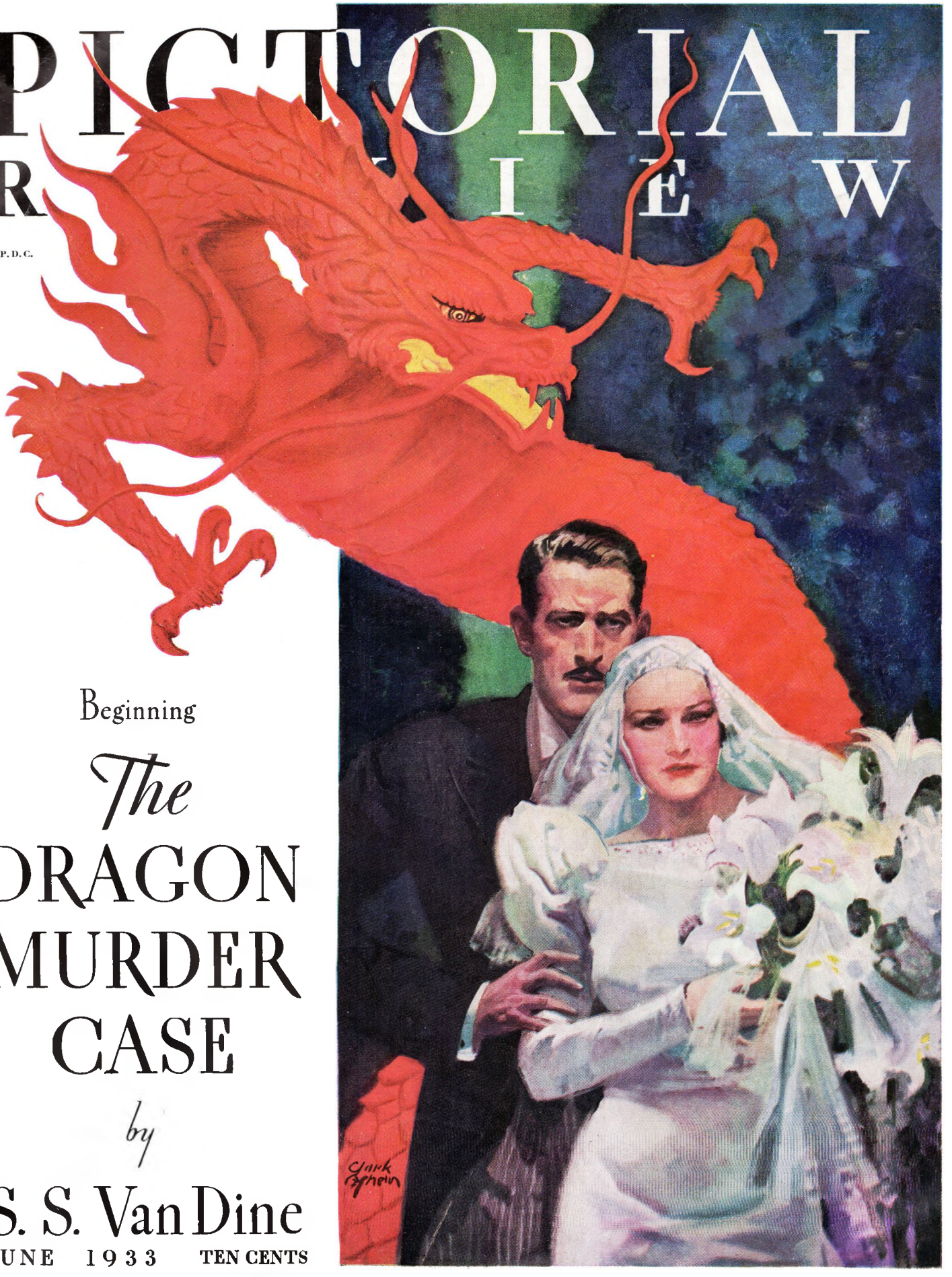
PICTORIAL REVIEW

P. D. C.



Beginning

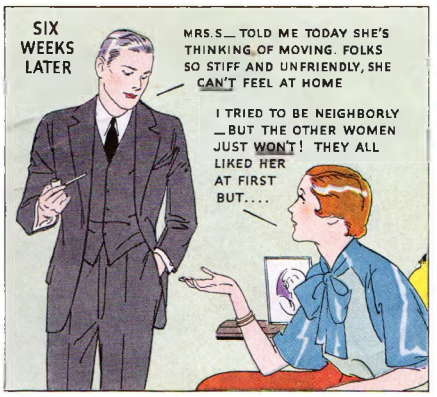
The DRAGON MURDER CASE

by

S. S. Van Dine

JUNE 1933 TEN CENTS

WHY THE NEIGHBORS THAWED OUT — by Timmins



Warmer weather now —watch out for "B.O."!

(body odor)

LADY of leisure or busy "from morning till night"—no one of us is safe from "B.O." (*body odor*)! We *must* take precautions—especially now as days grow warmer and we perspire more freely. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its richer, more abundant lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O."

Want a radiant skin?

Make Lifebuoy your complexion soap. See how quickly your skin responds to its gentle, yet thorough *pore-deep* cleansing. Watch dullness freshen to glowing skin health.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

NO LONGER SCRUBS . . . . . Now hands stay lovely!

How to save $100 or more on clothes

HUNDREDS of women right in your vicinity—*millions* of women throughout the country—are saving money because they've switched to Rinso. For Rinso's *scrub-saving* suds make clothes last 2 or 3 times longer! No rubbing against a washboard. No boiling. No washday abuse whatever! The Rinso way is so safe—so gentle. Dirt is *soaked* out and clothes actually come 4 or 5 shades whiter than ever!

No wonder the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers recommend Rinso! Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water*. Rich, lasting suds. Safe for finest cottons and linens—white or colors.

Rinso is marvelous in washing machines, too. The makers of 40 famous washers say, "Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes." Great for dishes—loosens grease in a flash. Easy on the hands. Get the BIG package and use Rinso for the wash, for the dishes, *for all cleaning*. You'll never go back to old-fashioned soaps again!

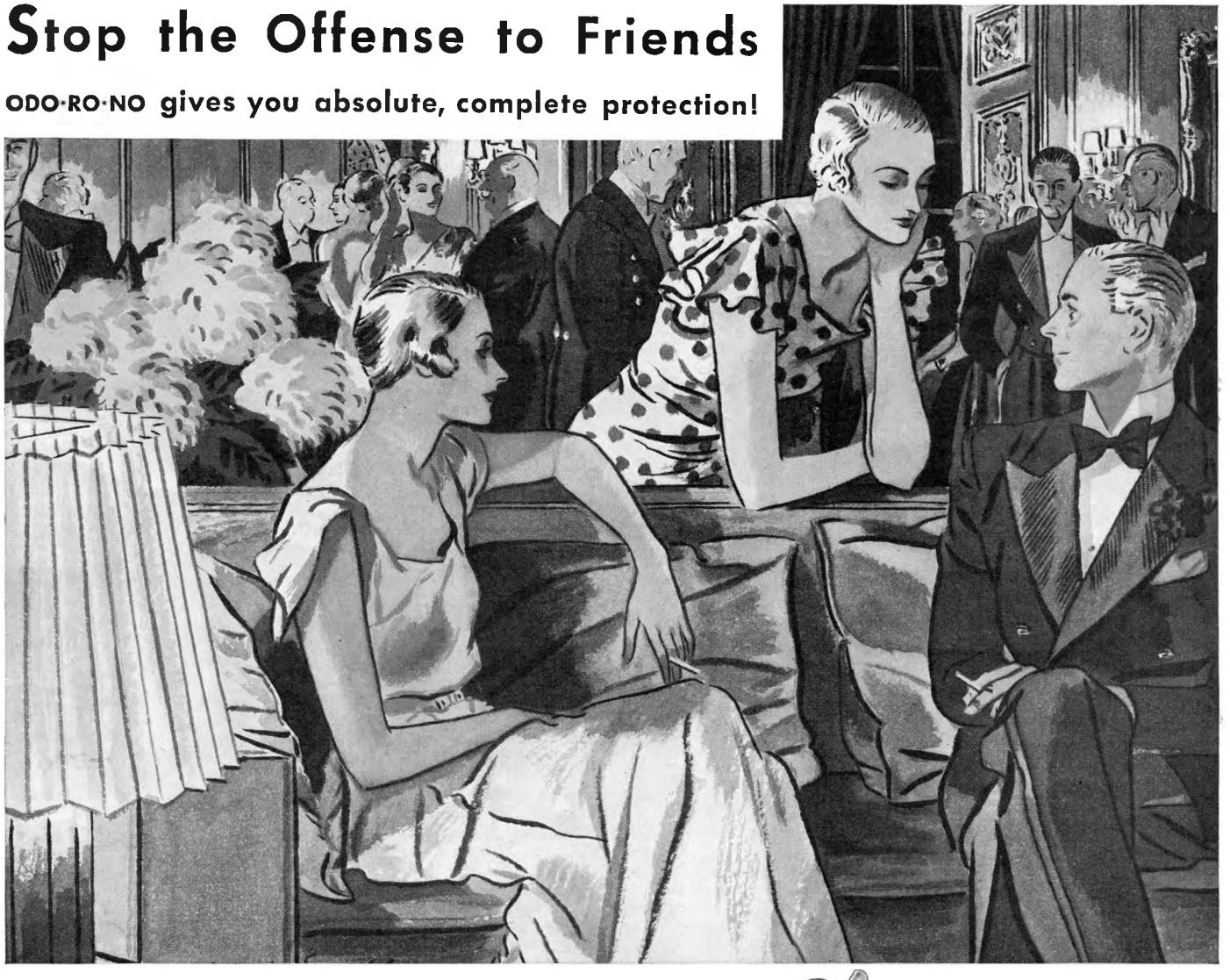
Rinso

The biggest-selling package soap in America

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

• Halt the Ruin of Gowns Stop the Offense to Friends

ODO·RO·NO gives you absolute, complete protection!



Odorono saves your dresses and spares your friendships from underarm perspiration and odor

Who is the girl so wealthy—and careless—that a perspiration stain on a well-loved gown is something she can look upon without deepest despair?

Where is the girl so highly placed in society that people will like her, whether she offends with the odor of perspiration or not?

In this year of 1933, it's sound economy to prevent the damage perspiration can do to dresses. And it's socially imperative to guard against the odors that offend friends.

Odorono is a physician's prescription for safely checking needless perspiration. Whatever other measures you use, you still need Odorono. For perspiration *must be prevented,* if you want both to guard your dresses and spare your friends. And powders, sticks, perfumes, greasy creams, and soaps can't save you. But Odorono is certain! It keeps your arm-pits dry and odorless for days at a time. Use it regularly and your poise will never fail you. Forget to use it, and you endanger your frocks and your friendships.

Choose either the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator, attached to the bakelite cap. The Odorono applicator is washable, unbreakable, and can't come loose. And it carries just the right amount of liquid for perfect, convenient use.

TWO KINDS OF ODO·RO·NO

ODORONO REGULAR *(ruby-colored) is for use before retiring. It gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection against underarm perspiration and its odors.*

CHOOSE THE KIND YOU PREFER

INSTANT ODORONO *(colorless) is for quick convenient use while dressing or at any time of day or night. It gives 1 to 3 days' underarm protection.*

● *Send this coupon, if you like*

RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., INC.
Dept. 6-P3, 191 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 8¢. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular and Instant Odorono. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

ODO·RO·NO Saves Clothes

¶ *Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!*

Pictorial Review

Vol. XXXIV. No. 9
JUNE-1933

CONTENTS

Cover Design—Clark Agnew

SERIALS Page

FICTION

SPECIAL FEATURES

HOMEMAKING

FOR THE CHILDREN

FASHIONS OF THE MONTH

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the United States of America. Executive and Editorial Offices of Pictorial Review Company, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York, N. Y., and 3, 5, 7, 9 Heddon Street, Regent Street, London, W. 1. England, and 21 Rue de Berri, Paris, France.

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NOW WE OFFER

DELVING IN DEMONOLOGY. Belief in the manifestation of the supernatural goes further and deeper than most of us are willing to confess.

Superstition is still rife in this so-called civilized age. It is, perhaps, easy for some to believe in strange things, especially under exotic circumstances.

Probably we are accustomed to accepting such fears and beliefs in certain strata of our society; but S. S. Van Dine brings us face to face with the fact that we have it right in our midst always.

Through the famous Philo Vance he has woven the spell cast by the old Indian monster that once supposedly lived on Manhattan Island. Originally Philo Vance was to have appeared only six times, but now Mr. Van Dine brings him forth again for a venture in the forbidding realm of demonology.

In "The Dragon Murder Case," which starts in this issue, Pictorial Review offers the most unusual exploit of this master of mystery who has swept the world as no one else has since Sherlock Holmes.

"MADAM SECRETARY." That figures are very important in working out the scheme of things is illustrated again in the career of the first woman ever to sit in the Cabinet of an American President. She is our new Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins. She has wrestled with formidable tables of statistics for many years and has worked out ideas for the benefit of labor that she now hopes to put into operation. Some of her own reactions to life, and some of the experiences she has encountered in her rise to fame, are told this month by Corinne Lowe, a writer whose friendship with Miss Perkins dates from college days.

INVENTION AND ROMANCE. All signposts point to Chicago. Margaret Ayer Barnes in "Are You Going to the Fair?" describes the wonderland of some six hundred acres along the Lake Michigan water front awaiting your arrival. . . . Life in the next era of this new world of science may have its disadvantages if Gerald Mygatt's "Telerad" is an accurate vision of the deadly formula to which romance can be reduced. . . . A twentieth-century Eve knows how to be old-fashioned when she insnares a husband as you will see in Maude Weatherly Beamish's "It's Hard to Tell." . . . It's the husband this time who solves the problem of his wife's career in "The Little Ones," by Elaine Sterne Carrington. . . . We become more enamored of our Polish heroine, Anna Maslova, as we follow, this month, in John T. McIntyre's great novel, "Daughter of Strife," her efforts to maintain personal integrity in the face of bad fortune. . . . And while we're very happy to find Eleanor returning to the peace and warmth of John's love in the last instalment of "Three Who Were Strong," it is with regret that we say adieu to these stalwart characters. But to let you in on a secret, a glimpse into the safe reveals a second Barbara Webb manuscript just waiting to take its place in the schedule.

LOOKING FORWARD TO JULY. Garbo vs. Dietrich or Dietrich vs. Garbo is a war that has been waged on many battle fronts. Whichever faction has your sympathy, you will be interested next month in Julia Shawell's nonpartisan presentation of the two blonde components of this celluloid war in her latest article on these screen idols. She draws engaging character sketches of the rivals for popular acclaim, in which she analyzes their tangible and intangible attributes that make them the two most famous women of the screen.

Short stories next month by four popular authors: Vicki Baum, whose latest novel, "Helene," is just fresh from the press, writes of the adventures that occurred at a masked ball in Berlin; Sir Philip Gibbs, whose "Way of Escape," a challenge to the new generation, has been recently published, writes of the market crash and how love rescued a playwright and his wife; Mary Louise Mabie, whose "Long Knives Walked" was popular with Pictorial Review readers, dramatizes the wind in a powerful love story.

Behind the drama and comedy and tragedy of Germany to-day is a story of astounding intrigue of which the world, even Germany, knows little. Behind Hitler are three women who have manipulated the wires that make the little ex-house painter move. Without them he probably never would have been other than a ridiculous figure in world affairs. Their story is revealed next month in an article by the Princess Catherine Radziwill and T. Von Ziekursch, which draws back the curtain on what really is happening in Germany to-day.

Discovered in Switzerland . . . A Rapid Way to

Build Up Your Child In Summer

. . . A Way That Adds a Pound a Week While Curbing Nervousness, Too

MOTHER: *See how simple it is to add a pound a week in weight while increasing appetite and curbing nervousness, too . . . Note the coupon below*

Keep a weekly record of your child's weight while you are giving him Ovaltine this vacation time. The total gain by the end of the summer may prove little short of amazing. Also note the week-by-week improvement in nerve poise—the marked increase in appetite, even for such often-shunned foods as vegetables and milk.

HERE is a way to build up your child more rapidly this summer. A way to increase his weight steadily throughout the vacation months frequently at the rate of a pound or more a week.

The discovery of a Swiss scientist will show you how to do this in a way the average child delights in.

It is not a medicine in any sense of the word; but a supremely delicious food concentrate. You serve it with milk, hot in winter, and ice cold as a shake-up drink in summer. A food-drink that is accredited with achieving amazing increases in children's weight, nerve poise and strength.

Already this remarkable food creation is endorsed by 20,000 doctors. While thousands of mothers give it religiously each summer for the remarkable health benefits it fosters.

What It Is—How It Acts

This discovery is called Ovaltine. Made by a special vacuum process, it is different from any other food-drink in the world.

First: It adds weight usually at the rate of 8 ounces to 1½ pounds a week. Not only because it furnishes highly concentrated nourishment in itself. But also because it contains important properties recognized for their power to assist in the digestion of certain other foods that comprise a large part of the average child's diet.

Second: At the same time, appetite is stimulated in a scientific way. Not by merely "tempting" the taste. But by *actually creating a natural sensation of hunger.*

Thus, when a child drinks Ovaltine, he not only inclines to *eat more* of such healthful foods as vegetables, oatmeal and bread—(even in summer when children frequently won't eat). But because of better digestion—he also gets more nourishment out of every meal he eats.

Third: As appetite and weight increase, nervousness is simultaneously curbed to a marked degree. This is especially significant. For child specialists have long observed that underweight and nervousness go hand in hand.

In a series of recent tests conducted among children in New York State, nervousness—as measured by the Olson-University of Minnesota checking system—was diminished an average of 30% in two weeks when this remarkable food-drink was given.

Thus Ovaltine acts to break up the vicious circle which underweight and nervousness tend to create. And accelerates the development of a child in summer in these 3 important ways.

Start Today

For the sake of your child, we urge you to try Ovaltine. Note the almost immediate increase in weight, in nerve poise and in strength. Note, too, the difference in appetite—the increased willingness to eat.

Remember—Ovaltine is extremely economical to serve. For it is *all* food concentrate—and contains no added sugar to give it bulk and cheapen its cost. You add your own sugar at home—so don't be misled if you're offered a sweet-tasting "sugar-loaded" substitute in place of genuine Ovaltine.

You can get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send the coupon below for a generous trial supply. . . . Note, too, the offer of a 75c Little Orphan Annie shake-up mug now being given free.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for sleeplessness—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

Free

ORPHAN ANNIE SHAKE-UP MUG

to shake up

Cold Ovaltine

as a Summer Drink

If you are giving your child Ovaltine now, send for this Little Orphan Annie shake-up mug (worth 75c) free. Use it to make a new and delightful cold shake-up drink with Ovaltine. Note the special offer in coupon at right.

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY OR FREE SHAKER

THE WANDER CO.,
Dept. PR6
180 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your trial tin of Ovaltine. *(These offers good in U.S.A. only.)*

Special Free Offer
Orphan Annie Shaker

If you are an Ovaltine *user* now, we will send you an Orphan Annie shake-up mug (worth 75c) free. *Send no money.* Just mail this coupon with *all of the thin aluminum seal* you find under the lid of every can of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(*Please print name and address clearly*)

Address.....

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

(*One package to a person*) 967

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Madam Secretary

The illustrious Frances Perkins—a study of the first woman in the Presidential Cabinet

By **Corinne Lowe**

AFTER eight o'clock in the evening the great office buildings of downtown New York possess a sepulchral dignity. Those tenanted windows which two hours before brushed like flakes of light against the darkness are now quenched. Solemn as the forsaken towers of San Gimignano, the scene breathes the perishability of all mortal empires.

Into this shrouded, requiescent world there stepped often during these past four years a belated figure. It was that of a woman with grave, dark eyes, and she emerged from the New York State Building on Centre Street. The footsteps which rang through the deserted corridors were vigorous but not hurried. The black of her well-cut coat and felt tricorn was neither spectacular nor "genteel." Balance, an infrangible poise—these were communicated without a single word.

This belated figure was Frances Perkins, then New York State Industrial Commissioner. She was the first woman ever to sit in a Governor's Cabinet. To-day, as the first one ever to sit in a President's Cabinet, she has merely won from the past a predestined kingdom.

When, as Executive of Labor in New York, she was detained for one of her frequent late conferences, an official car used to await her. The chauffeur of that car was wont to give his own testimony. "Whenever I hear people say that State jobs are soft," he remarked invariably, "I always think of Miss Perkins. I never knew any one work harder in more different places than she."

This was quite true. When Frances Perkins said "Home" she never meant that she was leaving her job. At the best she meant that she was changing the environment in which she thought about her job. At the worst she meant that she was going to a diving board from which she would plunge directly—perhaps to a train, perhaps to a conference, perhaps to a meeting she was obliged to address.

And yet none of her New England forbears was ever more deeply rooted in the home than is Frances Perkins. The wife of Paul Wilson, the statistician, she has long lived in a New York apartment. Here with her husband and their daughter, a charming schoolgirl of sixteen, she forms the center of a vital family life.

That apartment of hers with its colonial furniture and the old quilts which she loved to collect is kept meticulous. For household order is dear to her heart, and she laughingly admits that many of her lectures to her young daughter are based on a classic theme.

"How can you expect to be a civilized member of a civilized world if you won't put your things away?" She is as fond of asking this as any mother weighed down with no more cosmic problems than hanging the parlor curtains.

Emphasizing these homespun virtues is the reply made to a friend who asked her what she had been doing on Election Day. "Going over my bureau drawers, of course," she rejoined with her familiar long, silvery laugh.

The fact that she can parallel a constructive home life with her career of public service gives you the first measure of America's first woman of the President's Cabinet. For this public career has been progressively onerous. It began when, several years after being graduated from Mt. Holyoke College, she became secretary of the Philadelphia Research and Protective Association.

It grew more exacting when, as secretary of the Consumers' League, she transferred to New York City. New levels of energy had to be reached for her work with the Committee of Safety, that group of citizens roused to action by the terrible Triangle fire in which a hundred and forty factory girls lost their lives.

When finally, through a range of State appointments, she reached the post of New York's Industrial Commissioner she headed nine bureaus and eighteen hundred employees.

In this position she had been more than mere administrator. Through her twenty years of preliminary service to New York there grew up in the State a protective code of labor unrivaled in the Union. Already that beneficent social legislation has influenced homes in far distant parts of America. And if you examine the history of those laws you will find that many of them were either inspired by the ardor or molded by the wisdom of Frances Perkins.

That labor may be safeguarded by shorter hours, better pay, more reliable safety devices—this has been the aim of all Frances Perkins's valiant pioneering. Very often women workers have been her immediate beneficiaries. Yet it is neither as feminist nor as friend of the people that she now comes before the nation. Such labels are too meager for that wide-range point of view.

IN THIS woman statesman who knows so well how to combine theory with practice you find one who sees in the betterment of the workingman's lot the betterment of all society; one who cherishes as her ultimate goal an industry in which all units shall function as a harmonious whole.

What is the essential spirit back of this career which has already cut so deep into American thought! Here let us recall a certain incident. When in 1929 Mr. Roosevelt appointed her Industrial Commissioner a thousand admiring men and women tendered her a luncheon at the Astor. Those present included many of the most prominent figures in New York's social structure. And as Miss Perkins finished her solemn, unforgettable speech of that day they crowded about her.

It took a long time for the throng to pass. When it did it left in its wake one small figure. It was a little old woman in her best bonnet and shawl. It was Mary, the charwoman, who for ten years had taken care of Miss Perkins's office. Some one, knowing her adoration of the new Industrial Commissioner, had given her a ticket to the luncheon. Now, overcome with confusion, she dropped a deep curtsy.

Immediately both of Miss Perkins's hands flew out to that humble, awe-struck figure. "Why, Mary," she cried, "how wonderful to see you here!"

In that greeting there was nothing theatric. None of the great lady's self-conscious stooping marred its genuine delight. She and Mary were old friends meeting in an unexpected environment. That was all.

"I BELIEVE in the Demos," Frances Perkins is fond of saying. And what does she mean by that? She means that in human nature there is one common denominator. You may be a millionaire and I a handkerchief mangler. You may dangle a Phi Beta Kappa key and I may have stopped school in the fourth grade. No matter. Under all surface discrepancies there is something that makes us friends, something that may be trusted to work out for the common good.

It is because she is able to throw out that kind of spiritual gangplank, uniting herself with some other self, that she has always been able to work so harmoniously with all types of people.

Significant is it of her living democracy of spirit that when two votes were needed to put through the fifty-four-hour law for women for which she had so long been lobbying it was "Big Tim" Sullivan, Bowery leader of Tammany, who rushed back with his brother from a ship dock to give her the needed majority.

In her career she must run counter to many people's wishes. Seldom, however, does she antagonize those people. For example, several years ago a group of employers came to her to complain about certain legislation. They went into her office looking glum. They came out almost smiling. And yet she had won them over to her point of view.

How had she turned the trick? The question is answered by one of those same converted employers. "I believe," he remarked afterwards, "that the woman knows every labor statistic in the world. And yet somehow, with such a friendly way of treating you, she manages to take the rattlers out of statistics."

Nevertheless, when compromise is impossible who can be a more doughty paladin? In the administration of her office she demonstrates, in fact, what might be called a holy hardness. As Industrial Commissioner, good work was her one standard for the eighteen hundred people under her. If they didn't come up to this standard then the soft-voiced Frances Perkins could be a veritable Red Queen. "Off with their heads," she said virtually when upon coming into New York's Labor Department she found it encumbered by a few drones.

One of her present-day characteristics is the strength to wait for some dear objective until the hour has struck. She was not always thus. Those of us who knew Frances Perkins in her early New York days recall a fiery young idealist. She had visited filthy tenements, and noxious cellar bakeries, and laundries where girls stood all day on wet floors, and she felt that an immediate end must be put to such conditions.

And how did she learn that, though the people's will may be trusted, it must first be informed? Perhaps her most eminent instructor in this harsh doctrine was

Please turn to page 41

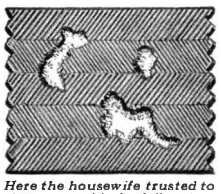
Make your fight against MOTHS the sure way! and do it now!

DON'T fight the mothworm with hit-or-miss methods, such as trying to scare him away with bad smelling moth-balls or trying to keep him out by means of bags and boxes. Remember that *mothworms cannot smell* and it doesn't worry them to be sealed up in a bag or box with whole pastures of woolen clothes to feed on!

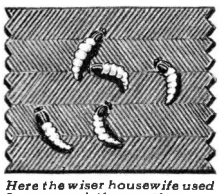
Plan your campaign and let it be an up-to-date campaign, sure and efficient, based on the scientific Larvex system of *moth prevention*.

Larvex treats the cloth itself—penetrates right into the threads of the fabric. The mothworm *can't eat* any cloth treated with Larvex—whether coats, suits, upholstery, rugs or draperies. Larvex is economical, too—one application lasts a whole year.

Larvex will save you hundreds of dollars in moth damage and it is non-injurious, non-inflammable, odorless. *Keep clothes hanging. Wear them any time.* A whole year's mothproofing for a suit costs less than a single pressing. Larvex is thorough, convenient, efficient. Big textile manufacturers are using it on their stocks of woolens. Sold everywhere by drug and department stores. The Larvex Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y. (In Canada: The Larvex Corporation, Ltd., Sainte Therese, P. Q.)



Here the housewife trusted to the wrong kind of "protection." Her woolens were destroyed.

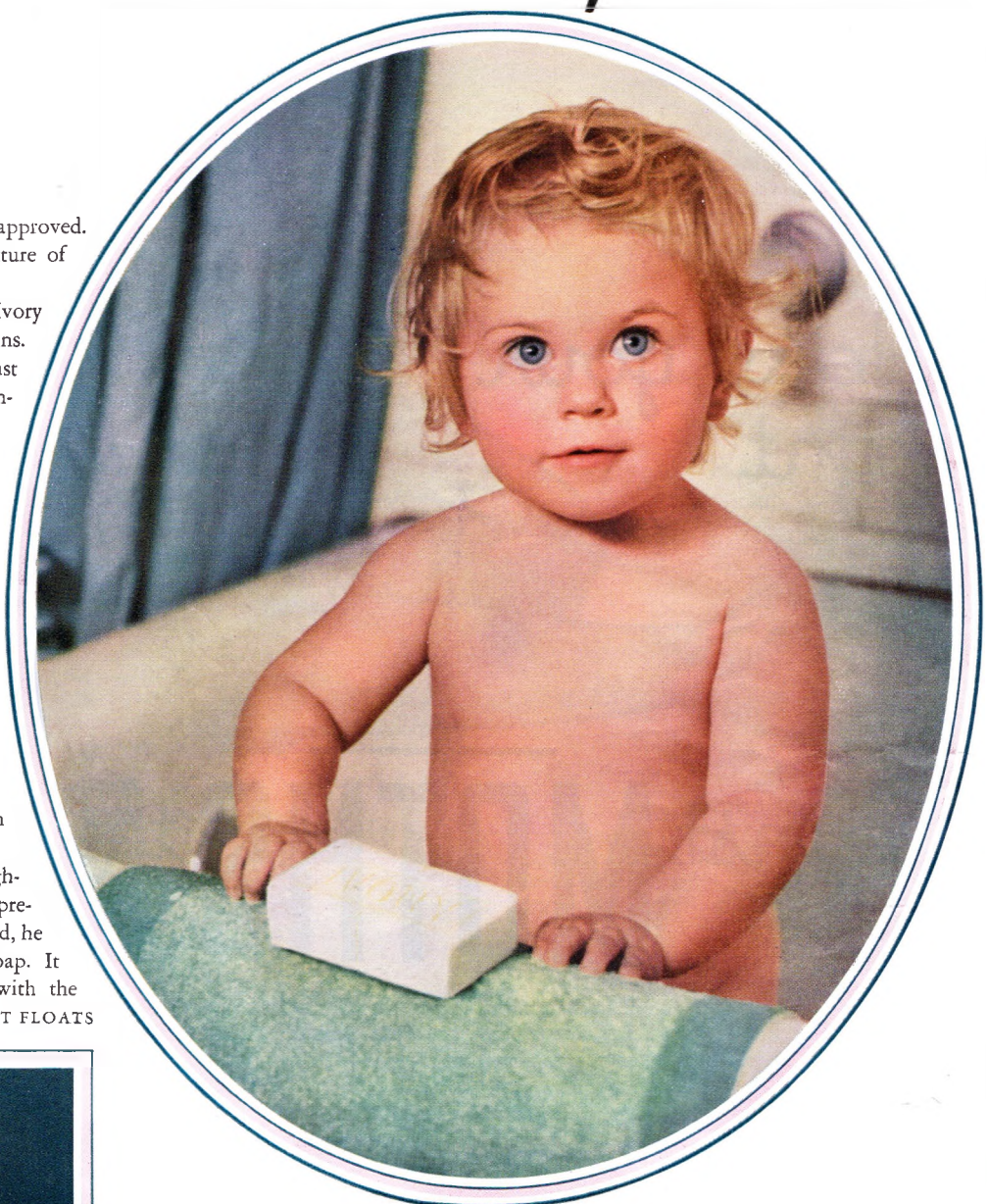


Here the wiser housewife used Larvex and the mothworms died right on the woolen cloth!

ONE SPRAYING LASTS A WHOLE YEAR **LARVEX**

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Dear Miss Beautiful—



Your picture was received and highly approved. Dimples, et cetera, carefully noted. Texture of skin graded "pink of perfection."

Your mother says that you recommend Ivory Soap for all babies who want satin skins. Why draw the beauty line at babies—just babies? Ivory Soap is beautifying to grown-up faces, too.

Some day, you know, you'll be a Big Girl. Then someone will come buzzing along who will turn out to be your Hero! Don't disappoint his eyes, Beautiful. Keep your complexion smooth and fresh with your Ivory beauty treatments. And show us the hero who wouldn't be pleased!

Yes, be faithful to Ivory Soap. It was prescribed for you by a beauty expert when you were a sprig of a baby. Perhaps your doctor isn't accustomed to be called a beauty expert. However, a doctor is the one person who knows what skin is—and what care skin needs.

Did your doctor give you a lot of high-falutin and mysterious advice? Did he prescribe colored or perfumed soaps? Indeed, he did not. He simply said, "Use Ivory Soap. It is so gentle and pure, that it agrees with the most sensitive skin!" 99 44/100 o/o PURE • IT FLOATS

IF YOU WANT A BABY-CLEAR, BABY-SMOOTH SKIN, USE THE BABY'S BEAUTY TREATMENT

Ivory Soap

¶ *Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!*

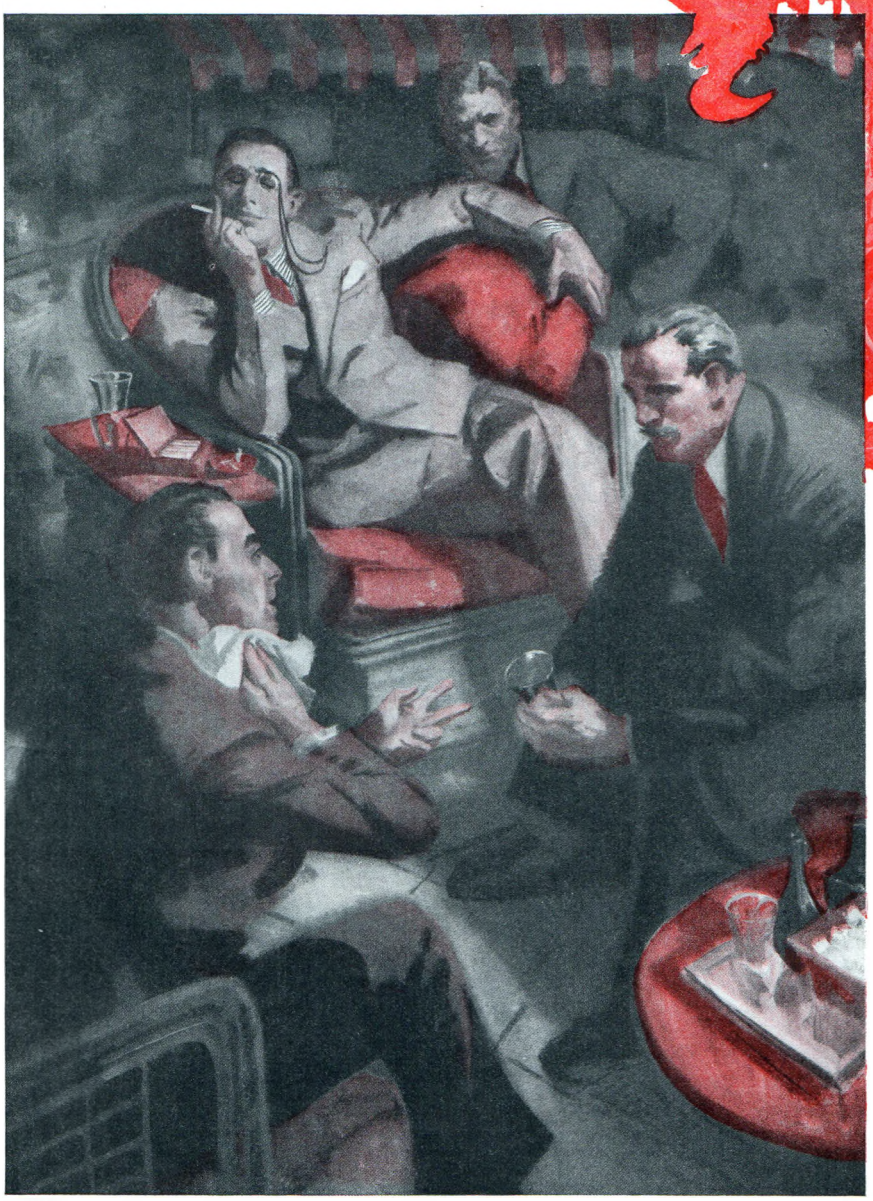
PHILO VANCE SCORES ANOTHER SUCCESS *in*

The Dragon Murder Case

by

S. S. Van Dine

Illustrations by **CLARK AGNEW**



"'Queer,' ruminated Markham. 'Sure,' agreed Heath. 'But what I found was a lot queerer'"

I.

THE TRAGEDY

(Saturday, August 11; 11:45 p. m.)

THAT sinister and terrifying crime, which came to be known as the dragon murder case, will always be associated in my mind with one of the hottest summers I have ever experienced in New York.

Philo Vance, who stood aloof from the eschatological and supernatural implications of the case, and was therefore able to solve the problem on a purely rationalistic basis, had planned a fishing trip to Norway that August, but an intellectual whim had caused him to cancel his arrangements and to remain in America. Since the influx of postwar, *nouveau-riche* Americans along the French and Italian Rivieras, he had forgone his custom of spending his summers on the Mediterranean, and had gone after salmon and trout in the streams of North Bergenhus. But late in July of this particular year his interest in the Menander fragments found in Egypt during the early years of this century, had revived, and he set himself to complete their translation—a work which, you may recall, had been interrupted by that amazing series of Mother-Goose murders in West Seventy-fifth Street.*

However, once again this task of research and love was rudely intruded upon by one of the most baffling murder mysteries in which Vance ever participated; and the lost comedies of Menander were again pigeonholed for the intricate ratiocination of crime. Personally I think Vance's criminal investigations were closer to his heart than the scholastic enterprises on which he was constantly embarking, for though his mind was ever seeking abstruse facts in the realm of cultural lore, he found his greatest mental recreation in intricate problems wholly unrelated to pure learning. Criminology satisfied this yearning in his nature, for it not only stimulated his analytical processes but brought into play his knowledge of recondite facts and his uncanny instinct for the subtleties of human nature.

Shortly after his student days at Harvard he asked me to officiate as his legal adviser and monetary steward; and my liking and admiration for him were such that I

* "The Bishop Murder Case."

resigned from my father's firm of Van Dine, Davis & Van Dine to take up the duties he had outlined. I have never regretted that decision; and it is because of the resultant association with him that I have been able to set down an accurate and semiofficial account of the various criminal investigations in which he participated. He was drawn into these investigations as a result of his friendship with John F.-X. Markham during the latter's four years' incumbency as District Attorney of New York County.

Of all the cases I have thus far recorded none was as exciting, as weird, as apparently unrelated to all rational thinking, as the dragon murder. Here was a crime that seemed to transcend all the ordinary scientific knowledge of man and to carry the police and the investigators into an obfuscous and unreal realm of demonology and folklore—a realm fraught with dim racial memories of legendary terrors.

The dragon has ever entered into the emotional imaginings of primitive religions, throwing over its conceivers a spell of sinister and terrifying superstition. And here in the city of New York, in the twentieth century, the police were plunged into a criminal investigation which resuscitated all the dark passages in those dim forgotten times when the superstitious children of the earth believed in malignant monsters and the retributive horrors which these monsters visited upon man.

The darkest chapters in the ethnological records of the human race were reviewed within sight of the skyscrapers of modern Manhattan; and so powerful was the effect of these resuscitations that even scientists searched for some biological explanation of the grotesque phenomena that held the country enthralled during the days following the uncanny and incomprehensible death of Sanford Montague. The survival of prehistoric monsters—the development of subterranean Ichthyopsida—the unclean and darksome matings of earth and sea creatures—were advanced as possible scientific explanations of the extraordinary and hideous facts with which the police and the District Attorney's office were faced.

Even the practical and hard-headed Sergeant Ernest Heath of the Homicide Bureau was affected by the mysterious and incalculable elements of the case. During the preliminary investigation—when there was no actual evidence of murder—the unimaginative Sergeant sensed hidden and ominous things, as if a miasmatic emanation had arisen from the seemingly commonplace circumstances surrounding the situation. In fact, had it not been for the fears that arose in him when he was first called to take charge of the tragic episode, the dragon murder might never have come to the attention of the authorities. It would, in all probability, have been recorded conventionally in the archives of the New York Police Department as another "disappearance," accounted for along various obvious lines and with a cynical wink.

This hypothetical eventuality was what, no doubt, the murderer intended; but the perpetrator of that extraordinary crime—a crime, as far as I know, unparalleled in the annals of violent homicide—had failed to count on the effect of the sinister atmosphere which enveloped his unholy act. The fact that the imaginative aboriginal fears of man have largely developed from the inherent mysteries enshrouded in the dark hidden depths of water, was overlooked by the murderer. And it was this oversight that aroused the Sergeant's vague misgivings and turned a superficially commonplace episode into one of the most spectacular and diabolical murder cases of modern times.

Sergeant Heath was the first official to go to the scene of the crime—although, at the time, he was not aware that a crime had been committed; and it was he who stammered out his unidentifiable fears to Markham.

IT WAS nearly midnight on August 11. Markham had dined with Vance at the latter's roof-garden apartment in East Thirty-eighth Street, and the three of us had spent the evening in a desultory discussion of various topics. There had been a lackadaisical atmosphere over our gathering, and the periods of silence had increased as the night wore on, for the weather was both hot and sultry, and the leaves of the tree-tops which rose from the rear yard were as still as those on a painted canvas. Moreover, it had rained for hours, the downpour ceasing only at ten o'clock, and a heavy breathless pall seemed to have settled over the city.

Vance had just mixed a second champagne cup for us when Currie, Vance's butler and major-domo, appeared at the door of the roof garden carrying a portable telephone.

"There is an urgent call for Mr. Markham," he announced; "and I took the liberty of bringing the telephone. . . . It's Sergeant Heath, sir."

Markham looked nettled and a bit surprised, but he nodded and took the instrument. His conversation with the Sergeant was a brief one, and when he replaced the receiver he was frowning.

"That's queer," he commented. "Unlike the Sergeant. He's worried about something—wants to see me. He didn't give any hint of the matter, and I didn't press the point. Said he found out at my home that I was here. . . . I didn't like the suppressed tone of his voice, and told him he might come here. I hope you don't mind, Vance."

"Delighted," Vance drawled, settling deeper into his wicker chair. "I haven't seen the doughty Sergeant for months. . . . Currie," he called, "bring the Scotch and Perrier. Sergeant Heath is joining us." Then he turned back to Markham. "I hope there's nothing amiss. . . . Maybe the heat has hallucinated the Sergeant's mind."

Markham, still troubled, shook his head.

"It would take more than hot weather to upset Heath's equilibrium." He shrugged. "Oh, well, we'll know the worst soon enough."

It was about twenty minutes later when the Sergeant was announced. He came out on the terrace garden, wiping his brow with an enormous handkerchief. After he had greeted us somewhat abstractedly he dropped into a chair by the glass-topped table and helped himself to a long drink of the Scotch whisky which Vance moved toward him.

"I've just come from Inwood, Chief," he explained to Markham. "A guy has disappeared. And to tell you the truth, I don't like it. There's something phony somewhere."

Markham scowled.

"Anything unusual about the case?"

"NO—nothing." The Sergeant appeared embarrassed. "That's the hell of it. Everything in order—the usual sort of thing. Routine. And yet . . ." His voice trailed off, and he lifted the glass to his lips.

Vance gave an amused smile.

"I fear, Markham," he observed, "the Sergeant has become intuitive."

Heath set down his glass with a bang.

"If you mean, Mr. Vance, that I've got a hunch about this case, you're right!" And he thrust his jaw forward.

Vance raised his eyebrows whimsically.

"What case, Sergeant?"

Heath gave him a dour look and then grinned.

"I'm going to tell you—and you can laugh all you want to. . . . Listen, Chief." He turned back to Markham. "Along about 10:45 to-night a telephone call comes to the Homicide Bureau. A fellow, who says his name is Leland, tells me there's been a tragedy out at the old Stamm estate in Inwood and that, if I have any sense, I better hop out. . . ."

"A perfect spot for a crime," Vance interrupted musingly. "It's one of the oldest estates in the city—built nearly a hundred years ago. It's an anachronism to-day, but—my word!—it's full of criminal possibilities. Legendry, in fact, with an amazin' history."

Heath contemplated Vance shrewdly.

"You get the idea, sir. I felt just that way when I got out there. . . . Well, anyway, I naturally asked this fellow Leland what had happened and why I should come. And it seems that a bird named Montague had dived into the swimming pool on the estate, and hadn't come up——"

"Was it, by any chance, the old Dragon Pool?" inquired Vance, raising himself and reaching for his beloved *Régie* cigarettes.

"That's the one," Heath told him; "although I never knew the name of it till I got there to-night. . . . Well, I told him that wasn't in my line, but he got persistent and said that the matter oughta be looked into, and the sooner I came the better. He talked in a funny tone—it sorta got to me. His English was all right—he didn't have any foreign accent—but I got the idea he wasn't an American. I asked him why he was calling up about something that had happened on the Stamm estate; and he said he was an old friend of the family and had witnessed the tragedy. He also said Stamm wasn't able to telephone, and that he had temporarily taken charge of the situation. . . . I couldn't get any more out of him; but there was something about the way the fellow talked that made me leery."

"I see," Markham murmured noncommittally. "So you went out?"

"Yeah, I went out." Heath nodded sheepishly. "I got Hennessey and Burke and Snitkin, and we hopped a police car."

"What did you find?"

"I didn't find anything, sir," Heath returned aggressively, "except what that guy told me over the phone. There was a week-end house party on the estate, and one of the guests—this bird named Montague—had suggested they all go swimming in the pool. There'd probably been considerable drinking, so they all went down to the pool and put on bathing suits."

"Just a moment, Sergeant," Vance interrupted. "Was Leland drunk, by any chance?"

"Not him." The Sergeant shook his head. "He was the coolest member of the lot. But there was something queer about him. He seemed greatly relieved when I got there; and he took me aside and told me to keep my eyes open. I naturally asked him what he meant, but right away he got casual, so to speak, and merely said that a lot of peculiar things had happened around those parts in the old days, and that maybe something peculiar had happened to-night."

"'Then Mrs. McAdam gave a scream and

we strained our eyes across the water. By this time we knew something had happened. No man could stay under water voluntarily as long as that'"

"I think I know what he meant," Vance said with a slight nod. "That part of the city has given rise to a lot of strange and grotesque legends—old wives' tales and superstitions that have come down from the Indians and early settlers."

"Well, anyway"—Heath dismissed Vance's comments as irrelevant—"after the party had gone down to the pool, this fellow Montague walked out on the springboard and took a fancy dive. And he never came up. . . ."

"How could the others be so sure he didn't come up?" asked Markham. "It must have been pretty dark after the rain: it's cloudy now."

"There was plenty of light at the pool," Heath explained. "They've got a dozen flood lights on the place."

"Very well. Go on." Markham reached impatiently for his champagne. "What happened then?"

Heath shifted uneasily.

"Nothing much," he admitted. "The other men dove after him and tried to find him, but after ten minutes or so they gave up. Leland, it seems, told 'em that they'd all better go back to the house and that he'd notify the authorities. Then he called the Homicide Bureau and spilled the story."

"Queer he should do that," ruminated Markham. "It doesn't sound like a criminal case."

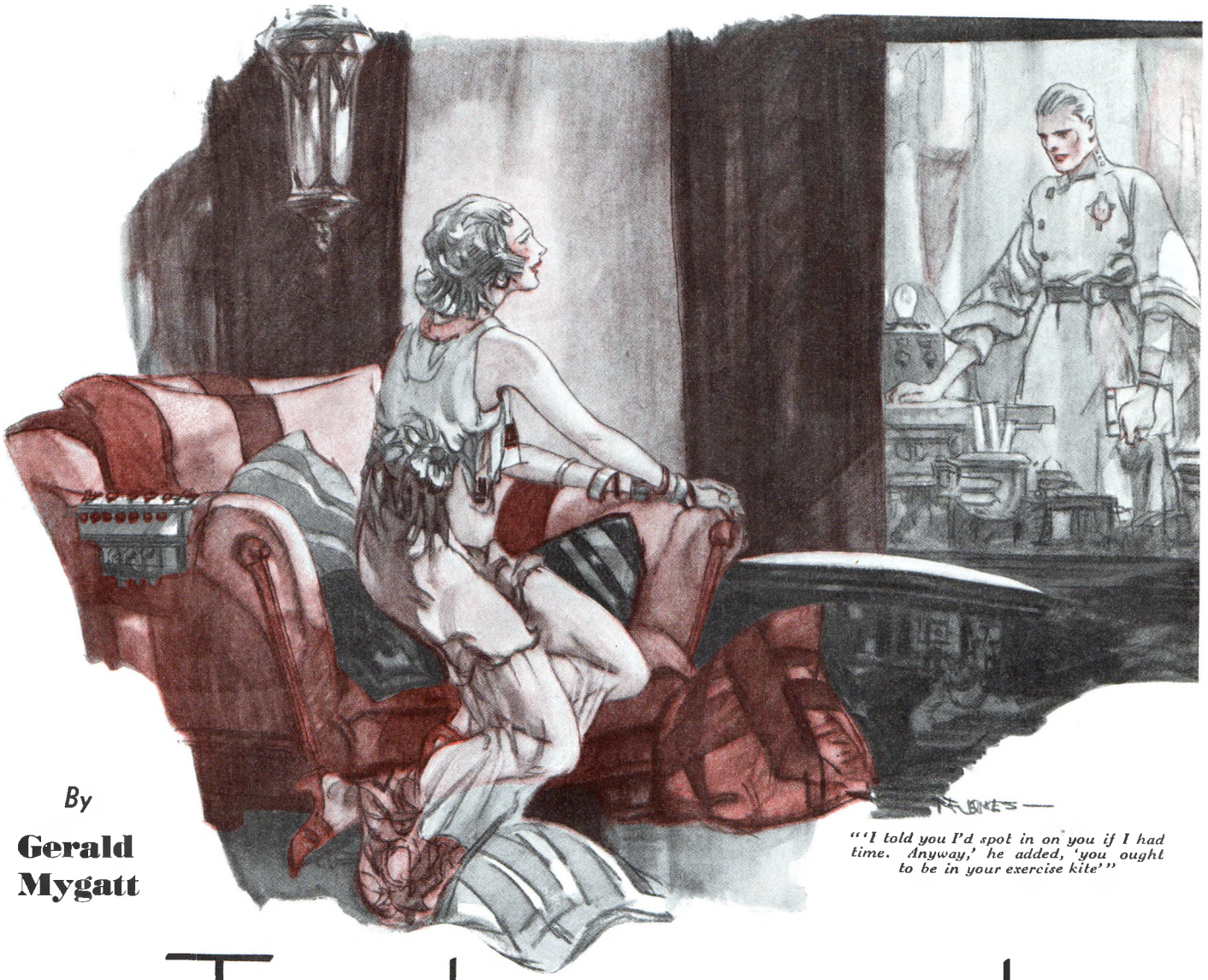
"Sure it's queer," agreed Heath eagerly. "But what I found was a whole lot queerer."

"Ah!" Vance blew a ribbon of smoke upward. "That romantic section of old New York is at last living up to its reputation. What were these queer things you found, Sergeant?"

Heath moved again with uneasy embarrassment.

"To begin with, Stamm himself was cockeyed drunk, and there was a doctor from the neighborhood trying to get him to function. Stamm's young sister—a good-looker of about twenty-one—was having hysterics and going off into faints every few minutes. The

Please turn to page 48



"'I told you I'd spot in on you if I had time. Anyway,' he added, 'you ought to be in your exercise kite'"

By **Gerald Mygatt**

Telerad

Looking Ahead to **LOVE** *and* **LIFE TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW**

CHRISTOPHER HARLAN jumped up with a nervous expectancy as he heard the doctor coming down the stairs. But he saw that the physician was smiling.

"You have a daughter," said the doctor.

"A girl? Born already? I thought it always——"

"Seven and a half pounds," said the doctor. "Your wife's doing beautifully. She'll be out of the anæsthetic any minute now." And then the doctor added, "You can hear the baby crying if you'll turn off that darned machine."

Christopher Harlan snapped off the radio. "It was a talk about television," he mumbled apologetically. "Sort of—sort of interesting. The fellow says that by ten years from now—say, is that the baby? Really? Well, I'll be jiggered! Can I see it?"

"Her," the doctor corrected.

"The other sounds more natural," the father said, laughing a little giddily. "Well, well, well!" He hesitated, and added, "Her name's going to be Shelby if it's a girl."

"That fact's established, I believe," remarked the doctor ironically. Suddenly his eye caught the clock. "By the way, is that clock right?"

"Just about, I guess."

"Well, it's important, this close to midnight. A few minutes either way will change her birthday. Better flip that radio on again to make sure——"

The radio burred, and for a moment gave out music and then said obligingly, "Twelve, midnight, Eastern standard time."

"I concede it has some uses," said the doctor. "At least we are sure your daughter was born September 19, 1932. You can come upstairs now. And for goodness' sake forget that stuff about television. It's ridiculous."

SHELBY felt restless, and she hated to feel that way. Furthermore, she knew she ought not to, for it was unhygienic; but that was how she felt. It seemed queer, in a way, that her twentieth birthday should be just an ordinary day, like any other day in the year's long procession.

Illustrations by **R. F. JAMES**

Of course it was silly to think that a birthday ought to be special—only old-fashioned people like her grandfather believed in making fusses over birthdays—but still it would be sort of fun to be made a fuss over for once.

She was quite sure that her mother, if only she were alive, would be making perhaps a tiny, secret fuss. Her father, poor, vague dear, could never even remember anniversaries and things without being reminded.

To Shelby September 19, 1952, meant a good-by kiss to her teens and her young girlhood. To Christopher Harlan it would mean only another day of making sure that the Northeastern division of the Gasket Sub-Corporation was turning out its full allotment of perfect gaskets.

Shelby found herself wondering if all men were like her father and Richard. She was not at all sure because she really didn't know any others very well. There wasn't time nowadays. Civilization, so everybody said proudly, was moving too fast.

Men had to be efficient or they were scrapped, and being efficient seemed to give them little time for anything much else. Still she hoped that Richard would think enough about her to take just a few moments off for a talk with her. It would be thoughtful of him.

The only thing to do right now was to be patient and wait for compulsory exercise hour. It was always a relief just to get one's arms and legs moving, and sometimes the hour itself was funny if you spotted in on somebody like fat old Mrs. Hewks. But exercise hour was almost forty minutes away.

Shelby gave a little involuntary sigh and rose from the cushioned spot-chair, in which she had been idly watching the tests at Salt Lake for the new lunar gyro-rocket, and snapped off the plat control.

The gyro-rocket trial was just the usual thing: a lot of milling, shouting men in dirty overalls; a speech by somebody with a bad voice; then a pause, followed by a devastating noise and a cloud of impenetrable dust. At least she could have the quiet of her own windowless room, with the world shut out.

MOMENTARILY she stood wistful and aimless. Then she flopped herself upon the couch and lay relaxed, idly twisting the glow-dial with her fingers until she had achieved the ceiling she wanted—a mild effulgence of steady blue light, just shading into green.

The Health Control specified blue-into-violet for rest without sleep, but Shelby had decided privately that she liked the blue-into-green much better. Anyway the Health Control was a conglom of old exhausts. That described them. Keeping everybody indoors the way they were doing, simply because they weren't smart enough to isolate the menace they called bacterium X!

Of course the X disease was really pretty bad. The Health Control showed you cases every day after exercise hour. That was one of their ways of scaring you. The thing apparently was a new form of paralysis, and an epidemic of it was sweeping the whole civilized world. It attacked people's arms and legs. It wasn't nice to think about—but, still, was that a sensible reason for keeping everybody indoors?

Shelby sighed. Instinctively she pulled up the hem of her silken chiton—it was her new lounging kite of Bermuda blue—and began studying the slim, smooth curves of her own gilded legs. It was almost time, she thought, to have them regilded. Or else silvered for a change, or done in one of the new cloud colors that were becoming so popular.

She considered this for a period. No, she would stick to the gold. Most of the girls she knew were sticking to gold. The gold gave such a nice shimmer through your chiton under the Lewis light, and no matter how you sat you naturally had to face the plat more or less, and the lines of your legs were always conspicuous.

Anyway Richard liked legs gold. Gold was conservative.

Shelby began thinking again about Richard. The picture her mind made was of a tallish, slimmish young man in a dark-red knee-length tunic—that was the medico tunic, with its white embroidered caduceus over the heart—a young man with short, straight, yellowish hair, somber gray eyes, and a squarish chin, the last supporting a thin-lipped, firm mouth that could smile with satisfaction more readily than with mirth.

Sometimes she wondered whether Richard really loved her. He had said so in the beginning, but lately she almost had had to remind him. Maybe it was because he was a doctor; she had heard that medicos were trained to be noncommittal and impersonal. But whatever it was—oh, well! She had known him for so long. Maybe it was that. Anyway what used to be called love was supposed to be as out of date as the old-fashioned telephone. The thing the Health Control insisted upon nowadays was intelligent, measured mating.

In spite of herself Shelby gave a shiver. "I think I'd better talk to him right off," she told herself briskly.

SHE bounced from the couch, found her Bermuda-blue sandals, and slipped her glided feet into them. Then she seated herself in the cushioned spot-chair, carefully arranging her kite until the folds were right. Next she reached in the chair pocket for her hand mirror.

She seldom did this without thinking of her Grandfather Harlan, born in 1870, and to-day a dotard of eighty-two, who had watched television—or so he quaintly called it—develop into what now was scientifically termed the visaud application of telerad.

"They can invent and invent," old Grandpa Harlan had piped, "but I'm damned if women don't stay the same. Spot-chairs all equipped with dinky little mirrors What I'm lookin' for is the day when somebody will invent a woman who doesn't think first about her face. Then we'll get somewhere."

Shelby returned the mirror to its pocket, after which she touched her right thumb to a colorless glass button set into the broad right arm of the spot-chair. She did this instinctively.

Presently the button would glow green and then yellow and then orange and then red. The red told you, of course, that the Lewis waves were radiating and that the Lewis light was on. You could not see the Lewis light, naturally, because the Lewis light was invisible.

Alongside the button, that was now turning red, was a row of raised metallic letters—ten letters, A to J—then beneath them a row of ten numerals, 0 to 9, and beneath the numerals another ten letters, K to T. Shelby's fingers strayed across them with the negligence of long habit. Richard's buzz number was BG-10476-OP-4.

The wall toward which Shelby faced began to crawl with light and shadow. It crawled so, and then it shook like jelly, and then went steady. It was as if the side of Shelby's room had faded away and opened upon another room next door. And there stood Richard in a white-cotton smock, scowling.

"I'm fearfully busy," said Richard. He indicated a long, gleaming white table over which he was bending. A man in a dark-red smock came up and laid a glass tube upon the table. Richard acknowledged the glass tube, and the man withdrew.

"I'm sorry," said Shelby guiltily. "I forgot."

"Well, you should have remembered. I told you I'd spot in on you if I had time. Anyway," he added severely, "you ought to be in your exercise kite instead of your lounging kite. Don't you know compulsory exercise hour," he looked at his wrist watch, "is in seven minutes?"

"Is it really?"

"Yes," said Richard.

"Aren't you going to wish me a happy birthday?" Shelby asked, smiling.

"Oh, yes, of course. I'd forgotten. Happy birthday!"

Shelby smiled again. "That sounds better," she remarked. "As your reward I'll spot out."

"I wish you would," he said uneasily. "These days you never know who might be master-waving in on any plat."

"Who would be?" Shelby asked. "You mean the Health Control?"

Richard put a hasty finger to his lips. "Shh! They watch us all the time. They watch everybody, but especially us medicos. It's on account of this X. Do you know, Shelby, that two thousand persons were attacked yesterday in the State of New York alone? Two thousand, crippled for life!" He looked at her solemnly.

"Keeping us indoors seems to be a big success then," said Shelby with a tinge of bitterness.

"Shh! Be careful." He came forward, leaned close to her—which meant, of course, that he leaned as close as he could to the photoplat in his own laboratory. It was as if she could touch him, except that actually he was forty-two kilometers away. "Whatever you do," he said, "obey the Health Control. I am only a junior supervisor, but I know that the Control are working night and day. As soon as we isolate the X bacterium——"

A bell rang softly—once, twice, again.

"That's the three-minute bell," said Richard, grimacing. "You've got to be in your exercise kite or you'll get disciplinary. You know what happened to Alice Vardon! Hurry! I'll spot out——"

"Richard!"

"What?"

"Don't you love me—I mean enough——?"

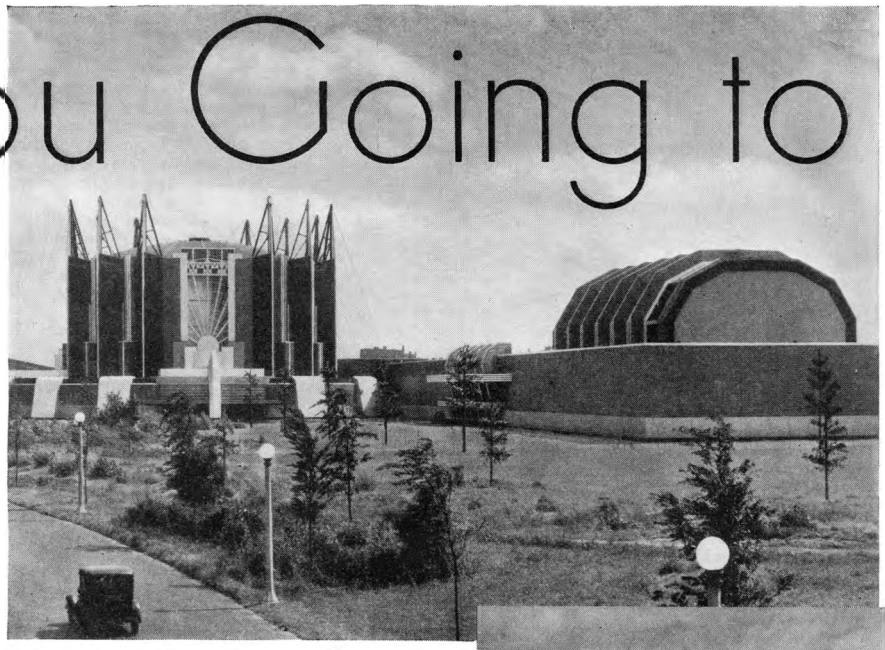
"Why—why, of course!"

"Come over to-night. You can, being a medic. I mean you can check off the trip. I'll have a pain. In fact I have a severe one now."

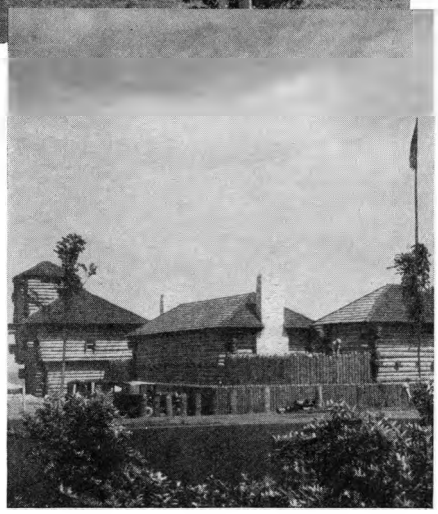
"No," said Richard sternly. *Please turn to page 64*

"'What,' asked Shelby, 'are those long lines?' 'Roads. They use vehicles on them, vehicles with wheels'"

Are You Going to



The Travel and Transport Building with its unique "sky-hook" dome



The "third Fort Dearborn," a

A glorious display of from the oxcart era

(Grateful acknowledgment is made herewith to Mr. Rufus C. Dawes, President of the Chicago World's Fair Centennial Celebration, and to his associates, among them, notably, Miss Helen Bennett and Mr. Shepard Vogelgesang, for their assistance in the preparation of this article and for their kindness in supplying me with pamphlets and pictures of "A Century of Progress"—M. A. B.)

IN THESE desperate days of regret for the past follies and fears for the future wisdom of modern civilization, it may seem to some cynical spirits a supreme irony that the City of Chicago has chosen for the name of the World's Fair, which she will open on June first, 1933, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of her incorporation as a town, the serene and confident words, "A Century of Progress"; for "What is progress?" and "Have we progressed?" and "Is the world not slipping back into a new Dark Ages of mental and moral and economic chaos?" the cynical spirits of to-day are questioning. The industrial era—the machine age—the very century which Chicago's Centennial has chosen to extol is the one whose accomplishment they question in terms of human progress.

Almost as if in answer to this question the City of Chicago has undertaken to stage a World's Fair—to put on a popular show—that will demonstrate simply and clearly just what the mind of man has been up to in the last one hundred years.

It makes no moral comment and draws no economic conclusions from the story of its exhibits, but, if bewildered by economists and disgusted with politicians and discouraged by the suffering and ignorance and error and confusion that we see in the world about us to-day, we will find that story in itself an inspiring one.

It is a story of adventure in a world reassuringly remote from that of the politician. It is the record of a century of exploration and research in the far-flung physical universe and the infinite realm of thought. The record is one of supreme importance, for, whatever man's social or political theories may be, the physical universe is the vast arena in which he must work them out.

It is at once his adversary and his ally in the struggle for existence. He must live with it "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness, and in health." It is up to him to study its laws and subdue its forces so that he and his children may be better and richer and healthier than the generations which preceded him.

On the walls and in the show cases of A Century of Progress we will see the discoveries and inventions of the last one hundred years, every one of which has been a definite and valuable contribution to the sum of human knowledge, and many of which, through the application of that knowledge to the problems of modern life, have resulted in equally definite and valuable contributions to the sum of human happiness.

In its halls we will be reminded that in the memory of living man plagues and famines have been conquered, pain and disease ameliorated, infant mortality reduced, the span of life extended, housing conditions improved by sanitation, agriculture developed by scientific farming, instruction and entertainment democratized by radio and silver screen, time and space annihilated by rapid transit, human beings bound closer together by telephone and telegram and wireless telegraphy—in brief, that "Science, the Pilot of Industry" is slowly but surely bringing natural forces under the control of man and directing them to serve the social life of the community.

Whether or no, as a result of this effort, the world is really a pleasanter place to live in than it was one hundred years ago is still an open question. The sum of human happiness remains a personal equation which cannot be solved in a research laboratory. The Century of Progress does not attempt to balance the social ledger of the century. But in showing us how the problems of our forefathers were solved through years of toil and research it presents a philosophy of hope. "From oxcart to airplane" is one of its slogans. And the City of Chicago itself is a dramatic example of what can be and has been accomplished by man in the brief span of one hundred years.

For in 1833 Chicago was still a frontier settlement, a group of log cabins, in appearance hardly worthy of the name of a village, clustered along the banks of its Y-shaped river, within a stone's throw of the protecting block house and stockade of Fort Dearborn. Its few pioneer inhabitants, with the Black Hawk War but twelve months behind them, some of them survivors of earlier massacres, were still clinging a trifle apprehensively to their scalps and looking to the flag that was flying over the fort and to the garrison stationed within it for protection in case of a sudden Indian uprising.

The peril of their position was perhaps what awakened them to the first, faint call of civic responsibility. They wanted Chicago to be something more than a trading post on the edge of the wilderness and they wished to safeguard themselves and their children by some form of community organization. So a meeting was called to discuss the question of incorporation as a town, and at the election held five days later every one of the twenty-eight legal voters turned up to cast his ballot. Thirteen of the twenty-eight, however, were candidates for office!

Neon illumination creates a mysterious lighting effect

WITH unconscious symbolism Chicago has chosen for her Fair Grounds—for the very soil from which her practical demonstration of the might of mankind will arise—a strip of land, three miles in length, stretching along the shores of Lake Michigan, which is neither natural beach nor primeval prairie.

It is made land—man-made—originally conceived on paper in the minds of city planners and actually constructed by the hands of Chicagoans—workmen who, with dredge and sand sucker and pile driver, with crib and breakwater and piling, with dumping carts and picks and shovels, created Grant and Burnham Parks from the refuse of a city—from ashes and tin cans and old junk—retrieving this made soil from the hungry lake water, sodding, planting, and landscaping it as a people's playground, in order that the citizens of Chicago might be assured forever, at the feet of their crowded skyscrapers, of their natural heritage of fresh air and lake breeze and prairie wind, of green grass

THE FAIR?

By
MARGARET AYER BARNES

The vast, U-shaped Hall of Science, which faces a beautiful lagoon

reproduction of the original fort

the world's progress to the airplane age

and trees, and, above all, of an unrestricted view of the vast and empty expanse of lake water.

The site of the Fair Grounds, then, is one of both natural and artificial advantage. The buildings are within easy walking distance of the city's center. They rise from the very waters of the inland sea.

And on the other hand they command, across a stretch of park, the towering gray façade of the city skyscrapers, the silhouetted skyline to which Chicagoans still point with naïve pride and boldly offer in comparison with the older, taller, and more pointed pinnacles of Manhattan Island.

Whether sharply outlined against the hard, bright blue of a prairie sky swept clean by a northeast gale, or softened by the more habitual murk of the Windy City's prevailing southwest breeze, or sparkling at dusk in gray-blue lake mist with the incandescent candles of a myriad lighted windows, or topped at night by luminous towers glowing against a sky slashed rhythmically, deliberately, by the moving spear of light from the revolving Lindbergh Beacon, they are, at all events, beautiful. They are as fantastic a symbol of the might of mankind as anything that The Century of Progress can display.

Very appropriately the first completed unit to be erected on the Fair Grounds was a replica of Fort Dearborn. Faithfully reproduced in logs of Norway pine, the square block turrets of the stanch little fortress stand outlined against the lake on one hand, the skyscrapers on the other.

It is hard to believe that the grandparents of Chicagoans who are living to-day once ran for refuge from the red man behind its stout stockade and that its tiny inclosure sufficed to shelter the entire population of the village that has now grown to house three million five hundred thousand people.

Close beside it another group of log and frame buildings recalls and commemorates the early life of Illinois's first citizen and the Middle West's greatest statesman. Abraham Lincoln's birthplace, near Hodgenville, Kentucky, is now preserved as a national monument, but a log cabin of the same period and dimensions was found in Jersey County, Illinois, and the old logs were taken down and shipped to Chicago to be reassembled there and plastered together with red Kentucky clay. Other old, hand-hewn logs and weathered timbers and shingles were collected for the reproductions that form the other buildings of the Lincoln group.

Old legends come to life as we look at the replica of the one-roomed log house the young rail splitter shared with his family near little Pigeon Creek, Indiana, where he studied his books by the light of the flickering pine knot and from which he walked daily nine miles each way to school; the Rutledge Tavern in New Salem, Illinois, where Lincoln was a familiar figure at the time of his courtship of Ann Rutledge; the general store in the same town, where Lincoln studied law and swapped stories and sold groceries over the counter; and lastly, the Wigwam, Chicago's shabby, frame convention hall, where Lincoln, in 1860, was nominated for the Presidency of the United States.

INSIDE the Wigwam is a reproduction of the prim, Victorian parlor of Lincoln's house in Springfield, Illinois, in which he received the news of his nomination. The entire group is surrounded by a crisscross fence of split rails. The weathered, rough-hewn, unpainted shacks, which evoke the memories of which the Middle West is most proud, stand out in touching, humble contrast with the fantastic, dramatic architecture of the new fair buildings. For the rest of the Fair Grounds has "gone modern."

Chicagoans could not, of course, plan for their Century of Progress in 1933 without a sentimental thought for their other World's Fair, the Columbian Exposition of forty years ago, which was, in its way, the coming-out party of their youthful city, its social début among the great capitals of the world. Chicagoans still remember the significance of the occasion.

They are planning, indeed, as a matter of sentiment, to start the switches that will open the present fair by the touch on a photoelectric cell of a light beam from Arcturus, which, as the star is forty light years away, left its heavenly home in 1893, just as the Columbian Exposition was opening in Jackson and Washington Parks. It has been traveling ever since, at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, to keep its appointment with The Century of Progress.

THUS Chicago's Centennial Celebration plans to hitch its wagon not only to a star, but to the success of the former exposition, the radiant White City which lingers in the memory of all who saw it as a perfect reincarnation of classic beauty. Long white pillared façades, Greek pediments against blue skies, columns and pilasters and peristyles gleaming through green trees and mirrored in placid lagoons—who that saw it could ever forget it?

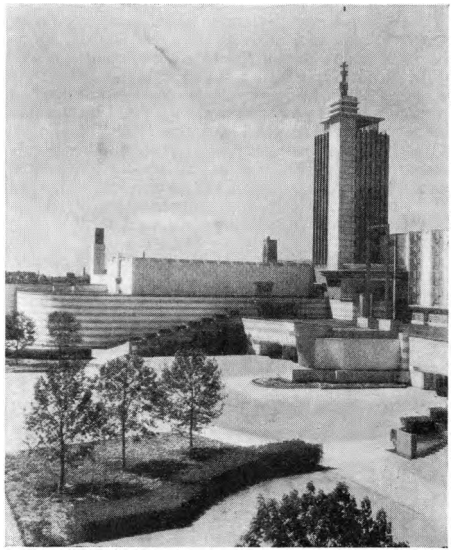
It was beautiful, finished, and serene, very much of its period, very *fin de siècle*, in its docile reverence for the past and in its naive assumption that there *was* such a thing as absolute beauty, ultimate perfection of design as expressed in classic art—the touchstone of Greek marble, unassailable through eternity.

In that earlier fair only Louis Sullivan's Transportation Building protested against this worship of the ancients and stood out in defiance of the classic tradition. Despised by many architects of the period as iconoclastic and without meaning, it pointed the way for the building of the next four decades. Its meaning, if understood aright, was that beauty is never a finished thing, but a groping, a restless striving, toward possibilities of the future.

This restless spirit stalks in the Fair Grounds of The Century of Progress. Its modernistic buildings constructed in what architects call the "international style," present forms which even their own designers do not regard as ultimate, but rather as experiments, indications of a trend, steps in a continued process in the adaptation of architecture to the changing conditions of life and thought.

As the fair buildings of 1893 were haunted by ghosts of the past, those of 1933 are peopled with portents of the future. Very queer they have looked, especially to the older Chicagoans, very few of whom are international stylists, as they have risen, one by one, from the structural chaos of the Fair Grounds.

"They don't look like buildings at all. They look like train sheds and grain elevators and gas tanks," *Please turn to page 62*



The Carillon Tower which surmounts the Hall of Science

It's

By
Maude Weatherly Beamish

HOLY horse feathers! A girl as smooth as that, and you can't see her with binoculars! What's given you the cramp about Eve, anyway?"

Stephen Bancroft and Peter Graham lay on the grass before one of the tiny summerhouses which Millie Reed dropped with luxurious hands about her grounds. Millie was a popular hostess because she had as much money as any one could want and because her motto was "Feed 'em and leave 'em alone."

Her house was always filled. Just now her guests were strewn, like vivid flowers scattered by idle fingers, about the swimming pool. The two men watched, while others endeavored to follow the perfection of Evelyn Everette's high dive, which had brought forth a great hurrah.

"Lockjaw?" queried Peter when Steve did not answer.

"No. Just thinking."

"Well, now that the mind has functioned, what's the total? What's the matter with Eve?"

"Nothing. She's—perfect."

"That's not an answer," returned Peter disgustedly; "that's a shot of ice water in the arm."

Steve laughed.

"What do you want me to do—rave like a gigolo?"

"Modifiably."

"Modi-what?"

"Oh, I guess I can make up my own words if I like. I'm getting tired of the ones in the dictionary. But listen. You're a sorehead. Here's one of the greatest kids who ever ran a runner in her sock, and you won't hand her a thing. She's smart, she's swell, she's a wow for looks, and she can do everything well——"

"That's just it," interrupted Steve, sitting up; "she's too proficient. She's—oh, it's too damn hot." He closed his eyes and dropped back on the grass.

Hard to Tell

Whether Eve's skill or her stupidity was WHAT ATTRACTED STEVE

Peter groaned, "He moans because the girl is good! What's your bet, some moth-eaten product with the jitters?"

"No," returned Steve, "but I'd like just one good helping of old-fashioned female. I'm sick of girls who can beat me at bridge and golf and diving, but who can't even make a bed properly. I'd like to meet one who would 'swoon with delight when I gave her a smile, and tremble with fear at my frown.' Ben Bolt was right.

"I tell you what the girls of to-day are like. They're like this technocracy business. All efficient, social, machinery-turned, and all the charming handwork of life left out of them."

A slight noise in the summerhouse turned both men's heads toward it.

"Who's that?" called Steve, startled and a bit red. What a kidding he'd get if some one heard his heated diatribe! He jumped up and opened the door. The place was empty. With a sigh of relief he sank back on the grass again.

"Just a ghost, I guess," he said; "perhaps the ghost of an old-fashioned girl who ran away, frightened by the word 'technocracy.'"

"Well," said Peter, "you're working backward like a crab. I think Eve is the berries, and all those old gals who stewed over the stove were sad members. Give me social proficiency. You can have all the lace and feather boas."

"But what will that efficiency get you? You can't eat it. What, if you were a poor man, would you use for food, my child? What's golf going to add to your digestion if the female can't cook?"

"Food!" cried Peter, jumping up. "That reminds me I'm hungry. As for food, you shrimp, there's always canned goods, and it takes a long time to get through fifty-seven varieties. Come on; let's hunt the chow."

"Nope. I'm going to lie here and think on ye old days when men were strong and women were weak."

"Well, here's hoping you get an ant up your back," said Peter, and sauntered away.

Steve turned over on his stomach and picked at the blades of grass. The Everette girl got his goat. There was no denying it. He wished she had heard how he felt about her. He'd enjoy, thoroughly, taking her white slim throat and shaking those tantalizing, arrogant smiles and gay words from her lips.

He'd like to make her aware of how little he thought of her; to have her afraid, instead of so damn confident; to find her soft and pliant, instead of so coolly efficient. He'd like—hell! He'd go take a swim and get her out of his mind. A good swim. That would do it. He ran swiftly toward the pool.

EVELYN EVERETTE, in a flowing chiffon gown which accentuated to just the right degree the creamy tan of her flesh, sat at the piano after dinner. A cigarette smoked in the saucer of her coffee cup. Bancroft, sitting beside her on the long bench, tried to divert his gaze from her supple hands. They were capable hands; hands that looked as though they could be very firm or very tender; cool, calm hands.

Annoyance annihilated a brief desire to feel them against his face. Crazy notion! Crazy notion, too, to be sitting beside her! And yet what else could he do? He had been her partner at dinner, and when they left the table she had taken his arm and led him here. He'd look a fool to leave.

"Why don't you?"

She turned to him suddenly and smiled as she spoke.

"Why don't I what?"

"Go." Her fingers drew plaintive chords from the instrument. "You don't like me," she said, her lazy eyes holding his astonished ones. "I wonder why."

"That's nonsense," he returned crisply, lighting a cigarette.

"Nonsense or not, it's true. You've avoided me all week, and I don't like it at all. Unless, of course, you like me far too well." She ran a shining nail along the entire keyboard.

"Perhaps that's it," he grinned.

"Liar! Tell me what you don't like about me. It interests me."

"But I do, I tell you." And as he looked at her he realized he was speaking the truth. Much as he disapproved of her, when she was close to him her charm swept him like a penetrating fragrance and shaped his antagonism into a form of more than casual interest.

It was only when she was doing some spectacular thing or concentrating all attention upon herself that he disliked her. He had found himself, from the first day, watching her when she was in a room with others, and gathered the admiring glances as indictments against her. She was a hound for attention, and he had determined not to be of the herd which lay its homage at her feet.

At dinner he had found his determination to remain aloof undermined by her gayety. She had lit a cigarette from one between his lips, and the shock of her face, so close, had flurried his pulse. She was leaning close to him now.

Darn the girl! She was a flirt to her finger tips, a coquette who would stop at nothing to subjugate a man. He knew that every bit of her energy was now concentrated on bringing him to her feet. But he had something to say about that. No girl could fascinate him against his will. Not such a girl.

She stood up suddenly, and an odd expression crossed her face.

"Let's get out of this. The room is thick. I feel like pushing it away from me. Things get thick when there are a lot of people about. Hate people sometimes."

Peter Graham ran toward her and whirled her into a dance. She tried to wiggle free of him.

"Don't! I don't feel like dancing, Peter."

"Well, I do." He rushed her across the room. A sudden twist of her body and a swift movement of her arm released her from Graham, and he slipped to the floor. It was an uncannily telling motion, and Bancroft saw in its lack of effort and its sureness some knowledge of jiujitsu. She laughed as she gave her hands to Graham and drew him to his feet.

"Now will you be good?" she asked, smiling at him.

"Great Ned, Eve," he cried, "what did you do to me?" His admiration outweighed his momentary anger.

"For ladies only, Pete. It's a trick every woman should know in this wicked age. It's a quick way of getting out of the clutches of men."

"More efficiency," muttered Bancroft to himself. But the one useful thing he had seen her do.

"Come along," she cried, taking his hand, "let's get out before they want an exhibition of jits."

"Then it was jiujits?"

"Yes. Father believed that girls should be as efficient as men in sports and things. Great lad, my father. If he hadn't died I'd no doubt ended up with a full set of chin whiskers. He wanted a boy, you see, and he tried to make one out of me. Mother died when I was three, or things might have been different. For I had curls and blue eyes and a rather silly mouth and—well, you can see my nose is ridiculous." She wrinkled it disdainfully.

"I'd been a perfect lady if mother had lived, for the poor darling believed in womanly women, from what I've heard. I can just picture myself full of simpers and inhibitions. You'd have liked that, wouldn't you? You think I'm all wrong—a bad, worthless lot, as it were?" She smiled up at him. "I annoy you, don't I?"

"Anything but," he returned, smiling. In the moonlight she looked distractingly feminine and appealing.

"Oh, yes, I do. You don't approve of girls like me. And perhaps it's just as well, because I've a sort of yen, and it's no good liking people. They always disappoint."

He found his unstable mind cheering up at the fact, and then sternly told it to behave. Hard-boiled little egg, that's what she was, and don't you forget it, he admonished.

"Yes," he agreed slowly, "I guess they do, more or less."

"Guess who do what?" she asked as though her mind were on something else.

"People disappointing."

"OH, it's all in a lifetime. I'll hook up some day. I suppose I'll pull one of those weak brothers who have to be constantly looked after. I'm always sorry for weak people. The mother instinct, you know. Know psychology?"

"Some."

"Well, you get what I mean. And the idea has become an obsession with me, that I'll get something like that. I've a firm belief that what you're afraid of will get you. And yet I can't stop being afraid."

"I wouldn't worry. I don't imagine your heart will ever rule you."

"Oh, don't you?"

"No. I imagine you're rather—eh——"

"Hard-headed?"

"Well, yes." It gave him decided satisfaction to speak frankly.

"Perhaps you're right. I'm not a softy anyhow."

"No," he laughed oddly, "you're anything but that."

She turned to him.

"You mean something. Let's have it. You think I'm a hard-boiled egg." Her eyes were no longer soft. There was a bright gleam in them, and the silly mouth she had spoken of was firm and determined.

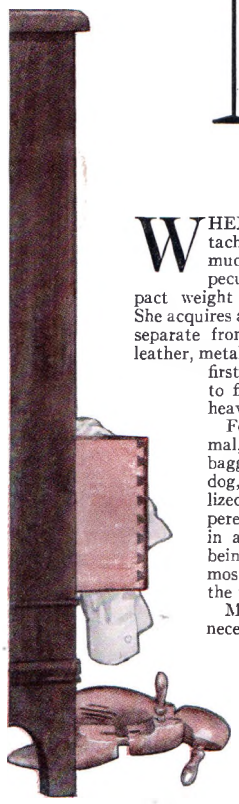
Please turn to page 42

Illustrations by **EARL BLOSSOM**

"She'd play tricks on him, would she? He'd give her a little of her own medicine"

The sixth of a series of articles on the **TECHNIQUE** *of* **MARRIAGE**

Man—*the Untidy*



WHEN a woman marries she attaches to herself something much bigger, clumsier and more peculiar in shape than a compact weight of flesh, blood, and bone. She acquires a man who has no existence separate from a great mass of wool, leather, metal, and glass; and one of the first things she has to learn is to fit into a house with this heavy, sprawling bulk.

For a man is a clumsy animal, encumbered with much baggage. Compare him with a dog, even with a highly civilized, much spoiled, and pampered dog, accustomed to living in a house with fond human beings; compare him with the most finicky, fastidious dog in the world, the royal Pekingese.

Make a list of the objects necessary for the royal dog's comfort and for the man. The Peke needs a brush and comb, a bed of some sort, a basket or a cushion, and a coat, possibly, for the winter. That is about the extent of his necessary personal belongings.

Compare them with a man's; not with those of a man who is his social equal, a proud and fussy descendant of kings, spoiled by a thousand years of luxury, but with those of the average man of moderate tastes, accustomed to a normal degree of creature comfort.

Any woman who has ever had anything to do with such a man—any wife, mother, daughter, lodging-house keeper, or housemaid—will know that to make a list of this man's belongings is, in the space allowed a four-thousand-word essay, impossible. Any woman would feel just as I feel now at the prospect of making such a list, and what I feel is a sense of immense fatigue.

I know just such a normal man. I live with one. I have fitted myself into quite a small house with the complicated mass of his paraphernalia, and I go away quite often for two or three weeks or two or three days with parts of it contained in a number of large, heavy, very strong leather bags.

I think that the number of things he needs for a week-end in the country is about a hundred and fifty, and I think, taken altogether, they weigh in the mass a couple of hundred pounds. If we are going to hunt or fish they weigh more. The car sags on its springs with a groan, and I have little room for my feet among the fishing rods, golf clubs, and tennis rackets.

Perhaps he is not quite a normal man, since he was for fifteen years a cavalry officer. Soldiers accumulate more leather goods than most men. Still there are thousands of husbands in the world with riding boots and rubber boots and guns and boxes of cartridges that follow them in and out of motors and houses.

Nor do these weighty articles present much of a problem. I have found a place for them, and they are put away in it between jaunts, and I don't in the intervals have to think about them. What I have to think about are all the things he must have under his hand every day. I think now of his pipes.

I don't know how many pipes he has. How could I count them? There are half a dozen on the top of his chest of drawers at this moment, and two on the table by his bed, and three or four in his study, and one in his bathroom. But there are others on the library mantelpiece and others in his coat pockets.

I think there is at least one in each of his overcoats that hang in the hall. I fancy that several have been forgotten in the pockets of coats in his clothes closet. I am almost certain that there is one half filled with tobacco in the pocket of the jacket he is now wearing, and I know there is one smoldering in his mouth. I can see it.

It's being tiresome. It's one of his favorite pipes, but it's not behaving properly. It's not drawing very well, and he is sucking at it desperately. He has been jabbing his little finger into it till his finger tip is quite black; but whatever that gesture was meant to accomplish it didn't accomplish.

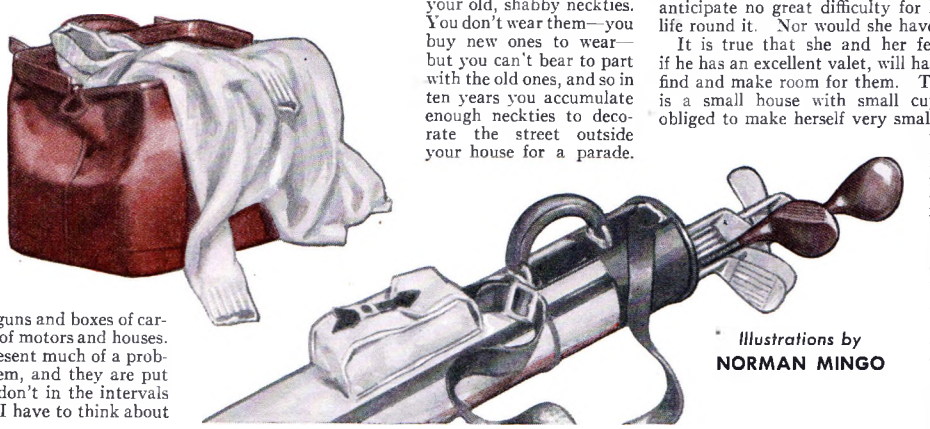
So in another minute he will take the thing out of his mouth, tap it smartly upside down against the side of the fireplace, scatter the black ashes over the hearthstone, and if he doesn't go in for cleaning it—I hope he won't, for it is a disgusting process—he will fill it again or reach for another that is waiting, as I said, on the mantelpiece.

I will not describe to you the solemn and revolting art of pipe cleaning or attempt to tell you of the peculiar utensil resembling a teakettle that is employed when a man indulges in an orgy of this, his favorite pastime. I will merely mention the look and smell of the ordinary long, slim, furry pipe cleaners when they have been gently propelled through the stem of a much used and loved pipe, then laid tenderly on a tray with my penholders.

And, having mentioned these things that ooze with brown staining liquid, I will pass on to neckties, for they are gay and pleasant to look at and they hang like banners in his dressing room or like Christmas decorations festooning the light brackets.

SUCH pretty bits of silk! Every subdued shade and color, every sort of stripe and spot that is not too garish; discreet, sober, richly hued, with a dash of scarlet here and there. I approve of his choice in neckties and his choice in socks; but I used to wonder why there were so many more neckties than socks, until I realized that he never threw or gave any necktie away.

Neckties don't wear out, you see, as socks do. You can't make holes in them. All that time and wear do to them is to make them a little shabby, and if you are a normal man you cling to your old, shabby neckties. You don't wear them—you buy new ones to wear—but you can't bear to part with the old ones, and so in ten years you accumulate enough neckties to decorate the street outside your house for a parade.



Illustrations by **NORMAN MINGO**

It is the same with clothes. If you are a normal man, you love your old clothes as if they were a part of yourself. You are more romantic and sentimental about your old clothes than about anything or any one in the world. The older they are the more passionate your attachment and the greater your pride in them.

You love them for themselves and for what they recall and because they flatter you. Nothing pleases so much as to find that after twenty years they still fit you. This is so important that your tailor, when he makes you a coat, sews a label inside it with the date on it.

Your tailor understands you perfectly. He knows, as he stitches in the label, that twenty years from now, if you are still alive, you will put on this coat and strut into the presence of your wife, and turn back the flap of it and say, "Pretty good coat, this. Made for me twenty years ago. Still fits me perfectly."

YOUR tailor feels a glow of anticipatory pride in the good coat that will be still good; and you will feel a glow in your good figure that is still good, and it will give you immense satisfaction to prove to your wife that your waistline hasn't altered.

As for your wife, if she is a sensible woman she will not look wistful or say she wished you felt about her as you feel about your old coat; she will merely express a very pleasant surprise at the admirable enduring qualities of both your coat and your figure.

And so your clothes accumulate in cupboards and closets and boxes, and, gradually overflowing all of these, spread through the house to find lodgings for themelves in corners behind doors, under the stairs. And with them shoes accumulate, and hats, old, worn, battered, and misshapen—no matter. There is no room for them. Never mind, you keep them, for by this time it comes natural to you, the normal man, to accumulate everything and to discard nothing that has ever been a part of your person.

And you never can tell. You need so many different things every day of your life that you are never certain that one of these old things may not come in useful. The only things that are reaved from you by the women of the house are the things that go to the laundry—shirts, handkerchiefs, pajamas, underwear.

You resent this naturally. It is awful what happens to your boiled shirts and your soft shirts, your silk and your flannel shirts. As for your handkerchiefs, you need at least four dozen to give you a sense of security—white ones for night, colored ones for day. You prefer very large soft silk ones that envelop your face when you blow your nose or mop your head after a hard game of tennis.

Now, if it were only this sort of thing that was inseparable from a husband's massive bulk, I would anticipate no great difficulty for his wife in fitting her life round it. Nor would she have a right to complain.

It is true that she and her feminine helpers, even if he has an excellent valet, will have to cope with them, find and make room for them. True that, if the house is a small house with small cupboards, she will be obliged to make herself very small indeed so that there will be enough space for those boots, top hats, and bowlers of his that cannot be folded and must not be squashed.

Still, if she is a clever woman and uses her wits she will manage this, and she won't be disagreeable about it, because most of the things I have mentioned are not unpleasant in themselves and add to his

Animal

By Mary Borden

personal attractiveness. A glossy top hat is, when you think of it, a thing of beauty; so is a pair of beautifully shined riding boots; so are a tail coat and a spotless, gleaming shirt front, and an old Norfolk jacket does have a friendly air about it.

Even a woman, if she is fond of the man who loves it, can appreciate the charm of the garment that fits his shoulders so comfortably. Moreover, these things make him what he is and what she wants him to be—an active, well-dressed, dashing male who rushes in and out of the house flourishing sticks and newspapers, can sit a horse, hit a high bird, catch a wily salmon, and who smells pleasantly of Harris tweed and tobacco.

If it were only a question of clothes—well, his overcoats and his sweaters, his flannels and his pants bulk large, but they can be hidden in cupboards or laid away in chests of drawers, and his sporting paraphernalia takes up no more room than the baby's pram.

But what of all the metal and glass and curious spongy matter that is an inseparable part of him? What of his bottles and his knives and his minute, incomprehensible gadgets that remind one of a carpenter's or an ironmonger's shop? What of his clothes brushes, and his hair brushes, and all the other things connected with hair, such as hair washes and shaving soaps and shaving strops and shaving paper and razors? And what of the man himself while he is engaged in using them?

I, the loving and admiring wife of such a man, like to ride with him, fish with him, play golf with him. I can even enjoy trailing after him across a grouse moor or a plowed field, and can sit happily on a shooting stick behind him in the wind and rain, watching him bring down the pheasants that come over the trees, for he is attractive while he is doing these things; and if he does them well I have a delicious sense of his superiority.

But I do not want to see him fussing and fuming with a collar stud, or getting red with apoplexy while he curses his riding boots, or making faces at himself in the glass while he anoints his head with oil, brushes his hair, or clips his mustache.

ABOVE all else I do not want to see him shave. For he is slightly ridiculous among his bottles and his hair brushes, and he is completely ridiculous while he is shaving; and I do not want to see him so ridiculous, even for a minute. I know in my innermost heart that if I am to retain the illusion of his admirable, dashing male superiority that is necessary to my happiness, I cannot afford to see him as a clown with a frothy, white face once a day.

I know he must shave if he is to be clean-shaven, and I want him to shave, for I don't like beards; just as I know he must, in England at any rate, souse his head with sticky hair wash to make it lie smooth and slick on his head. But I don't want to notice these activities or see him when he is so engaged, even though he may be enjoying himself, as he does, for instance, in his bath.

He is blissful in a hot bath. I know this because he stays in so long, but I would hate to be called upon to witness that pleasure, for I know he is not a dignified creature in his bath. I know that behind that blessedly closed bathroom door he is a baby, a very big, bony, hairy baby, but a baby all the same; and I am not his mother, and I don't want to be.

Sometimes I am tempted to mother him, but I know I must resist this as if it were a temptation of the devil, for if I once give in to it and begin the mother relationship, where will it end? It will end in his ceasing to resemble my husband, master, lover, or friend, and in his becoming just one of the children.

And when this has come to pass—well, there I am, a powerful matriarch ruling a house full of youngsters of all sizes, or, if I have no other children, spoiling, petting, pampering my only child, who should be my strong, protective lord and master; and I would despise him a little and I would hate that, and even if I concealed my contempt for him we would both be utterly wretched.

No, the instinct to mother the man is a bad, dangerous, basely primitive instinct, and I must fight it, give it no slightest chance to work. Only when and if he is ill can I safely indulge it. All the rest of the time I must keep this man at a distance, keep him just sufficiently separated from me, so that I can see him upright and complete, a stalwart male planted solidly on his two dignified feet.

And so I avoid his dressing room. I leave him alone to curse and fume while he is getting into his boiled shirt. I fly from the very sound of his bath. Not that I feel the mother instinct working in me while he is splashing his great length about in a tub of hot water. It doesn't. Quite the contrary.

The picture is so ludicrous that there is something indecent about it, and so for decency's sake I leave him severely alone and forget about him while he is besporting himself in a cloud of steam with sponges and soap.

I must ignore his existence sometimes. I must not only banish him from my presence when he is engaged in these humble and necessary activities, but I must pretend that he is emancipated from them, think of him as a godlike being who never has to shave or brush his teeth, but issues miraculously beautiful and immaculate out of limbo each day to greet me. For all these things constitute the machinery of his life, and I don't want to be aware of the machinery.

I want my life with him to seem like a strong and beautiful river, a natural flowing of fresh, spontaneous energy that sweeps us on down the years over the rocky, tricky bottom of existence, and has enough power and depth in it to carry us safely past, over, or through any dangerous sand banks, rapids, or turbulent whirlpools. Put more prosaically, I want to enjoy living my daily life with him, and I am prepared to employ any and every artifice necessary to make that enjoyment easy and natural.

I will therefore separate myself from all the phenomena appertaining to him that diminish him or make him seem ordinary; but I won't, if I am wise, try to separate him from his paraphernalia, however cumbersome it may be about the house, however unnecessary some of it may seem to me. It doesn't seem so to him, and that after all is the point.

IF IT is a question of his comfort or mine it will be wise of me to think of his as more important and adapt myself to it. I may do this gladly, simply because I am so fond of him that I want him at all costs to be happy and comfortable.

But if I am naturally selfish, and quite as fond of myself as of him, I will still do it if I am intelligent, for I will know that it is useless waste of energy to try to persuade him to give away his old clothes, get rid of some of his junk, keep his pipe cleaners out of sight.

It will only irritate him. He won't do it. He can't do it. And if he does do it he will not be himself, my pleasant and loving husband. He will be a restless, disorganized man, bereft of a part of himself and

Please turn to page 33

Daughter of Strife

The cross-tides of life sweep Anna Maslova on toward her real destiny

By **JOHN T. McINTYRE**

Illustration by **R. J. CAVALIERE**

"Anna's splendid, golden loveliness became a theme; her little book was filled

THE PLOT Anna Maslova had seldom considered men. But when rumblings of war drifted through the mountain passes into the quiet Polish village where Anna lived, the talk of soldiers filled her with strange dread.

Anna's father and brothers joined the brave soldiers of the Czar in a vain attempt to stop the invading Huns. They were killed, and Anna's mother died of sorrow. The conquering troops swarmed through the village like flies, and so the priest and his wife took Anna to live with them. But it was inevitable that this golden-haired, blue-eyed, handsome girl would attract the attention of the officers and the men, and they immediately began to quarrel over her.

One night, after a drunken bout between Lieutenant Jotiutso and Captain Erlan, Anna flees the house, seeking protection in the bell tower of the church. In the pursuit that follows, Erlan kills Jotiutso, and as Erlan fumbles up the tower he clutches the hanging rope.

The clanging church bells awakened the countryside. Anna fainted, and when she came to a handsome officer, Ladislaus Sandor, was holding a cup of water to her lips.

This is the beginning of a swift but impassioned love affair. Anna's happiness with Sandor is bought at a great price, since he is killed at the front a week before they were to be married. Two days later Anna's child was born, but it lived only a few months. Anna sought to drown her sorrows in nursing the wounded soldiers. So well did she do her work that a Dutch woman, Dr. Keller of the Red Cross, took Anna with her to Holland and then to England.

The depression of war finally became too great for Anna, and she engaged passage for America. In New York her beauty, her calm poise, the story of her extraordinary experiences made a deep impression. One of the women she met, a Mrs. Lane, put Anna on the staff of an institution for children.

But Anna, whose fate thus far had led her through such cruel experiences was to encounter still further disappointments. She met Captain Erlan's wife, who started evil gossip about her past and Anna was forced to give up her position.

This month we take up Anna's story just after she had found another position for herself—as nurse in a house of "Refuge."

PART III.

THERE were a great many girls at the Refuge. Some of them were very young; some were gentle-mannered and quiet; some cried a good deal; others were defiant. There was an Italian girl, not over sixteen years of age, who was to have a child in a week's time. She was frantic. She wept and cried out, and Anna kept at her side for hours at a time. She beat her breast with both hands. What could she do? she asked.

She could never go home again; she could never face her mother! Her father would curse her! She'd kill herself! She couldn't live with shame upon her! But Anna spoke gently to her, and as her time grew nearer the girl became quieter. She lay in a bed by a window, her small dark head upon the pillow, and her black eyes upon the Polish girl's face.

"Vincento," she said, "is only a boy. He is no older than myself. And he is good. In spite of the sin we have both done he is good! I do not blame him. I only blame myself. For a girl is always older than a boy—my mother told me that long ago—and I believe it. I should not have loved him so much; I should not have let him love me.

"I knew we could not marry. My father had said so. He wanted to give me to some one else—a man who had money, who kept a grocer's shop, and was middle-aged. I hated him. But my father would have no one else. I was unhappy except when I was with Vincento; and then I forgot everything.

"He is good," she repeated. "They say he has gone away because of this. But it is not so. I never told him. He does not know. If he did, nothing would keep him from me."

There was another girl in the Refuge, an American. Her face was pale; she hated every one and jeered at everything. One night she said to Anna:

"Don't bother about me! I don't want any one fussing around. You can't tell me anything I don't know. This ain't the regular story you hear in these places. I wasn't no innocent simp that somebody got the best of. If I'm in trouble it was my own fault. This fellow was a friend of my brother's. He had property and a car; he was going to get more property when his mother died.

"I didn't care a snap of my fingers for him, but I did like the idea of the money. So I set out to get him. But he'd been acquainted with too many women and I couldn't land him. Then I started to plan. Do you see what I mean! I set a trap for him. We'd go places—long rides in the car, and road houses, and things like that.

"When he started to get fresh I didn't push him away. And then, when I knew I was in trouble, I told him about it and said he'd have to marry me. He told me to go to hell, and left for Europe. So I'm hiding here until it's all over. No one knows anything. I'll get the baby adopted by somebody, and then I'll go home."

The Refuge was supported by the donations of charitable people. These frequently visited the place, and Anna found among them many of those with whom she had formerly been in contact.

Mrs. Lane came in one day. She had only lately heard that Anna was at the Refuge, and was much perturbed.

"My dear," she said, "I hope you will forgive me. When I sent you to Dr. Cranston I had no idea of the sort he really was, and I was shocked and ashamed. When I telephoned the hospital to inquire how you were getting on I was told you were no longer there, that you had gone away without notice.

"Dr. Cranston was very caustic. And, then, as I knew you were not one to desert when needed, I began asking questions here and there, and I heard things that

astonished me. Then when I called at your old place I found you were no longer there."

One day Mrs. Lane brought her son with her, a tall youth with nice eyes and close-cut, curling brown hair. And after that he came several times with her, and she was much pleased.

"It's a good sign," said Mrs. Lane to Anna. "I'm sure that he's becoming interested in serious things."

with appointments. Painters, illustrators, photographers eagerly desired her"

A week or two later, of an evening when Anna was leaving the Refuge for her apartment, George Lane came sauntering along, and Anna knew at once it was not chance that brought him there at that time. He was handsome, soft-spoken, and good-humored, but he had a way of looking at her which displeased her.

"How are you?" he said, hat in hand. "Quite a surprise. I just happened to be down this way."

She replied as briefly as she could. A cab was passing and she signaled it. But as it stopped he protested.

"Oh, look here!" he said. "I'd like to walk along with you and talk. I've been wanting to talk with you for some time."

"I am in a great hurry," said Anna as the man opened the cab door.

But young Lane closed it quite coolly.

"We'll not need you," he said to the man.

Anna felt her face grow hot with anger.

"Wait!" she said to the driver; but he had impatiently started the engine, and the noise drowned what she said.

"Come on; don't get in a state of mind," said the young man. "A few minutes will not matter. Your hurry can't be as great as all that."

She was furious, and walked along, not answering.

"My mother thinks a good deal of you," he said. "Says you're a wonderful girl for this kind of thing you're doing. But I have my own ideas, and I sometimes wonder what you can see wasting your time in a place like that, trying to make a lot of trollops go straight."

"It is possible," Anna said, "that you are not a judge of such things."

He laughed.

"When a girl is as young as you are," he said, "and as good-looking, what use is judgment? If you ask me, I'll tell you you're a fool for letting these old women get you in a corner, drudging your days and nights away."

"I like it," said Anna, "and, also, I have a living to make."

"Oh that!" He lifted his brows. "A girl that couldn't get her living in some way more interesting than yours wouldn't be very intelligent." He walked at her side, fingering his walking stick and gloves. She watched for another cab. "I say," he said, "You'll be interested to know I didn't chance along here at all as I said. I knew you'd be coming out and I wanted to see you."

"I'd thought of that," replied Anna. "And maybe you'd be interested in knowing that I'm not in the least bit of a hurry. I called that cab to get away from you. And I mean to call another as soon as I see it."

He laughed, and put his arm through hers.

"I say," he said, "you're some girl! I like them when they're that way. Always got an answer ready. Now listen: I get around a good bit, but I'd like to take some one with me. I'm going to call you up some time. What do you say?"

"If you don't let go my arm I'll call some one."

"Oh, no," he said. "I've heard that before. But no one's ever made good at it."

There was a traffic policeman at the street corner; a red-faced man, middle-aged and with a frowning look. Anna held up a hand to him, and he came over to her ill-temperedly.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"This young man is annoying me," said Anna.

"Now, look here," said young Lane hastily, "don't act that way, Anna!"

The policeman pointed one thick finger at him.

"Let me see you hurrying along," he said. "And right away."

The youth had recovered from his surprise by this time; he bowed to the girl and smiled.

"Good afternoon," he said. "You're no fool, Anna, are you?"

ANNA had been employed at the Refuge for something less than three months when, one morning, she was called into the superintendent's office. This official was a kindly-faced woman of middle age who had always approved of Anna and viewed her work with high satisfaction. "Things are happening," she said as the girl sat beside her desk. "People are talking. I am getting letters and telephone calls. I'm asked to let you go."

Anna's blue eyes were quiet; she looked at the superintendent with no change of expression.

"For a little time past," Anna said, "I have been wondering what was going on about me. It was a thing I'd already known, a thing that had hurt me, but I could not understand what it was. But now I know. It was the whisperings—the same as I'd heard when I was at the children's hospital." She arose. "But I will not have you annoyed. I will go."

But the superintendent protested.

"That, I think, would be a mistake," she said. "Mrs. Lane is your friend. I am your friend. And there are others, I know."

But Anna said no.

"My life shall not be spent in a place where these people can do me injury," she said. "I thank you, but I will go."

"What will you do?" asked the superintendent. "There is no charity, no hospital, no institution in New York where you will not meet some of them at some time or other."

"I shall give up nursing," said Anna. "I will no longer work in institutions. There is employment for me in other places, I am sure."

After this, Anna was without employment for a long time. She had a room in a shabby old house on the lower West Side. She cooked her meals over a gas jet and shared a bath with three other girls. It was a parched, bitter life; it was dreary, with a dragging pulse and a lowering of the perceptions.

She saw things through a haze; nothing seemed final. Her existence was made of fragments which seemed in no way related. People came into her days and left them; things happened with no result. Yesterday was closed from her memory by a blankness; to-morrow seemed a thing that never would be. To-day, always to-day! The small, dull happenings; the despairs; the sordid, narrowed world.

But she held to her resolve: She sought no employment at hospitals or other institutions; she kept from all places where she'd be likely to come into contact with any of the people of her near past. Finally she found work as a marker in a laundry. It was a huge place, full of steam and noise and machinery and mountains of soiled clothes. She fought desperately to keep this place. There were hard-eyed, jeering people all about her. The system was ruthless.

The woman at the head of her department had a cutting tongue and hostile eyes. She hated foreigners; Italians and Poles were her special aversions. The quiet mind of Anna was appalled at the venom of this creature, but she told herself that she must not give way. She must have courage. But the time came when she could bear it no longer; and again she was without work.

Her next employment was in a large hotel. She worked with the women who had charge of the linen. It was a place with a sagging management, and was faction-ridden. Anna was confused by the underground turmoil of the place; she had known nothing like it before. Refusing to join either faction, she became the target of both.

After this she was a child's nurse in the family of a rich Cuban. He had a fat wife and two willful children. The woman smoked and ate and slept. Anna was with them for six months; then they went back to Havana.

There were periods after this of small jobs—of sewing, of packing candy at an endless belt in a factory, of selling materials to stenographers in office buildings; as a part-time waitress in a lunch room. But nothing was permanent; after a time there was nothing at all.

She now lived at a place far downtown, a bare place with uncarpeted, dirty halls and greasy handrails at the stairways. She had pawned most of the things she had of value by now and went about looking shabby and poor. She searched the newspaper want columns and waited for hours each day in employment places.

The woman who kept the place in which Anna lived was a stout, ill-shaped woman with small, unbelieving eyes. She'd watch Anna as the girl went in and out, and Anna did not like her. One afternoon as the girl was going to her room, tired with a day of going from place to place, the woman met her on the landing at the third floor.

"You don't look very good," she said.

"No, I suppose not. I'm tired."

"You owe me rent for this week," the woman said.

"I'll have it for you to-morrow."

"I always like it when it's due," said the woman. "Then I'm sure of it. I haven't got any too much myself, and I can't afford to wait."

"To-morrow is not a long while away," said Anna, "and I've always paid you very promptly until now."

Please turn to page 37

The Little Ones

MUST A WOMAN CHOOSE BETWEEN HUSBAND, CAREER, AND CHILDREN?

"At each fall Laura sprang up to set them on their feet again"

By

Elaine Sterne Carrington

WHEN Laura appeared on the street with the twins a shower of delighted comments followed her:

"Aren't they sweet!"

"Simply adorable!"

"They must be a little over a year!"

"Perfectly exquisite!"

They were exquisite. They were adorable. They were sweet. And they were a little over a year. Laura was conscious of all these facts in her softer moments, particularly when she hovered over them while they slept, lying with their chubby arms flung over their golden heads.

Part of their charm lay in the fact that they were always immaculately dressed, shoes freshly whitened, hands and faces clean, knees scrubbed.

Their dresses (they were girls, a bitter disappointment at the time) she made at odd moments, because her budget would not permit of her purchasing the sort of clothes the twins must wear. She also made their bonnets and their underclothes, and it gave her a faint gratification when people remarked on them. Faint because ordinarily she was too tired, too depressed, too absorbed to hear the remarks.

She and John lived in a small house in the suburbs, into which they had moved the year before the twins were born. Looking back on that year, it now seemed an idyllic period of her life. Each morning they took the train to the city, and she went to her job and he to his. Hers was helping edit an erudite magazine called the *Vassal*. His was advertising.

She loved her work. She had been on the *Vassal* since the day it was founded, due to her friendship for its editor, Chester Davis. She loved knocking off and lunching with John at Durkey's Chop House, halfway between both their offices, or dining with him at the Green Bay Tree.

Sometimes they took in a show and came home on the midnight, walking up the hill hand in hand toward the cottage, which looked enchanted in the soft glimmer of moonlight. There were actually hours in which to sit down and read through a novel. Time. Time to think, time to write, time to play.

The twins changed all this.

And yet to the casual observer, to old ladies who leaned out of limousines and clucked at the babies, to friends who met her wheeling them, she was, she knew, the epitome of loveliness, a beautiful young wife and mother.

The *ménage* consisted of Edda, incompetent and inexpensive maid of all work, but something to be thankful for. At least the drudgery of cooking and washing dishes was spared her. But at best her schedule was a heavy one.

The twins awoke at six. Often earlier. She slept in the room with them. John slept across the hall, his door tightly shut. Every morning when she staggered to her feet, dazed with sleep, she cast a resentful glance at the tightly shut door. Oh, to be closed away in there, deaf to the demands of babies!

But they were sweet. There was no denying that. Standing up in their cribs, flushed and tousled, with little arms outstretched, they were irresistible. And their necks smelled of talcum and woolen garments.

They had a six o'clock bottle, after which they were placed in one crib and told to amuse themselves. This usually ended in shrieks which might wake John, and John must have his full quota of sleep because he was the breadwinner.

IT MEANT separating them and then bathing and dressing them. During this rite they never held still. They squirmed like vigorous young eels, rolling, lunging, twisting. Once dressed, they had orange juice and were carried, one under each arm, downstairs to the kitchen.

Then came respite. Laura had coffee. Not very strong coffee, but coffee. Edda kept an eye on the twins while Laura drank it gratefully. After that she felt a little better, a little stronger, a little more able to cope with the day.

Next the twins had breakfast. Cereal, which they took an interminable time to swallow; bits of bacon shoved between their lips, coddled eggs, buttery toast. They had splendid appetites, and Laura fed them every last scrap they would consume.

By that time John was down in the dining room, shaking out his morning paper, and the twins were brought in and allowed to romp.

Their romping consisted of staggering drunkenly from chair to table and from table to sideboard, with frequent stumblings and subsequent tears *en route*. At each fall Laura sprang up to set them on their feet again, and whatever John was endeavoring to read aloud to her, or to tell her, whether it was the news of the day or the fact that old Toby was down from Hartford and had had lunch with him, was lost.

During the process of picking up a twin and then another twin, wiping away tears, steadying them on their unsteady legs, Laura felt a sharp and, she knew, wholly unreasonable resentment against John. He sat there so smug and satisfied with his home, his children, and himself.

The twins, healthy, pretty as pictures, and plump as partridges, were romping, as he called it. He had had a good night's sleep, and now, by Jiminy, he'd have to hustle to catch the eight-eight. "Good-by! Good-by! So long, Bumpkins and Pumpkins! Be good girls. And don't forget to send my blue suit to the tailor's, will you, dear? Good-by!"

She wished, as he ran down the steps, turned to wave at her, and hurried on brisk and important, that he had been waked at six, had bathed and dressed babies, had fed them, and would presently put them to bed again, wash their clothes, take them up in time for lunch, and play with them until bedtime.

Feeling edgy this way was, Laura realized, due to utter weariness. In that magic first year she had adored John. Their companionship had been a beautiful and exciting thing. She was burning with eagerness to talk to him. There were endless matters to discuss. Now their conversation was monosyllabic, broken into constantly by her admonitions to the twins.

She strained every effort to get through the day and

to attain the haven of an hour's utter and complete quiet before going to bed. And perhaps rightly enough, John demurred at this. They had lots of friends, hadn't they? That's why they had moved there. Didn't she ever want to step out of an evening? He worked hard, and when he got home at night he did not want to lead the life of a hermit. Particularly as all she cared to do was to lie in the swing without speaking, without moving. That was no kind of life. You were only young once.

She agreed with him in spirit, but she was too tired to make the effort to go places. So, eventually, he went without her. Even this, she was ashamed to admit to herself, she was grateful for. It gave her a sense of peace to lie perfectly still with the darkness all around her. It was not even necessary to follow his conversational efforts or to prod his silences.

Glorious, soul-reviving stillness! But, as she often told herself, drowsily, he was right. It was no life for two young people madly in love. Or were they? Had not that fire, that leaping of pulses, that thrilling impatience to be near each other, vanished as if at the wave of a wand? And in its place what?

A fondness certainly, a loyalty, a habit of devotion, but underneath it a growing sense of irritation, his for her continued inertia, and hers for his lack of understanding of it.

Still she was grateful for the respite he gave her by his absence. And she told herself she had no right to begrudge him what pleasure he could derive from playing contract at Harvey's, going to the movies with the Allisons, or dancing to the radio at Marjorie Kendrick's.

Quiet. All she asked was quiet. The still arms of night wrapped around her. The babies upstairs asleep. Edda clattering pots and pans and singing to herself in the kitchen.

ONE evening in early summer, as she and John were seated at dinner, the phone rang. John answered it and came back to her, grinning.

"It's Chester, the boy editor. Ten to one he wants to give you your old job back. Go on and grab it!"

Chester Davis! Her old job back! Even the thought of it made her heart beat more quickly.

"Chester," she said into the phone, "is it really you?"

"In person," he replied. "Thought I'd call you and see if you'd come up for air yet."

"Come up for air?"

"Ceased being so confoundedly married."

"I don't understand."

"Well, it's this way. I'm in the dickens of a fix. Ellen Duffy, who took your place, has married and gone to Naples on an indefinite honeymoon, and I've got to find a new associate, and I wondered if you had any bright ideas on the subject."

"Oh, Chester," she sighed, "how I'd love to take it myself!"

"Fine! That's what I hoped you'd say. The job's yours. You can have the same old desk and scrap basket and bottle of paste."

"If I only could!"

"Why can't you?"

"Well, the babies——"

"Get a nurse."

"No nurse could give them the care I do."

"I can't argue that with you. Costs too much over the telephone. But if you think of anybody shoot me a wire. I just wanted to sound you out before looking around."

She was close to tears. "I'd adore to be back."

"Well, that's that. Ta-ta!"

She hung up slowly and went back to John with tears on her lashes. He said brightly, "Going to work again?"

She shook her head.

"Why not?"

After all, John ought to know the answer to that without asking.

"You know perfectly well."

"The little ones?"

He was mocking her. She said with mounting anger, "As long as I have babies I'm going to take care of them."

"That's O. K. as long as you enjoy doing it."

"I wouldn't trust them to any paid worker."

"Why not?"

How exasperating he was! What she wanted above everything else at that moment was sympathy and perhaps just a little pinch of praise for having given up this golden opportunity and remaining stanchly at her post.

He said, "I honestly think it would be a great thing for you."

"Great for me to go to town and worry all day long about them?"

"Great for you to get away from them. You've no idea how crabby you're becoming."

So she was crabby, was she? She forced back her tears and said coldly, "I'd rather not discuss it. If you can't see that my first duty is to my children, I'm afraid no one can."

"Applesauce!" he said cheerfully, getting up from the table. "They're healthy. Any one with an ounce of sense can keep an eye on them. If you really want your job back now's the time to take it."

She went out on the porch and lay down in the swing. John followed her and stood beside her.

"Look here," he said, "I wish you'd hop up to town and talk this over with Chester."

"And leave the babies with Edda?"

He ignored this. "I really think if you got in the office again and smelled printer's ink and saw the old gang——"

"No, thanks!" she cut him short. "I'll stay right where I am, and please let's not talk about it any further."

"Righto!" he said. "You're the boss." He hesitated. "If you're going to lie there I guess I'll wander over to Dave Wheeler's and shoot a little backgammon."

"I'm going to lie here."

"I'll be home early."

He bent over her and kissed her and ran down the steps whistling.

His whistle grew fainter. She could no longer hear it. She felt a mounting sense of grievance against him. Instead of being commended for the stand she had taken, she had had to defend it. All her heart and soul was crying out to return to her work again, to take possession of her quiet, book-lined office, to glance through the sheaf of manuscripts on her desk, to make appointments with authors, interview printers, attend conferences.

SHE wanted it so much she fairly ached for it. And she had rejected it. And Chester would not offer it again. Ever. He would put her down as one of a long line of promising young women whom marriage had made run to seed.

She was giving up all this in a grand gesture of motherhood and John. John, her husband, derided her for it.

Sometimes she hated John.

Most of all at this moment.

And he could walk out of the house whistling and joking and feeling himself gloriously in the right.

She was crying into the pillow.

She got up from the swing and wiped her eyes. Perhaps she was being unfair to John. She had been ready to take offense at his first, his very first word; and, after all, wasn't he merely echoing what she had so often told herself, that she was fit for better things than tending babies? She had been cross and touchy—crabby, he called it—and he had been good-natured throughout.

She felt a sudden surge of affection for him sweep over her. To-night for the first time in months she felt thoroughly wide-awake and aroused. She wanted to talk. She wanted to pretend she could consider Chester's offer. And John could play this game with her if

Please turn to page 45

"Laura sat down suddenly. 'John,' she said in a small voice, 'I—I think you're wonderful!' 'Wonderful? Me? I'm just a boob'"

Illustrations by
OSCAR HOWARD

WITH THIS RING I THEE WED

Three Who Were Strong

Illustration by **J. HYDE BARNUM**

"When he said, 'I love you, Eleanor,' she answered clearly, 'And I love you, John'"

By Barbara Webb

CONCLUSION

A WEEK passed. There was one brief wire from Darrel saying that Jerico had arrived, and then there was nothing to do but wait. Indian summer came down on the hills, making them rich and beautiful.

There was something haunting about this season, and John found himself thinking more strongly than ever of the past summer, living over his meetings with Eleanor, wondering about her, turning over in his mind a plan to go to the city to see her. He believed she would surely send for him if she wanted him, and told himself that to wait patiently was the only thing to do.

But the waiting was hard. The house cried aloud for her. He wanted to show her his harvest, to have her build the fires on the hearth with him, to walk with him in the twilight and see the hills change to dark shadows, to have her come home with him to the peace and contentment of the long winter ahead. But she made no sign, and he summoned his fortitude to endure her silence.

The mornings were frosty now, cool enough for a fire, and he knelt to kindle one a morning late in October, thinking of the latest news from Darrel. Darrel had written that Jerico was to give a small private hearing of his playing, and that his reception would determine his staying in New York. The concert would have been held by this time, and John hoped he would receive during the day some word about it. He knew how anxious Vera was and decided he would go down to the town for the mail as soon as his fire was going and his breakfast over.

He arranged the kindling and took out a match to light the blaze, when his hand was arrested by a knock at the door.

"May I come in?" asked a voice from the porch.

He knelt there stupidly, thinking he was dreaming. The latch on the door rattled.

"Please," said the voice, "let me come in. I'm cold."

This was real. No doubt about it, and he sprang to his feet and threw the door open wide.

"Eleanor!"

She smiled up at him, both hands held out.

"I've come back, John," she said. "Are you glad?"

He took her hands, drew her into the house, incoherent in his joy, hardly believing that she was there. She sat down in his big chair and watched him while he coaxed the flame on the hearth into a warm glow. She laid aside her coat and leaned forward, chin on hands. The fire began to snap and crackle and he turned for his first long look at her.

She met his gaze bravely, eyes never faltering, and in them he read the answer to all his loneliness, all his longing. She did not shrink this time when he took her in his arms, but lifted her face for his kiss, and when he said, "I love you, Eleanor," she answered clearly, "And I love you, John."

Time ceased for them then, and the sun had ridden high in the sky before they were able to talk of their future. They made some coffee and carried it in before the fire, where Eleanor sat once again in the big chair.

"You belong there," John told her. "I've seen you there so many times in my dreams. I don't believe it yet, but I will. Now tell me what made you come back? When did you get here?"

"I got here last night," she began.

"And didn't let me know?"

"Well, I had to stop at Granny's house, you see, and once I was there she wouldn't hear of my going. It was late anyway. I don't know what she will think of my coming up here so early this morning. I slipped out without saying a word to her."

"If she's as wise as I think she is she will know that it was the only thing to do."

ELEANOR nodded.

"She'll know. I didn't tell her in so many words, but she knows why I came back. But I want to tell you why I came, John; what it was that brought me back to you. I really ought to begin with why I went away. You know that Jerico Godwin thought he liked me——"

"I know all about it now. Vera told me everything."

"Oh, I'm glad. Then I can leave that part out of the story. I hated him, John, and somehow he was mixed up in my mind with love. And that was why I went away from you. I loved you then, John, but I hated Jerico and what he stood for in my mind, and I had to get away from that feeling."

"So you went away."

"The city was wonderful, John. I loved it. Darrel did everything for me, and for a long time I didn't even miss you, or the hills, or the life here at all. I learned a lot of things that did me good. You were right to let me go, though you could have made me stay."

HE TOOK her hand and held it close against his cheek. "Then last week Jerico came to New York. Darrel told me. I said nothing could make me see him, though Darrel had asked me to go with him to hear Jerico play. But Darrel made me go. He said I was so full of hate; I was all broken out with it like the measles, and that the only way to get over it was to convince myself that there was really nothing to fear."

She paused, and John kissed her.

"So I went, and I never was so miserable in my life. They were nice people, John. They had a lovely home with a big music room, and we all sat around in easy-chairs waiting for Jerico to come in. And when he came in—John, it was as though I had never seen him before. He didn't mean a thing to me, and I felt some of the hate and the fear melt away. But not all of it. It had been there too long."

"It's gone now, all of it?"

"Yes, all of it, every bit of it. Jerico was embarrassed. You could see that. He looked awkward and out of place and he was frightened. I felt almost sorry for him. Then he got his fiddle up under his chin and began to play. At first he played badly. Then he played some mountain songs. John, the whole room melted away from me, and I saw you and the hills and everything I loved. And I saw them, just as I had seen Jerico, as they really were, for the first time." She took his face between her hands and looked into his eyes.

"John, do you remember that day you and Darrel

Please turn to page 27

And she's bringing home an appetite, too!

How she will enjoy the fragrant, delicious soup you have all ready for her! Tasks in the schoolroom and happy hours of play in the outdoor air sharpen her hunger and make her eager for the invigorating, glowing goodness of Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Good soup belongs in every child's daily meals—to delight the taste, to nourish, to help in keeping the appetite normal and the digestion sound. The lively, sunny flavor of Campbell's Tomato Soup makes it the children's greatest favorite. *And its strict purity and quality have won the confidence of the most careful mothers.* Let the children enjoy it and benefit from it regularly!

21 kinds to choose from . . .

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

Tomato Soup—2 for 15 cents
Other kinds—10 cents a can

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The best addition—
And it's real—
Is adding Campbell's
To your meal!

Children like it both ways!

The label gives easy directions for serving Campbell's either as a Tomato Soup (by adding water) or as a Cream of Tomato (by adding milk). It's a joy to the young ones either way!

Campbell's Tomato Soup

EAT SOUP AND KEEP WELL

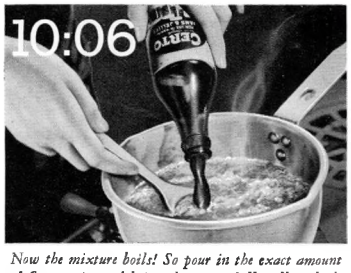
Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

"We Champion . . . SWEAR BY

Mrs. C. B. Osborne, of Runnells, Iowa, State Fair champion. Last year, at the famous Iowa State Fair, Mrs. Osborne took 12 first prizes for her jams and her jellies. All her entries were made with Certo.

"With them anybody can make prize-winning jelly and jam every time with never a thought of failure—you will save two-thirds the usual time, too, and often get half again more glasses.

Making jelly with Certo is as easy as making jam. Here's the fruit juice and sugar—put on the stove to boil.



Now the mixture boils! So pour in the exact amount of Certo, stir, and bring them to a full, rolling boil.

½ minute's hard boiling!—then skim, pour in glasses and paraffin. Your jelly is cooling in 12 minutes!

BY Mrs. F. Bateman
ILLINOIS JELLY CHAMPION

"As my friend Mrs. Osborne, champion jelly maker of Iowa said, 'It's just a shame that *every* woman doesn't know about these jam and jelly recipes!'

"So I am going to tell you about them. And explain how we champion jelly makers get the wonderful flavor that wins so many prizes year after year. Here, for example, is the recipe we use for strawberry jam:

STRAWBERRY JAM RECIPE

4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar ½ bottle Certo

To prepare fruit, grind about 2 quarts fully ripe berries, or crush completely one layer at a time so that each berry is reduced to a pulp.

Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, mix well, and bring to a *full, rolling boil* over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in Certo. Then stir and skim by turns for just 5 minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 10 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

"Right away you will notice that this recipe calls for Certo. Now neither Mrs. Osborne nor I would think of making jelly or jam without Certo!

"Let me tell you why. In the first place, to make strawberry jam with Certo, we boil our fruit for only one minute (it rarely takes more than a minute for *any* jam, and jellies take only one-half minute).

"And this same short boiling gives us better-tasting jam or jelly, too. It prevents costly fruit juices from going off in steam. It keeps all that delicate fruit flavor right in the jelly. And you never get that boiled-down flavor. Moreover, since no fruit juice boils away, you naturally get extra glasses, too.

"So now that you know our secret, I am sure that you will want to try Certo and the Certo recipes right away. You will find them—89 of them—in a neat little booklet under the Certo label.

"Follow these simple proven recipes exactly, do not change them in even the *slightest* degree, and I *promise* you will make perfect jelly or jam every time."

* * *

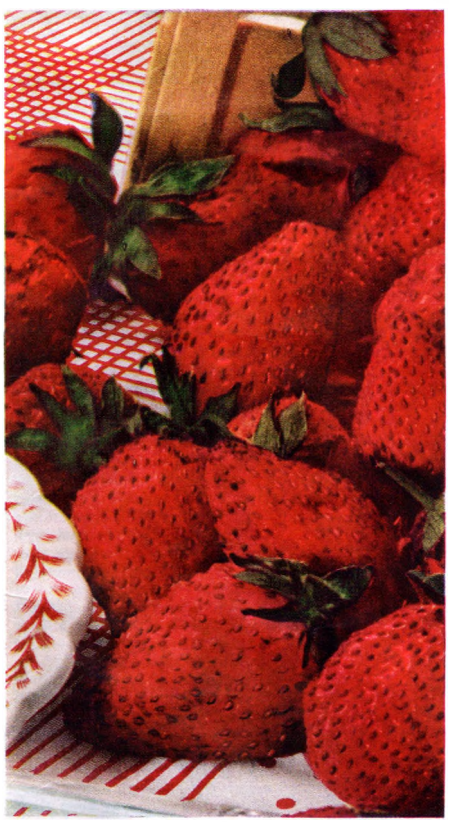
Certo is bottled pectin—a natural fruit substance that makes jellies "jell." When you add Certo to your fruit juice and sugar, just as the recipes specify, you make perfect jelly or jam from any fruit. A product of General Foods. At all grocers.

¶ *Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!*

Jelly Makers THESE RECIPES"

Mrs. F. W. Bateman, of Ottawa, Ill., has a splendid record for her jellies and jams. In two years, they have won a total of 37 prizes at five State Fairs and at the famous Cook County Fair of Illinois.

Start right now to plan your jam cupboard—adding sparkling jellies and jams as each fruit comes into season. You'll find a treasure of menu ideas in a cupboard like those suggested below!



3 enticing Jam Cupboards

Suggested by 3 Champion Jelly and Jam Makers

1 Mrs. OLON SIMMONS, INDIANA CHAMPION:
"You can see why I put up 19 varieties last year, when I tell you that my family includes three children and a husband—all of whom like different kinds of jellies and jams. In 1932 I made these *Jellies:* 32 glasses of crabapple, 28 plum, 24 blackberry, 20 apple, 20 ripe grape, 16 red currant, 8 mint, 8 cherry, 6 strawberry, 4 green grape, 4 elderberry, 4 pineapple. These *Jams:* 50 strawberry, 50 peach, 11 red raspberry and currant, 10 gooseberry, 10 apricot. *Marmalades:* 15 orange, 12 pineapple, 8 apricot. *Relishes:* 9 tomato."

2 Mrs. M. WICKWIRE, MICHIGAN CHAMPION:
"Mine is a small family now, but I have hundreds of uses for different jams and jellies. Not only to give delicious variety to the meals I serve—but for presents to friends, for church sales, and, of course, to send to the Fair, where my many entries won 17 ribbons last year. My 1932 cupboard contained over 500 glasses of these 18 varieties. *Jellies:* strawberry, raspberry, black currant, plum, grape, apple, quince and cranberry. *Jams:* strawberry and pineapple, cherry, blackberry, rhubarb, pear, plum, grape, cranberry, fig. *Relishes:* pepper, beet."

3 Mrs. M. ESPELAND, MINNESOTA CHAMPION:
"If my husband had his way, my cupboard would consist mostly of the marvelous strawberry jam I make with Certo. But I have others to consider—my daughters, my friends, my neighbors and guests—all of them with different tastes. So last year, from May to November, I put up 27 kinds of fruits and vegetables—a total of 541 glasses and jars altogether. Here are the fruits I used: *Jellies:* grape, red currant, red raspberry, mint, chokecherry, plum, apple, crabapple, strawberry, cranberry, quince. *Jams:* strawberry, apricot, cherry, red raspberry, black raspberry, cranberry, grape, gooseberry. *Marmalade:* peach. *Conserves:* currant, gooseberry, plum, grape, peach."

Cream Cheese with Cherry Jam. *With crackers and raisins—the easiest dessert you can make!*

Grape Jelly Roll. *What a grand-tasting treat! Grape jelly also makes an ideal filling for pastries.*

Strawberry Jam Biscuits. *A touch of jam on fluffy biscuits for luncheon, tea, or Sunday supper!*

Wouldn't *you* love to have a cupboard filled with luscious jams and jellies as varied as the ones described above?

Think of the thrill you'll feel as you look at row upon row of colorful glasses!

So why not start right now with your jam and jelly-making schedule for the summer?

Mark on your kitchen calendar the approximate time when each fresh fruit is expected to be at its cheapest and best. Then you will be ready . . . and you can add to your cupboard of sparkling jellies and jams as each fruit comes in.

And how proud you'll be of that cupboard when winter comes! Just the right things for every occasion. Red currant jelly for dainty, sugar-powdered jelly rolls . . . mint jelly to go with that tempting roast of lamb . . . raspberry jam for crisp, delicious tartlets . . . strawberry jam for dream-like mousses. There is simply no end of old-time favorites!

That's the beauty of Certo. Certo gives you gorgeous jellies even from fruits like strawberries or pineapple . . . fruits that never before "jellied" successfully for you. In fact, there's *no* fruit that cannot be made into jelly with Certo!

And in the Certo booklet there are countless new, equally delicious *combinations*, too. Raspberry and currant jelly, for instance . . . orange-lemon marmalade . . . and dozens of others.

Moreover, as Mrs. Bateman points out on the opposite page, jam and jelly making is just no job at all with Certo and the 89 Certo recipes. It makes far better jellies and jams, too—at less cost.

So get these fine recipes right away, together with your bottle of Certo. Start right in on your summer jelly-making—*now!*

Visit the Certo display, General Foods Exhibit, at the Century of Progress Exposition, Chicago, June to October.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Dressing up the house for SUMMER

By Jane Ten Broeck

This is the room as it looks in its summer furnishings

IN MANY homes the slip cover has become an all-year-round favorite, for in its more decorative phase it is capable of creating new color schemes and charming new room effects, while in its more utilitarian character the slip-cover disguises worn, old furniture, protects the fine fabrics of new pieces, and keeps soot—grime of every kind—and wear and tear from immediate action on the piece of furniture it covers.

Early each summer when the housekeeper rearranges her rooms so that they may serve the practical needs of summer living, she finds that the slip cover is an essential. Not only do the heavier fabrics of the winter, the silks and woolen textiles on furniture, need to be protected from the dust which blows in through open windows, but the slip cover of linen or cotton brings a definite coolness into summer rooms. These fabrics are cool to the touch, and their patterns are suggestive of summer and their colors delightfully fresh.

In order to get the most out of our homes this summer, we ought to replace every suggestion of the winter house with summerizing fabrics and rugs. That this can be done with little expense was demonstrated for us by the Joseph Horne Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., in the rooms illustrated. A dignified, paneled living room was furnished for Pictorial Review in Horne's Irwin rooms, with a luxurious Oriental rug and beautifully upholstered furniture. It was transformed into something much more simple and certainly a cooler place in which to spend our summer days and evenings by the use of summerizing furnishings.

In the winter room the draperies are damask, silk lamp shades are used on floor and table lamps, dark-toned pictures and prints are hung on the wall, while the furniture upholstery is of silk damask and plain silk in rich, warm, wintry colorings—colorings especially chosen to give the winter room an air of cozy, fireside comfort and luxury.

The same room is shown here in its summer dress. Window shades and glass curtains have been replaced by Venetian blinds and flowered chintz draperies. The draperies are of thirty-six inch glazed chintz, left unlined for additional coolness (and less costly that way!) and trimmed with white cotton ball fringe. The white brings a definite note of summer freshness, and the style of the fringe is that informal, old-fashioned (now popular again), homey fringe which immediately suggests ease and simplicity.

THE valance of these draperies is flat and gracefully shaped, interlined with canvas for stiffness, and lined with cream sateen to cover the canvas body. It is also trimmed with the white ball fringe. The Venetian blinds have white tapes and cords in harmony with the drapery. No glass curtains are used.

One armchair and a Chippendale ladder-back chair are slip-covered in small pattern fabrics of harmonizing color. The armchair fabric is mulberry utility cloth figured in white, finished with French seams, and trimmed around the bottom with white fringe.

The Chippendale chair near it has the seat slip-covered with glazed chintz in the same colorings, also finished with French seams, and a four-inch box-plaited valance around the bottom. The tall wing chair in the far corner is slip-covered with amber stria (or striped) cloth, finished with French seams, and trimmed around the bottom with matching fringe. The seat cushion is covered separately, as it should be in all upholstered chairs having a removable cushion.

The armchair at the left of the fireplace is slip-covered in cool green linen crash, finished with French seams, and trimmed with white fringe. Only a corner of the sofa shows, but it, too, is slip-covered in fabric like the draperies. Its seams are welted with the same material and finished with a box-plaited valance. The seat cushions are separately covered.

The large Oriental rug is replaced by two lightweight summer rugs in a marble pattern, doubly cool because of their suggestion of marble and because of the neutral gray, black, dark-green, and beige colorings.

The fine table lamp and silk shade which stood by one armchair in the winter room are replaced by a simple pottery lamp and parchment shade. Other lamps in the room are fitted with parchment shades for the summer, their fine silk shades being delicately brushed and wrapped in cellophane and stored away until winter. A cool water color is hanging over the desk, between the windows, to replace a dark painting which hung there in the winter time. Other summery pictures are hung over the sofa, and urns and plant stands are filled with garden flowers in this hot-weather scheme.

In a room where a sofa faces the fireplace for winter use, the summer atmosphere is made more obvious by turning the sofa about to face windows or a French door, or by placing it between windows, and possibly facing some other part of the room. A small screen placed in front of the fire-place, and the fireside grouping of chairs turned about to create other groups, are other helpful devices when changing a winter room into a summer home.

Summer is an excellent time to lay linoleum. For not only are the fine linoleums designed for living-room use, but this type of floor covering is always cool, is easily cleaned of summer dust, and if there is a garden, or children who go barefooted during hot weather, the linoleum is easily wiped clean of muddy tracks and restored to its original beauty.

FIBER rugs in checked patterns and those with floral designs are well suited to the room where reed, wicker, and fiber furniture is used. Such furniture is no longer the squeaky, uncomfortable contraption it once was. But in the better grades is well designed, beautiful in line and finish, equipped with comfortable and handsome cushions, and it is as suitable for living-room and house use as furniture of wood. Such furniture of course is excellent in the summerized room.

And with it there should be linen and cotton drapery fabrics, slip covers of these same cool textiles, the fiber, grass, and lightweight, short-pile fabric rugs in summer colorings. The rugs made from old woolens (sending your own to the manufacturer), are available in a number of lovely color combinations well suited to the summer room. Hooked rugs and the machine-made hooked rugs, as well as the excellent varieties of braided rag rugs, now to be had in any size, are admirable for the summerized room. The latter are made in plaids and stripes as well as blendings of several colors, and are among the cheapest floor coverings available. Their manufacture on a large scale now makes them available in most parts of the country.

The summer is the best time to have old furniture overhauled and refinished and reupholstered. When preparing to summerize a room this reconditioning of furniture should be carefully considered. Upholsterers in the larger cities are anxious to keep their shops working steadily through the hot months, and usually make special prices for work at this time. Summer sales of fabrics will give you unrivaled opportunity to pick up lengths of upholstery material at less than usual rates.

The summer also is the best time to consider the purchase of new furniture, for many shops plan their midsummer furniture sales at this season.

Rug, lamp shades, draperies, all are designed to lend warmth and solid comfort to the same room when it is furnished for the cold months of winter

came up to the schoolhouse and heard Jerico playing to me?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Do you remember his playing what he called a love piece?"

"Yes."

She kissed him, and he leaned his head against her knees.

"Well, after he'd played a lot of mountain songs and dances he stopped and looked around the room. Everybody was listening. Little by little he'd made us all a part of his music. He said, 'This here's a love piece,' and I felt my heart turn over. I was back in the schoolhouse again, and you were standing in the doorway. He played it, John, and when it was over I knew what I had to do."

"Tell me."

"I had to come home to you."

THE room was quiet for a moment, then she went on.

"I had to come home to you. It wasn't until all the hate was gone that my love for you, and yours for me, could come in and take possession. And Jerico played all the evil away that night with that love piece of his."

"I hope he makes a million dollars!" John cried.

Eleanor laughed.

"I hope so, too. I think he is going to make money. I talked to him afterwards, and it was funny, John. You know how he is, so easy with his fine speeches. Well, he didn't pay much attention to me. He was making up to one of the women who had been listening, and they were getting on pretty fast. She will sponsor some of his intimate concerts. Darrel thinks it's a good idea, so it probably is.

"But I finally managed to get his attention and told him I expected to be coming back to Castleton soon. He turned away from the woman then and seemed to see me for the first time. And I think it made him realize that he has ties back here, too, for he said to tell Vera he would be back by Christmas and that they'd have an old-fashioned holiday together.

"Darrel is going to manage the money part of it for him, and will be sending Vera a check some time soon. There's a group of people in New York who've gone crazy about square dancing, and Jerico's going to play for them. He probably will be successful, and Vera will have something to hope for now."

"That's good news." John's voice was glad. "Vera's earned it. I'm happy for her."

"So am I. But there's one thing more I must tell you. You know I haven't seen my parents in two years, not since they sent me away from home. So when I was getting ready to come to you I thought, if all the hate is really gone, I ought not to hate them any more either. I never did really, but I resented what they had done, so I stopped in Roanoke to see them."

"What happened?"

"THEY live in a world of their own, John, made up of hell and devils and eternal punishment, and there's no love in it anywhere, only wrath. But they were nice to me, and they've forgiven me everything now, because I told them——"

"What did you tell them?"

"That I was coming back here to be married."

"And how soon will you be married!" John wanted to know.

"That's one of the things I'd like your advice about."

"To-day."

Eleanor laughed.

"Be sensible, darling, if you can."

"I can't, but I'll try. This is Thursday, and the Reverend Mr. Sampson is coming up to preach on Sunday. He gets here Friday night. He's going to stay with Paul Carter and his family. We'll be married Saturday morning."

"Saturday morning," she said dreamily, "and then——"

"We'll go away if you like, or we'll come back here."

"We'll come here," she decided. "It's my home now, too; it's always been mine. Hasn't it, John?"

"Always. You helped build it. Don't you remember that you dug out the first spadeful of earth for the new

Three Who Were Strong

Continued from page 22

room, and laid the first stone for the chimney?"

"I remember. Let's be married here, John, in this room. We'll ask Vera and the Carters and Granny and Grandpa Stevens. And afterwards they'll all go away and leave us here together; at home, where we belong." Eleanor smiled at him.

"You're sure you want a crowd! I'd like it better if it was just you and me and Dr. Sampson. If we have a crowd he'll probably preach a sermon on that text of his."

"It's a good text, John," she said, and repeated it softly, 'Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.' I love to hear him talk about it. It means so much to him."

"I remember seeing you in church that day last spring, and our walking home together afterwards."

"And I remember how you told me you'd bring the books down to me because people would talk if I came up here alone," she reminded him.

"Wouldn't they?" He laughed at her.

"They'd talk if they could see us now," she admitted, "but, John, I'd like to have our friends here when we're married. We're going to live amongst them. Vera would be hurt, and Granny would never get over it if she wasn't present to see it done properly. We won't have any fuss about it. I won't have a veil or any bridesmaids or any of those conventional things. Who ever heard of a girl being married in the man's house anyway? But I don't care. It will all be simple and nice. Oh, let's do it that way and have the people we like——"

"It's your wedding, darling, and your house."

"Our wedding and our house," she corrected him.

Saturday morning came, frosty and clear with a white smoke rising from the grass at the roadside. Vera had stayed in John's house that Friday night and was up early to see that it was decked and trimmed for the wedding. Eleanor had asked that everything be kept very simple.

"I don't want to begin my married life by having to carry out armloads of decorations," she had said.

So Vera contented herself with heaping branches of oak leaves over the mantelpiece, and filling jars with the last chrysanthemums from the garden. They had decided on the afternoon instead of the morning for the ceremony, and by half past two every one was there except the bride.

She came driving up the hill just before three, sitting between Granny and Grandpa Stevens. Grandpa drove his old horse with a flourish and had a white ribbon tied to the buggy whip. Granny was fine in black silk and jet beads, her elastic-top shoes hurt her feet, but she resolved to wear them throughout the ceremony if it killed her.

JOHN came to meet them, lifting the old woman out of the buggy first and kissing her on both cheeks.

"Git along with you," she said, but she was pleased, and ordered Grandpa to step spry, not to keep the folks waiting.

Eleanor wore a dress she had bought in New York, a very simple white one with a square neck and sleeves that tied at the elbow with velvet ribbons. Her head was bare and her cheeks were flushed from the fall air and from happiness. John's smile was grave as he looked at her and as she smiled back at him.

They went into the house together, and he showed her something he had in his hand.

"You said you wanted a plain gold wedding ring, the old-fashioned kind like all good farmers' wives wear. I went into Roanoke this morning and got this one. Is it all right?"

"It's perfect. Will it fit?"

"I think so. I measured your finger, remember?"

"Yes, I remember. I remember everything, dearest."

They greeted their guests. There was a quiet happiness about the gathering. Vera's face shone. She had had a letter from Jerico, telling of his success, and a check from Darrel. Paul and Mrs. Carter, dressed in their best, sat side by side. The Reverend Mr. Sampson, in a frock coat, took command of things and led Eleanor and John to the fireplace.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here——"

They were his dearly beloved, his flock over whom he had prayed and sorrowed and rejoiced. And to-day he would add two new members to it. Looking down the years, he saw himself watching their happiness, christening their children, seeing them thrive and prosper in the community. His voice was solemn as he began to pray, drawing all in the room closer by the power of his voice, his years of upright living, his authority as a man of God.

"I require and charge you both——"

THE room was very quiet and the service went on, consecrating the very sunlight that came in through the windows, the fire that burned on the hearth.

"I, John, take thee, Eleanor——"

"I, Eleanor, take thee, John——"

There was a hush when it was over, and in the pause John kissed Eleanor gently in sight of them all. The solemnity vanished, and there was a rush of good wishes and congratulations.

"Didn't I tell you so?" Granny Stevens demanded as she kissed the bride. "I told her along last summer they'd be a woman livin' in this house soon. I knew it before you did, young man. I felt it in my bones, and it come true."

The company did not stay long. Within half an hour of the ending of the ceremony they were gone their several ways. John and Eleanor stood at the gate, waving their good-bys, waiting until the last guest had disappeared before they turned, hand in hand, to enter the doorway of their home.

Paul Carter, jogging toward Castleton with the Reverend Mr. Sampson at his side on the wagon seat, shook his head and sighed.

"Never expected to see it twice," he said. "Never thought I should."

"Never expected to see what, Brother Carter?" the preacher asked.

Paul looked out at the sunset.

"Glory," he answered. "Glory in a woman's face when she looked at a man."

And he repeated the words again, softly, like a benediction.

"Glory, just pure glory."

THE END

From My Garden

By Margaret E. Sangster

I HAVE learned many truths from my garden. I have grown, with my flowers, in tact and in gentleness, in laughter and in religion. For a garden holds the essence of life and tells the story of life's loveliness.

I have learned that growing things, no matter where they are placed, will lean eagerly toward the light of the day. I have learned that the dancing shadow of a leaf will change a grim brick wall to a thing of beauty.

I have learned that weeds may be entirely charming, and I have learned that the sturdy green of those plants that do not bear blossoms is needed to lend leaven to a riot of color.

I have learned that thinning out is often necessary if one would have a garden grow in health. And I have learned also that the process of thinning out may be accomplished in all tenderness and compassion.

I honestly believe that it would be hard to own a garden and at the same time be an atheist. For God's presence is in every breath of fragrance and His touch is on the petal of each flower.

The most fragile blade of grass that pushes its way through the prison of the earth is one of His miracles. His enduring mercy is in the courage of each perennial that has slept beneath the snow and has dared waken to the call of a new springtime.

Every person in the world, I think, should have a garden, even if that garden is only a window box set on a sunny ledge, or a flat bowl of lily bulbs on a table. Every person in the world should have the splendor and peace of a garden to fill the hours with living music and lyric verse.

Some luxuries are beyond our grasp—and it is better, perhaps, that they should be. But the luxury of owning a garden is beyond the grasp of no one.

I have seen a scarlet geranium growing in glory upon a tenement windowsill. And I have seen the pinched face of a slum child, bending above it, take on a reflection of its radiance.

ONE SECRET OF THE IDEAL HOME IS ITS *Furnishing*

BE A BETTER BUYER

By Jeanette Eaton

SAY what you like," remarked a noted psychologist recently, "about the social value of good domestic architecture, it's the *inside* of the house which matters supremely to the family. On that stage is played the personal drama which colors one's imagination through life. Therefore, if a child is to feel loving pride in his home, it ought to offer him an experience in simplicity, comfort, and beauty."

Thinking of these words, I was amazed at a certain collection of books I found the other day in a college library. They had been set apart on the theory that they covered every phase of homemaking—management, efficiency, budgeting, buying, and planning. They discussed food, clothes, health, personal attractiveness, the rearing of children, standards of living, labor-saving devices, and schemes for regulating one's time. Yet not one of those reference books had a word to say about the intelligent purchase of furnishings nor about harmony in arrangement and color. It was as if these authorities believed that the homemaker need not concern herself with beauty.

True, elsewhere in that library were volumes on period furniture. But the illustrations they offered of French bedrooms with damask hangings and great halls filled with Italian Renaissance pieces had no more relation to the typical American house than has a menu of caviar and larks' tongues to the American breakfast.

At the end of this article are mentioned certain bibliographies of books which present in a practical manner information on color combinations and on rugs, fabrics, and furniture. Moreover, magazines and newspapers constantly stimulate interest in charm of decoration and ensemble. Yet both these books and most periodicals are destined for a fairly sophisticated metropolitan group with a simplified family problem. Current articles are, also, limited in scope and as impermanent as cut flowers.

How much women need a source of organized information about the household equipment they have to purchase is obvious to those in touch with American homes. Such a person is Miss Gladys Miller of a large Eastern furniture company, whose mercantile experience in this field is nationwide.

In an interview given for this article Miss Miller said, "How I wish experts on furniture and decoration had to their credit the practical job in consumer education accomplished by experts on food! The average housewife has been taught how to feed the family. But when it comes to the treatment of her rooms she has no guide. Of course any one with money, culture, and leisure can create an interior of distinction. But the busy woman with neither training nor margin of income knows of only one short cut to results. This is provided by the standardized sets of furniture sold in the shops and in the department stores.

"Unfortunately," Miss Miller continued, "much of this manufactured stuff proves a poor investment. Formerly it was solidly made, but very ugly. Now designs are much improved, but construction is flimsy. The customer finds difficulty in getting those facts about real values which mean wise expenditure. Consequently thousands of homes are filled with stuff which has cost far more than it is worth."

P. E. Kroehler, one of the largest manufacturers of furniture in the country, offers this definite advice to consumers: "For the prospective buyer of furniture to securely protect himself or herself against bad buys, *make sure* that the product bears the trade-mark of a manufacturer personally known to be reliable.

"Perhaps no other product made lends itself more easily to shoddy and unscrupulous manufacturing methods than furniture, because manufacturers who want to cheat can save money by substituting woods that are not properly kiln-dried and soon warp. They can nail joints together without properly doweling and gluing them.

"Cheap, dirty, unsanitary filling materials on upholstered furniture cost a lot less and can't be detected under the covering material. Cheap springs not properly coiled and shaped soon buckle and tear through covers and seat bottoms.

"There are many other methods of cheapening furniture which the consumer cannot detect, but the reliable, well-known manufacturer cannot afford to use these methods because they would put him out of business.

"So I say be sure and find, before you buy, that trade-mark which is the best guarantee of quality."

SO, ONCE again, friends, we find that to do an intelligent job the consumer must by her own efforts assemble the necessary information. Luckily this activity is as entertaining as it is productive. Let me tell you, for example, how little Mary Bristol worked out her problem of interior decoration.

During a visit to my home town recently I went to see Mary. She is to be married the last of June. So, when to my astonishment, I found her drowned in tears, I naturally supposed she and John had quarreled. But I was mistaken.

"I—I can't do it—" she sobbed. "On the eight hundred dollars John has saved up I can never furnish the five-room house he's rented. I won't have the—the horrible, cheap stuff my mother has always had to put up with! I sim—simply couldn't live with it!"

"Hurrah for you!" I cried. "The pity of it is that more brides don't revolt in the same way. If they would put up a good fight for beauty we'd soon have a radiant America."

Nevertheless, it was plain that Mary Bristol's problem was no light jest. She had already spent $150 on kitchen equipment. "Yes, indeed," she said militantly, "I bought a slick gas stove and plain, serviceable cabinets and I'm having a carpenter put in extra shelves and cupboards. I think it's dumb for a girl who expects to do a good job as cook not to have an efficient kitchen."

Then her lip quivered again and she said, "But how on earth am I going to furnish the living room, dining room, and bedroom for $650?"

I hadn't the faintest idea. But I did have an inspiration. I told my young friend to drive to the city and consult a decorator I knew there.

At first Mary protested vigorously. "What? Not much! Why to a decorator? The cash I can spend means the price of a couple of firedogs, not furnishings for an entire house. When your friend finds out that I wouldn't know a Queen Anne desk if it fell on me and that I couldn't buy even a footstool in the line of genuine antiques, she'll

Please turn to page 29

Drawing by **HERBERT PAUS**

hand me one of those world-weary smiles and I'll run."

In the end, however, Mary was desperate enough to take a chance. She found the decorator quite ready to help. Indeed, the plan she evolved was so practical that I asked her permission to outline it here. The prices may vary somewhat in diverse parts of the country, but the way in which expenditure was apportioned ought to be suggestive to any woman.

BEDROOM

2 painted metal beds equipped with box springs and coil mattresses.	$130.00
1 old-fashioned second-hand chest of drawers	20.00
1 rag rug woven with gay colors	15.00
1 small table, second-hand	5.00
1 unpainted chair with woven seat	1.00
1 unpainted mirror with beveled glass	4.00
2 lamps	10.00
Ruffled curtains made by Mary for two windows	5.00
	$190.00

LIVING ROOM

1 overstuffed English sofa of good conservative line	$100.00
1 domestic carpet rug of plain pattern	80.00
1 overstuffed armchair, both graceful and comfortable	60.00
1 drop-leaf table	20.00
1 small coffee table	12.00
2 lamps—porcelain base and smart parchment shades	25.00
2 built-in painted bookcases	25.00
Chintz hangings for three windows made by decorator, glass curtains by Mary	18.00
	$340.00

DINING ROOM

1 dining table	$40.00
6 chairs with cane seats	42.00
1 serving table	10.00
1 plain rug	20.00
Fish-net curtains for two windows made by Mary	8.00
	$120.00
Total	$650.00

When I saw Mary's house after it was ready for her to step into, I could scarcely believe it had been furnished for $800. Without being too fixed about it, the decorator had chosen for the downstairs rooms maple furniture with the simple lines and soft tones characteristic of the late Colonial period. The dignity of the living room had been established by its most costly items—sofa, rug, armchair, and lamps. Yet, plain as these were, the room was given gayety and character by repeating the color notes of the smartly tailored chintz drapes in the upholstery of the chair and in ornaments on the mantelpiece and bookshelves.

"You see," explained Mary Bristol proudly, "I learned to concentrate on essentials. The beds, for instance, are made for real rest. The living-room sofa and armchair are very comfortable as well as good-looking. All the expensive things are permanent, and the temporary stuff which I picked up for a song make the house cozy from the start. Then, as time goes on, Jack and I will gradually buy the kind of pieces we want to keep. The rooms are a little bare. But isn't that better than stuffing them with a lot of dull junk?"

IT SEEMED so to me. In fact, several items of my young friend's program can be recommended as sound principles. For instance, to consult a good decorator is a very wise initial measure in furnishing a house or any part of it. Experience is needed to visualize the scheme as a whole, to blend colors, to know the best markets.

We are all apt to share Mary's fear that these experts are too august to consider the average woman's situation. And it's no wonder we do. In the past when *carte-blanche* orders to decorate houses were as casual as if they were cakes to be frosted, the busy decorator would have taken little interest in the bride with a thousand dollars to spend. But now the tale is different. The experts, realizing that they have kept at arm's length an enormous group of women who need their advice, are eager to make that advice available.

To-day decorators are broadcasting the news that they will serve as consultants for

Be a Better Buyer

Continued from page 28

the smallest decorative problem. The fee is then based on an hourly charge, and the rate depends on the reputation of the decorator, the extensiveness of plans, and the number of sketches required. Charges vary from small amounts up to $25 per hour.

When this arrangement is made the client does all her own buying—often at the places suggested to her. But don't forget that it might be more economical in many cases to have purchases made by the decorator because of the low prices she can obtain. By laying all your cards on the table immediately and announcing exactly what you can spend, you avoid what you fear most—being led into extravagance.

Perfect fairness to the client in this respect is one of the canons of the American Institute of Decorators. This is a new national organization with headquarters at 460 Park Avenue, New York City. Its purpose is to promote professional standards of work, sound methods of buying, and the use of contracts which protect both consumer and expert. If you know of no reliable decorator, you can write to this organization for the name of a member located in your district.

Another source of help to the homemaker is the Antique and Decorative Arts League at 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. This national organization is committed to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth about antiques. So much faking has gone on to mislead the innocent into paying outrageous prices for mere copies or for worthless pieces that responsible dealers feel the need of establishing a code of ethics within this mart.

THE information in the Better Buying Series is of real practical value. However, the most authoritative information on the homemaker's problems cannot help her unless she sets herself to earnest study of her 1933 job and applies to her daily buying problems this material which obviously has been gathered with great care. Many of our women are keeping a scrapbook that began with the October article and includes the new one that comes each month. If that is representative of what is being done throughout the United States it is one more evidence that women are alert to their responsibility and are training themselves to be better buyers from the viewpoint of their own families and the country as a whole.

Mrs. Franklin D. Fritcher

President of the American Homemakers Association, Inc.

Naturally, nothing is more felicitous than to own lovely family heirlooms imbued with personal traditions. But the wish cherished by many women to create a museum rather than a home results in a fictitious atmosphere.

A writer on the *Manchester Guardian* berates us for submitting to what he calls "the tyranny of the antique." Often clumsy, rococo, and inappropriate furniture claims a large price based on age alone. On the other hand, the inherently beautiful creations of the skilled artisans of the past, which unite solidity and grace with exquisite finish, are worth their price to him who can afford it. The rest of us, however, can get very faithful copies of old models made by modern workmen for half or less than half the cost of originals.

MOREOVER, as one dealer cleverly suggests, the woman of small income who cannot buy antiques can purchase a few genuine old things—ornaments, hanging shelves, a bit of tapestry, a screen—which give authenticity to a room furnished with good copies.

In the meantime my little bride's purchase of well-made second-hand furniture is worth considering. A recent project undertaken by a domestic-science class accomplished the purchase and refinish of enough second-hand furniture to equip a small apartment for $100. The young couple who begin housekeeping with such equipment are far better off than those burdened for a lifetime with durable monstrosities. In many parts of this country family tradition impels parents to set up in housekeeping the bride and groom and, because they repeat the type of furniture given them by their own parents, ugly and antiquated styles are perpetuated indefinitely.

"Ancestral ideas are the more dangerous," commented one experienced decorator, "because all of us are strangely fixed in our emotional habits about furniture. Every woman should try to shake herself free of this tendency. She should be influenced neither by her parents nor her neighbors. She ought not to copy verbatim the model room shown in a shop. If, instead, she carefully studies the needs of her family and satisfies them in a way which combines comfort with beauty she will achieve a really individual house."

In other words, the consumer must make a special effort in this department of buying to play an active rôle. According to one merchandise manager of a large furniture department in New York, the customer who isn't perfectly clear about what she wants for her house is decidedly out of luck.

Said he, "For years stores have maintained the exclusive policy of 'selling' the customer. Salesmen were not trained to discover and meet the needs of their clients, but to beat down resistance to the sale of what they had on hand. It is largely for this reason that improvements in manufactured furniture have come so slowly."

Students at Teachers College, Columbia University, recently questioned 123 women about their success in shopping for household equipment. Ninety-two per cent of this group expressed a desire for better-informed salespeople and eighty-two per cent stated that salespeople should take more interest in the customer's individual problem.

Just consider the matter of rug sizes. Mary Bristol had to battle like an Amazon to obtain at any store a rug for her living room, which measured twelve by sixteen feet. "But, Madam, we usually sell size nine by twelve," was the unfailing reply to her request. If Mary hadn't been carefully instructed by her decorator she would have succumbed to this insistent pressure. But she had learned that it was important really to fit her room with a rug.

The principle of doing so is as follows: Use as many inches of bare floor as a border for the rug as there are feet in the room. Mary's room being sixteen feet long and twelve wide, she had eight inches at each end of the room and six inches at each side for the border. The nearest approximation was the rug measuring ten or eleven three by fifteen feet. But a nine by twelve rug would have left seven feet of bare floor, a proportion which makes the disposal of furniture difficult. Although there were hundreds of rugs of the type she liked in the smaller size, the one she wanted had to be specially ordered by a resistant salesman.

Try to carpet your rooms and see what opposition you get. If you are building a house and wish to save the expense of hardwood floors by planning on carpets, the

Continued on page 32

Limited-Budget Meals

By HELEN TREYZ SMITH

THOSE of us who have worked hard to adjust our budgets to a lowered income find that there is much to be gained by the experience. First of all, most of us have become better buyers. We know more about food values and are better judges of the food we find on the market. Then, too, we have more information about good nutrition. We have learned some new tricks in cookery; we know more about garnishing; and we have learned, as never before, the value of simple things—the charm of well-cooked meals.

The Federal family food guide has appeared so often to warn us against the danger of omitting food essentials that, without realizing it, we have come to know it and to use it as a measuring stick to insure healthful meals.

Almost as familiar is the widely recommended spending plan whereby the food budget is divided into fifths, and spent one-fifth, or more, for milk and cheese; one-fifth, more or less, for vegetables and fruits; one-fifth, or less, for meats, fish, and eggs; one-fifth, or more, for bread and cereals; one-fifth, or less, for fats and sugars and other groceries. This plan also serves us well as an invaluable check on buying and meal planning.

Next, the value of milk has been heralded in no uncertain terms. No one could fail to be impressed with its importance. It heads all diet lists and is said to be the safest foundation for a good low-cost diet. Vegetables and fruits have also held their share of the spotlight, and we have learned to value them highly, with milk, as "protective foods."

Thus, in just this simple way, through one medium and another, homemakers have learned many important food and nutrition facts that they will never forget. In the same way they have also had many specific aids to economy called to their attention. In all probability, even with the horn of plenty in their hands, they will never again be content to return to haphazard buying, to indifferent meal planning, and to guesswork cookery.

It might be well for us to list in an orderly way some of the most important of the things we will want to remember. Among them we will want to include:

In Food Buying (planning, buying, and cooking go hand in hand)—

1. Use the recommended spending plan.
2. Keep accounts.
3. Buy in large amounts whenever possible; staple foods in bulk when you can (in clean stores).
4. Buy from standpoint of food value, choosing less expensive foods of same food value. For example, brown eggs are equal to white eggs in food value; cheap cuts of meat are as nutritious as expensive cuts; day-old bread is equal to fresh bread in food value; a tall can of evaporated milk is equal to 1 quart of milk in food value.
5. Buy foods in season.
6. Read labels and compare food costs.

In Meal Planning—

1. Plan meals in advance.
2. Use a guide to insure healthful, well-balanced meals.
3. Make good use of inexpensive food materials.
4. Plan to serve a few things well cooked.
5. Make good use of left-overs.
6. Vary menu by serving same foods in different ways.

The spending plan whereby the food allowance is divided into fifths is a check on buying and planning

In Cooking—

1. Good cookery is of paramount importance; use only tested recipes. Learn to cook cheaper foods well.
2. After kettle boils use only enough heat to keep boiling.
3. When using oven bake as many things as it will hold.
4. Use both parts of double boiler for cooking.
5. When not using gas turn it out.
6. Use closely covered cooking utensils.

Fortunately, this is the season of abundance, and meal planning is comparatively easy. Let me suggest that as you plan, it would be well to give some thought to the fact that the season permits us to serve different types of meals. It is time for salad meals, for sandwich meals, and for fresh vegetable plates. These meals offer a means for popular variations. They permit you not only to use the same inexpensive foods in new combinations, but to make the most of the present market offerings.

The Salad Meal

MANY homemakers consider the salad as an expensive though necessary part of the menu and have never considered it as a possibility for the main dish of the inexpensive meal. Strangely enough, the salad bowl can actually be substituted for the casserole in many instances. The rice, the beans, the macaroni, the salmon, the tuna fish, the vegetables, and the meats that go to make up the thrifty, hot-dish casserole can all be used to advantage as the basis for a cool, crisp, hearty salad. These salads, supplemented by bread, by a serving of one of the delicious early summer vegetables, and by a simple dessert, make excellent and popular meals.

Here are some recipes for inexpensive, hearty salads that can be used any number of times this summer. Choose vegetables in season to go with them—asparagus first, then later young Swiss chard, tender new wax beans, young beets, tiny new carrots, and fresh and broiled tomatoes. Make the season's fruit offerings serve you well for dessert.

Baked-Beans Salad

2 Cupfuls Baked Beans
½ Cupful Diced Celery
1 Teaspoonful Minced Onion
Shredded Cabbage,
2 or 3 Tomatoes, Sliced
Seasoning (if Beans Have Not Been Seasoned)
French Dressing

CRISP the shredded cabbage in cold water (ice water if possible); drain and arrange either around the edge of a large shallow salad bowl or in nests for individual salads. Add the celery and minced onion to the beans. Moisten with the dressing, handling carefully to avoid mashing the beans. Arrange in a bowl or on cabbage mounds and garnish with the slices of tomato.

Bacon and Potato Salad

4 Large or 6 Medium Boiled Potatoes
½ Bermuda Onion
½ Pound Bacon, Cut in Small Pieces and Fried
2 Hard-cooked Eggs
½ Cupful Cooked Peas
3 Tablespoonfuls (or More) Mayonnaise
1 Teaspoonful Vinegar
Salt and Paprika
1 Head Lettuce

WASH the lettuce; shred fine and chill. Place in a large salad bowl. Cut the potatoes into ½-inch cubes. Add the onion, finely chopped, then the bacon, vinegar, and mayonnaise. Season with the salt. Add to the lettuce and garnish with the egg slices, peas, and paprika. The eggs chopped finely and the cooked peas can be added to the salad itself if you prefer.

Please turn to page 61

All Pictorial Review recipes are tested with *definite heat and utensil measurements* in our own kitchen on gas and electric ranges.

"I've learned how to *flatter* my legs—

—*smooth-fitting Stockings give me this Beauty*"

"If stockings fit smoothly, they flatter your legs—make them look far more graceful than they do when bare. But stockings that wrinkle make your legs ugly. And that's unnecessary. I've learned how to keep *my* stockings smooth-fitting—make them wear better, too—I wash them every day in Lux. No more ordinary soaps for me."

Beatrice Hudson

DO YOU know *why* Beatrice Hudson's simple method makes stockings fit with such flattering beauty? Like a shimmering, sheer second skin . . . snugly clinging to every curve?

It's because the Lux way of washing preserves *elasticity*, that wonderful "live" quality silk has when new.

When elastic, your stockings stretch, then spring right back into shape. But when elasticity is *destroyed*—then the lifeless silk sags. You get those unsightly wrinkles at the ankle and knee. Heel reinforcements slip around . . . seams pucker and zigzag . . . look horridly dowdy! You may get runs, too. When silk loses its "give," it tends to *break* under strain.

Don't run this risk—it's so easy to *preserve* elasticity. Cake-soap rubbing, and soaps containing harmful alkali, *weaken* elasticity, but Lux is especially made to save it!

Simply Lux your stockings every night. It takes only two minutes! Lux will keep them smooth-fitting and *double* their wear. It takes away perspiration, too, and saves color. As you know, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Almost no runs now . . .

"I was always getting runs, it seemed—and it was all my own fault. I was washing my stockings the wrong way. Now I Lux them every night. It actually doubles the wear. I hardly ever get runs *now!*"

HELEN ARLAN

Cuts down stocking bills . . .

"No more cake-soap rubbing for my stockings! Now that I Lux them every night I get so much better wear that I've cut my stocking bills just about in half!"

MARJORIE GRIER

Mrs. J. R. Iwersen says, "I washed 457 items with one box of LUX:

45 pairs silk stockings
45 pairs silk socks
28 pairs children's socks
53 pieces silk lingerie
30 nightgowns and pajamas
18 sweaters and blouses
17 child's dresses
9 aprons
4 baby blankets
42 pieces table linen
166 handkerchiefs

"and I did the dishes for 1½ weeks."

LUX for stockings { *saves the E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y that makes them fit and wear*

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Be a Better Buyer

Continued from page 29

architect will say, "Oh, but your house will have less resale value without waxable floors." The salesman will tell you that nobody is using carpets and attempts to argue you down. Why is this so? Because before the vacuum cleaner was invented carpets had to be taken up and beaten twice a year, and the nuisance of doing so originated a prejudice against them which spread from housewife to merchant. To-day, despite the fact that it is groundless, that prejudice still lives on.

Oh, yes, not only the salesman, but all of us are pitiably inflexible. For almost a generation "morris" chairs and tables encumbered small houses. How long did "the den" and the "cozy corner" make daily life cheap and hideous? Now we have the standardized "breakfast nook" to contend with, and pretty-pretty furniture for the nursery and "modernistic creations."

At least one progressive organization is now prepared to establish an imaginative and complete service for the sale of household furnishings. Its salesmen are trained to find out what a woman's problem is and to work with her in meeting it to best advantage. When it comes to experimental fields, however, we have to have all those qualities and a well-lined purse in addition.

For example, well-made, practical, and charming furniture for children is on the market. But it is not easy to find and it is not inexpensive. The latter difficulty has been met by one corporation which has a national distribution by developing a very practical principle of design. Pieces are so made as to be convertible to use over a period of years. The crib discards its sides and stretches into a bed serviceable up to the teens. The little clothes or toy closet can stand on the floor for five years and then be lifted to the top of a small chest of drawers which it exactly fits and convert the whole into a highboy.

Every parent on a limited budget is puzzled to know how he can invest in the diminutive furniture small children need. Ephemeral things seem so costly. In the report of the Subcommittee of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection appear these statements: "The need is apparent for more extended knowledge and more intelligent planning in the selection of equipment and furnishings for the home. It is essential that parents and workers in child education understand the influence of home furnishings and equipment on the development of the child."

IN CONCLUSION the report suggests a program which women could certainly unite to carry out. That is to establish "cooperation among manufacturer, distributor, architect, educator, and consumer in the field of home furnishings and equipment in relation to child needs."

An even more exaggerated problem confronts the woman who would like to experiment with modern furniture. According to a New York designer whose modern treatment of one of the Radio City theaters has been greatly admired, these novel creations are still too much in the stage of trial and error to be practical for most of us. It is difficult even to see really good models for home use, let alone buy them.

This expert says, "The beauty which can be attained by modern treatment must be individually created. In this field the decorator must be a designer and preferably an architect as well. I should not advise a woman to go in for modern stuff unless she can pay for having it done well. Everything must be planned to scale and appropriately combined. When talented designers work for intelligent producers we'll have good modern stuff for the general market."

That the modern movement in decoration is bound to make its way is the opinion of Miss Josephine Walther of the Detroit Institute of Art. In a recent article she says, "No work may justify a claim to permanent significance which does not reflect the spirit of its time. The mania for antiques and for reproductions of styles of past centuries is a purely modern disease. Encouragement should be given to the artists and craftsmen of our day who are endeavoring to be true to themselves by working in the style of their own century."

Nobody can say the new designs are not sincere. The natural grain of wood is given free play. Steel, chromium plate, iron, and porcelain appear unmasked and unashamed. Lines which are not too self-consciously angular convey a sense of freshness and liveliness. Moreover, these craftsmen have contributed new conceptions of convenience and efficiency

If you visit some store which has been decorated by a modern designer you will see how well many built-in devices could be transferred to the home. A modern bedroom profits much by the innumerable drawers, cupboards, bins for shoes and hats which can be built into the walls with a decidedly decorative effect. Lighting fixtures originating with this modern movement are especially adaptable to home use and have already proved very influential.

Indeed, dull areas in the household have been quite transformed by present-day use of color. Brightly patterned cotton or gingham curtains, together with touches of gay paint and the lively hues of pots and pans, have made the kitchen a radiant place. Likewise in bathrooms nowadays the dead white of shower curtains, towels, and wash cloths has been replaced by delightful pastel shades. For the untiled sections of the room wall papers and washable paints add interest to the most humdrum ablutions.

A MORE serious purpose than mere chic can dictate the use of novel draperies and furnishings. According to one noted psychologist, to decorate the bedroom in restful colors and materials which blot up noise is most important. For many years Professor Donald A. Laird, director of the Psychological Laboratory at Colgate University, has been experimenting with external means to promote healthful sleep. His recent report on "How to Make a Sleeping Room Function for Sleep" has many fascinating suggestions.

This advice may not prove literally practical to many of us. But it has its appeal to all who realize we have only begun to solve the problem of efficient household arrangement. As has been said before, ingenuity is inhibited by habits fixed in a past era when both living and equipment for living were limited in scope. Modern home managers respect their time and energy and seek every preventive against waste.

Already in one province enormous gains have been made. The kitchen is rapidly becoming a really well-organized workroom. Tools, work space, disposition of equipment, and time-saving devices are revolutionizing procedure. Moreover, makers of cabinet units for storage of provisions and utensils have really studied the housewife's requirements, and placed on the market cupboards as attractive as they are practical. New devices for hanging a broom and mop closet on the kitchen door help solve the problem of perfect order in cramped quarters.

An equally good job is being done to educate us in the best use of this equipment. The Home Economics Association, the United States Bureau of Home Economics, the Extension Division of the Department of Agriculture, home economists connected with schools, colleges, magazines, and commercial organizations—all have been teaching us how to save steps and motions in doing our work.

Stores and companies which sell electricity and gas have in every large town established delightful model kitchens where demonstrations are given. The American Gas Company has found it profitable to maintain a regular home-service department which offers advice on all kinds of individual problems, from the best location of the refrigerator to the use of an electric timer for the stove.

How effective are such concrete educational efforts was made plain to me not long ago. A friend of mine who lives with her aunt in a country town confided to me that her middle-aged relative, who keeps

Continued on page 33

house for the family, was inexorably stubborn about any proposed change in her old-fashioned methods of work. Aunt Sarah refused to learn easier routine and to buy the modern equipment she needed and could amply afford.

My friend and I contrived a plot to move this feminine Mohammed. When Aunt Sarah came to visit New York we took her to see an experimental kitchen. There we watched the demonstrator bake a cake.

Upon a glass-covered work table on wheels she mixed her ingredients. The table was so placed that the cook could reach bowls and pans with her left hand and ingredients with her right. One step brought her to the automatic refrigerator. By turning her head she could read the thermometer which registered oven heat, and an outstretched hand could open the oven door.

So swiftly and smoothly and neatly went the mixing of that cake that it resembled a laboratory experiment. When the home economist had popped the mixture into the oven, she pushed toward the sink the wheeled table, on which were already gathered all the utensils used in mixing. Quickly she arranged them in the electric dishwasher and snapped on the motor. There was nothing to put away or sweep up or rearrange. It was all over, and the operation had required about ten minutes.

Aunt Sarah had watched all this with the absorption of one receiving a mighty revelation. Now she turned to her niece and said accusingly, "Good gracious, why didn't you tell me about these smart tricks of saving myself time and trouble? If cooking can be made that easy I can go on till I'm eighty and still have time for radio concerts and D. A. R. meetings."

In being able to afford all of this equipment Aunt Sarah was exceptionally fortunate. But, were they only convinced it was essential to do so, many women could gradually revise their working conditions. One of the home economists of the American Gas Company, in charge of an up-State county of New York, submitted for this article budgets used in modernizing several actual kitchens. Here are two of them:

Kitchen 1
(Old house—has water heater)

New gas range	$99.50
New refrigerator	222.00
Radiator	75.00
Painting for walls	12.00
New cabinets	55.00
	$463.50

Kitchen 2
(Old house—has refrigerator)

New gas water heater	$69.50
New combination sink	60.00
New gas range	159.00
Painting	15.00
Cutting arch and windows	20.00
Lumber for windows and kitchen cabinets	23.75
	$347.25

Even if you cannot get complete equipment at this moment, you can reorganize your routine. One work table on wheels and intelligent attention paid to systematizing the location of supplies and implements may save you many steps and minutes. To find out what finishes for floors and walls are most easily kept clean, which is the most effective furniture polish and the best cleanser for windows—such is the path to greater freedom.

Equipping a house is much like equipping a mind. It is a life-work. One must

Be a Better Buyer

Continued from page 32

be flexible enough to discard the old and embrace the new. But possibly you can't furnish a house without your life partner's approval. If you can get the family financier to shop with you reluctance is more easily overcome.

"I used to get furious with my husband," confessed a friend of mine, "for challenging the whys and wherefores of every purchase I wanted to make for the house. But do you know it was actually a good thing. It forced me to be so clear in my own convictions. I've dug up authorities at the library, collected samples, borrowed photographs—everything you can think of to get Tom's O.K. I've learned a lot as a result; and one thing is that most people buy too quickly. You have to have infinite patience if you're going to create a pretty house with small means."

Miss Velma Phillips, in a recent study undertaken for Teachers College, Columbia University, said anent this same point, "The desire for a perfect product, immediately complete in every detail, of necessity leads to overexpenditure, instalment buying, or the buying of cheap quality."

TO AVOID these faults in expenditure and their consequent dissatisfactions, all you need is a program to which you are faithful. Here is a six-point outline which may prove suggestive:

First, study your family's needs. *Second*, work out your own plan for acquiring what you want. *Third*, check that plan with a decorator. *Fourth*, keep your perspective clear and never make a hasty purchase. *Fifth*, every year add to your knowledge of furniture, rugs, upholstery, draperies, colors, wall and floor treatments, arrangement of furniture, flowers and ornaments. *Sixth*, assume full responsibility for the beauty and efficiency of your home. Don't be wax in anybody's hands—not the decorator's, nor the salesman's, nor even your husband's. In short, be an intelligent individualist with a group conscience.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

Advertising—Look for every indication of tested fabrics for curtains and upholstery.

Get from salesmen information on wearing quality, sun-fastness, and methods of cleaning.

Study furniture catalogues. Test all claims to sound construction. Get catalogues from your local distributor showing electric equipment. Write the American Gas Association, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, for list of tested gas ranges and for information on equipment run by gas.

Books—The art department of your local library will have much material of general interest. Furniture reflects the history of a people, and the story of its development is fascinating reading. Books and photographs are of general value in giving familiarity with beautiful designs and with the effective composition of a room.

Read in your library two sections of *The Better Homes Manual*, the chapter called "Essentials in Home Furnishings," which has a reading list appended, and the chapter called "Household Management and Kitchens."

Read in Volume V. of the President's Conference, "House Design, Construction," and Equipment," those sections which deal with kitchen equipment and refrigeration, and the section dealing with bathroom fixtures.

Read in the *American Building Association News* for April-May, 1931, an authoritative presentation of "Furnishing and Equipping the Home in Relation to the Needs of Children."

Free Pamphlets—Write the Division of Building and Housing, Bureau of Standards, United States Department of Commerce, for the following circular letters:

"A Few Simple Ways to Modernize to Make the House More Attractive."

"Home Modernizing in Rural Communities."

LC-Circular Letter 322, "List of Publications of Interest to Household Purchasers."

Write to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., for Price List —72, "Publications of Interest to Suburbanites and Home Builders." (This is a bibliography which gives prices of related Government pamphlets.)

Pamphlets for Sale—

A. *Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.*
- 5 cents—"You Can Make It for Profit,"
- 5 cents—"You Can Make It for Camp and Cottage."
- —National Committee on Wood Utilization.
- 5 cents—"Convenient Kitchens," Farmers' Bulletin No. 1513.
- 10 cents—"Window Curtaining," Farmers' Bulletin No. 1633.
- —U. S. Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture.
- *10 cents—"Furniture—Its Selection and Use," National Committee on Wood Utilization, U. S. Department of Commerce.
- 15 cents—"Care and Repair of the House," Bureau of Standards, U. S. Department of Commerce.

B. Write the Extension Service, College of Agriculture, University of Maine, Orono, Me., for Bulletin No. 190, "The Art of Furnishing and Decorating Our Homes."

C. Buy for 20 cents from Better Homes in America, 42 Broadway, New York City, "How to Furnish the Small House." Write that organization for full list of publications.

D. Write the Master Bedding Makers of America, Holland, Mich., for "How to Make a Sleeping Room Function for Sleep," by Professor Donald A. Laird. (Inclose 6 cents in stamps.)

NOTE: *This series of articles necessarily deals with widely scattered bureaus and offices of commercial research. To make the whole content authoritative, without overburdening any of our contacts, Pictorial Review requested each bureau to check only the accuracy of statements relating to its own information and facilities. Each bureau is, therefore, identified with this article only to the extent of such statements as specifically refer to its own function. For further information on any of these subjects, inquiries should be addressed to the organization named as the source of that type of data.*

*This pamphlet on furniture has been praised by consumers and producers and salesmen. It teaches much about furniture construction and how to judge period furniture. Practical and readable. Informs the housewife how to take care of furniture.

The Technique of Marriage

Continued from page 17

suffering from a sense of grievous injury, who thinks me a tiresome woman. It is not worth it. Much better struggle with his paraphernalia than struggle with him.

But to go back again to my beginning, I can afford even less to allow him to be an absurd creature or a nuisance; and so no matter how small the space we have to fit into, I must keep him at a distance.

If he is wise he will cooperate. He will realize that he in his turn cannot afford to be childish, that he mustn't expect me to welcome the sight of him in every stage of dress and undress, that he is running a grave risk of destroying himself in my eyes if he makes a habit of strutting about in my presence with his face all of a lather, and that he must leave me alone when I am engaged in such humble pursuits of my own as dressing or undressing or doing up my face.

If he loves me and is a man of some experience he will realize this. He will know that such intimacies are disastrous in love.

On the other hand this man, who is almost any man, may be stupid enough to believe that it is his right to bounce in and out of his wife's room whenever he likes and he won't notice how the habit is affecting their relationship.

He may blame her. Perhaps he will grumble to himself, "Why must she put all that grease on her face?" But he won't understand what is happening to his marriage, and how, for no reason at all, save their own conventional stupidity, his life with his wife is gradually becoming a humdrum affair.

But conventions are wrong. The whole subject of marital rights needs overhauling. Men and women are too stupid to work these things out for themselves in opposition to mass habit.

Continued on page 37

Have a Sandwich

Photo by Gladys Muller

By
GEORGE KENT

WE HAVE a sandwich for every hour of the day, not excluding breakfast. Our artists of the bread board have rifled the cookbooks and culinary cupboards of the world. From the French, for instance, we have taken the dainty secret of fluting the edge of the slice; but toast, on the other hand, was a native development shot forth from the electrical contrivances that gleam upon our napery.

The Viennese taught the contentment that follows the eating of bits of meat infolded in the mothering halves of a seeded roll, and a Russian in New York earned a million from the discovery of how to cut bread on the bias. The variety of sandwiches is infinite. Indeed this essay is an attempt at orientation—a cook's tour of the clock, with the sandwich as our guide.

What have we for breakfast, ho-hum? Honey, marmalade, jam, cheese; but first let us toast the bread, golden tan or molasses brown, and lay on the butter. If you know what's good—and you usually do—you add the jam, honey, or cheese separately or all mixed up with each other.

Sandwiches for breakfast are much the vogue in the East. Egg and sandwiches are popular in New York; Pennsylvania holds fast to scrapple, especially for days in the country; New England expends its morning gusto on country sausage.

Holland has a suggestion in the form of chocolate crumbs which Dutch children take on their bread and butter before clattering off to school. The kipper of England and finnan haddie of Nova Scotia are also suggestions for those who like a little fish on their bread in the morning.

The clock hands move. It is now 10 or 11 o'clock, and you (and I) get the first puckering yen for food. It is snack time, and time off for a sandwich, the world over except America. In Constantinople the boatmen in the Golden Horn choose this hour to slice cucumbers on their bread.

If you are at home you can obey that impulse. Just open the refrigerator, and whatever you find—hash, hard-boiled egg, a lettuce leaf and a ring or two of green pepper—they help a lot when mortared in between an early breakfast and a late lunch.

AT LENGTH the lunch hour arrives. Are we hungry! May I suggest a cool sandwich? Then choose or make one containing either tomato or orange, particularly the latter. The citrus fruits quench the thirst; they energize and supply a flavor you can't help liking. Any of the orange or grapefruit salads can be used as sandwich fillers. I like that one with cream cheese, orange, and walnuts. Berries or pineapple with cream cheese and nuts are splendid in warm weather.

During the noon hour most of us prefer sandwiches that appease the hunger as they please the eye. It may be the peanut butter married to the creamery kind, all fluffy with slivers of pineapple. A noiseless sandwich, an easy eating one. Cream cheese, chopped chives, olives—that's something too.

The cheeses of the wide world; the minced hams from here, Westphalia, York, and Parma; the powdered nuts served on cheese or jam buttered raisin bread that we might mention but won't because time is short and we ourselves grow hungry. Both hams and cheeses are splendid for warm weather when a food that has the power to sustain without heating is required. Boiled ham, Swiss cheese, and currant jelly make an ideal July compound.

How the hours wheel by! We might never notice their flight were it not for the tweet-tweet of our innards. What, hungry again? The reply comes *fortissimo*.

It is the hour of the tea, the women's hour. Foie gras is a favorite but expensive; so good that one need not fuss, but simply lay it on a square or round of white bread. Less costly is that old married couple, guava jelly and cream cheese.

We have heard, too, of marmalade and walnuts on buttered graham bread, and we understand ginger and crumbled fudge on soft buttered white rolls can be counted on to please the most fastidious sweet tooth. Often tea follows a strenuous day either of shopping or housework. Sweet sandwiches supply energy quickly—but alas, they also fatten. If you are one who dreads the awful adipose, instead of sweets, cheese it!

The shades of night drawn down, we find ourselves at the national nibbling hour—the hour of the piquant sandwich, of sharp condiments and appetite-pricking relishes, of crab and lobster, the smoked swimmers such as salmon, sturgeon, white fish, etc., and, *madame et monsieur*, caviar. Caviar, red (the cheaper) or black, a thin slice of black bread, a bit of onion, a drop of lemon—yumyum, how it goes with a cool drink!

OPEN sandwiches and tidbits on crackers or Swedish bread are especially desirable. On the Scandinavian sandwich table, or *smorgosbord*, the makings are everything from wee weenies to a dozen varieties of herring in pickle. At this hour smoked salmon is peer. It may be served in the slice or ground up and mixed with butter. Chop in a little hard-boiled egg and you have our idea of the best predinner sandwich of them all. Cream cheese and anchovy paste or bloater or shrimp paste mix well together and prefer repose on caraway-seed crackers.

Dinner is not a sandwich meal, although a brace of well-balanced sandwiches make a perfect summer evening menu. The large sandwich advertised as a "meal in itself" owes its size to the method of slicing the loaf. The bread is cut on the diagonal; on the bias, if you will. In this way you can obtain as large a slice as you desire, upon which to lay the concentrated meat and vegetables for the midsummer meal substitute.

You know and I know that a good book calls for an apple around about 10 o'clock in the evening, that a clash of temperament over the bridge, backgammon, or checker table absolutely demands sandwiches and coffee. If just family is at play, anything the refrigerator offers will suffice, but if there is company, the sandwich to serve is one that will please the palate without being sweet.

The cry for a sandwich at this hour is rather in the nature of an after-pang than a cry of real hunger. The red meats, such as smoked tongue, boiled ham, and the salami clan—French, Italian, or German, all three smelling cogently of garlic—are generally the most dependable.

A slice of cold lamb or veal (on fresh mint) may save a life, and even more efficacious are slices from a cold fowl, provided of course you were foresighted enough to have one roosting in *Please turn to page 47*

AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE SANDWICH

Here are 28 delicious varieties which the hungry will welcome from breakfast to the after-the-dance snack.

Breakfast—8 a. m.

1. White bread and butter and chocolate crumbs. A Dutch idea.
2. Rye bread and grilled kipper. Somewhat British.
3. Bacon and egg on toast, into which American cheese has been melted.

Snack—10:30 a. m. (or 3 p. m.)

1. Two sardines on a strip of bacon on white bread.
2. Hard-boiled egg, green pepper, ketchup, lettuce, toast.
3. Crumbled Roquefort cheese, French dressing, seasoned with paprika, garnished with parsley and celery.

Lunch—12:30 p. m.

1. Cream cheese, chopped chives, olives. Serve in rounds.
2. Cold lamb on freshly crushed mint leaves.
3. Boiled ham, currant jelly on rye.
4. Peanut butter, slivers of pineapple on rolls.

Tea—4:30 p. m.

1. Foie gras, chopped truffles, on unsweetened nut bread.
2. Marmalade and walnuts on graham bread and butter.
3. Equal parts of honey and shredded blanched almonds. Serve with lemon juice on toast.

Appetizer—6 p. m.

1. Caviar, chopped onions, lemon juice, on small squares of black or Swedish bread.
2. Smoked salmon, chopped up, mixed with butter to make paste; add chopped hard-boiled egg to mixture, and serve on pumpernickel or rye bread.
3. Anchovy paste, cream cheese, thoroughly mixed. Serve on caraway-seed crackers.

Dinner—7 p. m.

1. Thin slices of cold ham, chicken, and Swiss cheese served on rye-bread toast with lettuce and Russian dressing.
2. American cheese omelet, sweet pickles, and shredded olives.
3. Hot corned-beef sandwich, sauerkraut, white bread.

Bridge—10 p. m.

1. Mummies: Wrap half a strip of bacon around a sardine. Fasten with toothpick through center. Broil both sides until bacon is crisp. Serve hot on unbuttered bread.
2. Minced ham with piccalilli—cupful of ham to 2 tablespoonfuls of piccalilli. Buttered rye bread.
3. Chopped tongue and chopped chicken. Mix and serve with mayonnaise on white bread.

After the Theater—11:30 p. m.

1. Variation of club sandwich: lower deck—tongue and tomato; upper deck—tomato, lettuce, Russian dressing. Rye toast.
2. Slice of Swiss. Fill holes flush with paste of mustard, anchovy paste, and butter. White bread.
3. Cheese melted on toast. Two strips of bacon. Paprika.

After the Dance—1 a. m.

1. Tartar sandwich. Raw chopped steak, onion, raw egg.
2. Grilled tongue, egg, and lettuce. Toast.
3. Slice of white toast, dark turkey, lettuce, bacon; rye toast, white turkey, lettuce, tomato bacon, mayonnaise.

"what if he should tire of me?"—

From Aileen Pringle's Fan Mail

...as beautiful
...me. Yesterday
...edding anni-
versary. We're happily married
—but what if he should tire of
me? If I could keep always
youthfully lovely like you—

Aileen Pringle's Answer:

"And yet, you know, I'm over thirty. Youthfulness is partly a matter of keeping young in spirit, but it's very much a matter of keeping your *skin* young. We Hollywood stars, almost without exception, use Lux Toilet Soap, because it's marvelous for giving your skin a perfectly morning-glory freshness and youth."

Use the Beauty Soap of the Stars

LUX Toilet Soap

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Because of this overwhelming preference, it has been made the official soap in all the big film studios.

Since the loveliest stars of Hollywood trust their priceless complexions to this fine, fragrant white soap—why not begin today to use it for *your* skin? Why not make *your* skin as smooth and vividly lovely as a movie star's?

Get two or three cakes today! Use it regularly every day, and see how it will help. Learn how wonderful it is for giving you a smooth, youthful complexion.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Doris Lee Ashley

gives some pointers on

BEAUTY FOR THE BRIDE

BRIDES have always caused a furor. People weep over them, advise them, sympathize with them, and yet envy them. Modernism of the 1933 variety, which is supposed to look with disdain upon anything bordering on the sentimental, hasn't changed this fact one iota, for as soon as the season of moonlight and roses gets around everybody begins to talk about marriages.

Most of the turmoil occasioned by a summer wedding is usually created by the bride, her mother, her friends, and her relatives, who try to decide what the bride will wear and whether or not make-up is appropriate. Grooms, as a rule, are not questioned on the subject.

Recently, however, a few American men have voluntarily voiced some sentiments as to how the bride should look. "I'd desert any woman at the altar if she appeared with too much make-up on," said one bachelor in summing up the situation. "She may have been playing a part when she lured me into matrimony, but I don't want her to flaunt it in my face by appearing for the ceremony looking the part of an overly-done-up chorus girl."

All of which indicates that a man may fall in love with an ugly woman, a strong woman, or a sophisticated woman, but the day he marries her his illusions demand that she have the eyes of a gazelle, the complexion of a calla lily, the poise of a Helen of Troy, but be as demure as a two-day-old lamb.

MAKE-UP has been the saving grace of tired, hard-working women who have had to use last-minute measures to hide the evidence of fatigue and worry, but make-up itself isn't sufficient when a woman intends to be the cynosure of all eyes—usually very critical eyes at that. Under the strain of excitement, even the most alluring shades of rouge and lip stick have an annoying habit of looking theatrical and unnatural unless they have been blended carefully into a skin that is fresh, transparently clear, and dewy.

When white, ivory, or pastel-shaded gowns are worn the lights and shadows of the face, even the texture of the skin, are emphasized by the contrast between the shade of the material and the natural skin tone. It is only appropriate then that a moderate amount of make-up be used and that applied to a skin that would not suffer greatly if none at all were used.

Getting the skin into that state of perfection can't well be done on the day of the event. So for feeding, softening, and persuading the natural color to the cheeks the best treatments should begin several days before the ceremony, or at least the day preceding.

First a few good products to work with are needed; namely, a cleansing cream, a penetrative but gentle soap, a rich nourishing or tissue cream, a circulation cream or lotion, a muscle oil, and a skin tonic. At least an hour or more should be allotted for the entire treatment.

Rub in the cleansing cream and leave on until the face is warm and soft. Remove with tissues and wash with warm water and soap. Rinse with cold water. Pat and mold in the nourishing cream rather thickly. You'll need this for protection against dryness when the circulation cream is applied. Over the nourishing cream, smooth on the circulation cream or lotion, remembering that the throat and neck need this as well as the face.

The length of time the stimulation cream remains on depends entirely on the kind you are using. Some of these creams bring the blood to the surface and sufficiently flush the face in two minutes; one or two act instantaneously, and others should be left on fifteen minutes.

REMOVE the cream with the muscle oil, and while the skin is flushed and active rub in first more of the muscle oil and cover over with the nourishing cream. Now is the time to take a warm bath, for the heat of the water will steam the oil and cream into the face still farther. If this sounds like an involved treatment, some of you would probably be amazed to know how difficult it is to make the skin really absorb the cream you feed it.

After your bath you may wish to rest. In that case you do not remove the cream; but if you are still thinking about making the skin as soft as possible you put strips of gauze over the face and then lie down to relax or sleep. It isn't necessary, but without going into the details as to why it helps, you'll be rewarded with a nicer skin if you do.

When you do remove the cream take it off with tissues and pat in ice-cold skin tonic. If the skin is the hardy, healthy kind there is no objection to rubbing ice directly on the face; but it is a little too violent for sensitive skins. Some women simplify this by keeping the skin tonic in the refrigerator, or drop a tiny piece of ice in a small bowl of the lotion.

This treatment has been successfully used by actresses, professional women, and prom trotters who have to rejuvenate themselves in short order for some occasion that demands perfection in the face of close scrutiny. It softens the skin in an almost miraculous manner, leaving in its wake the slight glow and flush of health.

The little make-up used will now show to advantage.

ALL bizarre shades of rouge and lip stick, or any cosmetic bordering on the sophisticated, should be swept aside in favor of delicate pastel shades. For blondes there are creams and dry rouges of a wild-rose, pinkish tone, and for the deeper, more olive tones various cherry or fuchsia reds that can be smoothed into a blush shade that is enchanting. Lip sticks must necessarily match the rouge, but again the lips are moist, faintly colored, and smooth.

A powder foundation, even with the skin in the best of condition, can make or break a bridal make-up. Choose a tinted liquid or cream that is light and thin in texture and adds to the moist freshness of the skin. Blend it in by dotting the entire face and throat with the foundation, using the finger tips to smooth it over the entire face and throat. Watch your mirror for signs of cakiness, for every touch must be completely absorbed by the skin.

Rouge the cheeks and lips faintly and let the eyes play the predominating part in the make-up. Just a faint suggestion of color in each cheek and the lips lightly emphasized, and then your powder. Some women still cling to the belief that powder one shade lighter than the skin makes them look delicate. As a matter of fact it does, but it's the delicacy of a Dresden doll, pretty but inanimate, and this is the age of vivacity and alertness.

The powder should match the skin tone exactly, but if you feel you must lean one way, get one a shade deeper. Use only enough powder to lightly cover the skin, but instead of rubbing it in the skin, dust the powder on and let it remain until the foundation cream has absorbed enough to prevent the shiny look, and then brush off the powder with cotton or one of those soft brushes made for that purpose. It helps remarkably in giving the skin the look of dull velvet.

Of all the care given the bridal make-up the eyes should receive the most attention. They should appear glamorous but not startling.

Choose a mascara that darkens and still leaves the lashes silky. In the range of colors you have blue, blond, blue-green, dark and light brown, and black to select from. The best method is to use one brush to apply the mascara, and while the lashes are still wet use a dry brush to take off the surplus coloring and prevent any beadiness.

IT DEPENDS entirely on what your young man likes, and perhaps your mother, as to whether you shall use an eye shadow. If you are blond and naturally languorous you will perhaps decide to outlaw it. But it will give depth and lend enchantment to the eyes if one of the delectable blues, mauves, or violets is blended into the lids. But be careful that you do not leave the eyes looking greasy. A piece of absorbent cotton rubbed over the lids after the application will smooth and prevent the creases and lines which sometimes form when too much shadow is used or it is not blended in properly.

A permanent wave usually settles the eternal problem of what to do with the hair. A whispered word to a hairdresser about an impending wedding will probably inspire one of the best waves you ever had. But even the best of permanents looks more natural after a stiff brushing and shampoo have been administered, usually about a week or two after the wave.

Two of the new hair lotions are most appropriate for brides, or for that matter any women who worry about the hair becoming lank and lifeless. The thin, perfumed liquid not only holds the wave in place and promotes softness but the perfume remains in the hair from shampoo to shampoo. Several blends are available, so that even the bridal flowers may be matched by the perfume of the hair.

Traditional brides of times gone by are supposed to have held out to the groom a hand so fragile it could scarcely bear the weight of the wedding ring. They are no longer so fragile or delicate, but wedding etiquette does demand a perfect manicure and firm, supple hands. Nourishing cream massaged in at night will help, and for last-minute preparations select one of those white finishing creams that leave the hands as soft, white, and attractive as a grandee's.

The Technique of Marriage

Continued from page 33

A man's vanity is either too great or too slight to permit him to employ certain delicacies. That old, old feeling of possession urges him to take liberties with his wife.

THE temptation is to prove to himself that she is his property and that he can do what he likes with her.

It all comes down to a question of good manners and common sense. If marriage is the social life of two friendly people who are more important in each other's eyes than any outsider, I cannot see why they should treat each other with a contempt they usually reserve for men and women they would prefer not to meet.

I have assumed that my married couple are fond of each other and want to remain fond. I have even assumed that they like being married and want to go on liking it. If they don't, if their object is to make their marriage a sordid, tiresome business as soon as possible, then their best plan is to live exactly as most stupid people do live. Let them accept the vulgar conventions that are implied in the phrase "home life" and the word meaning "domesticity."

The family bathroom with its galaxy of towels, toothbrushes, and sponges will soon set its seal on their mentality. The man's foaming face and the woman's greasy one will soon frame for them the composite physiognomy of the eternal married couple; and the man about the house will soon become such a casual inmate that he will only enter it for a family row.

It is the wife's concern in the last analysis. However modern she may be, the conduct of the house and the man in the house is primarily her business, and she is more subtle than he and should understand better than he can the significance of detail; and she will know, if she is a clever woman, how to make him appear attractive to herself, and if she wants him to attract her she will protect him from his own clumsiness.

He may not be the type I have described. Instead of a big, husky, sporting, dashing creature, she may have chosen to marry a very gentle, shy, little man or a scholarly bookworm or a lazy fellow who likes to stay at home all day. Whatever he is like, she will know what it is that she likes about him, and she will know how to set him off to his own advantage in his own house.

BUT one thing she will never do: she will never mother him, except when he is ill; for if she does she will bring out all his worst qualities, encourage all his weaknesses, reduce him to complete helplessness, and end by despising him.

Daughter of Strife

Continued from page 19

Next day the girl pawned the last thing she had, a lace scarf her mother had made as a girl. The pawnbroker gave only a little for it. And when Anna paid her rent that night the landlady said:

"You ain't got no work, have you?"

"No," said Anna.

The woman shook her head.

"There ain't none to be had anywhere. Girls are getting out of jobs all around."

"Something will happen for me soon," said Anna. "Something always has."

"Don't be too sure." The woman shook her head once more and departed.

Early next morning Anna left the house. She tried many places for work, but there was none, and late that night she returned.

She was white; her eyes were deep and dark-looking; there were fright and suffering in every line of her face. She lay down upon her bed and cried; then the tears seemed to dry up, and she grew cold. Her mind was bleak, and the world and the future were full of terrible things.

Hours passed and she still lay upon the bed, cold, her mind fearfully awake, and creeping to the edges of it were awful thoughts. Death! That would end it all. Death! Death in the river! With the cold, silent water covering her she would be safe.

She heard four o'clock strike. It was cold and very dark. She got up and put on her coat and hat. She went down the stairs. Outdoors there was a mist, cold and searching; it made her shiver. The streets were still; no one was in sight, and she turned eastward.

A policeman saw her and followed her with his eye until she had turned a corner. She felt faint, and held to the first thing she came to for support. It was an iron gate, and she saw a Greek cross above it. The gate stood ajar, and a flagged path led to the doors of a church.

"GOD is everywhere," Anna's mother had often said to her when a child. "He is a great Spirit and fills the world. Speak to Him when you pray. All things are in His power. He gave you life."

The girl stood in the cold shadows of the church's interior. The words of her mother were plain in her mind. She shivered and pressed close to the damp wall, her eyes trying to pierce the dark.

She advanced farther into the church. There was a small light burning before the altar. She was alone; silence was all about her. As she stood there her mood was strange; she had never before felt so. She did not kneel; there was no humbleness in her heart; rather there was a growing anger. She spoke out clearly and charged God with the dreadful danger of her soul.

She desired to know what she'd done that all this weight of grief should be put upon her. Why had she been so driven?

She went over the things in her life that might have drawn God's anger. Every impulse. Every motive. She did not spare herself.

She had tried to be good; she had always kept in mind justice and right; she had helped where help was needed; she had always desired the peace she'd been taught God could give. She'd prayed and hoped.

And when Anna had said these things she stood silent, waiting for an answer. She stood upright and expectant, waiting to hear a voice out of the silence. She expected God to speak!

Minutes went by in silence. A half hour, an hour—how much longer she did not know. Little by little her mood softened; her mind, frozen by the horrors that had crowded about her, began to pulse with a feeling of life. And deep in her mind a reasoning awoke. She felt it was her soul speaking.

"Anna!" it said. "Anna Maslova! Do you ask God to turn from His great agony with the world to hold up your hands alone? You are a strong woman. You have always been proud. Is it not for the strong and proud to endure?"

"Yes," Anna whispered to her soul. "Yes, it is true."

And then her anger left her. She felt tears on her cheeks. She saw the world in all its loneliness, its sin and weakness and grief; and a great shame came upon her. She had held her head up before the altar, but she could do it no more.

She had charged God with withholding His help when He had ever given it far beyond her need. He had given her courage, and she had let fear kill it. He'd given her strength, and she had chosen to be weak instead. And so now she knelt in the quietness and the dark and prayed. And then she arose and went into the street. She did not know where she was going, but God was with her. She knew that; and in the end she knew she would find peace.

IT WAS not long after daylight that Anna went into a little eating place near Washington Market. She sat at a bare table and listened to the proprietor, a short, fussy, bald man, as he talked with an early customer.

"More troubles do I have with Gustave.

Continued on page 38

Daughter of Strife

Continued from page 37

He is crazy. He is going to make a fortune betting on the races. I said I would have no gamblers in my restaurant. And so he left me. To-day I have no help. Can I cook and wait on the customers, too?"

When Anna, a little later, paid her small check she said: "I want work. Could you give me something to do?"

"You have experience in a place like this?" the man asked.

"Oh, yes. I can do anything."

He took her; and at the end of the day he was much pleased.

"I will give you the same wages as I gave Gustave," he said. "You are worth more, but that is all I can afford to pay."

Anna had left nothing of value at her lodgings, and so did not go back there. She took a room over a little shop kept by an Armenian woman. This woman sold small articles, peasant-made, from the Near East. She was a shrewd, file-like creature, but sometimes she talked frankly of her business.

"I have good things, but people here do not know them. Only the lace and embroidery can I interest them in. On such things I can make a profit, but there is only a little of it. The countries where it comes from were so torn by the War, the women have no time for needlework."

Anna gradually settled into this meager life; and she felt, after a time, her natural calm returning. Her work made her arise early in the morning. She served fried fish and fried potatoes and huge cups of coffee to market men, to teamsters, and to scrub women.

Her wages were meager. She felt she must have more, and what the Armenian woman had said to her kept in her mind. After she'd had a few weeks' wages, and felt she could spare the money, she bought an embroidery frame and other things she'd need; and in the evening she'd sit in her room under a light bulb and embroider as she'd been taught by the nuns when she was still a very young girl. After some time she showed her work to the shopkeeper.

"It is good," said the woman. "You have skill. I can sell it for you."

AND she did. The price she received was good. More of the work could be sold, but Anna had only a few hours each night to give to it. One day the Armenian woman said to her:

"There is a girl—she is an artist who makes pictures for magazines—and some one had shown her your work. She thinks maybe you will make for her what she wants if she speaks with you."

A few nights later the girl came to see Anna. She was small and dark.

"My studio is not far away," she said, "and sometimes I work there at night if I'm rushed." She told Anna what she wanted. With a pencil she drew the design. Anna smiled and nodded her head.

"Oh, yes," she said. "It is good. But it will take some time. I can only work after my regular job is done."

Sue Gale looked at her.

"What is your regular job?" she asked.

"I am a waitress," said Anna, "at a little place near the market."

"You work there because you need the money, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," Anna said. "It is not much of a place. I wish I had something else."

Sue Gale looked her over carefully.

"I'd like to see you standing. Do you mind, please?"

Surprised, Anna arose. She stood up at her full height, beautiful, level-eyed, like a serene young goddess. The other girl studied her minutely.

"What do they pay you at this place where you are employed?" Anna named the sum. "I feel sure you could earn more than that in the studios as a model."

"Oh, yes," said Anna, her eyes widening.

"You have a wonderful figure," said Sue. "If you have the time to-morrow night I wonder if you'd care to run over to my place. It's in the next street, only a short distance away." She penciled the address on a card and handed it to Anna. "There are going to be a few people there whom you should know."

The result of Anna's visit to Sue Gale was that she went into the studios as a model. Almost at once her splendid, golden loveliness became a theme; her little book was filled with appointments. "If I could pose for all who seem to want me," she said, "I would do well. But I can only stand it for a part of each day."

HOWEVER, in a sense, she prospered. She moved out of the meager little room, and took one in a big old-fashioned house on Eighth Street. This was kept by a Mrs. Stolz.

"It's a clean house," she told Anna. "I have a woman in every day to sweep and scrub; I do the other things myself. Your laundry'll be taken care of, and there's no noise after-hours. Also," said Mrs. Stolz, "I take nobody that's offensive. Only the most respectable people."

There was a dentist on the first floor, and an eating place in the basement. On the second floor was a man of the name of Jevers, a stout man of about forty. He wore fancy shirts and collars, and he was quite jovial.

"He sells jewelry," Mrs. Stolz told the girl. "On the road. That little case he always carries is full of it. If it was me I'd be scared to death all the time."

Jevers encountered Anna on the stairs or in the hall a few times. He showed his teeth good-humoredly. And one day he made a point of speaking to Mrs. Stolz.

"Who's the girl in the third floor back?" he asked.

"That's Miss Maslova," said the woman. "She's Polish, I think."

"Quite a sweetheart!" said Mr. Jevers. "She just knocks my eye out every time I look at her. What's she do?"

"She's a model," said Mrs. Stolz.

"Listen," said Jevers, "I always knowed I was in the wrong business."

"Oh, Mr. Jevers, you are such a man!" said Mrs. Stolz. "Always saying something comic."

The next time Jevers saw Anna he took off his hat with great ceremony and introduced himself; and he followed that up the same evening by appearing at her room door with a couple of glasses.

"I was just thinking of having a little drink," he said, "and I thought you might join me."

"No," said Anna. "No, thank you."

Her refusal did not disturb Jevers.

"O.K.," he said. "Some other time, maybe. You're always welcome."

There was an illustrator, McCollough, a friend of Sue Gale's, who made use of Anna in many of his magazine pictures. He did spirited things in color which were widely praised, and was always thrilled at each fresh prospect of putting the Polish girl on canvas. McCollough had a good deal of work to do, and frequently worked at night on his drawings.

One night Anna posed for him in his handsome studio in Gramercy Park. She had finished, and stood with him looking at the drawing and listening to his self-criticism. She still wore the magnificent, shimmering ball dress she'd posed in, markedly *décolleté*, and her beautiful arms and shoulders gleamed under the lights.

"I'll have to do it in daylight," said the artist regretfully. "I thought artificial light would help, but it's too strong, and so loses the value I want."

"It seems quite wonderful to me," she said. "And I hope the things you've already got will not be lost in reproduction."

The illustrator stroked his chin. He put his head to one side and frowned at the tall splendor of the woman he had drawn.

"I'm never afraid of reproduction any more. It has advanced amazingly. A good deal of the trouble in that way is with the artist himself."

There was a knock upon the studio door. McCollough looked at Anna.

"Now that we're through, I suppose I can see who it is," he said.

"I'll change from all this magnificence," said Anna, "and then I'll go home."

"Hello, George," said McCollough as he opened the door. A tall youth entered. "You're something of a stranger."

The visitor put down his hat and gloves.

"I just happened to be passing and noticed your light. I'm a stranger everywhere, Mac," he said. "Haven't had time to turn around for months." His back was to Anna; to all appearances he had not noticed her. He took one of the cigarettes McCollough offered and lighted it. "All my time has been given to reorganizing the Life Club. Staggering job. But I think I've got it on its feet once more."

McCollough smiled.

"Good work. Glad to hear it." The illustrator looked at Anna. "This is Mr. Lane, Miss Maslova."

"Oh, hello," said the young man, "How do you do? It's quite wonderful to run into you again."

"So you've met George?" said McCollough, noting that Anna was silent.

"Oh, yes," said Anna. "The last time I met him—I think I was calling a cab."

She changed in a little room off the studio, and, calling a good night to McCollough, let herself out by another door. George Lane overtook her at the front door.

"I say," he protested, "I had no idea you were going to dart away like this."

Anna said nothing, but opened the door and passed out. He followed. It was quiet in the little backwater of Gramercy Park. The stars were high and bright.

"It was a great piece of luck my seeing you to-night. I just happened to blunder in, and there you were."

"Are you quite sure it was an accident?" said Anna.

He laughed.

"Holy Joe!" he said. "I never saw any one harder to convince than you are. But listen. I'll tell you how it really happened. I was looking over some proofs in Bob Kirby's studio and I came to that one you'd posed for: the girl in yellow coming down the staircase. And I knew you like a shot. Bob told me where you lived, and I went around there to-night The woman of the house said you were at McCollough's. And so I got right around there as fast as I could."

He was still talking breezily as they reached Fourth Avenue. At a subway entrance Anna said:

"Good night."

"Oh, no," he said. "Now, listen. You can't do that. I'm going along."

"Awhile ago," said Anna, "I spoke of the last time we met. I recall very plainly that I spoke to a policeman about you. And if you force yourself upon me now I'll speak to another one."

He laughed.

"That time I didn't believe you'd do it," he said. "But now I know you would." He followed her a few steps down the stairs. "How about me coming around to your apartment some night? O.K.?"

Anna made no reply.

AS ANNA continued in the house on Eighth Street she gradually came to know the other lodgers. There was a small man with a lame foot.

"He drinks," said Mrs. Stolz. "Something terrible, though he don't annoy anybody. Only for that I think he'd be a rich man. He's an inventor."

There was an artist in a little room on the fourth floor. He was young and looked badly fed. His collars were always soiled. He had a great mop of untrimmed, dirty-looking hair, and his shoes were run down at the heel. He smoked cigarettes constantly. Anna often saw him in the hall shuffling over letters.

"He always expects letters," the landlady told Anna. "I've heard he's very talented, but he don't seem to get much to do; and he has a good many fights with people about things. I think he's bad-tempered."

His name was Matts, and he was a Belgian. Anna pitied him. His face was sensitive and worn-looking; he had deep-set, burning eyes. Mr. Jevers, who spoke to Anna at every opportunity, once volunteered an opinion of Matts.

"He's one of the regular Village kind," said Mr. Jevers. "They're all alike: always talking about art and never making a dollar out of it. If he had anything he'd cash in on it."

Now and then Anna would see Matts in Washington Square. He'd have a block of paper and a fountain pen; he'd draw rapidly. His legs would be crossed, showing his broken shoes. A cigarette would hang from his lips; his deep eyes would be dreaming.

BUT Anna never spoke to him until one night she met him at Donetto's. Sue Gale had brought Donetto and Anna together. He worked in stained glass, and was doing a window for a church, and Anna was posing for the female figure.

Donetto's was a large place over a garage, high and with the rough walls covered by huge drawings of Biblical and classical figures. Anna had finished her work for the day and had intended to go, but Donetto asked her to remain. He was a dark young man with a small, pointed beard.

"I'm expecting some people," he said. "Sue'll be here, and David Olginev. You've never met him. He's pastor of St. Basil's, the little church I'm making the window for."

Anna sat and talked with Donetto. Soon a number of people arrived. Among them were Sue Gale and McCollough; then quite a troop of younglings, most of them lately out of the art schools. And by and by Anna saw Matts come in.

He had the same soiled, neglected look: the dirty, soft collar; the rumpled, untrimmed hair; the broken shoes. Anna watched him as he looked about the room. The wan, sensitive face had something mocking in it. All seemed to know him, but there was no warmth in their greetings.

"Hello, Donetto."

"How are you, Matts?" The young Italian offered him a cigarette.

"You keep going, don't you?" said Matts. He was looking at the cartoons upon the wall, and it was quite evident he liked them. "Well, they'll all have to admit, Donetto, you've never been afraid of a straight line."

"Line's all I want in those things."

"Well, I also like the black smash you've got into them," said Matts.

"I've been looking at that thing of yours in last week's *Gargoyle*," said Sue Gale to him. "It's very determined work, Matts."

"Oh, yes, the 'Dancers.' Yes, I did that because I felt some one ought to refresh the public mind on the subject of black and what can be done with it. Thick black," he said with relish, "on dead white."

A man with a gold-framed pince-nez perched upon a dominant nose seemed not to fancy this.

"Beardsley did about all that could be done with black," he said. "And, after all, it was not a great deal. Most critics are quite convinced that no really subtle thing can be done without color."

Matts jeered at this.

"The world's full of damned old grannies," he said, "and most of the critics are well forward in that class." He turned to Sue Gale. "And would you believe it, well up to forty people wrote to the editor of *Gargoyle* complaining about the 'Dancers'? Some of them said it was horrible."

"Well," said Sue, "I think they were right in that."

Matts sat upon the edge of a chair. "Shouldn't an artist put down what he sees? Shouldn't a picture state the facts?"

"I'm not objecting to it," said the girl. "I'm simply agreeing that it is horrible. For," nodding at him, "you did put quite a dash of filth into it."

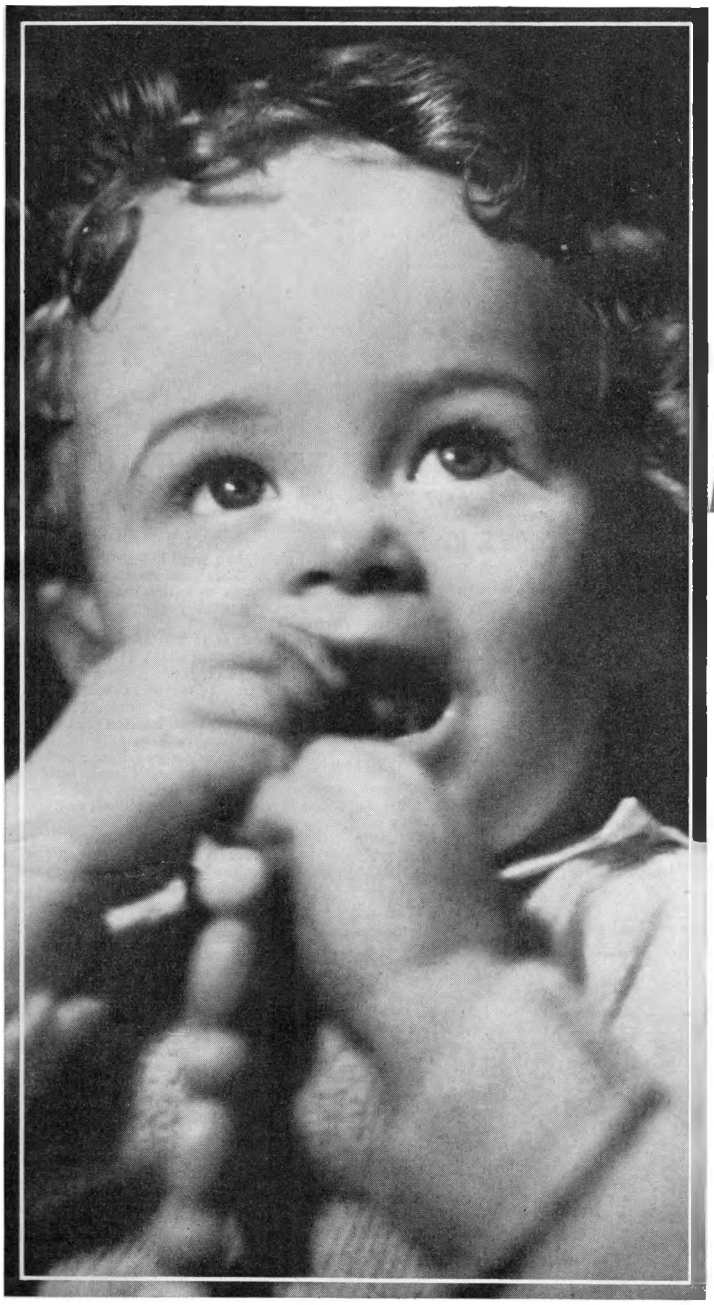
"When I look at a drawing," said the high-nosed man, "I expect to find beauty."

Matts's eyes mocked them.

"Beauty!" he said to the high-nosed man. "Filth!" he said to Sue Gale.

Continued on page 41

Doubly dangerous.. this little span of years from 1 to 6



Research helps mothers better understand and meet a vital childhood need

●This news may come as a surprise to even some experienced mothers. The feeling so often is that once a child has weathered the perils of infancy, fears and extra cautions are to be put away.

But how different a story government records tell! They show that the period from 1 to 6 is the most dangerous in all childhood. Twice as hazardous as the years ahead!

Could any warning be more pointed? *Your youngsters must have special care from you now.*

During this never-still-a-minute age, children spend their energy at a tremendous rate. Science finds that an active fellow of 5, in playing and growing, burns up energy as fast as a laboring man. Yet, *unlike grown-ups*, he can store less than half his needs for a single day!

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You can get a whole set of it . . . to make your table glisten with new charm. The exciting Coronet Pattern, wrought in 35-year guaranteed heavy silver plate by Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd., famous makers of fine silverware. A marvelous offer is on the Cream of Wheat box. *And here's a happy thought: give individual pieces for bridge prizes . . . collect a set for your daughter's hope chest!*

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A FAMOUS CONNECTICUT YANKEE

Designed by Charles S. Keefe, A.I.A.

THIS delight of a house, erected in Connecticut, was the proud recipient of a medal in the Better Homes in America contest. It was entered in the story-and-a-half class. This means that the living accommodations are partly in a second story, which is actually a half story.

The object of this Better Homes in America contest is to discover and call attention to the best small houses actually constructed during the period for which the awards are made, and thus to stimulate interest in overcoming the faulty design and construction of the really small house. It is conducted in cooperation with the American Institute of Architects.

Mr. Keefe's house is a colonial, having five rooms, all of good size, the exterior lines being based on those of the early days of our country. The result is a particularly pleasing cottage which should readily appeal to those whose interest lies in the small home of really good design. The designer of this house has a national reputation for his houses of colonial origin, and it was natural for him to submit as his entry in the competition one of the type of houses for which he is famous.

The house is built of wood, with sawed-shingle walls and shingle roof. The blinds are solid except for the perforated design at the top of each. Each of the larger windows has twelve lights, and the entrance doorway, with its knocker and hardware, is patterned after those of the colonial days. The whitewashed chimney lends interest to the darker color of the roof.

On the first floor are dining room, living room, and kitchen. Off the last is a service porch, and in front of the main entrance is a small porch flanked by two attractive benches. The living room is 23 feet long and 12 feet wide, an exceptionally good size for a house as small as this. This room has five windows on three sides, providing three-way ventilation for the room. The inner wall contains the fireplace.

The dining room is on the opposite side of the house, and is 13 feet long by 12 feet wide. The kitchen is in the rear of the house and is so arranged as to provide direct entrance into both the living room and the dining room. This important part of the home is 18 feet, 6 inches long by 10 feet wide, and is well supplied with windows for ventilation and light. With an arrangement such as this, the dining room could, if desired, be used for a third bedroom, and the lower end of the living room could be arranged to include a dining alcove. The door from the kitchen would provide ample means of communication for serving if this arrangement were carried out.

The stairway rises from the small entrance hallway, which contains a clothes closet, to a small hall on the second floor. This hall opens into both bedrooms and the bath as well, making an unusually compact arrangement of the sleeping quarters of the house. Each bedroom is 15 feet long by 12 feet wide, and is provided with two-way ventilation. Large closets have been worked in in an interesting manner, one bedroom having been provided with two. A linen closet has been arranged between the stairway and the chimney.

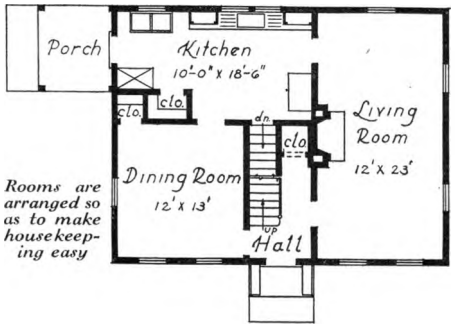
All in all, this house would seem to be just about ideal for the small family which seeks a home of this size and type of architecture. It is roomy without having a bit of waste space. Its room layout makes for convenience in its operation; its architecture is beyond reproach. In making the award the contest committee announced that the house "represents a fine handling of a simple structure, and shows good proportion and simple mass. The home will be easy to take care of through its simple, straightforward layout. The materials are of the simplest and well used."

This little cottage was built at Darien, Conn. The walls are white and the roof is green, the blinds being painted a lighter shade of green than the roof.

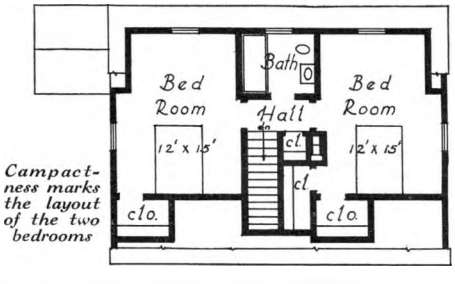
The carefully-thought-out planting plan provides a setting for the house that makes it particularly attractive. The bushes are well arranged and well selected.

It would be a simple matter to arrange an attached garage to this house if one were desired. Mr. Keefe suggests that one could be built adjoining the rear porch, leaving that there to provide means of access without making it necessary to go out of doors.

The interior of the house is also most attractive. The walls are painted a buff color, the woodwork being white. The floors are stained a dark color. Laundry tubs are provided in the kitchen, and the floor of the kitchen and bathroom is linoleum. A glance at the adjoining plans will show the complete livableness of this famous house.



Rooms are arranged so as to make housekeeping easy



Compactness marks the layout of the two bedrooms

THE HOME BUREAU

Daughter of Strife

Continued from page 38

"What do you call beauty? What's your idea of filth? I find people often taking a thing apart; then they'll try to set up a difference between the parts. What they call a beautiful thing and what they call a vile one is often of one piece. Do you see what I mean? What a delicate, fragrant flower nourished in a rotten compost?"

He lighted another cigarette, and addressed himself to Donetto.

"It's possible for a man of talent to listen to the organized grannies of the world and make a lot of money. But he'll never be an artist, for an artist must have more than talent. He must have courage; he must be up and raising hell wherever stodginess shows itself. He must not only see a thing and understand it. That's not enough. He must slap it down on his canvas or on his white paper; he must soak it in and listen to no temporizing."

He pointed to the tall cartoons. "You draw pictures of holy saints with the halos above their heads. We're told that, by great effort, they've saved their souls; but when an artist takes that view of their work and sacrifices, what chance has he of saving his own?"

Donetto smiled good-humoredly.

"The usage of a thousand or more years has made conventions of these things," he said, "and conventions are hard to change."

"All right. But, knowing this, why give them your youth and that courageous straight line? I know what they say of my work," said Matts. "They say it is crawly, that my subjects are hideous, and my ideas revolting. And all that because I stick to the truth. When I got the idea for the *Gargoyle* picture we just now spoke of, I began to collect facts. I frequented public dance places. I stood in corners by the hour and watched."

"What you put into your drawings is true enough, Matts. No one will deny that. But what's the idea of always selecting such subjects as the 'Dancers'? Isn't there any other kind of thing to be truthful about?"

Matts laughed at this, but what he said in reply Anna did not hear. For, across the room, she saw a woman of past middle age talking with the illustrator McCollough. And at once she knew her to be Dr. Keller, the woman who had befriended her in the field hospitals in Poland.

To be continued

Madam Secretary

Continued from page 4

Al Smith. She met him first when he was Speaker of the Assembly and when she was making frequent trips to Albany in behalf of her pet legislation.

From the moment of their meeting he was responsive to her ideas of social justice. But one day when she was lobbying for her famous fifty-four-hour day he turned to her with, "See here, Frances, there's no use kidding you. You might just as well save your time and carfare. I've talked to these boys around here and they're not ready for this law yet. But just you wait and we'll put it over."

THREE years later they did put it over. It represents only one of the reforms made possible through the collaboration of the public-spirited Frances Perkins and the public-spirited Alfred E. Smith.

Despite the depression, the former Industrial Commissioner both strengthened old citadels and laid the corner stone of new ones. Her monthly statements on employment trends in eighteen hundred State factories were accepted as an authoritative index to business conditions. In an ex-officio capacity she assisted Mr. Roosevelt's Commission on Unemployment problems. In hundreds of eloquent addresses she stressed maintenance of the wage earners' power as the key to general welfare.

It is not strange that in her battle with the dragon, Unemployment, she chose as one of her weapons the State employment service. Looking forward to the time when America shall not be branded as the only civilized country without the gratuitous service, guarantee of fair play, and widespread view of supply and demand of a Federal employment service. Miss Perkins did what she could in New York.

What is the result? At one time the State agencies were housed in the meanest quarters and sought only by unskilled labor. To-day such an agency as that in Rochester, attractively furnished and located in the city's finest office building, points to the new regime. To-day large and better-trained staffs are creating an authentic labor market for all types of workers.

Allied with this service is the Junior Placement Bureau. This, the only organization of its kind in the country, has been faithfully developed by Miss Perkins. That Johnny may not get into some blind alley of a job, that Susan's health will stand being a messenger girl, that both may find the work suited to their temperaments—these and a hundred similar problems of the adolescent worker are handled in ten State agencies by experts in vocational guidance.

"What was the most difficult issue of your New York administration?"

To this question Miss Perkins answers after some thought, "The Workmen's Compensation Bureau." And when asked to amplify this statement she refers to the menace of certain physicians who, through self-gainful motives, misrepresent the extent of some workmen's injury.

Nothing, in fact, better illustrates her lofty sense of justice than did the administration of this department. True, her life has been dedicated to bettering the lot of labor. Yet in this province the danger of imposition upon the employee or employer touched every Puritan mainspring. She wants no human being defrauded by any other human being.

In 1931 she was sent by Mr. Roosevelt to England. She didn't go to hear the cuckoo cry nor to see the whitethorn dash over the walls. She went to investigate the workings of the English Unemployment Act. Never was a more realistic piece of research.

She talked with M. P.'s and bankers. She went over rural England to sit at board meetings and to interview every class of Englishman. She came back with an overwhelming array of facts and figures. She came back a convert to the Unemployment Act.

"If," says she to-day, "unemployment insurance had been put into effect in New York at the beginning of 1923 the amount available at the start of the depression would have been $470,000,000 in the manufacturing industries alone. These millions would have been sufficient to provide every manufacturing employee who lost his job nearly forty-seven dollars per month, or over ten dollars per week for thirty-six weeks of unemployment."

IN THE advocacy of this measure Miss Perkins shows herself no mere sentimental partisan of labor. What does she see in that forty-seven dollars a month? She sees the sustained purchasing power that alone can guarantee universal prosperity. Here, as always, she looks at the world, not sectionally, but as a whole.

She is capable of incredibly long hours of work. As Industrial Commissioner her "day" at the State Building often lasted until nine and ten o'clock. Once a week she traveled to Albany. All the other New York cities had to be visited periodically. In addition to this she wrote various magazine articles and made hundreds of speeches.

Splendid physical well-being cannot entirely explain such sustained effort. True, she has it—such health as the Greeks hymmed. But that health is only a reflection

Continued on page 42

of something else, something that goes on within the soul of Frances Perkins.

What is that true inward temper of her being? A comment I once heard her make reveals it immediately. At a luncheon given some time ago somebody mentioned a woman who, having staked everything on love, went to pieces over the recreancy of her lover. Miss Perkins shook her head. "I thought," said she slowly, "that at our age everybody had learned the kingdom of Heaven is within."

All of us have not learned it. But Frances Perkins has. To meet her either in private or in public life is to feel that here is a woman who could face calmly any flux of life, who could say to any dimming personal hope, "Never mind, there is that responsibility called 'I' which must go on."

THE integrity of a human soul—it is this which arises and lingers, an overtone of strength and dignity, through everything which she says and does. It is this which makes her friends refer to her as "a spiritual philosopher."

Friends? She has hundreds of them. They come from all walks of life, and each has his own tale of her loyalty to old associations. One recalls how even during her intense research in England in 1931 she took time to hunt up several lonely Americans. Another remembers the auction which she and her husband arranged for a certain impoverished writer.

All agree that, though you may not have seen Frances Perkins for months and even years, she makes you feel at your meeting that the thread has never been snapped.

Perhaps much of her mental and physical soundness may be attributed to a choice of relaxation. She enjoys, not recreations, but re-creations. Bridge and golf, for example, are regarded as social incidents rather than social objectives. Few are the plays she cares to see. As for novels, she is fond of saying that they are either for the very young or the very old, that those in mid-channel should be living too completely in their own careers to seek vicarious emotions.

Yet every night she gets in an hour's reading. Much of this must be informative

Madam Secretary

Continued from page 41

—pages connected with her job. What minutes are left from these she devotes to biography and poetry. Also certain hours are set aside for reading with her young daughter.

"After all," she confides to you, "what re-creates you more thoroughly than re-tasting old experiences with the young? Last winter—what a good time I had reading Chaucer with my daughter!"

Years ago I was at a tea when Frances Perkins entered the room. Her dark eyes were glowing. She looked even more vital than usual.

"What's happened to you?" somebody asked. "You look made over."

"I've just come back from Philadelphia," she explained, "and those marvelous old doorways—I'd forgotten how beautiful they are."

That enthusiasm brings into relief her real æsthetic passion. Architecture, painting, sculpture—all these are vital to this woman who knows every angle of mercantile and factory activity. Whenever she has a moment to spare she slips into an art gallery. And whenever she has an hour to spare she is likely to pick up palette and brushes.

Indeed, her summer vacations spent in the New England cottage which has belonged to her family for generations are divided between her easel and the long country walks which she so much loves.

"I'm not a good painter at all," she confides humbly. "But still I feel that to-day I know what it's all about. Do you know how I discovered modern painting? From looking at Survage's 'Landscape with a Leaf.' What a picture! The moment I saw it I was exactly like somebody—well, after playing five-finger exercises for months, he suddenly finds music."

One is justified in wondering sometimes just how much of a part a certain gift of hers has played in her destiny. Suppose that she had been endowed with the same mental and spiritual qualities. But suppose, to offset them, there had been a curse of faltering utterance. But no, it is impossible. However vaulting the imagination, it cannot compass a Frances Perkins without eloquence.

Whether, charmingly gowned, she sits at a friend's dinner table or whether she addresses thousands in a crowded hall, she is a master of what Edith Wharton once called the most precious thing in the world—"good talk."

Some people use their hands when they speak, but Frances Perkins uses her head and heart, and the hands merely respond. In gestures varied and fluid, those white, shapely hands follow the spirit of each thought. They are no less expressive than the low, rich voice with its New England flavor and the dark eyes, so apt to light with the humor of some mental bypath.

Now scattering a brilliant epigram, now relying for drive on good Yankee pithiness, now rising to Scriptural dignity, always marshaled by an invincible logic, her words involve, in fact, every part of her being.

Some years before Miss Perkins became Industrial Commissioner she had formed an enduring friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. That fact, in conjunction with her years of political association with the Chief Executive, gives authority to a comment which she made long before Mr. Roosevelt was nominated for the Presidency.

"Franklin Roosevelt," says she, "is one of the most relaxed human beings I ever knew. No matter how hard he works nor how terrific his problem he is never tense. That is the reason I think that guidance will always come to him. For it's only when we're relaxed that the thing way down deep in all of us—call it the sub-conscious mind, the spirit, what you will—has a chance to well up and tell us how we shall go."

BY THAT measure of her friend we may well take her own final measure. It is that of a woman who, dealing with the external problems of an external world, yet believes faithfully in things of the spirit. Her faith has made her whole.

It's Hard to Tell

Continued from page 15

"Oh, come now. You wouldn't have me say that." Where was his elation in speaking his mind about her?

"Don't say it, then, but I know. You've disapproved of me since the moment you saw me. But that's all right. You've got queer ideas about women in your head—hair tied in blue ribbon, flat-heeled shoes and petticoats.

"The sweet, shy, old-fashioned girl! And you don't even know that the old-fashioned girl was as tricky as Cleopatra. All that demureness was sand in the eye, heavy smoke-screen stuff.

"If this was one of those dear dead days, I'd pretend at this moment to swoon. I'd manage to get my long, fair hair down somehow, and you'd carry me back to the house completely compromised. We'd be engaged immediately before shocked parents and married like that."

"Don't you see that all that sort of thing was far more pernicious than the methods to-day? Men didn't have a chance. Now, if we see a chap we like, we go after him tooth and nail, and he knows what we're doing. He gives in or not, and no hard feelings. The trouble with you, you're sleepwalking. You need a jolt to wake you up and open your eyes."

"I've had them opened far too wide."

"Yeah? Well, then all I can say is that you've got a blind spot. You don't see life as it is at all. Come on; let's take a ride and cool off. We're both half mad."

She walked swiftly to the garage. He was tempted to leave her. Her insolence maddened him. But he told himself he couldn't be rude. She drew out a little roadster neatly, and in a moment they were flying along the silver road.

"That's better," she sighed. "Whenever you get mad do something. Anything that will change your mood. That's why I'm healthy and strong. I've taken my anger out in exercise instead of throwing myself down and crying as used to be proper for a lady.

"No wonder our grandmothers got old quickly. They vapored about the house because they knew it was the only way of getting round their husbands. If a couple of husbands had got an egg in the eye for a morning or two you'd been a different kind of animal."

HOT words rushed to his lips, but he shut them tightly. No use talking to her.

They sat a long time in silence. Slowly the easy, swift motion of the car calmed his ruffled spirits. He made one or two attempts at conversation, but she didn't answer him. Her face was thrust forward as she bent over the wheel, and her hair blew back from her face. But her continued silence irritated him. Silence like this, comfortable silence without self-consciousness, should be only possible between friends. Besides it was time they were getting back.

"Hadn't we better turn?" he asked.

"In a minute. Won't take long to get back. I can do eighty easy. You needn't worry about getting home, little boy."

"I'm not worrying," he returned stiffly.

He determined not to mention the matter again if she rode forever. They shot through the warm moonlit night for some time, then suddenly the car slowed down.

"Something's wrong," she said, and was out of the car before he could move, and had the hood up.

"Nothing there. I wonder——"

She ran around the back of the car and returned with an impish grin.

"Out of gas, my dear young man. And we're nearly forty miles from home. How well do you walk?"

What a woman! What an asinine trick to go out for a ride without gas! And forty miles! And how near was a house?

He looked about. For miles it seemed the landscape was empty of houses.

"We've got to do something." He looked at his watch. It was past eleven.

"Yes, we must certainly do something; but what?"

"Find a house, of course," he said crossly.

"All right. We'll find a house. Here, house, house, house!" she started down the road calling. He walked stiffly beside her. "Why don't you say something about careless women and all that sort of thing?" she mocked, turning bright eyes on him.

"There's no use saying anything." He trudged along beside her. When her thin slipper turned on a loose stone he took her elbow. But she shook it off irritably.

"You needn't, really. I'm sure-footed."

He gripped her arm firmer.

"The power of imagination is very strong, but I'm not going to run any chance of having you break a leg. You've done sufficient for one night already."

Suddenly she broke away from him.

"Come on! Do you see what I see?"

Ahead and to the left of the road lay a dark, square pile. Dim and silent as it was, it certainly looked like a house. Eve's chiffon skirts billowed about her as she ran toward it. Steve caught up with her.

It was a house, though a mere shack, lying close to the water's edge. The long porch was flat with the ground. They peered through the window. The moonlight, through back windows, showed a large room with several tables and chairs.

"A tea room! A closed tea room! What priceless luck!" She tried the door and the window. They were locked. Bending swiftly, she had her shoe off, cracked the glass with the heel, and turned the catch.

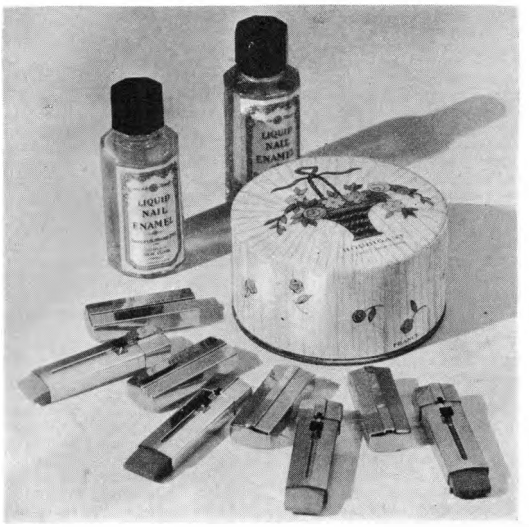
A second later they were inside.

"Now," she cried, "if there is a telephone we can ring Millie and have the car sent down. Surely there's a telephone."

They groped about in the dark.

Continued on page 44

On the Beauty Horizon



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER'S nail enamel, of unusually high luster, in two shades which are appropriate for summer wear, shown at top. The Natural is a faint pink, and the Cardinal an enchanting shade that is a mixture of bright rose and beige. Sixty-five cents.

(Right) Houbigant's Dull Finish, a face powder of swan's-down blend that leaves the skin with a dull matt finish. Particularly flattering with the dull fabrics that have such a vogue this season. The lip sticks—also from Houbigant's—are in shades of cherry, poppy, ruby, and garnet. Attractive affairs in gold-and-blue containers. Actual samples of these are on store counters for a test before a shade is selected. One dollar an item.

Photos by Gladys Muller

AT TOP, Ambrosia liquid cleanser and the Ambrosia cream, which earned its laurels as one of the most absorbent of its kind, and the new face powder (shown at bottom) the concern is launching. This powder is ultrasoft, delicately perfumed, and clings beautifully. Probably one of the things you'll be hearing about. All three items are being sold for one-fifty, which is good news for the budget.

Those three jars strewn along the middle of the photograph are just a portion of the complete salon line of products which Boncilla is bringing out. Almost every sort of cream you can name is included—nourishing, texture refining, turtle oil, all-purpose, and even astringents, skin tonics, and powder. For fifty cents an item.

"Look! Here's candles! Got a match?" He held his lighter to the wick.

"Now, telephone, where are you?" she sang out, hunting about the room. They searched carefully, but found none. Beyond the living room was a kitchen, and, opening from that, three empty rooms.

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

"I'm going to walk back. That's what I'm going to do," he said.

"And leave me here alone?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to," he said.

"No, you don't. If you walk I walk. Come along. Let's get started. We ought to be back there by December."

"But you couldn't make such a distance; you know it's impossible."

"It's not as impossible as my staying here alone. And you're only going because you're afraid to stay here with me."

"I was merely thinking of you," he said.

"Oh, well, if that's all, never mind. I thought you were simply paralyzed with fright at the idea of staying here with me for the night."

"I am nothing of the sort."

"You are. You think it is wicked and unmannerly and a lot of other things. So come on. We'll walk. I wouldn't have you uncomfortable for anything in the world."

Her taunting voice enraged him. He wanted to shake her by the slim shoulders.

"We'll not walk. We'll stay. I'll move one of the couches into a back room, and you take this room. These couches don't look any too comfortable." He spoke disinterestedly, but he felt a stir of excitement. It was rather a lark. And he was dead tired. He was glad he didn't have to leg it back to the Reeds'.

"Good!" She sank down on the remaining couch and watched him until he disappeared through the kitchen door. When he returned she smiled up at him. "You are a sensible man. Give me a cigarette."

HE SHOOK his head. "No cigarettes to-night. You're tired. You're going to bed immediately. And so am I."

"But I want to talk."

"You can talk to-morrow." For no reason at all he smiled down at her. With her rumpled hair and white face she looked like a little girl. She seemed very young.

She yawned widely.

"All right," she agreed sleepily, "but I'd like a nighty. Let's look about." She went to a chest of drawers in the corner. In the top drawer were table linen and some towels. She threw a towel at him.

"I suppose you wash in the morning! Good!" She drew out a tablecloth. "I might sleep in this, with a few safety pins. Got any?"

"Do I look like a man who would have safety pins?" he asked, amused.

"No, but men do such funny things these days." She opened another drawer. "Ah! Aprons. You take a pink one and I'll take a blue. Pink is for boys, you know."

"But I'm not an infant. I'll sleep in what's on me."

He waited a moment while she shut the drawer, and then walked toward the kitchen.

"Well, so long," he said, opening the door. For the first time he felt slightly embarrassed. He wondered vaguely why one felt embarrassed when bidding adieu.

"What's your first name?" she asked.

"Steve."

"I'm Eve. Good night, Steve."

"So long, Eve." The door closed behind him. In a moment it opened, and she stood before him.

"You wouldn't like to kiss me good night? I'm very far from home." Her eyes danced with mischief.

He looked at her a moment without speaking, knowing the sharp refusal which sprang to his lips would bring a taunting reply. His eyes narrowed.

She'd play tricks on him, would she? He'd give her a little of her own medicine. With two strides he was close to her. She drew back in surprise, then leaned to him and offered her brow like a tired child. He took her chin in his hand, lifted her head, and kissed her lips.

She looked at him in amazement.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. Then, "G-Good night, Steve," and the door closed.

A SPUTTERING sound and an invigorating odor woke Bancroft. He lay in bed trying to adjust his vision. The windows were without the vivid cretonne curtains which had met his gaze each morning. He sat up, rubbing his eyes. Then he remembered. It wasn't Mrs. Reed's guest room. It was the tiny room in the shack. And some one was cooking in the kitchen. He jumped up and opened the door a crack.

Eve, in a blue apron, stood before the stove. Steam poured fragrantly from a coffeepot. He closed the door noiselessly. Eve cooking! Making coffee! Thoroughly amazed, he looked at his watch. Quarter of six. Eve up and dressed and working at quarter of six. Astounding!

Picking up the towels, he let himself out of the window. He kept back of the bushes as he made for the river. The icy water strengthened his wavering mental equilibrium. Eve cooking! Up and dressed before he was! Drying himself quickly, he rushed back to his room.

It's Hard to Tell

Continued from page 42

A FEW moments later, in his soft evening shirt, as clean as when he had first put it on, he went into the kitchen. It was empty. He tiptoed to the stove. Something sizzled under a pot lid. He raised the lid. Fish! Where on earth had fish come from?

"Good morning, Steve. Sleep well?"

Eve, fresh and dainty and clear-eyed, stood in the doorway. She had a tray in her hand. He stared at her foolishly.

"Come, my lad, and help a bit. Cups in the cupboard. Breakfast is ready."

"But really, my dear girl, I'm utterly unable to do anything. I'm so amazed I'm temporarily paralyzed. Will you please tell me how and when and whatever?"

"As we eat, my dear. I'll tell everything then. Do get the cups."

Steve, with cups filled with coffee, followed her into the living room. One of the tables was temptingly set before an open fire. Open fire! That meant wood! Surely she—but no. There were several logs in the basket. He sighed with relief.

"Isn't this nice? There's no butter or sugar, but then you know they're fattening and we must keep our figures."

"Now will you tell me?" he begged, after declaring the fish delicious.

"I shall disclose all," she grinned. "I couldn't sleep. That couch engraved buttons all down my spine. So when it grew light I got up, took a swim, cleanliness being what it is, and hustled about to see if there was a possibility of food. By great good luck I found a bit of coffee in a tin.

"Then I recalled that all about here is good fishing. So I fished. There was an old rod in the corner, and a funny old boat in a ramshackle boathouse down there." She pointed out the window. "And then, realizing that even a débutante couldn't sleep much longer than you, I started breakfast. I trust you like it."

"I don't like it. I love it. And I'm going to tell you, what you already know, that you are the most amazing person on earth. If any one had told me yesterday you could do things like this I'd have called him all kinds of liars. How on earth and when did you learn these things? Or am I just insane and we aren't eating the best fish that ever was put in a mouth?"

"You are not insane, sir," she said, "and I have cooked these many years. You see I was trained by a man to be useful as well as ornamental. Despite the fact that you think I am offensively efficient, I'm jolly well pleased with myself, for I bet that you can't even cook an egg."

"You win. I can't. But I'm frightfully annoyed. I had one idea of you, and here you have proved to be something entirely different. I don't like it at all."

"It serves you right. You had a nasty, supercilious way with you which I hope is forever wiped out. We can go back now and start all over again."

He sat back in his chair after offering her a cigarette, and smiled at her.

"Oh, you can smile now," she snorted. "Your stomach's full and you're nice and grateful and all that, but what are you going to do to make up for an opinion you had no right to have?"

His face sobered.

"I don't know. I honestly don't know. Except apologize deeply."

She laughed gayly at his serious face.

"Don't bother about that; only don't in the future judge people before you know them. Lend a hand. We've got to clear up and then see about getting back."

His face was thoughtful as he carried the dishes into the kitchen. He felt diffident and bewildered. She turned suddenly and flipped him a tea towel.

"Not above wiping dishes, are you?"

"Not above anything, Eve. My soul is crushed in the dust. Could I scrub a floor as penance?"

She snatched the towel from him.

"That's all I wanted to know. I hate men who wipe dishes. It makes them look effeminate."

He took the end of the towel.

"Effeminate or not, I wipe. Give it to me." They struggled together. He managed, somehow, to wrap her arm about his as the towel became entangled, and he looked down into her laughing face. For a heartening moment they stared at each other. Instinctively he drew her closer. Then she pushed away from him.

He grabbed her by the shoulders.

"Oh, you would, would you?" He drew her close to him. She threw back her head and smiled lazily into his eyes.

"Nice game, this. What do we do next? I had no idea you were so playful?"

His arms dropped to his sides and he turned away, angry at himself.

"And now," she said in a clear, calm voice, "how about getting back to the Reeds'? We've got to, you know. Arcadia is all right for one night, but we've your reputation to think of." He wheeled about at that. Her face was mischievous. "Really we have. I can't let people think you carry off young girls. You'd be simply swamped with designing women. Now, my idea is to take the boat and see if we can't find a house with a telephone. You can paddle?"

"I can paddle."

"Good! And I'll bail out if bailing is necessary. We might leave our evening things here and come back for them."

"Right-o! Let's get off."

She was, he discovered, as efficient in handling a boat as she was in other things. They had it in the water in a jiffy and headed downstream. They had gone only a short distance when suddenly—he didn't know whether through some careless move on his part or hers—the boat tilted, and in a moment they were in the water.

His mind and eyes clear, despite his surprise, he turned in the water and expected to find her beside him. Nowhere was the bright curly head.

"Eve! Where are you? Eve!"

The water was deep. He knew that from his swim that morning. He swam rapidly to the other side of the turned boat, hoping to see her. But the water was calm and showed no sign of life. A hateful thought struck him that somehow she might have gotten beneath the boat as it turned over. Treading water, he went to it and raised it.

"Eve!"

In his anxiety he did not gauge his direction. The boat slipped from his hand and came down on his head, the sharp edge striking him squarely. He made a violent effort to throw himself on his back, and then felt himself losing consciousness.

STEVE awoke, thinking that he was beside Eve at the piano, watching her long, slim hands. Suddenly they reached up and touched his aching head. Their coolness was divine. He raised his own and held hers more firmly against his brow.

"Dear Eve!" he murmured.

"Oh, Steve! Are you all right?"

Her voice came to him dimly, as though from a distance. He saw her face close to his. Her lips were trembling.

"Steve! Are you better? Are you?"

"Never better in my life." He lifted himself, fell back again, closing his eyes.

"Steve! Steve!" she whimpered. "What shall I do?" Her voice rose shrilly. It brought him to complete consciousness, and he sat up slowly. His eyes, heavy with pain, saw, now, that he was not on the piano stool in the Reed living room, but on a stony bit of land under a tree.

What on earth— Then he remembered. Eve, Eve somewhere in the water, and he

Continued on page 45

could not see her. The boat slipping from his hand—that terrific crack on his head. And here was Eve, safe and sound, looking at him with anxious eyes. He put out his hands and she took them in her cool ones.

"Oh, Steve!" she sobbed now, against his shoulder. "I was so scared. So paralyzed with fear. You are all right, aren't you?"

Somehow his arms were about her. She did not draw away as they tightened.

"And you're safe! Safe!" His voice sounded funny and weak.

"Of course I'm safe," she straightened away from him, "but you—" her eyes filled with tears—"I'll never forgive myself. Never. Don't sit up. Please. Lie down. You had an awful crack on your head."

She pushed him back gently until he lay again at full length on the ground. He took her hand and kissed it and laid it on his forehead. She smiled down at him.

"Just keep your hand on my head. Last night I wondered what it would be like to have your hand on my head. I had no idea it would be like this."

The color deepened in her face.

"You did?" Her voice was a whisper. "When?"

"When you were playing. I think your hands are beautiful. I think you are beautiful. I love you, Eve. I've loved you from the first moment I saw you."

"AND now," said Eve, as they sat, some time later, on the couch in the living room, "I've something I must tell you, Steve. And you'll have to forgive me."

It's Hard to Tell

Continued from page 44

"I'll forgive you anything, sweetheart."

"Even the fact that I might have killed you?"

"What rot!" he cried.

"But I might have," she said. "I upset the boat purposely."

He stared at her. Turned the boat?

"I did. Truly. You see, I was in the summerhouse yesterday when you were talking to Peter. And what you said made me furious. You said hateful things, Steve, and I vowed I'd make you pay for your judgment of me. So I ran off with you last night. It was all fixed up before dinner. I knew, when I took the car out, what I meant to do, and I saw to it that there wasn't enough gas to get us back."

"You little scallawag!" He took her in his arms and kissed her. "So that's the way women get husbands these days."

"The same principle has been in use for centuries, old goose, but to go into that would get me too far away from what I must tell you. This morning, when we set off, I thought if you could save my life you'd find out you really loved me. I knew, way down in your heart, you did love me. But you're so stubborn, darling, I had to resort to drastic measures.

"So I upset the boat, meaning you to find me, after a bit of a search, with my eyes closed like Elaine's, beautiful and white on the top of the water. But you gummed the whole game by dropping the boat on your silly old head. I never dreamed anything like that could happen, darling, and after I had dragged you onto the sand, and you didn't speak to me, I thought Id' lose my mind. I knew, then, how terribly I loved you. Now you know everything, and please give me a kiss."

After a moment he smiled down at her.

"You're not only beautiful, but you're the sweetest kid God ever made, and I'm humble before your wisdom. And I bless this fairy godmother of an old shack. If we hadn't stumbled upon it I might have remained stubborn and lost you. I'm going to buy this shack and put a tablet over the door for our great good luck in finding it."

"There wasn't so very much luck in that, Steve," she smiled mischievously. "You see, I own it."

He sat up and took her by the shoulders.

"Yours? You scheming little devil! Then I never had a chance, did I?"

"Never in the world. I knew where we were going when we left the Reeds'. Father and I lived here in the summer, and when he died I turned it into a tea house. I knew if I could get you here I could show you that I could cook and do all the things you adored in that idiot of an old-fashioned girl, and a great deal more. Fundamentally, I am an old-fashioned girl, really, darling."

He roared with laughter as he grabbed her.

"Yes, you are!" he cried derisively, "but one thing you will be, and that is the most enthralling wife a man ever had."

The Little Ones

Continued from page 21

he only would. Where was it he said he was going? Oh, yes, Wheelers. Well, he could play backgammon any time, but it was ages since she had felt so eager and excited and alive.

She went to the phone. Dave's drawl answered her. She said at once, "Oh, hello, Dave! Is John there?"

"John? He's not here. If he told you he was, he was spoofing you. Nothing wrong, I hope? Twins O. K.?"

"Yes. They're fine."

"Well, see you soon."

She hung up, frowning. John had said Wheeler's. Funny. She tried Lou Allison's.

Lou came to the phone.

"John's not here, darling, but if you really want him why don't you call up Marjorie Kendrick?" She laughed as she said it.

Marjorie Kendrick! And Lou laughing that way!

Laura hung up and took down the receiver slowly, and gave another number. A maid's voice answered.

Laura said, "Is Mrs. Kendrick at home?"

"Who wishes her, please?"

"Just tell her an old friend."

THERE was a pause, then Marjorie's throaty, delightful voice, "Hello."

"Hello, Marjorie! This is Laura."

"Oh, hello!"

"I want to speak to John a minute. Do you mind calling him?"

"No, certainly not. Just a minute."

So he was there.

He said, "Hello, dear! What's up?"

"John, could you come home right away?"

"Sure, of course. Anything the matter?"

"I'll tell you when you get here."

"I'll be there in a jiffy."

The click in her ear disconnected them.

She was still seated at the telephone when she heard his quick step on the porch and his voice, "Gee! You scared the daylights out of me."

"Did I?" She was suddenly calm again.

"You bet. Are you all right?"

"I am."

"What do you mean?"

"Sit down, John. You told me you were going to Wheeler's to-night. But you didn't go to Wheeler's. You went to Marjorie's instead."

"What of it? What's on your mind? Why don't you tell me instead of beating round the bush this way?"

"But you distinctly said Wheeler's."

"What if I did? I changed my mind."

She regarded him wearily. "You're at Marjorie's quite a lot, aren't you?"

"Of course. You know that."

"Well, I don't intend to play second fiddle to any one. Rather than do that I'm through."

"Through what?"

"Through mending your socks and taking care of your children."

He laid a hand on her arm. "This isn't like you. You don't mean all this."

She shook off his arm. "Of course I mean it."

He caught her roughly by the shoulder. "I've listened to you. Now you listen to me."

"Listen to you make excuses? No, thanks!"

"Excuses? What for? It's facts you're going to listen to. I go to Marjorie's quite a lot. Sure I do. And do you know why? Because she's darn good company."

"Oh, doubtless."

"She's full of fun, and she's got lots of pep, and she manages her children and her life so she isn't worn out before she's thirty."

"And do you expect me to manage mine in the same way on the miserable pittance you give me?"

He regarded her quietly. "I give you all I have, and you knew before you married me just what that would be."

"But now, now that I've got babies to mind, now that I've got work to do a servant would turn her nose up at, I can't compete with Marjorie Kendrick."

He looked at her curiously for a moment. "You see how you've changed. You're not Laura at all. You're somebody else. And rather than spend my evenings with that somebody else, I'll get out of here."

And he flung out of the house and down the steps.

AFTER what seemed an interminable space of time she rose with an effort and dragged herself up the stairs. She lay down on her couch in the children's room. It seemed incredible to her that this thing had happened. To John and to her. He was tired of her. He wanted some one who was good company.

Well, she had been that way once, ages ago. Ready for anything, on tiptoe, eager. And now she had changed. She was somebody else. Somebody who urged him to go out of an evening, who would rather be alone than have him beside her. And he knew it.

She heard him return later and let himself in. He came up the stairs and into her room. She pretended to be asleep. He said "Laura" softly, once, then went to his room. Tears, scalding, rolled under her lids and onto the pillow. This, then, was the end of the romance of two gay young people. And the babies had done it. The darlings who lay so quietly in their cribs.

And John had no idea, in his smug self-righteousness, what she had gone through in caring for them. Well, why hadn't he? Because she had tried to shoulder all the responsibility herself. Perhaps if he realized just once what the care of young children amounted to! She had a real idea!

AT SIX the twins awoke whimpering. Laura got up and heated their bottles. During the process she dressed herself in the dark-blue suit and hat she reserved for her infrequent trips to the city. When she was ready she went down the hall to Edda's room and shook her awake.

"I'm going to town," she said, "and I want you to give this note to Mr. Travers as soon as I leave the house. Help him with the babies all you can."

Edda stared at her. "You ain't going to leave them with me, is you?"

"Mr. Travers will be here to help you."

"I didn't hire out to mind children."

"I know you didn't, but I have to go." Tears welled up in her eyes. "Here's the note. Give it to him the minute I leave."

Laura went down the stairs, opened the front door, hesitated, then ran through it.

The train was in the station, and she got aboard and sat down on the hard, dusty, red-plush seat. Sitting there, she pondered on the note she had written him. He could take care of the twins for a change. After all, they were his as much as hers. Then perhaps he would understand in measure what it was that caused her weariness.

She was going in to see Chester, just to talk over old times, and she would be out on the afternoon train. Above all she cautioned him not to leave the twins with Edda. He was to stay with them that one day, and she hoped he would remember that small children were brought up according to strict schedule. There followed a list of their routine, diet, and activities.

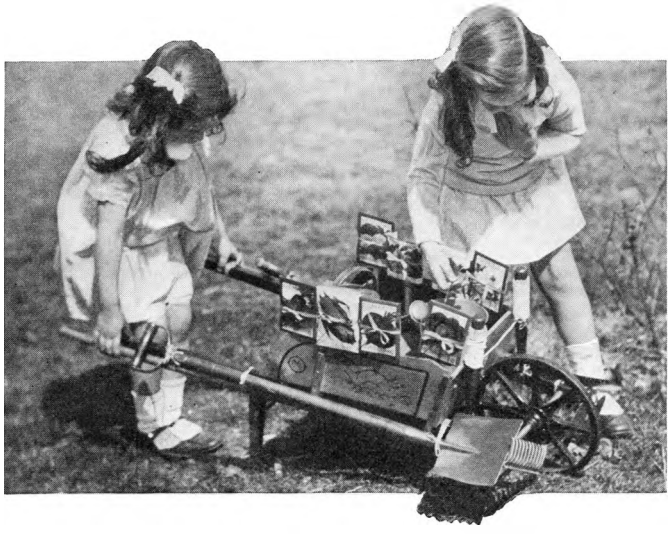
Sitting there, tense and tearful, it suddenly seemed to her a cheap and silly method to employ to teach him a lesson. After all, what did he know about looking after babies?

Perhaps she had better go back, after all.

Continued on page 47

What to keep in

THE CHILD'S MEDICINE CHEST



By Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

Director of the Babies' Health Department

PHYSICIANS who make a specialty of treating babies agree that the less medicine given a child the better. There are, however, some home remedies that should be kept on hand for emergency use. If you are planning to go away for the summer, far from your own doctor and also from a reliable drug-store, it is wise to take with you certain emergency aids which you may urgently require.

The medicine chest should be kept high up in the bathroom, out of reach of little folks who may climb up to investigate. Keeping it locked is even a better safeguard.

The medicine chest should contain absorbent cotton, sterile gauze, gauze bandage (1-inch), adhesive plaster, a rectal thermometer, an ear syringe, petroleum ointment, boric-acid powder, bicarbonate of soda powder, castor oil, milk of magnesia, liquid petroleum, cod-liver oil, iodine, powdered mustard, a small bottle of sirup of ipecac, a small bottle of compound tincture of benzoin, a bottle of bathing alcohol, olive oil, a fountain syringe, with catheter the right size for the age of the baby, a medicine dropper, and a medicine graduate or glass. A set of graduated spoons is also very useful and a can of benzine, also any special remedies for colds or other minor ills the family doctor customarily advises.

A hot-water bottle or electric heating pad, an electric or small stove of some sort, a supply of baby soap, toilet powder, cod-liver oil, etc., will be among the essentials to take with you; but these are too large to be kept in the ordinary medicine chest.

Adhesive plaster is used for many purposes. Its removal may be very painful, and may even tear the skin of a young baby. If it is moistened with cotton dipped in benzine it will come off quickly and painlessly.

Taking a baby's temperature is frequently very necessary. No mother should hesitate to use a thermometer, but should learn to read it correctly. It is unnecessary to take the temperature every day if the baby is perfectly normal, but at the first sign of illness this should be done. The doctor will ask about it if you have to call him by telephone or if he sees the child. The temperature should be taken by a rectal thermometer of standard make, plainly marked. The minute thermometers are best to buy.

The red arrow on the thermometer at 98.6 degrees F. is normal for an adult. For a baby the temperature may be from 98 to 99.6 degrees F. and still be normal. Before taking the temperature be sure to shake down the thermometer a degree or two below the red arrow, the normal mark.

Place a little petroleum ointment on the tip of the thermometer, have the baby on a bed on his side with knees drawn up, insert the thermometer about 2 inches into the rectum, and hold it there firmly for 2 minutes, keeping the baby as still as possible.

Remove the instrument, wipe the tip with cotton, and read it in a good light, being careful to write down what it records to show the doctor afterwards. The thermometer should be kept very clean. Wash it with soap and cold water and then with a little alcohol before returning it to its case. Babies and children should always have the temperature taken by the rectum, not by the mouth or otherwise.

If the baby has a temperature of 100 degrees you should keep him in bed and give a more dilute formula or only liquid food and boiled water for 24 hours. At the end of that time, if not normal, a doctor should be consulted. A higher degree of fever or any special symptoms of being really ill require a doctor more promptly.

Once in 3 hours is often enough to take the temperature unless the doctor orders otherwise. Babies run a temperature for slight causes and it goes higher in comparison with that of adults. Keeping the bowels open, giving cooling sponge baths with a little alcohol in the water, seeing that the baby is kept quietly in bed, with light feedings and plenty of boiled water, are the best means of controlling high temperatures until the doctor arrives.

The boric-acid solution may be made up as required. Usually 1 teaspoonful to each pint of boiled water is the solution used for eye or mouth washes and mild infections. It must not be given internally nor confused with the bicarbonate of soda bottle. Have all remedies plainly labeled, and read the label both when you take the bottle down and when you return it, to make sure you have the right article.

Bicarbonate of soda is used for many purposes—for burns, for cooling sponge baths, for gas or acute indigestion, etc. A pinch may be added to an ounce or two of boiled water (warm) and given before meals for short periods, as for an attack of colic. For enemas and high irrigations of the bowels we usually take 1 teaspoonful to a pint of boiled water at 98 degrees F.

Castor oil is given for some cases of indigestion or to clear out mucus during a cold, etc.

Milk of magnesia is given for indigestion and constipation or excess of acid. One-half to 1 teaspoonful is the usual dose for a baby and 2 or 3 teaspoonfuls for an older child. It may be given in the bottle formula or in plain boiled water once or twice daily, but not continued indefinitely without the advice of a doctor.

Tincture of iodine is a poison, but is useful for cuts and some wounds. It does not keep well, and should be renewed once a month. It should be kept in a special dark bottle with knobs on it, so one can never mistake it.

Powdered mustard is used to make a mustard paste for acute colds in the chest. It is used with flour and a little water and spread between 2 layers of thin cotton cloth. The proportion for a baby is 1 part of mustard to 5 parts of flour. It is placed on the chest and left for about 5 minutes, until the skin is pink; then olive oil or petroleum ointment should be applied. It is also used for mustard baths and foot baths. Use 1 tablespoonful of mustard to each gallon of water. If the family doctor advocates other means for treating a cold, obtain full instructions from him.

For leaflets containing detailed information about first home aids send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and give your child's age. Next month we shall write of "Some Common Nursery Emergencies."

THE BABIES' HEALTH DEPARTMENT

IF YOUR BABY is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help free until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, together with a snapshot, if possible, and a stamped envelope addressed to yourself, and an admission blank will be sent you.

If you want advice, also without cost, about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed. No blanks will be sent or letters answered unless you inclose a United States stamped envelope addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

THE HOME BUREAU

The Little Ones

Continued from page 45

She started to her feet. Just then the train shivered and jerked away from the station.

As soon as she reached the city she called the house. There was no answer. It was half past seven and she felt faint and hungry. The pot of steaming coffee at the lunch counter in the station set her up immeasurably. The twins would be all right for a day. John would stick to his post. And after a day of babies he would regard her with a new respect.

After breakfast she tried the house again.

No answer. John, she decided, was refusing to answer deliberately.

A little after nine she was ushered into Chester's office. He cried out as he sprang to his feet, "I never was so glad to see any one in my life! You're coming back. Don't say no. You're coming back, and it's going to be like old times!"

She felt a rising excitement. Something in the business of the place. The click of typewriters. The tinkle of phone bells.

Chester shut the door and seated her. "Now, then, tell us the news. Will you, or won't you?"

"I'd adore to! But I don't see how I can. You see, my husband——"

"Say," Chester broke in with, "that reminds me. He phoned here and asked for you not ten minutes ago."

"Phoned?"

"Yes. He left a message for you."

He rang and Miss Herrick appeared, trim and neat and bubbling over with cordiality. "Oh, Mrs. Travers, are you coming back?"

Laura tried to smile. Her lips felt stiff.

"Yes—no—I don't think so. Miss Herrick, my husband phoned, didn't he?"

"Yes. He said to tell you he was in the city and for you to meet him at Durkey's Chop House at one."

So that was how he shouldered responsibility. What he did when the test came.

Chester wailed, "But I thought you were going to lunch with me?"

She shook her head. "I can't. I've got to see John and take the first train back."

"But see here—we haven't talked any."

And Durkey's Chop House too. Their old rendezvous, where they had been so foolishly, so deliriously happy. This was done deliberately.

Tears sprang to her eyes.

"I've got to go, Chester——"

"But, Heavens, you only just got here."

"I know. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid——"

"Well, if you change your mind, remember the latchkey is still out."

"Thanks, Chester!"

SHE was there long before one, standing just inside the door. John got there a few minutes past. She could see him turning into the place with a grin on his face.

He said, "Hello, like old times, eh!"

To speak of that now, when her heart was almost crushed beneath the weight of her anxiety.

She said, in a voice that shook in spite of her, "What did you leave them for?"

"Had to. Big deal on. Why?"

"Why?" She could not continue for a minute. Then she said, "I don't want any lunch. I'm taking the first train back, but before I go I just wanted to tell you, John Travers, that I think you're a—a quitter!" She turned and started for the door, but his hand gripped her arm.

"Hold on! The babies are all right. I fixed that up before I left."

"All right!" she blazed, "with Edda to look after them? With an ignorant—stupid, idiotic—" she groped for words.

"Edda isn't looking after them."

"Of course I wouldn't leave them with a person like Edda. As soon as I got your note I called up Mrs. Emory."

"Mrs. Emory?"

"Sure. Don't you remember how marvelous she was when you sprained your ankle? And how she loved the babies? I felt she was competent to look after them, and she came scooting right over in her son's car and took command of the fort."

"But Mrs. Emory! Doesn't she cost——"

"Sure she does. But what of it? She's worth it. I have work to do. I don't want to stop in the middle of it and wonder if a half-wit is looking after my children."

Laura sat down suddenly on a high stool.

"John, suppose I had gone away for all time, would you engage Mrs. Emory and continue with your work?"

"Sure. And work hard to pay for it."

"John, I think you're wonderful!"

"Wonderful? Me? I'm just a boob."

LAURA shook her head. "All of these months I've wanted to get away, and never once, never for a minute, has any real plan entered my head; but in five minutes after the emergency arose you had parked the twins with the best nurse in town."

"Sure. I had to. Can't afford leaving them with any old nursemaid."

She stared at him. "Neither can I."

He grinned. "I was wondering if you wouldn't feel the way I did about it. I would have suggested it long ago, but I thought you were crazy about taking care of them yourself."

After a minute she said, "Do you really think it would be all right if I tried leaving them with Mrs. Emory and went to work every day the way I used to? And came out with you on the five-fifteen?"

He caught her hand. "That's what I've been hoping you'd say. Gosh, I've been lonesome for you! You've been away for over a year and just got back this minute!"

"And are you sure no other girl——"

"There's no other girl on earth, and you know it. I never even thought of any one else when you were around."

"And I guess I'm—I'm going to be around quite a lot from now on. It'll be heaven to have my old job back."

"And we can sneak off occasionally and have dinner in town——"

"At the Green Bay Tree——"

"And go to a show——"

"And come home on the midnight——"

"And walk up the path in the moonlight——"

"And sneak in and kiss the twins good night."

"John, I adore you!"

"And I think you're swell!"

The waiter approached, smiling.

"Will the young lady step this way? I have a corner table for two."

Have a Sandwich

Continued from page 34

your refrigerator, and can put white and dark meat of the fowl between slices of rye and white.

If you have gone to the theater you will be ready for a bite when you leave, whether you take it off the pantry shelf or the damask of a night club. This is the hour consecrated to the club sandwich, technically, consisting of a first floor of chicken and lettuce and bacon, and a second of tomato and mayonnaise, the bread toasted, and the whole held erect by a wooden bodkin. A variation is the following: first floor, tongue and tomato; second floor, turkey and Russian dressing; building material, toasted rye bread.

Have you ever toasted caraway rye bread? No? Then new epicurean pleasures await you. Minced ham, minced chicken, and mayonnaise are a fine dish for this hour, and ditto for that Paul and Virginia of sandwichery, ham and cheese.

And so to bed, all except you young things who have danced your way into tomorrow. Our loyal friend, the steak sandwich, is a peer of the small, pale hours. If you can eat raw meat, venture a tartar sandwich which is chopped steak and onion, to which you may add a raw egg if you doubt the restorative powers of the simple tartar. Or any of the "meal" sandwiches. An example in two layers is the following: first layer—dark turkey, lettuce, bacon, white toast; second layer—white turkey, lettuce, tomato, bacon, mayonnaise, rye toast.

rest of 'em—there was four or five—were all trying to duck and making excuses why they had to get away *pronto.* And all the time this fellow Leland, who looks like a hawk or something, was going round as cool as a cucumber with lifted eyebrows and a satisfied grin on his brown face, as if he knew a lot more than he was telling.—Then there was one of those sleazy, pasty-faced butlers, who acted like a ghost and didn't make any noise when he moved. . . ."

"Yes, yes," Vance nodded whimsically. "Everything most mystifyin'. . . . And the wind moaned through the pines; and an owl hooted in the distance; and a lattice rattled in the attic; and a door creaked; and there came a tapping—eh, what, Sergeant? . . . I say, do have another spot of Scotch. You're positively jittery." (He spoke humorously, but there was a shrewd, interested look in his half-closed eyes and an undercurrent of tension in his voice that made me realize that he was taking the Sergeant far more seriously than his manner indicated.)

I EXPECTED the Sergeant to resent Vance's frivolous attitude, but instead he wagged his head soberly.

"You got the idea, Mr. Vance. Nothing seemed on the level. It wasn't normal, as you might say."

Markham's annoyance was mounting.

"The case doesn't strike me as peculiar, Sergeant," he protested. "A man dives into a swimming pool, hits his head on the bottom, and drowns. And you've related nothing else that can't be explained on the most commonplace grounds. It's not unusual for a man to get drunk, and after a tragedy of this kind a hysterical woman is not to be regarded as unique. Naturally, too, the other members of the party wanted to get away after an episode like this. As for the man Leland, he may be just a peculiar officious character who wished to dramatize a fundamentally simple affair. And you always had an antipathy for butlers. However you look at the case, it doesn't warrant anything more than the usual procedure. It's certainly not in the province of the Homicide Bureau. The idea of murder is precluded by the very mechanism of Montague's disappearance. He himself suggested a swim in the pool—a rational enough suggestion on a night like this—and his plunge into the pool and his failure to come to the surface could hardly be indicative of any other person's criminal intent."

Heath shrugged and lighted a long black cigar.

"I've been telling myself the same things for the past hour," he returned stubbornly; "but that situation at the Stamm house ain't right."

Markham pursed his lips and regarded the Sergeant meditatively.

"Was there anything else," he asked, after a pause, "that upset you?"

Heath did not answer at once. Obviously there was something else on his mind, and it seemed to me that he was weighing the advisability of mentioning it. But suddenly he lifted himself in his chair and took his cigar deliberately from his mouth.

"I don't like those fish!" he blurted.

"Fish?" repeated Markham in astonishment. "What fish?"

HEATH hesitated and contemplated the end of his cigar sheepishly.

"I think I can answer that question, Markham," Vance put in. "Rudolf Stamm is one of the foremost aquarists in America. He has a most amazin' collection of tropical fish—strange and little-known varieties which he has succeeded in breeding. It's been his hobby for twenty years, and he is constantly going on expeditions to the Amazon, Siam, India, the Paraguay basin, Brazil, and Bermuda. He has also made trips to China and has scoured the Orinoco. Only a year or so ago the papers were full of his trip from Liberia to the Congo. . . ."

"They're queer-looking things," Heath supplemented. "Some of 'em look like sea monsters that haven't grown up."

"Their shapes and their colorings are very beautiful, however," commented Vance with a faint smile.

"But that wasn't all," the Sergeant went on, ignoring Vance's æsthetic observation. "This fellow Stamm had lizards and baby alligators——"

"And probably piranhas and frogs and snakes——"

"I'll say he has snakes!" The Sergeant made a grimace of disgust. "Plenty of 'em—crawling in and out of big flat tanks of water. . . ."

"Yes." Vance nodded and looked toward Markham. "Stamm, I understand, has a terrarium along with his fish. The two often go together, don't y' know."

Markham grunted and studied the Sergeant for a moment.

"Perhaps," he remarked at length, in a flat, matter-of-fact tone, "Montague was merely playing a practical joke on the other guests. How do you know he didn't swim under water to the other side of the pool and disappear up the opposite bank?—Was it dark enough there so the others couldn't have seen him?"

"Sure it was dark enough," the Sergeant told him. "The flood lights don't reach all across the water. But that explanation is out. I myself thought something of that kind might have happened, seeing as how there had been a lot of liquor going round, and I took a look over the place. But the opposite side of the pool is almost a straight precipice of rock, nearly a hundred feet high. Across the upper end of the pool, where the creek runs in, there's a big filter, and not only would it be hard for a man to climb it, but the lights reach that far and any one of the party could have seen him there. Then at the lower end of the pool, where the water has been dammed up with a big cement wall, there's a drop of twenty feet or so, with plenty of rocks down below. No guy's going to take a chance dropping over the dam in order to create a little excitement. On the side of the pool nearest the house, where the springboard is, there's a concrete retaining wall which a swimmer might climb over; but here again the flood lights would give him dead away."

"AND there's no other possible way Montague could have got out of the pool without being seen?"

"Yes, there's one way he might have done it—but he didn't. Between the end of the filter and the steep cliff that comes down on the opposite side of the pool, there's a low open space of about fifteen feet which leads off to the lower part of the estate. And this flat opening is plenty dark so that the people on the house side of the pool couldn't have seen anything there."

"Well, there's probably your explanation."

"No, it isn't, Mr. Markham," Heath asserted emphatically. "The minute I went down to the pool and got the lay of the land, I took Hennessey with me across the top of the big filter and looked for footprints on this fifteen-foot low bank. You know it had been raining all evening, and the ground over there is damp anyway, so that if there had been any kind of footprints they would have stuck out plain. But the whole area was perfectly smooth. Moreover, Hennessey and I went back into the grass a little distance from the bank, thinking that maybe the guy might have climbed up on a ledge of the rock and jumped over the muddy edge of the water. But there wasn't a sign of anything there either."

"That being the case," said Markham, "they'll probably find his body when the pool is dragged. . . . Did you order that done?"

"Not to-night I didn't. It would take two or three hours to get a boat and hooks up there, and you couldn't do anything much at night anyway. But that'll all be taken care of the first thing in the morning."

"Well," decided Markham impatiently, "I can't see that there's anything more for you to do to-night. As soon as the body is found the Medical Examiner will be notified, and he'll probably say that Montague has a fractured skull and put the whole thing down as accidental death."

There was a tone of dismissal in his voice, but Heath refused to be moved by it. I had never seen the Sergeant so stubborn.

"You may be right, Chief," he conceded reluctantly. "But I got other ideas. And I came all the way down here to ask you if you wouldn't come up and give the situation the once-over."

Something in the Sergeant's voice must have affected Markham, for instead of replying at once he again studied the other quizzically. Finally he asked:

"Just what have you done so far in connection with the case?"

"To tell the truth, I haven't done much of anything," the Sergeant admitted. "I haven't had time. I naturally got the names and addresses of everybody in the house and questioned each one of 'em in a routine way. I couldn't talk to Stamm because he was out of the picture and the doctor was working over him. Most of my time was spent in going around the pool, seeing what I could learn. But, as I told you, I didn't find out anything except that Montague didn't play any joke on his friends. Then I went back to the house and telephoned to you. I left things up there in charge of the three men I took along with me. And after I told everybody that they couldn't go home until I got back, I beat it down here. . . . That's my story, and I'm probably stuck with it."

Despite the forced levity of his last remark he looked up at Markham with, I thought, an appealing insistence.

Once more Markham hesitated and returned the Sergeant's gaze.

"You are convinced there was foul play?" he queried.

"I'm not convinced of anything," Heath retorted. "I'm just not satisfied with the way things stack up. Furthermore, there's a lot of funny relationships in that crowd up there. Everybody seems jealous of everybody else. A couple of guys are dotty on the same girl, and nobody seemed to care a hoot—except Stamm's young sister—that Montague didn't come up from his dive. The fact is, they all seemed damned pleased about it—which didn't set right with me. And even Miss Stamm didn't seem to be worrying particularly about Montague. I can't explain exactly what I mean, but she seemed to be all upset about something else connected with his disappearance."

"I still can't see," returned Markham, "that you have any tangible explanation for your attitude. The best thing, I think, is to wait and see what to-morrow brings."

"Maybe yes." But instead of accepting Markham's obvious dismissal Heath poured himself another drink and relighted his cigar.

DURING this conversation between the Sergeant and the District Attorney, Vance had lain back in his chair contemplating the two dreamily, sipping his champagne cup and smoking languidly. But a certain deliberate tenseness in the way he moved his hand to and from his lips, convinced me that he was deeply interested in everything that was being said.

At this point he crushed out his cigarette, set down his glass, and rose to his feet.

"Really, y' know, Markham old dear," he said in a drawling voice, "I think we should toddle along with the Sergeant to the site of the mystery. It can't do the slightest harm, and it's a beastly night anyway. A bit of excitement, however tame the ending, might help us forget the weather. And we may be affected by the same sinister atmospheres which have so inflamed the Sergeant's hormones."

Markham looked up at him in mild astonishment.

"Why, in the name of Heaven, should you want to go to the Stamm estate?"

"For one thing," Vance returned, stifling a yawn, "I am tremendously interested, d' y' see, in looking over Stamm's collection of toy fish. I bred them myself in an amateur way once, but because of lack of space, I concentrated on the color breeding of the *Beta Splendens* and *Cambodian*—Siamese fighting fish, don't y' know."*

Markham studied him for a few moments

* At one time Vance had turned his sun parlor into an aquarium and devoted several years to breeding these beautiful veil-tailed fish. He succeeded in producing cornflower blue, deep maroon, and even black specimens; and he won several awards with them at the exhibitions of the New York Aquarium Society at the Museum of Natural History.

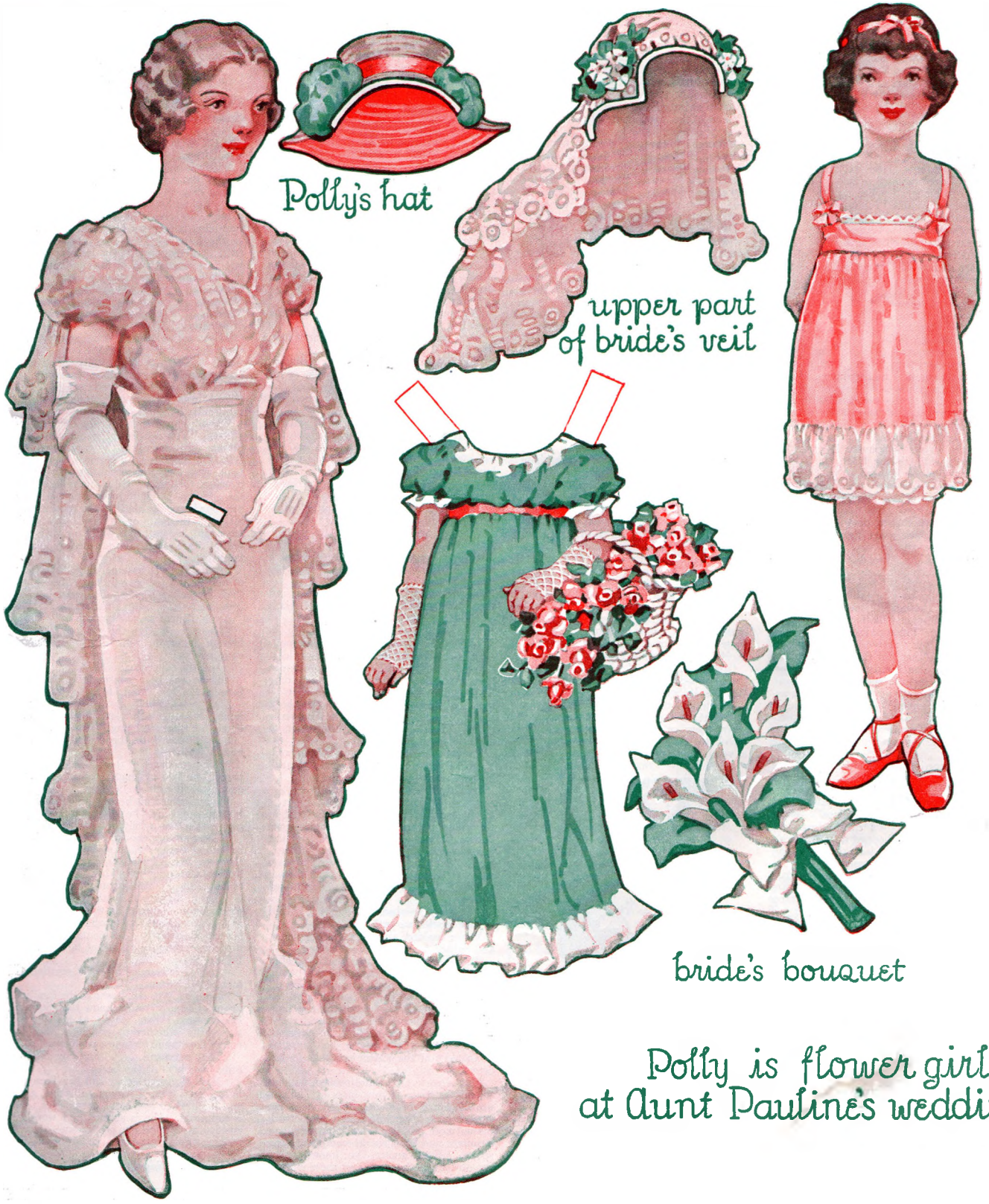
Continued on page 50

The Dragon Murder Case

Continued from page 9

By Gertrude A. Kay

Adventures of Polly *and* Peter Perkins



The Dragon Murder Case

Continued from page 48

without replying. He knew Vance well enough to realize that his explanation for wanting to accede to the Sergeant's request was inspired by a much deeper reason than the patently frivolous one he gave. And he also knew that no amount of questioning would make Vance elucidate just then.

After a minute Markham also rose. He glanced at his watch and shrugged.

"Past midnight," he commented disgustedly. "The perfect hour, of course, to inspect fish! . . . Shall we drive out in the Sergeant's car or take yours?"

"Oh, mine, by all means. We'll follow the Sergeant." And Vance rang for Currie to bring him his hat and stick.

II.

A STARTLING ACCUSATION

(Sunday, August 12; 12:30 a. m.)

A FEW minutes later we were headed up Broadway. Sergeant Heath led the way in his small police car and Markham and Vance and I followed in Vance's Hispano-Suiza. Reaching Dyckman Street, we went west to Payson Avenue and turned up the steep winding Bolton Road.* When we had reached the highest point of the road we swung into a wide private driveway with two tall square stone posts at the entrance, and circled upward around a mass of evergreen trees until we reached the apex of the hill. It was on this site that the famous old Stamm residence had been built nearly a century before.

It was a wooded estate, abounding in cedar, oak, and spruce trees, with patches of rough lawns and rock gardens. From this vantage point could be seen, to the north, the dark Gothic turrets of the House of Mercy, silhouetted against the clearing sky which seemed to have sucked up the ghostly lights of Marble Hill a mile distant across the waters of Spuyten Duyvil. To the south, through the trees, the faintly flickering glow of Manhattan cast an uncanny spell. Eastward, on either side of the black mass of the Stamm residence, a few tall buildings along Seaman Avenue and Broadway reached up over the hazy horizon like black giant fingers. Behind and below us, to the west, the Hudson River moved sluggishly, a dark opaque mass illuminated here and there by the moving lights of boats.

But although on every side we could see evidences of the modern busy life of New York, a feeling of isolation and mystery crept over me. I seemed infinitely removed from all the busy activities of the world; and I realized then, for the first time, how strange an anachronism Inwood was. Though this historic spot—with its great trees, its crumbling houses, its ancient associations, its rugged wildness, and its rustic quietude—was actually a part of Manhattan, it nevertheless seemed like some hidden fastness set away in a remote coign of the world.

As we turned into the small parking space at the head of the private driveway, we noticed an old-fashioned Ford coupé parked about fifty yards from the wide balustraded stone steps that led to the house.

"That's the doctor's car," Heath explained to us, as he hopped down from his machine. "The garage is on the lower road on the east side of the house."

He led the way up the steps to the massive bronze front door over which a dim light was burning; and we were met by Detective Snitkin in the narrow paneled vestibule.

"I'm glad you're back, Sergeant," the detective said, after saluting Markham respectfully.

"Don't you like the situation either, Snitkin?" Vance asked lightly.

"Not me, sir," the other returned, going toward the inner front door. "It's got me worried."

"Anything else happen?" Heath inquired abruptly.

"Nothing except that Stamm has begun to sit up and take notice."

He gave three taps on the door which was immediately opened by a liveried butler who regarded us suspiciously.

"Is this really necessary, Officer?" he asked Heath in a suave voice, as he reluctantly held the door open for us. "You see, sir, Mr. Stamm——"

"I'm running this show," Heath interrupted curtly. "You're here to take orders, not to ask questions."

The butler bowed with a sleek, obsequious smile, and closed the door after us.

"What are your orders, sir?"

"You stay here at the front door," Heath replied brusquely, "and don't let any one in." He then turned to Snitkin, who had followed us into the spacious lower hallway. "Where's the gang and what are they doing?"

"Stamm's in the library—that room over there—with the doctor." Snitkin jerked his thumb toward a pair of heavy tapestry portières at the rear of the hall. "I sent the rest of the bunch to their rooms, as you told me. Burke is sitting out on the rear doorstep, and Hennessey is down by the pool."

Heath grunted.

"That's all right." He turned to Markham. "What do you want to do first, Chief? Shall I show you the lay of the land and how the swimming pool is constructed? Or do you want to ask these babies some questions?"

Markham hesitated, and Vance spoke languidly.

"Really, Markham, I'm rather inclined to think we should first do a bit of what you call probing. I'd jolly well like to know what preceded this *al-fresco* bathing party, and I'd like to view the participants. The pool will keep till later; and—one can't tell, can one?—it may take on a different significance once we have established a sort of social background for the unfortunate escapade."

"It doesn't matter to me." Markham was plainly impatient and skeptical. "The sooner we find out why we're here at all, the better pleased I'll be."

Vance's eyes were roving desultorily about the hallway. It was paneled in Tudor style, and the furniture was dark and massive. Life-sized, faded oil portraits hung about the walls, and all the doors were heavily draped. It was a gloomy place filled with shadows, with a musty odor which accentuated its inherent unmodernity.

"A perfect setting for your fears, Sergeant," Vance mused. "There are few of these old houses left, and I'm trying to decide whether or not I'm grateful."

"In the meantime," snapped Markham, "suppose we go to the drawing room. . . . Where is it, Sergeant?"

Heath pointed to a curtained archway on the right, and we were about to proceed when there came the sound of soft descending footsteps on the stairs, and a voice spoke to us from the shadows.

"May I be of any assistance, gentlemen?"

The tall figure of a man approached us. When he had come within the radius of flickering light thrown by the old-fashioned crystal chandelier, we discerned an unusual and, as I thought at the time, sinister person.

He was over six feet tall, slender and wiry, and gave the impression of steely strength. He had a dark, almost swarthy, complexion, with keen calm black eyes which had something of the look of an eagle in them. His nose was markedly Roman and very narrow. His cheek bones were high, and there were slight hollows under them. Only his mouth and chin were Nordic: his lips were thin and met in a straight line; and his deeply cleft chin was heavy and powerful. His hair, brushed straight back from a low broad forehead, seemed very black in the dim light of the hallway. His clothes were in the best of taste, subdued and well cut, but there was a carelessness in the way he wore them which made me feel that he regarded them as a sort of compromise with an unnecessary convention.

"My name is Leland," he explained, when he had reached us. "I am a friend of long standing in this household, and I was a guest to-night at the time of the most unfortunate accident."

He spoke with peculiar precision, and I understood exactly the impression that the Sergeant received over the telephone when Leland had first communicated with him.

Vance had been regarding the man critically. "Do you live in Inwood, Mr. Leland," he asked casually.

The other gave a barely perceptible nod.

"I live in a cottage in Shorakapkok, the site of the ancient Indian village, on the hillside which overlooks the old Spuyten Duyvil Creek."

"Near the Indian caves?"

"Yes, just across what they now call the Shell Bed."

"And you have known Mr. Stamm a long time?"

"For fifteen years." The man hesitated. "I have accompanied him on many of his expeditions in search of tropical fish."

Vance kept his gaze steadily upon the strange figure.

"And perhaps also," he said, with a coldness which I did not then understand, "you accompanied Mr. Stamm on his expeditions for lost treasure in the Caribbean? It seems I recall your name being mentioned in connection with those romantic adventures."

"You are right," Leland admitted without change of expression.

Vance turned away.

"Quite—oh, quite. I think you may be just the person to help us with the present problem. Suppose we stagger into the drawing room for a little chat."

He drew apart the heavy curtains, and the butler came swiftly forward to switch on the electric lights.

WE FOUND ourselves in an enormous room, the ceiling of which was at least twenty feet high. A large Aubusson carpet covered the floor; and the heavy and ornate Louis-Quinze furniture, now somewhat dilapidated and faded, had been set about the walls with formal precision. The whole room had a fusty and tarnished air of desuetude and antiquity.

Vance looked about him and shuddered.

"Evidently not a popular rendezvous," he commented, as if to himself.

Leland glanced at him shrewdly.

"No," he vouchsafed. "The room is rarely used. The household has lived in the less formal rooms at the rear ever since Joshua Stamm died. The most popular quarters are the library and the vivarium which Stamm added to the house ten years ago. He spends most of his time there."

"With the fish, of course," remarked Vance.

"They are an absorbing hobby," Leland explained without enthusiasm.

Vance nodded abstractedly, sat down, and lighted a cigarette.

"Since you have been so kind as to offer your assistance, Mr. Leland," he began, "suppose you tell us just what the conditions were in the house to-night, and the various incidents that preceded the tragedy." Then, before the other could reply, he added: "I understand from Sergeant Heath that you were rather insistent that he should take the matter in hand. Is that correct?"

"Quite correct," Leland replied, without the faintest trace of uneasiness. "The failure of young Montague to come to the surface after diving into the pool struck me as most peculiar. He is an excellent swimmer and an adept at various athletic sports. Furthermore, he knows every square foot of the pool; and there is practically no chance whatever that he could have struck his head on the bottom. The other side of the pool is somewhat shallow and has a sloping wall, but the near side, where the *cabanas* and the diving board are, is at least twenty-five feet deep."

"Still," suggested Vance, "the man may have had a cramp or a sudden concussion from the dive. Such things have happened, don't y' know." His eyes were fixed languidly but appraisingly on Leland. "Just what was your object in urging a member of the Homicide Bureau to investigate the situation?"

"Merely a question of precaution—" Leland began, but Vance interrupted him.

"Yes, yes, to be sure. But why should you feel that caution was necess'ry in the circumstances?"

A CYNICAL smile appeared at the corners of the man's mouth.

"This is not a household," he replied, "where life runs normally. The Stamms, as you may know, are an intensely inbred line. Joshua Stamm and his wife were first cousins, and both pairs of grandparents were also related by blood. Paresis runs in the family. There has been nothing fixed or permanent in the natures of the last two generations of Stamms, and life in this household is always pushing out at unexpected angles. The ordinary family diagrams are constantly being broken up. There is little stabilization, either physical or intellectual."

"Even so"—Vance, I could see, had become deeply interested in the man—"how would these facts of heredity have any bearing on Montague's disappearance?"

"Montague," Leland returned in a flat voice, "was engaged to Stamm's sister, Bernice."

"Ah!" Vance drew deeply on his cigarette. "You are inferring perhaps that Stamm was opposed to the engagement?"

"I am making no inferences." Leland took out a long-stemmed brier pipe and a pouch of tobacco. "If Stamm objected to the alliance, he made no mention of it to me. He is not the kind of man who reveals his inner thoughts or feelings. But, as I have said, his nature is pregnant with potentialities." Deftly he filled his pipe and lighted it.

"And are we to assume, then, that your calling in the police was based on—what shall we call it?—the Mendelian law of breeding as applied to the Stamms?"

Again Leland smiled cynically.

"No, not exactly—though it may have been a factor in rousing my suspicious curiosity."

"And the other factors?"

"There has been considerable drinking here in the last twenty-four hours."

"Oh, yes; alcohol—that great releaser of inhibitions. . . . But let's forgo the academic for the time being."

Leland moved to the center-table and leaned against it.

"The personages of this particular house party," he said at length, "are not above gaining their ends at any cost."

Vance inclined his head. "That remark is more promising," he commented. "Suppose you tell us briefly of these people."

"There are few enough of them," Leland began. "Besides Stamm and his sister, there is a Mr. Alex Greeff, a reputed stock-broker, who unquestionably has some designs on the Stamm fortune. Then there is Kirwin Tatum, a dissipated and disreputable young ne'er-do-well, who, as far as I can make out, exists wholly by sponging on his friends. Incidentally, he has made something of an ass of himself over Bernice Stamm. . . ."

"And Greeff—what are his sentiments toward Miss Stamm?"

"I cannot say. He poses as the family's financial adviser, and I know that Stamm has invested rather heavily at his suggestion. But whether or not he wishes to marry the Stamm fortune is problematical."

"Thanks no end. . . . And now for the other members of the party."

"Mrs. McAdam—they call her Teeny—is the usual type of widow, talkative, gay, and inclined to overindulgence. Her past is unknown. She is shrewd and worldly, and has a practical eye on Stamm—always making a great fuss over him, but obviously

Continued on page 57

* This is not to be confused with Lower Bolton Road, otherwise known as River Road, which turns off Dyckman Street near the New York Central Hudson River railroad tracks and passes below the Memorial Hospital.

Suit Yourself with Cape, Box-Coat or Jacket Types

For you must be well-suited this season, to be smart. And it's easy to suit yourself with the variety of styles Paris, and Pictorial, present. Boyish or school-girl-uniform types, swagger capes, chic two-thirds or three-quarter length box-coats—here are all the important suits, ready for you in our Easy-to-Make models.

. . . Do notice the new silhouette: broad-shouldered, small-waisted, with a slim straight skirtline. Remember, too, the chic of big bows, little ruffles, shorter sleeves, and those great flared sleeves for evening.

And be sure to use the new crêpe, sacking, crash, or woolly cottons for day; and organdie or piqué for night.

6585—Ensemble. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch dotted fabric, 1¼ yard 36-inch plain. Width about 1¾ yard. Smart Paris notes: the dark blouse with a light suit, the big bow, and wide shoulders.

6553—Suit. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch material, 1 yard ribbon for tie. Width about 1¾ yard. The collar and tie are boyishly young, the shorter sleeve, cut in one with the yoke, is new.

6555—Frock and Cape. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch fabric, 1⅝ yard 36-inch dark for blouse. Width about 1½ yard. Very important the "Toreador" cape and the contrasting dark blouse.

6600—Ensemble. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 5⅞ yards 39-inch print, ⅞ yard plain. Width about 2 yards. The tiered cape coat is smart worn open down the front. Ruching trims the fashionable bow.

6554—Suit. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch check, 1½ yard 36-inch plain. Width about 1½ yard. Here are checks, a high little peplum, a slim skirt, and new cuffs. Grand in woolly cotton.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions—are obtainable at leading shops, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 65

No. 1

No. 2

No. 3

6569

6556

6572

6569 — Hats. Head sizes 21, 22 and 23 inches. Size 21 requires, No. 1, 1/2 yard 36-inch; No. 2, 1/2 yd. 36-in.; No. 3, 3/4 yard 36-in. fabric.

6556—Coat. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 54-inch fabric, 1/2 yard 54-inch fur cloth, 2 7/8 yards 39-inch lining.

6572—Coat. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 5 1/2 yards 39-inch novelty fabric. This slim-lined cape-coat is new in woolly cotton.

6561

6561—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 1/8 yards 36-inch light, 1 yard dark.

6564

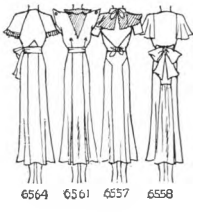
6564—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4 1/8 yards 36-inch print, 2 1/2 yards ruching. Width 2 1/2 yards.

6557

6557—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4 1/8 yards 36-inch light, 1/2 yard dark. Width about 2 1/4 yds.

6558

6558—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards 39-inch fabric, 3 yards velvet ribbon. Width about 3 yards. New capelets.



6564 6561 6557 6558

Cottons and Capes, the Smartest Styles Under the Sun

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 65

6551

6551—Frock and Cape. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 3¾ yards. Note small view.

6559

6559—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 39-in. fabric. Width 4⅜ yds.

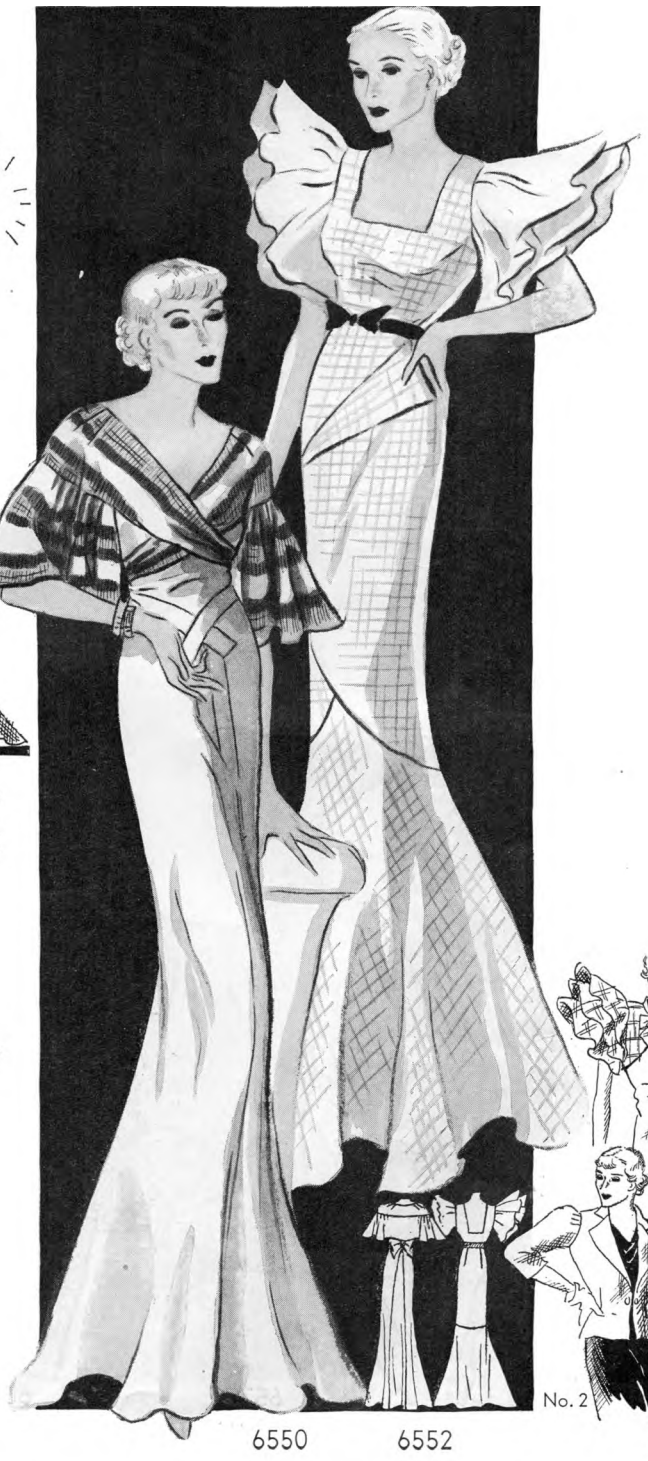
6549

6549—Frock and Jacket. Designed for sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16—2⅞ yds. 39-in. dark, ¾ yd. light, 2⅛ yds. 36-in. for jacket.

6570

6570—Frock. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch light, ½ yd. dark. Width 3½ yds.

6551 6559 6549 6570



6550 6552

6550—Frock and Cape. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16—4⅜ yds. 39-in. plain, 3⅜ yds. 8-in., 2 yds. 10-in. striped ribbon for cape.

6552—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch check, 1¼ yard plain, 1⅛ yd. ribbon. Organdie!

6562

6562—Jackets. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires, No. 1, 3½ yards 36-inch plaid, No. 2, 2⅜ yds. 36-in. plain. Easy to Make.

Romantic Cottons, Sure Successes for Romantic Nights

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions—are obtainable at leading shops, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 65

New Wide-Shouldered Slim-Skirted Styles All Easy-to-Make

6601 — Blouse. Designed for sizes 12 to 44. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch material. "Gibson Girl" shirtwaist, new in dark organdie.

6587 — Blouse. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch fabric. Note the mannish vest and feminine sleeves.

6575 — Frock and Cape. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch light, 1⅜ yard dark. Mon. 721, 4 ins.

6586 — Blouse. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 3 yds. 36-in. fabric. Taffeta for this be-ruffled, Easy-to-Make blouse.

6579—Ensemble. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch plain, 3 yards 36-inch striped. Mon. 725, 3 inches.

6590—Ensemble. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch light, 1⅝ yard 36-in. striped. Width 1⅝ yard.

6575 6590 6579

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. . You'll Look Taller And Slimmer in These Styles Made for You

For a perfect fit is half of perfect chic. So, if you have an average bust and an above-average hip measurement, use our Larger-Hip models; but if you're shorter in all proportions, you need our Little Women's designs. Note ruching, bows, contrast and other new details.

Little Women 6582 | Larger-Hip 6566 | Larger-Hip 6581 | Little Women 6576

6583 — Larger-Hip Ensemble. Designed for sizes 35 to 47. Size 41 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch dotted, 2⅜ yards 36-inch plain.

6582—Little Women's Frock. Designed for sizes 12½ to 40½. Size 20½ requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch print, 3 yds. ruching.

6566 — Larger-Hip Frock. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch print, 1⅛ yard 39-inch plain fabric.

6581 — Larger-Hip Ensemble. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4 yards 39-inch plain, 3⅝ yards 39-inch print.

6576—Little Women's Frock and Jacket. Sizes 12½ to 40½. Size 20½ —4⅜ yds. 39-in. light, ⅝ yd. dark, 1⅜ yd. ruching.

Easy-to-Fit Styles for Little Women and Larger-Hip Figures

Patterns, including Pictorial—"step-by-step" directions—are obtainable at leading shops, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 65

Juniors Can Sew With These Simple Models

6598 — Frock and Panties. Designed for sizes 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/8 yards 39-inch print for frock and panties, 1/4 yard 39-inch plain for collar. Note the cute shoulder ruffles.

6592—Sun Suit and Cape. Designed for sizes 1 to 6 years. Size 3 requires 1 yard 36-inch check. Easy-to-Make in gingham, this is a comfy, healthy suit for the kiddie to wear for summer.

6594—Sun Suit and Coat. Designed for sizes 2 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/4 yards 36-inch fabric. Cool sturdy seersucker is a perfect choice for this cute suit. A coat is also included.

6602—Boys' Suit. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 3/8 yard 36-inch fabric, 1/2 yard contrasting. He'll be cool and comfortable in this. It's inexpensive to make, too.

6593—Frock. Designed for sizes 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2 3/8 yards 39-inch plaid, 7/8 yard 39-inch plain fabric. This is chic in batiste. Note shirred sleeves, pleatings, and pockets.

6597—Ensemble. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 39-inch print, 1 yard 36-inch plain. It's new to wear the jacket open in the front. Note slashed sleeves.

6595—Frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3 1/4 yards 36-inch fabric, 1/2 yard ribbon for bow, 1 5/8 yard ribbon for sash. Note the smart new way of wearing the sash.

6591—Frock and Apron. Designed for sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 7/8 yard 36-inch dotted fabric, 1 3/8 yard 36-inch plain. Every little girl will want this Alice in Wonderland frock.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 65

with some ulterior motive. Young Tatum whispered to me confidentially, in a moment of drunken laxity, that Montague and this McAdam woman once lived together."

Vance clicked his tongue in mock disapproval.

"I begin to sense the potentialities of the situation. Most allurin'. . . . Any one else to complicate this delightful social *melange?*"

"Yes, a Miss Steele. Ruby is her first name. She is an intense creature, of indeterminate age, who dresses fantastically and is always playing a part of some kind. She paints pictures and sings and talks of her 'art.' I believe she was once on the stage. . . . And that completes the roster—except for Montague and myself. Another woman was invited, so Stamm told me, but she sent in her regrets at the last minute."

"Ah! Now, that's most interestin'. Did Mr. Stamm mention her name?"

"No, but you might ask him when the doctor gets him in shape."

"What of Montague?" Vance asked. "A bit of gossip regarding his proclivities and background might prove illuminatin'."

LELAND hesitated. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and refilled it. When he had got it going again he answered with a show of reluctance:

"Montague was what you might call a professional handsome-man. He was an actor by profession, but he never seemed to get very far—although he was featured in one or two motion pictures in Hollywood. He always lived well, at one of the fashionable and expensive hotels. He attended first nights and was a frequenter of the east-side night clubs. He had a decidedly pleasant manner and was, I understand, most attractive to women. . . ." Leland paused, packed his pipe, and added: "I really know very little about the man."

"I recognize the type." Vance regarded his cigarette. "However, I shouldn't say the gathering was altogether unusual, or that the elements involved were necess'rily indicative of deliberate tragedy."

"No," Leland admitted. "But it impressed me as noteworthy that practically every one present at the party to-night might have had an excellent motive for putting Montague out of the way."

Vance lifted his eyebrows interrogatively.

"Yes?" he urged.

"Well, to begin with, Stamm himself might have been violently opposed to Montague's marrying his sister. He is very fond of her, and he certainly has intelligence enough to realize that the match would have been a sorry misalliance.—Young Tatum is certainly in a state of mind to murder any rival for Miss Stamm's affections.—Greeff is a man who would stop at nothing, and Montague's marrying into the Stamm family might easily have wrecked his financial ambition to control the fortune. Or, perhaps, he actually hoped to marry Bernice himself.—Then again, there was unquestionably something between Teeny McAdam and Montague—I noticed it quite plainly after Tatum had told me of their former relationship. She may have resented his deflection to another woman. Nor is she the kind that would tolerate being thrown over. Furthermore, if she really has any matrimonial designs on Stamm, she may have been afraid that Montague would spoil her prospects by telling Stamm of her past."

"And what about the tense *bohemienne*, Miss Steele?"

A HARD look came into Leland's face as he hesitated. Then he said with a certain sinister resolution:

"I trust her least of them all. There was some definite friction between her and Montague. She was constantly making unpleasant remarks about him—in fact, she ridiculed him openly, and rarely addressed an ordinarily civil word to him. When Montague suggested the swim in the pool she walked with him to the *cabanas*, talking earnestly. I could not make out what was said, but I got a decided impression that she was berating him for something. When we came out in our bathing suits and Montague said that he would take the first dive, she walked up to him with a leer and said, in a tone which I could not help overhearing, 'I hope you never come up.' And

The Dragon Murder Case

Continued from page 50

when Montague failed to appear her remark struck me as significant. . . . Perhaps now you can realize——"

"Quite—oh, quite," Vance murmured. "I can see all the possibilities you put forth. A sweet little conclave—eh, what?" He looked up sharply. "And what about yourself, Mr. Leland? Were you, by any chance, interested in Montague's demise?"

"Perhaps more than any of the others," Leland answered with grim frankness. "I disliked the man intensely, and I considered it an outrage that he was to marry Bernice. I not only told her so, but I also expressed my opinion to her brother."

"And why," pursued Vance dulcetly, "should you take the matter so much to heart?"

Leland shifted his position on the edge of the table and took his pipe slowly from his mouth.

"Miss Stamm is a very fine and unusual young woman." He spoke with slow deliberation, as if carefully choosing his words. "I admire her greatly. I have known her since she was a child, and during the past few years we have become very good friends. I simply did not think that Montague was good enough for her." He paused and was about to continue, but changed his mind.

Vance had watched the man closely as he spoke.

"You're quite lucid, don't y' know, Mr. Leland," he murmured, nodding slowly and looking vaguely at the ceiling. "Yes—quite so. I apprehend that you had an excellent motive for doing away with the dashing Mr. Montague. . . ."

At this moment there came an unexpected interruption. The portières of the drawing room had been left parted, and suddenly we heard rapid footsteps on the stairs. We turned toward the door, and a moment later a tall, spectacular woman thrust herself excitedly into the room.

She was perhaps thirty-five years old, with an unusually pallid face and crimson lips. Her dark hair was parted in the middle and smoothed back over her ears into a knot at the back of her neck. She wore a long black chiffon gown which seemed to have been cut in one piece and molded to her figure. The only touches of color in her costume were supplied by her jade jewelry. She wore long pendent jade earrings, a triple jade bead necklace, jade bracelets, several jade rings, and a large carved jade brooch.

As she entered the room her eyes were fixed blazingly on Leland, and she took several steps toward him. There was a tiger-like menace in her attitude. Then she cast a quick glance at the rest of us, but immediately brought her gaze back to Leland, who stood regarding her with quizzical imperturbability. Slowly she raised her arm and pointed at him, at the same time leaning toward him and narrowing her eyes.

"There's the man!" she cried in a deep resonant voice, vibrant with passion.

Vance had risen lazily to his feet and reached for his monocle. Adjusting it, he regarded the woman mildly but critically.

"Thanks awfully," he drawled. "We have met Mr. Leland informally. But we haven't yet had the pleasure——"

"My name is Steele," she cut in almost viciously. "Ruby Steele. And I could hear some of the things that were being said about me by this man. They are all lies. He is only trying to shield himself—to focus suspicion on others."

She turned her fiery eyes from Vance back to Leland and again lifted an accusing finger.

"He's the man that's responsible for Sanford Montague's death. It was he who planned and accomplished it. He hated Monty, for he himself is in love with Bernice Stamm. And he told Monty to keep away from Bernice, or he would kill him. Monty told me that himself. Ever since I came to this house yesterday morning, I have had a clutching feeling here"—she pressed her hands dramatically against her bosom—"that some terrible thing was going to happen—that this man would carry out his threat." She made a theatrical gesture of tragedy, interlocking her fingers and carrying them to her forehead. "And he has done it! . . . Oh, he is sly! He is shrewd——"

"Just how, may I ask," put in Vance, in a cool, unemotional voice, "did Mr. Leland accomplish this feat?"

The woman swung toward him disdainfully.

"The technique of crime," she replied throatily, and with exaggerated hauteur, "is not within my province. You should be able to find out how he did it. You're policemen, aren't you? I heard this man telephone to you urging you to come. He's sly, I tell you! He thought that if anything suspicious were discovered when poor Monty's body was found, you'd eliminate him as the murderer because he had telephoned to you."

"Very interestin'," nodded Vance, with a touch of irony. "So you formally accuse Mr. Leland of deliberately planning Mr. Montague's death?"

"I do!" the woman declared sententiously, extending her arms in a studied gesture of emphasis. "And I know I'm right, though it's true I do not know how he did it. But he has strange powers. He's an Indian—did you know that?—an Indian! He can tell when people have passed a certain tree by looking at the bark. He can track people over the whole of Inwood by broken twigs and crushed leaves. He can tell by the moss on stones how long it has been since they were moved or walked over. He can tell by looking at the ashes of fires how long the flames have been out. He can tell by smelling a garment or a hat, to whom it belongs. And he can read strange signs and tell by the scent of the wind when the rain is coming. He can do all manner of things of which white men know nothing. He knows all the secrets of these hills, for his people have lived in them for generations. He's an Indian—a subtle, scheming Indian." As she spoke her voice rose excitedly and an impressive histrionic eloquence informed her speech.

"But, my dear young lady," Vance protested pleasantly, "the qualities and characteristics which you ascribe to Mr. Leland are not what one would call unusual, except in a comparative sense. His knowledge of woodcraft and his sensitivity to odors are really not a convincing basis for a criminal accusation. Thousands of boy scouts would constantly be in jeopardy if that were the case."

The woman's eyes became sullen, and she compressed her lips into a line of anger. After a moment she extended her hands, palms upward, in a gesture of resignation, and gave a mirthless laugh.

"Be stupid, if you want to," she remarked with forced and hollow lightness. "But some day you'll come to me and tell me how right I was."

"It will be jolly good fun, anyway," smiled Vance. "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*, as Vergil put it. . . . In the meantime, I must be most impolite and ask that you be good enough to wait in your room until such time as we shall wish to question you further. We have several little matters to attend to."

Without a word she turned and swept majestically from the room.

III.

THE SPLASH IN THE POOL

(Sunday, August 12; 1:15 a. m.)

DURING Ruby Steele's diatribe Leland had stood smoking placidly, watching the woman with stoical dignity. He did not seem in the least disturbed by her accusation, and when she had left the room, he shrugged mildly and gave Vance a weary smile.

"Do you wonder," he asked, with a touch of irony, "why I telephoned the police and insisted that they come?"

Vance studied him listlessly.

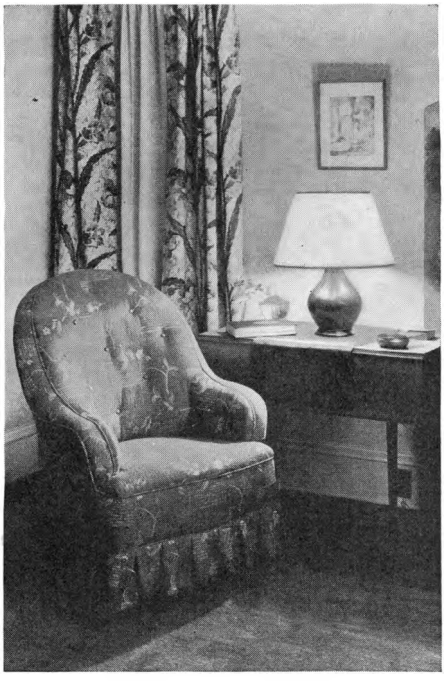
"You anticipated being accused of having maneuvered Montague's disappearance—eh, what?"

"Not exactly. But I knew there would be all manner of rumors and whisperings, and I thought it best to have the matter over with at once, and to give the authorities the best possible chance of clarifying the situation and fixing the blame. However, I did not expect any such scene as we have just gone through. Needless to tell you, all Miss Steele has just said is a hysterical

Continued on page 59

THE RIGHT SHADE ON THE RIGHT LAMP

By Helen G. McKinlay



A shade whose width spreads light on the page, but protects the reader's eyes

A lamp beside a desk should be to the left and light the entire desk pad

IN PLANNING our living rooms for the summertime let's turn our attention for a moment to the lamps to be used, for even in summer we need them after nightfall. We women all take great pride in the general atmosphere of comfort in these rooms. We endeavor—nay, we secretly covet and eagerly seek—to create there a "beseated" air of restfulness, particularly when the heat of summer days is so fatiguing.

All too often, however, the lighting is such that it does not inspire the guest nor even the family members with a desire to linger long therein. Really successful living rooms owe much favor to being comfortably lighted, though persons responsible for the planning of these rooms may not even be conscious of that fact. Good lighting—or poor lighting for that matter—is frequently just a happen-so. We have grown to believe that if our lamps are lovely to look upon, all is well; that if we have plenty of them, and if the bulbs give sufficient light, our lighting is beyond reproach.

Of course lamps should be lovely to look upon and they should provide us with bountiful light, but they have other equally important and worth-while qualifications to recommend them. If you are rejuvenating your living room let your lamps play the important rôle they deserve. They have psychological as well as actual powers. You may create effects with them, restful and cooling, for the approaching summer months, and your appreciation of that will be an aid in selecting summer lamps. Choose them if you will with an eye to effect, but in so doing don't overlook the eye!

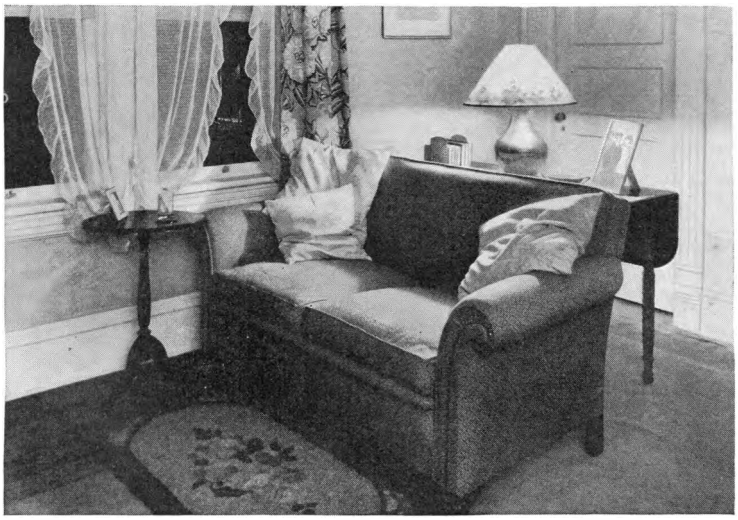
Have we not all experienced having our hostess turn out a light directly beside the place in which we were seated because the light shone in our eyes, or suffered discomfort because she didn't? Do we not know the annoyance of having some one seat himself to read the evening paper and tilt the shade of the bridge lamp so that the light, like a beacon, rudely strikes our eyes, across the room though it may be? A little misdirected light goes a long way. And light striking the eyes directly from the bulb—be it ever so small or distant a light—is sufficiently annoying to fray the nerves and cause distemper and headaches.

The question is, "What to do about it," and not, "Put out the light." First remember that the trouble does not always lie with the lamp alone. A perfectly good lamp is sometimes used in the wrong setting—placed upon a table that is too high or too low for its particular lighting requirement.

A floor lamp, for example, should be placed slightly behind one, because otherwise from its height it will usually shower quantities of "raw" light upon the victim seated beneath it.

Sometimes a squatty lamp is enlisted into the ranks of useful service whose official duty was only to add a touch of color or lend a bit of decoration to a room. If only the women who indulge in that sport of rearranging their furniture would be similarly stricken with a longing to shift their lamps about, undoubtedly some happy changes would come to light!

Even after juggling the lamps about you may find it expedient to make a few purchases—and indeed the teasing summer prices make them hard to resist; but first appraise your requirements. For what purpose is the lamp to be used—reading, writing, or card playing? Where will it be placed in your living room—on the living-room table or on one less substantial? How many "spots" must this new purchase light? And so on. Only you can know the answer to your own needs.



The conical shade provides liberal light beneath it, yet hides the bulbs from exposure at the top—desirable if placed out from a wall

Remember that colors will do much toward making the room gay or somber; but avoid with determination purchasing shades which are dark if you want your money's worth, for dark shades withhold much light. Since the "spread" of light beneath a shade is principally governed by the size of the shade across the bottom and the height of the lamp stand, these two factors are of importance when purchasing new ones.

Let's get down to some specific considerations and, for example, look at the bridge lamp. Almost every one has one and, properly used, it may be a most satisfactory lamp to own. It was, by the way, never meant as a lamp to use when indulging in the pastime so named, as most of us know to our consternation! Its "bridge" arm, adjustable up and down to any height, is a valuable quality. If used beside a secretary—its arm lowered to bring the shade between the eyes and the bulb, and at the same time high enough so that the desk pad is bathed in light—a better type of lamp for this place could hardly be found.

Look at the desks of your acquaintances and you'll know why correspondence is carried on largely through good intentions only. Squat lamps abound, with shades jauntily awry, and many are the secretaries lighted from the wrong side. Placed to the left, the hand does not shadow the page upon which one is working. Though popularly taboo, broad shades on bridge lamps make more comfortable the lighted results. Shallow shades should be raised to broaden their "lighted circle."

A discerning glance tells us that a davenport should be equally and comfortably lighted at both ends. Therefore if light from the side is desired two lamps will be required to supply it impartially, but if placed behind the davenport one lamp will suffice. The position of a davenport in a room will influence this decision. Out

Continued on page 63

fabrication. She told but one truth—and that was only half a truth. My mother was an Algonquian Indian—the Princess White Star, a proud and noble woman, who was separated from her people when a child and reared in a Southern convent. My father was an architect, the scion of an old New York family, many years my mother's senior. They are both dead."

"You were born here?" asked Vance.

"Yes, I was born in Inwood, on the site of the old Indian village, Shorakapkok; but the house has long since gone. I live here because I love the place. It holds many happy associations of my childhood before I was sent to Europe to be educated."

"I suspected your Indian blood the moment I saw you," Vance remarked, with noncommittal aloofness. Then he stretched his legs and took a deep inhalation on his cigarette. "But suppose you tell us, Mr. Leland, just what preceded the tragedy tonight. I believe you mentioned the fact that Montague himself suggested the swim."

"That is true." Leland moved to a straight chair by the table and sat down. "We had dinner about half-past seven. There had been numerous cocktails beforehand, and during dinner Stamm brought out some heavy wines. After the coffee there was brandy and port, and I think every one drank too much. As you know, it was raining and we could not go outdoors. Later we went to the library, and there was more drinking—this time Scotch highballs. There was a little music of a rowdy nature. Young Tatum played the piano and Miss Steele sang. But that did not last long—the drinking had begun to take effect, and every one was uneasy and restless."

"And Stamm?"

"Stamm especially indulged. I have rarely seen him drink so much, though he has managed for years to punish liquor pretty systematically. He was taking Scotch straight, and after he had downed at least half a bottle I remonstrated with him. But he was in no condition to listen to reason. He became sullen and quiet, and by ten o'clock he was ignoring every one and dozing off. His sister, too, tried to bring him back to his senses, but without any success."

"AT JUST what time did you go for your swim?"

"I do not know exactly, but it was shortly after ten. It stopped raining about that time, and Montague and Bernice stepped out on the terrace. They came back almost immediately, and it was then that Montague announced that the rain had ceased and suggested that we all take a swim. Every one was willing—every one, that is, but Stamm. He was in no condition to go anywhere or do anything. Bernice and Montague urged him to join us, thinking perhaps that the water would sober him. But he was ugly and ordered Trainor to bring him another bottle of Scotch. . . ."

"Trainor?"

"That is the butler's name. . . . Stamm was sodden and helpless, so I told the others to leave him alone, and we all went down to the *cabanas*. I myself pushed the switch in the rear hallway that turns on the lights on the stairs down to the pool and also the flood lights at the pool. Montague was the first to appear in his bathing suit, but the rest of us were ready a minute or so later. . . . Then came the tragedy——"

"I say, just a moment, Mr. Leland," Vance interrupted, leaning over and breaking the ashes of his cigarette in the fireplace. "Was Montague the first in the water?"

"Yes. He was waiting on the springboard—posing, I might say—when the rest of us came out of the *cabanas*. He rather fancied himself and his figure, and I imagine there was a certain amount of vanity in his habit of always hurrying to the pool and taking the first plunge when he knew all eyes would be on him."

"And then?"

"He took a high swan dive, beautifully timed and extremely graceful—I'll say that much for the chap. We naturally waited for him to come up before following suit. We waited an interminable time—it was probably not more than a minute, but it seemed much longer. And then Mrs. McAdam gave a scream, and we all went quickly, with one accord, to the very edge of the pool and strained our eyes across the

The Dragon Murder Case

Continued from page 57

water in every direction. By this time we knew something had happened. No man could stay under water voluntarily as long as that. Bernice clutched my arm, but I threw her off and, running to the end of the springboard, dived in as near as possible at the point where Montague had disappeared."

Leland compressed his lips, and his gaze shifted.

"I swam downward," he continued, "till I came to the bottom of the pool, and searched around as best I could. I came up for air and went down again, and again I came up. A man was in the water just beside me, and I thought for a moment it was Montague. But it was only Tatum, who

had joined me in the water. He too had dived in in an effort to find Montague. Greeff also, in a bungling kind of way—he is not a very good swimmer—helped us look for the poor fellow. . . . But it was no go. We spent at least twenty minutes in the effort. Then we gave it up. . . ."

"Exactly how did you feel about the situation?" Vance asked, without looking up. "Did you have any suspicions then?"

Leland hesitated and pursed his lips, as if trying to recall his exact emotions. Finally he replied:

"I cannot say just how I did feel about it. I was rather overwhelmed. But still there was something—I do not know just what—in the back of my mind. My instinct at that moment was to get to a telephone and report the affair to the police. I did not like the turn of events—they struck me as too unusual. . . . Perhaps," he added, lifting his eyes to the ceiling with a far-away look, "I remembered—unconsciously—too may tales about the old Dragon Pool. My mother told me many strange stories when I was a child——"

"Yes, yes. Quite a romantic and legend'ry spot," Vance murmured, with a tinge of sarcasm in his words. "But I'd much rather know just what the women were doing and how they affected you when you joined them after your heroic search for Montague."

"The women?" There was a mild note of surprise in Leland's voice, and he looked penetratingly at Vance. "Oh, I see—you wish to know how they acted after the tragedy. . . . Well, Miss Stamm was crouched down on top of the wall at the edge of the water, with her hands pressed to her face, sobbing convulsively. I do not think she even noticed me—or any one else, for that matter. I got the impression that she was more frightened than anything else.—Miss Steele was standing close beside Bernice, with her head thrown back, her arms outstretched in a precise gesture of tragic supplication. . . ."

"It sounds rather as if she were rehearsing for the rôle of Iphigeneia at Aulis. . . . And what about Mrs. McAdam?"

"Funny thing about her," Leland ruminated, frowning at his pipe. "She was the one who screamed when Montague failed to come to the surface; but when I got out of the water, she was standing back from the bank, under one of the flood lights, as cold and calm as if nothing had happened. She was looking out across the pool in a most detached fashion, as if there was no one else present. And she was half smiling, in a hard, ruthless sort of way. 'We could not find him,' I muttered, as I came up to her. (I do not know why I should have addressed her rather than the others.) And without moving her eyes from the opposite side of the pool, she said, to no one in particular: 'So that's that.'"

Vance appeared unimpressed.

"So you came to the house here and telephoned?"

"Immediately. I told the others they had better get dressed and return to the house at once, and after I had telephoned I went back to my *cabaña* and got into my clothes."

"Who notified the doctor about Stamm's condition?"

"I did," the other replied. "I did not enter the library when I first came here to telephone, but when I had got into my clothes I went at once to Stamm, hoping his mind would have cleared sufficiently for him to realize the terrible thing that had happened. But he was unconscious, and the bottle on the taboret by the davenport was empty. I did my best to arouse him, but did not succeed. And then I became worried about his condition."

Leland paused, frowned with uncertainty, and then continued:

"I had never before seen Stamm in a state of complete insensibility through overindulgence in liquor, although I had seen him pretty far gone on several occasions. The state of the man shocked me. He was scarcely breathing, and his color was ghastly. Bernice came into the room at that moment and, on seeing her brother sprawled out on the davenport, exclaimed, 'He's dead, too. Oh, my God!' Then she fainted before I could reach her. I intrusted her to Mrs. McAdam—who showed an admirable competency in handling the situation—and went immediately to the telephone to summon Doctor Holliday. He has been the Stamm family physician for many years and lives in 207th Street, near here. Luckily he was at home and hurried over."

JUST then a door slammed noisily somewhere at the rear of the house, and heavy footsteps crossed the front hall and approached the drawing room. Detective Hennessey appeared at the door, his mouth partly open and his eyes protruding with excitement.

He greeted Markham perfunctorily and turned quickly to the Sergeant.

"Something's happened down there at the pool," he announced, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "I was standing by the springboard like you told me to do, smoking a cigar, when I heard a funny rumbling noise up at the top of the rock cliff opposite. And pretty soon there was a hell of a splash in the pool—sounded like a ton of bricks had been dumped off the cliff into the water. . . . I waited a coupla minutes, to see if anything else'd happen, and then I thought I'd better come up and tell you."

"Did you see anything?" demanded Heath aggressively.

"Nary a thing, Sergeant." Hennessey spoke with emphasis. "It's dark over there by the rocks, and I didn't go round over the filter ledge, because you told me to keep off that low stretch at the other end."

"I told him to keep off," the Sergeant explained to Markham, "because I wanted to go over that ground again for footprints in the daylight to-morrow." Then he turned back to Hennessey. "Well, what do you think the noise was?" he asked with the gruffness of exasperation.

"I'm not thinkin'," Hennessey retorted. "I'm simply tellin' you all I know."

LELAND rose and took a step toward the Sergeant.

"If you will pardon me, I think I can offer a reasonable explanation of what this man heard in the pool. Several large pieces of rock, at the top of the cliff, are loosened where the strata overlap, and I have always had a fear that one of them might come crashing down into the pool. Only this morning Mr. Stamm and I went up to the top of the bluff and inspected those rocks. In fact, we even attempted to pry one of them loose, but could not do so. It is quite possible that the heavy rain to-night may have dislodged the earth that was holding it."

Vance nodded.

Continued on page 60

The Dragon Murder Case

Continued from page 59

"At least that explanation is a pleasin' bit of rationality," he observed lightly.

"Maybe so, Mr. Vance," Heath conceded reluctantly. Hennessey's tale had disturbed him. "But what I want to know is why it should happen on this particular night."

"As Mr. Leland had told us, he and Mr. Stamm attempted to pry the rock loose to-day—or should I say yesterday? Perhaps they did loosen it, and that would account for its having shifted and fallen after the rain."

Heath chewed viciously on his cigar for a moment. Then he waved Hennessey out of the room.

"Go back and take up your post," he ordered. "If anything else happens down at the pool, hop up here and report *pronto*."

Hennessey disappeared—reluctantly, I thought.

Markham had sat through the entire proceedings with an air of tolerant boredom. He had taken only a mild interest in Vance's questioning, and when Hennessey had left us, he got to his feet.

"Just what is the point in all this discussion, Vance?" he asked irritably. "The situation is normal enough. Admittedly it has certain morbid angles, but all of this esoteric stuff seems to me the result of nerves. Every one's on edge, and I think the best thing for us to do is to go home and let the Sergeant handle the matter in the routine way. How could there be anything premeditated in connection with Montague's death when he himself suggested going swimming and then dived off the springboard and disappeared while every one was looking on?"

"My dear Markham," protested Vance, "you're far too logical. It's your legal training, of course. But the world is not run by logic. I infinitely prefer to be emotional. Think of the masterpieces of poetry that would have been lost to humanity if their creators had been pure logicians—the Odyssey, for instance, the *Ballade des dames du temps jadis*, the *Divina Commedia*, Laus Veneris, the Ode on a Grecian Urn——"

"But what do you propose to do now?" Markham cut in, annoyed.

"I propose," answered Vance, with an exasperating smile, "to inquire of the doctor concerning the condition of our host."

"What could Stamm have to do with it?" protested Markham. "He seems less concerned in the affair than any of the other people here."

Heath, impatient, had risen and started for the door.

"I'll get the doc," he rumbled. And he went out into the dim hallway.

A FEW moments later he returned, followed by an elderly man with a closely cropped gray Vandyke. He was clad in a black baggy suit with a high, old-fashioned collar several sizes too large for him. He was slightly stout and moved awkwardly; but there was something in his manner that inspired confidence.

Vance rose to greet him, and after a brief explanation of our presence in the house, he said:

"Mr. Leland has just told us of Mr. Stamm's unfortunate condition to-night and we'd like to know how he's coming along."

"He's following the normal course," the doctor replied, and hesitated. Presently he went on: "Since Mr. Leland has informed you of Mr. Stamm's condition I won't be violating professional ethics in discussing the case with you. . . . Mr. Stamm was unconscious when I arrived. His pulse was slow and sluggish, and his breathing shallow. When I learned of the amount of whisky he had taken since dinner I immediately gave him a stiff dose of apomorphine—a tenth of a grain. It emptied his stomach at once, and after the reaction he went back to sleep normally. He had consumed an astonishing amount of liquor—it was one of the worst cases of acute alcoholism I have ever known. He is just waking up now, and I was about to telephone for a nurse when this gentleman"—indicating Heath—"told me you wished to see me."

Vance nodded understandingly.

"Will it be possible for us to talk to Mr. Stamm at this time?"

"A little later, perhaps. He is coming round all right, and, once I get him upstairs to bed, you may see him. . . . But you understand, of course," the doctor added, "he will be pretty weak and played out."

Vance murmured his thanks.

"Will you let us know when it is convenient to have us talk to him?"

The doctor inclined his head in assent.

"Certainly," he said, and turned to go.

"And in the meantime," Vance said to Markham, "I think it might be well to have a brief chat with Miss Stamm. . . . Sergeant, will you procure the young lady for us?"

"Just a moment." The doctor turned in the doorway. "I would ask you, sir, not to disturb Miss Stamm just now. When I came here I found her in a very high-strung, hysterical condition over what had happened. So I gave her a stiff dose of bromides and told her to go to bed. She's in no condition to be questioned about the tragedy. To-morrow, perhaps."

"It really doesn't matter," Vance returned. "To-morrow will do just as well."

The doctor went lumberingly into the hall, and a moment later we could hear him dialing a number on the telephone.

IV.

AN INTERRUPTION

(Sunday, August 12; 1:35 a. m.)

MARKHAM heaved a deep, annoyed sigh, and focused his eyes on Vance in exasperation.

"Aren't you satisfied yet?" he demanded impatiently. "I suggest we get along home."

"Oh, my dear Markham!" Vance protested whimsically, lighting a fresh *Regie*. "I should never forgive myself if I went without at least making the acquaintance of Mrs. McAdam. My word! Really now, shouldn't you like to meet her?"

Markham snorted with angry resignation and settled back in his chair.

Vance turned to Heath.

"Shepherd the butler in, Sergeant."

Heath went out with alacrity, returning immediately with the butler in tow. He was a short, pudgy man in his late fifties, with a smug, round face. His eyes were small and shrewd; his nose flat and concave, and the corners of his mouth were pinched into a downward arc. He wore a blond toupee which neither fitted him nor disguised the fact that he was bald. His uniform needed pressing, and his linen was far from immaculate; but he had an unmistakable air of pompous superiority.

"I understand your name is Trainor," said Vance.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Trainor, there seems to be considerable doubt as to just what happened here to-night. That's why the District Attorney and I have come." Vance's eyes were fixed on the man with appraising interest.

"If I may be permitted to say so, sir," Trainor submitted in a mincing falsetto, "I think your being here is an excellent idea. One never can tell what is behind these mysterious episodes."

Vance lifted his eyebrows.

"So you think the episode mysterious? . . . Can you tell us something that might be helpful?"

"Oh, no, sir." The man elevated his chin haughtily. "I haven't the slightest suggestion to make—thanking you, sir, for the honor of asking me."

Thereupon Vance let the matter drop, and said:

"Doctor Holliday has just told us that Mr. Stamm had a close call to-night, and I understand from Mr. Leland that Mr. Stamm ordered another bottle of whisky at the time the other members of the party went down to the pool."

"Yes, sir. I brought him a fresh quart of his favorite Scotch whisky—Buchanan's Liqueur . . . although I will say, sir, in extenuation, so to speak, that I took the liberty of protesting with Mr. Stamm inasmuch as he had already been drinking rather heavily all day. But he became almost abusive, I might say; and I remarked to myself, 'Every man to his own poison'—or words to that effect. It was not my place, you can understand, to refuse to obey the master's orders."

"Of course—of course, Trainor. We certainly do not hold you responsible for Mr. Stamm's condition," Vance assured him pleasantly.

"Thank you, sir. I might say, however, that Mr. Stamm has been quite unhappy about something these past few weeks. He's been worrying a great deal. He even forgot to feed the fish last Thursday."

"My word! Something really upsettin' must have been preying on his mind. . . . And did you see to it, Trainor, that the fish did not go hungry Thursday?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I am very fond of the fish, sir. And I'm something of an authority on the subject—if I do say so myself. In fact, I disagree with the master quite frequently on the care of some of his rarer varieties. Without his knowing it I have made chemical tests of the water, for acidity and alkalinity—if you know what I mean, sir. And I took it upon myself to increase the alkalinity of the water in the tanks in which the *Scatophagus argus* are kept. Since then, sir, the master has had much better luck with this particular species."

"I myself am partial to brackish water for the *Scatophagus*," Vance commented, with an amused smile. "But we will let that drop for the moment. . . . Suppose you tell Mrs. McAdam that we desire to see her, here in the drawing room." The butler bowed and went out, and a few minutes later ushered a short, plump woman into the room.

Teeny McAdam's age was perhaps forty, but from her clothes and her manner it was obvious that she was making a desperate effort to give the impression of youth. There was, however, a hardness about her which she could not disguise. She seemed perfectly calm as she sat down in the chair Vance held for her.

Vance explained briefly who we were and why we were there, and I was interested in the fact that she showed no surprise.

"It's always well," Vance explained futher, "to look into tragedies of this kind, where there is a feeling of doubt in the mind of any one present. And there seems to be considerable doubt in the minds of several witnesses of Mr. Montague's disappearance."

For answer the woman merely gave an arctic smile and waited.

"Are there any doubts in your mind, Mrs. McAdam?" Vance asked quietly.

"Doubts! What kind of doubts? Really, I don't know what you mean." She spoke in a cold, stereotyped voice. "Monty is unquestionably dead. Had it been any one else who disappeared, one might suspect that a practical joke had been played on us. But Monty was never a practical joker. In fact, any sense of humor was painfully lacking in him. He was far too conceited for humor."

"You have known him a long time, I take it."

"Far too long," the woman replied, with what I thought was a touch of venom.

"You screamed, I am told, when he failed to rise to the surface."

"A maidenly impulse," she remarked lightly. "At my age I should, of course, be more reserved."

Vance contemplated his cigarette a moment.

"You weren't, by any chance, expecting the young gentleman's demise at the time?"

The woman shrugged, and a hard light came into her eyes.

"No, not expecting it," she returned bitterly, "but always hoping for it—as were many others."

"Most interestin'," Vance murmured. "But what were you looking for so intently across the pool, after Montague's failure to come up?"

Her eyes narrowed, and her expression belied the careless gesture she made.

"I really do not recall my intentness at that time," she answered. "I was probably scanning the surface of the pool. That was natural, was it not?"

"Quite—oh, quite. One does instinctively scan the water when a diver has failed to reappear—doesn't one? But I was given the impression your attitude was not indicative of this natural impulse. In fact, I was led to believe that you were looking *across* the water, to the rock cliffs opposite."

The woman shifted her gaze to Leland, and a slow contemptuous smile spread over her face.

"I quite understand," she sneered. "This half-breed has been trying to divert suspicion from himself." She swung quickly back to Vance and spoke between clenched teeth. "My suggestion to you, sir, is that Mr. Leland can tell you far more of the tragedy than any one else here."

Vance nodded carelessly.

"He has already told me many fascinatin' things." Then he leaned forward with a half smile that did not reach to his eyes. "By the bye," he added, "it may interest you to know that a few minutes ago there was a terrific splash in the pool, near the point, I should say, where you were looking."

A sudden change came over Teeny McAdam. Her body seemed to go taut, and her hands tightened over the arms of her chair. Her face paled perceptibly, and she took a slow deep breath, as if to steady herself.

"You are sure?" she muttered, in a strained voice, her eyes fixed on Vance. "You are sure?"

"Quite sure. . . . But why should that fact startle you?"

"There are strange stories about that pool—" she began, but Vance interrupted.

"Oh, very strange. But you're not, I trust, superstitious?"

She gave a one-sided smile, and her body relaxed.

"Oh, no, I am far too old for that." She was speaking again in her former cold, reserved tone. "But for a moment I got jumpy. This house and its surroundings are not conducive to calm nerves. . . . So there was a splash in the pool? I can't imagine what it might have been. Maybe it was one of Stamm's flying fish," she suggested, with an attempt at humor. Then her face hardened, and she gave Vance a defiant look. "Is there anything else you wish to ask me?"

IT WAS obvious that she had no intention of telling us anything concerning what she may have feared or suspected, and Vance rose listlessly to his feet.

"No, Madam," he responded. "I have quite exhausted my possibilities as an interrogator. . . . But I shall have to ask you to remain in your room for the present."

Teeny McAdam rose also, with an exaggerated sigh of relief.

"Oh, I expected that. It's so messy and inconvenient when any one dies. . . . But would it be against the rules and regulations if the tubby Trainor brought me a drink?"

"Certainly not." Vance bowed gallantly. "I will be delighted to send you anything you desire—if the cellar affords it."

"You are more than kind," she returned sarcastically. "I'm sure Trainor can scratch me up a stinger."

She thanked Vance facetiously, and left the room.

Vance sent for the butler again.

"Trainor," he said, when the man

Continued on page 61

entered, "Mrs. McAdam wants a stinger—and you'd better use two jiggers each of brandy and *crème de menthe.*"

"I understand, sir."

As Trainor went from the room, Doctor Holliday appeared at the door.

"I have Mr. Stamm in bed," he told Vance, "and the nurse is on her way. If you care to speak to him now it will be all right."

The master bedroom was on the second floor, just at the head of the main stairs, and when we entered, ushered in by Doctor Holliday, Stamm stared at us with a resentful bewilderment.

I could see, even as he lay in bed, that he was an unusually tall man. His face was lined and cadaverous. His piercing eyes were ringed with shadows, and his cheeks were hollow. He was slightly bald, but his eyebrows were heavy and almost black. Despite his pallor and his obviously weakened condition, it was evident he was a man of great endurance and physical vitality. He was the type of man that fitted conventionally into the stories of his romantic exploits in the South Seas.

"These are the gentlemen that wished to see you," the doctor told him, by way of introduction.

Stamm looked from one to the other of us, turning his head weakly.

"Well, who are they, and what do they want?" His voice was low and peevish.

Vance explained who we were, and added:

"There has been a tragedy here on your estate to-night, Mr. Stamm, and we are here to investigate it."

"A tragedy? What do you mean by a tragedy?" Stamm's sharp eyes did not leave Vance's face.

"One of your guests has, I fear, been drowned."

STAMM suddenly became animated. His hands moved nervously over the silk spread, and he raised his head from the pillow, his eyes glaring.

"Some one drowned?" he exclaimed. "Where—and who? . . . . I hope it was Greeff—he's been pestering the life out of me for weeks."

Vance shook his head.

"No, it was not Greeff—it was young Montague. He dived into the pool and didn't come up."

"Oh, Montague." Stamm sank back on his pillow. "That vain ass! . . . How is Bernice?"

"She's sleeping," the doctor informed him consolingly. "She was naturally upset, but she will be all right in the morning."

Stamm seemed relieved, and after a moment he moved his head wearily toward Vance.

"I suppose you want to ask questions."

Vance regarded the man on the bed critically and, I thought, suspiciously. I admit that I myself got a distinct impression that Stamm was playing a part, and that the remarks he had made were fundamentally insincere. But I could not say specifically just what had caused this impression. Presently Vance said:

"We understand that one of the guests you invited to your week-end party did not put in an appearance."

"Well, what of it?" complained Stamm. "Is there anything so unusual about that?"

"No, not unusual," Vance admitted, "but a bit interestin'. What was the lady's name?"

Stamm hesitated and shifted his eyes.

"Ellen Bruett," he said finally.

"Could you tell us something about her?"

"Very little," the man answered ungraciously. "I haven't seen her for a great many years. I met her on a boat going to Europe, and I ran across her again in Paris. I know nothing of her personally, except that she's a pleasant sort, and extremely attractive. Last week I was surprised to receive a telephone call from her. She said she had just returned from the Orient and intimated that she would like to renew our acquaintance. I needed another woman for the party; so I asked her to join us. Friday morning she phoned me again to say she was leaving unexpectedly for South America. . . . That's the extent of what I know about her."

"Did you," asked Vance, "by any chance, mention the names of the other guests you had invited?"

"I told her that Ruby Steele and Montague were coming. They had both been on the stage, and I thought she might know the names."

"And did she?" Vance raised his cigarette deliberately to his lips.

"As I recall, she said she had met Montague once in Berlin."

Vance walked to the window and back.

"Curious coincidence," he murmured.

Stamm's eyes followed him.

"What's curious about it?" he demanded sourly.

Vance shrugged and halted at the foot of the bed.

"I haven't the groggiest notion—have you?"

Stamm raised himself from the pillow and glared.

"What do you mean by that question?"

"I mean simply this, Mr. Stamm:"—Vance's tone was mild—"every one we have talked to so far seems to have a peculiar *arrière-pensée* with regard to Montague's death, and there have been intimations of foul play——"

"What about Montague's body?" Stamm broke in. "Haven't you found it yet? That ought to tell the story. He probably bashed his skull while doing a fancy dive to impress the ladies."

"No, his body has not yet been found. It was too late to get a boat and grappling hooks to the pool to-night. . . . "

"You don't have to do that," Stamm informed him truculently. "There are two big gates in the stream, just above the filter, and they can be closed. And there's a square turnstile lock in the dam. That lets the water drain from the pool. I drain it every year or so, to clean it out."

"Ah! That's worth knowing—eh, Sergeant?" Then to Stamm: "Are the gates and the lock difficult to manipulate?"

"Four or five men can do the job in an hour."

"We'll attend to all that in the morning then." Vance looked at the other thoughtfully. "And by the bye, one of Sergeant Heath's men just reported that there was quite a noisy splash in the pool a little while ago—somewhere near the opposite side."

"A PART of that damned rock has fallen," Stamm remarked. "It's been loose for a long time." Then he moved uneasily, and asked: "What difference does it make?"

"Mrs. McAdam seemed rather upset about it."

"Hysteria," snorted Stamm. "Leland has probably been telling her stories about the pool. . . . But what are you driving at, anyway?"

Vance smiled faintly.

"I'm sure I don't know. But the fact that a man disappeared in the Dragon Pool to-night seems to have impressed several people in a most peculiar fashion. None of them seems wholly convinced that it was an accidental death."

"Tommyrot!"

Stamm drew himself up until he rested on his elbows, and thrust his head forward. A wild light came into his eyes, and his face twitched spasmodically.

"Can't a man get drowned without having a lot of policemen all over the place?" His voice was loud and shrill. "Montague—bah! The world's better off without him. I wouldn't give him tank space with my *Guppies*—and I feed them to the *Scalares*."

Stamm became more and more excited, and his voice grew shriller.

"Montague jumped into the pool, did he? And he didn't come up? Is that any reason to annoy me when I'm ill? . . . "

At this moment there came a startling and blood-chilling interruption. The door into the hall had been left open, and there suddenly came to us, from the floor above, a woman's maniacal and terrifying scream.

To be continued

Continued from page 60

The Dragon Murder Case

Limited-Budget Meals

Continued from page 30

Roast Beef Salad

¼ Cupful Mayonnaise
1 Tablespoonful Vinegar
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
Dash of White Pepper
Dash of Paprika
½ Cupful Cooked Potatoes, Diced
2 Cupfuls Cooked String Beans
½ Teaspoonful Prepared Horse-radish
1 Cupful Cooked Roast Beef, Diced

BLEND mayonnaise, vinegar, salt, pepper, and paprika. Combine with the potatoes and beans (cut lengthwise and then crosswise into ¾-inch pieces). Chill until ready to serve. Add the horse-radish and beef and toss together lightly. Serve on crisp lettuce with radish roses. Serves 6.

Stuffed Pepper Salad

¾ Cupful Mayonnaise
2 Cupfuls Crab Meat, Flaked
2 Teaspoonfuls Onion, Grated
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Dash of Cayenne
½ Cupful Celery, Diced
6 Green Peppers

TO MAYONNAISE add crab meat, onion, salt, cayenne, and celery. Cut a 2-inch slice from each green pepper, remove seeds and pith, and place each on crisp lettuce. Fill the pepper slices with fish mixture. Serve on crisp lettuce. Serves 6—with additional mayonnaise.

Jellied Tongue

1 Beef Tongue (About 3 Pounds)
2 Tablespoonfuls Gelatine
2 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water
2 Cupfuls Boiling Water
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Pickles
1 Tablespoonful Prepared Mustard
5 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar
Salt and Pepper (About ½ Teaspoonful Each)
A Little Parsley

BOIL tongue in salted water until very tender. Cool in its own liquor. Trim, peel, and slice. Arrange the slices in a mold, overlapping, and sprinkle with parsley. In the meantime soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the boiling water and cool. Add the pickles, mustard, vinegar, salt, and pepper to the gelatine. Stir and pour over the tongue, lifting the slices to allow the gelatine mixture to run between them. Place in a cool place until firm.

Fresh Vegetable Plates

THIS is one season of the year when even those people who do not like vegetables will eat and praise a vegetable plate. Of course you cannot select just any hit-and-miss collection of vegetables, nor can you cook or serve them carelessly. Vegetable meals can be most delicious and attractive; they can also be quite the opposite.

When you plan vegetable meals you must think of color combinations that will please the eye. Then consider texture combinations that will appeal, then flavor combinations that will satisfy. Cook each vegetable carefully, arrange plates attractively, and serve the meal while it is *hot*.

If you have any doubt about the superiority of these meals try any one of the following vegetable-plate combinations:

Combination Plate No. 1.
Asparagus with mock Hollandaise sauce, corn fritters, peas, and buttered beets.

Combination Plate No. 2.
Stuffed baked potato (with cheese), broccoli with butter, broiled tomatoes, and sautéed slices of summer squash.

Combination Plate No. 3.
French fried potatoes, buttered asparagus tips, cauliflower flowerets, and sliced buttered carrots.

Combination Plate No. 4.
Baked stuffed peppers (rice and cheese), cabbage and apple salad, baby Lima beans, and beet greens with tiny beets.

Are You Going to the Fair?

Continued from page 13

one old lady remarked in bewilderment. From one point of view they do, but like train sheds and grain elevators and gas tanks of a dazzling originality which challenges the visitor's startled attention. They are temporary buildings, built of new materials—metal and plyboard and gypsum board and glass—and these new materials call for new architectural treatment.

There are great planes of windowless walls, horizontal terraces, inclined ramps, vertical pylons, geometric towers, and a dome constructed for the first time in history on the principle of a suspension bridge, hung from spider-web "sky hooks" instead of being supported from the ground —a "dome that breathes," made with joints that expand and contract as the temperature varies, resulting in a difference of more than six feet in circumference and a difference of eighteen inches in height.

There are courtyards, too, and lagoons and fountains, islands and peninsulas on which buildings are starkly outlined against lake and sky. There are bridges and balustrades and outdoor forums and platforms, and in the stiff, perpendicular pinnacle of the Hall of Science a carillon is hung, absurdly striking the quarter hours from that modern bell tower in the familiar cadence of the Oxford chimes, so deeply associated with gray Gothic spires and "the last enchantment of the Middle Ages."

THE walls are windowless for a practical reason—because we have learned that exhibition halls are more comfortable when both lighting and ventilation are artificial. But the absence of windows makes the outer façades look unadorned and bare, and the decorative effect of fenestration will be assumed by the proportioning of color in what the decorators call "occult balance" or "ocular equilibrium."

There will be color everywhere—large blocks of brilliant color set side by side on the walls of the same building in violent, unashamed contrast—no shading, no gradation. Flat surfaces will be made interesting—their entire character transformed—by brilliant pigment. Instead of a White City we shall have a rainbow one.

The buildings will be bright as new toys, startlingly painted in the strong primary colors—toy colors—cerise, red raspberry, emerald green, navy blue, cobalt, canary yellow, tiger orange, violet, ultramarine, turquoise, bottle green, silver, gold, pink black, white, English-soldier-coat scarlet.

These holiday hues are beautifully adapted to the gayety of a fair ground. Their effect on the eye is very like that of music on the ear. They are arranged so skillfully that one color seems to follow another inevitably, like the notes in a chord —clear, distinct, not blended—with a definite harmony for the eye that has an emotional quality. As music must be heard, so they must be seen to be realized.

As we have never seen color used architecturally in this way before, these buildings seem to us fantastically modern. But we must remember that ancient color was equally bright. The Greeks painted white marble in strong primary shades. Chinese, Byzantine, and Egyptian architects used brilliant paint. It is because we have seen their buildings only as ruins that we think of their color tones as dim, restrained, and faded.

THERE is something old as well as new about these whimsically painted buildings—something childlike and joyous and virile that suggests the youth of the race and the dayspring of the world. They harmonize with the eternal freshness of yellow sunlight and blue sky and white clouds and iridescent lake water.

When night comes and the sun has set and the curtain of darkness falls on this kaleidoscope of color, The Century of Progress will take on a new and softer radiance than it has by the light of day. In 1893 the discovery and use of incandescent light were still a miraculous novelty. In the Columbian Exposition it was used as static decoration. Spellbound crowds stared, marveling, at strings of naked electric-light bulbs festooned on the façades of buildings or hung, like Japanese lanterns, from the branches of trees.

Their crude white radiance was a very different thing from the tints that will float, the shadows that will drift, over the buildings of The Century of Progress. Now light can be radiated from gaseous neon tubes, its source concealed so that it can be thrown on flat surfaces in such a way as to accentuate their mass and produce mysterious effects of light and shade on brilliantly illuminated backgrounds. Solid walls can be flooded from without so that they look luminous from within—opaque cement and building board and metal transformed to translucent alabaster.

The Century of Progress has been called "the luna moth of exhibitions" because its butterfly wings will be seen in their full, scintillating glory only after dark. Then light will follow paint, subtly shaded and accommodated to the pigments and surfaces on which it is to shine, and paint will come to life and move in color that can throb and pulsate.

Pylons will glow and walls be lambent with the phosphorescent stain of a myriad changing hues. Broad areas will be flooded with trembling flame. Towers of blue and scarlet and gold will rise against the stars. From pools of darkness cascades of light will flow, fountains of fireworks erupt, searchlights move restlessly, questingly, over earth and sky.

The interior of the buildings, too, will show striking innovations in decoration and in the use of indirect lighting. The walls will not be "trimmed" with meaningless design, but maps, murals, and sculpture will be used to illustrate the story that the exhibits have to tell. There will be few obvious lighting fixtures. Rotundas and galleries will be lit by luminous panels of glass and reflecting surfaces. Ceilings will be hung with large metallic jewels that will catch and reflect the moving beams from concealed and rotating light projectors. Floors will glow with colored light patterns thrown on them from above.

The exhibits themselves will be pointed and emphasized by the clever direction of light. Relief maps will be plotted with railroads, and as we turn on time by the touch of a lever the travel and transport system of the United States will grow before our eyes over plains and rivers and mountains in a network of luminous rails.

On other illuminated maps the visitor will see the distribution of the sources that supply the average man's dinner table and from what ends of the earth the clothes come that he wears. A globe, flooded and revolving in a haze of ultra-violet light, will be pricked with gleaming jewels to show the

far-away corners of the world where the ninety-two elements are found.

Among the medical displays in the Hall of Science will be the life-size model of a transparent man composed of cellon. The observer can press a button that will illuminate the organs of the body in rotation, so that he can study the circulation of the blood, the action of the lungs, the processes of digestion, the secret secretions of the ductless glands, and the phenomena of the five senses —sight, smell, touch, taste, and hearing—as easily as if he possessed X-ray eyes.

Outdoor exhibits will show groups of Indians leading their native life in wigwams, plank houses, and the terraced villages of Pueblo dwellers. Close by there will be a magnificent reproduction of the Maya Temple of Yucatan, the highest development of American aboriginal culture. In one of the wings of this building, under the title "The Epic of America," the contributions of our foreign-born citizens to American culture will be displayed. In its court there will be folk dances and song festivals of all nations.

A reproduction of the Golden Pavilion of Jehol, the finest example in existence of Chinese Lama architecture, has been given to the fair. *The City of New York*, the sturdy, wooden sailing ship that carried Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd to Little America, with a museum of relics below decks, will ride at anchor in the lake. Or at least it will if weather will permit. Last summer the little veteran vessel that braved the ice floes of Antarctica was forced to seek refuge in the river's mouth from the fury of Lake Michigan gales!

But the entrance to the Administration Building, which has been in use for more than two years, housing the trustees of the fair and their coworkers, is presided over by two colossal figures of Science and Industry. And in spirit these figures preside over the general exhibit scheme of the fair.

In the Federal and States Buildings, in the Hall of Science, in the Electrical Group, and in the Agricultural, Dairy, and Travel and Transport Buildings the relation of the basic to the applied sciences is the theme of the story—the contribution of physics, chemistry, mathematics, biology, and geology to the life of man.

THE intimate relation of scientific discovery to government, farming, medicine, and the social sciences will be indicated and illustrated, whenever possible, not by dull graphs and charts, but by dramatic movement in the exhibits themselves.

We have learned a great deal about showmanship since 1893. Barnum himself might envy the ingenuity of the brains that have planned the panorama of the fair. Crowds will gather about this animated encyclopedia of scientific information—the same crowds of men and boys that stand fascinated on a city sidewalk in front of a store window to watch a cigarette being rolled, a vacuum cleaner pick lint from a carpet, a gentleman in knitted underwear demonstrate its elastic possibilities, or a girl in a white apron display the intricate interior of an electric ice box or a gas range.

Women, too, will rub elbows with their sons, husbands, and brothers in that mesmerized crowd. For women have changed as much as any other natural phenomenon since 1893. Now educated, athletic, independent, they are equally concerned with sociology and science, interested both in the mechanics of living and the mechanics of machines. They drive their own cars and fly their own airplanes.

In factories and laboratories they share work benches with men. Their intelligence is not questioned. Their contribution to industry is taken for granted. In The Century of Progress they sit with men on the Board of Trustees, work with men in the various administrative departments, and feel that their interests are absolutely identical with those of men in the exhibits that are displayed.

A far cry, this, from the days when the World's Columbian Exposition raised its hat to the fair sex by gallantly naming a subsidiary "Board of Lady Managers" and by erecting a "Woman's Building" on the Fair Grounds in which to segregate indulgently the minor achievements of the sex!

The advancement in both learning and living for the last forty years has come about through the curiosity, intelligence, devotion, sacrifice, discouragement, and victory of men and women alike. Their stake in the future, their solicitude for the children who will inherit it, is precisely the same.

The modern home, indeed, is the outgrowth of industrial civilization, and purely domestic women who have never seen the inside of a factory or laboratory and never dreamed of sharing in the industrial pursuits of men will be interested in the exhibits of education, social work, and child welfare.

The adventure of domesticity in the United States of America will be illustrated by panoramas of family life from the pioneer days when all industry was centered in the home, through the growth of village life when the family reached out to touch the wider social influences of the church, the school, and the courthouse, to the modern city apartment, perched on its shelf in a skyscraper, which is but one unit in a city of skyscrapers, a great urban community, presenting its opportunities and temptations in the upbringing of children and in the preservation of the home.

THEY will be interested, too, in the Home and Industrial Arts Exhibit, which will show eight model houses equipped with modern furniture and decoration, air-cooled, air-heated, supplied with every mechanical device to do away with unnecessary domestic labor. Some of these houses are designed to demonstrate what mass production can do for the householder in economy and convenience. They are the last development of the portable house, prefabricated in a factory and assembled on the lot in a few hours.

Like automobiles, they can be ordered in the morning from a show window and delivered to their little front yards in a subdivision in the course of the afternoon. Parts can be replaced and walls are adjustable. A dining room can be enlarged for a dinner party, a bedroom divided for an unexpected guest.

They suggest a fantastic future in which growing families can trade in the old home every year or two for "the new model." But there is nothing fantastic about the saving in dollars and cents that they offer the breadwinner of the family.

Mothers of children, too, especially those who have brought those children with them, will be fascinated by the children's playground, The Enchanted Island, which will amuse, delight, and educate boys and girls between the ages of two and fourteen. "Lost Children," so the program reads, "will be taken immediately to The Enchanted Island."

How different, in its tacit promise, from the melancholy sign that hung for years on a tree trunk in a public park in Washington, D. C., "Lost Children Will Be Taken to the Lion House"! The only complication in The Century of Progress plan is that such children will never wish to be found!

Of the fifty million people who are expected to visit the Fair Grounds, it is estimated that two million or more will be children—children so little that they will be dragged about among the skirts and trouser legs of their parents, too small to see over the heads of adults in the surging crowds. For these little visitors The Century of Progress has planned five acres of fairyland where attendants trained in the care and amusement of children will see that they have a good time.

AT THE entrance a heroic wooden soldier, an enormous sailor with waving, windmill arms, and a gigantic straw man and tin woodman will beckon the youngsters within. Close by the entrance there will be a mammoth umbrella, a toy shop, a house built of glass marbles where marbles will be manufactured, and "the little red wagon," fifteen feet high and thirty-five feet long, with wheels nine feet in diameter, on which a mechanical boy fifteen feet tall will sit and where smaller red wagons can be purchased within.

Farther inside the inclosure the children will find a modern outdoor playground, fitted with sand piles and gymnasium apparatus, a miniature railroad, tiny drive-yourself automobiles, circular swings, pony rides, merry-go-rounds, a magic mountain topped with a fairy castle from which a circular slide extends to the ground, a zoo and model farm stocked entirely with baby animals—a cub drinking milk out of a bottle will be a major attraction—an island beyond a moat where monkeys will swing uncaged, a museum containing art and handcraft exhibits from all over the world made entirely by children, a nursery, kindergarten, and children's restaurant decorated by Tony Sarg and in charge of an experienced dietitian, and a theater in which the Junior

Continued on page 63

Are You Going to the Fair?

Continued from page 62

League of Chicago will present a repertory of animal films, story-tellers, magicians, marionettes, and their own selection of fairy-tale plays.

Children visiting this wonderland, if bored with their own personalities, may, if they choose, take off their everyday sailor suits and jumpers and put on the costumes of Indians, cowboys, soldiers, bunnies, and policemen. They may be checked like umbrellas and left to play there in safety by tired parents who have begun to wonder just why they ever decided to bring the children to the fair.

THE parents themselves, if wearied of exhibits and frivolously on pleasure bent, may wander off with the older boys and girls to divert themselves on the scarcely more sophisticated but certainly more breath-taking amusement devices of the Midway.

There the Lindy Loop, the Cyclone, Bozo, the Funnies, and Hey Dey will give pleasure to the simple-minded. Sportsmen may knock over ducks, squirrels, and rabbits with a shotgun or drop grinning clowns into a tank of water by hitting a spring target with a ball.

Motor buses, wheeled chairs, electric launches, gondolas, a captive balloon, a dirigible, and an airplane will offer transportation on land, over water, and in air. The giant Sky Ride, which is the outstanding amusement feature of the Fair Grounds, will carry its patrons in rocket cars over an eighteen-hundred-and-fifty-foot span of steel cable, stretched between two towers six hundred feet high.

Swung dizzily between earth and sky, these cars will command a view not only of the fair and the city and the lake, but of the yellow sand dunes of Michigan on the opposite shore and the towering chimneys of the steel mills in Gary, Ind.

"Hollywood," too, will attract many visitors. It will contain a broadcasting studio, motion-picture lots, news-reel facilities, and a large theater called the Hollywood Bowl. Screen tests will be arranged for winners of beauty contests, and in view of the fact that there are probably some forty million girls in the United States between the ages of seven and seventy who have ambitions to appear in the movies, it has been humorously estimated that this feature alone should suffice to finance the fair!

The financing of the fair, to speak quite seriously, is perhaps the greatest of all the wonders that The Century of Progress has to display. Originally the idea of a celebration of Chicago's Centennial was a vision that rose before the "inner eye" of a few public-spirited Chicagoans. But that was before the flood—in 1928, to be exact.

Until the fateful October of 1929 it never occurred to any one that such a celebration might be difficult to finance. Why should it? The millennium of perpetual prosperity had been established. Every one who was not an actual millionaire thought himself a potential one. Greenbacks, backed by a gold reserve, were fluttering in the winds of doctrine like the leaves in a forest. A multimillion-dollar exposition could easily be taken in a business man's stride.

Even at that early day, however, Mr. Rufus C. Dawes, the President of the Board of Trustees, and his associates were uniquely distinguished by two almost forgotten qualities—prudence and thrift. They conceived of a fair which would not be built out of taxpayers' money; that would ask no Federal, State, or municipal subsidies; that would, in short, be a business proposition—a fair that would pay its own way.

They then offered to the citizens of Chicago an opportunity to support the exposition through voluntary subscriptions by joining a Legion of World's Fair supporters, receiving in consideration of the payment of five dollars a certificate which would be exchangeable for ten admissions to the fair. They also established sustaining and founders' memberships in this legion.

Approximately nine hundred thousand dollars was thus raised. They created an issue of gold notes doubly protected by forty per cent of the gate receipts and by the guarantee of a group of individals and corporations who were eager to back the fair. The sale of these notes brought in more than six million dollars.

But seven million dollars, more or less, you will say, is not half enough to finance a World's Fair. Indeed it is not. But the rest of the money has been raised by selling space on the Fair Grounds and in the buildings to exhibitors and concessionaires. Contracts have been made with men who wished to provide food, transportation, and entertainment to the visitors, and two hundred and eighty corporations have taken space or erected their own buildings in which to display their wares.

Those buildings have been designed by architects approved by the trustees and they will house exhibits that are all entirely in keeping with The Century of Progress.

Telephone and telegraph companies, steel and radio corporations, railroads, automobile manufacturers, harvesting and food corporations, mail-order houses, elevator, camera, and cash-register companies, for instance, have contracted to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars of their own money for the opportunity to demonstrate to the World's Fair visitors how their products are produced.

Foreign nations, our own Federal Government, and the various States are paying for the space they will use on this same "pay as you enter" principle. A group of Chicagoans, The Friends of Music, are now engaged in raising one hundred thousand dollars in one-dollar contributions, to erect a permanent Temple of Music on the Fair Grounds, where classical music may be heard at popular prices. But they will not get their temple until the money is raised. No buildings are erected until the trustees of the fair are satisfied that they are worth their weight in gold.

A grand total of twenty millions dollars represents the investment to date in A Century of Progress. These millions have served a double purpose. They have given Chicago her fair and they have provided much-needed work at this crucial time for Chicagoans.

Chicago's "front yard," as Grant and Burnham Parks have been called, is the only place in the city where the cheerful rat-a-tat-tat of the steel riveter makes music in the air. The Fair Grounds are a hive of industrial activity. Two hundred executive and clerical workers are employed in the Administration Building.

There is no doubt, now, in any one's mind that the guests will come to the party. Innumerable conventions have planned to meet in Chicago during the summer months and railroads in both the United States and Canada began a year ago to make plans for special trains and excursion tickets to carry people to the fair.

Chicago is nearer to everywhere else than any other large city in the Western Hemisphere. And she is the greatest railroad center in the world. Millions of motor tourists will pile the children in the back of the car and take their vacation at The Century of Progress. It is conservatively estimated that twenty-five thousand motorists will be looking for accommodations in tourist camps on the outskirts of Chicago every one of the one hundred and fifty nights that the fair will be open.

For the fair, for eight months, has been taking in money. The crowds that surged through it last summer by night and by day paid five hundred thousand dollars in tencent admissions and received in return a little car or motor sticker reading, "I have seen A Century of Progress in the Making." It attracts an average of three thousand five hundred visitors a day.

This figure does not include the parties of school children that the schools of Chicago are invited to bring without charge to listen to free lectures and to explore the unfinished buildings. Great bus loads of them are deposited each morning on the steps of the Administration Building.

White and black, rich and poor, from public or parochial schools, shepherded by teachers or black-robed nuns, these little future citizens throng in to listen open-mouthed and to stare wide-eyed at the achievement of their city. One glance at the eager, receptive, impressionable faces of such a group is enough to convince any adult spectator that they are being taught a lesson in reverence for the past and faith in the future that they will never forget.

A reverence for the past and a faith in the future are what the world needs just now to sustain it in the difficult years ahead. I think it must be what sustained Mr. Rufus C. Dawes and his associates in their devotion to their predepression vision through the five difficult years that are now behind them. The Century of Progress is a glittering example of what can be accomplished by men, and women too, who are not too tired and too discouraged to run uphill to reach their chosen goal.

IT WILL keep its appointment with the light beam from Arcturus and open on June 1, 1933, to celebrate Chicago's one hundredth birthday. It will prove that Chicago's civic motto. "*I Will*," has behind it the courage and wisdom and fortitude of its citizens. It will light its rainbow buildings with myriad colored candles—a gigantic birthday cake, spread in the city's honor.

And it will be dignified by a deeper and more universal dedication which Mr. Dawes has summed up in the words inscribed upon the dome of the National Academy of Sciences: "To Science, pilot of industry, conqueror of disease, multiplier of the harvest, explorer of the universe, revealer of nature's laws, eternal guide to truth."

The Right Shade on the Right Lamp

Continued from page 58

from a wall, the lamp may be placed back of it and either a floor or a table lamp may be used; but remember that it is essential to choose for this place one whose shade is so flaring that the light will be widely and generously distributed, yet sufficiently deep so that the lamp bulbs are not boldly inflicting their presence upon those seated beneath it or elsewhere in the room. What a joy not to be forced to wince nor to wiggle in order to avoid the blows from bare bulbs!

While it is highly desirable to bring the book, sewing, or writing into this "direct" circle of light, it is of equal importance to keep the eyes outside of it, or at least arrange the light so that if one is seated within this circle the light comes from behind. Because floor lamps which raise their heads so high make this "lighted circle" wider, they should always be placed slightly behind chairs or davenports.

Then, too, there's the comfy reading chair, the place which is so often delightful in the daytime yet not conducive to comfortable nor enjoyable reading at night! Too often the proportions of the table-lamp shade limit that essentially broad "circle" of light to narrow confines. A lamp placed to the side of a chair with considerations given to the height of the base and breadth of the shade is capable of shouldering the entire responsibility of making this place restful. Light is the note which completes the close harmony of such a theme.

We've learned to be thrifty these days. Make every bit of light work for you. For instance, if you have a lamp on a table over which there is a picture, enjoy it to the fullest. See it at night as well as by day. A shade broad in its top dimensions will light your picture with no additional cost to you—unless you have to purchase a new shade. If you do, heed all the above suggestions and get more joy out of your lighting.

We're on the threshold of appreciation of light as a new medium. It will do wonderful things to make our homes more lovely if we'll but use it understandingly. It is capable of carrying tremendous responsibility. Put it to the test. Perhaps comfortable lighting's so rare because we haven't given it much constructive thought. Lamps are vital to our comfort in living, but they are merely automatons dependent wholly upon the power we give them to perform for us.

Telerad

Continued from page 11

A gong sounded twice.

"If they catch you!" warned Richard. He must have been going to say something else, for his mouth was opening as Shelby snapped off the plat control.

"Oh, gracious!" said Shelby aloud. She looked about her irresolutely. The gong had been the two-minute gong. There was no time to get out of her lounging kite and into her shorts—unless she wanted to run the risk of being caught in between, as a girl she knew had been caught. That would be horrible and humiliating.

Again the gong, this time a single stroke. One minute!

If she was caught in her lounging kite, Shelby knew, it would mean disciplinary without fail. They took you away to the Barracks, generally for two or three or four days, and they treated you decently enough, but they made you ashamed to be alive.

THEY told you what was the matter with you, and they kept telling you that you were antisocial. And that was about the lowest thing anybody could be—antisocial.

Shelby had had the purpose of all this discipline business explained to her many, many times, in school and out. She knew that telerad was progress; that it was, in fact, civilization itself. Telerad gave you everything there was. Telerad brought the entire active world to your spot-chair.

Sitting in a spot-chair, you actually could take a round-the-world cruise, either by steamer or by plane. It was in their individual spot-chairs that children now went to school. It was in their spot-chairs that business men now did all their conferring. Letters no longer were written. If you wanted to see some one you merely buzzed him and were instantly with him.

Actually the last four sessions of Congress had been held with every Congressman sitting in his own home. It was said that the photoplat in the House of Representatives was the largest in the world.

Obviously the Government and the Telerad Corporation were required to work in harmony. The Corporation always denied that it had anything to do with the Government, but Shelby had heard it said that the analogy was not unlike that of the ancient Church and State. For the Corporation controlled all communication between the Government and the people, as well as among the people themselves. Naturally there were no more newspapers or magazines or books. They were no longer needed.

Except for three backward and barbaric States, where a sort of stubbornness still stood out against progress, the entire United States had gone telerad. Those three backward States were Maine, Louisiana, and North Dakota.

In these three States there was no such thing as even a simple radio; for the interstate commerce laws forbade the importation of radio sets and equipment into any State which did not subscribe to the statutes of the National Government, which naturally were the statutes of the Telerad Corporation. Maine, Louisiana, North Dakota were lands of the living dead.

Shelby was glad she lived in Connecticut. Once, at a house party, she had met a girl from Maine.

"Gee," the girl from Maine had whispered, "you just wait! We'll go telerad yet!"

"What's it like, living without it?" Shelby asked.

"It's fierce," said the girl from Maine. "Actually we don't see what they're wearing in New York for several weeks after it's become a fashion."

"I can't imagine anything worse," murmured Shelby, who momentarily could not.

The gong rang again in Shelby's ears. It clanged. This time, entirely independent of Shelby's touch, the colorless button on the arm of the spot-chair began to glow.

"In ten seconds," said Shelby with grimness, "they'll have master-waved in on me, and I'm a crack-up."

She stared at the button. It was turning from orange to red. She looked sidewise, thoroughly rattled. Of course there was one thing to do that nobody ever dared do. You could cut the inductor loop with an old-fashioned pair of shears, and then if the shears themselves didn't short the juice you could yank the wires apart and touch their ends together—and then there would be a flash of electricity that would jolt you across the room. A boy Shelby knew had tried it once.

It would spot you out, of course. It would leave the room dead. As a matter of fact it would leave the whole plat-unit dead; some fifty plats in all, including fat old Mrs. Hewks. Well, that would be a benefit to almost everybody.

The wall in front of Shelby was beginning to crawl with light. She leaped to her dresser, yanked open a drawer, pulled out her shears. Yes, if she was going to be disciplined she might as well be disciplined for something worth talking about.

She ran to the inductor loop, lifted it, caught hold of it with her left hand. The photoplat was shivering into steadiness, and Shelby could almost recognize the exercise master's familiar figure. She seized the scissors firmly and felt them bite. There came a brilliant flash——

SHELBY woke to the dim lights of the emergency batteries. Her father, a vague shadow in the apple-green house tunic of a Sub-Corporation executive, was bending over her. He asked solicitously, "How did it happen, honey?"

She came awake fast, blinking. She said, "I—I don't know, Dad. But I still feel funny. Shaky, sort of. Jiggly, if you know what I mean. I think I'll lie on the couch."

"Well it's too bad," remarked her father plaintively. "There I was right in the middle of a conference. Joe Heebus and Ed Leahy and Mr. Leonhard and I. We were deciding to make them a sixteenth thinner—and then, all at once, black!"

"I'm terribly sorry, Dad. I really am. I guess I'm just thoughtless or no good or something."

Her father hesitated, gestured vaguely, asked her if she was sure she was all right, and then tiptoed out.

Shelby must have dozed, for she was aroused by a voice from her doorway. "Plat-shorted?" it inquired.

"Right here," said Shelby, and sat up.

It was the mechanic, of course. The mechanics came automatically. Anyway you could tell it by his blouse, which was of faded blue denim, with the zigzag supposed to represent an electric spark, cut out of white felt, sewed upon the left breast. He seemed to fill the doorway with a huge body and a ready smile.

"Oh, I know you," exclaimed Shelby. "We used to go to school together. Your name—your name——"

"Bill Connell," said the mechanic. "Say, you're the girl—good gracious. I used to spot in on you during class! I always did. Say, that must have been three, maybe four years ago. Of course you couldn't know——"

"I used to spot in on you too," said Shelby delightedly. "I had the hardest time learning your name. I mean, you know how they don't give our names—only numbers. But when you got that prize for pole vaulting——"

"I never got your name at all," said the mechanic. "What is it?"

"Shelby Harlan," she said. "Why ever did you choose being a mechanic?"

"Like it. Like to work with my hands. Like to fly around. Meet people. Sometimes a person gets tired of just seeing people across the photoplat."

"Don't I know!" breathed Shelby. "How's the air to-day?"

"The air? Say, girl, it's a shame. You know how the air is usually. You know—all full of traffic, with holiday pilots on the loose and the freight ships everywhere, and a change-level light about every four kloms. Not any more, though! For the first time in my life the air's air. A man can fly."

"Oh?" exclaimed Shelby enviously.

The mechanic bowed. "All you have to do," he said, "is to vertical up to the three-thousand-meter level and the sky's yours as far as you can see. Which reminds me," he remarked. "I'm here on duty." His face became serious as he consulted a card which he held in the palm of his left hand.

"Inductor loop?" he asked.

"Yes."

He bent down, examined the loop, picked up the scissors. "Humm! This looks like dirty work. What was it—sabotage?"

Shelby nodded uncomfortably.

He produced a pencil and wrote something upon his card. Then: "Funny thing, you're the fifth case of sabotage I've had to-day. And if I've had five in six hours you can hazard how many there must be all over. Seems as if people must be going crazy, but why did you ever do a trick like this?"

Shelby stared back at him. All at once she was brimming over with a necessity to explain to this cheerful young man in his faded blue blouse. The words tumbled out.

He continued to peer at her. Then: "Hell, girl," he said, "what you need is a ride in the upper levels! I'd take you for one too, right now, only it'd mean six months in the black for me for going off duty."

Shelby knew that the black meant the black rooms, disciplinary's most refined form of punishment. You were given all the comforts there except light; no photoplat, no spotting in, nothing that meant life. In other words, you were disconnected from the world. For six months, except for eating and sleeping, you were the same as dead.

"Of course you'll get disciplinary anyway," said the mechanic slowly. "I mean for the damage. Particularly now."

"Why particularly now?"

He shook his head vaguely. He said, "Oh, rumors are around that they're going to make an example of the people who commit sabotage. I—I hope it isn't true."

Shelby asked hesitatingly, "I wouldn't get the black, would I?"

Her face set itself, and what color she had left faded to a chalky grayishness. The mechanic took a hasty step forward.

"Steady now," he cautioned. Then: "Listen, young woman, I think you'd better sit down. Remember, you've just been hostess to several thousand volts—" He put a firm blue arm about her shoulders.

It was then, as the mechanic was helping her toward the cushions of the spot-chair, that the door flung open and Richard strode in. "Shelby!" Richard called anxiously, and then, seeing her, he stopped dead. "I beg your pardon," he murmured. "The door was ajar. Besides, your father said you were here——"

"I certainly am."

"Well, I tried to buzz you back, and your plat was dead, and that disturbed me so I flew directly over. I realize how harum-scarum and undependable you are."

"Thanks, Richard." Shelby seated herself upon the arm of the spot-chair. She was smiling now. For some incomprehensible reason she felt suddenly remade.

Richard glared at the young man in the blue tunic. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Name's Connell—Bill Connell. Mechanic. Your name?"

"Richard Pilkington Jethwyn, medico."

Said the mechanic gravely, "I assumed you were a medic from your uniform."

"Medico, not medic!" snapped Richard.

"Either way," murmured Mr. Connell.

Shelby, still perched upon the broad arm of the spot-chair, grinned a boy's grin. She liked this mechanic. All at once she found herself wishing desperately that Richard were like him.

Richard scowled. To Shelby he said stiffly, "Is this mechanic person through with his work?"

Shelby said evenly, "I really don't know, Richard. I guess you'll have to ask him if you want to find out." It came to her abruptly that she did not love Richard at all, that she never had loved Richard, and somehow this new knowledge gave her such a strange feeling of relief.

"I have only one thing to say to him," stated Richard. "I discovered him here, supposedly on duty, and for at least five minutes, to my knowledge, he has made no effort——"

"Wing feathers!" said Bill Connell.

Now Richard smiled with a certain satisfaction. "I shall, of course, report you."

Shelby slid from the arm of the spot-chair. "I think I'm getting a little tired of this," she announced, stepping casually between the two men. "You're being silly, Richard." Then to Bill Connell, "I think you'd better repair that sabotage and toddle along before you're—well, reported."

"Sabotage?" echoed Richard. "My word! Deliberate sabotage?"

THE mechanic eyed Richard. "There was no sabotage. The inductor loop burned through," he said.

"But you said sabotage!"

"I said the inductor loop burned through. Do you want to get Miss Harlan into trouble?"

"Did she commit sabotage?"

"She did not."

Shelby turned slowly toward Richard. "But I did," she said. "I was late for exercise hour. Anyway I was sick and tired of the whole business. I cut the inductor loop with a pair of scissors."

Richard's eyes narrowed. He said: "Ah! I believe I begin to comprehend. You have been seeing this—this mechanic, Shelby. You have been deceiving me.

Continued on page 65

To-day, in order to bring him here to you, you tampered with the photoplat system."

Said Bill Connell conversationally to Shelby, "I can break his neck here or take him up to the roof and drop him off. If you'll tell me which you prefer——"

"Don't you dare lay a finger on me," snarled Richard, backing away.

"Please don't hurt him," Shelby put in.

"You mean you love him?" Connell asked.

"Heavens, no!"

Richard was at the door, abruptly outside it. He stuck his head back through the crack. "You two!" he sneered. "Pretending to be so innocent! Well, here at last is where you learn something—and you particularly, Mechanic! I shall take keen pleasure in reporting both of you, jointly, for sabotage and for violation of intended betrothal——"

Bill Connell dove angrily at the door, but it slammed in his face. A diminishing clatter of footsteps sounded upon the stairs to the roof. Presently a motor droned.

"Well, I'll be damned" said Bill.

"Me too," said Shelby.

"Pleasant chap," said Bill. "Will he do what he says?"

"He always does what he says he'll do."

"Hmm," mused the mechanic. "This will take a bit of thinking out. He's a medico and his word's better than mine. Better than yours, too, these days. Of course this means the black for both of us, unless—" He hesitated.

"Unless what?" asked Shelby anxiously.

"Unless a number of things." Abruptly he smiled, and his smile was comfortingly warming. "It's a little sudden for you," he said, "but I can tell you truthfully that I've been crazy about you ever since school. If you're game, and if I don't look so bad to you—well, I know a place we could go."

"You mean to get away from the black?"

He nodded thoughtfully. "It would get us away from the black, all right—unless they caught us before we got there. But that isn't all I was thinking about. It—it would mean a new start for us, for both of us, a new start and a new chance. I know you need it, and I guess I do too. Anyway I'm game for it. I've got something saved up, and an expert mechanic can always earn a living anywhere."

"I have my last allowance," Shelby said tentatively. "It's quite a lot. It's in my desk there, top drawer."

"There's only one thing," Bill Connell said. "If you leave here you're running a chance of being attacked by the X. It takes your arms and legs——"

"It doesn't seem to attack you," said Shelby.

"No, it doesn't, and I've thought some about that. Maybe we mechanics are pretty much immune because we use our bodies while the rest of the world doesn't."

"You use your muscles and your lungs," Shelby prompted. "Isn't that it?"

HE GAVE her a lengthy, steady look. "What you need," he informed her, "is wind in your face for a change. Wind and cloud damp and sun."

"Where—where would we go?"

"Maine," said Bill Connell. "They don't give a hoot there for anybody, and it's a grand place. I've sneaked off there. I understand the people in North Dakota and Louisiana are just the same as they are in Maine—on their own and proud of it. But maybe we'd better try Maine. It's nearest, and I know a landing."

"But I thought Maine was barbaric!"

"Propaganda," Bill Connell explained. "That's how the Corporation works."

Shelby looked up at him. He was everything, her heart told her, that she ever had dreamed about. He was big and broad and vital, and he was competent and intelligent, and he was sunny and cheerful. Besides she loved his smile and the way his eyes lighted up, and she loved the way his dark hair——"

He was saying something to her very solemnly: "You won't have to marry me if you don't want to. I mean I won't ask you or bother you that way unless I'm pretty sure you feel the way I do. But any time you feel that way I'll hunch it, and then you're going to be asked to be Mrs. Bill Connell. Because I know, and I can promise you, that starting with now I'm

Telerad

Continued from page 64

going to love you more every day of my life."

Still looking up at him, Shelby smiled faintly. The whole inside of her was in a turmoil, a sort of sudden delirium, but she must try her best not to show it. It would be awful to let him know so soon. So she merely said with what steadiness she could muster.

"I could leave a note for father. Anyway I don't think it would disturb him terribly. And he's the only one."

"Good girl!" Bill Connell said emphatically. "Now I think we'd better be moving, because we don't know how soon that medic will do his stuff. We'll head out to sea till well after dark. That'll make 'em think we're aiming for Ireland—and that's another place worth investigating. The Irish don't take it lying down either. Get your flying coat, and I'll be waiting upstairs on the roof. My spinner's moored there. Okeh?"

"Absolutely," said Shelby, and of a sudden she felt so crazily happy that she wanted to cry and dance and sing, all at the same time.

NATURALLY Bill Connell had no map. The mechanics' gyros were not supplied with maps. Nor with gas for more than the day's work.

But Bill knew a man. They shot northeast and then north and then east, and then they dropped like a leaf. The man said okeh and filled their tank. Thereafter Bill flew by dead reckoning, which was also called hunch. They saw two planes behind, but darkness at last swept over them. Bill flew north and east again, high out over the broad Atlantic, and then he wheeled and headed back, now so close to the heave and toss of the waves that both Shelby and he became crusty with salt.

"They can't see us so well this low," he explained. And Shelby dozed.

Now, just at dawn, and with a green land beneath them, Shelby came awake. Above her swam an azure morning sky. Below were dark-green trees and bright-green fields. Among the trees and fields ran grayish lines, with objects moving upon them.

"What," asked Shelby, "are those long grayish lines?"

"Roads. They use vehicles on them, vehicles with wheels."

"That's awfully out of date, isn't it?"

"Pretty much," said Bill.

"It must be funny to ride on the ground," said Shelby.

Their spinner was pancaking softly. Bill Connell guided it to rest at the edge of a dark grove, from which immediately three men strode out. The men looked savage. They wore felt hats and carried rifles.

"We don't want visitors," said one of the men without preamble.

"We aren't visitors," said Bill. "Anyway I've edged in here before."

"A lot of you mechs are spies."

"I'm no spy," said Bill.

"We don't want any X germs either," said the man.

"Okeh," said Bill cheerfully. "No X germs, and we mean to stay. We're keeping out of the black, if you have to know. All last night I was dodging a dozen planes——"

"Climb out," commanded the man. And then, "Follow me."

He led off into the woods. He moved briskly. Over his shoulder he said presently, "Yesterday we took in more than two hundred. It begins to look a little as if the human race were coming to its senses."

Shelby was falling behind. She hated to, but she could not help it. Her gilded legs were terribly, terribly tired. All at once she stumbled, fell. Bill Connell picked her up, clasped her across his chest, strode on.

"I ought to be able to walk," said Shelby. "If rough men like that can walk——"

"You'll learn," said Bill.

The leader halted. They were at the edge of a brook. It swished and gurgled pleasantly. There were stones in the brook, cool-looking and wet and shiny. There were trees bending over the brook, trees with green leaves and brown branches.

Shelby breathed ecstatically. "Oh, this is sweet! It smells sweet too."

The leader scowled at her from under the brim of his hat. Gruffly he said. "You'll learn to use your nose—and your legs as well, and your arms and hands. You'll learn a conglom of things if you stay here. You'll learn that the human body is something besides stomach and ears and eyes, which is what your telerad has just about reduced it to. No wonder the X is wiping out the race!"

"But what's going to happen?" asked Shelby.

"Happen? Our guess here is that there'll be a reaction, a revolt. Maybe it's begun already. Telerad will be made man's servant, not his master. We'll get books and magazines and newspapers back again in time, and with them some individuality of thought. The United States won't have its collective mind made up for it by paid glib talkers——"

Bill Connell said crisply, "Spot out, you. This girl is tired."

The man's smile widened. He said, "Swell enough. But aren't you hungry? Don't you want to eat?" He pointed through the trees. There stood a house, a brownish house with a peaked roof.

SHELBY had seen houses with peaked roofs only on the photoplat. All the roofs her own eyes ever had seen were flat, set with cordage hooks to hold the gyros steady in case of inordinate and sudden wind. She gazed at this new kind of house. "It—it has glass windows!" she gasped.

"They're to look through," said the man tolerantly. "You can watch it rain and you can watch it snow. You can watch the birds. You can watch the sun go down. Sometimes it's warm and sometimes it's cold. In winter it's very cold and the snow crunches——"

Shelby's eyes remained wide. "I think," she whispered to Bill Connell, "I think I'm going to like it here."

Bill Connell smiled. To the man he said, "You go up to the house. And keep your back turned. We'll follow you."

The man and his companions moved.

Shelby said breathlessly, "Will you really teach me to walk—I mean kloms and kloms?" Oh, she knew now with such certainty that all she wanted on earth was to be alone with Bill for all her life!

"You know I'll teach you," she heard him say.

"Why," asked Shelby, "why did you tell the man to keep his back turned?"

"This is why," said the mechanic.

A monthly survey of events in the creative world

THE PACE OF THE ARTS

ART ON YOUR DOORSTEP. For the first time since 1882 that beloved and celebrated American canvas, "Portrait of the Artist's Mother," by Whistler, is being publicly shown in this country. It has been borrowed from the Louvre in Paris, and when the current itinerary is complete it is probable that it will not be shown again in America in this generation. During May it is to be in the Columbus, Ohio, Gallery of Fine Arts. Bus excursions to the gallery have been arranged for the benefit of surrounding communities. From June until October the canvas will occupy the place of honor in the Chicago Art Institute.

Traveling exhibitions, it seems, are making the arts of painting and sculpture accessible to a wide public, just as the radio has made accessible grand opera and symphonic music. Both the Museum of Modern Art and the College Art Association have exhibitions on tour, the latter keeping at least fifty shows on the road in one season. Membership in either organization is open to any one, no matter how remote he may be from New York.

Requests for exhibitions from women's clubs, schools, or civic groups are invited by these associations, for, as the Committee of the Museum of Modern Art points

out, "Art is the joint creation of artist and public. Without an appreciative audience the work of art is stillborn. The public must be ready . . . to inspire art and to make it live."

The recent exhibition of Maurice Sterne's work at the Museum of Modern Art was one of the outstanding events of the spring season. Mr. Sterne, though in his fifties, has received the honor of a retrospective show, an honor usually accorded an artist after his death. His rhythmic Bali paintings embody the enchantment of that idyllic isle, yet he fascinates the spectator with as simple a subject as a collection of colorful peppers on a chair. Mr. Sterne has won recognition for the color, form, and architecture of his canvases, which include a great variety of subjects.

BROADWAY SCORES. The theatrical season is on the wane now, but with the warm weather are born those delightful summer companies that bring the legitimate stage to the very doorsteps of people far away from the white lights of Manhattan. During the regular season, however, the Theater Guild extended its activities so that the theater public of eleven cities now have subscription shows.

To people who really love the theater and take its progress to heart the temporary abandonment of Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theater has been the tragedy of 1933. On the other hand, Miss Le Gallienne has struck a remarkable note in producing "Alice in Wonderland," which is a hit with the sophisticated playgoers of Broadway, and demonstrates that we have not lost our capacity to enjoy make-believe in this day of realism.

Another unusual success of the season has already gone forth to delight the public of the whole United States. And that is Podrecca's "Piccoli." This troupe of eight hundred marionettes will capture your fancy with their humorously satirical interpretation of life, their exuberance, their zestful antics. Signor Podrecca and his puppet people have been giving performances since 1916, and during that time have fascinated audiences in almost every country of the western world.

To see Bil-Bal-Bul, the acrobat, go through his paces, dangling precariously from a rope stretched across the stage; to see that ferocious bull—he's black velvet with white horns—go lunging after the picadors; to see the learned donkey with his long ears flying through the hoop; to see the concert pianist, who quivers with the very soul of comedy, is to witness the magic of the stage, and to succumb absolutely to its spell.

We hope that Katharine Cornell still will be playing in "Alien Corn" when this comes off the press, and that if you come to New York you will see her in the rôle of a frustrated Viennese pianist. She is superb in this part, and her unusual charm makes "Alien Corn" a thrilling play.

An outrageously funny musical extravaganza is "Strike Me Pink." It boasts that peppiest of Broadway comedians, Jimmy Durante, and his famous Schnozzle, petite Lupe Velez, drafted from Hollywood, and Hope Williams of Park Avenue, and offers good music, dancing, and lively skits.

George M. Cohan, that famous man of the theater who is practically everything rolled into one, which means that he is author, actor, director, and manager of his current show, "Pigeons and People," is now on tour in this remarkable comedy, in which he is on the stage all the time. He doesn't take time out for intermissions, since his farce, which he describes as "a comic state of mind in continuous action," is really continuous, and there are only two curtains, the first one and the last.

Walter C. Kelly, who is known in every city for his vaudeville characterization of "The Virginia Judge," is, after thirty years of trouping, appearing for the first time in the "legitimate drama." As the dishonest but genial Congressman in "Both Your Houses" (by Maxwell Anderson) he is irresistible, and his good acting is one reason why this play is one of the best productions of the season.

Mr. Anderson points out with dramatic force and with the saving grace of humor the weaknesses of the politicians whom we sent to Washington to run our Government. And Mr. Kelly, as *Solomon Fitzmaurice*, expresses the philosophy that graft is good because it makes for general prosperity. When the boys in Washington "get theirs," he argues, the country as a whole is prosperous and happy—a fallacy which recent events have proved. But, although the public conscience has at last been awakened, still the challenge in this play exists to arouse us from our political inertia.

MUSIC IN THE AIR. The fate of the opera has not yet been decided, but with contributions from radio listeners and with the help of the Juilliard Foundation we can look to the future with confidence. Twenty-five of the thirty-seven operas given this winter were broadcast, which seems proof of the assertion that through radio the Metropolitan Opera has become a national rather than a local institution.

The past season, although cut short by eight weeks, has been outstanding for its many fine performances. The popularity of the Wagnerian operas is a tribute to our maturing appreciation of good music. The stirring

and artistic interpretation of Richard Strauss's "Elektra" was a notable addition to the repertory, while Mr. Tibbett's performance in the American opera "The Emperor Jones" was one of the highlights of the season.

The radio has again triumphed by bringing the Boston Symphony Orchestra, one of the greatest of musical organizations, to the world at large in a series of ten weekly concerts. It has been heard by radio only at rare intervals before, and never has broadcast its Saturday season series for nation-wide audiences.

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestras preferred to present new or seldom heard works of great importance during their broadcast performances rather than to confine their playing to the narrow circle of those who are able to attend concerts in person. Arturo Toscanini made an admirable contribution to symphonic broadcasting by presenting a special Beethoven cycle during the last five weeks of the Philharmonic-Symphony season.

ARMCHAIR ADVENTURES. Extravagant praise is due Stefan Zweig for his biography, "Marie Antoinette," which will probably be one of the most important books of the year. Mr. Zweig says, "Not to idolize, not to deify, but to humanize, is the supreme task of creative psychological study; not to excuse with a wealth of farfetched arguments, but to explain, is its true mission." He has swept aside other biographies, some based on false documents, others overwhelmed with sentimentality, others prejudiced for or against "the Queen of sorrows," and has turned the searchlight of psychology on this "average woman," forced by circumstances to play her rôle in one of the bloodiest periods of French history.

Mr. Zweig, with new material recently released from the Austrian court archives, clears up many obscure points hitherto glossed over or ignored because of prudery—points that have a direct bearing on the Queen's character. A beautifully written and a scholarly presentation of one of the most glamorous figures of history.

Most of us usually feel that a transcontinental train trip is dull and something to be endured for the specified schedule time. But the heterogeneous group that chance has thrown together on the swiftly moving "Orient Express" (by Graham Greene) from Ostend to Constantinople found romance, mystery, and adventure. A novel, as swiftly moving as the train itself.

March Cost is a young Englishwoman, and her first novel, "A Man Named Luke," places her in the front rank of novelists. Miss Cost has written a beautiful fantasy of a love never consummated, but one that surpasses death. An important and unusual piece of fiction.

Pioneering seems to be a lost art in this high-keyed era, but if you have longed to investigate the outposts of civilization, here is an opportunity to follow Bruce Marshall into northern Alaska in "Arctic Village," "two hundred miles beyond the edge of the Twentieth Century." He describes with sympathetic understanding the life and customs of the people in a straightforward fashion.

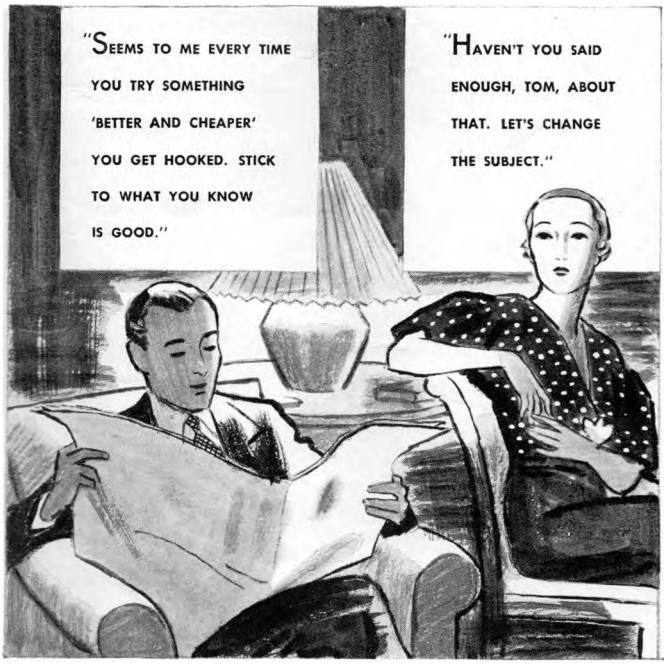
MOVIE TONES. "Secrets," a charming romance, is important in that it reveals a new Mary Pickford. The little girl of the silent screen has grown into womanhood. The story tells us that in every marriage there are secrets—secret joys, secret sorrows—which only husbands and wives can share. Mary Pickford is lovely and touching as the loyal pioneer wife who valiantly stands by her husband despite the onslaughts of stern parents, murderous bandits, the passing years, and a number of seductresses. Leslie Howard is, as always, entirely fine as the husband who needs a heroic wife.

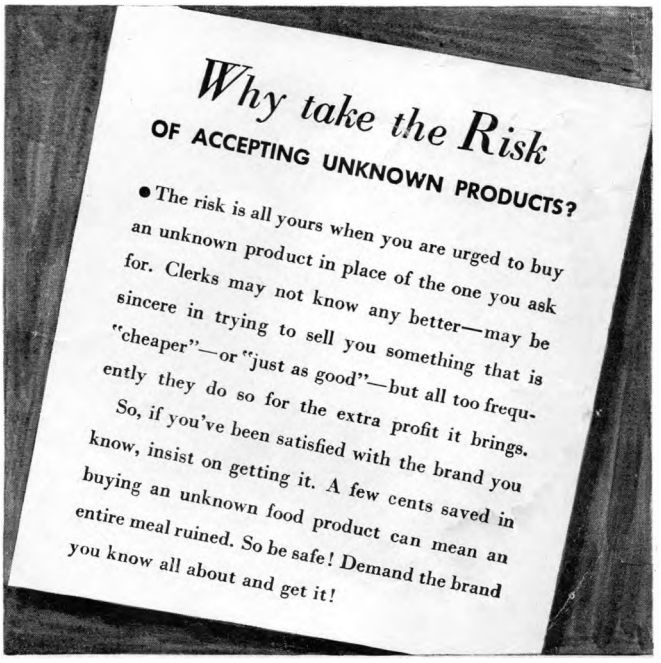
"The White Sister," featuring Helen Hayes and Clark Gable, will enthrall you as it has enthralled thousands in days gone by with Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman. The story is a beautifully tender and fragile romance deep with religious fervor. The photography is superb.

Helen Hayes in the rôle of *Angela*, a young Italian girl who became a nun when her fiancé was reported killed in a battle, and who refused to renounce her vows when he returned to her after escaping from the enemy's camp, plays this part with the utmost intelligence, understanding, and subtlety, and is compelling in all moods. Her performance will always remain a beautiful memory and once again stamps her as one of America's greatest actresses. And Clark Gable as the dashing romantic soldier and lover is both distinctive and convincing. He stands out in the film as an example of first-rate casting and sympathetic acting.

It Happens

IN THE BEST REGULATED FAMILIES





Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Something to Say

—— not just saying something

A friend of CHESTERFIELD writes us of a salesman who had "something to say":

> "I dropped into a little tobacco shop, and when I asked for a pack of Chesterfields the man smiled and told me I was the seventh customer without a break to ask for Chesterfields. 'Smoker after smoker,' he said, 'tells me that Chesterfields click . . . I sell five times as many Chesterfields as I did a while back.'"

Yes, there's something to say about Chesterfields and it takes just six words to say it—"They're mild and yet they satisfy."

they Satisfy

℄ *Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!*