

MCCALL'S

November
1930

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exposes The Good Old Days—

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Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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The ensemble idea is smart in toilet accessories, too! . . . so Seventeen's gay and lightsome fragrance has been breathed into each of these essentials: *Powders* . . . a face powder, bath powder and talcum . . . all charmingly packaged, all exquisitely soft, all faintly scented with Seventeen . . . a *Compact*, the smartest you've ever seen, in gleaming black . . . a *Sachet*, the subtlest way to perfume lingerie . . . *Brilliantines*, one solid, one liquid, to restrain straying locks and leave a fragrance that's ever so elusive.

Seventeen

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M I R R O R S



Frank Hoffman

INTO the fantastic world of make-believe crime there was born about four years ago, full-panoplied like Pallas Athene from the forehead of Zeus, one Philo Vance, suave and erudite amateur detective, brain-child of a mysterious person who called himself S. S. Van Dine. Yes, yes, you know of this—for who does not, now, with five

"Murder Case" books off the presses? But how many Vance-ites are familiar with that other fictitious character who came to life with Philo? We refer, of course, to S. S. Van Dine himself. His name isn't S. S. Van Dine at all and he actually is far more glamorous than his creature, the detective—this Van Dine who left his criminological role this month to pen *The Good Old Days And Now!*

S. S. Van Dine ("Steamship is the only interpretation of the alliterative initials that he will allow") is, at forty-two, a healthy, wealthy and oh! so wise man—because of a three-year nervous prostration. For the second time in his life, illness brought blessings. He had escaped annihilation in 1910, when, during his absence because of a splitting headache, the Los Angeles Times building was dynamited. Then in 1923, when his physician forbade all literary activity, he began reading detective stores. Eureka!

"What a topsy-turvy situation!" says Van Dine, with a dignified shrug—all his motions are dignified to the nth degree—"Here was I, a well-known writer, who had spent fifteen years of my life building up a cultural reputation in American letters—the author of nine serious books, into which I had put the fruits of all my research and study and labor; up to the age of thirty-seven I had barely succeeded in keeping my ledger balanced. Then I was shunted by a twist of fate to detective fiction; my earnings for six months during the first two and a half years have been more than were my entire earnings for the previous fifteen years."

But it was all done mysteriously. The cultural writer, who, we must assume, is the real man behind the pseudonym, since Van Dine vows he is going willingly to his demise after he completes his sixth novel, has never openly admitted his identity with Van Dine. He has lived a double life, being both his own artistic, aesthetic self, and the misty author of sleuth stories . . . at the same time.

YOU'D never connect a chicken coop with short story writing, would you? Neither would we. But a chicken coop and a shanty housing an engine and pump and any number of ruined farmhouses in North Carolina almost stood between you and *Precious Women*, published this month. Reason: the author, Helen Topping Miller, is such an enthusiastic remodelder of old houses that she is constantly torn between the literary itch and architectural patchwork. "I never pass a ruined farmhouse without wondering how many shingles it would take to cover it," she declares. Her chicken coop has been turned into a delightful guest-house, and the aforementioned shanty is now her study.

MANY of our feminine authors are what is known as "handy around the house," and say so. Others say nothing. We have very few who openly admit they are not inclined to be domestic, but Allene Corliss, a new author to whom we introduce you with *Call Melrose 7800*, written from her retreat in St. Albans, Vermont: "I'm frightfully domestic by spasms, and then I recover and the family enjoy themselves again. I hate

routine and love order. If I have a hobby, it's making places attractive to live in. I despise ugliness and have always found it unnecessary. Beauty is so often a matter of nice curtains—a splash of bright chintz and a pot of primroses." We suspect that Mrs. Corliss, who is the mother of three children, does not call her love for beautiful places to live in by the somewhat worn word "domesticity," but many of us who admire the trait without the tag would designate it so, anyhow.



S. S. Van Dine

IT STRIKES us we have been giving all the space to writers, and now it is about time the artists come in or some mention. Where better to begin than with Frank Hoffman, whose outdoor scenes have embellished Nell Shipman's *M'sieu Sweetheart?* Hoffman lives, surrounded by inspirational mountains, in the valley of Taos, New Mexico, "where never is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day," as the cowboys sing. There he raises thoroughbred horses, an occupation which has been in his family for three generations, and keeps an assortment of cow-ponies, work-horses, dogs, cows, sheep, goats, pigs, pigeons, ducks, turkeys, wild geese, and eagles. In his alfalfa fields work full-blooded Indians, wearing red, yellow, purple, and blue shirts, their long braided hair tied up with ribbons. He is the leading light in the local horse races. He remembers the days of dance-halls and gambling dens in Montana, and never tires hearing of the gold-mining and homesteading adventures of some of his older neighbors. In fact, his greatest worry, according to his wife, is that he might be asked to leave this West that is so nearly gone, his friends the Old-Timers, and the adobe ranch-house, with its Indian and Mexican furnishings, to go back to the "cliff-dwellings" of New York.

SOME months ago we tantalized you with the information that Helen Christine Bennett was abroad collecting material for an exciting series of articles. Well—next month they begin: *Meet the Smiths—Of Russia*. Miss Bennett met them, and learned a lot about more homely things than theories of government. "The stock market is an enigma to the people here. They politely shake their heads and wonder why we have it. . . . The word 'America' is slang. When there is something very good they say, 'Oh, America,' as if it explained all things good. . . . You cannot get a potato here unless you pay a dollar for it. . . . Of all the magnificent struggles man has made, none has been as poignant as this." These are but a few sentences from the letters we have received in our safe and sane offices—wait till you see the rest!

Many articles written about Russia are chiefly the result of interviews with high officials and visits to show places. Miss Bennett went about her investigations in an entirely different manner. She has a sixth sense that enables her to see fundamental things and the sympathy that wins confidence.

The reporting job that she has done will rank high not only in the minds of those who know the situation that she is covering, but also in the opinion of persons who are not so familiar with conditions of the Soviet regime and want facts on which opinions may be based.

Emily Carter



Gladys Baxter,
Virginian, cour-
tierie to smart
horsewomen, and
Broadway actress

YOUR GIRL MAKES GOOD

THROUGH doors draped with honeysuckle and rambler roses, these daughters of the South have seen the vision of a bigger world, and fearlessly set out to conquer it. Their engaging stories form the second installment of this original McCall series, featuring one girl from each state who has come to New York City, won fame for herself and brought distinction to her old home town.

TENNESSEE Business Born



DO YOU want to buy a shipload of talc, or twenty tons of magnesite from Greece, or a carload of silica? How about a ton of woodflour and asbestos and mineral colors? Perhaps you prefer some Terrazza chips from Italy.

A woman, vice-president of her firm, will supply you with these chemicals used in building materials.

You will find her suite of offices in downtown New York, where land is valued at \$800 a square foot. There, at a desk covered with odd specimens, you will meet Miss Lillian Whitfield, importer and wholesaler—a slender, blade-straight woman, with hair clipped short and brushed back from an intellectual forehead. Her tailored business suit is severe in line; her shoes stout, practical for walking. Her hands are small, of patrician elegance. Her voice is that of the cultivated southern woman, though she talks of stucco-dash and hydrometers.

She shows you, with the pride of a housewife exhibiting her fall preserves, rows and rows of neatly labeled samples in jars.

Six Whitfield girls were born in Clarksville. One of them, Lillian, never played with dolls, or "kept house." She played store, stocking a packing-box with tiny samples of groceries and selling them for pins. She played baseball and football and rode astride.

She shocked the villagers by her boyish conduct, and her complete indifference to girly-girly ruffles.

By Mary Field Parton

Decorations by BERTRAND ZADIG

In spite of parental dismay, since changed to exceeding pride, she determined upon a business career. She began with stenography. Her first New York job made her the eastern sales manager for a turpentine and tar company owned by a relative. Between that and the vice-presidency of a successful wholesale chemical company were a logical succession of sure steps taken by a woman with born business sagacity.

"We are an old firm now—ten years old. Buyers know us. We do not have to do much soliciting. Our sales are nation-wide."

"Miss Whitfield, what is woodflour used for? It's a pretty name."

"Explosives, for one thing," said this southern lady quietly.

ALABAMA

"Cut-Outs" Commercialized

"I was the one in a family of children whose school books were a sight to behold—margins scrawled over, flyleaves decorated. I was the naughty child, always scribbling on walls and fooling with paints, making my calico apron a coat of many colors. I saw jungles in the moss-hung oaks, snow scenes in cotton fields, wolves in mule skins, made scenery and costumes for plays in our barn. Father had a cotton baling plant in Mobile—our home.

"Knights we were, playing together; lovely ladies rescued by spears made from the Yucca plant that grew in the fields. I still play."

Janet Hurter, artist and mural decorator, pointed with a pair of long shears to her unique and merrily decorated walls. "And here is more play—" handing me a book of photographs of rooms she had decorated.

Miss Hurter's method is unusual. She makes her designs from colored paper and applies them on solidly painted backgrounds, achieving decalcomania effects. Edges stand out sharply. Shade, shadow, distance and subtlety are achieved by the color values of the papers.

"Here's a room I did for a banker's little girl. She kisses that hippo, with its baby on its back, every night. And here's an amusing stairway hall . . . this bathroom, with frogs and moss-hung trees, done for a customer who wanted something reminiscent of her childhood. Bathrooms shouldn't be serious; they should be gay, as colorful as popular beaches. . . . This room I did for a little boy . . ." A procession of amusing, comical jaguars and haughty giraffes, rollicking birds and beasts marched around the walls of the room. Not anatomically exact, not terrifying, but merry animals such as might have cavorted in the garden of Eden before the entrance of the snake.

"And here is a sunroom. . . . Yucca plants, you see. My Alabama goes into a New York country house. . . ."

KENTUCKY

The Geni Escaped

"Well then, after the war—" A deep breath . . . a pause.

Over and over that refrain comes from women who, when war came, left their kitchens and parlors, their hedged gardens, forsook the shelter of traditional walls for public activity—women who, returning to personal interests, found that they functioned better in struggle than in security.

"Well, then, after the war. . . ." Only briefly did the handsome Mrs. Ruby Brewster speak of her girlhood home in Louisville, and her ancestors rooted in the rich soil, with its fragrant blue-green grass. These are remote from Ruby Brewster of today.

Even finishing school, marriage, social position, and executive war work with the Red Cross hung in her mind as framed events, dated diplomas hung on back-room walls.

"Well then, after the war, I went into business as a perfume importer."

The room was full of fragrance; the show cases of lovely boxes and bottles and solid perfumes.

"I couldn't think of going back to suburban life, to a round of social activities. The geni has escaped from the bottle—a perfume bottle, I suppose."

"Why perfume?"

"Perhaps the perfume business expresses a woman's reaction to the ugliness of war; the exquisite femininity of perfume is the farthest pole from the brash, male note of conflict. I went to

[Turn to page 41]



South Carolina's Elizabeth Grimball; dramatics



Marguerite Gidden, Mississippi; fashion creator



A radio pioneer, Katherine Tift-Jones; Georgia



Frances Harrell of Texas; spectacular aviatrix



Beulah Henry, North Carolina's inventor

Costume Jewelry

One way to spend that \$3 you save

Costume jewelry is merely one suggestion for spending that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.



Women, sternest judges of tooth paste, acclaim this modern one at 25¢

Listerine Tooth Paste has passed the greatest test that can be put to a dentifrice.

Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25¢.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying degrees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but be-

tween them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely, natural lustre of sound, beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25¢ the large tube, effecting an average saving of \$3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, is another point worth remembering.

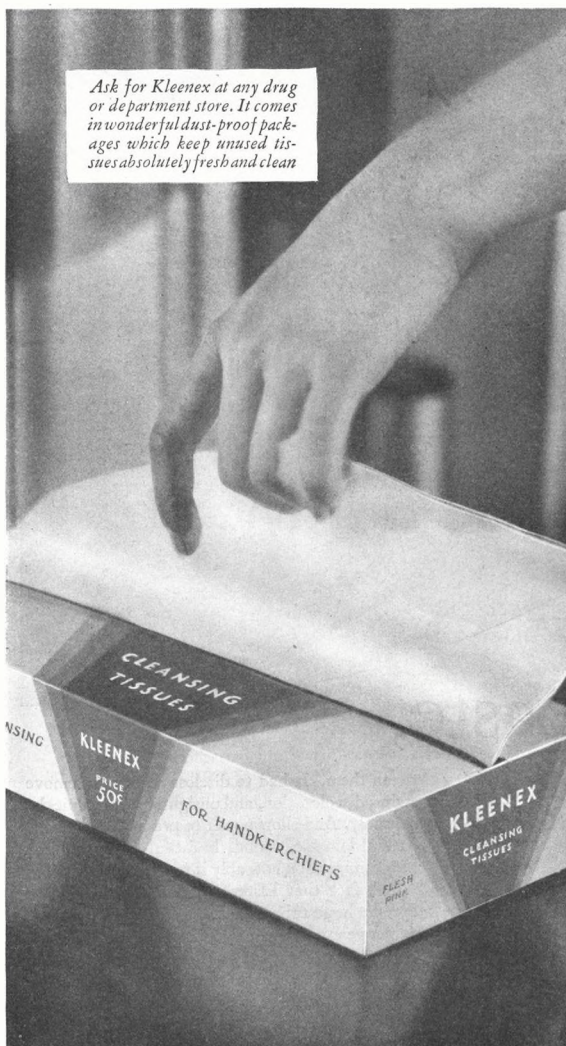
Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes



Now . . . try Kleenex for Handkerchiefs

It is softer, more hygienic, and costs less than laundering handkerchiefs . . . ideal for colds and hay fever . . . coupon brings free sample



See the direction sheet in every Kleenex package for a variety of uses of Kleenex as a general toilette and household accessory.

YOU know what Kleenex Tissues are . . . those soft, dainty tissues that smart and beautiful women are using to remove cold cream.

But did you also know that Kleenex is rapidly replacing handkerchiefs among progressive people? Doctors are recommending it. Nose and throat specialists are using Kleenex in their office work.

Avoids reinfection

Kleenex is so much more sanitary. You use it just once, then discard it. Cold germs are discarded too, instead of being carried about in an unsanitary handkerchief, to re infect the user and infect others.

And Kleenex is infinitely more comfortable. You know how irritating a damp handkerchief becomes. But with Kleenex, every tissue that touches your face is soft, dry, gentle and absorbent. And soothing.

Kleenex is a great saving, if you have washing done commercially. The cost is way below that of laundering a handkerchief.

What Kleenex is

Here's what a Kleenex Tissue is like: It's the size of a handkerchief. It's very soft. Each tissue comes from the box immaculately clean and fresh.

You can buy Kleenex in a large or small size package. And in three tints, besides white. If you plan to use Kleenex only for handkerchiefs, you'll probably want the white. If you want Kleenex for a delightful toilet accessory . . . for removing cold cream . . . for applying and distributing cosmetics . . . try the exquisite tints of pink, green and yellow. All of these colors are guaranteed absolutely pure and safe. Buy Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store.

Free sample

Let us send you a sample of Kleenex, just to prove to you how lovely Kleenex is. The coupon below will bring you a generous sample absolutely free.

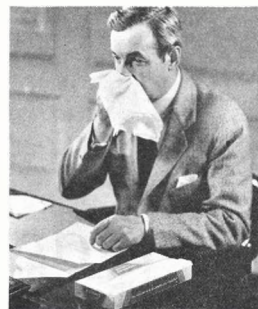
Kleenex Company, Chicago, Ill.



OFFICE WORKERS find Kleenex invaluable, not only for handkerchiefs, but for applying make-up, for towels, and for removing cream; after the daytime cleansing treatment which every complexion should have.



MOTHERS have discovered that Kleenex makes perfect handkerchiefs for children. What if it's lost? . . . the cost is not worth figuring. And think! . . . no more washing of grimy little handkerchiefs!



FOR COLDS AND HAY FEVER Kleenex is a vast improvement over the unsanitary damp handkerchief. Use just once and discard. Other people appreciate your use of Kleenex during colds instead of the germ-filled handkerchief which is a menace to those about you.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE



Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a trial supply of Kleenex free of charge. **McC-11**

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



Philip Loeb and Edith Meiser in "The Garrick Gaeties"—a genuinely amusing revue

WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

ON THE STAGE

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

Glorifying The American Boredom

WHEN it's summer in the country, it's winter on Broadway. Looking back upon the theatrical fare provided when the days were hot, one finds that once again the managers relied upon things bare and barren. Some of the dancers had very little on, yet even so they had more raiment than the plots and jokes and lyrics which were spread for our delight.

Throughout the year producers make due provision for the tired business man, and it seems to be their notion that in the summer he is even more weary than usual. His brain, they think, is scarcely functioning. If enough color can be set before him he will not rebel at the vapidness of all he hears.

Probably the lowest mark in many seasons was set by Earl Carroll. Here there is no reference to episodes held to be lewd and immoral; rather I bring against him the charge of gross stupidity. Not for years will I forget the utter boredom inspired by a long song and dance concerning Prohibition. At times the dancers stopped and curtains parted to show Jefferson signing the Declaration of Independence, Lincoln delivering the Gettysburg Address, American soldiers storming German trenches in France. So dismal and tactless was the attempt to glorify the American chorus girl by means of irrelevant tableaux, that at least one fanatical wet rushed out of the theater eagerly searching for some office where he might obtain a life membership in the Anti-Saloon League.

It is my impression that the psychology of the managers is quite askew in regard to the proper ingredients for summer entertainment. They must, of course, take notice of the fact that New York is likely, in its Julys, Augusts and even Septembers, to furnish weather little less than tropical. Such patrons as stray to playhouses on such nights are intent above all else on keeping cool. It should be remembered that heat is a matter affecting both mind and body. On the physical side the theater owners often do well enough. The signs proclaiming that one may find inside a temperature twenty degrees cooler than the street are often as much as fifty per cent accurate. But then consider what is done to the

spectator who has come to seek relief from a broiling world. For a few minutes he sits in comparative comfort, and then the curtain rises to disclose vast numbers of young women all dancing at top speed and singing as best they can.

Every dramatist knows that a successful play must give the man in the audience a chance to identify himself with some one of the characters. As a rule, we care only for such stories as tempt us to enter into the proceedings through fantastically projecting ourselves across the footlights. This same principle holds true of revues as well, though few have recognized it. Let me not generalize too much, but rest my case upon personal experience. I can say with all truth that nothing makes me feel more hot and oppressed than the sight of many jiggling with abandon on a sultry evening. If it were possible for performers to convey the illusion that they went through these antics with a gusto honest and sincere, I might not be moved to sympathetic dehydration. But these young men and women are not disembodied spirits. That is all too evident. And it is not fun to see anybody dance close to the point of collapse and exhaustion. [Turn to page 65]

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

A Stepfather Of Genius

SO FAR as music teachers are concerned, the good may die young, but the great usually manage to pass the customary three-score-and-ten limit by a comfortable margin. Consider Manuel Garcia, famous not only for having had a cigar named after him, but also as the teacher of Jenny Lind and the inventor of the laryngoscope, who died in 1906 at the age of one hundred and one years; or of Mathilde Marchesi, another great vocal teacher, who lived to be eighty-seven. Liszt and Leschetizky, who share the laurels for piano teaching, died at seventy-five and eighty-five respectively. And Leopold Auer, perhaps the greatest violin teacher that ever lived, was in his eighty-sixth year when he died.

He died young, at that. No man ever had a more busy or variegated life. Long before he elected to teach others he was a celebrated violin virtuoso in his own right. Born in Hungary in 1845, the son of a house-painter, he began playing at six, studying with various masters, including, finally, the great Joachim. He was a concert violinist and an orchestra conductor at nineteen, and a member of the Russian Imperial Court Orchestra at twenty-three.

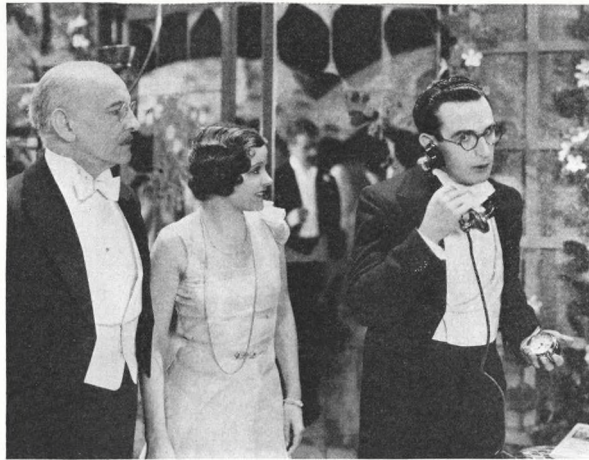
For half a century he was an outstanding European figure. He was court soloist to three successive Tsars. He was a close friend of Brahms. He knew Hans von Bulow and Disraeli. He was a familiar figure at the court of Napoleon III; he toured with Patti; he had virtually every decoration that European royalty could bestow upon an artist. In 1895 the Tsar of Russia made him a member of the Russian nobility, with the right to bequeath his title.

The Russian Revolution swept his world from under his feet almost overnight. Everything was gone—not only his hereditary title and his professorship at the Imperial conservatory, but—with the rest of Europe in the state it then was—most of his chances of making even a living.

So, well over seventy, he came to America and made a new life for himself. He taught, privately, and at the Institute of Musical Art in New York and the Curtiss Institute in Philadelphia. He wrote a series of violin transcriptions of masterworks that alone would have made any musician famous. He found time to write a *Graded Course of Violin Playing* in eight volumes. At seventy-five he wrote his [Turn to page 138]



Leopold Auer, a master of music



Robert McQuade,
Barbara Kent and
Harold Lloyd,
who frolic through
"Feet First"

WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Celluloid Propaganda

WILL H. HAYS, czar of all the cinemas, expressed it as his opinion that "American films are highly regarded because of the very fact that they have been developed without any taint of propaganda of selfish, nationalistic, commercial aims."

This statement has been greeted with derisive hoots in all the countries of the world where American films predominate, and where the local patriots are absolutely convinced that every strip of celluloid that comes out of Hollywood is intended primarily as an advertisement of the glories of the United States. Whenever some movie magnate (who contributed liberally to the Republican campaign fund) calls in at the White House, news of the visit is broadcast throughout Europe as proof that President Hoover is really dictating the policies of Hollywood.

One may assume that if the President does see many movies, with the picture of America that they present, he has reason to complain that his orders aren't being carried out very effectively. It is doubtful that a production like *The Big House*, for instance, with its appalling representation of prison conditions, could be considered as an effective argument in behalf of American ideals of civilization. Nor is any one of the hundreds of gangster melodramas likely to do much toward stimulating the more desirable sort of immigration. (I myself, having spent two months in Europe, and having seen many American movies exhibited there, have been impelled to such a state of mind about my native land that I'm actually afraid to go home.)

The cry of "Propaganda!" is always an easy one to raise, and it usually emanates from the throats of those who have something personally to gain from their patriotic protests. Some two years after the war the first of the German pictures reached American screens. The Germans, having a natural talent for film production, were making a heroic attempt to come back into the world markets. They realized that, as public opinion was still hostile to them, they couldn't hope to sell German subjects to their former enemies, so they compromised by devoting themselves to historical dramas. One of them was *Passion*, the well-known story of Mme. DuBarry; another was *Deception*, episodes in the life of that merry monarch, Henry VII; and another *The Loves of Pharaoh*, which went all the way back to ancient

Egypt. These pictures, because of the genius of Ernst Lubitsch, Emil Jannings and others involved in their production, were greeted with great enthusiasm by appreciative Americans, and for a time it was feared that Berlin might well become a serious competitor of Hollywood. So certain super-patriots started shouting "Propaganda!" Attempts were made to arouse the American Legion against this Prussian invasion. . . . Later, of course, Hollywood came to its senses and solved the problem of competition by doing its best to make pictures that would compare favorably with those made in Berlin—for which purpose Lubitsch, Jannings, Pola Negri, F. W. Murnau and others were imported.

All European nations are naturally eager to develop [Turn to page 80]



Dr. E. F. Tittle

IN THE PULPIT What Salvation Can The Church Offer Today?

BY DR. ERNEST F. TITTLE

REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

DR. TITTLE, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Evanston, Ill., is one of the truly prophetic voices in the American Church. He unites a

realism of vision with idealism of faith, as in his lectures on *What Must the Church Do to Be Saved?*, with their portrayal of the awful deficit between the impotence of organized religion and the appalling need of our time. His latest volume, *The Foolishness of Preaching*, is a superb example of the new approach of the pulpit to the new generation—simple, direct, concrete, and in sparkling contact with the issues of our age. The sermon under review is typical of his insight and eloquence.

"What salvation can the Church offer today?" asks Dr. Tittle. "The Church has resources which are indispensable both for the salvation of the individual and for the salvation of society. She can help the individual to escape from selfishness and despair. She can help society to avoid [Turn to page 80]

READING AND WRITING

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

The Story Of Siegfried Sassoon

NOW," said Sir Philip Gibbs, "it can be told." He was one of those who held a comfortable reserved seat at the great war and from that vantage point described its daring panorama with a euphemism at once so convincing and so heartening to the folks at home that he received a knighthood from his gratified sovereign and no end of enhanced reputation on both sides of the Atlantic. But when, at last, the censor ceased from troubling, he squared his shoulders (and his conscience) by writing an already forgotten work: *Now It Can Be Told*. Without wishing to seem captious, I venture to suggest he meant "Now It May Be Told." I only know it hasn't been. Not by him. Not by any one. Not yet, after twelve years, has it been really told and, at the end of my hundredth war-book, I am beginning to wonder if it ever will be. I mean told so men will listen. Perhaps it never can be. The same twelve-month that saw *All Quiet On the Western Front* published and *Journey's End* produced witnessed also the statesmen of the world assembling in London for a naval conference that resolved itself into a discussion as to the size guns we should use in shooting at one another in the next war.

With some such melancholy reflections, I have just come reluctantly to the last page of the honest, sensitive, gracious, and beautifully wrought narrative: *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, wherein the English poet, Siegfried Sassoon, sets forth his tale of Arras and the Somme. To Sassoon, young, impressionable, gently bred, acutely perceptive, it must, even on the day of that prodigious exploit in sheer daring which won him the Military Cross, have seemed hard to believe that the world could ever so have mismanaged its affairs as to involve his generation in such wanton, futile, and monstrous [Turn to page 138]



The English poet,
Siegfried Sassoon

Decorating difficulties vanish when you see rooms mirrored in miniature



Rooms such as this are not hard to plan if you mirror them in miniature with Mrs. Brown's help. Here the start of the whole comfortable color scheme was Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum, No. 17.



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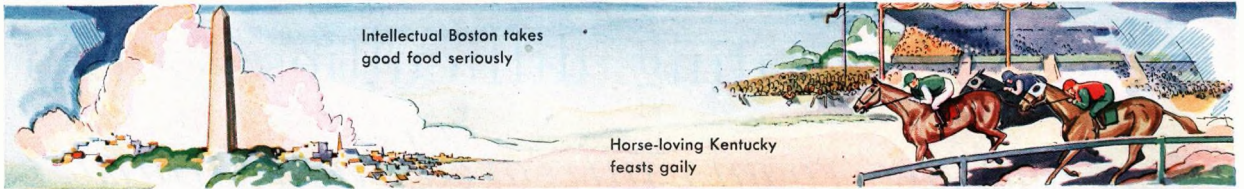
If you're visiting Lancaster or motoring through on the Lincoln Highway, let Mrs. Brown herself show you her simple method of room planning. Or write her for the expert help that even decorators and architects find invaluable.

the samples of walls, woodwork, draperies, and floors worked out in correct combinations.

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MRS. ROUND'S BOSTON CRANBERRY PIE

2 tablespoons cornstarch 1 cup sugar ¼ teaspoon salt 2 cups cranberries
 1¼ cups hot water 1 cup seedless raisins 1 tablespoon Crisco

Mix together cornstarch, sugar and salt. Add hot water and cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add cranberries, raisins and Crisco.

Fit pastry into pie pan as usual and brush bottom with melted Crisco. Add filling. Over the top arrange strips of pastry about ½ inch wide, criss-crossing them. Fasten the ends of the strips to the end of the bottom crust by moistening with water. Build up the outside rim with an extra strip of pastry. Bake in hot oven 430° F. for 20 minutes.



MRS. EVANS' KENTUCKY MACARON PIE

½ cup sugar ¼ teaspoon salt 2 cups milk
 1 tablespoon cornstarch 3 eggs ½ dozen macaroons

Blend sugar, cornstarch and salt together. Stir in well-beaten yolks and milk. Cook over hot water until it is thick as cream. When it is cool, add finely rolled macaroons. Then put in baked pie-shell and bake in a moderate oven till firm. Cover with meringue (3 egg whites beaten stiff with 6 tablespoons sugar). Scatter ¼ cup blanched and shredded almonds over top of pie. Replace in slow (300° F.) oven and bring to a golden brown.

I have four brand-new

I've been gaily traipsing about the country this year to places where good cooking grows—from "way down East" to the Blue Grass country of Kentucky, and over to the rich plains that lie west of the Mississippi—sleuthing out new recipes for you!

And every place the same thing has happened. Some wonderful cook has drawn me aside to tell me what tender flaky pie-crust Crisco makes—the kind of crust that makes husbands grow proud and poetic! And four women have discovered four delicious new fillings—which I am uncovering for you!

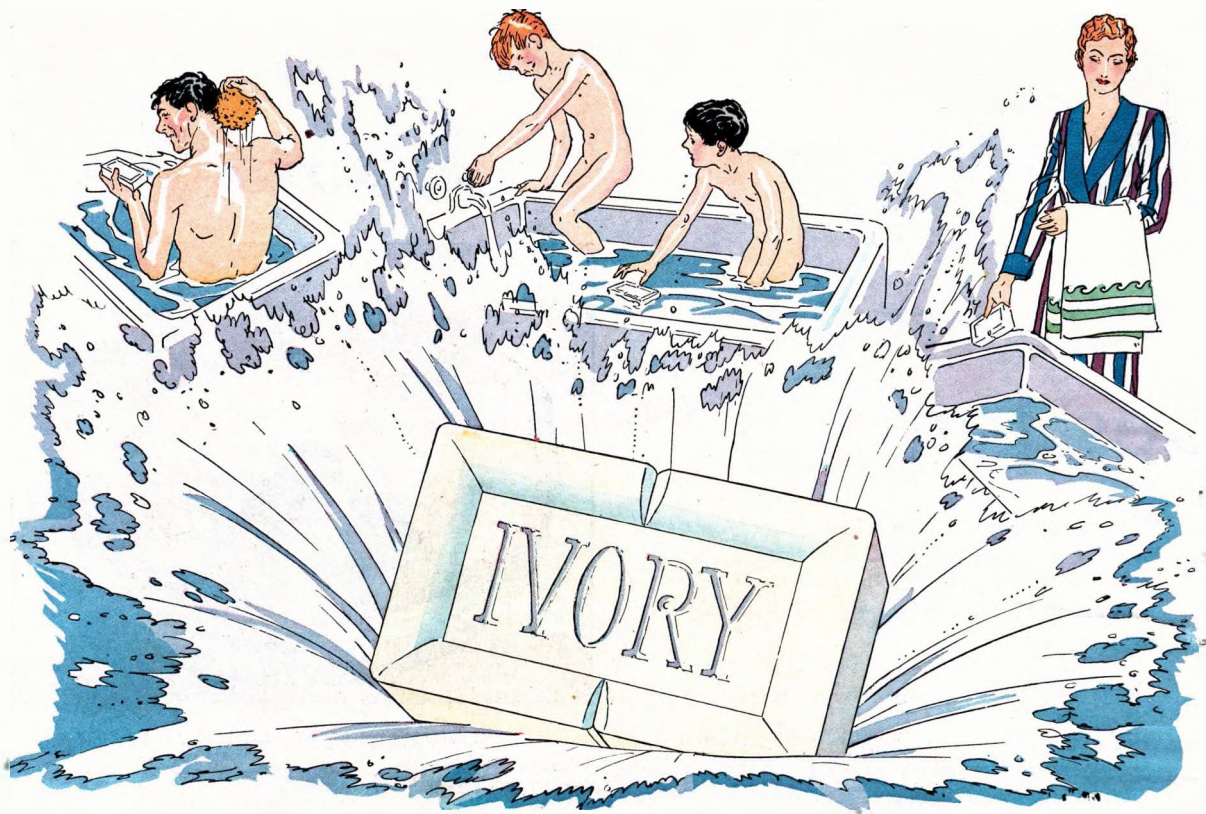
Have you ever tasted a fluffy lemon filling that takes the meringue right into its heart? Or an easy company pie that tastes delightfully fussy because it's made with macaroons? Or a pie that is an exciting mystery because it conceals in its delicious insides a glass of your good home-made jelly? Or fresh, tart cranberries combined with sugar-hearted raisins—and so good that you positively gloat over the last ruby globule?

When you try these pies, do use Crisco in the crust. I can't say this too strongly because I know a shortening, even a shade less delicate in flavor, won't give you as good results. But Crisco tastes good all by itself, so it just can't help making food taste better! You'll find that Crisco's sweet fresh flavor—as sweet and fresh as new-churned butter—will bring out all the delicacy of these unusual fillings. And it makes such a crisp, flaky crust that your family will eat up to the last golden crinkle!

Incidentally, each woman who gave me a pie recipe uses Crisco. This choice didn't happen to be Crisco. Choices do not "happen" to prime cooks! They know that snowy, fluffy



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



Revelations of a famous puritan

For a whole week I'd been sitting on a grocer's shelf in an Ivory wrapper . . . dissatisfied . . . longing for a little place beside a tub that I could call my-own!

When Mrs. Tompkins bought me, I may, have seemed white and calm, but I knew that at last I would discover what it means to be a cake of Ivory Soap . . .

Well, this morning I learned *all*. When Mr. Tompkins opened the bathtub faucets, I wanted to get in the water! But I didn't expect Mr. Tompkins to *throw* me in. As I shot downwards, my short innocent life flashed before me. I thought, "This is the end!" But it wasn't, for I *floated*.

When Mr. Tompkins took his bath sponge to me I excitedly foamed. And the more I foamed the better friends Mr. Tompkins and I grew to be. My coat of bubbles was very becoming to him!

I had a rest until the children took their evening baths. Then I did fourteen high dives without once hitting bottom. And *foam!* I actually reduced my waist-line cleaning up two pairs of very grubby knees. But when I got through I was proud of those children.

Mrs. Tompkins looked so tired that I was very glad to do a little overtime work for her just before she went to bed. I bubbled out my sympathy in heaps of soothing bubbles. And afterwards she did look as rosy and comforted as a sleepy baby.

I think I'm going to be so busy that I shan't have time to continue this diary. However, it does my heart good to know that the Tompkinses like me so well. So I'm going to wear myself down to a sliver for them!

. . . kind to everything it touches · 99⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure · "It floats"



"She needn't worry about me," said Elsie. "I don't even know her husband's name"

WE TELL EACH OTHER EVERYTHING

(with certain reservations)

By *Fannie Kilbourne*

Illustrated by **MATT CLARK**

OH, BY the way, Sweetie,"

Lewis began and Elsie stiffened apprehensively behind the shiny nickel percolator. Lewis was on the point of telling her the truth again. She could always tell when it was coming. Lewis always began in just this over-nonchalant voice, as though to convince himself that it was going to be all right.

"Haven't you time for more coffee, hon?" Elsie interposed. "Or another piece of toast?"

Lewis, temporarily diverted, drew out his watch to compare it with the alarm clock which the young Sylvesters always brought in and set on the window-sill of the breakfast nook. Husbands commuting into New York from Woodhaven know not such casual terms as "nearly quarter past" or "about five

minutes." They catch the seven forty-nine, and their morning schedule is as exact as a race-track stop-watch.

"By Jinx, that clock's three minutes fast!" Lewis exclaimed as Elsie poured the second cup of coffee and

extracted a piece of toast from the toaster. A side glance at Lewis' face was reassuring. For the time being he had forgotten whatever it was that he had intended to say.

And there wasn't a chance that it had been anything about Felice, anyway.

Elsie scolded herself sensibly when Lewis had left for the station and she had set about washing dishes and setting the three-room apartment in order. Why, in the name of reason, couldn't she forget about Felice? Lewis had, she told herself stanchly. For, if Lewis hadn't, she would have known it. He would have told her himself. She and Lewis told each other everything. It was a matter of principle with them. There were no secret corners in their marriage. The sunshine of utter honesty everywhere.

Lewis had made a point of this when they were first engaged.

"We'll never have any little deceptions between us. We'll always be frank and truthful—even in small things. We'll trust each other absolutely. Let's always tell each other everything."

"Of course, we will," Elsie had promised blissfully. The prospect of sharing every thought with Lewis had given her a shivery thrill. To think of knowing all his thoughts! The ecstasy of such an intimacy almost frightened her.

But the first secret Lewis had shared with her had been disquieting rather than ecstatic. He had told her about Felice.

Felice was the girl Lewis had been engaged to before he had met Elsie.

"Was she terribly pretty?" Elsie asked. She was all tender sympathy, but she hoped, nevertheless, that Lewis would say no. But Lewis didn't. Instead: "She was! A knock-out!"

Lewis, however, had not been engaged to Felice on any basis of absolute frankness. They had not told each other everything. In fact, Felice had not even told Lewis that she was also engaged to another young man. This had come out only after she had, one afternoon, run up to Greenwich in the roadster of still a third young man whom she had just met, and married him.

Lewis showed Elsie the note Felice had written him, breaking the news. It was a tactful note, an amazing note, in fact, when you considered the difficulties of being tactful under such circumstances. The note of a girl who obviously did not wish to burn any bridges behind her. She wrote as though her sudden marriage had been an unexpected calamity that had overtaken her, quite without volition on her part. Lewis mustn't think she didn't love him just as much as ever. A note that was all wistful affection.

Elsie handed the letter back with no comment. How she detested that girl!

Lewis went on to tell Elsie how he had afterward, quite by accident, met his fellow fiancé. How they had discovered their common plight and compared notes. Elsie wondered if it was as clear to Lewis as it should be just how light-heartedly and shrewd-headedly both men had been made fools of.

THIS was all two years ago, though. For nearly a year now Elsie and Lewis had been married. Elsie was as different from Felice as one pretty girl can be made from another. Elsie had candid blue eyes and a crisp, clear little voice. She could keep house competently and charmingly on a tiny budget. She could walk five miles against a sleety wind. She could laugh at a joke on herself. And she was still, after eleven months of being married to him, quite ridiculously in love with Lewis.

Never once, during these eleven months had Lewis even mentioned Felice. And yet Elsie, perversely, had never quite got over expecting him to. Every now and then the thought would pop into her head irrationally, as it had this morning.

It was only, she told herself as she dusted the living room, because Lewis at breakfast had obviously been on the point of telling her the truth. And the truth, during the last three or four months, had been becoming synonymous in Elsie's mind with something unpleasant.

She wouldn't have admitted this to any of their friends in Woodhaven. Most of their friends were newly-weds and had been inclined to jeer at the young Sylvester's platform of matrimonial frankness.

"The truth between husband and wife," insisted Hortense, who was one of Elsie's best friends, "is like a cold in the head. You'll catch it often enough without going around looking for it."

Elsie had been married a scant six weeks then, and she had laughed, appreciative but untroubled. It was thrilling to be sharing every thought with Lewis. When he exulted, "Your hair is only half brown—the other half is gold-dust," Elsie had explained to him that it was because she had put vinegar in the rinsing water when she shampooed. And he had thought it amazingly clever of her.

When Lewis forgot about Elsie's birthday and had to dash out at the last moment and buy whatever present he could find, he had admitted it to Elsie. The box of cream vellum stationery was so exactly what Elsie wanted that he could easily have fooled her into believing he had planned it weeks ahead.

Once, in an orgy of confidence, Elsie had confessed that, though she had had other beaux who had seemed quite crazy about her, Lewis was the only man who had asked her to marry him. But Lewis had refused to accept this confession literally. So that was all right.

It was all right, too, the night Lewis had lost twelve dollars at poker. He had hated telling this, Elsie knew. He had been afraid she wouldn't understand how he had got roped into the game and couldn't very well drop out when the stakes were hiked. Elsie hadn't known that a man couldn't drop out of a game when he was winning. To the more practical feminine mind, that moment always seems the time to drop. But she had accepted Lewis' explanation of the masculine code.

"And how did you come out?" she asked. "Oh, broke about even," he said, adding, after a minute or two, "well, not quite. I got nicked a little."

Twelve dollars is not "a little," not in a budget whose metabolism is upset for a week by taking another couple to the movies and for a hot chocolate afterward. From the length of time it took Lewis to admit that he had lost twelve dollars—and from the elaborateness of his explanation of the hazards attending the player who draws the second-best hands—Elsie had understood

just how much he hated telling her. And loved him more than ever for it. There was something endearingly boyish in his chagrin, not at having been caught in a game beyond his means, but at having lost in it.

When Hortense, or Marian, or Kitty would say: "Hubby got let in on a poker game last night. He was going to give me his winnings toward a fox scarf but, unfortunately, there weren't any winnings—he just about broke even," Elsie would feel infinitely superior to all the wives whose house of marriage was not being builded on the rock of absolute frankness.

She and Lewis tried not to be disagreeably superior about their platform, and they must have succeeded pretty well, or they wouldn't have been so popular in Woodhaven. But they must have been a bit smug about it, at that, because they were teased a lot. They always defended their stand, sometimes jokingly, sometimes in deadly earnest.

"It keeps us so very close, makes us so sure of each other," they would tell the scoffers.

"I don't want any man to be as sure of me as all that," Marian, or Hortense, or Kitty would answer jeeringly. "and I certainly don't feel any surer of a man because he tells me frankly that a dress I thought was cute makes me look as if I was just getting up after grippe."

WELL, there was another side to this business of utter matrimonial frankness, Elsie admitted today, as she washed dishes. Another side that she had begun to get only during the last few months. At first, all the truths that Lewis told her had been about himself, and any truth about Lewis, no matter how unflattering, only made her love him the more. But you can scarcely expect to get through a whole year of marriage without an occasional unflattering truth on the other side. And that, Elsie found, was an entirely different matter.

It was odd. When Lewis blurted out that he wished Elsie wouldn't use that orange lipstick—it made her skin look yellow—or advised her to quit trying to put on so much dog every time they had company for dinner—it just made her cross and didn't impress anybody—things like this Elsie didn't mind much. They were the sort of things you told to other young wives when you were laughingly discussing husbands.

No, the truths that Elsie minded were the deliberate ones that Lewis told her because they had solemnly promised to tell each other everything. She always knew when one of these was coming. Lewis would try to be so nonchalant.

"Oh, by the way," he usually began, "this does not mean anything one way or the other, but as long as we agreed to be absolutely honest with each other—"

Elsie winced inwardly away from these truths as from a blow. What had Lewis been getting ready to say this morning? Probably nothing of any importance. No more than when he had, with conscientious reluctance, read her one of his mother's letters containing minor criticisms of Elsie's conduct and ending with the caution, "Don't mention this to Elsie, because she might think I was interfering. Everything will work out all right, if you're patient." It would have been better, Elsie knew, if Lewis had taken his mother's advice and not mentioned the letter. But that, of course, would have been contrary to their agreement. Somehow, the fact that Lewis felt it to be his duty to tell her all these little things made them seem so terribly important.

Several times during the last few months, Elsie had been on the point of proposing that they take back their promise. She felt that it would make life simpler and pleasanter. But whenever she would consider suggesting it to Lewis, she would recall his saying, "It keeps us

so very close, makes us so sure of each other."

And Elsie really wanted, more than anything else in the world, to stay close to Lewis. To be sure of him. So she never did suggest taking back their agreement.

When Lewis got home at quarter to seven, Elsie was still wondering uneasily what it was that he had been on the point of saying that morning. She had an especially good dinner. She prided herself on having the second [Turn to page 48]



She had sworn Dr. Broadhurst to secrecy

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS" and NOW!



"The good old days!" The phrase has become a kind of shibboleth with which to shame the boastful modern youth. On every hand we meet those backward-looking, discontented souls who sigh for the days of yore. No matter where we turn, our ears are wooed with glowing rhapsodies on the boons and benefits of yesteryear. Whenever anything goes wrong today, along comes someone who informs us that the modern scheme of things is all awry. Then "the good old days" are dangled before our eyes as the only standard of perfection, and we are asked to bemoan the fact that we were born too late to participate in their benefactions.

But were "the good old days" so vastly superior to the present? Were they, indeed, superior at all? I think not. I am a child of my epoch, and the whiffings and snortings of the advocates of yesterday leave me cold. In fact, I believe that all this lamentation for the past is largely superstition.

At the outset, I am willing to admit that modern life is far from perfect. It has many drawbacks and, personally, I dislike many things which are typically modern. I abominate the intricate way that hotels wrap up soap; and I am firmly opposed to psychoanalysis. But, taking the present age all in all, I would not exchange it for any era in history. I am, indeed, glad that I am living in the Year of Grace, 1930. And I have my reasons.

Consider, for instance, our modern theology as compared with the theology of "the good old days." I remember, as a child, being shown at Sunday school a gaudily-colored picture of Heaven, with God seated on a throne amid a dozen or so harp players. Such Bouguereauesque masterpieces of prophetic realism were taken more or less seriously in the old days.

And ponder, for a moment, on the old-time Sundays, when almost every kind of diversion was taboo. Even on week-days, dancing and card-playing were regarded as unholy practices. But now one may smoke a pipe, read a novel, go picnicking, or even play a quiet game of cribbage on the Sabbath, and still have a chance of squeezing into Heaven. Most ministers of today devote a considerable part of their energy to social and economic improvements, and the medieval dictum that whatever gives pleasure to the senses is a wife of the Devil has been, to a large extent, discarded. The Devil himself, in fact, has somewhat fallen into disrepute.

Now step with me into an average "parlor" of yesterday. What greets the eye? A bascrolled and ginger



Niagara Falls through a stereoscope—thrilling evening!

By S. S. Van Dine

Decoration by GEORGE ILLIAN

breathed whatnot snugles in the corner, covered with a riot of shells, souvenir curios, bits of quartz, and similar *objets d'art*. From the mantel hangs an embroidered and betasseled lambrequin, surmounted with wax flowers under glass, a rococo china clock, a sheaf of wheat, a stuffed owl, and a couple of giddy cut-glass candlesticks. In the center of the room stands a marble-topped table on which reposes a wool doily, a lamp with a *ceinture* of pendant glass prisms, a polished abalone shell, a red plush album, and a stereoscope with views of Niagara Falls, the Washington Monument, Mammoth Cave, the Grand Canyon, and swans on a lake. Arranged against the walls, with hideous precision, is a set of slippery hair-cloth furniture adorned with antimacassars. And in the doorway dangles a curtain made from strings of tiny beads and gayly-colored glass beads that snap and rattle at the slightest touch—a perfect burglar-alarm.

Does the vision attract you? Does it rouse your enthusiasm? Does it make you yearn for "the good old days?"

Now let us glance at a corresponding living room of the undesirable present. Gone is the whatnot, and in its place is a sectional bookcase filled with the works of good or almost good authors. A *cloisonné* vase has usurped the place of the wax flowers. A mahogany table occupies the center of the room; and the other furniture is such that one may sit upon it without either sliding off or having one's rear stabbed with bristles. Upon the floor, instead of a carpet with a design of red roses the size of cabbages and emerald-colored leaves like elephant-ears, reposes a rug of plain, subdued design.

And what of the graphic art of yesterday's bourgeois homes? "The good old days" were synchronous with the chromolithographic era of American painting. Close your eyes and call to mind the sleek, chromatic details

of such masterpieces as "Playing Grandma," "The Little Mother," and "Wearing Papa's Clothes." And the "hand-painted" plaques, whereon dead fish dangled against an ebony background! And the brass escutcheons beautiful with still lives of pansies, hanging rabbits, and bifurcated melons! And those paintings of glaring sunsets and pink lighthouses with the inlaid mother-of-pearl, encased in gilded, ornate frames and elaborate shadow boxes! And the enlarged crayon portraits of departed relatives, reposing upon wobbly bamboo easels, and draped with miniature velvet portieres!

TODAY, in place of these dazzling aesthetic delights, we find reproductions of famous paintings, imitation etchings, and photographic enlargements—not, I admit, the selections of a connoisseur, but adornments of sounder artistic value than those that graced the walls of the average *fin-de-siècle* salon in this country. And the frames no longer resemble sections of Byzantine porticoes.

Consider, too, the books that were read in "the good old days," and the authors who were held in esteem. The great writers of Europe were, for the most part, unknown. Longfellow, Whittier, and Bryant were the favorite poets. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was regarded as a masterpiece. Fennimore Cooper was looked upon as a greater genius than Balzac, Hugo, or Dumas. The Elsie books constituted the literary pabulum for the flappers of the day; and the rising young go-getters sought mental recreation and spiritual guidance in *John Halifax, Gentleman*. *Black Beauty* was considered not only a work of art but a fount of exalted sentiment; and for stirring romance one went no further than Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*.

Glance around today at the wealth of good books on every hand, at the excellent [Turn to page 60]



"It's Bruce you love—not Philip?"

By
Allene
S. Corliss



CALL MELROSE 7800

GINNY waited until the door had closed on Philip; then she moved away from the window and went slowly into her bedroom. She felt curiously numb and light—like something that had been set adrift and was floating gently but irresistibly on a certain course.

She sat down at her dressing table, lighted tall apricot-colored candles, kicked off slender-heeled pumps. Philip had come and gone. Twelve months—and he had come back. Thirty minutes—and he had gone again. This time forever. For Ginny was going to marry Bruce; she was sure of that now, even if she had not really known it before. Anything else would be folly—mad, blind folly, and Ginny could not risk that again. She had known too much of it.

Just the same, she wished Philip had not come. His coming had made things clearer, but it made them more difficult. She had sent Philip away and she was going to marry Bruce. That was settled. But, oddly enough, this new sense of definiteness brought with it no relief from tormenting doubt. On the contrary, she found herself relentlessly assailed by a rush of undisciplined emotions.

She sought desperately to escape them; she tried to push Philip out of her mind. She would not think about him, she would think about Bruce. Bruce, whose eyes were gray and friendly. Bruce, who would never ask too much, who would never give too little.

Mrs. Bruce Snowdon! Ginny rested her arms on her dressing table and cupped her chin in the palms of her hands. In the flickering light of the candles her eyes looked back at her from her mirror. Troubled eyes—stormy. But the eyes of Bruce Snowdon's wife would

not be like that—they would be clear and serene. Life with Bruce would be very simple and pleasant. One would be so sure of everything—so perfectly sure.

It would be good to be sure of things again, after so much uncertainty. It would be good to know rest and security and peace again. And she needed these things.

Out in the living room a clock struck the half hour. She slipped out of her gown, snatched up a negligee, and with swift fingers let down her hair. It tumbled to her shoulders in a soft, dark cloud. It made her look ridiculously young—like the Ginny who had worn scarlet berets and smocks, who had found a young man leaning tensely over a bridge rail, with despair in his heart and fear in his eyes, trying to find courage to slide over the edge into the water beneath. But the river had been dark and smelly, and Philip loathed things that were dark and smelly, so he had stood there and shivered and cursed his own weakness. She had gone to stand beside him and had laid a hand on his arm and said, in a voice that was oddly detached and impersonal: "I wouldn't do it, if I were you. Nothing is really worth it."

He had pulled his hat down over his eyes and tried to stalk away, but she had stopped him. "Come home with me and we'll eat—"

And, most surprisingly, he had assented.

Seven years ago—seven years, and they had both been so young. Ginny had just come down to New York, from a little college in Maine. She was going to write, if she didn't starve first. And she nearly did—starve first. But there was something sturdy and defiant

about Ginny, something that laughed at rickety flights of stairs and cold radiators and two meals a day. And so she had stuck it out and grinned a bit as she did it.

But Philip—Philip had been made of softer stuff. Finer stuff, Ginny had thought. Perhaps it was because Ginny never expected anything from life, except what she fought for, while Philip expected everything—just for the asking.

Yet, when America went into the war, he had joined up at once. His choice was the air service. There was beauty in a plane; there was romance in tearing through the clouds. One was safe from stifling gases and beastly smells. When death came, it was quick and clean. You were a comet, painting beauty across the sky.

AND then the war was over all at once—like that. And Philip found himself in Paris. "I couldn't seem to catch on, again, Ginny," he had told her. "My world had gone to pieces. Mother had married again, the feminine instinct for self-preservation." He had grimaced a bit. "Her money was about gone, and she'd met a South American with plenty. Well, that sort of let me out, I couldn't live off him—"

"No, of course not."

"Mother settled what little she had on me and went to Rio de Janeiro. It wasn't much, but I'd never bothered about money—I'd never bothered about anything, Ginny, except my painting. And then, suddenly, I couldn't even paint! I couldn't stand Paris after that, so I came to New York. It was awful, Ginny, those first months—trying to catch on, wondering if I'd ever do anything good again. My fingers were as numb as my

Illustrated
by
CHARLES D.
MITCHELL



*"I see that good-
for-nothing
husband of hers
is back in town!"*

heart. I was cold and hungry and desperately lonely. I'm not like you, Ginny. I can't fight back the way you can."

"But you must, Philip. You've got to—you owe it to yourself. You can't let life beat you!" Ginny was so sure of what she was saying, so sure of Philip—of Philip's talent.

And he had listened and caught something of her own valiant courage and so, together, they had found.

BUT beyond that Ginny refused to go today. She resolutely shut out the past with all its memories of happiness and despair. In an hour Bruce would be with her. She would be telling him what he so wanted to hear, what he had waited so patiently to hear, patiently and yet persistently.

She chose a gown he particularly liked, a simple thing, the color of leaves in early spring. Philip had never liked her in green; he had said it did something to her eyes—neutralized them. But she wasn't dressing for Philip. She was dressing for Bruce, and he liked green.

She would wear no jewelry tonight except the bracelet Bruce had given her on her birthday. He would notice it and be pleased. She hoped she would always be able to please him—she would try, try hard. She would make up to him in countless little ways for—but that was dangerous ground, and she refused to travel it.

She reached for her jewel box, searched quickly for the bracelet, and then, her fingers had touched a little spring, a bit of the blue velvet slid back, and out rolled a ring—a plain gold ring. Suddenly she was back in a little shop, and Philip was beside her. "It's a sacrilege, Ginny, it should be platinum—platinum and diamonds."

"It's lovely, Philip, it's my wedding ring!"

She closed her fingers over it convulsively. Useless now to try to shut out the past, to attempt to escape it. It came crowding back, mocking her with all its joyousness and heartbreak, all its sacrifice and recompense. Sitting there in the quiet apartment, she relived

her marriage—the first months, the struggling months, too little money, too little courage. Philip moody, despondent, rebellious. There had been times when even Ginny's valiant spirit had faltered in the face of Philip's despair. But not for long. She had loved him and believed in him.

And then the thrill of his first success. "You did it, Ginny. If it hadn't been for you, your courage—"

"Don't be silly, darling. You had it in you—it had to come."

But would it have come without her aid? Would he have kept on, or would he have gone down? These things had troubled Philip a bit in the old days, and he had been very humble.

But after he had become successful, it grew increasingly hard, and not altogether pleasant, to remember that things had ever been different. And Philip didn't like unpleasant things—he never had. He had always run away from them when he could, and after he had Ginny, she had run away from them for him. She had acted as a sort of buffer between him and things that irritated him—the wrong kind of people, doors that rattled, starch in his collars, onions in his soup. She had loved doing it, because she loved Philip, because he made it all so worthwhile. He had been so gay, so young, so charming. Life with him had been such an adventure.

And he had loved Ginny and had been faithful to her for nearly six years, and then, without warning, he had told her that he loved Diane Keating—golden, shining Diane Keating. He had come to Ginny on a still, sun-splashed day in late September in the low-ceilinged living room of the quaint old house that they had made their home. He seemed nervous, and his eyes avoided hers.

"Oh, hello, Philip. You're early." Ginny smiled at him across the room, but he was staring at the floor.

"Yes, I'm early. I—the fact is, Ginny, I must talk to you. There's something—"

"Oh, not before tea, Philip." Ginny laughed quickly. "We'll have it directly. It won't take a minute."

"I'm sorry, Ginny, but I'm not in the mood for tea. There's something more important, something we've got to talk over—the sooner, the better. I think you know what it is, so there's no use evading it—" Philip flung up his head, went on rapidly, a bit defiantly. "It's come, Ginny, what we both admitted might come some day. I'm in love with Diane Keating, I'm asking you to give me my freedom."

Ginny's fingers fell away from the handful of flowers that she was arranging in a bowl. She told herself fiercely that she had known this was coming, but now that it had come she knew that never once had she believed it actually would.

"You mean," she said slowly, in a voice that didn't seem to belong to her at all, "that this is the end?"

Philip turned away abruptly. "I'm sorry, Ginny. It hasn't been easy to come to you and tell you—"

If only her eyes would not cling to him so, hurting so terribly with their own hurt.

"But it was the only thing to do. You must have seen it coming—I wish you wouldn't look at me like that, Ginny." He broke off for a moment. Then, "It isn't as if—that is, I thought we understood each other. I thought we had made an agreement—which left us both free—if the time ever came when either of us wished to be free." He spoke swiftly now, his voice sharp and brittle.

"Yes."

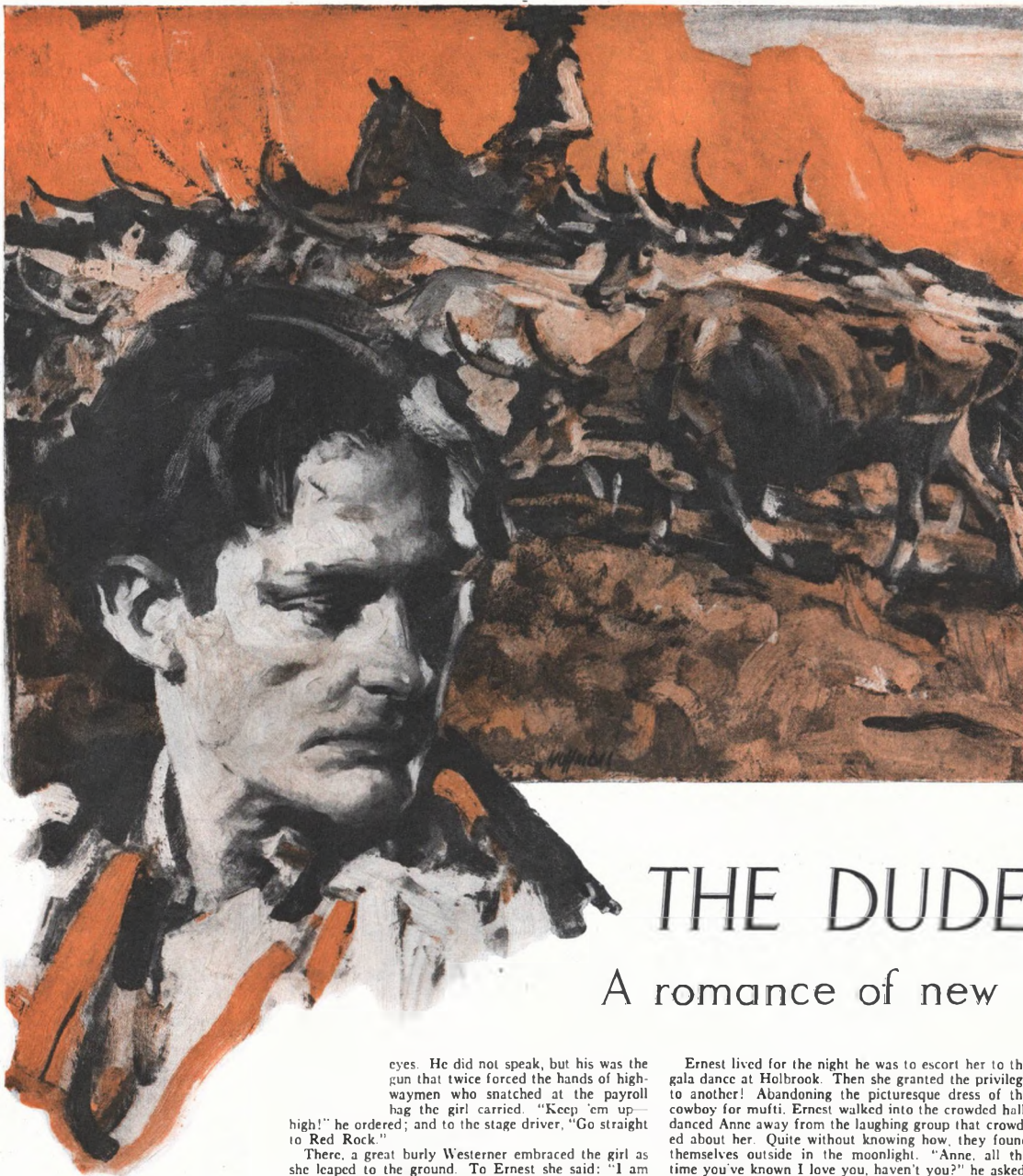
THAT was all—a single word. She left it hanging there between them in the shadow and light of the old room.

"You're making it very hard for me!" Philip burst out suddenly. "It's not like you, Ginny."

A wave of color surged into Ginny's face. Her mouth relaxed, her eyes lost something of their tragedy. "I'm sorry, Philip. You see, it's all rather tremendous. What you seem to have overlooked is that—I still love you!"

"I know, Ginny. I suppose I still love you. I suppose I always will—but not, not—" He floundered helplessly and left it at that.

[Turn to page 66]



Nebraska Kemp, in love with Daisy and jealous of her beauty—and

"I'll palm myself off as a cowboy!" Ernest Selby, late of Iowa, looked out of the Pullman window at the Arizona wastes flying past and chuckled a little as he turned the idea over in his mind. It would be entertaining to rustle cattle with herders, and confide only in himself that he was now the sole owner of Red Rock Ranch by right of old Silas Selby's will.

At Holbrook, Ernest scrambled off the train, out-fitted himself hurriedly in cowboy costume and, a moment before it pulled out, boarded the stage for Springertown. A girl climbed into the high seat beside him. From under his sombrero, Ernest watched this handsome Western beauty with her amber hair glinting in the sun, felt the sweep of her great lazily-drooping

eyes. He did not speak, but his was the gun that twice forced the hands of highwaymen who snatched at the payroll bag the girl carried. "Keep 'em up—high!" he ordered; and to the stage driver, "Go straight to Red Rock."

There, a great burly Westerner embraced the girl as she leaped to the ground. To Ernest she said: "I am Anne Hepford. This is my Dad—manager of Red Rock." "Did you follow my girl heah?" her father demanded, his sharp, cold gaze fixing Ernest. "No sir—and it was lucky for you I was along." "I'm not over-looking that. Reckon you're huntin' a job?" "Yes sir." "Wal, find Hawk Siebert and see if he'll take you on."

So Ernest Selby became "Ioway" to the boys. Nebraska Kemp liked Ernest from the start and warned him: "Whenever a puncher comes ridin' with Miss Anne or after her—wal, he's throwin' a red flag in Dude Hyslip's face." At which Ernest only laughed.

During the strenuous days that followed, he heard gossip about Hepford. He was crooked in his cattle trading, they said. And vague rumors that had to do with Anne reached him—her coquetry, her heartlessness. Even Daisy Brooks had said, "Oh, Ioway, don't let my cousin make a fool of you!" He could not immediately confirm Hepford's dishonesty, but he was soon to discover why the lovely Anne was toasted as the rose of Red Rock; she was everybody's darling.

THE DUDE

A romance of new

Ernest lived for the night he was to escort her to the gala dance at Holbrook. Then she granted the privilege to another! Abandoning the picturesque dress of the cowboy for mufti, Ernest walked into the crowded hall, danced Anne away from the laughing group that crowded about her. Quite without knowing how, they found themselves outside in the moonlight. "Anne, all the time you've known I love you, haven't you?" he asked, and took her in his arms. "Heah, now, cowboy, you're going too far," the girl exclaimed with a catch in her voice. "This is not far—for you." Anne seemed more surprised than angered or hurt. She laughed. "Iowa, you're shore an amazin' cowboy tonight."

Part II

IT WAS only after Anne had run up the steps and left him standing in the moonlight that Ernest could compose himself to coherent reasoning. To hold Anne in his arms, to feel her grow soft and lax, to kiss her, unrebuked, had been catastrophe. Whatever she was he had now fallen madly in love with her. She had confessed her insincerity, her meanness, then had made strangely sweet amends. At last Ernest's cogitations resulted in a deduction he could not repudiate—she had been a brazen flirt, but she had found that when she was alone with him she liked him.

He turned back from the porch and walked into the garden. He avoided dancers and turned aside on



RANGER

Arizona by ZANE GREY

Illustrated by
FRANK HOFFMAN

another path, to come upon a summer-house. He saw a slim figure in white almost enveloped by a tall one in black. Then a familiar drawing voice: "Wal, Dais, you shore cain't come that with me."

"No, you—you—" panted Daisy, struggling with the cowboy.

ERNEST had only to take a few strides to be upon them. With one powerful hand he jerked back Hyslip.

"Wal, if it ain't Iowa!" ejaculated that cowboy, in good-humored amazement. Then the essence of the situation got to him. "See heah, you dressed-up hick—"

Then Ernest, with all the might of a hundred and seventy pounds of bone and muscle leaped at Hyslip. He struck him a terrific blow. Hyslip crashed backward, broke the railing of the summer-house, plunged down and lay still.

"There, you dude cowboy!" grated Ernest, with infinite satisfaction.

"Oh, I'm so glad it's—you, Iowa . . . That was—the—" she cried, almost sobbing.

"Come. Let's walk," Ernest replied, and got her out in the moonlight. "Perhaps we'd better go in," he said, on second thought. "Hyslip may come to, and get ugly . . . Can I have a dance with you, Daisy?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied gladly. "My partner, Nebraska, isn't much on dancing tonight. He's drinking

and quarrelsome. That one with Dude was my last . . . Iowa, I—I had to look at you three times before I recognized you. Oh, you're so different! Everybody seems to be noticing you . . . I watched you dance with Anne."

They fell in with the dancers. Daisy so slim, so light, that he scarcely felt her; and for this reason, perhaps, held her a little closer.

She did not talk while the music was playing. Afterward out on the porch she said: "You're the best dancer I ever had."

"Thanks, Daisy. I want to confess something," he began. "Anne Hepford made a fool out of me. I didn't listen to you—or Nebraskie—and—well, I've let myself in for a sad mess. I want you to know I see my mistake. Anne is—well, a wonderful creature, but not for me."

"Heavens, Ernest!" she ejaculated. "You didn't really hope—she'd be serious!"

"I had a lot of fool ideas; and I'm furious when I think what a jackass I've been, letting her play with me."

Ernest danced again with her, and Daisy was radiant. Her eyes shone like stars. Ernest sat at her left during the intermission and paid her marked attention. Then, after another dance, he took her to an open window. She sat on a seat and looked up at the moon.

"Daisy, I'm afraid Dude Hyslip has a way with him," began Ernest, after a moment's silence. "I guess—"

Daisy Brooks, whose star-like eyes sometimes said things they did not mean

"Iowa, don't you scold me," she entreated. "Nebraskie is bad enough."

"Oh, I see. Nebraskie is jealous. He's in love with you, isn't he?"

"We were—till Dude got interested," she replied, with emotion. "But please find Nebraskie. He must take me home. And you'd better come, too. Dude Hyslip has shot up more than one dance hall."

"Has he? Well, I'm not anxious to have him use me for a target again. But, Daisy, don't worry, he's going to lose his job one of these days." [Turn to page 124]



"Let me do that," said the young man, whose name was Riley

PRECIOUS WOMEN

By Helen Topping Miller

Illustrated by LOREN F. WILFORD

AS THOUGH it had been rehearsed, as though it knew exactly what it was doing, the right front tire hissed, wobbled, and went flat. On the highway in the rain, with the Country Club on the left and on the right a flat field planted with rows of little trees.

And in the field a young man with a bronzed neck and wet shirt sticking to magnificent shoulders—a young man with whom, years before, Dexter Montague had been wildly in love.

Dexter eased the car under a tree, got out, looked at the tire helplessly, as though it were not the most considerate of tires, but merely an exasperating flummox of wet rubber.

She poked it tentatively with her toe. Never had a tire been so flat.

Rain beating on her blue hat, she wormed the jack under the front axle. The handle was stubborn. The jack fell down. No Montague woman ever used vulgar language. Such elegance is something of a handicap.

It appeared that her hat was doomed to ruin before the young man in the field awoke to the situation. But presently, when the remorseless rain had soaked her sodden, he became aware of her. Aware of a woman in trouble in the rain, but not aware of Dexter Montague who had been madly in love with him years before—back in the dreadful days of the war. Totally unaware of Dexter except as something young and helpless, something female and incompetent, with soft, blue eyes secret behind gold lashes, and a sweet, relenting mouth.

remembered a smile like that. The smile of a girl in a canteen veil holding a pan of doughnuts up to a marine going away to war, the smile of a girl who had just fallen wildly in love. But he did not remember. His name was Riley and he lived in a wooden house at the foot of the hill. The Montagues lived in a brick house at the top.

He did things swiftly. The obstinate jack stood meekly erect for him, the lugs spun off with cheerful alacrity. He lifted off the wheel as though it were a tin pie plate, casually negotiated the spare. He did it all too quickly. When you have been waiting ten years for something to happen you do not want it to be over in ten seconds. So Dexter dragged speech from her cramped throat, stricken stiff with the ghastly shyness which had tortured her all her life.

"What would I have done if you hadn't helped me?"

He looked at her, at her little blue hat and her rain-blue eyes, seeing only one of those fine, spoiled young women with small feet and small useless hands—small useless mind too, no doubt. Not seeing an altar on which a flame was burning. Not seeing that at all!

"There's a telephone at the Club," was what he said. "I'm sorry you're getting so wet."

He smiled up at her and instantly her heart did a sick spiral. "I was wet already. I was heeling in some stuff—not so much loss if you get it out in a rain."

"Let me do that," said this young man, whose name was Riley.

Dexter smiled at him. If he had had a memory ten years long he might have

"You grow those—those little trees and bushes?"

"Oh, sure. It'll be a good business some day. And I have to live outdoors. Got some gas in the lung," he replied.

"I remember," said Dexter Montague. Oh, yes, she remembered. Watching the casualty lists, watching the list of prisoners, stiff and miserable with secret dread—and no one to confide in, no one to share her foolish, secret agony—she remembered! How could she have told anybody that a Montague had fallen in love with Burke Riley, whose father kept a feed store, whose mother went to church in mousy little brown satin dresses, whose lawn was often graced by a grazing cow? He looked at her intently. "Haven't I met you before?"

"I'm Dexter Montague," she told him. "I drove in the motor corps during the war. You rode with me, once or twice." Setting out for France, your mother squeezed into the seat, crying softly—you looking straight ahead with your boyishly cleft chin and a man's stern frown—Oh yes, you rode with me, Burke Riley! "Oh, you're Spot Montague's girl?"

YES, I'm Spot Montague's girl." Though no longer was there a Spot Montague. Poor little Mr. Spot Montague, effaced, blond, gentle, a man who seldom looked up from his plate or his desk, had died very suddenly at his office without bothering anybody. Died when cotton crashed down and women began to abjure the weed in every form and fabric. Died leaving scarcely any money. And now there was only Mrs. Spottiswoode Montague, a lady with a Pringle chin and the



trampling arrogance that went with it, whose eyes had lately begun to glitter with a maternal frenzy whenever she regarded her twenty-seven-year-old daughter, Dexter.

"Got a pump? This needs a little more air."
"There ought to be one. I'm not sure. This car is three years old and I'm afraid it will be a long time before I get a new one."

BURKE RILEY nodded sympathetically. He knew evidently about the Spot Montagues. Everybody, somehow, knew that the proud Montagues had lost most of their money. Everybody except Mrs. Spottiswoode Montague. She set her Pringle chin at a belligerent angle and refused to admit anything. The Montague women, she argued, had always been taken care of. The Montague women had always been protected. There had always been money. There must continue to be money. When bankers argued mildly she merely obliterated them with a haughty lift of the Pringle chin. But Dexter had read the fevered glint in her mother's eyes. There must be money and money meant men—a man—Rennold Winecroft.

Cotton had toppled but cement stood firm. So did mortgages. The Winecroft house had a new slate roof and new paint on the pillars. That Rennold Winecroft had an effeminate laugh and thinning hair did not matter at all. Not to Mrs. S. Montague.

"There must be," said Mr. Burke Riley, "a leak in this thing."

"I'm sorry," Dexter apologized; "I'm afraid I've gotten you into a ghastly job. That spare is horribly old. What can I do about it?"

"Probably you'd better telephone a tire service. You'll need a vulcanizing job. Haven't you got an umbrella?"

She shook her head ruefully. "I don't seem to have anything I ought to have, do I?"

He looked at her with something personal and approving in his eyes. When it came to eyelashes and such details as chins, his look declared that she had everything a girl ought to have. "You'd better get in the car out of the wet," he suggested. "You'll get a bad cold standing there. I'll go and telephone somebody."

Dexter got into the car meekly. She had been spared the Pringle chin and the attributes that went with it. She was like her father, mild little Spot Montague. Only different. Because little Mr. Spot Montague had never hoped for anything, never asked for anything and here was his child sitting stiffly upright in her shabby little car, aching all over with a sweet mingled misery of hope and suspense and desolate heaviness.

Why couldn't she be like other girls? Why couldn't she talk brightly and be easy and casual and charming? Why must she get wistful and stammer and feel hot, torturing flushes flaring over her cheeks? If he came back—but he might not come back. Probably he would go back to his little trees with only a nod in return for her thanks. Maybe he had a girl already. She knew the other Riley boys, Dan and Emmet—she saw them often in drug stores or dashing about in open Fords with bright-eyed, red-mouthed little creatures. But she had never seen Burke. But there might be a girl, a stay-at-home girl, who read books and knew about little trees and the labor and hopes that went into the growing of them. A girl who would be some use—a girl who would be a hand on the plow, and not a useless, soft-handed chattel like the precious women of the Montagues and the Pringles!

Then Burke Riley came back the rain in his face, walking like some young harvest god, troubled over nothing. His brown hair blew back from his face and moisture beaded it with crystal. His brows had a winged lift and his mouth was whimsy, smiling at the everlasting joke that makes life pleasing for the Irish.

"They're sending somebody." He rested one foot on the running board. "You didn't tell me who to call so I sent for a kid brother of mine. He's just starting out. He'll give you as good service as anybody."

"Dan or Emmet?"

"Get whiz—do you know the kids?"

"I've lived here all my life. And so have you. I remember the outrageous pictures Emmet used to draw for the school paper."

"Right now—" the rain dripped on his head unheeded as he looked at her—"we're trying to scratch enough money together to send Emmet to Paris."

"Money," she said, "is pretty terrible, isn't it—when you haven't any?"

"At that moment," he agreed, "it's about the most important thing in the world."

"At this moment," she mused, "I'm wondering how I'm going to pay your brother when he comes. I have, I think, about eighteen cents."

He colored under his outdoor tan. "Oh, that will be all right. That won't make any difference. Dan will send you a bill—it won't cost very much."

"Lately," said Dexter Montague, wondering how in the world she had the courage to talk like this to this young man, "people who send us bills haven't met with much encouragement. My mother is not very practical. My father attended to everything."

"Don't worry about it. Dan won't worry." He tried to be casual but there was something in her eyes—something high-keyed and desperate—the look of a maiden about to throw away a great deal of proud and haughty gear.

"But you said you were trying to send Emmet—"

"This job," he argued, "will cost about fifty cents. And you can't run without tires. Is there anything I can do?"

"I'm afraid nobody can do anything," Dexter said. "We're the kind of people who have to have money. Mother and I—and there's no way to get any." No way, of course, except Rennold Winecroft.

"You might get a job," he suggested.

DEXTER drew a long breath. She floated high for an instant on an exhilarating strata of independence, then floated back to earth with heavy feet. "Who," she demanded, "would hire anyone so useless as I?"

"Somebody might." He offered her a cigarette. She took it, thrilled at sharing a match with him, thanking her stars meekly that there was no possible way for Mrs. Spottiswoode Montague to arrive at that spot at that moment. "You're educated—intelligent—"

"A convent—and a finishing school. Sickening! I wonder why I'm boring you with all this? And you're getting horribly wet."

"I was wet already. Dan ought to be along in a minute. I thought I'd better stick around—he might need help with two down—"

"Please sit inside then. I'm very thoughtless—you've been so kind."

"Too wet. Spoil your clothes. And my shoes are muddy." The elegant Montague woman would have said, "Please, I insist!" But something had happened to that finished lady. Something young and reckless and deliciously defiant. What Dexter said was: "Don't be silly!" Burke Riley got in. He had long slender hands, stained with earth but strong and quick. "You might get pneumonia," she added. "You know—your lung."

"It's practically healed now. I can't smoke much and I have to be outside most of the time, but it's wearing off. Funny I never knew you before—both of us living here all our lives—"

"I've known you for years and years," Dexter said. It was amazing how easy it was once you got started. Something tight and frozen seemed to be breaking up in her heart, her voice seemed to belong to someone else, some girl who was carelessly gay. Why had life withheld from her so long this gift of relenting? "I used to long to climb up in that tree house of yours."

"I haven't been up in that tree house for years. I suppose it's rotten now."

"And I went to all the high school football games when you were on the team—though that was no distinction because every girl in town went. If you had smiled at any one of us we [Turn to page 82]



For an instant a dazzled glory glowed in his hungry eyes





"I didn't know how much happiness I was saving up for myself, Kim."

By Beatrice Burton Morgan

MARY FAITH," Kim frowned as he spoke. "I've been thinking over what you said—that when two women care for the same man they usually hate each other . . . Well, there's a girl at the office—just a kid really—Tonight—" Mary Faith, her eyes steady and brilliant, searched Kim's face as he struggled on: "I told her about our getting married, and well—I didn't know how she felt about me until then—" The walls seemed suddenly to close in on Mary Faith; she only half-heard Kim ask: "I'm just wondering if it wouldn't be better to put off our getting married?" But she managed: "Why, it's up to you, Kim—whatever you decide is all right with me." And only tonight Mary Faith had made up her mind to bear with Kim's openly querulous mother—live with her, if need be!

For three years, almost four, Mary Faith Feuton had been engaged to Kimberley Farrell; they were to have been married on the first of October. Mary Faith did her best to be natural and cheerful the next morning at the office of Nesbit and Company, but it cost her fathomless pain to say to Mark Nesbit: "Yesterday I told you I was going to leave at the end of the month . . . I'd like to stay on, I've—I've broken my engagement."

Autumn slipped by, golden and red and amethyst, and Mary Faith was beginning to learn to live without Kim; after all, the folks at Mrs. Puckett's were kindly and

the girls at the office, with their vivacious chatter, helped make the droning days more bearable.

A few days before Christmas, Mark Nesbit came into Mary Faith's little office. "Mary Faith," he said, "will you help me select a ring for my sister Judy?" It was there in Armbruster's jewelry store that Mary Faith saw Kim again. "How are you these days, Mary Faith?"—his greeting. "Oh, I jog along," she answered. And not knowing that her heart was overflowing with old bitter-sweet memories brought to life by her glimpse of Kim, Mark Nesbit laid his heart and fortune at her feet that afternoon. "Please don't go on talking like this, Mr. Nesbit. It's just that I can never care a snap of my fingers for any man—after Kim." Even with that warning no one was as surprised as Mark Nesbit when Mary Faith eloped with—Kim! They were married at high noon with Jack and Claire Maldon attending. And the enchanted honeymoon began with the first chug of Kim's little car as it nosed its way to Kim's Aunt Ella Goad's house in Garrettsville.

Part III

THE gray-blue shadows of late afternoon lay across the snow when Mary Faith and Kim drove into the main street of Garrettsville—"the main drag," as Kim called it. It was a long narrow street lined with

MARY FAITH

"So we lose our Eden—Kim and I!"
The girl next door and the boy she married
come home to Wilton Street

little shops—a candy store called The Sugar Bowl, a White Front Meat Market, a Five-and-Ten filled with tinsel and toys, a jewelry store that reminded Mary Faith that she had no wedding-ring.

Kim parked the car at the little telegraph office and they sent off two day letters—one to his mother and one to Mrs. Puckett.

"Now, then, we've done our duty," Kim said when they came out into the snow and sunshine once more; "and we can forget the rest of the world for two solid weeks, Mrs. Farrell!"

The world that Mary Faith had always known already seemed very far away. Was it only last night that she had sat talking to Mrs. Puckett in the house on River Street? Only this morning that she had said goodbye to Mark Nesbit in her old office in the Nesbit Building? It seemed ages ago . . .

Aunt Ella Goad's brown shingle house stood at the top of a little hill half a mile beyond the town of Garrettsville.

Snow lay deep on its porches and along the tops of its diamond-paned windows. A silver fringe of icicles hung from its low-pitched roof and on either side of it stood a tall fir tree.

"It isn't a real house at all. It's a picture on an old-fashioned Christmas card. Kim, and I know it!" Mary Faith declared as they drove up the hill and into the drifts of the backyard.

"It's old-fashioned, all right. There isn't even a garage," Kim said dryly. He always seemed embarrassed when Mary Faith made extravagant statements or quoted poetry to him. "The car will probably freeze, standing in that woodsled all night."

He set the suitcases and the Maldons' books on the back porch and unlocked the door.

The kitchen was filled with a faint spicy smell as if gingerbread had often been baked in it, and the low red sun shining in through the west windows made it seem very bright and cozy. There were rag rugs on the floor and a big cushioned rocker stood near the stove.

Mary Faith stood in the very middle of it, enchanted. "Did you ever see such a lovely kitchen in all your life!" She turned wide starry eyes to Kim. "And look at the wall paper in the dining room! All little Chinese pagodas and boats! Why, this house is just a house of a dream, isn't it?"

"Is it?" Kim asked. He had no eyes for the little house. He had come up beside her and his arms were around her, holding her so close that she seemed to feel

the quick heavy drumming of his heart in her own heart. She sighed, lifting her face to him.

"You're happy here with me, aren't you, Mary Faith?" "Kim," she said, with a throbbing note in her voice, "Kim, I'm never happy unless I am with you."

For two weeks both of them were gloriously happy with a happiness that Mary Faith had never dreamed of. The days were gone before they knew it, and yet all of them were pretty much alike.

Every morning Mary Faith went downstairs as soon as it was light and made the coffee. She made it as she had learned to make it at the Business Woman's Club cooking classes, with hot foamy milk, and carried it upstairs on a tray. She and Kim would sit up in bed in their bathrobes and drink it, telling each other with great contentment that this was the life!

It was indeed the life . . . There were no outsiders to bother them, no ringing of the telephone, no necessity of getting to the office at nine o'clock every morning, or of getting anywhere at any time. They were in a hushed snowy world of their own where they could do exactly as they pleased. It was wonderful.

"We're like Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday on their desert island," Mary Faith said one morning. She was on her knees, raking out the ashes from the fireplace in their big sunny bedroom.

"You work all the time as if you thought you were man Friday," Kim answered her. "I ought to be ashamed to lie here in bed and let you build that fire."

"Dropped against the fat pillows of the bed, he lay smoking his first cigarette of the day and watching her with half-shut gray eyes.

While he bathed and shaved and dressed, Mary Faith would cook breakfast—a real country breakfast of eggs and sausage, creamed potatoes and coffee. They always ate it before the fireplace in Aunt Ella's parlor with its Battenberg lace curtains, its family albums, and green-plush curtains.

Sometimes they stayed at home all day. Mary Faith would curl up at one end of the wide sofa, and Kim would lie with his head in her lap while she read to him and stroked his thick blond hair with slow gentle fingers.

Sometimes they drove down into Garrettsville to buy groceries or newspapers or tooth paste. Sometimes they went for long tramps through the snowy fields and woods that lay behind the house and came back with bunches of mistletoe and evergreen branches in their arms.

They went to church on both Sundays and sat in Aunt Ella's pew with its seat of wine-colored velvet. On Christmas morning Mary Faith presented Kim with two French brier pipes that she had bought in "Ye Old Smoke Shoppe" in Garrettsville, because he was smoking too many cigarettes, so she told him.

"You embarrass me with your gift—I forgot to get one for you," he said, when she gave them to him. "And that reminds me—I haven't bought you your wedding ring yet, have I?"

"No. And I would really like one, Kim. Just a plain white-gold band. We'll walk into town one of these mornings and get one, won't we?"

"Sure; we'll do it tomorrow without fail," he promised. But the next day there was a blizzard and they stayed in the house and hugged the stove.

OUR friend Claire Maldon is all wrong about honeymoons, Kim," Mary Faith observed one night as they sat on the big white bearskin rug that lay before the fireplace in the parlor, listening to the dance music that came pouring into the room from the wheezy radio.

"We've been married for almost two weeks and I haven't been bored for a single second, have you?"

"You haven't seen me yawn, have you?" Kim's eyes twinkled. "Claire said we'd be so bored after the first week that we'd yawn every time we looked at each other. Remember?"

It was their second Friday night in the little house. In the morning they would have to think about setting it in order for Aunt Ella, and on Sunday they would have to lock it up and go back to town.

"The thought of packing up and leaving gives me the blues, as a matter of fact," Kim said, stretching his long legs out toward the fire. "I could stay right here with you until next summer and like it. I've never been so contented in my life as I've been the last couple of weeks."

Mary Faith knew that she had made him happy and comfortable. She had worked at it. She had cooked the things he liked. She had darned his socks and pressed his neckties.

Every morning she had filled his tub and laid clean towels out for his bath. On Monday she had gone down into the basement, while he was taking a nap, and laundered his shirts . . . And she had loved doing it. She loved taking care of him.

"I've had the time of my life, Kim," she said, "and I'm still having it. It's heaven to be here together, isn't it? Listen, there's the Morrow Hotel orchestra. They're playing our song."

With their eyes on the fire they sat listening to the radio:

"Sometimes I'm happy—
"Sometimes I'm blue.
"My disposition
"Depends on you—"

All last summer they had danced to that music—the song hit of 1927. They had fallen in love with its melody and had asked orchestra leaders to play it for them. They had called it their song.

Kim got up. "Let's see if we've forgotten how to dance together, Mary Faith," he said, smiling at her.

Illustrated by JOHN LA GATTA

They moved across the little room like one swiftly-moving figure, crooning the silly, wistful words of the song as they danced.

Long afterward, whenever Mary Faith heard this song, she would remember the smell of pine logs in the fireplace, the sound of the wind rattling the shutters of the little house, and the comfort of Kim's arm around her, the warmth of his hand on her waist.

She would remember how light-hearted they had been that night.

"Sometimes I love you,
"Sometimes I hate you,
"But when I hate you
"It's 'cause I love you—"

THEY came back to town at dusk on Sunday. The grayness and the noise, the misted street lamps and the cars packed with tired-looking people depressed Mary Faith.

She remembered suddenly that Kim's mother would have to be faced in a few minutes, and that Kim would be gone all day tomorrow.

A line of Robert Browning popped into her head. "So we lose our Eden—Kim and I," she said to herself, leaning back in the crook of his arm as their little roadster nosed its way through the crowded downtown streets.

"Well, here we are, back to the old everyday existence," Kim said, as if he read her thoughts. "Only it won't be dull and everyday for us now, will it?"

The windows of the flat were in darkness when they drove up in front of the apartment house on Wilton Street.

"Looks as if the sisters Kimberley have gone to church, doesn't it?" Kim asked, switching on the lights in the living room as they came in. His mother and his aunt had been the Misses Kimberley when they were young.

"Hello! Anybody at home?" he called, and almost at once Aunt Ella answered him from the rear of the flat. She came trotting into the room, her finger on her lips.



"Claire Maldon is all wrong about honeymoons, Kim. It's heaven to be here together"

"Let me talk to you," she whispered and waved them back into the hallway.

"Your mother's sick in bed with a little cold," she said to Kim softly. "She's been all upset about you for two weeks, and I think she's just worked herself up into a sickness. You know how high-strung she is. . . . So I thought maybe you'd better go in alone and speak to her, Kimberley."

"No, we'll both go in to see her," Kim answered firmly. "Come along, Mary Faith."

Aunt Ella padded along behind them.

Mrs. Farrell was sitting up in bed, eating milk toast from a large soup plate. She had on a pink wool hug-me-tight. Her cheeks were pink and Mary Faith thought she had never seen her looking so well.

Kim sat down on the edge of her bed.

"Well, Mother, I'm sorry to find you sick like this." He reached for her hand but she drew it away.

"I'm sorry about a few things, myself," she said bitterly. "I'm sorry that you thought you had to sneak away to get married. . . . Just think of it—my only son telegraphing me to say that he had just been married! If that wasn't an insult, nothing was ever an insult!"

She shot a glance at Aunt Ella who was standing at the foot of the bed beside Mary Faith.

"And your Aunt Ella helping you to deceive me!" She rapped the words out. "Turning her house over to you for your honeymoon without letting me know a thing about it! I'm sure I don't know what I've ever done that my own son, and my own sister should treat me the way they have."

Kim's eyebrows came together in a scowl. He stood up and looked down at his mother, his hands in his pockets.

"You know why I didn't tell you I was going to marry Mary Faith, Mother," he said irritably. "Last fall we did tell you we intended to be married—and you kicked up such a row about it that this time we decided to get married first and break the news to you later—and the way you're acting right now proves that we were right!"

His mother set her soup plate down on the table beside her bed before she answered him.

"Well, Kimberley, you never spoke to me like that before in your life," she said slowly and impressively. "But I'm not surprised. I knew things would be like this as soon as you brought that girl into the house. You know what they say—My son's my son till he takes him a wife."

MARY FAITH did not wait to hear any more. She turned and went quietly out of the room, closing the door of it behind her.

Kim's bedroom was at the end of the hall. She carried the suitcases into it and dropped down into a chair that stood beside the big black walnut bed.

It was a cold and comfortless sort of room. Between the windows stood a marble-topped dresser with a cloudy mirror hanging above it. The floor was painted chocolate-brown and there was a rug in front of the dresser and another one beside the bed.

The door of the clothes closet stood open and within were Kim's suits, hanging in a neat row. His shoes stood on the floor beneath them.

Mary Faith walked across the room and looked at them. . . . Ten pairs of shoes, not counting a pair of golf shoes and some straw bath slippers!

A curtain rod was tacked on the inside of the closet door and his neckties dangled from it. Neckties of every color and pattern. Polka-dotted ties, striped ties, black ties to be worn with his dinner jacket, wash-silk ties for summer wear. So many of them that Mary Faith couldn't begin to count them.

"He must have a hundred, though, easily," she was thinking when he came into the room.

"Aren't you the Beau Brummel," she began and stopped. His face was like a storm cloud and he had on his hat and overcoat.

"Come on—let's get out of here," he said gruffly. "We'll drive around and see if the Maldons are at home. I could stand a little cheerful conversation for a change, couldn't you?"

Mary Faith glanced down at the five suitcases piled in the middle of the floor. "Don't you think we ought

to stay here and get settled tonight? You'll have to get up so early tomorrow morning, you know, and you look awfully tired, Kim. That long drive up from Garrettsville—"

"For the love of Mike, don't stand there arguing!" Kim interrupted her. "If you want to stay here, stay! But I'm going."

He turned and went, and Mary Faith followed him, getting into her coat as she flew after him. In silence they got into the car and in silence they drove down Wilton Street.

CLAIRE and Jack Maldon lived on the top floor of a tall apartment house that overlooked the east side of Halthnorth Park.

Kim pushed their door-bell five times and stood smiling to himself as he and Mary Faith waited for the door to be opened.

The sound of soft phonograph music on the other side of the door stopped suddenly and then came Claire Maldon's voice: "Jack, that's Sandy Farrell's ring!"



"I'd like to get out of this place for a couple of hours"

The door was thrown open and she stood on the threshold, shaking hands with both of them at once.

"How grand to see you both!" She drew them into the room behind her, glowing at them. "Jack and I were just talking about you, wondering how soon you'd be back—and here you are!"

Jack Maldon came in from the kitchen. He was helping Claire, and had a bread knife in his hand and a tea towel was tied around his middle for an apron.

"Hello, you two tramps!" he greeted them, grinning. "Had your supper?"

"No—what do you think we came here for?" Kim asked, grinning back at him. "You don't think we came up here because we give a darn about you, do you?" He was very much at home with them, helping himself to a cigar from a silver box on the mantelpiece, stretching himself out in a long red leather chair in front of the windows that looked down into the lamp-starred darkness of the park.

"Gosh, this is the greatest place in the world!" he said contentedly. "Mary Faith, don't you wish we had a little dug-out like this?"

The flat consisted of four rooms—living room, bedroom, a tiny dining room called a "dinetto," and a sparkling white-tiled kitchen.

Everything in it was new and bright and modern. From the electric ice-box in the kitchen to the plate-glass door of the shower in the bathroom.

"What a lovely apartment this is, Claire," Mary Faith said, taking off her hat and coat in the bedroom which was hung with rose Du Barry draperies and smelt of expensive perfume and cheap cigarettes.

"We rented it furnished. It's not what I'd like to have, but it's an amusing little place," Claire answered. "We've bought a lot of things for it, of course."

Amusing described it perfectly. There was a radio in one corner of the living room and a phonograph in another. There was a small roulette wheel and a box of playing cards on a coffee table that stood in front of the blue velvet davenport. On one of the window sills was a Chinese brass bowl filled with poker chips and a miniature gambling game played with tiny iron race horses.

CLAIRE set out a cold supper on the table in the dinette—chicken sandwiches, celery stuffed with Roquefort cheese, olives and an iced drink in amber glasses.

At first Mary Faith thought that it was colder and lifted it to her lips. Then, as the sharp odor of it struck her nostrils, she set it down. She glanced at Kim's half-emptied glass and saw that he was looking at hers.

"Claire, I forgot to tell you that the Little Woman is a teetotaler," he said. "She never takes a drink."

"Don't you? Honestly, Mary Faith?" Claire raised her eyebrows. "Not even a little high-ball, just to be sociable?—These are terribly weak, my dear."

All the time she was talking she kept one shoulder moving ever so slightly in time to the music of the phonograph; and she held a cigarette in her left hand and a fork in her right as she ate.

Her fingernails were covered with some kind of scarlet polish that made them look like bits of carved red coral and her eyes were shadowed with blue-gray makeup.

There was nothing extraordinary about her slender, blonde prettiness.

The remarkable thing about her was her electric quality—her crackling vitality.

She was never still a minute. When she wasn't talking or laughing she was humming under her breath. When she wasn't in the living room changing a phonograph record she was in the kitchen getting more ice or ginger ale or Roquefort cheese.

As soon as the supper things were cleared away she brought out a contract-bridge score and a deck of cards.

"Well, how about a little game for a tenth of a cent a point?" she asked them in her fresh pretty voice. "Just enough to make it zippy."

Kim shot a questioning glance at Mary Faith and she gave her head a little shake.

"Sorry, Claire," he said, "but Mary Faith is a regular Puritan. She wouldn't play cards on Sunday if her life depended on it."

Claire put the cards back into their box.

"Why, aren't you funny, Mary Faith!" She stood looking at her with wide eyes. "I didn't know anybody was as old-fashioned as that any more! . . . Sandy plays cards on Sunday. He's done it right here in this flat lots of times. Haven't you, Sandy?"

She turned away from Mary Faith and walked up to his chair.

"Get up, Lazy," she said to him, "and dance with me."

She put both of her arms around him and closed her eyes as they danced. She was a little girl and her head came just to Kim's shoulder. It looked very bright against the dark blue of his coat.

Sitting in a corner of the blue davenport, watching her, Mary Faith began to feel dull and uncomfortable and out of place. She knew that she had nothing in common with these friends of Kim's. Claire had told her that she was "funny" and

[Turn to page 130]

Bruton Parish, whose bell first rang with the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766



THIS TOWN GROWS BACKWARD

UNDER the magic wand of time, Williamsburg, Virginia, appears again as the Colonial village that proudly bore the crest of the Crown and watched, from under its latticed windows, the pageant of history pass down mulberry lanes.

A WHITE road runs from the ancient gate of the second oldest college in America to a mound of earth and stone, ivy-hung, marked with a plaque proclaiming it the site of a colonial capitol; seven-eighths of a mile of pathway, its center striped with grassplot in which buttercup gleam, its edges fringed with mulberry and poplars in stiff rows, shading the façades of prim red brick and white frame houses. A peaceful road, bearing the grandiloquent name of Duke of Gloucester Street. For more than 200 years it has stretched here, taking its changes slowly, accepting its asphalt cloak, even the poles holding aloft the telegraph wires with quiet resignation, unrebelling embarrassment.

Now sleek automobiles and awkward, groaning busses pass where carriages once rolled, drawn by prancing horses, and where ladies in sedan chairs used to ride high above the dust. Soda-pop and cigarettes are sold at the very corner where an ordinary formerly dispensed sparkling ale and tobacco. All day long, six days a week, the air is rent with the blow of hammer, the spit of rivet-machine, the crash of timber, and humans hustle-bustle in the shadows of aged trees as humans have not done in almost three centuries.

But, strangely, as the activity increases, the Street relaxes, appears to be rejuvenated, right before your eyes. As houses are made into mere skeletons of wood, as scaffolds rise around the oldest of the brick buildings, as old market-places, long forgotten, are exposed once more in their rich verdure, Duke of Gloucester Street recedes into its mellow past. Telegraph poles, gasoline pumps, modern sidewalks, Victorian door-trims, glaring billboards fade into the future, and the Street, the most historic in America, is linked definitely with things that have been and exist no more!

For Duke of Gloucester Street is original Williamsburg, Virginia, first incorporated city in America, oldest city still possessing its early houses, roads, traditions, now the scene of a \$10,000,000 facelifting operation. While other cities struggle

By Dorothy Ducas

Drawings by L. R. GUSTAVSON



Lacking coin of the realm, debtors languished in this prison

to become more up-to-date. Williamsburg strives to create within itself a faithful reproduction of the city it once was. And, wonderful to behold, it actually is metamorphosing into the Colonial city which, in 1699, became the seat of government of the Virginia Colony, the official head-

quarters of the Royal Governor. It has five more years of struggle ahead before it succeeds—five more years of plotting, planning, experimenting, until it is the natural museum of American history that its patron wishes it to be. But now one can see the mixture of the two cities, the modern Williamsburg succumbing to the magic of retrogression. No more thrilling spectacle is there in the United States.

It was more than two years ago that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., announced that he was going to restore Williamsburg to its pre-Revolutionary setting, as a shrine to the fathers of the Republic. I read it, as did thousands of others, with casual interest. Williamsburg? Oh, yes! It was settled after Jamestown, and in it stood William and Mary, second in age only to Harvard among American colleges. Probably would make another historic spot, like Bunker Hill. Then I visited the unfinished Williamsburg. Now I would spread the word: "Go see it! Go now, before the transformation is complete. Go watch the spell fall gently over a city that did not lose its charm even with the introduction of telephones, Edison lights, and radio. Go, see the charm thicken!"



A kitchen that was the workshop of the first First Lady

There are splendid historic reasons for visiting Williamsburg. It boasts of many distinctions. It had the first theater in America, the first printing office in the South, where the "Virginia Gazette," that journal that "scooped" the world on the Declaration of Independence, was published. In its Raleigh Tavern, now completely rebuilt, the learned society of Phi Beta Kappa was formed. To the college at one end of the Street at different times came Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Tyler, Benjamin Harrison, John Marshall, Peyton Randolph, John Blair. Its church, Bruton Parish, is the oldest Episcopal church in continuous use in America, and the bell in its tower which first rang with the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766, rings out on Sundays now announcing the hour of worship. In the Capitol building were offered the resolutions first calling on the Continental Congress to declare the colonies free and independent.

MARTHA WASHINGTON lived here when she was the wife of Daniel Parke Custis, and her kitchen is standing. The home of John Tyler, when he became president of the United States, still stands at the end of a broad driveway up which the son of Daniel Webster ran to tell the great news of Tyler's election—only to find Tyler over in Duke of Gloucester Street, shooting marbles. There are the Powder Horn, the Court House, the Poor Debtors' Prison; there will be the Capitol, the restored Main Hall of William and Mary, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and the palace of the King's governors in Virginia.

Excellent historic reasons, all these, for a visit to Williamsburg, but for none of these do I exhort a pilgrimage. Williamsburg, standing at the crossroads between past, present, and future, is infinitely more exciting to me today than it will be when the plans of Mr. Rockefeller's architects, historians, and decorators are complete. Never before has there been so exhilarating a conglomeration of time, unless it be in the mazes of Professor Einstein's laboratory!

At the western end of Duke of Gloucester Street, on the triangle between the Richmond Road and the Jamestown Road—Jamestown today has a population of six souls compared to Williamsburg's 3,660—the Wren building, burned three times, is being restored. To assure its never going up in smoke again, modern fireproofing is being rammed down [Turn to page 32]



Here royal governors drank to their King, and dined in state—famous Raleigh Tavern



The Marquesa crouched beside a chest, drunk with terror

Though the
fire of love touches
the alluring and
mysterious beauty of
New Orleans, her
past is still
shielded behind
another's lie



MOON OF DELIGHT

By Margaret Bell Houston

Illustrated by W. C. HOOPLE

"I WONDER, señorita," Jason Divitt said grimly to the lovely girl opposite him, "if I can trust you to return this necklace to Mrs. Belaise? It was lost here—last night. You will not go as *Juanita Basara*," he continued smoothly, "but, let us say, as *Señorita Ysabel Flores* of Spain."

Umberto, first lieutenant of Divitt's shadow world, had discovered *Juanita* concealed in an elaborately carved cask shipped from Vera Cruz on the "S. S. Dolores," and now, because she dared not reveal her identity, *Juanita* was to be a wedge opening the way into fashionable New Orleans for Divitt and his confederates.

Kirk Stanard received her, for his adored and adoring grandmother, *Nelly Belaise*, was prostrated by the loss of her jewels. Yet he did not recognize in this beautifully gowned young woman, Divitt's mysteriously veiled cigarette girl whom he, *Dave Ledbetter*, *Adrian Fouché*, and other young-men-about-town had tried to approach—without success.

Divitt had planned the very thing that followed: Mrs. Belaise and Kirk both fell in love with *Juanita*—one scarcely less than the other. *Marquesa Carlota de Luiz y Cabrera*, an old crony of Divitt's, was appointed duenna for the girl as she moved about, the fêted guest in Kirk's charmed circle. But it was not until the party at Biloxi, on the blue waters of the Sound, that *Juanita* felt herself drawn into the net of Kirk's love. And she was afraid! Did she love Kirk? She did not know. Yet

when she heard his voice saying, "You blessed child," and felt his lips on hers, the black Thing that was Fear slunk away.

Part IV

KIRK did not leave at six o'clock. At seven he came up to Nelly's room while Lorena was giving her her coffee.

"And why are we not half way to New Orleans?" inquired Nelly from her embankment of pillows. "Or did we go last night and get back while *Juanita* was singing to Adrian?"

Kirk smiled. He was big with his news, and he sat down on the foot of the bed, facing Nelly, laying her morning paper on the other side.

"*Juanita* and I are engaged," he said.

Nelly's eyes rounded over the edge of her cup, as he had known they would. "Since when?" she asked.

"Since—" Kirk looked at his watch. "Since about five-forty-five. She had breakfast with me. Had to run back to her room for fear the Marquesa would miss

her, and I came to tell you. I wanted you to know."

"Kiss me, Kirk," said Nelly. "I hope you'll be happy."

"You sound a little vague," Kirk answered, kissing Nelly's cheek.

"I'm not vague at all. I'm just—dazed. I didn't expect—"

"You knew I was in love with her."

"I knew it before you did. But I didn't expect—I didn't think you'd get engaged while she was our guest. I didn't think a son of mine would propose under those circumstances. I told *Theoneste* so. It's all right, though, as long as she loves you—as long as you didn't embarrass her by making her refuse you."

"I don't think I proposed," said Kirk thoughtfully. "As I remember it, we just sort of understood each other."

Understood? . . . That was the way unfortunate girls talked when wicked men had deceived them. Surely *Juanita* was not deceiving Kirk!

"Yes, understood—thoroughly. We talked about the future. She's going to stay here with us. That is, if I still want her after what she has to tell me. Isn't that ridiculous?"

Nelly nodded, relieved.

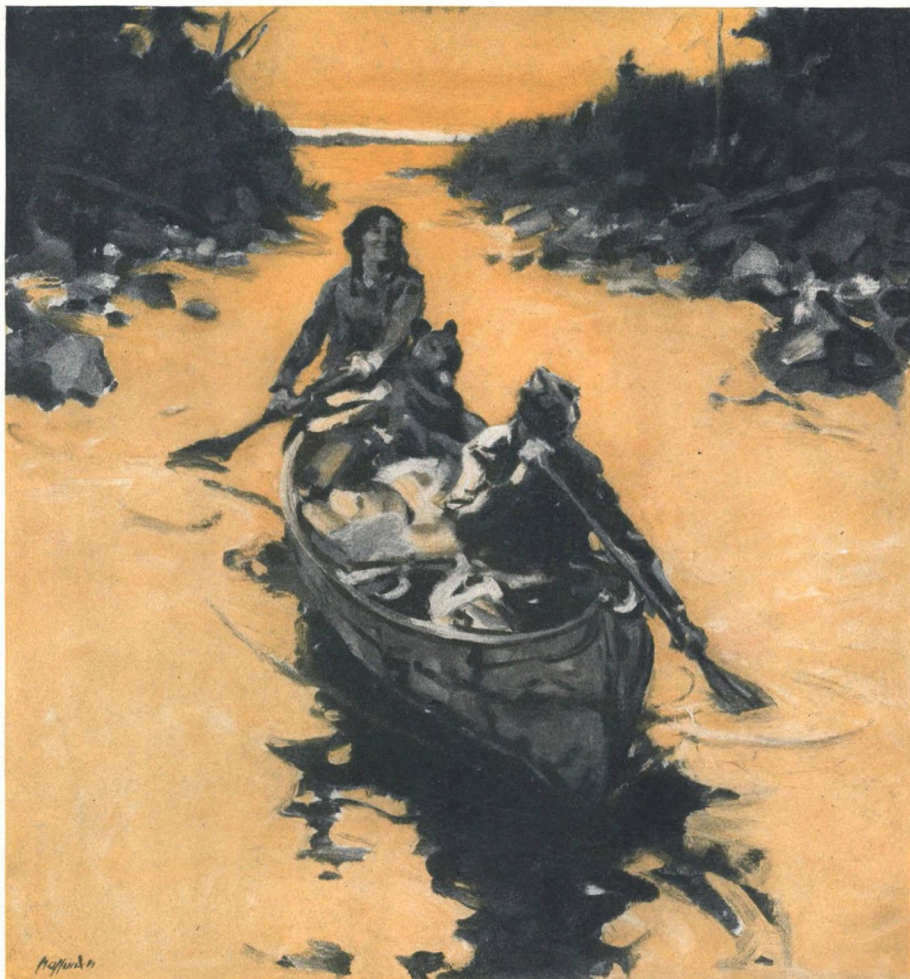
"When is she going to tell you?"

"This afternoon when I get back. I'd have stayed today if she had let me. She says she has to think. Says she won't talk to me till this. [Turn to page 108]



"You see why I'm afraid of you," she whispered. "You try to hold me—but you can't"

Illustrated
by
FRANK
HOFFMAN



"If you look at me that way, we'll have to land, so I may kiss you!"

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

By Nell Shipman

FORGETTING the world, but not by the world forgotten! Via moccasin a potent message traveled southward. Gold appeared at the Hudson's Bay Post of Neepawa; gold nuggets, in exchange for supplies and brought in by the Indians. "Where did you get these?" asked Angus McDonald. Jules Cartier, in the store at the time, pressed close to hear the answer, eying the treasure with interest.

The trading Indian was not communicative. The gold was given him, he said, in payment for a rifle and with it he desired to purchase another gun. The nuggets, he understood, were worth many pelts. They were, Angus assured him, weighing the gold upon scales he seldom used in this country where fur was more plentiful than ore.

Cartier followed the Chief down the street and invited him to his cabin for refreshment. They found Kippewa at home and the blindman fumbled in the cupboard for the familiar black bottle. Two drinks later the Indian's tongue was wagging and he told of the visitation to his camp of the werewolf, the spirit of Neeka LaRonde. The ghost, he said, left much gold but, later, they found it was not a spirit but a flesh-and-blood woman. One of the tribe had seen her one night, talking with the White Chief. Carlyle.

"It was Neeka LaRonde, an' she brought you this gold?" asked Kippewa, his seared eyes fastened upon the Indian as if, for all his blindness, he would see the man and read his heart. The fellow drew back, alarmed. Cartier pressed another drink "Neeka mus' hav' the map, then," he remarked. "All this time that she-devil hav' the map of the mine! How else would she get the gold?"

They questioned the Indian eagerly as to the exact locality where Neeka was seen with the Mounty; and the man, urged, offered to guide them to the place. Kippewa groaned. "It will be useless for me to go," he said. "How could I follow, blind and on my stumps of feet. You mus' go, mon Jules!"

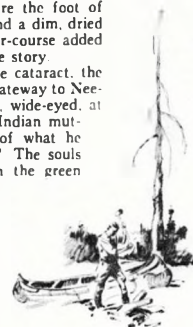
After five days of hard trekking, his guide brought Jules to the spot where Carlyle was last seen. The Mounty's rifle, pack and bedding were there, just as he had left them when he followed Neeka. Cartier considered the deserted camp and bade the guide shoulder part of the stuff while he carried the rifle and pack. Then began a tedious tracking of almost invisible trail signs. The Indian read the page slowly, painstakingly

and with many errors but a final surety. "The dog pass here," he would say pointing to a bent twig and exhibiting an infinitesimal wisp

of coarse hair to prove his theory; or, "Here the foot of the woman is pressed." And a dim, dried mark in the clay of a river-course added its printed paragraph to the story.

In time they reached the cataract, the whirlpool and underwater gateway to Neeka's valley. Cartier stared, wide-eyed, at the green slide while the Indian muttered a fearsome legend of what he called "the Devil's River." The souls of the wicked went down the green slide, he said, and never came back, for the river went down into hell and the Devil waited at the other end.

The man was in mortal terror of the spot and begged Cartier to [Turn to page 139]



Soup with a flavor you never forget!

Its brilliant color flashes to your eye an invitation that cannot be resisted. Its racy flavor is an experience that lingers in your memory. And so it is that Campbell's Tomato Soup has a way of appearing on

your table — on the nation's tables — more often than any other soup. That tells the story. The soup that's such a regular visitor must have a charm, a personality all its own.

And no matter how often you enjoy this famous Campbell's Tomato Soup, you will want to make frequent choices from the 20 other Campbell's Soups — each with an individual appeal, a deliciousness that gives a fresh delight to your appetite.



My highest aim,
My dearest wish
Is Campbell's as
A daily dish!



Your choice . . .

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

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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



Then he turned to page 3 — and this is why I received another letter from a P and G home

The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
GENTLEMEN: After taking from the line the whitest, sweetest wash that I've ever had, I must tell you about it!

Really, that wash can be traced back to one evening when my husband read one of your "Visits to P AND G Homes."

"Why don't you use P AND G Naphtha?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," I told him.

"That's not like you," he said. "With your faith in other Procter & Gamble products, I should think you'd use everything with the P AND G label."

Well, I thought it over and there was no argument to his logic. So the next day I ordered P AND G Naphtha just to see. I saw!

"The Runabout," our small and lively daughter (and almost a redhead), loves to play at the brook. So every day I have a whole wash for her . . . three or four rompers and dresses, her socks and undergarments. Hitherto I have soaked them in suds—then brushed the soiled spots out on a board!

Well, today I soaked her clothes in P AND G suds. Thirty minutes later I came back armed with a brush and board, and—I can see you smiling to yourselves—*there wasn't any scrubbing to do!* Just a swish and the dirt was gone. Then I did some smiling, too—for I'd clipped 30 minutes from my work schedule. And, as I first said, the wash was so white and sweet. So Bill was right, of course! Mrs. Geneva M. Vincent, Burke, Idaho.

Mrs. Vincent not only said, "Of course, you may print my letter,"—but she even sent me two photographs of her little "runabout."

Mrs. Vincent wants *everyone* to know that P AND G Naphtha is a wonderful soap! It even looks nicer—so white and firm and fine. Logically, it ought to cost more than inferior soaps. But it costs *less!* Perhaps you'd like to know *why!*

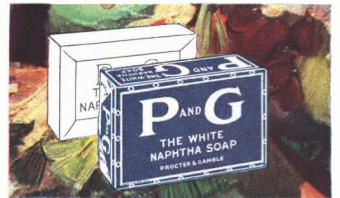
Well, Procter & Gamble buy fine soap materials at a great saving because they buy in huge quantities—literally shiploads of oils! And, too, millions of cakes of P AND G are made every year, so the price is naturally less.

You see—millions of women buy P AND G and save money—because they know that it *really is a better soap!*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—Every washday problem is discussed in this free booklet. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NM-110, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

White soap preferred by more and more women. In a recent survey which I made in Detroit, Michigan, I discovered that as many women are using P AND G White Naphtha Soap as all other laundry soaps put together! And the reason is easy to find: good housewives everywhere have found that this fine white soap gives them easier washdays and whiter clothes!



The largest-selling soap in the world

LOST BIRTHRIGHTS



Work is your child's best chance for growth; do you discourage him?

ERNEST RUTHERFORD GROVES, professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina, is an authority on Parent-Child relationships. Out of his rich experience as an educator and a father he has written a number of important books on the Family, Marriage, and Childhood. In this illuminating article, in which Mrs. Groves has collaborated with him, he explains how the right habits of work can be established in children to their future happiness and success. Every parent should read it.

—The Editors

By Ernest R. and Gladys Hoagland Groves

HO HUM! Almost midnight, but my letters are all written. I suppose I might crack a book or two before I turn in." And the Young Hopeful runs a quick eye down the unscanned pages of next day's assignments, turning off the light half an hour later with the comfortable feeling of being ready to slide through.

Back home the folks are wondering if John is really "getting anything out of college." His marks are fair, but he seldom mentions subjects or instructors except to complain of their dullness. Ten years from now, what will be left of John's expensive four-year stay at college? Is he acquiring a permanent cultural background, or is he only learning how to kill time gracefully?

Those of us who are not the parents of Johnnies may feel amused at this well-meaning father and mother who have led their son to college but can't make him think. Yet any of us may find ourselves in the same predicament, when our children arrive at college age.

Is there anything we can do now, while our own Peter and Susan are still in socks, to head off such a twisting of our plans for them? How bring up a child so that he will be a worker in college or out of it, and make the most of the opportunities that come his way?

Fortunately there is much we can do to help our children form good working habits. Then, whether they go to college or go early to work, they will do their best to get everything of value out of the experience.

It happens that children are "born workers" and will

continue so if we do not teach them otherwise. Watch the intent look on a four-months-old baby's face as he plucks at a piece of paper, and see if his persistence does not outwear your patience, as he repeats this simple act fifteen times or more, out of sheer delight in moving his muscles and seeing and hearing the crackling, crumpling response of the paper.

To the baby, this is work. He is using his powers to the best of his ability, enjoying the activity and appreciating the result. Because baby is gaining skill in coordinating the muscles of hand and eye, and noticing the connection between the paper, his act, and the resulting noise and motion, he is already training himself to be a good worker.

If an untaught infant begins so early to show zest in work, why is it that older boys and girls often slack on their jobs of study or home chores, while they day dream of a life of ease? Simply because their natural progress has been checked by the interference of adults who fail to see the connection between child's play and adult work.

While a child is little we are apt to make play for him either by making sand-cakes and performing antics at his command, or by giving him ready-made toys that leave small room for his energies. What we should do is play *with* him, responding to his advances, but not taking any more active part than he does; and giving him only the simplest raw materials for constructive play, with small tools or small things for imitative play. A tiny

broom is his dearest toy, and heartily he sweeps away, if that is one of the things he has seen done. Eagerly he brings in corn cobs for the kitchen stove, if he lives on the open prairies, where cobs are fuel. His chief delight is in doing as he sees others do, and he should have plenty of opportunity to copy everything he sees. In this way he gains skill in using his hands, together with confidence in his own powers.

Growing older, he still enjoys imitative acts, many of which are known to adults as work, but he discriminates in the points at which he copies most closely. He pays less attention to the details of his performance, and more to the similarity of results.

When the child of three complains, "I can't sweep the floor clean," he is announcing his emergence from babyland, where waggling a broom over the floor was enough to satisfy his craving for achievement; now he is so much more mature that he is humanly dissatisfied with his efforts because they have fallen short of his ambition. Here is the strategic point of entry for the parent who hopes to take pride in an ambitious, hard-working son or daughter fifteen years from now. The troubled three-year-old is not to be laughed at for caring whether he can do well the work he has set himself. Neither is he to be ignored. He wants instruction, and if he does not get it he is likely to become discouraged, and give up trying. Let this happen time and again, and the child, at the age when he could most effectively form good habits of work, is losing confidence in himself and is being turned *against* work because of the failures he meets in connection with it.

"Don't Bother Me; I'm Working"

The very word "work" has to be accurately used, or it gives the child a false idea of the nature of work. We are apt to think of "work" as doing only disagreeable things, and this idea carries over to the child in our tone of voice and facial expression, as well as in what we say. Few of us perhaps, find it possible to think always of our own work as joyous: for various reasons there are times when we are not happy in it, or when we are not able to space it with sufficient rest periods. Yet most of us rejoice in it in our quieter moments, especially after an enforced absence; and all of us can see the advantage that comes to those who enjoy their work.

Psychologists tell us that we never use our full resources in anything we undertake unless we find pleasures in the activity. It is also true that what we do with all our powers we usually do well. Since we know that our periodic aversion to work [Turn to page 56]

THIS TOWN GROWS BACKWARD

[Continued from page 25]

the thick old walls that withstood the flames, and Mr. Rockefeller has given the town a modern firehouse fully equipped—it has two paid firemen—to replace the old system of fighting fires with water pumped from six wells near the edge of the Street. But this is the extent of modernity's touch on Main Hall.

When the rebuilding began, the restoration committee tried to obtain old brick from other houses in Virginia, to patch up the only definite example of Wren architecture in America. It couldn't be done. There was not enough old brick in the whole state. Then the committee toured America for some as nearly like the old English and Flemish Bond as possible. This, too, was in vain. Finally it was decided to make the brick in Williamsburg. Men went out into the fields, dug the clay of that soil, put it in wooden drums with crude paddles in their centers, and hitched mules to the drums, so that the paddles would mix the clay after the fashion of 1695! The bricks were dried in the sun, piled in an open field, and a fire built under them. Although the modern brick-makers had not predicted it, the bricks close to the fire turned out glazed, to match the headers in the Flemish Bond of the chapel wall, and those further away took on the lovely salmon hue of the walls of the building into which they were to fit. So did the past triumph over the present.

On the campus of William and Mary there stands a statue of Baron de Botetourt, Governor of Virginia from 1768 to 1770. He was the well-liked Governor who dissolved the Assembly once upon a time because he could not tolerate criticism of the King there—and then he repaired to Raleigh Tavern to discuss His Majesty with the utmost candor!

Baron de Botetourt stands guard over Main Hall today with a badly broken nose, the result of some patriot's expression of feeling against the English. No one dares to remodel the nose—what sacrilege! That's the past. But across from the gate to the campus there is an electric sign about five by three feet in size, advertising a brand of shoes. No one as yet has dared to tear it down. That's the present.

AND the present is moving out, slowly but surely. This autumn the first block of new business buildings, constructed as nearly along the original lines as business buildings can be, was finished. Two blocks of Duke of Gloucester Street will be given over to the necessary stores and offices, in the new-old Williamsburg. The old inhabitants opine that the ceilings are too low for swinging lights and electric fans, but then, the old inhabitants are very old, and have some odd, odd stories anyhow—such as the one about Blackbeard's having lived in an old house on Francis Street. Blackbeard was Captain Teach, a fearful bandit finally killed off the North Carolina coast, who wore his beard up to his eyes and very long, with pieces of it twisted into small tails and hung over his ears. The house he is credited with having dwelled in was built thirty years after his death, but time is such a nebulous commodity in Williamsburg that discrepancies hardly seem discrepancies at all.

There was the little discrepancy in the remarks of the guide to Bruton Parish Churchyard. The Rev. Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, pastor of the church and director of the restoration work for Mr. Rockefeller, overheard the darky tell a group of tourists one day: "Somewhar in dis yer graveyard Hamlet's father am buried."

"What's that?" asked Dr. Goodwin. "Who said Hamlet's father was buried here?"

"You done said it, Doctah Goodwin," returned the guide. "I done read it in yore book."

He showed the clergyman the passage, in which there was a quotation from Gray's Elegy: "Each in his narrow cell forever laid, the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

But in Bruton Parish, where the present brings tourists to hear of mythical burials, there is a substantial bit of the past, too. There are the graves of Martha Washington's two children by her first marriage. There

are the prayer-books which trace the history of the Colonies and the States in altered prayers. There I saw the prayer for the king blotted out by a prayer for the President of the United States; even the passage

about "the King of Kings, Lord of Lords," was stricken from the ritual. There is also a prayer-book in which "President of the United States" is stricken out to make way for "President of the Confederacy," and again, at the close of the war between the states, "President of the Confederacy" was changed to "Governor of Virginia." That is the past, vital and breathing.

So are the two tombstones, standing side by side in Bruton graveyard, the one inscribed to Mrs. Ann Timson Jones by her husband:

"My Ann, my all, my angel wife,
My dearest one, my love, my life,
I cannot sigh or say farewell,
But where thou dwellest I will dwell."

The story goes that the tombstone was delayed in arriving for a year after the good lady's death in 1840, so that by the time it came to Williamsburg, it was carried on top of the stage that brought her bereaved spouse home from his second honeymoon. His second wife was, however, the first early American good sport, for when her husband died, she had him laid to rest beside his first wife, and herself composed the inscription on the stone, now placed beside that other:

"Time was, when his cheek with life's crimson was flushed,
When cheerful his voice was health set on his brow;
That cheek is now palsied, that voice is now hushed,
He sleeps with the dust of his first partner now."

WILLIAMSBURG has its ghost—at least one—that of George Wythe, first teacher of law in America, who is said to have been poisoned by his nephew and still stalks the corridors of his mansion, now the headquarters of the restoration director. It has its social club, the Paulskis, founded in 1776, which meets on the pavement in front of H. D. Cole's news and souvenir store, under one of those gnarled mulberry-trees, planted because there was a bounty on the growing of silkworms, although the industry never thrived in this far-from-East Indian clime. Here the men of the village gather to discuss the restoration, much as their ancestors must have gathered to talk over the news of the latest Revolutionary battles, and all the big events of American history. But, oh! let me point out, on the steps of the Court House, a breath of modern commercialism, a red bench on which is painted the admonition: "Rest Here in a—Suit!"

Incongruity is no small part of Williamsburg's charm—an incongruity that the town itself cherishes. With what pride its citizens recount the tale of the first Williamsburg band, the little group of pipers and drummers who, after much practice, learned one musical number for state occasions! Not long after, a respected citizen of Williamsburg died, and the band was asked to lead the funeral cortege. Down the Duke of Gloucester Street came the procession, the band valiantly leading off with its only tune, conducting the respected citizen to his resting-place to the strains of a ditty of the day, entitled: "Hop, light, Ladies, the Cake's All Dough."

Oh, in the future incongruity will go. State roads will be swung in a circle around Williamsburg. Telegraph poles will be buried, asphalt taken up, flagstones laid in the paths at either side of the street. In time, the description of Mary Johnston, whose novel, *Audrey*, tells of the Williamsburg of 1727, will again be true.

"..... a town of stores, of ordinaries and public places; from open door and window all along Duke of Gloucester Street came laughter, round oaths, now and then a scrap of drinking-song. Houses of red brick, houses of white wood; the long, wide dusty Duke of Gloucester Street; gnarled mulberry-trees broad-leaved against a September sky, deeply, passionately blue; glimpses of wood and field—all seemed remote without distance, still without stillness, the semblance of a dream."

NANCY HANKS

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

*Being a mother was enough;
Being HIS mother, enough of glory;
Though a milk fever was to snuff
Your life out long before his story.*

*What shapes of cloud and cliff and shade,
What brooding of your Mother Heart
Went into him whom sorrow made
Most near of men, the most apart?*

*The wilderness groans through her earth,
The Fatal Sisters groan with her—
The ancient miracle of birth,
The cabin of the carpenter.*

*His father's brawn, the wistful spirit
Of his mother plot his chart;
These the Master shall inherit
To build his will—and break his heart.*

*The mother cord is cut—and yet
His eyes remember; still there clings
A silver fragment like regret,
And in his heart a throb like wings.*

*Now sleeps the Mother on the hill;
Somber and lonely and uncouth
The gaunt hands working at the mill
Cherish a ghost who taught him truth.*

*Through bitter years of blood and ashes,
Through final victory and death
Your love defends him, your love flashes
Like lightning, your breath is his breath.*

*Not clothed in silks at some event
Of state, nor in procession proud
As Mother of the President,
Flushed with the plaudits of the crowd—*

*At none of these; but only when
His anguished heart cries out, then only,
When he is loneliest of men,
When of all men he is most lonely,—*

*Then in the stillness of the night,
And in the struggle and the storm
That tears his soul, you are the light
To see by, the flame to keep him warm.*

*And when the radiant dark shape stands
Beside him, it is you he sees
With your eyes, your unearthly bands
He feels upon his eyes, your peace.*

2 famous ingredients

make Hands, Arms, Shoulders dazzling when you dance



Hands and Elbows adorably soft... Arms and Shoulders radiantly white—with Jergens Lotion!

SOFT HANDS AND ARMS, resting lightly against somber broadcloth, dazzling by contrast with its lustreless black... how adorable they are when the skin is tenderly smooth and white.

To keep their appealing whiteness, give them this daily care...

Pour a few drops of Jergens Lotion into the palm of one hand and smooth it over the other hand and arm, massaging it into the skin on the back of the hand, the arm and elbow. How it relaxes parched tissues, smooths away the harsh, dry, chapped feeling. How much softer hands and elbows feel!

Do this regularly every time your hands touch soap and water, and within a week you'll be amazed how much whiter and finer the skin looks.

For skilfully combined in Jergens Lotion are the two most effective ingredients known to science

for softening and whitening the skin of the hands.

Jergens Lotion is absorbed by your skin instantly—there is no trace of stickiness. And how much better powder goes on—and stays on—when this delightful lotion is used as a base.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today! 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Also in economical size at \$1.

FREE . . . new trial bottle • beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3521 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited,
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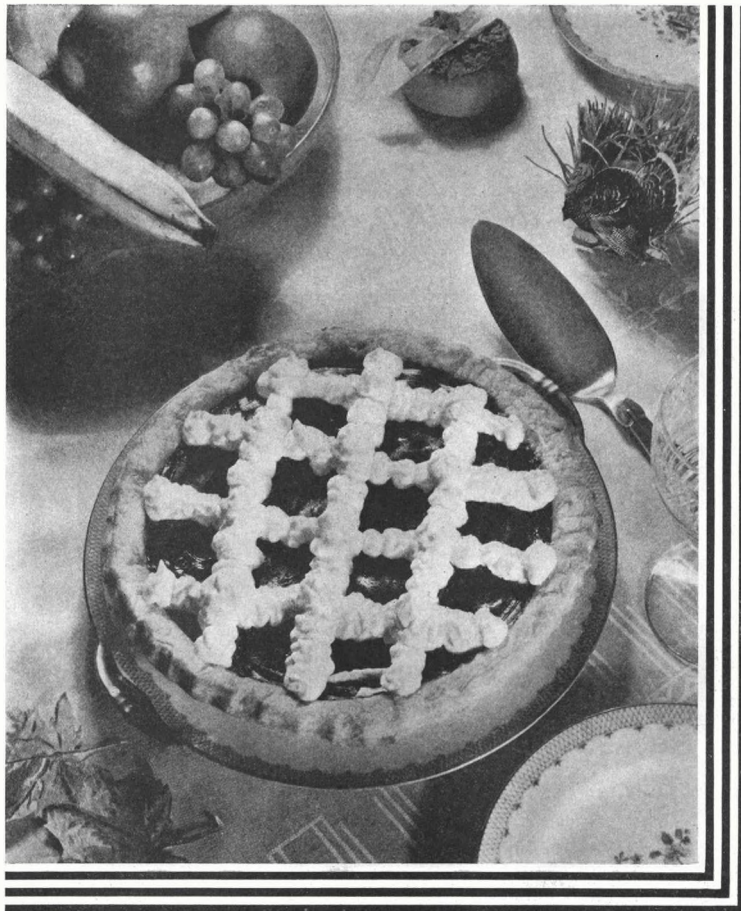


Gift Box for Men

FATHERS — BROTHERS — HUSBANDS — welcome this gay box of shaving luxuries. The famous Woodbury Soap (guest size), Shaving Cream (large tube), Talc. And a bottle of silvery Jergens Lotion to protect against chapping and dryness, or the box may be obtained with Woodbury's After Shaving Lotion instead. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters. \$1.

Jergens Lotion

Leaves No Stickiness



If you've never tasted chocolate cream pie there's a treat in store for you

By Sarah Field Splint

Director, McCall's Department of
Foods and Household Management

THANKSGIVING time is pie time. The custom is as old as the day, and no matter how tempting the rest of the feast may have been, we consider it incomplete without pie.

Most McCall readers know how to make pastry, so I need only remind you of a few precautions that make all the difference between good and poor pastry:

Sift flour before you measure it.

Be sure that all the ingredients are cold.

Use the *smallest quantity* of water that will hold the ingredients together.

If you have time, put the pastry in the refrigerator to become chilled before you roll it out.

Handle gently and roll away from you with a light quick motion. Roll to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thickness, keeping shape round. Use only enough flour on the board to prevent sticking.

To avoid a soggy undercrust, chill the filling before adding, or coat the crust with slightly beaten egg and let stand a few minutes before filling.

Bake by temperature, if possible. The oven should be hot in order to start the pastry rising, then the heat should be moderated so that the filling will cook thoroughly. Watch during baking and turn so that the pastry will brown evenly.

For pie and tart shells, roll out the pastry, making it one inch larger than the pan. This allows for shrinking and for the making of a fluted edge. Do not stretch the pastry as you fit it into the pan. Fold back the edge and pinch with the fingers. Prick all over with a fork and bake in a quick oven. Cool before putting in the filling.

If you cannot make flaky pastry with ordinary bread flour, try pastry flour; follow the recipe given on the package.

The following recipes for pastry and filling are always popular. The Pumpkin Tarts are especially good for Thanksgiving dinner or supper.

Deep Dish Apple Pie

8 tart apples	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
	1 tablespoon butter

Pare apples, core and cut in thin slices. Put in a baking dish about 3 inches deep. Add sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg and dot with bits of butter. Cover with plain pastry, trim edge and press with the tines of a fork. Prick top to allow steam to escape. Bake in a quick oven (425° F.) 10 minutes, reduce heat to 375° F. and bake about 30 minutes, or until apples are tender. Serve hot or cold with hard sauce.

Squash Pie

2 cups cooked squash	1 teaspoon salt
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar	2 cups milk
1 teaspoon cinnamon	2 egg yolks
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves	2 tablespoons butter, melted
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ginger	2 egg whites

To mashed squash (which should be as dry as possible) add sugar, spices and salt and mix well. Add milk and beaten egg yolks. Add butter and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into an unbaked pie shell and bake in a quick oven (425° F.) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 375° F. and bake until filling is firm.

For *Sweet Potato Pie*, follow recipe above, substituting sweet potatoes for the squash and reducing sugar to

PASS THE PIE

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 tablespoon extra butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nut meats. When baked, garnish with marshmallows and set in a moderate oven (375° F.) for about 10 minutes.

Chocolate Cream Pie

6 tablespoons flour	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	2 squares (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate, grated
2 egg yolks	1 teaspoon vanilla
	1 cup cream

Mix flour, sugar and salt together. Add beaten egg yolks, milk and grated chocolate and cook over hot water until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Cover and cook 10 minutes longer. Cool slightly and add vanilla. Pour into a baked pie shell. Cool thoroughly. Just before serving, cover with whipped cream and sprinkle top with chocolate shot or put on whipped cream with pastry tube, decorating as desired.

Coconut Cream Pie

8 tablespoons flour	2 cups milk
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	1 cup cream
2 egg yolks	Grated coconut

Mix flour, sugar and salt together. Add beaten egg yolks and milk and cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Cover and cook 10 minutes. Cool slightly and add vanilla. Pour into a baked pie shell. Cool thoroughly. Cover with whipped cream and sprinkle generously with freshly grated coconut or prepared coconut.

Cottage Cheese Pie

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups smooth cottage cheese	2 eggs
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk	Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream

Mash cheese with a fork and add coconut, sugar, beaten eggs, rind and lemon juice, and cream. Mix thoroughly. Pour into a pastry lined pie pan and bake in a quick oven (425° F.) 10 minutes, reduce heat to 325° F. and bake about 20 minutes longer or until firm. When cool spread with strawberry jam and serve.

Cranberry and Raisin Pie

2 cups cranberries, coarsely chopped	2 tablespoons flour
1 cup seeded raisins	1 cup sugar
	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Mix cranberries and raisins together and add flour, sugar and salt. Line a pie pan with plain pastry and fill with the cranberry mixture. Moisten edge of pastry with water and lay strips of pastry over the pie, lattice fashion. Trim edges and press firmly together. Bake in a quick oven (425° F.) 10 minutes, reduce heat to 375° F. and bake about 25 minutes longer.

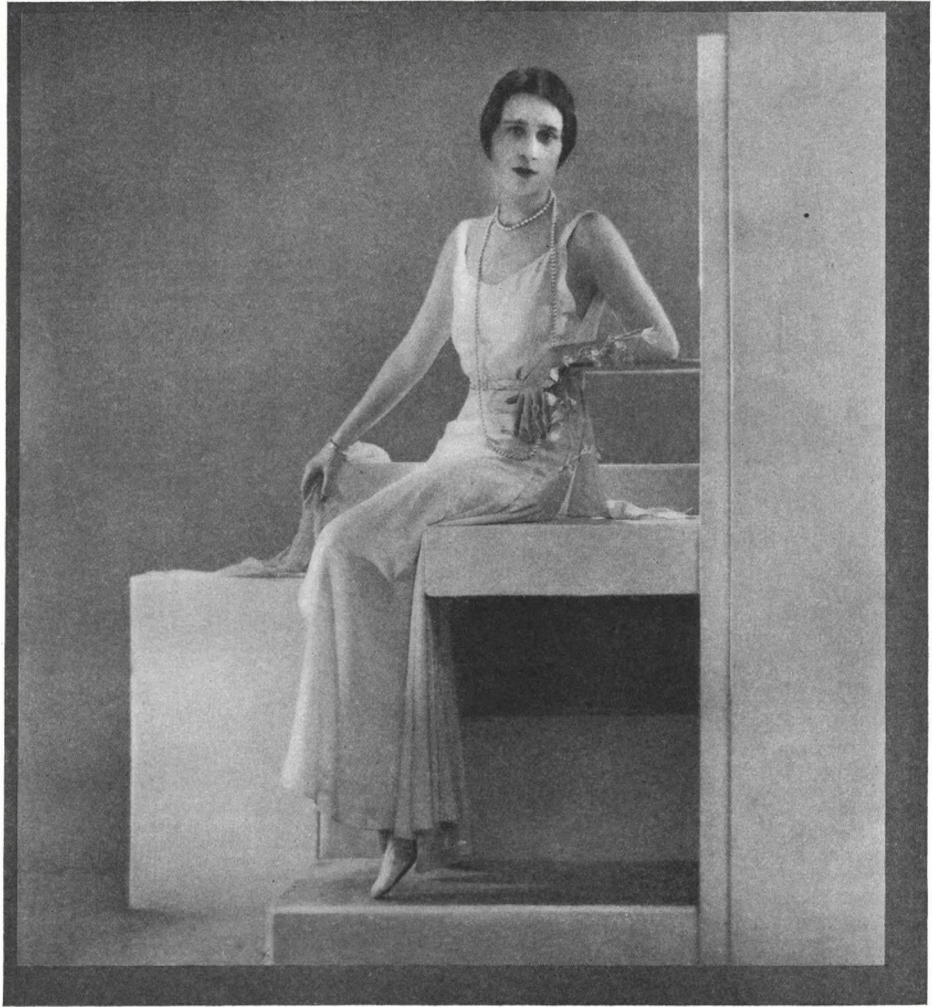
Pumpkin Tarts

1 can pumpkin	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves
1 cup milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ginger
2 eggs	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon	Rich pastry

Put the contents of 1 can pumpkin into a heavy frying pan and cook slowly, stirring occasionally, until most of the liquid has evaporated. Add milk, beaten egg yolks, sugar, spices and salt and mix well. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Roll pastry to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thickness and cut in circles 4 inches in diameter. Fit into fluted pans and pinch edge with fingers to make a fancy edge. Pour in the filling and bake in a quick oven (425° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Cool and just before serving garnish with whipped cream. [Turn to page 36]

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

..Paris acclaims her beauty and her chic



Née Gloria Morgan and married at only eighteen to the second son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. REGINALD VANDERBILT lived as a girl in Spain, Holland, England and France and since her husband's death has returned to make her home in Paris.

BEAUTY . . . with all the poise of a *grande dame* of the old régime . . . slim youth in subtly simple Paris frocks . . . a flower face with the serene young brow and burning dark eyes of a Spanish Madonna

. . . Inevitably Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt has captivated French society!

Pearls are her chosen jewels and the gardenia her favorite flower . . . and these accent the incredible whiteness of her skin, smooth as gardenia petals, lustrous

as pearls . . . its beauty due to daily care.

"Even in Paris," she says, "I still use Pond's . . . for not even the beauty-wise French make anything to compare with the famous Two Creams!"

"And the new Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are in line with the most advanced French ideas.

"All my congratulations to Pond's!"

Follow the four steps of Pond's Method to keep your own skin smooth and clear:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream, several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores and float dirt to the surface.

Second—remove with Pond's Cleansing

Tissues, soft, super-absorbent. (Tissues in exquisite peach-color and pure white.)

Third—Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection and exquisite finish. Use, too, for your hands.

At bedtime—cleanse immaculately with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

Send **10c** for Pond's Four Preparations

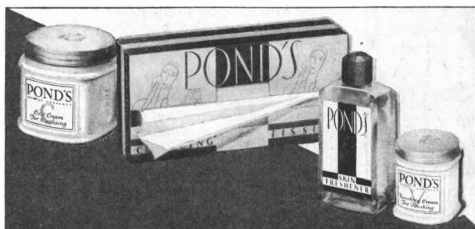
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L
111 Hudson Street New York City

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Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1930, Pond's Extract Company



Exquisite women both at home and abroad entrust their skin to the sure care of Pond's four delightful preparations . . . famous Two Creams for cleansing and protection, super-absorbent Cleansing Tissues to remove cream, Skin Freshener to brace and tone.

Six Months Old Today!



Tomorrow he is going to keep an appointment with his doctor made the day the baby was born.

YOUNG mothers of this generation little realize the heartaches and anxieties their grandmothers suffered in rearing their children. Forty years ago diphtheria killed six times as many babies as it does today. People were helpless when diphtheria epidemics raged. Then there was neither antitoxin to help fight the disease, nor toxin-antitoxin (or toxoid) to prevent it.

Nowadays, the disease has almost disappeared in communities where people have organized campaigns to educate and persuade every mother to have her baby inoculated against diphtheria at the age of six months. Nevertheless, throughout the length and breadth of the country, about 8,000 children died last year from this one cause. They had not been protected as they might have been.

Immunization is a very simple matter — painless and safe. But the inoculation of your baby should not be delayed.

More than half of all deaths from diphtheria occur among children between the ages of six months and five years. A striking contrast is presented by comparison of the death rates from diphtheria in two groups of representative American cities. For the past three years the first group has carried on an intensive campaign to immunize all children against diphtheria

and has decreased its death rate 33%. During the same period the second group of cities has been less aggressive and has had an increase of 9%.

Protection can be given your baby whether or not you live in a city or a part of the country which has a dangerous diphtheria death rate. Take him to your doctor and you will be spared one anxiety from which past generations were never free.

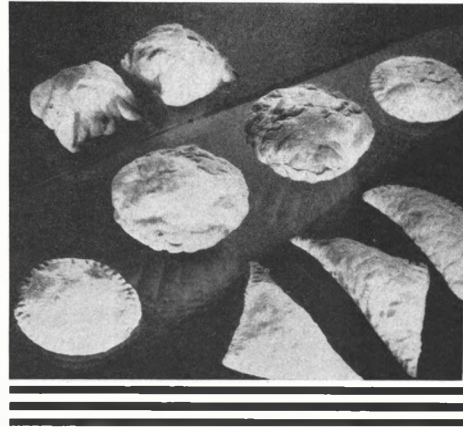
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail free, its booklet, "Diphtheria is Preventable". Address Booklet Department 1130-M.



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

PASS THE PIE

[Continued from page 34]



Baked peach dumplings; currant jelly puffs; Banbury tarts

Currant Jelly Puffs

Line muffin pans with Rich Pastry. Fill with currant jelly. Cover with pastry, press edges together and prick tops with the tines of a fork. Bake in a quick oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, reduce heat to 425° F. and bake 5 to 8 minutes longer.

Baked Peach Dumplings

Roll out Rich Pastry to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thickness and cut in 4-inch squares. Place half a peach in the center of each square. Sprinkle with sugar and dot with butter. Moisten edges of pastry with water, draw corners to the center and press edges together firmly. Brush tops with beaten egg. Bake in a quick oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate oven (350° F.) and bake about 15 minutes longer.

Sweet Rissoles

Roll out Rich Pastry to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thickness and cut out circles about 3 inches in diameter. Moisten edges with water. Place a teaspoon of jam on one-half of the circle, fold other half over and press edges firmly together. Brush with beaten egg and fry in deep hot fat (350° F. to 375° F.) until brown. Drain thoroughly.

Raspberry Rollovers

Roll Rich Pastry to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thickness. Cut in circles 3 to 4 inches in diameter.

Prick with tines of a fork and spread with raspberry jam. Sprinkle with chopped nuts or coconut. Roll tightly over and over. Place in baking pan with lapped side down. Bake in a hot oven (375° F.) 15 minutes.

Banbury Tarts

Roll Plain Pastry to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thickness and cut in 3-inch squares. Mix together $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped raisins and dates, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts. 1 cup light brown sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 egg, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, and put a little of the mixture on each square. Moisten edges with cold water, fold over diagonally and press edges together. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 15 to 20 minutes.

Plain Pastry

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
Cold water

Mix and sift flour and salt. Cut in shortening with knife or pastry blender or rub in with the finger tips until the mixture is the consistency of coarse corn meal. Add water gradually and only enough to hold the ingredients together. Chill thoroughly. This is sufficient for a 2 crust pie. Roll pastry for each crust separately.

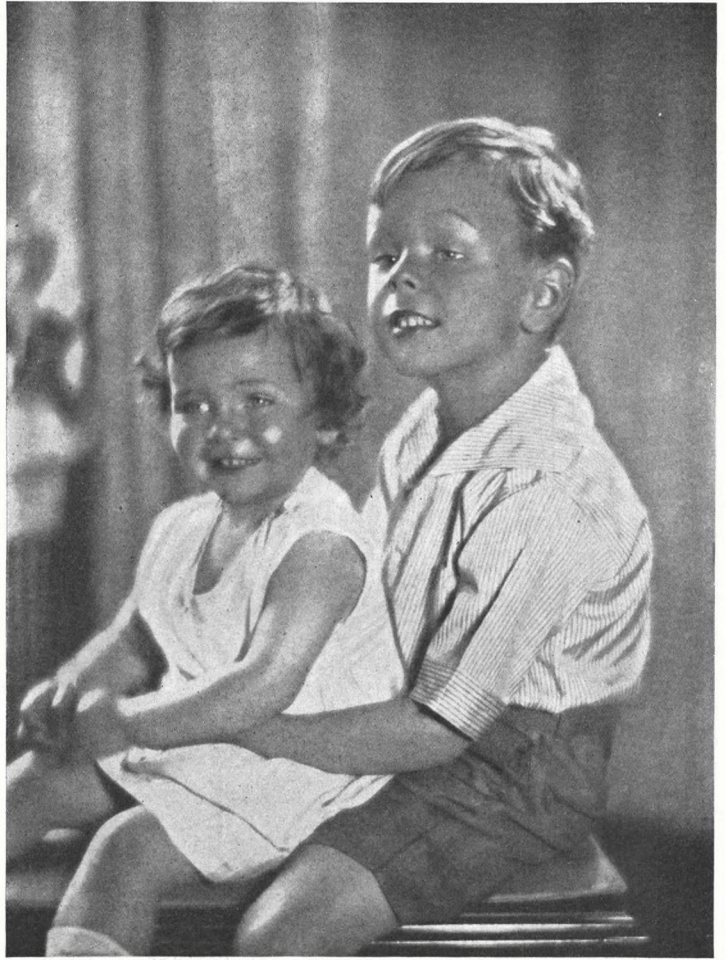
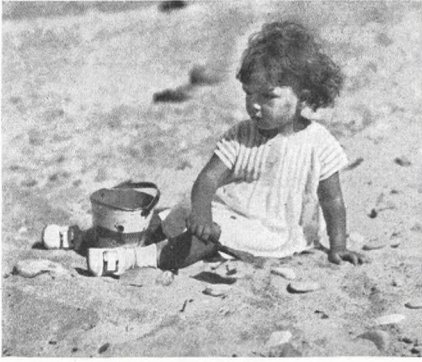
Rich Pastry

Follow the recipe for Plain Pastry, using $\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening instead of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. This is an easy recipe.



BEHIND THE CURTAINS

Lovely curtains speak to the passer-by of the charm and hospitality within your house. They may be made along simple lines and of inexpensive materials, but they must be fashioned to fit the style of the window. Our new booklet will tell you how to make every kind of curtain and drapery . . . what kind of material to use for different types of rooms and how to hang them. Send twenty cents in stamps for *All About Curtains*. The Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.



JOHN B. DRAKE IV and BARBARA

The little Drakes

two jolly nautical spirits descended from Sir Francis himself

● John B. Drake IV and his chubby little sister Barbara are the children of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Drake of Chicago.

Water fascinates these two — whether at Sissippi, on the Rock River, where their grandfather, ex-Governor Lowden, has his beautiful estate — or at Lake Forest, Chicago's smartest North Shore suburb, where the family summers.

"Bobbie," at nineteen months, has a lightning tendency to run right in the water, French frock and all. "Johnny," with the superiority of his four years, has a canny way with sail boats.

Both pairs of knees are brown enough to last all winter! Both young appetites flourish the year 'round! Their owners consume an astonishing amount of hot cooked cereal. And the cereal their mother chooses, on the baby doctor's advice, is Cream of Wheat.

From the tender age of four months, each little Drake has eaten it.

"Both children are *always* well," says Mrs. Drake. "Cream of Wheat is part of our program to keep them so."

Most mothers feel that way. Most doctors too. Recently 221 leading baby specialists in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto were asked about cereals. *All of them approve Cream of Wheat!*

They know how rich it is in energy, how quick and easy to digest. An ideal food — *at less than one cent a serving!*

Make it a habit in *your* home. Start the days with good generous bowls of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

● TUNE IN on the Cream of Wheat Radio Program every weekday morning at 7:45. Stations WJZ, WBZ-A, KDKA, WHAM, WLW, WJR, WLS, KSTP, WREN, KFAB, KWK.



FREE — this wonderful game

Children love the 11. C. B. Club, with a secret, and degrees of membership. It makes a jolly game of cereal. All the material is free — badges, gold stars, and big new colored posters. Roland and Oliver, Joan of Arc, Richard the Lion Hearted. Also look on child health. Mail this coupon to Dept. G-47, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Child's name _____

Address _____

To get sample of Cream of Wheat check here © 1930, C. of W. Corp.

TRUE HOSPITALITY

By Margery Taylor



YOU don't need a stately mansion to create an air of true hospitality. The small room above is only 11x12 but it has the friendly sort of charm which every dining room *should* have.

It belongs to a simple five-room house which has a front terrace bordered with beds of gay flowers. You must imagine the rest of the house . . . the living room with its fireplace, bookcases, and an archway leading into the dining room; the two bedrooms and bath; and the compact kitchen. It's a youthful, informal house, appropriately decorated throughout with chintz, lightly-patterned papers, and painted woodwork.

In the dining room the wall paper is a soft yellow, overlaid with fine green stripes. The two colors combined in this way give a refreshing sense of space. The woodwork and ceiling are yellow, too; and the center lighting fixture is of opalescent yellow-green glass which fits almost flat against the ceiling and adds to the restfulness of the room.

The group of three windows are informally curtained in ruffled primrose-yellow scrim. The chintz for valance and tie-backs has a yellow ground with coral-colored flowers and green leaves, set off with a green binding. The floor length ruffled curtains and the triple-looped tie-backs add importance to an otherwise simple window treatment.

The rug is an unusual one of woven brown wool with green and yellow worked into the border. Rugs of this type are made to order in any size and to match any color scheme.

This background of soft yellow, green, and brown makes a perfect setting for the mellow maple furniture. The character established by maple furniture is ideal for the small home; and, incidentally, the fact that it can now be bought on the same [Turn to page 132]



© S. & Co.

BUTTER

so fresh...
sweet in flavor

SPREAD THICK on hot cornbread... melting in with every crunchy bite... what delicate *freshness* of flavor! You simply know you can rely upon *this* butter for every cooking and table use. Churned for you in selected dairy regions... brought quickly to your city by fleets of refrigerator cars... Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter gives you this assurance of quality *always*. From spotless creamery to the dealer in your neighborhood, Swift & Company's rigid care maintains its sweet, fresh flavor. Try it today — *Creamery Fresh!* You'll find a dealer nearby who can supply you.



Swift's Premium Quality seal identifies a complete line of foods of superior merit. It is your guide to unvarying excellence.



Swift's Brookfield Eggs are specially selected. Brought to your dealer with greatest care, they have firm, opalescent whites and round firm yolks—varying in color from light to deep yellow, but all equally delicate in flavor and high in nutritive value. You will find Swift's Brookfield Cheese as superior in quality.



Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS—BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

Full net weight in every DEL MONTE can. One quality—and only one quality—no matter where you buy.



AND DON'T FORGET THESE OTHER DELICIOUS DEL MONTE VARIETIES



CORN



Sweet and tender—packed both Cream Style and Whole Kernel. Four delicious varieties, too—Country Gentleman, Golden Bantam, Tiny Kernel, and Crosby.



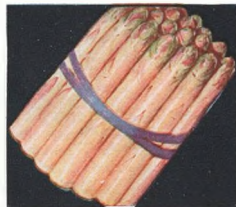
PEAS



Early Garden Sugar Peas. Not just one size of pea, but several sizes, blended together, for the finest flavor in peas you ever tasted.



ASPARAGUS



Grown in California's famous Delta lands. Cut and packed at its best—tender and delicious. Your choice of Long Spears, Tips or Sided Points in several sizes of cans. Different thicknesses of spears, too, each size plainly marked on the can.



Take a good cook ...
a can of DEL MONTE SPINACH
... and these simple recipes

... and you're ready to enjoy some of the most delicious treats you've ever tasted!

Not that you really need any special recipes to enjoy DEL MONTE Spinach! Just seasoned and heated—right from the can—it's as tempting and healthful a "green" as you can find.

But if you think of spinach merely as a sort of one-style dish, then you're missing a host of good things. The baked spinach dish illustrated above, for instance. Or spinach salad—garnished with sliced hard-cooked eggs. Or fluffy, golden spinach omelet. Or spinach ring with chicken or veal. Or spinach loaf. All easy to prepare. And all delicious.

Certainly, you'll want to serve these spinach treats! When you do, remember how important it is, for fullest satisfaction, to get DEL MONTE! The very finest spinach grown, selected in the fields and brought fresh and crisp to DEL MONTE

canneries—sorted and re-sorted to remove all coarse stems and withered leaves—washed over and over, in streams of rushing water, until it is perfectly clean and free from grit. Then, cooked to just the right degree of tenderness in automatic DEL MONTE pressure cookers, it comes to your kitchen all ready to heat, season and serve. Just the finest, tenderest spinach you can buy!

Why not write "DEL MONTE Spinach" on your grocery list right now? And while you are writing, send for our attractive folder—"Spinach, a Few Suggestions for its Everyday Service." You'll find it a wonderful help in adding a spring-time touch to your menus. With it we'll send 8 other handy DEL MONTE recipe books and folders—all free. Just address Dept. 642, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Just be sure you get

DEL MONTE

YOUR GIRL MAKES GOOD

[Continued from page 4]

Grasse, where the finest French perfumes are made, studied the business from the growing flower to the crystal container. There I established my factory. I design my own bottles, market my own perfumes and solid odors. I am, as far as I know, the only woman manufacturer and importer dealing exclusively in perfumes."

"Mrs. Brewster, why can't we make perfumes in America?"

"Because of prohibition. Alcohol is an essential in this business. The delicate odor of flowers is destroyed by the chemicals added by law to industrial alcohol. We can't have perfume and drink it, too."

WEST VIRGINIA

Protector of Life

As a little girl, Sara Edelin nursed all the calves and chicks on her father's farm in Washington. She was the champion of the helpless, the weak. She loved all living things. That is why she took to her profession in later life "as easily as one of those solemn old ducks on the farm took to water."

For Sara Edelin today writes hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of policies every year for the oldest life insurance company in America. Her clients are largely women. Sara Edelin still is interested in protecting the helpless—protecting them in this modern way.

"Women are no longer leaning as hard on the masculine arm, depending upon some man to see them through the vicissitudes of life," she says. "Every year a larger number of women enter business, professions. Every year women's colleges and universities graduate more women who become self-supporting. They are learning to lean on an arm more reliable than any man's insurance."

"Women are heads of families today—breadwinners. Widowhood, divorce, illness of the husband, or unemployment frequently forces a woman not only to be self-sustaining, but imposes upon her the care of dependent children."

"Insurance, I find, teaches women to look to the future, to face without flinching uncomfortable, though inescapable, facts. Insurance is a sort of beauty treatment—it removes worry wrinkles."

MISSISSIPPI

Dressmaker's Renaissance

"Marguerite Gidden and Ink. Fit Ave. Dresses, two cents."

Marguerite Gidden, aged seven, chalked the sign on a shingle and hung it on the shed back of her plantation home in Greenville. "Ink" was the little paralyzed sister who kept the books, and "Fit Ave." was the street of dreams on which gloriously arrayed ladies in the fashion magazines walked their impeccable way.

Little girls came from neighboring cotton plantations. Colored youngsters brought their corn-cob dolls to "de dressmakar." There was much thumbing of fashion plates, much pawing through the family scrap-bag. "Ink" made many entries and "charge accounts."

"Marguerite Gidden, Inc. Gowns, Fifth Avenue," is the substance shadowed forth by the child's play. It is an exclusive establishment, employing a large staff. Customers come in smart

automobiles. "Inky" lives in New York with her artistic, capable sister, whose career in the big city started a few years ago as a humble apprentice.

"The old-fashioned dressmaker, with her bundle of fashion books and her pin-cushion dangling at her waist, is coming back with the new styles," rejoices Miss Gidden. "Dressmakers give personal and individual touches that no wholesale manufacturer can possibly achieve."

"Women may be sisters under the skin, but they want to be different, individual. The French woman has always known that clothes should express personality—that they should not be made in job lots, like flower-pots. They exalt the artist; we exalt the machine, with the result that we have women, gowned and hatted alike, from the Dakotas down to my own slow, lovely cotton country. But the dressmaker and scrap-bag, with its bits of lace and old brocades, is coming back."

A vision in pink tulle floated out of the fitting-room.

"You said it!" cheeped the vision.

TEXAS

Something New Under the Sun

In the Texas cattle country folks used to say of Frances Harrell, before she was old enough to go to kindergarten, "That kid can ride anything!"

For, on her father's cattle ranch in Del Rio, near the Mexican border, the handsome, fearless little girl mounted and rode pigs, ponies, calves. Once a heifer threw her. Bleeding and angry, she rose, wiped the blood on her overalls, caught the balking animal, mounted and rode her! A wee scar on Frances Harrell's cheek is the sign of conquest.

Today, the sign of adult conquest is Miss Harrell's air transport license. Only twenty other flyers hold this license and she, for a long time, was the only woman. Moreover, she was the first woman pilot to be employed regularly by the Curtiss-Wright Flying Service—the only woman member of the exhibition flying team.

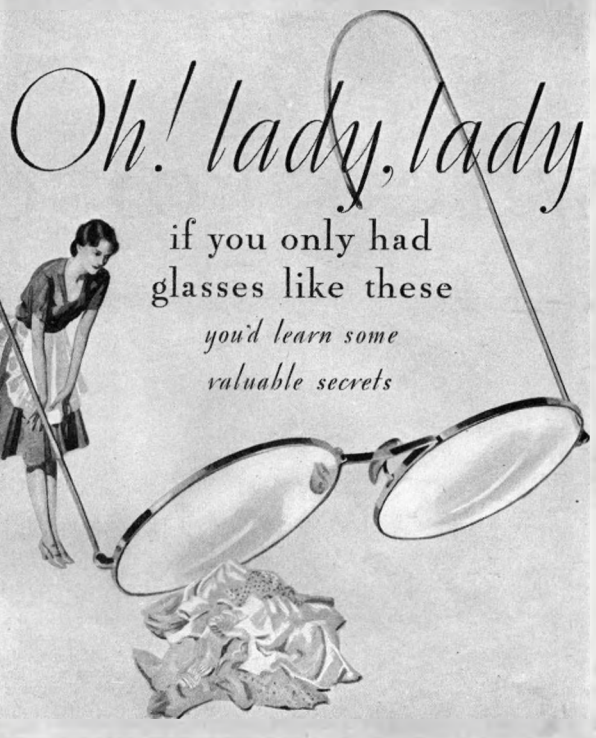
A tiny legacy came to Miss Harrell when she was twenty-three years old. Instantly she quit her job in Houston, boarded a train for New York City, presented herself for training at the flying school. One of her instructors once had a pupil named Lindbergh.

"From the moment I saw my first airplane streaking over Texas, I knew I wanted to become a pilot—and a swell one!"

Her teachers say she is that now. Tilt back your head! A plane is shuttling between the clouds. Its pilot is a young girl. Now she is winning a place among experienced pilots in the National Air races in Cleveland. And now she is expertly flying a "Gypsy Moth" in a 5,000 mile tour... a mere slip of a girl, with large brown eyes and red-gold hair.

Watch intrepid youth streaking across the sky in the Travel Air Mystery ship, whose top speed is 235 miles an hour. You observe the skill of the first woman to fly the fastest commercial plane in the world. You behold something new under the sun. Page Solomon!

[Continued on page 44]



It's pretty discouraging to take clothes in from the washline and find they aren't the lovely white you expected. And it's puzzling, too!

But, if you saw these clothes through magnifying glasses, you'd understand. You'd see tiny particles of dirt clinging to the fabric. Held there by grease (that wasn't loosened in the washing) so the dirt couldn't be rinsed away.

How different with Fels-Naptha washes! For the generous Fels-Naptha bar gives you extra help that gets rid of this pesky, clinging dirt. Not just soap alone, but good golden soap combined with plenty of grease-dissolving, dirt-loosening naphtha. Two busy, active cleaners working together, loosening stubborn dirt and washing it away so thoroughly that when your wash comes off the line it's bound to be white—really, truly white—and fragrantly clean.

Thanks to the extra help of these two cleaners, Fels-Naptha does away with hard rubbing, too. It makes your washing easier—whether you use tub or machine; whether you soak or boil your clothes. Naturally Fels-Naptha works best in hot water—all soaps do. But un-

like many other soaps, Fels-Naptha also washes clean in lukewarm or even cool water. And does it so quickly that you don't have to keep your hands in water long. Which, of course, helps keep them nice.

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. The next time you're buying soap, be wise. Buy Fels-Naptha and get a real soap bargain. A bargain that brings you not more bars, but more help. Extra help with every soap-and-water task—whether it's washing greasy dishes, wiping muddy woodwork, or doing the family wash.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naphtha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Mail the coupon to-day!

© 1930, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. MCC-11-30
Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

FELS-NAPTHA

The Golden Bar with the Clean Naptha Odor

THE WHOLE when Poisons Collect



DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL

RIGHT

The celebrated president of the Société Thérapeutique of Paris explains how poisons form in the intestines when contaminating food wastes are allowed to accumulate there. These poisons circulate throughout the entire body. Health and vigor are seriously impaired.

"Keep the digestive and intestinal tract clean with fresh yeast," Dr. Rosenthal says, "and your health will improve."

DR. MAURICE DELORT

LEFT

Considered Europe's greatest stomach and intestinal specialist, Dr. Delort is the famous author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."

"It is through the digestive tract," he says, "that many infections find their way into the system."

"Yeast," he explains, "stimulates the stomach and intestines . . . acts as a body cleanser and a tonic."



Read what they say about a simple food that keeps intestines active, clean!

Are you worried about your health? About the way you feel?

Do you tire easily, sleep poorly? Are you subject to headaches, skin eruptions, indigestion?

Then nine chances out of ten, doctors say, you are suffering from one of the commonest troubles of modern life . . . "intestinal fatigue."

This condition is dangerous. For your body draws its nourishment from the intestinal tract. When intestines become sluggish, poisons collect. Your blood is polluted. Health fades. You are half-well—*half-sick!*

Wouldn't you like to be rid of this condition . . . free to enjoy life at its richest and best?

Then read what two of Europe's greatest physicians advise . . . two men who have spent a large part of their lives in the study of this very trouble.

Tell how Yeast Purifies the System

One of them is Dr. Rosenthal, of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, a Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of France and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

"Poisons that form in the intestines," Dr. Rosenthal says, "penetrate into the blood and affect the whole body . . . Fresh yeast cleanses the intestinal tract . . . corrects constipation and indigestion . . . tones up the whole system."

"Coated tongue, bad breath . . . headaches, pimples, etc., clear up when yeast is used."

Now listen to another great French authority—Dr. Delort, of the St. Michel Hospital. He says:

"Yeast stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the movements of both stomach and intestines. It is effective, harmless."

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, is just a fresh, pure product of Nature—a *food*, which softens accumulated body wastes and actually tones up the "tired" intestinal muscles.

Naturally, when contaminating poisons are cleared away, normal digestion sets in. Appetite picks up. Skin eruptions vanish. You face life

Not a "Cure-all". . . Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is a Health Food that thousands eat three

SYSTEM SUFFERS

Here—



explain these noted Paris Specialists



with new energy, new confidence . . . and a smile!

Don't you owe it to yourself to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial? Just eat 3 cakes a day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold) or any way you like. Every cake is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G and D. Go to the nearest grocery, restaurant or soda fountain and get a supply today!

For free booklet on Yeast for Health write Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., New York City.

WHAT OTHER GREAT DOCTORS SAY:—

PROF. DR. MARTIN MENDELSON, of Berlin, physician to former German royalty, declares: "Constipation undermines the whole system. Fresh yeast corrects constipation by stimulating the wave-like motions of the intestines."

DR. PAUL GERBER, specialist in internal medicine of Vienna's great Rainer Hospital, explains: "Fresh yeast keeps the whole intestinal tract active and clean . . . checks the formation and spread of poisons . . . helps renew energy."

times every day . . . regularly

Their Experiences Illustrate What Great Doctors Say

(Below) "I had been overworking," writes Mr. Albert Rogell of Los Angeles. "My health gave way and I developed indigestion. I used to go home armed with bottles and pills. One day my mother suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. It relieved the indigestion and helped me sleep. Today I'm in perfect condition."

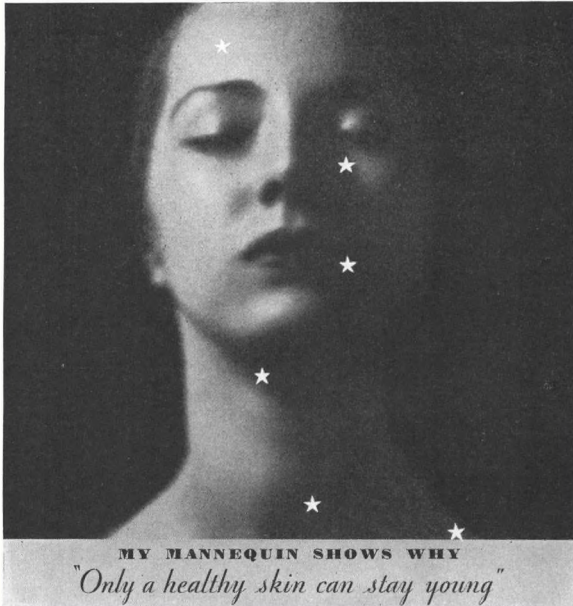
(Below) "A few years ago," writes Mrs. H. C. Van Pelt of Flushing, N. Y., "my system became sluggish and I was so tired that it was a great effort to do my work well . . . It wasn't long after I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast until my tired, sluggish feeling left. Yeast brought back all my old pep."

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated



Lovelier skin

FRESH · SOFT · CLEAR ·
AT MY SIX STARS OF YOUTH



by Frances Ingram

OF all the beauty questions my daily mail brings, the most frequent is this: "How can I keep my skin clean, clear and free of blemishes?"

I am always elated to answer this question, for my Milkweed Cream is remarkable for the way it cleanses and clarifies the complexion. With its delicate oils and its special toning ingredients, Milkweed Cream can do more to keep your skin healthy and young than any other cream I know.

Here is my own and special Milkweed method which defies blemishes and makes the skin fresh, clear—altogether lovely. First examine your skin at the six stars of youth on my mannequin. It is there that imperfections first mar your beauty.

Then apply Milkweed Cream generously upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap, if your skin is oily). Leave the cream on for a few moments to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh film of Milkweed Cream and with upward and outward strokes pat into the skin following the instructions in the column above.

Swiftly will your skin improve—soon it will have the silky softness and youthful clarity that are the rightful attributes of health.

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eye, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by firming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

All drug and department stores have Milkweed Cream. It sells for 50¢, \$1 and \$1.75. If you have any special questions, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesday 10:15 A.M. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. C-110, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____



THREE SIZES . . 50¢ . . \$1 . . \$1.75

YOUR GIRL MAKES GOOD

[Continued from page 41]

GEORGIA Mammy

Read the story of a conjurer, a gentle magician, who caused to appear and to disappear from among us a beloved old mammy.

Thus runs the story. A long illness of the head of the family made it necessary for Mrs. Katherine Tift-Jones to become the breadwinner. What to do? Reared in affluence on an immense plantation in the county of Tift, cared for from babyhood by an adoring mammy, sheltered as southern women are sheltered by their men folks, she plunged into the business world of New York City was breath-taking.

Her training in literature made her decide to give poetry recitals and to include in the programs negro poetry, negro stories—the sayings and doings of the servants in her old Georgia home. Audiences were delighted with her rare gift of mimicry. She became a popular entertainer for night clubs and recitals.

When a radio broadcasting station wished to introduce a humorous note into one of its programs, Mrs. Tift-Jones was asked to provide a character. Taking as her inspiration her own mammy, Mrs. Tift-Jones created a character, humorous, tender. And lo! that character was accepted as a real person by thousands of "air-ladies" who listened to "Calliope's" daily conversation with her mistress.

Valuable gifts began to pour into the station for "Calliope." Insistent visitors came. Over 50,000 letters were received. The illusion had to be destroyed. One day before the microphone, and in the public prints, Mrs. Tift-Jones announced to an astonished world the passing of "Calliope."

But "Calliope" in turn "made" her creator. Today Mrs. Tift-Jones' fund of darky stories, drawn from authentic sources, has given her a definite place on the recital platform and wide popularity with radio audiences. In fact, Mrs. Tift-Jones is a pioneer woman in the radio field—certainly a trail-blazer in American folk lore, bringing to public attention the wisdom and humor of the oldtime darky.

FLORIDA For Livability

In the old, old town of Saint Augustine there lived a sensitive little girl named Mary. She played in and out among the old walls of the city, listened to the long roll of the waves, heard her lawyer-father speak sympathetically of Spanish claimants to expropriated lands, of a vague, thrilling thing that he called social justice. Perhaps, the shuddering sight of Spanish dungeons and iron shackles implanted in the imaginative, blue-eyed child a horror of cruelty. At any rate, early the twig was bent and the tree inclined toward unselfish activities.

Today, among those who care intensely how their fellow beings live in the city of crowded millions, Mrs. Mary Blankenhorn is widely known. Hers is an outstanding name in New York City's civic and club life. During the great war, Mrs. Blankenhorn was the only woman to serve on the Bureau of Industrial Research.

"Our Bureau made exhaustive studies of the coal industry and the miner. It surveyed his uncertain, intermittent employment, his inadequate wage and wretched housing, his long hours in dungeon mines. Our hope was to arouse the public, to give legislators facts. We studied, too, the steel industry and the steel worker, worn out at forty.

"But," says Mrs. Blankenhorn, "write on my tombstone what, with able help, we accomplished for the underpaid, over-worked candy workers when I was the executive secretary of the Consumers' League

"We found that virtually all candy in this locality was being made under unspeakable, oftentimes revolting, conditions. Women and young girls worked cruelly long hours, in ice-cold rooms.

"We organized public opinion against these law-breaking manufacturers. In one year I saw light come to dark

places, saw a spread of sanitation and cleanliness; but, best of all, I saw the wages of hundreds of women and girls raised in fifty-three factories. Our 'White List' of manufacturers who maintained decent standards had national circulation."

Said a business man of Mrs. Blankenhorn, "If she were a business woman, she'd be considered one of the city's big sales promoters. She'd make money."

Mary Blankenhorn laughs. "The commodities I'm interested in aren't listed in Wall Street . . ."

SOUTH CAROLINA

Before and Behind the Footlights

When the guns of Fort Sumter fired on beautiful old Charleston, Grandmother Grimball spoke solemnly to her daughter. "The old order passes. A new day comes. Educate your girls to be self-supporting."

The Grimballs had lived long in the magnolia land of the Carolinas. They were landgraves over vast territories given by the crown before the Revolution. On the yellow pages of Grimball history moved slaves and ships and feudal seigneurs and their ladies, dancing at St. Cecilia's balls. Grandmother Grimball was a seer. Elizabeth Grimball and her five sisters were given professional educations.

Elizabeth chose a theatrical career. For five years she directed the Inter-Theater Arts, Inc., an organization that became famous in the little theater world. She coached and free-lanced and produced.

One day she discovered a talented girl who cometed into brilliant success. Not for a moment did the young star allow her teacher's directing ability to be hidden under a New York bushel. So loudly and widely did she acclaim her patron that Miss Grimball found herself besieged by young people demanding training. Overnight she had established a school of the drama.

"I love nothing more than finding talent and developing it—that seems to be my forte," says Miss Grimball with pride. "I realize that there are many worthless schools promising careers and footlight fame. I promise nothing but thorough training in all branches of

[Continued on page 47]





THE FRAMED FACE ON HIS DESK

Are you living up to its loveliness?

Could you still face that picture he treasures without a little pang of regret? Or are the tiny trade-marks of tiredness creeping into your face?

Don't be too quick to blame that loss of charm on family cares.

All too often the fatigue that leaves you miserable, listless, out of sorts—the fatigue that stamps its mark on your face—isn't work-weariness at all—it is *food-fatigue!*

It means that devitalizing waste is being retained by your body—to retard the functions,

to dull the faculties, to turn little work-a-day mole hills into monstrous mountains!

Here's a Delightful Daily Help Toward Radiant Health

You know, of course, that bran-bulk in the diet is Nature's own method of insuring regular, normal elimination—*do you know how good to eat bran can be?*

You have only to taste Post's Bran Flakes to know! A shower of golden flakes in a bowl with milk or cream—how crisp, how nut-like

in flavor, how *appetizing!* Or mingled with fruits and berries—what a *piquant* addition to the dish! Or best of all, perhaps, in full-flavored, fluffy muffins!

Surely this is the *pleasantest* of all ways to guard good looks!

Millions have found it so—and so will you.

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.



POST'S BRAN FLAKES

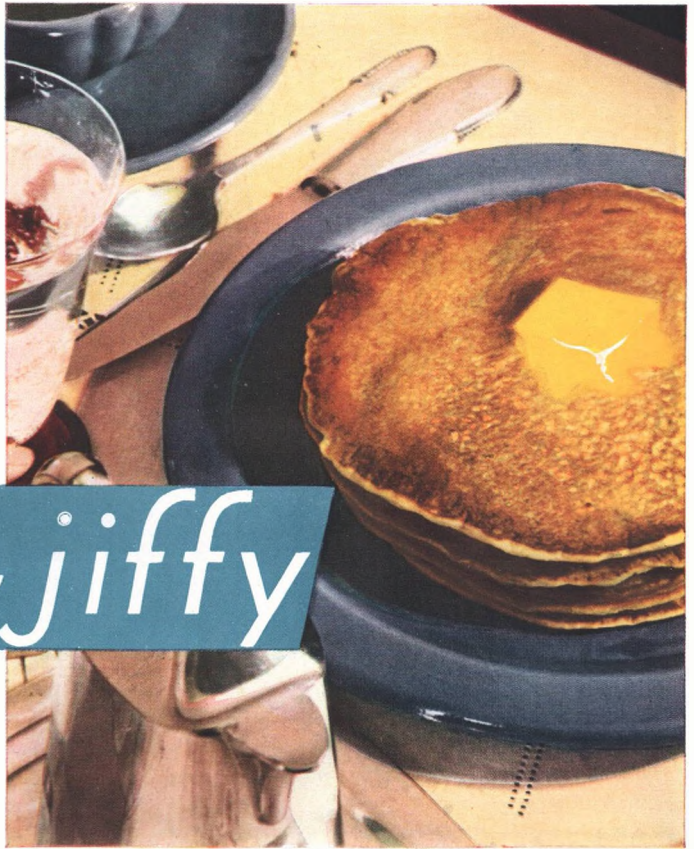
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

A Product of General Foods Corporation

ANYONE
in

Just-a-jiffy

can make these
melt-in-your-mouth
pancakes easily...with



AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

Time to make pancakes? Of course you have—with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour readymixed for you! • While the coffee is boiling you can stir up a bowlful of creamy batter . . . drop your cakes on the griddle . . . have them on the table all hot and eager for the butter and syrup

Your family adores these fluffy, golden-brown pancakes made from a plantation old-time pancake flavor, enjoyed by Aunt Jemima's master and his guests. A secret this special mixture of corn, rice, rye, and wheat flours. Now, in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, you get these four health-giving grains, that gives Aunt Jemima your grocer, today, for your pancakes the new-fashioned Aunt Jemima way! • If you do not think these pancakes are the best you've tasted, your grocer will refund the purchase price. The Quaker Oats Company.



in just about 2 minutes!

recipe. It's the same while she was alive—

just as she proportioned them. • It's the mixture of these four sun-ripened grains

Pancakes their special wholesome lightness. • Ask this delicious old-time pancake flour. Then bake



NEW RADIO THRILLS!—MORNING—While you're enjoying your breakfast of Aunt Jemima Pancakes, tune in on the Quaker Man. Every weekday morning at 8:00 to 8:15 Eastern and Central Time.—EVENING—And don't miss the coast to coast evening program at 7:30 Eastern Time

YOUR GIRL MAKES GOOD

[Continued from page 44]

stage production and actual stage experience. Then, if a young person has talent, a sense of rhythm, perseverance and high purpose, he will make his own success. I think I must draw that type of student, for out of last year's class of sixteen, twelve made Broadway.

"We southerners have no inhibitions to break down about the theater; our background was Cavalier, not Puritan. To be gracious and beautiful seems to us right; to give pleasure is part of our tradition. Perhaps that is why we feel completely at home in the theater."

NORTH CAROLINA

Hunches into Patents

A doll lay on the satin-covered sofa, a doll that could turn its head, clap its hands, wink, kick, roll its eyes upon proper provocation. A typewriter stood on the desk, a typewriter bearing an almost invisible attachment that made carbon paper unnecessary. In an album lying within reach of a gracious blonde woman, were photographs of forty assorted products, each, like the doll and the carbon attachment, an invention of "Lady Edison."

For the good-looking woman with the serene brow has won her nickname by having more patents to her credit than any woman in all American history. She is Beulah Louise Henry, descendant of the great Patrick Henry, and more than forty of her ideas, or "hunches," as she solemnly calls them, have been sold.

Yet "Lady Edison," unlike the masculine wizard who has made his name a synonym for scientific discovery, has had no technical training of any kind, and professes ignorance of scientific principles themselves. What is the secret, then, of her talents?

Heredit? Her father was a successful lawyer, her mother a southern belle. Neither garret nor parlor inventor perches in the ancestral tree.

Environment? A gracious, leisurely home with talk of dances and clothes and mannerly ways. No midnight oil burning.

Education? Just the usual schooling. To be charming, to marry, to be hospitable was woman's business.

"Ideas just come to me. Always in the daytime. I never work an idea out according to some scientific principle. I see a mechanism, see its operation. Then I sit beside the model makers and tell them what to do.

"I'm thinking now about a shuttle-less sewing machine that will make a lock stitch. Some day while I'm motoring, shopping, or feeling my cat, 'Chicadee,' the device will pop into my head. Funny, isn't it? I've seen things like this since I was nine years old."

"Can you explain yourself? With no laboratory, no books, no knowledge of mechanical principles, how do you think these thoughts?"

She looked grave. "Yes," she said, "I can explain it. I have hunches."

VIRGINIA

Good Habits

In the foothills of the Blue Ridge country of Virginia, girls of ten ride bareback as well as they walk. That was the history of the vice-president of Busvines, Ltd., makers of smart clothes for the equestrienne. Without an ingrained love for horses and a first-hand knowledge of what to wear when

riding, the vice-president undoubtedly would not be capable of doing her job, which is superintending the manufacture of feminine riding-habits.

The vice-president, you see, is a handsome, high-spirited young woman, whose grandfather raised blooded stock, and whose father kept many horses on his farm in the region below the famous mountain range known as "The Plains."

"I always rode," laughed the vice-president. "There was old Crow. I used to jump on his back, and he'd make for the low branches of the apple trees, to brush me off. He'd leave me hanging. That's a thrill!"

She handed me her business card. "By appointment to her late majesty, Queen Alexandra. Busvines Ltd. London. Paris. New York City."

And while I read the long list of "their royal highnesses" and "their imperial majesties" who patronize the London Busvines, I listened attentively to the musical voice of a girl of old Virginia lineage.

"For a brief time the automobile put the horse out of business; now the horse is fashionable again. Riding keeps girls trim and fit. Our business records the growing popularity of this fine sport.

"Our customers' habits are made from English Wools, tailored in London by men, who make riding habits for the Princess Mary, the Princess of Sweden, the Queen of Norway.

"Hunting is growing in popularity; many of the charming old customs that are associated with that ancient sport are being revived. In cities one sees an increasing number of people on the bride paths in the parks."

"And you still find time to ride?"
"Oh, yes! Especially my hobby—"
"Oh, yes!" said Gladys Baxter. For Mrs. Richard Busvine, vice-president of Busvines, Ltd., is also the Broadway actress of that name.

LOUISIANA

American Bernhardt

They are born rarely, so rarely that one's breath catches on the word; one hesitates to use, until time has confirmed personal and contemporary opinion, the designation "genius." But one says it now, lets it fall like a shining cloak over the figure of a woman.

Louisiana. The Mississippi finds the sea. Here grows a luxuriant vegetation; here grew an indigenous culture. Here in New Orleans was born Minnie Maddern, Bernhardt of the American stage, known to the public as Mrs. Fiske.

1866. The baby, Minnie Maddern, sleeps soundly in a big trunk in her mother's dressing-

room, despite the glare of lights.

1869. The bewitching child appears in costume in song and dance. The stage is cradle, nursery, home.

1871. Character parts. Bribed with lollipops to learn the lines.

1884. A star.

1930. New York City. Minnie Maddern Fiske's name in electric lights over the entrance of the theater.

The years between the wonder-child's appearance in old New Orleans and the triumph of the finished actress in New York are crowded with characters: classical, romantic, modern.

Stories about girls from far west will appear in an early issue.

5 ways to use Star Ham

leftovers and each will smack of the famous Fixed* Flavor of Armour's Star Ham

HAM is as good as the ways you may serve it appetizingly; and until you try, you will never know how well the new Star Ham lends itself to variety.

The most unassuming oven will deliver a casserole—bubbling hot. From each tiny volcano comes a puff of fragrant vapor, stirring your appetite and expectations as you hurry the hot dish to the table. The aroma of Star Ham, baked au gratin en casserole, will further prove that Armour's "double-F" (Fixed* Flavor) process has captured that autumn zest of hickory embers.

And early the same week, a cluster of cream ham-patties, nestling close on a warm platter, will suggest itself. For this same flavorful ham becomes a savory part of the smooth, lightly spiced cream, which fills crisp cups.

Mail the coupon for "60 Ways to Serve Ham," which discovers a variety of ham dishes to aid the planning and execution of frequent delightful meals. Full directions for the Star Ham dishes mentioned on this page.

★ ★ ★

Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 9:30 eastern standard time, over any of the 36 stations associated with the N. B. C. Armour and Company, Chicago.

STAR HAM HASH AND POACHED EGGS
BUTTERED CURED WHITE TURNIP
ROMAINE AND SLICED TOMATO SALAD
BOILED DRESSING
ORANGE TAPIOCA CUSTARD
COFFEE

STAR HAM OMELET
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LETTUCE SALAD
FRENCH DRESSING
GREEN APPLE PIE
COFFEE

STAR HAM CROQUETTES AND ASPARAGUS
CREAMED POTATOES
GRATED CARROT AND PINEAPPLE SALAD
CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW ROLL
COFFEE



(OVEN DINNER)
STAR HAM AU GRATIN
DUCHES POTATOES
BUTTERED ONIONS
BEET SALAD
COTTAGE PUDDING
WITH LEMON SAUCE
COFFEE



CLEAR SOUP
CREAMED STAR HAM PATTIES
FRENCH-FRIED POTATOES
BUTTERED CARROTS AND PEAS
GRAPEFRUIT SALAD
CREAM PUFFS
COFFEE

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

with the Fixed* Flavor

A brand-new ham flavor—delivered to you in a bright, new wrapper.



Dept. E-11, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

Name _____
Address _____

Q 1930 is the 150th anniversary of Walter Baker & Company



Just one change in Tommy's diet and his weight began to go up

TOMMY was 8 years old and 5 pounds underweight. "If he were my child," said the young family doctor, "I'd give him the same food drink that my parents gave me when I was a youngster, and which your parents probably gave you."

So, Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk became part of Tommy's daily diet. From the very first week, the bathroom scales showed his weight to be on the increase. His parents were pleased, of course—but even more enthusiastic was Master Tommy, who didn't care two marbles' worth whether his weight went up or down, but had quickly decided that this rich flavored, chocolaty drink couldn't be served too often to suit him.

In fact, Tommy's only worry was that when his weight returned to normal, his parents might possibly remove the new treat from his daily bill of fare.

A needless worry indeed, for Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk is an ideal food drink for every growing child.

Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk not only provides, in wonderfully tempting garb, all the bountiful benefits of milk, but the

added nourishment of Baker's Cocoa, itself.

In each cupful are contained precious carbohydrates, proteins, phosphorus, calcium, vitamin A, vitamin B—all those indispensable food elements which a growing youngster needs so vitally, yet often fails to obtain in sufficient amounts.

Next time you're buying cocoa, remember that in a recent survey, 77% of the dietitians, professional nurses, editors of women's magazines said, "Baker's Cocoa is best."

Baker's Cocoa is made from the choicest cocoa beans that grow in the West Indies. It is blended with unique skill derived from 150 years of experience. No wonder its chocolaty goodness is so matchlessly smooth and mellow. No wonder that many grown-ups drink Baker's Cocoa simply for the sheer pleasure of its flavor. Are you serving it regularly in your household?

Write for 60-page illustrated Cocoa and Chocolate recipe book: Walter Baker & Co., Inc., Dept. C-11, Dorchester, Mass. If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.



BAKER'S COCOA

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WE TELL EACH OTHER EVERYTHING

[Continued from page 14]

night of a steak as interesting as its debut Croquettes, of course, were merely croquettes, even when deliciously seasoned with a bit of finely chopped onion and served with piquant tomato sauce. But there was also corn soup, potatoes au gratin sizzling under their crisp cheese crust, a big endive salad, and lemon tarts. Such luxuries as endive came only when the meat dish was cheap. She balanced economy and savoriness with a gifted touch.

Elsie liked potatoes au gratin and lemon tarts as well as Lewis did, but from the moment that she set the corn soup, steaming in its shallow bowls, on the peacock table, the dinner was spoiled for her. Lewis had not forgotten what he had been planning to say at breakfast. She tried to postpone the uncomfortable moment as long as possible by telling him all the neighborhood gossip. But it was of no avail. Lewis had something on his mind that would have to be gotten off it.

He took his second lemon tart—Elsie always baked three—and cleared his throat.

"By the way—" he said nonchalantly.

Elsie felt the muscles of her throat grow tense. Lewis cleared his throat again, and then, "Who do you suppose I ran into on Forty-second Street?"

"I can't imagine," Elsie said, in a tone of determined sprightliness.

"Felice."

Elsie suddenly wanted to cry. No wonder she had had that premonition of disaster. But she didn't cry. Instead she said brightly, "What luck!"

IT HAD always been Lewis' gallant pretense that what Felice had done to him hadn't really hurt him. That he wouldn't in the least mind meeting her again sometime. His wife played up gamely now to the pretty fiction. Felice lived in New York, and it had been almost inevitable that Lewis should run into her, sooner or later.

He seemed at a bit of a loss as to how to go on, and Elsie flung herself nervously into the breach, catching at the first thought that came into her head.

"I didn't know you were going to get uptown today."

A little pause.

"It wasn't today," Lewis said. "It was day before yesterday."

"Oh!"

This was what he had been about to tell her at breakfast. And it had taken him a day and a half to get up his nerve.

A longer pause.

"I took her to lunch."

"Oh."

"I couldn't very well get out of it," Lewis explained quickly, "without seeming not to want to ask her. She said she'd been shopping and was dead tired. What else could I do?"

"Oh, naturally, you had to ask her," Elsie agreed. She mustn't be touchy about this. So she listened politely while Lewis retailed all the details—where he had taken Felice, how much the lunch had cost, what they had ordered. At the first opportunity, however, Elsie changed the subject. But

Lewis couldn't seem to let the subject stay changed. The incident was obviously somewhat on his conscience and he wanted to talk it off. He came back to it again and again during the evening.

"Did Felice say anything about having run off like that and gotten married," Elsie asked finally. She had a feeling that Lewis was working up to this point in the narrative, and she asked the question as one plunges into an icy bath, to get the worst over with as soon as possible. Lewis looked relieved. Elsie had been right. He had been working up to this.

"Why, yes, in a way," Lewis said. "She—" he hesitated, reddening a little, "she intimated that she sort of regretted it. Not outright, of course. But she talked about what an impulsive creature she'd always been—how I'd been the only person who had ever understood that side of her nature—"

Elsie said nothing. She couldn't. But Lewis went on just the same.

"You know, I don't think she's very happy in her marriage. Naturally, she didn't say this, but I guessed from the way she spoke. Her

husband's rich—"

"I'll bet he is," Elsie interpolated dryly.

"—and he adores her. But he doesn't—"

"Doesn't understand the rash, impulsive side of her nature?" Elsie suggested. Her tone would have put off anybody but a man intent upon being absolutely frank. Lewis was not to be stopped by any sarcastic hints.

"She intimated," he explained gravely, "that her husband doesn't understand her and doesn't want to. All he wants is a beautiful doll to amuse him, to show off to his friends, to hang jewels on—"

"Oh, good heavens!" That an intelligent man like Lewis should actually swallow such a line!

"—and he's terribly jealous. Why, she said that if he ever found out that she'd had lunch with me—she didn't want me to tell anybody, not even you, for fear—"

"She needn't worry about me," said Elsie. "I don't even know her husband's name."

This wasn't all Elsie wanted to say. She wanted to cry out, "Don't be so stupid. Can't you see that she was deliberately trying to make your taking her to lunch into something clandestine and romantic? So that you'll want to do it again? All that talk about a beautiful doll to hang jewels on—doesn't it make you sick? Can't you see through it?"

IT SEEMED to Elsie, for an irrational moment, that she hated Lewis, too. But he went right on. Being absolutely frank with his wife. Telling her everything.

"She said," he continued, "that she's found that having money doesn't mean anything at all. That she really only cares for the simple things of life that money can't buy."

Lewis paused for a moment. Then, with the unmistakable air of a man about to make a clean breast of everything, cost what it may, "Do you want



WE TELL EACH OTHER EVERYTHING

to know what I couldn't help thinking—sitting there across the table from her?"

Suddenly Elsie could stand no more. "No!" she said, her voice flat and shallow in her own ears. It was a little shaky, too, with a combination of fear and anger. "No, I don't want to know. Haven't you any decent privacy at all! Can't you keep even your thoughts to yourself?"

Lewis stared at her, amazed. "But—but we promised to be absolutely frank with each other," he stammered. "And I want you to know—"

"I don't care what we promised! And I don't care what you want me to know. I don't want you to tell me anything more about that girl. Ever! I never want to hear her name again!"

It was considerable of a quarrel, really. Lewis said that all he had done was to try to live up to what they had both promised. He was really hurt, and Elsie realized that she was being downright hysterical.

Of course, they made it up. But the reconciliation did not leave Elsie really happy. For the quarrel had dragged out into the open, where she could see in all its ugliness, something that she had been secretly, almost unconsciously, fearing during all her marriage. An uncertainty of Lewis' love.

She almost wished she had let him go on with his confession. Had let him tell outright what it was that he couldn't help thinking. As well, perhaps, to know the worst and face it bravely, as to surmise and fear it.

But she dared not bring up the subject again. She could see that her impetuous, "Haven't you any decent privacy? Can't you keep even your thoughts to yourself?" had hurt Lewis. In spite of the reconciliation, he had not forgotten her angry words. When the next letter came from his mother, he read it and slipped it into his pocket. He suddenly stopped asking Elsie, when he came home at night, what she had been doing all day. The quarrel was forgiven, but neither of them could quite forget it.

PERHAPS, Elsie told herself, it wasn't that Lewis was remembering the quarrel, but merely that he was preoccupied. She knew that he was worried about the office. His department had been suddenly cut in half.

"That means," Lewis told her, "that Page and Weston aren't really interested in the statistical end of the business any more. They don't see its importance."

"You don't mean that they'll drop it off altogether?" Elsie asked fearfully. The quick fear of the wife of the small salaried man.

"No," Lewis answered. "I should think they'd have to keep a statistical department. But they're not going to push it any more. They'll just carry it as a side line."

"But your job—they'll need you?" Lewis shrugged.

"Oh, yes, they'll still need somebody." "Then it won't make any difference to you, really?"

"It'll make a difference all right," Lewis said, with a flash of bitterness. "It's the worst thing that can happen to a man—to get pushed into a blind alley. When a firm loses interest in a

department, there's no future in it. The most you've got to hope for is to keep your job."

"Then why don't you make a change?" Elsie demanded. "Even if you had to take a smaller salary at first? We can manage all right! Why, I could get my old job back for a few months, or a year, if we needed to."

"Nothing doing there, honey," Lewis said firmly. "I'm not going to fall down on my job as a husband during my first year at it. I'll stick on till I can see something better in sight."

"But I wouldn't mind working for awhile, honestly," Elsie insisted.

"I'd mind having you," said Lewis. "A man would be a pretty poor stick, if he couldn't take care of a wife that's as clever at managing as you are. Don't you worry, honey. I'll work it out, one way or another!"

BUT, despite his adjurations, Elsie could see that Lewis was worried. Elsie forgot about her quarrel, almost forgot to wonder whether Lewis really loved her or not, in her growing preoccupation with this new problem. It was really Lewis' own problem, she knew, and he said nothing more to burden her with it. But she knew that it was there, nevertheless. And she wished she could do something to help. She was considering some tactful way of introducing again the subject of going back to her old job, trying to find some way of doing it without hurting Lewis, when suddenly all question of it was settled for her.

Dr. Broadhurst told her she was going to have a baby.

Elsie walked home in a daze. It was like all life's commonplaces. We know that there's nothing commonplace about them when they happen to ourselves. A baby—hers and Lewis'! It was a miracle!

If Lewis had been at the apartment when Elsie reached it, she would have been breathless in her haste to share the amazing news with him. But it was three hours at least before he would be home. In those three hours Elsie had time to realize that, though undoubtedly a miracle, it was a somewhat inopportune one.

She knew what it cost to have a baby these days. She had seen other couples faced with the problem. Of course, she could share a hospital room with another patient, but, even then, the charge would be six dollars a day.

There would be other expenses—Dr. Broadhurst's bill—and clothes for the child. And a crib. Why, there wasn't even room for a crib in the tiny apartment. They would have to take the chiffonier out of the bedroom to get one in.

Lewis had been counting on a raise before next fall. But now, with the change of policy at Page and Weston's, it was very unlikely. A department which is being carried reluctantly is a poor place to look for raises.

This thought brought Elsie suddenly to Lewis' problem. Undoubtedly, Lewis ought to change from Page and Weston. He was looking about, she knew. He would find another job in time, of course. But he had made himself a bit of a specialist in his line. And it is always difficult for a specialist to find the right opening. Then, too, a

(Continued on page 50)



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IT MASSES THE GUMS AS YOU CLEAN THE TEETH

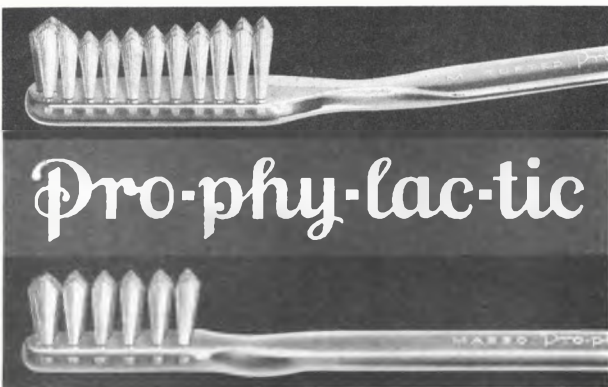
"Massage the gums," say dentists and doctors. "Massage the gums," say dentifrice makers. "Massage the gums," say Public Health authorities.

You don't need these repeated warnings, if you clean your teeth with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It massages the gums *automatically*.

This automatic action is produced by the length, shape, and spacing of the springy tufts. As you polish the teeth to gleaming whiteness, the ingenious design and the quality bristle supply the correct gingival friction.

That stimulates the blood supply. It comes up briskly to nourish gums and teeth. Soft, spongy tissue firms to rosy health. The vital gum margins cling more protectively about each polished tooth.

TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic. Dentists approve the way the famous big tuft on the end of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tufted Brush reaches and cleans the back teeth, which are so often neglected and so frequently first to decay. For forty-two years it has been a world leader in sales; 50¢. Also in a larger English type with four rows of bristle; 60¢.



MASSO Pro-phy-lac-tic. This is one of the newest small-type brushes. Note the scientific wide spacing of the groups of bristle and their pointed ends. This nimble little brush, in many mouths, reaches places no other brush can touch. The handle throat is reinforced. If you love a small brush, switch to the Masse. You will feel the difference the first time you use it; 50¢.

WE TELL EACH OTHER EVERYTHING

(Continued from page 49)

change is always a gamble. Lewis was conservative. Now that they were expecting a baby, he might be afraid to chance a change, even if the opportunity came.

He might even pass up a good opportunity and play safe, rather than take a chance at such a time. She would be willing to chance the uncertainties, but would Lewis be willing to let her? He would take his responsibility as a prospective father very seriously, Elsie knew. Might even let it stand in the way of his own best interests.

Suddenly, it occurred to Elsie that it would be an excellent idea not to tell Lewis about the baby. Not right away. Not for a month—or two or three, if she could manage it.

The idea frightened her at first. "We'll trust each other—absolutely. We'll tell each other everything." Wouldn't it be deceiving Lewis to keep so important a thing secret? But it was just because it was so important that she suddenly felt it was her duty to keep it secret.

By the time Lewis came home that night, she had made up her mind that she would keep the secret as long as she could. She was afraid though, that he would guess it without being told. She felt as though a quivering aura of excitement, concern, fear, and joy must be all around her, actually visible. But Lewis noticed nothing.

Sunday, with Lewis at home, the temptation to share the news with him was almost unbearable. Once, she did get as far as to ask, as a preliminary, "No special news from the office, I suppose?"

Lewis had looked up from the paper with almost a start.

"No. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered," she answered hastily. Had Lewis suspected anything? She wondered anxiously. Why should he have been so startled by her question? Had she unconsciously put something of her own uneasiness into it? Was she only imagining, or had there been something almost suspicious in his quick look? She hastily changed the subject.

When one is upset oneself, it is easy to imagine things. During the next week, it seemed to her that Lewis must

suspect something. She would glance up from her book or sewing of an evening, suddenly feeling that he was watching her over the top of his newspaper; when she caught his gaze, he would look away quickly. Sometimes he would sit staring into the flames of the gas-log. Had he used to do that? Elsie could not be sure. She realized that she was unduly sensitive, that she might be attaching importance to quite unimportant details. If Lewis did suspect anything, surely, he would speak to her about it.

SHE was not feeling well. This made everything harder. Probably, she admitted, because she felt so cross herself, it seemed to her that Lewis was irritable too. He had always appreciated her hurrying him a bit in the mornings, watching the alarm-clock while he bolted his breakfast. Now, it seemed to annoy him.

"Oh, I won't miss the train," he said impatiently. "Don't keep nagging me."

Elsie felt the quick tears spring to her eyes. She was living on her nerves.

The evenings were the worst. Elsie would be dead tired by the time Lewis got home. He would eat a tremendous dinner and then want to do something. Go to the movies, play cards. If they stayed home, he would keep the radio blating noisily all the evening, changing the dials constantly, never keeping one station long enough to hear anything.

She knew how gentle, how considerate he would be, if he knew the truth. Sometimes the temptation to tell him would be almost too strong to be denied. After all, she told herself, he would have to know soon, anyway. What difference would three or four weeks make? Once or twice she asked whether he was hearing of anything in his line, but she could see that he didn't like to have her ask.

"Oh, I'm keeping my eyes open," he said. "But good jobs don't grow on bushes. Let's not talk shop."

THEN, after three or four weeks, when she had about decided to tell him, he said suddenly, "Do you suppose we could cut down a little on expenses? Is there anywhere you could spare a little, here at home? If I should hear of anything good, I'd like us to have as good a stake as we can, when we make the break."

"I'll do the best I can," Elsie promised.

So they cut out movies, and Lewis didn't get a new winter overcoat. Elsie dismissed the woman who had come once a week to clean the apartment and do the washing. She cleaned the apartment herself and sent the washing out. She did the ironing little by little, perched on a high stool. It seemed to her that she was always dead tired. But she kept her secret. For two interminable months.

Then, suddenly, she knew that she could keep it no longer.

"Listen, Elsie," Hortense said one day, "you ought to go to a doctor. You're looking like nothing human. You don't suppose it's—" she paused tactfully.

There was no use trying to fool the more discerning feminine eyes.

"I think I will go to a doctor," Elsie said, "I don't feel very well."

She would have to tell Lewis. Everybody would know, soon.

That same day she went to the Woodhaven Hospital. And she asked the prices, not for private rooms, not even for the semi-private. She asked what it would cost to go into the free maternity ward. "Free," of course,

is a relative term. But the ward prices were surprisingly low. If she went into the ward, there would be no doctor's bill. She couldn't have Dr. Broadhurst, but she mustn't let herself shrink from the idea of a stranger.

She would tell Lewis tonight about the baby. Suddenly she was frightened. How would Lewis take it—not the news but the fact that she had kept it a secret? Would he understand? He who had told her everything, had been so true blue.

That afternoon dragged. Elsie could not shake off a sense of nervous suspense. At four o'clock a telegram

[Continued on page 53]



LEWIS SYRENA
(DAISY)



We'll send you
two BRIGHT NEW
PENNIES

EVEN though eggs look alike, they aren't alike. You insist on the best fresh eggs, because you want things a little nicer and better to eat. For the same reason you should insist upon Snowdrift. Surely all the fine things you put into your cake deserve a fine shortening.



Snowdrift is made entirely of an oil as choice as fine salad oil. The Wesson Oil people make it for women who understand that some shortenings are better than others... and who want only the best. You could eat it, if you wanted to, all by itself.

Snowdrift costs no more than some other shortenings and the amount you use to make a cake costs but two pennies more than a like quantity of the cheapest tub-shortening.

We'll gladly send you the two pennies, if you want us to, so there won't be any difference at all... if only you will try Snowdrift and learn how much difference the nicest shortening you can buy makes in your baking.



To ward off, to treat Sore Throat gargle *Listerine*—reduces mouth germs 98%

Do you realize that even in normal mouths millions of germs breed, waiting until resistance is low to strike?

Among them are the *Bacillus Catarrhalis* (catarrh), associated with head colds; the dangerous *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid), *Pneumococcus* (pneumonia), and the *Streptococcus Hemolyticus*, so largely responsible for sore throat.

How important it is to help nature fight these germs by means of a mouth wash and gargle capable of swiftly destroying them.

Fifty years of medical, hospital, laboratory, and general experience clearly prove Listerine to be the ideal antiseptic and germicide for this purpose.

It is non-poisonous, safe to use full strength

in any amount, and is, at the same time, one of the most powerful ger-



micides known when used full strength.

Within 15 seconds it kills even the *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) and *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) germs, generally used as test germs because of their resistance to germicides.

Recent exhaustive tests show that full strength Listerine, when used as a gargle, reduces the number of germs in the mouth 98%. Thus the mouth is left healthy, fresh, clean.

Under all ordinary conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with Listerine is deemed sufficient. But when you are coming down with a cold or sore throat, it is wise to gargle with Listerine every two hours in order to combat the swiftly multiplying germs. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Kills 200,000,000 germs in fifteen seconds (*fastest killing time accurately recorded by science*)

WE TELL EACH OTHER EVERYTHING

[Continued from page 50]

came for Lewis from his father. It was read over the wire to Elsie. Nothing important. Merely asking Lewis to call up a bond house in regard to a small investment of his father's. Perhaps, though, Lewis would wish to do it before leaving for home. Elsie called Page and Weston.

"Mr. Sylvester?" The Page and Weston operator echoed the name as though she had never heard it before. "There isn't any Mr. Sylvester here."

Elsie spelled the name carefully.

"Mr. Sylvester—in the statistical department," she repeated.

"Oh!" The girl understood, recalled. "Oh, yes Mr. Sylvester. He isn't with us any more."

"Not in the statistical department?" Elsie said, aghast. The girl must have misunderstood.

"No, Madam. We have no statistical department now."

"Wh-when did they drop it?" Elsie asked.

"Oh, about a month ago. I guess," said the girl. "Or it may be a little longer. Mr. Sylvester hasn't been with us for the last six weeks."

ELSIE was still staring at the transmitter when she heard Lewis' steps on the stairs. Three hours ahead of time. He burst into the apartment.

"Elsie," he demanded, breathlessly, "are you going to have a baby?"

"Lewis," Elsie demanded, "have you been away from Page and Weston for six weeks?"

"Yes," Lewis answered absently, demanding again breathlessly, "is it true Elsie? I came out on the train with Miss Curtis from the hospital. She said you'd been to see about going into the free maternity ward. Is it true?"

"Yes," said Elsie, "it's true. The girl at Page and Weston said they closed your department six weeks ago. Have you been out of a job all this time—and never told me?"

Lewis nodded absently.

"But the free ward, Elsie, darling—you don't dream I'd let you go there—that I'd let you have anything but the very best at such a time—why didn't you wait till we'd talked it over—why did you go there the first minute you knew—"

Suddenly Elsie was sobbing hysterically on his shoulder.

"It wasn't the first minute—I've known it six weeks. All the time you've been out of a job."

"Well, I'll be damned!" They both explained at once.

"I didn't want you to be afraid to make a change—on account of the baby—"

"I didn't want you to be worried, to be afraid you'd drawn a husband who wasn't able to take care of you—that was my job—I wasn't going to let you help carry it, even by worrying about it—"

There were no recriminations—each scarcely listened to the other's explanations, so eager was he to make his own.

Then each worrying over the other one.

"You poor boy! Carrying that worry alone for six weeks—no wonder you were restless and upset. Going off on

that early train every morning, just so I wouldn't know—and being so terribly hungry nights—I'll bet you haven't been buying any lunches—Oh! Lewis, darling!"

"But Elsie-baby, how could you! Letting the washwoman go, working harder than ever, when you ought to have been taking it easier! And never telling me, never letting me help you! But what gets me is your going to see about the free maternity ward. Oh,

Elsie, honey girl. Did you dream I'd let you? That I wouldn't take a job digging ditches first!"

They clung to each other in the tiny hall.

"By the way," said Lewis, flicking an invisible bit of dust from his shoulder, drama-

tically casual, "you may be interested in hearing, Mrs. Sylvester, that I landed a job—the job—this afternoon. I caught the first train home after signing on the dotted line, to tell you. Honestly, hon, it's funny, for it to come like this, just when I was getting so desperate I'd have taken almost anything. This is the one job I'd have waited six months to get. Good salary and future—oh, boy! A grand firm—everything!"

It took them over an hour to discuss it. And another to decide which front apartment they would try to get in the fall, just where they would put the crib. It was nearly seven, and they were getting dinner together in the kitchen, when Elsie asked shyly, "You—you're not hurt at my not having told you about the baby."

Lewis grinned. "That's like what I was just going to ask you—you're not sore at me for having held out on you about being out of a job?"

For a moment they looked at each other. Then they both laughed.

"You're all right, Elsie," said Lewis humbly. "I didn't think I could ever feel like this about anybody. But I do—it's all right with me always, whatever you do or don't do. Don't tell me anything you don't want to—ever."

Elsie nodded.

"Me too," she said. "That's the way I seem to feel about you."

A little pause. Then Lewis cleared his throat.

"By the way," he began, just a shade too nonchalantly.

"Yes?" Elsie encouraged.

"Mind if I tell you what it was that I was thinking that day I had lunch with Felice?"

"No," said Elsie, "Go ahead."

SHE felt that even the truth couldn't hurt her now—she was so content. "I couldn't help thinking," said Lewis, "sitting there across the table from her, what a sap I'd been to ever think I was in love with her. When all the time, there was a girl like you in the world."

"Lewis! Is that really what you were thinking? Is that really what you were going to tell me that day when I made you stop?"

Lewis nodded. Lewis, whose nod was as good as his oath. Elsie came over, tucked herself within his arm and looked up into his face.

"Go on," she said happily. "Tell me more. Tell me everything."



With these things robbing your skin of its moisture

no wonder it's so THIRSTY—and so DRY



—and this is the luscious, quick-melting cream that lubricates and softens your skin, even as it cleanses

New ideas in living must be met with new ideas in the care of the complexion, leading scientists urge. Today myriads of women—young, middle-aged, older women—women everywhere are following this new scientific treatment, formulated by world-famed skin specialists to quench skin dryness.

Truest loveliness, glorious smooth and supple skin, they are attained only when you put back what modern living has taken away. When you combat the drying influences of arid, artificial heat, fatless foods and wintery winds. When you restore the natural moisture that fosters a beautiful complexion and is the very basis of it.

Cover your face and throat (generously) with Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. With just no rubbing at all, you can feel it sinking into the pores. As you gently wipe it off, dirt and blemish-forming impurities come with it. And, because the fine, light oils of this luscious white cream lubricate and refresh, even as they cleanse, the parched, drawn feeling, the taut, dry look, the little lines disappear. Your skin is smooth and soft and stimulated.

Then, for a powder base and to further protect your skin against dryness, you have Woodbury's Facial Cream—fluffy, greaseless and vanishing.

YOU can get the Woodbury Creams in 50c jars and 25c tubes (for traveling)—also all the other Woodbury beauty aids—at drug-stores and toilet goods counters. Or, for a generous trial set of the Woodbury Creams, Facial Soap and Powder, just send 10c, in stamps or coin, to John H. Woodbury, Inc., Dept. M-11, Cincinnati, Ohio. (If you live in Canada, address: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. M-11, Perth, Ont.)

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OUR DAILY DIET

Edited by E. V. McCollum, Ph. D., Sc. D.

Mysterious Vitamin A

ONE of the most interesting problems that science has yet to solve is concerned with the nature of vitamins—those mysterious and elusive substances which are so vitally necessary to our health and happiness. There is a wealth of valuable information about where vitamins are found and what they do for us; but, with the exception of the "sunshine" vitamin D, very little is known about what vitamins are.

We know, for instance, that all of us need vitamin A for the maintenance of health, and that it is particularly important in the diet of children because it promotes growth and increases resistance to infectious diseases. We know, too, a long list of foods which are rich in this vitamin: butter, cream, egg yolk, cod liver oil, spinach, carrots, pineapple, bananas, tomatoes, lettuce, sweet potatoes, and others.

For the practical purposes of everyday life this is all we need to know about vitamin A. But the food chemists are not easily satisfied. Patiently they are going forward with intricate researches, the results of which cannot even be predicted.

In studying vitamin A it has been found that it is associated in a remarkable way with yellow pigmentation. Carrots and sweet potatoes, for example, have much more vitamin A than is found in any of the root vegetables which do not have a yellow color. Yellow corn and yellow squash have the vitamins which are lacking in white corn and white squash. This yellow pigment is called "carotin," taking its name from the humble carrot which it colors so profusely.

Look back at the list of foods which are rich in vitamin A and see how many of them are yellow-colored. In tomatoes, the yellowness is masked by red; and in spinach and lettuce, by green. It is well to remember that the outside green leaves of lettuce contain thirty times as much vitamin A as the inside white ones.

This close association between carotin and vitamin A has led to considerable experimentation to determine whether or not these two substances may, in reality, be one and the same thing. Tests are being made in Sweden and England, as well as in our own country; for scientists all over the world are interested in discovering the identity of this vitamin.

To the homemaker who must plan three meals a day for her family, the important thing is this: in butter and cream and egg yolk and in the yellow-colored vegetables and fruits, there is a vital substance which must be generously included in her planning. Whatever its chemical nature proves to be, it will always be one of her most valuable allies in the prevention of those thousand and one ills which come under her control.

Must We Eat Zinc?

During the last decade we've grown accustomed to the idea of including minerals in our diet. We've been very conscientious about our iron, calcium, copper, and phosphorous; and now it's possible that we'll have to add zinc to the list.

Zinc is present in all plant life; and in our own blood, there is constantly about one-seventh as much zinc as there is calcium. Of course, everyone knows how important it is for us to replenish our store of calcium; hasn't the consumption of milk and leafy vegetables doubled and redoubled since it has been recognized that these are the only two classes of food which can furnish us with all the calcium we need?

Zinc may be as necessary to us as calcium—this is not yet determined. Some of the foods in which zinc is found are: oysters, peas, egg yolk, carrots, beets, milk, cornstarch, and lettuce.

Feeding tests which are still in their preliminary stages will undoubtedly give us some interesting facts about zinc. These will be discussed in a later issue.



IN the laboratories of science astonishing discoveries about food are being made. Some of them should be marked "For the Homemaker—Urgent!" because they will help her guard the health of her family and even prolong its span of life. Each month the important new facts about diet are reported briefly on this page which is edited by Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University, one of the greatest living authorities on nutrition.

The Hard-to-feed Child

Here's help for any perplexed mother whose child won't drink his daily quart of milk—or who has a supposedly violent dislike for spinach or eggs or any other food which should play an important part in his diet.

Martha Hollinger and Lydia J. Roberts, of the University of Chicago, have recently completed a most instructive study on food dislikes—and how to overcome them. They made tests with only one food, evaporated milk, but their findings can be applied to any difficult feeding problem with excellent results.

In many localities the fresh milk supply is inadequate or unsafe and so some form of concentrated milk must be used. Almost everyone recognizes the value of evaporated milk as a food for infants and for all cooking purposes, but a great many people are still surprised at the idea of *drinking* it. Hence this experiment to determine how acceptable this milk is as a beverage and how quickly a liking for it can be acquired.

In the course of this study, diluted evaporated milk (five parts water to four parts milk) was served to 921 children and adults. Where the milk was presented under favorable conditions to pre-school children, most of them accepted it readily on first trial.

In the group which had the highest number of turn-downs, the attitude of the adult in charge was clearly responsible. She didn't like the milk herself and she plainly expected the children to share her dislike. Without actually meaning to, she gave them the idea that there was something different—and not quite right—about it, and they quite naturally caught her prejudice.

In one nursery school, two children who had expressed a dislike for the evaporated milk were easily taught to like it. One, a little girl of four, drank it with enthusiasm when it was given to her in a tiny pink cup. Other attempts to make her enjoy the milk had completely failed.

The other child, a boy of three, refused to taste the milk until he was given the choice of sipping it or of going without his dessert. Within four days after this tasting had been made a routine, he asked for a large cup of the "special milk" and drained it eagerly. Both of these children overcame their prejudices by tasting the milk *willingly* until its unaccustomed flavor became a familiar one.

In dealing with older children and adults, special methods were used. To get a particularly favorable reaction from a group of children at a neighborhood club, an electric fruit juice extractor and an electric mixer were set up where they could be seen. This soda-fountain atmosphere made a favorable impression before any of the beverages were even tasted; and when the children were given a mixture of orange juice and evaporated milk, they were vociferous in their praise.

The study made by Miss Hollinger and Miss Roberts shows again that important foods should be introduced early into the child's diet, for the older we get, the harder it is to change our prejudices; however, they *can* be overcome at any age. One woman lessened a strong aversion to evaporated milk by holding it in her mouth long enough to analyze the flavor and discover that it was the same one that she really enjoyed in creamy rice pudding—that is, the flavor which comes from long cooking of milk.

The moral to be learned is that repeated tastings, together with the *right mental attitude*, will go a long way toward overcoming any food prejudice. Forcing a child to eat a food will only increase his dislike for it. He must be encouraged to taste it willingly and under conditions that are as natural and matter-of-fact as possible.

And, since children of all ages are so very impressionable, it is important that they should never hear anything but favorable comments about the everyday foods which they are expected to eat and like.

Paris . . . knows the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Massé tells how Parisian beauties have adopted this olive and palm oil method of cleansing . . . the treatment advised by 23,723 beauty specialists the world over.

Aid your beauty expert by using Palmolive. "I advise all my clients," says Massé, "Never use any soap except Palmolive. And those who follow that advice show the greatest improvement as a result of our own treatments."

E. Massé

16 RUE DAUNOU, PARIS



EMILE MASSE, of Paris beauty artist of renown, whose clients number aristocrats from all over Europe.



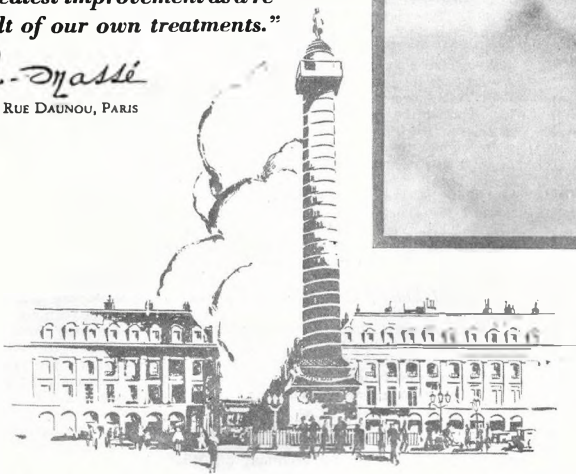
PEZZA, of Naples says that soap and water cleanliness is essential to beauty.



ECHTEN, of Budapest who advises two daily cleansings with a lather of Palmolive Soap.



JACOBSON, of London warns against soaps not made of olive and palm oils — and therefore approves most heartily of Palmolive.



The exquisite "schoolgirl complexion" of the smart Parisienne is due, in great measure, to daily home treatments with Palmolive.

In the beautiful environment of the Place Vendome, Massé maintains his famous salon de beauté. To his establishment come Parisian women of distinction for beauty counsel and for treatments.

MASSE . . . the famous Massé . . . and all his well-known Parisian colleagues, too, for that matter . . . has helped Paris find the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris, where lovely ladies seem even lovelier because the whole atmosphere is charged with beauty! Paris, where experts like Massé actually receive visits from reigning queens.

Here, of all places, beauty experts are in demand. Experts like Massé, who is invited often to attend royalty; who once journeyed all the way to Cairo to give a beauty treatment to a well-known American lady; who has won prize after prize for his artful beauty treatments.

What Massé advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. You may know it. All Paris does. Paris says it's the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, that may redden the skin). Second, with your finger tips massage this into face and throat. Third, rinse off the soap with warm water . . . gradually colder and colder. The popularity of this daily home beauty treatment has made Palmolive one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France.

You know, there are — all told — 23,723 experts who advise Palmolive. They prefer Palmolive because of its unique vegetable oil content. So will you. Use it for the bath, as well. It costs but 10 cents a cake.



6156

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

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(Right)
"I had an awful time finding something to feed Billie Charles. Then, at two months, I started him on Eagle Brand. Now he is three, and as strong as a six or eight year old boy. I enclose a picture of one of his 'stunts.' Eagle Brand surely has done wonders for my Bob!"

(Signed)
Mrs. WILBUR J. ARMSTRONG
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Mich.



(Left)
"When Dora Jean was born, my milk didn't agree with her. She didn't grow and was sick all the time. I changed her to Eagle Brand, and I wait you to see her now! I am certainly thankful for Eagle Brand."

(Signed) Mrs. VICTOR ARNETT,
Route No. 1, Morgantown, W. Va.

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If your baby is not thriving on his present food, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare" contains practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods advised by doctors. "The Best Baby" is a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Both will be sent you prepaid. Mail the coupon today.

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Please send me my free copies of the new "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is _____ months old.

Name _____

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City _____ State _____

(Print Name and Address plainly)

LOST BIRTHRIGHTS

[Continued from page 31]

is either the result of the unfortunate training we received in our early days or of a poor choice of life work, or of over-fatigue, we are justified in teaching our children that work is their ally. We can fix this idea in the child's mind by linking up his "work" of coloring and cutting out, nail-driving or sand-cookery with our more majestic but no less engrossing business of manufacturing or farming, of cooking or sewing.

"Oh, excuse me, Bobby: I didn't know you were working," gives the two-year-old a pleasant feeling of importance which is tied up with the idea of work. Later he may sing out from his "boat" on the back stairs, "Don't bother me; I'm working," and the tone of his voice shows that to him work is indeed a privilege.

Throughout this third year, the child is ripe for entrance into the fields of action called work by adults. The sooner his eagerness to help can be made use of, the more firmly entrenched becomes his love of work. Even before he is steady on his legs he likes to do small services, such as picking up things on the floor and handing them to us. When walking does not take all his attention he will proudly help set and clear the table.

Whatever he wants to do we can wisely let him try, simplifying his work by giving him only a portion of the whole task. It is amazing how much a small child can do if he is given the chance. His chief handicap seems to be in working with implements that are too big for him and at tables and sinks set too high. If china and silver are kept on the lowest shelves and in the lowest drawers, he will get on better. During the period between his first desire to help and the time when he is big enough to work advantageously in an adult-size house, our aim should be to keep fresh his enthusiasm by providing tasks that are within his power. We should never refuse his offer to "help," and should answer as fully as we can his questions about any work that attracts his attention.

What Does Daddy Do?

One of the best things any father can do is to introduce the child, boy, or girl, to what the parent does. A child is always curious about what father does when he is away from home, and will respond gladly to an invitation to visit him at work. He has hungry eyes and wants explanations of everything that attracts his attention; once he gets knowledge enough to frame questions he will again and again ask for more information. Failure to permit the child to have this insight is one of the most common and costly blunders of parents. The father must be careful to explain the importance of the work he does, so that the child's imagination will grasp the social value of the service.

It is as important for the mother as it is for the father to help the child appreciate her work. The mere fact that the child sees the mother working constantly

in the doing to things that seem ordinary increases the difficulty of her task. But again there is need of explanation and the feeding of the child's imagination. If the mother will tell *why* she does what she does, the child will think of household work in a new way. For example, if, when washing the refrigerator, she tells the child why we try to keep food clean and prevent decay, the child glimpses the importance of a seemingly trivial task.

When the parent simply puts the child to work, giving no explanation of the meaning of what is done, the child is started toward the slave habit of working. He will learn to think of work as a task that is forced upon him, and in the end it will make little difference whether the force behind him is the whip of the slave driver or the spur of economic necessity.

They Need Praise

We help the child also by appreciating what he does. He seldom has standards by which he can judge the quality of his work and decide that it is good. He has to look to some older person to appraise what he does. Here also many a parent slips up by paying no attention to the effort of the child, especially if he fails to carry out his task with the success which makes it useful to the parent. Frequently the child tries to do something too difficult, or something for which he has had no adequate preparation. He fails to do his job with the skill that a more experienced person would have. From the point of view of training his effort may have decided value and this the parent must have the wit to see. It takes but a moment to look at the child's effort, give him the credit he deserves and, if necessary, point out the mistake he has made. He should never turn away from anything he has honestly tried to accomplish with a feeling of utter defeat. Too many experiences of this sort are likely to discourage him. In time he will tend to develop a feeling of inferiority and will avoid as far as possible those persons he thinks more able than himself. The feeling of defeat may force him to accept a subordinate place both in business and social affairs. The value of the child's activity depends not so much upon the usefulness of what he accomplishes, as upon the confidence and skill it gives him in attacking the next bit of work that comes his way.

Work is its own reward, and the child's eagerness to grow up makes him

see this and welcome always the harder task, for thus is acknowledged his success with the lesser one. "You make your bed so nicely, you may make up the bed in the guest room," brings joy to the child and strengthens his pride of workmanship. When it is not practicable to mark achievement with a new and more difficult assignment of work, the child can be shown how to acquire greater deftness in the doing of his job, and encouraged to work out short cuts.

It is not true that the child should never have any contact with monotony. The small child enjoys repetition, and we all find routine restful, if it is relieved by high spots of new action. Such routine work as sweeping and dusting, or washing and ironing clothes can be set to the time and rhythm of songs, either by the worker himself or by phonograph or radio, or to the learning or reciting of poetry.

With routine work comes the opportunity for the parent to invite the child into partnership, and to give him a sense of loyalty toward the family. He can be made to feel that when he does things that are not interesting in themselves he is showing genuine loyalty to those whom he loves and whose interests are the same as his own. Unless this feeling of loyalty develops, the parent will rarely accomplish what he wishes in the training of his child. That children can develop a keen sense of loyalty they constantly prove, and no parent can afford to have this loyalty expressed only toward playmates and the gang.

How Loyalty Is Built

That family is wise which makes a practice of working together. Certain household tasks, such as bed-making and dishwashing, are done in less than half the time by two persons, and lead the doers into friendly chat or guessing or memory games, like "Minister's Cat," and "My Ship Comes from China." Other kinds of work combine to advantage. Washing, ironing, and mending can well be grouped; mother, son, and daughter shifting about from one process to another so that each may use his or her strength and skill in a variety of ways, avoiding fatigue and perfecting new techniques, at the same time learning the real meaning of cooperation.

Getting through the week's work one day early, or doing a day's work in half a day, permits the family to go on a very coveted trip or to entertain guests every member of the household enjoys. Each person can see his own efforts bear fruits in the comfort or pleasure of all, when the doing over of the living room or porch is made a family project. One may build, paint or rearrange furniture, another grow flowering plants in boxes or pots, and a third make curtains and cushions out of new or dyed cloth, while somebody else undertakes to keep the room clean, and to provide cookies or sandwiches and a hot or cold drink for visitors.

[Turn to page 132]

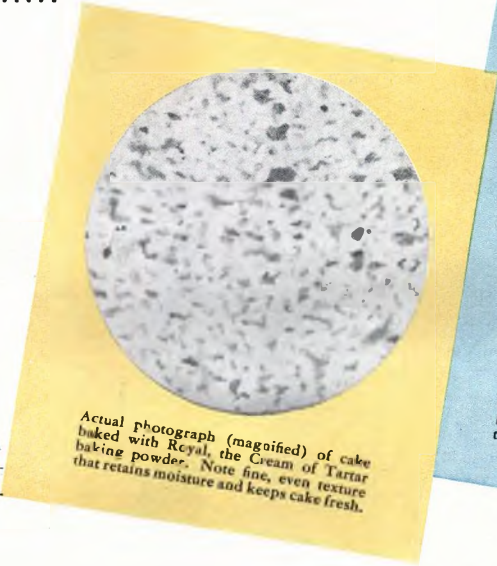
HOMEMADE CANDIES

Have you ever wished you could make candies like you buy at the confectioner's? They are not nearly as difficult as their finished perfection would make you believe and you can duplicate them easily. Our leaflet *How to Make Candies at Home* tells you just how to go about it . . . what utensils to use, what colorings and flavorings and other professional pointers. Send ten cents in stamps to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, DAYTON, Ohio.

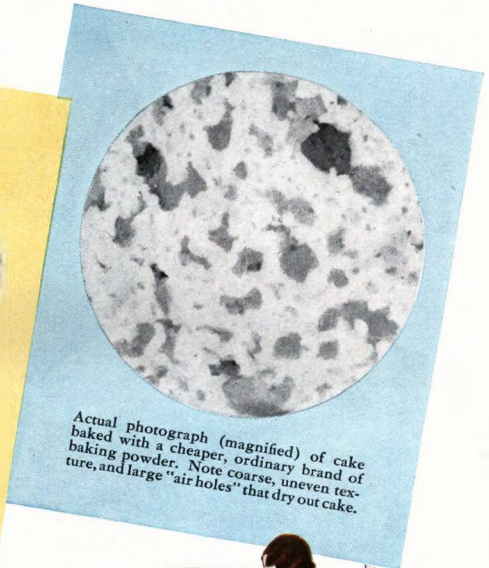
3 Days Old....

still fresh and moist

Movies through microscope show why ROYAL baked cakes keep flavor longer.....



Actual photograph (magnified) of cake baked with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Note fine, even texture that retains moisture and keeps cake fresh.



Actual photograph (magnified) of cake baked with a cheaper, ordinary brand of baking powder. Note coarse, uneven texture, and large "air holes" that dry out cake.

These remarkable photographs actually prove the superior baking results of a Cream of Tartar baking powder . . .

WHAT makes some cakes stay moist, fresh, delicious? While others dry out . . . crumble . . . and lose their flavor? For years this question has puzzled both food experts and women who bake at home.

The answer has been found by a group of scientists and dietitians who took an actual moving picture of cake batter rising in the oven.

Two cakes were made—one with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder . . . the other with an ordinary, cheaper brand of baking powder.

All other ingredients in the cakes were exactly the same. They were made exactly the same way. Both were baked in the same specially constructed, scientifically controlled oven.

The pictures show the Royal cake rising gradually . . . evenly. Tiny, uniform gas bubbles, forming myriads of strong cellular walls . . . giving the cake a fine, even texture . . . and retaining its freshening moisture.

This Royal cake came out of the oven fluffy and light, tender . . . delicious.

But the cake made with the cheaper baking powder rose irregularly. Large gas bubbles broke through among the small and medium-sized cells, forming large "air holes" with thin, weak walls. When taken from the oven this cake tended to become heavy and soggy. The texture was coarse . . . uneven.

After three days the same cakes were compared again under the magnifying glass—and tasted.

The Royal cake was still fresh and moist—as rich in flavor as the day it was baked.

But the cake made with the cheaper baking powder had dried out . . . crumbled . . . lost its flavor. The large "air holes," with thin, weak walls, had allowed the moisture to escape.

These tests were repeated several times—with invariably the same result.

Royal always leavens perfectly . . . makes all your baked foods deliciously light and tender. Keep your cakes fresh and moist to the very last crumb.

And, after all, it takes only 2 cents' worth of Royal to insure the success of a large layer cake.



Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

Warning to Housewives who bake from recipes

If you bake at home, it is important to realize that the baking recipes in practically all modern authoritative cook books are planned for Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. When you use a cheap, ordinary type of baking powder, you risk having a coarse-textured cake that will become stale quickly. Don't take chances! Always use Royal, the standard of food experts for 60 years.



Send for revised edition of the famous Royal Cook Book . . .

Royal Baking Powder Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
Dept. 48, 695 Washington Street New York City
Please send my free copy of the new Royal Cook Book.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada: Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Building, Montreal, P. Q.



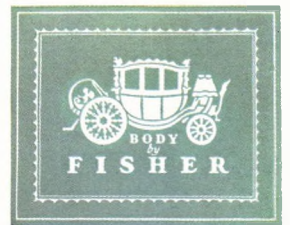
T

HE FIRST REQUISITE of a motor car body—and the last—is comfort for those who ride in it. If the vast number of people who buy and use one Fisher Body car after another is to be accepted as a verdict, it can only mean that people find more comfort in a Body by Fisher.

Perhaps one reason for this greater preference is that Fisher defines comfort in broader terms than the admittedly important factors of seating arrangements, leg-room and head-room.

Fisher considers comfort also to include the luxury of immunity from body noises and annoyances; a

sense of safety and security that comes from obviously sound and substantial construction; and a degree of thorough-going satisfaction that induces a man or a woman invariably to choose a Fisher Body with utmost confidence, without seeking further.



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 GENERAL MOTORS



AFTERNOON TEA

The second article in a series on etiquette

By Mary Astor Bristed

AFTERNOON tea is the easiest of all forms of entertaining and I often think it is the most satisfying. In the waning afternoon beside a hospitably singing tea kettle, the barriers that all of us build up around ourselves melt away and hostess and guests drop quite naturally into intimate talk. It is the hour for the building of friendships—the only permanent foundation for social success.

Of course, a small informal tea will not be a success if the hostess feels hurried or distracted, or if she invites guests who have nothing in common with each other. She herself must feel at rest in heart and mind, and the four or five or six guests whom she has invited should have been chosen because of their somewhat similar tastes. It is usually fatal, for instance, to invite a seventeen-year-old girl to tea with her mother's friends. She will have to sit silent while her elders talk about the things in which they are interested, or they will have to think up topics which will appeal to her but bore them.

SO THE first rule for afternoon tea is to ask the right guests! And the second is one which would have shocked our Puritan forefathers: do everything in the easiest way! In other words, it is far better to serve a simple tea perfectly than an elaborate one badly.

This makes me think of one of my friends, a bride, who was faced with the problem of building up a new social circle among strangers. She had been in her new house about two months, I think, when I first visited her, and learned how she had found her niche in these new surroundings. She told me that from the first

afternoon at her mother-in-law's house, she began to choose the people who appeared to be congenial to her. When the time came to return invitations, she gave neither dinners nor receptions, but a series of small, very carefully planned informal afternoon teas.

Then she had met, quite casually at a garden party, "the great" Mrs. King, the acknowledged social leader of the county. Mrs. King, finding that Sylvia knew a lot about flowers, had asked if she might come and see her garden. And Sylvia had replied quite simply, "Won't you come tomorrow?"

A less natural and less sensitive girl might have used this opportunity to impress several of her friends, which of course would have ended any possibility of confidence or friendship. But guided by good taste and keen intuition, she arranged everything to be as casual as her invitation. When Mrs. King drove up to the door, she found Sylvia, dressed in a simple frock, trowel in hand, transplanting delphinium seedlings. Although she had no maid, she seemed to have nothing to think of but gardens and Mrs. King.

And the peaceful atmosphere of the living room continued the effect. A folding table, covered by a white linen cloth, stood at the end of the room, with the tea service arranged.

As Sylvia, with a smile of excuse, slipped into the kitchen, Mrs. King noticed with pleasure the charming,

youthful appearance of the room. Then she wondered at the efficiency of this girl, who unaided, returned in less than five minutes with the silver water-kettle steaming hot, and a stand containing sandwiches and cakes.

With servants, or even one maid engaged for the afternoon, she could have had some form of hot bread, toasted muffins, or brioches, or any of those many crispy cheese combinations which are so wonderfully suited to afternoon tea. But not having any help at all, she had the intelligence to know that it is very much better to have simpler things ready and to leave a guest alone for the fewest possible minutes.

THE actual pouring of the tea is always easy. Whether she has servants or not, the hostess seats herself behind the tea table, facing her guests. A butler or maid may pass the plates, cups, sandwiches, and cakes. But if she is alone, she asks, "Lemon or cream? Two lumps?", and allows the others to come and help themselves. There are no rules except those of grace and thoughtfulness—which permit of no *useless* anxiety. Small tables which save each guest the awkward problem of balancing several things in one hand, and the three-shelved "curate" to simplify the passing of several plates at once, are helpful.

These are the simple details which make the formal tea one of the tests of the true hostess. For no matter how plain it is, it must be perfect, each thing the very best of its kind. Silver, china, linen and food must all be in harmony with the house and with the hostess herself. For it is her hour, and every detail must represent her in its perfection.

Early in life I was taught that hospitality is one of our greatest privileges. And to make our guests completely comfortable we must entertain without apparent effort.



Have YOU Discovered
Kitchen Bouquet?

Food as mere nourishment is one thing. Food as a civilized pleasure is an art. As the artist paints with colors so do chefs compose appealing flavors with Kitchen Bouquet.

Kitchen Bouquet is an essence of fresh vegetables, herbs and spices. It comes in a bottle...a wonder bottle, for just a dash of Kitchen Bouquet will transform your cookery.

FOR BEEF OR LAMB STEW
Kitchen Bouquet is indispensable. It imparts a buoyant hearty character.

IN SAUCES FOR FISH OR MEAT
Kitchen Bouquet enlivens the dish with that gratifying individuality which bespeaks the skillful cook.

GRAVIES change with just a dash of Kitchen Bouquet...lose that plain taste and take on delicious quality.

FOR CANNED SOUPS use Kitchen Bouquet for that little extra body and unique appeal all your own.

Kitchen Bouquet is the secret of many a home cook's success. You have enjoyed the Kitchen Bouquet flavor in the cooking of others many times without realizing it. Now let Kitchen Bouquet aid your own personal pride in cooking the better things to eat.

FREE! Long-handled Measuring Spoon, Mixer, and Bottle Opener in One! A gift with every 10¢ Trial Size Kitchen Bouquet. Send 10¢ to Kitchen Bouquet, Inc., 249 New York Ave., Union City, N. J.

**Kitchen
Bouquet**

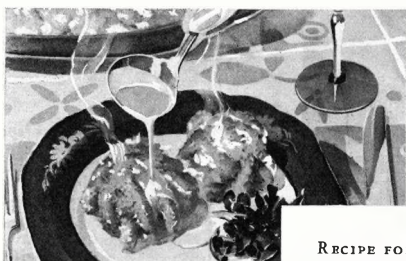
The Chef's Flavoring
for Home Cooking

Let YVES

Chef of the S. S. Paris
give you his treasured recipe

FOR

MACARONI MOUNDS



So simple
to make...
so certain
to please

RECIPE FOR MACARONI MOUNDS

$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. macaroni (preferably elbow)
3 tblsp. butter 3 tblsp. flour
1 cup milk 1 teasp. salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup pimientos, cut fine
1 cup diced chicken
1 egg 2 tblsp. milk or water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs

1. Cook macaroni until tender; drain and chill. 2. Make a cream sauce of the butter, flour and milk. 3. Cook thoroughly. Add macaroni, chicken, pimientos and salt, and chill again. 4. Shape into mounds. Roll in egg beaten with milk or water, then in cracker or bread crumbs. 5. Fry in hot deep fat. Drain on brown paper and serve with Rarebit Sauce; made as follows:

Make a cream sauce with $1\frac{1}{2}$ table-
spoons flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons but-
ter, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt;
when thickened add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cheese.
Stir until cheese melts.

(This recipe, which gives 4 liberal
servings, may also be made
with egg noodles.)

CRUNCHY, nut-brown outside... Delic-
ious macaroni and chicken inside—an
irresistible combination! Be sure you make
plenty of these Macaroni Mounds, for every-
body in the family will call for more.

Passengers on the S. S. Paris of the French
Line praise this treasured recipe of Chef
Yves. Just follow the Chef's simple inex-
pensive recipe. Try it tonight!

Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles are
"The Energy Trio"—rich in those important
food elements that build sturdy bodies and
supply valuable nourishment. As easy to prepare
as they are to digest. Have one of these foods
often on your table.

*Food Value

Enter Your Recipe in \$5,000 Contest

Your favorite recipe for Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles may win first award in the prize contest now being sponsored by the National Macaroni Manufacturers Association. Share in \$54 cash prizes—totaling \$5,000.

	For Macaroni	For Spaghetti	For Egg Noodles
1st Prize...	\$500	\$300	\$500
2nd Prize...	250	250	250
3rd Prize...	100	100	100
4th Prize...	50	45	45
5th-14th, each	25	25	25
15th-118th, each	5	5	5

RULES: 1. Contest open to any resident U. S. or Canada, except those connected with the macaroni industry. 2. Awards based solely on novel, appetizing qualities of recipes. Judges' decisions will be final. Each recipe must contain Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles. 3. Use pen and ink or typewriter, one side of paper only; separate sheet for each recipe submitted. 4. In describing recipe, give exact measurements. 5. In event of tie for any prize equal prize will be awarded each tying contestant. 6. Contest closes Dec. 15, 1930; no entry bearing later postmark will be considered. See coupon address at right, for your entry.

"The Jean Rich Cook Book," containing 70 tested recipes for Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles, will aid you in winning a prize. Mail the coupon today!

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National Macaroni Mfrs. Assn. Dept. 204, Peoples Bank Bldg. Indianapolis.

Please send me—FREE—my copy of "The Jean Rich Cook Book," containing 70 tested recipes for Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles.

Name.....
Address.....

MACARONI

EGG NOODLES • SPAGHETTI •

THE ENERGY TRIO • Easy to prepare • 70 ways to serve

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS"

[Continued from page 15]

translations of the great European writers, and inspect the diversity of reading-matter in the average home. Would you care to return to the literary conditions of yesterday?

The apostles of the past, however, seem to center their case against the present generation on the horrors of jazz and the cacophonies of the popular dance melodies. The fact that there were no wild deliriums of syncopated pseudo-music in the olden days is harped upon. But is it reasonable to condemn an entire epoch simply because its dance orchestras prefer cowbells and fish-horns to zithers and accordions? And jazz, it must be admitted, has made certain musical "masterpieces" bearable. I have never been able to listen to the "Barcarole" from *The Tales of Hoffman*, or "Humoresque," or Massenet's "Elegy," until they were "jazzed."

To be sure, there was no jazz in "the good old days," but then, what popular music was there? Of what, in the main, did a musical evening in grand-mother's time consist? It began—as likely as not—with "In Old Madrid," a sad minor plaint pertaining to a virgin in a convent. This vestal, it seems, leaned out of her casement each night and listened to a forlorn youth plucking a guitar. But nothing came of it, for the lovers were on opposite shores of a river which, the song tells us, flowed between them "for evermore."

This unhappy romance disposed of, "The Last Rose of Summer" was exhumed, and more sorrow introduced. Following this, the virtues of Sweet Alice, who lay beneath a marble slab, were dolefully recounted to Ben Bolt, with the depressing assurance that he would never see her again. By this time the evening was well launched in gloom.

If the devotees of music were able to stand any more, there were plenty of other songs of equal gayety and joy. In fact, most of the popular ballads of "the good old days" had to do with death, graveyards, suicide, unrequited love, and missing brides.

Today, the lovers in popular songs at least reach the hymeneal altar in safety; and one can sing a modern ditty without breaking down.

LEAVING jazz outside the discussion, I believe it will be admitted even by the most passionate yearners for yesterday, that the type of music generally heard in the households of today, is far superior to that of former times. The radio has brought the great operas into our homes, and has familiarized us with the classics and near classics. Even the transient "hits" of our light operas show this new influence, for, as a rule, they are musically and well constructed.

Moreover, the embryo Liszts of today, instead of frazzling their adolescent nerves by trying to master diabolical variations on "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Home Sweet Home," and other melodies of the tonic-dominant-subdominant variety, practice Nevin's "Vienna Sketches," Chopin waltzes, and—not infrequently—the whole-tone harmonies of Debussy.

Furthermore—to reveal the utter unregeneracy of my modernism—I hold

that the "Indian Love-Call" from *Rose Marie*, the "Symphony in Blue," and "The Merry Widow," are decided improvements on, and furnish more civilized relaxation than "Turkey in the Straw," "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking," and "Mrs. McLeod's Reel." And, if I were confronted by the choice—which Heaven forbid!—I would prefer an evening of such songs as "The Rose of Picardy," "My Hero," from *The Chocolate Soldier*, the prologue of *Pagliacci*, and—yes!—even "Mighty Lak a Rose," to an evening of close harmony devoted to Moody and Sankey hymns.

MAYBE, however, it is not the religious or aesthetic conditions which the piners for the past have in mind when they wistfully sigh for "the good old days."

Perhaps they are devotees of the simple life, and crave that primitive existence which obtained before numerous modern inventions and refinements of living supplanted the rugged customs of old. But, if so, I fear that time has cloaked those ancient hardships with a false luster—softened their harsh realities, and smoothed down their sharp protruberances.



In "the good old days" there were no electric lights. Oil lamps were the chief source of domestic illumination; and not only were they smelly and smoky, but the light they furnished was weak. A gentle summer zephyr would either snuff them out or play havoc with the flame, sending a cloud of odoriferous smoke up the chimney. And then, there was always danger of explosion or fire. No mother—save one bent on infanticide—would dare leave her child alone in the same room with a lighted oil lamp.

Coming home at night to a dark house, one would have to stumble through the blackness to find the lamp, light it gingerly, and gradually turn up the wick, lest the chimney crack. When one was not watching, the flame had a way of creeping up by itself and smoking. If lucky, one might discover it by the odor before the ceiling had turned black. Furthermore, think of the trouble it took to maintain this lighting system. Every day the lamps had to be refilled and cleaned, their chimneys polished, and their wicks trimmed.

Today we need only press a button, and at once we have a light which needs no coddling or protection from the wind.

And what have the good-old-timers to say about the telephone? Of course, I know that it is trying, just as one has stepped into the tub, or is in the midst of suave and courtly wooing, to be rung up. Nor is it pleasant to be at the mercy of garrulous acquaintances who choose the dinner hour to call us. And to be roused from peaceful slumber in the middle of the night, only to learn that some incoherent night-owl has the wrong number, is enough to turn the mildest person into a potential murderer.

But, even so, are not these annoyances compensated for when, in case of accident or illness, we can summon instant help? The truth is, we have

[Continued on page 62]



"The freshness of Chase and Sanborn's *dated* Coffee puts it in a class by itself," says CHARLES KING, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star.



"I drink Chase & Sanborn's Coffee—have for twenty-five years," declares JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG... "never found one better."



CLIVE BROOK, Paramount star, says: "Most men demand that coffee be fresh. That's why so many insist on their coffee being dated."



"A pungent, delightful flavor that lives up to its tantalizing aroma," says JOHN BOLES, Universal Pictures star.

DATED Coffee

corrects the usual cause
of disappointment in flavor

*Brilliant Men and Women hail
new popular luxury... Freshly Roasted Coffee
distributed like a Perishable Fresh Food*

LIKE "fresh milk," Chase & Sanborn's Coffee comes to you now *dated* to guarantee freshness.

For sixty-five years this fine blend of coffee has been preferred in New England and many sections of the Middle West. Now... with the delivery date plainly marked in large type on the label of each can... it comes to your grocer *fresh twice a week*.

Direct from the roasting ovens... by the "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., organized for the swift distribution of fresh foods! No storage stop-overs! Just enough at a time to last until the next delivery! And if a can is left at the end of ten days, it is collected and replaced by fresh.

Real, "fresh from the roaster" freshness... the final perfection coffee lovers have craved! Until you have used the last spoonful, Chase & Sanborn's Coffee has fresher, fuller-strength flavor... *because it is weeks fresher at the start*. Get a can from your grocer and enjoy this delectable, real-coffee taste tomorrow in your own cup.

LOOK FOR THE
date
ON THE CAN



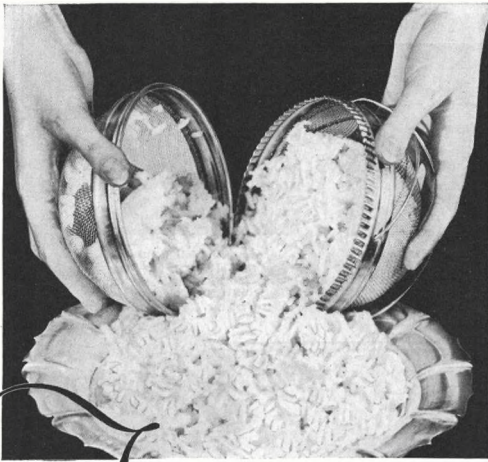
ALMA GLUCK, whose golden voice and rich personality have been welcomed into the very heart of American home life, draws her own deepest inspiration from her home. A discriminating judge of good coffee, she says:

"Chase & Sanborn's *dated* Coffee is the answer to a long-felt coffee need, for perfection of flavor presupposes absolute freshness. Chase & Sanborn's has the briskest, freshest flavor I have ever tasted."



ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE... noted newspaper man, explorer and author, jovial host at famous "Sunnybank," says of Chase & Sanborn's *dated* Coffee: "I like this coffee. All of us do—even my Martinique servants who know a thing or two about coffee. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is good. There is a freshness to it which, I think, makes it so."

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee - DATED



There are so many ways you can serve

RICE



... and every one simply delicious!

At a loss for something different to serve? You won't be after you discover the scores of delicious dishes you can make from rice. With this most adaptable of all foods you can make enticing salads . . . new, flavorful soups . . . a nutritious breakfast cereal . . . unusual dressings . . . entrees . . . meat substitutes. Rice can be served often as a vegetable with butter or

savory gravy, without tiring the taste. Rice will be good for your family—it is so easily digested that small children may eat it; and it gives the body quick, natural energy. There is no waste with rice; properly cooked in the morning, it may be served cold, reheated or made into new dishes for later meals. Send for the Rice Recipe Portfolio, full of new rice dishes.



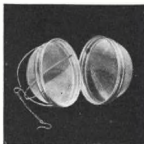
Chicken and Rice Soufflé

1½ cups chicken, diced
1 cup cooked rice
¾ cup chicken gravy
2 eggs, beaten.

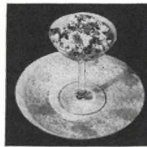
Mix cooked chicken and boiled rice. Season with salt and molten well with gravy, adding more if needed. Add well beaten yolks and carefully fold in the beaten whites. Bake in a moderate oven until golden brown on top. Left-over chicken and rice may be utilized in this delicious dish.

The Rice-Ball Cooks Rice as it Should Be Cooked

With the Rice-Ball, you can cook rice in true Southern style—snowy-white, fluffy grains that stand dry and separate. It never fails. Easy to use, easy to clean. Handyest kitchen utensil you've ever seen. For 30c, we will send, postage paid, a Rice-Ball and Rice Recipe Book, containing scores of new ways to serve rice. Use the coupon below.



The RICE-BALL



Fruited Rice Delight

1 cup cooked rice
¼ pint cherry jello, cubed
½ cup pineapple, crushed
½ cup cherries
½ cup nuts
1 cup whipped cream.

Mix rice with fruit and nuts and carefully fold in the whipped cream. Mix well and then fold in the cherry jello made by directions and when firm cut in small cubes. Chill thoroughly before serving.

Department A of Dietetic Research . . .
NATIONAL RICE ASSOCIATION
of AMERICA, Lake Charles, La.

- Enclosed find 30c for which send me a Rice-Ball and Rice Recipe Portfolio, prepaid.
 Simply send Rice Recipe Portfolio, free.
 Enclosed find 50c extra for "Book of 100 Famous Old New Orleans Recipes."

NAME _____

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"THE GOOD OLD DAYS"

[Continued from page 60]

grown so used to the conveniences of modern life that we lose our temper when anything goes wrong with them. And then it is that we let some retrospective zealot get away with the "good old days" lament, forgetting momentarily that the only reason there were not the same annoyances in the past was because there were none of the conveniences. It is like wishing one were penniless because of the nuisance of clipping coupons and counting change.

Cooking, too, in "the good old days" was not the easy occupation that it is today, with gas stoves and electric ranges. Fires had to be built and nursed all day; and so hot were these whilom stoves that it was not unusual to keep two in a household—one indoors for winter, and another outside for the summer months. The rôle of housewife was then a strenuous occupation, requiring the strength and endurance of an athlete.

Heating, likewise, in the olden days, was troublesome and difficult. In the main rooms there were stoves and fireplaces; but they required constant attention. There was always soot and smoke, not to mention the labor of spitting kindling, lugging coal scuttles, and sifting ashes.

Compare this with the steam heat of the present—or even with our gas logs and electric plates. And, if for sentimental reasons, we want a grate fire, we may have it.

Nor let us overlook the old-time bathing difficulties. Taking a bath in "the good old days" was an event. In fact, a special night was set aside for it, and Saturday became synonymous with cleanliness. Tubs, as we know them now, were scarce; and hot water was a semi-precious fluid. One would have to plan ahead for one's ablutions. Often the water had to be specially heated and conveyed by hand to the bathing receptacle. The effort required for the operation was probably what established the custom of the weekly interval between baths.

Today we seat ourselves in a porcelain tub and turn the spigot. Yet we are asked to weep over the lost blessings of yesterday!

THE trouble is that one forgets the benefits which the passing years have brought us. One forgets that, in "the good old days," there was no legal protection against poisons and food adulterations; that coat-shirts were unknown, and one crawled into one's shirt like a ferret into a hole; that there were no sleepers or diners on trains; that manual training, hygiene, cookery, and mechanics were absent from the common school curricula; that a woman who dared smoke a cigarette was a hussy; that sanitary cups did not exist, and that millions of unfriendly streptococci made capital of our thirst.

And we forget that to return to the olden days would mean foregoing elevators and trudging the stairways. It would mean removing one's whiskers without a safety razor. It would mean doing without open plumbing, electric irons, pencil sharpeners, typewriters, vacuum cleaners, and a thousand and one devices which have made man's brief pilgrimage through the world a bit more comfortable.

Consider, for instance, the condition of dentistry in grandfather's day. It

was, in the main, of metal fillings and extractions. There were no X-rays; and bridges, pivots, porcelain work, and reconstructions were unknown. If anything was the matter—out came the tooth. As for pain, one simply bore it.

It was not the fault of the dentist. He was merely a product of those "good old days" when the science of dentistry was in its infancy, and novocain had not yet been discovered.

SPeaking of pain, let us not forget that anaesthesia is one of the developments of this inferior modern age. In those happy days of yore, if an amputation was necessary, the patient (from the Latin *patior*, meaning "to suffer") was merely strapped down and told to think of his favorite flower. And when an excretion got into the lumen of one's vermiform appendix, it was a serious affair. An operation for appendicitis constituted a laparotomy of enormous risk. Recovery was often a matter of months. But today an appendectomy barely gets into the "major operation" class. If there are no serious complications, a fatality is rare; and the patient is sitting up in a few days.

And think of the other diseases which either do not exist today, or else have lost their terror. Diphtheria is no longer a menace; the serum for it is one of the most perfect things in medical science. Smallpox is rapidly becoming extinct; and the results of the prophylaxis for typhoid are little short of miraculous. Yellow fever has been controlled.

But this is not a medical treatise, and I mention these *malaises* merely because we are apt to overlook the fact that, in the old days, they lurked in wait for us at every corner.

Moreover, it is not only in the material benefits of modern life that I find abundant cause to prefer the world of today to the world of yesterday. What we call the spirit of the times—our old friend, the *zeitgeist*—is another reason for my defense of modernity. The general outlook upon life seems more sane than in grandfather's day. Even the bacchanalian fox-trot—that calisthenic dance for which the present age is most vigorously condemned by the votaries of the schottish, the quadrille, and the minuet—possesses a spirit of frankness and naturalness which, in many ways, is preferable to the false modesty that animated the elegant and genteel Terpsichorean habits of the past. Dancing in "the good old days" was based largely on the theory that all sex is indecent, and that the human race is composed entirely of the neuter gender.

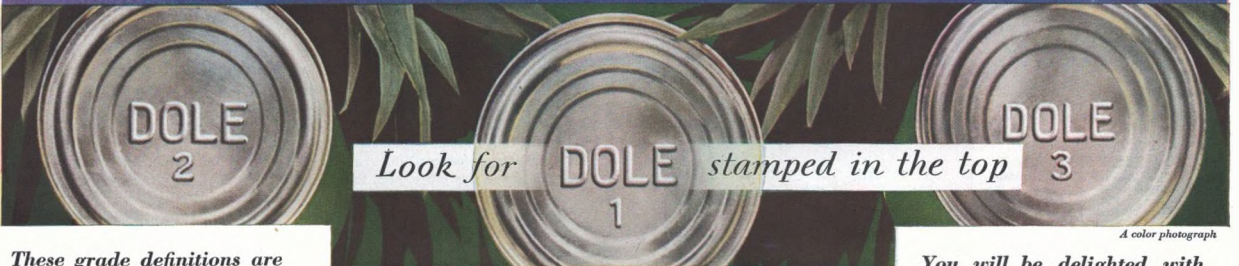
We have at least outgrown our horror of the natural instincts and emotions; and we have discarded much of the old-time hypocrisy which enveloped all subjects of vital importance in a mantle of silence. The mind of the country today—whatever its mistakes and excesses—is broader and more honest than it used to be.

This new attitude of frankness and freedom is conspicuously revealed in the modern woman's fashions, which, despite their occasional vagaries and extremes, are unquestionably an improvement on the hoop skirt and the laced-in corset. There is really nothing terrible in the fact that the women of today reveal the hyperboles, curves, and

[Continued on page 65]



WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



A color photograph

These grade definitions are worth remembering

DOLE Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

DOLE Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

DOLE Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

This is marketing made easy!

A name and a number stamped in the can to tell you just what's inside

First you ask your grocer for DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple—the finest on the market. Then, look on the top of the can to make sure the name **DOLE** is stamped there. Next, look under the name for the numbers, 1, or 2, or 3. These are the **DOLE** grade numbers (fully described in the column on the left) which tell you just what grade is in the can *before you open it*. This way you can choose exactly the pineapple that fits your menu needs.

Only in this way can you be sure of getting DOLE Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—*properly graded and marked*—so you can know the grade you buy.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY
Honolulu, HAWAII
Sales Office: 215 Market Street, San Francisco

You will be delighted with this recipe booklet

Why is "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden" such a popular, talked-of booklet? Because it is fascinatingly written—richly illustrated. Because it tells the story of Hawaiian Pineapple. And because it contains 39 new Hawaiian Pineapple recipes. Send for your copy. It is free!



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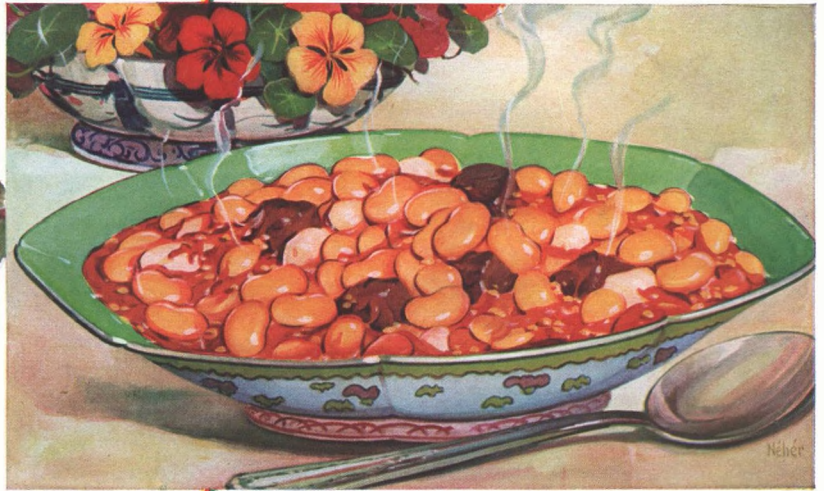
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215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

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Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

The Home Cook's Hour of Triumph!



When the children say "Oh",
and Father says "A-ah"!



TRY THESE INTERESTING RECIPES

Basic Recipe: To revive the fresh, juicy tenderness of dried California Limas, soak them in cold water from 6 to 8 hours. Drain. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender (about 30 minutes). Add salt after 20 minutes cooking. (This basic recipe applies to either Large or Baby Limas).

LIMAS AND LAMB STEW (Large illustration above): Sear meat cubes in bacon fat to retain flavor. Put a lb. of cubed lamb, 1 sliced small onion and 1 sliced small potato into sauce pan. Cover with boiling water; simmer gently 1 1/2 hrs. Add 1 cup dried Limas, 1 cup canned corn and 1 cup strained cooked tomatoes. Bring to boiling point and cook 5 minutes. Then cover closely and simmer slowly on range 3 hours. A wholesome one-dish meal.

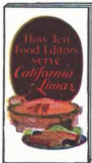
LIMAS LOUISIANA: Parboil 1/2 lb. little pork sausages 5 minutes. Combine 2 cups cooked dried Limas, sausage, 2 tbsps chopped onion, 1 tsp. sugar, 1/2 tsp. mace, 1 tsp. salt, and 1/2 tsp. poultry seasoning. Place in an oiled baking dish. Pour 2 cup milk over the Limas and scatter bits of butter and shredded green pepper over the top. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes. Also a one-dish meal.

LIMA PUNCH: Rub 2 cups cooked dried Limas through coarse strainer; add 4 cups hot water, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper and 1 tbsp. grated onion or onion juice. Heat to boiling point. Melt 1 tbsp. butter, add 2 tbsps. flour, stir until smooth, then add to hot soup and cook 5 minutes longer, stirring constantly.

NICOISE SALAD: For each serving arrange 3 slices tomato on abraded lettuce; cover tomato with cold cooked dried Limas and garnish with strips of anchovy and pimiento. Serve with French dressing.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Dozens of other excellent recipes are to be found in our 16-page cook book. We'll gladly mail it, free, upon request. Address Dept. 174, CALIFORNIA LIMA BEAN GROWERS ASSOCIATION, OXNARD, CALIFORNIA.



And haven't you noticed that
it's the simple foods –
temptingly prepared –
which get the most praise!

When all is said and done, isn't it the reliable, staple foods you use the *most*—foods you learned to use in your Mother's kitchen—foods *her* Mother taught her to cook?

In short, your real success as a home cook comes, not from your elaborately-planned occasional fancy dish, but from your skill in the *everyday use* of simple foods. That's the way you win praise from the entire family—by giving them old familiar foods, served in a different, more intriguing manner!

No wonder, then, so many housewives keep their pantry always stocked with Limas! Why, Limas offer such a wide variety of interesting, appetizing dishes—casseroles, baked dishes, vegetable loaves, timbales and creamed side dishes. Then, too, Limas combine to advantage with almost any other food, to add the sort of taste-satisfaction the family always prizes. And a cup of dried Limas works wonders when added to *any* soup!

For instance, read the recipes on this page. They're widely different; they're attractive both to the eye and to the appetite; and each dish is *so* easily prepared!

And don't overlook that last fact—ease of preparation. Remember, Limas need no peeling, no paring, no cutting.

Merely soak them from breakfast to mid-afternoon; they'll be *ready to cook* when you're ready to prepare the evening meal!

Yet another point about Limas: they're one of the most healthful of all vegetables! Exceptionally high in proteins, high in vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts, Limas yield body energy, build tissue, and help regulate body processes. Besides, the alkaline-ash* of Limas is a most valuable dietetic aid!

As with other foods, there's a *best brand* of Limas. It's SEASIDE BRAND, either Large or Baby Limas. They're carefully selected from the finest of California's crop. For fancy quality, always insist upon California SEASIDE BRAND!

SEASIDE BRAND
California **Limas**
FAMOUS FOR *
THEIR NUT-LIKE FLAVOR

This 100-lb. branded bag in your grocery store means he carries the highest quality Limas. Ask to see it, before you buy!



Something new!—the same *high-quality* SEASIDE Dried Limas now in cans—*ready-cooked*. Just heat and serve. Ask your grocer!

*Many common foods have an acid reaction in the body. Such acid-ash foods, when eaten in excess, cause the condition known as *Acidosis*. Acidosis leads to many ills, some annoying, some serious. Doctors and Dietitians endorse Limas because they are one of the most *alkaline* foods known. By neutralizing acidity, they help to keep the *diet balance* which is so necessary for good health.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS"

[Continued from page 62]

parables of their figures. Surely, wispy corsets and low-necked gowns are preferable to garments which made freedom of movement and action impossible.

And the bathing suits of old! Our long-suffering grandmothers wore more attire when taking an ocean dip than the modern woman wears when going shopping. This inordinate amount of bathing investiture—the long sleeves, the broad-brimmed hat, the roomy pantaloons, the blouse, the opaque stockings, and the sturdy shoes—accounted for the fact, no doubt, that few of the women of yesterday knew how to swim. With such a satorial handicap, only a Sandow could keep afloat.

Furthermore, consider the human status of women in those bygone days. The acolytes at the shrine of yesterday make a great point of the chivalry with which the woman of the olden age was treated. But while it is true, perhaps, that she received more courtesy from men than does her sister of today, this *politesse* was about all she did receive. She was a dependent, clinging creature, given to weeping and fainting, and coddled like a piece of fragile bric-a-brac. Now this sedentary female is practically extinct.

Moreover, in that golden past over which so many tears are spilled, a woman of forty was looked upon as old; and at fifty she was considered decrepit. The modern woman is far younger both in mind and body, whatever her years may be. The age when, in "the good old days," a woman was

expected to give up all frivolous pursuits, buy a black lace bonnet and an ear-trumpet, and settle down to knitting afghans in an easy chair—a victim of useless senility and a burden to her children—is just the age when the woman of today is beginning to look most attractive and to feel most alive. A mother is a friend and companion now—not a helpless ward to be assisted upstairs and kept out of draughts.

BUT why continue? On every hand are the evidences of enlightenment and improvement. And each age has had the same complaint. There have always been unhappy, restless souls, dissatisfied with the things about them, and sighing for an irretrievable past.

The trouble is that the things which are past are always surrounded by a glamorous haze. Memories are always mellowed and sweetened by the passage of time. Instead of looking for romance in our immediate surroundings, we are prone to cast our eyes beyond the horizon; and naturally only the roseate lights of the distant city of dreams attract our eyes. We do not see the dark and somber places, for they are hidden and obscure.

And so it is with those who turn from the realities of the present and dream of the "good old days." Only the bright spots loom up before their vision. But how miserable they would be if some magician could set them back into the era of their desires! How desperately they would miss the benefits and comforts of the present!

ON THE STAGE

[Continued from page 7]

on evenings which put a penalty upon the slightest effort.

If it ever becomes my lot to enter the field of musical comedy production, I know the manner in which my summer revue will begin. In the first place, I have always felt that choruses are much too large. Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Earl Carroll profess to have devoted a great deal of attention to glorifying the American girl. They should know their business, and yet I feel that both men err in making glorification a matter of mass production. It should be easier to ennoble two or three than to canonize your chorus in a cluster. This is true of musical shows all the year round, both in summer and in winter. Too many beauties may prove quite as distracting as three rings in a circus.

BUT I seem to stray away from my point, which was to be the sensational nature of the first episode in Broun's "Misdemeanors of 1936." This is the notion. When the curtain rises, six chorus girls, which is plenty, will be discovered sitting in rocking chairs, a rocking chair for each girl. It will be the purpose of the management to furnish the young ladies with some melody of a lilting nature which they can sing to pass the time away, but the chief novelty will be the fact that no one of them will get up on her toes and twirl around furiously. They will simply rock gently and by seeming cool and comfortable, inspire the same feeling in the audience.

And there will be another revolutionary factor in "Misdemeanors of 1936." I shall buy a joke. In fact I can't find a joke there will be no show. I know that witty lines are held to be wholly unnecessary. Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Carroll have gone along for years without them. It is the notion of these master minds in the musical comedy

field that a couple of tons of gold and silver cloth, properly draped, will make the audience forget a desire to laugh.

I like revues less formal and gaudy. That is why *The Garrick Gaieties* seemed to me the best of the crop which has been recently harvested. This did contain a joke—several of them, in fact—and the skit built around Grover Whalen's return to commercial life was genuinely amusing. In fact, *Gaieties* was an entertainment and not an institution. It is the excessive formalization which has done much to make the more elaborate musical shows so dull. Plan, premeditation and even the note of sacrifice have served to make these dynastic affairs more than a little dreary. This particular critic will not depart in peace until he has seen a wholly irresponsible revue.

The Garrick Gaieties approaches this ideal, but as far as my experience goes, I still remember way back to *Shuffle Along* as the most larky of musical entertainments. I must admit that the dancers in this Negro revue did not sit quietly in rocking chairs. They swayed with jungle frenzy. Maybe they didn't actually have a good time, but they gave that impression.

Much praise has been lavished the revue form as developed on Broadway by American producers. I am told by globe trotters that we do such things better than the originators of the type in Paris. In fact there is banded about the phrase "the well-made revue." To me the label is forbidding. There is too much suggestion of the factory. What I yearn for is less precision and more fun. I'm tired of watching tall young women parade upstairs and down. In fact, I'm waiting for the day when some producer gets the inspiration to put on a revue glorifying the American joke.



Cereal shot from guns! Voted first choice of children in 42 states



Sections of actual movie taken of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice being shot from guns.

Children prefer these delicious grain goodies to all other cereals. And now a new "Seal-Krisp" package keeps Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice as freshly crisp as the moment they were shot from guns.



RECENTLY we made a nationwide survey among mothers.

"What cereal does your child like best?" we asked. And in an overwhelming majority of cases the answer was "Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice."

That is evidence far more impressive than any statement we might make about Puffed Grains' deliciousness.

"Puffing" has another purpose

But our chief object in "puffing" grains was to make them more digestible. There are 125 million food cells in every grain of wheat. "If those cells could be broken open," said Professor Anderson, "cereals would be far more nourishing. Now much of the grain's good is lost because these food atoms are not suited to digest—hence fail to nourish."

He put wheat and rice in huge bronze guns and revolved them for an hour in terrific heat.

Then he fired the guns!



125 million explosions occurred in every grain! Each food cell was broken. Every atom of food in every grain was made easily, completely digestible. Thus he made Puffed Grains virtually equal in nourishment to hot cooked cereals. He made them temptingly crunchy, crisp!

Why Puffed Grains stay crisp

And Puffed Grains stay crisp, too. For a special exclusive process "heat-seals" these grain goodies into packages that keep them as freshly flavored, as newly crisp as the moment they were shot from guns. Order Puffed Rice and Puffed

Wheat from your grocer. You'll find the entire family will revel in these deliciously different stay-crisp cereals. The Quaker Oats Company.

Every weekday morning and every evening except Saturday and Sunday, Phil Cook, the Quaker Man, brings you his famous "one-man show." Hear him! Consult your local radio time table for your station and time.



This seal signifies that this product has been accepted by the American Medical Association.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice



DON'T LET THEIR LITTLE HANDS GET RAW FROM CHAPPING

DABBLING in water, making mud pies, playing snowball—little hands are bound to be painfully raw and sore unless you watch them. Think of this before your children go out to play. After they're bundled up, it takes but a minute to rub on the same Hinds Honey and Almond Cream you use on your own hands. When they come back in the house, give their hands another good rubbing with Hinds. Do this regularly, and they'll keep soft and free from chapping all winter. It's a good idea to keep an extra bottle of Hinds in the closet right with the coats and caps. Then you can't forget.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

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Refine the texture of your skin with Hinds Toning Cleanser

This extraordinary new liquid cleanser cleans your pores thoroughly, makes them exquisitely fine, tones your skin and refreshes it. Used together with the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream, it will keep your skin radiant and young. Hinds Toning Cleanser is 60c at all drug counters.

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Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream—the protecting cream for the skin.
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CALL MELROSE 7800

[Continued from page 16]

"But not as you love Diane. And so you want me to let you go—to her?"

"Yes, Ginny, I do." He met her gaze now, his voice was steady. This was something he was sure of, something he could be honest about.

"Well, I'm not going to! She can't have you—ever! She's got everything else in the world—money and position and beauty, but she can't have you! You belong to me!"

SHE had been standing by a window that looked out on a fading September garden. Now she moved swiftly away from it and sat down in a high-backed maple chair. Her eyes were no longer stricken and hurt, but blazingly, defiantly angry. Never had Ginny so nearly approached beauty as at this moment.

"But I love her, Ginny! You wouldn't want to keep me, knowing that? Where's your pride, Ginny?"

"Don't, Philip," Ginny spoke sharply, rapidly. "I'm going to tell you something. Nothing counts with me but you—I love you. No matter what you did, I would still love you. I know that now, beyond all doubt. Pride, honesty, nothing matters beside my love for you—nothing."

"But we promised, Ginny, that if ever the time should come when it was for the happiness of either of us to end our marriage, we would do it, willingly and graciously!"

"But I'm not sure it is for the best of either of us! I'm not sure at all!"

An angry flush swept over Philip's face. "You can't decide that, Ginny, you can't decide what is best for my happiness. Only I can decide that, and I have decided it. I have made my decision."

"And what about my happiness?"

"But I can't give you happiness any longer, Ginny. I can't give you anything!"

And you have no right to keep me from giving what I have to someone else. My life belongs to me, Ginny. You have no right to say what shall be done with it!"

For a long minute Ginny stared at him. She felt suddenly very old, very tired. Finished! "You can't keep what you haven't got," she was thinking painfully, "and I haven't got Philip."

"You're right, of course," she said levelly, "quite, quite right."

"You mean, you will agree to a—"

he stumbled clumsily and stopped.

"Yes, I agree—to anything."

And she had gotten up slowly and left the room, left Philip standing there, staring after her, half-relieved and half-dismayed, and a little later, he had gone too. There had been the whir of the motor as his car got under way; then only the soft noises of the twilight.

That was the way of his going, and now he wanted to come back.

Somewhere a clock struck seven. Traffic still roared and rattled in the street. But in Ginny's apartment it was very still. On the living room hearth the fire had burned itself out. In the bedroom tall candles threw long shadows on the walls, on the dressing-table mirror, on the girl sitting so tensely before it.

Jumping up, she went into the living room, drew the curtains, turned

on all the lights. She was suddenly afraid of the shadows, afraid of the stillness, afraid, most of all, of her own thoughts. She saw it all now—her life, if she married Bruce, so secure, so safe, so easy and simple. Bruce loving her, doing things for her, taking care of her. No more heartache, no more uncertainty, no more sacrifice. But, if she went back to Philip, there would be the same struggle all over again, and if success should come to Philip once more, could she be sure that it would be any different than before? Or would it mean the end of everything again, once Philip no longer needed what she could give him?

She paced up and down, reliving the past year. Philip, assured that he would have his freedom, had followed Diane to Europe, and Ginny had closed up the old house and come back to New York, to a one-room studio apartment. She had gone about the business of living with a deliberate precision that was as alien to her old self as was the droop of her mouth, the look of weariness in her eyes. Something had gone out of Ginny, leaving her a remote, still person who tried to smile and couldn't, who tried to write and couldn't, who wanted to die—and couldn't.

And then Valerie Rohmer had seen her in a restaurant one day and had taken her home to this apartment. Valerie, in the old days, had lived next door to Ginny and Philip and had often shared their coffee and talked until morning about what she was going to do with her clever fingers and her still cleverer ideas. And she had done it all, and even more than she had hoped. After that things were better for Ginny. She found some of her old courage and then she went at her writing and learned to smile again.

It was about this time, early in the spring, that Val brought Bruce Snowden home to dinner one night. Bruce, who had wanted to marry her before she had married Philip, Bruce, who had money and leisure and crinkly gray eyes and the friendliest smile.

Ginny had found him unchanged—a bit more attractive, if anything, than the lad who had followed her about in the old days, buying her flowers, taking her to dance,

or to tea in the quiet old house facing Gramercy Park.

Ginny had enjoyed those afternoons most of all, with the candlelight and a wood fire and Bruce's mother pouring tea into pink Spode cups and Bruce standing by the mantel, looking very much like the little boy in the portrait that hung over the fireplace.

SHE might have married him and lived in the house on Gramercy Park, if she hadn't found Philip and married him instead. And then Philip had gone and she was alone again.

But now she was no longer alone. She was with Bruce, dancing with him, wearing his flowers, learning to listen for his step, his ring at the bell, his voice over the wire.

And this morning at breakfast Valerie had said, smiling a bit: "Why don't you decide, once and for all, to marry Bruce and end this suspense? He loves you and you love him, or, if you don't

[Continued on page 68]



When Dull Film Covers Teeth Smiles Lose Fascination



Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.

CONSTANTLY new theories are advanced as to the cause of tooth decay. Some authorities say it's germs. Others believe it's faulty diet. And the rest hold it a combination of the two.

But one thing is positively known; wherever trouble and decay appear, *germs are always present*. Thus ridding teeth and gums of germs is the first thing one must do to keep teeth strong and healthy.

Germs live in film

Your teeth are covered by a stubborn, clinging film. In it—tightly glued in contact with the teeth—are the germs that cause decay and other troubles. Your protection lies in never failing to remove that film from teeth each day.

Film ruins teeth's appearance by absorbing

stains from food and smoking . . . how many times have you noted these discolorations?

The sure way to remove this dangerous film is with Pepsodent, as that is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness.

* * *
AMOS 'n' ANDY America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time, 10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time, 9:30 p. m., Mountain time, 8:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Do These Three Things

*to have strong,
healthy teeth*



1 Follow this diet daily: *one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. 1 qt. milk—and other food to suit the taste.*



2 Use Pepsodent twice a day.



3 See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent

—the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.

"There is a Key to Beauty!"



VENETIAN
CLEANSING CREAM



VENETIAN
ARDENA SKIN TONIC

Cleanliness: THE FIRST LESSON

TWO things only are necessary to assure the clear loveliness of your skin—a wise selection of preparations—a perfect understanding of the way to use them. The contents of a hundred jars and bottles will not yield their loveliness to you unless each cream and lotion is used exactly as it was meant to be. It is like a locked treasure that can be opened only with the right key. The key is knowledge.

In every one of my preparations there is beauty—waiting to be released by you. The more closely you adhere to the prescribed treatment, the more confident you may be of results.

Your skin should be cleansed at least as tenderly as a fine piece of kid... never with scrubbing, never with harsh handling... but gently and thoroughly with the finest of oils. Only in this way can the tiny pores be rid of accumulated impurities. It is for this reason that I have formulated my Cleansing Cream to be of featherly lightness, and to liquefy quickly with the warmth of the skin. Swiftly it penetrates the depth of the pores. Night and morning—and during the day, when you wish to refresh your face you should follow this little program of cleansing:

With a towel or band, secure the hair firmly away from the face so that hairline and ears are completely exposed. Squeeze a piece of absorbent cotton out of cold water. Moisten with Skin Tonic and dip in Cleansing Cream. Cleanse from the chin upward paying special attention to either side of the nose and around the mouth and chin; work gently around the eyes. Do not overlook the neck. Remove cleansing cream with Cleansing Tissues carefully so as not to stretch the skin.

Squeeze a fresh pad of cotton out of cold water, saturate with Skin Tonic and commence patting on the neck. Pat from the center around to the back on either side. Then, from the chin upward to the forehead. Continue patting for about five minutes, going over the same movements. Dry with Cleansing Tissues.

If this is your morning clean-up, your skin is now ready for your make-up which should be applied according to the method I will describe in a later lesson.

Cleanliness

Cleanliness is the peg on which all beauty hangs—like a multi-colored chiffon gown on a crystal hook.

There is a kind of grubby beauty which artists like to paint, but almost nobody wants to live with it. And after all we are here in this life to be lived with—at least by a few people, let us hope by the ones we like best in the world.

We hope that when we enter a room, something clean and lifting and gay enters with us—something people feel but don't quite know what it is—it stirs the air like a nice, fresh, little wind. It is because everything about us is so clean! We are rubbery alive because nothing is clogging us up—our clothes, our bodies and faces and hair, our purpose in life, our judgments, our impulses, our dreams. BREATHE!

Eat less, dream more. Strive less, direct more. Put everything that comes into your life into two piles—These are important. These only seem important. Then lop off all the ones that only seem important. You have cleaned up your life a bit. Clean house mentally and emotionally—there is no greater waste than carrying along something through the years that you really finished with long ago.

The Preparations Required in This Lesson are:

**VENETIAN
CLEANSING CREAM**
A light, feathery cream that liquefies quickly with the warmth of the skin and dissolves impurities. It rids the skin of dust, powder and excrescences, and leaves the skin soft and receptive. \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$6.00

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ARDENA SKIN TONIC**
A mild astringent which firms, tones and whitens the skin and brings new life to every cell. Use with and after cleansing cream to stimulate circulation and bring a glow of natural color to the cheeks. 85¢, \$1.00, \$3.75, \$9.00

**VENETIAN
CLEANSING TISSUES**
Softest silky tissues. The sanitary and convenient way of removing cream. Roll 40 cents. Large box of four rolls \$1.50; large package \$2.25

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS LONDON BERLIN ROME MADRID

CALL MELROSE 7800

[Continued from page 66]

now, you will. Once you're his wife, you'll adore him and live happily ever after."

"I wish I could be sure," Ginny had laughed a short, uncertain little laugh. "But perhaps you are right, Val. I think I do love him—"

"And not Philip?"
It was a sharp little thrust, and Ginny had quivered beneath it, but her voice had remained even.
"Never Philip—again."

AND that afternoon she had gone with Bruce to a studio tea. He had called for her and brought her violets. "Awfully old-fashioned—violets," he had said, tucking them into the fur of her coat, "but I like them. They're like your eyes, Ginny. I love your eyes—I love everything about you. Tell me you'll marry me—right away—this afternoon," he pleaded.

And Ginny had flushed and hurried him down to the car. "Some day, Bruce, perhaps—"

And then an hour, two hours later, she had overheard a certain conversation, had stood and listened helplessly, unable to tear herself away.

It had been Mrs. Sylvester talking, Mrs. Kent Sylvester, whose voice was clear and penetrating.

"Oh, hello, Bruce. I see you're here with Philip Masters' wife. Been seeing quite a lot of her, haven't you, my dear?"

"Quite a bit, but not as much as I'd like to," returned Bruce promptly. "She's a very charming girl, Aunt Julia."

"Doubtless—girls are always charming to the men who love them," chuckled Mrs. Sylvester. "By the way, Bruce, I see that good-for-nothing husband of hers is back in town. They say that Diane tired of him before his decree became final and told him to run along. He's back here—rather the worse for wear, I imagine. His work must be shot to pieces and he can't have much money— Better keep a sharp eye on Ginny. You know how women like that are. And I'll have to admit there's something about Philip Masters that makes a woman just naturally want to run after him."

"Bruce," Ginny, a bit white-faced, laid a hand on his arm.

"Darling, you heard!"

"I'm sorry—I couldn't help it—"
"I'm sorry, too, but you mustn't think about it."

"No."

"Let's get out of here—it's stifling."

He found her coat, led her out to the car, tucked her in beside him. "Ginny, we can't pretend this hasn't made a difference—Philip's being back in town. It has. You've got to marry me now. You will marry me, won't you, darling?"

Through the fast-gathering twilight Bruce's car traveled swiftly uptown. Ginny sat back and let the cool air blow against her flushed face.

"I don't know, Bruce. I wish I could say yes, but I can't—not just yet, anyhow."

Bruce's hand tightened on the wheel. He slowed down and stopped for a red light. "But you do—care for me, Ginny?"

"You know I do."

"Then, why—"

"We've been over it so many times, Bruce, and I'm so tired—"

Philip back in New York. Philip down and out, needing her perhaps.

"I'm sorry, dear." Now they were off again, picking their way expertly through a maze of traffic. "But you must promise me one thing, Ginny." Bruce was staring straight ahead, his gaze on the back of a speeding taxi. "You must promise me that you won't make any attempt to see Philip."

Bruce, here beside her, strong, dependable, loving her, always loving her. No more uncertainty, no more—
"Yes, Bruce," her voice was steady. "I'll promise that."

"And tonight—tonight you'll have a definite answer for me?"

Ginny hesitated a second—no more fear, no more sacrifice, no more—
"Yes, Bruce. I'll promise you that, too."

"And the answer will be the one I've been waiting for? It will be that one, Ginny?"

"I—I think so, Bruce."

She had left him at the entrance of the apartment house and had hurried to her own quarters.

She had opened the door and stepped into the living room, and then—

"Hello, Ginny."

"Hello, Philip." Ginny pulled off her hat, tossed it with her gloves onto the table. Somehow she wasn't the least bit surprised, not even startled, to find him here.

"How did you get in?" She removed her coat, and he stepped forward instinctively to take it from her, but she motioned him away.

Philip shrugged, answered easily. "Val let me in. She was just leaving and said you should be back any minute, so I waited."

"Oh—" Ginny sat down in a wing chair.

Philip thought her greatly changed; perhaps it was her gown, a clinging black thing—sophisticated. He lifted his eyebrows at it, smiled.

"Your dress, Ginny—it changes you."

"I've changed, Philip."

LIIS lips twisted into their old audacious smile, but his eyes were tragic. He turned away abruptly, moved restlessly to the windows.

"Sit down, Philip." She pushed forward a chair, waited until he had thrown himself into it. It was characteristic of him that his long legs were flung over the arm of the chair, that his clever hands were clasped about his knees, and that a lock of hair had fallen over his forehead. He had sat like this many times—opposite her in the firelight.

"Was it so very bad?"

"You mean—Diane?" He met her question directly. "At first, yes. When I realized what an idiot I had been, when I realized what I had done to myself—to you—"

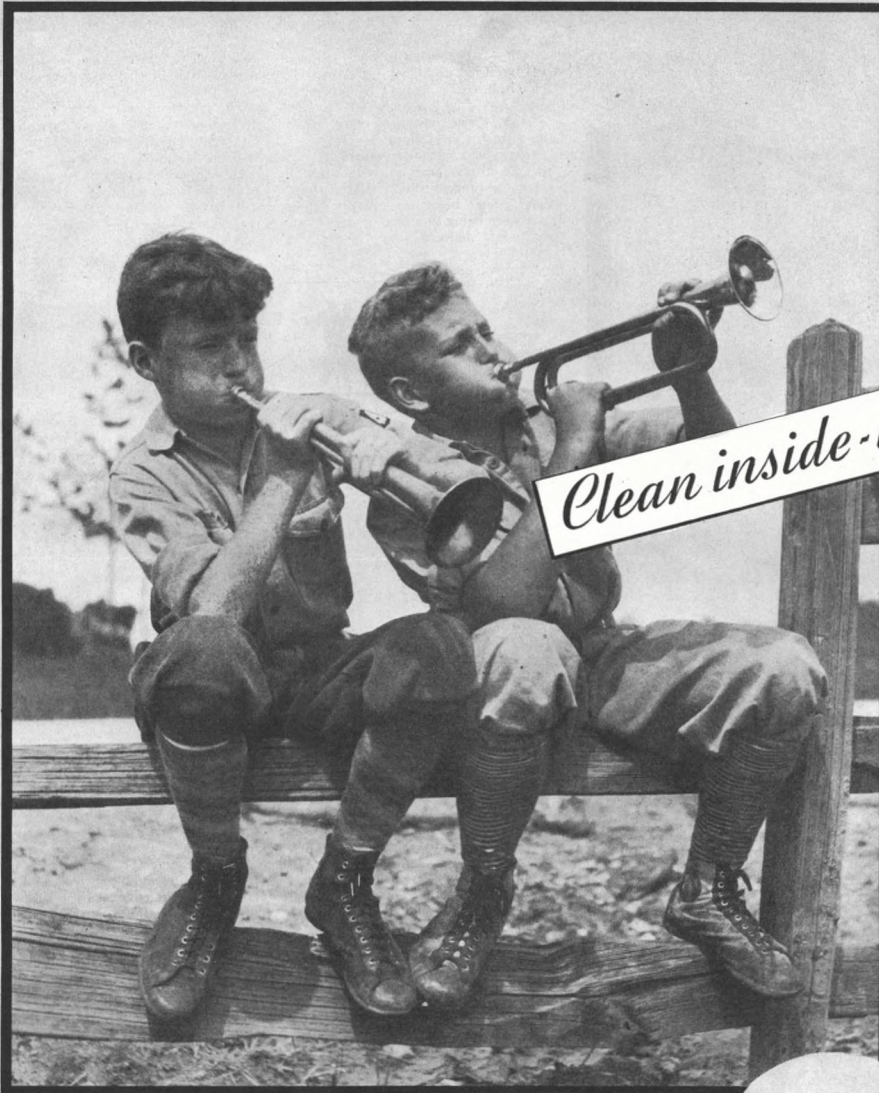
"If you don't mind, Philip, let's leave me out of it."

"How can I, Ginny? Don't be absurd." He tossed his cigarette into the fire, leaned toward her, his eyes demanding hers. "All that has ever really mattered, Ginny, has been you. I had to come back to find out—if I still had a chance. Have I, Ginny?"

She met his gaze coolly, and her voice was calm. "No, Philip."

[Continued on page 70]





Clean inside - well outside!

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“GIVE her th’ gas, will ya, Freckles? D’ye think that’s a bubble you’re blowin’?”

Health! The ability to put every last ounce into the joyous business of living! Do you know its one most important rule?

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep “clean inside.” One famous British physician goes so far as to say “auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease.”

Nujol



health

Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it — keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It

contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your

*and they
look it!*



face. Why? Because it’s common sense that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, chances are you will be well all the time.

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Send the coupon for our free booklet, "Protecting the Home against Disease." Keep it for reference as thousands of mothers do.

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[Continued from page 68]

"Oh—" He stared at her for a second, seeming at a loss for words. "I see—well, that's that. I had to know, you see—"

"Yes" The one word was lost in the silence that followed.

Ginny was curiously aware of that silence, it was such a close, intimate thing, so pregnant with all the things that weren't being said, all the things that were being thought. At last it was shattered, shattered very gently, but completely.

"Are you going to marry Bruce Snowden, Ginny?"

It was a direct question, and Ginny hesitated the merest second. But she answered: "Yes, Philip, I am."
"Oh, I see." Philip's hands shook ever so little. He clasped them about his knees again. "I'm sorry. You see, I didn't know. If I had—"

"You'll go on now with your work?"

"I don't know—"

Suddenly Philip's face had a naked look that stripped it clean of pretense and polite expression. Ginny looked away swiftly.

"I don't know, Ginny. I—oh, don't you see, I can't go on alone. I never could, I haven't got it in me—I've always been like that, Ginny. You know—you know!"

NOW he had buried his face in his hands and his shoulders shook. Ginny refused to look at him, refused to let this get hold of her. She spoke rapidly, unemotionally. "You have a real talent, Philip, and something of a reputation. You can still go on—you must."

His hands fell away from his face, his eyes sought hers. There was fear in them, fear and entreaty. "Ginny, please let me have another chance. I'll be lost if you don't. You loved me once, loved me a lot. You can't have forgotten—"

"Philip!" Ginny's voice was sharp. She stood up, very straight and slim in her clinging black dress.

Philip stood up, too. Then, suddenly, he had her in his arms, was forcing her to listen to him.

"Darling, darling! Oh, Ginny, I was a fool! I loved you, Ginny. You must believe that—always—I just went crazy—mad—for a little while. Such a little while. You shouldn't have let me go, Ginny. You knew I couldn't go on without you—that you were the only one who mattered. Ginny look at me, look at me, and tell me that you don't love me—you can't, Ginny!"

Ginny forced herself out of his arms and met his gaze. "I don't love you, Philip, and I am going to marry Bruce. I gave you everything—and you didn't want it. I can't forget that, Philip."

His face took on its usual casual expression, but his eyes were desperate—desperate and a little wild. She turned and walked to the window.

"You're right, of course, Ginny. Quite right. You should have married Bruce, instead of me. Well, I'll get out—" he moved toward her desk, where he had laid his hat and gloves.

Then he was gone and she was alone. She had gone into the bedroom, lighted

the apricot candles, and started to dress. And all that had been such a short time ago, less than an hour. . . .

She paced up and down the room—up and down. Her hands were cold. She beat them together softly. Philip—Bruce—Philip. She turned to her desk, she would end this needless torture, this mad indecision. She would call Bruce, tell him that she would marry him, any time—at once—now!

And then she saw it—a few scrawled lines on her telephone pad Philip must have scribbled them while she stood at the window. "If you should change your mind, Ginny, call Melrose 7800."

Philip—Philip had left that, left that scrawly little message to plead for him—Philip, who needed her so much, who couldn't go on without her. Half crying, half laughing, Ginny snatched it up—and Bruce was ringing the bell.

He found her with that crumpled bit of paper pressed to her heart, and he didn't need to ask what had happened—he knew.

"Ginny! You've seen him, he's been here—"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"I can't marry you, Bruce, because I'm going back to Philip. He needs me." There was a shining intensity in Ginny's blue eyes. "He always will—"

"But see here, Ginny," Bruce laid restraining fingers on her arm, held her gently, spoke urgently. "I can't let you do this. After all that has happened, after all he has done to you, you can't go back to him! You know how he took everything you had to give, completely absorbed you, left you no life of your own."

"I know, Bruce, but what you don't seem to understand, my dear, is that I don't want a life of my own. I want my life to belong to Philip. It's like this, Bruce," and now Ginny was smiling quietly, her eyes going beyond his beseeching ones. "There are women and women and some are made for giving and some for taking. Some are for men like you—strong men, generous men, loving men, and some are for men like Philip—weak men, selfish men, lovable men. And I—I am that kind."

AND Bruce, looking at her, at the shining light in her eyes, at the smile on her lips, knew this was so.

"Goodbye, Ginny," he said softly, holding her hands for a moment.

"Goodbye—and good luck."

And then he had gone, but Ginny was scarcely aware of his going. She had turned to the telephone and was busy dialing a number. Philip—in a little while now he would be with her. His head would lie in the hollow of her arm, his lips would seek her lips, and life would no longer be dull, but a gay and audacious adventure, in which she would do all the giving and Philip all the taking. But what of it? And if some day he should leave her again, well, that was a chance she took, that all women took, all women like her—who married men like Philip.



PARTY DAYS

With the holiday season fast approaching, every hostess will want to have these booklets to turn to for new ideas and help in planning merry parties:

Parties for Grownups . . .	20¢
Unusual Entertaining . . .	20¢
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What to Serve at Parties . . .	10¢
A Turkey Party . . .	10¢
A Dumb-bell Party . . .	10¢

THE SERVICE EDITOR
McCall's, Dayton, Ohio.



-MARJORIE, GET UP THIS INSTANT! YOU ARE GETTING YOUR CLOTHES ALL DIRTY

-OH, LET THE CHILD PLAY -



-BUT THINK OF THE WORK ON WASHDAY-
-HOW I HATE TO SCRUB

-DO YOU SCRUB? HOW FOOLISH! USE RINSO-IT SOAKS OUT THE DIRT-



NEXT WASHDAY

I TRIED RINSO TODAY, JIM-MY SISTER TOLD ME ABOUT IT. IT WASHES CLOTHES SNOWY WITHOUT HARD WORK

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AND

From coast to coast, women are cheering for these newer, richer suds!

WE WISH you could see the thousands of letters we have received from women all over the country.

"Rinso suds are *different!*" declares Mrs. G. B. Gifford, one of the many delighted Rinso users who lives in Omaha, Neb.

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Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps, even in hardest water. It's all you need-no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners.

Makers of 38 washers recommend it

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You'll never bother with bar soaps, once you begin using Rinso for clothes, dishes, floors, walls and *all cleaning*. Get the BIG box.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX-Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

SAFE for your finest cottons and linens

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Millions use Rinso for dishes, floors and all cleaning



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STUFFINGS AND GRAVIES

By McCall's Food Staff

IF YOU'RE one of the persons who think that the stuffing and gravy are as important as the Thanksgiving roast itself, you'll find some of these ideas worth trying. All of them are favorites with our staff and we use them many times a year.

Remember that it is the seasonings which give distinction to stuffings and gravies, and do not be afraid to do a little experimenting of your own until you find exactly the flavor you like. A dash of cayenne or tabasco; a suspicion of garlic; a little onion, chive or parsley; a spoonful of Chili sauce, catsup, or Worcestershire; a bit of sage or thyme—these are only a few of the condiments which help a woman to make her cooking better than the average.

To make a loose, light stuffing such as most people prefer, follow this method: Use bread twenty-four hours old. Trim off the crusts, cut in large pieces and crumb by rubbing two pieces together. Melt the fat in a frying pan and add the crumbs and seasonings. (See recipes for quantities.) Stir until heated and well mixed. Add one or two tablespoons liquid.

Before stuffing turkey or fowl see that it is well dried inside and out and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Leave room for the stuffing to swell. Sew up the openings with a heavy thread and fasten the legs and wings close to the body in order to keep the shape. Spread with a paste made of equal parts of butter and flour, applying it a little thicker on the breast and legs. Put in a very hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes, then reduce the heat to a moderate oven (350° F.). Add enough hot water to cover the bottom of the pan and bake until the legs are tender. Unless a covered pan is used, baste frequently. The flour and butter help to make a delicious gravy.

Make your gravies carefully. If you use the fat in the roasting pan, always be sure to measure it. (Allow one tablespoon of flour for each tablespoon of fat; cook thoroughly; add boiling water until desired thickness is obtained.)

Rice Stuffing

2 tablespoons fat	2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 onion, finely chopped	1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk	1/2 teaspoon curry powder
1/2 cup bread crumbs	1/2 teaspoon pepper
3 cups cold boiled rice	

Melt fat, add onion and cook until a delicate brown. Pour milk over bread crumbs and let stand several minutes. Add sautéed onion, rice, parsley, salt, pepper and curry powder. Mix thoroughly. Use with goose or chicken.

Chestnut Stuffing

1 qt. large chestnuts	3 tablespoons finely-chopped parsley
1/4 cup fat	1 teaspoon salt
1 small onion, chopped fine	1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 clove garlic, chopped fine	1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
2 cups bread crumbs	1/2 cup milk or broth

Cook chestnuts in boiling water until tender. Cool and remove shell and under-skin and chop fine. Melt fat, add



Bread stuffing is made with day-old crumbs lightly browned in fat

onion and garlic and cook until a delicate brown. Add chestnuts, bread crumbs, parsley and seasonings, moisten with the milk or broth and mix well. This is the ideal stuffing for turkey.

If you prefer this stuffing more delicately seasoned—omit the onion, garlic and poultry seasoning.

Celery and Olive Stuffing

3 tablespoons fat	3 cups finely-chopped celery
2 cups soft bread crumbs	1/2 cup chopped stuffed olives
1 teaspoon salt	1/2 teaspoon pepper

Melt fat, add crumbs, salt, and pepper and mix well. Add celery and olives and mix thoroughly. Use for stuffing roast shoulder of pork.

Spinach Stuffing

2 tablespoons butter	1 teaspoon salt
1 small onion, chopped	1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 cup soft bread crumbs	2 cups chopped cooked spinach
	1 egg

Melt butter, add onion and cook until a delicate brown. Add bread crumbs,

salt and pepper and mix well. Add spinach and beaten egg and mix until well blended. This stuffing is particularly delicious with veal or pork.

Raisin and Nut Stuffing

1/2 cup fat	1/2 teaspoon sage
2 cups soft bread crumbs	1/2 cup raisins, cut in pieces
1 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup walnuts, cut in pieces
1 few grains pepper	

Melt fat, add bread crumbs, salt, add raisins and nuts and mix thoroughly. Use for stuffing roast ham.

Giblet Gravy

Heart, liver, gizzard, neck and wing tips of fowl	3 tablespoons chicken fat or shortening
4 tablespoons flour	Salt and pepper

Put heart, liver, gizzard, neck and wing tips in a saucepan. Cover with water, bring to boiling point and cook until tender; remove and save stock. Remove meat from neck and wings and chop fine with the giblets. Melt fat, add flour and mix until smooth. Pour off fat from roasting pan, add the stock and water (if necessary) to make 2 cups, and heat. Add to flour and fat, bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add chopped giblets and season to taste with salt and pepper. This is a favorite gravy with turkey or chicken.

Mushroom Gravy

1 cup mushrooms, fresh or canned	4 tablespoons flour
1/2 cup fat	2 cups stock
1 slice onion, chopped	Salt and pepper

Wash and peel mushrooms (if fresh). Cut in pieces and fry with the onion in fat until slightly browned—about ten minutes. Add flour and mix well. Add stock (liquid in roasting pan—add water to make 2 cups) and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Use with any kind of roast meat.

Onion Gravy

4 tablespoons fat	2 cups stock
1/2 cup chopped onion	1 1/2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 tablespoon flour	

Melt fat, add onion and cook until a delicate brown. Add flour and mix until smooth. Add stock (liquid in roasting pan—add water to make 2 cups) and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add parsley and serve with roast beef.

Currant Mint Sauce

2 tablespoons chopped nuts	2 tablespoons chopped mint leaves
	1 glass currant jelly

Mash jelly with a fork. Add nuts and mint leaves and mix well. Serve as a relish with roast lamb.

Horse-radish Sauce

1/2 cup heavy cream	3 tablespoons prepared horse-radish
1/2 teaspoon salt	Paprika

Whip cream until stiff and fold in drained horse-radish, salt and paprika. Serve with Virginia ham.



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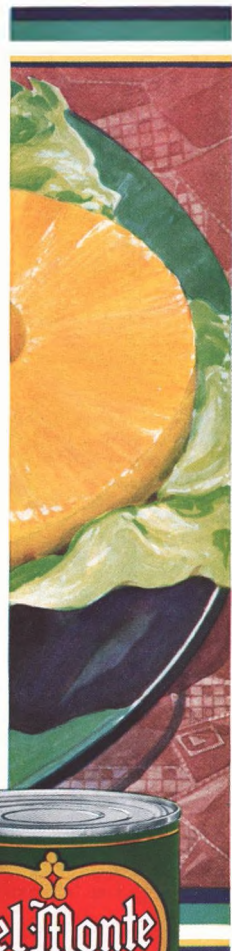
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When Mother and the girls get together at a dressing table, let the years beware

PUTTING OFF THE YEARS

By Hildegard Fillmore

IN THE dim, dark past whole kingdoms were lost and won in the heart-breaking search for the fountain of youth. It remained for us moderns to prove that we could achieve something quite as effective as Ponce de Leon's fountain, and at a cost of much less time and effort. I mean the *quality* of youthfulness: youthful, clear skins and youthful, lithe bodies. At the bottom of this page I've sketched some guides for keeping skins lovely from the 'teens to way beyond the thirties. I've found that we can do much for our figures, too, in beating Time at his own game.

A great specialist in the art of beauty care believes that a charming, clear-skinned face on a slumped, ill-proportioned figure is as incongruous as a fresh-petaled flower on a withered, broken stalk. So she has recently organized in New York a salon where bodies may be kept youthful for oh, much longer than you'd ever imagine! Her whole system is based on principles of right posture and the finest corrective exercise known to physical culture experts today. Before you take a course of exercise, you must have your doctor's examination to be sure that there is no organic condition that prohibits exercise. Most physicians of repute look askance at so-called exercise studios which promise to take off curves and pounds at alarming rate. It is interesting to note that any number of doctors have indicated their enthusiasm for this particular salon. In fact, a number of doctors' wives are on the list of clients.

Although beautiful decoration is secondary to the scientific background, the woman who planned this salon

wanted the place to put her clients into a mood receptive to the message of beauty. No matter how discouraged or downhearted you may be, the charm of the place enfolds you the minute you step out of the elevator.

Because I think her guiding principle is one all women ought to follow I'm going to tell you something of how it works. First of all, when you put yourself in the hands of one of her capable instructors you'll find you are suddenly eager to get better acquainted with that marvelous piece of machinery called your body. She will emphasize waistlines—not only because the mode demands them but because your waistline is a key to youthfulness. She may even say, "You're as young as your waistline!" And it's a comfort to learn from her that you can keep your waistline young, by walking and standing correctly and by exercising scientifically.

If you can't come to the salon and wish to follow this principle of correctives at home put on your bathing suit and stand sideways before a full length mirror. Study your silhouette as the expert in corrective exercises studies it. Look for these things: a tendency to droop the head forward, encouraging that bulge at the back of the neck so aptly called "The dowager's hump." If you catch yourself in time you can develop a really good neck and chin line.

To give yourself the feel of the thing, take hold of your hair a little behind the crown and pull up, feel the spine lengthening, the curve at the back of the neck disappearing, your chin held up and in, and the neck itself straight as a lily stalk. This pulling up (of course, you won't pull your hair hard enough to hurt!) gives you a

mental image of yourself as a doll strung on a central wire—the spinal cord. You learn to *feel* correctly postured.

When you study your waistline, look for three things: see if the silhouette shows a deep in-curve at the back, an unbecoming tendency of the abdomen to protrude, and a flabbiness of thighs and buttocks. Some wonderful exercises and rhythmic movements have been worked out in this salon to correct this condition, which you'll see in nine out of ten women. Their main object is to take the strain of carrying the abdominal organs off the small of the back and develop the abdominal muscles till they are capable of doing their part. Reduce that in-curve until it is easy to keep the back flat on the floor when you lie down. Practice this twenty times at least once a day lying flat on your back: Tighten and draw in the muscles of thighs and buttocks, pull the abdomen in and up—"tuck it in" as your instructor would say, and flatten your back against the floor. Do the three movements close together, hold the position for a second, then relax and repeat. Don't let legs or chest muscles help.

Simple as it is, the exercise illustrates how this New York salon gets down to fundamentals. Combined with other rhythmic and correctives, it's as fine a scheme as I've found to put off the years.

Our November Cosmetic Style Letter gives you more details about keeping figure and skin youthful. When you write for it enclose a stamped, addressed envelope and send your request to The Beauty Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York.

If you're in your 'teens . . .

Make it your business to find out just what kind of skin you have. Notice symptoms of oiliness or of over-dryness before they become conspicuous. Don't worry too much about occasional blemishes, but see that chronic blemishes are treated by your doctor. Build a beautiful skin and a lovely figure by eating balanced meals and exercising enough to keep the blood circulating freely. Don't fuss a lot about make-up. You owe it to yourself to hold tight to the natural smoothness and glow of a young skin. Powder and rouge alone can't give you this, but a little powder helps to make the skin surface smooth and soft. *Never* use heavy make-up. Keep powder puffs clean and fresh or use fluffs of cotton, even in your compact. You'd be surprised to know how many skins are spoiled in the 'teens because of improper cleansing and other kinds of neglect. Remember those lovely years ahead!

If you're in your twenties . . .

You're discovering that your skin needs a little more attention than it did in the 'teens. You know about lotions to subdue oiliness, creams to increase lubrication. You should know what shade of rouge is most becoming and be able to match your powder to your skin tones. By this time you have learned that worry and fatigue are bitter enemies to good looks. Every girl in her twenties should be able to give herself a simple home facial treatment occasionally, as much for her relaxation and enjoyment as for the beneficial effects. Never let your interest in your own self-development flag. Use beauty aids according to directions and remember that it is economy to buy good cosmetic preparations every time.

If you're past your thirties . . .

You know that *daily* care is the most important thing in keeping your skin fine-textured and lovely. For you there are special preparations that tend to refine the pores, creams to stimulate the tired skin, rich unguents to bring back suppleness to a haggard face, harmless bleaches that take away a darkening, muddy look. You won't need all of them every day, but your shelf should be so complete that you have a corrective preparation handy *when you need it*. And, of course, use it long enough to get the effect you're looking for. Hands and hair, like skin, need daily care if they are to enhance the older woman's charm. If your hair is white, keep it soft and fluffy. If it is gray, wear it so that it softens the features. Busy as your hands may be, they need not advertise hard work. Keep young with your children, but don't make the mistake of adopting girlish clothes or make-up unless they suit your type.



The finest cold cuts taste much better with French's delicious flavor!

"CREAMED"

to give you
special goodness!

Unless you've already tasted French's Prepared Mustard, you wouldn't believe that any mustard *could* be so good! Such tantalizing spicy flavor... such delicacy... such delightfully smooth, light texture!

It's the special way that French's choice ingredients are "creamed" together that gives you this special goodness.

French's makes every food you use it with much better! Baked macaroni with cheese is a most exciting dish when you add a dash of French's to your other ingredients. Any cheese dish is better... so is white sauce... and meat loaf. Just try it!

FRENCH'S PREPARED MUSTARD

it's "creamed"

(Also obtainable in Canada)

FREE: Mail coupon for this month's set of free recipe cards. Address The R. T. French Company, 78 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

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Electric grills, and top-stove broilers for gas and oil make "cleaning-up" easy and save the fuel bill

HOW TO BROIL

By Lulu G. Graves

BROILING is the aristocrat among methods of cooking meats. A broiled tenderloin steak with a rich brown coat and a heart of juicy tenderness, or a golden-brown breast of chicken broiled to a delicate crispness, are greeted with loud acclaim wherever they appear. But like all true thoroughbreds, the broiling method does not disdain the more plebeian types of meat. Hamburg steak, sausages, and ham are at their best when broiled.

The principle of broiling is to expose the meat to a high temperature at the beginning of the process, then to a lower temperature for finishing it. There are three methods of doing this:

FLAME-BROILING OR GRILLING: The meat is exposed to direct heat under a gas flame, or electric coil, or over a bed of coals. (If the latter is used, the flames should not leap up and touch the meat.) As soon as the side next to the heat is seared, the meat is turned and the other side seared. Intense heat is needed for searing. The heat is then reduced for the rest of the cooking.

PAN-BROILING: For this method a hot fire, a frying pan, and a broad spatula or a cake turner are needed. The pan must be smooth, dry, and hot. Place the meat in the pan and with the spatula keep it loose from the bottom while searing. (Do not stick a fork into it as the juice will run out.) When well seared on one side, turn and repeat the process.

Lower the flame to finish the cooking. The meat must be kept hot enough to prevent the juice from seeping out into the pan. The fat should be *poured off* as it accumulates and no water added. The frying pan should not be covered. In both flame- and pan-broiling, the meat, if it is cut thick, must be turned several times after the heat is lowered to insure even cooking and a minimum loss of juices. Thin slices need only be turned once. Salt may be added at the last turning and butter when meat is removed from the fire. Some housewives rub fat on the wires of the broiler or the bottom of the pan. A broiler or pan used exclusively for broiling does not need greasing. Grease causes smoke and an

odor of burnt fat to be given off. A high temperature toughens the protein in meat. By searing the outer crust in broiling, we protect the inner part from the high temperature. Prompt turning of the meat will prevent any noticeable toughening of the outer portion. Less tender cuts can be broiled if they are ground or chopped. Pork and veal chops are not suited to broiling as they require more cooking to soften the intercellular tissue.

Steaks, lamb chops, cutlets, fillets, chicken, squab and the less expensive cuts mentioned above may be either flame- or pan-broiled. Steaks for broiling should never be less than 1 inch thick and are better if 1½ or 2 inches in thickness. The latter thickness requires 20 to 25 minutes to cook medium rare. Lamb chops, which need to be well done, should not be so thick.

PAN-BROILING: In pan-broiling, part of the broiling is done on a plank, instead of on a broiler or pan. Get a kiln dried oak plank, 1 to 1¼ inches thick, with a groove all around it and a depression at one end to hold the juices. (See illustration page 131.) It must be larger than the meat to be cooked. A plank with a fancy holder can be bought, but you may prefer to have the carpenter make you one which can be brought to

the table on a tray which is about the same size and shape.

Before a new plank is used, it should be cleaned with a wet cloth, wiped thoroughly dry, and its surface rubbed with oil or other fat. Place it in a warm (not hot) oven long enough for the fat to soak into the wood, perhaps an hour or more. For later use the plank need only be warmed.

The advantages of this method are that you can serve the whole main course at one time, and that it will look attractive and be piping hot when it reaches the table. A planked steak is usually given half its cooking time on the broiler and is then transferred to the hot plank with mashed potatoes and cooked vegetables laid around it. (See recipe for "Planked Steak" page 131.) About 10 more minutes in a hot oven (400° F.) finishes the cooking of the steak and heats the vegetables.

Vegetables and fruits should be cooked before being placed on the plank. The only exceptions to this rule are grilled tomatoes and bananas. They are cooked on the plank, as they would fall to pieces if moved too much.

Pineapple and orange, sliced and sautéed, are other favorites, particularly with ham or sausages. Other pleasing combinations are rice with Hamburg steak, mushrooms with sweetbreads, sautéed apples with bacon or sausage, grilled canned apricots with ham, and grilled peaches with chicken.

Grilled Bananas with Ham

Remove the skins from firm bananas and after marinating them in diluted lemon juice for thirty minutes, cut them in halves lengthwise. Brown well under broiler. Arrange around broiled ham on platter; dot with currant jelly.

Mock Fillet Steak

1 pound round steak	1½ teaspoons salt
chopped	1 teaspoon chopped onion
1 cup dried bread crumbs	1 egg well beaten

Thin strips of bacon

Mix all ingredients, except bacon. Form into cakes two inches thick; wrap each cake with bacon and fasten with toothpicks. Broil and serve with Horse-radish Sauce (see recipe page 72).

"I didn't know there were any women left who could bake Gingerbread like that"



ANY WOMAN would have found it trying.

Three hungry men—and one of them her husband's Chief—just suddenly thrust on her hands like that—and nothing in the house for Sunday supper! How could Jim!

But when he got her aside for a minute and began explaining how they happened to run into the Chief out there on the golf course, and it was awfully cold, and they all three got chilled; and he thought he'd just ask them to come and have a cup of coffee before driving home—

Well, when Jim got that humble, pleading look in his eyes, there was no use trying to stay cross; she couldn't.

She made him build up a big blazing fire of logs in the fireplace. And while they were talking over the game, she flew to the kitchen to see what she could get together.

THERE was that Virginia ham she had cooked the day before—praise heaven for that! And there were cold potatoes—she could make a potato salad. And coffee with cream, and plum jam—and she would just stir up a pan of her wonderful Brer Rabbit gingerbread.

Men always loved it, and it smelled so good, and tasted so good, and was delicious on a chilly night.

MY BEST GINGERBREAD: Cream together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter and lard mixed, with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Add 1 egg beaten and 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Sift together $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, and add to first mixture. Add 1 cup hot water and beat until smooth. The batter is soft, but it makes a fine cake. Bake in greased shallow pan 35 minutes in a moderate oven (325° to 350° F.).

From the moment they sat down to the table, she could tell that the Chief liked her. He had a tired, lined face, and eyes that noticed everything—and every time they rested on her, they were wonderfully kind.

It was the Chief who smelled her gingerbread baking. When that warm, spicy, delicious molasses fragrance came stealing into the dining room, he lifted his head like an old warhorse and began to sniff.

"What's that? What's that?" he demanded.

He took two big helpings of everything, but he took three of her gingerbread. He

said it was just like the gingerbread he used to get in his mother's kitchen at home; he said he liked it better than the finest dessert the finest French chef ever made. And when he had finished the last crumb, he turned to Jim and almost shouted at him:—

"You're lucky, young man. Can't help getting on, with a wife like yours. I didn't know there were any women left in the world who could bake a pan of gingerbread like that!"

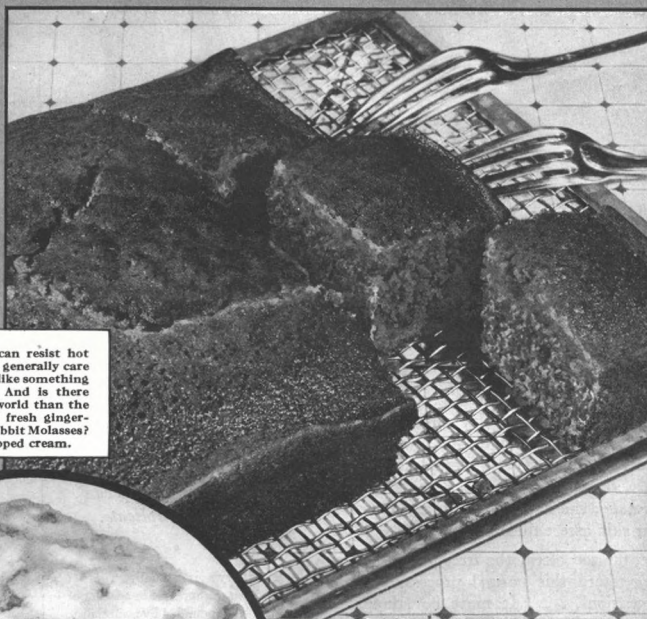
Give your men folks hot gingerbread for Sunday night supper! Make it with Brer Rabbit Molasses—the real, old-time,

New Orleans molasses—and see what getting on, with a wife like yours. I didn't know there were any women left in the world who could bake a pan of gingerbread like that!"

BRER RABBIT MOLASSES is made from the very cream of the fresh-crushed sugar-cane juice. It's rich in iron and lime—absolutely pure—and gives your gingerbread that gorgeous tang, that luscious flavory quality that you only get with real New Orleans molasses.

Serve hot Brer Rabbit gingerbread next Sunday night. The family will love it. It bakes while you're getting the rest of the meal together. Or bake it on Saturday and heat it in a slow oven for 10 minutes just before serving—and it's delicious.

FIND THE MAN who can resist hot gingerbread! Men don't generally care for fussy desserts—they like something simple and satisfying. And is there anything better in the world than the pungent, spicy taste of fresh gingerbread made with Brer Rabbit Molasses? Serve plain or with whipped cream.



THERE ARE TWO GRADES of Brer Rabbit Molasses; Gold Label—the highest quality light molasses for fancy cookery—delicious on pancakes, waffles and biscuits; and Green Label—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses. It's a question of individual taste, which you prefer.

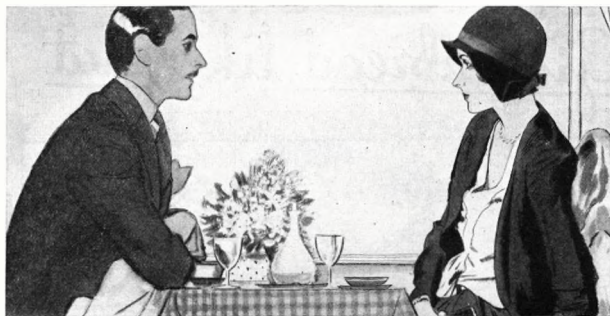


Send today for the recipe SHE used!
FREE—with 94 other Brer Rabbit recipes
PENICK & FORD, Ltd., Inc. Dept. M-11
New Orleans, La.
Please send me my free copy of
"94 Brer Rabbit Goodies!"

Name _____

Address _____

Are TEA TABLES too narrow for you?



Why not let "Normal Desquamation," aided and quickened by this famous Facial Treatment, give you the courage of Flawless Beauty?

"NORMAL DESQUAMATION" must go on constantly, day and night. For this is Nature's own device to renew the natural beauty of your complexion. Normally, the dead cells of your skin disappear. Normally, the natural clarity and charm of your skin assert themselves.

But, far too often, the irregularities of our lives retard this normal process of "Desquamation" . . . It must be stimulated. Started again. Continued.

Woodbury's Facial Soap has become famous for promoting and aiding "Normal Desquamation." It gently removes the gossamer veil of dead cells as no toilet soap can possibly do. For ordinary toilet soaps merely "wash" the skin. But Woodbury's speeds and encourages the daily uncovering of a lovely complexion. And as the new skin is revealed, the continued use of Woodbury's keeps it exquisitely fresh and clear. In addition, of course, it constantly removes the impurities that cause blackheads and pore-enlargement. Woodbury's Facial Soap costs a trifle more than toilet soaps. But it is a true economy because it is a finer milled soap, and lasts longer.

Start with Woodbury's today. Use it regularly, continually . . . Like millions of other women with "the skin you love to touch."

In Ten Days, Woodbury's shows an improvement that no toilet soap can possibly duplicate.

Woodbury's is actually a facial treatment, compressed in a tablet of soap. Compounded by a specialist. Made with costly and rare oils. Designed not merely to "wash" the face, but to penetrate and treat the skin . . . It is simple to use Woodbury's properly. Bathe your face in warm water. Then, with your hands or a wet wash-cloth . . . make a creamy lather. Rub it very lightly and gently over the entire face for about thirty seconds. Rinse thoroughly with warm water. Then with cold. Pat with a soft towel until your face is dry. Do this regularly. And your skin will look, and feel, aglow with new beauty.



To please a Man at Christmas

Woodbury's Gift Box for Men contains Woodbury's Soap, Tale, Shaving Cream and Jergens' Lotion (or Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion) . . . Special value for one dollar. At your drug store or toilet goods counter.

© John H. Woodbury, 1930



SHE KNOWS ABOUT FOOD

IT GIVES me great pleasure to announce to our homemakers on McCall Street that Miss Beulah Gillaspie has joined the food staff of this magazine. For so young a woman she has made a remarkable record in her chosen work. Already she is entitled to write M.S.—Master of Science—after her name.

She comes to us from the University of Arkansas, where she was on the Home Economics faculty for two years. Before that she was Head of the Home Economics Department of the Garfield Heights High School in Cleveland.

Beulah Gillaspie was born and brought up in West Virginia; got her bachelor's degree from Ohio University; her master's degree at the University of Minnesota—where she majored in Foods and did special research work in cooking problems—and for two summers worked in hotels in Maine and the Yellowstone. Do you wonder we say "she knows about food?"

Miss Gillaspie will be in charge of our new McCall kitchen. If you have ever wished that you could take a course in the modern principles of cookery, or "brush up" on the knowledge you acquired during your student days, you'll be perfectly fascinated with her articles which begin in the January issue. I urge you not to miss them for they will give you help and inspiration for your everyday problems.

—SARAH FIELD SPLINT



We once had to pay Tommy to drink his milk...

but now he even begs for it and is growing strong and sturdy

"WE KNEW it was wrong—but it was the only way we could get Tommy to touch milk. And goodness knows he needed it—he was so thin and frail. We'd plead and scold, but it didn't do any good.

"Now Tommy actually begs for his milk, and he can't seem to get enough of it. I mix it with Cocomalt, and he just loves the rich, creamy, chocolate flavor. He drinks it eagerly at every meal.

"It's wonderful to see how Tommy is picking up these last few weeks. We're not worried about him at all, any more. He's getting to be a real husky youngster, thanks to Cocomalt."

This mother's experience is by no means unusual. In thousands of homes there are growing children who once detested milk, and now drink it eagerly. For Cocomalt wins over the fussiest child with its creamy, chocolate flavor.

Almost doubles the value of milk

Cocomalt adds 70% more nourishment to milk—almost doubling the health-building elements of this splendid food.

If children fail to pick up as their little bodies take on height, it is a sure sign their systems are begging for *more* tissue-building proteins, *more* carbohydrates, *more* minerals.

Cocomalt supplies these three essentials in concentrated form. Yet it is a food, not a medicine. Children love it. And in addition,

Cocomalt contains the valuable Vitamin D.

Vitamin D—for sturdy bodies

Vitamin D is the element which makes summer sunshine so beneficial. It helps to *build strong bones and sturdy bodies*. And Cocomalt also supplies malt enzymes which help to digest the starches in other foods.

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form all ready to mix with milk, hot or cold. Three sizes: 1/2 lb., 1 lb., and the 5 pound family size. As high as Cocomalt is in food value, the cost is surprisingly low. At grocers and leading drug stores. Or mail this coupon and 10c for a generous trial package—enough for the whole family to judge what a delicious food drink Cocomalt is.

Cocomalt

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD



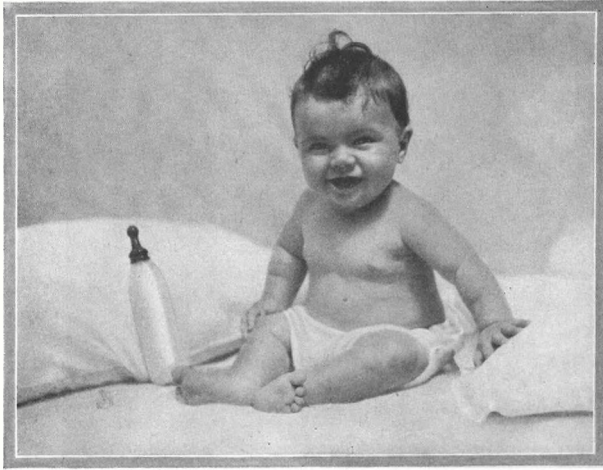
R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 111, Hoboken, N. J.

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name

Address

City State



Just before the bottle, Mother!

"Just before this ten o'clock bottle, I had my bath—and believe it or not, I was in a bad humor! I was chafed, you see, quite terribly . . . then suddenly, along came powder made 'specially for me! It nestled next to me, cozy and soft, and I'm—oh, so comfortable, now! And if you ask me . . . that's exactly how a baby should be, when it's time for a ten o'clock bottle!"

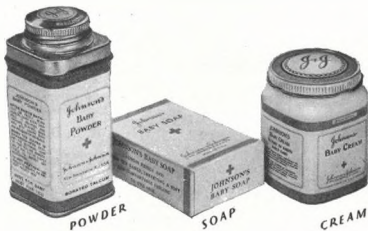
The Chief Chemist explains . . . Baby powders differ—chiefly because of the difference in talcs. The high-grade Italian talc used for Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc in some powders contains sharp, needle-like particles! You can feel the difference this way . . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger. Now test other powders . . . you'll know, soon enough, if they're made with inferior talc! Another important thing for you to remember: Johnson's Baby Powder contains no stearate of zinc.

Johnson & Johnson

Ask your dealer also about Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream

Johnson's
Baby
Powder



FREE SAMPLES! We will be glad to send you a generous free sample of Johnson's Baby Powder. With it we will include free samples of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. 4-N, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

MOTION PICTURES

[Continued from page 8]

great film industries of their own, so that the enormous sums paid in at the box-offices of their picture theaters will not go beyond their own frontiers and end up in the pockets of Adolph Zukor, Joseph Schenck, Carl Laemmle and similar Yankee plutocrats. (Recently a London paper published the statement that the British Empire pays the United States more than two million dollars a week in return for the canned entertainment from Hollywood.) It so happens that the humble film fans in all sections of the globe have a decided preference for American-made pictures, and for the peculiar brand of sex appeal that is the prerogative of American-made stars, so that it is extremely difficult for native producers to receive any support, even in their own countries. That is why they harp so persistently on propaganda. They hope thereby to stimulate a wave of nationalistic pride which will result in a boycott of American celluloid.

SOME of the charges that are made are, of course, no more than laughable—just as were the charges made against the German films a few years ago. I have read an ardent protest, uttered by an Englishman, against a picture called *Glorifying the Show Girl*, lately exhibited in British theaters. He says: "It is interesting to note that this was originally called *Glorifying the American Girl!* As the alteration of the title in no way affects the subject-matter, this film is obviously American propaganda pure and simple."

I don't believe that the author of this amazing revelation had actually seen the offering in question. If he had, he would know that it is entirely devoid both of propaganda and of entertainment value.

There has been a determined attempt, in the United States and elsewhere, to promote public sentiment against *All Quiet On The Western Front*, and to have it banned. Needless to say, this attempt has not been particularly successful. The objection to this magnificent production is that it is propaganda against war; not only that, it is malicious, pernicious Russian propaganda against war—in other words, a subtle plot by the Soviet government to persuade all other nations of the world to disarm and thus leave the field open for the Communist army. The sole basis for this childish charge is that the screen version of *All Quiet On The Western Front* was directed by Lewis Milestone, a former Russian immigrant. Presumably the authors of *What Price Glory*, *Journey's End* and all the other thousands of diatribes against war were also Russian immigrants, still in the pay of the Soviet oligarchs.

Perhaps it will turn out that Harold Lloyd is really nothing more than a super-salesman for the opticians' trust—that he has been coveting on the screen all this time not for the purpose of making comedies (and thereby money), but merely as an advertisement for one hundred per cent American horn-rimmed spectacles!

IN THE PULPIT

[Continued from page 8]

injustice and strife. She can lead the world into a more abundant life.

"The Church can create in the world a faith that will save men from a sense of futility and empower them for creative living. It can develop a will to believe—not in spite of evidence—that the universe is on the side of the angels, that the gallant struggle for a more just and more joyous human order is not in vain. By developing in men a reasonable assurance that there is a Power other than themselves that is making for righteousness, the Church can establish a foundation of trust and hope on which to build a better tomorrow.

"The Church can offer the world an objective—the Kingdom of God—in devotion to which men may achieve unity in their own lives and, finally, in the life of the world. A life divided against itself is tormented and ineffective, as we well know. There is only one way by which a man may achieve in his soul a saving unity—the way of Jesus; that is, by subordinating every interest, even self-interest, to an ideal and effort which means the good of all.

"In the same way, a world divided, like our present world, into races that despise one another, nations that fear one another, and classes that distrust one another, can never know peace. A world which has become a neighborhood economically must become a brotherhood spiritually, or give way to chaos. Force will never unite the world; we cannot build a brotherhood on bayonets. It must be done by faith, fellowship, fraternity, not by fusing races and nations into one organization, but by learning to live together on a friendly, cooperative basis, each making its contribution to the common culture.

"In order to offer salvation to the world, the Church must exhibit a glimpse, at least, of salvation from

schism and selfishness in its own life. Of course, the actual Church has never been ideal, and its sins and failures have been many and tragic. But when all is admitted that needs to be admitted, the fact remains that during the past nineteen centuries, the Church has done more than any other agency to spiritualize human life, to lift men out of sensualism, and keep before them a noble ideal of personal character and public ministry. To claim that the Church as a whole has ever been Christian, would be untrue. But to say that within the Church, even in its darkest days, there have ever been individuals and groups who were truly Christian, is true.

THE wonderful thing about the Church is its capacity for self-criticism and self-reformation. The keenest criticisms of the Church come from the inside. It has stoned its prophets, but it has gone on producing prophets who have opened its eyes, chastened its spirit, and brought it to its knees in penitence. At this moment nothing is said against the Church by outsiders that is not said more trenchantly by insiders. There has always been a Church within the Church, a colony of heaven, giving the world a prophecy of the Kingdom of Heaven; and it is so today.

"Just before the world war a great German said: 'If darkness shall ever come over the world, and God and every spiritual virtue grow dim, it may be that the personality of Jesus will save us.' Darkness did come over the world, and the personality of Christ has saved us. It has kept us from giving way to despair. In the gloom of post-war disillusionment, Jesus has been the light of the world, keeping alive the faith that there is a sure ground for human hope."

The sooner you use it
the quicker you see results



Eyes. Long thick lashes and shapely brows are essential to beautiful eyes, and nothing helps so much to achieve them as "Vaseline" Jelly. Leave a little on the eyelids at night to encourage the lashes to grow, and train the brows into a graceful arch with a small brush and a dab of the "Vaseline" Jelly.



Burns and scalds. In four out of five of the great medical clinics in New York they use "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly for treatment of burns and scalds. Use it yourself for first-aid. Apply thickly and bandage lightly. Change dressing daily. If blisters form, prick at the edge with a sterilized needle and dress with "Vaseline" Jelly. It soothes, promotes healing, helps prevent scars.



Callouses and rough skin.

A great orthopedic surgeon was heard to recommend "just plain 'Vaseline' Jelly that you buy at the drug store" for callouses on feet. Apply liberally at night and bandage to keep the Jelly from being rubbed off. Keeps feet comfortable and in good condition.



Minor cuts and abrasions. Wash under running water, or use a solution of tincture of green soap and water, and apply "Vaseline" Jelly. Bandage lightly for protection. This treatment keeps the cut clean and gives healthy new tissues a chance to grow. "Vaseline" Jelly will soften and remove the scab easily, too.

Colds and husky throats. Snuff a little "Vaseline" Jelly up the nostrils to relieve inflammation and dryness. For husky throats, take a spoonful now and then. Absolutely pure and perfectly safe for internal or external use.



All the medical world knows
and uses "Vaseline" Products •

WHAT?

Bananas in ORANGE JUICE?



YES! It's the New Breakfast Cocktail

WHILE he shaves, pour his orange juice over slices of banana. It's somewhat daring—but he'll like it.

You see, his system *knows*. Our old friend the banana can't help having become a food sensation. The doctors and diet people have found a lot of famous vitamins and minerals and vitality-building elements in it.

Eat bananas out of their skins, or cook them in clever ways (as the smart chefs have discovered). The marvelous thing about bananas is that they're just as good for you as they taste!

So let's try bananas in orange juice for the sake of the home—the appetite—and the dramatic effect. It's a cocktail!

For Tomorrow's Breakfast

One try at this—and you'll have it often. Allow a half to a whole banana (depending upon size) to the juice of an orange. They're simply grand together.

Now, how about our *free* recipe and menu booklet? Every page is alive with new suggestions. Send no money—just the coupon.

BANANA

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PRECIOUS WOMEN

[Continued from page 21]

would have died for joy. You were not," she stated, "very generous with smiles."

"I never knew many girls. My hard luck. Always had so many things to do."

Dexter felt happier. Maybe there was no stay-at-home girl then, who liked books and little trees. When Dan Riley had fixed her tire she rode home in a daze, totally oblivious of red lights or green. She found her mother wearing pearls and an executive expression. Rennold Winecroft was coming to dinner.

Dexter put on her green tulle dress and smoothed the damp curl out of her hair. It lay back, sleek and meek over her temples. But the inherited meekness was gone from her eyes. She went in to dinner feeling heavy and sick with foreboding.

If only Rennold Winecroft were fat enough to be repulsive or silly enough to be impossible, or wicked enough to be revolting or old enough to offer some hope! But he wasn't. He would never achieve a superlative in anything. He was horribly safe and temperate, he thought continually about his clothes and his food, he was thirty-eight or nine, and his hair was merely hair color. If somebody had built him a tree house, Dexter found herself thinking furiously, somebody would have had to boost him into it.

He sat at the table crumbling a roll very fine, talking endlessly about stocks. Dexter smoldered. Stocks and cotton futures had ruined poor little Mr. Spot Montague. Stocks were keeping them poor now—poor and arrogant and unhumiliated.

The maid, Olinthy, glared at Winecroft. She wanted that wasted roll. Dexter knew. Probably there wasn't another roll in the kitchen. Olinthy had to meet the collectors at the door, hear their mutterings, invent ways to put them off. She ordered as fragmentarily as possible. But you couldn't split artichokes.

"That Oil Products you have will go up, inevitably," Rennold was saying; "I give it two months. They're jockeying it already."

THE coffee service came in at last, the silver very thick though the cream was thin. The coffee was inclined to wanness.

Clarence made it much better than this creature," Mrs. Montague complained. She had not forgiven Clarence for failing to appear after only two or three paydays had lapsed.

Noting the angry flashing of Olinthy's eyes, Dexter slid her last dime on the tray. But she had a feeling that as a gesture of placation it was useless. It was. When Rennold had gone she went back to the kitchen to find the tables heaped with china and silver in nauseous confusion. Pots burned dry on the back of the stove. Cut Italian napkins soaked up sticky remnants of soup. Olinthy was gone.

Mrs. Montague was outraged and oratorical. But Dexter slid out of the green frock, buttoned on a smock, hunted out dish mops and soap and towels and attacked the chaos.

Probably, Dexter thought, as she drove out toward the Club the next morning, there would be nothing whatever to do for little trees that day. Probably Burke Riley would be working back in the low shanty from which a length of stove pipe protruded. Her luck could never hold over two days.

But there he was, between two rows, swinging a heavy mattock, the raw spring wind blowing his hair, his arms flexing beautifully in the sleeves of a blue wool jersey.

Dexter pulled up to the edge of the road and stopped. Riley dropped the tool he was wielding and came striding across the field. Only his boots were of the soil. The rest of him was shaven and magnificent, soft collar, dark blue tie, heavy gauntleted gloves.

"You said something yesterday about a job," Dexter began without preamble.

"Are things worse?" He smiled at her—the smile for which scores of adolescent maidens would have once flung themselves into mill-races or committed other devoted violences.

"Much worse!" declared Dexter.

Montague; incredibly worse."

"Who," asked Burke Riley, "is presented as the alternative for this job?"

"I'm being outrageous in discussing it—but the alternative is Rennold Winecroft."

"Nice fellow," said Burke Riley.

YOU don't know anything about him. You never saw him eat."

"I've bought cement from his warehouse and borrowed money from his bank. Does he stab potatoes with a gold-tined fork and drink out of the silver saucer?"

"He holds his little finger out," said Dexter Montague.

"Murders," said Burke Riley, "have been committed for less."

"I'm not fooling," she declared; "I want a job."

"The job I was thinking about yesterday isn't a nice job," he warned her. "It smells of fertilizer and cow feed and seed potatoes."

"I don't care for smells. If only I have brains enough to do it. My mother will make a scene, whatever it is—if she finds it out—or if Rennold Winecroft finds it out."

"It's a job in my father's store. He can't keep a girl—they all marry somebody immediately. This one is marrying Dan."

"I like Dan. But I don't know stenography or bookkeeping or anything. I'm a precious woman—always protected—no earthly good!"

"Precious things are a lot of good to the people who can afford to own them," he said softly.

"I can't afford to own myself any more. But I'm telling you that I don't know anything—"

"Dad couldn't dictate a letter to save his life," Burke Riley said. "He slaps a sheet of paper up against the wall and writes with a stub pencil. But he needs a girl to answer the telephone and take orders and make out invoices and post up his simple books. Can you spell hydrated?"

[Continued on page 85]



Dinner

from Soup

CREAM soup with extraordinary fineness of texture and flavor—vegetables creamed with white sauce or rich consistency, baked fowl with dressing and cream gravy—salad, with a dressing that's different—a dessert, pie that will melt in your mouth, or ice cream or pudding or a whipped confection—and all so wholesome that even the children may eat as much as they will. That is a dinner!

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There's milk in every dish. But ordinary milk won't do. It takes Pet Milk to give the taste and texture. Nothing else will give the wholesome food substance. Pet Milk used where you'd use cream—in the ice cream, for example—is as rich as cream in food substance, but it has *better* richness than that of cream. Cream is rich only in fat. Pet Milk is rich in all the milk-food substances that make milk—not cream—the most nearly perfect of all foods—the substances that build and maintain teeth and bone and tissue.

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Modern nutrition experts all agree that more milk in the daily diet would give all of us better health and vigor and longer life. Because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk it enables you to put more milk solids in many cooked dishes. In your creamed vegetables, for example, you use Pet Milk undiluted except for the cooking water off the vegetables. That puts more milk in your white sauce, makes it creamier than ordinary milk can make it, and saves the fine vegetable flavor as well as the valuable mineral substance of the vegetables that cook out in the water.

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Economy is not the purpose. It's just the natural result. Your dinner costs less because Pet Milk costs less than ordinary milk—not because it's less good, but because it's better. Concentrated, made more than twice as rich, sterilized in sealed cans, shipped by freight and sold by your grocer. Pet Milk is distributed for less cost than is the bottle of milk left on your doorstep.

Won't You Try These Recipes?

Make your cream soup and pie from these recipes. Then let us show you how Pet Milk will do for every dish where milk can be used, just what it does for the soup and pie.

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP (No. 2)

1 can Campbell's tomato soup
Pet Milk to fill can
½ teaspoon salt

To the contents of a can of tomato soup, add an equal quantity of Pet Milk. Heat, but do not boil, stirring constantly. Add salt and serve immediately. Serves 4.

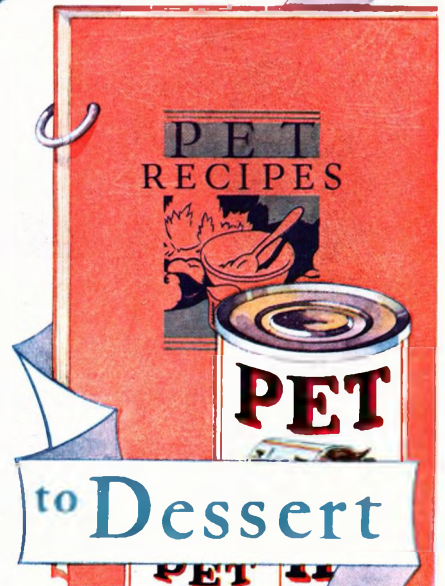
SWEET POTATO PIE

1½ cups sweet potatoes, mashed
½ to ¾ cup sugar, (depending on potatoes)
2 eggs beaten
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup Pet Milk
3 tablespoons melted butter

Boil 3 medium-sized sweet potatoes in jackets until tender. Remove skins and force through a ricer. Beat until smooth. This should make about 1½ cups. Add sugar, eggs, spices and salt. Stir to blend thoroughly, then add milk and melted butter. Pour into pie tin lined with plain pastry. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20 minutes, after which reduce to slow oven (300° F.). About 50 minutes are required for baking. Makes 19-inch pie.

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Our new loose-leaf book—more than a recipe book, though it contains more than three hundred recipes—will tell you many ways in which Pet Milk will give you better food at less cost with greater convenience.

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Martin Kessler

ONE HOUR *Gelatin!*

This new Royal Quick Setting Gelatin sets in half the usual time



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Just think of the convenience! Instead of mixing your gelatin hours ahead . . . or the night before, you can, with proper refrigeration, prepare Royal just one hour before you want to serve it.

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You can taste the juicy ripe strawberries

. . . raspberries . . . cherries. The sharp tang of lemon . . . the succulent orange. And there's a brand new lime flavor, too, that makes possible a variety of tempting new dishes.

SERVE Royal Quick Setting Gelatin often. There are dozens of ways to prepare it. You can whip it like cream . . . and mould it into desserts that look elaborate, but are easy and inexpensive. Combined with small quantities of meat, fish, vegetables or fruits, it offers an attractive use for left-overs.

Doctors, you know, recommend gelatin for growing children. It's easy to digest. And how youngsters love its glowing, sparkling color!

Buy a package or two today. But be sure to get the quick setting kind—Royal Gelatin Dessert. In the red box.

Look for the words "Quick Setting" on the package. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.



*Delicious new flavor
... and easy to make*

CHERRY BURNT ALMOND JELLY—Blanch $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shelled almonds and brown lightly in hot oven, shaking occasionally to color evenly. Cool and chop fine. Dissolve 1 package Royal Quick Setting Gelatin Dessert (cherry flavor) in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water and chill. When thick but not set, stir in 2 tablespoons chopped maraschino or candied cherries and the almonds. Mould and chill until firm. Serves 6.

Approximate cost—22¢.

*A tempting salad . . .
at a very slight cost*

CHESWICK RING—Dissolve 1 package Royal Quick Setting Gelatin Dessert (lemon flavor) in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika and 1 cup cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken. Pour into 1 large or several individual ring moulds to half fill. Cut 1 slice canned pineapple into match-shaped pieces; separate watercress into single stalks. When gelatin mixture is very thick, but not set, arrange pineapple and small bunches of watercress alternately and separately in sections around mould, pressing down into gelatin mixture. Chill until firm. To serve, unmould on large platter and fill center with shredded lettuce. Serve with French dressing to which has been added cream cheese, rubbed through a sieve. Serves 6. *Approximate cost—18¢.*

ROYAL

Quick

Setting

GELATIN DESSERT

PRECIOUS WOMEN

[Continued from page 82]

She spelled it. "My mother," she mused, "never buys seed potatoes or cow feed. And neither does Rennold."

"Dad can only pay thirteen dollars a week. It isn't much."

"Would he let me try?"

"Sure—if I ask him to. Come down in the morning at nine."

"You're very good to me. Do you have to dig here all day?"

"I'm my own boss. If I catch myself loafing I have to fire myself."

"Did you ever," she asked, quite boldly, "see that bluff above the river where the falls come down? The red-bud ought to be out now."

"I've glanced at it casually. But I've never really appreciated it."

"Get in," said Dexter Montague, "and you drive. I hate men who sit back and look ignominious while women drive."

Burke Riley's approving look set her apart as one woman in a million. The car was old, but in its youth it had been built by a Frenchman with the soul of an artist and the fingers of a wizard. Burke Riley laid hands on the wheel reverently.

"This," he commended, "is a car!"

"I hope I can make enough money on your job to keep it in gas. Lately I've had sinking spells whenever I passed a filling station."

"I believe," he remarked, "that I'd rather be on the ground looking up than in a plane coming down out of control."

"With no parachute," said Dexter. "The dogwood is out."

"*Cornus alba.*"

"Even Latin can't spoil it. It looks as though the fairies had washed all their little plates and set them out on boughs to dry. And there's the red-bud. Isn't it lovely?"

BURKE RILEY looked off at the softly wooded springtime hills where the trees were blurred with silvery green smoke and little torn breaths of cloud drifted, still timid from the dourness of winter. And then he looked at Dexter Montague. At her lashes making shadows on her cheeks. At her patrician hands and brows and her mouth, trying now to be sweet and stern, but softly kissable for all that.



"There are a few things lovelier," he said. "Lovelier than that heavenly blush against the sky?"

"Much lovelier!" He stopped the car at a crest where the view was widest. And Dexter, because something queer and so sweet that it was agony was singing in her blood, felt the old shyness clamping steel hands around her throat and stiffening her into wood again.

What she said was; "At least we can coast down from here and save gas!"

"And we could stay up here forever and save tires too," he added.

"Heavens, I can't stay forever. I have to go to work in the morning."

"How do you spell hydrated?"

Burke Riley asked her again, when they stopped by the black field.

She spelled it.

"Practice on calcium arsenate, too."

"It sounds grisly. You're very good to me—I don't know how to thank you."

"Perhaps," his eyes had a rapt look, "some way will suggest itself. Whatever you do, don't marry Wincroft."

"I won't ever, Burke Riley," Dexter answered fervently.

"They say he uses bath salts."

"He wears spats. And puts stuff on his hair."

"Also when a war came along he had fallen arches. What are you going to tell your mother?"

"I'll spend the next few hours thinking up something. I hate lying. Why do I have to do it? Goodbye, Burke Riley."

LATE Idahos were four twelve and Early Rosethreeeighteen Maine potatoes sold for three seventy-five. Dexter had learned that much. All of them were smelly, all looked uncomfortably alive with their long, white, restless sprouts. Dahlias and peonies were brown and dry and knotty looking; bird seed was eaten and not planted. Oil cake was dreadful stuff beloved of sheep. Anyway, she was learning. Old Mr. Riley had a quick blue eye, a smile like Burke, a gentle fatherly way. Her mother thought she was studying Spanish. Every day at five when she was through Dexter walked around three blocks to get the odor of sugar-feed and bone meal out of her clothes.

She was always terribly tired at five and a little panicky on Saturdays when she discovered what a little way twelve dollars went toward paying for long-eaten artichokes, hose which had runs in already.

How did they live—people like cheerful young Dan Riley, rushing out to marry and rent little flats with folding beds and window boxes? It was all overpowering and she was a little frightened by it when she was tired, but on Sunday mornings when she drove out the Country Club road and found Burke Riley, very elegant in a gray suit and blue tie, ostensibly looking for mealy bug on his cotoneasters but really waiting for her, life simplified itself tremendously.

Then they would drive out to the crest of their hill and something would set them free. Something that stirred like a bugle and danced like a fire and was elusive and dizzying as a kiss.

To Dexter Montague, fine built and strung like a lute, with the sensitiveness of generations of protected women, these Sunday mornings were like something lifted out of the world, encysted in crystal, washed in silver light, a shining, hollow miracle to hold and turn in reverent hands. She was dizzy, incredulously happy.

As for Burke Riley, he had been waiting a long time for the mirages on his horizon to acquire other dimensions. Waiting while his lung healed slowly and his little trees grew, while other lads married little red-mouthed gallant creatures and dashed out with them to rent flats with folding beds.

Then on a diamond studded morning, the apple trees opened their coral offerings to the sun. Glory lay over the world like the ringing of a bell, it ran in green fire along the lanes and hedges, it lifted like smoke from the passionate altar of every dew-wet rock. On this morning Dexter rode up the hill with a taut sense of impending destiny sharp as rain in her nostrils, heavy as fog on her heart.

Burke Riley was solemn and given to whistling tunelessly through his

[Continued on page 86]

2
DON'T LET
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ACHING FEET... mean an aging face

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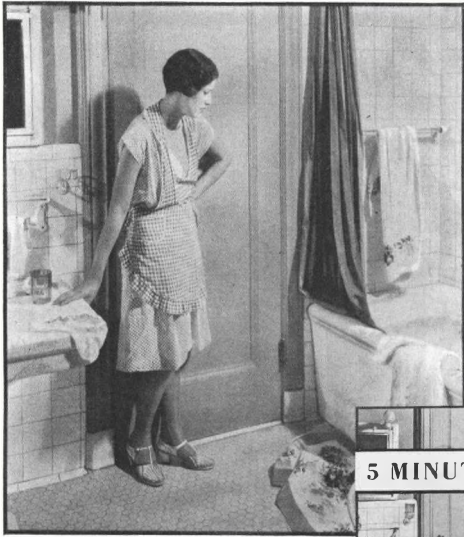
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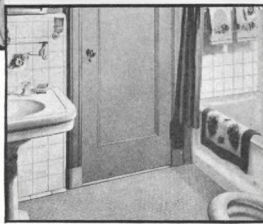
Use nothing but Gold Dust for the bathroom and kitchen porcelain, for the woodwork and floors. It does not harm their surfaces, for it contains no grit. That's why so many women insist on Gold Dust. It is quick, safe and easy to use. It takes the backache and the drudgery out of every heavy-duty cleaning task.

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FOR DIRTY DIRT USE

GOLD DUST

5 MINUTES LATER



After ordinary washing, woodwork often looks gray and smudgy, not quite clean.



Harsh cleansers are so likely to scratch and mar your painted woodwork, tile and porcelain.



Gold Dust, the ideal soap for dirty dirt, cleans things clean. It works quickly—easily—safely.



PRECIOUS WOMEN

[Continued from page 85]

teeth. Dexter knew what he was thinking about. She was a Montague and he was fighting himself.

She talked lightly, feverishly. "We put in a stock of dog biscuit today, and Rennold has a dog. Sooner or later I'm going to be discovered!"

"Dexter—" "You dropped a spark on your beautiful new shirt"

"Dexter—" Suddenly Dexter wanted the sweet misery of uncertainty to endure. Not to be sure—Oh, he cared, she knew! She knew! But when things were settled life went on so long. There were no more delicious surprises waiting to be born on sunny mornings.

"Dexter," he persisted, "there's something we must talk about—"

"Please, Burke, don't be solemn this morning!" Dexter interrupted him.

He pulled his hat down, withdrew a little into that guarded chamber of his pride.

"All right." He was a bit curt. "You know what I want to say, I guess. You know what a fool I am. And a brute. Nobody but a brute would ask you to endure poverty, Dexter."

"Burke, it isn't that—" She flared with spirit. "I'm no coward. I'm not afraid of life. I hate owing people, I hate evasions—I have that kind of pride—but I'm not afraid—of anything!"

But somehow he was gone. He was Burke Riley again—the Burke Riley who had looked at her across a pan of doughnuts, the Burke Riley who had ridden, grim of mouth and eye, in her car, going off to war. The Burke Riley who did not smile at girls. She felt alone and baffled and sick with the confusion she had wrought. And at that moment one of the tired old tires squeaked and plopped and went flat. "Oh, hell!" said Burke Riley, out of the wretchedness that was in him.

THE next day a tired old man with iron eyes and lips of wax fought a wild battle in the stock exchange and Oil Products went up seventy points. At two Rennold Winecroft sold the Montague holdings for a half million dollars. At three the stock broke. At five Dexter went home, weary and still faintly surrounded by the decent odor of bone meal. She found her mother staging a pageant of triumph. Clarence opened the door for her. A maid came and took her hat, grinning, gold-toothed. There were flowers on the tables. There was a festive fragrance in the air of roast duck and avocados, the offensive insistence of Montague prosperity.

Dexter went upstairs and put her head down on the cold glass and silver of her dressing table. Why hadn't she let him tell her? Now he would never tell her. Never! And Rennold Winecroft was coming to dinner.

Suddenly she sprang up, jammed a hat over her hair, ran quickly down the stairs.

"Good Heavens, you aren't going out?" her mother demanded. "You've hardly time to dress."

"I'm going out," Dexter announced coolly, "to take up Communism or something!"

She was gone before the Pringle chin could get in its deadly work.

There was no one in the field between the rows of little trees. So Dexter walked back firmly to the little shanty from which a vagabond length of stovepipe protruded. The door was heavy and stuck but she pushed it in and stood there, small and golden and sweet, but with some of the militancy about her that belonged to the Pringle chin.

BURKE looked up from his budding knife and for an instant a dazzled glory glowed in his hungry eyes. Then the careful mask fell again. But Dexter did not see.

"Come along," she said abruptly, holding the door open.

He laid down the knife, shook back his heavy hair, wiped his hands on an old rag.

"All right," he answered.

"Drive," she said. Dexter, when they were back at the old car.

He drove. He did not ask her where. Up the hill, to the right place. Without argument, without breaking this spell of magic by any spoken word. "Don't stop," said Dexter, when they reached the crest.

"But this is where we stop." Burke

Riley looked at her.

"I know," she insisted; "we've always stopped. Now—we won't stop."

He drove on. Over the crest—down into the twilight of the world, where the orchid shadows were melting swiftly and flowing out into the purple ocean of the night. Under a blossoming tree by the roadside the old car slowed and stopped.

"Out of gas," said Burke Riley. "It doesn't matter," said Dexter Montague.

"I heard about your good luck," he said. "Congratulations, of course."

"I don't have any luck," declared the girl. "No luck at all."

"Sorry."

"You aren't sorry."

"Dexter, for the Lord's sake, don't rub it in! Don't you think I've suffered enough—loving you—"

"Say it," prompted Dexter.

"I'm saying it."

"Say the rest of it—about loving me!"

"Dexter—"

"Unless," she interrupted pointedly, "you don't care to fall in love with a girl who works in a feed store!"

"Dexter, don't torture me, for God's sake—"

"Then say it!"

He said it.

Night came up from the bottom of the sea and took over the earth for its inheritance. Deep as organ music, high as the highest star, wide as the world, it shut them in.

"Ten years ago," said Dexter Montague, "I fell in love with you."

"For withholding vital information," he announced, "you are sentenced for life—to this prison of my heart!"

In the brick house at the top of the hill Rennold Winecroft dissected an artichoke irritably.

He had come in triumph, for a reward, and here was only a tiresome old woman, with a Pringle chin, talking endlessly against time. Talking with a frenzied panic in her eyes. There are situations, it seems, in which Pringle chins are totally powerless!





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which absorb moisture rapidly away from the surface . . . leaving the pad soft and delicate . . . far daintier than any ordinary sanitary protection.

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COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

NEW LINES for AUTUMN

Clara Kelly

NOT for many years have fashions offered such attractive opportunities to taste and good judgment as are offered in the new clothes for autumn and winter. There are certain general characteristics that distinguish the French models just arriving from those that came over a little while ago. Everything is more feminine, more elegant, richer in fabric and trimming, more detailed in design; the lines of the natural figure are more strongly insisted upon, and they are defined or suggested in new and more interesting ways. But inside wide limits such as these, every allowance is made for individual preference, no source of inspiration is entirely excluded.

The Greek influence is bound to be strong in a mode that searches for inspiration in the past, and that is based on perfect proportions and the beauty of the natural figure lines. Many designers have already made good use of the soft folds of Greek drapery, the softly bloused bodice over a girdle, the pepulum silhouette. Still newer are the long full tunics, the frocks that wrap around the figure and close by means of knotted ends instead of by up-to-date hooks and eyes or buttons.

Russian costumes supply another fresh source of inspiration to many important Paris designers. These too introduce tunic lines into the new mode, but tunics without fullness, cut straight or slightly flaring, as in the frocks shown on pages 91 and 94. In coats, the Russian influence appears in fitted or belted waistlines, flaring skirts and lavish fur trimmings.

Directoire fashions with their air of sophisticated innocence, their shoulder lines widened by puff sleeves and little capes, their slim waists and long full skirts, are particularly well suited to the mode of today. Or if one prefers to produce a more dignified discreet effect, there are frocks that leave the front of the skirt plain and concentrate the fulness at the back, faintly suggesting the bustle of the 'Eighties.

These modernized versions of the costumes of far-away places and bygone periods are used in such various ways—in striking picturesque lines in an evening gown or as the inspiration of a row of buttons on a sports frock—that it is fortunate it is not necessary to recognize them all to appreciate them. All one need do is select whatever is most flattering in a mode which is, in fact, various enough to be most flattering to everybody.



No. 6297. Very new lines appear in an evening frock in which the bodice is slightly fitted above a long full tunic, falling over a flared skirt which hangs in soft heavy folds.

No. 6298. One-sided lines are the theme of an evening gown with a diagonal neckline, diagonal seamings, and sash ends softly knotted at the left side, slightly draping the waist.

For back views and yardage see page 130.



6305

6316

For back view and yardage see page 130.

CAPES AND SOFT DRAPERY ADD INTEREST TO BODICES

No. 6316. The bodice of an afternoon frock is slightly bloused above a pointed skirt yoke which is adjusted by sash ends lying at the side.

No. 6305. Circular skirt sections shirred at the top lend fullness to a belted frock, completed by a separate cape with a circular frill.



6299

6320

For back views and yardage see page 130.

No. 6299. An overskirt that wraps over in front and is laid in unpressed pleats suggests tunic lines in a frock belted at the waistline.

No. 6320. Flattering lines are produced by a soft jabot collar and a tunic cut slightly circular, and slashed in the center of the front.

TUNIC SUGGESTIONS VARY THE LINES OF THE SKIRT

INDIVIDUAL COLLARS SMARTLY EXPRESS



6303

6312

6300

No. 6303. Pleats supply fullness in the skirt of a tailored frock, joined to the top in a pointed line. A scarf collar adds a note of contrast that is most becoming.

No. 6312. A shawl collar, and deep revers lend style distinction to a simple coat cut on slender lines with a narrow belt of the same material to mark the waistline.

No. 6300. The collar of a tailored coat is cut to form deep revers that suggest scarf lines. A narrow separate belt and slot pockets form very practical features.

For back views and yardage see page 130.



THE VARIED CHARACTER OF AUTUMN COATS

6302

6318

6314

For back views and yardage see page 130.

No. 6302. A very striking detail of a flared tailored frock is a one-sided collar faced in contrasting material to accent the diagonal lines of the bodice.

No. 6318. Very new lines appear in a coat, bloused above a circular skirt which is attached to a fitted yoke closing by means of ends that tie at the side.

No. 6314. An autumn ensemble consists of a smart one piece frock with a jabot collar, and a seven eights length coat with two large patch pockets.



6313

6306

6322

THE SIMPLEST CUT MAY BE USED TO SUGGEST

For back views and yardage see page 130.

No. 6313. A yoke with ends that knot in the front, cuffs with short ends knotted at the wrist and a girdle knotted at the side lend distinction to a simple frock.

No. 6306. The new liking for one-sided effects is illustrated in a jabot collar at one side of the neckline of a frock cut on semi-fitted lines and loosely belted.

No. 6322. Tunics are an important feature of the new Paris fashions. In this frock a tunic cut on slightly circular lines has an inverted pleat in the center front.



6307

6304

THE FEMININE FORMAL MOOD OF PARIS FASHIONS

For back views and yardage see page 130.

No. 6307. Trimming details of a belted frock are a jabot attached under a band at one side of the neckline and bands finished with tailored bows on the skirt.

No. 6304. A formal suggestion is lent to a simple frock by contrasting vestee and revers, and ends that tie in a knot at the back of the neckline in scarf effect.



6317

6311

6310

PARIS CREATES A FAVORITE TYPE OF DAYTIME FROCK

For back views and yardage see page 130.

No. 6317. A slender frock belted at the waistline has a contrasting collar with ends that knot in the front, and is finished with a youthful circular cape collar.

No. 6311. Pointed seamings are smartly decorative in a tailored type of frock. A narrow belt marks the waist, and a contrasting fold finishes the neckline.

No. 6310. A contrasting vestie shirred at the neckline and finished with a bow forms a feminine detail in a practical frock loosely belted at the waistline.



6315

6301

SMART FOR TOWN AND PRACTICAL FOR THE COUNTRY

For back views and yardage see page 130.

No. 6315. The yoke of a very simple frock is crossed in front and finished with a bow at the left side. A narrow belt marking the waist line ties in a bow.

No. 6301. Scallops decorate the front closing, and the circular skirt is joined to the top in a scalloped line. The contrasting collar has a scalloped edge.



6325

6327

6328

6323

6324

11-10

Frocks that go to the smartest parties

For back views and yardage see page 130.

No. 6325. A crossed yoke heads a panel which is shaped to form a circular section providing fullness at the hem. Matching shorts accompany this frock.

No. 6327. The waistline of a frock is marked in front by a scalloped line and groups of shirrings, and in the back by a sash attached at the side seams.

No. 6328. The curved line in which the skirt is joined to the top is repeated in a shaped band that suggests a bolero. A belt marks the waistline.

No. 6323. One-sided lines are smartly adapted to small fashions in a frock with circular skirt attached in a line dipping at one side, and a diagonal neckline.

No. 6324. A frock is slashed and shirred in front to suggest bloused lines and has a sash in the back. The circular skirt is joined on in a scalloped line.



0258

5041

0256

0230

0231

0257

2977

Bygone Days Lend their Charm to Make-Believe Costumes

No. 6258. A fancy dress costume of the 1860 period of hoop skirts and crinoline. Pantalettes and festoons of lace, a poke bonnet with waving plume and naive ribbon ties are very typical of the day.

No. 5041. A gallant of the Empire wears a brocaded waistcoat surmounted by a stock of linen that swathes the neck in true Beau Brummel fashion. The cloth coat is worn with trousers of grey.

No. 6256. Ladies of the Empire affected Grecian lines. The high-waisted satin skirt was slashed to the knee, the train long and pointed lined with a contrasting fabric. Capelets formed scant sleeves.

No. 6230. A Puritan Costume of grey wool with slashed peplum on fitted blouse with short sleeves has a full skirt complemented with a muslin apron that matches the kerchief collar, cuffs and the cap.

No. 6231. John Alden wore such a costume with its voluminous cape and suit of grey homespun, knitted woolen hose and square toed shoes, buckled to match the high crowned, broadbrimmed hat.

No. 6257. During the reign of Louis XVI ladies of the court wore satin, lace and garlands of flowers. Crinoline held the wide skirts in bouffant manner and the pointed bodice had a vestee of lace.

No. 2977. No fancy dress ball is complete without a laughing Pierrot. It is a happy costume of harlequin prints or plain contrasting satin decorated with black pompons and a stiff ruff of tulle.



1820

No. 1820. Only the most exclusive gift shops have silhouettes as adorable as these quaint Colonial ones on linen. They will be smart with a narrow red frame, or boxed on checked gingham or on gaily printed chintz pillows. Size 6 1/2 x 7 inches.



1828

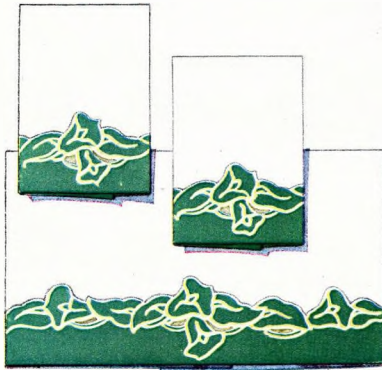
1828



1820

No. 1828. Your French doll will be the most charming to grace any boudoir when she appears in a fashion from Godey's Lady Book—frilly bellowered bonnet and all! 1852 is the date of these very quaint and still most fascinating fashions.

Gifts and Greetings—Plan them Early
by Elisabeth May Blondel



1822

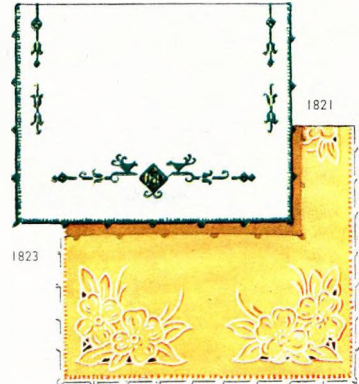
No. 1822. Color in bed linens is the verdict of the fashion experts, and a pastel applique is the newest way to secure it. The flower design is such simple work when outlined in white embroidery thread, that women are even putting it on the white sheets they already have, making the pillow cases to match.

No. 1824. Stagecoach models are popular for mantels, smart in prints, and lovely in steel engravings. Now they are being done in cross-stitch for pillows, trays or pictures. They are smart worked in black or a color on white or colored linen of smooth weave.

No. 1827. Silhouettes are the popular note of the moment, and Colonial ones are favorites. Greeting folders now have smart silhouettes on the front, and plenty of space inside to write your own message. Personally written notes are much the smartest thing in greetings. Buff folders and envelopes are smart.



1824



1821

1823

No. 1821. Italian cutwork is lovely for luncheon linens, and in a color on cream linen it is very smart. Cutwork is being used for every type of luncheon set—the kind with a long runner and place doilies, square covers, and the very new type that has runners along the sides of the table and doilies placed in the long center space.

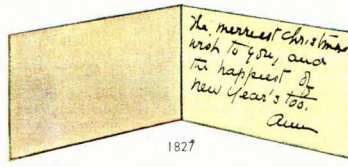
No. 1823. A Dogwood cutwork design for linens is unusual when done in two shades of the same color as the linen. Sets in peach or green are very popular. Women have discovered how simply cutwork can be done—and they are making cutwork sets of remarkable loveliness, for luncheon, tea, etc.



1820

1820

Description above.



1827



"How I Got My Children to Drink Twice the Milk They Used To

Yet . . . a few weeks ago I
couldn't even *coax* them
to drink enough"



My little boy and little girl would not drink the amount of milk the doctor said they should have. I tried every way I know to coax them to drink their milk without success. They were nervous, underweight, and irritable and I was worried.

Then a friend advised me to try Ovaltine—to put it in the children's milk and give it to them hot or cold.

I did this and noticed an improvement at once. That's how I got my children to drink twice the milk they used to, in face of the fact that a week ago I couldn't even coax them to drink enough. And they are so much more healthy.

—Mrs. C. A. Schumaker,
20th Ave. & 14th St., Fulton, Illinois

This Swiss Discovery not only enables the mother to double a child's milk ration—
but also adds a complete food to the milk—including the Sunshine Vitamin D

Accept 3-Day Supply

**Watch Weight Increase a Pound
or More a Week—Nervousness
Decrease Remarkably**

HAVE you a child whose appetite is poor? Who refuses milk? Who is nervous, underweight—lacking in energy and strength? Then let us send you a 3-day supply of Ovaltine. We believe it will solve your problem.

A Swiss creation utterly different from food drinks American children are used to, it makes plain milk into a gay temptation the childish palate cannot resist. More milk is thus taken—and that milk is made far easier, quicker, to digest—much more nourishing, too.

For—being a complete food in itself, it adds to milk practically EVERY nutritive element essential to child health and nervous equilibrium.

New to America, over 20,000 doctors are advising it. Weight increases of a pound or more a week frequently follow its use. Nervousness often is curbed in a few days. It may do much or little for your child—but try it!

What It Is

Ovaltine is a food-drink that is utterly dif-

ferent in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, including, of course, the Sunshine Vitamin D.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system can absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprises over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast,

always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

(Note)—Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations. Ovaltine is now made in 8 countries including the U.S.A., according to the exact original Swiss formula—to meet the demand from 64 different nations.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER CO.
180 N. Michigan
Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
Dept. L-23

Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right)

SPECIAL OFFER

Genuine Swiss
bring pottery
style, with
colored pic-
tures of Uncle
Wiggly and
Gracie
Goosey Gan-
der Uncle Wiggly Mugs and
3-day package, 25c. (This
offer not good in Canada.)



Name: _____
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____
(One package to a person) 721A



Use Powder



Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

**For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does,
when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER**

THERE is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—**as POWDER.**

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

No Glycerine— No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains no glycerine, therefore does not soften the gums. It is



In use over 60 years

free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much, to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

256,709 QUESTIONS

THAT'S what our Service Department answered in a year! Naturally, we know a great deal about our McCall Street homemakers and their problems. It was to answer these very problems that our Service Library was prepared. Here is the list of our booklets and leaflets. See if we can't be of help to you, too:



Cookery

TIME SAVING COOKERY - - - 10¢
Unexpected guests need not catch you unprepared when you know of these quick ways with foods.

SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY 10¢
The whys and hows of meringues, mayonnaise, cakes, jellies and candies carefully explained.

WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES - 20¢
A menu (with recipes) to carry out the party plan for every occasion.

MARLOW RECIPES - - - - 10¢
Delicious and inexpensive frozen desserts which may be made in the mechanical refrigerator.

PRESERVING FOR PROFIT - - - 10¢
There is money to be made with home-made preserves—but you must first learn how.

HOW TO MAKE CANDIES AT HOME 10¢
Homemade candies for Christmas—here are instructions and recipes.

POP CORN BALLS - - - - - 2¢
Make one of your social evenings a Corn Popping Party . . . it's such fun!

HOW TO SERVE AFTERNOON TEA 2¢
Just what to serve and how to do it correctly is here explained.



Parties

PARTIES FOR GROWN-UPS - - - 20¢
Games, stunts, decorations and menus for clubs, bridal parties and parties for mixed groups.

UNUSUAL ENTERTAINING - - - 20¢
Plans for unusual bridge parties, banquets, treasure hunts and seasonal entertaining of other kinds.

PARTIES FOR CHILDREN - - - 20¢
How to entertain the little ones on their birthdays and holidays; jolly games and stunts.

A TURKEY PARTY - - - - - 10¢
Here is a lively affair that is timely all through the holiday season.

STORK SHOWERS - - - - - 10¢
Every mother-to-be will appreciate a tea or evening party given in her honor.

FOUR FAIRS THAT MAKE MONEY 2¢
A Dixieland Bazaar, an Overseas Sail, a Dicken's Market Day and a Bazaar of the Seasons.

A GARDENER'S FAIR - - - - 10¢
An interesting account of how a church group helped pay off the mortgage.

A DUMB-BELL PARTY - - - - 10¢
Can you imagine anything more amusing than a gathering of "dumb-bells"?



Beauty and Health

AN OUTLINE OF BEAUTY - - - 25¢
Learn how to care for your skin, hair, hands, etc.

BALANCED MENUS FOR 14 DAYS - 2¢
Dr. McCollum's health diet.



Interior Decoration

ALL ABOUT CURTAINS - - - 20¢
There is a special kind of curtain for every window. Here are instructions on making and hanging them.

DECORATING YOUR HOME - - 10¢
Make every room in your house harmonious in colorings and furnishings.

FOUR EASY LESSONS IN INTERIOR DECORATING - - - - - 12¢
Arrangement of furniture, floors and woodwork, color schemes, and walls are the four subjects covered.

Miscellaneous

THE FAMILY BUDGET - - - 20¢
Be thrifty. Plan ahead for that trip to Europe or the new car. Use the budget system.

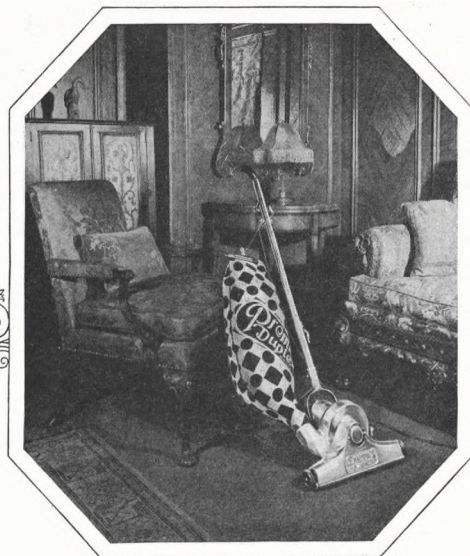
BEAUTIFYING THE HOME PLOT - 20¢
First-hand information on how to get the most out of your garden plot; planting charts, etc.

THE FRIENDLY BABY - - - - 10¢
How to care for the very young baby; Dr. Kerley's feeding schedules.

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO OWN - 8¢
A list of books helpful to clubwomen, hostesses and members of church committees planning bazaars.

BOOKS ON CHURCH AND FAMILY PROBLEMS - - - - - 8¢
Here is a list of inspirational books for the sick in mind and body.

BOOK OF ETIQUETTE - - - - 20¢
Here are the rules of convention on invitations, introductions, travel, table manners, weddings, etc.



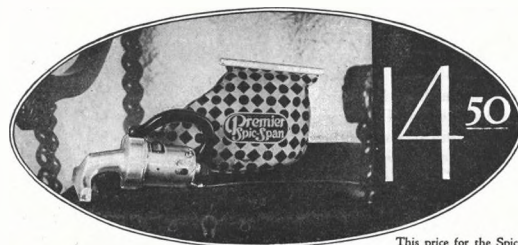
Premier Reputation Won by Performance —NOT BY CLAIMS

Last year, after 20 years of constantly improving Premiers, we made a new and distinctive contribution to ease the housewife's work . . . To replace electric cleaner attachments we offered the little Spic-Span, a handy, light-weight electric cleaner for furniture, hangings, clothes and odd jobs. This idea brought instant acclaim—women all over the land welcomed this idea . . . But now comes a year for a new Premier—one with 50% greater cleaning efficiency, with many refinements, the finest Premier of our career . . . This new Premier is too fine a machine to flatter with exaggerated, boisterous claims. The plain facts of its

superiority are sufficient to win it new friends. Merit is its own reward. We have not denied ourselves the opportunity of costly advancements in design—need you deny yourself the satisfaction of Premier performance? The Premier Unit costs no more—in fact you may have two cleaners for about the usual price of one—the larger Premier for floors, the Spic-Span for little jobs . . . We invite you to become acquainted with the new Premiers, to know their many betterments. We feel certain your good judgment will reward them with their proper place in your estimation.

Floor models, large and small. All with motor-driven brush, ball-bearing motor, no oiling. Light weight. New, trouble-free rubber-covered cord. Floor polisher for giving a glistening wax finish.

Also the famous Spic-Span, a 4-pound hand cleaner to use instead of attachments. Comes with blower and deodorizer.



This price for the Spic-Span includes deodorizer and blower.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.) Dept. 1711, Cleveland, Ohio
Branches in all leading cities. Made and sold in Canada by the Premier
Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd., Toronto. Foreign distributors,
International General Electric Company, Inc.



You'll never know what you're missing

It's one thing to say we'll do a thing—it's quite another thing to do it. Changing tooth pastes, for example. Many of us see the PEBECO advertisements, believe their simple explanation of Pebeco's extra value. Many of us hear our friends tell of the sparkling white teeth, the real mouth exhilaration and comfort Pebeco gives. Many of us realize that here is a *working* dentifrice...and then we put off buying it. Remember this: *You'll never know what you're missing until you try Pebeco*—and the trial costs mighty little. Delay no longer.

A product of LEHN & FINK, INC.



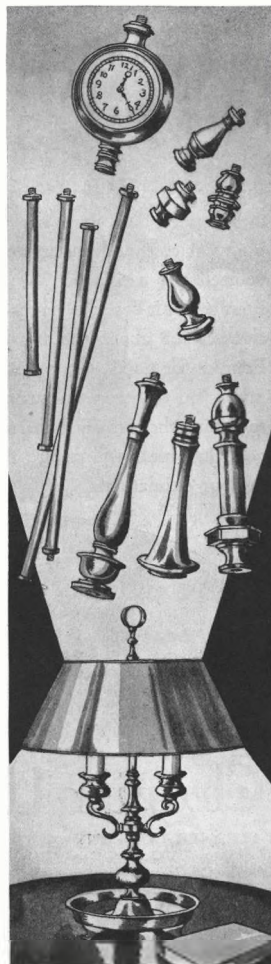
© 1936 PEBECO, INC.

MIX together 1 base* 1 shade* 60 watts of incandescent bulb. Add color, to taste. Result—1 healthy lamp, well done! In addition add as many lamps as there are possible places where you will read or sew. Comfort makes for happiness. Presto! One happy family!

This is the basic recipe for light. Ingenuity is all you need to develop endless variations, and now that lamps come in parts there is an open invitation to elaborate.

A Conjuror's Lamp

Just start with a base of your own choosing and add a column; then have a half dozen interchangeable tops, if you wish. You can make a floor lamp first; unscrew the top and fit on a bridge arm; later substitute a cone-shaped indirect attachment; and perhaps end up with a floor and indirect lamp all in one. In the shaft you can even have an electrically run clock or a convenience outlet for use at the tea table. There is no trouble about wires because there aren't any. Contact is made by screwing the different parts together. Clever though these lamps are, there is much more to this subject of light.



LIGHT

By Sarai Waugh

Residence Lighting Specialist

Such questions as the following must be answered: How many lamps should each room have? Where should they be placed? How do shades affect light; and what about specialized sources of light, which add to the convenience, health and safety of family life?

To get down to specific cases, does your living room have a ceiling fixture? If not, how do you keep Dad from renegeing when you are playing bridge? Perhaps the poor man can't see his cards. One of the new indirect lamps with a reflector inside the shade will overcome this difficulty by sending a flood of light to the ceiling which will evenly illuminate the whole room with soft diffused light. Use a two hundred watt bulb in the reflector for a medium-sized room, and three hundred watts for a large room. These reflectors should be placed far enough out in the room so that all the direct light reaches the ceiling and none of it strikes the wall. The direct light is too strong when it falls on a reflecting surface at eye level.

Next, is the table or desk where Mary Ann does her home work, adequately lighted with a well-shaded lamp? Has Father a lamp by his chair, not a dinky little one, but a lamp that will really light his newspaper without a lot of hitching and fussing around? Is there a lamp at each end of the sofa so that the room lighting will be balanced and the whole sofa usable at night? Is there a lamp in every corner where light may be needed? In other words, if yours is an average-sized living room, have you five useful lamps which carry a total of at least three hundred watts of electricity?

There are lamps *and*—lamps. Their height, the spread, texture and color of the shades and even their placement in the room, all directly affect their usefulness.

Try This Eye Test

Place a bridge lamp by your favorite chair. When seated, if the light shines in your eyes as you read or look up, the light is not properly placed. Either adjust the shade, so that it is in a more perpendicular line, or move the lamp back a little, perhaps behind your chair, so the light shines over your left shoulder. It is imperative that the light shine on the *work*, and not in the eyes, if eyestrain is to be avoided. A sixty watt bulb is suitable for most lamps.

Table lamps, to be useful, should be tall and have spreading shades which will cast a wide

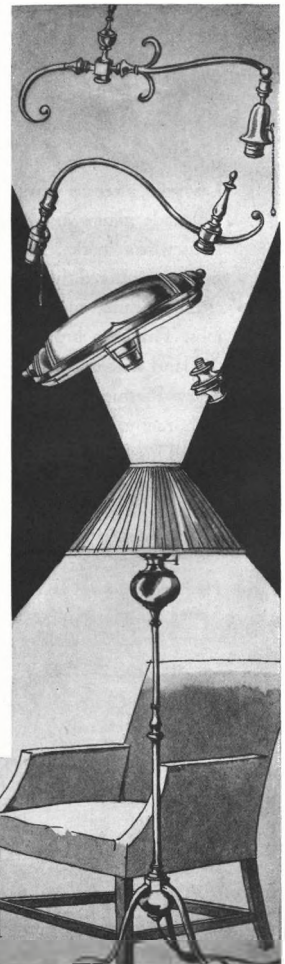
circle of light, and the shades must be deep enough to shield the bulbs. Low decorative lamps with small straight-sided shades, confine light to a close circle and shine for beauty alone.

The best colors for shades are the fire tints, gold, peach and amber. They give an effect of warmth and diffuse the light to best advantage.

If you are not sure of the right color, use natural tints. They are always appropriate. Solid-colored shades of dark red, blue, or green should never be used; they absorb too much light and are too heavy to be cheerful. If these colors are needed as a link in the decorative scheme, they may be introduced in the border or binding of the shade.

It Looks Innocent, But—

Very often the outside of a lamp shade looks innocent enough, but friend husband frets about a lack of light when he is reading his evening newspaper. You will usually find that such a shade has a dark-colored lining which is absorbing most of the light. And, worse still, there may be an amber-colored incan- [Turn to page 107]



WALNUT DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Now you can fill the family Walnut Bowl again—tempt tired summer appetites with this autumn treat they like so well. Your grocer has a new supply of Diamond California Walnuts.

Here are the world's finest Walnuts—hand-selected, machine-graded, vacuum-sorted and crack-tested. Of course, there are different sizes and varieties, selling at different prices; but regardless of variety and size, Diamond Walnuts guarantee *more and better kernels per pound*.

And you can be sure of getting them. Just look for the Diamond, *branded on the shell*. Each Diamond Walnut is its own branded package, assuring you the quality you want.

Be sure to order plenty of Diamond California Walnuts (most grocers quote special quantity prices). You'll find all sorts of uses for them. They "dress up" salads and desserts, cakes and cookies. They add new flavor to old favorites. And, of course, home-made candies aren't complete without Walnuts. The sure, easy way to new menu delight is this—use Walnuts freely in your foods.

DIAMOND *branded* WALNUTS



SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK
You'll find the recipes below, and scores of other tempting treats, in our recipe book shown here—yours for the asking.

Address: Dept. H-1,
CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION, Los Angeles, California
*A purely cooperative, non-profit organization of 5669 growers.
Our yearly production over 70,000,000 pounds.*

Don't forget Diamond *shelled* Walnuts (mixed halves and pieces) kept always fresh and sweet in two sizes of vacuum sealed tins. They're exactly the same tender, plump, full-flavored kernels as Diamond Walnuts *in the shell*.

WALNUT PENOCHÉ

Mix 1 cup brown sugar and 1 cup of milk, add 1 tablespoon of butter, and cook without stirring until mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from the fire, add 1 teaspoon of vanilla and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt and set aside until cool. When cool, beat mixture until it begins to keep its shape. Add 1 cup of Diamond Walnuts, broken in pieces, and knead or work in the hands until smooth. Mold or not as desired.

PEPPER AND GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

Cut slices from stem ends of six green peppers and remove seeds. Remove pulp from one grapefruit, discarding seeds and white membrane and cut in small pieces. Cut celery in small pieces, to the amount of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, and break up or chop Diamond Walnuts to make $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. Mix grapefruit, celery and walnuts, fill green peppers with mixture, cover with mayonnaise dressing and put a half walnut kernel on top as a garnish. Arrange on a lettuce covered salad plate and serve.

WALNUT COFFEE FILLING

Cream together 1 cup butter and 1 cup powdered sugar. Add 2 tablespoons of strong coffee and 1 cup of chopped Diamond Walnuts and spread between cake layers. Cover top of cake with mixture and dot with a pattern of walnut halves.



**"ON NIPPY DAYS IN CAROLINA
—OR ANYWHERE ELSE—WHAT
A JOYOUS DISH THIS IS!"**

*says Miss Gibson, of the Home Economics
Department, H. J. Heinz Company*

"When mornings get nippy, as they must even in Carolina, and black Emma swings along the road, kitchenwards, and sees a glint of frost on the rail fences, then some lucky white family in 'Cah'lina' is going to get meat pie for dinner.

"And such a meat pie! Big, deep, steaming—with a flaky, brown crust crimped so becomingly on its circumference, and pierced twice in the center. What goodness is concealed in its depths! Meat or game—with the tenderest of vegetables—and the tiniest and daintiest of dumplings, and a rich, thick gravy over all!

"You serve it *invariably*, as black Emma's 'fambly' has found out, with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. They are inseparables, these two. For the rich essence of plump, vine-ripened tomatoes that is Heinz Tomato Ketchup, adds its own delightful flavor, and awakens the full flavors of the pie."

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA.

CAROLINA MEAT PIE

*1 pound shoulder of Veal (or rabbit, venison, etc.)
1 small slice of Ham • 1 tablespoonful butter or lard*



*2 carrots • 2 tablespoonfuls flour • 1 quart boiling water
½ cupful Heinz Tomato Ketchup • 2 onions • 4 potatoes
Salt and pepper to taste*

Cut Ham finely — cut meat into pieces about one inch square. If using game, combinations of rabbit and game birds or venison and birds are best. Sprinkle meat generously with salt and pepper. In a pot, put a tablespoonful of fat and when hot add meat. Brown well, add chopped onions and cook a few minutes longer; add carrots cut in dice. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoonfuls flour, and when browned add the boiling water combined with Heinz To-

mato Ketchup. Simmer for one-half hour until meat is tender. Add potatoes cut in dice and cook until potatoes are tender and the stew rich and thick. Meanwhile prepare your favorite pie crust. Line a deep baking pan with this; pour in the cooked meat and vegetables. Cover with a top crust, embellish edge and pierce the center and bake until brown, in a hot oven. Or in place of using the pie crust, and baking with an under-crust, pour the meat mixture into a deep baking dish or casserole—place a biscuit dough over top and brown in the oven. Garnish with parsley. Serve, of course, with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Few dishes are more delightful than this one.



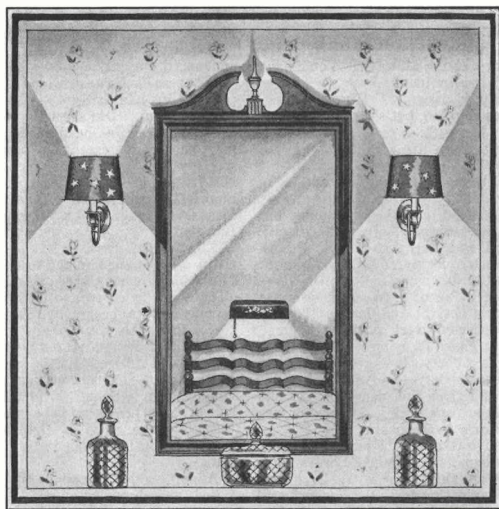
ONE OF THE
57

Enjoy these radio talks • Tuesday and Friday mornings at
10-15 Eastern Standard Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Dept.,
H. J. Heinz Co., will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA,
and 54 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

LIGHT

[Continued from page 104]



Here's part of the recipe for a comfortable bedroom

descent bulb in the socket. Reline the shade with cream-colored china silk, and screw in a sixty watt frosted bulb, and there'll be no more complaints about poor reading light.

Wall brackets should be considered as auxiliaries since they do not furnish sufficient light to read by. There is a soft glow to animate an evening's conversation. Use only frosted bulbs and be sure that they all match in color. And even though they are frosted, every bulb should have a shade.

NOW for the dining room. Here a ceiling fixture is the most logical type as interest is localized on the table. The ugly glass domes of a few years ago have been modernized. Now parchment or silk drums and well-designed glass shades take their place. Candle type fixtures are also in vogue. Each lamp in a candle fixture should have its own shade not only to protect the eyes from the bulb but also to direct the light down upon the table.

The lowest edge of the drum type of pendant fixture should be about two feet from the table. If the light sources are visible when seated at the table it is too high. On the other hand, if it is too low it interferes with vision and with table decorations. In low-ceilinged rooms a close-to-the-ceiling glass unit is advisable. Well-shaded wall brackets or small candle lamps on the buffet or mantel add a cheery vitalizing touch to the dining room lighting plan.

In the kitchen "light for efficiency" is the password. This is accomplished with a kitchen unit made up of a close-to-the-ceiling glass globe equipped with a hundred-watt inside frosted bulb for a small kitchen, or a hundred and fifty watt bulb for a larger kitchen. Blue tinted daylight lamps are sometimes used. They give a white light approaching the color of daylight. In a large kitchen, sixty watt frosted bulbs, with shades, are desirable over sink and stove.

Light in the bedrooms is probably given less attention than in any other room in the house. Ceiling lights are necessary for convenience in going in and out of the room, to aid in searching through drawers and for pins and collar buttons that will fall on the floor.

Then there are vanity lamps—aren't they charming! Use tall ones if you sit at your dressing table and short ones if you stand, and use pale tinted shades or your make-up under normal lights may look hectic. If there are wall brackets by the mirror in the bedroom or bathroom they should be just above the level of the eye. If you stand, this would place the light-source 66 inches above the floor whereas the average eye level is 60 inches above the floor. Decorative brackets are mounted with the light-source 72 inches above the floor.

The bed-reading habit also requires a proper light. There is an excellent bed lamp that comes ready to hang on the wall; the shade has just the right flare so that the light is thrown correctly, *out and down* on the page. This lamp is unlike the usual straight-sided lamps which throw the light uselessly onto the back of the head. If you use a night table lamp it should be tall enough to spread light onto the page of your book.

It's almost time to think of specialized Christmas lighting and the newest stunt this year is to use bulbs of all one color in the light strings for the Christmas tree. If all blue lamps are used on the tree a cool calm moonlight effect is the result. This would be pleasing in a room where mulberry or orange are the predominating color notes. In a room with a blue or green background, amber-colored lamps would be effective and would give a feeling of hospitable warmth and gaiety. Twinklers are loved by the youngsters. They are attached to the strings of lights and at the touch of the button, flash, flash goes a coded Christmas message.

IN THE last few years Christmas decorations have had a way of overflowing into the garden.

Window wreaths with a lighted candle in the center, may shine from windows. Light may be concealed in window boxes. The doorway lantern may throw cheery red beams and if there is a hedge, strings of colored lights may be woven through it to outline a bright path to the front door. Laurel, intertwined with colored lights, may be draped over doorways and windows to send out the glad Christmas message.

8 Famous Beauty Editors unanimously affirm

hands can be kept lovely on less than
5 minutes a day



FEMININE HANDS have blossomed into new loveliness! In Paris, London, Vienna, New York—those fashionable capitals of society that set the mode for all the world to follow—the smartest women have eagerly adopted a method of manure that keeps the hands perpetually enchanting!

A wonderful new method—acclaimed by leading Beauty Editors here and abroad. They all agree that you can keep your hands alluringly sparkling—always lovely on less than 5 minutes' care each day!

"This new liquid polish has contributed four wonderful advantages to busy women," say the Beauty Editors of Pictorial Review, Good Housekeeping, Mayfair and Canadian Home Journal.

"First, it saves time, for it takes only a few moments to apply. Second, its delightful lustre keeps even the busiest finger tips gleaming for days and days. Third, it doesn't peel or discolor, but remains firm and smooth and it acts as a splendid protection for the nails, keeping them smooth and gleaming under all conditions. Fourth, there is no fear of its making the nails brittle."

Paris is all enthusiastic about the colors. "The new shades of Cutex Liquid Polish," declares the Fashion Editress of Femina, "have completely captivated Paris." "The many shades," says the Directrice of Chiffons,

"now range from a soft, roseate hue to a flaming crimson." And the Beauty Editor of Woman's Home Companion adds: "Color gradations are adapted to conservative fingers as well as the exotic and decorative."

This is the Cutex Method

smart women everywhere use to keep
their nails exquisitely groomed

First, remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Then scrub the nails in warm, soapy water. Mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tips with a cotton-wrapped orange stick saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

Apply Cutex Liquid Polish, brushing it evenly and very lightly from the half-moon toward the finger tip.

Then use a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tips.

With this weekly manure your nails require less than five minutes' care each day—just time enough to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tips with a cotton-wrapped orange stick saturated with the Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser—followed by a rinse in clear water.

NORTHAM WARREN • NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

The new Cutex Perfumed Liquid Polish in six smart shades, including the three new reds—Coral, Cardinal, Garnet, 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together, 50¢ (Natural, Colorless or Rose). Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, 35¢. The other Cutex preparations, 35¢. At toilet-goods counters.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER — 12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. OF-11
191 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.



So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ . . . perfumed, of course



Pain after eating—a sign of ACID STOMACH

DOES discomfort after eating spoil your enjoyment of certain foods? Do you know what causes that pain after eating; what brings on sour stomach, heartburn, "indigestion," sick headaches, gas, biliousness?

An acid condition of the stomach and bowels.

Because of the way we live today, most of us need an anti-acid at times. Something to correct the effect of acid-forming foods, exertion, excitement. Something to help Nature keep the digestive system properly alkaline.

The regular use of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia works wonders for most men and women. They eat well. Their food digests. Proper alkalinity permits the stomach, liver, and bowels to function as Nature intends they should.

Take a spoonful of this creamy, pleasant tasting anti-acid today and for several days. See how it sweetens stomach and bowels; relieves the sick headaches, gas, nausea, indigestion, etc., caused by too much acid. You'll feel better all over. It will be more difficult for sickness or colds to attack you.

Get genuine Milk of Magnesia, a liquid made by Phillips. It is never sold in tablet form.

PHILLIPS'

Milk of Magnesia



MOON OF DELIGHT

[Continued from page 26]

afternoon, even if I stay. It's easier to go." Kirk rose.

"Kirk dear," said Nelly, "you'll have to talk with the Marquesa. You'll have to ask her for Juanita."

"Juanita says not," Kirk answered. "I was going to, but she says the Marquesa has nothing to do with it. She doesn't want the Marquesa even to know. So don't tell anybody."

"Not even Theoneste," thought Nelly regretfully.

Kirk went, and she lay looking out into the sunshine. Juanita—Juanita always with them. No wonder Kirk had been so happy, so full of news. . . .

Full of his news, and she—Nelly—had been full of it too, as soon as he had told her. So full, indeed, that she had neglected to tell what she had read in the "Times-Picayune." All about the Dubois robbery. It was worse than the Stevens robbery—the very night after Rod had given that dance for Juanita. Thank heaven, Kirk had taken her own jewel-case to the bank.

Nelly picked up the paper again, but her thoughts wandered. Lorena came in to take the tray.

"Give me my orchid *peignoir*," said Nelly, "and fix my hair." And when Lorena had obeyed to both their satisfactions: "Ask Señorita Flores to come in," said Nelly.

JUANITA stood at her window, watching Kirk ride away. She hoped he would turn at the bend in the drive and wave to her. There! . . . Juanita waved back. The trees hid him now. He was gone.

She leaned against the window jamb, closing her eyes. . . . She must tell him this afternoon. She had had her happiness. All her life she had prayed for such happiness as had been hers for an hour in the garden. . . . Love. It was love, after all. And love was like this. What wonder it had brought havoc to the world—ecstasy—death.

Four o'clock—in the library. They would be uninterrupted there, as no one but Kirk ever invaded it.

Juanita started. Someone was knocking at her door. It was Lorena. Mrs. Belaise wanted to see her.

Juanita said she would come, and closed the door. She had not wanted Kirk to tell Nelly, but he had begged. Talking with Nelly took the fairy tale out of it, was a sort of right-about-face toward reality. And all too soon.

Juanita smoothed her hair, rumpled by Kirk's caresses, dabbed powder about her eyes that had so lately known tears. went down the hall.

Nelly was all aglow. She folded Juanita in frail, lacy arms. "I'm so happy," she said. "I'm as happy as Kirk."

Kirk reached home early and went upstairs to dress—knickerbockers and sweater, wool stockings and lightweight leather coat, the proper regalia for Tarpon Point, for which they would start at five o'clock. He hurried down to the library that he might be there when Juanita came.

All the way home—he had gone and returned by train to save time—his thoughts had been with that meeting, not because of what she might have to tell him, but merely because he would see her again, hold her in his arms, realize more fully perhaps that she was his.

He looked at his watch. Five minutes of four. Someone came in.

It was Adrian. Kirk had spoken to him on the stair a moment before.

"Señorita Flores is engaged," Adrian announced abruptly.

"That so?" Kirk answered after a pause. How had that got out so soon? He looked up. "Did she tell you?"

Adrian shook his head. "I have not seen her today, except at lunch. It was my mother told me. Nelly told her. Last night the Marquesa gave my mother the particulars. . . . Señorita Flores is engaged to a nobleman in Barcelona."

Kirk looked down at his book. So that was what she had had to tell him "Barcelona's a long way off," he said. "The ocean to cross, and all Spain, if I remember my geography. You going to let that stop you?"

"Señorita Flores is not only engaged," said Adrian, "but she is in debt to this man—for her education, her clothes, her travels. Whoever else should marry her would have to assume that obligation. It is so stipulated."

"Good you found out in time," said Kirk.

Adrian nodded. "Suppose I had proposed and been accepted?" he remarked. "I thought you should know also. Nelly told my mother that you had not been told. Nelly, of course, did not know the details."

Kirk thanked him, and Adrian sauntered out through the French windows, down into the garden.

Kirk went to the hall door. There was no sign of Juanita. He waited until ten minutes after the hour when they were to meet in the portecochère for the drive to Tarpon Point.

There he found her, on the front seat of Adrian's sedan. Adrian beside her. She smiled gayly at Kirk, buttoning the collar of her brown suede coat, pulling her russet cap with its red feather down around her ears. Kirk's smile was less spontaneous as he climbed in beside the Marquesa.

It was not until they reached Tarpon Point and were going up the steps of Steve's Place that Kirk managed a word with Juanita alone.

"You didn't come to the library. What was the matter?"

"I came," she answered. "Adrian was there, I'll see you tomorrow."

Kirk was aware that she had been glad to turn back at the door—thankful to Adrian for furnishing this brief reprieve.

Steve's Place was on the road back to New Orleans, at the end of a long pier. The supper which was to have been on the veranda, was laid, in the one great low-ceilinged room because of the threatening clouds.

MOST of the crowd were there when Adrian and his group arrived—

Bettina Byrnes and Rod Stevens; a pale girl in gold hoop earrings and chamois jumper—Emmy Jean, they called her; Bobby Cranshaw and Doreen Larkin, a tall athletic girl in a blue sweater. Emmy Jean had come with a boy named Bery whom Juanita remembered from the Comus ball. Phyllis Carver, a vivid blonde, stood near the fire in a hunter's green riding suit, beside her a man whom one noticed for his dark unhappy eyes, while on a window seat, alone, Juanita saw the girl she had seen twice before—once beside Dave Ledbetter at Divitt's, and again in white lace at the Comus ball.

[Continued on page 110]

★
**THIS BUSINESS OF KEEPING YOU
 SPICK** *The better laundries and the better cleaners-and-dyers give
 you better results because of Wyandotte*

A N D
S P A N ★

THERE are many laundries and many cleaning-and-dyeing establishments within your reach to which you can send your clothes with complete confidence that they will be returned not only clean, fresh and sweet-smelling, but in good condition . . . because for a third of a century a great organization has included laundrying and dry-cleaning in its study of cleaning-problems, and the manufacture of specialized products to meet them.

That organization is The J. B. Ford Company, the greatest concern of its kind in the world. Its scientists are outstanding in their profession; they have worked with representatives of every industry to develop products which meet their particular needs superlatively well. And they have tremendous resources behind them.

Laundries needed a product which gently but surely would free even the most delicate fabrics of all impurities. Wyandotte produced it. Cleaners wanted something which would purify the materials they use, so they could give you better work at less cost. Dyers asked for a cleaning product which, without injury to garments, would insure their being totally free from foreign matter before dyeing. In each case, Wyandotte met the demand.

Thus, Wyandotte serves you by serving industry. Your clothes are cleaner—look better—and last longer. The bed linen in hotels you visit is spotlessly clean, because most hotels insist on Wyandotte cleanliness. The towels in great office-buildings . . . the table-linen in leading restaurants . . . these, too, are made clean with Wyandotte.

Wyandotte cleanliness is important to you, and more and more, those establishments which have been most particular about their customers' clothes have been depending on those specialized Wyandotte products made for their particular use.

If your laundry and your cleaner-and-dyer use Wyandotte, they will be glad to tell you so, because through serving them, Wyandotte serves you. The J. B. Ford Company, Wyandotte, Michigan.

Safe, efficient cleaning-materials are of greatest importance to those establishments entrusted with your fine clothes, linens and the like. Wyandotte products are the choice of discriminating laundries and cleaners-and-dyers to insure safe and satisfactory results. Through them, the great Wyandotte organization serves you by serving the industry.



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To their daily ritual of cleansing and finishing creams, they have added two completing aids.

First, highly absorbent Tissues specially designed to carry away every trace of dirt with the cleansing cream.

Second, the bracing Freshener which, briskly patted into the cleansed skin, quickly brings the color to the cheeks, tones the entire skin of face and neck and gently closes the pores, helping them to stay fine and small.

Pond's makes them both!

Makes them with the same fastidious standards that have made their creams acceptable to the social world of two continents.

Careful scientific tests have proved Pond's Tissues are actually 50% more absorbent than ordinary tissues. And for

fineness of texture, they are tested again and again. Every box has the same luxurious old-linen feel. They come in Parisian peach color, and white.

Pond's Freshener is carefully formulated *not* to overstimulate the skin—not to dry it. Yet how marvelously refreshing. What a cool alabaster look it gives.

Follow the experience of the world's famous beauties. Follow your cream cleansing with these two exquisitely prepared beauty aids. See the fresh transparency and clear color they bring you!

CHECK OFFER YOU WISH: Please send me FREE sample of Pond's Cleansing Tissues. For ten enclosed please send me samples of Pond's Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Cold and Vanishing Creams.

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MOON OF DELIGHT

[Continued from page 108]

All in black tonight, Juanita knew that beneath her tight little cloche was a red, wind-blown bob. She sat smoking, sleepy-eyed, looking out on the gray sea.

"Naida, you know Juanita," Bettina Byrnes took it for granted that they had met. Naida's smile was sweet and sleepy.

"I do now," she said, giving Juanita her little hand which crumpled up afterward like a fern, and she went on gazing at the sea, wrapped in the mist of her own smoke. A lean chap with glasses whom everyone called Trigger, drifted over to Naida, being presented to Juanita on the way.

Laurie Byrnes, twin to Bettina, came later, a rakish lad in tow—Fitzgerald his name was. Everybody received him with joy. Fitz, it seemed, was the life of any party. Juanita remembered Fitz. He had been a sultan that night at Comus, and she had danced with him.

Steve, fat and round, waited on his guests himself, assisted by a black boy in a white coat, who stopped now and then to look after the pot of drip coffee on the coals, and who brought the m r i v e r shrimp and crab gumbo from the tripod, while Steve took from the great bricked-in ovens at the chimney sides long pans of pompano and oysters baked in the shells.

"Who is she?" Juanita asked Kirk, indicating the girl with the sleepy eyes.

"Naida Preston," he answered. "That's her husband, next to the Marquesa."

Next to the Marquesa sat the dark man with the unhappy eyes. He lifted his glass as Juanita looked, and the Marquesa lifted hers. Juanita had never seen the Marquesa drink before.

Fitz had started the phonograph. "How's Dave?" somebody asked him as he took his seat.

Fitz didn't know Dave was to have been home by the tenth, but the tenth had come and gone.

"Must find the Moon of Delight rather fascinating," remarked Phyllis Carver, the blonde girl in the green riding suit.

"Who's Moon of Delight?" Juanita asked.

THE question was low, but it came during a pause in the talk. Naida Preston heard it and answered.

"Moon of Delight is a horse. Just won the handicap."

Everybody laughed. "Naida's game all right," Adrian said to Bettina Byrnes on his left. To Juanita he replied, "Moon of Delight is the name Dave Ledbetter gave to the girl—"

Kirk spoke up. "Juanita has never been to Divitt's," he said.

"That so?" from Adrian. "You've missed it. There's a Turkish girl who has never told her name. So Dave has christened her Moon of Delight."

"Turkish nothing," said Bettina on Rod's right. "I'll bet she grew up right there in French Town. Dave told me she spoke to him in English."

"That was the night I lost my ten," said Phyllis. "Dave went out after her one night at Divitt's, bet us he wouldn't come back—and he didn't."

"Ask Adrian what the Moon speaks," cried Emmy Jean. "Does she make love in English, Adrian?"

"Ask any of the men," said Doreen Larkin. "Ask Kirk."

"She never looked at me," said Kirk, "and certainly she never spoke. All I ever got was a flower that she gave to Nelly."

"You would say that," groaned Phyllis.

FITZ came back from the phonograph, pulling Laurie out of her chair. They began to dance, darting about, mad as moths, Laurie's red scarf glowing in the firelight.

"Shall we dance?" Adrian asked of Juanita. She shook her head. Kirk, who had been watching her, laid his hand over hers in the shadow of the table.

"You aren't drinking your wine," Adrian remarked, and poured it into her coffee.

"Now look at the mess you've made," said Doreen Larkin on Kirk's other side. "Come on. Dance." And she caught Kirk's hand. His other hand gave Juanita's fingers a quick pressure. She watched him through the haze of cigarette smoke, dancing with Doreen. . . .

Adrian went off with Bettina. Emmy Jean came from the other side of the table and took Adrian's vacant chair.

"Isn't Phyllis awful," said Emmy Jean, "bringing up the Moon before Naida and Dick? Naida is jealous as the devil of the Moon, and Dick is jealous of Dave Ledbetter. Dick's been drinking himself crazy ever since Naida got back. He'd already had too much when he came here tonight."

"Everybody knows how Dave feels about Naida. And Naida. . . . Well, no woman could resist Dave."

"You see," settling down to her job of enlightening Juanita, elbow on table, chin on hand—"You see Dave left one day and Naida the next. Naida's been in New York, and nobody knows where Dave is. But now that Dick knows Dave's away, nothing will convince him that they weren't together. I think myself Dave was with the Moon. . . . You must see her when you go back. I think myself it's interesting to see women like that. . . . Phyllis is awful to Naida because Dick was engaged to her—to Phyllis—before Naida broke it up. I think myself—"

"Dance with you, Bobby? Course. Scuse me, Juanita."

Kirk came back. Under cover of a particularly raucous record he said to Juanita, "Dance once with Adrian so that you can dance with me. I've something to tell you."

"She obeyed almost automatically. 'I'll dance with you now,'" she said to Adrian on his return.

Bobby Cranshaw cut in on Adrian and Kirk cut in on Bobby. Kirk danced with Juanita to the door. He guided her to the veranda rail where the house stood between them and the wind. "Now breathe a little," he said. "Was the party threatening to get too wild?"

She did not answer. In the light from the windows her eyes moved to him with a half-frightened look.

"Let's go somewhere," she begged. "Let's take a car and ride away somewhere."

"Why, of course," Kirk said with a glance at the sky. "They think we've done it anyhow."

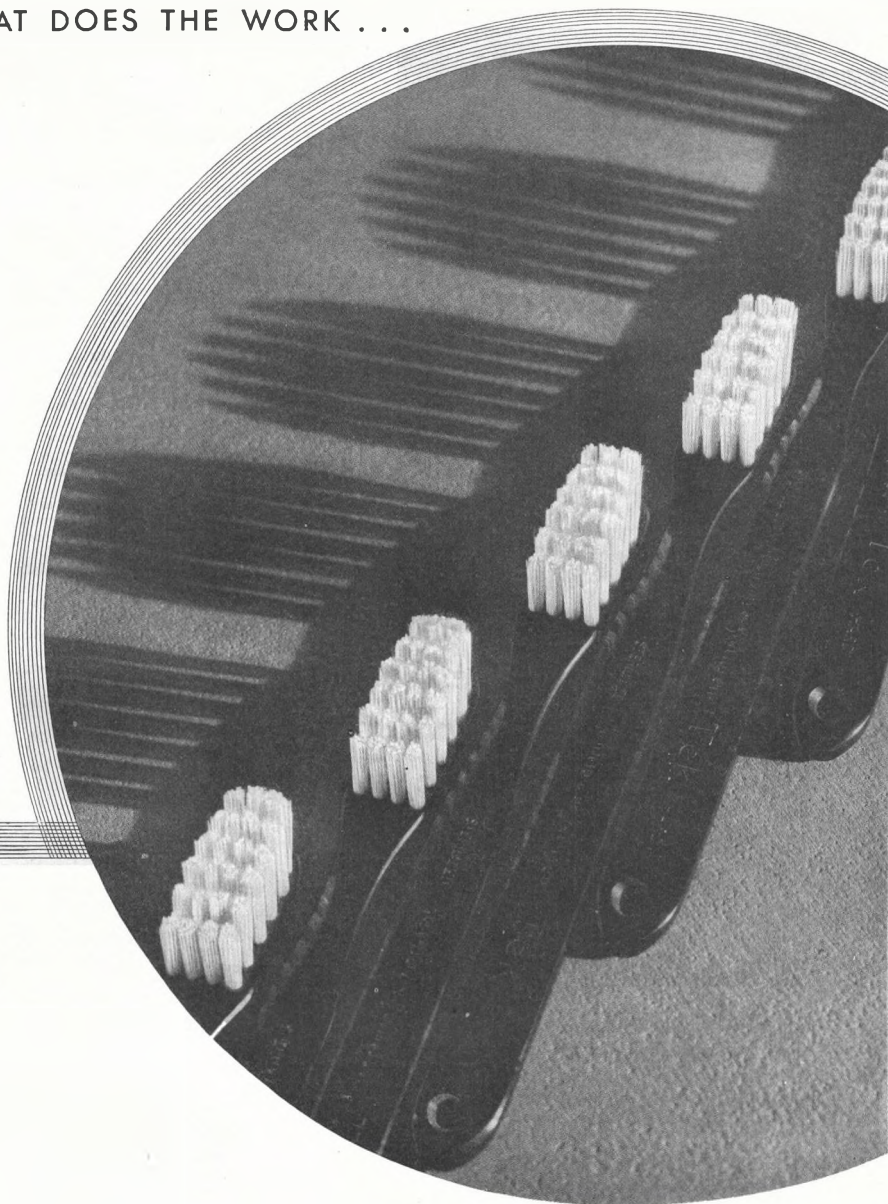
[Continued on page 112]



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POND'S SKIN FRESHENER

IT'S THE BRUSH THAT DOES THE WORK . . .



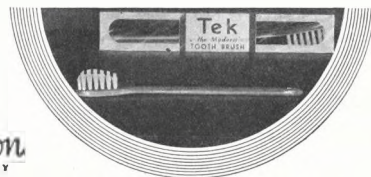
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TOOTH BRUSH

The shape's the thing . . . and the bristles' spring . . . and the way the bristles are spaced. Just as your dentist's instruments are made with professional accuracy, for a purpose, so is Tek designed with ingenious precision. You expect, and get, better results. Being small, Tek sweeps freely and cleans efficiently on every curve. And the white, springy bristles have the unusual quality of staying upright, resilient . . . even after vigorous use. Tek's extra width massages your gums . . . while you clean your teeth. That's Tek-ercise. You'll enjoy it.

● The name, Johnson & Johnson, on each Tek brush, gives it the highest rating in quality and professional standing. Sealed in a special windowed container, where it may be seen without being touched, your Tek brush comes to you in perfect condition . . . sterilized . . . ready for use. Tek tooth brush 50¢. With dental floss in the handle 75¢. Tek Jr. 35¢. Handles in charming pastel shades of Lucite. Tek is a guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



MOON OF DELIGHT

[Continued from page 110]

They took Dick Preston's coupe. "Dick won't care," said Kirk. "He's taken mine enough times."

They took the road between the angry black sea and the still black woods. Everything was black now, sky and earth. Everything was still, except the sea.

Big drops suddenly pelted the glass about them. Through the dark they could see the black waves mounting, spitting foam. Kirk stopped the car, knowing that presently the road would be a running stream. He drew Juanita against his side.

"Quit watching the lightning," he said. "You ought to be afraid."

She shook her head, still in the circle of his arm. She looked down at his hand between both of hers. The rain was coming hard now, flooding the glass about them. Sky and woods and sea had turned into rain.

JUANITA'S voice was low. Kirk could hardly hear. "Do you believe—the things they said about that girl?"

"What girl?" he asked.

"The one in Divitt's parlors. The one they call the Moon."

Kirk laughed, looking down at her, tightening his arm. "Why I don't know, Juanita. I never thought about it." Then suddenly, "Was that what was the matter with you—that they said about the Moon?"

"The men did not deny—that they knew her—intimately," she answered.

"That was horrid of them," Kirk said.

She lifted her face, not looking at him. "You mean that, even though it was true, they should have denied. You believe it was true?"

"But if it is, what then? What does one expect?"

"Expect?" She looked at him now.

"Expect of a girl in that place."

Kirk finished, not at all desirous of discussing other women, wronged or otherwise, with Juanita.

"She may be there unwillingly," Juanita said.

"She may at that," he agreed, drawing her back against his side. But she felt the smile that his words came through.

"You denied," she said hotly. "And now—now you are as bad as the rest."

"I denied because she has hardly looked at me, or I at her," Kirk forced into seriousness, replied. "You aren't yourself, Juanita. If she lives there with Divitt and that gang do you suppose taking Ledbetter to her room is anything to start a war over? Unwillingly, yes—maybe—at the start. All of them have fantastic tales about how they began. . . . But why should she stay, if she's unwilling still? The place has gates and doors."

"And you didn't like her?" Juanita's voice was grave.

"Not at all," emphatically. Now he knew the reason for her questioning. Bless her heart! "I never liked anything but you. I never loved anything but you."

"I'd rather you were in love with me."

"I am. If you love a girl you're in love with her—in the biggest sense. But if you're merely in love with her you don't always love her. It's a very deep subject, Juanita."

Kirk kissed her. Held her close and kissed her while the rain streamed through the dark around them—kissed her until he knew she had forgotten all the jealous doubt. At last he said, "Tell me what you had to tell me—in the library."

She answered in a low voice, "No, I can never tell you now."

"All right. You don't need to. I know it already."

After a moment she said, "What do you know?"

"Everything. The Marquesa told Madame Fouché."

Silence while the rain lashed the glass. "What did she tell?"

"About your engagement. About the man in Barcelona you had promised to marry. Do you think I'd let that, or any condition connected with it, stand between me and you? You belong to me. You are going to marry me."

Again she was silent. Why had the Marquesa done this?

"Quit thinking," Kirk said, his arms about her. "Let it all ride. Lent's over, and we're going back to New Orleans Wednesday. Bobby's party is Wednesday night. Thursday we'll be married."

She shook her head. "Not now."

"I say quit thinking," Kirk told her. "You don't do it very well, anyhow. What does it matter about Barcelona or anything else? Let it storm. We're all safe in our glass house. I've got you in my arms, and I'd like to see anything or anybody take you away."

"She said no more. Strange comfort passed to her from him—blind comfort. Almost she quit thinking, in obedience to his command."

The storm was lessening. Their flooded windshield was clearing. Sea and wind had subsided, and they saw a heaven of broken clouds and a battered white moon—"Adrian's moon," Kirk said. They rode back along a road already drying. Bettina Byrnes ran out to meet them.

"Come in quickly," cried Bettina. "Come in and listen to the Marquesa. I never heard such a yarn in my life."

THE Marquesa in her orange dress sat cross-legged in the center of the long, cleared table. About her head was tied Laurie's red scarf and Emmy Jean's gold hoop earrings were in her ears. Most of the crowd sat on the table's edge. Bobby Cranshaw was enthroned beside the Marquesa, and she was reading his palm. Juanita had never seen the Marquesa read palms before.

"What a shame Cerise Dubois isn't here!" someone cried. "She could find out where her crown jewels are!"

The Marquesa laughed, flinging back her head, a red spot on each cheek. She finished with Bobby, took Fitz's hand.

Fitz had a wild fortune. But Fitz was a sparkling fellow—a *caballero*. Fitz was coming into money. . . . Aha! Fitz had a secret love affair. There it was, that tiny line on the Mount of Venus.

General hilarity while Fitz slid from the table. "Got to watch your Mount of Venus," said Fitz.

Naida sat near the Marquesa, smoking as usual, taking what seemed to be only a drowsy interest in the proceedings. The Marquesa picked up

[Continued on page 120]



Ever help
your husband
grope for a
collar button
on the
FLOOR?

● Because if you do, here's the remedy for that "dusty" feeling you're sure to have afterwards ● By getting the surface of your floor absolutely smooth and dry, you'll be able to clean it, dust it as lightly as a table.

● Here's the way: Wash off any oil or stickiness—then with a Wax Applier or soft cloth (no need of soiling your hands) spread on a thin film of Johnson's Wax. The wax will sink into the cracks like mortar and harden there, filling every "pocket" and cranny where dirt ordinarily lodges ● For very little your dealer around the corner rents the new Johnson Electric Floor Polisher by the day.

● Plug this new and faster Polisher into any socket. Snap the switch, and in a few minutes have a satin-smooth wax finish that ends the problem of DIRT.

● A finish so smooth and so dry that dust can't stick to it. . . . And so beautiful your whole room looks years younger.

● S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wisconsin.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. M-11, Racine, Wis.
Gentlemen: Send 25¢ can of Johnson's Wax. Enclosed is 10¢ (stamps or coin) to defray part of cost and postage.

Name _____
Address _____



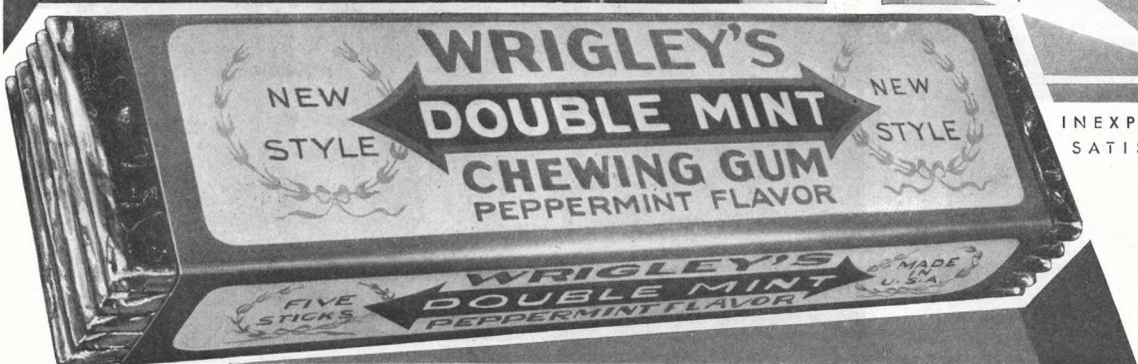
AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET



LET'S enjoy this healthy, young American, a real aristocrat, natural and unaffected and just as she was photographed from her morning's ride. Lips, especially their texture, have much to do with pointing out aristocrats ♦ ♦ Chew Wrigley's ten or more minutes each day. It exercises the delicate mouth-muscles which, through lack of sufficient chewing in the ordinary daily diet, grow flabby. And this it is which destroys the fresh, young texture of the lips. Chewing also moulds lips prettily. Try Double Mint—it's peppermint flavored.



INEXPENSIVE
SATISFYING





a New safer way to eat BRAN

A delicious hot cereal that contains bran in tender golden flakes of whole wheat.

"INFINITELY more delicious," you'll say when you eat this new kind of bran, "and it doesn't taste in the least like ordinary bran."

That's because the bran in Pettijohn's is concealed in flavory, crunchy flakes of golden wheat. It's recommended for the most stubborn cases. Yet it's gentler, more soothing. Safe alike for nervous digestions or the tender digestive tract of a child. Because every tiny, sharp bran edge has been softened by cooking.

And no other bran can give you the wonderful nutrition Pettijohn's offers. It provides vitamins A, B and E... superior protein... plus from 4 to 5 times as much body-building minerals as white flour.

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Protect your health tomorrow morning... every morning... with this delicious, effective, safer kind of bran. New Pettijohn's cooks in from 3 to 5 minutes. It is made by The Quaker Oats Company, manufacturers of 49 different cereal products, with mills in 12 cities throughout the United States and Canada. Try it tomorrow at the suggestion of The Quaker Oats Company.

Pettijohn's



Are you interested in new menus for children? In new recipes for whole wheat cookies and desserts? Send for a new Free Recipe Booklet. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

Name _____
Address _____

5-11



Janet

JANET ADAMS, a bit bored, was home for Thanksgiving. Her mother, watching her unpack everything except a large square pasteboard box inquired, "Janet, dear, what is in that box? I've been wondering ever since we met you at the station."

Janet smiled mysteriously. "In this box are the makings of a grand Thanksgiving party."

"Party!" Mother's eyebrows raised. "You know Thanksgiving is the family's day and there isn't a chance of your giving a party."

"But Mother," Janet complained, "our Thanksgiving Day has been the same year after year. Get up... go to church... a large dinner and then what... sit and listen to Grandpa ramble about the good old days and Aunt Lucy talk on and on about her health. This year it's going to be different. We're going to have a real party—favors, decorations, games and stunts—and, if I'm not very badly mistaken—a lot of fun."

"Well, dear, you may do as you like, but I can't imagine Grandpa or Uncle John hopping about playing games."

AS SOON as she came home from church, Janet, with her box of tricks under her arm, went into the dining room and closed the door. When Mother was called in, she found the table stretched to its fullest length and covered with a snowy cloth. In the center on a frilly orange and green crepe paper doily was a pumpkin scooped out and filled with fresh fruit. At each place stood a combination favor and place card. For the children there were funny little men made of marshmallows, raisins, and gumdrops; and for the older folks there were Priscilla and John Lollipop. Janet said

GIVE THANKS— AND BE GAY

By Vera Harrison

these were easy to make. She had drawn the faces on white paper with India ink, pasted the circles on the lollipop and inserted the stick in a large button mold. A white crepe paper cap and a ribbon bow under her demure chin finished Priscilla, and John gazed shyly from beneath a tall crepe paper Puritan hat.

The fun began the minute the family were seated about the table. Father was glad that everyone was too busy reading and laughing at the verses on the place cards to watch him carve. As the plates were passed, each one, instead of saying "thank you," had to say "gobble gobble." A record was kept of the forgetful ones so that they might pay a forfeit later. This intrigued the children very much and there was a great deal of unnecessary passing just so they might say "gobble gobble."

After dinner when everyone had relaxed and seemed in the mood for games, Janet asked each one to give six reasons why he was thankful. Three minutes were allowed and anyone failing to give his reasons within that time had to perform a stunt. Mother thought Grandpa failed on purpose, he was so ready to show how he would have proposed to Priscilla had he been John Alden. Everyone screamed with laughter watching Aunt Lucy imitate the strut, gobble and actions of a turkey; and what a picture dignified Uncle John, with his pince-nez perched on his nose, made when he was given Betty's doll and told to undress and put to bed a Puritan baby.

When the hilarity of the stunt game had subsided, Janet pinned on the wall a large piece of muslin on which she had drawn with colored crayons a turkey without a head. The missing head and a pin were given to each one in turn and he was blindfolded, twisted about and told to replace it on the gobbler. Janet had planned this version of the well-known donkey game par-

ticularly for the children but also to give the older folks a chance to rest before the lively one to follow.

This was an adaptation of the familiar "Flesh, Fish or Fowl." Chairs were arranged in a circle and Janet stood in the middle. She called out the name of a fowl, fish or animal, pointed suddenly at someone in the circle and counted quickly to ten. During this time, the one pointed at had to imitate the sound made by the animal named. If he failed to respond before the count of ten he was out of the game. However, when she called out "Turkey!" and pointed at someone in the usual way, not a sound was to be made and everyone was to rise from his chair. Anyone who attempted to gobble or failed to stand was out of the game. Father was the last one left and his prize was a turkey from the ten cent store, filled with jelly beans.

THEN the family settled themselves around the fire while Janet played the piano and Uncle John, who rather prided himself on his voice, led the singing. Mother brought in the cider and homemade doughnuts, the corn popper and marshmallows. The firelight flickered on happy faces—Janet's Thanksgiving was indeed a success.

If you want to adapt Janet's Thanksgiving Party to your own group, send for the November Entertainment Letter. It will tell you about more games and just how to make the favors. Write to the Entertainment Editor, McCall's, 230 Park Ave., New York, and enclose a two cent stamp for postage.

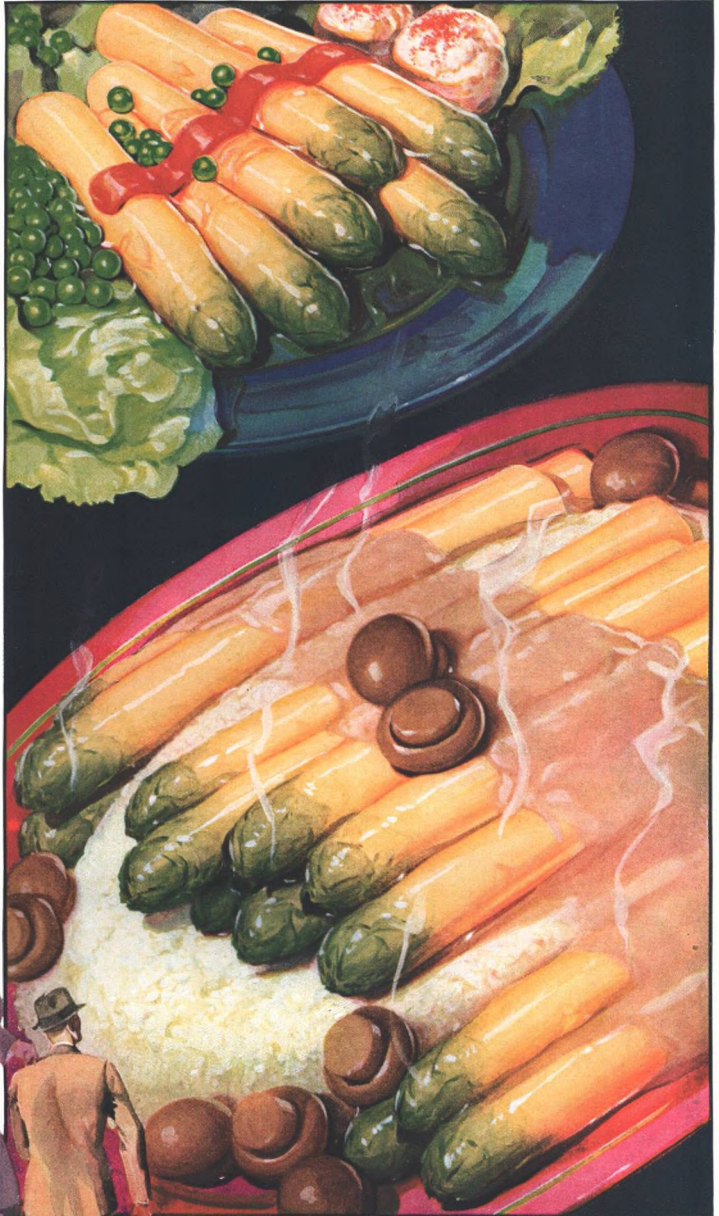
We hope you've enjoyed meeting the Adams Family. We never knew any family quite like them. They're always planning some party adventure and they never lack for original ideas. Next month we will tell you of Helen, Janet's older sister, and the ingenious way in which she announced her engagement.



Grandpa's voice trembled with excitement: "Priscilla, darling, wilt thou be mine?"

DISHES

like these bring husbands home to dinner



WHAT wife doesn't enjoy tempting her hungry husband's appetite—seeing him smile when he sits down at the dinner table?

And it means so little extra effort to win that happy commendation—always!

There's asparagus, you know. Asparagus gives even the simplest menu the *better-touch* that makes the difference between the meals you *have* to eat and the meals you *want* to eat.

Just think of the array of dainty, eye-tempting, appetite-teasing salads you can make with asparagus. Think of the many smooth, delicious asparagus soups. And think of the hundreds of hot dishes that look better, taste better, and get a far finer welcome when they're made with this enticing vegetable delicacy.

And, from the kitchen standpoint, there are two other mighty attractive reasons for serving asparagus oftener. First, there's no waste—you serve every ounce you buy. Second, asparagus is ready to serve right from the can—cooked and sealed for you to preserve all its fresh tenderness for your table.

But for all its healthful goodness, asparagus is a non-fattening food! Indeed, eat all you want. Asparagus fits any diet; and it fits every appetite. No wonder so many prudent housewives buy half a dozen cans at a time.

For the newest asparagus recipes, send for our newest recipe book, "This Business of Tempting Appetites." You'll marvel at the many enticing asparagus dishes you can make, so easily. Write tonight for your free copy of this newest guide to appetite satisfaction!



Canners League of California, Asparagus Section, Department 578
800 Adam Grant Building, San Francisco, California

Please send me, free of charge, the new recipe book, "This Business of Tempting Appetites."

Name _____

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CALIFORNIA CANNED
Asparagus
The World's Most Popular Salad and Vegetable Delicacy





Pajama—Model 261

Coat—Model 210



Butterfly Pantie
Model 582

Matching Bandeau
Model 541



French Cuff Bloomers
Model 595

Matching Bandeau
Model 541



Ping-Pong Shorts
Model 585

Ping-Pong Bandeau
Model 538



Vest—Model 548

Bloomers—Model 581



Undersuit
Model 155

Under-Fashions and Lounging-Fashions

The new Under-Fashions by Munsingwear fit stylishly into the fashion picture of today . . . perfect foundations for the silhouette of "this year of grace."

And who wouldn't take her leisure smartly in these colorful Sleeping and Lounging Costumes. Pajamas, House Coats and Robes have taken a new lease on loveliness this year.

Here are styles to suit your figure, your frock, your fancy . . . at prices to please your purse.

All are fashioned of lovely Munsingwear Rayon, exclusively processed by Munsingwear. Caressingly soft, this feminine fabric hugs the figure snugly, yet gives with every graceful move. And how it wears . . . and how it washes!

A smart store nearby will show you these new Munsingwear Modes.



Gypsy Tuck-In Pajama
Model 257

Gypsy Coat
Model 211



Costume Slip
Model 226

Shadow Skirt
Model 200



Munsingwear "Formist"
Model 181



Chemise
Model 178



Hey Day Pajama
Model 259

Coat
Model 210



Nightrobe
Model 200



Girl's Undersuit
Model 594

Girl's Bloomer
Model 545

Girl's Vest
Model 508



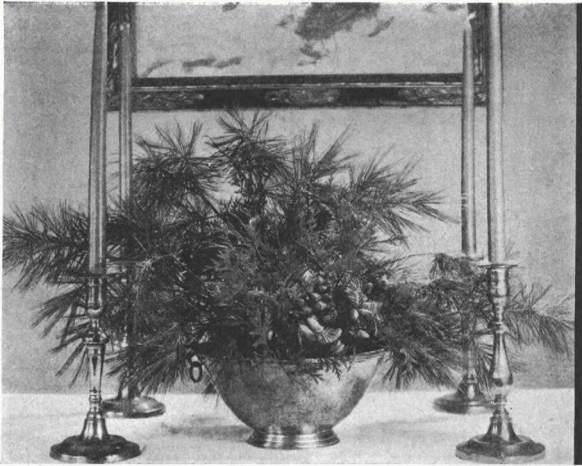
Girl's Pajama
Model 550

Girl's Coat
Model 504

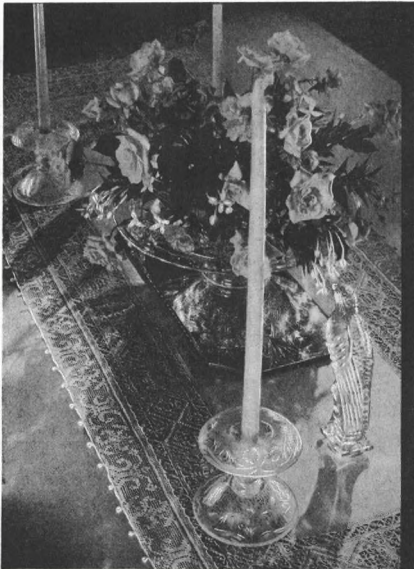
MUN SING WEAR



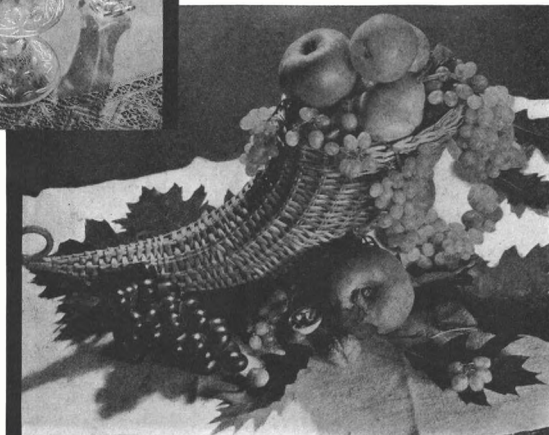
MINNEAPOLIS



THANKSGIVING TABLE DECORATIONS



ABOVE: Etched crystal and Italian lace are used in this lovely scheme, but less expensive accessories would be just as effective. An unframed mirror reflects the delicate pink roses on its shining surface, while seeming to give back the flames of a hundred twinkling candles. For the crystal birds, two glass comotes filled with pink and white bonbons could be substituted



ABOVE: A breath of the woods, and the deep brilliance of an autumn sunset are captured in this centerpiece of pine branches, fragrant arbor vitae, and brown cones arranged in a bowl of copper. Copper candlesticks with green candles surround it, and the peach-colored linen cloth might almost be the afterglow

BELOW: For about a dollar, almost any florist can supply you with a Horn-of-Plenty basket for the middle of your Thanksgiving table. Fill it with ruddy apples, green and purple grapes, russet pears, and golden spears of bananas. Around it lay nuts, fruit, and the glorious autumnal leaves of the oak tree



What makes china glisten?

This important truth is worth repeating: for easy and effective dishwashing, (1) scrape dishes well; (2) have generous suds; (3) rinse with boiling water. (And see our booklet).



When is a stocking dirty?

Summer and winter we perspire. And perspiration attacks silk underthings, frocks, stockings. Wash out all these promptly after wearing, whenever possible.



How best to wash woodwork?

Suds get tired. To clean easiest, best, change suds often. For spots, apply soap directly to wood.



Is your cleaning done by noon?

To have more time to do as you please, use cleaning short cuts, and have a cleaning schedule or plan.



This valuable book is free!

We offer you an unusual kind of booklet... full of short cuts, and with instructions for making a cleaning plan to fit your particular problems. Send for this booklet. Remember it's free.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

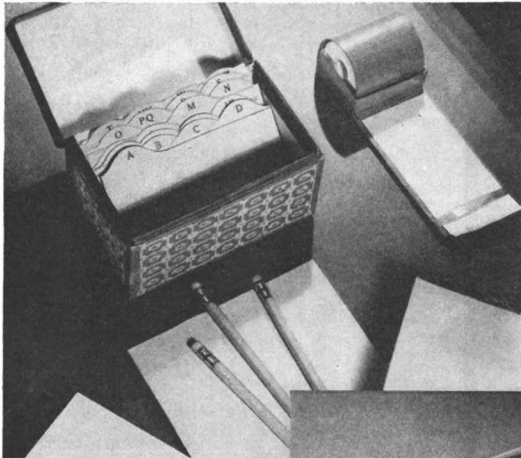
Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. M-6
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free of all cost, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock."

Name:

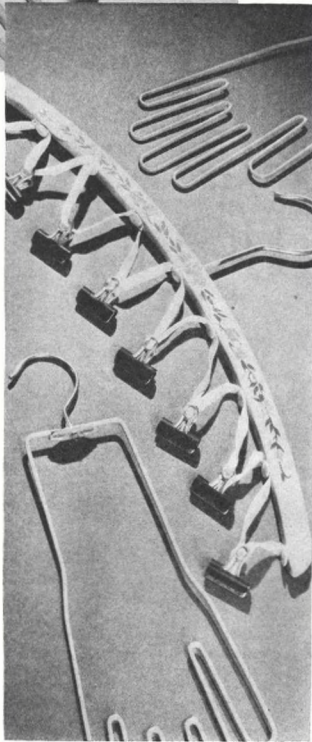
Address:

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book About Baths," or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free... a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.



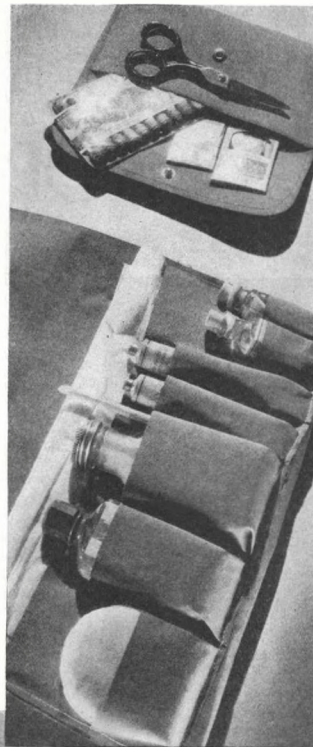
WHEN Father starts using the backs of envelopes to keep game scores, it's high time for some one to donate pads of tinted paper and nice new pencils—And Mother will bless the child all the year who gives her a roller-memorandum pad for the kitchen, especially if one of the little pencils with chain is included—Italian hand-blocked paper was used to cover a recipe box with such good effect that it will undoubtedly be given a place of honor—A desk blotter would save ink-stains on valuable furniture during those strenuous "home-work" hours, and make the children feel quite business-like and grown-up.

THE blue-enamelled wire glove forms come "as is," but the other half of the Laundry Set at the right, is positively ingenious—paper clips strung on narrow tape fastened to a hanger with white thumb-tacks—what a practical way of drying four pairs of one's best silk stockings! (The materials can be purchased at the department store notion counter, the five-and-ten, and the stationer's.)—Another clever idea is to paste a picture on a red or black paper portfolio, then shellac the whole thing to make it durable. Small ones could be used for cancelled checks and receipts, and larger ones for letters.



A LOT FOR A LITTLE

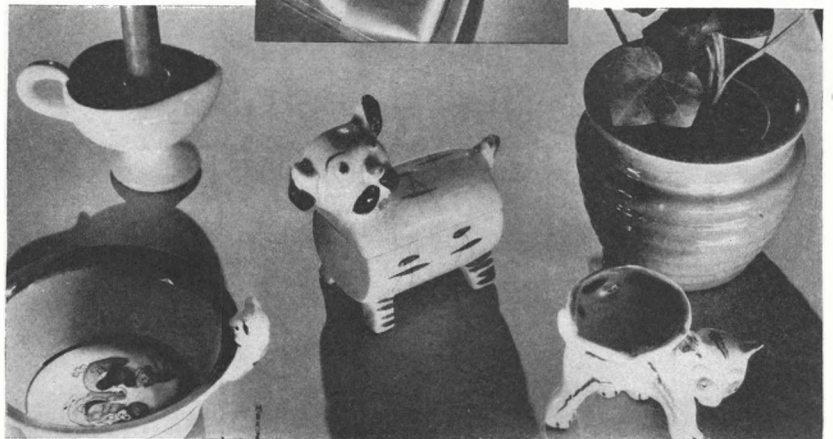
By Elizabeth King



ASSEMBLE a ten-cent purse, scissors, darning thread, and needles, and you have an emergency kit for the girl who is to make a trip—or, indeed, for her desk at the office—A Traveler's Aid, made to order: this one has cleansing tissues, powder puff, skin fresher, hand lotion, orange stick, vanishing and cold creams, cuticle remover, and nail polish, all in the convenient small sizes to be obtained in the ten-cent stores. Use waterproof material for the case; measure the space needed, and box pleat the pockets, so that the bottles will fit squarely.

NO ONE could think of slighting Wish-wish—a most remarkable cat, and so, under the tree this year there will be the bowl shown below—Aladdin's lamp in 1930 has become a candlestick of cream-colored china with a tall green candle—Miko will look even more puzzled when his "tummy" is filled with hairpins, or clips, or even cigarettes—It seems that the china cat doesn't like posing as a pack mule, but it does make a cunning ash-tray—Anyone would like the old-blue jardiniere, which is large enough to accommodate a good-sized fern.

SEVERAL familiar little refrains begin to make themselves heard at this season—perhaps we don't even have to tell you what they are? They go something like this: "What *am* I going to give Susan that is different, *and* doesn't cost too much?" and, "There are so many people I want to remember, but *this* year I simply can't manage it." And at the same time, we are wondering, perhaps, why we can't ever think to get ourselves one of those tricky sets of salad fork and spoon, and we *must* lay in some of those inexpensive bathing caps (might be nice to get green, to match the shower curtains, just for fun!) If some kind Santa Claus should attach to Christmas trees, mysterious little bundles which yielded up just those things—or some like the accompanying illustrations—everyone would be very, very grateful. And surprised, too, when it dawned upon us that these little comforts and conveniences we'd all been wishing for cost the remarkable sum of ten, or twenty-five, or fifty cents.



See how Super Suds goes to work below the water line in your dishpan

Photographs through glass dishpans* show what happens down where the *real* job of dishwashing is done



Slow-Dissolving Ordinary Chips

Slow-dissolving chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.



Fast-Dissolving Lasting Super Suds

Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

PERHAPS you've been undecided as to which dishwashing soap is better. Perhaps you've said, "If I could only look *through* my dishpan . . . see how the different kinds of soap act below the surface of the water . . . down where the real job of dishwashing is done—"

Now these actual color photographs taken through glass dishpans, make this possible. They show you how dishwashing soaps work *below* the surface of the water. This is the part of dishwashing that's never seen. Yet it's the most important part. For no matter how much top suds a soap gives, it's the quick rich soapiness in the water below that keeps dishwater from getting greasy . . . speeds dishwashing.

Why speed in dissolving is so important

And only an instant dissolving soap can give you this swift helpful all-through-the-water soapiness. The camera reveals this with unerring accuracy. Notice how below the surface of the water in the chip soap pan there's inadequate soapiness. Because the soap is but

half dissolved. While in the Super Suds pan . . . because every trace of soap has dissolved instantly . . . every drop of water in the pan is filled with creamy rich active soapiness.

An utterly different form of soap

Super Suds can give this instant down-to-the-bottom soapiness because it's soap in an entirely new form. It's tiny hollow beads . . . made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each tiny bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. Thus it's the first instant dissolving form of soap ever made. The first soap that cuts dishwashing time in half in these 3 important ways.

(1) *Saves waiting for suds.* No stirring . . . or heating water extra hot to dissolve soap. (2) *Washes dishes clean faster.* The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) *Saves dishwiping.* Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness without wiping.

Get Super Suds from your grocer today. A big box costs but 10 cents. You'll enjoy its instant and complete dissolving. You'll revel in the quick rich soapiness that only Super Suds can give.

* These tests were made under identical conditions. 1/3 oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, 1/3 oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Super Suds 10¢

6128

SURPRISE THE FAMILY NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT!

We know that many other families are like ours when it comes to the Sunday night supper. Usually we have our big meal in the afternoon and while nobody is really hungry at night, everybody has enough appetite for something just a little bit *unusual* and tempting. Having received so many requests for Sunday night supper suggestions, we have assembled them, and if you are interested we will gladly mail them to you. Here is a recipe that we are sure will take care of next

Sunday night's supper and which you can put together very quickly while you are preparing the mid-day meal. We feel sure *your* family will love it.

SAVORY CHEESE SALAD

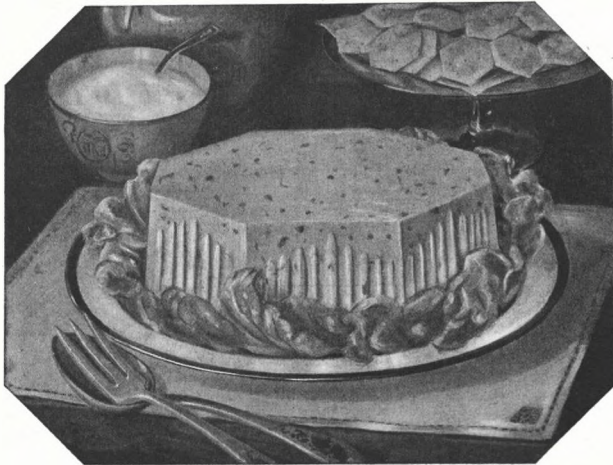
(6 Servings) (Illustrated)

2 teaspoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ¼ cup cold water · ½ cup boiling water · ½ teaspoonful salt · ¼ cup mild vinegar · 1½ cups grated cheese · ½ cup stuffed olives, chopped · ½ cup celery, chopped · ¼ cup green pepper, chopped · ½ cup cream or evaporated milk, whipped.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Dissolve in boiling water; add salt and vinegar. When nearly set, beat until frothy. Fold in cheese, olives, celery, pepper and whipped cream. Chill until firm and unmold on lettuce leaves. Serve with salad dressing. Very nice used with whole wheat sandwiches, plain or toasted.

Try this recipe and the one below. There will be enough gelatine left for two other delightful dishes of six servings each—a total of four different dishes for four different days.

AMONG THE BETTER THINGS OF LIFE



SALMON (OR TUNA FISH) LOAF

(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ½ cup cold water · Yolks of two eggs · 1 teaspoonful salt · 1 teaspoonful mustard · 1½ tablespoonfuls melted butter · ¾ cup milk · 2 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar or lemon juice · 1 can salmon, tuna or crab-meat · Few grains cayenne or paprika.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix egg yolks, slightly beaten, with salt, mustard and cayenne; then add butter, milk, and vinegar. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Add soaked gelatine and salmon, separated into flakes. Turn into wet mold, chill, and unmold on bed of crisp lettuce leaves.

Mail the coupon for the Knox Recipe Book, which answers every possible question about desserts, salads, candies, meat and fish dishes and other dainties. It furnishes daily surprises for your table.

Women who must cook three meals a day, 365 days a year, will find Knox Sparkling Gelatine offers endless easy ways to serve ordinary dishes in new and delightfully tempting forms. Knox Gelatine—being *real* gelatine—not a mixture with flavoring, coloring, and sweetening—gives a new attraction to other real foods like fish and meat, fruits and vegetables in making desserts, salads, meat loaves, aspics, candies and pies that taste ever so much better! Here's one that has tempted many a lagging appetite:

KNOX is the real GELATINE

FOR DESSERTS AND SALADS

KNOX GELATINE, 108 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.
Please send me FREE copy of your Recipe Book.

My name is _____

My address is _____

My grocer's name is _____

MOON OF DELIGHT

[Continued from page 112]

Naida's hand. Naida smiled, her hand crumpling up like a fern. She slipped from the table. "I'm tired," she said; "I'm going home."

The party began to disintegrate. The Marquesa herself seemed tired. She wanted to lie down on the window seat, but they persuaded her to enter the car where she slept soundly on the back seat all the way home. Kirk and Adrian carried her up the stair. Juanita undressed her and got her into bed.

She might have called Rodha to undress the Marquesa, except that she was ashamed. The Marquesa was nothing to her, but she was ashamed just as she had been ashamed when the Marquesa had borrowed money from Kirk—money which she had not repaid.

BOBBY Cranshaw's dinner was a glittering success, perhaps the most lavish thing in the way of favors, and exclusive in the way of guests that Mrs.

Cranshaw, addicted to lavishness and exclusiveness, had attempted that year.

Kirk had delayed bringing them into town until almost the last minute. Juanita had not wavered in her refusal to marry him on Thursday, and he felt more content with her in Biloxi. The Tizon was in New Orleans, he reminded himself, and the Marquesa had announced her intention of returning to it with Juanita.

"No," said Nelly. "You are to go to our house when you return. Pompey and Sadie have everything ready for you."

The Marquesa had expected to go there for the night, but later—

"Later," said Nelly, "you are to come back here. How do you expect me to stay without you?"

"You'll be going back yourself, old dear," Kirk said. "You're nearly well."

Nelly had known nothing of Kirk's plans for an immediate marriage. But even Nelly could see that the Marquesa was determined to end her visit with them in either place.

Juanita wondered. Was it because the Marquesa had made such a comedy of herself the night of Adrian's dinner, or had Divitt ordered her return? The Marquesa, Juanita knew, kept in not infrequent touch with Divitt. On the evening of her return from Caprice she had telephoned him asking for her lorgnettes, with casual reference to their outing in the yacht, to the presence of Madame Fouché and Adrian. . . . Singularly enough, the lorgnettes had never come.

Again, the sea wind had blown into Juanita's room one night a bit of paper and she had picked it up and read it, supposing it a note for herself. The words had made no sense. Apparently it was something in code and unfinished. But it was the Marquesa's writing, and the Marquesa being out, Juanita had carried it back to the place from which it probably had blown, the Marquesa's desk. Later the Marquesa had put the paper into an envelope and addressed it to Divitt.

The Marquesa consented to spend the rest of the week at the Stanard home, but Monday she must return to the Tizon. Juanita was glad of this

firm decision, regretful only of the delay. Kirk's importunities, silent and spoken, were becoming more than she could bear.

They had driven in from Biloxi. The Marquesa seemed cross and rather abstracted, yet alert whenever Kirk spoke to Juanita, however casually, as they rode to the Cranshaws.

Kirk did not sit next to Juanita at dinner. Juanita, of course, sat at Bobby's right. On her right was a vacant chair. Bobby had been unable to wait dinner on the tardy guest, inasmuch as they were all going to La Petite Theater afterward. Naida was starting in something Trigger had written. Trigger would see that the dinner party arrived on time. Naida and Dick were not at the dinner.

No one asked who was the late member of the party. Everyone seemed to know. Kirk surmised only vaguely, being occupied with other things—chiefly with watching Juanita who sat opposite, and striving to reply coherently to Cerise and Phyllis. Cerise, fortunately, had something in common with Adrian on her other side, for Adrian, too, had been robbed—on one of the nights he had been in Biloxi. Cerise and Adrian discussed their losses, replying to general questions. Adrian looked troubled.

"Did they get the gold punch bowl, Adrian?"

They did.

"And your mother's pearls?"

The pearls, too.

"Whoop la!" shouted some one. "Here's the big chief."

Dave Ledbetter had appeared in the door and at Bobby's signal took the chair beside Juanita, while Phyllis whispered to Kirk, "He couldn't miss Naida in Trigger's play. Bet he just got off the train."

LEDBETTER was pursuing the amenities. "This your first visit, Miss Flores? And do you like our fair, southern city?"

Juanita's eyes met his, darkly soft. "My first visit . . . but it's been a long one. I like New Orleans very much."

Ledbetter had started, his eyes not leaving her face.

"You are from Madrid?" he asked her.

Bobby had turned to them and answered for Juanita, "Seville."

"Oh, Seville," Ledbetter repeated thoughtfully. "I was never in Seville, it happens. Odd, señorita," as Bobby turned again to the lady on his left, "Odd, but just now when you spoke I was certain I had heard your voice before."

Juanita looked down at her plate. "Don't run," Molly had said. "If you meet him, face him." Molly's words had been with her ever since Ledbetter had come in at the door. She contrived to smile now, playing with the flowers that had been beside her plate. "He was drunk," Molly had said. "He won't remember." But he did remember.

"It will come to me," said Ledbetter. "Faces I may forget, but voices . . . It will come to me." He began to eat his dinner.

[Continued on page 122]





HEAD THROB?

THE woman who knows, would as soon start out without her purse! She *always* carries Bayer Aspirin.

When your head fairly throbs from the stores and crowds, reach for that little box. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and resume your shopping—in comfort. The relief is *immediate*. The remedy is *safe*. When you take Bayer Aspirin you know what you are taking!

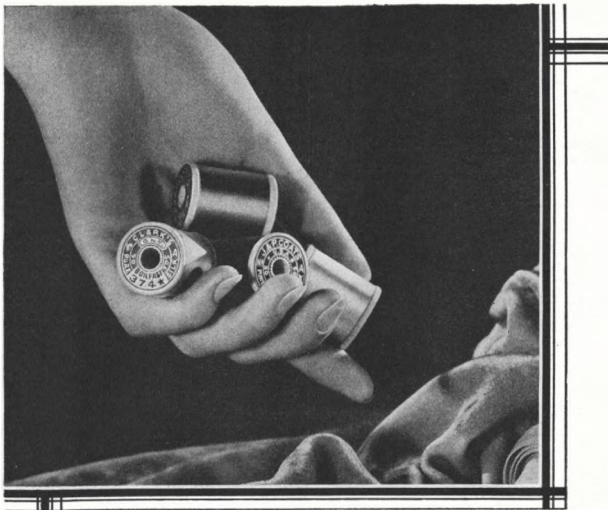
Most people use these wonderful tablets for *something*. But do you know how many, many ways they can spare you needless suffering? From the discomfort—and danger—of a neglected cold. (Bayer Aspirin checks colds as suddenly as they come.) From the serious consequences of a sore throat. (A Bayer Aspirin gargle eases the soreness *instantly*, and reduces the infection.) From the misery that comes from neuralgia and neuritis. (See directions.) From those pains peculiar to women.

Every drugstore has Bayer Aspirin, and it's easy enough to identify the genuine. The box says Bayer, and every tablet bears the Bayer cross. Tablets thus marked *do not depress the heart*.

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GO now to your notion counter and you will find, under the famous brand names of J. & P. Coats and Clark's O. N. T., *pure sewing silk* that in color and texture matches perfectly the fabrics you have chosen. Yes, *pure sewing silk*, product of a century of skill in thread making—at a new low cost to you.

Take it home and enjoy a satisfying new experience when you sew. For these new threads of silk are exceptionally smooth and surprisingly free from breaking and snarling. Use them for velvets, satins and all silks having a high lustre. They are ready in 50- and 100-yard spools—in all seasonal and staple colors—and every color Boilfast!

FOR STITCHING other colored materials, use J. & P. Coats or Clark's mercerized cotton threads, styled in color, size and texture to blend into the very weave of your fabric: **Mercerized Sewing Thread**—For firm woollens, cottons and silks that are to be tailored; for draperies and other fabric furnishings. In all the fashionable and staple colors and every color Boilfast!

Sheer Fabric Thread—A new, fine, strong mercerized thread, soft in sheen, especially created for finely woven silks—crepes, georgettes, chiffons—for wool crepes and all lightweight cottons and linens. Boilfast—in all the smart new colors.

For perfect color matching, for perfect harmony in texture, choose from these three threads. Ask for them by brand name at your favorite notion counter.



Send for this book of "Sewing Secrets"

New simple practical book of modern sewing methods—48 pages, 127 illustrations. Send 4c in stamps for mailing to The Spool Cotton Co., 681 Broadway, New York.

CLARK'S O.N.T.

J. & P. COATS

The Two Great Names in Thread

MOON OF DELIGHT

[Continued from page 120]

Juanita looked at Kirk and away. Kirk's eyes had said, "Do you want to go? Do you want me to take you away?" What must he think of her, always disturbed by something? Always wanting to escape—from Adrian, from some situation? She saw the Marquesa watching her also, carefully avoiding the wine. Juanita straightened herself, flashed a smile at Kirk. The dinner was nearly over.

Trigger himself marshaled the girls toward the stair, imploring them not to dawdle.

Fitz caught Ledbetter's arm, drew him aside. "Take a tip," said Fitz. "Don't go behind the scenes, after the show."

Ledbetter's glance narrowed slightly. "You mean?"

"I mean Dick. He's behaving like the devil. I don't think he knows you're back, and I wish you weren't."

Ledbetter lit a cigarette. "That's not all Dick doesn't know," he said. "Besides, I'm having the crowd around after the show. Naida won't understand if I don't ask her."

"I'm telling you," said Fitz. "Act the fool if you want to."

Ledbetter decided not to act the fool. He sat during the play between Doreen Larkin and the Marquesa de Cabrera. To the surprise of the crowd, he did not go behind the scenes to congratulate Naida, nor were Naida and Dick among those who drove out to his apartment. The Marquesa, too, was omitted from the party. She did not feel well, she said, had not slept the night before. Would they drop her at Mr. Stanard's house?

AT Ledbetter's apartment Ibo, Ledbetter's half-negro, half-Chinese servant, admitted the party as it arrived in relays. The place had been aired and even the queer incense that Ledbetter always burned filled the dimly lighted rooms.

Ledbetter had picked up his bag on the way and came in with it about to go through to the bedroom. Ibo stood before the bedroom door, silent in his straight alpaca jacket, his yellow-brown face impassive, his narrow, long-lidded eyes for a moment meeting Ledbetter's. Then he stood aside that Ledbetter might pass, and instantly shut the bedroom door. After another moment he too went into the bedroom, reappearing to go up to Fitz who had started the radio.

"Mist' Ledber wan' you," he said in his smooth idiom that was neither negro nor Chinese. Fitz left a mazaruka from Key West in mid-air, and went into the bedroom.

Ledbetter stood nervously in the center of the room. The drawers of his desk were open, their contents strewn about him on the floor.

"What in—" began Fitz. "You had a burglar, too?"

"A burglar," answered Ledbetter, "who took nothing but Naida's letters."

"My God!" Fitz spoke under his breath. "Dick!" he whispered.

Ledbetter turned abruptly. "I warned you," said Fitz. "I warned you not to come back."

"Shut up," Ledbetter answered. "My trunk's at the station. My bag's packed. Get rid of the crowd somehow."

"You off? Where are you going?" asked Fitz.

"New York," said Ledbetter. "Turkey. I've got twenty minutes."

Fitz came out, looking as disturbed as he felt.

"There was a cable," he said. "Dave's sister. They think she's dying. He's leaving tonight."

"But that's Paris," whispered Emmy Jean. "Poor Bess!"

"Will he make it?"

"We hope so," said Fitz.

He opened the door and they went out into the hall, buzzing, whispering.

"Say goodnight to him for me." "Say goodbye." . . . "Poor Dave! And he just got home."

EMMY JEAN and Trigger rode home in Kirk's car. Trigger was aglow and silent. Emmy Jean was babbling. Emmy Jean they dropped in town. Trigger lived next door to Kirk. "Great success, Trigger," Kirk managed to say at parting. He would have had the ride alone with Juanita if they had not climbed into the car.

He was alone with her in the dark hall. Silently he caught her to him, firmly, thinking she would resist. She did not resist. Her kiss met his. In the dark and silence she clung to him.

"Juanita—you are crying!"

She shook her head. Again she kissed him. "Goodbye," she whispered.

"Goodbye?" he questioned huskily. "Why did you say that?"

"I don't know," bewilderedly. "It said itself. Let me go, dear. I'm afraid tonight."

"What are you afraid of, honey?"

He thought she would say, "Of going back to Spain." But she said, "Of you."

"Why of me, Juanita?"

"Because I love you . . . Let me go, Kirk, dear . . . No, let me go . . . you must."

"I'll never let you go, Juanita."

"You—see why I'm afraid of you," she whispered. "You try to hold me. It will be hard—because I love you."

But you can't hold me. I ought to have known that at the start. I did know. I only forgot . . . Good night, darling . . . If you love me let me go . . . I'm so tired. I'll see you in the morning."

He released her. In the dark they went up the stairs, their steps noiseless on the deep carpet. At her door he kissed her again.

Juanita in her room, put on the light beside her bed, a shaded light that would not disturb the Marquesa whose room was connected with hers by a short arched passage without a door.

Suddenly she paused, hearing a sound as of someone in stocking feet. It came from the room on the other side of theirs—Nelly's room.

Juanita entered the arched passage. "Marquesa!" she whispered. There was no answer, and she switched on the light. The bed was empty, the bath also.

Juanita, who had done no more than take off her wrap, stepped noiselessly into the hall. Nelly's door had not been tightly closed, and opened softly. It was dark in here, but light filtered beneath the door of the dressing room beyond. Juanita crossed the room, opened the dressing room door.

The Marquesa crouched beside a chest, drunk with terror.

[Concluded in DECEMBER McCALL'S]



A New and Remarkable Invention

*That Banishes All Chafing, All Discomfort
from Women's Hygiene*



*Women by the thousands
are discarding old methods
and adopting this new,
far gentler hygienic aid.*

*Soft as fluffed silk, pure
Rayon cellulose filled, this
new-type sanitary protection
banishes all chafing,
all discomfort from
women's hygiene — and
lasts 3 times longer.*

*The Most Talked About Hygienic
Aid for Women of the Day—
Pure RAYON Cellulose Filled*

THERE is now an *utterly new and totally different* hygiene for women.

Not merely another sanitary pad, but an invention of world-wide importance.

An entirely *new kind* of a sanitary napkin made possible by a new mechanical invention. It is **NEW** in design. New in material. New and remarkable in the results that it gives.

Women by the thousands are discarding other type sanitary methods and adopting it. For it has two advantages not common among other pads.

Ends All Chafing—All Irritation!

Patented under U. S. Patents (U. S. Pat. No. 1702530) it is different from any other pad. It is unique in its

results. When you buy your first box of Veldown, just open one of the pads and examine it.

You will note that it is filled with pure Rayon Cellulose, soft as fluffed silk; *not merely layers of crepe paper* as used in some old-type methods.

You will see from its construction why it cannot chafe or irritate. Hence, no more discomfort, no more irritation! Consider what this means.

Its softness is the gentle softness of Fluffed Silk. Its "feel," gives you a contrast that will turn you forever from the irritating old ways. Try it. What you find will amaze you.

Remains Effective Hours Longer

This new invention also makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods now known or ever known to women.

Thus it can be worn in complete *safety* and protection *hours longer*. Consider, too, what this means.

It is specially treated with a deodorant of great power—

and thus ends even slightest danger of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

Accept Trial

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain a box of Veldown. Use six. Then—if you don't feel that it is a **Vast and Great Improvement** on any other pad you have ever worn, return it—and receive your full purchase price back.

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For Every Woman

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THE DUDE RANGER

[Continued from page 19]

"I thought he stood in strong with Hepford. Even if he didn't, though, my cousin would keep him on the ranch. . . . Ernest, please take me out of here."

"Sure. It's a good idea for me, too. We'll get your hat and coat, then I'll find Nebraskie."

TO ERNEST'S relief they did not encounter Hyslip or Anne, but they ran into unexpected embarrassment in the person of Nebraskie Kemp.

This blue-eyed cowboy squared himself in front of Ernest and Daisy, his hands on his hips.

"Come on, pard, let's get out of here," said Ernest.

"Huh! You ain't no pard of mine, Ernest Howard. You're a snake in th' grass," replied Kemp, in a loud voice. "We're gonna fight it out, on spoot."

"All right, if you've got to fight; but tell me what's it about?" returned Ernest.

"You're second hand—some galoot to try to steal my gurl," said Kemp, and with that he swung out a slow arm, which Daisy caught and clung to.

"Nebraskie, if you hit Ernest I—I'll never speak to you—again," she protested, tearfully. "You're accusing your best friend. Why, not half an hour ago he—he knocked Dude Hyslip stiff for—getting fresh with me."

The night air, sweeping down from the mountains, was cold and keen. Daisy drew her coat closer around her throat. She seemed to be tired and looked white in the moonlight. Ernest thought she looked very sad and troubled.

"Nebraskie, you make up with Daisy while I go and fetch the horses," said Ernest, breaking the silence.

"Make up nuthin'," growled Kemp. "Never no more. I've been a sucker too often."

"Say, you locoed range rider," exploded Ernest. "I've a notion to slam you the same as I did Dude Hyslip."

"Whadda you mean?" "Well, Daisy told you once. I knocked him stiff."

"An' why for?" "I went out in the park and presently heard a girl cry out. It was Daisy. She was in that summer-house with Hyslip. He was trying to hug her, so I yanked her away from him and slugged him one. . . . Look at my fist. . . . All swelled up!"

Nebraskie gazed from the swollen member up at Ernest, and then at Daisy. He was recovering somewhat from the effect of the liquor he had imbibed.

"Dais, if you went out there with him—"

"I told you how it happened. I didn't want to go; he just rustled me along. He's so strong. What could I do? But when he tried to make love to me, I screamed."

"Honest now Dais?" "Yes, honest. I cross my heart." Here Kemp took the girl by the shoulders and shook her, and then bent down to peer in her face.

"Nebraskie—don't—" she faltered. "Never mind Ernest. If he's my friend, as you both swear, I don't care if he knows about us. . . ."

Ernest made no further effort to interfere. He was extremely envious. His sympathy went out to Daisy, but even a more sentimental person than himself could have seen that the girl looked heartbroken. Nebraskie, however, let go of her.

"I'll wrangle the hosses," he said, and strode away.

Ernest watched his lithe form move away in the moonlight, across the dark side of the corral, where the fence and trees cast deep shadows. Then he turned to Daisy.

"What does this all mean, Daisy?"

enough of Hyslip's lordin' it over you!" declared the cowboy.

"What are you going to do, Nebraskie?" she asked, quietly.

"Wall, that depends on Dude. If he draws on me—okay. But if he shows yellow, as I reckon, I'll jest beat hell out of him fer good an' all."

"Dude is a coward. He'll never meet you, for all his reputation as a gun-fighter. I'm not afraid of that; but I know your temper. If you meet him you will do something rash. Please don't stay, Nebraskie, for my sake."

"Dais, make me a promise an' I'll keep away from Hyslip."

"Yes—anything," whispered the girl.

"Be true to me from now on."

"Oh, Nebraskie, I swear I will."

He shyly kissed her cheek, and with that, lifted her upon the seat of the buckboard. Then he held out a hand to Ernest.

"Reckon I haven't been much of a pard. But heah you are, from now on."

"Nebraskie, I'm downright glad, for both your sakes, that you have made up," replied Ernest, coming to grips with that proffered hand. "For myself, too, I'm going to need friends."

"Wal, you've got two, anyhow," said Kemp, with a laugh.

Nebraskie clambered up into the buckboard while Ernest mounted his horse. Then they started off on their long ride back to Red Rock.

ALL next day cowboys trailed into the ranch, each betraying more or less the effect of a hilarious Fourth. Dude Hyslip did not show up at all, nor did several of the visiting riders, who had come from over the Blue Mountains to take charge of the big drive of

cattle Hepford was starting on Monday.

Ernest had not slept a wink and his face showed the effect of both physical and mental fatigue. He was restless, nervous, watchful, and spent a good deal of his time on the bunk-house porch. Toward sundown Siebert, the foreman, encountered him there.

"Hey, Iowa, the Fourth is past an' you still packin' hardware," he commented in surprise, his hawk-eyes taking Ernest in from gun to face.

"Sure boss, but there are a lot of things that are not over," replied Ernest, endeavoring to grin.

"Iowa, I'll bet ten pesos you're the galoot who blacked Dude's eye," accused Siebert, as if suddenly enlightened.

"Can't say. I haven't seen his eye. But I sure pasted him hard enough to black both his eyes."

"I'd a-gambled on it, you son-of-a-gun. Tickle me powerful deep," replied Hawk. "I reckoned mebbe Nebraskie did it. Wal, Ioway, go put up your six-shooter—Dude was awful drunk last night. Raved an' roamed around, lookin' for the feller who hit him. Funny part of it is he doesn't know."

"What? He called me by name, before I busted him," said Ernest, incredulously.

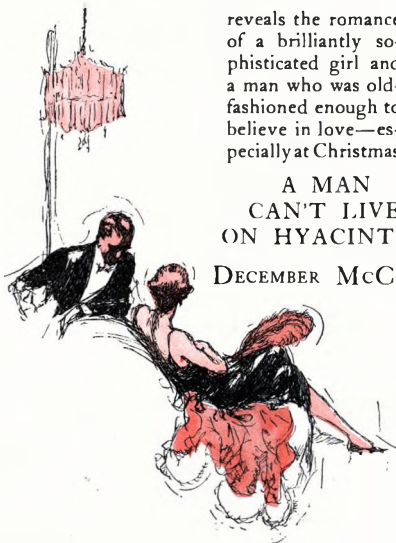
[Continued on page 126]

TEMPLE BAILEY

reveals the romance of a brilliantly sophisticated girl and a man who was old-fashioned enough to believe in love—especially at Christmas

A MAN
CAN'T LIVE
ON HYACINTHS

DECEMBER McCALL'S



"I've treated Nebraskie as low-down as—as I don't know what," Daisy confessed hurriedly. "He's the best boy ever. . . . We were engaged, Ernest. Then—then Dude Hyslip came between us. . . . and I broke it off."

"Do you still care for Nebraskie?"

"Do I?" Oh, that's what hurts so. I do. More than ever!"

"Fine! Now be honest with him, Daisy. Absolutely honest, then it'll all come right."

AT THIS juncture the clip-clop of hoofs broke in upon their colloquy, and a moment later dark forms appeared out of the gloom. Nebraskie came up leading three horses.

"Ernest, tie your hoss behind, an' drive Dais home, will you?" he queried. "I'll fetch your clothes from the hotel."

"Why, sure; but I think you ought to go with us," replied Ernest.

"I've a job on hand," he said, and completing the harnessing he threw the reins up into the buckboard. His face looked dark under his sombrero. He waited expectantly. Presently Daisy came slowly away from the fence.

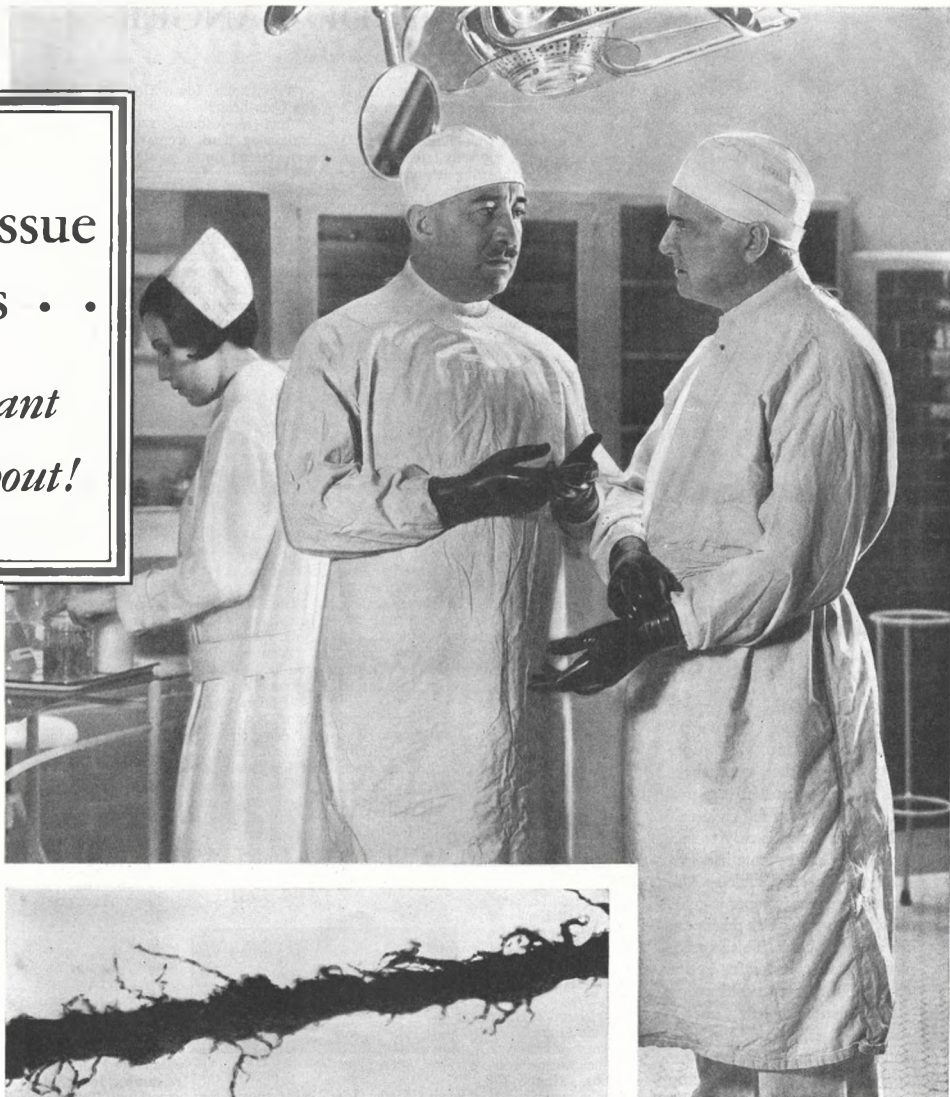
"Nebraskie, you take me home."

"Climb up, gurl, Ernest will take care of you."

"Please don't stay." "Look heah, Dais. I was sore at you; but I'm getting over that. I've had

Toilet Tissue Illness . . .

*is unpleasant
to think about!*



PHYSICIANS today are issuing repeated warnings on the danger of poorer grades of toilet tissue in the home.

A prominent intestinal specialist lists fifteen forms of rectal disease which may be directly caused or aggravated by inferior bathroom tissue.

Yet, unless they are extremely careful to demand a high-grade tissue, housewives may be sold paper which is totally unfit for bathroom use.

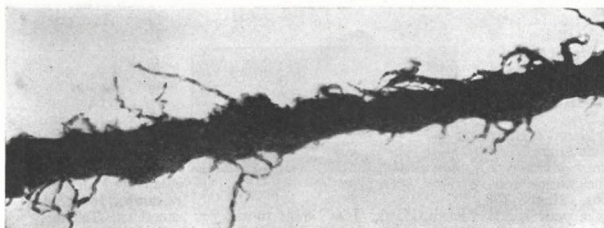
Many so-called toilet tissues sold today are not toilet tissue at all, but only ordinary tissue paper cut in rolls.

They may be glazed to a hard finish—non-absorbent, actually injurious to delicate membranes.

Some are chemically harmful—made from old newspapers and other reclaimed waste materials.

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are three famous tissues which meet all the requirements medical authorities say toilet tissue must have to be safe: *softness, absorbency, chemical purity.*

They are extremely absorbent—without being blotter-like. And absorbency, as all doctors say, is abso-



Photographed through a microscope, inferior toilet tissue reveals the roughness and irregularity of its edge. Such tissues, doctors say, can often cause serious injury to delicate membranes.

lutely essential to proper cleansing.

Scott Tissues are prepared from the finest, fresh materials . . . specially processed to cleanse the most sensitive skin—harmlessly, comfortably. They are unusually soft and actually cloth-like.

Crumple a sheet. Feel the suave texture, the absence of harsh fibres. Even your hand can often detect

the sharp edges of ordinary glazed tissue.

Scott Tissues are always chemically safe, neither alkaline nor acid.

Take no chances with the tissue you buy for your bathrooms. Always ask for ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue, Waldorf. Tell your grocer no other kind will do. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

Scott Tissues

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Prices for U. S. only

In addition to ScotTissue and Waldorf, dealers now offer Sani-Tissue, the new popular priced white toilet tissue with the same health-protecting qualities.

THE DUDE RANGER

[Continued from page 124]



DAYTIME



NIGHT-TIME

QUICK RELIEF FOR CHILDREN'S COLDS

VAPEX is a remarkable cold-remedy discovered in England during the war. It has attained great popularity with mothers throughout this country because it is so useful and efficacious for children's colds. . . . Vapex is easy to use. Simply put a drop on a handkerchief or the child's blouse. Instantly, a pleasant vapor is given off which brings quick relief even for stubborn colds. This vapor is very pleasant and safe. Yet it checks and relieves a cold within a few minutes, opening up the nasal passages, clearing the head, and drying up the watery discharge. . . . At night, put a drop of Vapex at each end of the children's pillows: The vapor acts while they sleep and brings all-night-long relief. . . . Ask your druggist for Vapex and be sure you get V-A-P-E-X. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Millions of bottles used yearly. \$1 a bottle of fifty applications. E. Fougere & Co., Inc., 41 Maiden Lane, New York.

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A drop on your handkerchief

*VAPEX

Breathe your cold away



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"Wal, by gosh, he's forgot. An' if you don't give yourself away no one'll be any wiser. So put your gun away."

"Hawk, don't you honestly think I ought to pack my gun from now on, and practice throwing it and shooting whenever I get a chance?"

"Aw, Ioway, I hoped I'd have one decent cowboy on this ranch," declared Siebert, regretfully. "I peeped in at the dance last night. Seen you dancin' with the dazzlin' Anne. Ioway, you've gone the way of all the others."

"Which way is that, boss?"

"Plumb loco. Boy, I hate to see you goin' to the bad this way. For that girl will drive you to drink. An' you're the kind who won't last out heah."

"She will *not*," declared Ernest, passionately, and he felt the hot blood flush his cheek. In that denial he was also answering his second accusing self.

"Shore she will. If ever there was a girl mad to take the scalps of men Anne Hefford is the one. An' heah I'm goin' to give you a hunch. Things are not so good between me an' Hefford. I'm leavin' presently, an' I'll take you an' Nebraska with me."

"Thanks, Hawk. That's good of you. I'm surprised, though. What's wrong between you an' the rancher?"

"I don't like the way he runs cattle," replied Siebert, tersely.

"Ahuh. Well, I don't know about cattle. But, to come back to the girl, aren't you a little hard on her?" asked Ernest.

"Wal, I'm darned if I know," rejoined Siebert. "Mebbe she's good yet. You know what I mean, Ioway. Why, I used to dangle that girl on my knee, when she was a kid. It seems long ago, but it ain't. Even then she could cock them green eyes at a feller. She's the kind that goes to your haud. I just hope you ain't serious, Ioway. If you are—go to her like a man an' ask her to marry you. It's plumb crazy, but do it. She told me once that all the boys made tu r r i b l e love to her, but not one of them asked her to marry him."

"Humph, they didn't dare. They knew darn well she wasn't serious. Maybe I'll take your hunch, though, Hawk. It's sort of fascinating."

"Wal, do it now. I just came from the house. She's on the porch in the hammock. The old man is with Anderson, that buyer from over the mountains. They're havin' a session, believe me. Hefford fired me out pronto. Take my hunch, Ioway, an' go now."

Ernest leaped up as if he had been propelled by a catapult. "Hawk, here goes," he said, and stalked off.

THE late afternoon was losing its heat. Sunset gold shone low down through the pines. Ernest walked round to the left wing of the porch, where he espied Anne lying in a hammock under the generous shade of the pines that grew close to that side of the house. He approached, to find her asleep, and most appealing in that unguarded moment. She wore white, which brought out the beauty of her gold-tinted skin and red-tinted hair. Ernest, catching his breath, hastened to awaken her.

Then, suddenly, he was gazing down into a pair of wide, sleepy, tawny-green eyes. They blinked. The sleepiness gave place to lazy wonder.

"Why, hello, Iowa. How long have you been heah?"

"Just a—second," replied Ernest, swallowing hard. Removing his sombrero he sat down on the rustic chair that faced the hammock. "Anne, I've come to apologize for my conduct last night and to explain."

"Oh, you have! Well, that's interesting," she drawled. But the faint color which streamed into her cheeks denied the indifference of her words.

"I was not drunk," he went on. "I just gave way to overpowering love for you. You didn't know that. Neither did I; but you must realize I meant no insult. I apologize for my violence . . . and I ask you to marry me."

SHE stared. The color deepened to pink. Her eyes opened wider, to become singularly beautiful, with thought and emotion that darkened them.

"Ernest Howard!" she murmured. "It's a shock, I know. But I'm not apologizing for that or my presumption."

"You—love me, Iowa? And you ask me to marry you?" she went on, lingering almost dreamily over the words.

"I sure do."

Then she underwent a subtle transformation which culminated in the Anne Hefford he knew.

"You wild cowboy! If Dad heard you he'd throw you off the porch," she rejoined, with a gay little laugh.

"It desrays. But what's your answer, Anne?"

"Are you crazy, Iowa? To imagine I might marry you, an off-job cowboy at forty dollars per!"

"My poverty is not the point. I asked you because I owed it to you and to myself. Probably you can't understand that."

"I understand you're the most surprising cowboy who ever rode a grubline into Red Rock Ranch. That's a compliment, Iowa."

"Thank you for that, anyway," replied Ernest, rising. "Good afternoon, Anne. I'll not annoy you further."

"Who said you annoyed me? Sit down, Iowa. I want to ask you something. Tell me, did you fight with Dude Hyslip last night?"

"No."

"Dog-gone!" she exclaimed with genuine regret. "I hoped you did. Someone gave him the most beautiful black eye. Oh, he was a sight!"

"Well, I gave him the black eye all right, but there was no fight. Only two blows struck. The one when I hit him and the other when he lit."

"Iowa! I knew you did it; and I knew why, too."

"Did you?" queried Ernest, who plainly saw that she knew nothing of the kind.

"It was because of me. You were out there in the park. I'll bet you followed us. Dude was half drunk, you know. You must have seen him get gay with me. Oh, he was nasty. And when I ran off you must have jumped out to let him have it."

"Very well, if you know all about what happened, why ask me?"

"No reason, now I'm sure you did it. . . . Except, Iowa, you may kiss me. . . . You're generous, Anne," he replied, trying to be cool. "But I certainly wouldn't jeopardize your good name a second time—last night was enough."

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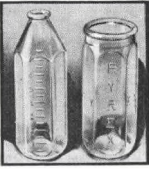
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THE DUDE RANGER

"Iowa, you're right; and I'm a darned fool. Thank you again."

"Don't mention it. So long. I'll go now," he replied, as he bowed and backed away.

Ernest felt that he wanted to run. He did step off the porch and down the lane at a swift stride. Once in the grove he slowed down. "Whew! That was a close shave," he whispered. "What a girl! . . . I'm worse off than ever. But I'm glad, by thunder I am! If Anne Hepford is not an utterly heartless coquette, that will make her think."

By the time he arrived at the bunk-house, where Siebert awaited him on the porch, he was outwardly composed. "How about it, cowboy? Any luck?" queried the genial foreman, with a flash of his hawk eyes.

"Nope. Guess I was lucky to get away alive," replied Ernest, fervently.

"Say, Iowa, you didn't really ask Anne, did you?" went on Siebert, incredulously.

"I sure did. Got laughed at for my pains. But, Hawk, I'm glad you put me up to it.

Honest I am. It was an experience I'll never forget."

"Ahu. Say, Iowa, you got me guessin'". There's some-thing queer about you."

Here Nebraska appeared in the door of the bunk-house. His ruddy face wore a warm smile and his big blue eyes looked gladly upon Ernest.

"Whathell's goin' on around heah?" he demanded. "What you been askin' Anne Hepford an' why you totin' that six-shooter?"

Siebert laughed in his cool way, while he slipped off the porch. "Ioway, you've got a rep to live up to now. Reckon I'll send you over tomorrow with Anderson's outfit."

"Sure, I'd like that," replied Ernest, quickly.

"Boss, my pard cain't go nowhere without me. Savvy?" spoke up Nebraska.

"All right, I'll send you both. Anderson is short of riders. They won't be back, an' that drive starts soon as it's light enough to see in the mawnin'."

"Fine, Hawk. It ain't a bad idee," called Nebraska, as the foreman sauntered away. "Jest as well for us to be scarce around heah. How long can we take?"

"Wal, three days goin' an' two comin' back," returned the foreman.

WHEREUPON Nebraska embraced and thumped Ernest into their small lodging-room and closed the door.

"Pard, I lay in heah an' heerd every word you an' Hawk said," he announced.

"What of that, Nebraska?" queried Ernest, with a sheepish grin.

"You amazin' son-of-a-gun! You most perferdous strange galoot! I cain't savvy you atall. But, my Gawd, how I like you!"

It flashed through Ernest's mind then that he was in line to return any and every feeling Nebraska might have for him. "I'm sure glad we're real friends at last," said Ernest, with constraint.

"Set down, dog-gone you," ordered Nebraska, pushing Ernest down upon the bunk. "Ioway, you've been an' gone an' done it. You braced that green-eyed red-haid an' ast her to marry you."

"I did, Nebraska, so help me Heaven," rejoined Ernest, weakly.

"Good Lord! . . . An' what fer?"

"I—I don't know."

"You fell in love with her, same as me with Dais?"

"Something like that, I guess. Pard,

I'm afraid we are two love-sick Romeos," returned Iowa, gazing at his friend with affection. "Shore, we're sick all right," agreed Nebraska, making a wry face. "Let's throw some grub together an' then hit the hay. It's three A.M. fer us to-morrow."

TWO days later, about the same sunset hour, Ernest was squatting before a camp-fire with Nebraska and the Anderson outfit, in Bull Tank Park, half way across the Blue Mountains.

Out in the park the cattle were bawling. The air was drowsy and warm, and thunder muttered over the ramparts. Low down in the west gold and purple lights burned. Night was coming and a cool breeze edged down from the green slopes.

"'About time fer Baldy, Dot an' Mex to rustle in," observed one of the riders. "Boss, where're you sendin' out on watch?"

"Fix thet up among yourself next watches. You can put Hepford's punchers on guard at three," replied Anderson.

Ernest and Nebraska, having heard their orders, moved away from the fire to the spruce tree where they had unrolled their beds. Nebraska sat on his tarpaulin to kick off his boots.

"Pard, I ain't stuck on this heah Anderson or his outfit, air you?" was his terse query.

"Aw, they're all right," replied Ernest. "That boy Lee is a real good chap."

"Wal, Lee is sorta human. I'll agree. But the rest are N. G. Ernie, you're new to the range—you don't get undermeath. If you was experienced an' curious you'd find this stock deal a little queer."

"Queer? What do you mean, pard Nebraska?" queried Ernest.

"Wal, ask yourself this. Why does Hepford want to make this long drive with a big herd—most fifteen hundred haid I'd say—when he could sell at Springertown for forty dollars a haid, or forty-five at the railroad? He cain't get thet price over heah. Course I don't know thet, but I'd gamble on it."

"Well, what's your idee, pard?" asked Ernest soberly.

"I reckon Hepford is workin' a trick as old as rustlin', only it's safer. Many a foreman has got a start for himself workin' thet dodge. It's coverin' sales, an' it's plumb easy to do if the owner of the ranch isn't about."

"Coverin' sales? Just what is that?" "Wal, it means sellin' so many cattle, an' reportin' considerable less to haidquarters. Shore Hepford has to report to somebody. Down east, I've heerd"

"Oh, I see," replied Ernest, dubiously, as if he did not see. "But how would this—this sort of thing make it easy to be crooked? For that's what it amounts to."

"Wal, it's hard to trace an' check up. An' after considerable time it couldn't be. For instance I was on two of them drives over heah, years ago, an' I'll be darned if I can remember how many cattle was in the herd. Now suppose I had to testify in court, if I'd do such a thing, I shore couldn't swear

[Continued on page 128]



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THE DUDE RANGER

[Continued from page 127]

there was two hundred haid or a thousand haid in them particular herds. An' most cowpunchers would be wuss off than me. Do you savvy now, Ernest?"

"It's clearing up. If your surmise is correct Hepford will sell this bunch, send in a report of so many less than he actually did sell, and pocket the difference in cash."

"Exactly. An' I'll tell you if a foreman wanted to work such deals an' not be a hawg, if he could be satisfied with a little profit, he could never be ketched."

"Nebraska, let's make a count of this herd, just for fun," Ernest suggested.

"Shore, I'm game. But it'd be risky tellin'. They shoot fellars out heah for thet. It wouldn't have no point, though, unless you got the figgers Hepford reports."

"I suppose not. All the same we could satisfy ourselves."

"Siebert is goin' to take you an' me with him, when he leaves. Be tough on you, Ernie, to say goodbye to the green-eyed Anne, Huh?"

"It'll be terrible, pard."

"Air you thet bad over her?"

"I couldn't be worse."

Nebraska sighed and maintained a thoughtful silence, during which he rolled and lighted a cigarette. Finally he said: "Love is a turrible disease. Sometimes I feel like a sick cow thet has eat too much larkspur."

"Do you think Anne is on to her dad?"

"Not for a minute! Thet gurl is honest. Not in her flirtin' ways, of course. No pretty gurl is thet. She'd just naturally lead on a hundred fellars an' fool 'em all, an' laugh. Thet's wimmen's privilege, they reckon. But I'll bet you, if Hepford is even a little shady, Anne isn't wise to it."

"Nebraska, I'm glad you think that," said Ernest, warmly, as he folded his coat for a pillow. "'Cause when Anne and I are married I couldn't invite you to our house, if you'd ever entertained any suspicions of her."

"Aw, you loosed gent, go to sleep, declared Nebraska, disgustedly. "Dream of love an' Anne an' a big ranch, an' lots of other guff. An' at three A.M. when I have to kick you in the slats to get you up then you'll know you're only a low-down poverty-stricken cowpuncher."

ERNEST laughed, but could not take his friend's advice. His mind was active; and his surroundings were so wonderful and thrilling. Night had fallen. White stars shone through the dark pines. The summer heat had blown away on the nightwind. The cattle were quiet.

The old baffling hopes, doubts, conjectures, misgivings assailed him again, as was inevitable when the image of Anne Hepford returned to his consciousness. From Anne, however, his thoughts drifted to her father, and to Nebraska's shrewd observations, and lastly to the actual fact that he was on one of these questionable cattle-drives, about which the few cowboys and stockmen aware of them had personal opinions they did not air.

What would the next few weeks bring forth? Before the snow fell there surely would be great changes at Red Rock. Ernest thought that he would like to retain Hawk Siebert, and of

course Nebraska. How was Nebraska's love affair going to turn out? For that matter how was his own? And then he was right back in the throes of consciousness flooded with the beauty, the strong charm, the doubtful virtues, the unlimited possibilities of Anne Hepford.

A RUDE hard object, with a rotary movement and a jingle to it, violently disrupted Ernest from his dreams.

"Roll out, you Ioway geezer," called Nebraska's drawling, gleeful voice. "Wake up an' see how you like it in the cold dark mawmin'."

Ernest complied, but he did not enjoy it. "Say, I'd like a cup of hot coffee and a biscuit," he said, forgetting the fact that he had experienced this dreary dawn business twice before.

"Haw! Haw!" laughed Nebraska, low and scornful. "Th' hell you say! Wal, I'd like some hot cakes an' maple surrup, an' some big fat fresh trout! Aw, what's eatin' you? Get out heah an' raise hair on your chest."

In another hour day had broken. From then Ernest thrilled to the glory of an Arizona sunrise. It burst slowly over the endless range, as if unwilling to unfold all its beauty at once. Rose and pink litned the horizon. A great uplifting space of light followed the appearance of the blazing sun. Then the shadows stole away. The crisp air was full of a fresh sweetness and songs of birds and the lowing of cattle.

Nebraska and Ernest were the last two called to breakfast, and they had the last and least of the food, too. By the time they had made away with what was left the herd was in motion. They followed and soon caught up with the hindmost riders. The park proved to be the head of a magnificent valley, gray with bleached grass and dotted

with green clumps of trees. Mountains rose beyond and it was no wonder they had been called the blue range. Ernest espied a ranch not many miles down and calculated that the drive did not have many more hours to go.

The drive ended somewhat later than the middle of the afternoon. It was none too

soon for Ernest. He fell in with Nebraska and rode up to the ranch houses, which contrasted markedly with those of Red Rock.

The buildings were old, gray, and weather-beaten; the cowboy quarters consisted of a couple of dingy log cabins, courtyards and corrals were dry and devoid of green. There was no running water in sight. Nebraska vouchsafed that it was a big ranch, but no place for two Romeos.

"Wal, we're about as welcome heah as two snowballs in hades," he continued. "But, dog-gone-it, they ought to feed us."

"Sure we'll stay all night?" asked Ernest, eagerly.

"Boy, we will sleep 'out under the stars again, an' don't you forget thet. Suits me better. We'll hang around an' let our hosses rest, then pull out after dark some time."

Ernest took his cue from Nebraska, and apparently did not notice the aloofness of the Anderson outfit. The exception was the cowboy Lee, who was agreeable.

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THE DUDE RANGER

"I'm new on the range," admitted Ernest.
"So I seen," drawled Lee.
"First big drive I was ever in," went on Ernest, with enthusiasm. "Must have been over two thousand head."
"Laws, cowpuncher, you're missin' it a mile," replied Lee.
"Gosh, pard," put in Nebraskie, who was sitting with them against the corral fence that fronted on the cabins. "I'd shore hate to ride fer you, if you ever get to be a rancher."
"How many do you figger?" asked Lee.

"Wal, I wouldn't say. I never had a chance to see the herd bunched."
"Fifteen hundred eighty-six head," declared Lee. "I heerd Baldy tell that to Anderson."
Ernest dropped his head, as had become his habit when he did not trust his eyes. "Gosh, it'd be great to own that many cattle."

"Lee, who's the heavy-set guy in the boiled shirt, talkin' to Anderson an' Mr. Wilkins?" asked Nebraskie, indicating the group of dusty-booted men in front of the ranch-house.

"Buyer from Mariposa, so I heered. Didn't ketch his name. He was heah once before. Reckon Wilkins will make a quick turnover of most of this stock we drove in."

Ernest entered no more into the conversation. His thoughts were running rampant again, and resentment against Hepford waxed hot. He had wit enough, however, to listen to all that was said within his hearing, especially when they were called to supper, which was served to the riders in a big kitchen of the ranch house. The cook was a Mexican and the food good. Ernest had felt starved for three days. Nebraskie, too, made away with a prodigious amount of eatables.

AFTER the meal Lee bade them a goodbye, saying he had a girl, and they were left blissfully to themselves. Ernest suggested that they stroll round the ranch house. The front proved to be little more prepossessing than the rear. There was no porch. The door to the living room stood open. In the dusk Ernest could not see inside, but he heard voices.

"Nebraskie, I've an idea I'd like to slip up there and listen," he said.

"What fer?"

"I don't know. Guess you just made me curious."

"Wal, it's too dum light yet. Wait till it's dark; but take a good look about, so you'll know the lay of the land I'm sorta curious, too."
They sauntered back to the corral, leisurely packed their pack-mule, and saddled their horses. Meanwhile dusk fell. The log cabins grew indistinct. They led their horses down the lane to the open country.

"Better slip off your boots," advised Nebraskie. "Be careful. Run like hell if they see or heah you. This ain't no healthy place fer a Red Rock puncher."
"You can bet I won't be caught," swore Ernest.

Bootless and hatless he stole stealthily down the lane, eyes and ears alert, slipped through the fence before he got to the corrals, and with the lay of the ground well fixed in mind he worked round to the front of the house. Here he felt reasonably safe. A bright light streamed from the living room door, and also an open window which Ernest

had not observed before. At the moment it seemed a senseless risk. Stirred, he felt urged to do it, and crawled up to the window. Then he tried to hold his breath while he listened.

"I could have laughed in his face when he gave me that old stall about rustlin'," Anderson was saying.
"Nothin' to laugh at," came a gruff reply. "Plenty of rustlers heahabouts."
"Shore. But you know what I mean," went on Anderson. "Hepford was tryin' to plant in my mind a loss that really doesn't exist, that is, from rustlin' causes."

"How about this man Siebert?" This query came from a third person, one with deep chest and hoarse voice. That would be from the Mariposa buyer.

"Lay off him," retorted Anderson sharply. "I didn't like the way he looked at me. An' he shore wasn't half civil, even before Hepford."

"Sharp cattleman. Siebert. I've heard of him."

"Anderson, you've nothin' to worry about," said Wilkins.

"If there is any crooked work goin' on we shore ain't implicated. Our deals are above board. We buy cattle from Hepford. Yes. What if we do get them for less than he could sell in Mariposa, or in Holbrook?"

"I don't know about that, John," returned Anderson. "We might get into court. I never was satisfied about Hepford till this last talk with him. He's shore a slick one. An' he told me that he proposed to make another an' last drive, in October."

"The devil he did! What does he mean by that, I wonder."

"I shouldn't have been surprised," went on the foreman. "When I was in Springer I heerd rumors about Red Rock. Hepford has let the ranch run down. He never owned it. An' I'm of the opinion he shore doesn't own the stock. He'd been there years before I came to Arizona. Now I reckon there has been, or will be soon, a change of ownership. You can gamble Hepford is goin' to get out."

"Aha. That sort of deal has been worked before in Arizona. Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. My conscience is clear about buyin' in this stock. I reckon, though, I'll turn down the October deal."

"Why, man? What do you care? Some other cattle dealer will profit by it, if you don't. You may as well take advantage of his last drive."

"It seems different, now we're on to Hepford."

"I may be entirely wrong, Hepford makes enemies instead of friends. Maybe he has reasons for not sellin' in Holbrook or shippin' East . . . Hello — what the hell?"

A HARSH voice had startled Anderson, as it paralyzed Ernest where he lay so absorbed in this colloquy that he had not heard the approach of a man.

"You sneakin' coyote!" rang a harsh voice.

A powerful hand dragged Ernest to his feet. Then something hard was shoved into the middle of his back. "Put up your paws, cowboy. . . . Now march in there!"

With that peremptory order Ernest jerked out of his trance of amazement and lost no time putting up his hands. He had been caught!

[Continued in DECEMBER McCALL'S]

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- No. 6311. Size 36, 4 yards 39-inch material, neckfold, 1/2 yard 39-inch.
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- No. 6315. Size 36, 2 3/8 yards 54-inch material, contrasting, 1/2 yard 39-inch.
- No. 6301. Size 36, 2 1/4 yards 54-inch material, contrasting, 1/2 yard 39-inch.
- No. 6325. Size 36, 6 requires 1 7/8 yards 35-inch or 1 3/4 yards 39-inch.
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- No. 6328. Size 10, 2 yards 39-inch material, collar, 1/2 yard 35-inch.
- No. 6323. Size 10, 2 1/8 yards 35-inch material or 2 1/4 yards 39-inch.
- No. 6324. Size 12 requires 2 3/8 yards 39-inch material.

MARY FAITH

[Continued from page 24]

"old-fashioned" because she wouldn't play cards on Sunday.

"What she meant was that I'm slow and narrow-minded," Mary Faith said to herself. "But if I am, so was Kim until just lately."

In the days of their engagement Kim had never been much of a drinker or card player. Certainly he never had played cards for money. . . .

"What are you looking so melancholy about, Mary Faith?" Jack Maldon came in from the kitchen with a tray of ice and glasses and set it on the mantel shelf.

"Aren't we going to play bridge?" he asked, and dropped down beside her on the sofa.

"No, I don't play cards on Sunday. . . . I'm sorry."

"Would you like to dance?"

Mary Faith shook her head and sent him a troubled, apologetic smile. "I don't even dance on Sunday, Jack. I'm afraid I'm a terrible spoilsport."

"No," he said gravely, "I think you're all right. . . . I get a little tired of doing things all the time, myself. It's a relief just to sit and talk and look at the fire sometimes, isn't it? Even if it's just gas-logs."

At ten o'clock Kim and Mary Faith went home.

"Well, what do you think of the Maldons?" Kim asked as soon as they were out of the little flat. "Wasn't the word 'pep' just coined for Claire? She's a dandy girl, isn't she?"

"Isn't she pretty?" Mary Faith answered him with a question.

She was never going to let Kim know that she did not like Claire Maldon and wasn't at ease when she was with her. She was going to accept all of his friends and make them welcome in her home. . . . She was going to make life peaceful and pleasant for him always.

"I enjoy going up to their flat more than any place I know," Kim was saying slowly and a bit thickly. "There's always the makings of a good time there. Claire sure does know how to do things, doesn't she? Wasn't that a slick little supper she got up?"

"Delicious. . . . But I wish you wouldn't drink, Kim. You never used to drink."

"I don't drink now," he said. "Not what you could really call drinking."

THE next morning Aunt Ella packed up her things and went home to Garrettsville.

"I'm doing it a-purpose," she told Mary Faith in her sharp, kindly way. "If Amelia has to depend on you to take care of her for a few days she won't be so high-and-mighty with you."

All that week Mary Faith took care of Mrs. Farrell. She made her bed, brought her her meals of chicken broth and milk toast and gave her the medicine that Dr. Thatcher prescribed for her.

Dr. Thatcher had been the Farrell's family doctor ever since Kim's babyhood. He was a tall, broad-shouldered

man with a heavy, handsome face and iron-gray hair. Mary Faith liked his deep, low voice and his air of authority.

"He's a widower," Mrs. Farrell told her, "and they say that half the nurses in town have their caps set for him. But I doubt that he'll ever marry again—and if he does it'll be some woman his own age he'll pick, I imagine."

Every morning, when she was expecting him, she would sit up in bed, brushing her thick hair, winding it around her head in a coronet braid that was very becoming to her, and powdering her face.

On Friday Dr. Thatcher told her that she was so much better he wouldn't have to come to see her any more, and on Saturday she got out of bed.

Mary Faith sent for her trunks and her cedar chest that afternoon and she unpacked them while Mrs. Farrell sat on the living room couch and showed her where to hang the Simon etching and the book shelves.

"I thought my mother would raise Cain when you brought your things into the house," Kim said the next morning when Mary Faith brought him his coffee. "She would have, too, if you hadn't asked her where to put everything and kidded her along the way you did."

"I wasn't kidding" her, Kim. I just want her to feel that she and I are partners. Women work together in offices without quarreling and there's no reason why they shouldn't do it in houses. You'll see that she and I will get along all right, if you just give us time."

Mrs. Farrell said that she felt shaky after her illness, and she spent most of the next week reading the books that Mary Faith had brought from Mrs. Puckett's.

ALL that week Mary Faith had the flat to herself. And to the work in it she brought the same neatness and deftness that she had given to her work in Mark Nesbit's office. But she enjoyed it as she never had enjoyed office work.

"I'm afraid you've married a very dull sort of woman, Kim," Mary Faith told him one night when they were walking home from the movies. "I'm more interested in you and in taking care of your house than I am in anybody or anything else under the sun. I'm just a plain garden-variety housewife, I guess."

"You're the loveliest wife that a man ever had," Kim answered her, and he stopped in the darkness of Wilton Street to kiss her.

That was on Thursday. On Friday night the Maldons came over to spend the evening.

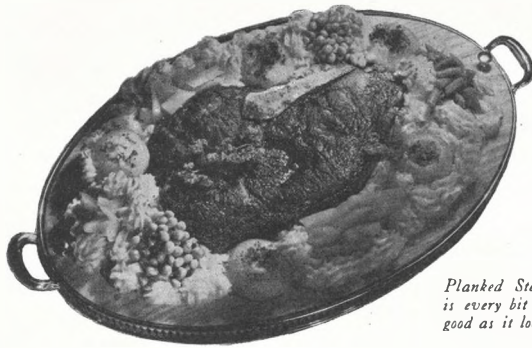
Mary Faith brought out a card table and the four of them played bridge, but not for money. At eleven o'clock Mary Faith went into the

[Continued on page 134]

ONE PORTION OF PARADISE

when served to two is better than two portions served individually according to

Elizabeth Corbett's
charming story in
McCall's for December



Planked Steak is every bit as good as it looks

HOSTESS RECIPES

By McCall's Food Staff

TURKEY is the star of this month's feasting program . . . turkey and all the "fixings." But the royal bird will have to share honors with a lot of other attractions that are sure to win hearty applause whenever they appear. Here are a few of our favorites which we recommend for the entertainment of your most particular guests.

Planked Steak

Have the butcher cut steak 1½ inches thick. Grease broiler wires with suet, lay steak on it and sear on both sides. Then broil about 10 minutes, turning several times with two forks so as not to pierce meat. Season with salt and pepper. Place steak in center of hot plank. Force hot mashed potato through a pastry tube around the edge of plank, forming nests. In half of the nests, arrange baked stuffed onions. Brush mashed potatoes with yolk of egg diluted with 2 tablespoons milk. Place in a hot oven (400° F.) 10 to 15 minutes to brown potato and finish cooking steak. Take from oven and arrange hot cooked peas and carrot strips (or tomatoes) in the remaining nests. Serve at once.

Thanksgiving Meat Loaf

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1 knuckle real | 2 sliced lemon |
| 3 lbs. rump of beef | 4 cloves |
| 3 lbs. beef tongue | 1 tablespoon salt |
| 2 bay leaves | ¼ teaspoon pepper |

Put the meat in large kettle and cover with cold water. Add other ingredients and cook slowly for 5 hours—until the meat is very tender. Cool and drain. Pick over meat, discarding fat and bone, and chop. Moisten a little with some of the broth and mix well. Press into a loaf pan and weight down the top. Put in refrigerator overnight or until firm. This is nice to have on hand during the holidays.

Turkey Chow Mein

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1 pkg. fine noodles | 2 cups meat stock |
| 3 cups left-over turkey, cut in strips | 2 tablespoons corn-starch |
| 4 tablespoons oil | 4 tablespoons soy bean sauce |
| 4 cups celery, shredded | 1 cup onion, sliced |

Cook noodles in boiling salted water 5 minutes. Drain and dip in cold water. Drain and dry on a towel. Fry in deep fat (390° F.) until a delicate brown. Drain on unglazed paper. Fry turkey in oil until well browned. Add celery, onion and meat stock. Cook until vegetables are tender. Mix cornstarch with soy bean sauce and add to the turkey

mixture. Bring to boiling point and season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve on a bed of the hot fried noodles. If desired, ⅓ cup chopped almonds may be added to this recipe.

Brussels Sprouts and Chestnuts

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 2 cups sprouts | Salt |
| 1 cup chestnuts | Pepper |
| 2 tablespoons butter | 1 hard-cooked egg yolk |

Wash and clean sprouts, put in saucepan with plenty of boiling salted water and cook, uncovered, until tender, but firm. Cook chestnuts in boiling salted water until tender. Cool and remove shells and under skin. Melt butter in frying pan, add sprouts, season with salt and pepper and cook for 3 minutes. Add chestnuts cut in pieces, mix and heat thoroughly. Sprinkle with finely chopped egg yolk.

Baked Apples With Orange Sauce

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| 6 apples | ¾ cup sugar |
| Juice 8 oranges | 2 tablespoons butter |
| Juice 1 lemon | ¼ cup chopped raisins |
| | ¼ cup chopped nuts |

Pare and core apples. Boil orange juice, lemon juice, sugar and butter until the syrup is clear. Stuff the center of the apples with the raisins and nuts and pour syrup over them. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until tender, basting with the syrup during baking. Serve hot or cold.

Mince Meat Fruit Cake

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 pound can mince meat | 1 cup sugar |
| ¼ pound raisins | 2 egg yolks |
| 1 cup nut meats | 2 cups flour |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla dissolved in water | 1 teaspoon baking soda |
| ½ cup melted shortening | 1 tablespoon boiling water |
| | 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten |

Mix ingredients in order given, and bake in a well-greased and floured loaf pan in a slow oven (275° F.) for about one hour. If desired, cover with boiled frosting and sprinkle with nuts, broken in pieces, and raisins.

Holiday Fudge

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2½ cups confectioner's sugar | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| 4 tablespoons cocoa | 2 tablespoons butter |
| Small can evaporated milk | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| | Small can marshmallows |
| | low white chocolate |
| | ¼ cup nut meats, broken |

Mix sugar, cocoa, milk and salt together. Bring to boiling point and boil 7 minutes. Add butter, vanilla and beat in marshmallow whip. Fold in broken nutmeats. Pour into a buttered pan, cool and cut in one-inch squares.

CHEEKS LOSE THEIR CHARM

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the commonest ailment of womankind



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Tuck in your garden for its winter nap

LET IT SNOW!

By Romaine B. Ware

THE plants in our gardens are like busy, energetic children—sometimes they keep up their activities much longer than is good for them. Look at your roses. If they are of the everblooming types, flowers and buds are in evidence right up to freezing time. Did you ever realize that by allowing them to bloom until the last moment, their strength may be impaired? All of us dislike to pull out the annuals while there is still some bloom upon them, therefore we know it may be but a few days till severe frosts end their activities. However, if we are to clean up our gardens properly, we cannot postpone the job too long.

The perennials are divided into several classes, each requiring a different method of preparation for winter. The largest group (including monkshood, fraxinella, bleeding heart, gaillardia, hollyhock, perennial flax, peonies, and salvia), requires the removal of all growth down to the soil.

All flower shoots should be removed, but the mass of leaves at the crown of the plant left undisturbed, for the following: anemone japonica, hardy asters, chrysanthemums, coreopsis, digitalis, phlox decussata, and shasta daisy.

IT IS necessary to remove only the seed pods that may be present on the columbine, hardy carnation, dianthus, candytuft, iris pumila, lily of the valley, forget-me-not, poppies, phlox subulata, and primrose.

Cut hibiscus down to three inches from the ground; tall-bearded iris, to six inches, and clean up thoroughly; delphinium, completely to the ground, except for new leaves at the crown, Japanese and Siberian iris, cut back to twelve inches and clean thoroughly.

Climatic conditions influence the winter care of biennials. English daisies,

Canterbury bells, wall flowers, and snapdragons are among those which must be placed in a cold frame, if the winters are severe and changeable.

Cut back hybrid tea roses just a little, hill up the soil around them eight to twelve inches high, and if the winters are severe, add six or eight inches of hay or coarse litter, in either case putting tar paper on top to keep them dry. Hybrid perpetuals need little protection, the hilling up of soil usually being sufficient. Climbers should be taken down, coiled, covered with soil, then hay or straw, and tar paper over all. Do not cover roses until the real freeze-up is at hand.

THE greatest danger to plants is not from cold, but from alternate freezing and thawing, and exposure of the tops to warm sunshine and drying winds while the ground is still frozen. The best all-round material for covering is coarse marsh hay, such as is used for packing glassware. Soft-wooded leaves, such as maple, become matted and when wet will smother the plants; oak leaves do not mat down as badly.

Covering should not be put on till the ground is frozen, and then it must go on promptly. In applying the material, a four to six inch layer is usually sufficient. It should be held in place by strips of wood, tree branches and similar things. Where snow is on the ground all winter, one of the chief reasons for covering is to keep it from blowing away and exposing the plant.

"Freezing dry" has resulted in the death of countless plants, not only perennials, but shrubs and trees as well. It is important that the entire garden be thoroughly moist at freezing time. Of course, that doesn't mean pools of water, but see that enough is applied to wet the soil to a depth of two feet.



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To Set or Wave Hair

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BLEACHES - REMOVES STAINS
DESTROYS ODORS - KILLS GERMS

MARY FAITH

[Continued from page 130]

kitchen and came back with cheese sandwiches and coffee on a tray.

"We had a good time, didn't we?" she asked Kim as the door closed upon Claire and Jack. "And we didn't have to gamble or drink to enjoy ourselves, either, did we?"

He looked at her and his eyes were full of disgust and anger. "What are you talking about?" he said. "You don't imagine they had a good time sitting around here without a thing to drink but coffee, do you?—We didn't even have a new dance record to pep things up. No, they had a rotten time; and if you had any sense about such things you'd know it."

On Sunday night Claire Maldon called him up.

Mary Faith heard him answer the telephone when it rang. She heard him say, "Wait a minute, Claire. I'll ask her."

And then he came into the sitting room, where she sat reading the woman's section of the Sunday paper.

"Claire wants us to go over there and play some poker," he said. "She says they have a crowd of people in for supper. . . . Let's go, Mary Faith. Everybody plays cards on Sunday; and we've done nothing but sit around this flat, dying of dry-rot, for a month or more."

MARY FAITH looked up at him with troubled eyes.

"Kim, you and I never have played cards on Sunday," she answered. "Why should we start to do it now?—Besides the Maldons play for money, and I wouldn't gamble even on a week day. I don't want to go, Kim."

He stood staring into space for a minute or two. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Suit yourself," he said. "But I hope you won't mind if I go. I'd like to get out of this place for a couple of hours. After all Sunday is the only day in the week that I have to myself. . . . And I like to see people once in a while. You never ask anybody here."

"You won't let me ask Jean Bartlett here," Mary Faith reminded him. "And you know we used to have lots of fun with Jean and the men she used to pal around with. . . . Kim, I don't like you to get into the habit of drinking and gambling with those Maldons. You never used to do things like that."

Kim started back to the telephone. "Well, I'm doing them now," he said as he walked away from her. "I suppose I still have some personal liberty even if I am a married man."

She heard him tell Claire that he'd be right over. Then she heard him go on down the hall to his bedroom.

She got up presently and followed him.

HE WAS standing at his dresser, plastering his blond hair close to his head with two wet brushes.

He took out his bill-fold and took a ten-dollar note from it. Then, with a grin, he handed her the bill-fold.

"That's all I'm going to take with me," he said, pocketing ten dollars. "When I've lost that I'll leave. . . . Ten dollars are all those sharks are going to get from me this night, my girl."

It was long after midnight when he came home. Mary Faith was in bed and he did not turn on the light in the room when he came in. She heard him stumble against a chair. Then he sat down heavily on the side of the bed.

"You can turn on the light, Kim. I'm awake," she said.

He turned it on and stood, blinking at her, in the sudden white radiance. His hat was on the back of his head and his overcoat was thrown wide open. He took it off and Mary Faith saw that he had only a vest under it.

"Where's your coat?" she asked him sharply, and he looked down at himself and began to smile sheepishly.

"I took it off while we were playing poker," he explained, "and I must have left it at the Maldons. Don't worry about it, Mary Faith. Jack'll bring it down to the office in the morning."

He was shaking all over. "Cold, isn't it?" he asked. "Cold as Greenland!"

Mary Faith got out of bed and put on her kimono and slippers.

"You're cold," she said. "You hop into bed and I'll get you something hot to drink."

In the kitchen she heated some milk and filled a hot water bottle. When she came back into the bedroom he was sound asleep, and his mother was tucking an extra blanket around his shoulders. She looked at Mary Faith, and spoke to her in a whisper.

"He's been drinking," she said. "He's just like his father before him—too fond of a good time. How many times his father came home to me just like this! I got tired of it after a while and so I left him."

Kim slept until eleven o'clock the next morning, although Mary Faith went into his room three times and did her best to wake him up. When he finally did get up he showed no ill effects of the night before.



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5041	34-44	45 6296 14-18	36-42-45	6308	14-18	36-42-45	6319	14-18	36-42-45	6320	14-18
6930	12-16	36-42-45	6297 14-18	36-42-45	6309	Sm. Med. Lge.	35 6320	14-18	36-42-45	6321	4-14
6331	32-42	50 6308 14-18	36-42-45	6310	14-18	36-42-45	6321	4-14	35 6321	4-14	35
6236	14-16	36-40-50	6299 14-18	36-46-45	6310 14-18	36-46-45	6322	14-18	36-42-45	6323	14-18
6237	14-16	36-40-65	6300 14-16	36-46-45	6312 14-18	36-42-45	6323	6-18	35 6324	14-18	35
6238	14-16	36-40-65	6301 14-18	36-46-45	6312 14-16	36-42-45	6324	6-14	35 6325	2-8	35
6239	6-14	35 6302 14-18	36-46-45	6313 14-18	36-42-45	6326	6-18	35 6326	6-18	35	
6297	2-10	35 6303 14-18	36-42-45	6314 14-18	36-46-45	6326	6-18	35 6327	4-14	35	
6299	14-18	36-42-45	6304 14-18	36-42-45	6315 14-18	36-42-45	6327	4-14	35 6328	6-14	35
6299	14-16	36-46-35	6305 14-18	36-42-45	6316 14-18	36-42-45	6328	6-14	35 6329	4-14	35
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MARY FAITH

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"It's almost noon, Kim," Mary Faith said to him when he had finished his breakfast and was opening the morning paper. "Don't you think I ought to call up the office and tell them that you're on your way down? They'll be wondering where you are, won't they?"

Kim glanced at her over the top of the paper, his eyes narrowed. "What are you trying to do? Nag me out of the house?" he asked. "No, you don't have to call up the office and tell them anything. I'm still capable of running my own business even if I am married!"

MARY FAITH did not answer him. She left him and went back into the bedroom and began to put it into order... Kim was just like a spoiled child sometimes, she reflected later, when he was gone.

For instance, he was always sulky if anyone looked at the morning paper before he did. He didn't like to see it when it had been opened and "rumpled up," so he said.

Then there was the matter of the bathroom. He let it be clearly understood that he wanted to have the use of it at any time between half-past seven and half-past eight. And when he walked out of it, the walls and floor would be running with water because he always forgot to draw the shower curtain, and his pajamas would be lying in a corner along with the wad of wet bath towels that he had used.

But that sort of thing did not worry Mary Faith in the least. To pick up after Kim was part of her job as a good wife and she did it cheerfully.

Every Monday morning she and Mrs. Farrell did the washing, and every Tuesday Mary Faith did the ironing.

Mrs. Farrell was being sending the washing out to a laundry that had charged anywhere from three to five dollars a week for doing it.

"If you wanted to be a real help to Kimberley," she said now, "you'd get a job and go to work in an office again. That's what you'd do."

"Not unless Kim asked me to!" Mary Faith came back at her. "If I went to work Kim would feel that I was discontented and didn't want to live on what he makes. It would hurt him—it would hurt his pride. Naturally he wants to support his own wife."

She had plenty to do at home, besides. She spent the short days of the winter making new curtains of natural pongee silk for the whole house. She bought tan and cream and green silk and made covers for the cushions of the old couch in the parlor. She bought two wicker boxes of daffodils for the front windows of the flat. The winter went by and spring came all at once.

"Where did you get the money for all this stuff?" Kim asked her on Sunday as they sat over their morning coffee.

Mary Faith laughed. "You don't think I worked for four years without putting away a dollar every now and then, do you, Kim?"

He shifted in his chair, studying her face with his gray eyes.

"Look here, Mary Faith," he said at last. "I hate to ask you this, but can you let me take sixty dollars?"

She answered him without a second's hesitation. "Why, of course I can, Kim, and I'll be glad to. I'll get it out of the bank first thing in the morning."



What he did with his own money she didn't know. He gave his mother fifteen dollars every week for food and ice and newspapers, and the rest he kept himself. Mary Faith knew almost nothing about the household finances.

The next day he came home in the middle of the afternoon. His mother had gone to the library for a book and Mary Faith was sitting by the window, reading, when she saw his car stop in front of the building.

She opened the door for him and he dropped down on the window seat without stopping to take off his hat and coat. He was smiling and he took a cigarette out of his pocket and lit it.

"Well," he said, "you won't have to lend me the sixty dollars I asked you for."

"How's that, Kim?" She had brought it home from the bank that morning and it was lying now in the bottom of the drawer where she kept her stockings and handkerchiefs.

"Well, I'll tell you why I wanted that money," he began slowly. "You know, I do a lot of collecting for the firm, and a couple of months ago I collected sixty dollars from an old fellow named Grammas over on the west side."

"I didn't turn it in at the office that day," his voice went slowly on, "and that night I lost every nickel of it, playing cards at the Athletic Club."

Mary Faith remembered the very night that it must have been. Kim had called her up and told her he was going to play poker with Jack Maldon and some friends of his and that she'd better not wait up for him.

"I ought to have let everything else go and put that money back right away," Kim said, "but I didn't... If I'd known you had any money, I'd have been all right. But I didn't."

"You can put it back now!" Mary Faith got up from her chair. "I have it in my room... I'll get it—"

He took hold of her wrist and pushed her back into her chair.

"No. It's too late now. You don't think I'm going to admit now that I took it, do you? You must be crazy," he said. "I told them that I turned it over to Miss Brown—she takes care of all that sort of stuff—and I'm never going to tell them anything else. That's my story and I'm stuck with it."

THE next night he came home at dinner time and told her that McIntrae and Westover had let him out.

Kim was very bitter. Mary Faith veiled her surprise by busying herself with the steak the careful budget allowed once a week.

"When I think of the years I've wasted, working for them!" he said. "Hot-footing it all over town every day, collecting their bills and doing all the rest of their dirty work for them! Why, they haven't ever given me a chance to work on a decent case—and then, by gosh, the first time I don't turn in a piece of money the minute I get it, they kick me out!"

Mary Faith came and sat beside him, laying one of her hands over his. It was no longer white and smooth and pink-tipped as it had been in the days when she was Mark Nesbit's secretary, and it was still without a wedding ring.

"Why don't you take that sixty dollars of mine and give it to Mr. McIntrae?" she asked him. "Why don't you go to him and make a clean breast of the whole thing, Kim? Everybody makes a misstep at some time

[Continued on page 136]



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Name.....

Address.....

MARY FAITH

[Continued from page 135]

or other in their lives, and there isn't a dishonest bone in your body, really." Her blue eyes pleaded with him, believed in him, trusted him.

BUT he wasn't looking at them. He was staring at the floor and his mouth was set in a hard stubborn line.

"No, I'll see him in Calcutta before I go near him," he said. "Besides I don't want his two-penny job any more. He can take it and give it to the office boy—if I had any money I'd open an office of my own. I'd show them whether I'm a lawyer or not!"

He looked at her then. There was a question written in his face.

"How much money would it take?" Mary Faith asked.

"Well, I wouldn't be able to count on getting very many clients for the first two or three months. I'd have to have a thousand dollars, anyway. You see, it would cost something to keep this flat going and I couldn't rent a decent office for less than a hundred a month. Then I'd have to have a girl to look after things when I wasn't there."

"All right. I have a thousand dollars and you can have it, Kim," Mary Faith said and watched the look of relief that swept across his face. "It can be your office girl too, can't it?" she added, as she took a skillet from its hook in which to cook the almost-forgotten steak.

"Oh, no. I may be a poor sort of a husband, but I won't let my wife work in my office," he said.

Then he caught her in his arms, crushing her close to him. "To think of a little thing like you saving all that money, when I've never saved a red cent!" he said huskily. "Why, you're nothing but a gadget!"

"A very thrifty gadget," Mary Faith laughed, and then sobered all at once.

"When I saved that money I didn't know how much happiness I was saving up for myself, Kim," she said.

They didn't let his mother know that he had lost his position.

"There's no reason why we should," Mary Faith decided. "It will only make her miserable, Kim. We'll simply tell her that you've made up your mind to set up shop for yourself."

And that was what they told her.

"I suppose that was your brilliant idea," she said to Mary Faith the next morning after Kim had left to hunt for an office.

"But I think he'd have been much better off if he'd stayed right where he was, making sixty dollars a week and having no responsibility at all! Suppose he fails—what then?"

"He won't fail. Don't you worry about his failing," Mary Faith said light-heartedly. She was very happy that morning.

She was glad to have Kim away from the offices of McIntree and Westover. Perhaps he wouldn't see so much of Jack Maldon and his crowd of card-playing friends now that he was no longer working with them.

"And that Janet girl—" she went on thinking, as she rinsed the pink-sprigged china dishes and began to wipe them.

"She won't be under his nose all day long any more, either." She never had asked Kim about the girl named Janet, but she had always had a feeling that she was still working for McIntree and Westover.

On Friday Kim drove her downtown to the Towers Building and showed her the office he had rented. The Towers Building was old and its elevator made Mary Faith think of a bird cage. A very old and rusty one.

"It's not much of a building," Kim said apologetically, "but I won't have to stay here forever."

His office was on the eighth floor. It was small and its one and only window looked out into the well of the building.

"I got it for ninety smackers a month," he announced proudly, "and I signed a lease for six months. By the end of that time I'll be able to afford a better place—what do you bet I won't?"

"I know you will," Mary Faith told him sturdily. "You're hard stuff, Kim, and you're sure to win out. The germ of failure just isn't in you!" She meant it with all her heart.

"Did you hire an office girl?" she asked suddenly on their way home.

Kim nodded.

"What's her name?"

"Miss McCune."

MARY FAITH was longing to ask him if she was a pretty girl. She opened her lips to do it, and then closed them once more. She wasn't going to let herself think about that girl who was to work in Kim's office all day long from now on. Even if she was a pretty girl, what difference did it make? ... Kim was married and he was honorable.

"And besides he does love me," she told herself. She never had doubted his love for a moment since the night he had walked into Mrs. Puckett's house and told her that she was the only woman on earth that he wanted.

"There's just one small favor that I want to ask of you," he said to her. "Please don't get into the habit of running up to my office every time you're downtown, Mary Faith. A lot of women do it and, believe me, it makes no hit with their husbands. The very nicest type of women hardly ever step into their husband's office. I never saw McIntrae's wife in all the time I worked for him."

Mary Faith was hurt but she did not show it. "All right, darling, I'll try to be just like Mr. McIntrae's wife," she said, and there wasn't a trace of bitterness in her voice.

The whole month of May went by without her so much as telephoning Kim's office.

One night in the middle of the month he did not come home for dinner. Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock came and there was no word from him.

"This is like the old days," his mother said dryly when Mary Faith and she sat down to the table at nine o'clock and had their dinner. "Must be the honeymoon's over at last."

"I'm just wondering if he's been hurt—if anything's happened to him," Mary Faith answered. Visions of Kim lying under the wheels of his automobile or on the white expanse of a hospital bed ran through her head.

"Yes, and you'll sit wondering like this about him many a time in the next forty or fifty years," Mrs. Farrell said. "He's just like his father was before him."

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MARY FAITH

She was a puzzle to Mary Faith. She adored Kim and championed him in everything. Yet she would talk about him to Mary Faith as if he were their enemy.

She would tell her how very selfish and irresponsible he was on occasion and how like his good-for-nothing father he was.

"He might behave himself if he were married to any kind of girl but your kind," she said now, crumbling bread on the table and rolling it into pills. "Some high-flier like himself that he couldn't trust out of his sight—that's the kind of woman who could hold him. You see, he doesn't have to worry about you. He knows you're always here waiting safe at home and so he doesn't even think about you when he gets away from you. I know . . . for years I was Leah, the forsaken, myself."

AT HALF past ten Mary Faith called up the Maldons. Claire answered the telephone and her voice sounded sleepy.

"Has Kim been there?" Mary Faith asked her. "He didn't come home to dinner and his mother and I are worried about him. We thought that possibly he might have stopped in at your house."

"No. We haven't seen Sandy for a week," Claire answered her. "Jack and I have been here alone all evening. If he isn't home by midnight you'd better call us up again. Perhaps he may drop in meanwhile."

As Mary Faith turned away from the telephone she heard his car in the driveway and saw the flash of its headlights through the front windows. She heard him come across the patch of front lawn, whistling "In a Little Spanish Town."

Then the door of the flat opened and in he came.

"You're late," she said. The familiar phrase, half-relief and half-accusation, with which hundreds and hundreds of wives have greeted philandering husbands.

"Not very," he said, "not so very—I stopped in at the Maldons on my way home and they made me stay to dinner. I meant to telephone you immediately after, but I was talking business to Jack, and I didn't realize what time it was until just a few minutes ago."

"I see." Mary Faith picked up the magazine she had been trying to read all evening and sat down in her chair. She tried to think of something else to say.

But her mind seemed to have stopped working. She bent her head over the magazine, in the printed page running into a blur as she looked at them.

"He's not telling me the truth." She knew that . . . But what was the truth? If he hadn't spent the evening at the Maldons' flat, then where had he been? Where could he have spent it?

"I ought to ask him right now," she thought. It would be better to ask him . . . better not to have this lie, raised like a barrier, between them.

She tried to speak, but something held her back. Perhaps he had been playing cards with some of his friends downtown at the Club and had lost more money than he could afford, and didn't want to tell her about it.

He was bending over her now, turning her face toward his.

"Look up here," he said to her, "and kiss me. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

He kissed her . . . He could still remove all doubt, all shadow of doubt, from her mind with a kiss.

[Continued in DECEMBER McCALL'S]

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READING AND WRITING

[Continued from page 8]

disaster. He must, I say, have found it hard to believe that, once scorched by such a flame, the same world could ever blunder into another like catastrophe. Yet there is no evidence that the lesson was really learned, no sign in all the heavens of a powerful opposition to another carnage.

At the spectacle of such senseless drift, one would expect the Sassoons of each army to be crying out now with the tongues of men and angels: "No, you cannot do this thing again! See, it was like this! And this! And this!" One would expect those poets who were as much in the bloody thick of it as any helpless peasant—and yet were so gifted with the magic of words that they could speak for the inarticulate millions whose agony they shared—one would expect the likes of Siegfried Sassoon, I say, to take the world by its silly neck and rub its nose in the war, where, to my notion, the nose of the world belongs.

In that connection, only the testimony of an infantryman—at first or second hand—is worth listening to. Only he knew what it was really like, and the rest of us are of no more value as witnesses than those delighted spinsters who derived such unfamiliarly pleasurable sensations from canteen work, or those bland unimpaired elders the world around who had the incredible effrontery to say they were "giving" their sons to their respective countries. But the infantryman knew, and from the Infantry must come any work as messianic in intention and as strong in its day and cause as, let us say, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. You will not find such a work in the tranquil, unselfish, almost nostalgic pages of Sassoon's memoirs. There was a fine day in 1917 when Second Lieutenant Sassoon took his courage in his two hands and went on strike, but, by the time he came to write his memories, the messianic anger, the messianic impulse even, had died within him.

IT WAS in the middle of the war, I after he had personally killed rather more than his fair share of the enemy and had been twice wounded and once decorated in the process, that it occurred to young Sassoon to question the righteousness of the war and the decency of his own unthinking participation in it. After long, unhappy deliberation, he wrote a letter of defiance to his commanding officer, in which, as one who had seen and endured the sufferings of the troops, he announced that he could no longer be a party to

prolonging those sufferings for ends which he believed to be evil and unjust. Of course, the army decided that the young subaltern who had started thinking for himself must be out of his mind—shell-shock and all that sort of thing, poor fellow—and, after a mild resistance, he allowed himself to be hustled off to a neurasthenic hospital from which, out of sheer boredom, he soon drifted back to the front and served till the war was over.

AND if now, when he is free to say his say, the scourging anger has all gone out of him, it is, I suspect, because new misgivings have visited him in the meantime. If, ten years later, he can write dispassionately that exploitation of courage which he once hated, it may well be it is because he has been contrasting the texture of that half-forgotten time with the bloodless, but equally blundering and cruel, shambles which we are so poor-spirited and so unimaginative as to call peace. In the shifting mists over No Man's Land there was ever floating for the homesick subaltern a mirage of the fair and gracious England he had left behind him—the call of birds from flowering hedge-rows, the toll of a church bell in some sleepy village, the scent of lavender in cool, shaded rooms, the hallooing of happy huntsmen down country lanes. Perhaps, since then, he has discovered that England is as fair and gracious as all that to a few of its people and that in London and Glasgow every day there is an exploitation as monstrous as any his young eyes saw in the valley of the Somme. I think that what pervades *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* like the light from an unrisen moon is just a refusal to pretend that all is well with the world if only it is not at war. He comes nearest to saying as much when he pauses on a French road beside a dead soldier and records almost apologetically how sick the sight of that smashed head made him.

"I am," he says, "no believer in wild denunciations of the war; I am merely describing my own experiences of it; and in 1917 I was only beginning to learn that life, for the majority of the population, is an unlovely struggle against unfair odds, culminating in a cheap funeral." Yes, I think that Sassoon's war memoirs are the work of a man with something else on his mind. He is troubled more by his personal answer to another question that runs something like this: "Siegfried Sassoon, what did you do in the great Peace?"

WORDS AND MUSIC

[Continued from page 7]

autobiography. Perhaps the happiest event of his life was a gala concert organized in 1925 by two of his greatest pupils, Jascha Heifetz and Efrim Zimbalist, abetted by Hoffman, Gabilovitch, and Rachmaninoff, in honor of his eightieth birthday. In 1926 he became an American citizen. He died in Dresden last July.

The list of his eminent pupils is almost beyond belief. Heifetz, Zimbalist, Mischa Elman, and Toscha Seidel are perhaps the best known; but there are dozens of others, all with established reputations.

What made him a great teacher was the fact that he treated every pupil as an individual case, analyzed his faults unerringly, and as unerringly chose the method of correcting them that was suited to the mental and physical temperament of that pupil.

Only a pedagogical genius could have developed three such distinct violin personalities as Zimbalist—classic in spirit, deeply, but reticently, emotional; Elman—luscious tone, tone, and more tone; and Heifetz, cool, remote, and master of a technique that would have made Paganini pale.

His one major error of judgment was, amusingly enough, a technical one. He refused the dedication of Tschai-kowsky's violin concerto because, he said, the work was unplayable on the violin. I remember Bronislaw Huberman's American debut in 1921. The most ambitious piece on his program was that same concerto. Auer was in that audience, too. For Huberman was his pupil, and had—in common with many other pupils—studied the Tschai-kowsky concerto with the man who once said nobody could play it.



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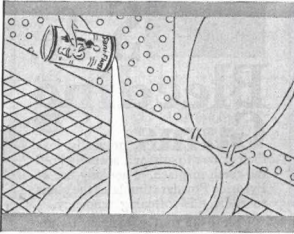
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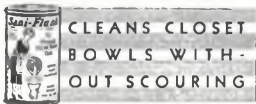


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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[Continued from page 28]

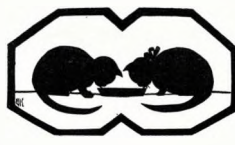
quit it. Jules agreed, for the green slide fascinated him, seemed to draw him, uncannily. "Another minute of watching an 'I'd drop into that," he gasped, as they turned away.

Jules wrested some knowledge of the Hidden Valley from the Indian, the man admitting that there was such a place. Few visited it for, at the North, the Devil's River stood guard, while to the South was the Cedar Swamp, a place equally fatal to mortal man, for not only was it demon-infested but the mosquitoes were so thick they ate one alive. He swore he would not venture near the valley but, since Jules insisted upon at least seeing it, led him to the ridge above. On the summit of the western wall, Jules discovered a valuable asset in Carlyle's pack—a pair of field glasses. With this aid he studied the valley floor and at last, picked out two figures, tiny, even through the powerful lenses but, unquestionably, human. They walked together by the lake and behind them was a four-footed beast with a curled-up tail—Giekie!

Through Carlyle's glasses, Jules studied the formidable southern entrance to the valley and thought that by climbing frequently and taking observations, he might find his way through. The guide must return to Neepawa with Carlyle's pack; proof they had found signs of the Sergeant. This mute evidence would cause McDonald to inform the Mounties of Carlyle's death or danger. Other policemen would come to investigate, might even arrive in time to arrest Neeka!

BATTERED, ragged and half-starved, Jules stumbled one afternoon into the haven of the valley and came upon Lolo, eating honey, amiably, from a rotted stump. Jules shot the bear, point-blank, but, in his trembling weariness, the bullet merely seered her flank and she yelped in surprise and anger, turning to run away as the man took steadier aim. Before he might fire a fighting fury of dog leapt upon his shoulders and bore him, screaming, to the ground.

It was his old enemy, Giekie, and Jules' cry brought Carlyle and Neeka to the spot. Neeka, reluctantly, removed the great dog, Giekie.



"Well, Jules!" she said, as the man sat up, rubbing his neck and brushing pineneedles from his ragged shirt; "so, it is you!"

The trapper grinned and squirmed about to greet Carlyle. "A love-n's, eh?" he remarked, with a leer. "Too bad I but in. I guess Jules Cartier about the las' man in the worl' you expect to see, or want to see, eh?"

"On the contrary," lied Carlyle, white-lipped but steady-voiced, "we are delighted. Did you come through the deadfall? Of course you did, else you wouldn't be here."

Jules nodded. "I come through hell!" he said, rising. The dog struggled frantically in Neeka's embrace. "I bes' take Giekie to the cave an' tie him up," she said regretfully. "He will eat up this man if I turn him loose."
"We'll all go," Carlyle replied. "Jules, here, must need food."

Neeka glared but said nothing. Must she, then, feed her enemy? In silence they started, Jules limping, Neeka leading Giekie, her fingers entwined in his ruff. Carlyle brought up the rear and his heart was leaden and yet, for all his regret that the gates

of paradise were closing, he felt his shoulders straighten, for the decisive move had at last been played by Fate. They must go Outside and fight in the open. No more cowering, no further temptation to a betrayal of his trust. He'd win his wife from the world—"get his woman!"

Thank God he had come through, clean. Now, when they were Outside, when he had fought for her and won her freedom, they could be married.

In a sullen silence, Neeka prepared supper and fed the men, but she refused to join them and withdrew to sit with Lolo and the dog in the rear of the cave. Giekie was securely tied against further attack. Lolo was so fat the wound in her side proved slight.

SUPPER over, Jules sauntered to the door of the cave and looked out over the valley. Neeka, watching from the back of the cave, sensed a change in his attitude and knew he had something to offer: Jules was about to strike a bargain. "There will be a fight," she thought, remembering that Bob was unarmed. Jules had a knife and, in a holster at his belt, a Service gun, a 45. She recognized it as Carlyle's. Jules must have found it in the deserted camp.

"There is no reason you an' Neeka should give up this paradise," Jules was saying. "You like to stay here wit' this Mounty, eh Neeka? You love him?"

She did not deign to reply. "Come on, Jules," Bob interrupted, sharply. "Spit out what you have to say. Don't pretend to be sentimental!"

The point was this—since the Sergeant would have him hurry. Neeka had, on her person, or somewhere in her belongings, a certain paper which he, Jules, would like to see. In fact, if that paper were given to him he'd guarantee to go from the valley, from the country itself, and never be seen again!

"A paper?" Carlyle asked. "What paper?"

"The map of a mine located somewhere in the North!" Jules answered, without further subterfuge. "Neeka make away wit' that map when she kill Daisy."

Carlyle rose angrily, his fists clenched, but Neeka begged his silence.

She went to Jules and spoke, softly. "But, if I do not hav' that paper, Jules? What then?"

"You hav'!" he stormed. "Hav' you not been to that mine? Your father's mine, up in the North? Did you not bring down gold? Don't lie to me! I tell you, your life she is in these two han's of Jules Cartier. He give it to you or throw it away—so!" and he tossed an imaginary bundle into the canyon below. "Once Outside you hang for sure for killing Daisy. No one is going to believe anything else. I hear you that day in the cabin an' my word is going to hang you; my word an' that of your brother!"

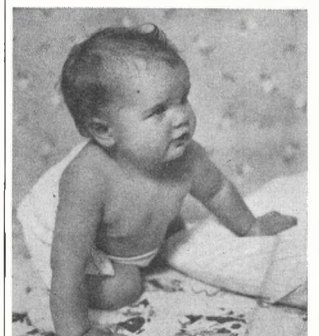
"Miscou? My brother? He . . . Where was my brother?" the girl was asking, tensely. "At the time when you hear me quarrel wit' Daisy?"

"Where would he be?" Jules expostulated. "Outside wit' his wedding guests, of course!"

Neeka considered a moment, then: "That of blindmans, where was he?"

[Continued on page 140]

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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

(Continued from page 139)

That, Jules did not know. Kippewa left the cabin while Neeka fought with Daisy. He said, later, it was no proper place for a blindman. Neeka nodded "No," she said; "no place for a blindman."

A cry escaped Carlyle. "Does it dovetail so closely, Neeka?" he cried, white-lipped. "Is everyone accounted for? Even your brother and the blindman? Is there no one left except . . . ?"

"Except me, m'sieu? So it would seem," she turned to Jules. "Now, about this mine paper. If I give it to you, do you swear to go away, forever? To never come back and never speak of what happen?"

He grinned. "Why should I come back?" he asked. "Wit' that mine of ol' man LaRonde I am ver' rich man, no? I go over to Alaska No need to come back to this c o u n t r e e. Jules, he will say nothing!"

Carlyle saw the girl pass to the rear of the cave, to a sort of cupboard among the rocks where she kept her belongings. She returned bearing a paper which she laid upon the make-shift table, motioning to Jules to examine it. The trapper swaggered up, eyeing the crude charcoal drawing suspiciously while Carlyle stared, unbelieving; horror fighting his faith in Neeka for here, on the table, was the map—visual evidence of her guilt. "I hav' been to the mine," he heard her saying, coolly. "You go by this range to the headwater of this river . . ." and she went on, carefully, to explain the trail.

JULES' thick fingers reached for the map. Stung to action, Carlyle sprang to prevent him but the 45 was from its holster and Jules, with the map in his grasp, was backing toward the cave door. "Not one step!" he warned. "Jules hav' got what he came for!"

He was gone. Leaping down the cliffside with a clattering of loose rock.

Carlyle looked Neeka up and down, slowly. "And I believed in you," he said, in that far-away, stranger-voice. "I would have staked my life upon your innocence! Since you told me about the mine, of finding your way up there this winter, I have fought the idea that you had the map and tried to believe your cock-and-bull story about being guided by Spirits. Now I've seen the map, seen you give it to Cartier, to buy your liberty? You killed Daisy, Neeka! You've lied all along and you didn't dare go Outside with me to prove your innocence because you are guilty! Guilty as hell!"

Her silence was dreadful. Only her great, burning eyes seemed to sear his own. "Don't look at me like that!" he cried. "I tell you I can't stand it! Don't plead with me; don't cry! For God's sake, keep your eyes off me! You are going in, do you hear? With me, as my prisoner, handcuffed!"

And, as if the physical act of manacring her wrists would insure him against weakening, Carlyle drew steel

handcuffs from his pocket and clamped them upon the girl's wrists. She made no move and offered no protest. Except for her eyes, blazing from her set face like captive, burning stars, she might have been dead. Carlyle looked at her, at the handcuffs on her slim, brown wrists, and broke into choking sobs. He flung himself at her feet, clasping her knees and burying his face in the coarse wool of her skirt. "Forgive me, beloved, forgive me," he cried. "I love you so. Guilty as all hell, I still love you! And I've got to take you in! I've got to take you in!"

Without looking at her again he staggered up and made for the door, muttering something about starting with dawn. Neeka watched him go, heard him stumble down the cliffside, listened to the silence following the clatter of the last loosened stone, gazed down upon the strange bracelets binding her wrists, pulled them apart and felt the bite of steel.

She was trapped Carlyle—the M'sieu Sweetheart of her dreams—had done this thing to her! He believed her guilty! He had accepted the stupid evidence of that paper, that poor scrap of a map she had drawn upon her southward trip in the spring, to make easier the return journey she contemplated with Misco!

Crouched in the cave-mouth, Neeka watched for the dawn and, with the first sweep of the "Wolf's Brush" across the sky, saw that the valley was wreathed in smoke, shreaded wisps of gray chiffon, torn by the wind which now hurled itself in a mad frenzy against the northern wall.

The busy wind gathered armfuls of blazing moos and pitchy pineboughs and dropped these dangerous missiles along its trail. It caught up bright-eyed sparks and showered them through the forest and no single blossom from its fire-bouquet failed to ignite some virgin spot. Ever ahead of the original wall, danced new fires, gleefully climbing the highest piles of dead and crisscrossed timber. Then, racing down scorched trunks, the flames would labor, more patiently, at the solid parts of growing trees until at last, like good axmen, they sent the monarch earthward in a long and graceful curve, roaring its own swan song as it fell, blazing from tip to base and aiming its trail of fire into the heart of the forest beyond.

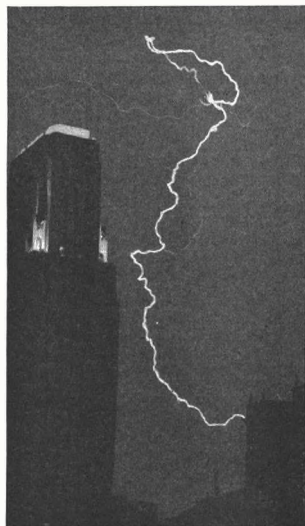
IN THE sodden desert of the Cedar Swamp, behind the last fire-wall, a man lay upon one of the islands of nearly dry land which dotted the morass. He had crawled to this spot out of the sticky, waist-deep muck of the swamp.

Jules Cartier made a desperate effort to brush away the mosquitoes which swarmed about his head. A broad smear of blood upon his cheek drew the pests in myriads and they sang and buzzed and swarmed to their attack.

Gingerly, he felt his left leg above the knee and cried out with pain, for

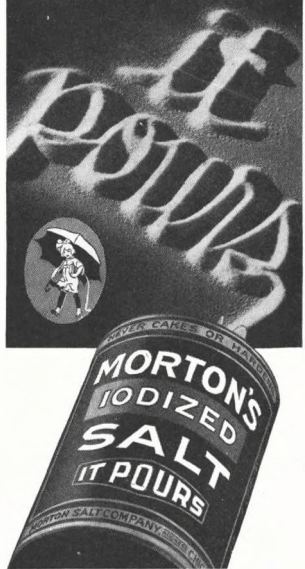
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but said little about
THE
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guished story
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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

the bone was broken. This had happened in the night, while he crawled out of the deadfall. With day, he lay on his little island, crazed with pain and tortured by mosquitoes; helpless—but safe from the fire for the wind held South. Before many hours the Valley beyond would be a furnace from which there was no escape.

When Jules left the cave with the mine map in his possession, he fully intended a rapid get-away to the North to find the gold and he had been honest in his promise that he would say naught of Neeka or Carlyle, but cooler judgment changed his plans. Undoubtedly the police would be coming in search of Carlyle for, by now, the Indian guide had reached Neepawa and, among other things, some remark concerning Jules' hand in the deal might be mentioned, causing interference of a grave nature. It were better, thought Jules, that Neeka and Carlyle remain in their love-nest, with their secret!

He lighted a series of small fires—as straight across the deadfall as he might contrive in the darkness. Ground and timber were so dry he was assured of the fire's growth and, fanned by the South wind, then still a baby-breeze, the blaze spread rapidly and Jules escaped from the deadfall, satisfied that the South gate to Hidden Valley was closed—a living wall of flame. Then his heel and the knot in the dead-wood betrayed him.

NEEKA sat in the doorway of the cave watching the fire's progress and waiting for Carlyle. The higher the sun rose, the faster whirled the smoke wreaths, but still the policeman did not come to claim his prisoner.

Hampered by the manacles, she yet contrived to unfasten Giekie. When the fire reached the timbered slope of the valley beyond the deadfall, it would race up to her eerie. Fallen timber, new growth, dried moss and bracken lined the path and the slope below her cave would soon be a lake of fire. Lolo and Giekie must not be left to roast in the cliffside oven. Only in the water there was any hope of safety.

At the lakeside, the trio found the woods filled with scurrying, terrorized life. Working to save her animal friends, Neeka tried not to think of her human enemy—Carlyle. Where was he? What had happened to him? Why

had he not come for his prisoner as he threatened? Had the fire trapped her captor? Up to her knees in the lake, she looked for Giekie and found him gone.

Against her will and sobbing the names of Giekie and Carlyle, she ran into the woods.

The dog appeared to her from out the curtain of smoke, ghostly in the haze, his tongue lolling from the heat but his eyes bright with purpose as he ran to her and tugged at her skirt. He had found Carlyle. Clasp his manacled hands before her face, she followed him into the choking gray folds of the curtain.

They found the man held prisoner under a fallen tree, rigidly clamped down and unconscious. Heedless of the sparks, the smoke and the burning brands which floated through the air, Neeka flew to kneel beside him, calling his name and tearing at her manacles. He lay with upturned face and closed eyes, his skin blackened and burned. The fallen tree, only a possible two feet

in girth where it pinned him, crossed his chest, diagonally and, though Neeka tugged at it with her helpless hands, pushed with her shoulder and flung herself against it, no effort so much as budged the log.

With every moment the heat was more intense, the smoke less endurable as it bore down upon them.

CARLYLE opened fire-seared eyes and saw the girl. She was screaming defiance at the on-coming disaster and he called to her through lips so swollen and cracked they barely formed the words: "Get to the lake!"

She dropped beside him. "I will not leave you! I will not leave you," she moaned, shielding him with her body. Then, once more, she renewed her attack upon the tree but Carlyle shook his head. "It is quite useless," he whispered. "For God's sake—for my sake—go to the lake!"

"No, no!" she crouched beside him. "Here, together! It is better so! Oh, M'sieu Sweetheart! In spite of what happen las' night, tell me you love me!"

He opened his eyes, blood-shot and naked of lash, and from their tortured depths she read the answer: "Forever!"

She sighed, contentedly, and nestled her head against his shoulder, wishing she might share the weight of the log with him.

His eyes moved pitifully in their seared and naked sockets. "We are going to die, Neeka," he said, "and now there is no need for lying. Tell me you did not kill Daisy. But, if you did, then tell me the truth. I would rather know. We can face it, and all that comes after, easier if the truth is between us."

Gazing deep and straight into those eyes she replied: "You are right. We are together on the brink of Eternity an', as God is my judge an' as I love you an' pray to be with you in His Country Beyond, I swear that I did not kill Daisy!"

"I believe you, Beloved. And the map?"

She essayed the ghost of a laugh. "I drew that myself on the way out from the mine, las' spring. The man we never think of killed Daisy. He was las' in the room wit' her when I had gone. He hated her for she had done terrible things to him—shot him and left him for dead in the blizzard! It was Kippewa, the blindman, who killed Daisy."

Carlyle attempted a nod. "You are right and the rest of us have been blind, as blind as that half-breed Musher. And now it is too late. Nothing can be proved. We are going to die."

"Does it matter?" she whispered, fiercely. "I mean the proof to the Outside World? We know the truth and God in His Heaven. He know it also. If He don't, then what use is He an' why bother about Him? But He does know, M'sieu Sweetheart! He know everything. It maybe that He see what a trap we get in, a trap of words, an' He hate words!"

Their lips met and love closed their eyes and ears to the approaching fire, the blinding terror of smoke and the hot breath of the Inferno. But the merciful lapse was only momentary for, opening his eyes to behold the sweet courage in Neeka's face, so close

[Continued on page 142]



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Ruddy	COLOR OF HAIR	Dry
Dark		Only
Pale	AGE	Normal
Olive	Answer in spaces with check mark	

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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[Continued from page 141]

to his own and swimming, it seemed; in a haze of smoke—the will of the male to protect his female drove Carlyle into a frenzy of self-abjuration.

"Neeka! Neeka!" he implored. "For God's sake, go to the lake!" He writhed beneath the binding tree until every bone in his body seemed to crack and rend. Blood gushed from his lips and, at last, he lay still.

NEEKA alternately cursed the fire and pleaded with it to end the torment soon. Her kisses rained upon the face of the unconscious man, mingled with her tears. "I can't stand it!" she wailed. "Unless you speak wit' me, I can't stand it!" She looked once more at the wall of flame bearing down upon them and a scream of mortal terror rent her throat. But, even as she screamed, she saw Giekie, forgotten in her agony.

The dog stood braced, facing the roaring destruction, ruff up, tail proudly curled, teeth bared to the enemy. Sight of Giekie defying the descending cataract of flame awakened a hope in Neeka's breast, so slender it seemed but a gauzy thread. Looking at the dog she said: "If only we had your harness, or a rope, you could pull this log away for you are a great, strong dog!"

The mere thought of an escape, impossible though it seemed, stung her mind to further action. She recalled the brown bear and the tugging strength in those huge arms. Could she get Lolo here? "Stay here, Giekie," she cried, "take care of M'sieu Carlyle an' wait for me. I will come back, wit' Lolo!"

She found the bear up to her belly in the water and ran out to her. Grasping her by the back of her fat neck, she tried to tow her shoreward, but Lolo made the little snuffing noise expressive of her anger and blew bubbles. Her shoe-button eyes were red with fear. Neeka tugged at Lolo and pleaded with her. Twice Lolo lashed out at the girl and snapped at her manacled hands but the schooled obedience of her cubhood and the deeply rooted love for humans governing her life finally won her. Puffing protest, she waddled ashore, Neeka half-pushing, half-pulling her.

Bit by bit they moved through the woods, nearer and nearer to the fire's menace until they gained the fallen tree, scarcely discernible now in the gray folds of the smoke curtain.

In a frenzy, Giekie leaped about Lolo. Would the bear understand? Would she help them? The ominous crackle of the fire alarmed her and she gazed, wildly, over her shoulder. For a maddening moment it looked as if she would break and run. Then she shook her round ball of a head and puffed out her black lips, clattering her jaws, angrily. "Lolo!" begged Neeka, "Like this! Pull! Pull! Pull!"

Very slowly the brown bear reared, her forearms on the log. She grunted, humped her back and pulled. It seemed to the agonized watchers that the tree moved, slightly; moved and settled back with a resounding crack. Neeka ran to the opposite side and pushed, bracing her body against the log while the bear pulled. Twice the tree moved and twice snapped back with that stubborn crack. The pain of its even slightly moving weight dragged Carlyle back

to consciousness and he saw the vast bulk of the bear above him and he cried out with mingled pain and wonder for the tree was moving! Moving clear of his shattered ribs and crushed shoulder; rolling away and leaving him free!

The bear scrambled from under the rolling log and Neeka flung herself upon Carlyle.

"Quick, your arms around my neck!" she cried.

The fire-trap was blazing and the tree itself a mass of flame when, with a last, desperate effort, Neeka half-dragged, half-carried the wounded man from the spot. By slow inches, Neeka dragged his inert body, while Giekie, his teeth sunk in the man's clothing, pulled with her. Slowly they moved ahead of the fire and slowly gained the lakeshore.

On the other side of the burned deadfall—which would never again stand barrier to the Outside World—on the edge of the Cedar Swamp, lay a thing of puffed flesh; a thing so spotted with black mites it was unrecognizable.

There was a way, prompted the feeble, dying brain, to be rid of these pests!

In a holster, somewhere near, there was a gun. He must get that gun and shoot these damned monsters who attacked him. Shoot them in the head!

It took Jules a long time to pull himself upright and yank the gun from his side. The living cloud hung like a concealing curtain over the lump of his face. He could not have seen the lone eye of the gun-barrel as, with intense difficulty, he found the trigger and fired.

And, in the end, he fooled his tormentors! The light behind his eyes blown out, he pitched forward, shoulder-deep in the swamp; butchered head and bloody hands immersed in the water.

For a while the mosquitoes feasted upon his bare back but a breeze from the North sprang up to combat the southerly wind which had played such havoc that day and, finding themselves drenched with smoke from the burned barricade, the insects fled, heavy with spoil, through the Cedar Swamp.

INSPECTOR Davidson followed the Indian guide into the soggy wilderness of the tundras. With him trailed the Constables, Vancy and Smith, and, after them, came Angus McDonald, puffing with heat and exertion.

That night they made camp on a bit of dry land marvelously clear of mosquitoes, for the smoke still drifted idly among the cedar trunks—perpetual smudge-pot against the pests.

The guide seemed particularly nervous. He huddled by the fire and glanced, furtively, over his shoulder into the gloom rimming their tiny camp.

Next morning they neared the end of the swamp. Wading the last stretch of water to a remote cedar, unscathed by fire but scarred with a wide, white ax-blaze, the Indian Guide came upon the body of what was once Jules Cartier. He screamed and fled to the white men, babbling his terror. The men hurried over and drew the horrid object from its watery grave.

Angus leaned weakly against the cedar. "Cartier," he muttered, "Jules



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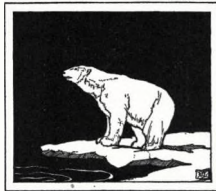
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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

Cartier, the trapper. How terrible! It was the mosquitoes, do you think?"

They tried to give Jules decent burial but could make no headway against the rotten mold and twined roots of the island, so thought it better to slide the body into the swamp water, out of sight. Then they moved on, sickened; and the Indian trembling and sweating.

The once impassable southern gate to the valley was down, the barrier forever burned away, but the field of gray ash over which they must pass made difficult going. It was twilight when they passed from the burned land to a narrow strip of scorched but living timber and to the lakeshore. With cries of relief, they plunged into the cool water. "Inspector," said Angus, standing waist-deep in the lake, "I swear there is smoke coming from your breeks!"

Before the other might reply, all eyes were riveted upon a strange figure which came toward them along the beach. Its hair, snarled and unbraided, hung about its shoulders and the face, where it was not smudged with black, gleamed deathly white. A great dog walked beside the figure and it was through Giekie that Angus recognized his mistress. "Neeka!" he shouted, "My girl! Can it be you?"

Spushing in his haste, he ran to her and Davidson saw the Factor throw his arms about the silent figure, tears streaming as he cried; "Oh, my lass, what do you do here? Why did you let them catch you?"

"M'sieu Carlyle . . ." Neeka began but could go no further. The unexpected sympathy in her old friend's tone, coupled with the God-sent presence of humans, men to help her in her ghastly predicament, welled up within her like an undammed stream and, failing speech, she could only gesture with her bound hands to the nearby trees, murmuring, "Carlyle." And then she fainted.

Davidson found Carlyle upon a makeshift bed of spruce tips, delirious and in a raging fever. Unable to bandage his crushed shoulder, the girl had stripped away the burned shirt and applied damp moss to the wound. The Inspector looked at his man, felt his pulse and guessed his temperature. "We've just about come in time," he said to Smith and Vancy. "Here, make up a stretcher. We'll have to hurry if Carlyle is to be saved!"

KIPPEWA brooded by his fire. Jules, he thought, had been gone a long time. What if the trapper played him false?

His snow-blindness was slowly leaving him. Since spring he had been able to see, dimly, from his seared eye-balls but this recovery of his sight he did not confide to anyone.

Peering from his cabin into the moonlit street of Neepawa, Kippewa fancied he saw someone approaching; a tall, girlish figure, stranger to the village. Kippewa noted that as she drew near she paused and stared at him, seeming reluctant to speak. "Is this M'sieu Kippewa?" she asked, at last, in a voice faintly familiar. He said, "yes," meanwhile staring through and beyond her in the manner practiced since regaining his sight.

"I am Neeka LaRonde an' I hav' come back to Neepawa for those mine papers of my father."

She detected his sudden start. "Come bac' for the mine papers?" he repeated. "Why, you hav' them all the time. Ever since you kill Daisy Dell in the cabin of your brother! You took them from the trunk. An' you send down gol' from the Far Countree. Jules an' I both know that for fact!"

[Continued on page 144]

GRAY HAIR

is the symbol of HEARTBREAK-AGE (banish it permanently!)



Where nature fails NOTOX succeeds



A. A red hair showing how nature distributes the color throughout the inner fibers of the hair.



B. A gray hair, colorless and drab because nature no longer implants pigment in the fibers within the hair covering.



C. A gray hair dyed with a "coating" dye. Notice the crust of dye which plates the hair and makes it coarse, stiff and brittle.



D. A gray hair recolored with Notox. Notice that the Notox coloring is implanted throughout the inner fibers of the hair, with no thickening of the hair's transparent covering—exactly as in the natural hair (marked A).

There is a distinct difference between white and gray hair. White hair is "distinguished"—nature bestows it on only a favored few. Gray hair is decidedly "old". Women have always hated this inevitable sign of fading youth. Yet, before undetectable naturalness was made possible by the discovery of NOTOX, dignified women wisely refused to employ the make-shift preparations available which made them appear obviously artificial.

Today, even ultra-conservative women use NOTOX as casually as they use powder and rouge, solely because it is so exactly natural that its use cannot be detected. NOTOX is an artifice, so perfect that it has destroyed the old-time prejudice against hair dyeing. NOTOX is entirely unlike old-fashioned "dyes" and "restorers"—they operate by the mechanical principle of coating the outside of each hair with a plate of color which hides the gray but makes the hair coarse, stiff, brittle and entirely unnatural. In contrast, NOTOX operates according to a natural principle—by penetrating the hair and depositing the color permanently inside the hair shaft, leaving the hair as fine, soft and glossy as nature's own.

NOTOX-ed hair can be washed, waved, or exposed to the sun—in fact, subjected to any condition of naturally colored hair, without affecting its color. The little drawings at the side (cross sections of hairs as seen through the microscope) illustrate the unique principle by which NOTOX scientifically achieves undetectable naturalness . . . The best beauty shops apply Inecto Rapid NOTOX. You can buy it for home use at beauty shops, drug stores and department stores. A descriptive booklet on request.



Recent a substitute NOTOX is packaged in black and gold.

NOTOX

Made by Inecto, Inc., 33 West 46th Street, New York

Colors hair inside as nature does

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She laughed and said: "Jules one big fool! But he dead now so it is no matter. No, Kippewa, I never hav' those paper. They are hid in the top of the trunk. The little tin trunk my brother, M'scou, keep on the grave he guard on Wekusko Hill." Then she turned away. Kippewa saw her go and heard her laughter floating back, mingled with the words: "Wekusko Hill!"

She was going there to get the papers! The months of waiting were to be tossed aside, lost. Cursing, Kippewa stumped from the cabin and found the well-worn trail to the hill. He would beat this girl to the treasure! If not . . . he fingered the knife in his belt. They would not cheat old Kippewa!

Well ahead of her pursuer, Neeka gained the wind-blown summit of the hill, with Giekie at her heels. A wild, ragged head peered over the grave's edge and her brother looked down upon her.

He studied her for a moment as she stood in the moonlight, then he broke into a harsh laugh. "So, you have come at last, Black Beast of Hell!" he gloated. "Moon upon moon I have waited. The long snows come and go and still Miscou does not hear the step he waits for or the voice he longs to hear. But the Good Spirit has brought you back. You could not stay away!"

"Miscou! Come down an' let me speak wit' you," she begged.

"Oh, I come, I come!" he promised. "But, wait one moment! I bring you something! Here, this is what you come for, eh? What you journey all this long way to find!" He jerked an object from beneath the grave coverings and hurled it at her feet. As the thing thudded, she drew back with a cry, then saw it was a small tin trunk. The clasp was broken by the fall and Daisy's clothes spilled out.

"I knew you come for it," Miscou was exulting. "Oh, I have guard it well!" And, so saying, he ripped open the lining of the trunk-top and pulled out a square, corded packet. The poke of dust was there also and this he tore open, flinging the gold into Neeka's face, crying: "Take it! That is what you want, eh? Now you have it! Gold! Gold and the Snowbird strangled! You did that, Neeka! You killed her—for gold!"

The madman pounced upon the spangled scarf where it lay coiled at Neeka's feet, like a golden snake. "This would be pretty about your neck, you She-Devil!" he shouted, and flung the scarf about her throat, twisting the ends and drawing them taut. "This is how you killed the Snowbird! Ah, but she is laughing now, in Spirit-Land!"

Neeka was on her knees, the tightened scarf strangling her. "Miscou! Brother!" . . . she pleaded. Giekie drew near in an agony of apprehension, for he could not understand this strange play.

MISCOU laughed, rocking the helpless girl back and forth on the scarf. "I am not your brother," she heard him saying. "My mother was not your mother. Your mother was a white woman and she died when you were born. See, it is all written here, in a letter from that man, your father!" Tossing away the packet, he grasped both ends of the scarf and twisted it, cruelly. Neeka tugged frantically, at the binding gauze. "Kippewa," she choked; "watch Kippewa!"

Miscou whirled to see someone crawling toward the down-flung papers and, dropping Neeka, he sprang to defend them, but Kippewa was too quick for him. Knife drawn, the Breed clasped the packet to his breast, defiantly. "Out of my way, madman!"

Miscou stared at him. "The blindman," he muttered. "Kippewa, the blind bat!"

Kippewa was backing away, rapidly. "Blind bat, eh?" he sneered. "You think to cheat the ol' blind bat of his gol', eh? Well, Kippewa fool you both, dam' you! Kippewa can see! For a long time he can see!"

In the shadow of the rocks on the hillside McDonald stirred, apprehensively, but Davidson laid a restraining hand upon the Factor's arm. "Wait," he warned, "let him finish. Let the girl prove her theory. Unless I am mistaken . . . ah! Listen!"

The voice of Kippewa came to them, clearly: "I can see an' I laugh at what I see! At those policemen, hunting up and down the worl' for one little girl! They never think of Kippewa, who was left alone wit' Daisy on the day of her wedding, left alone wit' the man who she cheat, from who she steal these papers an' who she leave for dead on the trail! Oh, the blind bat killed Daisy Dell all right but, in the end, he win!"

Kippewa turned to run, the packet tightly clasped to his breast while Miscou stood as one stunned, the meaning of Kippewa's confession seeping through the fog of

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[Continued from page 143]

his cracked brain. The four men slipped from the shadow of the rocks where they had listened, hidden, and tried to encircle the escaping man, but Giekie was quicker than they for he had heard the voice of Neeka, crying, as she saw the letter that meant life itself to her, being carried away—"Get him, Giekie!"

THE impact of the dog's body drove Kippewa to the cliff's edge. He lost his balance, struck out with both hands, then toppled and lunged, backward, falling like a stone to the lake below. In the second before the man fell, Giekie seized the packet and it was firmly clenched in his teeth when he dropped to the rocks—a scant foot from the brink of the precipice.

"BEAT YOUR WIFE FOR DINNER AND FOR SUPPER TOO"

This Russian epigram is expressive of the old order—but what of the new?

In a sensational series of articles, based on her recent visit to Soviet Russia exclusively for McCall's Magazine, Helen Christine Bennett reveals that

Women may do anything a man can do without stigma.

Is the ordinary woman, therefore, happier than before—happier than you are in America today?

Helen Christine Bennett asked

Marfa, the worker
Nina, of the intelligentsia
Natalia, the pretty aristocrat
Najeda, of the bourgeoisie
Maria, the peasant

Their answers form the most arresting feature of the year—

MEET THE SMITHS—OF RUSSIA

In the December McCall's

"Does it hurt you to paddle, M'sieu Husban?" asked Neeka, kneeling in the long canoe, her blade flashing in the clear sunlight. She looked back over her shoulder, dark eyes drained of sorrow and trickling laughter beneath her clustered curls and the sun-haloed rim of her white tam o' shanter.

"If it did, my dear, I would not know it. All I can manage for the present is the curve of your back as you dig that paddle into the water, and the way your little heels snuggle up under your skirt. But, if you look at me that way, we'll have to land, so I may kiss you! Or chance it here, in the middle of Lake Chaudière, which is risky!"

Lithe as a young panther, she twisted in the narrow space. The canoe shifted slightly, but steadied again when she gained the stern and sat leaning against Carlyle's knees.

"You are not sorry," Neeka was saying; "you do not wish we had gone away to the Outside World instead?"

"No, I am glad. At first I thought you might be happy out there, if you would try it for a while. But I know you couldn't. And Mother knew. She is wiser than I."

"She is sweet! She is beautiful! Hav' we made her ver' sad, do you think?"

"Not a bit. She was a little jarred. You can't wonder! First coming all the way from England to Calgary, then making the journey to Neepawa when she heard I was hurt. She will carry a wonderful story about you home to Dad," said Carlyle. "One thing I beg of you,"

she said to me, when I told her we were going to live up North and work the mine: 'Bring us back a lovely heir. Between your wife's good breeding and your own honest, if humble, antecedents . . .'"

Neeka interrupted. "What's Aunty see Dents?" she demanded.

"Your people—who you come from."

"Oh. But what your dear Mama mean about my 'breeding'? I thought we find out in that letter from my father that I am no more a breed girl, that my father an' mother . . ."

"Your father was a French-Canadian gentleman."

"Ouh," she said, proudly, "that I always know."

"And your mother," Bob went on, "according to the letter in the packet old Giekie saved for us, was the daughter of Sir Harry De Vesian. My mother says that your grandfather and mine went to Eton together. Old Sir Harry was exploring in the Stikine country when his pretty daughter, Dorothy—your mother, Neeka—met handsome Jacques LaRonde . . ."

"My father!"

"And ran away with him. The old gentleman disowned them both and was paid for his pains by losing his life when his boat overturned in the White Horse Rapids. Poor Dorothy died when you were born, darling. The Indian woman you called 'Mother' was your nurse. I suppose your father never told you otherwise for fear of making you discontented with your lot."

She mused. "And Miscou was Notawa's baby and not my brother at all! An' to think my mother is that beautiful Dorothy whose picture is on the wall of our cabin in the Nort'! How happy that picture will be to see us when we open the door an' come in! We will kiss the sweet face an' say: 'Mother, we hav' come home to you!'"

THEY paddled on in silence. Sunset, the artist, squeezed his tubes of paint upon the palette of the West and the lake caught up and held the colors. "What a promise!" whispered Carlyle. "Neeka, are you very happy?"

She snuggled between his knees. "How could I be else, traveling Nort' wit' you, my lover, an' wit' Giekie? Going back, over the long trail, to the house of my father and to the Country Beyond! Surely we hav' cross that Las' Ridge! Every night we will make our camp under the stars and every day go hand in hand, under the free sky. Behind us there are black things, soon to be forgotten . . ." a momentary shadow saddened her face.

"You are thinking of Miscou, dear?"

"No, not much," she admitted. "The past died in the burned valley an' when I learn Miscou is not truly my brother, then something die in me also, I do not care any more. I am glad that nice man, M'sieu Davidson, take Miscou Outside, where he can be care for, but I 'raid he will always be mad. In here," she touched her head, "he is all mix up, an' here, too!" and she laid her hand upon her heart. "Poor Miscou!"

"Shall we visit our valley on the way up?" he asked, to change the subject. But she shook her head. "I think not. Someday, when green things shall hav' covered the burn, we will go in by the river, but I could not bear to see my valley now."

"What of blessed Lolo?" asked Carlyle, thinking of his rescue.

Neeka laughed. "She will not miss us! She find a sweetheart for herself! After the fire is burned out she meet wit' a handsome gentlemen. He hav' come to the lake wit' his tail singe. I can tell you! At first they make high heads to each other an' she won't speak to him but, when le Facteur and M'sieu Davidson come to take us away, Lolo she stay wit' her husband. I know she is happy there, in our valley. Someday we will go back."

Silence again, broken only by the steady drip-drip of the paddle. Sunset, in an ecstasy of creative work, flinging paint madly to cover the vast canvas of the sky. Heated, hushed moments; frantic brush strokes, and then—a masterpiece!

Comes a dimming from the fragrant, fighting colors of sundown to the more wistful tints of twilight; colors lovers hold precious, with their promise of the sweet and secret dark to follow.

Giekie, in the bow, shifted uneasily. The drip-drip of the paddle had ceased and the canoe floated in a dream lake, a silvered silence from which the last, lingering touch of rose seceded. Somewhere a loon called, softly. Giekie looked over his shoulder and groaned. It was as he feared—the Lovers were kissing!

[THE END]



AND ITS BEAUTY IS MORE THAN SKIN DEEP



"TURKAN"—A luxurious Persian motif—Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 621.

YOU won't speak it out. You may not show it. But, nevertheless, there'll be a glad glow in your heart when you usher guests into *this* room. If this be sinful pride, it's easy to forgive.

For you see more than the rich blending of color in your Gold Seal Congoleum Rug, breathing life into the whole room. You see deeper, and farther. You look beneath its surface and see the long wear that tells you of money wisely spent. You look ahead and see leisure replacing the work of keeping old-fashioned floor-coverings clean and sanitary—work that Congoleum has made only a bad memory.

No wonder you plan Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs for every possible room in your home, upstairs and down—from guest room to sun porch. They cost so very little. They save so much time and work. And even if cheer and beauty are yours in the bargain... well—a beautiful home's no sin. CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, NEW JERSEY
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"OLYMPIA"—This delightful design, in ivory and Aegean green marble is classic in inspiration—and a practical blend of beauty and color suitable for kitchen, sun porch or play-room. Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 623.



"ARCADIA"—A color harmony based upon lovely Dresden China blue. A refreshing pattern for dining room, bedroom or kitchen, with a charm that will grow on you. Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 618.



"MECCA"—The soft glowing Oriental color tones that give this rug richness and beauty make it desirable and distinctive almost anywhere. Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 615.



UNLESS, when you buy, you say "I want genuine Gold Seal Congoleum" confusion and regret may easily be yours. Congoleum has imitators because it leads. Because it *does* lead, you want it. Genuine Gold Seal Congoleum always has the Gold Seal pasted on the rug. Be sure it is there.

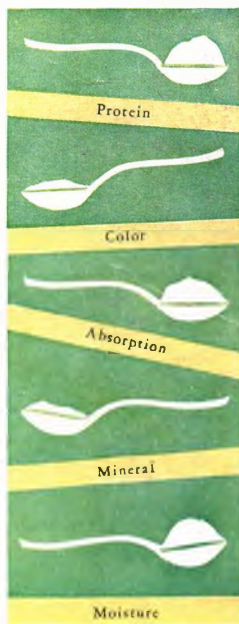
GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

SEE US AT THE OFFICE

Proper "balance" makes a better recipe —and a better flour

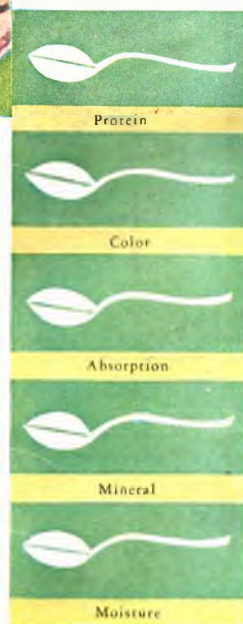
All the substances listed below are found in wheat when it is harvested. But they are not properly "balanced" for baking. No *single* variety of wheat contains these things in just the right quantities to make the finest all-purpose flour.

"Unbalanced"



The Pillsbury "balancing" process mixes as many as sixteen different types of the finest wheats. The result is a flour which contains just the right amounts of protein, mineral, moisture, etc. — a flour perfectly "balanced" for all kinds of baking.

"Balanced"



You know that your recipes call for many things — shortening, flavoring, baking powder or yeast, spices, etc. You also know that your recipe works best when these things are *perfectly balanced* — when you use just the right amount of each. Did you know that your flour should also be perfectly "balanced"?

Pillsbury's Best Flour is scientifically "balanced" for successful baking. "Balanced" according to a wheat combination used only by Pillsbury — no other flour is just like it. Pillsbury's Best is made from no single variety of wheat — for no single type of

wheat contains just the right amount of protein, mineral, etc. to work perfectly for all baking. Pillsbury's Best is made from a special blend of different types of the finest wheat. Each of these different wheats has some quality necessary to the perfectly "balanced" flour.

Try Pillsbury's Best. No matter what you bake, bread, biscuits or pastry, your foods turn out better. Everything has a delicate, unmistakably richer flavor. See for yourself why more women use this scientifically "balanced" flour than any other. Ask for Pillsbury's Best by name — your grocer has it.

Pillsbury's "balanced" for

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