

# MCCALL'S

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

MARCH  
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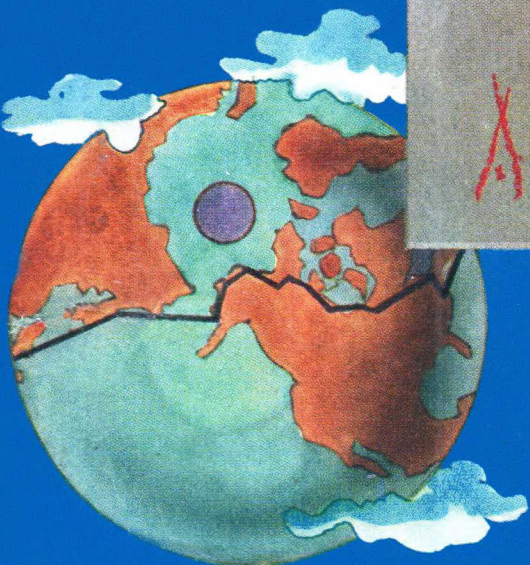
TEN CENTS  
IN U. S. AND CANADA



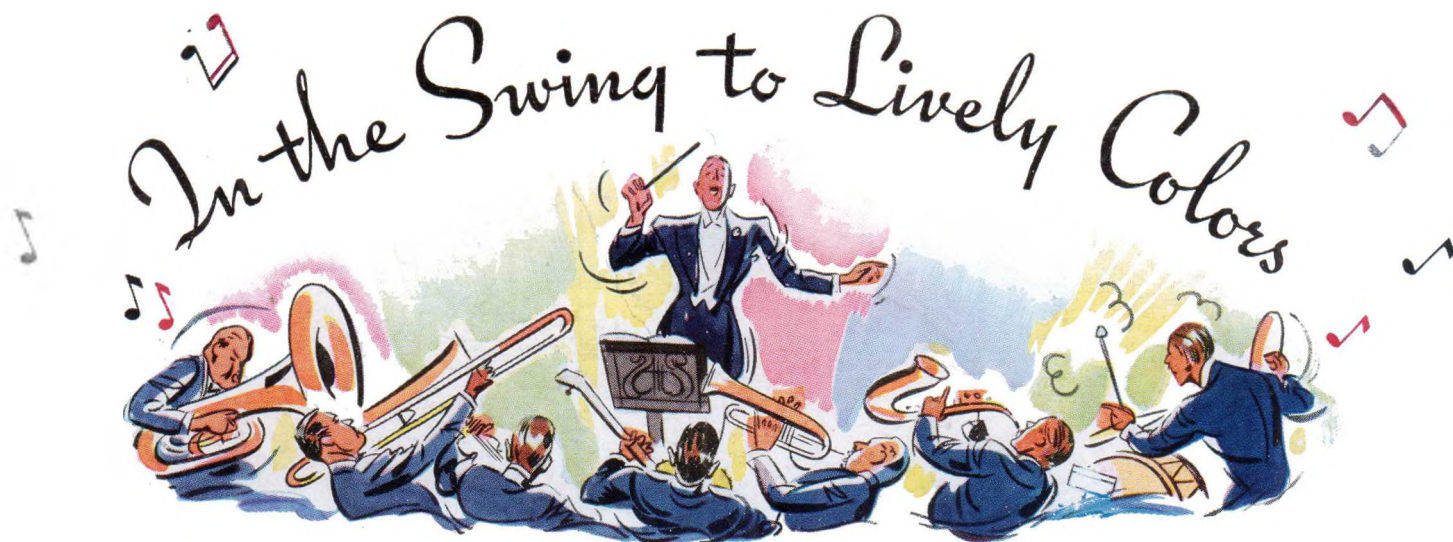
**America's Great Women — ANNE LINDBERGH**  
For valor, for achievement in the arts and in the air

A STATEMENT BY

*Wallis Simpson*







# this Gold Seal Rug... Brilliant, Spirited, Smart

... it's "tops"  
in Rug Value



No. 472, a tile design in the modern manner, featuring that fashionable color scheme—red, black and gray.

HOMES are becoming brighter, gayer today and this is especially true in kitchens.

Ideal for a modern kitchen is this spirited new Congoleum Gold Seal Rug—with its light, clear tones and touches of brilliant red and black. It combines attractively with almost any gay color in walls or cabinets.

This is just *one* of the many new Gold Seal Rugs, styled for present day interiors. For every one of these *inexpensive*, labor-saving rugs gives you a design quality you would expect to find only in rugs costing many times more. And every one offers you the rugged durability—and the sanitary, easy-to-clean surface—that has made millions of friends for genuine Congoleum, all over America!

See them at your dealer's, these Gold Seal Rugs which, at today's prices, are the biggest value in years!

"THERE'S NO MONEY WASTED IN MY HOUSE, IF I CAN HELP IT. SO, OF COURSE, I INSIST ON SEEING THE GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE ON THE RUGS I BUY!"



## CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS

Congoleum By-the-Yard

Also manufacturers of the famous Adhesive Sealex Linoleum and Sealex Wall-Covering. IN CANADA: CONGOLEUM CANADA, LTD., MONTREAL



# Lovely as a Melody

[ UNTIL SHE SMILES ]



**H**OW OFTEN a girl has thrilled to a passing glance—to an admiring look that says, "If only there were someone to introduce us now."

Lucky for her if she has a youthful smile—a smile that reveals sparkling white teeth and healthy gums. But how pitiful the smile that *shocks* the expectant eye. How sad the smile that betrays dull teeth and dingy gums—tragic evidence of unforgivable neglect.

## NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

That first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—how harmless it appears and yet how serious it can

**She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"**

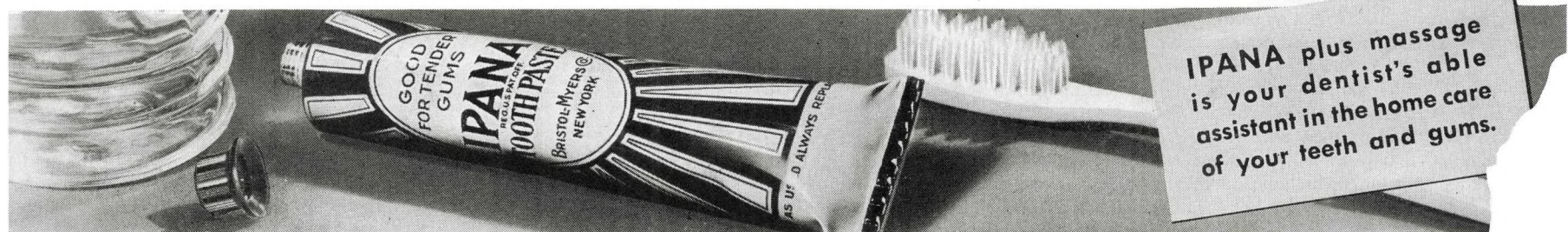
prove. For trivial, trifling as it may seem—*ignored*, it can exact a heavy penalty.

When you see it—*see your dentist*. You may not be in for serious trouble but your dentist is the only competent judge. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums that have grown soft and sensitive under our modern soft-food menus—gums that need more resistance and work—and as so many dentists advise—gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is a modern tooth paste—not only designed to keep your teeth clean and sparkling—but, *with*

*massage*, to assist the health of your gums. Rub a little extra Ipana on the surface of your gums every single time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases. Lazy tissues waken. Gums grow firmer and stronger.

*Play safe!* Adopt this common sense dental health routine in your own home. Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself against gum troubles. You'll have a better chance for whiter, brighter teeth and sounder, healthier gums—a better chance for a smile of enchanting loveliness!





# McCall's

THE NEWS MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

OTIS L. WIESE,  
EDITOR

## A WORD ABOUT THE COVER

Part of America's fame rests in its great women — women who have won distinction through achievement. Each month a portrait of one of this notable company — drawn by Neysa McMein — will adorn the cover of *McCall's*. Anne Lindbergh has been chosen as the first subject in this shining gallery.

**ALAN LEMAY:** That he has ambition will not surprise you. But that it climaxes in his wish to retire to a fire tube, anchor about two miles off a tropic beach and float around for years, undoubtedly will. Obviously this is a picture in reverse. There has never been a day when the author of "Empire For A Lady" has not been furiously busy. At seventeen, he worked as an axman in northern Wisconsin; before twenty-one as an oil geologist in Colombia, and as a legman on a paper. He was a first lieutenant during the World War and is a graduate of the University of Chicago. He suffers violently from wanderlust but he always comes back to Santee, California. After working long, hard hours, he plays polo. He also breeds Great Danes.

**I. A. R. WYLIE:** About the time Princeton University closes its classic doors, she will close her home near its campus. Her small white yacht will be riding in a Norfolk slip awaiting her coming on board. After cruising through the romantic Virginia waterways, she will go over to London. Quaint Ebury Street will be in something of a flutter then, for when Miss Wylie goes into residence the literary world rolls up to her Elizabethan door. She has been writing since, at twenty, she sold her first story. She is Australian-born, and the product of schools in Belgium, Germany and England. The theme of her "Revolt in Heaven" parallels her own revolt from the conventions when, as an unchaperoned fourteen-year-old, she toured the fiords of Norway. They are bright parallels in success, too.

**PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG:** On the day he was born, drum beats echoed through the streets. Crowds marched and cheered. A city held carnival. That was in 1897 when Salt Lake City celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. And because his birthday and that of his native town were coincidental, his grandmother thought "Jubilee" an appropriate name for him. His escape was narrow. But if she did not give him his name, she endowed him with her lively imagination. He has reported for newspapers in San Francisco, Chicago and New Orleans. During a two-year stay in New York, he got himself married and had a book published. He is the founder of the Let's-Take-A-Ride-On-A-Tug-Boat-Society. "Midnight Sailing" is a gay reflection of what he may have observed while on official duty.

**KENNETH GILBERT:** He remembers the time when lumbermen were still kings along the Wisconsin rivers. He remembers, the Chinese Rebellion and our Navy's patrol of Asiatic waters. He wore a blue uniform, then, and presided over a crackling telegraphic keyboard. But he is of the land, not the sea. His choice of a home in the Cascade foothills and his story, "Flambeau Trail," offer proof of his preference.

MARCH

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## NEWS AND FICTION

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# LISTERINE SAYS "Hurry-up"

## to Nature's Healing Process

Feel chilly? . . . Uneasy? . . . With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat?

Do something about it, quick! before there is actual pain in swallowing. Prompt action may prevent much needless suffering. Or hasten the healing process. Thus ending the cold or sore throat sooner.

### Don't Treat Symptoms Get At the Cause

The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by full-strength Listerine. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

The effect of Listerine is definitely *antiseptic*—NOT *anesthetic*. It doesn't lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping hand.

Additional precautions? Certainly. The Common Cold calls for common sense hygiene; plenty of fresh air, rest, and sleep; and regular elimination.

But gargle frequently with Listerine Antiseptic, several times a day at least. Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult your doctor.

### Fewer, Less Severe Colds Proved in Clinical Tests

Four years of carefully supervised medical tests established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds . . . and got rid of them *faster* . . . than non-garglers.

This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine, *the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste*. Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it regularly.

Then see if your experience doesn't check with that of millions who never accept anything but Listerine when they buy an antiseptic mouth-wash.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



*Even in the throats of healthy persons, disease-producing germs are found at all times. X-ray photographs of garglers indicate how Listerine Antiseptic, used as a gargle, reaches the germs on throat-surfaces.*



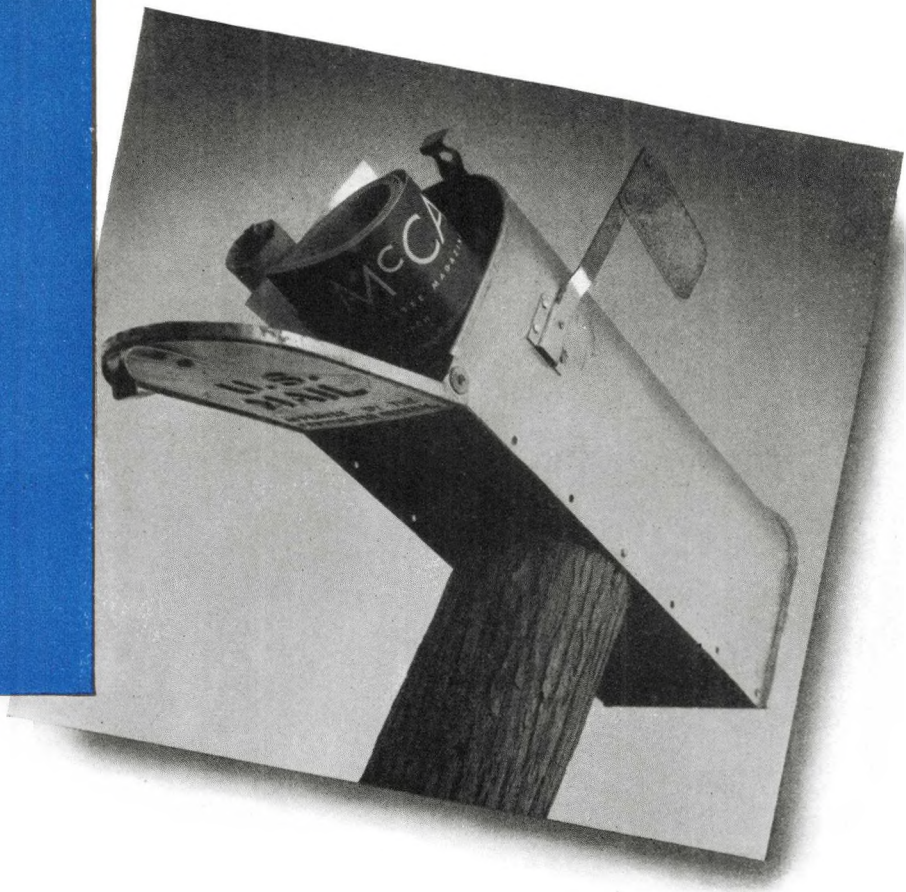
Now a finer Cough Drop  
by LISTERINE

Wisely Medicated





# As You Like It



• The enclosed are not manuscripts in any sense of the word but I thought that Sarah Addington, the author of *Mary England* in the August McCall's, would be interested in reading these papers.

The senior conversation class here in our school desired a modern short story as part of their English study. I had read and thoroughly enjoyed *Mary England* during the summer, and found in it much that I thought would be helpful and pleasing to these young women who are gradually emerging out of the chrysalis which has confined Japanese womanhood for so many generations past. You may be sure that I had another somewhat international motive too, and being American myself could say all that I desired.

The papers speak the results of our study. I felt that to correct them in any way would spoil some of their value, but I would like to say for any English teacher whose eyes may rest upon them that there are many things about these papers I do not usually accept.

It is seldom that we find a story that can be used as this one has been, the general theme of the short story being on subjects unknown to the social life of this land—at least in the way we do it.

Margaret Archibald, Golden Castle Women's College, Nagoya, Japan.

Editor's note: A selection of the students' papers follows:

## The Letter From Marda to Noel By Keiko Kikuchi

(This is the letter of Marda, at twenty years old)

Dear Noel,

When we look back upon our childhood we can always draw out some sweet, innocent things.

This morning, my mother showed me a valuable thing. Can you guess what it was? It was the full records about our going to England twelve years ago which was written by mother. In this writing, she wrote the speakings and actions of her children and others in very detail. Even though she did not see or hear everything she could record it, because we, her children, were obliged to tell it to her, as we loved mother deeply.

Noel! My dear mother was interested in our pretty romance at that time. You can see that reason by her sentences following:

"The Dunlap's children and the Leith's children were playing peacefully. When I went to their room there were not Noel and Marda there. I asked the children where they were. 'By Lilly Pond, may be.' Chris answered. I stepped there to see them and I found them talking to each other calmly, sitting by the old pond which white, large lillies were floating silently. I left there without addressing to them, and I hoped that their affectionate friendship would be a sweet memory.

Of course, I did not know what they were talking but it was a very pleasant picture for me that they were sitting together innocently like two angels, in the quite still and fair place!"

Mother has wrote thus for some of her children who wants to be writer, in spite of her busy house-keeping. When I see this writing I can see many tempers of her children and others. (That's very useful for me.) And these characters are still living in them. Chris married last year and is going to have a baby coming December. And John is no different since that time. He poured his gentle attachment on all animals and plants. He wants to be a naturalist and now devotes himself in studying the natural science. Next, I send my short story to Mr. Thomas Wolf about one month ago and the day before yesterday I received the letter from him stimulating me to effort earnestly, because I had the literary talent.

Please tell me about you.

Yours sincerely,

Marda Leith

## "Mary England" By Sumiko Iwamoto

I have never read the story as much interesting as this. I could read it over pleasantly, of course by help of the teacher. There are many interesting points but the most interesting for me is the children. I didn't know about the life of American exactly and I always wanted to know it and I could peep it through this story a little. The American home which I knew through this story is very light and friendly as I have imagined it. I have no experience that I had a party with my friends in my childhood like these, therefore I think how happy I was if I had it.

I have most interest to Marda. I have almost forgotten my childhood and when I read this story I tried to recall it but I could not recall the time when I had the psychology just like Marda. I think her love to her sweetheart is very simple and lovely like that of the prince and the princess in fairy tales. They are so innocent and pure like an angel. I can't understand exactly their world but I can imagine.

## Some Things Which Have Particularly Interested Me In Mary England By Midori Morimoto

The children who were thinking nobody else is as good as Americans began to be conscious of other countries and at the end of the story they became, I might say, cosmopolitan. The very process I was much interested in. There are not only children but many grown-up people who think being patriotic means being supercilious in the world. In a sense we should have pride

about our own country. But it is more necessary to realize what the country really is and the national relation. To our great pleasure Rodney was very discreet about this and paid much attention to improve the children's narrow-mindedness about the world.

It is said that the child is father of the man. Why should I say that the sweet memories in the childhood did not do much to lead the world peaceful? And I think it is ideal to let children see foreign countries and form friendship with foreigners if possible.

• Of the many magazines I read, I choose McCall's first—partly because I feel at home when I'm reading it, as it has become habitual, but also because I like it best.

My sincere congratulations to you for the novel way of modernizing (keeping in step) and for the increasing fund of interesting material.

I always peruse the *As You Like It* commentations and enjoy them immensely. But personally, I deem the criticism in regard to the moral theme of stories grossly unjust. When one is of an age to read comprehensively and enjoy McCall's stories for their worth, one should then endeavor to think and to judge constructively and to segregate wisely.

However, you should be grateful for all criticism, as the good overbalances the bad—and through both McCall's is gaining prestige—and rightfully so.

Thanks and best wishes for the future.

Marjorie E. Cook, Youngstown, Ohio.

• First of all, let me express my sincere appreciation and admiration of McCall's. Though other magazines are trying to copy McCall's exclusive three-in-one magazine feature, they are only a poor imitation and will have to exert great effort before they can offer any competition!

Long live McCall's!

Lydia D. Van Drasek, Cicero, Illinois.

• I've always felt that McCall's was a swell magazine and have read it for years, but at home I must confess I took it pretty much as a matter of course.

However, since I've become an expatriate it's been an oasis in the desert. Mine is one of the few subscriptions in the American colony here and it travels from house to house until it's pretty well dog-eared.

When the rich, delicious Polish cooking becomes too much for our simple American stomachs, McCall's recipes step into the picture and set us right; when a new dress has to be made, the excellent Polish dress-makers fashion them from McCall's styles, etc., etc., ad infinitum. More power to your elbow!

Etoile Benzecry Johnston, Warsaw, Poland.





“Best  
Friend”

**T**he loveliest cradle of all is the tender curve of mother's arms. Baby's in the care of his *best friend*.

That motherly care includes his royal bath with pure Ivory, and the satin satisfaction of his baby skin tells mother—“Ivory is the gentlest guardian for *your* complexion, too.”

Mother knows best—but do *you*? Do you know that science has *proved* that the pure *baby* soap is a real *beauty* soap

for grown-up skin? Recently scientists tested 6 popular beauty soaps. Hundreds of women volunteered for these tests—offering every skin type—normal—dry—oily—extra-sensitive.

What happened? Tests conclusively proved that *Ivory Soap* (*pure, white, no dyes, no perfumes*) agrees best with more types of skins, including problem types.

Try Ivory—see why so many lovely faces find it a true *beauty friend*.

**If you want a  
baby-clear, baby-smooth  
skin, use the baby's  
beauty treatment**

**IVORY SOAP**

**99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % pure**





ROCKVILLE, MD.  
*Camay is a perfect treasure! — almost too good to be true in the results it brings. I know it works like a charm for my complexion.*  
 Sincerely,  
 (Signed) DOROTHY DOREY SULLIVAN  
 (Mrs. Gerard Sullivan)  
 January 12, 1937

*"Camay* works like a charm for my complexion"

IT's glorious to have—it's grand just to see —such exhilarating good looks as are Dorothy Dorey Sullivan's. Bewitching hazel eyes, a smile like the quick sunshine, a marvelous fresh-as-morning complexion are hers. And yours is the good luck to get a behind-the-scenes beauty tip from this lovely bride.

"What every girl should know," says she, "is how Camay can help one's complexion." Are you, too, as wise—as Camay-wise—as this young bride? Complexions are so important—ask any man! They are what it takes to make plain women pretty—pretty women beautiful.

And anyone, with just the simplest Camay-care, can have a skin that's fresh, smooth, radiant!

That's how modern girls do it—with Camay! Just try this bland beauty soap that, first of all, cleanses so thoroughly, ridding the face of dust, of grime, of all the things that can happen to it

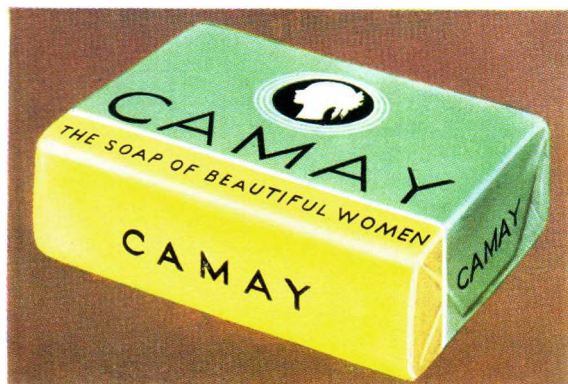
in a day! Then watch for the soft glow, the "alive" look that Camay, with its rich, creamy lather, brings to your face. That's proof your skin is getting the gentle, stimulating care it needs for fresh good looks.

And Camay's so mild—as mild as nature in her gentlest mood! Tested for mildness against all other leading beauty soaps, Camay wins. It is definitely, provably milder.

Begin today with Camay-care of your complexion. Buy six cakes—even your petty-cash purse won't miss the small price of it!

*Camay is called Calay in Canada.*

Co. pr. 1937, Procter & Gamble Co.



**CAMAY**

**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**



## WHO IS THIS MAN?

*Surely* you know him, this man who "can keep his head when all about him are losing theirs," who welcomed his destiny not as a dark and heavy fate but as a bountiful opportunity; who found a nation ridden with fear and brought it through to new confidence;

-*who* summons courage equal to the hour, either to close the banks or to cross good souls by offering beer to thirsty White House guests; who lashes out at his enemies with hard scorn yet whose heart melts when he sees a lonely young girl at her first East Room party and tells her, by his order, to command the most handsome young man on the adjoining terrace to waltz with her;

-*who* speaks before throngs with such seeming assurance yet whose hand, we see, trembles while he waits out the long applause; who stands with dignity before the world, yet who as a kindly host draws a familiar, crumpled pack of cigarettes from his pocket and, with apologies, offers them to the lady on his left, even as you and I;

-*who* lives with human warmth in a thousand flashing moments, on and off the national stage, as scenes come tumbling into memory . . . visiting, on the eve of his first inauguration, an obscure shop in New York to ask an old negro to come with him to Hyde Park and pack his beloved ship prints for the journey to Washington . . . winding through crowds which press about his slowly moving automobile with their echoing murmur, "I almost touched him" . . . back from a Pacific cruise, leaning, tanned and smiling, on the bridge of the Cruiser Houston as it warps to dock at Portland, Oregon, sighting on shore a Harvard classmate of thirty years ago and calling out as one old grad to another, "Hello, Curtis. Class of 1904" . . . pausing during a speech from the rear platform of his train to explain, "I'll have to wait a minute; there's a grand kid fight going on down here" . . . reluctantly revealing his election guesses in which he grossly underestimates his own popularity . . . laughingly arguing with his staff that he could make a better campaign against himself than his opponent does, because he knows his own weaknesses . . . driving for hours in an open automobile under a drenching rain and dismissing it as a trifle with the remark, "I don't mind having my shoes full of water, but I don't like to sit in a bathtub with my clothes on" . . . solicitous over the poor, careworn fellow on the curb in Philadelphia who, in a gesture of gratitude, tosses his watch into the automobile; imploring the police to find the man and return it . . . moving, day after day, in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South, always through seas of countless, unknown thousands, a living symbol of democracy;

-*who*, born in luxury, linked by family to ten presidents, has made himself the champion of forgotten men and women, using his talents as was said of Benjamin Franklin, in an attempt to subdue the ugly facts of society to some more rational scheme of things; at peace with himself and at ease in his job; fixed in purpose, flexible in method; concerned not so much that the rich shall sleep peacefully in their beds but that everyone shall have a bed in which to sleep;

-*who*, afflicted so that he is unable to move a step without support, is yet a man of action, who has traveled more, been seen and heard by more, been voted for by more free men and women than anyone else before him;

-*who* wants to bring about in his time a world which shall venture some few paces on into the vistas of hope which science and man's ingenuity have opened to us, to write in the pages of time his small message, as a friend who is with us for a few bright hours before he travels on.

—RAYMOND CLAPPER





# Revolt

## IN HEAVEN

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

Theirs was a strange goodbye. He said, "I'll be asking Jane, 'How's that nice little friend of yours?'" She added, "And I'll be asking her, 'How's your nice boss?'" We ask, how do you like this story written for wives at large?

ILLUSTRATED BY RITCHIE COOPER

"IT'S heaven to be home!" Pauline had cried out. Her voice had sounded gay and eager, like a girl's. She had held her arms wide open to the house, bathed in mellow autumn sunshine, to the servants, to her family, gathering, as it were, her whole life to her heart. . . .

Peter turned over in bed. Conscience admonished him, "You've got to wake up, my man. The sooner the better." Instinct told him that he desperately didn't want to wake up. Which was queer. Because he was home. And Pauline had said it was heaven— He heard her moving about the room. He felt her pause. And suddenly he was wide awake, lying very still, his nerves tense, like an alarmed watchdog.

"Darling, you've left your shoes again—and the toothpaste—"

He pretended to go on sleeping. It was true. He *had* left his shoes in the bathroom. He didn't seem able to help himself. He pretended to forget them. But really he liked running round in his bare feet. It horrified Pauline. She said you might catch something—cold or Athlete's Foot or a nail. He never had. And that seemed to irritate Pauline even more. As to the toothpaste, he had a slinking conviction that it was wasted effort to screw on a cap last thing at night that you would have to unscrew first thing in the morning. But Pauline said it was a bad habit. He could feel her looking at him now, her pretty brows contracted in an expression half vexed, half puzzled, as though she had inadvertently married a rather messy schoolboy.

In a few minutes Pauline would have gone downstairs and then he could have the bathroom to himself, and lock the door. It was wonderful to lock a door. And the bathroom door was the only door you could lock without creating a

scandal. No wonder people were wanting more and better bathrooms. Even though you couldn't leave your shoes in them.

He sighed surreptitiously. He felt tired. It was the vacation. Maybe it would have been better, as Pauline had suggested, if his mother had gone on a visit, and Uncle Fred, as Peter had suggested, almost anywhere. The twins, Jerry and Ann, might have been happier if they had joined the Eliots. But Peter had found such a grand place in the mountains. Everyone wanted to go too. His mother, it seemed, loved the mountains. Her feelings would have been hurt. And Uncle Fred had promised to teach the children fly-casting. He was, he had said that night at supper, an expert fisherman. He was, in fact, an expert at almost everything except keeping a job.

"I remember a catch I made once in the Adirondacks," he had begun. It was a long story which they had heard before. Peter's mother had listened with her precise mouth tightening.

"I really think you are exaggerating, Fred. The last time it was five pounds. And I understand that the largest trout ever caught—" (Mother had been a teacher.)

**P**ETER, the sweat breaking out all over him, had felt the hostile forces marshaling themselves. And suddenly he hadn't cared any more about the mountains. The little burst of eager anticipation had died down. He had felt old and tired and bored.

Afterward Pauline had said gently: "I don't think your mother should talk to Fred like that. She doesn't know *quite* everything, does she? And after all, Fred is a grown man—"

And then they had gone into the old question of finding a little home for





"PETER, WHY CAN'T YOU BE PUNCTUAL? EVERYTHING'S COLD—" "SORRY, DARLING. BUT I LOVE COLD SAUSAGE—" HE BENT OVER AND KISSED HER. IT WAS A SUDDEN IMPULSE

Mother—quite near, of course, so that she could drop in whenever she felt like it. Peter had explained that he couldn't afford another home, they had the big lovely house. Wasn't it big enough for all of them? He knew that Pauline didn't believe him about the expense. It was just a funny little mean streak in him—like his refusal to buy Fred that marvelous partnership in a publisher's business—and because he was so completely under his mother's thumb.

He couldn't tell her that Fred was already a sufficiently heavy liability. She loved her brother. Ever since he had published, in his teens, a novel dealing with the emotions of a Sophomore, she had believed everything he said about himself. Which was a lot. And then, of course, she would have pointed out that Peter's mother had thrown her savings down a worthless gold mine! In the teeth of advice. Which was true. Peter's mother had taught arithmetic. So she knew all about finance. And didn't like to be told anything.

Peter sighed again. But this time he got up. It was a gracious, charming room. And catching sight of himself in the glass opposite, he was surprised to see how young he looked and, in spite of early morning creases and tousled hair, actually handsome. He admitted the fact reluctantly because he felt old and hideous.

A faint aroma of breakfast drifted up to him. A good smell. Sausages and waffles. His favorite Sunday breakfast. They'd come home on Saturday so that he should have Sunday to rest up before going to the office. He needed a rest. Fred and his mother had supervised the return journey.

Pauline had said, "If only your mother wasn't always so sure she's right—"

And his mother had said privately, "I don't want to complain, Peter, but really Pauline's manner to me—"

Fred had lost the tickets and there had been a row with the conductor. . . .

**P**ETER went into the bathroom and locked the door. It was amazing what a bath and a shave did to one's morale. When he came out he could hardly remember why he had been so reluctant to wake up. He stood at the head of the fine staircase like a strong swimmer preparing to take the plunge.

Through the big window opposite he could see the garden. It wasn't a big garden but he loved it. He had an almost paternal feeling toward the warm gay autumn flowers which he had planted with his own hands. Of course he was glad to be home. The vacation had been a bit of an ordeal, what with Pauline wanting to go off in the car and his mother wanting him to stay around ("How restless you are, dear. Really at your age—") and his own secret desire to go for a long hike with Dick Fletcher, an old schoolmate whom Pauline treated with a faint disparagement. But that was all over, thank heaven. Life began again. And of course he was glad to be alive. He had everything. In spite of the seventeen-year-old twins and the hard times, he was at the top of his powers—ready for the good times, for laughter, and all the little pleasures that he and Pauline had planned together. No one should stop them. He would go downstairs and fall in love with her all over again. And make her fall in love with him. They'd go to town tomorrow for dinner and dance afterward.

Gosh! There was that darned fence. The last thing Pauline had said to him was, "Do remember to tell Jim to mend

that fence. If you don't Adolf will get through and some wretched dog will set on him—"

Adolf was Fred's German police dog. Peter had always wanted a dog of his own. But you couldn't have another dog with Adolf around. He was the complete dictator who obeyed nothing but his own heaven-sent inspiration. The neighbors complained. One of them didn't speak to them any more.

Well, he'd forgotten the fence. He'd laugh about it and apologize. And Pauline would laugh too and forgive him. . . .

They were all at breakfast—even Jerry and Ann, who on week days couldn't be blown out of bed with dynamite. Every time Peter went into the dining room he wished the sideboard was against the wall instead of across the French windows. He'd said so once. But Pauline had pointed out that if you could go in and out of the windows, you would go in and out and bring in a lot of mud. So that was that.

"Peter, why can't you be punctual? Everything's cold—"

"Sorry, darling, but I love cold sausage—"

He bent over her and kissed her. It was a sudden impulse. She looked so pretty, in spite of her fortyishness. The sunlight set fire to the unfaded gold of her hair. In the old days he had always kissed her at breakfast—just as though he hadn't kissed her before. She glanced up at him, smiling, and gave his tie a tweak, the smile turning into a faint grimace.

"Darling, that dreadful thing—"

"Can't I wear it—just on Sundays?"

"You will if you want to," she retorted. "You always do what you want."

They all talked like that. As though he were a pampered, rather inconsiderate

child. It puzzled him because actually there were so many things he didn't do. Only they didn't know about them. He didn't tell them because they would have said, "Of course, if you *really* want to." But they'd sound surprised or disapproving or hurt or something. And he wouldn't want to do whatever it was. It wouldn't be worth while.

He kissed his mother too. But he knew by the way she gave him her cheek that she was upset again. If he was going to kiss anyone, he should have kissed her first. She was his mother. She had borne him. She had nursed him through all his childish illnesses. No one—not even his wife—could love him as she did.

Well, he didn't have to kiss Jerry and Ann. They would have been shocked to death.

**J**ERRY yawned and stretched himself. He was good-looking, like his twin, with thick fair hair and blue eyes that could be merry but which were more often sullen. When he laughed Peter thought it was with a hint of anger, as though someone had played a dirty trick on him which he couldn't help finding rather funny.

"Sunday. Oh, gosh. Let's get the old bus out and give her a tear. It'll cool us off."

The old bus was a motorcycle which Jerry and Ann had wheedled out of their mother—instead of the car Peter had refused to give them. It was queer that Pauline, who adored her children, should have put such an engine of destruction in their hands.

Peter stared down at his plate. "Better not, Jerry. The traffic'll be awful. You know what these lunatic Sunday drivers are." [Turn to page 38]



# EMPIRE FOR A LADY

HERE IS DRAMA—POINTED, STIRRING, MAGNIFICENTLY DARING—THE COMPELLING STORY OF A LOVELY LADY WHO GAINED A WORLD BUT DID NOT LOSE HER SOUL

WHENEVER I looked away from her, it was impossible to believe that she was there. Beyond the motionless bowsprit of the little ship lay the flat, blazing salt water of the Bay of Balingong; beyond that, the jungle hemming the broad mouth of the Siderong River. And from all through the foothills and the jungle and the river was coming the tireless, dissonant beat of Dyak agongs, singing war and hate and blood hunger. Nothing about the land or the sea would let you forget for a moment that you were in the deep tropics of Asiatic waters—halfway between Borneo and Australia, in that maze of ten thousand dark-skinned islands some of whose waters still lie uncharted.

Incredible that an English girl of twenty should be there, sitting in a folding officer-chair under the yawl's afterdeck awning. Every time I heard her low voice it was with a repeated sense of bafflement, of disbelief.

Yet she was there, and we were all acutely aware of her—more conscious of her than of the agongs, or the brassy sea, or of our own ship, the Linkang, which lay at anchor six chains away. And she was real—very real.

In the fantastic dream which is my memory of Balingong, Christine Forrester stands out as more actual than any other thing. Plainly I can hear the weird battle cry of the Malays—"La ilaha il-la'l lahu!"—and smell the burning nipa thatch, and watch the silky nerve-edging smile of the Rajah Mantusen offering lies more deadly than his kris. But those things, and not the English girl, are what seem unreal.

As she sat that day under the awning of the afterdeck, the picture of her is very clear. I see the little pulse in her throat, and the grave steadiness of her eyes, and her slim straight fingers. She remains as real as the tarred deck seams, or the scent of ginger blossoms from over the flat salt water.

At first, though, her presence was bewildering. Two years in Asiatic waters had accustomed me to many things. When you are new out there it is very hard to realize that so much of the world can remain so little known. To a Londoner or a Gloucesterman, that part of the Pacific is a full ten thousand miles from home, and you are shocked to find that you can trade tinfoil to a Dyak because he wants to use it in decorating a human skull.

But presently you begin to see reasons. The Pacific is a big place, with more than thirty thousand islands in one great belt which swings a good three thousand miles across the South Seas. And the simple fact is that we have known nothing of this vast maze because we have not realized until lately that there was anything there to steal. I got used to the idea that there are whole groups of islands where it is unsafe for any vessel to go; and even those islands lost their strangeness when they became the fabric of my daily life.

But now the presence of an English girl, drinking tea in the Bay of Balingong, brought all that first strangeness back. Here were two exactly opposite worlds set side by side, and it did not seem possible that both of them could be.

James Clyde, my uncle, showed his bewilderment. For years he had known this vessel. But as I had gathered from his occasional frivolous references to it, in all that time Clyde had regarded it simply as the hobby of an uncompanionable Englishman with a glassy-eyed curiosity about strange peoples. Now the Avon had changed in ways that did not explain themselves, and bafflement was plainly readable in my uncle's face.

James Clyde was only ten years older than I was—in his middle thirties—but those ten years had been spent in Asiatic waters, so that his lean features had a carved, leathery polish. Usually he looked lively and vital, his wide-set, natively pleasant eyes very much aware of everyone around him; but now he seemed to have forgotten altogether that others were watching him, too. Every time I glanced at him his blank expression forced a chuckle out of me—he seemed so disarmed, so unaccustomedly at a loss.

He paid no attention to me. His eyes would shift from Christine Forrester to her brother Robert, a slim sun-red young man with a high-bridged nose and blond hair smoothly combed. Robert Forrester had much too controlled a face for James Clyde to appraise immediately. Whenever my uncle tried that, his glance would sheer off from young Forrester after a moment or two, as from a closed door that refuses to budge although its knob turns smoothly.

Then my uncle would look at the squat, heat-puffed figure of the Avon's sailing master, Marvin Stocker. Old Captain Stocker's eyes were bright and bulgy with fever; and finding him hopelessly sick and stolid, Clyde would be forced back to Robert Forrester again.

"I can't understand," James Clyde said slowly, "why I can't seem to explain this to you. I am trying to tell you that you've anchored in a much more dangerous place than you realize."

Robert Forrester would have had a right to resent that. To "come" to a dangerous place may imply purpose and courage, but merely to "anchor" in one plainly suggests fat-headedness.

Young Forrester, however, showed no irritation. But I could sense a slowly thickening British stubbornness behind his manner of faintly resentful politeness.

He said now, "I should imagine we will be quite all right."

"That's exactly what you shouldn't imagine," Clyde told him.

YET IT was easy enough to see, in a way, what persuaded Robert Forrester to this sense of security. He and his sister were sitting on their own ship's deck with their own things around them, the civilized, intimate comforts of their own people. For, remember, the Avon was no tropic trading schooner such as is used for picking up copra and trepang. The afterdeck awning, covering the whole semicircular sweep of the poop, was permanent, of wood. It played the devil with her after-rigging, and more than once the baguios had blown it away. But the owner always doggedly put it back.

It was a luxury, all right. Coarse screens of finely split bamboo were made fast around the rail, reefed on the shade side but let down to kill the glare on the sun side. With canvas chairs and some little teakwood tables set out there, it was nothing like the poop of a ship at all, but more like the veranda of some club, overhanging the water.

AND now tea things were set out on the little tables. There were thin China cups and a long-spouted silver teapot and pitcher steeply canted on their bases as they are made by the silver workers of India. When I looked at those things I didn't believe in Dyaks myself, though I've probably seen a hundred thousand.

"But I am trying to tell you," Clyde was insisting, "that you are absolutely not all right. I've been in these islands for ten years, and I've never heard so many drums and gongs together in one place. There's smoke hanging over the jungle along a shoreline of eight miles. You're anchored hard against a big boil-up of Dyak tribes on the wild loose, at war. If you have eyes and ears at all you should know that. You should have known it the moment you opened the narrows."

Robert Forrester said with reserve, "I hardly think they're out after us."

"And I'm trying to explain to you that that makes no difference," Clyde kept on, grave and patient. "When a Dyak war party turns loose, they'll raid and loot and pirate anything that they can handle—and there are enough of them across the bay to tackle a first-class corvette. My vessel is easily three or four times stronger than yours; yet I tell you that I wouldn't rest here five minutes if I didn't have definite business that forces me to."

Robert Forrester turned and looked across the water at Clyde's three-master, the Linkang. She was a converted whaler, bluff and high in the counters. She carried as heavy an armament as her crew could man; two three-pounders each at stern and bow—not heavy guns, but big enough to knock a prau out of the water—and a long six-pound swivel mounted amidships, where the tryworks had been. She was by no means safe in Balingong Bay, but she represented all the precautions we could reasonably take. Robert Forrester, though, did not seem to like the comparison. I thought he was about to dispute the matter with my uncle, but he did not.

Instead, he spoke with an unmistakable air of summing up the situation before dismissing us. "I've already told you, Captain Clyde, that we also have important business here. As I mentioned before, it's our intention to trade for pearls. We came here for that purpose, and we expect to remain here until it is carried out."

Plainly, my uncle wanted to swear at him, but he held himself back. "Think what is likely to happen to you," he urged. "It's a wonder to me that they haven't swarmed over you already. Fortunately, the Dyaks think very slowly."

"They are scarcely alone in that," said the blond young man suavely. [Turn to page 108]

## A NEW NOVEL BY ALAN LE MAY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FALTER







"BUT I AM TRYING TO TELL YOU," CLYDE WAS INSISTING, "THAT YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY NOT ALL RIGHT. YOU'VE ANCHORED HARD AGAINST A BIG BOIL-UP OF DYAK TRIBES ON THE WILD LOOSE, AT WAR. IF YOU HAVE EYES AND EARS AT ALL YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT." ROBERT FORRESTER SAID WITH RESERVE, "I HARDLY THINK THEY'RE OUT AFTER US"



Malte Hasselriis





# PORTRAIT OF A LADY

A friend of many years has asked if he may draw my picture in words. To him, knowing his picture will be truly drawn, I have been happy to say "Yes."

(Signed)

Wallis Simpson

BY NEWBOLD NOYES

Millions of words have been written about Wallis Warfield Simpson. Words of approval or foolish blame, descriptions purporting to be accurate by persons who never saw the lady, reminiscences concerning her by those she never knew. All there is to be told of her can be told briefly. Her true picture must be drawn with historic accuracy, against a background of events which altered the course of British Empire.

I saw the lady in that setting. I met and dined with her and King Edward on the eve of his climactic decision to abandon the throne. As her second cousin by marriage I offered Wallis my advice in her relations with the public in America. Here is my recollection of her at Edward's side: the simple, unadorned portrait of a lady who brought, for an evening, the grace of a charming hostess to the home life of an unhappy King.

IT WAS a raw London evening—the evening of December 1, 1936. At precisely six o'clock I had stepped from the brightly lighted Ritz into a Canadian Buick that had called for me, and sat down beside a gentle, distinguished, white-haired lady of seventy-three. At once the car slipped away through busy London streets and bleak suburbs, until, leaving behind the confused jumble of shops and traffic, electric signs and ubiquitous crowds, it settled into a quiet hum of speed on the highway.

My companion was Mrs. Merryman, whom I had known as "Cousin Bessie" for years. When I had last seen her she was closing her house in Washington in order to go abroad and be with her niece, Wallis Simpson. She is "Aunt Bessie" to Wallis, and is undoubtedly closer to her than any other relative in the world.

The night before I had dined with her at 16 Cumberland Terrace, Mrs. Simpson's residence. Wallis was not there. "She is in the country," was all Cousin Bessie had been willing to say of her. Today she had phoned me, inviting me to have dinner "in the country, with Wallis and a friend." Without explanation. I had known that the place was Fort Belvedere, that my host would be the King.

We talked little. I felt a strange heightening of my emotions on that hour's drive. Cousin Bessie's face seemed tired and a little strained. Something of her anxiety, a sense of the grave drama in which she and I were playing only a very minor part, communicated itself to my mind. I fell to wondering about the Wallis Simpson I had known: the girl and young woman who had been so vital a part of

our social group when she had been in the nation's capital. Back across the years I could recall her, riding, swimming, dancing—always exquisitely lovely and chic, always gay and graceful, always seeing to it that others around her were having a wonderful time. I had been no exception in feeling that she had natural charm. Perhaps I had been right, too, in surmising she had never really been in love. Was she in love now? I could not help wondering about it as we drove through the English night.

Our car suddenly slackened its pace, and we approached a great illuminated iron-grill gate on the right of the roadway. The chauffeur gave two blasts on his horn.

Without our halting, the gates swung open and we turned into a driveway that must have been half a mile long. As we drove through the dark Mrs. Merryman pointed once and said: "The King's swimming pool is down there. There are rhododendrons on the lawn. It's a lovely place."

The automobile came to a stop at the door of the Fort, and we went into a flagged, vaulted corridor. A servant in red livery took my coat. I looked at my wrist watch and it was seven o'clock. I was ushered toward the living room. Mrs. Simpson had been standing beside the fireplace. She came to the doorway quickly, nervously, to greet me. Both her hands were extended in gracious welcome.

She said, "Newbold! It was good of you to come. It is more than good to see you!"

She was the same Wallis I had always known, yet different, I thought. Amazingly youthful still. She was thirty-nine, I knew, yet I should have guessed not more than thirty-four. But a new depth of feeling had crept into her face and eyes, for all she did not show any signs of the great strain she had undoubtedly been under. During the evening I noticed she smiled often, laughed but rarely. An occasional far-away look hinted that she was deeply aware of her unprecedented responsibility.

We stood now beside the fireplace with Mrs. Merryman, speaking hurriedly and a little self-consciously, as people do when they have not seen each other for several years. My mind was registering the picture that Wallis made. She wore a sleeveless, black brocaded gown, cut quite high and square in the neck. As always, her jewelry was scant. She wore earrings, rubies in long, old-fashioned settings. There was a bracelet of diamonds and rubies on one wrist. Her hair, which is not black but dark brown with golden lights, was drawn straight back, but softly. It glinted as she stood near the friendly wood fire on the hearth. She lifted a hand and touched the low, loose knot at the back of her head. Her hands, I noticed, were bare of rings. Hands that are not beautiful, but strong. A friend once said of Wallis Simpson that her "structure" was perfect. It is such a perfection I was conscious of: the splendid way her head set on her

shoulders, the whole alert dignity of her pose. The character and generosity denoted by her full mouth, whose quick smile reveals perfect teeth. There is a vitality about her and an awareness, that is pride without arrogance, dignity without haughtiness.

Mrs. Merryman interrupted our brief chat about mutual friends. "I must go upstairs and dress for dinner, Wallis," she said. "I'll leave you two alone for a little while."

Mrs. Simpson asked me if I cared for a cocktail and I thanked her and said yes. She went over to a low table beside the tall French windows. There was a cut-glass bowl heaped with ice on the table and a brace of bottles. She prepared an old-fashioned, expertly mixing it as I had seen her mix the same drink in Washington—no fruit, only a few drops of bitters on a lump of sugar, several large pieces of ice, and a jigger of whiskey.

"I'm using rye because there is no bourbon in the house," she said, handing me the cocktail.

SHE did not have one. The story that she never drinks at all is quite untrue, but she does drink frugally. She sat in a chintz-covered chair, and I remained standing beside the pleasant hearth. The fireplace at Belvedere is not one of those baronial ones in which one can stand erect, but more intimate and cheerful. The room was big and pleasantly furnished. A grand piano stood against a wall, and beside it was a combination radio and phonograph. Most of the chairs were overstuffed and chintz-covered, but a few were decorative Queen Anne armchairs. A sofa faced the fireplace. Behind it was a long table with a lamp, flowers, a few books and some old, colorful snuffboxes. I had heard that the King collected snuffboxes, and later studied them with interest. Many of them were inset with exquisite miniatures.

We talked for a little while about relatives in the United States, and I remember that she asked me if I expected to see Robin, a cousin of hers, who is attending a private school near Oxford. Then, abruptly, she changed the subject.

"The King will be here in an hour," she said. "He is coming from town."

Then she told me that friends in the United States had been sending her clippings constantly, and I gathered that she was sick at heart over the way the newspapers were treating her. I remembered stories I had seen, tawdry stories built on slippery rumors, stories purporting to tell the "facts behind the romance of Wally and Davey," stories which said she called him "Boosy" and "the little man."

"Why do they write such things?" she asked, leaning forward intently in her chair. "With as little knowledge of the real situation as they possess, it seems unfair for them to have drawn the picture they have . . ." [Turn to page 46]





"I SAY!" THE BOY SAID. "YOU  
 HAVE HIM TRAINED!" KRISTIN  
 ONLY SMILED A LITTLE . . .  
 "HE COULD FINISH OFF  
 BRIAR IN A COUPLE OF  
 BITES . . . WHAT'D YOU CALL  
 HIM?" "NIKI." "NICE NAME!"  
 "HE'S A NICE DOG . . ."

**T**HE Olmsteads were an ordinary American pair. There was nothing remarkable about them in any way; they had no particular place in the social scheme, only moderate riches and no especial taste. Mr. Olmstead manufactured windshield wipers. That is a legitimate and useful occupation and is bound to have its monetary reward in a land where even those on the disguised dole run a car, but it is not an artistic occupation. No, it is not, even though some smart young advertising man manages to idealize windshield wipers by some poppycock reference to "windows of the soul."

Mr. Olmstead was proud of his business and more than a little proud of the stone house he had built for himself and family on a street branching off the one where lived an enormously rich banker named, appropriately enough, Bond. He should not have been proud of this house for it was all wrong architecturally, and had bathrooms of purple and yellow tile. But perhaps it was no more wrong than the perfect Italian palace of his reasonably near neighbor, the banker, Bond.

Mrs. Olmstead was proud of the house, too. It was fairly large and could almost stand the ugly, massive pieces of pseudo-mahogany she admired. It could not stand the many small conflicting knick-knacks—iron tables with tile tops, red glass balls in the windows, glass flowers in the dining room, American-oriental rugs. In it she could very comfortably seat seven or eight tables of bridge and this she often did. Indeed, bridge and the movies were almost her sole diversions. She did play a little golf for her figure's sake and she subscribed to a scheme by which her reading matter was chosen for her monthly. By this method she actually did manage to read a number of very good books. In this sponsored literary dosage lies the key to this story.

It was after Mr. Olmstead had sold enough windshield wipers to assure his wife a mink coat and a trip to Bermuda that Mrs. Olmstead found herself with child. This was a surprise to them both, as they had accustomed themselves to the idea that

**WHAT THEY WANTED**





"HELLO," KRISTIN SAID. THERE WAS SOMETHING HUMBLE AND FRIENDLY ABOUT HER VOICE. "OH, YOU," HE SAID, AND REDDENED. "I DIDN'T EVER EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN." "WELL, HERE I AM. IS THE SOUP GOOD?" "IT'S ALL RIGHT."

# A DAUGHTER CALLED KRISTIN

BY NELIA GARDNER WHITE  
ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

they never would have any children. It was almost an annoyance; they were settled in their habits now. But they both made something of a joke of it to their friends.

JUST before the baby was born, Mrs. Olmstead received her usual literature-by-the-month dose. This time it was a really very fine book by a Scandinavian woman novelist. Everyone was talking of it so Mrs. Olmstead read it, though it was lengthier than she liked and she was a long time sorting out all the unfamiliar names. After a number of chapters the poetry of the tale began to take possession of her and she began to say:

"George, you ought to read it! You really ought to! It's beautiful!"

George didn't read it; George didn't go in for books much, or bookish people, though he was as willing to have his womenfolk waste their time that way as any other.

The Olmsteads had never expected they wouldn't have a son. George Olmstead was a square-built, lusty-looking man who seemed born to father sons and Mrs. Olmstead was a buxom woman with red hair and a hearty laugh. So, when the child was born and it was a frail, dark little girl, it was something of a shock to them both. They had chosen the name Robert, a sensible name, surely, and suitable. Now this little six-pound girl with tiny, puny hands and solemn dark face had to be called something. Mrs. Olmstead was named Lobelia, which suited her perfectly but seemed utterly inappropriate for the child.

"George," Mrs. Olmstead said one day as George Olmstead sat uncomfortably in the hygienic gray and white hospital room, "I know what to call her!"

"What?" George had mentioned Laura, his mother's name.

"Kristin."

"Kristin? Now what in the devil kind of a name is that, Lobelia?"

"You know—from that book I told you about."

"What book?" Which seemed to indicate that George didn't always listen.

"Why, you know . . . I was reading it just before I came to the hospital! There was a girl in it called Kristin. It sounds different, don't you think?"

"Yeah, it sounds different all right! Sounds outlandish to me."

It needed just that touch of scorn to make up Mrs. Olmstead's mind.

"Well, that's what I'm going to name her," she said firmly.

"Kind of tough on the kid," George said.

So the baby was christened Kristin.

Nowadays this business of baby-raising isn't the matter of rockers and colic that it used to be. There's a matter of schedules which is being applied and seems to work out very well. The babies are healthier and the mothers go about their business of bridge luncheons and theater parties, knowing that the feedings wait in the ice box and that Jennie can warm and present them as well as any mother.

However, Kristin didn't seem quite the modern, scheduled baby. No formula seemed to agree with her, which certainly was a nuisance. She didn't gain in weight, though she wasn't really sick. She'd take a little from her bottle, then push it away and lie solemnly staring at the ceiling or the frills of the bassinet, as if food were quite unimportant. But she must have received a little nourishment for she didn't die. Her diet gave Mrs. Olmstead a subject for conversation over quite a long period.

Mrs. Olmstead's friends all exclaimed over the name; most of them were familiar with the original Kristin, for it was quite the custom to increase your library by Mrs. Olmstead's method, and now they said: "But how charming, Lobelia!" and "How quaint!" Mrs. Olmstead grew very proud of her choice.

They never had any trouble with Kristin, except in the matter of eating. She would lie by the hour, wide awake but curiously contented, solemnly communing with herself. George Olmstead would toss

her up and down as if hoping to jar her into his own bluff and hearty brand of laughter, but though Kristin sometimes gave a shy smile she rarely laughed aloud.

"Do you know, George," Mrs. Olmstead said once, "I suppose it's all nonsense, but sometimes I have the feeling that I marked Kristin by reading that book when I did!"

"Marked her?" George Olmstead shouted. He was more versed in science than that! "Don't be a fool, Lobelia! You can't mark a child the week before it's born!"

"Well, all the same," Mrs. Olmstead insisted, "it's queer. She's certainly not like either of us!" There was no contradicting that.

They couldn't have much fun with Kristin. No romping of any account, no robust teasing. But they had to be proud of her in some way or other, for they were people who felt the necessity of being proud of their belongings.

They decided, or at any rate Mrs. Olmstead decided, to make her difference a matter of pride. They began, of course, by talking of her difference, by making a joke of it.

"No, she's certainly no Olmstead!" George would say. "I think they must have switched babies on us in the hospital."

Once he said, "She looks a little like my mother. She was a little thing, just came up to my father's shoulder—dark, too!"

His mother had died when he was a boy, and he remembered his hearty father as his sole parent.

AFTER that period Mrs. Olmstead began to dress Kristin to fill her rôle. When Kristin was four or five they bought her odd, expensive little velvet dresses with bright embroidery or adorned by a gold chain. She was not pretty. She was too thin and dark for that. She wore her hair cut with bangs and rather long in the neck. Except for the ends, which curled under, it lay very smooth and lifeless. She was very tall at [Turn to page 29]

FOR HER, THEY GAVE HER. WHAT SHE WANTED FOR HERSELF, SHE TOOK



# THE HOME OF THE FREE—AND THE

SOME little while ago I packed a suitcase, made certain purchases at the grocery store, and went out to taste a new way of life which has blossomed suddenly in our land. Since then, my home has been that altogether remarkable affair, an automobile trailer—a Covered Wagon. Herewith, I submit my report upon the adventure, citing among my qualifications a full-fledged membership in the Tin Can Tourists' Association of the World.

It will appear, perhaps, that I begin the account a trifle too casually, but that is merely to avoid an unseemly excitement. I believe that automobile trailers are going to have an effect upon American life hardly less amazing than that produced by the automobile itself. Thousands and thousands of them already are coursing the roads. Hundreds more are coming out of the factories every week. About a million people are spending all or most of their lives in rolling homes.

Of course there are countless designs, but ours is a popular make, the nearest thing to a standard model yet on the market. From the outside it is a rather clumsy-looking box—a little more than eighteen feet

long, seven feet high, eight feet wide. It is mounted on two wheels set aft of the center. It is made of laminated wood, covered on the outside with imitation leather, and a somewhat complicated but very sturdy hitch fastens it to the framework of our car.

The total weight is about 2,100 pounds, but most of this rests on the trailer axle, and on level ground the car sustains something less than 200 pounds of extra weight. It is necessary to have an airbrake on the trailer, partly because such a thing is really essential for quick stops on a down grade and partly because many of the states require it. The brake power comes from a hook-up to the car engine, and it is applied simultaneously with the car's own brakes by pushing on the usual pedal.

A rather narrow door gives access to the interior. Once inside, the first impression is that there is the cabin of a well-fitted power cruiser, for the cunning use of limited space is at once apparent. The walls and all the cabinets are mahogany veneer and the floor is covered with linoleum. There are eight windows: two on each side, two in the rear, and two in front.

A short, short article by  
**MORRIS MARKEY**

# FIT FOR A QUEEN—WORTH A KING'S

LAST winter, being momentarily in funds and wishing to give my wife a fur coat, I strolled into a furrier's on Fifth Avenue, New York. And, having heard my wife express her preference in furs, I told the doorman: "I wish to look at a chinchilla coat."  
"Yes, sir."

He bowed and disappeared, but looked at me so oddly I thought there must be something wrong with my appearance. Checking up furtively in a mirror, I found my apparel in order, and then reflected that after all I probably wasn't this store's type. But when a suave salesman heard my brief announcement, and gave me the same odd stare, I began to wonder what this was about, anyway.

"Well," he said, catching himself quickly, "we don't have a chinchilla coat in stock at the moment; you see there's some little difficulty about getting the skins. But I could show you a chinchilla cape?"

"I had thought about a coat."  
"Ah—would you step back?" the salesman inquired. "I could show you the cape, and then perhaps I could find out what could be done about a coat."

So we stepped back, and took seats in an alcove, and presently a model appeared, wearing the cape. I suppose you know what chinchilla looks like: the luminous, pearl-gray of the center of the skin; the rich, warm white of the edge, breaking into gray at each movement of the wearer; its depth, beauty and overwhelming voluptuousness. I knew as soon as I set eyes on it that I was looking at one of the great furs of the world. But I no sooner knew this than a certain discomfort began to creep in on me.

For one thing, I began to recall more clearly my wife's remarks on this subject, and the reverence of her words did not exactly harmonize with the sum I had in my pocket. Then it popped into my head about an aunt of mine, an opera singer, and the chinchilla piece she had had, and the commotion this had caused. Then there was that remark of the salesman's, about the difficulty of getting skins. Most of all, there was the expression of the model. For all her disarming prettiness, there was a certain coldness in her eye, a look of appraisal when she faced me, that would hardly be called forth by something usual, like mink. In other

A short, short article by  
**JAMES M. CAIN**

# "SHALL I RAISE MY BOY TO BE A

ALL over Europe I've met them—the women who don't want to fight in Europe's next great war. There was that blonde Hungarian girl, for instance—the one we met on the K. estate near Budapest where she had a pleasant and lucrative job as secretary to the old Countess. She was engaged to a young Budapest banker who adored her. We used to see them often. Then we came again and she had run away with a young Dutchman, whom she married in Amsterdam. Her friends told us about it. She didn't really love the young Dutchman, they insisted. But he offered her the security of a traditionally neutral nationality. She was exchanging the battlegrounds of the Danube for peace along the North Sea. Her children, when she had them, weren't going to grow up as cannon-fodder and nothing else.

There was that handsome young American girl who married into an excellent French family and for years lived in the gray bulwark of the Faubourg St. Germain. She's back in America now. And one of the reasons was that she didn't want her ten-year-old son to fight in the French army if it happened, as it might so well

happen, that he came to maturity in wartime. In any case, born in France with a French father, he would certainly have been subject to French military service. And she felt that three thousand broad miles of blue Atlantic was comforting security against this drastic inconvenience.

And there was our concierge in the old Vienna days; Frau Resi, who at sixty-two put all her spirit in the superlative *palatschinken* (strawberry pancakes) she made for us. She didn't have spirit left for other things. No wonder. Her two sons had been killed. One was gassed to death on the Galician front, one died of wounds and typhus in Siberia. Her husband (we saw him once) was a frail broomstick of a man, with a silver plate in his upper arm and a habit of quivering when spoken to sharply. Shell-shock is an unhappy accident. Even after nineteen years. . . . Frau Resi would tell us in no uncertain terms what she thought of war. Gladly she would have shot herself rather than assist in another in any way.

And there was the British lady of great station who, her beautiful brittle fingers trembling, sobbed at our

A short, short article by  
**JOHN GUNTHER**



# FUTURE

In the stern is a Pullman seat, which is the dining room at meal time, for a collapsible table seating four may be put up there in an instant. At night, the cushions are pulled down in familiar Pullman style to make a double bed. Another double bed—a sofa in the daytime—is in the forward end.

Amidships is the galley: On one side a two-burner gasoline stove with cabinet space for groceries and utensils beneath, and on the other side a porcelain sink which draws its water from a thirty-gallon tank. A row of deep cabinets with glass doors is built above the sink. Below it, there is an ice box with forty pounds capacity, and a chest of drawers.

Bedclothes are stowed beneath the beds in the daytime. There is a full-length wardrobe closet forward, with a mirror for its door. There is a wide, deep shoebox. There is a charcoal stove. And there is a miniature dressing room with chemical toilet, lavatory, running water and shaving mirror. [Turn to page 36]

For vagabonding America in modern caravans, the open road leads to Sarasota, Florida, when winter comes to the north



# RANSOM

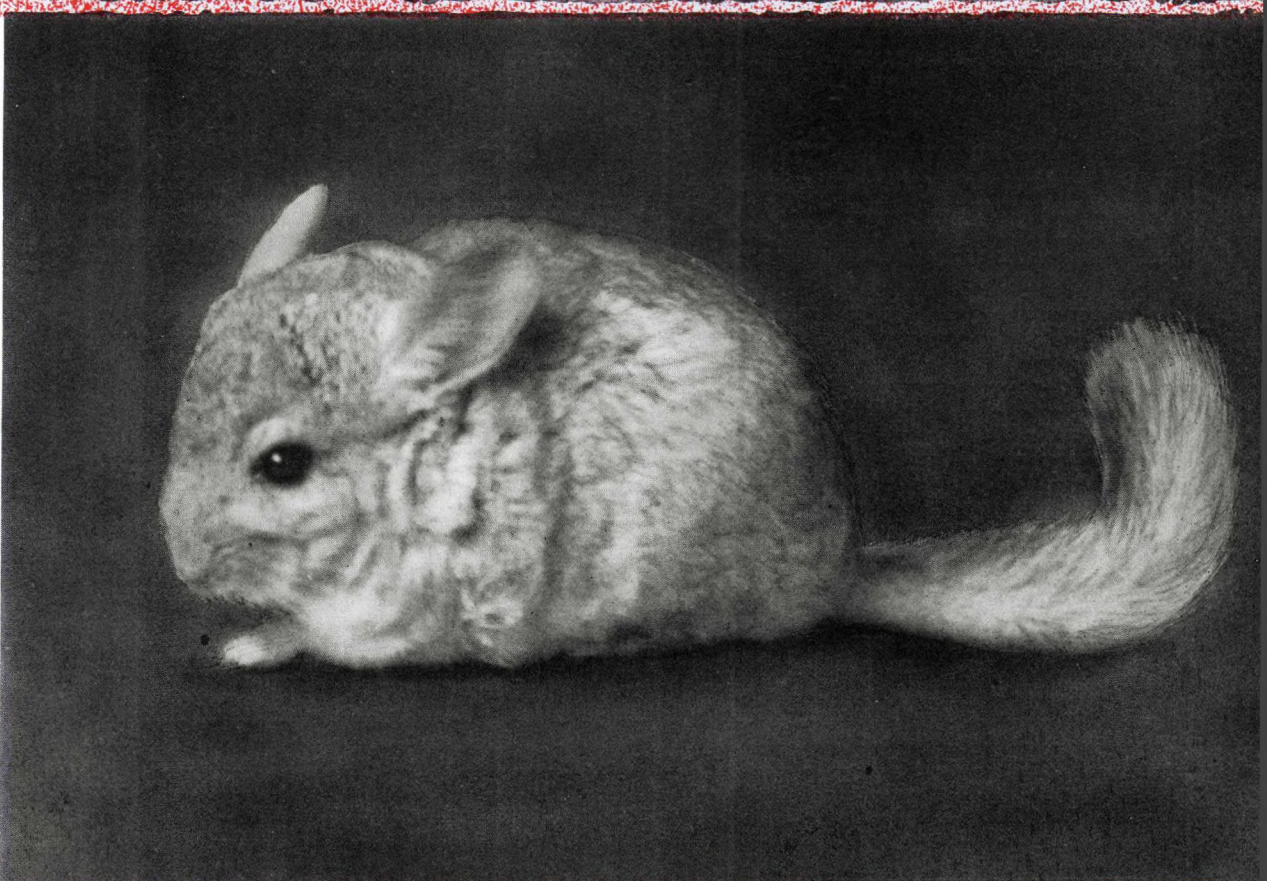
words, I had a dreadful feeling that when I stuck my foot down I wouldn't touch bottom: that I was away out beyond my depth. However, there was nothing for it but the foot. I turned to the salesman. "And how much is the cape?"

"Twelve thousand dollars."

I drop a time curtain here, to denote the lapse of a painful ten seconds, and pick up at the point where we were all laughing merrily, ha-ha-ha, and I was saying no wonder my wife liked chinchilla, and the salesman was saying as a matter of fact it suited them just as well to keep the cape in stock right now, and the model was saying perhaps there was something *else* I would like to look at. Oh, we were very gay. Even the model was gay. She could afford to be. She *knew* she had my number, all along.

So then we talked about chinchilla in general, and I asked the price of a chinchilla coat, assuming it were possible to get the skins. [Turn to page 67]

A rabbit with a squirrel's tail? A squirrel with a rabbit's head? You've guessed wrong—this is a precious chinchilla



# SOLDIER?"

lunch table in London one day. "All the waste. . . all the suffering!" she exclaimed. "The war killed everything, destroyed everything. . . And now there's going to be another!"

And in Spain a few months ago, just before the tragic and terrible outbreak of civil strife, we met a competent muscular German refugee woman who was trying to earn a living as a masseuse and gymnasium instructor. Her husband helped her. He was a magnificently muscled creature. But on some days he couldn't work at their joint lessons. A dozen or so little steel balls were hidden in his body, and no doctor had ever been able to get the last of them. They wandered around under his skin, souvenirs two decades after of his contribution to the 1914 massacre. When one of the little balls lodged stubbornly in a muscle near the armpit, say, only local pain was caused. . . . When one of them happened to travel upward to his skull, lying there throbbing between the brain and [Turn to page 62]

Even the boom of distant guns does not strike terror to a mother's heart like an army grimly marching on to war







# The HIGH BY FAITH

WHERE DOES IT LEAD? TO  
WHERE ELSE, INDEED, WHEN IT

SUE FELT LIKE AN ANIMAL BEING PUT THROUGH

"YOU'LL MAKE SOMEONE A GRAND WIFE, SOME DAY, SUE." "I'M NOT READY FOR THAT JOB YET"

YOU would never say that pretty *Sue Hamilton* was a "career woman." Yet in her twenty-five brief years she had had almost as many jobs. Everything from directing a cruise to walking dogs by the hour along Park Avenue. It was an exciting life. Perilous, too. But she was old enough to evaluate its dangers, young enough to laugh at them. Only occasionally was she lonely, a little afraid.

"I wish," she said one night to *Jimmy Bates*, as they lingered over coffee in a small, unimportant restaurant, "that I had something permanent." Jimmy laughed. "Darling," he countered, "you'd hate it. You were meant to be a bird on the wing . . ." But Sue knew Jimmy's gayety clothed his anxiety for her, for himself. New York, for neither of them, had proved to be the bonanza of fiction; it was a city, they had soon discovered, that promised no glittering rewards to untrained youth.

"*Dan Hardy* says," Sue went on, "that I ought to have a purpose—" "Sue," Jimmy firmly interrupted her, "you have Dan-Hardyed me until I am fed to the teeth. I'm tired of hearing about the noble young engineer. I wish you had never landed that cruise job. Meeting Hardy aboard that boat unsettled you completely. . . ."

Later that same evening, after she had bade Jimmy good night on the doorstep of *Mrs. Larsen's* boarding house, Sue realized how right Jimmy had been about Dan Hardy's influence upon her. Dan had telephoned her, had asked to drop by. And in *Mrs. Larsen's* stuffy parlor, they had talked rather solemnly of their lives, their opportunities. At first Sue had defended her right to float with the precarious tide of insecure jobs; then she had begun to see the validity of Dan's argument. He was so deadly in earnest! She knew that one day Dan would go back to Central America—and succeed. His objective was clear cut. He would build his life around his job. Even marry a girl who would fit into its pattern. . . .

When Dan had gone, and Sue was alone in her tiny, forlorn room she wondered if Dan had thought she might be the girl when he had asked: "Have you ever been in a construction camp?" And then had added, "You'd hate it probably."

It was the next day good fortune bowed to Sue. Before nightfall—on the recommendation of distinguished old *Mrs. Carolyn Emory*—Sue had been engaged by wealthy, aristocratic *Charles Dennis* to act as companion to *Mary* and *Sally Dennis*, his orphaned granddaughters. Her heart sang! For not only was the salary most generous, but the idea of being a member of *Charles Dennis's* household in New York, on Long Island enchanted her. Sue had,

in fact, fallen irrevocably in love with silver-haired *Charles Dennis* the moment his secretary, *H. Chester Arden*, had completed his stilted introduction.

As their pleasant interview was ending, Mr. Dennis' niece, *Elsie Henshaw*, came into the charming room. "Elsie," *Charles Dennis* said as she entered, "this is *Sue Hamilton* who is coming to us in a week or so." *Elsie* held out a long slim hand, said languidly, "How nice." And Sue knew that as far as *Elsie* was concerned it wasn't nice at all.

## Part 2

PROVIDENTIALY *Mrs. Emory* was at home. If she hadn't been Sue would have exploded, disintegrated, blown up, burst, vanished into thin air. She debated, on the way to the bus which would take her up *Riverside Drive*, "What shall I do if she isn't in? I haven't any idea where Jimmy is and I haven't heard from Dan . . . If only Helen were in town. If I don't talk to someone . . . if someone doesn't pinch me. . . ."

*Helen Elliot* was Sue's closest friend, a sprightly brunette of Sue's age. They had held three brief jobs together. Sue had met Helen when they were both clerking in a department store bookshop during the Christmas rush. Helen's positions had been as colorful and as varied as Sue's. All winter Helen had been a hostess in a tourist camp in Florida, but the season would soon close and Helen would once more be on the branch.

In the bus Sue could no longer contain herself. She took Mr. Dennis' envelope from her handbag, opened it, slipped the check out just far enough to read the figures and, gasping, exclaimed, "Holy Moses!" to the amusement of her fellow passengers.

The salary, thought Sue, was absurd. The check was absolutely ridiculous. She returned it to the envelope with trembling hands, tucked the envelope into her handbag and leaned back against the seat. She closed her eyes and saw white linen suits, buckskin shoes, smart little hats, dashing blouses; she saw lawns and chiffons and dimities, cotton evening frocks, lace frocks, lingerie, bathing suits, play suits. . . . It was characteristic of her that she did not see a savings account. She did harbor a fleeting notion that it might be well to lay something aside for a less sunny day, but on the other hand Mr. Dennis expected her to spend his check on the sartorial façade which was, he had assured her, a legitimate business item.

She was so busy planning her wardrobe that of course she passed her street, came to herself with a start, rang the bell with fury and alighted, followed by sundry speculative glances.





# ROAD

## BALDWIN

ADVENTURE? TO ROMANCE?  
IS YOUTHS' PATH TO GLORY?

ITS PACES, UNDER ALL THOSE WATCHING EYES



"PRETTY BAD, ISN'T IT?" "I THINK IT'S GRAND!" SHE LAUGHED ALL OVER HER LITTLE FACE

Mrs. Emory lived in a severe and narrow house in the Seventies, off the Drive. Inside it was cheerful in the extreme, brimming over with canaries, parrots, fat and docile cats, beaming servants, Waterford glass, Sheraton pieces, modern chintz and photographs of most of the people Mrs. Emory had known and loved during her seventy-four years of life.

Sue was received first by Frederick, the round butler, and then by Miss Reynolds, the splinter-like companion for whom Sue had once substituted. Miss Reynolds exhibited a rare smile, offered Sue a bony hand and ushered her upstairs to Mrs. Emory's sitting room.

This room was large, clean and untidy. It contained three canaries, two cats, the senior parrot who squawked, "Hello, what's the big idea of coming so late?" as Sue entered. The walls were hidden by photographs. The chairs were deep, there was a sewing table, at least fifty magazines, a radio, bookshelves and a collection of Copenhagen porcelain.

Mrs. Emory sat in a large chair and knitted. Reluctantly she frowned and counted aloud. She looked up as Miss Reynolds and Sue entered and said, "Oh, come in, Sue my dear. Wait a minute, sit down. That will be all for now, Reynolds."

Swishing a taffeta petticoat, Reynolds departed, closing the door behind her.

"Purl two," groaned Mrs. Emory. She flung down the knitting, sighed, took off horn-rimmed spectacles and looked at Sue. She was a very small woman, quite plump, with snapping black eyes and white hair which she kept faintly blue.

"Well, what happened?" she demanded.

SUE had cast her hat and coat aside. She had treated them with utmost disrespect. It didn't matter now. She could afford to ignore their past importance. She replied, "I got the job. Oh, Mrs. Emory, Mr. Dennis is the most marvelous person. I'm crazy about him."

"Charles Dennis," commented Mrs. Emory reflectively, "has had sex appeal since he was six years old. He'll have it when he's eighty."

Sue said, "Look . . . I don't understand. He offered me two hundred a month and," she dropped her voice, as though the photographs on the walls had sentient ears, "he gave me five hundred to buy clothes and things. I don't understand at all." She then inquired in a startled voice, "Is—is he a little mad?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Emory comfortably, "he is. He's always been mad in a perfectly nice way. Not mad enough, however. I've known him all his life, practically. He's a year or so younger than I am. At one time

we were engaged to be married. But I had romantic notions . . . I had known Charlie so long and so well . . . and our families were so smug about it, as if they had arranged it from our cradles. Anyway, I eloped with Mr. Emory. There was quite a scandal at the time," she went on complacently, "as Mr. Emory was many years my senior and had been married before. At all events we lived in Europe for a number of years. When we returned to the States, Charles had married. A silly woman, Sarah Dennis, curls, bangs, giggles . . . brainless little creature, but very pretty. Mr. Emory died when I was thirty-eight. Before he died I had fallen in love with Charles Dennis. Absurd of me, but I was lonely and I had no children to steady me and Charles was a very attractive man, my dear. I think," concluded Mrs. Emory smiling, "that he fell in love with me, too. He swore he'd never been out of love with me."

YOU think, thought Sue; you know darned well he did, you cute old hypocrite!

Mrs. Emory laughed. She said, "Well, there were meetings and heartburnings, a few indiscreet letters and a lot of talk. Nothing came of it, how could it? The Dennises didn't run around getting divorces, and besides there was a son by Charles' marriage to Sarah. I am telling you all this, partly out of vanity, which is permissible at my age, and partly to warn you that if you ever do anything to cause Charles Dennis one instant's pain I'll—I'll cut your throat," she ended belligerently.

Sue exclaimed, "You're still in love with him! Then why . . ."

Mrs. Emory shook her head. She said, "Sarah's been dead only a matter of ten years or so. Disagreeable old woman she turned out to be, pains in her joints, always running to spas or taking up some newfangled cult or other. No, I—I'll admit I gave the matter some thought, but it wouldn't do at all. I am too settled in my ways and far too selfish. I wouldn't fit in. Besides, I've never had children and a step-grandmotherly relationship to Charles' girls would have appalled me."

Sue said, "He was marvelous to me. Oh, I hope he'll like me and that I'll get on with the girls."

Mrs. Emory said, "Of course, you're being overpaid. That's Charles' one weakness. He's not an extravagant man. He gives his youngsters everything; of course, takes care of that sly little niece. But when it comes to paying people for services rendered, he simply lets himself go. I have a theory that he's so ashamed to be in a position where he can pay, hire, employ, that he can't [Turn to page 76]



# MIDNIGHT SAILING

MR. HEMPLE WAS A FIRST-RATE PILOT. HE COULD TAKE A SHIP OUT OF THE HARBOR—OR A GIRL OUT OF THE SEA

IT WAS eleven o'clock, and the liner would leave her pier at midnight, and in Club Granada, eight blocks across town, Rico was going into his dance. In her mind's eye Karen could see him now—slender and graceful, dark, exciting. His eyes were smoke and glowing fire. He was glamour, forbidden romance.

Rico flattered Karen by an attentiveness which made her feel important. Which was what she had never felt during the time of her engagement to Hudson Keeble. Hudson wore wealth and social position like an old tweed suit—and he'd taken Karen for granted too, until she'd stunned him by the announcement that their plans were entirely off. She'd been wise. She would never fit into his picture of a life of usefulness.

Hudson had placed his medical studies ahead of her, and she had been lonely and bored. Rico never would prove a bore. But of course her mother could not be made to accept anyone like Rico. Her one impulse was to spirit Karen out of his reach, even marry her off if possible to someone safely of her own set.

Karen felt like one condemned because she must cross the sea to England. Three thousand restless miles of water separating her from Rico—and he a man whom countless women yearned to possess!

She glanced at her mother with glum resentment, at Tommy Atkins with high disfavor. Then her eyes brightened, a smile appeared, and her hand made a quick little eager gesture.

"Hi, Mr. Stowaway!" she cried and ran to greet a graying man who had just stepped into the foyer.

He was as different from Rico, the dancer, as the bridge of a liner from Club Granada. His hair was gray and his suit was plain. Wrinkles had etched themselves in his face from the strain of guiding mammoth ships past hidden shoals and lurking rocks, through shrouding fogs and swirling tides in the deep-sea channels of New York harbor.

Karen caught his hand and he beamed at her.

"Are you going to steer us out of this? . . . Mother, you've never met a pilot. This is Mr.—Mr.—"

"Hemple."

"Mr. Hemple," Karen repeated. "Mr. Hemple's one of my beaux! Remember the storm when we sailed last winter? It was so rough he had to stay on and ride clear over to Cherbourg and back."

Her mother nodded coldly enough. She was a *grande dame*, proud and aloof. As plainly as if she had put it in words, her look conveyed smug disapproval of Karen's democratic ways.

"This is Tommy Atkins. You've heard of him. Kipling used to write him poems."

Atkins smirked as he also nodded. His name was Garfield Atkins III, and that was a name to conjure with. You might conjure millions with the name if you could sign it as Tommy did. He was just as homely as his pictures, soft and heavy, with eyes which bulged. Hemple cast a glance at his hand, but the young man did not offer it to him.

"Stay on again. I'm going to be lonesome."

The pilot grinned. Not a chance this time—not with the weather so calm and windless. He saw her mother exchange a glance with Tommy Atkins. They seemed

amused. He wished the girl a pleasant voyage, awkwardly bowed and took his leave, glad to retreat from such lofty folk to the austere calm of the liner's bridge.

Here sounds of shouts and laughter were faint, and they were blended with other sounds: with winches chattering on the foredeck, lowering crates and bales in the hold, with the rumble and clank of a belt conveyor trundling trunks through a port in the side.

Hemple was thinking of Karen Lord as one might think of a royal princess. Wonderingly. She had wealth and name. She could cross the ocean with no more thought than his wife would give a trip to Jersey. She was spoiled and willful, likable, friendly.

Not proud like her mother. Hemple went "Humph!" as he recalled Mrs. Lord's expression. Then he grinned at a mental glimpse of Norah, the cheerfully smiling opposite of her. They were looking forward, he and Norah, to his retirement in three more months—to the years together when he would no longer have to leave her for days on end, with always the little anxious fear that something might happen off Sandy Hook.

The giant whistle blasted the night with its final warning. All lights on the deck in front of the bridge had been extinguished. In the wheelhouse only a few lamps glowed, discreetly shielded, on instrument boards.

The master appeared. He shook Hemple's hand. Together they walked to a wing of the bridge and looked overside at the scene below. Faces were staring up from the dock. There were flags and waving hands and kerchiefs, heavy rope hawsers going slack and crawling snakelike onto the decks . . . a red light, far at the end of the pier, changing to white to inform the bridge that all was clear now on the river.

Four stout tugs were standing by to hold the vessel from swinging too soon. Hemple assured himself they were there before he turned to address an officer waiting behind him: "Both full astern."

THE latter, repeating his words with an accent, moved the engine-room telegraph handle. The liner began to tremble slightly. There was the distant sound of water being churned by the huge propellers. The whistle blasted a long hoarse note as slowly the ship backed into the stream.

Hemple's eyes narrowed, watching astern. Here were long moments of anxious-suspense. A fifth of a mile in length, this boat, and only eight feet of muddy water between her keel and the river bed. It was as if he were thrusting a dam athwart the course of the tide at flood!

But she went out straight as the four tugs labored beam to beam to hold her steady. The bridge slid past the end of the pier and Hemple glanced across at the Jersey shore.

"Hard a-starboard."

"Hard a-starboard, sir," the officer said and then repeated the order in French. The quartermaster, a shadowy form behind the wheel, gave it back to him.

"Port engine full speed forward," spoke Hemple. "Starboard engine full speed astern."

Slowly the monster swung in the river, her cruiser prow pointing down the stream. There were four propellers under her hull, but only two could be run in reverse. The others were for the speedy dash along the lanes of the North Atlantic. Here in the harbor . . . too much power: their suction would pull the ship down lower: the wash from the liner, moving too fast, would swamp squat scows and damage moorings.

HEMPLE'S eyes watched the river traffic—late ferry boats shuttling over to Jersey, tugs towing barges, two other liners. His nerves grew taut as he guided the giant down a stream which, a mile in width, seemed to have shrunk between its banks.

But now they were coming into the bay. The Statue of Liberty reared to starboard.

"One ninety-two," Hemple gave the bearing for the gyrocompass under its lamp.

"One ninety-two, sir. *Cent quatre-vingt-douze.*"

"*Cent quatre-vingt-douze.*" came the wheelman's voice, as the spokes slid quietly off to the left.

Half an hour later they passed through the Narrows. Then, as they moved into Ambrose Channel, an officer touched the pilot's arm.

"This is for you, sir."

"Huh?" exclaimed Hemple.

The envelope bore his name, all right. Puzzled, he pried open the flap and moved to a place beside the wheel. In the light of the binnacle lamp he read:

My dear friend:

I've got to get off this ship at once. I'll explain why later. It's *very* important. Please take me with you in the boat. It means so terribly much. Mr. Hemple. If you say no, I don't know what I'll do. *Please.*

Karen Lord.

Hemple blinked at the water ahead. He was seeing more than a broad smooth bay within the protecting arm of the Hook. He was "seeing" the *floor* of that bay, its shoals and ledges, its deep-dredged channel.

As he held the nose of the ship to her course, he pondered this strange request from Karen. "I'll explain why later. It's *very* important." But if her reason were really important, not just some whim of a pam-

pered girl, she would have strengthened her plea by giving it.

"Is somebody waiting to take an answer?"

"A steward, sir."

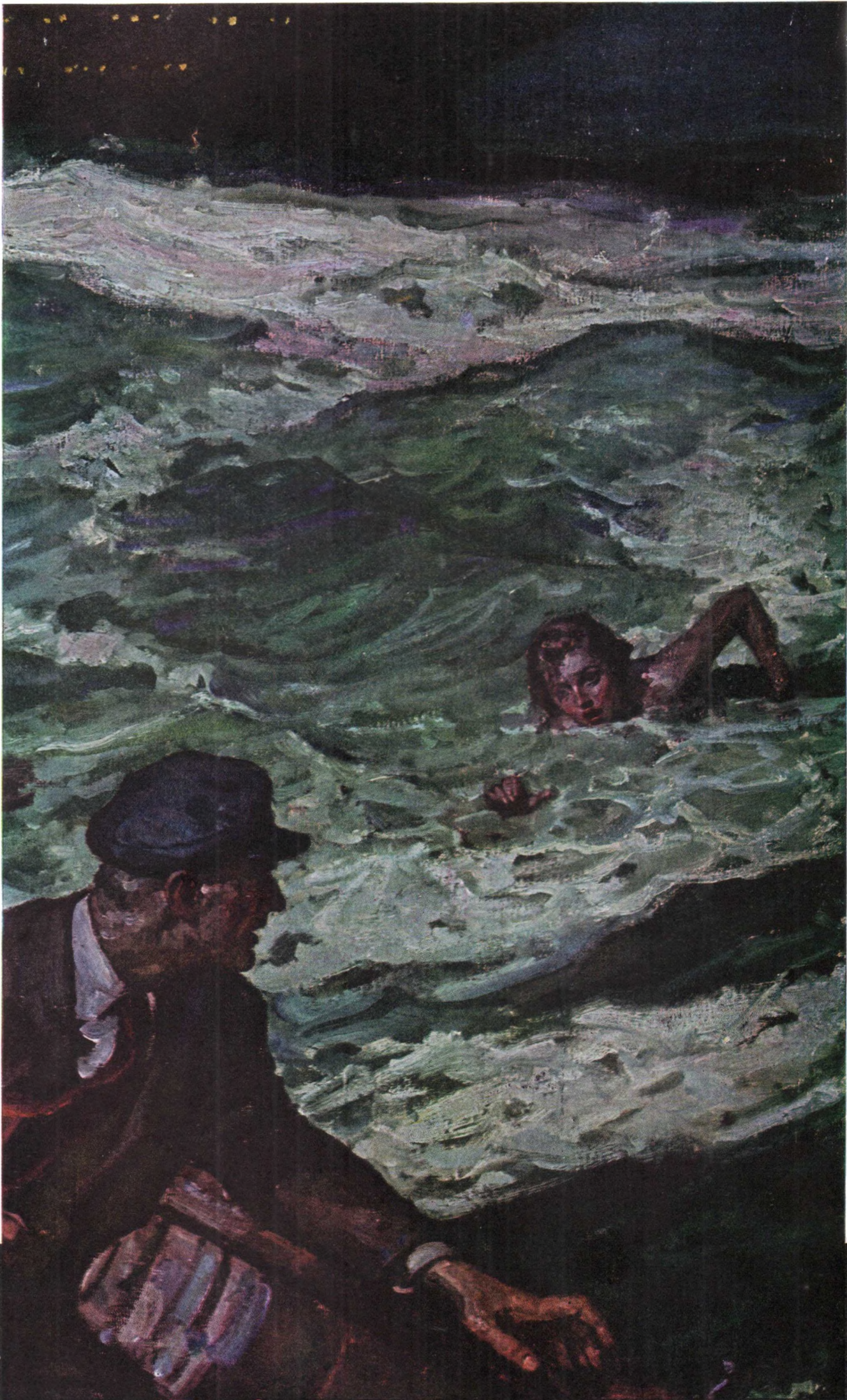
The pilot wrote on the back of the letter: "Sorry I can't oblige you, young lady. It's against regulations to take off passengers." Strictly speaking, this wasn't true. Once in a long time it did happen, when some emergency rose after sailing. But such was not the case, he felt sure. He handed his answer to the officer.

A cluster of lamps, hung over the side, illuminated a circle of water on which a yawl kept rising and falling, first on the crest and then in the trough of long, smooth swells riding over the ocean. By [Turn to page 93]

BY PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG







ILLUSTRATED BY  
SAUL TEPPER

"BE THERE IN A MINUTE,"  
CALLED THE VOICE. HE  
KNEW WHOSE IT WAS AND  
THE KNOWLEDGE SHOCKED  
HIM. SHE WAS SWIMMING  
RAPIDLY. HEMPLE HALF  
GRUDGINGLY ADMIRERED HER  
NERVE—A GIRL IN THE SEA  
TEN MILES FROM SHORE  
SWIMMING UNPERTURBED  
FROM A SHIP NOW HALF  
A MILE TO EASTWARD







Robert Taylor pauses briefly to admire beauty in an opera box



Mr. Taylor meets the beauty, Greta Garbo, and is charmed



Miss Garbo is delighted by Rex O'Malley's sprightly comments

Immortal is the word for "Camille" and superlative the word for luminous Greta Garbo who magnificently interprets the rôle on the screen



# What's Going on This Month

## THE MOVIE GUIDE

### BANJO ON MY KNEE

An intimate and amusing river story, in which Barbara Stanwyck makes an unsympathetic heroine, but in which Walter Brennan, as a shanty-boat man, in particular, and Joel McCrea and Buddy Ebsen, in general, have a good time with Nunnally Johnson's dialogue.

### COLLEGE HOLIDAY

A wild-eyed farce about a college for body beautiful nuts, in which Burns and Allen have a hilarious chariot race and in which Jack Benny wanders around doing nothing at all, accompanied by a chorus and Mary Boland.

### SING ME A LOVE SONG

Excellent music and James Melton, a tenor who can sing; two good comedians, Walter Catlett and Hugh Herbert; and Zasu Pitts, all thrown into a department store story and contributing to one of this season's best musicals.

### THREE SMART GIRLS

A well-produced little comedy of errors, in which three attractive youngsters, by very diverting means, prevent Binnie Barnes and Alice Brady from hooking their divorced father, Charles Winninger, into a mercenary marriage.

## Neighborhood Notes

### STOWAWAY

A good story and a good cast for a change, making this the best Shirley Temple picture of the year, in which the queen of the movies turns on a Chinese act that is amusing and in which Arthur Treacher, Alice Faye, Robert Young, Helen Westley and Eugene Pallette have enough to do with the plot to prevent you from becoming bored with the youthful star.

### THAT GIRL FROM PARIS

In which Lily Pons runs away from the opera and hides with a broken-down jazz band, and in which the actors, including Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie and Mischa Auer, are a great deal more satisfactory than the musical numbers.

### Recommended:

*Winterset*; *Rembrandt*; *Born to Dance*; *Romeo and Juliet*; and *The Gay Desperado*.

## STAGE

NOEL COWARD can do almost anything but read the daily papers. His talent is great, but he has averted his eyes from the world in which he lives. According to report Mr. Coward does much of his writing on tramp steamers plying to obscure ports. It is perhaps too lonely a life. A luxury liner might be better. But there would not be much for Noel to learn in the smoking room. It is a trip down among the stokers and the oilers which seems to be indicated as useful exploration.

I am not going off on the dogmatic tangent which prevails in some reviewing circles and which would compel each and every one who sets pen to paper to write a proletarian play or novel. All I have in mind is that Noel Coward has come to town with nine one act dramas and not one of them even remotely touches a problem of current interest. Perhaps this is a shade unfair, for the distinguished English author does touch upon the theme of love. I can hardly deny that this is current. Indeed it has even swept into the headlines of late. Still love was not the thing I had in mind. Out of a set of nine exercises one might suppose that Noel would be moved to declare himself on some subject which engrosses the attention of the masses of the world at this very moment. And if this is called opportunism rather than art, I can cite both Shakespeare

By Heywood Broun

and Mr. Shaw as men who molded their work out of the news of the day.

Indeed the name of Shaw brings to mind one particular play by Noel Coward which illustrates both his skill and his weakness. It is called *Fumed Oak*, and it is one of the most amusing comedies of insult which I have ever seen. Briefly, a clerk who has been married many years to a stuffy wife turns suddenly upon her, his home and all his relatives. He tells them off. With malicious ingenuity he puts his finger on the sore spots of each ego. It is his farewell. He will have no more of the humdrum life for he is off to Australia in the morning.

But as I watched, and laughed, and listened, I was suddenly struck with the speculation as to what George Bernard Shaw would have done with a similar situation. Obviously there was something lacking. There is a kind of laughter which still leaves you hungry. Suddenly I knew what was wrong. Noel Coward had created only one character in the play. The other folk were no more than clay pigeons to be shattered by a man with a pretty talent for sharpshooting.

Strangely enough, my memory went to quite a different drama in the Shavian cycle. *Mrs. Warren's Profession* is not to my mind among Shaw's best, but it contains a notable scene which ought to be made an obligatory lesson for all the young [Turn to page 117]

## MOVIES

I CANNOT think of an exact word to describe it, but occasionally in the theater you find a play which, besides being popular and successful, arouses a loyalty and sympathy from audiences and critics alike; a play which may even be full of dramatic weaknesses but which you embrace as completely and understandingly as that first sweetheart, who, although bow-legged and slightly pop-eyed, seemed all the more attractive for having such peculiarities.

While there have been a dozen as popular and successful shows on Broadway as *The Play's The Thing*, *Charlot's Revue*, *What Price Glory*, *The Plough and The Stars*, *Strange Interlude* or *Saturday's Children*, I should never wish to see any of them again, and I remember them mostly as merely evenings in the theater.

As few people ever write or make pictures with any deep regard for their work, it is even rarer to find a warm, gay and charming movie than it is to discover plays of that nature; there is so much money, so much exaggerated excitement, so many little heroes connected with motion picture production, it is more often by accident than by design that you run across a spontaneous bit of writing or acting in a movie.

*The Thin Man* was that rare exception, a spontaneous movie made by design, and the producers were

By Pare Lorentz

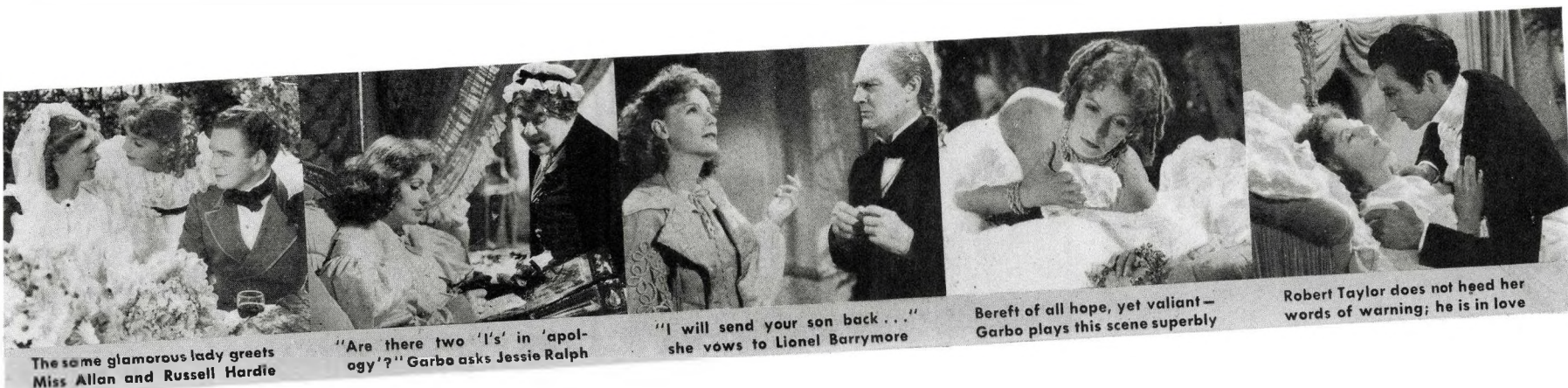
taking a chance when they attempted to make a sequel and to endow it with the same insouciant air that made the original such a delight.

Thus I am happy to report that, while it will not be as fresh to you as the original Dashiell Hammett production, *After The Thin Man* is a very successful sequel.

The picture opens very slowly and more or less seeks to introduce again the idyllic married life of Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles and their wire-hair, Asta. As a matter of fact, for the first ten or fifteen minutes I was a bit frightened for fear the whole story would turn into a dog picture. However, the sets, the photography and the staging in these first few scenes are superb, if overdone. Then one of Mr. Hammett's charming characters, a blackmailing ne'er-do-well, is murdered, and Mr. Powell and Miss Loy are off to the races again.

As is true of practically everything Mr. Hammett writes, the plot is perfectly cockeyed; as is true also, it doesn't make any difference because his characters are so brilliantly and gayly drawn.

Joseph Calleia as a night club proprietor, James Stewart as a rich young San Franciscan, Dorothy McNulty (a newcomer), as a healthy night club singer, and Sam Levine as a patient, [Turn to page 137]



The same glamorous lady greets Miss Allan and Russell Hardie

"Are there two 'I's' in 'apology'?" Garbo asks Jessie Ralph

"I will send your son back..." she vows to Lionel Barrymore

Bereft of all hope, yet valiant—Garbo plays this scene superbly

Robert Taylor does not heed her words of warning; he is in love





ILLUSTRATED BY  
PRUETT CARTER

AFTER *Doctor David Newcome* was hanged for the murder of his wife, *Jessica*, and *Leni Kraft*, who was charged with him, was sentenced to death, the Calderbury townfolk, in discussing the case, tried to make their story into the conventional triangle. But no one could recall anything unusual about the little doctor's treatment of the strangely silent girl who had been a member of the Newcome household for such a short time. No one had even overheard an endearing term pass between them. Their devotion, which they, themselves, failed to recognize for many months, was merely a kind of wordless understanding, a warm, deep friendliness.

At the first meeting when David had attended Leni, who had broken her wrist following her specialty dance in a fifth-rate variety show, each had taken the measure of the other. Then again, after a half year's interlude, when Leni, ill, lonely, dispirited, had tried to take her own life and David had restored her, each had been aware of this delicate, rare appreciation.

It was not this force, however, which drew Leni to Calderbury. Leni's coming was at Jessica's own bidding. *Gerald*, the Newcomes' nervous, over-imaginative young son was in need of a governess and Jessica, hearing of Leni as a doctor's wife is likely to hear of any one of his patients, engaged her. But the arrangement was not long-lived. Leni's "past" was revealed to Jessica and the little doctor's righteous wife indignantly dismissed the dancer—allowing her a fortnight's grace—and sent Gerald, protesting, away on a visit.

David and Leni were helpless. There was nothing left for them, save to try to get work for Leni. And for a few days they lived in hope. For Leni had learned that a German teacher was wanted by a private school in nearby Manchester, and had made application. Nothing came of it, however. Jessica saw to that. . . .

But Jessica could not stop David's going up to Burrowsford where he investigated the possibilities of Leni's studying the piano. He was obliged to go there to attend a medical conference. And from Burrowsford he wrote to Leni: "I have looked up the matter we were discussing yesterday. . . . All details when I return. Not a word to J. . . . Destroy this as soon as you have read it. . . ." He sealed and posted the letter and almost hoped Jessica would intercept his message to Leni.

#### Part 4

LENI did not destroy David's letter. It was the first she had ever received from him—the first time she had ever seen the words "Dear Leni" in his handwriting; and she kept it.

Three days later David reached Calderbury during the afternoon and walked from the station. There had been heavy rain and the Close was full of moisture scents, pebbles and bars of sand washed out of the gravel, pavements still steaming in the after-sun. And suddenly, as he walked past the Cathedral, the thought invaded him, as never before, of Leni. She would be there when he reached the house in Shawgate, but after that day and the next she would never be there again. He did not, because he could not somehow, think of a future without her, but all the sad urgency of the moment

"YOU ARE SO KIND,"  
LENI SAID. "KIND?  
WHY DO YOU AL-  
WAYS SAY THAT?"  
"BECAUSE YOU AL-  
WAYS SAY THINGS  
LIKE THAT AND YOU  
SAY THEM JUST  
BECAUSE YOU ARE  
KIND, THAT IS ALL..."



"They call it love. I call it love. But we do not mean the same thing—" And this is why they did not judge those who sat in judgment on them

# WE ARE NOT ALONE

flowed back into the past, forcing him to remember the times they had met and talked, and how many more there could have been had he but known how soon they were all to end. I have grown fond of that girl, he admitted to himself; and then, with a flash of self-blame: Good heavens, four days at that confounded Conference and now there's only one other day before she goes. . . .

When he reached the house the interior seemed dark after the bright sunshine. It was Susan's half day off; Leni met him and said that Jessica was out also. "Would you like some tea?"

"That's just what I should like more than anything, Leni."

"Will you have it in the office?"

"That would be nice, too."

"All right. You look pale. Have you been very busy?" she asked.

"No, not busy—just bored. What have you been up to?"

"Up to? What does that mean?"

"What have you been doing?"

"Packing."

"Oh, yes, of course."

And then, facing him again, was the imminence of her departure. He pondered on it as he sat alone and listened to the clatter of cups in the kitchen. Presently she reentered, carrying a tray.

"Seen the papers these last few days?" he asked. She nodded.

"Looks bad, but I don't think it'll come to anything over here."

"Come to anything?"

"Anything bad, I mean. But it's bad enough for those who are in it. Good thing you're not in your own country, perhaps. By the way, did you get my letter?"

"Yes, it was so good of you to write."

"Well, I thought you'd be relieved to know. About the music. I mean. It's a good idea . . . which reminds me, we can try over something this afternoon if you like—there's no one in—"

"But Mrs. Newcome said—"

"She'll never know."

"The people in the street will hear. Somebody will tell her."

"Then we'll close all the windows!" He added, boyishly: "Are you afraid?"

"Only for you, David."

"For me? Why, God bless my soul, what harm can come to me?"

She answered, in German: "You have to stay here after I have gone."

"I know. I'm trying to realize it. It's curious—I can't quite grasp the fact that you really are going and that this is your last day here. . . . I'll miss you. And really, I don't see why Jessica should forbid such a harmless thing."

SO AFTER the tea they went into the drawing-room and David stood on the window seat to close the windows. But one of them was stiff, and as he reached upwards to push, he lost balance and had to clutch a picture to save himself from falling. The picture came down on his head, showering him with dust; and of course he began to laugh, because he had a very simple and artless sense of

humor. Then she went to the piano and he took out his violin and they began to play Mozart.

The music streamed into the room, enclosing a world in which they were free as air, shutting out hatreds and jealousies and despondencies, giving their eyes a look of union with something rare and distant. David did not play very well—indeed, a good deal of the Mozart was much too difficult for him; but there was a simplicity that gave calmness to his effort, absorbing rather than interpreting the music. And he thought, as he played, that it was a strange thing, at forty-six, to know the sweetness and terror of existence as if one had never known it before, to look back mystically on the incredible chance of human contact, to feel some finger of destiny marking the streets of Calderbury where he had walked and talked with a girl.

WHEN the last chord had been struck he began mumbling something about her playing being full of promise, and that she really ought to join some academy or conservatoire.

"You are so kind," she said.

"Kind? Why do you always say that?"

"Because you always say things like that, and you just say them because you are kind, that is all."

"But I mean them."

"I know. But you don't mean them to mean anything," she said.

"Now you've puzzled me!" He smiled.

"Dear, I know why it is. You can't help it. And I love you—I can't help that."

But he was already bustling about saying: "Now I must put up that picture before anybody comes."

"You didn't hear me?"

"I'm sorry . . . what was it?"

She said, smiling: "I know. There is just one thing more. I will dance for you."

"Dance for me? Here? Now?"

"Yes. You know the prelude of Chopin that goes like this—" she hummed a few bars of it.

"You play that on your violin—I will dance to it."

"But—"

"Yes? You are afraid if anyone should see through the window? Pull over the curtains. Take up the rugs. . . . Please do that until I come back. . . ."

She ran out of the room and was away a few minutes. During this interval David waited indecisively at first, then, with a sudden clinching of intention, did as she had asked. First the curtains, then the rugs. The room filled with a warm twilight; he did not switch

on any lights because the sunshine out of doors came through the fabric of the curtains in a luminous glow. Then he took his violin and tried over, very softly, the prelude she had mentioned.

Presently she came into the room, dressed in a ballet costume that bore, if he had noticed it, the creases of repeated packings and unpackings. Had he noticed, too, he would have seen that it was a little shabby, and had never been anything remarkable even when new. But in the twilight he saw

nothing but a strange vision of the mind, something he had never expected to see in this life, an embodiment of light and air, on tiptoe with a dream. He took up his violin and began to play, watching her all the time. She was magic to him. There was something between them pouring always in invisible streams, the awareness of beauty in peril.

So on an August afternoon, behind drawn curtains in a Calderbury drawing-room, a girl danced for the little doctor. The room filled with the emptiness of all the world except themselves, and this emptiness soared in their hearts until, just on the edge of flight, the spell was broken by the ringing of the telephone.

David put down his violin. Leni stopped still. "A call for me probably," he said, beginning to walk away. Leni more slowly followed. A moment later he was finding his bag and hat in the office.

"That boy, you know—the pneumonia case—I have to go at once."

"And I must change and finish packing. I'll tidy the room up too."

"Thanks. Maybe I'll be back soon." And he added, gently: "It was very beautiful."

TEN minutes later he was in the familiar strangeness of rooms and stairs. There could be no doubt about the case this time.

He sat by the bedside, taking a small hand in his own, and the boy, half-conscious as he fought for breath, looked up and smiled. Suddenly—almost immediately—death came. Weeks afterwards the boy's father, in the four-ale bar of the "Greyhound," described the incident. "He killed our Johnny, too. Pewmonia. Johnny had, double pewmonia, and Newcome had bin to see him several times but never done the boy no good. And it was that night—that night, mind you. Maybe he was thinkin' about it all the time he was with our Johnny. Because what d'you think he did when he got to the boy? Why, nothing. Just sat there and let the poor kid die without so much as raising a finger! The dirty swine!"

We do not know what tonight, much less tonight's newspaper, will bring. Some secret inter-

section of seconds and inches may mean an end to us, our age, the world. In Calderbury on that evening of August fourth, the train brought in later editions from Marsland, catching the sunset on its windows so that a flash of crimson streaked the water meadows. In the

streets of the town the newspapers were scrambled for, and one of them by the little doctor, who stood reading it as he held his bicycle at the curb.

"Looks bad, doctor," someone said.

"Yes, indeed. Good God, I never thought they'd actually come to it!"

"Soon over, you bet. Wait till the Navy—"

Half listening, he read paragraphs about mobilizations, troops rushed to frontiers, bombardments opened on fortifications. [Turn to page 118]

BY JAMES  
HILTON



# Rx Dr. Woolcott Prescribes

FOR some years past the editor of this new department has contributed each month some comment on the new books as they poured from the insatiable presses of America and England. Always he was cabin'd, cribb'd and confined between the tidings of the latest movies and, let us say, some high-toned nonsense about the newest music. Now, for the first time, he escapes to a page of his own, which will be repeated each month through an experimental year unless, haply, he is shot by some sensitive author or some hypercritical subscriber. As the faintly medicinal headline would indicate, all that appears or will appear in this monthly bulletin carries with it an implied recommendation.

If an illustration is reproduced or a poem laboriously copied out, that very fact will be meant as a suggestion that at your first opportunity you look further into the book from which it was taken. If a passage is quoted, it will be somewhat in the mood and manner of a dotting uncle who looks up from the book he is enjoying and—to the obvious annoyance of Aunt Matilda at being distracted when deep in "The Christian Science Monitor"—calls out, "Say, this is good. Listen to this," and firmly reads aloud some tickling paragraph. Some such paragraph, for example, as the fond backward glance at her bucolic childhood which you will find in that story of Willa Cather's called *Two Friends*.

The road, just in front of the sidewalk where I sat and played jacks, would be ankle-deep in dust, and seemed to drink up the moonlight like folds of velvet. It drank up sound, too; muffled the wagon-wheels and hoof-beats; lay soft and meek like the last residuum of material things—the soft bottom resting-place. Nothing in the world, not snow mountains or blue seas, is so beautiful in moonlight as the soft, dry summer roads in a farming country, roads where the white dust falls back from the slow wagon-wheel.

## THE LITTLE OLD LADY IN LAVENDER SILK

(From the golden treasury of Mrs. Parker's verse called  
"Not So Deep As A Well")

I was seventy-seven, come August,  
I shall shortly be losing my bloom;  
I've experienced zephyr and raw gust  
And (symbolical) flood and simoom.

When you come to this time of abatement,  
To this passing from Summer to Fall,  
It is manners to issue a statement  
As to what you got out of it all.

So I'll say, though reflection unnerves me  
And pronouncements I dodge as I can,  
That I think (if my memory serves me)  
There was nothing more fun than a man!

In my youth, when the crescent was too wan  
To embarrass with beams from above,  
By the aid of some local Don Juan  
I fell into the habit of love.

And I learned how to kiss and be merry—an  
Education left better unused.  
My neglect of the waters Pierian  
Was a scandal, when Grandma was young.

Though the shabby unbalanced the splendid,  
And the bitter outmeasured the sweet,  
I should certainly do as I then did,  
Were I given the chance to repeat.

For contrition is hollow and wraithful,  
And regret is no part of my plan,  
And I think (if my memory's faithful)  
There was nothing more fun than a man!

—DOROTHY PARKER

Although one could not hope to come often upon its like. I once more reproduce it here as a perfect example of the kind of appetizing morsel any First Reader would like to retrieve for you.

(Once, by the way, this very passage stirred again my old perplexity as to the difference, if any, between prose and poetry. I wondered if my elders or betters—or both—could be more articulate about the elusive distinction. "What," I asked Thornton Wilder, "is the difference between prose and poetry?" Professor Wilder twitched twice, went into a trance, and has not spoken since. "What," I asked Gertrude Stein, "is the difference between poetry and prose?" Miss Stein's gaze left my face in favor, apparently, of some far, invisible mountain peak. "Poetry," she said, "is addressed to the noun." Which left me where I was. Or perhaps even a little further back.)

But I was speaking of recommendations. What has always depressed me more than a little has been my painful consciousness of the fact that no American activity is so chronically and so fatuously blighted by overproduction as the business of publishing. New books are cast onto the market without any reference at all to the public appetite for more or to the capacity of the harried booksellers to get rid of them. Always I have wanted to say (and often said) that these new works were all well enough but that that reader would do better who ignored them in favor of forgotten masterpieces gathering dust in the libraries or in the second-hand stores. I have airily and irresponsibly said this of many a book which, in cold truth, was either out of print or available at all only in some type wickedly calculated to profit no one except possibly the nearest oculist. In particular this has been true of two masterpieces of mystery which now at long last will be made available all over this country within a fortnight after this issue of McCall's has reached its readers. I refer to *The Chink in the Armour* by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes and to *The Moonstone* by Wilkie Collins.

The former is an old wives' tale in which the cumulative suspense is so unnerving that as you read you can fairly hear the footfalls of doom. Maddened by the absurdity of so capital a story's being so little known in America and virtually unobtainable here. I have joined with Ernest Hemingway and Edmund Pearson in a petition for its re-publication and soon we shall be able to get it when we crave it and can give it to those of our friends still so benighted as to be unfamiliar with it. You might have thought to find the second-hand stores of Charing Cross Road in London and Astor Place in New York an inexhaustible repository of a book which had enjoyed such a success as was the portion of *The Chink in the Armour* when it was new in England twenty years ago. If there are none to be had there, it is because this story had its first heyday at a time when all English people were shipping their books across the channel as reading matter for the dugouts and the hospitals. Almost the entire first edition of Mrs. Lowndes' great story went up in smoke or was ground into the mud of Flanders.

Then, at long last, I have badgered the Modern Library into issuing an edition of *The Moonstone* in such print as can be read with comfort. Seventy years ago this coming June, this incomparable tale by Wilkie Collins was submitted to the weekly journal called "All the Year Round," of which the editor reported thus to a colleague:



## NOSTALGIA YOU KNOW THESE THREE ARE THINKING OF THE BOYS THEY USED TO BE

(by LARRY JUNE from "U.S. Camera—1936," a hardy annual of the best American photography)

I have read the first three numbers of Wilkie's story this morning and have gone minutely through the plot of the rest, to the last line. It gives a series of "narratives," but it is a very curious story, wild and yet domestic, with excellent character in it, and great mystery. It is prepared with extraordinary care, and has every chance of being a hit.

That editor, by the way, was no mean story teller himself. His name was Charles Dickens. And *The Moonstone* was even better than he knew. It was the first full-length detective story ever written in any language and it is still the best. If a full realization of this is limited to Dorothy Sayers and A. A. Milne and Edmund Pearson and a few other old fogies like myself, it is because *The Moonstone* was always too long for publication in the conventional-size volume without being crowded into maddeningly small type. That is why a distinguished publishing house yielded, a few years ago, to the not too bright idea of issuing it in abridged form. It was explained that in this frenetic age people lacked the patience to read long books. That would account for the sad neglect which has been the portion of *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone With The Wind*.

## BY A. E. HOUSMAN

(Being one of the 48 poems found in his desk after the greatest of modern English poets had died)

He looked at me with eyes I thought  
I was not like to find;  
The voice he begged for pence with brought  
Another man to mind.

Oh, no, lad, never touch your cap;  
It is not my half-crown:  
You have it from a better chap  
That long ago lay down.

Turn east and over Thames to Kent  
And come to the sea's brim,  
And find his everlasting tent  
And touch your cap to him.





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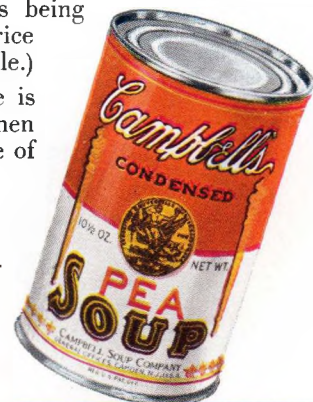
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White Clothes 4 to 5 Shades Whiter . . .

Yet This Amazing Soap is **SAFE AS CAN BE** For Colors, Hands!

● Yes—see that "winter gray" look disappear from clothes as if by magic! And get washes that smell as fresh and sweet as a day in June! This amazing soap, **OXYDOL**, now makes this possible. Developed by the makers of gentle Ivory soap, **OXYDOL** granulated soap works on an utterly new principle—combining speed and safety in a way no single soap has ever done before. **OXYDOL** is the result of a patented process to make soap far faster acting . . . an amazing new formula that makes *mild, gentle soap two to three times whiter washing*—yet keeps it safe. In washing machines, **OXYDOL** cuts the time it takes to do your wash 25% to 40%. You save wear and

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"My Hands Are Softer and Whiter Than Ever"

I started using **Oxydol**, and it does everything you promised it would do. I have a number of very dirty pieces of washing, and when I say dirty, I mean dirty. It used to be a case of boiling, rubbing, and rubbing to get them clean. But now I soak them only 15 minutes in **OXYDOL** suds, and they wash white as snow with practically no effort at all. But the remarkable part about **OXYDOL**, to me, is that in spite of how fast it works, it's so safe. My hands are softer and whiter than ever, and I have been using **OXYDOL** for weeks. And all of my colored things wash so fresh and bright, it's really amazing.



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Multiplies 500 TIMES IN SUDS



## A DAUGHTER CALLED KRISTIN

[Beginning on page 14]

five and looked older. It must be admitted that her unsuitable clothes became her and gave her exactly the effect Mrs. Olmstead sought—that of a child born with a book for a father. Her silent little ways, her slow, unwilling smile, added to the effect.

She really was queer. For instance: we have already mentioned the red glass ball that Mrs. Olmstead stood on the sill to catch the light. Between this ball and Kristin there was a strange affinity. She would hold it in her small thin hands for long periods of time, her eyes intent upon it, as if she saw in its ruby depths some secret world about which others knew nothing. Mrs. Olmstead humored her in this fancy for, though perhaps Mrs. Olmstead herself did not realize it, she was pleased to have Kristin fulfill her rôle to that extent.

WHEN Kristin went to kindergarten the teacher asked Mrs. Olmstead if they were Danish or Norwegian and that pleased Mrs. Olmstead enormously. She told that everywhere. "Indeed, no!" she told the teacher in her hearty way. "We're one hundred per cent Americans!" Kristin, standing apart and aloof in her unsuitable but beautiful little velvet dress, made silent denial of that.

Kristin didn't get on very well in kindergarten. She was not a conformist in any sense of the term. If the rest were dramatizing the practical life of, for instance, the baker, Kristin would walk unconcernedly away from the group, climb onto the low box seats that encircled the room and press her face to the window, watching the snow. She wasn't rude or naughtily stubborn; she merely withdrew herself quietly but definitely.

"She doesn't respond," the teacher said in despair.

"Well, I'll tell you," Mrs. Olmstead said, "Kristin's different. She really is, Miss Knowles. It won't do any good to scold her—she just doesn't hear you. She'll probably be an artist or something!"

Miss Knowles gave a sigh and did not continue that discussion.

"You know, George," Mrs. Olmstead said one night, "I don't think public school is the place for Kristin."

"Good heavens, Lobelia, we're plain people and the public schools are good enough for us. We don't want to turn the kid into a snob."

"No, I don't want her to be a snob," (though, really, there was nothing she would have liked better) "but there's the Rank School. . . You know, they're one of these free-expression places. Kristin simply won't do as the rest do and I've been thinking—maybe she ought not to be made to. You know, yourself, she's always been a funny youngster. It wouldn't surprise me a bit to have her turn out to be a writer or a painter."

"She'd get to thinking she was too good for us!" George said. "I've seen these over-educated young people. They come in after jobs and they're no earthly good!"

"She's not very happy where she is," Mrs. Olmstead said.

"Aren't the kids nice to her?"

"Oh, I guess so. But she's different, George."

When Kristin was eight she was entered in the Rank School. This



How embarrassing for others—how cruelly disappointing to you—when the mouth wash you trust fails miserably!

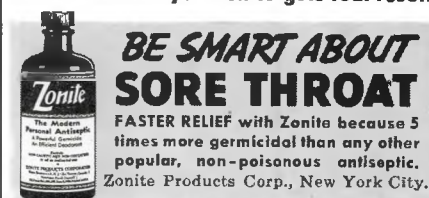
Zonite isn't just a temporary "cover-up" for mouth odors, like ordinary mouth washes. Zonite actually destroys scientifically (oxidizes) the odor-causing materials, whether from odorous oils or from fermenting food particles.

Simply rinse the mouth and gargle thoroughly with a teaspoonful of Zonite in a half tumbler of water to kill onion breath and other strong mouth odors FOR GOOD!

Zonite TASTES like the real antiseptic it is. Not made to please the palate but to get results. Yet you'll get to like its refreshing after-effect (the taste and odor vanish in a few minutes). Zonite is harmless to tissues. Get a bottle today and prove these remarkable results yourself.

At all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

The TASTE tells you Zonite gets real results



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Parker Quink is made two ways—WASHABLE and PERMANENT. The PERMANENT is for everlasting records—will not fade or wash out. But for home and school, get WASHABLE Quink today at any store selling ink. 15c, 25c and up.



Made by The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

school went in heavily for the development of the artistic nature. They never discovered, though, what Kristin was good for; they thought they had in her early days there for she wrote them one poem. It was a good poem, too, sober and unchild-like, about November. The teachers gasped with delight. Here was something for them to work on! They bent their energies to the nurturing of Kristin's poetic genius. Kristin never wrote another poem while she was in the Rank School—at least she never exhibited one. Her marks were good enough, or they were when she cared to make them so. She did not have many friends.

Mrs. Olmstead said to Kristin: "Why don't you have a little party some Saturday. Kristin, and ask some of the children from school?"

"I don't like parties," Kristin said.

Mrs. Olmstead told her friends: "Really, I don't know what to do with that child—she's absolutely anti-social! She just won't go anywhere nor ask children in or anything! Completely anti-social, she is." She had to capitalize that in Kristin, because it was all she could find to capitalize.

It was to build up this picture of Kristin into attractiveness that Mrs. Olmstead bought a dog, a great black police dog with a haughty, fierce face. She had seen a picture in one of the expensive fashion magazines of some social creature strolling on a leaf-blown avenue clutching at the leash of a great hound. Kristin was never overly enthusiastic over presents, but she liked this dog.

They lived quite near a large park and Kristin walked in this park with her dog whenever she had any free time and the weather allowed.

"Seems as if she's kind of young to be wandering around the park that way," George Olmstead said.

"Oh, Niki'll look after her!"

When Kristin was eleven she came upon the book that had been the source of her nomenclature. She didn't mention it to anyone, but took the book to her room and began to read it. She came down to dinner, not seeing anyone, with a wondering look in her dark gray eyes.

THE next day her mother, looking for something in Kristin's room, found the book. She walked into the living room where George sat.

"Good heavens, George, look what Kristin's been reading!"

"Well, what about it?"

"Why, everything's mentioned in here—simply everything. Of course I expected her to read it when she was older, but she's only a baby!"

She spoke to Kristin about it.

"Look here, Kristin. I found this in your room. Were you reading it?"

"Yes," Kristin's answers were always direct enough, but they were so brief they seemed like evasions.

"Well, you'd better wait a while, honey. You were named after the girl in here, but you wouldn't understand the story yet. You wait till you're sixteen or so!"

Kristin waited until the next day when her mother was out. She then carried the book to her room, read until she heard the car come into the drive. She flew down the stairs then and put the book on its shelf.

Soon after that Kristin rebelled against the velvet dresses, the picturesque costumes of her girlhood. She wanted only the plainest of sport's things, blue serge suits and little round felt hats. Mrs. Olmstead succumbed with the greatest reluctance, but after a few months she was forced to admit to herself that the

[Continued on page 32]



● Don't tell me about old-fashioned laxatives! While I wasted time on them, my constipation got worse. My breath was offensive. Nightmares ruined my sleep. Even the sight of food made me sick. My complexion? Well, let's not go into that! Then I did myself a big favor by taking my druggist's tip. "Try FEEN-A-MINT," he said, "it's different!"



● When FEEN-A-MINT frees accumulated wastes, life is brighter at once. Constipation's bilious headaches go. Natural appetite returns. A cleared intestine helps bring back the natural joy of youth, the normal sleep of childhood. Why not put yourself in this thrilling picture? FEEN-A-MINT tastes so good, acts so differently!



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3 minutes of chewing. Scientists agree this helps make FEEN-A-MINT so dependable—so satisfactory. Its benefits work g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y in the lower bowel—not in the stomach. No griping or nausea. No break in sleep. FEEN-A-MINT is the favorite laxative of 16 million users at all ages. Economical, too! Write for free sample to Dept. P-6, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, New Jersey.



Slightly higher in Canada.



# Flambeau Trail

BY KENNETH GILBERT

THERE was wind in the pines and the hurrying river ran bank full, bringing down more and more of the brown-barked logs which had been cut the previous winter and yarded along shore until the spring freshets came. As they reached slack water created by a weir-dam that stretched two-thirds the width of the river, they piled crazily in an upended mass forty or fifty feet in height, a hopeless tangle which grew magically. Although the stream was now free of ice, patches of snow could still be found in the sunless thickets; yet the air had the invigorating smell of new-furrowed soil where millions of tiny grass shoots were pushing through moist ground, and there were hillside scatterings of delicately pale flowers whose rootlets had somehow survived the killing bitterness of Wisconsin blizzards.

Old Charley Prince sat in the wanigan boat, his battered derby pulled down to his ears so that he gave the appearance of a bull-frog squatting on a cedar chip, and allowed there'd be tunket to pay. "You can't hold up Greer timber with a fool dam," he warned. "God made the Flambeau so we could drive logs, else how'd we get 'em out? This is lumberjack land." He squinted at the gaunt Ranse Fortune and the girl Lina, who stood at her father's elbow. "Ef'n old man Greer was alive, him that the Injuns called Thunder Eyes, and he saw this mess, he'd uproot forty acres of trees afore you could ca'm him down. Boy' Greer has the same temper." He eased the peg leg which replaced the one he had lost at Bull Run twelve years before, and eyed Ranse with partisan hostility.

"Boy' Greer don't like Southern's nohow. He ain't forgot that they killed old Thunder Eyes at Manassas!"

The girl's skin had that transparent pallor of one who has spent long months indoors, and this ascetic effect was heightened by her dark hair and large eyes. As the wind billowed her formless dress, then spread it against the contours of her young body, she seemed to sway like the cat-willow canes bending before the breeze. That spring the deer which fed in the tamarack meadows were lean-flanked and dejected; and the hornless bucks, having cast their antlers on the snows of March, were no longer truculently aggressive. Yet a wedge of high-flying Canada geese, bound north, proclaimed clangorously the ancient miracle of a world reborn; and a flock of chickadees, settled in a clump of hazel, beaded the air with liquid melody.

Ranse Fortune stirred. "You No'therners ain't the ones who suffered. You wrecked the South, then sent ca'petbaggers to finish the job. We came up to Wisconsin, Lina and me, to make a new start. The Flambeau is free, like all of God's works. He didn't make it for lumberjacks any more than He made it for me. He made it for all. This spring there'll be lots of folks comin' into this new kentry. They'll be plantin' co'n and such and they'll need my grist mill to grind the meal. Cain't run a mill without a dam and headwater. I spent three months cuttin' millstones out of a sand-rock cliff, facin' and truin' 'em up. . . . Besides, I ain't blocked the hull river. Seems like you could sluice logs around the end of the dam." There was wistfulness in his drawl, as though he was trying hard to convince himself of something he doubted.

In the face of such childish credulity, old Charley Prince turned and spat irritably over the side of the wanigan boat. He saw that his tent had been set up on shore, that the bull cook had a fire going and was patiently splitting wood, and that the cookee was washing and trimming potatoes. Charley Prince was the best cook on the Flambeau, and he knew it. Nobody could appease the enormous appetites of hungry whitewater birlers so successfully as he. Yet until all was in readiness for him to invoke his art, he exercised the royal prerogative of waiting on preparation. Save for a chronic dyspepsia which he coddled, he was fat and genial; yet now he squinted at the little new-built mill of freshly whipsawed lumber, and he squinted at the formidable barrier of logs piling higher and wider, with flood waters backing behind it.

"I seen Boy' Greer lick seven birlers who jumped him at the end of the drive in Chippewa," old Charley Prince declared, "and he never sweat a hair. He could allus lick four times his weight in wildcats. Yet you're expectin' him to unlock that jam and shoot millions of feet of logs around that contraption you stuck in the Flambeau!" Old Charley produced a blackened pipe, tamped the bowl full of tobacco, cupped a match in his hands and profaned the fragrance of spring. The only time he smoked, which he declared was bad for his stomach, was when he found himself at a loss for adequate words.

The piny wind, which blew from the south, was soft as young rabbit fur, and it kept urging more and more toward the zenith a ragged bank of rain cloud. Smoke from [Turn to page 87]



ILLUSTRATED BY  
FRANK HOFFMAN



"I SAID," HE TOLD HER,  
AND HIS EYES WERE AS  
HARD AS AGATES, "IF YOU  
PULL THAT TRIGGER, I'LL  
PUT MY MARK ON YOU  
BEFORE I DIE. I'LL LIVE  
LONG ENOUGH FOR THAT!"  
DOUBT CLOUDED HER FACE



# Lines... Dry Skin



**ARE UNDER-SKIN FAULTS**

Miss Sela Krebs: "A dry-looking skin is easy to avoid with Pond's Cold Cream."

## To keep skin young looking —learn how to invigorate your UNDER SKIN

**H**ARD to believe—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin *underneath!*

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels *underneath* begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues lose tone. They sag. That's what makes your *outside* skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It's little oil glands *underneath* that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

But think!—You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty



*Miss Eleanor Roosevelt*

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., says: "A quick treatment with Pond's Cold Cream whisks away tired lines—freshens and tones my skin. I use it at least night and morning."

oil glands functioning busily once again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's

"deep-skin" treatments, and soon you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

*Every night*, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing . . . softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

*Every morning*, and during the day, repeat this treatment. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—and supple. It looks *years younger!*

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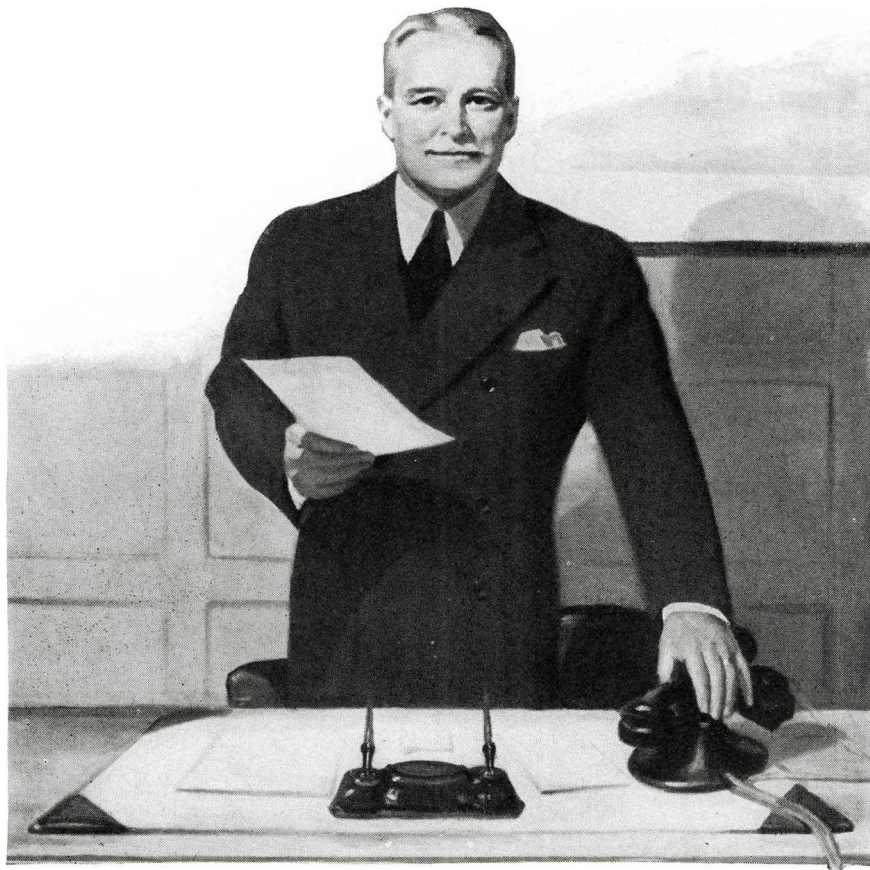
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## The "Prime of Life"

YOU may have read that the average length of life has risen from 49 to more than 60 years since the beginning of the century. You may not know that the greater part of this extension in the length of life is due to gains in mortality at the younger ages. For those who have passed 40, conditions are much the same as they were.

The period from 40 to 60 years should be the "prime of life" when mental powers are high. The majority of the deaths which occur in this period are caused by chronic diseases of the heart and arteries, Bright's disease, cerebral hemorrhage, cancer or diabetes. Heart disease is responsible for more deaths than any other cause.

While your doctor will not offer any medicine to soften arteries that are becoming brittle, or to rebuild your heart, he can do a great deal to help you to lengthen your life. He can do what you can't—he can, almost literally, look inside your body.

With the fluoroscope and X-ray, with chemical and other function tests he can observe your vital organs in action and can tell you their strength or weakness.

Unselfish men and women who try to give all they can to their families or their work, and people who are ambitious to reach a certain goal often neglect their health. Chronic invalids are more likely to seek medical advice and to follow it faithfully than are vigorous men and women who scoff at being coddled, and who often race past physical danger signs.

A great scientist said recently, "We know how to lengthen the lives of children. We must learn how to persuade men and women past 40 to get the benefit of what modern science can do for people of their age."

To everyone interested in prolonging life, the Metropolitan will gladly send its booklet, "Taking Your Bearings." Address Booklet Dept. 337-M.



Keep Healthy — Be Examined Regularly

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## A DAUGHTER CALLED KRISTIN

[Continued from page 29]

plain clothes were as effective on Kristin as the fancy ones.

They sent Kristin away to a girl's school after a while.

At this school she took up the study of dramatics and had one or two rôles assigned her. She never mentioned this at home, but somehow the Olmsteads heard of it and at once Mrs. Olmstead insisted on Kristin as a future Duse. She took her to all the good plays and gave her an expensive make-up kit for Christmas. But after that Kristin never appeared in any more plays.

ONE spring vacation Kristin was walking in the park on a Friday morning with Niki. It was a windy day and she seemed to be pulled forward along with the fierce black dog. Near the lake she was nearly blown against a tall boy, also walking with a dog. Niki went for the other dog, a pugnacious close-clipped wirehair.

"Niki!" she said quietly and Niki let go the wirehair instantly.

"I say!" the boy said, picking his dog up under his arm. "You have got him trained!"

She only smiled a little.

"He could finish off Briar in a couple of bites if he really set out to! What'd you call him?"

"Niki."

"Nice name!"

"He's a nice dog."

He grinned; he was a rather handsome boy, somewhat too knowledgeable for his eighteen or so years.

"Led around by a nice girl!" he said. She gave him a cool, unfriendly look and began to move off.

He said: "Oh, don't go!" contritely. He turned and walked beside her, still holding his dog. "Live around here?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"On Elmhurst."

"You do? Swell! I live on the Boulevard, right around the corner from Elmhurst. Funny I haven't seen you around!"

"Well, I've always been here." Something about her aloofness evidently intrigued him.

"Where do you go to school?" he asked her.

She named the Connecticut school.

"Well, what do you know about that? I finish at Avon this year! When do you go back? Sunday?"

"I think so."

"Let's make it on the same train, shall we?"

He walked clear home with her, kept on being interested.

"You wouldn't be walking in the park about this time tomorrow, would you?" he demanded.

She smiled at him then, her small smile that took the scorn out of her dark young face. "I might," she said.

"Swell!" He turned away, then came back. "My name's Bond—Barrett Bond," he said. "What's yours?"

"Kristin Olmstead," she said.

She met him next day, which was a warm, balmy day with white clouds and a pale blue spring sky. They talked about school, their teachers, their dogs—unimportant things which the spring day made important.

"Who was that boy you were talking with out in front?" Mrs. Olmstead asked.

Kristin's face was expressionless as she said: "Barrett Bond."

"Barrett Bond!" Mrs. Olmstead exclaimed. "Why, Kristin, whenever did you get acquainted with him?"

Kristin said: "Oh, he goes to a school near ours."

Mrs. Olmstead's eyes took on that look of scarcely veiled complacency which they had had the first time she wore her mink coat to her club.

"What a nice looking boy he is!" Mrs. Olmstead said. "You must ask him over, Kristin!"

"Why?" Kristin said. "I don't know him very well."

Barrett Bond didn't wait for invitations. That summer he would stroll around the corner with his dog and whistle shrilly till Kristin came out. He said: "How about some tennis?"

"All right," Kristin said.

"Come on over to my place. We have a court over there!"

Well, you can hear Mrs. Olmstead among her cronies. I am sure. "Can you imagine—she's never even looked at a boy! And now she calmly picks off Barrett Bond! She's not even excited about it . . . he simply lives at our house!"

Once when Kristin had an appointment with her mother at some shop or other, Barrett Bond came in and let it be known he'd counted on Kristin for riding that morning.

"But I told you," Kristin said.

"You never told me," Mrs. Olmstead reproved her. "We can change our date with André."

"Oh, no," Kristin said. "We can ride any time. I didn't say I'd ride."

THAT fall Barrett Bond went to Hamilton. Hamilton was a four generation Bond tradition. He wrote to Kristin, impudent, youthful letters, and when he came home for holidays, he took her here and there.

Barrett made no bones of the fact that he planned to marry Kristin, but when he talked about it Kristin always smiled as if it were something of a joke. She seemed to like to ride with him, play tennis or swim, but she was distinctly not open to much of the sentimental nature.

One night Barrett asked her to have dinner at home with him. She had been at his house for parties, but never at a family dinner. Mrs. Olmstead said: "You must have a new dress."

"Don't be silly, Mother."

"But you really haven't a thing suitable!"

"Anything will do! Mother. . ."

"What?"

"You mustn't throw me at the Bonds so."

"Throw you? Well, for goodness' sake; it's the other way around as far as I can see!"

Kristin looked down at her hands and said no more.

When Mrs. Olmstead found out—from Barrett, not Kristin—that Barrett had asked Kristin to marry him, she bought a dozen fine crystal goblets just out of pride and exuberance.

"Of course, she's awfully young for an engagement," she told her friends with admirable restraint.

One day just before Barrett was to go back to school for his Junior year, Kristin was to play tennis with him at his house. She walked around the corner and in at the back gate in the wall. Barrett wasn't there and she began to volley the ball against the garage wall. She missed the ball and it flew into a flower border where a gardener was weeding. This gardener reached for the ball, stood up and brought it toward her. He was a very young man, with almost white hair and very blue eyes in a tanned face.

"Thanks a lot," she said.

[Continued on page 35]



## THE VARIED ACTIVITIES OF MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR.

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., of Chicago's prominent family, is well-known throughout the Middle West and East for her vivid and active life. She entertains frequently with small, superbly appointed dinners. Thoughtful hostess that she is, she sees to it personally that Camels are within easy reach. "Camels," says Mrs. Swift, "contribute to the success of my dinners. Their delicate flavor suits the equally delicate flavors in the food, and they also help digestion. I always allow enough time between courses so that every one may smoke a Camel through. And afterward, with coffee, a Camel is perfect!"



**DINING OUT** in the Casino Room of Chicago's Congress Hotel. Here Mrs. Swift's taste in cigarettes is the same as that of most Casino guests. "Camels are the favorite," says Joseph Spagat, Maitre de Café.

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**FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE ...  
SMOKE  
CAMELS!**



**AS A SPORTSWOMAN**, Mrs. Swift is world famous. After flying the treacherous course from the Continent to the interior of India, she spent dangerous months hunting wild boars and tigers, and even ventured into Africa for the thrill of elephant hunting. In the States, during the winter season when society is so engrossed with outdoor sports, Mrs. Swift enjoys skiing. "It's fun," she says, "but requires healthy nerves. So Camels are the only cigarette I care to smoke. They ease any sense of strain and set me on my way feeling right."

*Camel's aid to digestion is particularly  
important on your busy days*

**M**OST modern women lead quite active lives. Preparing meals, shopping, parent-teachers' activities, and the demands of social life are enough to tax nerves and affect digestion. In this connection, remember: A pleasant way to assist good digestion is to smoke Camels during meals and afterward. Smoking Camels promotes the natural flow of

the fluids so necessary for good digestion. Alkalinity increases. Tension eases. A comforting "lift" follows. That is why Mrs. Swift has found that Camels aid digestion. Equally important are Camel's mildness and delicate flavor. Camels never get on your nerves, or tire your taste. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake—and better "busy days!"

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## A DAUGHTER CALLED KRISTIN

[Continued from page 32]

He nodded and smiled and turned away. She took the ball but did not go back to her volleying. She sat down on a bench near where the young man was working.

"Aren't you new around here?" she said, though she had never in her life been one to make advances.

"Yes," he said. "I'm just doing some work by the hour. Pretty grand place, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is grand. But it never makes me feel anything," she said.

He gave her a slow, interested look. Just then Barrett came running out and they began at once to play.

The next day the white-haired young man was still there, working carefully along the borders. There were several playing and finally Kristin sat out. She wandered about the garden swinging her racquet.

"Hello!" she said to the young man.

"Hello?" he answered.

"How many hours have you put in today?" she asked.

"Two and a half—so far. At thirty-five an hour it takes a long time to earn a dollar!"

"Well, a dollar's a lot of money."

"Maybe it isn't to you, but it is to me," he said. "I have to get in twenty hours a week to pay my board bill . . . and it isn't so easy to do that and studying, too!"

"Studying?" she said.

"I'm at the Ag School."

That was all of that. Barrett went back to Hamilton. There was no reason to go to the great Italian palace on the Boulevard.

**B**UT one day Kristin was out in the vicinity of the university and chanced to see inside a students' eating place the tall white-haired young man sitting at the counter. She went in, climbed up on a stool beside him.

"Hello," she said. She had a naturally haughty voice and bearing but there was something humble and friendly about her voice at this moment.

"Oh, you," he said and reddened.

"I didn't ever expect to see you again." He was eating vegetable soup.

"Well, here I am," she said without brilliance. "Is the soup good?"

"It's all right."

"I'll have some," she said to the waiter.

After a little she said: "So you're a farmer boy!"

"I certainly am. From Minnesota."

"Wheat's the thing out there, isn't it?"

"Yes. But we've got a dairy farm."

They didn't say anything more important than that till the soup was finished. She paid her ten cents and they walked out of the restaurant.

"Want to see where I go to school?" he said. "Or are you off to some of your swanky friends?"

"No. I'd like to come."

They walked up on the campus.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Kristin Olmstead."

"Oh, Swedish?"

"No."

"I'm Axel Sanderson."

They laughed, not quite knowing why. After they reached the Agricultural Building, they stood facing each other in embarrassment.

"I'd like to date you up," he said, in dead seriousness. "but I can't afford to. And I'm not your kind."



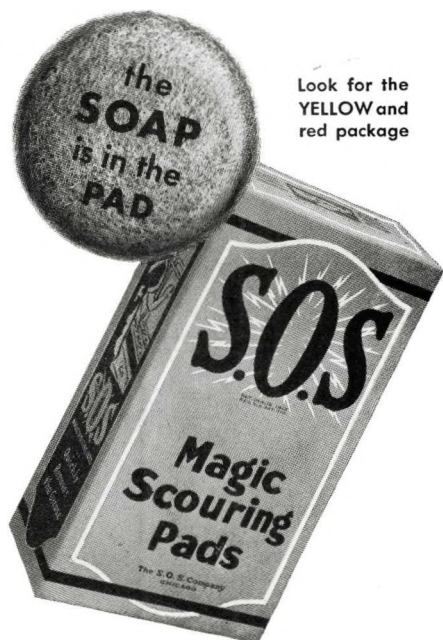
**S.O.S. will save that valuable saucepan and make it shine like new**

Cheer up. No pot too scorched. No pan too crusted. When things look blackest, that's when S.O.S. shines.

Really like magic. The edge of an S.O.S. pad dipped in water—a few scouring rubs—a rinse—and you'd think the old faithful pan had never sat a-top a stove before. Not hard to understand how a few cents spent for S.O.S. will protect many, many dollars invested in aluminumware—and that a few seconds can take the place of many minutes' scouring by old-fashioned methods.

Try S.O.S. No other cleanser just like it. You'll find it at your grocer's, your department, hardware or five and ten cent store. You'll like it.

The S.O.S. Company, Chicago, Illinois  
S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto



"Walking's not expensive." They walked down along the Front. "I'll never be rich," he said. "But I'll make a decent living and I'll be independent."

"Who wants to be rich?" "Perhaps you'll think I'm a fool," he said, "but I have a kind of passion for land. It's in my blood. I feel awfully proud of being a farmer."

"You're free," she said. "Yes, you really are, you know. It's a hard life, though."

"Well, all life's hard enough." He met her again on a day when it was snowing thickly.

"It really snows in Minnesota," he told her.

"I love snow. When it comes about November I get the queerest feeling, as if the real year is beginning!"

"You do? I do, too."

He wanted to come to her house and she wouldn't let him.

"Why not? If I'm not good enough, I'd rather know it now."

"It isn't that," she said. "What is it?"

She hesitated, then she said: "Well, I like you."

"So do I like you. What's that got to do with it?"

"I don't know how to explain," she said. "But—but the minute I begin to like something or somebody, my people . . . it's hard to tell you."

"Go on."

"I—I've had the queerest feeling of having been pushed into things all my life. I—I'd half like to write poetry, but when folks pounce on what you write or show it to the neighbors. . . . It was the same way with acting. And school . . . the minute I know someone in a swanky school, I'm there, too. I—I half liked Barrett Bond. . . . I'm shoved at him till I don't like him at all any more. Well, you see—I like you, and I don't want anyone to know it."

"I see," he said at last.

After that he met her at odd times, odd brief times that went like quick breaths.

Barrett came home for Easter.

"Well, when will you announce our engagement?" he asked.

"Never," she replied.

She'd said that before, but now he looked at her in a bewildered, really pained way, as if he knew at last that she meant it.

Her mother said: "I know you are young, Kristin, but I think it might as well be settled! I've never known a boy so crazy about anyone!"

Kristin just looked at her and walked away.

**I**N JUNE Axel Sanderson said: "I'm going to see your father, Kristin. I'm going to marry you and I'll have to tell them."

Kristin shook her head.

"Axel, let's get married and then tell them. It won't be cruel—really it won't. I—I feel as if it's got to be that way . . . something of my own, that I've decided, that no one's planned for me in any way!"

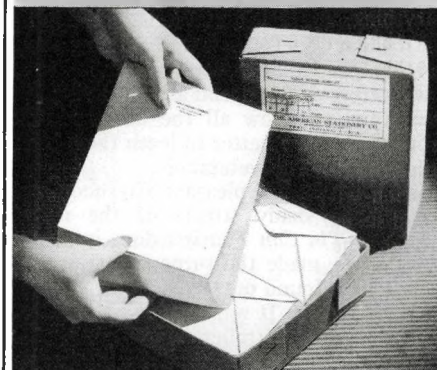
It was a very bitter pill for the Olmsteads to swallow. Mrs. Olmstead for once was at a loss to find any matter for pride in the situation. She couldn't forgive Kristin—not for not telling her, but for preferring a Swedish farmer from Minnesota to Barrett Bond. She finally turned his small dairy farm into a vast acreage and his sturdy, hard, young peasant self into a gentleman farmer.

Of course the name may have had nothing to do with it, nothing at all. There's the Mendelian law to remember and that little dark woman who was George's mother and had the courage to marry that hearty, lusty man who was George's father.

**IF YOU PAY BY CHECK**



**YOU NEED THE BIG "450" PACKAGE**



● The efficient way to send out checks is in envelopes *printed with your name and address*. No need to write a letter. Your printed envelope accurately identifies you. Convenient—and *economical when you use American Stationery*. 300 note sheets and 150 envelopes for \$1.00. Or you can buy envelopes alone—300 for \$1.00! All neatly printed with your name and address on *high grade, pure white bond paper!* Used in the nation's finest homes. Try a box. Send \$1.00 (\$1.10 west of Denver, Colo., and outside of U. S.). Prompt delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money promptly refunded.

**THE AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.**  
500 PARK AVE. PERU, INDIANA

King Kamehameha I at play. One of the favorite pastimes of this Island here of a hundred years ago was catching spears hurled at him by his warriors.



**ISLANDS OF ENJOYMENT**

Visitors to Hawaii find new enjoyment in traditional Island pastimes—swimming off Waikiki—rushing beachward atop a speeding surfboard—savoring the unique delights of pineapple juice. Wherever you are, the same refreshing goodness of this exotic fruit juice comes to you, natural and unchanged, in Dole Pineapple Juice from Hawaii. The true pineapple flavor and zest are caught and held for your pleasure by the Dole Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process.

**DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE from Hawaii**

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii, U. S. A.  
Sales Offices: San Francisco © 1937, H. P. Co., Ltd.



Add the radio and the reading lamps and you have, ladies and gentlemen, our present home. We can trundle it along at sixty miles an hour and never know it is behind us. The extra drain upon our gasoline tank is hardly perceptible. We carry a fifty-foot extension wire and if we stop for the night near a filling station or in a tourist camp we can get all the electric current we need for lights and radio by paying a quarter. In emergency, of course, the storage battery in the car gives light for a while.

We were, I confess, a little green those first few days out from New York. But we caught on to the technique after a while, found a simple way to do everything, and rolled merrily along.

We had a destination. We had read in the papers that the Tin Can Tourists were holding a reunion and we had a particular reason for wanting to attend it: If we were going to spend a while living in a trailer, we wanted to know all the arts and sciences of trailer life. How better to learn them than by consultation with the veterans?

And so, early of a pleasant afternoon, we wheeled through the shady streets of the reunion town (*Welcome Tin Can Tourists* done in flowers on the park green), made the turns as the arrows told us to, and soon found ourselves at the entrance of the old fair grounds. It was a scene of amiable activity. In every direction trailers were parked under the trees, parked in orderly rows with their accompanying cars, detached now, standing beside them. Men and women, children and dogs were moving slowly about, chatting as they strolled.

As we drew up before a weathered little building marked "Office" a leather-faced man came toward us, grinning a welcome. "Hello, New York," he said. "Come on in and register."

We went into the building and found two men sitting at a desk, ledgers and printed forms before them. We paid a dollar for parking space for a week, and a dollar-fifty for electricity for a week.

OUR new address was a space twenty feet wide and forty feet deep, under a huge oak tree. A sleek gray trailer was standing a few feet to the left of us and a smaller one to the right. At the doorway of the latter, a foursome was playing bridge under an awning stretched out from the trailer's roof, and the players looked up to bid us welcome. "That's a nice outfit you've got there," they called. "We like it."

"Need a hand to unhitch?"

"Thanks, I guess we can make it."

If during the next three or four hours our eyes grew large with wonder, I think that yours would have, too. For there were five hundred trailers in that camp—trailers of a fantastic variety. It was a genuine city on wheels, population 1,300, and within it were virtually all the modulations of society: the rich and the poor, the shiftless and the energetic, the placid well-to-do and the gaudily pretentious. But the pervading atmosphere was of simple and absolute democracy.

Formal introductions do not exist among the trailer folk. Your first, and most natural acquaintance, is the fellow from your own state. "Hello, Virginia. What town are you from?" Your second is the owner of a trailer like yours. "Hello, Covered Wagon. How is the new model?"

But the real opportunity to get acquainted with everybody is at the dance, and there is a dance every night. The first evening we cooked our supper at about six o'clock—taking our cue from the people all about us and moving our stove out into the air. It is portable, and we had provided ourselves with a card table and a few folding deckchairs.

The dance began at eight o'clock, in a big empty building which once had been an exhibition hall. There was no admission charge, and everybody in camp was there. The town had sent out a band, an old-fashioned band, and the dances were old-fashioned. Square dances and rounds, Virginia reels and lancers, with a retired major from the regular army calling the turns in his best drill-hall voice.

To say that the population of the camp consisted chiefly of middle-aged people and old people and children is to be a little misleading. There were a few pretty girls, somewhat fewer of boys to dance with them. The younger married set obviously could not escape business to be there. But the middle-aged people did not seem worn with years. They were full of decorous well-being and they were having simply the time of their lives.

## THE HOME OF THE FREE —AND THE FUTURE

[Beginning on page 16]

We stayed late, and as we walked home we saw lighted windows, and through the windows people who sat comfortably under their mobile roof-trees, reading papers, and sewing, and talking about the dance, and listening to Rudy Vallee on the radio. Quiet came all about us as we settled in for sleep.

THE next day I met and talked with many people. The first fellow I encountered after breakfast was named Thomas R. Bellknop, and I met him because, being a lazy man, I wanted to hire somebody to clean up my trailer. Somebody at the office said Bellknop was the one for it, and in all truth he was. He was a lean, black-haired party from Connecticut. He did a thorough job and I gave him a dollar for it. Then I told him I would like to see his outfit and talk to him a while.

After a walk through the breakfasting camp I arrived at the Bellknop ménage. It was, I daresay, the oldest outfit in camp: a tumble-down cubicle on wheels, with ragged canvas stretching out to make a dubious shelter over the ground. I met Mrs. Bellknop. I met four Bellknop children, the oldest an assured girl of thirteen and the youngest a lad of five.

Bellknop waved his hand at the troupe of them. "Put this down as a Tin Can family," he

cried. "I've been living on the road ever since that oldest girl was two. I was touring these United States before anybody ever thought of trailers—just in my car, and a tent.

"I started out because I've got a wandering foot. The wife has got the same disease. A living? Well, I'm a musician. Sax, fiddle and drums. I pick up a little change playing in small towns and I pick up some more doing odd jobs."

"How do you get the children educated?"

"We educate 'em. We can teach reading and figuring. But traveling around and seeing the world is the best education they can get."

"What if somebody gets sick?"

"Three children born since I've been trailing. There's always hospitals in the big towns and they don't throw you out. But you just don't have ordinary sickness when you're out in the air."

Something of a contrast to Mr. Bellknop was Mr. Ira W. Green, Royal Chief of the Tin Can Tourists' Association. He is possessed of that curious anomaly, a kind hawk's face—a tall man of sixty-five or so—and I found him fanning himself under the awning that sheltered the doorway of his trailer.

He answered questions:

"It was kind of romantic, the way I got to trailing. I was living in Vermont, station agent for the railroad, been a widower with no children for about five years. I went off on leave of absence to Florida and while I was down there I went out to the Tin Can Tourists' camp at Sarasota, just to look around. Hadn't been there long before I met a widow lady. We got to be friends and pretty soon I said, 'Look here. You're lonesome because all your boys are married, and I'm lonesome because I haven't got any boys to start with. How about it?' So we got married, and I've been on vacation ever since—three years of vacation, and having the best time I ever had in my life."

He had a beautiful trailer, and within it all possible things had been done to give it the familiar air of home. Photographs of young people were attached to the walls in frames. There were flowers in vases, and special hand-made curtains at the windows. A rack of well-used pipes and a canister of tobacco were on a shelf. There was a little row of books and a pile of magazines.

"How much does it cost to live in a trailer, month in and month out?" I asked.

"That depends," he said. "Two people living along in the ordinary way can get along fine enough on seventy-five dollars a month, and that takes care of repairs and tires and such."

He pointed out that the nomads of the trailers do not spend a great deal on gas and oil because most of them travel slowly and most of them stay for months at a time in some chosen spot. They have no rent or taxes to pay—only the fifteen or so dollars a year for their trailer license.

"Of course," he said, "a lot of us keep up a little residence somewhere, just to call somewhere home and to have a right to vote. I keep a place in Michigan. But I don't spend a month there in a year."

The hours at the encampment went nimbly by, until at last it was break-up day. Out through the wide gates the caravans trundled, one after another, seeking the open roads.

As for ourselves, we headed toward the Michigan lakes and on the way we stopped at the factory in Mt. Clemens where our Covered Wagon was built. They were turning out eighty finished trailers a day and they were behind in their orders.

I stood on the production floor with the Vice President. "Look at it!" he said, and there was a deal of awe in his voice. "First of January we had 100 workmen and eight people working in the office. Now we have 1,300 workmen and eighty people in the office. And that isn't enough. We're hunting for more skilled hands now to help us keep up with the demand."

"Who buys them?" I asked.

"Several different sorts of people," he said. "First—most important I suppose—the retired people who want to live in them all the time. Then the moderately well-off people who can afford to keep a trailer for long summer holidays. Then the pretty rich sportsmen, hunters and fishers and so on, for trips into the wilderness. Last of all the salesmen, men with samples to carry along the road."

THE more immediate problem affecting the present owner of a trailer is the finding of proper places to haul up for the night. It is easy, of course, to pull into a side lane, or ask a farmer for permission to spend the night in his pasture. That is what we generally did. But you cannot get a connection for your electrical extension that way. Your reading lamps must remain dim and your radio off unless you want to run down your car battery.

The solution, of course, is the trailer camp, a park something like the tourist-cabin parks which are the symbols of the pre-trailer age. It is my own prophecy that we shall have, before another year is out, a shaded nook in half the towns and villages of the land, marked "Trailer Camp" and offering to the wanderer of the roads a quiet resting place for the night, cheap, and with all modern conveniences.

Some expert employed by the telephone company, a man who has spent his life studying population trends, has dared to predict that within another five years a fourth of the population will be spending the most of their time in automobile trailers. That

seems absurd at first reading, but after thinking for a moment it is not so extravagant after all. Count up the retired men and women, middle-aged and old. Count up the grandchildren who will be with them a considerable part of the time. Count up the itinerant workers of all sorts, harvesters and tinkers and medicine men. And, most important of all, count up the salesmen.

Then cast your mind toward the ineffable lure which The Road has for the people of

America. We are a nation of wanderers, and we have a perfectly enormous land over which to roam. The most economical way to do that is by trailer.

For my part, I am eager to stop what I am doing and hear the whine of the tires again. I want to sleep with a big oak tree over the silvered roof of my house on wheels. And so I am on my way to Florida, to Sarasota, down by the keys not far from Tampa Bay. The Tin Can Tourists are gathering there now.

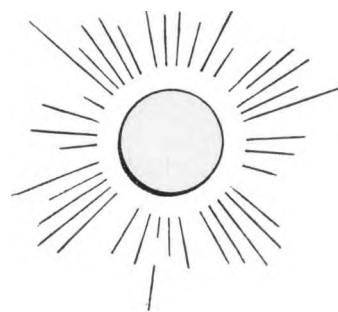
The people in Sarasota will be glad enough to see us. There will be about fifteen hundred trailers in camp from now until spring—a permanent population of about 4,000 men and women and children. We are going to spend about \$3,200 a day in the stores down there, one way and another.

And whenever I grow tired of the place I live I can hitch up, and within an afternoon's drive find a new setting for my trailer home.

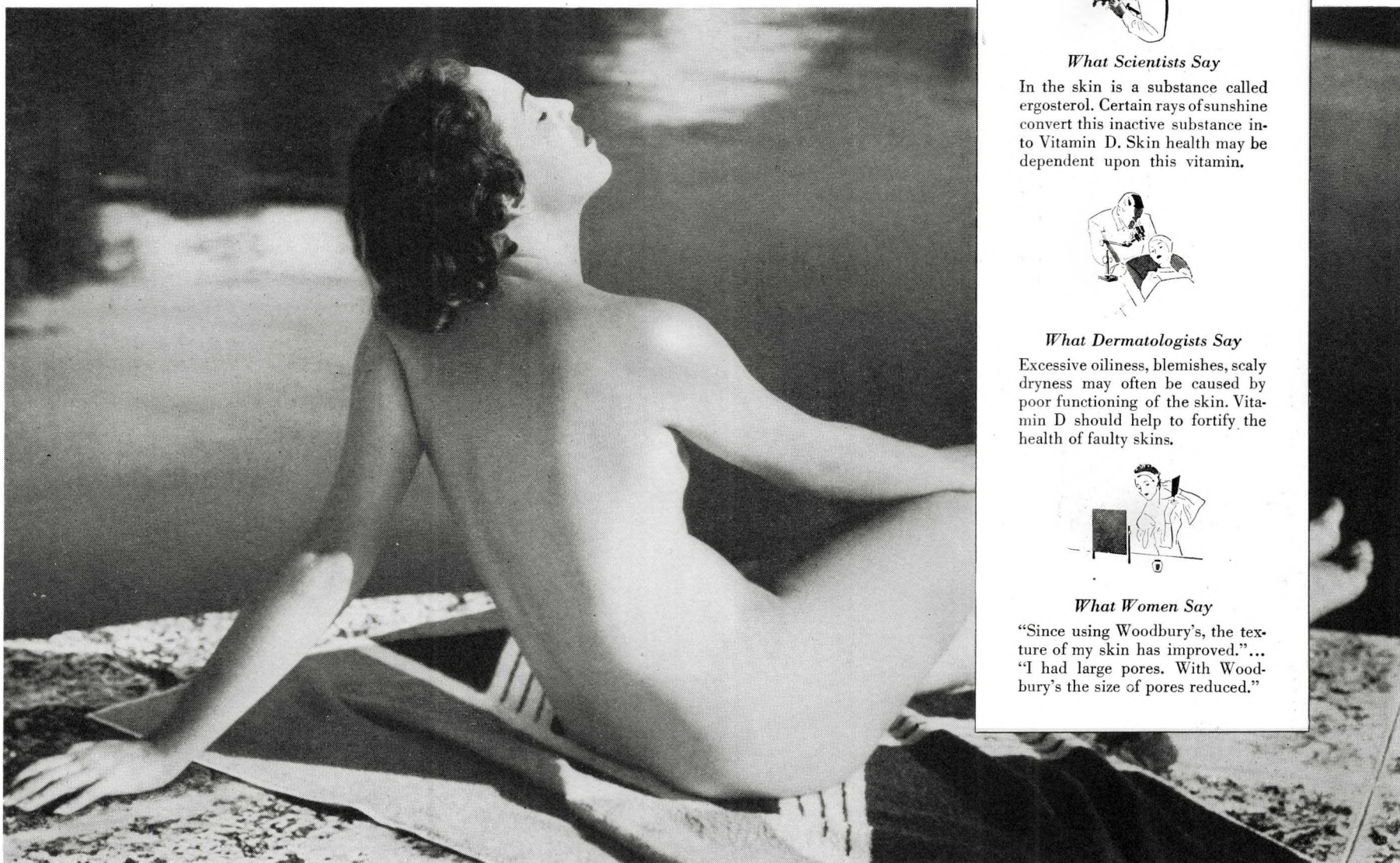




# Scientists learned one secret of Skin Beauty from the Sun!



... and today your skin can be lovelier because Woodbury's famous formula now contains "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D



THE SUN BATH... Nature's aid to health and beauty

WHAT woman does not know and treasure Woodbury's Facial Soap as an aid to skin beauty? You've heard how a prominent skin specialist evolved this famous beauty formula. You remember, too, how Woodbury's took first place in beauty competition with 150 other preparations. Won sensational success in the International Half-face Tests.

This is the soap, the same beloved Woodbury's, that now brings some of the benefits of Sunshine to your wash cloth, in the form your skin can use best... "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D

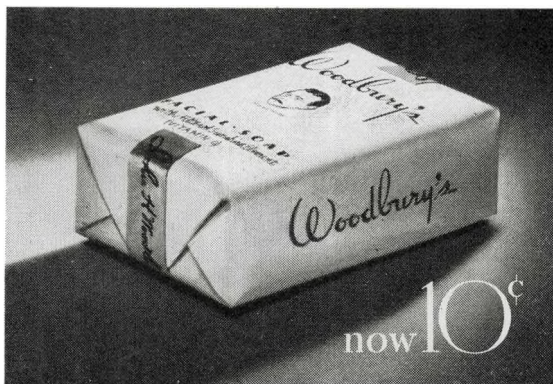
### For a Fine Complexion and All-over Loveliness


Has your skin become sallow, subject to blackheads, blemishes and open pores? Then it needs, right now, the mild cleansing care of this soap and the toning qualities of its Vitamin D ingredient.

Here's how to make your complexion, all your skin, come alive with smoother texture and clearer tone. Wash and bathe with Woodbury's Facial Soap

every day. Its gentle balms and oils rid the skin's surface of dust, clogging wastes and dead, dry cells. And as you use this soap, your skin *absorbs* from Woodbury's lather its invigorating "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D element.


"Run-down" complexions glow with vital new health. Common skin faults quickly fade and disappear under faithful care with Woodbury's.






**What Scientists Say**

In the skin is a substance called ergosterol. Certain rays of sunshine convert this inactive substance into Vitamin D. Skin health may be dependent upon this vitamin.



**What Dermatologists Say**

Excessive oiliness, blemishes, scaly dryness may often be caused by poor functioning of the skin. Vitamin D should help to fortify the health of faulty skins.



**What Women Say**

"Since using Woodbury's, the texture of my skin has improved."... "I had large pores. With Woodbury's the size of pores reduced."

Try this delightful beauty soap tomorrow! Feel its rich, caressing lather against your skin. Enjoy its clean, refreshing fragrance. And when you look for a lovelier complexion in your mirror a few weeks hence... *you'll find it!*

Only 10¢ a cake. (Woodbury's, for years, was 25¢.) And it lasts so long! Get 3 cakes at any drug, department, ten-cent store or from your grocer.

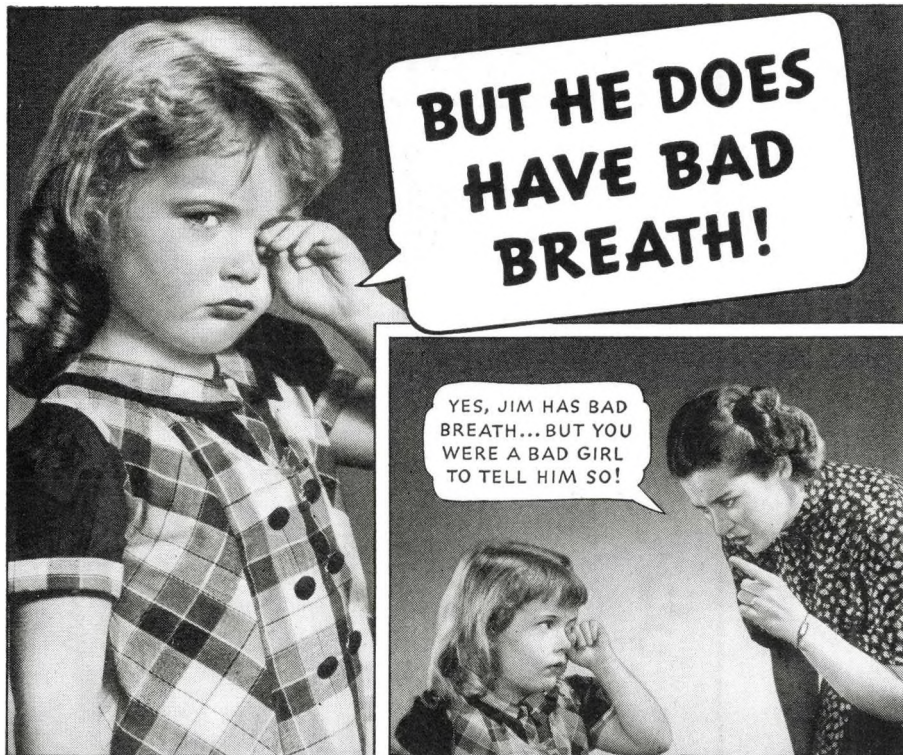
"FOLLOW THE MOON," exciting new radio serial with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson, every afternoon, Monday to Friday, National Broadcasting Company Red Network.

# Woodbury's

## FACIAL SOAP

WITH "FILTERED SUNSHINE" VITAMIN D



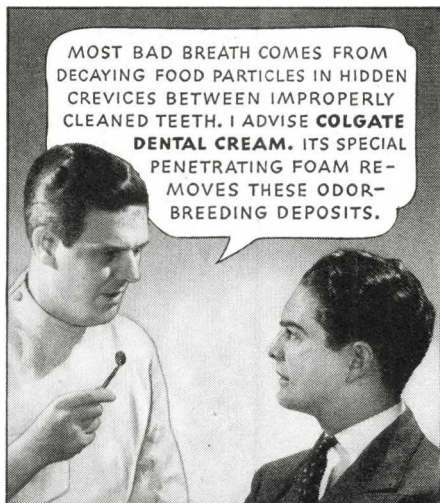


**BUT HE DOES  
HAVE BAD  
BREATH!**

YES, JIM HAS BAD  
BREATH... BUT YOU  
WERE A BAD GIRL  
TO TELL HIM SO!



MAYBE  
THE CHILD'S RIGHT  
... GUESS I'LL DO  
WHAT THE ADS SAY  
AND SEE MY  
DENTIST



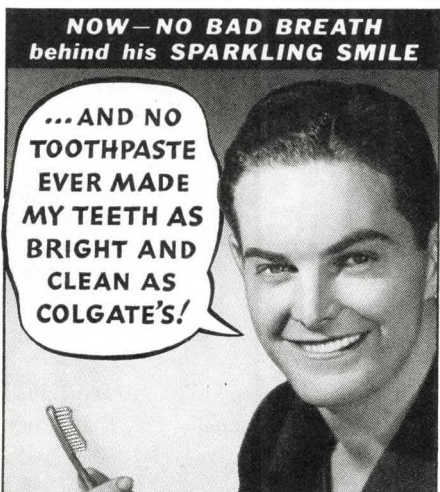
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM  
DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN  
CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY  
CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE **COLGATE**  
DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL  
PENETRATING FOAM RE-  
MOVES THESE ODOR-  
BREEDING DEPOSITS.



3 WEEKS LATER . . . THANKS TO COLGATE'S

YOU'RE GOING TO  
HAVE A NICE NEW  
UNCLE, BETTY!

I KNOW...  
UNCLE JIM!  
OH, GEE,  
THAT'S SWELL!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH  
behind his SPARKLING SMILE

...AND NO  
TOOTHPASTE  
EVER MADE  
MY TEETH AS  
BRIGHT AND  
CLEAN AS  
COLGATE'S!

## Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

TESTS show that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! Tests also prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth!* Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most bad breath . . . of dull, dingy teeth . . . and of much tooth decay.

Ordinary cleaning methods, which merely polish exposed surfaces, fail to remove these odor-breeding deposits. But Colgate Dental Cream, with its special

penetrating foam, gets into every tiny crevice—emulsifies and washes away the food and acid deposits that cause bad breath.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue, with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



## REVOLT IN HEAVEN

[Beginning on page 8]

He was trying to do it gently, casually. He wondered if they knew how he detested his authority, how sick he was of throwing it up like a barrier between them and the consequences of their young recklessness. He wondered if his son really hated him. He looked as though he did. And Ann's eyes were scornful.

"Oh, well, let's go hit a tennis ball. Maybe that won't hurt anyone—"

They were gone.

"Peter, I think you needn't—Jerry's such a good driver."

"I didn't say he wasn't. I only said—"

A series of shrieks that might have accompanied the Slaughter of the Innocents emanated from the far end of the garden. Fred leapt to his feet, his thin face flushed with excitement.

"It's Adolf. Some dog has set on him again."

"That means he's got under the fence. Peter, didn't you tell Jim?"

A frightful thing almost happened. He almost said, "Sure. He must have forgotten." The shame of it made him flare out irritably, "No. I didn't. I can't remember everything."

"You don't need to be rude, Peter, just because you forgot."

"I'm not rude. I only said—"

"Really, Pauline. Peter is never rude. He only said—"

Fred broke out of the room, his long weedy legs seeming to fly disjointedly in all directions. There was a crescendo of howls subsiding into a more restrained but no less bitter human controversy. Another neighbor gone west. Peter got up.

"I'll mend the darned thing myself," he said.

He left his breakfast unfinished. He knew what Pauline was thinking. "I make such a beautiful home for him. I think of everything to please him. And he can't even remember to mend a fence." His mother thought: "I gave my life for my son. And now I'm nobody in his home."

Well, thank heaven there was the fence to mend. He got out his tools and set to work with a professional deliberation. He felt Fred's shadow loom over him, tentative, uneasy. He refused stubbornly to look up.

"It's that damned Pekingese. Deliberately set on Adolf. Couldn't expect a game dog to take it lying down. Just gave the little beast one clean nip. Mrs. Moore said it cost a hundred dollars and she'll bring suit. I guess we'll have to cough up, Peter."

Peter gave a nail a vicious crack. "I guess I shall—"

Fred sighed contentedly.

"Thanks, old man. Of course, if the fence had been mended it wouldn't have happened. I remember a fellow in Singapore. He had a dog—"

HE AWOKE eagerly the next morning. He knew why. He was going to the office. For an hour he'd be alone with his newspaper in the commuter's train. If anyone spoke to him it would be someone who knew Peter Brooks as a fine successful business man who could play a good round of golf and had a pretty wife and a lovely home and two swell kids. No one on the train knew he was really a licked schoolboy.

He didn't even mind breakfast. The twins and Fred couldn't get up so

early. His mother had breakfast in her room. He'd be alone with Pauline. He'd suggest the dance party. She loved dancing. He was pretty good himself when he got the chance, which somehow wasn't often. When the children were home he felt shy and almost guilty. He felt that they were laughing at him. Besides, there was his mother. He always found it hard to tell her. It made her feel left out of things.

Pauline pulled him close to her when he kissed her. She leaned against him for a moment and that unexpected tenderness made him warm about the heart. It was queer how little it took to make you happy.

"Peter, darling, I forgot to tell you—the Flemings asked if they could come over tonight for a game—"

His heart sank.

"Well, that's all right, if you want them. I was going to suggest—"

"I don't. I said we had an engagement. You know how it will be. Your mother will want to play. And even you know how she plays. It isn't as though she'd try to learn."

He knew all that. He supposed it was having taught so long that made his mother indignant if anyone tried to teach her anything.

"Sweetheart, let's have a real engagement. Toss your prettiest dress in a suitcase and catch the afternoon train. We'll go on a grand party."

He saw the eager girl's look flash into her eyes and then fade into that familiar, dreaded thoughtfulness.

"It would be simply lovely. But it's Fred's birthday. I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's take Fred along. It will be such a treat for the poor boy. It isn't very lively for him, shut up here with no one but your mother."

HE DIDN'T want Fred. He didn't even want the party any more. If he said what he felt Pauline would point out how different everything would be if only his mother had a little place of her own. Taking Fred along would buy peace—till tomorrow.

"All right. Bring him. Come to the office. You can change there—"

He dashed upstairs. The moment he saw his mother's pale, deeply-lined face framed by the white pillow he knew that something had gone wrong. She held out a teaspoon with a mute gesture of accusation.

"What is it, dear? Anything the matter?"

"I sometimes wonder," she said in a voice that she must have used to a recalcitrant class, "whether Pauline does things deliberately to hurt me or whether it is simply lack of good taste. I gave her the whole set of Grandmother Smith's spoons. I must say she scarcely thanked me. And now she's produced this vulgar modern stuff—" She turned the spoon over as though it had been some dead but repulsive reptile. "Of course, Peter, you don't care—"

He didn't. He was caring less and less about everything. He felt curiously battered and bewildered. He'd meant to tell her about the party. But now he couldn't. He could see in advance the downward droop of her mouth, the hurt look in her eyes.

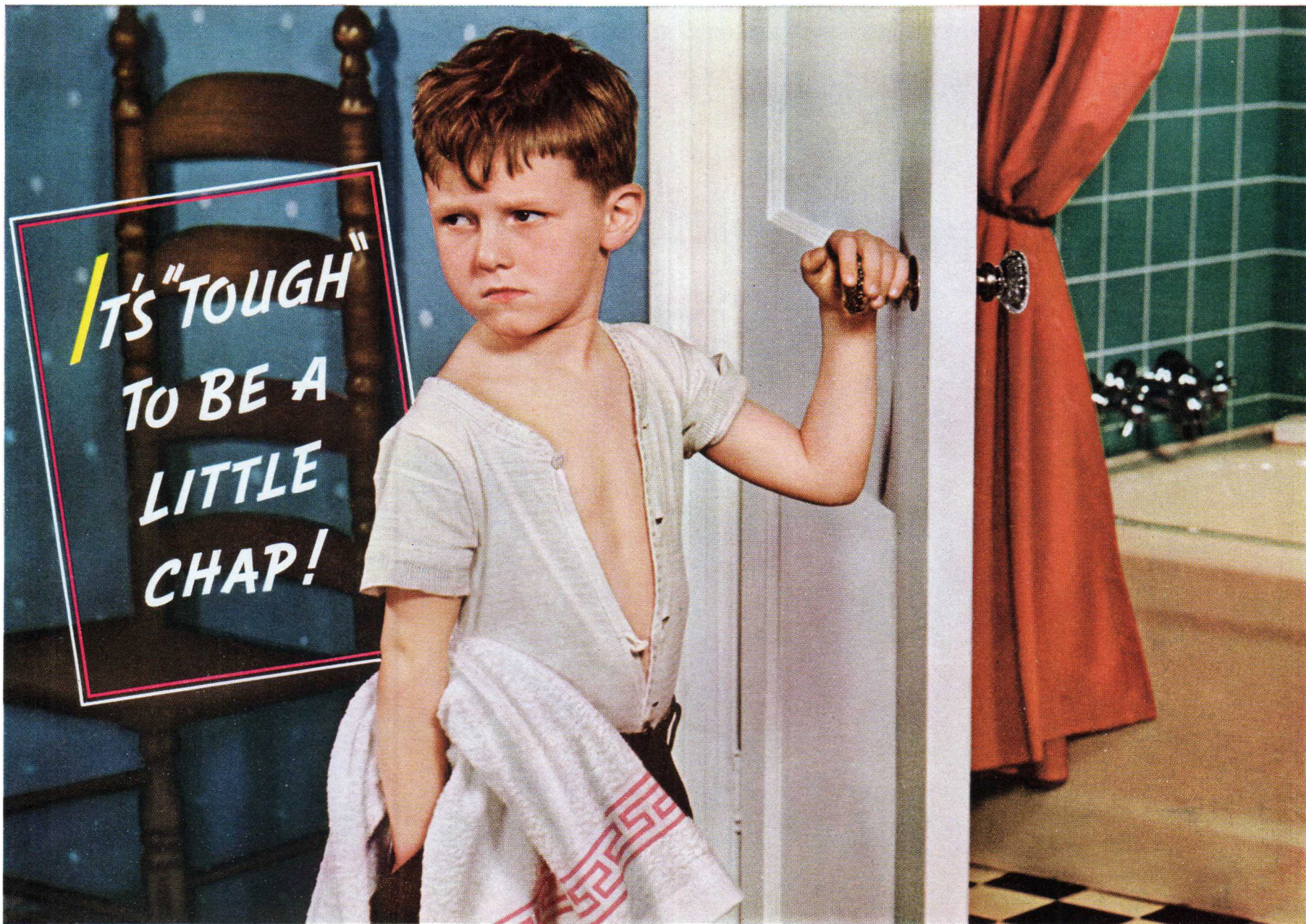
He bent and kissed her cheek.

"Sorry, Mother, I've got to run—"

He did run. There was no need to. He called out, "Goodbye, Pauline," and slammed the door of the waiting car. He felt as though he were running out of a hail storm. Pauline and his mother could fight it out. Only they wouldn't. They'd treat each other with a glacial courtesy. And then when he got home they'd take him aside and tell him. . . .

[Continued on page 41]





## ... hazards crowd so close!

So much he *has* to do, like it or not, when he's a little fellow in the years from 1 to 6! But one job your child has that's more important than all the rest. He has to grow and thrive . . . stay strong and well . . . during this period when hazards press close about him.

Malnutrition and many infectious diseases are at the peak now. A youngster each day burns as much energy in proportion to his size as a grown-up. And lowered vitality is easily brought on.

It certainly takes a full measure of caution to safeguard your child during this difficult time, mother. His diet, for instance . . . it is so important now! It must be complete . . . well-balanced. It must afford an abundance of the food energy

he needs every day for activity and growth.

Cream of Wheat is by no means a full answer to the problems of these young years. But as one source of quick food energy, it has been a standby with wise mothers for over four decades. Ask your own doctor about it. He will tell you how its smooth creaminess is welcomed by delicate young digestive systems! He knows how its high energy charge helps to bring natural gains in weight—and how readily its nourishment can be drawn upon for strenuous play!

Order Cream of Wheat from your grocer now. It comes in packages triple-wrapped for purity, and is surprisingly economical. Fortify your child each day with a big, hot, delicious bowlful.

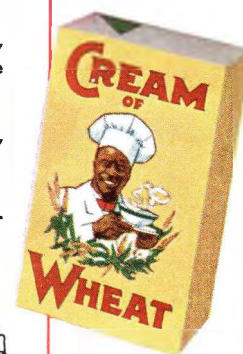
✔ Cream of Wheat is rich in a type of carbohydrate second only to sugar in speed and completeness of assimilation.

✔ Doesn't tax digestions. Even delicate, inexperienced young systems handle Cream of Wheat with ease.

✔ Is a good source of the food energy needed by every child.

✔ As part of an adequate diet, it encourages steady, natural gains in weight.

✔ The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association has accepted all the nutritional claims made in this advertisement.



Copyright 1937 by  
The Cream of Wheat  
Corporation



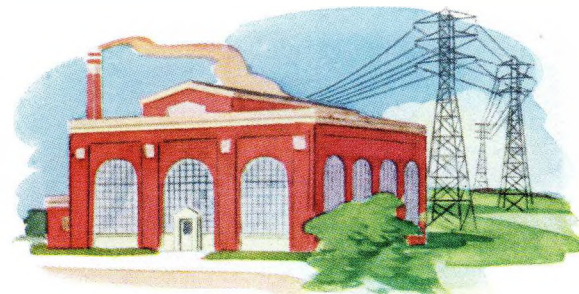
### A BILLION BOWLS A YEAR

Placed side by side, the bowls of Cream of Wheat eaten in the course of one year would reach nearly four times around the earth. That's popularity!



### THE BEST HARD WHEAT

Cream of Wheat is a blend of selected hard wheat from the country's finest growing areas. It is always pure and safe, pleasingly uniform in texture and flavor.



### A POWER HOUSE OF ENERGY

Every spoonful of Cream of Wheat carries a rich supply of the readily available food energy your youngster needs each day for activity and growth.



*My compliments on your  
very good taste, sir*



*Leslie  
Thresher*

*for the good things  
smoking can give you*

**Chesterfield**

*Wins*





## REVOLT IN HEAVEN

[Continued from page 38]

Perhaps it was an illusion. He tried to remind himself cynically that they were on his payroll. But they seemed glad to see him. His secretary, Jane Lloyd, was in her office. The door stood half open—she hadn't heard him come in. She was talking gayly to someone on the telephone.

"Sure. I'll ask him. He won't mind. He's a swell guy—"

Peter paused with his hand on an unopened letter. Was it possible that she had referred to him? No, that wasn't likely. And yet when she came in and he saw the blood rush to the roots of her hair, he knew.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Brooks. I didn't hear you—"

"It's all right. Who was that talking?"

"My fiancé. He was asking me to a party—"

"When do you want to get off?"

"If I could go at five, it'd give me time to go home and change my dress."

"Make it four and powder your nose as well."

"Oh, thanks, it's awful swe—I mean kind of you."

"Have a good time when you can get it," he said smiling.

A swell guy. He felt shy and pleased. He'd like to stand these two kids a party himself, he was so grateful to her. He and Pauline had gone on parties once—inexpensive affairs but such glorious fun. It seemed that after you were forty you didn't have fun any more.

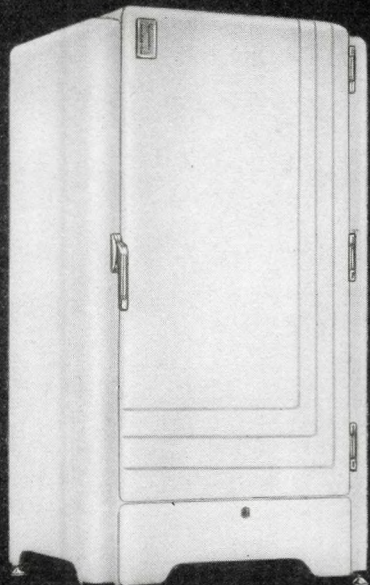
He tore open an envelope. A very formal looking letter from some lawyer in Shanghai. He read it twice before he was clear what it was all about. Uncle Everet. A matter of \$200,000. Why, he'd forgotten the old fellow. Didn't know whether he was alive or dead. Well, he was dead now.

Sole heir. . . .

IT WAS as though a flood had burst into the office. He was too staggered even to try to swim. He let himself be bowled over, choked and smothered. Then gradually the waters smoothed themselves and he struck for the surface, thinking fast but clearly. It didn't mean that he was saved. He had saved himself. The business was almost on its feet again. But it meant that he was free to do the things he wanted to do. He put out his hand to the telephone. He'd ring Pauline. . . .

His hand dropped. He could hear her eager, delighted voice. He knew the thought that would flash into her mind. The house for his mother. The partnership for Fred. The car for the children. Everyone would be delighted. There would be a sort of Christmas spirit of good will as they scrambled through the lucky bag, a spirit of peace. A bought peace. His hand dropped. He read the letter again. Then he called in Jane Lloyd and dictated several letters that had no relation to what had happened. His eyes never left the telephone. But he did not touch it. He went out to lunch and came back. He did not know what was the matter with him. The door between his conscious and his subconscious was too securely locked for him to know what he was really up to.

## For REFRIGERATION Economy-



## Compare VITALAIRE

COMPARE ALL OF VITALAIRE'S  
FEATURES WITH ANY OTHER  
TYPE OF REFRIGERATION

See for yourself

•Compare the beauty of this modern streamlined refrigerator with its gleaming, snow-white VITALAIRE finish (a Du Pont product) and its satin chromium finished hardware. It is at home in the most modern kitchen.

•Compare its economy. VITALAIRE requires icing only once every 4 to 7 days. Plenty of ice cubes in three to five minutes with a handy cuber.

•Check the four vital requisites of perfect food protection. 1. Constant automatic cold. 2. Pure circulating air. 3. Proper moisture. 4. Thorough ventilation. The modern, Air-Conditioned VITALAIRE has all four.

•Compare its many features designed for greater convenience.

VITALAIRE requires no covered dishes. Proper moisture minimizes drying out and keeps foods fresh and full of their natural wholesome goodness. Ventilation and circulation prevent odor-tainting. What a comfort to have a refrigerator of the highest quality that is absolutely silent with no moving parts to wear out—no repair bills. Ask Your Ice Company for a Free and Convincing Demonstration.

Ice Cooling Appliance Corporation  
Morrison, Illinois.

\*Contributing Members  
National Ice Advertising, Inc.

AIR-CONDITIONED  
**Vitalaire**  
REFRIGERATION AT ITS BEST

At three he called his home.

"Is that you, Pauline? I'm sorry, dear, we'll have to call off that party. Something very important has turned up. I'll have to stay in town for a conference."

He listened patiently. "Yes. I know. I'm sorry to disappoint him. Take him to the Club and drink his health for me—"

He rang off. He sat back, staring at himself.

Now, why in heaven's name did I do that? he thought.

FOR emergencies he kept a full evening kit at the office. There had never been such a queer emergency.

He dressed with care. White tie and tails. For the first time in years he was dressing for no one but himself. There would be no undertow of opposition. No one would say coldly: "Of course we'll go to the Savannah if you really want to. But you know, the last time—"

He was going to the Savannah. Finally looking at himself in the glass, he saw a tall distinguished man of the world, his opera hat tilted at a rakish angle. He no longer denied the appearance. He felt that way.

The head waiter at the Savannah bowed over him tenderly. It was good to have someone wholly devoted to you—if only for a moment. Bought devotion, of course, but at least you were getting what you paid for. It was fun to order dinner without an argument.

He savored every mouthful. It was only with the coffee that he became aware of restlessness. He wanted music and movement. There was a place he knew. . . . He hadn't been there for years. Maybe it had changed. . . .

It hadn't. A black-haired, olive-skinned orchestra was playing "Goodie-Goodie." His nerves tingled. If only he could really dance again—dance all night—dance the shoes off his feet. It was the sort of place that young people go to—not expensive, rather stuffy, rather dim, very crowded and really gay.

He found a table against the wall. When the music stopped and the floor emptied he looked across and saw Jane Lloyd and her crowd. He met her astonished eyes and they both blushed. She must think him crazy, coming alone to a place like this—all dressed up to kill. He looked away. But in that brief glance he had seen how young and jolly they were. He'd taken in Jane's good-looking boy friend and the other girl. She was prettier than Jane. He had never thought of her as Jane before.

He knew that they were talking about him. Jane, evidently taunted into action, came across the floor. "Mr. Brooks. I know this may be awful nerve, but I've heard you say that you love dancing. If you're alone—I mean we'd be awfully pleased—" "I am alone. And I'd be awfully pleased too," he said.

He went across the floor with her. She was introducing him. He remembered that she had called him a swell guy. That made everything easier. Perhaps they really were pleased. They looked at him with a sort of shy eagerness. The girl next him was called Susan. He hadn't caught her other name.

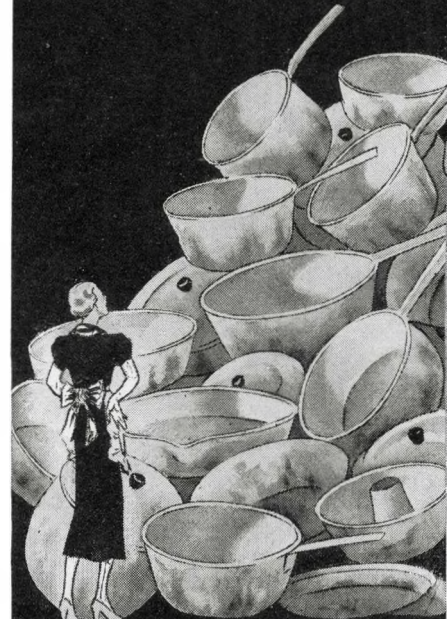
The music had begun again. They were playing a tango. If he didn't plunge now he never would.

"I'm rusty as an old nail," he said. "But if you'll take me on—"

She laughed back at him. They were out on the floor first. And after a minute or two they fairly held it. He had learned the tango

[Continued on page 42]

## Scouring POTS AND PANS IS *Not* A WOMAN'S JOB



WISE WOMEN LET

# BRILLO

DO THE WORK

BRILLO does the job in half the time, with half the work, at half the cost. BRILLO does away with messy powders, brushes, rags, drudgery. Just a swish of the soft BRILLO lubricated pad and special BRILLO vegetable-oil soap and—presto! Any pan shines like new. Try it—today!

NOW 2 EASY WAYS



EITHER PACKAGE 10¢

At Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McLellan, Newberry and all 10c and 25c stores, and at leading department, hardware and grocery stores. BRILLO Mfg. Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

# BRILLO

MAKES ALUMINUM BRILLIANT

New utensil FREE should BRILLO fail to clean





## Did you ever give your Teeth a *Beauty Bath*

as New York Models do?

**F**RAGRANT, stimulating — it gives your mouth new freshness, your teeth new brilliance and allure. You've got a delightful new treat ahead of you if you will change to Listerine Tooth Paste.

This is the dentifrice so dainty, so refreshing, so beautifying in effect that many exotic New York models use no other. Living by their smiles, these lovely women know all beauty aids—tooth paste in particular—as few ordinary women can.

Their choice is to be expected; after all, Listerine Tooth Paste is made by the famed makers of Lis-

terine. That guarantees its merit—its safety.

### *There's a Reason*

Contained in this dentifrice is a rare combination of gentle cleansers, satin-soft in texture, that were especially chosen by beauty experts, working with dental authorities. No other tooth paste contains this exact formula. They cleanse and brighten in a way that makes ordinary dentifrices seem ineffective. Yet Listerine Tooth Paste is safety itself.

Try it a month and see for yourself what a real beauty aid it is.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
St. Louis, Missouri



## REVOLT IN HEAVEN

[Continued from page 41]

with Pauline on a business trip to the Argentine. And Susan could dance too. He caught the delighted sparkle in her eyes.

"You're good," she said. "You don't just shuffle around."

"You're pretty good yourself," he said.

He hadn't felt happier on the day when he knew definitely he had dragged the business out of the red. He ordered champagne. But before it came he and Susan were back on the floor. She was the right height for him. Their steps matched. Once he danced with Jane and she said, "It's swell—your coming. Susan's crazy to dance. You're better than any of us."

He didn't say, "It's nice of you to take an old has-been like me along." They would have been embarrassed and puzzled. He wasn't a has-been. He was what they wanted to be, strong, successful, on the top of the world. And that was how he felt.

At three o'clock in the morning he drove Susan back to some forlorn place in the Bronx. He stood with her for a moment outside the block of inexpensive flats.

"I haven't had such an evening for years."

"I haven't either—I never have—" "Couldn't we do it again? I've got to be in town for a few days. You might think of me as one of those men from far-off countries who haven't a soul to play with. It would be a kindness."

"I'd love it. You've been sweet. If you're sure it wouldn't bore you—"

He felt something sting his eyes. It was so surprising to have anyone pleased and caring what he felt.

He spent the night at his Club. In the morning he telephoned Pauline.

"I've got to be in town for a few days. I'll let you know—"

"But, Peter, your mother and Fred—"

Very quietly he hung up the receiver.

**IT WAS** their last evening. She wore a new dress. It was a very simple affair but he guessed that it had cost her her lunches for many days ahead. He knew that she worked in a store. Things weren't easy.

He had ordered dinner in advance, knowing that whatever he ordered she would be pleased. They talked together with an eager intimacy, like travelers who meet briefly at a crossroad and know that they have no time to lose. He told her what he had once thought about life.

"It seemed to me like a journey across an unknown, difficult country—not knowing what we will find at the end of it—a very hard journey at best. I thought that people ought to hold together as the pioneers held together, out of understanding, and even out of self-interest—certain groups holding closer than others. I mean one's own people—one's family—one's friends—"

"Don't they?" she asked.

"No. They do things pioneers wouldn't dare do. They try to trip each other up. They weaken each other with criticism and intolerance and malice. They fly out in different directions. So that in the end everyone has to travel alone."

"You don't do that," she said. She was looking him very straight in the eyes. He knew that she was wondering about him; that she was concerned and even worried. He was a friend who in spite of his light-heartedness was in trouble.

"I think the people who love you must be very proud and happy," she said.

He laughed. "Not to notice. You don't know what a maddening fellow I really am. I leave my shoes in the bathroom and the top off the toothpaste. I hurt people's feelings—"

"They must be very silly feelings," she retorted sturdily. "I guess things are too easy for them. It gives them time to fuss about themselves."

She was wise too with the wisdom that came of living gallantly on the sum of Pauline's taxi fares.

"One day you may think differently," he said. "You may marry some tiresome fellow who'll dance delightfully and make you want to box his ears when you get him home."

"He won't," she said. "Not if he is like you—"

He looked up quickly. He saw the color in her cheeks, rising in a warm relentless tide. But her eyes did not fall before his or lose their forthright courage.

"My dear—"

"It's true. It doesn't have to scare you either. It's all right. Of course I've fallen for you. Any girl would. But I'm not fooling myself. It's just—just something awfully nice that's happened. I'll straighten out—"

"I didn't mean—" He was stammering miserably. "You see, it's my darned selfishness. I wanted a good time with someone who liked me and wanted a good time too."

"Well, I do—and we've had it, haven't we?"

"But I've hurt you—"

"Just a twinge. But you've done something for me too—you've helped me to grow up. I mean—I know now what I want. If ever I meet someone who'll measure up, we'll be very happy. I won't let things come between us."

"Shoes in the bathroom?" he asked with mock gayety.

"He can hang them on the chandelier."

"Then you'll be the wisest woman in the world."

They both laughed. But they were serious. He laid his hand on hers.

"You know something—it's easy to be happy—"

"So easy—"

He stood up.

"Let's dance."

**HE DROVE** her home. For the last time. Even if it had been possible, they wouldn't have wanted there to be another time.

"I'll often ask about you. Jane will tell me. I shall say casually: 'Well, how is that nice little friend of yours?'"

"I shall ask: 'How's your swell boss?'"

"She'll say, 'Oh, fair-to-middling. A bit cranky. Getting bald—'"

"Oh, no, you mustn't ever be bald or old—"

"That's why I don't want you to see me again. When I'm depressed about myself, I'll take out your picture of me for comfort. I'll think, 'That's the sort of man I really am.'"

"I wish I could give you something too, like it says in the song—to remember me by."

"You have. Something I'd lost. Let's call it the joy of life."

"Have I? Hold tight to it. Please. Always—"

"Always."

[Continued on page 44]



FLOWERS FROM YOUR  
**HUSBAND—**  
 THAT'S SOMETHING!

**You keep Romance  
 when you guard against  
 Cosmetic Skin...**



**M**EN fall in love with skin that's smooth and soft. Men *stay* in love with women who keep this precious charm through the years.

It's so foolish to let Cosmetic Skin develop! This trouble comes gradually, as the result of unsuspected *pore choking*. Tiny blemishes appear—enlarged pores—a dull, lifeless look.

Lovely Hollywood stars know a simple, un-failing way to keep complexions flawless. You may be sure *they* never risk Cosmetic Skin.

IT'S easy to guard against this loss of beauty with Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather sinks *deep*, removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge. 9 out of 10 screen stars protect the beauty of their skin with Lux Toilet Soap.



Use cosmetics all you wish, but before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap. Don't risk losing the good looks that make you attractive—that win romance and *hold* it!

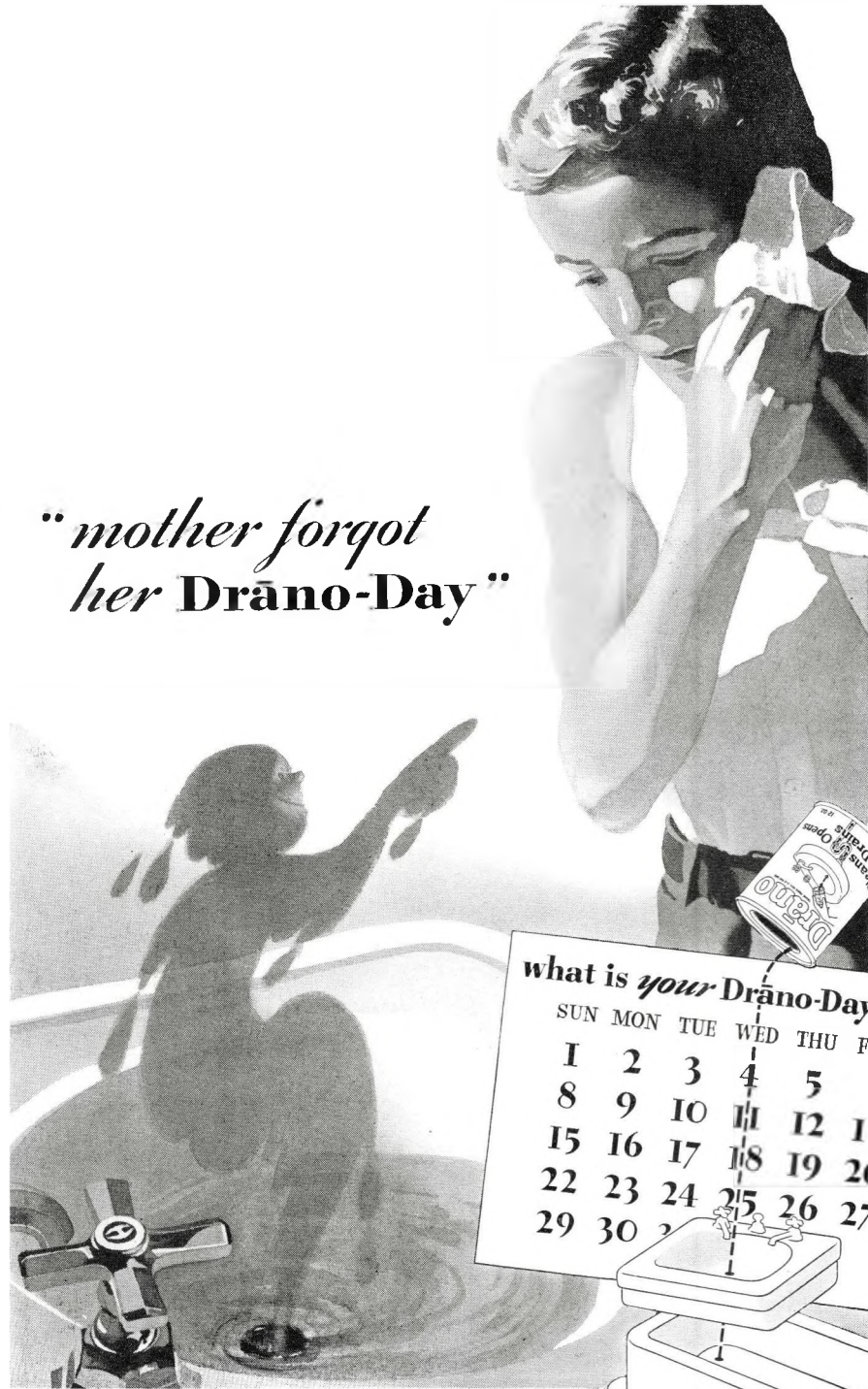


I USE COSMETICS  
 BUT I'M NOT AFRAID  
 OF COSMETIC SKIN  
 THANKS TO  
**LUX TOILET SOAP**

**Madeleine Carroll**

PARAMOUNT STAR





*"mother forgot  
her Drano-Day"*

ONCE A WEEK, on regular Drano-Day, IN goes Drano—and OUT goes the week's accumulation of *drain dirt*. That's the way to prevent lazy drains—save time, temper and trouble—make sure that sluggish waste water never embarrasses you before guests or family. Pour a little Drano down the drain of every wash-bowl, sink and tub once a week on Drano-Day.

**Drano**  
cleans AND opens drains  
REGULAR USE KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING

© 1937, The Drackett Company, Cincinnati, Ohio



Made by  
the makers  
of Drano

**WINDEX**...washes windows without water

**JUST AS EASY AS IT SOUNDS.** No buckets, no messy rags. Just spray on Windex or apply with a cloth—shine with a dry cloth. Windows crystal-clear . . . and you're not a bit tired.

## REVOLT IN HEAVEN

[Continued from page 42]

"I want to think of you—enjoying things—just as you've been with me—well-dressed and having a good time and giving someone else a good time too. I'd like to think of you sailing on some big ship—all over the world—to places I've dreamed about—sort of free and happy—"

"All right. That's what I'll do."

He stood with her outside her door. He bent and kissed her gently.

"Thank you—for everything—"

She turned and ran.

IT WAS strange to find them all together in the living room. They were so rarely united. It was as though something had driven them to take shelter with each other. It couldn't be just his absence, he thought. Perhaps some instinct had warned them. Anyhow it made it easier. Pauline, ostensibly sewing, jumped up and ran to him and kissed him. She held fast to his coat as though she were afraid to let him go.

"Peter, it's been a whole week. We couldn't even reach you—" But her voice had lost its assurance.

"I didn't mean you to," he said.

His mother was watching him over her glasses. She wasn't thinking bitterly, "He kissed her first." She was his mother, aware and anxious for him. Even Fred, teetering by the window, kept quiet. His children said, "Hullo, Dad—" with a tentative friendliness. He realized that he could have kissed them. . . .

"Something important turned up," he said. He stood with his back to the fireplace, deliberately holding the stage. "None of you knew Uncle Everet. Well, he's dead. I'm his sole heir. A matter of \$200,000—" He could feel them flutter like a flock of hungry birds at the sight of grain. He went on, "I should have told you. Instead I did a lot of other things. I bought myself clothes and some pearl dress-studs I've had a yearning for. And then I ran into a nice girl—one of those pretty, sweet-tempered children who sell you things in stores and we went on a series of parties together. Oh, nothing you would mind, Pauline. At least not any more. We just danced and had a good time together. She hadn't had many good times nor had I. And we both worked hard. So I felt it was coming to us."

"Peter, I don't understand—"

"No, my dear. I know you don't. You thought me a lucky fellow. And I thought we were all lucky. We've both been mistaken. You didn't give me what I wanted. And I haven't been able to give you what you wanted. I honestly tried. I expect you did too. But I couldn't satisfy you. And I haven't been satisfied either. It seems to me that I didn't want so frightfully much. But then I may have been deceiving myself. It may have been too much. I just wanted you to be happy and let me be happy—for us all to make the best of things and of each other." ("This is a regular stump-speech," he thought. But he was going through with it.) "Well, thanks to Uncle, it's all right now. We can all have our hearts' desires. Mother can have her own place again and Fred his partnership and an apartment in town and Jerry and Ann can have their cars.

Pauline won't be exasperated by an untidy man—"

She faced him as she had done when he had warned her that they were on the verge of bankruptcy—as one adult faces another. She was quiet and courageous.

"What are *your* heart's desires, Peter?"

He smiled rather shyly.

"Oh, silly things. I want a bathroom where I can leave my shoes. I want to be with people who don't know me well enough to know how irritating I am, who may be even deluded enough to think me a fine fellow. I want to do nice things for people who won't expect them and who will be pleased and astonished. I want my own dog. I want to be able to dance when I feel like it and eat what I want when I want it. I don't want to watch people's faces, wondering what I've done this time to make them look as though they'd bitten into a sour apple. I don't want to have to keep the peace by buying it. I just want peace."

"That means you're going away, Peter?"

"Yes," he said. "I may travel for a year or two. Afterward—well, I don't want to make plans either. I want to be quite free—"

There was complete silence. He looked at them, in turn. The hungry birds no longer fluttered. It seemed to him that the light and life were slowly draining out of them. Pauline was sitting down now, her hand shading her eyes. Vague, disconnected memories crowded down on him. There was that time, after his father's death, when his mother had gone back to teaching so that he could stay at his expensive school. How much he had loved her in those days. He had thought her the most wonderful woman in the world. Until the other woman came. That must have been hard for her. It must be hard to grow old—to be left behind. One day—quite soon—it would happen to him too. He remembered the time when he had been so ill. In spite of the physical wretchedness, it had been a very happy time. The dissensions and bickerings had been pushed into the background. His wife and mother had stood shoulder to shoulder, giving him their united strength, their utmost devotion. He remembered that Ann and Jerry had crept about the house on tiptoe and how Jerry had burst into tears at sight of him. It had been his first acquaintance with grief. And it was after that that his eyes had taken on that sullen, angry look. It was hard to be young too. Nothing was easy. Even Fred had brought him funny futile little offerings—poor Fred who kept a fierce dog to hide his own fear and weakness.

MEMORY raced like a tide. It carried with it his bitterness. It left behind the stark fact of their love for him—his love for them. They saw it too. They were looking at it as at a possession which had been theirs so long they had forgotten its significance. They would never quite forget again.

You paid for everything in life. You paid for love and friendship with compassion and toleration and sacrifice and an endless patience. Even Susan would have to find that out.

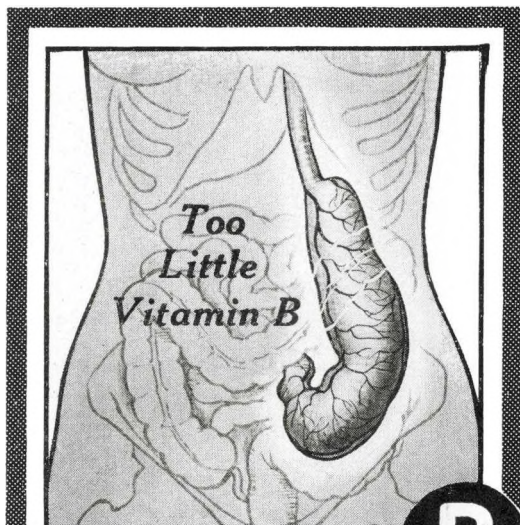
He felt as though slowly and deliberately he were loosening the straps of an invisible wanderer's knapsack—the insignia of the free and lonely man, and laid it away forever.

Then he went to Pauline and put his arm over her bowed shoulders.

"Silly!" he said almost gayly. "You know I can't ever leave you—"

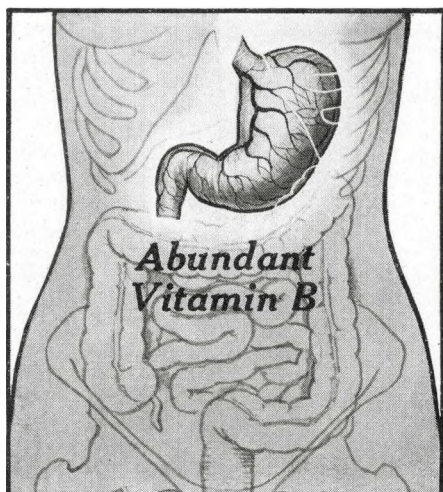


# You Can't Count On Meals Alone For Vitamins You Need

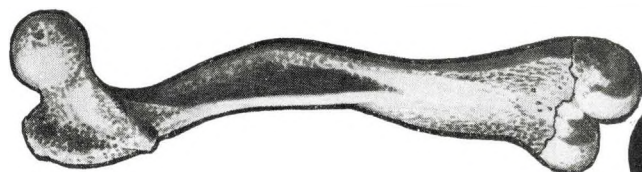


A shortage of Vitamin B results in fallen stomach, flabby intestines, and many nervous disorders.

**B**



A daily supply of Vitamin B—the NERVE VITAMIN—is important to keep stomach, bowels and intestines strong and active—and assure steady nerves. Eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast regularly to make sure you get enough Vitamin B. It is one of the foods richest in this essential vitamin.

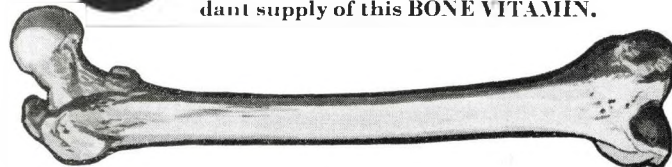


## Not Enough Vitamin D

The crooked bone above shows what can happen when there is an under-supply of Vitamin D—THE BONE VITAMIN. Note the deformity—the enlarged joint, and the porous texture.

## Plenty of Vitamin D

An ample supply of Vitamin D should be had by mothers during pregnancy and while nursing to assure her child strong, straight bones and good teeth. Mothers should eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast as it contains an abundant supply of this BONE VITAMIN.

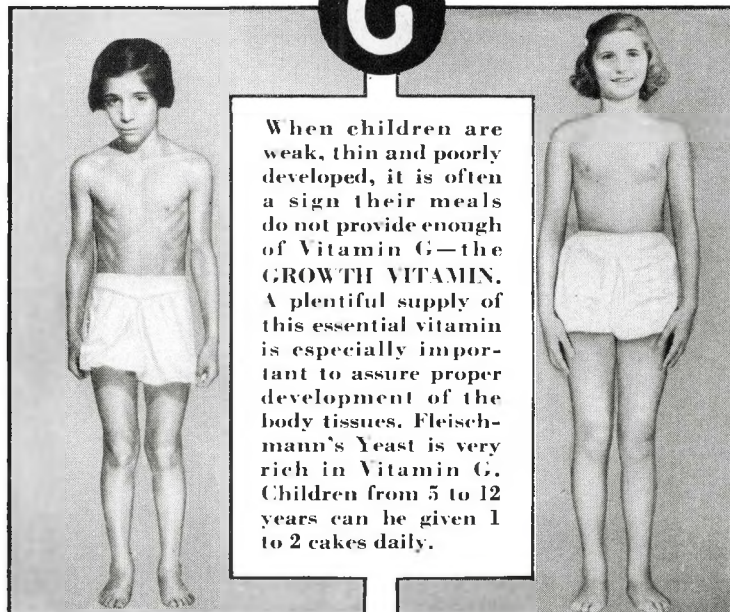


**Yet a Shortage of Even ONE Vitamin in Your Diet Can Lead to Impaired Health. By Eating a CONCENTRATED Supply of these 4 Vitamins EVERY DAY You Don't Need to Worry About Getting Enough of them at Mealtimes**

Too Little Vitamin G Means Poor Growth

Diet Ample in Vitamin G

**G**



When children are weak, thin and poorly developed, it is often a sign their meals do not provide enough of Vitamin G—the GROWTH VITAMIN. A plentiful supply of this essential vitamin is especially important to assure proper development of the body tissues. Fleischmann's Yeast is very rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.

**E**ACH separate vitamin has its own special part to play in helping to keep you healthy. No one vitamin can take the place of any other.

Yet, ordinary meals, dietitians say, often fall short in one or more of these necessary food elements.

That's why today more and more people are increasing their supply of four of these food essentials by eating FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST.

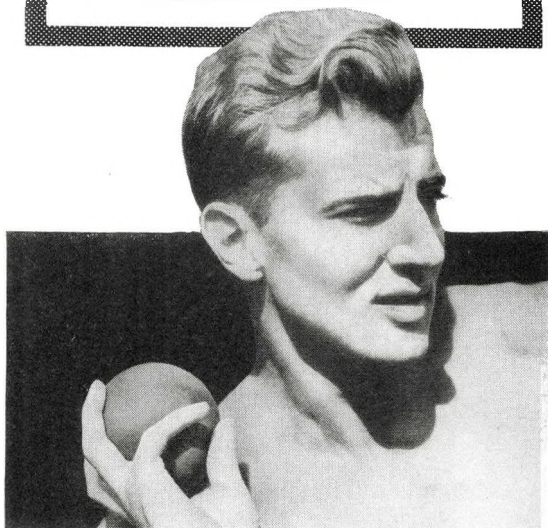
This *one food* added to the daily diet assures you an *extra* supply of 4 essential vitamins, A, B, D and G. *No other single food* gives you such an abundant supply of *all 4* of these important vitamins at once.

Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water. *You need the added* daily vitamins this tonic food provides. Start eating it *regularly*—today!

**A**



INSUFFICIENT VITAMIN A lowers resistance to infections of nose and throat—contributes to frequent colds. Lack of Vitamin A also causes eye and skin disorders. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast and keep up your supply of this vitamin.



THE SUPERB PHYSICAL strength and vigorous health of Herman Brix—Champion Shot-Putter—prove he gets an abundant supply of the 4 important health-building vitamins, A, B, D and G.

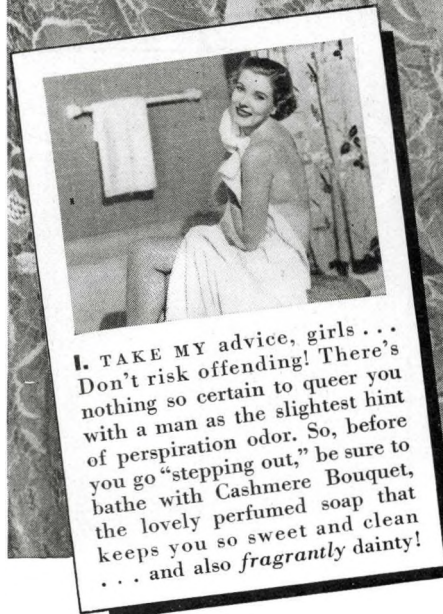
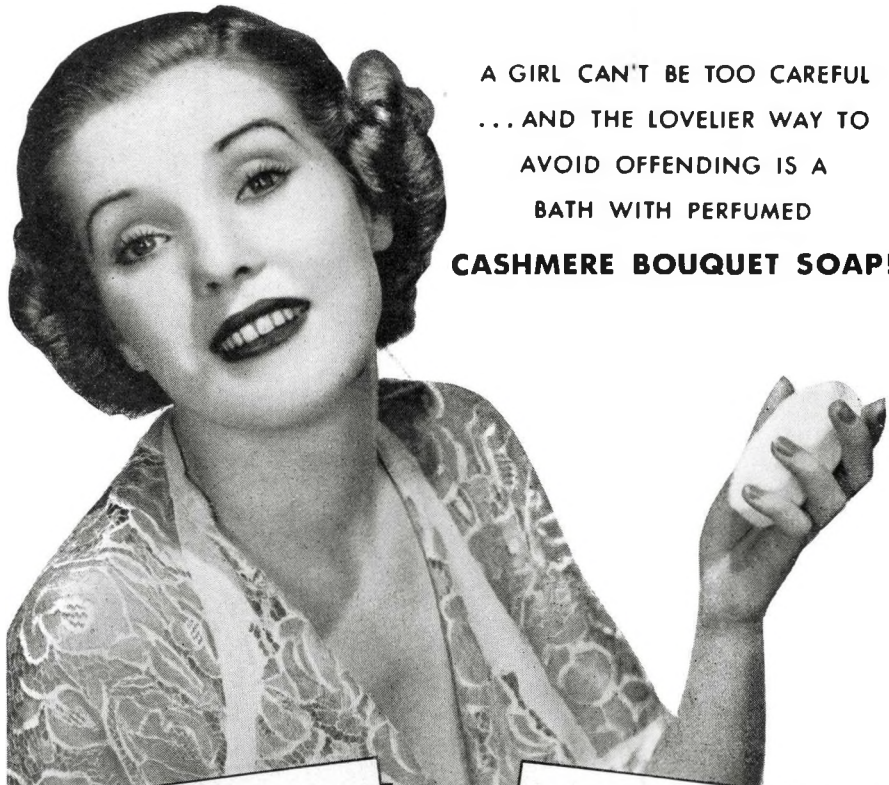


## The Richest Food Source of these combined Vitamins A, B, D and G



*Gentlemen don't talk  
about it... but*

A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL  
... AND THE LOVELIER WAY TO  
AVOID OFFENDING IS A  
BATH WITH PERFUMED  
**CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!**



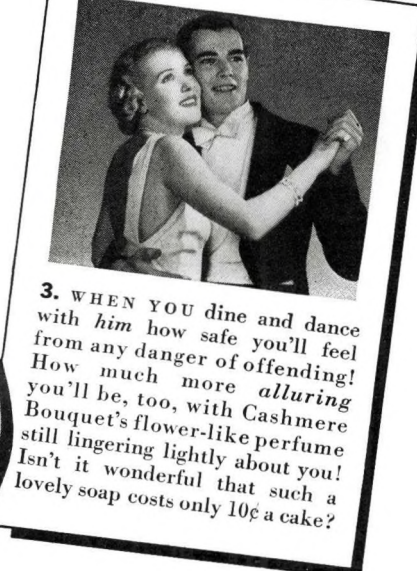
1. TAKE MY advice, girls... Don't risk offending! There's nothing so certain to queer you with a man as the slightest hint of perspiration odor. So, before you go "stepping out," be sure to bathe with Cashmere Bouquet, the lovely perfumed soap that keeps you so sweet and clean... and also fragrantly dainty!



2. I'VE NEVER used any soap that compares with Cashmere Bouquet! Its lather is so rich and deep-cleansing. It removes every trace of unpleasant body odor. And you'll adore the way Cashmere Bouquet's subtle perfume clings to your skin long after your bath... makes you feel so glamorous, so desirable!

**KEEPS COMPLEXIONS LOVELY, TOO!**

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing, yet it goes right down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics... makes your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth. No wonder fastidious women everywhere now use this pure, creamy-white soap for both the face and bath. Why don't you?



3. WHEN YOU dine and dance with him how safe you'll feel from any danger of offending! How much more alluring you'll be, too, with Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still lingering lightly about you! Isn't it wonderful that such a lovely soap costs only 10¢ a cake?

NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

## PORTRAIT OF A LADY

[Beginning on page 13]

I did my best to explain, telling her I was confident that at least seventy per cent of the stories that had appeared in the American newspapers had been favorable to her, and that undoubtedly her friends had mailed her only the most unfair stories, stories which had justifiably aroused their anger. I knew she had also received many letters from cranks, incoherent letters threatening physical violence unless she gave up her friendship with the King.

"It isn't that I'm afraid of such threats," she said, "but I'm sorry that people feel that way. If they knew the truth I am sure they would feel differently."

I asked her if she could tell me anything about her plans for the future.

"No," she said, "you'd better discuss that with the King."

I asked her how I should address the King.

"You call him 'Sir,'" she said smiling faintly, "but when you first speak to him you should call him 'Your Majesty.'"

We talked again about the unpredictability of publicity, and I remember telling her that Franklin D. Roosevelt, the most popular man in the United States, had made the most of the unrelenting desire of the American people to know a public figure intimately, while Charles A. Lindbergh had shunned all publicity and had suffered in consequence. We were talking about the natures of these two Americans when a tall butler came to the door.

"His Majesty," he announced.

The King was dressed in the highland kilt he frequently chooses for evening wear. The plaid was sky-blue, white and black. The bare-kneed King, blond and vigorous, strode into the room, going directly to Mrs. Simpson. She had arisen from her chair and taken a few steps forward to meet him.

He took her hand, bowed slightly over it as she curtsied to him. Their eyes met, and I was conscious of something it is hard to describe. A glow in the King's face as he looked at her, a new loveliness in the expression of her eyes. They say that love makes a woman's face beautiful. I knew now that Wallis Simpson was in love.

ALL evening I was conscious of this ineffable warmth surrounding them. When he walked over to a bell-pull to summon a servant her eyes followed him and I understood. When he turned to address her, a happy pride in her shone in his expression, effacing certain vague lines of care.

I remember that she said she hoped he was not tired, and he assured her he was not tired at all. Then he turned to Mrs. Merryman, who had entered the room a moment before he arrived, addressing her affectionately as "Aunt Bessie." Next, I was introduced by Mrs. Simpson, a simple introduction in which she referred to my mission.

"I am glad you were able to come down," he said, shaking hands. "I have heard of you from Mrs. Simpson, of course."

I had quite forgotten to call him "Your Majesty."

Then he turned to Wallis.

"I was delayed for some time," he said. "It has been an unusually busy day."

"No matter, Sir," she replied. "We've had plenty to talk about. Would you like a cocktail?"

"No, thank you," he said. "I don't think I care for one."

"You'll have another, won't you, Newbold?" asked Mrs. Simpson. I thanked her, and she went to mix the drink. His glance was on her, as she stepped across the room. We stood beside the fireplace. When Mrs. Simpson returned I saw that this time she had mixed an old-fashioned for herself. As we sipped our drinks we talked of inconsequential things, of the British weather, of my trip across, of grouse shooting, of guns and dogs.

I WAS to remember this conversation later, to remember the King's remark, "It has been an unusually busy day." That afternoon, I was to learn later, he had been in conference with the Prime Minister. (Two weeks later I was to read in an American magazine that at this conference the King had been so maudlin with brandy and soda that Stanley Baldwin was disgusted. This story was obviously false.) Now he stood before the fire, self-possessed, a perfect host, giving no hint that his mind had lately been occupied with a problem that was to precipitate a crisis that would shake the Empire and nudge a civil war off the front pages of all the newspapers of the world. Outside the wind was blowing, and at intervals the French windows rattled vaguely. It was warm in the room and I felt as much at ease as if I had been in my own home.

The King's whole manner was informal and kindly and thoroughly democratic. While we waited for dinner, Wallis moved close to him and whispered something. Promptly he turned to me with a smile.

"You must excuse me," he said. "My friend reminds me I've neglected to invite you to powder your nose."

He said it just as any host in the United States would say to a guest. "Don't you want to wash your hands before dinner?"

"That's a thought," I said.

"Just come along with me," said the King.

I followed him up the stairway to the second floor. After I had washed my hands and brushed my hair we returned to the living room. Mrs. Merryman asked him a question or two and then the butler came to the door.

"His Majesty's dinner is served," he announced.

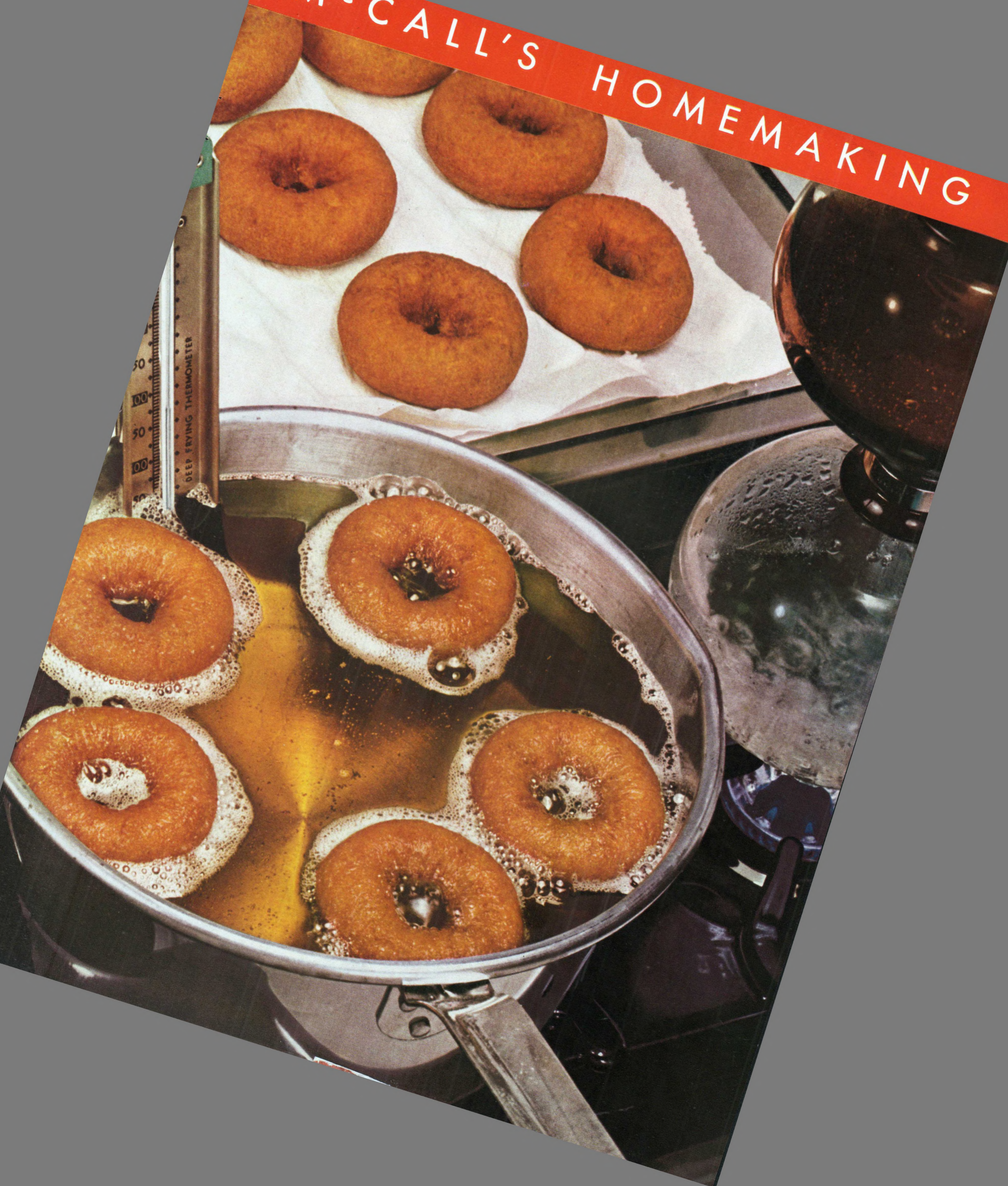
The King and Mrs. Simpson walked across the flagged corridor to the dining room together. I am sure she did not take his arm, and yet, once more, I had that feeling of a rare understanding between them. It may have been a look or a smile that conveyed the thing to my mind. I was seeing, not the King and Wallis Simpson, but two happy human beings, feeling joy and warmth in finding themselves together. She was more slender than I remembered her, almost frail. On the way into the dining room they exchanged a few phrases in German. Later I learned that at Belvedere they often spoke to each other in that language when they did not want the English servants to know what they were talking about.

I went in with Mrs. Merryman. The King sat at the head of the table, of course. Mrs. Simpson was at his right, Mrs. Merryman at his left, and I at the end. It was a mahogany table, beautifully polished. Beneath each plate there was a square of linen, but there was no tablecloth. The plates

[Continued on page 55]

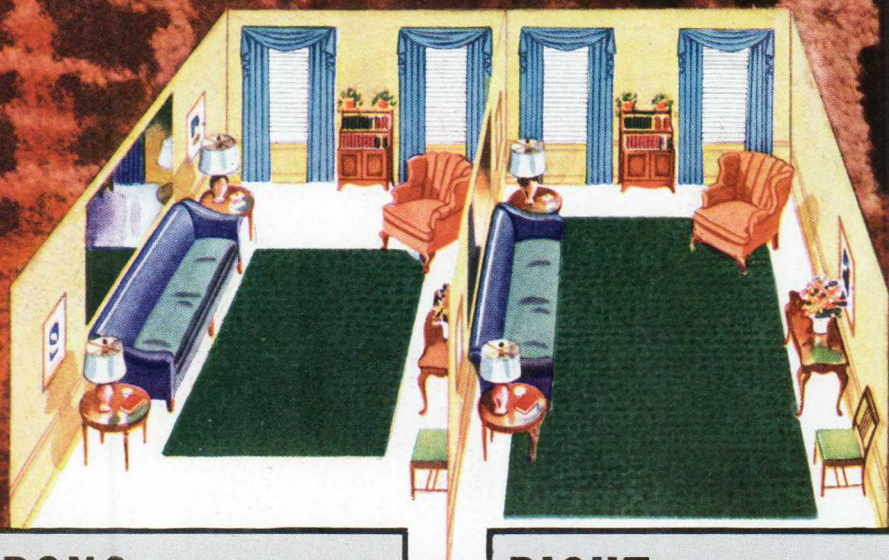


MCCALL'S HOME MAKING





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## **RIGHT: Floor-Plan\* Rug**

It fits; it allows correct floor margins; it balances and ties a room together. Wide choice of lovely designs, colors, and textures. Ask for Floor-Plan Rugs by name at your favorite store. For free book, "A Guide to Rug-Buying," write Alexander Smith & Sons, 295 Fifth Ave., N. Y. (\*Trade Mark)

ASK FOR  
*Alexander Smith* Floor-Plan Rugs\*  
BY NAME  
IN CUSTOM SIZES AT READY-MADE PRICES



# WE PLAN A PARTY

**McCALL'S MAGAZINE**  
**MEMO**  
FROM Toni Taylor

TO Camille Davied  
J. Harold Hawkins  
Mary Davis Gillies  
Elizabeth Woody  
Hildegard Fillmore  
Faye I. Hamilton

I'm planning a St. Patrick's party for March.  
I know you all have ideas. What are they?

**MEMO**  
TO Toni  
FROM Camille Davied

Have it in the evening, won't you, so the men can come? And for the invitations, send pots of living shamrock packed in small flower boxes. Tie the invitations around the pots with narrow green ribbon. Any florist will deliver them just like other flowers.

**MEMO**  
TO Miss Taylor  
FROM Jim Hawkins

I don't know a thing about giving parties -- but for the sake of all men everywhere, have a "sit down" supper. We hate to balance plates on our knees!

**MEMO**  
TO T. T.  
FROM Mary Gillies

Let's use one of the new green tablecloths, green-leaved china and cut crystal goblets. The candles can be held by plump white pottery figures.

**MEMO**  
TO T. Taylor  
FROM E. Woody

I knew I was saving this menu for something special:

Lobster à la King	Egg Timbale	Rings
Parsley Finger Rolls	Mint and Pineapple	Jelly
Coffee Cashew Mousse	Coffee	
Shamrock Cookies		

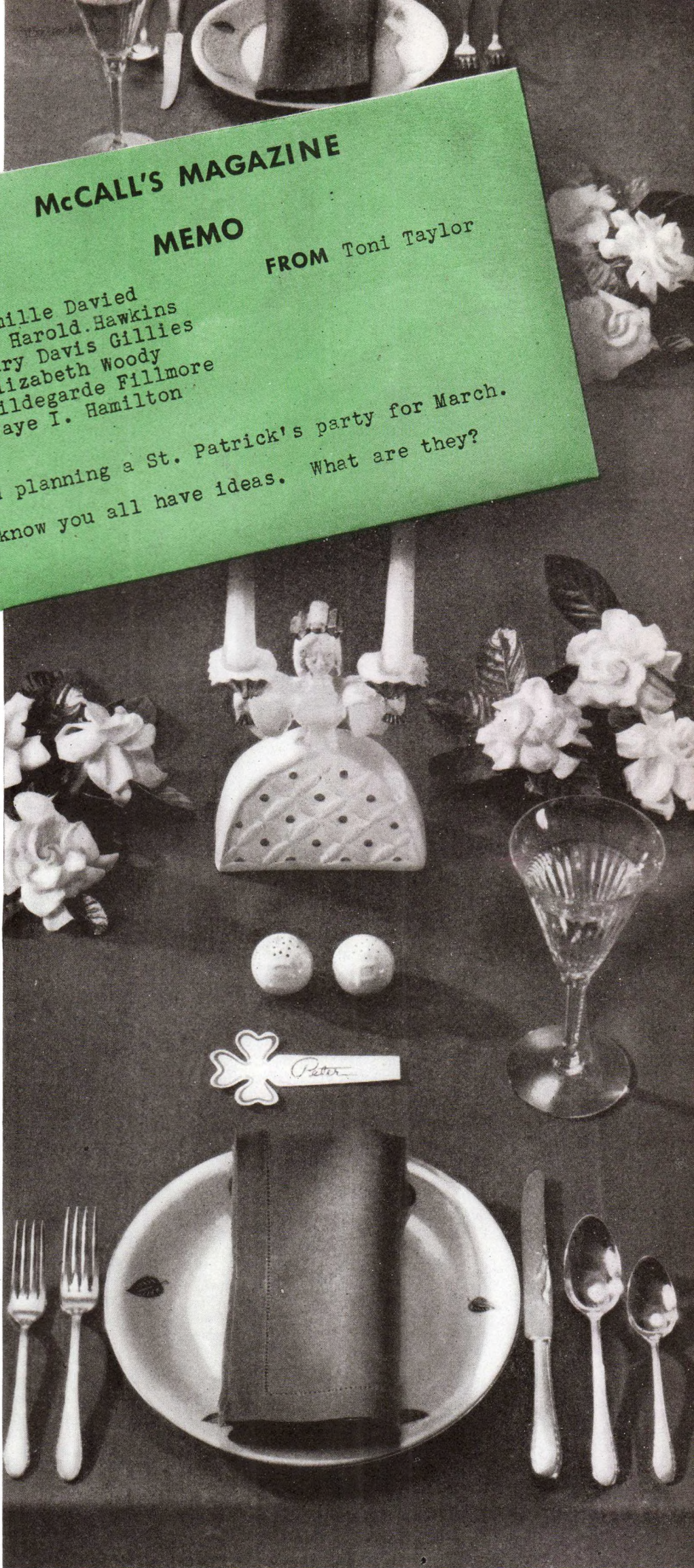
For the rings, make a custard timbale mixture, adding chopped hard-cooked eggs. Bake in individual ring molds and sprinkle tops with crumbled egg yolk. Split the finger rolls, butter, sprinkle with parsley and heat.

**MEMO**  
TO Toni  
FROM Hildegard

Have you seen the sculptured soap figures at cosmetic counters? They would make grand favors -- a White Knight for the men and a "golden apple" for the girls.

**MEMO**  
TO Toni Taylor  
FROM Faye Hamilton

The best party on earth (especially for men) can be spoiled if the coffee isn't good. Make it in one of the new coffee makers -- they're good looking, too -- and you can't go wrong.



BY TONI TAYLOR, Hostess Editor

SO HERE is the party table, proving that six heads are better than one. As a contrast to the dark tone of the tablecloth, I placed flat groups of three single white blossoms on either side of the candle figures. T. T.



# MAY I SPEAK FRANKLY?

**A**M I among friends? There's something on my mind that I'd like to get off it. Something that has been puzzling me, and worrying me, too, for a long time.

I don't want you calling me a traitor to my sex, but I do wish you'd tell me this . . .

*Why in the world do we women so often plan party menus as if we'd never heard of the male half of the human race?*

Why do we ask perfectly good men to our houses and then ruin their evenings by giving them the kind of food that we know for certain they can't abide—too-sweet salads, over-elaborate desserts smothered in whipped cream. It's just such folderols that strengthen the conviction most men cherish that women simply don't know what real food means.

That's a conviction I don't share. In spite of all the chefs in creation, I believe that women are, and always have been, the most truly inspired cooks. But the more I think it over the more I believe that now and then we ought to give ourselves a good talking-to about letting our feeling for the fanciful run away with our good sense.

All of which brings us to the success story of the Buffet Supper pictured here. Doesn't that tray of bubbling-hot baked beans surrounded by juicy steak sandwiches and crisp onions rings prove this. . . ?

*Turn a woman's sense of color and arrangement loose with the flavorsome foods men like, and you'll get party fare that's perfection from everybody's point of view!*

Add a salad bowl of red apple, pineapple and shredded cabbage to the main course shown in the picture . . . have the coffee

strong, steaming and plentiful . . . and watch the welcome this supper gets.

## LOUISIANA BAKED BEANS

1 large onion	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup dark brown sugar
3 cans baked beans	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup molasses	$\frac{1}{4}$ pound salt pork
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup ketchup	

Place onion in bean pot or casserole. Add beans. Combine molasses, ketchup, sugar, and water; pour over beans. Score rind of pork. Bury pork in beans, leaving rind exposed. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Serves 10.

For refreshments at an evening party, or for the bridge club, here's a simple menu that offers a hot and heartening change:

Ramekins of	
Ham, Oysters and Mushrooms	Hot Biscuits
Currant Jelly	Coffee

Just wait until you taste the delectable combination of favorite flavors in:

## HAM, OYSTER AND MUSHROOM RAMEKINS

1 pound mushrooms	4 cups medium white sauce
2 cups water	Top milk
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup fat or oil	2 cups buttered crumbs
2 dozen oysters	
3 cups cooked ham, diced	

Wash mushroom stems and cook in 2 cups water until liquid is reduced to about 1 cup. Drain, saving liquor. Slice mushroom caps; sauté until golden brown in fat or oil. Remove mushrooms. Cook oysters gently in

remaining fat until edges curl. Combine mushrooms, oysters, ham and white sauce (made with mushroom liquor, oyster liquor and enough top milk to make four cups of liquid). Pour into ramekins. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes. Serves 10.

Company dinners are in some ways the nicest, and certainly the most frequent, form of entertaining we home-loving Americans do. With the silver newly shined, the damask cloth spread and the candles lighted this menu will make the meal an occasion:

Consommé	Melba Toast
Ripe Olives	Crown Roast of Lamb with Pineapple Stuffing
Pan-Browned Potatoes	Brussels Sprouts Hollandaise
Raw Carrot and Celery Salad	Mince-meat Turnovers with Coffee Ice Cream

Ask the butcher to prepare a 14-chop crown roast so that the center may be stuffed. Fill the center with Pineapple Stuffing. Put a cube of bread or salt pork on each bone to prevent charring. Place in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and roast for 1 hour and 15 minutes more.

## PINEAPPLE STUFFING

3 cups white bread crumbs	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed pineapple
3 cups caraway-rye bread crumbs	3 tablespoons melted butter
$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Mix ingredients thoroughly. Fill center of crown roast of lamb. Dot top of stuffing with 1 tablespoon butter. Serves 10.

BY ELIZABETH WOODY, Director of Foods and Appliances









# SOMETHING *Hot* FOR SUPPER

**SPOON BREAD WITH SAUSAGE AND CHEESE TOPPING**

1½ cups yellow cornmeal  
2½ cups milk, scalded  
1 teaspoon salt  
3 tablespoons sugar  
2 egg yolks

2 egg whites  
1½ teaspoons melted fat or oil  
1 pound sausage meat  
¾ cup American cheese, cubed

Stir the cornmeal into the milk and cook to a mush. When cool add salt, sugar and beaten egg yolks. Mix well and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Add the fat or oil. Pour into a greased baking dish. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 25 minutes. Meanwhile fry the sausage meat until slightly brown, and drain off fat. Combine sausage and cheese and sprinkle on top of spoon bread. Return to oven and bake for 10 to 15 minutes longer. Serves 6.

**T**HIS delicious one-dish main course needs only a crisp salad and dessert to complete the meal. Best of all, a small amount of inexpensive meat goes a long way.

#### BEEFSTEAK ROLLS

1 small onion	1 large carrot
3 tablespoons fat or oil	2 medium-sized onions
3 cups bread crumbs	1 leek
¾ teaspoon salt	4 tablespoons parsley
¼ teaspoon thyme	¾ teaspoon thyme
Few grains pepper	1 bay leaf
2 pounds top round of beef	1 can condensed bouillon

Brown the minced onion in fat or oil. Mix the browned onion with the bread crumbs, salt, ¼ teaspoon thyme and pepper. Cut the meat in thin slices about 2½ inches square. Spread some of the stuffing on each slice of meat, roll up and fasten with a toothpick. Brown the rolls on all sides in suet. Slice the carrot, two onions and leek, mix with parsley, ¾ teaspoon thyme and the bay leaf. Place this mixture in the bottom of a casserole; add the meat rolls and bouillon. Cover the casserole and cook 2 hours in a moderate oven (350° F.). Serves 6.

**D**ON'T forget potato salad during the cold months—but serve it hot! It is particularly good with thin slices of left-over meat.

#### GERMAN HOT POTATO SALAD

4 large potatoes	2 teaspoons salt
4 slices bacon	¼ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons onion, minced	½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ cup vinegar	¼ cup parsley, chopped
¼ cup water	
¼ cup sugar	

Wash unpeeled potatoes and cook until tender. Drain, peel and slice

in uniform pieces. While the potatoes are cooking, cut the bacon into very small pieces and fry until crisp. Drain off the fat. Combine the minced onion, vinegar, water, sugar, salt, pepper and mustard and heat thoroughly. Add to the potatoes and mix in the bacon and parsley carefully with a fork, so that the potato slices are not broken. Heat slowly until piping hot. Serves 6.

**T**HE subtle blending of flavors in this sauce places the finished dish in the ranks of food aristocrats. Make plenty, there'll be calls for more from the whole family.

#### NOODLES ESPAGNOLE

3 tablespoons fat or oil	2/3 cup (1 can) mushrooms
1 medium-sized onion	1 cup tomato pulp
¼ cup chopped green pepper	1½ tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons chopped ripe olives	1 cup meat stock
	Salt
	Pepper
	1 package noodles

Heat 2 tablespoons fat or oil. Add chopped onion, green pepper, olives, sliced mushrooms and tomato pulp. Cook 10 minutes. Brown separately the remaining tablespoon fat or oil, stir in flour with a little of the meat stock to form a smooth paste. Add remaining meat stock and stir over heat until thickened. Combine with first mixture, cook 5 minutes; season with salt and pepper. Meanwhile cook the noodles until tender in boiling salted water to cover; drain and add melted butter. Serve sauce on noodles. Serves 6.

**A**HOT dessert is a real treat these chilly evenings, particularly if the rest of the supper is not hearty. The younger children will like the Creamy Rice without the sauce.

#### CREAMY RICE WITH SPICED CHERRY SAUCE

¾ cup rice	¼ teaspoon almond extract
3 cups milk	¾ teaspoon vanilla extract
6 tablespoons sugar	

Wash rice thoroughly. Cook with milk and sugar in top of double boiler until tender—about 1 hour. Add flavorings. Serve hot. Serves 6.

#### SAUCE

1 No. 2 can red cherries	15 whole cloves
½ cup sugar	2 teaspoons cornstarch
2 sticks cinnamon	

Drain sirup off cherries and measure, adding enough water to make 1 cup. Add sugar, cinnamon and cloves. Bring to a boil and cook 10 minutes. Remove spices. Mix a little hot sirup with the cornstarch and stir into sirup in pan. Cook 10 minutes longer, or until slightly thickened. Add cherries, cook until heated. Serve hot on rice. Serves 6.

**L**ET'S enjoy oysters while we may, for their season is drawing to a close. The flavors of corn and oysters have a natural affinity, as this dish proves. A salad and a light dessert will complete the meal.

#### OYSTER AND CORN STEW

1 pint oysters	Few grains pepper
½ cup water	3 cups milk
2 tablespoons butter	2 cups diced, cooked celery
3 tablespoons flour	1¾ cups canned, whole kernel corn
1 teaspoon salt	
	1 cup cream

Drain the oysters. Measure oyster liquor, strain, and add enough water to make ½ cup. Cook the oysters slowly in this liquor until their edges curl. Remove from heat and cut the oysters into small pieces. Melt butter, add flour, and stir until smooth. Add salt and pepper. Blend in the milk gradually and cook in a double boiler over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Add oysters and broth, celery, corn and cream. Heat thoroughly but do not let mixture reach boiling point. Serve with crackers. Serves 6.

**W**E OFTEN serve ice cream with a hot sauce, but did you ever try a hot pudding with a cold sauce?

#### APPLE AND CRANBERRY BETTY

4 cups bread crumbs, lightly packed	1 cup brown sugar
3 large green apples	¾ teaspoon nutmeg
	3 tablespoons butter
	2 cups cranberries

Brown the crumbs in a moderate oven (350° F.) In a casserole place a layer of sliced apples, add ½ the sugar and nutmeg and dot with but-

ter. Add ½ the bread crumbs and a layer of cranberries. Repeat, ending with crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven (350° F.) Serve hot with Dessert Sauce. Serves 6 generously.

#### DESSERT SAUCE

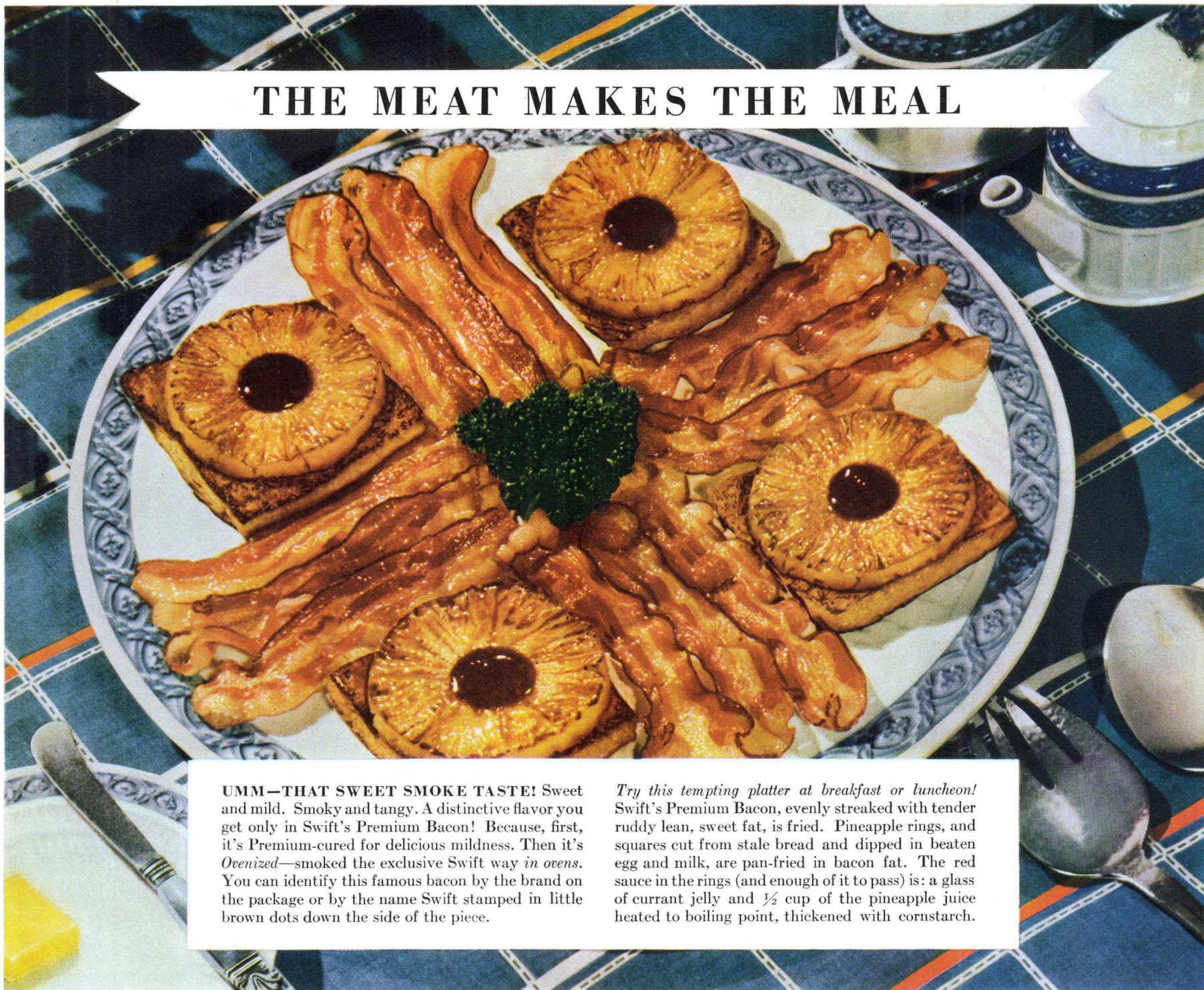
1 egg white	½ cup whipping cream
½ cup powdered sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg yolk	Few grains salt

Beat sugar into stiffly beaten egg whites. Add beaten yolk, whipped cream, vanilla and salt. Serves 6.

BY DEMETRIA TAYLOR



## THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL



**UMM—THAT SWEET SMOKE TASTE!** Sweet and mild. Smoky and tangy. A distinctive flavor you get only in Swift's Premium Bacon! Because, first, it's Premium-cured for delicious mildness. Then it's *Ovenized*—smoked the exclusive Swift way *in ovens*. You can identify this famous bacon by the brand on the package or by the name Swift stamped in little brown dots down the side of the piece.

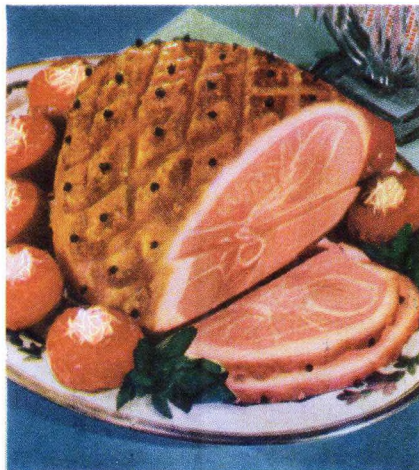
*Try this tempting platter at breakfast or luncheon!* Swift's Premium Bacon, evenly streaked with tender ruddy lean, sweet fat, is fried. Pineapple rings, and squares cut from stale bread and dipped in beaten egg and milk, are pan-fried in bacon fat. The red sauce in the rings (and enough of it to pass) is: a glass of currant jelly and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of the pineapple juice heated to boiling point, thickened with cornstarch.

**LOTS MORE WHITE MEAT!** You get it when you choose chickens with the blue label on the breast which says *Swift's Premium*. These finer chickens have been given the special Swift milk-feeding that plumps them with extra juicy white meat. Split tender broilers, rub with salt and butter. Broil under low flame about 45 minutes until brown, turning once. Add potato balls; any kind of fruit arranged on toothpicks, as shown.

**DON'T PARBOIL—JUST BAKE.** Place Swift's Premium Ham (Premium-cured and *Ovenized*) with 2 cups water in covered roaster. Bake in 325° F. oven (25 minutes per pound for half hams; 21 minutes per pound for whole hams). Skin, score, dot with cloves. Brown, uncovered, in hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes, basting with maple syrup. Simmer cored apples in red cinnamon syrup and fill them with coconut.

**BUY ROASTS BY BRAND!** And be sure of getting a fine tender piece of meat always! The brand is *Swift's Premium*—stamped on the side of the beef at America's Meat Headquarters. Look for it! Rub roast with salt and oil, cook in uncovered roaster (300° F.) 28-30 minutes per pound for rare, 32-35 for medium, 37-40 for well-done. Before serving, insert skewers holding vegetables which you have boiled and buttered.

**THIS—ON PIECE OR PACKAGE!** The Swift's Premium brand on bacon, ham, or other meats, denotes special selection by experts at America's Meat Headquarters. Selections from the volume of meat these experts see each day, on the basis of tenderness, flavor, quality. *Only the finest meat* gets this famous mark. Look for it, ask to see it, at your dealer's. The Swift's Premium brand is your guarantee of extra goodness!



Copr. 1937 by Swift & Company

**SWIFT'S PREMIUM:** *brand name of the finest meats*





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Gas gives you the intense heat needed to brown meats so fast that loss of juices is prevented. Full flavor is saved.

#### ROASTING

Gas gives you the oven ventilation which produces crisp, juicy roasts. Excess moisture is allowed to escape, preventing that flat "steamed" flavor.

#### BAKING

Baking requires even heat throughout the oven and unlimited range of baking temperatures, for light, evenly browned cakes, pies, breads. Gas gives both!

#### BOILING

Faster! Gas brings foods to a boil in two-thirds the time or less of other fuels. More flexible, it gives you the exact degrees of heat you need.

#### FRYING

Perfect, speedy frying requires instant high heat—even spread of heat under the skillet—numberless heat variations. Gas gives all three!

MODERNIZE YOUR HOME WITH GAS



## PORTRAIT OF A LADY

[Continued from page 46]

were crested. There were four candles burning before us, and there were electric sidelights on each wall.

The dinner was in no way elaborate, but delicious. First we had a clear turtle soup, then lobster mousse with a piquant sauce, and then partridges with some vegetable and a mixed green salad. The dessert was a fresh-pineapple ice, and we had a savoury of long, thin slices of bacon cooked in bread crumbs. The King ate two; he likes savouries. We drank a light red Bordeaux of a famous chateau, and after dinner the King and I each had a small liqueur brandy with our coffee.

While we were at the table the King and Mrs. Simpson got into a brisk conversation about a European political situation. I must say that Wallis appeared unusually well-informed, and that the King received her arguments with quiet respect, although he disagreed with them. When this conversation had ended, I turned to Mrs. Simpson and asked a question, addressing her as "Wally."

"What did you call her?" the King asked.

"I called her 'Wally,' Sir," I said. "Wally?" he said. "Mrs. Simpson is never called Wally over here. Why do you call her that?"

"Well, I have known her a long time, I suppose. Longer than you, Sir." I was a little embarrassed.

"Some of her friends in Washington used to call her that," Mrs. Merryman said, coming to my rescue.

"Really?" said the King. "It's an awful name. I hate it."

"I'll try to remember that you don't like it," I told him.

MRS. SIMPSON appeared to be amused by this conversation, although she too doesn't like the name. As a matter of fact, although habit is strong, neither do I. Thereafter I addressed her as Wallis, and once or twice I called her "dear." Later on an amusing thing happened. We were still discussing European politics, and I was trying to remember that I must address the King as "Sir." I turned to Mrs. Simpson and, in disagreeing with a statement she made about a certain European figure, I said, "But, Sir . . ."

My confusion was evident. But this time the King laughed and turned to me, his eyes twinkling. "I am 'Sir,'" he said, "and she is 'dear.'"

The joke was on me and the other three enjoyed it. I think the King did not exactly like hearing me call Mrs. Simpson "my dear." I never heard him call her that. He always spoke of her as "My friend, Mrs. Simpson."

Then the King himself spoke of the manner in which Mrs. Simpson had been treated by the American press.

"Knowing the fair-mindedness and chivalry of your country," he said, "I cannot understand the attitude of your press toward a fellow country-woman who is my friend."

I repeated what I had told Wallis.

"I'm glad to have your opinion," he said. "As a great admirer of America, I would have expected it to be as you say, although frankly the things I have read in the American journals have hardly seemed fair."

The savoury had been brought to the table. The King was silent for a

few moments, as if lost in thought. Then he put his reflections away from him, and turned to me.

"Would you like to hear my piper?" he asked. "He's supposed to be very good."

I knew the King liked bagpipe music, and that he played upon the ancient Scottish instrument himself. "I certainly would."

The piper stood just outside the dining room door and played several airs. I don't think the King enjoyed the music that night. I think he had his piper play so Mrs. Simpson would believe he was not disturbed by the problem which was being fought over at that moment by hard-headed statesmen back in London. It was with such a protective mask of reserve that each seemed bent on shielding the other from undue anxiety. Amazing courage in a crisis, though it only revealed itself in outward calm. After four or five tunes had been played he turned to a servant and said, "Tell him that will be enough."

SOON Wallis and Mrs. Merryman rose to return to the living room. The King accompanied them to the door of the room, and he stood for a second looking after Wallis. "We'll join you shortly," he said.

"Now, Mr. Noyes, you have some questions?" the King inquired.

"I really do not know how I should speak to you," I said. "Shall I address you as Your Majesty, the King of England, or as one man might talk to another?"

"In the latter fashion, please."

"I think the publicity given your friendship with Mrs. Simpson has been unfortunately distorted," I said. "I think the picture given by the American press has been particularly unfortunate. However, the newspapers of the United States are not altogether at fault. It is not they who have lifted Wallis into the spotlight we now both deplore. The American press has an implicit responsibility. It must report world news."

"That is an interesting viewpoint," said the King, pushing his coffee cup away from his elbow.

"If you marry, Sir," I said, "the woman you so honor will be one of three things. Correct me if I am wrong."

"What are those things?"

"Your morganatic wife, the Queen of England, or shall we say, Mrs. Windsor, wife of the abdicated King of England?"

"Nearly sixty-seven per cent correct, but no more. There is no such possibility as morganatic marriage for an English King."

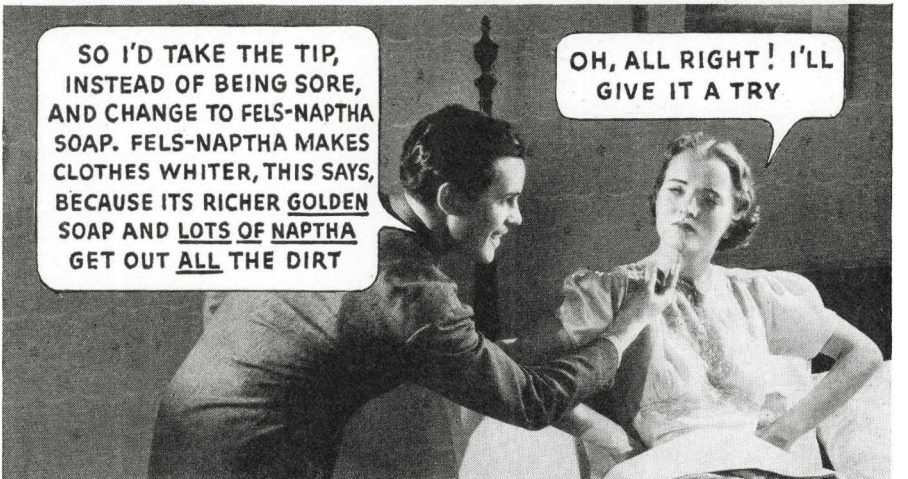
"It would seem apparent then, Sir, that there are but three possible outcomes to this situation. Wallis becomes Queen. She becomes Mrs. Windsor, subsequent to your abdication. Or you renounce any intention of marrying her."

"Again only sixty-seven per cent correct, Mr. Noyes. You should confine your possibilities to the first two, the only two that exist."

I saw no reason to say anything further. What I had seen that night had told me, more clearly than any words, that he would never renounce the woman he loved. I offered him an American cigarette of a fifteen-cent brand, and he accepted it. Finally we rose and went into the living room. Mrs. Merryman and Mrs. Simpson were sitting on the sofa, before the fire. They had finished their coffee.

"We have gone over the ground pretty thoroughly," said the King, bowing to Mrs. Simpson.

[Continued on page 62]



BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

COPR. 1937 FELS & CO.





*Jim*

**THIS SWING BROILER** is typical of the improvements in broilers generally. They're smokeless, simple to clean and ever so much easier to use.

**TO BROIL MACKEREL:** Preheat five minutes. Place split mackerel skin side up on greased rack. Have mackerel two to three inches below flame. Surround with half-inch slices of unpeeled navel oranges, studded with cloves. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar; dot with butter. Broil eight minutes. Turn the fish and dot with butter. Broil for about eight minutes longer.

**W**OMEN do fall in love with the new gas ranges at sight. Not that we blame them. Gas ranges have never been prettier than they are this year. But ranges should not be bought—any more than husbands should be chosen!—for appearance alone. Both partnerships should last for years, and the wise woman selects the kind of helpmate that is easy to live with day in, day out.

Not that appearance isn't important. After all, our first judgment, even of people, is based on appearance. Certainly the simple, pleasing lines of the new gas ranges give a flattering distinction to any type of kitchen—old, remodeled, or newly planned with a stern regard to laws of working areas. White seems to be the best color for ranges because it works so harmoniously with changing color schemes. But the white may be dressed up with black, a bit of color, or strips of metal. Some ranges even have entire tops of gleaming metal.

#### ... AS HANDSOME DOES

Now to go deeper—into the new behavior of ranges. Take broiling, which for years has been cookery's stepchild. Because broiler pans were difficult to handle, awkward to clean, and the job of broiling was accompanied by so much smoke and spattering fat, only the brave attempted it.

But that is all changed. Broiling has come out into the open. On the range shown above, for instance, the broiler oven is separate and the whole compartment swings out. Other broilers are in drawers that slide easily forward. And nearly all broilers are moving up toward the top of the range, to do away with back-bending exercises.

Did you know that broiling doesn't *have* to fill the house with smoke? You see, hot fat makes the smoke. So practically every new gas range boasts some type of smokeless broiler pan having a fairly solid rack, with openings to allow the fat to run into the pan below. And when no fat is in contact with the flame there is no smoke.

#### BROIL FOR FLAVOR

Broiling is flattering to foods, for bringing out their most delicate flavors. Even a very home-spun menu may become inspired if built around an imaginative broiled combination. Just to prove this isn't idle speech, here is a menu made notable by that noble fish in the picture.

#### FISH DINNER DE LUXE

Grapejuice and Ginger Ale Cocktail  
Broiled Mackerel with Cinnamon-Orange Slices  
Buttered Onions Mashed Potatoes Celery Hearts  
Steamed Spiced Pudding Lemon Sauce

The trick of broiling is easy. Preheat the broiler compartment five to ten minutes, depending on its type, and have the food at least two inches from the tip of the flame. The length of broiling time must depend on the thickness and kind of meat and on how well done your family likes it.

The unusually heavy insulation on the new ovens means that baking and roasting may go on freely and comfortably in summer as in winter. It also means cheaper running costs. And, pleasing thought, the even heat distribution of modern ovens gives perfect baking results.

Automatic temperature controls are standard equipment on practically all ranges. And very grand it is, too, when baking and roasting nowadays are done so universally by time and temperature, to be able to pop cake or roast in the oven at the proper temperature and forget about it until time is up.

However, even though clever engineering has made ovens so much more efficient that they're inexpensive to run, it is smart to make full use of every oven heating. Naturally foods that bake at the same temperature for the same length of time should be selected for baking together—in oven meals, for instance.

#### QUICK PRE-HEATING

It's pleasant to be able to have a hot oven within ten minutes of turning on the gas. But it's just as pleasant to be able within a few minutes to adjust oven heat speedily from one temperature to another—from the 400° required for a coffee ring to the 375° needed for bread. As we did for the oven picture above.

The basic recipe for Potato Bread is one you'll want to keep. For from it, with one mixing, you can make two plump loaves of bread and a delicious spicy coffee ring.

#### POTATO BREAD

1 cup riced potatoes	½ cup lukewarm potato water
½ cup shortening	1 teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar	1 cup milk
3 eggs	8 cups flour (or a little more)
1 yeast cake	

Force hot potatoes through a ricer and cool. Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add potatoes and yeast cake dissolved in the potato water. Add salt, milk, enough flour to make a stiff dough. Mix well. Cover tightly with waxed paper. Set in refrigerator overnight. This amount makes two loaves and the coffee ring.

**For the Bread:** Shape two loaves, cover and let rise in warm place for 1 hour. Bake in a moderately



hot oven (375°) for 50 minutes. Brush the tops with melted butter.

**For the Coffee Ring:** Roll dough into oblong sheet. Spread with melted butter, sprinkle with cinnamon, sugar and raisins. Roll like a jelly roll; form in a ring. Cut slashes part way through ring at two-inch intervals, separate sections; turn cut side up. Let rise in warm place 1 hour. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) 30 minutes. Serves 6-8.

#### NEW IDEAS IN BURNERS

All sorts of nice things are also happening to the surface of gas ranges. New burner designs are more economical of fuel and are easier to clean than the old type. Many burners have simmering units with two aims in life—to keep foods at cooking temperature at the lowest cost, and with entire safety. This low controlled heat also simplifies cooking of vegetables in small amounts of water.

And it will be good news to many that some of the new ranges are boasting an outside burner, for preserving kettles, or for those pots of ample girth that many families rate a daily necessity.

Burners are arranged in all sorts of patterns for every need—marching in a row across the back, arranged four-square at right or left, in the middle, or two on either side of the working surface.

Whatever their individual arrangement and styling, the new gas ranges look beautiful and have splendid cooking manners.



# *proud as Punch*

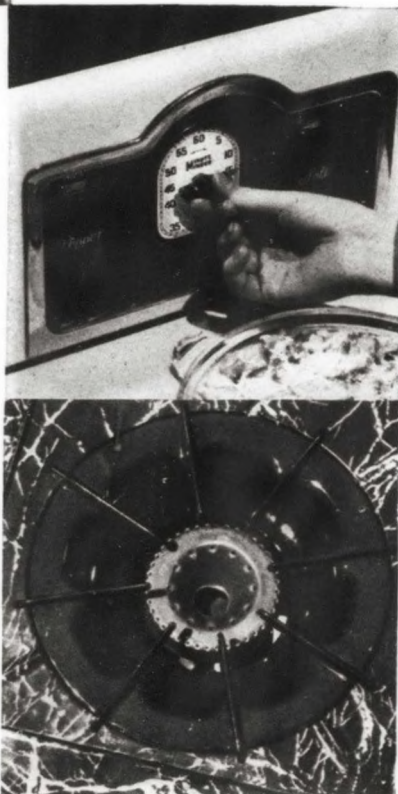
## OF MY NEW GAS RANGE

Women are telling us that wherever we go. We have been calling on readers all over the country, you see, finding out what they like and why they like it. We stayed some weeks in Portland, Oregon, where Miss Elizabeth Rieger, who is Home Service Director of the Portland Gas and Coke Company and who has worked with thousands of Portland homemakers, gave us the benefit of her wide experience. Members of the Portland Woman's Club also opened their homes to us and talked frankly about their equipment problems.

BY KATHLEEN ROBERTSON & FAYE I. HAMILTON



OVENS ARE putting on heavy coats of insulation to keep heat where it belongs. Preheating is faster, too. Temperatures up to 500° may be reached within ten minutes. Some ovens now can maintain the hitherto-unheard-of low temperature of 225°. And, good news, warming ovens are again available in many ranges.



THIS TIMER-ALARM CLOCK fitting so pleasingly into the design of the range, keeps track of the flight of time. Set it when the eggs go on or as you slide the cake into the oven, and let it call you when they're done.

THE SIMMERING FLAME, so necessary for many types of cooking, such as soups and stews, is now easily maintained on all ranges. Close-fitting trays and smaller burners are new. And they're much easier to keep span clean!

*"It's time for our chat with the children"*



MILES apart—yet close at hand. Pick up the telephone and pick up the scattered members of your family. Exchange happiness for happiness with sons, daughters, nephews, nieces . . . be "with them" again . . . hear their chatter and laughter. The telephone is always ready, quick, convenient. Rates to most points are lowest after 7 P. M. and all day Sunday. Plan to keep in intimate touch with distant dear ones. Start tonight!

THAT EXTRA TELEPHONE! You'll be amazed at the convenience and ease that an extra telephone extension brings. It saves countless steps. Brings endless satisfaction. And it costs so little! Call your local telephone office.



LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE NOW LOWER THAN EVER. Use your telephone often to keep in touch with faraway friends and relatives.



# "Now Let's Plan Meals," SAYS ELIZABETH WOODY

## A WEEK'S MENUS

Recipes for dishes printed in heavy type are given in this issue. (See index at right)

## A RECIPE INDEX

This month McCall's brings you all these

## NEW IDEAS

Original touches to brighten meals

	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER	HOT SARDINE APPETIZER	BANANA FRUIT CUP
<b>SUNDAY</b>	Spoon Bread with Sausage-Cheese Topping Red Apple and Celery Salad French Dressing	Pineapple Juice Cheese Crackers Baked Daisy Ham Pimiento Peas Mashed Potatoes Jellied Vegetable Salad Chocolate Cream Pie	Spread buttered strips of toast with mustard to which has been added a little minced onion. Place a boneless sardine on each strip and sprinkle with a few drops of lemon juice. Grill in broiler several minutes. Serve hot with chilled vegetable-juice cocktails.	¾ cup orange juice ¾ cup canned or fresh grapefruit juice 2 bananas Strain freshly squeezed orange juice. Combine with grapefruit juice. Chill. Put a few slices of bananas in each sherbet glass and fill with the mixed fruit juices. Serves 6.
<b>MONDAY</b>	Carrot Fritters Crisp Bacon Cottage Cheese and Pear Salad	Oven Pot Roast Brown Gravy Buttered Onions Sweet Potatoes Endive with French Dressing Ginger Puffs	<b>Beefsteak Rolls</b> - - - - - page 52 <b>Brailed Mackerel</b> - - - - - page 56 <b>Crown Roast of Lamb</b> - - - - - page 50 <b>Ham, Oyster &amp; Mushroom Ramekins</b> - - - - - page 50 <b>Louisiana Baked Beans</b> - page 50 <b>Noodles Espagnole</b> - - - - - page 52 <b>Oyster and Corn Stew</b> - - - - - page 52 <b>Spoon Bread with Sausage-Cheese Topping</b> - - - - - page 52	<b>LENTEN CASSEROLE</b> 1 pound can pink salmon 1 cup grated American cheese 3 hard-cooked eggs Paprika; salt ½ cup top milk Drain salmon; remove bones and flake. Slice eggs and place in bottom of a greased casserole. Add salmon. Sprinkle with cheese. Dust with salt and paprika. Add milk. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for about 20 minutes. Serves 6.
<b>TUESDAY</b>	Salmon and Celery Salad Hot Rolls Creamy Rice with Spiced Cherry Sauce	Tomato Juice Scalloped Ham and Potatoes Whole Kernel Corn Buttered String Beans Grapefruit Salad Avocado Salad Dressing	<b>PIMIENTO PEAS</b> 1 No. 2 can peas 1 whole canned pimiento 2 tablespoons butter Few grains pepper ½ teaspoon salt Heat peas rapidly in liquor from can until liquor has evaporated. Melt butter, add chopped pimiento and sauté 2 to 3 minutes. Add salt and pepper. Put peas in serving dish. Pour pimiento butter sauce over them. Serves 6.	<b>CARROT FRITTERS</b> 1 cup flour 1 cup mashed, canned carrots ½ teaspoon salt Few grains pepper ⅓ cup milk 2 eggs 1 tablespoon melted fat or oil Sift together flour, salt and pepper. Add mashed carrots, milk, beaten eggs and fat. Drop by spoonfuls into deep fat (375°F.) and fry about 3 minutes. Drain on absorbent paper. Serves 6.
<b>WEDNESDAY</b>	German Hot Potato Salad Cold Sliced Pot Roast Banana Fruit Cup Cookies	Consommé Brown Chicken Fricassée Buttered Lima Beans Hot Biscuits Celery Hearts Baked Custard	<b>German Hot Potato Salad</b> - page 52 <b>GRAPEFRUIT-CARROT SLAW</b> 2 cups sliced carrots 1 cup canned grapefruit sections 2 cups shredded cabbage ½ cup French dressing ½ cup cottage cheese Just before serving toss the carrots, cabbage, and drained grapefruit sections with the French dressing. Season cottage cheese and form into tiny balls. Add to salad. Serves 6.	<b>PEACH STONE SALAD</b> ½ cup chopped figs 1 cup chopped dates ¼ cup chopped maraschino cherries ½ cup chopped walnuts 1 No. 2½ can peach halves Combine figs, dates, walnuts, cherries. Add cherry sirup to form a paste. Form into balls the size and shape of peach stones. Put one in each peach half. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise-cream dressing. Serves 8.
<b>THURSDAY</b>	Noodles Espagnole Salad Bowl of Mixed Greens French Dressing Fruited Gelatin Whip	Hamburg Cakes Wrapped in Bacon Buttered Spinach Baked Potatoes Hearts of Lettuce Russian Dressing Apple-Cranberry Betty	<b>Coffee Cake</b> - - - - - page 56 <b>Potato Bread</b> - - - - - page 56 <b>CORN STICKS</b> Add 1 cup white corn meal to 1 cup boiling salted water. Cook until thick, add 2 tablespoons butter. Spread ½-inch thick on buttered inverted cookie sheet. Sprinkle with celery seed. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 15 minutes or until brown. Cut in strips. Serves 6.	<b>FRUITED TEA SCONES</b> 2 cups flour ¼ cup shortening 4 teaspoons baking powder ⅓ cup (1 package) mixed candied fruits ½ teaspoon salt 2 eggs 1 tablespoon sugar ½ cup milk Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in shortening. Add chopped fruits. Add beaten eggs and milk. Pat out ½-inch thick. Cut triangles. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (450°F.) Makes 12.
<b>FRIDAY</b>	Cream of Tomato Soup Stuffed Peach Salad Whole Wheat Bread and Butter Sandwiches	Brailed Mackerel with Cinnamon-Orange Slices Harvard Beets Lyonnaise Potatoes Deep Dish Apple Pie Cheese	<b>Cinnamon-Orange Slices</b> - page 56 <b>Dessert Sauce</b> - - - - - page 52 <b>Pineapple Stuffing</b> - - - - - page 50 <b>Spiced Cherry Sauce</b> - - - - - page 52	<b>APPLE HORSE-RADISH RELISH</b> Mix ½ cup grated raw apple with ½ cup mayonnaise. Add 2 teaspoons powdered sugar and 1 tablespoon horse-radish. Serve with meat course. <b>AVOCADO SALAD DRESSING</b> Add ½ cup sieved avocado pulp to ½ cup cream, whipped. Add 1 tablespoon powdered sugar, ¼ teaspoon lemon juice and salt. Serves 6.
<b>SATURDAY</b>	Louisiana Baked Beans Toasted Brown Bread Grapefruit-Carrot Slaw	Veal Cutlets Sour Cream Gravy Buttered Broccoli Fluffy Rice Romaine with Roquefort Dressing Fruit Crumb Pudding	<b>Apple-Cranberry Betty</b> - - - - - page 52 <b>Creamy Rice</b> - - - - - page 52 <b>GINGER PUFFS</b> Hot gingerbread cup cakes, served with a sauce made this way: Beat one egg white stiff. Beat in ¾ cup unsweetened apple-sauce, ¼ teaspoon lemon juice and 2 tablespoons of sugar. Serves 6.	<b>FRUIT CRUMB PUDDING</b> 1 No. 2 can pears 1 ½ cups ginger-snap crumbs 1 ½ cups dried apricots ¼ cup maple sirup 2 tablespoons lemon juice Drain pear halves; quarter. Stew apricots 5 minutes; drain. Place pears in bottom of casserole. Add ¾ cup crumbs, then apricots. Mix maple sirup and lemon juice; add. Top with remaining crumbs. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven (350°F.). Serves 6.

STARTERS

ENTREES

VEGETABLES

SALADS

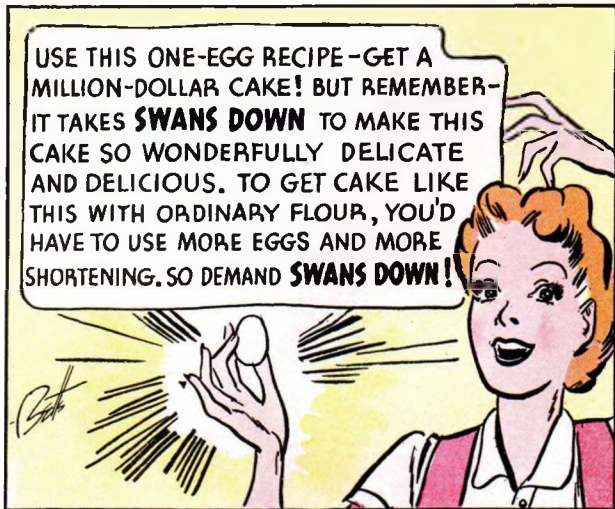
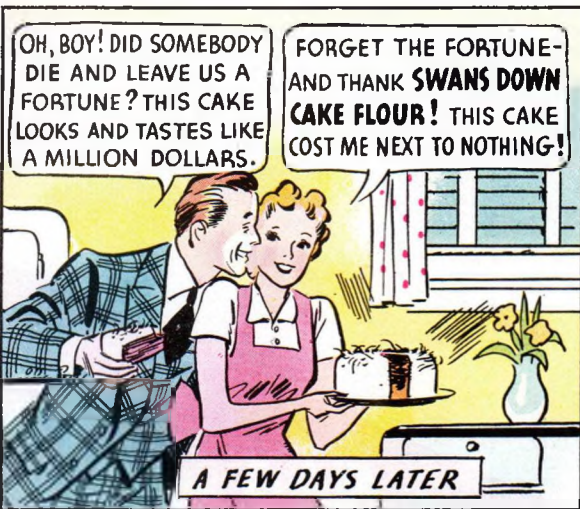
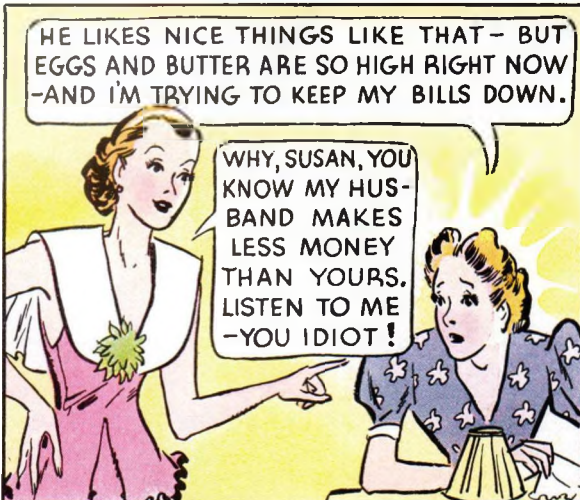
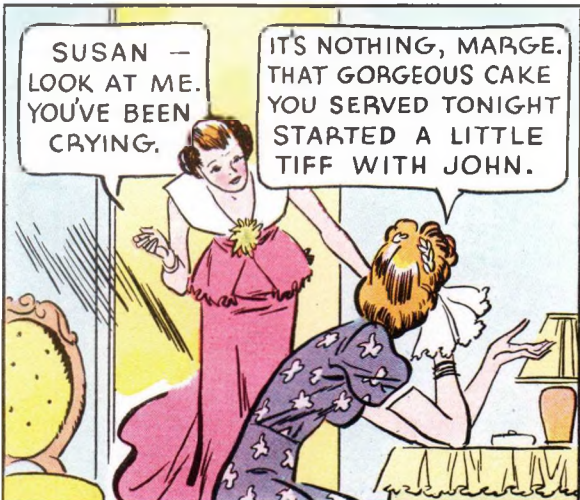
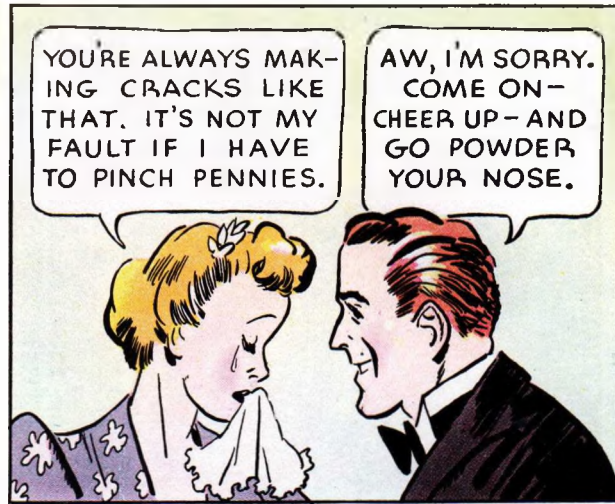
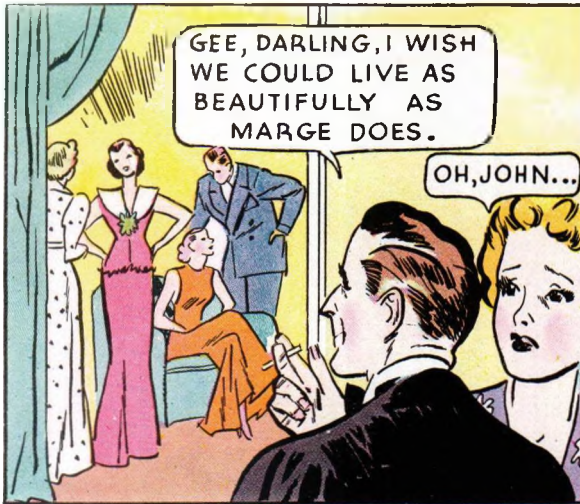
BREADS

TRIMMINGS

DESSERTS



# The Case of the RICH Little Poor Girl



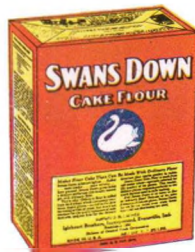
- TROPICAL SPICE CAKE (1 egg)**
- |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour | ¼ teaspoon each cloves, nutmeg and mace |
| 2½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder* | ⅓ cup butter or other shortening        |
| ¼ teaspoon salt                     | ¾ cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed   |
| 1 teaspoon cinnamon                 | 1 egg, unbeaten                         |
| ½ teaspoon allspice                 | ¾ cup milk                              |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and spices, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together well. Add egg and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Spread Tropical Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle with additional coconut, if desired.

\*This recipe has been developed with Calumet Baking Powder. If another baking powder is used, adjust the proportions as recommended by the manufacturers.

**TROPICAL FROSTING**—Combine 2 egg whites, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon water, and 3 tablespoons lemon juice in top of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater to mix. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water, add ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, and 2 drops almond extract; beat until thick enough to spread. Add 1 cup finely cut raisins, and ½ can cut Baker's Southern Style Coconut. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake.

(All measurements are level.)



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**ONLY 10¢** — "Latest Cake Secrets." A complete cake-making book that every beginner or expert will prize. Tells reasons and remedies for cake difficulties. How to mix and bake perfectly. 64 illustrated pages. 102 delicious recipes for cakes, frostings and quick breads. Along with "Latest Cake Secrets," we will also send you a copy of "Bake Like a Champion."

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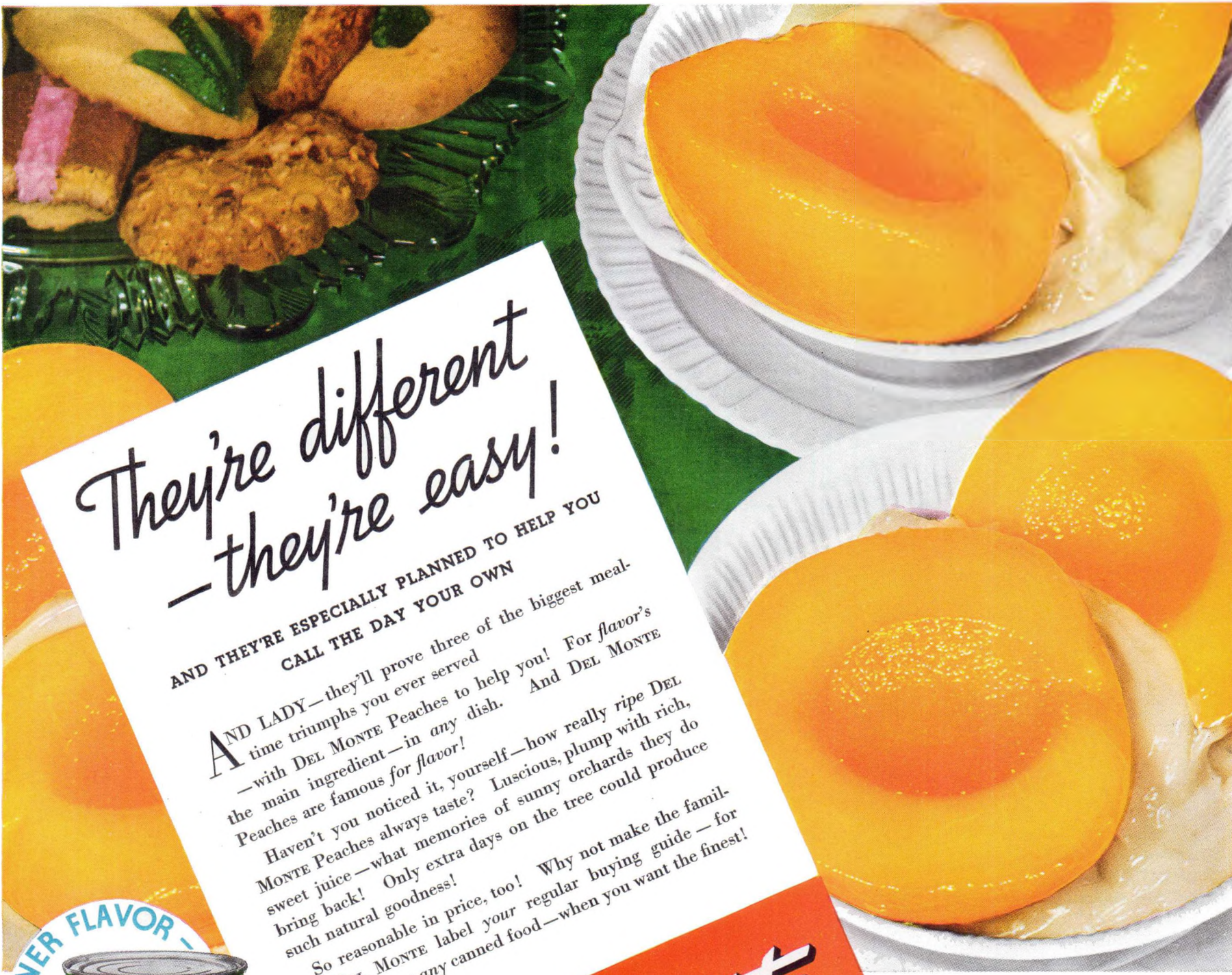
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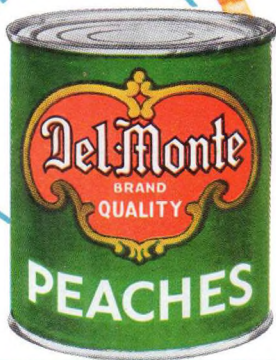
AND THEY'RE ESPECIALLY PLANNED TO HELP YOU  
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AND LADY—they'll prove three of the biggest meal-time triumphs you ever served—with DEL MONTE Peaches to help you! For flavor's the main ingredient—in any dish. And DEL MONTE Peaches are famous for flavor!

Haven't you noticed it, yourself—how really ripe DEL MONTE Peaches always taste? Luscious, plump with rich, sweet juice—what memories of sunny orchards they do bring back! Only extra days on the tree could produce such natural goodness!

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FOR FINER FLAVOR



**Del Monte  
PEACHES**

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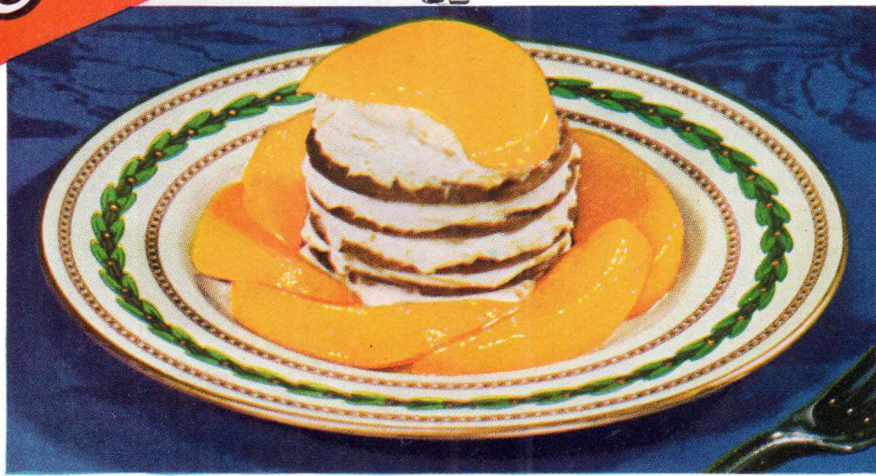
Del Monte  
DORMO-CUT  
COFFEE



(ABOVE) . . . Peaches, with a marshmallow sauce quickly made after breakfast and out of the way. Blend  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  c. milk in double boiler, stir until thick; add 20 marshmallows, halved, stir until smooth. Flavor to taste.

(RIGHT) . . . Cream 2 pkgs. cream cheese with  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. confectioners sugar, 2 tsp. vanilla,  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches drained and chopped. Spread between vanilla cookies and set away in ice box. Serve with sliced peaches.

(LEFT) . . . Top pieces of angel cake with whipped cream blended with melted chocolate, vanilla and sugar. Serve beside drained DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches.



APPOINTMENTS BY GUMP'S, SAN FRANCISCO

*flavor*

but remember . . . it's the *flavor* of the fruit that makes them all so welcome

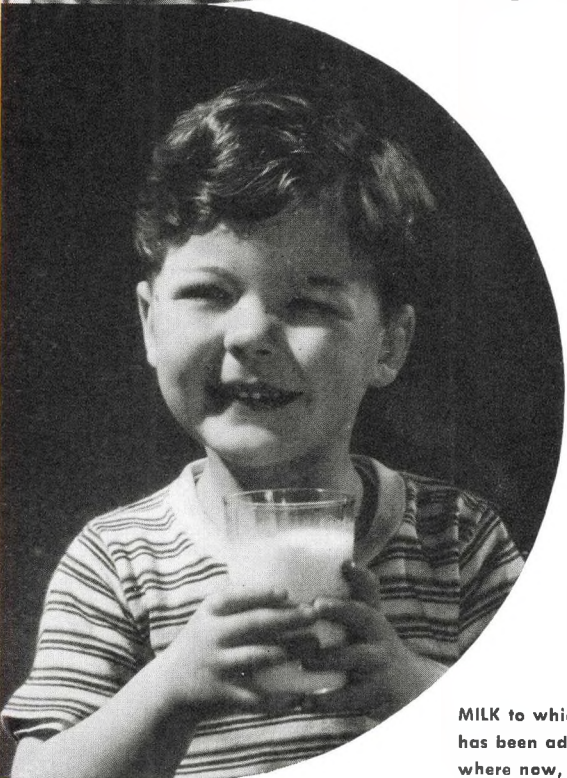




EGG YOLK is rich in vitamin D. Thus you can eat the sunshine vitamin for breakfast, luncheon or dinner.



FISH LIVER OILS and viosterol are convenient and effective means of adding extra vitamin D to the diet.



MILK to which the sunshine vitamin has been added is available everywhere now, either in cans or bottles.

## 3 ways to eat sunshine

**N**EW chapters are constantly being added to the story of vitamins. One of the latest experiments indicates that the sunshine vitamin, D, may be of help to mothers-to-be in shortening the process of the baby's birth.

Dr. G. C. Richardson of California found that a group of mothers who took vitamin D in the form of viosterol regularly during pregnancy, averaged only a third as many hours in labor as did another group who had taken no vitamin D.

Other recent experiments indicate that we can decrease the number and severity of our common colds by daily doses of cod liver oil or viosterol during the less sunny months from November to May.

Eggs, salmon and, better still, bottled or evaporated milk to which vitamin D has been added, provide other pleasant ways of eating the sunshine vitamin with our meals.

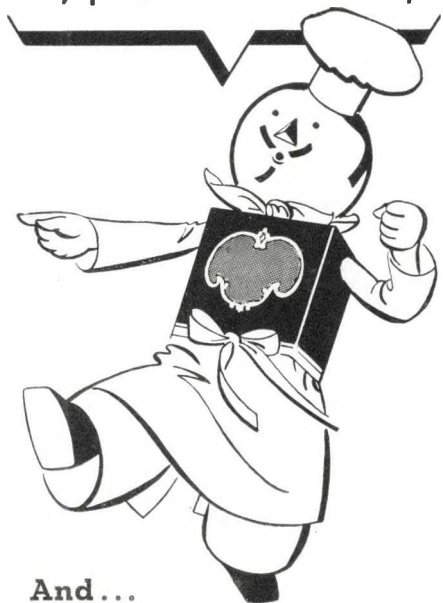
BY  
E. V. McCOLLUM  
PH. D., SC. D.



E. V. McCOLLUM, Ph.D., Sc.D., McCall's consultant on diet, is famous as co-discoverer of the sunshine vitamin D.

Sing a song of Peaches...  
but don't forget to buy

**Del Monte**  
**DRIED FRUITS,**  
plump and sweet...  
They please both taste and eye



And...  
just remember. this one  
favorite brand meets all  
your Dried Fruit needs

What a comfort! To be certain of full-fruit flavor... in *all* Dried Fruits you buy.

And it's easy as A B C! For DEL MONTE brings you Raisins, Apricots, Peaches, and Prunes. Each with the *one-quality goodness* that you always expect from this brand.

They're California's finest, these thin-skinned, tender, tree-ripened fruits. With their natural sweetness and flavor enhanced by careful drying, Nature's way of concentrating food value.

And... their natural goodness is guarded... right till you use them... by DEL MONTE's perfected containers.

Why not let DEL MONTE's quality reputation guide your *Dried Fruit* shopping, too? You'll find it pays to ask for DEL MONTE, *every time you buy.*

Meet the whole  
**DEL MONTE**  
CARTON  
**DRIED FRUIT FAMILY**

- Thompson Seedless Raisins
- Seeded Muscat Raisins
- Santa Clara Prunes
- Sun Dried Apricots
- Sun Dried Peaches
- Also DEL MONTE DRI-PAK  
Prunes in cans

JUST BE SURE YOU SAY

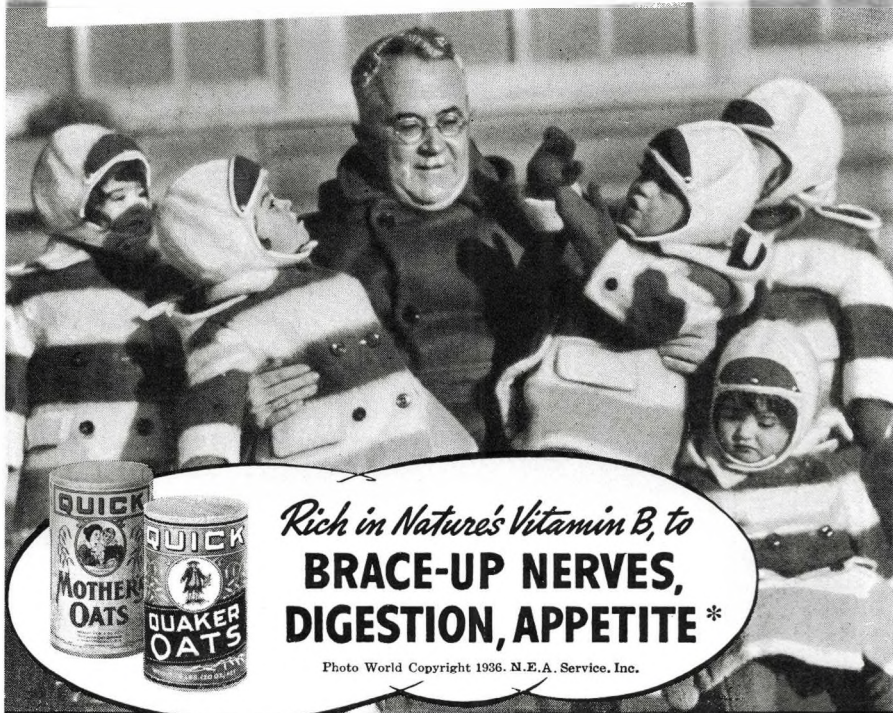
**Del Monte**

—and get the last word  
in Raisin and Dried Fruit Goodness



"TODAY OUR HEALTHY  
DIONNE QUINS HAD  
QUAKER OATS."

*Dr. Allan Roy Dajore*



Rich in Nature's Vitamin B, to  
**BRACE-UP NERVES,  
DIGESTION, APPETITE\***

Photo World Copyright 1936. N.E.A. Service, Inc.

**You Can't Beat the Dionnes'  
3-Year Record!  
So We Stick to Quaker Oats!**

NEVER before has a doctor's word carried such weight with so many mothers!

\*To rich and poor, Quaker Oats affords a delicious breakfast, abounding in Nature's protective-Vitamin B to combat JUMPY NERVES, CONSTIPATION, and DULL, LISTLESS APPETITES, where poor condition is due to lack of this vitamin.

Served hot, it is an ideal breakfast for good condition, whatever your age.

It gives a wealth of food-energy to hard workers. And restores tired nervous systems with abundant nerve-vitamin B. Grocers feature both 2½ minute Quick Quaker Oats, and regular.

Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same.

*Start your day  
on the Vital side*



**QUAKER OATS**

## PORTRAIT OF A LADY

[Continued from page 55]

He poked the fire and threw on a stick of wood. The conversation returned to general topics. Somehow it got around to talk about sleight-of-hand. I had heard that the King was *amateur*, so I said I could do a trick with a piece of string. He called a servant and said, "Bring some cord."

I did the stunt and he liked it a lot. When I had demonstrated it a couple of times, he was eager to try it himself, and did so, putting the string around Mrs. Simpson's right forefinger. In a minute or two he caught on.

"Aha, I can do it," he said, and it was obvious he was pleased. "I shall never forget it. An extremely amusing trick."

Then he showed me a jigsaw puzzle on the table behind the sofa, a map of Europe in puzzle form. He fitted several pieces together. We talked. He spoke of his trip to the United States, of his ranch in Canada. He spoke of Mrs. Simpson's dogs and of how she preferred to wash them herself, believing that she could wash them better than any servant.

We spoke of many things, but we did not speak again of the problem facing him and Mrs. Simpson. Yet I knew he had not forgotten it. Her welfare, and that of the Empire: two considerations that were heavily on his mind. He was simply too much of a man, too thoroughly the King and the English gentleman, to inflict his burden on others.

Shortly after midnight we all stood up and said goodbye. Wallis thanked me for coming. I did not see her again. The King walked to the door with me.

"Good night, it was pleasant having you here."

"I'm very grateful, Sir," I said.

## "SHALL I RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER?"

[Beginning on page 16]

the hair, he had a fever. . . . On those days he didn't work. And his wife will never fight in another war.

And then there are the younger women, the girls, those in their teens or early twenties. I have seen them skating on the Eislaufverein in Vienna, their colorful scarves beating in the wind; in the fields of Surrey, with knapsacks on their backs; swimming on the Lido, their bodies slowly browning in the sun; in Paris restaurants, with the headwaiters carefully solicitous to the demands not only of beauty but of youth; in ski trains near Kitzbuhel, shouting and laughing; in crowded busses on the streets of Prague, going to school.

AND I remember—in sharp and dreadful contrast—that huge sign at the entrance to one of the Hitler Jugend camps in Germany, where the

The servant in scarlet livery opened the door, and an automobile swung around the driveway. It was the same car in which I had driven out from London. When we reached the end of the drive I turned and looked back and saw that lights were still shining in the windows of Fort Belvedere.

Sitting in the automobile, smoking a cigarette, I felt as if I had that night been the humble witness to a drama of intense significance. My thought turned suddenly to the play *Cavalcade*. I did not think of any specific scene, but only of the almost ineffable way the play showed the respect Englishmen have for the past, and the serene, almost arrogant faith they have in the future. Sitting there, riding toward London, I realized how much I admired the King, a King who could come from an agonizing conference of state and talk of hunting dogs. A self-confident, bare-kneed King who could so thoroughly enjoy a string-trick while deciding that he would not swerve from a decision of infinite importance to himself, to the Empire, and to the woman he loved.

And then the vision of this American lady who had come to mean so much to him rose again before my mind. She seemed not so much a woman who had consciously shaped her own destiny as one whose destiny had been altered and would be altered still by Edward's love and need for her. She was not the scheming, selfish power behind a throne, but a beloved companion to whom a King, in his utter loneliness, had turned. His love and reverence had made her truly queenly.

TEN days would pass before the world would know of the King's decision but, riding into London in the King's automobile, on the windy night of December 1, 1936, I knew what it would be. I was not surprised when I heard his tired, grave voice coming over the radio, saying, "I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do, without the help and support of the woman I love. . . ."

youth of the nation gets its first dose of military training: YOU WERE BORN TO DIE FOR GERMANY.

Horrible, isn't it? The philosophy behind it is that a supreme common denominator exists between the blonde Hungarian girl, and the young American in France, and the Vienna concierge, and the British countess, and the gymnast in Spain, and all the youthful lively girls growing up in every country. The common denominator is that they all are (or were) potential mothers, and that the duty of the woman is to provide offspring for the battlefield.

The American woman thinks of war as something terrible but—thank goodness!—remote. Things may come to a serious crisis in this country, but even in a serious crisis we don't have Iowa on the brink of mobilizing against Illinois. We are several thousand miles from the frontier neurosis that terrifies Europe. But the European woman has to think of war, not only as something terrible, but as something paralyzingly close and imminent. Moreover, since there will be no civilians in the next war, she will suffer directly as well as indirectly, if war comes. Thermite bombs are quite impartial about the sexes.

It is also true that the question of peace or war depends, ultimately and

[Continued on page 64]



# Quality Coffee— in the money-saving bag



#### GETS "A" FOR ECONOMY

—“Like all schoolteachers, I have to economize. And *Dated* Coffee in the bag is solid economy. It's low priced, yet gives me everything I could ask for in coffee—fine quality, rich, fresh flavor, pleasant stimulation.”

Miss G. Sheerin,  
Salisbury, Mass.

**F**OR REAL VALUE . . . high quality and low price . . . housewives say there's nothing like Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the bag.

Its delicious, rich flavor comes from the world's choice coffees. And our Dating Plan *guarantees* its freshness. Every bag of *Dated* Coffee is rushed fresh to your grocer, marked with the date of delivery—your protection against stale, rancid taste.

This allows us to pack it in the bag and save you money! Order an economical bag of delicious Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee at your grocer's tomorrow!

Copyright, 1937, by Standard Brands Inc.



#### PROUD OF IT—

“I'm running my house on very little money, but I defy anybody to serve better quality food. I think *Dated* Coffee in the bag is far and away the best coffee value I know. It couldn't be fresher, or richer, yet it's low priced because of the bag.”

Mrs. H. Lawson,  
New York City



#### 2880 CUPS OF COFFEE— O.K.—

“My husband and I love good coffee—between us we drink 12 cups a day. That means we have to watch price as well as flavor. We've had 2880 cups of *Dated* Coffee since it was packed in the economical bag—and every last one of them has been just perfect!”

Mrs. Ellsworth Cobb,  
Queens Village, L. I.



#### FIEND TO LAMB—

“Danny (my husband) was a positive fiend about his coffee until I gave him Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the economical paper bag. Now he thinks I'm a wonderful wife to have found such a perfectly grand coffee at such a low price.”

Mrs. R. D. Kiefaber,  
Dayton, Ohio







## But the Future Begins Today

**B**RILLIANT as her future may seem, it may already be threatened by the mistaken, the dangerous idea that tooth decay is a necessary evil or that it "isn't very important."

For tooth decay has become one of the most harmful and prevalent diseases of mankind. A Government report on the examination of more than a million children in schools, indicates an average of two infected teeth per child.

As age advances, conditions grow worse. Impairment of appearance—even actual loss of teeth—is only a minor result of dental infection. Unchecked, it can retard physical and mental development—contribute to serious illness of vital organs—even shorten life.

### Follow THE SQUIBB PLAN

1. Brush your teeth thoroughly at least twice a day, using a dentifrice that is efficient and safe; one prepared by a reliable maker.
2. Check with your dentist regularly to be sure that your home treatment is effective, that your diet is correct, and that you have the benefit of adequate professional service.

Because of these facts, the House of Squibb has developed Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder to provide a more effective home aid in the fight against dental infection.

### Most Tooth Decay Can be PREVENTED

Today we offer a simple plan by which most tooth decay can be prevented, and urge you to follow it.

Squibb dentifrices contain an antacid that neutralizes the bacterial acids that cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them. And you will like the refreshing cleanliness of the mouth and brilliant luster of the teeth that result from their use.

*For more than three-quarters of a century, millions of careful families have depended on the name of Squibb . . . Specify—*

**SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER**—it has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream . . . for those who prefer powder.

**SQUIBB MINERAL OIL**—a safe, internal regulator.

**SQUIBB ASPIRIN**—pure and promptly effective.

**SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL**—exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D . . . a true economy.

**SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA**—free from any suggestion of earthy taste . . . another sign of purity.

**SQUIBB SODIUM BICARBONATE**—refined to an unusual degree of purity.



## SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

## "SHALL I RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER?"

[Continued from page 62]

in the final analysis, upon women. There are approximately 200,000,000 women in Europe. They could stop war if they wanted to. Because they provide the men. The dictators need one thing above all others, and only women can give it to them—man power. They can make money and they can make machines, but not even Hitler or Mussolini can produce men, on which their power to make war ultimately depends, without the aid of women. Thus the tremendous efforts in Germany and Italy to raise the birth rate.

These things being true, why is it that the women of Europe, by and large, allow themselves so supinely to be led to the brink of war? Why is it that, with many individual exceptions, the bulk of Europe's women are so less politically minded than American women?

For one thing, extremely few European women possess mechanical refrigerators. It may seem a far cry from questions of war and peace to questions of kitchen mechanics, but they are in fact within calling distance. Give a housewife an oil-burner, an electric incinerator, kitchen gadgets that make toast and squeeze orange juice automatically, a modern range and refrigerator, and she has time to go out into the world, join clubs, make speeches, educate her children properly and, in short, be the political equivalent of a man. Forbid her these things, and she is tied to the kitchen sink with apron strings.

Another reason is the prevailing philosophy in most parts of Europe that a wife is no more than an appendage of her husband, socially, economically, politically. She is not supposed to think for herself; she is not supposed to have her own ideas. Her husband makes the decisions and she obeys. If he says she has to vote for war, she does so.

Another reason lies in the sphere of economics. Jobs, by and large, are scarcer in most European countries than in America, and opportunities fewer; the woman who does manage to escape the maternity bed and kitchen sink and go out into the world has such a hard time getting a good job and keeping it that she has little energy to spare for politics and the prevention of war.

**S**TILL again, there is education. European women—this is a generalization to which there are exceptions—are simply not trained by equality in schooling to think for themselves. And pacifism is—or should be—the first fruit of reason.

And, of course, finally, there are the twin factors of inertia and propaganda. War has always been with European women; the stupid ones regard war as an inevitable factor in their lives. Moreover, in a dictatorship country, propaganda is such that it makes militant nationalism attractive; in fact no alternative to militant nationalism, which is the chief cause of war, is allowed discussion.

England is the most enlightened country in Europe in regard to the political position of women. There women can assist—in parliament and elsewhere—in the fight for peace.

In Soviet Russia too women do have a chance at jobs where they may influence events. At least two women are cabinet ministers or assistant ministers in the R.S.F.S.R. (Russia proper), Madame Yakovleva and Madame Voronova, and another, Madame Alexandra Kollantay, was the first woman ever appointed by a major country to be an ambassador abroad. A lady named Nikolaeva is director of propaganda for the central committee of the communist party, an important job. Wives of eminent Russians, moreover, are encouraged to get jobs themselves.

The picture in the Fascist countries is very different. Hitler and Mussolini—the German Führer particularly—are avowed enemies of feminism. The place of the woman, in Nazi ideology, is the home; as early as 1922, I believe, it was settled that no woman could ever hold a post in the Nazi party. It is true that women have the vote in Germany, but they vote (also in Italy) only as sheep to be counted. In Italy, I recently heard, families with more than ten children have to pay no rent. The temper of the Fascist states demands production of children—potential man power—above all else. The duty of the woman is to breed.

Even in France women do not have the vote. This is because of the tradition that most French women are under the thumb, not only of their husbands but of the priests, and would heavily swing an election to the Right. Thus Leftist cabinets, ordinarily progressive in such matters, have always opposed legislation to bring votes for women. But the French woman, whatever one may think to the contrary, is the most resolute of pacifists—and is proving it.

**T**HE time may come," H. G. Wells has written, "when only a half or a third of the adults in our world will be producing offspring."

In France the birth rate is falling steeply. This has become a dominant national problem. Women are refusing to produce sons.

In England the population will fall by about 10,000,000 from its present total of about 45,000,000 in less than fifty years, it has been calculated.

In the smaller democracies, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland and so on, modern education, the spread of birth control, new opportunities in business life, have likewise sharply reduced the birth rate.

Now the point to stress is that just those countries which are most pacific in intent, France and England and the traditional neutrals, are the ones in which mothers are producing fewer sons. The contrary is true of Germany and Italy, the Fascist and activist states, and also of Japan. The Italians produce so many babies that their population of roughly 42,000,000 increases by about 450,000 births a year. Demographic specialists predict that in the long run the German birth rate will go down, but at the moment Hitler has considerably stimulated it. The Japanese are breeding with incredible velocity.

The women of France and Britain are intelligent enough to hate war and to refuse to bear children for furthering it. But the women of Hitler's Reich and Mussolini's Italy and the rising sun of Japan are being duped to produce children as fast as they can.

The united women of the world could stop war if they wanted to. They could make the militarist dreams of a dictator measurably harder to achieve. Women of Germany, women of Italy, the future war or peace is in your hands.



SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT  
**FEBRUARY**

*Armour's Meal of the Month*

# STAR BACON and CHOPPED STEAK GRILL

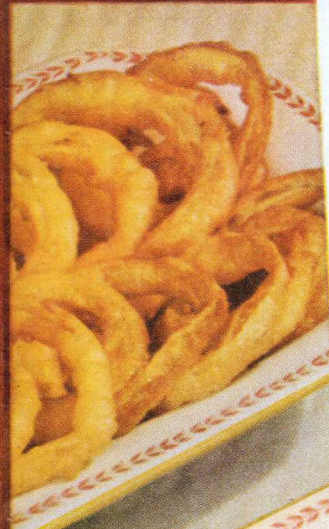
## MENU

Grilled Chopped Steak and Star Bacon  
 on Toasted Round Buns  
 Dill Pickles      Cloverbloom Butter  
 French Fried Onions  
 Green Salad Bowl      French Dressing  
 Cherry Pie      Coffee

## RECIPE

Star Bacon and Chopped Steak Grill  
 1½ lbs. chopped beef (round or chuck)  
 ½ lb. chopped pork (shoulder)  
 1 lb. Star Bacon  
 6 round buns—Cloverbloom Butter  
 Have meat ground together. Shape lightly into patties and wrap each with strip of bacon. On heated broiler rack place the patties, and buns split and buttered. Toast buns. Broil steaks 8 to 10 minutes, turning once. Season meat when turned. Serve patties on toasted half of bun, with thick slice of dill pickle on top. Arrange extra slices of broiled bacon on same platter.

*Planned and tested by MARIE GIFFORD, Food Economist at Armour's.*



*As thrifty as it is delicious!*

Copyright 1937, Armour and Company

**Marie Gifford of Armour's proves that fine meals can be inexpensive, too. . . . Your dealer will give you complete recipes for the FEBRUARY GRILL**

★ Breathes there a man who can resist an appetizing Chopped Steak Grill . . . served with crisp Star Bacon, French Fried Onions, Sliced Pickles and Toasted Buns? It's marvelous eating on chill February nights. Full of rich, juicy flavors and nourishing proteins that tempt every palate in the family. Yet this fine meal is *surprisingly* economical, because you can use the less expensive cuts of meat, ground.

Here's a MEAL OF THE MONTH you'll serve often enough to become a regular Meal of the *Week* in your home!

*Millions love the flavor of Armour's Star Sliced Bacon*

The matchless flavor of Armour's Star Sliced Bacon adds richness and zest to any meat dish, because

of its superb quality and expert preparation. Star Sliced Bacon is selected from choice United States Government inspected stock and brought to the peak of perfection by Armour's exclusive Fixed Flavor Process. A long, slow smoking over fragrant hickory fires gives it that savory smoke aroma. And careful inspection by experts insures uniform quality and flavor in every pound.

That's why you can be sure of the same freshness and flavor

of Star Sliced Bacon, no matter where you buy it.

*Featured this month by your dealer*

Your neighborhood store is featuring the Grill this month. Just look for the MEAL OF THE MONTH display—buy Star Bacon and the other ingredients at the same time . . . and ask for the Free Recipe Folder, with full directions for preparing the entire meal. Then go home and *thrill* the family with one of the finest midwinter meals you have ever tasted.



**SEE THE ARMOUR MEAL OF THE MONTH DISPLAY AT YOUR DEALER'S**

**ARMOUR AND COMPANY**

CELEBRATING OUR 70TH ANNIVERSARY AS PURVEYORS OF QUALITY FOODS



**H**ERE'S A CRISP, GOLDEN cracker that always "saves the day"—RITZ! You meet it everywhere. It's a favorite with all ages. And housewives wonder how they ever got along without it . . . So do we, for right now folks are eating more than 29,000,000 Ritz a day!



**IT'S A WINNING TRICK** to serve Ritz after the game. They're perfect plain or dressed up with your favorite spreads. Just right with any beverage . . . and sure to make a hit with your guests.



**NIGHTCAP!** Try a glass of milk and Ritz at bedtime. It's a fine way to make sure of a good night's sleep. Mighty tempting, too! For Ritz has a way of making whatever food you serve it with taste better.



**BE PREPARED** for pantry raids. Keep a package of Ritz down low where the children can reach it. They'll gobble up these crisp little crackers fast, but you don't need to worry . . . Ritz are easy to digest.

LISTEN TO  
**"TWIN STARS"**

Every Friday Eve., 9:30 to 10,  
E. S. T. N. B. C. Blue Network.



THE SEAL OF  
PERFECT  
BAKING



A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY bakers of Uneda Biscuit, Shredded Wheat and many other favorites



## FIT FOR A QUEEN —WORTH A KING'S RANSOM

[Beginning on page 16]

"Sixty thousand dollars," said the salesman.

"Bid or asked?"

"Both."

"You mean, if you had a chinchilla coat just now, you could actually find somebody willing to pay you sixty thousand dollars for it?"

"My dear fellow. I could sell it, spot cash at that price, in one minute flat, simply by picking up that telephone."

"What makes it so expensive?"

"Partly the beauty of the fur, partly the demand for it among people able to pay any price for what they want, and partly the scarcity of the skins. The chinchilla is a small Andean animal that has been hunted so much, trapped so much, and protected so little that it is almost extinct. For these reasons, chinchilla has become a fur that makes Russian sable seem cheap. I assure you that this little cape represents our best effort in collecting skins, over a considerable period of time, and that it would be impossible, in New York City today, to assemble a much larger garment."

"It's a wonder that somebody wouldn't have the bright idea of raising these animals in captivity, the way they've done with silver foxes."

"Somebody has had that bright idea. It's being tried, I believe, somewhere out in California, though I don't know with what success."

**A**FTER this harrowing experience, you may realize that I was rather vividly aware of the chinchilla, and likely, on my return to California, to try and find out more about it. So, in fact, I did. I tracked the chinchilla to the farm, just outside Los Angeles, where it is being raised: I invaded its cabinetmade, scientifically-insulated lair; I made its acquaintance and fell for it even harder than I had fallen for its fur.

It is, I should say, about the size of a squirrel, but on account of the depth of the fur looks considerably bigger, about as big as a small rabbit. Indeed, it looks a little like a squirrel, and a little like a rabbit, and perhaps a little like a woodchuck. And yet it has something that all these animals lack, a personality that is not entirely in the imagination of the beholder, for its comparatively long gestative period of 111 days, the age to which it lives, known to be eighteen years in some cases, and its relatively high intelligence, all mark it as a superior member of the rodent family to which it belongs.

Its head seems large for its body, though here again its thick fur may deceive the eye. Its eyes are large, black and beady. Its ears are shaped like a squirrel's ears, but are considerably larger, with thin edges and delicate veining. Its teeth are small, with four incisors in front and tiny molars behind. The legs are small and their fur very short; the feet have tiny nails, and underneath a small black pad, that feels soft and oily to the touch, like a monkey's paw. The tail is about six inches long, with a curl like a squirrel's, and a bushiness that comes from hairs as wiry as bristles. But the fur is ir-

resistible. It is about an inch and a half deep, as fine as silk, and so thick that a flea smothered in it, one of the reasons a chinchilla is completely free from vermin. The color is pearl-gray on the back, shading off to white on the belly, but a white that has gray underneath it, so that at every movement a hint of gray ripples through, and the fur takes on that animation that is one of its chief characteristics.

It is a gentle little animal, quick to make friends and charmingly inquisitive. But gentleness, of course, is a quality only admirable in the tiger; encountered in a rabbit it doesn't have much point. Thus it is pleasing to learn that the chinchilla has a streak of the tiger in him too. You see he is sometimes visited by snakes, who fix him with their glassy eye, and expect him to sit there, tremble, and wait for death. They get a rude shock. The chinchilla dashes in, bites them once just back of the head, and the snakes die immediately.

**N**OW to explain what it is doing here in California, living a life of pampered ease, I shall have to take you back a few years. As far back as 1919, in fact, when the late M. F. Chapman of Los Angeles was in Potrerillos, Chile, as an engineer for the Anaconda Copper Company. One day an Indian came down from the high peaks with something that was destined, so far as Mr. Chapman was concerned, to be worth more than two or three copper mines. It was a live chinchilla, in a box.

Mr. Chapman knew something of the history of this animal. He knew that in the early 1900's, skins to the number of several hundred thousand had been annually exported, and that chinchilla was one of the important industries of the country. And he knew that by 1915 the number had dropped to less than 5,000, and that two years later the situation had become so serious that the government prohibited all export, all trapping, and all hunting. But he also knew that these measures weren't likely to do much good. For the real threat to the chinchilla wasn't commerce. It was the red foxes that Englishmen had brought into the country, so they could have their hunting. So when he saw this animal, vague ideas of saving it from extinction began to revolve in his mind, and he bought it.

Then he reflected that he would have to mate it if anything were to come of his ideas, and decided presently to grub-stake some Indians, and offer them more for the live animals than they could possibly get for skins. So he sent two dozen Indians up into the high places, and they trapped for three years. At the end of that time, Mr. Chapman had eleven animals to show for his pains, but fortunately three of them were females.

He then undertook the ticklish job of getting them to the United States. As he was a person of position, the Chilean government cooperated with the necessary permits for export, but the captain of the Japanese ship was a problem. Just to avoid trouble, Mr. Chapman took one whole deck of the steamer, but that didn't do any good. The captain took a pigs-is-pigs attitude, and decreed that live animals would have to go in the hold. No argument swayed him. So then Mr. Chapman resorted to direct action, for he knew that in the hold these animals would die, as they would have to have ice, air, and perhaps even electric fans to help them carry their fabulous coats of fur across the equatorial heat. He had eleven of his friends put live chin-

[Continued on page 75]

# Growing Fast — but are they building sound bones and teeth?



**40 weeks — stands alone**  
Soon he will be walking. He'll need legs that are straight and strong. Is he getting special help to build them?

**15 months — has 14 teeth**  
and all came in sound, even, well-spaced. Taking cod liver oil daily is an aid in building sound teeth

**16 weeks — holds head steady**  
Just think! A baby's head grows as much the first year as it does all the rest of his life. To help it shape beautifully this important first year, he must have enough of one certain factor — Vitamin D

If you want to help your baby build a well-shaped head...a fine, full chest...a strong back...straight legs...sound teeth, don't fail to provide him with one special factor!

All babies need the help of this one factor — *Vitamin D* — even if they're growing fast and look plump and healthy.

Milk and vegetables supply your baby with calcium and phosphorus, the minerals from which his bones and teeth are built. But in order to make use of these important minerals for developing a fine, well-knit frame, he needs *Vitamin D* in addition.

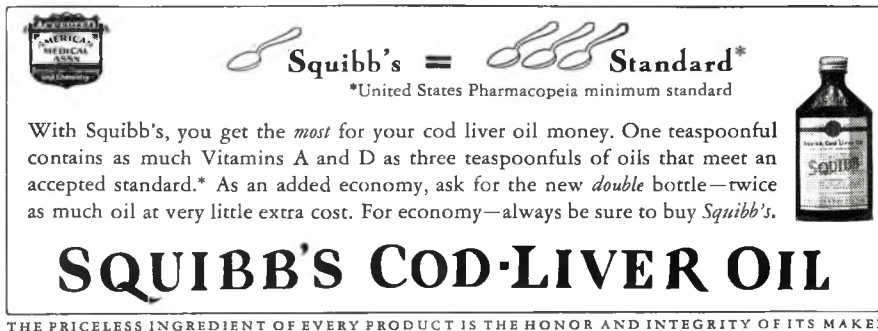
Your baby gets some *Vitamin D* outdoors from the sun. But bad weather, smoke, clouds, shut out the protective rays except for a relatively few days of the year. Indoors, ordinary window glass prevents the sun from being effective.

It's therefore advisable to give him some other source of *Vitamin D* regularly, such as good cod liver oil!

A good cod liver oil, like *Squibb's*, not only contains *Vitamin D*, but also *Vitamin A*, a factor your baby needs to aid in building good general resistance and to help him grow.

*Squibb's* Cod Liver Oil is rich in both these important vitamins. It is the kind many mothers always prefer. Get it now, and give it to your baby as a regular routine every single day all winter long. You can get *Squibb's* at any reliable drug store.

So good for the older children — *Squibb's* Mint-Flavored Oil — Start them on it now and keep up with it every day all winter. They'll like the pleasant taste. It will aid in building up their general resistance.



**Squibb's = Standard\***  
\*United States Pharmacopeia minimum standard

With *Squibb's*, you get the most for your cod liver oil money. One teaspoonful contains as much *Vitamins A and D* as three teaspoonfuls of oils that meet an accepted standard.\* As an added economy, ask for the new double bottle—twice as much oil at very little extra cost. For economy—always be sure to buy *Squibb's*.

## SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

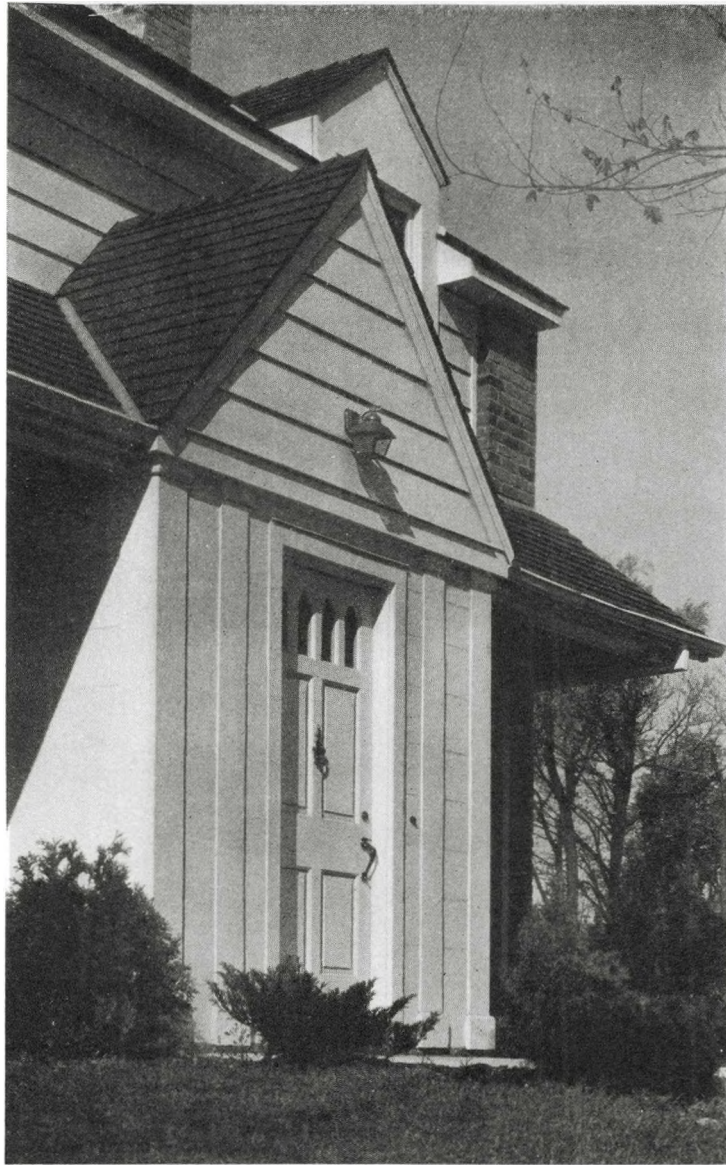
THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER



IT'S AIR-CONDITIONED

## THE MARCH HOME OF THE MONTH

BY J. HAROLD HAWKINS  
J. IVAN DISE, ARCHITECT



**T**HIS March Home of the Month is a surprise package. And like all pleasant surprises you don't find its best points at first glance. "It's a charming home," you say, "comfortable and substantial. And," with a glance at the floor plan, "hospitable to good family living."

"But," says the lady who lives there, "that's only half the story. It is also air-conditioned for both summer and winter. It has year-round hot water, modern refrigeration, an electric range, and it cost no more than a house like it would have cost several years ago without these modern comforts." And that, even in these days of new inventions, is good and surprising news.

**T**HIS house was designed and engineered to be air-conditioned. That is the secret of its low cost. In addition to planning the rooms from the inside out for modern and comfortable living, the architects and engineers went a step further and designed the structure of the house so that air-conditioning could be economically installed and operated. Then a standard heating and cooling plant was constructed for this house which could be put in at minimum cost.

**T**HE fact that it was air-conditioned meant that other details of good construction were included: weather stripping, pressure caulking, and outside wall and ceiling insulation. And it is modern in convenience throughout with a completely equipped, tiled kitchen, tiled bath, year-round automatic hot water, and a full-size cellar with stationary laundry tubs, lavatory and space for a future game room.

It is of brick veneer, contains approximately 17,000 cubic feet, and has a generous living room, dining room and three bedrooms.

### SEE IT YOURSELF

The March Home of the Month is being built for your inspection at these addresses:

**ILLINOIS**—Chicago, 1618 N. Natoma Ave.  
Built by R. W. Bramberg, Oak Park

**IOWA**—Des Moines, 4517 Sheridan Ave.  
Built by J. C. Ferguson, Des Moines

**MICHIGAN**—Detroit, Glastonbury Ave., corner of Puritan, North Rosedale Park  
Built by Speicher & Meneer, Detroit

—Detroit, on Heyden between Grand River and Verne

—Detroit, corner Artesian and Chalfonte

—Detroit, North side of Thatcher between Livernois and Santa Barbara

—Detroit, Picadilly between Canterbury and Eight Mile Roads  
Built by Drennan & Seldon, Inc., Detroit

—Grosse Pointe, 426 Notre Dame Ave.  
Built by Drennan & Seldon, Inc., Detroit

**NEBRASKA**—Omaha, 2047 North 54th St.  
Built by Schroeder Realty Co., Omaha

**NEW JERSEY**—Glen Ridge, 55 Sommer Ave., Glen Park  
Built by Inter-City Homes Co., Glen Ridge

—Westfield, St. Marks Ave., Castle Manor  
Built by Randolph Corp., Westfield

**OHIO**—Canton, 340 Altman, Northwest  
Built by Walter E. Kumpf, Canton

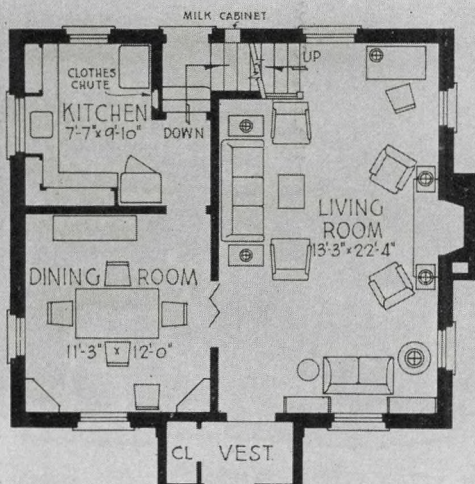
—Dayton, corner East Drive and Shroyer Road, Oakwood  
Built by S & S Realty & Construction Co., Dayton

**OREGON**—Portland, 1815 S.W. Spring St., Portland Heights  
Built by Allison H. Dean, Portland

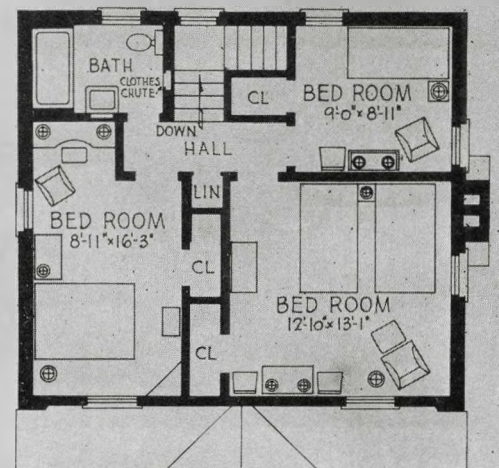
**RHODE ISLAND**—Barrington, Mew Meadow Road  
Built by Bristol County Realty Co., Inc., Bristol

**T**HIS "home in a package" is not just a dream. Like all McCall Homes of the Month it has actually been built and lived in, and it carries the best of all recommendations—the approval of modern American families. Its cost, fully equipped in one community was between \$6000 and \$7000. Building and labor costs vary but your architect can give you costs for your locality.

**TO TELL YOU MORE**—directions for having plans drawn, an alternate exterior and furnishing and planting plans are included in our booklet, H M 3-7—15c. A catalogue of McCall Homes of the Month—10c. Address Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton, O.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



# SAVE THAT TWINKLE!



*When your child reaches school age, will he suffer from defective eyesight? On an average, one out of five does!*

The answer to this question is too important to be left to chance. And now you no longer have to take chances with your child's eyesight—or your own.

*Let I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps help you guard eyesight*

These scientifically designed lamps give much more light than ordinary lamps, and it is glareless and restful. They make reading, sewing, studying and other eye tasks easier and less fatiguing for young eyes and old. Their wide spread of light over desk, table or chair gives you greater freedom in working.

*General Electric does not make I. E. S. lamps, but publishes this information in the interest of better sight.*

## "Seeing is Believing"

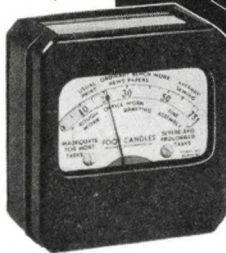
See for yourself why I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps are different and better for the whole family. Go to any store which displays I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps and ask to see the new "Seeing is Believing" demonstration, including the Light Meter Test.

If your dealer cannot give you this demonstration, suggest that he write General Electric Company, Dept. 166, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.




One of many attractive styles, available with several types of shade, in a variety of materials.

LIGHT SENSITIVE CELL



←THE LIGHT METER lets you see for yourself that I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps give you sight-saving lighting.



**IMPORTANT**  
To be sure that the lamp you buy gives full value of light, be sure that the bulb in it is marked 

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**



# DON'T TRY TO DO IT ALL AT ONCE

## 1st YEAR

Buy good sitting  
and good lighting  
\$125.00

1 sofa	
2 chairs @	\$65 each
1 lamp . . .	12.50
1 lamp . . .	12.00
1 round	table
	17.50
1 coffee	table
	14.75
1 commode	17.50
Canterbury	9.75
Hooked rug	8.50
4 pairs	curtains
	14.00
4 pictures .	3.72
4 paper win-	dow shades
	1.40
Accessories	2.00
Total	\$368.62



## 2nd YEAR

Buy comfort

1 rug . . . .	\$89.00
Rug cushion	10.00
Bookcases	50.00
Cornices . .	20.00
Armchair . .	20.00
2 sofa ta-	bles @ \$14
	28.00
2 lamps . .	14.00
4 Venetian	blinds
	32.00
Fire tools .	10.00
Total	\$273.00

The rug added so  
much warmth to the  
room, that we might  
have omitted some-  
thing else in order  
to be able to buy  
it the first year



## 3rd YEAR

Buy charming accessories

Love seat . . . . .	\$85.00
Draperies:	
23 yds. fabric @	\$1.35 per yard
	31.05
29½ yds. edging	@ 55c per yard
	16.23
Hanging shelf . . . .	12.00
Open armchair . . . .	22.75
Slip covers, 25 yds.	@ 69c per yard
	17.25
Dumb waiter . . . . .	35.00
Commode . . . . .	17.50
Lamp . . . . .	8.50
Accessories . . . . .	10.00
Total	\$255.28

This is how the room was visualized when the first chair was bought—and this is how it looked when the last slip cover had been added. Someday a really good painting will hang over the mantel. Birthdays and anniversaries will see porcelain and silver substituted for the accessories from the five and ten. As tastes change and pocket-books expand, the room, too, will change and grow.

The prices given here are not high prices, nor are they the lowest prices at which the various items may be bought. They are average prices. In various localities you may be able to buy pieces of comparable quality for a little less. But make sure of good quality first

## 3 years to

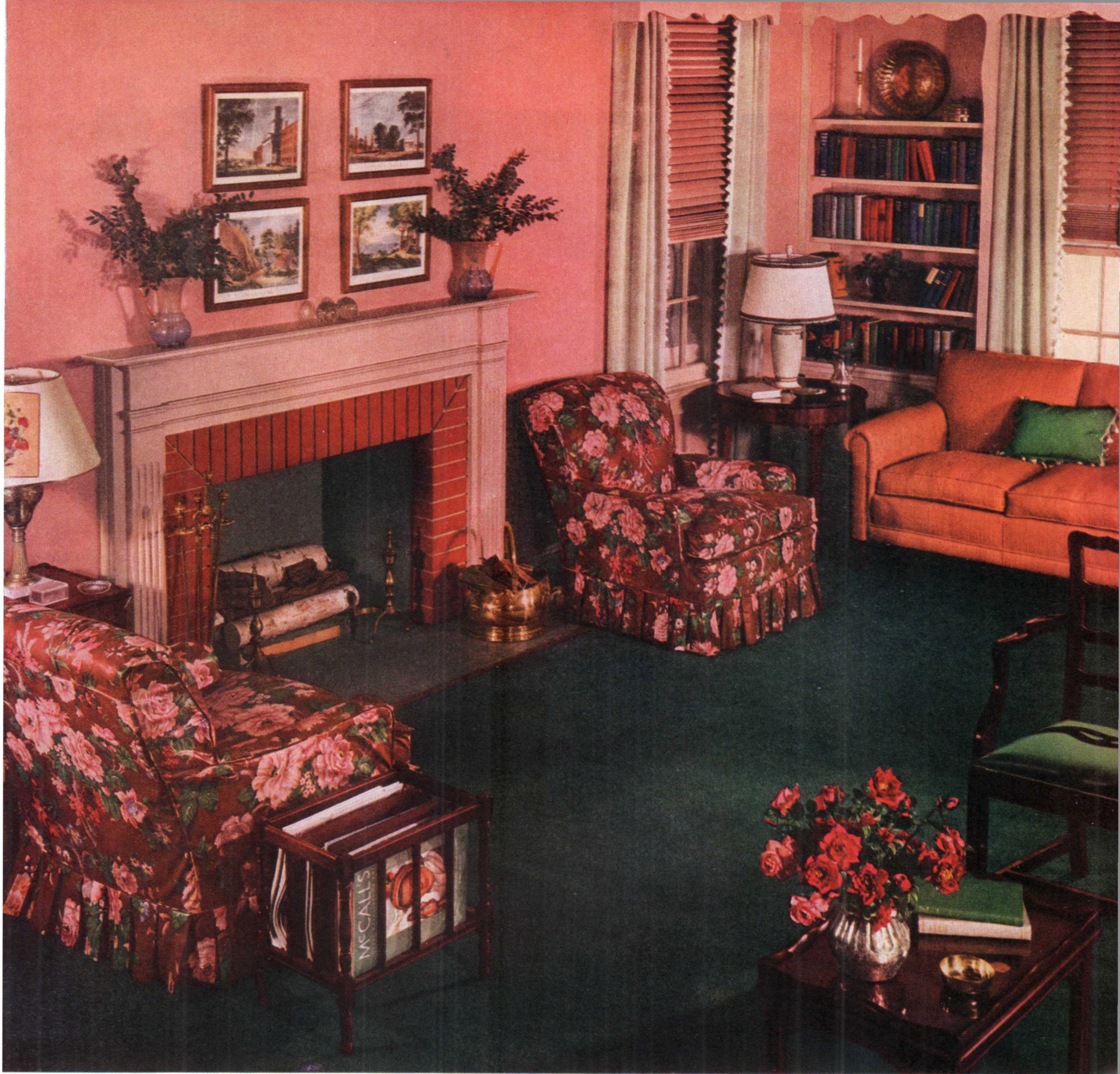
LIKE a room that grows. Even if I had all the money in the world and could furnish a new house down to the last ash tray and curtain pull, the day the carpenters moved out, I'd still prefer to buy just the essentials at first and add to them later.

But if there isn't all the money in the world for furnishings—and that is usually the case when a house has been built or bought—then we can do one of two things:

We can go right ahead and furnish, buying cheap furniture, cheap rugs and cheap hangings that we don't like much to begin with and that we know won't last.

Or—and this is what I advise—we can buy a few essential good things the first year, and add to them each year until the room becomes all we had hoped for, with lovely pieces that grow dearer with time.





## make a living room

That is the plan I followed in decorating this living room for the March Home of the Month, and here is the recipe for it:

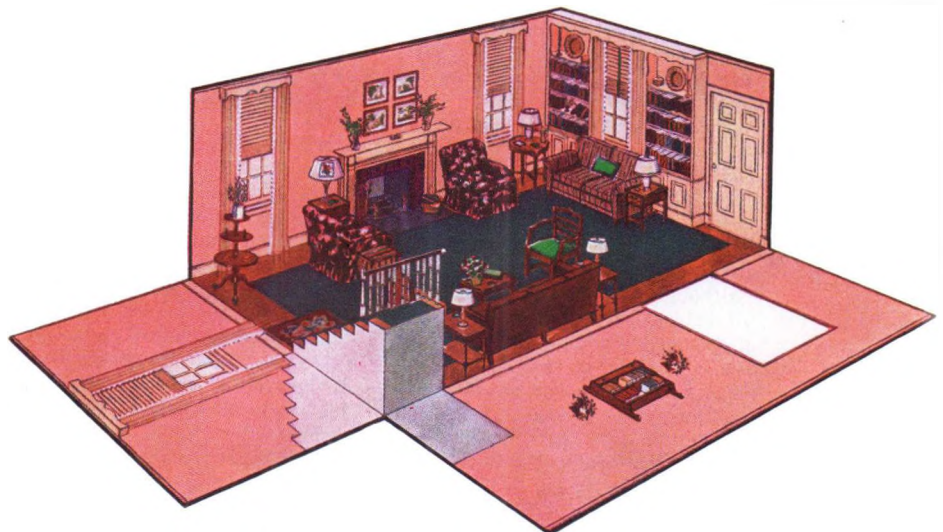
**First, plan the room in advance.** Furnish it completely in imagination and tuck that picture away in your mind.

**The first year, buy good sitting and good lighting.** In the first year picture above you will see that our chief investment was for a sofa and two handsome chairs. These are really good, although the covering is of the least expensive grade. Our **BY MARY DAVIS GILLIES** work and draperies and the moss green rug are drawn into a harmonious and related color effect by the floral slip covers on chairs and sofa. And even though we are delighted with it, we know that as other years come, and as our tastes change, it will change with us.

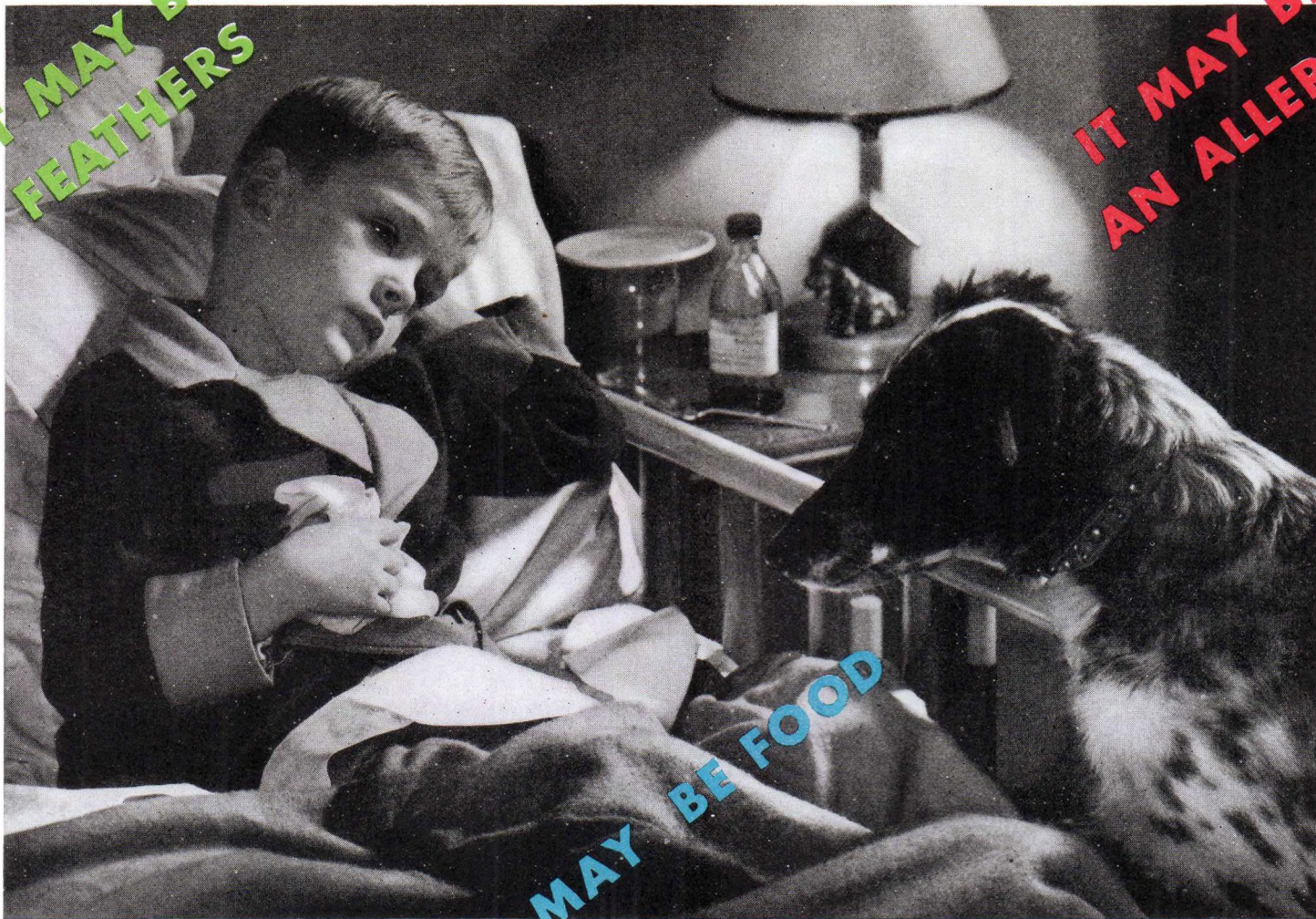
prints. There are a few great open spaces, but because everything is good and because we have our finished room in mind, we can carry our guests on our own enthusiasm.

**The second year, buy comfort.** That means a rug to clothe the floor and take coldness off the room. Bookcases, cornices and Venetian blinds round out the picture.

**The third year, buy charm.** Our finished room above speaks for itself. The soft beige pink of the walls, the desert sand of wood-







## ALLERGY IS THE OLD BOGY MAN BEHIND HAY FEVER, ECZEMA AND MANY MYSTERIOUS MALADIES, SAYS DR. CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY

**B**OBBY is all doubled up with asthma, doctor," his mother said. "And I can't seem to do a thing to relieve him. His only comfort is his dog. He has to have his collie right with him all the time."

"Well," I replied—a trifle abruptly perhaps, "let's see how comfortable he can be *without* him."

Bobby's mother thought I was cruel, I am sure. But half-an-hour after I had banished the dog—and the feather pillows—from the room, Bobby was breathing easily again. Tests which I made on his skin with vaccines a little later showed that my surmise had been correct. Bobby was sensitive to the proteins both in feathers and dog hair. They were responsible for his asthmatic attacks.

**A**LLERGY is the term which the medical profession uses to describe this sensitiveness of certain persons to particular things. We say, for instance, that Bobby is allergic to feathers and hair.

For years some of the more common forms of allergy have been recognized. We have all known children who got hives from eating strawberries; of hay fever victims who fled from a rose or goldenrod as from the plague; of some people who got poison ivy, although others were immune to it; of babies who suffered shock for what seemed no reason at all.

But it is only in recent years in our search for hidden causes of eczema, asthma and certain mysterious intestinal maladies that the medical profession has fully realized that these diseases may all be different

reactions to a similar protein irritant. And having discovered the causes, we are learning the cures.

We have a list now of more than a hundred foods, furs, feathers and pollens, any one of which may cause a specially sensitive individual to become uncomfortable or even ill.

The illness may come from eating or touching the irritating object, or merely, as in Bobby's case, from inhaling its emanations. It may take many forms, from asthma to eczema, and may affect almost any part of the body—the skin, the breathing apparatus, the digestive system, even the heart. Babies are occasionally prostrated by a few drops or morsels of some common food to which they happen to be hypersensitive.

The canary in the cage or the dust on the floor, certain cosmetics on your dressing table, or your fur coat may, any one of them, be the criminal who is distressing some member of your family. The doctor has to be a super-sleuth.

**R**EMEMBER one little girl who was subject to terrific asthmatic attacks at home. But when she visited her grandmother she was entirely well. The grandmother, of course, believed that the child was better off with her because she knew better how to care for her than did the parents.

We were convinced, however, that there must be some special condition in the child's home to account for it. We made all kinds of tests and examined every room without finding anything to which the child seemed to be peculiarly sensitive. Finally we

inquired whether there were any mice in the house. There were, and tests proved the child's sensitivity to them. We got rid of them, and the child promptly got rid of her asthma.

**T**HAT one man's meat is another's poison is certainly true in case of allergy. Even the most nutritious foods—eggs, wheat and the very milk in the baby's bottle—may be offenders. Cow's milk, the most nearly perfect food for the normal child, may cause one of three violent reactions to the unfortunates who are allergic to it. They may break out with eczema or giant hives; they may have digestive upsets, all the way from vomiting to constipation. Or, in more acute cases, they may suffer immediate shock from a few swallows of raw milk. I have seen a healthy baby become unconscious when eight drops of raw cow's milk were placed on its tongue.

When a baby's allergy to raw milk results in eczema, we sometimes prescribe evaporated milk cooked one or two hours, or skimmed milk cooked from four to six hours. The formula in all such cases, however, must be arranged by the physician.

Such extreme hypersensitiveness may be brought on in different ways. Often, as we say, it runs in the family: a child may inherit the tendency. Again, a mother may transmit an allergy to her baby during pregnancy or the nursing period by over-indulgence in some particular food. Or the child may himself acquire an allergy by being given at too early an age some unsuitable food before his system is adapted to it.

One peculiarity of an acquired allergic reaction is that it does not as a rule occur the first time a child comes in contact with the particular protein which later upsets him. The first time a baby smells a rose, he may smile with pleasant surprise. The second time he may have an acute attack of hay fever.

But this is a story with a happy ending. For we are constantly developing better ways of helping sufferers from allergies. Physicians can now test children to determine their protein sensitization. By scratching the skin and applying the protein of ragweed or egg or goose feathers or of any one of a hundred other suspected substances and watching the skin reaction we can tell whether a child is getting hay fever, for example, from pollen or from his pillow or from some food. Then we can make up a vaccine, which in repeated doses will help to immunize him against the things or thing to which he is allergic.

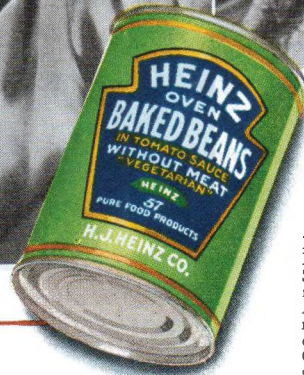
**H**OWEVER, now that we have become aware of these hidden sources of disease in the best things of life, it does not follow that we should look with distrust on everything that our children eat or touch.

It merely means that we have brought one more boggy man into the open. We have one less source for that most tragic of all scenes, where mother and doctor sat in despair by a sick child's bed, unable to furnish relief because we did not know the nature of the illness. It does mean that we are winning still another battle for healthier childhood.



# beans folks **Y**earn for

*4 kinds of old-fashioned, superbly sauced oven-baked beans from the famous kitchens in the House of Heinz.*



Thrill to good, old-fashioned Boston Baked Beans! Here they are; rich with dark molasses and plump chunks of tender bacon pork. Heinz oven-baked Beans, Boston style!

For those who prefer 'em a la Middle West —Heinz oven-baked Beans are drenched in glorious, piquant tomato sauce and garnished with generous pieces of rich bacon pork. What flavor!

57

Heinz oven-baked Beans in Tomato Sauce but without meat; Vegetarian. Ahhhhhh! The rich, nutty flavor of old-time beans. Genuine oven-baking makes them tender, meaty and delicious.

For Westerners and folks who want variety in their beans, Heinz offers real oven-baked Red Kidney Beans! Large, fine flavored. Rich, with plenty of pork. The wonderful sweet sauce is all their own.

**F**OOD-WISE folks who know their beans revel in the real, old-time goodness of the four delicious varieties oven-baked by Heinz! Rich, golden-brown and fragrant, these are the kind of beans that hastened our ancestors home to dinner—started a Saturday supper custom that in recent years has become a national tradition.

Heinz hand-picks the finest beans money can buy. Scrupulously re-sorts them—every one. Screens them. Scours them. Soaks them in cold water. Then pops them into hot, dry ovens to *bake and bake!* Cooked to "just-



Copr. 1937 H. J. Heinz Co.

right" munchiness, they are then steeped in a glorious Heinz-made sauce and the sweet juices of succulent bacon pork!

Here are beans at their old-fashioned, homemade best—put up in tins by Heinz all ready for you to heat and serve. Beans to evoke memories. Beans the whole family will yearn for—ask for over and over again. Heinz bakes 'em (four kinds) the way *you* like 'em. Your grocer can supply you.

Tune in *Heinz Magazine of the Air*. Full hour—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, 11 E. S. T.; 10 C. S. T.; 9 M. T.; 12 Noon Pacific Time—Columbia Network.

—OVEN-BAKED—  
**Heinz beans**



*So many ways they must be guarded*



*With them in mind...* **WE CREATED**  
**THIS WHOLESOME NEW NUCOA**

**Y**OUR LITTLE ONES... what a joy they are to you—yet what a problem! You must be so careful of their diet... make so sure that it's always well-balanced. And yet you must keep within your food budget.

Perhaps you have hesitated to economize by giving your children a margarine as a spread for bread. But once you have tried the new Nucoa, how completely every one of your doubts will vanish!

For Nucoa is an utterly new kind of margarine... developed after years of research. A delicious, vegetable margarine, churned in fresh, pasteurized milk. It has been approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau, and accepted by the American Medical Association, Council on Foods.

**FITS PERFECTLY INTO BALANCED DIET!**

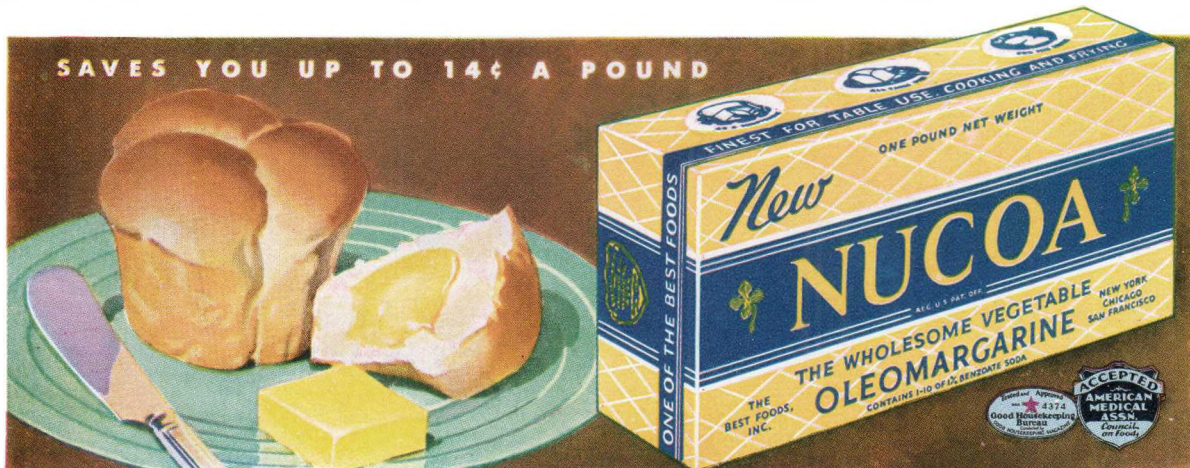
Every pound of Nucoa supplies 3,400 food-energy calories... as many as the most expensive spread for

bread. And so, Nucoa fits perfectly into a balanced diet as a wholesome source of food energy to meet the demands of work and play.

Why don't you try the new Nucoa? See how fresh and sweet it is... always the same high quality, month in, month out. See how your family will love it on breads... what rich, luxurious cakes it makes... how it enriches hot vegetables with its delicate flavor!

Of course, Nucoa—the wholesome, new margarine—costs slightly more than ordinary margarines... Yet it saves you up to 14¢ a pound over the most commonly used spread for bread. Nucoa brings you a quality spread that helps cut down your food bills. Why not try a pound today?

*Nucoa comes to you a natural, creamy-white color. For table use it can easily be tinted a tempting golden-yellow. Just blend in the color wafer that comes with every package.*



*The wholesome  
"thrift spread" for bread*

CHURNED BY THE MAKERS OF  
HELLMANN'S AND BEST FOODS REAL MAYONNAISE



## FIT FOR A QUEEN —WORTH A KING'S RANSOM

[Continued from page 67]

chillas in their pockets and come aboard to say goodbye. He had the cage carried on in the guise of a trunk. When the animals were safely in his stateroom, he served notice on the captain that they were worth \$1,000,000 cash; that if anything happened to them he would libel the ship for that amount, and hold it in San Pedro harbor until the money was paid; that he would proceed against the captain criminally, and lose him his job; and that, in addition to all this, he would personally and single-handedly beat hell out of him. This worked. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman took turns standing guard, twenty-four hours a day; they kept the cage packed in ice; they watched, fanned, and prayed; and after three weeks, they managed to get the animals to their home in Los Angeles.

WHAT happened in the next three years sounds like something a movie writer would make up after spitting on his hands and really trying to please his producer. In the first place, the animals were all geared to the calendar as it works in the Andes, down under. They arrived in February, and thus had already begun to sprout the heavy fur that would enable them to endure the Andean winter when it begins in May. So in May, when Los Angeles gets hot, they came out in their new fur, and if you want to know how they felt for the next three months, just come out to Los Angeles in the summer time and begin to go around in a chinchilla coat. It took two years or so before Nature could get in step with the calendar, as we know it. Thus they were sickly; and what was worse, they wouldn't breed. This all checked up with what Mr. Chapman had been told by the Indians and others: it was impossible to raise these creatures in captivity.

Thus he was very gloomy, but then in another year they did begin to breed, and little ones appeared, and life took on a different color. But then the menace, as the movie writer calls it, appeared, and caused plenty of grief. News of the experiment had got to Switzerland and a syndicate there subscribed a sum, placed it in the hands of an agent, and sent him to Mr. Chapman to buy animals for breeding in Switzerland, where it was thought the cold climate would suit them. Mr. Chapman, by now, had moved his stock to Tehachapi, in the California hills, and the appearance of the agent was his first realization that he had got hold of something that was commercially important. So he did some figuring. He found that no amount the agent could possibly pay would yield him as much as the animals themselves, later on, and he so refused to sell, at any price. The agent was in a hole, and he got out of it his own way. He stole the animals, instead of buying them. Mr. Chapman then had about seventy, and this man took half of them.

The ensuing chase led across a continent and an ocean, and Mr. Chapman's detectives finally located the animals in Germany. You see, on thinking it over, the agent thought it would be a good idea, since he had

been so successful stealing the animals, to steal the money too, so he didn't go back to Switzerland at all. After various delays, the German courts decided in favor of Mr. Chapman, and the animals were returned to his representatives. But he never saw them again, for a cruel consideration intervened. He had pictures of the animals sent to him in California, and saw at once that they had been badly cared for and were ill. They had changed so in appearance that he couldn't positively identify them; thus, if he used them for breeding, they would cast a cloud on the pedigree of his whole stock, and as pedigree is all important to any breeder of animals, he had regretfully to renounce them and carry on with the animals that had been left to him by the thief, less than forty in number.

The forty, though, were enough, and now, from the original eleven brought from Chile, there are some five hundred pairs in the United States, of which four hundred are on Chapman's farm. Mr. Chapman died two years ago, but the venture is still being carried on by his son, R. E. Chapman. After the theft, the stock was moved to Inglewood, which is not so isolated. Not a single animal, by the way, has been killed so far for its pelt. No breeder could afford to. One raw chinchilla skin today brings about \$85. A pair of breeders, alive, are worth \$3,200, this being the price the Chapman farm asks and gets. Buyers, so far, have been chiefly fur syndicates, which have established farms at three or four places in the West, and raise their animals with success.

The farm itself is a small place of two or three acres, on which are rows and rows of neat cages. The cage is made of fine wire, to keep out snakes, rats and other pests. In each cage is a little house, with a small tunnel running up the side, leading inside. The animals live in the houses by day, and do not come out into the cages until night, as they are nocturnal. They are monogamous, and a pair once mated share the same cage for the rest of their lives. One to four babies are produced at a time. They are born with their eyes open, and within an hour of their birth are up and running around. The mother nurses them, and mother and father take turns at keeping an eye on them.

The farm operates on a strictly supervised schedule, with everything done at its own particular time, and every detail in connection with the animals entered on a record. Food is weighed or accurately measured. The diet consists of a handful of corn, about the same amount of oatmeal, a little lettuce, a little hay, a raw carrot or two, with now and then some special preparation. The cages are built with a layer of an insulation compound between thin boards of wood, not to protect the animals from cold, but to protect them from heat. The idea is to make the cages cool in summer. There is an operating room shinier than the operating rooms of most hospitals, and a veterinarian comes down for surgery whenever there is trouble.

THE venture is highly profitable, and still a long way from its peak. That is, it will still be a good many years before a pelt will be worth as much as a live animal, and furriers can get as many skins as they want.

I wish to say this to the model in New York: No, there's nothing else that I want to look at. I want a chinchilla coat, and wind, weather and Mr. Chapman permitting, my wife is going to have one—eventually.

OVER 66,000 WOMEN IN  
CHICAGO ALONE CHANGED TO  
*Sunbeam* IRONMASTER  
IN 1936!

... and so it goes throughout the Nation!

THE  
FASTEST  
HEATING  
IRON MADE

DOUBLE  
AUTOMATIC  
Weights only  
3¾ lbs.



A CHANGE LIKE THIS MEANS A  
PRODUCT *must be*  
OUTSTANDING!

Sunbeam Ironmaster IS outstanding. That's why thousands of women throughout the country are changing to Ironmaster *daily*. Why?

Because in Sunbeam Ironmaster women have discovered an utterly new kind of iron—a *Double-Automatic lightweight iron* that heats quicker and does more ironing in *less time with less effort*.

Ironmaster is ready to GO in a split minute! Start ironing artificial silks in 30 seconds after you connect it! Reaches FULL HIGH heat for heavy damp linens in 2½ minutes! Supplies *more heat faster*. So swift, comfortable, light, wrist-resting in your hand you'll thrill to its *easy action* each time you use it. The ONLY automatic iron with the heat control button UP in the handle, away from the fingers, conveniently marked for *Artificial Silks, Silks, Cottons, Woolens, Linens*. Ironmaster STAYS HOTTER all through ironing yet will not scorch your most delicate things when set for them.

See Ironmaster today. Try it. Own it. Every woman who irons deserves the freedom from fatigue—the time-saving, labor-saving *joy* Sunbeam Ironmaster can bring into the home. They have it at your light company, department store or dealer's.

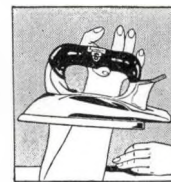
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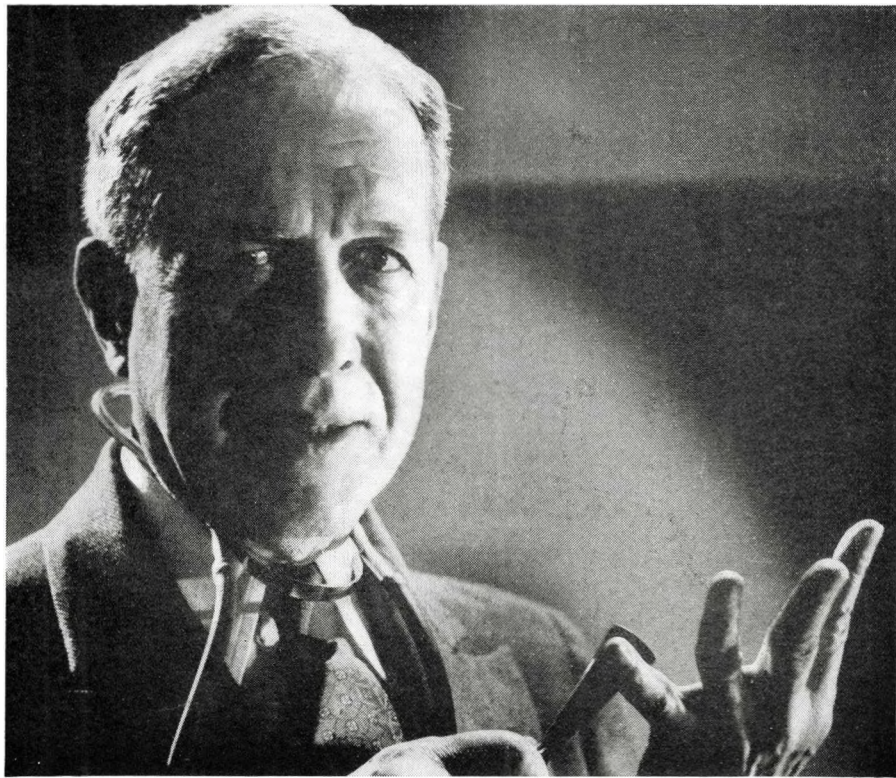
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# HOW

## the doctor chooses from hundreds of laxatives



**M**OST of us remember, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor's vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words.

But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in *minor* matters of health. Consider a little thing like a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it.

Check the eight specifications listed below. How many of them will your *own* laxative meet?

#### THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate, or upset the digestion.

#### EX-LAX MEETS ALL THESE REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on *every single one* of the points listed above. Meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and

fully. So it's no surprise to find that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, among all kinds of people, that it is the most widely used laxative in the whole wide world.

#### A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. You'll note that Ex-Lax *is* mild . . . that it *is* thorough. You'll find that it does *not* bring on stomach pains or nausea.

On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being. Children, particularly, are benefited. For the standards set up by the doctor are *doubly important* to a child.

Another agreeable thing . . . if you have been taking bitter, nauseating cathartics, Ex-Lax will be a pleasant surprise. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon.

-----TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!-----  
 (Paste this on a penny postcard)

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 Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

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(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—  
remember

**EX-LAX**  
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

## THE HIGH ROAD

[Beginning on page 18]

bear it unless he pays too much. As for this premature bonus—for clothes, you said? That's just like him. The man's a born idiot," she decided, smiling with tenderness.

Sue said humbly, "I shouldn't have taken it—or the salary either."

"Just because he's a fool," said Mrs. Emory sharply, "you needn't be one too. Did you meet the girls?"

"No."  
 "They're spoiled," stated Mrs. Emory firmly. "Sally's a pretty little piece, her mother all over again in modern dress. Selfish, willful. Mary's the odd one, can't make her out. Sally may seem to give you more trouble than Mary, but in the long run Mary'll bear watching. Did you meet Elsie, the niece?"

"Yes, just for a moment."  
 "Humph," said Mrs. Emory, "take it you didn't like her."

"It's a little too soon to judge," Sue told her cautiously.

Mrs. Emory laughed. "Well, it isn't too soon for me. I've known her since she was born. She's the daughter of Charles' very much younger sister, who made a bad match and died of it. Charles looks after Elsie, she's lived with the family for some years. She's calculating and a snip."

"Why didn't Mr. Dennis let her take charge of the younger girls?" Sue asked curiously.

Mrs. Emory frowned. "Well, there's no harm in telling you. There was a little upset a few years ago. A married man . . . you know, that sort of thing . . . lots of smoke but not too much fire. Naturally Charles wouldn't be likely to give the girls into her care."

"I'm terribly grateful to you for recommending me," said Sue. "I can't properly thank you. But now I've kept you far too long."

"No." Mrs. Emory reached out and yanked twice at a bell pull. "There'll be tea," she said firmly. "You can go shopping tomorrow."

**A**N HOUR later Sue went home—in a taxi. Why not? Was she not one of the bloated rich? She hunted out Mrs. Larsen and told her that she would be leaving on the first. Mrs. Larsen looked wounded but resigned. She said, with a sinister look in her eyes, "Very sorry, I'm sure, Miss Hamilton, but perhaps you'll be coming back to us some day."

"Not if I can help it," thought Sue, but aloud she answered, "Yes, perhaps. And thank you so much, Mrs. Larsen, for all your kindness."

Fortuitously Jimmy rang up at dinner time and Sue said, "Look. The most marvelous thing has happened. Let's eat at the little French place on Sixth Avenue."

"I'm broke," said Jimmy hollowly. "Spent my last copper on stamps."

"This is on me. I've got a job and at least a million dollars. Hurry, I'll meet you there."

"Good," said Jimmy. "I'm so hungry I could eat the hind leg of my pet wolf. I'll be right along."

At the French place, over a very good dinner, Sue made a full report.

"You are coming up in the world," Jimmy commented.

"It's fun," she told him. "Tomorrow I'm going out and drown in a sea of clothes. Look, Jimmy, I've forty dollars left of what I had when the job came along. Need it?"

He said, "I hate to take it but, yes, if it's all right with you. I'm sure the *Purple Night* story will sell. When it does, I'll pay you back."

"I brought it along," said Sue, and put an envelope on the table.

Jimmy asked her about the Dennis family and she told him. He wasn't especially interested in her glowing account of its head, but he did prick up his ears when she spoke of the secretary, Arden.

"What sort of a bird is that?"

"Drab but smart, I'd say," replied Sue. "I asked Mrs. Emory about him. Seems he hasn't been with Mr. Dennis very long. His former secretary had to leave because of illness. Mrs. Emory doesn't seem to like the new one much. But then she's a snap judgment sort of person."

"If he doesn't work out," suggested Jimmy, "how about wangling me the job?"

"How on earth could I?" she asked, amazed.

He said, "Well, if you find he isn't too satisfactory, what's wrong with giving him a shove in the right direction and me another—provided you're in strong with the old man by then."

Sue said, sharply, "I don't like that, even in fun, Jimmy. I can't go into a house and plot to get someone out of it, and you in!"

"Skip it," said Jimmy, not at all abashed, "but I'd do as much for you if I had the chance. Look here, how about your free time? Do you get any, and when?"

"I don't know," said Sue, "that is, I don't know when."

"Are you permitted to have followers?" he inquired sedately.

"That's the understanding."

"Just let me know when I can call," said Jimmy. "I'll be as demure as a dove. I'll play cribbage with the old man, sing duets with the elder daughter and dress dolls with the younger. I'll give my cherished crochet patterns to the niece and first thing you know, I'll have these two old legs under the dining room table."

"Jimmy, you're impossible!"

He said, laughing, "I've my way to make and I detest being hungry."

For the next few days Sue lived in a ferment of excitement. The summer clothes in the shops were good enough to eat. She assembled a wardrobe in excellent taste and with an especial charm, reflecting that if she had to leave the Dennises' it would help her get other jobs. Summer clothes wouldn't be so good in Manhattan in winter, but there was always a cruise hostess chance or a Florida position. She caught herself up, thinking along these lines. Why did she always have to look ahead to the time when the old job ended and the new one began? Couldn't she get herself into the frame of mind which trusted that this one at least would be permanent?

"I'll *make* it permanent," Sue told herself, and meant it.

**O**N THE night before she reported at the Dennis house, Sue had dinner with Dan Hardy. She had not seen him since that evening at the lodging house and had told him her news over the telephone. Now, sitting opposite him in the restaurant to which he had taken her, she gave him chapter and verse, sparkling with excitement and pleasure.

Dan listened to a rapturous narrative in which Mr. Dennis figured as elderly hero, Miss Henshaw, his niece, as unknown quantity and the secretary, Arden, as comic relief, and smiled, his dark brows raised.

"What's Arden's full name? I knew a chap once at Tech . . . but no, it couldn't be."



"H. Chester Arden."

"Wonder why he parts his name in the middle?" murmured Dan and Sue said, laughing. "Oh, probably it's too fancy or not fancy enough." She smiled, thinking of Jimmy. Jimmy had asked the same question and they had spent a hilarious half hour thinking of names for poor bespectacled Arden—names ranging from Hideous and Horrible to Hara-Kiri.

But Dan had forgotten H. Chester. He said, "So you're all set."

"Yes. At least," she said doubtfully. "I think so. Why?"

"Nothing. It's just that I hate to think of you . . . Sue, it is a waste of time, frittering yourself away on half a dozen little jobs—"

"This isn't a little job!"

"I didn't mean financially. Really big jobs aren't necessarily the most highly paid . . . Look at the people in laboratories, people of whom you never hear, people living on very small salaries and content to plod along if only they may contribute something to the world, to a generation which they themselves may not live to see . . . As I see it, you'll be selling your wits and charm . . . shadowing a couple of spoiled youngsters. It certainly doesn't call for the exercise of your intellect."

THE pretty room seemed less attractive to Sue, and the food had lost its flavor. She said, exasperated.

"Oh, Dan, why must you be so serious about everything? If I were trained—but I'm not. I take what I can get and am glad of it. It's all experience. But you—you come along and make everything seem so futile."

"I'd like to take things lightly, catch-as-catch-can. But if you care for anything as I care for my particular profession . . . don't sit there looking at me like that! Every hair on your head snaps at me in defiance! It's just that you're so fine, underneath all this experience-veneer you've acquired. I hate to see you waste yourself."

She argued stubbornly, "I'm not wasting myself. There is room, or should be, for a person who can do a little of everything and nothing very much!"

His face was lighted with laughter. He said, "Of course there is—you'll make someone a grand wife, some day, Sue. Certainly if there is a good, steady market for tact and charm, it should be in marriage!"

Her eyes changed color and she felt her heart beat faster. She said, "I'm not ready for that job yet."

"When you are," advised Dan slowly, "be very sure that you intend it to be permanent—that you don't think, along with a lot of people in this day and age: Well, if I don't suit, or it doesn't suit me, I can quit and find another place!"

She asked, a little recklessly, "You aren't proposing to me by any chance, are you, Dan?"

"No," he replied coolly. "I'm not. I think you prefer to play a lone hand. You might starve all by yourself, but I doubt if you'd starve with someone else. But—since you've mentioned it—I am perfectly certain that you know I'm in love with you."

She felt her color rise, and she begged him, in the utmost confusion, "Please, Dan, don't . . . I was just being silly . . . I didn't mean . . . Oh, why must you be so darned serious about everything?"

"It is," he told her calmly, "the nature of the beast. Answer me truthfully. You do know, don't you?"

"No," she said, with an effort. "I mean . . . I wasn't at all sure."

Dan asked, with extreme gravity, "Are you in love with me?"

"Dan, I don't know. I do like you, so very much. You—well," she said frankly, "I think about you a lot. I get pretty excited, thinking. If you'd said anything, on the boat. . . ."

"There were a lot of things I could have said," he told her, and it seemed to her that his dark eyes were somber. "but it wasn't fair to you or to myself to say any of them. I hadn't a job, about all the money I had in the world had been paid out in passage back to the States. And I'm not going to say anything now," he went on evenly, "as it wouldn't make sense. You've a job at two hundred a month. It's a job you'll hold only if you're single. I've a desk position, which isn't going to last very long . . . and even if it could last forever, I wouldn't want it. I want to get back to the work I know and do best. I may never make a great deal of money and I may change my job as often as you've changed yours, with this difference, they'll always be related jobs. I wouldn't ask you to chance it with me, Sue. And I've a feeling you wouldn't want to—unless you loved me a great deal. Which, my dear, you do not."

She thought: He's perfectly right, of course. I'm not in love with him. He—he just disturbs me a little, because he's so odd and so different and so difficult. I'd be crazy to give up the Dennis offer just because he asked me. And as far as that goes, I have no choice because he didn't ask me!

Aloud she said simply, "Dan, I think you're crazy!"

"I know I am," he agreed, smiling, "crazy about you . . . which won't do me any good at all, so we're not talking about it. I shall," he announced with the utmost serenity, "get over it. At least, I'll try!"

She said, "I'm crazy too, but I'd like us to go on being friends."

Dan Hardy flung back his dark and well-shaped head and laughed in genuine amusement. He said, "Do you really think that if I love you, we can't be friends, Sue?"

She said, bright scarlet, "Yes . . . no . . . that is . . . I mean—"

"Here's your dessert. Eat it," he advised kindly, "and cool your fevered brow. Suppose I keep it a secret. You can ask the daisies. He loves me, he loves me not, daisies won't tell, I won't either. Not after tonight. Let's dance now. Sue. We haven't for ages."

They danced. Once. Then Sue told him, "No more. I've got to get back and pack my things. Tomorrow's the big day and while no one told me when I must present myself, I assume it's to be bright and early."

That wasn't, of course, the reason. She thought: If I dance with him the evening through, I'll probably end by making a fool of myself and begging him to marry me at once. I'll end by not going to the Dennis' at all. And I'm not sure that I love him. Not the least bit sure!

So she said, "Be a sweet lamb and take me home, Dan."

SHE slept rather badly that night. At Mrs. Larsen's brownstone door Dan had said, "I won't be seeing you, will I?" and she had checked the eager "Why not?" on her lips and replied carelessly.

"I understand, like all good domestic help. I am permitted time off—which probably won't hold true of the country. But anyway. . . ." and now her recklessness returned, "I'm permitted followers."

"You'll have them," prophesied Dan. Then he looked at her speculatively, said, with gravity and self-reproach, "I shouldn't do this,"

[Continued on page 78]

To keep him **TOPS**  
in Health and Song...

your Canary  
needs **YEAST**



You—  
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feel "tops" when  
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all the time, instead  
of feeling up one  
day and down the  
next, millions rely  
on yeast. Canaries,  
too, need yeast.

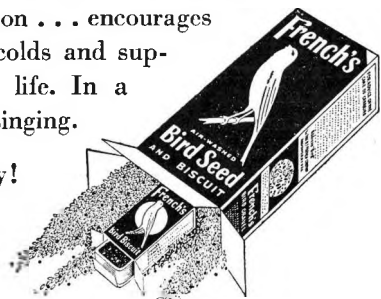
feed him  
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Yes, every canary needs yeast! Too often, their song and health are ruined by faulty diets, lacking in the essentials that only yeast can supply. Science has proved it! That's why French's now contains yeast!

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**French's** BIRD SEED and BISCUIT  
containing **YEAST**





# Salmon Puffles

earn kisses for the cook

YOU CAN AFFORD MORE SUMPTUOUS MEALS TOO, BECAUSE SALMON IS SO INEXPENSIVE



## BALANCED THRIFT MENU "FIT FOR A KING"

Onion Soup with Cheese Croutons  
Celery—Pickles  
Salmon Puffles with Spiced Apple Rings  
Creamed Green Peas  
Hot Bran Muffins and Butter  
Pineapple and Raspberry Ice  
Macaroons  
(or Apricot Whip)  
Coffee

## Carolyn Evans' Recipe for Salmon Puffles with Spiced Apple Rings

To 1 cup medium white sauce, add 1 tbsp. each scraped onion, chopped parsley, 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs, ½ tsp. salt, dash paprika. Drain and flake 2 cups (1 lb.) Canned Salmon and add to mixture, reserving ½ cup salmon for decoration. Make pastry by cutting ¾ cup shortening into 2 cups flour, ½ tsp. salt, adding enough cold water to barely hold mixture together. Chill pastry, roll thin, cut into six 5-inch squares or rounds. Place a large spoonful of salmon mixture on half of each piece, fold over, seal edges with fork. Make three slits across each turnover, insert a salmon flake in each slit. Glaze tops with equal parts egg yolk and milk. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 20 min.

For apple rings, core three large cooking apples, and cut into thirds across apple. Place rings in baking pan; cover each with 2 tbsps. brown sugar, 1 tbsp. tomato catsup. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 min. turning apples often. Serve hot or cold. Serves 6.

IT'S REALLY a "splurge" dinner. Yet you can serve this sumptuous feast without pocketbook pinching.

Here's the secret—the *delicious new entrees of Canned Salmon* are so very *inexpensive*. Because the *entree* costs you less, you can spend more on your dessert, salad, and other dishes!

Main dishes like Salmon Puffles are *crammed with nourishment for you, too*. Canned Salmon, you see, is a great foundation food. Like meat and eggs, salmon contains a rich store of the protein we need daily to restore worn out body tissues. Like milk, too, it is rich in calcium and phosphorus needed for sound teeth, strong bones.

And Canned Salmon—with its vitamins A and G and rare sunshine vitamin D, iodine which helps prevent

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Serve salmon dinners and lunches often. *Booklet of salmon entree recipes FREE*. Canned Salmon Industry, 1440 Exchange Building, Seattle, Wash.

## THE HIGH ROAD

[Continued from page 77]

hooked a long hard arm around her, pulled her to him, kissed her once, hard and briefly, and then, without further word or gesture, ran down the steps and walked off.

Thinking it over afterward, Sue concluded that this episode was the most exciting. . . There she went again, using that shopworn word in connection with Dan! What made him exciting? Not his dark good looks, which weren't good looks at all but merely an originality of feature, not his personality, the reverse of gay and casual—except at odd moments when he could be more casual than any human being she had hitherto encountered. That was it, his unexpectedness.

She told herself severely: Sue Hamilton, you're a little moron lying awake like this thinking about a man who says he loves you but that you don't love him and that he wouldn't marry you anyway! Perhaps it's just a line. You go to sleep, or you'll look like a hag in the morning.

ON MAY first, she presented herself at nine o'clock at the Dennis door, looking very fresh and crisp and charming. The taxi man carried her brand-new suitcase and hat box and delivered them to the ancient butler, whose name was Joseph. After which a bell was pressed and a brawny young house man appeared to assist the driver with Sue's equally new trunk.

Mr. Arden appeared, made her a curious little speech which appeared half inevitable formality and half genuine friendliness, and presented her to Mrs. Gadman, commonly called Gadget, as Sue afterward learned. Mrs. Gadman was the housekeeper. She was old, stooped, gray, thin as a wisp and gentle as a dove. It was she who took Sue to her room and explained that the young ladies had gone to school, Mr. Dennis was downtown and Miss Elsie was not up yet.

The house was bigger than it looked from the outside, and ascending in the little self-operating elevator to the third floor, Gadget explained to Sue that Mr. Dennis' suite was on the second floor, as was Mr. Arden's room. On the third Sally and Mary had their quarters, two bedrooms, a little living room and a shared bath. There was Elsie's room and bath, Sue's and a guest room. On the fourth floor, the domestic service staff.

Sue's room was small but quite delightful, with rosy walls and turquoise blue draperies, small, deep chairs, a three-quarter bed, book shelves, ample closet space, an extension telephone and a secretary-desk.

She had most of the day in which to unpack. She saw Elsie at luncheon time, but Elsie was going out and stopped merely to nod to her, casually, en route to the door. Mr. Dennis had not returned and Sue and H. Chester Arden lunched alone in the lovely dining room.

The girls, he told Sue, lunched at their school. They would be home shortly after four. He expected Mr. Dennis in by tea time.

After luncheon Sue escaped and went upstairs to write to Jimmy and to Helen Elliot. Around four o'clock the small house telephone on the shelf rang. It was Arden, very brisk and competent. Mr. Dennis had returned

and would Miss Hamilton join them for tea in the library?

Sue rushed to the mirror, did the necessary things and, scorning the elevator, ran down the two flights to the library floor. Joseph opened the door for her and Mr. Dennis rose from behind his desk.

He said, smiling, "I'm glad to see you, Sue. You don't mind if I call you that? This is not a formal household, although my very efficient secretary tries to make it so," he added twinkling, "and I need not tell you how deeply I hope you will be content with us. The girls will be in presently. Would you," he asked her, "pour tea? You might as well know now as later that I take it strong, with three lumps of sugar."

Sue poured, lifting the heavy silver pot. The china was Sèvres, delicate and colorful, and the old spoons were worn very thin. There was cinnamon toast and dripping crumpets and she sighed aloud. "I'll put on weight!"

"You can afford to. I don't approve of this modern mania of over-sleanness," said her employer. "Mary, bless her, worries me considerably by trying to lose weight. I keep assuring her it's merely puppy fat, but the term neither convinces nor appeals to her. How much do you weigh?"

"A hundred and five."  
He said calmly, "We'll put ten pounds on you in no time."

"Oh," cried Sue. "I hope not! All my lovely new clothes!"

"Mrs. Gadman is an excellent seamstress," said Dennis mildly.

They were laughing together when Elsie came in. She glanced fleetingly at Sue behind the tea tray, her expression perfectly readable. Sue asked, "Tea, Miss Henshaw?" and when Elsie, looking not at her but at Arden, said, "Ring for Joseph, will you, Chester, and ask him for some iced tea?" Sue felt her color rise.

She said, disarmingly, "As you weren't here, I thought I'd substitute for you," and was rewarded by Elsie's patronizing smile. As a matter of fact, Elsie disliked pouring daily tea. It smacked of duty and meant being on time. But she had resented Sue's place behind the low round table. As long as Sue had the common sense to recognize that it wasn't her place, thought Elsie, she could pour till doomsday in welcome.

Sally and Mary came in without ceremony. Mr. Dennis made the necessary introductions and Sue shook hands with her new responsibilities and suffered their appraising eyes smilingly.

Sally was tall and slender, with fly-away yellow hair and the bright blue Dennis eyes. She looked a little like Elsie, but with much more color and life. She was pleasant to Sue, but Sue sensed a rather definite hostility. Mary, on the other hand, was frankly sullen and Sue preferred it. Much better to know what you face, she thought. Mary was tall for her age and very nearly fat. Lumpy, at the best. She had brown hair, dark eyes and features more or less obscured by the roundness of her face. She said, "Hello," jerkily and escaped to sit on her grandfather's knee.

Elsie watched, smiling, from her corner. Arden watched too and Sue felt like an animal being put through its paces, under all those watching eyes. Only those of Charles Dennis were friendly, without reservation.

FOR the next few weeks, until the Dennises moved to Long Island, Sue considered honestly that she didn't earn her salt, much less her afternoon tea and two hundred a month. She drove with the girls to school, to

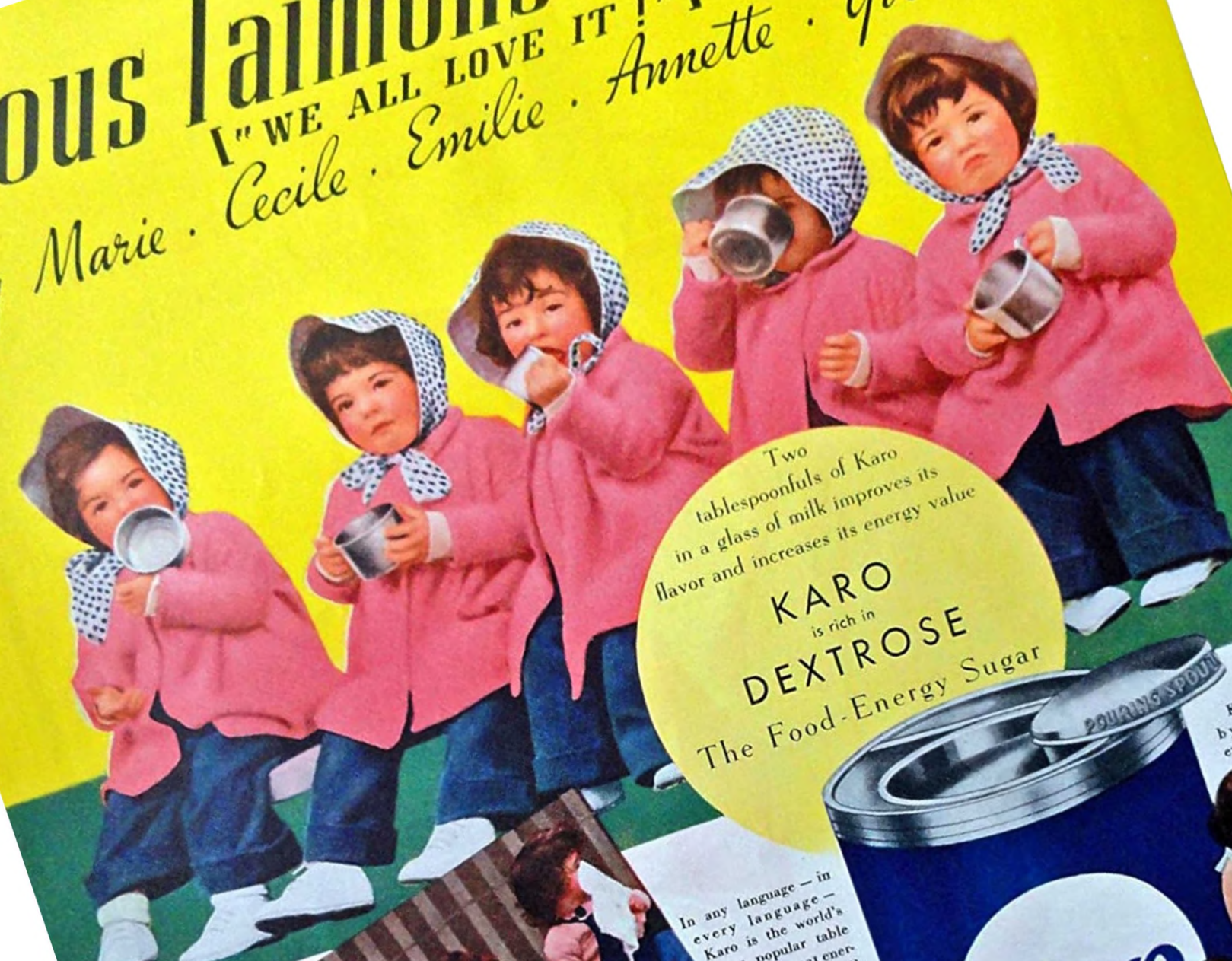
[Continued on page 81]





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## THE HIGH ROAD

[Continued from page 78]

Mary's obvious resentment, and she called for them. She took them to a movie they wanted to see and to the dentist's and the doctor's for their spring going over. She shopped with them on Saturdays for their summer things, the tacit understanding being that while they were old enough to know what they wanted, they must be gently guided in their choice.

THE first-name stage had been easily reached. Mr. Dennis had called her Sue from the beginning and Mary was the next to follow him. Her hostility was only a veneer of suspicion. She was afraid of being laughed at, she had all the delicate terrors, the heartbreaking anxieties of adolescence and she suffered because of Sally's seniority and good looks. She, Mary, was plain and fat and therefore would rather be dead, or so she exclaimed passionately to Sue one hot May evening when, wandering into Sue's room, she found her writing letters.

"You aren't plain," denied Sue, calmly surveying her. "You have very fine eyes and nice eyebrows. You have good teeth. And you'll have a good skin when you stop smearing it with all sorts of creams which won't do it any good until you start working at it from the inside out. Diet, water, air, exercise, sleep . . . You'll be amazed at the result and then you can use all your beloved creams with impunity. As for being fat, part of it is your age and part of it is laziness, too many sodas and too many boxes of candy. You can diet without starving to death, you know, and it's worth it. When you're Sally's age, you'll be very pretty."

"Oh, Sue!" cried Mary, with a gasp of pure rapture. Then she added timidly, "Do you mind if I call you that?"

"No," said Sue. "I don't, I like it." She looked at the fat little girl with a twinkle of pure amusement.

"Don't worry, Mary," she said, "you'll be a knockout one of these days. And moreover you won't have to rely just on your looks. You like to read, you're intelligent. You'll have just what it takes, you wait and see. But don't wait with your hands folded. Work for what you want, no one ever got anything without working—"

"Sally does," said Mary, quivering.

"Do you remember Sally three years ago, when she was fourteen?"

"Of course I do, of all the mean, nasty—"

"Wait a minute. What did she look like?"

"Oh," said Mary, "she was thin, her feet and hands were too big and

she wore braces—like I'm wearing now—on her front teeth."

"Well," said Sue triumphantly, "Sally worked, didn't she? And time made a difference. You're just proving it to me. Of course there must be material with which to work. Sally had it. So have you. And I recommend that you do a little thinking about exercise and diet, soap and water. I'll help you all I can. Is it a bargain—just between us two?"

"Oh," cried Mary, in an ecstasy of excitement and gratitude, "you're such a darling, Sue. Sally and Elsie—I detest Elsie, she reminds me of a faded snake," said Mary vehemently. "they say you're calculating and want to worm your way into Grandfather's good graces."

"Mary, keep still," began Sue firmly, but Mary did not even hear her.

"And Elsie said she wouldn't be a bit surprised if you were trying to marry Grandfather; that's very silly because he's an old, old man," she commented disdainfully. "Anyway, I don't believe a word of it. I do like you, Sue, I think you're swell."

So that's what they think, is it, thought Sue, with an uprush of anger. Aloud she said, "That's fine, Mary, I like you too. Run along now, like a good girl. I must finish my letters."

When Mary had departed, Sue chewed her pen and considered. She thought: If I had an ounce of proper pride, I'd up and quit this instant. I haven't the ounce, it seems, she went on thoughtfully, because I'm so mad I'll stay till doomsday if only to prove they're wrong. Well, I've one friend at court anyway!

She shook her red head and settled down to finish her letter to Jimmy. She had seen him two or three times since coming to the Dennises. He was, unfortunately, free mornings, and after Sue had taken the girls to school she had practically nothing to do until they returned again.

She had not seen Dan at all, but he had written her. She left his letter until the last, pondering over her reply, tearing up sheet after sheet, trying to infuse the written words with just the right light touch. He had asked her to have dinner with him before she went away. He had something to tell her.

SUE procured time off without any difficulty and went out to dine with Dan a few days before she left for Long Island. She had a good deal to tell him about her platinum-lined job. Was she, he inquired, happy in it? Sue, nodding vigorously, assured him that she was.

Then he asked, "Where is Mr. Dennis' country place?"

She told him, and Dan said, "Well, you'll be seein' me."

"Dan, what do you mean? What's happened to your job?"

"Oh, I didn't mean I'd turn up asking for a place as under-gardener," he assured her, "but there's a new road going through your district down there, complete with ramps and landscaping and State Police quarters, one of the last links in the chain. I've the job of seeing it through. I begin next month and I won't be living far away, so perhaps if you're a very good girl your boss will let me call at the back gate now and then."

"Dan, that's perfectly wonderful!" she exclaimed, and showed him such starry eyes that he looked at her gravely and shook his head.

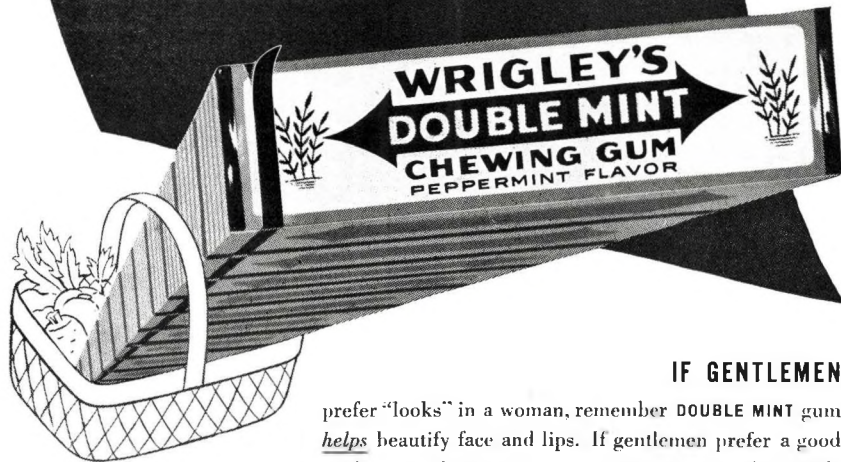
"None of your wiles, woman," he said sternly.

"I wasn't wiling," she told him indignantly. "I'm just glad, that's all."

"Seen your little friend Jimmy of late?" inquired Dan.

[Continued on page 82]

Do gentlemen prefer  
good looks or good cooks?



### IF GENTLEMEN

prefer "looks" in a woman, remember **DOUBLE MINT** gum helps beautify face and lips. If gentlemen prefer a good cook, serve them **DOUBLE MINT** gum after meals. It aids digestion. Next time at the Grocery, include  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz. pkgs.

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Here's a party, as rollicking as Ireland itself, and as full of promise as the Blarney Stone. Ideas galore for decorations, games and a broth of a menu. For your copy, send 10c in stamps to

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**A**LL AROUND you, you see people who are healthy—happy. And you wonder why *you* should be the unlucky one afflicted with habitual constipation.

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## THE HIGH ROAD

[Continued from page 81]

She was a little disconcerted by the change of subject but rallied bravely. "Oh, a couple of times. He's coming for tea the day before we leave."

Jimmy came to tea and ingratiated himself with Mr. Dennis, Elsie and the two girls. Elsie, Sue noticed from behind the tea service, regarded him with interest and exhibited her special slow smile for him at intervals. Mr. Dennis frankly enjoyed him and he was attentive to both youngsters. Sally tossed her fly-away curls and preened and even Mary came out of her shell. Only H. Chester Arden, sitting in a corner like Jack Horner, put in his thumb now and then and if what he pulled out was a plum, he looked at it with distaste. It was evident that Jimmy was too frivolous for H. Chester.

Toward Sue, Jimmy behaved as an old friend, one who regarded her with fraternal affection. As this was an attitude which she certainly had not encountered in him hitherto, Sue was, not unnaturally, impressed.

However, she accompanied him to the hallway when he took his departure and there he seized her hands in a far from fraternal grip.

"You're sitting pretty, darling," he murmured, "and there's a place here for me. I'm sure of it. Give Arden a kick for me, will you, and hasten his departure. 'Bye. Be seein' you soon."

"Not till fall," she said sadly. "Don't count on that. Toots," said Jimmy gayly. "Or didn't you hear Mr. Dennis say kindly, 'Perhaps sometime you will come and spend a week-end with us. We want Sue to feel that she is free to have her own guests, you know.'"

"Jimmy! I hope you refused!" "Have I gone nerts? I accepted. And I won't let him forget that. Consider yourself kissed. Adios."

Jimmy, reflected Sue, was impossible. And great fun.

**T**HE exodus to Long Island was accomplished by means of automobiles and trains. Gadjet went ahead to see that everything was in order. The cook, chambermaid and Joseph departed in one car, right after luncheon, and were driven by Frank, the handy man. The family went in the big car with the chauffeur, all except Arden, who drove his own car.

The place was on the North side of the Island. It was called, without much imagination, "Shoreglen," and was really very attractive. There were over fifty acres, a sandy white beach, a dock and boat house. The house itself was very comfortable and hideous after the fashion of architecture fifty or sixty years ago. It was of frame, large and sprawling, with mansard roofs, a porte-cochère and great porches.

Sue settled quickly into the routine of the house. She swam with the girls, rode with them, played tennis with them, hiked with Mary and kept an eye on her younger charge's diet. She went with them to several garden and dancing parties during that first month and acquitted herself as their unofficial hostess. The place was always full of young people, and there were week-end guests, generally Sally's friends, and youngsters for lunch and dinner and tea.

H. Chester, in the country, astonished her. He seemed a great deal

more human. He played an excellent game of tennis and swam well. As time went on and July drew near, their activities lessened and he spent a good deal of time with Sue.

One day, lying out on the raft, Sue, beautifully tanned and very pretty in her brief green suit, asked him:

"Would you tell me something?" "Of course."

Without his spectacles H. Chester was much more personable. He beamed upon her almost fraternally. "You'll think me very curious. But it's your first name. What does the H. stand for?"

He said, and laughed suddenly, looking very much younger and more attractive. "I tell very few people. Will you promise me that it will remain a secret?"

Sue crossed her fingers and murmured fervently. "I promise." But she made reservations. . . Dan and Jimmy. They didn't count.

"Heronimus!" Without a sound, until she splashed, Sue rolled off the raft. When she came up, her brown face glistening, Arden reached down and helped her clamber up on the raft again.

He said, "Pretty bad, isn't it?" "I think it's grand!" She laughed all over her little face. And then because the day was so clear and fine, the water so exhilarating and her job such fun, she mourned, "But I can't call you that!"

"Chester's all right. I've been waiting."

**D**RESSING. Sue told herself in some amazement: I believe he's loosening up. Perhaps I hastened it a little. Perhaps it was a mistake. I don't know. Heronimus! Wait till Jimmy hears that!

He wouldn't have to wait long. He had managed what Sue believed to be impossible—the invitation to Shoreglen. She had had no intention of asking him, but Jimmy was too clever for her. He had spent a good deal of time in second-hand bookstores after his first call. For during his hour under the Dennis roof he had heard his host mention an old book which his booksellers had not been able to procure for him, Jimmy, searching assiduously, had turned it up, had put a deposit of two dollars on it, beaten the obscure bookseller down from seven dollars to five, borrowed three from a temporarily solvent friend and sent the book off to Long Island with a graceful little note.

Mr. Dennis was charmed at such consideration in one so young. "Delightful young man," he said to Sue. "Why don't you ask him down?"

She had a thousand excuses on the tip of her tongue—there were other guests, she didn't wish to impose. . .

"Nonsense," he said. He smiled at her affectionately. "Can't I ever persuade you to consider yourself at home here? Ask him by all means."

She did so, with misgivings, and Jimmy drove down the following week in a battered car which he had borrowed from a friend. He stayed the week-end, devoted himself to Mr. Dennis, to Arden's annoyance, and was so charming to Mary that she suffered all the thrilling and pleasant throes of her first crush. He golfed with Elsie, played tennis with Sally and was brotherly toward Sue. And departed when his week-end was over, secure in the knowledge that Dennis had asked him to come back, any time. "Just ring us up," he said cordially. "We can always fit you in."

Sue was a little dashed by Jimmy's neglect of her and more than a little irritated by the reason for it. He had confided it to her one day on the

[Continued on page 87]

You will find Saraka pleasant to take—and pleasant after taking. The action of Saraka is thorough but not violent. Most people say they have no feeling of having taken a laxative.



# NATURE IS STINGY WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

*This Beautiful Enamel, Once Worn Away, Never Grows Back.. NEVER!*



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...win flashing new luster  
and Be Safe . . . change  
to Pepsodent Tooth Paste  
containing IRIUM!**

Nature is lavish in restoring skin, hair, nails. But She's terribly stingy with tooth enamel. Once you allow it to be injured, or you permit film to start its deadly decay, enamel can never grow back—never.

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### *Acts on new principle*

Instead of acting on enamel with scrub-hard friction, Pepsodent containing IRIUM *softens* the tough film that forms and glues itself on teeth and gums. Then gently lifts and floats it away—polishes the enamel to a brilliant sparkle you have never even seen before—and imparts a new, firm, refreshed feeling to the gums.

You get a new taste-thrill out of eating, drinking, smoking! And bad breath—caused by film on teeth which ordinary tooth pastes fail to remove completely—is no longer a worry to you! For the first time, you know what cleanliness of mouth, teeth and gums really means!

*Be safe* every day of your life! Get results always hoped for but never experienced with a dentifrice—and get them with *safety*! Change to Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM.

Pepsodent alone among  
Tooth Pastes contains **IRIUM**

### **BECAUSE OF IRIUM..**

Pepsodent requires **NO SOAP** ..  
**NO CHALK** .. **NO GRIT** .. **NO PUMICE**  
—*Safe!*

### **BECAUSE OF IRIUM..**

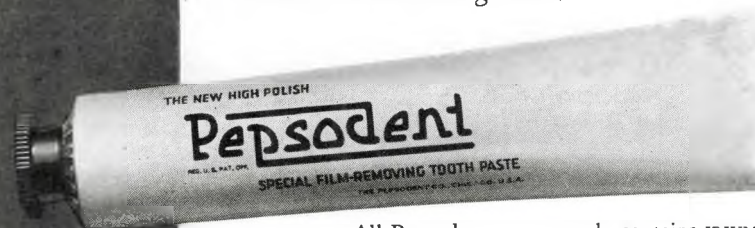
Pepsodent gently floats film away  
—instead of scrubbing it off.  
—*Thorough!*

### **BECAUSE OF IRIUM..**

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—*Refreshing!*

# be safe.

*Change to* **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**  
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GUARD THE  
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I remember one picture I bought when I was a freshman at college. It went through all the fun and tribulations of school with me and right

along into my first job. It saw me through a terrific bout of homesickness once, and when I first went abroad, it went too.

I've learned a lot about pictures since then; new schools of art have come into being; there are new fashions in framing and hanging pictures. All of them interest me, as they interest everyone who has a home. And I know that interest can be turned into knowledge. There are ways of being self-taught in the matter of art

for your home. If the woman's club in your town hasn't already sponsored an exhibit, get right about it, for that is one way to keep informed of trends in art. Pictures are permanent investments, so select them with care.

Try this experiment. Go outside, come in your front door and look at the pictures in your house. Is there a good reason for every one? Does each help tell the story of your house? Are they all your friends? I do hope so, for you live with them.

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PLAN THE

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FEATURING *Peach Downside-Up Cake*



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## Free!

—inside every sack of GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" FLOUR

(Now at your grocer's)



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YOU COULDN'T FIND two greater authorities, to give you suggestions on a party, than Emily Post and Betty Crocker.

Their *complete* suggestions are given in the folder shown here. Novel ideas. A happy menu. Recipes.

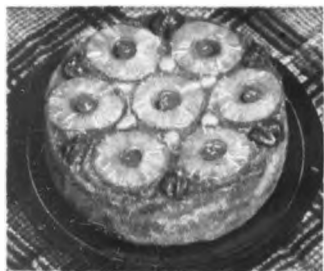
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### ★ ★ PARTY QUESTIONS ANSWERED FOR YOU ★ ★

WHAT TYPE OF SERVICE shall you have? What kind of table decorations? What color scheme? What will you serve? What will be the food "high spot" of the party? All these questions, and others, are answered for you in a novel, entertaining fashion in the folder Betty Crocker and Emily Post have prepared for you.

All the suggestions offered in this booklet are in the mood of spring, early spring—the season we are now approaching.

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## THE HIGH ROAD

[Continued from page 82]

beach, during a swim. He hugged his knees, looked out across the water and said calmly, "Of course, my angel, you will realize that I pay no attention to you whatever. But there are reasons. Your friend Elsie is one. She would resent attention to anyone but herself. And it is diplomatic to be attentive to one's host. When I have established my footing more firmly, I'll make up for lost time. I loathe the wasting moonlight and roses, but—well, you'll not suffer by it."

She said indignantly, "I'm not suffering now, Jimmy Bates. Of all the cold-blooded, calculating—"

"Hush," he said gently, "you deeply wrong me." He waved a hand at Sally, picking her way across the sand. "Race you to the raft, young lady," he challenged her.

On Monday he had gone and everyone missed him and admitted it, except Sue. She didn't miss him, she told herself crossly, he was the limit . . . all he wanted was free meals, a comfortable bed and entertainment without paying for it. He made her sick. But it was dull without him.

THAT Monday night there was the moon which Jimmy had deplored as wasted. Mary was early in bed with a slight cold and Sally had a school friend visiting her. Elsie had gone out and Mr. Dennis was reading in the library. Sue, going out on the porch for a breath of air, was startled when Arden rose from a swing nearby.

## FLAMBEAU TRAIL

[Beginning on page 30]

the pitchy fire which the bull cook fed in the huge Dutch oven was like aromatic incense on the pagan altar of lusty wood gods. Down river came a pack of hurrying men, led by the tallest; their way was the way of the flowing logs which they rode standing erect.

Old Charley Prince came to life with alacrity. "You, Moose Ear!" he bellowed at the dull-eyed cookee. "Quit them spuds and start draggin' stuff off the wanigan! If supper's late tonight we'll all have to run for the brush!" He peered speculatively at Ranse Fortune. "Yonder comes Boy' Greer and his drive crew. I swan, when he sees that dam!" He rapped the dottle from his pipe and went limping ashore, wagging his head in suppressed excitement. After all, it had been a dull winter in the woods.

Ranse Fortune stared upstream, but did not move. "Ca'lina," he said presently, "you'll be gittin' back to the house, I reckon."

She looked up at him doubtfully. When he used her full name it was a sign that he was disturbed.

"Daddy. . ."

"Mind, now!" he admonished. "I've heard tales of these men. River hogs, they call themselves. Sounds like trash. You'll be gittin' along!"

He had not used that tone since she was a little girl. She moved away.

Over the top of the jam there came presently the drive crew, swinging with surety down the erratic slope.

"I was thinking of you," he said, "sit down here with me, won't you?"

She said, "Just for a minute. I have to look in on Mary and I've got to see that Sally and the Taylor girl don't slip away from under my nose for moonlight bathing."

"You're doing awfully well with the girls," he complimented her, "much better than I had expected."

She said, sinking back against the cushions beside him. "Oh, I don't know. I've thinned Mary down a bit—I do think she looks well, don't you? But Sally doesn't like me."

"Doesn't she? I don't see how she could help it. I tried not to."

It came without warning, the arm about her, the sudden embrace, the swift and not at all clumsy kiss.

"You do get under one's skin," murmured Mr. Arden pleasantly, "and I think we're a good deal alike."

Sue drew away, not hastily but deftly. She thought: Here's a pretty kettle of fish. If I get sore, then he'll make trouble for me. . . .

She said lightly, "Chester, the moonlight has gone to your head. How are we alike?"

He said, "Opportunists. And this is one opportunity I'd be a fool to neglect. Has it never occurred to you, Sue, that we might have a very amusing time together? After all, it is pretty stupid day in and day out surrounded by youngsters and bores. But if one had a secret diversion?" He added, "I don't expect to marry, you know, for a good many years. I had," he went on, insufferably frank, "thought of Sally, but she is very young. And before she is of the proper age, I won't be here. I hope I won't be here much longer. But you are a sophisticated person, and you like me a little, don't you?"

[Continued in APRIL McCall's]

They were garbed in thick woollens of violent hues, garish plaids in checkerboard patterns, their trousers "staged" just below the knees, their heavy boot soles studded with sharp steel caulks. Big men mostly, all of them powerful, and many were full-bearded and fearsome looking. Some carried long pike-poles while others had peavies or long cant-hooks, and they used these to balance themselves as they ran along the sloping logs.

The one who led them was boyishly smooth-faced save for a curly fuzz darkening his upper lip and chin, yet his deep-lunged chest and broad shoulders were those belonging to a big man, and a V-shaped scar on his cheek marked him as a full-fledged warrior of the river towns. His manner was the true calm of an overlord sure of his prowess. Boylan Greer at twenty was boss of older and more hard-bitten men because he had their respect.

His caulks bit out pieces of clean sod as he leaped ashore from the last log, and turned to survey the awe-inspiring jam with expertly appraising eyes. A glance sufficed for the dam. The drive crew formed a half-circle behind him, waiting in silence. Ranse Fortune stood there with folded arms, face a little grayer. Old Charley Prince came hobbling over, wiping his hands on a hastily-donned apron.

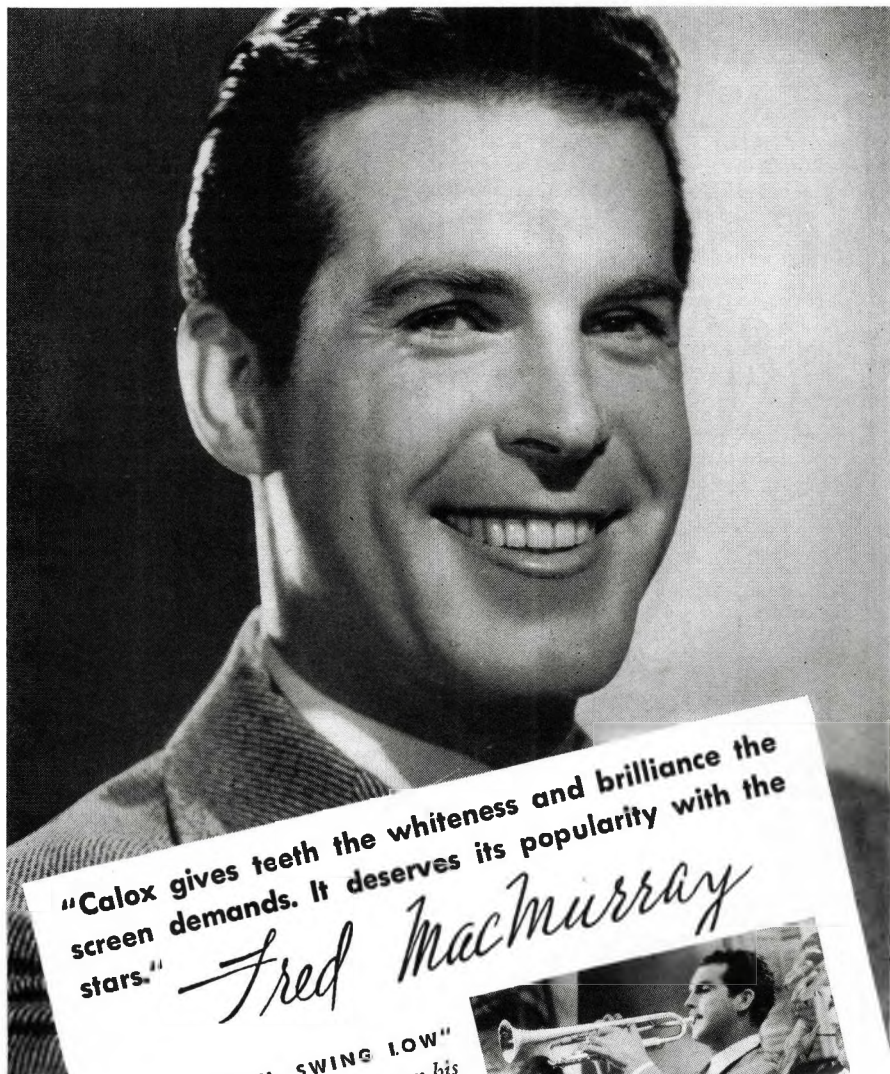
"I told him plenty, Boy'," declared the cook. "I warned him you'd throw a cat fit when you come along and found the drive hung up!"

THE river boss said with amazing calmness. "Get back to your job. We'll want supper in half an hour. There's a night's work ahead of us!"

He turned to the others and his words cracked. "Steve! Phonse! Carey! Skin back on the jam, and

[Continued on page 88]

# HAVE TEETH THAT shine like the stars'



"Calox gives teeth the whiteness and brilliance the screen demands. It deserves its popularity with the stars."

*Fred MacMurray*

"SWING HIGH, SWING LOW"  
Fred MacMurray in a scene from his new Paramount picture, "Swing High, Swing Low." See this picture at your local theatre—notice his smile.



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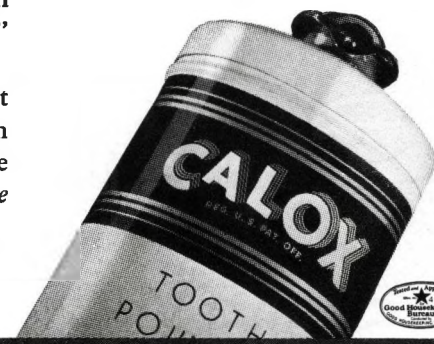
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# Peach cobbler

**MENDS THE  
MONDAY MEAL**

## JELLIED PEACH COBBLER

(6 Servings—uses only 1/4 package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/4 cup cold water 1/4 teaspoonful salt  
1/2 cup orange juice 1/3 cup sugar  
1/4 cup melted butter 1 cup hot water  
1 tablespoonful lemon juice  
2 cups sliced peaches (fresh or canned)  
1 1/2 cups cake or cracker crumbs

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add orange juice and lemon juice. Cool until beginning to thicken, then add peaches.

Cake, cookie or baking powder biscuit crumbs, Zwieback or graham crackers, finely crushed, may be used for the crust. Mix crumbs and melted butter thoroughly. Put part of crumbs in bottom of mold or pan that has been rinsed in cold water, packing them in firmly. Pour in peach mixture. Sprinkle top with remaining buttered crumbs and chill. When firm unmold and garnish with sliced peaches. Serve with either thin or whipped cream or hard sauce.

NOTE: If canned peaches are used, use one cup hot peach juice instead of the hot water called for in the recipe.

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## FLAMBEAU TRAIL

[Continued from page 87]

find me the key log! Burke, you and Jenkins get that powder off the waning! We'll blow the dam, and start working the jam from this side until she begins to loosen up. We'll lose the water unless we hurry. Rest of you start sinking holes in the rocks of that dam. I want powder in at least four places. We'll take her out at one shot!"

Old Ranse Fortune swallowed twice before he found speech.

"That's my dam, suh! We—I built it last winter when the freeze was on. You aim to wreck it?"

Boylan Greer gave a start, then swung about and faced the other as though seeing him for the first time.

"Old man," he asked curiously, "you come from the South?"

"From No'th Ca'lina, suh."  
"You fought in the war? Maybe you fought at Manassas."

"I did, suh! But—the war ended a long while ago!"

The heavy fists of the river boss clenched until they were like oak knobs. "Why would it be an old man who fought at Manassas that hung up my logs? Why haven't I guts enough to tie a powder bag around your scrawny neck, and drop you in the first shot hole?"

Ranse Fortune's voice quavered yet he answered fearlessly. "Because I'm an old man, as you say. But you might as well do it, suh, if you destroy my dam. I cain't build another till next winter, and that will be too late!"

Boylan Greer came close and put an unsteady hand on the other's shoulder. "Old man, I'm going to blow your dam to hell, understand? And you'll never build another dam here or any place else on the Flambeau! Never, I say! Because this river belongs to me, or to any other lumberman who keeps his logs clear of mine. We don't want settlers! Let 'em stay off Flambeau Trail until the lumbermen who blazed it are through with the job. That'll be years and years yet, maybe forever, old man! Trees grow faster than we can cut 'em down. We'll—"

RANSE FORTUNE reached up and took hold of the other's arm. "Take your hand off me, suh," he remonstrated quietly.

Boylan Greer stepped back. "Right!" he declared with bitterness. "You've got me licked in one way because your age gives you a power greater than a dozen men. But I'll lick you in another! I'll send your dam sky high, just as I'd blast out any snag that blocked the channel for my logs!"

He whirled on his men. "I want some hustling!" he raged. "Think we can wait all night? Put in shots big enough to be heard in Dixie!"

"Just like Thunder Eyes when he was hoppin' mad," gloated Charley Prince, nudging one of his helpers. "Man, I'll bet he kin almost bite a spike in two!" He stirred his flapjack batter briskly. "There's no stoppin' a Greer when he gets that way." Suddenly he stopped stirring. "Thunderation!" he muttered. "What's comin' off here?"

The girl Lina had appeared as though from nowhere. She was moving, thought old Charley Prince, like a sleepwalker, for her hands were held unsteadily before her. Then he

JANET GAYNOR, co-starring with Fredric March in David O. Selznick's Technicolor production, "A Star Is Born."



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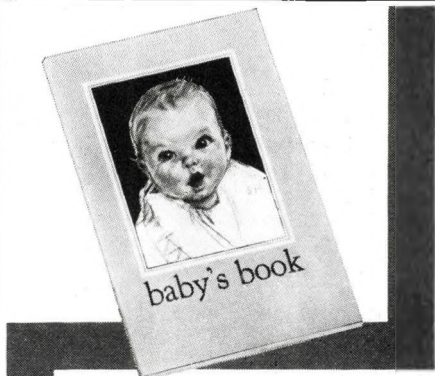
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noticed the long-barreled cavalry pistol which she endeavored to keep steady as she walked toward Boylan Greer. Something about her widened eyes terrified old Charley suddenly, for he dropped his work and yelled, "Watch out, Boy!"

The river man caught meaning in that cry and he jerked around. As he saw the girl, he relaxed and waited. Old Ranse Fortune called in an agonized voice, "Ca'lina!" but she paid no attention. Before he could stir she was within two paces of Boylan Greer, and there she stopped.

"River-hog!" She made the term bite like a thin lash cutting across his face. "When you blow up that dam I'm going to blow you—to hell!"

FOR a long moment he stared at her without changing expression; then the anger died out of his face and admiration showed there. He took a step forward, but stopped as her right forefinger whitened on the trigger and she turned her head and half closed her eyes. Boylan Greer laughed as he realized she was afraid of firearms.

"You'd shoot all right," he conceded. "But what could you hit? Think I'm afraid of an old hog-leg gun that probably isn't loaded?"

"Please, suh!" Old Ranse Fortune's voice was pleading. "It is loaded!" His voice cracked. "Ca'lina! Don't you do it!" His voice rose shrilly. "Nothin' is worth that! Put down that gun!"

Boylan Greer grinned at her, but there was a sort of shy wonder in his face. The girl's beauty had that translucent quality which belongs to spring. "Ca'lina," he mimicked, "you'd better mind—or I'll put my mark on you!"

Her eyes opened at that. "I said," he told her, and his eyes were as hard as agates, "that if you pull that trigger, I'll put my mark on you before I die. I'll live long enough for that!"

Doubt clouded her face. "Charley," he flung over his shoulder, "tell her what I mean!"

The old cook looked distressed. "I'm a-warnin' you not to tech off that shootin'-arn, miss. Because Boy Greer means what he says. Ef'n he puts his mark on you—it's a Flambeau Injun custom—no man on the river or elsewhere in this country dares look at you twice. Suthin' like brandin' a log. What's his'n is his'n!"

The river boss had not taken his eyes off the girl. "Well?" he asked.

"If you don't call off your men," she replied tonelessly, "I'll shoot you down as surely as I stand here!"

He made a grab for the gun. She stifled a scream, there was a clapping report and blue smoke wreathed them. But he had caught the weapon by the muzzle, jerked it from her and flung it aside. For an instant he swayed unsteadily, looking down at his right hand as though in astonishment. It was powder-blackened, and from a jagged wound in the palm the blood welled, dripping off the fingertips.

Tension broke among the men. They quit work, muttering ominously. "Get back to your jobs!" he lashed out at them. "Have I asked for help? Put all the powder you've got in that dam and blow up the last sliver of it."

He turned on the girl, his eyes like black flint. "I said I'd mark you, but you didn't believe me!" Suddenly he caught her, and with deliberation wiped a red-stained forefinger on her left cheek. "So you'll not forget—that I'm coming back!" His lips were set in a grimace of pain and fury. "Wipe it off, but you'll always feel it burning there!" As abruptly he freed her, and whirled on Charley Prince.

[Continued on page 90]



# Now GLASS Pots and Pans..

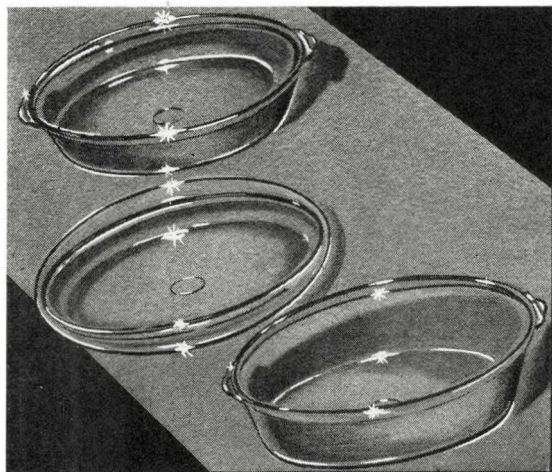


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ONE moment these Pyrex Flameware dishes are cooking merrily on the stove—the next, with detachable handles removed, they are handsome glass serving dishes. And there are no sticky, caked metal pots to scour afterward.

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Always boil acid fruits and vegetables in Pyrex Flameware Saucepans. Fry onions, fish, bacon and eggs in the Pyrex Skillet.

Pyrex Flameware will give you a lifetime of service. After years of use, it will be as new and shining as the day you bought it.

### 3-piece Flameware Set in decorated box

One-qt., 1 1/2-qt. saucepans and 7" frying pan, with detachable chrome handle which fits all three pieces, cost only \$2.65. Separately, saucepans are \$1.10 and \$1.40 complete with chrome handle. Pyrex Ovenware Covers to fit—35¢ and 40¢.

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Easy to clean—  
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Glass handle  
stays cool, never  
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**PYREX Crystal**  
PERCOLATOR

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## FLAMBEAU TRAIL

[Continued from page 88]

"Where's that whisky you've been hiding on the wanigan?"

"Boy," chattered the cook, "you ain't figgerin' on swiggin' it? You know likker allus made you sick. You never could drink!"

"Get it!" Boylan Greer's face was terrible. "Get it quick! And the cleanest lint you've got!"

Old Charley Prince scrambled to obey. "Maybe a small nip won't hurt you," he decided, producing the bottle.

"Who said anything about drinking? Pour it on that wound!"

THE girl moaned and buried her face against Ranse Fortune's shoulder. Tears were running down the old man's cheek. Boylan Greer's face was like a mask, although once he closed his eyes as the raw liquor bit into the flesh.

The bull cook hurried up with some fresh pine pitch. "It'll draw out the pizen," explained Charley Prince, rubbing in the sticky stuff. "Best salve on earth." Carefully, then, he began winding a lint bandage around the hand. Boylan Greer continued to stare at Ranse Fortune and the girl with that terrible frozen smile.

"I'm right sorry, suh," said the old man at last.

But the river boss made no reply, and at that moment there came a shout from the dam.

"All set, Boy! Shall we let her go?"

"Cut your fuses in half," he answered. "Let her go!" He shot a triumphant look at the Fortunes. "Best get back!" he warned. Presently men were running from the dam, crying: "Fi-ii-re! Fi-ii-re!"

Seconds ticked off, with no sound save the muttering of rising water behind the great log jam. From points along the dam thin spirals of smoke twisted upward, to be fanned out by the wind. Abruptly, then, the earth shuttled crazily, there was a tremendous upheaval of water, rocks and broken timbers, while a mighty gust presaged successive peals of deafening thunder; then clogging sounds as debris fell back into the river. Suddenly the stream flowed smoothly—the dam had vanished!

Old Charley Prince yanked off his derby and waved it. "Whurroo!" he yelled. "You've loosened her, Boy! The jam's goin' out!"

No doubt of it. Those earth-quaking detonations had somehow freed the key log, and now the great sticks were slithering viciously into the current. True, the pressure of water behind the jam was helping enormously.

Boylan Greer shouted joyfully, "Tear into it, you river-hogs! We'll be clear in a few hours!"

It was amazing to watch the sure skill of the men armed only with peavies and pike-poles. No sooner did a log hesitate than they were on it savagely, freeing it, urging it to join its fellows in the brown mass which swam downstream. All men—even Boylan Greer and his crippled hand—were working like mad.

Darkness came and with it the patter of rain. But a great fire blazed on each bank, and in the reddish light the weirdly garbed men seemed like fiends prodding newly-arrived souls down some Styxian river. They snatched food during brief pauses and drank huge mugs of coffee.

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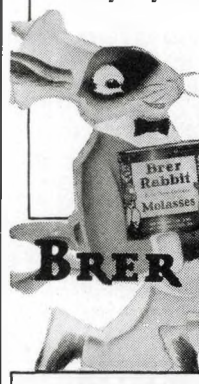
### Old-Fashioned Drop Cookies

½ cup shortening; ½ cup sugar; ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses; ½ cup sour milk; 1 teaspoon soda; ¼ teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon cloves; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; 1 teaspoon ginger; 2½ cups flour; 1 egg; ½ cup chopped raisins.

Cream shortening and sugar, add molasses, sour milk with soda dissolved in it, salt and spices sifted with flour, well-beaten egg, and raisins. Drop from teaspoon to greased pans. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes about 40 cookies.

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Lina had gone back to the mill, but old Ranse Fortune stayed out and watched the miracle of men conquering the forces of nature. Lower and lower sank the jam, and then at last there were excited shouts while men scampered for the safety of shore. There was a grinding noise, a prolonged moment of travail, and the last of the logs vanished frothily in the maw of the river.

"Old Flambeau's swallowed 'em!" cried Charley Prince. "Whurroo!"

Boylan Greer appeared suddenly before old Ranse Fortune. His hair was matted like the coat of a wet dog; his clothes flapped against his body as he walked.

"I feel," the others heard Ranse Fortune say rather loudly, "that I owe you an apology, suh. If I had known what this meant. . ."

They heard Boylan Greer reply in lower tones, and they did not catch the drift of his words. He turned and strode off; but before he did so, he stood for a long moment staring at a square of yellow light in the window of the mill. Then, running, he leaped on one of the last logs, caught his balance, and went riding off into the night, bound down river to join his men who would push on sleeplessly until the drive reached the mouth of Storm Creek and the danger of further jams would be past.

There in old cabins they would slumber lustily like weary gods until the wanigan boat, bringing old Charley Prince and the magic of his cookery, caught up with them. More long days and short nights would follow until the winter's cut was brought to market. Then would come high revelry—drinking, dancing, fighting—so long as purse and vitality endured. River-hogs they called themselves, yet they swaggered a glorious way through life, singing, fighting and dying as truly robust men in whom there is no shallow strain.

"LINA," said old Ranse Fortune, as he warmed his seamed hands at the glowing stove, "he was one Yankee I'm proud to have known. He said what he'd do, and he did it!"

In the yellow candlelight her face seemed more pale, save for her left cheek, which had been rubbed until color had been brought to it. Old Ranse smiled. "Lina, does it burn like he said it would—that mark?"

Her grave eyes filled with tears. "He—he ruined us! Yet I'm glad I didn't kill him. Daddy, do you believe it's true . . . the Flambeau custom . . . that no other man dare look at me twice . . . now. . ."

Old Ranse replied, "Lina, do you hate him so much? He said that when the drive is over and his men have had their fling, they'd rebuild the dam. Remember that he said he'd have no dam on the Flambeau that he didn't want. But he wants a dam here to back up flood water; a big dam that he can sluice logs through. Said his drive usually got hung up on the shallows in this place. That'll give us all the water we need for the mill. Cain't quarrel with that."

He yawned sleepily and began pulling off his soggy boots. "That mark . . . I wouldn't be too ashamed of that, daughter. It was clean blood."

Yet long after she had crept into her bed in the loft above the room with the ponderous millstones, her left cheek burned. Smilingly, in the secrecy of darkness, she wondered if all the things he had said would likewise come true. "What's his'n is his'n," old Charley Prince had declared. She saw again the stormy face of Boylan Greer as he vowed he'd come back. But no longer she felt terror.



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 LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

KNOWN IN TEXAS AS SALTINE KRISPY CRACKERS

Tune In "SNOW VILLAGE SKETCHES"—National Broadcasting Company (Red Network)—Every Saturday, 9 P. M. (E. S. T.)

**new BREAKFAST FOOD IS A BIG FAVORITE WITH ACTIVE YOUNGSTERS**

SAY, COACH, WHY IS IT BOB HASN'T MADE THE TEAM?

THE TRUTH IS MR. JONES HE DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH PEP!

WELL WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST?

GIVE HIM RIPPLED WHEAT FOR BREAKFAST—IT'S AN ENERGY BUILDING FOOD ALL ACTIVE KIDS NEED!

GEE, DAD, THE COACH PUT ME ON THE TEAM TODAY. HE SAID I PLAYED A SWELL GAME

YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE RIPPLED WHEAT CREDIT FOR THAT VICTORY!

10 BISCUITS  
**RIPPLED WHEAT**  
 Breakfast Food  
 MADE BY THE BAKERS OF SUNSHINE BISCUITS

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY



*- and so to sleep...*



*... as the magic touch of  
Mother's fingers brings this*

## QUICKER RELIEF FROM THAT WRETCHED COLD

Mother smiles. Now she, too, can sleep—and soundly.

She knows how swiftly Vicks VapoRub begins to make her little patient *feel* better, how much it helps to *end* a cold more quickly.

It takes so little time, she finds—it does so much—this 3-Minute VapoRub Massage! Almost before she gets the VapoRub well rubbed on, it starts to bring relief two ways at once—two *direct* ways:

### Relieves Colds These Two Ways

**1. Through the Skin.** VapoRub acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice or plaster.

**2. Medicated Vapors.** At the same time, its medicated vapors, released by body heat, are breathed in for hours—about 18 times a minute—*direct* to the irritated air-passages of the nose, throat, and chest.

This combined poultice-and-vapor action loosens phlegm—relieves irritation—eases the cough—helps break congestion. (It is to strengthen and



### THE 3-MINUTE VAPORUB MASSAGE

*Massage Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat, chest, and back (between and below the shoulder blades). Then spread it thick over the chest and cover with a warmed cloth.*

lengthen this double action during the night that VapoRub is spread *thick* on the chest.)

As this two-way treatment eases distress, the youngster feels more comfortable, relaxes, usually drops off to restful sleep. And long *after* sleep comes, VapoRub keeps right on working. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

### Avoids Risk of Stomach Upsets

Two generations of mothers have chosen Vicks VapoRub as their favorite remedy for the frequent colds of childhood. As every mother knows, constant "dosing" with internal medicine may upset digestion, interfere with appetite, and thus lower body resistance just when it is needed most to fight a cold. VapoRub can be used freely, as often as needed, even on the youngest child.

*For grown-ups, too.* You never get too big to appreciate the comforting relief of a VapoRub Massage—and VapoRub's long-continued action.

## WINTER'S TALE

### Janitor's Ears

"In walking down the halls last winter," says quick-eared Jim Shore, public school janitor of Kernersville, N. C., "I could tell the classes *not* on Vicks Plan by the way they sniffled and sneezed."

As he walked down those halls, Jim Shore was right between two rival groups. Both groups were taking part in the biggest cold-clinic of its kind ever held—testing Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds.

### Fewer Colds—And Shorter!

This clinic began in 1932. The final test was concluded in the bitter winter of 1936. A total of 17,353 people took part in these clinical tests.

Look at the remarkable results averaged by Vicks Plan followers (as compared with the groups who were *not* on the Plan):

They escaped one out of every four colds.

The colds they did have were shorter by more than one-fourth.

Just think what that meant in reducing total sickness due to colds—a saving of more than half (50.88%, to be exact)!

Even greater was the saving in school absences due to colds (57.86%), a fact demonstrated in tests among 7,031 school children.

### Sheep from Goats

This clinic consisted of a series of tests. In each test, those taking part were divided into two groups, each equal, as nearly as possible, as to number, age, sex, and living conditions. One group followed Vicks Plan. Those in the other group simply followed their usual practices regarding colds.

### "Too Good to be True?"

Results of the first two clinical tests had seemed almost too good to be true. To verify them, additional tests were made. These later tests were supervised by independent, practicing physicians. Records were kept under their direction, then sent direct by them to a firm of nationally-known public accountants, who tabulated and certified the results. And—in these independently checked tests—results averaged better than ever!

### What Is Vicks Plan?

Vicks Plan is a practical, easy-to-follow guide, designed especially to help mothers in dealing with the family's colds. It represents the 30 years' experience of Vicks Chemists and Medical Consultants in dealing with the problem of colds.

Vicks Plan recognizes the importance of healthful living, to help Nature build and maintain body resistance to colds—and, at the same time, the Plan provides proper medication for different types and stages of the common cold.

### What Can Vicks Plan Do for YOUR Family?

Naturally, results vary among followers of the Plan. And what it can do for *your* family may be less—or more—than it averaged in the clinic. But doesn't its fine record in these clinical tests make it well worth trying in your own home?

You will find complete directions for following the Plan with each bottle of Vicks Va-tro-nol, your handy aid in *preventing* many colds; and each jar of Vicks VapoRub, your family standby for *relieving* colds.

### Vicks Invites You to Hear

#### Nelson Eddy Sunday Evenings

The originators of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds invite you to listen in to Vicks Open House—with Nelson Eddy, famous singing star of screen and radio. Every Sunday at 8:00 p. m. (EST), Columbia network—coast to coast—WABC, etc. Remember to dial in.

Remember, also, to . . .

*Follow Vicks Plan  
for Better Control of Colds*

(Full details in each Vicks package)

OVER  $\frac{53}{26}$  MILLION VICK AIDS TO BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS USED YEARLY



## MIDNIGHT SAILING

[Beginning on page 20]

means of a rope Hemple's bag was lowered. Then the pilot went down the Jacob's ladder out of a port in the liner's side—forty feet or more before he paused, gauging the rise of the boat beneath him. It came to meet him and Hemple jumped, and a hand caught his arm to hold him steady. Then he settled himself on the thwart at the stern as the two apprentices bent to their oars.

Hemple looked up at the towering hull which reared like a cliff high over his head. This boat was a mammoth floating hotel. Those windows amid-ship on A-deck, he knew, belonged to elaborate *suites de grand luxe*, each with a private deck of its own.

Very faint from the bridge came the sound of a bell. That would be the engine-room signaling back that the order to go had been understood. He heard the thrash of four propellers lashing the water in sudden fury.

**S**WIFTLY the liner gained headway eastward, while the yawl moved toward a trim little steamer slowly circling to intercept it. Hemple sat quietly, thinking his thoughts.

He was thinking again of Karen Lord. Just Laura's age when Laura had died, bringing such sorrow to him and Norah. They were not so different, Karen and Laura—except that Laura had not been spoiled by wealth or a snooty mother. Laura had not—

He sat erect. A voice had called distinctly, "Hey, wait!" A woman's voice. He half rose from the seat to peer across the rolling water.

The two apprentices ceased their rowing. One of them said, "It's somebody swimming!" Then Hemple's eyes caught the flash of an arm in the eddying wake churned up by the liner.

"We're coming," he shouted.

"Be there in a minute," called the voice. He knew whose it was and the knowledge shocked him.

She vanished, and then he saw her again atop the rounded crest of a wave. She was swimming rapidly—an expert, almost effortless crawl. Half grudgingly Hemple admired her nerve and the strong unflurried beat of her stroke—a girl in the sea, ten miles from shore, swimming so unperturbed from a ship which now was half a mile to eastward!

He caught her arm and gripped it tightly.

"Thanks," said Karen. "Very nice of you to wait, Mr. Hemple." She grasped the gunwale, ducked low and squirmed, and her foot hooked a hold. "Allee-oo!" she cried.

Hemple gasped. She was wearing a slip, and that seemed to be all. It clung to her body as she stood there, dripping water and shivering slightly.

"Here, put this coat on!"

"Don't get excited, Mr. Hemple. I told you this was very important. It's all I could do when you turned me down."

The pilot felt a twinge of remorse. He saw a giant bronze propeller, twenty-three tons of whirling dervish, sucking her into its thrashing blades.

"You might've got caught—!"

"I know," she said calmly. "I swam out fast while the ship was drifting. Under water, so no one saw me."

"How'd you get down? Did you dive?" he demanded.

"A rope. I stole it from the boat deck. Carried it under my coat to my cabin. The rest was easy."

She sat huddled beside him upon the seat. Her wet brown hair brushed Hemple's cheek as he bent to peer at her face.

"Now, why did you have to get off that ship?"

"You saw Tommy Atkins," she accused him. "Mother wants me to marry him. But I can't stand the man. Gee whiz!"

Hemple, bewildered, blinked at Karen. It didn't make sense to him. He said so.

"But I thought he'd just come to see me off. He went ashore with Mother all right, but after we sailed he knocked at my cabin! Grinning all over. Thought he'd been smart."

The pilot shook his head in amazement. A wealthy suitor whom Karen disliked: and just because he had chosen to cross with her, she had risked her life to disappoint him!

"That's all the reason—?"

"Well, not all." An impish smile appeared on her face. "I didn't want to go anyway. Mother insisted—to visit my aunt, Lady Amsinck." She made a mouth. "It was just a ruse to get me away."

The liner was now a distant blur of lights and grays far over the water.

The yawl drew beside the trim little steamer. A hook was inserted under a cable fastened at bow and stern of their boat. A steam winch snuffed for a busy moment and they were hoisted clear of the water and set down, yawl and all, on the deck.

"It's after two o'clock," said Hemple. "Now, young lady, you get into bed. Don't know about clothes, but we'll see in the morning."

He led her to one of the little cabins reserved for pilots biding their time to board some vessel off Sandy Hook. But Hemple didn't retire at once. First, he must have a radio sent to the master of that vanishing liner. In the morning, when she failed to appear and the telltale rope was found overside, they would think that the heiress had drowned herself. It would hardly do for *that* to get out!

**H**EMPLE emerged on the afterdeck as the sound of oars approached the vessel. The No. 1 yawl was coming home with two more pilots—Lund and Bellows. Bellows would be no help at all, but Lund was an earnest, taciturn man who read incessantly while he was waiting.

"We've got a young lady guest!" began Hemple. He told them the story and Bellows chuckled.

"Looks like she's got a case on you, George! When a girl swims after a married man. . . ."

Hemple felt annoyed. Everyone knew his devotion to Norah. He was glad to hear Lund's serious voice:

"I remember something I saw in the paper. It was in that Ned May's Broadway column."

"What was that, Tom?"

Lund nodded his head as he groped in his mind till he had found each part and pieced it.

"Yes," he announced, "about Karen Lord. There was a fellow named Hudson Keeble. His family's rich, but that made no difference; he wanted to make himself a doctor. It seems he came out of medical school and got himself a job as interne. She didn't like it. Took all his time. She got sore and broke the engagement."

"Ned May's one of those gossip writers," Lund explained, a little bit sheepishly. "Next time Karen Lord was mentioned, he said she'd took up with a night club dancer. He's one of those very good looking Spanish

[Continued on page 94]



## Skillful touches for Lenten meals

### WITH CANNED HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Think of the joy of knowing ways to make main-course dishes more appetizing to hungry families observing fast days—particularly during Lent!

Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—served either as an accompaniment or in place of a vegetable—adds color and flavor to a wide variety of sea foods.

Serve the Slices—either broiled, baked or fried—with whole fish, fillets or steaks. Combine Crushed Pineapple or Tidbits with flaked salmon, tuna, fish flakes or shrimp for delicious salads.

Then, too, many other foods popular at this time of year—such as macaroni, noodles, rice, eggs—take on new flavor

and attractiveness when Canned Pineapple is used either as an ingredient or as the main feature. The dishes shown here are delightful examples of the many possibilities versatile Pineapple offers the ingenious homemaker.

Remember, also, Canned Hawaiian Pineapple is most healthful: vitamins A, B, C; food-iron and copper for the blood; reinforcing alkalinity; natural sugars for quick energy.

For extra flavor—any season, any meal—have a good supply of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple handy! Pineapple Producers Cooperative Assn., Ltd., San Francisco, California.

#### Pineapple-Fish Platter

To dress up your fish main-course, at the same time adding appetizing color and flavor, serve Sliced Pineapple—broiled, baked or fried—with salmon, halibut, haddock, cod, sole—whichever you prefer.

#### Pineapple Sea-Food Scallop

Place creamed shrimp or other sea food in scallop shells or ramekins. Top with drained Crushed Pineapple and bits of butter. Then bake in a moderate oven (350°) from twelve to fifteen minutes.



Canned  
**HAWAIIAN  
PINEAPPLE**  
• SLICED • CRUSHED • TIDBITS •



# Ladies' Aid TONIGHT

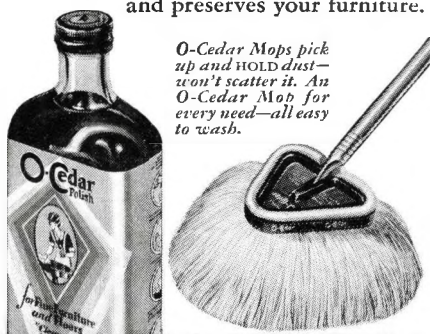


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WHEN BUYING SHEET MUSIC  
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**CENTURY CERTIFIED EDITION**  
IT COSTS ONLY 15¢ A COPY  
Catalogue of 3000 Selections  
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**15¢** CENTURY MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. **15¢**  
243 W. 40th STREET N.Y.C.



## A WORD OF ADVICE TO HOUSEWIVES

Don't take chances with a substitute! Use only genuine O-Cedar Polish—first choice of housekeepers the world over for 30 years. Quickly restores lustre, protects and preserves your furniture.



**O-Cedar**  
POLISH • MOPS • WAX



You don't have to scrub and scour to clean a toilet bowl. You don't even have to touch it with your hands. Sani-Flush is made especially to do this unpleasant job for you. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet and see stains and incrustations disappear. Spots vanish. Odors go. Germs are killed.

Sani-Flush purifies the hidden trap that no other method can reach. It cannot injure plumbing. Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

**Sani-Flush**

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

**CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL**

Say goodbye to risky razors, and corn-pads. A new liquid NOXACORN relieves pain and forms a thin protecting film over the corn. Then the corn (or callus) loosens and comes out with ease. Absolutely safe. Contains six ingredients including camphor, iodine, castor oil. 35¢ bottle saves untold misery. Drugrists refund money if it fails. **NOXACORN**

## MIDNIGHT SAILING

[Continued from page 93]

fellows—always having affairs with women. So her mother got scared she'd elope with the night club man. In a little while she'll be twenty-one, and then she inherits her grandfather's money."

"I see," muttered Hemple.

"Better grab it, George, while the grabbing's good. Any girl jump in and swim after me!" Bellows winked as he wagged his head.

AN ARM reached out to take the clothes which Hemple had got from an undersized steward; and a few minutes later she entered the wardrobe, a cute little gamin in white duck trousers, an over-large shirt which flared at the throat and a pair of canvas sneakers that flapped as she walked.

She saluted pertly, said, "Yo, heave-ho!" and, linking her arm in Hemple's, smiled. The pilots returned her smile, delighted.

"Um, breakfast!" said Karen.

"Right you are."

In the eyes of Hemple's fellow pilots she was regarded as "George's baby." By one's and two's they drifted out to smoke their pipes, and presently he was alone with her as she devoured her eggs and bacon.

"Want to send a radio to your mother?" he asked.

"No! She'd have a fit."

The lines in Hemple's forehead deepened. He wasn't good at this sort of thing.

At last he blurted, "What about that Spanish dancing fellow?"

He heard her gasp as she put down her fork. A slow flush of color rose to her cheeks.

"What do you mean?"

"Have you got any notion you're going to elope?"

"I could if I wanted to," Karen said stoutly. "The age of consent's eighteen, remember. Why shouldn't I marry Rico? He loves me."

"Tell you so?"

Karen laughed softly.

"He certainly did," she assured him. "Mucho!" Then her manner changed. She was very earnest. "You simply don't know what a life I live. Mother trying to run it for me, as though I were still a child. And my father!" Suddenly there were tears in her eyes. "You've read about *him*. Those women, all that was said in court—oh, it has been just awful. Sordid. I want to be free from my parents—*free!*"

She looked so woebegone, so appealing, that Hemple, patting her hand, said, "There!" Her response to his sympathy almost scared him. She flung her arms about his neck and immediately burst into sobs, like a small hurt child.

He thought that he understood her trouble. She had no father—none she could turn to. Her mother was domineering and cold. A poor little rich girl, that was Karen; Hemple felt himself drawn to her, paternal.

"There, little lady. You're going to be happy."

"Rico could make me happy," she sniffled. "He'd be much better than wh-what I've got."

Hemple frowned at an open port. As the vessel rolled he noticed the water blend in the distance with light gray mists. It was growing hazy.

"How long have you known this Rico fellow?" he asked.

"Not very long," she admitted "Three weeks."

But Hemple would always think of marriage in terms of his own. He told her about it. Norah had waited for him three years—three years while he finished his term as apprentice. And in all that time, said Hemple, he hadn't so much as looked at another, and Norah, waiting for him ashore, had been patient and true.

But when he finished trying to tell her, Karen just beamed and said, "You're sweet."

"Hold on. You don't get—"

"I get it, all right. You don't think I ought to marry Rico because I haven't known him longer. Just the same I'm going to, though. If it doesn't work out, there's always Reno. Anything's better than this."

Hemple smiled feebly. Well, he had tried. And who was he, a Sandy Hook pilot, to tell a young lady who shuttled to Europe in *suites de grand luxe*, like a royal princess?

Karen went forward to wash the marks of her tears and he sauntered out on the afterdeck. One yawl was just leaving to meet a tanker nosing slowly toward Ambrose Channel. Another vessel, a proud three-stacker, was looming in through the gathering mists.

Hemple's thoughts were still on Norah—on golden Norah, the bride of his youth. He grinned as he thought of something. Today she was coming in to Manhattan to buy him a pair of lounging slippers. But he wasn't supposed to know about that. He had heard her telling her sister Nell. A surprise for him when he came ashore—and he must be sure to look surprised.

A small hand took his arm.

"What ship is that?"

"The Neptune," said Hemple. "Mr. Gibbs here's taking her in."

Karen smiled at the pilot waiting, satchel in hand, to board the yawl.

"You seem to be calm, Mr. Gibbs!"

"I'd as lief she drew less water."

"Neptune's mean in a fog," explained Hemple—"in case it decides to get real-enough thick. Channel's not much deeper than she is."

An apprentice came aft with a slip of paper and handed it to him. He read the message. He started, and Karen, watching his face, saw its quick change. His cheeks were suddenly ashen.

Gibbs was about to enter the yawl when Hemple reached his side. She stared. She saw him show Gibbs the piece of paper. They exchanged some words and Gibbs gripped his hand. Then Hemple beckoned to Karen.

"We're leaving. . . . I'm taking the Neptune in," he added.

SHE sat beside him back in the stern while the two apprentices pulled at the oars. Hemple said nothing. His thoughts, his eyes, seemed to be fixed on something afar.

At last Karen whispered, "Is anything wrong?" Without a word he gave her the message. Apparently it had been sent to him from the pilotage office ashore. It read:

Your wife hit by auto. St. Vincent's Hospital. Suggest returning first ship. Rest assured will do everything possible.

"I'm terribly sorry," Karen murmured.

She was more than sorry. She was shocked, recalling how Hemple had talked of his wife. She took his hand in hers and held it. A lump had formed in her throat. It hurt her.

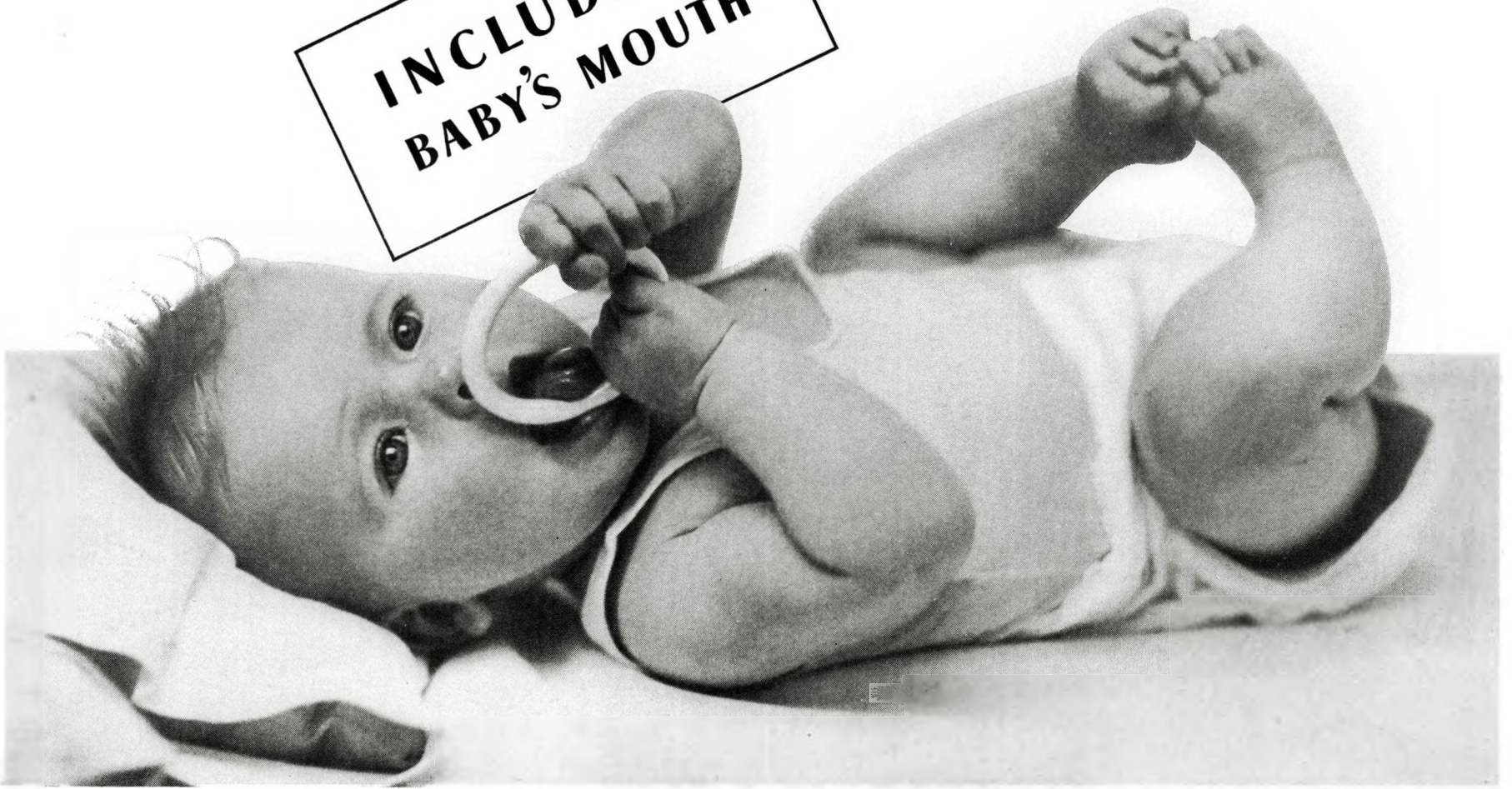
As the yawl climbed high on the crest of a wave Karen seized the ropes of the ladder. She scarcely noticed the stares of the sailors standing

[Continued on page 99]



# Baby's Hands touch *Everything*

INCLUDING  
BABY'S MOUTH



Keep YOUR youngster's surroundings *hospital-clean* with "Lysol" disinfectant . . . one of the important aids against Germ Infection

**B**ABIES are so susceptible to Infection, and can pick up germs so easily.

Resistance to Infection is a matter of proper diet, rest and exercise . . . AND of immaculate cleanliness of baby's surroundings.

The same simple, effective method used in the care of the Dionne babies is available to *every* mother—at a cost any home can afford. Immaculate cleanliness is not a matter of money, but of *modern knowledge* and thoughtful care. Cleaning with "Lysol" creates hygienic cleanliness.

If your baby was born in a hospital, "Lysol" probably kept the surroundings clean. If your baby was born at home, "Lysol" was probably used by the doctor or nurse there, too. At such a time, reliable disinfection is of the utmost importance, and "Lysol" is widely used for this purpose. Since the day the Dionne quintuplets were born, all their

surroundings have been kept scrupulously clean with the aid of "Lysol" disinfectant. Help surround *your* babies with hygienic cleanliness—by using "Lysol" disinfectant to keep the baby's room "*hospital-clean.*" Use it in the cleaning water for washing floors, walls, furniture, bathroom and kitchen. *Disinfect*, as you clean—with dependable "Lysol"—to help reduce the risk of Germ Infection in your home.

Use a cleaning cloth dipped in "Lysol" solution, to wipe down those places where

frequent touching or handling is likely to leave germs—such as door knobs, stair rails, telephone mouthpieces, kitchen sink and drainboard, toilets, wash basins. Be sure to *rinse the garbage pail every day* with a "Lysol" solution, and pour some of the solution into the garbage itself.

"Lysol" disinfectant is economical because it is concentrated. A little goes far, in the dilutions recommended on each bottle for all the important household uses of "Lysol". Your regular drug store carries "Lysol" disinfectant.

#### DR. DAFOE ON THE RADIO!

"Lysol" presents the famous doctor of the quintuplets, in 3 talks weekly, on "Modern Child Care"—Mon., Wed., Fri.—C.B.S., 11:45 A.M.—E.S.T.

#### GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 3-M.C.  
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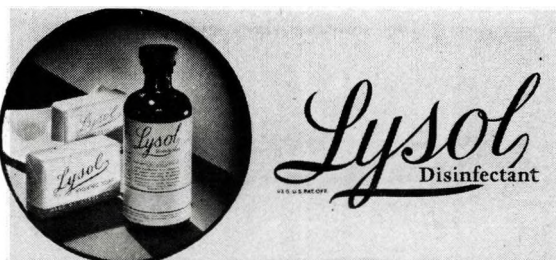
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

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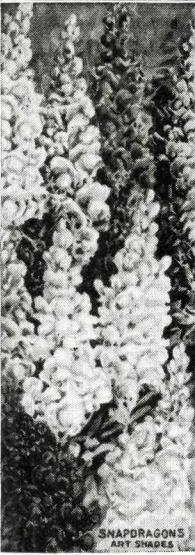




# PLANT FOR TOMORROW—

## 4 SEED NOVELTIES FREE for TESTING

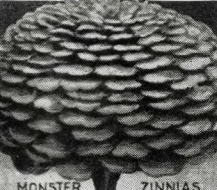
To One Person in a Family Only... If 2 STAMPS Are Enclosed To Cover Packing And Postage, Canada 10c. Read SPECIAL OFFER Below



**FLAMING ROSE PETUNIA**  
In our many Trials of Petunias last year this new variety proved a wonder, being a **Flaming Rose** color. Plant rounded in form, literally smothered with flowers about 2½ inches in diameter. Photo above made from one plant in August by actual count produced **585 Buds and Flowers**.  
**Test Packet 50 Seeds.**



**RAINBOW DROPS**  
This was one of the most attractive **Flowers** grown in our **Test Gardens** last year. Grows 10 to 12 inches tall producing hundreds attractive **5-Petal Flowers** about inch in diameter in many tinted shades and hues. Easy to grow from seed and blooms freely a few weeks after planting.  
**Test Packet 100 Seeds.**



**MONSTER ZINNIAS**  
Here is a **Zinnia Novelty** of unusual size and beauty. Plants have grown over 4ft. tall with flowers over 7 inches across. It produces many brilliant **Colors** and delicate **Art Shades**. In a large test plot we counted over 25 shades and colors. We are making **Tests** in all sections of the country.  
**Test Packet 30 Seeds.**

**Snapdragons ... Art Shades**  
Here's something very special in **Snapdragons** and cannot be duplicated anywhere. It is the result of many years of cross breeding, is rust-proof and contains at least 40 different **Art Shades**. We control the Seed and want to make a wide Test this year.  
**Test Packet 100 Seeds.**

**SPECIAL OFFER** We are making extensive **Tests** of these 4 **Novelties** in all sections of the country this summer before offering for sale. All 4 are easy to grow and should produce hundreds of **Gorgeous Flowers** during summer.

We will mail 4 **Test Packets**, one of each as described, to one person in a family only. If 2 **STAMPS** are enclosed to cover **PACKING and POSTAGE**... Canada 10c.

**Mills 50th Anniversary Seed Book for 1937** is Free with each lot. It is printed in new style with 178 color photos to show progress in our 50 years supplying **SEEDS**.  
**F. B. MILLS SEED GROWER, Box 107, ROSE HILL, N. Y.**

If you have 1937 Seed Book, See This Offer Page 3. This offer will not appear again in this Publication.

## 5 New FLOWERS

All five we heartily recommend. Every one Wayside test-proven for merit. You can't go wrong on them.

- 1 Towers of Gold. Old time Red Hot Poker turned to gold. 3 for \$1.80—12 for \$5.00.
- 2 New beautiful Butterfly Bush Fortune (patent applied for) True lilac-blue blooms 18-inches long. Flowering plants \$1.00.
- 3 Queen of Hardy Asters, the lavender-blue Wonder of Staffa. 3 for \$1.45—12 for \$5.00.
- 4 Double Russian Violet—has exquisite fragrance. Much in demand. Order early. 3 for \$1.20—12 for \$3.50.
- 5 New Day Lilies. Five new lovely apricots and yellows. Four foot bloom stems. See new Catalog for colors and prices.

Send for Catalog giving full descriptions and close to 100 color cuts. No other contains as many new things.

**Wayside Gardens**  
Lukton's Seeds  
76 Mentor Ave., Mentor, Ohio

## MANDEVILLE

The first step toward a successful flower garden is to plant Mandeville Flower Seeds, triple-tested for germination, quality of flowers and completeness of mixtures. Copyrighted map on back of each packet tells exactly when to plant that variety in your locality. There are 137 varieties of Mandeville Triple-tested Flower Seeds displayed in retail stores from coast to coast. Priced: 5c, 10c and up. Valuable information gathered from our 61 years' experience as flower seed specialists is contained in our informative pamphlet, "Making A Flower Garden". A copy of this useful Bulletin will be sent you FREE! Mailing address: Mandeville & King Co., 1066 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

## TRIPLE-TESTED FLOWER SEEDS

## BUIST'S SEEDS

**Sensational Introductory Offer**  
These 4 Packets—Value 40c—Mailed for 10c in coin or stamps. Free Blooming—Easy to Grow. Excellent for Cutting & Bedding. 1937 Garden Guide & Catalog mailed FREE on request.  
**Robt. Buist Co., Dept. F, Phila., Pa.**  
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BY F. F. ROCKWELL

I STOOD the other day on a wind-blown hill with a young couple who were selecting a site for the home they plan to build this spring. Now there is nothing very exceptional in that. More young couples—and older ones, too—are building new homes today than ever before. That is why this month we are talking over the planting of these new homes—and also of the old homes that need new planting.

But these particular young people were exceptional in that they were planning their house and the planting around it at one and the same time. By doing so they were saving several years in obtaining landscape effects, untold trouble and much useless expense.

### THE FRAMEWORK FIRST—THEN THE FRILLS

On a new place I advise letting the lawns and permanent flower beds wait until the second year—or at least until fall if the place is started in the spring. This does not mean that the grounds need look like the Sahara during the first summer. There are easy ways of getting temporary greenery and color.

But the first things to consider are the large trees, the hedges, the locations of drives or walks and the main divisions of the planting. These form the framework of that part of the home which is out-of-doors. Until this framework is constructed it is wasted effort to start the final decorations.

### THE BIG TREES COME FIRST

No single item in the planting list goes further toward giving the place real and everlasting character than a fine tree or two. They frame the house and make the picture; and their graceful shade on summer days means the difference between misery and enjoyment.



# THEN THINK OF TODAY

## Horticultural Editor

A tree that is reaching maturity—six inches or more in diameter—is expensive to buy and more expensive to move. But specimens of three to five inches caliper and ten to twenty-five feet high—according to species and variety—are by no means prohibitive in cost. Oaks add more character to a landscape than any of the other large trees, but are rather slow-growing. Elms, beeches, plane-trees and tulip-trees are all good. Poplars are fast growing, but brittle and messy. Maples should not be planted near areas where other plants will be grown.

Evergreens lend a note of stability in summer and cheer in winter. Among the larger ones there is nothing, in my opinion, to surpass our native White Pine; but where the blister rust disease is prevalent it is better to use fir, spruce or hemlock.

### FOR THE SMALLER PLACE

If your house and lot are small, such trees may be out of scale. Or perhaps a large tree at one side of the back lawn will be sufficient to frame the house from the street. Then for other trees choose something smaller. Among evergreens, the various red cedars (*juniperus* in the catalogues) come in a wide range of form, size and coloring to fit into almost any part of the landscape picture.

Among small deciduous trees that will give shade and grace are dogwood, ironwood, (*ostrya carpinus*), the birches, sassafras (too little appreciated), magnolias and hawthorns, and the ornamental crabs, apples and cherries.

### THE PERMANENT VINES

Hardy vines, like trees, take several years to begin paying dividends of beauty. They, too, should [Turn to page 98]

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**SIGNORA**



**GLOAMING**



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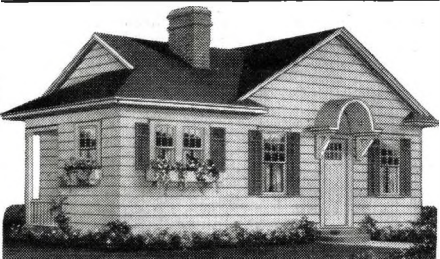
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 lift it right off with your fingers, easily and  
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 millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns  
 and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

**FREEZONE**

PLANT FOR  
 TOMORROW—THEN  
 THINK OF TODAY  
 [Beginning on page 96]

be among the very first things to be  
 planted.  
 The wisterias, of which there are  
 several varieties, are especially satis-  
 factory. No other hardy vine  
 matches their flower-time beauty;  
 and the foliage, decorative and free  
 from pests, remains attractive the  
 season through. But in buying a  
 wisteria, be sure to get a grafted  
 plant—many seedlings never bloom.  
 Another good permanent vine is  
 the trumpet creeper (*bignonia* or  
*tecoma*) which will climb on a clap-  
 board wall. The new *Bignonia grandiflora*  
 is an improved form. Of the  
 honeysuckles, consider the new *Lonicera*  
*tallmanni*, with tubular bronzy-  
 gold flowers. The Dutchmans-pipe  
 vine and *Clematis virginiana* are ex-  
 cellent to shade a porch. The hardiest  
 evergreen substitute for the usual  
 English ivy is the Wintercreeper,  
*Euonymus radicans*.

FOR IMMEDIATE EFFECT  
 There is nothing you can do the  
 first summer to get the effect of a  
 large tree. For that you will have  
 to let time have its way. But while  
 you are waiting for the wisteria to  
 shade your front entrance, set out a  
 quick-growing moon-vine. By August  
 it will be luxuriant. Be sure, how-  
 ever, to place it at least twelve inches  
 away from the wisteria, and give both  
 plants plenty of plant food. Or plant  
 a Cardinal Climber over an arbor in  
 the garden or a fence.

While your division hedge is still  
 in skinny adolescence, plant about a  
 foot in front of it a hedge of kochia.  
 By the time the kochia has died down  
 in the fall, your privet will be ready  
 to stand on its own foliage. And, in-  
 stead of the usual privet, for your  
 permanent hedge, consider the new  
 upright-growing barberry, which gives  
 a trimmed effect, without demanding  
 constant clipping; or, for an all-year  
 effect, Japanese Yew.  
 Before you have decided just  
 where you will want the perennial  
 border, plant trial borders and beds  
 of annuals. Marigolds, zinnias, phlox  
*drummondii*, cosmos and calendula  
 can be purchased as pot plants,  
 which will flower at once. Phlox,  
 sweet alyssum, petunia, California  
 poppy, clarkia, annual gaillardia, lu-  
 pine and—most satisfactory of all  
 for hot dry places—the ever-cheer-  
 ful sun rose or portulaca, will bloom  
 quickly from seed sown in the open.

THE FIRST SEASON LAWN  
 Don't make the costly mistake of  
 attempting to rush in a lawn the  
 first spring. Late April and May,  
 when most lawns are planted, is  
 about the most unfavorable season  
 for sowing grass seed. Oats or rye,  
 sown after the preliminary grading,  
 and mowed with a scythe every two  
 or three weeks will make a satis-  
 factory green covering throughout the  
 first season.  
 In July or August this crop can  
 be turned under, adding much plant  
 food and humus to the soil. Grad-  
 ing and top dressing may then be  
 completed, and lawn grass sown in  
 August or early September, the best  
 time of the year for lawn making.

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 Giant Collection, including Asters, Poppies,  
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 ing and postage—FREE—Pike's Garden Book.  
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**FLAKO**  
**PIE CRUST**  
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 100 Script Lettering \$3.50  
 including two sets of envelopes  
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 Write for Samples  
**C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1042 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.**



## MIDNIGHT SAILING

[Continued from page 94]

inside the open port. When Hemple had clambered up the side they followed an officer into a lift. Then they were led along a passage and through a door marked "No Admittance." They mounted some steps which brought them up to the chart room.

As soon as they reached it the turbines were started. Hemple had entered the pilothouse. He was standing beside the quartermaster, speaking quietly, giving bearings.

SO THE great ship moved into Ambrose Channel. From the end of the channel off Sandy Hook to the pier in Manhattan it was twenty-six miles. Two thousand feet wide, the buoy-marked channel, and forty feet deep at mean low water.

But that was almost this vessel's draught. Only at flood—and the tide was flowing—did the Neptune dare to enter the harbor. Even then the water below her keel was scant enough to be cause for worry. Suppose she should veer from her course, swung by the wind or caught in an eddy!

A bell was struck: ding-ding, ding-ding, ding-ding, *ding*. That would be eleven-thirty. Half before noon of a Saturday morning: three transatlantic passenger ships had quit their piers at eleven sharp. They would be out on the river now, cutting their way toward Ambrose Channel.

But the haze had begun to thicken fast. The tanker which was leading the Neptune, laden with oil, had vanished in mist. Still the great liner moved, unfaltering. This was an old, old story to Hemple. Even though the lights of the buoys were hidden, he could steer by the sound of their plaintive bells, for in his ears each voice was distinct.

Karen sat quietly, watching the pilot. She became aware of a growing tension. On the bridge the officers looked and listened, searching the atmosphere for . . . what?

"Slow down engines to fourteen knots."

"Fourteen knots, sir."

Karen gulped. She knew how it hurt him to give that order—how it *must* hurt, when every minute the liner lost could mean so much.

Now the tanker's whistle sounded louder. Cold sweat formed on Hemple's brow. Given clear passage, even in fog, he could take this vessel to Quarantine. But a tanker ahead and sounding nearer! A tanker, rammed by a heavy ship, might burst into flames and then explode.

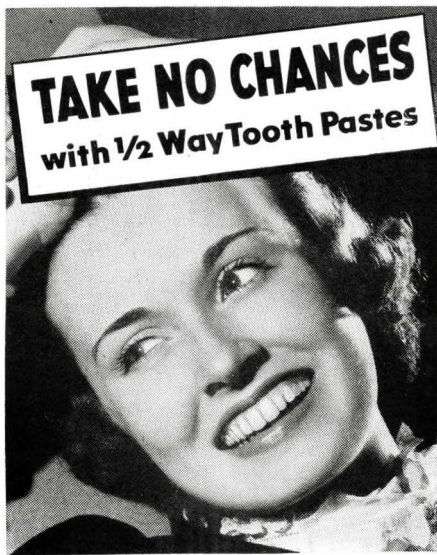
There was something else which troubled Hemple. At fourteen knots a boat of this size was barely making her steerageway. At any moment her prow might swerve, despite the mammoth rudder which steered her. Swept by the currents, her keel might scrape on a rocky ledge and go fast aground.

A quartermaster entered quietly, grinned at Karen and spoke to Hemple. He held a radiogram in his hand. Hemple, taking it, nodded his thanks and spoke to the wheelman:

"Two seventy-three."

"Two seventy-three, sir."

The spokes of the wheel eased off to the right. Still Hemple did not open the message. Anxiously Karen watched his face. It had not changed. It was pale and tense. At last, half turning, he spoke her name.



### Brilliant Teeth—Healthy Gums with this Double Protection

**Y**OUR teeth may look clean and white, even though your gums are soft and spongy. That's the insidious thing about half-way dental care. Forhan's Tooth Paste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, provides the *double protection* everyone needs. It does *both* vital jobs—*cleans teeth and safeguards gums*.

After brushing your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your mouth feels! Soon you can see the difference.

Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the big new tube saves you money. Buy Forhan's today, and end half-way care once for all. Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

**Forhan's**  
DOES BOTH JOBS {CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS}



It's FREE

**U**NION PACIFIC'S "Western Wonderlands" is really a vacation guide—suggests where to go, what to see and do. It contains photographs and pictorial map of the West's most famous vacation regions—Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon National Parks, Yellowstone, Colorado, California, Boulder Dam and the Pacific Northwest. Send for "Western Wonderlands" today—"sample" your vacation before taking it.

THE PROGRESSIVE MAIL COUPON  
**FREE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD**

W. S. Basinger, Passenger Traffic Manager  
Room 465, Union Pacific Railroad  
Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me, free, WESTERN WONDERLANDS!

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

"Read it to me, please," he asked. She tore the envelope open and looked.

"Signed 'Nell,'" she swallowed.

Hemple nodded.

"Norah calling you." Again she swallowed, scarcely able to speak the words. "Come at once. Doctors say—"

"Go on," said Hemple.

"—she won't live long."

Abruptly Karen burst into tears. She had never felt so stirred, so touched. The gray-haired pilot, saying nothing, stared ahead through the curtain of fog. He was seeing Norah's pain-drawn face—Norah dying. He was seeing more. He was seeing the ship consigned to his care gliding on in the deepening mists—gliding toward a hidden tanker laden deep with burning death.

He strode to the door on the starboard side, where the captain was watching the channel ahead, and called out crisply. "Full speed astern."

"Full speed astern, sir."

The engine-room telegraph jangled quickly. The master hurried in from the bridge.

"We'll anchor until it's lightened a bit," Hemple told him.

"That would seem best."

"Position, just off Torkham Shoal."

The Neptune's whistle blasted thrice to tell other craft that her screws were reversed. Her forward motion was gradually checked. Her turbines were stopped. She was drifting now, and Hemple cupped his hands to his mouth.

"Let go your starboard anchor," he called to a waiting officer.

The chain rattled noisily through its hawse hole. A huge gong clanged—a nervous warning that here in the channel off Torkham Shoal a fog-bound liner lay at anchor.

Suddenly Hemple, his task accomplished, covered his face with his hands and sobbed. . . .

**A**T MIDNIGHT the Neptune reached her pier and Karen hurried down the gangplank followed by a swarm of reporters. They had come aboard at Quarantine, and it had not taken them long to learn that there was an heiress on the liner.

One had radioed Rico, the dancer. He was waiting upon the pier to greet her. Flashlights popped as the glamorous Spaniard kissed first her hand and then her lips.

"*Queridissima!* When I heard you had reeked your so sweet life—"

"Please, Rico." She wriggled from his embrace. "I don't feel that way."

"But—! But I have left the dance—my admirers—to be with you! They are wild. The manager begged with tears in his eyes—"

But Karen did not even hear him. She was anxiously searching the crowded pier for a certain face.

And then she saw it.

"Hudson!"

A young man forced his way through.

"It's all right, Karen."

"All right?" she gasped.

"I got Dr. England on the phone as soon as your radio came. She's passed the crisis. She's going to live."

"She'll live! Oh . . . darling!"

Karen was crying in Hudson Keeble's arms. She was as glad to see him, she thought, as Norah was glad to see George Hemple.

At last Karen faced the cameraman. "Again?" she smiled. "I'm willing, all right. That is, if it's okay with Hudson."

"You bet," he grinned.

The flashlamps flared as she kissed him again. Vaguely she felt she was like a ship which has come past dangerous shoals into haven.

## DON'T PAY 1st GRADE PRICES FOR 3rd GRADE FISH

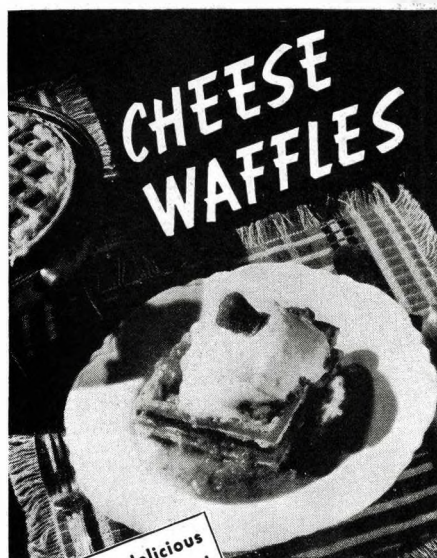
You can't judge quality of ocean fish by the price—nor by its looks. And here's the reason why:

When ocean fish are brought into the great pier at Boston, inspectors carefully sort them into 3 grades. Only the finest fish which have been out of water for the shortest time are passed for Grade 1. Inferior fish are put in the 2nd and 3rd grades.

Now, here's the point: All three grades are sold—usually as quality fish. So you may be paying 1st grade prices and getting 3rd grade fish and that's why it doesn't always taste delicious.

But you can buy ocean fish with a guarantee that it is ALWAYS Grade 1 by demanding 40-Fathom Fish. 40-Fathom Fish are juicy fillets, boned and cleaned—ready for the fire—the cream of the catch—full of the fresh caught taste of the sea. Easy to cook in 8 to 10 minutes.

40-Fathom offers you a variety of fish products, all 1st grade fish. Every package is marked distinctly with the 40-Fathom trademark shown below. If 40-Fathom Brand Fish are offered to you without this trademark, do not buy them for they are not 40-Fathom Brand Fish.



... using delicious WISCONSIN Dated CHEESE

**FREE RECIPES**

Both cheese and butter. Write today—Room 32, Wisconsin Dept. of Agriculture and Markets, Madison, Wis.

● So many "old favorite"

recipes, like waffles, become new taste treats when prepared with cheese, the ideal Lenten food! And from Wisconsin, "America's Dairyland," comes cheese of *exactly* the flavor you like.

Cheese flavor, you know, varies with age . . . so Wisconsin cheese is *dated* the day it is made, not only to tell you how fresh it is but how fresh it *isn't*.

Look for the date and the state map. Enjoy this 90% to 99% digestible food from Wisconsin, source of 57-1/5% of the nation's production. Ask, too, for genuine Wisconsin Creamery Butter.

ASK FOR

WISCONSIN STATE BRAND **DATED** to please your taste . . . mild, mellow, nippy or sharp *cheese*





# Style and ease at a Budget Price

Delightfully, you would choose *Styl-EEZ* shoes for their sheer smartness of style and supremacy of value. Then (happy discovery) you sense a marvelous new comfort and confidence when first you step in them. Their exclusive *Flare-Fit\** innersole cuddles around your arch, holds it like a gentle hand, helps prevent wobbly ankles. An instep support and metatarsal maintainer complete their luxurious comfort. Risk no danger of offending with foot awkwardness. Find new walking grace and restful relief in *Styl-EEZ* Shoes!

## Styl-EEZ

A SELBY SHOE

\$ 6<sup>75</sup>  
AND UP

*Slightly higher west of the Rockies*

*\*The Flare-Fit Innersole . . . Holds your arch like a gentle hand. Keeps your foot in the line of grace and ease.*



ATHENA



MAYWOOD



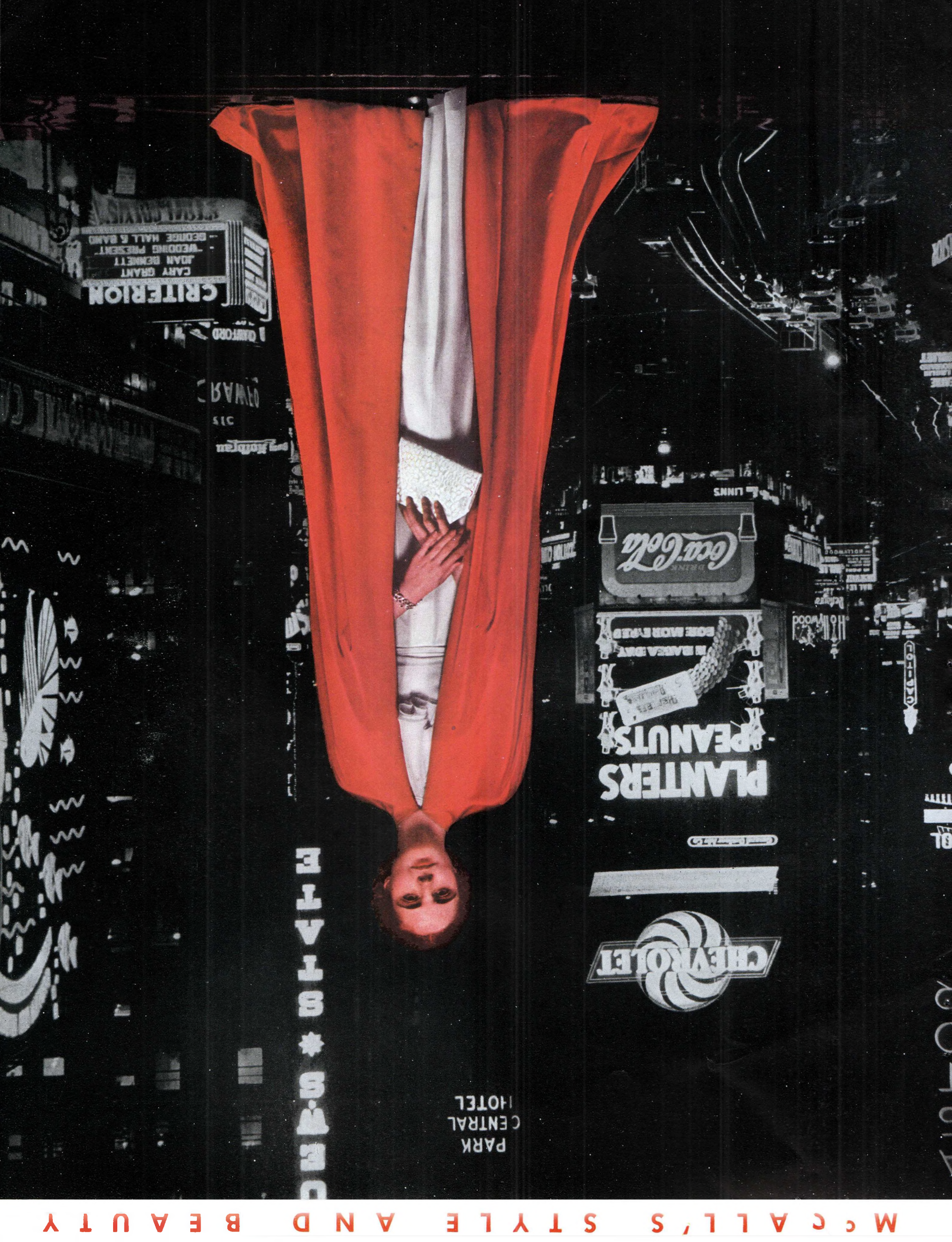
SARITA



RIDGEWAY

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO  
*In Canada, SELBY SHOES LTD., MONTREAL • In England, SEXTON SON & EVERARD, NORWICH • In Australia, SELBY SHOES LTD., SYDNEY • Styl-EEZ Shoes for Men, WALL-STREETER SHOE COMPANY, NORTH ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS*



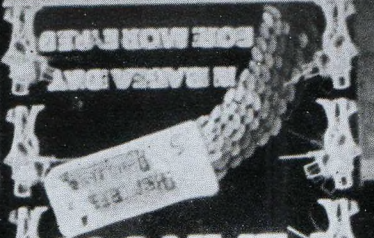


PARK  
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ESTABLISHED 1904



PLANTERS  
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ROTOR





*New!* A SIMPLE MAKEUP IDEA THAT BRINGS GLAMOUR TO 9 OUT OF 10 GIRLS . . .

“CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES”

ADVISES *Miriam Hopkins*  
STAR OF “MEN ARE NOT GODS.” AN  
ALEXANDER KORDA PRODUCTION.



“THRILLING,” says lovely Jane Pickens, radio and Ziegfeld Follies star. “I like this new makeup immensely!”

**WHAT IS THIS NEW MAKEUP?**

A quick way to glamorous beauty—for it ends your doubts about right makeup! Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup is makeup that *matches*...harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara. And it's makeup that's sure to be right for *you* . . . because the complete makeup is scientifically keyed to your own personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

**WHY IS IT BETTER?**

Because the principle is right. It's been tested, proved, endorsed by artists, stylists, colorists. The world's well-dressed women choose clothes to flatter their eyes. And you . . . you've known for years, haven't you, that you look best in certain colors that complement *your eyes*? You won't be surprised, then, at the *immediate* new loveliness you achieve when you first try this Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup!



“STRIKING,” says Vincente Minnelli, brilliant producer and designer of the musical, “The Show is On.”

**WHERE CAN I BUY IT?**



“SUPERB,” says exotic Tamara Geva, Continental dancing star of the Broadway hit, “On Your Toes.”

At your favorite drug or department store. Thousands of women have already discovered this new makeup . . . 9 out of 10 agree it does more for them than any makeup they've ever used before. It's made by Richard Hudnut. The price is low, the quality definitely superior. Your mirror . . . and that man who matters . . . are sure to agree you look your loveliest when you wear the *Eye-Matched Makeup*.

COPYRIGHT 1937. BY RICHARD HUDNUT



*Harmonizing*

- ROUGE**  
At last, rouge that's smoothly blended, soft, velvety . . . no harsh color spots.
- FACE POWDER**  
Silk-sifted, superfine, kind to sensitive skins. Clings 4 to 6 hours, by test.
- MASCARA**  
Gives character to lashes, makes your eyes look bigger, darker, and deeper.
- LIPSTICK**  
Double-creamed for lasting smoothness, protects your lips, *stays* alluring.
- EYE SHADOW**  
Glamorous new soft-focus shades that wake attention to your eyes' beauty.

55¢ each

*Ask for* Marvelous Dresden type Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Eye Shadow, or Mascara if your eyes are blue; Parisian type if your eyes are brown; Continental type for hazel; Patrician type for gray. Each single item costs only 55¢ (Canada 65¢) in full size packages.

**MARVELOUS** *The Eye Matched* **MAKEUP**  
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

PARIS . . . LONDON . . . NEW YORK . . . TORONTO . . . BUENOS AIRES . . . MEXICO CITY . . . BERLIN . . . CAPETOWN . . . BUDAPEST . . . SYDNEY . . . SHANGHAI . . . RIO DE JANEIRO . . . HAVANA . . . VIENNA





## FROM YOUR HEAD

## ...TO YOUR TOES

### LET'S START WITH HATS—

because a new hat is the part of your costume that sets off the spring silhouette—gives it dash and verve. Hat crowns are medium or shallow, with less emphasis on height. But—and this is news—they're usually deep at the back, covering more back hair for a neater look. Off-face styles will be featured widely. There's a lot of what milliners call "manipulation" which simply means that crowns are pleated, pushed and pulled into odd, but becoming, lines. Felts are everywhere in delicious colors. Straws come in many braided types, both narrow and broad. Trimming is varied—from novelty fish to birds and feather flowers.

### A THREE HAT WARDROBE—

is what we show above. Left, an echo of the Tyrolean, ideal for sports clothes. It's adorable in bright green felt, with its rolled brim and its new-looking squared crown, not to speak of the question mark feather that pierces it through! Middle, an off-the-face type in dull straw braid bound with grosgrain. Both the off-face idea and the split-up-the-back-of-the-crown are novel and charming. Right, a classic tailored felt. This one is in coral, with a pheasant feather worked into a circular pleat round the crown. The back brim turns up to show your curls, the front is becomingly tilted over your face. We chose this group, because it includes types that are almost universally becoming. Also, the hats are shown in good stores.

### HOW LONG ARE SKIRTS?

Fairly short, but nobody seems to want them to go much shorter! They're often straight, on suits, but they may be gored or pleated for flare. The back still seems more important than the front, for its movement and swish. Watch your skirt length in relation to your height. There's a point just above the biggest part of the calf at which a skirt hem looks best.

### SO YOU'RE GETTING A SUIT!

The one silhouetted here has jaunty back pleats on the jacket and skirt, a combination tailored and dressmaker type that fits beautifully into every wardrobe. Shoulders on coats, suits and frocks are squared, but much less definitely accented. There's a trend towards the collarless line, with necks filled in with jabots and frills. Sleeves on dresses often stop at the elbow. Besides tailored suits, the coat-and-dress ensemble gives promise of becoming a hit. Fabric houses, looking ahead, have made appropriate companion materials.



### AND AS FOR SHOES—

they'll twinkle right along with the jaunty skirts. The high-in-front feeling persists because it is appropriate to the skirt length. But it is lightened in a hundred ways: Deep-cut sandal openings at the sides, butterfly or stand-up tongue effects, larger perforations, and straps around the ankle. Buttons are in evidence, as are crossed straps and buckles. Shoes slip on easily, because they have clever goring and glove-fitted fronts. Fabric shoes are all over—trimmed in leather, stitched, laced, and outlined with braid.

### A THREE-SHOE WARDROBE—

as shown below, should give you a well-dressed feeling, down to your toes! Left, a gabardine, high-heeled tie pump with kid appliqué—for dressmaker suit wear. It comes in black, brown or navy, and wears a gay bow of grosgrain ribbon—very graceful on the foot. The shoe next it is a delicately designed high-heeled strap pump with the ankle strap that's high style this spring. Ideal for formal afternoons. The fabric is sturdy, linen-like in effect. The bands are patent trim. Lower right, a medium-heeled pump with the upstanding tongue. The ornament is in the form of regular perforations and stitching, with a grosgrain bow at the front. Good for street wear—shopping and business.

### WHAT TO DO TO YOUR FIGURE?

With the spring silhouette your foundation garment must do a special job, particularly from shoulder to waistline. Newest all-in-one foundation garments achieve a nipped-in look at the waist, to outline that smooth diaphragm and the snug-bodice effect. Spring brassieres give you a natural high bust, rounded, rather than pointed—and they do it with a minimum of cloth and elastic! Girdles are still longish, for there is no compromise with big hips.

### PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER—

they spell Spring, 1937. A spring gay with color! Beige is back. Blues and greens are subtly grayed or muddied. Old-fashioned colors—eggplant, bottle-green, violet-blue are now new-fashioned. Reds are rosy. Gray is going strong. Prints appear like hardy perennials—from tiny bouquets to huge, splotchy flowers for evening. Black-and-white prints are especially important for both day and night. It's a gay spring, neat and jaunty, with great interest in detail. Assemble your costume with care from top to toe and you'll live in it with a glow of pride and contentment.

## TAKE A QUICK LOOK AT THE

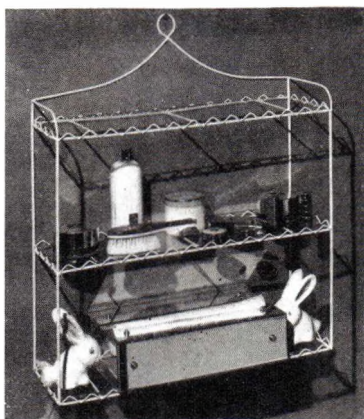
## SILHOUETTE FOR SPRING





# How do you

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE



**M**AKE-UP COSMETICS DON'T BELONG IN A MEDICINE CHEST. KEEP THEM ON A HANDY SHELF, LIKE THIS. (BUNNIES HOLD YOUR COTTON)



**I**S YOUR DRESSING-TABLE PROPERLY LIGHTED? EXPERTS APPROVE TALL LAMPS, WHITE-SHADED, AT FACE HEIGHT. GIVE THEM 60-WATT BULBS



**C**YLINDRICAL LIGHTS AT MIRROR SIDES ARE STANDARD FIXTURES IN UP-TO-DATE BATHROOMS. FINE FOR SHAVING AS WELL AS POWDERING!

**O**R, I might first ask, "Where do you make up?" because nine times out of ten the success or failure of your make-up depends on whether or not you've put it on under a good light. I've been talking with our field editors, whose job it is to visit McCall readers in their homes. They all agreed that most women, when they want to put on make-up accurately and effectively, do it in the bathroom! Why? Because the man of the family has demanded—and got—a good light on his face for a cleaner and smoother shave.

So, in thousands of bathrooms all over this land, face powder, rouge, and all the rest, are crowded in with the milk of magnesia and aspirin. I, for one, am starting, right here and now, a campaign to take cosmetics out of the bath cabinet and give them a handy shelf of their own! After all, modern beauty aids are smartly packaged. When neatly arranged on a painted wooden shelf or glass shelves, they add to the efficient look of any bathroom. Such shelves should be near the lighted mirror, and be big enough to hold cleansing tissue and cotton as well as cosmetics.

The men will, I know, cheer this idea. It gives them that much more room for pet shaving items. Lights on either side of the mirror are better than one light above, which leaves a shadow on the bottom portion of the face.

#### DRESSING TABLE REFORM

But, you may say, "I've a perfectly charming dressing table. Why shouldn't I sit down comfortably and put my make-up on there?" But is it a *well-lighted* dressing table? Again, from our traveling staff of inquiring reporters, I confirmed my suspicions that many women who are fussy about light on a bridge table or beside reading chairs are content with dinky little inefficient lamps at their powder tables. They may be cute, but they're almost useless. Lamps should be placed at face height, in order to light your face properly. If high lamps are impractical for your dressing table, try the pin-on type which are easy to tack up on either side of your mirror. Dressing table lights should have clear, white shades and be fitted with 60-watt lamps. When I think of the many girls who put make-up on in the dim glow of two 25-watt lamps, I know why we see so many crudely made-up faces on the street! For years most of us have been applying our make-up in near darkness!

#### CONSIDER MAKE-UP SHADES

Women tell me that their greatest problem is finding just the right shades, particularly of rouge and harmonizing lipstick. Obviously, you can't try out make-up at the average cosmetic counter. But in your stores you'll find plenty of help in make-up analysis demonstrations and in color charts for every type. One interesting method is that of a famous cosmetic house which stresses harmonizing make-up to the color of the eyes. They suggest shades for the gray, brown, blue and hazel-eyed girls.

Have you a favorite dress in a rather bright or distinctive color? By harmonizing make-up with a color-cape of crêpe paper, you can achieve a superb effect and discover hidden subtleties in your complexion. This idea is a pet of the head of a great salon preparation line. It was her own make-up expert who directed the make-up of the lovely lady on the right. Her foundation cream matches her skin shade. The moist rouge, if applied correctly, need not be touched up for hours. One of the bad habits that results in crude make-up is the all too common trick of rubbing on dry rouge through the day, making an ugly, harsh line on the face. Dot the cream rouge on as sparingly as our lady in green does. Blend outward from cheek bone center with your finger tips. It goes on better if the face is slightly damp with lotion. Keep rouge as high as possible—for rouge worn low adds years to your face. Eye-shadow is dotted on, too, then blended delicately away from the nose. Green is used with the green dress, but in the finished make-up you should not be able to detect its presence.

#### A BRUSH FOR YOUR LIPS?

Yes—if you are putting on a make-up that is to transform your face into its greatest loveliness. It takes practice, but I've noticed that professional models nowadays nearly always apply lip color this way: Put the color from your lipstick on the little brush, and draw in the outline of the lips very carefully. Then fill in with lipstick. Blot your lips on cleansing tissue till all excess color comes off. You may not have time for this in a hurried morning make-up. But for a special party your lips will look infinitely lovelier when color is put on this way. It's a trick long known to the stage and screen, and it's fast being taken up by girls who know that nothing spoils a lovely make-up more quickly than lipstick that is carelessly or clumsily applied.

Another modern touch that helps to give a beautiful undertone to an otherwise uninteresting complexion is that of using two shades of powder. After your make-up is finished, press powder on in a shade a bit lighter than your own skin, and brush off the excess. Now press on powder in a shade darker than the color of your skin.

Nowadays, the more tricks we borrow from the stage and movie stars, the lovelier we look. And there's a good reason for this: with modern stage and cinema lighting, it has been necessary to create the effect of naturalness always. Of course, this effect is often heightened or accented in a way that makes it too extreme for street use. But in principle it's sound. Give it a little study at your own private make-up mirror and you'll agree with me. And don't forget this point: lighting that shows you your whole face clearly is essential. It need not be as elaborate as that in the dressing room of your favorite movie star, but it must be efficient. You'll never make the most of the gorgeous new shades of powder, rouge, lipstick and eye cosmetics without it.



*make up?*



FOR BEST SHADE OF ROUGE AND EYE-SHADOW,  
A COLOR CAPE. A BRUSH TO OUTLINE THE LIPS



HERE SHE IS, WEARING GREEN. NOTE THE SKILLFUL BLENDING OF NASTURTIUM ROUGE, LIPSTICK,  
GREEN EYE-SHADOW, DELICATE PENCILING—AND DARK FACE POWDER OVER A LIGHTER SHADE



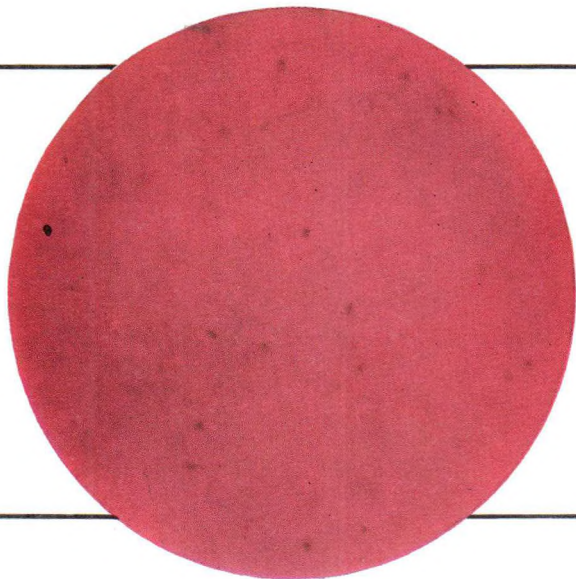
# Does Your Nail Polish *Peel or Chip?*



## Ordinary Polish

**MAGNIFIED  
18 TIMES**

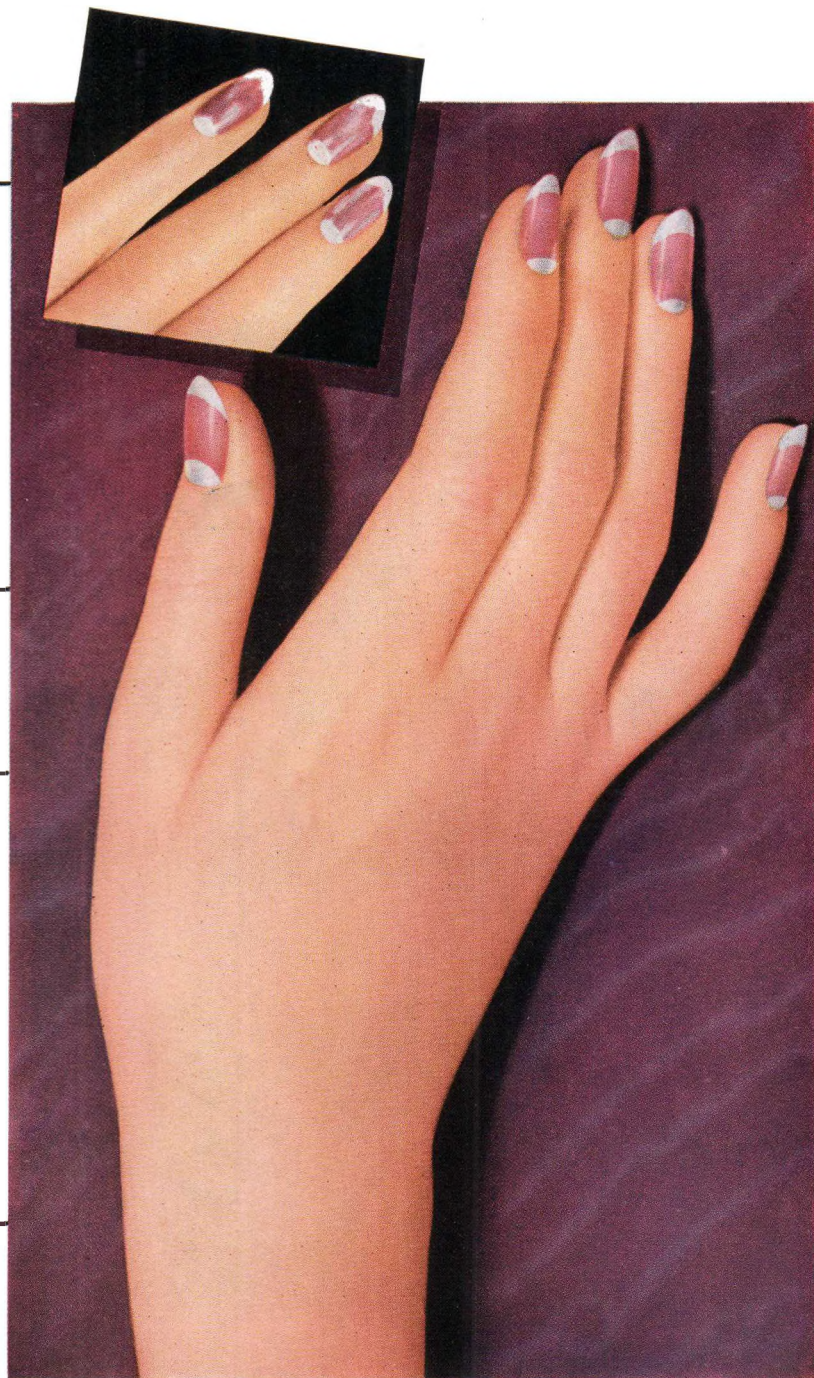
Bumpy and uneven—no wonder it peels and chips and has a low lustre on the nail because of its rough surface. Representative of competitive brands selling at 50c.



## New Cutex Polish

**MAGNIFIED  
18 TIMES**

Smooth as glass—it wears a week. Make this test yourself—apply any other brand of polish alongside Cutex on a piece of glass—see the difference!



"DOES nail polish *have* to chip off right away?" women asked us. "Certainly not," we said. And we proved it.

Exhaustive tests over a long period prove absolutely that our New Cutex Polish will not peel or chip in a week! The reason is simple.

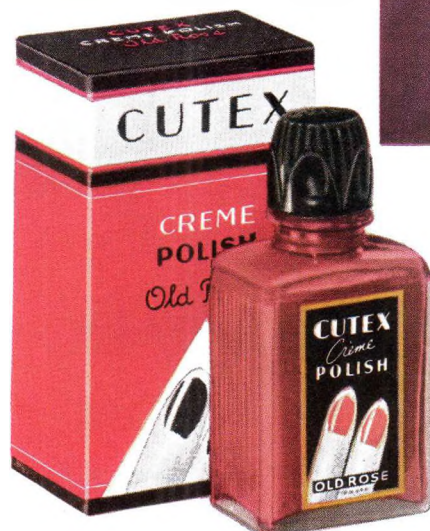
We took a picture of our New Cutex Polish right after it had been applied to a smooth surface.

And then we took pictures of 8 other popular-selling brands of liquid nail polish, also immediately after application.

The photographs showed an amazing difference. Look at them above—magnified 18 times.

Notice the perfectly smooth, even finish of Cutex under the microscope! Cutex will stay unmarred on the nail for days. Now look at the rough, bumpy, uneven finish of ordinary polish. The lines in the picture show clearly that the polish formula is imperfectly balanced. They show the beginning of cracking and peeling—10 minutes after the polish dries!

**Big Saving!** It's easy to see how much you can save in time and money if you wear the New



Cutex Polish . . . with its glass-like, wonderfully resistant finish. You can put on the New Cutex and forget about it for a week. And its lustre will be higher, because of its smoother, longer wearing surface.

Remember, too—besides longer wear and higher lustre, the New Cutex Polish is famous for its new smoky shades that go with many more costume colors. It's usable to the last drop, too—never thickens in the bottle.

Keep away from ordinary polish that develops unsightly cracks and chips after a day or two. Stock up on the new, longer wearing Cutex in all your favorite shades today.

- *Mauve* A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray and with delicate evening pastels.
- *Rust* A fascinating smoky pink with soft brown undertone—Becoming with green, brown, beige, copper.
- *Burgundy* A brand-new deep, purply wine shade. Enchanting with pastels, magnificent with black, white or wine, and electrically smart with blue.
- *Robin Red* A new, softer red that everyone can wear. Goes with everything, daytime or evening—very sophisticated with black and white.
- *Old Rose* A soft, feminine dusky rose. Very flattering to the wearer—and especially irresistible with the new wine shades!

Ten smart shades to choose from! 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear. NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

**CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET** containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢.

Northam Warren Sales Co., Inc., Dept. 7-F-3  
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.  
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked.  
Mauve  Rust  Burgundy  Robin Red  Old Rose

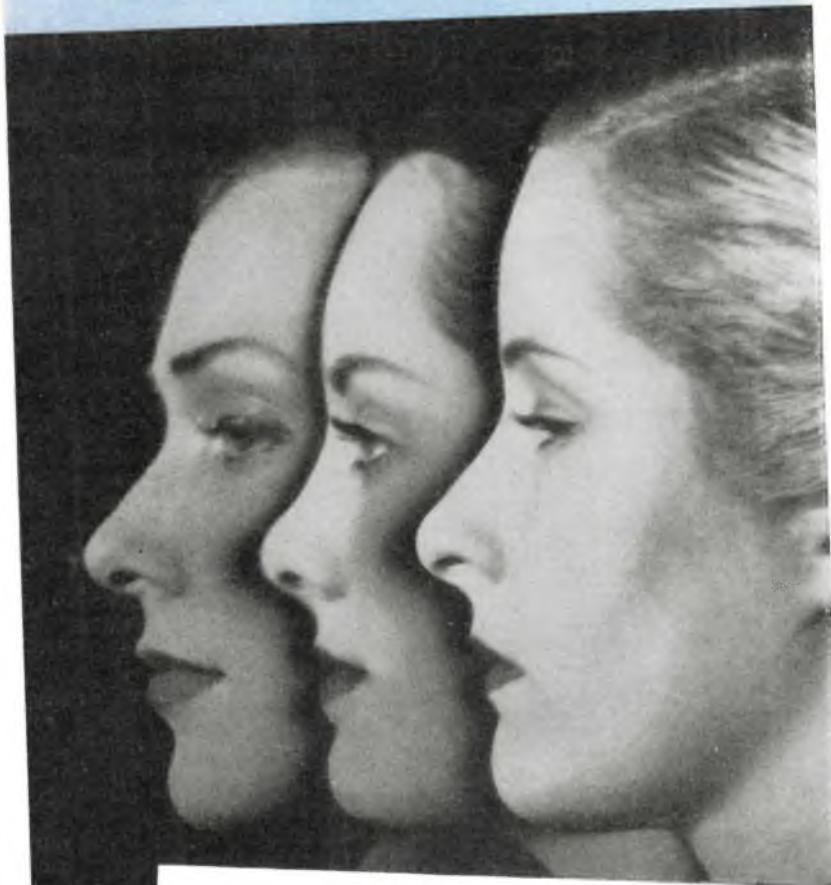
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## PERSONALITY CHART



### Have you a FEATURE FAULT?

Each month this chart will take up one beauty fault and show you how to disguise it, correct it, or make it inconspicuous. Here we discuss

#### NOSES

##### Is your nose too long?

**DO** use a darker powder shade on your nose, or darker foundation, or dark liquid powder. Soften hair with loose waves around face. Strive for mass of hair at back (curls or a bun) to balance nose. And choose brimmed hats, slanted so that they shade the nose.

**AVOID** light powder and constant repowdering of nose. Avoid flat hair line at back of head. Avoid straining hair off face, or hard, set waves. Avoid off-face, or small, or brimless hats (except big, slanted berets.) Avoid very flat crowns.

##### Is your nose too short?

**DO** use a lighter powder on nose, or light foundation cream, or light liquid powder. Find most flattering hair-do. Study lipstick application in relation to nose—more on upper lip may improve your features. Wear medium or small hats.

**AVOID** rouge or eye make-up near nose. Avoid heavy, wide hair-do's that dwarf features. Avoid eyebrows growing together over nose. Avoid the thin upper lip by drawing a wider bow of lipstick. Avoid droopy, face-shading brims.

##### Is your nose too broad?

**DO** use a darker foundation along sides of nose, blending into a light foundation over bridge. Cultivate daintiness. Hair should be softly tailored, drawn up off forehead to increase the effect of an up-and-down line.

**AVOID** light shades of powder, and repowdering. Avoid large rouge areas on cheeks. Avoid sloppiness, wispy, flying hair, careless dress and slouchy manner. Avoid hard waves. Avoid off-face, low-crowned hats.

Is your make-up right for you? It can be! Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the March Style and Beauty News. Address The Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton, O.

# Rebuild your SKIN'S DEFENSES

with the **COMPLETE CREAM**

*patterned on  
natural skin oils*



A depleted skin is a defenseless skin—an easy prey to invading blemishes. When your skin develops flaws, Nature is calling for help.

**T**HE years of natural skin loveliness are so pitifully short and few! Almost before we know it, skin blemishes encroach. Faint lines become deeper, pores larger, texture coarser. Blackheads, dry scaly roughness, saggy folds show themselves.

What has happened when our skin develops these faults?

*Its natural defenses have weakened.* Oil glands no longer work faithfully to keep the skin supplied with precious oils which make it supple and fine and fresh. Circulation of the blood which carries off waste and brings nourishment to the skin, has become sluggish.

These weakening natural defenses against invading blemishes must be rebuilt. You must help and supplement Nature.

But you must be sure that what you do will really *help*, not hinder. Doing the wrong thing may be quite as bad as doing nothing at all.

What you need — and all you need — is just one inclusive, *complete* cream which is patterned on natural skin oils.

*And this is what you have in Ingram's Milkweed Cream!*

Just as Nature's complete skin oils keep youthful skin soft and fine and supple, so this complete cream supplies the precious

oils for which your skin is starving and provides the means to speed up its sluggish circulation.

Many of the most brilliant stars in Hollywood know this secret of skin care. "One cream," they say, "is all we need, but it must be the complete cream which is patterned on natural skin oils."

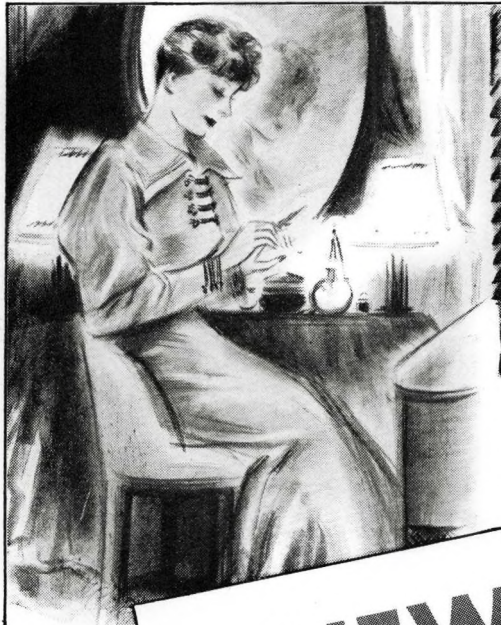
How simple it is! No high priced beauty treatments. No elaborate set of creams—one for this, another for that. All you need is one complete cream—Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Start tonight this easy, inexpensive way of rebuilding your skin's defenses. Pat a little Ingram's Milkweed Cream into your skin, always stroking upward and outward. Do this regularly, and within a surprisingly short time you'll see your skin becoming finer, softer, smoother; texture firming up; blackheads, coarse pores, shadowy lines fading. Once more "*young*" loveliness for your skin!

# INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

A REFINER, A CLEANSER, A FOUNDATION, ALL-IN-ONE





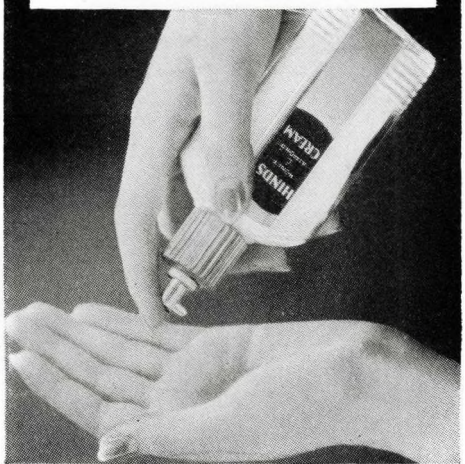
**NO "SANDPAPER HANDS"** for this lady! She knows what Hinds Honey and Almond Cream does for chapped skin—brittle hangnails. It soaks dry skin smooth again. And its Vitamin D is *absorbed*—does skin a world of good. Use Hinds daily to keep skin smooth and supple, in spite of drying winds, household heat, hard water. Creamy, not watery—every drop of Hinds works better!

**NEW!**  
VITAMIN D THAT IS ABSORBED  
BY THE SKIN IN THIS  
FAMOUS HAND LOTION

**WIVES WORK** just as hard as men—any day. Look at the way you dump out the ashes, clean the house. And your hands show it! Red. Chapped. Rough as sandpaper. Use Hinds, which now contains the "sunshine" vitamin! Its rich lubricants soak tender skin with comfort. It softens up dry, harsh skin *fast*...soothes tender "skin cracks" that sting and burn. Hard-working hands look smooth and pretty again!



**FREE!** The first one-piece dispenser, with every 50c size



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**HINDS**

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

**QUICKER-ACTING...  
NOT WATERY!**

**Now... Hinds brings hands some of the benefits of sunshine**

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. This vitamin is *absorbed* by the skin. Seems to smooth it out! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens the dryness, stinging "skin cracks," chapping, and tenderness caused by biting winds, dry indoor heat, hard water, and housework. Use this luscious lotion regularly for soft, supple skin. Every drop, with its "sunshine" vitamin, does more good! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c.

**DAILY RADIO TREAT:** Ted Malone... inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty. Mon. to Fri., 12:15 pm E. S. T., over WABC-CBS.

## EMPIRE FOR A LADY

[Beginning on page 10]

My uncle passed over it. "You can't count on them—not even for one more night. There must be enough war praus in the Siderong to cover this bay like a mat. If a single Dyak pangiran sends out his praus, just to look you over, the rest will turn it into a race for the loot. When that happens, nothing can save you."

Robert Forrester stirred restlessly. "I assure you we quite know what we are doing," he said. "I point out to you that my father undoubtedly knew more about the native peoples of these islands than anyone else who has recently lived. If you will be generous, Captain Clyde, I believe you will admit that we have reason to know something about what we are doing."

"I knew your father," said Clyde. This was true, but it was unfortunate that his tone indicated clearly that he had not thought much of the man. Anthony Forrester, late owner of the Avon, had been a retired civil officer of the British East India Company, long stationed in Burma, and latterly at Singapore. Upon his retirement he proved to have a sufficient fortune to devote himself exclusively to what must have been a completely insatiable curiosity. His passion was the Malay archipelago. The last years of his life, three-quarters crooked by fever and jaundice, had apparently been spent in frantically charting bits of unknown waters, drawing little pictures of fishes and tabulating fragments of twenty island languages.

Anthony Forrester had died no more than two months before. A couple of his older children were somewhere in England; but these two, Christine and Robert, had presently cleared the Avon from Singapore, expressly for Bristol. By this time the Avon should have been beating about somewhere off the Cape of Good Hope. She had no business here in the Bay of Balingong, raising the devil with James Clyde's very commercial plans.

"It seems to me," Clyde said now, "that you should have learned from your father a little something about what can happen in a place like this. Can't you hear those gongs and drums? Don't you know the war beat when you hear it?"

"Of course," Robert Forrester said. "I've known about these things all my life. It's a good many years since they were able to keep me awake."

**JAMES CLYDE** was quiet again, and the baffled look in his eyes increased. "And so," he said at last. "you mean to sit here calmly, until you're caught by the seat of your pants with the tide rising."

"Granted that the Rajah Mantusen seems to be in difficulties with the Dyak tribes," Robert Forrester said exasperatingly, "I submit that people who go in for island trading must accept certain risks; especially in the lower archipelago. We're here on perfectly legitimate business, you know, and I see no reason—"

"I know nothing of the sort," Clyde said, his temper getting away from him. "You know and I know that there's only one form of goods you could trade with Mantusen. You're thumbing your nose at whatever law there is in these waters, and

you know it! I mean that you're running guns to the natives. You're an amateur, and don't know your business; but that's what you're doing. If one of your own British war vessels would find you here, you'd be in the soup!"

Young Forrester's face was suddenly mottled with pale spots under the tan.

"Captain Clyde," he inquired stiffly, "do I understand that you take me for a scoundrel?"

It sounded so silly that Clyde softened. "I'm only trying to tell you that you are in very real danger."

"I certainly cannot imagine my father giving weight to a consideration such as that."

"And I can't recall that your father ever brought your sister to a place like this," Clyde said. "Except for her I wouldn't bother to argue with you. There will always be people who can't see their own danger, and some of them will always be able to get hold of boats. But when you tow your sister into this, you—"

"Captain Clyde," Christine Forrester said, "I can't be—'towed.' I came because I wanted to come."

**MY UNCLE** swung about directly to face the girl. Perhaps he would have got farther, I thought, if he had done that in the first place. I was beginning to doubt that her brother was skipper here.

"Look, Miss Forrester. Can't you see the position that I'm in? I can neither leave nor stay."

She said, "Why not? It isn't of the slightest importance to us what you do."

She looked cool and serene. Her delicately incised features were very young. And no one could have been more completely feminine. Her skin was the color of cream, and this in itself made her a marvel to men who had seen nothing but the bronzed-fleshed island women for so long.

Without knowing it—hardly aware, perhaps, that I was there—she was bringing me a whole flood of memories; memories of a thousand half-forgotten things which were very dear. Among them was a whole bright company of dreams and hopes, which I had put behind me when I came to these brassy seas. It would not have been surprising if I had found myself looking at Christine Forrester through tears.

But there was something more. For just a moment, there on the Avon, I experienced a flash of a deep, revealing understanding of this girl. Cool and serene though she might be, Christine Forrester was sailing a charted course. As yet I didn't have the faintest idea what this course was; but I was beginning to see that she knew it, and knew it well. You can sense that sort of thing in the swing of a ship's wheel—or in a woman's eyes.

"I think you are sincere, Captain Clyde," Christine Forrester said. "But I was surprised to hear you speak of warships and law. I don't think, from what I've heard of you, that you care very much for either one. I thought at first that you wanted to get rid of us merely because we were embarrassing your plans."

He shot her an estimating glance. "I admit I came here with a purpose," he said. "But that's been spoiled by the picnic party ashore. Neither you nor I nor anybody else is going to be able to do a nickel's worth of business here. What I am trying to make you see is that you must do just what I'm going to do—give it up, get out of here for a while and wait for this thing to clear up."

"We expect to wait," the girl said. "And we expect to wait here."



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*Needlework Book!*



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I thought Clyde would blow up at this. But he took a deep breath, and swung his exasperated gaze away from the girl and out across the Avon's rail toward Sumantang.

"My bet," Clyde persisted, "is that Balingong is already down. There never was much of a garrison there. The Rajah Mantusen is probably wiped out—if he wasn't, he would have got a messenger to me by now."

"You are speaking of your problems, Captain Clyde; not my own."

It was the first time she had said "my" instead of "our," and he looked at her sharply again.

"In any case," she said, "there is certainly nothing for me anywhere else. It's true that my father was a wealthy man when he left the East India service. But he was not wealthy when he died. He left us very little more than this boat and an uncompleted plan. His plan was carefully studied, and he had put into it every resource he could command. There is nothing for us to do but to try to complete his project if we can."

"I don't know what your father's project was," Clyde said, "but you'll have to lay it by. Six months from now, or even three, everything here will be different."

"Unhappily, it cannot be postponed."

Clyde shot to his feet now, his temper cracking, and shouted at her exactly as if she had been a man. "I tell you, it must!"

Christine Forrester remained aloof, composed, and said nothing.

She simply stood up and remained standing, making it next to impossible for Clyde to sit down again.

**B**ACK aboard the Linkang, we went to the far side of the deck-house from the Avon, stripped off, and had ourselves sluiced over with buckets of tepid salt water; then, barefooted and in dungarees, we lounged under our own awning.

"At first," I suggested, "I thought the yawl was sent here to spy on us."

"Spy on us!" my uncle snorted. "Who'd ever send that outfit any place to accomplish anything?"

"Just the same, it's a funny thing that they lay-to just a day ahead of us," I argued. "With a thousand islands to choose from, they have to come and spoil our plans here. There has to be a reason."

"They're here for exactly the same reason we are," my uncle said. "They're trying to take advantage of the revolt. Evidently they've cooked up some harebrained scheme for getting rich. That's the trouble nowadays. Every last rattle-brain and his brother is out after some big killing."

"Well," I pointed out, "so are you, sir."

"That's an entirely different matter!" my uncle growled at me. "Will you keep to the point?"

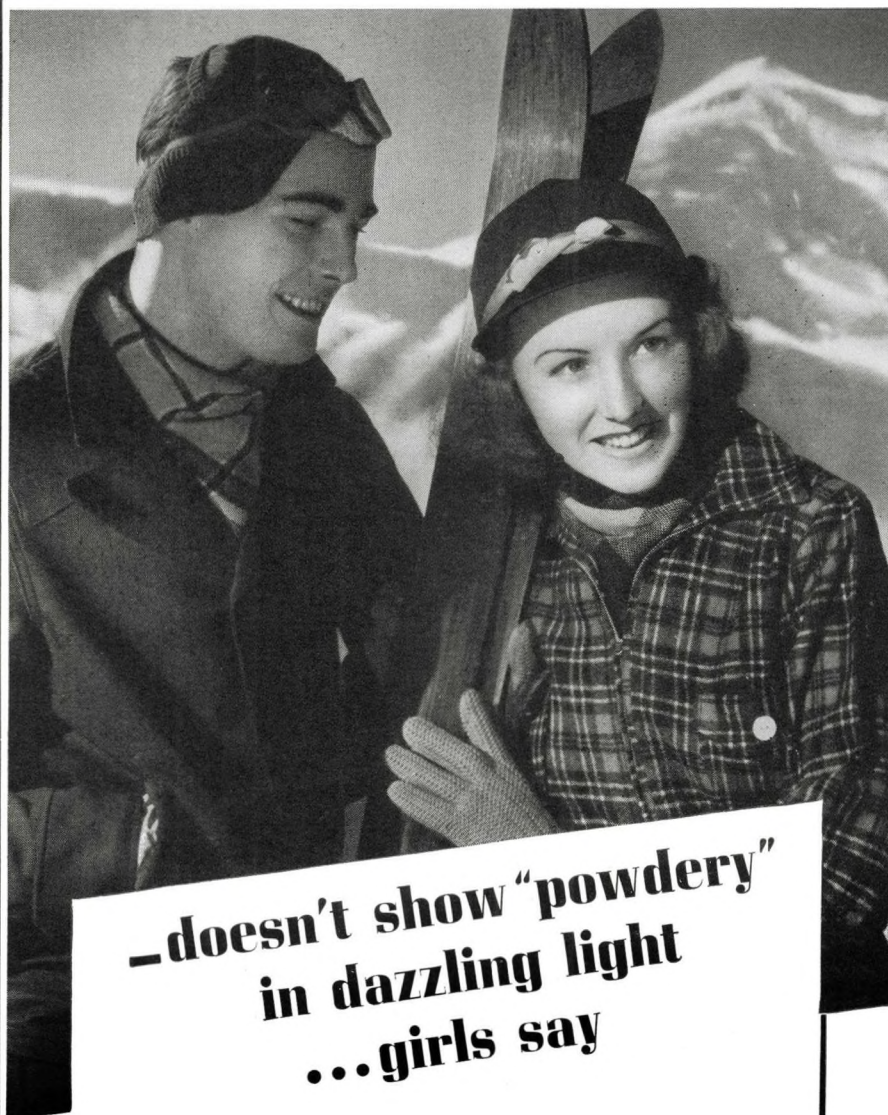
It was not a different matter.

That my uncle was a gun-runner is more easily explained than you might think. After the days of '49 many a youngster, arriving on the Pacific coast of America too late for California's great golden boom, followed on into the sunset with the ships of the China trade, hunting new and stranger bonanzas in place of those that had been missed. James Clyde was one of these.

And there was opportunity in Asiatic waters for that type of man. In those vast, scarcely-charted seas European nations claimed vast spheres of influence—especially the British, the Dutch, and the Spanish—without knowing what such spheres contained. Whole groups and chains of islands were under the dominion of native

[Continued on page 110]

# "GLARE-PROOF" POWDER!



**—doesn't show "powdery"  
in dazzling light  
... girls say**

Out in that glittering snow—look at the faces around you. Look in your own mirror!

That "powdery" look in the strong white glare from the snow is one of the things girls hate most in a powder.

In a recent inquiry, they gave first place to Pond's for *not* showing up "powdery" in strong light.

Pond's colors are "glare-proof." Carefully blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give a soft flattering look to your skin even in the hardest light. Try Pond's Powder for your winter sports, your brilliant evenings in town. Special ingredients make Pond's soft and clinging—fresh looking for hours. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

## **FREE! 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades**

POND'S, Dept. 3-PC, Clinton, Conn.

Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.  
(This offer expires May 1, 1937)

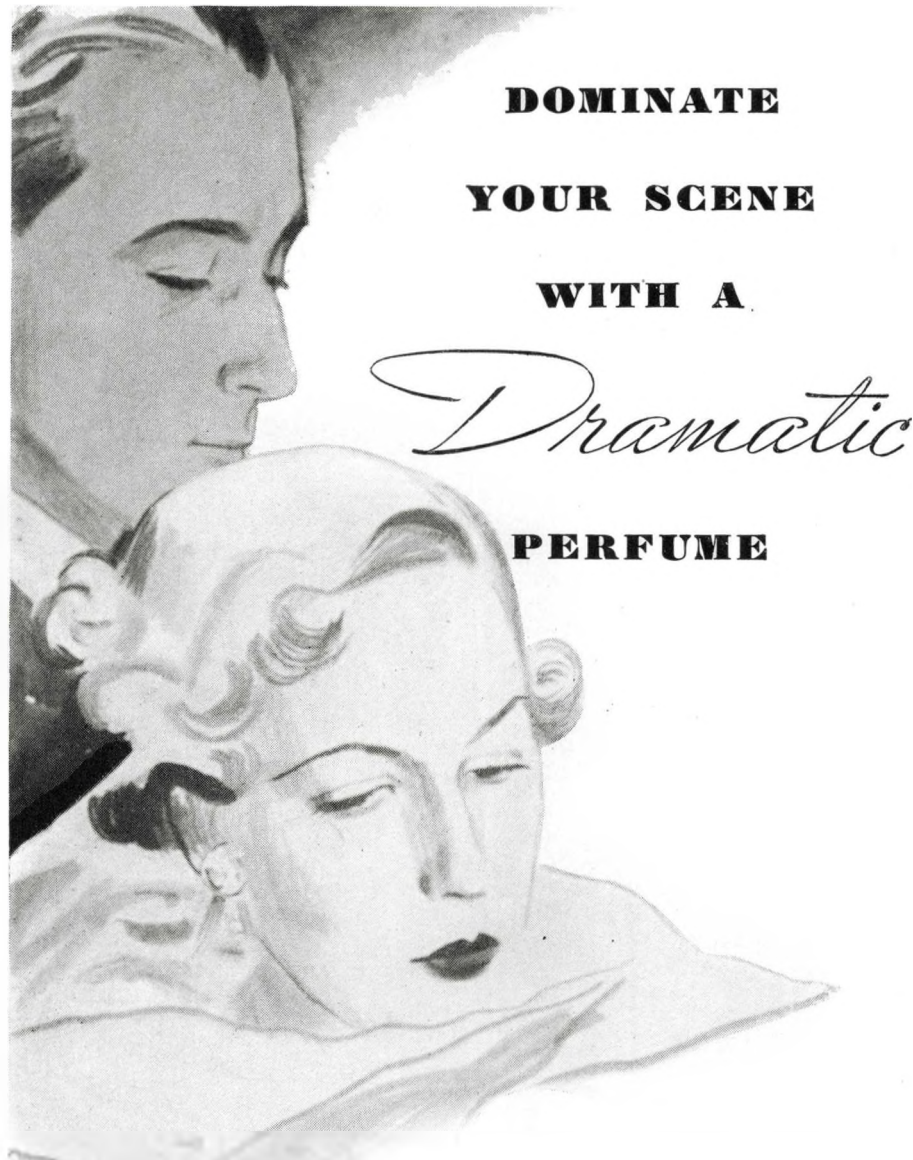
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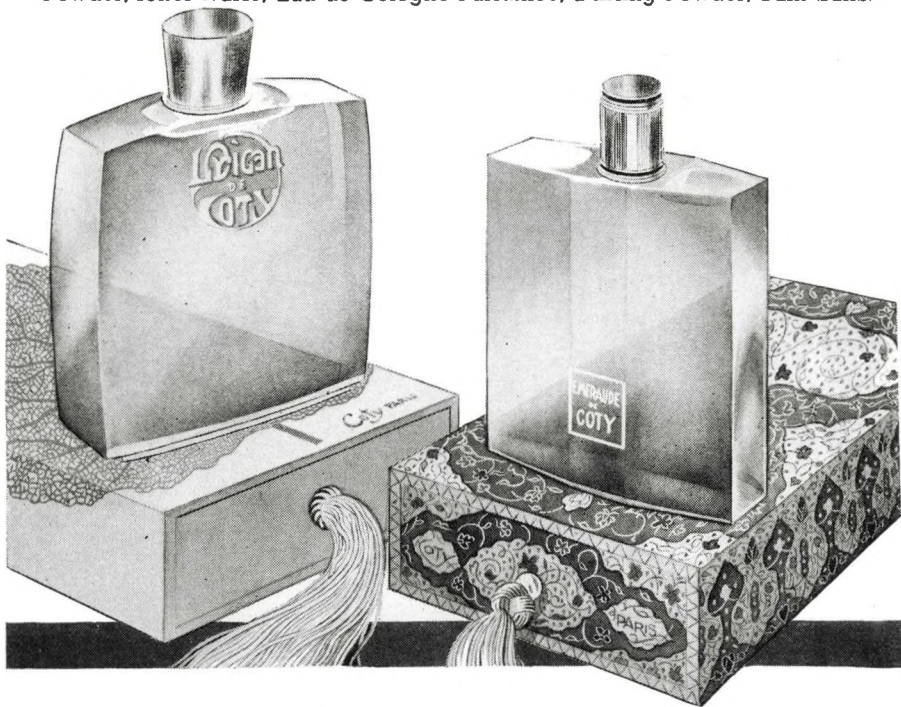
**DOMINATE  
YOUR SCENE**

**WITH A**

*Dramatic*

**PERFUME**

Perfume can be just a pleasant scent...or it can be breathless, *dramatic excitement!* • "Dramatic"—that is the distinguishing mark of the truly great perfume. Coty excels in the creation of dramatic odours...perfumes that play like an enchanted spotlight about your personality, and bring you into new and brilliant illumination. • There is *L'Origan*, for example—a drama of mystery. Or *Emeraude*—dramatic in its jewel brilliance...These odours you may get in sizes ranging from \$55 to a purse flacon at \$1. For "harmonized beauty," Coty also offers you other creations in the same fragrances...The new "Air-Spun" Face Powder, Toilet Water, Eau de Cologne Parfumée, Dusting Powder, Bath Salts.



**DRAMATIC PERFUMES BY**

**COTY**

## EMPIRE FOR A LADY

[Continued from page 109]

rajahs, both technically and in fact. Maps showed non-existent European strongholds where not even a trader dared attempt a landing, and a good half of the islands were not on the map at all.

**WHERE** European flags meant little, the nearest thing to trade security—or even to the bare possibility of trade—was the friendship of individual rajahs. This was gained by first beating them off when they came at you as pirates, and then by helping the rajahs in their own private wars by selling them arms. Once the friendship of a rajah was gained, it naturally was to the advantage of the trader to make that rajah as strong as possible—by means of more arms.

Hence the gun-runner. Technically he was without legal standing; he had no place in international law. But in seas in which the lonely traders fought their own battles, without benefit of warships, the gun-runner was as sound a man as a country blacksmith; as necessary as wheat.

James Clyde was a good one. He no longer searched out his contraband cargoes; they were eagerly urged upon him through twenty channels. A hundred rajahs respected his name; a hundred traders would have valued a partnership with James Clyde above any other thing.

In this case my uncle had rigged for himself an unusually advantageous deal. Sumantang is an island, but it is big. Its sultan, who ruled from the capital of Saremba, was far away. The raj of Balingong, tributary to Saremba, and under a rajah appointed by the sultan, was relatively rich in levies but weakly defended. I suppose ten thousand Dyak warriors could have converged upon Balingong, if all of the Dyak pangirans could have got together.

And that vast coast line for a long time had been stewing in revolt. Unable to get anything out of the Sultan of Saremba in the way of defense, Rajah Mantusen of Balingong was not only in the market for gun powder but willing to pay high for it. It was the type of venture for which adventurers like my uncle perpetually searched.

With a hundred disappointments behind him, he never talked much

about what he expected from Balingong. But I knew that a single complete delivery would free him forever of trading again.

"If only I could figure out just what their plan is, maybe I could make a deal with them," he said now. "Well, of course, I do know what their plan is. Their plan is the same as mine. Old Tony Forrester evidently knew that the Sumantang Dyaks were thinking about burning out Balingong. And these kids are trading on that, the same as me."

"It still doesn't explain her attitude," I insisted doggedly. "There's something queer about this business; it just doesn't fit together. She knows who you are and what you're able to do. If she wants to get guns to Mantusen, she ought to be glad to join you, instead of shying off like she does."

"I've cleared up the whole thing in my own mind," my uncle said abruptly. "What makes it look queer is that they don't know their own game. Well, that's their lookout. To hell with them! Rout out your port watch and get ready to lower away. I'm going up that river."

Sooner or later I had known it would come—and this was it.

"If Mantusen is alive," I said, "he's boxed in; because if he wasn't boxed in we'd have heard from him by now. And if he's boxed in so his runners can't get out, then we can't get in."

"How do you know we can't get in?" he shouted at me. "We'll feel our way. If the going gets tough, we'll turn around and come back."

**THERE** you are. That was Clyde. It seemed to me that in all my life I had never heard a plainer plan of suicide. There would be log booms chained across the Siderong; some of them would open for us—then close behind. There would be a rain of spears and sumpitan darts; a hundred praus might be ready to close with us hand to hand. But Clyde was going in, and if he couldn't get through he planned just to turn around and come back. *Maybe* he was coming back.

"Sir," I said, "if we go into the Siderong, I suppose you realize we're not coming out."

He looked at me with a brief widening of the eyes. "Mr. Thorne, you will remember your place. I've told you to break out your port watch. Now move!"

I stood up. Everybody was on deck, hunting a breath of air in whatever shade he could find. I hardly raised my voice.

"Port watch. Stand by to lower away."

The port watch began to straggle up—half a dozen common seamen as nondescript as any you would want to find. Not one among them that you would have marked, slouching along any waterfront of the world. To us, though, they were individuals, intimately known, each useful within limits that could be accurately foreseen. The bosun Jarge, a pear-nosed, stubby Britisher; Grimes, with his raffish loose mouth and trouble-making tongue, yet with a surprising ability aloft and dangerous with weapons; Grogan, with a face like a mias ape and exasperating slow motions, yet one of the few always willing to keep moving; Schweicamp, always last to budge but with a tremendous strength in his red hairy hands. . . .

"Get this tub over," my uncle said, and they moved to free the falls. "Come get your clothes on, Paul."

I followed him below again. For comfort we swabbed some of the

[Continued on page 112]



### DO YOU . . .

... make the most of yourself?  
... know the correct shade of rouge?  
... the most flattering lipstick?  
... how to apply eye make-up?  
In short, are you mistress of the art of make-up? If not, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the new **STYLE AND BEAUTY NEWS**.  
**THE MODERN HOMEMAKER, McCALL'S, DAYTON, OHIO**





**JOHN,  
ARE YOU  
SORRY YOU  
MARRIED  
ME?**



WE USED TO HAVE SUCH FUN GOING OUT TOGETHER. NOW YOU SEEM SO **BORED**

WELL, I GUESS EVERYBODY CHANGES. **YOU** HAVE, ALICE



**NEXT DAY**  
BUT **HAVE** I CHANGED MOTHER?

DON'T BE HURT, DEAR, BUT YOU'RE **NOT** QUITE THE DAINTY, FASTIDIOUS GIRL YOU WERE. LET ME SUGGEST...



HOW DREADFUL TO THINK I'VE BEEN OFFENDING! FROM NOW ON, I'LL **LUX** **EVERY** WEARING - AVOID PERSPIRATION ODOR AND SAVE COLORS TOO



**LATER**  
WE HAD SUCH FUN, JOHN, JUST LIKE OLD TIMES

**BETTER** THAN OLD TIMES - I LOVE YOU MORE EACH DAY!

**Avoid Offending**

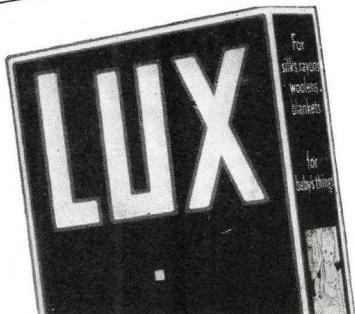
Be sure to Lux underthings after each wearing . . .

**W**ISE wives know the romantic charm of scrupulous daintiness. They never permit the least hint of perspiration odor from underthings to spoil that charm.

Play safe! Lux underthings after every wearing and be sure of never offending. Lux removes every trace of perspiration

odor without dulling lovely colors or damaging delicate fabrics.

The harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps may spoil lovely things. Lux has no harmful alkali—and with Lux you avoid injurious cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux!

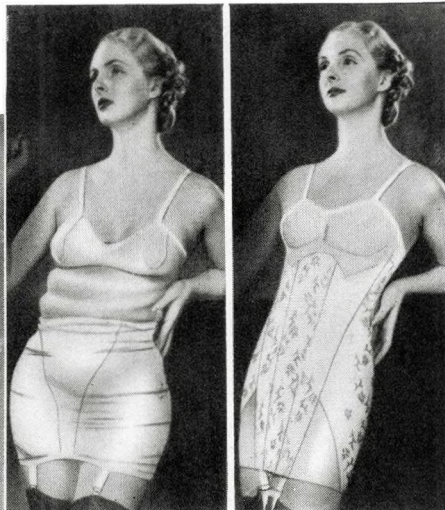


**Removes Perspiration Odor—Saves Colors**



# THIS WOMAN LOST HER BULGES...*Why Don't You?*

*Send us the coupon below*



*Above, at left, note the startling proof of the sagging of the whole figure in the ordinary corset. Above at right, the same woman photographed the very same day in her Spencer. Her lovely gown (at left) could not have been worn over a bulging figure.*

YOU have a figure problem... Why not find out about a Spencer now?

It is human nature to put things off. Women often write us saying that they had intended to ask our advice about some unlovely bulge but put it off from month to month. Then some discomfort forced them to send in the coupon for advice about their figure problem. When they experience the blissful comfort of a Spencer designed exclusively for them, they invariably exclaim, "Why didn't I find out about a Spencer long ago?"

Have a Spencer designed to give needed support for tired muscles and smooth away every bulge. Your Spencer will effectively correct any figure fault because every section, every line is designed, cut and made to solve your figure problem and yours only. Spencers are light and flexible yet every Spencer is guaranteed to keep its lovely lines as long as it is worn!

#### **Have a figure analysis—free**

Have you ever had a Spencer Corsetiere make a study of your figure? At any time most convenient for you an intelligent woman, trained in the Spencer designer's methods of figure analysis, will call at your home. Do not delay. A study of your figure will cost you nothing. Stop experimenting. Prices depend on materials selected. A wide range to suit every purse.

#### **Send for interesting free booklet "What Figure Fault Is Yours?"**

Look in your telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere" or send us the coupon below for booklet, and a free analysis of your figure. This will not obligate you in any way.

*Write Anne Spencer for personal advice FREE*

If some special figure fault troubles you, check it on the figure at right—>

#### **Do You Want to Make Money?**

Ambitious women may find business openings as corsetieres in every state. We train you. If interested, check here.



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Anne Spencer, Spencer Corset Co., Inc.,  
125 Derby Ave., New Haven, Conn.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

*Also made in Canada and England at Rock Island, Quebec, and 4 & 5 Old Bond St., London, W. 1.*

## SPENCER INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED CORSETS

## EMPIRE FOR A LADY

[Continued from page 110]

stickiness off our bodies with wet towels, and for show we put on shoes, shirts and white jackets with plain brass buttons as large as a dollar. It was our standard uniform for dealing with the lesser rajahs, and we never used it for anything else.

As we came on deck, John Blair, the second mate, was standing by the falls. The whaleboat was already in the water.

"Any special orders, sir?" he asked.

"There's a first-class chance you're about to get your throats cut," my uncle said. "Better drop a round shot across the bow of any bankong that shows itself by daylight. At dark, draw your roundshot and load with grape."

"Aye, sir."

Clyde slung himself over the side, easy and loose-jointed, and I followed him, dropping into the sternsheets.

"Smartly, now!" Clyde said. "Let's see you lift her in there as if you knew your business."

Young Slider, apprentice seaman whom only old age could make anything else, rolled his watery eyes in an apprehensive, stolen glance over his shoulder at the jungle; and Grogan's lips were moving in silent self-expression. But they bent to it, and the whale-boat began to chock and swing across the water, pointed to the mouth of the Siderong.

I was thinking, "He says to hell with her—them. But he can't bring himself to leave her here. This move is in her defense, whether he knows it or not."

Except for Christine Forrester, the Linkang would already have been on the open sea.

OUT at the anchorage the water was deep and blue, with the living, electric blue that you never see anywhere except in the tropics. But the mouth of the Siderong—it slid brown and heavy into the bay, discoloring the water all about it. It was like a river laid of polished teak.

Its first reach was broad and lake-like, ending in a blank turn, walled by the twisted pagatpat. After that the river belonged to the jungle. There was something terribly still and empty, something weirdly bleak and unwholesome about that vast first reach. Toward the middle of the mouth I pointed the whaleboat, leaning on the steering sweep.

Clyde said, "Keep to the middle of the stream, Mr. Thorne. No man will lay hand on a weapon unless I give the word. Cut down your stroke; I want no hurry."

We pulled across the Siderong bar and up that first long lake-like reach; and gradually, as we did this, the insistent clamor of the agongs died away. We saw no one yet, but we knew that hundreds of eyes must be watching us nevertheless.

I kept calculating what we could do to defend ourselves if the Dyaks should close upon us. In actual effect our weapons could not accomplish much. At stern and bow, where Clyde and I could reach them, lay three rifles apiece, muzzle-loading cap-lock guns, good for only a single shot. Once they were fired there would never be time to load them again. With these we could hope to pick off three or four of the chiefs.

There were also a couple of double-barreled shotguns, loaded with enough lead to blow them up, and eight pairs of the new cap-and-ball six-shooters, slotted in racks under the thwarts so as not to disturb the caps. Most of the Dyaks were getting used to firearms by this time, but a lot of their first dread of them remained, and some of them could be counted on to break and flee before the explosion of the guns. If they did not break and flee, then we were through. A hundred shots will not clear a river that is suddenly swarming with a hundred war praus.

THE first open reach was three-quarters of a mile, though it seemed much more. We reached the end of it at last, and wheeled slowly through the deep turn. After the first bend, the river twisted continuously; and in its second winding we made our first actual contact with the Dyaks.

A twenty-paddle prau, about three-quarters manned, was drifting along about halfway out from shore. They must have known of our approach while we were a long way off; but they appeared to have no plan. At sight of us they turned and shot the canoe against the barricading roots of the pagatpat, where they hung on, watching sullenly.

I studied the prau, for it had a queer type of figurehead, never seen in the river Siderong; obviously that prau had come from many days away. As I saw that, I was overwhelmed by an awful sense of the magnitude of this revolt. Here was a Dyak conspiracy more widespread than any of us would have conceived possible.

Once more it was forced in upon me that something was queer and wrong about this whole situation—and the people of the Avon knew what it was. Perhaps they did not know their business, and perhaps they did not even understand what they knew. Yet the conviction was firm in my mind that Christine Forrester possessed some all-important information that we did not.

"Hold it," my uncle said.

The eight oars lifted clear of the water and hung there, while he listened. The uncanny silence that had come over the jungle continued.

Clyde said, "Pull on a little more."

The oars dipped and the boat moved slowly upstream again.

The town of Balingong was only two miles inshore from the Siderong's mouth, but it seemed to me that we went on forever up that dark river, until I could not understand why the sunlight still held, bright in the sky above the jungle.

Then, at last, when I was absolutely certain that the next reach would show Balingong, we plowed around a bend and instead of Balingong, there stood the great Dyak stockades barring the way.

"Easy," James Clyde said. "Take it slow."

We were coming into the narrows now. On both sides the jungle came in very close, a dense mass of pagatpat and twisted vine backed by the massive trunks of mahogany farther in. On the right bank, just at the narrows, stood the greater of the two stockades.

It was the biggest stockade I ever saw, built of great trunks, some of them thirty inches thick, set into the ground and standing nine feet tall in an irregular enclosure of perhaps three acres. Within, earth had evidently been thrown up to more than half the height of the wall, for a long continuous row of dark heads along the top of the palisade showed that the defenders could fight from the top of the wall. The Dyaks watched us



stolidly; but from their stockade such a storm of missiles could have been sent that no boat could possibly have got through.

Across the narrows a second stockade stood, similar but much smaller. Evidently it had been intended to hold the farther shore so that the Malay lantakas, their small-bore brass cannon, could not be set up to pound the main barricades.

"Easy," Clyde said again. "Get ready to turn fast when I give the word."

After that we pulled with a sort of tense slowness, like men who know that they may be detected in imposture at any moment, so that their forced deliberateness will end in an explosion of murder.

"Mr. Thorne," said Clyde, "do you see any obstacles?"

"No booms, sir. It looks like there have been some, but they've taken them up. There are some big half-trimmed logs, there to starboard."

"They evidently had the river blocked," Clyde said, "and now they've opened it again. That could mean only one thing. I should think."

"Do you think Balingong has fallen, sir?"

"Why should they open the river if they didn't hold Balingong? Unless, it may be, they've got the Malays in such a pocket that Mantusen can't even rush the river."

Now happened a thing which in a way was the strangest thing yet.

Down the sand-spit which ran below the stockade a short-statured pangiran advanced. It could be seen he was a pangiran because his black goat-skin war jacket was decorated with bright red calao feathers, and around his waist hung a great number of unrecognizable, junky-looking articles—the sort of trash the chiefs load themselves with as charms to guard against all kinds of misfortune. His big shield and a whole armload of his spears were carried by four or five wild-headed Dyaks who followed him closely in ragged order. He was empty-handed and unarmed except for his heavy parang, slung in a red-stained sheath at his belt.

This excessively homely figure was grinning broadly, exposing betel-blackened teeth; and he was holding up his right hand in a gesture of peace and welcome!

James Clyde gravely answered the salute. "Well, here's Henry R. Dyak himself, laughing and scratching," he said. "Nobody knows what *this* means. Keep moving a little. Stroke slowly. There's a bare possibility we can get a look at Balingong."

As the Dyak pangiran saw that we were not putting in, the grin dropped from his broad-nosed brown face, and a startled bewilderment showed instead, easily discernible across the interval of water.

Clyde ordered quietly, "Rest oars. Let her drift out of this. I've seen enough."

AS the oars lifted, we lost way, then began to swing a little with the current. Almost stealthily I leaned on the sweep, to help her turn in her drift, while the Dyaks stared. I began to count, silently, the moments before something must explode. I counted to seventeen.

Then up the river, not at the stockades, but where Balingong must still stand, all hell broke loose at once. There was a ripping crackle of rifle fire, concentrated at first, then quickly subsiding into the ragged pounding of irregularly reloaded guns. Over these presently began to sound the hoarse, blunt concussion of lantakas.

Something like cold fire jumped into my uncle's eyes. "By heaven, Mantusen still holds Balingong!"

His decision then was instant, without thought or reason.

"Paul, swing her nose upstream! Set your oars! I'm going through." I started to say, "Wait! You can't—"

He didn't hear me. "Wait your swing—wait your swing—Now *pull!*"

The faces of the men were blank with astonishment, but they obeyed with everything they had, lashed into action by the sting of Clyde's voice. "Pull, you fools! Pull as you never pulled! *Lift* her, you scuts, if you want to live!"

I was not counting now, but so clearly I remember every pull of the oars that I can space the strokes we took before the stockade buzzed into life. . . . Five, seven, nine—

Now the ugly, rabblish drone of voices with which Dyaks go into action rose from the stockade. Brown figures raced along the shore and ran parallel to us in the jungle. They piled into twenty praus. A throwing-spear splashed into the water close by the boat, sending up a little crystal spout from the brown polished surface of the flood.

"Pull, will you? Can't you pull?"

SOMEHOW we made the turn untouched. Far up ahead, at the end of the next long reach, Balingong hove in sight at last, raised high on pilings whose feet were in the water.

Balingong was a strange town, built there by many elements, not one of which was white. The river here spread out widely into many-throated shallows, cut up by sandbars and mud islands; and most of the houses stood upon pilings in the water itself, or in mud which would be water when the river turned brackish with the high tide. There were three or four hundred of those houses, set high on their stilts, made of bamboo and split bamboo and nipa thatch.

With the first sight of Balingong, I saw that the town was strangely changed, and after a moment I knew what was the matter. The palace of Mantusen was no longer there.

Because his slaves could bring in his water supply from distant springs, the Rajah Mantusen had been able to elect that no other house in Balingong should be between his own and the sea. It had been set in the river like most of the rest, and like them had been built of bamboo, but topped with shingles, its hundred yards of roof-trees decorated with carved figureheads. Stilted upon pilings, but impressive in its extent, the bamboo palace had always been the first thing in sight coming up the river. Only some long lines of blackened pilings stood there now.

Behind the pilings of the vanished palace, set upon a steep beach, now stood the double stockade to which Mantusen had evidently retired. The outer and inner walls of this stockade, which opened to the river itself, were both much lower than those of the Dyaks but strongly built and advantageously placed. A few score of Malay krismen could hold that place until they starved, against almost any number of fighting men equipped with primitive weapons.

More throwing-spears began to sting into the water around us now, cleaving deep, then rising again to float away. A dart from a sumpitan, fired from a hopeless distance, stuck momentarily in the back of my wrist, then fell off.

One of those loaded-bamboo throwing sticks caught the stroke-oar back of the head with a sound like a falling coconut, and he collapsed, one shoulder trailing in the water. His oar dropped free; I caught it out of

[Continued on page 114]



It wasn't the March wind that chilled him... 'twas the touch of her dry, chapped Hands

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## EMPIRE FOR A LADY

[Continued from page 113]

the water and shipped it, as we boiled past.

Then abruptly the spears seemed to be all around us, so that you could not count the flickers in the air or the splashes in the water.

Clyde said, "The fools will hurt somebody if they don't look out."

I said, "Shall I fire, sir?"

"Mr. Thorne, you will please get away from those weapons. What, shoot at our little brown brothers, with ammunition that sets me back better than seven cents a round?"

Fortunately those praus were sea-going, too. Some of them had come a long way by the coast. If they had been river canoes they could not have helped running all over us. But their long outriggers, light built though they were, put a bad drag on them. So we swung up that last long reach to Balingong without anybody stopping us.

"Ram her through where the palace used to be," Clyde said.

The oarsmen laid a last violence into the stroke, so that the straining sweeps bent with every pull. We swung between those ghostly charcoal pilings, and drove hard toward the steep beach beyond.

"Ship your oars," my uncle said.

From a hundred yards up the hill behind the beach three or four of the brass Malay lantakas spoke once more. But they were not firing at us; they were driving off those now faint-hearted Dyak praus.

"Well," Clyde said, "there're our customers, Paul."

Half the Dyak fighting men of all Sumantang were concentrated here—yet a hundred Malays stood them off!

THE irregular crackle of gunfire died away as we came on, and as our keel ran grating onto the beach, the Siderong shore was altogether still. James Clyde splashed to firm ground, and the seamen, except Schweicamp, stepped into the water to heave the boat onto the beach.

But no Malays came forward to meet us. I saw why. Their half-naked, turbaned figures were peculiarly grouped. They bunched squatting on their heels, close in the shadow of the stockade pilings, or in the shelter of the buildings.

Clyde looked about him without any appearance of hurry, while yet he wasted no time. "Drag the boat high," he said as he stepped ashore, "out of reach of the tide. We're exposed here; we'll walk on in."

As he spoke, splinters jumped from the gun's of the boat, immediately followed by the crack of a single rifle from the far side of the Siderong. The shot almost got Grogan. What amazed me was that the well-aimed shot must have come a good three hundred yards. The average Dyak closes both eyes and fires in a general direction, so that the gas-pipe guns most traders were palming off on them served as well as any. But now some new element seemed to have entered this fight, forcing the Malays to take shelter from Dyak guns for the first time in their memory; and I could not imagine how to account for it.

Clyde no more than raised his eyebrows as he turned and walked slowly up the steep beach, the rest of us

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Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Brunette <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Frackled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light Gray (dark lips, eyes and hair) <input type="checkbox"/>
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

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following with something of the deliberate step of men who no longer have any control over their circumstances. Grimes and Grogan were half carrying Schweicamp.

Now a single figure walked forward, slowly but with a rolling Malay swagger. Until I found difficulty in recognizing this man's face, I had not realized how fast the twilight was falling. Now I experienced a great relief. For the man was Lundok, perhaps the only Malay in Balingong, except for Mantusen himself, who spoke English with any fluency. Lundok was also perhaps the only Malay in Balingong upon whose word James Clyde rested any weight.

"Come out of gun range, Tuan," Lundok said. "The rajah will talk to you very soon."

He led us to one of the places where the Malays were grouped, evidently sheltered from the riflery. Here he left us. James Clyde produced a cigar and began to smoke.

After a long time, while the tropic twilight quickly darkened, Lundok came back and told us that the Rajah Mantusen would see us now. Then he said, "I must ask for your weapons. The rajah will talk to you unarmed."

"I am not accustomed to this," Clyde said coolly.

"I am sorry, Tuan." Lundok was grave. "We are in deep trouble here. The rajah has made a law."

After brief consideration, Clyde conceded. He and I were the only ones who wore pistol belts and these we gave to Lundok, after Clyde had first told him that he was to be personally responsible for their return.

THE house in which Mantusen received us was set a hundred yards back from the river upon a rise of ground, and it was easy to see at a glance that this house had never been built by Malays. A Dyak longhouse was what it was, better than a hundred feet long and set high upon pilings of coconut trunk. The Dyaks build these for a number of families to live in together. Evidently it had been built by and for slaves captured in the Malays' perpetual raiding.

All along the full length of the front ran the open platform which is called the tanju. Behind this, also the full length of the house, ran the usual ruai, a wide veranda with a roof but otherwise open.

Mantusen sat midway of the ruai upon a stack of mats, with about a dozen of his Malay leaders arrayed along the wall on either hand. At first glance, he looked something like a bouquet. He wore long loose trousers of a featherweight lavender silk, bound at the waist with a gold-threaded sash which also strapped close his ornately hilted kris. His short Malay jacket was of black satin, heavily crusted with gold thread.

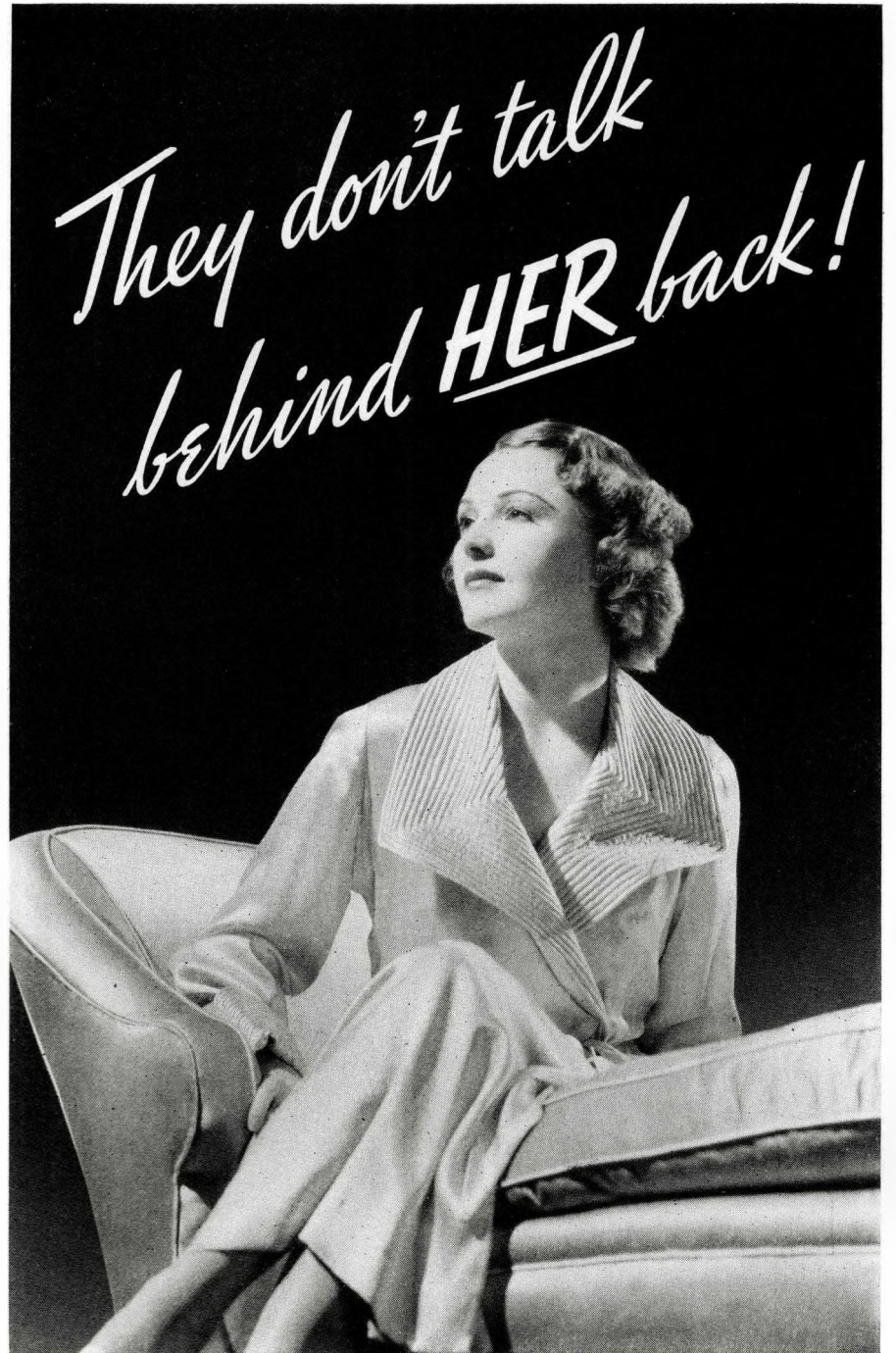
As we climbed to the ruai level, I saw that some screens of light logs had been lifted to the tanju and so placed as to shield those in the lamp-light from the sniping jungle rifles.

Then, as we walked forward, the Rajah Mantusen stood up.

I cannot describe the awful feeling of danger that was conveyed to me as Mantusen did this. It meant that the audience was to be short; that we were not expected to sit, that there was no friendliness here.

For there could be no unintentional rudeness upon the part of this Malay prince. This was a man who could speak four languages and as many dialects, and read Arabic as well; who dressed in silk and was a master judge of pearls; whose race had in some ways a more intricate cultural code than my own.

[Continued on page 116]



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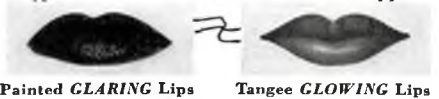
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**EMPIRE FOR A LADY**

[Continued from page 115]

Mantusen was very tall for a Malay. I suppose he stood five-eleven; and this, since the Malays are a short-statured race, showed strong infusions of Arab and Spanish blood. His face was proud and finely made, high-bridged in the nose and clean-featured. And his color, though of Malay yellow-bronze, was lighter than the color my own skin had turned under two years of the burning tropic sun.

James Clyde and the Rajah Mantusen exchanged the toneless sentences of a formal Malay greeting. But for once in the history of the Malays, Mantusen was coming to his point without deliberation or delay for parley. Even while the meaningless words of greeting were falling from his lips, his hands were unwinding the silk wrappings from an object which was handed him out of the dark.

"I have something to show you," Mantusen said in English.

The wrappings fell away, disclosing a rifle which Mantusen extended to Clyde.

"It is guns like this," Mantusen said, "that now speak from the jungle. They are well shot. We have no defense against such guns. Today I have lost twenty-three men."

Quickly my uncle began an exclamatory speech in Malay, and even without understanding it, I knew it was one of regret. Mantusen, however, did not wish to listen. He raised his voice sharply, cutting Clyde off.

"I thought white men or Malays must be shooting," Mantusen said. "Dyaks always shoot very bad before. But the Dyaks shoot now. I send four men into the jungle to catch one of the guns. Two are killed. The other two killed one Dyak, after hunting in the jungle a long time. They took this gun."

My uncle took the rifle into his hands and examined it with unnecessary care. One glance was enough to tell us what that gun was. It was an English rifle of an excellent pattern, very hard to get—the model which later became known in the islands, incorrectly, as the Tower gun. It was built to use the new fixed ammunition, and we knew that the model had fired some splendid tests. Clyde had tried to get a few of these for the Linkang, but had failed.

One thing more about that gun. From the breech block, suspended by a braided metallic cord, swung a curious little amulet, intricately cut from sheet brass. It represented the figure of a hornbill, highly formalized in a primitive manner, but recognizable as one of the Dyak sacred birds. Had we known nothing else about that weapon, the hornbill amulet would have told us that a Dyak had owned this gun.

"How many of these are there out there?"

"More every day. Today there must be two hundred."

I SAW it then. I saw what was queer about this war, and what was strange about the English yawl. The Avon, converted into a gun-runner by Anthony Forrester's heirs, was supplying the Dyak guns—and we were held answerable to the Malays!

"This is a splendid weapon," my uncle said, handing it back.

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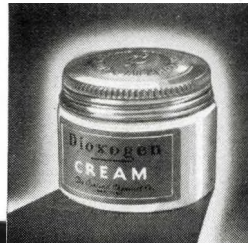
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Mantusen's answer was dark with unwholesome meaning. "You should know," he said.

"What do you mean by that?"

Mantusen smiled unpleasantly but did not answer directly. "I have something else to show you," he said. He lifted a basket which was covered with an embroidered cloth, and drawing back the cloth showed us what the basket held.

The thing was a newly taken head, bloody and horrible. The top of the skull had been stripped to the bone, and upon the fresh skull plate an incised tracery had been begun. Unfinished but plainly carved in outline was another formalized representation of a hornbill, identical in pattern with that which hung upon the rifle.

"It goes with the gun, you see," Mantusen said in a tone that was a terrible mockery of the urbane. "This is the head of the first man I sent to get this gun. This Dyak sits in a nibung palm and makes this little picture while he waits to get a shot."

Mantusen covered the basket again and set it aside. Then, without any change of expression, he added, "That is my brother's head."

CLYDE said something slowly, gravely, in Malay. Mantusen listened absently, and the slant-shadowed faces of his counsellors wore a sated look, as if they already watched our ceremonial torment and slaughter. Death whispered at us from along the nipa walls, and from the flooring of split-bamboo under the rugs at our feet. This thing was sweeping us out, like a black tidal wave. It was a dream that had got out of hand and become a life-or-death nightmare.

I remember reaching out through all that, exactly as a man overboard might reach for a floating spar to cling to; and what I found, without any shock of surprise, was the clear-cut image of Christine Forrester.

It was as if she had always been there—a dark-eyed girl waiting to steady a man so that he could meet without dishonor just such an hour as this. Yet I was not steadied—I was anything but steadied. Instead I was experiencing the most unholy terror I have ever known in my life. But I didn't care about where I was, or what was going to happen to Clyde, or the fate of the Linkang. It was strange that Christine's danger should strike me so, all in a moment.

Something had gone out of me, and it was my whole heart that had gone out. It was trying to reach down the sultry darkness of the Siderong and speak to her aboard the yawl—speak to her so insistently that she would have to understand me through the hammering of agongs and the whisper of the reef... Go away, Christine, go away. Catch the ebb tide through Balingong Pass. Get your helpless little yawl into the open sea, before it's too late. In God's name get gone, Christine...

Clyde was finishing his speech now, bearing down with set face at every turn of the Malay phrases. Whatever he was saying, Mantusen seemed to disregard it.

"You have made me very happy, Tuan," the Rajah said. "When I learned you had filled the jungle with these guns, I knew that this is the place and time that I will die. I do not mind that. But I was sorry to think that my kris would never taste your flesh. Now you have changed that. I feel that God is good."

My uncle turned his eyes toward me and we exchanged a long glance. He spoke to me softly. "I have been a fool."

"Yes," said Mantusen.

[Continued in APRIL McCALL'S]



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## STAGE

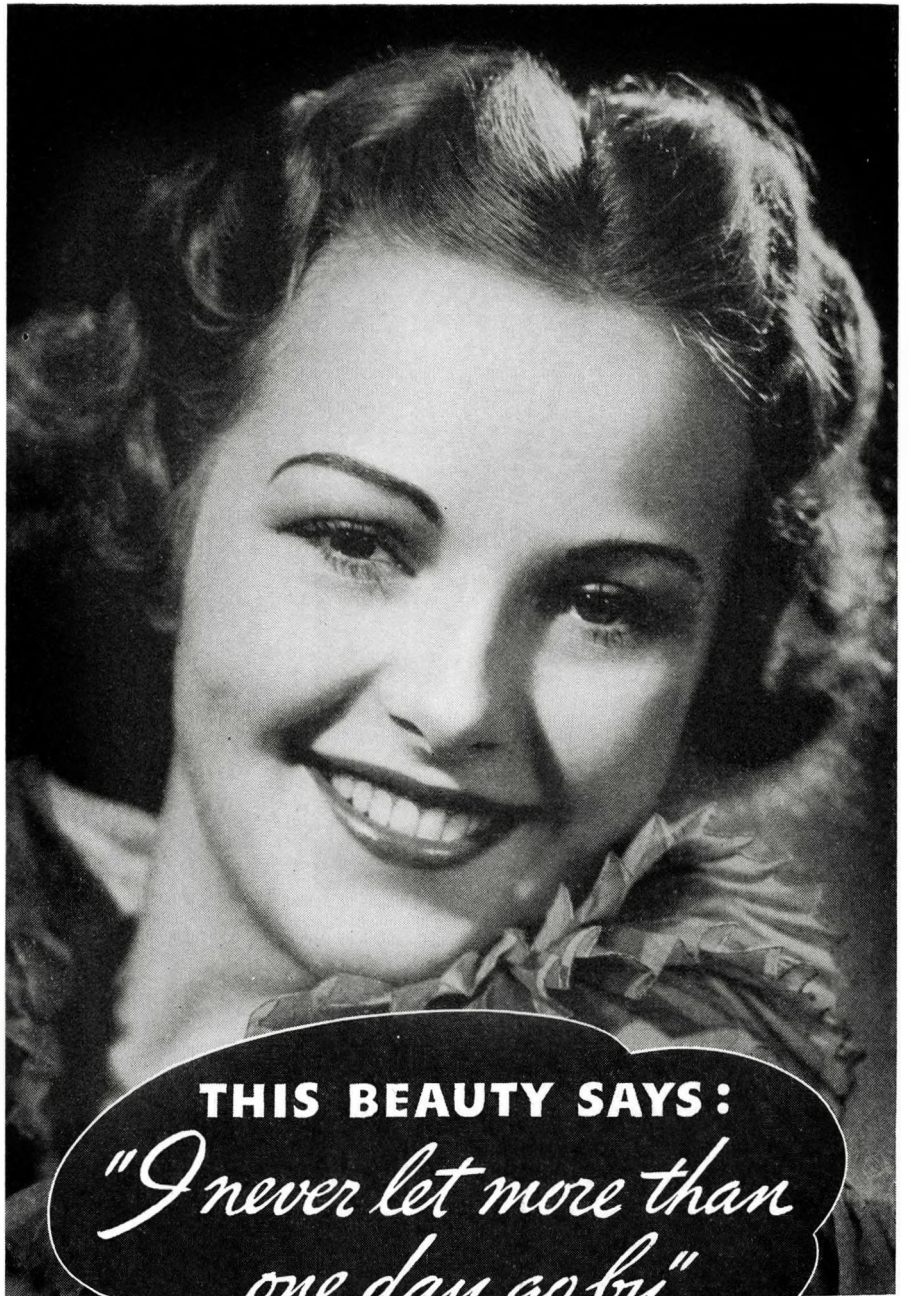
[Beginning on page 23]

and old who want to write for the stage. The episode is the one in which the daughter tells Mrs. Warren at some length and in great detail just what she thinks of her. It is a superb case. But then with a suddenness which is breath-taking, Mrs. Warren turns and captures the scene by stating the argument for herself and her actions. If Noel Coward were a dramatist in the sense that Shaw is, he could not have skimmed the task of letting characters under fire have their own few minutes in court. The stuffy wife put on the spot by a husband with Australia in his mind would have checked him sharply by saying, "You've told your story, my lad, and now I'll tell mine."

But Noel Coward does not see life and people in more than one dimension. That is, not as a rule. Upon a flat surface he can achieve a great variety of effects. Of course, I am being much too snooty and a little hypocritical, not forgetting captious, in these comments. I suppose I ought to make it plain before going further that I thoroughly enjoyed the entertainments offered by Noel Coward. The nine short plays he brought with him furnished three delightful first nights. But I still maintain that I have a right to kick and grumble and complain even on those occasions when I have had a good time.

I could almost say that Noel Coward has every quality needed by a playwright except the capacity for emotion. But if I said that I would be a liar, because out of the nine there was one play called *Still Life* which set me to weeping all over the carpet. It is a simple theme done without any fuss. A man and a woman meet by chance in a railroad station. Or rather the station restaurant. They fall in love. They want to live a life together. Each is married. The romance ends upon a note of frustration. They have to eat their hearts out and speak their last farewell to the accompaniment of engine whistles and the idle chatter of passing passengers. This particular scene is played with sheer genius by Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence. They tear the heart out of you without raising the voice above the level of casual conversation. It is the finest of the Coward contributions. The set of nine represents a good deal of experimentation in form although there is not a very great range in substance.

MOSS HART and George Kaufman have come together in a collaboration which marks a new departure for the latter. There is no getting away from the fact that *You Can't Take It With You* is whimsical. It is even arch. And from all such puckish pranks George Kaufman has usually recoiled in horror. Still I am glad he didn't recoil this time because his very sure and steady touch keeps the play from becoming silly and maintains it on an even course of being pretty constantly amusing. To me *You Can't Take It With You* is the funniest play of the year. And the fun goes a good deal deeper than the mere presence of Kaufman gags. Humor which stems out of character and situation can rock you more than the isolated epigram. *You Can't Take It With You* has character and situation, not forgetting pace, and one of the best rounded casts of the season.



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## WE ARE NOT ALONE

[Beginning on page 24]

refugees streaming from ravaged lands, the plight of travelers and aliens. Abruptly then he moved off along Briargate, pedaling faster than usual, till he was hot and breathless. He entered the house through the office, leaving the bicycle against the wall in the outside alley. He could feel his heart pounding with excitement as he climbed the stairs to the attic room where he guessed Leni would be waiting. He was that strange creature, a quiet man resolved upon an act. The trouble was that life with Jessica had given him this curious reluctance, outside his own world, to make decisions; she had made so many for him, and her intolerance of most that he dared to contemplate himself had blanketed him with at least a vagueness and at most an obstinacy.

But now, having suddenly made up his mind, he was in a tremendous hurry. He must act; he must even oppose Jessica, if need be—must use decision, cunning, worldly wisdom, a host of qualities strange to him. "Leni, you can't wait till tomorrow—you've got to get away now—tonight!"

She was kneeling on the floor, packing clothes into a bag.

"But—why?"

"It's in the paper. England and Germany may be at war by midnight. That means you must get away. You must go back—to Germany—at once."

"But I can't—I—"

"I tell you you must get out of England—somewhere—anywhere. Don't you realize what it'll be like if you stay? Already they're arresting people. Hurry now and finish packing. We have to leave at once."

"We?"

"Of course. I'm going to help you. We've missed the last train, but there's one from Marsland that goes at ten to twelve. We can get there somehow."

"We?"

"Yes, yes—I'm going to take you to a seaport and arrange for you to get away in time. So hurry, please hurry. . . ." And so he talked on. She didn't want to go and finally she was hysterical. He calmed her and after about an hour they went downstairs and through the office into the narrow path flanked by the white sea-shells. There the sight of his bicycle leaning against the wall gave him both confidence and a new access of caution.

"You mustn't be seen leaving the town, especially with me. Now let me think—it's almost dusk—you take the path to the Knoll and wait for me by the wooden hut—you remember it? We'll meet there and go on. I'll take the long way round by the lane—"

SHE hesitated a moment, then nodded. As soon as she had gone the path between the high walls seemed an empty canyon, and in his own heart an equal emptiness gave answer. He must help her out of the country. He must *act*. He must be forceful and yet remain calm. So he waited to light his pipe, and then, wheeling the bicycle, emerged into the street.

Through the quiet streets off Briargate and into Lissington Lane the little doctor hastened, full of the strange sensation of having decided

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to do something at last. He thought he was clever to have arranged to meet Leni at the wooden hut, because it was dark there, and no one would see their faces. And it was clever of him also, he thought, to have arranged separate journeys to the rendezvous, for while no one would think much of seeing either of them alone, the pair of them might be (indeed, in the past, had been) gossiped about. So he cycled along, slowly because of the steepness, making a short cut to the edge of the town, where, a little way along the lane, a field path led to the Knoll.

It was a lovely night, warm from the earth; and he felt as he always did when he had seen recent death, a mystic communion with all things living and dead, as well as a perception of their own communion; so that, through such a prism of consciousness, he could sense life in a dead stone and death in a living tree.

Soon, through the trees, he saw the shape of the wooden hut, and beside it, waiting for him, Leni. He could not see her clearly, but as he approached she came to him.

"Have you been waiting long?"  
 "About ten minutes. I didn't mind."

"We must move on. Did anyone see you?"

"I don't think so."  
 "It doesn't really matter, I suppose, once we've got away."

THEY descended the Knoll by a path that led them to the other side of it, whence, at the foot, the water meadows stretched to the Marsland Road. The night was pale over those meadows, and only the sudden lighting of cigarettes marked pairs of lovers couched in the long grasses; there was no sound but secret voices under the mist and the hum of the bicycle as David pushed it. He was hoisting it over the last stile when the Cathedral chimed the three-quarters. "Now we're all right," he said, stooping to light the lamp when they reached the highway. "Have you ever ridden on the back of a bicycle? You'll find it quite easy. Put your left foot on the axle-stop and your right knee on the mudguard—you'll manage."

So they began the journey from Calderbury, with the lamplight flickering and swerving as David pedaled along. The road lay slightly uphill, and it was hard work; but there was no traffic as there would be today. Presently the moon rose and the twin towers of the Cathedral stiffened against the blue-black sky, calling eleven as David topped the hill and prepared to freewheel down. The hill heaped behind, with the dark shape of the Knoll farther still behind, the gradient spinning them into shadows of cold air under trees, and then into the bright glassy moonlight of the level. And after miles of this, keeping a good rate. David began to whistle in pure enjoyment, till the beginning of Croombury Hill made him save his breath, and a few yards higher forced him off his machine altogether.

"This is a steep one," he said, affectionately to the earth and sky. "But we're doing fine—we'll easily catch the ten to twelve. Are you tired?"

"No, but it hurts my knee a little."  
 "It's not far now—just through Lissington village and over the next hill. I know all the country round here. Every village and lane and path. I know the people in the cottages, and in the churchyards too. This is a good country, England. I've been round about here for fifteen years. You must have been a baby when I

[Continued on page 122]

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"Don't I look sweet on a mule?"



HOTEL MIRADOR  
UXACO, MEXICO

Dear Ann -

Don't I look sweet on a mule?  
Mexico is simply glorious -  
never had such a grand time  
anywhere!

I owe you a million thanks  
for making me bring Modess -  
instead of those napkins I've  
been in the habit of buying!

You're right, my dear, Modess  
is infinitely softer - and it's  
such a relief to have a pad  
that doesn't chafe! And what  
peace of mind that moisture-  
proof backing brings - specially  
when you're travelling!

Tomorrow we're leaving for



Get in the habit of saying "Modess"



# SPRING Tonic



9158

Spring, and the wind howling around outside. It is merely winter making an effective exit. Spring is standing in the wings, waiting for her cue. And it is time to be taking your spring tonic. We know of the very one for you. It doesn't come in a poisonous looking bottle. You don't pour it out in a big spoon and gulp it down with your eyes closed. This tonic is pleasant to take, and ever so stimulating. It is called "All-New Spring Wardrobe Tonic," and it consists of one part new suit, one part new coat, one part new printed dress with a printed jacket, and one part hat, bag, shoes and gloves, all new. It will make a new woman of you.

We have told you about the spring boom in suits. The boom is booming. Last year if you had a suit, it was tailored. This year it can be tailored or it can be soft. We have seen some very good looking soft ones among the imports, ones like the Louise-boulangier on the following page. It just goes to show what a difference a few pleats make.

Last year you wore linen blouses with your spring suit. This year you will wear net or marquisette with navy suits, and printed blouses with everything else. Not just small prints—splashy ones!

Last year your spring coat was a reefer or a swagger or a box coat. This year it may be a princess reefer or a three-quarter coat, like No. 9150, at the right, straight and open and sporting. Completely in the picture for an Easter cruise.

Last year perhaps your jacket dress was made of a retiring and reserved small print. Not so this year. The idea now is to be gay. Some of the new prints are gay to the point of madness. Last year your printed jacket was probably a baby-swagger. It could be that this year, but suit-type jackets are the new word. Or boleros. No. 9158 shows two of these, and one suit-jacket. No. 9142, shows another. Such suit jackets can be made of anything and worn with anything. In linen, wear them over slacks. In matelassé piqué, over evening gowns.

Last year you wore a dark hat or a colored hat with your spring suit. This year wear a light one. Best of all, a white one. Or at least a bright one.

MARIAN COREY



9150



9142



**SLENDERIZING FASHIONS**

**Lane Bryant NEW YORK**

## if your figure LOOKS stouter than it should

send for this

# Free

## STYLE BOOK

**ALL-SILK FLAT CREPE \$8.95**

**SHEER FAST COLOR SEERSUCKER \$1.98**

SIZES: 38 to 58 BUST

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All are accurately pictured and described, so that you may choose with ease and with confidence right in your own home!

Prices are amazingly LOW. For example, the two-piece costume in three-piece effect shown here is of weighted All-Silk Flat Crepe and is \$8.95. The dress pictured here is of Seersucker, sheer and fast-color, and is \$1.98.

Also silk dresses, from \$4.95 to \$16.95; coats as low as \$6.95. Also hats, hose, shoes, gloves, house dresses, corsets and underwear, all at prices proportionately low.

This Style Book is ready and it's FREE. Just send the coupon below TODAY.

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Dear Madam: Please mail my free copy of your new Spring and Summer Style Book of Slenderizing Fashions for STOUT WOMEN and MISSES.

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## WE ARE NOT ALONE

[Continued from page 119]

first put up my plate. Hundreds of miles away in some German village I've never heard of. Tell me about it."

"It was a city, really—Königsberg. My parents both died when I was young and I was sent to a school—the school I ran away from."

"We're at the top of the hill now. Better jump on again. We can go on talking."

He kept his cherrywood pipe in his mouth and the smoke and sometimes the flakes of hot tobacco flew back in her face as they gathered speed. "Plenty of time," he muttered, wobbling dangerously as he pointed to the horizon. "There are the junction lights—that reddish glow yonder!"

But at the foot of the hill there was a bad patch in the road and crossing it too fast and with the added weight the back tire suddenly deflated. David braked with a vehemence that nearly threw Leni forward over his head. "Oh, dear, that's really a nuisance," he said. "We'll just have to push on and walk. Plenty of time if we hurry a bit." He wheeled the machine for a little way, then it occurred to him that it was no help and that they would gain time by leaving it. He took it through a gate into a field and partly hid it in a hedgerow.

They went on again, but Leni was limping from her right knee; she could not walk very fast, and the junction lights seemed far away. He put his arm around her so that she might lean some of her weight on him. "Just a matter of stepping out," he said, but they could not easily increase their pace. And when, still a long way off, they heard the train they had aimed for puffing out of the station, it was almost a relief to slacken, to sit on a stile while David smoked a pipe.

**A**N EARLY morning train left Marsland at 6:05, and David thought it would probably connect with other trains so that they could reach the coast by afternoon. They had six hours to wait—no big hardship on a summer night. Half a mile further on he knew that the side of the road heaped into a dry bed of bracken; sometimes, cycling around, he had paused there for a few minutes' rest. It was a place called Potts Corner, though who Potts was nobody knew.

So when they were tired of talking they walked to the Corner and lay down on the turf and bracken. There are some moments that are hung in memory like a lamp; they shine and swing gently and one can look back on them when all else has faded into distance and darkness. Often afterwards David remembered that roadside corner and the hours he spent there; and sometimes he thought of things he would like to have said and done while there was yet a chance; but actually he said and did very little, because he was tired, and with tiredness had come an old familiar inability to make up his mind. Presently, with his arm round her, she fell asleep. A little wind stirred in the trees overhead; the air grew chilly as the night advanced. He began to wish he had brought an overcoat. For that matter he wished he had brought food, and far more money than was in his pockets; and then he

[Continued on page 131]

## DON'T CUT CUTICLES

**ROUGH RAGGED**

**SOFT SMOOTH**

Smart New Cosmetic Beautifies Nails While It Softens Cuticle

This clever new preparation removes tough, dead cuticle without scissors, and at the same time keeps nails flexible and easy to shape. It brings out their natural beauty. It is a cuticle remover, a cuticle oil and a stain remover, all in one.

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**ASK YOUR DOCTOR!**

SAFEST BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

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# THE THREE SPRING SUITS

**TWILL SUITS** are new. They are navy or black. This one turns its back because there isn't a more important back in the mode. It shows that softer lines are beginning to creep into suits. This model from Louiseboulanger, No. 9161.

**CHECKS** are as good as ever. Just as the navy suit is a grand one for twill, this one—a Jenny model—is perfect for tweed. In the jacket pleats one sees how a suit may be mannish and yet take on softer lines. No. 9149.

**THE CUT-AWAYS** are something else to consider when deciding on a spring suit. The upward curve breaks the straight line of the jacket, and the figure looks taller and slimmer. This cut-away has a belt at back. No. 9148.

For yardage see page following last fashion page

9161

9149

9148

9149

9148

*Pran*



# SOME HAVE COATS



9154



9159



9154 9159

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page

A PRINCESS REDINGOTE appears at the left. This is the latest thing to take up the princess line. The coat is no more trouble to make than a dress, as it is unlined. It has a collarless neck so that one may pull this jabot-collar out on top. No. 9154.

JACKET DRESSES are going into print again. This type of loose jacket is as smart as ever. A pleat down the back makes sure that it has the right swing. The dress is simple—it opens down the front over a contrasting vestee. After Molyneux. No. 9159.

*Blanche  
Potter*



SUIT-DRESSES are next in importance. The print-and-plain one gives the effect of a three-piecer, but it is a dress with a jacket. The latter is cut like a suit jacket, with the new Schiaparelli shortness, the fitted lines, the one button. No. 9156.

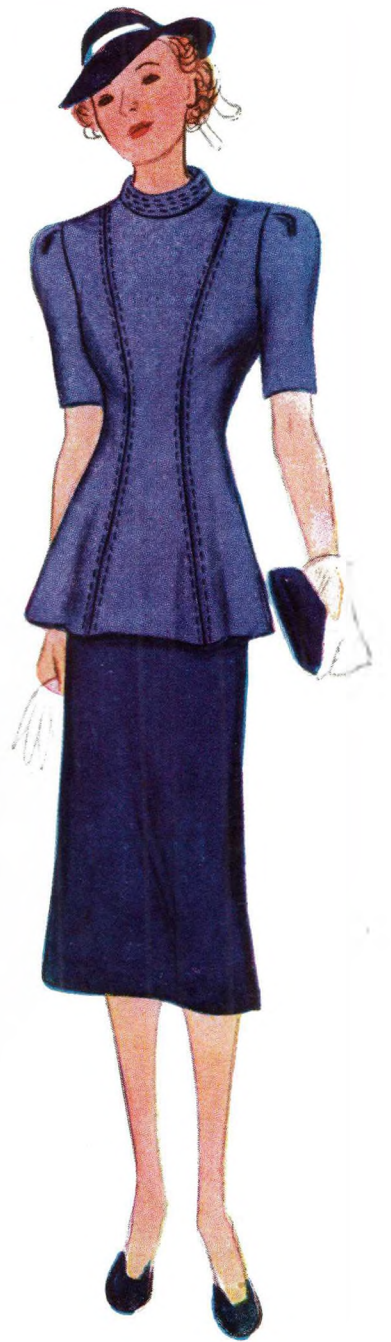
BANDS OF CONTRAST edge the second suit-dress, at the hem, neck, and cuffs. This hem-border fashion was started by Molyneux, but it is only now getting underway. The jacket is the suit-type, too, with a slightly flared peplum. No. 9166.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page



SOME HAVE JACKETS





9152

THE PRINCESS BLOUSE is one of a long line of things that are cut with the princess silhouette. The two-piece frock, left, shows this blouse with a slim skirt. It is a Bruyère dress, with rows of hand runstitches. No. 9152.

MOLYNEUX made the second dress, using silk cord for the scrolls that edge neck and pockets and make the belt. Bias binding, or flat braid could also be used. This dress has the new back fulness in one pleat. No. 9133.

BOLEROS are more important. Each spring sees some, but this spring sees many. Molyneux, who made this bolero frock, hung tassels on the slide fasteners. If the dress is plain, the bolero is printed, and vice versa. No. 9145.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page

# SIX DRESSES DEDICATED





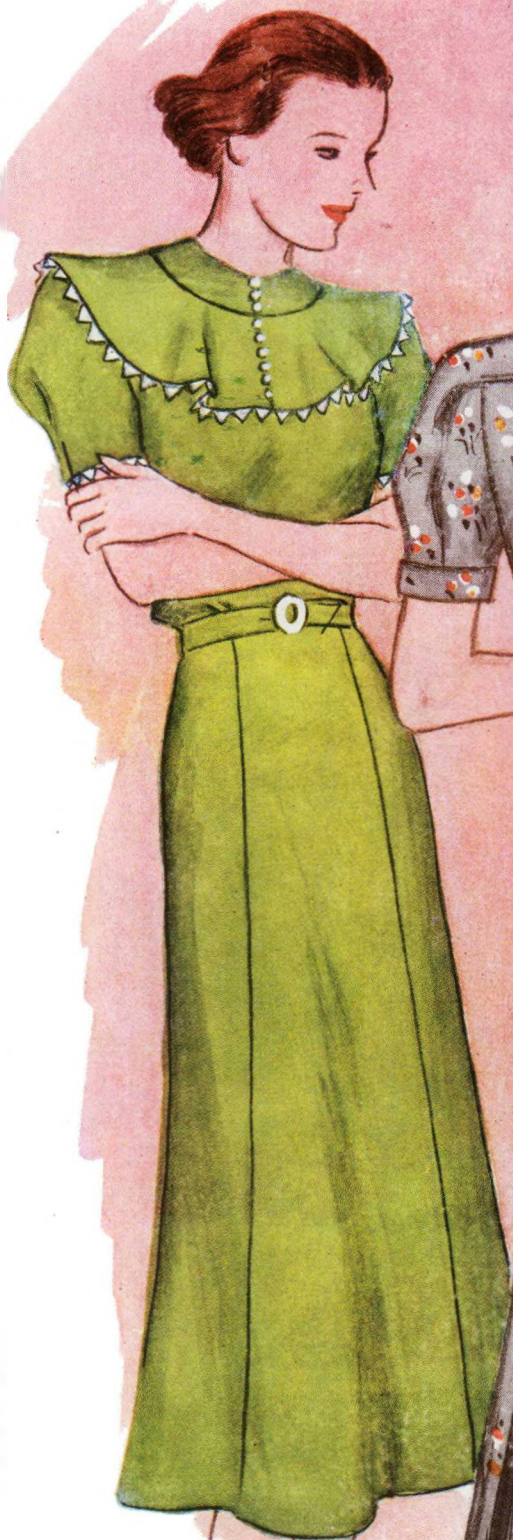
9143

GREEN LINEN can look as fresh as lettuce with the dew on it. We have edged this green handkerchief-linen frock with white rick-rack. Some of the new dresses even wear rick-rack around the hemline. This one could. No. 9141.

BACK FULNESS comes up again. Naturally a fashion as new and different as this, will be immediately taken over by the printed dresses. The grey printed frock has this new fulness in pleats, from its yoke to its hemline. No. 9143.

JODELLE is the French dress-maker who believes that if there is one thing about a dress more important than another, it is the neckline. Here she revives the drawstring neck, and combines it with a bolero outline. No. 9134.

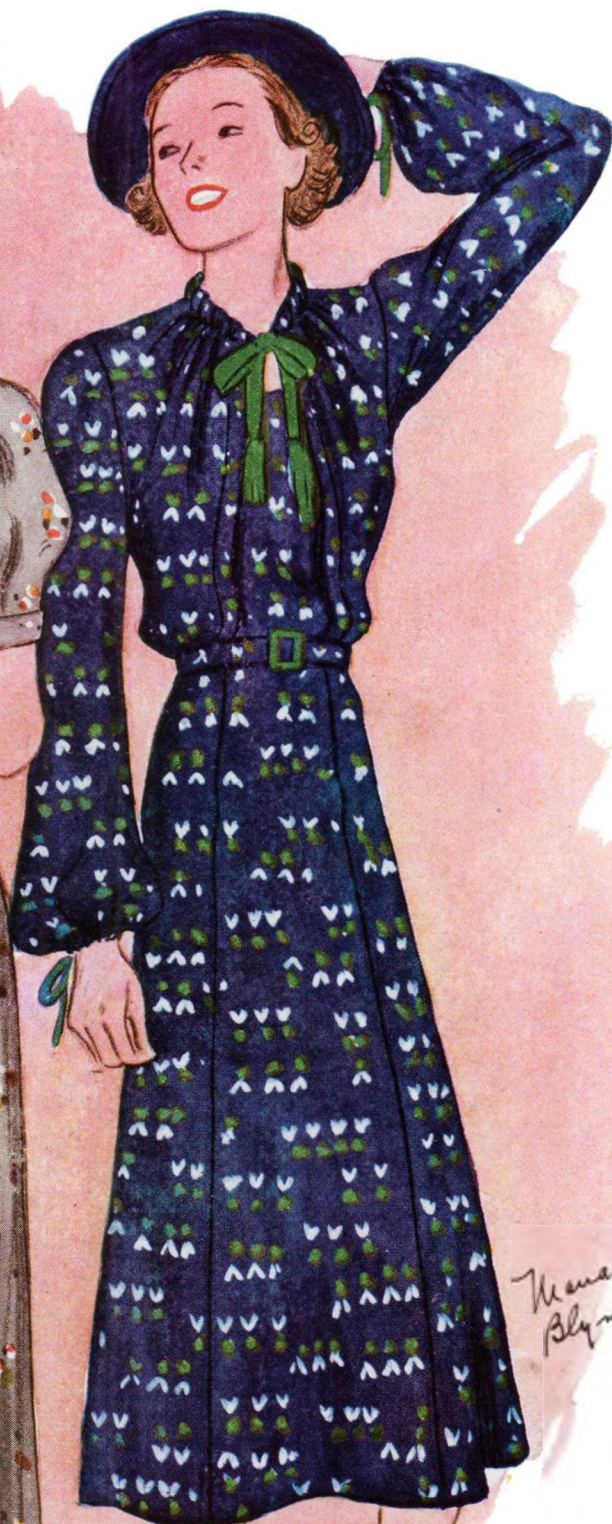
For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page



9141



9143



9134

*Mama Bly*

TO SPRING VACATION





9140

# PLAY CLOTHES FOR

THE RIVIERA SHORTS are short. We direct your attention to the figure at the left and little more need be said. This is the play suit of the Riviera, worn by the girls who have the right legs. Notice the buttoned skirt and printed blouse—blouses are usually printed. No. 9162.

A PRINCESS SUN-BACK DRESS is shown above, with its own link-button jacket. The princess cut runs right through the mode in every kind of dress. The heavy dashes along the seams and on the pockets indicate that the dress has hand-run stitches for decoration. No. 9140.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page

9162





9136

9131

## THE EASTER CRUISE

STRIPES begin to look interesting again, after so many seasons of prints, dots, checks and plaids. And when stripes are in fashion, it is smart to use the stripe two ways, which is what the blue-and-white dress, above, does so very neatly. No. 9136.

YELLOW WITH RUST is a tropical color combination which we recommend to dark haired beauties or sun-tanned blondes. You see it in the sleeveless dress here, with its seams decorated by hand-run stitches. Slide fastener closing. No. 9131.

A ONE-PIECE PLAY SUIT may be what you need and if so, here it is. Very short, one-piece, so that nothing jerks out of place. It has its own skirt, as they all must, and it is but toned from the waist to the hem, as they all are. No. 9165.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page

9165

Team  
Des  
Vigoren



# NEW NOTES IN DECORATION



**HAND-RUN STITCHES** decorate multitudes of sports frocks. You see it here on the pink linen dress. Heavy cotton is used, always in contrast. No. 9168.

**RICK-RACK** braid runs along the edges of so many resort dresses. This rick-racked linen dress is also decorated by the new hand-run stitching. No. 9132.

**AMUSING PRINTS** are the rage. The funnier, the better. The yellow dress shows one. This frock has an important back, with two-pleat fullness. No. 9144.

**EMBROIDERED LINEN** is something new, and one of these linens is used for the fourth dress above. Its narrow bow neckline is a pretty thing. No. 9131.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page



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-unless removed  
**ROOT\* AND ALL**

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\* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

"AMERICA'S PRIDE"

## POWDER PUFF

*Mustin*

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Use no starch—  
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## WE ARE NOT ALONE

[Continued from page 122]

reflected how bad he really was at planning these things, and how much more efficient Jessica would have been. And also he remembered Leni's own carelessness of detail when she had tried to take her life at Sandmouth; strange that he should now be showing such similar lack of forethought in his efforts to save it. And then he began to feel sleepy himself.

Dawn came—the dawn of that first day of war. He got up, leaving her still sleeping, and walked a few yards to a signpost: "Stanford Magna, 2 miles." To peace, how many days, months, years? He lit a pipe and watched the dawn turn to sunrise. The spire of Lissington Church pricked over the lightening horizon; day came rolling over the little hills, filling the roadways, glistening on the wheatfields, wakening the birds.

He roused Leni and they passed on together, facing the early morning sunlight. Soon the road entered the long level stretch at the end of which could be seen the station buildings and a signal gantry. It was ten to six when they approached the entrance to the waiting-room and David had another of those precautionary ideas that only occur to people who are not really good at precautions; it suddenly occurred to him that at the station everybody knew him well and that it would be safer to slip on to the platform through the shunting yard and board the train without taking tickets. This he did, easily enough, for the train was already drawn up at the platform and there was ample choice of unoccupied compartments. He knew that the train would take them as far as Charlham where they could buy the tickets and pick up an express to London.

FEELING rather pleased with this excellent strategy, he smoked contentedly while Leni settled into the cushions and went to sleep again. He was still thinking how cleverly he had escaped being recognized by the station staff, when the door of the compartment opened and a man, paunchy, middle-aged and breathless, jumped in and flung himself down in the corner seat opposite David. "Why," he began, "if it isn't Doctor Newcome—well—well! Remember the last time we traveled on this line, doc? Too warm for gloves this weather, eh?" He began to laugh and chuckle, and David smiled ruefully and couldn't help saying, as he might have done in the office, "You shouldn't run for trains. Barney, at your age. It's the worst heart-strain you can think of, because it's excitement as well as physical effort—"

Later, Barney Tinsley confessed that he had not at first realized that the girl in the other corner was traveling with the doctor. She had been asleep, and he was surprised when she suddenly woke up and said something in a foreign language. Well, more than surprised—really flabbergasted.

The gloves allusion was explained to a different audience as follows: "Did I ever tell you, gents, about that time I was in the train with him going to Sandmouth? Y'know, it's funny, the way you remember things . . . Well, I was sort of dozing off, y'know, the same as you do

[Continued on page 132]



LASTING, LOVELY

*Underthings*

BY MUNSINGWEAR

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**Don't**  
*put a Cold*  
*in your pocket!*



**KLEENEX  
HABIT**

*lets you use a tissue once  
and destroy, germs and all*

• Here's an inexpensive way to check the spread of colds through the family. Put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit the instant sniffles start! Kleenex Tissues tend to hold germs. Simply use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all. Here's *one* habit that's good for the whole family.

What's more, the Kleenex Habit saves your nose, for Kleenex is so soothing that irritation is practically impossible. Saves money, too, and reduces handkerchief washing.

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*No waste! No mess!  
Pull a tissue—the  
next one pops up  
ready for use!*

**KLEENEX**

*A disposable tissue made of  
Cellucotton (not cotton)*

**WE ARE  
NOT ALONE**

[Continued from page 131]

in trains, when suddenly the doc stumbles over my feet, waking me up sudden, and I see him deliberately throw one of his gloves out of the window. Goodness, is the fellow crazy? I says to myself, for it was a good glove, by the look of it, real kid. Course I asked him what the idea was, and I'll take a bet none of you fellers can't guess the answer. . . . I thought it would stump you—stumped me at the time. I'll tell you what he says to me. 'Barney,' he says, 'I just dropped a glove accidental on the line as I was opening the window, and I thought I might as well throw the other one after it, so as maybe the same person would find 'em both. After all, an odd glove's not much use to anybody, is it?' Must 'ave had a queer mind to think of things as quick as that. . . ."

"Queer is the word," somebody responded.

**T**HEY arrived in Charlham at nine-thirty and had breakfast in the Railway Arms. The morning papers had just come, and everyone in the coffee room was talking and prophesying—the waiter, a few commercial travelers, and a man in a green baize apron who was cleaning the fireplace. David had looked up the time table and found an express to London at eleven; the station was just across the road, so there was plenty of time. He left Leni in the lounge while he found a barber's shop and had a shave.

Most of the way to London she slept again, but this time the train was crowded and she leaned her head against his shoulder while he talked with the other people in the compartment. That always happened whenever he went; people always began talking to him, telling him all their lives if there were time enough, because he had a way of listening gently. But this time, as he talked and listened, he sometimes stole a glance at the head so limp against his arm; it had been a long way to the Junction for her; poor child, let her sleep. But once she half-wakened, roused by the crash of the train into a tunnel, and in the sudden soft glow of the electric light her eyes melted to his glance. "*Du kleine doktor. . .*" she murmured, dreamily. "Where are you taking me?" Then she remembered something he had told her—that she must not speak during the journey in case anyone should hear her foreign accent.

They reached London in the middle of the afternoon, and as they walked with the crowd on the platform by the side of the train two men sprang forward and gripped each of them by the arm.

**Part 2**

**T**HE little doctor watched the autumn sunlight move over the floor, and when the last yellow bar disappeared he knew it was late afternoon and that another day was nearly over. Presently he heard the Cathedral chiming five, and a warder entered with tea and bread and butter for himself and for the two other warders who had to stay all the time. According to prison rules he was never left alone, day or night; but the warders were kindly fellows and tried to efface themselves as much



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as possible. Of course the doctor already knew and called them by their first names. "It's a queer thing, George," he said (and this was the thing George quoted oftenest afterwards), "I can't seem to get used to wearing boots without bootlaces. You'd think it would be more comfortable, but somehow it isn't."

They would not let him wear bootlaces, or braces, or anything he might possibly hang himself with; because, of course, they intended to hang him themselves.

But in other ways he was treated with consideration; indeed, as he told the Governor whenever the latter visited him, "I'm quite comfortable, thank you." He could smoke, read books and newspapers, and have any kind of food he fancied. In some ways he was almost freer than he had been at home; for he could get up and go to bed when he liked and he had ample leisure to read. Everyone in Calderbury Prison was sorry for the little doctor and rather embarrassed because in three weeks' time he was to die. After the dismissal of the appeal the Governor was almost apologetic when he brought the news. "Fraid I've nothing good to tell you, Newcome—still, I know you hadn't been counting on it. . . . And remember, anything I can do now. . . ."

"There's only one thing—you remember I asked you before."

"Oh, *that*? Well, I can only say again I wish I could, but it's against all the regulations. Just the one thing I *can't* do for you. I'm sorry."

The request that David had made, more than once, was to see Leni. She was lodged in the jail at Midchester, twenty miles away, where there was more up-to-date provision for women prisoners. He had not seen her since the trial a month before, and when he tried to remember that last glance he had had he could only see the courtroom, dark at the close of an autumn afternoon, gray figures moving restlessly and meaninglessly as reeds in a stream, and somewhere lost amongst them her strange eager face seeking his in a bewildered stare. What had it all been about? And he didn't know—the whole proceedings of arrest, police questioning, grand jury, prison, trial . . . all were shadows of a shapeless fate. They let him read newspaper reports of the trial, and to these he now gave a half-incredulous scrutiny. He could not really understand. Then he turned to the current papers and read news that was dark with huger fantasy—Mons, the Marne, the Aisne. . . .

**H**E FOUND it tolerable at first to watch the days crawl by. He was not afraid of death, he knew that death could be prophesied for all men, he had often prophesied it himself. Even to look ahead and know that a month hence he would lie in a prison grave, was no worse than to diagnose, as many a doctor must, the first budding in his own flesh that will bring death as its flower. And the routine of prison helped to a certain tranquillity; in the mornings when he took exercise in the graveled yard he smiled at the sky and let the wind blow lovingly through his hair.

In the afternoons he read or rested or played a game of cards with the two men on guard over him, and soon after tea, because there was nothing else to do, he went to bed. It was night time that was the worst. He could not sleep well between midnight and dawn; and then, into those guardless hours (for the warders, against rules, usually dozed off themselves), he thought of Leni. Love is a strange thing; we may not notice the moment

[Continued on page 140]





9130

9147

9146

9157

IT'S SHEER LUCK to find four such pretty sheer dresses. The first one, the jabot frock, is made of semi-sheer crêpe. It has both a high and a low neck at one and the same time. No. 9130.

THE RED DRESS is shown in heavy sheer. It is a lovely thing, too, for printed chiffon, having lots of soft fullness and the skirt measuring about two yards and a quarter around. No. 9147.

LACE is the most charming of sheer fabrics. Coronation blue lace was chosen for the third dress. The bow and belt are velvet ribbon. An unusual line of drapery runs out from the neck. No. 9146.

DEEP WINE is the color of the second lace dress on this page. It has a very pretty neckline—a low V, surrounded by drapery in front, and in back just a tiny very shallow V line. No. 9157.

## SHEER LUCK



# GLAMOR FOR EASTER PARTIES



AFTERNOON TOPS on evening skirts are the last word on informal evening dresses. This is the way Maggy Rouff makes them, and this is Maggy Rouff's new sleeve, draped so that the folds run rings around one's arm and present a wide straight line across the shoulders. No. 9163.

FRANCEVRAMANT'S newest evening ensemble is shown just across the page. This jacket is suit-like, having the briefness, the fit, and the one button that is the mode. The dress shows off the feminine form divinely, emphasizing the bosom and diminishing the waist. No. 9164.

For yardage see page following last fashion page





ATTENTION-CALLING is the end and aim of the ruffled dress. It is one of the most effective of the Here-I-Am dresses, that never gets a chance to sit out anything. The girdle is velvet ribbon, and where one would expect a belt buckle, there is a bouquet of velvet flowers. No. 9153.

For yardage see page following last fashion page

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## 5 Way Dress

**1** (Emb. 436) A long, flowing red dress with a fitted bodice, puffed sleeves, and a heart-shaped embroidery on the chest.

**2** (Emb. 465) A red dress with a white polka-dot pattern and a long, flowing skirt.

**3** (Emb. 1610) A black dress with a white bodice, puffed sleeves, and a long, flowing skirt.

**4** (Emb. 456) A white dress with a red floral pattern and a long, flowing skirt.

**5** (Emb. 89) A gray dress with a red floral pattern and a long, flowing skirt.

**BY ELISABETH BLONDEL**

**T**HE peasant frock with fitted basque and full skirt (465) stands first among the smart young styles of the year. In at least five ways it can have as many charming moods, just with a touch of embroidery to do the trick!

First way shown (465). With Tyrolean heart-and-leaf motifs around the neck (436), in taffeta or fine piqué it's called "Allure"—for informal evenings.

Second way shown (465). If nothing more than button-holed edges are on collar and sleeves, it typifies "Simplicity" in a glazed chintz or gaily printed calico.

Third way shown (465). "Frivolity" is its mood when a balloon sleeved guimpe of dimity or organdy is embroidered in colorful roses (1610) on a dress of cotton broadcloth or linen shantung.

Fourth way shown (465). With quaint little flowers in multicolor cottons (456) on the basque, it's known as "Demure" in fine gray piqué.

Fifth way shown (465). And who can refrain from "Gadabout" in sheer wool crêpe or black taffeta embroidered colorfully with vivid yarn flowers (89)?



- No. 9130. Size 36, 3 3/8 yards 35-inch material or 3 3/8 yards 39-inch, collar, 3/8 yard 35 or 39-inch.
- No. 9131. Size 36, with long sleeves 4 yards 35-inch or 3 3/4 yards 39-inch; without sleeves, 3 3/4 yards 35-inch or 2 7/8 yards 39-inch.
- No. 9132. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards 35-inch material or 3 3/4 yards 39-inch, braid, 2 3/4 yards.
- No. 9133. Size 16, 3 3/8 yards 35-inch material or 3 3/8 yards 39-inch, cord, 4 3/4 yards.
- No. 9134. Size 16, 4 1/8 yards 35-inch material or 3 7/8 yards 39-inch, cord, 1 7/8 yards.
- No. 9136. Size 36, 4 1/4 yards 31-inch material, 3 7/8 yards 35-inch or 3 1/2 yards 39-inch.
- No. 9140. Size 36, dress, 3 3/4 yards 35-inch, or 3 yards 39-inch, jacket, 2 3/4 yards 35-inch, 2 1/2 yards 39-inch or 1 5/8 yards 54-inch.
- No. 9141. Size 16, 3 3/4 yards 31-inch material, 3 1/2 yards 35-inch or 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, braid, 2 1/4 yards.
- No. 9142. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards 35-inch material, 2 1/2 yards 39-inch or 1 3/4 yards 54-inch.
- No. 9143. Size 16, 4 1/2 yards 32-inch material, 4 yards 35-inch or 3 1/2 yards 39-inch.
- No. 9144. Size 36, 4 3/8 yards 31-inch material, 3 3/4 yards 35-inch or 3 3/8 yards 39-inch, collar, 3/8 yard 35 or 39-inch.
- No. 9145. Size 16, dress, 3 1/2 yards 32-inch, 3 1/8 yards 35-inch or 2 7/8 yards 39-inch, bolero, 1 3/8 yards 32-inch, 1 3/4 yards 35-inch or 1 yard 39-inch.
- No. 9146. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 35-inch or 3 3/8 yards 39-inch, bow, 1/8 yard 35 or 39-inch.
- No. 9147. Size 36, 3 7/8 yards 35-inch material or 3 1/2 yards 39-inch.
- No. 9148. Size 16, 4 1/8 yards 35-inch material, 3 3/8 yards 39-inch or 2 5/8 yards 54-inch.
- No. 9149. Size 16, 4 5/8 yards 35-inch material, 4 yards 39-inch or 3 yards 54-inch.
- No. 9150. Size 36, 2 5/8 yards 54-inch material.
- No. 9152. Size 16, tunic blouse, 2 1/4 yards 35-inch or 2 1/8 yards 39-inch, skirt, 2 1/8 yards 35 or 39-inch or 1 1/4 yards 54-inch.
- No. 9153. Size 16, 5 3/4 yards 35-inch material or 5 yards 39-inch.
- No. 9154. Size 36, dress, 3 7/8 yards 35-inch or 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, coat, 4 yards 35-inch, 3 3/4 yards 39-inch or 2 5/8 yards 54-inch.
- No. 9156. Size 16, waist, jacket, 3 yards 35-inch or 2 5/8 yards 39-inch, skirt, 2 1/8 yards 35 or 39-inch, collar, bow, 1/8 yard 35 or 39-inch.
- No. 9157. Size 36, 4 yards 35-inch material or 3 1/2 yards 39-inch.
- No. 9158. Size 36, bolero, 1 3/8 yards 35-inch or 1 1/8 yards 39-inch; jacket, 2 1/2 yards 35-inch, 2 3/4 yards 39-inch or 1 5/8 yards 54-inch; without peplum, 1 1/2 yards 35-inch or 1 3/8 yards 39-inch.
- No. 9159. Size 36, dress, 3 7/8 yards 35-inch, 3 3/8 yards 39-inch or 2 1/4 yards 54-inch, vest, 5/8 yard 35 or 39-inch, jacket, 2 5/8 yards 35-inch, 2 1/2 yards 39-inch or 1 3/4 yards 54-inch.
- No. 9161. Size 16, 4 5/8 yards 35-inch material, 4 1/4 yards 39-inch or 3 yards 54-inch.
- No. 9162. Size 36, blouse, 1 7/8 yards 32-inch, 1 3/4 yards 35-inch or 1 1/4 yards 54-inch, shorts, 1 3/8 yards 32 inch, 1 1/4 yards 35 or 39-inch or 7/8 yard 54-inch, skirt, 2 1/2 yards 32-inch, 2 1/4 yards 35-inch or 1 1/2 yards 54-inch.
- No. 9163. Size 36, 5 3/8 yards 35-inch material or 5 1/4 yards 39-inch.
- No. 9164. Size 36, dress, jacket, 5 1/4 yards 35-inch or 4 5/8 yards 39-inch, contrast, 3/8 yard 35 or 39-inch.
- No. 9165. Size 36, shirt, shorts, 2 1/2 yards 35-inch or 2 3/8 yards 39-inch, skirt, 2 1/4 yards 35-inch, 2 3/8 yards 39-inch or 1 1/2 yards 54-inch.
- No. 9166. Size 36, 4 7/8 yards 35-inch or 4 3/8 yards 39-inch, contrast, 1 yard 35 or 39-inch.
- No. 9168. Size 36, 4 1/2 yards 35-inch material, 3 7/8 yards 39-inch or 2 7/8 yards 54-inch.

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MOVIES

[Beginning on page 23]

weary, police officer, help Mr. Powell track his way softly through the inextricable maze of the story in a most satisfactory manner. Miss Loy, as I have pointed out before, seems to grow more charming with each production—the remark still holds.

Elissa Landi tried too hard to be a jittery young neurotic and Jessie Ralph (as is true of almost all older character women in the movies), seemed to be trying to blow the cameras clear out of the studio—the introductory night club number should have been cut down—but enough, enough. Mr. Hammett and his associates did it again and added a gay sequel to the memory of the most charming picture of last season. I refuse to chide them further for any minor errors.

**F**ROM a production standpoint, *The Great Guy* is one of the worst movies I ever have seen. The lighting is bad and so are the sets. On the other hand, Mr. Cagney himself never has appeared to better advantage—a bit subdued, a little more polished, and a great deal more sincere.

Besides the star, however, *The Great Guy* has some amazingly good, simple, natural dialogue in it, and Mr. Cagney found two first-rate Irishmen to play Irishmen for him—Edward McNamara and Edward Brophy.

The story itself might have been written in any bar-room. It is a simple tale of an honest man working for a crooked city political machine—in this case the hero is an inspector in the department of weights and measures—and it rings very true indeed because instead of gangsters, machine guns, and all the folderol of the usual gangster movie, the politicians in this one are all simple, hard-working, well-mannered crooks.

**I** DO not know enough about the political history of Ireland to give you any information about the facts behind the story of *Beloved Enemy*. I do know the tale was written around the many legends still told in Dublin bars about Michael Collins, the Irish leader who was assassinated by his own people because they felt he had betrayed them.

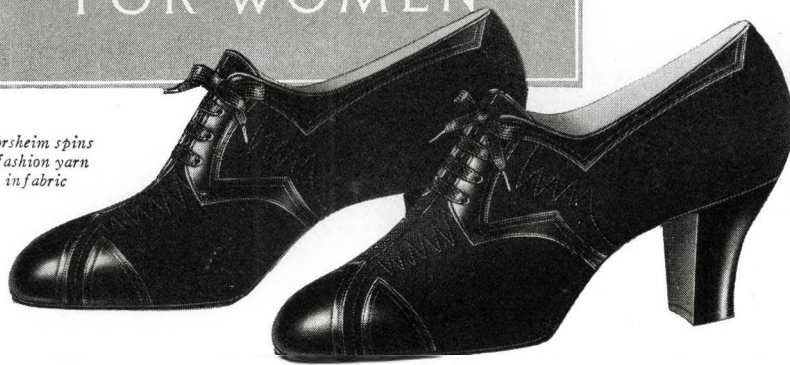
You probably will not bother much about the political history in the picture after you've seen it because the whole movie is a love story played against the background of the Irish troubles right after the war. In fact, at least ninety per cent of the footage is taken up with scene after scene in which Brian Aherne and Merle Oberon protest their love for one another.

A story of revolution and intrigue, *Beloved Enemy* fails to keep the revolution and the intrigue before you. Having established the fact that Merle Oberon is the daughter of the English diplomat sent to Ireland to settle the revolution, and that she has fallen in love with the idolized leader of the revolution, the picture becomes a love story and we hardly ever see or feel the existence of the revolution.

It is a handsome movie, and Miss Oberon and Mr. Aherne give very warm and appealing performances. For the rest, *Beloved Enemy* is carefully edited, polished and produced. It is too long and too delicate to be a legend of Michael Collins; it is too well-produced and played not to be seen.

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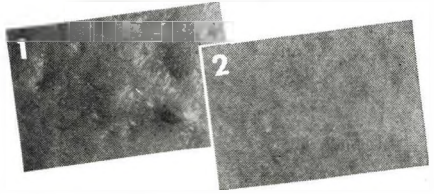
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## WE ARE NOT ALONE

[Continued from page 132]

it comes, yet there is a moment when we know it is there; sudden wakefulness, as to pleasure or pain after sleep, a sudden color, as of a painting after an etching. So it had been for the little doctor; he remembered a moment in the courtroom, during the judge's summing up; he had been tired after a day in that stuffy atmosphere. A little way off in the prisoner's dock Leni was sitting, and she too looked tired, had lapsed into a remoteness that seemed, by its very detachment from environment, an almost physical absence. The judge was going over the points of the case, one by one; and presently he said:

" . . . with evidence of motive, gentlemen, we are not primarily concerned when there is so much suggestive evidence as to fact . . . but . . . you will probably conjecture the purpose for which he brought her from Sandmouth to Calderbury, and you will form your own opinion as to the validity of the pretext of engaging her as his young son's governess. It may well be that you will feel that no more unsuitable person could have been chosen to look after a nine-year-old child—and a very nervous and highly-strung child, we have been told—than a young woman whose temperament was such that she had only recently attempted suicide, who had had no kind of previous experience as a child's governess, and who, in addition, could barely make herself understood in the child's language. . . . You will have to ask yourselves, plainly and straightforwardly, what lay behind this extraordinary incident—doubtless it can be made to look attractive if you think of it in terms of rescue and benevolence, but if you will bear in mind the culmination to which it led, and which is the sole cause of our being here today to pass judgment, then you will form your own opinion why the prisoner chose to install this young woman in the very center of his household, where he could see her every day and as often and for as long periods as he liked, and where, under the same roof as his wife and son. . . . Gentlemen, it is, of course, for you to decide and to

interpret these matters so far as you feel justified in doing so. I only desire to caution you against the pseudo or false romanticism of which plays and novels are such frequent exponents—the kind, I mean, that deals with what I believe is called the 'eternal triangle.' Such fair words are, in a measure, hypocritical; they may lull us for an evening's entertainment, but in a court of law it is our duty to remember—and it is my duty to point out—the plainer and less agreeable facts . . . lust . . . infatuation . . . the lowest and basest physicality, uncontrolled, dominating . . . all of which, gentlemen, is apt, in our modern world, as you know, to be loosely summed up under the word 'love.' You may call it 'love' if you like, provided you realize. . . ."

And at that the whole mumbling grayness seemed to be lit by a stabbing, trumpeting light; and the little doctor said in his heart, almost as if he were taking advantage of permission just given him: Yes, I call it love. . . . It was so wrong, absurd, preposterous, all that the judge had said; and yet, just round the corner from the nonsense, there was this imperishable pearl of truth. I call it love. Oh, God, yes. I call it love.

**LOOKING** back as he tried to sleep during those last nights in Calderbury Jail, the little doctor sighed only because that moment had happened so late. And thence, inevitably, he turned to thinking of love that had always been in his heart, and in the hearts of so many, love of mankind that had sheltered long in the monk's cell and the artist's studio and the doctor's laboratory, love that had made men quietly build and sacrifice and die, love that might have conquered the world had not its moment arrived too late.

Chimes of the Cathedral marked the quarters, marked the slow tragedy of that lateness, while the little doctor dreamed, remembering the millions crouched in their trenches . . . hate, murder, agony . . . the lowest and basest, uncontrolled, dominating . . . all of which, gentlemen, is apt in our modern world to be loosely summed up under the word "love." You may call it love if you like, provided you realize . . . and then he fell asleep for a few troubled moments, waking again, and half-sleeping again, until the dawn outlined the bars across the window. They call it love, I call it love, but we do not mean the same thing.

[Concluded in APRIL McCALL'S]

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9129	Small, medium, large	.25	9143	13-17, 12-20	.45	9157	14-18, 36-46	.50			
9130	14-18, 36-46	.45	9144	12-18, 36-46	.25	9158	12-18, 36-42	.35			
9131	12-18, 36-42	.45	9145	13-17, 12-20	.45	9159	14-18, 36-46	.50			
9132	12-18, 36-46	.45	9146	14-18, 36-46	.50	9160	12-18, 36-42	.35			
9133	13-17, 12-20	.45	9147	14-18, 36-42	.50	9161	12-20	.50			
9134	13-17, 12-20	.45	9148	12-20	.50	9162	12-18, 36-42	.45			
9135	24-36	.35	9149	12-20	.50	9163	12-18, 36-42	.65			
9136	12-18, 36-42	.45	9150	12-18, 36-46	.45	9164	12-18, 36-42	.65			
9137	6-14	.25	9151	12-18, 36-42	.25	9165	12-18, 36-42	.45			
9138	14-18, 36-42	.25	9152	13-17, 12-20	.45	9166	12-18, 36-42	.50			
9139	2-8	.25	9153	13-17, 12-20	.50	9167	6-14	.25			
9140	12-18, 36-42	.45	9154	14-18, 36-46	.65	9168	12-18, 36-42	.45			
9141	13-17, 12-20	.45	9155	6-14	.25	9169	2-8	.25			
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456	Yellow or blue	.35	462	Yellow or blue	.35		Blue	.35			
457	Yellow or blue	.35	463	2, 4, 6 Yellow or blue	.35	467	12-14; 16-18	.45			
458	Blue	.35	464	6, 8, 10, 12 Yellow or blue	.45	468	Yellow or blue	.25			
459	Yellow or blue	.25				1610	Yellow	.35			





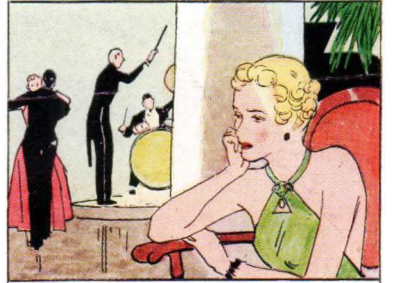
# LET ME TELL YOU WHY ONE WEALTHY DEBUTANTE FAILED TO GET A HUSBAND

*says Society Editor of New York Post*

MADELEINE RIORDAN, SOCIETY EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK EVENING POST. SHE KNOWS HER SOCIAL REGISTER FROM A TO Z . . . AND A LOT THAT NEVER WAS PUBLISHED. HERE'S A WOMAN WHO TALKS WITH AUTHORITY. LISTEN TO HER . . . . .



SHE WAS A GORGEOUS LOOKING DEB IF THERE EVER LIVED ONE . . . AND HER GOWN! STRAIGHT FROM THE RUE DE LA PAIX . . . IF ANY GIRL WAS LAUNCHED IN STYLE IT WAS PEGGY . . .



BUT DESPITE HER DAD'S MONEY AND HER OWN OBVIOUS CHARM, SHE WAS A COMPLETE FLOP . . . HER PERSONAL MAID KNEW THE REASON BUT ONLY HER GRANDMOTHER HAD THE COURAGE TO TELL HER

## THE DOWAGER'S STORY . . .

PEGGY DON'T BREAK YOUR HEART . . . YOUR TROUBLE CAN BE OVERCOME WITH LIFEBOUY

BUT, GRAN, I BATHE OFTENER THAN MOST PEOPLE . . . AND I USE EXPENSIVE SOAP, TOO!

BUT IT LACKS THE SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT THAT MAKES LIFEBOUY SO THOROUGH . . . LIFEBOUY LATHER STOPS 'BO'. IT DOES WONDERS FOR THE COMPLEXION, TOO



I COVERED PEGGY'S LAST PARTY. SINCE SHE'S BECOME A REGULAR LIFEBOUY USER, SHE'S THE MOST RUSHED DEB OF THE SEASON! SHE'S ENGAGED TO A DISTINGUISHED YOUNG DIPLOMAT, AND LEAVES SHORTLY FOR EUROPE. . . GOOD LUCK, PEGGY!

## FOR GLAMOROUS SKIN—

CLEANSE your face *regularly* with thrilling Lifebuoy lather. It freshens tired skin—flatters skin already lovely . . . It cleanses thoroughly, gently! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is over 20% milder than many so-called "beauty" and "baby soaps."



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

# NEW 1937 RINSO BETTER THAN EVER!



GLORY BE! THEY'VE DISCOVERED A WAY TO MAKE RINSO GIVE EVEN RICHER AND LONGER-LASTING SUDS. I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE TO MAKE RINSO ANY BETTER

LET ME SEE . . .



NEW 1937 RINSO GIVES 25 TO 50% MORE SUDS—SAY WOMEN EVERYWHERE



I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO TRY THE NEW RINSO. IT ALWAYS DID SOAK MY CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING. IT MUST BE MUCH FASTER-ACTING NOW

YOU KNOW, I HAVE A WASHER. WHEN I BOUGHT IT THE SALESMAN TOLD ME TO USE RINSO. IT CERTAINLY IS A GRAND SOAP—SO SAFE AND ECONOMICAL



TALK ABOUT SAFETY, LISTEN TO THIS: "RINSO IS SO EASY ON COLORS THAT COTTON PRINTS WASHED 125 TIMES IN RINSO APPEAR PRACTICALLY LIKE NEW"



## FOLLOWING WASHDAY

DID YOU TRY THE NEW 1937 RINSO YET? I DID, AND IT REALLY DOES GIVE 25 TO 50% MORE SUDS. AND IT SOAKS OUT DIRT FASTER THAN ANY SOAP I EVER USED

DID YOU NOTICE HOW MUCH LONGER THE SUDS STAND UP NOW. AND I TRIED THE NEW RINSO FOR DISHWASHING, TOO—IT'S MARVELOUS

Water in your neighborhood hard?  
*all the more reason to use the New 1937 Rinso!*

THE New 1937 Rinso is made to give the richest, longest-lasting suds ever—under any conditions. Even in hardest water it whips up quickly into sturdy, full-of-life suds that get clothes at least 5 shades whiter than ordinary soaps. Makers of 33 washers recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. And Rinso's lively suds wash clothes hygienically clean—remove germs—safeguard health. America's biggest-selling package soap. Get the BIG box.

I'M THE NEW 1937 RINSO—IN THE SAME FAMILIAR PACKAGE. I'M AT ALL GROCERS NOW

**Rinso**  
THE GRANULATED SOAP

The biggest-selling package soap in America



# "SHE COULDN'T 'PICK UP,' IT SEEMED!"

WRITES MRS. H.S. MARTY OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.

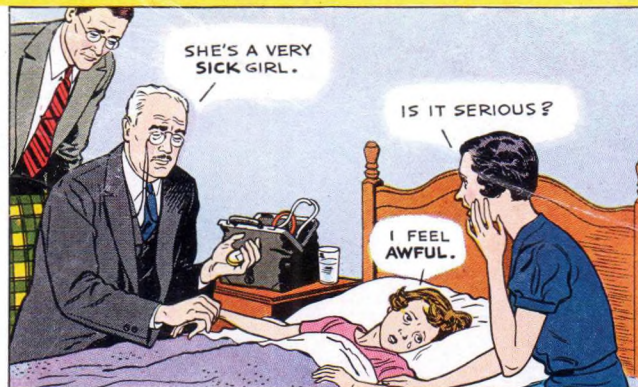
READ THIS ACTUAL EXPERIENCE OF LITTLE RUTH JOANNE MARTY (PICTURE AT LEFT)



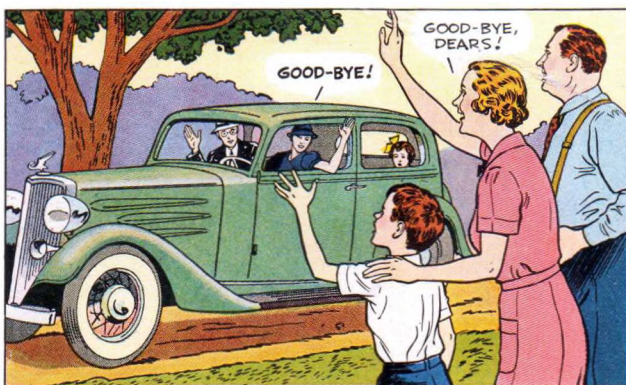
(ABOVE) Mrs. H. S. MARTY of Milwaukee. Ruth Joanne, or "Sister" as she's called—Mrs. Marty's daughter—is shown on the porch of their Milwaukee home. Ruth Joanne is eight years old now. She was only 7 when the experience here took place.



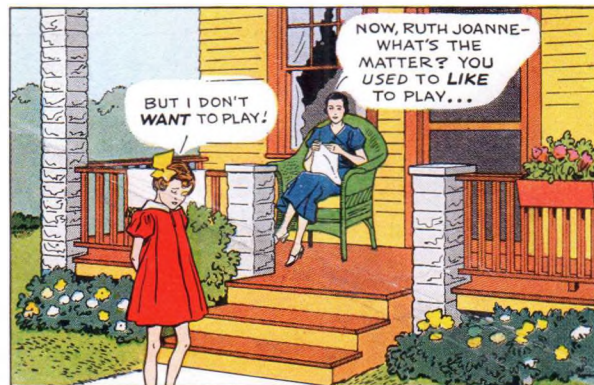
"RUTH JOANNE," writes Mrs. Marty, "took sick about a year ago. We were visiting relatives and I'd let up on her diet" . . .



. . . Whatever the cause of her illness, Mrs. Marty adds that "Ruth Joanne was good and sick. We called the doctor at once, and . . .



. . . later, after she began to feel better, we came home. But she couldn't pick up. Just moped around—had no pep . . .



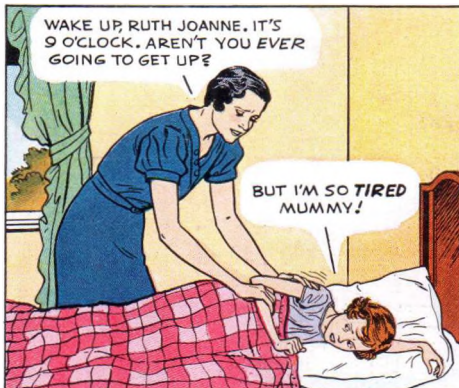
"It was almost impossible to get along with her. You couldn't look at her without her crying. She didn't want to play . . .



. . . she ate hardly any solid food. I tried filling her up on milk. It didn't help . . .



"I did everything but she kept right on losing weight. She was only a shadow of her old self . . .



"At night—she slept restlessly. She would often wake us up. In the morning she was tired . . .



"One day I read an advertisement for Ovaltine. Right then I made up my mind . . .



. . . to try it. And did Ruth Joanne like it! . . .



"She picked up at once. It gave her an appetite. The doctor says 'She's so healthy!'"

## How Ovaltine helps increase appetite, add weight!

Here's the way Ovaltine helps to give children a better appetite for their food:—

1. It supplies the appetite-stimulating Vitamin B, without which good appetite is impossible.
2. It helps digest starchy foods in the stomach. That means food leaves the stomach sooner. And when that happens, hunger returns more quickly.
3. It prevents milk from forming large heavy curds in the stomach—and so aids milk's digestion. It also makes milk very much better tasting, you know.

In addition, it is extremely nourishing and digestible in itself. And it supplies certain "protective" factors the child needs.

Thus Ovaltine is an excellent food-supplement, for children. Just mix 2 or 3 teaspoonfuls in a cup of milk (either hot or cold) and give it often. Your child will relish its taste.

It has benefited so many—won't you try it, too? See if your child won't eat better and gain weight.

Get a can at your grocery or drug store now.

Special Offer

ONLY 10¢

Send dime with the thin aluminum seal from under lid of Ovaltine can. Our regular price, 50c.



Only one mug can be sent to a person. Take advantage of the offer now. Just use the coupon below.

**MAIL THIS IN NOW**

OVALTINE, Dept. 3-M-H7, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c, wrapped in all the thin aluminum seal from under lid of an Ovaltine can. Please send the Orphan Annie Mug featured here. Thank you.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyr. 1937, The Wander Co.

## An ORPHAN ANNIE MUG FOR YOUR CHILD

It encourages your child to drink Ovaltine. Get one by taking advantage of the offer at the right.

This mug is regularly priced by us at 50c. By sending in the aluminum seal from under the lid of an Ovaltine can you can get one for 10 cents!

Think how pleased your child will be to have this attractive Beetleware mug with real pictures of Orphan Annie and Sandy on it.

Just cut out the seal from under the lid of a can of Ovaltine, and send it in. (The dime covers cost of handling and mailing.)