

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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FAITH BALDWIN • E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM • ALICE DUER MILLER
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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JUNE, 1933



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■ JUNE—the date set by the Administration for the return of prosperity. . . . Here's hoping. . . . We take pleasure in presenting, for the first time in the JOURNAL, Faith Baldwin, in the first of a series of sketches from an author's notebook—Business Women in Love. . . . There will be at least half a dozen of these real-life stories. . . . We are pleased, too, to begin a new series of short stories by that master of mystery, E. Phillips Oppenheim—you will find, as we who have read later stories in the series can assure you, continued interest and excitement in the adventures of Sibyl and the beautiful Clara, Baroness von Linz. . . . A Century of Progress Exposition opens at Chicago on June first. . . . Of special interest to JOURNAL readers will be the group of small modern homes on Leif Eriksen Drive—houses that foretell the dwellings of the future in design and in construction. . . . We are showing many of them in a special architectural section beginning on page 26. . . . And the dining room of the frameless steel house, of which the JOURNAL directed the furnishing, on page 82. . . . Vacation time approaches—a time to do something different, whether you go away or stay at home. . . . So here are new clothes, new accessories of dress, new and alluring ways of doing your hair, new ideas for inexpensive entertaining, new books to read. . . . For the girls, whose one universal cry is "How can I make people (boys!) like me?" there are new "lines" which Miss Woodward hopes will bring that illusive thing called popularity. . . . And for organized women, with power to do, there are new projects to undertake, suggested on the page that we call "It's Up to the Women." . . . Here's June:

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"Washed two years"

"And it looks like new, thanks to Chipso!"

I stocked up on colored towels and nice linens two years ago and now I'm tickled pink to tell everybody that CHIPSO washes have kept them looking just as bright as if they'd been bought yesterday!

* * *

CHIPSO suds pile up so HIGH and so RICH in my washer that it's easy to get all my clothes spic and span!

* * *

I can tell that CHIPSO is much SAFER by the way it SOOTHES the HANDS. That's why I always say to friends, "Use CHIPSO for DISHES!"



"You'd think her dress was new—after 31 Chipso washes"

My Betty calls it her "pretty" dress—and she's right, because it's kept its original blush pink color after 31 CHIPSO washes!

* * *

I've never seen another soap that's anything like CHIPSO—its creamy suds are far RICHER yet they're so much SAFER. I never have trouble any more with faded or streaky-looking clothes!

* * *

I wish you would try what I call "CHIPSO ECONOMY!" Your clothes will stay good as new—and your hands keep so soft—and you'll find that CHIPSO is dandy for your nice SILKS and WOOLS!



"I keep my pep after easy Chipso washdays"

Doctor said I'd break down if I kept lifting heavy, wet clothes out of the steaming boiler and rubbing my strength away!

* * *

"You try CHIPSO," said Lou. "You won't have to RUB hard after a CHIPSO soaking!"

* * *

Never before have I had such SNOWY SWEET CLOTHES! And CHIPSO has taken a pile of work off my poor BACK! Besides, you get GOOD WEAR out of CHIPSO WASHES—Why, CHIPSO is so much SAFER that I always tub my stockings and SILKS with CHIPSO now!



Chipso

**CLOTHES COST MONEY
CHIPSO MAKES CLOTHES
WEAR LONGER**

Business Women in Love

*The career of Erica Lambert,
revealed by the notebook of*

FAITH BALDWIN

WRITERS and notebooks seem as complementary as ham and eggs, crackers and cheese, bears and bulls or Lunt and Fontanne. And it is my conviction that when writers creep out of hiding and venture timorously into the world of luncheons, bridges or sewing circles most people regard them with terror or hopefulness, expecting them to produce the well-known tool of their trade at the drop of a teacup.

"Well!" exclaims Mrs. Blank explosively. "I've always wanted to meet you. You don't look a bit like I thought you would," she adds in a tone of resigned disappointment. Then she brightens. "I've said to Fred, a thousand times if I've said it once, that any writer who knew the real story of what I went through as a young girl would get out a notebook at once and take it down. I've always meant to write it myself; but, there, I've been so busy as a wife and mother—what with Fred Junior's weak stomach and little Nancy's broken arm—I was never one to leave my children with hired help —"

There's another reaction. At the same bridge or tea there is always the woman who regards the writer with suspicion and remarks, "I didn't know you knew my husband." When you assure her that you haven't had the pleasure she looks unconvinced. "But," she says dourly, "So-and-So in your last book is exactly like him."

AND so it goes. It is useless to tell people, especially those who warn you coyly, "I'll never forgive you if you put me in a book!" that you don't put people in books, lock, stock and barrel, as is and verbatim; that you can't; that, if you could, you would be the greatest writer in the world, bar none; that your dimensions are, alas, restricted; that it would take you a lifetime to get even partially inside one person's mind and soul and body. That, in short, it is doubtful if any living person has been transferred with absolute accuracy to the written page.

I have, however, a notebook. It consists of loose-leaf pages in a leather binding, and it is filled with cryptic sentences which are supposed to suggest something or other to me. It is not the notebook of tradition, painstakingly crammed with plots, counterplots and pasted newspaper



HE BENT HIS HEAD AND KISSED
HER IN A PASSION OF HOPE.
"YOU DO LOVE ME, DON'T YOU?
I LOVE YOU," HE TOLD HER

Illustrated by John LaGatta

clippings. My mind does not work in so orderly a fashion. Indeed, I sometimes doubt if it works at all. But occasionally I find myself creating a character out of what is almost entirely whole cloth and trying to sketch him or her on one of these convenient pages, hoping that, some day, I may write a novel into which this character will fit as meticulously and neatly as a piece into a jig-saw puzzle. My book also contains many titles, evolved from thin air or merely quotations, and which, for the most part, are still unused. And it harbors suggestions which are more like prescriptions; for instance, what on earth does this mean: "Pink elephants and Park Avenue ash can. Must be blond"?

I have no idea. But no doubt at the time I set that sentence down it must have been the key to a short story. It doesn't sound like a novel to me now. Perhaps it was just a nightmare.

Into the notebook go entrancing color schemes. One gets so bored ringing the changes on heroines' hair, eyes, skin. Black and blue and white; yellow and black and pink. I've come to amber eyes and green eyes in my desperation, and have even essayed some quirks of coloring for my characters which probably have no counterpart in nature.

ONE of my heroines was lifted literally from a girl I saw in the subway, as far as her physical description went. I looked up, I saw a girl clinging to a strap, and I opened the magazine I held, fished for a pencil in my bag and made as complete a word picture of that unknown girl as possible. Later I wrote a story and there she was. But the real girl, had she chanced to read it, would never have recognized herself.

In my loose-leaf notebook there are a number of thumb-nail sketches which I call Business Women in Love. Some of these I have used wholly or partly; some are true and some are not. When the truth is employed names, places, episodes and all the rest are, naturally, a long way from being allied to the original. And as no one ever knows anyone else, really—which is just as well—the actions and reactions of my make-believe people are probably so far from the reality that I need feel no compunction in using the living person as a sort of lay figure upon which I drape my fictional material and cut it according to my cloth.

Which reminds me of the story of the dress designer.

This story remains to be written. Some day I shall write it, I think, but it won't be the real story. My notebook contains the nucleus of the real story—that is, it is real

to me. How much is truth and how much is what my own imagination has made of it, I don't know. And even in an article names must be changed and certain things added or eliminated, for the girl I choose to call Erica Lambert is still very much alive.

There are not many well-known dress designers in the United States, and of those the men are perhaps better known than the women. We have for so long relied upon Paris for our modes that it is in recent years only that the American designer has come to the fore. Many of these, especially those designing for wholesale houses, remain in comparative obscurity save in the trade. Many are not particularly creative in themselves, but are clever at adaptations of the Paris fashions.

Some, latterly, who maintain their own retail shops, and design occasionally for, say, a department store as well, are forging ahead and are known wherever fashion is known. Among these are, of course, Hattie Carnegie, who has made a tremendous name for herself, and Elizabeth Hawes, with her shock of black hair, her pointed face and child's figure and her flair for unusual materials and amazingly clever designs. There are a number of men designing women's clothes in America. Travis Banton, in Hollywood, is one, for instance.

There's Adrian, too, although I do not know if he is American or not; there's Annette Simpson, and others. And there is Erica Lambert, whose shop is in the Fashionable Fifties and whose real name is something else again.

Erica was born in a small town in the Middle West. Her mother was a dressmaker, a survival of the era in which all the best people employed seamstresses by the day, who followed the patterns in the fashion magazines, were stuck with pins as a porcupine with quills, and who knew all the inner back-and-front-stairs gossip of the families for whom they worked.

In my own childhood I recall our first dressmaker, who came two days a week and sewed for my mother and myself; a decayed gentlewoman, she was, with hands I recall as always icy cold and a timid, defensive manner. Poor Miss S., long since gone to her reward, could "copy anything," but not one spark of natural creative genius had been given to her. She and her kind flourished in the days when it was considered not quite nice to buy ready-made clothes.

Later, dressmakers with their own shops came into being. I remember the very lovely lady who made my wedding gown and who has since taken to interior decorating, feeling perhaps that a house responds more quickly and successfully

than a woman, whom one must of course decorate exteriorly. Then came the recognition of ready-to-wear clothes, many of them brilliantly designed, and finally of custom-made frocks, which could be fashioned at a price in the smarter shops.

Erica's mother, a widow, had before her marriage always made her own clothes, and made them quite charmingly. Her marriage was a disastrous experiment, as Lambert, nonchalant, absurdly handsome and entirely worthless, deserted her shortly after Erica was born. Ten years later he died in a brawl on the San Francisco water front and Mrs. Lambert was well rid of him, people thought—and said. But if she thought so herself she never said so. Erica told me that during those ten years her mother kept a place set at the table. Gerry Lambert was all romance to her. She would have taken him back at any time.

AFTER he left her she had to support herself and her baby. During her brief marriage she had been supported in a feast-today-famine-tomorrow fashion. Gerry had been generous with money when he had it; and he had often had it by borrowing it or by gambling for it. But it was a precarious livelihood, and Mrs. Lambert had no living relatives to whom she could turn in the emergencies of her married life and afterward. So, as soon as she was strong enough and as soon as she became rebelliously aware that Gerry was not, as he had gayly promised, coming back when he made his stake, she put up a little card in her window which read "Dressmaking."

From her fat, dimpled, golden babyhood, therefore, Erica was familiar with the sound of shears slipping through satin and silk, with the feeling of pointed pins lacerating her mischievous fingers, and with the sight of her mother standing, brown head bent, gentle, melancholy eyes fixed upon her work, at the old-fashioned table upon which she did her cutting, following her patterns, for the small and large fry of the little town.

Erica liked materials and colors. She had an exquisite sense of touch. She remembers, she told me, standing for a long time just touching a really lovely length of satin—it was to be the wedding gown of one of the town's most important daughters—just touching it, loving it, the feel of it under her fingers, the cold, pure white with its pearl sheen, its amazing purity. Of course she wasn't permitted to look and touch her fill, for her mother turned from a conversation with her customer and snatched her child away with a gasp of horror, turning up her fat little paws and scrutinizing them in terror, lest they be in their usual state of simple grubbiness.

Until Erica went to school she played, on rainy days and every evening, in the front parlor in which her mother sewed. Or, if Mrs. Lambert was working by the day in someone else's house, Erica went along, as there was no one with whom to leave her. In one or two of these houses she became aware of luxury, of ease, of gay and effortless living.

There was, for instance, the house of Mrs. Milton Downes, the banker's wife. It was set back from the street, in all its frame-and-mansard ugliness and comfort. It had great lawns, a summerhouse, stables, converted into garages, a tennis court and the iron figures of stags and gnomes and dogs which had been the mode in an earlier era.

Within, it had preserved much of the fancy of the builder who had erected it, in bay windows and stained glass on the stair well and in the bathrooms, but Mrs. Downes' daughters had seen to it that some of the General Grant era had been superseded, so there were chintz and ruffles and overstuffed couches, and only in Mr. Downes' own "den" could a morris chair be detected.

MRS. DOWNES' daughters, even in Erica's girlhood, sent to New York or Chicago for their clothes, or made annual shopping trips to these metropolises, but Mrs. Downes, who refused to be modernized, and who preferred her comfortable spreading figure to the wandlike figures of her girls, still insisted that Fanny Lambert could make her clothes as no one else. And was, loyally, Mrs. Lambert's best customer, and least troublesome, as she never varied her style, which consisted of no style at all. She had black-silk dresses and black-satin dresses, and "formal" dresses embellished with the Downes' rose point, and nice little easy house dresses, and soft lawns and prints and gingham, and Fanny Lambert made them all.

So, until she was six, Erica went with her mother to the Downes house, and on pleasant days was turned loose in the grounds, to finger the cool hard heads of the iron dogs and to walk, in summer, about the really lovely gardens, and to meditate all alone on the rim of the artificial pond, putting her round chin in her hands and staring down into the clear blue water at the reflection of her own childish face. Inlement days she stayed indoors and sat, not quite as still as a mouse, in the sewing room on the third floor, with its sunny bay window filled with plants, looking at magazines, or at the hodge-podge of furniture and trunks of materials the room contained. Sometimes Mrs. Downes came and sat there too and talked to Fanny Lambert above the whirl of the machine, panting a little, for the stairs were hard on a woman of her bulk, and gossiping gently. *Continued on Page 73*



SHE WANTED TO LEARN TO CAPTURE UPON PAPER THE SEDUCTIVE MOLDING OF MATERIAL TO FLESH, THE SLIGHTLY BIZARRE OR THE SUPERBLY SIMPLE



"BARONESS, I HAVE BEEN WONDERING WHETHER I DARED ASK YOU TO HONOR MY BACHELOR ABODE BY DINING THERE WITH ME TONIGHT"

Sibyl

*The Oracle of Merton Mews--
the first of a new series of
unusual mystery stories by*

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

THE long boat train, which had only a few minutes before started on its race to Victoria, came to an unexpected halt alongside the almost deserted platform of Dover Town Station. Habitual travelers who knew the irregularity of such a proceeding let down the windows and leaned out from their places. There was little to be seen, however, and nothing to be learned from the various attendants.

About a dozen officials, and men who looked like officials in mufti, were forming a sort of ring around one of the vans in the rear of the train, from which a number of heavy, iron-clamped cases were being unloaded. The proceeding was entirely unusual.

Curious questions and comments flashed backward and forward among the passengers. The train attendants, however, knew nothing of what was going on.

"What the mischief are those boxes they are throwing out?" a well-known, middle-aged Englishman asked irritably. "Surely it is not necessary to stop a Continental

train, already an hour late, to bring cases from Dover Pier to Dover Town?"

The attendant's voice trailed off into an almost awed whisper. "Them's what they calls specie cases, sir," he confided. "Used by the big banks for carrying bar gold."

His questioner stared at him. "What in the name of common sense," he demanded, "do they mean by loading up specie boxes or any other sort of box at the pier station, only to throw them out here?"

The man shook his head. "Ask me another, sir," he replied, passing on. "There's none of us knows what's up."

John Woolston, for fifteen years inspector of Pullman cars, had no intention of answering any more questions. He changed his mind, however, when the most beautiful woman of his acquaintance leaned out of the coupé which, according to custom, he had reserved specially for her use.

"What is this delay, Woolston?" she asked pathetically. "And what are those funny little boxes they are throwing out on to the platform?"

The man stepped a few feet inside the coupé and removed his cap. Except for one mad English duke, who sometimes had lapses of memory and therefore was not altogether to be relied upon, this was the most profitable of all his regular passengers.

"To tell your ladyship the truth," he said, "I'll guarantee there's not one of us on the train—unless maybe the guard—who knows what is going on. I can tell you what the boxes are though. They are made specially down in Tooley Street and they are used for transporting gold."

The lady pushed back the veil she was wearing and looked at him through wide-opened eyes.

"But, my good man," she protested, speaking very musically but with a slight foreign accent, "who on earth in their senses would unload bar gold on the platform of Dover Town Station?"

"All I can say, your ladyship," the man pointed out, "is that they are doing it. The cases came off the boat, the French guard left us and the English took over the job. They were placed in the usual van and here we are—barely started on the journey and an hour late already, when on go the brakes and out come them boxes. If I hear anything later, your ladyship, I will let you know."

"Do," she begged. "It seems such an odd thing to happen."

"Your ladyship's car will be at Victoria as usual?" he asked.

She nodded. "And my maid will see the things through the customs," she said. "I shall hurry away. You might see that I have an intelligent porter. I shall take only my dressing case with me."

The man passed on his way with a final salute. Clara, Baroness von Linz, looked thoughtfully out of the window. Her eyes were fixed upon the curiously silent group of men standing almost in a circle around the pile of boxes. Every few seconds a porter with a box on his shoulder hurried off, escorted as far as the subway by a custodian who was evidently some sort of an official. She yawned and rang the bell.

"Some tea," she ordered a trifle imperiously of the attendant.

Long before it was brought the train, with its snakelike bend, had glided away from the station. The baroness yawned once more, opened a magazine which she had bought on leaving the steamer, and began to read.

THROUGH the grim falling darkness the boat train, flaring with lights, spitting flame and vomiting smoke from the funnels of both its engines, tore through the countryside on its rush to London.

Almost parallel with it but continually veering eastward a motor van, built after the style of the modern armored car, traveling also at great speed, was cleaving the same blackness of the winter night, increased by the gray mists rolling inland from the river. The van came at last to a stretch where the shroud of vapor was less dense, and the chauffeur gave vent to a grunt of relief. Larson, the trusted official of the Bank of England, who was seated by his side with a revolver bulging in his overcoat pocket, frowned.

"This is the rottenest bit of road we've got to tackle, Jim," he reminded his companion. "Not a house for four miles and that filthy canal within a few yards all the way. I wish this beastly job was over. I never did care for it and I'm liking it less every moment."

The driver nodded his head. "So do I, Mr. Larson, sir," he mumbled. "That I do. Gawd!"

The sandy-haired little man gave a start which would have been comical but for the fact that it was the start of death. He lay crumpled over the wheel. His companion, though his movements seemed swift enough, never reached the revolver toward which his fingers were groping. The observation window behind had been broken with a crash and he felt the cold, menacing pressure of metal into his side.

"Take hold of that wheel and stop the car," a harsh voice ordered. "Put your foot on the clutch. Lean over for the foot brake. Keep the car on the road, I tell you, or you'll get what he got."

Larson had plenty of courage of the ordinary sort, but there was another gun pressing into the small of his back by this time and it was obvious that he was in a hopeless position. He leaned over the limp body of the driver and brought the car almost to a standstill, a great fear all the time chilling his blood and setting his hand shaking. This was no ordinary holdup.

"You fellows from Amsterdam," he faltered, "you've got us cold. What's it—mean?"

He fell over—dead—with a roar like the roar of a cannon in his ears and the smell of gunpowder in his nostrils. A man who had apparently been lurking in the shadows of the hedge boarded the car, took the wheel and drew in to the side of the road.

The door of the van slammed. From invisible places three or four other figures stole into sight.

"Not a light for over a mile either way," one of them declared.

"Get at these two," was the savage order from the man who still stood with his revolver in his hand. "Strip them both and fling them into the canal. We want their clothes—Buddy and I. The rest of you can tramp it to where the car is waiting. We meet at the Orchard Inn by Pender's Creek. Get me?"

There was a muttered assent. The speaker, who appeared to be in charge of these amiable proceedings, was all the time throwing off his coat and waistcoat. In a darkness which was almost complete, with rapid breathing and clumsy fingers, the little group of men went on with their grisly task. Ten minutes had barely passed before the car was once more on its way. Even the stains of blood, which were scanty, were wiped from the seat. The man who had boarded the car drove with one hand and held the flask which he had found in the leather pocket of the door to his lips.

"Not too much of that," a voice from behind snarled. "You can swim in it when we're through with this job we've got on hand."

An arm stretched through the aperture leading to the back of the car. The flask went spinning over the hedge into the darkness and fell in the muddy waters of the canal. After

that, except for the roar of the engine as it picked up speed, there was silence.

As was usually the case, Clara von Linz was the first person to leave Victoria Station that night. Her luxuriously appointed car was waiting at exactly the right place and her chauffeur was already holding the door open as she crossed the platform, followed by a porter carrying her single dressing case. She dismissed the latter with a more than adequate recompense, spoke a word of greeting to the chauffeur and took her place in the car.

"Straight to Merton Street," she directed.

The man saluted and drove off. In less than a quarter of an hour Clara was seated in one of the smallest but most comfortable women's dens in the West End of London.

"Ring for Mrs. Horder," she told the grave-faced manservant who was waiting for orders.

"Mrs. Horder has been inquiring for you, madam," the man remarked.

A moment or two later the thick curtains at the far end of the room were pushed aside, an unseen door traveled over its beautifully adjusted foundations and a woman entered. She was apparently of middle age and heavily built. Her hair, dress and everything about her were severe. She bent over Clara, who saluted her in Continental fashion.

"Sit down for a moment, Gertrude," she invited.

THE woman obeyed. She possessed an air of great composure and also of singular reticence. The eyes behind her glasses were invisible, her features were curiously unemotional.

"There have been urgent messages for me?" the returned traveler asked.

"Only social ones."

"There will be soon," Clara prophesied. "Perhaps not just yet. They generally wait until after Scotland Yard has failed before they come to us."

"Something has happened?"

"I believe so. I believe that there has been a big robbery."

"Of jewels?"

"No. Of gold. Quite an original theft, my dear Gertrude. I was in at the birth and I expect to be in at the death."

"How do you know anything about it?"

"I know nothing," was the smiling reply. "I divine. That is all. I just guess. I feel it in the air. All that I have to go by is that I saw a great many wooden boxes on the platform at Dover Station, and because I saw them there I believe that there has been a great gold robbery."

"You are usually right," the woman with the heavy glasses conceded. "In this case, however, I think you go too far. A robbery of gold is almost impossible."

"Listen!" Clara enjoined, holding up her finger.

A boy tramped along the pavement below. They heard his nasal singsong through the closely curtained windows.

"Great robbery of gold this afternoon! All about the great robbery!"

"You heard something about it on the journey," Gertrude Horder suggested incredulously.

"Not a thing, Gertrude, nothing," the other assured her.

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso



"THEM'S WHAT THEY CALL SPECIE CASES, SIR," HE CONFIDED. "USED BY THE BIG BANKS FOR CARRYING BAR GOLD"



"STOP THE CAR," A HARSH VOICE ORDERED. "LEAN OVER FOR THE BRAKE. KEEP ON THE ROAD, OR YOU'LL GET WHAT HE GOT"



"THERE SEEMED TO BE NO ONE AT WORK IN THE FACTORY, YET WE FELT HEAT FROM THE FURNACES HUNDREDS OF FEET UP"



"NAMES," SHE CONFIDED, "ARE NOT USED IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT. THIS IS SIBYL. I AM PART OF SIBYL. THAT IS SUFFICIENT"

The servant brought in a paper. There it was in black type with gigantic headlines:

GREATEST ROBBERY IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY
OVER A MILLION POUNDS' WORTH OF GOLD CONSIGNED TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND MISSING

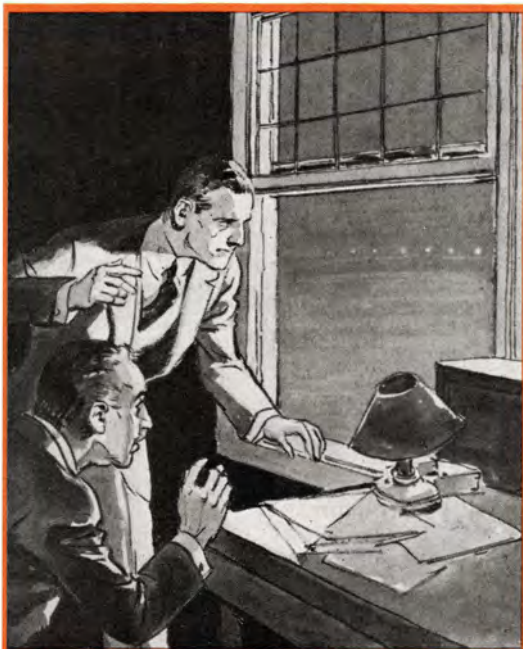
Neither Scotland Yard nor the Bank of England are willing to give any information as to the reported theft of thirty-nine boxes of gold bars which should by this time have been reposing in the cellars of the Bank of England. They were handed over by the French authorities and signed for at Dover Pier, and it is understood that by means of forged orders they have fallen into the hands of a gang of international thieves. The Thames from Gravesend and all southern ports are under the strictest surveillance, but in the absence of any confirmation we hesitate to give credence to the many wild rumours in circulation. It may be pointed out that the theft of gold in this form is an exceedingly hazardous enterprise, as the markets for its disposal are strictly limited.

"Did this inspiration of yours," Gertrude Horder asked, "include any light upon how and where the theft took place and by whom?"

"There are limits to my powers," Clara confessed. "The theft took place, without a doubt, on Dover Town Station platform, but there is nothing in that because I saw the boxes there. How or by whom I have no idea at present. There was one little thing that struck me," she went on thoughtfully, "which might be helpful, but in any case I shall keep it to myself for the moment."

Gertrude Horder looked at her friend with an almost dazed admiration in her expressionless eyes.

"I wish all those stupid people who lose things would send to us earlier," she sighed. "We only get the business



ALL AROUND WAS THE SOUND OF FLYING FOOTSTEPS. "WHAT IS IT?" BLONDEL SHRIEKED. "WHAT'S WRONG, NICHOLAS?"

passed on to us when Scotland Yard has bungled all the clues and mucked up things hopelessly."

Clara shook her head. "You ought to know by this time, my dear, that clues are no use to me," she said. "The best moment to solve a mystery is when the people concerned in it have begun to fancy themselves safe. . . . Let us leave the gold robbery alone for the moment. Aren't I going to some sort of dinner tonight?"

The older woman drew a small diary from her pocket and turned over its pages.

"You are dining at nine o'clock with the Duchess of Porchester at Porchester House," she reported. "It is a charity invitation affair, but the duchess has sent you a ticket. She rang up this afternoon to ask if you had any choice of tables."

Clara shrugged her shoulders. "I shall bore myself at any," she answered. "I meant to wire from Paris that I could not go. Something stopped me—another idea, perhaps. Why does one give in to ideas, Gertrude?"

"I never have any," was the terse response. "In view of this latest sensation, would you like to sit at Sir Guy Blondel's table? He is either a banker or something like it."

Clara's eyes were almost caressing. "You wonderful person!" she exclaimed. "Do not dare to say you have no inspirations. You must have felt that I want to know a little more about banking. Sooner or later I suppose I shall have to find those gold bars, and there are just one or two points I should like to understand. . . . Anything else happened?"

"Baron Konstam called. He was anxious to know whether you would take a trip to Warsaw. There is a group of Frenchmen there concerning whose activities he is curious."

(Continued on Page 63)



Some Reminiscences

*The Beginning of the Great War--"Watchful Waiting"
and "Too Proud to Fight"--Reviving the Roughriders*

By ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

AFTER leaving Spain and Kermit's wedding we stopped off in Paris for a night on our way to London, to dine at Ambassador Herrick's. A dinner at which there were a number of French statesmen to meet father, and a sprinkling of personal friends. Old Madame Waddington was there, looking like a Norn in evening dress; nearly eighty, I believe, at that time, yet as keen and up to date in her interest in all that was going on as anyone half her age.

When we got to England father went to the Arthur Lees, I going very much "on my own" to a hotel. At the moment England was torn by the Home Rule question. Ulster and Ireland were on everyone's lips, in everyone's thoughts. In the opinion of many, civil war was imminent. Feeling ran bitter and deep, families were divided, old friends hardly spoke. Sir Edward Carson was hero or villain. I sat next him one night at dinner at the Lees', and got the impression of a determination and conviction that nothing could swerve. I went with father to stop at Chequers with the Lees. Among the guests were Lord Roberts and Mr. Oliver, the author of *Ordeal by Battle*—those two prophets, little heard and less heeded, of what was so soon to engulf the world.

Father went back to America without me, as I managed to miss two or three boats. I was having such a good time in London, in that delightful atmosphere, like a political novel that was in process of writing itself day by day before one's very eyes.

Women's Suffrage was also at that time a problem for the British politicians. At a house party at Cliveden with the Astors I met a particularly pretty, attractive, gentle lady, and was told that only the week before she had tied herself to a lamp-post in front of the house or office of some prominent statesman, as a protest against refusing women the vote.

I left England for a week-end jaunt to Paris, to go to the Grand Prix. I went over with Lady Granard, to stay with her and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, at their house in the Rue de Varennes. Such a spacious, delightful house—in the rear a terrace and a charming little garden where we used to have tea and play bridge. One could hardly believe one was in the center of Paris. After we got into the war the Millses turned it over to General Pershing for his Paris headquarters.

While War Clouds Gathered

NEIL PRIMROSE, Lord Rosebery's younger son, went over with us. He had been in New York for a month or so the winter before and we had all become firm friends. He was in Parliament, one of the brilliant, able, younger men there. I don't think I have ever known any foreigner who met and made friends with so many different sorts of people as he did while he was in New York. The Bowery, Fifth Avenue and Morningside Heights all came within the range of his interest and companionship.

That Sunday in Paris he took me to the houses of several of his Rothschild relatives; to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. "Jimmy" Rothschild; to tea after the races with the Rothschilds who had a place near the race track; and in the evening to a dance at the Maurice Rothschilds—all gay, carefree parties of prewar Paris.

That afternoon at the races we heard the news of the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. None of the people there who talked about it gave any sign of realizing that it was the match that touched off the fuse. In fact, one American woman who was married to a German remarked that though of course it was a hideous tragedy it might on the whole simplify matters, as, owing to the archduke's

morganatic marriage, there would surely have been trouble about the succession had he become emperor.

On Monday we went back to London, and in spite of having had very few hours of sleep out of the thirty-six I had spent in France, we proceeded to dine and go to the "White City"—as I recollect, it was a sort of amusement park—with the Raymond Asquiths. And even after that we kept some restaurant open for quite a while after the closing hour.

A week more in London, and finally I could not continue to put off going home any longer. The night before I left, Jimmy Rothschild, Neil Primrose, F. E. Smith—who was later Lord Birkenhead—and I played bridge until I went back to the Granards', where I was then staying, in time to get a bath and breakfast and make the boat train.

I got home the end of July, missing the declaration of war by a couple of weeks. For a short while I felt about the war in terms of the Nibelungenlied, which father used to read to us when we were children. I liked Norse gods and heroes. "Meekness is weakness, strength is triumphant, over the whole Earth still is it Thor's day." But as soon as father declared where he stood I followed him as I always did, and in a little while was talking of the opprobrious "Boche" as heatedly as anyone.

From the beginning I think that sympathy was pretty generally with the Allies, except in those sections of the country where there was a preponderant German-American population, and when details of the invasion of Belgium were disclosed that sympathy became tautly emotional. The warring nations, in a series of official papers, laid before the world the events that led to the war—the facts as they saw them. We were told by Mr. Wilson that we must be "not only neutral in word but in thought," and by September, 1915, we were floundering in the complications of our neutrality, and so continued for the year and a half before we came in.

The question that plagued us, apart from the rights and wrongs of the war itself, was "contraband." England had control of the seas. Later that control was menaced by the German use of the submarine, but in the early stages of the war we had practically free access to the English and Allied market for absolute contraband, that is to say for munitions of war, articles solely for military use. We could trade in such to our heart's content—to the immense benefit of those who produced them.

Our shiploads of munitions, though legally liable to capture by Germany, could be made without risk to our pockets, as the seas were swept clear of German ships. It was the conditional contraband—oil, copper, foodstuffs—that was the cause of our troubles. The producers of those articles "wanted in" on prosperity, and loud was the wailing and savage was the protest when the British interfered with and held up the delivery of those shipments destined direct to Germany, or to neutral countries whence they could

get to Germany. The series of protests and counter protests between ourselves and the Allied powers must fill many volumes.

Meanwhile the campaign for preparedness was under way. Father, and many others who saw things as he did, felt that we should, and inevitably would, get into the war. The training camps were organized and started. Father wrote and spoke unceasingly. His two volumes of collected articles, *America and the World War*, and *Fear God and Take Your Own Part*, bring to memory vividly the part he played in arousing this nation to a sense of what was necessary to preserve "the vital honor and the vital interest of the American people."

Our morale had been lowered by the vacillating policy, or lack of policy, that Wilson pursued toward Mexico. In April, 1914, we sent out ships to Vera Cruz to "exact" an apology for an insult to the flag. They left without getting it. Outrages on the persons and property, and murder of American citizens in Mexico, elicited notes from Mr. Wilson. No atrocity could stir him to action. He just wrote notes—and then more notes. He called it "watchful waiting." Father called it a "policy of poltroonery"—commenting on Wilson's course in regard to Germany as well as in regard to Mexico. For it was not long after the Great War started before Wilson directed his note writing to the European belligerents too.

We Return From Exile

NICK was nominated and elected without difficulty in 1914, and as there was no extra session the following spring, we were in Cincinnati at the time the *Lusitania* was sunk. When the Germans had established a war zone we had notified them that we would hold them to a "strict accountability" for any such act. If words meant anything, the time for action had arrived. "At last we are in"—so we said, we had no doubt of it. We had no doubt in our minds that our fellow citizens of German-American descent would be with us

without a murmur. Then came "too proud to fight," that psychological moment was over, and the battle to keep some shred of national self-respect was on again.

That summer Nick and I went to California to see the Panama-Pacific Exposition. We stayed with Dickie Tobin at San Mateo and with Senator Phelan at his country place in the Santa Clara Valley, then moved down the coast by easy stages to San Diego. No Hollywood in those days—all we saw of movie actors was an occasional group along the roadside, being filmed in a most informal way.

In November we were back once more in Washington, and great fun it was to be there again—to have our exile behind us. The war seemed to be all that anyone thought or talked of. Cecil Spring-Rice, father's great friend, was British ambassador. He was



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having a soul-searing time in those days of neutrality and note writing, yet he never lost his humor and irony.

Gussie Gardner was one of the leaders in the preparedness fight, strong pro-war and pro-Ally. Nick, owing to the complexion of his constituency, was less of a sword rattler, though basically entirely at one with Gussie and the rest of us. Springy, who loved to tease and make fun, and who at any moment could produce verse of any kind, wrote the following doggerel about them:

*What does Gussie Gardner say,
In his nest at break of day?
"Wake up, every mother's son,
Buy a double-barreled gun,
Shoot a Dutchman or a Jap,
Or some other foreign chap."*

Nick replying:

*All your shoutings and your squealings
Hurl a foreign nation's feelings,
And especially the Dutch
Mind your language very much.
Teach the eagle how to coo,
That's what Congress ought to do.
Make the eagle nice and meek,
Amputate his horrid beak.
Make it quite against the laws
For a bird to carry claws.
But you must not touch his wing—
Flying is a useful thing.*

In 1916 a Presidential campaign was once more in the offing. Those who had followed father in 1912, and with him organized the Progressive Party, were urging him to be their candidate again. He and mother had gone on a trip to the West Indies, on the way home from which he put out a statement defining his position. In it he said that he did not wish the nomination, that he would not fight for it, and would not permit any fight to be made for him.

"Indeed, I will go further and say that it would be a mistake to nominate me unless the country has in its mood something of the heroic, unless it feels not only like devoting itself to ideals but to the purpose measurably to realize those ideals in action."

Many of his supporters, however, determined to push his candidacy, and hoped that by calling a convention of the Progressive Party in Chicago on the same date that the Republicans met they might force the Republicans to nominate him.

The name of Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, who was then an associate justice of the Supreme Court, figured prominently in the talk of who the candidate would be, and as the winter went on the signs pointed more and more to him and less to father. The prospects did not look encouraging, and when we took ourselves to Chicago in June our hopes did not match our enthusiasms.

When Prayers Were Futile

AFTER the convention got going, the hopes were rapidly dissipated. I recollect watching the huge, florid bulk of Boies Penrose forging through the crowd. I followed him with wistful, almost yearning eyes, putting up a sad little prayer that he and others of his ilk who were in control of the convention might have a change of heart. But silent prayers were not what moved those gentlemen—1912 was too recent and rankling, and Hughes was nominated.

Father was nominated by acclaim at the Progressive meeting. He put his "conditional refusal" in the hands of the Progressive National Committee, and a couple of weeks later, after Mr. Hughes had declared himself on what father considered the "vital questions of the day," father wrote the Progressive National Committee saying that he would support Hughes and recommending that his fellow Progressives should do the same.

He supported Hughes vigorously, made many speeches—speeches rather less for Hughes than against Wilson. One in particular I recollect, on *The Shadows of Shadow Lawn* (Shadow Lawn was the name of Wilson's country place in New Jersey), in which he summoned up the ghosts of those who were murdered in Mexico and on the high seas. It could not have been pleasant reading for the Democratic candidate.

We had no doubt about Nick's reelection to Congress, but there were obvious snags and sour apples in the path of the national ticket. It was an unpleasant campaign. The efforts to hold or capture the German-American vote without at the same time losing those whose hearts were with the Allies—to appeal to those who believed in preparedness, as well as to those who piously intoned "he kept us out of war"—did not make an elevating spectacle.

On election night we had, as usual, a wire in Nick's office. As the returns came in, all became more and more cheerful and confident—everyone, that is to say, but me.

Some tactless individual came in, saying how fortunate it was that Hughes had been nominated—T. R. never could have been elected. I became increasingly a combination of Poe's Raven and Cassandra, (Continued on Page 80)



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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HATS, AS MRS. LONGWORTH WORE THEM IN THE NOT-TOO-DISTANT PAST—WHEN CHIC LAY IN FEATHERED OWLS, DRIPPING PLUMES, LACE CURTAINS, FLOWER GARDENS AND RIBBON PYRAMIDS



A VOICE CALLED, "JOHN!" THERE SHE WAS—LOOKING AT HIM WITH EYES STARTLED WIDE OPEN, AND OH, SO BEAUTIFUL

Gowns by Roberta

By ALICE DUER MILLER

JOHN KENT, six feet two, handsome, captain of his college football team, is, Sophia says—though this is not all that Sophia Teale says as, in the privacy of John's tiny cabin on a transatlantic liner, she breaks their engagement—the sort of man who makes a woman's life absolutely blar; a man who thinks oysters, beefsteak and *pie* make a dinner.

"Some day, John," she says, "a good little girl will adore you, but to me you're just a dull, small-town, oversized young man." And all because John didn't happen to like Sophia's dress—"I think it's indecent," he'd said. What did John know of women . . . of life?

So John finds himself at loose ends in Paris, his original purpose in going there—to meet Sophia and her mother, who are crossing later, and select Sophia's engagement ring and trousseau—frustrated. In his extremity of loneliness in the city of gayety, he remembers his Great-Aunt Minnie—Minnie Roberts, La Belle Madame Robert, a Lady with a Past, but now one of the world's greatest dressmakers, Roberta.

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John's Uncle Oliver had suggested that he go to see her—"She's getting to be an old woman, John, and you're her only living relation. . . ."

At Roberta's establishment on the Rue Pavane, John meets, first, an elegant, pale-faced young man in livery, Ladislav; then, from a rather embarrassing position in an elevator stuck between floors, Stephanie, Roberta's assistant; and finally an old woman and an old man—Madame Robert and Lord Henry Delves. Aunt Minnie knows how to make a man talk. John's troubles quickly become Aunt Minnie's.

"She is crazy—stupid—that girl," Aunt Minnie says. "It will be different here. You will go big in Paris. You will stay with me and I will teach you, and when this girl comes you will snap your fingers at her, and say 'You are nothing but a crude little girl, without chic, without allure.'"

II.

EVERYDAY life at Aunt Minnie's was pleasant. From the moment when Adolph, the manservant,

came in to open the shutters—talking all the time, undeterred by his own reiterated statement that monsieur understood nothing that was said—until John sank again into the softest of French beds, life was pleasant. And not on the material side only.

In some way he couldn't define, daily life with Aunt Minnie seemed to nurse and build up the somewhat flattered ego of the American man—partly on account of the passionate importance her servants attached to his tastes and wishes, partly on account of the profound attention she herself bestowed on all his statements. This was something new to John. His mother, heaven knew, had indulged him; Sophia, and other ladies, had flattered him, but such flattery or indulgence, though he had accepted it, had been all the time something he knew he ought not to accept—something that would in some mysterious way ultimately humiliate him. But Aunt Minnie's flattery was different—it cultivated and fed the best in him, as rain and sunlight feed a plant.

She instructed him a good deal, for the most part impersonally; but when she was

obliged to give him a plain piece of information—to tell him that in Europe ladies must be put on his right in a car, or that ushers in theaters expected to be tipped—she took the opportunity immediately afterward to give him a chance of instructing her, by asking what to do with American investments, or which American college would be best for the son of a friend of hers.

Every morning she went to the Rue Pavane, and John took a French lesson. His teacher was a tiny old gentleman, with a red ribbon in his buttonhole, and sparse brown hair brushed across a jutting forehead. He was supposed to come for an hour, and always stayed for two. He cared passionately that John should learn. He would grasp objects on the desk and wave them as if they were banners, shouting, "*la plume, le crayon,*" with such enthusiasm that John found himself shouting back.

In the evening, at least three times a week, Aunt Minnie took him to dine at a restaurant, or to a play. On these expeditions he learned much.

For instance, in an almost-empty restaurant she was one evening denied the table she had picked out. Madame Robert was still a conspicuous figure in Paris, and usually maitres d'hôtel, wherever she went, hurried her to the best table in the room. This night the head man was absent, and his understudy, seeing nothing but a fat old woman and a badly dressed American, pulled out two chairs at an obscure table next to a blaring band.

AUNT MINNIE did not move. She stood in the doorway looking quietly about her.

"Is there no other table disengaged?" she asked pleasantly.

"Ah, *malheureusement, madame.* . . ."

Still Aunt Minnie betrayed no doubt or annoyance. She stood a moment chatting—she congratulated the man on the evident improvement in business, and recalled a few of the dishes for which the restaurant had always been famous. Then she began to move out.

He hastened after her. "But madame was not going?" Yes, it appeared madame was—it would be for another evening when they were less crowded. . . . She was offered a better table before she had reached the hall door—the very one she wanted before she had called for her car.

It seemed strange to John that no one was angry—not the head waiter at having been proved to be a liar, not Aunt Minnie for having been denied her just rights. On the contrary, they both seemed to think all the better of each other. John himself was secretly pleased. He had always imagined that he could never deal with head waiters, because he had supposed there were only two methods—to tip them extravagantly or to bawl them out. Both were—for different reasons—beyond his powers. But this way he might manage.

The old lady had an epicure's knowledge of food and of wines, although she usually ate and drank little herself. One evening she ordered a vintage wine for John, and became suspicious of its color as it was poured into his glass. She sent for the bottle, which came after a long delay. It was not the wine ordered. The result was a special bottle from the cellar of the proprietor—a present from the house.

AUNT MINNIE sighed. "I shall be obliged to drink some of it," she said. "It's poison to me—and I like it so much."

He could not help being impressed, and though he did not naturally take an interest in fine points of diet and manner, Sophia's criticisms had given them fictitious importance. Then, too, Aunt Minnie obviously thought them very important, and his growing love for her forced him to put his mind on whatever she wanted.

One day she announced, as timidly as a girl, that she had a great favor to ask of him.

"Dear Aunt Minnie, just about anything you want . . ."

"I want you to go and get yourself some clothes from Sanbourne—that tailor above the shop."

He grinned at her. She was delightful when she was timid. "Oh," he said, "so the great Madame Robert is ashamed of being seen out with a shabby nephew, is she?"

"John, dear, any woman would be proud to go out with you in your overalls, but I must do something for poor Sanbourne—he threatens to close his Paris house if he doesn't get more business. I'm insuring my own rent—I own the building." Then, seeing that he was not quite convinced by this

reasoning, she went on: "Of course I do admit, I should enjoy dressing you up—it is my instinct. If you had been a girl, you can imagine what I should have done—what fun."

Embarrassed by the disloyal thought that if he had been a girl he would never have been allowed to see Aunt Minnie at all, he yielded. He wanted to go, not so much to the tailor as to the building which Roberta occupied. He had not been there since that first day. He had not seen Stephanie. More than that, he suspected that Aunt Minnie did not want him to see her.

He pondered motives—did she fear to lose a valuable *directrice*? Or did she doubt

the integrity of his intentions? Or did she wish to avoid an unequal marriage between her nephew and an employe? He smiled at such an idea—the old lady knew nothing of those fine, frank friendships that flourished between men and women in contemporary America.

Arriving at the Rue Pavane, he found Ladislav, as before, ready to beckon unsuspecting clients to the lift.

"Oh, no, not on your life," said John.

Ladislav, marshaling his English, cried: "She will not steek again," but John preferred walking up. He heard mocking laughter from below. He thought Ladislav needed to be taught his place.

John had never thought much about clothes—not at all, in fact. He had bought at the college outfitters'—or even second-hand from his friends—as dire necessity arose. He went to be measured without self-consciousness—indeed, it was not until the fitter handed his coat to an underling, who draped it respectfully on a hanger, that he remembered it was old and greenish, and one of the pockets had a hole in it.

He found Aunt Minnie had given magnificent orders—two sack suits, a morning coat and striped trousers, evening clothes—dinner jacket and tails—an overcoat. . . . He cut it all down to a blue-serge suit and a tailed coat—he (Continued on Page 55)



HE CREATED A SENSATION. EVERY OCCUPANT OF A GILT CHAIR CEASED TO LOOK AT THE MANIKINS, AND EVERY MANIKIN CEASED TO LOOK AT THE OCCUPANTS OF THE GILT CHAIRS. IN A SECOND JOHN WAS COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY UNDULATING FORMS, BLANK LOVELY FACES



WHEN SYLVIA SAID: "I, SYLVIA, TAKE THEE," WITH THE SUN SHINING ON HER VEIL, I FELT SO HOLY I NEARLY SUFFOCATED

Love's Price; or the \$2.20 Heart

By GRAEME and SARAH LORIMER

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

IT SEEMED to me that practically every day before Sylvia's wedding our house would be full of little elderly ladies with this-year hats pinned to their pompadours and feathers around their necks, who would look at Sylvia's trousseau nightgowns and squeeze mother's hand and say: "To think that you have a child old enough to be married! My dear, you're too young!"

I got to looking at mother in an entirely different light. You don't usually think of your mother as being too young for things, especially a perfectly natural thing like having your daughter get married.

It did make a change in father and mother though. You would see them gazing at each other over the roast beef as if they were remembering things about each other which they had both practically forgotten; and it seemed like I was always hearing father calling mother "little girl" right in front of people who I was afraid might think he was warped or something.

It was a relief to have a little sentiment around our house, though, considering we were about to have a wedding, for Sylvia and Jerry spent practically all the time opening wedding presents, and writing them down with about as much romance as two tax collectors, and every time they did sit down it was usually on a crate, and instead of talking about the long beautiful years ahead they would worry over people which said their invitation to the wedding hadn't come, and usually it was someone that we had crossed off and so of course their invitation hadn't come, only you couldn't tell them that. Really, I thought, your last days for being a

girl seemed to have more problems than most people's whole married life.

The most surprising thing about the whole wedding and the weeks before it was how kind Sylvia was to me. She used to always act like I was a kind of a strain on her most of the time, but I suppose she began to realize that I was about to practically drop out of her life and all my faults began to seem rather endearing. I used to go in and sit on her bed and talk for hours without her once telling me I was probably sitting on her hat or stepping on her mules, and we would kiss each other good night, which we would both have died of shock if we had done it a year ago.

But love mellows people, I realized, and besides I was getting more mature myself. Mother was already talking about giving me Sylvia's pass-down fur coat on account of her getting a new one in her trousseau.

"Not that I will ever love another coat as well," Sylvia said sadly, laying it on mother's bed with a gesture of renunciation, the day we went over her things. "Think of all the lovely things I did in it!"

"Never mind," I said comfortingly, dumping the camphor out of its pocket. "I can go right on taking it to football games and out in people's roadsters on cold nights like you did. I'd wear it to the automobile races with Davy right

now if it wasn't June. I might even get engaged in it, if it holds up."

"Is that a promise?" Jerry said, standing in mother's doorway, where we noticed him for the first time. Fiancés are always underfoot.

"Not really," I said. "I'd have to wait till next winter."

"For heaven's sake!" Sylvia said. "Have you anyone in mind?"

"Of course she has," Jerry said. "Any time Maudie hasn't some man in mind she's sick. Or he's a pretty terrible scrunch."

"Or engaged," I said coldly. Jerry has a habit of being right in a perfectly horrid way. "Do you want me to hang this on the line, Sylvia? If we leave it here mother will smother in her sleep."

"Seriously, I mean," Jerry went on, "June is a great month for romance, Maudie. Just look at us."

"Well, suggest someone," I said. "I'm devoting myself to you and Sylvia this month."

"Take the shoes, too, Maudie," Sylvia said, pouring more camphor out of them. "These velvet ones are strong enough to walk."

"Then why don't we let them?" I said, staggering through the doorway with the coat and six dresses and two suits.

"Here," Jerry said, trying to take the bottom thing in that helpful way men have. "A broken neck never helped any girl's sex appeal. Anyway, I want to see you make good on that promise, Maudie. Will it be Davy? There's a worthy lad."

"Well, I'm going to the races with Davy," I said, kicking open the back stairs. "Did you ever notice how often you don't want to give things to the people who deserve them the most? They sort of remind you of an unpaid bill, or a person you forgot to send flowers to when they had their appendix out or something. That thing is the mop. Nora always leaves it there in case she might need it."

"She won't ever need it again," Jerry said. "I just stepped on it. Open the door, will you? Everything's slipping."

There were nine new wedding presents in the kitchen. Silas was hammering the end off one box with smashing sounds that made the cups jump.

"It's plates," Jerry said, as we backed out the door. "Whenever you hit something an awful wallop it turns out to be plates."

"And that present all tied up in burlap and stuffed with tissue paper which Sylvia and I opened like it was eggs might have been solid rock," I said, hanging the coat on the line. "It was an antique coffin stool, very quaint and convenient. You can set other things on it besides coffins."

"Good Lord!" Jerry said. "Who sent it?"

"It said Mr. Charles Lee," I said.

"That's too bad," Jerry said. "He's one of the ushers. I was just going to mention him to you as the ideal easy catch, only now I suppose you'll be prejudiced."

"Not specially," I said. "It won't be my coffin. But who wants an easy catch? I like my men hard to get."

"Well, what about Ted Felton?" Jerry said. "He took quite a shine to you that time you tried to cut my throat."

"No," I said firmly, "he might try to sell me something. I don't believe in life insurance."

"Why not?" Jerry said, tying shoes on the line.

I SAT down on the back steps to think. "Well," I said, "I figure that a person with my kind of personality isn't worth anything when they're dead. Haven't you anybody more inspiring than Ted? Somebody I could enjoy suffering for?"

"Sure," Jerry said in a rather scornful voice, "there's MacKean Andrews, my best man, but you couldn't get him, so don't try. You're too young to develop an inferiority complex."

"No fear," I said as scornfully. "Why couldn't I get him?"

"Because older and more worldly women than you have tried for ten years," Jerry said, "without success."

"Oh, is that all?" I said. "I had an idea that maybe he was married or studying to be a monk or something."



"IF I OPENED MY MOUTH," I SAID, SMOOTHING MY SHORTS WITH DIGNITY, "YOU'D JUMP DOWN MY THROAT"

"Maudie," Sylvia called out of the nursery window in a wild voice, "I've lost those cards I was going to write in the book. What was on them, can you remember?"

"There was two hot-milk pitchers," I said, my mind being very clear, "and four more carving sets, which you can't return three of them because they got monograms on them. And then there was that picture of the Tower of London from Uncle Eustace which Silas broke, and Mrs. Jeffries' coffee table."

"Ah," Jerry said, "who sent that?"

"Mrs. Jeffries, dumb-bell," Sylvia said, starting to close the window. "I wish you'd come up and help unpack this last batch, Jerry. It's more plates, worse luck, and we still haven't any glasses or finger bowls."

JERRY went immediately, with that look on his face that all men get when they start thinking about their life work. I sat on the back steps after he left, feeling rather sad for some reason. Why is it that when you see people in love and all worn out with getting married and looking like a wreck over buying furniture and kitchen things with not enough money, you usually envy them? I began to wonder if there was something about it all that I didn't understand.

A truck stopped on the drive just then and a man came up the back path with three packages.

"This Mason's?" he said, dumping them down in a casual way so that something inside me said: "Plates."

"Yes," I said. "Are you married?"

The man shoved his cap back and laughed. "What's a matter, girlie?" he said. "Some guy walk out on you?"

"No," I said, "I just wondered if you were married. I'm just interested in marriage, that's all."

"So was I—oncet," he said, taking his pencil from back of his ear. "Now I gotta wife and two kids and it's gimme, gimme, gimme all the time till I tell you the truth, girlie, I'm wore out. I gotta have this here signed for."

"What did you get married for?" I said while I wrote my name in his book. He set the packages at the back door where the next person out would step on them.

"I'm asking you, sister," he said. "You know how it is when you've went together for three years. That top one is glass, you wanta tell everyone."

"I know," I said, "I heard it."

"Well, s'long," he said, sticking the pencil back of his ear again. "Hope your sweetie turns up." He ran down the path and jumped on the truck as it came around the bend.

I sat there feeling very depressed. I wondered if Sylvia would say gimme, gimme, gimme after she was married to Jerry. The door opened and Nora fell over the boxes, and a few minutes later Silas began opening them in the kitchen with loud crashes and splitting sounds.

I went on sitting on the back steps, where I was practically falling asleep in the sun, when the back gate opened again and another man came up the path. He had on gray-flannel trousers and a blue coat and a lot of gray in his hair which probably came from some secret sorrow rather than just being old on account of he didn't look a bit feeble or anything. I guess he was about thirty.

I still had on my sneakers and yellow socks and the shorts Davy and I had been playing tennis in, and of course I realized I looked terrible but I didn't care. It is sort of restful to sit back thinking your thoughts without having some one rushing you off to a bath or something which people are usually doing to me nowadays. I look terrible a lot of the time, but it is usually because I am thinking, not because I forgot to wash.

"I wonder if you can tell me, sonny —" the man said, and then stopped as I sat up. "I beg your pardon. I thought you were a boy."

"If I was a boy," I said, "I wouldn't be the kind that wore yellow socks. I'm a girl."

"So I see," the man said in a polite voice, with a smile that wasn't in the least polite. "And a very pretty one, I should say."

"When you say it that way," I said, gazing up at him with a cold expression, "I feel like a horse."

"WELL," he said, laughing, "open your mouth and I'll tell you your age."

"If I opened my mouth," I said, getting up and smoothing down my shorts with dignity, "you'd probably jump down my throat. Did you want something when you came in here, or are you just out for a walk?"

"Now don't be nasty till you have the facts," the man said. "I rang the front doorbell but nobody let me in."

"Silas is making such a racket that nobody ever hears the bell," I said, feeling a little apologetic. "And Sylvia is having a tea in the library."

"So I came around to find someone to help me. You see," he went on, giving me a first-magnitude smile, "I'm looking for a charming lady named Miss Maudie Mason. Does she live here?"

I gazed at him. "I'm Maudie Mason," I said, "and you're not looking for me, because I never saw you before. If you want Sylvia, I'll get her. Who are you?"



BEFORE I COULD DECIDE HE LIFTED ME DOWN IN FRONT OF HIM AND PUT ONE ARM AROUND ME

He put his hands behind him and smiled up at me. Off hand, he looked to me like Yale and a penthouse and a few trips to Europe. You know, there are people that seem to be immune to even the depression, just like some people never get the mumps.

"My name is MacKean Andrews," he said, bowing, "and I am looking for Miss Maudie Mason, because I've just arrived in town to be the best man at a wedding where she's to be the maid of honor, and I feel that she and I could be friends after the things Jerry has told me about her."

WELL, I could just imagine the things Jerry had probably told him as one old college friend to another. Remembering what Jerry had told me about MacKean Andrews, I thought about what I had been saying to him with great satisfaction. Right then I was sure I couldn't have done better. I might have gone coy on him just at the wrong moment, and anybody knows that the way to get a popular man is to be hard to get yourself, even to the point of being rude to them.

"Oh, I've heard lots about you, too," I said naively, realizing that here was a chance to work a swell line I'd read somewhere. "I almost didn't want to meet you. I was afraid —"

"Afraid?" MacKean said, puzzled, but pleased. "Why?"

"Afraid I'd be bored." It's all over now, I thought, congratulating myself much too soon, as it turned out. "Are you staying with us?" I added without interest, opening the kitchen door.

"No," he said, "I'm over at the club holding Jerry's hand. Besides, you seem to have a houseful already. I looked in the front window and the woods were full of pretty women."

"I'm glad to meet you," I said. "I've always wanted to know one of these men that goes around looking in people's windows. Those were the bridesmaids. They come over every afternoon to look at the new wedding presents. Come on this way. I'll let you in through the dining room."

MacKean was looking at me with an amused expression. I didn't kind of like it—it made me feel like a dog which has been doing a trick.

"Really," he said, "you are a rather terrible child. I suppose it's the younger generation I've been hearing about."

Everybody flocked out to meet him at the library door and I slid out to sit on the landing. There is a sort of an opening there which you can look into the library from without people thinking to look at you, and I could watch MacKean and every so often hear what he was saying. He smiled and talked and everybody was terribly, terribly glad to see him, but all the time he wasn't talking he had that amused expression on his face, as though he didn't believe anybody could show him anything he hadn't already seen.

The more I watched him, the more I began to realize that there is a difference between popular boys and popular older men. Popular boys are very

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The Flaming Gahagans

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

XXII.

AFTERWARD Abby could never remember the sequence of the days that followed. They were all confused, they were all dreadful, filled with quarrels and tears, sneering people who said nasty things to one another, filled with expostulation and argument and desperate, wrathful words.

Fury seemed to wash about her like a bitter sea. People's eyes leaped at her like tigers, their voices cut the air like whips. So many people. The outraged Turner family, incredulous and enraged; friendly people who wanted to set things right, curious people lapping greedily at the little spreading pool of sensation; her family on the defensive, puzzled, grieved, explaining and apologizing.

Through it all she held her stony calm. She was cold granite, she was iron, she was a pillar of glass. Tides might fight over her, winds might thrust and shriek, slow fires crackle, but she would not be moved or shaken.

"I'm not going to marry Kim. I don't love him. I can't. I can't!" She said it a hundred times, a thousand times. Like a lesson. Like a rubric. Calmly, with a deadly quiet in her voice, a steel that passion could not shiver.

Hazel wept and then grew stony too. But her eyes were compassionate. "I'm not blaming you, Abby. A loveless marriage is a dreadful thing. If only you had found it out sooner—before the invitations were out —"

"I can't marry Kim, Hazel. I tried to go through with it. But I can't."

Marian enjoyed it all excitedly. Someone else was on the defensive. Another Gahagan had done a sensational thing.

"Let her alone," she defended Abby hotly. "Don't you see that she's almost collapsing? If she doesn't want to marry Kim, why try to nag her into it?"

Jane came. Jane wept. Jane was angry and injured and goaded into saying ugly things. But Kim was most dreadful.

Incredulous first. "Abby—you don't mean to tell me that you're *serious* about this?"

"I told you I didn't love you, Kim. I told you at first."

"But—*now!* After all the publicity—after I've let the contract for the house and all our plans are finished—you can't mean that you're breaking it off?"

"I can't marry you, Kim. I'm sorry—but I can't."

OVER and over. "I've had the ring specially made, even. And mother has ordered all our rugs. Abby—this is a rotten throw-down, if you ask me! It certainly is not the sort of thing I expected of you."

"I'm sorry, Kim—but I can't change."

Later he grew ugly. His mouth drew to a sneer, his smarting vanity curdled in frustrated rage.

"So you were just working me for a sucker, for the benefit of your precious family, were you? You wanted somebody to go on Cliff's note—and as soon as that was arranged you were through, eh?"

"That was weeks ago, Kim. I'm sorry about it. We'll take care of it, some way. We aren't asking for favors. Not from you or anyone. Would you want me to marry you when I can't love you—when I feel the way I do—merely because you were good enough to indorse a note for one of my family? Would you want a wife you could get as cheaply as that, Kim?"

"You're making a fool of me, all over town! I suppose that doesn't bother you any? You don't mind letting this town snicker at me and at my family, after all



"SEND DOC," COUNSELED THE SUPERINTENDENT. "HE'S THE ONLY MAN WHO'S PININ' FOR A LETTER"



I've done for you. That doesn't trouble your sensitive soul a bit. All right, I'm through, Abby. But let me tell you one thing. While you were mine I fought for you. Now, you can't very well expect me to be concerned about what happens. After the way you've treated me—made me a laughing-stock —" His voice broke with fury and outraged pride.

"You never loved me, Kim," Abby said quietly. "I was sorry because I thought you might have loved me. I hated to hurt you. But if you had loved me even a little, you couldn't threaten and sneer now. No matter how angry you were."

"I'm supposed to take it lying down, am I? Take a smash in the face and smile sweetly? I don't think you know me very well, Abby."

"Yes," Abby said evenly, "I think I know you very well."

There was more of it. Sally came. Old Mrs. Turner came and began by being cool and indignant and ended by having hysteria and having to be ministered to by Hazel and Fanny Monk.

"If you had a son," she wailed to Hazel—"an only son who was your very life, you would know how I feel! To have his life shattered like this!"

Hazel set her lips dryly, was gentle and evasive and cool. "I dread telling papa," she mourned to Abby.

"Papa will understand. He always understands. You understand too, Hazel—though you're trying to be reproachful and sad."

The other Gahagans kept carefully in the background. Ruth and Cliff were on the defensive. They were polite and careful and went about making glib explanations to people.

"Just one of those unfortunate misunderstandings that happen in all families. We're all terribly sorry, of course, but we're standing solidly by Abby."

Aunt Clary came, tiptoeing and whispering, as though someone had died.

"Whatever in the world?" she demanded of Hazel. "What got into the girl? Couldn't she make up her mind a month ago, without all this sickening talk and publicity?"



ABBY FELT A CHOKING POIGNANCY AS RYDER STAMMERED OUT HIS STORY. "DON'T HEDGE, RYDER," SHE PROMPTED ONCE. "PAPA ISN'T AFRAID. WE WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING"

Illustrated by HARRY L. TIMMINS

a Gahagan, in this town, in a little while, will be to be absolutely cheap!"

"I'm sorry, Sylvie. You're all suffering because of me. I was trying to be noble—I ended by involving everybody. But I can't drag papa into it. We're trying now to keep him out of it—to keep him from worrying."

"And what's this I hear about your going to the school board and asking for a job? Don't you know that you need a degree for that, Abby? And besides Paul says—this sounds brutal, Abby, but you've got to know these things—that until this Ansley affair is disposed of, you are more or less on trial yourself, here in Malvern. And if anything came up—you know how nasty lawyers can be!—it would embarrass the school board, even to consider your application." Sylvia sat back blandly, the picture of admonishing duty, grim and cool.

Abby whitened a little, but she did not flinch. Her eyes were darker, her lower lip was caught in her teeth. Marian flared.

"For heaven's sake, Syl, you don't have to be insulting! Nobody has asked you to be the champion of our clan. Why don't you go around with an injured air and repudiate us? We won't mind. You married the family—you weren't thrust into it."

"I'm trying to be loyal, Marian." Sylvia was offended. "But as usual, I'm only misunderstood."

"I THINK you are being thoroughly understood," Marian cut back in return. "Don't go about defending us. We'll get along!"

"Pidgie, let's not quarrel," Abby begged. "Sylvie's right." "Does she have to rub it in?"

October eighth. Abby felt queerly taut and overstimulated all day, then at night a great weariness pressed her down. Her father, who had said very little since his return, followed her with anxious eyes. She caught his look and came back to kiss the top of his head, where the white hair receded.

"You should have had a splendid lot of children, Precious," she said gently, "instead of this revolting crew who turn your manly locks white and put wrinkles in your brow."

He patted her hand, smiling a little thinly. "I'm satisfied," he said. "I'm not such a terrible success myself."

She knew that he had gone to Nat Hickson, that he had humbled himself to that arrogant old man, to no avail. She knew that he was trying desperately to raise money to solve Cliff's difficulties and his own. Blank walls appeared to bar the way in every direction. Cliff had had a period of industry and conscientious attention to his own problems, but had lapsed almost at once into the old blithe apathy. Her father's appointment was political—and that worried him, too, she knew.

Under her young eyes the inevitable decay went on—proud pillars crumbling to the ground, old escutcheons being trampled underfoot, old traditions failing because the blood and iron and valor that had upheld them failed. A new order rising—insolent breeds without history—the world had been built by such waves of life as this. Men with hot faces and snarling voices beating down men with white brows and dreams in their eyes. Only the dreams lived on, because the vandais sensed something precious in them and trapped them with gold and made them their own. And out of the vandal clan rose a new race, inoculated with the virus of dreams, who gave way in their turn to new outlaws, rushing in with silver in their pouches and dross in their minds.

She put on her hat and coat and went out. There was a cold, far moon and torn wraiths of cloud scudding past its chilly face. The trees, half nude now, lifted forked arms in strange gestures before this aloof divinity of the sky. Hazel had gone to see her mother—Abby decided that she would go that way and walk home with her stepmother. Mrs. Hammond would undoubtedly look at her sharply, she would probably have some new, acrid bit of gossip to relate, but Abby did not need to listen. She could shut herself inside her shell of glass, and watch the little flurried scrambling of people on the outside while

(Continued on Page 44)

For once Hazel was curt. "Abby was trying to do the best for all of us, Clary," she said stiffly. "She found that it was too much—that's all. You wouldn't want to be married to a man you couldn't care about. Not even a Turner."

"Especially a Turner," sniffed Clary. "What about this young Doctor Somebody—Myra Wymberly's boy? He's at the bottom of it, I suppose. Is he coming back?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Abby doesn't speak of him. I think he's up in the mountains somewhere—or maybe in Baltimore. We never hear from him." Upstairs, when Clary was gone, Hazel faced Abby. "You've heard from Doctor Kendrick, Abby? You broke with Kim because of him?"

"Yes—I've heard, Hazel. But I didn't break with Kim because of Windy. I had made up my mind already that I couldn't go through with it."

"AND you're going to marry this young doctor? I don't want to pry, Abby—you know that—but if you would tell me things I could be helpful perhaps —"

"I'm not going to marry anybody, Hazel—not now. I'm going to do something—go to work. I've been useless all my life. I've taken what other people earned without making any great return. Now I'm going to pay my own way."

"Abby, you know papa won't like that! You know he'll be hurt and embarrassed—it will hurt his credit, actually, if you go around looking for work. The women in our family—in your family—have always been taken care of, protected. They've never been sent out to make their own way—it looks so ugly and cheap. Your grandfather was one of the richest men in this town, at one time. And the Mellichamps have always been a proud family—they are still. You'll embarrass them all if you go clerking behind some counter or learning stenography or something ridiculous like that."

"I can't sit at home here, Hazel, like a—parasite!"

"Such talk!" Her stepmother choked, unhappily. "You worry me, Abby. You've got such a strange note in your voice. You're not yourself at all."

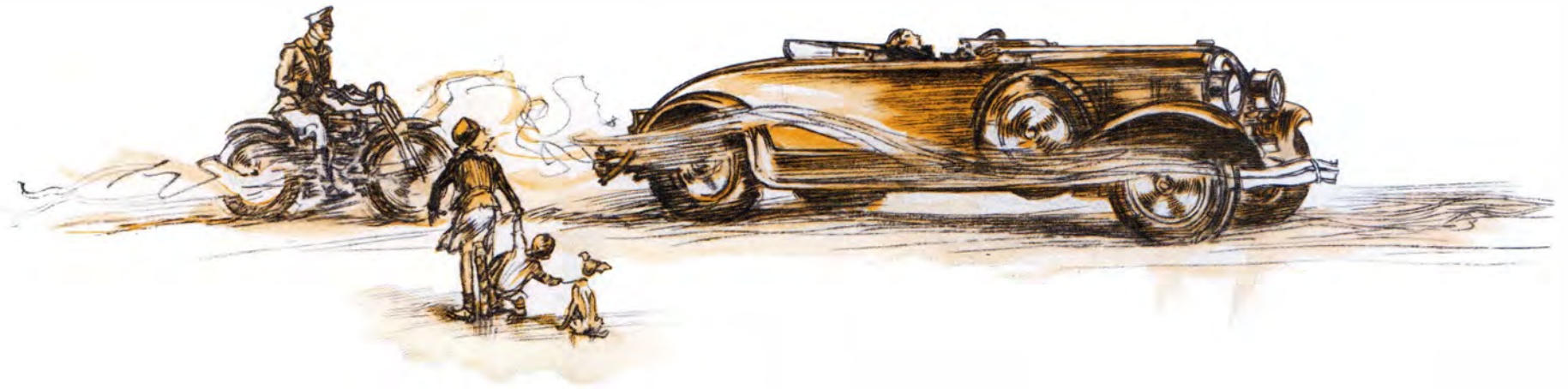
No—she was not herself. Not Abby Gahagan, long-legged and amiable and lazy, any more. She was a creature stung alive. Every nerve in her long body, every hair of her head quivered and tingled with a sort of electric tension. She was afraid of nothing. A man loved her. Cold, humming wires had sparked and quivered to bring her that message. A man with tired eyes under a green shade had tapped it down, impersonally, hardly knowing what he wrote. Windy Kendrick loved her. He did not write more—he did not come—but she was content. Out across the autumn world, through haze and frost, through the downdrift of leaves and the wintry reaching of cold, adventuring little winds, an impulse had traveled. Sudden as flame, steady as a heartbeat—and all the world was changed and new.

Measured against the vastness of that miracle, Kim went striding off into shielding dusk, a mote, a particle, an unhappiness too insignificant to be troubled about. She walked, shielded and serene, through the buzzing gossip of the little town. She knew the whispers that were being peddled about. Abby Gahagan was involved in the Ansley affair—now her engagement to Kim Turner was broken off three days before the wedding. Something was queer, said the bridge-table whisperers, something was at the bottom of it. Sylvia heard things and came rushing into the Gahagan house, stricken with indignant injury.

"The Turners are letting the impression get around that Kim broke the engagement—they're not saying anything, but they imply that it was because of something about Ryder. I think it's time this family took some sort of stand. It's outrageous! Everybody will believe it—they're always eager to believe the ugliest possible things about people."

"It doesn't matter," Abby said calmly.

"But, Abby, it does matter! It matters to your family, even if you don't mind for yourself. And now this wretched trial is coming off soon, and you know that some unforeseen thing may happen—something utterly horrible! I think papa should be made to go to old Nat Hickson and do something about forestalling any such contingency. Why, to be



The Policemen's Ball

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

BY THE time she was twenty Aileen had a police record. She was a repeater. Every once in a while she would drive up to the side door of the city hall, where the traffic department backed into the jail, and go down a corridor that had become familiar. Then, while the policeman on duty learned that young women of fashion sometimes wore mauve ankle socks to match their golf clothes in summer, or tied soft bowknots of fur under their chins in winter, she would hunt through her purse and pockets for the current summons.

"There ought to be a bell on that thing," she said one March morning before she finally found it. "Oh, here it is."

It was a rather crumpled yellow ticket that seemed to have encountered a lipstick in her purse, to its disadvantage.

"What's the name, please?"

"Aileen Harper."

The lanky policeman behind the desk didn't happen to know her. He was temporarily there in place of the regular sergeant and had more authority than judicial manner. He had quite a struggle with the spelling of her first name as he recorded it, and Aileen looked on and rearranged vowels for him, helping so considerably that it almost put him in the wrong.

"I'm sorry, but it doesn't begin with an *i*—that's right—no, there's only a double *e*."

But he got the last part of the name right, because nearly everybody in the city could spell Harper. People saw the name often enough. It was more constant than the moon above the city at night. It was one of the names that the city conjured with, especially when it had to conjure up a big donation or finance something. The Harper industries, makers of steel implements, employed more than a thousand men in good times, and incidentally paid for the cars that Aileen drove.

Still, the police had a duty.

"You can't go through a stop signal, Miss Harper. This ticket says you drove through the red. You can't do that!"

"I know it," Aileen agreed; "you might kill somebody."

She took the words off the policeman's tongue before he even missed them. It spoiled his reprimand.

"It's about the worst thing a driver can do," he went on lamely, for she had already admitted that.

"But the light changed so quickly," she said. "It was green when I looked at it just a second or two before. And then it honestly seemed better to go on than to back the car. I'm always afraid of backing through a crowd."

"And how about the change signal? So you didn't see that at all?" There was a skeptical look in his eye as he consulted the record. "You've been up here a number of times before, I see."

"There's a jinx on that car," she sighed.

"Well," he said, "the public has to be protected, miss. That's what we're here for. With this record I should really require you to appear in court."

"I SUPPOSE you should," she answered, but in a voice that gave him the feeling that he of all other living men could be trusted to temper justice with mercy.

"Well, perhaps we'll let you off with a fine this time. But don't make that mistake again."

"How much?"

"Ten dollars."

She took it out of her purse and laid it on the desk. But as she did so her humility began to dissolve and vanish.

She might have been dropping a casual donation into a Salvation Army kettle, and without the graces of repentance or salvation.

Going out of the building she met Richard Mackail III—third and plenty, she had once told him. His hat was cocked on one side of his head, as if to balance the weight of his brief case. She hadn't seen him since the midnight before, so they stopped to catch up on news.

"Have you been pinched, too, Dick?"

"Not me," said Dick. "I'm the man that gets people out of jail. That's what they hire me for."

"Then I wish you'd do something about me and that traffic department. They've got me on their sucker list."

"You ought to be more careful," Dick told her, heartlessly. "You drive just like a bum. What do you want to do—kill somebody?"

"The right people never get in my way, Richard. Would you like to take me to lunch?"

"I would. But I have to meet a man from out of town in half an hour. How about tomorrow?"

"I can't lunch with you day after day. I didn't suggest marrying you."

"No, I was the one who suggested that. I thought that up."

"It certainly was a funny idea," remarked Aileen in an uncomplimentary way. "You must have picked it up from some song with the old-schoolmate theme. As if we hadn't seen far too much of each other already in the last twenty years!"

"WE'VE had a lot of practice in getting on each other's nerves that might come in handy," argued Dick. "And think of how well-informed you are about me."

"That's the point. My husband," said Aileen, "is going to be the surprise of my life. He's going to be a bolt from the blue. He's going to be somebody that I never would have thought of or supposed—if you know what I mean."

"I never know what you mean," Dick told her. "Picked the gent yet?"

"Picked him? Why, I'm still choosing between races and colors," said Aileen. "I'm not even sure that I want a Caucasian." She broke off, to exclaim with sudden intentness, "Look at that policeman by my car!"

"You're more than halfway on the yellow," remarked Dick, following her to the sidewalk. "I noticed it when I came in."

"I know I am. But I had to stop somewhere! I just went up there to pay them one fine," said Aileen over her shoulder. "Aren't they ever satisfied?"

She was facing the policeman now, who seemed about seven feet tall. He looked far down at her and seemed unimpressed. There was an expression on his face which intimated that a beauty or a fright, an imported red-angora coat or a shabby black one, four cylinders or sixteen, were all alike to him when they were on a yellow line.

"I just came from the traffic department. I had to go up to pay a fine," Aileen explained.

"Hello, Olson," said Dick.

The officer was blond and Nordic. He looked as if his name would certainly be Olson if not Johnson, but the set and shine of his dark blue eyes suggested that others as well as Scandinavians had been in his background.

"Hello, Mr. Mackail," said Olson cheerfully, and continued with Aileen: "Well, did you pay it?"

"Ten dollars' worth."

He shook his head and put the ticket back in his book.

"There are other things to do with money," he suggested. "Move your buggy out of here. You know better than this. You don't belong in this place."

"Of course I don't belong here. They sent for me."

"Don't get sassy," he said. "Be glad I don't hang a ticket on that steering wheel. Scram."

Aileen was trapped. For repartee was both demanded and denied. She had a notion that the policeman grinned out of the corner of his mouth at Dick, and that jerked her chin up.

She swung her four thousand dollars' worth of machinery out from the curb and turned to give the policeman a look that would show him how little he would count when the final totals were made up. He returned it with one that had decided all about her. She wondered what he said to Dick as she drove off, and if it was just the uniform of those policemen that was all built up to make them look like that. Dick should hold himself a little less like seaweed, she thought to herself.

The curb conversation did not touch on her.

"Will you buy a ticket for the Policemen's Ball, Mr. Mackail?" asked Bernard Olson.

"Sure," said Dick; "give me a couple of them. I'll even pay you cash, which is more than I'd do for most people. Unless you want to take it out in law business. I could give you a whole lot for four dollars. How's it going?"

"Pretty good. But we want to make four or five thousand dollars this year. There's a lot of men who used to belong to the force that are sick or pretty hard up just now. It's going to be a good dance too."

"It always is. And I don't know any better ticket sellers than policemen. You can always lock people up until they come across."

Olson grinned. It was, on the whole, an Irish grin. "Oh, we just threaten to," he said.

BUT that seemed to give him a thought. He looked after the cream-colored car that had been halted by a light on the next corner, and there was the regret of lost opportunity in his eyes.

"Was there a girl who came up to pay a fine this morning?" he asked the sergeant later when he reported at headquarters.

"Two or three of them."

"One in a red coat. With a big car like a brick of ice cream."

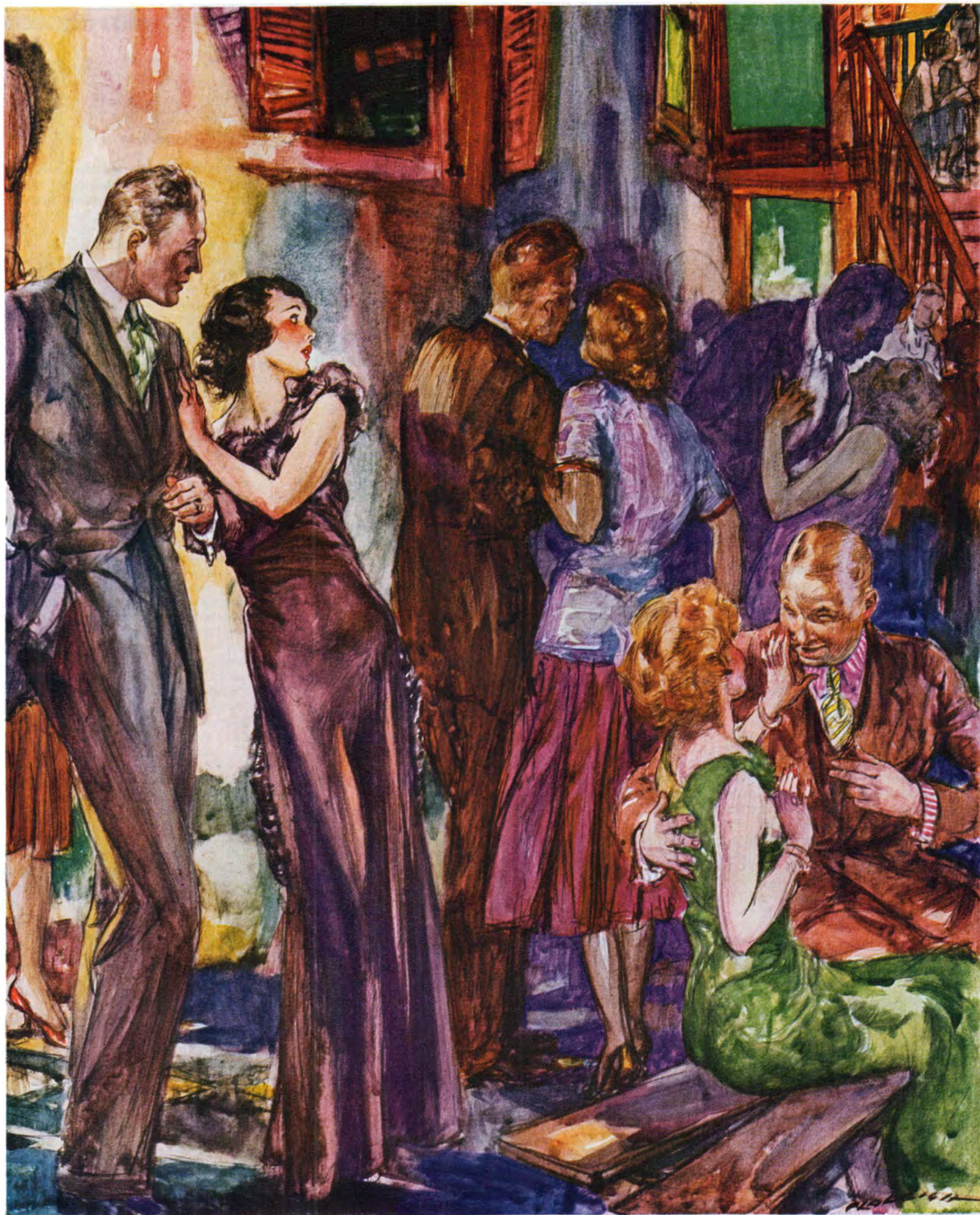
"You probably mean the Harper girl. You'd know her if you'd been around very long. She's in and out. Vic handled her today. Why?"

"Did Vic sell her a ticket for the dance?"

"He wouldn't have the gall. You try that, Bernie."

"I'll bear it in mind," said Olson, "when I see her again."

He didn't see her, except in rapid transit, for a few days. Aileen was doing more or less what the red lights suggested and she kept her car in ramps when she was in the city. Also, Olson was a very busy policeman. But he didn't mind that. He preferred it that way. During the last summer he had patrolled the long highway that joined two major cities and he liked that work, rushing or idling along on his motorcycle. There was plenty of variety in it. He maintained order, he settled bitter disputes, and he had as little sympathy for bootleggers in specially built motortrucks as for lovers who tried to combine their emotion with sixty miles an hour. But he minded his own business. He (Continued on Page 85)



Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

AILEEN SAW DICK BEND HIS HEAD AND THE GIRL LIFT HERS. IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME AILEEN HAD SEEN DICK KISS A GIRL, BUT THIS GAVE HER A QUICK SHOCK

EDITORIALS BY



LORING A. SCHULER

The Song of the Shirt

NINETY YEARS AGO, Thomas Hood wrote a withering indictment of the sweatshop work that was then prevalent, in his famous poem, *The Song of the Shirt*:

*With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!*

Ninety years ago. . . . We have come a long way since then. We have learned a new humanitarianism. We have passed laws to protect working women and children. We have discovered that high wages bring prosperity, because they distribute to more people the opportunity to buy. . . . And yet, *The Song of the Shirt* is once more as true, among certain cutthroat manufacturers in certain industries, as it was when Hood penned its tragic lines.

For sweatshop conditions are once more with us.

Girls working for as little as a dollar and a half a week. Trying to keep body and soul together for pay of a few cents a day—and not daring to complain because a job, even of this pitiable kind, is a job—and the stores must have bargains to offer or customers will refuse to buy. But will they?

Perhaps we did wrong last summer, when we started a campaign against the shoddy merchandise that was flooding the market everywhere in the name of "bargains." For the success of that movement to restore quality brought in its train the far greater evils of the sweatshop. If the chiseling, fly-by-night, anonymous manufacturer could not make his cheating profit by skimping materials and workmanship, which the buyer could see, he would make it out of the pocket-books, the morals, the very lives of his workers, which the consumer could not see.

Someone always pays through the nose for bargains.

Last year it was the consumer who paid—in garments that would not wear, in furnishings that fell apart in use, in cosmetics that burned skin and hair, in all the products of anonymity, made to cut the business throats of honest manufacturers who could not and would not stoop to such abominable tactics.

This year it is the workers who pay—men and women, boys and girls, preyed upon by unscrupulous employers who know how pathetically anxious they are for a pay envelope, however little it may hold.

It is these fly-by-nights who come into a town, set up their little shops, offer work to the unemployed, and then often disappear without paying even the tiny wages they promised for long hours of labor. It is these chiselers who offer pin-money opportunities to women working at home, so that they can further slash the pay of workers dependent upon factory employment.

We cannot believe that American women are so eager for bargains that they demand them at the price of sweatshop conditions. True, they will not pay the prices of 1929, for they know that basic costs of materials are down and that all wages and salaries have been cut. But they are willing, we are sure, to pay prices that will give a fair return to the producer of raw materials, to the manufacturer, to the retailer, and to labor all along the line. Prosperity requires that each person have the ability to buy as well as to sell. . . . But the sweatshop worker sells his labor for so little that he cannot buy.

It is not against the reputable manufacturers and merchants, proud of their names, their products and their integrity, that minimum-wage laws are being demanded in several states. They have been bred in the school of fair dealing—but many of them are fighting for their very lives against cutthroat competition that puts greed ahead of all decency and business ethics. More than ever, they deserve the full support of the buying public.

Bewildered Tourists

ALMOST all motor tourists have had the exasperating experience of fumbling through cities and towns, hunting for route signs, getting lost in the maze of poorly marked detours, being whistled to a stop for the call down of an officious policeman, often wondering just what town it is, anyway, that they are trying to get through.

Why are many cities so poorly marked? Why are so many pretty towns and villages wholly unidentified for the bewildered tourist?

Everywhere, the through routes in open country are plainly marked. The states have seen to that. But apparently it is nobody's business to mark the cities. Therefore, the JOURNAL offers, for action by the elected authorities or by organized clubs of men or women, the following suggestions:

First, that through routes be marked in every city block, with all turns plainly indicated. That the signs on city streets be the same as those used on open-country highways. And that when route numbers are changed on the through roads they be changed at the same time in the cities.

Second, that along the route through each community there be erected signs telling the name of the town, and if possible a few words about its population and its reasons for being. Get a merchant to add this information to his business sign; or erect a plainly lettered board along the curb.

Third, instruct the traffic officers to be courteous to visitors, and not to "bawl them out" for infractions of local ordinances that they cannot possibly know.

Fourth, make it someone's definite business to see that old detour signs are taken down; that antiquated signposts are removed; that distance markers are freshly painted once a year and kept up to date; that speed limits are plainly stated.

Some cities and towns are doing all these things—and we remember them with friendly gratitude. Others, that have been neglectful in the past, we approach with the dread of unpleasant recollections. Which kind is your town?

The Well-Dressed Man

IT IS probably rather sad that men are such colorless and stodgy creatures of habit. Each year the tailors make an effort to paint a male rainbow in purple and green and robin's-egg blue—and each year the men hang for grim life to their dark blues, dark browns, grays and black.

This year, we are told, the well-dressed man should wear for informal evening use a "host suit" in blue, purple, mulberry, green, brown or maroon. Or, with a tuxedo for informal evenings, he should wear a silk waistcoat in such "unobtrusive" colors as maroon, purple, robin's-egg blue, claret, royal blue, corn-colored or pastel shades.

Fancy vests for daytime are also *de rigueur*—especially "odd tattersals," whatever they may be, in checks and plaids of color on a white background. But better still for daytime's informal demands is the "director's suit"—black coat and vest with striped trousers. With which fashion demands a gray derby hat with a black band.

For sports there is a new garment, known as knicker-slacks, "which will have the effect of the knicker in appearance and yet will have an open bottom so as to allow circulation of air." Looking, we should imagine, something like an old pair of pants cut short.

"It is a lamentable fact," the Merchant Tailors' Association bewails, "that a man today may go anywhere in the country and appear at any hour of the day or night in a blue-serge suit and be considered properly attired." . . . Lamentable—well, maybe. But how comfortable a blue-serge suit can be!

Doctors' Bills

"MY HUSBAND worked nine hours today and came home with one dollar which he had collected for his services," writes a Midwestern reader. "It is hard for a family of five to live on one dollar a day. Yet my husband is not a downtrodden ditch digger, nor is he assistant to the garbage collector. He is a presumably successful physician, with a high standing in the community for professional ability, business integrity and a great kindness toward people in distress.

"In discussions of the costs of medical care, we frequently see the statement, 'The doctors charge too much.' Every doctor's wife will tell you that that is literally true—but what we mean is that the doctors charge too frequently. Because it often seems that the average family pays some of its bills on the first of the month, most of them eventually, and the doctor's bill last, if at all. Why do they forget so quickly?"

The condition of which this doctor's wife writes is common over the whole country. Money is scarce, yes—but it is no more plentiful in the homes of the doctors. They, too, must buy food and clothing. They, too, must pay promptly for gasoline and electric lights and telephone service. The high ethics of the doctor's calling force him into more charitable service than the plumber, for instance, is expected to render; but if the plumber doesn't pay the doctor, how is the doctor in turn to pay the plumber?

The members of the medical society in one big Eastern county report that 18.6 per cent of their income is not collectible—and the chief cause is given as "indifference of patients." Many of them are trying to maintain their homes, their offices, their necessary means of transportation, and the medicines and equipment which they must have for the relief of the sick, on incomes of less than a thousand dollars a year. And many of them, proud as they are of their professional standing, are today simply forced to accept public and private charity to keep going.

The true family physician is a friend in need, who puts service to humanity ahead of money, or comfort, or even his own family. He deserves better support than he is getting. There is just one remedy for a situation that is starving and embittering him, and that is wholly in the hands of his patients:

Pay your doctor's bills promptly!

Eclipse

LAST summer thousands of people went to see a solar phenomenon the like of which many of them had never viewed before. It was a typical holiday crowd, and as they stood on the hilltops there was no trace of fear in their attitude toward this rare spectacle. Presently a strange darkness covered that part of the earth where they stood. They were awed, but it was an awe unmixed with terror, because they knew that in a few moments the darkness would pass, and light would return.

Without fear we can stand on a hilltop to see the sun blotted out. Why is it, then, that we tremble in the face of events which have occurred again and again, and from which we have emerged successfully every time? The loving care of God for His children has been demonstrated so often that instead of groveling with fear when the darkness of a depression appears, we should go up on a hilltop where we can better see the corona of hope.

Spiritual laws differ in their certainty from the physical only in the fact that man's coöperation is involved. And when men recover a better faith in the future, a better belief in God's destiny for mankind, and a better appreciation of the part each man must play, we shall see the sun emerge again. God stands behind the shadows, and fear shall vanish like the darkness.

Why I Live in a Small Town

By BESS STREETER ALDRICH

THERE are fiction writers who would have us believe that just three types of people inhabit small Midwestern towns. There are those who are discontented, wanting to get away; there are those who are too dumb to know enough to want to get away; and the rest are half-wits. Not qualifying for the first section, I must, perforce, belong somewhere down the line.

Our town is small. In fact, to speak of our "town" at all is rank hyperbole, for it is not even a town, but is incorporated as a village.

It is so small that, with the exception of Main, the streets are not called by their names and you have to look on a map or an abstract to find out what they are. We glibly say "over by Clement's" and "down by the high school," and in the last few years have been putting on airs by saying "across the park" instead of "the meadow."

It is so small that we have to go to the post office for our mail, where the postmaster knows everyone so well that a letter coming in one day addressed briefly to "Clara," minus any surname, immediately found its owner by the process of elimination.

It is so small that whether you choose to or not you are obliged to hear the band practice every Monday night in the old G. A. R. Hall. Not that it is such a hardship. To be sure, its repertoire may not be so extensive as the late Mr. Sousa's and it may be top-heavy with brass, but it's a good little band at that.

"Tell why you continue to live in a small town," wrote the editor. The question makes me stop and wonder. Perhaps it's inertia—just small-town stagnation. But I do not think so.

It is true that I do not always stay here. Out of the twelve months of the past year, five of them were spent away—three on the West Coast and two in the pine-and-lake region of Northern Minnesota. But my home is here. Good friends are here. I live and do my work here where the streets go unnamed, and the one train and one bus each way per day slip through town with few passengers, and the band lustily executes Poet and Peasant and Under the Double Eagle March.

No one and no circumstances are compelling me to remain. In the eight years since my husband's death there has not been a day that I might not have packed the typewriter and moved to Lincoln or Omaha, my state's two largest cities, or to any big city east or west. Not that I depreciate the many advantages of living in one of them, but to me they are for visiting, and my little town for home.

It was just twenty-three years ago that as a young married woman with a two-month-old baby girl in my arms I arrived at the boxlike station and was met by my husband, who had preceded me by a few weeks. I had not wanted to come to Nebraska. My earliest recollection of hearing the name of the state was a picture of my mother sending me over to the church basement with some old clothes and dried apples which she explained were to be sent to the poor folks out in Nebraska. The impression persisted, so that when my husband and my sister's husband negotiated for the purchase of the bank here, I was not at all enthusiastic about the move. I did not want to wear old clothes and I did not want to eat dried apples.

On the day on which we arrived there was a typical Nebraska dust storm of no modest or refined proportions under way. But my loyalty to the state of my adoption insists that I digress here and explain that the old windstorms are becoming less and less frequent. No doubt it is the diversified farming as it is practiced today which has steadied weather conditions in the Midwest. In the days when the hot winds blew from an unbroken expanse of stubble fields and barren lands, serious damage was done. But under modern conditions the landscape is broken with such regularity by crops still unmaturing that serious damage from winds is no longer likely.

Si Mairs, whom the menfolks had hired to meet us, was at the station with a two-seated surrey and team to take the women of the party up to the cottage that my husband had rented. Because the wind was blowing so hard that I would not trust my baby out of my arms, my husband and my brother-in-law wheeled the empty cab up to the house, while my sister, mother,

the baby and I rode in state with Si. Si was not sure which of three cottages at the end of the street was the one Mr. Aldrich had rented, but it did not take me long to pick it out, for through the blasts of dust I could see my best upholstered rocking-chair, a wedding present, sitting on a little porch with an arm hanging limply down at its side, evidently broken in shipping.

Through the gusts of dirt we hurried up to the little cottage, and it was then that I had my first taste of Nebraska small-town hospitality. Si's sister had come in to get the dinner, which was all ready for us. On my stove and with my own dishes she had prepared a delicious meal for the strangers, that they might feel welcome.

I have experienced it a thousand times since—that warm-hearted hospitality, loyal friendship and deep sympathy of the small town. And it is these characteristics and others of the better features of the small town and its people that I have tried to stress in my short stories and books.

Why quarrel with a writer over realism and idealism? After all, an author is a glass through which a picture of life is projected. The picture falls upon the pages of the writer's manuscript according to the mental and emotional contours of that writer. It is useless to try to change those patterns. If one writer does not see life in terms of grime and dirt, adulteries and debaucheries, it does not follow that those sordid things do not exist. If another does not see life in terms of faith and love, sympathy and good deeds, it does not follow that those characteristics do not exist. I grow weary of hearing the sordid spoken of as real life, the wholesome as Pollyanna stuff. I contend that a writer may portray some of the decent things of life around him and reserve the privilege to call that real life too. And if this be literary treason, make the most of it.

Much water has trickled down Stove Creek since that long-gone day. The baby girl I clutched in my arms from the force of the prairie wind has been married several months now. The two boys who followed her into the family

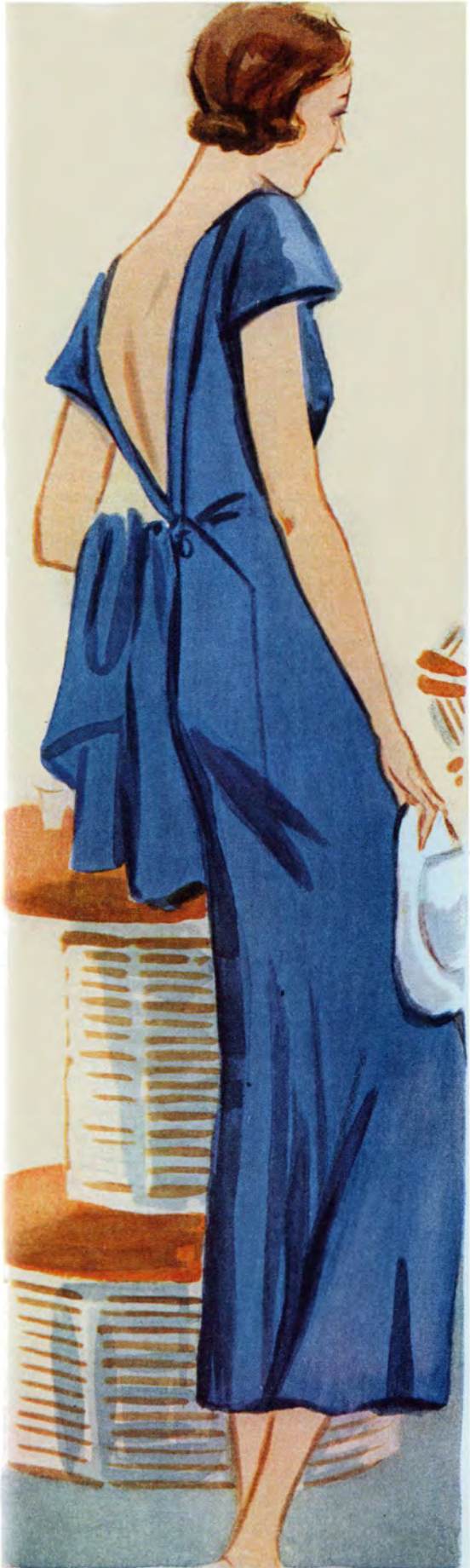
(Continued on Page 61)



DRAWING BY THOMAS FOGARTY



WHAT FUN TO HAVE THE BREEZES ON YOUR BACK WHEN PLAYING OR SPECTATING, AND A TAILORED LONG-SLEEVED LITTLE JACKET OVER YOUR ARM, TO SLIP INTO AND GO INTO TOWN, AS DEMURE AS YOU PLEASE. VÉRA BORÉA DEVELOPED ALL THIS IN BLUE LINEN. WE SUGGEST WHITE ACCESSORIES. ISN'T IT A GOOD IDEA, THIS YEAR, TO HAVE EVERY COSTUME IN YOUR WARDROBE DOING DOUBLE DUTY?



HERE'S A DRESS TO PLAY IN, TO WASH WITHOUT IRONING, BECAUSE IT IS COMPLETELY CRINKLED, AND TO TUB WITHOUT DANGER OF ITS HITCHHIKING UPWARD, BECAUSE THE FABRIC HAS BEEN SANFORIZED, WHICH MEANS PERMANENTLY SHRUNK. IT'S THE SHIRTWAISTY TYPE THAT WE'LL JUST ABOUT LIVE IN THIS SUMMER. AREN'T THESE LITTLE CAP SLEEVES MORE BECOMING THAN NO SLEEVES?



A LADY DRESSED FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY CLUB, CUCUMBER-COOL IN HER GREEN-AND-WHITE PRINT, WHOSE STRIPES GO IN SEVERAL DIRECTIONS FOR VARIETY. BOTH DRESS AND JACKET HAVE LONG SLEEVES—A GOOD IDEA FOR GOING PLACES. SAY FAREWELL TO ARMS—BARE ARMS—IF YOU WANT TO LOOK WELL DRESSED IN THE CITY, OR AT DAYTIME LUNCHEONS AND LARGER GATHERINGS

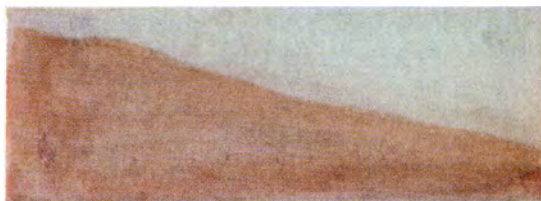




COME ON—GO GIRLISH! RELAX YOUR TAILORED SEVERITY OF ALL SPRING INTO A PERFECTLY FRIVOLOUS PLAID BOW OF MOUSSELINE DE SOIE. PERCH ANOTHER BOW OF IT ON YOUR HAT. THEN BE AS NAVY-BLUE AND SIMPLE IN FLAT CRÊPE AS YOU PLEASE, AND STILL NO ONE CAN FORGET THAT THERE'S GAYETY IN YOUR LIFE. YOU'LL KEEP GLORIOUSLY COOL, TOO, IN THOSE LOOSE CAPE SLEEVES



UNLESS YOU'VE BEEN SNOOPING AROUND CHICAGO, YOU'D HARDLY KNOW THAT THE DESIGN OF THIS PRINT WAS INSPIRED BY ONE OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE EXPOSITION. THE MOUSSELINE DE SOIE BOW IS AS FLUTTERY AS A BREEZE FROM LAKE MICHIGAN. IN SUCH A DRESS YOU'D BE JUST READY TO RUN INTO AN OLD BEAU AND HAVE TEA; REMEMBER, ROSE SHADES ARE ROMANTIC AND FLATTERING



SHE'S PENSIVE—BUT THIS INKY-BLUE SILK ORGANDIE WAS MADE FOR GLAMOUR AND ILLUSION. IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE A TOMBOY, BE IT IN PIQUÉ. NOTE THE TWO LIGHTER HUES OF BLUES FLUFFING OUT THE CAPE SHOULDERS, THE RUSH OF FULLNESS TO THE BACK OF NEW EVENING SKIRTS, SHOULDERS DISCREETLY COVERED, NECKS OFTEN HIGH IN FRONT, THOUGH BACKS GO LOW



American Accessories

By JULIA COBURN

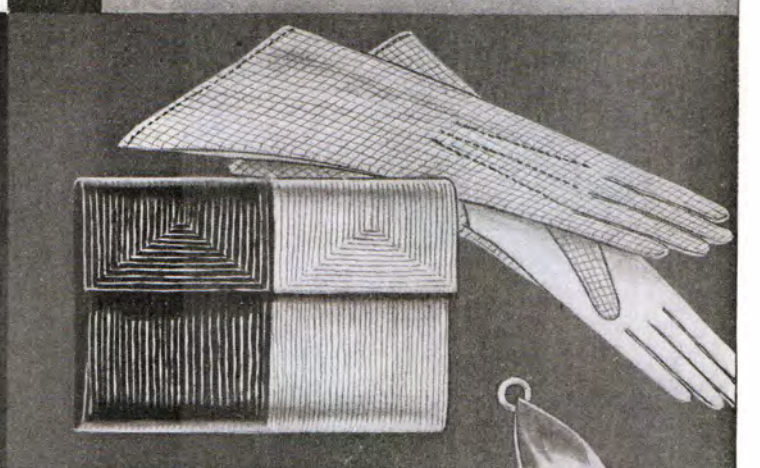
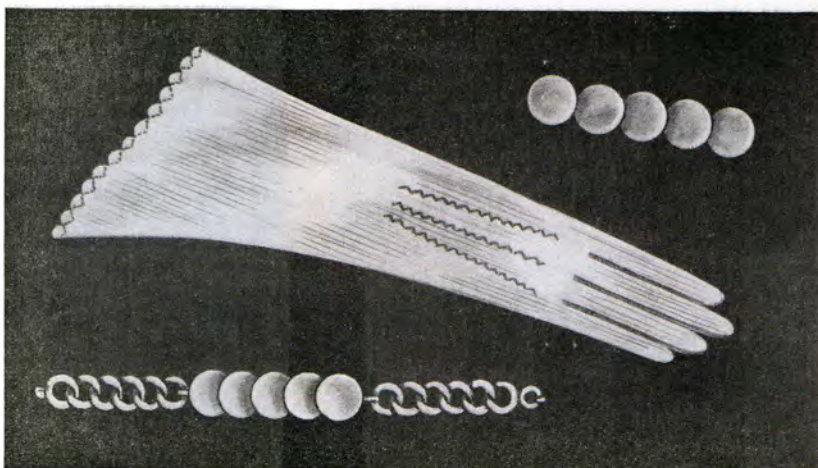
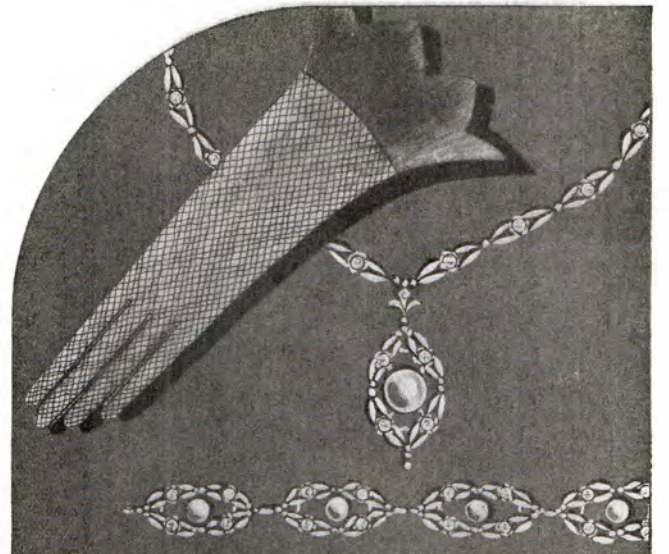
THERE'S a story behind practically every article pictured on this page, a story of American ingenuity and ability to manufacture, in quantity, inexpensively.

There's the story of the hand bag in the lower corner. Its hand-monogrammed white linen is nowhere near so impractical as you imagine, for it is a slip cover, sliding off from the foundation of the bag, to wash like a handkerchief.

There's the story of the various pieces of jewelry, smartly styled, but selling at a nominal price. The necklace and bracelet at the top are set with stones that resemble moonstones, and would be lovely with summer evening frocks. The bracelet and pin below have flat "lozenges" of metal as their feature. And the boat-shaped pin on the right celebrates the return of pins, and big ones. This pin has two inches of black composition, broken by a diamond of bright metal.

Exciting news about gloves—they are made of unbelievable fabrics! In recent fashion showings they have been featured in organdie and in printed silk, matching their frocks. Amusing, but not very practical. I do suggest, however, some of the newly-thought-of fabrics for gloves. The one at the top is of a brown-durene mesh, with little flaring cuff of brown piqué. I'd like it with a natural-colored linen dress or suit, with other accessories of brown. The glove below is of durene, a fine mercerized cotton, in a piqué stripe, but knitted, so it fits smoothly.

In the white gloves on the right, a smart dress piqué is rescued from the clumsiness of most fabric gloves by having its palm made



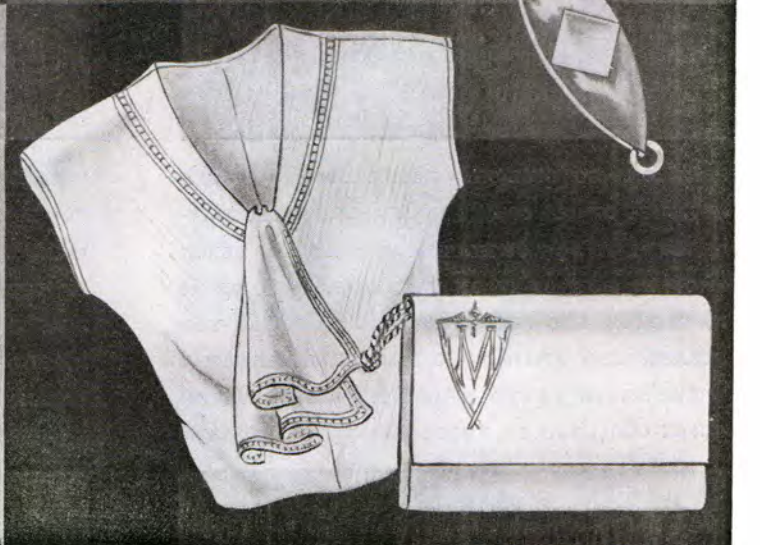
of lastex, molding the whole glove to the hand. Other attractive summer gloves are made entirely of lastex.

The two-tone hand bag, which I chose in green and white, would be grand with prints, or with plain-colored sports clothes of the spectator variety. It is made entirely of an all-over cord embroidery which looks like soutache braid, and is coolly lined with linen.

The little blouses are a triumph, I think. Created by one of our foremost American designers, they are handmade, and have all the earmarks of the most exclusive blouses, yet they are within average means.

The light blouse above is of linen, hand-drawn in a plaid effect; the white-dotted one is of dark-blue lawn, piped in white, and with the circularst frill you ever saw. The sleeveless one at the bottom of the page is of crinkled organdie, with neck and double jabot hand-fagoted.

Did you embark on the Five Months Plan for your summer wardrobe, as I outlined it in the last issue? It isn't too late—send three cents for booklet No. 1068. Follow the plan it suggests. You'll find that you will buy your summer things more profitably and more pleasantly.



Wright
Millers

Hair Views

By DOROTHY COCKS



This supremely simple coiffure is typical of one of New York's favorite hairdressers. The hair is cut a half-inch longer than the hairline in the back and turned up in a half curl. There is a swirling-round-the-head movement. See how the one wave which starts low gradually flows upward across the back of the head until it joins an unexpected roll curl on the temple on the other side. The two sides (shown above) are entirely unlike. Suitable for blond or red hair.



A new beauty salon in Chicago dresses hair as shown in the portrait at the lower left. The hair is thinned out to lie close to the head, feathery ringlets frame the face. Miami's favorite hairdresser illustrates below the more softly feminine and less sleek type of coiffure. The waves are slightly longer, widely and deeply set, with a deep trough and a sharp high crest to every wave. A striking way to play up dark hair, especially if it is touched with brilliantine.



DRAWINGS BY DYNEVOR RHYS

Hollywood's famous hairdresser created this Gibson Girl coiffure. Short, curled bangs stuff softly on the forehead. Brush curls turn upward from ear to ear. Hair is cut short to the neckline, molded close in a leftward swirl.

SHORT hair has returned. Beauty specialists and style experts have predicted it for months. But sometimes women refuse to take up a rumored fashion. Seeing a few society leaders in Paris or New York trying short hair doesn't necessarily prove that we will want to bob. So, just to be sure, I consulted important hairdressers in different parts of the country. I asked each one to photograph a typical new coiffure which he is giving his patrons. These coiffures are pictured on this page. Every head is short-haired, you see, and demands healthy, lustrous hair. So study these portraits, experiment a little with your own hair, and give it the correct treatment to keep it shining.



TRENDS IN HOUSE DESIGN AT

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS. And what a century it has been! The world has never experienced one that could hold a candle to the hundred years from 1833 to 1933. Chicago, that great midcontinent metropolis, developed during these hundred years from a small village to what it is today. So Chicago treats the world to A Century of Progress.

The progress of a hundred years is to be visualized for you at the Chicago Fair. Our nation, our states, foreign nations,

and industrial enterprises of every description will exhibit against structural backgrounds such as the world has never seen. From the exotic Maya Temple, a measured reproduction of the Monjas Nunnery at Uxmal, Yucatan, one may turn to exhibitions of scientific phenomena startlingly unreal.

There will be general interest for all folk, and particular interest for definite inquiries. Enchanted Isle will fascinate children. A broad, quick education awaits everyone visiting—

House No. 381



House No. 379

HOUSE No. 381 is sponsored jointly by the American Rolling Mill Company and the Ferro-Enamel Corporation. The house was engineered and built by the Insulated Steel Construction Company. Robert Smith, Jr., is the architect. The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL directed the decorating and furnishing. House No. 381 is a frameless steel house made of sheet steel that has been run through a machine which rolls it into various shapes. The shapes are welded together in a fabricating shop and are flexible in dimension. Doors and windows are steel and may be located anywhere. The exterior walls are covered with porcelain-enameled steel, which can be had in any color or finish and which will last indefinitely.

HOUSE No. 379 is sponsored by Stran-Steel Corporation. H. Augustus O'Dell and Wirt C. Rowland are the architects. Interior decoration is by Good Housekeeping. House No. 379, "The Home of Comfort," is a steel-frame house, the steel used being sheet steel rolled into studs, joists and plates. These members are made in such a way that building materials are nailed to them. The exterior walls are covered with slabs of a new material, partly steel, that has a baked-enamel finish. There is no basement. The first floor contains all the regular living and sleeping quarters. The heater room and laundry are on this floor. Upstairs is one large recreation room open to the air on all four sides. A garage is part of the house.

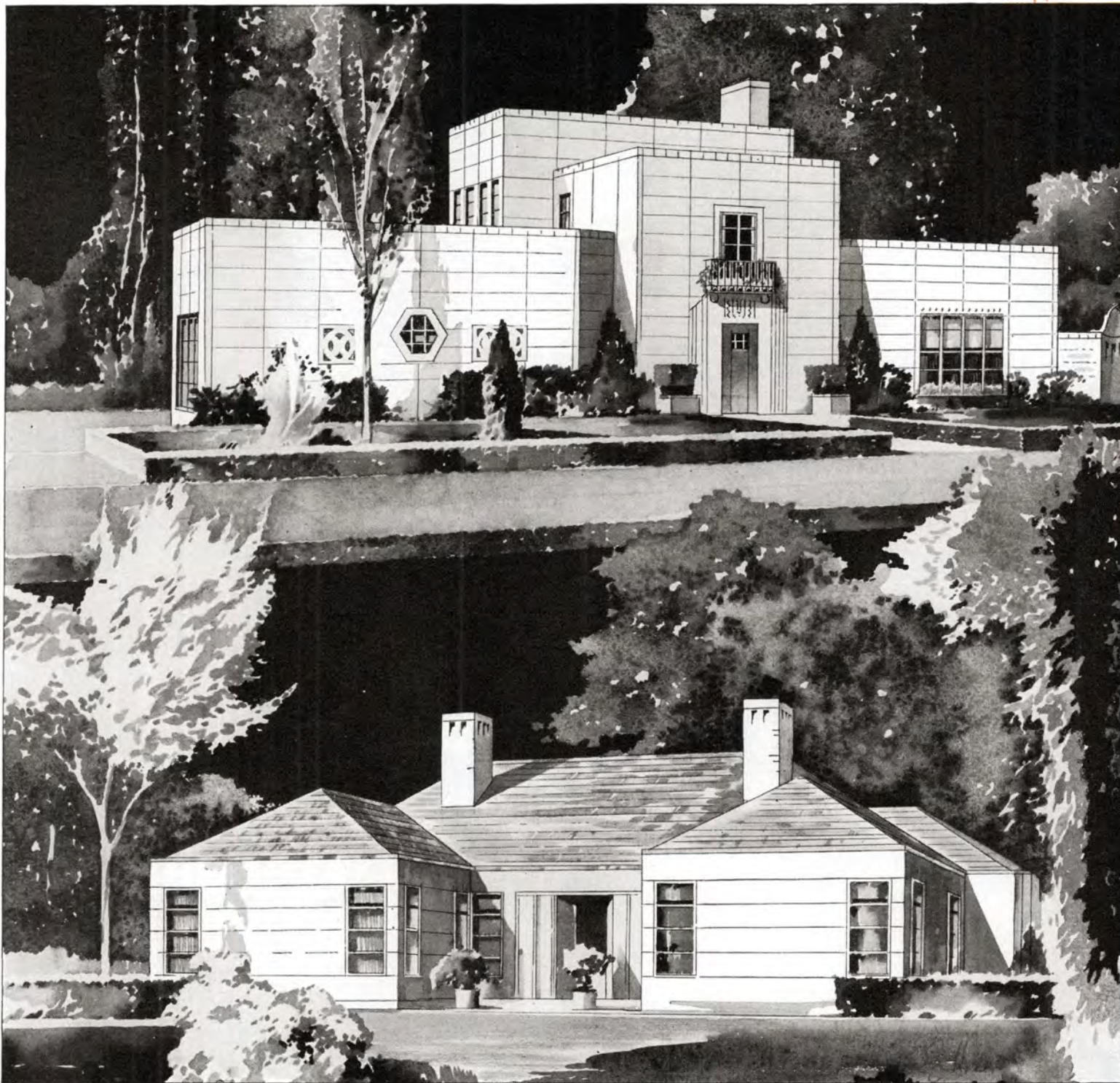
A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

BY J. HAROLD
HAWKINS

to name a few of the outstanding buildings—the Hall of Religion, Old Heidelberg Inn, Horticultural Building, Old Fort Dearborn, Home and Industrial Arts Building, Federal Building, Electrical Building, Dairy Building, the five pavilions of the General Exhibits Group, General Motors and the Chrysler Buildings, Hall of Science, Travel and Transportation Building with its hanging roof, the Golden Temple of Jehol, the Oriental Village, and the Skyway and Observation Towers.

Directly across Leif Eriksen Drive from the Home Planning Hall, nestling in a beautifully gardenized site, you will find a building made of glass. This is the exhibit building of the James W. Owen Nurseries, who landscaped all the grounds surrounding the several exhibit houses. Inside this building there will be models of the exhibit houses with landscaping indicated that will be suitable for your own average-sized lot at home. Don't miss seeing these exhibit houses and the models.

House No. 387

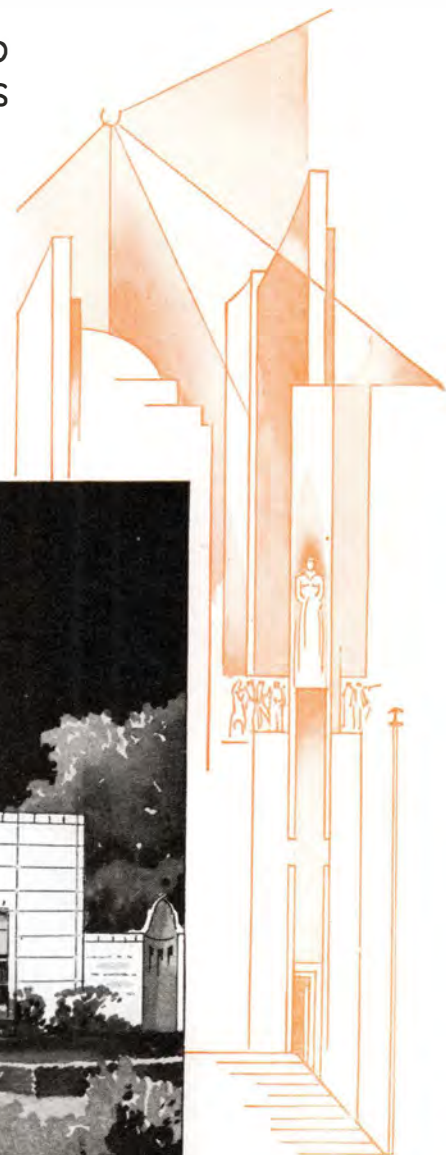


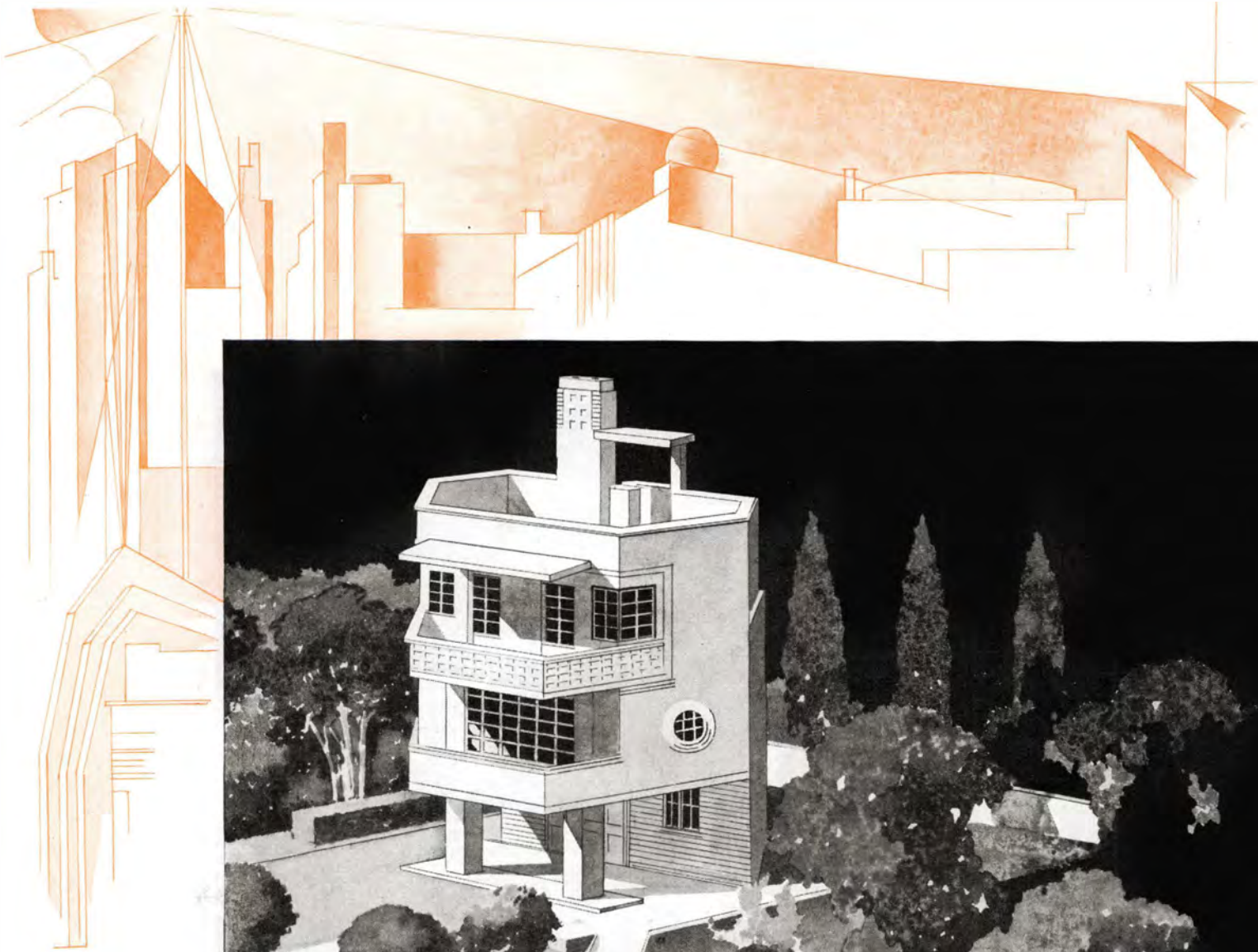
House No. 384

DRAWINGS BY EARL HORTER

HOUSE No. 384 is sponsored by American Forest Products Industries, Inc., and Chicago Lumber Institute. The architect is Ernest A. Grunfeld, Jr. Interior furnishing and decoration are by Wolfgang Hoffman. The Lumber Industries house will make use of virtually all types of wood for building. The exterior walls will be siding finished natural. The sash will be painted a deep, bottle green. The one-floor plan includes two bedrooms, living room, dining room and kitchen. An attached garage is on the front of the house, with opening facing the side. The heater and laundry are also on the main floor. There is no basement or second story. The three main rooms are at the rear facing a wide terrace which overlooks the garden area.

HOUSE No. 387 is sponsored jointly by Rostone, Inc., and Indiana Bridge Company. The architect is Walter Scholer. Interior decoration is done by Thomas E. Smith. This one-story house has a glass-enclosed solarium on the roof. The main floor comprises a living room with fireplace, dining alcove, kitchen, heater room, two bedrooms with connecting bath, and attached garage. The heater room includes automatic furnace, laundry tubs, water heater, clothes dryer and shower bath. There is a fireplace in the solarium. The exterior walls are slabs of rostone, which is a new building material. The frame of the house is steel. The roof deck is paved with this colorful composition material used on the walls.





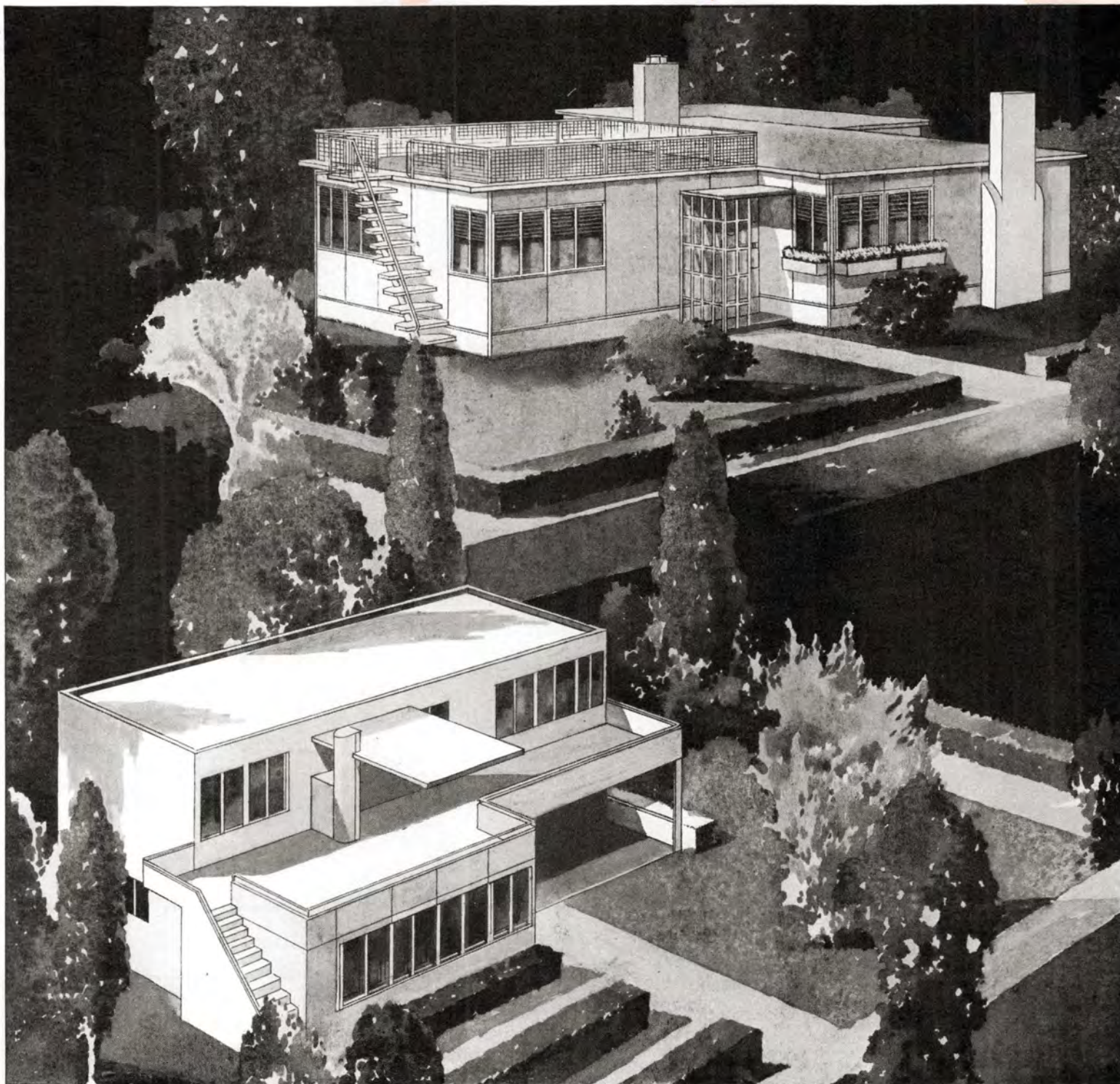
House No. 380



House No. 383

HOUSE No. 380, "The House That Brick Built," is sponsored by the Brick Manufacturers' Association of America. The architect is Andrew Rebori. Interior decoration is done by Secession, Ltd. Built with six sides, this house uses the first floor as basement, wherein are housed the heating plant, air-conditioning plant and laundry. There is space for an automobile under the balcony on this level. Reënforced brick masonry, a new method of house construction, is used for foundation, walls and floors. The rooms do not have squared corners. The living room, dining room and kitchen are on the second floor. On the third floor are two bedrooms and a bathroom. Atop the third floor is a roof garden.

HOUSE No. 383 is sponsored by Masonite Corporation. Frazier & Raftery, Inc., are the architects, and the interior decoration is by Mrs. R. L. Thorsch. The Masonite House is a two-bedroom, living-room, kitchen floor plan with the garage on the front, facing the side elevation. The bedrooms and living room face the garden at the rear. The exterior walls are of a dense, pressed board over a sheathing of structural insulation. Part of the exterior will be painted white in contrast to the varnished natural brown of the material used. The flat roof is partly covered and is available for outdoor living. An interesting feature is the varying heights of ceilings according to sizes of rooms. No basement has been provided for.



House No. 378

House No. 377

HOUSE No. 377, "Design for Living," is sponsored by John C. B. Moore, architect. S. Clements Horsley and Richard C. Wood are associate architects. Furnishing and decorating are by G. Rohde. House No. 377 is shop-assembled, of four-by-eight-foot panels in wood frames, bolted together. The exterior is impervious insulating wall board. Windows are steel casements with removable screens. Garage and main entrance face the street, while living and sleeping rooms and terrace face the garden. Laundry tubs, house heater, water heater and maid's closet are in one room, accessible from front hall or kitchen. There is no basement. Second-floor bedrooms open on a wide roof terrace, for outdoor living.

HOUSE No. 378 is sponsored by General Houses, Inc. Howard T. Fisher is the architect. Interior furnishing and decorating are by Kroehler Manufacturing Company. This house is fabricated entirely from factory-produced standard parts which were assembled on the site and painted. Some of the features about this house are economy in first cost and upkeep, greater convenience, air conditioning, ease of making later additions, and attractiveness of design. This is the first house to be publicly displayed by the sponsor, who besides manufacturing a prefabricated house will coordinate the related services of land control, group planning, landscaping, financing, merchandising, legal counsel and interior decorating.

Parties for the June Bride



TABLE ARRANGED BY WALTER L. TEAGUE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANA B. MERRILL

Rehearsal Dinner for the Wedding Party

Iced Melon Balls
 Cream of Mushroom Soup with Garnish of
 Chopped Parsley
 Broiled Spring Chicken
 Broccoli with Hollandaise Sauce
 Endive Salad
 Frozen Strawberries
 Angel Food
 White Grape Juice Coffee

The Bride Gives a Tea

Wafer-thin Bread and Butter Folds
 Water-Cress Sandwiches
 Sandwiches of Lobster Meat and Celery
 Cakelets
 Raspberry-Ice Punch Hot Russian Tea

CAROLINE B. KING

suggests some of the many affairs that can be turned into delightful occasions to honor the bride, and above we are featuring a novel table setting particularly appropriate for some high point in the wedding festivities. The table is first covered with dress net and over the net is glass, just exactly covering the table. Pictured on the table is some of the new glassware that lends a special air of loveliness to a bridal repast.

A rehearsal dinner on the eve of the wedding can be made one of the most altogether pleasant and exhilarating of the festivities. Then, of course, comes the wedding breakfast itself—that long-anticipated event, which calls for the finest taste in choosing and serving the menu. Later, of course, the bride will want to give a tea in her own new home. She will delight in a bridge porch breakfast, given, perhaps, to her bridesmaids. Or she will wish to entertain her garden club at a plate luncheon on the veranda. Sunday suppers are always enjoyed by the bride and the groom and their friends. And Mrs. King's menus will make these events a pleasure for all who are fortunate enough to participate.

Wedding Breakfast

Fruit Cup
 Sweetbread-and-Mushroom Croquettes
 Cream Sauce
 Buttered New Asparagus Tips
 Small Hot Rolls
 Avocado, Grapefruit and Celery Salad
 Ices Petits Fours
 Bonbons Coffee

Bridge Porch Breakfast

(TEN O'CLOCK OF A JUNE MORNING)

Oxheart Cherries Au Naturel
 Creamed Chicken on Waffles
 Green Pepper Rings and Cucumber Salad
 in Lettuce Cup
 Melba Toast Marmalade
 Pineapple Sherbet, Mint Leaf Garnish
 Coffee

(Continued on Page 34)

"We Champion Jelly Makers swear by these recipes"



MRS. C. B. OSBORNE



MRS. F. W. BATEMAN

"With them anybody can make prize-winning jelly and jam in $\frac{1}{3}$ the usual time and at less cost, too!"

By *Mrs. F. W. 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 flavor, color and texture 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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).

"You will notice that this recipe calls for the use of a product named Certo.

"Now Mrs. Osborne won 17 State Fair Prizes in 1932 for her marvelous jellies and jams, and I won 30—but we would never think of making jelly or jam without Certo!

"Let me tell you why. In the first place, to make strawberry jam with Certo, we have to boil our fruit for only one minute

(it's rarely more than a minute for any jam, and jellies take only one-half minute). Just think of all the time that saves!

"But even more important—that same short boiling gives us better-tasting jam or jelly. It prevents costly fruit juices from going off in steam. It keeps all the fresh fruit flavor right in the jelly. And you never get that boiled-down flavor.

EXTRA GLASSES, TOO

"And since no fruit juice boils away, you naturally get extra glasses, too—often half again as many. (Note: It is because of these extra glasses that the Certo recipes call for more sugar than the old time "cup-for-cup" proportion.)

"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 fruit 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 can make perfect jelly or jam from any fruit, every time! At all grocers.

Visit the General Foods Exhibit, Agricultural Building, A Century of Progress, Chicago (June to October) and see the Certo display.



© G. F. Corp., 1933

Shall I Tell My Child He is Adopted?

By MARION L. FAEGRE

MOST adoptive parents are slow in coming to the decision to adopt a child, but once they have taken a child to love and cherish and educate, they find themselves acquiring a feeling that one mother put into these words: "Why, I couldn't love this child more if he were my own! I feel as though he were my own!"

Whatever the motive that underlies the desire to adopt a child, once that child is a member of the family his interests become of vital concern. He may have been taken because the couple believed that a child would "hold them together"; or because of the unconscious desire of a childless woman for someone on whom to lavish affection, in the absence of deep affection between husband and wife; or because of the longing of a kindly man and woman to care for a pitiful bit of helplessness.

But no matter what the original state of affairs, the average adoptive home is one in which the parents are trying to make the child feel as "own" as possible.

In spite of the forethought and good sense that mark the behavior of most foster parents, there is one phase of their relations with their children that seems to puzzle them. Many times such parents admit being in a quandary about the desirability of telling the child he is adopted; or, if they have already decided that it would be wise to let him know the facts, are distraught as to how they shall make it clear without causing an emotional shock.

Now children need, above all other things, to feel secure in their homes. Adults whose world of childhood did not rest on a firm basis of family affection, of understanding and mutual confidence, can testify to the uneasiness and fear caused by this lack of something to tie to, comforting, substantial support to lean upon and trust.

Material security may, or may not, be a part of this sense of well-being which every child is entitled to. One child, in a poverty-stricken home, may feel the beauty of the love and sympathy of his parents' relations, and their thoughtful consideration of his interests, and hardly be aware that any additions could make his home brighter.

Such an instance is that of the man who loved to recall the happy winter evenings when his mother, enfolding him and his sister in her soft, worn shawl, would sit with them both in her lap, by the dying fire, and tell stories that transported them to every corner of the world. Only many years later did he realize that the stories were so anxiously awaited that short supper rations often went unnoticed, while the shawl which was so delightfully cuddly kept them from being aware that the fire needed another shovelful of coal.

The adopted child may be conscious that there is something odd in the atmosphere of his home, some constant menace that he cannot put into words. Marie represents the many cases in which jealousy is present. She felt for years that her mother didn't love her so well as did her father. Her puzzled confusion gave place only in adult life to appreciation of what it had meant to her mother to feel the gnawing pain of not having given her husband a child; how his deep affection for the child seemed to her, in her lack of understanding of natural human behavior, an affront.

Getting a Proper Start in Life

THE child who feels safe in his parents' love is making a beginning toward the development of a belief in himself and confidence in his own abilities. As time goes on he will need progressively the approbation and the recognition of others, those who constitute the outside world. To enter upon the right relations with that outside world, he must first feel at ease within his own world of the home.

Mary had achieved this happy state and, amusingly enough, it was in spite of, rather than because of, her adoptive parents. So long aware of her adoption that she had forgotten how she came to know it, she carefully shielded her father and mother from finding out that she knew. She would talk appreciatively of them to her friends, and say, "I'm sure I love them more than I could have my own parents."



Children need to feel a sense of security in their homes if they are to develop a belief in their own abilities.

This child had learned the facts so early that she was entirely at ease. It goes without saying that the earlier the child knows he is adopted, the better. When once he is old enough to grasp the plain fact he is also still young enough to make the adjustment, if the telling is done wisely.

Of course this is only possible when the child has been adopted as a baby or a very young child, but many prospective foster parents are farsighted enough to see that there are distinct advantages in taking a child as young as possible, if enough can be determined about him so that they are safeguarded as to the likelihood of his being promising material for adoption.

Parents who have been timid and fearful about telling their child the truth about his origin need some bolstering up, some reënforcing, to urge them on to the point of laying aside their fears and recognizing the greater dangers that lie in wait for those who beg the question.

First and foremost is the ever-present danger of being found out. The parent himself, in his mistaken effort to help the child feel secure, loses his own feeling of security. He must eternally go about with a guilty conscience, afraid of the rupture which he is only too well aware may be the outcome of sudden and startling knowledge.

Foster parents have been known to be so hag-ridden by fears, that they have actually moved away from towns where they were established and where everything was going well, because of the unremitting possibility that a schoolmate or chance acquaintance might tell their child the carefully guarded secret. The longer the telling is put off the greater, naturally, the likelihood that the shock may be so great as to spoil, even permanently, the relations that have been established at such pains between parent and child.

Such is the case of a man whose later life was embittered by his discovery, after he was forty years of age, that the parents he had so much loved had deceived him. His resentment was particularly strong over the fact that his foster parents had allowed him to marry and bring children into the world, in complete ignorance of any factors in his heredity.

His harsh condemnation of his parents was, you say, unjust? They had done as they did, believing such a course was to his best interests. But the blow, falling after so many years of complete love and trust, caused a breach that saddened the last years of the parents, and poisoned the relationship that might have continued healthy and strong.

Even when the discovery is not made so late as this, there is another danger. It may be made at some critical time, when feelings are easily warped and distorted out of proportion to the cause. The child who finds out about his adoption during adolescence, a time when many adjustments must be made in the ordinary process of growing up, has a heavy burden added to the load of responsibilities entailed by passing into adult life. It comes at a time when he already has many questions to answer, and this is one in which his emotions will be tremendously involved.

What traits, the intensity of which he only half suspects, must he battle with? Should he try to trace other members of his family? Ought he marry and have a family?

Even the much younger child, who cannot give such deep thought to the question of his parentage, may be so upset by a sudden or crude telling as to give hints in his behavior that something is wrong.

A little girl of eight, whose adoptive parents thought they were gently preparing her, by means of stories, for the gradual unfolding of her own story, were dismayed by a quite sudden sea change in her behavior. From a pleasant, jolly

little girl she was transformed into a naughty, cantankerous little creature whose moods of rebellion and disobedience sadly bewildered them.

It was some time before they discovered that another child had casually asked the little girl what she knew about her own parents! Her pride had been so hurt that instead of going to her mother about it she had been trying to bottle up the pain inside. The inner conflict was betrayed by her behavior.

These parents were sincere in their efforts to make the knowledge gradual and painless.

They failed to realize that the difficulty was within themselves, that they needed to get rid of fear of how the child would take it.

Perhaps the most necessary thing of all to keep in mind is that the telling should be natural and matter-of-fact. Nothing is to be gained by creating an emotional strain, and this is likely to occur if the parents, in their eagerness to do the thing right, make much of it, and dwell on the sentimental aspects in their hope that the child will not lose his sense of belonging to them.

Unquestionably, the less wrought up the parents are, the more calmly will the child accept the facts, the more ready will he be to think of them as normal and understandable, rather than as something to worry about.

Explanations That Don't Explain

THE effort to make children feel "wanted" that induces many foster parents to make much ado about how they have chosen the child, how they picked him out of many, instead of taking what was shuffled out to them, may lead to a very distorted idea in the child.

We do not want children to feel ashamed of being adopted, but neither do we want them to flaunt the fact as a badge of superiority or "difference," as some children have been known to do before they were old enough to think through the problem. The pardonable pride of the little girl, on the other hand, who laughed as she tossed her red hair, and said that although she was adopted it was just like her new mother's, shows a healthy childish acceptance with no squeamishness or humiliation.

Does it sound ridiculous to say that many parents think they have told their children when they haven't? Odd as it seems, cases of this sort often come to light. Either the child has refused to accept the truth, which doesn't coincide with what he would like to believe, or he has not grasped what his parents tried to tell him.

Nine-year-old Edward, an instance of failure to accept, finally broke down and wept when his parents mentioned casually that his musical ability was undoubtedly inherited from his talented father, of whom he had often been told. Instead of being proud of it, this definite connection was too much for him. His distress when he confessed he wanted to be just like his foster parents was pitiable. It took a long time to alter Edward's feeling, which was the natural outgrowth of his foster parents' obvious desire that he should be a credit to them.

Irene's case illustrates how careful foster parents should be to be clear and exact in their explanation, and how necessary it is to mention over and over again, as occasion arises, the essential fact of the adoption. Irene's parents thought she understood when they told her they had "taken out papers" and that now she was their little girl. The child had not the remotest idea what they meant, but felt vaguely that something was not just as it should be.

Does it sound cruel, like rubbing it in, to say that one explanation is not enough? We must remember that the very young child, to whom we believe these explanations should be made, has not a very long memory, nor are the workings of his mind logical.

All the better if he does forget and have to be told all over again! It signifies that he was told so naturally, that he accepted it so unemotionally, that it didn't make a very lasting impression. If we can keep it on that basis, so much the better.

(Continued on Page 31)

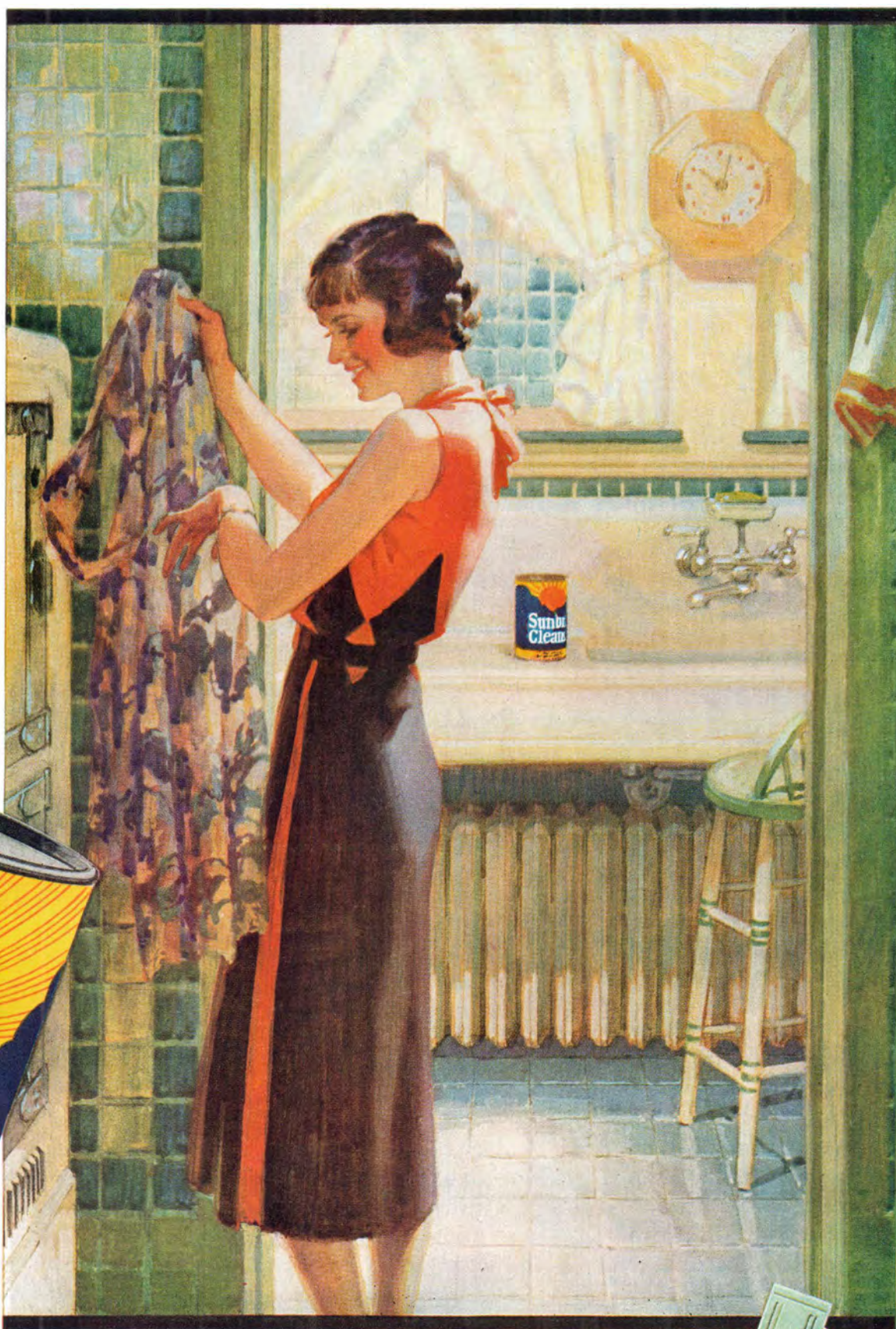
“Hidden Name Test” proves
New Sunbrite Cleanser

CLEANS EASIER • WORKS FASTER • WON'T SCRATCH

*Saves time
 Saves work
 Saves money*

You can hang up your apron and get dressed for the day ever so much sooner when you make New Sunbrite Cleanser a helper in your home. It saves minutes every day. In the “Hidden Name Test”, women proved New Sunbrite Cleanser *cleans easier, works faster and won't scratch*. And its Double-Action sweetens as it cleans, even removing stubborn odors that cling to kitchen utensils and silverware.

None of the women in the “Hidden Name Test” knew what brands of cleanser they were testing. But you can make your own experiments with all the facts before you. Compare New Sunbrite Cleanser with whatever kind you are now using. Let your own experience convince you that it saves time, saves work, saves the surface and saves money. Get a supply of New Sunbrite Cleanser from your grocer today.

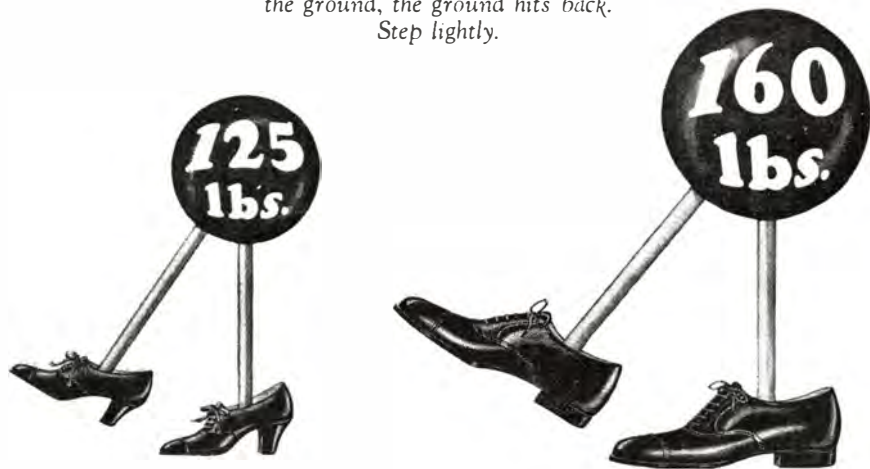


Get these DeLuxe refillable *solid brass* covers from your grocer or mail 4 New Sunbrite labels and 10 cents for each cover to Swift & Company, 4289 Packers Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Check colors wanted. Write name and address plainly in margin below.



Watch your Arches

Your entire weight is shifted from one foot to the other more than 2000 times in a mile walk. Each time your foot hits the ground, the ground hits back. Step lightly.



A GREAT deal of excruciating pain in the feet or elsewhere in the body, caused by weakened or broken down arches, can be relieved or completely removed. When the three main causes of foot trouble—misuse, abuse and disuse—are generally understood, a great deal more pain will be avoided.

If you walk with your toes pointed out instead of straight ahead you put a severe strain on your arches. Overstrained, they are likely to sag or flatten. Bones may be forced out of place, pinching and torturing sensitive nerves.

All too often these tortured nerves communicate their distress to nerve centers far removed from the feet. Leg aches, headaches, backaches and many other aches are penalties which follow the misuse of a hard-working foot.

Abused, either by being cramped in a shoe which does not permit the toes to lie flat, or sprawled in an ill-fitting shoe, no foot can support and move its burden comfortably and easily. Shoes should have a straight inner edge. They should fit snugly under the long arch and at the heel.

Examine your shoes to make certain that the sole, under the ball of your foot, does not round down in the center or bend up at the sides. If it does, every step you take tends to flatten the short arch across the ball of the foot. Then the needless pain.

Disuse is the third crime committed against feet which should be able to give willing and uncomplaining service. A foot which has little to do besides carrying its burden from bedroom to dining-room and from there to an automobile or other conveyance, loses its muscular strength, becomes almost an invalid foot through feebleness.

But when muscles and ligaments have lost their strength or arches have become weakened, the services of a competent foot specialist may be needed. He may, by proper treatment, or by prescribing corrective foot exercises or scientifically constructed shoes, restore your foot to a full measure of usefulness.

A booklet "Standing Up to Life" which tells how to overcome many foot ailments by means of intelligent foot exercises will be mailed free upon request. Address Booklet Department 633-J.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
© 1933 M. L. I. CO.

(Continued from Page 32) If a child is told very early, he is less likely to ask questions the answers to which the parents may feel are beyond his power of understanding. At two or three, a child will be satisfied with a very simple explanation, whereas the child of seven or eight to whom the knowledge comes as a new idea, has developed mentally to the point where his inquiring mind will lead to discussion of things that may be better for him to hear many years later.

Not so much will depend, at any time, on what the child is told, as on how he is told, and on the poise of his informers.

It is a curious and fascinating fact that a large percentage of "own" children entertain the idea that they are adopted.

Many children who do not actually believe themselves to be foster children, day-dream about how pleasant it would be to wake up and find themselves princes and princesses. A study of children's dreams shows that many children dream about a secure home life.

The child adopted when he is old enough to remember his own parents, or at least another home, offers no problem as to the telling, but a problem rather in the development of a feeling of being a part of the new home in which he may at first feel lost and strange. Too much should not be made of the situation; above all, immediate adjustment should not be expected.

Many foster parents, in their eagerness, are disappointed because it takes the child some time to become accustomed to them, and to new ways of living. Especially is it necessary for the new parents to realize

that few young children show any signs of gratitude. Even children in their teens have not developed the finer emotions to such an extent that they often show their appreciation for what parents have done. And, after all, should not the parents be expected to show gratitude to the child, for having come to them, quite as much as the other way round?



Good Sportsmanship

"WHAT do you mean by good sportsmanship?" I asked a young college athlete.

Quick as a flash he gave his answer: "Playing the game according to the rules with every bit of strength you have, whether winning or losing, and playing till the whistle blows and the game is over." —LITA BANE.

Parties for the June Bride

(Continued from Page 30)

An Alfresco Collation

(FOR THE ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT SHOWER OR INFORMAL WEDDING)

Chicken Mousse
Tomato Stuffed With Celery Mayonnaise
Small Hot Rolls Assorted Sandwiches
Relish Platter
(Ripe Olives, Cucumber Rings, Salted Walnuts
Stuffed Cherries, Candied Ginger, Garnish,
Curled Endive)

Strawberry Ice Cream in Sponge-Cake Baskets
Coffee Fruit Punch
Bonbons

When You Entertain Your Garden Club

(PLATE LUNCHEON ON THE VERANDA)

Chilled Fruit Juice
Cream Puffs Filled With Creamed Salmon and Green Peas
Spiced Figs Ripe Olives
Molded Cheese Salad With Nasturtium Garnish
Small Hot Biscuits Marmalade
Strawberry Freeze Coffee

MOLDED CHEESE SALAD. Mash 3 packages (about 2 ounces each) of cream cheese to a paste, moisten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of rich milk and add $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of grated American cheese and $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of Roquefort cheese. Dissolve 2 tablespoonfuls of gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of cold water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$

cupful of hot water and the juice of half a lemon, with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of paprika, cool, and add the cheese, with 2 cupfuls of stiffly whipped cream, half a green pepper finely shredded and the same quantity of canned pimiento cut into small pieces. Mold in a bread pan, chill thoroughly and cut into slices for serving. Arrange on lettuce leaves and garnish with nasturtium leaves.

Even when all is well between foster parents and child in the early years, there are chances for rifts within the lute later on that may make relations discordant. Hard as it is for parents who have brought their own children into the world to see those children behaving in ways that it is impossible for them to understand, it is doubly hard for parents who do not know what inclinations to expect, and who find it hard, therefore, not to assume that the unsatisfactory conduct is a result of inheritance too strong for their influences to counterbalance.

Foster parents need all the wisdom and sanity they can muster, not to be afraid of the world's comments on the success of their venture. Many a "problem" foster child has become so largely because of his parents' oversolicitude lest he stray from the straight and narrow path of their desires for him. That path, we would much better realize, will not by any means always lead to the college his father attended!

Bringing up children would not be the fascinating performance it is if every step were easy. The three-ring circus that we call family life needs to be enacted in a good strong light. Frankness, openness of behavior on the part of parents, help the young performers a lot in the development of a feeling of straightforwardness, of confidence in their ability.

The youth who is doing a trapeze act with his father and mother knows that, at a certain beat of the music, he can absolutely count on the grasp, at exactly the right moment, of his parent's hand. The rhythm on which the act is based precludes all possibility of any one of the three failing either of the others.

Families in which children, adopted or otherwise, can count as much on the parents' being on hand, with sympathy and understanding, are likely to be happy and successful families.

Sunday Supper Party

(IN THE LONG, COOL SUMMER TWILIGHT)

Ham Cornucopias Filled With Pineapple and Cucumber Salad
Assorted Sandwiches Olives
Cheese-and-Cracker Platter
Individual Shortcakes
Tea Coffee Iced Mocha

HAM CORNUCOPIAS. Select large, pinky, wafer-thin slices of boiled ham, trim into squares, and roll up cornucopia fashion, fasten with toothpicks and fill with pineapple and cucumber salad. Arrange on a platter on lettuce leaves. Garnish with olives and crimson radishes.

ICED MOCHA. Make 1 cupful of rather strong hot coffee and 2 cupfuls of hot chocolate. Sweeten to taste, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of vanilla, mix, cool a few moments, then pour over crushed ice and shake vigorously till frothed thoroughly. Pour over cracked ice in tall glasses and top with a spoonful of whipped cream.



"Such delicate blonde skin" all Washington exclaimed when she made her debut



Years later, all her friends are saying "Her skin is simply exquisite—really lovelier today than ever before"

She herself says:

"I could enthuse indefinitely over the creams I use. I do believe they take care of your skin more effectively than any others."

MRS. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR.

MRS. MASON'S exquisite blonde coloring and beautiful skin make her loveliness outstanding. After six years in a tropic land her delicate and flawless skin still wins the admiration of everyone who sees her.

How does she keep her skin so glamorous? Like beautiful women throughout the world she has learned that two creams are absolutely essential to wise skin care. "I have used Pond's Creams for ages,"

she says. "Today I like these two fine creams more than ever."

Follow this Easy Method

Night and morning or oftener, give your skin a thorough cleaning with Pond's pure oil Cold Cream. It removes every speck of dirt without destroying natural skin oils and your skin is wonderfully clear.

To keep your face youthfully free of

lines, leave a fresh bit of this rich cream on overnight.

Next comes protection. Before every exposure smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is softening and protective, and gives a creamy tone.

As a powder base it is simply indispensable! You'll find it a godsend for keeping that freshly powdered look.

Some Favorite Uses

For Nightly Cleansing: Never go to bed without cleansing your skin thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream and soft Tissues. This is the first step to a clear skin.

After Travel: Clogged pores and tired muscles are quickly relieved by a quick cleansing with

Pond's Cold Cream . . . How refreshed you are when dust and make-up are removed!

For Summer Protection: Smooth on Pond's silky Vanishing Cream before exposure. It prevents burned and peeling skin.

For an Even Tan: Use Pond's Cold Cream after swims. Its fine oils give a rich color.

For Smooth White Hands: Pond's Vanishing Cream used several times a day keeps hands white and smooth.

And Try Pond's New Face Powder! Mrs. Mason says, "Pond's new Face Powder has such a variety of shades and the texture is perfect! It clings beautifully."

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of free samples

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. F
107 Hudson Street New York City
Please send me (check choice): Pond's New Face Powder in glass jar, Naturelle Light Cream Rose Cream Brunette Dark Brunette
OR Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Pond's Famous Creams and New Face Powder

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TUNE IN on Pond's program every Friday, 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra . . . WEAF and NBC Network

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● This Lincoln Coupe has gone over 97,000 miles. It still looks new because Simoniz protected its finish always. The owner of this car is Mr. A. L. Doering—"Doering Spark Plugs", New York.



SIMONIZ KEEPS CARS BEAUTIFUL

Think of it! . . . Simoniz will make your car look new again! And then it will keep it sparkling bright and beautiful year after year—*always*, in fact!

Millions Simoniz their cars. And you should, too! Whether old or new, your car needs this mighty protection—Simoniz. It stops weather and dirt from ruining the finish, makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

Simonizing is easy to do. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener quickly and safely restores the original lustre. Then Simoniz gives your car rich, sparkling beauty that lasts month after month no matter where you go or in what kind of weather you drive!



Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—nothing takes their place. Sold at hardware and auto accessory stores everywhere.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.



To Can or Not to Can

The Journal Kitchen Talks it Over

By JEAN SIMPSON

THERE is a good deal of interest in home canning nowadays, chiefly as an economy measure. Those of us who have access to very inexpensive raw materials, or who have a surplus of garden materials on hand, do well to put away, in jars or cans, some of these products for future use.

But it is not easy to decide when canning at home is the better part of wisdom and when it is not. Commercial canners offer so many first-class products at low cost. They use methods in canning that retain vitamins in ways that are outside the realm of possibility for the homemaker. Moreover, records for recent years show that there have been remarkably few instances of spoilage difficulties from commercially canned foods.

So before you decide to do some of your own canning as an economy measure, be sure that you are not fooling yourself about this proposition of saving money. Take a moment to calculate the cost of a unit of your canned product, and compare this with the cost of the same unit of the material you could buy already canned.

Notice, first, the cost of the materials on the market. Then, using the table shown below, calculate the number of jars you will obtain from a certain amount of raw product.

Knowing the number of jars to expect, you can easily calculate the cost of each. Compare this with the cost of the same amount you would buy canned. If you find that yours are more expensive you will have saved yourself the trouble of canning, by dispelling your illusions of economy. If your products are cheaper,

remember you still have to take into account the cost of any canning equipment you buy. Of course, new equipment—glasses, tins, kettles or cookers—will serve you a number of years, so don't charge the whole expenditure to this year's canning. The cost of fuel used must be considered too. Still more difficult to take fairly into account is the amount of time you spend over the canning bee. No one but the homemaker can properly evaluate her time, to know whether the saving in money is worth the effort.

You will want to be reasonably well satisfied with your products, too, if the canning is to achieve its purpose. If you are buying fruits and vegetables that are very much reduced in price, be more careful than usual that you are not running into difficulties with respect to quality.

Neither fruits nor vegetables will change much for the better as they are canned. For instance, peaches or pears that tend to be "wooden" will never become luscious, in either texture or flavor, in the jar. So choose fruits and vegetables that are nicely ripened, have good flavor, good color and the best possible texture.

More important even than the question of quality is the question of fitness for canning, bacteriologically speaking. Foods should be as fresh as possible—at least fresh enough for them to be considered first class for eating immediately. This applies most particularly to vegetables like corn, string beans, peas, spinach and carrots, and to all meats, fish and poultry. Food which has been held for long has a high bacterial count, and so presents bigger problems in sterilization than do the fresh foods. For materials that have stood long, the usual methods of canning may not guarantee safety.

The acid in fruits protects them somewhat from bacterial invasion, so they are relatively easy to can. Since vegetables, meats, fish and poultry have little if any acid, and since they supply plenty of food upon which harmful organisms grow, there is every reason why we should take great precautions in canning them. The chief precaution is to use the pressure cooker and only the pressure cooker for these foods. *Never* can them by any other method.

There is an abundance of evidence, from various scientific sources, that no method other than the pressure cooker can give you assurance of safety with non-acid foods. The organisms that are known to give trouble in these foods may resist the temperatures obtainable by other methods of canning. The food may contain not only organisms that cause mild poisoning, but it may contain the fatal *Bacillus botulinus*—which has been the cause of more than one tragedy from improperly canned foods. Most of the instances reported from botulism poisoning have come from non-acid foods canned at home by methods other than the pressure cooker. It is therefore strongly recommended that all home-canned, non-acid vegetables be boiled for ten minutes after opening the jar, even before they are as much as tasted.

Quite apart from the question of economy, most families have their favorites in home-canned foods, or in jams, jellies, preserves or marmalades. You won't want to deny your family the pleasure they have from your specialties, whatever they may be. Or if you want to try something new in any of the directions, there are plenty of recipes to be had.

If you decide in favor of a canning bee—we are sure many homemakers will, this year especially—you can turn your kitchen into a workshop which will be a source of good things to eat for many a month to come. It is often done nowadays as a group project in a community. Well organized, and conducted with an understanding of the hows and whys of canning, the experience, whether a private one or in a group, can be an altogether pleasant one.

Gift for June Brides!

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Menu Charts, one for each month, have been combined to make a Menu Calendar to hang in the new kitchen. Menus for everyday dinners and parties as well; luncheon suggestions; recipes and first-hand help for any cook, new or tried. Write to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL MENU CALENDAR, No. 1018. It is 25 cents.

PRODUCT	MEASUREMENT RAW	YIELD CANNED (APPROXIMATE)
ASPARAGUS . . .	6 pounds	3 pints "stalk" and 1 pint "cut"
BEANS, STRING . .	4 pounds (about 1/4 peck)	4 pints
BEETS, BABY . . .	2 pecks (about 25 pounds)	15 pints
BERRIES	1 1/2 quarts	2 pints
CARROTS	2 pecks (about 25 pounds)	15 pints
CHERRIES	1 1/2 quarts	2 pints
CORN	100 ears (Golden Bantam)	15 pints
PEACHES	2 pecks	20 pints
PEARS	8 or 10 halves	1 quart
PLUMS	1 1/2 quarts	1 quart
SPINACH	3 pounds	1 quart
STRAWBERRIES . .	1 quart	1 quart
TOMATOES	1 1/2 quarts	1 quart

You'll do it better on Dated Coffee



Coffee is a recognized stimulant. You get out of it new strength, gay spirits, keener zest. But be sure your coffee is never stale.

THE people who *do* things often seem to be the greatest coffee drinkers. They play a stronger game in sports, have greater endurance for their work.

They use coffee freely as a stimulant. Yes. But some folks whisper, not everybody can benefit by it. Coffee makes us nervous. Keeps us awake. Gives us indigestion.

Science was interested. Why this difference?

Then research workers carefully analyzed coffee. This is their answer to the whole problem.

Fresh coffee is perfectly safe to drink and enjoy, up to 5 cups a day, if you are a normal, healthy grown-up. But *stale* coffee contains a rancid oil, nearly half a

cup to a pound. And if you are drinking *stale* coffee regularly, you are very likely to get indigestion, "jumpy" nerves, other ills.

Because it is so important that your coffee should be fresh, Chase & Sanborn instituted *Dated* Coffee.

Chase & Sanborn rush their *Dated* Coffee to your grocer and put the date of delivery on every pound. No grocer is allowed to keep a can of it on his shelf more than 10 days. You're bound to get rich, full-flavored, delicious *fresh* coffee when you insist on Chase & Sanborn's.

Remember—science says you're right to be afraid of stale coffee. Order Dated Coffee tomorrow. See how it puts new life into your play, new pep into everything you do.

SILVER-BLONDE OR EBONY-BRUNETTE



DRY SKIN MAY MENACE YOUR BEAUTY

But Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream actively aids in keeping the skin fresh, lush, supple, firm.

Beneath the outer layer of the skin, lie hundreds of tiny oil glands, little pockets which supply the skin with the oil that keeps it elastic yet firm, fresh, vigorous. When these go dry, due to lack of exercise, stay-thin-or-die-diets, too much excitement, too little sleep—the source of skin youth is gone! Dry Skin! And with it ugliness—wrinkles under the eyes, crow's feet at the edges, lines from nose to mouth—scaliness, flabbiness! Vitality exhausted!

This cruel tendency showing itself in women of every type and age today must be combated in an *active way!* Ordinary creams, with their purely surface action, do some good, but are not virile enough to check the evil completely, postpone its bad effects indefinitely.

But the makers of Woodbury's Aids to Loveliness are scientists. They consulted with beauty specialists on the one hand, dermatologists on the other. After long research in their own laboratories, they discovered a new element which is an *active agent* in the war against increasing Dryness of the Skin.

Woodbury's Cold Cream containing this

new ingredient, called Element 576, resists Dryness with a vigor no other beauty aid possesses. Element 576 has properties similar to those of vitamins in foods. Vitamins bring the body its energy, its capacity to function healthily. Element 576 brings this stimulation to the skin *directly*. Now Woodbury's Cold Cream stirs the skin to more vigorous activity in its own defense, helps it keep supple, fresh, elastic yet firm, alive and glowing with health! All the functions of the skin are stimulated, the little oil glands do their work—resistance to Dryness and all its unhappy consequences is built up.

Despite this new ingredient, of priceless value to the woman who is aware of what's

happening to her skin, Woodbury's Cold Cream comes to you at the same price as before. It cleanses the pores more thoroughly than ever, clears the skin of all impurities. But best of all it helps the skin do its own job of fighting its worst enemy—Dryness! 50¢ in jars, 25¢ in tubes.

Other Woodbury Beauty Aids

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM... for use as powder base and before going out, as protection against sun, wind and dust. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

Silver blonde, amber gold, Titian red, chestnut brown, ebony brunette! Whatever the color of your hair, the natural thick or thin texture of your skin, seven out of ten of you are threatened with Skin Dryness! Keep the little oil glands active, healthy, if you would have the lovely blossom-fresh skin that thrills the touch!

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM... a very light, quick-melting cream for cleansing *only*. Excellent to flush out pore-deep dirt. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM... a high fat cream for upbuilding thin, under-nourished tissues of face and throat, to overcome extreme dryness, wrinkles, lines. 50¢ in jars.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER... a refreshing liquid to remove excess cream, refine texture, tone up skin. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER... exquisite in perfume, fine in texture—several carefully blended shades. Spreads evenly, stays on, does not clog pores. 50¢ and \$1 the box.



FREE SAMPLE

Mail this coupon now for a trial tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough to last you several days. Or send 10 cents—to partly cover cost of mailing—and receive the Loveliness Kit containing generous tubes of Woodbury's Creams, a cake of the Facial Soap and a dainty box of the new Facial Powder in the charming shade, "Radiant." Janet Parker, beauty counsellor of the Woodbury staff, will write you a personal letter on the correct care of your skin, if you will check your skin condition shown below. She will send it with the kit.

Dry Skin Wrinkles Sallow Skin Flabby Skin
Coarse Pores Blackheads Pimples Oily Skin

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6030 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

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TUNE IN on Woodbury's new radio program over station WJZ and N.B.C. coast-to-coast network every Wednesday evening at 9:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Making a Clean Sweep

DOUGHTY mariners used to tie a broom to the masthead as a symbolic boast that they swept the seas. But for practical purposes, a broom in the hand is worth two at the masthead.

In order to reduce the work that must be done by the broom, it is well to concentrate on some of the things that spread dust and dirt on floors and rugs. Unfortunately we cannot achieve the art, reported to be widely practiced by ghosts, of floating comfortably around the house just a few inches off the floor; but we can make feet less productive of sweeping by placing a foot scraper and a mat at the front door and the back door, and training everyone in the family, especially the small fry, to use them methodically and vigorously.

In our house we keep a doormat at the foot of the cellar stairs, to save tracking dust up from the cellar; and another at the door of the attic, to save tracking it down.

Rubbers and galoshes should be quarantined outside the door, in a convenient, rainproof box on the porch. This is especially necessary in a house without an entrance hall. The rubber-galosh box may be in the form of a Colonial bench, a hinged seat serving as a cover.

The corn broom is a good deal of a dust raiser; therefore its use is chiefly confined to walks, cellars and porches, where vigorous action is needed. It is also used to give rugs and carpets a thorough cleaning, when this work is not done with a carpet sweeper or vacuum cleaner. The best method is to roll up the rug—gently, to avoid raising dust; lay it face down in the

Several recent improvements have been made in carpet sweepers. The brushes are self-adjustable to suit different kinds of carpets; wheels are often ball-bearing for ease of operation. One manufacturer now makes a model that is somewhat heavier than usual, to suit rugs with a deep pile; low, to go under furniture; rather rakish in line, with bright chrome-plated trimmings. It is claimed that an up-to-date sweeper is useful even for the job of sweeping linoleum.

The secret in using a carpet sweeper is to use it without any pressure—merely push it back and forth easily. Brushes can be renewed, but they should have a long life if the sweeper is used properly. Hair and lint can be removed readily from them with an old wide-toothed comb. In emptying the sweeper, it is well to open the pockets over dampened newspaper, which will keep the dust from spreading.

The broom most commonly employed for floors today is undoubtedly the soft hair broom, which is used with a firm, steady, pushing movement. These brooms come in several sizes, with long or short bristles, and some have the wooden corners protected with rubber, to save any possible damage to furniture.

One hair broom is a gigantic fellow two feet wide, known as a sidewalk broom. Much used by city storekeepers to sweep sidewalks, it is also useful at home for walks, porches, terraces, cellars or any unusually large surface.

Its midget brother is the small hair broom known as the pick-up broom. It has a short handle that comes up at one



yard, beat it with a flat beater on the reverse side, sweep it on the reverse side, turn it over, sweep it on the right side, roll it up and spread it on the floor again—gently. Beating on a line is too severe treatment for a rug. Shaking it by holding it at one end is worse.

When sweeping carpets or rugs indoors, wet the broom or spread damp tea leaves or bits of wet newspaper, to avoid raising dust. If a corn broom is used, it should be one with a medium clip—that is, one with the bristles cut at the end so that they are not too stiff, nor yet too soft; and the sweeping stroke should be short and always with, never against, the nap.

But for rugs and carpets, the vacuum cleaner and the carpet sweeper have many advantages, not the least being that they don't make the dust fly. It would be difficult to find a modern housekeeping tool more widely useful to women than the vacuum cleaner.

The practical advantages of the vacuum cleaner are (1) saving of energy, (2) greater thoroughness, (3) saving of time.

The vacuum cleaner has a great psychological value, too, because it gives the housekeeper a sense of doing a not-very-pleasant but necessary job efficiently, quietly and with a minimum of fuss.

side on a slant, so that the broom moves sideways like a crab—an unusual habit for a broom. It is the boon companion of the long-handled dustpan, and with it a pile of dust can be swept into the pan with a graceful, easy movement of one hand.

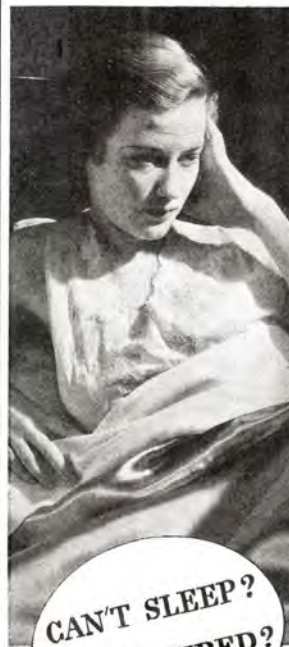
The chief thing to look for in a long-handled dustpan is sturdiness. Some of them are made so flimsily that they quickly go to pieces. The edge gets bent and no longer hugs the floor snugly, the handle gets twisted, the cover jams and stubbornly refuses to open or shut.

In hotels, railroad stations and other such places, where severe use is the rule, long-handled dustpans are often made of brass. These pans are now sold in some stores for household use. More expensive than the enameled pans, they may be considered a long-time investment. One such dustpan is made of stainless nickel alloy.

Narrow broom closets of wood or metal are on the market. One new one can be hinged to an ordinary door.

Corn brooms can be washed with hot water and soap; hair brooms and brushes with lukewarm water containing a little ammonia. Care should be taken not to dip the brush under water, or the wooden back may be injured and the cement that holds the bristles softened.

Tragedy ahead... if you have any of these symptoms



PERHAPS, like many others, you have tried to make light of these symptoms.

"Everyone," you've told yourself, "has a sleepless night, a headache or an attack of nerves now and then. There's nothing to worry about."

Nothing? These seemingly minor ills are Nature's warning that all is not well. They may mean tragedy ahead. Unless checked in time, they can ruin your health. Equally important, by making you moody and ill-tempered, they can wreck your happiness and the happiness of those about you.

How much better to heed the warning—by removing the cause of the trouble! All too often that cause is a simple mealtime habit—*coffee*.

Of course, some people can drink coffee in moderation without harmful effects. But others pay a terrific price—in overwrought nerves, in wakeful nights, in disordered digestion—in a muddy, sallow complexion.

For coffee contains a drug stimulant—caffein. No matter how tired you are, caffein can whip your nerves into action—can drive you on and on, long after Nature has ordered you to stop.

But you like coffee too well to give it up? Drink Postum instead and see how soon you forget coffee. For Postum is a hot, satisfying drink with a rich, delicious

flavor. Two and a half million families drink it every day—and love it!

And Postum is wholesome. It can't hurt you. It's made of whole wheat and bran, slightly sweetened and roasted. There's no caffein in it—no drug stimulant of any kind. Nothing to disturb sleep, to cause nervousness or indigestion.

Change to Postum for 30 days!

If coffee does not agree with you, try Postum instead for 30 days. Give your system that long to rid itself of the effects of caffein. After the 30 days are up, notice how much better you look and feel—and how much better you sleep. If you wish to make this test, we will gladly send you one week's supply of Postum free. Just mail the coupon.

Postum costs only ½¢ a cup. It comes in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil or percolate. Postum is a product of General Foods.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. L.H.J. 6-33

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

Name _____

Street _____

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Fill in completely—print name and address.
If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd.,
Cobourg, Ontario.

"Dining at the Waldorf"... COLOR SNAPSHOT TAKEN IN THE SERT ROOM BY COURTESY OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW YORK



Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"I love CAMELS... the tobacco is much the best"

WOMEN do know flavors—most women can tell immediately by its taste how fresh a vegetable is, what grade of milk was used.

So naturally they discriminate among tobaccos. That is why more and more women are turning to Camels. For raw, inferior tobaccos just can't be "processed" to taste like choice tobaccos. Making a cigarette is like making a dessert—the finer

ingredients you use the better it tastes.

Domestic tobaccos cost from 5¢ to 40¢ a pound, imported from 50¢ to \$1.15 a pound. Camel pays millions more every year for tobaccos...a very simple explanation of why Camel's matchless blend is so mild, yet rich.

Every time you smoke a Camel you are sure of that fresh, mild flavor only nature's rich soil and sunshine can give tobacco.



AN ADDED PROTECTION

Women don't like stale things—so they like the way the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack keeps their Camels fresh and full-flavored. And it protects the cigarettes from absorbing powder and perfume odors.

IT IS A FACT, WELL KNOWN BY LEAF TOBACCO EXPERTS, THAT CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Night and Day--the Perfect Frock



Mainbocher
2203

Véra Boréa
2206

Lyonelène
2205

"PAPRIKA," 2208, has a red-linen belt and flat collar. The panels open at the tops like pockets, the coat has Véra Boréa swagger. White piqué. The costume is designed for sizes 14 to 20.

MAINBOCHER has sent us a dress, 2204, with bias bands that are loose at the neckline, twist at the back, and fall loosely in front. This is a "cluster" print. It is designed for sizes 14 to 44.

VÉRA BORÉA'S "dark-top" dress, 2207. The skirt panel buttons on the belt; the coat has a seam down the center of the back. Dark crêpe or linen blouse. Designed for sizes 14 to 20.

A SMART PRINT for June moons—a dress, 2203, from Mainbocher, with slimming lines. Tied-on bows, a seamless waist, three panels to the skirt, and a wrap. It is designed for sizes 14 to 44.

RIBBON interwoven in the machine fagoting serves for seams on the Véra Boréa piqué dress, 2206. The frontless piqué jacket has wings on the sleeves. The dress is designed for sizes 14 to 20.

HERE'S A FROCK, 2205, to melt hearts! It's white organdie, with a yellow collar and ruffle, and brown-velvet streamers, from Lyonèle. A center-front seam. Designed for sizes 14 to 20.

Véra Boréa
2208



Mainbocher
2204

Véra Boréa
2207

It's Bright to Wear White



1119



1120



1119. Look at those red confetti dots on the white blouse of this navy dress. Think what those hip seams will do to your hipline. Travel, work or shop in this dress. It will be smart in rough crêpe, Canton, novelty cottons. The dress is designed for sizes 16 to 42.



1120. If you're pretty—or want to be—here's the dress to do the trick. Linen, crinkled cotton, rough crêpe, silk crêpe; sleeves and bow of white organdie, flat crêpe. The seams take the curve off your hips, and the waist is slenderizing. It is designed for sizes 14 to 40.



1121. Button on a white-piqué mess jacket over this dark crêpe frock. Or make a jacket of the dress fabric with piqué revers and bow. Dark linen with white piqué would be smart. Inverted pleats are released low on the skirt. The neck ties in a bow. The dress is designed for sizes 14 to 38.



1122. Simple little dresses that look important have grown-up features—puffed sleeves shirred on a yoke and a bow collar looped through the neckline. Flowered cottons or silk crêpe or handkerchief linen—all would be very smart for this little dress. It is designed for ages 10 to 16.



1123. She ends the school year with high credit, in a navy linen, chambray or gingham bolero dress, with a dotted Swiss blouse; or use a printed silk-crêpe blouse with crêpe. If you like her in a jumper frock see the small sketch at the left. The dress is designed for ages 8 to 14.



1122



1123

Your hair may
be lovely..

Your gown
perfect..

Your complexion
flawless..

BUT....



...how's your breath today?

Don't be a nuisance and offend others. Keep your breath sweet with Listerine.

At this very moment, your breath could be bad and you wouldn't know it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

Moreover, the chances are ten to one that it is bad. The causes of halitosis are so many and of such common occurrence that everyone is a victim at some time or another.

If your tooth brush left a few tiny food particles to ferment on teeth or gums, halitosis is undoubtedly present. Fermentation causes odors. So do decaying teeth, artificial plates,



before all engagements

leaky fillings. Also overindulgence in eating or drinking. And, of course, simple infections of the mouth, nose, and throat.

The moment you use Listerine, it halts fermentation, resists decay, checks infection. Odors disappear like magic. Your mouth is clean and fresh. Your breath becomes sweet, normal, agreeable. *It cannot offend.*

Don't expect quick or lasting deodorizing effect from ordinary mouth washes sold at

so-called bargain prices. Repeated tests have shown that they fail to hide in 12 hours, odors that Listerine conquers instantly.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Use it every night and morning, and between times before meeting others. It is an investment in popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE *instantly ends halitosis*

KEEPS expensive lingerie looking expensive



IVORY SNOW is PURE and fluffy . . . quick-dissolving without hot water

No matter what you paid for your new teddies, they are duds if they fade in the wash! And what price a white satin night-robe that looks draggled and yellow?

When these things happen to expensive new undies, you may be sure you have washed them in too-hot water and a harsh soap. Why not use Ivory Snow and be safe?

No danger of too-hot suds with Ivory Snow, because you don't need hot water to dissolve

it. Look at it—it's a NEW KIND of soap. Not cut into old-fashioned flat flakes, but BLOWN soft and fragile as bubbles. Yet as sudsy as father's shaving soap! Each soft little drop of Ivory Snow FOAMS into suds—INSTANTLY in LUKEWARM water. No flat particles to stick to silky surfaces and make soap spots!

GENTLE as the babies' soap. Ivory Snow is made of Ivory Soap—the same Ivory that doctors advise for bathing babies. You couldn't have purer, milder soap than this to use for delicate silks, satins, rayons, chiffons, gossamer wools, lovely colors.

Your hands will be grateful if you use Ivory Snow for dish-washing, too. And *you'll* be surprised at the economy. That BIG box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢!



99 4/100% PURE

The Flaming Gahagans

(Continued from Page 17)

she held to her dream and kept her eye fixed on distant fires.

Hazel had already left when she knocked at the bishop's door. "But you come in, Abby—I haven't seen you in ages," old Mrs. Hammond urged.

Abby entered, with some reluctance. The old mahogany shone. Brasses gave back the dim light, a great girandole caught her up entire and limned her slim body in a gleaming bubble.

"I always said," the bishop's wife ran on, "that you'd brew some sort of sensation some day, Abby—but I didn't dream you'd set the whole town by the ears. But"—she sat down grimly on the edge of a chair—"I admire you for it. It's time people like the Turners were taught that they can't buy everything—even if they are able to pay for it!"

"I did everything wrong," Abby said meekly. "Now I hope I can set a few things right."

"My advice to you is to go away—make a long visit, or take a trip somewhere—let this excitement die down."

"I can't do that," Abby argued. "I have to help Ryder Ansley out of his trouble."

"Don't be quixotic, Abby. Would Vera Ansley lift a hand to save you from anything? You can't go about offering yourself on every altar in this world. Money will save Ryder—he doesn't need any sacrifice of the maidens," argued the old woman.

"MONEY doesn't make wrong things right—I've learned that. I have to help Ryder."

She could not tell this black-eyed and imperious woman that she had made a bargain with her own heart. Because a man loved her, she would pay and pay. Every penny, every heartbeat, every moment of humiliation, without flinching, without asking for indulgence, she would pay until the account was even. She had bought herself back as a gift for love—and she must not argue about payment.

As she walked home through the gusty dark, a calendar in a window under a clock gave her a start. The huge black 8—this was her wedding night. Her wedding night—and she was alone and free. She flung back her head and took the wind in her face—the clouds were hurrying westward. Beyond the hills—there where the sun had covered behind a dark horizon—a little speck between two mountains, a little dot on a map. Was Windy Kendrick looking at the calendar? Did he know that she was alone—and free?

She would send him a wire in the morning. She would sign it, "Abby Gahagan, Spinster."

She went home. Her father was still reading beside the embers of a fire. Hazel had gone upstairs. Her father looked up.

"Someone is waiting to see you in the parlor," he said.

Abby's heart gave a little joyful twitch. Then it stilled again as she crossed the hall and faced the man who waited there.

It was Ryder Ansley. He was pale, his lips twisted as he rose to greet her. There was a haunted fear in his eyes.

XXIII. "I DON'T suppose you've heard what happened today," Ryder began without preamble.

"No, I hadn't heard anything," Abby answered. "I hope it was nothing unpleasant."

"The Turners have ditched me!" Ryder said bluntly, a sick sort of flame making his eyes sullen. "The old man notified me this morning that they were withdrawing their counsel from my case. And he also told me that as the trial would be an embarrassment to the company and place them in a defensive position which would weaken their business policy, they

were regretfully terminating my connections with the mills."

Abby sat down. She felt queerly shaken and incredulous. She had expected something like this for herself. But why were they attacking Ryder? Kim, of course. He was furious, he was still smarting. Now he was striking at her through Ryder.

"They are under no obligations to me, of course," Ryder was saying. "I'm an employe—Turner made that quite clear. True, my wife is a stockholder—but they have the control. She can't do anything except to abandon me to the wolves."

"And she's doing that?" Abby asked. "I wish to heaven I knew!" Ryder exclaimed miserably.

"BUT you'll employ counsel and build up a case for yourself, Ryder?" she insisted. "I'll testify, of course. They can't convict you."

"I haven't told you everything," He drew his hand across his lips and his eyes were hot and uneasy. "Turner has already told half a dozen men, including a couple of lawyers, that he was withdrawing from the case because he had discovered that there were aspects of it that made his connection impossible—implying there were things that couldn't be condoned."

"He said that?" Scarlet flame ran over Abby's body, made her breath hot and her lips dry. "He couldn't—people don't do things like that!"

"Men like Turner can do anything." "But—they couldn't do a thing like that to me!" Abby gasped. "After—everything!"

"My dear girl, it's because of everything that they're doing it. They still are tormented by their inferiority complexes—people like the Turners. They have to lash out and hurl mire and abuse and trample people who offend them into the dust, to convince themselves that they have bought eminence for themselves and that it is strong enough to hold them up. You gave them a nasty jolt, so they're retaliating with all the refinement of their natures. What I came for was to urge you to duck it all. Clear out—get out of it! You are an innocent victim of circumstantial evidence, like myself—and there are some things it's hard for a woman to live down. I can't let you go through with it. If I did, I'd be as low as Turner is."

"BUT—I can't do that," Abby said. "Now you are asking me to be as low—as they are. I've lived in this town all my life. My family have been here for more than a hundred years. If that doesn't stand for anything —"

"It doesn't. Not against innuendo and sly snickers and the sort of thing that Hickson's lawyer would do with the situation. It would be crucifixion. I won't let you do it." Ryder's face was white and strained; he had the look of a man who has neither slept nor eaten for days, but there was a high, fine fire in his eyes.

"I want to talk to my father," Abby said. "I'll call him in."

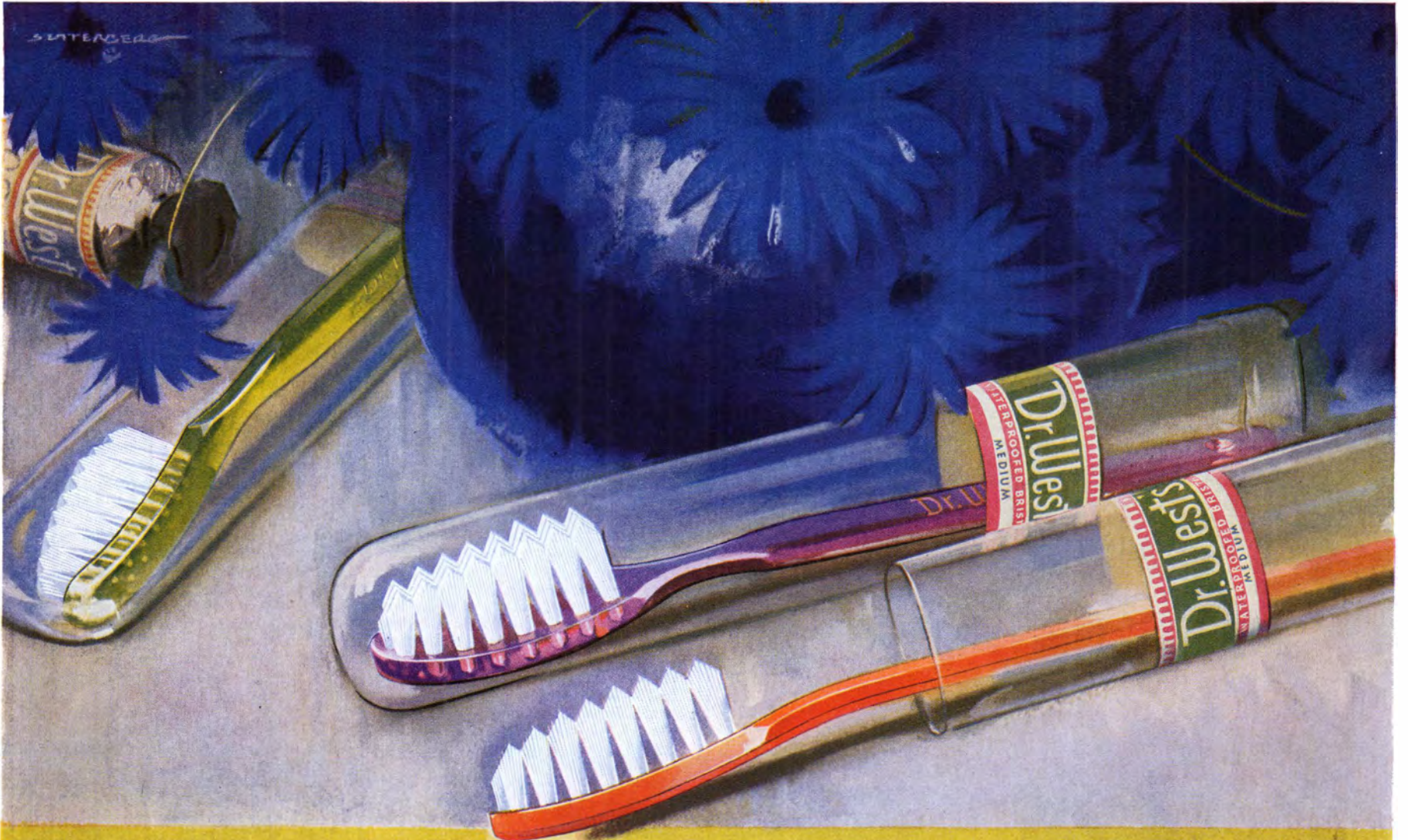
She went to the door. Her father was nodding over his paper. He roused with a start, smiled at her thinly. When she had explained, he put on his glasses, folded the paper carefully, followed her across the hall.

His quiet gravity made the air less tense. He was, so Abby felt gratefully, still a power.


She felt a choking poignancy of feeling as Ryder stammered out his awkward story.

"Don't hedge, Ryder," she prompted once. "Papa isn't afraid. We want to know everything—all the worst."

"I don't want to make things appear blacker than they are," Ryder argued. "But I want to (Continued on Page 16)



Pageful of News on Keeping Teeth Brighter

THIS  **WATERPROOFED anti-SOGGY BRUSH**
speeds up cleaning 60%

IN A FEW SHORT MONTHS, millions of people have found a new shortcut to clean bright beauty of teeth.

A strange and important development in oral hygiene. . . .

A famous toothbrush with water-proofed bristles—which cannot grow soggy when wet: the new DR. WEST'S.

It gives you 60% faster cleansing and brightening than even the best past results. No more soggy toothbrush. No more cleansing-failure that turns teeth steadily dingier and dingier.

Soggy brushes cannot and do not clean teeth.

Poor brushes grow soggy almost instantly, when wet. Even good brushes, in the past, tended to grow soggy after so much use.



A typical soggy toothbrush; can't stand wetting . . . can't clean

That's why we now water-proof the premium-quality DR. WEST'S bristles. Hand-pick them to discard all inferior bristle . . . then water-proof the choicest, by a simple harmless method.

Then you have a real brush—with DR. WEST'S exclusive, correct design; small size and right shape.

The results are almost magical—in swift brightening, and added attractiveness!

This new DR. WEST'S comes tightly sealed in sparkling, sterile glass—germ-proof, "surgically clean". . . for your protection.

We guarantee it to please and satisfy you 100% . . . if you find *any* defect, any dealer will at once replace the brush.

Get rid of the old brushes you've been using. Today, at your favorite store, get new DR. WEST'S for the whole family. No price increases:

adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c. Ten beautiful new colors to choose from.

Watch the astonishing speed with which new brightness comes to your teeth . . . new charm to your smile.

(TOOTH PASTE SUGGESTION: at the same time get some of the new DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Try it.)



SEE THIS FAMED DESIGN

It makes proper cleansing easy. Note how it fits . . . cleans inside—outside—between.
 (© 1933, W. B. M. Co.)

● THE new Dr. West's

Sealed in Glass - Germ Proof . . . MADE IN U. S. A.

DON'T OPEN THE WINDOW WHEN YOU USE NEW DRANO



it gives off no offensive fumes... no disagreeable odor

New Drano won't chase you out of the room, nor bring tears to your eyes. For New Drano gives off no offensive fumes, no disagreeable odor. New Drano goes to work down in the bottom of the drain, removes grease and dirt, but does not boil mucky foam up into the tub or bowl. The New Drano formula, recently adopted, is the result of ten years of laboratory research. New Drano—packed in the same familiar can—is a more efficient, a more convenient drain cleaner than ever. Use it regularly to keep drains clean, clear, fast-flowing. Get it at almost any store, anywhere. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Drano

CLEANS AND OPENS DRAINS
... KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING

(Continued from Page 44) convince you, sir, that Abby ought to be sent away somewhere till this business is over. She's not under subpoena yet. She can get out of the state, where she can't be found. Hickson hasn't tried to use her. But he will try if he thinks he can make capital out of these insinuations the Turners are broadcasting around town. If Hickson can drag Abby up there and blast and shame her to make a jury believe I was a drunken, debauched rounder skulking around the streets in a car, smashing up young boys and snuffing out their lives—you know law courts, judge—you know what will happen. Send her away—tonight—before it's too late. I'm begging you to do it."

Judge Gahagan waited for an interval before he answered. Then, very simply, he said: "If Abby had been driving that car when this accident occurred—if she were arraigned—would you get out of the state and leave her to get out of it the best she could?"

RYDER bridled. "Certainly not. But the cases are not parallel. Abby is a woman. There are some things, sir, that a man can go through with—things that would destroy a woman."

"There are cases also in which there is no argument at all, Mr. Ansley," the judge said very quietly. "It seems to me that this is one of those cases. Abby could not shirk her obligation in this affair—I should be very unhappy if she tried to shirk it. We are proud people—sordidness and sensationalism will hurt us. But our pride carries us through. Right wins, ultimately, you know. I am an old man, but I have never had my faith in the power of the right shaken."

Abby's throat cramped as she laid her hand upon her father's knee. How fine he was, compared to Nat Hickson, compared to Kim's father. How like a magnificent old eagle, lifting his head above a flock of shrieking, greedy birds of prey. Yet measured by their standards, he was an old failure. He had lived a lifetime and he had so little to show for that lifetime, except the respect of men. He could not even pay his debts. His children were a heartbreak to him; he had been unable to maintain the fortune his family had handed down to him. Yet the light of high nobility seemed to lie upon his brow.

"I think everything is settled, Ryder," she said. "I'm not quitting. No matter what happens."

"Your wife," suggested the judge, "will be in court?"

Ryder Ansley looked sick and haunted. "I wish I knew!" he exclaimed.

"I think we should be sure," Judge Gahagan declared. "I should like to talk to her—it is very important that she appear in your support."

"If you would talk to her, judge —"

"Could I see her now, do you think?"

"I'll be glad to drive you over. Will you come, Abby?"

ABBY walked down the path, holding her father's arm. Her wedding night! She had meant to walk down an aisle holding his arm—was he thinking of that? He had made no comment when Hazel told him of the broken engagement. Once Abby had caught him watching her—thought she saw faint relief in his eyes.

"Vera may have gone to bed," Ryder said as they entered the house. "If you'll wait here, I'll find out."

Abby sat down, because her knees persisted in knocking together. She was so tired, and so heavily cold. A sick amazement still gripped her, that Kim could have devised so dreadful a revenge. She could not believe it yet. Perhaps he knew nothing about it, perhaps his terrible old father had engineered it all, in his headstrong, unfeeling fashion, without consulting Kim. She deserved the dreadful things Kim had said to her, but she did not deserve this. To be shamed—that was outside the code.

There was a whisper of delicate slippers and Vera Ansley appeared on the stairs.

She wore a negligee of soft-green velvet and wide pajamas of ruffled taffeta. Her face was dead white except for a faint shading of orange on her lips; her hair was drawn smoothly back. She looked like a woman of silver, cut from the frail edge of the moon. She extended a hand like a lily petal, smiled wanly at Abby.

"And you are tangled in this ghastly net too!" she said tepidly. "I'm so sorry."

"WE HAVE been discussing your husband's defense," the judge began. "We decided that we would like to discuss it with you."

"I am sure"—Vera was cool—"that Ryder will be very grateful for your advice."

"An icicle!" Abby thought dubiously. But in the mirror she caught Vera's eyes. Vera had glanced sidelong at Ryder—at the droop of his head and the stiff set of his mouth—and for an instant a raw agony had lived in her eyes. Vera was keeping her frigid shell, thrusting out little prickly tentacles, because under was an aching wound she must defend. Abby wanted to rail at Ryder, "Take her in your arms, idiot!" But she must keep silence, sit in a polite attitude of interest while the conversation stumbled on. Her father was trying diligently to penetrate Vera's remoteness, gain some reassurance for Ryder, but Ryder's heavy glumness showed how little confident he was. Vera fenced deftly, was thinly sweet and stubbornly untouchable.

When they left, in Ryder's car, Abby was heavy-hearted. If Vera took an attitude of offense and people believed the ugly whispers of the Turners, life in Malvern would be intolerable for her any more.

Judge Gahagan rode home in silence. At the gate Ryder opened the door of the car.

"You see, judge, where I stand?"

"I see," said the old man soberly, "that you are a very stupid young man! A woman loves you—she is suffering—she cannot get outside her terrible pride—and you are too blind to see!"

"You mean —"

"I mean that you are a fool, sir!" snapped the judge.

XXIV.

HICKEY could move his right hand all the way to his lips. He tried, till the sweat stood out on his face, to make the left one obey, but except for a tingle along the ligaments he could not stir the white, lifeless thing, uncalledous now and a shame to a man.

"But it pricks, doc," he exulted. "And the palm itches till it drives me crazy."

"Rub it some more, Bart," directed Windy Kendrick. "I've got to shave."

"Doc always shaves before the mail comes in," drawled Bart. "He thinks his girl might write him a letter, and he can't read it with bristles on his map."

"Got to dress up for the ladies," Kendrick declared. "Put some witch-hazel on that hand, Bart. Rub his legs too."

"If he ain't off that slab by Christmas—I sure have used up enough muscle to have rubbed him off," grumbled Bart. "Get somebody to shave your neck, doc—she might put a postscript on that letter."

"Wash your ears too," mumbled Hickey through his iron brace. "The's probably some crosses down at the bottom."

"Surely has improved the atmosphere of this here hospital, now doc gets a letter every day or two," Bart mused, uncorking his alcohol bottle. "Wiggle your toes, Hickey. Gosh, I never was so tired of one white man in my life as I am of you!"

"How about me?" mourned Hickey. "You think I been lyin' here picking daisies?"

In his corner cubby-hole Windy Kendrick lathered his face, his eyes grinning into the swimmy little mirror. Life was very good. Hickey was getting well.

Soon he himself would be free. Soon he could go back—to hurry up the rubbled path to the door (Continued on Page 48)

She Compromise?

..NEVER!

Nor did she need to

● Among the three million users of Listerine Tooth Paste are thousands upon thousands of women of this type—well educated, well informed, critical of values, and with ample means to fulfill their wants. Such women would never compromise with quality for the mere sake of economy. Clearly, their rejection of older and costlier favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste was based, not upon the latter's price, but upon the brilliant and satisfying results it gave them.

If you have not tried this remarkable new dentifrice, made by the makers of Listerine, do so now. Buy a tube. Try it for a week or more and then note the improvement in your teeth.

See how clean they are—how clean they feel; both in front and in back.

Note the absence of repellent tartar and the unsightly stains of food and tobacco.

Observe the flash and brilliance that this tooth paste gives to teeth.

They are due to those swift-acting, fine-textured, cleansing and polishing agents that make Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding.

Look for the delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this paste—the taste you associate with Listerine itself. And of course you know it makes your breath sweeter.

In case you're interested, the price of 25¢ saves you about \$3.00 a year over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class. Not a staggering sum, but a welcome one in these times. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



**LISTERINE
TOOTH
PASTE 25¢**



..it makes the breath sweeter

**At last! Bristles
can't come out!**

**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH
with PERMA-GRIP (U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)**

16 years of Army Service and these sheets are just now getting thin



U. S. Arsenal, Augusta, Ga.
I BOUGHT my Pequot sheets and pillow cases when I was married—in December, 1916, in San Francisco.

"We have lived in many different states since then, as my husband is in the U. S. Army. My sheets have been laundered in both hard and soft water, both by hand and by laundries; and only now, after nearly 16 years, they are beginning to wear thin. Needless to say I am replacing them with Pequots."—Mrs. M. J.

SUCH EXPERIENCES explain why Pequots are the most popular sheets in America. In actual service they wear longest.

The laboratory confirms that. When nine leading brands of sheets were given an impartial test by the U. S. Testing Co., Pequot proved best!

But there's more to Pequots than wear. White, smooth, easily laundered—they're a delight to use. They even help you avoid mistakes in taking sheets from linen closet—through the exclusive Pequot Quick-Pick tab. Be sure to see it when you shop for sheets!

Mothers! Dainty Pequot crib sheets are soft, gentle, easy to wash. Look for the Pequot shield-shaped label!



PROVED TO WEAR BEST

(Continued from Page 46) of the old Gahagan house. And she would be there—a marigold, a daffodil—his Abby! He knew now that every moment, since he had opened the door of the Wymberly house and found her lying there, like a wind-torn wisp of flower on the damp bricks, she had been his. The nightmare days he put out of his mind. Those ghastly October days, with gold flecks on the water and gilt in the sky and bright metal of poplar leaves falling all around, mocking the leaden heaviness of the misery that had possessed him.

One day, so long, an inching agony dragging itself through the raw wound of his heart like a tearing chain—Abby's wedding day. The scar of that day would never be faded from his brain. The sick memory of it left him humbled and shaky with gratitude that it was now a dream. He had waited an hour before he could summon courage to open the message that had come on the morning of the ninth of October. But after that the world had turned kaleidoscopic with rainbows—the glow of them was on every horizon, shimmering in every rain cloud, lighting every midnight.

THE donkey-engine whistle blew and somebody banged on a length of reinforcing steel to call the gang to dinner. Doctor Kendrick scrubbed his neck, buttoned his collar and slid into his coat.

A cold rain was spitting on the packed-clay path as he walked down the slope. The wind caught it and worried each drop to spray, twisting the trees and making the sedge bend low. Low over the mountain a sour cloud bent, cold wisps of white mist running up the valleys. Winter was hiding in the hills, its gray cloak wrapped around its somber face. But the concrete gang whistled as they faced the sleety rain, tramping up the trail, and the hydraulic crew splashed the red clay off their boots with a hose and shook the building with their tread and their war whoops.

"Look at doc."
"Heck—smell him! The sweet-smelling petunia of this gulch!"

"Ain't Jim back yet? How's doc goin' to eat without his letter?"

"That's arranged—to save grub for the rest of us."

"Bet the car's stuck in that red hill above Scart Cat."

The mail. It came at last. But there was no letter from Abby. Kendrick whistled all the way back to the log house. He whistled as he turned his black bag inside out, straightening all the snarled miscellanea, putting new tubes in his stethoscope, counting catgut and tongue depressors and hæmostats. He polished his instruments and wrote an order for a new kind of ether, and even blacked both bags on the outside, so that Hickey grumbled over the smell of shoe dye. The rain fell and the chimney dripped, Bart punched drearily at the smoking wood, and swore as a leak developed over a window and spattered his good pair of shoes.

TWENTY-FOUR hours in a day. So many inconsequential things could make a letter late.

"Think it will be safe to shoot Hickey downhill to a hospital in a week or two, doc?" the pay clerk asked at dusk.

"I hope so," Kendrick said, "but I'm not taking any chances. There are only about a dozen men in Hickey's ancient and honorable order of fellows who've broken their necks and pulled through to brag about it."

"She'll write tomorrow, doc." Bart was comforting.

"I'm not worrying, Bart."

"Well, quit whistling, then, for the love of old Aunt Carrie! You gimme the blues. I've got a girl myself back in Asheville. There's one of these aviation mechanics after her—and you know how the women are ever since Lindbergh! I ain't feeling so good myself."

Twenty-four hours. Such liberality in the apportionment of time seemed somehow overdone.

Ultimately the long night got itself ended. Kendrick slept late and wearily, woke to a gray, washing day of rain.

"Good day for ducks and poker," Bart mused as he soaped Hickey's hairy shanks. "Cheer up, doc, you'll get a letter today sure."

But no car, it appeared, could get through the new-made red-clay stretch of road. Travel would be by horse, of necessity—if anyone wanted mail bad enough to splash through the mire to get it.

"Send doc," counseled the superintendent. "He's the only man on the job who's pinin' for a letter."

HE WAS glad to go. The sour day pleased him, the wind was young and angry and undisciplined, the streams ran full, the rain swished and beat, running in cold streams from the brim of his hat. The saddle squeaked with wetness, the horse shook cold spatters out of his forelock and stumbled through the sucking mire. The little town where the mail route ended smelled of wood smoke and wet dogs and the raw earth. But through the little wicket window came a letter. Kendrick read it twice, slowly, thoughtfully, his brows bent.

Abby had written blithely. Every line had a gallant lift—but as he read he could see her bright head held high, the brave set of her mouth, the sick flame that had burned in her eyes as she came beating on the door of the Wymberly house that morning—was it a thousand years ago? He could hear her voice with that tormented, incredulous break in it as she cried out:

"You told me not to be a scarlet woman, Windy—but I am one! I am one! What are we going to do?"

It was all here, in the letter, unspoken, scarcely implied—yet he could read through the studied casualness.

"I shall be a dreadful example when this trial of Ryder's is ended," Abby wrote. "Little girls will be admonished never, never to act up like Abby Gahagan. And your Aunt Marietta has already stopped talking about Egypt long enough to suggest, very sweetly, that Judge Gahagan would do well to let a few poor bootleggers alone for a season and try to control his reckless daughters. So maybe you won't want to marry me, Windy, after all!"

Bart was feeding Hickey soup when the doctor tramped in, soggy and thunderous.

"Look here, Hickey," Kendrick began without preamble. "Can you still keep quiet for a couple of days and not make a fool of yourself? I have to go back to Malvern. I've got to go."

"HAS her old beau come back, doc—the one with the red-wheeled buggy and the little mustache?"

"No foolishness—I have to go, Bart. If Hickey will agree not to try any monkey business till I get back."

"If he moves a whisker I'll brain him with the poker, doc. I been sick of him a long time, anyway—it wouldn't pain me much to do it."

Over black wet trestles, through muddy cuts the train crawled. Cold farms huddled in autumn bleakness, wet people tramped in and slumped wearily on the plugh.

Windy Kendrick sat tensely upright, thinking furiously. What were they doing to her back there in Malvern—that sly-eyed, whispering claue of gossips? A girl like an altar candle—a girl like a golden lily—somehow she must be snatched out of their polished claws. Something must be done. Hickson—an old beast. The Turners—there was no mercy in that breed either.

He stared out the wet window into the dark. He would think of something—he must think of something—the car wheels echoed it. He would think of something—think of something.

(To be Concluded)

393 leading Baby Doctors agree . . .



"Feedings always on
Schedule . . ."

ONE thing pediatricians do insist upon is the uninterrupted feeding schedule. That is why so many of them choose Pyrex Nursing Bottles to safeguard the feedingschedules of babies under their care.

For these bottles are practically immune to breakage from the hottest water or coldest refrigerator. The formula prepared in them is always ready on the dot when feeding time comes around.

Mothers appreciate, too, the clear half-ounce markings . . . the six-sided shape so easy to hold . . . broad base . . . and the rounded inside that is so simple to clean.

For the nursing period, just six Pyrex Nursing Bottles are generally sufficient!

Two sizes . . . 8-oz., with narrow neck or wide mouth, at 25¢; 4-oz., with narrow neck, at 15¢.

"Pyrex" is the registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y., and indicates their brand of resistant glass. These prices are in effect in the United States only.

Pyrex
NURSING
BOTTLES

PROTECT YOUR
BABY, MOTHER



Don't take chances
with Baby's Health

There's safety and comfort for baby in Vanta Sterilized Garments. That's why doctors and nurses recommend these famous garments made safe by sterilization and kept safe by sealed packages. Insist upon Vanta for your baby. The added safety costs no more. Carried in every weight by leading department stores. Or write for the name of your nearest dealer to the Earnshaw Knitting Co., Newton, Mass. (In Canada, write J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)



This Wonderful
Baby Book FREE

Baby's Outfit is a beautiful 72-page, illustrated booklet on Baby's Dressing, Feeding, Care and Health from birth to two years. Edited by three eminent doctors. It also contains the origin and meaning of many names for boy and girl babies. Get this book free at the Infants' Department of your favorite store.



WE TAKE OUR TEXT FROM SLEEPY HOLLOW



You remember the legend—how Ichabod Crane let himself be frightened away from the fairest girl in Sleepy Hollow by a sheeted horseman holding a pumpkin head.

There are women who have let themselves be kept from the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha by rumors as empty as that pumpkin head. Perhaps these rumors have even raised questions in *your* mind. If they have, let's lay them to rest once and for all. We refer to questions like these—

“*Can I boil with Fels-Naptha?*” You most certainly can! Or you can soak with it, just as you like. For Fels-Naptha is one soap that works *your* way. It does a beautiful job in water of any temperature—from boiling-hot to cool. It's equally at home in tub or machine.

“*Will Fels-Naptha leave clothes yellow?*” Not on your life! It will give you the whitest wash you ever saw. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the natural color of its combined ingredients. Fels-Naptha, you see, safely gets *all* the dirt from clothes. And that—not the color of a soap—is what makes clothes white.

“*Is Fels-Naptha safe for fine fabrics?*” There's nothing safer! Fels-Naptha loosens dirt so quickly and easily there's no hard rubbing needed. The soap itself is mild. The naptha in it is the standby of the best dry cleaners. Put these facts together—they mean longer life for your clothes. Fels-Naptha is kind to hands, too, for there's soothing glycerine in every bar.

And so on. More important, however, than answers to questions is the fact that Fels-Naptha gives

extra help. For the Golden Bar brings you two helpers instead of one—unusually good soap and *plenty* of naptha instead of “just soap.” That means easier washdays and sweeter clothes.

Get some Fels-Naptha at your grocer's and try it. See how quickly and beautifully it washes clothes. After that, no empty rumor will ever keep you from Fels-Naptha's *extra* help.

© 1933, FELS & CO



FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. L.H.J.-6-33
Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Please print name and address completely)

IF COFFEE MAKES YOU

Jumpy as a cat...



•Don't miss the Sanka Coffee Show
in the General Foods exhibit at the
Chicago World's Fair!

DOES the caffeine in coffee do things to your nerves? Then here's good news! You can enjoy the steaming cheer, the satisfying flavor—all that is finest in coffee—without fear of caffeine's penalties.

Real coffee! All coffee! Delicious coffee!

Sanka Coffee makes this possible. It's real coffee—with 97% of the caffeine removed. Taking out the caffeine removes all fear of nervousness, indigestion, wakefulness. But it leaves in Sanka Coffee all of coffee's traditional goodness—even to that friendly, relaxing glow that only coffee seems to give. It's a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees. You make it as you've always made coffee. You revel in the same tempting fragrance—the same rich, full-bodied flavor.

For proof—make the night-test!

Yes! Sanka Coffee brings you all of coffee's old-time cheer—without caffeine's harm. Convince yourself of this—make the night-test. Drink Sanka Coffee first at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious blend that you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

Packed in vacuum-sealed cans, Sanka Coffee comes to you as fresh and fragrant as the day it was roasted. Your grocer sells it—ground or in the bean—with the guarantee of absolute satisfaction or your money back. Join millions of others in exclaiming: "Ah, coffee—we're friends once more!" Get a pound today. Sanka Coffee is a product of General Foods.



Sanka Coffee has been accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association with the statement: "Sanka Coffee . . . is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

Drink Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN-FREE ★ *DRINK IT • AND SLEEP!*

IT'S UP TO THE WOMEN

A YEAR and a half ago, when the JOURNAL first declared "It's Up to the Women," there was created a rallying cry not only for this depression but for all time until women and men, working shoulder to shoulder, finally accomplish the economic, political and social changes that are necessary to bring order out of chaos. Women alone cannot bring about these changes; neither can men alone. But men and women together can move mountains. The women must recognize their power, their responsibilities and their opportunities for cooperation in this great task. . . . And that is what we mean when we say "It's Up to the Women."

Women Around the World

By CATHARINE OGLESBY

CONVENTION time is just around the corner, but this year a decided difference marks all programs. The themes are: "These United States," "The Child and its Community," "Training for Economic Leadership," "Civilization—Our Common Cause." These subjects are indicative of the new socialized spirit which is dominating women's activities.

Nowhere will this change be more apparent than at the meeting of the National and International Councils of Women in Chicago. A hundred years ago another fair was held in Chicago. Then women were segregated from the men, and their exhibits consisted principally of jams and jellies. This year they will set up an exhibit right with the men, showing what women's organizations have contributed to the development of the American community. They will endeavor to define a new ideal of society, an ideal offering the greatest amount of security and opportunity to all.

Thus has the women's-club movement launched into a new field. They are taking up their study along with men to help in the social, political and economic betterment of the world.

IN MILWAUKEE, Wisconsin, women who join the Twentieth Ward Republican Club may step into the neighborhood beauty shop and the club will pay the bill. . . . Uruguay is the first of the greater Spanish-speaking countries to give full voting rights to women. . . . The first girls' school has recently been established in Abyssinia. . . . Turkey now admits women to the diplomatic service. . . . Spain has appointed the first woman to the diplomatic department.

The first known organization of women was formed in 1807 in a Presbyterian church in New Hampshire, and was called the Female Sense Society. The women were not permitted to handle money, so the minister counted their offering of pennies and made the prayers. Now this same organization, under a different name, handles millions of dollars.

The Southern Women's Educational Alliance suggests that unemployed young folks in rural districts gather at central school buildings and swap training. For instance, a girl who knows stenography might conduct a class, and then the next hour one of her pupils might teach her social dancing. This is a new type of

barter, just as important as bartering material things.

Mrs. Rita C. McGoldrick, of Brooklyn, New York, Chairman, Motion Picture Bureau, International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, has received from Pope Pius XI the Gold Cross of the Order of Pro Ecclesia Pontifice in recognition of her philanthropic work. According to a survey made by this association, the past three years has seen an improvement in motion pictures. In this time the proportion of pictures they could indorse has risen from 41 per cent to 70 per cent.

In Portland, Oregon, the American Association of University Women has organized a twelve weeks' course in the schools. The teachers are volunteering and more than four hundred high-school graduates and others up to twenty-five years of age enrolled the first two days.

Portland, Maine, has a Hospitality Committee. It was organized six years ago to make newcomers feel welcome. The committee sponsors a weekly tea at which each newcomer is introduced. Each member acts as hostess, the honor of pouring is allotted to the newcomers, and so friends are made; and the newcomer feels at home in her adopted city. This is a truly American idea that might well be duplicated in other communities.

Among the many letters which I have received since the appearance of the first Up to the Women page, one contains a startling idea—simple, but which could develop into a campaign of real power. The writer suggests that every woman write on the first day of every month to her state congressman and to her congressman in Washington and ask this question: "What are you doing to reduce my taxes?"

GARDEN CLUBS, are you proud of your town? Decatur, Georgia, is. A railroad runs through the center of it, and was an eyesore to the women until they persuaded the railroad to donate a carload of rocks, some plants and shrubs; citizens to give more plants; the Red Cross to pay the unemployed a dollar a day to build a rock garden on the red-mud banks. Today the old eyesore is a beauty spot with lily pools, climbing roses and blossoming shrubs. During the beautifying process the unemployed were cared for, money spent with the town merchants, and every citizen began to spruce up his own home.

Longer LIFE for Household Appliances



Any oil will lubricate household appliances. But 3-in-One provides extra protection that guarantees longer service. Better service. And fewer repairs.

As 3-in-One lubricates it cleans the working parts of appliances; also protects them against rust. Three different oils are blended in 3-in-One to make it perform this triple duty far better than any ordinary oil ever can.

For the best protection, make it a point to use this oil regularly. On the sewing machine, motors of household devices, hinges and locks, electric fans. In handy cans and bottles at all stores.

RUST-PROOFS SCREENS



Apply 3-in-One to the wire of window and door screens frequently with a small brush or cloth. It prevents rust and guards against breaking.

DUSTING . . .

Sprinkle 3-in-One lightly on any soft cloth, and you have a dustless dusting cloth that brightens furniture finish as it cleans.



3-IN-ONE OIL

CLEANS - OILS - PREVENTS RUST

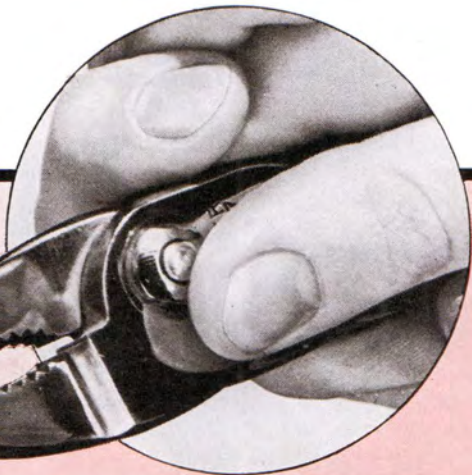


Drawing by
Helen Sewell

NEWS



**STOP DANGER
of Loose Bristles!**



NOW - bristles can't come out!

"THE greatest single improvement ever made in tooth brushes" That is our sincere judgment of **PERMA-GRIP**, the new Pro-phy-lac-tic invention (United States Patent No. 1472165).

This dramatic advance ends the medical danger of loose bristles lodging in gums, throat, or lower internal organs.

The tufts of bristle are not merely fastened into the handle, but actually become a part of it! Be sure that the next tooth brush you buy gives you the advantages of this outstanding improvement.

Ask for the new Pro-phy-lac-tic, and remember that the improved 1933 model has the word **PERMA-GRIP** plainly shown on the new window-type package. When you use it, you will feel how the famous Tuft really reaches and cleans the molars (back teeth). You will note how it polishes every part of every tooth. How much longer the brush lasts.

Adult size, 50¢. Youth's, for school children; also used by many grown-ups with small mouths, 35¢. Child's, for tiny teeth, 25¢. All are genuine American made throughout, sterilized, sealed in Cellophane, and must satisfy you completely or *your money back*.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

1933 **Pro-phy-lac-tic**

Bristles Fastened Forever by **PERMA-GRIP** (U. S. PAT. 1472165)





Previews of New Books

By VIRGINIA KIRKUS

THE greatest thrill of an editor's life is to find a manuscript by an unknown author which strikes the bell. This month, the reviewer has three such pieces of luck.

First there is *AS THE EARTH TURNS*, by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Here is no vital psychological problem; here no introspective damsels and erotic youths. Here, rather, are the people so often cynically termed "the backbone of our country"—simple, hard-working country people, to whom the artificial excitements of the city are as nothing compared with the hazards of sun and rain and wind and snow. The scene is "down east" in Maine, the time the present. The changing seasons ring the changing events, and through the year beats the rhythm of life and death and marriage and birth. In the limited group that play their parts in the simple plot, we meet the fundamentals of human nature the world around. In fact, it's a book that seems to have grown out of fundamentals, that seems to grow into our very fiber as we read.

Another newcomer to the ranks of American novelists is Janet Curren Owen, whose *FAMILY REUNION* is a vivid story of the gathering of the clan for Christmas dinner in Jersey City. What a merciless searchlight she throws into the lives and hearts of her people as she takes the reader from one home to another. There are pathos and humor and realism, touched with sympathy, in the many-faceted picture she reveals. Not a book for the squeamish, perhaps, for she does not scruple to call a spade a spade; but a book that the discriminating reader will enjoy to the full.

And then there is a translation from the German of Hans Fallada, *LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?* The book has rivaled the success of *ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT* since its publication in Germany, and is being translated and published simultaneously in ten countries. An intensely poignant story of a young German couple caught in the bewildering cross currents of European life today. There is an undercurrent of gayety in its bitter truth, a gallantry that makes one take hats off to the boy and girl who are battling against fate—unemployment, grinding poverty, disillusionment—but with faith and love and the saving grace of a sense of humor.

Vicki Baum sprang into the headliner class with *GRAND HOTEL*, fell a bit from grace with *SECRET SENTENCE*, but should be reinstated with her new one, *HELENE*. Germany acclaims it as an equal of *ANN VICKERS*. There are parallels, striking ones. *HELENE*, too, is the story of a woman who put success ahead of the fine art of living, only to find, in maturity, that she had missed something vastly important. One likes Helene as a human being perhaps better than Ann. She has greater problems to meet and meets them more gallantly. But it's not so profound a book; it does not pretend to touch so many facets of life; though it is a fine book, subtly wrought, sympathetically conceived, emotionally keyed.

A new Oppenheim always means joy for the Oppenheim fans. There is *SIBYL*, his new series beginning in this issue of the

JOURNAL, and hot off the book press is *CROOKS IN THE SUNSHINE*—not a full-length novel, but a group of stories, episodes woven around central characters, one of them a famous crook in disguise, against the alluring setting of the Riviera.

By the way, if you yearn for a salting of serious fiction with good detective yarns, *BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK*, by H. C. McNeile, brings that famous character back again in a rattling good tale. And *GOLD BRICK ISLAND*, by J. J. Conington, will tax the most skillful of you and keep you guessing to the end.

For sharp contrast—an antidote, as it were—there's Irving Bacheller's *UNCLE PEEL*. Personally, having plenty of good friends who plunged into Florida real estate, and having sunk a few hard-earned dollars in the stock-market boom and collapse, I found myself intensely disliking the estimable character who gives his name to the book, and who stayed serenely aloof when everyone else went more or less crazy, and who emerged a noble example of what the wise man should do. Books with morals never attracted me, when obviously written for the sake of pointing a moral, as in this case. But for those who like to find the mote in their neighbor's eye, this book should have un-failing appeal.

Charles G. Norris, who is Kathleen Norris' husband, has had his ups and downs. *SEED* was probably his best-selling book. Now comes *ZEST*. I wish he'd stop pinning tags to his stories, especially when they are as contrarily tagged as this one seems to be. Call it *FUTILITY* and have done. The plot seems to go by contraries, too, for it starts out to show a youth whose being demands many women in his life; it ends by making the poor wretch a lay figure, worked upon by various women at will.

Among the new non-fiction books is *ARCTIC VILLAGE*, by Robert Marshall. Odd, how there seem to be psychic waves which produce simultaneously several books on kindred subjects. There is this book, and there's Barrett Willoughby's delightful *ALASKANS ALL*—a group of biographies of men and one woman who have built the Alaska of today, a book that rivals fictional adventure for sheer thrill and drama. And there's *TRUE NORTH*, in which Elliott Merrick tells how he and his wife escaped civilization by going into the wilds of the silent north with trappers and guides and living a primitive life for a long period. Personally, I found *ARCTIC VILLAGE* the least appealing, though the book gives a graphic-enough picture of a frontier civilization, in sharp contrast to any other community life we know today.

Finally, there's a book which seems particularly timely, *THE BIG CAGE*, by Clyde Beatty, in collaboration with the co-author of *BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE*, Edward Anthony. Every mother who plans to take her youngsters to the circus this spring will delight in this book, which tells the story back of a famous act in which Clyde Beatty puts his cage of snarling lions and tigers through their paces. And the pictures are worth the price of admission!

When berries meet tapioca...!



WHEN berry patches are sending their tempting, fragrant crops to market this year, don't fail to serve the daintiest berry dish of all—Berry Tapioca.

Really not one dish, but a whole, delicious succession of them!

Strawberry Tapioca—a lovely, gay red pudding—each spoonful a light, piled-high triumph, delicately flavorful, clear as a jewel!

Raspberry Tapioca—garnet-red, translucent—glorious-tasting!

Blackberry Tapioca—tart-sweet, an amethyst beauty.

Or, of richer beauty still, a Huckleberry Tapioca. Huckleberry lovers look forward, all year round, to the full, fruity goodness of this pudding, once they've tasted its unforgettable flavor!

Berries and Minute Tapioca were made for each other! Those little granules of tapioca take up and make the most of every drop of berry juice, every bit of berry color. And... well, if you don't know *all* the berry tapiocas at your house, it's time you did.

For they're easy to make. Good for everyone, even down to little tots. Easily digested. Economical. And... dee-li-cious!



Minute Tapioca

BERRY MINUTE TAPIOCA

(for strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, blueberries, huckleberries, loganberries)

2 cups fresh berries	2 cups hot water
5 tablespoons Minute Tapioca	1 teaspoon butter
¼ teaspoon salt	½ cup sugar
	1 tablespoon lemon juice

Crush berries and sweeten to taste. Add Minute Tapioca and salt to water, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add butter and sugar. Remove from fire; add berries and lemon juice. Chill until firm. Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish with whole berries. Serves 8. (All measurements are level.)

★ ★ ★

Of course, for perfect, fluffy texture, for quick cooking without any previous soaking, you must use *Minute Tapioca*. It's the *only* tapioca made in America under American standards of cleanliness. Don't miss the fascinating *Minute Tapioca* show in the General Foods exhibit at Chicago World's Fair. **FREE! Marvelous Cook Book!**... Dozens of delicious desserts! How to make runny pies behave—meat loaves slice neatly—soufflés, omelets stand proudly. Use coupon.

(Fill in completely—print name and address)

GENERAL FOODS, L. H. J. 6-33
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me—FREE—a copy of "A Cook's Tour with Minute Tapioca," containing 115 delicious recipes.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

WHITE, WHITE CLOTHES

***Soap-yellowed clothes? Never with
this fast-rinsing white soap***

Don't blame yourself if you've noticed that your clothes look a bit yellowish. But don't put up with it! Switch to PAND G, the *White Naphtha Soap*, and get a true-white wash!

There's nothing in PAND G to make clothes yellow-looking. It's a fine *white* soap. Feel a cake of it. It's firm and smooth. You won't catch PAND G getting gummy and leaving yellow soap smears on your clothes. No soap stains because PAND G has nothing sticky in it—it rinses out easily.

PAND G goes right to work in any kind of water. It doesn't matter whether your water's hot or cold, or whether it's soft or hard. And when you've got your tub or washer billowing with PAND G suds, dirt takes its leave in a hurry!

Easy on hands means easy on clothes! See in what fine trim your hands keep after many PAND G dishwashings—and then you'll know why your nice colored clothes are so safe in rich PAND G suds.

All of this points out pretty definitely that PAND G is really extra-quality soap. That's the fact, too! PAND G is made from finer, purer soap materials. But it doesn't cost more than inferior dingy soaps. It's your good fortune that PAND G *White Naphtha* is the largest-selling soap in the world. So it sells at bargain prices!

PAND G

THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP



Gowns by Roberta

(Continued from Page 13)

had always had a suppressed craving for tails.

"I'm sure I don't know what madame will say," said the head man.

"I'll attend to that," said John, and walked down one flight, and opened the black door.

This time he was not at all afraid, although this time the scene that met his eye was exactly that which he had dreaded the first day. The collection was being shown to clients—every gilt chair was occupied by concentrated ladies with pencil and paper—*vendeuses* were bending over them, hurrying to and fro, summoning Dorette to return in "*la vie manquée*," or calling in shrill voices, "*Quel est votre numéro, Clotilde?*"

He did not pass the hard-featured woman at the desk, but as he stood in the arched doorway, he created a sensation. Every occupant of a gilt chair ceased to look at the manikins, and every manikin ceased to look at the occupants of the gilt chairs. In a second John was completely surrounded by undulating forms; blank, lovely faces with burning eyes were turned up to his. He had learned a great deal, but he felt terrified, trapped. Then, in a corner of the corridor, he caught sight of Stephanie. She was laying down the law to Monsieur Pierre, the tailor of the establishment—an Alsatian in whose veins the obstinacy of two nations was concentrated. Stephanie was holding up a single forefinger, and saying over and over again: "*Ah, Pierre—soyez raisonnable . . .*"

John gave a shout. "Stephanie," he called.

SHE started, looked up and smiled at him. The manikins instantly melted away.

"Madame has just gone out," she said. "She took one of the American magazine editors to luncheon."

"Will you come and lunch with me?" said John. After all, what is the use of gaining knowledge if you never make any practical use of it? He had decided where he would take Stephanie, and even what he would order, before she had refused.

"What? I go out to lunch? I don't get any lunch at all about five days a week—and the others I have a bowl of soup and a *brioche* in the workroom."

"Dine with me then."

"Oh, no. Madame would not like it."

"Would you like it?"

"That makes no difference."

"Well, it certainly does to me."

Loud cries arose: "Mademoiselle Stephanie, Mademoiselle Stephanie. . . ." She was swept away from him by the demands of business.

When he went to his first fitting, he found that everything Aunt Minnie had originally ordered had been put in work against his commands. He came frowning home to make a scene.

"Really, Aunt Minnie, there is a limit to what a self-respecting person can accept. It was not on the level—when I said one suit and a dress coat —"

TO HIS surprise, she did not protest. She sat very limp on the sofa in the drawing-room that looked far out over the Bois, and stared in silence. Even after he had ceased to speak, she was silent.

Then she said very softly, "I understand, my dear. I understand perfectly."

His heart sank. What dreadful thing was it that she understood?

"You understand I can't accept?"

"I understand that a great-aunt has not the privileges of a grandmother. I am a silly old woman. I had begun to think you were my grandson."

He came and sat beside her: "You have every privilege in the world, Aunt Minnie, but of course —"

She turned away her head, but not before he had seen that she was crying. "But of course you are not my grandson—I understand."

At the sight of her tears his heart melted. The order went through as originally planned.

The first time he wore his blue serge he met Mildred Medford walking across the Place de la Concorde. Mildred was an intimate friend of Sophia's; and being a great advocate of the sophisticated life, she had never been cordial to John. It was she who had introduced the Count Cipriano to Sophia. When John first put on clothes that really fitted him, he had been naively surprised to discover that they were more comfortable. Now he was even more astonished to find that the consciousness of being well dressed made a difference in his mental comfort. He suddenly felt perfectly able to cope with Mildred—a thing he had never been able to do before. Within five minutes he knew she had altered her attitude—she carried him off to a luncheon at the Ritz.

IT WAS a large and ill-assorted party, for Miss Medford had selected its members on the simple principle of asking everyone of her acquaintance whom she had met shopping or eating during the preceding twenty-four hours. She put John next to her, and spoke to no one else. She was deeply in Sophia's confidence, and knew all about the engagement, but did not know of the break, because she had been abroad for more than two months.

Her talk was of Sophia—didn't he miss Sophia? Mrs. Teale had put off their sailing, but they would be coming in a few weeks now—they must all get together and do really amusing things. . . . Had he thought of Venice? John was merely noncommittal, but his heart, which had just stopped aching, began to ache again.

Mildred asked him to dine that evening—not a large party; four of them at a divine little place she had discovered in the Rue Monsieur le-Prince. . . . No, John was sorry—he had an engagement for that evening. "But," he added, trying to be civil, "I know the place you mean—where they have that marvelous *vol-au-vent aux tourterelles*."

MILDRED stared at him, so hard and so long that he was afraid that he must have mispronounced the words—and he was taking care of his accent. But it wasn't that. Mildred's surprise was directed elsewhere. As soon as luncheon was over and her guests had all hurried away to fittings and concerts and museums and private views, she herself stepped round to the cable office and sent off a week-end letter to her friend. It said:

IF YOU STILL HAVE ANY INTEREST IN JOHN, DARLING, HURRY ALONG. HE LUNCHEDED WITH ME TODAY. HE HAS ACQUIRED ENGLISH CLOTHES, A FRENCH ACCENT, AND A COMPLETE KNOWLEDGE OF PARIS LIFE. ALSO HE HAS MYSTERIOUS ENGAGEMENTS. LOVE AND BEST WISHES. MILDRED.

As a matter of fact, John's engagement was nothing more than an intention to show Aunt Minnie a little attention that evening. She had been ill for two or three days—ever since her good manners had forced her to drink a glass of the proprietor's champagne—but at first she had refused to give in. That day, however, her doctor had come—a dark, handsome man with his hair cut square across his forehead, and a magnificent torso that seemed to support his flowing black beard. He had insisted that she go to bed and stay there.

John had made secret arrangements with Adolph and the cook that he was to



RED, ROUGH HANDS . . .

made smooth, white, lovely

IN ONLY 3 DAYS!

HER new friends were wild with envy! Her gorgeous frock . . . her beautifully coiffured hair . . . she outshone them all!

Then they saw her hands—coarse, red, rough . . . They breathed easily again. No danger of anyone falling for a girl with *those* hands!

Are you killing the charm of your lovely frocks, the allure of your beauty, with rough, red, ugly hands?

Would you continue to, if you knew that only 3 days of Hinds care would make your hands tenderly soft, white, lovely? The kind of hands men adore . . .



How this famous cream works

Hot water . . . harsh cleansers . . . housework . . . all take

New beauty discovery!

It's a remarkable new liquefying cleansing cream that melts the moment it touches skin. Fine, light, penetrating—it floats the dirt and grease out of pores! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream. 40¢, 65¢.

away the natural oils that keep hands soft. Hinds Cream *puts back* these precious oils. And thus restores youthful softness and smoothness.

Unlike ordinary hand lotions

Observe how different Hinds is from other hand lotions. Hinds is so chiffon-fine, so penetrating, that it goes *down through* the skin layers. It is not weak and thinned out, nor is it one of these thick, gummy jellies that just stay on the top of the skin.

This famous lotion leaves an invisible "*second skin*", too, that protects hands from chapping and drying, keeps them lovely in all kinds of weather. This "*second skin*" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated deeply through the rough skin. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting*.

FREE A 7-day Trial Bottle (Also trial sizes of new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by fast return mail. See how deeply Hinds penetrates, how soft, white, lovely, it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. HG-6, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also New Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

This offer not good in Canada

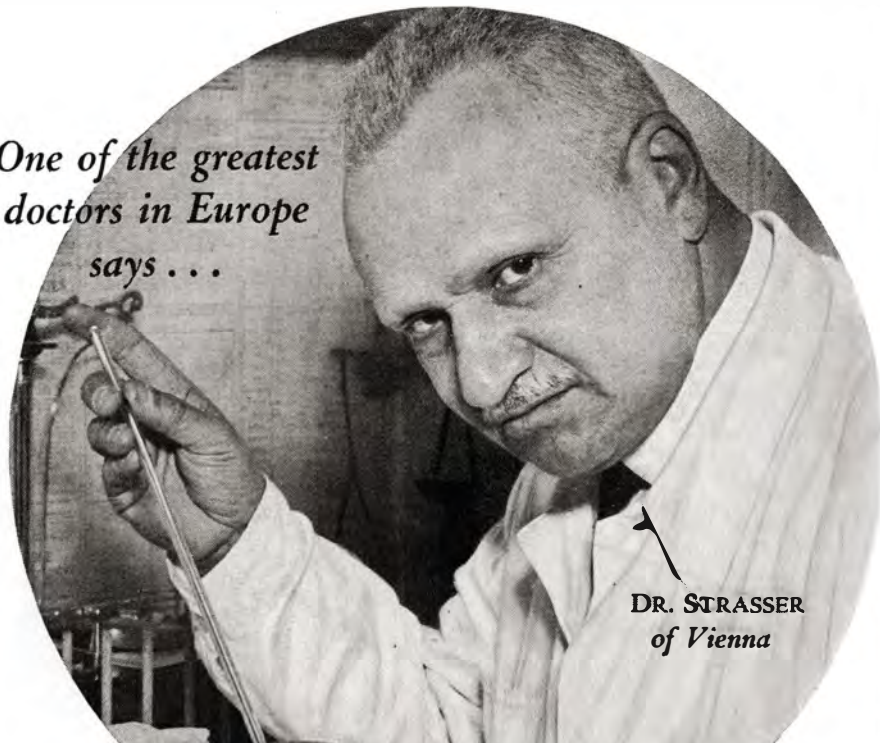
HINDS

Honey and Almond

CREAM

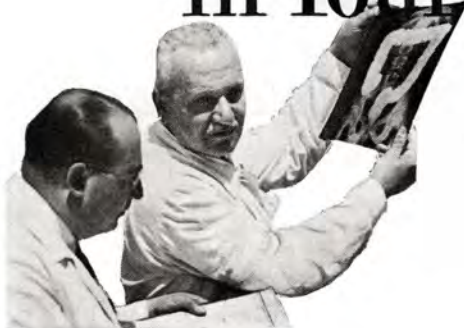
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One of the greatest
doctors in Europe
says . . .



DR. STRASSER
of Vienna

"Headache?— that's a sign of poisons in Your Body"



Where trouble starts! Intestines, warns Dr. Strasser, must be kept clean. X-rays show how.

DO YOUR BOWELS function normally? . . . Probably not, say doctors, if you have frequent headaches!

As the head of Vienna's famous Winternitz Sanatorium, Dr. Alois Strasser (above), puts it: "When intestines become unclean, your body absorbs dangerous poisons," which lead to headaches, "nerves," indigestion and a host of other ills.

"My advice," states Dr. Strasser, "is to include fresh yeast in the daily food."

He goes on: "Fresh yeast has a revitalizing effect on intestinal muscles, which soon puts them back in working order . . . banishing all symptoms of

"My doctor advised eating Yeast"

"My senior year in high school was a strenuous one," writes Elinor Miksitz of Miami, Fla. "In the most important play of the year, I was struck, by accident, and knocked unconscious. My nerves were so upset I couldn't digest any food. I was also subject to frequent headaches. My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast . . . Almost immediately my stomach condition was improved . . . headaches disappeared."

self-poisoning." Including headaches!

You know a clean system is important. So why not eat Fleischmann's Yeast and actually *strengthen* your intestines to clear away all poisons *naturally*? That is what yeast does and no medicines will ever do.

So start now—today! Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—regularly—one before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

You can get *Fleischmann's**Yeast—rich in the precious vitamins B, G and D—at all grocers, and at restaurants and soda fountains. Just try it!



* IMPORTANT!

Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors advise. Write for booklet. Address Dept. Y-A-6, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York.

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be served at a table beside her bed in the pearl-gray bedroom that looked, not on the Bois, as the salon did, but toward Paris and the Arc de Triomphe flooded with white lights.

Aunt Minnie was delighted. She sat in an elaborate bed jacket, with a bit of black-velvet ribbon about her neck, propped by square French pillows.

"You do look swell in that outfit," he said, as he entered. Officially, Aunt Minnie disapproved of slang, but there was something about John's—a sort of honest conviction on his part that this was the correct way to express himself—that always made her giggle. She giggled now—"outfit" was such an extraordinarily inappropriate word for the filmy creation of pale lace and satin which she was wearing.

He bent to kiss her, brushing some papers to the floor as he did so.

"That's my will, John, that you are throwing down so lightly."

HE STOOPED to pick it up, and presently found that she was telling him that she had decided to change her will.

"I'm going to leave you a sum of money," she said. "Not a fortune—I wish it were. . . . A million francs—about forty thousand dollars—less, when the taxes are paid."

"Aunt Minnie!" He stared at her. It was literally true that the idea that she might leave him money had never before occurred to him. "I don't know what to say. I should like to have you live forever."

"Live forever! Thank you for nothing, my dear. Forty thousand dollars and this apartment. I can't leave you the business. That has already been arranged for."

"The business! What would I do with a woman's dressmaking house?"

"It would be amusing to know. Ruin it, probably, with your Puritanical ideas. And yet perhaps not—some of the greatest dressmakers have been men, John. If I could be sure of being able to watch what you did, I might break my promises and leave it to you. But I don't believe we see what happens, and so I shan't be tempted. As to this apartment, John, I love it and all the things in it. I should be glad if you could arrange to live here a little while each year—the spring in Paris, you know; there's nothing like it—but of course if you can't, you will be free to dispose of it as you like."

JOHN sat very silent for a few minutes, and then he said: "You know it's not so hot, thinking you are going to profit by the death of someone you love."

"Do you love me, John?"

He nodded, scowling, and she went on: "I'm so happy that you do, but you mustn't feel regret when I die. It is based on the assumption that I don't want to die—that death is an evil. You'll notice, I think, that people are ready for death in proportion to the degree to which they have lived. I've lived, John"—she gave him a little nod. "I can't reproach myself on that score." And then for the first time she began to talk about her past—the marquis—ah, what a man, what a gentleman!—what a great gentleman! "Everything I know, John, everything I understand, I learned from him. The fact that I have been able to get on so well with you, that I know about women's dresses, that I could choose a wonderful little mouse like Stephanie to manage my business—all that I learned from him. Not that he ever instructed me crudely—the way I'm afraid I have sometimes done with you, John—but just being with him, seeing how he felt and behaved. . . ."

Emotion, even in retrospect, is exhausting. John thought she looked pale and large-eyed by the time she finally sent him away. He himself could not sleep immediately, though the hour was late. . . . Forty thousand dollars. What would his mother say? Would she be pleased with wealth, or indignant at its source?

And Sophia? The inheritance of such a sum rendered Sophia again a possibility—not that money would make any difference to her; to her, with her father's wealth behind her, such a sum would be a trifle; but it would make a difference to him to know that he had a good solid balance in the bank—and to Mrs. Teale too. Mrs. Teale had never thought him good enough for Sophia. Sophia, in one of her bitterer moments, had told him a speech of her mother's: "Very well for guiding you through football crowds, my dear, but a little heavy in hand to marry. . . ."

Mr. Teale, on the other hand, had liked him, with the detachment of the American father—as if he hardly expected much weight to be attached to his opinion.

John, in describing Sophia to Aunt Minnie, had always emphasized the disapproval of Mrs. Teale. He had imagined that foreign girls paid a great deal of attention to their parents' opinions, and that Aunt Minnie would be sympathetic to this aspect; but no, she brushed it all aside:

"And since when have American girls noticed what their mothers thought? No, no, John, that girl thinks too much of herself."

Again and again he had explained: "But Aunt Minnie, she is so beautiful—so chic—so perfect —"

"Oh, I know those glittering American women—like bits of mica—bright, hard and valueless."

"But she's so well educated—she speaks French and German, and knows all about furniture and pictures —"

I SUPPOSE so—all facts and no flair. The truth is, John, the girl is such a fool that she despises you, and if you ever spoke to her again, she would despise you all the more. If you pay no attention to her the next time you meet—or better still, if you contrive to be politely insolent. . . . But I suppose you couldn't—only a Frenchman can be intolerably cruel to a woman he once loved."

"But I shouldn't wish to be cruel to Sophia," John had answered gently, and Aunt Minnie had sniffed.

He always thought it must be his fault that Aunt Minnie detested the portrait he drew of Sophia. If the two women could meet. . . . But then, of course, Mrs. Teale would not approve of Aunt Minnie—she would never allow Sophia to meet "a woman like that," although, if Sophia were his wife, he would insist. He sighed. His imagination was carrying him too far.

He fell asleep long after midnight, and was awakened at eight by shrill screams. Madame Robert's maid, going in with her cup of chocolate, had found the old lady dead. She had not died in her bed, but sitting in a large chair by the fire, her hands spread along the arms, and her head resting against the cushions—an ivory image of peace.

THE doctor who was immediately summoned was of no use to John, for he spoke no English; but Maitre Leroux, her lawyer, who arrived within an hour, was bilingual. He was a smart, vital, middle-aged man, who specialized in international cases, and had had a course in the Harvard Law School. He spoke almost without accent.

"Ah, yes," he said, "her heart. I was worried as soon as I heard of this digestive attack—bad hearts can't stand that."

He was standing beside the bed on which Aunt Minnie's body had been laid, and though he looked brisk and lively, with his hat, stick and gloves all held in one hand, and a flower in his buttonhole, John felt no doubt of the deep respect and affection he had for the old lady.

"I'm afraid it was my fault," John said slowly. "She was so keen about taking me out and showing me Paris —"

"I would not reproach myself, Mr. Kent," said the lawyer. "You gave her something very remarkable—you amused

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her. She came to my office last week to see about changing her will, and she said to me then: 'Isn't it good luck at seventy to discover a young man who turns your head for you?' There was a pause, and they moved away and stood side by side before the mantelpiece. 'I'm afraid her sudden death at this moment was bad luck for you.'

"Wasn't it!" said John. "We were having such a swell time together."

The lawyer glanced up at him without answering. He poked at the ashes with his stick. Papers not quite consumed appeared—old stamps.

"I suppose those are the marquis' letters," Leroux went on. "She said she meant to burn them before she died, but I'm sorry she did. A whole epoch gone—her own times, the manners, the gossip, the gayety of the nineties—all lying there in ashes." He stopped, dropped to his knees with an exclamation. He caught up a charred fragment of heavier paper, which smeared his pale gloves with black ash. "But that is the will," he said. "She must have burned the will too."

"You think that means that she knew she was dying? And she was all alone. . . ."

LEROUX looked at John, as if in his opinion there was a time for sentiment and a time for business, and said: "It means she died intestate."

"Oh, I see."

He didn't really see; he was too much taken up with the idea of the old lady facing death alone across the hallway, while he had been sleeping—or, worse still, thinking only of Sophia. . . . Leroux interrupted his meditations:

"Has she other relatives?"

"No, I'm the only one." John took out one of the monogrammed handkerchiefs that Aunt Minnie had recently given him, and blew his nose.

The lawyer stroked his chin between thumb and forefinger. "In that case," he said, "it appears that the whole estate will go to you."

"Oh, no, not the business."

"Everything."

"Not the business. She was telling me only last evening that she had made arrangements about the business."

"Very true—she had, but that will has been destroyed by her own act. I drew the document. I know that it was her intention to leave the business to her *directrice*—that girl who has managed it since —"

"To Stephanie?" John's face lit up. "I'm glad she did that—of course she would. What a grand person she was. . . ."

"**I DON'T** seem to make it clear, Mr. Kent—that as that will has been destroyed, its provisions are no longer —"

John wasn't listening: "I bet I know what happened," he said. "It was only last night that she told me about this money she meant to leave me. Well, when she suddenly guessed that she was dying, and she couldn't bear to disappoint me; she knew that as she had told me about my not getting the business, I'd be safe not to take it, and so she just threw the will into the fire. . . . Isn't that about how you'd figure it out?"

"I should think it very likely," answered M. Leroux, "but it is my duty to point out to you that you are under no legal obligations to obey wishes that are not expressed —"

John was scowling. "The law's a funny thing," he said. "It's funny that it should be your duty to point out to me that I am free to do something that's not only dirty in itself but opposed to the wishes of your own client."

"The law," answered Leroux a little stiffly, "cannot take cognizance of wishes which —"

"That's what I mean," said John, "that's pretty lousy. You must know as well as I do that I couldn't do what you say I can do."

M. Leroux had grown rather severe at the word lousy. "There are many people —" he began, but John interrupted again.

"No, there aren't," he said, "at least not in America."

Leroux looked at him. "It has always appeared to me," he returned, "that while there are more idealists in America than in France, there are also more crooks—many more."

John couldn't think of an answer. He had not yet reached the point of being able to discuss his native land impartially, or even with simple honesty.

PRESENTLY the lawyer hurried away—he wished to see that the papers had correct notices, to make funeral arrangements, and to stop at the shop on his way and be sure they closed in a decorous manner. John had had some idea of going to the shop himself, but he yielded to Leroux's opinion that a member of the family ought to be in the apartment while the undertakers were there.

Left alone, John wandered into the salon, and sank into a chair, feeling for his pipe. The influence of Aunt Minnie was round him like a perfume. All her teachings, which he had been temperamentally unable to take very seriously, now had the force and solemnity of a message from the dead. The only tribute he could make to her memory—the only return for her kindness—was to try to be a little bit the sort of man she admired—the sort of man she had described the marquis as being. . . . He shook his head—he didn't, in his own phrase, believe that he would make much of a fist of it; but he could try.

He had been sitting there a long time, when Adolph, his face frankly smudged with tears, put his head in to say something about a prince. Roused from thought, John could only attain this sentence:

"No *commais* any prince."

ADOLPH then said a great deal, and opening the door wide, ushered in Ladislav, still in uniform. John stared at him.

"Are you a prince?" he said.

"*Mais oui*," answered Ladislav, and began to speak rapidly in a language which he evidently supposed was English, but John was too distracted to listen to him.

A prince—this doorman, who took Stephanie home every evening, was a prince? He did not like the look of things at all—a good, simple, hard-working girl like that subjected to the amorous advances of an exiled prince, penniless, probably mercenary; and now Stephanie would be a rich woman. He had said truthfully that he did not know any princes, but he had formed a low opinion of them as matrimonial risks. . . . Then suddenly he began to take in a sentence that Ladislav was repeating over and over again, striking the palms of his hands together:

"But the beezeness—that is to Stephanie—have I not right?"

"No," said John, "you haven't."

"But it is—it is—the beezeness is to Stephanie. It was in the—the—testament."

"The will was destroyed, since you're so interested."

"Destroyed? But how—who destroy it?"

"Madame Robert, apparently."

"I do not believe," cried Ladislav with passion. "All these years Stephanie work her lovely fingers to bone for a promise—the beezeness should be to her—madame would not destroy that will."

"Are you trying to say that I did?"

"I will not say yes or no—but it look queer, very queer."

"Why, you dirty little rat!" cried John, getting to his feet. "Get out of here—can you understand that? You're fired—the business is mine long enough"

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for that. I never want to see your ugly white mug again—you're fired. I can run my business without any princes."

"No, you can't—see if you can. I am not fired," returned Ladislav. "I will not go. You think you get rid of me so easy? You think there is no one then to protect Stephanie—but I —"

They had neither of them noticed that the door had opened and Stephanie herself was in the room.

She laid her hand on Ladislav's arm. "Tais-toi, Ladie," she said. She was as white and cold as a snow image. She turned to John: "Are you not ashamed to be quarreling like this, with madame dead in the next room?"

"This feller makes me angry, Stephanie. Aunt Minnie's will is none of his business. Of course you understand I mean to give the business to you."

"To GIVE me?" said Stephanie. She grew stiff. "I am not in the habit of receiving gifts from strangers. I did not come here to see you, Mr. Kent. I wished to see madame for the last time—but since I am here I will tell you that while you are looking out for a new doorman, you can find a new manager too."

She turned and, beckoning Ladislav after her, left the room.

John sat down, his great hand dangling between his knees. What a clumsy oaf he had turned out to be—he who had been resolving fifteen minutes before to become a reincarnation of Aunt Minnie's marquis. He could not even offer a woman her just rights in a form that she could accept. Well, obviously Leroux would make her see reason about the business—she would have to take it. It was hers. Silly of him to have dismissed Ladislav. She would have him back as soon as he, John, had sailed for home.

What was the relation between these two? He might be an innocent American, but even to him the thing looked queer. There had been something tender and protective in the way she had murmured, "Tais-toi, Ladie." *Toi?* Like a flash he remembered the instructions of his French teacher—"the second person singular is used only to inferiors, members of your family, intimate friends of the same sex, and"—the old gentleman had twinkled gayly—"between lovers." Between lovers—between a prince and a trusting, lovely, gentle, hard-working girl. . . . Yes, he ought to be getting home as soon as possible—he didn't understand people like these.

A FAINT sigh caught his ear. Raising his head, he saw that Stephanie had come back and was standing just in front of him, looking down at him with soft, swimming eyes.

"I am so sorry," she said. "I was unhappy and angry at Ladislav, and so I was cross to you." She held out her hand and he took it. He was afraid to stand up—almost afraid to breathe, lest she should withdraw it again. "It was kind what you said about the business, but you must see I cannot take it—as it was not left to me."

"It was not left to me either."

She raised her shoulders. "Everything is yours."

"Listen to me," he said, and as she made a motion to take her hand away, he held it tighter, but began to gesticulate—to emphasize his points with it as if it were some everyday object that he had forgotten he was holding. "One of the last things she ever said to me—in a long talk we had last night—was that she could not leave me the business because she had made other plans for that before she ever saw me."

"How can I know that?" John scowled a little.

"Because I tell you so." They looked at each other steadily. John felt inclined to add: "You can believe me—I am not a white-faced little prince—I am an honorable American."

"I believe you," she said, "but even so —"

"Stephanie, look at it from my point of view. I can't take it when she told me herself that she did not want me to have it."

By this time Stephanie had apparently become aware of the ruse about her hand, for she took it away and sank down in a chair opposite to him. "I tell you what might be possible," she said. "We might be partners."

"No, it's all yours."

"I will not accept it at all unless you will be my partner."

"But, Stephanie, what help would I be as a —"

"Good! I refuse it entirely."

"All right, all right, I'll be a kind of partner then."

"The kind of partner that stays here and works all the time. I will not accept if you run off to America and leave all the decisions to me."

"But, Stephanie, I must go home. I have my work there."

"Your work there? Will it bring you half a million francs a year?"

"You don't mean that we should make anything like that out of dressmaking?"

"A great deal more than that—if we are clever."

He sank back staring. He could hardly believe it . . . this was wealth.

"But what help could I be?" he asked.

SHE explained at some length. When she first came to madame three years before, she had come as assistant designer—she began by merely carrying out madame's ideas. But gradually she had taken over that department—all dresses put out by Roberta were her designs. For the last two years the business had been divided among three people—Madame Robert, Madame Grandet and herself. She, Stephanie, had charge of the actual production of the collection; Madame Grandet combined doing publicity work with the organizing of the show-rooms—and the relations to customers—to say nothing of the arranging of the great openings in February and August, and of the two smaller midseason displays.

Madame Robert herself, besides a general supervision, took charge of finances. Hers was one of the few houses that financed itself, without borrowing from the banks; but this was only done by turning a fixed proportion of the profits back into the business—even then, loans were sometimes necessary. Only last year a great South American client—not Madame Nunez—had gone bankrupt, and though she had eventually paid, there had been a long gap.

Then, as Roberta owned the whole building, there were the problems of the tenants—madame had always managed them with an iron hand. And there were problems of relations to other houses, to the questions of common interest to all Parisian dressmakers—questions of taxes and export—the constant problem occasioned by the fact that America bought three months earlier than Europe, that plagiarism was easy—that free-lance designers were often without conscience. . . . Stephanie pointed out that she and Madame Grandet would continue to do their part, but it was completely out of their power to take over the vast responsibilities of Madame Robert.

"ESPECIALLY," she added, "as we may have rather a bad time at first—nobody knew, of course, that madame had given over the designing to me. We may lose clients."

"Well, I certainly shouldn't be of any use there," said John. "No one would pay much attention to my standards of taste."

"Madame Nunez would, I think."

John grew severe at this suggestion. "Let her go elsewhere—I'd just as lief."

"I wouldn't," said Stephanie. "If we are to exist for the next few months, we must cherish every (Continued on Page 60)

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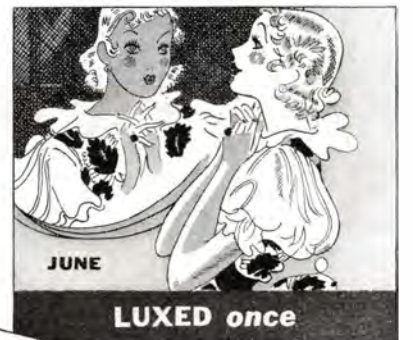
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Why risk a single washing failure —it costs DOLLARS!



A BARGAIN? YES—
but one wrong washing may
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"That's why, nowadays, we won't take chances. Why we are *insisting* on safe Lux."

CAN YOU afford to risk a single precious dollar? *You needn't!* Lux is made to protect *every* kind of washable fabric... all the brilliant beauty of color, too. Through one washing... through *scores*.

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Gentle Lux draws out the soil and perspiration safely. There's *no harmful alkali* as there often is in ordinary soaps to fade and shrink things. There's *no cake-soap rubbing* to streak color, ruin texture. Just test a bit of the garment in clear water—if it's safe in water alone, it's safe in Lux.

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keeps your precious things new looking so much longer, you'll find clothes money goes twice as far!



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the 5-way dentifrice



Squibb Milk of Magnesia is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.

(Continued from Page 58) client—at least until after the August collection is seen. I'm very proud of the August collection."

As a matter of fact, her fears turned out to be groundless. If they lost customers by the death of their celebrated chief, they gained many more, owing to the extraordinary publicity which followed the news that John Kent, the well-known halfback, had inherited a dressmaking salon.

The news was cabled at once to American dailies, and in the slack days of early summer was given space. The fashion magazines hurried about to get photographs of him—to publish, in his football clothes, surrounded by a frame of dresses by Roberta. One of the more disreputable Paris revues put on a one-act play dealing with the adventures of an innocent American youth in the fitting rooms of his new inheritance. He was the French revue's idea of an American—with padded shoulders, chewing gum, and possessing a vocabulary of only one word, "sure." Even one of the French dailies took dignified cognizance of the incident, in a scholarly essay on the history of man's relation to the art of female costume.

THE result was that the Nile-green salon had never been so crowded; the demand for cards to the August opening had never been so insistent.

Stephanie felt that the future still largely depended on the success of the new collection. One of the first suggestions she made as a partner was that he ought to look it over. She came to the gold-and-white corner room which he had inherited as his office; in spite of his chivalrous offer to give it to her, she preferred a smaller room next door which she had always occupied.

"You see," she said, "it has never been the custom of this house to put out a great number of models—twenty, at the most. They must be right."

"We must have a high batting average—I get you."

"I want you to wait after closing time this evening and see them—say whatever comes into your head: 'I like it'—'I hate it'—'I'm not sure.' . . ."

But John couldn't wait after hours that evening. Lord Henry Delves, passing through Paris on his way home, had just telephoned and asked the younger man to dine with him. Lord Henry had already written on hearing of Madame Robert's death—a kind, unaffected letter in a round, clear, English hand. John felt he couldn't put him off—then he remembered that Lord Henry had said he had a half-past-nine engagement.

"IT WON'T take long," said Stephanie. John agreed to be in the showroom that night at a quarter before ten.

When she had gone, he sat down at the ornate eighteenth-century desk that had been Aunt Minnie's and began opening his morning mail. He was glad to find that he was going to be busy. He would have to give a great deal of time to M. Leroux and the settling of the estate. The tenants in the building—feeling, apparently, that it would be odd if they could not profit in some way by the death of their landlady—had already begun making demands for reduction in rents, and new decorations, which they asserted Madame Robert had promised them. The only exception was the melancholy and honorable Sanbourne, but he was a problem of another sort, for he was pessimistic and always on the point of going out of business entirely. Yes, John thought he was going to find it great fun, to run a business with Stephanie as a partner.

The Paris Herald was lying neatly folded on his desk. Idly he turned it back, and his eye fell on the names of Sophia and her mother—"passing through Paris on their way to their villa at Antibes."

John's heart skipped a beat—so she had come at last. Glancing down the column, he saw that Count Cipriano had been a fellow passenger. Well, he should make no effort to see her—dull, small-town, oversized, was he? If she wanted to see him—but of course she wouldn't. Paris was a large city. They were not likely to meet.

And that very evening he saw her. Lord Henry took him to dine at a new Russian restaurant, run, as such restaurants always are nowadays, by an exiled Russian nobleman, an officer of the Tsar's favorite regiment. Lord Henry chose it because he had a liking for caviar and vodka.

The two men had had their caviar, and were just beginning on their borsch, when Sophia and Mrs. Teale, an older man and Count Cipriano came in, and were seated at a table just across the tiny room.

John did not see them. He was sitting with his back to the room, and talking about what a swell person Aunt Minnie had been, and what a lot she had done for him.

But Sophia saw him at once—his head and shoulders, with the golden hair turning dark at the nape of the neck, were not easy to forget. She recognized him at once, but she said nothing to her companions. She sat thinking of Mildred's cable. It seemed to be amply confirmed—just seeing the collar of that coat, you could tell it was English. She noticed, too, how solicitously the head waiter hovered about that table. She sat silently observing, until Lord Henry, extracting a visiting card from one pocket and a hundred-franc note from the other, beckoned the head man:

"My compliments to the chef," he said, in a voice unmistakably English; "the best borsch I ever tasted."

THIS was too much for Sophia. She turned to Cipriano, who was a mine of cosmopolitan trivialities. "Do you happen to know," she asked, "who that red-faced man is over there?"

The count did not need even to look. "Oh, yes," he said. "I know very well. That's Lord Henry Delves—you must have heard of him. The Prince of Wales always stays with him when he— You know, that scallawag Duke of Aldernay's brother."

Mrs. Teale interrupted: "That looks like—it can't be—but it is—it's John Kent dining with him, Sophia!" Her voice rose shrilly. Both women had the impression that John's whole life was now spent with conspicuous members of foreign aristocracies.

Even when he rose to go, John did not see Sophia. Lord Henry was talking of early days: "I don't say Aldernay ever asked her to marry him—for he didn't—but I know if Minnie had held up her little finger she could have had him. Not that any woman in her senses would want him, except to be a duchess, and I know many women reputed virtuous who would have married him . . ."

They were in the middle of the room, and a voice called: "John."

HE TURNED his head; there she was—lovelier than ever—looking at him with eyes startled wide open, and oh, so beautiful. He stood still.

"You see," Lord Henry went on, "that Minnie didn't care a snap of her finger for titles or position—or what anyone said of her." He noticed a slight lapse of attention on his companion's part. "I hope this doesn't bore you?"

"Bore me! I should say not," John answered. He bowed to Sophia and her mother, nodded at the count, and went out of the room. God bless Aunt Minnie! She had saved him from making a fool of himself.

Mrs. Teale and Sophia stared at each other in amazement.

(To be Continued)

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MONTREAL NEW YORK LONDON
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Why I Live in a Small Town

(Continued from Page 21)

circle are of college age and studying away from home; while a third boy is here in the seventh grade.

Once a story of mine, syndicated in a newspaper, carried in brackets an indulgent explanation from an editor that the writer "goes right down into small towns and mingles among the people for her material." Could anything sound more smug? As if I had gone slumming with drawn skirts. I have not gone small-townish for material. I am small-townish.

Of course, to be honest, I admit I would not choose this little place if I were driving across country seeking a town into which to move. I may have expressed something of that in the introduction to A Lantern in Her Hand, for, while the Cedar-town of the story is fictitious, it is frankly located in this section of the country.

"Cedartown sits beside a highway which was once a buffalo trail. If you start in one direction on the highway and travel far enough, you will come to the effete East. If you travel a few hundred miles farther in the opposite direction, you will come to the distinctive West. Cedar-town is neither effete nor distinctive nor is it even particularly pleasing to passing tourists. It is beautiful only in the eyes of those who live here and in the memories of the Nebraska-born whose dwelling in far places has given them moments of homesickness for the low rolling hills, the swell and dip of the ripening wheat, the fields of sinuously waving corn and the elusively fragrant odor of alfalfa."

After all, it is contact and familiarity that help endear people and places to us. I came here in a happy day, and perhaps I am trying to cling to old happiness.

As I write, I have only to glance outside my study window to see in the cement of the driveway the tracings of a fat hand with grotesque square fingers, a date of nine years ago, and the straggling initials C. S. A. I have one son who has always had a perfect obsession for leaving his footprints, not only on the sands of time but in every piece of new cement about the place. There are hands and feet of every size, width and length on sidewalks, driveways, steps and posts, all duly signed and dated.

It would be absurd to say that the sight of that traced hand outside my study window holds me here, but it may readily be a symbol of all that does. It would not be possible for me to follow four young people with widely diversified tastes and talents out into the world—and to keep the home with its old associations means more to me than any advantage gained by moving cityward.

Unbreakable Radii of Love

THIS is the home my sons and daughter knew in childhood, and I have a notion that in this rather hectic day of complicated life it is well for young people to have some substantial tie which still holds them to the anchor of unchanging things. You cannot break the radii which stretch out from the center of a good home. They are the most flexible things in the world. They reach out into every port where a child has strayed—these radii of love. They pull at the hearts of the children until sometime, somewhere, they draw the wanderers all back into the family circle.

Small-town people are popularly supposed to be narrow. And yet—are the realities of life narrowing? Birth? Marriage? Death? Small-town life is not artificial. It need not be superficial. Calvin Coolidge, in his autobiography, has expressed it in his simple, effective way: "Country life does not always have breadth, but it has depth."

Small-town people are no longer mere isolated villagers. Although the whiskered farmer gent with the straw in his mouth

is still the joy of the cartoonists, there is no character which adequately represents the Main Street man. Small-town people move about now, go places.

When I was a little girl, we used to drive six miles out in the country to an uncle's—jog . . . jog . . . jog over the country roads. And, incidentally, it had one advantage. It gave us time to see things—pink bouncing Bets at the side of the road . . . a meadow lark's nest . . . all the little wild things that we so easily overlook now while the needle trembles toward sixty. From our small town, in far less time than those six miles used to consume, we drive on a paved road up to Lincoln, with its beautiful homes and parks, its wonderful capitol, its ninety-eight churches and its four universities. An hour in the opposite direction finds us in the still larger Omaha.

Our physician and his wife recently took a Cuban trip . . . a young chap has just gone down to see South America for a month . . . my daughter's girlhood chum across the street studied music in Paris last summer. Even Heinie Mollen, the cobbler, put down his hammer last fall and went out to take a look at Hollywood to see if the stars really looked like the pictures tacked up on the walls of his shop.

Keeping an Author Humble

A SMALL town is a good place for a writer to live. Not only is he close to the people, and so close to life in the raw, but also it keeps him humble. For instance, if you are a professional writer, living in a small town, perhaps on the day on which you are coming home from the post office with a letter from the committee that a story of yours has been judged one of the best of the year and chosen for the O. Henry Memorial Award volume, you meet an old man who stops you and says:

"Say, I just been readin' one of your stories." Ah, you think, everyone reads them—the O. Henry committee, young people, middle-aged, old men; babies cry for them. "Yep," he says, "it was the one in the — Well, I forget the magazine, but it's one my daughter takes." You overlook a little thing like that and wait for him to go on. "Anyway, the name of the story was — Say," he apologizes, "that slips me too." Oh, well, that's a mere bagatelle. What's a title? "Anyway," he brightens, "the story was about —" He takes off his cap and scratches his head. "Don't that beat you? I clean forget what the darn thing was about."

And there you are. If a story was not clean-cut enough for a nice old man to remember overnight, it wasn't very good.

Then there was the time I had received the annual report showing that a book of mine had been third in sales for the entire country for the year. With that rather pleasant bit of news uppermost in my mind, I went to a little social affair in my small town. When I sat down among the ladies, I made a remark about just coming home from Lincoln—that I had been so busy at the desk, I had not been there in five weeks. A little woman looked up from her fancywork and said:

"Did you say you hadn't been there for five weeks? Well, isn't that queer! I was in Lincoln yesterday myself and stopped to buy some groceries. When I gave the groceryman a check he said, 'I see you're from the town where Bess Streeter Aldrich lives. I suppose you know her?' Now, will you tell me," she questioned earnestly, "if you hadn't been in Lincoln for five weeks, how that groceryman could have remembered your name all that length of time?"

Humble? I'll say they keep you humble. A prophet in her own village isn't a prophet at all, but just a woman who buys groceries. And isn't that as it should be?



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*Use the Beauty Soap
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LUX Toilet Soap



Sibyl

(Continued from Page 9)

"The affair does not interest me," Clara said, "and the baron's last check barely paid expenses."

"He is becoming a trifle more generous, perhaps," Gertrude Horder commented grimly. "Someone or other—his embassy probably—is intensely curious to discover your identity. He hinted that if I were really only a lay figure here he would give a very large sum of money to know who my principal was—what the power working behind me could be, as he put it. He has never got over his astonishment at your having been able to produce a copy of the German proposals with regard to the Dantzig affair."

Clara von Linz smiled. "I find Konstam a stupid man," she pronounced. "He has no vision. He knows no more of the art of espionage than a baby."

"He was high up in the German secret service during the war," her companion reflected.

"And Germany lost the war."

"Lord Ragley rang up once or twice. I think he wanted you to dine with him."

"As though I would advertise myself in that way! Be a dear, Gertrude, and go and see Ellida for me. I want my bath in half an hour, the three Doucet gowns laid out to choose from, and the car ordered for a quarter to nine. I have a fit of inertia. I wish to do nothing for myself—nothing except think."

"What about?"

"Wooden boxes."

EXCEPT that the company was more brilliant than usual, the Porchester House charity dinner and dance differed very little from most functions of its sort. Clara enjoyed herself extremely. She had chosen to wear a gown of dark violet color which seemed to bring out marvelous lights from her uncannily beautiful eyes, and she was easily the most admired woman in the room. The Duchess of Porchester, who was nominally hostess, looked across the floor with a sigh of regret.

"I cannot imagine," she complained, "why Clara should have chosen a place at Guy Blondel's table. Sir Guy is all very well in his way, of course, but he cannot be a successful banker and remain a human being."

"Clara always has a purpose in everything she does," another woman remarked. "Guy Blondel may have some secret attraction that none of us others have ever been able to discover. In any case bankers are the fashion this season."

"Blondel isn't exactly a banker, is he?" someone else pointed out. "He buys and sells specie—mostly silver. Deals in the real stuff, you know. Not in notes and oblong strips of paper. Sits in his office with a million pounds' worth of gold ingots in the cellar underneath him!"

"Anyhow," the duchess observed, "Clara seems to have succeeded in making him talk. Perhaps we may get another check out of him later on!"

CLARA had certainly succeeded in making Guy Blondel talk. He was a small pink-and-white man, the quintessence of neatness and correctness in his attire, speech and general deportment. Tonight, however, he seemed to be letting himself go. With the air of a man upon whom the gods have showered their gifts, he leaned toward his neighbor with unmistakable *empressment*.

"I suppose you are right, baroness," he admitted. "There is a great deal of romance attached to a business such as ours. We are merchants, it is true, but we are operating behind the barterer in mere commodities. We are dealing in the sinews of the world—with what makes commerce possible, in fact."

"You express so well what I was trying to say myself," Clara murmured. "By the bye," she added, after a moment's pause, "is it true that there has been a great robbery of gold this afternoon? I never read the evening paper."

BLONDEL'S expression changed. There was a more serious light in his eyes, although his tone was casual enough.

"There is a report of something of the sort," he acknowledged thoughtfully. "Personally I am inclined to think that it must be greatly exaggerated. There has not been a successful theft of gold in transit during my recollection."

A man opposite leaned across the table. "I believe there has been a robbery," he intervened, "and quite a serious one. A shipment from France to England which seems to have been stolen from under the very noses of the custodians. You are not interested, I hope, Blondel?"

The banker nodded in a superior fashion. "We are not buyers of gold at present," he confided. "We would rather sell if there was anything doing. And I would fill your house with silver, Lord Ragley, if you would give me my price! The gold was consigned to the Bank of England."

"Do tell us some more about it," Clara begged. "I thought gold bars were such heavy, clumsy things."

She shut up her vanity case with a click and smiled invitingly at her neighbor. He shivered with delight.

"I wish I knew more, baroness," he said. "It seems the gold was landed and handed over to messengers from the Bank of England. That lets the senders out, of course. The boxes were packed in the special van of the boat train and then, to everyone's surprise, the train stopped at Dover Town Station and the boxes were all unloaded. What became of them from that moment no one can even guess. Presumably they were handed over to someone else, but to whom and in what manner not a soul seems to know."

"I WAS on the train," Clara sighed. "I wish I had known about it. I am so good at spotting thieves, and there were a strange-looking lot of men on the platform. You seem to know everything, Sir Guy. Can you tell me this? Why—with a train of quite ordinary length and having got rid of our gold—did we travel to London from Ashford at half speed?"

"Did you?" Blondel queried. The violet eyes were studying him with a great deal more than any ordinary inquisitiveness. She laughed softly.

"You are beginning to alarm me, Sir Guy," she exclaimed. "I believe you know everything, although you are so reticent. Please tell why we traveled so slowly."

The banker opened his lips reluctantly. Suddenly he closed them again. He raised his glass and drained its contents.

"Baroness," he assured her, "there is a limit to the scraps of information which have come my way. I cannot imagine any possible reason why the gold should have been changed or why you should have traveled to London at anything less than the usual speed. Tomorrow I expect the whole story will be told."

Lord Ragley, who was the duchess' second son, rose from the table as the newly arrived orchestra started its dance music. He bowed across to Clara.

"Will you honor me, baroness?" Clara assented with a smile, but quitted her seat with reluctance.

Clara von Linz, although she gave no indication of the fact, was more than a little bored by the ceaseless round of parties of every description offered to her

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Westinghouse



as soon as her presence in London became known. The days of a too inquisitive social régime had passed with the war, and although everyone felt that there was something unusual about this beautiful Austrian, it only seemed to make her the more sought after. Her family, at any rate, was well known.

She had never been connected with any scandal. All that could be said against her was that there was a certain amount of mystery about the way she spent her time flitting from one part of Europe to another, and her control of what seemed to be illimitable wealth. She was almost always the best dressed woman in any assembly. Her jewels were famous. Her advice was asked by the priestesses of fashion. She was a great linguist. And her love affairs, if she had any, were conducted with the most remarkable discretion.

It was well known that she had been in the Austrian secret service during the war, but of her activities in those days she never spoke. There were times, however, when even her most intimate friends were conscious of a certain aloofness which puzzled them. It was as if she still had interests far more engrossing than the pursuits of the world in which she lived.

FOR the next week or so she was a flying visitor at many parties, a week-end guest at several great houses, nearly always being the latest arrival and the first to leave. She was prominent at two famous first nights. She attended the first Court of the season with the wife of the Austrian ambassador. She remained in the place which she had occupied during the last few years—a very distinguished and desirable member of the inner set. No one but she herself knew that she was bored.

Then one morning it came to an end. The bell of the private telephone which stood on the table by the easy-chair in her library tinkled. She took down the receiver, glanced at the calendar, murmured an incomprehensible word. The reply was of the same order, but Clara was satisfied. She had no liking for mystery for mystery's sake, but when that particular telephone rang and it was connected only with the office of "Sibyl," a code word and its rejoinder flashed backward and forward decided the genuineness of the summons.

"A Colonel Grainger," Gertrude Horder's voice announced, "is coming at eleven o'clock to consult the firm. He rang up from his private house and he does not wish any communication to be addressed to him officially or his mission here spoken of to anyone."

CLARA'S laugh rippled like music along the wire. "Poor man!" she exclaimed. "I can guess who has sent him. Very well, Gertrude. I shall be in my place. Just test the instruments and see that the new microphone in your room is in order. At a quarter to eleven I will give you a short list of the vital points. And Gertrude—it is not that our banking account is particularly low, but a time might come when we need money—Sibyl will expect a thousand guineas for a week's work, and twenty thousand pounds for the return of the gold."

"I shall blush when I suggest that," Gertrude declared.

"It will be for the first time in your life, then," her chief replied.

Colonel Grainger, D. S. O., deputy sub-commissioner of Scotland Yard, was fairly true to type. His appearance was a trifle too military for the profession into which he had recently drifted, but he had the keen blue eyes and firm lips of a man of insight and determination. He was perhaps just a little ruffled this morning, for, although Scotland Yard had had earlier relations with the firm he had come to visit, they had not been of his choosing.

"Can I speak to your principal?" he asked, after he had been ushered into Gertrude Horder's office.

She motioned him to a chair. "I am sorry," she said. "I thought you knew the

way in which our business is conducted. Everything has to pass through me."

"But surely," he protested, "the representative of Scotland Yard, as I suppose you know me to be, is entitled to consult with the principal of your—shall we say?—intelligence office, however successful and famous you may have become."

"YOUR visit, Colonel Grainger, is of course a great compliment," Gertrude replied. "We acknowledge that freely. Our rules, however, are immutable. Our principal has an exact, even a word-by-word, report of everything that takes place, but keeps aloof."

"H'm," Colonel Grainger grunted. "It saves prejudice, at any rate. Well, I have come to consult you at the urgent request of the directorate of the Bank of England concerning the theft of those gold bars you may have heard about."

"Will you tell me," the representative of the oracle begged, "how far your investigations have gone?"

"I will give you a brief résumé of the case," was the somewhat grudging reply. "You can ask any questions you like. We received due notice from the Bank of England that the gold was coming over on the usual boat, The Maid of Kent, and was to be transferred to the boat train in the customary fashion. We sent an adequate number of men to cover the landing and stow the boxes in the special van. The stowing away was on the point of being completed, when the Bank of England representative—who, I understand, is a man absolutely above suspicion—received a message written on Bank of England note paper, brought by a Bank of England messenger and written partly in the code used when any matter of the transport of gold is concerned."

"You kept the order, of course?"

"NATURALLY," was the slightly contemptuous reply. "This poor fellow Larson read it and never for a moment doubted its genuineness. He had the gold transported to Dover Town Station, where it was unloaded and repacked in a Scotland Yard armored car of the latest design—which again, with its chauffeur, had been obtained from the Yard on a forged order signed in my name. The chauffeur was one of our regular and most reliable servants. With him, of course, were Larson and a guard of two men supposed to have been sent from the country to which the gold was to be reshipped."

"Larson started off with the gold, then?" Gertrude inquired.

"It is Larson's duty not to leave the boxes after he has signed for them until they are in the vaults of the bank to which they are consigned or handed over to some recognized authority."

"That means four men in the car?"

"Precisely," Colonel Grainger agreed. "They started off and Larson's new orders instructed him to proceed direct to a port on the river where a vessel was waiting to transport the gold across the North Sea. You probably do not know Kent intimately, but the bodies of Larson and the chauffeur, stripped of a portion of their clothing, were found in a canal along one of the loneliest stretches of road in Kent. Both had been shot and had been dead many hours. The armored car was found in a deserted lane not many miles farther on."

"And the gold?"

"The gold had disappeared."

Gertrude leaned back in her chair.

"Your story," she remarked, "is even stranger than the newspaper versions."

"The truth," her visitor replied, "is usually stranger than fiction."

The telephone at Gertrude Horder's side rang. She took off the receiver, listened, and hung up in silence.

"There are perhaps some questions you would like to ask," Colonel Grainger inquired stiffly.

"I would like to know the precise spot where the police car was discovered."

The colonel drew a road map from his pocket. "I have prepared this for you. You will find the spot marked near which the bodies of Larson and the chauffeur were found, and farther on the place where the car was discovered abandoned at the bottom of a quarry."

"Why did the boat train proceed to London at half speed?"

Colonel Grainger raised his eyebrows in surprise. "I scarcely see where that comes in," he remarked. "Still, since you have asked the question I will answer it. The railway authorities were informed through a private source that bombs had been placed upon the line at various points between Ashford and London. Seems as though the first idea had been to wreck the train and steal the gold. The train was fitted with the same guards on the engine which we used in the war. Hence the slow progress. Now you have heard all I have to say, Miss —"

The colonel hesitated, but Gertrude did not disclose herself.

"Names," she confided, "are not used in this establishment. This is Sibyl. I am a part of Sibyl. I am the part which connects the client with the brains that direct it. That is sufficient."

"You certainly conduct your business on original lines," was the caustic rejoinder. "May I ask whether you think that 'the brains' will be able to elucidate this affair?"

"WE HAVE never yet failed in a case," Gertrude reflected, leaning back in her chair, "and I see nothing in the present one to give us the least concern."

"God bless my soul!" her client exclaimed incredulously.

"I am requested to tell you," Gertrude continued, "that our fee for a week's investigations will be a thousand guineas, and if we return you the gold or give you information as to where it is, we shall require a fee of twenty thousand pounds. As the value of the bars is at least a million and a half pounds you will not, I imagine, consider this excessive."

"The bank will pay the sum you suggest, of course, provided you are successful," he assured her. "That is a matter of minor importance."

Colonel Grainger picked up his hat and stick and looked around the apartment. It lacked nothing in the way of comfort, but its only connection with any possible business activities seemed to be the multiplicity of telephones in every conceivable place and a strangely paneled wall with inlays of fretted ivory within a few yards of where Gertrude was seated. It was a room of no definite form, yet a room which suggested mystery. The departing visitor, convinced that it was the abode of a charlatan, wished Gertrude a not-too-gracious good morning and took his leave.

CLARA, contrary to her custom, was lunching a few days later with the little pink-and-white man. They were seated in a corner of the Ritz grill.

"I suppose you know," she said to her companion, "that you are spoiling me shamefully. You are quite one of the most generous of my admirers in London."

He was so much in earnest that his words were almost pathetic. "I wish that you liked London well enough to —"

"To what?"

"To live in."

"But, my dear man," she protested, "you yourself must care for other places too. You have traveled, you are not hopelessly British. In fact, you are not British at all, are you?"

"By naturalization, yes."

"At any rate you have not the prejudices. I wander through Florence, where I have a little flat which I call home. It is a city of beauty. All the time there are things which pull at my heartstrings to be seen and loved. And I walk, or I drive, or I fly over London, and what on earth do I see? A few beautiful buildings wrapped in mist—cold gray mist, unsympathetic,

colorless, depressing—nothing beautiful. And I say to myself, 'It is time I left this place.' The rivers of the world! Think of some of the beautiful ones, Sir Guy! Look at the Thames. Yesterday afternoon, to please a friend, I flew up the Thames. I ask you to remember it for the last five miles, say, before you come to London Bridge. Those hideous factories belching out smoke and smells. Why, there were some works on what seemed to be a flat mud island with curls of black smoke crawling up to the sky and disfiguring the landscape as far as you could see."

"Whereabouts was that?" he inquired.

"How should I know?" she answered.

"Or stop! I think they called it Mud Pie Island. There seemed to be no one at work in the factory, and yet we felt the heat from the furnaces hundreds of feet up. Oh, it is all so ugly."

THE little pink-and-white man was suddenly serious. His eyes seemed to be boring into his companion's. He had the air of one assailed by disturbing thoughts.

"Why do you mention that place particularly?" he asked with an unaccustomed harshness in his tone.

She shrugged her shoulders. Her attention had wandered to the next dish which she was offered by the maître d'hôtel.

"Forgive me," she begged. "This sole Colbert looked so marvelous. You are asking why I mentioned that place particularly. I think it was because of the hugeness of the factory chimney, the emptiness of the whole place, the stark ugliness of it—and also because my pilot told me that it must have been somewhere within about a mile of there that the gang who stole the gold bars from the Bank of England reached the river."

Sir Guy frowned. "How could he or anyone else know that they really did reach the river?" he queried dolefully.

"Scotland Yard cannot tell me. No one can tell me. I was keeping the secret to myself, but I was a customer for that gold and I have had to see a profit disappear."

"It may be recovered."

"Little chance."

"Tell me, what could they do with it?" she asked. "Supposing the gang who murdered the two custodians and got away with it reached the river. Supposing then they had had motorboats to meet them—what could they do with the gold? There could be no market for it with the government stamp there. To have even offered it would have given the whole show away."

HE LOOKED at her intently, and if ever she had been inclined to think him the slightest degree of a fool she changed her mind. This man had cunning even if he lacked brain.

"Why are you so interested in the matter of these missing gold bars, baroness?" he asked quietly.

"I cannot tell you," she confessed. "Perhaps because I never heard of gold bars before and I had no idea that all the governments kept them locked up in their strong rooms. Secondly, because I cannot imagine what use they are unless to make coins out of them. Could I, for instance, go into Cartier's with a gold bar under my arm and buy a diamond bracelet?"

"The necessity for buying a diamond bracelet for yourself should never arise," he said, with a faint meaning underneath his words. "But if it did—supposing you took a gold bar under your arm and Cartier's weighed and tested it, without a doubt they would accept it as payment for your diamond bracelet."

"Supposing you had bought those from the government," she persisted; "what should you have done with them?"

"I should have sold them at a very considerable profit to a firm upon the Continent," he answered. "The business was already arranged. What does it matter? There are other days and larger profits. Large enough," he went on, with another of those sidelong glances which set fear

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For Mum, you know, is perfectly harmless to clothing.

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And think of this! Many women keep a jar of Mum *in the kitchen*. They find it a great help in removing strong odors, such as onion and fish, from their hands.

Mum interferes in no way with natural perspiration. It simply does away with that unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration which crops out so quickly unless you take special measures to prevent it.

Soap and water, you know, can do nothing more than wash away traces of *old* perspiration. Use Mum to protect you for *future* hours. It's *instantly* effective and so easy to use! All toilet counters have Mum, 35c and 60c a jar. The Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

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INVALUABLE ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. "Mum is our best friend in this way," women say. "We can always be sure of ourselves when we use Mum."

shivering even in a person of Clara's nerve,

"to pay for that bracelet at Cartier's!"

She sat in silence for a minute or two.

Then she asked him an abrupt question:

"Have you ever been in Russia?"

"Many times," he answered. "I myself am half Russian. My mother was a Lett. My father was English enough, of course, as was my grandfather, the founder of our firm."

"Do you do any business there?"

"Everyone does, more or less secretly. No one can afford to run the risk of offending what may some day become a very great country."

"At present," she remarked, "their methods strike one as a little crude."

HE SMILED. "You would think so if you had to do with them. Luftstein, their agent, who is over here now — All the time," he broke off impatiently, "we talk of such unpleasant subjects! Baroness, I have been wondering whether I dared ask you to honor my little bachelor abode by dining there with me tonight. We might take a stroll up Bond Street and I will show you the way."

"We might look in at the windows of Cartier's!" she suggested, her elbows upon the table supporting her oval face while she looked across at him.

"It would give me great pleasure."

She looked at him long and curiously, and the longer she looked the more poignant grew a certain queer sensation of uneasiness in the pink-and-white man. Women, as a rule, even the most beautiful women, even women of Clara's position, had been so quick to respond to the little hints he had thrown out. Suddenly he had the idea that she had been playing with him. Why? He wondered. She was the famous Baroness von Linz, the great aristocrat, with the entrée to many courts through her own family and the exalted personages who were her friends. Yet in these days nobody was safe.

"I must be going," she said suddenly.

He signed his bill and walked with her toward the door. "But I'll see you this afternoon—this evening?" he whispered softly as they stood on the pavement.

"These tiresome dressmakers," she murmured, stepping into the taxi which the commissioner had called.

SIR GUY BLONDEL was bowed obsequiously into his own waiting automobile, but for several moments she lingered on the curbstone. His eyes were following that disappearing taxi. A beautiful woman. A fascinating woman. And yet he had always felt something which amounted almost to fear of any personal element in life which he failed to understand. He leaned back in the corner of his very luxurious car, muttered the address to his chauffeur through the tube and became once more, as he drove through the crowded streets, the little pink-and-white millionaire of Mayfair, a man without a care, the head of an old-established and famous banking house.

His thoughts traveled back through the last few years. They traveled forward through the years to come. The present he let alone, for it was the present he feared. He had never meant these wild connections of his to take such risks. He had never meant to have become so closely involved with them.

A hundred thousand pounds was a very nice sum to handle; it had been even necessary money; but he hated risks. He liked to do his business and multiply his capital across his rosewood desk, smiling, but with the cunning of a fox all the time. He understood bargaining, he understood the clever byways of his own business.

He had never been in deep waters before, as he was now. It seemed almost allegorical to him as he passed through the stately thoroughfares of the city into the slums, to the half-empty streets of dockland, until at last he reached his destination.

A great gate was rolled open, the car moved slowly onto a heavy ferry. There

was a moment's delay. He let down the window and looked ahead at the huge, silent factory upon that stretch of land which at high tide was little more than a swamp. From a hundred windows there came scarcely a light, but from the annex, from the great round furnace and the high chimney close at hand, a glimpse of flames leaping through the darkness, great billowy clouds of smoke darker even than the darkness itself.

They moved slowly forward through the black, muddy water. Now he could hear the roar of the flames, the throb of the great generator. A stupid game, this, to have been mixed up in.

He stepped out onto the pier. Almost immediately he was confronted by a couple of watchers, men with dour faces and of threatening aspect. They recognized him, however, and waved him on. He hurried up the short avenue. The doorkeeper looked at him suspiciously, but passed him into a huge, dirty hall. From there he was admitted into a large, untidy office. There were no blinds upon the windows and only one green-shaded lamp in the way of illumination.

A MAN swung round in his chair, a man as alien to his surroundings as Blondel himself. He was elegantly dressed, he smelled of perfume, his long, pale face was lined and anxious.

"What on earth do you want down here, Blondel?" he demanded.

The banker shrugged his shoulders.

"How are things going?"

"Can't you hear the roar of the dynamos? We are ahead of time. By the day after tomorrow we shall be on our way to the Baltic."

"I wish that you were off tonight."

"Is anything wrong?"

Blondel shook his head. "Nothing definite. You have read all the papers, of course. We faded out of the news today. I always think it is a bad sign when the police leave off talking. Nothing happened down here?"

"Not a thing."

"Anyone called?"

"Only oil salesmen and mechanics and people on business. No one is allowed inside the building. No one can possibly make a guess at what we are really doing." "You think," Blondel asked anxiously, "that you will carry this through?"

His companion laughed harshly. "Too late to have fears, my friend," he said. "We shall carry it through. You shall have your hundred thousand pounds at the end of the week or we shall vanish off the face of the earth. I myself have no wish to vanish off the face of the earth, and what I wish generally happens. Don't be a fool, Blondel. How would you like to have to sit down here morning and night, never sleeping, never eating a decent meal or seeing a pretty woman—doing nothing except listening and watching and goading on these few mechanics? Take my advice. Don't come near here again. I will send you a wireless in code the moment we are in the North Sea."

BLONDEL felt his confidence returning. The man with whom he talked was famous, and he had never known failure. It was his scheme, this, and there were only forty-eight hours more of anxiety.

"Very well, Nicholas," he agreed. "I will be off and keep away. It is best."

"I shall be at the Ritz in Paris the first week in June," the other promised. "See you then."

Colonel Grainger shook hands with the representative of Sibyl and accepted her invitation to be seated.

"Well," he remarked, "the week is up."

"We seem to have timed it exactly," Gertrude replied. "I was just going to ring you up."

"You have news?" he asked quickly.

"Certainly. The gold is at a riverside smelting works on (Continued on Page 68)

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(Continued from Page 66) a strip of waste land called Mud Pie Island. I have prepared a plan showing you the locality and how to get there."

She pushed a folded sheet of paper across the table. Her visitor picked it up and stared at it incredulously.

"You will find at least twenty or thirty men to deal with," Gertrude continued; "and a fairly desperate crowd, I should imagine. The principal was on Dover Town Station platform when the gold was unshipped. He passed himself off as the representative of the foreign bank and it was he, no doubt, who committed the murders. The rest of the gang were probably picked up along the road."

"LOOK here," the sub-commissioner said, recovering his calm with a great effort, "are you talking seriously?"

"Why ask me such a foolish question?" she protested. "Remember that, although as a matter of fact I am a very insignificant person, I am in this matter the representative of Sibyl. We have never failed. We never shall fail. We have found your gold. We expect your payment. In ten minutes you had better be on your way to Scotland Yard making your plans. Before you go I will put you in possession of a few more facts. These works have an enormous furnace and they were hired by foreigners some months ago, evidently for this exact purpose. The motorboats that were dashing up and down the river and the empty boxes that were found by your police were only meant to put you off. The gold was stored away in the works before daylight the morning after the robbery."

"Why?" he demanded.

"The bars have been through the furnace," she answered, "or most of them. They could not have been taken anyway with their stamps on. I don't suppose they are materially changed, except in shape. There is a steamer lying about a hundred yards off—looks like an old tub but in reality has very fine engines. The gang are expecting to load her up with the gold tomorrow night and she will be in the Baltic by the end of the week."

Colonel Grainger pulled himself together. The woman spoke convincingly.

"Who was at the top end of this?" he asked rapidly. "Remember, there were the messengers from the Bank of England, there were the code instructions—everything in order."

"A MAN named Blondel—Sir Guy Blondel—was responsible for that," she confided. "The gang who have the gold are associates of his. He is a bullion broker or something of the sort, and has often worked with the Bank of England in arranging shipments."

"And he was dining at the Embassy last night!" Grainger muttered.

"Our information leads us to believe," Gertrude Horder concluded, "that the gold will not be given up without a fight. You ought to take plenty of men, and if you want to avoid bloodshed you should surround the place and rush it as soon as it is dark. We shall expect a settlement from you during the week."

The little pink-and-white man was in grievous straits. His tie was awry, his hair ruffled. One side of the white slip of his waistcoat had disappeared. He was walking up and down the large, bleak office of the Mud Pie Island works with quick, uneven footsteps. Lounging against the desk the young man, Nicholas—calm and sleekly debonaire—was watching him with a half-contemptuous air.

"Nerves." Blondel repeated for the twentieth time, endeavoring to reassure himself. "Nerves. That's what I am suffering from. Do you think you can get the gold safely on board?"

"The last lot is in the cooling vat," Nicholas replied. "They will pack it at midnight. We expect to be on board before dawn."

"I wish you were there now," Blondel groaned. "It came on me all of a sudden, this fit of nerves. I had to come here."

The two men stood before the high, dusty window. Fog had blotted out the world, had deadened sound as well as sight. They gazed out upon nothing.

"It's a loathsome hole, this," Nicholas exclaimed with a shiver. "If you had been down here as I have been all these nights urging them on, watching the furnaces, doing sentinel at night and slave driver by day, you might talk about nerves!"

With a start so slight as to be scarcely noticeable, and without a spoken word, he peered suddenly forward. A row of strange orange flares had appeared on the other bank of the cut. They were moving in line now. Nicholas, stooping down, with a great effort threw open the window. Blondel went choking backward. Nicholas ignored the fog which was drifting in. He was listening. Suddenly the telephone sounded. He stretched out his hand and took off the receiver.

"HOW many?" he asked in response to some spoken words from the other end. "Are you there, Paul? Blow up the ferry. You've got the stuff on?"

Nicholas, too, it seemed, was sometimes subject to nerves. He seized the telephone and dashed it on to the floor. His thumb was pressed upon a bell in the wall.

"Curse you and your nerves, Blondel," he exclaimed. "Anyway, you've got something to be nervous for now," he added, with a fierce laugh. "Listen!"

They heard the ferryboat starting on its creaking and groaning passage. The orange lights seemed somehow or other to be on board. Down the passages of the works overhead and all around was the sound of flying footsteps.

"What is it?" Blondel shrieked. "Tell me what it is, Nicholas. What's wrong?"

"Not much," the young man answered coolly. "There are forty policemen on that ferry halfway across the cut by now, I should think. We had a mine laid on the boat but they found it and cut the wire. Look at the lights down either side. They are trying to hem us in."

He started tearing off his coat and waistcoat.

"What are you going to do?" Blondel cried.

"Swim across to my motorboat behind," was the quick answer. "Are you coming?"

"I can't swim," Blondel sobbed. "Don't leave me here, Nicholas."

The young man laughed. He was in his shirt and trousers now. "A pretty sort of a fool I should be," he scoffed, "to stop and keep you company! Here—you can have this," he added, throwing a revolver which he had drawn from his hip pocket on to the table. "Much good may it do you."

HE RUSHED from the room. Blondel would have followed him, but his knees gave way. The sound of flying footsteps had ceased. The silence of emptiness was upon the place. Blondel staggered to the window. The fog was denser than ever in the room, and he felt himself choking. The ferryboat was looming up, a great black shape, barely fifty yards away. Already he could hear the creaking of the chains. He took up the revolver, laid it down, picked it up again with a sob. The fog drifted in. Somehow the darkness made it easier.

The inspector-in-chief landed his men safely and sent them swarming through the place. The gold was there, lying about in all directions in the great shed near the furnace. There were coats and hats lying about, too, but the only sign of any human being was the little pink-and-white man, stone dead with a revolver still grasped in his hand.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The next will appear in an early issue.

A YOUNG WIFE'S DIARY

JUNE 15



Mother came to tea today with friends. I saw she was nervous about my cooking. But she smiled when she tasted the salad. She knew in a second that I had added Colman's Mustard and even she was satisfied.

Aspic Jelly Salad: Cook 3 cups stewed tomatoes, 3 stalks celery diced, $\frac{1}{4}$ green pepper pod diced and 1 sliced onion for 10 min. Add 2 tps. Colman's Mustard, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 tsp. salt, 1 bay leaf, 4 whole cloves, 1 tbsp. vinegar, and cook 10 min. longer. Soak 2 tps. unflavored gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. Strain tomato mixture over gelatin; stir until well blended. Pour into mold. Chill and serve.

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57

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Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
Heinz Tomato Ketchup Heinz Chili Sauce



WALK straight up to the longest mirror in your house, put out your hand and say, "How do you do, me?" What do you see? What do you hear? Whatever you see and whatever you hear, other people see and hear too. That's the impression you make.

Now what kind of impression do you make on yourself? Would you like to know that girl you see in the mirror?

You know first impressions are funny things. You like some people on first sight; others you don't like at all. And others you like a lot after you get to know them, and not a bit at first. People feel that way about you too. Only these days they won't bother to get to know you if they don't like their first impression of you.

You'll be making dozens and dozens of first impressions this summer. If you want to get around, have lots of invitations and lots of beaux, look to that first impression of yours. It's a wise girl's stock in trade. You'll miss out if it isn't good. If you want to go over with the stag line, you must click from the very first minute they spot you.

How Do You Look?

WHAT do people see when they look at you? First they notice what color you wear. Then how tall or how big you are. They get a general view of you. Then they look into your eyes to see what kind of person you are. And the decision is made. They like you or they don't like you.

The girl who is making her looks pay the largest dividends is the girl who knows exactly what to do to make her own particular type of beauty most devastating. She knows just what type she is and she dresses for that part. She knows what colors are most flattering and she wears them cleverly. She knows what lines show off her figure to the best advantage. She knows how to wield her lipstick and powder puff!

Look in that long mirror at yourself. Is your beauty overpowering? Would a little change help? Maybe it's your hair. Some good brushings, a new wave, a new coiffure might make a new woman of you.

Your eyes will be even more fascinating if your skin is lovely. Put yourself through a course of treatments night and morning and see the difference!

We have a way of opening our mouths often when we talk—so how about your teeth? If you're not overly proud of them don't put on much lipstick!

Study your face, its contours and features, and apply your make-up so it will do the most flattering things for you. Bring out your best points and you can recognize them—and hide those bad ones.

But don't try new tricks on yourself the night before a big dance. Try that new coiffure, and get your skin in shape, weeks ahead of time.

If you know you look your best you can forget your frock, stop fidgeting with your

hair and yanking at shoulder straps, and you can let your personality shine out. Looking your very best will give you poise and confidence—and you need that to make a good impression.

How Do You Act?

FORGET how you look now. How are your manners? Rough and careless and happy-go-lucky? Or careful, tactful and gracious? It takes so little effort to be charming in the things you do. Practice on the people you know, then you'll be sure when you go out with other people.

Charming manners is simply knowing the ordinary rules of etiquette thoroughly. The reason why so many girls get upset and self-conscious when they're out is that they're unmannerly every day. Be polite to the

men are always presented to girls, no matter how young. But do you know how to save an introduction from everlasting oblivion? Just use your wits. Drop a few hints about the people you're introducing. Give them a clue so they can get together on some topic of conversation. Like this: "Mary, may I present Tom Harrington? He's captain of our swimming team, and I think he knows your brother. This is Mary Kennedy." Two points for them to talk about.

You don't have to shake hands with people you meet at a dance. A graceful nod, a big smile and a "How do you do?" are all that's necessary. Catch the name, if you can. That's a flattering little trick. It makes people feel they're making quite an impression on you.

Stand up if an older woman comes over to speak to you. It's a graceful little courtesy. You'll like it yourself when you're older.



home folks, then when you go out you'll be polite unconsciously.

There are books of etiquette that explain away all sorts of awkward situations. Every girl should have one handy.

Think of all the situations that pop up at dances that would have been less awkward if you'd only been sure! Here are some:

Introducing people is one of the simplest, everyday situations—but did anything ever cause more complications? Some introductions fall as flat as a pancake and others are a joy forever. Sometimes they spoil the whole party—just because you started off wrong.

Of course, you know that boys are always presented to girls, and boys and girls are always presented to older women, and older

Don't hesitate to leave the group if you want to go to the dressing room to powder your nose. Just excuse yourself and go.

A boy likes a girl who requires courteous treatment. There's a lot of sweetness in boys—and they like to feel gallant, and to take care of a girl. It makes them feel big and important. So give them every chance. If you really want to be a help to a boy, be a little helpless.

Here are a few points for the boys: First of all, a gentleman never leaves a lady stranded in the middle of the dance floor. When the music stops he escorts her back to her friends, or finds a place for her to sit down. He does not take her arm, nor does she take his. He should wait with her until her next partner comes to claim her.



After a dance is over the boy should thank the girl, and she should say a courteous word too. "Thank you so much, Peg." "I enjoyed it too, Tom."

A boy should put himself in the position of asking a favor when he asks, "May I have this dance?" Or the next, or the sixth from now. He shouldn't say, "Have you got the next dance?"

A girl who stumbles through an introduction, stops dumb in the middle of a conversation, halts and blushes at new situations, makes a very poor impression. If you meet all these social encounters gracefully, your impression will be good.

What Do You Talk About?

YOUR voice is a dead giveaway. A high-pitched, shrill voice says that you're nervous, shallow and excitable. A flat, monotonous voice brands you as very dull. A rich, unaffected, warm, low-pitched voice is most attractive. Shun those accents if they don't belong to you. Listen to your voice. Do something about it.

What do you have to say? Can you get a rousing conversation started when you're dancing? Do you need a new line? Size your man up—see which one fits him best—then shoot one of these at him! Put in your own flourishes:

THE ATHLETIC LINE: "What do you get out of playing baseball?" "Are you any good at quoits?" "Are you in the glee club?"

THE BREAD LINE: "How do you make onion soup?" "What makes you look so hungry?" "How often do you eat?"

THE GRACIE ALLEN LINE—you have to be smart to throw this one: "Have you seen my brother?"

THE INNOCENT LINE: "Do you like bobbed hair?" "If you were a girl what would you do?" "Do you think girls —"

THE CAREER LINE: "What do you do?" "Did you really go all the way through college?" "How wonderful to build bridges!"

THE CLOTHES LINE: "Do you think girls ought to wear trousers?" or "You don't have to wear padded shoulders, do you?"

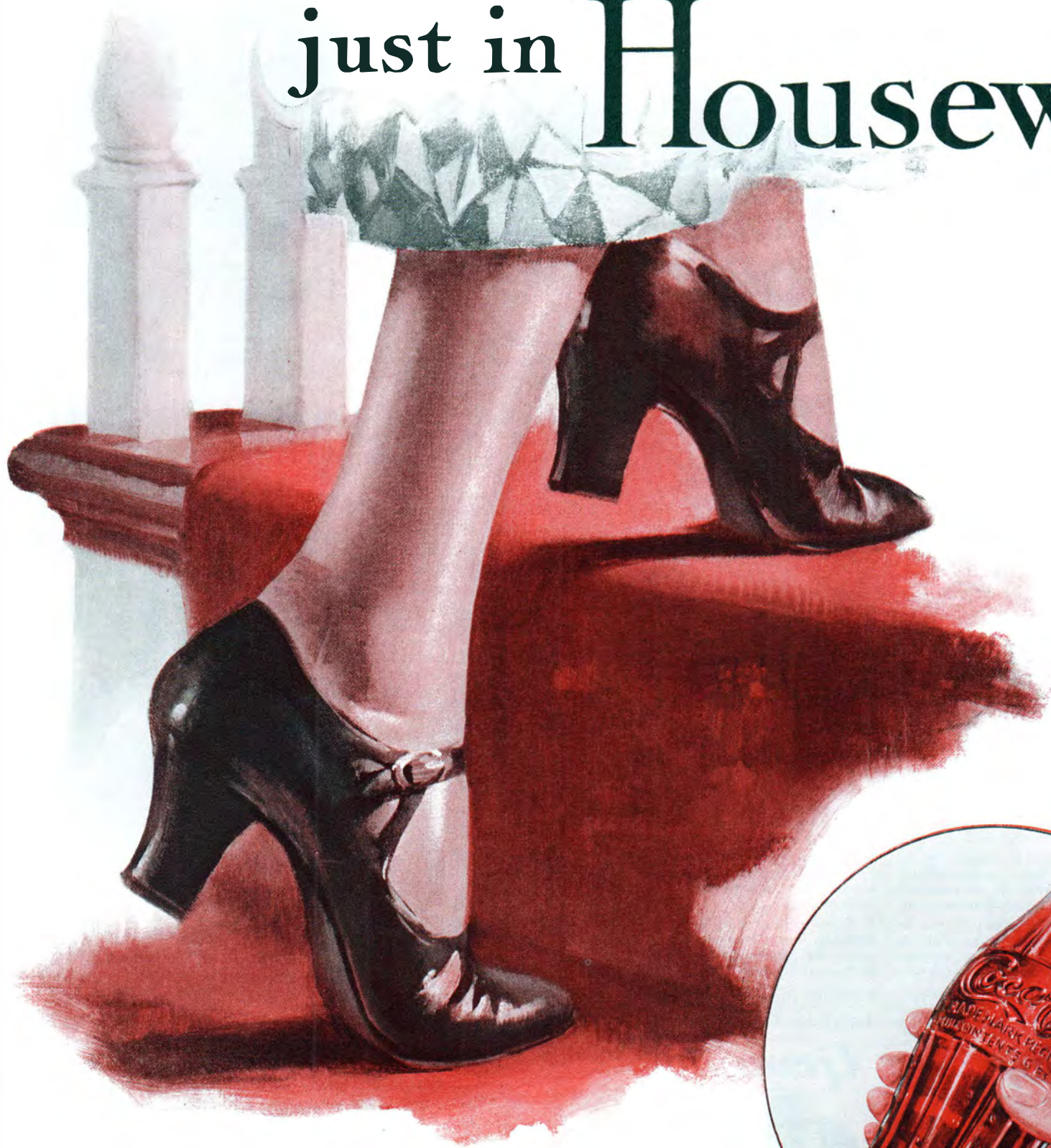
THE MAKE-UP LINE: "Do you like girls to wear red finger nails?" "Do you like my new haircut?"

If your line is all tangled up, let me know. But don't let any line hang you! If you've got a good one, tell it to me. I promise not to give it to anyone in your town.

Here are some booklets that will help to make you click on your very first impression. Send a three-cent stamp to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, for each one you want.

- 533. SUB-DEB'S BOOK OF BEAUTY.
- 598. LET MAKE-UP MAKE YOU OVER.
- 575. CUNNING COIFFURES.
- 574. ETIQUETTE BOOK.
- 1022. HOW TO BE POPULAR.
- 1046. HOW TO MAKE GIRLS LIKE YOU.
- 1058. FROLICKING FEET. How to Dance.

You **W**ALK 8 miles a day just in **H**ousework



Up and down. In and out. Round and round. Eight miles a day just in housework. Of course, you get tired. Pause! Use your head to save your heels. Refresh yourself with an ice-cold bottle of Coca-Cola from your refrigerator, and rebound to normal. • An ice-cold Coca-Cola is more than just a drink. It's a very particular kind of drink — combining those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost scientists say do most in restoring you to your normal self. Really delicious, it invites a pause—the pause that refreshes.

*Pause . . . refresh yourself
Bounce back to normal*

Sister, Can You Spare the Time?

HERE'S the famous fez, chéchia, cossack hat—or what you like—with a bright tassel with wooden-bead dangles. Easy to make of old-fashioned cotton yarn, and easier still, to wear.



WHAT does more for you than the sailor-type hat? Blue yarn run through the crown (you see it's high?) and bring give it decided dash and an air. Pack it, throw it, sit on it—but make it!



BELOW is a cool summer sweater blouse with jaunty club collar, puff sleeves. Unbleached cotton yarn—it looks like twine—crocheted makes a cool blouse for your new summer cotton skirts.



PREPARE for the dog days by knitting a shoulder cape, skirt and beret of cotton yarn. A few dips in the soapsuds, and it's laundered!

YOUR BEACH SET—just natural and colored cotton yarn in a belt, oil-cloth-lined bag and soft leather-soled beach shoes. And just a little of your time, and the set is yours!



WALTER MAYA

Give him BARE-FOOT FREEDOM

Save him from BARE FOOT RISKS

—Turn him loose in cool, comfortable Keds—scientifically designed to promote the natural development of normal, healthy feet.



The World's Most Popular Canvas Shoes—Because of All These Important Keds Features:

- 1 Full breather top. Every square inch of canvas upper open to free ventilation. No rubber cement.
- 2 Perfected health insole. Smooth, non-irritating. Cool and sanitary. Does not absorb perspiration.
- 3 Correctly lasted to fit young, growing feet. Carefully designed to promote free, natural development.
- 4 Can be kept clean by washing with soap and water. Simply drop in your washing machine and dry.
- 5 Selected upper fabrics rigidly tested for strength. High grade materials throughout assure comfort and long wear.
- 6 Pull-proof eyelets. Larger and stronger. Easily, quickly laced to a neat appearance.
- 7 Pressure-applied sole. Never parts from upper. Integral construction assures long service.
- 8 Reinforced at every point of wear. Heavy bumper toe strip. Reinforcing stays at instep, ankle and back.

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Keds

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Directions for making accessories of crochet and knitting cotton are contained in Booklet No. 1069, COTTON YARN ACCESSORIES. Send 10 cents to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for your copy.



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Every home needs 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. It comes in handy for so many things—the children's bumps, bruises and burns. Helps to heal sores, prevent scars. Softens chapped skin; relieves wind and sunburn. Eases head colds, raspy throat. And 'Vaseline' is what the doctor recommends for keeping baby's tender skin from chafing. Get a jar or tube today. You'll really find it the "Handiest Thing in the House."

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100 script lettering \$3.50 including two sets of envelopes
Write for Samples 100 Visiting Cards \$1.00
L. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1048 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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this wonderfully easy way

You can do them yourself so even lace curtains look and hang like new. Try this wonderful invention. "It seems incredible but recently in trying out your sample I washed, starched and ironed four pairs of curtains in less than one quarter of the time usually required, and the reason was that I could iron these starched curtains while still damp and without any sticking or difficulty of any kind."

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THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 681, KEOKUK, IOWA
Your free sample please, also "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch" and "An Expert Teaches Curtain Making."

Business Women in Love

(Continued from Page 6)

with an undercurrent of tolerant amusement.

Mrs. Downes disliked fittings—it bothered her to stand for long upon her tiny arched feet and ankles, too slender to support her weight—so the fittings, all save the final ones, were accomplished upon one of those extraordinary headless figures which some years ago few households went without. Erica loathed those figures. They frightened her. This dated, perhaps, she admitted, from her very early childhood, when once she woke beside her mother in a room filled with moonlight and saw one of those bulging monstrosities casting its decapitated shadow upon the wall.

After Erica went to school things altered for her somewhat. She would come home to luncheon if her mother was at home, or if she was not at home, would take her lunch money to the bakery, where Mr. Schmidt, who had known her since she was born, would serve her hot soup, good fresh bread, glasses of milk and sweet buns in the little room back of the shop, accompanied by laughter and heavy Teutonic teasing and with, more often than not, a little extra treat. But after school, if Mrs. Lambert was out, Erica would always call for her and wait until she was ready to go home.

A WELL-BROUGHT-UP child, Fanny Lambert's customers called Erica. A very sweet child, said Mrs. Downes. A clever child, said her teachers.

Too clever, in a way. Lessons came easily to her, but few of them interested her. History she liked. But her interest centered mostly in the vanished or recurrent fashions of other eras. When she was about fourteen and in high school, she went to the public library and borrowed as many books on costuming as its equipment afforded. Miss Janet, the librarian, impelled by the child's unusual demands, sent to Chicago for others for her.

That Erica had a certain flair for sketching was apparent to the mediocre art teacher at the high school. She despaired, however, of ever making an artist of Erica. Erica was not in the least interested in still life or in the chipped and dusty plaster casts which the cold, makeshift studio afforded. She liked, however, to draw free-handed, funny little sketches, lacking all technic but not lacking in a willful likeness and life of their own. And as time went on and she sat with her mother, evenings, with Mrs. Lambert sewing by the round table, a red-shaded light in its exact middle, Erica would often push her books aside and draw for her own amusement.

"See, mother, this is the way it should go," she would say, pointing to the gown draped upon one of the figures. "If the lines fell this way, instead of that —"

SHE had ideas, and her mother admitted it. More than once, in fear and trembling, Fanny Lambert embodied them, somewhat modified, in her work. She had thought, quite naturally, that Erica, once she was finished with high school, would carry on with her, that they would form perhaps a little partnership of two. But Erica loathed sewing. The mere sight of a needle, of a machine, gave her, she said, the fidgets.

Pins were different. She could take a length of material, drape it and pin it upon the figure, after a fashion sketch or photograph in a magazine, and the thing would come to life at once.

Until she was past eighteen, however, she had no ambition to become a designer. She did not particularly recognize her gift or struggle to develop it.

She was exceptionally pretty at eighteen. The puppy fat had vanished; she was

as slim as a birch tree, with fly-away yellow hair and exceptionally dark blue eyes and a round, sweetly tinted face. She had a sense of humor and justice; she danced beautifully, talked well, listened better; she was moderately athletic and she was in superb health. From the time she was sixteen the front parlor saw less of her evenings. But the back parlor in the old frame house saw a good deal of her and her classmates, and the house shivered with the tap of dancing feet on its floors and echoed to a phonograph. After that, there would be chafing-dish concoctions in the kitchen. And Mrs. Lambert, sewing, would bend her tired, spectacled eyes over her materials and smile faintly.

SHE was not an exacting or possessive mother. If she realized that Erica would doubtless marry early she gave no sign of the tremors the thought cost her. She was afraid of marriage for Erica, because of her own. Yet, she told herself, she and her child were not in the least alike; it was impossible that Erica, with her sturdy common sense, would be betrayed, as Fanny had been, by the glint of sunlight on curly hair, the laughter of gay eyes and the pleading of a weak, rather beautifully mouth. She had watched Erica anxiously from her babyhood, fearing to discover some of Gerry Lambert's qualities in her. None had confronted her, unless Erica had inherited from her father his insatiable zest for life and living.

There were parties, very youthful, very innocent, for the most part. Movies, baseball games, football games, dances, picnics all in their season. Skating and sleigh rides. And, of course, half a dozen boys in various stages of gawkiness seeing Erica home, hanging about, as Mrs. Lambert said, with a not-too-scornful sniff.

When Erica was eighteen and had graduated from high school, the question of earning her livelihood came up. It wasn't, of course, that they couldn't get along. They owned their house; it had been left to Fanny by her people. They would always have enough to eat and blankets to cover them. But taxes were higher and the cost of living higher and, moreover, it was convention in the town that grown unmarried daughters, save those of the very well to do, would "do" something after their schooling was over.

ERICA had no desire to do anything. She essayed a business course and found that pothooks made her head ache. She accepted a position for a short time with her old friend Mr. Schmidt, and having no head for mathematical figures soon found making change a minor tragedy, and at the end of a couple of weeks resigned.

"It's no good," she told her mother, lamplight bright on her spectacular hair, long-fingered hands busy with a scrap of silk and a pair of scissors. "Fritz was sweet about it, but he was delighted to let me go."

Her mother said, after a moment, "There's no hurry; take your time, Erica, until you find what you want to do."

Yet there was need to hurry. Fanny Lambert lied. The hurry was in her own heart, beating in that terrifyingly irregular way. Nights, after Erica slept, Fanny would lie awake, her thin, needle-marked hand pressed over that impatient heart and would make her tragic calculations. What would be left for Erica? The house, a brown frame elephant; the business, which would cease to exist when Fanny did; a little in the savings bank; the insurance.

"What are you doing?" asked Mrs. Lambert presently.

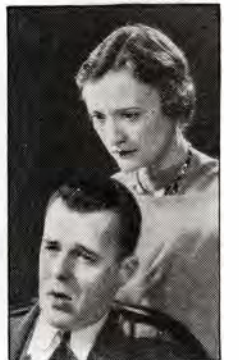
"Dressing Bobinette," said Erica, laughing. Her red lips curled back from her even teeth and (Continued on Page 75)

DRIVE OUT YOUR "ENEMY WITHIN" NATURE'S WAY

But Don't Try to Rid Yourself of Constipation by Using Poisonous Drugs and Cathartics

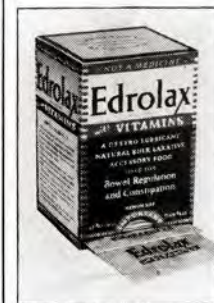
FEW people realize what physicians know so well, the grave dangers of the "Enemy Within"—intestinal delay. You begin with headaches, dizziness, nervousness, indigestion and a general "slowing down". But when the poisons from internal wastes attack heart, kidneys, liver, nerves and brain, your condition becomes really serious.

Yet modern doctors frown on drug laxatives and physics. Many of these are themselves poisons, and by their irritation cause dangerous complications. The modern way is to use the natural drugless supplement to diet known as "Edrolax with Vitamins".



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Rich in Vitamin B—the absence of which from the body often leads to gastro-intestinal ills—and with Vitamins A, E and G to help build and fortify against disease—Edrolax is an accessory to food, not a medicine. It ends forever your slavery to habit-forming, dangerous drugs, laxatives and purgatives. It makes artificial physics entirely unnecessary.

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MERIT IS REWARDED *on a Brookfield Dairy Farm*

A real red letter day for Brooksie and her pals! They're literally tickled to death—and clearly there's good reason for it. But after all, they're *always* feeling jolly down on these sunlit farms. They're *always* pleased and proud about that fine flavored cream which they produce for Swift's Brookfield Butter. ¶ To be near these farms, to get this special cream, Swift has built up a

network of spotless creameries in the choice dairy lands of 24 states. There Brookfield Butter is churned. And this is only the first step. ¶ To protect its first, delicate bloom of flavor, Swift's Brookfield Butter is *Creamery Delivered!* It's whisked straight to your dealer by Swift's *own* fresh food service. ¶ For real new-churned goodness, ask for Swift's Brookfield Butter.

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* For years Swift's Brookfield Butter has been America's largest-selling brand.

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SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD BUTTER

(Continued from Page 73) her eyes were black in the lamplight. She had dressed Bobinette for fourteen years. When things went wrong, when she was puzzled or impatient, she "dressed Bobinette."

Bobinette was a battered wax doll. Mrs. Downes had given it to Erica on her fourth Christmas. She had a chipped, sweet face, and eyes which rolled and rattled alarmingly in her head. She had long lashes and a wig of curly red hair—what was left of it. She wasn't much of a doll, but she had the finest wardrobe any doll ever had. She had clothes and clothes; costumes of all ages, chic clothes, amusing clothes, quaint clothes. Many of these garments Mrs. Lambert had sewed after Erica had cut them out. Some were mere wisps of material which Erica would pin about the pliant little body.

"If you only cared to sew," said Mrs. Lambert, sighing.

BOBINETTE lay resignedly face down on the table. Erica was on her knees by her mother, her hard young arms about the slender waist.

"Oh, I'll make myself like it," she was whispering. After a moment she said, "If I could go away, get into a big shop, where the right clothes are sold, go to art school nights, learn something, learn a lot, come back here, and with you to do the sewing, at first, and me to do the cutting — Later, we could have girls to sew, and you needn't do anything at all."

Thus ambition was born; but as swiftly died.

For the Milton Downeses had a visitor that summer and autumn. He was their nephew, Frank Powell, and he came from New York and went into his uncle's bank for, it was said, experience. Erica saw him first when, one golden afternoon in August, she went up to the Downes house to call for her mother and go with her to supper at the home of her mother's oldest friends, Doctor Anderson and his wife.

She met him before she saw him. Dazzled from the sun, she walked into the square, rather dark hall. And Frank Powell, rushing out to play tennis, literally ran into her. Her blinded eyes saw little save youth, a flash of white teeth, a tall blurred figure. But he saw her.

He did not play tennis that day. They sat and talked on the edge of the artificial pond where she had so often seen her reflected face as a solitary child.

THAT was the beginning. "Prettiest girl," said young Powell, "in three counties." Susceptible, charming, rather unstable, he considered himself heaven's gift to pretty girls. Erica would be, he argued, no exception.

He had a roadster, and he employed it after banking hours. There were movies and parties and picnics, as there had always been, but with a difference. The difference was that Erica was in love.

"She's a very nice girl, Frank," said his aunt warningly, and his uncle grumped in his shaggy mustache and said, "And don't you forget it."

"As if I could!" cried Frank, willfully misunderstanding them.

There was no trace of small-town snobbery in the Downes family. Perhaps the two girls, married now, one living in Baltimore and one in Chicago, would have raised their eyebrows at the thought of Frank Powell giving Erica Lambert what the town called a rush. But the elder Downeses knew Erica. They knew Fanny.

Fanny Lambert came of good stock; none better. Lambert himself had been the last male member of an excellent family, with its roots in the soil on which the town had been built. Erica was as pretty as any girl thereabouts, as well educated as most. A charming girl, and always entrancingly dressed. Her mother, the other girls at the dances said, made all her clothes, and Erica designed them.

So it was without malice aforethought that Mrs. Downes, writing now and then to her sister, Frank's mother, mentioned

Erica. "Frank," wrote Mrs. Downes, "seems quite seriously interested —"

But the Powells had other plans for their only son. "Be very careful," his mother warned his father. "You know how stubborn he is. If he gets an idea that we don't approve —"

So they were very careful; and the letter calling him home to a position in a bank in which his father was a director was a masterpiece.

Standing with Erica that evening, under a frosty November sky, Frank felt her shudder in his arms. He said, trying to see her face in the light which came from the windows of the country-club porch, "You're not crying, are you, Erica? Please don't. Because I'll be back, as soon as I can. I'll tell my people, and I'll come back, and we'll be married —"

She said, doubtfully, for all the sudden rapture which pierced her, "There's mother—I couldn't leave her, Frank."

"You won't have to," he told her, strongly, confidently. "She'll live with us, or we'll find her a little place of her own near by." He bent his dark head and kissed her in a passion of unhappiness at the separation which faced them, and in a passion of hope. "You do love me, don't you? I love you," he told her, in some amazement that what had begun as a light and familiar attraction should have become so important to him.

HE LEFT, a day or so later. Erica was quiet around the brown frame house, starting at the postman's whistle, her eyelids pink and her face suddenly thinner, her mother thought, looking at her anxiously. But the letters came regularly, first from the train, then from New York.

His family, wrote young Powell, amid the usual vows, protestations and endearments, had been "very decent," very understanding. But they thought that he should first establish himself. They felt that both he and Erica were too young to think of marriage, or even of an engagement at present. In a year or two — Meantime he loved her, he would never love anyone else, she was not to forget him, she was to wait —

He wrote the truth, as far as he could see it. His mother and father had listened to his breathless, stammered story. They had put nothing tangible in his way. They were sure that Erica—wasn't that her name?—was a charming girl. Meantime, in view of their mutual youth, wouldn't it be better to wait —

Erica waited. But Fanny Lambert could not wait. About six months after Frank Powell had returned to New York she made a longer and swifter journey. She said, in the dim room, her hand in Erica's cold hand, her tired eyes anxious, "If I could be sure—about you —"

And Erica, looking quickly at the concerned, quiet face of Doctor Anderson, answered, "But you can be sure. Frank and I are going to be married, mother."

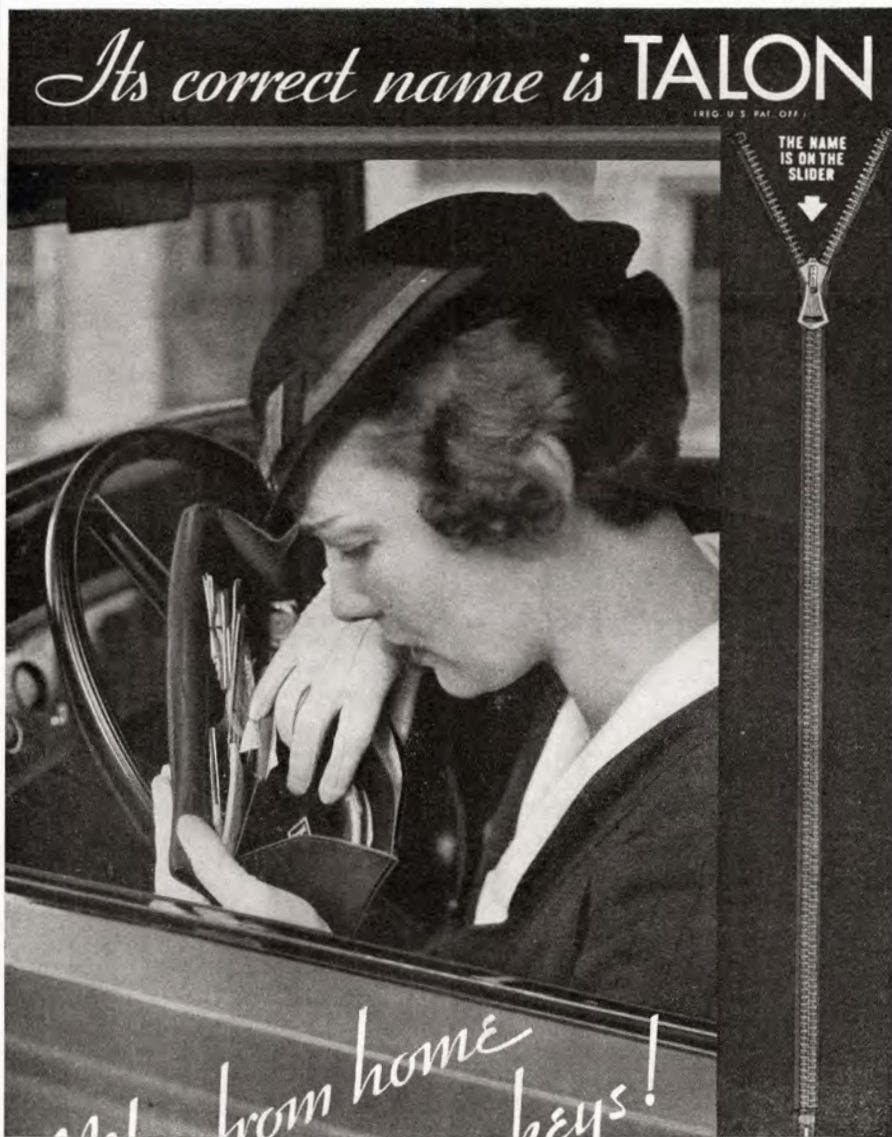
SHE was always glad she had said that, although for some time she had doubted it, bitterly and in tears. For Frank's letters were less and less frequent, and when once she had gone to talk to Mrs. Downes, that gentle lady had said, "I don't know, Erica. Of course, he's very busy, in the new position; and I haven't heard from his mother lately."

But Fanny Lambert died, believing Erica safe.

There were the house and the insurance and the savings. Until she was twenty-one Doctor Anderson would be her guardian. He and his wife took her home with them as soon as the services were over. And after a day or two Erica sat in the doctor's office and looked at him and said, "I can't go on here, Uncle Bill."

He asked, troubled, "But that boy?"
"I—just told her that," Erica explained gallantly enough. "He hasn't—for three months now—spoken about our marriage. People think we're— (Continued on Page 77)

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BECAUSE HER HANDBAG WASN'T TALON FASTENED!

FEVERISHLY SHE SEARCHES EVERY NOOK AND CORNER. BUT THE KEYS ARE GONE! DROPPED OUT OF HER HANDBAG WHILE SHE SHOPPED.

● But this need never happen to you. You need never be so frightened. For today the finest handbags... created by the high style designers both here and abroad... offer the safety protection of the genuine Talon slide fastener.

One easy slide opens your bag quickly. Another slide closes it tight... every essential is safe... guarded against loss.

You'll find handbags in all shapes... all colors... and in all materials with the latest decorative effects—featuring the security and convenience of the Talon fastener at the price you want to pay. You'll see them in windows of all the stores.



LOOK FOR THE NAME TALON



It takes but a second to look, but it's worth it. Not all slide fasteners are genuine Talons. If any bag has not a genuine Talon, look farther. You'll find a smarter bag at the price you want to pay that gives genuine Talon convenience and security. The name Talon on the slider is your assurance of the slide fastener that always works.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA • NEW YORK • BOSTON
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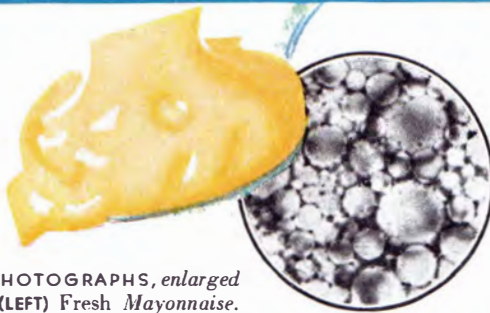
Are you ignoring this difference in flavor?

ONLY IN FRESH
mayonnaise

can true delicacy of flavor be found

NOT QUITE FRESH
mayonnaise

flavor slightly "off." Beginning to go stale



MICROSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS, enlarged 1000 times, show (LEFT) Fresh Mayonnaise. The beads of oil are small and of even size. (RIGHT) Mayonnaise beginning to go stale. The beads have run together, making larger ones. The mayonnaise is partly oxidized

You may not have noticed it—unless you've directly compared them! . . . Strictly fresh mayonnaise—and mayonnaise that's "not quite fresh." Contrast them, and you realize instantly that *only in fresh mayonnaise can you find true delicacy of flavor.* You'll never be satisfied with any but *kitchen-fresh* mayonnaise again!

Kraft *Kitchen-Fresh* Mayonnaise is made in a special way, exclusively Kraft's, and delivered on a unique plan. Perfectly blended by a remarkable new method (called the Kraft Miracle Whip), it is instantly sealed in bottles—untouched throughout by human hands. This method, which achieves exceptional smoothness and delicacy of flavor, was developed by Kraft after years of experiment, and is used only in Kraft kitchens.

Every few days, this new-made mayonnaise is rushed to grocers. You just can't buy a jar that isn't *kitchen-fresh!* Try it. Made by Kraft-Phenix, in mayonnaise kitchens located strategically throughout the United States and Canada.



delivered new-made to grocers every few days!

(Continued from Page 75) engaged. All but the Downses. They're sorry for me. I can't endure that. Other people keep asking—when. There—isn't any when. I've got to get away."

"But where? You needn't," he said, "go anywhere. We're all alone in this big house. You could live with us, help me in the office, perhaps, in little ways."

He looked at her hopefully. Her eyes were wet, but she shook her bright head.

"I can't—it's dear of you, but I can't."

"What will you do?" he asked her.

She'd find work, she told him. Chicago, New York . . . somewhere. There was enough money to keep her, very simply. She'd supplement that. Would he take charge of everything for her, would he sanction her going?

IN THE end he was forced to do so; in the end it was to New York that she went and not to Chicago. All along she had known that it would be New York. It must be a misunderstanding, she told herself, desperately. When Frank saw her again, things would be the same. There was something so dreadful about distance and letters and the preoccupations apart from each other. Women could wait, at the same heart temperature, feeding on memory, on so little. Men couldn't.

Doctor Anderson gave her a letter to a cousin, an older woman, a Miss Gilmore. The cousin met her at the station and carried her out to a little cottage in Great Neck with her until she got her bearings. A spare, brusque, kindly woman, Miss Gilmore, a retired school-teacher. Through her, Erica finally settled in an apartment in town owned by another school-teacher who rented pleasant, if very small, rooms to business women.

She was far from being a business woman. But she was working. Through Miss Gilmore's guidance, she found a position in a ready-made-dress department in one of the better Fifth Avenue shops. Hard, long hours, not very much pay, and she shrank from the selling end and the necessity of telling white lies. "It looks lovely on you, madam," instead of "It's dreadful—line and color all wrong for you, twenty years too young and a lifetime too gay. Can't you see it?" But at least she was seeing good clothes daily, and handling them, and learning cut and line and materials.

SHE waited until she had been in New York six weeks before she let Frank Powell know. She had not written him when her mother died; impossible to set it down, the stark fact, on paper, with this void between them. The conventional response would have been agony to her.

She wrote him, finally, from the little uptown bedroom. And his answer came several days later. He was amazed to find her in town; he was so awfully sorry about her mother; he had been away, and was just back; perhaps they could have dinner together—he'd telephone her.

They dined together. He was different, a little ill at ease, very talkative. He took her to the theater afterward, as if unwilling to be alone with her. She was too tired, too nervous, to sit through it. Before the curtain she asked him, breathlessly, if he would take her home.

She was different. She knew he thought so. Tired, less vital, somehow, all wrong in this setting. And her sudden gestures when her vitality broke through her weariness irritated him. The way she looked at him patently disturbed him.

He wasn't in love with her any more, and she knew it. He hadn't been sure, for some time. Perhaps, he thought, if I see her again? Now he had seen her again; and now he knew. In the dark vestibule of the apartment house he kissed her, more out of compunction than anything else. She knew that too.

Later, she lay face downward on her narrow bed in the school-teacher's flat and tried to adjust herself to this second loss. "We must get together again soon," he had said easily.

They did not, however. And when, some months later, she read of his engagement she was not astonished. It hurt, terrifically. Pride, she told Bobinette, who had made the journey with her and was perched there on a bureau, her wild red wig awry, her staring china eyes serene and blue—"pride, I suppose. I was such a fool. But I don't love him, Bobinette. I'll never love anyone again."

She was just nineteen.

After almost a year in the dress department of the shop she suddenly found herself modeling instead of selling. The shop had put in a custom-made department, and one day when one of the regular models was ill, Erica, because her figure was quite perfect of its kind, was pressed into service. It gave her an opportunity to see smart women, to handle very smart frocks. Now and then someone draped and pinned material about her and she stood there untiring, watching, while the designer explained matters to a prospective customer.

About that time Erica started going to art school at night. Miss Gilmore found the right one for her. She wasn't, she explained, interested in anything outside of fashion designing, but she wanted to learn more about drawing, she wanted to learn to capture upon paper the seductive molding of material to flesh, the clean, classic line, the unexpected, the slightly bizarre or the superbly simple. Six weeks, the buyer in her old department told her, would suffice. But she had a year.

SHE was twenty-one when she was transferred at her own request to the workroom. She had thought that she could cut, that she needed a very brief apprenticeship to round off her knowledge. The slow, slithering separation of material under the guidance of her shears excited and entranced her. She felt as definitely creative as the artist who puts brush to canvas. Delicacy, accuracy, artistry, vision—all these were required. So she remained for six months in the workroom, studying at night, going to the big library, reading books on costume. Bobinette, in those days, emerged in various guises—as a medieval lady, coiffed, and gowned in stiff brocade; as a lady of the First Empire; as Louise of Prussia, high girdled; as a modern flapper in short skirts.

Erica had, of course, made friends. She had, when she could spare the time, a pleasant, comparatively social life of her own. Her closest woman friend, aside from Miss Gilmore, was the buyer in the ready-to-wear department of her store, fortyish, very smart, brisk and good looking, a clever, kindly woman, self-admittedly commercial and a very good friend.

During these years Erica had been home only once, and then briefly, when Mrs. Anderson died. Now Doctor Anderson wrote her that his guardianship was at an end and that she was in full possession of her small principal. Erica, thinking it over, made up her mind. She resigned from her position and took a vacation. When Elsie Fellowes, the buyer, went on her next trip to Paris, Erica went with her.

MISS GILMORE saw them off, as did others—among them Harold McEwan, the advertising head of the shop, whom she had grown to know through Elsie, and who had asked her to marry him perhaps a dozen times in the past year. He was an attractive person, ambitious, brilliant in his particular job, genial and of a dogged persistence which sometimes irritated her but more often moved her to laughter. She was not in love with him, and, so she said, never would be.

She was immune, she thought, and immunity, while a lonely condition, had its compensations. As far as she was concerned, disastrous first love was last love. She said as much to Elsie Fellowes, who laughed at her. "You're nothing," said Elsie with conviction, "but a baby."

Paris was hospitable to Erica Lambert. Through Elsie she had the entrée to the



If she had only known about Wallhide One-day painting

WHenever you find a woman who is preparing for those dreadful decorating days, do her this favor: *Tell her about Wallhide One-day painting!*

Wallhide, you know, is the new Vitolized Oil paint that permits you to hang pictures four hours after the last coat is applied. But *only one coat* of this paint is usually ample for walls that have been painted because it has greater hiding capacity. It will not crack, peel, chip or blister because the Vitolized Oil stays in the paint film.

And what beautiful colors you get in Wallhide—15 of the most attractive petal shades you have ever seen. Wallhide is washable and is supplied in the modern "flat" satiny finish and in a semi-gloss finish for kitchen or bathroom walls. For the woodwork you'll find Waterspar

Quick-Drying Enamel in colors to harmonize with Wallhide. We will gladly send you literature, the name of a dealer and the free Interior Decorators Color Rule described below.

FREE: Interior Decorators Sliding Color Rule



The ability to combine colors artistically is the secret of all successful interior decoration. With this unique *sliding* color rule you can actually see scores of color combinations to guide you in making your rooms and furnishings more attractive. Mail coupon to: Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.—Paint and Varnish Division—Dept. 106, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Name.....
Address.....
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PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY—Paint and Varnish Division—Milwaukee, Wis.

WALLHIDE

The "Vitolized Oil" Paint

Interior Flat • Interior Semi-Gloss • Exterior Primer



New-type handkerchief wins nation!



Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

Disposable Tissues in place of germ-carrying handkerchiefs! No washing—no self-infection . . . Now 25c

KLEENEX literally changed the handkerchief habits of a nation! Today one sees these health tissues everywhere. A new idea, startling, revolutionary—yet thousands instantly recognized the value of a handkerchief that is disposable.

People in every walk of life—doctors, nurses, teachers, office workers—praise Kleenex for its softness, sanitation and economy. Kleenex actually costs less than laundering! . . . costs so little that each tissue may be used one time, then destroyed.

Soft—absorbent—sanitary

Pause one moment to compare Kleenex with the ordinary handkerchief.

Kleenex is soft—positively downy of texture! Absorbent—many times more absorbent than cotton or linen! Always gentle. Always dry—for it's used but once.

Who, having tried this clean, civilized way, could wish to return to the unsanitary handkerchief during colds?—a germ-trap that's used over and over—stored in laundry bags to spread infection—then must be washed.

Many ways to buy Kleenex

Kleenex is available in rolls and packages at 25c; in extra-large tissues; and in the form of finished handkerchiefs known as 'Kerfs'. At drug, dry goods and department stores.

KLEENEX disposable
TISSUES



A handkerchief used during colds should be destroyed! Kleenex made this possible. Though exquisite and cloth-like of texture, Kleenex is amazingly inexpensive.



Two forms of Kleenex are particularly pleasing to men—the extra large size tissue—and the smart, bordered tissue handkerchiefs called 'Kerfs'.



Children especially need the protection Kleenex gives. Their colds are likely to have serious complications—they must be protected from self-infection.

great dressmaking establishments, and when Elsie returned to New York she remained in a Paris workroom. She lived at a small and inexpensive pension, studied, literally, under one of the greatest masters of design of his day, learned enough French to take her safely about her trips of exploration, and amused herself very much until the dramatic cable reached her which told her that her guardian had died, leaving her his entire small estate.

Returning, on the first boat, she walked the decks in the brisk autumn winds and thought of many things. In her hands she held the key to freedom if she had the courage to use it. It was not until the second day out that she met Frank Powell.

Older, of course; better looking, perhaps; more poised, but definitely himself—taking her back, after that first breathless greeting, to a younger Erica, standing tiptoe with expectancy, her face lifted to the stars of a quiet summer night. Their mutual recognition was banal in the extreme, as such things are apt to be. Later he told her that his wife had procured a Paris divorce—amicable enough, of course. He was returning alone.

THERE was something about the self-elected isolation of shipboard which recaptured an old mood for her. He said, watching with her the wild moving blackness of the ocean, "You know, you've grown very lovely, Erica." He said, again, "I was pretty much of a fool —"

Before she landed she knew that with the minimum of effort she could recapture not alone the mood but the man who had created it. She could, if she wished, return home Mrs. Frank Powell, fulfilling a dream which had died long ago, and silencing gossip which had probably died too. She could, if she wished, admit to herself that she had reached a goal for which, primarily, she had come to New York. But for so long Frank Powell had ceased to be that goal.

"It isn't," she told me, "everybody who gets a second chance." She was silent, remembering. She added, "And your dreams come true, if you dream hard enough, if you work toward them. At first, when I came to New York, it was to see him again, touch him, hear him speak, force my emotional claim upon him. When I read of his engagement the bottom dropped out of things; it was as if I swung, with no foothold, over nothingness. I went on working, but always in the back of my mind was the thought, childish, human, that some day, somewhere, I'd see him again; and he'd be sorry."

After a while she repeated, "Yes, dreams do come true. But differently; or too late."

Landing in New York, however, she wasn't yet sure that it was too late. She went West almost immediately, and when Doctor Anderson's estate was settled, she returned and took a very small apartment in an excellent district and called on Elsie Fellowes to advise her, and they went, literally, window shopping together.

THAT was how Bobinette came into being—"Bobinette, Inc.," the little shop on Madison Avenue which later moved into the fifties, right off Fifth, and grew to such astonishing proportions. You remember the doll in the window, don't you—the battered doll with the wild red hair and the amazing clothes? She's always been there, sitting sedately against a petit-point footstool or the curve of an armchair, a length of supple material as background for the red wig, and the clumsy little toeless feet hidden by skirts of angel skin or Rodier wool or cotton lace.

It took time to evolve Bobinette, Inc. And during that time Erica went places and saw things—and people. She went to night clubs and to first nights and to the restaurants of the moment, and if she looked more at the frocks of the other women in audiences or on the stage than into the eyes of her escort, she was properly apologetic about it afterward.

But Frank Powell complained bitterly. "I'm just an accessory," he told her. "Here, look at me, talk to me, think of me, for a moment! Forget your blasted business, can't you?"

But she couldn't. Where originally there had been a man there was now a career. She told Elsie Fellowes that she believed that was almost always the way. You went into a career marking time until love came. Or love came first, and hurt you in some way not too subtle and you substituted for it. Perhaps, after a while, with a few women, the substitution became more important than the hurt and what had caused it.

POWELL was his own master. He could marry when and whom he pleased. He had come into his inheritance from his paternal grandfather, his income was perfectly adequate.

"Give it up," he urged. "Marry me." He must at that time have been desperately in love with her. She was, perhaps, a very little in love with him.

"No, not in love," she told me, looking out of her living-room windows at the sluggish flow of the river. "but the senses remember. And no one had stirred me before Frank Powell came into my life and no one has stirred me since, for more than a magic moment."

Not enough in love, however, to "give it up." She couldn't betray Bobinette, who had taken her through her worst times, with her shaggy flaming head and her curved waxen cheek and her chipped snub nose. Erica, linking her hands under her chin, shook her cropped fair head. There were feathery curls on her forehead and her sober lips were very red. A woman passed the table and said audibly, "That's Bobinette."

She had been a girl in love with a boy. Now she was a woman in love with a business. If it hadn't been for Frank Powell there wouldn't have been any business. During that first awkward encounter of theirs in New York, Erica Lambert died and Bobinette had been born.

I REMEMBER the shop on Madison Avenue and the shop in the fifties. I remember the spring opening at the shop in the fifties, and the preternaturally tall, slim models, the orchestra playing, and the little programs we held in our hands. I remember the women who were there—Park Avenue, Sutton Place, stage, screen. I remember the fluted exclaiming voices and the scent of perfume. I remember Erica in one of her loveliest frocks, the dark excitement of her eyes, the fair hair like a nimbus, and the atmosphere of femininity and relaxation. That was the first time I saw Erica. Elsie Fellowes had taken me there, that evening.

That was several years ago. Bobinette has soared triumphantly through good times and weathered bad. Erica has a larger apartment, and a little place in Westchester. Miss Gilmore lives with her, mothers her, looks after her. She is, she tells me, completely happy.

I don't believe it. The last time I saw her, at dinner, Harold McEwan sat next to her. I saw his eyes—and hers. I think that some day Erica will be completely happy if she can permit Bobinette a rival; or if she can make the delicate adjustment between the two. It's all a question of adjustments nowadays. It used to be simple in comparison. You adjusted yourself to marriage—now you adjust yourself to marriage—and a career. Two differing claims.

That's the story. Perhaps there's a novel in it. I don't know. Yet turning the pages of my notebook I find that all I have written here is set down in a single unadorned sentence: "Tea with Erica Lambert—the story of the dress designer."

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of sketches from the notebook of Faith Baldwin. The next—Carolyn Denny, President, and Carolyn Keating, Wife—will appear in an early issue.

Make your
fight



against **MOTHS** the sure way!
and do it now!

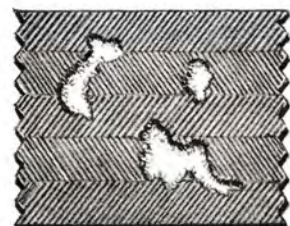
DON'T fight the mothworm with hit-or-miss methods, such as trying to scare him away with bad smelling moth-balls or trying to keep him out by means of bags and boxes. Remember that *mothworms cannot smell* and it doesn't worry them to be sealed up in a bag or box with whole pastures of woolen clothes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

Some Reminiscences

(Continued from Page 11)

with a dash of malevolent political observer. I suggested that as Ohio had gone Democratic it might be well to wait and see what California had done. They laughed me out of court and we went home.

Nick and the others went to bed. But I sat up for the rest of the night, telephoning the newspapers to get the returns as they came in from the coast, and had the malicious pleasure of announcing to Nick and my mother-in-law at breakfast that victory was off, that Wilson was with us for another four years. The campaign out of the way, the years of hesitation and inaction began to draw to a close. Events crowded one another fast.

Mr. Wilson's habit of addressing Congress in person instead of sending his messages to be read was a boon to those Washingtonians who enjoyed flocking to the Capitol to see a "show." On January twenty-second, Nick's office telephoned that the President had arrived at the Capitol and was about to address the Senate on foreign relations. I collected a few friends and dashed up to the Capitol. I enjoyed intensifying the dislike and resentment I felt by hearing him speak rather than waiting to read it in the papers. In that speech he coined the phrase, "peace without victory." We felt that it amounted to nothing more than a continuation of cowardly temporizing. But in ten days he was forced to act.

On January thirty-first, Germany declared for unrestricted submarine warfare. She announced her intention to attack all shipping, prescribed a condemned area. We were to be allowed clearly marked passenger steamers to sail for Falmouth, and to the North Sea via the Scilly Isles. They were of course not to carry contraband. Everything else was to be sunk. Undoubtedly, Wilson's statement of December twentieth had led the Germans to believe that nothing could make him fight. We, too, felt extremely doubtful what his course would be. Obviously, temporizing was over—it became a question of knuckling under, or war.

Breaking Diplomatic Ties

ON THE third of February, President Wilson addressed a joint session of the House and Senate. It was an impressive performance and he bore himself well—though nearly two years too late. He reviewed the Sussex note, pointed out that Germany had declared her intention of going directly against our stipulations, and announced that our ambassador to Berlin would be withdrawn, and that Bernstorff, the German ambassador to the United States, would be given his passports. All relations were severed. He went on to say that he trusted that no "overt act"—overt act was another of his phrases—would bring him before the Houses again, to ask for authority—presumably for war, though that word he refrained from using.

His next appearance at the Capitol was on February twenty-sixth, when he asked Congress for authority to arm merchant ships and an appropriation with which to do so. The speech was disappointing to those of us who wanted action. He spoke of the "anxious patience" of nearly three years. He alluded to "humanity," "women and children," and "those who labor." I was delighted to observe that in spite of full attendance on the floor and packed galleries there was practically no enthusiasm. Everyone felt slumped, let down. His speech seemed by implication to dismiss Congress—give him the power, and leave him to exercise it.

The bill embodying his request passed the House, but the determination to force an extra session was accomplished by a filibuster in the Senate. The night of Saturday, March third, they stayed in session till nine o'clock Sunday morning. Passage of necessary supply bills and other essential legislation was prevented, so an extra session was assured.

Then a month more of waiting, during which we never had any conviction that Wilson would back up his speech of February twenty-sixth by action. His manifest shrinking from war, the indecision that we had learned to expect through the long years of temporizing, kept us on tenterhooks as to what he would eventually do.

Finally, on April second, Congress convened in extra session. That night Wilson appeared before the joint Houses to "advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be, in fact, nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it."

The Roosevelt Volunteers

FOR many months father had been perfecting his plan to raise a division. He had been in communication with men all over the country who wished to serve with him. The day after we broke relations with Germany in February, he had offered the services of this division to the Government. As the weeks passed and we did not declare war, he became more and more exasperated with the delay and procrastination.

On the ninth of April father came to Washington to stay with us, in order to see Wilson and personally request permission to raise and take abroad his division. We felt that a personal interview could not hurt and that there was some faint chance that it might help this plan that meant so much to him. He arrived late that night; Senator Lodge came in to discuss the division, and we heard all the arrangements of the four boys for getting to France as quickly as possible.

The next day the house was overrun with politicians, personal friends and representatives of the press, at breakfast, lunch and dinner, and at all hours in between. Tumulty telephoned to say that the President would see father at noon, so I drove him to the White House and went home to wait to hear what had taken place. He felt that on the whole the interview was satisfactory. Though he was given no assurance that his request would be granted, at least the President did not say no.

Father had said, in assuring Wilson of his support and cooperation, "Mr. President, all that has gone before is as dust on a windy street." To be permitted to raise and serve with that division was indeed his heart's desire.

But the division was not to be. Though the Congress authorized it, and though the demand for it was weighty and widespread, it was not enough to put it over. The President and the Secretary of War, backed by the General Staff, decided against it. Conscription was passed. That policy did not include supplementary volunteer forces.

It was the bitterest sort of blow for father. He did not feel that it interfered

in the slightest degree with the selective draft, and we knew what enthusiasm it aroused in the country, and what spirit it would put into the business of going to war.

Clemenceau wrote Wilson an open letter asking him to send father. In it he said, "He is an idealist, imbued with simple, vital idealism. Hence his influence over the crowd, his prestige. . . . I claim for Roosevelt only what he claims for himself—the right to appear on the battlefield surrounded by his comrades." He ended with the appeal, speaking of the French soldiers—"Send them Roosevelt. I tell you because I know that it will gladden their hearts."

Clemenceau's letter was public evidence of the desire abroad to have father come; but no pleadings, no demands, moved the Administration. Possibly, they merely strengthened the determination not to let him go. It seemed to us that the President's refusal was undoubtedly influenced by political considerations.

One of the leading diversions of Washington that spring was the arrival and entertainment of the missions sent by the Allies. The first to get here was the British, which reached Washington on Sunday, the twenty-second of April. It was headed by Mr. Balfour, with a large delegation of experts and officers.

It was a perfect April afternoon. American and Allied flags waved from the houses along the way, the town turned out—it was a gala day. Preceded by a troop of cavalry, Mr. Balfour drove past, lifting his hat and bowing, with amiability and charm, like a good politician, and then began a series of entertainments for the visitors—such a round of gayety that one wondered how they stood it, with all the hard and difficult work which was the reason of their presence here.

Nick at that time was one of the conference for raising by taxation the colossal sums necessary to carry on the war. He said that his head was "swarming and swimming with figures." Ted came down for a night. He was to leave for Plattsburg the next week, with the rank of major. He said that he would surely go across with the first contingent.

Joffre's Plea for Help

A COUPLE of days later the French arrived, headed by Joffre and Viviani, to stay with Mr. Henry White. Pierre de Chambrun, who was married to Nick's cousin, was a member of the mission.

We first met Mr. Balfour at a reception at the British embassy; two days later, Joffre and Viviani, at the French embassy. That afternoon Joffre spoke at the War College, stating that they hoped we would send troops as soon as possible. The Phillipses had a lunch for him and Viviani, where I mustered enough French to talk with the *maréchal*.

He said that it was imperative for moral effect that troops should be sent at the first possible moment, no matter if only a division, or even ten thousand. He said

that he had so told the President and the Secretary of War. An adherent of the Administration entered the conversation with a bleat about the General Staff not being willing to send men for some time. That did not bother Joffre—he merely repeated what he had said.

On the heels of the departure of the British, the Italian Mission arrived and the parties began all over again. The Prince of Udini was the head of the mission. Marconi was with them, a friend of many years' standing, whom it was a great pleasure to see again.

Nick and I, by that time, were rather fed up with parties for missions and decided to go to Cincinnati for four or five days. The day we left we went to lunch with the Italians, a party of twenty-one men and myself. They were an attractive, intelligent lot, and how they needed supplies from us! They told us that at that time there was coal enough left in Italy to last only three weeks.

The day we got back from Cincinnati, I decided to motor to Bethlehem to meet mother and go to the Bach festival. So off I went that afternoon, taking Tom Spring-Rice and Ronnie Campbell, also of the British embassy, with me. We spent the night in Philadelphia, reaching Bethlehem the next day in time for the first performance. The second day they gave the B Minor Mass—so beautiful, worth any length trip to hear it. They were two lovely, tranquil days, listening to the greatest music.

Sixteen years ago roads were not so good or motors so fast as they are now. Though we left Bethlehem at eight A. M., we did not arrive at my house in Washington until seven-thirty in the evening.

Carrying a Joke Too Far

THE Italians, and as many other guests as the dining room would hold, were coming to dinner at eight. I had to discover who was and who wasn't coming, write the dinner cards, and then hurl myself into evening things.

We had a very pleasant dinner, though we noticed that the Prince of Udini did not look very well; red blotches seemed to be surging to the surface on his face and hands. He said that he felt sure he had a fever, and when he left he looked extremely odd. The next day we heard that he had taken to his bed with an attack of tonsillitis, though we were privately told that it was measles.

Four days passed and he had not yet reappeared. The fifth day after he had dined with us, I found when I came in at teatime an imperative message from Tom Spring-Rice; so I drove over to the British embassy, stopped opposite, and sent in for him. Two friends who were sitting outside in their motor leaped out and dashed across the street. "Such a dreadful thing," they said. "We have heard, positively, that the Prince of Udini has smallpox!" That was what Tom had wanted to tell me. They thought that I ought to know, as I had been sitting beside him while he was breaking out. It had seemed fairly comic that I had motored eleven and a half hours to sit next to someone with measles; and if it was smallpox, that was almost too much of a joke.

Lady Spring-Rice and others in the embassy had already been vaccinated. There was the most ludicrous confusion. One pretty lady, who had strolled in the garden with the prince, was vaccinated within fifteen minutes after she heard the report. I would not believe that it was smallpox and refused to be vaccinated. Of course it turned out that what the unfortunate man really had was either measles or chicken pox. It was merely a misunderstanding of the French name for the disease that started the "terror."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Longworth's next article will continue her observations of America at war.



Canning and Preserving

DON'T run the risk of having your canned or preserved foods mediocre by not having up-to-date information about canning details. Our new booklet will give you directions for canning, preserving and jelly making. It will help you in choosing your materials, in preparing them and in the details of canning processes—open kettle, water bath, oven and pressure cooker. Write to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, for booklet No. 1072. It is ten cents.

Children and doctors agree

BOSCO is BEST



"I like BOSCO best
—in cold milk"
"I've tried others. But Bosco
has such a delicious chocolate
malt flavor, I choose Bosco."



"I like BOSCO best
—in hot milk"
"Give me Bosco every time. It
tastes so good."



Doctors recognize in Bosco not only a distinctive flavor, but digestive, growth-promoting, blood-regenerating qualities that make Bosco-in-Milk ideal as a body-building food—a source of concentrated nutriment that also provides increased energy.

Aids DIGESTION of Milk

Bosco produces softer, flakier curds in the digestion of milk, and thus aids in its digestion.

Increases GROWTH value of Milk by 30%

Bosco adds its own nutriment to milk. And Bosco-in-Milk promotes faster, stronger growth than milk alone.

Makes Milk a real BLOOD-BUILDER

Bosco supplies the lacking iron and makes milk a great aid for building good blood.

If you have been giving your child milk with something added to make him drink milk more readily, you have done well. But why not go farther—give him Bosco-in-Milk? No other food has such taste appeal, with these unique advantages added: Bosco aids digestion of milk. It increases growth value of milk by 30%. It makes milk a real blood-builder.

These are not mere claims, but important facts proven after exhaustive scientific tests by Dr. Philip B. Hawk, noted food chemist. They are possible because Bosco is the only food of its kind treated with enzymes. This means all the finer shades of flavor and aroma distinctive with Bosco are released.

It means that Bosco is actually predigested. No wonder children love Bosco! No wonder it is easily assimilated! Bosco-in-Milk has the vital food elements a growing child needs to develop strong bones, sturdy muscles, steady nerves, good red blood. It is a great builder of strength and energy.

Bosco is refreshing and invigorating for all the family. Delightful ice-cold or hot. Ask your dealer for Bosco. In vacuum glass jars. Our booklet "A Recent Advance in Milk Dietetics" is sent free to doctors and nurses upon request—also to mothers interested in the scientific side of Bosco.

WM. S. SCULL CO., Camden, N. J.
Producers of quality food products for 102 years

Every statement made in this advertisement has been approved by Dr. Philip B. Hawk, noted food chemist and President of the Food Research Laboratories. After three years of experiments with Bosco he comes

to this conclusion: "There is no other food like Bosco—with Bosco's healthful and appealing combination of digestive, nutritive and physical properties."

Philip B. Hawk



BOSCO

3-FOOD DRINK
JUST ADD MILK

Whenever you
use Bosco
—you use milk.

Whenever you
use milk
—use Bosco!

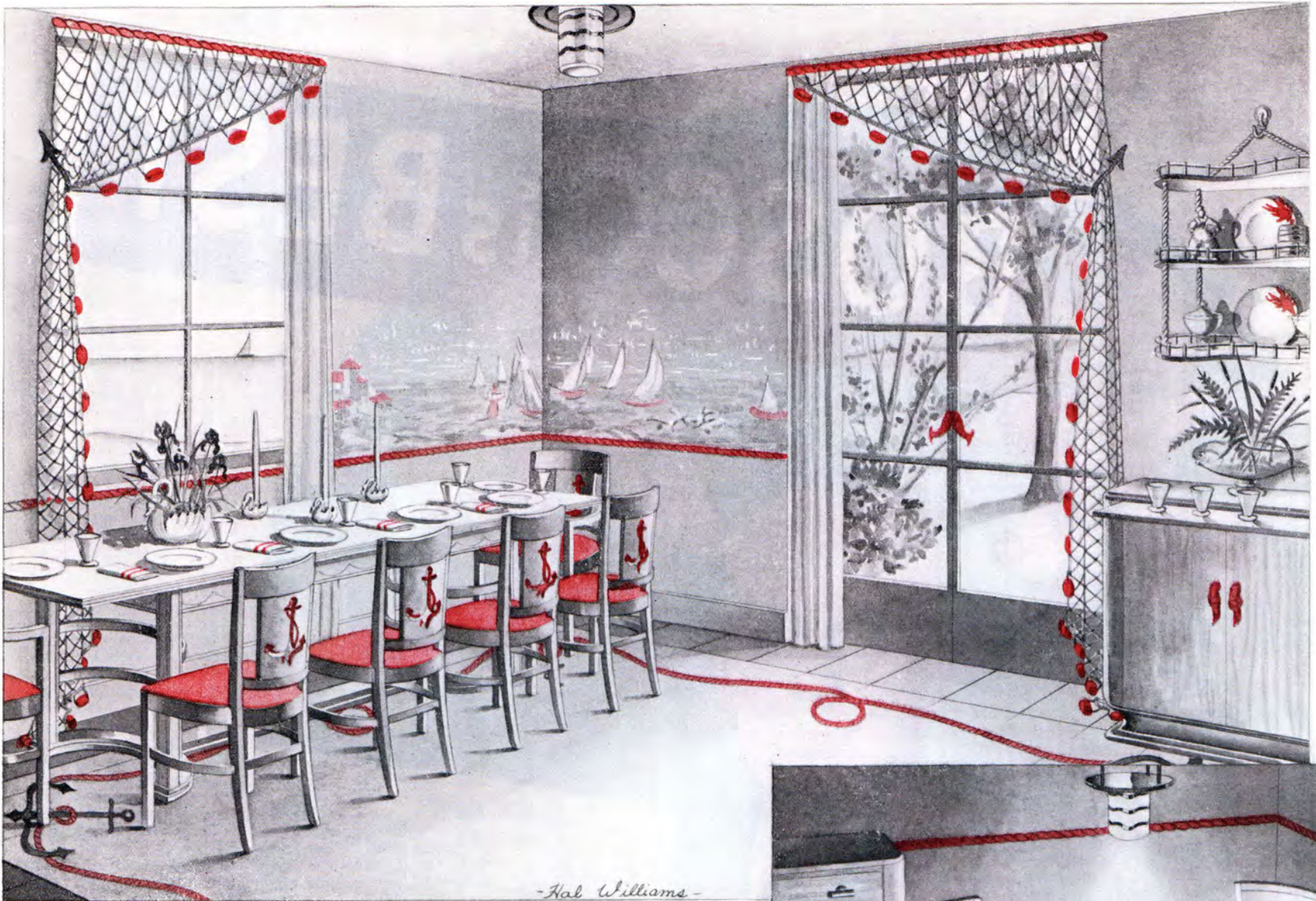
WM. S. SCULL CO., Camden, N.J.

Please send me regular 15c size (6½ oz.) of Bosco.
Enclosed is 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Name

Address

Dealer's Name and Address

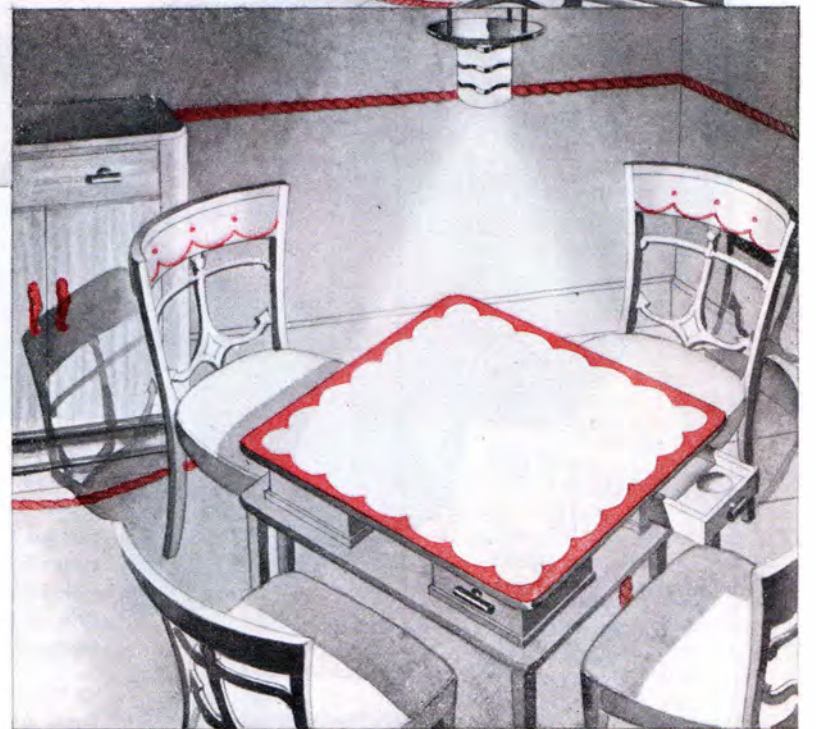


THIS is a room in a house at A Century of Progress, Chicago. A red, blue and green room in a house decorated in those colors, with touches of white and black.

Draperies are made of a seine, with floats painted red. The traverse curtain, of lightweight sailcloth, is tinted Nile green. And a set of low-priced scenic paper in the corner gives all four guests a lovely, colorful view, no matter what the outlook through doors or window. Plain paper, matching the ground of the scenic, covers the other walls.

It's a game room, used for meals—so the refectory-style table is set off-center, to make room for a permanent card-table group. Top of card table is everything-proof, green canvas. The sturdy furniture is gray oak, to match the wide floor planks, and chair backs are decorated in green, with green seats.

The room measures a little less than 11' by 13', and the rug—here, an 8' 6" by 10' 6"—in dark blue with inlaid design of red and light blue-green, may be ordered, at a reasonable figure, to fit any space. Low-priced lighting fixtures, with mirror bases, provide ample, and flattering, illumination, Chicago ducklings bearing gifts of white candles being merely to accentuate further the nautical feeling.



NOTICE the dolphin door handles, and pulls on the chest. The one shown above is for linens, having sliding glass shelves inside. Both it, and the silver chest, which appears to be near the card group, have slides to pull out for additional serving space. Nearly all the furniture in these rooms, the designing of which I directed and supervised, has rounded corners. It is available in stores and shops throughout the country, at such low prices that every one of you can afford to buy it.

In the living room, also, furniture has been made for efficiency—the small desk, placed at a right angle to one big window, serves also as a table for the occasional chair. And that chair I had copied in child's size, which goes to make the room look even more as if a real family could really live in it. One of the end tables for the corner davenport has a radio built in it; and the library table, at the other side of the room, has a trick panel which comes up to serve for the book or magazine of the moment, close beside a great big comfortable barrel-back chair, modernized. Lights are built in the master-bedroom twin beds, and also in the guest-room dressing table. Yes, there are lots of interesting features in the decorating and furnishing of this house.

This is the American Rolling Mill-Ferro Enamel Exhibit House, occupying Lot Three, on the Leif Eriksen Drive, near Home Planning Hall.

A Nautical Room for Games -- and Dining

*Designed by Lois Palmer, Interior
Decoration Editor, for a Modern
Metal House, at the Chicago Fair*

Vitally different!



YOUTH... *by the bowlful!*

Here's a perfectly easy way
to keep yourself feeling
young... and a perfectly
delicious meal in the bargain!

YOU CAN'T help being happy when you feel young! And you can't help feeling young at *any* age when you have your daily supply of the things that *youth* is made of.

What are these vital elements? They parade as proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins, and minerals like calcium and phosphorus. But forget their names! For Nature has put them *all* in whole wheat . . . with just the right amount of bran to keep you regular.

Steam-cooked, then crisp-baked into golden brown biscuits, this rich gift of Nature—whole wheat—becomes Shredded

Wheat, the daily food of millions. Nothing is added to what Nature gave, nothing taken away.

That is why Shredded Wheat is the **VITALLY DIFFERENT** food. It contains *all* the bountiful goodness Nature could crowd into one cereal grain. The thorough cooking bursts every starch cell—makes Shredded Wheat quickly digestible. It is crisp, porous—encourages chewing, invites the quick action of digestive juices. Could anything be more simple, more reasonable—or a greater help to keep you feeling happy, alive, **YOUNG?**

And that's exactly the way thousands say they feel after only ten

days of eating Shredded Wheat. We make no promises. We *do* assure you that Shredded Wheat contains *all* the vital, life-essential elements that have made whole wheat the king of cereal grains. And that for buoyant youth, you need *all* these vital elements *every* day!

Ten days . . . for YOUTH!

Why not treat yourself to Shredded Wheat for at least ten days? Ready-cooked, ready to serve . . . with milk or cream, with fresh or preserved fruit. A "treat," did we say? It's **YOUTH . . . by the bowlful!** And mighty pleasant to your palate, and your pocketbook.



When you see Niagara Falls on the package, you **KNOW** you have Shredded Wheat.

SHREDDED WHEAT

FOR ALL THE FAMILY  ALL THE YEAR

A product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY "Uneda Bakers"

SHEETS

you'll always be

PROUD OF



So Thrifty, Too

How much easier buying sheets would be if you could see them—not only as they are in the store, but as they *will* look two, three, four, five or more years from now! Fortunately, there is an easy way to buy sheets that always stay new-looking. Just look for the Mohawk label.

Mohawk Means Guaranteed Quality

Mohawk quality has been tested and approved by over three generations of particular homemakers. And at present day economy prices, they are even thrifter than before.

Mohawk sheets are made from a specially selected *longer* fibre cotton—closely and firmly woven. That is why they are so sturdy and durable. That is why they come back from hundreds of washings as smooth—soft—and white as the first day you put them into use.

In addition, the distinctive construction of Mohawk sheets makes them remarkably easy to wash and iron. Ask at your favorite department or dry goods store. Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills, Inc., Utica, N. Y. Also makers of Utica Heavy Duty Muslin sheets—and Utica Percalé, the sheets with the feel of silk and the strength of linen.

P. S. For guaranteed long sheets, ask for the Triple Six size—the sheet length that prevents bed clothes pulling out at the bottom or fuzzy blankets rubbing against your face.

MOHAWK sheets

SEND FOR LOVELY DOLL'S SHEET—

Clip coupon and enclose 10¢ for beautiful doll's sheet, daintily hemmed, 12 x 18 inches.

Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills, Inc.
472 Spring St., Utica, New York

I enclose 10¢ for one Mohawk doll's sheet.

Name

Address

The Garden Maker

By CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

JUNE has roses in her teeth and a garland of columbines in her hair, but at that she plays no favorites. This is the month of great good cheer in the garden—peonies, irises, daisies, hydrangeas, violas, globe-flowers, flowering shrubs, rhododendrons, azaleas; flowers everywhere! The air freighted with the incense of myriad perfumes—the days that are so rare, and garden nights rarer still. We are tempted to hesitate in June and revel in the reward we have earned, but if we hesitate too long we shall be engulfed.

For weeds and suckers and mildew and black spot and aphides and Japanese beetles—bugs galore—come in June too. Let's consider the suckers first. Watch your lilacs, roses, raspberries, blackberries, tomatoes—suckers will lay them all low. June is a lush month and things get out of all hand if you neglect the pruning shears or knife. Watch the grapes, the berries, the climbing roses—cut or pinch back to keep within bounds.

Cultivate regularly. It was an old rule that if you kept the weeds out of the garden in June, they wouldn't bother you much the rest of the year. Cultivate to conserve moisture, too, for sometimes droughts come in June, and parched lawns and gardens are never fruitful.

June has another advantage. Now is the time to keep the garden notebook busy, the time to visit other gardens and see what there is in the way of method and plants you might profitably adopt. Now is the time to identify the shrubs and flowers that have puzzled you and get them down in your records. Above all, now is the time to label your garden treasures. Keep a census of doubtful varieties, noting the number of bloom, the beginning and end of blooming periods, summer behavior as to foliage, growth, resistance to pests and disease. In other words, really get to know your garden now, when every aid that Nature can offer is before your eyes.

Annuals must be thinned; if leggy, pinch out the tops to encourage stockier growth. Stake up tomatoes as fast as they grow; keep all ornamental climbers on their supports; tie up dahlias and delphiniums; cut climbing roses back to the ground after blooming—next year's bloom will come on the new canes now shooting up. Do not prune spiræa van Houttei except to cut out dead wood; it is too graceful to spoil.

Keep the lawn cut, rolled and well supplied with plant food; a good application of bone meal will be beneficial in the years to come if applied now; depend upon commercial plant foods for more immediate results. Grass seed should be on hand at all times to touch up bare spots.

Mark the location of Oriental poppies when they are in bloom so that the roots will not be disturbed later when the tops die out. Transplant annuals over the tulip beds, if the tulips are not to be moved this year.

Keep sweet peas, columbines, pansies, violas, pinks, scabiosa—indeed, all quick-growing flowers—picked daily. If they set seed, the plants will cease producing bloom very shortly.

Sharp root pruning will often restore old trees, shrubs and vines to activity. Sometimes they seem to forget their purpose in the garden. Wisterias, fruit trees, old lilacs and the like are often benefited; then, again, they may need a good application of plant food.

Store hotbed and cold-frame sashes—they have now served their purpose—or you will have much loss in breakage. Do your transplanting in late afternoon or on rainy days—even then water the plants well to "settle" soil safely around roots.

Try thinning out your fruit trees in the early stages of development; most apples, pears and peaches set too much fruit in an average season. Prune bunches of grapes the same way, reducing the number of grapes to the bunch down to one-third, and marvel at what happens!

Disbud roses—remove all but the terminal buds—and if the bush is sending out too many blooming stems, cut out some entirely. Pruning is the secret of the florist's success, plus liberal feeding. Cultivate regularly up to time of blooming, then mulch heavily with peat moss, buckwheat hulls, tobacco stems or thoroughly decomposed manure.

Keep the insecticides and fungicides busy! They do no good in the can on the shelf; success in the art of spraying is always based upon nine parts prevention and one part cure.

Many vegetables for late-season use are to be planted in June. Consult the

ECONOMY GARDEN leaflet, No. 1061, offered in these columns last month, for complete list and exact

planting time. The thrift garden will not amount to much if you do not keep up a continual succession of vegetables. Make every square foot of space produce constantly.

Keep the early beans, peas and radishes picked. The main crop of potatoes should be planted now. Put in a succession of sweet corn each two weeks. Watch cabbage for slugs and worms. Keep suckers out of tomatoes and a sharp lookout for tomato worms, which may be hand-picked.

Tender water lilies may now safely be placed in the pools, and it is time to give the hardy water lilies a good feeding of bone meal to keep them blooming. It does not seem necessary to prevent water lilies' setting seed in order to encourage blooming throughout the season, but you must keep up the supply of plant food. Cut water lilies with short stems and float in flat bowls of water for effective use in the house. Water-lily blooms usually open three days in succession, then close permanently—cut just before opening the first day.

June makes us conscious not only of the flowers but of the birds too. We owe



MODERNIZING AND BUILDING DIRECTORY

DOES your community have a Renovize Campaign going on? It should. To renovize is to be smart, and thrifty, especially at this time. Labor costs and material costs are low. The future stability of your property depends upon its continuing to be up to date in both living conveniences and equipment, as well as physical condition. Why not let us, in coöperation with the Department of Commerce, send you free material giving directions how to organize and conduct a Renovize Campaign?

ADVERTISEMENTS

Almost every member of a family likes to have a hand in on the remodeling and modernizing of the home. The JOURNAL Stencil Booklet, number 1027, illustrating eighteen stencils for wall, floor and many other uses, will be sent for 10c. From it you can order stencils.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPT.

(1) LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

Air Conditioning

The Holland Heating, Cooling and Air Conditioning System for the home assures clean healthful warmth in winter—evenly distributed to every room. The indoor air is filtered, washed, properly humidified and scientifically circulated. Indoor air is cooled in summer.

HOLLAND FURNACE COMPANY

(2) Holland, Michigan

Glass and Mirrors

ANNOUNCING

An Improved Quality Glass for windows. Flatter, brighter, clearer, more brilliant. Easier to look through. More attractive to look at. Write today for descriptive pamphlet.

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY

(3) Toledo, Ohio

Insulation and Wall Board

Repairing your cracked walls and ceilings may never again cost so little. Take advantage of today's low labor costs and the economical way Upson Board covers cracked plaster permanently. Upson Board never cracks or falls. Easily installed without muss. Free samples.

THE UPSON COMPANY

(4) Lockport, New York

Painting and Decorating

Get a free copy of our helpful book, on decorating and painting, from any Lowe Brothers dealer—and ask about our home decoration service. For over half a century the Lowe Brothers name has been an accepted guarantee of the highest quality paints.

LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY

(5) Dayton, Ohio

Screens

Look at your old screens. Then find out from us how economical new attractive screens can be. All types. Solid metal, steel, aluminum and bronze. A lifetime of perfect protection. Custom made. Sturdy. Expertly installed. Write for details.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP CO., INC.

(6) Detroit, Mich.

Service Dept.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I would like to receive more information about certain of these products. Please ask the manufacturers whose numbers I have listed below to mail their literature to me. I inclose 3¢ in stamps for each number listed below, unless my order includes number 1, for which I inclose 10¢.

Name

Address

Numbers

For booklets about gardening, see the JOURNAL Reference Library, page 104.

Now only 10¢ for WHITE SHOE DRESSINGS



COLORSHINE White Kid Cleaner keeps white kid shoes *white*, with little effort. Will give high polish or dull finish, as you desire. And for buckskin or cloth shoes use ColorShine White Cloth Cleaner. It cleans perfectly—and does not rub off. Or use the new ColorShine in tube for White Kid, Cloth or Buckskin. Only 10¢ for a big bottle or tube on the hardware counter at the ten-cent store.



SEND POST CARD for my free directions showing how I keep all my shoes smart looking. Address: Irene Marchant, The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Dept. L-6, Baltimore, Md.

**The BEST
at any Price**

10¢

What—never scrub a toilet-bowl? No, never!

SOME people never scrub toilets. Yet they keep them spotless, sparkling, and free from odors and germs! They use Sani-Flush. Even the unseen trap, where a brush can't reach, becomes safe and clean too.

Try Sani-Flush. Sprinkle a bit in the bowl (follow directions on the can)—flush—and you'll never scrub a toilet again! Porcelain gleams. Stains, odors, and germs won't stay where Sani-Flush goes. And it can't harm plumbing.

At grocery, drug and hardware stores, 25c. (Another use for Sani-Flush—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)

Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS
WITHOUT SCOURING



them a debt these days for all the service they render us, especially if we have set about it to attract them to our gardens. We must see to it, when babies come, that they have a fair chance to survive.

Let me repeat, as I have said many times before, *cats and birds do not mix!* If you want birds in your garden—and who doesn't?—you'll never keep them there if cats are allowed to wander around, picking off the young and now and then an occasional adult bird. All your elaborate precautions will come to naught—bird houses and feeding platforms, shrubs with berries—all these things are useless if cats are about. And, by the way, cats are death on goldfish in the lily pool too!

Cut flowers for bouquets early in the morning while the dew is still on them. Small receptacles full of water are better to collect them in than baskets, no matter how swanky those baskets may look; that is, if the flowers are to keep their best. Take to a cool place—the average cellar is satisfactory—and plunge into water up to the blossoms for an hour or two. Cut the flowers before they have become full-blown; and such things as the peony Solange that fade quickly in the sun should be cut in loose bud. Change the water daily, cutting back the stems a bit, and keep out of drafts.

Suggestion to garden clubs this month: Offer prizes to school children who keep the best gardens on vacant lots in your community during the summer vacation. It isn't too late to start; most schools will

not close until the middle or latter part of the month; many things can be planted now. Such a contest will occupy the youngsters during the summer, improve unsightly lots, and arouse an interest in the children for gardening.

June is not only a glorious month and a busy time for the gardener, but it is a distracting month also—so many things to do, so much to admire and talk about, that we are likely to put off the window boxes until it is too late to get the real results from them we should have. Window boxes should be planted as early as possible, before real hot weather sets in, so that the plants are thoroughly established; otherwise, they make a sorry showing and struggle through most of the summer at a distinct disadvantage.

Window boxes should have a larger place in our scheme of gardening, and when I so speak I am thinking of all kinds of containers and receptacles in which flowers and plants may be grown to improve the garden effect. Then, again, so many of you can grow flowers in window and porch boxes who do not have space for a garden elsewhere, so this month we are centering our attention on them.

We have prepared a brief yet comprehensive leaflet which will go forward, upon request, for a three-cent stamp. Just write the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for Leaflet No. 1067, THE CARE OF WINDOW BOXES.



Of course you'll be copied but it's fun to be first

It's fun to make your kitchen so smart and colorful that you sing while you work. Be first to start the modern kitchen idea in your set. Send today for new free portfolio by Della Lutes entitled "Let's fix up the Kitchen." It shows how to enjoy oil stove economy and have a lovely kitchen in gay colors with "working centers" that save steps.

FREE to Every Reader

In addition to the free portfolio, you will receive complete information about the 1933 Florence Oil Range, the range that's swickless and famous for "foc-



used heat," the range that insures good results every time. Your dealer has a style for every need and pocket-book. Just

mail the coupon and your dealer's name for your free copy of "Let's fix up the Kitchen" and a special surprise for the kiddies too.

GAS RANGES TOO!
Improved models
Attractive colors
Quality construction
Moderate prices
© 1933 F. S. Co.



FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY, Dept. L-6
Gardner, Massachusetts

Please send free copy of "Let's fix up the Kitchen"

Name
Address
My dealer's name is

If interested in gas instead of oil stoves check here | |

The Policemen's Ball

(Continued from Page 18)

didn't try to find out whether every Finn in a rattling, ramshackle car was delivering eggs or bottles; and he didn't flash his lights on the back windows of quietly and properly parked automobiles. Sometimes he even helped people through tragedy, for the highway always took part of its upkeep in lives.

But with autumn and lessening traffic and a necessity for government economy, the highway force had been decreased. Olson hadn't fared badly. On the special recommendation of his chief he had been taken on the police force of the nearest city, which needed a few extra men. He was being shifted now from assignment to assignment, according to the need for extra protection in the city, and he was doing well. He had even been told that he might be groomed for a bigger job before long and an inside one, which would mean more salary.

But sometimes the city seemed a little dull to Bernard Olson, after those summer nights which had so much magic and distance in them, when a deer might come bravely to the roadside in the early dawn, and one adventure chased another. He was glad now that the annual police ball used up so much of his extra energy. He didn't mind the work put on him in connection with it, and sold far more than his share of tickets. Besides that work, he was on the floor committee. But he didn't think he'd take a girl. There'd be plenty of them there to choose among.

It was on the next Friday night, when he had been sent out on special duty to reconnoiter a district where a holdup had been reported, that the ice-cream-colored car shot by. It was about seven o'clock and the traffic in the residence district was light at this dinner hour. Still, Olson estimated the speed as more than he approved of, and swung after the cream-enameled car.

"Too fast, lady," he said as he came up beside her and made her stop, "much too fast. You'll have to let them wait for you, I guess."

"Fast?" asked Aileen, as if that were a new word that she'd like to have defined. "It didn't seem fast. I'm sorry."

"I had to go fifty-five to catch up with you."

She looked at his motorcycle. "Do you think you can really trust the speedometers on those things?" she asked.

She evidently asked for information only. He grinned and didn't answer that. He began to tell her what she should know in a fatherly way.

"You don't want to drive like that. Suppose you hit a kid. Suppose a kid runs out in the street before you have time to think. We've had complaints about the driving along here from mothers. You know you ought to think of the way they feel. You might have children of your own some day."

"Now that's an idea," said Aileen thoughtfully; "a very good idea."

He blushed. He was really quite shy and young.

"I ought to give you a ticket," he said more crisply.

It was a cold evening, but the side curtains of Aileen's car were off and her face was framed between the fur of her cap and the fur of her collar. The reflected light from her dashboard showed how tempting a face it was. Even if one had no chance of getting it, one might like to look, as people without money get pleasure from jewelers' windows.

"Oh, please—you don't have to get rid of any more tickets today, do you?" she begged.

"Well, maybe not this time." He hadn't meant to give her one anyway, so he was tolerant. "Say, how about buying a ticket to the Policemen's Ball?"

"Is there going to be a ball?"

"Sure there's going to be a ball."

"Why, I couldn't bear to miss it," she said.

He pulled out the tickets from his pocket. He always had ten or twenty along with him.

"Thursday night. I must remember," said Aileen, looking at them; and then, teasingly, "I wonder—if I bought five of these things would I be tagged so often?"

"I can't promise anything about that," said Bernard. "It might not be so likely. But you better keep your eye on your speedometer just the same."

"I'll take ten," said Aileen.

He looked at her. That was generous. He explained. (Continued on Page 87)



CORN AND TOMATOES—creamed together—a novel flavor combination with a buttery, creamy taste because of the double-rich Pet Milk in the cream sauce. Use the liquid off the canned tomatoes with Pet Milk to make a delicious cocktail. Pet "Memos," Spring Edition, offer both these recipes.



A ready mixed biscuit flour and Pet Milk with an equal part of water added make the most marvelous biscuits. **SHRIMP WIGGLE**, a delicious creamed pea and shrimp mixture (recipe in the two hundred page cookbook, see below) fills these biscuit turnovers.



CREAMED CARROTS—an interesting camouflage which makes this healthful vegetable really attractive—surround and serve as a sauce for the cauliflower. The two hundred page Pet cookbook tells how all of the valuable vitamins and minerals in those carrots are saved by using double-rich Pet Milk.

ARE YOU throwing away a large part of the "goodness" of the vegetables you serve? You certainly are doing so unless you cream your vegetables and soups with double-rich Pet Milk.

An eminent authority on nutrition has said: "Every drop of the water in which vegetables are cooked should be saved, for in many cases it contains almost half as much nourishment as the vegetables themselves."

What has that to do with Pet Milk? Just this! When you cream your vegetables with Pet Milk, you use the cooking water from the vegetables to dilute the double-rich milk. You can't do this with any other kind of milk. With ordinary milk the sauce would be thin and watery if the cooking

water were added to the milk. The Pet Milk sauce is rich and creamy—requires less butter—and has all the fine flavor from the vegetable liquids.

Vitamins, Minerals and Milk Not only do you save the valuable vitamins and minerals which cook out of the vegetables, but you add to the vegetables the additional valuable food substances of whole milk—nature's most nearly perfect food.

Growing children need a quart of milk a day. Adults need at least a pint—better, a quart. There's no way so surely to give them the milk, as to let them eat it. There's no way so surely to get them to eat it, and like it, as through vegetables and soups creamed with double-rich Pet Milk.

Better at Lower Cost Of course, you could use cream! But cream would cost three times as much and not be half so wholesome. More than two-thirds of cream is fat. It is fat, it makes fat. More than two-thirds of the food value of Pet Milk is composed of the bone

and tissue-building substances which build sound bones and teeth and vigorous health—make fitness rather than fatness.

Our 200-page loose-leaf recipe book—700 recipes—will give you many delicious recipes for cream soups and creamed vegetables—for every other dish on your daily menu. There's milk in every one of the 700 recipes. They'll enable you every day to give your family the milk they ought to have—to give them more delicious, as well as, more wholesome food. The price of the book is one dollar. You can save the cost of it every week in the year—by using Pet Milk.

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CONOCO TRAVEL BUREAU

(Continued from Page 85) "It's for a good cause. For the families of members of the force who are sick or laid up. Not a cent of the money's wasted."

"I'm sure of that."

She took the ten tickets and gravely counted out the bills.

"Good night. See you at the ball," she said, "Thursday night. Save me a dance."

"Thanks."

She put the tickets in her purse gravely, but as her tail-light winked down the street—much more slowly—Bernard wondered if she'd been making fun of him. He might have wondered still more if he had heard the talking at dinner at the Moravains' two hours later.

"I'm thinking of entertaining at a large party," she said.

"A large party this year, Aileen? You're crazy."

"A VERY large party.

I have ten tickets to the Policemen's Ball. Who'll go? Will you, Dick?"

"I always go," said Dick. "I haven't missed one in six years."

"You don't go, really!"

"Sure I do. I like that party. It's swell. Good music."

"That's Dick's other life."

"It's one of my lives," said Dick.

"Do you go there to beat up law trade?"

"I go because there are a lot of swell-looking girls," said Dick.

"Well, anything would be better than being snowed in by the depression the way we are. I expect to eat my friends before Easter," said Aileen. "It's so silly not to travel when travel's so cheap. But father says it sets a bad example."

"But you do that anyhow," remarked Myra Frederick.

The conversation, never very much in earnest about the Policemen's Ball, passed carelessly by it.

Bernard was wrong when he imagined that he might have become a permanent laughingstock. He didn't like the thought of that at all. He hoped that he hadn't given that girl the impression that he was going to let her break traffic laws. Because he wasn't.

So when he saw her go past a "Stop" sign and invade a main artery of traffic without a pause on the following Wednesday, he was practically on her tires in a minute. He was still patrolling the residence district, and was finding it monotonous. There'd been no holdups.

"Now what made you

think that was the thing to do?" he asked severely.

She looked at him. "Hello," she said cordially.

"That was a 'Stop' sign."

"I know, but there wasn't anyone in sight. I know this district and its curves like a book. I live right around the corner. I've come through here for years."

"It doesn't matter where you live. This is a public highway."

"I thought," she said, "that you were going to let me alone for a while."

"When you drive according to law, I am."

She couldn't pull that, he thought.

"I think I'll just take your name," he said, "in case this happens again."

"Aileen Harper," she answered, as if that should be quite enough for anyone.

"Harper, you say?"

"It's a fairly well-known name."

She was quickly ashamed of that bit of snobbishness. He had pricked her into it.

"Then it should be known to your credit," said Olson.

He wrote it in his notebook.

"My first name doesn't begin with an E."

"I know how to spell it."

"It happens to be my name. So do I."

"Yes. You told me that. But I've spelled it many a time. It's my mother's name too—Eileen. I think I'll let you off this time, since there was no harm done and the street happened to be empty. But

remember there's a ticket waiting for you when you try that trick again."

His eyes weren't disciplining her, no matter what he said. They said frankly that she delighted the sight. For an unacknowledged second she was flattered, and then thought herself ridiculous. But he was handsome. He looked as if flying the Atlantic and catching a mess of bandits and swimming a mile would be all in one day's work for him. And not tire him.

"Is that all?" she asked. "I hate to leave. But I'll probably see you again soon."

"Wish yourself better luck," he said.

Nothing was happening that night. The city, Aileen decided, was none too slowly petrifying. On Thursday she called up Dick.

"Isn't there something going on? Can't we start something before everyone dies on their feet?"

He considered. "I don't know of anything going on except the Thursday dances out at the Millhouse, and those are rough. Of course there's the Policemen's Ball. That's tonight."

"Oh, grand! I'd forgotten. That's where we'll go. Come over here for dinner first and I'll call up a few others. How about Myra Frederick and Bill? And Hester?"

"FAIR enough," said

Dick; "but you know that ball isn't your kind of party."

"Why do you suppose I want to go?"

More than once in the evening Aileen's dinner guests quite abandoned the idea of the ball. Good music was coming over the radio from a New York orchestra, and they were all happy and having fun enough as they were. Bill Frederick said he certainly didn't want to get in that jam, and Myra, interested at first, had become indifferent by twelve o'clock. It was Aileen who insisted on going. She was wearing her new black-wool dinner dress with chinchilla.

"Dick wants to go," she said.

"I can let it ride for once," answered Dick.

"He'll probably go there later," said someone else. "Dick's the kind of fellow that goes to places like that when he puts the rest of us away for the night."

"Do you, Dick?"

"I'm kind of a light sleeper," said Dick noncommittally.

Her friends became tiresome to Aileen. She could imagine Dick going to all sorts of queer places and saying nothing about it. And here she stayed, on a route all marked and labeled. Dick could look boldly at pretty girls he wouldn't meet in his own crowd and who gave him a thrill—the kind of crazy thrill that Irish-Swede policeman had given her the other day. Why should men have all the fun?

"I'm going to that ball if I go alone," she declared.

"Come along, everybody," said Dick compliantly. "It's really something you'll never see unless you go."

THE ball was in the Auditorium, an immense barren hall sometimes used for drills, sometimes for great public meetings, automobile shows and civic exhibits. Once, when a Vice President had been speaking there, Aileen had gone to hear him because he had been visiting at her father's house. Then they had gone through a little side door kept for officials. But tonight there was no such distinction. They all pushed and crowded through the entrance, where youths were idling negligently and ignoring the dancing, and went past thick clots of girls and men up to a small wooden balcony that overlooked the hall. It was hot and a very thin haze seemed to hang over the dancers.

"You don't want to get in that mob, do you?" Bill Frederick asked Aileen.

"I certainly do."

Almost three thousand people were dancing or surging about the sides of the dance floor. Aileen saw girls who looked like children and (Continued on Page 89)



a Drastic Change made her look more like herself!

NICE eyes, yes. But men took one look at her mouth... and asked themselves what was wrong. *Were her lips common, conspicuous... or simply over-painted?*... Luckily, she settled the question for herself. She gave up her ordinary lipstick. Why? Because she found a lipstick that suffuses the lips with warm, natural color... ending that painted look!

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1 pint Wesson Oil	1 teaspoon each
1 egg	of mustard, salt,
2 tablespoons lemon juice	sugar
or vinegar	Dash of pepper

Mix in a deep bowl the egg, the lemon juice or vinegar, and the seasoning. With a rotary beater beat in well as added—not too much at any one time, especially in the beginning—a pint of Wesson Oil. For smaller quantity use the *egg yolk only* and one half the other ingredients.

WESSON OIL WAFFLES

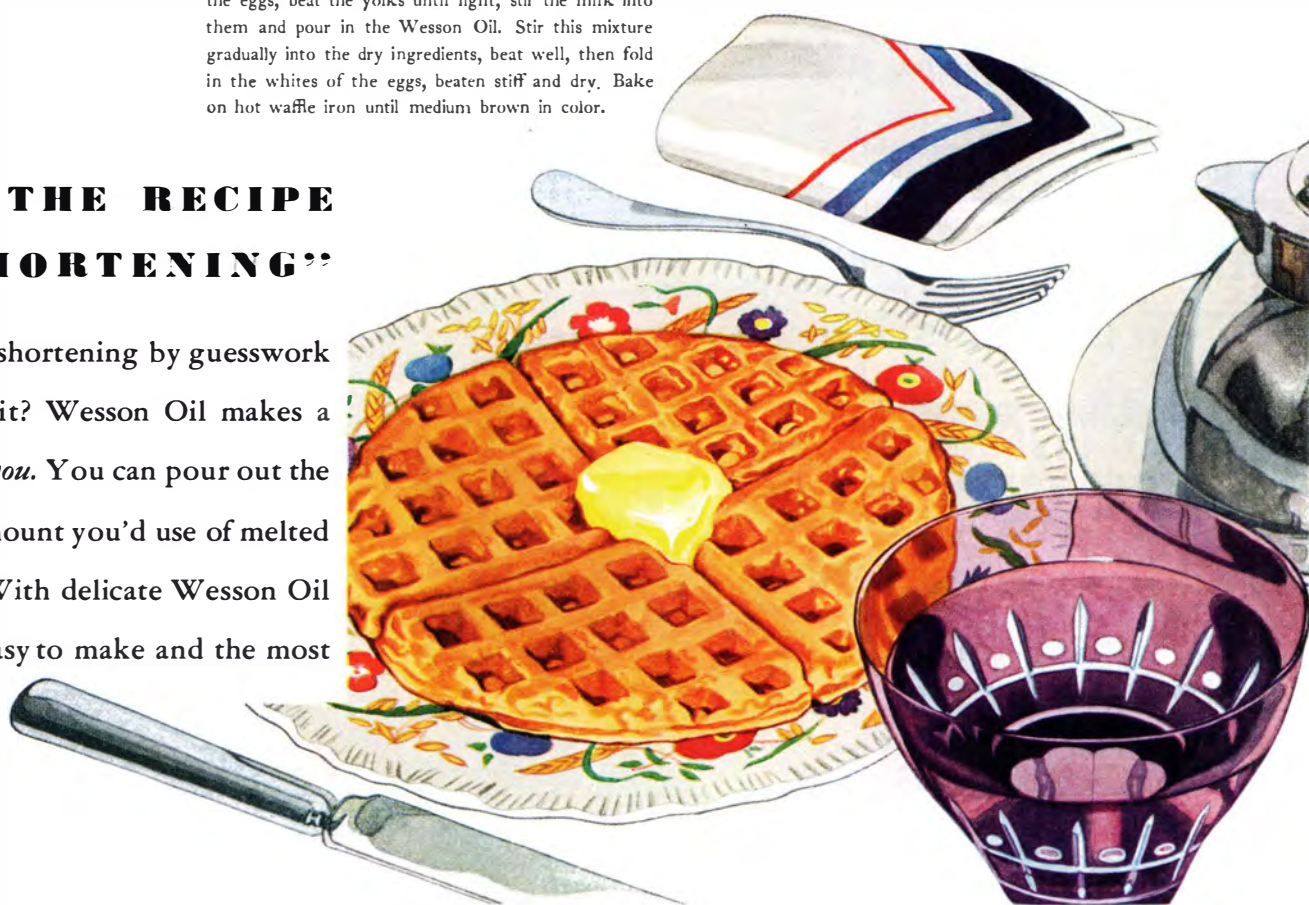
2 cups flour	3 eggs
4 teaspoons baking powder	1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Wesson Oil	1¾ cups milk

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder. Separate the eggs, beat the yolks until light, stir the milk into them and pour in the Wesson Oil. Stir this mixture gradually into the dry ingredients, beat well, then fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff and dry. Bake on hot waffle iron until medium brown in color.



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(Continued from Page 87) women older than her mother. She saw every kind of costume, from a white satin dress with fur, which was a very apt copy of her own five-hundred-dollar model of last season, to sweater-and-skirt outfits. She saw hardly anyone whose name she knew, though a few faces were familiar, as if she had seen them on the street or in shops.

Dick took her downstairs and out on the floor. They moved toward the music, hearing it, guessing at it. They were used to each other's dancing.

"Hello," Dick kept saying to people, "hi, there."

"How do you happen to know so many people, Dick?"

"I DON'T know. I just run into them. Do you want to meet that fellow? He's the Polack heavyweight."

"No, thanks. I'll pick my own favorites."

They danced into a corner where there was a little free space. Aileen shifted her glance from one side to another, and saw Bernard Olson. He was not in uniform. He wore a suit of Oxford gray. His hair was brown and curly.

Aileen was surprised to find out that he was handsomer than she had thought, and quite as big. The uniform hadn't been padded at all. Also, she was surprised that she recognized him with such a feeling of excitement.

He was watching her, but he didn't move. She smiled directly at him. There was no reason why she shouldn't, and why she shouldn't even beckon with her smile. So he pushed a few dozen people easily aside, coming toward her.

"Let me have some of this dance, Mr. Mackail?"

Dick glanced at Aileen. He wasn't sure that scheme was going to do at all, but Aileen treated it as a hoped-for cut-in. She was already turning toward Bernard Olson.

"So you did save me a dance," she said.

In her twenty years Aileen, besides achieving a police record, had also made a reputation for herself as the best dancer at almost any party. She rather expected that the policeman would step on her feet, and was prepared to do a little of the deft guiding that she usually managed when she was caught for a fraction of a dance with an awkward partner. But that was not what happened. Bernard Olson took command of this dance and he did it competently.

THE lights turned lavender and then blue. The music lashed out and then wailed for sympathy. It took a good dancer to keep his partner from being buffeted by the others, and a better one to make a girl enjoy dancing in such a crowd. But Bernard did both things without much trouble.

"It's a grand party," said Aileen.

"Turned out to be pretty good, all right."

"Is everyone in the world here?"

"I didn't think so half an hour ago."

"I quite like you when you're not trying to arrest me for something."

"It's too bad you take such a lot of arresting then. That's my hard luck —"

"Your luck's not so hard," she said provocatively.

She knew what she was doing to him. Aileen was well used to making men who crossed her path think she was the only really important girl in the Western world. But she was not accustomed to the quick thrill this man gave her. She liked him, his strength and ease, his admiring eyes and the respect in them that made even his admiration obey. Thousands of people who meant nothing to her surrounded them, and it was like being in a strange country.

Bill and Hester had left the balcony. They'd probably all gone home, cross. Let them. Let them go where they pleased and stay as long as they liked, for that was what she meant to do. It was a delightful world because it was so crazy.

"I wish I knew you," he said.

"Don't waste time then. Begin to get acquainted. You know my police record anyway. Want to know about my home life? Or my dreams?"

"I know what you must be like, and yet you don't seem that way," Bernard told her, fumbling for expression.

She suddenly thought that some things were ridiculously exaggerated. What a fuss people made about a few years in the proper schools, a bundle of bonds at a bank. If you liked a man, and you could tell about that by the way he made you feel, that was the main thing. One should use the touch system, after all.

In a chink between dancers she saw Dick.

"Who's that with Dick?"

"That girl? Lily Dower. Don't you know her?"

"Should I?"

"She's fairly well known," he said teasingly, giving back her own snobbish phrase, "around this town anyway. She worked in the city information booth this summer, but now I guess she's got some new job."

"She's beautiful," said Aileen, "isn't she?"

"I guess so. That's what they all say. She's a nice girl too."

AILEEN was dark and lovely and she looked as if she had been put together with imagination. But Lily Dower was the unadulterated stuff that beauty choruses and posters and ballets are made of. She was fair. She was pale yellow and clear white with rose color for contrast. She had style in her black satin dress and charm in her dancing, and evidently she knew Dick well. They were having a very good time. Aileen had rarely seen Dick look so interested in a dancing partner. Well, perhaps once or twice. It hadn't taken him long to find what he wanted at this party, once he got here.

She quite lost sight of him, or, perhaps, forgot him.

"What do you do when you're not writing out yellow tickets?" she asked her own partner.

"Sometimes I think about the ones I should write them for," he said.

"Pleasantly?"

"Would it be all right if I did?"

"You're queer. Do you like being a policeman?"

"It's a good job. Better than most. There has to be order in the world. People," said Bernard Olson, "want order. They'd be lost and troubled without it."

"They don't want as much of it as you think. Where do you dance when there isn't a ball?"

"You can usually find a dance somewhere. This summer," he told her, "there was a pavilion at one of the lakes off the highway. When some of us were off duty we'd go over there."

AGAIN Aileen, who had traveled from Cairo to London the year before and danced to famous orchestras in a dozen cities, was stung with jealousy because that one dance pavilion was out of her path. She imagined it as he went on talking. It must be fun. This was fun too. She was glad that Bernard didn't get hot or breathless even in a crowd. He was cool and easy and held her with a strength she had rarely felt, even when dancing with some of the football players who took her to college dances.

The music changed to a familiar tune. All over the whole country, in drawing-rooms or at police balls, people were dancing to this melody tonight. An hour ago in her own drawing-room it had bored Aileen. Now the lights dimmed and a row of rather uncertain electric stars began to blink from the ceiling. Aileen felt more romantic than she had felt dancing on board ship or on a roof garden under real stars. They kept on moving, losing everything but the consciousness of the music and each other. It was delightful to be so completely adrift from everything and everyone familiar. Why shouldn't a

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girl like a man who hadn't gone to Hotchkiss or dawdled through Yale? What had all that to do with the way you felt? Why shouldn't a policeman make love to you, and why not make him fall in love with you? No matter if the incredible happened and you fell in love yourself.

Some of the things in her mind she let him know by a more familiar touch of her hand on his shoulder, by gently softening within the pressure of his arm, by not refusing or denying the look in his eyes.

WAS it half an hour that they danced and clapped for dwindling encores? She saw a clock. It was nearly one o'clock.

The music stopped again, as if exhausted by this terrible human demand on it.

"Where do we go now? I guess Dick's lost," said Aileen.

"The music is only engaged until one. Costs too much money," Olson told her regretfully, "but after that some of the boys are going down to the Velvet Inn."

"Is that any fun?"

"There's a crazy nigger with a fiddle—" "Swell," said Aileen. "I'll fix it up with Dick."

Dick had reappeared after that first dance, but Aileen had told him that she wanted to take care of herself and he had gone again.

"Would you like something to eat?" asked Bernard.

"I'd rather have air. How far away is any of that?"

"There's a door over there that opens on the avenue. Will you be cold?"

"Not tonight."

They passed the refreshment booth, where swarms of people were eating, and then walked past staring youths who did not seem interested in them but only stared from habit at everyone. Aileen wondered what would happen now as they came into the chilled darkness. Other couples were wandering along the dark sidewalk at the back of the building, keeping close together. When Bernard took her arm and kept her warm and close, she liked his natural gesture of possession. Suddenly she wanted to cling, like the rest of the girls.

The others about them were only outlines, hardly real, until among them Aileen saw a familiar back. Only Dick had that languid, seaweed bearing. The lovely Lily was with him again. Aileen saw Dick bend his head and the girl lift hers.

It wasn't the first time Aileen had seen Dick kiss a girl, by any means, but this gave her a quick shock. It was as if some desire in herself recognized what was happening to Dick.

SOMEBODY ought to stop it, she thought. If that girl got hold of Dick, anything might happen. Suppose he married her. Bernard had said that Lily Dower was respectable, but that made it all the worse, of course. Men sometimes married these girls who were lovely looking, and then there were messes that dragged through long years. It would ruin Dick if anything like that happened. He might be crazy about that girl—she was lovely to look at—but she never would do for his wife. She couldn't possibly meet Dick's interests in other ways. She wouldn't know what they were. Dick cared about dogs and sailboats and history—he was always showing you the most ridiculous books—and law. And herself. At least he always had.

"He always would care about me," thought Aileen with conviction, "no matter whom he kisses or marries."

"The music's beginning," said Bernard. "Shall we go back again?"

He only wanted the excuse of the music to touch her. Aileen knew that. She too wanted to be in his arms again. All the more because she knew she must not stay.

"This," she thought, "is the way that Dick feels about that girl, just a little

mad. One should be able to grab an experience like this and run with it." But where?

Bernard Olson smiled proudly down at her.

"It's the last dance here," he said, "but over at the Velvet —"

The tired music stopped and Dick appeared after a moment.

"Pretty swell party," he said. "All set to go, Aileen?"

"I don't think so," she began.

The lovely blond girl pushed past in a tangled crowd. She saw Dick.

"Remember—at the Velvet —" she called to him.

Dick waved at her. "Of course," thought Aileen, "he means to take me home and go back there." But he shouldn't do things like that just because he's bored. Suppose he gets in too deep? Anything could happen tonight. Suppose he agreed to marry that girl, or just went over the state line and married her? He couldn't even make her happy. Dick was too moody, too uncertain—unless you knew how to take him.

The only chance for his happiness was to marry someone who understood him, and you had to know him a long while for that. Even when you knew all about Dick, thought Aileen, he was different from what you supposed. As he was tonight. But she could understand that too. She was like that herself.

"Well, Dick, shall we call it a night?" she asked.

FOR she could make him forget Lily Dower. She could destroy every thought of Lily Dower, even on the way home. If he were sure of her —

"I'll see you later," said Bernard Olson confidently to her.

It wasn't very easy. It would be such fun. It would be more than fun. She wanted it.

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid I can't tonight. But thank you for a good time. It's been"—she paused—"a marvelous success."

And that was what they all said. It was a success. There had never been a better Policemen's Ball. More money had been raised than usual. People had enjoyed themselves more than ever before. The size of the crowd had broken the record for attendance at public balls.

So Bernard Olson's depression was certainly untimely. He should have been cheerful enough, during the next few days.

It was none of Olson's business when young Richard Mackail and the girl to whom his engagement had just been publicly announced swung down the street in his roadster. Dick Mackail was driving and he was obeying all laws. He waved friendly greeting to the policeman. He looked happy to the point of exposure. Aileen smiled too. There was no reason why a fellow like Olson, who was getting on so well and was so popular with the whole force, should have been silent and moody for hours about that. He knew that there was no reason.

BUT he was still low-spirited in the afternoon when he was patrolling one of the shopping districts. A fur store had been robbed the night before and the neighborhood was getting special protection. Bernard saw a cream-colored car with mahogany upholstery parked in front of a hat shop. Half of it carelessly extended on the forbidden yellow line.

It was there when he passed once and still there when he came back. He stopped and drew out a police summons. He wrote the license number down carefully and put a check against the cause of complaint. He wrote slowly as if he wanted to get it exactly right and do his duty adequately. He tore the ticket from his book as if he were doing something important. It seemed to cheer him up. Then he tucked it between the spokes of the steering wheel and went on.

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When Cared For As
Movie Directors Urge!



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It's *care* that makes the eyes of movie players so alluringly clear and bright. Care like that urged by directors of Warner Bros. Pictures, who keep *Murine* always in the studios for use by Joan Blondell, Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, Bebe Daniels, Bette Davis and other famous stars.

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Love's Price; or the \$2.20 Heart

(Continued from Page 15)

aloof and haughty on the surface, but they melt quicker than most, inside—sort of like one of those chocolate bars you bite into and it turns out to be ice cream—but popular older men aren't like that. They're charming and friendly and helpful on the outside, but the more I looked at MacKean, the more I was sure that beneath that velvety surface there beat a heart of granite.

I wondered if my idea on the back porch would work, because whereas the way to get a popular man is to be hard to get yourself, if he doesn't *want* to get you, you can go and turn into a public problem and still he won't care. You can crush a person like Davy under your heel and have him oozing sweetness, but I suspected that with a person like MacKean I would have to take an ax.

"Bit off more than you can chew this time, didn't you, kid?" I heard a voice behind me, and of course there was Jerry, underfoot as usual, coming downstairs. "Or are you already engaged?"

"Listen," I said, rising to my feet and languidly pulling out Jerry's tie, "I'll bet you on him. If I get him, will you give me two dollars and twenty cents?"

"Anything," Jerry said, slapping me in a very disrespectful sort of place, "anything."

THE minute he had gone I dashed down to the telephone and called up Davy. "Listen, Davy," I said, "come over in about ten minutes."

"Hey, what do you think I am," Davy's voice said, very irritated, "the village taxi? Anyway, I saw you all morning. Doncha know I can't give you all my time?"

"If that was a gift," I said coldly, "there must be a depression somewhere. I need a whole lot of help, and will you help me or will I call up Chi or Bob or Bill or —"

"Heck," Davy said, "what kind of a five-alarm fire is this?"

"I'll tell you next time I see you, next month sometime," I said, making banging sounds with the telephone which sounded like me hanging up the receiver.

"Maudie!" Davy howled. "Wait a minute! I'll check in in ten minutes."

I smiled to myself—a maternal smile. "When you get here," I said, "I want you to yell under my window. Then when I don't answer —"

"Hey, what is this, what is this?" Davy said, very mad. "What do you mean, when you don't answer?"

"Then you are to go and yell under Sylvia's window," I went on calmly, "and when I don't answer, you're to open our front door and yell in the hall."

"What am I, babe," Davy said, "the town crier? I suppose then I turn around and pull you out of somebody's derby. Listen, is this a game?"

"No," I said, "it's a drama and you're the menace." And I quietly hung up.

I DASHED upstairs and peeled off my socks and shorts and got out a blue dress I have with a ruffle down the front. Then I fluffed my hair out in the back and tied a ribbon around my head, very naïve. I had just about finished when I heard Davy roar under my window. I peeped out at him, and, would you believe it, for the first time I was struck with the fact that Davy is getting very handsome in a rather lean and hungry-looking way. It gave me quite a shock.

Davy didn't see me, and in a minute he ran and yelled "Maudie!" under Sylvia's window. I went down to the landing and looked through the opening into the library, where people were, some of them, looking out the window to see who was

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A touch of Perstik to the armpits each morning gives effective and *lasting* protection. When you go out for an evening of theatre or dancing, slip Perstik in your purse—Perstik is *easy to use—anywhere—anytime*.

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calling, while others were looking around to see where I was, and practically everybody was remembering having seen me somewhere. If I'd been there I couldn't have caused more excitement.

Pretty soon Davy came banging into the hall and yelled "Maudie!" in a loud, angry voice. I saw everyone jump and laugh and MacKean walked over to the door and said, "Quite a larynx, son," in a voice that made Davy go white under the eyes with rage.

Then Sylvia said, "What do you want, Davy?" and so did Ting and Helen Tyson and Carroll Emery, and Davy kept saying, "I'm looking for Maudie," because naturally he didn't know what he wanted because I hadn't told him. The madder Davy got, the handsomer he got, I noticed, very pleased, and finally just as MacKean said, "You have to have a warrant to search the house, you know," I rushed down the stairs like a breath of spring practically into Davy's clenched fists and we spun out the door, without a look or a word at MacKean, who seemed a little puzzled out of the corner of my eye.

"Listen, biscuit," Davy said, as I steered him down the drive, "I wouldn't make such a mutt of myself for any woman alive if there wasn't a reason. Is there?"

"OF COURSE there is,"

I said. "Jerry has bet me anything I want that I can't snare MacKean Andrews—he was the man talking to you in the doorway."

"Terrible beazle," Davy said sourly. "Who would want him?"

"Nobody," I said, not very truthfully. "It isn't wanting him that matters, it's getting him."

"Well, just get him then," Davy said, "and give him to me. Listen, be your age, Maudie. You can swing a bat in any league around here and knock one over the fence, but you won't get to first with an old guy like that. He's been around."

"So have I," I reminded him. "Don't you worry about me, darling. Just be a sweet and do what I tell you, and if I win we can make Jerry buy us the tickets for the auto races."

"Okay, Babe," Davy said, brightening. "Okay."

Sylvia was having a buffet supper that night and of course I was there in my blue dress and hair ribbon, passing sandwiches and pouring out iced tea. The ushers had all come and there was about ten other men and all the bridesmaids and some girls that were having babies, and their husbands, and Sylvia and Jerry and me and MacKean. He was getting a roll from the bread tray on the piano when I came down, and of course he stopped me with his mind full of the ideas I had put there.

"Hello, hello!" he said. "I began to wonder whether we'd see you again."

"Why?" I asked. "We just went to the movies, that was all." I gave him an innocent smile.

"THAT was a very passionate young man," he said, "and what a voice! He wanted Maudie, there was no question about that."

"Of course he wanted me," I said. "It isn't that way with everyone, but Davy and I—we feel that way about each other. You know how it is." I looked at him pleadingly, and noticed how the gray in his hair made little white lines over his ears in the lamplight. His eyes looked very soft and sort of human.

"Maudie," he said, linking his arm through mine and strolling with me into the hall, "you make me feel my age. I'd almost forgotten people ever got that way about each other. Now that you mention it, I believe I did myself once, about fifteen years ago. It was up in the Adirondacks in a canoe, with a great big moon sailing over our heads and somebody playing music across the lake."

I shook my head scornfully. "That's not the way I feel," I said. "That's just being mushy. Why, I can love Davy in a traffic jam after it's rained on my hat."

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You don't understand at all." And I shook his arm out of mine and ran out on to the porch, where I bumped into someone so hard I banged my head on their jaw. It was Davy.

"Maudie," he said passionately, "I just happened to hear what you just said to that guy—gosh, Maudie —"

"Listen," I said, very provoked, "where is your ticket?"

"Don't be funny, biscuit," Davy said. "I heard you tell that guy you could love me in a traffic jam."

"Well, this isn't a traffic jam," I said. "And what is the matter with the human race anyway? People are getting a perfect epidemic of looking in other people's windows."

"If you mean me, I wasn't looking in your window," Davy said haughtily. "I just brought Ting over here for supper, on my way over to Pauline's. I'm stepping her tonight for a change." He gave me a triumphant look and I smiled sweetly.

"Have a good time," I said, "and tell Pauly I do hope she's a lot better."

Davy looked suspicious. "What's a matter with her?" he said.

"Nothing serious," I said, "just hives. G'by."

"MAUDIE," Sylvia called from inside, "what time did Miss Edgar say they would have those hats done? Helen's gone and cut her hair, the dummy, and I'll bet hers will have to be done over."

"Gosh, I'm sorry, Sylvy," Helen was saying futilely, "I never thought."

"She didn't say," I said, "but I can call her up and find out. She still has tomorrow. She could finish it on Saturday if she had to. The wedding isn't until twelve."

Chairs were piled up against the door to the telephone room, so I went into father's study, wondering how I was ever going to get along without a helpful younger sister like me when I got married.

"What are you doing in here, all by yourself?" I heard a voice say, and there was MacKean again, big as life.

"I'm worrying," I said. "That was Davy on the porch. He heard what I was saying to you, just as if I didn't have enough trouble already."

"I've been talking to Jerry about you already," MacKean said, sitting down on the sofa. "He tells me you have quite a genius for breaking hearts. I suppose Davy is only one of many."

"He's the only one that counts," I said. "Except perhaps yours. It's worth money to me, if I only had time to do something about it."

"This is very interesting," MacKean said, in a tone of voice that convinced me that Jerry, who had no morals, had told him about the bet. "I didn't know my heart was worth anything to anyone."

"It's worth two dollars and twenty cents to me," I said. "The twenty cents is a tax."

MacKean began to laugh. "Maudie," he said, "this is marvelous. I've never heard such an accurate appraisal. Won't you explain?"

"THERE isn't anything to explain," I said, sitting down at the other end of the sofa. "Jerry told me a whole lot about your past and how women always long to possess you —"

"Good Lord!"

"And he bet me I couldn't get you, that's all."

"Well," said MacKean, "but what about the two dollars and twenty cents?"

"Oh, that was if I got you," I said. "Davy and I want to go to the automobile races and that would pay for our tickets."

"I see," he said. "You bet Jerry that you can catch me so that you can take Davy to the races. Very involved."

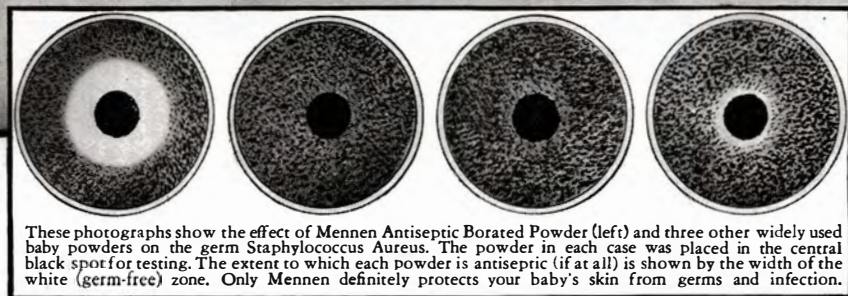
"Too involved. It isn't worth it."

"Who isn't?" MacKean said. "Jerry or Davy or me?"

"The races," I said. "Davy and I can always play tennis or something. The auto



Dare you buy him any other powder.



These photographs show the effect of Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder (left) and three other widely used baby powders on the germ Staphylococcus Aureus. The powder in each case was placed in the central black spot for testing. The extent to which each powder is antiseptic (if at all) is shown by the width of the white (germ-free) zone. Only Mennen definitely protects your baby's skin from germs and infection.

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Kotex, with the New Patented Equalizer, gives 20 to 30% greater protection. The center equalizer not only thickens protection but makes it more adequate, more comfortable — and edges stay dry. An intimate explanation of the new equalizer is given on the direction sheet inside the package.

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Mere rounded ends are not enough. They must be flattened, embossed so that the phantom effect is certain. Kotex—and Kotex only—offers this special shaping, making it possible to wear the closest fitting gown without the slightest revealing line, without even a thought of discomfort or self-consciousness. Those qualities for which Kotex is famous remain unchanged—absorbency, softness, disposability! It can be worn on either side with equal protection. Hospitals put their seal of approval on Kotex. They use over 24 million pads a year.

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- 4—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

rages would be swell though." I felt sort of wistful.

"So you haven't tried to get me at all?" MacKean said. "What a disappointment! Weren't you even tempted, just on general principles?"

"I have no general principles," I said. "Yes, I was tempted, of course."

"Ah," said MacKean, "I feel better. Won't you tell me what it was about me that tempted you?"

"The two dollars and twenty cents," I said. "Mind if I telephone about Helen's hat? She went and cut off her hair."

MISS EDGAR was very wild and excited over the telephone, but finally she said it could be arranged, as they always do. When I finished, MacKean was still there, chuckling.

"I want to ask you a great many things," he said as I got up. "Don't go."

"I'm supposed to be passing sandwiches," I said. "Mother told me I was to be helpful."

"You are," MacKean said, "you're helping me. I'm feeling sort of let down on this business of the bet. Apparently I don't measure up to hearts that lack a cash basis. What is my chief fault?"

"Well," I said, "you can't help it, of course, but you are sort of old and disillusioned compared to Davy. And, anyway, I don't break hearts consciously. They just break."

"How do you know I'm so old?" he said. "The gray hair?"

"Oh, no," I said. "Chi has gray in his hair and he's only nineteen. The reason I think you must be old is because you talk to me as if I was so very young."

"Gosh," MacKean said, "do I?"

"Yes," I said. "And then you called me pretty the minute you saw me. I had on those terrible pants and my sleeves rolled up and my hair was mussed and my face was all sunburned. The boys I know only call a girl pretty if she really is, not because they think she would like to think she is when she knows she isn't."

MacKean smoothed the back of his hair while shaking his head. "I've made a hideous first impression, I can see," he said. "You frighten me, Maudie. Can't I do anything to square things? There are a few good apples on this old tree really. Give me another chance." He looked up at me with a smile that would raise most people's blood pressure.

"I wish I had that two-twenty," I said. "We none of us ever have any money the end of June. Davy spent all his fixing the car, so we could go, only we didn't know about the tickets. There's one thing you could do —" I stopped and he said:

"Check. What is it?"

"Could you just go through the motions of having a broken heart—just enough to convince Jerry? Or are you the kind that will go and tell him?"

MacKean put his head back on the sofa and laughed.

"A complete double cross," he said. "Certainly I won't tell him. My only kick is that I haven't to put on this act all by myself. You haven't really lifted a finger, you know."

"I know," I said, "but the real reason is because I'm so busy managing Davy that I don't get a chance to think much about anyone else." (That was to lull him into feeling perfectly safe with me.)

"Of course," MacKean started to say, but just that minute Connie Duveyn and Jerry and those two Sellers boys that I can never tell apart came bursting in the door. Jerry gave me a teasing look, which I returned, and Connie said:

"Sorry to break in on this cozy party, but we're calling the roll for one last fling for the bride and groom. Who wants to go to Willow Grove?"

"I do," I said. "There's one horse on the merry-go-round there that knows me."

"If Maudie wants to go, so do I." MacKean said, getting up. Carroll looked in the window and waved.

"Sylvia's calling you from upstairs, Jerry," she said. "She says something about plates."

"How will we divide up?" Connie said, looking dreamily at MacKean, but it didn't work.

"In another minute I'm going to do the most outrageous thing," Carroll said. "I'm going to rush the best man. I have a weakness for young men with gray hair." Carroll has sort of knock-down-and-drag-out tactics.

"My hair is turning gray from worry," the other Sellers boy said, helping Ting, who had just come in with Helen, into her coat. "Can I be your weakness, Carroll?"

"You couldn't pay me to ride with MacKean," Helen said loudly. "He's a wild driver."

MacKean just laughed and said, "Helen, you flatter the car. At any rate, I can take three, one with me and two in the rumble. Who besides Maudie wants to go?" He winked at me and I winked back to assure him I understood it was all in fun.

WELL, if looks could have burned I would have been a crisp, but of course everyone acted very noncommittal. Sylvia and Jerry came down from the wedding-present room and we all went out to the cars parked in the drive.

"Maudie!" Sylvia said. "Bread-and-butter plates at last! From Mrs. Felton, the divine soul."

In the end, Ting and Charlie Lee went in our rumble. I didn't know it was Charlie Lee until MacKean told me, as there were four ushers I didn't know and he was one of them.

"I hope I get a chance to speak to him later on," I said as MacKean got in beside me.

"Why?" he said. "Any special attraction?"

"Yes," I said. "He sent Sylvia a coffin stool. If a person (Continued on Page 96)

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Kellogg removes 97% of the caffeine. A new process. None of the flavor is lost.

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KAFFEE-HAG
Coffee

(Continued from Page 94) must think of the future I should think they would choose something with a happy thought connected with it. I could think up quite a few presents for a bride that would suggest a radiant future."

"So could I," MacKean said with a quizzical smile, and of course we were both thinking of a kiddie coop. People always are when there is a bride around.

We drove very fast until we came to the York Road, where there were a great many other cars with mused, contented-looking people in them, just out for a ride and not going anywhere. There was a little wind shaking the leaves and the sky was very pale and peaceful, making you feel peaceful just to look at it. People were rocking on their front porches and sprinklers were whirling around on everybody's front lawn, and every so often a light would go on somewhere. I would have been perfectly happy to go riding on through the whole summer, but before I knew it, there was the sky suddenly decorated with chains and wheels of lights, with music beating out from somewhere, and people climbing out of cars in the parking field.

When we got to the place where you ride around in little cars, bumping into each other and laughing, Helen tried to get MacKean to ride with her, and so did Carroll, and so did Connie, and even Sylvia tried, but MacKean said: "Wherever Maudie goes, I go, too," looking very calm at everybody.

JERRY helped me in and said, "What is all this, siren?" in my ear, but I just gave him a cold look. Then we went over to a high slide—a terribly scary-looking slide.

"I won't go down," I said, as we crowded past people to the platform where you get a little piece of carpet to sit on. "It looks perfectly awful." For some reason I always get slide fright.

"Don't be silly, Maudie," Sylvia said, sitting down at the top of the slide, "it's lots of fun—just like flying. Don't you start till I get halfway down, Jerry. You might run over me."

"Come on, Maudie," Charlie said, "be a sport."

"It's only a slide, dumb-bell," Carroll said.

"I can't help it," I said, very apologetic. "I'll just watch you all."

MacKean got a piece of carpet and sat down on it. He smiled up at me.

"Coming with me?" he said, and before I could decide he lifted me down in front of him and put one arm around me. I don't weigh much, and I lost what weight I have just from fright as we practically fell into space.

"Want to do it again?" MacKean said, as we stopped sliding.

"No," I said, "but I'll have to go back up to the top a minute."

"What for?" he said, not beginning to get up.

"I left my stomach up there," I said. MacKean suddenly hugged me with the arm that was still around me.

"Maudie," he said, "you're priceless." "It seems wrong," I said, "when you are only worth two dollars and twenty cents."

We climbed out on to the floor and I saw some hot dogs across the road which I hurried over to, on account of I love hot dogs just pleasantly raw, the way they have them at Willow Grove. I heard Sylvia say, "MacKean!" and then, "Don't do it. She's only a kid. It isn't fair," and I smiled to myself. Anybody that wants to put anything over on me has to get up yesterday.

THERE was something different about MacKean, I began to notice. He kept looking at me with that soft, human look and trying to hold my hand as well as my arm, only each time he tried he would turn out to be just holding my hot dog.

"Maudie," he said, after a while, "you aren't giving me a chance to act my part."

"You don't have to now," I said. "Jerry went on with Sylvia and the rest. We can just be ourselves."

"Why, yes, that's so," he said and his voice sounded sort of disappointed. We walked along in silence while I daintily munched my dog and MacKean ate sticky popcorn with one hand and steered me over to a bench near where the band was playing, with the other.

"Sit down," he said, "and be nice to me. Aren't you the least bit interested in me as a person, you little gold digger?"

I sat up very straight. "I'm not a gold digger," I said. "I can pay you back for that hot dog out of my allowance. Of course I'm interested in you as a person. Human nature always interests me."

"Don't hedge," he said. "You think of me as a ticket to the automobile races, and nothing else, don't you?"

"Two tickets," I said.

MacKean clenched his fists over his head. "Girl, have you no soul?" he said. "Or are you riding me? Have some respect for my gray hairs, please."

I ran my finger over the gray above his right ear. "I like them," I said.

Helen jumped into MacKean's car when we got ready to come home and was very cute about refusing to move. Charlie and I sat in the rumble and sang all the way. He knows a swell song that begins:

*Oh, the President went to Princeton
And the Governor went to Yale
And the Cabinet came from Notre Dame,
But the Senators go to jail.*

All the next day presents came and people called up, and mother rushed around talking (Continued on Page 98)



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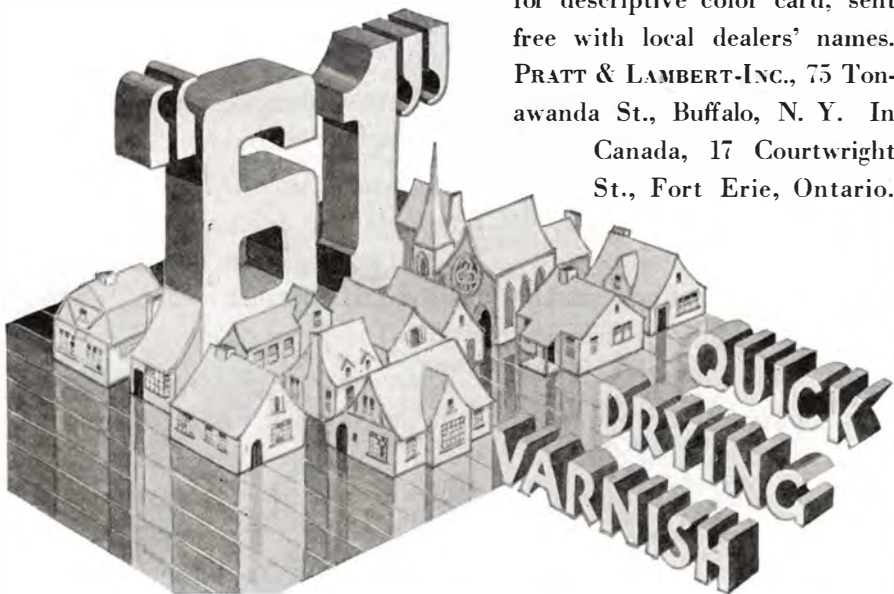
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(Continued from Page 96) to caterers and florists, and father and Silas carried things and opened things. Sylvia looked very pale and excited and I was really the only calm person in the family, my idea being that people wouldn't have gotten married for the last two thousand years if it wasn't a perfectly normal thing to do.

I have never been so sort of uplifted, though, as I was on Sylvia's wedding day. There was a kind of holy excitement about it all, with mother and father and Sylvia and me being very sweet and tender with each other and everybody asking everybody else what time it was every few minutes in a casual tone of voice, as though they were just interested in having good, accurate clocks around, that was all.

SYLVIA began to dress at eleven o'clock, and every single thing she put on was brand new, even her shirt. She had twelve garters on one leg which people had given her to wear for good luck—that is, good luck for them, which meant getting a man of course, and while she was waving her hair I sewed them all together thinking how ghastly it would be if they fell off going down the aisle.

"Don't stick me, Maudie," Sylvia said. "I'm scared to death I'll burn my ear."

"I won't," I said. "Do you feel awful queer, Sylvia?"

"All hollow," Sylvia said. "I'll bet I won't have any voice when I have to say 'I do.'"

"Never mind," I said, "I'll say it for you if you give out."

"Sylvia, dear," mother said, coming in with Sylvia's veil held up high and the end of it over her other arm, "Miss Edgar is here to fix your veil. Maudie, you'd better get dressed."

My dress was a dream—all yellow and slithery with long full sleeves and a high nunlike neck, and a wide hat tipped over my right eye with a lot of brim standing up in the back. I was just admiring myself when in came Ting and Helen and Carroll looking better than I would have believed possible in darling yellow creations and armloads of snapdragons and larkspur and yellow roses. Helen's hat was a little cockeyed in the back where Miss Edgar took the piece out, but I didn't tell her so—I was feeling too mellow.

"MAUDIE, you look cute," Carroll said. "Doesn't she look cute, Ting?"

Ting smiled at me. I still love Ting very much.

"A great girl," she said. "Your father wants us all downstairs. Oh, Sylvia!"

Sylvia came floating in, all veil and satin train and starry eyes. Her bouquet simply dripped lilies of the valley, and she looked like such a complete bride that I could hardly believe it was Sylvia.

"Come on, girls," she said. "It is ten of twelve and any minute I might weaken."

Mother smiled in at us from the hall, looking really marvelous in one of those mother-of-the-bride costumes that I never thought I would live to see her wear.

"Pull your hat down in the front, Carroll," she said. "Girls, you look lovely."

The organ was playing when we got to the church and the ushers were rushing up and down the aisle with people while we lined up in the vestibule. The church seemed to be full of people that I never saw before, so that I began to wonder if this was the right church.

"For goodness' sake, let's keep together," Connie whispered to everybody. "Last night Helen and Carroll looked as though they were going to a fire."

We must have looked very artistic coming down the aisle, for everyone smiled mistily at us and at each other and made little shaking motions with their heads. I saw Davy halfway down, and he gave me a very intense look. He might have been thinking of me in a bridal way, but I guess it was just the tickets. By the chance

steps Jerry and MacKean were standing, looking very handsome and dominant.

Oh, it was all so wonderful! When Sylvia said: "I, Sylvia, take thee, Jerome," with the sun shining through the window on her veil, I made a resolution I would never do another bad thing as long as I live. I felt so holy I nearly suffocated.

I didn't think much about MacKean until we got outside and everyone began getting into cars. MacKean steered me across the drive to where his car was parked.

"You ride with me, lady," he said. "I'll take care of your frills."

"I'll get in," I said, "and then you give me my flowers. Everything about me can muss awful easy."

For the second time I climbed in, and we started off in the direction that most of the cars weren't going.

"Tomorrow," MacKean began, "I'm going away. Ever since I met you —"

"Day before yesterday," I added helpfully.

"Day before yesterday," he said. "I've been doing you a favor, haven't I?"

"I'll let you know," I said, "when and if I collect from Jerry."

"YOU'LL collect all right," he said. "I was talking to Jerry last night at the club. The point is this: Do I or don't I get anything out of this?" He gave me that soft, human look.

"Yes," I said, "you get the knowledge of a deed well done."

He laughed. "Horrible thought," he said. "I feel like a public monument."

"That's where I got that," I confessed. "Under General Grant."

"Good heavens!" he said. "Do I suggest him at all?"

"He's a statue," I said, "and you look real. Are you?"

Instead of answering, he stopped the car suddenly and put his arm around me.

"Don't try to stop me," he said. "I'm going to kiss you."

"Is it necessary?" I said coldly, sitting up very stiff.

"It isn't because it's necessary," he said, "it's because I want to. What would you say if I told you that I really have fallen for you, in deadly earnest and without misgivings?"

"It wouldn't surprise me a bit," I said, leaning back casually with my life in my hands. "Practically all men say that to me some time or other."

"Good Lord," MacKean said, sinking back in his corner of the seat. "Maudie, my girl, you must have a soul of iron."

"Not of iron," I said, giving him my most charming smile; "just stainless steel."

Jerry sent me the money for the tickets from Manchester, where he and Sylvia went on their honeymoon, and Davy and I had a marvy time at the races. We screamed so loud I was hoarse for six days. It wasn't till Jerry got back that I got a chance to really gloat over him, and it was much more fun because I had a letter from MacKean to show him.

"I STILL don't see how you did it," Jerry said as we sat at Sunday breakfast waiting for other people to wake up. "That bird is absolutely immune, I tell you."

"Well," I said, "he really did it himself. I just got him to go through the motions for fun and pretty soon he meant it. You know how it is. Like when you pretend the dark is full of ghosts, and pretty soon you really are scared. I figured it was the only way to get a person who was too blasé to start from natural causes."

"Maudie," Jerry said, pouring out his coffee, "did you ever hear of the James-Lange theory?"

"No," I said, "who's he?"

"Never mind," Jerry said. "Do you know, two great psychologists devoted their entire lives to discovering that truth that you've spouted so nonchalantly?"

"How dumb," I said, buttering my muffin. "Why didn't they just ask some girl?"



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Summer Salads

Carrot, Pepper, Coconut Salad

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| ¾ Cupful of Fresh Grated Coconut | ¾ Cupful of Grated Young Carrots |
| ½ Cupful of Finely Shredded Green Pepper | ¼ Cupful of French Dressing |
| | 6 Lettuce Cups |

FROM across the Pacific Ocean came the idea for this unique combination in a colorful salad. Sprinkle carrots and pepper generously with the dressing. Arrange in lettuce cups on individual salad plates, separate mounds of each, carrot, pepper and coconut. More dressing, if desired, may be served with the salad.

Armenian Salad

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2 Tomatoes, Cut in Eighths | 12 English Walnut Meats |
| 1 Cucumber, Peeled | ½ Cupful of Vinegar |
| 6 Red Radishes | 3 Tablespoonfuls of Salad Oil |
| 2 Celery Hearts | 1 Teaspoonful of Salt |
| 6 Black Olives | |

FROM across the Atlantic Ocean was brought this novel idea of a salad accompaniment for the poultry course. The cucumber, radishes, celery, olives and nut meats are diced and then mixed with the tomatoes in a large salad bowl. Add the salt, vinegar and oil and mix lightly but well with the vegetables.

Canton Ginger Salad

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 2 Tablespoonfuls of Gelatin | ¼ Cupful of Lemon Juice |
| ½ Cupful of Cold Water | 2 Cupfuls of Ginger Ale |
| 1 Cupful of Boiling Water | 2 Cupfuls of Grapefruit Sections |
| ½ Teaspoonful of Salt | 1 Cupful of Orange Sections |
| ½ Cupful of Sugar | ½ Cupful of Shredded Crystallized Ginger |

THIS unusual salad in individual molds is especially appropriate with almond finger biscuits to serve at an afternoon bridge party. After the gelatin has been softened in cold water, dissolve it with the salt and sugar in the boiling water. After the mixture has cooled somewhat, add the lemon juice and ginger ale. While it is setting to a thick heavy sirup, rinse the individual molds with cold water. If desired, wee fancy shapes may be cut from the orange rind and placed with the yellow side out in the bottom of each mold. Fold grapefruit, orange and ginger carefully into the gelatin, and mold. Unmold on lettuce and serve with whipped-cream dressing.

Accent each serving with grated candied ginger or orange rind. The thin crisp rice wafers may be substituted for the almond finger biscuits.

July Vegetable Salad

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 6 Tomatoes | ¼ Cupful of Mild Vinegar |
| 1 Cucumber, Unpeeled, Sliced | 3 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar |
| ¼ Cupful of Onion, Mincéd | ½ Teaspoonful of Salt |
| 1 Cupful of Shredded Cabbage | 1 Teaspoonful of Celery Seed |
| 1 Green Pepper, Mincéd | ½ Teaspoonful of White Pepper |
| | 2 Tablespoonfuls of Water |

FOR the dressing dissolve sugar and salt in vinegar and water, add celery seed, white pepper. Combine onion, shredded cabbage and green pepper with some of the dressing. Arrange individual salad plates with lettuce and on each of these place some of the cabbage mixture.

On this put whole tomato split in fifths. In between each section of tomato, tuck slices of cucumber, and pour over each salad some of the dressing. Serve with hot corn sticks. An equal quantity of bean sprouts, well marinated, may be used in place of cabbage.

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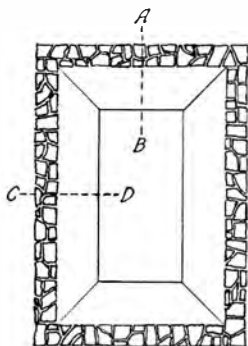
A New Way to Build Lily Pools

By **ROMAINE B. WARE**

FEW there are who do not long for a water garden, be it ever so small. A half barrel will do for a start, but soon the joy derived from a tiny pool will whet the appetite for a larger one. Here they are faced with the barrier of costs. A pool built of concrete is highly desirable but often beyond the reach of the average amateur gardener who hesitates to tackle the job of building one for permanent use himself.

However, there is a method of building a good-sized lily pool at comparatively low cost. Better still, it may be built with the help of merely common labor by most anyone willing to follow directions. The principal materials are tarred felt, liquid coal tar, roofing paper and liquid roofing cement. This may sound like a pipe dream, but if done right the pool will not only hold water and soil for growing lilies but the freezing and thawing of winter will not harm it.

At the end of this article are lists of all the tools and materials needed to build a pool measuring eight by twelve feet, two feet deep. Prices vary greatly for materials, but if reasonable care is used in purchasing they may be had for much less than fifty dollars; in fact, the catalogue



Plan of 8' x 12' pool 2 feet deep.

section of the yard should be inclosed with a fence; otherwise the dogs of the neighborhood will find the pool a most inviting place for bathing.

The pool may be of various shapes, either regular or irregular. Material suggested here is much easier to shape irregularly than concrete, which requires forms. The simplest pool is rectangular. In size it may be as large as your space and purse will permit. Eight-by-twelve-foot water surface will accommodate

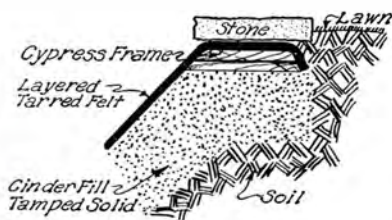
three or four lilies, which when in full bloom have several dozen flowers open at one time. Truly a gorgeous picture. Pools may be round or square, rectangular or oval. Some very artistic ones have been built kidney shaped.

Excavation

AFTER the location is chosen we must know the nature of the subsoil. If clay, special care must be used to insure drainage. In sand or gravel this is not so important. We will imagine our soil is average garden loam with a clay subsoil. In order to provide good drainage excavate six inches deeper than the finished depth of the pool and place a six-inch layer of cinders beneath and around the pool. As it is desirable to have the surface of the water about three inches below the lawn level, add this three inches and the six inches for the cinders to the two-foot depth of the pool, making two feet, nine inches to excavate.

After excavating to the required depth and shape put in the cinders. They must be thoroughly wet and tamped or packed as hard as possible. This packing should be done with a tamping tool. Be sure that the cinders have been packed solid and that their surface is smooth and even. This is very important. When the cinders are packed firmly in place, the inside of the excavation should have the same shape the finished pool will have. It will be similar in shape to an old-fashioned rectangular vegetable dish. A compact base is imperative.

With the excavation completed and the cinders packed in, we are ready to make and put in place the wooden framework for the upper edge of the pool. This is made of two thicknesses of one-by-ten-inch



prices of one dealer in these materials show they may be purchased for less than half that much. Most of the tools will be already at hand.

Construction

THE pool is built of eight layers of tarred felt and roofing paper reinforced by chicken wire. The upper or outer edge, to which the layers of felt are attached in shaping the pool, is made of wood, pecky cypress preferred, though other woods may be used. When completed you will have a water-tight bowl strong enough to hold the soil and water and yet sufficiently flexible to withstand the freezing and thawing of winter. As designed here with sloping sides, ice may form without harm; in fact, it is recommended that water be left in during the winter months, even though it may freeze solid.

In a brief way I will outline the method of construction. The first thing to consider is the location. Lilies, to thrive, need full sunlight at least two-thirds of the day. In the average level city lot the pool may be placed most anywhere, but being an important feature of the garden its location should be carefully considered in relation to other features. Where a lot has two or more levels a pool would naturally be at the lowest level. The artistic success of your pool will depend largely upon its location, surroundings and background. In the rear-lawn area, the outdoor living room is the best place and of course this



Section showing layers.

rough boards. The very best wood for this purpose is called pecky cypress. This wood never rots. It may be purchased in most sections of the country, as it is used in greenhouse construction and for building hotbeds and cold frames. The upper edges should be beveled after the corners and other joints are fitted. The beveling is easily done with a sharp hatchet, as the work does not need to be perfectly smooth.

Nail the frame together securely with galvanized nails and clinch them. Nails made of nonrusting iron heavily galvanized are the best if they can be found. Be careful to place this wood frame at the right

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depth, three inches below the soil surface, and see that it is perfectly level.

The next part of the work is placing the layers of tarred felt. This material handles best in warm weather. Begin each layer



Section "A-B" and "C-D," showing slope of walls. See figure at top of page 100.

by placing a strip of the tarred felt lengthwise through the center of the pool. The felt should lie flat to the surface of the packed cinders and extend up and over the wooden framework to the outer edge, as shown in the sketch.

Add strip after strip of the felt out from this center one, lapping each about six inches and using liquid coal tar liberally between each lap. Use great care at the corners and angles, lapping carefully, cutting and fitting smoothly. The coal tar will work best if it is warm.

When you have one complete layer in, start the next one in the center as before, working out from each side, spreading the tar liberally between each lap and layer. Where you need to step on the layers of the felt, lay down some pieces of board at least one by two feet. To the under side of which has been tacked a folded burlap sack.

As soon as the felt layers are all in and set, this precaution will not be necessary. The felt and roofing paper will have enormous strength when completed. Stagger the laps to keep the thickness as even as possible.

Reinforcing

AFTER three complete layers are in place the reinforcing of chicken wire comes next. Begin this at the upper edge, running the wire lengthwise around the slope and securely fastening it to the wood framework with one-and-a-half-inch staples. Have the outer edge of the wire come about the middle of the wood frame. With tin shears or cutting pliers cut and fit the strips of wire to the shape of the pool. Do this carefully so that the wire may lie flat to the felt. Using ordinary stove wire, lace the pieces of wire together. The best chicken wire for reinforcing is of one-inch mesh, thirty inches wide. Wider than this is difficult to handle and to fit in the corners.

With the wire all fitted and laced together, start another layer of the tarred felt, beginning in the center and working out as before, making six-inch laps and using plenty of the liquid coal tar between each lap and layer. Be sure there is good contact between layers. A tool of wood like a tamping tool, well padded with burlap, is the best thing for pressing them together. When you have three complete layers done, you will have altogether six layers of the felt with the wire in the center, all cemented into one slab with tar. When this has hardened it will be a solid though slightly flexible mass. Experience in the past has shown that pools so constructed are exceptionally serviceable and long-lived. With ordinary care they last for years. The essential requirement is care in placing the materials together.

Next proceed the same way, adding two complete layers of smooth-surface roofing felt. At the laps and between layers use asbestos-fiber liquid roof coating. Start the first strip lengthwise through the center of the pool as before. Do not use roofing with a crushed-stone surface, as it will not make good joints. When the last layer of the felt is in place, apply to the entire surface of the pool three coats of the liquid

roof coating, brushing it well in, allowing each coat to dry seventy-two hours before applying the next. The last coating may be dashed with sand to cover the surface.

Seventy-two hours after the last coating is applied the pool is ready for the soil, water and planting. Lilies need very rich soil. Their natural habitat is in the centuries-old muck of ponds, so for growing good lilies in our pools rich food in the shape of manure must be provided. In preparing our pool for the lilies, first place a layer of sod all over the bottom of the pool; on this place a two-inch layer of well-rotted cow manure. Then add eight inches of the best compost you can get. The richer it is in leaf mold and humus the better. This makes about a one-foot depth of soil and there is left about a foot for water. An inch of sand may be placed as the last thing to make a clean surface. Plant your lily roots or water plants and fill with water, using garden hose.

Materials

SHOULD you ever be so unfortunate as to break a hole through the pool it may be repaired very easily. Simply clean off a space a foot larger all round the hole and repair it with half a dozen layers of the roofing paper, using the liquid roofing cement liberally. The success of the pool will depend upon how carefully you do your work and follow directions. Packing the cinders hard, leaving them with a smooth, even surface for supporting the layers of felt, is important. Great pains should be taken to see that the various layers make good contact with each other and with the reinforcing wire. If the work is done right the whole mass of eight layers and the wire will be as one slab, having enormous strength, but still being slightly flexible.

You may wonder about draining the water out of the pool. If built no larger than eight by twelve feet sewer connections are hardly necessary. It takes but a short time to bail the water out with a bucket and needs doing only once or twice a year. Water in a pool which contains growing vegetation will stay fresh indefinitely. Additional water need be supplied only as it evaporates. Placing half a dozen goldfish in the pool will take care of all the mosquito larvae. The fish will require no care or attention.

The surroundings of the pool have much to do with the artistic effect. A pool in the lawn area needs a rather formal coping of stone or cement and should have little planting around it. Naturalistic pools need backgrounds of shrubbery, and the edges should be concealed by irregular groupings of rocks and planted as naturally as possible. Avoid all formality and formal plants with naturalistic pools. In planning and planting a pool the gardener has great opportunity to express creative ability. Building a pool by this method is simple and inexpensive.

LIST OF TOOLS NEEDED

Shovel.
Tamping tool, wood or iron.
Long-handled roofing brush.
Bucket.
Hatchet—sharp.
Tin shears.
Cutting pliers.

LIST OF MATERIALS FOR 8'x12' POOL

4 Pieces 1"x10"x9' pecky cypress.
4 Pieces 1"x10"x13' pecky cypress.
4 Rolls tarred felt—250 square feet each.
3 Rolls heavy roofing felt—smooth surface, 108 square feet each.
5 Gallons liquid coal tar.
5 Gallons asbestos-fiber liquid roof coating.
70 Running feet, 30-inch wide, 1-inch mesh chicken wire.
3 Cubic yards cinders.
Nails, staples and stove wire.

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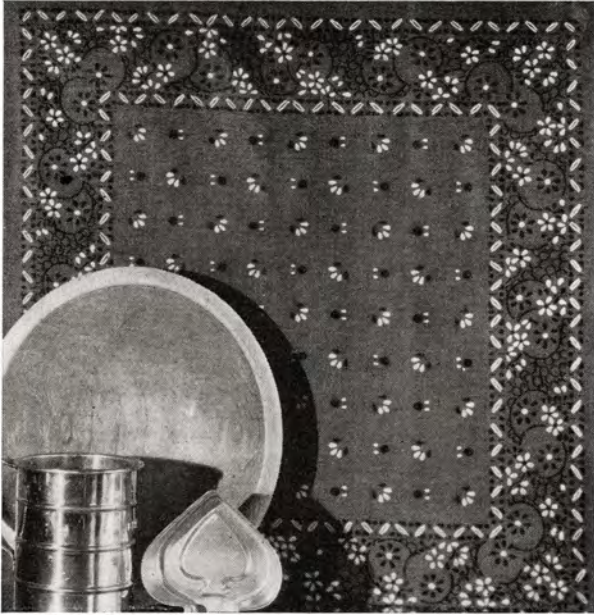
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL

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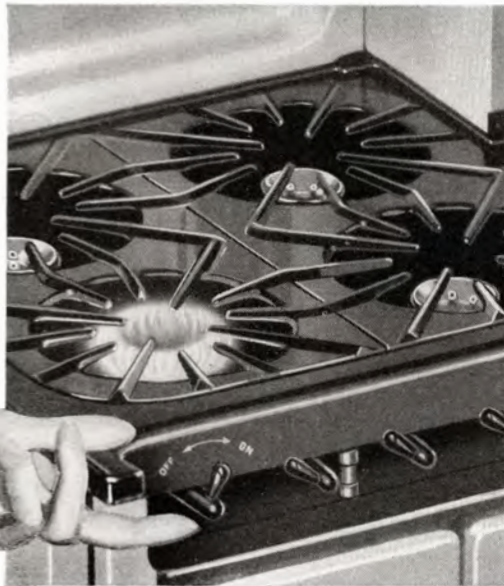
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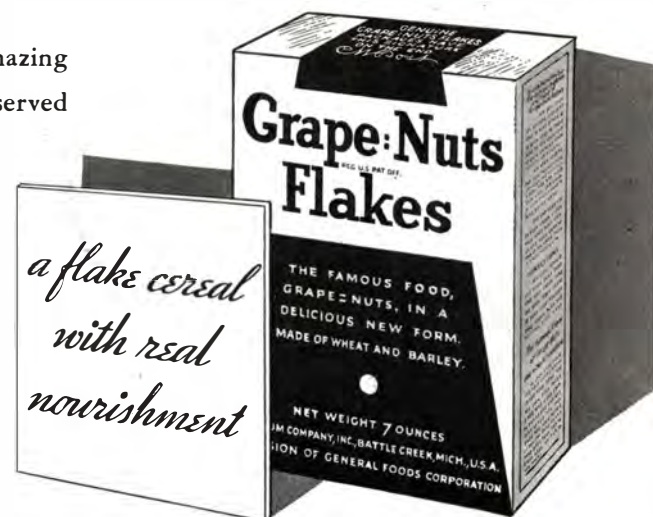
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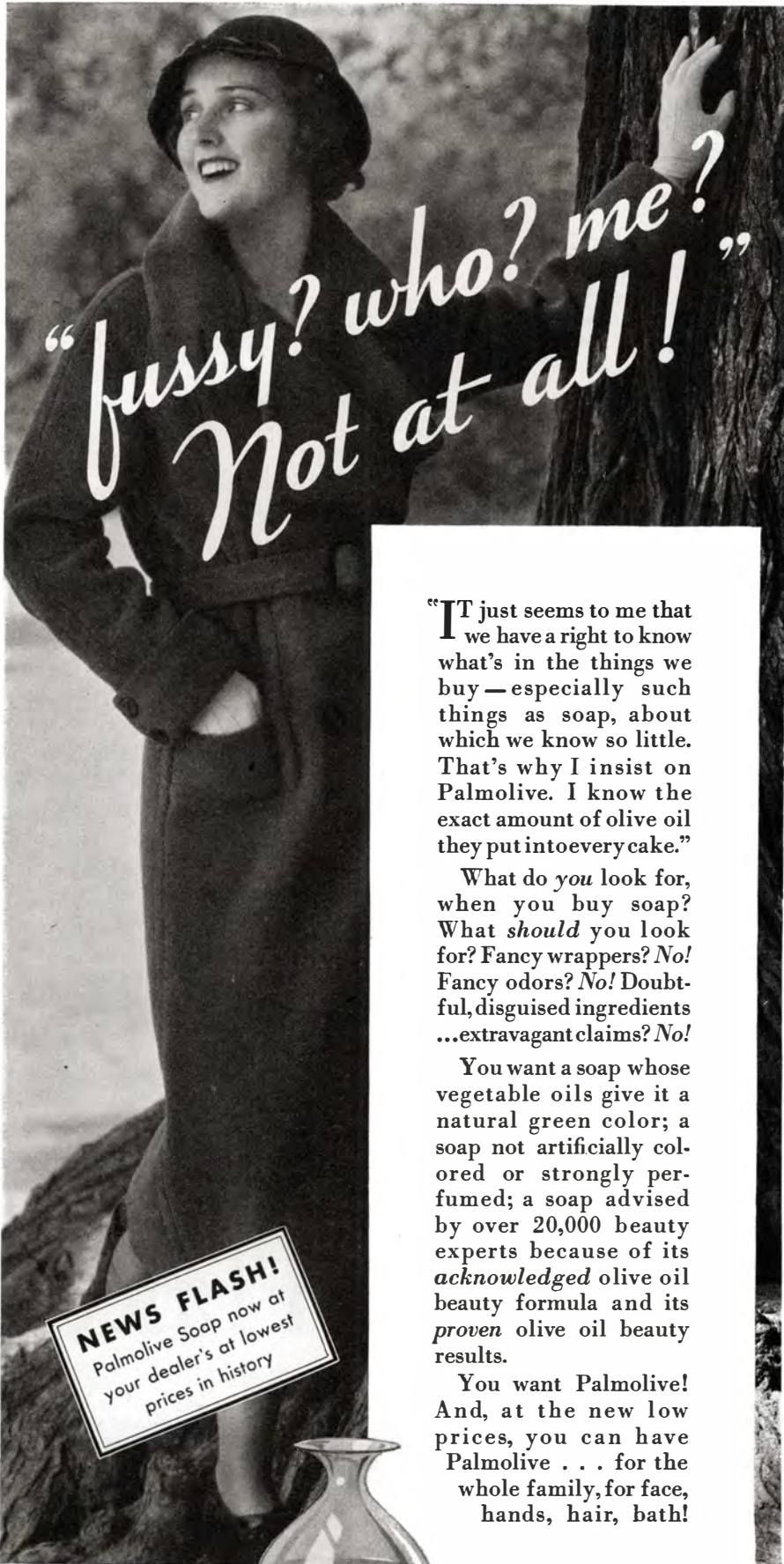
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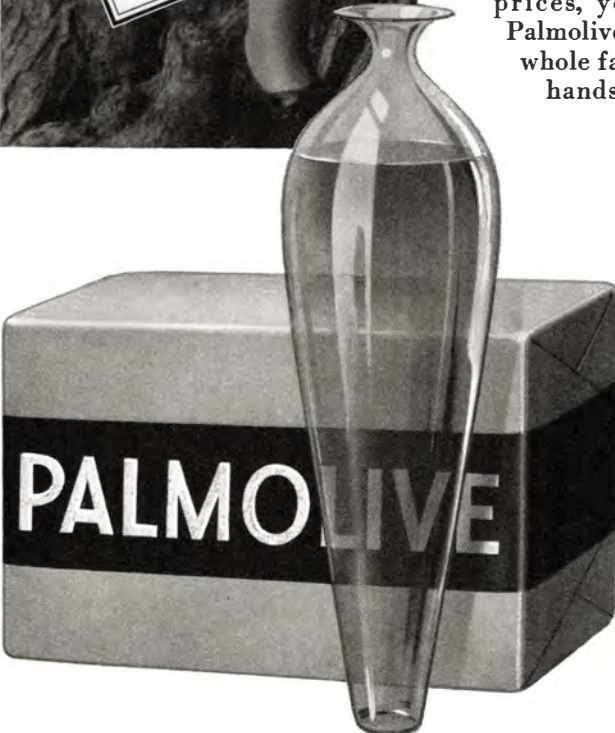
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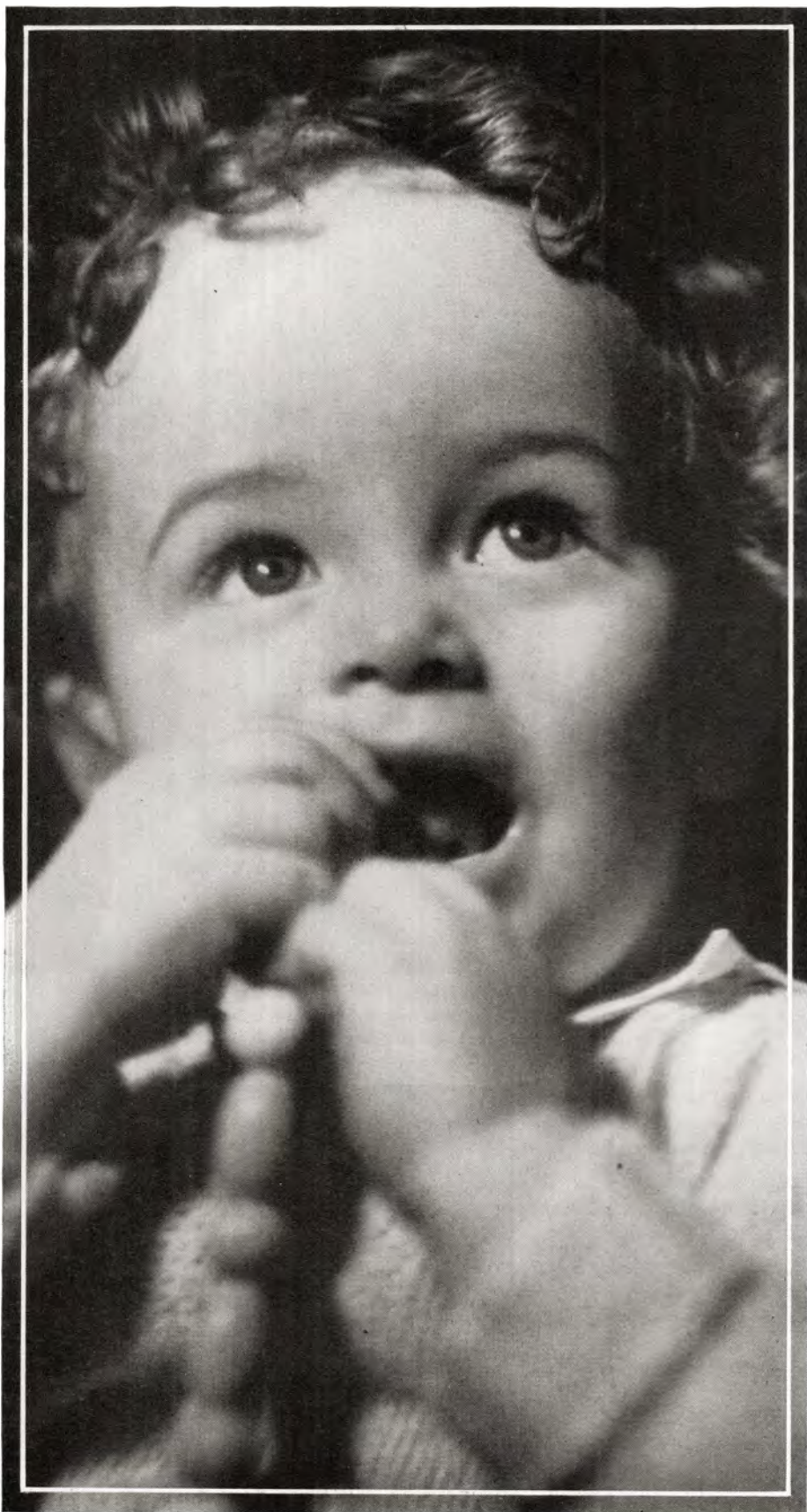
June, 1933

CAVEAT EMPTOR—legal Latin for "Let the buyer beware"—is a warning that should be in every shopper's mind in these days when anonymous bargains are flooding so many markets to catch unwary dollars . . . But the woman who always specifies nationally advertised products—of the kind offered by the manufacturers who are listed below—can forget the warning and be sure that she is buying quality and value.

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

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!

You see, then, the special value of Cream of Wheat for a child's breakfast morning after morning.

A cereal exceptionally rich in energy, Cream of Wheat digests so

easily that its energy is released for use *faster* than that of any other type of cereal ordinarily served.

Hence it is especially effective in preventing or relieving a dangerous condition of lowered resistance. This often results *directly* from a lack of quick energy food.

Fortified by delicious Cream of Wheat, a child gains good solid pounds consistently, *naturally*. He is shielded from the overstrain that is all too common at this age.

Start your youngsters off today on this approved cereal. Make it a breakfast habit of theirs . . . to protect them all through the trying, hazardous years of childhood.

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

TUNE IN Angelo Patri, noted parent counselor, over C.B.S., Sunday evenings, 7:45 Eastern D.S.T., 6:45 Central D.S.T., 8:15 Mountain Time, 7:15 Pacific Time.

CREAM of WHEAT



For 37 years doctors have been recommending Cream of Wheat for infant and child feeding. An outstanding cereal—pure—safe—inexpensive. On sale at all grocers

Gleaming new Silver for your table . . .

SEE THE MARVELOUS OFFER
ON THE CREAM OF WHEAT
PACKAGE YOU BUY TODAY

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!*

Your Mattress can make you look



DULL EYES, AGING LITTLE LINES, a drooping mouth, a listless expression . . . Without your knowing it, the wrong mattress can give you these . . . resulting from an improperly rested body.



A GLOWING SKIN, SMILING MOUTH and sparkling eyes proclaim the fresh vitality that comes from thoroughly relaxed and rested nerves and muscles on a Simmons Beautyrest Mattress.

SHADOWS under your eyes . . . a drooping mouth . . . dull skin . . . that tired feeling.

Look to your *mattress* for the cause of these things!

It is not how many hours you sleep, but the kind of sleep you get that brings you *vitality!*

Glowing skin . . . sparkling eyes . . . smiling lips . . . all that spells fresh loveliness in a woman can come only with a completely rested body. A body refreshed by the right kind of sleep. The kind of sleep you get on the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress.

Scientific research has proved that the body cannot relax properly on a mattress that sags in the middle . . . or is too soft . . . or has grown hard or lumpy.

Millions of sleep observations have established that the Beautyrest Mattress permits all the different bodily postures needed to relax nerves and muscles.

Ask to see this marvelous Beautyrest Mattress today. Leading stores carry it. Also see the new studio couches with Beautyrest construction.

Luxurious, with a new design in damask, the



Every Nerve and Muscle must relax . . . Over two million sleep observations proved that the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress permits the different positions needed for complete relaxation of every nerve and muscle. Only this completely relaxing sleep can bring fresh loveliness to a woman's face.



837 Coils—each in an individual muslin pocket—give buoyant support and instantaneous adjustment to the slightest movement. The success of the Beautyrest Mattress quickly resulted in a flood of imitations—No other mattress has the Beautyrest construction.

← Look for the Simmons Beautyrest Label. It is your assurance of quality.

- Lowest Prices for these Famous Mattresses**
- BEAUTYREST \$33.75
 - DEEPSLEEP 19.75
 - SLUMBER KING 14.75

Springs to match at proportionately low prices
These prices do not include any retail sales tax.
 (All prices slightly higher west of Denver)

Beautyrest Mattress now costs only \$33.75. There is now a Beautyrest Studio Couch at \$49.75.

Try this Beautyrest Treatment. It costs less than 1¢ a day. You will be amazed at the greater loveliness it will give you.

The Beautyrest Mattress is used in the homes of
 MRS. MORGAN BELMONT MISS ANNE MORGAN
 MRS. ROBERT R. McCORMICK MISS AMY DU PONT

SIMMONS *Beautyrest*

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF BEDS, MATTRESSES AND SPRINGS

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT UNTIL . . . by Timmins

SHE THINKS :
WHAT A GOOD-LOOKING MAN...NICE EYES. WISH I KNEW HIM _ WHY, I DO!

HE THINKS :
THAT GIRL WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL WITH ME . . . HOW PRETTY SHE'S GROWN. HANG IT! THEY WON'T LET US TALK HERE

TWO WEEKS LATER
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, AUNTIE? I BELIEVED IN IT . . . TWO WEEKS AGO! HAD LUNCH WITH THE MAN, AN OLD SCHOOL FRIEND _ HE PROMISED TO PHONE BUT HASN'T

HERE'S AN IDEA . . . BUT YOU MUSTN'T BE HURT IF I'M VERY FRANK

THE WEEK AFTER
AUNTIE'S A DEAR—WARNING ME ABOUT "B.O." IN SUCH A SWEET WAY, THEN GIVING ME A PARTY _ INVITING JACK

LIFEBUOY'S GRAND. NO CHANCE OF OFFENDING AFTER THIS

"B.O." ENDED _ JACK'S FALLING HARD!
YOU'RE LOOKING SIMPLY SWELL TONIGHT! HOW SOON CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN?

It's a lonesome world for "B.O." offenders
(body odor)

THEY just can't seem to make friends. And the pity of it is they seldom suspect the reason—"B.O." (body odor). Why risk offending when it's so easy to be safe! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Notice how clean it smells. This pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—gives extra protection. Its gentle, purifying lather deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

Aids Complexions, too
Lifebuoy's rich, abundant lather deep-cleanses pores; clogged impurities. Makes dull, sallow skin freshen—glow with radiant health.

NO OTHER SUDS WILL DO by DALTON VALENTINE

I'M SORRY MRS. LAKE I'M ALL OUT OF IT — WON'T SOME OTHER SOAP DO?

NO, IT'S THE ONLY KIND I USE. NEVER MIND, I'LL GET IT SOMEWHERE ELSE.

I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE SO FUSSY ABOUT LAUNDRY SOAP. AREN'T THEY ALL PRETTY MUCH ALIKE?

I SHOULD SAY NOT! I'VE TRIED THEM ALL IN MY WASHER — AND THERE'S NOTHING LIKE RINSO TO GET CLOTHES SNOWY WHITE

THE SUDS! THEY'RE THICK AND CREAMY EVEN IN HARDEST WATER — AND THEY'RE SO EASY ON HANDS

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT? WHAT MAKES RINSO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER SOAP

THEN I THINK I'LL TRY IT. I HATE WATERY SUDS

YOU'LL BE THRILLED WITH THE WHITENESS OF A RINSO WASH. ITS SUDS ARE GREAT FOR DISHES, TOO

NEXT WASHDAY

NO WONDER MRS. LAKE "RAVED" ABOUT RINSO! I USED IT IN MY WASHER THIS WEEK — AND MY WASH IS 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

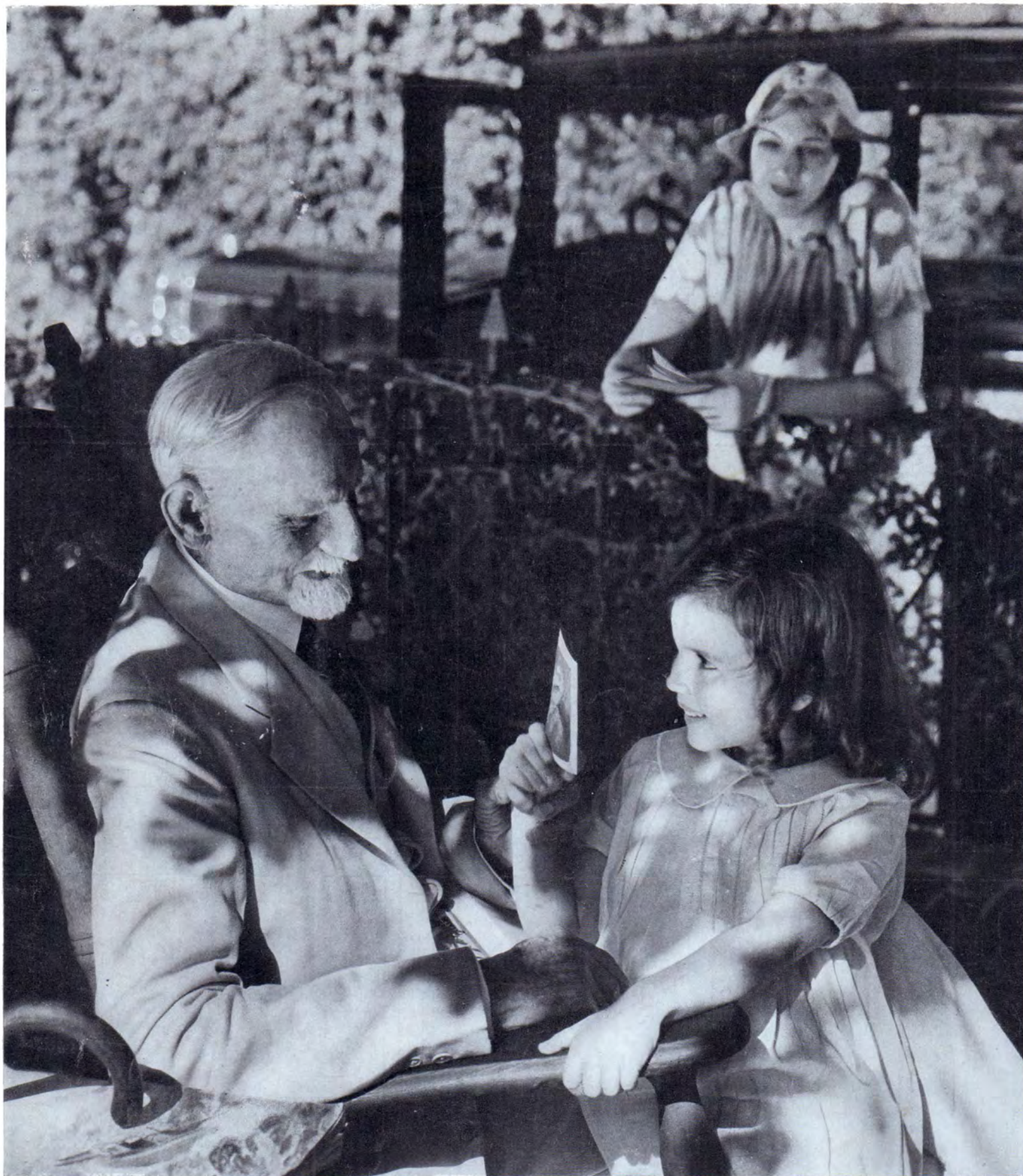
For tub-washing, too—it's marvelous!
Soaks out dirt—saves the clothes

DON'T USE brute force to get the dirt out of clothes. It's hard on your hands—harder on the clothes! Violent scrubbing quickly makes even the strongest linens weak and threadbare. Rinso's lively suds soak out dirt—save scrubbing. Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer.

The home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—the makers of 40 famous washers—recommend Rinso. Washes clothes so white, even boiling isn't necessary. Fine for dishes, too; so easy on the hands. And economical! Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight puffed-up soaps. Get the BIG box. See how much work it will do for you.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

The biggest-selling package soap in America



“Look
Grandpa,
it’s
you!”



How precious a simple little snapshot may become. A few square inches of paper, yet priceless. You'd like *all* your pictures to be expressive, and natural. Now they can be—take them on the new kind of film. *Kodak Verichrome Film*. It makes your camera so much more useful. Now you can get clear, rich snapshots even in dull weather. Or in shade. No one need pose, or squint at the sun. Just snap your people when they are easy and relaxed. Verichrome has two coatings that make up for differences in light . . . double-guarding the success of snapshots that may become heirlooms. Try a roll of Verichrome today. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

KODAK **V**ERICHROME
FILM