

I have a cook book called "12 dozen Time-Saving Recipes" that you'll be interested in, I'm sure. You may have it by simply writing me, Winifred S. Carter, (Dept. XM-20) Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

BOSTON CREAM PIE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco	$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	2 EGGS 1 cup milk
1 cup granulated sugar	4 teaspoons baking powder

Cream Crisco with sugar and eggs. Stir in milk and flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Bake in two Criscoed layer cake tins in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 minutes. When partially cool, put together with vanilla or chocolate custard and sprinkle top with powdered sugar.

GLoucester CODFISH CAKES

6 medium sized potatoes	2 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
2 cups shredded salt cod	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper	

Boil potatoes in unsalted water. Drain and mash. Add codfish and unbeaten eggs and beat well. Add pepper and milk. Beat mixture light and fluffy. Make into cakes, dredge with flour and fry till brown in skillet with Crisco.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter and Gamble Co.



Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

WILD WIND

[Continued from page 16]

They searched the rooms with no result. "Do you think it was a ghost, Aunt Jack?"

"Nonsense, darling!"

But Yolanda insisted: "Someone came in."

They had stopped near a window in the upper hall, and Jacqueline, looking out, saw a girl standing on the stone walk which led to the gate. She was wrapped in an army cape, and the wind whipped about her head the long blue veil of the canteen worker. The blue was in strong contrast to the locks of bright auburn which curled over her ears. She was a rather dazzling creature as she stood in the strong light, with her red hair and her red cheeks and the wind blowing her about.

They went down at once and let her in.

"I'm sorry," she said, smiling, "but I live next door. And we keep an eye on the house. I saw the shutters open and came to investigate."

"I got the key at the bank," Jacqueline told her. She felt no need of further explanation. She might, of course, have said that Christopher had given her permission, but she didn't. She simply stood there, silent.

The other girl, unaware of any concealment, went on. "I hope Kit isn't thinking of selling. I've always been next-door neighbor to Kit Howland, and I'd hate to have anyone else live in the old house."

Yolanda, sweeping suddenly into the conversation, said, "Aunt Jack's going to live here. She's going to marry him."

Jacqueline protested, "Darling!"

"Well, you are—"

A change had come over the girl in the blue veil. She still smiled, but she was less dazzling. "Is that why you came to look at the house?"

"Yes. Kit told me to ask for the key."

The eyes of the girl in the blue veil seemed to weigh Jacqueline in the balance—bronze hair, white skin, red lips, youth and slenderness. Pretty. More than pretty. Mind and spirit. Kit would like that, more than youth or slenderness.

"Look here," she said, suddenly; "I wish you'd come over and have a cup of tea with us. This cold is perishing. I'm Sue Gilman. The Gilmans and the Howlands have known each other forever."

Jacqueline hesitated. "We ought to be getting home."

"It isn't late. And there aren't any 'oughts'. And I like having my own way."

Yolanda begged: "Let's go, Aunt Jack."

THERE was a big fire blazing on the hearth in the Gilman living-room; its flames flickered on flowered chintzes, and there were jade-green curtains and Chinese porcelains, and the silver teaset was Queen Anne. Three women sat about the fire, and laid down their knitting when Sue presented Jacqueline.

"She's going to marry Kit Howland," Sue said.

As the three welcomed Jacqueline, they, too, had their moment of appraisal. One of the three was Sue's mother. She was ample in figure, gracious in manner, arrogant in her point of view. The other two women were Sue's aunts, and single. Aunt Phoebe was small and unassuming. Aunt Paula had red hair like her niece, and a burnt-out, thoroughbred sort of beauty. And the appraisal of three of them amounted to this: All of them thought Jacqueline a lady, but too young for Christopher.

Mrs. Gilman considered her not sufficiently imposing to take her place with the Howland women. Paula envied her youth and freshness. Aunt Phoebe envied her nothing. Aunt Phoebe liked being middle-aged and comfortable, and delicate and well-bred.

Aunt Paula, too, wore a canteen uniform. When she shook hands with Jacqueline, she said, "Kit has stolen a march on us. None of us knew he was going to be married."

"We decided not to say anything until he came back. Mary thought I was too young."

"Mary?"

"My sister, Mrs. Joel Hutchins. I live with her."

"Oh, I think I've met her, at the Red Cross—" She dropped that, and began again, "How long have you known Christopher?"

Her questions were assuming the proportions of a catechism. Jacqueline flashed a smiling glance at her.

"Long enough—"

"Long enough for what?"

"To get engaged . . ."

She turned from Paula, and began to talk to Mrs. Gilman. Her manner was not rude, but it was definite. She did not know them, and would never know; that the slight passage of arms had won Paula's admiration. Paula hated acquiescent people. She went through life wanting sword play, and she was disappointed when she did not get it.

The tea, brought in by a trim maid was delicious—hot chocolate for Yolanda, toasted muffins, little spicy cakes with creamy frosting.

"Kit always adored these," Sue said as she passed the cakes; "he used to eat dozens of them."

Aunt Phoebe remonstrated, "My dear, dozens?"

"Millions, then, Aunt Phoebe." Sue's eyes laughed down at the pale little aunt who was pouring tea. Aunt Phoebe had gray eyes and gray hair and wore gray dresses. She had beautiful rings and beautiful hands, and a beautiful complexion; but no one had ever looked at her when her sister, Paula, was about. To Aunt Phoebe her niece's modern methods of speech and manner were a constant source of agitation. Sue's "millions" rendered her speechless, so she went on silently pouring tea.

Yolanda was enchanted by her surroundings. "This house is much nicer than the one next door."

"Why?" Paula Gilman demanded.

"Oh, I like the flowers on the furniture and the green curtains. Everything over there is old. But Aunt

"Shall we know then whether we did it for the sake of our fighting men, or simply as another form of excitement? I serve sandwiches to the boys and I adore having them smile at me. I like my uniform, and looking like a Botticelli angel in it. But suppose the boys were sullen and flung their sandwiches back at me and I had to work in old clothes and didn't have time to curl my hair? We are all trying to live up to the Red Cross posters. And for the moment it suffices."

They had come to the edge of the bluff and were gazing out across the gray, ever-moving waters. Along the horizon was a band of gold, overhung by blue-black clouds. "There's wind in those clouds," Sue said. "We'd better be getting down."

Jacqueline did not speak for a moment. Then she said, "I like the wild wind. And when I am here with only the sea between us I seem nearer Kit."

Out of the ensuing silence, Sue said, "You women who have men over there are the happy ones. You are afraid you'll lose them, but it is better to have love and lose it, than not to have love at all—"

Jacqueline, pondering afterward on Sue's words, found herself wondering how it happened that Sue Gilman had no lover overseas. She was attractive, charming. Men must have cared a lot about her. It was strange that Christopher hadn't . . .

She stopped there, warm with the thought that of course Kit *couldn't*. He had been kept for her. From the beginning of the world. She was his and he was hers throughout eternity!

FIRST LOVE REMEMBERED

By BERNICE KENYON

Light words and few were all you said,
Then glanced at me and tossed your head
Half-smiling. Had you chanced to know
How far and swift those words would go
You had not smiled, but frowned instead.

For, ere you spoke, my thoughts had fled
To years long past—a garden red
With fallen roses, twilight low,
Light words and few;

And one whose very lightest tread
Rustled along the garden-row
Came close beside me, leaning so
Like you! . . . But she, my love, is dead;
And there is little need to dread
Light words and few!

Jack loves it," Yolanda stirred the whipped cream into her chocolate, took a long and foamy sip and elucidated, "She says she loves it because she loves Kit."

Jacqueline remonstrated, "My darling . . ." and they laughed at her blushes.

Sue laughed with them; but when she spoke there was an edge to her words. "Kit wasn't always so crazy about it. He got out as soon as he could. If he talks about it now he's sentimentalizing."

Paula Gilman glanced at her niece. So Sue was taking it hard? Well, the Gilman women had a way of losing the men they loved—Sue would have to take her turn at it.

It was getting late when Jacqueline rose. She had enjoyed her hour with them and told them so. "It has brought me nearer Kit."

Sue insisted on driving them home in her car. "I can learn where you live. I shall want to come to see you."

WHEN, a little later, the two girls parted, Jacqueline felt that she and Sue were friends. She did not know that Sue's friendship was founded on an almost morbid desire to hear Christopher talked about. Even if it hurt, she wanted to hear. He had written her a letter or two from France. But the letters had been brotherly, and he had talked about her aunts and her mother. She wondered what he said in his letters to Jacqueline.

Three days later she drove over and asked Jacqueline to help in the canteen. But Jacqueline couldn't. "I look after the house. Mary needs the war work to help keep her mind steady."

"Don't you need it?"

Jacqueline shook her head. "No, I'm not restless. I won't let myself think that anything can happen to Kit."

Sue's breath was short. "But if anything did happen?"

Jacqueline sat staring into the fire. "Kit would still be—mine."

They walked later on the bluff. It was a gray day and the wind buffeted them. Sue's veil was like a bright banner in the breeze. She talked of her work. "I wonder what we'll think of ourselves ten years hence," she said.

IN ALL the weeks since Joel had been in the hospital, there had been no letter from him.

Mary fretted: "He may be dead."

But Jacqueline was hopeful. "We'd have heard of it. Everybody is having trouble with overseas letters."

"You are not having trouble with yours, Jack. You hear from Christopher every day."

"Not every day, Mary."

"Oh, well, he writes every day, even if they arrive in batches."

When Christmas was at hand, the cloud of Joel's silence still hung over the house. Mary went around hollow-eyed and unhappy. But when she talked to the children of Daddy there was no hint of her unrest. "I won't have their lives shadowed, Jack. This war is dreadful enough without letting it leave its mark on my babies."

But Yolanda had her own point of view of the war and expressed it. "If I were God I'd stop it."

"Men must stop it," Jacqueline told her.

"Then why don't they?"

Jacqueline's and Mary's eyes met: "Why?"

"I stopped two dogs fighting yesterday," Yolanda stated with a sort of superior calmness. "I threw a dipper of water over them . . ." Her tone indicated that somebody might, by a similar simple expedient, stop the war.

There was to be a party for the children on Christmas Eve. Nothing elaborate, just thin bread and butter and hot chocolate and the little jam tarts which Hannah made to perfection.

Jacqueline wore her blue taffeta; and Patsy was enchanting in an above-the-knees frock of apple-green, with her bronze mop tied up with a green ribbon.

Yolanda, thin and long-legged, voiced her discontent. "I wish I was pretty like Aunt Jack."

Her mother said, "You should have seen Aunt Jack at your age."

"Wasn't she pretty?"

"Not very. She has all eyes like the wolf in Red Riding Hood."

Patsy, always ready to improvise, took up the theme, "An' Red Riding Hood said, 'Oh, Grandmother, what big eyes you have'; and the wolf winked at her and said, 'The better to see you, my dear!'"

Yolanda remonstrated, "He didn't wink."

"Aunt Jack said he did, didn't you, Aunt Jack?"

Jacqueline admitted it: "It's such a gruesome tale, that I tried to soften it."

"What's 'gruesome'?" Yolanda demanded.

The two women knew what gruesome was—war was gruesome. But Jacqueline said, "Oh, tragic things, like wolves eating up little girls and their grandmothers."

"But he *didn't* eat them up," Patsy triumphed; "the woodman came, and he said, 'You're a naughty wolf, and just for that you'll have to go without your supper!'"

"Patsy!"

"So he didn't eat Red Riding Hood, an' he didn't eat her grandmother," Patsy further elucidated, "an' he was put to bed with bread an' milk, an'—"

She was cut short in her rapturous tale by the arrival of the party. There were a dozen or more of the neighborhood children, and some of their mothers came with them. Most of the women had husbands overseas; and a few of them were disillusioned. [Turn to page 36]

WILD WIND

[Continued from page 35]

And it was after the children had had their supper and were playing games that one of the mothers said to Mary. "When did you hear from Joel?"

And Mary said, "Not since the first letter from the hospital. I don't know what to think of it. He may be much worse, or dead—" her cheeks were blanched by the thought.

The other woman shrugged her shoulders. "I wouldn't be worried about that. There's probably a pretty nurse in the ward. And you are a thousand miles away."

Mary seemed to freeze. "Joel isn't—like that."

"How do you know? The war changes men. And I wouldn't trust the best of them."

Yolanda had come up and stood leaning against her mother. "I should think it would be nice for Daddy to have a pretty nurse. He likes pretty people, doesn't he, Mother?"

There was a dead silence, a stillness on Mary's face, a flutter in Jacqueline's throat, a flush on the cheek of the other woman. Then Jacqueline said, "Come on, Yolanda, we'll all play London Bridge. And you and I will hold up our hands for the children to march under."

So presently she and Yolanda were making an arch of their white arms, and marching beneath it went the singing children: "London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down—"

Jacqueline sang with the rest of them, but all the time her heart was like lead. She knew that more than London Bridge was falling down. The world was falling—when women ceased to trust their men, there came chaos.

That night after their guests had gone and the children were in their little beds, Mary came into her sister's room. "I can't sleep, Jack," she said.

Jacqueline knew why Mary couldn't sleep. "My dear and my darling," she said, "lie down beside me and we'll talk about it."

But Mary couldn't talk. She sobbed and sobbed. "I mustn't think it of Joel. But it keeps coming into my mind."

"Joel loves you, Mary. You know that?"

"Yes."

"Then trust him."

"But you heard what she said?"

"Yes. It was a dreadful thing to say. Things like that are worse than—murder."

"But war makes men different. And some of them have lost their heads."

"Not Joel."

"Suppose you hadn't heard from Christopher. Not for weeks and weeks."

Jacqueline flamed. "When the time comes when I can't believe in Christopher. I won't believe in—God!"

Mary's voice was shocked. "Jacqueline!"

And now it was Jacqueline who was sobbing. "I didn't mean it the way it sounded. I was only trying to say that Christopher—couldn't."

They clung together, and presently Mary said, "I'd rather hear that Joel was dead."

"Any woman would."

They lay for a long time in silence, appalled by the visions they had conjured up. Of Joel dead, of Christopher dead, of Joel and Christopher proving unfaithful to their high trust in matters of love and constancy.

THE days that followed were desperate days. In January there was influenza. Mary had it and Yolanda, and little Patsy, Jacqueline worked like an automaton, nursing Mary, nursing Yolanda, nursing Patsy.

The neighbors were wonderful. They came in and helped. They brought soups and jellies and made beds and swept rooms, and insisted that Jacqueline and tired old Hannah should rest and relax. There were no nurses to be had for any money. They were all overseas or in the camps, or tied up in hospitals in cities.

The neighbor who did the most in heavy ways and hard ways was the one who had said the dreadful things to Mary on the night of the Christmas party. She was in black. Her husband was dead. And she had told Mary when she first came over, "My dear, I've never forgiven myself for the things I said that night. And I have had my punishment. I had a letter from my husband, written just before he went—West. All the time I had been thinking bitter thoughts, he had been loving me. Yet out of my bitterness, I had tried to make you, too, unhappy."

Mary reached out a hand to her. "He knows now that you love him."

"Do you really believe that? That he knows?"

"My dear, we must believe it."

On the morning little Patsy died, it was Sue who held Jacqueline in her arms. "This is a dreadful world," she said; "but we've got to make the best of it." The Gilmans had had to.

"If only Kit were here—"

Sue's arms loosened. "If he were here you wouldn't want me."

"I should want both of you."

"No. He would be enough."

It was Sue who took Yolanda home with her and kept her through all the tragic days of the funeral, and who thought of everything.

Mary, speaking of her to Jacqueline said, "She seems to adore you, Jack."

"She's a darling."

And neither of them knew that it was Christopher that Sue was adoring and that she loved Jacqueline as it were, by proxy.



In February, however, Sue was called to Washington. The National Red Cross knew her work and needed her. She said she would write often and she did, but Jacqueline missed her vivid presence and was often lonely without her.

In May, too, Mary went back to her surgical dressings. Now and then Jacqueline would go down to the rooms and help a bit. The women in their white veils showed resolute faces. They were being trained in fortitude and were trying to measure up to their men. To Jacqueline, looking on, it seemed as if Mary and the other women were, in these days, like abbesses in convents, or vestals serving at a sacred altar.

Yet, quite strangely, it was not from these exalted women that Jacqueline got strength to go on, but from Hannah.

Hannah was a native of the old town. She looked like a Cruikshank drawing—as grotesque, just as unbelievable. She always wore a bonnet, even when she worked; and the bonnet had a feather in it and strings that tied under her chin. Her dresses were long, in the late Victorian fashion, and swept the ground in the back. She pinned up her skirts with safety pins, and achieved thereby something of the general outline of Little Buttercup in *Pinafore*.

Hannah was a famous cook, and the history of her acquirement of the art was not uninteresting. "Where did you learn it?" Jacqueline had demanded when she first came to them.

"Well, our men, Miss Jack, have always followed the sea. And my grandfather was a ship's cook. Nothing fancy about it in those days. But the next generation had to do better, and the next. I learned what my father had to teach me and my grandfather, and then I went and married a French chef."

She was peeling onions, and she laid down the knife to go on with her story. "He and my father met on the docks, and he came home to learn my father's way of making chowder. And there I was in a pink dress and a hat like a pink plate."

Jacqueline had a stabbing realization of the awfulness of change. Once Hannah had been a girl in a pink dress and a hat with roses. And now what had that girl to do with the old woman peeling onions in an awful bonnet?

But Hannah had, evidently, no melancholy reaction to her own story. "We lived happy," she said, "and I miss him. He taught me nice manners, and he always wanted me to dress like a lady. People around here laugh at the way I dress. But he liked it."

She went on cutting vegetables for soup. She was serene in her memories. She cared nothing of what the world thought of her. Her own world was in her heart.

When Patsy died, it was Hannah more than any other who knew what to do with Yolanda. For Yolanda would not let anyone talk to her of Patsy in Heaven.

"I want her here, Aunt Jack," she would say, with her eyes streaming; "and I think God is dreadful."

And Jacqueline and Mary were helpless before her. But old Hannah was not helpless. "You come on down in the kitchen, honey, and watch me do my baking."

And Yolanda went, and old Hannah gave her some dough, and showed her how to make jam tarts, and while the child worked, the old woman talked to her. "You make a nice jam tart for your mother," she said, "and don't talk about Heaven and God."

And when they had finished the jam tarts, they made cookies with raisins in them and nuts, and Hannah told Yolanda stories of the sea and ships, and the things she told had to do with a race of men who fought the elements—the rain, the wind and the stormy waters, and who took life as it came to them, getting something of fun and flavor out of the hardness, and holding on to a sort of rough idealism in the midst of it. And Yolanda listened, and found in the wise old woman a quality of candor which suited her own straight thinking.

"I love Hannah," she said that night when her mother was eating the jam tarts; "I am going to have her for a friend."

And Mary said to Jacqueline, later, when they were alone, "How can she stand the bonnet?"

And Jacqueline said, "She sees beyond the bonnet."

BUT even Hannah couldn't always cope with Yolanda, and as the days went on, she shot up straight and tall, and in June she was ten, and she had a will stronger than her mother's. And one morning when Yolanda had worn Mary out with arguments, Jacqueline said, "She needs her father." And Mary said, "We all need him," and laid her head on the table and sobbed as if her heart would break.

In June the roses climbed down over the sea-wall till they almost touched the blue, and the wind blew soft on the bluff. And Mary, sitting out amid the checkered shadows of a trellised arbor with Joey at her feet, had a face like the Mother of Sorrows.

And Jacqueline, her heart torn by it all, wrote to Christopher: "The war has made the world over. And it's not as nice as it used to be. Perhaps I've been made over, too, Kit, and you won't like me as well when you come back. Do you love me because of my butterfly wings and my dancing feet? Because if you do, my wings are broken and you should see my shoes!"

That letter was not sent, however. She tore it up and wrote another. And the second was serene and cheerful and all that a letter should be that one sent to a over in the wars. And Kit, reading between the lines, guessed the truth. "She's lying and she doesn't know it."

And he lay that night with the letter under his cheek, for he knew that he might never have another, nor indeed another night of sleep—for the gray sharks were prowling, and before tomorrow morning he might be at the bottom of the sea.

So the summer passed and September came; and it seemed as if Joel must be dead. They never spoke of him as dead to Yolanda, however; and the child talked of his coming. "Will he have all of his medals. Aunt Jack?"

"Yes, dearest."

"Will there be a lot of them?"

"I am sure there will."

When Yolanda had gone away, satisfied, Mary said, "How can I ever tell her?"

"Tell her what?"

"That he isn't coming—"

"Oh, but you don't know that, Mary."

"I do know, Jack—" there was despair in Mary's voice. "I know that if he were alive he would have written."

October had a golden beginning, with sunshine and warmth and a shining sea. One morning Mary got up early and went downstairs and opened the front door. The fresh sweet air blew in, the red leaves from the maples in the yard flew all about her like little crimson birds, and the sky was a shimmering spread of amber silk.

But Mary, looking out, saw nothing of the morning's beauty. She saw only that winter was at hand. "How can I bear it?" she said in her heart, and went through the darkened house to the kitchen. [Turn to page 46]

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Eye-strain is probably the greatest of all wrinkle formers on otherwise classical brows

FOREHEADS ARE LOOKING UP

By HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

FOREHEADS are here! For a long time we kept them concealed—that is, most of us did. The gay young things, however, decided, a season or so ago, that they liked their neo-classic brows and were determined to show them. Whether the 'teenagers were responsible or not, it's an accepted fact now that if you have an interesting forehead you must show it. With the new importance of foreheads we're discovering new potentialities for beauty and distinction.

To change that sculptured hair line above the eyes means changing your style of hairdressing. Though it may be hard to shift the parting and the wave, or alter the cut of the hair about the face, scalp experts tell us it's a good thing to do occasionally. When we keep a part in one place too long the hair there has a tendency to get thin and poor. Perhaps the best way to cultivate an open brow is to dress your hair a little higher on the forehead each day, watching the hair line carefully so that it never gets that strained look.

Perhaps you'll find that your forehead isn't quite the smooth classic brow you thought it was. Tiny up-and-down lines *will* form between the eyes, and horizontal traceries above them. Just treating the texture of the skin with creams and gentle massage isn't enough, though it does help to eradicate these lines. Usually there's a more deeply-seated cause for them. Here are some common ones: wearing too-tight garments or poorly fitted shoes that pinch; maintaining bad posture; neglecting inner bodily disturbances—especially around the digestive regions—that cause headaches (from little headaches great wrinkles grow!); wearing eyeglasses too tight on the nose; improperly fitted lenses or lenses not adjusted to changes of vision. All these things may make furrows in brows that were once smooth and unlined.

PERHAPS eye-strain is the greatest of line-formers. Our eyes need care for beauty as well as health these days. A good eyewash used daily helps to prevent infection and keeps eyes bright and clear. More than one expert in the lore of beauty care has emphasized the importance of eyes.

One woman, in fact, stressed youthful eyes as dominant in facial loveliness and built her whole career on their care and beautification. She and many others recognize the importance of eye exercises. They are almost essential for girls engaged in close work. To rest your eyes, take your gaze from the books or papers in front of you and look far, far into the distance. Even if the view from your window is only blank walls, think of green landscapes, of ships on the horizon at sea. Let your eyes "stretch" just as you stretch your

muscles when you've been sitting in a cramped position. And before you get up in the morning, give your eyes a sort of "setting up" exercise—let them wander all over the room: to far corners, back again, round, and up and down.

A capricious Nature, doling out features to a beauty-hungry world of women, has not, alas, given each one of us a pair of beautiful, expressive eyes. But I'm sure that, so far as expression is concerned, we can get even with Nature by cultivating depth of interest in our glances. Remember that eyes that are *uninterested* are usually *uninteresting*. There are certain women who can go through life looking at things through languorous, half-closed lids. But they are so few compared to the rest of us who, endowed with quite ordinary eyes, must make the most of them. As a rule, if your eyes are dull, your whole facial expression lacks vitality. And—to return to foreheads—you can't, with dull eyes, expect

to make that lovely upper portion of your face a means of distinction.

Accenting the eyes with a little make-up often adds to their charm, but it shouldn't be used unnecessarily, nor should it be used too plentifully. Too much makes your eyes seem hard and stagey, and makes your face seem very unreal.

The simplest trick for most of us is to keep the lids from acquiring that wrinkled, dry look that is one of the minor signs of age. A tiny bit of cream applied the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning makes the lids supple and smooth and keeps eyelashes and brows nice and glossy. Everyone should have an eyebrow brush to brush the lashes and brows smooth after powdering. If your brows, like Topsy, "just growed," pluck the straying hairs carefully with quick, sharp movements of a good pair of tweezers. Avoid the old-fashioned hair-line brow so popular some years ago. Whenever I see brows plucked to a thin arched line, I think of the faces we used to paint as children on Easter eggs: the brows were always the same, always arched and fine drawn. This fashion may suit a few doll-like types, but it makes most faces look inane and expressionless. When brows and lashes are too light they may be accented with the eyebrow pencil and mascara. Mascara may now be obtained in metal boxes, which, the makers say, may be carried conveniently like a compact. Eye make-up needs such exquisite care in application that I shudder at the prospect of mascara applied on the street much as you'd hastily dab your nose with powder. It seems to me that it's one of the things that belongs to the dressing table, where the light is right and where one can repair the damage if one has not put it on correctly.

WHEN the forehead seems dark and sallow, with a tendency to show lines, simple home massage treatments help to bring your brow back to a classic smoothness. (Of course, don't forget to remedy first those obscure bodily causes of frown lines)

I mentioned in the first part of my article.) There are mild bleaching agents for whitening; soothing pads with masks; and pressure with palms or finger tips will tend to coax the lines away. This pressure should be of a feather-weight lightness, and should be in accordance with directions given by the maker of whatever massage cream you elect to use.

Sometimes face powder, instead of making the forehead look smoother and less wrinkled, only seems to deepen the effect of the

[Turn to page 45]



Foreheads reveal new beauty and distinction



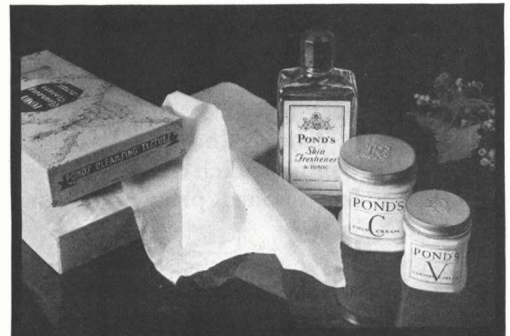
MRS.
JOHN DAVIS LODGE

Sargent might have painted her, a "symphony in black and gold" . . . Mrs. John Davis Lodge, romantically lovely in her Chéruit gown, with starry wide dark eyes, hair golden as Melisande's, skin warmly tinted as a tea-rose.

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Does your City Buy Enough Health?

Does your city pay enough to get a competent man to accept the vitally important post of full-time Health Officer? Is your Health Department on duty all day and every day? Can you protect your own health and that of your family in a city which buys only part-time health-protection for its citizens?



HEALTH records show that cities which have able Health Departments and able Health Officers, and that counties with adequate health units, have lowered their deathrates and saved millions of dollars in reducing costs attendant upon unnecessary illness.

Does your own city employ the available scientific methods of preventing the spread of communicable diseases?

Does it inspect and protect milk, regulate health conditions in schools and factories? Does it support health centers which demonstrate educational measures for disease prevention and personal hygiene?

If you live in a city which does not have the full benefit of all modern precautions, you can do a great service by finding out all that should be done and bringing such influence to bear as is necessary to make health conditions in your city what they ought to be.

Your Board of Health and your Health Commissioner may need additional ordinances and appropriations in order to expand their work. Remember—they cannot work without tools! Back them up.

* * * *

A digest of an Annual Report of the Board of Health in a city of 31,000 inhabitants which has an enviable health record will be sent to you without charge. With the report also will be sent a complete set of the Health Ordinances which should be in force in every properly governed city. Address Booklet Dept. 230-M.

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



WHEN WOMEN TURN THUMBS DOWN

IN THE day dreams of nearly every young girl, the perfect picture of social success is that of Cinderella at the Ball. Meaning that she shall have partners wherever she goes and that the Prince whom she marries amidst the rejoicings of his people, shall be the ideal husband of her choice.

The subject of this article, therefore, is to act as lantern-bearer to point out the wrong turnings from the road to success.

Being continually surrounded by a circle of admiring boys or men is no sign of a girl's success; it is merely one of the signs. The girl who has real "come-hither" plus other qualities of character and charm will not only attract the devotion of boys, but the loyalty of girls as well. The belle who is wise as well as pretty knows that in proportion to her popularity with boys, she must win at least the good opinion of the girls.

In fact, it is safe to say that there is something radically lacking in the character of a girl whom the majority of other girls dislike. If two girls are in love with the same man, the one he prefers is naturally the object of the other's jealousy. But an instance such as this is not the cause of unpopularity in general, unless the first girl has, with deliberate malice, stolen the affections of the fiancé—or possibly the husband—of the second one.

In any community, the girl, or woman of any age, who disturbs the tranquillity of homes, who breaks up engagements, or who is out for scalps never lasts long socially, nor goes far. If one girl plays another girl a really shabby trick, perhaps a few others to whom she tells her side of the story will believe her and stand up for her. But let her repeat the offense in another instance, and thereby prove that the first instance was a discreditable truth, and every girl and woman in the community will turn thumbs down. And when women do that, the boys and men have an inexplicable inclination to do the same.

If it is true that you do like boys and don't like girls—much—you may

as well accept the fact. But don't boast of it as though it were an achievement.

The best thing is to put it aside with whatever other idiosyncrasies of character you are trying to overcome. The mistake is not so much in liking the companionship of boys better than that of girls, but in boasting of boredom when compelled to be with girls alone—as though it were an *asset*! The girl who tells other girls that she understands men—implying that the others, poor things, are lacking in sense as well as charm, is not instilling feelings of envy and admiration in the hearts of her hearers but of resentment against her stupidity, and contempt for her conceit.

The "like-men-better" girls who come within seeing distance of success have recognized the necessity for counteracting, *not* accentuating, this handicap. The girl who really has a capacity for friendship with men rarely boasts of it. It consists generally in an impersonal and understanding outlook, a similarity of interests or occupations such as a talent for games or sport, or possibly for business or a profession, and in any case a greater talent still for *fairness*.

If one were to give the recipe for the certainty of social failure, it would be the attempt to hold the interest of any man worth holding, by any behavior unbecoming to the true ideal of womanhood; behavior, in other words, that includes promiscuously being kissed and hugged and mauled about and spoiled and soiled like all the other "slightly handled" articles thrown, for that reason, on a bargain counter.

And yet, I feel quite certain that as I write "petting parties are *not* included in the behavior of any girls of outstanding social success" some of my readers are declaring, "Poor mid-Victorian Mrs. Post, she is as out of date as her grandmother on the behavior permitted the younger generation." So I can only repeat with still greater emphasis that the leaders and belles of today's smartest and

[Continued on page 45]

The Great American Breakfast for Sustained Energy All Morning Long

Food energy — not nervous energy — should carry you through the modern high-tension mornings, say nutritionists. They urge the necessity of the right kind of a breakfast to supply sustained energy



Quaker Oats enthusiasts all—Miss Chapman, Mrs. Gaffney and Mrs. Murphy, a trio of enthusiastic ski jumpers.



Charles Postl, health builder of Chicago's leading business executives, advises W. H. Taylor on the value of the right kind of a breakfast. "I do not know a better health breakfast than Quaker Oats," says Mr. Postl.

MORNING energy runs the world! Two-thirds of all the important decisions made in business—70% of the day's work in homes, schools and offices—falls in the morning hours.

Nation-wide surveys discovered these facts. They discovered, too, that inadequate breakfasts can be a serious handicap in the race for success. That men in business—children in school—often fail to realize their best possibilities... because of lack of the right kind of a breakfast.

For better nutrition, for energy that lasts all morning long, nutritionists recommend one breakfast above all others, hot rolled oats. Quaker Oats is 16% protein... the protective element in foods that repairs worn-out nerve and muscle tissues. 65% is energy food. There's abundant vitamin B—rich minerals to build good blood, strong bones. Plus the roughage that makes laxatives unnecessary. No other cereal surpasses Quaker in its splendid food balance.

Cooks done in 2½ minutes

Quick Quaker is the supreme fast cooking oat. 2½ minutes from the time the water boils, Quick Quaker is deliciously done, ready to eat. This is because the exclusive Quaker process roasts the choice whole oats in their jackets to a wonderful nut-sweet flavor. This



Miss Isabella F. Henderson, Secretary of the Railroad Cooperative Building Loan Association of New York City, believes that a proper hot breakfast is the first step to success. She is a Quaker Oats enthusiast.



pre-cooking makes long home cooking unnecessary. And gives Quaker that rich, zestful savoriness no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Start tomorrow morning with Quaker Oats. Your grocer has both the Regular Quaker and the Quick Quaker, which cooks in 2½ minutes. Remember—in addition to the famous Quaker Oats flavor, that the Quaker Oats package gives you one-third more oats than many substitutes. Look at the weight on the box.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Unsurpassed in nutrition qualities

- 1 "Most nutritious" of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.
- 2 **Fastest** of all quick cooking oats. 2½ minutes to cook!
- 3 **Health qualities unsurpassed**—16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—more abundant vitamin B to protect health.
- 4 **Richer flavor.** Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Quaker Oats... two kinds... at your grocer's



Fondue is another of those obliging foods which look elaborate and aren't. It has many delightful variations.

ANYONE CAN MAKE FONDUES

By ALICE M. CHILD

Division of Home Economics, University of Minnesota

The methods described in this article are the result of experiments carried on by Miss Child at the University of Minnesota Experiment Station at University Farm, St. Paul.

—The Editor

FONDUE is a perfect dish for luncheon or supper, for it contains real foods—always milk, eggs and butter—and, in addition, cheese or a vegetable, a fruit or a meat. It makes a nourishing "one-dish" main course, and it is a practical extender of left-over foods.

A well-made fondue appeals to the most capricious appetite. It is that unusual thing—a light, dainty and novel food which is, at the same time, wholesome.

A fondue differs from a soufflé in that bread crumbs or small pieces of bread are added. In our investigation we have found that small cubes of bread make a better fondue than the bread crumbs.

Cheese fondue is the most common variety, but with a basic recipe you can easily make other variations. A fish or a vegetable fondue is delicious and a sweet fondue makes an excellent dessert.

Foundation Recipe for Fondue

1 tablespoon butter	1 cup milk
2 eggs	1 cup bread (small pieces)
½ teaspoon salt	

Scald milk in double boiler; add bread, butter, well-beaten egg yolks and salt. Cook slowly until eggs thicken. Cool for 5 or 10 minutes and then fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into greased baking dish or individual cups. Set in pan of hot water (to the depth of the food in baking dish) and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 40 minutes. Test by inserting sharp knife in center—it will come out clean when done. Serve immediately. (If baked in individual cups, bake for a shorter period—20 to 25 minutes.)

One egg may be omitted in this recipe and ½ teaspoon baking powder added. This recipe makes 5 servings.

Variations

Cheese Fondue—To the foundation recipe add 1 cup grated cheese after the egg yolks are added. Cook slowly until cheese is melted and the eggs are thickened.

Vegetable Fondue—Add 1½ cups finely-chopped cooked spinach or carrots (chopped fine or diced in very small pieces) or other vegetable just before the egg whites are added. If

corn is used it need not be chopped. All vegetables should be as dry as possible as too much liquid will tend to make the fondue soggy.

Fish Fondue—Add 1½ cups cooked codfish just before the egg whites are added. Salmon, lobster, or any other cooked fish may be used, but do not shred it into very fine pieces.

Ham Fondue—Add 1½ cups ground cooked ham just before the egg whites are added.

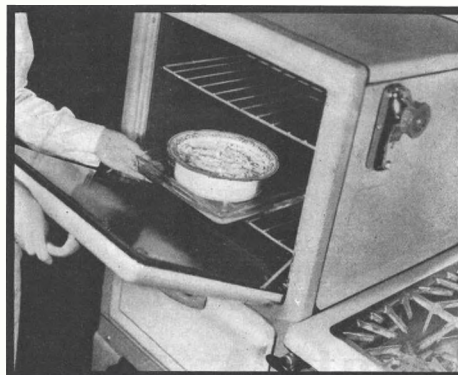
Chocolate Fondue—Add 1/3 cup sugar and 2 squares chocolate, melted over hot water, just after the egg yolks are added.

Date Fondue—Add ½ cup sugar after the egg yolks are added, and 1 cup finely-cut dates just before the egg whites are added.

Chocolate or Date Fondue may be served with hard sauce, with cream (plain or whipped), or with one of the following pudding sauces:

Marshmallow Sauce

1 cup milk	2 egg yolks
10 marshmallows	½ teaspoon salt
1 egg white, stiffly-beaten	



Baking is hastened if hot water surrounds dish

Scald milk in double boiler with marshmallows. Pour over slightly-beaten egg yolks to which salt has been added. Return to double boiler and cook slowly stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Remove from fire, fold in stiffly-beaten egg white and cool. Serve very cold.

Foamy Sauce

½ cup butter	1 egg white
1 cup confectioners' sugar	8 tablespoons hot water
	1½ teaspoons vanilla

Cream the butter and gradually add the sugar. Beat in vanilla and just before serving add boiling water and stiffly-beaten egg white. Beat mixture until foamy.

With a cheese or fish fondue for luncheon or supper, serve a crisp salad—such as cabbage, endive, lettuce, or watercress—whole wheat muffins, marmalade and cocoa. With a vegetable fondue, serve a fruit salad, hot biscuits and tea or coffee.

For dinner try a meat fondue with savory stewed tomatoes, celery hearts, hot biscuits, orange jelly with custard sauce, and coffee. Or serve a light vegetable soup before the fondue, if you want the meal to be a little more elaborate.

It may be interesting to know that fondue is of Swiss origin, and in its original form it was a highly-seasoned melted cheese dish. Brillat-Savarin, in his book, *The Physiology of Taste*, describes the Swiss fondue as a "wholesome, savoury and appetizing dish, quickly got ready, and, therefore, always fit to be placed before the unexpected guest."

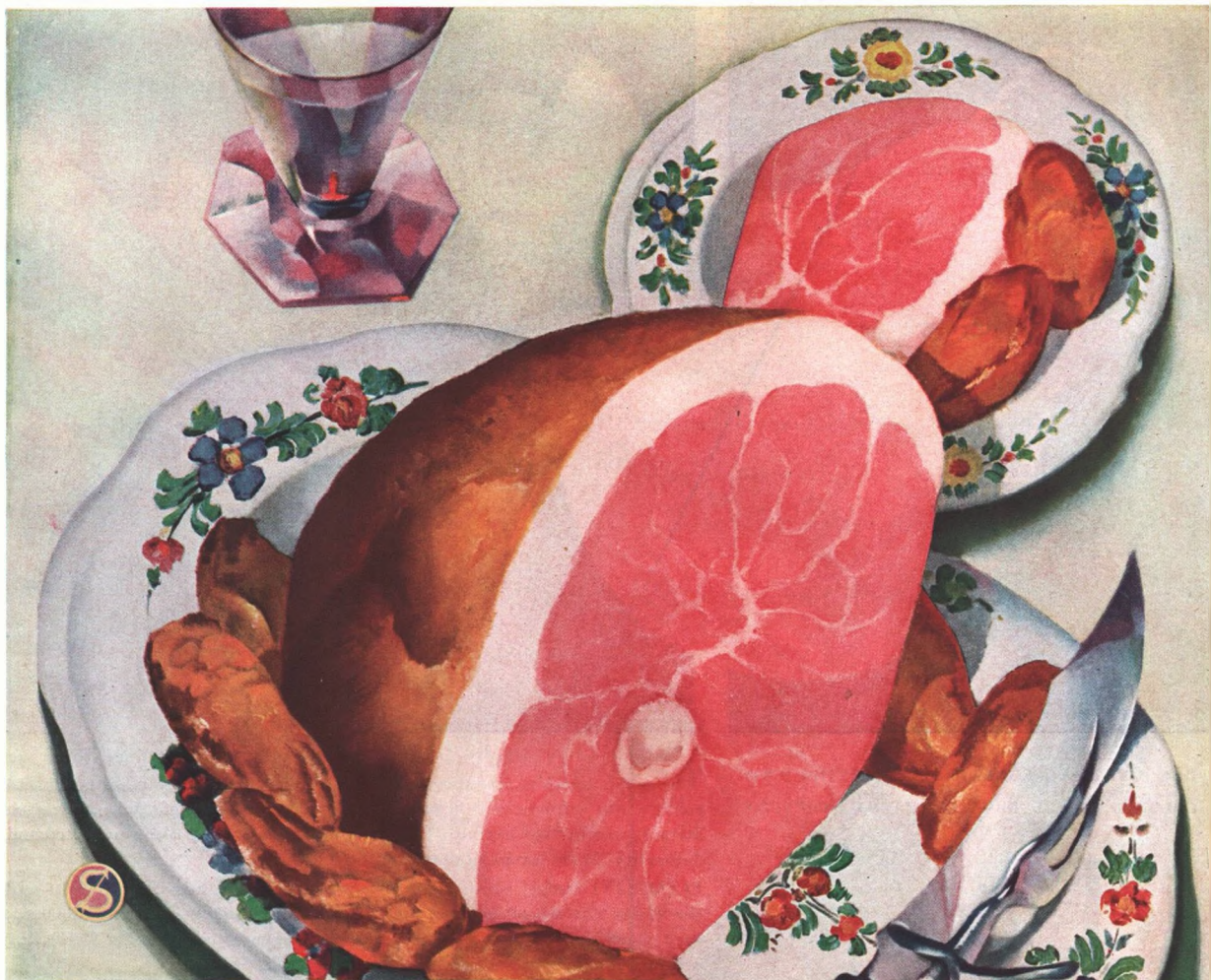
This type of fondue is more easily prepared than the baked fondue, and is popular as a chafing dish delicacy.

Swiss Fondue

6 eggs	4 tablespoons butter
1 cup grated Gruyere cheese	Salt
	Pepper

Break the eggs into a saucepan and beat well. Add the cheese and butter. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until the cheese is melted and the mixture is thick and smooth as heavy cream. (It is important to stop cooking the fondue when the cheese is sufficiently creamy, as too long cooking will tend to make it tough.) Add salt to taste and season well with pepper. Serve immediately on slices of hot buttered toast. American cheese can be used, if preferred; or ¼ cup tomato soup add the cheese.

Swift's Premium Ham... Mild



YES, it is famous for its mildness—but not for that alone. Swift's Premium Ham is famous, too, for its tenderness; for its delicacy; and for that uniform richness of flavor which only the Premium cure can give.

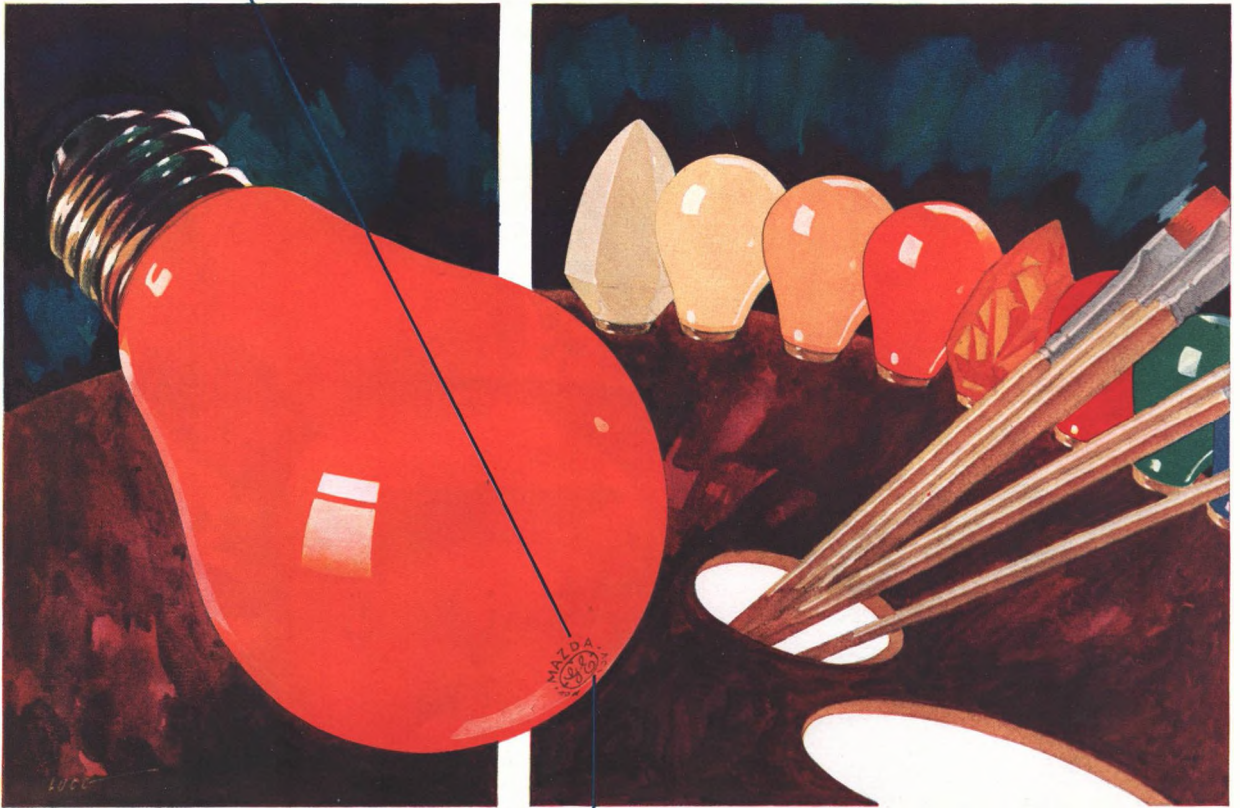
Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM!
The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.



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USE GENERAL ELECTRIC FLAMETINT AND
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with Light



The magic brush of the theatre is light. Use it freely in your own home to achieve the softness and beauty which make the Land of Make-Believe so attractive from "out in front." Ask your dealer in General Electric colored and decorative Mazda lamps to show you the following:

FLAMETINT lamps, whose mellow glow makes you think of candlelight and the ruddy warmth of an open fire. No living room really lives until its deep, easy chairs and cushion-piled couches are supplemented with the beckoning comfort of flametint. Paint with them for better living.

DECORATIVE LAMPS to give the final touch to modern decoration. Smart as Paris. New as tomorrow's sunshine. Unusual as an illustration by Erté. Every woman will think instantly of a dozen places to use them effectively because they are as beautiful unlighted as lighted.

COLOR LAMPS in a complete symphony of beauty—from the muted tone of pale ivory to the lusty notes of red and green suggestive of cheerfully painted breakfast rooms and gaily cretonned sun-rooms.

EXPENSIVE? Only a few cents more in most cases over the price you ordinarily pay for the famous standard line of inside-frosted Mazda lamps which fill so many of your lighting needs. Inexpensive to burn as well. And remember, they come in the familiar blue carton. National Lamp Works of General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA  LAMPS

FOREHEADS ARE LOOKING UP

[Continued from page 38]



Avoid the old-fashioned hair-line brow

lines. If this happens, try using a liquid powder for a change. The latest type is one that is actually a finish to the skin. It comes in tones to match all complexions and blends nicely with the skin texture itself.

Foreheads often have a habit of attracting pimples or other irritated conditions. Curiously enough, these have been known to clear up occasionally when the hair is swept off the face and the brows are exposed. Hair collects dust and germs because it cannot be shampooed as often as our faces are cleansed. So when there is an abrasion in the skin an irritated forehead results. The blemishes must be cleared away before the forehead may be considered a real asset to the face. Serious eruptions must be remedied by a physician. Only a scientist who has studied the care and treatment of skin and hair should prescribe for persistent pimples or other blemishes. The modern dermatologist is qualified by special training to correct most skin disorders.

The first time you study this brow of yours, you may say to yourself, "Oh, dear—it just makes me look older to wear my hair off my forehead!" Obviously this point is not important when one is seventeen, but it's disturbing at forty-seven. Many women are deciding that true distinction is more important than keeping a sort of fluffy youthful look well into the fifties and sixties. Distinction is the smart thing to attain. If your profile is more interesting when your hair is worn off the forehead, if it gives you that carved-out-of-marble look, at least try it. The courage to look distinguished rather than merely pretty is modern.

There are lots of things besides foreheads that lend distinction in unexpected ways. If you are puzzled about how to bring out your good points, let us help you. It is the aim of the foremost experts in beauty care these days to show women exactly how they can solve problems of beauty and good grooming at home.

WHEN WOMEN TURN THUMBS DOWN

[Continued from page 40]

youngest New Yorkers do *not* indulge in petting parties.

Neither of the two debutantes of this season, that everyone seems to agree are the greatest success known in New York for many years, has ever tasted anything to drink, neither of them uses powder or lipstick, neither of them uses profanity nor revels in conversations about sex. Neither of them "pet" nor do anything else that they need ever in future be ashamed of. Both are pretty and clever and full of charm. Prettiness that includes chic; cleverness that is up-to-date; charm that bubbles irresistibly whether among boys or girls, or among the supposedly dampening older friends of their families. Between them and the rest of their group, which is composed of other girls much like themselves, they have divided the attentions of about every eligible man in New York—one test of a debutante's popularity.

On the other hand I can name several of a quite contrary description who in a general way might be included in the very elastic enclosure of New York Society. These girls might possibly serve as models for the irresponsible young people in fiction. It is said that they "corner squeeze," that they drink champagne and cocktails, and that they do their best to create the impression that girls of highest society do not behave very well. How much of this is true, I do not know.

One other turning which leads away from success is the belief that social position may be acquired through the friendship of a man alone. A man may quite properly ask his mother or his sister, or a married woman friend to invite a girl whom he admires to her house. Then it is quite probable that the mother, or the friend, liking the girl for herself, will introduce her to her friends and in this way, launch her. Position acquired through a man alone is so uncertain, that even the bride of a young man of fashion in New York may easily find herself with no change in social position from that which she had before her marriage. Only if his family has a strongly entrenched position, or if he has many devoted friends, is she welcomed at once by the circle into which her marriage has brought her. In small communities it is, of course, much simpler. When a young man brings his bride home, she is given a place among his friends and neighbors without further ado; and she has the opportunity to make a place for herself almost immediately.

In any event, whether a girl is a debutante or a bride or a newcomer in the community, her social success—meaning popularity or admiration, or importance of position, or whatever it may comprise—depends always and solely upon the question as to whether other women turn their thumbs up or down in approval or disapproval.

"They?"

That looks like one bar of soap to me"

OF COURSE it looks like one bar of soap. But there's more in Fels-Naptha than meets the eye. Two helpers in a single bar—soap and naptha—the "they" that gives you *extra* help.

Prove it for yourself. Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha. You see soap—good golden soap. Now smell, please. Note the naptha—plenty of it.

Naptha has a wonderful way of coaxing dirt loose from clothes. And the soap combined with it does the rest. With these two cleaners working together, grime and grease haven't a chance! Your clothes go to the line clean and sparkling white.

Fels-Naptha is gentle to clothes and hands. And it works well under any conditions. Use washing machine or tub; use hot, lukewarm or cool water; soak or boil the clothes



—Fels-Naptha will always give *extra* help.

Fels-Naptha is useful between washdays, too. Dishes, windows, woodwork—there isn't a soap-and-water task that can't be done with less work with Fels-Naptha.

That's a big statement. But Fels-Naptha is waiting at your grocer's to back up every word of it. Order a few bars today—or ask for the convenient 10-bar carton. Try Fels-Naptha! See how much extra help "they" can bring you!

FREE

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. M.C.C.-2-30

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If You Should Take a Boat and Sail around the World...

... there would be no large city you would touch where you could not purchase Elizabeth Arden Preparations.

As light spreads over dawn, so Elizabeth Arden has spread over the civilized world. Miss Arden has created internationalism in beauty. In Holland, in Japan, in Egypt, in Spain—everywhere—are lovely women with the "Arden look."

Have you ever thought of why you see fifty attractive looking women today where, twenty years ago, you saw but one?

For this reason. When Elizabeth Arden entered the profession of Beauty, she lifted it with her vision, her passionate impatience with imperfection, out of haphazard guessing into sincerity and science.

When you buy Elizabeth Arden Preparations, you are buying integrity—the incorruptible sincerity of a woman who has refused repeatedly, in spite of great inducements, to sell her name—for fear that this high quality which she has maintained from the beginning, might be lowered, and thus she would betray the trust of millions of women all over the world, who, through experience, have learned to identify Elizabeth Arden with honor and high attainment.

*Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale
at the smartest shops in all cities of the world*

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face, as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

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VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC
Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

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A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. \$1, \$2.50, \$4.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT
For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. \$2.25, \$4.

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A pure, vaguely scented powder made for those who demand the extreme of quality. In twelve lovely shades. \$3.

Ask for Elizabeth Arden's books, "The Quest of the Beautiful," and "Your Masterpiece—Yourself" which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home.

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© Elizabeth Arden, 1930

WILD WIND

[Continued from page 36]

and began to slice bread for toast, for Hannah did not come until nine, and Mary always got the breakfast while Jacqueline bathed the baby.

And when Mary had sliced the bread she broke eggs for an omelet, and it was just as she broke the last egg into the bowl, that she heard a queer sound on the porch. It was a bumping sound as if someone were dragging a box and setting it down—bumpety, bumpety, bump—like the farmer in the nursery rhyme. At last there was a final bump right in front of the door, and the bell rang.

Mary went at once to see who was bringing her a box. She had on a blue gingham dress and an apron that covered her up, and her hair was swept back from her tired white face. She opened the door and there stood Joel, and the thing that had bumped up the steps and across the porch was not a box—it was crutches! But at first Mary didn't see the crutches. All she saw was Joel's face, and a world back of him that was as bright as if a thousand rockets were going off to welcome him.

"Joel," she said, with all the rockets falling about her.

"Mary, my darling!" She saw him drop his crutches and catch at her with one hand and with the other hand at the door frame to hold himself steady; then he drew her down with him to the porch seat, and held her close, and for a long time there was no sound but the broken murmur of his voice and of Mary's sobbing.

And after a while Mary sat up and said, "But Joel did you hurt your leg?"

And Joel said, "Darling, the old left leg's gone . . . !"

And as she sat there on his knee, white and staring, he said, "Oh, I shouldn't have told you like that. But you see, I'm used to it. Mary, *Mary*...!"

But Mary had fainted.

YOLANDA was very proud of her father's artificial leg. She talked about it a lot to the children. "He has to use crutches now; but after a while he won't, and you won't know the difference between that and a real leg."

She was also very proud of her father's medals. She wanted to show them to everybody. But her Daddy wouldn't have it. "I'd rather not, old girl," he told her.

"Aren't you proud of them, Daddy?" she asked.

He wanted to say, "No," as became an officer and a gentleman; but he was too honest for that. "Well, yes," he admitted, "I'm proud of them, Yolanda, but I don't want to go around talking of it."

"Oh," she said, and left him on the porch, and went into the kitchen to have it out with old Hannah. "Why can't he be proud of them to other people?"

"Men are like that," old Hannah told her, "they are afraid they might be called vain."

Yolanda considered that. "I don't believe Daddy's vain."

"All men are vain," said wise old Hannah.

"Even Daddy?"

"All of 'em—" Hannah slapped the iron hard on the napkin she was pressing— "bar none. Your Daddy's better'n the rest. But he'd hate it if you didn't think he was the bravest man in the world."

"Well, he is," said Yolanda with conviction, and went upstairs to have it out further with Aunt Jack.

Jacqueline was writing a letter to Christopher. She was telling her lover about Joel. "Mary is growing young again, and she is lovelier than ever. But when I see them together, I am mad with envy. I want you as Mary has Joel, away from the dreadfulness and danger—"

She laid down her pen as her niece came in. "What is it, darling?"



THERE was a flush on Yolanda's cheeks. "Aunt Jack, you said when Daddy came home that we'd wear our white dresses and carry bunches of roses, and it hasn't been like that."

"I know," Jacqueline drew the child to her. "But we couldn't, could we, without—Patsy?"

"No. But you said there'd be bands playing, and flags flying. And that he'd be marching on—two feet."

Jacqueline showed her surprise. "I thought you were proud of his leg."

The flush on Yolanda's cheeks deepened. "I am proud when I talk to the children. But last night I heard him saying things about it to Mother, and Aunt Jack—he *cried!*"

There was a dead silence, out of which Jacqueline said, gently, "Darling, we must try not to think about it."

Yolanda protested wildly: "How can you help thinking about things that are in your heart?"

When the child was gone, Jacqueline sat thinking it over. Was Yolanda right? Were they all trying to gloss things over? Would it be better if the world spoke out and said what was in its heart? What would happen if it knew that its brave men wept in secret at what the war had done to them? Would it stop all the snarling and snapping, the maiming and blinding? Or would it still go on?"

Well, men had endured to the end, and would still endure, and their women had helped. She and Mary must fight through with Joel.

Yet fighting through with Joel was not easy. There were days when he was desperate and depressed. And late one night Mary came into her sister's room to talk about her husband. "He isn't my old Joel," she said, and cried as if her heart would break.

And when she could speak she went on. "He lies awake and talks to me, endlessly, of how useless he is; and when he goes to sleep, he dreams that he is back in the trenches."

The two women looked at each other, dead in their eyes; and at last Jacqueline asked, "What are we going to do?"

"Make him forget," Mary said, with a sudden fierce passion. "Jackie, that's what you and I have got to do—make our men forget."

But with all their passion and their planning, things did not improve with Joel; and at last Mary got him to go up to Boston for a medical examination, and the doctors decided that between a bit of shock and some complications with his leg Joel had better stay for a while in the hospital; and so it came about that when November came in all gray and grim, Mary and Jacqueline and Yolanda and small Joel and old Hannah were once more alone

[Continued on page 47]

WILD WIND

[Continued from page 46]

by the sea. But now Mary went up every day to Boston to see Joel; and Jacqueline found herself busier than ever; and sometimes she was so tired it seemed as if she could never again get up in the morning.

And old Hannah scolded her, "You're burning the candle at both ends."

"Oh, well, I must save Mary; she's so dreadfully worried, Hannah."
"Somebody ought to be worried about you, Miss Jack."

But it seemed as if no one was worried about Jacqueline but Christopher, who was far away in hidden waters, and whose letters came through only at long intervals.

And Mary grew white and whiter, and as thin as paper; and Jacqueline begged her to rest; and Mary cried nervously and said she couldn't.

Then all at once, like a shining meteor from the sky came the news of the Armistice! Everybody went about laughing and crying and there were speeches and flags flying and bands playing, and Christopher wrote that he was coming back.

In the ecstasy of that anticipation, Jacqueline achieved a sort of flashing beauty. Whichever way she turned, she seemed to glint with radiance.

Even Yolanda noticed it. "I've never seen you like this, Aunt Jack."

"Like what?" she asked.

"Oh, shining—" the child replied. Every night Jacqueline wrapped herself in her warm coat and went out on the bluff to keep her tryst with Christopher; and always there was the wild wind singing, and sometimes she would sing with it; but at other times she was silent when it swept strong arms about her as if it would lift her up and carry her across the sea to her lover; and again it seemed as if the arms were Christopher's, and that the two of them were rushing through endless space like Paolo and Francesca in the famous painting.

Sue Gilman, arriving from Washington for a week-end, walked one day on the bluff with her. "So Kit is coming."

"Yes."
"And are you happy?"
"So happy that I'm—afraid."

SUE glanced at her. So this was the way that Kit would see her, when he stood beside her on the bluff—slender, swayed by the wind, her bright hair blowing about, her face illumined—

"Why should you be afraid?" she demanded.

"The war has made me a coward. Seeing Joel come back and so many of the men killed. How dare I expect to have more happiness than other women?"

Sue spoke sharply. "Don't bother about other women. We've got to be a bit selfish in this world, Jackie."

"Have we?"

"Yes. Take what we can get and hold on to it. That's my rule."

"I don't believe it—"

"That's because you don't know me, my dear." Sue lifted Jacqueline's left hand. "Is that the ring he gave you?"

"Yes."
It was a square-cut sapphire flanked by diamonds.

"It matches your eyes," Sue said. "My eyes are blue, too; but men never see them."

Jacqueline stared at her. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said," Sue replied. "Men don't fall in love with me. I mean it, Jack. I'm a good fellow, a comrade. But I don't appeal to their sense of romance."

She walked on, and asked, presently, "When do you expect Kit?"

"He can't tell of course. He may be here at any moment."

"You'll be married at once?"

"Kit wants it that way."

"And you?"

"Of course."

BUT Christopher's coming was delayed, so that it was December before he could be definite. He wrote then that he would surely be there on Christmas day, and they might as well begin the New Year with a wedding, and Jacqueline was not to buy many things for her trousseau. He'd take her down to New York for the honeymoon and they'd make a tour of the shops.

On the night after Kit's letter arrived, Mary came home late from Boston. She ate scarcely any dinner, and sat later by the fire in silence.

"Tired, darling?" Jacqueline asked her.

"Yes." Mary rose and stood looking out of the window. "Any mail?"

"A letter from Kit."

"When is he coming?"

"He hopes to get here by Christmas, and he wants the wedding on New Year's day." She got

his letter and read the part which had to do with plans for their marriage. When she finished, she asked, "Do you think I can be ready?"

Mary did not answer. She had turned from the window and her face wore a strained look which struck against Jacqueline's heart.

"Mary," she cried, "what is it?"

And Mary said in a stifled voice, "Jack, do you think you and Kit could—wait?"

Jacqueline sat like a frozen image. "Wait? For what? What do you mean, Mary?"

Mary, with the gray light back of her, seemed very white and tall. Jacqueline had a sense of something almost spectral in her bearing. "Oh, Jack," she said, "I'm very ill. I have to have an operation."

Jacqueline sat, stricken. "Why didn't you tell me?" she demanded.

"I didn't know, until today. I went to a doctor. It's simply got to be done, Jack. As soon as possible."

Then, dropping into the nearest chair, she began to cry. "Oh, Jack, I used to be so brave, but I'm such a coward."

It was an echo of Jacqueline's words on the bluff. Was that what the war had made of women? Jacqueline flew to her sister's side, knelt beside her. "Darling, darling, you are brave. And I won't leave you, Mary. Kit and I will take care of you."

When Mary was composed again, they talked it over. There wasn't much money. Of course Joel's pay would help, but there would be enormous bills. "And even if I had all the money in the world, I couldn't leave Yolanda and little Joey to be cared for by hired help. You've always been like a mother to them, and if anything should happen—"

Jacqueline had a wild feeling that Mary was going to ask her to promise something, to take care of the children always, if their mother should be taken from them. But she wouldn't promise—nothing could make her—the future

[Continued on page 52]



5 ways to use

"Star" Ham leftovers

and a dinner menu for each

THE TEST of ham is the way it tastes in leftovers. And that is just the test where Star Ham always displays its famous flavor and tenderness.

The finest ham is chosen for the Star label. And since the formula for curing this tender meat is so exact, and the method of controlling heat and savory smoke so correct, every pound of Star Ham comes to you complete in the flavor that has made it famous.

Buy a whole Star Ham today. Look for the words "Armour's Star" on the wrapper and branded on the ham itself. Mail the coupon for a free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham." The recipes show how to use all of a Star Ham economically.

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CREAMED POTATOES
GRATED CARROT AND
PINEAPPLE SALAD
CHOCOLATE
MARSHMALLOW ROLL
COFFEE



STAR HAM CROQUETTES AND ASPARAGUS. See page 18 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."



STAR HAM HASH AND POACHED EGGS. See page 23 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM



★ Full directions for the Star Ham dishes in the menus in this advertisement are found in "60 Ways to Serve Ham." Mail coupon for a free copy.

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★ "STAR" BACON ★ "CLOVERBLOOM" EGGS AND BUTTER ★ "STAR" LARD

1890  1930

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CELEBRATE THEIR FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

WITH NEW PACKAGES



SWEET decorum happily combined with the daring gallantry of the war and post war days . . . the mauve decade gone dahlia so to speak . . . that's the debutante of 1930. A throwback if you will to the *quality* of your grandmother's young days but with a spirit of your own, too, that has never been matched in any age.

For you, the famous family of Daggett and Ramsdell cosmetics has been repackaged in enchanting new containers. Crystal and silver bottles . . . porcelain and silver jars . . . all charmingly monogrammed . . . all decorative enough to set out on your ancestral Duncan Phyfe dressing table . . . all containing exactly the right beauty aids for complete care of the skin throughout your busy life.

How to use them

First: Apply Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Cream liberally. It liquefies instantly. Cleanses quickly. Wipe off with tissues.

Second: Apply Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and massage gently but thoroughly. Brings new life to the tissues. Erases wrinkles. Stimulates the circulation. Wipe off with tissues.

Third: Wet pad with Vivatone and alap the face sharply with it to close pores and invigorate the skin.

Fourth: Apply a whisk of Perfect Vanishing Cream before your make-up. Result: Youth! Freshness! Beauty!

For headaches and tired nerves, a gentle application of Ha-Kol (Headache Cologne). Quick, harmless, safe—used for years by physicians and the public.

All Daggett and Ramsdell Products in their new modern dress are on sale in the same drug and department stores where you are accustomed to buy.



The girl who inspired them

In the gay nineties the center of fashion whirled around the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 34th Street in New York. And thereby hangs one of the most romantic tales in all American business history.

For opposite this hotel was a little apothecary shop. And over that shop hung the name Daggett and Ramsdell. And within that shop, fashionable customers were to be seen daily, making their purchases of this and that. And behind the counter in that shop was a very clever man who had both knowledge and imagination. And as he watched the continuous parade of beauty . . . slender figures wrapped in velvet, dainty fingers concealed in mink muffs, sweet delicate faces blooming like roses under gorgeous ostrich plumes . . . he thought, "Something must be done to preserve all this fair beauty against the inroads of late hours, rich foods and wines, excitement and pleasures."

And so he set to work and evolved a face cream . . . a new kind of face cream that was better than any home-made creation ever concocted from the old recipe books . . . that could actually be put in jars and marketed far and wide so that the fashionables of other cities, and indeed, other lands, could enjoy its benefits. And so Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream was born. Mr. V. Chapin Daggett himself invented the formula . . . with his own hands he made the first quantity . . . with his own hands he wrapped up the jars and sold them to

*The Man who
Created
these
Creams and Lotions*



V. Chapin Daggett, founder

his customers. For no sooner had Perfect Cold Cream appeared on the counter of that little old apothecary shop, than the news flew like wild fire among his customers. "Here," they said, "is just what we have longed for." And so it was not long before the whole fashionable world was using and praising the new cream. Queens of fashion and Princesses Royal of the theatre flocked to buy. And that is how Perfect Cold Cream is today a tradition in smart households and in the theatre, passed on from grandmother to daughter to granddaughter. Once the best and still the best!

The Debutante Kit



The girl who now uses them

We've saved till last, the best part of this story. There is a perfectly charming new introductory package of the Daggett and Ramsdell products, all in their 1930 dress. Perfect Cold Cream, Perfect Vanishing Cream, Perfect Cleansing Cream in regular sizes—not samples. A special bottle of Vivatone, too; absorbent tissues and cotton; and a practical new beauty book with all sorts of important information in it. A complete beauty outfit called the *Debutante Kit*. You've never seen anything like it, for the money. If you want one, send 50c. to Daggett and Ramsdell, 2 Park Avenue, New York. These kits cannot be bought in the stores as we are making a special offer direct to you to celebrate our fortieth anniversary. This is a real bargain. Do send for it. It makes a marvelous week-end or traveling package; you can keep one in club locker or desk. There's enough of each product in the Kit to give yourself several complete facials. Mail the coupon at once for our supply of Kits won't last forever!

Special Offer—50 CENTS

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

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Two Park Ave., New York

Enclosed find 50 cents for Daggett and Ramsdell's Debutante Kit.

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"STEAK . . . NOW I HAVE YOU THE WAY I WANT YOU!"

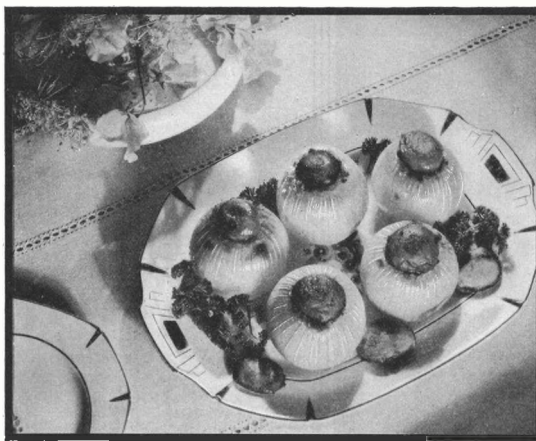
"Yes, Mr. Steak, no matter how fine you are cooked, you never taste your savory best without this touch of A-1 Sauce. This chef-like sprinkle of flavor makes you a delicious mouthful . . . downright delicious. For A-1 Sauce, you know, is a skillfully blended seasoning for meats—for fish, too—a table sauce that gives them the taste that we men hanker for."

TO THE WIVES

A-1 Sauce is the condiment of condiments. The men know. They discovered it in their eating places everywhere in America, and they elected it their favorite table sauce. Put a bottle on your table tonight. Watch Mr. Husband greet it like an old friend. And . . . well, just let him tell you how gloriously it seasons things.

AND FOR COOKING

A-1 Sauce is a perfect blend of delicate spices and herbs . . . flavors mingled with flavors . . . that works wonders as a seasoning in cooking, too. Write for the free booklet of delightful cooking recipes—"Twenty-five Ways to a Man's Heart." G. F. Heublein & Brother—Desk 42. Hartford, Connecticut.



A main dish of baked stuffed onions is inexpensive and easily prepared

CHEAP VITAMINS FOR WINTER TABLES

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management

HAPPILY, vitamin-rich foods in great variety are accessible to all of us during the winter. If, for any reason, we cannot obtain fresh fruit, we have tomato juice, or even the juice of a freshly grated turnip or potato to fall back on. And vegetables canned by the best modern methods will supply us with just as many vitamins as if they had been gathered in our own garden and cooked in our own kitchen. Besides these, there are the "fresh" vegetables such as cabbage, carrots, celery, cauliflower, and onions. Milk, butter, and eggs contain one or more vitamins; so do liver, kidney, cheese, lemons and lentils. But the list is too long to print here. What I especially want to do now is to tell you about some vegetable recipes which I have found make meals a little more interesting during the cold weather. Here they are:

Baked Stuffed Onions

- 5 or 6 large yellow onions
- 3 tablespoons shortening
- 12 large mushrooms
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1 small green pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper

Peel onions and cook in boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Take out centers, being careful not to break the shells. Drain well. Parboil pepper and remove seeds; peel mushroom caps. Chop pepper and half of the mushrooms; sauté in shortening with onion scooped from the centers, chopped. Add bread crumbs, salt and pepper and mix well. Fill onions, dot with bits of butter and place a mushroom cap on top of each one. Put in baking dish with a little water, cover and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour. Remove cover during last 15 minutes to brown slightly. They are also delicious without mushrooms.

Baked Spinach

- 3 pounds spinach
- 1 tablespoon onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- juice
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 cup fine crumbs
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 eggs

Pick over spinach and wash thoroughly. Cook only in the water which

clings to the leaves. When done, chop fine and add salt, pepper, onion juice, butter, and bread crumbs. Add well-beaten eggs and beat in thoroughly. Put in greased baking dish, sprinkle with more bread crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) about 20 minutes.

Kidney Beans and Corn

- 2 cups canned kidney beans
- 1/2 cup canned corn
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon minced green pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper

Mix beans, corn and green pepper; add salt, pepper and well-beaten egg. Put in greased baking dish and sprinkle top with grated cheese mixed with an equal amount of fine bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes.

Kohlrabi and Carrots

- 1 cup sliced kohlrabi
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup sliced carrots
- 1 egg yolk
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 2 tablespoons flour
- Salt and pepper

Cook kohlrabi and carrots in separate saucepans in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and sauté in 2 tablespoons shortening until slightly browned. Melt 2 tablespoons shortening, add flour and mix until smooth. Add milk gradually, and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add beaten egg yolk, parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Add vegetables and heat thoroughly.

Red Cabbage and Apples

- 2 cups red cabbage, chopped fine
- 3 medium-sized apples
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup stock or boiling water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1/16 teaspoon pepper
- Grating of nutmeg

Wash small cabbage, cut in quarters and remove hard core. Cover with

boiling water and cook 10 minutes. Drain and chop. Pare, core and chop apples and mix with the cabbage. Melt the shortening in saucepan and add cabbage and apples. Cook 5 minutes, then add stock, vinegar and seasonings. Cover and cook slowly until they are tender.

Macedoine of Vegetables

- 3 tablespoons shortening
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup canned peas
- 1 1/2 cups boiled rice
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 cup parsley
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 cup grated cheese

Melt shortening, add onion and pimiento. Cook slowly for 5 minutes. Add flour and mix well. Add tomatoes and cook until mixture thickens slightly. Add peas, rice, parsley, salt and pepper. Put in greased baking dish and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes. Instead of peas you may use corn, lima beans, or carrots.

Cabbage Savory

- 2 cups cooked cabbage, chopped fine
- 1 1/2 cups cooked celery
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1/4 cup bread crumbs
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice

Wash small cabbage, cut in quarters, remove core. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and chop very fine. Add celery. Melt shortening, add flour, paprika, salt and pepper, and mix well. Add milk gradually and bring to boiling point, stirring, constantly to prevent lumping. Add the beaten egg yolk and lemon juice. Put alternate layers of cabbage and celery, and sauce in greased baking dish, and sprinkle top with bread crumbs. Dot with bits of butter and brown in moderate oven (375° F.). (Chestnuts, boiled until tender, shelled and inner skin removed, may be cut in pieces and used instead of celery.)

Sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese over the top for flavor.

[Continued on page 82]



Instant dissolving—no waiting for suds

Please Make This Test

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into rich soapy suds. *Instantly* every drop of water becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float undissolved or sink to the bottom, dissolving slowly.

This is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds cleans with such amazing swiftness.



Just rinse. No dishwiping necessary

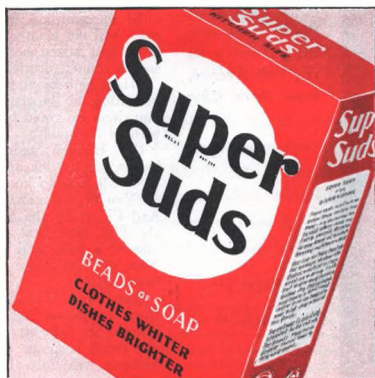
This New Speed Soap *cuts dishwashing time in half*

Super Suds . . . new soap in "bead" form dissolves instantly . . . washes dishes faster . . . makes dishwiping unnecessary

HERE it is. A faster way to do dishes. No more waiting for suds. No gummy, half dissolved soap flakes. No long, tedious dishwiping.

For soap chemistry has found a way to make a new and better kind of soap. Soap is sprayed from high steel towers. And as the soap falls, it forms into millions of tiny hollow beads. 4 times thinner than the very thinnest chip or flake. *The first instant dissolving form of soap ever made!*

But let Super Suds tell its own dramatic story. Make the test pictured above. See the gummy, half dissolved flakes in one glass. Then note in the other, how instantly . . . how completely . . . Super Suds dissolves. This is exactly how these soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds saves your dishwashing time in the following 3 important ways.



1. *No waiting for suds.* No coaxing or stirring to get Super Suds to dissolve. No matter whether water is hot or cold—hard or soft—you get suds in a flash. (See test pictured above.)

2. *Faster dishwashing* because of instant suds all through the water instead of just on top. Any soap can give thick, stiff top suds. But only Super Suds gives instant suds *below* the surface where suds are really needed.

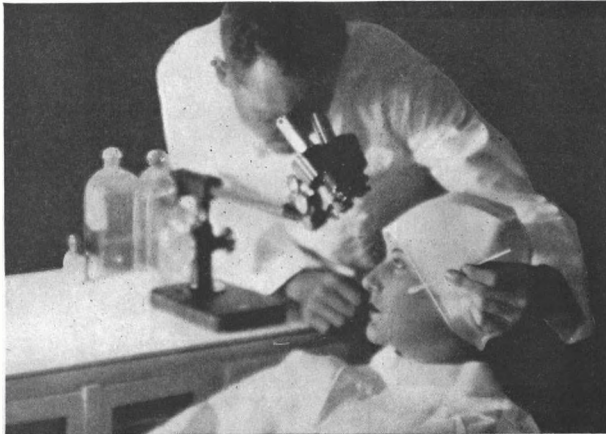
3. *No dishwiping necessary.* Because Super Suds dissolves perfectly . . . it rinses away perfectly in one hot rinse. Not a speck of undissolved soap . . . not a trace of soap film remains to make wiping necessary. Even glasses drain dry to shining clearness.

This new "bead" soap costs but ten cents a box—not a cent more than ordinary, slow-dissolving soaps. And each box holds ten brimming cupfuls.

Resolve today to waste no more time with slow dissolving soaps. Your grocer has Super Suds.

5094

THE BIG BOX OF SOAP FOR 10¢



MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AGREE

"no doctor would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

A \$25 visit to a skin specialist

If you paid a specialist to examine your skin he would tell you this truth about beauty:

SUPERFICIAL CLEANSING is the cause of most skin defects. To look young it is not enough to remove surface dirt: only when the pores are cleansed to their depths every day does the skin stay fine-textured and smooth.

Medical authorities recognize this. Any doctor of standing always uses a liquid solvent for thorough antiseptic cleansing. Only a liquid penetrates instantly into the pores—dissolves out the deepest dirt—cleanses the skin of the oily mixture of grease from the outside and bodily soil from within—leaves no tiny clogging particles of sediment.

For the first time, pore-deep liquid cleansing is available for the daily use of fastidious American women. Ambrosia, a pure, sunlit liquid, gently and thoroughly cleanses the skin. No wax to clog the pores, no alkali to dry and stiffen the skin. Even a skin coarsened

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PORE-DEEP
CLEANSER

AMBRÖSIA

created by a French chemist . . . named by the Empress Eugénie
. . . first made only to the private order of notable women . . .

WILD WIND

[Continued from page 47]

was hers and Kit's, not Mary's, or Joel's, or Yolanda's or Joey's. She was willing to do what she could at the moment. But the years ahead belonged to Kit. To Kit and the old house in Salem and the cradle in the attic.

But Mary asked nothing except delay. "Kit won't mind when you explain. And I shall be perfectly well in a few weeks. And spring is the loveliest time in which to be married."

Jacqueline wanted to say that any time was the loveliest time to marry Christopher. But she did not. For Mary was in such desperate need. So the next morning she gave to her sister some of the delicate garments she had made for herself, the nightrobes and negligees, and when Mary protested, Jacqueline said, "I'll get others when you are well."

MARY'S operation was not entirely successful, and she was not sent home as soon as she had hoped. Little Joey, too, was not well, and Jacqueline sat up nights with him. She looked pale and thin, the glint was gone, and the flashing beauty. She was like a candle snuffed out, and Yolanda asked her one morning, "Why don't you sing any more?"

"Don't I sing?"
"No."
Jacqueline tried to make a joke of it. "Oh, I'm waiting to pipe for Christopher."

She had written to tell Christopher of her change of plan. She hoped the letter might reach him. But it did not, and it was late on Christmas Eve that he rang her up from New York. His boat had just arrived, and he would not be able to get a train out until morning. Would she meet him in Boston. . . ? They must be alone together.

"Kit, I can't. Mary's in the hospital and Joel, and the baby isn't well."

Christopher said something strong and imprecatory about babies and other barriers which kept him from his love. Then his quick mind jumped to the next best thing. "There's a two o'clock train out from Boston. I'll get that, and be with you by four. I'll eat Christmas dinner with you, darling."

From that moment, the heavens opened and all their glory shone round about Jacqueline. When Christopher's call had come, she had been trimming a tiny tree for Yolanda. She went back to her work, and so rapturous was her mood that every bauble, she swung from a branch seemed a golden bell to ring out her happiness—*tomorrow* and *tomorrow*.

In the morning she told old Hannah. And old Hannah took her in her arms and kissed her. "I'll cook you such a dinner, dearie."

"He'll be here at four—" there was hesitation in Jacqueline's voice—"do you think we could be alone for a bit, without Yolanda?"

Old Hannah understood. "If she knows, she'll stick around forever."

"You let me manage her, my lamb. And I'll sit by the baby. It won't be the first time that old Hannah has minded a baby and cooked a dinner. You just get busy making yourself beautiful."

They had an early luncheon and then Jacqueline set the table and brought the baby up to her room where she could keep an eye on him, and Yolanda went into the kitchen.

Jacqueline bathed, and brushed her hair until it was luminous, and braided it and wound it about her head, and touched her lips with perfume and the tips of her ears, and

passed a soft puff over a face whose whiteness seemed scarcely to need any powder. And with these preliminaries finished, she went to a closet and got out her dress. It was the blue taffeta from which she had snipped Christopher's talisman, and the crisp silk rustled as the gown went over her head. It had a wide skirt and a tight little bodice, and the slippers which presently carried her lightly down the stairs were blue.

At the foot Yolanda met her. "Cee, Aunt Jack, you look like a princess."

"Kit's coming."
"Hannah told me, and she says I'm to read my book and not bother you. I don't see why I'd be a bother."

"You'll know some day, Yolanda. And I haven't seen Kit for ages."

Yolanda was hugging the newel-post. "Hannah's put me on my honor not to come down till she rings a bell. If I come before she rings the bell, she won't ever let me stay in her kitchen. She says she hates people who break their word, and the kitchen is her castle—"

Jacqueline, sweeping on out to the kitchen, said, "You're wonderful, Hannah. I couldn't have made her promise."

"No, you couldn't, because when it comes to love, Miss Jack, you're as soft as mush. You let Yolanda walk over you, but she knows she can't walk over me. I told her she could take me or leave me; but that I wouldn't be her friend if she broke her promise. You and her mother cry over her and pray over her, Miss Jack, but I haven't any time for tears and prayers."

Jacqueline, poised like a blue butterfly, in the middle of the room said, "We can't help what we are, Hannah."

"I'm hoping your young man's got good sense." Hannah was stirring gravy, and she emphasized her remarks with a swirl of her spoon. "He's the only one that can save you."

Jacqueline laughed light-heartedly as she left the kitchen. Kit would take care of her, of course. And he was coming!

She went into the living-room where a big fire on the hearth made the north end ruddy. There were some lacquered cushions on the couch, and the chintz which covered both couch and chairs had a pattern of pomegranates.

SHE glanced at the clock. It was almost time for Christopher. Another moment and she would hear the whistle of his train. Yet when she heard it, it seemed to drive the blood from her heart. She wondered if she would be able to endure the exquisite agony of the meeting. She had a sense almost of panic, and she found herself suddenly rushing up the stairs, to get a warm wrap and overshoes to cover the blue slippers. She would keep her trust now with her lover as she had so often kept it.

When she went down, she peeped into the kitchen and spoke to Hannah. "When Mr. Kit comes, send him up to the bluff."

There was snow on the ground, but the sky was clear—a deep sapphire that matched Jacqueline's eyes, and the sea was sapphire when at last she looked out on it. It was very cold, but Jacqueline felt only a beating ecstasy.

And now she saw him coming—tall and splendid, striding up the hill. He took off his cap and waved it. The wild wind ruffled his curly locks. Oh, darling Kit . . . !

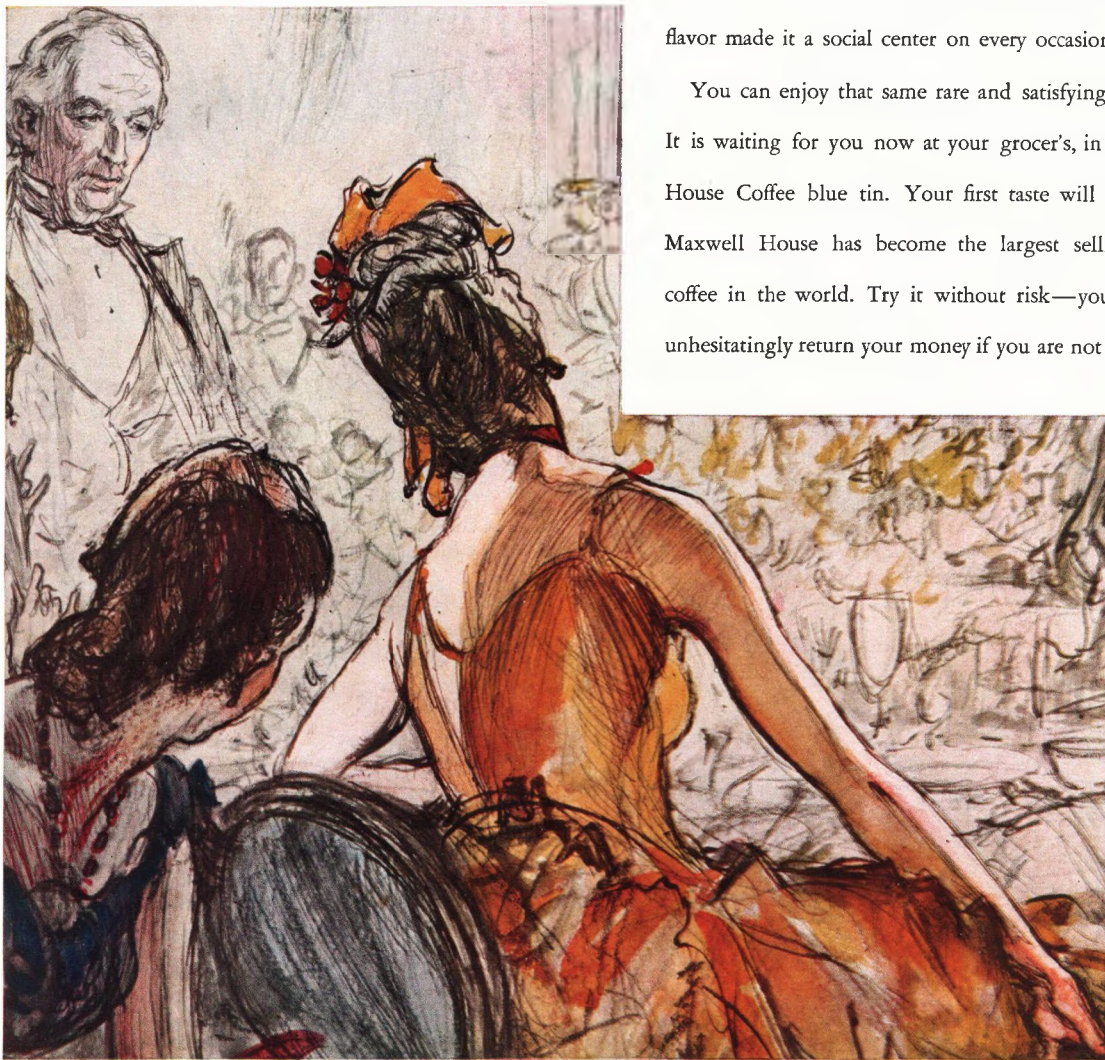
She went running down the path to meet him.

[Continued in MARCH McCALL'S]

The coffee that became a social center

TO the Maxwell House of the Old South came the critical, the cultured, the distinguished—for the fame of this celebrated old hotel went far and wide through that land of good manners and good living. Especially was its wonderful coffee a renowned and potent attraction—a smooth, full-bodied, aromatic blend whose rich and mellow flavor made it a social center on every occasion.

You can enjoy that same rare and satisfying flavor today. It is waiting for you now at your grocer's, in the Maxwell House Coffee blue tin. Your first taste will tell you why Maxwell House has become the largest selling packaged coffee in the world. Try it without risk—your grocer will unhesitatingly return your money if you are not fully satisfied.



*You will be
delighted, also, with
Maxwell House Tea*



MAXWELL



HOUSE COFFEE

"Tune in" to the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening, at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time. Broadcast over WJZ and associated radio stations.

GOOD to the
LAST DROP

4 flours make these quick, easy pancakes fluffy-light

*The recipe that Aunt Jemima
guarded years ago*

Ready mixed, for your convenience! These four flours that made Aunt Jemima's pancakes the talk of the Old South . . .

Golden, tender . . . and so quick! Now millions of women have learned *this easy way* to make their families happy with luscious buttered rounds.

Aunt Jemima's treasured recipe, shared with no one while her master lived . . . now ready mixed for you in Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour. So easy to have her success. To serve the same pancakes with which she delighted the old plantation owners!

Corn flour. Rice flour. Rye flour. Wheat flour. In just the right proportions. That's why you can make them quickly and easily . . . these tempting, wholesome pancakes.

Give your family this treat tomorrow! Just whisk up some milk (or water) with Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour. Drop your cakes on the griddle. They're done before the coffee boils!

Ask your grocer for Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour. If it does not give complete satisfaction, he will refund the purchase price.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

We are often asked, "Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago; and Peterborough, Canada

TUNE IN ON THE AUNT JEMIMA RADIO PROGRAM

FREE—To get a trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour together with recipe leaflet giving many tempting ways of serving pancakes and waffles, just fill out and mail the coupon.

The Quaker Oats Company,
Dept. D-34, St. Joseph, Missouri

Pancake sample Buckwheat sample

Name.....

Address.....





A Surprise Loaf looks like a cake but is actually a marvelous mixture of bread and cheese

FANCY COOKING *for* THE AMATEUR

By DOROTHY KIRK

PERHAPS my article should have had for its title "Foods Which Look Fancy But Aren't"; for that's really what I've been commanded to tell you about—how to create a caterer's effect without a caterer's skill and extravagance.

As February is the lucky possessor of three holidays, each of which is a good excuse for a luncheon, a bridge party, or a supper, let's think of the kind of food we would serve on such an occasion. We should undoubtedly want cake, and probably a frozen dessert and a salad would appear on our menu. These three classes of food offer the hostess a fine opportunity for doing something unusual without very much extra effort.

Cake Suggestions

It is often a problem to know what kind of cake to make. For more formal parties layer cakes are not suitable yet individual cakes are rather difficult to manage if you haven't enough pans. The solution to this is: bake the batter in large shallow pans, which have been greased and lined with wax paper. You will not need a thick layer of batter. When baked, invert the cake on a cooler and remove paper. Place the cooled sheet of

cakes in the photograph were edged with a butter frosting, colored red, and put through the "leaf" tube of the pastry gun.

Food Colors—There is an art in mixing colors for food just as there is for a picture—a light touch is essential. When you want to use either the liquid or the paste (pure vegetable colors are made in two forms, a thick paste and a liquid) take out a spoonful of the frosting, cake batter, or whatever is to be colored, add a very small amount of coloring and return to the original mixture, a little at a time, until the desired shade is obtained. Only delicate shades are suitable for food. An extra drop or speck of undiluted coloring can spoil the appearance of your refreshments and the color scheme of your party.

And beware of the desire to color *everything!* Your own good judgment will tell you *when* and *what* to color. If you are planning to serve ice cream, salad and cake for a Valentine luncheon, decide first where you will carry out the red color scheme, and where the typical heart shape. If you are molding the salad in a

heart-shaped pan do not attempt to color it also; garnish with red hearts of pimiento, if you like, and use your red coloring in the ice cream or in the cake frosting. Red is such a heavy color it should be used sparingly. On the other hand, pink, yellow, green or lavender, are delicate enough to use two or three times in the same menu.

If you wish to color whipped cream for a dessert garnish, add the coloring to the unwhipped cream, making it slightly deeper than you will want the finished product.

Mayonnaise also may be colored: green mayonnaise is very effective for garnishing salads molded in clover-leaf pans for St. Patrick's day. Or the same color scheme can be carried out with small cakes and green frosting.

Birthdays have a way of coming around frequently, especially where there are children in the family, and children always look forward to a birthday cake. For these festive cakes the batter may be colored and baked in layers, or in a deep pan, and frosted with the "Seven-Minute Frosting" (see recipe page 82). When that has hardened decorate it with "Butter Frosting", colored and forced through a pastry tube. In the center write the child's name, date, or "Happy Birthday." This is very easy to do with a blunt orange stick dipped into chocolate or colored frosting. Experiment on a piece of paper first, to work out your design.

Ice Cream Suggestions

Ice cream for parties is often bought, but for small affairs it is quite easy to make at home. Special molds of cast iron can be bought for packing individual fancy shapes in ice and salt. Or the melon mold with a tight-fitting cover is frequently used.

If you have a mechanical refrigerator you can make delicious mousses, parfaits, or variations of them, by simply turning the mixture into the freezing tray and allowing it to stand, without stirring, for several hours.

[Turn to page 65]



Cut fancy shapes from a sheet of cake



then ice and decorate with a pastry gun



Youth is to be gained as well as kept

Why salines are so important in the quest for youthful charm

Birthdays never bother some women, while with others they are seasons of forlornness. Yet it isn't an unkind fate that makes the difference, nor is it generally any lack of good external care.

Nine times out of ten, women forfeit their youth because they neglect nature's first law of health—they fail to keep internally clean and thus they breed within themselves the arch enemy of beauty, constipation.

To keep your youth and to regain the years that are rightfully yours, turn to the saline method with Sal Hepatica. For there is no champion of charm so efficient as the drinking of saline waters. Salines sweep from the system the poisons that cause sickness. They clear the bloodstream of blemish-bringing poisons. They neutralize the acidity that gives the skin a dull and sallow cast.

European women know full well these benefits that salines bring. The famous spas at Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, are thronged with fashionable women who, on their physicians' advice, make regular pilgrimages to these natural "fountains of youth". Partaking daily of the health waters, their complexions are restored to fineness, they find themselves fresher—they stay young longer.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the wonderful European spas. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for constipation, indigestion, headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens you, take Sal Hepatica. Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains in full the saline treatment.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F20
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

DAISY'S DAY

[Continued from page 18]

and hooks and stood at length in some sort of satin and elastic cover-all garment which was known as the Youth-Mode. "Child! She's nothing but a child herself. They're both children. . . My kiddies!" Daisy called Gerald and Eleanor on her infrequent visits to Montclair. "I'm a grandmother." She sat down helplessly.

"Sho' is a slender model on yo', Mis' Daisy," Judith said. "Le' me put some heads aroun' yo' neck."

"Try those coral colored ones," Daisy said. "No, the short string. Get the bracelet, too. There." She stood up and surveyed the costume. "I guess it is slenderizing," she agreed. "The coral gives a touch of color."

A MOLLIFIED expression came into her eyes; it was gone again. "It wasn't to have come until August!" She turned to Judith with this accusation. "She couldn't have her baby like other people. She couldn't wait to make me a mother-in-law, and then she couldn't wait to make me a grand—"

"Sho' is slenderous," Judith said. "Don't know when I hab seen yo' look so prettified, Mis' Daisy."

"Well, I've got to go," Daisy looked rather bleak. "It's Mr. Woolsey's night to come to dinner, you know. Let's see—We'll start with iced watermelon balls, then soup. Have duckling and alligator pear salad and strawberry short-cake. Have asparagus with Hollandaise and a n d—a n d sauté corn on the cob in the chafing dish, Judith. He likes that." She took up her huge summer pouch bag and went.

In an exclusive shop at Fifty Seventh Street a saleswoman named Maurine came forward. "But you're losing, Mrs. Post!" she exclaimed. "You certainly are losing," she said, smoothing a sports dress over Daisy's hips. "Now the coat—"

"Don't you think it's a little youthful?" Daisy asked, pleased. "Well, now that you mention it—" Maurine hesitated. "It is a little youthful. Not that you couldn't wear it, Mrs. Post."

"I'll look at something else," Daisy put off the orange coat. "I guess I won't decide on this today. I'll look at something for evening."

"We have a lovely new soft gray chiffon—"

"Well, not gray," Daisy unclasped her bag, clasped it again. "Something brighter, I thought. I think one can for evening, don't you? I mean I think for evening one can—"

"Assuredly," Maurine agreed. She brought out a rust color, a mauve shading into purple, a bright blue, a silver. The silver gave Daisy that modeled look she liked. Of course the mold was a larger one than it had been, but—"I'll take it," she decided.

"A hundred and thirty-seven dollars isn't too much to pay for a dinner dress," she told herself in the taxi. "I mean just because I'm a gr—I mean I'll get a lot of wear out of it."

"A couple of little sports frocks, Helga," she told a young ice princess in a second shop. "I'm going to run down to Atlantic City for a few days and—No, not gray. I'm rather tired of tan and gray. I was thinking of white with an orange coat." Her voice was keyed a little loud. "I thought for the shore, you know, it wouldn't be too youthful. Do you think orange is too—"

"Youthful!" Helga lifted her mascara-freighted eyelashes. "Didn't Mrs. Marston Vining wear orange at Belmont last week?" She got Daisy swiftly into a white silk dress with orange basket-weave coat. "It's marvelous," she pronounced judgment. "It's just marvelous on you." Daisy hummed a few bars and turned about in front of the mirror. "I think I'll take it," she said. She bought an all white suit, too, and taxied farther downtown, still humming.

"After all, I'm only a day older than I was yesterday," she thought gayly. "Just a day older and a day doesn't mean anything. I mustn't let Gerald's baby—I mean I mustn't think about it, really, in that way. I'm sure it's a sweet little thing. It is one sweet little kiddie, I guess. Lots of women have grandchildren in their thirties, that is, some of them do." She leaned forward suddenly and gave the driver a new address. When she leaned back again a pink shade had spread smoothly over her face.

Well, after all, he couldn't know that her destination in the big department store was the infants' shop. He couldn't know that her errand there was to buy a gift for her granddaughter. She got out and paid him, and passed through the swinging doors. "Infants' department?" She had to inquire three times and by the time she reached the right floor her face was considerably pinker. She looked nervously to right and left and made her want known with a small gulp. "Yes, madame," said the salesgirl cheerily. "Here are some beautiful French handmade ones at seven ninety-eight."

"I'll take three," Daisy decided. She breathed more freely then. Gracious, this chit didn't know for whom she was buying infants' garments. "It's the grandmothers who buy these expensive ones." The girl smiled sympathetically.

The pink deepened to red in Daisy's face. She clasped and unclasped her bag. She looked at cases filled with dainty tinted dresses, with stuffed animals and pieces of white furniture tied with pink and blue ribbons. "Here's your change, madame." The salesgirl smiled again.

"THANK you," Daisy put it fumblingly into her purse. She went into the rest room and sat in a modernist chair, and looked into a modernist mirror. "The grandmothers buy this kind, madame." Daisy's eyes remained finally upon the mirror. They were puzzled. She crushed the end of her cigarette into a modernist ash-tray and went out, walking as though her feet hurt.

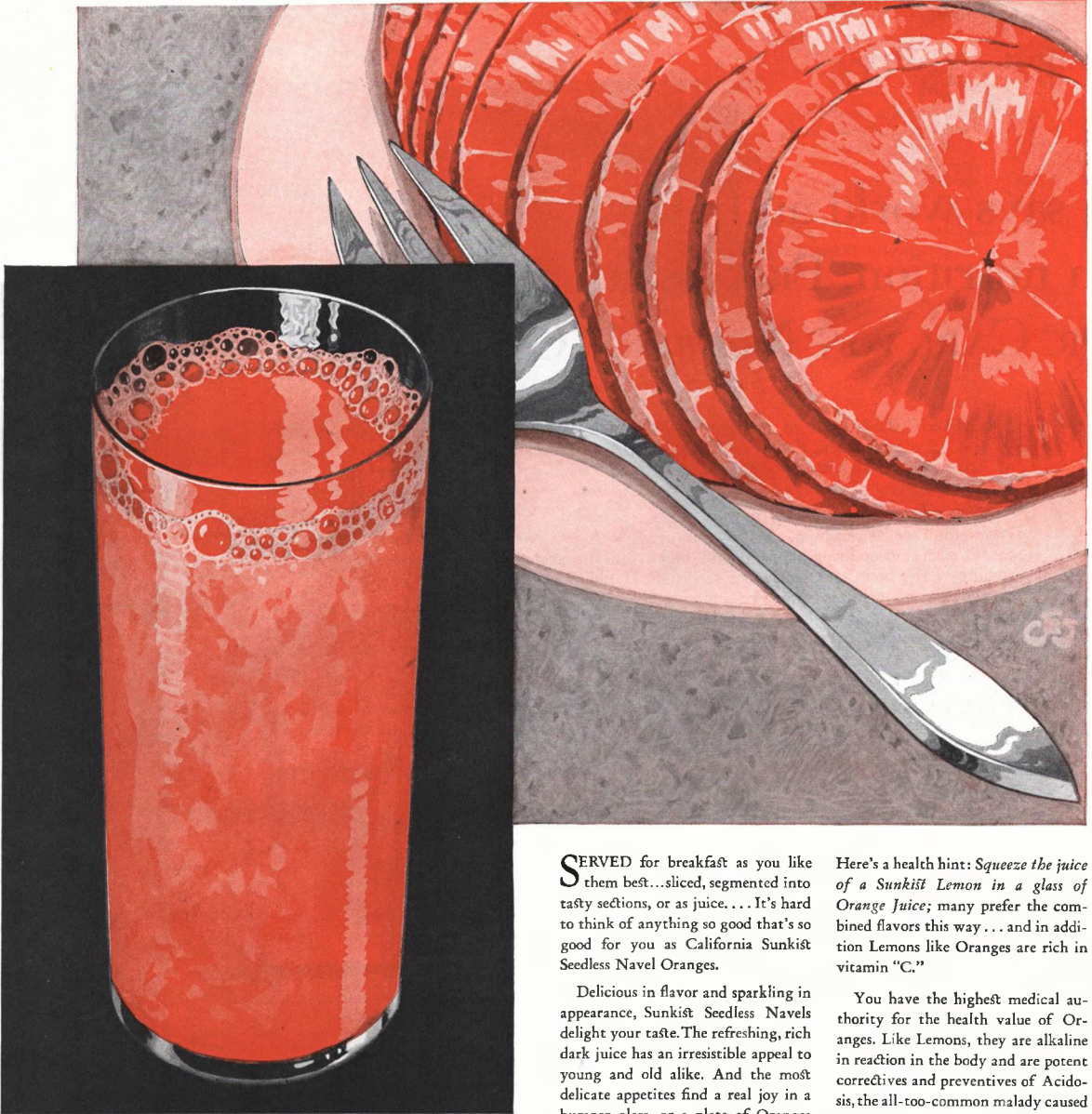
"I'll call Emily Wills," she thought, and felt immediately cheered. "Hello there, Mrs. Post!" Emily's voice was young and her laugh was young. That's what she needed. Youth! "Of course you must have lunch with me," Emily said cordially. "Peg and Zelda are meeting me but you must join us. You know Peg and Zelda, don't you? Oh, that's right. It was Gwen and Louise you met. Well, you must come. We're meeting in the lobby of the Markham in a half hour and—"

Daisy went down to the Markham smiling, though limping a little now. She felt bucked up already. Emily was

[Continued on page 60]



START THE DAY WITH **LUSCIOUS SEEDLESS NAVEL ORANGES FROM CALIFORNIA**



RICHEST JUICE FINEST FLAVOR



Sunkist Orange and Lemon Hand Reamer, 40c in U. S., 55c in Canada. Choice of green, pink, white alabaster glass. If not available at your dealer's, send money order or stamps direct to address in coupon.

SUNKIST CALIFORNIA ORANGES

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. 602, Box 310, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

Please mail me a FREE copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," discussing Acidosis and containing safe-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus.

Name _____ Street _____
 City _____ State _____

SERVED for breakfast as you like them best...sliced, segmented into tasty sections, or as juice... It's hard to think of anything so good that's so good for you as California Sunkist Seedless Navel Oranges.

Delicious in flavor and sparkling in appearance, Sunkist Seedless Navels delight your taste. The refreshing, rich dark juice has an irresistible appeal to young and old alike. And the most delicate appetites find a real joy in a bumper glass, or a plate of Oranges sliced or segmented.

Sunkist Navel Oranges being seedless may be sliced extra-thin. Easiest of all Oranges to peel, they are quickly made ready to slice or segment. The Sunkist Hand Reamer or Sunkist Junior Electric Fruit Juice Extractor get all the juice... quickly.

Science has proved California Oranges richest in juice and finest in flavor because they have an extra-wealth of vitamins A, B, and C, mineral salts, healthful fruit acids and fruit sugars.

Here's a health hint: *Squeeze the juice of a Sunkist Lemon in a glass of Orange Juice*; many prefer the combined flavors this way... and in addition Lemons like Oranges are rich in vitamin "C."

You have the highest medical authority for the health value of Oranges. Like Lemons, they are alkaline in reaction in the body and are potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis, the all-too-common malady caused by over-indulgence in acid-forming foods. You should know more about Acidosis... and you may, free... by sending at once for a copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods." This popular book discusses Acidosis and gives normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus approved by an eminent authority. Mail the coupon.

California Sunkist Oranges are identified by the famous trademark "Sunkist" on skin and wrapper. "Sunkist" means dependable quality. © 1930 C. F. G. E.

"Yeast is used constantly in my

.. says world authority
on nutrition, PROFESSOR
DR. CARL VON NOORDEN, GEHEIMRAT

A MAGICAL NAME in medicine—Dr. Carl von Noorden! Each year hundreds of Americans go thousands of miles for his advice. He says:

"Yeast is used constantly in my clinic. Its results are astonishing. Its regular use can in a short time bring about normal functioning of the bowels. It increases secretion of the digestive juices, improves appetite. For over thirty years it has been used, with surprising results, to cure certain diseases of the skin.

"No other food—and yeast *is* a food—is richer in vitamin B. When 'irradiated,' it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D. This vitamin strengthens endurance, fortifies against colds and disease. In those of growing age it builds strong bones

and teeth. In expectant and nursing mothers it prevents and cures the softening of bones and teeth so common at these periods and protects the unborn or nursing child against rickets.

"Yeast has an extraordinary tonic effect on the system. It is a powerful agent for building up in a run down condition."

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily, following the directions on the label. Every cake is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins, B and D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Let us send you a booklet giving the health advice of world-famous doctors. Address Health Research Dept. YF-1, Fleischmann's Yeast, a product of Standard Brands Inc., 597 Madison Ave., New York City.



(Above) "How I dreaded those terrible colds and winter sicknesses!" writes MRS. R. F. FINNERAN of Columbus, O. "I felt sluggish, listless—due perhaps to staying indoors too much . . . I started eating yeast chiefly for its laxative effect. My sluggishness disappeared. I had worlds of new pep. And I found I could go through a whole winter without one of those awful colds."

(Below) "I am a commercial artist and sometimes have to work late into the night," writes JOHN C. PELLEW of New York City. "A year ago I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Fleischmann's Yeast was what pulled me through. I was skeptical about trying it but it worked wonders in my run down condition."



clinic...its results are *Astonishing*”



Founder of Europe's most exclusive clinic, at Frankfurt, Germany; physician to royalty; recently appointed consulting head of the leading hospital in Vienna; author of hundreds of medical articles and books; bearer of titles from all the governments of Europe.

Famous Specialists Give Simple Health Rule—

Europe's greatest stomach specialist, Dr. MAURICE DELORT, says: "Yeast acts as a digestive cleanser. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the working of stomach and intestines."

Dean of Stockholm's skin specialists, Professor Dr. JOHAN ALMKVIST, says: "For twenty-five years I have successfully used yeast for skin troubles such as acne and boils."

Austria's great internal specialist, Hofrat Professor Dr. GUSTAV SINGER, says: "Yeast is the best intestinal purifier known."



New kind of suds washes clothes whiter—safely

Millions change to "no-work" washdays

WITHOUT scrubbing or boiling, without bar soaps, chips or powders, Rinso soaks clothes the whitest white ever. Safely!

"I never saw anything like it!" declares Mrs. G. W. Cory of 404 So. Front St., Wheeling, W. Va.

No wonder millions of women now use this famous granulated soap. They trust their finest cottons and linens to its gentle care. They know their clothes will come from Rinso's suds gleaming white—like new!

"Clothes come so white, it's wasting time to boil them!" declares Mrs. L. C. Lancaster of Spokane, Wash.

Wonderful in washers, too

The makers of 38 leading washing machines recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. "I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't get Rinso for my washing machine," says Mrs. Charles Bell of 723 Michigan Avenue,

Columbus, Ohio. Try it next wash-day and see how white clothes can really be.

Economical—a little goes so far

Cupful for cupful, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—it's so compact. And what thick, creamy, lasting suds—even in the hardest water! Dirt soaks right out. That saves the clothes. Spares the hands.

Be sure to get the BIG household package of Rinso. You'll find it's great, too, for dishes, floors, sinks and all cleaning. "Rinso dissolves the grease and makes dishes sparkle better than any soap I've ever tried," says Mrs. T. O'Riley of Pawtucket, R. I.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



For whiter clothes in tub or washer

DAISY'S DAY

[Continued from page 56]

a bachelor girl and had a fine, independent attitude toward life. She and her friends were girls in their late twenties, secretaries and interior decorators and artists.

"Well, here you are—" Emily was rather preoccupied. "This is Miss Myers and this is Miss Glenn. Mrs. Post." Daisy exulted in their youth and prettiness as they surrounded her. They were in smart dresses, in fur scarfs, in snug hats.

"So I said—" Peg's high voice took the lead as they followed a waiter to their table—"that isn't the way I feel about it at all. The way I feel about it is that if a girl wants to continue on in business after she marries and have a maid and pay a percentage of the other expenses it's only fair to let her . . ."

"Oh, my dear—" Zelda's cool voice picked up the discussion. "Jeff and I have been over that ground and over it and over it. The thing is he knows I'm in contact with all the big men in the business world and he's afraid I'll make comparisons. It's his inferiority complex."

"Oh, I can see Dan's point of view," Peg broke in. "What did he do but take me out to spend the week-end at his brother's on Long Island. They have a little bungalow. Lawn around it. Baby pen on the porch. All that sort of thing, including animals with chewed legs on every chair you plan to sit on—"

"Of course Jeff came from an old-fashioned home—"

"My dear, we talked about everything from Texas Guinan to Picasso and she just listened, you know, with that absorbed look of a woman waiting to hear a baby fall out of a crib upstairs. She's as washed out as—"

"Speaking of marriage—" Emily began.

The high-voiced discussion went on and on, through clam broth, through vegetable salad, through raspberry ice. It was punctuated by puffs of cigarette smoke. It spun in whirlpools of giggles and leaped down cascades of exclamations. It went out on the tide of youth, and left Daisy stranded. She decided to go.

"We were awfully glad to have had you," Emily said. "Yes, indeed," the others echoed absently.

NOW where did you find that fat old party?" Peg's voice carried back to Daisy after they had parted.

"My dear, she's a good old egg," Emily laughed. "Why, Bill and I have used her apartment for a year to dress for the theater. And dinners! You just ought to taste—" The rest was lost.

Daisy slumped down in her cab. "Drive through the Park," she directed. She looked out at the June green and daubed at her eyes with the scented lacy handkerchief.

"Daisy Post!" She began scolding herself then, patting her nose with a powder puff. "Daisy Post!" She repeated it at intervals all the way home.

It was only two-thirty and the afternoon stretched ahead. "Let's see—" Daisy thought. There'd be bridge and tea in Sonia Treadwell's apartment on the third floor. She'd go down there. Mrs. Treadwell always asked her to drop in when she met her in the elevator, but she hadn't gone more than once or twice because—well, she wasn't a very good bridge player. There

was so many things to remember and that made it seem almost like work. But she'd find women her own age there, not silly young things talking about themselves and men. "You'd think they had invented men," Daisy thought, and smiled, feeling quite clever. These women down at Sonia's would be sophisticated women, her own type. Of course they played a rather stiff game and she'd have to take her check book down. There'd be cocktails and they always seemed to make bridge more complicated, but by sipping she could make one last a long time.



SHE worked with a bowl of ice cubes, a bowl of face cream, and a mound of soft tissue sheets. She rubbed and kneaded, iced and patted and rolled, and her face took on a velvet finish, a soft pink showing underneath. Soon she had convinced herself that the women who played bridge at Sonia Treadwell's were quite good friends of hers. They were women who were interested in you, and not in

your affairs, she thought, applying lip stick carefully. There wouldn't be any questions about Gerald's wife. She put on a black satin pleated skirt, rather short, and a jade and gold blouse. Jade earrings and beads completed the ensemble.

The haze of smoke in Mrs. Treadwell's apartment set her eyes smarting almost immediately. Several women maneuvered to avoid playing with her. Daisy began to feel uncertain and the cards got themselves more mixed up than usual. Two cocktails didn't help; she hadn't ever been able to get used to them. Her head began to ache a little and the women's faces began to look queer, like cartoons, a little out of drawing.

Mostly they concentrated on the cards, with eyes narrowed, but now and then they talked. They had pat phrases for new writers and new dramatists, new musicians and artists, old wines and foreign foods. In fact it was hard for Daisy to tell when they were talking about food and drink, and when about people. She gave it up finally and tried to remember what was trump and what aces were out. It took so much time to keep up with the things Sonia's friends kept up with. Evenings alone in her apartment Daisy liked to find songs of the croon or blues type on the radio. At lunch and dinner time she always tuned in on the hotel dance orchestras.

There was a break for tea and a woman engaged Daisy in a conversation about early American furniture. She'd found her chairs in Salem and had paid three thousand for them, she said. "They must be darling," Daisy said. "Their table was a Duncan Phyfe which had been in her husband's family for generations, she added. "They are darling," Daisy agreed. Daisy's living-room was upholstered in old blue velvet and she had a gait photograph on the panels of which pastel shepherdesses danced. Daisy liked a lot of soft cushions about, golds and greens and rose shades.

She peeped into the elevator mirror, going back to her own floor. "They have hard faces," she decided. "It's because they have hard faces I don't get on with them, that is, that I don't get on with them better than I do. They play cards like gamblers, too. I

[Continued on page 62]

Antiseptics and Drugs are worthless in Toothpastes

—Says *Noted Health Magazine*

Read this warning:

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"
—the health magazine of the American Medical Association.

IF you are using a toothpaste in the vain hope that it will *correct* or *cure* some disorder of teeth or gums, you must heed this plain warning!

Thousands of people are harming their teeth by believing that a dentifrice can *cure*—and neglecting to go to the dentist for the proper scientific treatment which he alone can give to teeth and gums.

No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea. No dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. No dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading, say high dental authorities. A dentifrice is a *cleansing* agent—like soap—and should be made and sold and used with the *one* object of cleaning the teeth.

This is a tremendously important object in itself. Everyone wants clean, sparkling

teeth. Everyone knows that cleanliness of teeth and mouth is vital to complete health.

Why not, therefore, accept this sane and common-sense attitude toward toothpastes? Dentists are all urging it. Stop looking for a dentifrice which will *cure*. Begin seeking the one which will *clean* your teeth best.

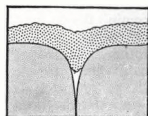
Because it does this one thing superlatively well, Colgate's has become the world's largest-selling toothpaste. Millions of

people use it, and for 26 years have kept right on using it, because they have found it cleans better.

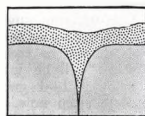
The reason for this is simple. Colgate's contains the *greatest* cleansing agent known to man, in a special, mild, effective form. This cleanser, when brushed, breaks into a sparkling, active foam. Careful scientific tests have proved that this foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to *penetrate** deep down into the thousands of tiny pits and fissures of the teeth where ordinary sluggish toothpastes cannot reach. There, it softens the imbedded food particles and mucin, dislodging them and washing them away in a foaming, detergent wave.

Thus Colgate's cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely. You have not fooled yourself with "cures."

*Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



The 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. Also in powder form for those who prefer it—ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

Colgate, Dept. M-588, P. O. Box 375,
Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C.

Please send me the booklet, "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name _____

Address _____

Save This CHART of Thread and Needle Sizes

Black and white threads are made in many sizes—each size for a purpose. Fine threads for making dainty garments of sheer fabrics. Heavier threads for sturdy tailored materials. For ease in sewing and for perfect results, be sure to use the correct sizes of threads and needles. In buying ask for them by number. Here is a convenient guide that shows the types of sewing for which you should use ten important thread sizes. Watch for additional charts giving other thread sizes and their uses.

No. 36-40 For button-holes, buttons, and little boys' suits—wherever sturdy, firm seams are necessary, use thread size 36 or 40, machine needle size 21, Milward's hand needle size 5.

No. 50-60 For blouses and dresses of firm fabrics, including woolsens; for draperies, quilts, and household sewing; for children's tailored clothes, use thread size 50 or 60, machine needle size 16, Milward's hand needle size 6.

No. 70-80 For little girls' party dresses and dainty house dresses and aprons; for glass curtains, use thread size 70 or 80, machine needle size 14, Milward's needle size 7.

No. 100 For lingerie, georgette and chiffon garments; for sheer woolsens; fine dimities, lawns, and materials where very fine stitching is required, use size 100 thread, machine needle size 11, Milward's hand needle size 8.

No. 120 For machine work on fine baby dresses, alips, bonnets, carriage robes, use thread size 120, machine needle size 9. For hand sewing, use Milward's needle size 9.

No. 150 For hand work on baby's clothes; for sewing on lace and making hand-run tucks, use thread size 150, Milward's hand needle size 10. For machine sewing, use needle size 9.

No. 200 For gossamer fine sewing; for lingerie touches on smart dresses; for exquisitely fine handwork; for lace and delicate fabrics, use thread size 200, Milward's hand needle size 10, machine needle size 9.

Wherever you live, you will find at a nearby store J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. black and white threads. This chart is your guide in asking for threads by number. These famous brand names are your guarantee of quality.

**J. & P. Coats
or Clark's O.N.T.**
Best Six Cord
Sewing Threads

mean bridge should be a sociable game and they make it a gambling game. They aren't my type, exactly. I guess every woman there had been divorced and it makes a difference when a woman is divorced." It seemed to Daisy that her eyes looked back a little desolated from the mirror and she began to sing softly: "You belong to me, I belong to you."

She went into her own apartment with a sense of escape. Appetizing odors came from the kitchen. "I'll have time to do my face again before Robert comes," she thought. "I'm glad he's coming tonight." Robert Woolsey was the sort of man who came to dinner every second Thursday. "Gracious, there's nothing sentimental about it," Daisy had disavowed archly on occasions. "Just an old friend."

SHE fussed about in the kitchen, peeping into the refrigerator and into the oven. "Are you basting it with orange juice?" she inquired. "That's good. And don't whip the cream for the shortcake, Judith. Is there time to make blueberry muffins. There is time, isn't there? Mr. Woolsey always says there's nothing like your blueberry muffins, Judith."

She went into her bedroom and saw that the silver dress had come. She had an inspiration and, calling Robert, asked him to dress for dinner. "I feel like going out somewhere where there's music tonight," she told him. Robert rather unenthusiastically agreed.

He came in a tight Tuxedo and looked a little bit disgruntled. When Robert sat down in a chair he sat heavily and in such a manner as to give an observer the idea that he wouldn't be getting up again for a long time.

"—so I took a flyer in American Airways—" His conversation ran that way. "I bought it at fifty-eight in December and in March it was eighty-nine. I held on. In April it was ninety-three. Still I held on. It touched one hundred and eight this morning and I sold. Bought a neat block of Allenby Oil last month and it's gone up from sixty-nine to seventy-eight. I'm holding it. It'll go higher. This is good soup, Daisy. Mighty good soup."

"I think it's wonderful how you know when to sell," Daisy said. "I think it's marvelous." She'd been saying this every other Thursday night for years and she didn't have to keep her mind on it.

Robert held his asparagus up and leaped at it. He seemed to be going into his duckling with both hands and the bones cracked under his fingers.

"You have to pick them, that's what. Take International Motors—"

"I'm glad we're going out where there's music," she thought. "You always were a wizard," she told him. "Jerry always said you were a wizard."

Robert lighted his long black cigar. "That was mighty good shortcake, Daisy," he said. "Judith hasn't forgotten how to make shortcake!"

"The music will wake me up," Daisy thought. "It'll rest me."

They went to the Club Carteret and the orchestra played the sort of music she liked. Daisy danced with her pointed shiny finger nails on the table and nodded her head in time to the music. Robert didn't feel up to dancing, he said. Daisy tinkled the ice in her glass of ginger ale and an hour passed.

It was fun to watch them dancing, anyway, she thought. Fun to pick out the dresses she liked. There was that girl in white again with pearls. The one in green must be a show girl. She felt she was beginning to know the blonde

DAISY'S DAY

[Continued from page 60]

in red. It was easy to pick her out on the floor. Daisy's eyes began to burn. She had been without her glasses too long. There isn't much to these places unless one danced, Robert thought.

A woman to the right caught Daisy's eye and she felt a twinge of pity for her. So much older than the others, she looked. Old and tired. Her arms seemed to bulge a little out of that décolleté silver dress she had on. She stole another glance. Yes, it was silver. She was slumped, too. Why didn't she straighten up? She looked so worn



out, fat and past youth that it seemed a little silly for her to be here. Silly and pathetic. Telltale lines ran down from her nose to the corners of her mouth and on into her double chin.

"That woman over there—" Daisy decided to call Robert's attention to her. She put her fingers up to feel her own chin line and the woman's hand went up, too. Daisy looked closely. The woman was in the hundred and thirty-seven dollar dress she had bought that morning on Fifty Seventh Street. Daisy's hand fell and the woman's hand fell. The woman was Daisy. That tired, fat one. There was a mirror there at the right.

Daisy's fingers had stopped their dance.

"—two hundred shares of—"

"Get the check," she said. "I want to go home now—"

YOU'LL have to drive me out to Montclair," she told him when they were in the car.

Robert looked at her in surprise. "Well," he laughed, "I guess you don't know how late it is, Daisy."

"I've got to go out to Montclair," she said. "Get started, Robert."

"I guess you don't know how late it is," he repeated, louder.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "Get started now. I'm going to take my shoes off. They hurt." She leaned back and closed her eyes and stretched her toes in their gossamer silver stockings.

She walked into the little Montclair house at midnight with her royal blue evening cloak wrapped over the silver gown. She was limping.

Gerald was sitting under the living-room lamp figuring. He pushed slips of paper under a magazine and stood up.

"Well, baby," she greeted him. "You look—gracious, you look as though you hadn't slept for a week."

"Hello, Mother." He accepted her kiss. "Last night was pretty hard going."

"Gracious, yes. You should be in bed right now," she scolded. "What are those? Are they bills? They are bills, aren't they? Put them right away now. I came out to tell you that this silly idea of not touching any of Daddy's money—it's a silly idea, that's all. I won't put up with it any longer, either. It was all right for you and

Eleanor to be silly and independent for a while but, I mean I don't need it anyway. I've got to get these shoes off. I mean I'm going to settle half the estate on you now, baby—"

"Why, Mother, we're doing fine. I can't let you—"

"—whether you like it or not. You look worried as a cat, baby. You really do. I've been thinking all the way out in the car and I have it all planned. It won't do any good for you to say a word, not one teeny little word. I mean I want my granddaughter to have things—what's that? Is that the— the kiddie crying?"

"I guess it is. Put these leather slippers of mine on, Mother. She's fine and healthy. I'll take you up. Eleanor's asleep, I'm afraid."

I CAN see Eleanor in the morning," Daisy said. She mounted the steps, Gerald's slippers flapping at her heels, and excitement mounted in her. The warm glow that had come about her heart grew warmer. "I'll quiet her," she said. "It won't take me long to quiet her. Do you have a good nurse?" "She's fine," Gerald said. "Here she is. Miss Fowler, my mother." Gerald's face had relaxed a little. "I guess Miss Fowler is pretty tired. And here's the baby."

Daisy took the baby in her plump bare arms and for some unknown reason the infinitesimal piece of humanity at that moment became quiet. Daisy held her to the light. The warm glow at her heart swelled and swelled and burst into fragments of light. "Knew her gran'muvver, so she did," she crooned excitedly. "Knew her own gran'muvver comin' in flippy-flop, flippy-flop in Daddy's shoes. Yes her did! Yes! Wouldn't cry any more, not one teeny weeny tear!" She settled herself into a rocker. "Now you go right to bed and get some sleep. Miss Fowler," she said capably. "I'll sit right here and hold her till she drops off. Yes! Gran'muvver will hold her old girl! Yes she will!" Daisy put her head down and rubbed her bright rouged cheek against the baby's head.

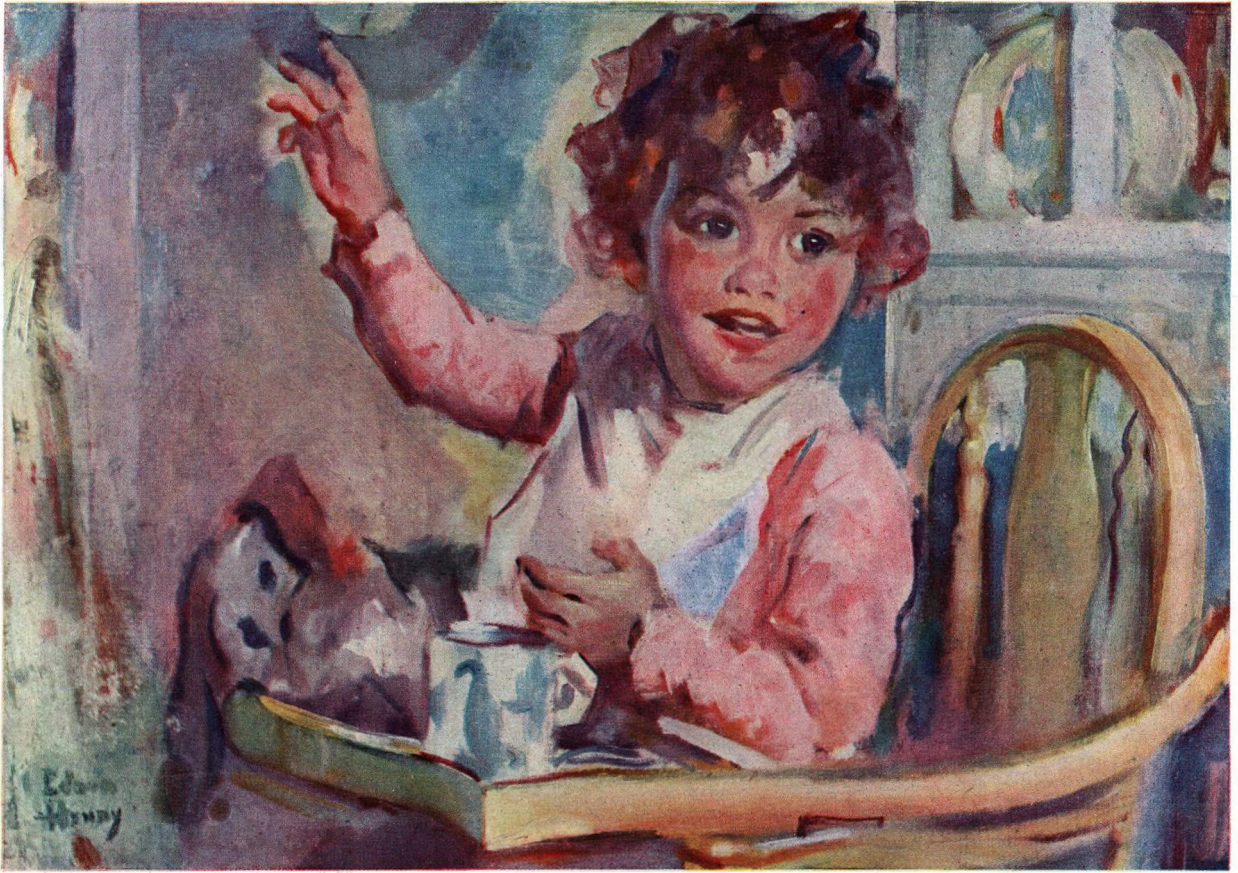
"I guess I'll go down and lock up," Gerald said. His face when she came had been tied into knots, but now it looked remarkably smooth and young. "Oh, Gerald!" She called him back. "Another thing. I'm going to sublet my place and find a tiny house out here near you. Judith and I will move out. I planned it all driving out tonight. I mean there isn't any reason why you and Eleanor should be tied down with this kiddie. I mean you won't want to leave her with strangers, either. But you can leave her with me and just go. You—"

"Why, Mother. Your friends—"

"I know." Daisy sighed and rocked faster. "It won't be exactly easy for me to give them up, but I'll adjust myself. I mean I'll get used to it. I'll take a little house and Judith and I will move out here. This small person will have her gran'muvver right around the corner. Yes! She'll have her old gran'muvver comin' flippy-flop over to see her!"

"That'll be great, Mother," Gerald said. "It'll be just great." He came nearer. "I—I guess I'll go and get some sleep now." He put his cheek down and rubbed hers gently. "Good-night, Bibbys," he said.

"Goodnight, baby," she returned. She rocked rhythmically and crooned, "You belong to me, I belong to you." She rocked and nodded her head and the permanent wave rose and fell on her neck.



O careful mother, before baby's meals rid your hands of germs

If you could look at your hands under a microscope you would hesitate to prepare or serve baby's food, or give him a bath, without first rinsing the hands with undiluted Listerine.

Because, breeding on them by millions, you would see dangerous disease germs which are easily transmitted to children by contact.

Certainly the use of Listerine on the hands is a wise precaution.

Listerine, though delightful and safe to use full strength, destroys such germs—all germs—in a few seconds. Even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), resistant as they are to antiseptic action, yield to Listerine in 15 seconds in

Prevent a cold

Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal, destroys the germs ever-present on them.

Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

counts ranging to 200,000,000.

We could not make this statement unless prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction



of the U. S. Government and the medical profession.

Recognizing Listerine's germicidal power, you can understand its marked success against infections. You can realize now why it has warded off millions of cases of cold and sore throat—why also it has checked millions of other cases before they became serious. You can appreciate why doctors have prescribed it for half a century.

See that your family makes a habit of gargling with undiluted Listerine at least twice a day. It is a pleasant, safe, and effective aid in maintaining health. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE enemy of sore throat

Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds



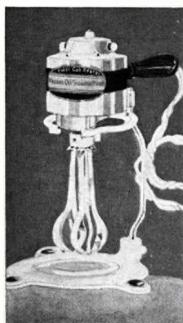
Naturally . . . the better the shortening, the better the biscuits

You'll want this Wesson Oil Electric Beater (. . . it's a Polar Cub Product) . . . here is a wonderfully practical appliance for the modern kitchen, a home-size electrically powered beater, made and guaranteed by the well known manufacturers of the Polar Cub electrical products.

Simple to handle and to operate. Easy to keep clean. Saves time and energy. Assures perfect results quickly . . . For beating, whipping, mixing—eggs, cream, batter. For use whenever an even, rotary motion is required. Ideal for making mayonnaise. Makes mashed potatoes fluffy.

With every beater is included, free, a rounded bottom, straight-sided glass Mixing Bowl—no corners—just right for beating and whipping.

This beater is planned to suit the needs of the average family. Price in the U. S. A. \$11.95 (delivered). If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.



Snowdrift is made from the same fine oil used in making Wesson Oil. Here is the same high quality, but in another form—for cooks who prefer a creamy white shortening. Naturally anything so deliciously pure and good as Snowdrift adds something to food in which it is used. Snowdrift is rich, fresh and delicate. It improves the flavor of food cooked with it.

Whatever you bake—cake, biscuits, cookies, muffins, pie crust, will be better when you use Snowdrift.

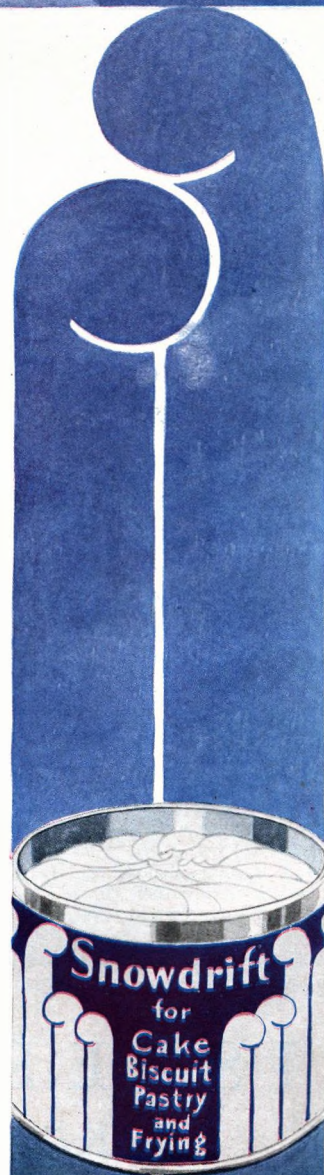
Biscuits made the Snowdrift way are biscuits at their best, light and feathery. Your own favorite recipe will prove this to you. Or you might like to try these Snowdrift biscuits. This recipe and many others are included in the Snowdrift Recipe Book mailed free upon request. Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

SNOWDRIFT BISCUITS

3 tablespoons Snowdrift
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk or water · $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt · 4 teaspoons Baking Powder
 2 cups flour · 1 tablespoon sugar

Measure dry ingredients and sift together into mixing bowl. Measure Snowdrift and cut into flour with two knives and work in with fork until well distributed. Add liquid, mixing with a knife or spoon until a soft dough is made that can be handled on a board lightly floured. Handle and work as little as possible. Roll thin and cut with small cutter. Place on greased pan or baking sheet and bake in hot oven of 450° F. for fifteen minutes.

Snowdrift is made by the Wesson Oil People



FANCY COOKING FOR THE AMATEUR

[Continued from page 55]



Molds, vegetable cutters, and a pastry bag and gun

Ice Cream Garnishes—Maraschino cherries, either red or green, have been the chief standby for decorating ice creams and desserts. But now there is a similar product made of small white grapes, skinned, colored and put up in syrup just as cherries are. They come in three colors—red, green and orange—and they take the place of a fruit sauce and provide an attractive garnish. A scoop of vanilla ice cream, with "Rubyettes" to top off, will add to the color scheme of your Valentine luncheon and be a novelty to most of your guests. The "Emrelettes" may also be used at this time or will be just as appropriate for a St. Patrick's day party.

Salad Suggestions

Molded salads are a great boon to the hostess. She can serve the same salad frequently, yet make it seem new by molding it in different shaped molds, and adding new garnishes. A jellied chicken salad, for instance, can appear in the form of hearts, clubs and spades at your Bridge Club luncheon, while for Sunday night supper it will look best as a ring mold, its center filled with celery curls and plump olives.

Molds—All kinds can be bought at up-to-date house furnishing shops or department stores. Particularly suitable for February are heart-shaped molds, both large and individual, (photograph above) in which salads, or meat or fish mousses, or gelatine desserts may be chilled. These may be open molds, since they need not be packed in chopped ice and salt. (For frozen desserts, molds with tightly fitting covers must be used.)

Especially attractive for party dishes is the "shell pan" which may be had in large or individual sizes. You can mold certain kinds of jellied salads and desserts in them. When the food is turned out, there is a well or depression in the center which can be filled with salad dressing, whipped cream or any other appropriate accompaniment. (Sponge cake can be baked in them and the centers filled with fruit or cream.)

Garnishing—Many things can be done to change simple salads into party affairs. Vegetable salad, jellied or plain, can be glorified by cutting beets, carrots, green peppers, or pimientos with fancy vegetable cutters; these cutters come in sets consisting of many different shapes. (See above.) To make a design with them in a mold of jelly, pour a little of the cool liquid jelly into the bottom of mold; when partly set, arrange a design of cut-out vegetables; add enough more jelly—only a *very little*—to set the design; then fill the rest of the mold with the salad mixture. When salad is unmolded, for serving, the design will be on top.

Pastry Tubes—One of the nicest ways to "dress up" salads is to use a pastry gun or bag with one of the fancy tubes which come with these outfits. (The metal gun is better for cream cheese and mayonnaise because it is less trouble to wash than the canvas bag.) With it you can (1) force cream cheese, softened and seasoned, around the edge of sliced pineapple—instead of using the everlasting cheese ball; (2) fill the centers of scooped-out tomatoes with any desired cheese mixture; (3) run a leaf design of cream cheese or mayonnaise up the sides of a whole pear standing upright on a bed of lettuce; (4) fill the hollow of a large half-peach with a rosette of cream cheese and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Dates, prunes, and hard-cooked eggs are more attractive when stuffed with the pastry tube—as are also celery hearts. If you have never used this fascinating piece of equipment, start now and see how much fun it is. With the "rose" and the "leaf" tubes you can work miracles, and the artistic results will vie with the most expensive caterer's.

Are you wondering why I have not told you about the "Surprise Loaf" for which there is a photograph on page 55? I wanted to make it a *real* surprise and keep it until last. The recipe for it, as well as one for my pet party salad, and for the frostings I use for decorating cakes will be found on page 82.

[Continued on page 82]



A lovely outcast

Pleasant company always passed her by... but she never guessed the reason. She didn't know that unsightly teeth are offensive to others. And faithful brushing will never correct this condition—unless you remove the cause of stain, tartar discoloration and decay. Authorities call it Bacterial Mouth. We all have it, and *only one* dental cream will remove it... That's Kolynos.

This new technique quickly makes Teeth Dazzling White

THERE is only one correct way to clean and whiten teeth quickly. That is the method long advocated by dentists and perfected by Kolynos... called the Dry-Brush Technique.

But switch to Kolynos and judge for yourself. Use a half-inch on a dry brush twice daily.

You'll quickly discover that teeth marred by stain, tartar and decay, and denuded at their necks by receding gums, are tell-tale signs of carelessness. Teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades in 3 days! Gums will look firmer and pinker. Your mouth will tingle with a delightful, sweet taste.

Unique? Of course! There's nothing like Kolynos. When it enters the mouth it multiplies 25 times and becomes a pleasant tasting, antiseptic foam that permits the Dry-Brush Technique!

Aided by the dry bristles of the tooth brush this foam gets into

and cleans every pit, fissure and crevice like no tooth paste you have ever used.

Ugly tartar is quickly dissolved. Acids are neutralized. Dangerous germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth are killed. Teeth are cleaned down to the naked white enamel without injury. And for 3 hours after each brushing this foam continues to clean teeth and combat germs.

Expect Results in 3 Days

Kolynos wins new users by comparison. No ordinary tooth paste can match its effectiveness. It permits the Dry-Brush Technique which keeps the brush bristles stiff enough to do the work they should do.

Introduce yourself to Kolynos. Start using it with the Dry-Brush Technique and within 3 days you'll understand why Kolynos is so popular. Get a tube of Kolynos from your druggist or fill in and mail this coupon for a large free tube!

FREE



The Kolynos Co., Dept. 2-MC-67
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name _____
Street & No. _____
City _____ State _____

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM



Low-lying and hospitable, this bungalow of modified Spanish style fits admirably into the California landscape

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

SUNLIGHT flickering through tall palm trees on warm adobe walls, a splash of color from exotic flowers, and you think of California or Old Spain. Wherever the climate of America closely resembles that of the old country the architecture is apt to be distinctly Spanish in character. In California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Florida a modified form of the Spanish house has been adopted with great success. Each of these sections has slightly varied its interpretation to comply with the varying conditions imposed by climate, location and available building materials.

In spite of its elasticity, the Spanish style is not one that can be employed satisfactorily everywhere. It is, indeed, so essentially sun-loving and exotic that it rightfully belongs where the climate has these characteristics—as in the sunny regions of our country, or at a summer beach resort. Could anything be

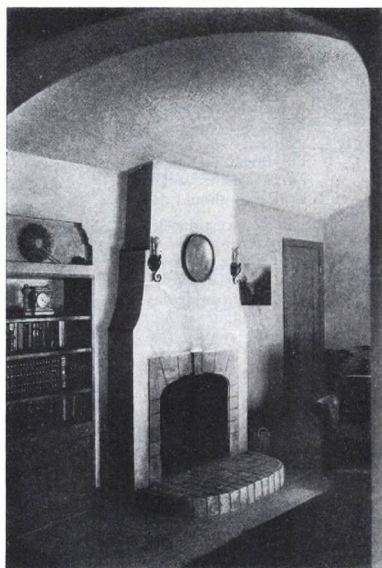
DESIGNED BY GLENN ELWOOD SMITH



• FIRST FLOOR PLAN •

more incongruous than Spanish architecture amid the snows of winter?

The California bungalow here illustrated shows in its general design and details an agreeable infusion of the Spanish spirit. Low-lying, broadly spreading, and home-like this bungalow has the informal warmth and beauty that is typical of California itself. Set in the leafy frame of tall palms and eucalyptus trees, the bungalow is further enhanced by a foundation-planting of evergreens interspersed with flower-bearing deciduous shrubs. The shrubbery has been intentionally and very wisely left uncrowded so that the moving shadows in their varied forms may enliven the buff-colored walls. These walls, above a sturdy foundation of poured concrete, are of smooth-textured stucco and form a contrasting background for the ivory-painted window shades and the exterior wood trim, which is stained a rich brown. The black painted iron balustrades of the little windows add just the right Spanish touch to the trimming. [Turn to page 68]



Above: On the flag-paved terrace opening from the dining-room, small luncheons can be served in the open under the gayly-striped awnings; or for larger parties the living-room and dining-room can be thrown together. The bedroom beyond the archway could be converted into a playroom, study or sewing room

Left: The Spanish fireplace with its raised hearth and neighboring bookcase is the first thing you see on entering the living-room. The walls are finished in plaster of rough texture and the floor is hardwood. At night the light from the wrought-iron fixtures is reflected in the big tray of lovely old copper

Right: Gay awnings on spear-head supports have become a decorative feature of the exterior, but they are also a necessary protection in a California house. Terrace and windows are equipped with them; and even the front entrance has a curtain which can be drawn across it when the door stands open



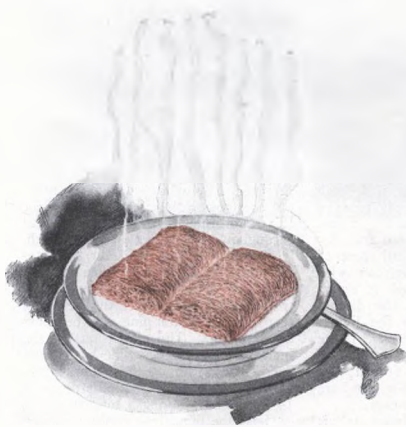
FOOLING *the* WEATHER MAN



IT'S a wise person who can fool the weather-man all the winter long by refusing to "catch cold". He eats the simple nourishing foods that fortify the body against the germs that prey upon frail human beings. Warmth and strength that resist the cold do not come from overcoats or flannels—they

come from foods that make rich blood and supply the elements for building healthy tissues. Shredded Wheat is the ideal food with which to fool the weather-man. Eat it for breakfast with hot milk and you are ready for chilly wind and winter sleet.

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY



Shredded Wheat with hot milk is not only warming and satisfying, but supplies a lot of strength without taxing the digestion. Be prepared to resist the cold weather by eating this delicious, nourishing food every day.

SHREDDED WHEAT



A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

[Continued from page 66]

Buildings influenced by the architecture of Spain are so generally associated with red-tiled roofs that the brown-stained wood shingles used for the roofing of this little bungalow contribute a certain degree of novelty. Incidentally, the shingles not only prove their adaptability to an architectural type more or less foreign to them but they also, in matching the wood trim, produce an exterior color harmony that is pleasing.

STILL another interesting use of color is in the gayly-striped awnings which, mounted on spear-head supports, shelter the windows and the open terrace at the left of the bungalow. A curtain, matching the awnings in material and color, adds a decorative touch to the main entrance and also serves as a protection from the proverbially strong sunshine of California.

From the main wall of the bungalow a sheltered, broad-stepped entrance leads down to stepping stones set in the grass. The massive dark oak door has in its upper portion a small glass panel with a protecting Spanish grille of black iron which is thoroughly in keeping with the character of the door and its ornaments.

Inside, the living-room occupies the central position at the front of the bungalow. It is generously proportioned, well arranged and amply lighted. As the front door opens directly into it, the living-room gains the space which a hall or an entry would otherwise occupy.

A fireplace set midway in the long wall opposite the entrance is almost ideally placed, for it at once attracts the eyes of visitors entering the living-room. It is in full view from all parts of the room and also clearly visible from the adjoining dining-room. An arch-topped bookcase is close neighbor to the fireplace at the left, and at the right a door gives access to the inner hall, around which the three bedrooms are arranged.

There is a direct communication between the living-room and one rear bedroom, so that the latter, if desired, might be converted into a playroom, a sitting-room, a den, or a sewing room, thus leaving the living-room free for more formal service. A broad group of windows supplies the living-room with its principal light, although it draws some indirect light from the dining-room which is linked to the living-room by a wide arched opening. As the wall breaks occur on only three sides of the living-room, the fourth side remains completely open for furniture such as a piano or a davenport.

In one corner of the inner hall is arranged a commodious closet which is available for either household linens or outside wraps. This hall contains a scuttle in the ceiling through which the storage space in the attic can be reached.

At one end of the hall the bathroom has been cleverly arranged. The wash basin surmounted by a glass-doored medicine cabinet is flanked by built-in cases, properly dimensioned for bathroom towels and other supplies.

The two bedrooms at the right have the virtue of cross ventilation and one has the additional advantage of floor length glass doors which open to a diminutive balcony. The closet of the same bedroom is unusually large; and in all the bedrooms great care has been taken to conserve wall space so as to make furnishing easy. Although the location of the third bedroom deprives it of cross ventilation it has no lack of air and sunshine as virtually one entire wall is given over to a group of four windows. Another wall is broken by the doors of a spacious built-in wardrobe which replaces the customary closet.

The dining-room, in accordance with modern practice, is comparatively small. It is, however, quite large enough for ordinary family entertaining and the living-room is sufficiently near to supplement it, should greater dining space be needed.

A slight irregularity in the shape of the kitchen has created a long alcove into which a particularly commodious cabinet is built. The wall beside this cabinet is occupied by a built-in ironing board and the entire outside wall is fitted with a built-in feature which consists of a sink with a double drain-board, a small shelved cupboard and a refrigerator. The range is within easy reach of all the other equipment, and it is also well within the lighting area of the double windows.

True to California custom, this kitchen is relieved of such features as a laundry tub, hot water heater and broom closet for all of which room is found in a compact screen-porch that really takes the place of a basement. There is in the present instance no basement, but if one were wanted it could easily be made accessible by a stairway descending from the screen-porch or from the alcove where the kitchen cabinet is now situated.

IN THE absence of a basement this bungalow is heated by gas radiators and, of course, there is always the fireplace if the night is cool.

According to the architect's plan for this California bungalow the ceilings throughout are 8 feet 6 inches high. Textured plaster is used for the interior walls, except in the kitchen and the bathroom where the walls are covered with a sanitary fabric. All the wood trims are of Oregon pine and the floors are hardwood. The dimensions of the bungalow are 42 feet wide by 31 feet deep. The width of the open terrace at the side is 6 feet and the depth is 14 feet. Thus, having a total width of 48 feet, the bungalow would require a site of at least 60-foot frontage to admit a driveway or any landscaping.

A recent estimate of the cost of such a bungalow in southern California was approximately \$5,800. This was computed on the bungalow containing 12,900 cubic feet. By supplying the cubage and the other data given herein it would be a simple matter for any competent contractor to figure out closely what the total cost would be in any other locality.

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deeper,
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flavor . . .

MADE from Vermont maple sugar . . . and the world produces no finer . . . blended with sparkling cane sugar to bring out the flavor . . . Vermont Maid Syrup recaptures that good old maple taste you remember so well from childhood.

Try this famous syrup on your pancakes or your waffles. Its deeper, richer, true maple flavor will haunt your memory. Try it, too, over ice cream and custard; over biscuit, corn bread or mush. It makes a real treat of these familiar foods.

Your grocer has Vermont Maid Syrup, in attractive glass jugs, ready for the table. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vt.

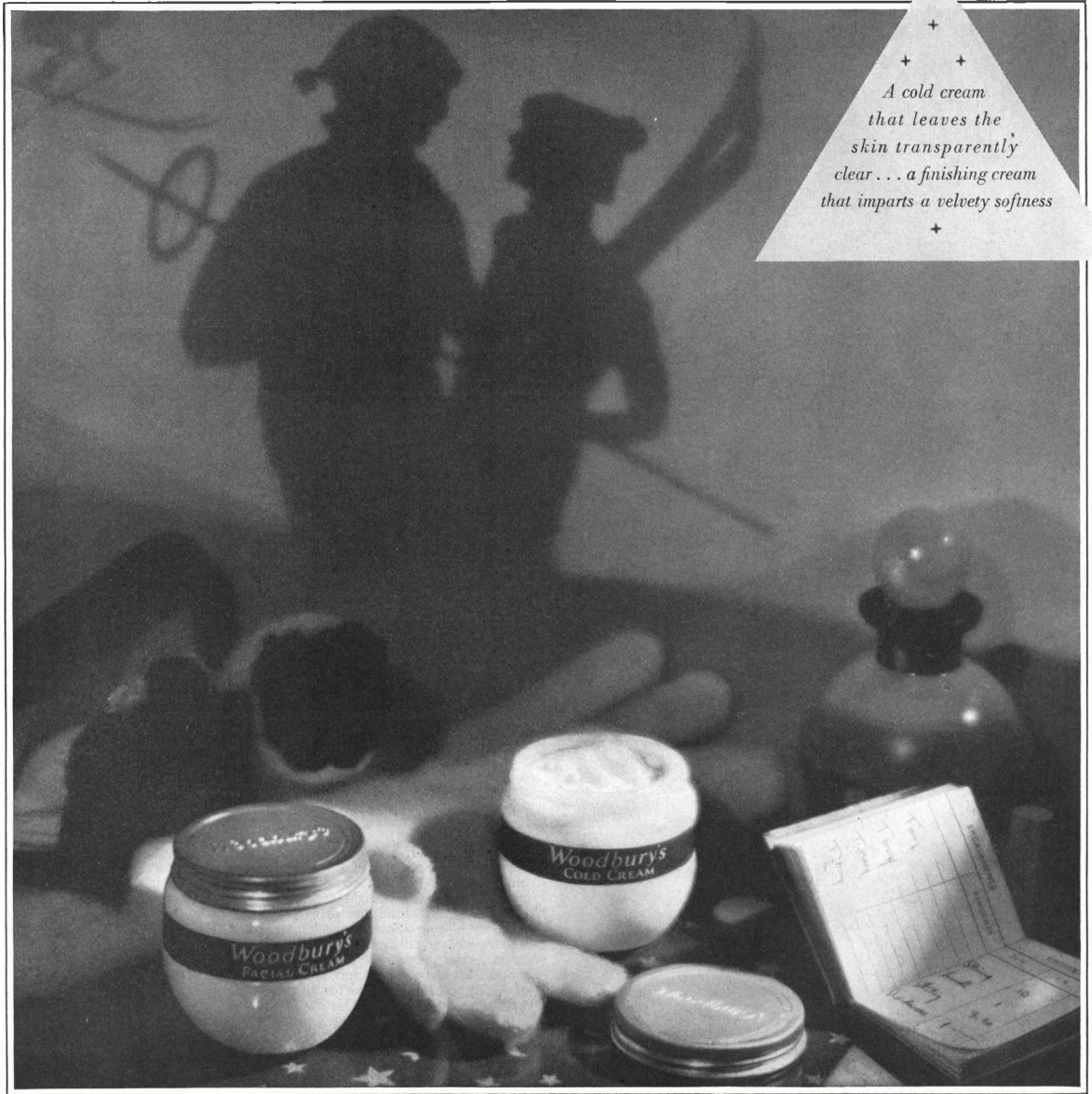
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SYRUP
MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS



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that leaves the
skin transparently
clear . . . a finishing cream
that imparts a velvety softness
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on the heights with Him . . .

dazzling snow . . . icy slopes . . . and the joy of the race,
down . . . down . . . down . . .

How invigorating the winter air, but what unkind things the harsh winds do to your face. Cheeks red, with a veiny look . . . lips dry and parched . . . skin rough and chapped, tight and drawn.

Now of all times your complexion needs external care. Now of all times you should protect it, lubricate it—keep it supple and soft.

As soon as you come in out of the cold, and always

before you go to bed, cover your face and neck generously with Woodbury's, the cold cream that melts at skin temperature. Under your gentle fingertips you feel it working its way into your pores, relaxing the skin, bringing back its smooth, soft texture.

Then, as a powder base, there is Woodbury's Facial Cream. Just a touch of this fluffy, greaseless cream will safeguard your skin against outdoor exposure.

The two Woodbury Creams come to you from the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap—authorities on skin beauty and skin care. And, because so many women use these creams regularly, you will find them on sale everywhere. Or, we will send you a trial set and Woodbury's Facial Soap, upon receipt of 25c in stamps or coin. The Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. M-2, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE TWO WOODBURY CREAMS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . *caressingly soft*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . *refreshing, greaseless*

THE LONG ROAD

[Continued from page 30]

Edna Bradley laughed, a laugh that was half a sob, and playfully shook the boy from her.

"Go wash your dirty face, my man," she said. "You and me, we're a team. We've got to pull together. It's close to supper time and you know what'll happen if we don't make it snappy. *Daren't* be late!"

"Good-night-nurse!" cried little Bill, fiercely. "I'll tell the world you're up against it. I wish we never had to see his nasty face across a table again, so I do!"

The woman caught herself in time to stop the sound of the "Amen!" that sprang to her lips.

THE sun was gone from the Valley; like a golden god in an azure world it had sunk behind the far western hills. Wondrous mists of rose and purple swept down from the soft, pale skies—Miles of magic draperies.

In a corner of a wide corral old Shaggy stood and drowsed, his head bent to the southern breeze. He was grizzled with many years. His gentle little face, his foretop, the root of his long tail along his fat hips, his hide, were dusted with a myriad silver hairs among the black. His tiny feet were half hidden in their heavy fetlocks. Shaggy was very old. He had come to Broadfields when they were newly fenced and when young Tom was a gangling boy and little Bill a cherub. The pony had been as pretty a creature then as one would care to see; a shiny black Shetland colt, newly weaned; and he had ridden home, as a good-sized dog might, in the master's light buggy. The old master, whose hand was ever light and whose kindly heart had made a little heaven of the growing farm!

It is doubtful if Shaggy could have recalled all these things in his drowsy old brain; but had that master stood before him in the twilight and held down a coaxing hand the little, old pony would have wakened, and known which pocket to nuzzle in for the sugar lump. Instinct, if you will, but Shaggy's gentle heart knew the comfort of love; of family kinship. It stood for all the well-being that had made his life.

Then there had been young Tom to ride in the basket-phaeton when the baby horse was old enough to wear a harness, and later little Bill was put astride him and he would trot gingerly while the chubby legs stuck out from his fat sides.

Yes, old Shaggy of Broadfield Farms, had memories and a worthy history. But he was very old, and did nothing, all day long, but feed and dream. Therefore he stood, left hip down, facing the twilit wind with its sweet perfume.

Two men leaned on the corral fence, when the light was almost gone, and looked at him.

"Hum!" said the one who had shallow, furtive eyes; "he's a jackrabbit. Ain't buyin' such."

"But he's fat," said John Bradley; "rollin' fat. He's got more meat on him than half them scare-crow feeders in your bunch. Any chicken man'll give you more for him than for the pick of the others. He's *all* meat."

"Five dollars," said the other flatly, "an' not a cent more."

"Done," said Bradley; "gimme th' money." The bargain was closed.

So Shaggy, roused from his dim sleep by a heavy hand upon his rump, stirred and moved.

"Gimme a rope?" asked the buyer. "Don't need one," said Bradley; "he'll lead by th' foretop."

Sure he would! Old Shaggy had followed any hand laid upon him; in the long years he had trusted all. He followed this strange man through the corral gate, out the narrow lane to an asphalt road that shone black in the dusk. It was not far to where that

sorriest sight of the pleasant land was displayed along the highway—"the feeders," bound for the chicken country. They stood in the sweet twilight, dim shapes of weariness; old, friendless, worked-out; their gaunt

ribs showing beneath their ancient hides; some too tired to try cropping the dry grass of the roadside which was their only food. Weak, patient, piteous, a sight to bring heart-burning to any lover of horses, they paused in the dreary journey to rest.

A little way from them a campfire burned beside a wagon, and a slatternly woman prepared a child for bed.

Here the "trader," as this ghoul called himself, tied the pony to a wheel.

The night passed and the dawn came flooding the valley of the Sacramento with golden light. Long before the day had well begun its smiling march the poor caravan had started. For the first time since he had ridden home in the master's buggy, so many years ago, the little old Shetland pony was on the great road.

TWO days later little Bill approached the foreman. "Bert," he said un- easily, "where's Shaggy? I ain't seen him lately. Not since Monday I think. Did he go back to th' big barn?"

The foreman was tall and silent. His hair was graying at the temples. He knew more about Broadfields than any person on it, though he concealed the fact. He had helped the boy to take his first wobbling steps; had watched his old boss die; had seen, with smoldering wrath, that the tentacles of John Bradley had, for the last six years, been closing on the farms. The nostrils of his high-bridged nose quivered as he turned from the boy to hide his anger. He knew of that low-voiced bargain by the fence, but he would have given a year of life to keep little Bill from knowing; little Bill who loved the old pony with all the passion of a lonely child. Now he tinkered with the gate hinge and did not meet the anxious blue eyes in the peaked young face.

Little Bill eyed him for a silent moment. Then the lines about the boy's mouth drew suddenly into the pattern of manhood and he put a small, firm hand on the bent shoulder of his father's old friend.

"Bert," he squeaked, "what d'you know? Come on through."

Bert Marten straightened up and faced him squarely.

"I know a heap," he said at last. "But if you don't watch your step when I tell you, you an' me'll get hell. John sold old Shaggy two days ago."

Bill's mouth fell open and, for a moment, he stared.

"Two days—Bert—you mean—to th' feeders?"

The foreman nodded.

[Continued on page 72]



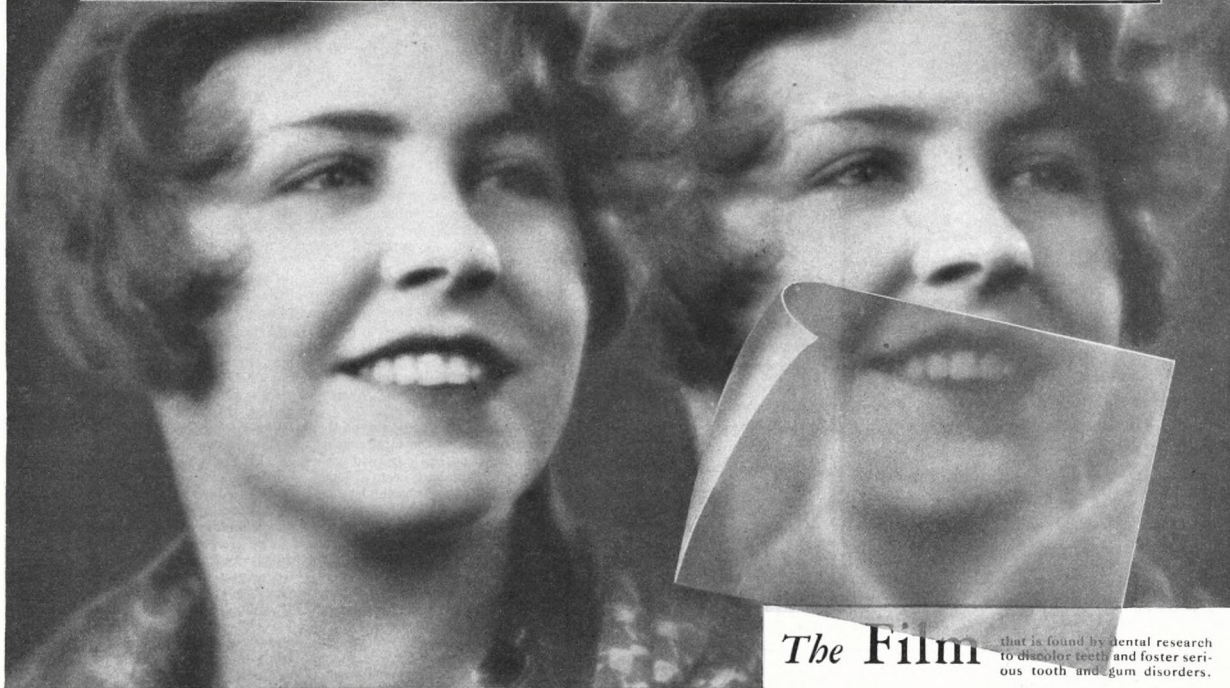
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"Why that's the strongest statement ever made about a soap."

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The Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE ... a 10-day tube of Pepsodent to try

Within a very few days you will see a change in teeth's appearance. You will find greater protection against decay.

DECAY and pyorrhea threaten nine mouths out of ten. Germs cause decay. Germs and tartar cause pyorrhea. The best way to remove these germs is to remove the film that holds them. The scientific way to remove film is by Pepsodent.

That is why we ask permission to send you a generous supply at once without charge. You will find it different from other ways of cleansing teeth.

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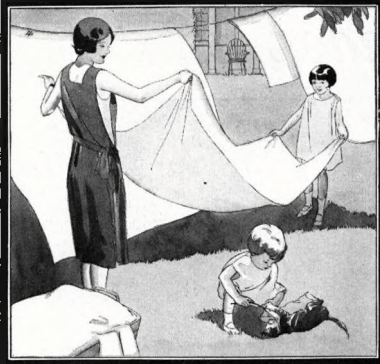
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"As mother of two babies, I washed and boiled my linen and it felt beautifully clean and sanitary, though often I folded from the line and used without ironing. Now, with a nearly grown daughter and son, my Pequot withstands the modern steam laundry."

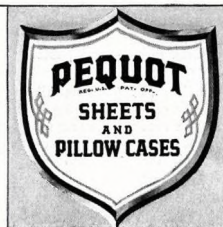
Washington, D. C.

"Pequot sheets never rough up in laundering and are always smooth and cool to the touch. They wear well and long. I cannot remember ever buying any others."



Fallon, Nevada.

"Pequot wears longest for me as I have a large family of children—all of them regular Indians around the house. They are hard on sheets and cases so I select the best I can get, which is Pequot. Also, they iron straight, which makes that job easier."



THE
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Parker, Wilder & Co., New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Selling Agents

THE LONG ROAD

[Continued from page 70]

The boy staggered to the fence and, leaning there, buried his head in his arms.

The foreman touched him with clumsy tenderness. "We know it's injustice," he said, "but what can we do? John's in charge an' you're a minor. If you raise a row he'll send you away and fire me."

"An' go robbin' th' Farms!" shrieked little Bill. "Sellin' th' solid stuff, workin' out th' dairy, suckin' th' land without fertilizer! If only young Tom'd come home! And he's sold old Shaggy to the feeders! Shaggy! My Shaggy—my own—Dad give him to me when I was ten!" The boy, white and trembling, picked up his cap and jammed it on.

"Where you goin', Bill?" the man asked anxiously.

"I'm going after that dirty trader. I'll go to law—I'll—"

"How you going?"

"Dad gave me Shaggy on my tenth birthday. Remember, Bert, how you wheeled him out in his chair and what he done to prove? You do remember, don't you Bert? That little o' silver locket, big as my thumb, with my name on it, that Mother'd give me when I was a baby—you mind how Dad cut a slit in Shaggy's hide up tight under his mane an' slipped it in? I always feel if it's there."

"I don't know, Bill, how you can prove by that. It was just a sick man's fancy."

"It's got—my name—on it," panted the other; "an' that will stand in law."

"Mebby you're right," said Marten.

THE sun, that could be so gay on the green stretches of the alfalfa fields at home, burned on the long road with fierce intensity. It had been a long, long day for Shaggy. Automobiles had poured by on the smooth highway in a constant stream, so that the poor cavalcade of the chicken-feeders must shuffle in the dust along the side.

The trader himself, certain of needing a canteen, carried one. And the slattern woman as she rode, complained of the heat.

Tied to the wagon tail, constantly turning his eager head to gaze along the way he had come, was a little old Shetland pony, every hair gray with the dust that rolled up at every step.

Dead weary in all his small body, he trotted on, taking three steps to each one of the horses that drew the wagon.

The sun went down and the soft blue haze crept over the level country.

The trader stopped his wagon and made camp for the night.

He strung the horses out along the way that they might feed and drink, for here a little stream trickled from an irrigation ditch and formed a pond. Shaggy, forgotten at the wagon's tail, watched with patient eyes that were burning with eagerness. He moved in the space allotted by the rope, strained toward the blessed water, but never a sound of protest came from him.

The man smoked his pipe, knocked out the ashes and went to bed in the wagon with the woman and child. Silence fell save for the roar and flash of the monotonously passing cars.

At midnight the woman woke and pushed her dishevelled head out from under the flap and looked around at the night. Her lazy, sleep-dazed face was kind. More than once she had eased the way for some forsaken wreck in her husband's train. Now she saw the famished old pony, gray in the starlight, the patient little head hanging, no longer straining at the rope. She reached out a dirty hand and slipped the

steel snap from the pony's halter ring.

"Go on, you," she whispered pityingly, and gave him a push. Shaggy woke from his daze of misery and stumbled away on stiff legs. Straight to the muddied pond he went and sank his frowny muzzle to the eyes. Oh, blessed water! Next best thing in the world to air!

That one deep draught brought back the old Shetland's consciousness, opened his dull eyes, put heart once more behind his ribs.

WHEN he had finished he raised his little head and cocked his ears toward the silent wagon. His bones and muscles were fast stiffening from the terrible, sustained effort of the long days. He was old. He creaked in every joint. But his gentle heart beat quicker and he turned his free head back toward the north, shook himself so that the dust flew in a cloud from his heavy hair, and, stepping lightly as possible, he threaded his way between the dim shapes of the cavalcade.

With little to eat and less to drink he had traveled at forced march time. But he did not stop one moment now, for a bite of grass, a breath of rest. Not he! Not old Shaggy of Broadfield Farms! In his pony soul there surged up the feel of home, the longing for little Bill's warm, rough hands tumbling his bushy mane, the scent of winds across the wide alfalfa fields.

It was a long road—a long, long road indeed to so small and sore a pony as Shaggy.

It was the morning of the third day, and at Broadfield Farms, John Bradley stood by the gate in a white rage.

"You drive that truck out that gate an' I'll put you where th' dogs won't bite you, so help me!" he said tensely to Bert Marten. "And as for you—" he made a grab at little Bill, but the boy, doubling like an eel, eluded him.

The foreman reached down and pulled the boy up beside him. "Put me where you want me an' be damned to you," he said to John succinctly. But I wouldn't go quite so fast, if I was you. There'd haf to be a trial, you know, an' lots of things get said at trials—on both sides. Ef you want us, send th' shur'ff th' way th' feeders went. He'll find us."

The truck rolled out the open gate and turned south on the highway.

John Bradley snapped his fingers and flung into the house where the woman was getting breakfast. He stopped and glared at her.

"You!" he said. "If it wasn't for you—"

Edna turned from the stove with smoldering eyes. "Yes?" she drawled, her heart thundering in her ears. "If it wasn't for me—what?"

The man stared.

Then he plunged toward her around the table. Quick as light she faced him with a gun in her shaking hand, his own gun which had lain, only she knew how many days, in the cupboard.

"Show-down at last," she said unsteadily; "ten years of—hell! I know what'll happen when th' boys get back, and I'm going to be ready. Go out of this house, John Bradley, quick."

For six years this man had ruled this woman, ruled this house, this place, with a merciless hand and a calculating mind. For six years his word had been the law and he had seen his power grow. There had been but one drawback—the ailing man in the wheelchair who had owned it all. Now that drawback was gone. Yesterday he had seen his goal nearer than ever before.

[Continued on page 75]



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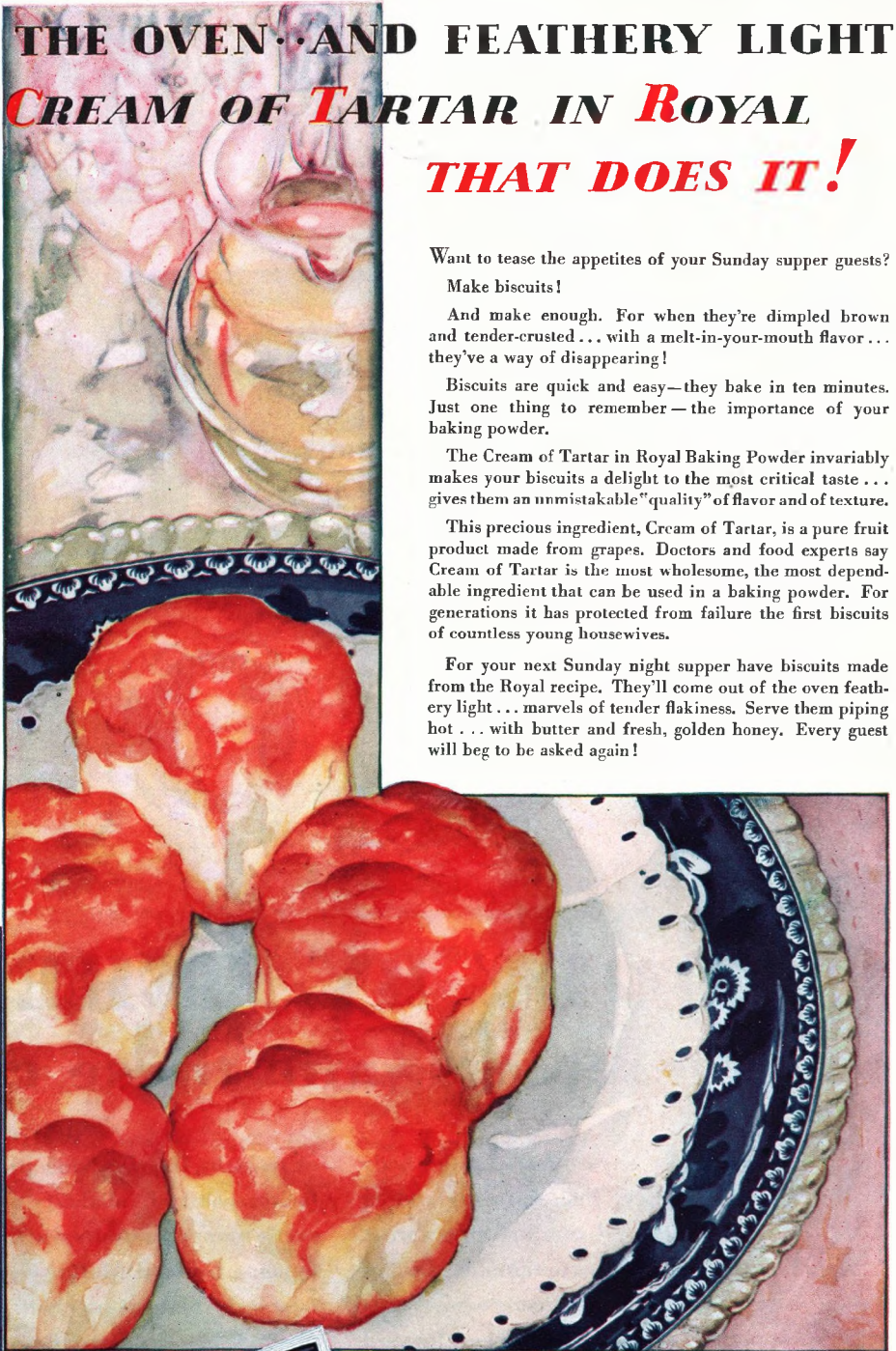
HOT FROM THE OVEN...AND FEATHERY LIGHT IT'S THE CREAM OF TARTAR IN ROYAL THAT DOES IT!

BISCUITS AND HONEY for Sunday supper. Royal biscuits can be baked immediately after mixing, or covered and set aside in a cool place for baking several hours later, or even the next day. Because two acid reacting ingredients, cream of tartar and tartaric acid, are combined in Royal, the dough begins to rise as soon as mixed and continues to rise when put into the oven. This is what is meant by "double acting."

ROYAL MASTER RECIPE for baking powder biscuits: Measure 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder* and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt into sifter. Sift into mixing bowl. Using steel fork, mix in two tablespoons shortening lightly and thoroughly with the dry ingredients. Slowly add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk (or half milk and half water) to make a soft dough, mixing lightly with fork. Toss dough onto slightly floured board. Roll or pat dough out lightly with hands to about one-half inch in thickness. Cut out with biscuit cutter which has been dipped in flour. Place on slightly greased pan—far apart if a crusty biscuit is desired; close together if you prefer a thicker and softer biscuit. Bake in hot oven at 475° F. ten to twelve minutes. Makes 14 biscuits. If a shorter biscuit is desired, use 3 or 4 tablespoons shortening instead of 2 tablespoons.

LIGHTNING BISCUITS: Follow Master Recipe, using more milk to make soft dough. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet or in muffin tins and bake immediately in hot oven at 475° F. for 10 minutes. Makes 15 biscuits.

*Be sure to use only Royal Baking Powder, for which this recipe was planned.



Want to tease the appetites of your Sunday supper guests?
Make biscuits!

And make enough. For when they're dimpled brown and tender-crustled... with a melt-in-your-mouth flavor... they've a way of disappearing!

Biscuits are quick and easy—they bake in ten minutes. Just one thing to remember—the importance of your baking powder.

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For your next Sunday night supper have biscuits made from the Royal recipe. They'll come out of the oven feathery light... marvels of tender flakiness. Serve them piping hot... with butter and fresh, golden honey. Every guest will beg to be asked again!

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Please send me the new revised edition of the Royal Cook Book, containing over 360 recipes.

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THE LONG ROAD

[Continued from page 72]

Today, because of the wild defiance of one peaked-face boy of fourteen, he saw mutiny.

He now felt the panic of possible failure—John Bradley who had been a wary thief, a cold tyrant, a bully, now backed away from his wife's new presence and left the house.

Edna Bradley laid down the gun and slow tears filled her eyes. She heard the roar of a car; saw it whirl away toward town in a cloud of dust. It was John, she knew, going for the sheriff.

On the high seat of the farm truck, going south in the sweet dawn, little Bill leaned forward peering along the boulevard which wound its shining loops away interminably.

"Been three days, Bert," he said miserably.

"Nope," said Bert, "two days—three nights."

"It was so hot yesterday. An' you know they don't stop for anything, an' his legs are so short."

"Yes," comforted the foreman; "but they can't travel fast nohow. Stock's too wore out for that."

"That's so," said the boy.

FOR a time they sailed along in silence. Then: "I'll be havin' to pack my duds when we get back," said Bert.

"So'll I," said little Bill; "he can't keep me now, not livin'."

"He ain't your legal *guardien* anyway," returned the foreman; "good thing fer once't old Tom left something undone."

"Take me with you, if you leave the farm, Bert?" the little boy queried anxiously, his voice unsteady.

For answer the gray, beak-nosed driver lifted one hand from the steering wheel and squeezed the skinny, little paw that rested on his sleeve. "Surest thing you know, Bill," he said; "an' Shaggy, too, when we find him."

The big truck roared on, placidly devouring the miles that had dragged so heavily to weary hoofs; weary, small hoofs, half hidden in their fetlocks, hoofs that wavered in eccentric arcs as their owner strove desperately to hold a course along the dust-fringed road. Under his bushy foretop old Shaggy's eager eyes had become dull and lifeless, then red-rimmed, staring fixedly, set in one desire. The small muzzle was pinched and sunken, the tongue was slightly swollen between the parted lips. To his dim vision the shining roadway wavered and shimmered, swung this way and that, a grotesque caricature of a road.

So it was little Bill's straining young eyes which first saw him coming down the gleaming way.

"Bert!" he squeaked, then gulped: "Bert! It's him!"

The foreman narrowed his wrinkled lids.

"By jumpin' jimminy!" he said, speeding the car; "his so!"

Three minutes later the old pony heard, out of the confusion of sounds, the high, shrill squeak of a familiar voice, felt the clutch of loving arms about his neck. With a hoarse sound, meant to be the old whinny of greeting, he lurched against little Bill and went down—the great effort done, his sanctuary reached.

"Bert!" shrieked the boy; "he's dyin'! Oh, Bert!"

"Nope," said the man softly, "not by a jugful. Jest plumb tuckered out, an' he was a-comin' home to Broadfields, Lord bless his little ol' mangy hide an' hoofs!"

It was a triumphal entry along the lane. They brought up with a flourish in the big corral. Bert Marten sat at the truck's wheel and behind him on the broad floor, like the floats at the Fair, sat the slender boy, pillowing in his lap the dusty head of a little old Shetland pony.

"Arrest this man for larceny," said John Bradley thickly.

The officer stepped forward, but Bert held out a hand, demanding silence.

"That's all right, Shur'ff," he said; "I'm willin'. But there's time for a little speech. What can you do with a man, who sells somethin' that ain't his?"

"Several things," said the Sheriff; "why?"

"John Bradley sold this pony to a trader, fer five dollars. I heard th' bargain myself—an' it's th' propt'y of little Bill here, exclusive—"

"No such thing!" cried Bradley. "The little hoss belongs to th' estate which I'm administerin' to th' best of my ability."

"Not so fast, John. Officer, I ask your assistance as witness to th' truth. Come up here on th' truck."

With a questioning look the sheriff climbed up beside him. Bert took out his pocket knife, and gave it to him.

"Find th' locket your pa put in Shaggy's neck, Bill," he said, "an' show the shur'ff, here, exactly where it is."

"It's my ol' baby locket, an' it's got my name on it," the boy said anxiously. "Dad said he put it there, to *prove*."

Without a word the officer made a tiny slit in Shaggy's loose skin and there popped into his palm a tiny trinket.

He turned it over, scrutinizing it. "William Bradley," he read aloud.

"That you, son?"

Little Bill nodded.

"Don't it *prove*?" he cried shrilly. "Ain't he a thief an' a liar?"

BUT the sheriff did not answer. He was running an experimental thumb around the thin edge of the locket. Once, twice, the thumbnail circled; the locket fell open. Bert Marten peered at it. "Paper!" he ejaculated. "With writin'! Ol' Tom's writin'! By jimminy!"

"—sound mind!" the sheriff mumbled as he read, "but helpless—to break my brother's grip on Broadfield Farms—do hereby appoint Bert Marten administrator—my estate, and guardian—my son, William John—duly signed and witnessed before me this day—"

The sheriff looked up from the cobweb paper in his hands and straight at John Bradley.

"It would seem," he said, "that there is a great deal here. I think I'll hold you for investigation."

"Bert!" screamed little Bill shrilly. "Oh, Bert! That's what Dad was tryin' to tell us at th' last! Tryin' so hard to tell us!"

"'Twas so, I'll be bound!" said Marten wonderingly. "An' Ol' Shaggy—good little pony—was a-comin' home to finish out th' secret!"



one..



two..



three..and you've found a way to make children love milk



TRY THIS. Put a teaspoonful of Instant Postum in a cup, then pour in hot—not boiled—milk. Now stir, and add a little sugar. You'll want to taste this drink, yourself—but first, give it to a child!

You'll see that child's face light up at the "grown-up" appearance of this new treat. Then you'll hear a sigh of satisfaction... Instant Postum made with milk has a flavor all its own, and children love it—even those who don't like "plain" milk. But there is more to this mealtime drink than good flavor. It has all the wonderful qualities of milk plus the wholesomeness of whole wheat and bran from which Postum is made!

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lants that make many mealtime drinks unsuitable for children. It is safe. Doctors, dietitians, and teachers recommend Instant Postum made with milk. Let your children have it—and try Postum yourself! Make it your mealtime drink and avoid the sleeplessness and nervousness that are so often caused by caffeine. Millions of people who know Postum; will tell you it means better health!

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**Beech-Nut
Peanut Butter**



The organdie curtains and ruffled dressing table harmonize both in color and spirit with the old-fashioned wall paper

A ROOM for A GIRL

By MARY DAVIS GILLIES

IT WILL have a lovely room" should be the sentiment of every girl. Why shouldn't she? Paint is cheap, there are attractive wall papers in every store, any drapery department has countless bargains and a clever girl can do most of the work herself.

The taste of many girls may lean toward dainty, pastel-hued settings, similar to those of the room illustrated at the top of the page. The delightful, old-fashioned flowered paper with a design in gay garden colors on flesh pink is an enchanting background for the turquoise-green organdie flounce on the dressing table, and for the green painted furniture. The standing triple mirror is flanked by two tall glass candlestick lamps with pale pink book-mustlin shades. The pink appears again in the bedspread, which is quilted in diamond pattern, and in the two-toned, flesh-pink organdie curtains.

Although a room decorated in this manner looks expensive and luxurious, any amount of improvising is possible. The suite of furniture may be an old one repainted, and the dressing table may be just a shelf cut out by the carpenter and fastened to the wall with a pair of brackets.

The room at the lower left has been planned for the more serious girl who loves books. The walls are painted a pale green which sets off the mahogany furniture perfectly. The impression of

severity which plain painted walls might give has been overcome by a two-inch rose garland border of wall paper carried around the molding and the door frames. The curtains are made of pink cotton voile, with a two-inch band of green voile hemstitched to the front and bottom. They hang very full. The window-nook is filled with a broad-cushioned seat which makes an inviting place for reading and studying.

The floor is covered with a woven wool rag rug in a green, rose, and black hit-or-miss pattern.

On the bed is a voile spread, which matches the curtains; but a candlewick spread with pink or green tufts, or a patchwork quilt in harmonious colors would be equally effective.

Other interesting features of this room are the dressing table, really a small old-fashioned stand with drop leaves; the long mirror at the foot of the bed, and the built-in bookcases.

Another room which shows ingenious details is the one on the right. Such a plan could be followed for a college room, the room of a business girl, or a room for a high school girl who prefers simplicity to ruffles and wants a sitting room as well as a bedroom.

This particular room previously contained an old iron bed, a golden oak

chest of drawers, small washstand, a kitchen chair, and an old faded carpet. When it was taken over for rejuvenation, the bed was discarded, and the carpet was bundled up and sent to a rug factory. It was returned several weeks later made over as a soft green rug which fitted into the new color scheme perfectly.

In the meantime the walls had been painted peach color and the woodwork, the chest of drawers, and the washstand painted a slightly deeper peach. A child's tea table had been resurrected from the attic and impressed into service as an end table, after two or three coats of the same paint.

A walnut day bed and a brown denim boudoir chair were purchased. The bed was covered with cretonne having an attractive peach, copper, and green design on a brown base. The cretonne pillows were varied with others in plain green; and a glimpse beneath the cover would reveal peach-colored sheets.

The side draperies are made of a brown taffeta, and were hung over peach-colored glass curtains. The green pottery vases on the chest and the narrow green frame on the mirror give a delightful color contrast, emphasized by the greens in the pictures.

Next month the problem of injecting masculinity into a boy's room will be discussed.



A perfect room for a bookish girl



Paint and cretonne can work a miracle

"OUT WEST we are proud of keeping house in modern fashion," pretty young Mrs. H. S. Christensen, San Francisco, confided. "For one thing, our hands mustn't ever, ever say dishpan! I use Lux for washing dishes—and Harry says my hands are just as pretty as on our wedding day!"



"SOUTHERN girls do take pride in lovely hands," said charming Mrs. Daniel McNeil of Jacksonville. "I just naturally wouldn't trust my hands to ordinary soaps. Using Lux for dishes and other soap and water tasks has kept my hands as dainty as when I was married—and that's 6 years ago."

"Hands . . .
lovely as on our
Wedding Day . .
thanks to Lux in the
Dishpan," say these
young wives

"I HAVE been married more than ten years, and I have done all my own work, yet my hands look as nice as they did on my wedding day, thanks to Lux," writes Mrs. L. A. Herbers, St. Louis.

"Old-fashioned soaps do leave the hands redened and roughened. Wives used to think their hands had to look that way. But there's no excuse now for 'dishpan' hands, with Lux so easy to use and so lovely on the hands."

Young Wives Everywhere

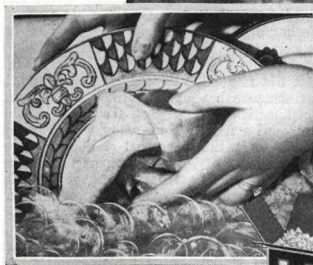
Modern young homemakers themselves discovered this secret of keeping hands delicately white and smooth—femininely appealing. They first noticed how nice their hands looked after Luxing their fine things . . .

Then began using Lux for dishes, too!

And delightfully found that their hands almost at once showed the difference. Even one dishwashing with Lux leaves hands lovelier!

Recently, we asked nearly 2,000 young wives in 11 large cities about hands and housework.

All of these up-to-the-minute young women



were determined that housework must not mean the sacrifice of even a bit of charm and good looks.

And 96 out of every 100 agreed on one way to be sure of this:

They are keeping hands as young and dainty as when they were married, by using Lux. For dishes



FROM THE NORTH, Mrs. Charles S. Salmon, of Chicago, said—"Thanks to Lux in the dishpan, my hands are always smooth and soft—and I've kept house 7 years. Lux is so kind to one's hands."

IN THE EAST, too! "Lux is so soothing—it's simply marvelous for one's hands," said Mrs. L. V. McMaster, Boston. And indeed her hands are exquisite as when she was a bride, in spite of housework and dishes!

and other soap and water tasks about the house!

Then we questioned women who had been keeping house much longer—thousands in representative homes all over the country.

8 out of 10 are using Lux! Universally they say—"We love Lux, because it leaves our hands so smooth and white, so beautifully cared for."

As 305 famous beauty shops put it:

"Lux gives the hands actual beauty care—keeps them smooth and white as the hands of leisure."

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Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day! A tiny price for lovely hands!

LUX has helped millions of wives to have hands lovely as a bride's . . . for less than 1¢ a day



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Add salt to suit baby's taste—or season as the doctor prescribes—and Gerber's Strained Vegetable Soup, or any of the Strained Vegetables are ready-to-serve wherever baby or mother may be. The saving of hours of time and effort for mothers becomes still more important when one regards the convenient regularity assured in following the most difficult daily feeding schedule. Time previously spent in the kitchen can now be spent with baby outdoors. Mothers who have not yet used the Gerber Products will also find that baby welcomes their smooth even texture with less resistance than is frequently such a disappointing trial at feeding time.

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MAKING GOOD AS A PARENT

*The first of a series of articles
on family relationships*

By LILA KLINE and ELIZABETH DEXTER

EVERY child from the day he is born, reacts with feeling to every experience he has, no matter how trivial. And often the incident which seems of least importance to the mother makes the deepest and most lasting impression on the child. At two years of age a child's instinctive equipment is fully developed. He has practically no intelligence to start with, but it develops rapidly throughout childhood and adolescence. Suggestibility, however, is at its height during childhood and diminishes as one nears maturity.

But though a small child is not remembering or thinking very much, he is feeling just as deeply as his parents. And every experience is leaving its mark and is influencing his attitudes. Eventually he will emerge from childhood with a personality which is the sum-total of all these impressions.

Few people stop to realize to what extent a child needs a feeling of security and how much his personality is injured if he is deprived of it. This security is a feeling that life is good and has continuity, that someone has the power to take care of him; it gives him confidence in himself and a fearlessness of the future which is the birthright of every human being.

PERSONS become nervous invalids only when they have lost this feeling of security. All children are so weak and meet with so many mishaps that they feel insecure a great deal of the time. It is up to the parents to give their children security, not by spoiling or petting them, (which has the opposite effect in the long run), but by giving them a steady affection and a calm and happy environment.

But parents should know that they can do their children permanent injury by giving them too much love, or by not expressing it wisely. Too much love causes the child to develop an intense, infantile affection which he

UPPERMOST in everyone's mind today is this question of family relationships. Why are they more difficult than they used to be? Can they be made more satisfactory? How is a wife to understand her husband better, or a husband his wife? And what can parents do to hold the love and confidence of their children through all the distracting influences of modern life? These are some of the questions that will be answered in this series of articles important to every reader.

is unable to relinquish as he grows older, an affection which keeps him so dependent that no confidence is built up within himself. The injury to the child who remains "tied to his mother's apron strings" is too tragic to be funny. On the other hand, if he doubts his parents' love for him, he may develop an antagonistic attitude toward everything. The basis of this antagonism he will not understand, but because of it he is likely to carry around with him a deep feeling of discouragement and inadequacy, and to go through life feeling that he does not belong anywhere.

The importance of freeing the child from emotional dependence upon the parents—especially upon the mother—can scarcely ever be overemphasized. Mothers are inclined to think that security is given by coddling and petting. Also, a mother hates to think that the time will ever come when she must give up her child. She is often too slow in realizing that her renunciation should begin when the child is born. It must be so if she wants to secure the greatest happiness for her child in adult life. This does not mean that she should not show affection nor sympathy for her child, but it does mean that the petting should be moderate, and that her understanding and patience should be without limit. In

training the very young child she must remember that his memory span is short and that he forgets because he cannot help it.

To create a desirable environment for children is not easy. There is, of course, no possibility of building up a home that is absolutely free from conflict. The home life should not be so protective that it leaves the child unprepared for the stresses of later life. The people who remain self-protective persons, who are always babying themselves, always looking for drafts, and tending to have imaginary ailments almost invariably will be found to have had mothers who coddled them too long.

who shielded and protected them when they should have been subjected to wind and rain and discomfort, who created fears and timidity about trying new things when anything unexplored should give only a sense of joy at a new discovery.

IT DOES not injure a child nearly as much to fall and hurt himself physically as it does to hear his mother say, "Be careful, dear, that you don't fall down and get hurt." Children should be prepared to meet hardships and failures—for they are certain to come up against them all through life.

But children should not be subjected to the conflicts of their parents. Few adults realize to what extent they fill their children with fears, insecurities, and conflicts even before the children can walk. For children are sensitive to tensions and misunderstandings not evident to the casual observer, and their reactions to parental unhappiness and dissatisfactions will surely be expressed later in their own life.

A key to understanding a child's behavior is the knowledge that every human being, from the day of his birth, has one supreme goal—to shape his environment to suit his own wishes. To attain his goal a child is quick to

[Continued on page 116]

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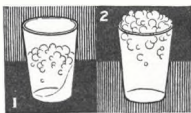
WHAT light cake . . . so fluffy and tender! And Calumet biscuits and muffins, too—they're wonderful! Baking success is *easy* when you've discovered Calumet—the Double-Acting Baking Powder.

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MAKE THIS TEST

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's Double-Action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with only baking powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how baking powder acts—and how Calumet acts twice to make your baking better. 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 is Calumet's first action—the action that takes place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients. 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 is Calumet's second action—the action that takes place in the heat of your oven.

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MUSIC For Special Occasions

By JOHN TASKER HOWARD

WHEN a musical program is planned as a part of a social or business function, the selections should be in keeping with the occasion. The artists who are engaged, or who volunteer, should be asked by the committee in charge to perform music of a specified type. This prevents the presentation of a number of hackneyed and perhaps unsuitable pieces. *The Rosary, The End of a Perfect Day, Dvorak's Humoresque*, and Rubinstein's *Melody in F* deserve their popularity, but they are entitled to an occasional rest and audiences should be allowed a more varied musical menu.

For example, at a Church Reception to the new minister, the music should be dignified, not frivolous. Nor should it be particularly serious, for the occasion is one of welcome and friendship. It is not in the nature of religious service, and so the music may well be secular in character. The church choir will no doubt be asked to render a group of selections, which should be carefully chosen, so that they will be of a buoyant, happy type, rather than oversentimental. McGill's *Duna* is always welcome, and has just about the right amount of sentiment. Clay's *I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby* invariably proves effective. Kjerulf's *Last Night* is not sung as much as it deserves, and coupled with Arne's *Lass with the Delicate Air* we have a pair of songs that are of a high order, and provide proper contrast. Heavy songs of mournful or tragic character would be totally out of place at what is, after all, a festive occasion.

of far-away countries. Lily Strickland's *Songs of India* are unusually true to type, and her choral cycle, *From a Sufi's Tent*, is startlingly Persian in its idiom. Liza Lehmann's *In a Persian Garden* is a gorgeous setting of selections from *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*; and there is a wealth of songs with Oriental color by such composers as Bainbridge Crist; *Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes* and *Drolleries from an Oriental Doll House*, for voice; *Egyptian Impressions* for piano; Tschaiikowsky, *Danse Chinoise* and *Danse Arabe*, from the Nutcracker Suite, arranged for piano, either two or four hands; Glazounov, *Arabian Sketches*, and many others.

HOME missions, as well as foreign, may be represented. American frontiers have provided an abundance of folk songs. The mountain whites have preserved hundreds of British ballads, by passing them by word of mouth from generation to generation. They are available in such collections as *Lonesome Tunes and Kentucky Mountain Songs*, arranged by Howard Brockway and Loraine Wyman, and in the Cecil Sharp collections.

The American Negro has contributed the beautiful spirituals, and such composers as Harry T. Burleigh, J. Rosmond Johnson, William Reddick and others have arranged and published for our delight such melodic gems as *Deep River, Go Down Moses, Steal Away to Jesus, All God's Chillun Got Wings, Swing Low Sweet Chariot* and hundreds of others.

Charles Wakefield Cadman has been prominent in the group of American composers who have delved into the songs of the American Indian. *From the Land of the Sky Blue Water* is based on an Indian melody, as is the *Spring Song of the Robin Woman* from his opera *Shanewis*. Instrumentally, Charles Sanford Skilton's *Indian Dances* are illustrative of the Red Man's ceremonials.

Music appropriate to Wedding Receptions is not difficult to find. Generally a small ensemble, or a violin

[Continued on page 100]



WE PAY POSTAGE ON EVERYTHING!

This Big, Beautifully Illustrated, 2-Pound Book of 300 Pages is the Money-Saving Buying Guide in 7 Million Homes

STYLES have changed! The smart woman now steps out in the new silhouette and new ensemble sponsored by Paris and New York. Never have fashions been more feminine and graceful. Never has National Bellas Hess been better prepared to furnish you with the most charming and approved styles. You will find them exquisitely illustrated and accurately described in the new National Bellas Hess Spring and Summer Style Book which is now ready for you. It is the most beautiful book we have ever issued—a book worthy of these lovely new styles which Fashion has given us.

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Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

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For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere, have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical

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Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

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Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.



In use over 60 years

CHEAP VITAMINS FOR WINTER TABLES

[Continued from page 50]

Stuffed Eggplant

1 eggplant	1 cup stewed or
1 tablespoon short-	canned tomatoes,
ening	drained of liquid
1 small onion,	1 tablespoon
mincéd	chopped parsley
1 cup bread crumbs	1 teaspoon salt
	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper

Cut eggplant in halves and cook in boiling salted water until almost tender. Drain well and scoop out centers. Melt shortening, add onion and sauté until slightly browned. Chop eggplant taken from center, add bread crumbs, tomatoes, parsley, salt and pepper. Fill the eggplant halves, sprinkle with crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 20 minutes.

Lyonnais String Beans

4 cups canned string	1 onion, sliced thin
beans	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
4 slices bacon	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper

Cut bacon in small pieces and fry until crisp. Remove from fat. Add onion to the bacon fat and sauté until slightly browned. Add the string beans, bacon, salt and pepper and heat thoroughly. Serve with Tarragon vinegar, if desired.

Spinach Croquettes

2 pounds spinach	1 teaspoon lemon
Grating of nutmeg	juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon Ameri-
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper	can cheese, grated
2 tablespoons	1 tablespoon fine
butter	bread crumbs
2 egg yolks, beaten	2 egg whites

Pick over spinach and wash thoroughly. Cook in an uncovered saucepan until tender, using only the water which clings to the leaves. Drain thoroughly and chop very fine. Add nutmeg, salt, pepper, butter, lemon juice,

grated cheese, bread crumbs, and mix well. Gradually stir in the beaten egg yolks. Put mixture aside to cool and just before meal time, fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Shape with a spatula or flat knife into round flat cakes. Sauté until browned on both sides.

Fluffy Yellow Turnips

2 tablespoons short-	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
ening	$1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons
$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon	sugar
chopped onion	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
4 cups yellow	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika
turnip, mashed	2 egg yolks
	2 egg whites

Melt shortening, add onion and fry until a delicate brown. Add turnip, salt, sugar, pepper and paprika and mix well. Add beaten egg yolks. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Put in greased dish. Bake in hot oven (375° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Left-over turnips can be used in this recipe.

Spanish Beans

1 cup dried lima	4 onions, sliced
beans	Small can tomatoes
6 tablespoons short-	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
ening	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper

Soak beans overnight. Drain. Cover with boiling water and boil until tender. Melt shortening in frying pan, add onions and sauté until a light brown. Add tomatoes, salt and pepper and cook slowly for 1 hour. Add the beans and serve very hot. Garnish with rings of green pepper.

Note: A list of foods containing the vitamins necessary to health and growth will be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp for postage. Address Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

FANCY COOKING FOR THE AMATEUR

[Continued from page 65]

Butter Frosting

3 tablespoons butter	1 or 2 tablespoons
2 cups confectioners'	boiling water or
sugar	hot milk
	Few drops flavoring

Blend softened butter with sifted confectioners' sugar and add the hot water or milk, a very little at a time, until it is of the proper consistency to force through pastry bag. Add flavoring and coloring as desired.

Seven Minute Frosting

1 unbeaten egg	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated
white	sugar
	3 tablespoons cold water

Place all ingredients in double boiler. Stir until thoroughly mixed, place over boiling water and beat with rotary egg beater for seven minutes or until mixture will hold its shape when lifted with a spoon. Remove from fire. Flavor with vanilla, almond, or other extract as desired. Spread on cake with a broad knife or spatula.

Specialty Salad

1 tablespoon gelatine	2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons cold	1 cup cream
water	2 cups pitted sweet
2 eggs, beaten	cherries
4 tablespoons	2 cups pineapple, cut
vinegar	in pieces
4 tablespoons sugar	1 cup orange
	sections
	2 cups cut-up marshmallows

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Put eggs in double boiler with vinegar and sugar; cook over hot water beating all the time with an egg beater. When thick and smooth,

add butter, remove from fire, cool and fold in cream (whipped) and fruit mixture. Turn into individual molds or large ring mold and place in refrigerator for at least 12 hours.

Unmold on bed of crisp lettuce; no extra dressing is necessary with this salad.

Surprise Loaf

1 loaf sandwich	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped
bread	pickles
2 cups cheese relish	3 packages, or $\frac{1}{2}$
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups finely-	pound cream
chopped raw	cheese
cauliflower	Mayonnaise dressing

Remove crust from bread and slice lengthwise in thirds. Place one slice of bread on a platter and spread with mayonnaise, then cover with the cabbage and pimiento, mixed with enough mayonnaise dressing to moisten. Cover this with second slice of bread which has been spread with mayonnaise. Spread with cheese relish, softened to spreading consistency with a little cream, and cover with third slice. Mash the cream cheese, add salt, paprika, and pepper to taste and thin with a little cream. Spread on the outside of the loaf as you would frost a cake. Place in refrigerator to chill thoroughly. Garnish with stuffed olives or radish roses and watercress. Serve a rather thick slice to each person. Thinly sliced tomatoes are sometimes used in the salad layer.

This is a very delicious surprise for a Sunday night supper or for the after-theater supper; it can be made up several hours in advance.



John Aspinwall Roosevelt is the thirteen year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt of the Executive Mansion, Albany, and of Hyde Park, on the Hudson

JOHN ASPINWALL ROOSEVELT

is fortified for the

"strenuous life" by a care all boys can have

COMPLETELY Roosevelt, this boy. His father is Franklin D. Roosevelt, and his mother was a Roosevelt before her marriage.

Characteristic of that magic name, too, is the boy's energy and vim, his love of outdoor sports.

Boats are his passion. In the Roosevelts' town house in New York . . . in the Executive Mansion . . . at Eastport, Maine, where they spend the summers . . . and in Hyde Park where they week end, his room is full of them, made by himself. Some of

them, 36" long—rigged all proper from jib boom to bowsprit.

At Hyde Park the boys hold races on the Roosevelt Lake. But the more important regattas are on the Hudson, each boy paddling excitedly behind his own entry.

It takes energy—such a life, full to the brim with activity.

And because Mrs. Roosevelt wants John to have the best of health, she interests herself in everything concerning his physical welfare.

His health program laid out by specialists

No finicky appetite here. John is usually ravenous—and blissfully unconscious of the balanced diet scientifically laid out for him. The distinguished child specialists whom his mother consulted stressed the choice of a hot, cooked cereal. They recommended that familiar one, long considered the children's own—Cream of Wheat. So John has always eaten it.

"John has eaten Cream of Wheat ever since he was a baby," says Mrs. Roosevelt. "He still eats it for breakfast—in large portions! I think Cream of Wheat has undoubtedly played its part in building his robust physique."

Other mothers, everywhere, wanting this same heartiness for their boys and girls, have made this same decision. Other child specialists have for years recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal hot, cooked cereal.

Recently 221 leading child specialists in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto were questioned about cereals. Every one of them approves Cream of Wheat.

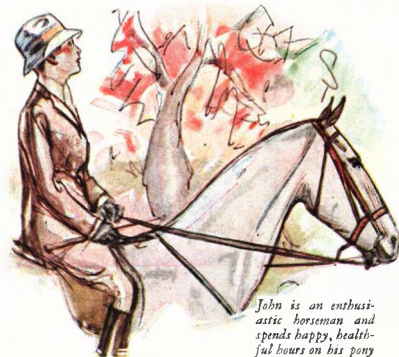
One reason it is standard is because it is so rich in energy-giving content. Another, because, with all the harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and easy to digest.

Give your children the very best start for their busy days. Make a regular habit of the morning bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat



Like all Roosevelts, John is devoted to animals. Fallow and Meggie are his two black Scotties



John is an enthusiastic horseman and spends happy, healthful hours on his pony

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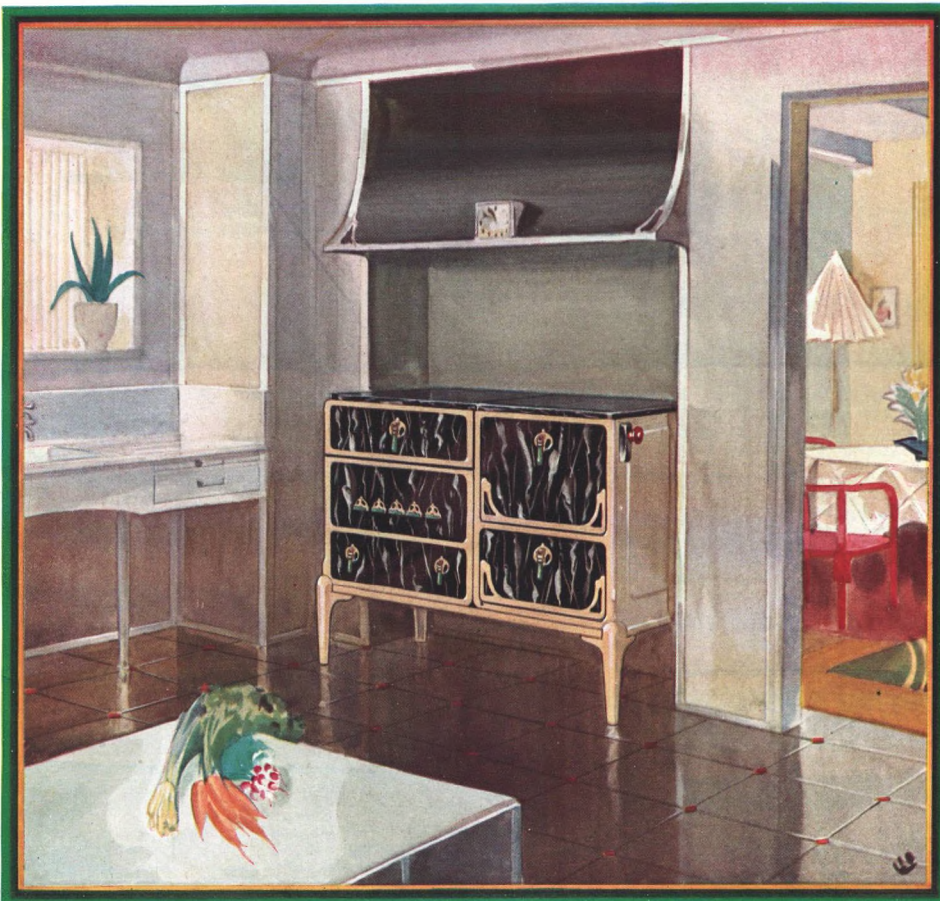
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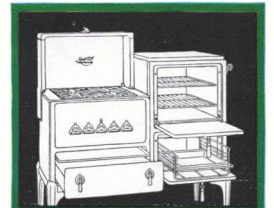
design. In addition to being a product of real beauty, "Magic Chef" incorporates every widely approved, modern feature, including the famous Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, to make home-cooking an easy, efficient, economical, pleasant task.

Because "Magic Chef" will give you many years of satisfactory service, its purchase is a most sound investment from any standpoint. "Magic Chef" is now on display for public inspection by leading dealers and gas companies throughout the United States. Merely to see and examine "Magic Chef" is to want it for your own.

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2. The "Magic Chef" Oven is equipped with the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator.
3. Cooking-top cover spring-balanced, easy to operate. Unightly utensils quickly covered.
4. "Magic Chef" Oven is heavily insulated. Keeps kitchen cooler when baking.
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SHAKESPEARE WITH SOUND

[Continued from page 7]

photographer, Karl Struss. The name of the engineer in charge of the sound recording is unknown to me, but he did a competent job, too.

ANOTHER highly important event on the screen is the first all-talking Harold Lloyd comedy. To the confusion of most of the prophets, it has turned out to be an emphatic success. *Welcome Danger* is marred by a few crudities, all of which are attributable to Mr. Lloyd's inexperience in preparing and delivering spoken dialogue; but the main thing is that it is filled with the peculiar type of humor which is the exclusive property of the movies. There were many pessimists who believed that sound had killed that form of humor. Harold Lloyd has proved otherwise; and he deserves congratulations and thanks for the courage he has displayed in making this initial experiment, and for the skill with which he has carried it through.

It seems that much more imagination is being poured these days into

the preparation of pictures. Hollywood is departing from the dull routine of back-stage musical shows and murder melodramas. There have actually been some films lately in which each development of the plot could not be foretold by the audience long before it was revealed on the screen.

Notable among the season's offerings are: Gloria Swanson's *The Trespasser*, a bad and improbable story so well told that it is constantly absorbing and frequently exciting.

George Arliss' *Disraeli*, which has already been considered in these columns; *Applause*, admirably directed and played by Rouben Mamoulian and Helen Morgan.

The Awful Truth, in which the artful Ina Claire is seen and heard to excellent advantage; *Oh, Yeah?*, a rowdy farce, with James Gleason and Robert Armstrong; *So This Is College*, one of the best of the campus capers.

And *The Love Parade*, *The Vagabond Lover* and *The Virginian*, of which more anon.

THE CRITIC GOES STRAIGHT

[Continued from page 8]

mockery. Beneath her gibes it is quite evident that the outcast does see herself in an heroic rôle.

Having parted from De Maupassant to this extent the playwrights should have kept on their own side of the chasm. But after doing two acts in the new spirit they suddenly dart back into the mood of the original story. The Jam Pot yields just as inexplicably as did *Boule de Suif*. Accordingly, the last act of *The Channel Road* seems to be a complete let down. I thought I knew why the woman refused the German. I accepted her own explanation. Her yielding left me wholly in the dark. A theater-goer has almost a fundamental right to demand that every character in a play shall wear his motivation just as a football player wears a number.

But until the play crumbles it seems to me distinctly thrilling and engrossing. One or two of the best scenes are good enough to grace any man's play and Arthur Hopkins, the producer, has hit upon an unknown leading man who gives a performance which has not been equaled in the city at any time this season. Siegfried Rumann plays the part of Lieutenant Engel, the German officer. If Mr. Rumann has ever before moved about on a Broadway stage his opportunity must have been of the briefest. His was an unfamiliar name and person to all the first-nighters. According to Broadway gossip, Rumann was but recently a singing waiter in one of the German beer-gardens which grace the Yorkville section of Manhattan. Since full-throated song flows as freely in such resorts as does synthetic pilsener, it would hardly be just to refer to any one of them as a speakeasy. A singeas would be more like it.

Whether or not Siegfried Rumann can wait or sing, he surely knows his way about a stage. To a striking degree he understands that subtle factor of pace. The man who knows when to go fast and when to go slow in a scene has already won twenty-two fifty-fifths of the battle.

Through no artifice whatever, Mr. Rumann possesses just the proper touch of German accent which becomes a Prussian officer. But added to this natural advantage he does a most surprising and subtle thing. Without

falling into the dead error of burlesquing the man he plays he inserts an ever so delicate touch of self-criticism. Thus we not only see Lieutenant Engel done to the life, but we get gratis the humorous comment of Siegfried Rumann upon the swaggering fellow.

When the last gun was fired in the Great War, clear water began to run under all the bridges and by now gallons and gallons must have flowed by. Within the memory of this reviewer there was a time when a character such as Lieutenant Engel could have been presented in New York only in a melodrama. And there, of course, he would have been the villain and most despicable. He is presented as compounded out of sentimentality and dogmatic harshness in about equal parts. He could cut down an enemy of the Fatherland or a Christmas tree with equal gusto. But this ambivalence which once served to set the teeth of the entire American community on edge now seems not only amusing but somewhat endearing. Surely the war has actually ended when an American audience remains in the theater after the final curtain has fallen to cheer and cheer a player who presents them with a perfect portrait of a Prussian Lieutenant.

AFTER watching many musical comedies, I have discovered a secret spring which makes them run. Among the newcomers is a show called *Heads Up*. The book is conventional and the music of little worth. There are no new jokes and the scenery is such as you have observed before. And yet this musical comedy is almost constantly a delight. It has the blessed charm of being performed by a company of young men and women who seem completely imbued with school spirit. The girls of the chorus dance with a fervor which one expects to find only in half backs ready to die for dear old Rutgers. Indeed one can hardly conceive of their efforts being called forth by anything as mundane as a weekly salary. Perish the thought. I prefer to believe that the young woman who goes through the season without missing a tap will win her "Y" at the end of the year and also receive a long cheer with nine "Maizie's" on the end. And I shall join in the cheer and even add a tiger.

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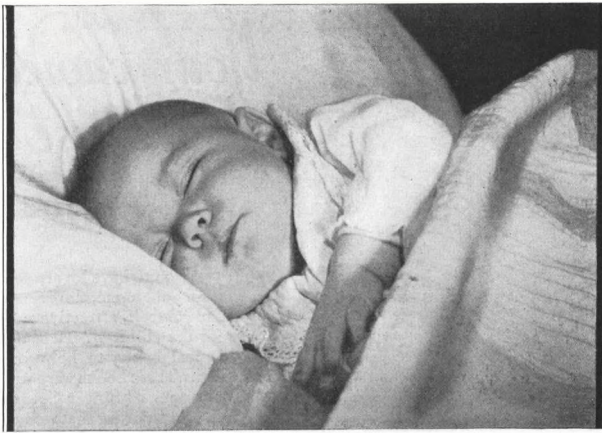
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COME TO MY PARTY

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY was originally a festival day in honor of St. Valentine, a Christian martyr of the third century. The very old notion that on this day birds began to mate is probably the reason for the fourteenth of February being celebrated as a lovers' festival. The custom of sending love tokens has no actual connection with the saint. For many years this has been one of the most popular party days. Every party favor shop is resplendent with gay red and gold decorations, lovely lacy valentines adorned with fat cupids shooting golden arrows into big red hearts. To celebrate this romantic day, we have planned a Black Mask Party. This may or may not be a mask party, as you prefer, and the plan is appropriate for the boys and girls of college age, the younger married set, the bridge club or the woman's club. Send ten cents in stamps for *A Black Mask Party for St. Valentine's Day*.

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insurance
against
colds is a
vigorous
state of
health*

DON'T LET THE CHILDREN CATCH COLD

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.
Author of "Short Talks with Young Mothers"

THE illness commonly known as "a cold" refers to an inflammatory condition of some portion of the respiratory tract. Thus, one individual is seized with sneezing and acute nasal discharge; another has a painful sore throat—perhaps inflammation of the tonsils; with another there is a tickling in the throat with hoarseness; while a fourth suffers from a teasing cough with expectoration. All of these symptoms may manifest themselves at the same time in one person.

In every one of these disorders of the respiratory tract an exposure of some sort is to blame for the illness. Actually, exposure to bad weather rarely plays an important part in the type of illness we are discussing. It is true that unfavorable climatic conditions can be sufficiently severe to produce shock, with a consequent lowering of vitality and resistance; in such a case, weather does play a part in rendering the body more susceptible to the invasion of micro-organisms. But the vast majority of so-called "colds" are nothing more than a reaction to bacteria which have been conveyed to the well person by one suffering with a respiratory infection. Their source is to be traced to another person who has a cold; all acute respiratory disorders are primarily infections of the mucous membrane of the respiratory areas.

LIVING in the close contact of family life, in school, church, and amusement centers it is quite impossible for children to avoid contacts with persons suffering from infections of the respiratory tract. The younger the child, the less his resistance to any kind of bacterial invasion, and this holds particularly true with the cold group of bacteria. Nurses, mothers, fathers, and older children who are ill in any respiratory sense should not come in close contact with young infants.

When such an infection is implanted on the mucous membrane of the infant,

we have resulting, in thousands of infants, bronchial pneumonia, abscessed ears, swollen glands, sinus disease and mastoid. Without exposure from some human source these diseases may be avoided almost entirely in infants. Isn't the child in your family worth the care necessary to surround him with an uninfected environment?

I am well aware that in many families it is impossible to isolate the infant to such a degree as to prevent exposure, but I also know that intimate contact may be obviated if the family wishes to take the trouble. Mothers and nurses with acute colds who must have close contact with the small child should wear, over the nose and mouth, a mask made of several layers of cheesecloth. Fathers, relatives, and older children with acute catarrhal infections should also wear a mask, or keep out of the infant's room.

With runabouts and older children, precautions should also be taken, although a certain amount of exposure is impossible to avoid. Children with colds should not be permitted to attend school as one child may infect an entire class. Children who are particularly susceptible to colds should be kept from amusement assemblages of all sorts—the movies supply an ideal field for the transference of infection.

With older children every means should be used to increase their resistance to infections. The cold bacteria thrive best on a favorable soil, so that our first effort is to keep the respiratory mucous membranes normal and healthy. Every child should be given a complete physical examination twice a year and if diseased tonsils, adenoids, or sinuses are found they should have proper surgical treatment.

The best preventive against "colds" is a vigorous state of health, and this is best acquired by normal living habits.

Often the boy or girl who has had the tonsils and adenoids removed, and whose sinuses are normal, still suffers from repeated colds. A study of the life habits of such a patient almost always reveals that he is on a self-restricted diet and is suffering from what is known as Avitaminosis. In other words, the diet on which he lives is deficient in the accessory food substances known as vitamins: the child does not like vegetables and takes them scantily if at all. He hates cereals and does not get them. He is not particularly fond of milk and he gets but little of it. Further, a considerable portion of the food consumed is thoroughly sugared. For years I have observed in my clinical work that a high sugar diet lessens resistance to infections of the respiratory type.

AMONG both animals and humans, a vitamin deficiency in the food means lowered resistance, easily prevented by the use of a wide range of foods that are near to nature. When such a child is brought to me, he is given a feeding plan which includes cornmeal, oatmeal, crushed whole wheat, eggs, bacon, milk (one pint or more a day), beefsteak, lamb chop, calves' liver, poultry, fresh fish, potatoes, green vegetables, fruits (raw and cooked), simple puddings and cheese, fresh vegetable and cereal soups.

If a diet selected from the above is given and the child taught to take it, there need be no anxiety about vitamins, for nature will take care of the vitamins as it has been doing for thousands of years. Arrange three meals daily without regard to the child's likes and dislikes and use no more than sufficient sugar to make the food palatable; forbid all heavily-sugared desserts, candy and confections. If this is followed, you will find that the vicious cold habit with its repeated illnesses and out-of-school days has been broken without the use of a single drug.

The exquisite fresh flavor of Del Monte Bartlett Pears makes them a favorite for use in salads, desserts and many other delicious fruit treats.



Del Monte Fruits for Salad, pictured above, is a combination of Del Monte Peaches, Apricots, Pears, Pineapple and Cherries in one can. A tremendous convenience when preparing fruit cocktails, salads or special desserts.

These men - scientists, chemists, engineers by training - have yet to find the end of their job in bringing you better foods

Did you ever stop to think how much harder it is for the canner to build a reputation for quality—than it is for you to get a reputation as a cook?

Suppose, tonight, you serve a dish not up to your usual standards. It happens—with even the best of intentions.

Does your husband say, "Your cooking is not so good today?" He does not! He knows, nine times out of ten, the fault starts with the raw materials with which you had to work.

But that never excuses the canner. And it shouldn't. It's his business to see that you get the finest foods. Prime raw materials are up to him. And in the case of DEL MONTE, we simply can't afford to start with anything but the best.

The result is that DEL MONTE numbers

among its organization many scientists, chemists and technical engineers—far beyond anything you might think of—unequaled for their number and experience in the whole canned fruit and vegetable field.

In the DEL MONTE organization, for instance, you will find a group of food chemists—as well equipped, as well organized for action, as many a research group devoted only to science. Now in Hawaii, now in the Middle West, they pursue with microscope and test tube, the job of bringing you better foods.

Here is a group of engineers—experimenting, tearing down, rebuilding machines that may possibly shorten canning hours and bring you a little finer, fresher flavor.

In the fields, in experimental orchards and gardens, other trained observers are busy

studying nature—hunting for new varieties of plants, making old ones a little better—producing finer, purer strains for DEL MONTE canning needs.

In the orchards, DEL MONTE fruit experts are busy long before picking time begins—watching every change in the ripening fruit. They advise on the work of thinning—to give the fruit better size and more perfect development. They suggest improvements in cultivation and irrigation—so important in giving finer flavor and better yields.

Only when these men know that the fruit is just at the stage of ripeness DEL MONTE demands, does picking even start.

Only part will do for Del Monte

In DEL MONTE canneries, machinery takes the place of most of the preparation you once did yourself. But even here, human skill and experience are always in command—inspecting, checking, making sure that all fruit intended for DEL MONTE cans is fully

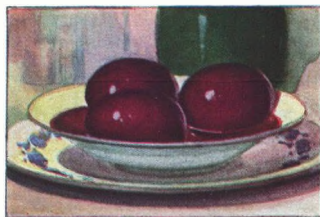
up to its high requirements. In peaches, for instance, fully half of the fruit selected in the orchard for DEL MONTE is diverted into lower grades—before it ever reaches the canning tables.

It is this kind of care which makes DEL MONTE Peaches so uniformly fine in flavor—so outstanding in appearance. It is this watchfulness that makes DEL MONTE Apricots so tender and delicious—that brings you such plump, delicious Royal Anne Cherries, such delicately-flavored pears and such fine big, purple plums—to say nothing of pineapple, berries and many other fruits. It is all the advantages which DEL MONTE enjoys—not just a desire to be in the canning business—which has made this brand the favorite canned fruit and vegetable brand in American homes.

And remember—fruits are only a few of the many distinctive products DEL MONTE brings to your table. This one label covers a remarkably wide line of vegetables, condiments and relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruits, raisins and other foods. It offers you a promise of quality in them all—a brand tested by years of your own experience—a buying guide of the greatest value—at reasonable cost.

Favorite fruit dishes of famous cooks

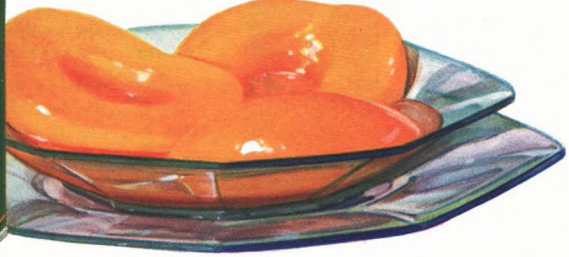
In the DEL MONTE recipe collection are more than 260 simple, everyday dessert and salad recipes—many of them selected for us by America's best-known cooking authorities. Wouldn't you like to have them for your recipe files? We'll gladly send them to you—free. Address Dept. 635, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.



DEL MONTE DE LUXE PLUMS
The fine big, purple plums you like so well—canned fresh from the tree and bursting with juice. A delicious, tart-sweet breakfast fruit.



It Pays To Insist If You Want The Best



Add a



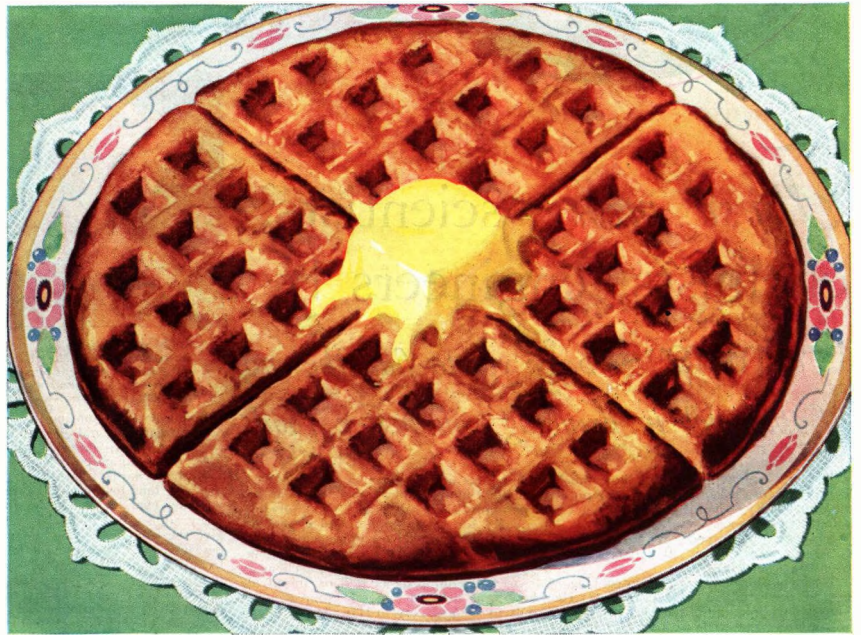
handful of health

to your favorite recipes

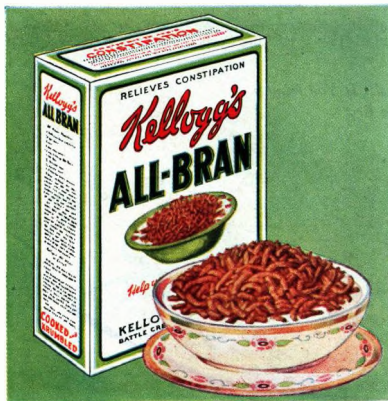
ALL-BRAN waffles

1½ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, ¼ cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, 2 eggs, 1¼ cups sweet milk, ½ cup melted shortening.

Sift the dry ingredients. Beat the egg yolks and combine with the milk. Add to the dry ingredients and mix well. Add melted shortening and the ALL-BRAN. Add the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a hot waffle iron.



KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN MAKES WAFFLES, MUFFINS, BREADS EXTRA HEALTHFUL



Allowing ALL-BRAN to soak a few moments in the cream brings out its rich, nut-sweet flavor.

ALL-BRAN Waffles! From off the waffle iron they come crisp edged, tender in texture and rich in the flavor Kellogg's ALL-BRAN gives them. While they are piping hot, spread them with butter—then add honey, syrup or jelly.

As you enjoy these delicious waffles you get the benefit of the healthful roughage in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN to relieve and prevent constipation.

Waffles are but one of the popular foods improved by Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Add it to muffin batter for extra flavor and health. Mix it in bread, meat loaves, scrambled eggs. Sprinkle it into soups—on salads.

Eat ALL-BRAN in some form every day . . . for health's sake. When eaten as a cereal or in cooked foods it supplies your system with nourishment as well as roughage. Delicious with milk or

cream, fruits or honey added. Also for reducing diets, in fruit juices. When you serve other cereals, mix ALL-BRAN with them.

Look for the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Be sure you get genuine Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. It is guaranteed to relieve and prevent constipation or we will refund the purchase price. Sold everywhere. Served by restaurants, hotels, on dining-cars. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN



Business today is demanding and getting the best there is. Dress, behavior, speech are all-important



How often do you spring a surprise at dinner?

A NEW dish, a delightful surprise! The whole meal tastes better!

What simpler way to make such "surprises" than with California Canned Asparagus? In soups, salads, entrees, main-course dishes, it provides endless variety and always a distinctive flavor. And you can eat all you want of this non-fattening food.

Besides, canned asparagus is ready to serve—no waste, and little or no bother.

So, when you are looking for something different for dinner—remember asparagus—its freshness, and delicacy.

Asparagus with Bacon and Peas— Turn California Canned Asparagus and liquid into a saucepan to heat. Cook or reheat 1 cup peas. Fry thin strips bacon. Drain asparagus and peas and arrange on plates. Pour melted butter over vegetables and place bacon strips over asparagus.

CALIFORNIA CANNED Asparagus



Send for FREE book

Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 566, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.

Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

IN THE RÔLE OF A BUSINESS GIRL

By FRANCES BUENTE

BY WHAT magic formula for success, people ask, does a business woman lift herself out of the tradition position as the subordinate and helper of men and assume for herself the supposedly masculine place as head?

Any woman who has become a successful executive knows that there is no magic about her upward climb. She will tell you that she did not start out on her career with Success for her goal. Success is a *reward*—not an aim. You can begin to have it from the very hour you go to work and you can keep on having it in bigger and better ways each day, every day, as the natural and inevitable result of conscientious and intelligent work.

When I started work as a junior just out of school, I had no other vision of success than a humble desire to make myself useful to the person employing me. For a young person just starting out in business, this is a very good aim indeed, and one which is almost certain to be crowned with this day-by-day success.

If you are really in earnest about your job, you will soon find many ways of making yourself useful outside the mere daily routine. An alert young person will at once begin to feel an active interest in, and curiosity about, the matters which are passing through her hands. She will ask questions, look things up, read everything about the business she can lay her hands on—not from a mere slavish conviction that it is the thing she ought to do, but because she wants to know *for her own satisfaction*—it makes her work so much more interesting.

Perhaps it is partly because this interest in and curiosity about impersonal things is more general among boys than girls that young men still so often shoot ahead of young women in our offices.

No matter how earnest, hard-working, and conscientious a girl may be, unless there is something within her which makes her reach out for and grasp with her mind all there is to know about her job, she will never graduate out of the ranks of the

"Success is a reward," says Frances Buente. "You can begin to have it from the very hour you go to work and you can keep on having it in bigger and better ways each day, every day."

A few years ago Miss Buente started at the bottom of the ladder in an office in New York; today she heads her own successful business. Her advice is founded, therefore, on practical experience and will be of interest to all girls.

subordinates. On the other hand, if she does show a broad understanding of the problems of the business in which she is working, her employers will be only too glad to place more and more responsibility upon her and more and more important work in her hands.

Earnestness, conscientiousness, the capacity for careful attention to detail, patience, and all the other virtues of the routine worker, are highly esteemed in business and reap their own special kind of success. But, alone, they are not the qualities that fit a woman for an important executive position.

To climb to a really high place a woman must have, in addition to a special ability for her particular job, something of that passion for "the game" that so many men have—a spontaneous, consuming interest that drives her on in spite of herself, that renders her oblivious to fatigue, hours, and ordinary concerns; and makes the rewards—this elusive and imperfectly visioned "success" which so many people are blindly seeking—of secondary importance.

Before applying for her first job, a girl should try to find out, as far as possible, for what she is best equipped. This will be determined to a very great extent by what she likes to do, but not altogether. It is not easy in the early, unformed years—not even with the new vocational guidance—for a girl to make an analysis of herself that will prove completely right in later years. But in so far as you can form an estimate of your own abilities—your own preferences as to what you want to do with your life—you should follow that in the choice of a job you go after. Just because your friends are happy in a certain kind of work is no proof that you will be, too.

The principal objection to women in business has always been that they are too "personal." There is some truth in this. That a woman should learn to keep her business and personal concerns separate is one of the most important rules for success.

Bring to your job something of the art of the actress. Study your rôle. If, on the stage, you were

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Like an actress, study your part

Intimate BEAUTY TALKS

with

HELENA RUBINSTEIN



Thousands of women all over the country are continually writing to Helena Rubinstein, seeking her expert advice on the personal beauty problems that are so much a part of every woman's life. Write yourself to this world famous beauty specialist! Address inquiries to Helena Rubinstein Beauty Talks, 8 East Fifty-Seventh Street, New York, N. Y.

Dear Madame Rubinstein — I am a woman doctor yet I seek your advice! As you may readily guess, I have neither the time nor the patience to give my skin the real care that it deserves. So I seek, instead, the name of just one cream that can do many things for my skin. Have you, in your extensive line, such a preparation?—Dr. R. Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Dr. R.—I am sure I have your "one" cream. I have always said to those of my clientele who are busy, professional people like yourself—"If you have not time for luxurious care of yourself—or if you are ever in doubt as to exactly what cream to use for your skin—then most certainly do I recommend my Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream". It is, Doctor, the one cream on the market today which is so beneficial, it suits every type of skin. It will do these important things for you: It will make and keep your skin clean, smooth, firm, fresh. And you may use it freely, with excellent effect, upon your face, your throat, your arms, your elbows, your hands.

Dear Madame Rubinstein: I am a young girl of nineteen. I have quite a nice secretarial position in Wall Street and my employers seem to like my work very much. But I can't help feeling conscious of my appearance. I am so often embarrassed with pimples and blackheads around my nose and chin. Please can you tell me what to do for them?—Katherine C. Bronxville, N. Y.

Dear Katherine C.—You poor child! Of course there is something you can do for them. I have made a specialty of cases just such as yours for thirty years. Wash, tonight, with my Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special. Make a lather of the paste and work well into the skin. Rinse and dry thoroughly. Then add my famous Valaze Acne Cream and leave on overnight if possible. This treatment, carefully followed, will correct severe cases of acne in a remarkably short time.

Dear Madame Rubinstein — I am quite young and quite pretty. But I haven't any distinguishing feature. If only my

eyes could be very deep and sparkling and mysterious. You have so many nice preparations—I am hoping you have some especially for eyes.—Cora W., N. Y.

Dear Cora W.—Your idea is an excellent one for it is especially smart this season to accent the eyes! If they are blue or hazel, use blue or green Eyeshadow, smoothing it over your eyelids to bring out the soft charm of your eyes and make them subtly alluring. For brown or black eyes use brown Eyeshadow. Then apply my Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener. Or for a more sophisticated effect, use my Valaze Persian Eyeblack (Mascara) to make the lashes look long, silky, luxuriant.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—My husband and I are the same age yet lately I look years older. My skin seems to have lost all its freshness and has become sallow and coarse. Is there any way I can overcome this?—Mrs. J. H., Wallingford, Pa.

Dear Mrs. J. H.—Before going to bed, film your face lightly with my famous Valaze Beautifying Skinfood. Leave on for fifteen minutes tonight—longer, as your skin grows accustomed to it. This cream has been called by hundreds of my clientele "the skin clearing masterpiece"—because it so wonderfully clarifies, animates and refines the texture of the skin. You will notice a decided improvement after the very first few applications. And a month will mark a vital difference!

Cosmetic and home treatment creations of Helena Rubinstein are obtainable at the better shops or direct from her Salons. You will find them moderately priced: Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00.) Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00.) Valaze Acne Cream (1.00.) Valaze Eye Shadow (1.00.) Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener (1.00.) Valaze Persian Eyeblack (1.00.) Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (1.00.)

Helena Rubinstein, Inc.
8 East 57th Street New York

DARK FORESTS

[Continued from page 21]

"I can't take you," he said finally. He remained firm against her tears and anger. Then she wanted to marry him before he went away. This also he refused to do.

"It would make the separation harder," he said.

"Easier for me," she pleaded.

He muttered something vaguely. Alone with me he gave his real reason. "The fever might get me. I might be a useless invalid for life. I wouldn't want her bound to me then."

"If there's such a risk," I objected, "you'd better not go."

"Have to. Only chance."

It happened that I caught the look in his eyes. That look which traveled to far horizons. I understood. Distance. Trinidad. A journey. The color beyond the horizon.

He went. His face, as he waved goodbye from the rail of the "City of Rio," did not seem to me half as sad as when he had parted from his beloved at that last hour of the Thanksgiving holiday, a year and a half before. There was adventure ahead.

Joan was hit hard. She went into virtual seclusion. She came out of it briefly on getting his first letter, not yet from the island of his exile.

But time slipped past. Six months are nothing. Jasper sailed away in May, and it was August now. His last letter had told Joan that it was clearly understood—the company was making a place for him in the home office. They said he had always given complete satisfaction.

Joan now began to count the days. One of his letters had been full of a man named Anderson.

"A splendid fellow. I met him at the hotel where I put up—the shack that passes as a hotel. A man of marvelous ideas. He's dug into every corner of the world. Anderson has a notion—perhaps you've heard a legend that in the interior of Suriname there are gold nuggets under the ground. It is said you can dig them out with your hands, a phenomenon of nature. Anderson wonders if it is all legend. As he said to me very cleverly, 'After all, the golden apples of the Hesperides were oranges; they existed.'"

NOW, as to this gold—You may ask why no material-minded persons have troubled to investigate, why they have not wrested the treasure from the natives. Anderson replies, 'You don't know the inner circle of Suriname.' He has been there, penetrated a little. He means to go in farther. A truly amazing fellow, this Anderson. He wants money for something like a real expedition. Then he'll be off."

Pages about Anderson.

"What a vivid letter he writes!" Joan said proudly.

I did not answer, because I had received certain vibrations from that vivid letter. I give you my word, it awoke a terror in me. You may believe it if you can, I was prophetic. I knew something horrible was about to happen. I anticipated the gist of Jasper Ferrow's next communication. I foresaw that Anderson, the splendid fellow, with the marvelous ideas, was about to get Jasper started on a chase

after fool's gold. Joan? Joan no longer existed for him. Or perhaps I put it harshly; Anderson was simply too much for him.

Prophetic, I tell you, Anderson had convinced him, convinced him, mind you, that there might be a fortune in that Suriname gold. Convinced him! No, it was impossible! Not even he could have been convinced of that myth. No! He thought he was. But it was Suriname calling him—the inner circle, a dark, hidden place of the earth, far from civilization.

ALL this, the next hastily-penned letter told us. What a talker Anderson must have been! Jasper had been living with extreme frugality, and by the end of the six months he had put away some fifteen hundred dollars.

Anderson talked him out of it. That was the only way my uncle and I could phrase it. Anderson had convinced Jasper that money invested in an expedition into the heart of Suriname would yield enormous profits in gold. Why, the gold was there, ready to be picked up out of the ground, wasn't it? You kicked up a clod and there was the yellow glitter. The earth was rotten

with it. Jasper wrote to Joan, with what he apparently imagined to be great sobriety: "It is possible, dearest, that we shall be rich before long."

He was gone, with those words. Vanished. A letter from the Guiana coast, before he took the plunge inland, cannot be counted, as it was too hectic to be a message. They had

gotten a gang of natives together, and other dark necessities. Blackness swallowed him.

But the situation, I assure you, held no comedy. It was frightful. Joan, sure she had lost him forever, might as well have worn mourning to match her mood. A solid gloom settled down on the house. Uncle James' face lost the cheerful ruddiness which must have brought solace to the sick-bed. He was not inhuman for caring nothing about what was happening to Jasper, and for thinking only of Joan. Alone with me, he referred to Jasper as a lunatic, or worse, and I made no effort of defense.

As for Joan—

"He wrote he'd be gone only a year," I reminded her.

"Only a year!"

I remained away from Fremont as much as possible. I could not bear to watch Joan suffer. The year dragged to its twelfth month. A new year passed its zenith. From out of the heart of Suriname not a word to us. Nothing.

"He's dead," said Joan. Her voice was hollow.

There was no use trying to dissuade her, for it was quite likely that he was dead. I found out what I could about Suriname, and it was not reassuring. A picture of savage, hostile natives presented itself to my imagination. Few had been those that had penetrated into the black forests, and fewer those that had returned.

Gradually, Jasper became to Joan as something that had never had substance. She began to speak more of his

[Continued on page 94]



Is There Hesitation In Your Invitation When You Say

*"Won't you
come in and make yourself
at home?"*

THE tinkle of the door-bell . . . Callers! Will you greet them cordially, confidently, as do those fortunate folks who have realized the importance of *first* furnishing a home—adequately and attractively?

Or will you hesitate, conscious of the fact that your furnishings are a handicap, when they should be a help? Right in the center of

the room, there's that old arm chair that should have gone attic-ward along with the kerosene lamps of Grandfather's day; over in a corner the tabouret that Aunt Emily couldn't find a place for when she moved into an apartment;

and on the west wall, the landscape painted by Cousin Eunice at the age of seventeen . . .

These are the tell-tale things that subtract from your social standing; that make you uneasy when company comes. Always you have said, "Some day we'll get better furnishings." Why not fulfill this promise, now?

You enjoy meeting new people; like to cultivate new friends and visit their homes. So take the hesitation out of your invitation; put the confident "handclasp" of hospitality into your home with friendly furnishings.

Determine now to have a home of which you can be proud. It's so much simpler than you think. Even a modest investment in home furnishings will work wonders, and the modern method of buying furniture lets you have them right away.



FREE BOOKLET

Ask any dealer who displays the above emblem for this helpful 24-page color illustrated booklet. If no dealer in your community displays this emblem, write National Home Furnishings Program, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, for your free copy.

Isn't there some one in your home
who loves good coffee . . .
but fears to drink it at night?



Is there always a missing cup at your dinner table? Does some one have to pass up coffee? Then try the coffee that lets you sleep. It's particularly welcome for evening parties.

COFFEE is America's national beverage. Its cheer makes every meal more enjoyable.

Yet at dinner—chief of family gatherings, where coffee adds so much to pleasure—thousands never drink it for fear that it will keep them awake. And many who are fond of its flavor do not drink it at all.

No longer need you practice denial! . . . Rich, pure coffee is now available to every person who has been forced to give up coffee-drinking. For today, in the making of Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee, the caffeine is being removed from the world's choicest coffee beans. And so skillfully is the caffeine extracted, that not one bit of coffee's priceless flavor is lost!

Is some one missing coffee at your house? Surprise him tonight. Serve Kaffee Hag Coffee. Make it just as you make any other coffee. He can drink all he wants. It will not keep him awake or affect nerves in the slightest degree. And how much more pleasant than substitutes that can never satisfy the true coffee lover!

Kaffee Hag was the first caffeine-free coffee. Now Kellogg, after years of experiment, has wonderfully improved the blend. Today there is no finer coffee to be found. Ask your dealer for Kellogg's Kaffee Hag in its new vacuum can.

We'll send you a sample. . . For 10c, to cover postage, etc., we will mail you a 10-cup sample of this great caffeine-free coffee. Try it *at night*. Flavor! Aroma! Cheer! And restful sleep!



KELLOGG COMPANY

Dept. D-2, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name _____

Address _____

Kellogg's KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE that lets you sleep

DARK FORESTS

[Continued from page 92]

ideas than of him, and he was remembered as an idea, not as a man. Nearly five years had passed. The sting was gone. He was dead; he had died in the black forests. Joan was young, still. Five years can heal the young. It was good to see this. Joan was able to laugh again. That last madness of his had turned him into a fable.

Then Paul Biddell came. He was a young doctor who had hit on the scheme of trying his luck in a small town, instead of in the congested competition of the city. My uncle learned of this, and almost fell on Paul's neck. He had visions of perpetuating, through this young man, the tradition of the general country practitioner. Joan met him, and by and by they hit it off together. I used to catch my uncle following them with his eyes. Those were happy days for Uncle James. That was the sort of son-in-law he wanted.

For a while Joan spoke of Jasper rather frequently, and it was only after a time that I realized why she was doing this. She was convincing herself that he would never come back, that she had the right to marry Paul. She spoke of Jasper as of the dead.

With Joan happy again, I spent nearly all my spare time up there. Week-ends and holidays. I like tranquility and am no lover of city streets. As fast as possible I retreat beyond the echo of the strife of the law courts. The fact is, I was old-fashioned enough to cling to the only family ties left to me—Uncle James and Joan.

That is why Joan's cry—a scream it was, high and terrible—cut into me like a blade. I was sitting in the library working over a brief when the cry rang out. I tell you, it brought an instantaneous image before me. I saw him, Jasper Ferrow. An icy chill trickled with elaborate and torturing slowness down my spine. I knew he had come back.

"No," I whispered to myself. "Almost six years. He's dead." But I knew he was not dead. I knew he had returned. I knew time had turned backward six years.

This took but an instant of an instant. Joan's cry had barely ceased before I had sprung up from the table and bounded out to the porch.

HE WAS there. At first I did not see Joan. I mean, the sight of him, returned, overshadowed everything else. Yes, it was he, Jasper Ferrow; changed, unutterably changed, but he, Jasper Ferrow.

The terrific drama of his return melted before a pity of which I had not believed myself capable. I was sorrier for him, at that moment, than for Joan who was crouching against the wall, her face buried in her hands.

He was so thin, so gray—it was ghastly. He was looking at Joan, and his eyes, fearfully hurt now, had their old, far-awayness; from their agony it seemed that they must be seeing the confines of hell. He moved his hands, which were like bones, in an aimless way, cruelly pathetic. And his clothes! They were ragged, dirty, no garment matched the other, and they bagged on him, much too large for his gauntness. His shoes, almost solesless, had burst open. But through those tatters, through the pitiful transparency of his

flesh, I seemed to see his spirit, forlorn, weary—deadly weary—broken, and begging forgiveness.

After a time which seemed endless, as though the three of us had been trapped together in a fearful eternity, he spoke.

"I've come back, Joan."

She began to weep. I don't know if he dared expect her to come to him, but she shrank back, weeping into her hands. There was another endless silence.

Suddenly Joan spoke his name, so low I could hardly hear.

"Jasper!"

The specter nodded.

"Yes, I've come back."

His hand went to his heart beneath the grimy shirt, and he swayed on his feet. He was ill. I sprang forward and got him into a chair. And then I saw that Joan had fallen to her knees, that her head, with its mass of golden curls, was buried in Jasper's lap.

"MY DEAR!" she sobbed. "My dear! Oh, my dear!"

Ice again flowed through me. What was happening? Had she forgotten Paul? Had Jasper brought back with him an insoluble problem?

One of his gaunt, brown hands was stroking her head, and it struck me that the motion was paternal, nothing else, and that he was profoundly sorry for her. His eyes were still on horizons.

"You've come back!"

Joan cried. "You've come back!"

"Yes."

She rose to her feet, looked at him long, her eyes roving slowly all over him. She could not yet realize it.

"Where have you been?" she sobbed. "Why did you stay away so long?"

"He'd better rest," I whispered, for he had begun to sway.

"He looks all in."

He had shut his eyes. I am not sure but that he dozed for a brief while. Meanwhile, Joan, with her hands clasped, looked from him to me, back and forth, beseeching. I knew she was thinking of Paul. Then, abruptly, with a loud sob, she fled into the house.

I managed him inside, got him to lie down in the living-room. Joan did not come in. Perhaps she was in her room, crying. I don't know. Jasper lay with shut eyes, not speaking. At eleven o'clock my uncle appeared in the doorway.

"Someone been brought in?" He stepped briskly toward the figure on the lounge. "My God!" he exclaimed.

I nodded. Jasper opened his eyes, and they looked at each other, he and my uncle. Though my uncle did not speak, I could almost hear him say savagely, "Did you have to come back?"

The prodigal sat up. He made an effort to greet my uncle. Then, deathly pale, he sank down again. And Uncle James forgot everything except that he was a physician.

"I think you need some looking over," he said in a cheery voice to Jasper.

Ten minutes later he told me confidentially, "He has a heart lesion. He may not be good for long." Then, "We shan't tell Joan."

Never shall I be able to describe the tension which gripped the house that day. In the afternoon Paul came. A

[Continued on page 97]



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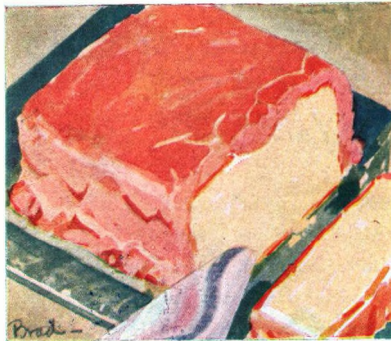
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DARK FORESTS

[Continued from page 94]

vast and brutal problem seemed to stalk in the air, seemed to leer at us. Jasper told us he had been left behind in the darkest part of Suriname. But I could see he was not telling nearly all. I could see that something was pressing on him, that he wanted to say something he could not. I wondered, did he guess the relationship of Joan and Paul? With an exquisite finesse Paul guarded against any word or act that might have hurt Jasper. I saw Paul walking alone in the garden which was a bloom with spring flowers; his forehead was knotted; his lips were pressed hard, looked hurt. He was thinking of Jasper



Ferrow's prior right to Joan's love. A hideous afternoon. The doctor ordered Jasper to bed in the guest room. I sat with him. It was no worse there than elsewhere. But I did not look at him, I sat staring out of the window. I heard his voice from the bed. "Has she been waiting for me, George?"

What was I to say? I answered, "She thought you were dead." Joan would have to tell him about Paul. Why should I?

Sunday came. Paul had slept over, in the room with me. In the early morning he got up and began to dress quietly, but with unmistakable deliberation. When he saw me watching him, he said, "I'm going to step out of the picture."

"What do you mean?" "He's come back. I've got to be fair."

I persuaded him not to go, and I think he felt thankful. I imagine he had some hope that Joan might want him, not the other.

Sunday pulled itself through dark hours. It rained heavily and all of us were pent up in the house together. But Jasper kept his room. Joan sat with him there. I don't know whether they spoke or not. In those two days Joan's face had thinned, her eyes were red.

A feeling grew on me that it was cruel and unjust not to help Joan make some decision, since a decision was inevitable. It was clear now that Jasper Ferrow, who had never been able to see things of this world, did not suspect what part Paul was playing in his destiny.

After the evening meal, the stars came out. I got Joan into the fragrant, dripping garden, and I believe she guessed I wanted to talk to her. There was no way of softening what had to be said.

"What are you going to do, Joan?" She replied, in a dead voice which betrayed everything, "Marry him."

I KNEW the truth then. Loyalty to an old pledge. And the pitiable state of him. He had told us how he had come back out of the dark forests, how he had come north working his way on a freighter, how he was penniless, picking up what clothes he could. And the idea that he had come back for her. Yes, loyalty.

But she could not hide it from me, she loved Paul. Six years had gone. In six years she had grown into full womanhood, her ideas, her ideals had changed. It is possible that her feminine instinct warned her against marrying a man whose spirit wandered over the face of the earth, restlessly. Besides, it is also likely that she never

understood Jasper Ferrow; you couldn't understand him. You could understand Paul Biddell.

"Are you sure of yourself?" I asked her.

"I must," she answered.

"Why?"

"You know."

The temptation came to tell her about that heart lesion which might be fatal any time. But I couldn't do that to him. After all, what worse had he done than gone on a search for gold which he had wanted to lay at her feet? And he had gotten lost. Then, too, that revelation might make her still more determined to

marry him. Pity. It has done much good and much damage.

"You love Paul," I said.

She admitted it.

"Well?"

She broke down, wept, clinging to me.

"But he's come back! He's come back!"

"Yes," I said. "He's come back."

"Paul will understand."

"He'll have to," I said grimly.

"Maybe Jasper is the one who must understand. After all, he was gone six years, and you thought him dead."

"I can't do that to him. He's come back to me."

"When are you going to tell Paul?"

"I don't know. Tonight; perhaps tomorrow. I don't know."

She led the way into the house and retired to her room.

STRANGELY, this conversation served only to stir my pity for Jasper Ferrow. I went to his room. There he sat, tall, cadaverous and white as death, writing at a table. He looked up, startled, when I entered, and appearing confused, covered the sheets he had written.

"You should be in bed," I told him.

"I feel quite strong again. This is something I must get down on paper."

It didn't occur to me that what he was writing was of importance, because I had come with my head full of schemes for his rehabilitation.

"You'll need money," I said. "Let me stake you to it, say a thousand. I've really got plenty."

He thanked me profusely. Nevertheless I saw that his mind was not attentive. He agreed with my various suggestions, but always in that vague, inattentive manner. Presently I felt that we weren't getting anywhere, and I left him.

Sunday ended unsatisfactorily. Paul announced at nine o'clock that he had to leave—he gave some unconvincing excuse. I'm sure he couldn't bear up any longer under the strain. Maybe he sensed Joan's decision. I heard her say to him, "Tomorrow night."

I always took an eight o'clock train into the city, getting up at seven-thirty, rushing through dressing and breakfast. On this Monday morning I was awakened hours earlier by some sound. It was like a whisper, or a rustle. It must have been very slight but it roused me thoroughly. Somehow, I attached importance, urgency to it. I expected to find someone in my room, but there was no one. The first of the dawn swam outside the window. I lay down again, convinced I had been dreaming. Then another sound. A footfall on the gravel path. I sprang up,

[Continued on page 98]

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DARK FORESTS

[Continued from page 97]

looked out and beheld a ghost in the milky mist of the dawn.

It was he, Jasper Ferrow. The mist clouded him, he was like part of it. He was walking toward the gate, gliding, gray, tenuous. About to call him a fool for risking his bad health in that chilly dampness, I suddenly realized that he was going away. I did not know why he was going, or where, but I knew he was going. And I stood there, watching him, with every instinct to let him go. The mist softened his going. It gave poignancy to it, yet took off the sharpness. He himself was a mist. Then the first sun rays pierced the vapors and a silver gleam caught Jasper Ferrow's head and shoulders. And then he was gone, the cloud had once more wrapped itself about him. I knew I was never to see him again.

AS I turned from the window, my eye caught a glint of white in the dusk. It was at the door, on the floor. The faint sound that had awakened me was explained. Someone had pushed an envelope over the threshold. It could have been no one but Jasper Ferrow and I knew the envelope contained the sheets he had been writing when I had entered his room. I opened the packet quickly. The scrawl was such as is made by an unsteady hand.

Anderson, the marvelous Anderson, had deserted him in the depths of Suriname. Of course there had been no sign of gold.

"When you kicked up a clod of earth you found under it more earth," Jasper had written. You gathered from his letter that though financially that absurd expedition had been a fiasco, he had found a strange, weird pleasure in those black forests.

"Silence and brooding," he wrote. "We pushed on between trees that reduced us not even to midgits, but to crawling things. Black faces, the gleam of white eyes, shadows."

They had gone on, however. Their progress was unchecked.

"Hewing down lianas, fighting up cataracts, day after day, week after week, month after month." Where was that gold? "I began to have my doubts of it," he wrote, "and mentioned turning back, to Anderson. But he had a touch of fever and was very unreasonable. So we went ahead."

Between the lines I read that he was not too disturbed over going ahead. The call was before him, always before him. "But Anderson was growing ugly with the natives, our natives. He used a lash on a boy. I pointed out to him that our lives would not be worth much if he did that sort of thing. He swore fiercely at me. When he got ugly with the Suriname blacks I thought it time to object strenuously. He raised his fist and then a strange thing happened. The Suriname fellows came to my defense. Anderson lost his head, fired his rifle into the brown of them, sprang into a canoe, ordered the boys to paddle, cowed them with his gun. He kept shooting back, a terrifying fusillade of lead that rattled between the trees, plumped into wood, tore leaves, found the bodies of one or two more blacks. There I was, in the midst of it, alone."

His story went on. He lived among the blacks. At this point the writing took on a fervor, a warm coloration. When he knew he would never get back to the coast he made himself "as happy as possible." Made himself! He was

happy. I read it in every word. Perhaps this would have changed, but he found a girl.

"She had native and Spanish blood, a most beautiful creature. Her father, a Spanish official, had fled inland from the coast, after some political crime. Her name was Venia . . ."

I could imagine the thrill she held him in. She must have been the embodiment of romance for him. Distance, the unusual, the unknown, he had always sighed for these. Love in the dark forests. He did not expect to see a white man again, ever.

Venia bore him a child. Then: "One day an exploration party appeared. They were scientists who knew better than to believe in that gold."

His expressions here were jumbled and inchoate. He tried to lay bare his motives, ideas, emotions, but nothing was clear to me. Anyway, he came back to the coast with the expedition; he left the black forests behind. Here he did not mention Venia. In places his writing was illegible.

On a separate sheet then, this: "I came back, for Joan. I was pledged to Joan." The sick, tired tone of those phrases! Loyalty again. Honor. An old fealty. But he, too, had changed in those six years.

Listen to this: "I did not expect it to be as I found it. I don't mean Joan.

I can't express what I mean. I was afraid of it. Of everything here. I wouldn't have been any use to Joan. She'd have had my body, but I'd have been else-

where. I may not remain in Suriname. Try to understand me, George. I may, some day, go to that hole in Buchuanaland we used to talk about, or to that mountain peak far away in the Andes."

For a moment I laid down the pages. Venia. I was furious at the thought of Venia. So he had thrown Joan over for a half-breed, a savage! Suriname! Bah! It was the woman he was going back to—their love. Then I read the last paragraph of that letter, its writing almost illegible.

"Venia is dead. She died two years ago, of a snake bite. She died in my arms. I buried her, but the river overflowed and tore away her grave. I am going back to Suriname. I shall never return home. Let Joan read this if you think it best. Ask her to forgive me if she can."

It ended without a signature, as though he were no one, at least no one in particular; as though he attached no importance to his name. A creature completely disembodied. I tell you—

WE NEVER heard how he expected to get back into inner Suriname, or if he reached there. His heart lesion may have done for him before the journey was over. But what is a mere fact like a heart lesion, a physical fact, to a man like Jasper Ferrow? He would die dreaming, as vehemently as he had lived, dreaming. What are almost illusions to such as we, the Surinames and Venias of the earth, are the only realities to such as he.

Joan cried after reading that scribble. I think it was more because I had described, vividly, how he had gone away in the dawn.

After a while she said with quiet conviction, "He'll be happy down there. I shall pray for him."



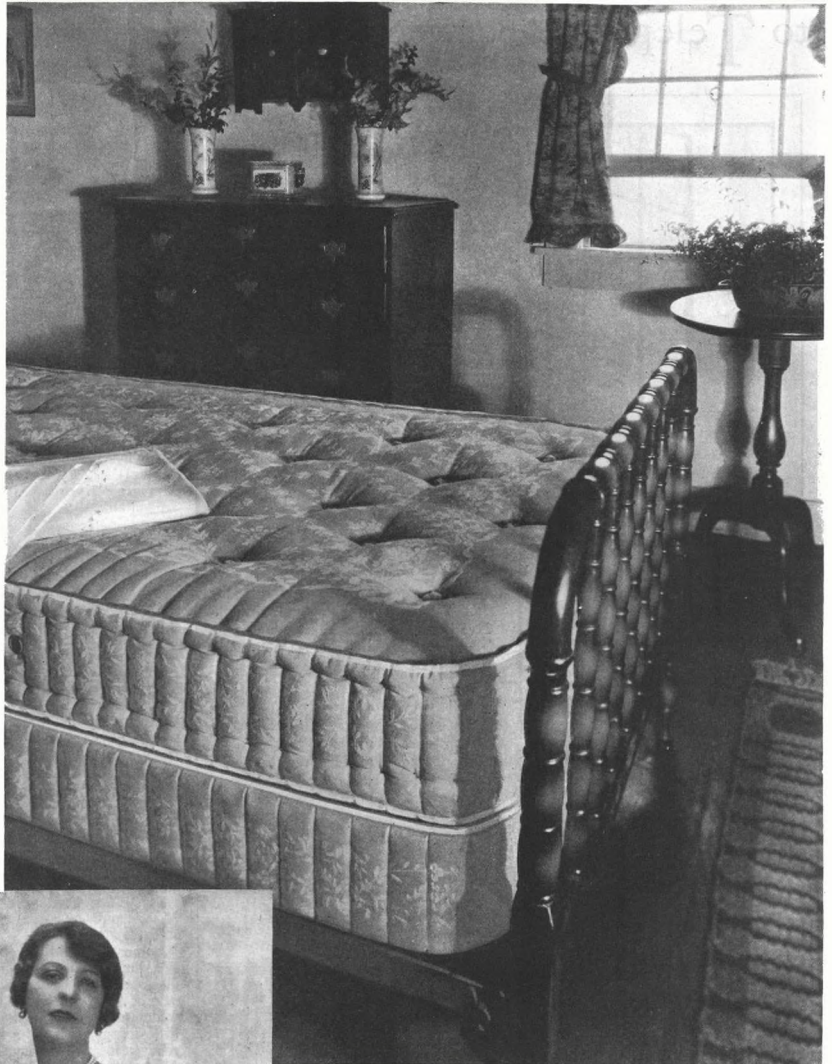
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That's *deliciousness!* And it's sealed in by

a slow baking that oven-browns each plump morsel until it is crisp and crunchy as Melba toast.

Every day in this country, millions of "tastes" are made happy by Grape-Nuts. Try Grape-Nuts, and prove the *reason* for yourself.

Grape-Nuts

buy it today for breakfast tomorrow

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Michigan.

I want to discover the reasons for myself. Please send me a sample package of Grape-Nuts.

Name _____

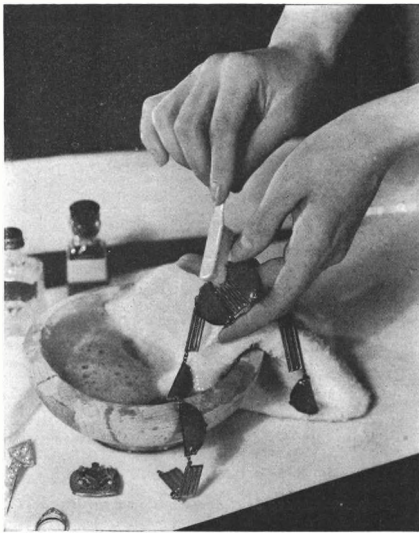
Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Fill in completely—print name and address)

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd. The Sterling Tower
Toronto 2, Ontario.

G-MCC. 2-30



For most costume jewelry soap and water are best

HOW TO CLEAN JEWELRY

By DOROTHY C. REID

UNLESS jewelry is constantly kept free from finger marks, dust and dirt, it loses most of its brilliance and beauty. While fine jewelry should be sent out for a professional polish once in a while, such trips need be few and far between if moderate care is taken at home.

Skilled operators in the finest jewelry establishments in the world, use homely, commonplace cleaning implements such as any woman can have in her own house. An exquisite brooch of carved jade and diamonds, for instance, gets its final cleaning in an ordinary wooden chopping bowl—a plain vessel for such a costly ornament. Wooden bowls are used when precious stones make up settings because even trained workers occasionally let an expensive jewel slip back into the water, and there is less risk of scratching the setting or the gems if they slide across wood, instead of striking against metallic surfaces.

Hard stones such as diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, onyx, carnelian and jade may be safely washed and polished at home. While it is true that many hard stones are not harmed by extremely hot water, I would advise an amateur to be cautious. There is always the possibility of a gem having a minute flaw, in which case there is a chance that very hot water may crack the stone. The safest method is to use moderately hot water with a little ammonia added and a mild white soap. Fold an ordinary turkish wash cloth into a pad about four inches square and lay it on the edge of your wooden bowl as a cushion for whatever ornament you may be cleaning. Use a small, soft brush and scrub thoroughly but gently in and around the settings. Rinse occasionally to see that no one section is being overlooked, and when you are satisfied the trinket is clean, give it a

[Continued on page 104]



Restring necklaces loosely so that each bead can be washed separately

A "Beauty Shampoo"

in 10
Minutes

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost, you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.



Leaves Your Hair
Lovely and
Alluring

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . . its gloss and lustre . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali,

in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.



To Set or Wave Hair

To set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use a few drops of Glostora.

Apply with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on. You can then press the waves in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

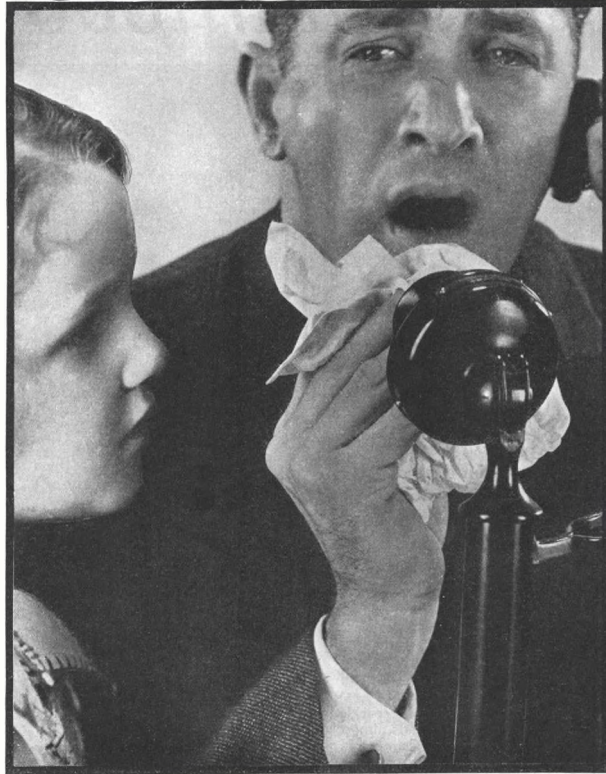
Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

FOR DRY HAIR—a few drops of Glostora, brushed through your hair after shampooing, restores the natural oil, leaves your hair easy to manage and gives that added gloss and lustre which is always so charming.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

GERMS!



THAT little sneeze has just scattered millions of germs. They will stay on the telephone. Other mouths and hands will pick them up. That's the way colds and other diseases are spread *right within your home.*

These dangerous winter months, especially, you need the protection of "Lysol" Disinfectant. Use it to clean your telephone, your doorknobs, and the many other things that are touched by hands or mouth. Use it in your cleaning water every time you clean.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The "ounce of

prevention" is "Lysol." Buy a large bottle today.

Send the coupon for our free booklet, "Preventing the Spread of Common Diseases." Keep it for reference, as thousands of mothers do.

7 Million Gallons!

After 40 years, the weight of medical opinion is that nothing has been found to take the place of "Lysol," and today the world uses over 7 million gallons a year for general disinfection and for feminine hygiene. It is so powerful that one drop, by laboratory test, will kill 200,000,000 typhoid germs in a quarter of a minute—or 125,000,000 of the B. staphylococcus p. aureus, or pus, in the same time.

Sole Distributors, LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors,
Dept. 331, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, your booklet,
"Preventing the Spread of Common Diseases"

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Lysol
Disinfectant



Copyright 1930, by
Lehn & Fink, Inc.

HOW TO CLEAN JEWELRY

[Continued from page 103]



Deep settings can be cleansed with a cotton swab

final rinsing and dry it with a piece of old silk or soft linen.

Or, you may be able to buy at a jewelry or a department store, a package of jeweler's sawdust, which is especially useful for drying rings, brooches, and other small trinkets. Bury the articles in the sawdust and let them remain until dry, occasionally giving the box a few gentle shakes. Then remove each piece and brush it with a soft, dry brush to dislodge any particles of sawdust which may have stuck to the settings.

Soft stones require a slightly different handling. They will be dulled and their beauty marred by hot water or ammonia. In the soft stone group are opals, turquoise (plain or matrix), lapis lazuli and pearls, all of which should be cleaned in lukewarm water without ammonia, or any strong alkali substance.

Pearl necklaces are eternally popular—they blend with any costume and are becoming to everyone. If pearls are to be kept in prime condition they should be cleaned and restrung twice a year. They are particularly susceptible to cosmetics and perspiration—also perfume, which will discolor them almost immediately. The better grade of imitation pearls have a fragile skin or coating that will crack and rub off unless great care is exercised in handling them.

AN IMITATION necklace should be cleaned in exactly the same way as a seventy-five thousand dollar strand of real pearls. Transfer the beads from the original string to one that is longer and permits of washing each stone by itself. Use lukewarm water and white soap and wash gently with a very soft brush. After rinsing in tepid water, dry them with a piece of old flannel. Before restringing, however, be sure they are perfectly dry. As each pearl is removed from the washing string, it can be slipped over a strand of silk in order to dry the inside, then threaded on to its final string.

Artificial pearls, if made of paraffin, or of glass globes, or if covered with a waxy substance, cannot be satisfactorily washed. The same is true of any glass bead which gets its hue from an applied coloring. Rhinestones come under this heading since they gain their brilliance from a coating of metal very much like that on the back of a mirror. Water cracks or removes this backing, and this dulls the glitter of the stones. But rhinestones may be

finely polished with a jeweler's powder or paste. If a thin coating is applied and allowed to dry, it may be removed with a soft brush without injuring the back of the stones. This is precisely the method used in several of the jewelry departments of New York's finest stores where rhinestone buckles are left to be cleaned.

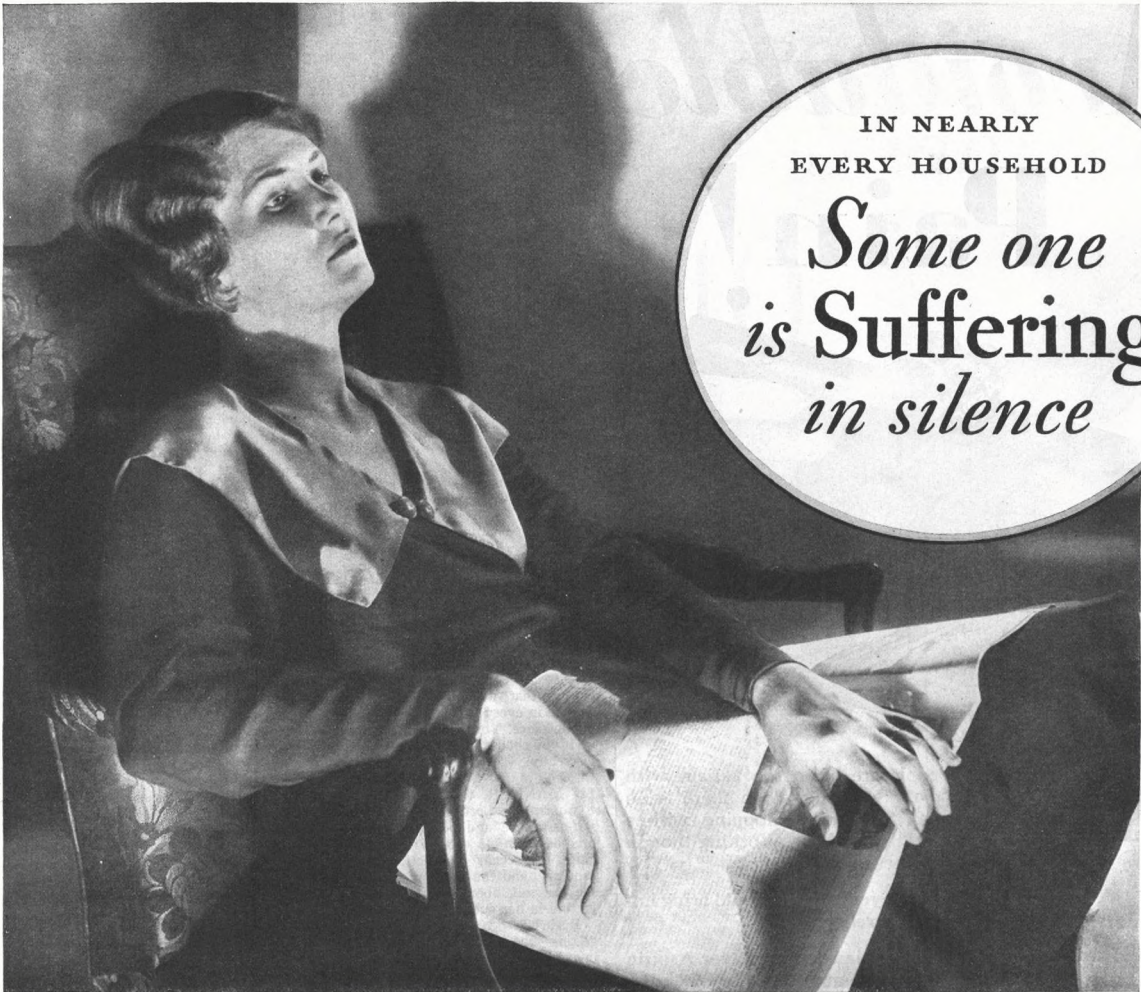
Cut-steel buckles may be cleaned with the same steel wool pads which housekeepers use to polish their kitchen aluminum. Rub a dry pad over the special soap that comes with it, and apply it briskly to any cut-steel ornament. Rain spots, even rust, will quickly disappear under this treatment.

MARCASITE, which looks like cut-steel but is not, is used for many of the new settings for rings, pendants and pins. Jewelers clean marcasite with paste exactly as they clean rhinestones, or they burnish it with a glass brush. Either method is practical in one's own home, but if you choose to use a glass brush, be sure to wear leather gloves, or tiny particles of glass bristles will work into your hands and set up an unpleasant irritation. Most of our smart modern costume jewelry made of simulated gold, silver and crystal will emerge unharmed from a bath of warm water, soap and a little ammonia. But, as a precaution, wash a small inconspicuous portion of the article, before plunging the whole thing into its bath.

Grandmother's jewelry, if you are so fortunate as to own some, should be brought to light and used. As the charm of many an antique trinket is in the dull, ancient finish it has gathered with age, do not be too hasty in rushing it off to a jeweler who may give it a high, modern finish with his electric buffing wheel. Dirt, of course, or tarnish, is apt to accumulate on any piece of gold or silver, new or old. But silver polish is quite as effective on gold as it is on silver. In fact, a simple polishing cloth, such as every housekeeper uses to give a final burnish to flat silver, will keep the same nice finish on any piece of jewelry. A still easier way of preventing tarnish is always to have a small piece of camphor in your jewel case.

There is one possession, however, which you should never attempt to clean or repair at home, and that is your wrist watch. Its mechanism is no haphazard arrangement. The precision of balance in the tiny wheels, springs

[Continued on page 106]



IN NEARLY
EVERY HOUSEHOLD

*Some one
is Suffering
in silence*

SURGEONS who specialize in troubles of this nature say that at least 15 painful diseases can be caused or aggravated by improper tissue. Adults are especially susceptible, though even among young people and children these troubles are common.

*... from troubles caused or aggravated
by harsh toilet tissue*



3 for 25¢

3 for 20¢

2 for 25¢

Prices for U. S. only

RECTAL trouble is one of the least "talked about" of all human illnesses, yet one of the most prevalent.

A prominent New York hospital surgeon estimates that between ten and twenty million people in the United States are suffering from ailments of this nature.

An astonishing statement. But not so surprising when you consider the careless attitude of most people toward the quality of toilet tissue used in their homes.

Today, however, women are beginning to realize the importance of bathroom tissue from the health standpoint. To assure absolute protection, careful housewives are insisting upon the tissues that physicians and

hospitals have thoroughly approved—Scott Tissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf.

These three health-protecting tissues are made from specially processed fibres—"thirsty fibres." Crumple a sheet in your hand. Feel its unusual softness . . . its linen-like texture.

Treat a sheet of ordinary, glazed tissue this same way. You can actually feel its cutting edges—frequently sharp enough to cause a seriously inflamed condition.

Thirsty fibres are extremely absorbent—yet tough and strong. Without this absorbent quality, thorough hygiene is impossible.

Scott Tissues are always chemically safe—neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

Why take chances . . . when it costs no more to buy these fine quality toilet tissues. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

Scott Tissues

NOTE: Scott Tissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world. Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

Avoidable Pain!



People are often too patient with pain. Suffering when there is no need to suffer. Shopping with a head that throbs. Working though they ache all over.

And Bayer Aspirin would bring immediate relief!

The best time to take Bayer Aspirin is the moment you first feel the pain. Why postpone relief until the pain has reached its height? Why hesitate to take anything so harmless as these tablets? They can't hurt you; can't form any "habit."

There are many uses of Bayer Aspirin that everyone should know. Read the proven directions for checking colds, easing a sore throat; relieving headaches and the pains of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, etc.

You may take genuine Bayer Aspirin as often as needed. You can always count on its quick comfort. But if the pain is of frequent recurrence, see a doctor as to its cause.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid



THE RÔLE OF BUSINESS GIRL

[Continued from page 91]

cast for the part of an irreproachable secretary, let us say, you would not just walk on and "be yourself." You would have to find out in advance the requirements of the character, and then re-create them in your own person. Dress, manner, speech, behavior—all these things would be given the most careful consideration.

When you were performing you would never let your private personality displace your stage personality. Such an error would be fatal, yet it is just such a disastrous mistake as girls often make in business.

It should hardly be necessary to point out again, since so many others have done so, that backless tennis frocks, floating chiffons, and lurid make-up have no place in a business office.

There is plenty of opportunity for the registering personality in the business world, but not in these directions. In dress, manner, and speech, the safest course is to hold to conservative standards. You can express your individuality in your work—and that is where it will be most appreciated.

This doesn't mean that you shouldn't wear pretty clothes in the office—quite the contrary. Most high class offices nowadays require their women workers to be smartly, even fashionably dressed, but they want them to wear the kind of clothes that are suitable to the environment—the kind of clothes that well-bred, well-informed women in every walk of life wear in a public place. You can even use make-up if you choose it wisely and put it on discreetly.

IN MANNER, the modern business woman is expected to have the ease, self-assurance and poise of the well-bred woman in good society. Her voice, her accent, her diction, her vocabulary, and the range of topics that she can talk about, are all important factors in her success.

Business today is demanding—and getting—the best there is. To succeed in business a woman must make herself equal to these demands.

From the moment you go into business, if you have a position of any responsibility, you will have to start finding out a great many things. Besides informing yourself thoroughly on all the aspects of your work, you should keep abreast as far as possible with everything that is going on in the world today. Here the newspapers and magazines are your greatest help. The editorial feature pages of the newspapers—the service department of the magazines—are especially valuable.

THERE is one more matter that no woman in business can afford to neglect—and that is her health. If you have been interested in outdoor sports while in school or college, don't drop them. Keep up your tennis, your basket ball, your golf, or horseback riding, no matter how much effort you may have to make. Men keep their health in business better than women, because they will have their golf, their fishing and hunting trips—and their business efficiency is all the higher for it.

Many classes of rhythmic dancing are made up of as many tired business women, seeking exercise and relaxation, as of students planning a professional career. Women's clubs, the Y. W. C. A., and various other organizations offer opportunities for gymnasium work and swimming. Various clubbing and class arrangements on the part of the riding academies place horseback riding within the reach of even a modest salary. Hiking clubs offer companionship and a definite plan for week-ending outdoors—many of them all the year round. There is really no excuse nowadays for a girl to allow herself to lose the roses in her cheeks, and allow her youthful figure to take on the unlovely "middle-aged spread."

The success that is most worth having, after all, is that which comes naturally as the result of the normal, healthy, energetic functioning of a normal personality. Develop your personality—the whole you—to the utmost of its capacity and *put it to work*. You will then not need to worry about results. *Success will come.*

HOW TO CLEAN JEWELRY

[Continued from page 104]

and gears is accomplished only after a vast amount of experiment by experts, and it is not reasonable to expect reliable service from so delicate an instrument unless it is carefully handled.

Millions of dollars a year go into the hands of watch repairers, and much of this amount is needless. There are a few simple rules which, if observed, will overcome some of this great waste and at the same time keep your watch performing steadily and reliably.

(1) Do not leave your watch near powder or perfume on your dressing table. Powder works its way into the delicate movement and impairs its performance. Perfume will cause rust.

(2) Wind your wrist watch twice a day, morning and evening. Wind it enough, but not too tightly.

(3) When setting the hands, never tug at the stem. Place the thumb nail and middle fingernail underneath the tiny stem, and press them together. Such a motion will gently force the stem to a position which will enable you to set the hands and not endanger the stem. Once the hands are set, snap the stem back into position.

(4) Remove your watch when playing golf or tennis.

(5) Remove your watch when you wash your hands or bathe.

(6) Do not open the back of your watch case. Dust, lint, and dampness are harmful.

(7) At least once a year send your watch to a good repairman. It needs an annual cleaning and regulating.

This last rule is tremendously important. An expert watch repairman, forty years in the business, is authority for the statement that 90 per cent of watch repair work is due to incompetent workmen.

It is interesting to know that the Horological Institute of America was organized in 1921 by the National Research Council and the Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C. This Institute awards its certificate to those who pass not only a practical examination in repairing watches, but a theoretical one as well. Anyone qualifying either in the Washington Horological Institute, or any other similar organization, is certainly an able artisan. But no matter how competent such a man may be, he is not a magician. Unless you do your share of taking care of your watch, do not expect your repairman to put it in the same condition it was in when you bought it.

Wesson Oil makes waffles – that make husbands say, “PERFECT!”

You can't blame men for wanting waffles these nippy winter mornings. For there's something about crisp, golden waffles made with Wesson Oil—dotted with yellow butter—swimming in syrup—that just seems to make every appetite rejoice! Maybe you'd have a crisp curl of bacon on one side, or perhaps a little patty of spicy country sausage . . . but any way and every way, waffle meals are joyous meals!

And you can't blame women for being triumphant when they make: “The richest, crispiest, *happiest* waffles you ever put in your mouth!” Flour, eggs, Wesson Oil, milk—beaten into a creamy batter; made with *so* much less trouble . . . because of Wesson Oil; made with the *certain* knowledge that your waffles can't be anything else but wholesome and good . . . because of Wesson Oil; made richer, more inviting, more delicious . . . because of Wesson Oil. Honestly, if you

haven't adopted the Wesson Oil way in your house—you should!

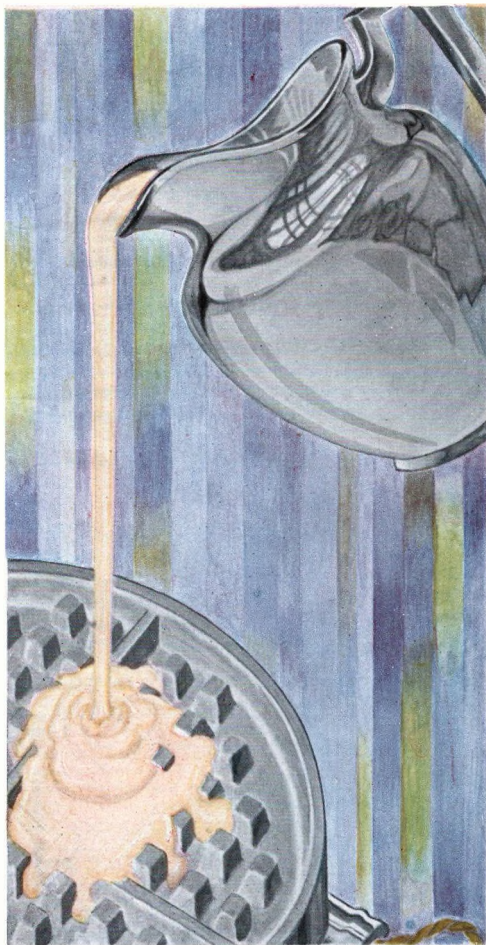
We'd like *you* to know as much about Wesson Oil as we do, just so you could fully appreciate its remarkable purity, its blandness, its wholesomeness. No oil can be purer, and because of this purity it is one of the very finest forms in which your body can take that *energy* element so necessary to health.

You'll enjoy Wesson Oil in French Dressing and Mayonnaise, too. Keep a cruet on the table for those delightful salad dressings made with Wesson Oil and fruit juices. For baking and frying, you'll like Wesson Oil's convenience, its goodness . . . Let us send you the free Wesson Oil Book, “Everyday Recipes.” Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

VELVET WAFFLES

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cup Wesson Oil • 2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder • 1 teaspoon salt
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk • 3 eggs

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder. Separate the eggs, beat the yolks until light, stir the milk into them and pour in the Wesson Oil. Stir this mixture gradually into the dry ingredients, beat well, then fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff and dry. Bake on hot waffle iron until medium brown in color.



“For quick mixing—The Wesson Oil Polar Cub” . . . A practical appliance for the modern kitchen, a home size electric power beater made and guaranteed by the manufacturers of the Polar Cub Electric Products. Simple to handle and to operate. Easy to keep clean. Saves time and energy. Assures perfect results quickly. For beating, whipping, mixing—eggs, cream, batter. For use wherever an even rotary motion is required. Ideal for making mayonnaise. Makes mashed potatoes fluffy. Price in the U. S. A. \$11.95 delivered. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to The Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.





SWANS DOWN ONE-EGG CAKE

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, unbeaten, ¾ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla. (All measurements are level.)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F) 25 minutes. Put layers together and cover top and sides of cake with Soft Chocolate Frosting.

SOFT CHOCOLATE FROSTING

4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces, 1½ cups cold milk, 4 tablespoons Swans Down Cake Flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla. (All measurements are level.)

Add chocolate to milk in double boiler and heat. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until smooth and blended. Sift flour with sugar; add a small amount of chocolate mixture, stirring until smooth. Return to double boiler, cook until thickened, and add butter and vanilla. Cool and spread on cake.

This one-egg cake is here to show you what a difference Swans Down makes!

HERE is a simple one-egg cake. Make it just as the recipe tells you to, using *Swans Down Cake Flour*, and you'll have a cake that is wonderfully light and fine, velvety tender, delicious. It will be perfect, in every way. But make this cake with ordinary flour and see what a difference Swans Down makes!

With no other flour can you get the fine Swans Down texture or the delicious Swans Down tenderness. With no other flour can you match Swans Down economy. Because with Swans Down you use fewer eggs and less shortening, and still get a cake that is lighter and finer than more expensive cakes made with ordinary flour.

Bake this one-egg cake soon. It will prove to you, conclusively, that Swans Down makes infinitely better cakes. And that goes for all cakes—not only one-egg cakes, but angel foods, chocolate cakes, gold cakes, cup cakes! Moreover, we promise you this—if you've always been a good cake-maker, you'll make better cakes with Swans Down than ever before. On the other

hand, if you've never known the thrill of making your own cakes, you'll find out—the very first time you carefully follow a *Swans Down* recipe—that you can achieve triumphs in cake-making too!

Experts realize the importance of using Swans Down Cake Flour. Ask the women who win the blue ribbons at state and county fairs. *Wherever cake-baking contests take place, it's just about a foregone conclusion that Swans Down cakes will win more prizes than all other cakes put together!*

How can flour make such a difference in your cakes?

Read these facts. Ordinary sack flours which are milled primarily for yeast bread contain a tough, elastic gluten. A gluten which is excellent for yeast leavening but which resists the quick rising action of baking powder, egg whites, and other leavens used in cakes.

The wheat used for Swans Down is soft winter

wheat. It contains a very delicate, tender gluten—perfectly suited for use with all "quick" leavens. And the difference in Swans Down doesn't stop there. . . .

Only the choicest part of the wheat kernel is used for Swans Down. Besides that, Swans Down is sifted and sifted until it is 27 times as fine as ordinary sack flour. That's why you can economize with Swans Down, and still achieve the most perfect baking results!

*Send for this wonderful recipe booklet—
(Free sample included!)*

Send 10c for "Cake Secrets" . . . It contains 127 delicious recipes for cakes, and all kinds of pies, cookies and quick breads! . . . With the booklet, we'll send you a free sample of Swans Down Cake Flour—enough for a cake. This sample will prove to you that every claim we make for Swans Down is true.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR

ICLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., EVANSVILLE, IND.

Established 1856



McC.—2—30

ICLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., EVANSVILLE, IND.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) for a copy of your recipe booklet, "Cake Secrets." With the booklet, please send me a free sample of Swans Down Cake Flour.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely — print name and address

ANSTRUTHER EYES

[Continued from page 27]

I really *didn't*, Judith. Honest. Who is going to re-tie my dress ties now and tell me what a worthless wretch I am and suggest careers? You're about the only one who cared."

Judith sat up and rubbed her eyes. "Now stop, Tony. Talking as if I were going to be dead. Is this your way of saying goodbye?"

"Well, yes," he said. "I didn't expect to see you. I was saying goodbye there in the driveway. Judith, I wonder if you could kiss me without perjuring your white little soul? Do you realize I've never kissed you, Judith?"

She put her hands on his shoulders as if to hold him back. Then they loosened and her arms fluttered around his neck.

In one of the broad windows of the library of the big house a curtain swelled inward and a short, thickly-built old fellow rose from his chair at the flat-top desk to fasten it. Then he returned to the pile of papers before him. "Is that all of it, Henry?"



THAT'S about all." The little man's eyes filled with excitement as he arranged his papers. "This will

dispose of about seventeen million dollars. It's terrific, Jim. The residue to Judith alone amounts to five million. I remember when we were boys in Bradentown, flying box kites, and you lying on your back under the maple tree, staring up at the clouds. I used to wonder what you were seeing. Now I know. You've licked life to a standstill, Jim Anstruther."

Anstruther left his chair again and tramped back and forth across the room. "Yes," he said finally. "I guess I have. I knew what I wanted and got it. That's me. I know what I want and I get it." Pretty soon he spoke again. "I only wish I'd gotten some of it before Peggy died." He picked a yellowed sheet of paper from the desk. "Look at that, Henry. It's the first will you drew for me. I left Peggy twenty-five hundred dollars, a country town cottage, and a two thousand straight life policy. And she looking at me those years with a want of the whole world in her eyes. Then she died. I never knew what she wanted then, but I remember that look—"

The other interrupted. "Don't dwell on that, Jim. It's not your fault. You've made it up to her in a way in Judith. She hasn't an unfulfilled desire. You've been almost foolish about that, Jim. Look at this place, her cats, her horses, her boat, running all over the world, presented at court. It's enough to ruin her. At least you've made Judith happy."

Anstruther paused and came back to the desk. "No," he said. "No, I haven't. That's my curse, Henry. I guess that's the iron in my soul. Everybody thinks Judith is happy. She seems to be. But I've often wondered if it isn't a kind of carrying on from Peggy. I've racked my brain and squandered fortunes. Judith has got that thing in her eyes, too—Anstruther eyes! I can't do anything for her. Not that she isn't grateful and sweet to me. But my money is worthless. She looks at me as if she wanted something desperately, and I can't find out what it is. Maybe it's—"

"Love," put in Pierson. "She's a young girl."

Old man Anstruther quieted down and smiled. "I think you're right, Henry. It's the one thing I've been unable to give Judith. I found her crying once, about a year ago. I forced her to tell me, and she said there was a man, young Buford, the Bufords of Roslyn."

"But that's the man she's to marry, Jim."

"Of course. Judith told me she was unhappy about him; and so I bought him for her." Old Anstruther chuckled again. "Don't look so glum, Henry. I didn't offer him an outright million. He's not that kind. He's like me, goes and gets what he wants; and he wants to be a financier, big business. So I simply bought his time and gave it to Judith. Switched my brokerage account to his firm and trumped up reasons for him to come here evenings to talk business. Finally I took him to Russia with me on a big mining machinery deal, a matter involving credit, and that's when it happened. You see, Judith went with us as far as Paris."

"And she's happy now?" Henry Pierson shook his head dubiously.

But the old man was exultant. "Absolutely. All the difference in the world. I've finally driven it away, Henry, that thing I spoke about, that sort of look. And I was able to do it for her. That's the point. The same as doing it for Peggy, as you said. Judith's happy as a lark now. Only a few times when she didn't know I was looking have I seen that confounded distance—hard to explain, Henry, a kind of gray looking far away—only a few times since she became engaged."

Jim Anstruther went to the window again, resting his palms on the sill and peering out. A cool, bright edge of moon had climbed above the east wing of the house, drawing the roof line in sharp black and spilling slow waves of half-luminous haze down the slope, touching the tops of shrubs and the gable of the lodge house. It rested above the wall and about their heads like a veil, light enough for Anthony Severn to see the girl's face and heavy enough to obscure from the world that he and Judith were close in each other's arms.

PLEASE let me go now, Tony," she was saying. "Oh, Tony, I've told you. I've told you I love you. Please—"

"Tell me again, Judith. It's a miracle."

"No, no," she whispered. "It's not a miracle. It's been always, even from the first. I've yearned and wept over you, Tony. The things you've done and the things you haven't done. You've been hurting my heart for years, while all the time I've known what tenderness and fineness was inside you."

"But Judith, darling, I didn't dream . . . I never even hoped. I've worshipped you, Judith. You can make anything in the world of me. I can do anything—"

"But it's too late, Tony. I can't let you kiss me any more. Why didn't you come and tell me before? I was longing so—"

He released her. "Why is it too late?" he said. "Because of Douglas Buford?"

[Continued on page 110]



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ANSTRUTHER EYES

[Continued from page 109]

Judith took her hands from her face. "Yes, because of him."
"So it's goodbye tonight after all, then." Tony Severn stood up, tall, a little thin, the moonlight making faint highlights and shadows about his irregular features and his deep eyes. "The cog wheels of life never quite mesh, do they Judith? But I shall go away happier for the sake of tonight than I've ever been."

She held out her arms. That was only an instant. Then he had gone over the wall and she heard the engine of his car start and listened until its last purr faded out in the night. She was still there after an hour. Another car turned into the drive and dashed up toward the house.

It was Douglas' car, but Judith did not move. This was not Douglas' night. He might have all the years full of nights, but this one was Tony's.

"Where's Judith, J. A.?" Douglas took the chair Henry Pierson had left, facing away from the room and out upon the terrace. "Didn't she expect me?"

"She went outside some time ago," said her father. "Probably cooler out there. Also, there's a moon. Go find her, my boy."

"Well, I'd like to talk to you a few minutes first. Something has come up, quite a feather in my cap, and I think you'll be prouder of me than anybody. You know I felt pretty keenly about that Portland Company purchase matter. It seems the best chance for expansion we're apt to get in years. I couldn't let go of the idea and after you blocked it in Board I looked up some of the big minority stockholders. How was that for going after it, J. A.? I know you like a man who fights for what he believes, and wins."

"Absolutely. You're absolutely right, Douglas. If you can sell the Company on it, go to it. I may want to retire."

"That's what I thought," cut in Douglas. He leaned forward intently. "You see, after I talked with them they all agreed with me about the Portland deal and gave me their voting proxies. There's a special meeting called for Thursday and it's coming up. Of course I've got enough to win, plenty."

"The devil you have!" For just one instant old Jim Anstruther shot forward in his chair, glaring. Then he subsided and smiled. "Maybe you're right, Douglas. Young blood has a way of making folly into wisdom."

THERE you have it, J. A. That's what most of them thought. They think the management needs new blood. That's coming up at the meeting too. I think it's much better that the stockholders want me to succeed you than for you just to turn things over. Don't you? Since it's all, as you might say, in the family, it doesn't matter much. You'll be able to ease up a bit; and I'm pretty proud at my age to be President and Board Chairman of such a concern."

Their backs were turned to the lights of the room. Their faces were in shadow. If the Old Man had paled dangerously, if his hooded gray eyes were now like gleaming knife points, if

his teeth were locked, no one observed. They could have been so but for a minute, perhaps two minutes, because he laughed then. "I am proud of you, Douglas," he said. "Very few men could have done what you've done. Judith will be proud, too."

Douglas rose, full of enthusiasm. "Yes, sir, only one stockholder I talked to refused to line up. Not important. I didn't need his small holding. Curiously, that was tonight. Stopped by to see him a few minutes ago on my way here. You know that Severn chap who comes over here once in a while? Of course he knows nothing about business, this matter or any other, I guess. He said he was going to vote his stock



the way old man Anstruther voted his or not at all."

"You mean young Anthony Severn? Judith's friend?"

"Yes. Why does she bother with him? His silly horses and boats and things! He couldn't sell a dollar for fifty cents."

"No. He's not our kind," said the Old Man. "Our kind carries his type. Judith overrates him. Or else she sees some value in him which we don't see. So you couldn't win him over, eh?"

"Not only that, J. A. He hit the ceiling about the Presidency change. Practically ordered me out of the house as though there was something underhanded about it, as if I'd done a rotten trick. I tried to make him see that business was not boat racing—"

THE Old Man held up his hand. "Oh. I don't fret about him. The fellow doesn't understand. That's all. Shall I tell Judith about this?"

"Please. I'll admit I can hardly keep it in, J. A., but she'll like it better if you tell her." He stepped out the door to the terrace, strode back and forth nervously, and then struck off down the slope, searching.

Jim Anstruther sank back in his chair. "James Anstruther," he whispered. "President of the Anstruther Pump and Machinery Company. Twenty-five years." He felt very old.

He was sitting like that when Judith came in. Douglas had missed her, apparently. She watched her father a moment and then came into the room. "What's the matter, Dad? You look tired. What is it? Hasn't Douglas come?"

He straightened up quickly. "Yes. He just went out to look for you. Come here, Judith. I want to tell you some good news. Sit here."

She sat on the arm of his chair and put an arm across his broad shoulders. "You have good news, Daddy? About Douglas?"

"Yes," he said. "You know I've been wanting to get free of the business for some time. Well, I've managed it finally. But that isn't the main point. The stockholders are going to put Douglas in my place. It's a great compliment to him."

"What!?" Judith stood up. "In your place? They can't do that, Daddy dear. When it's your company? How can they?"

He glanced at her quickly, sharply. "What's the matter?" he said. "Aren't

[Continued on page 112]



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QUICK RELIEF FROM COUGHS—COLDS!

YOU want quick relief from coughs and colds! Well here it is—grandmother's good old vapor treatment—modernized—brought up to date!

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It's the Sterno Vaporizer—now popular with thousands—endorsed by doctors everywhere! Just set Sterno Vaporizer by bed or chair. Ignite its quick-heating safety-fuel and in a few short minutes inhale pleasant, soothing, healing vapors that instantly relieve sore throats, coughs and colds.

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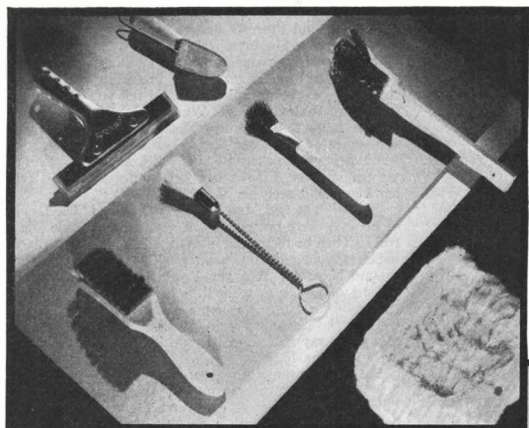
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GOOD NEWS *for* HOMEMAKERS

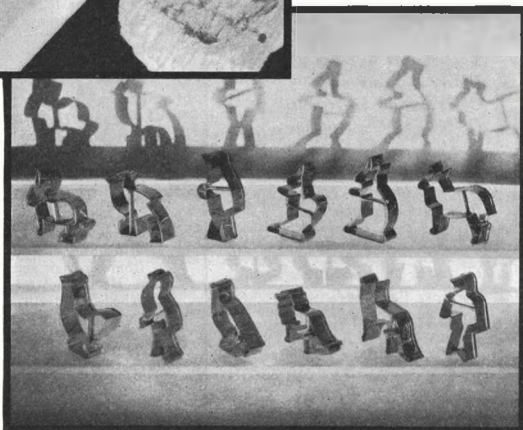


Left: In the upper row a squeegee for drying small-paned windows keeps a knife polisher company—neither of them has ever been known to scratch. The two large brushes are for scouring pots; one has metal bristles, the other a curved end which gets into corners. The two smaller brushes keep silk lamp shades and coffee pots clean. In lower corner is a polishing mitt made of lambs' wool

WHOSE IDEA IS IT?

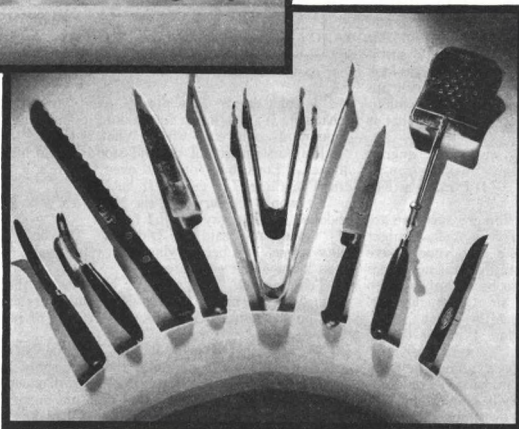
AN EXPLORING trip through the house furnishing shops reveals an array of new and improved housekeeping implements. I wonder who invents them? Is it the kind-hearted husbands, racking their brains for ways to make their wives' tasks easier? Or does some woman start the ball rolling by saying to her mate, "I should think that instead of tinkering with the car you might make me a rack for draining dishes, or a swab for cleaning pots—my hands are getting to be a disgrace. Now, this is the way it should be shaped . . ."

Well, no matter. The really important point is that these fortunate inspirations do occur to someone and that every homemaker benefits by them. The devices shown here can be found in all well-stocked house furnishing and hardware stores.—S. F. S.

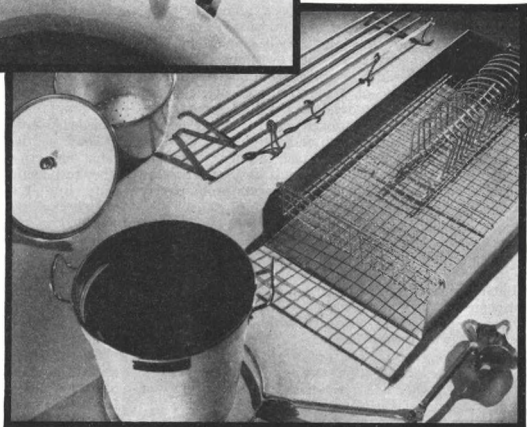


Left: You could almost furnish a Noah's Ark with the modern cookie cutters. Mothers who want to discourage a taste for cheap sweets in their children will keep a supply of cookie dough in the ice-box and form their own menageries of birds, beasts and fowl

Right: Two grapefruit knives which deftly separate the pulp from skin and membrane; a bread knife; a kitchen meat knife; a set of broad-bladed songs for picking up hot foods, dishes and pot lids; a general utility knife; a turner which flops food without breaking it; and a stainless steel paring knife



Left: Little step-pup teaches children to be neat. By standing on his back they can hang up their clothes and wash their hands and faces. A gay wooden apple and a funny face make amusing hat stands



Right: A pail with removable strainer can be clamped beneath any kitchen sink. A new dish drainer has its own tray; and a metal rack provides a safe resting place for several pots and lids

you pleased? You see, I've been planning for it ever since you became engaged. You didn't think they could do it if I didn't want them to, did you? Douglas is going to be a great man, a man after my own heart, Judith. You'll be happy."

She was sitting there alone when Douglas returned. "I searched the premises for you, Judith! Why didn't you leave word?"

"You said you would be late, Douglas." She held out her hand to him and allowed him to kiss her. "Father has told me the wonderful news. I'm so proud of you."

Douglas smiled. "I was a trifle uneasy," he admitted. "I wasn't sure J. A. would take it so well. I admire his attitude. It's the same one I would take myself. And, of course, J. A. would rather have it me than someone—well, someone not connected with the family. Oh, Judith, I'm going to have a big career. Shall I tell you how the trick was turned?"

"Yes," she said. "But let's pull some chairs out to the terrace first. It's nicer outside. We must make plans. But I'll tell you now that this has made you dearer to me, Douglas. I don't mean the distinction and honor and all that. That's important too. But the evidence that you mean enough to my father for him to do this—that's more important to me. It was no small thing, you know. Dad is not very old. It's his own company. It proves what you have come to mean in his life."

Douglas regarded her uncertainly, and then with reassurance. "Yes, J. A. acted magnificently," he said. "I'll tell you all about it."

THE half-dark room was not empty for long. Old Man Anstruther passed through it quickly toward a hallway in the rear. An old smoking jacket had supplanted his dinner coat and his feet were in slippers. He glanced uneasily at the open windows and then hurried on.

Then Collins, the black-coated butler, glancing at his watch and preoccupied as the White Rabbit of Alice's Wonderland, came in and went out on his way to answer the summons of the front door bell. There were voices in the hall. Collins reappeared, retreating backward and shaking his head. "But Mr. Anstruther has retired, Mr. Severn. I cannot disturb him. I fear you've been drinking, Mr. Severn, if you'll permit me to say so—" he apologized.

"Drinking the devil, Collins! I've not had a drop. I've got to see Mr. Anstruther about a matter important to him. You go and tell him so. I must see him tonight."

Tony Severn paced the room slowly while the butler was upstairs. He was still in flannels, blue jacket and gray trousers, but his soft collar was unpinned and his hair awry. There was some justice in Collins's suspicions. He had seen young Mr. Anthony Severn look like that before. The man returned with as much apparent relief as his well-trained features could exhibit. "Mr. Anstruther is not in his room, Mr. Tony. That is all I can tell you."

"He won't see me then?" Tony was angry, angrier even than he had been when he came. "Well, he can go to blazes with my compliments. Did I have a hat, Collins?"

At the door the butler paused. "You are sure you are quite yourself this evening, Mr. Tony? Well, I might say as I shouldn't, sir, but there is a large room above the main garage in back where strange business goes on. Mr. Anstruther does not like to be disturbed when he is there. That's all I can say, sir. Goodnight, Mr. Tony. Do you leave your name for Miss Judith?"

"I do not. Especially not, Collins. I meant to tell you when I came in."

Yes, there was a large room in back, above the main section of the garage. There were no pictures or decoration to break the white of its walls and ceiling, but there were very many lights both overhead and above a long work bench which extended from one wall to the other bearing a little of apparatus, an electric oven, test tube racks, a half dozen pans full of some pulpy white stuff, and rolls of brown wrapping paper everywhere. There upon that bench and the shelves above it were the ghosts of great aims, a plan to pulp cotton and force it through sieves into strands instead of spinning it, a scheme to impregnate and waterproof paper, any kind of paper, very cheaply and in quantity so that it might serve a thousand more needs, other ideas, other schemes—the child's play which Jim Anstruther would never and could never put aside as long as his mind had power to think.

But he wasn't thinking about his inventions now. He had come out here just because he felt more comfortable, more alone and at peace with all these things about him which were landmarks of other years. He had begun on that cotton idea when he and Peggy—The waterproof paper thing was more recent. Judith was about ten when he started that. Jim Anstruther was huddled in one of the plain wooden chairs beside the work bench, remembering.

ANSTRUTHER EYES

[Continued from page 110]

The Old Man's head snapped up sharply when he realized that someone had dared to open the door of his room and walk in. He stared for a moment, hooded gray eyes looking into other gray eyes until it seemed almost that they recognized each other anew. "Well, young man," he said; "now that you're here, what do you want?"

Anthony Severn's eyes wandered about the room. He went curiously to the work bench.

"I thought so," he said finally.

"You thought what? What the devil—!"

"I thought you were something of a failure, too, Mr. Anstruther."

"You thought—!" The Old Man's voice rose. "What business had you to think? What made you think so?"

SINGERS

BY MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON

*You who are listening
Where songs are sung,
Chide not the bitter notes
Of those who are young.*

*Youth to the bacchanal
Has hidden Grief,
Bear with the tragic mask
For youth's relief.*

*Go to the burdened heart
For your light song.
They do not sing of tears
Who have wept long.*

"I don't know. I've always liked you, sir. Maybe that's it. It's not much fun making pumps and drills if you want to invent—what? What is this?"

Jim Anstruther got up and stood beside him at the bench. "Look out for that oven. There's a chemical bath in there. I'm getting it hot!"

"It won't get very hot, sir. Not with your generator hooked up that way. Shall I fix it?"

"Go ahead," said the Old Man. "It can't turn out any worse. I've been trying for twelve years. What do you know about generators?"

Tony smiled. "Not much. I had one on the cruiser launch. There now." He put down the pliers and snatched on the switch. "What is this? A strip of paper?"

THAT'S what it is as it goes into the bath, young man. When it comes out, that wet shiny part, it's ninety-seven per cent waterproof brown paper. But it can't be handled wet. It would cost too much. It's got to come out dry and when it does, I'll make coats out of it, overshoes to be worn once, umbrellas to be sold for fifteen cents, wrapping for perishable goods, moisture-proof cigarette packages, a thousand things—and Douglas Buford can make the pumps and drills."

Tony whirled around. "You know? That's what I came here to tell you, to warn you. It's treachery. They're planning to oust you as President of the company. But—I had no idea of telling you who was behind it."

Jim Anstruther smiled and sat down in his chair again. "Douglas told me. No fear in telling me after the thing is done. He took care of that. You don't know much about business, do you, Severn? But you're pretty good on loyalty. That's a marketable asset, too. Why weren't you going to tell me who was behind it?"

"Because—" Tony paused. "Because I knew how deep he is in your affections."

Anstruther paused, too. Both of them were breathing a little rapidly. "Confound you," he said; "don't you use what I say against me! Do you think I'm really fond of a man so self-concerned and so stone-blind that he thinks the world revolves about his dinky

career? A man in whom I have seen the capacity to do the trick he has done and not even realize that it might have broken my heart? I have hated that young, hard-shelled whelp from the minute I saw him."

"Then why—?"

"You know why, Severn. Judith. She loves him."

"She does not love him." It was almost a shout. "Are you blind too? By heaven, then, she'll not waste herself on him. She loves you, sir, most. Enough to live with that—rising young financier because she thinks you're happy for the first time in twenty years. And then if she loves any other man I'll tell you who it is."

"You're raving, Severn. Who?"

"She loves the most worthless, aimless, undeserving scapgrape of her acquaintance—myself. And since you won't believe it otherwise, I'll tell you that since this very moon rose I have had her in my arms and felt her kisses and seen her farewell tears."

"It's—" The Old Man blinked and gulped. The hoods of his eyes were not enough. A sudden tear shone. "It's true?" Then he recovered himself. "Well, if it's true, you hopeless young dream spinner, what are you hanging around here for? Why don't you get her? I'll make a success of you, a man she'll be proud of. You go down there and take her away from him and I'll give you—"

Tony Severn had already started for the door. "I'll take her away from him all right. And you can give me a slap on the back."

He went through the rear entrance of the house, down the narrow hallway into the long room. The windows were still open on the terrace and pausing there he heard low voices and then a note of exultant laughter.

SO THAT'S how it happened, Judith." It was Douglas, talking. "How silly, my dear, to think your father gave it to me. Of course he wanted me to get the presidency if I could. Don't you see? I lined up every real stockholder I talked to but one, personally."

Judith said something, too low to be audible at first. And then it was a voice of hers that Tony Severn barely recognized, a controlled, smooth voice. "I do believe it was as you say, Douglas, your own deed. It was a great feat, my dear, dear Douglas." She was rising slowly from her chair and went to him, into the circle of his arm. He did not see that her lips were parted across clenched little teeth, that her paleness was not born of the moon, that her eyes were afire, but with another passion than love.

Douglas Buford felt the base of her palm suddenly against his mouth with utter amazement and he staggered back with the violence with which she flung herself free. "There!" she said. "You insensitive, heartless, young beast. You will not succeed. In business or out of it until enough tragedy has made you halfway human. And the Anstruthers shall not be under your clambering boots if you do. Go away. Take anything you want. Take Daddy's Company, but you will never take Daddy's girl." A little gleam flashed between them and a jewel struck his linen bosom.

Douglas stammered. "You little vixen," he said. He took a step toward her. "I'll—I'll—"

"You'll do nothing of the sort." Tony Severn stepped from the window and across Douglas's path. "You'd better go, Buford," Tony said.

Douglas hesitated. "I shall be delighted," he said finally with his customary quick smile. He picked up his ring and turned away. From the door he called back, "You may tell your father and his trained stockholders that I shall see them on Thursday, Judith."

She made no reply. When Tony faced about he found her leaning against her chair, her face hidden.

"Tony," she whispered; "Tony, will you be able to forget how horrid I was? Wasn't I shameful? But I hated him so for a moment! I don't hate him any more. He doesn't understand what he did even now. Will you promise never to remember how furious I was?"

"Come on," he said. "We have an engagement up in the garage. I promised to deliver you there."

They found the Old Man in his chair by the bench. A strange, startled expression was upon his face until he saw Judith, and then he bowed his head. Tony Severn heard only murmurs of what they said. He had seen Judith rush forward and he had stepped out.

"Severn!" After a few minutes he heard his name called and then Judith came running to the door. "Come in here, Tony. Where were you going? Don't you belong in here with us? Oh, what am I going to do with you two little boys, you and Daddy?"

When Tony came in the Old Man grinned. "I saw it all," he said. "I followed you down. Then I had to get back here to turn off that oven. I expected to find the whole place in flames."

Jim Anstruther remained there after Tony and Judith had gone down the stairs. Many things were passing through his mind and a faint smile played about his mouth. In his clenched hand was a crumpled ball of brown paper. It was white dry.



The celebrated Promenade des Anglaise, at Nice, on the French Riviera. During the season Nice is a scene of international gaiety.

"The one soap I recommend is Palmolive"

says Albert Leblanc of Nice

Famous Beauty Specialist of the fashionable Hotel Negresco at Nice, on the French Riviera, frequented by many of the world's smartest women.



"I know of no other soap which meets all the requirements of complexion care, acting at once as a cleanser and a valuable and soothing emollient."

A. Leblanc
NICE

"ERRONEOUS ideas on complexion care," according to Albert Leblanc, of Nice, "are very hard to correct. I am still occasionally asked: 'Shall I use soap on my face?' My answer is always a decided affirmative. It is quite wrong to suppose the skin can be thoroughly cleansed by other methods . . . And the soap I recommend is Palmolive!" So says Monsieur Leblanc, head of the Hotel Negresco Beauty Salon.

Monsieur Leblanc studied the art of cosmetics in Paris and practiced his profession there until 1912. He then came to Nice, where he has gained an excellent reputation in this smart Riviera resort.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

[Continued from page 8]

The critics were critical. The work soon vanished from the Metropolitan repertoire, not to reappear until its revival last fall. Surprisingly enough, the revival proved far more interesting and viable than the initial production, largely because, for the first time, it gave us *The Girl of the Golden West* with the ideal cast.

In a way, this opera came ahead of its time; not because of its musical sophistication—the score is the Puccini of *Tosca* and *La Bohème*, with frequent admiring glances at *Pelleas et Melisande*—but in its demands upon the physical and histrionic attributes of the singers. Opera audiences of 1910 were accustomed to hearing beautiful voices and fine singing—far better, on the average, than what we hear now. But it seldom occurred to them to ask whether the singers looked their parts or acted convincingly.

Then came "The Girl", a tale of the American wild West, concerning the lives and loves of a dance-hall girl, a road agent and a gambler-sheriff. Whether or not we chose to do so, we Americans could not help knowing exactly how Minnie, Johnson and Jack Rance should look and behave; and what we saw was not convincing. Amato was passable as the sheriff, but neither Caruso nor Destinn bore the slightest resemblance to the characters they were supposed to be portraying. Their glorious singing could not disguise the fact that they were, to put it bluntly, far too stout and agitated for their parts. Most of the proceedings of that December evening in 1910 were completely unbelievable, and some of them were disastrously comic.

The intervening two decades, though they may have witnessed a decline in the art of *bel canto*, have undeniably seen an enormous improvement in operatic acting and "type" casting. The present Metropolitan revival of *The*

Girl of the Golden West is not flawless. It presents, for instance, the slightly disconcerting spectacle of an American melodrama, produced in New York and enacted by a Viennese soprano, an Italian tenor and an American baritone, being sung in the Italian language. But its principals do allow us the illusion of seeing a drama of the California gold-rush.

The foremost of these is Maria Jeriza, who as Minnie, gives one of the best performances of her Metropolitan career, acting with imagination, poetic beauty and dramatic force and conveying, in her singing, the flavor of exalted speech that is the mark of the fine singing actor. She was admirable, and dressed the part appropriately and effectively.

Giovanni Martinelli made a rather Italianate Johnson; on the other hand, he could hardly have done otherwise, considering what the composer has given him to do; and in appearance and acting he was a thoroughly believable road agent. The rôle of Jack Rance, the sheriff, is in the operatic version of "The Girl" of no great importance vocally, and except in one scene, rather a negative one dramatically. Lawrence Tibbett found in it no difficulties. He sang beautifully whenever he was given half a chance, looked like Frank Keenan, of the original Belasco production, and was a satisfyingly sinister villain.

Belasco himself, by the way, helped to stage the revival, and his influence undoubtedly had much to do with its merits. Thanks to him the male chorus actually looked and behaved not unlike the miners they were supposed to be. Even the closing scene, wherein composer and librettist conspire to make the entire mining camp break down and have a good cry while hero and heroine are renewing their vows, was, if not believable, at least almost so.

WHAT THE CHURCH CAN DO TODAY

[Continued from page 7]

bad plight. In our noisy, hurrying time, quiet work of the Church, and especially its worship, is needed as never before, if our spiritual life is to be healthy and fruitful. But in addition to what the Church is doing, and which no other agency can do, for the culture of faith, hope and charity among us there are some things which sorely need to be done in America in which the church can and must take the lead.

"During the World War a flag-maker decided to find out how many different races had a share in the making of the American flags shipped from his mill. He learned that twelve different races, or nationalities, were working together in making the flag; and that is a picture-parable of the American community today. All these races—and they are only a few of many more—are trying to live together, work together and build the America of tomorrow. The Church must forget old feuds about creeds, and help to create a new spirit of friendship, tolerance and good will between the different groups; and, happily, it is doing so. What an opportunity for a brave, God-illuminated, human-hearted Church to bring together folk of many races, colors and creeds as friends and Americans.

"But in order to do such a work the Church itself must be healed of racial rancor and religious bigotry. Here, too, a most encouraging advance is being made, albeit it may seem to be slow. Old racial antipathies, old historic religious prejudices are not

overcome easily and all at once. But our religion fails fatally, if it does not make us friends, man with man, race with race and creed with creed. The old sentimental talk about a melting-pot was nonsense; we need fraternity, appreciation, understanding and a creative good will. The very words describe the religion that is beginning to grow up among us, overcoming old fears, envies, dark ignorance and tragic hatreds. Today a hundred agencies have taken up the battle against these old bigotries and brutalities; the Church must not be content to follow and work with them—it must lead the way into a larger fraternity of races.

"The Church has made many a tragic mistake," Dr. Gilkey concludes; "but no other agency on earth can do more in laying the foundations for a just and enduring world-peace than the Church, by building up a peace mind in men, women and children. It is not enough that high-minded men of state should meet and plan for friendship among nations; behind them the Church of God must unite and keep always at work to fulfill the will of God and the yearning of men for the end of war. Here, again, the Church is not unawake; it is planning a Universal Religious Conference, in the effort to put behind and within the Pact of Peace the faith and prayer and power of the religion of mankind. The Church is not failing; it is rising to the opportunity and challenge of a new generation in a new and troubled age."



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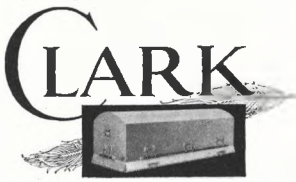
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MAKING GOOD AS A PARENT

[Continued from page 78]

adopt any method, good or bad. Because crying, refusing to eat, and temper tantrums are the surest to bring him immediate attention, they are the weapons first adopted. Very early he learns that life is a battle.

The mother, on the other hand, knows that her child must be taught to fit into the social scheme if he is to be happy later on. But this means a conflict within herself, for she longs to satisfy her child's wishes even when she knows it will not be for his ultimate good. Often she relents—just once. The child is quick to note the times when his mother has weakened, and he will hammer upon her tirelessly with all the weapons he can muster in the hope that she will give in to him again. To maintain a wise control, the mother must be aware of this struggle and must not fool herself about either her own motives or the child's. She should remember that back of every child's behavior lies the desire to be the center of the stage.

WHEN a child whines several times a day, or cries every time he wants anything, he establishes this habit because he has found that, in the long run, he has obtained satisfactory results rather than discomfort from whining and crying.

That is, he has detected certain weaknesses in his parents' armor, and with his own weapons he is winning out and is controlling his own world.

Such a supremacy is bound to break down in the world beyond the home. Failure and unhappiness will be his inevitable reward unless his energies are directed to gain power and control in a constructive way through his own creative thinking. Whining and temper tantrums, insignificant in themselves, take on importance as danger signals and should be dealt with when they first appear. The child should become aware that such behavior gains him nothing. Often the struggle is a test of endurance, but if the parents will be patient and steadfastly ignore the child's anger—no matter how disturbing—the habit can be broken.

It is best neither to scold or spank, but to place the child in a separate room and allow his rage full rein. The parents should show no reactions either of anger or concern. When the spell subsides, the child should be treated casually as though nothing important had occurred. If he is old enough to understand, his father or mother should explain to him that such behavior is babyish and cannot gain him his own way ever. He may test this statement by staging a second or third scene, or a fourth, but further scenes are unlikely if his parents consistently ignore the disturbance and do not succumb to his demands.

As has been said, to be the center of attention is extremely satisfying to a child who little cares whether he gets there by fair means or foul. Here is a little girl, for instance, who is an only child. At the age of three she has brought her parents to the point where they are trying every possible device to get her to eat her meals. She hears her mother tell her friends how worried she is because Jane is pale and underweight, her father offers her nice presents if she will only eat her meat and vegetables, and she sees her parents

watching her with concern during every meal. She loves being urged to eat and she thoroughly enjoys being the center of attention. She has found a weapon which she takes the greatest delight in brandishing above the heads of her parents, who do not for a moment dream that their three-year-old daughter is being cleverer than they.

But children should not be permitted to triumph in this way. If they are spoiled, they will pay penalties later—either as unloved and discontented people—or as anti-social ones.

At the other extreme are the parents who are always imposing their authority on their children. Even a tiny child should be given the privilege of choosing whenever possible. For instance, does he want to walk upstairs to bed, or does he prefer to be carried? Would he like to sit at the big table for lunch, or would he like to sit at his own little table? If the child is permitted to make such choices, he gains a feeling of control over his own life and a sense of responsibility for his own behavior. A child who is forced too often to fit in with the moods of others will soon learn to say, "I won't!" and "No, I don't want to!"



The stubbornness of small children is of great concern to many parents who fail to realize that they have helped to contribute to it. In most cases, proper handling of the child will prevent either excessive stubbornness or contra-suggestibility—that is, wanting to do the opposite of what is suggested. Grown people are too often inclined to impose upon the sweetness and good nature of a child, to stop him in the middle of a game to demand a kiss, or to interfere with the child's activity in some way in order to please a momentary whim. No child should be forced to be affectionate, nor chided if he prefers to go on playing. It is an infringement upon his freedom of activity, and of choice.

THE question for all parents to ask themselves often is, "Are we succeeding in bringing up a happy, satisfied child who does not encroach upon the rights of others, and at the same time are we helping him to develop to the fullest degree?" Very little discipline should be necessary if (1) a child is brought up in a happy environment, (2) if he receives wise training early, (3) if his energies and interests are wisely stimulated and directed.

If mothers and fathers would only realize how impossible it is to break the bonds of their children's affection for them there would be less temptation to err either on the side of over-discipline or overindulgence. Says Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, Director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, "Parents need not be fearful of losing the love of their children. If they would only understand that the love which their children have for them is quite a fundamental thing that it is almost impossible to eradicate, even if one wished to do so; and that there is no desire on the part of the child, in spite of his symptoms, to deny this love or get away from it completely, they would be less anxious and their emotions would less frequently plunge them into mistakes at critical moments."



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GARDENERS' LUCK

TOO many of us attribute success or failure to "luck."

By E. C. VICK

under with a spade, being mixed well with the earth in the operation.

As a matter of fact, there is no such thing in gardening; careful planning and constant care eliminate the element of chance except in a few unusual cases of pest and weather upheavals. If your garden is carefully planned before you sow the first seed and during the season is given the attention it needs, you are safe in counting on good results.

First of all, you must consider the location of your garden and whether or not it will have a full sun exposure or be in partial or complete shade. Your plant selections must be made to accord with these conditions. Soil is the next important factor. If it is a light sand, you must plant in it the kind of flowers which thrive in sand. Some plants do best in it. On the other hand, many flowers need a rich soil. If heavy clay covers the spots you wish to plant, it will require lightening; this treatment improves the drainage and in time converts the clay into a rich loam.

Practically all soils are benefited by the use of lime. The most convenient form of this is hydrated lime, sold by many seedsmen and by dealers in building material. It is a very dry powder sold in paper bags. Some soils, particularly heavy land, are inclined to be acid and on these lime is needed to correct this condition. Incidentally, lime is also a plant food. Spread it evenly over the garden about one-eighth of an inch deep and rake it in lightly. It is carried through the earth by rains and watering and should be applied early in the season. There are some plants like Rhododendrons, Kalmias, Azaleas, Ferns, Blueberries and a few others which thrive in acid soil. But most garden plants require lime.

ALL soils (except peat) require organic matter to make them fertile—that is, animal or vegetable material which, when incorporated with the soil, decays, and becomes plant food. A common form is stable litter. As a substitute there are commercial materials such as humus, commercial manure in bags, and peat moss which is put up in large bales. These are suitable for either sandy or heavy soils. Any one of these should be spread liberally over the surface and turned

Later on when the crop is growing, additions of ground bone, bone meal, tankage, dried blood, or cotton seed meal may be spread over the surface and lightly worked in.

In planning a garden you may experience difficulty in finding in the catalogues the plants or flowers you would like to have. Nowadays seed catalogues do not classify plants—annuals, biennials, perennials, everlastings and climbers—in groups by themselves. Close study of the catalogue is required to know to which class a flower belongs. The table of contents should be referred to frequently as different varieties of one plant may be described on widely separated pages.

Some biennials and perennials, if started early will flower the first season. To insure this result, it is advisable to start the seeds in March or April in the house, setting the plants in the garden as soon as the weather is at all favorable.

USE good garden soil for the boxes in which the seeds are to be planted, or get the soil from a florist. In the latter case, have one part sand mixed with two parts soil. Never add fertilizer to soil in which seeds are to be sown as it will retard germination. Use shallow boxes, such as cigar boxes, and keep the soil moist but not wet. A pane of glass over the boxes will prevent too rapid evaporation. And in any event, you should keep the seedlings out of the direct rays of the sun or provide them with shade. As soon as the seedlings appear, the glass may be removed. When the plants are large enough to handle, transplant into similar boxes, giving each plant sufficient room to develop. About a month before the plants are to be set out in the garden is early enough for planting the seeds in the house.

In the article on page 124 you will find suggestions for some of the flowers you may wish to plant in your garden and the kind of soil in which they thrive.

By understanding the problems which underlie their successful growth you can make your choice of plants, the soil, and the exposure suit one another and make your garden better than you have ever had it before.

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MY MENDING SHELF

By MARY WATERSTONE STUART

WHEN I used to look at our huge basket of family mending, I always dreaded the task ahead of me. Then one day a happy thought struck me. I had attractive shelves for books, for dishes, for knives, and for kettles. Why didn't I have a little sewing shelf, which would measure up to the rest of the house, a shelf so attractive that it would lend a glamor to the whole task of mending? The reason I disliked mending, I suddenly realized, was because it meant such a terrible waste of time. My tools were never at hand. And so I had kept putting off the job from day to day and the mending collected and grew more and more discouraging.

My plan was quickly carried out. I made a shelf of three-quarter-inch board, three and a half inches wide and twenty-five inches long, with a back to serve as an additional rack. These dimensions make an adequate abiding place for all the articles I need in ordinary sewing and mending work, but offer no refuge for excess baggage. I painted my shelf a gay lacquer red, treating it as an ornament of the room, but I could have matched the color of the wall had I wanted to make it unobtrusive. When I had completed the outfit I felt very proud of it and hung it in the room where I usually mend, while the children play around or bring me their clothes which need a button or an odd stitch or two. Of course, it was in a good light for both day and night work, and within easy reach of my low sewing chair.

ON THE back of the rack I drove in six brads at an angle, and on them placed a few necessary spools of thread. Black and white cotton in two weights—one for buttons and the other of lighter weight for hand and machine sewing—were all that I really needed. As I happen to use beige and black silk frequently I gave these a place also. These spools are merely slipped over the brads and can be changed at any time. There is no need to keep a large stock of thread and sewing silk on hand if you are within easy contact with the shops.

Darning stockings is an all important process, if there are children in

the home. Also, runners in grown-up stockings are usually discovered just at the sound of the automobile which is to carry you to some special function. To meet both these needs, I have equipped my shelf with four balls of mercerized cotton in the colors most often used. Moreover, since I frequently have to take a stitch in a hurry, each colored cotton has its own needle and this needle I leave in its particular ball, threaded, and ready to use. Then I can arrive at the shelf, pause for a thread, and almost before I realize it, the task is done, and the needle replaced in its particular ball.

OF COURSE, with this darning equipment must go a darning ball. Mine has a handle which will slip into the fingers of gloves and I accommodated it to my shelf by neatly drilling a hole through the wood. To the thumb I assigned a special place and it is such a comfort to have it always bowing to me as I approach hastily instead of having to hunt for it.

Next on my shelf, I put two small duplex boxes, which are as gay as the heart could wish. These little things hold a few snaps and hooks and all the buttons which the family will need for a few weeks. Buttons are a product with which we are apt to over-supply ourselves. Actually we use very few.

Below the shelf I put a series of small cup-hooks. The first one holds a push-button and the second a cushion for needles and needles only. I always have a safety pin or two present. I use them to draw various tapes and runners in bloomers and pajamas.

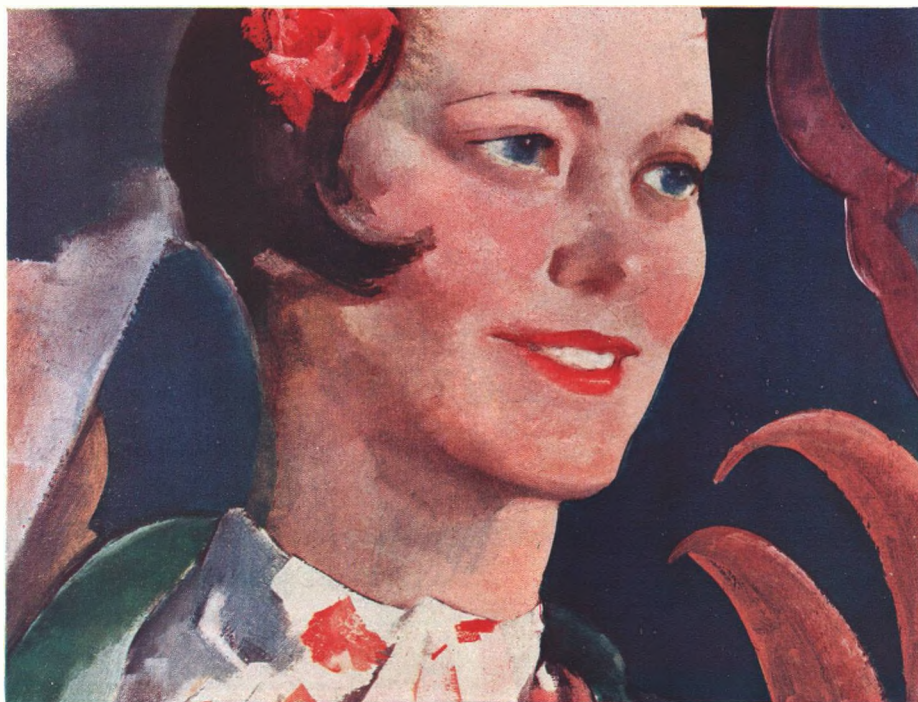
The next hook I definitely assigned to the tape measure. The next holds a woven band of colored darning threads. They are attractive, useful and inexpensive, and no mending shelf is really equipped without one.

On the remaining two hooks I hung the scissors. I find two pairs sufficient; one for cutting and the other, a small pointed pair, for fine work. Definite places for things are such a comfort.

With this equipment on hand, even a large order of mending from a ten-year-old son loses its deadly effect, and the running time of all weekly mending is infinitely reduced.



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This book describes how your old carpets, rugs and clothing are *shredded* until all fibers are entirely separated. These fibers are then *scoured, steamed, carded, combed out and bleached* into soft, downy wool that looks just like wool right off the sheep's back. This wool is *spun* into rug yarn (*double twisted* for extra durability), wound into *skeins*, expertly

dyed, and *woven* on our power looms into *new Olson Duo-Velvety* Rugs that have the rich, closely woven appearance of store rugs costing twice our price. Every order completed in **ONE WEEK.**

Save 1/2 on Your New Rugs

Why pay \$50.00 for a new living-room or dining-room rug when you can send your old rug and a few pieces of wool clothing to the Olson factories and get a beautiful, modern, reversible rug for as little as \$16.10. Why pay \$6.00 to \$10.00 for a bedroom rug when you can get a soft, velvety Olson Rug in rose, blue, taupe, green, mulberry, tan or grey for as little as \$1.80. All you have to do to make this worth-while saving is send 3 1/4 pounds of woolen materials by parcel post. We pay the postage. In our catalogue you will find charming oval rugs in rich Oriental designs for as little as \$3.15 and 3 1/4 pounds of your old materials.

Trial Offer—Satisfaction Guaranteed

We guarantee to satisfy you. Regardless of what kind of rugs you intended to buy, or price you expected to pay, we invite you to **FIRST** send your old carpets, rugs and clothing and **TRY** these *new improved* Olson Rugs. You don't risk a penny. If you do not think they are the biggest value you ever received, return them within a week at our expense and we will **Pay You** for your materials. "**OUR 55TH YEAR.**"



FREE Beautiful
New Book on Rugs and
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Model rooms—money-saving ideas

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Finer OLSON REVERSIBLE RUGS

PHANTOM FORTUNES

[Continued from page 26]

of buying and selling on margin, but wiped out dozens of gypsists who were themselves speculating.

At the time of the crash, stocks were higher than ever in our history, and were steadily rising, making what is known as a "bull" market. Gypsists' offices were on the increase. Over a thousand men and women were writing or calling on the Better Business Bureau for help each month, victims, like Caroline Brown, of schemes so clever that they were divided by a hair line from legitimate practice.

Swindlers no longer limit their efforts to the selling of emerald mines in South America and oil wells in Texas. They offer sound, worth-while, legitimate stock, only the victim, like Caroline, often does not get the stock; and if she does it is at a cost that pays the gypster a handsome profit. The October crash meant a short halt in operations, and a lessened number of gypsists. But those who remained were more active than ever. They had to make up for their personal losses by finding other victims.

NOT until the American public refuses to believe, and invests only upon knowledge, will the gypster disappear. How far away that day is can be judged by one significant fact.

The best work of the gypster of 1930 is done through the telephone. On a day in last July, after the drive was well started, the telephone officials of New York City reported a sudden decrease of telephone usage amounting to \$20,000.00 in receipts for a single day. It was vacation time and some of that decrease might be accounted for on that basis. But by far the greater portion was believed to be a confession of fright on the part of stock swindlers. If fifteen thousand a day could be charged to them, and it undoubtedly could have been, that would mean a telephone usage amounting to \$4,500,000 a year, and this from New York City alone. What the total telephone bill from gypsists' offices is no one knows. Nor does anyone know how much money they take every year from credulous American citizens. Federal District Attorney Tuttle asserts that from New York City alone, the sum is in nine figures, which means hundreds of millions. All these millions each year we obligingly hand over to enrich and soften the lives of dishonest operators.

The story of Caroline Brown, which is a genuine story, with the names and locale altered, shows the popular method, 1930, of gypster procedure.

To send a prospective victim a financial magazine, nicely printed, and containing, in the main, sound advice which corresponds to the news in the daily papers, is the first step. Then when some measure of faith has been established, actually to make an honest purchase for the victim of a good stock, which does rise a few points and enables the victim to make money, inspires more confidence. Then finally to consummate the deal in the same way the honest purchase was arranged, via the telephone, and to substitute a next-to-worthless stock on some plea; this is one of the regular routes to separating a victim from her money. From 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. the telephones in a gypster's office are busy.

In New York City, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit and in dozens of smaller cities there are "boiler rooms" where men work in relays, talking at the phones continuously. They follow a schedule which is planned to cover, as nearly as possible, the dinner hour of the American family.

Why the dinner hour? Simply because people are likely to be at home then and much of the buying is done by home people at their homes. In New York City the operators begin at 11 A.M. with calls to New England, where dinner is generally a noon meal, and work clear across the continent, ending in California at 11 P.M. Eastern time which in West Coast time means 8 P.M. the time for the home circle after dinner. The telephone bill from one office, whose owner is at the

United States" for \$50; one of "833 millionaire women in Greater New York" for \$100; and these are quite understandable. But there are also 2,945 prominent clergymen at \$25; 2,954 chiropractors at \$17.50; and there is a general collection, by cities and states, of individuals worth from \$5,000 to \$50,000 which contains 609 citizens in Moline, Illinois, 9,990 from Newark, N. J., 1,483 from New Bedford, Massachusetts, and so forth.

Coming down the scale one passes through lists of teachers, trained nurses, chorus girls, to janitors—there is actually a list of janitors sold, at a price! Such lists by no means cover cities alone. One is headed: Country investors who at some time have bought stocks or bonds—275,000 names at \$5 per thousand. Lists of this kind are prepared for business purposes, and the gypster is a ready buyer. During the height of the bull market, just before the October break, many gypsists' offices did not even bother to buy lists. Names were taken straight from the telephone book of any town. Times were prosperous and almost anyone could be counted on to have at least a few hundreds for "investment."

"All a woman really wants is love. She can wait for the rest—if that's sure."

But Phyllis could not be sure of Terry's love, with the barriers of silence rising specter-like between them. She must decide—Should she wait?

This is the fascinating situation of the new romantic McCall novel

FIRE OF YOUTH

by Margaret Pedler
author of "The Guarded Halo"

The first big installment will appear in
**McCALL'S
FOR MARCH**

moment in court trying to appeal a jail sentence, ran from \$6,000 to \$10,000 a week. This man, "George Graham Rice," as he calls himself, although he was born Jacob Simon Herzig, is reputed to have taken \$15,000,000 from the American public. He has served two years for larceny and five years for forgery and is now appealing for a new trial under a sentence of four years in the Atlanta penitentiary for fraudulent use of the mails. Rice paid out over seven hundred thousand dollars for attorney fees during 1928, testimony that the gypster's game is a money-making one. It is a costly net the spider spreads for the flies, but in the end the flies pay royally.

UNTIL two years ago this net included comparatively few women. But our unprecedented prosperity has given thousands of people savings, and interest in stock buying has become general. We are prosperous, and a bit reckless. Most of us are willing to take a chance on almost anything that promises more than the four to five per cent offered by such safe investments as savings banks and secured bonds. Almost anyone, man or woman, is a prospect for the gypster.

This sounds like a statement too broad to be credited. But when you have browsed about the records of the racketeers you find them paying cash for lists of names of all kinds and classes of people. There is one of "wealthy widows possessing more than \$100,000" that sells at \$20; and one of "2,995 millionaire women in the

IT IS the greatly increased use of the telephone that brings women into sudden prominence in the gypster's office. For no matter how the final buying is done, whether the woman of the household does it alone or with her husband, or transfers the matter to her husband, the one who answers the phone in the home, "following the dinner hour," is the housewife. Enter the Carolines into the field of finance through the back door, the gypster's office. Unwillingly Caroline Brown contributed in two ways to her gypster's enrichment.

The three thousand dollars worth of stock finally sent her, was practically worthless. But during the time her three thousand dollars had been in his possession the gypster had used it to boom the A and C stock, had bought in, on margin of course, and closed out at the highest point at huge profit. That is, Caroline had helped to finance a deal for him as well as contribute the three thousand. This is one of the newer schemes of the swindlers, and carefully handled, it is very difficult to prosecute.

There was in a town near New York a big firm selling hardware. It was capitalized at 230,000 shares of stock of which the firm controlled 130,000. Suddenly, and with no knowledge on the part of the firm, this stock, which was hardly ever active, began to rise. A gypster had decided to use the good name of the firm to its profit. For several days he telephoned the good news that the stock would suddenly advance. To hundreds of customers he sent telegrams. The result was a sudden buying that sent the stock up. The gypster did not care how the stock went up; in fact he advised clients to buy at once and not to bother sending in orders.

This was disinterested; it sounded suspicious, so the gypster sent out a letter asking a small compensation if the advice was followed. Having induced a good rise in the price of the stock the gypster sold out. His customers were still hanging on. The

[Continued on page 122]

Writing

a source of income that many people neglect

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, sports, travels, recipes, etc.—things that can be easily and naturally written, in spare time.

Miss Alice S. Fisher, Eyebrow, Sask., Canada, is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. She writes:



"Sold my first short story the other day. Last summer an old lady told me a happening of pioneer days which interested me. I wrote it up, and that's the result. You can understand that I'm delighted, even though the cheque was not large."

Another of our student members who tried is L. A. Emerton, Jackson Street, Hanover, Pa. He writes:



"My first big thrill came last month. An acceptance slip! The check that followed was not large, but I got a real kick out of it just the same, for it proved that I can write printable stuff."

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HOW many pounds do you want to take off? How many inches do you want to reduce your neck, bust, waist, hips, arms, legs, calves? In just 10 days you can have the proof that my personal methods will give you a slender, graceful figure. It was through these methods that I developed "the body beautiful" and won fame as "the world's most perfectly formed woman." And by these same methods I have kept my weight and figure without change of one pound or one inch for over ten years.

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You owe it to yourself to learn about my tested methods. I invite you to send for a free copy of my book, "The Body Beautiful." But please act at once. Mail the coupon below or write. Address: Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 82, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

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Are you, too, one of those who have tried one thing after another for the skin, yet without results? Then try this simple treatment—used by thousands with amazing success. Rub on a little Resinol Ointment at night; wash off with Resinol Soap in the morning. You will be surprised at the QUICKNESS with which it acts. The Soap also to keep the complexion constantly clear and soft. *At all druggists.*

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PHANTOM FORTUNES

[Continued from page 121]

stock promptly returned to its original price, some of the customers made a little, most of them lost. But they had financed a pool which made money for the gypster. The hardware firm was bewildered by the sudden fluctuations in its stock and resentful of the bad position in which it was placed. But the swindle was never traced and had it been traced prosecution would have been difficult. In one pool of this kind where the stock took a sudden jump from thirty to one hundred, all sorts of people bought. Among them was a school teacher in a small town in Pennsylvania. She was not young and her mother was dependent upon her. Induced by the gypster to buy, she took her entire savings of \$5,000 and bought in at sixty on margin, holding her stock in the hope of greater gain until the bubble burst. Having no funds to protect her stock she was sold out and lost the entire amount. The beginner in investments is always greedy. She expects to make money fast. She will not take a moderate return, but plays for the highest amount. Her weakness is well-known to the gypster. If the school teacher had sold at eighty, she would have had her money and a goodly profit. But, as the gypster predicted, she hung on.



The salesmen who work over the phone have golden voices. And we are particularly susceptible to a persuasive voice even to the point of supplying the gold which enables it to remain golden. Listen to the testimony of one telephone salesman from a gypster's office:

"I was employed for two months by Mr. X who sent out a four-page financial sheet every week. I was given a list of prospects and my work was to sell a particular stock we were pushing. I knew very little about the matter except those facts. The market was good, and the stock rose, and I sold \$500,000 worth of stock in two months. My commission was \$25,000, 5% of the whole amount."

When a salesman can make \$25,000 in two months, why wonder at the tales of munificent tips to waiters, of sending fifty-dollar bills to orchestras with a request for a particular number! Easy come, easy go, is as true as ever. And this man was but a salesman. The operators take far more from the gullible public.

IN THE most fashionable district in Manhattan, which is just East of Central Park, running from Fifth Avenue to Madison, dwells one of the princes of the gypster operators, who up to this time has never served a sentence. He is an immigrant, but an educated and cultivated man. He came first to Chicago, worked from there to Philadelphia and then to New York. His house is a palace of twenty-six rooms and is furnished in a manner that would do credit to an Eastern potentate. His hospitality is boundless. Through his house float his associates, greeted by a three-foot humidifier as they enter, served anything they like to drink by the Japanese servants, and welcomed by hostesses, beautiful women in marvelous gowns. Outside, a Rolls Royce with a chauffeur is always waiting. The place beggars the wildest dreams of a fiction writer and has to the present time, been bountifully supported by the American public. Its owner has played all the games

the gypsters know and so wily has he been that he has never been caught, although the authorities are watching. This man showers gifts upon his friends, and his bill at the most famous jewelers on Fifth Avenue was \$65,000 in four months.

There are in this year 1930 four ways in which the "tip" to buy or sell, which is the backbone of the gypster's business, comes to the public. There is the tipster sheet, which is so like the legitimate financial papers issued that it is difficult to spot, the telephone call, the personal visit, which is not nearly so frequent as it used to be, and the radio talk, which is brand new. Unscrupulous operators were regularly buying radio time until Federal authorities issued a warning. They still sometimes succeed in buying time through smaller stations who suppose them legitimate operators. But there is a second possibility the gypster can utilize. All radio stations have talkers on financial subjects; the gypster approaches one of them and in an innocent manner gives what purports to be an honest tip.

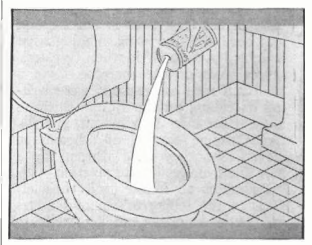
"I AM so sure this stock will rise," he assures the talker, "that I will give you a call on me for five hundred shares at 120." Believing in this innocent tip the man includes it in his talk; and as he is now an interested adviser, he

makes the matter prominent. He himself is a victim, as well as the public which listens to what is supposedly disinterested advice, and buys. No gypster touches their money. But their interest makes for a rise in price and the gypster cashes in, as does the radio talker. The investors, as usual, hold on, and having obligingly helped the gypster, are caught in the decline to the original price, and lose out. The radio station is not a participant in the fraud or sharp practice. It is a victim just the same as the persons who get the radio service.

One of the files of the Better Business Bureau is heavy with complaints against a swindler who made it his business to deal with people of limited incomes. Like Rice, this Mr. A—has been in the courts frequently, but up to the present time he has never served a term in jail. On February 21, 1929, he was convicted of fraudulent use of the mails by a Federal jury in Kansas City, Mo., and sentenced to four years in Leavenworth penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$1,750. As this is written, he is out, under bail, pending appeal for a new trial. A's schemes were based on the part-payment plan of selling. As his tipster sheet "The Investor's Daily Guide," was barred from the mails in 1925, he used as his substitutes, advertisements in small newspapers. According to his "plan" standard securities could be bought by paying from 10% to 20% of market price with a 6% interest on the unpaid balance and payments which might run from 19 to 39 months, payments so small almost anyone might make them. A of course, was supposed to buy the stock upon the receipt of the initial payment and to hold it until the investor paid off. If the customer ever did pay off a new "investment" was suggested the initial payment to be made by A from the last payments on the first stock. So that stock was rarely delivered.

[Continued on page 127]

Toilet bowls should be AS WHITE AS SNOW



AND they can be—without the unpleasant work of scrubbing. The modern way is swift, easy and effective.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the toilet bowl, follow the directions on the can, and flush. Then watch. Immediately the bowl is white as snow, germ-free and odorless. All incrustations are swept away. And Sani-Flush cleans and purifies the entire toilet, reaching even into the hidden trap which brushes fail to touch.

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I am interested in getting this \$10.00 extra. Please write me about it.

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Local Address _____
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RANSOM

[Continued from page 25]

contemptuous dismissal; but her beauty withered it on his lips. He had to content himself with a cold announcement that what the lady asked was impossible.

The Ducal Lieutenant's answer came harsh and impatient. "The request is unexampled, an affront! You delay the Duke's justice frivolously, madame. It is unheard of!" Impulsively he raised his hand to signal to the Captain of the Archers, but found his arm caught in the grasp of the Burgomaster. His face was very grave, his eyes almost scared.

The laughter and applause below had suddenly changed to angry murmurs, which grew as they rippled through the ranks of the multitude. Clear above the inarticulate mutter of indignation came the shouted words:

"It is an honored Flemish custom, Lord Lieutenant!"

"The Duke of Burgundy would not trample on our rights and privileges!"

"You are false to your trust, Lord Lieutenant, if you deny this lady!"

Despotic, cold and arrogant, the Sire de Vauvenargues might be; but he was not a fool; indeed, he was a man of some acuteness, else he would not have been raised by Charles of Burgundy to the eminence he occupied.

He turned for guidance to the Burgomaster.

"What is this, sir, of a custom, a right, a privilege?"

"It is as they tell you, my lord. It is an old Flemish custom which gives any woman the right to marry a doomed man on the scaffold, provided that he is marriageable."

The Lieutenant's lip curled. "A gruesome custom that, faith, and a stupid. But I'll not provoke a riot by refusing them so barren a favor."

He leaned from the balcony. His harsh penetrating voice rang clear. "I bow to your Flemish privileges, Madame. Your request is granted in the Duke's name. I beg that you will make haste, so that we may conclude the business upon which we are here."

Lady Margaret thanked him shortly, and wheeled her horse about.

THE crowd fell back readily enough, and amid acclamations and laughter she came to alight at the foot of the scaffold and to mount its steps to where the Sire Tristan waited. Gently, tenderly smiling, she confronted him. "Do you take me to wife, Sire Tristan?" she softly asked him.

Sire Tristan sought her glance and fled from it; he made a convulsive movement of his arms. "Madame! Madame! Bethink you of yourself. I am not worthy that you should do this."

"It is for me to be the judge of that," she answered him. "It is my wish. Will you deny me? Will you shame me by refusing me here before all these? That were to make me a subject of mockery for all the days of my life."

He lowered his head, his face flaming scarlet. Subduing his voice so that only she might hear him he made his almost agonized protest: "You should not—" he was beginning when she interrupted him, sensing what he was about to say.

"Perhaps I should not." Her voice was almost wistful now. "But it is

done. I am committed to it." A great sadness seemed to overwhelm her. "Dismiss me if you will."

He fell on his knees before her there in the sight of all, and it was a spectacle that thrilled the audience with delight. "Lady, my worthlessness is the only barrier."

With one hand she raised him, with the other she beckoned forward the priest.

Messire Tristan protested no more. He could not make a mock of her by refusing this precious gift of herself which he knew she must offer out of pity for him. Swiftly the vows were exchanged, the words of the nuptial blessing uttered, binding them irrevocably, and already to the wild acclamations of the crowd she was leading him by the hand to the steps of the scaffold, when the Burgundian captain intervened.



GENTLY, gently, lady!" His gauntleted hand closed upon the arm of Sire Tristan as he gave the order: "You'll leave your husband with us, if you please."

The crowd perceived his action, those nearest even overheard his words, and he was answered instantly by a howl of fury from a thousand throats.

At the head of the steps the Lady Margaret and her bridegroom stood arrested, waiting.

On the balcony the Sire de Vauvenargues was expressing his indignation to the Burgomaster.

"What is this? I accord the boon, I bow to your absurd Flemish custom and this is how your people requite me. If subordination to the Duke's . . ."

The Burgomaster interrupted him. There was almost a sly humor about the sleek little man.

"My lord, I fear you have not quite understood. This old Flemish custom to the exercise of which you wisely consented, runs that a marriage-knot tied at the gallows rescues a doomed neck from the halter."

"Ventre dieu!" swore the Ducal Lieutenant in his amazement. Then his anger mounted again. "Why did you not tell me this?"

"I did not think there was the need. The inference seemed plain. What point else would there be in such a marriage?"

"Did you not hear me complain that I found it pointless? I am not a man to be easily fooled, nor is Burgundian justice so easily to be cozened. That man hangs as surely as—"

"In God's name!" The Burgomaster was trembling with dread and horror. "You might have escaped a riot by firmness before. You cannot now. You might have refused to admit the custom. Having admitted it, you cannot trample upon it. You must perceive this, my lord."

Thus the Ducal Lieutenant swallowed his pride and arrogance, to make the announcement.

He confessed that he had not been aware of the full import of the custom when he gave his consent to the marriage. But that having given it, he could not well do violence to Flemish privileges by insisting upon the execution of the just sentence passed yesterday in his court upon the Sire Tristan de Beloeil. Applause broke out at this,

[Continued on page 129]

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SOIESETTE FLAXON



Early and late Asters in a wide range of colors will give continuous bloom through a long season

SEARCHING FOR TREASURE IN THE SEED CATALOGUES

By

EVELYN NYE BROWNE

AROUND the first of February there comes a day which is different from other days. The boisterous north wind is still. A gentler wind blows from the Southland and your heart rejoices, for it knows that this is the first real breath of spring.

And then a few days later the mail man arrives with a bulky envelope. It is the seed catalogue! Eagerly you tear off the wrapper to pore through its thrilling pages filled with entrancing names and fascinating flower pictures. The long weariness of many shut-in winter days fades away. In your imagination you can see the rows and rows of lovely pastel asters, the gay hollyhocks, the color of zinnias, and the dainty petunias nodding in the breeze.

Of course, there are some who do not appreciate this treasure chest which is sent them every spring, and they do not use it as well as they should. If you know how to use a seed catalogue correctly the planning of your garden becomes a thrilling game. Dreaming cozily before a crackling fire, perhaps, your mind lives in the sunny days when there will be blossoms of every hue in the white waste where only dingy snow now lingers; try to make these dreams come true.

To use this catalogue to the best advantage write down the flower, or plant, names and numbers as they strike your fancy as you turn the pages. Also jot down a note as to where you would like to plant them.

It is a good idea to make two separate lists of your flower seeds: one for annuals and one for perennials. This simplifies your planning for the succession and replenishing of bloom. A careful selection is especially necessary for a little garden in order that time, money and garden space may not be wasted. Buy more of the perennials; permanent beds of them may be started from seed; and a really gorgeous display of annuals can be made at a surprisingly small cost by carefully studying the seed catalogues and planning the garden early.



Single Dahlias come in gorgeous colors

Many of the seed lists today are beautiful things. Year by year they grow in accuracy and scope. If you know how to read them correctly the planning of your garden becomes a thrilling game, for in them lies buried treasure for all true garden lovers to discover.



Cosmos will bloom all summer



A new Oriental Poppy

For continuous bloom throughout the season select plants which flower in early spring, in mid-season and in autumn. Some—violets and zinnias, for instance—bloom continuously. You will want some annuals for showy garden effect, others for cut flowers, and the perennials will be planted for permanent beds. Here are a few suggestions:

Antirrhinums (or the snapdragons of grandmother's garden) are excellent for color effect in bedding, and are good for cutting. There are three classes—very

tall (three feet high); the "giants," a trifle lower; and the modest half-dwarfs, about a foot high. Antirrhinums are perennials and will thrive for years, blooming continually in warm climates. In the North they are treated as annuals. Any good garden soil suits the Antirrhinum, especially when fully exposed to the sun. The plants also do fairly well in partial shade. Started early, they will flower through June and until frost. Seed sown in the open ground in May will produce flowering plants in July.

Centaureas (commonly called Corn Flowers) are annuals, the seed of which may be sown early in spring in the garden. They are excellent for cutting and the plants are not particular as to soil, as long as it is rich. They require full sun. "Montana" is a blue-flowered perennial variety.

What is called Bachelor's Buttons, Ragged Sailor, etc., is an annual, found in the seed catalogues under the name of Centaurea Cyanus.

Shasta Daisy is a perennial, and looks charming against a background of green shrubs. "Alaska" produces flowers four or five inches in diameter on long stems, making them very desirable for cutting.

Coreopsis Grandiflora is a favorite perennial owing to its great quantity of graceful flowers on long stems. Seeds sown early in the open ground will produce flowering plants the first year. [Turn to page 128]

What's in the Cupboard?



Canned Raspberries? Try this Raspberry Delight

1 package Raspberry Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ into mold. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in raspberries. Fill mold with remaining Jell-O. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with sweetened whipped cream flavored with almond extract. Serves 6.



Cake?

Jell-O Cake Pudding

1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water or fruit juice
1 package Cherry or Raspberry Jell-O
2 cups plain cake, diced (stale cake may be used)

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water or fruit juice. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in cake. Fill in sherbet glasses. Serve plain, with custard sauce, or with whipped cream. Serves 6.

A cup of cooked fish?

Rice and Fish Loaf

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chili sauce
1 small onion, finely chopped
1 green pepper or 6 stuffed olives, chopped
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup salmon, tuna, or other cooked fish
2 cups cold cooked rice

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water, chili sauce, and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into loaf pan. Chill until firm. Unmold. Slice and serve with a tart sauce. Serves 6.



Carrots?



Golden Glow Salad

1 cup boiling water
1 cup canned pineapple juice
1 tablespoon vinegar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup canned pineapple, diced and drained
1 cup grated raw carrot
1 cup pecan meats, finely cut

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add pineapple juice, vinegar, and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, add pineapple, carrot, and nuts. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

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A cup of grape juice?



Grape Zip

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup grape juice

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add grape juice. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until like whipped cream. Fill in sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Serves 6.

All measurements on this page are level

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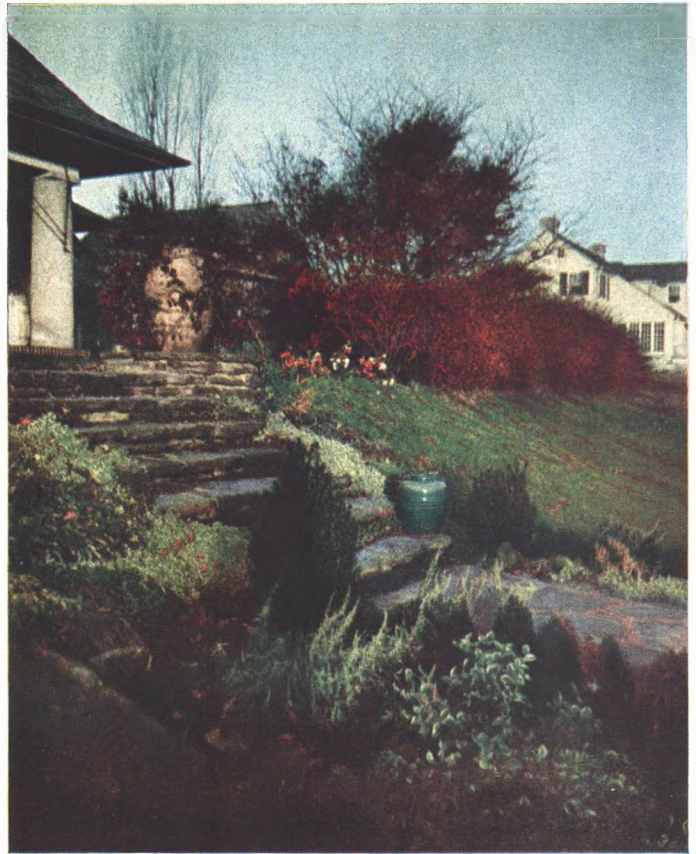
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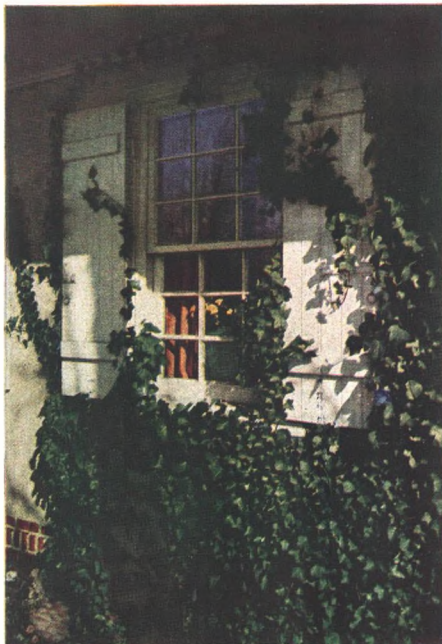
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LOVELY PLANTING EFFECTS FOR SMALL GROUNDS

Right: Low-growing evergreens and hardy perennials make a border on each side of the stone walk. To screen a neighboring house from view, a Japanese Flowering Crab has been planted. The owner of these grounds has achieved informality with charm



In June the General Jacquemont Rose enlivens the garden with a great splash of fragrant crimson. It will bloom again in the Autumn if properly fertilized, but it needs air and sunshine all around it. Here a splendid specimen has been trained against a lattice which stands away from the wall of the house



Except in a very cold climate English ivy will climb rapidly over walls built of brick or stone. It is not suitable for wooden houses as its strong roots can pry shingles and clapboards loose. In Summer, ivy needs frequent sprinkling with a hose to keep its leaves green and glossy



A sapling fence is the almost perfect background for a small town garden. Vines clamber gratefully over its surface, while the flowers at its feet take on an added brilliance against its brown-and-silver tone. Durable, easy to set up, and relatively inexpensive, this type of fence makes a practical barrier for the owner who desires privacy; and for late-blooming asters and chrysanthemums it provides a friendly shelter during the frosty Autumn nights

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SEARCHING FOR TREASURE

[Continued from page 124]

For late flowers in abundance, after all others have disappeared, there are plenty of late Cosmos. These are very tall growing plants so keep them in the background. The long stems, fine foliage and graceful daisy-like flowers make them desirable for bouquets and vases. In the vicinity of New York City the plants are covered with bloom well into and sometimes through November, depending on the weather. The early varieties flower in July and August. Sow the seeds in the open ground or in the house. Seed sown in the autumn will produce plants the following spring.

The Delphinium, (or Larkspur), has always been a favorite in perennial gardens and is more so now than ever on account of the greatly improved varieties which have recently appeared.

They bear large flowers on tall spikes tapering at the tip, making a gorgeous display. Sow the seeds any time from May to July in the garden and shield them from the midday sun. Do not be impatient in looking for the seedlings, as they will be quite slow in appearing. Thin the plants to eight inches apart, keeping them well cultivated and free from weeds until autumn, when they may be planted where they are to remain, in an open situation. If flowering plants are wanted the first season, sow the seeds early in the house or hotbed. Transplant the seedlings when an inch high, setting them three inches apart. When the weather is settled the plants may be placed a foot apart in the garden, but they will require replanting again, two feet apart in the autumn.



In transplanting Delphiniums, always take the plants up with a good-sized ball of earth, so as to disturb the roots as little as possible. Annual Larkspur seed may be sown in the garden early in the spring.

For stately perennial plants that will make a fine show during June and July, Digitalis (or Foxgloves) are to be recommended. They like rich soil containing plenty of well decomposed vegetable matter, partial shade, good drainage and plenty of moisture in hot or dry weather. Digitalis is a good plant to use in shrubbery borders and will do well in full sun, if not permitted to dry out.

The most gorgeous are "Shirley" Foxgloves, attaining a height of five to seven feet, with flower spikes sometimes four feet high, compactly covered with large flowers of beautiful colors. Seed may be sown in a carefully prepared bed, the plants set out where they are to flower next year and thereafter. Provide light winter protection and give liquid fertilizer during the flowering season.

Aquilegia (or Columbine) is an old favorite perennial. Sow seed in the open ground in early spring. The plants may flower the same season. Sown in August, they will bloom the next year. Aquilegias have a charming airy grace and bloom freely either in sun or partial shade.

Campanula (or Canterbury Bells) is a splendid perennial garden plant. Seeds sown in the open ground in the spring will require transplanting in July to where they are to flower.

Asters are always a favorite. By planting early and late varieties they will keep up a succession of bloom all the season. They do well in loamy soil or light sandy soil if liberally fertilized and placed in full sun. Don't plant them on the same land two succeeding years.

If the garden is very small I should advise few asters, but more of the small zinnias. These would give a greater interest because of their continuous bloom. This annual produces flowers from early summer until frost, and has been most wonderfully improved in recent years. It is excellent either for garden display or for cutting. The seed may be sown directly in the garden, but for early flowers, they should be started in the house. Varieties may be had producing curled, crested and plicated flowered forms. The flowers of the large flowering double varieties are five inches or more in diameter, produced on plants three feet high; the double Dahlia-flowered, dwarf varieties, are two feet high and the Pompoms, small densely double flowers on long stems, are seldom more than fifteen inches high. They are good for bedding and cut flowers. There is a little Zinnia Pumila, Watermelon Pink, a foot high, which is nice for the front of a border if Nepeta Musini with its lovely gray foliage is before it.

AMERICA is the country of choice in which to try out unknown things for we are not afraid of experiments. The rock rose (Cistus) and the Lupines are much more grown in English gardens than in our own. We lose much color and beauty by this neglect. The long, graceful, brilliant spikes of the Lupine are excellent for cutting, for colorful beds or mixed borders. The Lupines prefer partial shade. Sow the seed in the open ground in May and thin the plants out to stand a foot apart. Lupines dislike being transplanted. They are gross feeders and should be fertilized liberally and given plenty of moisture. Use no lime about them.

Something new to most gardeners are the new colors in Oriental Poppies, recently introduced. These include a variety that is almost black, others of pure white, pink, crimson and other colors. Grouped, they make a wonderful showing when in flower. All are perennials. The seed should be sown as soon as the ground can be prepared. As it is very fine, a carefully made bed is required. All Poppies like full exposure to the sun and thrive in good garden soil.

Another good plant is the Verbena. It delights in a light, sandy soil, but thrives in a good garden, where it may have full sun and but little moisture. The spreading plants are covered with flowers of brilliant colors.

By pegging the stems down to the ground with wooden toothpicks or twigs bent double, they take root at that point and soon solidly cover the ground with flowers which almost completely hide the plants. Sown in the open, flowers will be produced from July on through the season. For early flowers start seeds in the house or hotbeds, setting the plants out when the weather is warm.

Have at least a few Violas. They do well in partial shade and are always

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RANSOM

[Continued from page 123]

and he was forced to pause until it had subsided before adding that being no more than a servant and mouthpiece of his highness the Duke of Burgundy, whose loyal, faithful subjects they all were, it was not in his power to do violence to Burgundian justice by allowing the prisoner to go free. He was interrupted again, this time by a storm of angry protests and even threats. In resuming presently he made an even further immolation of his pride. He cast himself as it were upon the mercy of the people.

That same afternoon the Sire de Vauvenargues set out for Brussels with his prisoner and a strong escort of fifty Burgundian lances. He suffered the Lady Margaret to attach herself and her attendants to his train, since it was not really in his power to prevent it. But he bore the Lady Margaret no love for the difficulty in which she placed him, and he refused her permission to communicate in any way with his prisoner, however much that same prisoner might now be her husband.

This was distressing not only to her, but also to the Sire Tristan, who was still all bemused and bewildered by the event, and desired at least an opportunity of expressing his gratitude and other things to her before they strung him up, as he was quite convinced they would do once Brussels and the Duke of Burgundy were reached.

BETIMES next day Sire de Vauvenargues presented himself for the bad quarter of an hour with the Duke which he had every reason to expect. He was introduced to the Duke's study and received with a scowl such as that with which he, himself, was in the habit of intimidating suppliants.

"By what authority, sir, do you leave your government?"

The Sire de Vauvenargues bent himself almost double. "I trust the case when your highness shall have heard it will justify me."

"Is there a revolt among these mutinous Ghenters?" The Duke detested all Flemings, and of all Flemings he detested the Ghenters most, having had a taste of their insubordinate quality.

"There might have been had I not decided to seek the guidance of your highness."

"So, so!" The young duke heaved himself up.

THE Ducal Lieutenant told his tale none too well. The Duke's manner was not conducive to lucidity. It was some little time before his highness caught the drift of it. When at last he did, he laughed ferociously.

"So that the threatened revolt was of your own making, Sir Lieutenant?"

"Of my making, highness! I did not know . . ."

"Just so. You did not know, and you had not the wit to inform yourself, nor indeed, it seems, any wit to discharge any part of your duties. First you choose to make a public show of this hanging, appointing for it the hour when the looms are deserted and all these mutinous weavers are in the streets; then you pledge me to a crazy custom which makes a mock of my justice. But my justice, I tell you, is not to be mocked. So you will get you back to Ghent with your prisoner and there execute the sentence you passed upon him in my name."

The Lieutenant was aghast. "If I hang him, the Ghenters will certainly hang me afterward."

"God give them joy of it," said the Duke. "What else are you fit for?"

"Nothing else if your highness thinks so. But to hang me is, after all, in a sense to hang your highness, since I am your highness' representative."

The Duke sneered at him. "I could bear to be hanged by proxy. Indeed, it will be a satisfaction to be hanged by proxy if you are the proxy. And it will give me the right to read these Ghenters a sharp lesson in submission, which they appear to need. I will avenge you roundly. Be comforted by that."

But the Sire de Vauvenargues was not so easily comforted. Far from it he was driven now to become in earnest the advocate of the Sire Tristan. "Highness, if I dare presume so far, since the error is committed, is it prudent, or—**or—**expedient to permit the life of one man to—"

[Continued on page 130]



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No.	Sizes	Price No.	Sizes	Price No.	Sizes	Price					
5568	6-14	40	5970	14-18, 36-40	65	5982	4-14	35	5994	14-18, 36-46	50
5808	4-14	35	5971	14-18, 36-42	65	5983	14-18, 36-42	45	5995	14-18, 36-46	35
5909	12-20	45	5972	14-18, 36-46	50	5984	14-18, 36-42	65	5996	14-18, 36-46	45
5920	4-14	35	5973	14-18, 36-46	65	5985	14-18, 36-46	35	5997	14-18, 36-42	50
5951	14-18, 36-42	50	5974	14-18, 36-42	45	5986	14-18, 36-42	40	5998	14-18, 36-42	65
5963	14-18, 36-42	50	5975	14-18, 36-42	45	5987	14-18, 36-42	45	5999	14-20	65
5964	14-18, 36-42	45	5976	6-14	35	5988	14-18, 36-42	45	6000	14-18, 36-42	65
5965	2-8	35	5977	14-18, 36-42	50	5989	4-8	35	6001	14-18, 36-42	65
5966	2-8	35	5978	#11	50	5990	14-18, 36-42	40	6002	14-18, 36-46	45
5967	2-8	35	5979	14-18, 36-42	45	5991	6 mos. 3 yrs.	35	6003	14-18, 36-42	65
5968	14-16, 36-42	35	5980	14-18, 36-42	50	5992	14-18, 36-42	45	6004	14-18, 36-42	65
5969	14-16, 36-46	50	5981	14-18, 36-46	35	5993	14-18, 36-42	50	6005	14-18, 36-42	65

Embroidery and Novelty Patterns

No.	Price No.	Price No.	Price No.	Price	
1751	\$1.00	1760	\$1.75	1767	\$1.00
1757	14-16, 18-20	.65			

RANSOM

[Continued from page 129]



Mrs. Bird, of Ohio, says her Lansdowne work has provided college expenses for two boys, two trips abroad and a year's study in France!

"Lansdowne work restored my health and supported me after home and husband were snatched from me." Mrs. Westerbeke of Florida.

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apiece**
in 4 to 8 weeks,
working only part time!

You, too, without experience, and working only part time, can average \$25 to \$50 a week. A substantial income from interior decorating and dress materials. Write today for free booklet.

How you can make **A Big Income**

WOMEN of high social status—women with homes and children to care for—women in other lines of business, women of unlimited leisure, are now our representatives and have been for years. Here is your big opportunity.

Many of our new, experienced representatives earn from \$100 to \$400 profit, their first month! Mrs. Kenny, of Wisconsin, made \$25 in a single day! Write for booklet, "How You Can Make a Big Income."

Easy to get started. Mrs. Cable, of Michigan, says, "In my first 3 months I sold \$1,000 worth."

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Credit certificate, 50¢
(Below) wide, .98 a yard.
Chints, 30¢
wide, \$1.50



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Dept. D
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Please tell me how I can earn a substantial income, working in my spare time only, and send me, FREE, your book, "How You Can Make a Big Income," together with FREE samples of your materials.

Name.....
Address.....

(Above) Imported full-color cotton print, 30¢ wide, 64¢

The glare of the Ducal eye brought him faltering into silence; and he heard the royal verdict:

"It is not the life of a man that is in question. Your blundering gives me to choose between a riot, perhaps a revolt, in Ghent and the flouting of my authority. There can be no hesitation for me. This man of yours, must hang, whatever the consequences and in spite of all Flemish customs." Then, contemptuously: "Show me how to avoid it, and I will overlook your wooden-headed blundering which is responsible."

If the Sire de Vauvenargues felt, as many another felt, that the service of princes is the service of the ungrateful, he choked the feeling down to apply his wits to discovering the way of escape for himself from royal punishment.

"If, highness," he suggested, "in your revision of the case, you were to discover that my sentence had been unduly severe, there would no longer be any question of pardoning the offender or bowing to any custom. Your highness would simply cancel my sentence and reprimand me."

The Duke raised his black brows; his eyes gleamed momentarily from some inward quickening. Then he was frowning again.

"What was the man's offense?" he asked.

The Sire de Vauvenargues informed him exactly. There was a pause in which the Duke's dark eyes pondered his lieutenant inscrutably. Suddenly they blazed, and his harsh voice was raised.

"By St. George!" he swore. "And do you sentence men of birth to death in Ghent upon no better grounds?" He raged on from that, heaping invective upon the head of the unfortunate lieutenant, who could not be sure whether his highness were acting or not. In his doubt he found it necessary to defend himself.

"The orders of your highness for such cases left me no doubt or choice . . ."

"Will you argue with me, wooden-head?" The Duke's fury lashed him. "Get you back to Ghent, and remember what I have said. I will deal, myself, with this prisoner of yours."

The Sire de Vauvenargues went out backwards, glad to make his escape, certain that the Duke's anger was so much make-believe, and more persuaded than ever that the service of princes was as thankless as it was perilous.

THE Sire Tristan de Beloeil, brought before the Duke, was clearly informed that his highness having sifted the matter of his offense had reached the conclusion that the Ducal Lieutenant in Ghent had used him with excessive rigor in sentencing him to death. It was because of this, and because of this only, and not out of deference to any plaguey Flemish customs that he was permitted to go free and rejoin the lady who had taken him to husband.

The lady Sire Tristan found at the "Lion of Brabant" when presently he came there, conducted by one of her attendants whom he found waiting for him in the courtyard of the "Cour des Princes." Of all the trials and anxieties that had been his since he was sentenced, this was by no means

the least. He entered her presence in trepidation. She rose in a trepidation still deeper to receive him.

For a long moment they just stared at each other across the width of the room in which they found themselves alone together.

"Madame," he said, between plain-tiveness and reproach, "why have you done this?"

"Surely, surely, sir, the reason is plain. It is in the consequences. To save your life, I know I forced it upon you. You could not humiliate me by

preferring the hangman's knot to mine. You were too gallant for that. But I hoped life would tempt you; that you would choose to avoid the bitterness of death at any price."

"At any price!" he echoed, with a little twisted smile on his pale lips. "Yes. At any price to myself. But not at any price to you, madame."

He saw her eyes quicken at that, saw the flush that crept into her pallid cheeks. "But if I was glad to pay the price?"

At that he fell to trembling. "It is not possible, madame."

IS IT not?" She laughed a little, but sadly. "Does it need that I tell you what it was that urged me to save your life; must I remind you that it is no habit of mine to rescue men from hanging by marrying them? Although I am your reluctantly espoused wife, I beg that you will spare me a deeper avowal."

He just stared, bewildered at this lovely lady whom he had silently worshipped in the past, but to whom no single word of love had been uttered on his part. She hung her head, her trouble deepened by his silence.

"I cannot have done you a great wrong," she murmured. "At least you have your life. Surely it is better to live even in a wedlock that is not of your own choosing than not to live at all. I implore you to say at least so much."

What he said was something very different. "You knew," he asked her, "why I was to have been hanged?"

She looked at him, a puzzled frown between her fine brows. "Because you wounded Messire van der Schuylen in an irregular duel which had no proper witnesses."

"Ah, yes. But why I fought him?" "How could I know that, since you refused to disclose it even at your trial? It was your refusal to do so that provoked your sentence."

He smiled now, and advanced a little. "You do not ask. Have you no curiosity? It was because he spoke lightly of you, madame."

It was her turn to tremble. He saw the color fade again from her cheeks, the widening stare of her eyes and the tumult at her breast. "Of me?" She pressed a hand to her heart. "It was for that—for me, you fought? Why?"

"Margaret, must you be asking? Do you not know the answer? For the same reason that you rescued me from hanging."

They remained a long moment gazing at each other. Then they fell to laughing, joyously, as children laugh.

If there had been between them no wooing such as normally precedes a marriage, they made ample amends now that they were man and wife.



**Adds Glossy Lustre,
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If you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush . . . and brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

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EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 32]

O western wind, when wilt thou blow That the small rain down can rain? Christ! That my love were in my arms—

His voice broke off in a quick laconic laugh. "Shall we start?" he asked briskly.

"I'd like to. But do you really want to take me?"

"Yes, I'll do it, Primrose. I'll take you anywhere. To any damned young man you want to find. I told you once that I couldn't turn you over to somebody else; but almost nobody knows how generous he can be—when he has

to be. My motives aren't benevolent. I just know that you won't be happy until I take you, and consequently I won't be happy. And I always want, more than anything on God's earth, to escape from melancholy, do you see?"

In answer she flung her arms around his neck. Two seniors hurrying by to a class looked up in shocked amazement.

"Your sisters in Hixon College are affronted at this warm demonstration," he complained.

"I don't care!" she cried, settling herself for the long ride. "I've left school, I think. He dropped me for cutting class and then he had to resign. Don't you think," said Primrose admiringly, "that it was beautifully brave and wonderful of him?"

"Immensely courageous!" said Allison, starting the car. "Any man would be heroic to drop you, my dear."

"And Allison," she murmured, after the first mile had passed in thoughtful silence, "he loves me. I know he does. Because I keep hearing his voice saying *I want you so, I want you so*. Do you suppose," she asked gravely, "that I really am hearing his voice?"

He pondered with a quizzical smile on his lips. "Not unless one grants the possibility of sound waves over-reaching the distance between young lovers; and even then, how would one heart know how to broadcast to the other heart? No scientist," he said glibly, "has ever been able to establish such a communication as the fact when two people are beyond the reach of sensory impression." He stole a glance at her mobile face and saw that the soft lips were troubled with disappointment. "Primrose!" he said.

"What?" she asked, sighing like a gloomy kitten.

I BELIEVE it's very likely you are hearing his voice no matter what the befuddled, bewhiskered old scientists say. I believe he is calling *I want you so, I want you so* . . . and that you can hear him."

She looked up at him with surprised grateful eyes. "Oh, Allison, do you think so?"

"Yump," he said moodily.

They raced along the flat straight roads through the little towns of little houses and past the immense velvety manicured grounds of private estates by the sea. The ocean was quiet and sullen today, wearing gray-green trappings with froth-like white lace ruffling faintly in the breeze. The sunlight had died away and the chilly pungent breath of fall had begun to creep over the earth which waited patiently in wine-red foliage for the ruthless frost.

Allison put out his hand and took Primrose's tightly-locked fingers into his. "You're cold, my dear."

"No. Just a little excited because we're getting nearer."

"Nearer to that damnable young man of yours! But are you sure of finding him?"

She rubbed at her pale mouth with the fat gold lipstick. "Not so very sure. And if I don't—"

"Well, if you don't, Primrose, what then? You can't spend the rest of your life searching for him. Damn it all, you oughtn't to be hunting him like

this. He ought to be hunting you. What's the matter with the young pup, anyhow?"

She laughed. "I won't have him called a pup! You see, Allison, he's going to marry Ellen Maitland in June."

"Oh, he is, is he?"

He looked at her curiously and his somber eyes began to glow again. "Well, that's fine! That gives me a chance, eh Primrose?"

"I suppose so," she said. She was growing very tired of tears and grief and unfulfilled longing.

He drove for a while with the cigar between his lips burnt to a dead gray ash, and he scowled thoughtfully at the white road ahead. "Look here, you idiotic lamb, we might as well put this on a gambling basis—it's all such a gamble anyhow. That is, if you find me likely at all—do you? I mean as a lover—a husband—you know what I mean, dear child."

OF COURSE," she murmured. Her cheek dropped against his shoulder. He was so kind, so comforting. She loved to be sheltered and petted, and he would always take care of her now, making rude gentle fun of her whims; fiercely protect her from life. She felt herself drifting passively into his love, so much like a safe harbor for a sea-tossed little boat. He was older, wiser, stronger. And she liked his battered, interesting face. Why not, then? Why not Allison Blaine? "What do you mean—a gambling basis?" she asked from the shadow of his arm.

"Let's leave it as a matter of chance. If you find this red-haired young man of yours I'll turn you over to him without whining and wish you luck. But if you can't find him, if he's gone somewhere else, you give up this wild goose chase and marry me. Marry me right away. Tonight. We'll take the next liner to Europe. London, Paris, Capri. What do you say?"

"Gosh all fishhooks!" exclaimed Primrose with a startled chuckle. The impulsiveness of the notion whipped the color into her cheeks. She sat up. "Why we could, couldn't we? It sounds marvelous, doesn't it? I somehow never thought of it exactly that way. Gee, you're a whale of a guy to ask me. Thanks awfully."

He growled, "For God's sake, you don't need to thank me for asking you to marry me! I ought to thank you for considering me, you amiable young ass. Ridiculous cherub! Incomprehensible baby!"

"No, but Allison dear—I mean it would be pretty unfair to you. You see, I do love him as if my heart would break. And you know love doesn't run down like an eight-day clock."

[Continued on page 132]



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EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 131]



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Many sizes and designs. Save money, time and annoyance by ordering all materials from one source, shipped to your destination in a single car.

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All sizes—attractive designs. Prices are astonishingly low. Build one yourself in a day or two, save labor cost—really enjoy the easy work!

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Patented non-slip Vacuum cups installed in Footsure Safety BATH TUB MAT. 100 Hand-Blended rubber. A standard for ever-ready, non-slip, shock-proof, cushiony, safe, slip-resistant, and sturdy. Made in two parts—one in the tub, the other on the floor.

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"It does," he said morosely. "That's just what it does. Like an eight-day clock. Out of the mouths of babes . . . Oh hell, sweetheart, I want you any old way. You can marry me loving twenty young men if you like. I think in the end you would care for me, Primrose. I know you would!" The eager look of boyish hope on his face stabbed at her gentle heart like a quick knife. She put her cold fingers against her cheek.

"Allison, I will leave it to chance. If I don't find him I'll marry you tonight . . . and we'll go to Europe."

They soberly shook hands and he began to drive so fast that they stared at the swimming white road with fascinated eyes and did not speak again for a long while. At last they came to the black curving filigree of Brooklyn Bridge with the lights of barges below in the opaque water making fantastic patterns of orange in the early dusk, and the lights of Manhattan Island flung out ahead in a glittering tracery of gold. Allison plunged through the traffic of the Bowery beneath the hunched shoulders of the elevated and into Canal Street where he darted insolently in and out of the slow dogged courses of lumbering trucks. His driving was savage, reckless and yet miraculously inspired.

He asked her again about the address in Charles Street, and glancing at the memorandum in Ellen's smooth legible hand Primrose thought suddenly of the white envelope in her pocket which must be given to Roger if he spoke one word of love. She touched the envelope with curious, almost fearful fingers. She noted how securely it was sealed. It must contain some message which would keep him irrevocably Ellen's. How penetrating Ellen was, how filled with certitude and serenity!



In Greenwich Village Allison came to a slow contemplative stop as if he had never toyed playfully with death and destruction. The dirty, swarthy little boys rushed forward shouting as usual and fighting to open the door.

Her heart beat suffocatingly as they scanned the name plates in a mean dark hallway. She put up one finger and touched a card (Roger Van Horne) tucked askew beside a bell. It seemed to her that she had touched this card unerringly before Allison lit the match, but she couldn't be sure. The bell did not ring. The silence of the mean hall was flung back upon them as they waited.

"What the devil's he doing in this barn?" growled Allison, breathing hard as he toiled upward. He disliked any hint of poverty. It made him uncomfortable. Perhaps it reminded him of sordid struggles in his own veiled history.

But Primrose, running ahead of him on light quick feet, did not hear. On the highest, bleakest landing where a pale skylight daubed the ceiling with its murky splash of dusk, they knocked at Roger Van Horne's door. Allison was silent. He pounded and battered grimly; and once he peered with rueful distaste at the smudge of dust on his knuckles.

Suddenly Primrose hid her face against the door and her slim shoulders trembled with soundless, despairing

sobs. Allison Blaine bent over her; he discovered that she was swearing between the sobs and he drew back grinning in astonishment at the fluent thoroughness of her profanity. It sounded rather like an effete truck driver or a gentle stoker. Most of it was directed at poor Roger Van Horne.

"Good!" said Allison. "That's the way I feel about him, too. Now let's go and eat."

"All right," said Primrose furiously. "I'm starved."

IN THE narrow street, shadowed and mysterious with furtive doorways, they hesitated and looked at each other. "Where shall we dine?" he asked tensely, struggling to conceal the exultant hope that was beginning to animate his somber face. She glanced up and down the street and then her eyes came to rest on the shabby basement restaurant below Roger's rooming house. Allison caught her mute decision and sighed gloomily.

"You don't want to eat there!" he exclaimed.

She nodded with a shamed smile. "You see—you see, he just might be in there having dinner now. He is just might, Allison. It's hardly fair to decide right at the time when he would certainly be gone to dinner, do you think? And afterward maybe we could try the door again!"

"You're the most tenacious infant—" he muttered; but cajoled by her gently pleading eyes he took her resolutely into the noisy smoke-filled place. "This is Carevi's," he said, guiding her along the crowded tables to a seat against the wall.

"Horrible Greenwich Village mob, isn't it? Broken-down actors and grimy erratic poets. But they're none of 'em bad if you know 'em. Nobody is, as a matter of fact. We can get a fair steak here—I wish you'd let me take you to the Crillon or the Castle Cave—and if I can find Tommy Lind, we'll have some nice dry Martinis. At least you'll enjoy the olive in your glass." He examined the red and white checked tablecloth fastidiously and decided that it would do. Then thrusting his cigarettes toward her he went on: "By George, there's Vivian Hadley—I haven't seen her for years. Wonder if she's playing in anything. Nice eyes, but getting too fat. And old Horace Luri . . . See him, just going out? Don't speak to him. He's tight as usual. What about dinner? A crab-meat cocktail and a steak with mushrooms?"

It was oddly Allison Blaine who was loquacious and Primrose who was silent. "I love mushrooms," she said absently, staring at her unlighted cigarette.

She had been furtively looking about the room since their entrance, but Roger was not here. It was so slight a chance!

"Would you rather have bluepoints for your cocktail, dearest Primrose? And are you really going to marry me?"

"Yes," she nodded with a slow smile, "if we don't find him tonight."

"A tentative engagement, so to speak?"

"If you still want me after I've made a fool of myself a little longer."

[Continued on page 133]

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EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 132]



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"Primrose, don't be cynical. It isn't your rôle. I don't like to see bitterness on your lips. You are not making a fool of yourself any more than I am. We have to approach love trustingly and let him lead us wherever he will. No matter how old we are, no matter how wise! There is no use coming to love at all unless you come as a little child. Do you see?"

HOW strange it seemed for Allison Blaine to be speaking in this sentimental brooding fashion! For a swift moment the irony was erased from his mouth; for a swift moment his eyes were credulous and young.

But he laughed quickly and seemed to sweep the sincerity from his face with an impatient brush of a hand across his brow. "A Primrose by the river's brim, eh?" he cried gayly. "Only a Primrose was to him, and it was nothing more! . . . Let's get her a hundred yellow gowns in Paris, shall we? I must have my Primrose in yellow. Buttercup yellow, daffodil yellow, Primrose yellow! . . . Here's to our proposed honeymoon." They drank the dry Martinis which Tommy Lind



had been inveigled into serving. They smiled at each other across the pale saffron glass.

Primrose glanced at her wrist watch. "I think I'll telephone that I won't be home by ten. I don't want him to worry. Then later if we decide to—" the words were somehow difficult to say, "to start a new adventure—"

"I like that euphemism for marriage!"

"—why, I'll phone him again. Goodbye for a minute." She slid out from the table and vanished through the noisy crowd.

Allison Blaine turned his glass this way and that, staring at the green blurred olive in the bottom like a miniature sea creature blowing tiny bubbles to the surface. His brow was knitted intently, but there was a faint smile on his lips. And then chancing to look up at the door close by he saw a very tall young man with red hair just entering. He lifted his cocktail and drank a solitary toast: "Goodbye, Primrose."

Roger Van Horne stood in the doorway looking as if he were dazed. His face was white and his cheeks were touched with a high flush. He took a few steps and paused and took a few more with his hand flung out in an odd groping fashion.

"What the devil is the matter with that fellow!" meditated Blaine in perplexity, unable to stop staring at Roger. "Bloomin' handsome, too, if he weren't so overgrown. Acts funny though. Looks seedy or blotto or something." And now catching the older man's eye, Roger's haggard face beamed with friendly recognition. He approached the table, making a rather cautious journey across the room, muttering, "Sorry!" or "Pardon me!" with solemn politeness as he skirted the diners.

He gripped Blaine's hand as if he were a dear old friend. "Well! Well! Think of seeing you here!" said Roger with politeness. "Haven't seen you for

a long time—not for a long time. So you're back in New York? Been gone quite a long time."

"I live in New York," said Allison, studying the thin face and the damp brow. "Sit down, old fellow."

Roger sat down heavily. "Oh . . . live in New York," he remarked vaguely. "Yes, certainly; I'd forgotten that." He tried to sit erect, but kept slumping toward the table, when he would recall himself with an anxious jerk.

"You'd better eat something," said Allison, ordering two more Martinis from Tommy Lind. "I'm having a steak with mushrooms—care about that? You're looking a bit down, you know. A good steak will buck you up. Come to think of it," he added, "a good steak is the solution of practically every human problem."

"A steak?" said Roger, brightening. Then he pretended an uneasy indifference. "Wasn't intending to eat. Just came in for cigarettes before I went to my room." But as Allison gave the order he leaned back closing his eyes with an anticipatory look. "A steak," he repeated, smiling at Allison suddenly.

"I dreamed about a big sirloin last night."

"Broke, a r e you?"

"Oh sure, broke in a way," said Roger carelessly. "Those things do happen, you know. Haven't eaten all day. Hadn't enough money for both food and drink so I chose drink." He laughed with a kind of loud dry clamor. "How's that for a choice? A man

always has to make choices."

"Yep," said Allison thoughtfully. "Choices every day. That's life."

THE thick smoke swirled all about them and they blinked at one another through the stuffy gray haze. "Say, I've been wondering," said Roger earnestly, "how did I happen to sock you that time? It doesn't seem right, now I think of it. And here you are buying me steaks!"

"I've been wondering, too," replied Allison with interest. The subject which he had probed many times with his facile analysis, continually fascinated him. "Now look here, tell me this: was it a sudden instinct based on a subconscious memory of having seen me and hated me far back in some dim racial experience? Or was it an individual hatred that sprang into being the minute you looked at me? Or did you have a nurse as a child who—"

Roger looked pensive. "I was pasting a label on a book," he said with an effort. "And then you laughed and she laughed, and so I walked in and did it. That was all. I apologize," he added stiffly.

"It was because of her?" said Allison, looking disappointed at this personal and quite natural explanation. "H'mph . . . Drink your cocktail, man. You need it."

Roger tasted the Martini and then he hastily set it down. Blaine, following the young man's startled eyes, saw Primrose coming toward the table. Roger started to rise; then without warning he crumpled into his chair and

[Continued on page 148]



What SHADE -is your HAIR?

..... Tell me and I will tell you — an important little secret about your hair that will enable you to bring out all its natural loveliness and sheen in a single, simple shampooing.

Your hair has a very definite shade of its own—a shade at least slightly different than that of anyone else. If you want to know its full beauty, you must pay as careful attention to its shade as you do to your complexion when you apply your "make-up".

Golden Glint Shampoo reveals the full beauty of your particular shade because it is used differently on your shade than on other shades. One shampoo and your hair glows with a new radiance. Simple directions tell you how. 25c at your dealers— or let me send you a free sample and a personal letter about your hair.

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Never let a bruise go without applying Unguentine at once

For Unguentine not only stops pain in no time, but penetrates the skin and helps the injured tissues underneath to heal quickly. It guards against infection too. Keep Unguentine in the house always. Your druggist has it. Only 50c for a tube that will heal every burn, bite and bruise for months to come.

(See page 154)



85% of America's Leading Hospitals

now use the same absorbent of which Kotex is made

Here is medical approval which dictates every woman's choice of sanitary protection . . . it must be hygienically safe, it must be more comfortable than any substitute

KOTEX absorbent has replaced surgical cotton in 85% of America's great hospitals! Surgeons used 2½ million pounds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding last year. That is the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! Remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton but with 5 times the absorbency.

Hospitals depend on Kotex absorbent today.

They realize that comfort is most closely related to health during the use of sanitary protectives. Then is when women must have perfect ease of mind and body. And Kotex assures such ease.

This unusual substance—Kotex absorbent

Cellucotton absorbent wadding was an invention of war times. Its quick, thorough absorbency is almost marvelous. It is made up of layer on layer of the thinnest and softest absorbent tissues . . . each a quick, complete absorbent in itself.

These many air-cooled layers make Kotex not only *safer*, but lighter, *cooler* to wear. They also permit adjustment of the filler according to individual needs.

As one hospital authority puts it: "Kotex absorbent is noticeably free from irritating dust, which means increased hygienic comfort."

To women who still make their own sanitary pads of cheesecloth and cotton, these facts will be of interest. Kotex absorbs (by actual test) five times quicker, five



times greater, than an equal amount of surgical cotton. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture and distributes that moisture evenly, not all in one concentrated place.

Kotex absorbent is used in hospitals where every precaution known to science surrounds a patient. Hospitals where world-renowned surgeons operate.

Lying-in hospitals use it in enormous quantities, proving conclusively that doctors regard it as hygienically *safe*. What other product offers this assurance?

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low, no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely, if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

Why smart women prefer Kotex

It is significant that 9 out of 10 women in smarter circles today use Kotex. They find that it permits a freedom and poise hard to acquire otherwise. That's because Kotex really fits. It is designed, you see, to conform . . . shaped at the corners and tapered.

For perfect daintiness, Kotex deodorizes. This eliminates all possibility of an offense that fastidious women consider inexcusable.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

Thousands of women first learned about Kotex in

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

- 1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
- 2 *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.
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Kotex Super—55c for 12
At any drug, dry goods or department store,
or singly in vending cabinets through West
Disinfecting Co.

hospitals, then discovered they could buy it at their corner drug store! The price of the Regular size is never more than 45 cents.

A few months' trial will convince you that you owe yourself this modern, comfortable, *safe*, sanitary protection. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



1760



1761



1761

THE OLD ARTS IN NEW PICTURES

(Below) 1762

No. 1760. The warm and brilliant colors of the tropics are predominant in the gorgeously colored plumage of these parrots worked against a background cleverly designed in two tones suggestive of the modern trend in art. Framed as a picture, tray or panel, they add a vivid and decorative bit of color to any room. Pattern includes stamped canvas, wools for working (20 colors), directions and color chart. Size, 10 by 14 1/4 inches. Price, \$1.75.

No. 1761. These charming Godey prints in the actual size which once-upon-a-time appeared in the fashion books of about 1847, are hand-colored reproductions, done by a special process which preserves the lovely colorings of the originals. You can frame them very attractively using a two-inch mat, covered with a fine print of gingham, calico, chints or dotted swiss. Directions for passe partout also. Size 7 by 9 inches. Price, \$1.00 a pair.

No. 1762. The original of this quaint old clipper ship picture, dating probably from romantic buccanering days when real clipper ships sailed the seas, was discovered in an old antique shop and has been faithfully copied preserving its quaintness and primitive style of design. The loose twisted cottons used, reproduce accurately the original colorings and effect. Pattern includes stamped canvas design, cottons for working (8 colors), directions and color chart. Size, 10 by 15 1/2 inches. Price, \$1.75.

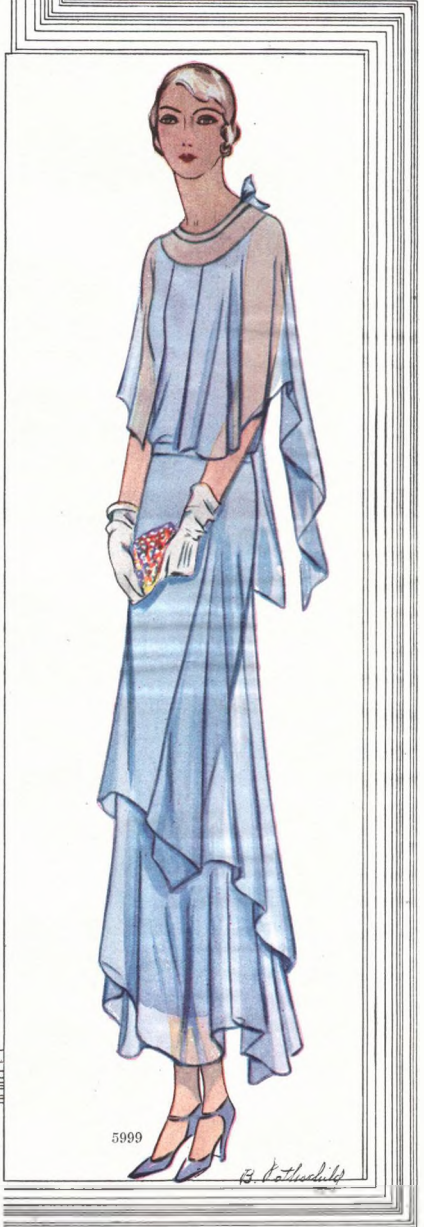
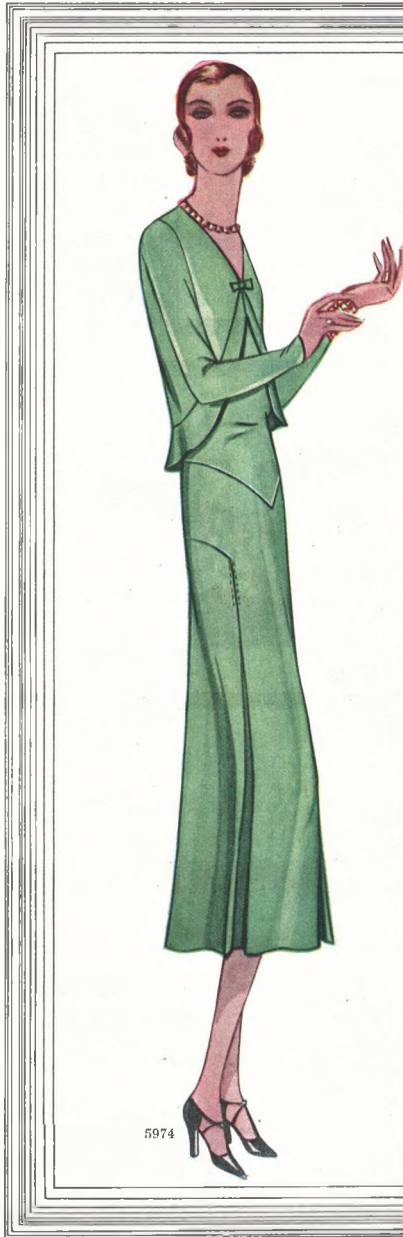


L'ÉCHO DE PARIS

No. 5974. A flounce on the bodice gives a bolero effect to a smartly tailored frock with a skirt pleated at the front and back. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch material or $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch.

No. 5977. Deep points on the skirt yoke accent the pointed hemline of an afternoon frock. The neckline is slightly draped. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35-inch material, $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch.

No. 5999. A sleeveless frock has a quaint berth on the bodice, short in front and longer in back to match the lines of the two-tiered skirt. Size 16, skirt and tunic cut crosswise, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material.



Smart Skirt Lengths

THE difference in skirt lengths that Paris prescribes for different times of the day is well illustrated in these three models. The practical frock for all day wear is longer than it used to be, but not too long, and is likely to be even all round. The formal afternoon frock usually dips at the hemline, its long points decidedly long, and even its shortest points reaching several inches below the knee. The newest evening gown goes in decidedly for length, giving an impression of touching or nearly touching the floor.

New Slender Hiplines

THE type of dress sponsored in the early season by Patou is having a strong influence on the silhouettes of formal frocks. In these models, the slenderness at the hipline is carried down to a much lower line, contrasting with fulness at the hem. The effect may be marked as in a frock which is slender almost to the knees and then suddenly widened by a flounce. Or it may be subtly produced by a circular skirt cut to fall straight to a low line and then flare.



L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5983. A simple frock has a circular flounce at the hemline and a flounce at the hipline in the back beneath a slash attached at the side seams. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 59-inch; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 39-inch material.

No. 5994. Lace bows are a smart trimming detail on an afternoon frock. The skirt flares at one side, dipping in a long point. Size 36 requires $\frac{4}{8}$ yards 59-inch material; bows, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35-inch lace.



No. 5988. A becoming cape collar lends the effect of cap sleeves to a sleeveless frock. Groups of tucks indicate the waistline. Size 36, skirt cut crosswise, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 59-inch; bertha, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch.





L E C H O D E P A R I S

No. 5998. An original version of the shirred waistline appears in a frock with a shirred girde ending in a flaring panel at the side. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5997. The dipping hemline for afternoon is achieved by loose circular panels at each side attached under a shaped skirt yoke. Size 36, 5 yards 39-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 35-inch.

No. 5984. Diagonal lines are the theme of a frock with a diagonal neckline and a flaring circular skirt joined on in a diagonal line. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch material.

Wintry Splendor

by

Marie Clemens

ST. MORITZ! A landscape of unrivalled beauty! Mountains standing boldly against a dazzling blue sky and on the ground, as far as the eye can see, the white serenity of snow. The hotels, marvels of taste and comfort, have been built, with scientific accuracy, on the loveliest sites, so that the traveller is immediately won over. Everything has been thought of with a view to keep him spell-bound. The skating rink is right in front of the hotels, a few steps and here are the sledges, toboggans and skis, there is no wish which is left unanswered. This is the setting in which the elite society of the world meets every year during the cold winter weather. As soon as you awaken, the festivities begin. Once dressed everybody goes to the skating rink to select a table and order breakfast and while awaiting it, the skaters practice their tricky inside and outside curves and intricate figures on the ice.

Let us try among so many people to look for a few acquaintances. Here is the Baroness de Rotschild, drinking chocolate with the Countess de Gontaut-Biron. The Baroness is wearing a red velvet jacket lined with white lapin held by a narrow belt around her slender waist. Underneath is a heavy white wool pull-over with small red squares and a short white skirt of circular shape. The whole is completed by a white lapin beret with a red velvet band, altogether a striking ensemble. The Countess wears trousers. She is entirely clothed in dark red serge, the trousers are reminiscent of pajamas as they come high around the waist. Heavy woollen stockings of the same shade with fancy patterns are rolled around the ankles over the shoes. A red sweater with yellow dots shows under a very manly frock coat trimmed with red buttons slightly flared from the waist. Her head is covered by a dark red leather cap, coming down at the back with the peak pointing high above the face.

However hungry one may feel, he cannot resist the jazz band calling out to the dancers who start in a mad whirl. They form a motley crowd as there are not two costumes alike. I am a keen spectator and take, figuratively speaking, a bird's eye view. Most of the sport outfits are both smart and practical, and not entirely lacking in femininity, although the dominant note is comfort. A very charming model consists of a black velvet skirt, reasonably short and very circular. This accentuates the feminine silhouette. The pull-over has a high collar which folds over and is lined with a striped pattern in yellow, black, red and white, repeated on the bonnet and socks, as well as on the cuffs of the long black kid gloves.

In the crowd I see the elegant Madame Dubonnet wearing a boyish and yet very feminine ensemble. A jacket of heavy black homespun opens on a hand-made sweater of baby blue with a scarf to match, wound twice around the neck and tied in a big bow on the shoulder. For the first time I see a lady wearing knickerbockers and it is extremely becoming as in this case it resembles very much a skirt. The knickers are tight around the knees and the hose is baby blue matching the knitted beret, while black shoes with slide fasteners complete Mme Dubonnet's very original costume.

This morning excitement runs high as a championship is at stake. The winning couple has just entered the rink, Mr. and Mrs. Jean Brunet (née Andrée Jolly). The championship has been theirs for several years past. They fly on the ice like birds in the sky and their grace, accuracy and skill are beyond discussion. The great lady champion always wears white on the rink.

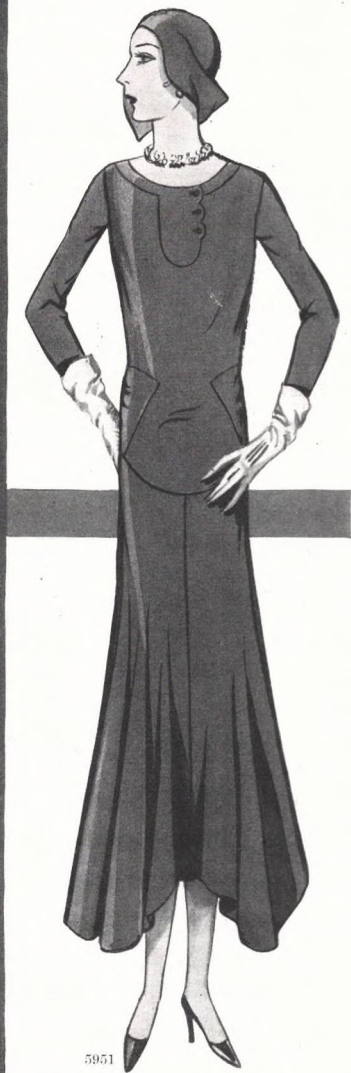
Other couples are emerging with equipment of all sorts and sizes while sitting peacefully in a corner I reflect upon the incredible number of things man finds necessary to carry around in order to enjoy himself or perhaps break his neck.

A brother and sister, Mr. and Miss de Villedieu, attract me by their youth and high spirits. [Turn to page 144]



No. 6005. An important evening silhouette is illustrated in a gown which has a flounce at the hem and another at the hipline in peplum effect. Size 36 requires 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch material or 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 72-inch net.

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



6003

5992

5973

5951



Daytime Elegance is Simply Interpreted

THE elegance that used to be associated with frocks worn only after dark is now taken as a matter of course in daytime frocks for afternoon. Yet many of these formal afternoon frocks remain as simple as the simplest straight line frock used to be. The main difference is that Paris designers are now thinking in curved lines instead of straight ones. A frock may consist of only three or four pieces, but if each piece is cleverly cut in a curve to produce fitted lines, flares, flounces, draped waistlines and dipping hems, the result, however achieved, is elegance.



No. 5951. A wide sash applied on at the waistline lends fitted lines to a frock with a flaring skirt and slender bodice. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 32-inch material or 3¾ yards 54-inch.

No. 5973. The skirt of a simple frock is draped at one side and finished with a bow, accenting the diagonal bodice closing. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material; vestee, ¼ yard 35-inch.

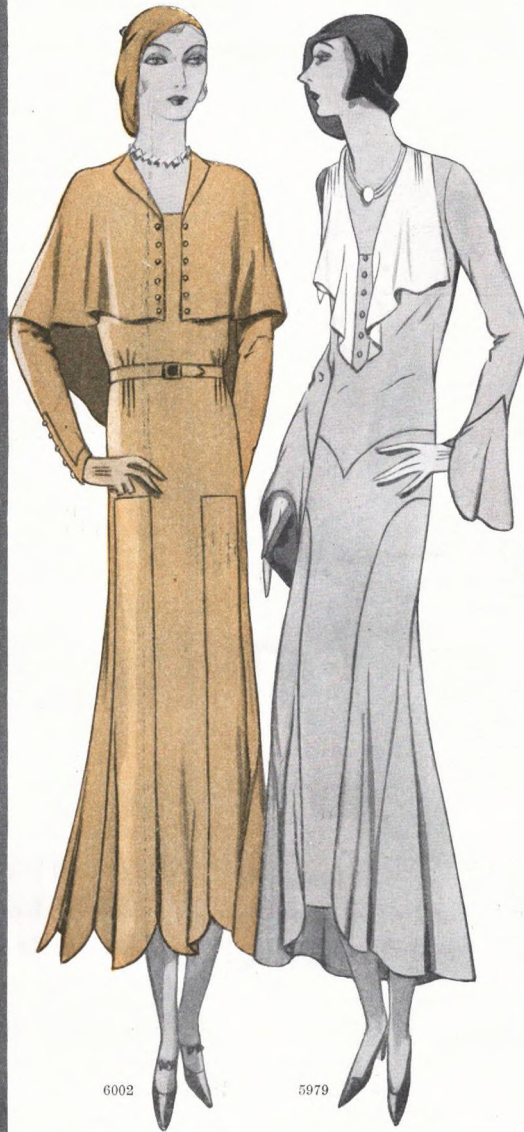
No. 5992. A princess frock is cleverly cut to keep the silhouette slender to the hipline and has flaring godets at the hem. Size 36, 5½ yards 35-inch material or 4¾ yards 59-inch.

No. 6003. Diagonal flounces accent the slender lines of an afternoon frock. The Y neck is finished with a scarf collar. Size 36, 5¾ yards 39-inch; yoke and tie facings, ¼ yard 39-inch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 5987. A flaring skirt is joined on to a slender bodice in a curved line, accented by a shaped band. Tucks suggest the waist. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch material.



No. 6002. A cape collar divided in the center back is a style feature. The skirt is widened by godets front and back. Size 36, 4 yards 55-inch material or 4 yards 39-inch.

No. 5979. Molded lines are produced in an afternoon frock by the clever cut of the skirt, joined together with curved seamings. Size 36, 4 yards 55-inch; collar, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 35-inch.

No. 5980. The low-flaring silhouette appears in a frock which is slender to below the hipline, with diagonal flounces at the hem. Size 36, 4 yards 35-inch or 2 yards 54-inch.



5980



Necklines Follow the New Fashion Trend

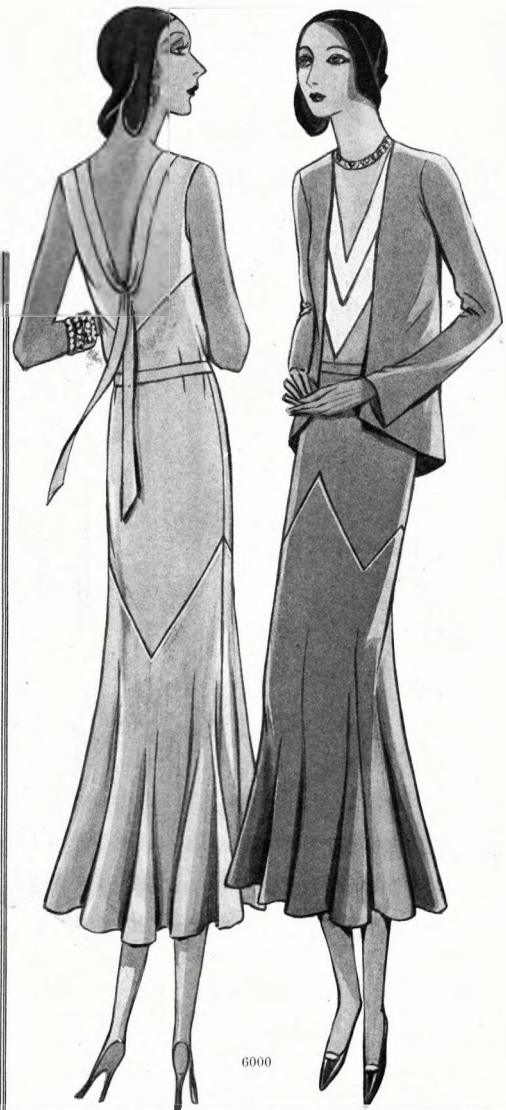
EVERY frock in the new French collections has its own individual neckline, but because new necklines are used to repeat new style features, there are several favorite types. The diagonal neckline appears frequently, to match diagonal seamings or flounces. A new version of the cape collar which is growing more and more important began as small capes on each sleeve, and grew in size to a larger cape, divided in the center back. Jabot necklines accent soft flares at the skirt hem, and draped necklines are a perfect finish for many frocks with a nipped-in waist.

Afternoon Frocks with Jackets

A NEW version of the spring ensemble consists of an afternoon frock with a jacket. The dress in these ensembles may be of one color, or the bodice may contrast with the skirt. One reason for the popularity of these dresses with little boleros is that they are flattering to the woman who has not yet made up her mind about her new waistline. At the sides and back, the jacket gives a becoming silhouette; in the front, there is such a brief glimpse of the waistline that any figure can wear it in any position.



5986



6000

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS

No. 5986. An afternoon ensemble consists of a simple frock that may be made with or without sleeves, and a separate jacket in bolero effect. Size 36, waist, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch; jacket, skirt, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch; dress, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch; bands, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 39-inch material.

No. 6000. A short jacket is worn with a frock which has a yoke cut in deep points and a circular skirt joined on in a pointed line. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch material; contrasting requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch material; dress requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch material.

No. 6001. A circular frill edges the short jacket of an afternoon ensemble. Circular flounces at the hemline give the skirt a low flare. Size 36, 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material; contrasting, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch; waist, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch; skirt, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material.

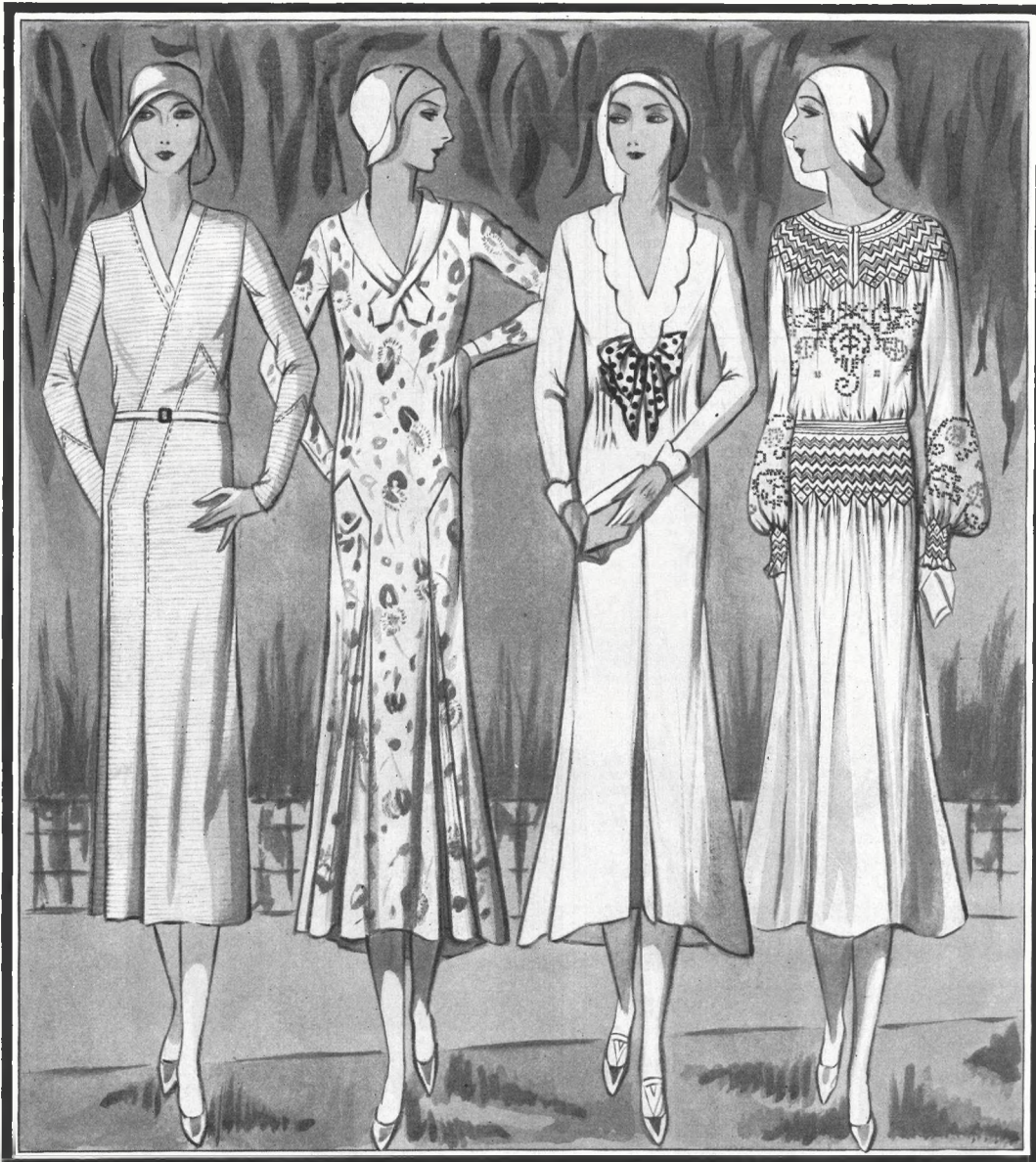
No. 5973. Square armholes are a feature of the jacket of an afternoon ensemble. The dress is draped at one side and finished with a bow. Size 36, waist, 1 yard 39-inch; jacket, skirt, 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch; waist, 1 yard 39-inch; skirt, 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch material.

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



The Versatile Spring Ensemble

NO COSTUME for spring is more versatile than the afternoon ensemble. At luncheon, one may appear in the dress and jacket, worn with a hat and a scarf or fur. For bridge or afternoon tea, the lines of the ensemble are just elaborate enough. At a dinner party, one wears the jacket or not, according to how formal the party happens to be. And for evening, if the dress is made without sleeves, one has only to remove one's hat and short jacket to be perfectly gowned, however late or however festive the occasion.



L E C H O D E P A R T I S

5995

5996

5985

1757

[Continued from page 139]

No. 5995. Diagonal seamings are cleverly combined with pleats in a frock belted at the normal waistline. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 35-inch or 3 1/2 yards 39-inch; neckband, 1/8 yard 35- or 39-inch.

No. 5996. Circular sections at each side of the skirt are cut to give a silhouette that is slender to below the hipline. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 39-inch material; collar, 3/4 yard 39-inch.

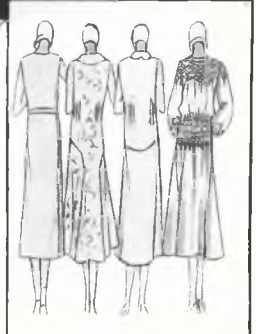
They are dressed in the same manner, a very long and tight pair of dark brown trousers, a short coat of the same color with box pleats like a hunting jacket that reaches the hips. Underneath are worn two sweaters, one apple green, the other lemon. It seems during these strenuous mountain sports it is often necessary to wear the extra sweater for protection between games.

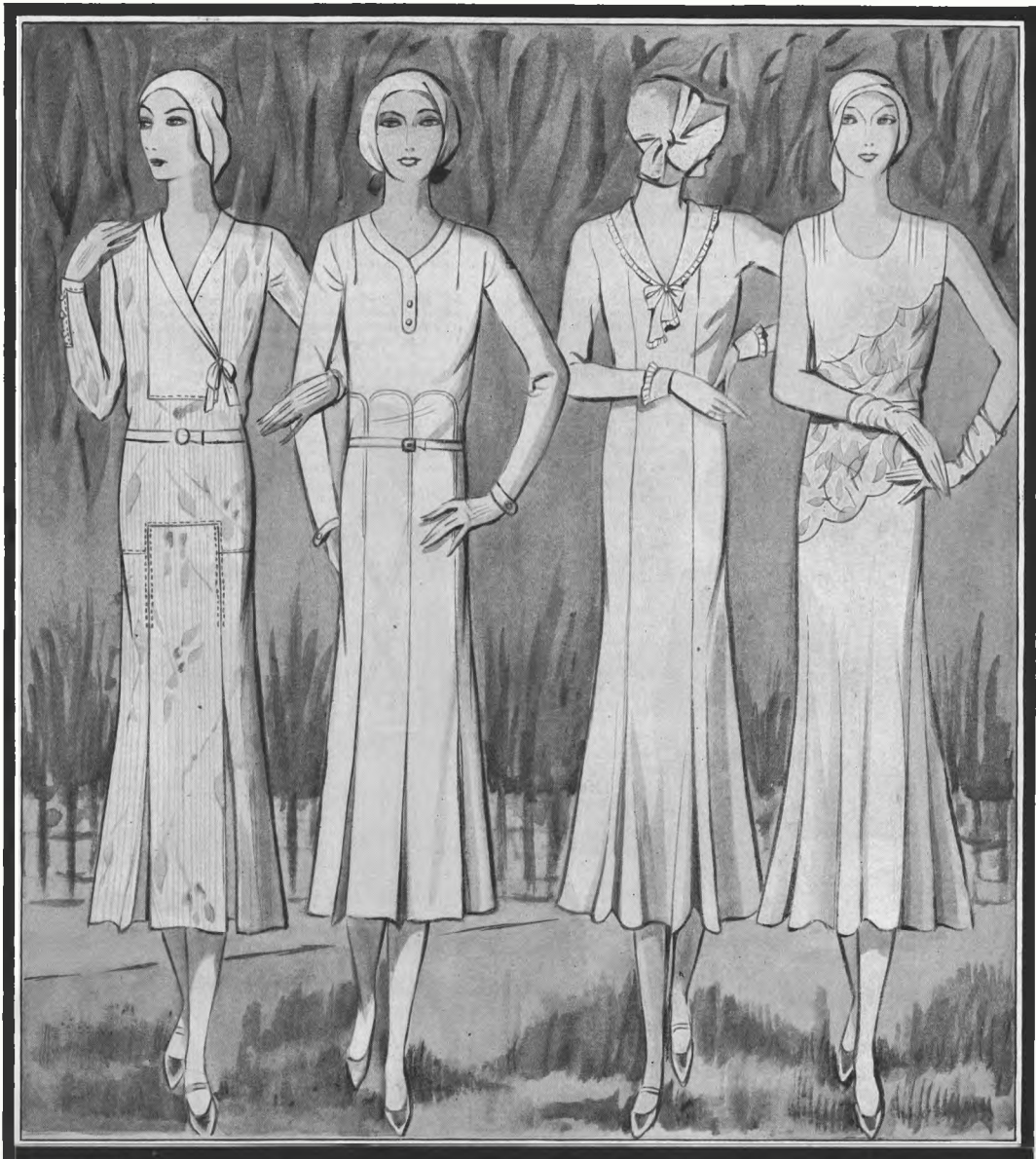
Mr. and Mrs. André Citroen appear and they are evidently interested only in the sports for their attire is just practical, although they do wear a variety of sports togs changing to a different costume every day.

All of the smart visitors here do not carry skis or other instruments of sport. Some of them arrive with warm blankets, spread them on the snow and indulge in a wintry sun bath! A doubtful pleasure it seems to me. When the night comes at last, St. Moritz in a last spasm of energy plunges into a mad [Turn to page 145]

No. 5985. Tucks mark the waistline of a frock with a fitted bodice and a slightly circular skirt box pleated in front. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards 35-inch material or 3 3/4 yards 39-inch.

No. 1757. A peasant frock simply made of straight pieces is decorated with smocking at the neck and waistline. Design adapts itself to higher waistline and longer skirts. Size 18, 4 yards 35-inch.





L E C H O D E P A R T I J
5981 5975 5992 5993

No. 5981. A vestee crossed in front is finished with a collar, while the pleated panel in front of the skirt is stitched. Size 38 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch.

No. 5975. The skirt of a slender frock is made of sections that overlap, forming pleats all around. A narrow belt marks the waist. Size 36 requires 4 yards 35-inch or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch.

[Continued from page 144]

whirl in the ballrooms and restaurants. One would think that after gliding, sliding and falling on the ice all day, these sports loving folk would wish to rest but no, they don their loveliest evening gowns and dance the night away.

Mrs. Lowenthal and Mrs. Georges Bauman, mother and daughter, enter the room. The former has black velvety eyes and dazzling white teeth. She is wearing a very low cut black satin crepe gown, the skirt of which is composed of large petals each one hemmed with wide black lace. Need I say that the skirt is very long and the waistline extremely high. Mrs. Bauman is adorable in a dress of pink glazed net, the neck square and the bodice very tight with narrow belt and with the skirt trimmed with frills.

And while Youth prepares for another wild night, I look from my window at the moonlight which reflects on the snow mysterious shadows, and the calm of nature brings me relaxation.

No. 5992. A princess frock is cut in lines that slightly fit the figure, with a flaring scalloped hemline. Size 36 requires 4 yards 55-inch material; contrasting requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 35- or 39-inch.

No. 5993. A new type of diagonal treatment consists of a diagonal band and back scalloped at each edge. Size 36, figured, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch; plain $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch.

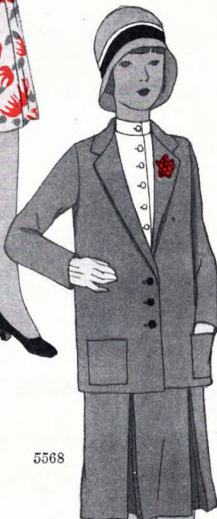
L'Écho de Paris



No. 5920. A deep bertha collar suggests short sleeves on a sleeveless frock. The skirt is widened by panels at the sides shirred at the top. Size 14, 3 yards 35-inch material.

No. 5568. A smart ensemble consists of a one-piece frock and a separate short jacket. Size 10, waist, 1 1/4 yards 39-inch material; coat, skirt, 2 5/8 yard 39-inch.

No. 5909. Scallops trim the collar and skirt hem of a frock made with a tight bodice and very full skirt gathered at the waistline. Size 16, 4 3/4 yards 39-inch material.



5568

5868



5982



5976

5989



5991

5978



5909

No. 5991. Tucks at the front and back provide fullness in a frock for a small girl. A contrasting tie passes through a slot. Size 2, 1 1/4 yards 32-inch; contrasting, 3/8 yard 32-inch.

No. 5989. A small girl's frock made with matching French panties is slashed and tucked front and back to suggest a yoke effect. Size 2 requires 2 1/4 yards 35- or 39-inch material.

No. 5976. A circular skirt with an inverted pleat in front is joined to a shallow yoke. A belt finishes the waistline. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards 54-inch material; collar, 3/8 inch 35-inch.

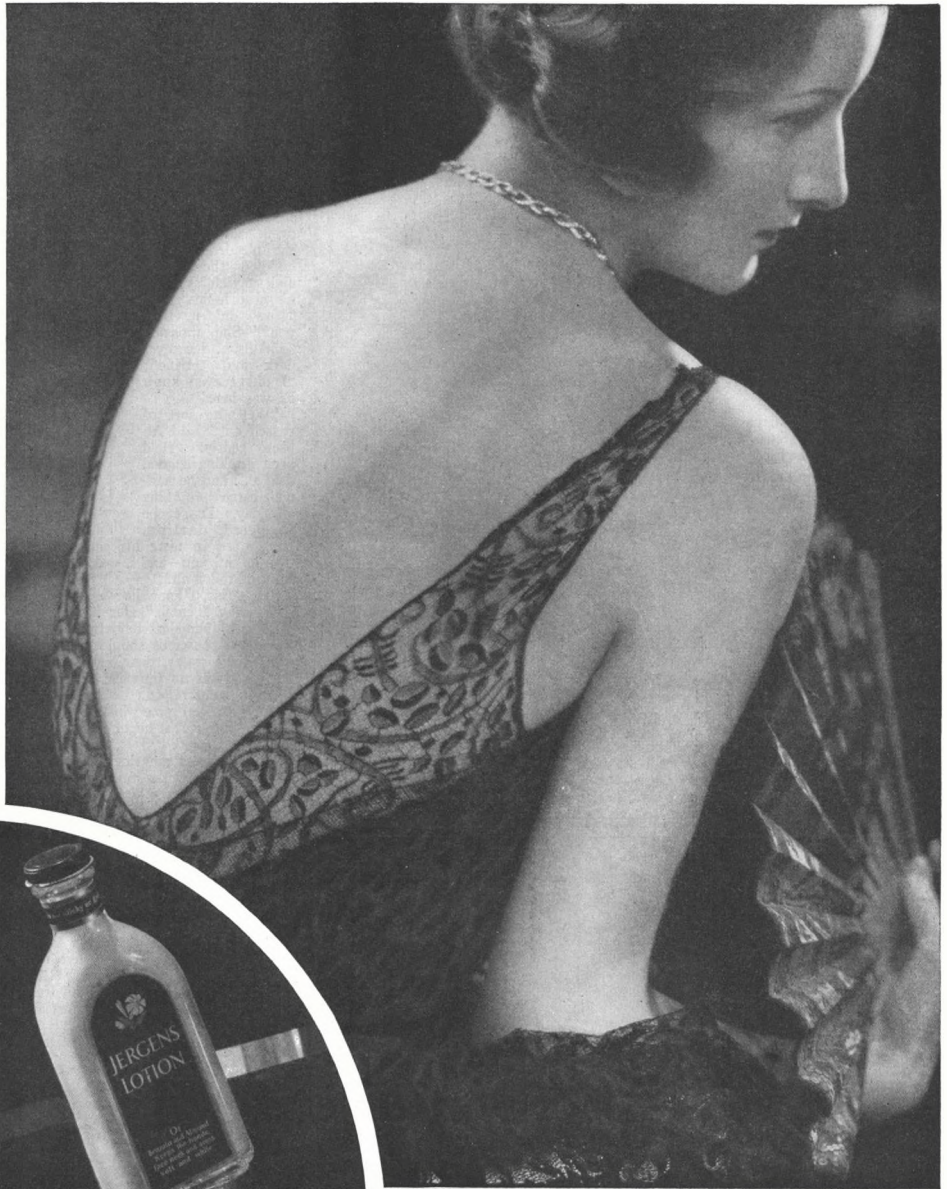
No. 5868. Narrow bands form a modernistic appliqué on a dress combined with a full length coat. Size 12, 2 1/2 yards 54-inch; waist, 1 1/4 yards 39-inch; bands, 3/8 yard 39-inch.

No. 5982. A belt marks the normal waistline of a simple one-piece frock made with a skirt, pleated all around. Size 10, 2 3/4 yards 39-inch material; collar, cuffs, 3/8 yard 39-inch.

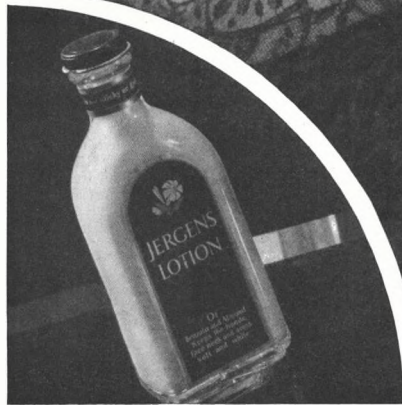
No. 5978. A smart suit for a small boy consists of a separate blouse made with long sleeves, and short trousers. Size 8 requires 2 yards 35-inch material or 1 3/8 yards 54-inch.

For the new styles . . backs must be dazzlingly white !

Women have long found Jergens Lotion wonderful for their hands. Now they are using it to give arms, back, neck, shoulders the same dazzling whiteness and velvety softness.



Jergens Lotion



Sun-tan is out until summer sports return!

For the new styles—back, arms, neck, shoulders must be as smooth, as dazzlingly white, as if bathing suits had never been invented.

Because of its wonderful help in keeping their hands smooth and white—thousands of women have begun to use Jergens Lotion as a regular accessory of the bath, to give their arms, back, neck, shoulders the lovely smoothness, the gleaming whiteness, that are beautiful and necessary with evening dress.

Jergens Lotion should be used right after the

bath while the skin is still moist and glowing from vigorous toweling. Apply it freely to neck, arms, back, shoulders, rubbing it well into the skin, and see how it takes away the brown marks left by summer tan, how it whitens the skin and gives it a lovely velvety texture.

Two famous skin restoratives, long used in medicine, give Jergens Lotion wonderful power to soothe and whiten the skin. Use it to keep your hands smooth and soft all winter! It leaves no stickiness—your skin absorbs it at once. Get a bottle today, and learn how wonderful it is for

overcoming the roughness and harshness caused by winter weather. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

FREE . . A new trial bottle . . a beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3503 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, "Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."

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Courage wins happiness

Here's a Nurse's Recipe for more smiles!



NO one else sees the ups and downs of life, like a trained nurse. Did you ever notice how they keep smiling? Smiles make smiles, they will tell you. It's the secret of their success.

You would think a very old lady with a broken thigh in a plaster cast would be a hard person to keep happy. Not so, according to Nurse Helen U. Griffin, 64 Prospect Avenue, Hackensack, New Jersey.

"I remember one case very well," says Miss Griffin. "My patient, being unable to move about by herself became very constipated. Many medicines in pill form were used with little or no results. Finally when we came home from the hospital I began the use of Nujol.

"Soon my patient became regular and comfortable, without any pain or discomfort. Now she is happy and cheerful, since regularity has begun and continued with such little trouble."

You do not have to have a broken leg to profit by Miss Griffin's recipe for more smiles. We all would feel better if we followed this easy and simple way to good health. Miss Griffin knew how harmless Nujol is, containing no drugs or medicine, but acting only as a natural lubricant. She knew how it keeps excess of body

poisons from forming (we all have them) and helps carry them away.

Women need a natural aid like Nujol just as much, if not more than men. There are so many physical conditions they have to go through that upset their normal schedule.

Just remember that all your body needs to be regular as clock-work is a simple natural lubricant. Be sure, however, that you get the right one—the one tested and approved by millions of people.

See what Nujol will do for you. You can get it at any drug store for the price of a ticket to a good movie. You will find that Nujol works easily, normally. Try it today!

You'll wonder how you ever lived without this natural, pleasant, easy way to health and happiness!



EASE IN 5 MINUTES—COMFORT IN 5 HOURS

Mothers—don't neglect your child's COUGH or COLD

GOOD old Musterole now made milder for babies and small children. So pleasant to use and so reliable—apply Children's Musterole freely to the infected area *once every hour for five hours.*

That's the safe, sure treatment that millions of mothers and leading doctors and nurses recognize and endorse. Working like the



trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain.

Keep full strength Musterole on hand for adults and Children's Musterole for the little tots. All druggists.

EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 133]

quietly fainted with his arms against the table.

Allison Blaine stood holding a cocktail aloft in either hand; he had with characteristic thoughtfulness rescued them just as Roger toppled. The diners at neighboring tables half rose and stared curiously at the limp figure but Blaine waved them back.

"It's nothing, it's nothing," he repeated irritably. "He needs a little air, that's all." A waiter opened the opaque window a cautious crack.

Primrose flung herself down beside Roger, her protective arm about his shoulder. "Please drink some water," she pleaded, but he huddled there limp and unyielding with his head in his arms. "How did it happen?" She appealed to Allison, her eyes dark and terrified; "I didn't even know he was here!"

"Well, he sort of passed out," said Allison gently. "He'd been drinking a good deal . . . and he hadn't eaten anything all day. Don't be frightened, darling. He started to taste his cocktail and then he saw you—and it was too much for him, that's all."

"He's sick. I knew he was sick. And that's why I came." Her hands hovered with shameless tenderness about Roger's unconscious shoulder. "Please drink some water, dear," she coaxed, but there was no response.

Allison unscrewed the top of his flask and forced some whiskey between the pale lips. "That ought to bring him to," he muttered.

Primrose was amazingly controlled and steady in this strange cataclysm. She wet her handkerchief and placed it upon Roger's white forehead. "Give him some more whiskey," she said imperatively, even sternly. "I think I'll telephone to Father again. Yes, that's what I'll do. I'll have him come with the limousine and then we'll take Roger to my house."

She seemed tremendously grave and maternal and grown-up, like a kitten become dignified; the inquisitive diners were watching her rather than Roger. She snatched her cocktail from Allison and drank it hastily; then she nibbled thoughtfully at the olive, all the time watching Roger's unstirring lips.

The steaks smothered in mushrooms had appeared. Allison balanced his plate gingerly on a corner of the table and began to eat. "Poor fellow!" he sighed. "This would never have happened if he could have waited to tie into his sirlin."

PRIMROSE vanished again in the direction of the telephone and while she was gone Allison dined with a rather apologetic air, for he was famished. At intervals he murmured, "Poor fellow!" and looked with commiseration at Roger's motionless head. When Primrose returned Allison begged her to eat; she finally complied with an absent air, not taking her eyes from the white brow and the thin cheeks of the young man who crouched across the table.

At last when they had decided to call in a doctor, Roger unexpectedly raised his head and sat up against the wall. His eyes opened and he smiled guiltily. ". . . and so I walked in and did it," he said with a terrific attempt at

conversation. "You smiled and she smiled and that was all, I apologize."

"Drink some more Scotch," said Blaine hastily. "And don't try to talk." But Roger was looking at Primrose. "I thought I dreamed you," he said vaguely, rubbing his eyes.

For the first time it seemed that she might cry. But the soft lips recovered themselves and the dark eyes winked back betraying tears behind a huge powder puff lifted valiantly just at the last moment. "No, I'm real," she said to the mirror in her vanity case. "And Father will be here in an hour or so to take you home."

"Home?" said Roger.

"Home with me," said Primrose. "For a little while."

None of them knew quite how the time passed. But a great deal of it was whiled away by Allison Blaine's good-natured conversation. And it became somewhat a pleasant occasion in spite of Roger leaning so weakly against the wall and that occasional hint of tears

in Primrose's eyes.

When the unmistakable majestic horn sounded outside, Primrose bounded up and wriggled hastily into her cocoa ermine coat. She smashed the tan hat more firmly over one eye. Roger solemnly accepted Allison Blaine's arm and all together, very much like a procession of state they made their way out.

AFTER helping Roger into the tonneau where startled little Mr. Muffet sat, Allison turned back to the curb and Primrose. But he saw that she was hardly aware of him; she was anxiously gazing at Roger's dark bulk huddled so limply in a corner of the car. Allison lifted her chin so that the black eyes were turned to his and looking down into the young grave face he felt old and terribly tired. Allison Blaine was said to be a hard man, and he was often enough a bitter man, but tonight neither bitterness nor hardness could shield him from this sweet desirable face which he had lost. He stared at her mouth as if he were angry with it for being haunting and lovely. Then desperately he summoned a gracious cynicism of voice:

"Be good to your red-haired young man."

"I will," she said soberly, "if he'll let me."

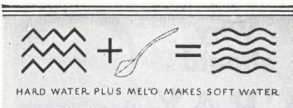
"And remember what I told you about love . . . love will not stay unless you come as a little child." He seemed to be talking to himself. "But I think you have. I think that is the only way Primrose could come. And that's why I wanted her so much, myself. Get into the car, infant. Why are you standing out here? No, wait!" He kissed her lightly. "First you must say 'Goodbye, Allison'—we won't be seeing each other again."

"Goodbye, dear Allison," she whispered and pressed her warm cheek against his hand.

He thrust her into the car hastily. Looking back as the limousine sped soundlessly along Charles Street, she saw Allison Blaine still standing by the curb with his chin deep in the folds of his muffler as if he were a man who had forgotten something.

[Continued on page 149]



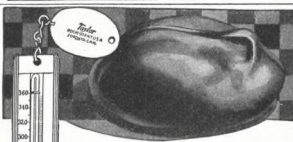


It's HARD WATER that makes WASHING hard

THIN SUDS, excessive scrubbing, difficult rinsing—you know these difficulties of the washtub. *Hard water* (water filled with harsh alkalis) causes all of them. The alkalis combine with dirt to form a gray scum almost hopeless to get rid of.

But you need not wash in hard water. Add two or more table-spoonfuls of Melo to a tubful of the *hardest* water—instantly it is softened. Suds are quick, rich and lasting; rinsing swift and thorough. Less scrubbing is required, less soap is needed. The skin of tender hands is saved from irritation, and there is less wear and tear on clothes.

Water softened with Melo takes much of the work out of every washing and cleaning operation. And it adds comfort and satisfaction to the bath. Try it tomorrow. Melo is sold by your grocer in convenient cans—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (Also makers of Sani-Flush.)



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SHAMPOO with *Blondex*—that's how exquisite Mary Nolan and other screen stars keep their blonde hair so charmingly bright and golden. A special shampoo for blondes only. *Blondex* prevents darkening—brings back youthful brightness to dull, faded hair. Not a day. No harsh chemicals. Used by a million blondes. Get *Blondex* today. At all leading drug and department stores.

EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 148]

Again the somnolent Muffet household was awakened and again all the vast rooms suddenly blazed with light; but tonight there was no jazz nor laughter. Tonight solemn doctors came and went, and although every one of them had a Van Dyke and a chauffeur and a profoundly piercing gaze, no diagnosis was reached. Lying in a state of placid coma beneath the candle-wick counterpane of the Colonial room, Roger was unaware that he had baffled the highest priced medicos of Long Island. Either the long ride or Allison's first-aid brandy had finished Roger, and he stirred only once after being established in the canopied bed. Bending over him, Primrose saw the single gesture and she smiled with tremulous lips. For Roger had reached up and angrily, doggedly, he had punched the soft pillow into a hard lump; then in apparent satisfaction he had rested his pale cheek upon the lump and fell asleep. She wanted to take his head upon her breast; instead she timidly smoothed the rumpled hair back from his forehead.

THAT night, lying restless and wide-eyed in her room, she remembered Allison's words again and again: "Unless you come as a little child, love will not stay . . . unless you come as a little child."

But out of the darkness, out of the drifting shapes of memory that came and went like a persistent file of shadows, gazed Ellen's eyes—always Ellen's eyes looking so quickly, so steadily at Primrose. "I don't understand you. I can't understand you. You act as if you had some right to do these things for him."

And sometimes Primrose answered with a fierce whisper as if Ellen could hear. "I know I have no right. I didn't say I had! It's just because he's sick, don't you see?" And once to Ellen's image she retorted, "Oh, shut up!" burrowing her troubled head under the pillows.

In the breakfast room the next morning Mr. Muffet anxiously studied Primrose's small face behind the coffee urn. "Didn't sleep?"

"Huh-uh. Not much, anyhow."

"Not got a cold?"

"No."

"Stomach out of order?"

"No!"

"Well, then," said Mr. Muffet reprovingly, "well, then—!"

She seized a spoon and attacked her cantaloupe supreme towering like a majestic pile of pale cannon balls above frosty silver and cracked ice. Then on an irresistible impulse she took aim at Mr. Muffet's lowered hair; with thumb and forefinger she zipped one of the cannon balls straight at his bald spot. He jumped angrily, but as Primrose burst out laughing a helpless smile appeared on his annoyed face.

The butler stared in shocked surprise at the young lady of the house and beat a dignified retreat. "Shouldn't do things like that," muttered Mr. Muffet, "not when he's in the room."

It seemed to him that Primrose scarcely appreciated his new dignity—shooting cantaloupe balls at an L.L.B.! Not right of her. Not right at all! He wondered if Oscar, the butler, had read in the papers about the conferring of the degree. If Oscar hadn't it wasn't Mr. Muffet's fault—the paper containing his picture had been left carelessly unfolded on the library table. . . . He felt fretful this morning—homesick for Hixon Park. He longed to be back at his college listening to radio jazz with Dr. Cathcart. Back in the little town

[Continued on page 150]

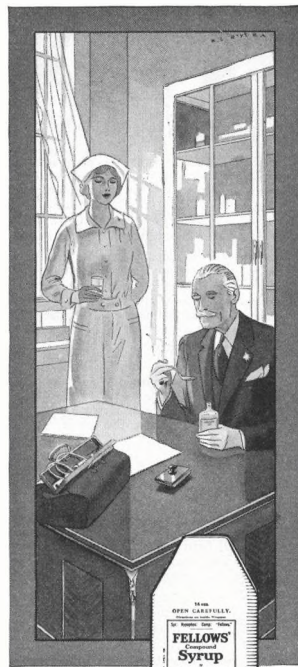
The **TONIC** which Doctors prescribe for themselves

ARE you handicapped by poor resistance to winter ailments? . . . Worried by low vitality? . . . Mentally depressed? . . . Nervous? Then read what physicians say who have taken FELLOWS' Syrup themselves.

"I have used and prescribed FELLOWS' Syrup for more than 40 years," says one, "and it is the best general tonic ever made." Another writes, "I have in 18 years written hundreds of prescriptions for FELLOWS' Syrup when a general builder was indicated. I take it myself for run-down condition."

Thus the many letters in our files read. And as the years go by, the weight of the evidence grows, and the fame of FELLOWS' Syrup as a re-creator and strengthener spreads even to the earth's far corners.

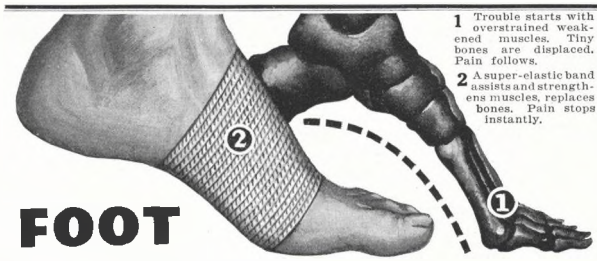
Unlike artificial stimulants, it acts by replenishing the body's vital mineral elements. Appetite is revived, digestion aided, and the reserve of nerve force is strengthened. Take FELLOWS' Syrup as directed, and learn for yourself how much it contributes to your happiness by building up buoyant vitality and energy.



FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild and effective.



FELLOWS' SYRUP



FOOT PAINS GO
in 10 minutes or cost you nothing

Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Pains stop in 10 minutes when these amazing bands, Jung Arch Braces, are worn. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slip on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to tur-

- 1 Trouble starts with overstrained weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.
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ther weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently advised for severe cases. Pain stops like magic. Soon bands may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge them widely.

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Wear a pair ten days. If not delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropractor. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postpaid. Write for free booklet.

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Send one pair of braces marked below:
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Shoe Size.....	Shoe Width.....
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Kissproof, the modern waterproof lipstick, is changing the cosmetic habits of women everywhere. No longer is it necessary to be bothered with constant retouching—to be embarrassed with ordinary lipstick that stains handkerchiefs, teacups and cigaretttes.

Kissproof is such full natural color that just a touch on the lips rubbed in with the finger tips is needed. And you have the peace of mind of knowing that your rich, red youthful coloring is as natural as if it were your very own—and as permanent as the day is long!

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As a Special Introductory Offer we will send you everything needed:

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All for coupon below and only 30 cents (to partly cover cost and postage). Not stinky samples—enough powder for six weeks—the full size packages would cost over \$3.00. All in artistic case—ideal for your dressing table. Please act promptly—send coupon before you forget. Only one complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit per person.



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EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 149]

where people were beginning to know him and to say, "H'lo, Mr. Muffet" on the street. Back in the Hixon Inn lobby where he could chat endlessly with the respectful hotel clerk about the coal strike and the situation in Mexico. And Mr. Muffet had also recently discovered the pleasant haven of Hector Buttenidge's furniture store.

IN THE back room of that delightful store, smelling pungently of furniture oil, excelsior, shellac and ten-penny nails, a ring of leisured gentlemen sat nightly with their feet stretched toward a hard-coal stove. There was a large cuspidor in a convenient place. At first when Mr. Muffet strayed into this retreat of bliss and masculinity, the voices had fallen silent and the feet around the stove had shifted uneasily. These retired farmers and village merchants felt constrained in the presence of the famous educator, manufacturer and millionaire. They were awed into polite stilted remarks. And Mr. Muffet felt apologetic and eager to win their companionship. But after he had told his best traveling salesman joke and taken a goodish bite of plug cut, he had slipped with amazing ease into this inner circle.

Yes, Hixon Park was a good place, a friendly place, such a village as satisfied Mr. Muffet's homely small-town soul. He felt paternal responsibility for the whole place. With his love of organization he dreamed of making Hixon Park a model city. He could see a new Muffet library flowering in gray stone on one corner, a children's playground full-blown beneath the elms of the park, a swimming pool, a skating rink, a magnificent Masonic temple—so he dreamed and planned like a child playing with a cardboard village; and he fretted to be back at his important duties as chairman of the college building committee. He had decided to put up a neat bungalow for himself, something small and compact and cosy, where a man was not bumping into a servant in every room. A white frame bungalow with cannas and begonias in front of the "bay window," which would sparkle cheerfully with red, green and yellow glass panes in the sunlight—and an office with a business-like roll-top desk.

He gazed with moody concentration at Primrose. The trouble was, Primrose would never allow it; she would scoff at the white frame bungalow and say it wasn't sophisticated. He sighed gloomily.

"You're looking low, daddy," she remarked; and he noticed with relief that she had eaten the last of her cantaloupe ammunition. "Is it because you didn't like me bringing Roger here?"

"What an idea!" said Mr. Muffet. "I like Professor Van Horne, queer as it may seem. I don't know why I do, but I do."

"You don't know why you like him!" cried Primrose resentfully. "What's queer about that? I don't see how anybody could help liking him." Her face grew flushed. "He's terribly good-looking and he's wonderfully educated—why, he's a Yale man!—and he dances marvelously and he has the most distinguished nose! He—"

"Keep your shirt on," interrupted Mr. Muffet soothingly. "I said I liked him, didn't I? What more can I say? I just thought it was queer because he'd never let me pay him for that library work he did. And now that you're going to be married—"

"You're not?" Guitilly Mr. Muffet realized that he had been sensing a certain relief in the notion of Primrose safely married—and to a respectable young professor. To be sure, Professor Van Horne had no social position, but he was far better than a chauffeur or a bootlegger or that mysterious theater fellow, Blaine. And you never could tell what Primrose would do. She picked up with the strangest people. What if she had taken it into her head to marry that chap who was always turning cartwheels in the drawing-room? What would Dr. Cathcart think if he saw Mr. Muffet's son-in-law turning cartwheels? It simply wouldn't do. This young professor, Roger Van Horne, seemed better and better the more Mr. Muffet thought of it.

"I wish you'd stop being so flighty," he protested, darting a worried glance at her brooding eyes circled by lavender shadows of weariness. "You told me you lo-liked—cared for him a lot, didn't you? And he's here, isn't he? What more do you want? It only remains to plan the wedding. And I hope you'll have a nice one. I always like a nice wedding," mused Mr. Muffet, craftily hoping to allure Primrose's imagination. "A dandy big one with a caterer and flowers and salted nuts in pink baskets and satin pillows to kneel on and frock coats and a dignified-looking rector."

"Big Bill Callahan's wedding in Peoria, there was a wedding for you! He was a distiller, you remember, in the old days. We'll write Dr. Cathcart, of course, and we'll—"

FATHER, I've told you that Roger was going to marry Ellen Maitland!" "Pooh-pooh!" he snorted as if she had invented the fact to distress him. Obstinate he ignored her expostulations. "We'll plan a good honeymoon trip, too. I know the young man is poor as a church mouse, but I guess Dad can stake you to a trip to Bermuda or Bavaria or one of those outlandish places the young people seem to like to visit these days. I hope Professor Van Horne gets a good school for the next term. As I say, you'll be poor. There's not much money in teaching. But a little struggle don't hurt to begin with, I always think. And on your first anniversary—" His eyes twinkled with some fine secret notion; he stroked his mustache and chuckled. "Well, well, I guess we won't plan that far ahead, not just now anyhow, will we, Primrose?"

Unable to endure any more of these glittering visions Primrose fed from the table.

Before Roger's door she stood a long time hesitant, feeling abashed and stricken and desolate. Her father's cheerful plans seemed frighteningly bold; she was ashamed of having listened to them, sure that Roger must

[Continued on page 151]

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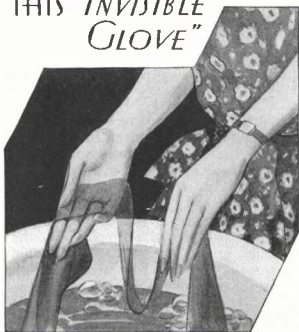
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EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 150]

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guess from her eyes how she had visioned herself for a few fleet shining moments the days and years. They two, together, always together. . . a young dream, its wings scarcely unfolded for flight, that hovered with uncertainty yet rapture before the breathless vista of life . . . a shy dream that placed Roger and Primrose across from each other at a blue and white enameled table, that saw Primrose in a crisp checked apron flying out of the kitchenette at the sound of his footsteps, that saw their eager lips meeting, that heard their murmurs in the twilight as they sat before a flickering grate fire . . . a childish dream that was utterly assured of unending faith and rapture . . . a commonplace dream but heart-breaking because it allures the imagination of all lovers everywhere: *we two together forever and forever*. Very simple and commonplace but inescapably heart-breaking. And that is why women always weep at weddings and find their husbands looking uncomfortable and embarrassed.

TURNING the knob slowly at Roger's low answer of her knock Primrose went in. She had put him in the largest of all the Colonial bedrooms. She had known he would like the dull hooked rugs and the brown and yellow *toile de Jouille* hangings . . . the plain white coverlet, too—for it was hard to imagine Roger in a taffeta-hung Italian bed.

Now at her entrance he glanced up from his breakfast tray with so sheepish a look that Primrose began to laugh, forgetting her confusion.

"I simply can't believe it!" he said, turning back to his loaded tray with a devout respectful air. "Bacon! Eggs! Toast! Marmalade! Heavenly coffee! Unimaginable jam! Primrose, honestly, I feel as if I ought to eat fast for fear somebody will take it all away. Like the leg-of-mutton, you know, in *Through the Looking Glass*."

Primrose stood twisting the belt of her green flannel frock. "If you like mutton Roger," she said to him absently, "you can have some for dinner."

He stretched out his hand to her. "Such a funny Primrose! But what a fairy godmother she is . . ." He held her fingers with a tight friendly clasp. "D'ye know, I'm awfully ashamed of myself. What a weak guy you must think me—fainting and all that sort of tripe! Passing out! Inexcusable. But I've been feeling a little rotten. I'll get up when I eat this. Don't think I'm on your hands or anything like that. Can I get to New York on some afternoon train?"

It was difficult for her to bear his friendliness. "You can't go," she said with an effort. "The doctors said you must stay in bed."

"Rot!" he spluttered. A wave of crimson crept over his face. "Why I can't stay here—I can't—"

"Please don't be an ass." She was suddenly angry. He looked surprised and cowed by her sudden glance of enmity. "If you want me to," she said, "I'll telegraph for Ellen. I'll do anything, if only you won't act like an idiot."

"I didn't mean to," he murmured weakly. "I was just thinking about your classes. You'll have to go back, you mustn't cut any more, you know." He tried to force an easy laugh.

She said in a steady voice: "I'm not going back there."

"You're not?"

"No. . . . What are you going to do?"

"I'm trying to get a job at Columbia for the next term. You see Ellen—" he floundered, turning white and red again while he caught at coherence—"I think she'll like New York. Can take her M.A. there, you know." He paused. "Funny, she's always wanted to teach in China. I don't believe I'd like China—" his voice trailed off and he hastily lit a cigarette.

Primrose knew in this moment that she hated him more than any man she had ever met. It seemed incredible that she had believed herself in love with Roger Van Horne. She decided with cruel coldness that his nose was not distinguished at all. It was really quite an ordinary nose when you considered it in a detached way. The memory of Allison's comforting elderly shoulder—he had always seemed middle-aged to Primrose—crept into her thoughts. She wanted to sob out her grief against it. Allison, so kind and understanding.

"I hope," he said, awkwardly, "that you'll come to see us whenever you are in New York. Will you, Primrose?" (Nice Primrose!)

She glanced at Roger with hard bright eyes. "Of course! I'd love to. And Allison would love it, too."

"Allison—?"

"You know, Mr. Blaine that you ate dinner with last night and that you were so nasty to at my party. You certainly remember him."

"I remember the steak," ventured Roger with a blissful frowning look.

"We sort of plan to be married," she confided softly. "But don't mention it to Father—we haven't told him yet."

The room seemed very quiet for a moment. Her heart was beating rapidly.

Then she heard him say: "Blaine's a darn nice fellow. I hope you'll be awfully happy."

"Thanks," murmured Primrose, and she walked airily from the room. On the stairway she caught the sound of his racking, hollow cough, but she hardened her heart now against all pity.

Mr. Muffet bounded out of the library with such a bright gleam in his eyes that she knew he had been up to some fresh scheming for the future. "Look here," he said, fluttering a piece of paper before her unhappy face. "I thought I wouldn't tell you! But here it is. You might as well know."

SHE stared at a check made out to Roger and dated a year ahead—a surprising breath-taking row of ciphers.

"But what is it?" she stammered.

"First wedding anniversary present," crowed Mr. Muffet, quite beside himself with excitement. "A little struggle doesn't hurt young people at first, I always think. But too much struggle is a dangerous thing. The wolf," said Mr. Muffet, flinging proverbs about recklessly, "flies out of the window when money flies into the door."

Primrose's hands crept over her eyes. She began to laugh hysterically.

"There! There!" said Mr. Muffet, as he patted her shoulder. "You're just

[Continued on page 152]



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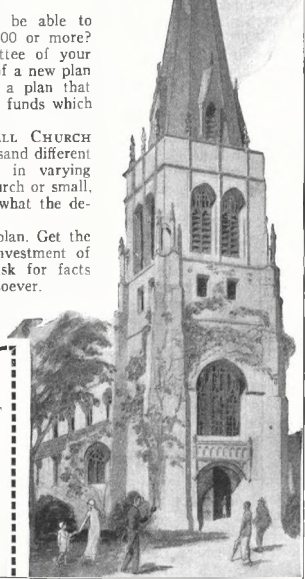
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EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 151]

excited about the wedding and all. Every young bride is that way at first," he observed with vast amiable sentimentality.

Taking advantage of his belief that she was upset by happiness she went to her room. She sat at the dressing table and carefully covered her face with cold cream. Then she rubbed it off and put on another kind of cream. For several minutes she did earnest intent things to her face with an assortment of cosmetics. But the powder puff and the lipstick fell into her lap, and tears began to undo the work she had accomplished. What was the use of looking beautiful after all if Roger didn't care?

THE next day the doctors called again, held a mysterious consultation and departed with only the cryptic announcement that they had not yet arrived at an official opinion. They intimated that this was too serious and deadly a malady to diagnose hastily. But the moment they were out of the room Roger bounded out of bed—he muttered aloud to the austere Colonial furnishings that he was damned tired of this nonsense, that he never felt better in his life. And immediately he was doubled up by a violent attack of coughing which left him weak and gasping.

And now Primrose was beginning to cough. She coughed several times outside Roger's door, wanly and piteously, before she knocked. "Come in," he said irritably.

He wandered restlessly about the room clad in one of Mr. Muffet's dressing gowns which was several sizes too small. Primrose coughed again. He frowned at her.

He sat down on the edge of the canopied bed and looked sulky. "I don't want to write a letter," he said petulantly.

"Oh, all right!" said Primrose, forgetting that she had reprimanded Ellen for quarreling with him. And she added, "You have a nasty vicious temper, you do!"

"H'mph," he said, and stared out of the window.

The next twenty minutes passed in silence.

It seemed to Primrose this afternoon that you couldn't help quarreling with everybody. Her head ached and all day she had coughed with convulsive little spasms. The rain had fallen in steady dismal sheets against the windowpanes since dawn; outside hovered the chilly breath of fall, and the red dahlias lay stricken with frost in the garden.

She fancied that the raindrops falling so steadily were her own tears. She felt disconsolate with the heavy depression which defeat brings to youth. She was tired, achingly, desperately tired, and here she and Roger were in the same room avoiding each other's eyes resentfully.

On the edge of the great four-poster he sat motionless staring at his hands. The strange flush on his cheeks seemed to tell Primrose with icy certainty that his lungs were affected. And she herself had begun to cough. Together they were facing long distressed years of ill health and early death. But not

together, after all. It wouldn't have been so bad together.

At last he stirred uncomfortably and looked at Primrose. She walked with unsteady feet across the room and stood leaning against one of the tall posts of the bed.

"Why did you cut all those classes, anyhow?" he asked belligerently.

"Shut up!" she said. "I'm tired—and I'm cross—and I'm sick. You think you're the only person in the world that's sick, but you don't know how terribly awful I feel—"

And she clung to the post obstinately although she felt his arms all at once about her, and he was imploring, "Primrose, Primrose, please let go."

He lifted her up quickly and backed with caution toward the Boston rocker. He sat down. Her hand fell against his shoulder and she heard the monotonous creaking of the chair as he rocked slowly and steadily.

"Poor little kid!" his voice rumbled in astonished tenderness.

The tap of the rain on the windows seemed all at once gentle and lulling, for Roger's arms were a warm strong shelter. He smelled vaguely of talcum powder and pipe tobacco. Feeling luxuriously like a spoiled child, Primrose gazed into the fireplace at the flames, bright blue and saffron, leaping through the little city of birch logs. She sighed and closed her eyes in blissful drowsiness while his arms held her tightly.

And he began to sing. Awkwardly and with determination he was singing Primrose to sleep. He had a well-meaning and self-conscious baritone with a range of fully half an octave; he wavered solemnly on the high notes and held a monotone when the air got away

from him. But with fervor and with reverence he sang:

"I'm mad about Sweet Gad-About . . . I'm so excited I'd be delighted Just to point her out— That's her, Yes, sir! The one I'm talking about . . ."

Primrose sighed. She put up one finger and touched his cheek. She pretended to herself that she was falling asleep, but not for the world would she have missed a word of the song:

"There goes Primrose Sweetest little thing, Sweet Precious! She's as fresh as Flowers in the Spring, Meet Precious! . . . And some day When I'm locked in her heart Up in a smart Little apartment, she'll be Precious Sweet to me . . ."

She opened her eyes and stole a look at his face. "You're not asleep!" he scolded.

"I'm awfully sorry—"

He whispered against her cheek, as he rocked gently back and forth:

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EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 152]

"Primrose, I want you so, I want you so!"

To his bewilderment she wriggled out of his arms and started from the room but at the door she stopped and said confidentially:

"I have to do this. Ellen told me to."

She came back and handed him a bulky envelope. Roger stared at it.

"It's—it's from Ellen," whispered Primrose, feeling faint and prayerful. "She told me to give it to you if you ever made love to me. And I promised. And so—Roger, please open it quick!"

His hands trembled as he tore open the flap. Primrose watched him breathlessly—this envelope had preyed upon her fears from the moment she had it; she was certain that it contained some brief assured message which would destroy Roger's love for her in a moment.

But out of the folded pieces of note-paper guiltless of any writing fell a simple unostentatious engagement ring—Ellen's.

"My God!" said Roger. It dropped to the floor. Both of them watched it, but they were not seeing the ring—they were seeing the tall strong fair girl who had worn it and who had returned it. She seemed to be looking down at them with her serene smile, wondering what caused their foolish passion for each other.

Roger said at last, "Was there ever anybody like Ellen in all the world?"

"No, she's very unusual," said Primrose with doubtful admiration. She tilted on her toes, feeling wickedly jealous of Ellen's dramatic gesture. "But I told her," she said, wanting some measure of praise for herself, "that findings was keepings—"

He walked over to Primrose and kissed the soft, quivering mouth.

"It is," he said very, very soberly. "It is!"

Then Mr. Muffet came in and between them they convinced Primrose that she was extremely ill and must have her dinner in bed.

AFTER dinner she heard a light rap on the door. Roger entered, and for the first time she noticed how ludicrous he looked in her father's dressing gown—his large wrists stuck out of the sleeves and his shoulders bulged beneath the straining fabric. But his expression was so strange that she dared not smile. Instead she sat up in bed and regarded him anxiously.

"You mustn't walk around! You look terribly pale. Do you know, I was just thinking—if our lungs really are affected we ought to go to Switzerland, or the Pyrenees, or some place like that—"

To her surprise he burst out laughing. He sat down at the foot of her brocaded bed and laughed again, his face in his hands. She giggled weakly without knowing what was funny. Then her face became grave as she the tragic vision of their future reasserted itself. There was nothing funny about

it. The world was very dreary—youthfully, romantically dreary. In spite of love, in spite of money, if they were both going to die . . . not even the appealing drama of an early death together could compensate for the fact that they would be dead. It was terrible!

Her soft brown hands wrung the folds of the black and gold negligee as she cried, "Roger! Please, please . . ."

He looked up, his face flushed with merriment. "The doctors were just here. They've at last agreed on a diagnosis. They've decided against pneumonia, against tuberculosis. Do you know what we've got, dear?"

She shook her head, unable to guess.

He continued:

"Whooping cough. There's a big sign down on the door. I was laughing because it must look so darned funny on that early Georgian entrance." He dropped to his knees beside her and caught both her hands in his.

I LOVE you, Primrose.

"And I love you. I'm so glad I found you!"

"And aren't you glad we've got whooping cough?"

"Oh, terribly glad!" She whooped tentatively, but with very poor results. "I'll do it better after I practice a little." She tried it again and then bent her cheek against his rumpled copy paper head.

"Look, Primrose." He drew a sheet of paper out of the pocket of his dressing gown.

"What is it?" she asked, puzzling over it. "It looks like a map of the Balkan States."

"Silly child! It's—it's a plan. Our imaginary apartment in New York, when we are married. If I get a job teaching in Columbia."

She sighed. "We're really going to—?"

"Of course," he said proudly. "We love each other and so—that's that. See, Primrose, look at the plan—here is the kitchenette and the little breakfast room."

"Why, if it isn't!" cried Primrose. Their heads bent closely over the scratchy design. "And is that little box your study?"

"Ye-es. A study and living-room combined. But dear, you know I'm a poor instructor just beginning; and if you marry me you'll have to live very quietly and economically. Hardly any parties—"

"No!" agreed Primrose.

"Very little drinking—"

"Oh, no," breathed Primrose.

"And few cigarettes—"

"No," murmured Primrose.

"And early to bed?"

"Yes!"

"Early to rise?"

"Yes."

"And this," he said, "is our room." "Of course it is," said Primrose; but instead of looking at the plan she looked into his eyes.

[THE END]

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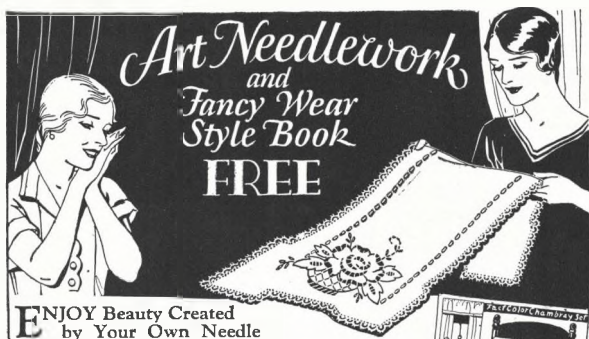
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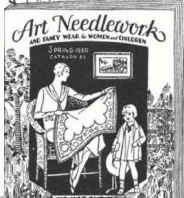
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[Continued from page 7]

"chloroform in print." For the rest, I will make bold to play at pharmacist and physician.

What is it that ails you? The fear of that ancient enemy, Age, whispering in the wind about the chimney these cold winter nights? Well, here is a book that makes old age seem a triumphant and exciting adventure. *Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years*, by her granddaughter, Harriet Connor Brown, is the *Atlantic Monthly's* prize-winning biography, though to my mind it comes closer to being an autobiography, as nine-tenths of its pages hold Grandmother Brown's own words. This intrepid and delightful old lady, who died a year or so ago at the age of a hundred and two, lives again for us here, from the far-off day when at three she dances in her red morocco shoes before her laughing young father to the inspiring lilt of

"Heigh, Biddy Martin!
Tiptoe, tiptoe!"

down to the day nearly a hundred years later when she pins the lavender orchids on her black lace dress, and sits proudly listening to the radio telling the countryside round that Grandmother Brown is having her hundredth birthday.

Until she was eighty-seven, she was a mighty traveler, flitting blithely to Boston or Mexico from her middle-western home; but a broken hip that she acquired at that time somewhat curtailed her activities—not sufficient, however, to prevent her from going to the circus at ninety-eight, in order to see her beloved elephants parading by in their loose, dark skins! And if we can still love orchids and elephants at a hundred, it seems to me that the wind is whistling down the chimney to keep its courage up.

Or is it Youth that is your malady—the fear, restless and unassuaged, that life is cheating you of your rightful heritage of romance and beauty and adventure? Here are remedies for that fever, too; the lives of two women, one a Queen and the other a starved child of the Western mining camps. Yet after you have finished *Alas, Queen Anne!* by Beatrice Curtis Brown, and *Life of an Ordinary Woman* by Anne Ellis, I'll venture that you will decide that it was the Queen in her parlor, eating bread and honey, whom life passed by; and the girl who fought like a small, hungry wildcat for every scrap of love or grace that came her way, who knew its beauty and terror and magic to the full.

OF COURSE, poor Anne Stuart was a very ordinary woman and Anne Ellis was a most extraordinary one, no matter what the titles say. Miss Brown admits the mediocrity of her heroine, but tells her story with so much lucid grace and quiet irony, that it is impossible to close the misleading rose-colored covers without being moved by a real affection for the awkward, bewildered, lovely creature who wanders through this long-lost world, seeking pitiously hopeful, for all the things that evaded her to the end. The book also inspires an avid desire to know more about the incredible Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who assuredly deserves a large, fat volume all to herself.

The covers of Anne Ellis' autobiography are sober gray, but no sooner do you open them than they flash flame color at you, and you find yourself abruptly plunged into the heart of life itself. A life crude, violent, occasionally

intolerably ugly, but lived so fearlessly, honestly and exultantly by its eager protagonist that it sweeps through the squalor and filth in her path like a prairie fire across a dump heap. It is the story of a girl who dressed her babies in bleached flour sacks and bits of canton flannel from her wedding gown; who stole the stone step from the schoolhouse and hammered "Joy" on it with a nail so that the dead child that she was leaving behind her should have a headstone; who was never too hungry or cold or weary to dance the Varsoviene half the night in her cheesecloth gown, and read *Monte Cristo* the other half by candlelight. So gayly, so candidly, and so tolerantly does Anne Ellis tell us of every ugly thing and every beautiful thing that touched her, that she makes us realize long before we turn the last page that it is because she feared ugliness so little that it left her unscathed; because she loved beauty so passionately that she made it her own. And I suggest that if you feel that life is passing you by, you read yet again how one girl ran out boldly to greet it, and would not let it go.

OR ARE you sick at heart with the conviction that it is you who have cheated life, not life that has cheated you—and that now it is too late to unravel the tangled skeins and start once more on the lovely, ordered pattern that you had always meant it to be? If that is the case, I prescribe John Rathbone Oliver's *Four Square*, the autobiography of a man who lost everything in the world that made life sweet to him through his own folly; who faced that fact squarely, and after he was forty started in again, laboriously and painfully, to build up another life; who succeeded so miraculously that there is not one of us so fortunate that we cannot spare him a little honest envy. He is at present the chief medical officer of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, an accomplished criminologist, a practicing psychiatrist, a Doctor of Philosophy, the proud Warden of Alumni Hall, an Anglican priest, an ardent Greek scholar and an insatiable book collector. He barely finds time to mention the fact that in the last two or three years he has written two other absorbing books, one of which, *Victim and Victor*, was unanimously selected by the Pulitzer Prize Award jury this winter. And all this soaring tower built from the ruins that lay about his feet less than a score of years ago!

Are the muscles of your mind stiff from long disuse; are you seeking some magic lotion to restore them to suppleness? Here is a book that should set you striding off toward new and unexplored horizons—*Eminent Asians* by Upton Close. In its pages, men who were only names in newspapers to most of us become living, breathing figures as real as the last Senator whom you sent to Congress, and as colorful as the last hero whom you read of in the *Arabian Nights*. Sun Yat Sen, Mustapha Kemal, Stalin, Ito, Gandhi—in the hundred-odd pages that Mr. Close devotes to each of them, you will discover an excellent biography as well as a shrewd analysis; and it is surely no slight achievement to make the result intensely interesting, rather than encyclopedic.

But what if those muscles are weary from overuse, what if you need a sedative, rather than a stimulant? Curiously, the sedatives are more difficult to find these days, if you happen to be

[Continued on page 155]



As long as you have children and matches in the same house, keep Unguentine in the cabinet always

For Unguentine not only stops the pain quickly, but guards against the dangerous infection which every burn invites. Use it also for cuts, insect bites, bruises. Your druggist has it. Only 50c for a tube that will heal every household injury for months.

(See page 133)



DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Big Profits in Candy Making!
Alice Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to make and sell her "Approved" Home-made Candies. Works sheet formulas, equipment boxes, adv. cards, selling plan—everything provided. Make each week. **Write today. Free double booklet.** *THE UNIVERSITY*, American School of Home Economics, 676 East 58th St., Chicago

Make Money MAKING CANDY!
Men, women, operate Specialty Candy Factory—teach home sugar class. Sell *Flavored* first week. Tools, Supplies furnished. We show how to make it. *Whitney Magazine*, Drawer 47, East Orange, N. J.

THE GREAT GAME

[Continued from page 29]

He sat up stiffly, and winced. Every joint in his anatomy protested, every muscle in his body. He glanced at his clothes; he was a complete wreck! He laughed. John Dunlithy, in dinner gobs with handcuffs hobbling his ankles! The diabolical ingenuity of the notion!

He sidled and hitched to a window, rose to his knees and looked out upon the growing day! Hello! They had carried him up to the second floor, for good measure.

They had evidently forgotten that he could descend the stairs by an ancient method known to boys—by bumping the bumps.

That was Long Island over there, to the south. He had his bearings now. Painfully he made the opposite window. No sign of habitation. But then, the high sand dunes obstructed the view, west and east, and he had no way of seeing northward.

He was hungry and thirsty. He ate a third of the rye bread and washed it down with a glass of water. He would have to be very careful of the water. For he was going to break these manacle links. He hadn't the slightest notion how. He wasn't going to think of Elsie, or of Hilton—the Hilton of his dream—or of Gilbraith; he was going to concentrate upon these three damnable links.

"There's a way out of this, so let's dig it up," he said aloud.

He needed an ax and a file, and somewhere in this old crow's nest he would find something.

"All aboard for the cellar!" he cried.

The door was unlocked. The hallway was dim. The candle! He had forgotten the candle. He hitched back into the room and got it. As he bumped down the stairs a loose piece of molding caught his eye. He ripped this off and broke it into required lengths for canes. With the help of these he could cover ground fairly well, though his palms were battered considerably.

He found the cellar door. It was padlocked. All at once he recollected his pocketknife and that a stout blade made a fairly good screw driver. Panting and sweating, and balancing himself, in an hour's time he was able to press back the hinge, leaving the door free, the lock hanging from the jamb.

The door opened upon Stygian darkness; so he lit the candle, and bumped down the cellar stairs. Certainly he was in luck; for here was a tool-chest, now. He hauled it into the clear and threw back the lid. Everything he needed—chisel, files, hammer and hatchet and an added blessing in the form of a dozen candles.

He began operations with the chisel. He laid the hatchet underneath and over this polished steel surface the links slipped and slithered, mockingly. Frequently he rapped his ankle. But he had to indent that metal before he could use a file with any success.

Then he munched a bit of bread. After half an hour's rest, he began the assault again, this time with the file. After ten minutes' sawing, he stopped

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TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

[Continued from page 154]

fairly fastidious in your relaxations. Still, here are three that I can recommend: *Young Man of Manhattan*, by Katharine Brush, is an engaging tale of the supposedly appalling younger generation that really ought to be old enough to know better by now. In this version of its goings-on, they seem to be quite nice and highly attractive children, who weary of picking primroses from their slightly devious paths considerably before we weary of watching. Miss Brush might have had the word "readable" especially invented for her.

If you prefer mystery to romance, *The Poisoned Chocolates Case*, by Anthony Berkeley, is the most ingenious and civilized detective story that I have read in many a weary moon...

Or if you happen to prefer beauty to either of these popular ingredients, you will find it in Rebecca West's *Harriet Hume*, rich and delicate as the bloom on an Emperor Moth's wing, and perhaps not so perishable.

Finally, as a general tonic and fortifier against all the ills to which the spirit is heir, I recommend a slim, wise and gracious little book by John Livingston Lowes, called, *Of Reading Books*.

And there is a larger, but no less gracious one, *Books As Windows*, by May Lamberton Becker. And if these between them do not send you flying to the enchanted circle of firelight, lamp-light and easy-chair that turn even a poor book into a good one, I despair of all physicians.

SEARCHING FOR TREASURE

[Continued from page 128]

wonderfully prolific bloomers, particularly when the flowers, which are not quite as large as pansies, are picked freely.

For porch or window boxes and for beds where a mass of color is wanted, Petunias will give satisfactory results. They are easily produced from seed, flowering quite early, continuing until checked by frost. Early flowering plants may be had from seed started in the house in March or April. As soon as the weather becomes settled and the ground warm seed may also be sown where the plants are to bloom. Give the plants a foot of space on all sides in which to develop, and a sunny location.

In hot, dry soils, Nasturtiums do very well, but they thrive best under better treatment—rich soil with moisture is needed. Sow seed in the garden,

as soon as the ground is warm. The spicy leaves make a good addition to salads.

In light soil and a sunny location and for hot, dry places, the annual Phlox does well. Seed sown in the open ground when danger of frost has passed, will soon produce plants which will completely cover the ground with a carpet of gorgeous color throughout the season. Where Phlox is grown for seed, acres of land become a mass of color, a sight never to be forgotten.

For the hottest, driest places where scarcely any plants will grow, try Portulaca with its brilliant flowers of many colors.

In ordering seeds from your seedsmen be sure that you address the envelope clearly and completely and designate the flowers by the full name and number used in the seed catalogue.

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Here is a new, easy, fascinating way to use your spare moments in real pleasure—in a money-making occupation so simple that no previous training whatever is needed. You will astonish your friends and win new ones. You will make your family and friends proud of you. And, you will receive...

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to make money in a delightful, dignified way—without leaving your home. By decorating charming giftware! Our method is so simple! No tedious study—no hours by doing! You begin making money right away! Our members are making hundreds to thousands of dollars—in spare moments. Ora Scott cleared \$100.00 in one month. You can devote as much time as you wish.

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You don't have to have any special talent whatever to decorate these lovely popular giftware. It is the Secret of Monsieur Pettit's Three Simple Steps that enables you to begin right away. We send you this secret immediately. We supply everything you need—Big, Generous, Complete Kit WITHOUT EXTRA COST. We absolutely guarantee your satisfaction! Now, we want women to join our community! Be the first! Fill out and mail the coupon at once.

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Not a chewing gum. Applied in cavity it—

- (1) Relieves toothache quickly
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Does not spill or dry up like liquids. All druggists or by mail, 25c. Use it until you can see your dentist. Made for 40 years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

STOPS TOOTHACHE

Old Money and stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid 1c for D. Martin, Virginia, \$200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, \$2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. P. Adams \$740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills, and stamps. I pay big cash premiums. WILL PAY \$100 FOR DIME 1894 S. Mint; \$50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS Dept. 185 FORT WORTH, TEXAS [Largest Rare Coin Establishments in U.S.]

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VARIETY DELIGHTS THE APPETITE

AREN'T you a bit tired of the proverbial winter breakfast? Put in a touch of crispness and see how much better the whole meal tastes. Serve a ready-to-eat cereal.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes, for example. Golden brown flakes of toasted corn. Rich with flavor. Tempting with crispness! And good for you. So easy to digest. Serve with milk or cream and sweeten with honey. Kellogg's Corn Flakes help balance the heavy menus of winter. Eat them and feel better. Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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GROCERIES & WHOLESALE and a Chance to make \$6 to \$9 a Day

If you want a wonderful opportunity to make \$6 to \$9 a day, and get your grocer at wholesale bidding, send me your name QUICK. No experience or capital required. Easy household samples—full or part time. Rush reply at once.

That's what Busmann made \$83 in First 3 Days. Send me more information. I'll tell you how FREE to producers as no extra reward—in addition to size big cash profits. Write for details.

Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co. 1122 Monmouth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

to suck his raw finger tips. Time after time he had to rest and stretch out his legs. His eyes ached and so did his back; misery ran up and down his flesh and bones constantly. At half-past two in the afternoon he severed the last link of steel.

He was free. He lay back, his shoulders resting against the stairs, spent, exhausted. His silk socks were in shreds, his ankles blue with bruises and raw with cuts, his hands puffed and unrecognizable. After a while he staggered up the stairs and out of the house. The brilliancy of the day blinded him, so he sat down on the porch steps and rested his head on his knees, until his eyes gathered strength. The worst day he had spent in France was nothing to this.

He took a long drink from the canteen, and began the journey—westward. Smoke ahead, to the west, informed him that there was a village or town under the pall. The sand got into his shoes and socks and the metals rubbed the sand into the raw flesh, but he plodded on. His throat was thick and dry; his canteen was empty.

On, on he plowed through the infernal shifting sands. He no longer looked at his watch; he no longer dared to. The sun was low. A village at last!—A garage and filling station. He drank from the water tap.

Oh, the joy and tonic of that cold sweet water! He dried his blistered face with his dusty coat sleeves. Probably no such complete human wreck had ever entered that garage. The garage man could not remember having seen the equal.

"I want the fastest car you've got," said Dunlithy. "I'll pay a hundred dollars for the use of it."

"You're on!" replied the garage man. "How far are we from New York?"

"Oh, about twenty-five miles. But I'll have to telephone for a man outside to drive you."

"All the same to me," said Dunlithy, happily. "Which car?"

"The limousine. She'll do sixty without any trouble."

"I'm in a great hurry."

"I'll say so!" said the garage man, under his breath.

The windings had fallen loose from the manacles; and the two circles of metal shone brightly, with sinister effect. The garage man noted the torn dress-suit, dusty and wrinkled, a shirt-front without studs, and that the man was collarless, with no hat. Some desperate criminal had escaped the police! He called up the sheriff.

DUNLITHY climbed into the limousine, curled up on the seat and fell asleep. Quarter of an hour passed; then he was rudely awakened.

The door of the car was open. Two men stood close by, and one of them held a revolver conveniently in his hand.

"Get out!" this man ordered.

"What's that?" asked Dunlithy, stupid with sleep. "Climb down out of that, and no shananagins."

"What do you want?"

"You'll find out soon enough. Get out! I'm the sheriff and this man is my deputy. Come along peacefully, or you'll come with a busted noodle. I want to know all about those handcuffs. I ain't going to take any chance on you."

"I'm damned if I will!" cried Dunlithy, boiling over with rage and despair. "Don't point that old cannon at me. You wouldn't pull the trigger in a thousand years. I'm not going to your jail until you've heard my story. What you do after that will be on your own head. But let this sink in: There will be a lot of trouble for you if you don't believe what I'm going to tell you."

The sheriff and his deputy exchanged glances.

"Let him spill it, Joe," said the deputy. "He can't get away."

What with the manacles on his ankles, his matted hair, his streaked face, his utter sartorial ruin, Dunlithy was truly an object for just suspicion anywhere he was unknown.

"Well, go on and tell your story," said the sheriff, finally. "But I'm telling you it's got to listen good."

He told his story.

The sheriff shook his head. "No go, young man. Too fishy. Better come along quietly."

"I've told you that time is everything. I could call up the theater and have them describe me, hair for hair. But half an hour! . . . Good Lord, man, can't I make you see what I mean?" Then in a flash he knew what to do. "I'll make you a proposition. I'll give you five hundred if you'll both come with me; and if my story isn't true, you can bring me back here."

There was an agonizing pause, something like that which follows the entrance of a jury. "What do you think, Sam?" asked the sheriff perplexedly.

"Why, Joe, we can't lose. I guess this young man is honest. 'Tain't the cash; it's offering to take us along with him that gets me."

THE GREAT GAME

[Continued from page 155]

"All right," said the sheriff, looking suddenly shrewd. The wave of relief that rolled over Dunlithy left him weak, but his brain resumed its functionings completely. Shephard! Surprising when he got to Elsie's home there would be no Shephard to perform the marriage ceremony?

"I say, is there a minister nearby?"

"A parson?" The sheriff laughed. "Sure, but the parson here might not want to take the trip."

"Him?" said the deputy. "Why, he'd lug the church along for that much."

"And drive as fast as you want to," put in the sheriff. "I'll wear my badge outside."



HOME

BY ANNA MURRY MOVIES

We built the big house on the hill,
But O, I love the little one still;
The little one gray with the wind and rain,
Small of door and window pane,
Yet never too small for joy to share,
And never a room for sorrow there.

The friendly trees leaned down to talk,
Close to the flower-bordered walk,
The sagging gate where moonlight dreamed,
While far in the shadows its silver streamed;
A path of light that ran before,
And found its way in the old house door.

We built the big house on the hill,
But O, I love the little one still;
The little one shabby and gray with the years,
Filled with memories of joys and tears;
I pass it by with lonely pain,
And my heart and I live there again.

It took the village parson but seven minutes to make up his mind and but two minutes to get his hat and book of rites; and the oddly mixed quartet spun forth into the fast-deepening twilight.

Dunlithy took the wheel, but wondered how far he would be able to drive before he fell asleep and ditched the car.

As he drove into the environs of Brooklyn, he suddenly collapsed against the wheel. The deputy sheriff grasped both the situation and the wheel in time to prevent a smashup. He hauled Dunlithy over the back of the seat and slipped in behind the wheel himself.

DUNLITHY slept soundly with his head on the sheriff's shoulder. When they drew out of the city, the sheriff believed it time to rouse his prisoner.

He shook Dunlithy vigorously.

"Hey, wake up, son," he exclaimed. Dunlithy instantly became wide awake. "What time is it?"

"Twenty minutes to eight."

"Let me have the wheel. I'm all right."

And now the sheriff saw some real driving; and more than once he wondered if he was going to come out of it alive.

There was nothing in Dunlithy's mind now but the thought of Elsie. He went at top-speed. The darling girl! She would be in her window, eating her heart out as she watched the gates. They'd be open, too; he was ready to wager that.

Elsie was at the window; and as the headlights of the car made a whirling turn through the gateway she got to the lower hall just as Dunlithy, followed by these strange men, entered.

"Here I am—what's left of me, Elsie!" He gave her a bear hug and shamelessly covered her face with kisses. "And here's a parson I brought along, to be on the safe side."

Elsie seized Dunlithy's arm and dragged him into the living-room. Before the fireplace, where logs were crackling cheerily, stood a chess-table. Gilbraith and Dr. Shephard were both in the act of rising, their glances fixed regretfully upon the board.

"Good gracious! Elsie? Why of course!" Shephard fumbled in the tails of his coat and brought forth the book of rites, hastily turning the pages. "Ah! here we are—the marriage service!"

Dunlithy barked his replies, knowing that this would react upon Shephard and hurry him along. When the final word was spoken, the clock in the hall boomed nine o'clock.

Dunlithy felt the hair tingle on his skull. He snuggled Elsie a little closer, and she looked up. His eyes burned in his grimy face, and he was holding Gilbraith's gaze.

"No, no!" Elsie whispered. She saw that a crisis was coming. "Please just let him go. This has been so thrilling that I don't want it spoiled."

"All right, hon," Dunlithy relaxed.

"Well," said Gilbraith, "Elsie, didn't I keep repeating that he would get here? He told me that nothing but an earthquake would stop him; and by his appearance even that didn't. I wish I had time to hear of his adventures; but my train leaves in forty minutes, and the carriage waits, as the footman in the play always says. And now, Mr. Dunlithy, will you be so good as to accompany me to the study for a minute or two?"

"I should like nothing better, sir."

GILBRAITH led the way, his step brisk, his air dapper. Dunlithy followed him, a grimly ironic smile on his lips. As they entered, Gilbraith shut the doors and waved a hand toward the desk.

"Perhaps it is a bit spectacular," said the little old man. "But seeing is believing. There's Elsie's fortune, complete, and my accounts since her father's death. It took three days to accomplish this, without going to New York. There are three certified checks, all the stocks and bonds, leases, mortgages and deeds; something like \$25,500,000. I wanted you both to see it."

"What I don't quite gather," said Dunlithy, "is why Elsie and I were put to all this discomfort."

"Hilton . . ."

"Tut, tut! Don't spoil it," interrupted Dunlithy. "Between the man who knows all and the man who has done all, there ought to be no Punch-and-Judy play. Hilton was never within ten thousand miles of this game."

"I see you are determined to hold to your point of view."

"Precisely."

"Nevertheless, I wish your happiness to match Elsie's."

"That's magnanimity! Don't you rather regret the need of leaving?"

Gilbraith frowned. He said softly: "All the happiness I have ever known I have known in this house. But if I remained I would be in the way."

Then Gilbraith made a helpless gesture; that of a reasonable man confronted by the implacable unreasoning of an insane man.

"Oh, I understand perfectly," he said. "Your imagination has woven a plot of which I am mysteriously the basis; and I might as well try to push back Niagara Falls as to argue with you. I might point to the money there. For years it has been absolutely under my control. I have only bewilderment in my heart, no bitterness toward you."

"Sir, my admiration for you grows constantly. Had you been Napoleon's right-hand man, there would have been no Waterloo."

"My advice about these valuables," said Gilbraith, "is to lock them up in the safe tonight. Tomorrow return everything to the banks. The certified checks were issued with the understanding that they would be re-deposited. The banks, you see, had no reason to doubt me."

"It's a great world!"

"Weaken if you dare! Well, I must be going."

"Where away?" asked Dunlithy without the least hope, however.

"I sail Saturday—Cherbourg. After that, wherever the spirit takes me. You know, I've never been abroad. It's going to be my first vacation, my first real adventure."

"You will not enjoy it."

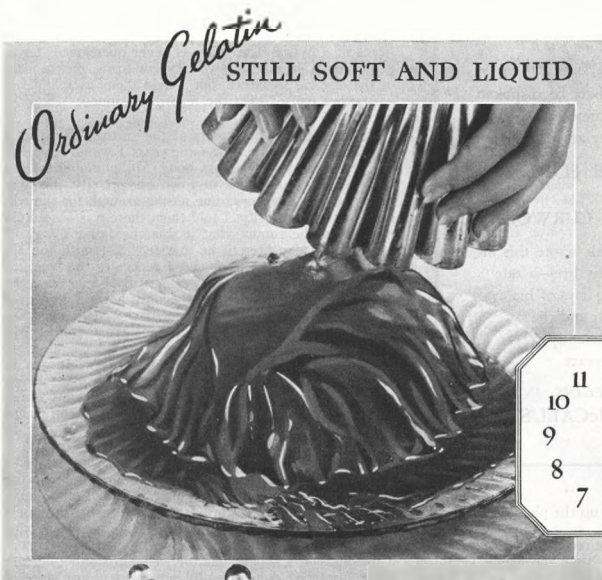
"What? And why not?"

[Turn to page 158]



READY NOW AT YOUR GROCERS

America's *Quickest Setting* Gelatin Dessert



HAVE you heard the latest news? About the new quick-setting Royal Gelatin Dessert?

We've discovered a new process — that makes Royal Gelatin actually jell in half the usual time. With modern electric refrigeration, or by using cracked ice, the time can be shortened to an hour . . . or less.

Just think what this means to you in the preparation of meals. No more anxious moments waiting for your gelatin to set. It's ready when you want it . . . at dessert time. Tempting and colorful . . . smooth and quivery.

Royal Gelatin flavors are true to the fruits — much more delicious than any gelatin dessert you've ever used before. You can actually taste the difference.

Always fresh on your grocer's shelf

Gelatin dessert, to retain its natural flavor, must be fresh. Royal is always fresh on your grocer's shelf. It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by Standard Brands, Inc. nation-wide delivery system.

You get the natural flavor of deep red raspberries . . . of scarlet strawberries . . . golden oranges. The rich juiciness of cherries . . . the sharp tang of lemon.

A muscle builder for your children

Doctors and food experts, you know, recommend gelatin because it's a valuable protein — the muscle-building nourishment needed in daily diet.

For children it's an especially important protein — because it promotes growth and is so easy to digest.

So be generous with Royal Gelatin Dessert. Let your children have all they want. They love its sparkle and color. Serve it frequently — at least once a week.

It's so easy to make. Just dissolve in a cup of boiling water . . . add one cup of finely crushed ice to cool . . . then into the ice box it goes. An hour later it's ready to serve.

But remember . . . one word of caution before you buy. All gelatins are not alike. If you want the quick-setting kind — that tastes like real fruit — ask for Royal Gelatin Dessert, made by the makers of Royal Baking Powder. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

Surprise your family with this delicious dessert tonight. Take a vote on flavor. Note the speed and ease of preparation. Five flavors to choose from: Raspberry, Cherry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange. In the Red Box — the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can



ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

THE GREAT GAME

[Continued from page 156]

"You won't make any mistakes; and the man who never makes mistakes has no fun. Your pockets will be packed with time-tables, your grips with guide books and hotel propa-ganda," Dunlithy said with a twinkle in his eye.

"No sir; all the rest of my life I am going to make mistakes for the mere joy of it. I have shut a door behind me and thrown away the keys."

Meantime Elsie quizzed the sheriff about what he knew of the adventure, knowing full well that Dunny would never give her a complete story. By the time the sheriff had completed his amazing revelations, there were tears in Elsie's eyes.

"Thomas," she called to the butler.

"Yes, Miss."

"Get a set of your linens and so forth and a suit of clothes and take them to my bathroom. Then go to the cook and tell her to broil a beefsteak; red but cooked."

"Yes, Miss."

And then Dunlithy and Gilbraith returned. Gilbraith had his hat and coat on his left arm and the black bag in his right hand. He paused before Elsie and eyed her whimsically.

"Goodbye. I do not wish you happiness because I know you've found it. I do not offer my hand, my dear child, because your husband forbade me. He has some queer notions in his head, that man."

Gilbraith did not give her a chance to reply, but started briskly for the door. Dunlithy ran ahead and opened the portal. The little old man crossed the threshold and left it behind, forever.

It was then that Dunlithy's pent-up laughter—of wildly ironic character, to be sure—broke through. He staggered back to the stairs and sat down heavily on the lower step, rocking. Elsie was alarmed.

"Dunny . . ."

"I'm all right, hon," he said. "It's been boiling up in me all day, and I might just as well get rid of it now. That old codger fascinates me. He has committed a whale of a crime, and gets away with it. I know everything he has done and how he did it, and he goes away without leaving a pinch of his hide behind!"

So that was the last of the story—the last, that is, except the conclusion . . .

NOT to know the Dunlithys is to be out of luck. I never saw a pair of human beings get more out of life. The great American game is the ceaseless hunt for amusement, and these two are able to amuse each other. I ran into Dunlithy accidentally the other day, in a florist's shop, and nothing would do but that I should run out to dinner and spend the night. I needed no urging, you may well believe. I was anxious to see his wife.

The dinner was a merry one. We talked war and shop. Afterwards there was a wood-fire going, with a broad lounge facing it. A long, flat-topped desk was littered with manuscripts, books, paste-pots and a formidable array of lead pencils—the thick fellows we used to work with in the office. And there were spindles fat with notes. The desk was no novelty to me: it was very like my own, only I am certain that I smoked sweeter pipes.

I cast a glance at the walls. Over the mantel I saw what appeared to be a pair of officer's spurs; but as my glance returned to them, I was astonished to note that they were manacles—police handcuffs—with shattered links.

"I say, Dunny, what's this? I never knew you'd been in jail."

"What's that?" he asked, eying me across the blazing match which he was applying to his pipe.

"Those manacles, there."

Said Mrs. Dunlithy, softly: "The most wonderful treasures in all this world. For they represent the last word in courage and resource."

"A yarn?" I cried delightedly.

"Tell him, Dunny," she urged.

And Dunlithy told me the story of The Perfect Crime. "But here!—What about the old fellow? Did he really get away?" I asked.

"He did; and two of Picton's men were on the train with him to New York." Dunlithy tossed his pipe on to the desk.

"And where did Hilton really stand?"

"Well, the boy was as innocent as a new-born babe. Didn't even know that there existed such a will. He saved my life that day in France. By the time we approached headquarters, I was fairly clear in the head again. He cavalierly dropped me off the wheel and went chugging away on his errand; so when I saw him in the restaurant that day, his face merely puzzled me. He was wanting a leg-up, but was too shy to approach me directly. In the end I hunted him up and set him on the straight and narrow. So that's that. But wait a minute."

Dunlithy went over to the safe and extracted two objects. One was a long broad envelope and the other was a flat record for the phonograph.

"That old beggar had a wonderful mind. The only thing I can compare him to is the fish off Bermuda. You

can see every glittering scale, see every movement, but you can't reach them. Here, open the envelope. Note the postmark—Paris."

It was the real will, the one Crowell had signed. There was nothing else in the envelope.

"The hour on this document is four hours earlier than that on the forged document."

"But the witness, man!"

"Both Thomas and the cook are ready to declare that they witnessed two documents that day without knowing what either was about. Get the point? Two wills, the first discarded. Gilbraith could swear that this one got into his papers accidentally. Elsie's fortune was complete. What, then, would be Gilbraith's motive for issuing the second will? Man, I'm telling you that Gilbraith never made any mistakes. Got the will two weeks after

me, being himself a man who made few mistakes. I became established in the house as his private secretary and general factotum; and my skill in drawing up legal documents put many a dollar in my employer's pocket."

Another pause, as if Gilbraith was taking breath.

"Even the day he signed the will and I put it away in the safe," went on the uncanny voice, "there was nothing in my head. I had already begun to study my employer's hand-writing; so that I could have written Elsie a letter and she should have accepted it without question as her father's. I had fallen upon a scandal in my employer's past, one of those baseless rumors which attach themselves to the heels of conspicuous men. Another woman. I stored this away in my head. I saw this other woman in the city, while my employer was yet alive. She was pointed out and the story told. There was a youngster, her son. When my employer came to his bed for the last time, I found my inspiration. A really great crime, punishable by long years of imprisonment, if brought home to me. As I discovered my crime, the old rumor lifted its head, and I saw how adroitly it might be used. I forged a will that night that is a masterpiece, even to the witnesses. I was certain that the daughter would never contest it, for if the tentative scandal was aired in court, it would take on the heads of a hydra. The will was never questioned. I was given copies to mail to two city law firms, on the date of the original signature, but I held them back."

Another pause; then the record continued:

THE will passed the rigors of the surrogate's office. I was perfectly safe. For some years I would have full charge of the estate, without bond. My employer trusted me explicitly, and both in town and in city this was known. Some reporters came nosing around, for the will created some curiosity. I told them there was absolutely nothing to the rumor, that it was the father's way of ordering his daughter to be married. Not until the old routine settled down again did I recognize the true impulse back of my crime. It was actually based upon the fear of being thrust out of the only home I had ever known; for in the real will one of the city banks was designated as trustee and guardian. What irony! My crime, then, successful though it was, did not have its origin in the simple wish to defeat the law. It was in fact an act of self-preservation. I loved the place, every stick and stone of it. I loved the child. Perhaps I was meant to be a father—I don't know. But all the father in me went out to that child."

"The poor old thing," broke in Elsie.

"For several years I knew nothing but contentment. Then a young man came over the horizon, and the child became a woman. This young man had remarkable powers of observation, and I knew that when he knew the contents of the will, he wouldn't be satisfied until he had investigated a bit. So I was forced to construct a melodrama. I sought out the ex-janitor and told him what I wanted done. He did not know why; since it was merely a twenty-four hour abduction, he did not bother about the motive. I got a quiet laugh out of the affair. Of course, if the Knight Errant failed to arrive, I would have disclosed my crime to the girl, after I was safely hidden. As I left the house that night I knew that I would be closely watched and followed. But I prepared against that, by the aid of my ex-janitor; an automobile truck, which fooled the detectives completely. Two hours after I left the station I was aboard my ship—off to the ends of the earth."

Dunlithy stopped the record. "My opinion is, he had his ill-gotten money hidden in some obscure town, and took some letters of credit. That was what we wanted to find out, but we never did."

The machine whirred softly. Gilbraith went on: "Life is full of ironies, and here was an exquisite one. Possessed by the notion of proving that the outlaw could be cleverer than the law, I found myself hoist on my own petard. I know now that the child I loved would have kept me on until I died. I have committed a crime punishable by long years in prison. It will never be proven that I committed it. But I must admit of one colossal mistake. In destroying my conscience, I had overlooked my heart. The law? I have beaten the law, but my heart has beaten me. So we come to the ineluctable truth—every crime has its just punishment, even the most successful. Goodbye."

The lights went up. I stared at Dunlithy, and he smiled drily.

"You've got him!"

"And even if we did have him, he shouldn't be molested. Did he really injure anyone? No. He made my romance picturesque. I received my fortune entire, with interest," Elsie said.

"That's the woman of it," said Dunlithy. "But if you want the truth, I'm inclined toward her way of thinking. All I wanted to do was to prove my case."

[THE END]

"Put up your mitts an' give it to 'er. You can lick 'er. Go on!"

These words might have been spoken by Mark Twain's immortal Huckleberry Finn—but they are lifted from

"SON OF THE FORESTS"

by

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

who before his death wrote this inspiring story of his life—a tale of the rollicking days of his roguish youth and the mellowed serenity of later years

THIS FEATURE BEGINS IN THE MARCH McCALL'S

he landed. But this"—holding up the phonograph record—"came three months later."

While Dunlithy attached the record, his wife suddenly turned out the lights. By this time the logs gave forth only a suggestion of light. I heard a voice, and it might have been a human voice, and the queer old rogue himself might have sat there.

ALL my life," the record began, "I have wanted to commit a crime. Not through a criminal instinct, but through a hearty contempt for the blunders of the usual criminal. As a real chemist experiments with fluids, so I experimented—to find the absolute. Whether I should make any capital out of this crime was of minor consideration. It was to evolve a crime and to perfect it. Something so cleverly worked out that detection, such as would lead to imprisonment, would be impossible. In fact, I wanted the hounds baying at my heels so that I could laugh at them. This notion got into my head when I was about twenty. And so I ordered my life to meet the opportunity when it arrived. I practiced perfection in everything I did. So later I acquired the reputation of never making mistakes."

"Did you get that?" interrupted Dunny.

Gilbraith continued: "I made myself ambidextrous. In time I could write equally well with both hands. Not that I ever expected to commit a forgery, but to prepare myself against the possibility. I soon began imitating signatures. I dropped that because I had discovered the real method of perfecting a forgery. That is to imitate your man's letter-writing. A tedious job, but I was in no hurry. After that, a signature comes with ease."

A pause.

"I entered the offices of Wardlaw, Sneed & Hurd, finally. I was expert on financial paper. I soon made myself invaluable. One day the janitor robbed the safe, and was sent to prison. When he came out I kept track of him. Why? In the back of my head was the notion that I might some day have need of an outsider. But merely to know the man was not enough. I must have some hold over him. At length I got my man where I wanted him. Understand me. I had nothing infinite in my head then. I was simply laying up future reserves. And then a client of the firm took a fancy to

A N N O U N C I N G

A NEW HELP IN SOLVING THE HOUSEWIVES' PROBLEMS . .

For sixty years Heinz has been making fine foods—foods of unmatched flavor and goodness, yet priced so reasonable as to be within reach of all. Only the finest of fruits and vegetables and spices go into Heinz products. So there are no substitutes for Heinz foods—all are flavorful—*good*—all kept that way by endless experimentation and development.

Now—as another step forward in this great food enterprise—Heinz announces a new department devoted to helping the housewives of the world in their never-ending problem of the family's daily meals.

This department, called the Home Economics Department of H. J. Heinz Company, is in charge of Miss Josephine Gibson, who will tell women new ways of serving the old familiar dishes, how to make many delightful new dishes, and who will give them complete menus that are not only appealing to the appetite, but healthful and good as well. It is a lecture department, for already each day in the big auditorium at Pittsburgh, Miss Gibson advises thousands of visiting women on their problem of meals; it is a correspondence department because Miss Gibson answers any questions directed to her; and it is a radio broadcasting department. Altogether, this department's purpose is to give a worthwhile service to *all* women in *all* parts of the land. It is a connecting link between the scientific preparation of foods in the great Heinz kitchens, and the planning and preparing of meals in the kitchens of housewives the country over.

She broadcasts each Tuesday and Friday morning at 10:45 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, over WJZ, KDKA and many other important stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, direct from the Home Economics Model Kitchen of H. J. Heinz Company, in Pittsburgh.



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Old Dutch is safe
- doesn't scratch



"Old Dutch Doesn't Scratch" . . . that is one of the reasons why millions of women use this PERFECT CLEANSER for all household cleaning.

The above illustrations show exactly why Old Dutch doesn't scratch and why it is so perfectly adapted for cleaning modern colored, as well as snow white porcelain and enamel, painted and metal surfaces so much in evidence in the homes of today.

When you look at Old Dutch through the microscope, you see tiny, flaky, flat-shaped particles with fine feathery edges as illustrated in the second square. The particles possess natural and distinctive detergent energy. They effectively remove dangerous invisible impurities, as well as visible dirt, and that is why Old Dutch assures Healthful Cleanliness.

Avoid scratchy grit, pictured in the third square; it

cuts into and ruins the surface. Old Dutch is devoid of sand and grit and contains no caustic or acid.

The upper section of the last illustration indicates how Old Dutch wipes away the dirt with a clean, smooth sweep. In the lower section of the same illustration is a drawing of a highly magnified particle which shows the destructive action of grit.

Old Dutch is absolutely safe. It not only keeps surfaces spotless and lustrous, but also PRESERVES the original beauty.

Old Dutch accomplishes remarkable cleaning results, and is a marvelous time and work saver . . . keeps every nook and corner spick and span, and protected with Healthful Cleanliness.

Old Dutch is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. Use it for all cleaning throughout the home.



Safeguards the Home with Healthful Cleanliness