McCALL'S

JANUARY
1930

TEN
CENTS

Beginning

THE GREAT GAME

by Harold MacGrath

DOROTHY DIX

The Lady of the Understanding Heart

Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat and checks it, should it develop.

Let them play . . . but afterward

Protect them against *colds* and *sore throat*

It isn't while playing that children catch cold—it is afterward, when, still overheated, they sit around in damp clothes or unconsciously expose themselves to drafts. These exposures like wet feet and sudden changes of temperature, weaken body resistance so that disease germs in the mouth get the upper hand.

Therefore, in addition to the regular morning and night gargle, see that your children, however sturdy, use Listerine on returning from play.

Listerine aids Nature in warding off colds and ordinary sore throat because it is fatal to the germs which cause them. Tests in the great bacteriological laboratories show that full strength Listerine kills even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and the Streptococcus germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000, in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we could prove it to the satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys the germs ever-present on them.

Yet Listerine is so safe that it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Gargle with Listerine regularly every day, as a preventive measure against infection. And at the first definite sign of colds or sore throat, increase the frequency of the gargle, meanwhile consulting your physician. If serious complications are threatening, he will detect and treat them properly. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Listerine *kills germs in* 15 *seconds*

It is better not to risk disorders of the gums

Ipana's two-fold protection keeps gums healthy—teeth white

TO go on, day after day, using a tooth paste that merely cleans the teeth is to ignore the lessons of the past ten years. Today, such a tooth paste is only doing half a job.

For the gums, too, must be cared for. They must be nourished, toned and strengthened.

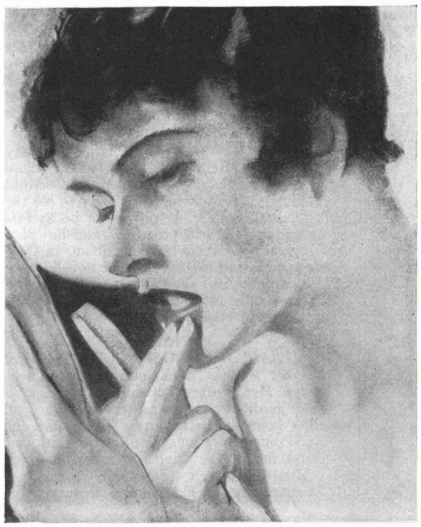
No matter how white, how perfect your teeth, they are in danger if your gums become tender, soft, unsound—if you allow "pink tooth brush" to go unchecked.

Ipana, more than any other tooth paste, meets the needs of modern oral hygiene. For with it, your teeth are white and shining. Your mouth is cleansed, refreshed. And your gums are strengthened, toned, invigorated.

Week by week you can see and feel the improvement Ipana brings to your gums—the pinker color, the firmer texture that let you know they are healthy and resistant to the inroads of gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

Gum disorders, so widely prevalent today, come as a result of soft foods and subnormal chewing. Lacking work and exercise, the gingival tissues become congested, the gum walls tender and inflamed.

But Ipana and massage will rouse your gums and send



the fresh, rich blood coursing through the tiny veins. Thousands of dentists preach the benefits of massage and urge the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana stimulates the gums—tones and invigorates the entire mouth while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used and highly prized by the profession.

Get Ipana's double protection

Even if your tooth brush rarely "shows pink", for the sake of your gums play safe and use Ipana. No doubt there are some tooth pastes you can get for a few cents less—but with gum troubles the threat that they are, is the difference worth the risk?

Better start with Ipana today—don't wait for the sample. Get a tube at the nearest drug store. Tonight, begin a full month's test of this modern tooth paste. See how your teeth brighten, how your gums harden, how the health of your mouth improves!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-10
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Shirley Seifert

Samuel Merwin

Elsie Singmaster

McCALL MIRRORS

BEFORE an open fire, the logs crackling into copper embers, the cold mid-winter rain pelting against the panes—and McCall's for February! It will be a veritable treasure house, with stories by authors who have entertained you before and stories by writers new to you, who will pull your latchstring for the first time, but who, if you make them welcome, will cross your threshold again.

Temple Bailey, that gracious lady beloved by McCall readers, has written another charming novel for you with all the witchery of the enchanted pen that spun out *Burning Beauty*. It is "The Wild Wind," an entrancing story of stormy love and a conflict between two girls born of different generations, fighting for the ideals each holds. Miss Bailey's interpretation of this spiritual struggle is done with her poignant understanding of Youth and the beating of its heart.

The first of seven long installments comes in February McCall's.

Leonard Hess, who brings us *Dark Forests* for February, has blazed across the sky of fiction with meteoric brilliance. A critic has said about Mr. Hess' new novel, *Tomorrow's Voyage*, which he has written in addition to many shorter pieces: "It voices a cry that lurks at the back of every human throat; a cry of longing to reconcile what we must endure with what the fugitive spirit within us dares to imagine." And it is with this same deep feeling that Mr. Hess has written "Dark Forests," a story that moves forward with the mighty sweep and power of a roaring river at flood tide.

Harold MacGrath's two-part story, "The Great Game," begins on page 11. Dashing along with the abandon of youth, it typifies its popular author, a man of extraordinary activities. Always an inveterate traveler, Mr. MacGrath is as much at home in the land of cherry blossoms and little clogging feet, or in Paris—that jewel of cities—as he is at his desk in the study of his charming Syracuse ménage. And when he is not globe-trotting, he wades the silver-cool streams and angles for trout that flash through a swift swirl of sun-dappled waters.

JANUARY **CONTENTS** Nineteen Thirty

Cover Design Painted for McCall's
By Neysa McMein

James Oliver Curwood, just before his untimely death, retreated to his cabin in the north woods of Michigan, closed the door against even the vast silence of the green and black wilderness he loved so well and wrote the reminiscences of his richly abundant life. This is an inspiring story of an adventure in living by a man who forged his way to greatness with a happy heart. The first installment will appear in March McCall's.

Vingie E. Roe writes: "I love horses from muzzle to fetlock; they give me delirious, heady, elemental joy." You'll know something of this joy when you read "The Long Road," her tender, thrilling story of a boy and his pony.

Shirley Seifert is "the kind of person who can fox-trot and at the same time think the Annals of Tacitus marvelously good reading." And besides that, she can cook and sew and write stories! Hers is a roots-in-the-soil American background. Born in a tiny town in Missouri, she went through the pigtail age in St. Louis schools and gained her cap and gown from Washington University. Then she thought she would marry the likeliest man who came along, but somehow she didn't. So now she's "writing for a living and living for her writing," and is finding one just as thrilling as the other.

Samuel Merwin is an authority on China. Before the days when "these queer Americans" tramped the world around, Mr. Merwin sailed away to see the Celestial Empire. It proved to be as fascinating as it had promised; and he spent several years there traveling about. In Concord, Massachusetts, where he now lives, he finds time to be the indulgent father of two sons, study astronomy, head social movements and raise puppies!

Elsie Singmaster, whose real work is her writing, rides four delightful hobbies. Her greatest pleasure is working in the garden which spreads colorfully around her home in Gettysburg. Then comes the choosing of precious plate and rare antiques, and, finally, the driving of a car, in which Miss Singmaster contentedly roams the countryside of her beloved Pennsylvania.

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VICTOR·RADIO

MICRO - SYNCHRONOUS

. . . gives you these assurances of superiority

"Victor-Radio with Electrola is amazing! It is superb! . . . And never before have I heard my voice reproduced with such clearness. My new records played on this instrument are comparable to nothing except my personal singing before an audience."

Tito Schipa
World-famous operatic tenor

• • •

THOSE who waited for practical radio —and those who have replaced last year's sets with radio's supreme triumph . . . have given Victor-Radio the most magnificent testimony ever awarded a musical instrument! Voluntarily, in a few months, more than 45,000 of the first Victor-Radio owners have written to express their enthusiasm! "We chose Victor-Radio . . . because of its UNRIVALLED TONE QUALITY," they say. And they add: "*Sensitivity* is unmatched . . . *selectivity* unapproached . . . *dependability* beyond question."

In this amazing vote of approval the American public displays rare discernment; for they agree with the unqualified, freely-given endorsement of Victor-Radio by the greatest musicians of our time. Here at last is the radio that is really a musical instrument!

Tito Schipa with the new Victor Radio-Electrola

The only micro-synchronous radio

Victor *micro-synchronous* Radio is, by its very nature, *sensitive, sure* and *precise—always realistic.* Victor *micro-synchronous* tuning eliminates guesswork. Victor-Radio is the only radio that has this revolutionary advantage.

For the first time Victor-Radio reproduces the entire range of the musical scale—*without loss of fidelity.* Play at a whisper or with the power of a full orchestra—you hear what the microphone hears. Make every possible test . . . Turn Victor-Radio on *full volume* . . . listen . . . and compare!

The greatest of all musical instruments

You can have Victor-Radio separately . . . or with the amazing new Electrola . . . bringing you a thrilling new standard of realism from both air and records—every iota of the drama of music—contagious rhythm, laughter and tears —all that music can give. The music you want when you want it . . . at the mere turn of a knob!

You are going to live with your radio a long time. Be sure you buy one you will want to live with. Only Victor can give you Victor performance—and Victor craftsmanship and dependability are famous in almost every American home. Only unlimited Victor resources could make possible prices so sensationally low—within the reach of every family! A model for every decorative scheme. Victor Talking Machine Division—Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Victor-Radio de luxe R-52. *Wall cabinet of classical design in finest walnut veneers. Radio equipment identical with that of R-32. Inlaid door medallions of matched butt walnut. Blended finish. A luxurious cabinet housing a marvelous radio set.*
List price $215. Less Radiotrons.

Victor-Radio with Electrola

The confidante of the world, who sits at the confessional window of life

In Miniature—Dorothy Dix

The lady of the understanding heart

By Clare Elliott

DOROTHY DIX—the woman everybody knows and the woman nobody knows.

Every day thirty-three million people in every country under the sun turn to her for a personal message. Every day a thousand men and women, boys and girls, write to her and unburden their hearts' secrets. She's the highest paid newspaper woman writer in the world, earning more than the President. She has often been called, "The Best Loved Woman in the World."

Every day, since 1895, she has laughed and cried and sympathized with, jollied and lambasted and advised millions upon millions of her fellowmen. Yet so completely has she remained always the confidante, never the confessor, that few have ever glimpsed the woman behind the letters.

Strange tales have grown up around her. One popular rumor had it in strictest confidence that Dorothy Dix was actually a group of six college professors, each of whom conducted the column once a week.

"Of course you must be a man," argue her male correspondents, "because no woman could understand us so well." Last summer one Canadian paper bolstered this theory by printing a photograph of "Dorothy Dix" who turned out to be a bald-headed gentleman with a long gray beard.

OF COURSE you're a sour, blighted old maid," write her feminine readers when their own toes have been stepped on. Thousands, wishing to be on the safe side, begin their letters, "Dear Sir or Madam."

However, this beloved myth is no mystery, but a charming Southern lady with the most sympathetic heart in the world. In private life Dorothy Dix is Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer of New Orleans, white-haired, twinkly-eyed, softly drawlin'—and, in her own words, "as feminine as a ruffled petticoat."

Barely five feet tall, even with her soft hair piled atop her head, she is at once a personage because of the wisdom and courage and humor radiating from her. Dark brown eyes sparkle with fun or grow keen and deep with intelligent sympathy. A network of fine lines speaks eloquently of early struggles against heartbreaking odds.

But with all her titles, honors, degrees and world-wide reputation, Dorothy Dix is most of all a lovable woman. It is this endearing quality of kinship which inspired the citizens of New Orleans recently to do a delightful and an unprecedented thing. They gathered outdoors on the steps and lawn of the Delegado Museum to pay tribute, with flowers and speeches and a great silver bowl, to their own First Lady.

Mothers held up their babies that they might see Dorothy Dix. Children reached out to touch her as she passed. Old women with shawls over their heads stood elbow to elbow with exquisitely-gowned matrons. Overalls and white collars mingled. New Orleans was there with one idea—to show how she loved her distinguished daughter. It was "Dorothy Dix Day."

A June sun gleamed down on the great gold-lined silver bowl and platter with its newly-cut inscription: "To Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer (Dorothy Dix) who labors for the uplift of her fellow men, with an open heart, a brilliant mind and a sympathetic understanding." A mayor, a senator, a college president paid tribute, calling her "the most inspiring advisor since St. Paul." A teacher announced that a "Dorothy Dix Fund" had been established to award prizes to outstanding pupils of the public schools. A clubwoman presented a basket of newly-developed roses named in her honor.

But perhaps the feeling in the hearts of the people was expressed most simply by a little factory girl who presented a bouquet from the working girls of the city.

"In the factory where I work," she said, "there are five hundred girls, every one of whom reads Dorothy Dix every day. Nobody knows how much she means to us. If you're rich, you can go on trips and buy things you want, and it helps you stand your troubles. If you're poor, tied to a grinding job, you can't do this. You've got to keep going. That's when we need Dorothy Dix. More than anyone else, she helps us to keep going."

No wonder people of all nations, classes and creeds feel a personal tie binding them to this great-hearted woman. No wonder the bewildered, the overburdened, the stumbling, the desperate, lean for comfort on her strength and wisdom. For no man or woman who has ever written her from the depths of human despair to ask her guiding counsel has had to face greater obstacles or known greater sorrow than Dorothy Dix herself.

BORN shortly after the Civil War in a famous old Colonial house on the border between Tennessee and Kentucky, Elizabeth Meriwether inherited, instead of money, a distinguished family tree, a great deal of silver plate and a houseful of mahogany heirlooms.

As a child she never had a bought plaything, never saw a theater or a big city. But she spent a happy childhood riding, shooting, hunting and playing with the little darkies on the place. A fine old classical library provided her education and formed her literary taste. By the time she was twelve, she knew her Shakespeare and Scott and Dickens by heart and had wandered unaided through Motley's *Dutch Republic* and *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Like other girls of the period she attended a female academy, graduated at sixteen, tucked up her hair and got married. Life seemed smooth and [*Turn to page 59*]

SERVICE

IN THE Ford Motor Company we emphasize service equally with sales ϒ It has always been our belief that a sale does not complete the transaction between us and the buyer, but establishes a new obligation on us to see that his car gives him service ϒ We are as much interested in your economical operation of the car as you are in our economical manufacture of it ϒ This is only good business on our part ϒ If our car gives service, sales will take care of themselves ϒ For that reason we have installed a system of controlled service to take care of all Ford car needs in an economical and improved manner ϒ We wish all users of Ford cars to know what they are entitled to in this respect, so that they may readily avail themselves of this service.

FROM the very earliest beginning, SERVICE has been the cornerstone of the Ford business.

Far back in 1908, when the first Model T Fords were made, there were few people who understood the operation of an automobile and fewer places to which the purchaser might turn for help when repairs were needed.

Frequently in those days, Mr. Ford would deliver the car personally to the new owner and see to it that some arrangements were made to keep it in good running order.

Usually he would find the best mechanic and explain the construction of the car to him. Sometimes, when no such mechanic was available, the town blacksmith would be pressed into service.

Then, as the business grew, capable men were appointed, in a widening circle of towns, to devote their entire time to the care of Ford cars. These men, wherever located, worked under close factory supervision and according to certain set standards.

For just as the Ford Motor Company was the pioneer in the making of "a strong, simple, satisfactory automobile at a low price," so it was also the pioneer in establishing complete and satisfactory service facilities.

For the first time in the automobile business it became possible for the purchaser of a car to buy parts quickly and readily and to have repairs made at a reasonable cost. Where formerly it had been the accepted practice to charge the highest possible prices for these repairs, a new policy was instituted for the protection of the owner. The unusual character of Ford Service was soon recognized as one of the outstanding features of the car.

Today there are more than 8000 Ford dealers in the United States alone, with thousands of others located throughout the world. Their mechanics have been trained in special schools conducted by the Ford Motor Company and they have been equipped with all the latest service machinery. The well-ordered cleanliness of the shops and salesrooms and the uniform courtesy of all dealer employees are particularly appreciated by the woman motorist.

Wherever you live, or wherever you go, you will find the Ford dealer prompt and businesslike in his work, fair in his charges, and sincerely eager to do a good and thorough job at all times.

His constant effort is to relieve you of every detail in the care of your car and to help you get thousands upon thousands of miles of satisfactory, enjoyable motoring at a very low cost per mile.

That is the purpose for which the Ford car was designed and built. That is the true meaning of *Ford Service.*

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

"I'm not exactly a thrill chaser"

says ALICE WHITE, *gay young modern of Moviedom* » » *"But I do love new and different things! . . . Surf board riding . . . or new stunts in skating and diving . . . and . . . Oh, some day I'll grow up, and be queenly and stately . . . But now . . . I just love new and different things! . . . And that's why I love my new perfume* » » *There's nothing in all this fast-stepping world so new and different and modern as* SEVENTEEN!"

The breath of this new age . . .
a perfume . . . SEVENTEEN

It is like speed . . . in the swiftest motor car . . . or plunging . . . into cool, green surf . . .

It has zest . . . freshness . . . untried thrills . . . youth and verve insatiable . . .

It knows the lures of all the ages . . . and has forgotten them . . .

It is modern color and song and laughter . . . all in one.

A poem in fragrant, ecstatic whispers . . . it is *you!*

« « «

Try *Seventeen* today . . . you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen!* The *Perfume*, in such exquisite little French flacons . . . the *Powder*, so new and smart in shadings . . . the *Toilet Water*, like a caress . . . the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury . . . and the *Talc* . . . the *Sachet* . . . two kinds of *Brilliantine* . . . and the *Compact*, gleaming black and gold . . . like no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!

Photo from Keystone View Co., Inc. of N. Y.

Leopold Stokowski, one of the world's great conductors

What's Going On in the World

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

Stokowski Takes The Air

ONE wealthy and usually influential New Yorker has been on the waiting list of the Philadelphia Orchestra for five years, vainly awaiting the chance to subscribe to two seats, at any price, for the New York series. Yet last autumn Leopold Stokowski and his men gave a series of three concerts before an audience numbering well into the millions, not one member of which had to stand in line, or join a waiting list, or be a subscriber—be anything, in fact, except the owner of a radio set.

The broadcasting of symphony concerts is by this time more or less of an old story. Even so, the Philadelphia series was an event in the development of the radio that well deserves the epithet, "epoch-making." For such concerts have hitherto been of two kinds: Either a regular public concert by a major symphony orchestra (notably those of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony and the Boston Symphony) has been, incidentally, broadcast; or a symphonic program has been given by an orchestra organized purely for radio work. Here, for the first time, a permanent orchestra that many critics consider the greatest in the world, was playing, not for its subscribers, but solely for a radio audience.

Incidentally, its conductor was taking his unseen auditors with complete seriousness, making no attempt to educate them or uplift them, and making not the slightest concession to what is supposed to be the "popular" taste in music. His three programs—one German, one French and one Russian—were, in length and quality exactly what he would and does play before the most highbrow of subscription audiences. The German program, for example, the first of the series and typical in its content, comprised a Bach chorale-prelude, orchestrated by Stokowski himself, though he modestly forbore to mention it; Mozart's G-minor symphony and the Bacchannale from the Paris version of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

Technically, as well as artistically, the concert was a complete success. I heard it in a country house in Connecticut, fully 150 miles from the Philadelphia Academy of Music, from which the orchestra was broadcasting. Except for the fact that the sound was somewhat less than what might be called life-size, the reproduction was perfect. The broadcast orchestra will never, I think, entirely supplant the real thing, any more than the portrait supplants the sitter. But, granted a good receiving set, plus a powerful sending station, the distant hearer can now have the finest orchestra playing brought to him with incredibly slight loss of quality.

Even over the air, one could recognize the characteristic quality of the Philadelphia [*Turn to page 54*]

George Arliss in "Disraeli", a big movie event

Perfect English

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

AFTER the international statesmen have completed the important work of limiting armaments, there should be called a conference of Anglo-American experts to settle the pressing question, "Just what is perfect English?" By this, I don't mean written English, which is governed fairly competently by a set of established rules; I am referring to spoken English, about which there is now much acrimonious and futile debate.

Presumably, there is such a thing as perfect English speech. There is someone whose diction is unencumbered with those exaggerations, crudities and affectations in pronunciation and inflection which form what is briefly known as "accent." But who is this wonder man?

When our talking pictures were first seen and heard in London, the critics there started to howl in protest against the gruesome articulation of the film stars. Many of us in America seconded these complaints against the vaudeville-gangster dialect that seemed to be the standard of speech on the vocal screen. But when *Bulldog Drummond* appeared, we set up cheers, for it seemed to us that Ronald Coleman's diction was reasonably close to flawless. He had none of the absurd mannerisms of Bond Street, Broadway or Hollywood Boulevard. He spoke what we were pleased to call "Oxford English." (As a matter of fact, the language of the average Oxford undergraduate is almost unintelligible to educated people.) However, when *Bulldog Drummond* was carried overseas the London critics lamented that an otherwise estimable production was ruined by Mr. Colman's "American accent."

If the conference that I suggest is ever held—and it won't be—I believe it will decide that the best English is [*Turn to page 54*]

William Ricciardi and Muriel Kirkland in "Strictly Dishonorable", Preston Sturges' constantly delightful comedy

What's Going On in the World

Keep It In The Air

A REVIEW OF THE THEATER

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

J. Ramsay MacDonald

A LIGHT comedy should be handled like a battle flag. It must never touch the ground. Whenever there is danger of the play or banners sagging, someone should step forward to raise it up again. Strict adherence to this rule is the secret of success in *Strictly Dishonorable*. The plot is simplicity itself. Simplicity has always been a good plot. A young girl from the South goes to a speakeasy with her fiancé, a cross young man living in West Orange, New Jersey. In the restaurant she meets an opera singer and when she quarrels with her truculent escort the singer offers her shelter for the night in his own apartment. He frankly confesses that his intentions are not in the least honorable; but when they are alone he finds that, after the manner of Kipling's soldier in the song, he likes her too much, and so he goes away locking the door behind him, only to return upon the morrow with a proposal of matrimony.

There is nothing enormously novel or ingenious in this story; and yet the little play is a constant delight. Granting the merits of the manuscript by Preston Sturges, part of the credit must go to Brock Pemberton and Antoinette Perry who staged the piece. It was Miss Perry who made a last minute speech to the actors before the curtain rose and said, "Remember to keep it in the air. Don't try to be too natural. Don't try to play yourself; and anybody who makes the audience cry will be fired right away."

This is sound advice for any company about to embark in light comedy. The mood must be one of gaiety and banter. Life goes on; but not within the walls of that particular playhouse. All the women are fair and the brothers are valiant. Incidents follow closely one upon another ,like a regiment of rabbits. For there must be bounce and speed if the thing is to succeed. Naturally all the characters talk with far more wit than can be found in any transcript from real life. This is the speakeasy of a dream. I think I violate no confidence in saying that thousands of young girls from the South have visited the most exclusive night clubs in New York without the opportunity of meeting an opera singer, much less marrying him. [*Turn to page 55*]

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH FRANCES NOYES HART

"Once Upon A Time"

ONE of the regrettable things about being wise and tall and grown up is that we aren't supposed to read fairy tales any longer. Gone forever are those firelit and candlelit hours when we curled breathless on a stool, our curls brushing the pages across which knights rode, swords drawn, with a keen eye for dragons and an even keener one for damsels in distress. All the stories began the same way—the only proper way for a story to begin, after all:

"Once upon a time" . . . .

Once upon a time there was a poor boy, whose only fortune was a high heart and a small cat. With these treasures, one fine day he took up his staff and turned his face resolutely toward the distant spires and towers of a great city, bent on seeking his fortune. Before he had gone many miles—alas, before he had gone many miles, there mingled in our reluctant ears the ominous silver knell from the hall clock that meant bed-time, and the brave, far-off music from the bells of Bow that meant fame and fortune.

"Turn again, Whittington, thrice Mayor of London!"

Valiant, as of old, they are still ringing, if we will stop to listen, and the fairy tales through which they now ring are as fantastic as any ever bound between those old glittering covers, though these days they go housed soberly enough in blue and black and brown. This month I am going to tell you of three poor boys for whom they rang—boys who turned at their bidding to find fame and fortune.

Once upon a time, in a small Scotch fishing village called Lossiemouth, a little boy was born—a little boy with thick dark hair and fearless dark eyes, whose ancestors for over two hundred years had lived and died in this village. The cottage that he was born in was a "but and ben" of two rooms, backing on a railway track; and at twelve the little boy was hard at work lifting potatoes for a living; at eighteen he was on his way to London, with a shilling in his pocket and not even a cat to keep him company. A week later he was addressing envelopes for the [*Turn to page 53*]

Williard L. Sperry, D.D.

Turning Life Upside Down

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

REV. W. L. SPERRY, D.D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

MR. SPERRY is Dean of the School of Theology in Harvard and also acting Chaplain of the University. His book two years ago, entitled *Reality in Worship*, made a profound impression, alike by the fineness of its spirit and the richness of its thought, and is regarded as one of the best books ever written in the philosophy and art of worship. His latest book, *The Signs of These Times*, is a searching analysis of the confused religious situation of today [*Turn to page 55*]

For Daughters Who Think Alike

THEY MIGHT EVEN BE TWINS

THEY wear each other's hats—yes, share each other's thoughts. Why not give them a room that truly reflects their most happy companionship? . . .

There are many unusual effects, as the picture shows, in this room planned for these two young people. A bold arrangement of beds—that's not really so bold and is certainly very practical now that it has been done. A bright idea in pictures—two floral prints (they're actually glazed chintz) that add a delightful color contrast to the polka dot wall paper.

LITTLE TOUCHES OFTEN OVERLOOKED

Then a larger square of chintz (left over fortunately after making the full-length draperies), transformed the old window-blind. Next a wide-shade lamp was so placed that its light plays dutifully across each pillow.

Will both these people like this room? Will they want to share every bit of it? Why, even the quilted slipper chair might be big enough for two!

Perhaps the most unusual result was the way the floor turned out. The old one—but never mind that! It's out of sight though still doing duty underneath the modern linoleum floor.

One glance tells you this is no ordinary floor. That sixteen-point star of golden brown, for one thing, makes it quite different. Now look at the border—we call it a Linostrip border. That double strip of plain brown linoleum forms a fine frame for the plain blue field. This border effect, by the way, can be had in many different color combinations, in many different widths. The insert, too, comes in several designs—stars, castles, heraldic effects, ship motifs.

SO EASY TO FASHION YOUR FLOORS

In fact, in Armstrong's Linoleum you can now have floors fashioned for your particular home, to suit any decorative scheme, any type of interior.

The improved designs (scores of smart effects are now showing at local department, furniture, and linoleum stores) is partly the reason. The improved laying, now a custom-tailored job, is another. Experts will install your new Armstrong Floor quickly—cement it firmly in place over linoleum lining felt. No bother, no upset. The result is a permanent, practically one-piece floor that fits every nook, every cranny.

Cleaning care, too, is made simpler by the newest improvement in Armstrong's Linoleum. Every square foot of the surface is Accolac-Processed at the factory. This makes your Armstrong Floor spot-proof, stain-proof. Light waxing and polishing keep it new-looking. Should your floor need frequent washing (in kitchens, baths, halls) just renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

One of the original touches in this unusual room is the floor. It was designed specifically for this interior—just as you can now fashion your own floors for every room in your house. In this instance, Armstrong's Linoleum in plain blue was selected for the field. A sixteen-point brown star insert and Linostrip border No. 45 complete the effect.

Handmade Marble Inlaid No. 63 edged with tan Linostrip No. 28 and plain black linoleum

Armstrong's Rose Jaspé No. 14, framed in delightful color contrast with Linostrip No. 26

Hazel Dell Brown, who planned this bright bedroom, will gladly tell you how to create equally distinctive rooms. Her interesting story about modern room planning and modern linoleum floors is yours if you write for *"New Ideas in Home Decoration."* Illustrated in full color. Contains an offer of free personal service. Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing. (Canada, 20c.) Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 325 Lincoln Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A Handy mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Mrs. Squirrel, at home mornings, 9 to 12

ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES *No.* 20

Bobby answered my ring. How glad I was that my very first visit that bright morning had happened at this particular house! For where small boys grow, there is always sure to be something new to learn about soap.

And the minute I introduced myself to Bobby's mother she opened the door wide—"Come in," she invited smilingly, "I've read every single P AND G Naphtha story. And I've often wished on your trips that you would find me!

"You see," she explained, when we were comfortably settled, "I just couldn't use anything but P AND G Naphtha. Other soaps seem so crude and gummy beside my nice white P AND G!

"You saw Bobby," she continued, "but Berty's another reason why I need a soap like P AND G. I've given them nature books . . . and it's become a game with them to know all the birds and trees and flowers. My, the excitement when a Mrs. Squirrel brought her babies one by one to live in a backyard tree!

"Of course, they take nature-loving tummy side up or tummy side down," she said with an amused look, "and I don't know whether I'd be such a sympathetic mother, if I weren't sure of a lot of help in P AND G suds. For no matter how soiled their play clothes are, after a soaking most of the dirt is in the water!"

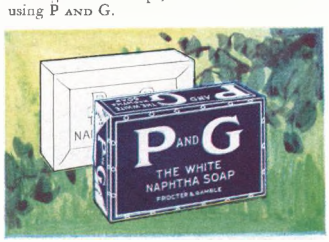
Fine and white, safe for colors, quick to loosen dirt in hard or soft water—these are a few of the reasons women give for preferring P AND G White Naphtha. Yet few of them know why such fine white soap costs less than cruder, harsher soaps.

Really the reason you can buy so much P AND G for so little money is because it is the world's most popular soap. If P AND G were made in small quantities, it would have to cost you much more! But because P AND G is made in enormous quantities every day, Procter & Gamble can sell it at such a saving to you!

But remember—P AND G is so popular because women everywhere have discovered it *really is a whiter, better soap.* CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

FREE!—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. NM-10, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Doesn't it seem nicer to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P AND G.



The largest-selling soap in the world

A sharp ping! Bullets! A snap, then a tinkle of glass

THE GREAT GAME

Beginning a fascinating conspiracy against two lovers whose enchanted romance is threatened by the evil genius of a master mind

By Harold MacGrath

Illustrated by W. C. HOOPLE

ELSIE CROWELL was alone in the world, and so was Captain John Dunlithy. They were very much in love and shortly to be married—so they thought.

Elsie was the only child of the late Francis Crowell, once a power in the money marts; and the family home, about forty miles up the Hudson, was almost a palace. She was computed to be worth millions; she would come into possession of these millions—actual possession—on the evening of her twenty-third birthday, a few days hence. Crowell had been dead seven years, and had left his fortune in trust, peculiarly.

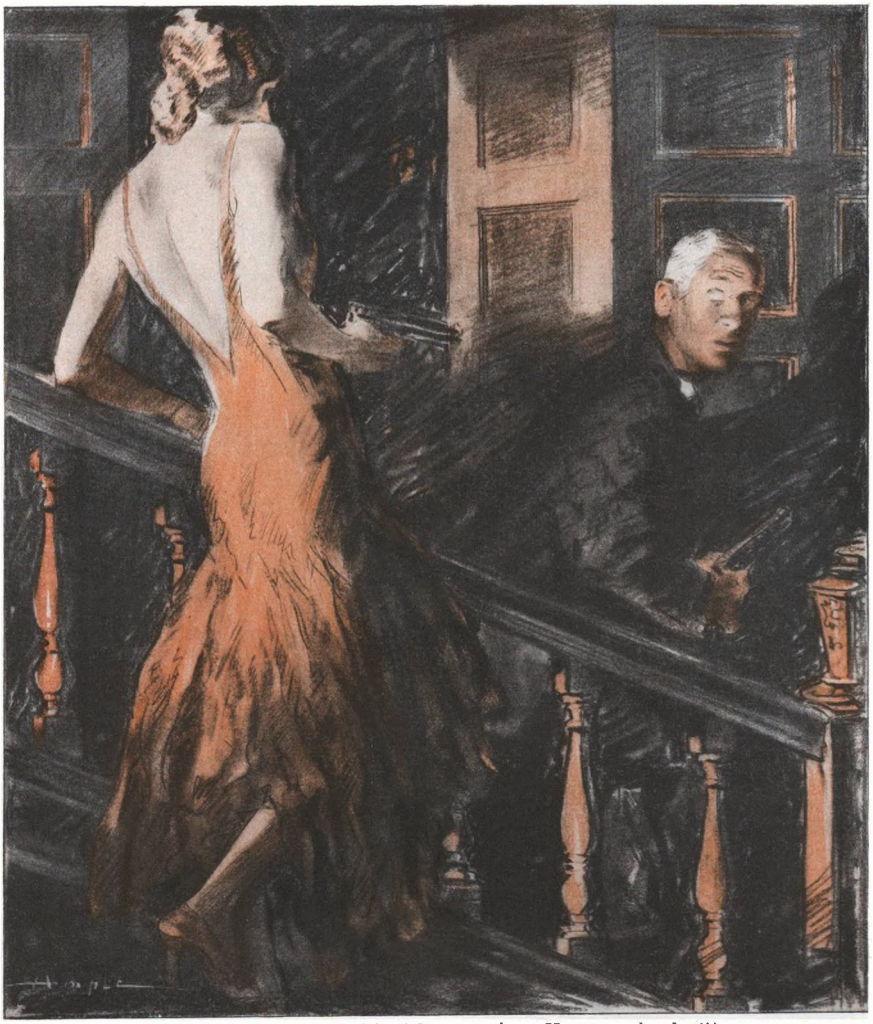
Captain John Dunlithy's fortune, however, consisted solely of his royalties as a popular dramatist. And the engagement of these young people created scarcely a ripple in the social affairs of the city. Dunlithy was not known to society, and Elsie was indifferent to it, though from time to time she was featured in the picture sections of the newspapers.

So this was the first day of the four days before her birthday—before the wedding.

Elsie had gone into town, dined with Dunlithy, and had been his guest at the first night of his latest play, and he had motored her back, through the night.

Despite the lateness of the hour, Elsie had urged her fiancé to come in before he began the return journey—Dunlithy would long remember that return journey—a mile a minute, with the wind and the exhaust like a typhoon, and never knowing when a bullet would send him crashing into the ditch!

Whether she stood or sat, to Dunlithy, Elsie was an exquisite picture. She was a picture at this moment, with the firelight—all the light there was in the room—outlining her profile, ruddying her brown hair, putting a ruby flicker in her brown eyes and marking the flowing grace of her body. John Dunlithy was a lucky dog! Queer, though, that she should want to be married without fuss and feathers on her birthday, without guests. For his part, he was delighted with the idea.



"Go back, Elsie!" Gilbraith warned. "You may be shot!"

"It was wonderful, Dunny," Elsie was now saying. "How I enjoyed it! First-night, and with the author!"

She leaned toward him quickly, rumpled his hair, kissed him, and moved away, a shade of roseleaf touching her cheeks.

Torment came from the secret burning in her heart; and she could not bring herself to tell Dunlithy, though he must be told. Would he understand? Or would he decide that her love was tainted with self-interest? For the fact was if she were not married on her twenty-third birthday, she would lose her entire fortune.

She said suddenly, "I do love you so, Dunny; and sometimes I'm afraid of my love for you. But you would come to my rescue, if need be?" There was a queer break in her voice.

"Through fire and water."

THEIR farewell was affectionate and after his departure, for a moment Elsie did not move, but stared at the swaying portières. All at once she sat down and covered her face with her hands. What would John Dunlithy believe? That she had grasped at him as one drowning grasps at a straw? To keep herself in luxury. Was she cowardly? She did not feel so. It was perfectly logical that she would want to keep what was lawfully hers. But to think that Dunny might reason that he was only a means to selfish end! He might, but she knew in her heart that he loved her.

On the way out, Dunlithy nodded pleasantly to Thomas, the old butler, who brought him his hat and coat. There were only four house-servants: Thomas, Mrs. James, the housekeeper, the upstairs maid and the cook, all of whom had been in the family for years, and who had remained on to care for Miss Elsie.

"Mr. Gilbraith would like to see you in the library for a moment, sir," said Thomas, sleepily.

Gilbraith? Dunlithy was astonished and curious.

An old fellow, somewhere past sixty, withered and bony, with faded blue eyes, a colorless man.

Dunlithy entered the library. "You wished to see me, Mr. Gilbraith?"

"Yes, Mr. Dunlithy." Gilbraith went to the double doors and closed them, then he examined the windows. He returned to the desk and motioned Dunlithy to be seated. "A little chat, now due."

"What about?" asked Dunlithy, idly wondering if anything ever lighted up the gray face.

"Love and finance," answered Gilbraith, drily. "You will admit that the former to be successful has to rely a good deal upon the latter."

Dunlithy frowned. There was something metallic in the old fellow's tones. . . . .

"I am an American citizen," began Dunlithy, briskly: "though my name has an old-country twist. Five generations, born on this side of the Atlantic. Poor; varying fortunes!" And he gave a brief, dry review of his own life, concluding: "I can give Elsie all the comforts of home, and a very boundless love. You can verify all these statements."

As he finished, his tone a shade ironical, Dunlithy did not like the old codger and never had. Too shadowy, too silent, nothing hearty about him, with his dull, blue eyes and his dry, thin, bloodless lips. No, he did not like Henry Gilbraith, he decided.

His thought jumped to Elsie, her queer mood tonight, wanting to be rescued and all that. Did this nonsense hide any particular fear? But fear of what? His dislike of Gilbraith grew, as he watched the old fellow fumble with some papers on the desk. Gilbraith was one of those absolute executors, without bond, who could sell and buy as he saw fit, collect rents and so forth and so on, making his accountings yearly to Elsie, who, naturally, would take his word for everything.

"You are not familiar with the will, I take it," said Gilbraith.

"The will? No." Dunlithy was honestly incurious. He wanted Elsie, and didn't care a hang whether she had a million or a kopeck.

"Elsie has said nothing to you about the character of the will?"

"No. Besides, it's no affair of mine."

"Indeed!—Well, I'll read you a peculiar phase of it. Elsie's income is between sixty and seventy thousand a year. She will have a quarter of a million in cash, providing there is no miscue."

"What's that?—A miscue?"

"Yes. If fate should stumble at the wrong time. Occasionally a man leaves a simple will. Generally they are complex instruments full of fool clauses, such as this will is."

Dunlithy sat up. There was a drama here somewhere.

GILBRAITH proceeded. Francis Crowell was in love with a girl, in his youth. A girl he didn't marry. As it turned out, he married Elsie's mother. But the other woman married and left a son. It got into Crowell's head that this boy should have been his. The boy is now twenty-five. Elsie, his own daughter, will be twenty-three in a few days. Now, according to the terms of the old man's will, she must be married on her birthday, on or before nine o'clock in the evening, here in this house. She cannot marry before, she cannot marry afterward. Failure to obey the terms of the will means that the entire property goes to the other woman's son, that Elsie will go out into the world with only what she has in her purse."

"I consider that damnably unjust," said Dunlithy hotly. "I never heard of such a thing. It would tend to drive Elsie into the arms of the first comer and would make her self-conscious about her marriage."

"My idea, precisely," with hidden mockery.

This time it set Dunlithy's ears afire. "Meaning me? You believe, then, that Elsie is ready to save her inheritance that way?"

"My dear sir," replied Gilbraith, with open mockery, "I have not said that Elsie does not love you."

"What's this young chap's name you refer to?"

"Arthur Hilton."

"What sort?"

"Women and gambling. He would spend the money like a drunken stevedore, and go broke in a couple of years. So, young man, watch your step, as they say."

"He knows about the will?"

"He'd be a fool if he didn't."

"You are, then, in a queer roundabout way, trying to tip me off?" Dunlithy was much astonished.

"That is for you to judge. Millions are very attractive. Men have killed for less."

"Couldn't the will be broken?"

"Not even bent," said Gilbraith, with a flash of grim humor. "Four celebrated alienists examined the old man the day the will was signed and witnessed."

"Why wasn't I told before?"

"Elsie did not want to spoil the romance."

"I see. Well, goodnight, and thanks," Dunlithy said, buttoning his coat.

As he reached the double doors, he turned suddenly, mysteriously impelled. Venom! If Dunlithy had ever seen a human eye charged with venom, he had seen it in this revealing instant in Gilbraith's.

To win Elsie through the smoke of battle! The whole affair was as clear as daylight. To keep out of young Hilton's way until his marriage to Elsie seemed the thing to do, and there was nothing thrilling in that.

The engine roared as he began the journey to New York. He had what is known as the mechanic's ear; that is, he could pick up foreign sounds, outside the engine's racket. Now he heard a sharp *ping*. In the upper right-hand corner of the wind shield he saw, to his astonishment, a hole, with a thousand cracks running out from it. He lowered his head and threw on the full power of the engine. Again came the snap and again the tinkle. This time the hole appeared in the upper left-hand corner of the wind shield.

Bullets!

Back in her room Elsie heard the shots. She flung open a drawer and got her automatic and dashed down the stairs. In the semi-darkness the girl almost ran into Gilbraith, who, with pistol in hand, was creeping stealthily toward the door. He glanced around quickly.

"Go back!" he warned. "You may be shot. Better keep out of the way." His words were clipped.

"I'm not afraid." Elsie's voice was calm. "If Dunny's in danger, I cannot sit by and watch."

Suddenly the Airedales began to set up a racket. The person who had fired at Dunlithy had come by water and was apparently leaving that way, for presently the barking of the dogs trailed off into disappointed whines. Then silence.

Elsie turned to Gilbraith. "So it has begun," she said.

"I'm sorry," replied Gilbraith.

"Can't we have Hilton arrested?"

"Upon what charge? We can't prove that he was on the grounds tonight. And there is always the possibility of newspaper notoriety—old wounds reopened."

"You told Dunny everything?"

"Yes. He laughed. He said he wasn't interested in your property but in you. I don't think it will matter to him whether you come to him rich or poor."

"You have been very good to me."

"Why shouldn't I be? But for your father I should still be a grub in a dusty law office."

"There's nothing we can do?"

"Nothing. The will was long ago probated. Just tell Mr. Dunlithy to keep under cover."

Gilbraith returned to the fire, after Elsie had left him. Ha! She had forgotten her pistol. No matter; he would return it to her in the morning. He rose briskly and approached the desk-telephone.

"This is Gilbraith talking. Was Hilton in town all the evening? Very good. Where? What time did you leave him? At ten-thirty? That isn't all the evening. Oh, you saw him enter the Bolton Arms at ten-thirty. You aren't sure he went to bed? Someone tried to shoot Mr. Dunlithy. No: I don't believe he was hurt. From now on watch Hilton's every move. When he goes home at night, loiter around for an hour. Yes, that's all. It was half after one when Mr. Dunlithy departed."

IN THE meantime Dunlithy continued at top speed. Bullets! Not so bad; there would be some life in this game. Bullets which had not been fired with murderous intent. It had taken him but a moment to deduce this fact. An iron-nerved, cynical marksman had planted those bullets as a hint of what he could do if he found it necessary.

At the garage, he inspected the bullet holes in the wind shield. Here was about the last word in expert marksmanship. The swerving of a fraction of an inch and they would have entered the back of his head.

Later at his apartment when the telephone rang, he fairly jumped toward the instrument, knowing instinctively that the caller would be Elsie.

"Dunny, Dunny, are you safe?"

"Not a scratch."

"They missed you, then?"

"Why aren't you in bed?"

"I heard the shots, and couldn't sleep until I'd telephoned."

"No harm was intended. Just a cynical notice for me to keep away; and to fool our friend Hilton, I'm going to keep away until the wedding. Where was Gilbraith?"

"I met him in the hall. He had heard the shots too, and was going to the door. Be careful for my sake, Dunny."

"You may jolly well bet I shall be careful. This is a keen sporting proposition, and I'm going to sit in. No outsider is going to get your money or me."

After he had said goodnight in the true manner of lovers he refilled his pipe and fell to pacing the floor. The first line of investigation should be directed toward Hilton, to find out all about his habits, his companions, how he amused himself, where he got his money. It wouldn't be a bad idea to kidnap Hilton. Dunlithy laughed, undressed and got to bed.

As the lights went out, the watcher across the street pulled his hat down over his eyes and walked away.

Consequently, the next morning he addressed a letter to the Picton Detective Agency. Picton had formerly been a detective on the city force, and had gone into business for himself and prospered.

My dear Jake: I want you to handle a little business for me, at your usual rates. Find out all you can about Arthur Hilton, who lives at the Bolton Arms, and mail me the information. Find out particularly where he was last night, which was the twelfth. Under no circumstances call or telephone. I don't want him tipped off. Make it short work.

Cordially, as ever,

John Dunlithy.

Nothing would happen in the daytime. But someone might get into his rooms at night while he was at the theater, or fiddle with the car so it would stall. At once he solved this point in the game. He would hire a sedan every night, with one of Picton's men as chauffeur.

Next day he had Elsie in to lunch. Lovely, and tender, and whimsical she was—he realized his luck.

"Elsie, Gilbraith doesn't like me," he said at once.

"I'm sure you are wrong, darling. He considers you a resolute young man, and is quite sure you'll not fail."

"I never really understood how it is that he became your guardian."

"The will gave him that authority. He was father's secretary and right-hand man ever since I can remember. He hates carelessness, and that's the one thing that makes him flare up. He's always been good to me."

WHERE did he come from?"

"Daddy found him in the office of Wardlaw Sneed & Hurd, attorneys. Gilbraith had charge of financial law, and was considered one of the best authorities in the State. He drew up remarkable contracts, they say. So one day Daddy offered him five thousand a year to come to him; and Gilbraith has been in the house ever since."

When Dunlithy returned to his apartment, he found a letter from the Picton Detective Agency and was profoundly astonished at the contents. [*Turn to page 84*]

"I love you so, Dunny. Sometimes I'm afraid"

FORTY DOLLARS TO SPEND

(Who should be sacrificed—the parents whose life lay behind them or the daughter whose happiness rose before?

By Shirley Seifert

Illustrated by GRATTAN CONDON

IT WAS Friday of the week and wash day for Dora Skipping. Because on Friday mornings the other two girls who shared with her the large room under the northeast eaves of Rayfield Hall had classes straight through, while she was free. Also because this washing and renovating of her own clothes was one of the ways in which she made both ends of her budget meet. One end of the budget was simple—a small, small sum of money in the form of a monthly allowance by mail; the other end was complicated, being an extremely pretty girl who had good taste as well as good looks, and ambitions.

Three military cot-beds paraded in a row under the east windows. On their counterpanes was spread Dora Skipping's daytime attire—one wool jersey dress, one handknitted sweater with a flannel skirt, two frocks of silk crepe. And they were frocks, too, if Dora *had* made them herself from bargains in material! A mere thing like necessity would never draggle Dora. These costumes, stripped now of their washable accessories, awaited an inspection for spots and a thorough pressing when the laundry should be hung up to dry. The washable accessories, together with a pile of lingerie and her entire supply of silk stockings, were occupying Dora at a stationary porcelain washstand in a small closet-like lavatory.

Dora was working hard and fast. It was no joke, this every Friday morning struggle for respectability. With Dora the aim would be even higher. She was a girl at whom people turned to look again, whether she was in sports attire on the campus or at a tea in silk. The handwork on her clothes, the sewing and laundering, were exquisitely done. She always had some duck of a frill here or there, where you least expected it and where you liked it best.

"And I'm clever," she would have explained, laughing, to anybody interested. "I stick to one color. I get most horribly tired of blue, but everything goes together. That's how smart I have to be!" There would be that smile on her lips, and her eyes would dance in an appeal something like this: "Laugh at me all you want so long as you like me."

You liked her at once and you thought her clever indeed to choose blue. The faded old blue smock she wore at her washing was distractingly becoming, because her eyes were blue; a very positive blue and not serene or placid, but with the very dickens dancing in their depths. She was so alive, this poor, hard-working girl. Her very hair snapped with vitality. God, who hadn't given her riches, had given her gold-bronze hair that glinted all over with a constant effect of catching a sunbeam, and had supplied odd little curls in the hollow of her white neck and over her ears. Besides these lovely eyes and this enviable hair, Dora Skipping was twenty, healthy, slender and sweetly rounded of contour; and anybody would suspect in two minutes that somewhere there must be a young man who loved her madly.

THERE was. His name was Frederick Bain. A graduate electrical engineer with an excellent position. He came of people who had means. He drove out to call on Dora or to fetch her elsewhere every week-end. Each time that he saw her the expression on his blunt, honest, not too handsome face was identical. His nice hazel eyes would light up. A stain of red would run under his year-around sunburn and his lips would twitch. He would want to marry Dora Skipping the next minute. Literally the next minute. He said so in every way known to man and some which he thought desperately he had invented.

Finally the week before this Dora had admitted that she wanted to marry Fred as much as he wanted to marry her. But it wouldn't be the next minute. It couldn't possibly be one minute before a year from the coming June.

"Gorgeous!" reproached her lover. "How can you be so mean to me?"

"I knew you wouldn't like the idea," sighed Dora. "That's why I waited so long to say yes."

"You knew—a long time ago?" Fred caught his breath sharply.

"Right from the beginning," said Dora appeasingly.

Fred doubled his fists and thrust them into his trousers' pockets. The proposal had been made and accepted this time under trying circumstances. In the afternoon there had been a sleet storm. Roads were treacherous. The Dean of Women had made an announcement at dinner that no girl was to keep an automobile date that evening. All callers were to be entertained in the parlors of the dormitory. Eight dollars worth of tickets to a show in a city eighteen miles away were going to waste in Fred's pocket this minute. With this entertainment in mind, he had called early. That netted him and Dora an alcove off the main parlor, but there were no curtains to this alcove and right in front of it loomed a piano, played all evening by a brainless male idiot who did things by ear inexhaustibly and kept looking at Dora between times instead of at the girl who had let him in.

"But why a year from June?" protested Fred. "It's wasteful enough to wait at all, but why the extra year—after you've finished school and all?"

"Why do you think you love me?" asked Dora.

"Why do I think—" Fred glared at her helplessly. "Say, if you don't know the answer to that by this time, I'll never be able to tell you."

"I do know," said Dora, so softly that Fred's hands almost ripped through his pockets. "I'm awfully proud and that's why I'm so keen about you. I want everything to be just perfect. I want you all your life to think a lot of me. If I didn't have a sense of honor, a pretty keen sense of honor, I'd never satisfy a man as honest as you are, I know. But I've a contract to fill out—with my family—before I marry anyone."

"What do you mean? A contract?" said poor Fred.

"Have I ever told you about my family?"

"Oh, mentioned them now and then. I know your father is a preacher."

"My father is an angel." Quick tears flashed in Dora's eyes and were winked away. "My father is an angel and my mother is a queen. She came of quite elegant people way south—Georgia. She could have married any number of rich men; I mean, any one of a number. She married father because she loved him—and he had just nothing. For a long time there was just nothing. Dad was educated to be a lawyer—and the law asked him one time to defend a man who he knew was guilty of a terrible crime and in his thinking over the ethics of that he turned to the ministry. That was very hard for him and Mother. When I was a little

"Pooh!" said Dr. Skipping. "Of course he's coming!"

girl we had no carpets on our floors. Dad kept reaching a little more recognition; but there were the babies. We could do without carpets better than without babies, Mother said."

"You sweet kid," said Fred. "You peach! Is it still like that?"

"No, not exactly. Father has a good and loyal church in St. Joseph now. He's quite happy and we're much more comfortable; but when he got to that place, the babies were growing up and had to be educated. You see, that's how we Skippings are. Certain things are awfully important to us. We're always spending our money on something highfaluting instead of on carpets. Every Skipping child had to have a college education. We were all such prodigies that we must be given a chance to show the world. No matter how the boys fumed—I had two older brothers—about pitching in and earning some luxury, off to school they had to go. John was the first. He made his own expenses, but that left Father and Mother with the increasing burden of us and no help. John was through his first year at a school of architecture when the war came. He was killed in September of 1918. None of us older ones can look at the front door at seven o'clock of a May evening without seeing him standing there, shouting about some prize he'd taken and that he'd joined the army."

Fred slid closer on the padded window seat and recklessly laid hold of Dora's hand. Firmly he held it under the shadow of a too modishly short coat-tail. Dora blushed and blinked and laughed with a catch in her throat.

"Then there was James, the brother of John. He got an appointment to Annapolis. We none of us thought of anything but how splendid that would be for John. It was like giving wings to a person who wanted earnestly to do his duty by all of us but was plainly designed to be a dashing hero. We made him take the appointment. His expenses were covered by the government, but now and then we wanted him to have extras, though it was hard to make him take them. And the wings came literally. He chose aviation and we won't let him give that up. Well, you know how expensive the service is. About all he can give us, now at any rate, is glory. He's supposed to marry an heiress; but, being a Skipping, he won't. He'll marry some priceless gem without a penny—and we'll be so pleased!"

"When are *you* coming?" growled Fred, very fiercely and protectively. He gave every indication of being just about to rip entirely with emotion under the politeness of the public parlor.

"I'm next. When I was still small, my grandmother sent Mother's piano from the south. She thought she was doing a kindness, but almost at once it was discovered that I was musical. Then we had music lessons instead of carpets. You couldn't have a much more expensive talent than music. Of course nothing would do but the best teaching, and I couldn't resist because I did love the piano. And the family was so thrilled! We Skippings again! When any one of us is to do something we all forget everything else to get behind that person and push. And so here I am. The head of the music school here is a marvelous pianist, who did concert work until his health broke. He is good; and the idea is that I am getting a touch of college education with my music. So—I finish in June. Yes. But I want a year to pay off a little of my debt. The family doesn't feel that way. I do. You see I haven't been allowed to earn any money except with an occasional accompaniment that Professor Lensing has got me. Practicing four hours a day, I wasn't to think of taking on any jobs. Father has been sending me a monthly allowance, just the same as if he could afford it."

I SEE," said Fred, "how you feel, but and still—could you make any real money the first year?"

"I would! There's always teaching. For concert practice there's a radio broadcasting station that will give me work once or twice a week and the organist in father's church is getting very old. I'd fill in there."

"I'll bet a nickel," said Fred, "I could give you twice as much money to put on that debt and never feel it. I'd be glad to!"

"My dear!" said Dora softly. "I'm sure you would and could, but it wouldn't be the same. I want to give them something all myself. I want to be one Skipping investment that pays a little."

"Are there more kids?"

"Three." Dora freed her hand suddenly to make a clasping gesture indicating inspiration. "Fred! The holidays begin week after next. Couldn't you come down some time during Christmas week and meet the Skippings?"

"If I come," said Fred, "I'll bring the largest and most emphatic diamond ring I can buy and I'll dash their hopes of you entirely. Still inviting me, Dora?"

"I haven't made you know the Skippings at all, goose. When I tell them about you, which I shall at once, if they don't know already, they'll say only, 'How wonderful for Dora!' Gracious what is all the commotion about?"

Fred shot out his left wrist to look at his watch.

"Ten-twenty," he announced. "At ten-thirty we'll all be booted out the door." He stood before Dora, smiling, coaxing, that flattering run of color under his year-around sunburn. "Sweetness," he whispered buzzingly, "won't you come outside to tell me goodbye, or must I wait till a year from June for that?"

The handsome, endowed dormitory opened on a stone archway through which a miserable wind swirled and whistled; but the only annoyance that at all marred the sweetness of that farewell was the fact that four other pairs of lovers had got Fred's idea ahead of him. It was all he and Dora could do to find a stone buttress with a shadow suggesting oblivion.

SO NOW, on a Friday morning a week later, in the midst of her washing and cleaning, was there any reason in the world why Dora Skipping should think her lot a hard one? When she had hung her wet wash on patent lines above the radiators and turned on the heat full and opened the windows to speed the drying, she unfolded an ironing board and warbled. On a desk before the board she propped a book on harmony and flattered herself that she was doing ear and voice exercise in sight reading. Strangely, however the harmony exercises began, no matter what the key or the phrasing, Dora Skipping warbled lines from a ballad by De Koven:

"Oh, promise me that you will take my hand
The most unworthy in this lowly land."

She had written her family about Fred. They had replied to a man with no time out for argument that they were jubilant at the news and would she, could she possibly have him at home for the holidays or part of the holidays? The Skippings would hold a grand levee, and other precious nonsense of that sort.

"Oh, promise me that someday you and I
Will take our love together to some sky—"

The Skippings didn't know how grand a levee they would hold when Dora came home—ahead of her lover, not with him. Oh, no! Because Dora was coming home this Christmas with money in her bag. Money to spend! Forty dollars! Pinched off the edges of that princely allowance and swelled with those occasional hired accompaniments. Forty dollars, which she was going to spend recklessly on the aggrandizement of the Skipping home. It was a sum so large one way and so small the other that she hadn't any idea just what she would buy with it.

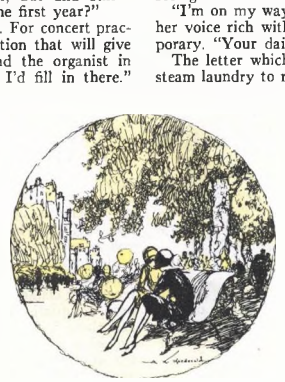
"And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision—"

A small clock on the desk said ten-thirty. Abruptly Dora disconnected the iron, uptilted it and ran to the upper hall. She hung over the stair rail.

"*Yoo-hoo!*" she called softly but penetratingly to a dark head two stories below and smiled seraphically at a familiar upturned face. "Marge, would you mind seeing if there's mail for me?"

"I'm on my way with it," said the one called Marge, her voice rich with the sarcasm of a knowing contemporary. "Your daily special!"

The letter which Dora presently carried back to her steam laundry to read was brief.



"Sweetheart," it said, "I love you. See you tonight. I can manage three days off next week. Yours forever, Fred."

It was on the train homeward bound that Dora experienced her first twinge of uncertainty about Fred and his visit. She was riding in the day coach for economy. Fred had put her on the train. He had wanted to buy her a Pullman reservation, but she wouldn't allow it.

"Some day," she coaxed, "I shall love for you to, but not now—you understand?"

"Why do you think you love me?"

And Fred had been nice—he was always nice—but troubled.

That worried Dora, a little. Exuberance, she thought, was a dangerous feeling. It blinded one to realities. Realities were being looked at awfully hard nowadays. Fred's shining eyes had strayed once or twice from her to her surroundings this morning. And the day coach was quite clean and not nearly so messed with terrible people as she had known it to be on occasions, as it would be likely later on this day. Fred's mouth had tightened.

"Wait a year?" his expression said. "I guess not! I'll take you out of this or know why."

Of course she had been perfectly honest all the time that Fred was falling in love with her. Yes, honest; but extremely at her best. Because she knew right well that she had fallen in love first. He was such a nice, straight, handsome he-person! The leading incentive for fussing with frills and slicking her wardrobe had been that glimmer in Fred's eyes when he beheld her. Of course, without this incentive she would still have been Dora Skipping and charming, but not quite—so charming!

"We are fine people!" she said stoutly, half impatient with herself this day.

STILL she was worried. He—Fred—would be getting a swift, sudden first impression. She had grown up with the peculiar shabby fineness of the Skippings. And her worry now was not that anything about her home or family would jar Fred's love for her. If he had been that kind of man, his opinion about anything would never have mattered to Dora. And it would have been low for her to be anxious about her family's pleasing her lover. Her worry was lest this precious family should receive any little hurt in this first visit. For the sake of these splendid people who had been her entire background and foreground until she had met Fred, she didn't want one flicker of such a look as that young man had given the day coach.

Fred was human. He had always lived in abundance. When she had tried to explain about her circumstances to him, she couldn't be sure he was hearing her words exactly.

"Why," she had said, "in our home we used to have to keep careful record so that we'd know whose turn it was to get the next pair of shoes."

And he had nodded and gone on looking dreamily at her hair. Oh, he was a dear! She loved him utterly; but, being Dora, she championed fiercely, too, the people who had made, she thought, her life what it was; had made her for Fred; who were welcoming him, not as a disappointment to any high hopes, but as a sort of reward. If her two loyalties [*Turn to page 87*]

"I don't understand," whispered Primrose—"but I promise"

EARLY TO BED

The gay story of a child of fortune

By Lynn and Lois Montross

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

I WANT all the music, all the starlight, all the love and glitter I can cram into my heart while I'm young; then when I'm old I'll have something to remember!" This was Primrose Muffet's creed—the cry of youth to happiness. And Primrose, like a naughty and disturbingly fascinating cherub, dances with twinkling feet toward her goal.

There had been that glittering party at the millionaire Muffet's, where Primrose had discovered Roger. Blithely she dismisses heartsick Allison Blaine, a somewhat bitter and brittle sophisticate, and concentrates on shy, clumsy Roger Van Horne, who is captivated by her charm. All this completely bewilders Ellen Maitland, Roger's fiancée, with her pale cameo-like face and a soul not yet touched by the fire of love.

None of this year's novels boasts so gay and enchanting a heroine as this madcap daughter of the very new rich—a child masquerading as a woman.

Part III

ROGER VAN HORNE rebelled furiously against the pain lying always at the bottom of his thoughts like a dull, heavy stone; he tried to forget, but wherever he turned it seemed to drag him down as if he had been a swimmer struggling in despair against an overpowering weight.

He could scarcely explain this grief—it was so curiously dull and plodding; but once or twice he had acknowledged that it had something to do with Primrose. He fought against that realization; but whenever he remembered the touch of her soft lips . . . . his heart seemed to be crying out *I want you so, I want you so!*—all the time, all the time.

He despised himself for having done that inexplicable thing in his classroom—the very first day that he had faced any classroom. How had it happened? There had been her parted lips and unwavering eyes as he read, and there had been later the swift dark sweep of her eyelashes against her cheek, and that mysterious feeling of fright and longing between them. And all at once in a wave of blindness he had kissed her.

And he said to himself—"I have Ellen. I am pledged to marry Ellen." But in his heart he added—*I—do—not—love—Ellen.*

A certain relief of decision came, despite that calling in his heart to an unnamed girl trembling with youth—*I want you so, I want you so!*—and he knew what he was going to do, although the years seemed to stretch ahead of him in bleak, unmitigated despair. And he knew also, after many walks around the lake when the sun was ruffling the water with gold, that since he was going to marry Ellen in June he must forget those stray moments of fright and longing, of glory and fulfillment.

As he turned back from his walk one day into the street that circled Hixon Park he met Ellen coming toward him. Almost without words they walked slowly to the bench in the shadow of a great elm tree.

"I know you're unhappy," she said.

"Yes," he answered.

"You take these long walks every day and you don't ask me to come with you."

"Sometimes I want to be alone."

SHE looked at him with sad, level eyes. "You can't tell me what's—troubling you?"

"I can't tell you, for I can't tell myself."

"Then you're not angry with me about anything?"

He shook his head miserably. He wished he could be angry with her.

"When we are married, Roger, I want you to have your long walks and your thoughts . . . just the same, alone."

He wanted to tell her honestly that he did not love her; but that is the most difficult thing in the world for a man to tell a woman.

Why couldn't he love her? She was beautiful and strong and serene. He felt guilty and wretched.

"And we will go to China, won't we?" she asked. For some reason he couldn't understand, she had always wanted to go to China and teach in the schools there. A queer notion—going to China! He said so.

"My dear Van, you know you've always wanted to go!"

He remembered dimly that he had but not now. What could hold him? A fragmentary memory—the brooding eyes and the brown hands and the perfume of an unnamed girl?

Ellen looked down at the small bluish diamond glittering on her hand. His diamond. His little, unpretentious, yet overwhelming pledge of faith.

"Roger," she said, "when we are married I want you to do what you like. I want you to be utterly free. I don't want you to go to China if you don't care about it. I want you always to do whatever you want to do!"

Their eyes met with a seeking look, a look which struggled to understand the strange thoughts that each knew were not being spoken.

"You are—awfully good," he stammered. He felt numb. Ten years, twenty years, of patient numbness.

"I suppose I'd better go in now," she said, rising. "I've got some work to do." But just as she was turning away she came back to him. "Roger," she said earnestly, "everything is just the same, isn't it?"

He knocked the ashes from his pipe very carefully. "Of course," he said. "Why, of course." But it seemed to him that another man had answered.

Up in his room he lit the one-ring gas plate which rested on a shelf concealed by a curtain and warmed a can of pale sausages for his supper. He ate two thick slices of bread with a meager spreading of butter and drank four cups of coffee to still the ever-present hunger of his big frame and undernourished muscles. The nagging worry about money constantly oppressed him. Uncle Hilliard's mind, grown vague with age and distraction, came to consider Roger as a rascally young spendthrift who owed him several thousand dollars.

This evening there was a dance at Rebecca Holmes Hall. In the evening clothes which he had cherished for so long and which were growing almost painfully

small, cleanly shaven and bathed and brushed, and looking almost handsome in spite of his pallor and harassed eyes, Roger groped down the dark, narrow stairs. Mrs. Butteridge darted out to intercept him.

"I've been talking to Mr. Butteridge about this new endowment," she said shrilly. "I do declare! I think it's the most unusual thing I ever heard tell of! Whatever made that old manufacturer of ginger ale decide to give the college that two million? Tch! Tch! Tch!"

In the gymnasium used alike for parties and basket ball games Roger stood stiffly by the door where the rest of the faculty was gathered in a little polite, smiling, watchful group. He was greeted with effete murmurs; making a few remarks about the weather and the decorations, which were ridiculous, he stood apart feeling bored and alien.

HE ALLOWED himself the satisfaction of many secret sardonic comments: how absurd it was to dump those pumpkins and corn-shocks around the walls and stick up some American flags and Japanese lanterns, thinking that the apologetic gymnasium as a ballroom was better by these ludicrous trophies; how like a plate of lukewarm soup Miss Coffey looked in her pea-green evening dress; how much poor old Dr. Dwight Edward Cathcart looked like a fat blue-point served without cocktail sauce; and how amazing it was that the few hundred plainest girls in the world had been gathered here at Hixon College! Roger noted that nearly every girl in the room wore a pink taffeta dress with a modestly rounded neckline and a gold rose.

The men—that was a different matter. For the most part they were brothers and cousins and high-school boy-friends and adventurers who would try anything once—including this dance at Hixon College.

Roger saw one beautiful girl in blue taffeta varied by a silver rose on the shoulder; he noted her splendid shoulders and regal head across the room—and as she turned he saw that it was Ellen. [*Turn to page 80*]

"What a funny place!" shrieked Dolly. "Did you ever see such a funny place?"

IN TWELVE HOURS

Jealousy, envy, doubt—these lured him from the realities of life and then brought him face to face with its supreme revelation

By Elsie Singmaster

Illustrated by RAYMOND SISLEY

FRANCES—Old Man Lancaster—Frances—China—Frances—the Lyme Bank—that thousand dollars—a thousand dollars—Frances—Frances——"

Schuyler Haven's thoughts traveled swiftly, but circuitously, coming back always to the same point. He sat at his desk in the main office of the Electric Supply Company, incorporated in New Jersey but with offices in New York. His head was bent above his notebook, his right hand held a pencil, his left clutched the arm of his chair. He seemed to be pondering what he had written, but the page at which he gazed had upon it only a few words—"11 P.M. Chicago Limited."

A clock began softly to strike the hour and Haven lifted his head. His eyes were blue, their bright glance startling to one who had expected from his brown hair that they would be brown or hazel.

Only the first stroke of the clock had sounded when a young woman rose from the chair set beside a distant desk and came to Haven's side. The necessity of receiving her and of dictating to her quickened his mind; he was aware of the green-gray light outside, of the dashing of the rain, slanting from the northeast.

Schuyler Haven had a habit, continued from boyhood, of saying to himself: "In twelve hours I shall know whether I have passed." "In twelve hours I shall have had my licking." He said it in his young manhood: "In twelve hours I shall know whether Frances will have me." "In twelve hours I shall have Frances." He had repeated his formula recently in agony: "In twelve hours I shall be under ether." "In twelve hours I shall be awake and getting better."

He said it now: "In twelve hours I shall know about China."

"The Yellin-Bates Company"—he need give no addresses; Miss Farrell knew the customers and distinguished those of different territories. "I shall be in Pittsburgh from March thirty-first until April fourth. I am prepared to offer the following items—"

Miss Farrell turned a page. "Frances," said Haven's mind. "The Old Man—China—China—a thousand dollars—a note for a thousand dollars—China—"

Haven proceeded steadily. The sound of the wind changed as though its direction were changing; but the light outside grew no brighter. Now and then a man lifted the telephone on his desk and spoke into it, opening a conversation, or continuing one mysteriously begun. The clock sounded its most lengthy tune, and Miss Farrell closed her tablet and rose.

"That was the last, wasn't it?"

"Yes. I should like them done immediately after lunch; they must be signed before I leave the office."

"This is your first trip since you were sick, isn't it? I hope everything will go well."

"Thank you." Haven's foot touched his bag, packed and standing under his desk. Yes, he was going to Pittsburgh; he had said goodbye to Frances and would not return for four days to South Beach. Frances was alone; but she was not afraid; she was afraid of nothing.

MISS FARRELL had gone; his thoughts were off—the Old Man—China—the post in China for which he alone was fitted. He had been born there. He remembered everything, even a good deal of the language. The other men, older and more experienced though they were, knew nothing of China. Frances—his thoughts began again their nervous round—Frances—Grandgent—

Before the name "Grandgent" had quite formed itself in his mind, he rose. He was not hungry, but he would eat his lunch while the office was still busy, and return for an hour of peace during the absence of his fellow executives, Johnston and Gore, whom he liked, Offerman whom he disliked and the twenty other employees to whom he gave no thought.

At one o'clock he found the office empty of all but a telephone girl and a few clerks. Now he could think clearly; he consulted price lists and studied a map of Pittsburgh. He glanced at the clock; the time was passing. "In twelve hours," he had said. His game was childish—he would look no more, and subtract no more. At five minutes of two came Johnston, his lean face flushed with the wind.

"You're really fit for this trip, Haven?"

"Yes, indeed."

"It doesn't pay to overdo. If you get to China, you want to be fit. And you'll be the one to go; the Old Man would never send anyone else."

At two came the others. Offerman walked heavily, his face flushed like Johnston's, not with the air, however, but with too much eating. He flung up a window; and the gale which was swinging to the north brought in a pigeon, which sailed round the great room in confusion. Haven was startled almost out of his wits by the wheeling creature which stirred the air against his cheek. His body quivered his hand shook. "Steady!" said he to himself.

At three o'clock Miss Farrell laid the neatly typed letters on his desk.

"You have your reservations?" she asked as he signed.

"Yes, thank you."

"It's the eleven o'clock you take?"

"The eleven o'clock."

Haven found it impossible to fix his attention upon the letters lying so neatly before him. He made a frantic effort, but his mind was in a panic. "A thousand dollars," said his fears. "You're a thousand dollars in debt."

"The Lyme Bank holds your note," came back the steady answer. "The Old Man wouldn't press you. It's absurd to give the matter a thought."

"If the Old Man would send me to China, I could do there what no one else could do. The voyage would set me up. I could get back the language in a month. I could—I could give Frances more—I—"

The other part of his brain checked him sharply. "The Old Man knows all about you. It would be absurd for him to send anyone else to China."

HE CAUGHT the repeated word and repeated it again. "Absurd—absurd—absurd for me to have done no better for Frances!" A drop of perspiration fell from his forehead upon the letter; the spreading ink formed an unsightly blot. He saw Frances, tall, straight, clear-eyed, beautiful in her shabby clothes, in their shabby house, a summer cottage, turned by her cleverness into a place where comfort could be had in winter. He saw not the blot, but Frances, standing on the platform of the station as he had left her in the morning. She wore

"If Offerman looks at me, I'll lift this paperweight . . . ."

Haven began to run. His foot slipped; he leaped into the abyss

a long red cape which she called the "Colonel's Opera Cloak"—he remembered her in it since she had grown into womanhood. Behind her lay the abandoned settlement; beyond, the dunes and the gray sea.

"A winter at South Beach!" he remembered the astonished exclamations of their friends. Frances had not been away, not even to New York, except when he was ill; she kept no maid, she bought no new clothes, she had nothing. She could not even pay her annual visit to her intimate friend, Theresa Lancaster, the Old Man's daughter. She persuaded Theresa, she persuaded everyone, that it was because her husband was not well enough to spare her, when it was really because he had no money to buy her clothes.

To this the sensible part of his mind answered, "Absurd! You've had enormous bills. You've supported Frances' parents; you'll soon redeem your note."

BELLS rang, customers came, the clock struck four. Time passed: the clock uttered again its click, warning that in five minutes it would strike five. After the office closed he would get his dinner and telephone to Frances, then go to his train. His mind still clung to eleven o'clock, though if a message were to reach him about the China post it would come now, before five.

Before the first stroke reverberated through the room, a tall man came through the doorway. He was very straight and exceedingly well-groomed. There was a turning of heads; someone said, "Hello, Grandgent!" The man carried with him to those who disliked him an air of success, of power, almost of triumph; in reality it was an air of cheerfulness and contentment. To meet him Haven rose; with the air of one defending himself, his honor, his beloved, his world.

"Billy"—Grandgent used a nickname of their boyhood, his voice hearty, his tone one of long acquaintance, of affection—"You're not going to Pittsburgh!"

"I am."

"I'm going to drive down the Island, and I could so easily take you home."

Haven saw Grandgent's powerful car; Grandgent was not dependent on dreary trains.

"Thank you, I'm going to Pittsburgh." Haven sat down, and looked at his letters.

Still Grandgent lingered. "I wouldn't take things too fast. You don't look any too spry."

"I'm all right." He looked up—Grandgent was still standing as though he considered his sorrowful plight. "Got to get these letters off." It was a gesture of dismissal.

Grandgent turned, found papers in a file and in an instant was gone. Typists swung their machines with one accord into their desks.

Stout Offerman rose and stretched his arms above his head. "Francis X. Bushman to the life. Probably off to meet a lady. Wonder if he's picked one out to take to China," he said.

"You don't think the Old Man—" Johnston rose, looking about to satisfy himself that only what he called "the Lyme bunch" remained—"the Old Man hasn't appointed him!"

"Sure he's appointed him! Doesn't he look like the cat that's found the cream? I'll bet the Old Man never thought of anybody else. A spoiled baby'll get what he wants. Think of him swelling it round foreign ports!" Offerman stepped out from his desk in ludicrous imitation.

Johnston was a discerning person; he realized with intense amusement that Offerman hoped for the post.

"Haven, I wonder if—"

Aware that Offerman was addressing him, Haven rose. Thrusting back his chair, he set it spinning. He was physically weak, but his thoughts took a violent, even a murderous turn. "If Offerman looks at me, if he speaks to me, I shall lift this paperweight," he thought.

Offerman's speech was not what Haven expected. "Haven, I wonder if you're not going it a little too hard."

Haven sat down—Frances—Grandgent—Frances—Grandgent—they could not know that Grandgent had wanted Frances with his whole soul.

"No, indeed!" said he, and succeeded in making his voice gay. In his heart he said, "Go, go, go!"

As if in obedience, the man went at once. He continued to sign his name, to fold the letters. He talked to himself—China was gone—gone; he must go to Pittsburgh on the eleven o'clock train.

"Frances," said he aloud. "A thousand dollars—Old Man Lancaster—" He tried with every effort of his being to keep Frances out of his mind. He did not succeed. He saw himself and Frances traversing the station arm in arm. He was leaving the hospital, he was pale, he leaned a little on Frances. She was thin, she was shabby. She had declined a porter's help with his bag, laughing at the idea of not being able to carry so light a burden.

"Frances!" Her name was called, then his own; the tone was astonished, concerned. "Let me take your bag! You shouldn't be walking, Billy; you should have a chair. You're going to Long Beach! You're living there! In winter!"

Grandgent was just home from England. He pressed his services upon them. He could easily do kindnesses; he had not only a large salary, but a private income. He had everything, except Frances.

Frances—Frances—the word went round and round, the hands of the clock went round and round. It was half-past-five, six. The noises died down, the elevator ceased to run. There were now new voices in the hall.

"The blokes is gone," said a scrub-woman.

HAVEN rose. An ugly thought leaped into his mind, hateful, unfounded, devastating, destructive to life.

The woman looked at him only mildly astonished, and not at all embarrassed at having been overheard.

"Goin' home, sir?"

He blinked, considering her question.

"Yes," said he. "I'm going home."

"You're the gentleman that was sick. It's a wild night to be out."

"Yes," said he stupidly. "I'm going home."

"Shall I help you with your coat?"

Without answering, he opened the glass door, and stepping into the hall, summoned the elevator. In the street he stood still. The wind carried into his face a soggy newspaper from the park across the street. He brushed it off with a shudder. He turned west, rain in his eyes, and took a surface car to the station. He had but one idea—he must see Frances. In the lower level of the station, seeing that it was seven o'clock and that he had ten minutes until his train left, he ate a sandwich and drank a cup of coffee.

The train was sparsely occupied, the homeward rush over. Return traffic would be light; wise folk would stay indoors. All outside the train was black, except for an occasional quick-flashing light. Usually Haven took pleasure in thinking of the engineering genius which carried him under the river; now he was aware only of a heavy weight in his heart and a sharp physical irritation. There was a grain of dust in his eye, which

he rubbed, making it worse. He longed to cry, like a child. The train got slowly under way, ran a few miles and stopped. In the pause of a single moment he heard a tapping against the pane, too light to be hail, too sharp to be rain. He called to the conductor when he opened the door. "What's that sound?"

"Sand."

"Up here?"

"Got blowed up for three days, now it's gettin' blowed back. Never knew such a night."

Haven was saying a single word over and over—Frances—Frances. He saw her in her red cape against a gray sea, against a blue sea. She walked ahead of him, beside him. Her gaze was frank, affectionate, true.

"I'm mad," he said aloud. "I'll go back to the office and to Pittsburgh."

"South Beach!" called the conductor. "South Beach!"

WALKING heavily, he left the train. He still intended to go back. The station would be locked, but there was an outer waiting room; in it he would sit until the train returned. Then the conductor would not suspect that anything was wrong. Wrong? Nothing was wrong. He began his litany—Frances—Frances.

"South Beach, sir!" called the conductor again, now with irritation. Seeing Haven's face, he moderated the sharpness of his tone. "Careful, sir!"

Haven had not reckoned upon the presence of the station master. He was locking the door, his cap pulled low, his coat blown by the wind. Haven took a quick step, but he was not quick enough; the man turned and both hands gripping his hat, walked toward him, pushing his body against the wind.

"I saw you get off the front of the train!"

"You were mistaken."

"But I saw Mrs. Haven meet you!"

Haven shook his head. "You saw somebody else."

"No, sir. It was Mrs. Haven in her red cape."

Outside the circle of light was a welter of wind and rain and stinging sand. It was Frances' custom to meet him, but she believed him to be in New York, soon to leave for Pittsburgh.

"She started home. I thought you were with her."

There was a slight lull in the wind; as the rattling sounds of the station grew quiet Haven heard the thunder of the sea. The station master took his silence for doubt.

"A gentleman was with her! I'll take an oath to it. I know her cape and her, sir."

Haven walked past the astonished man and stepped from the platform into the sand. Turning the corner he heard the full orchestra of the sea—a symphony of amazing violence and mournfulness.

Without paying heed to his steps, Haven continued toward the east, the sea at his right. His mind was benumbed, he repeated the words of the station master as though to help himself to comprehend. Scraping the sand with his foot, he remembered that the wind had been blowing for three days—no wonder that windrows had formed. Vaguely comforted he went on.

"I'm all right," said he, aloud. "I'm only unsteady because I've been sick. I'm going back to the station. This is a turning point; what I do is important. If I go back, it will show that I'm all right."

As if in answer there sounded clearly from the vagueness ahead, a man's voice. The wind had died down; he could hear the voice distinctly against the sea, as one can hear a soloist against an orchestra.

Hearing the voice again, he began to walk briskly. He knew it well, had known it all his life. His house lay straight ahead; but the voice sounded from his right—the man and the woman with him were going toward the beach. Frances loved to wander in storms, many times she had coaxed him out on wild nights. He saw her in her red cape against a tempestuous sea, he felt the texture of the cloth under his hand and wrist, the shape of her shoulders under his arm. He heard her laugh, high and clear, in a sort of childish ecstasy. He began to run, his feet weighted, his course obstructed by the sand. The two were climbing the steps to the boardwalk, there to let themselves be buffeted. He saw Grandgent supporting her, shielding her, the rough cloth under his hand and wrist, her shoulder pressed by his arm.

He saw Grandgent beside his desk looking down with contempt veiled by hypocritical concern; he saw him go to the telephone. He had meant to come to South Beach, but not to drive; his invitation was a device to discover whether he should find Frances alone. Had these visits—Haven stood still, rubbing one hand against another—had these visits begun before he was ill?

He went on, swiftly, he believed, but in reality making little progress. For an instant the edge of the moon showed, and the summits of the waves turned bright. Now the boardwalk rocked; he believed that he imagined the motion, even though he had to cling to the rail. The moon shone brightly; he saw Frances without possibility of mistake, with Grandgent beside her.

AGAIN he began to run. There was a strange mirage before him—Frances stood safe on an undisturbed elevation, between him and her there was an abyss, filled with raging water. Running, breathing hoarsely, he lunged forward. His foot slipped, he leaped into the abyss. Water encircled him, water filled his mouth, his eyes, his ears, blinding him, deafening him.

A wave crashed upon him; before the next he must get to the beach or he would die. According to his old fashion he set a term to his misery—in one round of the clock this pain would be over, this agony, this wretchedness, this horror. He felt the last suck of the retiring wave at his feet; he struck out for the shore. In a second he lay high on the beach. A half hour passed, another, another, utterly exhausted he was unaware of his discomfort and his danger.

At last the chill which shook him warned him to move. He rose to his hands and knees, then stood up. The moon was shining upon the quiet settlement, upon a short space of black water between the broken ends of the walk, upon the sea beyond. So far overhead was the moon, so calm its light in a broad space between flying clouds that the sea itself seemed quiet.

Dripping, shivering, Haven went toward his house. There was nowhere else to go. His situation, he saw, was ludicrous: he would shorten it to the minimum. He would say: "Bring me my clothes, Frances, I'm going away." Suddenly the cruel comedy enraged him. He would open his door and shout. "This is my house! I must save myself from death!" [*Turn to page 61*]

"Who is here?" asked Haven. Again, softly, the footsteps sounded overhead

Rosa Ponselle's sympathetic voice carries well on the air

Al Jolson and the "mike" are the best of friends

Arthur Allen, Louis Mason and Porter Hall

THE AIR IS HOSTESS

Wires web the world, whispering, singing, laughing, talking—Here is an intriguing peep behind the scenes at the breathless drama of radio

By Helen Christine Bennett

"SSH," said the guide, putting his hand over his mouth. "Ssh." Obediently we *sshed*. He laid his hand on a door that opened with well-oiled, silent celerity, and waved us into a small vestibule where we stood facing double doors while the first doors shut.

Our guide looked at us gravely. "Please," he cautioned, "do not laugh. Please do not talk above a whisper; and put your hand in front of your mouth when you whisper. Some of these microphones are very sensitive." Then he swung open a second swift, noiseless door and we entered our first broadcasting studio.

It was cheerfully reassuring. A big room, with very high ceilings, with groups of lights in long, dark cylinders suspended by cables over the chairs of the orchestra, neutral plastered walls, no sign of windows, but here and there tall hangings of beige monks' cloth stenciled in formal patterns on the borders. A decidedly attractive room with a temperature of exactly 72; while New York's Fifth Avenue outside sweltered at 95!

"We keep 'em cool in summer and warm in winter," said our guide behind his hand. "Performers are only at their best when comfortable."

THERE were but two other visitors in the studio, an orchestra of a dozen pieces, a group of actors and singers and the director. But as our eyes roamed the walls, we saw along the upper part four glass apertures and at each one a cluster of eager faces. Evidently we were especially privileged to be within the sacred precincts on this occasion. At the end of the room was another glassed aperture, but this was much lower and through this we could see a control board of some kind and its manipulator, whose eyes covered the studio.

Along the room there swept a little ripple of excitement. For this was no ordinary occasion. In a few seconds we were to see the radio production of "Forty Fathom Trawlers," a sea story written by John L. E. Pell, author of the famous story "Down to the Sea in Ships." This was the première, which in radio means the first of a series of half hours, and there were to be twenty-six of the series running through six months. It was a "first night" in radio.

The big clock by the control board window showed one minute of starting time. The orchestra silently swung into place; the Revelry Quartette gathered near one "mike"; the actors near another. The stillness grew intense. Graham MacNamee, the announcer, holding the typed script in one hand, stood tense, ready at the signal to begin. The director, one eye on the clock, one on the control window, held out a long arm. As his index finger dropped MacNamee started. We were off. Within the next thirty minutes, I saw a trawler loaded in that very room. Men rushed forward and back its length dropping upon the floor the luggage going into the hold. As the ice went on, the director sent forth a stream of tiny pebbles from a cone-shaped tin on to a sounding board that gave forth the clink of ice cakes. Sandpaper sheets on boards rubbed against each other, made the swish, swish of the sea. When the trawler left the dock, heavy chains were dragged across a steel framework of bars that connected the three legs of the grand piano. All this between songs by the quartette and the lines of the actors. Not an unnecessary sound, yet among the performers an intense sympathy, eager attention.

Jessica Dragonette has a large following

When the cook recited a near-cannibal story, every man in the room gave him that flattering intense attention so dear to an actor; smiles warmed the end of the yarn, hearty goodwill ran like quicksilver through the studio. Then came Captain Bill Haft's tale of his fight with an octopus. The actors, stepping out of their rôles, dramatized it as he talked. Cook, mate, sailors, ran wildly about calling to each other and hacking, as opportunity offered, with non-existent hatchets at the invisible monster. A noise expert furnished the resounding blows upon a number of small instruments. But the battle was a losing one. The devil-fish swung a tentacle over the boat's edge and Bill, the captain's little son, was caught. A shout of dismay, anger, terror, arose and then surged a perfect fury of action.

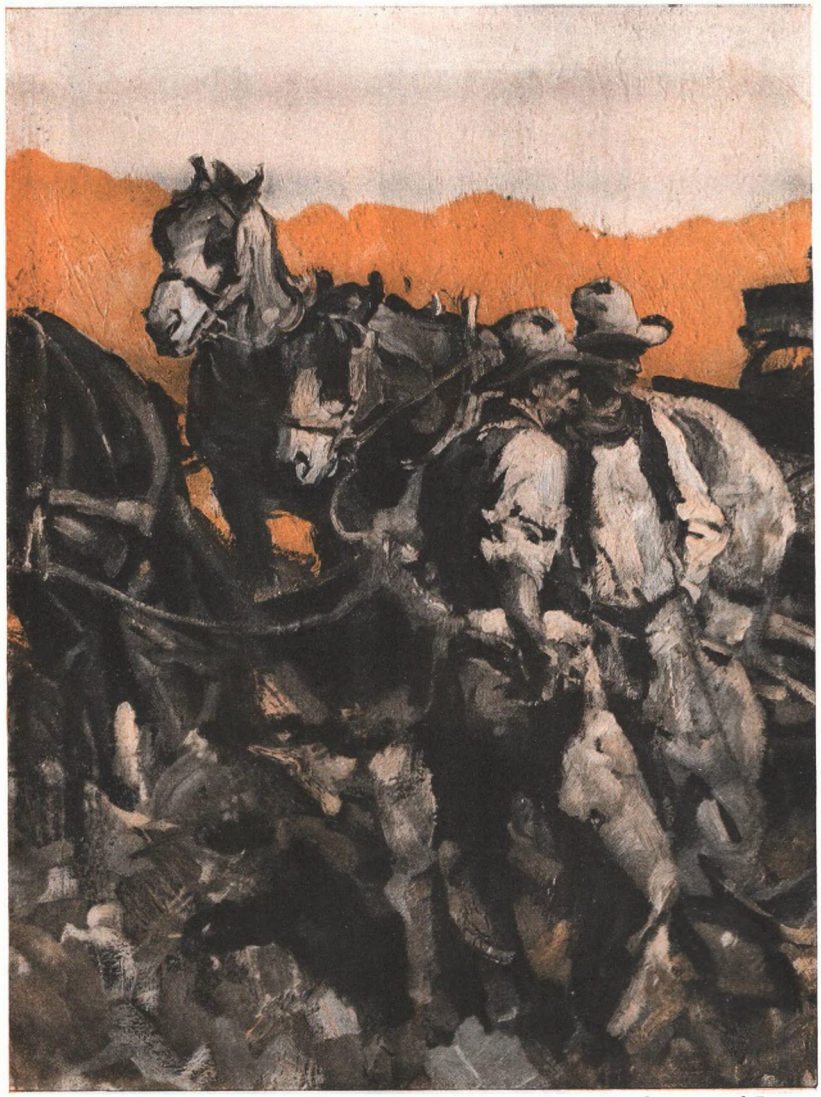
THE boy screamed; the crew rushed to him, but hesitated to chop at that tentacle; the captain in stifled tones ordered the cannon swung, the percussion expert raced to the biggest drum, a booming shot, the tentacle relaxed, the monster sank. Bill, whimpering, was borne away. By this time most of the actors, in that 72 degree cool room, were wet with perspiration running down their cheeks; their faces were flushed, their eyes glaring. MacNamee was running his free hand wildly through his hair as he talked through the microphone. The director sprang here and there, his long arms pointing directions; the orchestra, posed, tense, always ready to swing in; the quartette was fighting with the crew.

I don't know whether the listeners in that huge network, connected with the National Broadcasting Company all over the country, saw that devil-fish that night. But we in the studio certainly did.

We were to learn that for every hour on the air, a good broadcasting studio demands a minimum of eight hours rehearsal. This half hour had four solid hours to developing this one scene and every move was calculated. The actors, even when they know their lines, must hold script. For on the air no improvising is possible. Orchestra, quartette, actors, director and control man had gone over and over and over the scene. As it neared its end, the director watched the clock with greater and greater intensity. Behind his hand our guide informed us that it was a bit slow. With fingers wildly waving, the director speeded up the quartette. The orchestra leader played faster, faster and ever faster. And at the end the final bar crashed just as the clock registered the last possible second. Immediately the tension dropped. The "mike" was off. Everybody laughed, congratulated each other, nearly everyone ran to the [*Turn to page 60*]

ARIZONA AMES

By Zane Grey



"He was a tall fellow with eyes like daggers and I never

BEHIND Rich Ames, Zane Grey's romantic cowboy hero, stretch the golden valleys of Arizona; Wyoming of the tender stars and the barren wastes of Utah. And three girls, remembering, gaze after the resolute figure fading into the purple mists—Nesta, Ames' twin sister, whose honor he had defended—Amy, Crow Grieve's girl-wife, freed by the cowboy's gun from the unscrupulous ranger—and Lespeth, who loves him as only a true woman can love. But the call of the unknown echoes in the heart of the roamer and Ames rides into Montana to further adventures —and home.

Part IV

AUTUMN burned crimson and gold and purple in the valley of the Troublesome.

The noisy, quarrelsome stream raced in a long frothy incline, past the only habitation of the valley—Halstead's Ranch, and thundered its wrath into the dark green gorge below. Forest fires in bygone years had denuded these numberless slopes, some of which rolled up to the dignity of mountains. No green trees were left on the heights; but in patches branchless bare poles stood silent, ghastly, mute monuments to the arch enemy of the woodland.

Since Esther Halstead had left school in Denver, to take her mother's place in Halstead's household, each succeeding year had added more grass to the burned slopes; more amber moss and scarlet vines and purple asters and columbines.

She needed some compensations for the trials and hardships of this lonely life. At fifteen Esther had come to Troublesome to take charge of the children, and to make up to them and her father for their mutual loss. She was now nineteen; and not the eldest, for Fred was two years her senior. He had fallen into questionable habits with young men of Yampa, the mining town, a day's journey away. Then there were Ronald, aged six, and Brown, a year older, and their sister, Gertrude, who was nine, all of whom Esther had to try to control and teach.

The circumstances of the Halsteads were still comfortable, though of late Esther had reason to be concerned. They had a camp cook, Joe Cabel, a most excellent cook, with a vast sense of humor. But he could not distinguish between profanity and the ordinary use of words. From him the children were beginning to learn terrible language, which was Esther's despair. At present Halstead employed a teamster, a farmer, and two riders; he was wont to say that he accomplished more work than all of them.

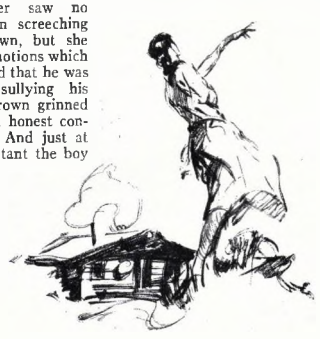
Early September had brought frost, at least high up on the slopes, which always appeared so close to Esther until she attempted to climb them. When she half closed her eyes these hills were marvelously colored, and there was a never-palling view of miles up Troublesome Valley.

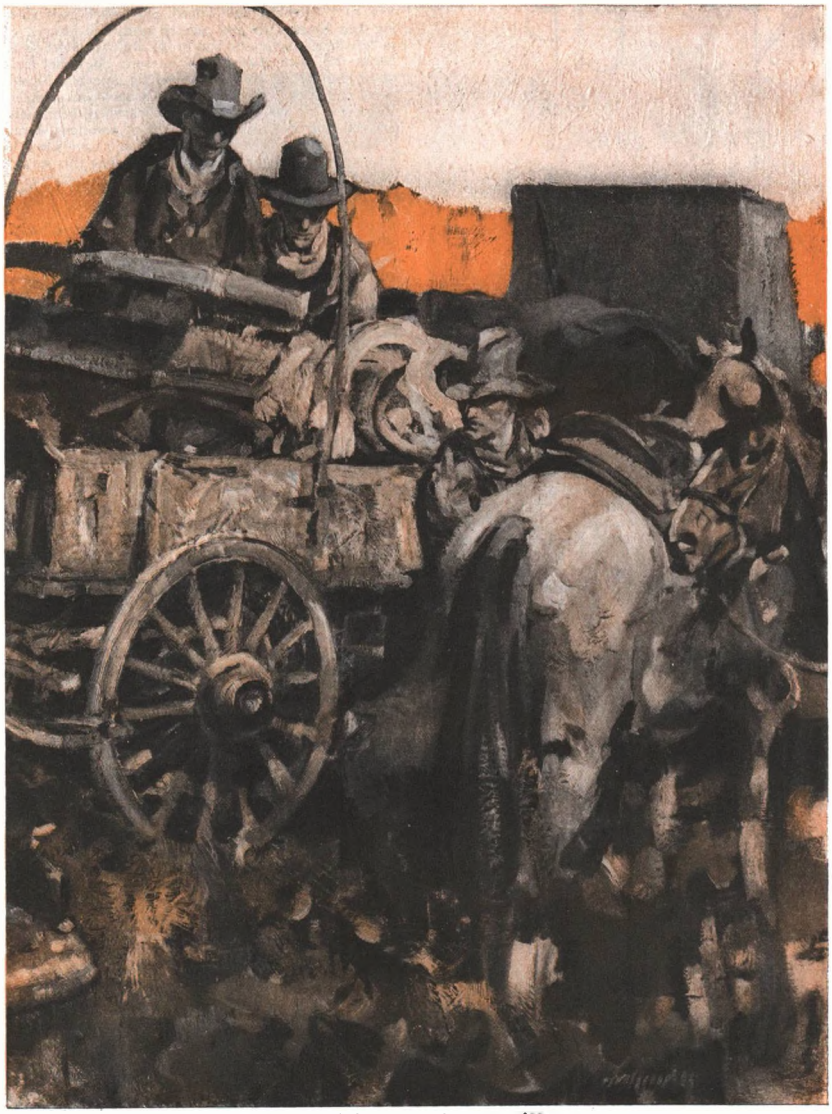
Down stream there was only a half mile of V-shaped valley, which terminated in the black gorge from whence, even at this distance, the Troublesome growled and rumbled in angry thunder at its confinement.

Ronald was running around with the dogs, chasing an unlucky rabbit, while Brown was fishing. Troublesome Creek was full of big trout, many of which Brown had hooked only to lose. This morning he had fished for hours without any luck. Presently he looked up at Esther, a freckle-faced, dirty, wet, tousled imp.

"Aw, hell, Ess, there jes ain't no trout," he yelled. "Why won't you let me go further up this—canyon?"

Esther saw no sense in screeching at Brown, but she made motions which signified that he was again sullying his lips. Brown grinned back in honest contrition. And just at this instant the boy





had a man look through me like he did. I felt like a toad"

Trails end for the Galahad of the purple sage

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFMAN

had a terrific strike from a trout which jerked him off the slippery stone. Valiantly Brown bent the pole and floundered to recover his equilibrium; but he went down with a great splash.

In a moment he waded out, a bedraggled figure, and as he came up the bank Esther discovered that his fishing line was gone. It had broken off at the tip.

"Durn it anyhow, Ess. *You* made me lose thet fish. "Wha'd you wave for? I wouldn't a cared, but he took my hook, sinker, line!"

Then his attention was diverted. "Say, Ess, look! Who's comin'?" he asked, pointing up the creek. "Gee! Is he drunk or suthin'?"

Esther espied a tall man leading a horse, staggering along slowly. She thought better of her impulse to go forward to meet him. He approached so slowly that she had ample time for impressions. He was the finest looking man she had ever seen—obviously a cowboy, or most certainly a rider. Tall, lithe, booted, spurred, belted, with gun swinging low, gray-clad, his head drooping, with face hidden under a wide sombrero that had once been white.

Evidently he had seen her, because when he drew near he took off his sombrero before he raised his head. When he looked up Esther sustained a shock. Fair hair, almost silver in color, lay dishevelled and wet on a high, white brow, lined with pain, and from under which piercing eyes flashed upon her. The lower part of his face was bearded, drawn, haggard and begrimed by sweat and dust.

"Howdy, Miss. Have I—made—Halstead's Ranch?" he asked in low, husky tones.

"Yes, sir," replied Esther.

"I reckoned so. But—any ranch—would have—done me." Dropping the bridle, he moved to a big flat stone and sat down as if he could stand no longer. "I don't care—so much about myself—but Cappy—I was shore sorry for him."

"You have come far," said Esther hurriedly. "Are you crippled, or ill?"

"No, Miss, we're just—tuckered out," he replied, with a long breath, and he leaned his face upon his hands. His sombrero lay on the ground. Esther's eyes made inventory of the long silver spurs of old Spanish design, the black leather gun sheath upon which shone a worn letter A in silver, and a bone-handled gun, which gave her a shiver.

"Starved, too, I reckon, though I shore don't feel hungry," he went on.

"Have you come far without food?" asked Esther.

"Well, I don't know just how long, or how far," he replied. "But it was across the Flat Tops. I got on the wrong trail."

At this juncture Esther's little brother appeared, and curiosity getting the better of his shyness, he moved round in front of the man to ask: "Mister, are you hurted?"

"Hello there, youngster. I didn't see you . . . No, I'm not hurted."

"Gee, you look orful tired," went on Brown, sympathetically.

"I shore am."

"Did you come down the crick?"

"Yes, all the way, from the very haid."

"Did you see any big trout?"

"You bet I did, sonny. Far up, though, in the deep, still pools."

"How big?"

"Long as my arm. You must be a fisherman. Say, little fellow, did you fall in?"

"Nope. I was fishin'—an' Ess, here—she's my sister—she called me—an' I was lookin' [*Turn to page 66*]

CURTAIN'S UP

Her lilting voice drifted over gleaming lights, hiding a despair too deep for eyes to see—all eyes save his

By Samuel Merwin

SHE was a slender little thing, very pretty in a wispy blonde way; by name, Mabel Owen; in status, merely one of the number of youngsters that Byrne Harrison always had about the theater. They sat, wide-eyed, through the rehearsals, awaiting their individual chances to do a bit in one or another of the swift procession of plays. The regular members of the company never seemed to know quite who they were, or why.

But if that overworked group gave no thought to the unobtrusive little Mabel Owen, Kin Leonard gave a good deal. Kin was the publicity man; a well-set-up, sensitive youth who knew when to keep his tongue quiet. He had seen quite a little; working on newspapers in various western cities, struggling through a few vivid months as an extra on the lots of Hollywood, writing "continuity," and finally making his way back eastward as a hand on a cattle train. And now Kin had found a refuge for the summer in the room behind the box office where Byrne Harrison's business affairs were attended to.

It was early in the season that he found himself becoming sensitively aware of Mabel Owen. He liked her walk, her small hands and the poise of her lips stirred his thoughts to romantic imaginings. Every day he made a point of being where she might be. Because she picked up some of her meals in Mrs. McDermott's short-order lunch room around the corner—"Chez McDermott" the troupe had labelled it—he frequented the place; but never sought her table. On the occasions when they happened to walk together to the theater, he said little and she less.

Kin didn't want to marry. He felt too young, and too eager to experience all there is in life. And he hadn't any money. On the other hand, he wasn't given to pursuing girls adventurously. But none the less his sentimentally hungry mood deepened. He tried working it off. The tireless drive of the business kept them all up to a pretty keen pitch. He hadn't much more spare time than the cast, but what he had, day or night, went into a play he was writing.

Twice during the early part of the season Mabel was given small parts, the merest bits. But a week came when Harrison assigned her the maid's rôle in a melodrama, *In the Next Room*. All through the rehearsals of the week the girl moved through her scene tamely, without force or color. Harrison, who waited for nobody, finally roared at her, and she cried.

Kin witnessed the scene. Harrison's outbreak stirred him to anger. Abusing a kid like that! He had to stride away. But he was back the next day, watching, tight-lipped. She looked as if nothing had happened; just quietly ready, as always, to undertake whatever she had to do. But when her scene began the room stirred with interest. She'd got hold of it, was letting go. An astonishing amount of voice came out of that small body. She sobbed and stormed. There was no question now that somewhere behind the masked blue eyes lurked a measure of emotional force.

Harrison's only comment was—"You'd have saved us a lot of trouble, young lady, if you'd done this several days ago. See that you keep it up!"

MONDAY night, just before the final curtain, Kin made his way, as the saying goes, "around back." He couldn't help it. The child had played amazingly, winning a burst of applause on her exit.

And back stage he hovered until she came down from the third-floor dressing room she shared with two or three other girls.

"Nice work!" he said. Odd how casual his voice sounded.

"Thank you." She hesitated, downcast, a mournful little figure.

"It hasn't been easy" . . . It was her first personal remark . . . "You see, I've got to make good pretty soon or" . . . She didn't finish.

"Oh, you'll make good! You have already! Shucks! Wait till you see the reviews tomorrow. I'll save copies for you. Are you likely to be having breakfast Chez McDermott?"

She nodded.

"See you there, then. Goodnight. You go home and get some sleep."

"I'll try." A twisted smile came. Hesitantly she offered her hand.

"I've wondered a lot about you," Kin said.

"About me?" She was surprised.

"Yes. You're pretty young."

"Eighteen." She didn't seem to think that very young.

"But you've had experience."

"Oh, some. Not in the legitimate."

"I have a notion that you're a dancer," he added.

"Yes, I've danced. In musical comedy and vaudeville."

[*Turn to page 56*]

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

"Just you keep away from this girl"

"Perhaps the baby, himself, will tell you his name," suggested Charmaine

The ALTAR of HONOR

By Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

IT WAS on a sunny day in April that Basil sat down by his wife's couch at the open window and asked, "What are we going to call this little nipper of ours, darling?"

A tremor went through Charmaine now which Basil was swift to note, though he made no comment. "I daresay you haven't thought about it yet," he said. "It was Aunt Edith who asked me. He's nearly eight weeks old, you know, so we ought to see to it."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Charmaine; but she made no suggestion, merely lay with her hand in his.

Basil considered for a space. "You know," he said slowly at length, "I don't think Hugh would be a suitable name for him, do you?"

"Oh, no!" said Charmaine quickly. "He isn't a bit like Hugh. Aunt Edith was saying so only yesterday. I think she's rather sorry about it."

"No need for that," said Basil quietly. "He can be quite a jolly little fellow on his own account. We won't call him Hugh, then. Would you like to call him Basil?"

"Oh, no!" Charmaine said again, and this time her voice took a personal note. "There can be only one Basil—ever."

He leaned toward her. "My darling, do you mean that? It's the sweetest thing you've ever said to me. It makes me feel—well, shall we say more hopeful?—of making our marriage a success."

"Isn't it a success?" murmured Charmaine, her eyes suddenly filling with tears.

Basil carried her hand to his lips and held it there for several seconds in silence.

A sudden sound broke in upon them—a gurgle of baby laughter on the terrace below the window. He got up quickly and leaned out.

Mrs. Dicker, whose original position of housekeeper had been exchanged at her own most earnest request for that of nurse, had just wheeled the baby out for his morning airing.

Basil hailed her. He and Mrs. Dicker were fast friends. "Hullo, Mrs. Dicker! Bring him up for a minute, please! I want to speak to him."

"To be sure I will, my lord," said Mrs. Dicker, always eager to show off her charge.

Basil continued to lean from the window for a few seconds. When he finally drew back into the room, he spoke on another subject.

"They're expecting to run the first train to Bentbridge on the first. We must go down to the cutting and see it. What a treat it will be to the youngster to see the trains go by when he's a bit older!"

"We shall have to keep the gates padlocked when he's old enough for that," said Charmaine. "I often worry when I think how close we are to them!"

"Or put him on his honor never to open them," said Basil.

Charmaine shivered a little. "Don't let's run any risks!" she said.

He smiled at her. "Trust me for that! But I'm a great believer in teaching a child the meaning of honor from the very earliest. You can't begin too soon."

A knock at the door announced Mrs. Dicker's arrival, and he went to open it.

"Let me have him!" he said, and took the baby from her.

He was rewarded by a huge smile of delight which rapidly developed into a perfect ecstasy of kicking and crowing as he bore his burden across the room to the pale young mother.

"He's an excitable little rascal," commented Basil, reseating himself beside her with the child on his knees. "Come in, Mrs. Dicker, and find a chair! We're wondering what to call him. We're tired of all the old names and want something original. Can't you suggest something?"

"Why, yes, my lord," said Mrs. Dicker promptly. "It's been on the tip of my tongue ever since he was born, though—not being a family name—I thought maybe you'd think it a liberty on my part. And it's a name he often mentions himself when he's in his bath, though I've never encouraged him, seeing as it rested only with her dear ladyship and your lordship to decide."

"What on earth can it be?" asked Basil. "Charmaine, have you any idea?"

"Oh, no, Miss Charmaine doesn't know," said Mrs. Dicker, "though it's a name she might have borne if she'd been a boy and not a girl. Many's the time I wished she was for her own sake, though I'm beginning to see now that it's all for the best."

"What can it be?" repeated Basil, with a courteous effort to suppress any sign of amusement.

"Perhaps you can get him to tell you himself," suggested Charmaine with half-wistful eyes upon the merry baby in Basil's arms.

"Well, we'll have a try," said Basil. "Come along, you little blighter! What's your name? Tell us!"

He lifted the baby and held him high, thereby provoking him to such a pitch of mirth that full expression of his feelings could no longer be denied.

"Guy! Guy! Guy!" gurgled the baby.

"Hark to him!" said Mrs. Dicker, delighted. "Didn't I tell you? The precious darling! Just as if he knew his mother was born on Guy Fawkes Day!"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Basil. He uttered a hearty laugh, and turned to Charmaine. "Do you agree, darling? Shall we indulge his fancy and call him Guy?"

She held up her arms for the child and clasped him to her breast. "Of course!" she said in a tone of relief. "Why did we never think of it before? Mrs. Dicker, it's an inspiration. So Guy his name shall be!"

"I'm sure I'm glad you like it, my dearie," said Mrs. Dicker, greatly gratified, as she bore the child away.

Basil sat beside Charmaine for a space without talking, and presently she slipped her hand into his with the old loving gesture.

"Basil," she said, "I do hope he will learn to be good."

"We'll do our best to teach him, sweetheart," he replied.

IT WAS not until the last Court of the spring that Charmaine was presented, and even then her health was not sufficiently restored to permit of her taking any active share in the gayeties of the season.

It was only in the company of the robust and hilarious Guy that she ever succeeded in recapturing some of her own lost childhood, but she was too easily fatigued to be able to enjoy his society for long at a time. His exuberance was apt to be somewhat overwhelming and she could not cope with it. For young Guy in his infancy was of the type that carries all before it.

He loved life and enjoyed every moment of it. Black-haired, black-eyed, fearless of mien, he grew and flourished under Mrs. Dicker's devoted care, completely dominating her with the charm of his personality; and in fact everyone else except his father.

Basil was the only person who ever asserted any authority over him, and perhaps for that very reason he was the object of the most wholehearted worship on the part of the lively little youngster.

Charmaine's one rebuke for wrongdoing was invariably, "Daddy would never do a thing like that."

Almost insensibly the boy came to know that Charmaine believed her husband the finest knight in the world.

As Basil had once predicted, one of Guy's greatest treats, after he grew older, was to be taken to the wood through which ran the railway cutting, to see the trains disappear into or emerge from the tunnel. It became almost a daily pilgrimage on the part of the long-suffering and ever-indulgent Mrs. Dicker who gloried in the child's eager interest and readily lent all her energies to its encouragement. To serve him was her privilege, and she steadily refused any idea of a holiday which did not include him. But when Basil quietly took the matter into his hands and decided to send both nurse and child away to a farmhouse on the Cornish coast for the whole summer following Guy's first birthday, Charmaine was startled into protest.

"Oh, Basil, not the whole summer! Will you think me very horrid," she said wistfully, "if I say I'd rather stay at home?"

"No, not horrid, darling," he answered gently. "Just mistaken, that's all. And I'm not going to let you because it isn't good for anyone to get rooted to one spot, especially a girl of your age."

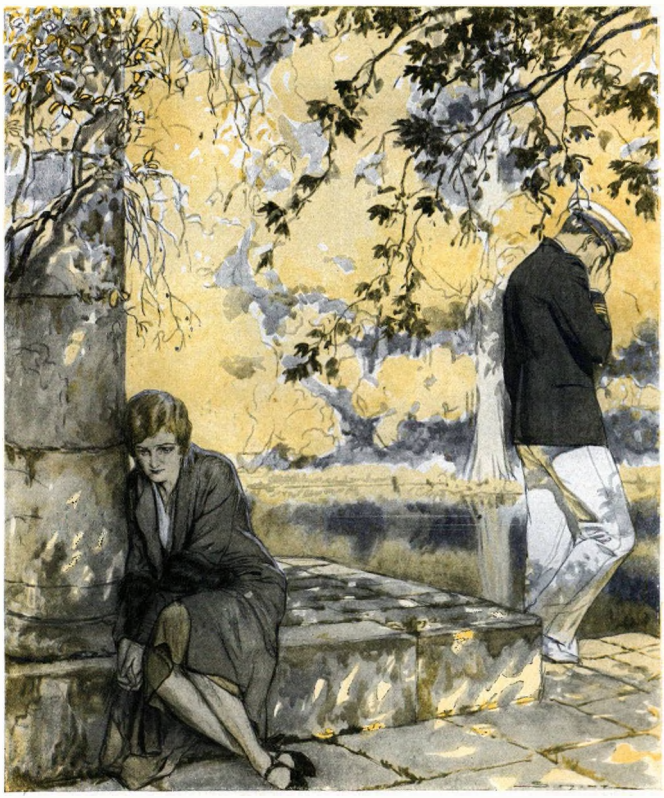
A girl of her age! She smiled wanly at his words. It was true that she was not yet twenty-one, but to her it seemed as if decades had passed over her head since her marriage.

But Basil's word was law. He had decided that her apathy must be broken, her lethargy dispersed. Within a fortnight of his decision, he had acted. Guy and his nurse were established in Cornwall, and he and Charmaine were wandering once more down the sunny French coast to Spain.

The late autumn found them exploring some of the wonders of Italy, and it was on an afternoon of golden stillness, walking in the olive greenness of the hills above the coast, that they heard the rumble of heavy guns out at sea and Charmaine paused to listen.

"The Mediterranean Squadron at gun practice," Basil said. "I heard they were not far off. We shall probably come across some of our naval fellows on shore one of these days."

Not until the afternoon did they learn the name of the battleship in the harbor, spelling it out with the aid of field glasses as they sat in the sun together in front of the hotel. "H.M.S. Paragon!" Basil read. "What a pretty sight she is! Wonder if we could visit her!"



"I'm going and I shall never come back"

Charmaine stood up abruptly. "Oh, I don't suppose so," she said. "I couldn't anyhow. I'm not a good enough sailor."

"My darling girl!" he protested, his glasses still at his eyes. "On that sea! It's like a sheet of glass. Come and look at her! She really is rather wonderful."

"Not now if you don't mind," said Charmaine. "I feel a little ill. Basil dearest, I'm going to tell you something, if you'll promise not to make a fuss."

HE STOOPED to her, and kissed the lovely, parted lips. "Charmaine, is it—is it—"

She answered him in a whisper, breathing quickly. "Yes, I'm telling you now because I want you to understand when I ask to be quiet and not—not to see people—strangers—and—and others."

"My darling," he said, "you shall always do exactly as you like."

"It won't be till spring," she said softly, "and I'm older and wiser than I was. So you'll try not to be too anxious, Basil."

He bent and kissed her forehead. "I'll pretend not to be anyhow," he said, "so long as you are happy, my dearest, and keeping well."

Later, at her request, they dined together upstairs and Basil was glad that they had done so, for there was a good deal of noise and commotion below. Sounds of merry-making on the part of the ship's officers came up to them where they sat when the meal was over, and presently there arose the strains of dance music.

"Why don't you go down?" Charmaine asked. "They sound so happy."

He hesitated, obviously feeling the attraction. "I shan't dance anyhow," he said. "Will you come too and just see the fun? I'll bring you straight back."

She yielded, partly from habit, partly because a sense of the inevitable was upon her—and partly because of a hidden longing that stirred deep in her heart.

They went down together to the dazzling, crowded salon. Dancing was in full swing. Basil took her to a seat in an alcove whence she could watch the gay scene undisturbed. So prepared was she, so strung and braced for emergency behind her pale calm, that when a merry laugh suddenly rang out close to her, she turned without haste or agitation, with a perfectly normal gesture of curiosity to see who had uttered it. Not that she needed to see, but the force which had compelled her long ago was upon her now, compelling her. And thus for the first time since their parting in that June dawning, Rory and Charmaine met.

HE WAS completely unprepared, and his start was obvious and inevitable; but in a second he had himself in hand. He came straight to her, the carefree laughter returning in a flash. He bent toward her and spoke, audaciously, gallantly.

"Please forgive me, but I know you. We met long ago—at a dance in jolly old Ireland. You are—Charmaine."

She answered him almost without effort, giving her hand to his. "Yes, I knew you directly. It was at Glasmore. You were a cadet."

"And you the loveliest little girl in the world with golden hair," he said.

For an instant their eyes met; then she turned. "Rory, this is my husband."

They shook hands, and Charmaine, watching, had a sudden sick feeling of revulsion at the sight. Hitherto it had seemed incredible. Now it was intolerable. And then suddenly the band struck up and Rory turned to her. "Will you dance this with me?" he said. His dark eyes looked into hers; they had almost a challenging look. "Just one turn," he pleaded, "for old times' sake!"

And then they were moving away together down the long palm-decked room, and Basil was left alone.

Rory spoke close to her ear. "Charmaine! I've never been near you all this time and you've never written. Are you loathing me?"

"No!" she breathed back.

They danced a little further; then: "Quick!" he said. "Tell me! Are you happy?"

She answered him truthfully. Never to Rory had she spoken anything but the truth. "Oh yes—yes—when I can stop thinking of the past."

He spoke with abrupt and fiery eagerness. "Darling—if I can get out of this for one moment, to some secret corner, will you—will you kiss me? Just once again!"

It was the old Rory speaking to her! Charmaine felt her heart leap and strain within her. Her breathing was suddenly short and difficult, and more than anything in life she wanted to do as he asked; but she answered, "No, Rory, please—no!"

He accepted her refusal without question or demur. "All right," he said. "Forget it—and me, too! And don't fret any more about the past! It's over, finished, done with—dead! If I ever see you again, I swear to God I'll never remind you of it—or try to be anything to you but a friend."

She answered him with a sharp sob that caught her unawares. And then, "Take me back, Rory, please. I can't dance any more."

[*Turn to page 89*]

Enjoy soup by our French chefs every day!

SOUPS BY Campbell's famous chefs! Soups that are already cooked—on your table in next to no time! Soups in a most fascinating variety—giving a touch of freshness to your meals every day! Twenty-one different Campbell's choices at your grocer's!

Let them delight your taste and help in your housekeeping regularly each day. For example, there's no more tempting luncheon or supper than Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with its 15 different vegetables—"a meal in itself." So hearty. So convenient. 12 cents a can.

A choice for every day

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

Heap Big Indian
Chief you see
And my name is
"Soup-for-Me"!

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

The microscope proves what your taste has always told you—

The time DEL MONTE *saves between field and can makes a tremendous difference in your enjoyment of asparagus....*

Every housewife knows how quickly green vegetables change their flavor. It happens too often in her own kitchen to arouse much surprise.

But did it ever occur to you how doubly important this change can be to the canner who wants to bring you only the finest foods? Did you ever think how DEL MONTE must fight against time—to put supreme quality into every food it packs?

Always this is true. Even the minutes count! Especially in handling asparagus—that aristocrat of vegetable foods.

As you probably know, asparagus is a vegetable that grows under the ground. Unlike ordinary garden asparagus, the asparagus you are accustomed to buy in cans is cut just as it breaks through the soil. Up to the moment of cutting, it is protected from wind and sun by a blanket of fine, rich loam. This keeps it tender—amazingly fresh and crisp.

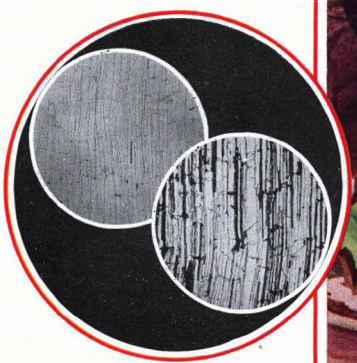
What the microscope shows

If you could look at a section of fresh cut asparagus, under a powerful microscope in the DEL MONTE laboratories—you would see a mass of tender, succulent, full-bodied cells, packed closely together.

Only 48 hours later—and the cells have shrunk and completely changed their form! They have literally wilted. Long, slender fibrous threads have made their appearance. No amount of cooking will ever restore to these cells their original freshness.

What you see under the microscope is simply a picture of what has happened at the same time to its tenderness and delicacy of flavor. If cooked at once, asparagus is full-flavored, tender as butter. Each hour that goes by before cooking makes it a little less delicate and tempting.

The deterioration of all vegetables after cutting—but a change so marked in asparagus—explains why DEL MONTE goes to such great lengths to can all vegetables for you so quickly. It explains, in large measure, the outstanding quality of this brand. It explains why speed is one of the main considerations in every DEL MONTE canning operation. Speed—and the most careful, painstaking watchfulness the canning industry has ever known. Only a *few hours* go by from the time DEL MONTE Asparagus is cut until it is sealed in the can and cooked.



Unretouched photomicrographs of asparagus cells, as they appear (top) in fresh cut asparagus; and (bottom) if held only 48 hours. Note how quickly the cell structure has changed.

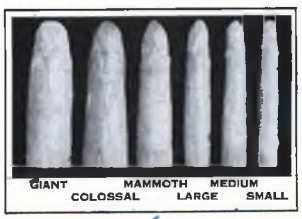
Economical, everyday sizes

Yet for all its goodness, DEL MONTE Asparagus is not expensive. It is packed so that you may buy just the *size* of spear you want—and just the *quantity* you need.

There are two lengths of stalks—long spears and tips. Long spears are packed in the large No. 2½ square can—shorter spears in two smaller cans. Salad points—tender morsels for salads, cocktails, etc.—come in a medium size round can, called No. 1 Tall. (See reduced illustration of cans on this page.)

Except for Salad Points, DEL MONTE Asparagus is sorted and packed according to thickness or circumference of the spears—plainly marked according to size as Giant, Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium and Small. The smaller the spear, of course, the more spears per can.

Del Monte Asparagus, both long spears and tips, is graded according to thickness of spear as shown in reduced photograph below. Each size plainly marked on the can.



Many quality foods

And what is true of asparagus is just as true of every DEL MONTE Food Product. The best in quality—the most convenient sizes of cans to meet your needs. "Good enough" is a term DEL MONTE never uses. In testing laboratories, in fields and canneries, there is a constant search for better ways to grow and pack DEL MONTE Foods.

If you happen to want peas, DEL MONTE brings you the freshest, most tender peas—"blended as Nature blends them." In tomatoes, it offers you red-ripe fruit, packed solid in the can. In corn, both "cream style" corn and its new, distinctive "whole kernel" pack. In spinach, the finest garden "greens"—all ready to heat and serve. And there's almost no end to the many other DEL MONTE Food Products you may enjoy—vegetables, fruits, canned fish, condiments, relishes, dried fruits and other everyday staples. The experience of more than 70 years in the food canning business stands behind them all.

If your taste is keenly developed, if you appreciate the best in flavor, if you value quality assurance and uniformity above all else, you can find no better, surer guide than this well-known brand.

These booklets will help you

We don't say that all the recipes in the DEL MONTE assortment are new—that would be expecting too much. But they *are* practical! And economical. And easy to prepare. If you'd like to have the 267 different canned food recipes in this collection—write us today. We will send you the complete assortment—free! Address Dept. 634, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

The four sizes of cans, in which Del Monte Asparagus is packed, are shown below, greatly reduced. From left to right: the Picnic Can; No. 1 Tall; No. 2½ Square; and No. 1 Square. (See accompanying text.)

Macaroni, combined with fresh mushrooms and bacon, all ready to be put in the oven. A French baking dish of copper was used but any attractive heat-proof dish would do

SUPPER SPECIALTIES

One perfect dish can make a hostess famous

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management

WHEN you invite guests to supper do you often wonder what especially nice dish you can serve them? If you do, one of these "specialties" may solve your problem. Each of them is the prize food of some friend of mine and is *perfect* of its kind.

Here's Margery L . . . 's curried chicken, for instance. She learned to make it when she and Tom lived in India, and she can never serve it too often to please her friends, both men and women. We feel the same way, too, about Amy S . . . 's scalloped oysters, and Julia W . . . 's old-fashioned creamed codfish with baked potatoes, and Mrs. D . . . 's hot gingerbread, and great-aunt Katherine's chicken loaf: they are all good enough to be eaten again and again.

If you haven't a supper specialty of your own, do try one of these. With good ingredients and a little practice you, also, can create a work of art, which will, in time, make your reputation as a successful hostess.

Chicken Loaf

4 cups chicken (dark and light meat)
1 cup fine bread crumbs
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
4 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash celery salt
2 tablespoons minced onion

Chop the chicken fine or put it through a food chopper. Add bread crumbs, pimiento and well-beaten eggs. Add salt, paprika, pepper, celery salt and onion. Taste mixture, and, if desired, add extra seasoning; the amount will depend upon how much seasoning was used in the stock in which the chicken was cooked. Mix well and put into a well-greased bread pan or square baking dish. Brush top with egg and dot with bits of butter. Place in shallow pan of hot water. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) for about 1 hour. Baste occasionally with chicken stock, or with melted butter and water, half and half. Serve with Mushroom Sauce.

Mushroom Sauce

¼ lb. mushrooms or
1 cup canned mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup chicken stock
½ cup mushroom stock
Salt and pepper

Wash and peel mushrooms and remove stems. Put stems and peelings in a little water and simmer for 15 minutes. Strain. Cut mushroom caps in thin slices, sauté in butter 5 minutes. Add flour and mix well. Add chicken and mushroom stock and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Season with salt and pepper.

If canned mushrooms are used instead of fresh ones, drain thoroughly. Slice, sauté in butter and proceed as above.

Creamed Codfish with Baked Potato

1 package salt codfish (about 2 cups dry shredded)
4 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
½ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika
1 egg

Wash codfish in warm water, then soak in cold water for several hours. Drain, cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender. Shred (separate in small pieces). Melt butter, add flour and stir until smooth. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add pepper, paprika and fish. (Another method which some prefer is to add milk to the shredded fish, cook slowly 10 or 15 minutes, and then add butter, seasonings and flour.) Just before serving, add egg, beaten until light.

To insure mealy baked potatoes, crack them open or pierce them with a fork a few minutes before they are taken from the oven. This lets out the steam and allows them to dry out slightly.

Note: First serve each person with a baked potato. When it has been opened and the contents scooped out, the plates are returned to host or hostess and hot codfish is poured over the potato.

Italian Spaghetti

4 medium-sized onions
1 clove garlic
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 can tomato paste
1 No. 2½ can tomatoes
Salt
Pepper

Put onions and garlic through food chopper (using the finest cutter). Save every bit of juice. Put butter and olive oil in frying pan and heat until melted, but do not brown. Add onions and garlic and cook very slowly until done, but not brown. Add the tomato paste and the tomatoes which have been forced through a coarse sieve. Cook slowly until the mixture thickens to the consistency of thin cake batter. Add salt and pepper to taste. Can be made in advance and reheated in a double boiler.

Boil spaghetti according to directions on package. Serve very hot, pouring hot sauce over each portion. Pass grated Parmesan cheese, which may be sprinkled over top, if desired.

Macaroni and Mushrooms

2 cups elbow macaroni
½ lb. mushrooms
1 pimiento
3 cups thin white sauce
½ cup grated cheese
Strips of lean bacon

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Wash and peel mushrooms and remove stems. Put stems and peelings in a little water and simmer for 15 minutes to make stock. Slice mushroom caps and sauté in butter for 5 minutes. Drain off water from the macaroni, add the mushrooms, pimiento, cut fine, and the highly seasoned white sauce, in which the cheese has been melted. Add ½ cup mushroom stock. Turn into casserole or baking dish, place strips of bacon over top and a few whole mushrooms. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Place under the flame for a few minutes if necessary to finish browning the bacon and mushrooms.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes

6 medium-sized sweet potatoes
1 cup brown sugar
¼ cup water
2 tablespoons butter

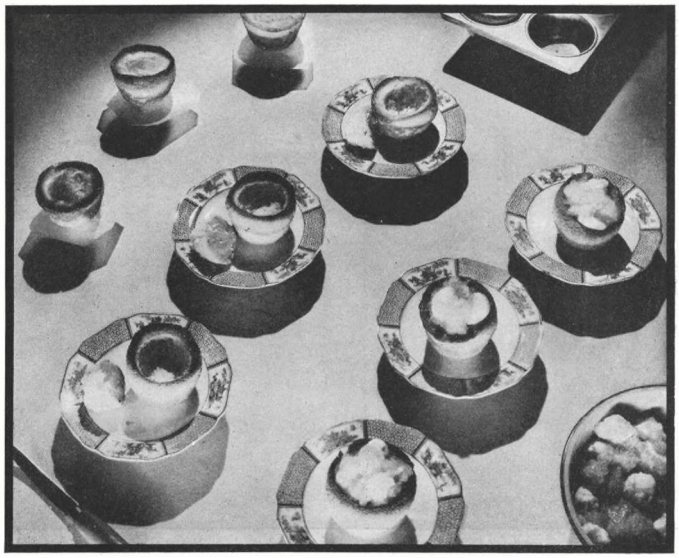
Wash potatoes thoroughly and cook, *without* paring, in boiling, salted water until they can be pierced with a fork. Drain and peel while hot, removing all discolored spots. Cut in halves, *lengthwise*, and arrange in a well-buttered baking dish. Make a syrup by boiling the sugar and water together five minutes, then add the butter. Pour this syrup over the potatoes. Bake in moderate oven until the potatoes are browned, basting frequently with the syrup. Serve in dish in which they are cooked.

Note: Delicious with cold ham or fowl.

Curried Chicken

1 boiled chicken
4 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 clove garlic, chopped
½ teaspoon ginger
2 tablespoons curry powder
4 tablespoons flour
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 cups chicken stock

Cut meat from bones of chicken keeping it in large pieces. Melt shortening, add onion, garlic and ginger and cook until golden brown. Add curry powder, flour, salt and pepper and mix until smooth. Add stock gradually and cook until mixture thickens, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. [*Turn to page 34*]



Sponge Cake Surprise—The centers of cup cakes are scooped out and the cavities are filled with fresh or cooked fruit which is then topped with whipped cream, if desired. Or the filling can be ice cream with a special sauce

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DESSERT?

By DOROTHY KIRK

THE other day when I was planning dinner, I found myself groaning inwardly: "Oh, dear, what *shall* I have for dessert." Now this is a sure sign of laziness in anyone whose business it is to work with foods all day long; so taking myself firmly in hand I said severely, "Never let me catch you wasting time like this again. Make out a list *at once* of the simple Dessert Families and hang it up in the kitchen as a reminder that the dessert course is the easiest of all to plan."

At the right is my list. When one remembers that pies, fruits and frozen desserts might also have been added to it, one realizes how easy it would be to have a different dessert every day in the month.

Nine Dessert Families

Sponge Cake Desserts
Cobblers
Tapiocas
Gelatines (especially Spanish Creams)
Custards (baked and soft)
Blanc Manges (or cornstarch desserts)
Bread Puddings
Rice Puddings
Escalloped Fruit Puddings ("Betty's")

Sponge Cake Surprise

3 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
½ tablespoon lemon juice
3 egg whites
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup flour
⅛ teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolks until thick; add sugar gradually. Add lemon juice and rind and stiffly-beaten egg whites. Fold in flour, mixed and sifted with the salt. Bake in cup cake pans in moderate oven (325° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. When cool, scoop out centers. Fill with fresh fruit or a fruit mixture, as below, topping with whipped cream; or fill with ice cream and top with chocolate, butterscotch or fruit sauce.

Pineapple and Marshmallow Filling

1 cup crushed pineapple
½ cup marshmallows cut in quarters

Combine and let stand in refrigerator to chill. Marshmallows will soften slightly. Fill cake shells and top with whipped cream if desired.

Fruit Cobbler

¼ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1½ cups flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
2 cups fruit

Cream shortening, add sugar and well-beaten egg. Mix thoroughly. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt, and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Cover the bottom of a greased, shallow baking dish with prepared fruit: (fresh berries—pick over, wash and drain; canned berries—must be thoroughly drained of their juice; fresh peaches—peel and slice; canned peaches—drain off juice; fresh apricots—remove pits and halve them; canned apricots—drain off juice; canned cherries—drain off juice). Sprinkle with sugar if fruit is especially tart. Pour the prepared batter over fruit in pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 to 35 minutes. Serve with sauce made from juice drained from fruit, or with a lemon sauce.

Sauces

Fruit Sauce: Thicken juice drained from fruit by adding 1 tablespoon cornstarch mixed with cold water to each cup of juice. Cook until thick and smooth.

Lemon Sauce: Mix ½ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon cornstarch and add 1 cup boiling water gradually, stirring constantly. Boil 5 minutes, remove from fire, add 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice, few grains of salt and a little nutmeg.

Molasses Tapioca Pudding

4 cups water
¾ cup granulated tapioca
½ teaspoon salt
6 apples, peeled and quartered
½ cup molasses
½ cup raisins
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons butter

Bring water to boiling point, add tapioca, salt and molasses and cook in double boiler for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cover the bottom of baking dish with apple quarters and raisins. Sprinkle with sugar, nutmeg and cinnamon mixed together. Dot with bits of butter. Pour tapioca mixture over all and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until apples are tender. Serve hot or cold with lemon sauce.

Fruit Tapioca

½ cup granulated tapioca
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
4 cups hot water
1½ cups apricots (canned or stewed)

Mix tapioca, sugar and salt together and cook in hot water in double boiler, 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from fire and fold in apricots. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses and garnish with whipped cream. If fresh fruit is used, it should be sweetened to taste and allowed to stand ½ hour or more. Any fruit juice may be used as part of the liquid. Instead of apricots any soft fruit may be used, such as fresh peaches—peeled and sliced; canned peaches—thoroughly drained of juice; canned pineapple, etc.

Spanish Cream

1½ tablespoons gelatine
2 tablespoons milk
4 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
Few grains salt
2 cups scalded milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 egg whites

Soak gelatine in cold milk 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks and add sugar and salt. Mix well. Combine with scalded milk and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens like custard. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Strain and cool. When partly cool add vanilla and fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into molds which have been dipped in cold water. Chill until firm.

Mocha Sponge

2 tablespoons gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2 cups strong, hot coffee
¾ cup sugar
3 egg whites
Few grains salt
Chopped Pecans

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Add to hot coffee and stir until dissolved. Add sugar. Strain into a bowl and allow to cool. When it has thickened slightly, set in pan of ice water and beat until stiff. Add stiffly-beaten egg whites and beat until it will hold its shape. Turn into a mold which has been dipped in cold water or pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Sprinkle chopped pecans over the top and chill thoroughly. Serve with whipped cream.

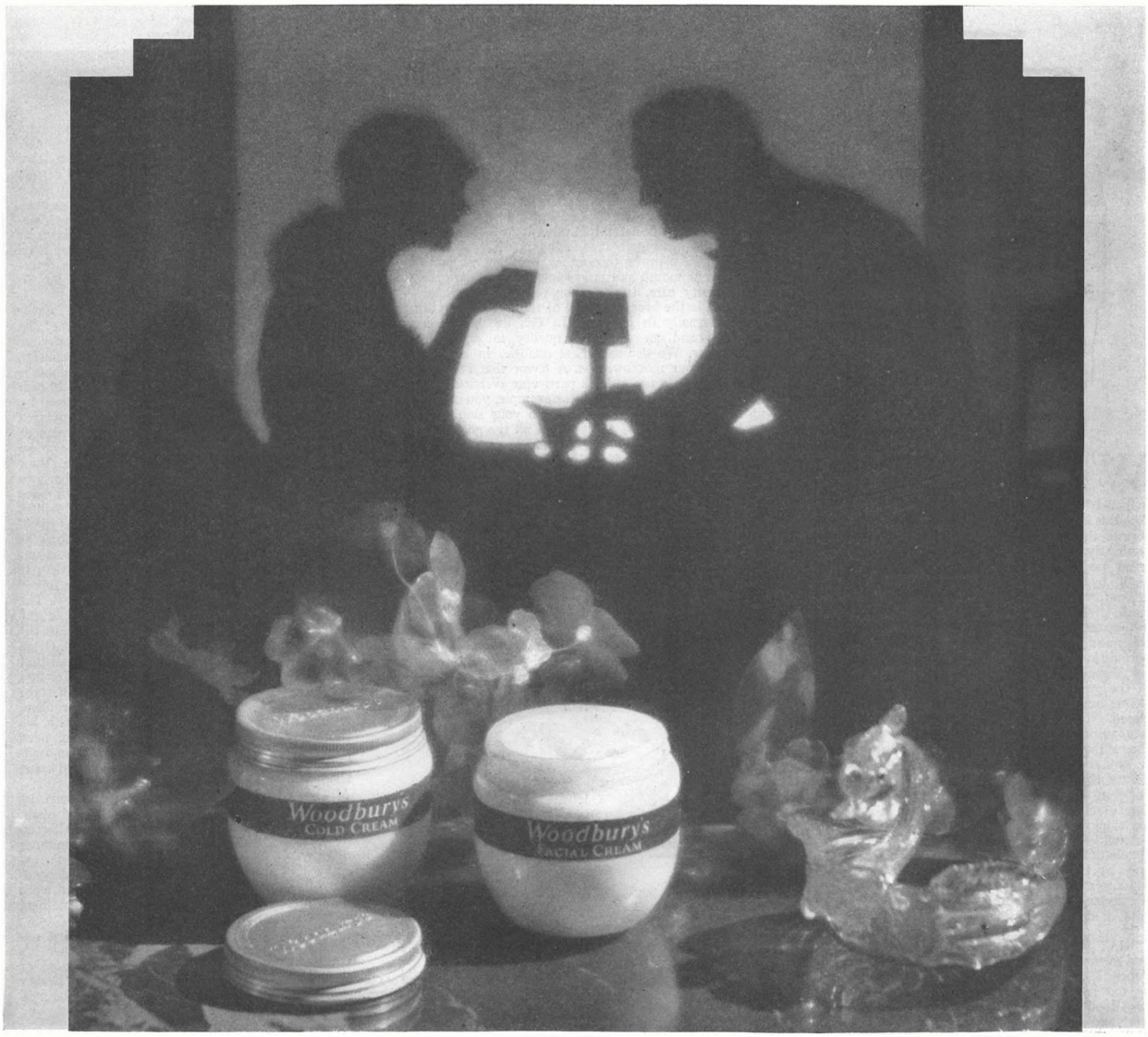
Baked Custard

4 cups milk
5 eggs
½ cup sugar
Few grains salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
Grated nutmeg

Scald milk in double boiler. Beat eggs slightly; add sugar and salt. Pour scalded milk over egg mixture slowly; add vanilla. Stir well. Pour into greased custard cups and sprinkle with nutmeg. Place cups in shallow pan of water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes, or until a pointed knife, inserted in center of custard, comes out clean.

Caramel Custard—Melt ½ cup sugar in heavy frying pan, stirring constantly until melted to a light brown syrup. Add ¼ cup boiling water and boil 5 minutes. Put 1 tablespoon syrup in bottom of each custard cup before pouring in the custard. Bake as above. When custard is cold and ready to serve turn out on dessert plate; the caramel will run down over custard like a sauce.

If preferred, carmelized sugar may be added to the custard mixture. In this case omit [*Turn to page 45*]



A cold cream that leaves the skin transparently clear . . . a finishing cream that imparts a velvety softness.

His eyes smiling into Yours...

appraisingly. Yours smiling back . . . confidently . . . there in the flattering glow of that rose-shaded lamp.

But in the clear, white light of out-of-doors, your confidence deserts you. Now you feel his eyes penetrating your skilful make-up, detecting each tiny blemish, your coarsened pores, the dryness, the dullness of your skin.

At that moment, you admit to yourself that your own neglect has dimmed the natural loveliness of your complexion. At that moment, too, you resolve that tonight — and every night — before you put your head on the pillow, you will thoroughly cleanse your face with Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. So effective, you know, because it penetrates down into the pore-depths, making it easy for you to rub out the day's accumulation of dust and dirt, powder and rouge — impurities that *cause* blackheads and blemishes, a skin that is cloudy and dull.

Then for day-time use — and as a powder base — you have Woodbury's Facial Cream. Fluffy and quite greaseless, it keeps your skin soft and pliable — protects it 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-1, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE *TWO* WOODBURY CREAMS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . *caressingly soft*
WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . *refreshing, greaseless*

SMILING BEAUTY

By HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

"Darling, look at the dentist's bill!"

WHILE we are looking around for short cuts to loveliness, we too often overlook the importance of obvious things like well-cared-for mouth and teeth. Perhaps this is because there are no short cuts to the preservation of beautiful teeth. By beautiful teeth I do not mean perfectly shaped and spaced teeth, by the way. Little differences in conformation and arrangement of teeth, as long as these imperfections do not interfere with the work that teeth and gums must do, are as important in individualizing character as the shape of the nose or the setting of the eyes.

One authority on oral hygiene declared, "The first thing to remember in acquiring good healthy teeth is to choose the right father and mother!" It isn't the purpose of this article to discuss the importance of inheritance or even the necessity of watchful care of children's teeth. These, alas, are things which we grown-ups cannot influence for our own advantage. In adults, beautiful teeth may be kept only by two methods: first, regular visits to a good dentist for repair and prophylaxis, and second, the right kind of daily oral hygiene.

THAT term "oral hygiene" is convenient, because it means so many things. It means the right kind of brush, not too stiff or too soft, not too large or too small, shaped to push food particles out from interstices and crevices of teeth and gums. It means proper brushing at least twice a day—morning and evening—with a sweeping motion, as one authority puts it, exactly as we sweep a floor, *along* the crevices, not across them. Always brush the teeth from the gums to the cutting edge. Scrub the grinding surface of the molars. Oral hygiene means using a good dentifrice with powers to aid this brushing process and to make it pleasant besides. It means rinsing afterwards with an antiseptic or cleansing mouthwash to carry away the unwanted food particles and micro-organisms.

Without oral hygiene smiling may lose the quality of dazzling loveliness it should have. Without your dentist's watchful care, facial contours may be blurred and mouths grow unattractive. Your dentist is the best friend your mouth and teeth have. Granted that dentists cling to varying and controversial theories of hygiene and care. Granted that all are not equally efficient. Granted that they may be expensive, especially after teeth and gums have been continuously neglected. Yet these men and women still remain vital to your health and your beauty. And when you think of a visit to the dentist as an ordeal, as a tiresome necessity, as a painful encounter to be postponed or avoided, if possible, you are undermining loveliness by one of the surest ways I can think of.

This article isn't a discussion of diseases traceable to infected teeth and gums. Though we should remember that the mouth, moist and warm as it is, forms the body's most perfect harbor for disease germs. One expert has called these germs with the long names and virulent capacities "opportunists" because they wait for an opportune time to attack. Times when we're overtired, undernourished, or otherwise low in resistance. One investigator declared that more than 50% of human ailments arise from a source in the mouth.

If you have never thought of brushing your teeth, rinsing your mouth and massaging the gums as part of your beauty care, try thinking of it in this light. A cosmetic, in the broadest sense of the word, is anything used externally to beautify. In this age we demand efficiency and an agreeable quality in our creams and lotions. We demand these qualities in our dentifrices and our mouthwashes. A flavor that is pleasant to one, however, is another's particular aversion. If you have never liked a rose odor, for example, you may pass up a face powder exactly suited to your skin. If you don't like the taste of a dentifrice, all the good cleansing qualities in the world may not affect your choice of it. The manufacturers of dentifrices have made various experiments and in general paid a good deal of attention to this question of flavoring. Their aim is, of course, to strike a flavor that will be clean and refreshing and will appeal to the greatest number of users.

Not so much an ordeal as a way to preserve beauty

In the past few years those who have made oral hygiene their life work have contributed many and interesting experiments to the subject. The polishing agent in a dentifrice is, of course, all important. It has been found that constant brushing of the teeth crosswise with nothing more powerful than water and a stiff brush may in time cause an abrasion in the enamel. No dentifrice scientifically compounded should, in itself, scratch the enamel if used correctly. And no reputable dentifrice does. But it should help you to keep your teeth and mouth sweet and clean. Present-day dentifrices have built their reputations along the lines of certain theories of oral hygiene. An alkaline quality is said to counteract some of the effects of acid activity in the mouth and to dissolve fatty food substances. The stimulant action of certain chemical ingredients is the basis of another type. The effect on the gums of various antiseptics and drugs that check bleeding is given as the basic principle behind another type. Others tend to stimulate production of the saliva. Still another type has an acid action similar to the stimulating acid action of fruits in our diet.

ALL experts agree, however, that a dentifrice fails in its function if its business is not primarily cleansing. The experts I talked to tell us that gum massage is of paramount importance. It is easier to massage the gums with a dentifrice spread over them. Either your brush or your fingertip may be used. They also agreed that the night cleansing is by far the most important one. During the night accumulations of micro-organisms get in their deadly work. They are not disturbed by natural mouth movements of eating, drinking or normal rinsing of the saliva. Rinsing the mouth before retiring with a good mouthwash is certainly a direct aid in subduing this disease germ activity. In this connection the Government has required that preparations of this type actually kill certain germs within a given time limit and under certain conditions of strength and dilution, before they may be labeled "antiseptic" on the container. Many people wise in ways of oral hygiene spread paste or powder on the gums in massaging them, and leave it on all night. The morning brushing is, of course, a deterrent to any formation of unhealthful deposit left in the mouth at night.

YOUR equipment for oral hygiene and beauty of the teeth should be just as carefully selected as your creams and lotions or your hairdresser. And why, oh why, do we use a toothbrush after its period of usefulness is over? Think how constantly the bristles of a toothbrush are exercised. Like any other tool, they are weakened by use. I wonder if women think as much about buying a pair of toothbrushes, as they do, say, of a permanent wave? For, of course, you should have at least two, so that one will always be dry and fresh for use. Your hair, even after a poor wave, can be coaxed back to health again because it regrows, but your teeth once weakened by neglect can only be repaired by skillful and costly dental work. I'll wager that most of us spend money cheerfully on such obvious beauty comforts as waves—yet don't we always resent the dentist's bill just a little? It won't be long before we are forced to change our point of view. The type of food civilized people eat fails to give the teeth and gums the kind of rough work they need. Often young people who are satisfied that their teeth have been cared for find after they reach maturity that the gums present a serious problem. Watch the teething baby with his zwieback— Your teeth, too, need more coarse, chewy foods than modern cookery, reflecting modern taste, can ever give them.

No short cuts have ever been devised for preserving beautiful teeth. Daily care and regular visits to the dentist are the irreducible minimum for smiling beauty.

When we remember how dependent smiling beauty is on good teeth and healthy mouths—it's something to think about, isn't it?

Next month we're traveling upwards—to *foreheads*. Whether it's features, or figures, complexions or cosmetics, there's an answer to your personal beauty problem. We'll find it for you if you write us about it. (Send a two-cent stamp for postage.)

Throw away your worn-out brushes

An English Beauty leads the smart young Racing Set

LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

BRILLIANT, bewitching, beautiful, Lady Buchanan-Jardine leads the gay whirl of smart young English society. At balls and dances at exclusive night clubs . . . famous race meetings . . . hunting and house parties . . . everywhere her blonde beauty reigns triumphant. She is of the fairest English type, with eyes of delphinium blue and hair of gleaming gold.

Her exquisite skin is much admired for its rose-petal delicacy of texture and coloring. For Lady Buchanan-Jardine gives it the utmost care.

"Here in England," she says, "a woman's complexion is the index of her chic. Smart women follow a daily régime to keep their skin fine, firm, fresh and clear.

"Simple care is always best," she adds with her dazzling smile, "so I follow Pond's Method of home treatment of the skin. It is easy, satisfactory, complete."

Lady Buchanan-Jardine likes all Pond's four preparations. Cold Cream "cleanses so thoroughly" . . . Tissues "remove Cream gently" . . . bracing Freshener is "just the skin tonic we all need" . . . Vanishing Cream is "exquisite to protect the delicate texture of the skin."

SOCIETY BEAUTIES everywhere follow these simple sure steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck. Pat in with quick, caressing upward and outward strokes. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times during the day, always after exposure.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are so much softer, more absorbent.

Third—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener. Briskly dab your skin. This mild astringent banishes oiliness, closes pores, tones and firms.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

At Bedtime—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If your skin is dry, leave a little cream on overnight.

Pond's famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener.

SEND 10¢ FOR TRIAL SIZES

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SUPPER SPECIALTIES

[*Continued from page 29*]

A covered casserole will keep food hot a long time

Shortly before serving add chicken and cook over hot water until chicken is thoroughly heated.

Note: Curried chicken is served with boiled rice, which must be hot and fluffy. Sometimes the rice is arranged in a ring about the platter, with the chicken in the middle. Sometimes rice and chicken are brought to the table in separate covered dishes. The host or hostess places a generous serving of rice on each plate, and covers it with the curried chicken.

Chutney is always passed, and some hostesses, following the Oriental custom, serve small pickled onions, chopped peanuts and shredded coconut as well.

Shrimps à la Newburg

2 cups shrimps
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 tablespoons butter
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
⅓ tablespoon flour
2/3 cup thin cream
2 egg yolks
¼ cup salted sherry flavoring

Cut shrimps in halves (or they may be left whole), squeeze the lemon juice over them and let stand for 10 minutes. Sauté in butter for 5 minutes, add pepper, paprika and flour and cook 2 minutes longer. Add cream gradually and when mixture has thickened add lightly beaten egg yolks. Place over hot water. Just before serving, add sherry flavoring. Serve in pastry shells or on squares of crisp toast. Garnish with parsley. If unsalted flavoring is used, add ½ teaspoon salt with the other seasonings.

Hot Gingerbread

¾ cup brown sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
¾ cup molasses
⅓ cup melted shortening
2½ cups flour
2 teaspoons soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons ginger
1 cup boiling water

Mix sugar and eggs together thoroughly and add molasses and melted shortening. Mix and sift flour, soda, baking powder and spices and add alternately with the boiling water to the first mixture. Mix thoroughly. Bake in greased individual pans or in a shallow pan in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with whipped cream or chocolate sauce.

Note: Gingerbread may be mixed several hours before it is to be baked if these rules are faithfully followed: (1) Pour mixture into baking pan as soon as mixed. (2) Cover it closely with two layers of waxed paper, tying paper down around edges of pan. (3) Lay a piece of cardboard on top and set in cool, dry place, preferably a refrigerator, until ready to bake.

Salmon Soufflé

2 cups cooked salmon
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup milk
4 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
4 egg whites

Mince salmon very fine. Melt butter, add flour and mix until smooth. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Add well-beaten egg yolks, pepper, salt, lemon juice and Worcestershire. Mix with salmon. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into salmon mixture. Put in greased baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Serve immediately.

Scalloped Oysters

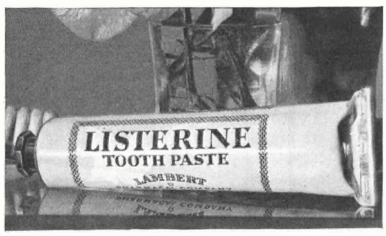
1 quart of oysters (including liquor)
1 cup fine bread crumbs
1 cup fine cracker crumbs
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash of nutmeg
1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
2 cups thin cream

Drain liquor from oysters, reserving one-fourth cup. Mix bread and cracker crumbs, and cover bottom of a well-buttered baking dish with a layer of the crumbs and a layer of oysters. Dot with bits of butter, season with salt, pepper, dash of nutmeg, and a sprinkling of parsley and moisten with a little of the oyster liquor. Add another layer of crumbs, then remaining oysters. Dot with bits of butter, season as before and moisten with rest of oyster liquor, cover with a thin layer of crumbs. (The dish should be three-fourths full.) Dot with butter, and pour cream over oysters. Bake in moderate oven (300°–350° F.) about 45 minutes, or until crumbs are brown.

Note: Never have more than two layers of oysters; if three layers are used, the middle layer is only partially cooked when the other layers are exactly right.

Time Saving Ideas

Most of these dishes can be prepared in advance and, just before supper, can be re-heated or popped into the oven for a final cooking. Practise your specialty on the family before you try it on the guests and thus relieve yourself of any possible anxiety as to its success.



Mothers acclaim this *gentle dentifrice* for children's teeth

When little teeth are coming in "for keeps" it is important that from the outset they be kept clean, healthy and unmarred.

Don't be in a hurry to select a tooth paste for your youngster to use. Study the claims and the action of all. Eventually, we believe, you will come to Listerine Tooth Paste as so many thousands of mothers have done.

For this modern dentifrice, made by the makers of Listerine, is distinguished for its thorough cleansing qualities and its gentle, safe action.

Contained in it are cleansing and polishing agents of amazingly fine texture that are harder than tartar and consequently remove it. Yet, they are softer than the precious enamel which they clean, therefore do not harm it.

In solution they wash every facet of each tooth. They sweep out decaying matter. They remove discolorations and tartar. They penetrate tiny crevices between the teeth. They give enamel a marvelous luster.

Because of its safety, careful mothers choose Listerine Tooth Paste for use by their children. Adults, too, by thousands, have discarded older and costlier favorites for this new dentifrice that gives results immediately apparent.

Incidentally, at 25¢ it saves you about $3 per year compared to dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

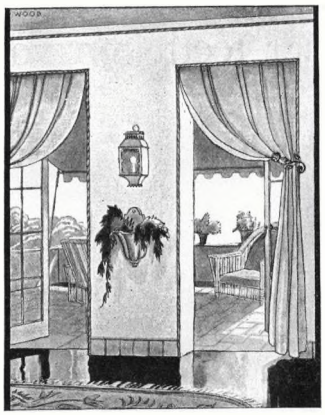
Proud of her teeth ten years from now?

Buy baby a doll with what you save

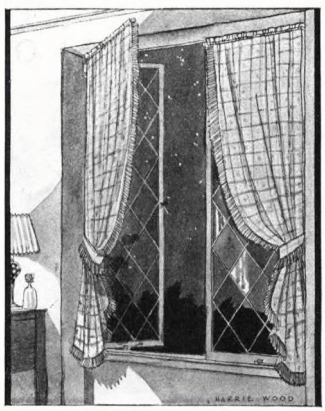
There are so many things you can buy baby with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A doll is merely a suggestion.

LARGE TUBE 25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



In a room with rough plaster walls and long windows, single curtains of dull rose and gold damask are looped up with graceful antiqued iron hold-backs.



Curtain rods which swing inward solve the problem of the bedroom with casement windows. The marquisette curtains have pink crossbars and pleatings.

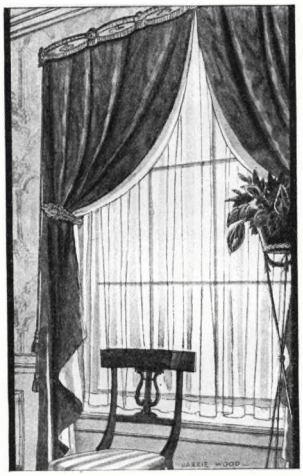
EVERY CURTAIN HAS ITS OWN ACCESSORIES

TODAY'S curtains are like women's clothes—their style depends on suitability, restrained trimming, careful workmanship and harmonious accessories.

If a room is furnished with rather handsome formal pieces, you will want a valance at each window, and your over-hangings will reach the floor. Probably you will line them with a warm-toned plain material which blends with the dominant color in the curtain fabric, and against the glass there will be a second set of curtains made of net, organdie or some other thin material.

But in a room where simplicity and that happy "used" feeling are the keynote you will avoid elaboration; the windows, if small or moderate in size, will have only one set of curtains, ending at the sill. They will be finished at the top with a gathered or pleated heading extending three-quarters of an inch above the rod; or a valance built on the most restrained lines will cover the tops of the window frames. To look well, curtains of this type must be twice as wide as the window, and must be cut on the line of a drawn thread; otherwise they will sag unevenly at the bottom when they have hung a few weeks.

Many materials are adapted to both formal and informal interiors. The finished length, the lining or absence of lining, the treatment at the rod-line and the accessories define the permanent character of curtains.



Below—Dotted Swiss curtains have glass hold-backs and a valance board covered with wall paper.

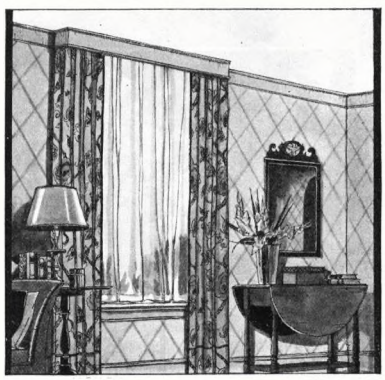
Draw curtains are practical in rooms where it is necessary to regulate the light and air frequently. They are especially attractive on a cold night when, drawn together, they bring into the room a sense of coziness only equaled by the cheery flames of a log fire.

When two sets of curtain rods are used at a window, or when the rod of a single pair of curtains makes an ugly line, a valance can be counted on to hide all defects. Valances are made either of the curtain material, or of wood, wall board or pressed metal. Fabric valances must be lined and for a small room no pleats or gathers are permitted as they make an ungraceful projection which causes the room to look even smaller.

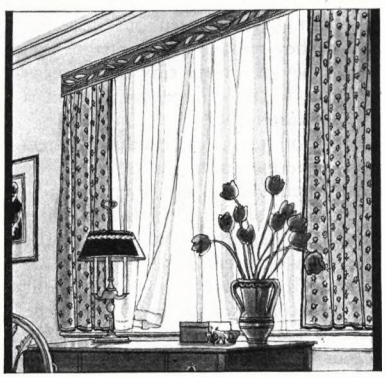
Valance boards are usually from four to six inches wide, depending on the height of the window. They are made to fit closely over the sides of the frames and are constructed of thin wood or of wall board. To this foundation any one of a variety of decorations can be applied—wall paper, paint, stain, or lacquer.

Left—French blue rayon moire is used for over-curtains in a richly-furnished living-room. They are lined with old gold, and the valance and hold-backs are of pressed brass. Solid brass tassels weight the draw cords.

Below—The cornice of wide wood molding has been boxed out three inches at the high window frames to form a valance board. Organ-fold pleats add distinction to the large-figured cretonne hangings.



Below—For this wide window a wall paper border, which harmonizes with the old-fashioned chintz, was pasted on a painted valance board. The voile glass curtains are hemstitched.



Butter so sweet... fragrant so deliciously Fresh

Straight from spotless creameries . . with a new-churned goodness you always can depend upon

NEVER before have women had this assurance in buying butter . . . The dependable goodness, the unvarying freshness of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter —everywhere . . . *always!*

Snowy creameries in twenty-three states churn it from graded, tested cream.

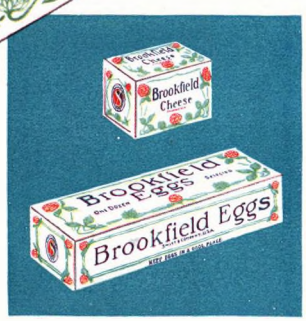
Immaculate refrigerator cars carry it quickly, directly to the town in which you live. There are no in-between steps, no delays.

Swift & Company's own trained experts speed its delivery, protect its quality, straight through from the churn to your dealer.

Delivered so quickly, guarded so carefully, Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter comes to your dealer—and to you—with *all* its new-churned freshness.

Dealers in your town carry Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter. Buy a package today—and learn the difference in butter that is always creamery *fresh!*

Swift & Company



You will find the same dependable high quality in Brookfield Eggs and Brookfield Cheese. Ask for them by name.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS

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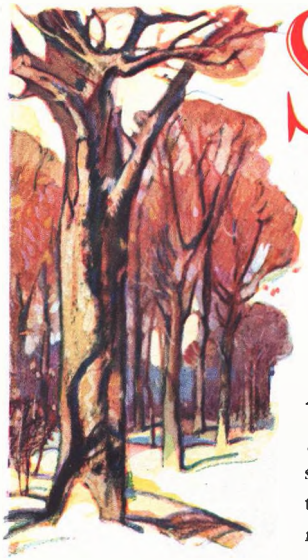

Straight from Vermont

comes the sap that gives this syrup its Rich, True Maple Flavor

DEEP in the heart of Vermont are maple trees which produce the world's finest sap . . . from this famous spot comes the sap that gives Vermont Maid Syrup the rich true maple taste you love.

Poured over waffles or pancakes, the warm, rich color of Vermont Maid Syrup is a delight to the eye; the smoother, deeper, true maple tang is a treat for the palate. Made from pure maple sugar, blended with pure cane sugar to bring out the flavor, you can buy no finer syrup for your table.

The subtle, delicate, true maple flavor of Vermont Maid Syrup enhances the goodness of many familiar dishes. You will like it over ice cream and custard. You will also enjoy it with biscuit, corn bread and mush for the true rich tang of Vermont Maid Syrup makes these familiar foods taste like special delicacies.

Ask your grocer for Vermont Maid Syrup. It comes in attractive glass jugs, ready to put on the table. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

Delicate brown cakes... enriched with butter . . . glowing in golden pools of rich, transparent Vermont Maid Syrup . . . what finer treat could you offer your family?

Send 10¢ for generous sample

Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. D-3
Burlington, Vermont.

I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

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VERMONT MAID SYRUP

MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

I DIDN'T MEAN TO!

Is thoughtlessness worth unpopularity?

By EMILY POST

I DIDN'T mean to spoil it— I didn't mean to hurt her feelings—I didn't mean to let you do it. It is endless. Young people are the most frequent offenders, though older ones are by no means guiltless of a thousand unthinking carelessnesses.

The fundamental rule of Etiquette is: do nothing that can offend the taste or feelings of others. To this may be added: do nothing to destroy the pleasure or the possessions of others.

Where lives the hostess who has not had her table and mantel edges burned with cigars and cigarettes, or marred with rings made by wet glasses? The ruined surface of a prized piece of furniture makes not the least impression upon the property-destroying vandal who didn't mean to!

TO SEE something of value charred or marred is agony to anyone appreciative of beauty, and to the owners, destruction of their property is not easily borne. True, property destruction is quite as often the result of ignorance as of carelessness. Those who have never been taught better, do not know that wet flower vases or drinking glasses mar permanently the surface of painted or polished wood. They do not know that ink is next to impossible to get out of a carpet or a hardwood floor, they don't even know that a cigarette-burned table cannot be repaired, nor that the burned hole in a sheet cannot be invisibly darned. They have no idea—apparently—that a tennis racket left in the rain is not merely wet, but ruined.

They don't know that a transparent waterproof, and everything made of rubber, sticks together if it is rolled when wet and left in the bottom of a car, and that it will tear when the attempt is made to pull it apart. Nor do they know that a broken golf club may have been a dear treasure, not easily replaced.

Some men visitors are marked offenders. They think nothing of using a fine towel as a shoe rag, or tracking fishing boots across a fine carpet.

The careless fruit-eater is also a property destroyer when he gets fruit juice on a fine napkin, since getting the stain out can only be accomplished by the use of strong preparations which injure the fiber of the linen.

The borrower who is not a returner of books, would be horrified if it were suggested that he edges on dishonesty. And yet *what* is the difference between the thief who takes what is not his with deliberate intent, and the person who takes a book out of his friend's library and does not bother to bring it back? You can abuse your own possessions if you want to. But to take all the care you *can* of the property of others, is merely commonest *honesty*.

Another form of carelessness that mars other persons' pleasure is indifference about time. Certain people who are invariably late, go through life spoiling good dinners, straining good tempers, and wasting the time of others. Such inconsiderateness is a form of inexcusable and unadulterated selfishness.

Ten minutes is the outside limit that any hostess should ever ask her assembled dinner guests to wait for one who is late—no matter *who* the late one may be. In fact anyone of proper sensibility prefers that his unavoidable tardiness should not in any way inconvenience others.

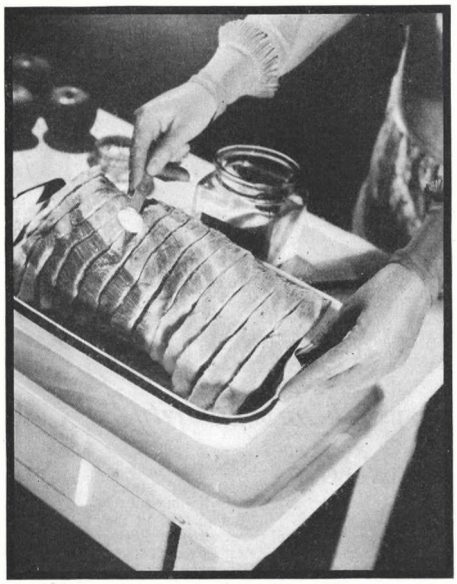
The careless Didn't-mean-to or Won't-think-about-others looks at a family portrait and exclaims: "Oh, look at the goose-necked girl!" or "*Who* on earth is old whiskers?" They will walk up to Susie and Mary standing side by side and say, "Oh, Mary, will you come to a party I'm giving next Tuesday?" leaving Susie out of consideration entirely. Or "Mary, don't you want to join our sewing circle?" No invitation to Susie.

But a far more usual example of "don't mean to" unthinkingness is the belittling remark made to an intimate friend or relative in public. Mothers and sisters are usually the worst offenders. "John, where did you get that terrible-looking suit?" "Jenny, you've got a big hole in the back of your stocking!" "Johnny, *when* did you shave last?" "Elizabeth, you certainly are awkward! Now don't begin to get silly because that Harold Handsome is looking at you!"

With the result that Johnny buttons up the jacket of his suit, and sinking his chin into his collar, at first opportunity slinks out of sight. Jenny with face crimson and muscles jarred out of control, upsets the cream pitcher or tripping, falls flat.

THE gauche and awkward—or are they knowingly malicious—say for instance to a girl: "I knew you would be here because you could see John Richman's car parked here, from your house." Or mischievously, "I saw your husband the other night with a very, very pretty woman!"

Were some one to say to these people, "You ruined her table," "you spoiled the party," "you hurt his pride," or "you caused her great distress," they'd answer in innocent surprise, "Oh, but I didn't *mean* to!"



To give a pork roast a fine flavor cook without water in an uncovered pan, and rub with salt

How To Cook Pork Roasts

By ALICE M. CHILD

Division of Home Economics
University of Minnesota

THE methods described in this article are the result of an intensive research carried on by Miss Child at the University of Minnesota Experiment Station at University Farm, St. Paul.—The Editor.

Loin is the cut of pork most commonly used for roasts, probably because any size from 2 to 15 pounds—or more—can be purchased. You will find, however, that fresh ham, shoulder, or Boston butt are also excellent cuts for roasting.

Remember that roasts cut from the different parts of the loin vary in price, and that if you are able to tell your market man exactly what you want you can take advantage of this difference. The center cut of loin sells at the highest price, the whole loin at the lowest price, while the rib and loin ends fall between the two.

Fresh shoulder roasts cost less per pound than the loin. The meat is a little coarser in texture, but has a very good flavor. You can have it boned, if you like, and add a bread crumb dressing. Such a roast will delight the carver for it is as easy to slice as a loaf of bread.

Fresh ham from small hogs makes an excellent roast. If it makes a larger roast than you need, cut a few steak slices from it, and prepare braised steak.

Braised Pork Steak: Wipe meat and season with salt and pepper. Dip in fine bread crumbs, then in beaten egg and again in bread crumbs. Brown on both sides using a little fat in the pan. Add ½ cup of water; cook slowly 50 minutes. Thicken liquid for gravy. A steak from the shoulder or from a fresh ham may be prepared in this way.

Pork butts (Boston butts) make delicious roasts and cost less per pound than loin. Butt roasts weigh from 4 to 8 pounds and may be purchased either with the bone, or as "boneless butts."

A pork roast, when brought to the table, should be uniformly brown on the outside—neither too light nor too dark. The outer crust should be crisp, but not hard. When carved, the inside will show a grayish white color without even a tinge of pink. The slices will be firm, juicy and tender, not dry or crumbly. If the roast is well done, as all pork roasts *should* be, the juices on the platter will be a delicate yellowish brown with no pink in them.

Much experimenting has proved that pork roasts *cooked uncovered and without water* are more attractive and have a better flavor than those cooked in a covered pan with water added. You probably have heard that salt draws out the juices of meat, but in a roast there is not much surface exposed and such juices as come out are eaten in the gravy, so the nutritive value is all there. Since a roast tastes better if salt penetrates the meat, it should be salted at the beginning.

For home use, loin roasts weighing from 8 to 10 pounds are usually the most popular; but if this size happens to be too large for your family, you can purchase, during cold weather, a *whole* loin (which contains the delicious tenderloin). Use a part, and keep the rest in the electric refrigerator, or hang it outdoors to freeze when the temperature is low. Freezing does not spoil the meat if it is thawed out slowly.

To Roast Pork In A Gas Oven: Wipe the roast with a damp cloth, place in an uncovered pan without water, and rub with salt (one teaspoon for each pound of meat). Sear in a very hot oven (500° F.) for 15 minutes or until roast is nicely browned, then reduce the temperature to that of slow oven (300° F.). Allow 30 minutes per pound for a 3 to 4 pound roast.

If you use a wood, coal, or kerosene stove (or even gas or electric stove) you may sear the roast on top of the stove, and then place it in a slow oven.

The time for cooking the various roasts of pork differs somewhat. The box below gives a chart for best results.

Gravy: Well-made pork gravy is delicious. Allow 1½ tablespoonfuls each of fat and flour. Place flour in fat, browning slightly. Add a cup of milk or water and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Cook thoroughly, stirring constantly.

SEAR

all kinds of pork roasts to a nice brown before roasting. This may be done either in a very hot oven (500° F.) or in a pan on top of the stove. Then

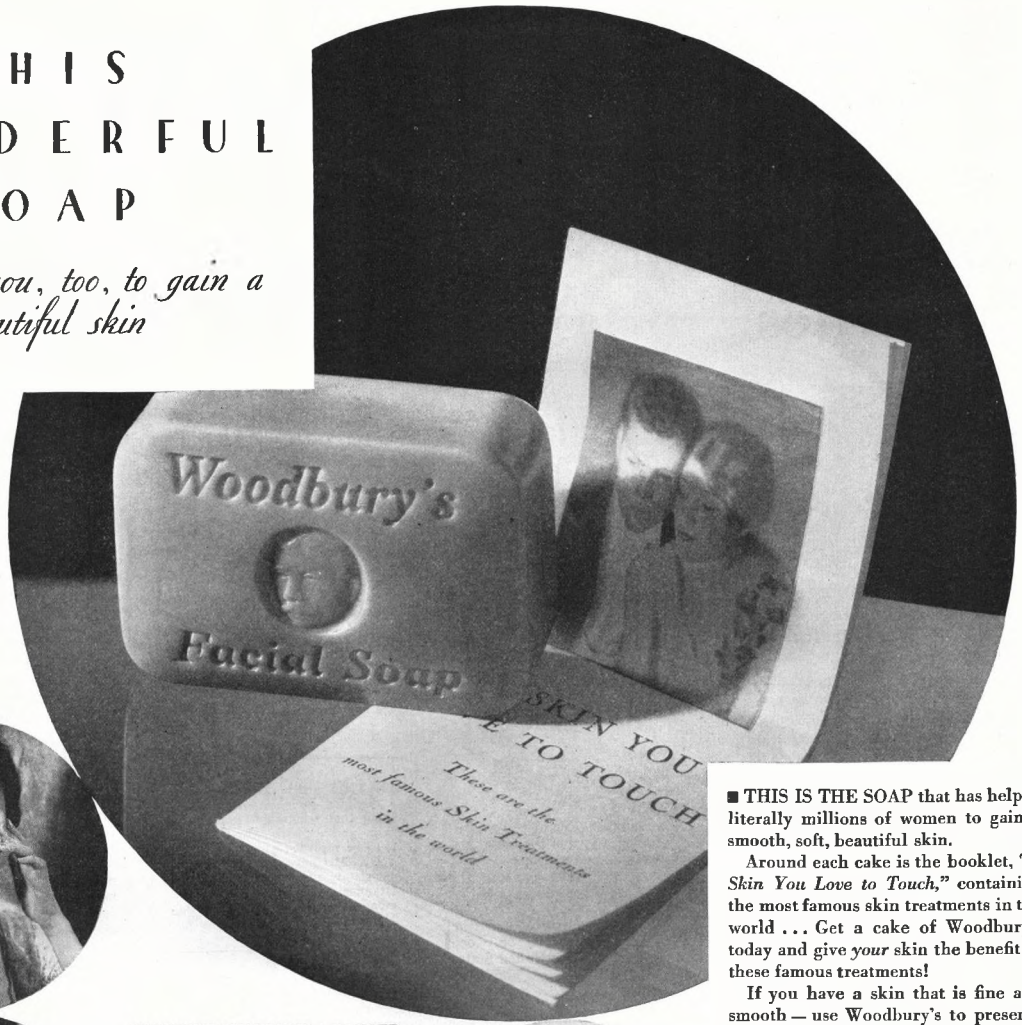
ROAST

in a slow oven (300° F.) as follows:

Pork loin	30 minutes per pound	(plus searing time)
Pork shoulder	30 to 35 minutes per pound	(" " ")
Fresh ham	30 to 35 minutes per pound	(" " ")
Pork butt	45 to 50 minutes per pound	(" " ")

THIS WONDERFUL SOAP

will help you, too, to gain a beautiful skin



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If you have a skin that is fine and smooth — use Woodbury's to preserve its youthful texture.

If you are troubled with some defect —use Woodbury's to bring your skin back to normal condition . . . 25 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

EXCESSIVE OILINESS IS A DANGER to your skin, as well as being unattractive in itself, for it leads to blackheads and blemishes. You can correct this condition by using the treatment given on page 3 of the Woodbury booklet. In a week or ten days you will see the beginning of a wonderful improvement.

A FINE, SMOOTH TEXTURE is one of the greatest charms your skin can have. Woodbury's Facial Soap will help you to keep that youthfulness of texture. If the delicate pores of your skin show the least sign of becoming enlarged—begin, tonight, to use the treatment given on page 4 of the Woodbury booklet, and see what a help it will be in improving your skin's texture.

BLEMISHES, ACNE, can be overcome! The famous Woodbury treatment for blemishes—worked out by a skin specialist and approved by leading skin authorities —will help you to rid your skin of this trouble. Use this treatment every night until the blemishes have disappeared. The regular use of Woodbury's in your daily toilet will keep the new skin that is constantly forming clear and smooth.

A SKIN SOFT AS VELVET, glowing with life and color, will result from the Woodbury steam treatment, which should be used whenever your skin seems a bit sallow and lifeless. You will find this treatment deliciously stimulating and refreshing.

BLACKHEADS ARE A CONFESSION that your cleansing method is wrong. To clear your skin of this trouble and to keep it smooth and flawlessly clear, use the treatment given on page 7 of the Woodbury booklet.

■ Send for large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1501 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10¢—please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

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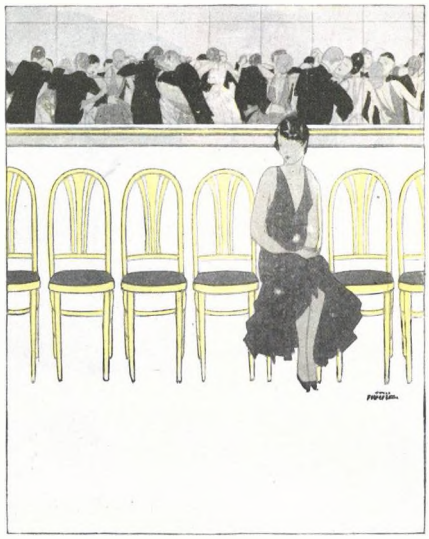


THE DIET AND HALITOSIS

By E. V. McCOLLUM

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

IN THIS article, Dr. McCollum discloses some important facts about that remarkable organ—the liver, and explains why Halitosis is to be regarded as a warning.

Dr. McCollum, who with his associates discovered two of the vitamins, is one of the world's greatest authorities on nutrition. He writes regularly for McCall's.

A GOOD deal of attention has been directed during recent years to halitosis (bad breath). We now know that there are several causes for this condition: some are dietary, others relate to diseased teeth or gums, and still others to a diseased condition of the liver.

A decaying cavity in the teeth into which particles of food have become packed will nearly always cause bad breath. Such particles undergo putrefactive changes and the odor arising from this source is exhaled upon the breath. We are told that only one person in twelve in the United States ever goes to a dentist for any other purpose than to have an aching tooth extracted. Since about ninety per cent of all children of school age have from one to eleven unfilled cavities in their mouths, and since the number tends to increase as people grow older, it is not hard to imagine that unpleasant breath may come from bad teeth in a great many cases. Such teeth should be either filled or extracted.

A SECOND cause of bad breath is the condition generally called pyorrhea. This is a disease of the gums which causes them to lose their hold on the necks of the teeth; pockets are thus formed between gum and tooth and in them bits of food accumulate which undergo bacterial decomposition.

Now these two types of halitosis are caused by conditions which exist *in the mouth itself*. But there are good reasons for believing that halitosis of other types is almost always due to nutritional causes. For example, there is increasing justification for thinking that susceptibility to infections of the upper respiratory tract, as well as of the sinuses of the face, result from a deficiency of vitamin A—either chronic or temporarily acute. This vitamin is especially abundant in cod liver oil, butter, in the green leaves of plants, and in yellow vegetables. When a person lives almost entirely on refined flour products, sugar, meats and potatoes he may eventually reach a condition where infections cause him great annoyance or even menace his life. Such infections frequently are accompanied by bad breath. Anyone who suffers from such attacks would do well to seek reliable information as to the proper selection of food.

For another cause of unpleasant breath we must look to the condition of the digestive tract. Overeating, lack of exercise and faulty habits of elimination almost always bring about halitosis. Anyone who discovers that he has bad breath should have a careful medical examination, since the presence of odors may be a sign that the alimentary tract or the liver is in bad condition; a condition which, if taken in time, may be relieved.

The blood, after it has circulated through the walls of the large and small intestine, must pass through the liver before it can reach the general circulatory system. If day after day, the blood is polluted with the products of putrefaction, the liver quite naturally suffers. Several prominent medical investigators have recently emphasized the frequency of liver injury associated with halitosis.

The liver is a remarkable organ since it is capable of bringing about more chemical transformations than any other organ of the body. Its purpose is to stand guard between the intestine and the circulatory system, destroying the somewhat poisonous substances which pass through it, thus protecting the body tissues.

Another source of poisonous substances is the disintegration of the numerous bacteria which invade the wall of the large intestine when it is in an unhygienic state. These are killed and decomposed in the lymph glands of the intestinal tract, but the juice from them also reaches the liver. Eventually the liver fails to perform its function of destroying the unwholesome products, because it has been slowly poisoned and injured by faulty habits of living. An infected appendix or an infected pancreas can produce a similar liver injury with consequent blood pollution.

Halitosis is therefore a warning signal. Just what it means can only be determined by a careful study of each case. The first thing to be done in any case is to take stock of the food supply. It should be composed of a properly selected list of foods which are known to furnish a complete diet. Next, one should make sure that one is not overeating. Overeating is the besetting sin of a great many otherwise sensible people. It is dangerous to health to keep ourselves constantly fed to the point of surfeit. The digestive apparatus should have a period of rest following a period of work. If it is constantly filled with food it becomes unequal to the task of digesting and absorbing it, and tends to wear out.

A LACTO-VEGETARIAN diet, composed of milk and vegetables, is likely to be beneficial to anyone suffering from halitosis. Eggs, like meat, should be eaten rather sparingly. An abundance of fruits in the diet is advisable, and the more leafy vegetables—spinach, lettuce, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, asparagus, and so forth—the diet contains the better. The root vegetables—especially carrots and turnips—also deserve mention.

From what has been said it will be seen that halitosis may arise either from local or more general causes. As a rule it is a warning that one should give attention to the selection of one's food, to one's eating habits, and to the cleanliness of the alimentary tract.

"Use no soap except Palmolive"

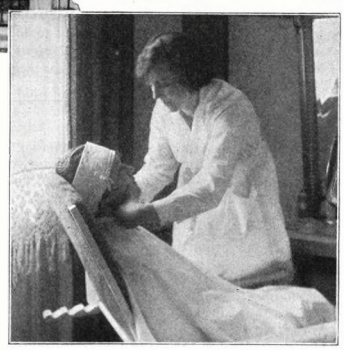
says NIRAUS, of Madrid

Known throughout Spain as one of the foremost specialists on care of the skin

"All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive. The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin deep thorough cleansing. Daily cleansings with Palmolive have a tonic and rejuvenating effect on the skin."

Niraus
MADRID

Niraus' reputation extends throughout Spain. His salon is one of the handsomest in the South of Europe and his smart clientele includes many Royal personages.



An assistant giving a treatment in the salon of Madame Elin Dahlstrand of Stockholm, who finds "Palmolive Soap lather revives and strengthens the tissues."

"THE basis of all complexion care is, or should be, to cleanse the skin thoroughly twice a day, using soap and water." That is the opinion of Niraus, well-known beauty specialist of Madrid, Spain.

But Niraus warns against the use of ordinary soaps. He realizes that some soaps have a tendency to irritate the skin—bringing coarse pores—causing the texture to lose its smooth loveliness. For that reason he specifies one soap and one only—Palmolive. Like most modern beauty experts, Niraus believes in the use of vegetable oils in facial soap. These cosmetic oils are so bland, so gentle on the skin, that 18,012 beauty specialists, all over the world, advise the daily use of Palmolive.

"No soap but Palmolive"

"All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive," says Niraus. "The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin the deep, thorough cleansing that is required in order to rid the pores of all accumulations. It also acts as an emollient and has very valuable cosmetic qualities. Daily cleansings with Palmolive have a tonic and rejuvenating effect on the skin."

Niraus is a skin specialist of wide experience and enviable reputation. His list of clients includes many names of Royal distinction. His typically Spanish salon is an important rendezvous in the foreign world of beauty culture.

He—as well as Tejéro of Barcelona—advocates this simple daily treatment, to be used morning and night: massage a fine, creamy lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the skin, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Rinse, with warm water, then with cold. A final rinse with ice water is refreshing as an astringent. And you're ready for rouge and powder!

See your beauty expert regularly

Use Palmolive every day. Consult your beauty specialist regularly. And remember—a clean skin is absolutely necessary in order to get the best results from special beauty care.

Palmolive is made entirely of palm and olive oils. These oils—and nothing else—give it nature's fresh green color. And these oils make it the perfect skin cleanser and beautifier.

One week's use will show you why it is the first of all facial soaps in America and 48 other countries—and why millions use it for the bath as well.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail Price 10c

5000

MASTERING OUR MONEY PROBLEMS

A wise budget safeguards us from worry

By ISABEL ELY LORD

"A BUDGET," says Isabel Ely Lord, authority on household accounting, "helps us get the things we want. It brings us peace of mind and the confidence of 'knowing what we are doing'. But it cannot work by itself."

The directions she gives are easy to follow and will help all of us to start the New Year right.

WHAT is a budget, anyway? Is it something complicated and technical that few persons can understand and use? That seems to be the impression many people have. No, indeed, a budget is just a plan. There can be budgets of time and of energy and of many other things, but what we are concerned with here is money—the family money—that income which seems altogether too small to buy us all we want. In that last point lies the usefulness of the budget. The only way to make sure of getting from our incomes the things we *want most* is to plan deliberately for them.

How, then, does a budget help us?

First, *a budget makes us look ahead.* If we were building a house, we would not begin without a definite plan and careful estimates, although we might modify the plan in many places as we went along. A budget gives us the right start.

A budget serves, secondly, *as a constant check.* From it we can tell at any point whether we are progressing according to our apportionment, and also whether we were right in our original allotments.

Third, *the budget makes possible* at any time *intelligent modification of it.* If the family budget, as it is checked by accounts, shows that we are spending under some heading more than we have assigned to it, we can readjust it by taking from other headings and adding to the one that needs more.

Fourth, a budget *brings us peace of mind.* We "know what we are doing" which is half the battle in any project; we are shown whether we are being "extravagant" with the family income or our share of it; and if we are we can remedy matters before they have gone too far.

But now, there are some things a budget *cannot do.* This is extremely important, for it is here that most of those who have failed with the family budget have found their difficulty. They have expected it to do what a mere plan can never do.

A budget cannot change conditions. It cannot increase your income, though it may stimulate you to new efforts in that direction. It cannot, of course, enable you to buy two different things with the same dollar.

A budget cannot work by itself. It is not enough to make a budget. The solution is only just begun with the plan. Many a family has spent a lot of time working on one, and triumphantly planned just the right division of the family income—and then sat back and thought the problem solved.

And lastly, *a budget cannot be trifled with.* Don't get the habit of assigning fifteen dollars a week for food and then go ahead and thoughtlessly spend eighteen or twenty. Make your assignments definite and never overstep them if you can possibly avoid it.

Making a budget for your family is really easy and enjoyable.

First of all, you choose a time when those concerned can get together. It is better to start with only the senior partners—husband and wife, mother and daughter, the older children, or whoever is rightly concerned in the spending of the family income. With some large sheets of paper and a good list of budget headings you are ready to begin. The headings must be specific; general headings—like Operating Expenses will not do. You cannot control expenditures easily under such a heading, so break it up into Fuel, Light, Care of House, and so on. And never, *never* let Miscellaneous or Sundries or any other "grab bag" heading appear. They cannot be controlled. Of course you will keep the budget for a year, as a shorter period is misleading when many large expenditures necessarily fall into seasonal blocks.

The next step is to face the income. If you are living on an earned income, you naturally wish to add any interest from savings to your savings fund, so you take *only* the earned income for your budgeting. For those on salaries or wages the problem is more simple than for others who have an income that varies from year to year. The only safe method is to count on the smallest income that you may reasonably expect. Then if things go better than this, after three or six months you can add the surplus to the budget under whatever item you like—but, of course, only after the surplus is actually in hand.

With the amount of the income decided, pick from the list and write down those headings that are already settled, for example, Rent, Insurance, Savings (which for safety must be at least 10 per cent of an earned income). Then take the big expenditures for Food and Clothing, and estimate what is needed there. Go on to all the other headings, judging carefully about what each person will need on a reasonable scale of family living. A great deal can be decided in this first calculation.

Now add them all up. Unless you differ greatly from the overwhelming majority of families you will find that the total estimate exceeds your income. This is one of the strongest arguments for the budget. For we are inclined to spend just a little more than our income warrants, finding each

[*Continued on page 51*]

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DESSERT?

[*Continued from page 30*]

nutmeg and allow caramelized sugar to dissolve completely in the milk before adding egg and other ingredients.

Coconut Custard—Add ½ cup shredded coconut to custard mixture.

Soft Custard

2 cups milk
3 egg yolks
¼ cup sugar
Few grains salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Scald milk in double boiler. Pour over slightly-beaten egg yolks to which sugar and salt have been added and return to double boiler. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until mixture thickens slightly. Cool and add vanilla. Chill.

Floating Island—Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, adding gradually 4 tablespoons powdered or confectioners' sugar. Drop by spoonfuls on top of custard which has been poured into serving dish. Chill thoroughly. Garnish centers of "islands" with bits of maraschino cherry or small daubs of currant jelly.

Marshmallow Custard—Omit sugar and use ¼ lb. marshmallows (about 15) allowing them to dissolve in the scalded milk. Complete custard as above. Top with halved marshmallows.

Coconut Custard—Sprinkle custard with shredded coconut and finely-chopped nuts.

Prune or Apricot Custard—Spread 1½ cups of prune or apricot pulp in the bottom of a shallow serving dish. Pour soft custard over this and chill thoroughly. Top with whipped cream.

Vanilla Blanc Mange

4 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup cold milk
2 cups scalded milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt. Add cold milk and mix well. Add scalded milk and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Cook over boiling water 15 minutes. Remove from fire, cool slightly and add vanilla, pour into individual molds, or a large mold, and chill. Serve with soft custard, chocolate sauce or whipped cream.

Chocolate Blanc Mange—Follow above recipe, adding 1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted, and 3 tablespoons extra sugar before removing from fire. Stir until well blended. Add vanilla, chill and serve with cream or whipped cream, if you prefer.

Apricot Upside Down Cake

4 tablespoons shortening
½ cup sugar
2 eggs
1¼ cups flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1/3 cup apricot juice
3 tablespoons butter
¾ cup brown sugar
12 halves canned apricots
1 cup nut meats, broken in pieces

Cream shortening and sugar together; add well-beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with apricot juice to the first mixture, beating well after each addition. In the bottom of a heavy cake pan melt butter and add brown sugar. On this lay apricot halves (well drained of their juice) and sprinkle with nuts. Pour batter over all, being careful not to disturb fruit or the design will be confused. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) 40 to 45 minutes. Turn out upside down on serving dish. Serve with whipped cream, if desired.

Note: Recipes for the Pudding family, including Bread, Rice and Brown Betty Puddings, with variations, will be sent on receipt of two-cent stamp. Address Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Ave., N. Y.

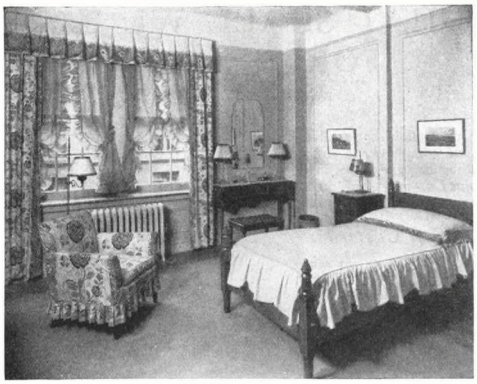
They Are Wearing

By Elisabeth May Blondel

1756

No. 1756. Soft snug hats are the newest expression of the mode for mid-season wear, and many of the younger generation are taking advantage of the present styles to make their own. The clever model above is one of the smartest of the French imports, made in velvet or satin, for wear with the latest gowns in the feminine trend.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices quoted on page 80.



Reproductions of old maple furniture were used in this room

YOUR OWN BEDROOM

Its furnishings should express your tastes and interests

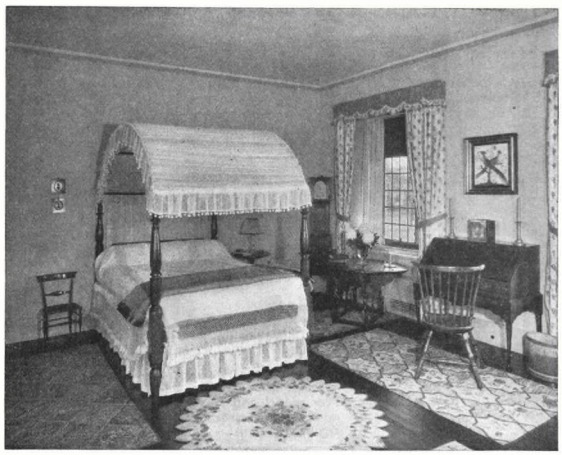
By MARGERY SILL WICKWARE

DID you ever stop to consider how plainly the bedrooms in your house reveal to the casual observer the taste, character, and personality of their occupants? In the decoration and furnishing of the general living quarters, which must be shared by all the family and their friends, it is obvious that the more personal tastes of the various members of the family cannot be expressed. Therefore it is more satisfactory for each member of the family to have some definite place in the house, no matter how small, which is entirely his own and which can be arranged to suit his individual taste. The bedroom is the logical place for this. If this principle were more generally adhered to, much of the friction which unhappily besets family life would be eliminated.

The largest and most important room in the house is usually occupied by the head of the family. Architects call it grandly "the owner's bedroom," but the family is much more apt to speak of it as "mother's room." If it is occupied by the man and woman of the household it should certainly be made a convenient and suitable room for both of them. For this it must have such furniture as is essential for the comfort of both—a dressing table and a bureau for a woman's wearing apparel, and a chest of drawers or chifferobe that will hold the belongings of a man. It should not be essentially a feminine room, nor yet the room of a man, but should have the pleasant atmosphere of both types.

If the bedroom is large, it is often used as an intimate upstairs sitting-room. One room of this kind, which I like, opened on a sleeping porch through long French doors. It was large and square with a fireplace

[*Continued on page 49*]



Letters and household accounts are quickly dispatched at a quiet desk

WHAT MAKES YOU FUSS WITH BAKING?

Says the Uneeda Boy

Why don't you let the "Uneeda Bakers" do it for you? Millions of women do . . . The "Uneeda Bakers" make about everything you can think of in the way of biscuit, cookies and crackers . . .

I *know* you couldn't find anything better to eat in the whole world than the things they use in making their biscuit . . . sugar and flour and eggs —spices—and such like.

Anything that's good enough for them *has* to be far and away the best of its kind . . . I know . . . I'm the Uneeda Boy.

And I just wish you could see how *particular* they are with their baking . . . Everything's made *just so.* It's wonderful.

Takes a lot of time and fussing—but that's why everything from National Biscuit Company is just exactly right . . . And that's why you can be *sure* of what you're getting if it has the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal.

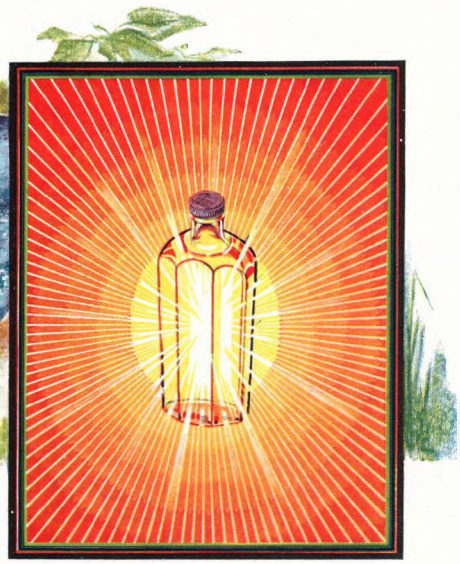
Look at these Uneeda Biscuit . . . try them spread with nice thick jam!

Uneeda Biscuit has been the world's best soda cracker for more than 30 years—because of its extra *goodness and flavor, its* extra *crispness and delicacy. : : : It's the perfect soda cracker—any time, anywhere.*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY **"Uneeda Bakers"**

"Uneeda Bakers"

Two kinds of SUNBATHS



the OUTER

the INNER

Sunshine and Bottled Sunshine

Your baby needs both to help him build sound teeth and strong straight bones

A well-shaped head, a fine full chest, well developed jaws and chin, straight legs . . .

Sound teeth that come in evenly spaced and uncrowded; that do not decay easily . . .

"Of course I want my baby to have all these things," you say. "But what has sunshine to do with them?"

Today science can explain what people have instinctively known for centuries; that sunshine is the greatest source of life and health in the world.

Today baby specialists are telling mothers that if their babies are to grow and thrive they must have a certain amount of sunshine *every day,* just as they have their milk and orange juice.

They are telling them that without a certain factor which is in sunshine, their babies cannot build strong straight bones and sound teeth. This important factor is Vitamin D.

To be effective, sunshine must fall directly on the bare skin. This, of course, is not possible except for a relatively few days in the year.

Weather prevents. Clouds, fog, smoke and clothing shut out the rays that protect—the ultra-violet rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

In fact, except for a few hours during the middle of the day on the clearest, brightest summer days *so few* of these precious short rays reach the earth that they give comparatively little protection.

Clouds, smoke, fog and clothing shut out the protecting ultra-violet rays so many days in the year!

But science has found an equivalent for the *outer sun bath* of direct sunshine. "Bottled Sunshine," it is called —good cod-liver oil!

Now in these shut-in winter months, baby specialists are emphasizing the need for the *inner sun bath*—for cod-liver oil. And because they know there is a great variation in the quality of cod-liver oils, many of these specialists tell mothers to use only Squibb's.

They prefer Squibb's because they know it is so rich in Vitamin D, the factor babies need to build good bones and teeth. They know, too, that it is very rich in another health protecting vitamin, in Vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to many infections.

Give your baby all the outer sun baths possible; but do not forget to make up for the sunshine he is denied in winter months by giving Bottled Sunshine regularly —Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil.

Expectant and nursing mothers need Bottled Sunshine too Many of the highest authorities are now giving good cod-liver oil an important place in the prenatal diet. They explain that it has a two-fold value. It not only helps to build sound teeth and bones for the coming child, but also helps to protect the mother's own teeth from the destructive forces which so often attack them during pregnancy.

So easy to take—this new mint flavor! Especially appealing to grown-ups and older children is the new mint-flavored cod-liver oil developed by Squibb. Even very sensitive tastes find it easy to take! You can get both Squibb's Mint-flavored and Squibb's Plain Cod-Liver Oil from all druggists.

A booklet all mothers ought to read . . . It's FREE

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

E. R. Squibb & Sons
Dept. M, 80 Beekman St., New York City

Please send me a copy of your booklet—*free,* "*Why every baby needs Bottled Sunshine.*"

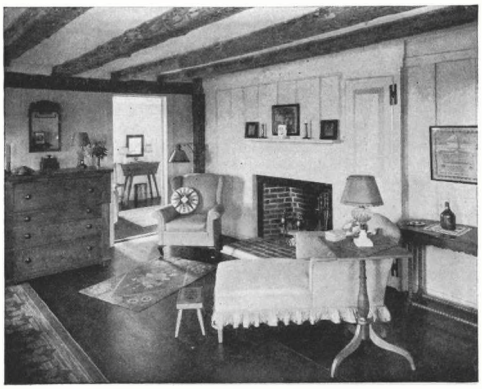
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

YOUR OWN BEDROOM

[Continued from page 46]



A large bedroom often serves as an upstairs sitting-room

in the wall opposite the French glass doors. The furniture was of mahogany and curly maple. Two beds of brown mahogany had low footboards and short posts, and higher curved headboards and posts. A high secretary of maple with paneled glass doors and plenty of drawer space below occupied one corner of the room near a window. A highboy of mahogany stood between the two windows.

Near the fireplace was a low, wide-winged chair covered in glazed chintz—chintz with big bunches of moss roses and green leaves on a cream ground. Opposite it was a long, soft couch, covered in deep red, almost an eggplant color, matching the deepest tone in the flowers of the chintz. Another low easy chair upholstered in chintz was drawn near a window.

THE over-curtains were long and were made of the chintz bound with two-inch bands of robin's-egg blue plain chintz. They hung from straight box-pleated valances also finished with two-inch bands of blue. The under-curtains were of fine, soft Brussels net in ivory, made with pleated four-inch ruffles, and they were looped back against the glass.

The walls and woodwork were painted in a light, gay robin's-egg blue, which, since the room was very sunny, formed a charming background for the flowery curtains and the dark tones of the mahogany furniture. There were some interesting accents of ivory in the room introduced by the ivory pottery lamps and by the cushions of ivory silk. The bedspreads were deep ivory linen checkered with big squares of drawn-work and finished with deep fringes of ivory linen thread.

Some interesting etchings and color prints were arranged in groups above the beds, and a long Colonial mirror in a softly-gleaming carved gold frame hung above the mantel.

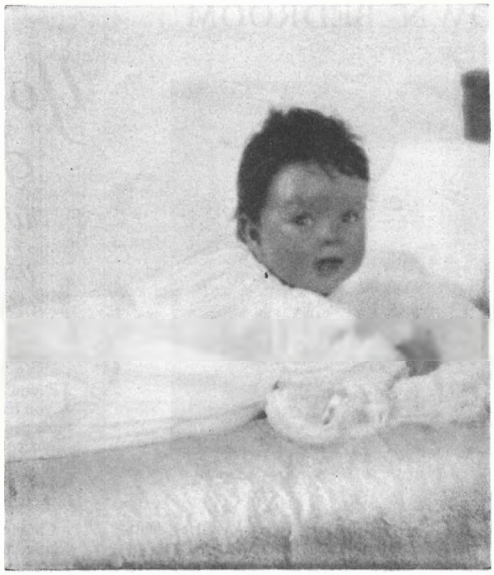
Another room was furnished with early American reproductions of maple. The walls were painted a sage green and the curtains were of ivory chintz with a red and green design. On the low-posted double bed was an ivory spread with a bolster edged by a strip of the curtain border. Beside it stood a small table and lamp. At one side of the windows was placed a dressing table of simple lines with two lamps, one on each side of the long unframed mirror. At the other side of the window was the chifferobe for the man of the house. This also was furnished with side lamps. And near the windows was a comfortable chintz-covered chair, with its floor lamp for reading. Throughout the entire room the greatest care had been taken to give the best light for both occupants during the day and in the evening.

If the owner's bedroom is to be used by an older couple its decoration and furnishings should suggest comfort and serenity rather than a gay activity. The floor might be carpeted completely with one of those modern, yet distinctly old-fashioned, Brussels carpets; one with a soft gray ground and charming little knots of garden flowers in natural colors lightly scattered over it. The walls and the woodwork might be painted in a soft, light French gray. The curtains might be of fine point d'esprit net, or of organdy, ruffled and looped back; and over them there might be other curtains of warm, red silk which would hang straight and could be drawn at night across the windows. These should be finished at the top with narrow pressed-brass cornices, a modern copy of the early Colonial brass cornices.

A mahogany four-post bed would be covered with a spread of gray linen. A wide-topped mahogany bureau would have an oval gilt-framed mirror hung above it. There would be a slip-cover of deep rose sateen piped in gray to cover the easy chair, and a pair of low stools covered in flowered chintz. Near one of the windows would stand a sewing table, and beside it a rocking chair with a seat cushion of chintz. Some slender opaque glass bottles could be converted into lamps, and these would have shades of ivory silk. Near another sunny window would be a low table holding some pots of blooming plants. A pleasant room is this for older people who frequently wish to escape from the noise and confusion of the household below.

REMEMBER that there is nothing quite so gloomy and depressing as a bedroom fitted with large pieces of furniture, sometimes heavily upholstered, and windows closed in with quantities of heavy curtains. The very first requirements of a bedroom are light and air, and though comfort and coziness are indeed desirable they must never be carried so far as to become stuffy. It is preferable to furnish a bedroom simply and to curtain it lightly. Fortunately in so doing, it is possible to achieve delightful effects.

Editor's Note: In future issues *The Daughter's Bedroom* and *The Son's Bedroom* will be discussed.



When the normal infant of good inheritance fails to gain weight, something is wrong, and the error is not with the child

RIGHT FOOD BUILDS THE BABY

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.
Author of "Short Talks with Young Mothers", "What Every Woman Should Know" and "Practice of Pediatrics"

THE average normal American baby weighs at birth about seven and one-half pounds and is twenty inches long. Boys weigh a trifle more than girls. During the first week there is usually a loss of several ounces which need cause no anxiety. After this initial loss, the healthy baby begins to take on weight, and during the succeeding weeks of life a steady gain of six or more ounces is registered.

At the third month the baby should weigh about twelve pounds and his length should be about twenty-five inches. At the sixth month he should weigh fifteen to sixteen pounds. At the end of the twelfth month, the weight of the great majority of normal infants is from twenty to twenty-two pounds, with a length of twenty-nine inches.

The above progress in weight and height is very much the same in all well infants, into whatever type of home they are born. But it is understood, of course, that a baby may be unusually small at birth and not reach these figures, yet be entirely well. Others, larger at birth, may under favorable conditions exceed these averages.

MALNUTRITION is a loosely applied term used by both lay and medical writers to describe the wide range of physical defects and disabilities which bring about constitutional inferiority. While failure to gain is the most significant indication of malnutrition, it does not by any means complete the picture; a baby may make normal progress both in height and weight and yet be constitutionally inferior.

In a physician's diagnosis and prognosis of a physically inferior infant a complete study of the case from a medical standpoint is carried out. Everything that relates to his previous contacts must be taken into consideration, both prenatal and postnatal, and when this is done there is no trouble whatever in placing him in his category.

Every baby when born should undergo a complete physical examination by the physician who is to take charge of him; and at intervals of one month for the first year, and later at longer intervals, a similar complete examination should be given. Any developing defect may thus be detected and corrected.

Rachitis is a prevalent disease in infants, yet the majority of rachitic babies are not underweight. In fact, they may be fat, overweight, infants. Their malnutrition is indicated by defective bone formation, soft muscle, delayed teething and tardy development generally. A full-weight baby may also suffer from anemia. Or lack of nerve control, habitual restlessness, poor sleeping or perhaps convulsions, may indicate that he is constitutionally inferior.

The inferiority may be caused by unfavorable prenatal conditions. Often the infant is the victim of inherited disease, or family tendencies. Again, the offspring of the overworked, chronically tired mother is apt to possess a weakened vitality and resistance. Frequent childbearing does not tend to produce a strong baby; and a woman who is suffering from anemia, chronic rheumatism or tuberculosis will surely produce constitutionally inferior children. The age of the parents has an important bearing on the vitality of the offspring: thus elderly parents are apt to produce weakly children, and physically inferior parents—regardless of age—invariably produce their kind.

Among infants likely to suffer from inferior constitution, the premature occupy first place; the baby born before term shows a diminished resistance to all contacts. Although he is difficult to rear, unusual care and favorable environment may bring about a satisfactory state of health and he may become a normal child in all respects.

We hear much about infant hygiene in its relation to sunlight, bathing, fresh air and clothing. I do not for a moment discount the importance of such agencies for infant betterment, but in the last analysis there are two factors in child health that outweigh all others—the *type of parents* Nature has supplied and the *food* furnished. Given these two favorable factors, it is surprising how much neglect in other respects the infant will survive.

IT IS the food factor which causes more cases of constitutional inferiority and marasmus than all the others put together. Nature is supposed to supply in the mother's milk a means of nutrition, but Nature in this respect is often a slacker and for such cases other means must be devised. The question of bottle, or artificial, feeding then arises. Cows' milk is the best substitute for human milk, but cows' milk was fashioned for the calf and must be modified to conform as closely as possible to mother's milk. That it can be done is proved by thousands of healthy bottle-fed babies.

Not a few infants resist our best efforts in the use of fresh milk. With some, the digestive processes are not equal to the task and evaporated milk—which is cows' milk reduced one-half in volume by evaporation of water—supplies a satisfactory substitute. The process of evaporation renders the milk easier of digestion and assimilation. It is not a proprietory infant food, but a milk product standardized by the U. S. Government.

Fresh milk used for infant feeding should always be boiled. When boiled fresh milk or evaporated milk is used, orange juice in small amounts should be part of the feeding plan.

Poor judgment in prescribing a formula, careless preparation of food, and faulty feeding habits usually cause indigestion, vomiting and colic. Malnutrition and underweight result.

MASTERING OUR MONEY PROBLEMS

[*Continued from page 44*]

expenditure reasonable for people of our means. But spending even five dollars more than we have, or *cheating our savings of that amount*, sees us ending the year in debt, if only to our own savings fund.

THE next step is to go over the amounts allotted to the headings where a change can be made, cutting off only one dollar here or two there, five dollars there and twenty in another place. Food calls for attention. Even fifty cents saved a week means twenty-six dollars a year, and that may go a long way toward turning a deficit into a balance. Clothing generally gets hit, as most of us spend on that a little more for accessories than we really need in order to be decently and suitably clad. This is the point at which to bring the junior partners into the budget-making. They need not know what the income is, but they can be given the chance to say whether they are willing to have pot roast instead of chicken on Sundays, in order that the food costs of the family shall not exceed what they can rightly afford.

They can help decide whether Mother's allowance for clothing is to be cut down so that they can spend more than she does. They can say what they think about recreation expenditures. They can aid materially in adjusting the budget and at the same time learn the important lesson that if you overspend in one thing and do not underspend in another, you certainly cannot escape debt.

As you make your budget into its final form, remember that it can be readjusted as occasions arise. A budget is not an iron-clad form that you must follow as you first made it or be disgraced. *You are not made for the budget; the budget is made for you.* You are not limited by a budget, as so many seem to think. What limits you is your income. A budget frees you since within its limits you can spend with a good conscience. Unless you look on a budget as your friend and to some extent your servant, you will not get from it the valuable help which it has to offer you.

HOUSEHOLD accounts to be of value must do two things: They must show you at any moment whether you are carrying out the plan you have made, and they must give you the information you need in planning future expenditure.

On your budget the accounts must be kept under separate headings. For some of these you will need sub-headings, such as Clothing—Shoes; Care of House — Furnishings. Each budget maker must decide how many and what these sub-headings must be.

Of course, each person should have a separate account for clothing. Allowances should be paid in lump sums by the week or the month, and exactly how much this is planned to cover must be clear to the one who receives the money. For instance, are "personal expenses" to include hair cuts and amusements? And so on. Under Food you may not wish to use sub-headings. And if you do, you may wish to eliminate some item temporarily, but do not forget to total the amount spent to date on the main card or page.

To keep accounts under separate headings in this way there are two practical methods—a card file (4 x 6 inches seems the best size) or a loose leaf notebook, arranged in alphabetical order.

As you spend money each day, you note it down in any convenient small notebook (a loose leaf one is best, as then canceled pages can be torn out) or on a pad hanging in the kitchen. Immediate noting takes but a moment, and puts no strain on your memory. These notes with your checkbook make up your original records. With most people once a week should be often enough to transfer the daily records to the permanent one, and once a month is often enough for the checkbook. As you enter, cancel the entry or check the stub of checks, and then you are "up to date."

WHERE, you ask, is the daily balance on which so much stress is laid in business accounts? In business it *is* necessary, since money is being spent in order to make money, but in the household, where money is spent to make health and happiness, why waste precious hours trying to find out where that missing three cents went? Adding up weekly expenditures and checking it against weekly cash on hand should be done until you have trained yourself to be careful in this matter. Then forget it, and at the end of the year either charge it all on the Lost card described later, or divide it between Food and Care of House, or in some other way make sure that it is included in your total expenditure.

Your card or page should have at the top, the year and the amount allowed for that heading. The month and day are entered at the left, and as each column is filled, add it up, carrying the amount to the next column.

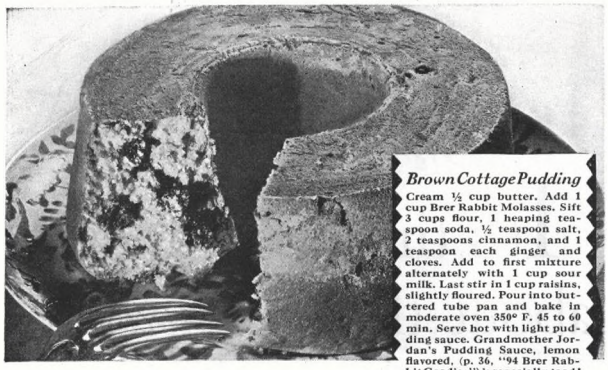
At the beginning of your file have two summary cards or pages, one for Income, and one for Assets. To make the total of the last item higher every year is one of your objects. If you lose any money—which may happen to any of us—you should insert a Lost card in the alphabetical order, the total to be added to the other expenditures for the current year.

After three months, add all your cards or sheets to date, write down two lists of Overspent and Underspent, add each, and see whether one balances the other. You are, of course, working with only one-fourth of year's allowance as a basis. There may be some good reason for over or underspending. Fire insurance is usually paid in one sum, life insurance often in one or two premiums, coal all at one time, and so forth. If the two columns do not balance, look for the reason.

Few budget headings balance exactly at the end of the year—of course, Rent, Allowances and Insurance will, but probably few others. However, *if the total of expenditure has not excelled the budget and the savings column has been cheated of no part of its share, you have proved yourself an efficient manager.* The figures doubtless will help you to readjust the amount for next year's allotments.

A YEARLY readjustment takes care of the changes in the cost of living and keeps your budget current.

Accounts kept in this way are interesting. A glance over any card or sheet will give you the satisfaction of thinking: "That coat was a good bargain," or the self-criticism: "We shouldn't have bought such expensive stationery." It will remind you pleasantly: "Next year we don't have to pay fire insurance." Half an hour a week, with an extra half hour at the end of the month, is all the time most people need to spend in addition to the negligible time of entering cash expenditures daily. Thus recording quickly becomes a habit.

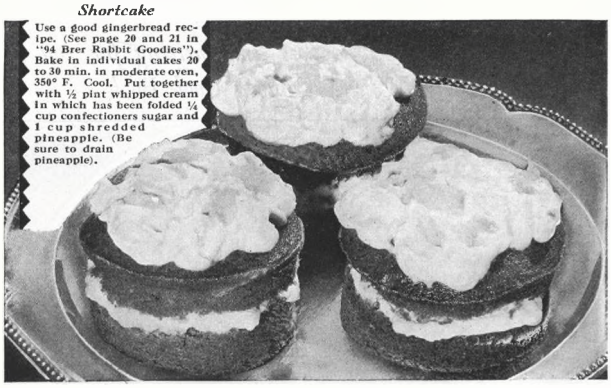


Brown Cottage Pudding

Cream ½ cup butter. Add 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Sift 3 cups flour, 1 heaping teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, and 1 teaspoon each ginger and cloves. Add to first mixture alternately with 1 cup sour milk. Last stir in 1 cup raisins, slightly floured. Pour into buttered tube pan and bake in moderate oven 350° F. 45 to 60 min. Serve hot with light pudding sauce. Grandmother Jordan's Pudding Sauce, lemon flavored, (p. 36, "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies") is especially good!

Pineapple Gingerbread Shortcake

Use a good gingerbread recipe. (See page 20 and 21 in "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies"). Bake in individual cakes 20 to 30 min. in moderate oven, 350° F. Cool. Put together with ½ pint whipped cream in which has been folded ¼ cup confectioners sugar and 1 cup shredded pineapple. (Be sure to drain pineapple).



TWO NEW DESSERTS

EASY TO MAKE
SO GOOD YOU WANT MORE

DESSERTS that are really *easy* to make . . . desserts so good every member of the family will come back for more!

Tempting with the mellow old-time flavor of Brer Rabbit Molasses—that real old-plantation flavor everybody loves—these desserts are not just something good to eat—they're actually good for you, too! For Brer Rabbit Molasses is a wholesome, natural sweet . . . rich in those two essentials that form a part of every well-balanced diet—iron and lime.

You'll find a touch of the old plantation flavor of Brer Rabbit Molasses doubles the goodness of many foods . . . for instance two tablespoonfuls added to a can of baked beans give them wonderful flavor that makes everyone want more! And just try spreading it over a ham before you bake it! Gold Label Brer Rabbit is the highest quality light molasses—Green Label Brer Rabbit a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

•

Save your Brer Rabbit Labels . . . get Brer Rabbit's Cooky Set: Here's a toy your children will adore! A doll-size cooky set—wee aluminum cooky pan—6 delightful animal cooky cutters! It makes *real* cookies, too! To get it just send in 3 labels from 3 cans of Brer Rabbit Molasses. Start saving Brer Rabbit labels *today*. Send them in with or without the coupon. And be sure to ask for a *free* copy of Brer Rabbit's recipe book!

SEND FOR THIS MINIATURE COOKY SET!

3 Labels from Brer Rabbit Cans bring it to you . . . and get your free copy of the recipe book, "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies".

PENICK & FORD, Ltd., Inc.
Dept. M-6, New Orleans, La.
(Check what you want—either or both)

☐ Brer Rabbit's Cooky Set. I enclose 3 Brer Rabbit Molasses Labels.

☐ Free copy of recipe book "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies."

Name_____

Address_____

Do You Want To Know?

THOUSANDS of letters pour in to us daily, asking questions, requesting help, expressing opinions. From the problems presented in these letters we have learned what you want to know, and we have built up our Home Service Department to take care of those problems of yours.

Uppermost in every woman's mind is the desire to present a good appearance, to be well dressed and smartly turned out for every occasion. To enable those whose pocket book feels thin at times to achieve this result we offer:

Dressmaking Made Easy: This book will teach you how to give your clothes that well-tailored, "bought" look. If a garment is cut well and fitted properly the rest is easy and a satisfactory result is assured. Send for this book, follow the directions, and hear your friends exclaim over your smart clothes. It is only twenty-five cents!

Book of Etiquette: Smart clothes will not carry you very far if you haven't good manners and poise. There is a right way and a wrong way in everyday living and we must know the right way. This booklet covers every question of etiquette. Price twenty cents.

The Family Budget: Who would refuse to save money if she were shown how? Yet this is what you are doing if you are finding it impossible to add to the savings fund and do not keep a budget. Send for this booklet and start the New Year right. Price twenty cents.

Parties

Do you have fun at your own parties? Or are you continually worrying about the refreshments, and whether the party will suddenly begin to drag? These booklets will help you plan ahead intelligently so that you may greet your guests with a cheery smile, knowing that the party is an assured success:

What to Serve at Parties: Here are special menus for special occasions—with recipes. If you are planning a New Year's Watch Night party or New Year's entertaining of any kind this booklet tells you just what to serve. Price twenty cents.

Unusual Entertaining: How about a Carnival Ball for New Year's Eve? Or perhaps an Early American or a Colonial costume dance might intrigue you for this gala night. These dances and many others, as well as bridge parties and entertaining for other occasions are contained in this booklet. Price twenty cents.

Parties for Grown-ups: If you wish to entertain on New Year's Eve and desire something other than the usual bridge, then the New Year's party described in this booklet is just what you want. There are parties for all other occasions too. Price twenty cents.

Parties for Children: Are the children looking forward to a party during Christmas week? Here are all sorts of lively games, jolly stunts and delicious (but digestible) refreshments. Price twenty cents.

More Help

Master Recipes: Do you know how to make delicious muffins, cookies, unusual salad dressing? Are your fudge and penuchi always creamy? Here are excellent recipes to help you with your holiday delicacies. Price ten cents.

Some Reasons Why in Cookery: No matter how many times you have failed, you *can* make a perfect cake. Other good cookery rules, simply told. Price ten cents.

Time Saving Cookery: Don't be dismayed when you have to prepare a Sunday night supper for unexpected guests. This book tells of quick ways with all sorts of food. Price ten cents.

How to Serve Afternoon Tea: What and How at tea time. Price two cents.

Decorating Your Home: Price ten cents.

Four Lessons in Interior Decorating: Price twelve cents.

The Friendly Baby: Proper care of baby; Dr. Kerley's feeding schedules. Price ten cents.

The Friendly Mother: Advice for the prenatal period. Price ten cents.

Books You Ought to Own: A list of books to help the hostess and the club woman plan bazaars, entertainments, etc. Price eight cents.

Books on Church and Family Problems: A list of books on Church work, spiritual enlightenment, training the child-mind, etc. Price eight cents.

Preserving for Profit: Make money with homemade preserves! Price ten cents.

Home Money Making with Boarders: How to run a successful boarding house all the year. Price six cents.

When You Travel to Europe: Advice for the person planning a vacation on the Continent. Price two cents.

Send stamps to: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

[*Continued from page 8*]

Cyclists Touring Club, and thirty-eight years later "the Lossie loon" was forming a government as Prime Minister of England. In that interval he had become the Leader of the Labor party, a distinguished orator, a brilliant Member of Parliament, the most bitterly reviled man in England, and as forceful and dramatic a figure as any of us are liable to encounter in our journey from this world to the next. The dark little boy's name was James Ramsay MacDonald. You can read the fantastic story of his career in a large, solid, thoroughly documented volume by H. Hessell Tiltman, called *J. Ramsay MacDonald, Labor's Man of Destiny.*

Once upon a time in a small room in a great city another little boy was born—ruddy, blue-eyed, Irish to the bone, the son of an umbrella-maker and a truck driver. The truck driver died when the boy was twelve; and for the next eight years he was exceedingly busy filling the somewhat varied rôles of newsboy, truck chaser, handy man, fish market worker and shipping clerk. A few months before he was twenty-one he drifted into a political meeting one night at the Oriental Club in Grand Street; and suddenly the air about him was filled with the old, arresting music of the bells . . . . "Turn again Whittington, thrice Mayor of London" . . . . Turn again, Al Smith, four time Governor of New York, turn to your life's work and your life's joy, turn far, far away from the little dark house in South Street to the shadow of the great White House in Washington. *Up to Now* is the record of the happiest of lives, the story of a rich little poor boy, who had real fire engines for playthings, the bowsprits and the riggings of the water-front ships for a gymnasium, the unpolluted East River for a swimming pool, and the strange foreign animals that the sailors sold him for pets. Lucky Al Smith, who had in the garret at South Street, "all living in peace and harmony," one West Indian goat, four dogs, a parrot and a monkey—and who, a generation later, filled the grounds of the Executive Mansion at Albany with racoons, bears, elk, deer, monkeys, rabbits, pheasants, foxes, owls, and a goat with the sublime name of "Heliotrope."

THIS man's unflagging interest in men, monkeys, budgets, ballots and babies is nothing short of miraculous. It is obvious that life has given him a good deal more than his money's worth, from the day that a dime introduced him to the fascinating society of the India rubber man, the dog-faced boy, the skeleton dude and the sword swallower—throwing in two acts of drama replete with thunder and dead Indians, for good measure—to the day when he was supplying his own thunder and dead Indians from one end of a continent to the other, accompanied by a thousand bands pounding out the gay swing of "East Side, West Side," magically transformed into a folk song and a battle cry.

These two books are a liberal education in the theory and practice of government.

Turn the leaves again . . . . Once upon a time, a hundred and fifty years ago in the gray city of Edinburgh, still another little boy was born; a little boy who was destined by his father, an honest but poor lawyer, to "wear the gown," but was destined by fate to wear the laurels of the world's best loved story teller. In *A Great Rich Man*, the story of Sir Walter Scott by Louise Schultz Boas, we do not meet the lame, handsome young giant until he comes limping into pretty "Willie" Stuart's life in his nineteenth year. The daughter of Sir John Stuart was considered far too fine a match for this impoverished suitor, however, and he had to wait seven years more for his fairy princess, a charming refugee, daughter of a French royalist called Charpentier, who had five hundred pounds a year and a will of her own, and declared firmly and prophetically that her dear Scott would "rise very high, and be a great rich man."

HE MARRIED her when he was twenty-six, and ten years later he and Byron were sharing most of the fame in the world between them, and winning such fortunes as should rightfully come from gold mines rather than slim volumes of poetry. He was to lead his Charlotte from the thatched cottage with the romantic arbor, where he first took her, to a castle set in thousands of acres of land, where he lived as royally as a king, and where a king was to sit at his board. He lived to see his writings earn him a hundred and thirty thousand dollars a year; he lived to test her unfaltering love and loyalty by going deep into poverty again; he lived to redeem colossal debts for which he was not responsible, by labors even more colossal, and finally, he died as he lived, a great and a rich man. The story is told lightly, pleasantly and movingly, in the form of a novel. No "success" biography of today, no "success" fairy tale of Jack the Giant Killer of yesterday, could be more heartening than this tale of a gentle, generous and unbroken spirit.

Fair Warning!

Ultima Thule, by a woman who calls herself Henry Handel Richardson, is a noble, tragic and harrowing tale, that seems so real that it emphasizes the fairy tale quality of most biographies. The lengthy narrative of the disintegration of a doctor in Australia can hardly be recommended as light reading, but it is the stuff of which literature of the first order is made.

The Body on the Floor, by Nancy Mavity, is an excellent book if you don't mind a cheerful detective and a good deal of blood; and is ideal for those evenings when crime, and plenty of it, seems the only release from your own petty but maddening difficulties.

The Dartmouth Murders, by Clifford Orr, is by no means so frivolous. It is readable and intelligent, however, and has the merit of employing the refreshing new background of a college town.

Partners in Crime, by Agatha Christie, is amusing and exciting spoofing in a series of stories clustered about the central figures of two engaging young detectives, male and female.

The Roman Hat Mystery, by Ellery Queen, makes going to the theater seem a far more perilous performance than it has ever been before. It should appeal to those who enjoy the literate intricacies of Mr. Philo Vance, and there is more than a suggestion of that gentleman in the book-hunting Mr. Queen.

The only qualification that you need in order to get an evening of unqualified enjoyment out of the highly ingenious and admirably sustained narrative of *The Poison Chocolate Case*, by Anthony Berkeley, is that of being a real crime fan, who is as familiar with Roland Molyneux as with Sherlock Holmes. But even if you have never heard of either gentleman, this one will reward you for the time spent on it.

WORDS AND MUSIC

[*Continued from page 7*]

Orchestra's string section—the opulent flood of tone, brilliant without coldness and firm without hardness, that no other orchestra I have ever heard can quite contrive to produce. The wood wind and heavy brass choirs, likewise, came over well-nigh perfectly. Only in the horn section was there an occasional trace of glassy, "blasting" tone that makes French horns and sopranos the despair of radio engineers and the distress of radio listeners.

IT WAS interesting to prove to oneself that a great conductor's work is just as great when he is invisible. The least experienced hearer must have been moved by the exquisite timber and tonal blending that Stokowski exacts from his players, the cunningly graded dynamics, the tempi, so inevitable and unerringly right, the clean, beautiful attacks and entrances, the breadth and sonority of the climaxes, the magnificent vitality that put the breath of life into every bar of the music. What with the significance of the occasion and the superlative quality of the performance, it was an afternoon not to be forgotten; and it would have taken a more hard-boiled listener than this one, not to have been thrilled by it.

The concert differed from the average symphony-broadcast also in that it was not a "sustaining feature," sent out by one of the stations, but a regular, commercial "hour." The company sponsoring the series deserves gratitude, not alone for making possible the performance of a uniformly excellent program by a great orchestra; but likewise for handling the enterprise with appropriate dignity and restraint.

There was none of the ballyhoo and sales talk that usually spoils even good orchestral radio programs. The president of the company made a brief speech, telling what the company is, and what it makes; and devoted the major portion of his remarks to the orchestra. I wish some of the other broadcasters who ram slogans and trade-marks and selling points and "quality" talk down our throats, might have heard him.

I wish, too, that all the radio announcers in the world could have been made to listen to Mr. Stokowski's descriptive remarks concerning the music. His introduction of the finale of the G-minor symphony, for instance: "The fourth part of this symphony has music of two kinds: the first, an animated dance; the second, a little slower, more like a song." When one of the world's great conductors finds these words sufficient to describe part of one of the world's great symphonies, surely it might dawn upon even a radio announcer that dates and big words and patronage and gush are not essential for the enjoyment of music; that when music is truly great it may safely be allowed to speak more or less for itself.

PERFECT ENGLISH

[*Continued from page 7*]

spoken by some Englishman who has been in America long enough, not to acquire an American accent, but to be liberated from the stultifications and absurd elaborations of the ultra-English accent.

When such a person is nominated, it will probably turn out to be George Arliss.

Those who see Mr. Arliss in *Disraeli*—and those who take my advice *will* see Mr. Arliss in *Disraeli*—will be treated to a rendition of practically perfect English. Mr. Arliss does not say "Haowjado" when he means "How do you do"; he doesn't pronounce such words as "flower" and "flyer" as though both were spelled "flah"; nor does he convert "What's the matter" into "Waszamadduh." His speech is neither too sloppy nor too precise. It is free from accent of any kind and the inflection is low and musical.

In addition to the purity of his articulation, Mr. Arliss has qualities as a pantomimist which are supremely well suited to the screen. His performance in *Disraeli* is a big event in the movies; it is productive of absorbing and genuinely legitimate drama. In fewer words, don't miss it.

Another picture that is deserving of attention is *Young Nowheres*, in which Richard Barthelmess and Frank Lloyd, the director, prove that such things as conflict, struggle, spectacular slaughter and other forms of melodramatic punch are not absolutely necessary in the zestful cinema. *Young Nowheres*, as its title would indicate, is a story of nobodies who have no particular purpose and are going no place in particular. The mildly romantic relationship of Mr. Barthelmess and the heroine, ably played by Marion Nixon, is not to be compared with the heated passages at arms between Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; but I confess I found it easier to believe and infinitely more pleasant to watch.

Young Nowheres may be described as a small picture—small but superlatively good. For those who like them, there are also plenty of big pictures.

One of the biggest is *Rio Rita*, a glorification of a Ziegfeld operetta which makes up, by what it possesses in extravagant magnitude, for what it lacks in flesh and blood. Such heavy adjectives as "gorgeous" and "stupendous" may safely be applied to it, and also to Bebe Daniels, who looks and sings the title rôle. Aside from which, *Rio Rita* actually contains some good comedy, contributed by Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler.

SUNNY SIDE UP is another big one. Its stars are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, both of whom are charming, visually, but vocally unimpressive. Miss Gaynor appears as a sprightly Cinderella, who is conducted, by Mr. Farrell, into the midst of the social lorgnettes and, of course, makes them all look very foolish indeed. Every few feet through the story one or more of the characters bursts into song, and their words and music are catchy in the extreme.

Why Bring That Up? brings the Two Black Crows, Moran and Mack, to the screen, with many of their best jokes. *Flight* is a formidable thriller of the air, which takes the dizzy audience along with it as it dives, loops and spins. *His Glorious Night* is John Gilbert's first talking picture; it can be forgiven and forgotten. *Three Live Ghosts* is a reasonably funny farce about three missing soldiers who suddenly and inconveniently turn up. *Paris Bound* is a thin tragi-comedy on thin ice, with some convincing acting by the lovely Ann Harding.

The Harold Lloyd comedy, *Welcome Danger*, and the Pickford-Fairbanks-Shakespeare comedy, *The Taming of the Shrew*, will be topics for discussion in this column next month.

KEEP IT IN THE AIR

[*Continued from page 8*]

Still, the necessity of unreality cannot be stressed too far. Characters must remain a cousinship to actuality. Indeed one of the most amusing bits in the play is that of a policeman played by Edward J. MacNamara. To this Patrolman Mulligan there falls the best line of the evening. The young woman from the South is surprised to see an officer in uniform reaching for an illegal beverage. "I thought," she says, "that policemen never drank while on duty." To which Mulligan replies, "It just seems like never."

And if Mr. MacNamara manages to be a most convincing cop, it may be somewhat based upon the fact that once upon a time he was a member of the police force of Paterson, N. J.

There should be special mention of Miss Muriel Kirkland in *Strictly Dishonorable;* for it is her difficult task to maintain a heavy Southern accent for three entire acts. For the purposes of the comedy she is supposed to come from Mississippi; and she has never been there.

Her accent is wholly an artifice, yet never does she slip nor do the tones of her simulated speech fall anyway but pleasingly upon the ears of the audience. Tullie Carminati, the tenor and the hero, is, as you may quite possibly guess, an authentic Italian; but even he brushes up and broadens out his accent for purposes of entertainment. After all, the real purpose of a light comedy is not to make the theatergoer say as he departs, "I believe it really happened." It is much better if he says, "I wish it had."

The funniest current comedy is *June Moon* by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman. In its high spots it is more hilarious than *Strictly Dishonorable,* but not quite as smoothly built and executed. Mr. Lardner and Mr. Kaufman are both masters of a devastating satire. Each is eloquently aware of the gap between man's pretensions and his true estate. This play is built around a song writer and the business of song writing. The audience is permitted to see and hear some of the "mother" songs ground out before their very eyes and ears. The spectacle of a hard-boiled composer sitting down to distill dollars out of the nation's potential tears is a legitimate and a vastly rich field for satirists. The playwrights miss not one single trick. The witty and the wise lines pop like corn over a hot fire. Nor is the humor merely that of the wisecrack. Most of the fun is rooted into character.

BUT late in the evening one author must have said to another, "We ought to have some heart interest." Or maybe the producer said that. And then for a very brief interval the play does touch the ground. Indeed it lies there. The pathos of Kaufman and Lardner is just as synthetic as that of the song writers whom they have baited. Both gentlemen have made a sacrifice to that great god called What the Public Is Supposed to Want. It is a burnt offering tendered by two gentlemen who seem to forget that it is not meet for worshippers to come with tongue in cheek.

The best written part and the best performance is that of Miss Jean Dixon who plays the rôle of the composer's wife. She is responsible for what seems to me the finest acting moment of the entire season.

TURNING LIFE UPSIDE DOWN

[*Continued from page 8*]

and the effort of man to find a more satisfying spiritual faith.

In the sermon here under review Dean Sperry deals with an amazing twist in the modern mind by which evolution is inverted into devolution, and life is interpreted downward. In the last century life was traced from its lower forms up to man, the splendid crown of an age-long development.

"Would you know what human nature and character are?" asks the man of science. "Go back into the hinterland of instinct and animal behavior. Would you know what states and churches mean? Read the truth of them in the folkways of aborigines, the movements of the herd, the laws of the hunting pack. Read biology and anthropology, and see man reduced to his simplest terms. The further you go into this world of human beginnings the more savage the scene becomes. Religious creeds, codes of morality, all the stuff of faith and conduct disappear in brutishness, in which all the higher values are blurred and lost.

WHAT has religion to say about this?" asks Dean Sperry. "It has four things to say. First, it does not deny the right of science to discover, if it can, what man came from. Any religion worthy of the name will go anywhere with any man who is trying to find the truth. Only a timid and cowardly faith would discourage the search for truth. Second, the facts of science may all be true, but they do not tell all the truth. Religion accepts the facts, but it reads their meaning upward. The deeper the pit out of which man was digged, the more wonderful is the story of his climb from the wild cannibal to the life of Christ. The further back we go the deeper the mystery of why man ascended at all.

"If man has such a lowly origin, some force pushed him up from below, some power pulled him up from above," Dean Sperry argues. "The facts prove it. Religion calls that upward urge and pull God, who made man out of dirt, but breathed into him a divine fire, a spark which has led and lifted him up the long way from savage to saint.

"Origins prove nothing," Dean Sperry adds. "Religion says that although life has a backward look it has also a forward look; and when we are trying to find out the truth about man the forward look is more revealing. The faiths, hopes, dreams and heroisms of man tell us more about him than his muddy origins. Without denying anything that truth-seekers find about the lowly beginnings of human life, its already demonstrated facts and achievements are beyond those origins, and light up the depth from which the race has risen. There is another truth to be told, and only religion can tell it."

Thus a great teacher-preacher bids us lift our eyes to the hills whence cometh a larger outlook and a clearer vision. Calmly, searchingly he rebukes a one-sided, downward-looking science which, by mistaking one aspect of life for the whole, misses the true measure and meaning of our human struggle for the good and the true, amid exultations and agonies, by the grace of God and the glory of man's unconquerable mind. He insists that if men suffer from cynicism, pessimism and defeatism it is because they have turned life upside down and do not see it straight.

CURTAIN'S UP!

[*Continued from page 24*]

"Oh, you've been in vaudeville?"

She nodded. "My father and mother had an act. I was with them, and then with my father after Mother died. But he died too."

She stood motionless. Was she going to cry again? Abruptly she said goodnight and went out the stage door.

Crossing the street, the next morning, Kin caught a glimpse of the blue hat through the McDermott window. It might have been better to arrange some other meeting place. He was conscious of a fear that the girl might open up with her personal story. Flop on him.

BUT when she met him she showed no signs of feeling. He was offhand and friendly about the reviews. She had a mention in each.

"What did I tell you?" said he, cheerfully. "You're good. And they know it. You've landed, with a bang."

They walked around the corner toward the stage door. The street was quiet. A solitary man stood on the curb near the alley. His face, when Kin caught a square look at it, was wizened, with deep curving lines about the mouth.

Kin turned to remark casually—"There's a six-a-day trouper if I ever hope to see one," only to find that the girl had stopped short, a little way back. Puzzled, he was considering retracing his own steps when the stranger brushed past him.

"Thought you could get away with that stuff, did you? Leave me flat, would you? After all I've . . . "

The man had caught the girl's arm. She broke away, but the man leaped after; caught her.

"What's all this about?" Kin asked angrily.

"It's nothing to you, my boy," said he of the seamed face. Then to the girl—"You're coming with me now."

"Wait a minute, my friend," said Kin. "Let go her arm."

The man thrust out his jaw. "Look here, d'you know who I am?"

"I know enough. You're the wrong kind. And if I ever see you bothering that girl again . . . "

The man broke in, excitedly—"Yes, what'll you do? What'll you do?"

Already a few people had gathered. Kin couldn't see Mabel. She must have slipped away. He gave the fellow a shove. "Just you keep away from that girl."

The man made a pass at him. A fight, apparently, it was to be. Kin stepped in; drove a blow against the scarred cheek; took one or two, but shook them off and stepped in again. He finished the man off with a few hard rights and lefts. A final solid blow landed him on his back in the gutter.

"Any time you want another beating," said Kin, crisply, "just stick around."

He walked back to his rooms and changed his suit; then returned to the theater.

Harrison was in the front office, dictating a letter. Joe Murgatroyd, the company manager, sat at his desk going over his accounts. Kin said, "Good morning," and set to work pasting up the reviews in the scrap book.

The telephone rang. It's Pete Henderson," said Joe. Henderson was the play reviewer for one of the big dailies. "He's crazy about little Owen. Thinks she's the find of the season. Wants an interview with her."

Harrison said, "Better talk to him, Kin," and went off to the rehearsal.

"Well, there's a little free publicity," remarked Kin, as he hung up. "He's coming around at twelve. I'll bring Miss Owen in here."

Frank Mason, the stage manager, looked in at the door. "Seen Mabel Owen? . . . Byrne's given her the ingénue lead for next week. She ought to be rehearsing."

"I'll look around for her," offered Kin, quietly. But he couldn't find her.

At twelve he met Henderson. "Can't find her," he explained. "It's funny. She's simply vanished."

"Well . . . " the critic sauntered toward the door . . . "I'll be in my office until five-thirty. If she turns up, trot her around."

IT WAS all of two o'clock when Kin thought of climbing to her dressing room. He knocked; then tried the door. It was locked. "It's Kin Leonard," he said. Then she opened the door. Kin rather thought she'd been crying. He entered, and closed the door; and for a moment stood awkwardly before her.

"Got great news for you," he said.

"Has . . . he gone?"

"Oh sure. I sent him on his way. And one of the best critics wants an interview. How's that?"

She sank on a chair. After a moment she spoke, huskily—"He'll be back."

"No fear."

She shivered. "You don't know him."

"Don't want to. Who is he?"

"Billy Beck."

"But he can't do anything to disturb you. Mabel. How could he?"

"He's my husband."

A long silence fell. She dropped her head on her arm and cried softly. Out of his confused thoughts one rose . . . "Poor kid! Her nerves are a wreck. And she's got to play tonight. Got to see her through somehow."

By three o'clock he had her sufficiently nerved up to enter into the rehearsal downstairs. And shortly after five he took her over to the critic's office in a taxi.

"I don't seem able to realize what's happening," she said. "It's all coming so fast."

The interview was over. They were back in the cab.

"Well," said he, rather shortly, "that's done, and it's all to the good. Pete's wild about you."

ANSWER

By Margaret E. Sangster

Where are the roses, touched with youth's own wonder,
That seemed so glad beneath the summer sky?
Their souls are dreaming deathless beauty, under
The dancing leaves that autumn winds brush by.

Where are the hints of springtime that we greeted
With joyous hearts not many months ago?
They wait, not dead, but wholly undefeated,
Beneath the quiet of the drifting snow.

"Oh, do you think so?" she seemed girlishly happy over it.

"Listen!" he said. "You said that Beck fellow's your husband. You don't want to go back to him?"

Her lids drooped. Again that sensitive shiver. "Oh, no."

"But why on earth did you marry him, then?"

SHE wanted to cry out—"Oh, what does it matter?" But instead, obediently, she answered him. "My father was dying. His money was gone. We were in Kansas City. Billy was there, too. He and Dad had known each other a long time. He helped with money. We couldn't pay him back. But Billy wanted our act. And he wanted me along with it; in the act. Dad asked him . . . asked him if he wouldn't m-marry me. I guess he couldn't think of any other way I'd be taken care of. Billy said he would, and he went out and got a minister and we were married right there by Dad's bed. And then he died. That evening. And when I began to realize . . . oh, I guess I was just about crazy . . . Well, I ran away." She was getting it out, bitterness, heartache and all.

"You ran away? When?"

"That night. I had enough money to get to Chicago. I got a job there in a one-armed lunch room. One day I heard some theater people telling about Mr. Henderson's company, down here. I'd saved up a little money, so I . . . just came. And now Billy's found me. I can't think how."

As the taxi swung toward the stage door, she clutched his arm. Under the light, stood a thin figure with a cane and a turned-down panama hat.

Kin patted her hand. "It's all right, kid," he said firmly. "He can't kidnap you. And you don't have to go with him if you don't want to."

He hurried her in at the stage door; and himself went through the building to the front office. Joe Murgatroyd was at his desk. Briefly he told the girl's pitiful little story.

"Hm!" mused Joe. "Byrne won't like it. He's making plans for her."

"Get your hat," said Kin. "The bird's waiting outside. We'll see what we can do with him."

They found him standing under the light, an unhappy figure with one very black eye and a swollen ear.

"Thought I gave you a fairly emphatic warning to keep away from here," Kin remarked.

Billy Beck smiled respectfully. "Now honest," he began . . . I've been thinking . . . you look like a fair-minded man. You give me a raw deal, beating me up like that. Now honest, didn't you?"

Joe's quick eyes took in the situation. Kin hadn't mentioned any fight but the picture was clear now.

"You see, friend . . . " Billy Beck was obsequious . . . "that kid ain't done the right thing by me. Honest, she ain't. They owe me a lot o' money, her and her father. He gives me the act. And he begs me to take care of the kid, he does. But you see, the act's no good to me without the kid. I ask you, honest now, man to man, how'm I to . . . "

Kin stood looking him over. And thinking swiftly. Suddenly he broke in—"Is that all?"

"Say, what are you tryin' to . . . "

"All I can say is, there's a big hole in it. You come along with us."

"Now wait a minute . . . " this was a whine . . . "What are you tryin' to do. I told you the whole truth. Ain't I . . . "

"Come with us. You needn't be afraid."

AFRAID? Billy Beck afraid? I'll admit you licked me, But didn't I come back? Didn't I?"

Kin led the way to the stage door. Joe motioned Billy Beck to follow. Glancing fearfully from one to the other, he obeyed.

Back stage there was quiet. Frank Mason appeared from the dressing-room corridor.

"Frank," said Kin quietly, "Miss Owen down yet?"

"No, she's not in the first act of this show, you know."

"Would you mind sending someone up? See if she can't come right down."

They waited. Slowly Mabel came down the iron stairs, holding a blue kimono about her. At the foot of the stairs she faltered; a shadow crossed her lovely face.

"It's all right," said Kin, reassuringly. "Come right over here, Mabel. We're going to settle everything." He turned abruptly on Billy Beck who swaggered a bit even as he stood.

"There's one little matter you seem to have overlooked, my friend. You seem to have forgotten that even in Kansas City they're in the habit of keeping records of all marriages—big ones and little ones, too."

The color left Beck's face. They watched him; the men keenly, the girl very still, her eyes wide pools in her white face.

Then Beck's whining eagerness returned. "Oh, that? Say, honest, friend can't you understand that poor old Tommy was dying?"

"You didn't have time to get a license or a real minister, eh?"

"That's just how it was! You see . . . me there taking care o' the two of 'em . . . anxious just to . . . "

"Then why didn't you tell Miss Owen it was a fake marriage?"

"Say, that ain't fair! I ain't seen the kid from that night till today! I tell you I'm going to marry her just as soon as—"

"No, you're not!" Kin wasn't aware that he was speaking dramatically; and he hardly knew that he had her hand in his.

"Then I'd like to know . . . "

"All you need to know, Beck, is that I'm going to marry her myself."

Kin was aware, in the pause that followed, that her hand pulled oddly in his. She had slipped to the floor in a faint, a pathetic little heap of softly draped blue silk.

"Lift up her feet a little," said Joe briskly. "Keep her head low."

The blue eyelids fluttered open. "I'm sorry," she murmured, "I sort of . . . I'll be all right . . . tell Mr. Mason I'll be able to go on all right. Tell him he need not worry."

"Sure," said the hardheaded Joe. "You'll snap into it."

"Where's Billy?" she asked, with fright in her eyes.

THEY looked about. "Hm!" said Joe. "He's 'gone. Nice work, Kin."

"Curtain's up!" cautioned Mason. Kin picked up the girl just as he'd always longed to do. And, suddenly, over his excitement, it flashed through his mind how sweet she was, so soft and small and cuddly—like a baby.

"Take her into Byrne's office," suggested Joe. "There's a sofa."

Kin merely shook his head. At the moment he couldn't have spoken. Emotion had caught him. He started up the three flights of stairs. Her arms clung about his neck. Her forehead pressed against his cheek. On the first landing he became aware that she was speaking, weakly. He stopped. The words were—"But you don't want to marry me. You want your life all for yourself."

"How in the devil could you expect me to know what I wanted?" he said, as if he were angry. Then, as fiercely, he kissed her and her lips clung to his.

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assured. But within a few months her husband was smitten with a physical and mental ailment that made him an invalid. Years of doctors' and nurses' bills stretched ahead. "And I did not know a thing on earth to do to make a dollar," she stated simply.

"I agonized over the horror of dependence until I grew ill and was sent to the Mississippi Gulf Coast to recuperate. Destiny—and I believe in Kismet as implicitly as any Mohammedan—led me into the house next door to Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, the great woman who owned and edited the New Orleans "Picayune." I showed her a little story I had written and she bought it for $3.00. My fate was sealed, for I promptly 'wished myself' on the 'Picayune' and my newspaper career began, at $5.00 a week."

Between this modest figure and the approximately $100,000 a year which Dorothy Dix now commands can be traced the heartbreaking struggle of a courageous woman. Forced to put from her all thoughts of home and children and happiness in marriage, she concentrated on the grim task of earning a living and supporting others.

Part of her work on the "Picayune" consisted in writing a weekly article for women.

"It came to me that everything in the world had been written about women and for women except the truth," she explained. "And so I began writing the truth as I have seen it about the relationship of men and women. I called these articles the 'Dorothy Dix Talks' and women liked them."

Meantime, the young journalist was disciplining herself in her own hard school. She studied word books, the dictionary and books of synonyms. She memorized editorials. She followed and dissected the work of every big writer in the country. And above all, she wrote and rewrote her own material, contriving with infinite labor to develop the force and fire for which her writing is famous.

"I have written the same piece over fifty times to get more punch into it," she admitted. "And I still do. As a result of this intensive self-training I was able, in one supreme test, to write 90,000 words in 17 days on 52 different subjects."

SUCH distinctive work could not go long unrecognized and four years later Dorothy Dix was "discovered" by the sharp-eyed Mr. Hearst. In 1901 she joined the staff of the New York "Journal" and became one of the new craft—a woman reporter.

"Girls by the hundred ask how to get into the writing game," continued Dorothy Dix reminiscently; "and to answer them I have a set of counter questions. 'Have you the constitution of an ox? Can you go without sleep? Can you eat anything or go without eating, work anywhere at any time, under any conditions? Can you stay on a story through rain and shine and darkness and cold until you have collected every scrap of information? Can you work 18 hours a day?'

"I did all of these things for many years."

Gradually Dorothy Dix became known as the country's foremost "sob sister"; and for twenty years she covered every sensational story, vice investigation and crusade of that period.

Meantime, in addition to her regular work, she kept up the Dorothy Dix Talks, which have had an unbroken record of 34 years without missing an issue. All of this has given her infinite understanding of human nature.

Desiring to devote herself entirely to these Talks which, she says modestly, "I hoped I could make helpful to my day and generation," Dorothy

IN MINIATURE

[*Continued from page 4*]

Dix retired several years ago to New Orleans. There she writes her daily column which is syndicated from New York to South Africa and from London to Shanghai. There, too, she makes a home for her 93-years young father, in a charming old house filled with odd things picked up all over the world.

FOR Dorothy Dix's home reflects the pulse of its mistress, the urge to see things first hand, to know every race and creed and country. And so there are rugs from Turkey, brasses from Damascus, embroideries from China and inlaid furniture from the East. Each has been brought back from one of many trips, along with a wealth of impressions and observations and a keen interest in "the next jaunt."

And, miraculously, each year her vitality matches her enthusiasm. Two years ago she viewed a large section of Northern Africa from a camel's back. Last year she penetrated, also on camel back, as far as Teheren, in Persia, especially to study the women of the Near East, many of whom still live in the secluded harem life. This year her goal was Alaska—not the tourist land seen from a comfortable deck chair, but the real Klondyke as viewed from a dog sled fifty miles above Dawson.

Every morning the postman staggers up to the door of this New Orleans home with 1000 pieces of mail addressed to Dorothy Dix.

"These letters," she confessed, "are the most amazing human documents ever written; and as they flow across my desk in an endless stream, I am given such a glimpse of the human heart as perhaps no other human being has ever been privileged to see.

"It is a cross-section of life, raw and bleeding, with nothing covered up. Some of the letters are written by souls in torment. I can imagine men and women getting up from beds on which they have tossed sleeplessly to try to ease their over-burdened hearts by writing me.

"What do they write about, these clerks and business men, governors and seamstresses, judges and teachers, stenographers and farmers? Most of their letters are written in terrible stress, many are heartbreakingly pathetic. Some are so heroic in their acceptance of almost impossible living conditions that you feel that the warriors should be decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

"Many, too, are amusing. Not long ago one writer said, 'I usually take my problems to God, but now, Miss Dix, I want the advice of someone real practical.'

"Generally the letters follow a distinct trend. When I first began keeping my finger on the pulse of humanity about the beginning of the century, it was much quieter and generally speaking, steadier. In those days girls always wanted to know how to get a beau; wives, what to do with unfaithful, stingy or drunken husbands. Bachelors wondered whether their mistresses would be faithful if they married them; and husbands had only simple troubles such as nagging or extravagant wives.

"Nowadays, the trends are just as distinct, only much more serious and violent. Girls still want to know how to have dates, but they aren't so keen about getting married. Young girls think nothing of writing that they get drunk and go on wild parties, not because they care for it, but because that's the only way they can get attentions from men.

SOME letters are naïve in their explanations of extenuating circumstances, such as the one from a young girl who wrote not long ago, 'Of course, Miss Dix, you're old-fashioned in your ideas, but then they didn't know about sex when you were young, did they?'

"To which I felt bound to respond that Adam and Eve had known all there was to be known about the subject, and that no one had even invented a new temptation since the Garden of Eden episode.

"Wives today run truer to the 1900 form than any other class of correspondents. They are still bothered by drunken and faithless husbands; and just as often, perhaps oftener, they have fallen in love with another man, for whom they are ready to break up their homes. Curiously enough, their vanity leads them to believe that their fascinations are so great that the 'Other Man' will be willing to take them with five or six children!

"One hundred husbands write to me today where one used to write ten or twenty years ago. And the reason for this is that there is a revolt of husbands quietly going on in America. The modern husband is no longer satisfied with a wife who is merely faithful and virtuous and a fair cook. He wants a wife who will be entertaining, who will keep up with him mentally and especially one who sympathizes with him and is affectionate to him.

"I am constantly surprised and touched to receive letters from people wanting to help me at my job, to give me the benefit of their experience. Often a priest will write, 'You, too, are at a confessional window. I have found from many years—etc.' Thus throwing light on various human failings out of the depths of his mellowed wisdom. Or a doctor will write, 'I see in a recent article that you refer to a case which is pathological. Now in my practice I find—etc.' One woman lawyer recently sent me an entire brief dealing with the status of the common-law wife in the United States.

"Why it's gotten so," Dorothy Dix laughed confidingly, "that I can't read and enjoy novels any more. They all seem tame after the real live letters I read every day. Many of them have plot, mystery, romance, intrigue—everything needed for a novel of human emotions.

"Many of the problems are so intricate that only Almighty wisdom can solve them; but to all I give understanding and the best advice I have in the shop. If my stuff has been popular, it's because I've been human, like the woman in Barrie's play *The Twelve Pound Look*—' "Pour soul," said they to her; "Poor soul," said she to them.' "

Struggle, sacrifice, heart's blood have gone into that title, "Highest Paid Newspaper Woman In The World."

But Dorothy Dix finds her real reward in that other title which so fittingly crowns her career and comes from the hearts of the people—"Best Loved Woman In The World."

THE AIR IS HOSTESS

[*Continued from page 21*]

control window. The control man had been beaming approval from the first, but he beamed more now. It had gone over well. From an outer control room, where three men sat receiving messages from stations all over the country, came more comforting news. All the reports were good.

WE TOOK our part in the congratulations. I, for one, had never dreamed of the goodwill that made the studio such a happy place. It sounds rather melancholy to perform to an instrument with your audience miles away. But here at every window and in the studio, was an audience at hand, sensitive to every move—tense, spirited, beaming soundless approval as the act went on.

It is not at all difficult to visit a broadcasting performance. Any radio listener can obtain admission by writing for permission. As long as one keeps quiet and reasonably out of the way, there is a welcome.

The most important factor dominating radio performance is time. Radio is run much as any newspaper or magazine. They sell space to advertisers; radio sells the waves it controls for a certain length of time. Then the broadcasting office agrees to furnish a program.

Suppose a soap manufacturer buys a half hour's radio time. If the broadcasting studio protracts that half hour by one minute, and the program given is being relayed by sixty stations, that one minute is multiplied by sixty; the manufacturer has really received an extra hour of radio time, for which he has not paid, and which may have to come off another man's time.

As a result of this time selling, watches and clocks all set together, fairly permeate broadcasting studios. Specially regulated stop watches are everywhere, in the hand of the announcer, on music racks, on the piano.

And the director is fairly strung on time. His is the responsibility. As he finishes, another studio holds performers waiting, tense, to go on. As his act ends, the invisible audience must at once have another.

"Five seconds of silence," said the broadcasters, "are enough to lose thousands of listeners. There must be not a second's waste. If a number finishes too soon, the company must fill in, or the announcer must. An announcer who can improvise in such emergency is a jewel. Never can we be silent."

For seven years we have had some form of public broadcasting. And through these years radio patrons have discovered that the public can be made to listen to just so much advertising and no more. The advertising part of a program has grown less and less and the entertainment part more. The baker who used to take fifteen minutes to tell how his wonderful bread was made now contents himself with announcements at the beginning and end of his time allotment that the bakery furnishes the program. An advertiser can hardly eliminate himself further.

For this present state of affairs in radio entertainment in our country we, as the listening public, are directly responsible.

Says the Department of Commerce: "The demand of individuals alone is responsible for the broadcaster's desire for results." Which means that what we as a whole want, we can get. The broadcasting stations yearn for criticism and commendation. They receive from listeners-in millions of letters a year, but many of the letters are pleasant rather than helpful.

"Will you kindly stop broadcasting on the evening of the third Tuesday of each month, so that we can get the members of Branch 637 Letter Carriers' Association out to their monthly meeting?" is complimentary, but of no use in making up a program.

What the broadcaster wants to know is exactly what you want, what program, or better still, what part of a program you enjoyed. And he wants criticism. What voices do you like best? Do the programs contain too much music, or too much of the speaking voice? Should announcers say more, or less? Do you like speeches, plays, recitations? Which singers please you most? To which programs do you always listen? The American people hold the radio under control.

From these millions of letters the radio broadcaster thinks he has learned something. He believes that orchestras which play dance music selections are the most popular of all entertainments. Paul Whiteman's, Ben Bernie's, Vincent Lopez' orchestras are high in favor. So far, the violin is the most popular solo instrument. These two instrumental features are more popular than singing. In the singing field male voices are far more popular than female and baritones lead the list.

"It is true," he says, "that baritones are generally the most popular. But the most popular stars today in male voices are tenors. When a singer gets a following, it doesn't seem that the general rule applies. Rudy Vallee, Wendell Hall, James Melton, Franklyn Baur, Morton Downey, Redfern Hollingshead have built a personal following that eclipses for the moment that of any baritone.

WOMEN are far less popular than men, and contralto voices in general are more popular than sopranos. Yet at the present time Olive Palmer, a coloratura soprano, and Jessica Dragonette, a lyric soprano, have bigger followings than any of the contraltos.

"We know these things definitely through letters and the demands for personal appearances.

"Singing is far more popular than talking, but the most popular talking performer is the announcer. Our announcers are almost matinee idols."

In times past, everyone wanted to be on the stage; now everyone wants to be in the movies or on the air.

It is no small job to announce a program. A man must have a good voice, be able to speak at least three languages, understand something of history, science, literature, and have a fine appearance. *You* do not see him of course. But the artists who perform do, and he is for the time their manager. His pay envelope, like that of the artists he directs, varies greatly. A good announcer gets from a hundred to five hundred a week or even more; artists may receive from $25.00 for a single turn to $300.00 an hour.

It was not until 1929 that the oft repeated statement of radio enthusiasts that the whole world had been at last knit together by radio, became an actual fact. Of the less than two billion souls on earth, one billion are now living within constant receiving distance of broadcasting stations. There is no country on earth that has not a few sets. For the first time we take our enjoyment together. Just what results may be expected from mutually shared happiness we may leave to the prophets. With world-wide radio there are no barriers between races or nations. And our first universal language is on the air nightly—music.

IN TWELVE HOURS

[*Continued from page 20*]

His progress was slow; chill shook him from head to foot. In a few minutes all would be over—life, love, hope. He stood rubbing his hands together to get them warm enough to turn the knob. This door was never locked; he stepped in and felt about with his hand. His old dressing gown hung within reach; here was the bench upon which bathers sat to undress. He opened the cupboard door: here were the rough towels in a pile. He peeled his wet clothes from his wet body; his watch, his papers, his money—he had not thought of them—all were soaking. He rubbed his body and felt a faint glow. He was partially recovered from his illness and he was young and strong.

HE PUT on his dressing gown and slippers and opened the door into the kitchen. This, too, was unlocked; he had it in mind to scold Frances; she was too reckless, too indifferent to danger. He put both hands against the jambs of the door—had he been wandering in a dream? And was he now cured, sane and at home? He saw an object which recalled him to himself. Into the kitchen shone the moon, diffusing a soft light; from the large, old-fashioned stove issued a glow. In the light lay Frances' red cape spread out on a chair to dry.

Conscious of a need which he must satisfy, he opened the breadbox and took out the end of a loaf and sat down in a rocking-chair by the window. When he had finished eating, he would call Frances. There was no other way. He would say, "I know. I know everything. Let us not speak to one another. Only bring me my clothes, and let me go." They had been so happy, so madly, insanely happy in spite of poverty, of anxiety. He saw Frances' eyes, her beautiful mouth; he felt her hand on his, her arm under his head, her cheek—

He heard from above a sound which lifted him instantly to his feet. It had not yet occurred to him that Frances might not be alone. Grandgent would have gone back on the train: there was nothing else for him to do. He heard footsteps and the voice of Frances laughing.

"All right, I'll lock it," said Frances.

The doors into the front of the house were open; he saw a light, the glow of a candle widening on the wall. He felt a quivering, a stinging in his hands. He would not say gently, "I know"; he would shout, "Who is in the house with you, Frances?"

The stairway creaked, the candlelight spread on the wall, he could see a moving, distorted shadow. Frances took the last step and walked through the hall into the kitchen. She wore a loose blue gown, with blue slippers on her bare feet. She was a brave woman, composed under all circumstances. She did not drop her candle, but lifted it, illuminating Haven's tall figure. Above her head were footsteps. She lifted the candle still higher; her eyes widened, but she did not shrink.

"Why, Schuyler!" she cried.

In the mixture of pale lights they stood looking at one another. Footsteps crossed the floor above. Frances turned back into the little hall.

"Don't come down!" she called clearly, composedly. "Schuyler's here." She closed the door and faced her husband: "Where have you been? What has happened to you?"

Haven had not expected to have to explain what had befallen him; he could find no words, even if he could have remembered.

"Why are you in your old gown? Why did you come in so quietly? You were going to Pittsburgh! Your hair is wet!"

She set down the candle and lit an oil lamp. Her hand was unsteady; the chimney shook against the glass shade. Again, softly, the footsteps sounded overhead.

"Who is here?" asked Haven hoarsely.

"Theresa Lancaster," said Frances. She seized hold of the handle of the grate and shook it and pulled the teakettle over the coals. The water was all but boiling, steam showed instantly above the spout. Then she asked: "What has happened to you, Schuyler?"

Haven looked heavily, stupidly, not at her, but down at her red cloak. "Were you out in the storm?"

"No," said Frances. "Theresa was out. Sit down, please sit down! What has happened to you?"

"I came along the boardwalk and a section gave way and I fell in. I've been a long time getting here. Why"—Haven's eyes were glued to the red cape—"Why did Theresa go out on such a night?"

"She's in love." Frances pushed him gently into the deep chair. She pressed lemon juice into a cup, sweetened it and poured hot water on it, alarm and terror in her gray eyes, her hand still shaking. "You must drink all of this you can, and get to bed."

"She wore your cape, did she?" asked Haven.

"She wore my cape. It's drying. Here, drink this quickly."

HAVEN took the cup. "Was Theresa out alone?"

"Oh, no!" Frances looked at him anxiously, yet with amusement. "Her young man was with her. He started to drive and couldn't make it, and came from somewhere up the line on the train. He telephoned her. He went back at ten-thirty."

"Who is her young man?"

Frances turned toward him a smiling face.

"Charlie Grandgent," she said. "Surprising, isn't it? And pleasant. Drink that quickly, dear, then one more, and get to bed. When you're settled I've still more important news."

Haven set down the cup and put his arms round her.

"I'm not interested in any news."

"Yes, you are! Theresa brought a message from her father. He wonders if you'd be willing to go to China—he wants you to go."

"To China?" repeated Haven.

"To China. You and me."

Haven gave a start. The kitchen clock struck loudly—one, two, three up to eleven. He saw the office clock and heard it strike—one, two, three, up to eleven.

"This day has been a year," he said. "To China!" He laid his head upon her breast and closed his eyes. "I'm willing, but China is less important than I thought."

REFLECTIONS OF A NEW CITIZEN

By Konrad Bercovici

HERE is no alien attacking American institutions. Konrad Bercovici knows and loves America and its people through years of travel and association. Today he is one of us—an American citizen.

What he saw and felt as he took the oath of allegiance he tells literally in this article, with the hope that it will lead patriotic Americans to alter the conditions he describes.

There are courts in this land where new citizens are inspired to exalted lives, but in some few others we waste invaluable opportunities to mold loyal Americans. May this tribute bring us to a realization of the trust reposed in us.

THE EDITOR

SOMETIME in May, 1928, I received a post card calling me for final examination on my application to be admitted to American Citizenship. This country had been my home for years. Children of mine were born here. I had many friends I loved. I believed in the principles of democratic government. I had known the history of this country backward and forward long before I had landed on its shores. Still . . . . I had hesitated a long time, though American Citizenship meant very much to me.

The reason back of my hesitation was that I take an oath seriously. Renouncing allegiance to the government of the country I was born in, and taking the oath to defend this country against all enemies within and without, I promised to kill my own brother and father should they happen to be on the side of the enemy of the United States. Finally, I decided to do it; without any mental reservations. The day set for this final examination was still a full week ahead, but I was walking on thin air—excited, torn by different emotions.

In my best clothes, and flanked by my two witnesses, I appeared on the appointed day at the place I was called to; but though we arrived exactly on the hour, the line in front of the building extended from the first floor down the stairway to the street. And it rained.

AFTER an hour of pushing and squeezing, I finally reached the door of the large, barrack-like room. The subway of New York in its most crowded hour was never as densely packed. The noise and the din of a thousand voices mingled with the calls of the newspaper vendor on the street and the loud ringing of a bell on an ambulant ice-cream wagon. Women who had come in their best dresses quarreled with the squeezing people near them. Someone trod upon my foot. The filth on the floor, the noise in the air were indescribable. I wanted to run away. Had it not been that my two witnesses were with me, I would have run away.

After another hour we were pushed on to the end of the room, where we sat down on one of the hard benches to wait until my name should be called.

Three hours later I was told by a young lady clerk that I might have to come the next day; for there were only a handful of clerks to attend to the work and they were not in the best of humor.

I had not expected a reception committee with a band at its head at the doors of the naturalization office; but I had expected a different sort of atmosphere, one more in harmony with such an important moment in the life of a man. It isn't every day that a man decides to abandon his old rights and accept new duties.

I sat down again. All about me people talked of this and that and shuffled their feet impatiently. The atmosphere was the same as in a traffic court before the magistrate appears. I looked at the crowd and wondered whether the others were there for the same purpose. I had about given up hope when I heard my name called and a young man inquired: "Have you been waiting long? I just found your name. If you had only let us know, you would not have had to wait so long."

Talking, he disentangled me and my witnesses from the crowd, and took us behind a glass door to the examiner. That gentleman was very amiable. He smiled and we shook hands.

From the other side of the partition I heard an angry, snappy voice questioning an Italian.

"Wott is Democracy? Wott does Democracy mean?"

"Democracy—Democracy is when everybody is somebody. No. When everybody is like somebody else. No, No. Wait a minute! Democracy is when everybody got the same rights as somebody else."

A few minutes later my two witnesses and I came out smilingly, and forgot the noise and the smells. That young man who had disentangled us from the crowd took possession of me again.

"Follow me, please," he said.

There was a long line alongside of a low railing running in front of a young lady to whom everybody paid four dollars. But my guide, holding on to my arm, took me past the whole line to the desk of the young lady.

"Hey," called the Italian man who had just been questioned on theoretic Democracy. I recognized his voice. "Wassa madda? Get back in line."

"Shut up," my guide called, thus giving the future citizen his first lesson in practical Democracy.

Down on Nassau Street again, I couldn't help feeling that something was wrong somewhere. I had waited for that day with so much trepidation. It had meant so much to me. And it had all been so prosaic, so matter-of-fact, so undignified. I wondered and wondered of the effect on the other people! What effect would it have on their attitude toward their newly adopted country? It was important to me that I should know. They were now my brothers-in-arms.

TEN months later I was called to the Old Post Office Building to take my oath as an American Citizen. I was called for nine o'clock in the morning. There was already a line of several hundred people in the long, dark, cold hall of the decrepit building. I looked about me. Everybody was in his best clothes. Horny-handed men had put on fresh linen and shaved closely. A handsome old Spanish Jew in a long black Prince Albert coat, stood beside an Italian priest. Poles, Germans, Scandinavians, Serbs, Russians, one beside the other; so many immemorial enemies ready to take the same oath to this country. They smiled at one another—all brothers now—another minute and they shall all be citizens of one and the same country. They and their children shall no longer war against one another, but fight the common enemy, whoever he be, from under the same flag. The silence of that crowd was religious. There never had been a better moment to talk to those people about the duties of citizenship. But there was no one to say a word. Only the guard spoke sharply:

"You guys keep in line!"

It was the same as when going to buy a license for the car. There also the attendant called:

"Keep in line."

At half-past ten, we were still standing in that line. And then people began to talk to one another, began to smoke, fatigued with the long unnecessary waiting. The mood of exaltation had passed. We were uncomfortable.

An hour later guards herded us into the court room. The women were allowed to sit down on the few benches. The men were crowded forward, packed one against the other, while the attendants were calling:

"Step up there, and back. Step up. There's plenty of room in the corner. You men crowd in a little. Hey there, that guy with the whiskers, move on. Plenty of room for your whiskers. Move on, I tell you."

The crowd took the hint and laughed aloud. The old Spanish Jew looked up with tears in his eyes.

Near me stood two Frenchmen in cutaway, striped trousers and black gloves. From time to time they looked at one another, as if questioning, "Shall we forswear allegiance to the Belle France?"

In front of me sat two young English matrons, evidently married to Americans. They looked like sisters. Their eyes were closed. What music were they hearing now? What voices were they listening to? I had already seen them somewhere before. At a concert hall. There, too, they had held their eyes closed throughout the performance of a Beethoven Symphony. It is not an easy matter for an English woman to forswear allegiance to her King. God only knows the struggles in the breasts of these women!

Besides the two Frenchmen and the two Englishwomen, there were others, too, so strongly moved by the moment ahead of them as to be oblivious to their unceremonious and unsuitable surroundings. I shall never forget the faces of two young Germans. Their deep blue eyes were moist. Their lips were pressed tight. We had fought against their fatherland only yesterday. We were responsible for their defeat. And now . . . . But the many of that density of human flesh in the court room had shed all their emotions and behaved like a crowd one might see in the lobby of a moving picture house on a Sunday, waiting for vacant seats.

AT HALF-PAST eleven we were ordered to turn about and face the Judge's empty chair. I looked up. The dusty gray wall paper was crumpling. Small pieces from the peeling ceiling were falling to the floor. The papers that day had spoken of the tremendous wealth of this country. The Federal Government had returned tens of millions of dollars in taxes. Wall Street was having five-million-share days. Yet for some reason or other, there was no ready cash for papering that court room and for calsomining that ceiling. Has nobody ever thought of the effect of surroundings upon people in an impressionable moment? Even the two English ladies were now talking to one another. The two Germans were smiling foolishly.

Suddenly the clerk announced the Judge. There was instant silence. The two English ladies quivered as they stood up. It was the finale of the Grand Symphony. The two Frenchmen buttoned their coats ceremoniously. The Germans clicked their heels together and stood at attention. The old Jew straightened his narrow shoulders. That man in the black toga was not a Judge. He was the priest of a new religion—Democracy, which we were all ready to accept.

White-haired, white-mustached, dignified, the Judge bowed and sat down. The clerk ordered everybody to raise his right hand. His vulgar, uneducated, harsh voice enumerated the names of all the princes and potentates in the world to whom allegiance was renounced. He read the oath of allegiance to this country as if it were a hardware advertisement. It did not seem reasonable that one should be asked in such a voice to swear allegiance to this great country. I felt as one who had come to church to hear a grand organ and was made to hear a ukelele instead. It was ugly, impossible, vulgar. Nobody understood what he said. But the Judge rose and welcomed us to this country. His voice was more than welcome to my ears.

The two Frenchmen shook hands and congratulated one another. The two English ladies had tears in their eyes and embraced their husbands emotionally. The two Germans clicked their heels together. The priest shook hands with the Jew. An Italian woman burst out in tears and kissed the baby she carried in her arms. She had held the little bundle close to her breast while she took the oath. If I only had someone to throw my arms about! I wanted to run out and be alone. But at that moment the harsh voice of the clerk sounded again.

"You men step back to the wall. Move on. Step lively there—are you deaf?" [*Turn to page 65*]

Sketched at the Ritz

BY PIERRE MOURGUE

TODAY'S VOGUE IN RAINY DAY FOOTWEAR

They're Called Goodrich Slower Boots

At last there is "something new" in stormy weather footwear. It's an all-rubber Zipper... a light-weight overshoe called Shower Boot, oreated to harmonize with smart costumes on rainy days. Very slender... made to fit with glove-like trimness. In smart colors. Seen very often at the Ritz...

7 ounces! That's all they weigh. Shower Boots are no heavier than your daintiest evening slipper.

Two-Tone Henna Shower Boot

Brown Shower Boot

Gun Metal Shower Boot

A CORRECT COSTUME for Rainy Days

No need now to sacrifice smartness on rainy days! Shower Boots, in colors to harmonize with your costume provide the necessary chic. In either slide or snap fastener styles.

IN THE SMARTEST NEW COLORS

Shower Boots are presented in two-tone color combinations of beautiful moiré rubber. Charming tans, browns, gun metals, and blacks that harmonize marvelously with any costume. Designed by fashion authorities and tailored like a Paris gown. Cut to lend trimness to ankles.

Remember... a single pair of shoes, saved from bad weather, will more than pay for the Shower Boots you buy. And after all, they're surprisingly inexpensive. . . so inexpensive you'll want several pairs to complete various costumes. Smart shops have them.

Goodrich Zippers

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

REFLECTIONS OF A NEW CITIZEN

[Continued from page 62]

Why the voice of a subway guard after the Judge's beautiful welcome? When we had all crowded to the back of the room, the clerk barked at some people in the rear: "Shut up there and step lively. Now listen well to what I am going to ask you. Has anybody of you been arrested since you last paid the four dollars?"

What an anti-climax! He didn't say, "since you took your final examination for citizenship"; he said, "since you paid the four dollars."

"Since the final examination," I corrected loudly.

"Shut up, you there" he called back. "Those of you who have been arrested raise your hands."

A FEW hands were raised very timidly. Those who had raised them were looking shamefacedly at their smiling neighbors. Why were they being exposed to that indignity in public?

"Now listen. I want everybody who has been arrested for any reason whatsoever since he paid the four dollars to raise his hands," the clerk insisted, looking daggers at me.

The timid hand of a woman rose in the air.

"What you been arrested for, eh?"

The new citizen whispered something close to his ears. We could guess.

"Is that so?" the clerk sneered. "Tell the truth to the man who hands you the certificate."

When that question had been exhausted, the clerk yelled:

"Has anybody of you been divorced since you paid the four dollars?"

A blushing woman raised her hand. The men snickered and jeered.

"Did anybody get married since he last paid the four dollars?"

The two English ladies raised their hands. They were blushing so their faces were crimson.

"Tell it to the man who hands you the certificate."

The usual vulgar jokes of the crowd greeted this last remark. "Merry Christmas. Happy New Year. Why wasn't I invited? Who is the guy?"

"Has any new child been born to anybody of youse since the time you last paid the four dollars?"

The crowd laughed out as if at a joke on the screen and one great wit said: "Not yet . . . ."

By that time the two Frenchmen felt ashamed of their formal attire and raised the collars of their overcoats. They had dressed for a festive occasion.

Why should anybody be asked in public such intimate questions? Why couldn't these questions be asked privately and before the oath of allegiance? Why should anybody be compelled to admit himself a criminal in front of everybody? These people had come in the finest of moods, in their best clothes on a week day. Such moments come very rarely upon people. One takes the oath of citizenship to a new country only once in a lifetime. To what poetic and religious heights couldn't that moment have been exalted with only a little careful handling!

There is so much talk of Americanization. Immigrants are continually being told and advised to apply for citizenship in this country. And when they do come to take the oath, when that great moment in their lives appears, it is preceded and accompanied by the most humdrum and undignified procedure. The oath of allegiance should be made to mean something to these new citizens. The country does not need numbers only, it needs good citizens; people impressed with respect for the laws and the constitutions of the country.

There were several hundred people in that court room when I took the oath—Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Poles, Rumanians. The whole of Europe was represented. A microcosm. People who had warred against one another since the beginning of time. The oath of allegiance intends to weld them into one unit—Americans. But can this be done efficiently in such a manner and in such an atmosphere? It seems to me that the best moment and occasion to do this is irretrievably wasted. A little more attention to the poetry and the beauty of the occasion, would, to my mind make the court calendars less crowded and the jails less occupied.

Why should the clerk continually refer to the four dollars paid at the final examination? Why couldn't he be instructed to say, "Since you took the final examination," when questioning about arrests, divorces and births? Why shouldn't the government appoint men who could read the oath of renunciation and allegiance in a dignified and in an impressive manner? Where were all the committees of ladies so active in the Americanization movement? Do they think their work is done when the immigrant has been herded in the court room?

And the attendant now bellowed:

"Sign your name four times on the two sheets of paper."

THE "two sheets of paper" he referred to were the certificate of citizenship and its duplicate. I had never before heard such important documents called by such a name. Two sheets of paper. Is that all they were? I looked at the two Frenchmen, at the two English ladies, at the old Spanish Jew, at the two Germans. Were they also signing "two sheets of paper?" There were tears in their eyes. They were signing away the past for the future. We had been mortal enemies until a moment ago. We had taken an oath to fight under the same flag; and he called that "a sheet of paper."

While I was also signing my name four times, I heard the tinkling sound of the dimes which a little man in front of a steel box was collecting from the newly-made citizens. A tall young fellow said to his neighbor: "It costs five dollars and thirty-five cents then, to become a citizen."

As I walked out of the court room I had a feeling that I had been reading the Prophets in the market place. What a change had come over those people! Gone the height of religious exaltation from their eyes. Gone the holiday mood. How many would have been made better citizens by the proper use of dignity, ceremony and, let us use the right word, a little pomp.

up when a whale of a trout hooked himself, an' pulled me in—the——!"

"*Brown!*" burst out Esther. "You're a disgrace!"

The man lifted his haggard face, stared, and then laughed heartily.

"Sonny, shore that's strong talk."

"It's unpardonable," interposed Esther, ashamed and angry. "We have a cook whose every word is profane. And my little brothers, especially Brown here, have been ruined."

"Well, I reckon it won't hurt them bad," replied the stranger, with a drawl pleasant to Esther's ears. "So you have a cook who cusses?"

"Terribly! We have had many cooks. It's hard to keep one here on the Troublesome. This one is fine—the jolliest, nicest man! But he can't keep from cursing every time he opens his mouth. But father won't let him go, and I have to put up with him."

"An' he cain't keep from cussin'? Now I shore wonder . . . . Is this heah cook's name Joe Cabel?"

"It is. Do you know Joe?" burst out Esther, amazed, and somehow glad.

"I reckon a little," he said, with a smile that softened the piercing blue fire of his eyes. "Miss, will you be so kind as to ask Joe to come heah? Tell him an old friend—Arizona Ames."

Esther hurried to the house; and running round the long corner of the kitchen called: "Joe—Joe, there's a stranger just came—down the Troublesome. He's an old friend of yours. Arizona Ames."

"*Arizona Ames!*" Joe leaped up, scattering the cans with a metallic clatter all over the storeroom.

"Who is this man, Joe?"

"Wal, you heard his name, didn't you?" returned the cook, rather evasively. "He's a range rider."

"An old friend of yours?"

"Wal, I knowed him in New Mexico. We worked for the same cow outfit."

Esther did not need to be told that this Arizona Ames was somebody out of the ordinary. What a light had illumined Joe's face!

"Where have you boys been so late?" Esther demanded later in the evening when Ronald and Brown crept into the house.

"We been stealin' grub fer Fred."

"Fred! Stealing grub! What for? And where's Fred?"

"Ess, it wasn't fer Fred. Two men fetched Fred home. An' they made us steal some grub."

"Where are they?"

"Down at the barn."

"Fred was drunk. He didn't say nothin'. He just fell down on the hay. Then the two fellars made us slip into the kitchen."

This was the second time that had happened. If their father should discover it!

THE next morning she arrived late at breakfast. The children had eaten and gone. To her surprise Fred was there; and he greeted her with more than his usual warmth.

"Joe tells me a stranger rode in yesterday," began Fred, when the cook had gone out. "Some fellow he used to work with. Arizona——"

"Yes. Arizona Ames."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. Ask Joe?"

"Sure I did. But he's grumpy. Hasn't cussed once this mornin' . . . . What's this Ames like?"

"He's a rider. He could hardly walk. And he was so—so travel worn, so grimy and bearded, that I couldn't tell what he might look like."

"Queer. Don't like it. I was tellin' Joe that he'd better have this rider go on ridin'."

"Why Fred!" retorted Esther, indignantly. "Have you no more sense of hospitality than that? The man was crippled. And he looked starved."

"Sure. *You'd* take any rider in," returned Fred, with sarcasm. "But I don't know this Arizona Ames."

"You haven't much to say about what goes on at Halstead Ranch," said Esther, likewise sarcastically. And when the cook came in at that juncture she addressed him. "Joe, please do not allow Fred's attitude toward strangers to influence you. Please treat Mr. Ames the same as if this were your house."

"Thanks, Miss Esther. It'd sure gone against the grain to have hurt the feelin's of my friend," replied Cabel.

ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 23*]

EVIDENTLY Fred struggled against feelings of which he was ashamed. He stalked out, leaving Esther convinced that one of her premonitions had been correct.

Meanwhile Joe returned, this time with the old fond smile for her.

"Miss Esther, I sure never was a squealer, but I reckon I've got to tell you somethin' or bust."

"Joe, maybe I already know. Listen," replied Esther, hurriedly. "Fred

came home drunk last night. Two men fetched him back. He couldn't walk. Is that what you mean?"

"Wal, no. Thet ain't so bad. It's who them fellars *was*," returned Joe.

"Well, who were they?" queried Esther, sharply.

"One was Barsh Hensler. I've seen the other fellar in Yampa, but don't know his name."

"Barsh Hensler! Why, Joe, hasn't his name been connected with those cattle thieves whom father hates so?"

"Sure has. Hensler lives in Yampa. He's got a bad name, an' it's hinted he belongs to Clive Bannard's outfit."

"And Fred is associating with them, or at least some of them? How dreadful! Oh, Joe, what shall we do?" asked Esther, almost in distress.

"Things are comin' to a sad pass here, Miss Esther," said Joe. "An' it's queer, because Arizona Ames is the man to straighten them out."

Esther smiled ruefully; then ran out to find Fred.

He was waiting, his brow like a thundercloud.

"The kids told you about me bein' fetched home drunk?" he queried.

"Yes."

"Well, the fact is I had been drunk an' I was tuckered out. Esther, I owe money, an' I've *got* to pay it."

"Fred, if you ever had a chance to get the money, it's gone now. I know whom you've lost money to."

"But, Esther, you'll give me the money," he implored.

"How much?" she asked.

"Three hundred dollars."

"Good heavens! . . . . I wouldn't if I had it." After a while she returned to the living-room.

Esther caught no glimpse of the stranger; but as she stood looking out of the window she was amazed and delighted to see her father's familiar, stalwart figure striding up.

She ran to meet him, but at closer sight of his face her delight changed to concern. Once only had she ever seen his fine dark face and eyes betray such trouble; and that time had been at her mother's death.

"Father! Back in the morning? Oh, I'm glad," she cried.

"Hello, daughter," he replied, heartily kissing her, and relinquishing to her one of the armloads of packages he was carrying. "For you and the kids. Well, bless you! It's good to see you."

"Father, you've bad news?"

"What'd you expect?" he queried, with mock jocularity. "We live on Troublesome, don't we? Never mind, Esther, we'll lick it yet."

"But tell me, Father," said Esther, earnestly. "Surely I'm old enough now to share all your troubles."

"Have the cowboys been in?" he asked her.

"No. Not since you left."

"Well, that's one comfort. Did Fred come home?"

"Yes, last night."

"Was he drunk?" asked the father, bitterly.

"He said he—had been," replied Esther, reluctantly. Then she added loyally, "He was all right this morning."

Just then Halstead's riders went by, following which a long colloquy took place in her father's office. She did not need to catch the content, however, for her father's tones were fraught with worry.

At length Gertrude ran in to tell her they had rung the dinner bell twice. Esther strolled in, cool, casual, humming a tune. Only the family sat at the table; and there was a sudden drop of her unaccountable sense of buoyancy and expectation.

"Where is Mr. Ames?" asked Esther, seating herself as Joe entered.

"Wal, Miss Esther, he excused himself this time, sayin' he'd wait for me an' the riders," replied Cabel; and he gave Esther a knowing wink.

"Father, have you met Mr. Ames?" she inquired presently.

"No, daughter. I had a set-to with your brother. After that with Stevens and Mecklin."

"Cheer up, Daddy," replied Esther, incomprehensibly gay all of a sudden.

Presently Halstead finished his dinner, and rising, called to Joe: "Fetch your friend in to see me when you're through."

FINALLY Esther was left alone with Fred, and she took advantage of the opportunity to ask: "What's up between you and Father?"

"Same old thing," he replied.

"No, it isn't. You can't fool me. Does he know about your debt to—"

"If Dad does know, he never let on. But he sure gave me a rakin' over the coals," continued her brother.

"Did you see this Barsh Hensler this morning?" asked Esther.

"Yes. Down the creek trail. He raised hell with me. Threatened to —— well, never mind that."

"It's a gambling debt?"

"Sure. What else? And the worst of it is he's a crooked gambler. I knew it. But when I get a few drinks, I think I'm the slickest fellow in the world."

Esther went to her room, and quite without intent, left the door slightly open. While she was thinking things over, Joe came hurriedly into the living-room.

"Boss, I just run in ahead of time to ask you somethin'," he said.

"Fire away, Joe," returned Halstead.

"I sure don't want to make any mistakes in a delicate family matter like this," went on Cabel, earnestly.

[*Continued on page 67*]

"The thing is now, do you trust me well enough to want me in on it?"

"Why, yes, I do, Joe. You've been a help. If I'd listened to you—"

"Much obliged, boss. Wal, then, if you trust me you'll take my word for Arizona Ames."

"I would take your word for him or anyone."

"Fine. Then I'll fetch Ames in. That's what I wanted to ask. I'm sure relieved an' glad. For Ames is goin' to hurt. He'll cut right to the roots of this sore spot at Troublesome."

Cabel hurried out and Halstead, after a moment, stamped into his room.

"If this Arizona Ames stays, Father's troubles will be over," whispered Esther to herself, as she changed her dress. She had scarcely satisfied herself as to her appearance, when she heard the men enter the living-room.

"Wal, now, Miss Esther!" exclaimed Joe, suddenly beaming upon her.

"Howdy, Joe," replied Esther, coming forward with a smile. "Don't introduce your friend. We've met."

Then she looked up as she extended her hand to Ames.

HOW do you do, Mr. Ames?" she said, cordially, wholly at ease on the surface. "I don't recognize you, but I'm sure you're Mr. Arizona Ames."

"Shore glad to meet you proper, Miss Halstead," he drawled in the cool, lazy accents of the Southerner. "An' if it's a compliment you're payin' me, I am returnin' it."

"Have a seat, Ames, and you, too, Joe, though I don't recollect ever seeing you sit down." Halstead slid an arm-chair around for Esther.

Ames stood to one side of the fireplace, and he was so tall that he leaned an elbow on the stone mantel. Esther had a momentary glimpse of his clean-cut profile, his tanned cheek, his lean, square jaw. Then, as he turned, she quickly glanced down.

"Joe told me you rode in by way of the Troublesome," began Halstead.

"Reckon I walked most of the way down heah," replied Ames.

"Then you had more time and better chance to see my range. What do you think of it?"

"I reckon I never saw a finer range," said Ames, as if weighing his words.

"See here, Ames, I've lost at least half my cattle through thieves. Five hundred head this season. Over a hundred lately—the last week in fact, according to Mecklin. I can't stand that. Another raid will break me."

"I heahed your rider talkin' aboot it," drawled Ames. "An' I gathered it wasn't the work of rustlers."

"Rustlers! Say, what's the difference between rustlers and cattle thieves?"

"Reckon there's a lot. If it was the work of a rustler you might not find out soon who he was or how he operated. An' when you did corner him—well, you'd shore know it. But in the case of a low-down cattle thief, why like as not he drinks aboot town with your cowpunchers—"

"Yes, and with my own son!" interrupted Halstead, ringingly. "This thief's name is Clive Bannard, who hails from eastern ranges. And he has a right-hand man, Barsh Hensler, who lives in Yampa. How far they have actually corrupted Fred I don't know. But I've heard enough to distract me."

"Halstead, Fred is a wild youngster, new to the West. He's been havin' a fling. He's been gamblin'—it was money he wanted from his sister—an' no doubt through that he's been led into some shady deal. I've seen the like many an' many a time. But Fred is honest at heart. He *might* go bad, if you all went back on him, but at that I

ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 66*]

doubt it. Boys with a background like this seldom go to hell."

"By heaven, Ames! You're dragging me out of the depths by the hair," exclaimed Halstead, fervently. "I'm failing here at Troublesome. But if I had a man like you who might straighten Fred up and look after the girls and the youngsters, why if the worst should happen to me, I'd not turn over in my grave . . . Suppose you stay on at Troublesome!"

"Shore you're makin' out the worst. I'll be only too glad to stop at Yampa on my way, an' pay my respects to Bannard an' Hensler. But now you're haided right, you don't need me."

Suddenly Esther became aware that Joe was nudging her, and was quick

to grasp his meaning. Crossing to the window she put an unsteady hand upon Ames' arm.

"I am asking you, too. Will you stay?"

He faced her and that blight of pain had vanished.

"Stay heah on the Troublesome?" he asked, smiling down on her. It was then that emotion gave her courage, and she really looked at him.

"You may change its name," she said, smiling up at him. "Have you—any ties, to which you'd be disloyal if you stayed?"

"None, Miss Halstead."

"Then stay with us."

"You ask me—that way—Miss Halstead?" he queried, and bent a little to study her face.

She became aware then that she was clinging to his sleeve. Quickly her hand loosened; and she turned to her father, smiling through her tears.

MID-SEPTEMBER had come, ushering in the still, smoky, blazing days of Indian Summer.

Esther met Joe coming up the trail, some distance from the ranch house.

"Wal, you must have had a dandy climb. Them paintbrushes don't grow down low," Joe drawled.

"It was lovely. I went higher than ever before. I found such a lovely little grove, where I could see everywhere and be unseen."

"Unseen? Not from a couple of pairs of hawk eyes I know of."

"Yours for one pair. And whose else?" she rejoined, knowing full well.

"Lass, them other hawk eyes belong to the locodest, love-sickenest fellar I ever seen."

"Indeed? Poor man!" exclaimed Esther, solicitously.

"Let's set down on this big rock," said Joe, serious, where Esther had expected humor.

"But it's late, Joe. And I'm all mussy and flower-stained. I'll have to change for supper," she protested.

"Wal, you needn't change tonight. For there'll be only the children an' your dad at table."

"Fred said he'd be home today?" questioned Esther, quickly sensing something unusual.

"He didn't come home. You know Fred left Saturday to spend a day or so at Woods'. He's getting sweet on Biny again. Wel, young Jim rode over today, an' he said Fred stayed only a little bit at Woods'. But he was seen on the road with Hensler."

"Oh, Joe, don't tell me that!" implored Esther.

"Sorry, but I reckon you might better hear all this bad news from me."

"Bad—news! More?" faltered Esther.

"Wal, there was a cattle raid on us today. Up back of the ranch on High Ridge. Stevens came back shot—"

"Shot!" cried Esther, wildly. "And Ames?"

NO. ARIZONA wasn't there. Stevens was alone. He got shot up pretty bad, but he'll pull through. Mecklin an' Barsh Hensler, with some fellars Stevens didn't know, tackled—"

"Barsh Hensler! Oh, you say Fred was seen with him?" cried Esther.

"Yes, I'm d-darn sorry to say. But Ames said to your dad: 'Wait, Halstead, wait till I find out' . . . An' while he was saddlin' up his hoss he talked fast. 'Joe,' he says, 'go out an' hunt up Esther. Suppose she had been up on this heah side of the valley!' An' he swore turrible. 'Find her an' tell her straight without any frills thet it looks bad. But if Fred isn't really mixed up in it why it wouldn't amount to as much as two deuces in a jackpot, an'—'"

"Good heavens, Joe! How could he say that, and what did he mean?"

"Wal, I reckon somethin' like this. If Fred wasn't implicated it'd be nothing for Ames to shoot the leader of this outfit an' scare the rest so bad they'd never show up in Yampa again. But if Fred *is* in it why it'll be serious. Take what Arizona said: 'Tell Esther if Fred's got drunk or otherwise been dragged into this dirty deal I'll clear his name, one way or another.'"

"Good Heavens! How could he? What else did he say?" gasped Esther, breathlessly.

"That was all. He jest rode off," responded Joe, with a cool finality.

"Did you tell Dad?"

"Wal, I jest did. He wasn't bothered much, though. He's come to be somethin' like a real Westerner lately . . . An' thet reminds me, Miss Esther. Did you know your dad offered to make Arizona his pardner in this ranch?"

"No, I didn't."

"Wal, he did. An' thet doggoned, white-headed cowboy refused."

"'Why in the hell can't you, if you see it as I do?' roared your dad.

"Arizona got sort of pale round the gills. 'See heah, Halstead,' he says, 'I'm afraid I'd love Esther more'n I loved Nesta—my twin sister; an' I'll tell you, boss, thet was a whole lot. I'm thirty-two years old an' I've got a gun record. Esther couldn't care for me, even if you sanctioned it, which you shore cain't. So let's have no more of this pardner talk.'"

Esther seemed to have merged into the stone upon which she was sitting. But inside her stormed whirlwind and lightning and heartbeats that pounded thunderously in her ears. She looked so faint that Joe became alarmed.

"Aw! I told you too sudden!" he ejaculated, remorsefully. "I done it on purpose, Esther. But forgive me. I reckon I knowed before you gave yourself away. Don't you love Arizona a little, Esther?"

"I reckon I do," confessed Esther, and hid her face.

"How much, lass?"

"So much, Joe, that if you hadn't told me, I couldn't have borne the fear for Fred—and him."

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ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 66*]

On the third sunset after that, Jed returned, driving the buckboard up to the ranch house. Fred's face was almost as white as the wide bandage that passed round his head under his chin.

"Boss, we're back the wuss for wear," Jed was saying. "An' Ames is down at the barn."

They went in, and Esther closed the door. "Fred! You've been injured?" she cried, when she could find her voice.

"Yes. But it's nothing to what it might have been. Only a hole through my ear!"

"Who shot you?"

"Ames."

Esther, feeling turned to stone, could not utter a sound.

"My God, boy! What're you saying?" demanded his father, incredulously. "What do you mean Ames shot you?"

"It's the truth," replied Fred, hoarsely. "But, Dad, he didn't know me. He thought I was just one of Bannard's men.

"Listen, Dad. I'll make a clean breast of the whole thing. Saturday I went over to see Biny Woods. I found Jess Thuber there. It made me sore, though I knew Biny didn't care.

WELL, when I left her, I happened to fall in with Barsh Hensler, Mecklin and Jim Coates. I knew I shouldn't drink. I fought it. If I hadn't been so hurt, so sore at Biny I'd not weakened. I got drunk on Saturday afternoon. I didn't get sober enough to know anything till they stole your cattle from Stevens. I remember riding. I remember Stevens was yelling when Mecklin shot him. I had to help drive the cattle down. It was late at night when we got them in a corral, near that old homestead, ten miles beyond Woods'."

Fred covered his pale face a moment as if to hide it as well as shut out the picture in mind. "I wanted to shoot myself, but didn't have the nerve. Then I swore I'd shoot Mecklin. We stayed there waiting. Mecklin went down the road to meet Bannard and the rest of the outfit. But he ran into Ames, who beat him half to death and made him confess the whole rotten deal. But I didn't know that until later. Bannard came with only two men. All of a sudden Ames came round the cabin, pushing Mecklin ahead of him with a gun. I said, 'My God—it's—' and I choked on his name. I pulled my hat low over my face and sunk down. Then he looked us over and picked out Hensler. 'The game's up, Hensler. Your two-bit cattle-thievin' ends right heah. Mecklin has squealed on you.'

"'Who in hell are you?' yelled back Bannard.

"'My name is Ames.'

"'You this Arizona feller?' asked Bannard, and he turned green.

"'No matter. I take it you're Clive Bannard?'

"But Bannard went so yellow he couldn't even tell his own name. Then Barsh Hensler, the damn fool, got up and bawled: 'Ban, it's this here Arizona Ames. Haw! Haw! Watch me bore him!' And he grabbed his gun.

"Then it happened. When that clumsy, drunken madman pulled out his gun there came an awful crack. I saw a little hole show up right in the middle of Hensler's forehead. The last shot got me—knocked me flat. Ames dragged me up and shoved me against the wall. I thought he meant to kill me. But he'd recognized me. Ames had been hit once, a cut in the shoulder that he made me tie up. And while I did it he said some things to me I—I'll never forget till I'm dead or even after. In Yampa, Ames told that Hensler and Bannard had forced me to help steal my father's cattle. Then he said there'd been a little fight back at Harris' cabin. That's all, Dad. It turned out Bannard didn't die, but he'll never be any good again. When he's well enough they'll take him away to jail."

"So, my lad, Arizona Ames saved your name?" thundered Halstead.

"He did, Dad, he did," replied Fred, huskily. "But I wasn't a thief, never! Please, for God's sake, don't believe that."

"I didn't. Fred, is this lesson going to make a man out of you?"

Fred gulped and put a hand to his bandaged ear. "It will, Dad, unless

Arizona scared all the man out of me forever."

Esther dragged herself away and hid in her room. Then she waylaid Ames, unmindful of the fact that Joe was with him. But when she confronted him, when she spoke and he gazed down upon her with eyes that always had and always would have power to stop her heart, she took hold of him.

"There's only one thing I want to know," she whispered, hurriedly and low.

"An' I can just aboot guess what that is," Ames drawled in the old, unforgettable accent. How could he speak so casually? "Shore I knew Fred when I saw him. I let on I took him for one of the gang. It was a good chance to scare some sense into his haid. Don't you ever give me away."

THE Sunday that Fred fetched saucy little Biny Woods home was a decisive one for Esther. It broke the spell of days, and happiness trembled like a wraith on the threshold.

Perhaps a contagious spirit of good worked its will that day in other quarters. Halstead calmly announced at dinner that Ames had accepted a partnership in Troublesome Ranch.

Esther felt herself the last to capitulate to this scion of the range and she surrendered royally. She had known, even before Joe had informed her, that Arizona Ames could never of his own mind imagine she loved him. He had closed his heart for too long a time to women's charms.

For a time after the tragedy he had kept aloof, eating with Joe in the kitchen, seldom visible, and when he was, stern, silent, unapproachable. Then had come a sudden change which, it turned out, had been caused by a letter Jed had brought from Craig. Ames seemed transformed, and Esther had vast curiosity about that letter, and that old hateful recurrent fire along her veins. Then on a Sunday afternoon Esther found herself alone with this Arizona Ames, late stranger on the Troublesome who had now become imperatively necessary to their happiness.

Presently from behind, she glided upon him and before he could move she encircled his drooping head with her arms, and pressing her hands over his eyes, held him closely. She felt him shake, all through that lithe strong form, and something flashed up out of her, imperious and exultant.

"Arizona, are you a good guesser?" she asked.

"Me! Poorest guesser you ever saw," he replied, suddenly relieved. "What kind of a game is this heah?"

"It's a game of—*Prctend.*"

"Ahuh. An' I got to be blind?"

"Oh, this holding my hands over your eyes is just pretense. You *are* blind as a bat, you old dear!"

He was silent at that, relaxing ever so little.

"Well, then," she continued, with forced animation. "In this game you are to pretend—as a matter of fact you'll not have to act *very* much—to pretend you are a shy, bashful, innocent cowboy—"

SHE drew his head backward ever so gently until it rested upon her unquiet breast.

"Arizona, are you listening very closely, so you'll understand how to play this game?"

"I'm shore listenen', you witch." he replied, in growing perturbation. "Esther, is this heah a square game? Aren't you stackin' the cairds on me?"

"Oh, you'll see. It's a perfectly honest game." she replied. "Shall I go on with instructions?"

"Shore, go on, Miss Halstead, anyway, until I'm daid," he said in a strangled voice.

"Oh, I don't believe it will quite kill you," she resumed, demurely. "Now the game is that this girl, this brazen creature will slip behind the shy cowboy, like this, and hide his eyes like this . . . And pretty soon, according to the game, she must take one hand from one of his eyes, so that he can see it's not exactly a dream—and caress his cheek—like this—and smooth his hair—like this—and then kiss the tip of his ear . . . like that! . . . and then—whi-whisper . . . "

"What?" he rang out, in a terror of incredulity.

"Ah!" she cried softly, and spent her torture in that. "Let me go on, Arizona, as if it *were* a game . . . This unworthy girl will kiss his hair—like this—here where it's silver—and whisper—*I love you, for all you are!* Then he will treat this girl as she deserves!"

"My Gawd, Brownie, come hyar! Arizonie is huggin' Sis to death!"

Ronnie's wild alarm brought swift thud of feet.

"——!" shouted Brownie, in fiendish glee. Then with wild shouts the imps ran off.

That night, when all the household slept and the October moon soared white above the Troublesome, Esther lay in Ames' arms and heard the story of Nesta.

"This heah letter of Nesta's an' your game of pretend, Esther, have about paid me back for all," concluded Arizona. "If you'll marry me soon, we'll go pay Nesta a visit. The Tonto is best in October."

"Soon? How soon, Arizona?"

"Shore it'd have to be terrible soon," he said, fearfully, as if he were proposing sacrilege.

Esther kissed him. "Wal, Arizonie, it shore cain't be too soon for this heah cowgirl," she drawled.

[THE END]

The Needle Gains Importance In Modern Decoration

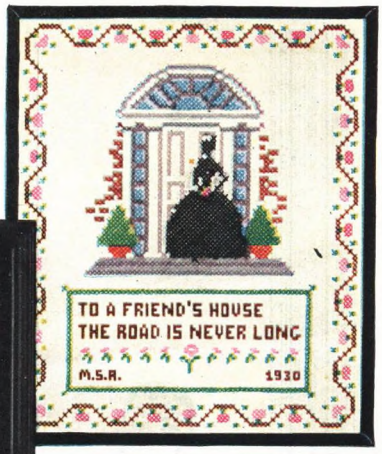
by Elisabeth May Blondel

1753

No. 1753. The Contentment Sampler. The fireplace design in soft mellow shades accented with bright touches of color, is fascinating work. This sampler is in a small and utterly charming size (8½ x 10 inches). The design comes stamped on good quality linen, ready to be worked in strand cottons, by following the color chart. An antique finish is secured when you add your own initials and the date. The pattern tells the required colors and amounts of thread. Price, 65 cents.

No. 1752. The Hospitality Sampler. This sampler with the Colonial Dame silhouetted in the doorway is most fascinating. The verse has a special appeal with its simply worded message of friendship and welcome. Stamped on good quality linen and ready to be worked in strand cottons, it is a sampler admirably suited to the walls of your guest room. Color chart included in the pattern, which states the colors and amount of thread required. Size, 8½ by 10 inches. Price, 65 cents.

1751



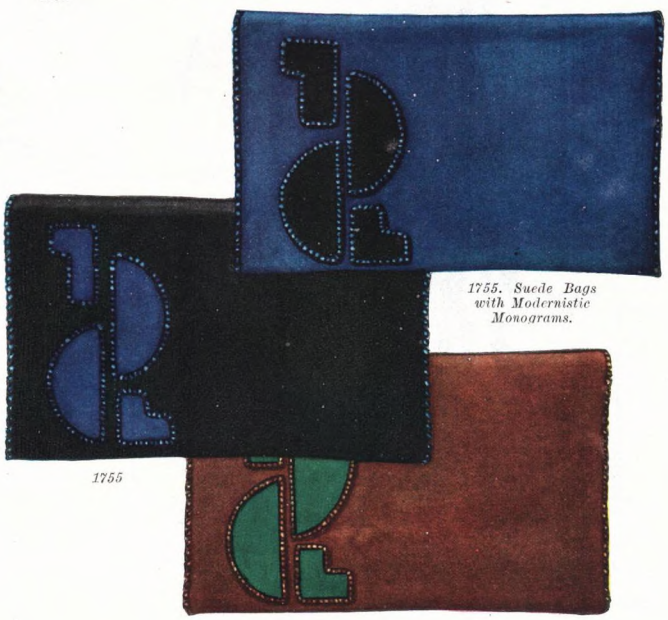
1752. See opposite column.

No. 1751. Rose Arbor Picture. Stamped on canvas and including cottons in 20 colors for working. It is a real pleasure to make this little work of art. Like painting with a needle! The results are soft and blended colorings; even the effect of distance is secured in the meadow. The vogue for embroidered pictures is new, and anyone who has already made the Old Garden Wool Picture No. 1730 will be delighted with this new design for lustrous cottons. The color chart shows how to place colors. Size 5 x 7 inches. Price, $1.00, including cottons.

No. 1755. Suede Bags with Modernistic Monograms. These bags are a new expression of smartness for the up-to-date woman. A fine quality of suede leather is given in the color combinations of blue on black, tan on green, black on blue, and green on tan. They are finished in attractive beading that harmonizes with the appliqué. These bags are so simple that they can be made in an hour or two by anyone. They are marvelous for those last minute, hurried Christmas gifts, keeping spring costumes in mind. Pattern contains leather bag and coin purse, stamped leather for monogram, transfer, and matching beads for working. Size, 3¾ by 6¼ inches. Price, $1.00.

1754

No. 1754. For making these lovely Modernistic Transparent Flowers, pattern includes 6 sheets of mica tissue (pink, amber, violet, dark blue, light blue, and green), yellow flower centers, stem and wrapping wire, and full directions. Mica tissue is easy to work with. A few hours of pleasant work make this beautiful bouquet of shimmering flowers. Price, 75 cents.



1755

1755. Suede Bags with Modernistic Monograms.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices quoted above.

Favorite Models of Leading French Interpretations of the

No. 5971. The panels that form the skirt of a graceful evening frock are designed to fall in soft folds ending in long points. The neckline is diagonal. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5950. Slightly fitted lines are produced in a simply cut evening frock by long sash ends appliqued on in front, and tying in the back. Size 36, 5⅜ yards 35-inch or [illegible] yards 39-inch.

No. 5941. The fluttering effect of a circular skirt cut in deep points at the hemline is accented by a pointed flaring panel attached to the back of the girdle. Size 36, 4⅞ yards 39-inch material.

Couturiers Present Distinctive New Mode for Evening

No. 5945. An evening wrap with shaped shoulders has straight flounces, the upper flounces tying in a knot with long ends. Medium size, 5¼ yards 39-inch; fur banding, 1⅝ yards 4½-inch.

No. 5942. Seamings form diagonal lines in the front and crossed lines in the back of a formal evening gown. The skirt is flaring. Size 36, 4⅞ yards 35-inch or 4¾ yards 39-inch.

No. 5953. The slanting lines of the skirt flounces are accented by frills that mount to the waist in back and in the front end in a long scarf. Size 36, 4⅛ yards 39-inch material.

L'ECHO D + E PARIS

No. 5960. An outstanding Paris success is this frock with flaring godets and novel sleeve capes. Shirrings suggest the higher waistline. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 5944. Diagonal lines are effective in a frock which has a wide girdle tying in a bow above a side flare that dips in long points. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch material.

No. 5948. An afternoon frock has seamings that dip to a point in the back and sleeves with contrasting sections at the wrist. Size 36, 3 yards 54-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard 39-inch.

No. 5948. The same frock can be made with tight sleeves. A narrow sash tying in front is attached at the side seams. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 39-inch; contrasting collar requires ⅛ yard 39-inch.

The Blue Train has Gone

by

Thérèse Clemenceau

THE blue train has gone. An imperative whistle has blown, the train has stretched out slowly like a long caterpillar, and darted through France like an arrow to stop on the Riviera.

It has triumphantly entered Cannes Station bringing prominent travellers who were eagerly awaited by a throng of winter visitors. And forthwith under the palm trees of the Croisette, the magic begins. Here come Jean-Gabrield Domergue, the painter, and his wife talking to Spinelly, the actress of whom he has made such unique portraits. Mlle Spinelly's dress is striking enough to be worth a description. Her tailor-made dress of red crêpe de Chine consists of a short coat, very tight round the waist, and a pleated skirt reaching far below the knee. A mannish blouse of white crêpe de Chine is completed by a red tie and over it all she wears a white woollen coat with a belt and two huge pockets. We need not look at her hat, she does not wear any, but she carries a dainty sunshade of red and white Scotch plaid design.

The ensemble costume has taken a new trend in Cannes and is now made up of five or even six pieces. It consists of blouses and skirts with jackets of a contrasting color, over which are worn coats matching the color of the skirt or jacket. A tie usually comes up under the chin to give a dashing note. Other ensembles are made of tweed in the weave of which several colors are artistically blended. I noticed that the three-quarter coat is dominant and I admire the costume worn by Mlle de Fleuriau, daughter of the French Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Lemon is the color lining the coat of Raglan cut which reaches half way between the knee and ankle, and also that of a soft blouse taken in by the skirt as fashion now decrees. The waist which has now its proper level is slim and set off by a belt.

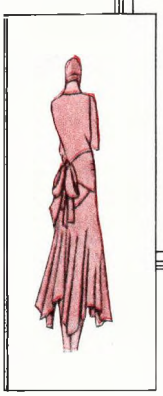
Lunch time . . . the throng melts away and as the restaurants fill up, the Croisette is suddenly empty. A miracle alone can explain the fact that the women seen but a few moments ago on the sea front are now in the dining-room wearing a different dress. But no, it is merely the manifold combinations of ensemble costumes made up of so many different parts, which enable women to achieve constantly novel effects. Heads are shown triumphantly bare since hair has been allowed to grow.

But while we gossip, lunch has come to an end. Here are the Baron and Baroness de Cambray, née Princess de Polignac, headed for their touring car. The Baroness hastily slips over her baby blue dress a white shaved lamb coat matched by a tiny hat of the same fur, very much off the forehead. Mme. Cecile Sorel also wants to get away with her husband the Count de Ségur. The beautiful actress is wearing an ensemble of thick very light tan woolen lace. A flared circular skirt is mounted on a narrow yoke held to the bodice which blouses slightly over a belt. A large, flame colored cravette made of crêpe de Chine strikes a daring note on this charming ensemble completed by a three-quarter coat of the same woolen lace. A large tan felt is dashingly taken up on the left by three small pheasant feathers matching the scarf.

The women seen at the Casino are distinctly smart, but their elegance differs completely from last year's. Sport togs are forever tabooed, except on the links and courts. Bright shades alternate so repeatedly with dark colors that it is hard to say on what side the majority lies.

Dark shades are the latest novelty for evening wear and bottle green, dark blue, and plum color are seen in transparent velvets, chiffon moires and brocaded satins. The gowns are very tight fitting right to above the knees where the yoke shape widens into large circular flounces opening like flower petals. These flounces are sometimes lined with taffeta so that they stand out and this is a new silhouette.

Such is life on the French Riviera!



No. 5970. A becoming high-waisted silhouette is lent to an afternoon frock by a skirt cleverly cut to form a diagonal yoke in front and a crossed effect in back. Size 36, 4 yards 39-inch, cut crosswise.

No. 5951. Simple cut gives classic lines to a French afternoon frock made with a long flaring skirt dipping at the sides and a slender bodice with a wide sash. Size 36, 4¾ yards 39-inch material.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 80.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5961. Shirrings at waistline give a slightly fitted effect to a frock which flares in front and has an inverted pleat in back. Size 36, 3⅜ yards 39-inch; collar, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 5960. Another version of the shirred waistline appears in a frock which flares at each side by means of godets. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

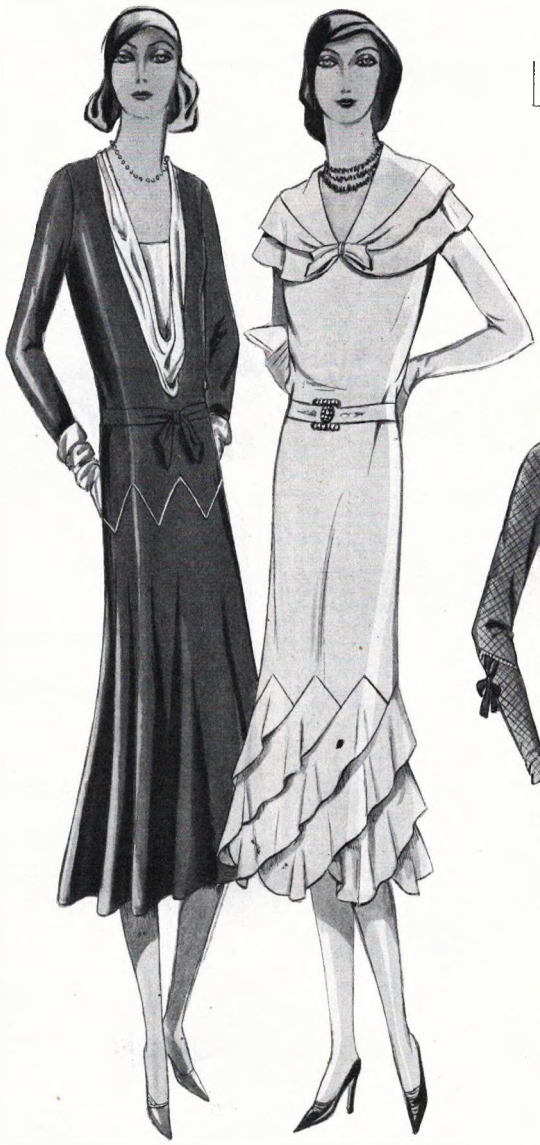
No. 5972. Diagonal seamings give a smart effect to a simple frock. The waistline is marked by a narrow separate belt. Size 36, 4¼ yards 32-inch material or 3½ yards 39-inch.

No. 5964. The waistline treatment is produced by seamings that suggest jacket lines in front and form a V in the back. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 54-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

French Frocks are Victorian and Modern

MUCH of the charm of the latest models shown in Paris is due to their being a successful blend of the quaint and the ultra-modern. In some instances, Paris designers choose to combine both these seemingly opposite trends in the same frock, other models accent either one or the other. Shirrings at the waistline are reminiscent enough of the Victorian basque to lend an air of demure quaintness. Seamings that divide the frock suggest the modern way of achieving simple results by the skilful use of angles and straight lines.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



5943 5946

5933 5951

Flounces Express the New Spirit in Fashions

FLOUNCES are coming in for a good deal of attention in every type of formal frock for the new season. Sometimes they are cut circular, and deep enough to form almost an entire skirt, sometimes they are as narrow as frills, cleverly arranged to widen the hemline. Whatever their shape or their width, every French designer is partial to them in some form or other, as they express better than any other single fashion feature the grace, elegance, femininity, length of line, all the qualities, in fact, that make the new fashions new.

No. 5933. A lovely example of the popular set frock appears in a model with decorative shirrings in front and a pointed hemline. Size 36, 4¼ yards 32-inch or 2½ yards 72-inch.

No. 5943. The circular skirt is joined to the top with pointed seamings. A becoming neckline is produced by a hood-like drapery. Size 36, 3½ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 5946. A simple straight line frock has a circular flounce on which narrow flounces are arranged in diagonal lines. Size 36, 5⅝ yards 35-inch material or 4¾ yards 39-inch.

No. 5951. A narrow belt marks the waistline of a graceful frock with a long bodice and a circular skirt dipping at the hemline. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

Paris Makes New Waistlines Wearable

EVERY new French collection reveals more and more subtle ways of wearing higher waistlines, so that now there is actually no type of figure to which they cannot be becoming. A coat may slightly mold the figure in princess lines, and so suggest a higher waist without defining it, a two-piece frock may hint at a high waist by nothing more than a buckle at one side of a surplice closing, or a girdle that molds the hips may be tied tightly or loosely, according to whether one wants the waistline accented or doubtful. And of course there is always the frank direct way of wearing a higher waistline by marking it with a separate belt at the normal line.

No. 5936. The new coat lines are illustrated in a model in which the front is cut in one with a circular flounce. Size 36, 4¾ yards 39-inch or 3⅝ yards 54-inch; lining, 3½ yards 39-inch.

No. 5935. Scalloped edges decorate a two-piece frock which has a smart blouse and a wrap-around skirt attached to a camisole top. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch or 2⅜ yards 54-inch.

No. 5952. A feature of a practical frock is a girdle which is appliqued on in a point in front and tied in a bow in back. Size 36, 4 yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 5958. An attractive example of the new cape-frock is cut straight with panels of pleats at each side. The shallow cape is slightly circular. Size 36, 4¾ yards 39-inch material or 3⅛ yards 54-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 80.

Several Silhouettes Represent the new Mode

WE HAVE grown used to talking about the "new silhouette," but strictly speaking there are several. Even the pleated straight line tailored frock is new in that its hemline is lower and the waistline is marked at normal. The frock with raised waistline, molded hips and long circular skirt has a typical new silhouette and just as new is the silhouette which flares low at the hemline and suggests straight lines from the shoulders to below the hips, even though a belt marks the waist. An entirely different silhouette and one that foretells a new spring fashion, is seen in the cape frock which is widened at the shoulder line by means of a short cape, pleated or circular.

No. 5949. A simple tailored frock has a circular skirt attached to a novel yoke cut to form points in the front, and a deep V in back. Size 16, 2½ yards 54-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard 39-inch.

No. 5954. A panel of pleats inserted below the patch pocket supply fulness in a straight line frock that wraps over at the right side. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 35-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 35-inch.

No. 5963. The clever shaping of the sections that form the skirt gives an attractive silhouette flaring at a low line. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 35-inch or 2½ yards 54-inch.

No. 5969. A short cape with fitted shoulders and a pleated flounce accompanies a frock with a pleated skirt trimmed with applied bands. Size 36, 6⅛ yards 39-inch or 4½ yard 54-inch.

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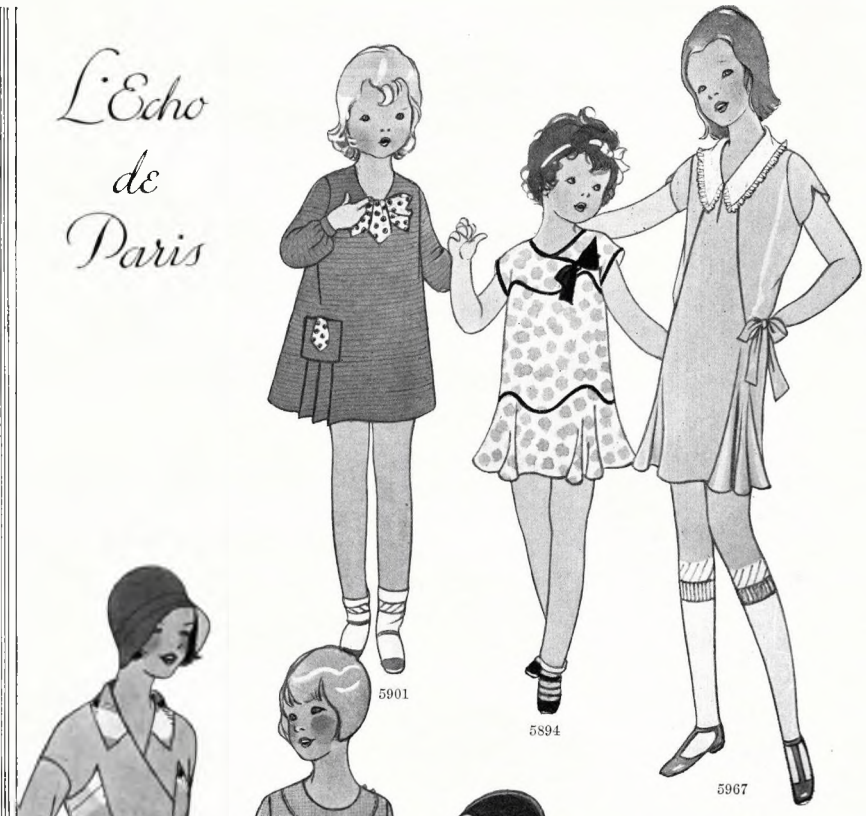
L'Echo de Paris



No. 5899. Contrasting materials accent a smart yoke, extended to form drop shoulders and cut in points front and back. Size 12, plain, 1¼ yards 39-inch; plaid, 1⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 5937. Tailored lines are practically interpreted in a school frock with a round yoke extended in a tab down the front. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards 54-inch; ribbon bow, ⅞ yard 2¼-inch.

No. 5967. A panel in front of the bodice is cut in one with the flaring skirt. A belt marks the waistline in the back. Size 8, [illegible] yards 32-inch; collar requires ⅜ yard 35-inch material.

No. 5894. The circular skirt of a small frock is joined to the upper part in a curved line to match the curve of the yoke. Size 4, 2⅝ yards 32-inch; binding requires 4¼ yards material.

No. 5901. A bow attached under a tab at the neck, and a tab on the pocket form attractive trimmings for a simple frock. Size 6, 2¼ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅛ yard 39-inch.

No. 5966. A one-sided effect is lent to an attractive frock by a band cut in one with the skirt, extending around the neck. Size 4, light, requires ⅝ yard 32-inch; dark, 1¼ yards 32-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 80.

L'Echo de Paris

No. 5965. The new skirred waistline is attractively translated into children's styles in a simply made frock. Size 8, 2¾ yards 35-inch or 1⅞ yards 54-inch; collar, ¼ yard 35-inch.

No. 5900. A round yoke lengthened into a panel down the front and tucks at the hemline make a little frock decorative. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 27-inch or 2 yards 39-inch material.

No. 5889. An attractive scalloped skirt yoke above a circular skirt is shaped to repeat the effect of the one-sided line of the bertha. Size 6 requires 2 yards 35-inch or 1¾ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5890. Fulness is added to a frock by a front section with a box pleat. The bow-and-tab neckline is a French feature. Size 6, 2¼ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ¼ yard 35-inch.

No. 5934. The skirt of a school frock is joined on in a smart diagonal line. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch material; collar, ¼ yard 39-inch; bow and tie, ⅜ yard 35-inch material.

No. 5938. Seamings are effectively used to suggest a bolero that fastens with two buttons. Size 12, 2½ yards 39-inch or 1¾ yards 54-inch; collar, ⅜ yard 35-inch; braid, 5 yards.

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EARLY TO BED

[*Continued from page 17*]

She came up to him after a while, wearing her poise and graciousness like a smooth, protective mantle. "Aren't the decorations lovely?" she said. "I don't know when I've seen the gymnasium look so charming."

His derision burst out childishly. "My God! It looks like Old Home Week in Iowa."

As they danced her eyes were hurt. "I don't like you to swear, Roger," she said in mild reproof. "I think it sounds coarse . . ."

His feet took eccentric, unconsidered steps which she heavily could not follow. She struggled; then murmured, "Roger, dear, don't you think that step is rather conspicuous? Miss Coffey is looking at you."

"Let 'er look," said Roger, doing a beautiful, loose-jointed shuffle. "Maybe the old girl'll learn something about dancing." He was suddenly carefree, flushed and excited. "Listen, Ellen," he cried suddenly, and his eyes shone. The orchestra had swung into that broken cadence which had troubled him with its folly—

". . . That's her!
Yes Sir!
The One I'm talking about—
Sweetest little thing!
Just as fresh as
Flowers in the Spring—
. . . . and I'm more than sure
That you'll understand
When I demand
Please do not hand-
Le! She's so *precious*
Sweet to me!"

Suddenly Roger knew that he had been searching the throng of dancers for Primrose; but she wasn't here. It was very late now and it must be that she was not coming. He felt suddenly listless and weary. He said, "Ah, let's not dance this. Let's sit it out. The music isn't very good anyhow."

BUT just as they turned back to the doorway he saw Primrose coming in. Everybody saw her.

Her soft red lips parted. She tilted in the doorway like a daffodil that had somehow got mixed up with a cobweb, for her bodice was a fragile web of black lace that fell into four ruffling tiers over four ruffling tiers of daffodil yellow and there was nothing else to her dress at all; it was in fact a triumph of mocking simplicity.

A sadly large number of Hixon College girls stood around suddenly looking dazed and wondering what had become of their partners . . . gradually it became apparent that this was not a dance at all. It was a free-for-all scramble for Primrose. She was having a gorgeous time.

In a daze, Roger felt something scratching at his coat sleeve like a beseeching kitten. He turned with a furious start, and saw Primrose behind him. Just behind her waited the patient ring of watchful young men. "Having a good time?" Roger asked.

"Oh, a grand time! Only you haven't danced with me."

I KNOW," he said, "But—" He glanced at the young men who eyed him narrowly.

"I've been waiting such a long time for you to ask me," she said, with an exaggerated sigh. She lifted her arms . . . as they drifted across the floor he had the frightened knowledge that her cheek was resting against his coat, that he was holding her young body close.

"Why, that was lovely!" she cried. "*More, more!*" Primrose appealed to the orchestra leader. But he shook his head, grinning reluctantly, for it was almost midnight.

"Well, let's go outside then," she turned to Roger. Numbly he followed her through the open door.

They stood very still, listening in the white, silent, terrifying moonlight. All at once, very, very slowly, they turned to each other and between them passed that look of shyness and fear and longing. Suddenly, with a choking sound of defeat in his throat, Roger had taken Primrose into his arms and held the small black head against him while he murmured incoherent endearments. He kissed her. Again and again he kissed her, hungrily, almost violently. "Primrose," he faltered over and over, "I want you so, I want you so!"

And he found that she was crying, and he wiped some of the tears away with his handkerchief and kissed the rest of them away and then found her lips again.

They clung to each other for long moments while the moon tilted on the top of the pine tree and the music drifted to them vaguely.

"I dreamed once," she whispered, "that you were holding me like this and it seemed so good and comforting."

"I am glad I am doing it," he said, "instead of you dreaming it."

"Yes, it's nicer. Do you remember that night when you were on the stepladder and I came in?"

[*Continued on page 81*]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 230 Park Avenue, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.; Spring & Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga.; 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.; 204 Gt. Portland St. London, England.

No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price
5889	6-14	35	5927	14-18, 36-46	45	5942	14-18, 36-42	65	5958	14-18, 36-42	45
5890	2-8	30	5928	12-20	45	5943	14-18, 36-42	45	5960	14-18, 36-46	50
5894	2-8	30	5929	14-18, 36-50	45	5944	14-18, 36-42	65	5961	14-18, 36-46	50
5899	4-14	35	5930	14-18, 36-42	45	5945	Sm. Md. Lg.	50	5963	14-18, 36-42	50
5900	1-6	30	5931	14-18, 36-42	65	5946	14-18, 36-42	65	5964	14-18, 36-46	45
5901	1-8	30	5932	4-14	35	5948	14-18, 36-42	50	5965	2-8	35
5920	4-14	35	5933	14-18, 36-42	45	5949	14-20	45	5966	2-8	35
5921	14-18, 36-46	35	5934	6-14	35	5950	14-18, 36-42	50	5967	2-8	35
5922	14-18, 36-42	50	5935	14-18, 36-42	45	5951	14-18, 36-42	50	5969	14-16, 36-46	50
5923	14-18, 36-46	45	5936	14-18, 36-42	65	5952	14-18, 36-42	45	5970	14-18, 36-46	65
5924	14-18, 36-42	50	5937	4-14	35	5953	14-18, 36-42	65	5971	14-18, 36-42	65
5925	14-18, 36-42	50	5938	6-14	35	5954	14-18, 36-46	45	5972	14-18, 36-46	50
5926	2-8	30	5941	14-18, 36-42	65						

Embroidery and Novelty Patterns

No.	Price	No.	Price	No.	Price	No.	Price
1728	50	1751	1.00	1753	65	1755	1.00
1729	75	1752	65	1754	75	1756	35
1730	1.75						

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912 of McCALL'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at Dayton, Ohio, for October 1, 1929.

State of New York, County of New York, ss

Before me, a Notary In and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John D. Hartman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Assistant Treasurer of The McCall Co., publisher of McCall's Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher: The McCall Company, 230 Park Avenue, N. Y. C. Editor: Otis L. Wells. Managing Editor: E. M. Millen. Business Managers: None.

2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, N. Y. C. McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del. (Owner of The McCall Co. Stock): The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation:

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

John D. Hartman, Assistant Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September 1929. Walter J. Boyle, Notary Public, New York County No. 154. New York County Reg. No. 6-154. Kings County No. 156, Kings County Reg. No. 269. My commission expires March 30, 1930.

"Of course! How could I forget it?"

"Well, the very first minute when I came in and looked at your eyes— I knew *something!* Something about you and me."

"What did you know?"

"That our eyes liked each other. And do you remember when you kissed my slipper?"

"I can remember just how it felt—all stiff and shiny and crinkled."

"Well, I kissed it, too, when you weren't looking."

"Dearest child," he said, "I have been trying to tell you something since the first moment I met you; but it is so hard to tell. Will you promise not to say anything at all, because I love your dear voice so much—and if you say a word to me I will have to kiss you again. And I don't dare to kiss you any more. I can't bear it. The pain is too great. Do you understand, dear?"

She nodded, her eyes wide and apprehensive. "I don't understand, but I promise."

"Primrose," he said almost harshly. "I have been too weak to tell you, but I thought surely you had heard before now. Ellen Maitland and I have been engaged for two years. I am going to marry her in June. I do not love her. But I'm going to marry her because—oh, it would take too long to tell all the reasons why there isn't any way out. There isn't any way out," he said in utter weariness. He waited with his back turned to Primrose. It seemed to him that he could not look at her wounded eyes.

After a long time he heard the light feet moving across the wet grass. To keep from following he took hold of the tree and bent his head into his arms.

PRIMROSE was young enough to believe that all the world was conscious of her. She was sure that every freshman who glanced at her curiously was thinking, "He told her——*He told her!*"

Unluckily the first class on her schedule for the afternoon was Roger Van Horne's English I. She started out courageously with her notebook, but when she reached the hall she faltered. It was terrible to face him after last night. She stopped short at the classroom door, walking out on the campus again, not knowing where to go.

Then she thought of her father. He was a refuge.

He was sitting before his radio in the Early American suite of the Inn. "Oh, that's you, is it?" he said rudely, but his eyes were glowing. At once she saw that he was tremendously moved by something, although he did his best to appear nonchalant.

"Oh, yes," he muttered finally, as if he had just remembered. "Got a—a resolution I want to show you."

Across the top of Hixon College's most formal parchment a seal and Latin motto were blazoned. Underneath was a resolution signed by the president, the trustees and the deans of Hixon College. Pompously it said:

> RESOLVED, by the President, the Trustees and the Board of Faculty Advisers of Hixon College in regular monthly session, that in recognition of distinguished and scholarly services rendered science, commerce and education by Alexander M. Muffet, it is unanimously recommended that the first honorary degree of Legum Baccalaureus ever granted by Hixon College be conferred upon him.
>
> BE IT FURTHERMORE RESOLVED, that the conferring of this degree be proclaimed a half-holiday for the entire student and faculty body of Hixon College, to be observed each year hereafter as *Muffet Day*. Signed, this twenty-sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord . . .

GEE!" exclaimed Primrose solemnly. Then as she noted the added dignity and responsibility which her father had acquired, a teasing smile made her face boyishly humorous. "What a highbrow!" she cried.

She hugged him and thumped him on the shoulder. "Attaboy!"

But all the time her heart was heavy while she pretended the utmost delight for her father's sake. It was hard when he proudly said:

"Was going to tell you—I'm getting acquainted with the faculty now. Just yesterday I met that young man who answered my ad for a librarian, and what do you suppose? Well, he's a professor here, and I'd plumb forgotten where he hailed from. Van Horne, his name is, and I asked him up to listen to the radio some night. He said he'd come, maybe. Ever see him around the campus?"

"He teaches one of my classes," said Primrose in a small, shamed voice.

"M'm," said her father. He glanced up a bit sharply. "H'm, you never told me about that."

"Oh, didn't I?" She tried to smile carelessly, but her smile fluttered like a wounded bird.

"Of course," said her father, "I don't approve of anybody going around and hitting people like that. But I guess he just forgot himself, don't you think? What's the matter?" he demanded as Primrose suddenly rose. "Got to go?"

"I have another class in a minute," she said, "And besides I ought to go to the library and—"

"Pity you can't stay a while," he grumbled. "Never get to see you any more." But in a second he was cheerful again. He called her back from the doorway. "Oh, Primrose, you might just as well look this up long as you're going to the library anyhow." From his pocket he drew a piece of note paper on which was scrawled the motto of Hixon College—*Nemo Solus Satis Sapit*—"Got to know things like that," he said confidentially, "if I'm going to have a degree hooked on to my name."

He was as proud as a boy with a new red top—Alexander Muffet, LL B.

That night Primrose did not sleep for a long time. She stared up into the darkness and as she listened to Ellen's regular, peaceful breathing she determined that like Ellen she would walk calmly and steadily down the solemn aisle of years which lay before her. She would be strong. She would not mind the pain. She would bury herself in work and find forgetfulness.

The resolution held for two days and they were the very longest in Primrose's life. She spent hours in the library and attacked algebra problems with tigerish concentration.

She might have been successful but for the fact that those classes under Roger Van Horne appeared on her schedule. She started that day with the best intentions, for she remembered that she had cut his last one, and only three cuts a semester were allowed. But once more she was helpless when she reached the door. She knew she could not face him.

Then she turned to go and met him face to face in the corridor—he was hurrying belatedly to his class with an armful of books. He started so nervously that he almost dropped the books.

"Hello," he said jerkily.

"Hello," said Primrose, keeping her gaze fixed on the door.

On the steps outside she felt that she could go no further. But you had to keep on, always and always. People everywhere looked at you.

In the haven of her room she hurled herself violently on the bed. "It's no use trying!" she thought mournfully. The pain never stopped. Nothing could stop it. It would continue as long as she lived.

Ellen got up from her study table with a puzzled look, crossed the room and touched Primrose's arm. "Can't you tell me what's wrong?"

Primrose lifted a tear-stained face. "It isn't anything," she replied quickly. I'm just bored. I want to wake this place up."

SUDDENLY she ran to the telephone and asked for a number in the city. A few minutes later when Allison Blaine's surprised and delighted voice came to her over the wire, Primrose laughed and said breathlessly:

"Yes, bring them all out. The whole bunch. I'm dying to see them. I'm homesick for them! . . . And then we'll go back to Sea Nook for dinner and a party—the grandest . . . What?"

They came about five in the afternoon, earlier than Primrose had expected. Four cars parked in front of Rebecca Holmes Hall and out straggled the most alien group of visitors Hixon College had ever received.

"What a *funny* place!" shrieked Dolly. "Did you ever see such a funny place?" She went into peals of mirth.

The twins, Darty and Smarty, looked about with round puzzled eyes, for this was their nearest approach to education.

"I wonder," mused Allison Blaine, as they all trooped up the stairs, "if we'll see the young man who socked me in the jaw?"

When Primrose appeared at last, the merry visitors reached a crescendo of boisterous good spirits.

"Here she comes."

"Lord, it's good to see you!" Blaine said devoutly.

All of Primrose's apprehension vanished like thin cold mist; she didn't care what Hixon College thought. She felt warm and friendly for the first time since the dance. Here were her people—she was one of them.

The gay, chattering parade invaded Sea Nook. In a few minutes there was ash on the rugs, spilled ginger ale on the long-suffering divans. Dancing had begun.

And then like a blow it came to Primrose that this confused gaiety which she had trusted so frantically had no further power to help her pain.

She walked slowly to the serving table and picked up a sparkling glass. Carelessly Allison Blaine slowly sauntered over from the other side of the

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room. For a long time he stood beside her without speaking.

"Let's go outdoors," he suggested at last.

They strolled out to the black hedge and both of them looked silently at the moon. Blaine put his arm about her. "You're in love," he said tersely.

Primrose drew away.

"Why don't you come out to the college and see me?" she asked. "You said you would."

"When do you want me?"

"Next Saturday, maybe? Can't we take a drive?"

"Next Saturday," he agreed.

He was a man who knew the wisdom of silence and without further word he took her arm and started back to the house. With the same quick tact he saw that Primrose was weary of the party and soon he was suggesting that they all drive to Great Neck to meet some friends of his. In a minute they were shouting goodbye to Primrose.

The house seemed big and lonesome. After one look at the disorder of the drawing-room Primrose fled upstairs, and then she suddenly remembered. Tomorrow was Muffet Day! Tomorrow was the proudest occasion of her father's life!

At seven-thirty in the morning she parked in front of the Hixon Inn. Filled with repentance she dashed up to her father's room and burst in like a young tornado. Then she leaped back in astonishment.

"Why, Dad! What on earth—?"

"The robes of my degree," Mr. Muffet said loftily. "I'm trying to get used to 'em. Feels a little bit funny to be wearing such."

"Looks like a nighty in mourning," said Primrose feelingly, eyeing the hood and trailing skirts. "Gee!"

Primrose walked around him in eager circles surveying him as if he were a modiste's model. "I think you look wonderful," she said, "only your skirts are longer than they're wearing 'em now."

Mr. Muffet pulled his mustache in confusion. Then in repentance Primrose sat down and talked solemnly with him a long time about his address. When she put on her coat he was trembling with nervousness, for the great occasion was only a few hours away.

Primrose went happily to her room and found Ellen busy at the study table, wearing her oldest dress.

"You're going to the chapel this morning, aren't you?" asked Primrose.

Ellen smiled. "I'm afraid not."

"But it's a holiday."

"I know, but I'm very busy."

TO HER roommate's unspoken disgust Primrose took an hour and a half to dress. She could not forget that Roger would see her again for the first time since their last frightened meeting.

When at last she arrived, the chapel was crowded. Primrose walked alone down the long aisle with all Hixon College staring at her. When at last she dared look up and let her glance wander through the audience she saw that Roger was sitting uncomfortably in the middle of a row occupied by the entire faculty group.

A study bell rang importantly and a hush descended. President Cathcart, gaudy in the habiliments of his degree, strode out upon the platform.

For a moment Primrose forgot Roger. She leaned forward clasping and unclasping her little brown hands nervously, waiting for the appearance of her father.

". . . and therefore," President Cathcart said impressively, his tone dropping as if he were nearing some important conclusion, "Hixon College has seen fit to recognize these salutary services to education, to science and to commerce in a manner which seems only proper and befitting." He called out sonorously—"Alexander Muffet."

Looking like a frightened rabbit, Mr. Muffet darted in from the side. Dr. Cathcart said with an air of relieved informality, "Now I shall ask Mr. Muffet to address us."

Primrose's heart thumped so terrifically that her breath came in quick gasps. It seemed ages while her father stood there fumbling for the manuscript in his pocket. Now he had it! He was reading from it, first in a voice that could scarcely be heard, but rapidly growing more confident, even bold. "Oh, it sounds wonderful!"

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Primrose choked in a whisper that was almost a sob, "It's—it's a knockout!"

Since the beginning of her father's address, Primrose had been so intent that she had not given one thought to Roger. Now her eyes searched everywhere through the crowd for him. He was not among the instructors on the platform. He was nowhere to be seen.

Roger visited relatives Sunday. Early Monday he came back, evaded Mrs. Butteridge's queries and plunged into belated preparations for his class that afternoon. Although his dread of meeting Primrose had even increased, he hoped that she would attend the class.

Twice in succession now she had been absent and the rules of Hixon College plainly called for the dropping of any student who had three inexcusable cuts during a semester.

When the bell rang for his class, one seat was empty again. Roger waited as long as he could before calling the roll; but he was forced to mark a third absence after Primrose's name.

That evening he tried to read, but the problem of Primrose stared him gloomily in the face. As a conscientious instructor he was in duty bound to write out a report immediately dropping her from the class. And since English I was a "required," she would automatically be dropped from college.

Impetuously he sat down at the table and scribbled three brief, savage sentences on yellow scratch paper:

> Primrose, don't be an idiot! Come to the next class. Be sure now.
> R. V. H.

THE next day he had no classes so he stayed in bed until noon and corrected themes. He did not feel well. He had a fever and coughed continually; as a result his students suffered the lowest marks he had ever given. At the bottom of the stack of papers he found the last theme Primrose had handed in, a flippant contribution which struck him with so much enthusiasm, after the inept efforts of the others, that he marked it A. Her absence had prevented him from returning it. Pen in hand, he stared at the round, schoolgirl script and before he knew it he was scribbling unguarded words in one corner . . . the pen seemed to do it of its own accord. In disgusted amazement he tore the theme up and threw it in the wastebasket. He would somehow explain when she came to the next class.

BUT Primrose was absent a fourth time. And Roger was too sick to be distracted by her failure to appear; he called the roll immediately after the bell rang and went on with his lecture. After class he remained wearily at his desk and wrote out a conventional report stating briefly that Primrose Muffet had been dropped from English I and sent it in to the office.

"She made me do it," he kept repeating on the way to his room. "She made me do it."

He went to bed with a fever.

He would have stayed in bed but for the fact that the following morning was pay day. As he was walking out of the treasurer's office with the coveted slip of paper, he was handed a sealed envelope by the President's messenger. Roger tore it open hastily and read the form memorandum:

> Mr. Van Horne: Please call at my office this morning in regard to faculty business. Confidential.

And below was Dr. Cathcart's signature.

Feeling too sick and miserable to be curious, Roger was ushered into the inner office where the most sacred affairs of Hixon College were transacted. Miss Coffey was there as well as President Cathcart.

"Mr. Van Horne," the President began briskly; "Miss Coffey and I have given careful thought to this matter and have decided that the circumstances recommend leniency." In explanation he pushed across the desk a slip of paper. It was Roger's report dropping Primrose from the class. "We would suggest," continued Dr. Cathcart, looking vaguely at the ceiling, "that—ah—that under these circumstances which I have explained, this report be withdrawn."

"But," said Roger, trying to get a grip on his thoughts, "I only followed the rules."

"Yes, yes," Dr. Cathcart said a bit impatiently. "Yes, we are aware of that, Mr. Van Horne, and we are not criticizing you. But as I have said, there are occasionally exceptions which must be dealt with—ah—individually."

Miss Coffey nodded.

Only a few days ago Roger had broken the rules in an attempt to save Primrose from being dropped. Now with the heads of the college requesting him to bring about the same result, he felt a slow, rebellious indignation rising within him. His growing anger included even Primrose.

"No, sir," he said, shaping each word deliberately; "I can't make this an exception. I couldn't go on teaching my class if I did."

President Cathcart coughed, looking startled. He had hoped there would be no scene like this.

"Now, Mr. Van Horne," he said with heavy, kindly patience, "let me go all over this again. I fear that you misinterpret what Miss Coffey and I have been endeavoring to explain."

Roger stood up, his face crimson. "I won't withdraw that report! There's no use talking about it." He glared at the President in youthful rebellion.

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EARLY TO BED

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Miss Coffey started nervously. President Cathcart sighed. "You must know, Mr. Van Horne," he said, "that one of the requirements of this college, one of the essentials that the trustees demand of us is—absolute harmony and coöperation within the faculty?"

"Oh, I'll resign," said Roger hotly. "I'm resigning now! *Right now!*"

He wheeled and walked out of the office, leaving a vast silence behind.

It was another day before Hixon College heard the news. And then heads nodded and tongues wagged.

For two days Primrose had been working feverishly in the botany laboratory; but as she was coming upstairs to her room one afternoon she heard Roger's name whispered by a group of freshmen.

She met Miss Coffey alone at the landing. "Miss Coffey," Primrose asked impulsively, "Is Mr. Van Horne—in his office?"

By this time Miss Coffey had regained her famous smile. "Mr. Van Horne has resigned," she said sweetly.

"Oh," said Primrose.

"Because," said Miss Coffey with determined frankness, "he dropped you from English I for continued cutting of the class and—"

But Primrose did not wait to hear the conclusion. Dazed, she took a few steps across the hall toward the door of her room and ran downstairs. She could not think. She only knew that she must find Roger and go to the President in explanation.

It was not far to Roger's rooming house, but the distance seemed measured in miles. Primrose leaped up the steps and rang the bell furiously several times. Mrs. Butteridge came to the door.

"I want to speak to Mr. Van—"

PRIMROSE stopped as Mrs. Butteridge gloomily shook her head.

"Mr. Van Horne has gone. Yes, he's gone. He had his trunk taken this afternoon. I'm sure I don't know where you could find him—"

"It wasn't *my* fault he went off like that," insisted Mrs. Butteridge and her sharp voice was kindly and solicitous as she looked at Primrose's desolate face. "I told him he could stay here even though he couldn't pay any more rent—him so sick and all and with that dreadful cough!"

"Cough?" echoed Primrose.

"Cough," repeated Mrs. Butteridge. "I don't like to say it, but as I was telling Mr. Butteridge only the other night, I shouldn't wonder if Professor Van Horne isn't going into—*you know*. These big strapping fellows with large chests are always more liable to lung trouble." She was whispering now, twisting her apron fitfully with dry hands. "I'm awfully worried about the poor young man. He was a nice young fellow and engaged to my niece, Ellen Maitland, you know."

"Yes. I know," said Primrose.

"And he kept his room so nice and neat—he didn't fling his things about the way most men do. He put up a nice little shelf to keep his groceries and his gas-plate on; and sometimes I don't believe he had enough to eat—only a few sausages and a piece of bread for his supper, time and again!"

"Oh," said Primrose with a little moan, "how perfectly terrible! I can't bear to think of him starving."

Mrs. Butteridge felt important and friendly. She couldn't help liking Primrose in spite of the rouge and lip-stick. "You ought to see how nice he left his room. Just as clean as the day he came in."

"Could I?" asked Primrose timidly. She felt as if Roger had died.

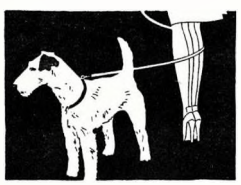
"You could," nodded Mrs. Butteridge eagerly. She led the way into the hall and up the steep narrow stairs.

The small room seemed lonely and piteous. There was his low, lumpy couch, his desk and armchair with a flat leather cushion on it. There was his poor shelf and the faded cretonne curtain which concealed his groceries.

In the wastebasket Primrose saw a piece of theme paper torn into four pieces with her own round writing upon it. She picked it up, looking shy apology at Mrs. Butteridge. "You don't mind, do you? I thought it might be something that told where he has gone."

"No, keep it if you want to," said Mrs. Butteridge, wiping her faded eyes.

Fitting the torn scraps of paper together Primrose saw that it was a theme she had handed in the day before the dance. With a puzzled look she



folded the pieces carefully together and opened her vanity bag to slip them in—and then she saw a blotted scribble in his tall harsh writing across one corner: *Dearest child, I want you so, I want you so—*

She closed her bag on the torn fragments and turned to Mrs. Butteridge. "If you hear anything from him you'll let me know, won't you?"

"His rent is all paid up," said Mrs. Butteridge; "so I don't expect he'll write to me. But of course Ellen will know. I'll ask Ellen when I see her."

Feeling frightened Primrose slowly climbed the stairs to the dormitory. Nervously, she went into her room.

In her sheer white embroidered slip Ellen was sitting on the bed tacking a clean crisp collar and cuff set into her blue serge dress. She was humming idly to herself.

Primrose sat down heavily in the squeaky wicker chair. She was aghast that Ellen could be humming. "You know Roger is gone," she said at last in a weak voice. "You know that, don't you, Ellen?"

"Why, of course," said Ellen, looking up with a surprised glance.

"And you know he left because he flunked me for cutting his class and they didn't want me to be dropped and he had to resign?"

"Certainly I know it. I should say I did know it. We quarreled one whole evening about the silly matter. Of course they wouldn't want *you* dropped—" her lips were scornful—"when your father has just endowed the college."

Primrose ignored the deliberate gibe and said impetuously, "I should think you'd be good and ashamed of yourself, Ellen Maitland, for ever quarreling with anybody like—like Roger. I know you're engaged to him and all that, but I don't see how anybody could be cross to *him*, even if they were married to him!"

Ellen looked amused. "I think Roger and I understand each other, my dear."

Primrose lit a fresh cigarette, but said nothing.

"I almost believe," Ellen went on, "that you love him yourself. Ever since the night of the dance, Primrose, when you asked him to dance with you and then dragged him outside to look at the moon—"

Primrose stared at her with wide dark eyes. "I do love him," she said, with irrepressible honesty. "But it doesn't matter."

"Of course it doesn't matter!" said Ellen irritably. "How could it?"

A silence fell. They stared at each other and then looked away again.

"Well, he's gone now," said Primrose. She picked at a fold of her dress with a restless brown hand. "And I'm worried, and I want to know where he's gone."

"What good will that do you! Do you have to write to him? Can't you let him alone a minute?"

Primrose was all at once filled with reckless determination. She bounded out of the chair and went close to Ellen's side. "I'll tell you why I want to know. Because he's sick and hasn't any money or any job. And I want you to go and find him. Or I'll go with you—I'll drive you anywhere."

Ellen gazed at her in amazement. "Of all the crazy ideas I—ever—heard!" she gasped. "Maybe you're used to chasing men around the country, but I'm not. He's a man, isn't he?"

Suddenly Ellen put her hands over her face and walked to the other end of the room. "I don't understand you," she said in a muffled voice. "I can't understand you. You act as if you thought you had some *right* to do these things for Roger. And you haven't."

"No, I haven't," said Primrose. She went over to Ellen and touched her shoulder timidly. "And that's why I want you to go along. Because you have—you're going to marry him."

ELLEN shrugged away from the timid touch. "I don't know whether I am or not. He's been so different since you came, Primrose."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" cried Primrose. "Can't you believe I'm sorry? And—and all I want now is to—to be sure he's not going to die."

"Die!" Ellen laughed almost hysterically. "He'll probably live and make us both very unhappy yet. Listen," she said; "I'll tell you where he is. Why shouldn't I? And if you want to go to him it's none of my business."

"I don't want to go to him," said Primrose, watching Ellen write down the address on a slip of paper. "I want you to go."

"Why should I? I think it would look ridiculous and unladylike."

"How can you care how anything looks, just now?"

"Primrose, as I said before I don't understand you. I'm not going to be hypocritical about it. I can't bear you when you try to throw yourself at a man's head this way. I am going to talk honestly to you and then you can go and chase Roger down. If he cares more for you than he does for me—*all right*. I'll go on to China in June by myself. I've always wanted to. And now he says he doesn't want to go."

Looking at Ellen's beautiful face, at her strong shoulders and serene mouth, Primrose's hope flagged. "Nevertheless," she said with gentle arrogance as she put on her hat and coat, "I'm going to start now for New York. Goodbye." She laughed shakily. "And remember, Ellen, *findings is keepings!*"

Half out of the door she heard Ellen's voice again: "Wait just a minute!" Turning back she saw Ellen at the desk sealing a white envelope. With a smile of a friendly enemy Ellen said, "If Roger speaks one word of love to you will you please give him this?"

[*Concluded in* FEBRUARY McCALL'S]

THE GREAT GAME

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My dear Dunlithy: Here is the Hilton dope. Quick work; but that's due to the fact that we had already been engaged to keep track of that young man by an old-timer by name of Gilbraith.

Arthur Hilton is about twenty-five, of good antecedents. Steady and industrious until the war got hold of him. On his return to America he fell in with race-track sports and bootleggers. An orphan; always has money, but no visible means of support; drinks, but carries it well; likes the girls; plays all games skillfully, and is a remarkable pistol shot. On the night you speak of—the twelfth—he went home at 10:30. Tell me what the game is, wanting one of my boys as a chauffeur. And you might send me a couple of passes to your new show.

As ever,

Picton.

Hilton's alibi being established, who, then, had shot into his wind shield. One of his pack, probably. So Gilbraith was already keeping tab on Hilton? Dunlithy decided that he must have a look at Hilton.

Of course they would try the old stuff—kidnapping. It was the one hope they had, to suppress him for twenty-four hours. He would have no redress, nor would Elsie. It would not be conspiracy in law to kidnap John Dunlithy. Probably there would be a note from Elsie, declaring that she was hurt and wanted him. Old as the hills, but new enough if one were not prepared against it. He would give Elsie a code, some word which would instantly warn him of the truth.

AS HE came out of the theater that evening his chauffeur-detective greeted him abruptly. "Say, your man turned up an' asked if I was to hire."

"Hilton? Anyone with him?"

"Coupla janes. He was in soup-an'-fish, an' all to th' fine."

"Can you describe him?"

"Surest thing. Medium high, weighs about a hundred an' fifty; square jaw with a heavy blue beard; shaved; a good beak, with a scar across th' bridge; blue eyes, a bit flinty, an' they don't shift none, either; looks like a swell. Can you remember all that?"

"That scar will do."

"You needn't worry about its being real; he got it in th' Argonne."

"All right. But look here, always wear your cap over your ear, as you're wearing it now. It will be a sign that everything is all right."

"Leave it t' me," replied the sleuth. "Nobody's goin' t' bump me off this seat."

Early the next morning Elsie was awakened by the telephone buzzer.

"Elsie, come in and have lunch with me at twelve-thirty, won't you?"

". . . . I'll be there to the dot." Just as Elsie was hanging up the instrument, she heard a click which she knew did not come from New York. Someone was listening in.

She had made it a rule never to disturb Gilbraith in the morning hours; but this morning mischief ruled her. She entered the study without the formality of announcing her intentions. Gilbraith was surprised, and showed it.

"Anything the matter, Miss Elsie?"

"No. I am going into town to lunch with the Captain, and I thought you might like me to bring some books."

"Will you? I'm eager to get inside a bookshop, but the journey to New York and back fatigues me. Here's a list I was going to send for."

"What do you think of the Captain?" Elsie asked suddenly.

Gilbraith wrinkled his brow. "An admirable young man, I should say. But remember, there's a queer business afoot; so be back to dinner. It is perfectly logical that Hilton should try."

ELSIE went out to the garage, musing. Who was Hilton, that her father should draw up such a will? A will that made it imperative for her to marry on such a day, before such an hour; a will that gave rise to sinister suspicions; a will that had all the attributes of an unbalanced mind, and yet could not be broken in court.

Promptly at 12:30 Elsie drew up at the entrance of the restaurant and Dunlithy met her at the curb.

"I wish I dared kiss you," he said.

"Fun, being in love, isn't it?"

"You bet. Come on. Got lots of questions to ask you; lots of things I want to do. But you mustn't ask me any questions. I promise, however, to answer everything the night we are married." Toward the end of the lunch he asked suddenly: "Can you get a photograph of Gilbraith?"

"I took a snap shot of him this summer in the garden. He'd fallen asleep."

"Mail it to me at the theater. Now, I want some of your father's letters—long hand, with his autograph."

"There's a bundle in the attic."

"And something by Gilbraith in long hand."

"Will this do?" Elsie produced the list of books.

"Here's luck! Humph — detective stories, hmm?"

"He's very fond of them—to go to bed with. But he says that criminals in books are usually plain fools."

"He said that? Well, now we'll go downtown and get the marriage license. Have you a parson in mind?"

"Why, yes; Mr. Shepheard of the village church. He comes over often for a game of chess with Mr. Gilbraith."

"Take the license over and leave it with him. Then, if he should lose it, the fact will not interfere with the ceremony."

"You don't suspect Mr. Gilbraith? He speaks very highly of you."

"Just a moment—Glance into the wall mirror, obliquely over my shoulder: the good-looking young chap with the green necktie."

"Yes. What about him?"

"There is a scar across his nose."

"Yes. Who is it?"

"I'm not dead certain, but I rather believe that we have with us Mr. Arthur Hilton."

"Let's get married today, Dunny! You're more to me than all the money in the world."

"Lose your rights without a scrap? No, ma'am."

He got permission—easily enough—to visit the daily's morgue. A "morgue" in this case, is a room filled with long tin boxes, alphabetically arranged and filled with clippings and photographs, a complete history of Who's Who among the great and the near-great and the underworld.

Luck was with him. He found a manila envelope marked: "Crowell. Queer will. Hold till October 24, 1922." Someone beside himself had noted the discrepancy between Crowell's orderly life and the crazy will.

Crowell's obituary was full of interest. A financial gambler of the first order, making and losing fortunes, down often but never beaten; latterly something of a recluse. However there was no mention of Gilbraith, secretary and right-hand man; he was totally minus in both will and story. To Dunlithy the will grew still more in strangeness. Trustee and guardian without bond, and yet Gilbraith was not mentioned in the will.

Dunlithy took out the list of books Elsie had given him, and studied Gilbraith's pinched, trembling handwriting. No forger's hand, this. But if there had been a forgery, it would be seven years old; and even seven years ago old Smelfungus' hand might have been steady and cunning.

Heading the list was this title: *The Perfect Crime*. Dunlithy smiled. Didn't the old codger know there never had been such a thing?

Dunlithy now worked fast. Delaney, the handwriting expert, had secured a photograph of the will. Picton's men, each armed with an enlarged copy of Gilbraith's photograph, were combing New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Two of the alienists had been located and had reiterated that Crowell had been sane on the day the will had been signed. But of Hilton's and Gilbraith's antecedents there was not the slightest clue. No doubt Gilbraith knew where Hilton had been born; but to ask the old codger would be nothing less than ringing the alarm in his ears.

OF WHAT was Gilbraith guilty? Supposedly, of substituting a will of his own for the genuine. Gilbraith was known as a man who never made any mistakes. He had made two. He had looked venomously at the fiancé of his ward and he had permitted her to snap a likeness while he slept.

"Say, Mr. Dunlithy," began the detective-chauffeur, as Dunlithy started to climb into the sedan that night, "somebody is keepin' this 'bus lamped."

"Hilton?"

"No. Strangers. They hang around until I step on th' gas."

"I rather expected that. Are you armed?"

"Sure," said the detective, exhibiting a murderous weapon.

"That ought to take care of us."

"I'll say so! You carry a gun, too?"

"Sure, regulation automatic. Though I'm not much of a shot."

Precisely as Dunlithy had predicted to her, Elsie was beginning to observe Gilbraith from new angles. She studied him in the library, in the dining-room, at the kennels. An odd, old man; she had to admit that.

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THE GREAT GAME

[*Continued from page 84*]

She decided to ask Gilbraith if by chance he had seen her father's letters anywhere. Indeed, the question might serve as a test.

As she entered the library she said, "By the way, I'm in a quandary."

"What about?"

"A bit of sentimentalism. Something took me to the garret the other night. I wanted to run over some old letters of my father's. Until lately I never gave much attention to Father's will. I thought there might be something in his early letters to Mother to throw light upon what originated the idea."

"It is a queer will; no getting around that. I shall never forgive that young man of yours if he fails you. Let me think. Where did I see a packet of letters in your father's hand? They were tied with ribbon."

He rummaged about in several drawers, and at length gave a little cry of exultation. He held aloft a packet of letters.

Elsie laughed.

Poor Dunny, trying to make a villian out of such a kind old man!

Elsie went to her room and began reading her father's letters. Twenty-two in all, and not the slightest hint of another woman or of Hilton was to be found in any of them; friendly letters of a good man to his wife. There was utterly nothing in the letters to indicate that the writer would one day leave a will both grotesque and tragic in its drastic commands. Dunny was right in one promise, the will and her father certainly did not match up.

As she sat musing, Dunlithy was in the thick of the excitement.

His caller was Delany, the handwriting specialist.

"Sit down and have a cigar," cried Dunlithy. "What's the dope?"

"Frankly, Dunny," began the expert, "I don't know what to say. I took two of the best men in the game with me. That signature looks all right; it also looks like forgery. We don't feel that we could swear either way in court."

"I know it's a forgery!" said Dunlithy, vehemently.

"I'm sorry," said Delany; "but I'm afraid the will will stand all kinds of court examination. The alienists' stuff puts a high wall around the document. Crowell was perfectly sane when he put his signature to that will.

"Another point. The watermark is all right, 1914, a year before Crowell's death. If the will is a forgery, it was worked out with infinite care. The man who tries to imitate a signature only, generally gets caught. The rogue who gets away with it sets himself out to write like his victim, and that rogue is rarely if ever caught. I'll wager your man uses the typewriter these days, and that the list of books is probably his first slip."

DUNLITHY was absolutely assured of Gilbraith's guilt. But by whatever means Gilbraith had used to build his fortune, nothing could be done legally so long as the will was recognized by the court as the last will and testament of Francis Crowell. If Picton should find that the old fellow had made fraudulent use of the Crowell securities, he could be made to disgorge, with the possibility of a prison term. In that event the will would have a chance of being aired in court. Dunlithy's spirits rose again.

A new possibility suddenly presented itself. Supposing they kidnapped Shepheard, the minister who was to marry them? Failing to trap John Dunlithy, what if they put the parson where he couldn't be found until too late? He must warn Elsie. He phoned her.

The warning caused her to laugh. "What!—Kidnap Dr. Shepheard?"

"Elsie, don't fail to do as I ask."

"All right."

"Now I'm going to tell you something. Gilbraith sent his trunk away, late last night, by motor boat."

Elsie was conscious of a distinct shock. "I heard the motor boat, Dunny; and it puzzled me that the dogs did not bark. But it seems so utterly impossible! I just can't believe that Gilbraith is what you believe him to be. But if his trunk is gone . . ."

"Probably with all the proofs in it. But don't let him suspect. I don't want him to run away."

"I love you, Dunny, darling."

"My, my! What central think?"

Dunlithy summoned the Picton man who acted as his chauffeur. "George," his name was.

"From now on you are to become my constant companion," instructed Dunlithy. "You will live here. When I start for the theater, you will go with me. At the theater you must not permit me to get out of your sight. At night, however, you will follow the usual play, waiting for me at the entrance. You will sleep here, of course."

THE detective had wandered over to a window and was looking out.

"Say, Mr. Dunlithy, come here."

Dunlithy dropped his pencil and approached. "What is it?"

"Ever see that guy down there?"

"Yes. He's been patrolling that bit of sidewalk ever since the game began. I caught him following me the first morning."

"Uh-huh. That's Coulahan, a stick-up man, smooth as they make 'em."

"I'll find out his record by calling up the Tombs."

It was a dull day for Dunlithy, lightened only by Elsie's voice over the wire. She had warned Shepheard but to do so convincingly she had had to give him the silent facts. After luncheon, as he returned to the study, the telephone tinkled a call.

The call was from the Tombs, and announced the fact that Coulahan had robbed the safe in the law office of Ward, Sneed & Hurd. Crowell's one time attorneys! The truth flashed into Dunlithy's mind. In some fashion Gilbraith had kept track of Coulahan and was now using him profitably. Nearer and nearer drew the ends of the circle.

It had been a puzzle to figure out how Gilbraith had made connections with the underworld, and here was the answer. Away back in those days he had planned for this! He had entered the law office for the sole purpose of making himself indispensible to Crowell. A great game!

But all this seemed to press Hilton into the background. Where in thunder had he seen that chap before?

At four o'clock, in the afternoon of the twenty-third day of October, a wiry little man, with a manner which

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suggested a perfect confidence in himself and a vast indifference as to whether others shared it, entered the lobby of the theater—where Dunlithy's play was being presented—and stopped at the box office.

"Is Captain Dunlithy in the office?" he asked.

"What's your business with him?" countered the ticket seller, cautiously.

"His," said the stranger, pushing a card through the little window.

The ticket seller give the pasteboard a glance. "Mr. Picton? Go right into the private office. He is waiting there for you."

"Well?" cried Dunlithy, eagerly, as the little man entered.

"A bit of luck. We might have peddled that photograph from now to the crack o' doom. But I concluded first to amble into the big brokerage offices, the idea being that a man might do business in a big boardroom and not draw much attention to himself.

"I went into Jelliman's, sat down and watched the board for awhile. The board-boy was about thirty, and he interested me. His hand worked like the wind and his feet like a dancer's. It was near lunch time, so I waited until he had a bit of leisure. Then I approached him and exhibited the photograph. He recognized it instantly. 'Why, that's old Kirby Jerrods,' he said."

"Kirby Jerrods?"

"That's the name Gilbraith gave there. Then I went in to Jelliman. He remembered the face, too. Now, big brokers like Jelliman don't remember mugs of pikers. They recall only those who have lost or won—big."

SO HE speculated then?" said Dunlithy. "I was right."

"Yes, he speculated. Still, I don't know. Speculation infers chance; and what Gilbraith played was sure."

Bless Elsie's heart, thought Dunlithy. That chance photograph was probably going to save her inheritance.

"Gilbraith knew the markets, naturally, having been tutored by Crowell. He played all the winners. In all Jelliman paid him something like four million."

Dunlithy whistled. "What securities did he offer as collateral?"

Picton laughed. "Cash transactions, my son. Remember, this Gilbraith of yours never makes mistakes."

"But he must have borrowed against them."

"He certainly must have. But a man like Gilbraith would know private banks where mum's the word unless the collateral was registered as stolen. He'd have to pay a stiff price, and it's likely he did. But Jelliman never saw a bond or a stock certificate."

"Jelliman's cancelled checks! How were they endorsed and where were they deposited?"

Picton laughed again. "They were endorsed by Kirby Jerrods and deposited in a Philadelphia bank. The funds were gradually withdrawn, and my wire elicited the news that the account had automatically closed in 1918. Gilbraith had withdrawn the money personally. See? No drafts to be traced."

Dunlithy's confidence evaporated.

"So far a perfect crime—if there is such a thing," continued Picton. "Anyhow, a successful one. Nothing in Philadelphia, Boston or New York banks. The money is in some obscure bank, deposited under a third name which we haven't stumbled upon to date."

Dunlithy thought of the trunk carried off in the night. Luck wasn't always on the right side of the fence.

"When Gilbraith leaves the Crowell place, there's a chance of tracing the money, but it will cost a bit. But all this in nowise affects the will."

"It can show a motive."

"Man, man, this is wonderful!" Picton rubbed his hands. "To come up against a brain that knows how to think! Gilbraith had a personal account at the Security. In 1917 it was closed. What do you suppose he did with the money?"

"I pass."

"Gave it to charity. Helped feed Europe, Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus."

"Well, I'll be hanged! Conscience?"

"I don't believe he has any. He had some other purpose, and I'd give a thousand to know what it was."

"This in itself is proof that he speculated with Crowell's stuff as collateral. Picton, you're wonderful."

"Be on the job tomorrow and marry the girl. I'm glad you've got my man, George, with you. He's nobody's fool."

"He's going to be my best man tomorrow," said Dunlithy. "Say, how about Hilton?"

"By Jinks, I'd forgotten him. Get there tomorrow, and you snuff him. He goes with a bad lot, but so far we haven't a thing on him. He's clever, too, for he keeps well in the background."

"I'm much obliged to you, Picton."

"Oh, it's a good case, but you'll lose. He's had the strangle-hold on you from the start. But the old codger is human. Ten to one, when he's thousands of miles away, safe and tidy, he'll manage to let you know how it was all done. Even Machiavelli fell down. He wrote a book."

And Picton departed, his cackling laughter echoing in the vault-like lobby.

Dunlithy rocked in the swivel chair, wondering which would ease him most, laughter or deep-sea cursing. When a man like Picton admitted defeat, there wasn't much use for another to carry on. Funny old Smelfungus!

Underneath Dunlithy's bitter chagrin was a vein of admiration for Gilbraith's astonishing talent. Suddenly the illumination came. Of course, that would be the solution to the riddle. To save the will from question, Gilbraith had to bolster up the Hilton fable from all sides, with trickery, gunplay and abduction. Why, Hilton was the merest kind of catspaw. Gilbraith might feel sorry for Elsie, but he dared not help her until he was safely abroad. Then the true will would turn up mysteriously.

THE GREAT GAME

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He heard the door open and close, softly. As he believed the caller to be George, he did not turn.

"Ahem!"

A woman's voice. He whirled about. "Elsie?" he cried, jumping up. "What in the world are you doing here? I told you not to come to town."

"I couldn't stand it any longer, Dunny. The suspense was too much for me. I came down in the car, and I'm going to take you back with me. And you are going to stay there, right under my eye, forever after!"

THE look of her would have made any man thrill. Dunlithy caught her and held her tightly.

"Surest thing! We're going to be married tomorrow."

"But Mr. Gilbraith says that to come with me is the safest move you can make."

"Oh, he said that, did he? All the more reason for my refusing to go. I smell a rat in his solicitude."

So he told her, holding back nothing. She was astounded, as much by the details which he had rounded up in so short a time as by the crime itself.

"Dunny, it is unbelievable! That shy, kindly little old man!" There were tears in Elsie's eyes. "Why, Dunny, I've grown up under his care."

"On the contrary, you've grown up like Topsy; but because you were good and wholesome originally, you are what you are."

She looked resolute and opened her handbag.

"What's that?" he wanted to know, as she took out a folded paper.

"The marriage license. Dunny, you are going to marry me this afternoon, or give me up."

"I refuse to do either. That's throwing up the sponge."

"Then I shall return your ring."

"Bless your heart, I know you're only thinking of me. But I'm thinking of you, myself, Hilton, Gilbraith—and the newspapers."

"The newspapers?"

"Why, yes. In starting this buzz saw, I went to my old paper to see if there was anything about your father in the morgue—the room where they keep data bearing on future events. Your father's will—or Gilbraith's—was published, and there was a penciled comment to keep an eye out for your wedding. If we marry today it will be a frank admission—so far as the newspapers are concerned—that Hilton has more right to your property than you have."

"More right than I have!"

She smiled, perhaps a little mournfully, and slipped the ring on her finger. "You win, Dunny."

"Elsie Crowell, I, John Dunlithy, do solemnly swear to be with you before nine o'clock tomorrow night."

"Can't we have Gilbraith arrested?"

"Can't lay a finger on him; that's the colossal joke of it. Behind that mummy's face is a remarkable brain. He has fooled everybody by playing at shyness and humility. I say, here's a notion! You go up to the Bentley's and stay with them for the afternoon and night. Keep inside the house until tomorrow morning. He'll wonder what's happened to *you*, when neither of us show up. Call me here at 5:30, 9:30, 11:00, then the apartment at 11:30, and again at 9:00 in the morning. Then we'll ride up to Crowell together. By the way, how is our parson?"

"He was all right this morning. I like the Bentley notion. Then I'll be near. Goodbye, darling!"

George, the detective-chauffeur, rolled the sedan to the stage entrance and stopped. It was half-past ten. In half an hour the theater crowds would be pouring forth. He laid his gun on his knees and adjusted his cap according to the code agreed upon. Now let 'em start something.

There were cars at the curb, on both sides of the street; still, George knew from experience that a kidnapping is more easily spotted in a fairly deserted street than in one cluttered as this was. But he should worry! Just let anybody start something.

THREE men suddenly turned in from Broadway. Two of them concealed themselves behind the sedan. One carried a stout cane with a crooked handle. The third man proceeded to open the window at the right.

"Is this a taxi?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Does it look like one?" George countered, his gun in readiness.

"I didn't know. What time does the show let out?" asked the stranger, consulting his watch. A black taxicab came out slowly from the opposite curb.

"Eleven to th' minute," said George, his finger on the trigger.

"Well, it's mighty hard to pick up a taxi at this hour."

George laughed. "It sure is."

The crook of a cane met George's inheritance from Adam—his apple—and he was hauled back powerfully. Before his finger could press the trigger the Woolworth, as he explained it afterward, fell on top of him.

The black taxi shot alongside and George was neatly transferred. When light began to enter the abysmal dark into which he had fallen, he found himself sitting on a curbstone in far-away Harlem.

Dunlithy, having answered Elsie's eleven o'clock call and having assured her that he would be at his end of the wire at the apartment at 11:30, opened the stage door and paused there for a minute. There was the sedan and there was faithful George, his cap visor over his ear, according to the code. He concluded that the most promising scheme would be to dash to the car, open the door and climb in. George would know exactly what to do.

He followed this line of action . . . and jumped plumb into the middle of a thousand legs and arms, so it seemed. Then a queer, smelly, pleasant darkness fell upon him.

Every little while Dunlithy became dimly conscious of a state of existence; nothing to brag of, but still a comfortable feeling that he was riding on the top of the hearse, not inside. Suddenly all became still and dark.

By and by he saw a point of light, miles and miles away, so it seemed. It began to approach rapidly, developing objects as it neared. It halted abruptly; and he saw that it was the flame of a candle, that beneath was a table, that above and around were walls mottled with open spaces which disclosed bare laths. He was sitting in a chair, alone, in a room in a deserted house.

His head ached violently. His throat and nostrils and lips were parched. Chloroform. He put his hands to his head . . . and dropped them in astonishment. He was free, unbound!

On the table he saw a loaf of bread and an army canteen. He rose and started for the table. He went headlong on the floor. Presently he sat up to see what it was that had given him this thundering fall. The inspection brought him thoroughly into the realm of actualities. Police handcuffs!—manacles!——neatly locked about his ankles!

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came into conflict, the least conflict, what should she do?

And then Dora laughed to herself. She said she was a silly one and an idiot, insisting on making misery out of joy. Besides, hadn't she that forty dollars?

Her brother Paul met her at the train. He yanked her off the top step of the coach, clear of the brakeman's wooden box.

"'Lo, Sis!" he shouted in that tremendous voice that had been his the past three years. He crushed her ribs in a hug to match. He grinned all over his dark countenance—the family could never say whether Paul was homely or handsome—kissed her abruptly, and was off like a streak, her suitcase swinging at the end of one arm. What an arm! What legs! People turned and smiled at their striding progress through the waiting room.

"DR. SKIPPING'S children," she heard someone say, someone she hadn't time to see. "Home——holidays ——that boy!"

Dora took mental note of her brother's black unhatted hair and his blue and green tucked-in sweater. She'd just have to keep those items in sight somehow—and suddenly he stopped.

"There she is!" he announced, and threw her baggage recklessly into the rear vacancy of a—well—an automobile.

Fundamentally the vehicle had been an old-type Ford. The various additions and substitutions only its final designer could have traced and named. Dora knew that it looked queer somehow, anyhow, and wondered what she might ever be able to say of the paint job. The whole thing had been painted to the brilliancy of new patent leather.

"Paul—a car?" she gasped. "Not yours?"

"Part mine," he claimed proudly. "Nick Sherer's and mine. He bought the works. I put them together. He buys the gas and oil and whatnot. I do the tinkering. We both of us have the use of it. Nick's got a new business. Plans to use this contraption for delivery part time. Thought maybe you'd help us think up a smart slogan for the rear."

The ruined top, Paul explained superfluously, had been sawed off a sedan to make the present open-car style. That offered a rear expanse for painting information about Nick Sherer's new cleaning and dyeing company.

"Well, there she is!" roared Paul. "Skip in, Miss Skipping!"

Dora, as she tried to sit lightly on the shiny cushions that did look as if they might be sticky, was remembering Fred's straight eight.

"Oh, Paul!" she sighed. "I'd forgotten how good you are at this sort of thing."

"Yeah," he answered over the uproar of the starting motor. "Just listen to that, will you? Sweet? You bet!"

Presently he added, "That fellow of yours—didn't you say he was an electrician? Well, there's something I want to ask him about this generator."

"Paul, you're wonderful!" said Dora.

One thing was settled. It would take many times forty dollars to eliminate this peculiar automobile from the family.

St. Joseph was so old-fashioned that a preacher's house was still called a parsonage. The Skipping home was an old red brick mansion with a white porch all across the front that was painted by subscription every third spring. The third spring was approaching and not any too soon; but the lines of the house were good and gracious and welcoming, and it might snow over Christmas to hide broken lattices and bleak bare vines.

When Dora opened the front door, there was the warm brown smell of fresh gingerbread on the air; and a woman's voice, low and almost a warble for sweetness, was mocking somebody over the telephone: "Perfectly lovely! The darling little imps of Satan in their white angel robes marching up two by two with candles, one stanza behind the organist, because two or three will have mislaid their candles or the Widow Jones will have had a window opened because of her asthma and the draft will have blown—"

"Mother!" cried Dora.

The receiver clicked sharply, abruptly.

"My beautiful daughter! My lamb returned to the fold—"

But Mrs. Skipping trembled ever so little in Dora's embrace and her lips quivered. She was the loveliest person in the world, Dora had always thought. Her crisp black hair was snow-powdered now. Her face was etched with lines of large and small pains and pangs that she had kept quite to herself always. Her mouth was firm and proud and young. Her black eyes snapped and twinkled. Her figure, even in its almost continual print housedress, was as slim and straight as ever, Dora thought, not knowing how slim a girl could be a generation back. Mrs. Skipping was really small, however, not nearly so tall as Dora.

"Was there ever a woman so completely overgrown with children?" she sighed, contemplating her oldest daughter. "Paul! Paul, what are you doing with your sister's fitted dressing case? Do you want to break every cut-glass bottle in it?"

"Is there—" Paul lifted the cowhide bag and surveyed it with wonder before he comprehended his mother's irony. "Aw!" he rebuked her.

"HOME!" said Dora with a relish, as if she tasted something even better than hot gingerbread; and then there was a scraping on the upstairs' floor that sent her flying with the quick instinct sharpened by years of familiarity up to greet her sister Gretel, who had been a cripple from infancy but who would go up and down stairs as often as anyone asked her to or wanted her where she wasn't—dark, beautiful Gretel, with the cropped head and haunting eyes of a boy poet.

After Gretel there was Felix. Felix was another girl, the twelve-year-old baby of the house. It just happened that when Felix was expected the half dozen brothers and sisters waited for her as hopefully as the parents, and they had chosen the name for the coming baby. Later it was feared that a change in name might bring bad luck; so Felix the little girl was called. She was a weedy child now, with Dora's coloring, but fearful promise of a build similar to Paul's. Her line was drawing. When Dora had left home in the fall she was doing sunsets. Now the specialty was silhouettes. John Barrymore and the Washingtons fairly papered the walls of the room she shared with sweet-tempered Gretel.

This was Dora's family, all except her father. There was still the house. It was clean and comfortable and warm, but very bare. There was no

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luxury of silken draperies or deep-cushioned couches. Chairs and tables had been bought for service or had been presented by congregations with the idea that they must last a long time. Stout plain chairs and tables, their varying styles writing a history of furniture-making in the last three decades, their scars like runes telling a tale of growing, lively children. The old black grand piano, filling one-third of the living-room, loomed ponderous and incongruously rich against the general spruce shabbiness. Rugs were spread over the downstairs' floors now; but the upstairs' rooms boasted only islands of woven rags. The carpets below, for that matter, had been worn to the backing in spots where feet rested most continually. They had been turned and turned around until now there was no choice between thin spots. The kitchen linoleum needed replacement. Everything was like that. No church, whatever its pride, unless it was a church too proud to appreciate a Dr. Skipping, could hope to supply the needs of a family that would squander its substance on musical educations and the like.

DINNER was ready before Dr. Skipping returned. Dora helped to set the table. "Please!" she begged; and then she went about putting out silver and china and glass, very, very thoughtfully. The meal would be simple, but fastidious and exquisitely served. Silver, if counted carefully against loss, doesn't wear out. Linen, if laundered kindly, remains fine linen to the last thread. There were candles in silver candlesticks and a rose in a bud vase. It was a Skipping idea that the flavor of food depended largely on environment. But the food would be good, too. Nobody could adorn a bargain roast with better, richer gravy than could Mrs. Skipping; and tonight there would be the hot gingerbread, made from real cane syrup shipped from the south for Christmas. Dinner at the Skippings was their triumphant declaration that the fineness of living had survived all tests.

With every touch that she gave the table Dora fell more and more quiet. A cold realization came to weigh on her heart until she wondered if she would be able to eat later. She knew now why she had waited so long to admit to Fred and to herself that she loved him. She couldn't marry—anyone—not for ever so long. A year, why, a year would be nothing. If she worked ten years and was enormously successful, she couldn't give those dear ones all the treasures she ached to shower upon them. They were people deserving better than privation and privation had been the keynote of their existence. She must make up the deficit, she, to whom they had all given without reproaching her so much as with a consciousness that they were giving, must give in return, largely.

Just as her mood was verging on the somber, Dora jerked herself up. It would not do to be sorrowful on her homecoming. This horrible decision about Fred was a thing to be put away until she was fast in her own small bedroom for the night. Now, now she must think of something else and quickly. What? The forty dollars, of course! The forty dollars with which she had planned to glorify the house. Now it would be just the first of many gifts. Dora blinked and cast her eyes about.

The possibilities were overwhelming. There was, first, the everlasting problem of carpets. She might find down town a few small rugs in soft, bright colors for the most prominent worn places. They wouldn't be Oriental rugs, but would be good velvet carpetings. She might find two of them, say, and with the rest of the money buy Gretel a frame and the yarns and a pattern for a hooked rug. That would be a present to Gretel, too, the lovely work for her hands. Or might she find a real bargain in a good cushioned chair? Probably not. Furniture was so expensive! Later for that. Or a lamp of hand-wrought iron, perhaps; and a soft-hued shade for one beautiful corner at night? No. The family would stand the lamp at the piano and place her under its radiance and—that wasn't the idea! Curtains? She could buy yards and yards of silk and Gretel,

again, would be happy to do the sewing. Perhaps the curtains would be best. She'd have to make a list of possibilities and see how far the forty dollars would go.

This bit of woman's planning brightened Dora's eyes and lifted her mouth corners until she looked quite happy as she went back to the living-room where Mrs. Skipping was awaiting the hour for serving dinner and trying to help Paul decide between two offers of positions—one as assistant operator in the latest moving picture theater, the other as working partner in Nick Sherer's new cleaning business.

"And remember," she mocked affectionately, "don't let friendship lure you from the shining ways of art, dear. Now money—that would be different!"

"Aw!" said Paul, adoring her, but helpless under her teasing.

"What is keeping Dad?" asked Dora.

"Heaven knows," said Mrs. Skipping. "I mean that literally, darling. When the Reverend Dr. Skipping leaves home in the morning I say a special prayer to our Heavenly Father to bring him back to us safely. The Reverend, left to himself, would never accomplish it. He'd get so lost among his blessed works—"

A breath of cold air swept in from the hall.

"Is that so?" challenged a rich, deep voice borne in on the draft.

Dora waited, not to miss the glimmer that came to her mother's eyes at any sudden appearance of the father, the warming, the softening that came all over her face.

DR. SKIPPING had taken off his overcoat. He was unwinding a muffler and beaming in the general direction of family chatter. Somehow the picture of him standing there smote home to Dora's heart. Another indelible impression, like that picture of John before he went to war. He looked at once so young and so old, this father of hers. He'd always seemed just young before, young and strong and ruddy with health, if never exactly handsome; but now—she wondered just what his years might be. His hair was thinning rapidly. The glinting gold of her own head was bleached sand on her father's. The lenses of his glasses—had he needed them strengthened again this winter? So soon. His broad shoulders were always a little stooped—they looked bowed today. Perhaps it was just the way he had put on his coat.

That dear man and his clothes! It was a blessing he had an orator's voice and a pleasing personality or no church of any dignity would ever have claimed him as he walked about the streets, he was so baggy in the knees.

Not that Dora or anybody really minded about his clothes. Not that he minded. Serenely oblivious to bagged knees and uneven coat tails, Dr. Skipping held out his arms in welcome.

"My Dad!" Dora said with a strangled gulp, strangled, because Skippings never carried on.

"Well, well!" Her father shook her gently and held her off after kissing her. "And have you been in the house two hours and no kind person told you about the smudge on your face?" He pulled out a handkerchief and painstakingly wiped off the one tear that she hadn't been able to hold back.

THE next day Dora had lunch down town with her father. In the late afternoon, when the family was sniffing about the kitchen and making eyes at two cherry pies—Mrs. Skipping said at meal-times they were like orphans with their noses against the windowpanes—Dora heard a tapping on the front door glass and let her father into the main hall unobserved. Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Skipping sat down for the usual before-dinner lull.

"We will not wait for your blessed father," she announced.

"Dad is at home," said Dora. "No, wait a minute. I want to tell you something."

She tried not to strike a pose, but this was a momentous occasion.

"At school this past term," she said, "I managed to save forty dollars from my allowance. I brought it home and I spent it all today on a present for the house."

There was silence.

"Daughter," said Mrs. Skipping weakly or in pretense of weakness, "forty dollars—all in one day?"

"Gee!" said Paul. "What did you get?"

"Dora, Dora!" said Mrs. Skipping. "Why didn't you tell me? There's been a dancing frock at Beutel's that I've wanted for you since the Thanksgiving sales."

"Now, Mother!"

"Oh, but I wouldn't have let you buy things for the house! I want you to have your pretties, now. Why, I remember the first time your father took me to a theater, I spent all my month's allowance on one hat. The play was a sad one and I cried on the ribbons but I never regretted the extravagance. I still have the hat. Dora, I would have made you get that dress and perhaps some new slippers."

"Mother's sparring for time," said Paul. "What did you get?"

"Father has it upstairs," said Dora, hugging her mother close.

"Well, he'll never remember to bring it down if you don't remind him," said Mrs. Skipping. "Paul, elevate your basso profundo and call the dear man."

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Obediently Paul rose, one hand tugging at the belt of his trousers.

"I said elevate your basso profundo, Paul."

"Well, I am!" With both hands Paul jerked at the belt.

"Your basso profundo, dear, is your deep bass voice."

"Aw!" said Paul, amid general excited laughing. "If you ever would call pants *pants*, a fellow wouldn't get so mixed!"

He went up the steps three at a time. There was a shout about the moment when he should have hit the upper hall and down he clattered backward with imminent danger to his own neck and everything else breakable in the general vicinity.

"My cat's eyebrows!" he gasped. "Do you see what I see?"

Down the steps after him advanced with dignity and yet with a certain snap, a most distinguished gentleman in a brand new custom-tailored suit. It had to be a black suit, but it was the smartest and latest cut. Dr. Skipping looked like a model from the front page of an advertising section—and he knew it. Had anybody thought him oblivious to his shabbiness? That person needed to see him now. He could have preened no more in the day of his first long pants. The stoop seemed to have lifted from his shoulders. He beamed and invited his gasping family to view him on all sides, to feel that cloth! Hadn't he and Dora found a tremendous bargain? Didn't he look grand?

Mrs. Skipping cried.

"Paul," she said, while the tears still ran, "immediately after supper you're to fetch those abominable rags he has shed and burn them. Will you, dear?"

But Felix precipitated the denouement.

"I know!" she squealed. "Dora wanted to dress up the house for her sweetheart, but she changed her mind and dressed up Father."

Dora swallowed hard. The family had to be told—sometime.

"I'm not sure that Fred is coming," she faltered.

"What?" The cry seemed to assail her from all sides at once. It carried every shade of disappointment, unbelief, protest. Mrs. Skipping stiffened. There was no light mockery in her then. But perhaps the sharpest exclamation was from Gretel, who, last night, had made Dora's battle very hard by creeping into her room and asking to be told all about the wonderful lover. Poor Gretel!

"I WROTE to him last night." Dora wondered how she could explain.

"Pooh!" said Dr. Skipping. "Of course he's coming. What's a letter? I've been talking to him over the telephone."

"But you don't know what I said in my letter—"

"Yes, I do. He told me. I'd have known anyhow. We talked and between us we decided not to pay any attention to the letter, or to any other sacrificial arguments you might put up. We decided that we were the men of the family. Why, the only reason I bought this suit was so that I might look respectable at your wedding!"

The glimmer was strong on Mrs. Skipping's face. She laid hold of her husband's arm. Dora laid hold of the other.

"Daddy Skipping," she said, "there were three dollars left of the suit money. Did you or did you not get that new shirt as you promised?"

"I did not," said the Reverend. "I've got lots of shirts, but only one prospective son-in-law. And he's due here at eight-thirty this evening. Not tomorrow or the day after, but tonight. Our conversation was worth more than three dollars. So, let's have dinner and let me get off to meet that train. Did you think I dressed up like this just to show off before you all?"

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Again he accepted her decision without protest. He guided her back to where Basil still stood, awaiting them.

She sank into a chair, panting a little, while for a few seconds the two men talked together; and then came Rory's voice bidding her farewell.

"In case I don't see you again," he said, "I'll say goodbye. Lord Conister tells me you'll be going home directly."

His hand gripped hers, and again that electric current leaping between them and entering her inmost being.

GOODBYE, Rory!" she said; and added, with a kind of desperation, "We'll meet again some day."

"Rather!" said Rory.

And then he was gone, and the handsome face with the laughing Irish eyes was only a memory.

She went up to her room with Basil as though she walked in her sleep. She was unutterably tired and thankful that he did not question her.

And all through the night, over and over there ran the words: "It's over—finished—done with—dead." But every time she awoke she knew that because of one thing, which she had not told Rory, the past could never die.

Charmaine's second son was born in the following April. Aunt Edith, who had dreaded the event, was surprised at the calmness with which Charmaine faced her ordeal.

"Bless you, my dear!" said Aunt Edith to the new mother. "Well, Basil certainly ought to be pleased this time. If that darling little rascal Guy hasn't much of the Conisters in him, your new baby is one to the life. He is simply Hugh over again."

It was true the baby had all the characteristics of the Conisters. He had a quaint dignity, even in babyhood, wholly unknown to his wild young brother.

Guy at two years was complete master in his own sphere. He was a child of quick development, amazingly impressionable and ready to absorb all forms of knowledge that came his way. His devotion to Basil was wholehearted and intense.

And indeed Basil bestowed upon this boy's moral training far more attention than a child of that age usually receives from a father. He learned first and before all things a sense of honor. "Honor before all" was his motto—the species of honor which stands before every other consideration, even life itself—the honor that embodies purity, straightness, courage and loyalty, all in one—the honor without which, so Basil taught him, nothing else on earth was worth having—to which all else should be sacrificed.

And Guy with his receptive nature, accepted and assimilated the teaching with such eagerness that in his wildest

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moods he never wholly forgot it. Responsibility was far harder to teach him. The boy was by nature completely irresponsible, full of a reckless daring that made his timid mother tremble.

"It doesn't matter so much if I only kill myself, does it, Daddy?" he asked once, seeking enlightenment on a subject on which for some time he had seriously pondered. "It's only so long as I don't kill anybody else."

"Well, old chap," Basil answered, "It shouldn't matter so much from your own point of view certainly, but it might from other people's. You ought to remember that."

"Oh, well, of course one wouldn't do it on purpose," said Guy cheerily. "I only meant if it just happened, that's all. It'd be much better to kill myself than Hugh, wouldn't it?"

"Every time," said Basil, with an arm round the active young shoulders. "But what's in the wind?"

Guy, who was at the experimental age of eight, evaded the question and changed the subject by asking if he might run down through the woods to the railway and see the train come out of the tunnel from Bentbridge.

It was one of the most stringent rules of the house that neither of the children should ever open the small gate which led across the line, and so well was this understood that Basil had no misgivings regarding it. After an affectionate farewell he let Guy go and turned back to his work.

Half an hour later he came creeping in through the open library window with a face of such deathly whiteness that Basil turned in his chair, startled. "Guy! What on earth's the matter?"

Guy came to him and stood by his side. He was shaking all over, though he tried very hard to hide it.

"I've—I've been on the line."

"You've what?" Basil said.

I DIDN'T do it on purpose," came the child's sobbing confession. "Yes, I mean, I did. Only I didn't go through the gate and I didn't open it. I climbed on that little tree by the tunnel, and it broke, and I fell over the other side—I mean, I was on the other side—only I was in the tree 'stead of on the ground till it broke, and I fell down the bank just when the train came through the tunnel. And I hanged on to something till it was gone. Then I slipped right down on to the line. And I've been in that tree before, Daddy," with a fresh burst of tears. "Only it didn't feel like being on the wrong side of the hedge till it broke."

"You say you've been in that tree before. You must have climbed it from the railing, so you must have known it was on the wrong side."

"Yes," sobbed Guy. "But I didn't think it mattered till it broke. And I never thought it would."

"Were you frightened?" Basil asked.

"Not—not—not very," whispered Guy, striving at self-control.

"Has Hugh ever been there?" asked Basil abruptly.

"Not in the tree, Daddy. He—he tried to once, and I—smacked his head 'cos I thought it wasn't safe."

"I see," said Basil. "Well," he spoke deliberately. "I'm not going to whip you this time, but I'm not going to let you off scot-free either. You will not go into the railway wood again for a whole year."

"Oh, Daddy!" Guy flung himself upon his father in an agony of supplication. "Not a whole year! Oh, Daddy, I must—I must! Oh, I'd much rather be whipped!" he cried.

"I daresay!" Basil held him off with quiet firmness. "But, you see, it isn't for you to choose. Now, stop it, Guy! Take your punishment like a man, and I'll forgive you."

Guy's black eyes, streaming with tears, looked up into the steady gray ones above them.

"Do you think you deserve to be trusted?" Basil asked gravely.

"Yes, Daddy," came Guy's prompt response.

"Why?" asked Basil.

Guy's head came up eagerly. He looked Basil straight in the face. "Because I'd give you my word of honor never—never—to get on the wrong side of the hedge again."

"I see," said Basil. "And, sonny, you're sure you'd never forget?"

"Oh, never," said Guy very earnestly, "never, Daddy, never!"

"Very well," said Basil. "I'll accept your word of honor."

IT HAD long been an understood thing between them that Charmaine must always be spared all distress, and as Guy departed after a final hug, Basil knew that no rumor of the episode would reach her.

But a certain conversation took place in the nursery that night that was not without its significance. Having said his prayers with unusual seriousness Guy shot an abrupt question at his mother.

"Mummy, 'spose I was very careless and did something that killed me, do you think God would be angry?"

Charmaine gasped a little.

"I don't know, dear," she said after a moment. "No, I don't think He would be angry. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," said Guy airily. "I just wondered."

"Mummy," said Hugh solemnly on her other side, "He wouldn't know if God was angry or not if he was dead, would he?"

"Oh yes, I would," said Guy, swift as lightning with his reply. "Death is going to God. Aunt Edith says so."

"Darling," interposed Charmaine gently, "I can't tell you anything about Death, because I don't know. But I'm sure that God would never be really angry with us unless we wronged someone by what we did. Then—" she half whispered— "He might be."

The two children pressed nearer to her. "What do you suppose He'd do?" Guy asked.

She clasped them both with sudden closeness.

"You would never wrong anyone," she said fondly.

"Well, no," said Guy, a hint of superiority in his tone. "We're Conisters. Still, I'd rather like to know."

"Yes, darling, yes. But we're not meant to," said Charmaine almost pleadingly. "I think—I sometimes think—that most of us anyhow are punished for our sins before we die, not afterward."

Guy considered this for a few seconds. "But you never did any sins, so you can't know, Mummy," he decided finally.

Rory sat on a chair in the Park next to a very old lady whose upright carriage did not belie her years. Everyone agreed that Lady Cravenstowe was wonderful, but no one ever said that she made any attempt to disguise her age. At eighty-four she had the look of a French marquise. Her hair was snowy white and abundant. Her eyes were still bright and kindly under their delicately arched brows; and her thin, chiseled features had the clear

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pallor which so often denotes health in old age. Her face had few lines, and they, as Guy once flatteringly told her, were all horizontal, which were of course the very best kind of lines to have.

He had acted upon impulse, like the Rory of the other days, in bringing himself to old Lady Cravenstowe's notice on this bright spring morning. But behind his impulse was the strong purpose which now characterized all his actions. And because of this purpose, having thus introduced himself, he sat down beside her.

SHE had greeted him with her customary graciousness, but she had not at once recognized him.

Then in a flash she knew him, turned and closely regarded him. "Ah, yes!" she said. "I remember you well. Rory Donovan! Of course—of course! You were at Starfields the summer that dear Hugh died and Basil married Charmaine."

"Nearly sixteen years ago," said Rory, with an odd grimace. "I was young and somewhat foolish. Do you remember? And you promised that if I came to see you, you would teach me wisdom."

"I did," she agreed warmly. "I should think I do remember. But you never came."

"No, I never came." He spoke as one on the verge of a jest. "I gave myself up to work and got sent to the ends of the earth instead."

"And did you learn wisdom there?" she asked quizzically.

"A certain measure of it." He answered her in the same vein. "I learned the secret of quick promotion anyway, which some think is the same thing."

"Ah!" She nodded comprehendingly. "And you've got there. I congratulate you. Are you married?"

He made a slight movement. "No. I've had no time for that. One can't do everything. It's been a good show though. I've enjoyed it."

"You never have settled," remarked Lady Cravenstowe shrewdly. "There's too much of the pirate about you for that, or I'm much mistaken."

He laughed at that. "Poor old Aunt Eileen died, you know," he continued, "and Pat went and married again."

"I never met Pat," said Lady Cravenstowe.

"No. But you met his wife—a dragon of a woman—Griselda Audley."

"Good gracious!" Lady Cravenstowe turned with the gesture of a young woman. "You don't say that appalling person ever found a husband!"

"Oh, well—Pat!" Rory laughed compassionately. "You could hardly call him a husband, could you? She probably caught him drunk. But how is it you never heard? Wasn't she a half-sister to—Lady Conister?"

"Oh, in a way, yes! But they never corresponded. Basil didn't wish it. We knew that old Colonel Audley died, and that Griselda inherited barely enough to live on. But beyond that even Charmaine never heard. The Bentleighs went abroad, you know, to live. And even with them Charmaine never had anything in common." Lady Cravenstowe spoke reminiscently. "She wasn't strong, poor child, after the birth of the children, and we had to take great care of her for some years."

"You're talking of Charmaine," said Rory deliberately. "I remember her well as a child. Tell me, how many children has she?"

"Two," said Aunt Edith. "Both boys. She so wanted a girl, I remember, for her first-born, but it was not to be. Hugh, the younger son, is the image of the last Lord Conister. But unfortunately, Guy, the heir, though he's a dear boy and my godson, is totally different from any of the family. I suppose he takes after some obscure ancestor of Charmaine's." She sighed. It was an old disappointment, and the thought of Charmaine's ancestors was one upon which she had never cared to dwell.

"How old are the children now?" asked Rory. "You say there are two?"

"Guy is just fifteen, hardly three weeks ago. He is at Eton, but they are all at home now for the Easter holidays. I was to have gone down, but I'm afraid I shirked it." Aunt Edith smiled, and it was the smile of old age. "I don't care to go far away from my own fireside this time of the year. I think home is best, anyhow, when the east wind blows."

"I'm sure no one else thinks so," said Rory, with his ready gallantry. "I'm at a loose end myself for Easter. I think I must run down and look up the old place again. Would they think it great cheek, I wonder, if I dropped in to see them? I met Lord and Lady Conister when they were traveling in Italy once a good many years ago now. And they were very kind to me then."

"I am quite sure they would be delighted," said Aunt Edith in her warm way. "Let me write to Basil, and I'm sure he will ask you to stay!"

"No, no! Thanks very much." Rory stood up. "I'll just go down quietly and introduce myself. I'd rather. My time is very limited in any case as I have to join my ship at Singapore in under six weeks." He held out his hand. "Goodbye! Thanks so much for this chat. It's been most interesting, and given me a lot to think about."

He was gone. Aunt Edith sat and watched him as he went his way, alert and imperious, through the crowd of passersby; and a puzzled frown drew her brows. "Who is it that he reminds me of?" she mused.

MOTHER, aren't you coming too?" Guy's black head suddenly appeared at the door of Charmaine's boudoir in which she sat before her desk.

She looked round sharply. "Guy! I thought you'd gone."

He came into the room—a tall, athletic boy with daring dark eyes and a winning smile. "No," he said. "I couldn't go without seeing you first. Why aren't you coming?"

"I'm tired, darling," she said.

He gave her a critical look. "Mother! Have you been crying?"

She smiled instantly, though her face was pale. "My dear foolish boy, what should I cry for? Don't be so absurd!"

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"But we shan't be back to tea," objected Guy as he hugged her. "I hate leaving you alone for so long."

"I don't mind being alone, darling," she said. "Guy—dearest, don't be such a bear! You're squeezing me to death!"

He laughed and released her. "Well, don't look like the maiden-all-forlorn! We'll soon be back," he said.

She listened to his departing feet. She turned a page of her blotting-book and gazed downward at a note which lay open there. And so for nearly half an hour she sat, not moving, seeming scarcely to breathe.

Perhaps that half-hour of intense stillness served in some way to fortify her, for when it was over, she rose with absolute calm, and passed quietly out and down the stairs to the hall.

There had been a time long ago when she had avoided the Lovers' Pool as though by instinct. Today, for the first time in many years she voluntarily sought it.

She was nearing the rustic bridge when suddenly she stopped, her hand pressed hard against her heart. A figure had come out from the shadow of the trees and moved to meet her—a tall, commanding figure that strode toward her with something of the old, boyish impetuosity.

"Charmaine!" he cried.

She looked up at him, trying to smile with trembling lips. "Oh, Rory," she said, "you are still the same!"

"No, dear, I'm not really the same," he said. "I've grown centuries older, and I'm not, I hope, the selfish brute I once was. You didn't think I asked you for this meeting to make love to you did you?"

She did not answer him. "Shall we cross the bridge and sit down?"

He turned and she led the way toward the Lovers' Temple. He seated himself beside her and waited for her to speak.

She did so at last rather wearily. "No, Rory, I'm sure you didn't ask me to meet you here for that reason. But—it wasn't just for the sake of old friendship, was it?"

"No. I met your aunt in town two days ago. I've been in the East and had heard nothing of you for years. I couldn't resist stopping and trying to get some news of you."

"Oh, my dear!" said Charmaine sadly.

"She told me several things about you and about your children. Charmaine, you didn't tell me the last time I met you. So I didn't know that you had had a child so soon after your marriage. I saw your two boys today riding in the village. I took special note of Guy. Charmaine, I've got to ask you this, though perhaps you'll never forgive me. That boy—that black-haired son of yours—Guy—is he—is he a Conister?"

Silence followed his words. She sat gazing before her.

HE SPOKE again, less urgently, with more depth of purpose. "You may say I've no right to ask. Please believe that I have no intention whatever of claiming any! But Charmaine, if that boy is my son and not the son of Basil Conister then what of the future? Are you going to let him inherit the name and family honor which should belong to his brother? Dare you take such an enormous responsibility as that?"

She turned toward him with an agonized gesture. "Rory—Rory—what else can I do?"

He took her hands and held them fast between his own. "Oh, God!" he cried. "That I should make you suffer like this!" Then, with swift resolution: "Listen, dear, listen! Though I behaved like a damned scoundrel all those years ago, I've got some sense of honor left. I had—even in those days, though you'll hardly believe it. I've kept away from you all this long time because I didn't know. But if I had known, I'd have come back. Now listen! We can't undo the wrong, but we can stop the consequences. We can tell the truth even now, and play the game. Oh, Charmaine—darling!"

She had sunk against him, moaning, her head bowed almost to the earth. "I can't—I can't!" she cried.

Rory stooped over her, seeking to lift her. "My dear, listen—listen! Hear what I have to say! I'll do it all. The blame, the dishonor is mine. You were a child and completely innocent and I betrayed your trust. I've never forgiven myself. I never shall. Any more than I shall ever cease to love you. I'll do it in such a way that Conister himself can't blame you. Charmaine, if you'll only consent, I'll put an end to this long martyrdom of yours and we'll start afresh—you and the boy and I—on the other side of the world and make a decent thing of life together."

It was the old Rory now, pleading. But it was not the old Charmaine who made response. The woman who lifted her head and looked at him was one in whom suffering had wrought an amazing change.

"Rory," she said, "There's one thing you don't understand, which makes a difference. I have learned in all these years to love my husband as I love no one else on earth. Because of that and because I once swore never to bring shame upon the Conister name, I could never do what you suggest, even if I could for one moment endure the thought of the dishonor to Guy. If I had had your permission long ago, I might have found strength to tell Basil the truth. But after Guy was born, it was too late. I'm trying not to think of the wrong to Hugh—my other boy—because somehow I think God must understand and He wouldn't let the innocent really suffer for the guilty.

"Anyhow, I can't do this thing now, even though in your eyes it is the only honorable thing to do. It isn't that I can't forgive you either. We were both so young and even you hardly knew what it might mean. I sometimes feel as if I would give my very soul to tell Basil the truth, and when he knew it, I would still beg to be near him and not utterly cast away. But—he never can know. My dear boy Guy will outlive me by many, many years, and because of him I must go on deceiving Basil for the rest of my life. That is my punishment, and I think when I die and it is all over at last, that God in His mercy will say that I have been punished enough."

She drew her hands free and she bowed her head in bitter weeping.

The man beside her stood up, as though he could not remain seated in the presence of such grief as hers.

At last he stooped, slowly, reverently, and laid his hand upon her.

"Charmaine," he said in a whisper, "don't cry, don't cry! I'm going and I shall never come back. I just want you to know that what I've done today was meant honorably, in every way. But—you know best. Do what you think is right, both now and in the future! That's all. Goodbye, darling! Don't cry—don't cry!"

They were his last words to her as they had been among his first; and as he uttered them he bent a little lower and laid his lips upon the golden head. Then he turned and very softly went away.

THE dusk was falling on the evening of that day when Basil gently opened the door of his wife's room.

"Are you resting, Charmaine?"

Her voice answered him instantly out of the gloom. "Oh, you are back, darling! Yes, I am lying down. But I'm all right. Have you had a good time? Did the boys enjoy it?"

He came to her, knelt beside the couch, and gathered her into his arms. "Have you seen anything of Guy this afternoon?"

"Guy!" She started a little. "Why, no, dear! Not since he came in to say goodbye. I thought he went with you."

His arms held her closely. When he answered her, his voice seemed to convey something that his words withheld.

"As a matter of fact, darling, he didn't. We started all together, and then just outside the gates he suddenly said that he'd rather stay behind and have tea with you after all."

Charmaine started a little. "How funny of him! I think he had an idea that I was feeling lonely. But I haven't seen him. Where is he?"

"Perhaps he had," Basil said. "Anyhow I told him he wasn't to disturb you before four. And he said he would go to the Lovers' Pool and take the boat out."

"Basil!" Her start this time brought her upright in his hold. Her eyes sought his face. "Basil!" she said. "Has anything happened? Are you—are you trying to tell me something?"

"Yes," he said.

She gripped her hands upon her heart. "Oh, what—what? Tell me quickly! It's better—kinder—Basil!"

"Yes," he said again, and he spoke with sudden resolution. "You are right, Charmaine, I don't know how he spent the afternoon, but—he was found this evening on the line—run over—killed by the train from Bentbridge."

"Ah!" It was more a moan than a cry that broke from Charmaine. She remained stiffly upright for ten seconds thereafter, then fainted.

His arms upheld her still. "Charmaine," he said, his voice low and broken, "for God's sake—for God's sake—bear it bravely!"

She came out of her stillness shuddering. She felt for his hands, loosened their clasp and put them from her.

"Don't ever touch me again!" she said. "My sin—my sin has found me out. He—was in the Lovers' Temple when I met Rory this afternoon. I remember now, the door was just open. I never thought to look inside. He heard everything—heard me say I could never bear to leave you—heard me say that but for him—but for him—" She broke off, trembling violently. "And so—" her voice jerked on again—"and so he went—and did this thing—for me—for me—because I said that because of him—I could never tell you—the truth. Oh, Guy—my son—my little—darling—son!"

"Listen!" he said. "Listen! It may make a difference. Charmaine, I know the truth. I have always known it."

"You—know!" she said.

"Yes—yes!" He spoke in a voice that quivered against her breast. "I suspected from the beginning. After Guy's birth—I knew."

"You—knew!" Charmaine's words came, it seemed, unconsciously.

"Yes," Basil said again. "I knew. But because I loved you so, I put aside honor, everything, for your sake. I accepted the wrong though I tried to turn it into right. But if I failed, myself, at least I succeeded in teaching Guy to put honor before everything. It isn't only for you that he has sacrified himself. It was for me, too—and the family honor, Charmaine."

He ceased to speak. Suddenly she felt him sobbing as he clasped her, great, tearing sobs that seemed to rend the very heart of him.

In a moment her arms were around him, passionately holding him.

"Basil, my husband, my husband, most loved, most precious—" she said, and broke down over him while she sought for some means to comfort.

The song of the birds died away in the garden and the room grew very still. They crouched together, clinging to each other, while the first anguish of grief spent itself and passed.

Then presently Charmaine began to whisper; and in that sacred hour she told him everything, sometimes weeping, more often steadfast, until the whole of her dread secret had passed into his keeping.

AT LENGTH he spoke. "Charmaine, it is over. All that is left now is to save his honor as he has saved ours. No word of this will ever go beyond this room. Darling, I think we ought to think of poor little Hugh. I left him with Mrs. Dicker. He was very upset."

"Oh, bring him in," she said. "Please bring him!"

He got up to comply, but turned back and held her pale face between his hands to kiss it ere he left her. There was more than forgiveness in his kiss. It held a consecration.

When Hugh came to her a few minutes later she was kneeling by her window in the moonlight.

He pressed close to her, awed by the look upon her face, beautiful still, marred as it was by grief.

"Mother," he whispered, "what is death? Is it—is it God, do you think?"

Charmaine turned and put her arm around him. "I think, Hugh darling," she said, "it is the Hand of God laid upon our souls."

"Oh!" Hugh spoke with relief. "Then He has got Guy safe! You don't think He'll be angry with him, Mother, do you, for being—so careless?"

Her eyes as she looked up at him had the shining of a faith newly lighted. "No, darling, I am quite sure. He won't be," she said. "I am sure that Guy is safe in the Hand of God and that no evil can touch him."

[THE END]

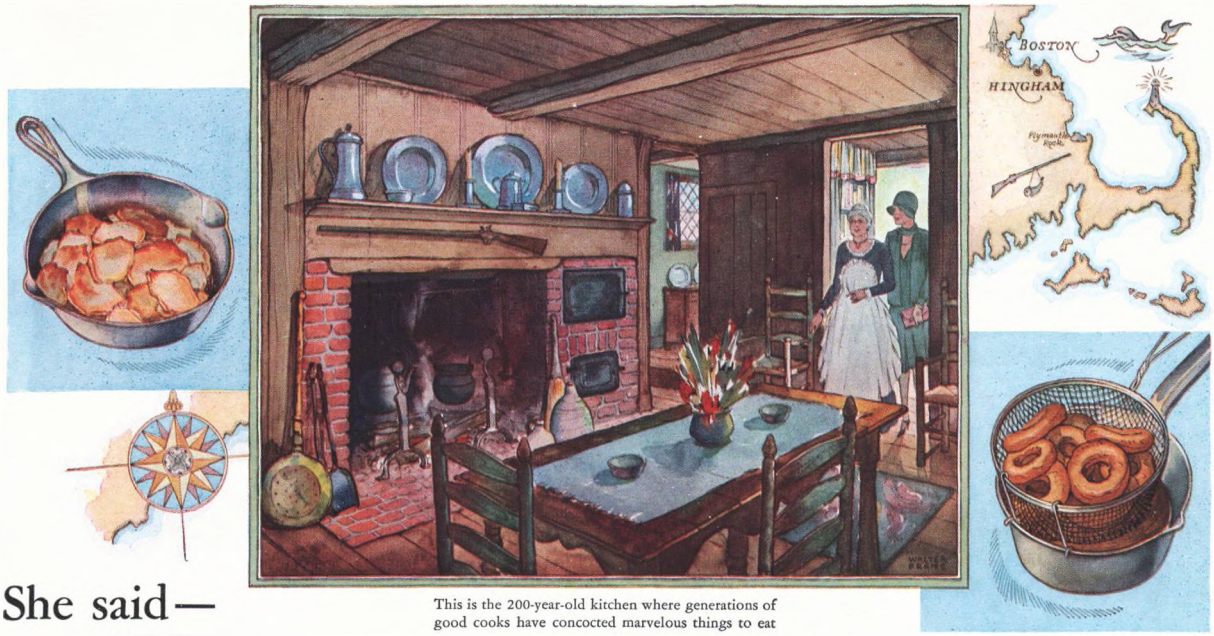
INLAND WISH

By Margaret Belle Houston

Of the many a thing
That life can bring
I ask but only three—
Bread for my need,
And books to read,
And a house beside the sea.

For Fame and Love
I know not of,
And would not learn their sting.
But with books and bread
A man is fed,
And a house is a pleasant thing.

A house indeed
Is a goodly need,
And a house by the sea is more.
I have all the world
In my wallet curled
If the sea be at my door.



This is the 200-year-old kitchen where generations of good cooks have concocted marvelous things to eat

She said—

"*These taste much better*"

Traveling over the country talking to women about things they're interested in, babies, clothes, recipes, cooking (I *have* an interesting job) I came upon—

This mellow old house in Hingham, Mass. Built in 1717, it had stayed in the same family for more than two centuries.

A bang from the enormous spread eagle brass knocker brought a little old lady (Mrs. W——, 75 years old, but as spry as the first spring robin) to the door.

"I came over 300 miles to talk about cooking," I said after introducing myself.

A story-book kitchen

"Well, my kitchen's the place for that," smiled my hostess.

And it was. Like a museum room—low ceilinged, pine floored, with ladder back chairs and a huge fireplace which had a Dutch oven at one side, and a secret compartment on the other where the family stored their pewter during the Revolution.

"Will you help me with a frying experiment?" I asked. "I want to fry potatoes for you in two different fats, then have you taste them and see which you like the better."

She nodded, interested. I opened an unlabeled can of Crisco and an unlabeled can of another good frying fat, and then I fried potatoes in this story-book kitchen where generation after generation of women had cooked.

She chooses my shortening

"I like these *much* better. They have the real potato flavor," Mrs. W—— said, choosing the potatoes fried in Crisco.

"Those were fried in Crisco," I exclaimed.

"No wonder I like them better, then," she said, "for I've used Crisco myself more than twelve years. I fry all of my doughnuts for the neighborhood children in it. But this is the most interesting proof I've had that Crisco does make things taste better."

95 to 22 for Crisco

I've been making frying tests for months and months and I've found that most people can easily detect the difference.

In my own experimental kitchen I have asked 117 people to taste potatoes fried in Crisco and then potatoes fried in another good frying fat—and 95 out of the 117 chose the potatoes fried in Crisco.

Whether you use Crisco in your frying pan or your frying kettle, you can be sure of another remarkable feature—Crisco never smokes or smells at *proper frying temperature.*

You know, too, that you can use it for frying over and over again, because Crisco never carries the flavor of one food cooked in it to another—and it stays fresh flavored.

I've a cook book entitled, "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-10), Box 1801, Cincinnati, O. WINIFRED S. CARTER

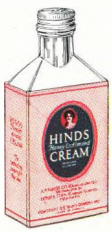
For a new delicate flavor in every fried food—make this one simple change—*fry in Crisco.* To understand why, taste Crisco itself

"Let's build a snowman RIGHT IN THE YARD"

GRAND SPORT—but, such painfully chapped hands afterwards! Cover them gently with soothing Hinds Cream and the sting leaves instantly. The chapping soon heals. Better still, rub a little Hinds Cream on the youngsters' hands—and on your own, too—*before* going out into the cold. Hinds Cream not only relieves chapping—it prevents it! It keeps hands (and ankles, too, in these days of sheer stockings) smooth and lovely, free from any trace of roughness or redness. You'll find Hinds Cream at the nearest drug counter—or we'll gladly mail you a generous sample bottle.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 8 p. m., Eastern time; 7 p. m., Central time.

HINDS FOR ACTIVE HANDS



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