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TODAY'S WOMAN

The magazine for young wives

September 1948
25 cents

Special 26-page Section

*young husbands select
their favorite fashions,
foods and home furnishings*

SHW 3
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Modess ... *because*

"It's fun to be a Model Mother!" says Taffy Wood



And she's a natural . . . with a "model" smile that owes so much to her Ipana dental routine!

JUST A YOUNG Riverdale, N. Y. mother? Yes—but a famous fashion model, too!

That's green-eyed Taffy Wood, whose heart-shaped face and sparkling smile have made her a favorite with top-flight fashion photographers.

Taffy is terrific in close-ups (not an easy job—you can't fool a camera at close range!) and she loves to do fashion shows. Like all successful models, she knows how important a "model" smile is to her career.

No wonder, then, that Taffy takes no chances with her precious smile! Even at her busiest (and she has two lively youngsters to take care of!) she never misses her prized Ipana dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

Taffy's is the routine of so many successful models. Start toward a "model" smile yourself—get Ipana today.

Making fashion headlines is the new Sally Victor hat that Taffy models . . . with its soft green veiling and white lilac clusters. Equally beguiling is Taffy's sunny smile . . . the smile she keeps so bright with Ipana Tooth Paste. How wise of Taffy! For more dentists recommend and use Ipana than any other tooth paste, a recent nationwide survey shows.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE



for your Smile of Beauty

Taffy gets daughter Melinda off to a good start on the courts. Off to a good start, too, on sound dental care. For Mommy knows firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth. If your gums flash a warning tinge of "pink," see your dentist. For home care, he may simply recommend "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recently completed national survey! *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.*



P.S. For correct brushing, use the **DOUBLE DUTY** Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it!

You don't have to coax Melinda and Sheila to go riding. No coaxing needed when it comes to Ipana either . . . the whole family loves its refreshing flavor. Try Ipana—you'll love the way it leaves your mouth so much fresher, your breath so much cleaner, every time you use it!

Have you heard?
Skin-smoothing discovery called
finer than Lanolin itself
by skin scientists

vitone
now in
Jergens
Face Cream



Now...it's for you! A softer skin...a smoother skin...Yours with Vitone-enriched Jergens Face Cream...the most amazing smooth-skin discovery. See...feel the way it helps smooth your skin to romantic beauty.

Like four beauty aids in one jar: Jergens is all-purpose. Use it to cleanse, soften, help smooth dry-skin lines...as your powder base. Enriched with Vitone, yet costs no more than ordinary creams.

- A CLEANSER.....
- A SOFTENER.....
- A DRY-SKIN CREAM.....
- A POWDER BASE.....



Doctors' tests show 8 out of 10 complexions beautifully improved. "Softer, Smoother," with Jergens Face Cream now better-than-ever with Vitone.

Novel

Congressman's Wife *Mary Augusta Rodgers* 45

Fiction

Slow-Flying Stork *Georgiana Feeney* 31
Study in Blue *Robert Wallsten* 34
The Shadowy Third *Ellen Glasgow* 37
The Belle of Brooklyn *Cynthia Hope and Frances Ancker* 41
Soft Lights... Sweet Music *Wilma Pitchford Hays* 42

Articles and Special Features

Here, There and Everywhere *Princess Alexandra Kropotkin* 4
Let's Go to a Hollywood Party *Cameron and Caroline Shipp* 10
Today's Mail 14
Adventures in Editing 18
Shop With TODAY'S WOMAN 20
Dimes Into Dollars *Richard Dempewolf* 26
The Secret of a Happy Marriage *Mrs. Glenn Frank* 29
My Escape From Sleeping Pills 32
My Child and the Three R's *Jean Hofmann* 39
The ABC's of Pregnancy *Carl Henry Davis, M.D., and Donita Ferguson* 48

How To Buy and Care For Stationery *Louise Burr* 55
Are You Going Places Socially? *Barbara Paine* 64
Is Your Child Ready for School? *Louise W. Linahan* 108
It's Normal To Be Jealous *Amy Selwyn* 132

Today's Woman At Home

Fashion		Home Furnishings	
We Questioned Hundreds of Husbands	78	Man's Place Is in the Home	86
That Restful Effect	79	Framed at Home	88
Simple Hats Get His Vote	80	Mr. Harris Designs	90
At a Price	83	Brush Up on Paint	103
Teamwork in Color	84	Equipment	
Teamwork in Dressmaking	85	Man's Work Is Never Done	98
Weather Wise	101	Child Care	
Beauty		About Children	100
The Way You Look to Him	83	Needlework	
Food		Mending	102
Pizza Party	92	Where To Buy	103
Men Like Stew	94		
Men Like Pie	96		

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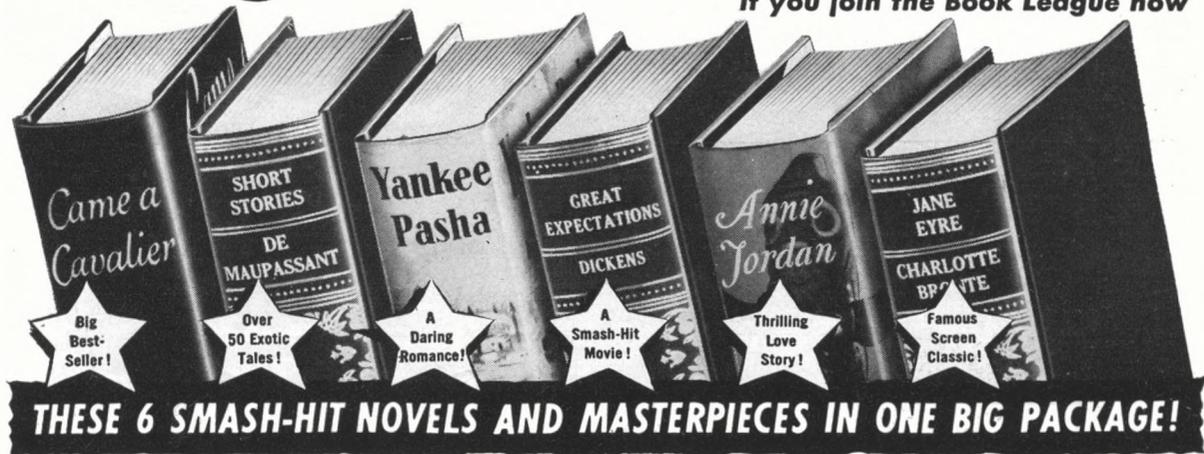
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Collage by Aaron Fine



here
there

and everywhere

I look in on tunnel and bridge police who handle holiday traffic pouring in and out of New York, meet up with a group of Shakespearean baby sitters and learn a trick for hearing yourself as others hear you

by
Princess
Alexandra
Kropotkin

World-famous Columnist
and Lecturer

Toll Tales

This month our illustration glimpses the maze of motor traffic pouring in and out of New York City over one of the giant bridges. Port Authority tells me an average of 46,500 vehicles cross George Washington Bridge every day, 65,000 on holidays, highest score on Labor Day.

At the toll gates bridge and tunnel police get phone calls imploring them to stop a certain car and send the occupants home, their house is on fire. They are requested to tell a certain driver not to worry about her pocketbook, she left it at her sister's. A bakery begs them please stop the baker's wagon, the driver has the wrong orders.

Motorists who break down are astonished to get free assistance and no bawling-out from the Port Authority. Trucks are measured for height and width, to make sure they'll have clearance. Awhile ago an open truck was about to dive into the tunnel when a cop noticed the head of a live giraffe sticking up too high to go through.

"Heck," said the driver of the menagerie truck when he was halted. "That dumb giraffe had his head down all the way, until this very minute."

Mr. Straus, May I Present

Her reaction was my first reward. I asked her, "How would you like to sing for Oskar Straus?"

She clasped her hands. Stars shone in her eyes. She's only sixteen years old. "To sing for him," she exclaimed, "the man who wrote *The Chocolate Soldier*, the man who wrote *The Waltz Dream*—to sing for him would be the most wonderful thing that could possibly happen to me!"

I said I wasn't sure I could fix it, but I'd try.

The idea occurred to me toward the end of an interview I was having at Hampshire House with Lois Butler, winner of a teen-age competition for the title role in the new Eagle-Lion picture, Mickey.

She had sung for me like a skylark high in the sky. And she is so charm-

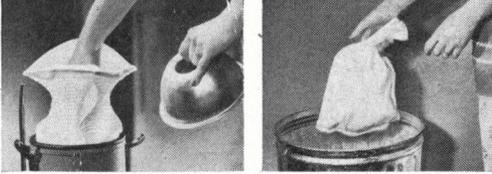
NOW! GENERAL ELECTRIC PRESENTS . . .

A Tank-type Cleaner with a "Throw-Away" bag!

NOW YOU CAN be free forever from the messy job of emptying a vacuum cleaner bag!

With the new General Electric "Airflo," you just throw the bag away, dirt and all—insert a fresh, clean sanitary one in its place.

Look, here's how simply it works:



Unclamp end cap of cleaner. Slip "Throw-Away" bag inside permanent cloth bag. Replace end cap. It's ready for days of easy cleaning.

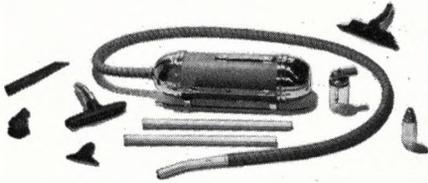
To remove the bag, unclamp the end cap, and pull the bag out. Then throw it away, and start afresh. It's easy as that!

YOUR HANDS never touch the dirt—you never breathe it. Cleaning is really a *clean* operation, all the way through.

Four "Throw-Away" bags of pressed white cotton come with every new "Airflo" Cleaner. Replacements are available from your General Electric retailer in handy packs of three.

Figured for normal cleaning, the average cost of "Throw-Away" bags is only a few pennies a month. A tiny price for such a marvelous convenience!

And if you ever run out of "Throw-Away" bags (bet you'll see that you don't!), you can use the "Airflo" with the regular permanent cloth bag that's already in it.



REACHES EVERYTHING—GETS ALL THE DIRT!

CLEANS: floors • walls • stairs • rugs • upholstery • radiators • lamp shades • Venetian blinds • draperies • mattresses.

SPRAYS: liquid wax • water-color paints • insecticides • mothproofing liquids.

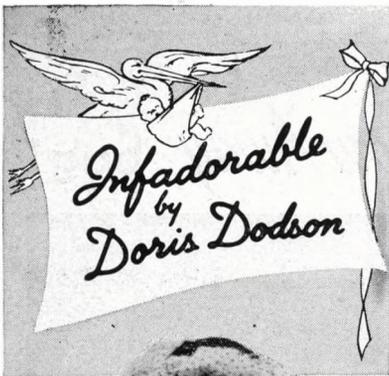
Comes equipped with long hose, 2 extension tubes, and 7 attachments made of new material that won't leave black marks.

A complete "round-the-house" unit, designed to ease you through *all* your cleaning. See the new "Airflo" with "Throw-Away" bag—try it yourself—at your nearest retailer's. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.



 "AIRFLO"
MODEL AVT 172
Complete with attachments
and 4 "Throw-Away" bags.
Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



The time to be pretty is now when you're sharing your wonderful secret with your own admiring world! And the secret of looking so pretty? An Infadorable by Doris Dodson in rayon crepe and taffeta. Adjustable waist; black, brown, or gunmetal. 9 to 17. About \$15.

WRITE FOR THE NAME OF YOUR LOCAL SHOP...
DORIS DODSON, DEPT. T9, ST. LOUIS 1, MO.

ingly unsophisticated, so tiny. Five feet tall, she wears size three shoes, weighs ninety-seven pounds, an exquisite little hummingbird of a vocalist.

Helped by Dagmar Godowsky, daughter of composer-pianist Leopold Godowsky, I succeeded in arranging to have Lois sing informally at the New York apartment of Oskar Straus and his wife, Clara. After the first bar of Lois' song Clara beamed, while Oskar, now in his seventies, sat poker-faced. As the song ended he solemnly said, "Too bad she's so old."

From him a joke is the acme of approval, and Lois sang on. Finally Oskar took her by the hand.

"You love to sing?" he questioned her.

"Oh, I do, I do," she fervently replied.

"So musical," he said to Lois' mother. "Such variety, lyrical and coloratura. A fine career ahead of her."

At his door, Oskar thanked Dagmar and me for giving him the pleasure of hearing Lois sing. That was my second reward. I felt handsomely paid.

The Next Look

Fashion expert Dottie Waddington writes me these notes from Paris in a hasty chatter letter:

Hobble skirts creeping in . . . Bustle and drapery-back effects gaining popularity . . . Women again carrying elegant walking-sticks to go with these clothes . . . Leading modiste, Paulette, says in France the most important room is always the kitchen, so she draws her newest color inspiration from copper pots and pans . . . Paris food prices high but apartments dirt cheap, although garage rentals are fantastic. In smartest Parisian neighborhood a duplex apartment with two terraces rents for less than a garage.

Linguafun

For no particular reason, we could now oblige anyone who might wish to hear the speaking voice of our TODAY'S WOMAN Editor, Geraldine Rhoads, or the voice of our Managing Editor, Mary Margaret Donohue, or my voice. The three of us have just had our voices recorded on a Linguaphone Magnetic Speech Recorder at the Rockefeller Center offices of Max Sherover, president of the Linguaphone Company.

Personally conducted by Max, who has a distinct flare for psychology, the experience was merrily instructive. Max started us off on informal conversation, passing the little microphone to each of us in turn. When Peggy Donohue seemed hesitant, Max asked her if she were in love. That put her charming laugh on record, which was what Max wanted.

Clearer, most pleasantly modulated, most diplomatic in quality, was the

voice of Gerry Rhoads. In articulation, Peggy's voice was excellent, but to her horror the record revealed a suggestion of a lisp she never knew she had, so slight it can be detected only by the mechanical ear of science. Me? Definitely awful. Much too harsh, much too opinionated. The girls had to console me. They said, "Honestly, you're not half as bad as you sound." I hope not.

A foreign-language course on Linguaphone includes thirty-two lessons recorded on sixteen two-sided discs, accompanied by booklets, complete for around fifty dollars. The records can be played on any phonograph. Max says you ought to be able to master a good accent in any language by working an hour a day with the records for twelve or fourteen weeks. He himself speaks eleven languages now.

He let us in on a trick by which you can listen to your own speaking voice without any machinery whatever. Place your hands behind your ears, thumbs tight to your head, with your palms cupped forward to form a sound box. Talk or read aloud. You will hear yourself as others hear you.

Painless Repairs

A friend in the antique business reveals this trade secret to me: Scratches on mahogany furniture can be painted out with iodine, same as you doctor a skinned elbow. Easy and quick.

Theatrical Sideline

A young matron walked into a New York grocery store and said, "Hast thou any frozen spinach?" Seeing the clerk's bewilderment, she remembered where she was. "Oh, excuse me," she said. "I get that from my children. They get it from our baby sitter."

Her explanation may puzzle you if you haven't heard about the organization known as Baby Sitters Stork, the members of which are actors, concert musicians, ballet dancers and various other professional entertainers who do baby-sitting in their spare time. The actors and actresses often rehearse aloud to the children, and the kids love it, particularly the Shakespeare. The young mother who told me the grocery-store episode declares her little girl and little boy now talk this archaic English all the time, saying, "Mama, wouldst thou give me a glass of milk?" "Mama, thou didst promise to take us out in the park when the rain stoppeth." Talking that way is a habit that grows on you, the mother says.

Baby Sitters Stork was started less than a year ago, now has one hundred and seventy-five sitters on its membership list, each sitter bonded, medically examined, backed by at least four impeccable references, and especially schooled for the job. They charge

eighty-five cents an hour. Minimum engagement, three hours.

I went to see the organizers of the business, Jan Maurice and her husband, Robert Maurice, both of the theater. They met overseas, playing together in a USO production of Anything Goes. At their apartment I fell hard for Robert, Jr., aged seven months. Jan said, "After the war, a good many theatrical couples had babies about the same time. We learned baby care from each other, and those of us who didn't have jobs in shows sat with the babies of those who did. Utilizing the fact that there are always quite a few stage people and musicians temporarily 'at liberty,' we got together and built up an efficient sitting-service."

Parents are carefully investigated by the Maurice office before a sitter is assigned. Mothers are required to have the baby's formula carefully written out, and to show the sitter where to find everything the baby may need. Parents must leave a phone number by which they can be reached.

Every Friday, Jan Maurice gives her sitters a practical drill in baby care, using Robert, Jr., to demonstrate. Ought to make a good movie short.

Coupons and You

At a recent luncheon I learned about premiums from two girls who deal professionally with that complicated business. I'm a premium fan myself. I dote on coupons plucked from canned and packaged goods.

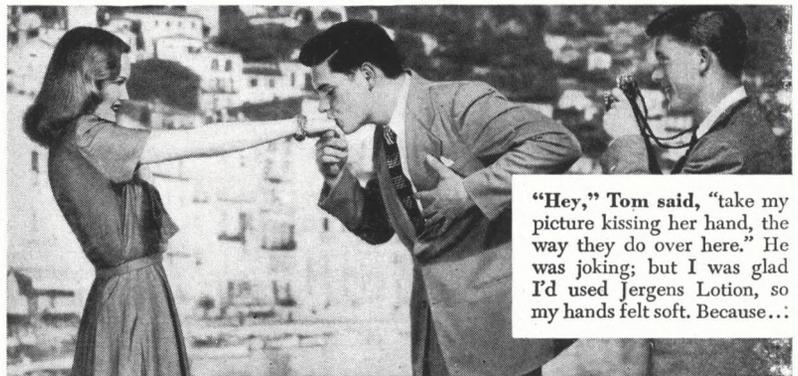
Grace Ballou and Margaret Harrison are with the premium department of the big advertising firm of Duane Jones Company, Inc. Grace said, "The premium can't be any item on sale at the 5 & 10 stores, or anything you can buy anywhere for the same price at which we offer it as a premium. And the premium item must have universal appeal. For instance, baby bibs won't do. Not all women have babies. Unusual items have less appeal than a familiar item with a new angle."

Margaret Harrison, premium manager for Duane Jones, gave me a firm's-eye view of the selection process. "All day long," she said, "we receive letters and calls from people with ideas for novelty premiums. Two men brought in an electric grill, broiled steaks on it in our office to show how handily it worked. We ate the steaks but we couldn't use the grill. It would have been a collected-premium item, and we deal only with premiums that require a single coupon."

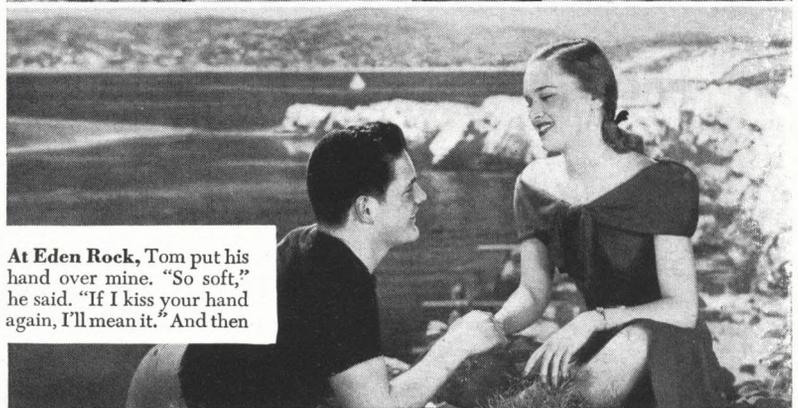
Glamor items are popular—brooch pins, small bottles of perfume, lipsticks—but kitchen knives are the universal favorite. Every woman apparently wants an extra kitchen knife.

Since the advertiser buys direct from the manufacturer of the merchandise

on the RIVIERA... a Hand Kiss led to LOVE



"Hey," Tom said, "take my picture kissing her hand, the way they do over here." He was joking; but I was glad I'd used Jergens Lotion, so my hands felt soft. Because...



At Eden Rock, Tom put his hand over mine. "So soft," he said. "If I kiss your hand again, I'll mean it." And then



...one starry night—"Let's not wait; let's get married," Tom said. "I want everyone to know these darling hands are mine." So—

Of course I use Jergens Lotion faithfully—and always will. I want my hands to be soft for him — always.

You, too, can win (and keep) romance—with Jergens-soft hands. It's surer than ever today. Thanks to new knowledge of skin care, today's Jergens Lotion makes your hands feel invitingly smoother and softer than ever. Protects even longer, too.

Who knows more about beauty-care than the Hollywood Stars? The Stars use Jergens 7 to 1 over any other hand care. And many doctors help smooth-soften the skin with two fine ingredients which are both in Jergens Lotion. Never oily; no stickiness. Still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax).

Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World.



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

Please send me



the
NEW NURSER
with the
ANTI-COLIC* NIPPLE

**BETTER FOR BABY,
EASIER FOR MOTHER!**

Davol's new nurser complete with the famous "Anti-Colic" Nipple! Patterned after the maternal nipple, it encourages natural sucking action. This helps baby's mouth and jaw develop properly. "Dual Purpose"†, it fits narrow-neck bottles too.



DAVOL SLIMMER BOTTLE: easier to hold, fill, clean!

DAVOL PLASTIC COLLAR: holds nipple firm!

DAVOL AMBER RUBBER SEAL: keeps nipple, formula sterile in ice-box, or while traveling!



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
†T. M. Applied For

FREE! The booklet "Baby Feeding Made Easy," with helpful, informative answers to feeding problems. Use coupon below for your copy!

Department TW8-9
Davol Rubber Company
Providence 2, Rhode Island

Gentlemen:

Please send me the free booklet, "Baby Feeding Made Easy," containing helpful answers to my feeding problems.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Baby's Age.....

given out, the value of the premium is generally pretty good. Nobody tries to make a profit on it. The risk, for the advertiser, depends on his judgment of what premium will lure us. Women are unpredictable customers.

Men also are premium fans. They like fancy rings and dress pins to give to girls. At one time orchid-shaped brooches were being offered, one to a coupon. A man sent in one coupon, asked for five brooches, said he had five sweethearts. He got one brooch. Why should any man have five girls?

Rolling 'Em in Stitches

I had to see this to believe it. A young man dropped in the other day at a studio apartment where I was visiting. We were struggling with a vast pair of curtains for the big windows. The curtains were up, but they hung unhemmed. As we started taking them down to hem them, the young caller said, "Leave 'em up. The sewing machine is on wheels, so why not roll it?"

He wheeled the machine over to the curtains, slipped the fabric in, then rolled the sewing machine across the floor like a lawn mower. The hem zipped through with a high-pitched howl, but it came out perfect, all completely hemmed in less than a minute.

We stared at this surprising youth. He said, "My girl joined a summer-theater troupe. I've been helping her make scenery. Making scenery in a hurry, you learn short cuts."

Crazy-Quilt Wallpaper

Spied a smart decorative novelty while browsing the fifth floor of Schumacher's fabric-and-wallpaper store on West 40th Street. This floor, dedicated to professional decorators, has been transformed into a labyrinth of small display rooms. One of the end walls of a corridor seemed to be covered by a handsome crazy-quilt. Looking closer, I saw the "quilt" was made entirely of wallpaper squares cut out and pieced together. Each square measured about fourteen inches, the various papers being of the old-fashioned calico type. The squares were fitted together diagonally, and the whole panel was bordered with a scallop of deep rose, exactly matching the color in one of the squares. The effect is really lovely, particularly for a bedroom, on the wall behind a bed or twin beds. New York decorating firm, Mueller-Barringer, originated the notion.

Restaurant of the Month

Cold shoulder has no place on Da Cinta's menu, but I will probably get the chilled epaulet from columnists Igor Cassini, Dan Walker and others, for letting you in on this little Man-

hattan restaurant. Celebrities come here to relax. You'll be welcome unless you bother the lions for auto-graphs. I was introduced to Da Cinta's by Ed Begley, recently acclaimed the year's outstanding dramatic actor, in recognition of his role in the hit show All My Sons.

At Da Cinta's, 313 West 46th Street, the interior is small, cozy, air-conditioned. Prices are modest. The cuisine is north Italian, which means you don't have to have everything in tomato sauce, and the cooking is done with butter instead of oil. Manager is Joe Sardi, war-veteran son of Antonio and Jacinta Sardi. Mama Jacinta superintends the cooking. The name of the establishment, Da Cinta, is derived from her name. A distant relative is the Sardi who operates Sardi's famous theatrical hangout. He and his wife dine once a week at Da Cinta's.

It's a family business. Papa Antonio runs the bar; daughter Rosa checks your hat. In the immaculate kitchen, Mama taught me how to make lasagna, a succulent dish of broad noodles baked with ground beef, sausage and three kinds of cheese. Thursdays they serve it. Wednesdays and Saturdays, the specialty is manicotti—melted mozzarella cheese rolled up in feather-light pancakes. Outside of Italy, I've never tasted the zambaglione dessert made to such perfection.

Cocktail Celebrities

Once again I was enticed to a publicity klatch by the slick wording of an invitation. The bid to the opening of the Hotel Taft's new bar and taproom said, "With floods of fizz and cliffs of cork." The party lived up to its come-on, and I had a good time.

Done Spanish - Moroccan, with leaded glass and bright tile-work, the new taproom has one of the longest bars I've seen, a hundred feet long. Walls and floors gleam with colorful blue and green tiles from the small native kilns of North Africa. Eyeing the crowd for faces I know, I see a bearded young man of melancholy grace. We are introduced, and I find I am meeting Eric Victor, dance star of the hit show Inside U. S. A. . . . a brief gab with decorator Frances Lee, very decorative herself . . . another with actress Mary Anderson, who specializes in nasty-little-girl parts, but is such a nice girl off stage . . . now with band leader Vincent Lopez. . . . And now here I am, being told about Texas horses by Frank Fox, president of the Hotel Taft Corporation, polo player and horseman in private life. He tells me that horses from Texas have to be taught to like sugar and carrots. Mr. Fox didn't say why.

THE END

Country Fair



by

Boris Randolph

A country fair brings together all kinds of people and things, as the following word game illustrates.

Using only the letters contained in the words COUNTRY FAIR, and repeating them only as often as they occur in COUNTRY FAIR itself, see if you can spell out words that correspond to the definitions. Correct answers are below.

1. A cereal grain _____
2. A hard-shelled fruit _____
3. A plaything _____
4. A piece of money _____
5. Wet weather _____
6. A sailor _____
7. Amusement _____
8. A metal _____
9. A gambling card game _____
10. An insect _____
11. A vase _____
12. A mongrel dog _____
13. A line of railroad cars _____
14. An elf _____
15. A musical group of three _____
16. A religious image _____
17. A wagon _____
18. A dress material _____
19. A tune _____
20. A pelt _____
21. A spice _____
22. A kind of humor _____
23. A loud sound _____
24. A nobleman _____

ANSWERS

- | | | |
|---------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. CORN | 9. FARO | 17. CART |
| 2. TIN | 10. ANT | 18. RAYON |
| 3. TOY | 11. URN | 19. AIR |
| 4. COIN | 12. CUR | 20. FUR |
| 5. RAIN | 13. TRAIN | 21. CURRY |
| 6. FUR | 14. FAIRY | 22. IRONY |
| 7. FUN | 15. TRIO | 23. ROAR |
| 8. TIN | 16. ICON | 24. COUNT |

TODAY'S WOMAN
FEATURETTE

Patricia Wolcott's smile wins
leading role in Little Theater play—

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



Patricia Wolcott, *Young Matron*, made Little Theater history in Scarsdale, N. Y., recently when she was awarded the leading role in the Fort Hill Players' production, "Years Ago." A newcomer to the amateur stage, she stole the show during tryouts for the part of the beautiful heroine. But Patricia's favorite role is wife and mother. And her smile, so dazzling behind the footlights, sparkles in this real-life role, too. It's a Pepsodent Smile! "I've always depended on Pepsodent Tooth Paste to keep my teeth bright," she says. "Besides, I love its taste!"

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

Like Patricia Wolcott, people all over America prefer New Pepsodent with Irium for brighter smiles. Families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried! For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



ANOTHER FINE
LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

let's go to a **H**ollywood party



Blueberry juice dribbled down many famous chins when host Atwater Kent set up a back-yard Big Top to entertain his Hollywood friends

How the stars entertain — with some ideas on food, fun and games which you'll be able to use next time you throw a party



Our last Prince of the Fabulous in filmdom is toasted at one of his costume parties. Kent's bill for one lavish night of fun: \$40,000



Esther Williams—out of her pool and serving a barbecue—helps guests herself while hubby plays chef. Informal, but that's Movieland

Atwater Kent's butler, Leroy, is an imperturbable Scotsman who took it as a matter of course one day when Mr. Kent told him to prepare for a party for fifteen hundred guests. A few years ago Mr. Kent gave a party for children of movie stars. To entertain them he employed an entire circus complete with clowns, elephants, sideshows and acrobats, and transported it to his estate, which covers the slope of a small mountain overlooking Beverly Hills. This party was so much fun that Mr. Kent repeated it twice by popular request.

His party for fifteen hundred was given in honor of the National Association of Broadcasters and it was one of Mr. Kent's most lavish. It cost an estimated \$40,000.

Mr. Kent is the retired millionaire who manufactured those radio sets with the bell-shaped amplifiers. He is close to seventy years old and has nothing to do with the movies. He just likes to give parties, and today he is Hollywood's most elegant and extravagant host. In his fantastically large forty-room home, Mr. Kent entertains on an average of once a week with dinner

parties, fetes, musicales, fancy dress balls and dances. He is the last of the great Hollywood party-givers.

Today, with the spectacular exception of Mr. Kent, who is already a legend in his own time, simplicity and informality are the keynotes of Hollywood hospitality, and the glamor-folk are having far more fun than they did in the lush, expensive, orgiastic era.

Indeed there are few families anywhere, from campus cottagers to suburban smart-setters, who cannot, with a little forethought, entertain at home as amusingly as most Hollywood stars.

Take, for instance, popular Hollywood hostess Betty Hutton, Mrs. Ted Briskin in private life. Betty is a girl who believes that people enjoy themselves more and get acquainted quicker if they sit on the floor. She invites guests for Sunday evenings, hands them long forks and instructs them to cook their own frankfurters over the embers in an open fireplace. Miss Hutton gave a number of these parties while she was working in Paramount's *Dream Girl*, and found that her

by Cameron and Caroline Shipp

Are you in the know?



What's a jilted jane to do?

- Let his memory linger on
- Pursue him by mail
- Get herself a hobby

If last summer's knight beams at someone else this season—no use toting the torch. Now is the hour to get yourself a hobby. Something fun and worthwhile—that keeps your brain, or hands, or tootsies (why not learn to tap dance?) active. Fight off "calendar" blues, too, with the self-assurance Kotex brings. You see, there's *extra* protection in that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex. Helps preserve your peace of mind. Puts wings on worry!



In business, must she begin with—

- Good follow-through
- All the answers
- A promising career

Your first job? Calm those jitters. The boss won't expect you to be a quiz kid. But he does demand dependability. Don't be a promiser; finish what you start. Good follow-through is a business must. And don't try the vacant chair routine on "those" days. No excuse, with the new, softer Kotex! *Dependable* is definitely the word for such miracle-softness that *holds its shape*. You can stay on the job in comfort, for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.



Which togs are best for "tubby"?

- A tweed suit
- A gabardine dress
- A sweater and skirt

Lassie with the buxom chassis—buy your togs with special care! Ixnay on sweaters. Steer clear of tweeds. (Heavy fabrics add bulk.) To pare down your upholstery, select *smooth*, figure-flattering materials. Gabardine, for instance—for casual wear. Different girls have different needs; in clothes, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex gives *every* girl a choice of 3 *Kotex* sizes. It's easy to learn which suits you best: Just try all 3—Regular, Junior, Super.



Should the lady be seated—

- Opposite the other girl
- At her left
- At her right

Everything could be kopasetic—if she could be sure just where to sit. Ever bedevilled by this doubt? Then listen. Table etiquette decrees that ladies be seated opposite each other. Knowing for certain will de-panic you, next time. Same as knowing (at cer-

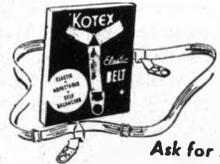
tain times) that with Kotex you're safe from tell-tale outlines. Never a panicky moment, thanks to those special *flat pressed ends*. That's because you're sure they won't show; won't betray your secret. Yes . . . for confidence, you can trust Kotex. No doubt about it!



- Keep your skin well scrubbed
- Brush your teeth twice daily
- Buy a new sanitary belt

That pearly smile and peachy complexion *prove* you give 'em the brushwork—faithfully. Yet, how's your memory for another important "must" . . . that new sanitary belt you meant to buy? Most girls keep forgetting; keep putting it off till the "next time." But to get *all* the comfort Kotex gives, buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt right now!

Fact is, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. A *Kotex* Belt fits so comfortably. Snugly. Adjustable, all-elastic—it doesn't bind when you bend!



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Ask for it by name



More women choose **KOTEX** than all other sanitary napkins

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

You can say "yes" to Romance



Because
**Veto says "no"
to Offending!**

Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! You feel confident . . . sure of exquisite daintiness.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes!

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely, new cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics.

For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!

Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!

guests were delighted to cook their own dinners.

Her menu also provided a salad, relishes, chopped onions, ice cream and cake, none of which took much time to prepare. She finds that parties like this are most successful if limited to about five guests.

Esther Williams, who has been swimming a good many miles per day in Metro's Neptune's Daughter, has a small house, a large husband—Ben Gage, the radio announcer—and a medium-sized swimming pool. The Gages will fling a party at the drop of a hint, usually beside the pool. Mr. Gage, who claims the title of best-steak-and-chops-chef-in-the-world, performs on a small portable barbecue.

Under the Hollywood stars such guests as Janet Blair, Ricardo Montalban and Jim Backus, the radio comic, stuff themselves with hot food, make with quaint sayings and urge Esther to hop into the pool.

Miss Barbara Stanwyck, who is Mrs. Robert Taylor when she is "at home," belongs to a formal tradition. Miss Stanwyck stands for the cult of the Dramatic Actress in Hollywood, and along with this there has always gone a certain amount of formality. Her favorite settings for entertaining are in her garden and patio.

Barbara likes simple, functional table settings and generally selects deep-hued handwoven linens as a background for her modern ceramic plates, Danish crystal and exquisite sterling. California-inspired meals are her favorites, with steaks and enormous salads the main fare. For table decorations she prefers fruit arranged on lemon leaves or a basket of cool ferns from her large fernery.

Jeanette MacDonald (Mrs. Gene Raymond), who returned from the concert stage only a year ago and has just completed a new musical, Sun in the Morning, likes small dinner and buffet parties, but if you should drop in at the Raymonds' Bel Air home in the afternoon, you would discover that the gracious art of tea-pouring has been revived.

Jeanette avers that the tea hour ritual expresses true hospitality more perfectly than any other form of entertainment. She usually serves from a large oval table draped to the floor with Dublin damask and gleaming with tissue-thin china, sterling silver, and a polished wine cooler filled with Belle of Portugal roses from her own arbor. She is opposed to dainty and ornate sandwiches, prefers Scotch scones from her grandmother's recipe, watercress and cucumber sandwiches, toast and fresh preserves, peach ice cream and a variety of domestic and imported teas.

Incidentally, we learned this from Jeanette: most hostesses forget to provide something for guests who do not like hard liquor. Jeanette has a notebook of tasty non-spirituous beverages. Her favorites include black coffee with a twist of orange peel or shaved maple sugar, iced coffee with an ice cream float and a top dash of nutmeg, pineapple and coconut juice, half-and-half with lime or lemon sherbet, hot chocolate, or iced tea with drops of oil of peppermint.

One of Hollywood's most popular hostesses is Rosalind Russell, who in private life is Mrs. Freddie Brisson. Roz's parties are always more comic than dramatic. She is the hostess who once gave a party for the express purpose of kidding Hollywood parties.

Rosalind's older sister, Mrs. Chet LaRoche, fondly known in the Russell family as "The Duchess," came to visit her. All she knew about Hollywood was what she had read under the dryers in the beauty parlor. She rather hoped that Roz would soon come to her senses and return to civilization.

When The Duchess came tripping down the stairs in her most formal evening gown, she was met by characters in slacks, shorts, blue jeans and race-track-plaid coats. They slapped The Duchess on the back and called her "Babe." They shouted on the telephone, leaped into the swimming pool and wrestled with Roz. All this with raucous Hollywood double-talk. After the gag had run about fifteen minutes and The Duchess was on the verge of apoplexy, they settled down and had a fine, intelligent time.

Rosalind's husband, producer Freddie Brisson, has a notion that the way to have a party is for his secretary to invite everybody in his address book. Once, having bid some 200 unexpected guests, he found there was a long wait before anything could be served.

The cook saved the evening. She appeared sans apron and in a print dress.

"Just tell everybody to relax," she announced. "I will sing." And she did.

The Brissons' Christmas Eve party is the high spot of their year—and there's an idea in this that many a hostess should begin to think over now. The people to watch out for on Christmas Eve are: first, your own family; second, people who are new in town or alone.

The Brissons burn a Yule log and everyone gathers around demanding when the games will begin. They like, among other things, the popcorn trick.

For this a large bowl is filled with popcorn and two men are blindfolded. Each is given a spoon and they try to feed each other. It sounds silly, and it

[Continued on page 119]

"I was a fat girl who missed all the fun— Now I'm having the time of my life!"

Mrs. Susan Guidry of Kirkwood, Missouri, goes from size 18 to size 12, now shares with husband a new enjoyment of living.

Look at chic, petite Susan Guidry today and it's hard to believe that only a little while ago she was the one who, at social affairs, sat in the corner and watched. Now she's the gay happy companion of her husband wherever they go, enjoying life as never before.

"I had been a fat girl all my life," she says, "missing the fun because I was self-conscious about my size. Mother of four at 28, my weight was up to 146, yet I was less than five feet three. Then, at my husband's suggestion, and with our doctor's approval, I took the DuBarry Success Course. Losing 33 pounds and improving my posture completely changed my figure, made me an almost perfect size 12, after wearing size 18 dresses for years. My new knowledge of make-up has been especially helpful! My skin has a glow, my hair a new life.

"I feel I've come out of the background to enjoy my full share of happiness. My husband is delighted to find me entering into the fun. In fact, I'm having the time of my life! I am eternally grateful to the Success Course for making me over into a happier, more poised, more attractive person than I ever thought was possible for me."



Before

Mrs. Guidry's Measurements	
Before	After
Weight	146 113
Bust	38 1/2 34
Abdomen	39 1/2 31
Waist	32 1/2 26
Hips	40 36



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You can start AT ONCE! By a new plan, you can enroll for the New Success Course today. Simply fill out and mail the special coupon below. Your first instructions will be on their way to you by fast return mail. Meanwhile, in a separate big package, all charges prepaid, will come your new Portable DuBarry Beauty Tray, your supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations and in addition, four Richard Hudnut Hair Preparations. Don't miss this chance to get started without delay.

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(If under 21, consult parent or guardian and have their consent before taking this Course.)

If you want more information before enrolling, fill in only name and address and mark an x here

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Color of Hair _____
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Skin: Dry Oily
Height _____ Weight _____
Skin { Cream Fair
Color: { Med. Dark

TODAY'S MAIL

Barbaric Funerals

Despite the fact that people look askance at those who utter such heresy as Margaret Morton McKay's article, *Barbaric Funerals* (June), I feel strongly that funerals are the most private of affairs and that only the immediate family and a few dear and close friends should be present. It's pretty awful that today an outmoded convention (which began as a matter of convenience because of long distances between homes) insists on one's grief being open for mere acquaintances and the curious to see.

Elizabeth W. Kennedy
Auburndale, N. Y.



I wish this article could be copied by every magazine and newspaper in the world, taught our school children and, if that doesn't work, let's get together and have a law written into our state statutes making it a criminal offense to hold a "barbaric funeral."

Mrs. Mabel Buchanan
Bay City, Michigan



I disagree with the article so violently that I couldn't resist writing you. I, too, lost a loved one not very long ago so I know what it means. I don't see how Miss McKay can say the expenses of a funeral are ridiculous. I'm afraid I wouldn't have much peace of mind if I had had my father put in a box and let it go at that. I derived comfort from doing the things my father would have done. The article makes Miss McKay sound rather hard and selfish, as though she begrudged the money spent for someone who has gone.

Betty R. Wohlgermuth
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Orchids to "Mrs. Ike"

If I Were a Bride Today, by Mrs. Eisenhower (June), was definitely the very best article you have ever published. Mrs. Ike's simple suggestions are just what I should have read when we first got married, but it's never too late for improvement.

Mrs. Jack R. Sells
LaCrescenta, Calif.

It seems impossible that I should agree with every word Mrs. Eisenhower says, but it is true. Especially do I applaud the statement that a wife should live within her husband's income, whatever that may be. All the

luxuries in the world are not worthwhile if they mean constant worry over unpaid bills.

Ann Brown
Hyannis, Nebraska

The Seventh Day

I have always considered the way the mind of a young child works very interesting, but was exceptionally surprised recently when my six-year-old son told me that since he had been learning about the Creation, he would like to tell me what he had learned. This was his story:

"In the beginning God created Heaven and earth in six days but on the seventh day which was Sunday, he rested up and read the funnies."

Mrs. Dana L. Roberts
Portland, Maine

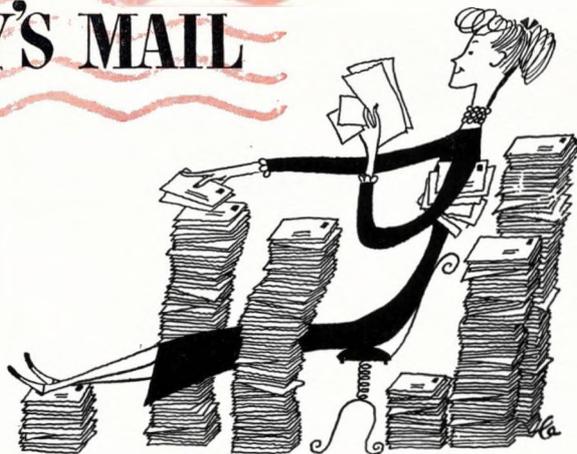
Another Pail

It's wonderful and unique! The courage of Doris Sulky to admit that she is no Amazon when it comes to housework and to expose herself to the wrath of all the women who crack their housework at the crack of dawn.

More about Doris, please! What does she do when she isn't painting pie crusts into flower pots—and how did she ever pull herself together long enough to write *My Life Among the Pots and Pans* (June)? I would really like to know because that's where I'm living but there's also a "diaper pail" among the pots and pans.

Mrs. Barbara Hyneman
Watertown, N. Y.

Really! How in the world could you let such a trashy woman corrupt a good magazine by allowing an article like Doris Sulky's in it? I can't say that washing and ironing is a great favorite pastime of mine, either, with two small kids and a husband and house to look after, but I don't find it necessary to



satuate my mind and stomach with any "stiff drinks" when I mop the floor.

Mrs. H. D. Cory, Jr.
Leavenworth, Kan.

Are Medical Fees Too High?

Carl Malmberg's article, *Why You Pay Too Much for Medical Care* (June), simply infuriates me. It's a completely biased article for socialized medicine and has no place in your magazine unless the other side of the question will be presented by a doctor. Mr. Malmberg's calling attention to the kickback situation in Los Angeles is typical of all the childish adults in the world today—demanding perfection and wide open to promises by leaders or ideas of this illusive Utopia. There are no doctors in my family so my interest in this question is not personal. But I know that all doctors are not as mercenary as Mr. Malmberg would have us believe.

Mrs. Claudine Young
Long Beach, Calif.



Why You Pay Too Much for Medical Care certainly hits the nail on the head regarding the plight of the middle-income family.

Mrs. Celia W. Gordon
New York, N. Y.

My husband is a young doctor of twenty-eight who has yet to begin practice. He worked his way through four years of college, spent four years in medical school and fifteen months interning at the magnificent sum of \$25 per month. He is now in the Army "paying back two years" for the privilege of being allowed to remain in medical school during the war. If he were to go on to specialize, it would be at least two or three years of resi-

dent hospital work at a salary of from \$50 to \$100 per month.

Doctors are human, they fall in love, marry, want children. Ever try to raise children on \$25 per month?

Most young men at the age of twenty-eight have been earning since the age of twenty-three or twenty-four, have regular hours. Doctors continue paying out money for education another five or six years after leaving college. After establishing a practice, there is the upkeep of an office, salary of a nurse, equipment, books and periodicals and further sessions at school to keep up with ever-changing methods. His hours are never limited.

Granted, there are unethical medical men, but there are unethical persons in all walks of life. Fees are generally scaled as to the patient's ability to pay. Many of the best specialists devote time to hospital clinics. No one is refused medical care because of inability to pay.

The doctor's expenses are going up, so are food, clothing, housing and other people's wages. Surely a doctor is entitled to raise his fees when the butcher, milkman and landlord raise theirs.

Mrs. Richard E. Spencer
Spencerport, N. Y.

Children's Chores

Remember the letter (March) from Mrs. May Speary, of Kentville, N. S., Canada, telling of the household chores performed by her young daughters? Do other readers, she wondered, believe in teaching small children to do small chores around the house? We put the question to you.

Without exception, every letter was

A MESSAGE FROM TODAY'S WOMAN TO NON-SUBSCRIBING READERS

TODAY'S WOMAN has the young view of fiction, fact, fashion, beauty, decorating, food. It's the magazine custom-made for today's young homemaker.

I want to see

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*Two years: \$5.00

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Renewal New Subscription

I enclose \$ _____

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A New Sure Way to tell when Your child's shoes are outgrown

A little lipstick and
Tell-Tale-Toe
Will enable you to
Watch little toes grow



Over half the children age 10 and under have foot troubles—mostly from outgrown shoes. This need no longer happen. A new Trimfoot invention gives mothers a positive check on the growth of their children's feet, in the home.

Every box of Trimfoot shoes contains a Tell-Tale-Toe growth register. Mothers rub lipstick on the color panel, slip it into shoe, have child take a few steps, and remove Tell-Tale-Toe. The red imprint of the child's toe shows exactly the position of the toe in the shoe while being worn. Repeated at monthly intervals this test keeps mother informed and assures maximum safe wear.

Ask your Trimfoot dealer to check the shoes your child is now wearing. When new shoes are needed he will fit your child with Trimfoot shoes and Tell-Tale-Toe will keep you informed.

Trimfoot

SHOES

For The Growing Years



For full details on Tell-Tale-Toe and booklet "Care of Growing Feet" write Trimfoot Company, 508, Farmington, Missouri

Tell-Tale-Toe protection is available free with Trimfoot shoes



Pieces from the open stock New Travis Court Grouping

It's tidy... It's trim...

IT'S NEW TRAVIS COURT

Small rooms look larger with New Travis Court by Drexel. These exquisite mahogany pieces are especially scaled to give spacious charm to today's compact homes . . . Take the new oval Sheraton extension table, with so much foot room, for example, or the handsome corner china cupboard that makes such good use of so little floor space.

You'll appreciate those lovely lyre-back chairs, with their serene, classical lines. Like all the rest of the grouping, they combine structural soundness with exquisite beauty.

New Travis Court is finished in beautiful, warm-hued mahogany veneer, hand-glazed and hand-rubbed until it gleams like satin. See it at leading department and furniture stores. Look for the "by Drexel" landmark—your proof of superior craftsmanship.

Write today for booklets: "Traditional"—26 pages—10c in coin only; "Precedent"—27 pages in full color of Drexel's new modern furniture—25c in coin only. Address: 1272 Huffman Road, Drexel, N. C.



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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF QUALITY BEDROOM AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE

enthusiastically in favor of chores for children. "Preparation for marriage and adulthood" was the chief reason, "learning responsibility" was next, "more time left free for family leisure and recreation." And most of you, at least those who have boys, firmly believe that small boys should be trained in household chores—no more "woman's work" vs. "man's work" in TODAY'S WOMAN readers' homes. We're surprised, and delighted, to learn that many very young men are already accomplished cooks and bakers!

As to age—well, here differences of opinion appear. Most of you, though, agree that the earlier the better—one proud mother reports a seventeen-month-old son who helps with the dishes! A four-year-old vacuums the living room. But most of you agree that toddlers under two do best on pick-up and put-away jobs, two- to three-year-olds can help with dishes, errands, and from there on it's up to you. Should youngsters be paid? Two readers report pay for chores and both had older children who earned their allowances.

We wish we could print every single letter, but since we can't, here are a few that are typical.—The Editors.

Our eldest son is twenty-one months old and it isn't because of enforced labor that he does his bit around the house. He has a curious mind and insists on assisting at every small chore. Needless to say, I do not discourage this although at times it would be much easier to do it myself. Things on our dinner table may be a bit helter-skelter but he has placed on it all the plates, glasses, cutlery, etc. He even goes so far as to be very sure that the knife goes on the right side and the fork on the left although the spoon is never sure where it is going to be.

Mrs. Wm. M. Beezley
Girard, Kansas

Too many mothers wait to train their daughters until they are old enough to be of real help, but by then they are so well trained in *not* helping that it is difficult to get them interested.

Mrs. Howard L. Mullins
Albuquerque, N. M.

If children learn what a job is before starting to school, and learn to finish a job once started, it certainly makes it easier for them in school.

Mrs. Florence Nesheim
Warroad, Minn.

In training my daughter (two-and-a-half) in helpful habits, I am also cutting to a minimum the use of that word which is the bane of all mothers—don't.

Mrs. R. L. Chase
Vancouver Island, B. C., Canada

How young? Just as soon as they can stand on a box and reach the dish-pan.

Mrs. O. M. Baird
Homer, Ill.

Breakfast-less Husbands

Maybe I ought to mind my own business but there's one situation in this country that burns me up. It's these darned lazy, pampered wives who stay in bed, peacefully and unconcernedly asleep, while their husbands go off to work with no breakfast at all, or at best, with a cup of coffee or a hunk of burned toast they prepared themselves.

Just for the heck of it, I conducted a little Gallup poll of my own among my buddies—the 8:15 commuters—who live on our block. Out of twelve men there are only two whose wives get up each morning and make them breakfast. One is myself and the other a bridegroom of a few months.

Any doctor will tell you that breakfast is the most important meal of the day for anyone. To go without food until lunch—a matter of a good sixteen or seventeen hours with nothing to eat but coffee or fruit juice—is darned bad for anybody but especially bad for a man who has to work, whether with his hands or his head. He needs a decent breakfast to provide energy to carry on whatever job he has to do to earn those pretty little pieces of paper without which he couldn't buy the blankets under which his pretty little wife slumbers.

Of course many husbands *do* say they prefer that their wives don't get up to get breakfast—but I *know*, just from talking with these breakfast-less husbands, that deep down inside a man considers breakfast at home with his wife one of the best parts of the day—one of the normal components of a normal marriage.

Here's one problem it would pay you wives of America, today's women, to think twice about.

*Name withheld by request
(and we don't blame him)*

Gracious, can such things be? Do you, dear reader, send your husband off breakfast-less? We don't believe it, but could be. Anyway, what have you readers to say about this? Send your letters on this, or any other subject that interests you, to The Editor, TODAY'S WOMAN, 67 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y. Be sure to include your name and address.



Sleep
my little one

Sleep
my pretty one



Sleep-
under Kenwood long-napped Blankets

Why does the whole family sleep so soundly under Kenwood long-napped blankets? Because a Kenwood, skillfully woven of long-fibred wools, drapes softly, gently, closely around you, lulling you to rest—and because a long, fleecy nap over the entire surface of the blanket provides a luxurious feeling of warmth without weight. Long-napped Kenwoods, after countless washings and years of use, retain their original fresh beauty, their warmth and sleeping comfort.



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Send this coupon for "Your Blanket Buying Guide," illustrating and describing 14 Kenwood Blankets for every purse and purpose.

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TWINS OK

mother's switch to cushion weave diapers



THESE CUTE TWINS started out wearing ordinary diapers. Then their mother, Mrs. Bela Fhagan of Long Island City, N. Y., tried an experiment. She began using CHIX diapers for just one baby. "I was amazed," she said. "Cheryl seemed much more comfortable. The cushion weave gauze diapers absorbed moisture better. And CHIX were so easy to wash and dry. Naturally I soon put my Bonnie in CHIX too. Soft, cushion weave gauze makes the best diapers we've ever used."

Your baby will appreciate these softer diapers. 20 by 40 in. size adjusts as baby grows. At leading stores.



THE DIFFERENCE IS IN THE SOFT CUSHION WEAVE



... and remember **DIAPERS DON'T SOIL** when you use **Chix** COTTONED DIAPER LINERS

DISPOSABLE FOR USE INSIDE REGULAR DIAPERS

CHIX Soft CRIB PADS are extra absorbent... Easy to wash and dry

Adventures in Editing



Jack Macurdy, Home Furnishings editor, whose unorthodox decorating tastes manage to please both eye and budget

***"Anything is possible in home decoration, and it's a shame people don't have more conviction about what they want. They shouldn't let interior decorators give them inferiority complexes."

Those fighting words come from Jack Macurdy, Home Furnishings editor of TODAY'S WOMAN.

Jack says his own tastes are unorthodox. He painted the walls of his double parlor an olive-drab brown, and his old wooden floors turquoise. "More practical than you'd think," he asserts. "Highly waxed, they're easy to keep clean."

This stunning color combination is a feature of an eleven-room house in Manhattan, where Jack escapes the shoebox existence of most apartment dwellers. The house, built by Aaron Burr 150 years ago, is owned by Trinity Church. It was vacant and due to be torn down two years ago when Jack got back from a turn around Leyte, Corregidor and Mindanao with the infantry. He got it by telling the owners a tale of woe about himself and his homeless, widowed mother.

The house has no central heating, so Jack installed gas radiators and got a special rate from the gas company. He furnished it with friends' discards, painted it from roof to doorstep, bought a painting or two "on time,"

and moved in himself, his mother and three ex-GI's. Now the establishment is a little smaller: it consists of Jack and the three ex-GI's. Jack's mother, who has moved around the corner, comes in to "superintend" the cleaning and to "dog-sit" with the two black French poodles Jack has acquired.

Jack is in hearty agreement with the hates expressed by the young husbands who were polled for this "Man's point of view" issue. He sees no point in glass curtains, wall lights or scatter rugs. He and John English, the art expert on Today's Woman At Home pages, also see no point in Christmas trees the kids can't touch, so they have vowed to produce a fairly indestructible Christmas tree by November.

What worries Jack is the small choice currently offered to the home furnishings buyer. "I can't recommend makeshift stuff," he says. "And I realize that some 'moderate-priced' items are really not moderate-priced. A husband must be inventive and his wife good at the sewing machine, nowadays."

Of the dining room table Mr. Macurdy shows this month on page 91, he boasts, "It has elbow room!" And indeed, it is the obvious triumph of man over dogma.

To prove he is right about the over-emphasis on dogma, Jack approached a big-time decorator with a color scheme. "Which of these yellows do you like?" asked Jack. There was a thoughtful pause, a dissertation on color values, and finally a very posi-



This indestructible Christmas tree will materialize in November as the answer to parents' holiday prayers

tive decision that one yellow had it all over the other one. "But they're the same," said our Mr. Macurdy.

***Because so many of you are new mothers, we're including in this issue two stories on pregnancy. One is Georgiana Feeney's short story, *Slow-Flying Stork* (page 31). The other is the article *The ABC's of Pregnancy*, by Dr. Carl Henry Davis and Donita Ferguson.

Ordinarily, on page 48 we'd have identified Donita Ferguson as co-author of the book *Fun With Flowers*, as well as co-author of *The ABC's of Pregnancy*. This seemed frivolous, so I'll tell you about her book here. I shall never forget it. It contained many everyday suggestions for making flowers longer-lasting and more decorative. It also suggested, for party decoration, tying an orchid on a long-handled frying pan and using the pan as a serving dish. I had an acquaintance, on a budget that caused her to wash and iron every night so she could present a clean face every morning, who insisted on trying the orchid trick. It worked. I never had an "I told you so."

Dr. Carl Henry Davis, the obstetrician and gynecologist author of the article on pregnancy, is known for many contributions to the literature of medical science. His books: *Painless Childbirth*, *Eutocia and Nitrous Oxid-Oxygen Analgesia*. He also edits and contributes to Davis' *Gynecology and Obstetrics*, the three-volume loose-leaf work which is a textbook classic for American medical students.

***As we've told you before, Mary Augusta Rodgers, author of this month's novel (page 45), has two little boys and a handsome young husband who works in the State Department and also writes magazine stories. The "latest chapter" from her life should be titled "What Writers Go Through."

"We now have a wonderful, enormous, hideous, pumpkin-colored desk (war surplus)," she writes. "But before we acquired this, and while I was working on *Congressman's Wife*, I typed on a felt-covered card table which staggered like a kneeling camel at my slightest touch on the typewriter keys, and sat on a homemade bench decorated around the side with fishing scenes and profile views of Tyrone Power. These two treasures were left in the attic by the former owners of our house and what they didn't cart away wasn't—oh, well, why be bitter?"

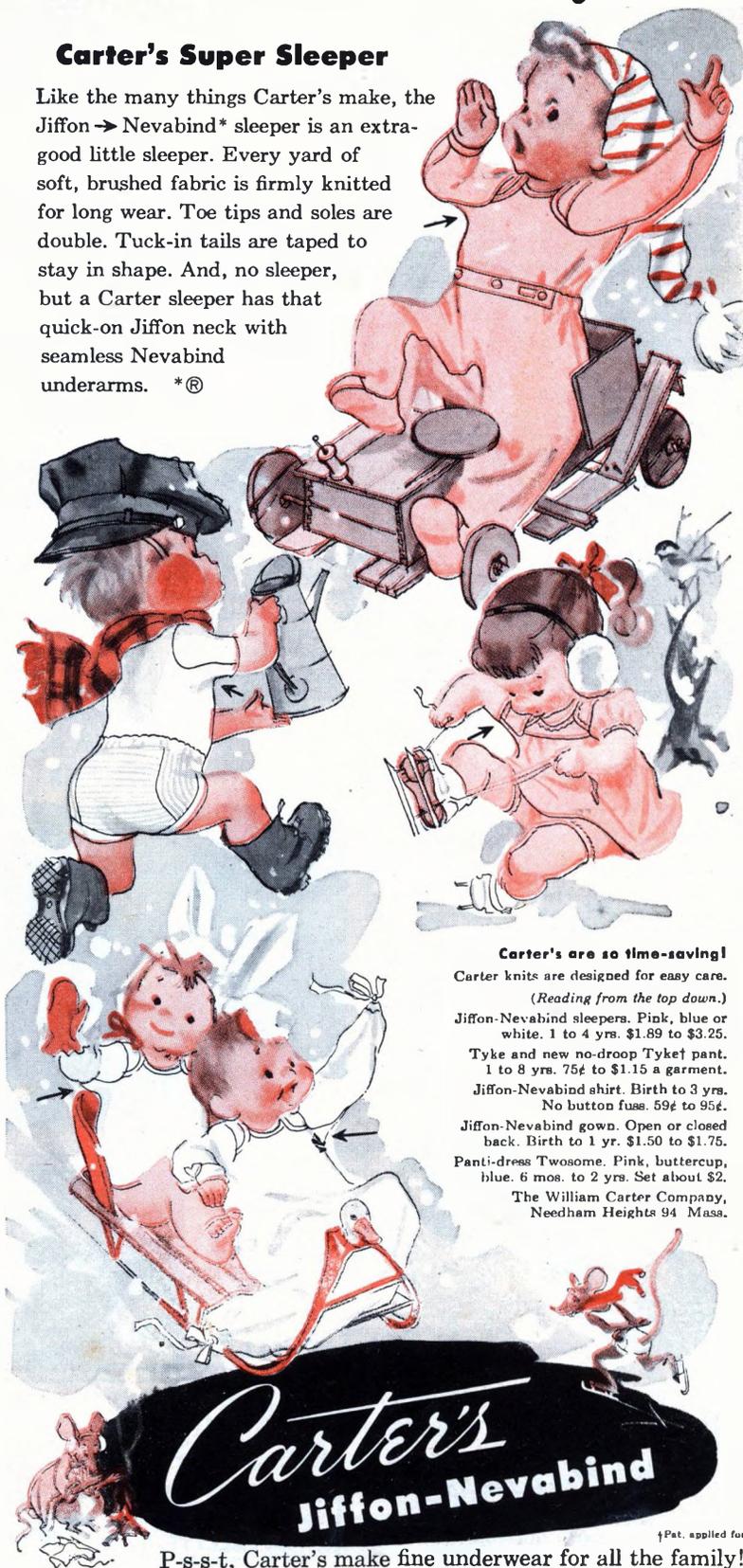
"As if the table and bench weren't glamor enough, the attic was without heat and my fingers grew stiff and blue and cold, in the best artistic tra-

[Continued on page 118]

Anti-Freeze for Baby

Carter's Super Sleeper

Like the many things Carter's make, the Jiffon → Nevabind* sleeper is an extra-good little sleeper. Every yard of soft, brushed fabric is firmly knitted for long wear. Toe tips and soles are double. Tuck-in tails are taped to stay in shape. And, no sleeper, but a Carter sleeper has that quick-on Jiffon neck with seamless Nevabind underarms. *®



Carter's are so time-saving!

Carter knits are designed for easy care.

(Reading from the top down.)

Jiffon-Nevabind sleepers. Pink, blue or white. 1 to 4 yrs. \$1.89 to \$3.25.

Tyke and new no-droop Tyket pant. 1 to 8 yrs. 75¢ to \$1.15 a garment.

Jiffon-Nevabind shirt. Birth to 3 yrs. No button fuss. 59¢ to 95¢.

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Panti-dress Twosome. Pink, buttercup, blue. 6 mos. to 2 yrs. Set about \$2.

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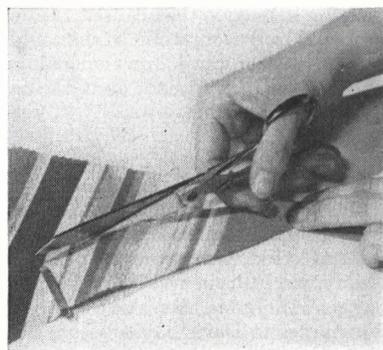
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Set \$1.50

or even a grown-up, give this personalized tumbler and toothbrush. Tumbler is frosty white plastic (will bend but can't break), hand-painted designs in pink, blue or red. Matching brush has nylon bristles. Child's own name painted on tumbler. Tell us the color you prefer—pink, blue, red—and the name.

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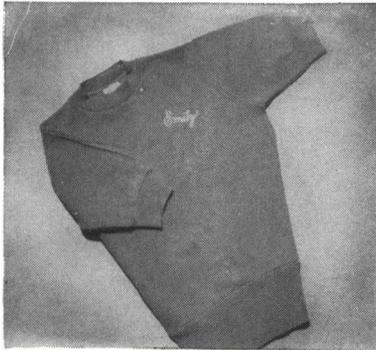
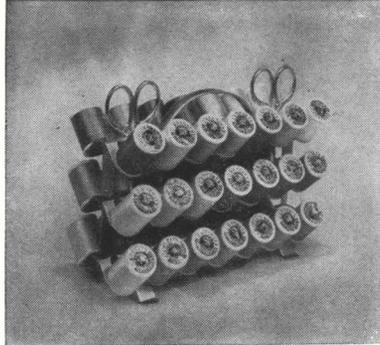
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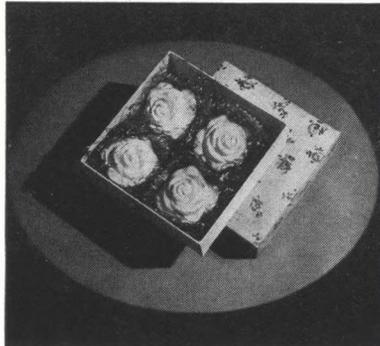
Today's Woman

HANDY SPOOL RACK has space for 42 spools of thread and slots for scissors. An attractive gift which any housewife will appreciate. Simplifies color selection and prevents the thread from tangling. Lightweight aluminum alloy holder finished in rose or blue. Convenient carrying handle. \$1 ppd. unfitted. Zierold Manufacturing Co., 1121 Chestnut St., Burbank, Calif.

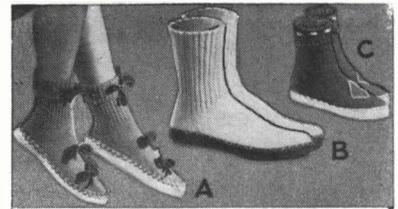


SOFT-AS-CASHMERE SWEATER to wear now with slacks or shorts, or later under a suit. With embroidered first name or 3-letter monogram, a pull-over makes a lovely gift. Pick a color—cherry, black, pink, blue, yellow, cream or white. Short or cap sleeves in Scotch Nap wool. Sizes 34-40. \$4.50 ppd.; \$1 more for name. Janss, 725 Rahway Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

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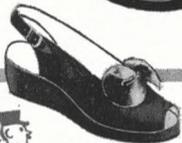
Black or black and gold. Sizes 4 to 9, medium width only. \$2.98

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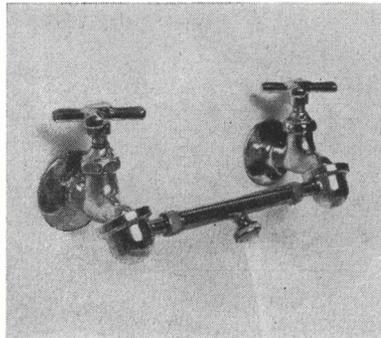


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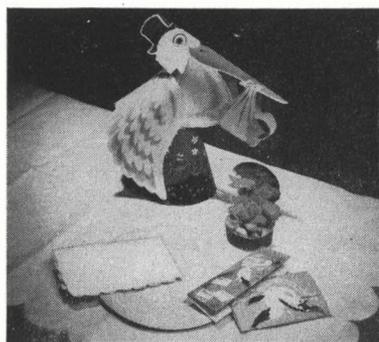
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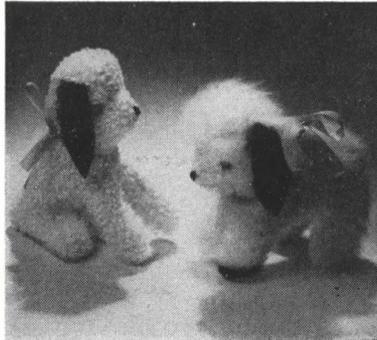


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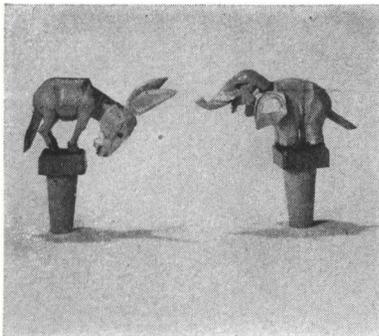
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Today's Woman

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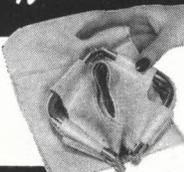
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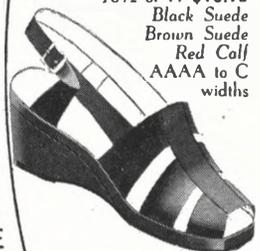
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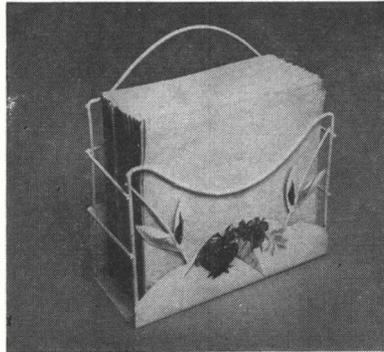
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The versatile Arden plays host charmingly in home and garden. Selected hardwood, smoothly sanded, ready to paint or dural. You'll assemble it in five minutes. Perfect as a bar or serving table . . . in the nursery or sickroom, on the porch, terrace—anywhere! An ideal gift. Size 18"x28"x31". Also available finished in choice of Chinese Red, Green, Canary Yellow or Black Lacquer; Maple, Mahogany or Natural, at \$4.75 additional.

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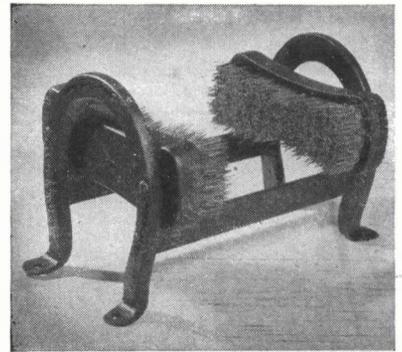
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Shop with Today's Woman



KITCHEN CONVENIENCE. It's not a new idea, but an attractive version of a paper napkin-holder to brighten up your kitchen. Another addition to County Fair kitchenware in white metal with vegetable design in full color. Hang it on your wall and you'll have your napkins where you want them when you want them. \$1 ppd. from Green Gable Gifts, 394 Lenox Ave., New York 27.

"WIPE YOUR FEET" is Mother's plea for clean floors and carpets. Even the children will make the effort with the help of a double brush bootscraper. Made from two hand-turned horseshoes welded to crossbars with attached stable brushes. Measures about 9x5½ inches and is a practical gift for any household. \$5.95 ppd. Horseshoe Forge, 16 Muzzey St., Lexington, Mass. No COD's.



SAFETY FOR YOUR DISHES and extra shelf space in your cupboard. Xtra-Shelf eliminates need to stack dishes of various sizes on top of one another. Sturdy aluminum shelves may be used together as shown, or separately. Bottom one measures 20x6 inches; cup shelf is 19x3 inches. \$2.25 ppd. for the unit from Malcolm's House & Garden Store, 526 N. Charles St., Baltimore 1, Md.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered directly from the stores. All merchandise except personalized items may be returned and full refund will be made.

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The Life of the Party!

A great little mixer . . . she breaks the ice at any gathering . . . is always in circulation at your bar. This streamlined siren stirs up conversation and cocktails. An irresistible gift for your friends.

Made of plastic, she comes in 8 assorted colors: aqua, topaz, green, rose, azure, blue, fuchsia, ruby, in solid colors of ivory and black and in crystal. Beautifully gift-boxed.

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TO THE READERS OF
TODAY'S WOMAN:

We feel that the items offered in the columns of Shop With Today's Woman represent an unusual selection of the best in gifts and accessories for you, your family and friends, and your home . . . products from all over the country . . . a wider assortment than can be found in any one community.

We hope that you are taking full advantage of this easy shopping method. . . .

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. . . that deliciously different taste of food cooked outdoors over fragrant wood or charcoal fires. **BE THE PERFECT HOST!** With a Hancock Outdoor Fireplace, your parties become occasions both charming and memorable. So simple to build, too, with the Hancock "skeleton" unit. Ovens and splits available. Send dime for 4-page Plan Sheet—"HOW TO BUILD YOUR OUTDOOR FIREPLACE"—with working drawings for a variety of designs.

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Look where your garden grows!

Right here in this Daystrom room that blooms with color and charm. The carefree plastic table top makes a cheerful background for your best china and glassware. Convenient side extensions zip smoothly out for extra elbow room. The comfort-curved chairs, with spring seats, are richly upholstered in washable Duran—handsome as leather, and so durable!

**Bring
summer
indoors!**



For light-hearted lounging

Relax and take life easy in these lazy lounge chairs. They're comfortably at home in den, rumpus room, or boy's room, because they invite hard wear, and they're covered with washable plastic! All Daystrom furniture is designed for beauty and durability. Priced for the budget-wise—at furniture and department stores everywhere.



So easy to preserve!

We're talking about the beauty of that Daystrom table top, of course! It's made for kitchen tasks. Steaming jars can't mar the satin-smooth surface that shrugs off stains, resists scratches and scars. And it swishes clean with a damp cloth! When you buy chrome furniture, ask for Daystrom.



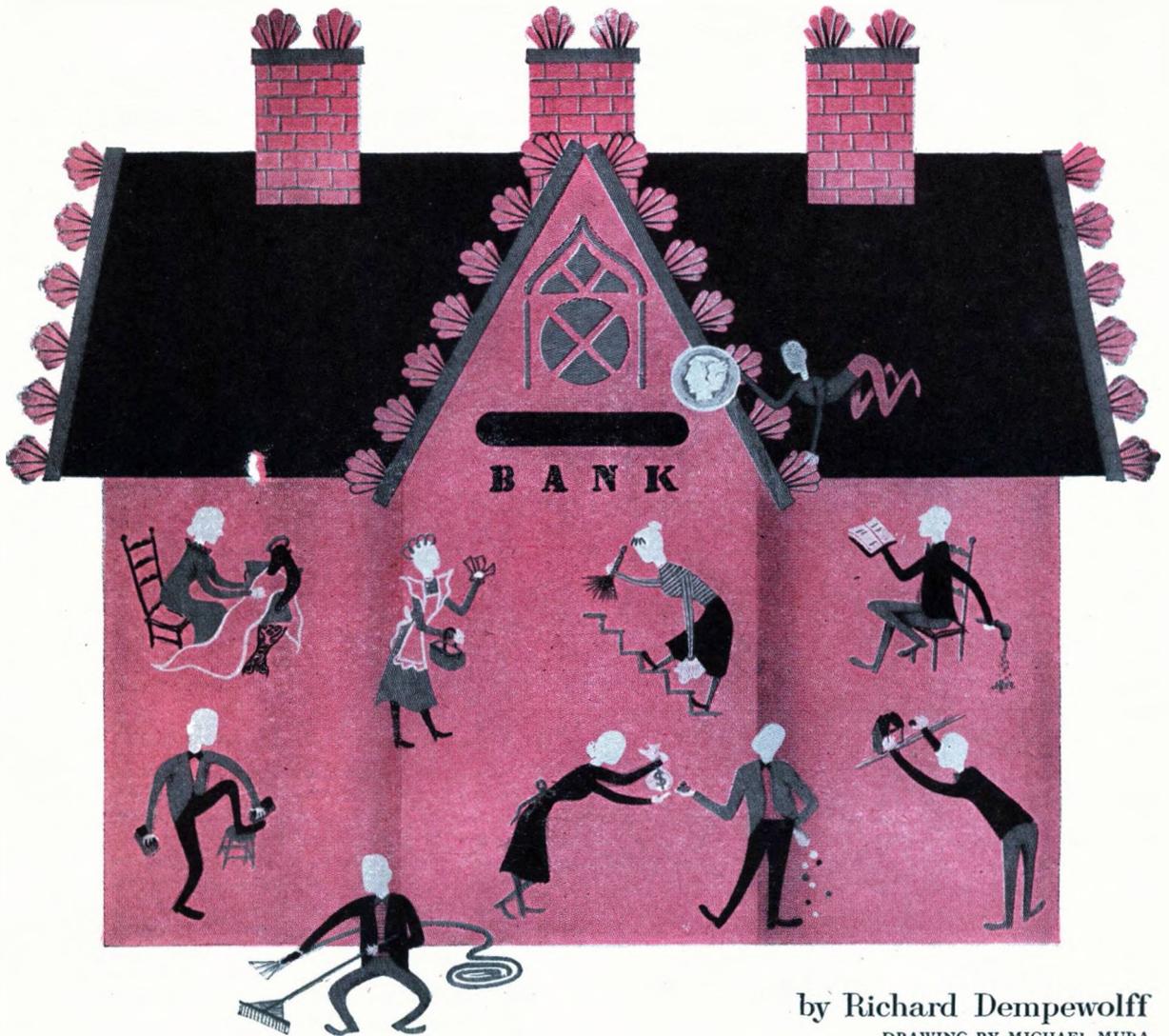
-it's **DAYSTROM** furniture!

DON'T WORRY! All Daystromite table tops are laminated plastic—resist heat, scratches, stains! They're even cigarette-proof!



Chrome furniture for casual living—featured by stores from coast-to-coast
Daystrom Corporation, Olean, N.Y.; Daystrom Pacific Division, Pasadena, Calif.

Try these 9 ways to turn
→ DIMES into DOLLARS ←



by Richard Dempewolff
DRAWING BY MICHAEL MURA

Saving?" a friend murmured sarcastically when I asked her, on behalf of the Dempewolff-TODAY'S WOMAN Rainy Day Poll, how much money she and her husband managed to put aside. "Who can save any money these days?"

It pains me to reveal that my survey disclosed that this is the usual response to what in other times would be a perfectly innocent question. A somewhat more ambitious survey than mine, conducted by the savings and loan associations, has discovered that about

sixty per cent of middle-income families are either spending more than their income (and using their savings to keep going) or are just barely making ends meet.

But my survey, fortunately, did disclose the happy fact that even in these days of outrageously high living costs there *are* ways—literally hundreds of ways—by which the neither-poor-nor-rich householder can save money. One of the best of these is cultivation of the habit of saving loose change, a method which appeals to many people because

of its attractively painless aspects. If dropping pennies into a child's piggy bank seems undignified, you may be interested to know that an empty quart bottle holds about \$350 in dimes and that hand-blown Bohemian vases can be found with necks of all sizes to accommodate nickels, dimes, quarters or half dollars. Whatever receptacle you prefer, don't sneer at the practice of saving bits of small change. It's the easiest way of saving yet devised because it comes out of money you'd throw away on fripperies during the

course of the week anyway—and it adds up with astonishing rapidity.

A thrifty Vermont housekeeper I heard about years ago had a box labeled "Tomorrow's Spending" which she kept in the kitchen and into which she put one-third of all unexpected money she acquired. Through the years that little box provided her son's tuition at Dartmouth, a second honeymoon for herself and her husband on their thirtieth wedding anniversary and, eventually, the cost of an operation that saved her life.

A Connecticut housewife saves the biggest coin that comes into her hands every day. Last year she banked more than \$200 this way. Her average yearly savings by this means alone is \$150. The only time it ever hurt was on a birthday some years back, when she was given a \$50 gold-piece. It was the biggest coin of the day, so into the till it went.

In San Francisco, friends of ours' save every coin with the imprint of the years 1914, 1916 and 1940. Those are the years of birthdays and their wedding anniversary. This money, plus a dime bank, has provided them with a windfall of \$300 a year which they then invest. They've been saving by this system ever since they were married eight years ago and, counting dividends and capital gains on the investments they've made so far, they estimate they've multiplied their odd coins to a total capital of about \$10,000.

Another original stunt is practiced by a large family we know. The mother "isolates" four days a month. Only she knows when these days will come. During dinner, when the whole gang is assembled, she'll suddenly say, "This is it. Ante up!" Amid groans, the whole family must empty its collective pockets and pocketbooks of *all* loose change. The take averages \$15 a month and is put to all sorts of family use. Since this ideal family has a savings plan figured in the regular budget, the extra \$15-a-month has bought such things as a family membership in a country club, a moving picture projector and now is paying for a television set.

Isolating coins or bills of a specific denomination is, of course, the most common method of saving. They add up at a great rate. For people in the \$4,000- to \$6,000-a-year income group, the half dollars they collect in everyday business will come to about \$200 or \$300 a year. Quarters, about the same. Dimes add up to between \$300 and \$400; nickels, about \$200 to \$250.

Just to give you an idea of the extremes to which you can go with this thing, a neighbor of ours decided when he went into business years ago to save every fifth [Continued on page 117]

New! Improved!

Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



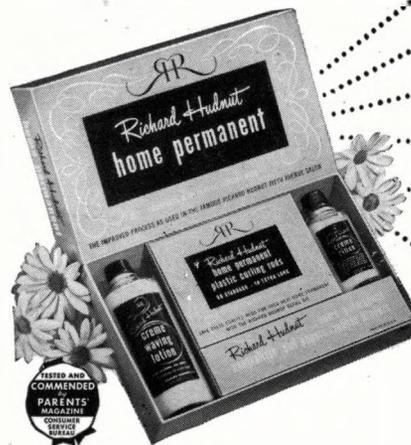
This New Home Wave Keeps Your New Short Haircut Salon-Sleek!

Give your smart new short coiffure just enough wave for body...just enough curl on the ends to keep it a sleek, close cap...with the new, improved RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT. Right at home...as easily as you put your hair up in curlers...you can give yourself this soft, salon-type permanent. You use the same type of preparations and the same improved cold wave process used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth

Avenue Salon for expensive permanents. Save money and tedious hours at the hairdresser...try this glorious home wave today! Price \$2.75; refill without rods, \$1.50 (all prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax).

It's 7 Ways Better!

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- 3 Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
- 4 Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
- 5 Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave... non-frizzy ends.
- 6 Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.
- 7 Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.



envy Green

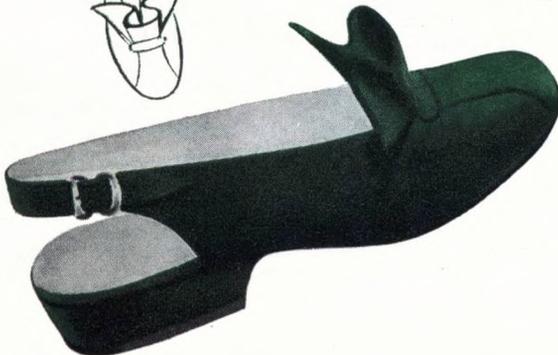
turns every eye your way . . .



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there's a TrimTred shoe for every mood!

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the Secret of a happy marriage



Kodachrome by Roger Coster,Guillumette



An attractive young woman standing near me while we waited at the appointments desk of a Chicago beauty salon introduced herself and reminded me we had met at the last national political convention. I then recognized her, one of the most brilliant and famous newspaper women in America.

As we walked the half block to Michigan Avenue I couldn't edge

in a word. She was telling me how thrilled she and her husband were over their sixteen-months'-old baby. At the corner, before we parted, I boldly interrupted to say that the next day I was addressing the LaPorte Women's Literary Society on that old subject, A Woman's Place Is in the Home. I was anxious to know how she, a smart and informed young wife, felt about the question.

"Of course," I apologized, "an

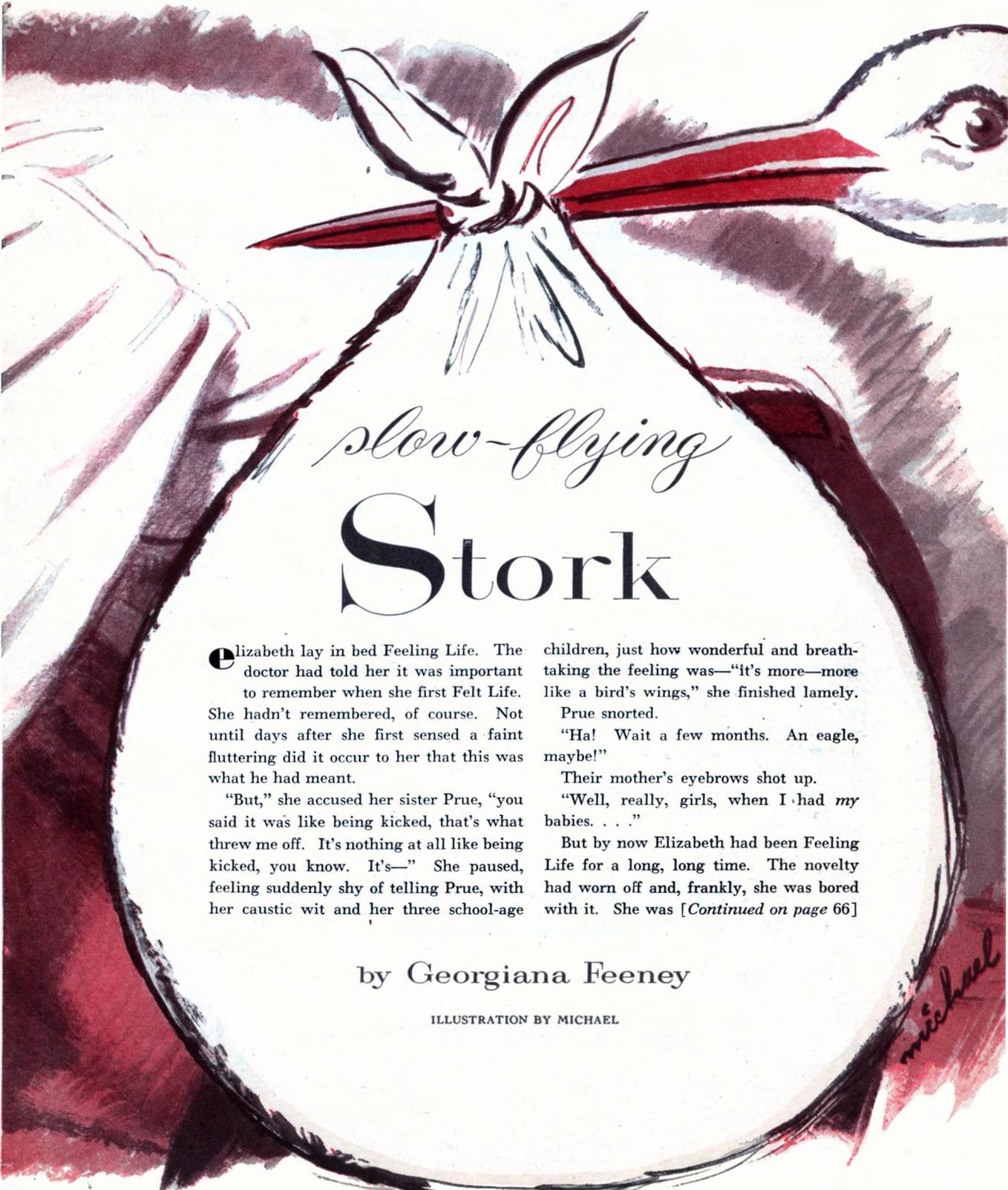
by *Mrs. Glenn Frank*

especially gifted woman like yourself is an exception. You can be a successful wife and mother and career girl all at once."

Her answer surprised me. "No," she said, "every woman's place *is* in the home if she is to be happy. I have certain family responsibilities I don't want to put on my [Continued on page 104]



"Don't you think that chickens are lucky?" Elizabeth asked dreamily. "It would be easy to take care of an egg in a nice suburban setup like this"



slow-flying
Stork

Elizabeth lay in bed Feeling Life. The doctor had told her it was important to remember when she first Felt Life. She hadn't remembered, of course. Not until days after she first sensed a faint fluttering did it occur to her that this was what he had meant.

"But," she accused her sister Prue, "you said it was like being kicked, that's what threw me off. It's nothing at all like being kicked, you know. It's—" She paused, feeling suddenly shy of telling Prue, with her caustic wit and her three school-age

children, just how wonderful and breathtaking the feeling was—"It's more—more like a bird's wings," she finished lamely.

Prue snorted.

"Ha! Wait a few months. An eagle, maybe!"

Their mother's eyebrows shot up.

"Well, really, girls, when I had *my* babies. . . ."

But by now Elizabeth had been Feeling Life for a long, long time. The novelty had worn off and, frankly, she was bored with it. She was [Continued on page 66]

by Georgiana Feeney

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL

michael

* Today's Woman usually does not publish fact stories which are not signed by the author. We feel this personal revelation justifies breaking that rule. Even present-day legal restrictions have not sufficiently checked the sale of sleeping pills. Their over-use still leads to many tragedies—even death. This personal experience of a woman who became a barbiturate addict merits the serious attention of all women.

THE EDITORS

I was a sleeping pill addict! It was incredible but it was true. Abruptly, almost overnight, barbiturates came to mean more to me than my life. And they very nearly cost me that life.

From a well organized and bright world of normalcy, I suddenly was catapulted into a shadowy place of terror and remorse, of confusion and panic, without realizing what was happening to me. My two years' journey down the winding road of disaster ended within a hair's breadth of a psychopathic ward. And I escaped death only because of the quick thinking and understanding of my doctor.

My initiation to sleeping pills came during a difficult domestic situation. The doctor I had at the time suggested that I take a pill each night until these personal troubles cleared up and I could sleep naturally again. I did. The pill helped. Occasionally I found myself taking one in the morning, to sleep off the effects of a party the night before, but it never occurred to me, in the beginning, to take a barbiturate for other than "medicinal reasons."

As financial worries, job worries and love worries came along, I found myself sleeping very little. I'd take my nightly pill and in a little while everything would be lovely. I'd have a beautiful feeling of warmth and security. If I

took *two* pills the dream world opened up and my flights in fancy were wonderful.

Just when sleeping pills became a necessity—worries or no worries—I never will know. Their effect is insidious, as treacherous as a thief in the night. Only when it was almost too late did I learn what addiction to barbiturates really means.

Almost without being aware of it I increased my nightly dosage from two capsules of a grain and a half each to four capsules, being careful to take only two capsules at a time. As the end approached I found myself taking fourteen capsules (twenty-one grains) within twenty-four hours and still functioning fairly normally, or at least well enough to get by. Fortunately (or perhaps unfortunately), I was a free-lance designer and my hours were my own. If I'd had to check in to a nine-to-five office job my condition would have become apparent to others before very long. As it was—

I argued to myself that when my life became more secure I would give up sleeping pills with no difficulty. Until that time, I reasoned, I could take larger doses than the doctors prescribed because I had acquired a tolerance for them. I did not realize that *a tolerance for barbiturates is seldom acquired!* [Continued on page 72]

my escape from
Sleeping pills

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAY O'REILLY





study in **Blue**

A haunting song of today and yesterday. To one of these it means tragedy—to another success—and to the third a passport to compassion

Kitty and Rodge Crandall did not insist that you had to be someone before they would entertain you. But obviously they preferred it if you were. Kitty fancied herself a patroness of the arts, the mistress of a salon, in spite of their inadequate budget and their dark little apartment; and Rodge, who was still rather touchingly in love, indulged her. They were almost always thwarted. The real celebrities—stage and screen and opera stars, important conductors and writers—had no reason at all to accept their invitations and didn't. Kitty bore these disappointments with fortitude and silence. And since she wasn't content to restrict her circle to her husband's insurance associates and her own girlhood chums, she had to settle for what she could get.

When her invitation had come to me—and I could see a latter-day Madame de Sévigné in the way she asked me to “drop in for a cocktail and some good talk”—my impulse had been to refuse. Then I reminded myself that when I'd first come to New York they alone had been kind to me. I remembered the nights when I'd have had nothing to do if Kitty hadn't said, “You come too”; and I remembered the many meals I had [*Continued on page 53*]

by Robert Wallsten

ILLUSTRATION BY FREDRIC VARADY



"Promise me," said my patient, "that you won't tell my husband you have seen my little girl. He doesn't like her to come back. because he killed her!"



Bennett Cereno

Erle Stanley Gardner, the world's most widely-read author of mystery stories, selects for Today's Woman ... **suspense story no. 8**

the SHADOWY

Third

by **Ellen Glasgow**

Author of *The Romantic Comedians* and other novels

When the call came I remember that I turned from the telephone in a romantic flutter. Though I had spoken only once to the great surgeon Roland Maradick, I felt on that December afternoon that to speak to him only once—to watch him in the operating-room for a single hour—was an adventure which drained the color and the excitement from the rest of life. After all these years of work on typhoid and pneumonia cases, I can still feel the delicious tremor of my young pulses; I can still see the winter sunshine slanting through the hospital windows over the white uniforms of the nurses.

"He didn't mention me by name. Can there be a mistake?" I stood, incredulous yet ecstatic, before the superintendent of the hospital.

"No, there isn't a mistake. I was talking to him before you came down." Miss Hemphill's strong face softened while she looked at me. She was a big, resolute woman, a distant Canadian

relative of my mother's, and the kind of nurse, I had discovered in the month since I had come up from Richmond, that northern hospital boards, if not northern patients, appear instinctively to select. From the first, in spite of her hardness, she had taken a liking—I hesitate to use the word "fancy" for a preference so impersonal—to her Virginia cousin.

"And he made you understand positively that he meant me?" The thing was so wonderful that I simply couldn't believe it.

"He asked particularly for the nurse who was with Miss Hudson last week when he operated. I think he didn't even remember that you had a name. When I asked if he meant Miss Randolph, he repeated that he wanted the nurse who had been with Miss Hudson. She was small, he said, and cheerful-looking. This, of course, might apply to one or two of the others, but none of these was with Miss Hudson."

"Then I suppose it is really true?" My pulses

were tingling. "And I am to be there at six o'clock?"

"Not a minute later. The day nurse goes off duty at that hour, and Mrs. Maradick is never left by herself for an instant."

"It is her mind, isn't it? And that makes it all the stranger that he should select me, for I have had so few mental cases."

"So few cases of any kind." Miss Hemphill was smiling, and when she smiled I wondered if the other nurses would know her. "By the time you have gone through the treadmill in New York, Margaret, you will have lost a good many things besides your inexperience. I wonder how long you will keep your sympathy and your imagination? After all, wouldn't you have made a better novelist than a nurse?"

"I can't help putting myself into my cases. I suppose one ought not to?"

"It isn't a question of what one

ought to do, but of what one must. When you are drained of every bit of sympathy and enthusiasm, and have got nothing in return for it, not even thanks, you will understand why I try to keep you from wasting yourself."

"But surely in a case like this—for Doctor Maradick?"

"Oh, well, of course—for Doctor Maradick." She must have seen that I implored her confidence, for, after a minute, she let fall carelessly a gleam of light on the situation: "It is a very sad case when you think what a charming man and a great surgeon Doctor Maradick is."

Above the starched collar of my uniform I felt the blood leap in bounds to my cheeks. "I have spoken to him only once," I murmured; "but he is charming, and so kind and handsome, isn't he?"

"His patients adore him."

"Oh, yes, I've seen that. Every one hangs on his visits." Like

the patients and the other nurses, I also had come by delightful, if imperceptible, degrees to hang on the daily visits of Doctor Maradick. He was, I suppose, born to be a hero to women. My first impression of him, even after the terrible events of the next year, records a memory that is both careless and splendid. It wasn't only the way he looked. Even more than his appearance—more than the shining dark of his eyes, the silvery brown of his hair, the dusky glow in his face—even more than his charm and his magnificence, I think, the beauty and sympathy in his voice won my heart. It was a voice, I heard someone say afterward, that ought always to speak poetry.

So you will see why—if you do not understand at the beginning,

I can never hope to make you believe impossible things!—so you will see why I accepted the call when it came as an imperative summons. I couldn't have stayed away after he sent for me. However much I may have tried not to go, I know that in the end I must have gone. In those days, while I was still hoping to write novels, I used to talk a great deal about "destiny" (I have learned since then how silly all such talk is), and I suppose it was my "destiny" to be caught in the web of Roland Maradick's personality. But I am not the first nurse to grow love-sick about a doctor who never gave her a thought.

"I am glad you got the call, Margaret. It may mean a great deal to you. Only try not to be too emotional." I remember that Miss Hemphill was holding a bit of rose-geranium in her hand while she spoke. Long since then I have wondered if she also had been caught in the web.

"I wish I knew more about the case." I was pressing for light. "Have you ever seen Mrs. Maradick?"

"Oh, dear, yes. They have been married only a little over a year, and in the beginning she used to come sometimes to the hospital and wait outside while the doctor made his visits. She was a very sweet-looking woman then—not exactly pretty, but fair and slight, with the loveliest smile, I think, I have ever seen. In those first months she was so much in love that we used to laugh about it among ourselves. To see her [Continued on page 57]

Erle Stanley Gardner selects

ANOTHER STORY OF SUSPENSE

CALCULATED TO MAKE YOUR

BLOOD RUN COLD



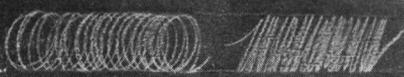
I have chosen *The Shadowy Third*, by Ellen Glasgow, for this series, because it is a first-class story of suspense which instills a feeling of sinister apprehension in the reader without

losing its truly artistic quality.

As in any really good suspense yarn, the characters and environment are drawn with a skillful hand. The young, impressionable nurse, with her romantic attachment for a doctor she has come to worship, is as real to the reader as her next-door neighbor. Margaret Randolph, the dramatic central figure of the story, is so logically and convincingly portrayed that the reader accepts without question the incredible things which happen to her. Unquestionably, *The Shadowy Third* is a suspense story as well as a masterly bit of character portrayal.

1+1=2 A A A a a a apple
2+2=4 B B B b b b bee
1-1=0 C C C c c c cat
2-1=1
1 x 2 = 2
2 x 2 =
2 x 3 =

100%



My child and the three R's

A parent with a peeve wants to know:

What's happened to education that educates?

The note from the school said, "We encourage our parents to visit the classroom at any time to observe the children at their studies."

Nancy had been a precocious pre-schooler and could identify all the letters of the alphabet long before her second birthday. When she was in kindergarten, I had attended the monthly mothers' study groups with enthusiasm. I noted with pride her artistic efforts hanging around the room. I listened to the glowing reports of the teacher. So when Nancy entered first grade I waited breathlessly for big things to happen. I waited for three months. She was still spending most of her free time crayoning grotesque figures on the cardboards the laundry put in her father's shirts. Any questions as to how she was learning to read or to write met with a stubborn silence.

Then she triumphantly bore home her first quarterly report. It stated: "Nancy shows [Continued on page 120]"

by
Jean Hofmann

"You keep right on doing what you're doing, Eva,"
commanded Miss Mishkin. "It doesn't hurt any man
to know that a girl has a thirty-six-inch chest!"



by *Cynthia Hope and Frances Ancker*

ILLUSTRATION BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

Irma Mishkin cradled the telephone, executive-style, against one shoulder while she drank an egg-cream, bargained with the X-Pert Paint and Spray Service in Brooklyn and dashed off a publicity release for tomorrow's edition of *Women's Wear Daily*.

"IT'S YOUNG! IT'S NEW! IT'S TERRIFIC!" she typed. "OKAY FROCKS LITTLE DINNER SUIT, SPICED WITH ERMINE TAILS!"

She stretched back and surveyed the copy happily. There were not half a dozen girls in New York, Irma reflected, who could handle a job, redecorate a house by telephone, and plan to entertain the man of her dreams, all in one operation.

"Hot Pink," she repeated firmly but pleasantly into the telephone. "I want the shutters painted Hot Pink, please, Mr. Gross. You paint the shutters. I'll straighten things out with Momma. Right?"

Irma's other phone zinged. She snapped it up, but Momma was talking before she could say hello.

"Now, Momma," she soothed, "you just sit tight, and everything's going to be gorgeous!"

Taking up a little gold pencil marked "Irma," she checked over the list of Things To Be Done with a warm glow of triumph: Shutters painted Hot Pink; Mermaid curtain for the shower; Love seat shampooed; Musical chimes installed.

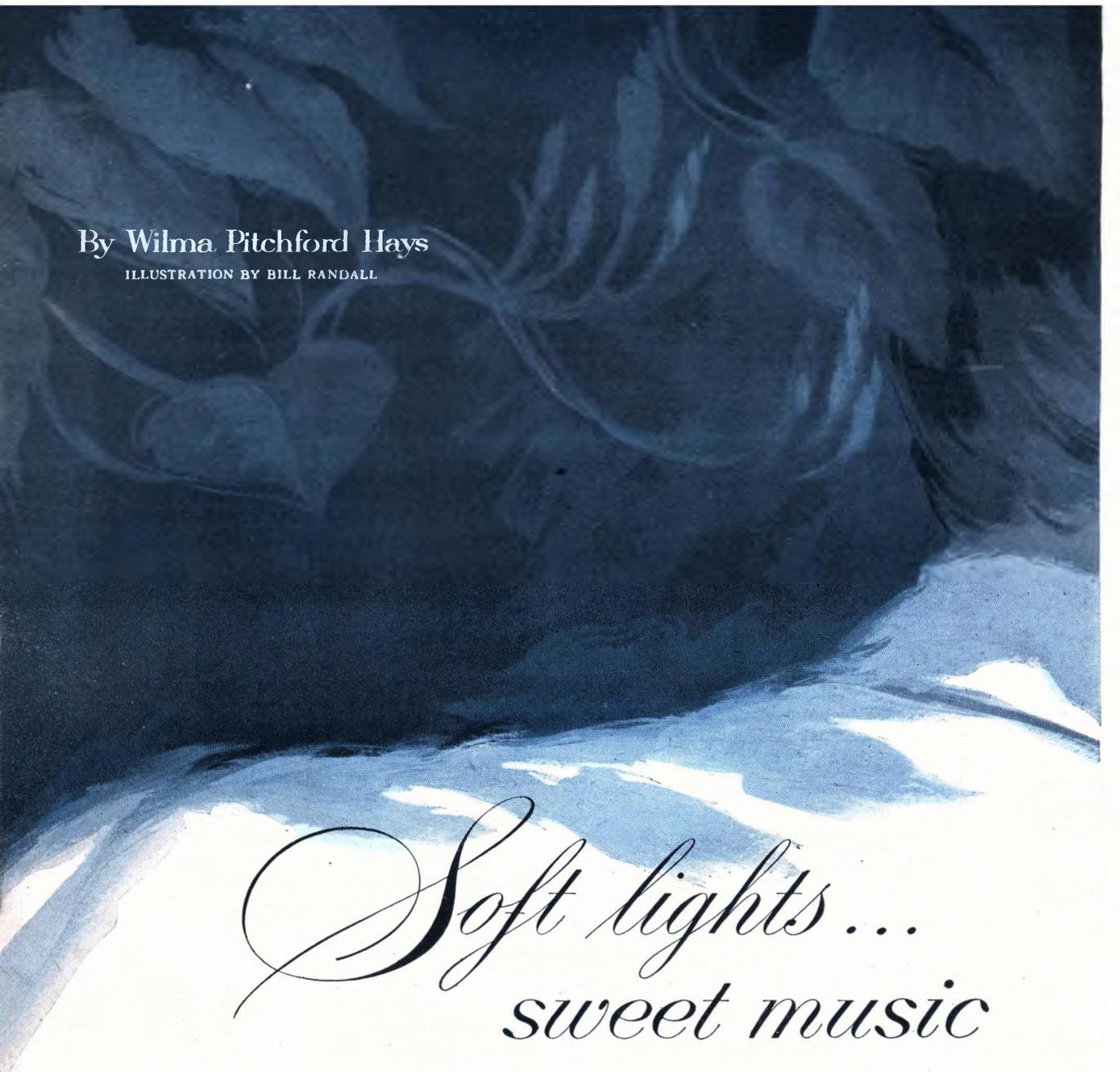
"The whole neighborhood is talking?" Irma inquired. "But Momma, that's nothing to cry about. It's a gorgeous opportunity. Just tell them that your daughter Irma is planning to entertain Sonny Winston of Winston's Department Store, the richest young man in Pittsburgh!"

The boss was blasting Irma's name over the inter-office and two salesmen were waiting to see her. Irma snapped off the inter-office and winked at the salesmen. "I can still hear you, Momma," she said obediently. [Continued on page 106]



the belle of Brooklyn

In which Miss Irma Mishkin of Okay Frocks promotes a Romance—her own!



By Wilma Pitchford Hays

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL RANDALL

Soft lights ... sweet music

Marie sat before the mirror in the curtained cubbyhole watching the reflection of Antoine's lean face as he brushed her soft dark hair. In the booth on her left, she heard Elaine Evans' voice like plush in its contentment, the way it had been ever since she learned that she was pregnant. In the booth on Marie's right, Leota Morse held forth about her Johnny's grades in school.

"All A's," she informed the operator. "He's smart like his father. Les has done so well—"

Marie closed her eyes and tried to shut her ears, but the sound of Leota's voice persisted, going on and on about the new house Les had bought for her. Les and Leota had graduated from high school with her, Marie remembered, and Les was two years younger than Jock.

She was suddenly dissatisfied with the way Antoine did her hair. She had told him a hundred times not to use so much wave set; it made her hair stiff. He always murmured some- [Continued on page 114]

★ This was it, she knew. He was setting the stage with soft lights and sweet music. The only question was whether this confession would be like all the others







Today's Woman Complete Novel

Her life in Washington was like a dream
come true—all glitter and glamor. She failed to see
that the friends she held so dear were playing
for high stakes, very high stakes indeed

Congressman's Wife

The Town Herald, Benham's twice-weekly newspaper, announced their departure in a lead story on the front page: "Friends of Representative Lewis R. Dabney, newly elected Congressman from this district, flocked to the farewell banquet given him last night by the Civic League in the basement of the Municipal Auditorium." The story ended in a burst of vivid but rather inaccurate detail: "Mr. Dabney will fly to Washington, D. C."

In plain truth, Representative Dabney left Benham in his 1940 two-door sedan, accompanied by his wife, Ruth; their two children, Bobby and Ricky; and their half-collie, half-unknown-breed dog, Boss. They started at five in the morning; by early evening they were approaching the outskirts of Washington. Bobby and Ricky were asleep on the back seat, among a nest of stuffed animals, rubber balls and cap pistols. The dog lay at Ruth's feet, one of his paws drawing a thread from her stocking. She held her purse, two road maps and a pair of Ricky's rompers in her lap, and she was probably sitting on her hat.

A truck ahead slowed them down. Lewis put his hand on her knee. "A long day," he said. "You look tired, Sweet."

BY MARY AUGUSTA RODGERS

ILLUSTRATION BY ALFRED BUELL



"Are you sure your husband didn't know
your expensive clothes were paid for by
Nelson James?" thundered the counsel

Today's Woman Complete Novel



He seldom called her that, but each time he did it was like a kiss. They smiled at each other, the warm, intimate, secretive glance of two people who are very happy together.

Ruth looked out the window and struggled to keep awake. She watched the billboards sleepily. Seafood A Speciality . . . 100 Rooms, 100 Baths . . . Ask for Almshead Ale . . . Conveniently Located Near The Capitol. . . .

The last word caught her attention. The Capitol. *The Congress of the United States*. To Ruth, the phrase was always stately, impressive, never casual.

For the first time that day she began to feel as she had wanted and planned to feel. This was not simply a tiresome trip; they were not simply a family moving from one place to another. This was a congressman and his wife entering the capital of the nation.

She couldn't keep still. "Lew," she asked, "what time is it now?"

"About six. We'll be there soon."

He was matter-of-fact. Lewis never played up to what Ruth felt were occasions. She started to ask if he thought reporters would be waiting for them and then decided against it. Of course not; the very thought was silly. But still, Ruth felt that their arrival should be marked in some way. Something should happen.

"I suppose," she said, "we'll have to do a good deal of entertaining now."

Lewis looked surprised. "Entertaining? Haven't we always?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," she answered hesitantly. But she couldn't say it aloud. One of her dream roles—one of many, but a favorite—pictured her as the gracious hostess of a select salon. The picture was framed in gold braid and protocol, White House and Embassy functions, titles and ribbons and decorations, the marks of official caste.

Lewis smiled at her as though he knew. She turned, eager to change the subject. "I was just

thinking how good it will be to see Edith. It's been almost two years since I have. Do you think she's changed much?"

"With all that success, you mean? I doubt it. You know Edith."

She nodded. Oh, yes, she knew Edith; of her friends, she had been closest. Ruth met her a few months after her family moved to Benham. Before that, Ruth had been bored and lonely, and she always felt that Edith saved her life. They were immediately and intensely congenial. They spent every possible moment together, they discussed every possible subject and agreed on everything. Including the fact that there were no men worth bothering about in Benham. "Except Lewis Dabney," Edith invariably said. Lewis Dabney came up frequently in her conversation; he was her model of masculine perfection. "But of course," Edith said, "I could never feel *that* way about him. I'm used to thinking of him as though he were my brother." Lewis Dabney was away at Yale that spring, and he continued to be away until after Edith left for college. "Be sure to write and tell me what you think of Lewis," she had said to Ruth. When Ruth did write, two months later, it was to ask her to be maid of honor at Christmas. They had waited for the holidays because they both wanted to have Edith there.

The first years of their marriage they saw Edith often. They saw less of her after she left Benham for good. Her visits were short and infrequent, but the feeling of fond intimacy, strong as a family relationship, remained. Edith had gone from college to a New York newspaper, then to Washington as political reporter, and eventually become a columnist. She was very successful and well publicized.

Back in Benham, the Dabneys had had three children and lost one; they had been separated three years during the war, and on his return Lewis had left his law practice to go into politics. They had been married now nine years.

Ruth looked over at Lewis. He had what would have been a heavy

face without the strongly marked cheekbones, the hard chin. His eyes were dark and expressive. He had a slow, generous smile, and a fine voice—rough, low, resonant. Ruth thought he was very handsome.

But now she was trying to see him as Representative Dabney, and it was difficult. Whenever she saw a news photo of him she felt as if she were staring at a stranger. She even had trouble following all the comment on his election and trying to relate it to Lewis, her husband. There had been a good deal of publicity. Lewis had campaigned vigorously against the powerful machine controlled by Tom Henny, the state political boss. And he'd amazed everyone, even Ruth, by winning. His election had interested the political columnists, since he was the first congressman from the area in ten years who hadn't been backed by Boss Henny. Reporters referred to him with a variety of adjectives: an energetic, forceful, crusading young lawyer. Sometimes they called him an impractical idealist.

Ruth was very proud of him. But she still knew practically nothing about politics.

Dodging that thought, because she felt guilty, she put her head against his shoulder and closed her eyes.

It seemed only a moment later that she heard Lewis. "Ruthie, wake up and look around."

She struggled up. Then she saw, like a spear in the darkness, the symbol of the city—the Washington Monument, white with floodlights, piercing the night.

"Oh, Lewis," she said, "stop the car. Just a moment."

He pulled the car to the side of the highway and she looked across the Potomac to the long cluster of lights that marked the city, and the

monuments to Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson. Far to the right she could see the Capitol dome.

Now she was feeling it, the lifting, tingling grip of excitement. "Oh, Lew!" she cried. "Doesn't it make you feel—don't you feel important?"

A match glowed. He lit a cigarette and his voice was thoughtful. "No," he said. "I guess I don't. Do you think I should?"

"Oh, darling," she said, "of course you should! Don't you remember? When we were first married, when you were starting law school? I told you then I knew you'd be in Congress some day."

He laughed and pulled her close. "Don't back down on your original prophecy. I was supposed to be President."

She laughed with him. "The difference is that I *wouldn't* be surprised."

"It's hard to surprise someone who believes in miracles," he said. He kissed her hard and tenderly, like a lover. Then he sat back, patted the top of her head and said briskly, like a husband, "We can't fool around. It's late," and started the car.

Ruth strained her eyes, staring ahead for the first glimpse of the house. "This can't be it," she said as the car stopped. "Somebody lives here. The lights are on inside."

"Surprise for you," Lewis said. He blew the horn.

"Ruth!" Edith Cohn was calling. "Lewis wired me. . . . Ruth, it's so marvelous to see you! Welcome to Washington!"

It was wonderful, as Ruth said to Edith, to find the house warm and dinner ready. But still, the children were cross, Edith talked so fast, and everything was a jumble of confusion. When Ruth tried to feed Bobby and Ricky, her hair fell across her forehead and they fought her off. Our first evening in Washington, she thought irritably. She wasn't sure what she had expected, but she had thought it would be different from this.

She told herself that she would feel better as soon as she had some coffee, and she did. The three of them ate a picnic meal in the littered kitchen. Edith had even brought some beer.

"To the new congressman," Edith said, raising her glass. "Long may he wave."

"To Miss Cohn, the noted columnist," Lewis said.

Ruth took a long drink on that, too. Then she said, "I'll bet no one can think up a distinction for me."

"All right, I will," Edith said. She looked at Ruth and for a moment her expression was quiet. Then she smiled.

"To Ruth Maddox Dabney," she said. "A very happy woman."

For an instant Ruth thought: Poor Edith, she's worried about something.

After Edith left, Ruth tiptoed into the children's room. She bent down and pulled up their blankets and smoothed their short, fine hair. When she straightened up, Lewis was standing beside her. The room was warm and very dark, soft with the sound of the children's breathing.

"They look so much like you," Ruth whispered. They went out and she closed the door carefully. Her breath grew sharp when she felt Lewis' head against her cheek, his mouth against her shoulder. She put her arms around him and shut her eyes. I *am* happy, she thought. And very lucky. I have everything I'll ever want, ever.

A week slipped by with fantastic speed, then a month passed like a single moment. Congress was in session. But Ruth had had no one to stay with the children and had to miss seeing Lewis take his seat at the first session. It was surprising how little different their life became from what it had been in Benham. Hers, at any rate. She had thought that being the wife of a congressman would involve—well, if not pomp and circumstance, at least *something*. She did meet some friends of Lewis'—three congressmen, two senators and their wives—but they were just like the people they'd known at home. She tried to settle down, but a restless feeling persisted, like a stubborn fever. It was as if she were waiting for something, something unknown but definitely promised.

Ruth still felt that way the day she decided to call Irene Gaines. Irene Gaines, Mrs. Pinckney Gaines, was a distant cousin of Ruth's father. Ruth had never met her, but her father had said that he understood Mrs. Gaines lived in Washington and Ruth ought at least to call and say hello.

Seeing "Gaines, Pinckney R."

listed in the telephone book, Ruth thought, Oh, well, and dialed the number. A clipped voice answered. No, this was not Mrs. Gaines speaking, and who was calling, please?

A short wait, and then a high, clear, very cultivated voice came over the wire. "Oh, yes, of course, you're Ray's daughter, aren't you? Oh, your husband's in Congress, how exciting." The tone was polite, friendly, but flavored with something which was neither friendly nor polite. "My dear, I've just glanced at my books and it seems that I'm facing the most overwhelming week. But I *am* anxious to see you; we must plan something. Yes, and do give your father my love when you write, so sweet of you to call—"

Ruth dropped the receiver back into its cradle and stared at it. Irene Gaines' every word had been pleasant, even a little gushing, but Ruth was left with the impression that a door had been slammed in her face.

Several days later, at six in the evening, she was in the kitchen mixing biscuits and did not see the headlights of a car as it stopped before the driveway. Bobby had Tubby the Tuba playing at top volume on the phonograph and Ricky was at her feet banging pot lids together, so she did not hear the steps on the porch. At the conclusion of Tubby the Tuba, she heard a rapping noise. "Bobby!" she called. "Whatever you're doing, stop it." Bobby put on another record, Jimmy Durante singing G'wan Home, Yuh Mudder's Callin'. Lifting his voice over it, he bellowed, "It's not me, Mommy. There's somebody at the door."

Ruth muttered and rushed to the living room, the biscuit cutter in her hands. When she jerked the door open she found herself staring at a small, blonde woman, soft under furs and the scent of perfume, who introduced herself as Irene Gaines.

"Ruth, dear," she said, smiling. A man stood behind her; Ruth had never met Pinc, had she? They both hoped this wasn't too inconvenient—but they were on their way to dinner and realized they were in Ruth's neighborhood, and couldn't resist dropping in to say hello and welcome to Washington.

"I'm so glad to see you," Ruth said, standing back and switching the [Continued on page 122]

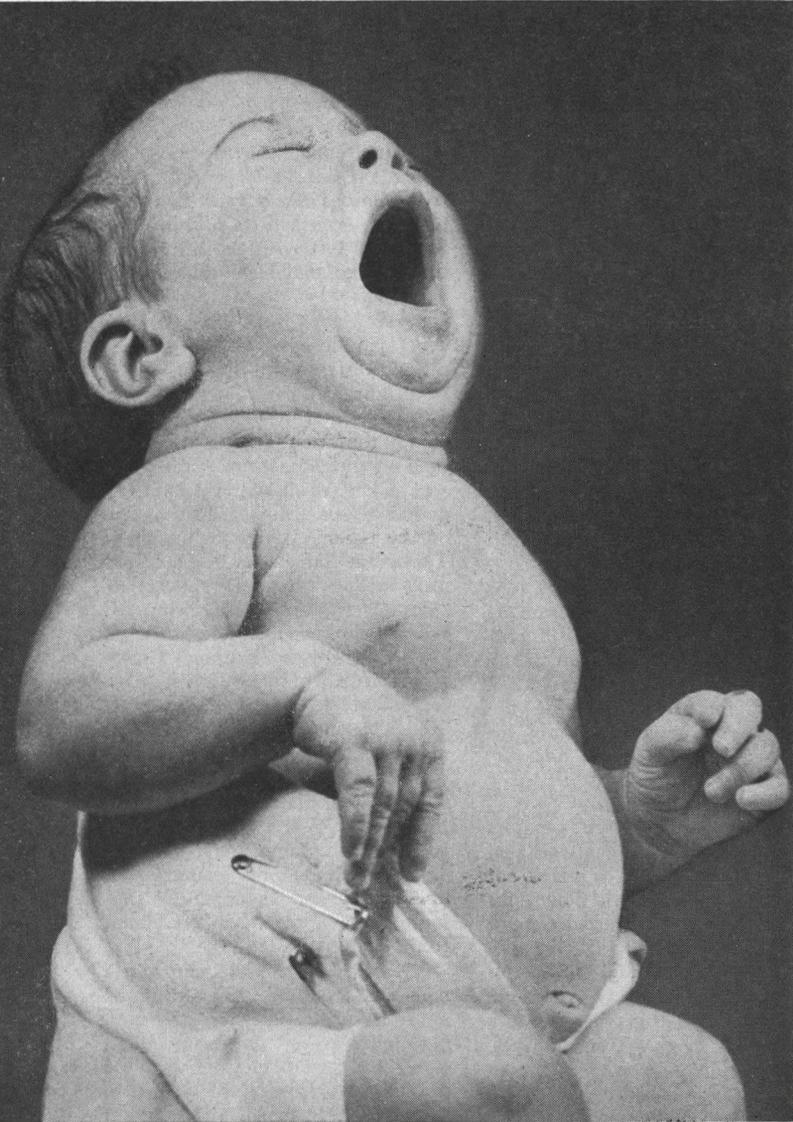
A basic question and answer article on
the problems of pregnancy and childbirth

the ABC's of

by Carl Henry Davis, M.D.

Noted authority on pregnancy and childbirth

In collaboration with Donita Ferguson



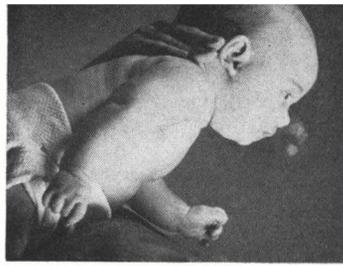
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CONSTANCE BANNISTER



How can I be sure I'm pregnant?

There is only one *symptom* by which you can be *sure* you are pregnant, and only three *signs* which your doctor will accept as positive proof. (A symptom is something such as nausea which you describe to your doctor but which he has no way of proving. A sign is something he can see or feel, such as an enlargement of the uterus.)

When you feel fetal movements—and this probably will not occur until the middle of the fourth month—you can be certain you are pregnant. The first time the *doctor* can be sure is about the beginning of the fourth month when an X-ray will reveal the fetal skeleton. The doctor's second and third checks, impossible until somewhat later, are hearing the fetal heartbeat and—by



Pregnancy

abdominal manipulation—feeling the fetus move.

Every other sign or symptom—including morning sickness, breast changes, cessation of menstruation—can be indicative of something else. Even laboratory tests are not conclusive. It is not likely, but it is possible, so don't start knitting those tiny garments until you have at least one of the four sure-fire signals.

Won't a laboratory test tell me if I'm pregnant?

No laboratory test is one-hundred-percent accurate. If you urgently need an immediate diagnosis, however (and you might, for even so minor a reason as taking a long trip), the laboratory test is a pretty good indication. Otherwise, repeated examinations will enable your obstetrician to give you just as accurate a diagnosis within a relatively few weeks.

Which are the most accurate early-pregnancy tests?

The Aschheim-Zondek test using immature female mice and the Friedman test using young female

rabbits are best. They are about ninety-five- to ninety-eight-per-cent accurate.

Are my chances of pregnancy less if I menstruate only one day?

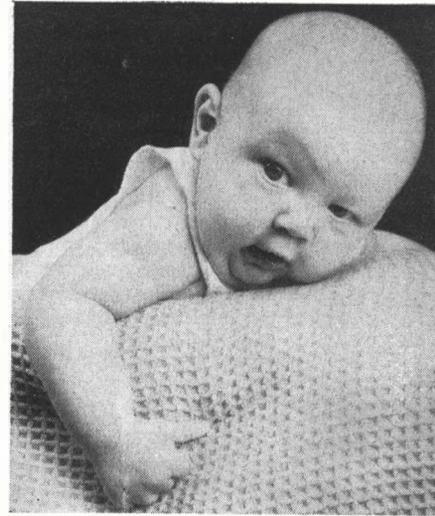
The amount and duration of menstruation is unimportant. Pregnancy emphatically depends on ovulation, not menstruation. By keeping a temperature chart you can tell when you are ovulating—in other words, whether or not your ovaries are releasing an egg each month. Ovulation normally occurs midway between menstrual periods. Conception is possible only if intercourse takes place during this time.

How can I figure when my baby will come?

Add a week to the last day you started menstruation. Then count back three months. Under normal circumstances your baby should arrive on or about a year from that date.

How early can my baby come and live?

Babies born as early as seven and



a half months—and normal except for their prematurity—practically always survive. Very few born under seven months live more than a week.

There is no truth in the old adage that an eight-months' baby has less chance to survive than a seven-months' baby. In fact, it does just as well as one born at term and often better than a post-mature infant.

Can my pregnancy last longer than nine months?

Yes. Many women continue two or more weeks beyond term, but obstetricians today—in the interests of both mother and child—frequently induce labor when a woman goes more than a week beyond term. Labor is exceptionally dangerous for very large as well as very small babies.

What is the size of my baby at various stages of pregnancy?

Your baby grows approximately two inches a month from the sixth month on. Before that, it grows at an ever-increasing rate, from a third of an inch during the first month



to four inches during the fifth month, the high for the nine-months' course.

Why and how long will I be sick in the morning?

If you have morning sickness—it happens to less than half of all pregnant women—it will begin almost immediately after the first missed menstrual period and probably end early in the fourth month. No scientist yet knows the reason for morning sickness.

What do I do when I first feel fetal movements?

Make a record of the date, but try not to confuse fetal movement with gas pains or other abdominal disturbances. Overeager women make this error all too frequently. The first indication of fetal movements helps your obstetrician estimate the probable date of delivery.

If it is your first pregnancy you will become conscious of fetal movements—or quickening, as doctors call it—about the middle of the nine-months' stretch. During subsequent pregnancies, quickening may become evident a few weeks earlier.

Everybody says I will crave strange foods while I'm pregnant. Is this true and why?

Yes, it is true. Some women even crave plaster or dandelions or pieces of paper. Fortunately these extreme cases are rare. Most likely you will merely demand pickles at midnight when there are none in the house, caviar by the pound when you've just cleaned out the family till to pay your income tax—or almost anything which will set your husband on his ear.

He should be understanding about it, however, because doctors agree odd cravings are an inevitable phenomenon of pregnancy. They also point out, on the other hand, that you can and should do your bit by trying to control your cravings as much as possible.

As to why pregnant women crave strange food, no one knows.

Can major surgery be performed safely during pregnancy?

Yes, as far as you are concerned. However, many operations—especially those near or involving the uterus—may result in miscarriage.

The best rule to follow is:

Avoid elective surgery which can wait safely until your baby is born. Have any necessary emergency operation. It will be no more or less dangerous to you than it would be at any other time.

Twisted uterine fibroid tumors and ovarian cysts which become twisted

are examples of painful conditions requiring surgery harmless to the mother but dangerous to the baby. An operation for either may start uterine contractions which will result in termination of pregnancy. On the other hand, the mere twisting of these tumors also may cause uterine contractions with consequent loss of the fetus. This being the case and the woman's health being dependent upon their removal, surgery is the only choice.

An appendectomy is an example of lower abdominal surgery which ordinarily does not induce premature labor or cause a miscarriage. The operation is, however, more dangerous if performed at or near term, and there must be careful postoperative treatment.

Why should I pay so much attention to proper nutrition during pregnancy?

Recent surveys have led scientists to the conclusion that the importance of nutrition during pregnancy cannot be overemphasized. The fact that you feel all right and show no signs of malnutrition is no proof that your diet is adequate for pregnancy. As far as you personally are concerned, it might be—but that's only half the story.

Doctors have proved that when a mother's diet is deficient—particularly in certain minerals and vitamins—the fetus suffers to a greater extent than the mother. Such children tend to be too short and light in weight. Worse still, their bone development—including teeth—is usually retarded. Of course you do not wish to be responsible for visiting such tragedy on your baby—especially when there is absolutely no need for it.

Don't, by the way, assume the problem does not apply to you because you are financially comfortable. Some of the worst malnutrition occurs among higher income groups—the women who go in for overconsumption of carbohydrates and the "Ye Tea Shoppe" type of food.

Malnutrition also can cause mothers plenty of trouble. Pregnant women with inadequate diets have a tendency to more difficult labor, major complications at and following delivery, and to pre-eclampsia, a condition which, if not arrested, may result in the convulsions of pregnancy known as eclampsia.

How can I be sure my diet is adequate?

When you are getting a normal, general diet. This means the proper balance of proteins, minerals, carbohydrates and fats. Excessive use of fats and carbohydrates leads, among other things, to heartburn. Low protein intake, combined with excessive

use of salt, may contribute to the development of toxic states.

Here is a basic general diet which you can use as a guide:

Breakfast:

- 1 average serving citrus fruit or juice
- 1 egg
- 2/3 cup whole grain or enriched cereal
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 slice toast, or 2 slices and no cereal
- 1 square or 2 tsps. butter or substitute
- 1/2 pt. milk (milk may be used on cereal, as a beverage or in cooking any time during the day; three glasses a day is adequate.)
- 1 cup coffee or substitute, if desired

Midmorning or at bedtime:

- 1 glass milk shake

Lunch:

- 1 serving protein food (may be used in soup, salad or sandwich; peanut butter, cheese, cottage cheese, dried beans or peas, egg, meat, fish or poultry)
- 1 average serving soup or salad
- 1-2 slices bread
- 1 square or 2 tsps. butter or substitute
- 1 average serving fruit
- 1 glass milk shake

Midafternoon:

- 1 glass milk shake

Dinner:

- 4 oz. or 1 average serving lean meat, fish or poultry
- 1 small potato
- 1-2 average servings vegetables
- 1 medium serving salad with 1/2 tbs. French dressing or 1 tsp. mayonnaise
- 1 slice bread (omit if 2 slices were taken at lunch)
- 1 square or 2 tsp. butter or substitute
- 1 average serving fruit or simple dessert
- 1 cup coffee or tea, if desired

It is advisable to avoid the following:

- Fried foods
- All rich, greasy foods
- Fat meat and poultry; fat or oily fish
- These vegetables (if experience has proved they cause distress or discomfort): Brussels sprouts, broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower, cucumbers, dried beans, dried peas, green peppers, onions, radishes, rutabagas and turnips
- Melons, if they cause discomfort from gas
- Excessive amounts of fats, as butter, cream oils, gravies and salad dressings made with oil
- Excessive amounts of concentrated sweets, as sugar, jam, jelly, honey, preserves, rich candies, desserts, as well as sweetened soft drinks
- Excessive amount of salt
- Highly seasoned foods

Are there any harmful effects from tobacco?

Nobody is quite sure about this, but there is some evidence that excessive smoking may interfere with conception and increase the risk of abortion.

And what about alcohol?

If used excessively, it is harmful to the baby. On the other hand, there is no reason why a pregnant woman can't take an occasional beer or cocktail.

Why do I have to take pills—including those unswallowable calcium wafers?

To ensure your baby an adequate supply of calcium for the development of its bone structure, your doctor may prescribe Dicalcium Phosphate Compound-and-Viosterol (which includes Vitamin D) during the last few months of pregnancy. Dicalcium Phosphate-Viosterol comes in capsule form, so you don't need to bother with large wafers.

Your obstetrician may order vitamins if he thinks there is a deficiency.

During pregnancy and for at least six weeks after the baby is born every woman requires small daily doses of iodine in some form such as iodized salt or syrup of hydriodic acid. Sufficient iodine is necessary for the development of the infant's thyroid. You will realize the importance of this when you consider that the use of iodine during pregnancy has practically eliminated congenital goiter—a condition resulting from abnormal development of the thyroid gland. In 1924 doctors in Berne, Switzerland, started to prescribe iodine for pregnant women. At that time eighty per cent of all babies born in Berne had congenital goiter. Ten years later the figures were reversed: eighty per cent were free of goiter. Around the same period forty per cent of all Milwaukee women had goiters. Today it's nearly impossible to find a case among Milwaukee infants born of women who took iodine during pregnancy.

Can I take cathartics during pregnancy?

Not unless you do it under the direction of your obstetrician. Drastic cathartics should never be taken except when expressly ordered by a doctor.

Many women tend to be constipated during pregnancy, a condition for which obstetricians usually prescribe a mild laxative. Often they also suggest special foods to correct constipation.

You should have at least one bowel movement a day throughout pregnancy.

Can I have dental work done during pregnancy?

Yes, but avoid the time of the month when you would have menstruated were you not pregnant. During those periods you are likely to be more subject than usual to emotional upsets.

Can I have a tooth extracted while I am pregnant?

Yes. If a tooth requires extraction, it must be extracted regardless of your condition. As in the preceding case, however, have it done between what would have been your menstrual periods.

FISHING won't



make it so

Compliments come to those who wait.

They seldom rise to obvious bait,

And comments you are forced to fish for

Never turn out the kind you wish for.

► BY ETHEL JACOBSON

If I must have a tooth extracted can I take gas?

Local anesthetics or intravenous sodium pentathol are preferable. Gas tends to asphyxiate—in other words, to deprive the whole system of oxygen—and the growing fetus is dangerously susceptible to a decrease in the oxygen content of the bloodstream.

Is there any truth in the old adage of "A tooth for every child"?

No. Dentists are now convinced that teeth do not decay quicker during pregnancy than otherwise. Furthermore, new areas of decay develop no faster than is normal for the individual.

Will my baby's teeth depend on the amount of calcium I take during pregnancy?

If you have a normal, well-balanced diet, you will probably receive as much calcium from your food as your system can assimilate. Still, there is no objection to playing safe by taking additional calcium in pill form. Certainly do it if your obstetrician or your dentist prescribes it.

Is it safe to have X-ray examinations while pregnant?

It depends upon the type of examination and whether you mean examination or treatment. If you require X-ray treatment, be sure to tell the doctor you are pregnant. He will be able to determine how injurious it might be.

Prolonged use of X-ray or radium is not advisable. It damages the fetus. X-ray pictures, on the other hand, are entirely permissible and often desirable.

How often should I see my obstetrician?

He probably will want you to make an office visit twice a month up to the last month or six weeks, when he will ask to see you weekly. (Some obstetricians see patients only once a month until the last six weeks, then weekly.)

Each time you visit him, he will want you to bring a morning specimen of urine collected in a clean bottle. Clean means clean—not an ex-cough syrup bottle which might, because of its former use, produce an unnecessarily alarming positive sugar test.

Does it make any difference if I catch cold?

It most decidedly does. Infections are always a serious threat to the fetus, so be over-zealous in avoiding them. Don't go near anyone with a cold, infection or infectious disease. If you must see someone suffering from any such illness, wear a gauze mask over your nose and mouth.

Is it safe to take baths throughout pregnancy?

Daily baths (at your preferred temperature) are desirable except in the last few weeks, when showers are safer. Showers avoid possible introduction of infection into the vagina. If you haven't a shower, put very little water in the tub and kneel rather than sit in it.

If you insist in baths, make certain the tub is scrupulously clean. By following this precaution you will be taking little risk, even though there are always infectious organisms on the human body which should not be introduced into the vagina at the onset of labor.

Can I take douches during pregnancy?

No. There is always the danger that the solution will be forced into the uterus and cause a serious infection. Ordinarily, external cleansing is sufficient. If you have an increased vaginal discharge, do not douche; report the condition to your obstetrician.

Can I sleep on my stomach?

Yes. Sleep in any position you find comfortable.

My aunt tells me if I hang out the wash, the baby's cord will wrap around its neck. Is this so?

No. There is no truth in the old wives' tale that stretching during pregnancy makes the cord strangle the baby.

Incidentally, cords vary markedly in length. A very long one is certain to be wrapped one or more times around the baby. This is because the baby turns frequently within its fluid-filled sack until the last weeks, when its size is so great in proportion to the sack that turning becomes difficult or impossible. No one knows what determines the length of the cord.

Are there any reasons why I shouldn't stretch during pregnancy?

No, as long as you stay on the floor. Pregnancy gives you no special protection against falling off a stepladder.

As a matter of fact, mild calisthenics which include stretching are a splendid form of exercise. They keep your abdominal muscles strong.

Somebody told me that if I don't walk three miles every day, I'll have a hard labor. Is this true?

No. Walking is good exercise, but it has nothing to do with the kind of labor you will have. Housework is also a good form of exercise—but not up to the point of lifting the laundry basket or moving the davenport. Leave those unpleasant chores to your husband. Also avoid excessive and rapid stair-climbing.

Can I ride horseback and play tennis?

If you mean ordinary horseback riding as a means of transportation—the kind of riding your great-grandmother did—fine. Hunting and hard cross-country riding are a different matter. Some women have continued hunting throughout pregnancy with no difficulty. Others have had miscarriages which they attributed to these pursuits. In short, ride at your own risk.

As for tennis, the story is the same. Play at your own risk. Engage in all strenuous exercise on your own responsibility—not your doctor's. But do avoid it, if possible, during what normally would be your menstrual periods. This is the time when miscarriages are most likely to occur.

What is the best form of exercise for me to take?

Besides walking a couple of miles every day, you also will profit by three or four minutes of setting-up exercises morning and night: bending exercises

while standing, and while lying on your back, raising and lowering your legs, then raising your body to a sitting position.

Generally speaking, it is best to avoid sharp, jerky motions, or standing still for long stretches.

Also limit your activities at the times you normally would menstruate.

Can I drive a car?

If you are accustomed to driving and do it easily, keep it up throughout pregnancy. But avoid long drives and trips. They cause excessive fatigue and are therefore undesirable.

How long can I stay on my job?

If you work in a shop or factory, you probably had better stop after the fifth or sixth month and not start in again until the baby is two or three months old. If you have a sedentary job, the answer is based on aesthetics rather than health. Presumably, you take a leave of absence the moment you, your boss or your colleagues decide your appearance is becoming too much of a good thing. However, in any case discuss this with your obstetrician.

Do I have to do anything special about sleep or resting?

Yes. During pregnancy you need more rest than usual because your organs have to do far more work than usual.

Get at least eight hours' sleep every night. Rest each afternoon for an hour or two, if possible. If you have drowsy spells, don't fight them off. This is one time you can succumb in good conscience. Take advantage of it.

How much fresh air and sunshine do I need?

Spend one or two hours each day outdoors, in the sun if possible. Be careful about going out during stormy weather. Fresh air is needed, but this does not require you to keep windows open when the weather is bad.

How long during pregnancy can I have intercourse?

Sexual intercourse usually is permissible up to the last six weeks of pregnancy.

The reasons for avoiding it thereafter are: The size of your abdomen, which will probably make intercourse unpleasant or difficult, and the danger of introducing infection into the birth canal. Avoid intercourse during all the periods you normally would menstruate.

Be sure your husband understands this cardinal rule: Sexual relations during pregnancy should depend entirely on the woman's desires, never on the man's. A few women find intercourse repellent at this time; some

have increased desires. Whatever your reaction may be, your feelings should be respected, because it is extremely important to your physical health that you have a good mental attitude throughout pregnancy.

What are the effects of sudden shocks during pregnancy?

Most women show no adverse physical effects from shocks such as a death in the family. Occasionally, following physical or emotional disturbances, premature labor may start. When this happens after seven and one half months, the baby will live if normal.

My best friend tells me she was emotionally upset during pregnancy. Will this happen to me and what shall I do about it?

It probably will happen to you, but there are several things you can do to control it.

Avoid discussing your condition with your friends. They have a way of dwelling on the most gruesome abnormalities of reproduction—many of which are fables of the tallest tall-tale variety.

Keep your surroundings cheerful. Entertain yourself with reading, hobbies, good company. Don't let your pregnancy keep you from theaters, movies and social functions. They are all good for you so long as you do not let them overtake you.

Try not to fret, worry, argue, be petulant or make mountains out of molehills. Everything you can do toward achieving a contented mind is protection against emotional upsets.

If your depression persists, discuss it with your husband and your obstetrician. Try to find out what is causing it. Insight into any problem is always a big step toward its solution.

How does the ideal husband behave during his wife's pregnancy?

First, last and always he remembers he has a bigger share of the responsibility than the mere launching of the performance or paying for it at its conclusion.

He should have a physical examination himself and see that he keeps in good health.

He should be cheerful and patient, avoid quarrels, relieve his wife of worries, cater to her desires—up to the point where she is merely trying to be mollycoddled—overlook her appearance and take an interest in their impending acquisition.

Any expectant father who accomplishes all this deserves a Congressional Medal. Still, it's a good deal to strive for and a miss in this instance is a whole lot better than a mile.

THE END

Study in Blue

Continued from page 34

made of her cocktail sandwiches. Now that my column was syndicated in thirty-four daily papers and I had my own fifteen minutes each week on the air—the local, not the national air—it was plain that they expected me to show my gratitude by not dropping them.

Plenty of people had, of course—had drunk their liquor and eaten their dinners and then had forgot them the moment success had come. Kitty and Rodge had their own technique of revenge on these ingrates: their names, if you brought them up, were greeted by her wide eyes and his silence, and soon the subject was changed. It was a kind of death in effigy, and I guess I was too vain to want to undergo it.

In any case, I went to their party. "We knew you wouldn't forget us," Kitty said, taking both my hands. Rodge beamed as he offered me one of their pale cocktails. In the years since I'd seen them, they'd both grown larger, and their apartment appeared to have shrunk. He had played football at college and looked it—still ruddy and massive, even though time showed in the pouches under his heavy eyes and in the way his chest had slipped down. Kitty was in a black-and-white hostess gown of some sort and looked like a benevolent Holstein.

I was feeling a little heroic, I must confess, because the day was hot and I expected to be bored. But the climate on the street, I soon discovered, was nothing to that in the little apartment. They had an air-conditioning unit which nudged a faint trickle of cool air against only those who stood directly in front of it. But such was their conviction of its efficacy that they had closed all the other windows. Two rooms full of people—those where I was, and those in the dining room—inhaled the predigested stuff. Kitty ordered me to do what it did not: "Circulate!" she said. "Talk to everybody!" and she accompanied the order with a wave of the back of her hand, as if she were shoeing a yard full of geese.

It was a typical Crandall group, assembled not for what they were but for what they did. "Representative," Kitty called them, and in that she was right. They represented most of the arts and some of the professions, and they stood around in little clots, coagulated, as it were, by occupation. This party was like all the others the Crandalls had ever given; they had been able to corral primarily only has-beens and might-bes. I knew it was on

these latter that Kitty pinned her hopes. They might become famous, and if they did, she could say she'd always known they would.

Group by group, they were easy enough to place. The ballet crowd kept dancing with their hands; the actors chose suitable furniture or the mantelpiece to pose against; the singers, with thumbs and forefingers delicately pressed together, were singing to each other with such potent rapture that they were forced to half-close their eyes.

But in the shadow of the rep window curtains was a young man I couldn't place at all. I had a quick impression of a face, a brown suit. I don't know exactly why I noticed him, unless it was because in that collection of people who were throwing their personalities around, he was conspicuous by seeming to have none. In the midst of all that activity and noise and gesture, he was silent and withdrawn and static. He felt in the way, it was clear. He was an outsider looking in, and automatically I thought of myself, in this same room, a number of years before.

Then I heard my name called in a voice that rang like a sleigh bell over the shop talk. Turning, I saw Ethel Harvey nestled in a corner of the couch, pecking at me around a convocation of ambitious young scenic artists.

"Hi, Ethel," I said.

"Good morrow," and her laugh was like an arpeggio on musical glasses. "Come over and spill some of your cocktail on my lap."

It was easily ten years since I'd seen Ethel, and ten years ago she already had been on the skids. Ten years before that, however, was quite another story. That had been when I'd first come to New York, and she was doing Lady Godiva at the Fulton that season. It was her second hit and there were four after that. In the New York of the twenties she was considered big stuff. She had a high, clear, coloratura soprano: not strong enough or well enough schooled for the opera, but on the musical comedy world it had burst like one of those star-spattering rockets on the Fourth of July. Reviewers called her "the cutest trick of them all." She stood hardly more than five feet high, and she could dance like a moonbeam.

But it was a period talent; even if she'd been young now she could never have enjoyed the vogue she had then. She was a soubrette, and soubrettes are as nearly extinct as the duck-billed platypus. I remembered the exuber-

ance, the high young sweetness of the way she sang *Your Lips Against My Cheek*. That had been in *The Snow Queen*—Ethel in a glittering chariot made to simulate ice, dressed like a ballet dancer in a *toutou* of pale blue with a wide border of ermine. Corny? Sure. But today's glamor is always tomorrow's corn.

"Sit down, dear," she said. "It's so nice to find someone of *my* generation here."

I made the obvious specious, gallant remark and she giggled, mostly in derision but a little bit, I felt, in gratitude. "You look wonderful," I said.

That was a new high in hypocrisy, but this time Ethel did not demur. Clearly, she would not have let herself out in public if she hadn't agreed with me, nor indeed would she have gone to what obviously had been a great deal of careful trouble to dress as she had. I realized, as I sat next to her, that she still thought pinks and pale blues and other ingénue colors quite right for herself. She wore an elaborate, pert and altogether unsuitable hat, full of rosebuds nestling in tulle. Her lashes were heavy with mascara and her cheeks had been made up in what must have been a very bad light. But two things about her had not aged at all—the quick young brilliance of her smile, and her tiny, perfect hands, which she used constantly, and which seemed even smaller in contrast to the large topaz ring she wore.

"Don't get too comfortable, dear," she said. "I want another cocktail. And tell Rodge to put some liquor in this one."

When I returned with the refill, she had, by a string of words, lassoed someone else to talk to. He was one of the musical group, and he was listening to Ethel with noncommittal solemnity. You could tell by the way his feet were placed on the carpet that he was trying to edge toward freedom. Ethel's little hands were darting here and there in pointed, emphatic patterns, and I gathered that she was trying to convince him that she was right for the leading role in some production that he had mentioned.

"After all, the voice is still young," she said. Spreading one hand on her bosom, she shook a cadenza out of her throat to prove it. It wasn't; but the man she was talking to was polite enough to nod and raise his eyebrows to seem impressed. This was not, however, true of a young woman near me.

"They all do it, don't they?" she said.

"Do what?" I asked.

"Sing," she said, "at the drop of a hat." She winced as Ethel's coloratura vaulted high and thin.

The man made his getaway. Ethel patted the couch next to her and smiled brightly at me. The way she dressed, I realized, was the index; ludicrous and gallant, she didn't realize or wouldn't admit that she was long since through. She still thought there was a chance.

"Talk to me," she said.

"Listen to *me* talk" would have been more appropriate. I did get in a question now and then—channeled her monologue in order to learn what I could of how she managed to live these days. She was in a hotel on the upper West Side, she told me; but she added hastily that this was only temporary. She was just waiting for something to break. "I never had so many irons in the fire," she murmured in a tone of contemplative wonder. "People keep telephoning. There's life in the old girl yet!" She winked. And under the bright surface, under the chipper bravery, I saw the loneliness and worry. "You might call me," she said suddenly. "I might be able to arrange to have dinner with you. *Will* you call?"

And she smiled. It was quite the same smile I remembered from when she'd sung *Your Lips Against My Cheek*, merry and seductive, with at the same time a hint of burlesque of its own invitation. The same smile, but a different face; a Peter Pan of a smile that had never grown up.

● couldn't help thinking of the suite at the Pierre that I had once visited—rooms and rooms of it, and one in particular, decorated in flesh tints, full of photographs and oils and pastels, all of Ethel. And of the succession of lovers, the rich young men or the talented poor ones, and the husband who hovered benignly in the background. Where was he now, I wondered.

"Dead," Ethel told me, and shook the rosebuds on her hat to correct my look of sympathy. "But it wasn't sad. He'd given up hope years before. He didn't *want* to live."

She had drained off her cocktail and now she turned her glass upside down and looked at me.

"Take it easy," I said. "Those aren't as mild as they look."

"Perfume. Sugar water."

"All right," I said, starting to get up. "Give it to me."

"No. You stay here." She put her hand on my arm and for a second looked almost panicky at the thought of being left alone. "Boy!" she called to the gaunt young man I'd seen a few minutes before by the window. He was behind us now, against the wall, still a separate, uncomfortable entity. He seemed a little surprised that anyone had bothered to address him. "Come here, Beautiful," said Ethel, crooking her forefinger. "I need you."

He came to the back of the couch, and I saw that the jacket of his brown suit was cut a little short—the kind of jacket that might hike up over the hips. There was no cut at all to the shoulders, but they were saved by his own, which were broad and bony. He had an arresting face—high cheek bones with deep, shadowed hollows sweeping down to the mouth that seemed almost deliberately compressed. His eyes, in sockets shaped like Gothic arches, were large and luminous and dark brown. Haunted, I couldn't help thinking, wretchedly miserable eyes.

"Would you do me a favor?" Ethel asked, peering up at him as she held out her glass.

"Sure," he said, taking it. "What kind?"

"Those rum-flavored daiquiris. I could do with several."

It is much easier to suppress a first desire than to satisfy those that follow.

—De la Rochefoucauld

As he went away on his errand I said, "You know everyone. Who is he?"

Ethel's little hands spread in a gesture of ignorance. "Just a gloomy young man with nothing better to do," she said. When he came back with two cocktails a few minutes later, she took them both and didn't even look at him as she said, "Thank you, dear."

Because by that time there was a flurry in both little rooms of pretentious, striving, unlucky, unsuccessful people. The gabble of auto-intoxicated monologues stopped, and in the short silence you could hear the voices in the hall. Kitty was saying, "My *dear!* How wonderful!" Rodge, echoing her, chortled like a boy. In answer a new voice, a cheery contralto, bubbled in easy laughter. Then the silence in the room was over and the quick whispering and craning of necks began.

A prize package—a coup for Kitty and Rodge—had arrived in the person of Carla Falk.

"Who?" said Ethel. "That radio girl?"

"Yes," I said. "The singer."

Ethel tinkled derisive laughter. "Darling, you *kill* me! A *singer!* Listen, when I was learning my business a girl who yawped like that would have been hooted off the stage. She wouldn't even have been heard, because we didn't have mikes. Let's keep *some* perspective, darling."

"Yes, let's," I said, not kindly. "She isn't hooted off stages now."

Indeed she wasn't; and I was immediately able to see why, when with a

careless, free-wheeling sort of arrogance, wrapped in the winding sheet of her own egocentricity, Carla Falk strode into the room.

"Quite a lot of young woman," I remarked to Ethel.

"Yes, you old lecher," she answered. "If you like Percherons."

For my money she didn't need to sing, ever. It was more a matter of scale and vitality than any beauty of feature that made me think so. She had a white, flat face and small eyes and a too oval jaw. True, her lips by themselves were a sight conducive to reveries; and carefully enlarged beyond their natural limits, they were the very symbol of desirability.

But her face was the least of it. Perhaps her late entrance explained the black evening gown, or maybe it was the other way around. In any case it hung off her soft and glistening white shoulders, showed off the well-cushioned clavicles, framed the big black cross that hung on a silver chain, and seemed by the merest accident to cover a bosom which, to do it justice, could only be referred to in the plural.

Her manner oozed the conviction that she would always be what she was now—the queen of an expensively sponsored weekly radio show and a nightly sell-out on an exclusive hotel roof. But I had heard gossip about her. I had heard about the tough terms of her contracts and her inspired investments, which suggested that she knew how really ephemeral she was after all. She had a trick voice and trick voices don't last. They have a vogue, during which their owners can make a killing; but when the vogue is over, and it can happen almost overnight, they're unbearable, they're through. Remember that girl baritone with the bee-stung lips a few seasons back? Remember the baby-talk girl?

Now with the extravagant gesture of a café Valkyrie, she called in her velvet contralto: "Kitty! I brought you something. A present. A surprise."

In a dither of sycophancy Kitty took the flat package that Carla held out to her. When she opened it and pulled out a phonograph record she went off into a transport of inhaled vowel sounds.

"My latest," said Carla. "Hot-off the griddle. Try it."

Others murmured their delight, and Kitty, large as she was, scurried to the Sheraton phonograph cabinet and put the record on. "Hush, everyone, now," she said. She'd hardly got the words out before Ethel giggled her xylophone giggle and remarked, as she took alternate sips from her two cocktails, that they tasted noticeably alike.

"Ethel!" said Kitty with a whiplash of impatience, and the phonograph

record began. The first side was a blues number and Carla fairly drooled the lyrics against a wailing, stringy background. By this time she had seated herself regally in a centrally located armchair that one of the actors had cleared for her. Her mouth smiled in dreamy complacency as she looked carefully around the room and saw the half-closed eyes, the raised brows, the little nudges that meant she was going over as usual. The applause at the end was augmented now by the group from the dining room, who had crowded into the hall and doorway.

"Very nice, dear," said Ethel. "Very nice." But Carla was busy accepting louder and more enthusiastic tributes and paid no attention, so Ethel turned to me.

"Doesn't know how to phrase," she whispered.

"Doesn't need to know," I replied.

"It's the other side I like," Carla said, and a careful ceremony followed, of turning the disc over as if it were a precious bit of eggshell porcelain.

And then the other side began. I felt Ethel stiffen on the couch beside me. Naturally she got it before I did. She recognized the introductory measures, even distorted as they were in this new arrangement. But as soon as Carla's voice began I got it too, though I think I was the only one in the room who did. It was *Your Lips Against My Cheek*. It was Ethel's old song, and Carla was singing it.

"It's an oldie," Carla whispered, leaning forward in the armchair. "How do you like it?"

She was looking straight at me when she asked that, and I felt a twinge of disloyalty to Ethel when I nodded and smiled. I couldn't say so, but I didn't like it, and so far as I know that was a quite independent reaction. If the tune was good enough to revive it was good enough to leave alone, it seemed to me; but they'd "arranged" it, and Carla rasped her merry way through it with little regard for the melody. She kept singing around it. She flattened the curves of the phrases, and every time it went high she went low. By the time she got through, it was an altogether different song.

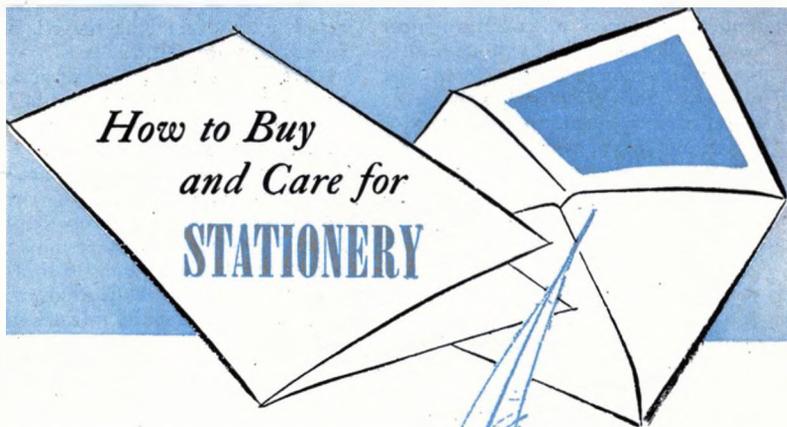
Ethel, of course, was listening to a desecration. Her face reflected her shock and outrage. When the record was finished and the patter of applause and interjection repeated, I tried my inept best to soothe her. "I like it better straight," I said.

Suddenly she remembered the two cocktails, and without saying a word she drained them both. "Get me some more," she said. "I want some more."

"Ethel—" I started to say.

"Or shall I get them myself?"

Of course I got up. "Fill them both!"



by Louise Burr

If you're careful of the impression you give others, you'll give a lot of thought to choosing personal stationery which will express your personality and good taste. Although rules of right and wrong are more flexible than in the past, there are still several guides to follow if you want your writing supply to be as correct as your table service or linens.

The Paper Itself. In the past, only "100% rag content" paper was considered truly good, but most good social stationery today is made from a mixture of rag and wood pulp which is satisfactory for personal use, unless your letters are meant for posterity. When you buy from a reliable stationer who will stand behind the quality of his paper, you can center your interest on the finish of the paper, its color, style and pattern.

Finishes do not change the quality of the sheet or significantly alter its wearing ability. The most popular are vellum, parchment and linen. If you don't bear down on your pen, you may select a soft finish, but if you use pressure to write, choose a harder finish so you won't dig holes in the paper. A high gloss is suitable for typing (or for your child's penciled comments) but it won't absorb ink.

Color. White, gray and blue lead the field and you can satisfy your desire for color with lined or bordered envelopes. Check: Is the color evenly placed without streaking? Do all the sheets seem to come from one dye lot? Are the envelopes the same color as the sheets?

Sizes and styles. For minimum needs, choose either letter fold or single sheet. The others listed are extras, for special requirements.

Single sheet is for you if your handwriting is on the heroic side or if you type your letters. (Yes, it's correct for social correspondence.) **Letter fold.** If your penmanship is average, use this standard style with its four writing surfaces. Both types come in a variety of sizes.

Note paper, "informals" and correspondence cards. For shorter messages. If your regular stationery is patterned or colored, white cards are a must for your formal correspondence (especially when replying to invitations in the third person) and are also proper for messages of condolence or sympathy.

Personal postals. Stamped with your name and address, these cost less than so

cial stationery and save time and postage. They're fine for notes to the butcher, baker and candlestick maker, but a postcard is no way to greet a friend or accept an invitation.

Air Mail. Keep a small supply of thin air mail paper in order to come under the one-ounce weight even with several pages.

Patterns. The best advice: avoid fads. Even the best stationers put out fancy papers and you can go astray here. Be certain that your words can be read easily over the background decorations and that the design is general enough to be used all year 'round. The pattern should be appropriate to your own personality and should not distract the eye from the message. Highly decorated sheets and greeting cards with space for messages have found their way into many writing portfolios, but they should be used only for the most informal notes or as enclosures with gifts. They're a dash of spice, so use them sparingly.

Envelopes. For a light-weight paper, select envelopes which are lined if you want a bit of privacy. The paper should fit with room to spare and the flap must be deep enough to make an attractive fold. Check the gum: unless it's spread generously, you'll be inconvenienced when you try to seal your letter.

Open Stock. In stationery, large assortments are seldom bargains. A quire box (24 sheets and envelopes) is a reasonable initial purchase. But if you're the kind who can never make her sheets and envelopes come out even (and who can?), choose open stock stationery. You can order extra paper or envelopes simply by specifying the code number stamped on your original box.

Making It Yours Alone. A simple monogram is a compliment to the recipient. If you prefer, have your full name and address engraved or printed on the sheet. Be particularly careful in choosing your paper, for a monogram deserves the best.

Paper Needs Care. There are a few simple rules for taking care of your stationery. Keep it in a covered, dust-proof box, large enough to prevent crowding of its contents. Heat and dampness are paper's two worst enemies, so place the box flat (not on end) and away from radiators and windows. Put new open stock paper on the bottom of the pile so that the oldest will be used first.

she called to me. And even then it might have been all right, because Carla Falk rose and sailed out toward the dining room, flanked by an adoring platoon. For a moment I breathed more easily. And then some fool started the record over again. Not the blues side, either, but *Your Lips Against My Cheek*.

I had returned to Ethel, and she was attacking her drinks seriously now.

"I don't like it," I said to the girl by the phonograph.

"Everyone else does," she said. And it was true—they loved it, and were humming along with it.

Ethel didn't look at me. She stared at the Sheraton phonograph, and something about the way she sat on the couch now made me apprehensive. She was no longer the little soubrette with flashing wrists and ankles and teeth. She sat with her knees apart and her arms akimbo. Her mouth turned down at the corners, and she wavered ever so slightly, backward and forward. And she kept saying over and over again, "That's my song. My song. My song."

There was something implacable about the way she got to her feet—as if there were something she had to do and this was the moment for it and nothing could stop or delay or deflect her. Her hat had gone suddenly awry—not much—but a little was enough. The back of her peplum, crumpled from the couch, stuck out in a ridiculous fashion. Together they made what she did grotesque. She teetered when she rose, but only for a second. When she crossed the room she had the slow, marching, concentrated momentum of a vicious drunk.

She swooped at the phonograph like a bird of prey. The yelp and scratch of the needle across the record's surface seemed the cry of her victim, and at the same time the voice of her own pain at injury. In a moment it was done; she pulled the disc off the turntable and struck it against the edge, then beat the two halves against the edge till she was holding tiny fragments. These she threw among the other pieces on the carpet and pounded them to crumbs with her heels.

It was the kind of performance that strikes everyone dumb and paralyzes action. Only the young man in the brown suit stepped forward as if to restrain her. He cried out, "Hey!" and there was something about the look on his face, something about his tone, that sounded like desolation, but I couldn't tell whether it was for the record or for Ethel, who now slumped against the cabinet retching out sobs that were a compound of tears and rage.

They'd heard in the dining room, of course, and came streaming in. Kitty looked proprietary and responsible,

Rodge flushed and frowning—and last of all came Carla Falk herself, bland and almost amused.

"Ethel!" said Kitty in exasperation, and turning to Carla, pointed to Ethel and said, "*She* did it! My beautiful record—she did it!"

Everyone waited, some curious, some apprehensive. Carla's small eyes rested for a moment on Ethel across the room. Ethel had stopped sobbing now. She was suddenly sobered and full of contrition, even a little frightened, and she murmured something fragmentary about how she hadn't meant to do it. Just then, I caught the look on the young man's face again, and now I knew that it was pity. It was pity for Ethel. Yet at the same time there seemed to be something else less separate, less condescending, than pity. Unison, identification, an unspoken understanding, perhaps; but I dismissed that quickly because they

Discretion is the salt, and fancy the sugar of life; the one preserves, the other sweetens it.

—Bovee

hadn't said more than a sentence or two to each other and had never seen each other before.

Kitty kept saying she didn't know what to say, she felt so awful. But Carla moved one of her magnificent shoulders very slightly forward and her enlarged mouth curved into a deprecating smile.

"Don't worry, darling," she said. "I can get you any number of them."

Ethel exhaled with relief. "I—I don't know what possessed me," she said to the room in general, but people were embarrassed and looking the other way by now. By this time Carla had noticed the young man in the brown suit. A sound of amusement came out of her chest and she said, "Don't look so tragic." Then she caught his chin between her thumb and forefinger. "I didn't see you before. You're cute. Who are you?"

But the young man moved his head back out of her reach, looking beyond her at Ethel; watching Ethel say good-by, humbly, without raising her eyes, to a stony Kitty, to Rodge who was still frowning, and to me. He watched as she turned to go, looking like the raddled, over-plump, over-dressed, middle-aged little woman she was. And he got to the door before she did. He leaned over to her, and spoke with the greatest gentleness.

"May I come with you?" he said.

Surprised, she looked up. Something like life came back into the pendant cheeks, the faded light of coquetry into

her eyes. There was an echo of archness, too, in her voice, but gratitude was stronger, and she answered: "Why, yes—yes, if you want to."

He smiled faintly, and there was something both tender and dependent in his smile, as if he were protecting and at the same time seeking protection. When he took her hand it was hard to tell whether he meant to steady her way or be led. They went out together, and it seemed to me that all the people in the subdued room were a little awed by something they couldn't quite understand.

A moment later they recovered. "Who is she anyhow?" Carla asked, and when she was told, she said, "But who's Ethel Harvey?" She said it to me and I started to tell her. But Ethel Harvey had been the toast of New York too long ago. "I was hardly born yet," said Carla, and her eyes slid off my face, impatient of ancient history. But now she knew Ethel had broken the record deliberately. Her lower lids contracted. "The bitch," she said.

But it was the young man I wanted to know about. I wanted to learn the explanation, if I could, of those wretched eyes, and that look of something having corroded inside. I asked Rodge, who was officiating at the drink trays what he knew.

"Works in my office," he said, "theoretically. Doesn't do anything. Just sits at his desk and stares out the window. I think they're going to let him go pretty soon. I only had him here today because I felt sort of sorry for him." He stirred a fresh batch of cocktails and chuckled. "At this moment he's probably in a dark corner of some bar getting stunko with Ethel."

Perhaps, I thought, but that wasn't all of it. Whatever happened, he had, out of unhappiness and comprehension, conferred a sudden dignity on Ethel's departure. Yet what made him understand, I wondered, since he was no more than half her age?

"Who is he, Rodge?" I asked.

"Sid Morgan," he answered, in a you-know-who-*that-is* tone. I didn't and told him so. "Big Marine hero," he said. "Killed more Japs on Iwo Jima than any three of his buddies combined. The Grenade Kid—the Bayonet Kid—splintered his shoulder firing a fifty-caliber piece as if it were a tommy gun. You remember the great welcome he got when he came back to his home town—it was in all the papers—a parade, speeches, confetti—the works."

He gave the pitcher a speculative stir before he turned away.

"He was a big man, back in 1945," he said.

THE END

The Shadowy Third

Continued from page 38

face light up when the doctor came out of the hospital and crossed the pavement to his car was as good as a play. We never tired of watching her—I wasn't superintendent then, so I had more time to look out of the window while I was on day duty. Once or twice she brought her little girl in to see one of the patients. The child was so much like her that you would have known them anywhere for mother and daughter."

I had heard that Mrs. Maradick was a widow with one child when she first met the doctor, and I asked now, still seeking an illumination I had not found, "There was a great deal of money, wasn't there?"

"A great fortune. If she hadn't been so attractive, people would have said, I suppose, that Doctor Maradick married her for her money. Only," she appeared to make an effort of memory, "I believe I've heard somehow that it was all left in trust away from Mrs. Maradick if she married again. I can't, to save my life, remember just how it was; but it was a queer will, I know, and Mrs. Maradick wasn't to come into the money unless the child didn't live to grow up. The pity of it—"

A young nurse came into the office to ask for something—the keys, I think, of the operating-room, and Miss Hemphill broke off inconclusively as she hurried out of the door. I was sorry that she left off just when she did.

It was not yet six o'clock when I turned from Tenth Street into Fifth Avenue, and stopped for a minute before ascending the steps to look at the house in which Doctor Maradick lived. A fine rain was falling, and I remember thinking, as I turned the corner, how depressing the weather must be for Mrs. Maradick. It was an old house, with damp-looking walls (though that may have been because of the rain) and a spindle-shaped iron railing which ran up the stone steps to the black door, where I noticed a dim flicker through the old-fashioned fanlight. Afterward I discovered that Mrs. Maradick had been born in the house and that she had never wanted to live anywhere else. She was a woman—this I found out when I knew her better—of strong attachments to both persons and places; and though Doctor Maradick had tried to persuade her to move uptown after her marriage, she had clung, against his wishes, to the old house on lower Fifth Avenue. I dare say she was obstinate about it in spite of her gentleness and her passion

for the doctor. Those sweet, soft women, especially when they have always been rich, are sometimes amazingly obstinate.

My ring at the bell was answered after a little delay, and when I entered the house I saw that the hall was quite dark except for the waning glow from an open fire which burned in the library. When I gave my name, and added that I was the night nurse, the servant appeared to think my humble presence unworthy of illumination. He was an old Negro butler, and while he passed me on his way up the staircase I heard him vaguely muttering that he "wa'n't gwinter tu'n on dem lights twel de chile had done playin'."

To the right of the hall, the soft glow drew me into the library, and crossing the threshold timidly, I stooped to dry my wet coat by the fire. As I bent there, meaning to start up at the first sound of a footstep, I thought how cozy the room was after the damp walls outside to which some bared creepers were clinging; and I was watching the strange shapes and patterns the fire-light made on the old Persian rug when the lamps of a slowly turning motor flashed on me through the white shades at the window. Still dazzled by the glare, I looked round in the dimness and saw a child's ball of red and blue rubber roll toward me out of the gloom of the adjoining room. A moment later, while I made a vain attempt to capture the toy as it spun past me, a little girl darted airily, with peculiar lightness and grace, through the doorway, and stopped quickly, as if in surprise at the sight of a stranger.



What's NEW about COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE?

In olden days, holding hands meant more than romantic dalliance to the Scots. If such a couple uttered a verbal pledge, they were allowed to live together for 366 days. After that, they could either marry for keeps or become single again. This practice was called "handfasting." The party who objected to making the marriage a permanent arrangement had to support any offspring.

—Clarissa Lorenz



She was a small child—so small and slight that her footsteps made no sound on the polished floor of the threshold; and I remember thinking while I looked at her that she had the gravest and sweetest face I had ever seen. She couldn't—I decided this afterwards—have been more than six or seven years old, yet she stood there with a curious prim dignity, like the dignity of an elderly person, and gazed up at me with enigmatical eyes. She was dressed in Scotch plaid, with a bit of red ribbon in her hair, which was cut in a fringe over her forehead and hung very straight to her shoulders. Charming as she was, from her uncurled brown hair to the white socks and black slippers on her little feet, I recall most vividly the singular look in her eyes, which appeared in the shifting light to be of an intermediate color. For the odd thing about this look was that it was not the look of childhood at all. It was the look of profound experience, of bitter knowledge.

Have you come for your ball?" I asked: but while the friendly question was still on my lips, I heard the servant returning. In my confusion I made a second ineffectual grasp at the plaything, which had rolled away from me into the dusk of the drawing room. Then, as I raised my head, I saw that the child also had slipped from the room: and without looking after her I followed the old Negro into the pleasant study above, where the great surgeon awaited me.

Ten years ago, before hard nursing had taken so much out of me, I blushed very easily, and I was aware at the moment when I crossed Doctor Maradick's study that my cheeks were the color of peonies. Of course, I was a fool—no one knows this better than I do—but I had never been alone, even for an instant, with him before, and the man was more than a hero to me, he was—there isn't any reason now why I should blush over the confession—almost a god. At that age I was mad about the wonders of surgery, and Roland Maradick in the operating-room was magician enough to have turned an older and more sensible head than mine. Added to his great reputation and his marvelous skill, he was, I am sure of this, the most splendid-looking man, even at forty-five, that one could imagine. Had he been ungracious—had he been positively rude to me, I should still have adored him; but when he held out his hand and greeted me in the charming way he had with women, I felt that I would have died for him. It is no wonder that a saying went about the hospital that every woman he operated on fell in love with him. As for the nurses—well, there wasn't a single one of them

who had escaped his spell—not even Miss Hemphill, who could have been scarcely a day under fifty.

"I am glad you could come, Miss Randolph. You were with Miss Hudson last week when I operated?"

I bowed. To save my life I couldn't have spoken without blushing the redder.

"I noticed your bright face at the time. Brightness, I think, is what Mrs. Maradick needs. She finds her day nurse depressing." His eyes rested so kindly upon me that I have suspected since that he was not entirely unaware of my worship. It was a small thing, heaven knows, to flatter his vanity—a nurse just out of a training school—but to some men no tribute is too insignificant to give pleasure.

You will do your best, I am sure." He hesitated an instant—just long enough for me to perceive the anxiety beneath the genial smile on his face—and then added gravely, "We wish to avoid, if possible, having to send her away."

I could only murmur in response, and after a few carefully chosen words about his wife's illness, he rang the bell and directed the maid to take me upstairs to my room. Not until I was ascending the stairs to the third story did it occur to me that he had really told me nothing. I was as perplexed about the nature of Mrs. Maradick's malady as I had been when I entered the house.

I found my room pleasant enough. It had been arranged that I was to sleep in the house, and after my austere little bed at the hospital, I was agreeably surprised by the cheerful look of the apartment into which the maid led me.

In ten minutes I had slipped into my uniform and was ready to go to my patient; but for some reason Mrs. Maradick refused to receive me. While I stood outside her door I heard the day nurse trying to persuade her to let me come in. It wasn't any use, however, and in the end I was obliged to go back to my room and wait until the poor lady got over her whim and consented to see me. That was long after dinner—it must have been nearer eleven than ten o'clock—and Miss Peterson was quite worn out by the time she came for me.

"I'm afraid you'll have a bad night," she said as we went downstairs together. That was her way, I soon saw, to expect the worst of everything and everybody.

"Does she often keep you up like this?"

"Oh, no, she is usually very considerate. I never knew a sweeter character. But she still has this hallucination—"

Here again, as in the scene with

Doctor Maradick, I felt that the explanation had only deepened the mystery. Mrs. Maradick's hallucination, whatever form it assumed, was evidently a subject for evasion and subterfuge in the household. It was on the tip of my tongue to ask, "What is her hallucination?"—but before I could get the words past my lips we had reached Mrs. Maradick's door, and Miss Peterson motioned me to be silent. As the door opened a little way to admit me, I saw that Mrs. Maradick was already in bed, and that the lights were out except for a night-lamp burning on a candle-stand beside a book and a carafe of water.

"I won't go in with you," said Miss Peterson in a whisper; and I was on the point of stepping over the threshold when I saw the little girl, in the dress of Scotch plaid, slip by me from the dusk of the room into the electric light

Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.

—Disraeli

of the hall. She held a doll in her arms, and as she went by she dropped a doll's work-basket in the doorway. Miss Peterson must have picked up the toy, for when I turned in a minute to look for it I found that it was gone. I remember thinking that it was late for a child to be up—she looked delicate too—but, after all, it was no business of mine, and four years in the hospital had taught me never to meddle in things that do not concern me. There is nothing a nurse learns quicker than not to try to put the world to rights in a day.

When I crossed the floor to the chair by Mrs. Maradick's bed, she turned over on her side and looked at me with the sweetest and saddest smile.

"You are the night nurse," she said in a gentle voice; and from the moment she spoke I knew that there was nothing hysterical or violent about her mania—or hallucination, as they called it. "They told me your name, but I have forgotten it."

"Randolph—Margaret Randolph." I liked her from the start, and I think she must have seen it.

"You look very young, Miss Randolph."

"I am twenty-two, but I suppose I don't look quite my age. People usually think I am younger."

For a minute she was silent, and while I settled myself in the chair by the bed, I thought how strikingly she resembled the little girl I had seen first in the afternoon, and then leaving her

room a few moments before. They had the same small, heart-shaped faces, colored ever so faintly; the same straight, soft hair, between brown and flaxen; and the same large, grave eyes, set very far apart under arched eyebrows. What surprised me most, however, was that they both looked at me with that enigmatical and vaguely wondering expression—only in Mrs. Maradick's face the vagueness seemed to change now and then to a definite fear—a flash, I had almost said, of startled horror.

I sat quite still in my chair, and until the time came for Mrs. Maradick to take her medicine not a word passed between us. Then, when I bent over her with the glass in my hand, she raised her head from the pillow and said in a whisper of suppressed intensity:

"You look kind. I wonder if you could have seen my little girl?"

As I slipped my arm under the pillow I tried to smile cheerfully down on her. "Yes, I've seen her twice. I'd know her anywhere by her likeness to you."

A glow shone in her eyes, and I thought how pretty she must have been before illness took the life and animation out of her features. "Then I know you're good." Her voice was so strained and low that I could barely hear it. "If you weren't good you couldn't have seen her."

I thought this queer enough, but all I answered was, "She looked delicate to be sitting up so late."

A quiver passed over her thin features, and for a minute I thought she was going to burst into tears. As she had taken the medicine, I put the glass back on the candle-stand, and bending over the bed, smoothed the straight brown hair, which was as fine and soft as spun silk, back from her forehead.

"She always had that light and airy way, though she was never sick a day in her life," she answered calmly after a pause. Then, groping for my hand, she whispered passionately, "You must not tell him—you must not tell anyone that you have seen her!"

"I must not tell anyone?" Again I had the impression that had come to me first in Doctor Maradick's study, and afterward with Miss Peterson on the staircase, that I was seeking a gleam of light in the midst of obscurity.

"Are you sure there isn't anyone listening—that there isn't anyone at the door?" she asked, pushing aside my arm and raising herself on the pillows.

"Quite, quite sure. They have put out the lights in the hall."

"And you will not tell him? Promise me that you will not tell him." The startled horror flashed from the vague wonder of her expression. "He doesn't

like her to come back, because he killed her."

"Because he killed her!" Then it was that light burst on me in a blaze. So this was Mrs. Maradick's hallucination! She believed that her child was dead—and that her husband had murdered her. No wonder they veiled the dreadful obsession in mystery! No wonder that even Miss Peterson had not dared to drag the horrid thing out into the light! It was the kind of hallucination one simply couldn't stand having to face.

"There is no use telling people things that nobody believes," she resumed slowly, still holding my hand in a grasp that would have hurt me if her fingers had not been so fragile. "Nobody believes that he killed her. Nobody believes that she comes back every day to the house. Nobody believes—and yet you saw her—"

"Yes, I saw her—but why should your husband have killed her?" I spoke soothingly, as one would speak to a person who was quite mad. Yet she was not mad; I could have sworn this while I looked at her.

For a moment she moaned inarticulately, as if the horror of her thoughts were too great to pass into speech. Then she flung out her thin, bare arm with a wild gesture.

"Because he never loved me!" she said. "He never loved me!"

"But he married you," I urged gently while I stroked her hair. "If he hadn't loved you, why should he have married you?"

"He wanted the money—my little girl's money. It all goes to him when I die."

"But he is rich himself. He must make a fortune from his profession."

"It isn't enough. He wanted millions." She had grown stern and tragic. "No, he never loved me. He loved someone else from the beginning—before I knew him."

It was quite useless, I saw, to reason with her. If she wasn't mad, she was in a state of terror and despondency so black that it had almost crossed the border line into madness. I thought once that I would go upstairs and bring the child down from her nursery; but after a moment's hesitation I realized that Miss Peterson and Doctor Maradick must have long ago tried all these measures. Clearly, there was nothing to do except soothe and quiet her as much as I could; and this I did until she dropped into a light sleep which lasted well into the morning.

By seven o'clock I was worn out—not from work but from the strain on my sympathy—and I was glad, indeed, when one of the maids in to bring me an early cup of coffee. Mrs. Maradick was still sleeping—it was a mix-

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ture of bromide and chloral I had given her—and she did not wake until Miss Peterson came on duty an hour or two later. Then, when I went downstairs, I found the dining room deserted except for the old housekeeper, who was looking over the silver. Doctor Maradick, she explained to me presently, had his breakfast served in the morning room on the other side of the house.

"And the little girl? Does she take her meals in the nursery?"

She threw me a startled glance. Was it, I questioned afterward, one of distrust or apprehension?

"There isn't any little girl. Haven't you heard?"

"Heard? No. Why, I saw her only yesterday." The look she gave me—I was sure of it now—was full of alarm.

"The little girl—she was the sweetest child I ever saw—died just two months ago of pneumonia."

"But she couldn't have died." I was a fool to let this out, but the shock had completely unnerved me. "I tell you I saw her yesterday."

The alarm in her face deepened. "That is Mrs. Maradick's trouble.

She believes that she still sees her."

"But don't you see her?" I drove the question home bluntly.

"No." She set her lips tightly. "I never see anything."

So I had been wrong, after all, and the explanation, when it came, only accentuated the terror. The child was dead and yet I had seen her, with my own eyes, playing ball in the library; I had seen her slipping out of her mother's room, with her doll in her arms.

"Is there another child in the house? Could there be a child belonging to one of the servants?" A gleam had shot through the fog in which I was groping.

"No, there isn't any other. The doctor tried bringing one once, but it threw the poor lady into such a state she almost died of it. Besides, there wouldn't be any other child as quiet and sweet-looking as Dorothea. To see her skipping along in her dress of Scotch plaid used to make me think of a fairy, though they say that fairies wear nothing but white or green."

"Has anyone else seen her—the child, I mean—any of the servants?"

"Only old Gabriel, the colored butler, who came with Mrs. Maradick's mother from South Carolina. I've heard that Negroes often have a kind of second sight—though I don't know that that is just what you would call it. But they seem to believe in the supernatural by instinct, and Gabriel is so old and doty—he does no work except answer the doorbell and clean the

silver—that nobody pays much attention to anything that he sees—"

"Is the child's nursery kept as it used to be?"

"Oh, no. The doctor had all the toys sent to the children's hospital. That was a great grief to Mrs. Maradick; but Doctor Brandon thought, and all the nurses agreed with him, that it was best for her not to be allowed to keep the room as it was when Dorothea was living."

"Dorothea? Was that the child's name?"

"Yes, it means the gift of God, doesn't it? She was named after the mother of Mrs. Maradick's first husband, Mr. Ballard. He was the grave, quiet kind—not the least like the doctor."

I wondered if the other dreadful obsession of Mrs. Maradick's had drifted down through the nurses or the serv-

A married woman who likes her husband is much more attractive to men than one who doesn't. She performs the interesting miracle of making all her men friends like one another. Socially, she is humanity's highest achievement!

—C. T. Crowell

ants to the housekeeper; but she said nothing about it and I thought it wiser to assume that the gossip had not reached her.

A little later, when breakfast was over and I had not yet gone upstairs to my room, I had my first interview with Doctor Brandon, the famous alienist who was in charge of the case. I had never seen him before, but from the first moment that I looked at him I took his measure almost by intuition. He was, I suppose, honest enough—I have always granted him that, bitterly as I have felt toward him. It wasn't his fault that he lacked red blood in his brain, or that he had formed the habit, from long association with abnormal phenomena, of regarding all life as a disease. He was the sort of physician—every nurse will understand what I mean—who deals instinctively with groups instead of with individuals. He was long and solemn and very round in the face; and I hadn't talked to him ten minutes before I knew he had been educated in Germany, and that he had learned over there to treat every emotion as a pathological manifestation.

Through the day I did not see Doctor Maradick; but at seven o'clock when I came up from my early dinner

on my way to take the place of Miss Peterson, who had kept on duty an hour later than usual, he met me in the hall and asked me to come into his study. I thought him handsomer than ever in his evening clothes, with a white flower in his buttonhole. He was going to some public dinner, the housekeeper told me, but then, he was always going somewhere. I believe he didn't dine at home a single evening that winter.

"Did Mrs. Maradick have a good night?" He had closed the door after us, and, turning now with the question, he smiled kindly.

"She slept very well after she took the medicine. I gave her that at eleven o'clock."

For a minute he regarded me silently, and I was aware that his personality—his charm—was focused upon me. It was almost as if I stood in the center of converging rays of light, so vivid was my impression of him.

"Did she allude in any way to her—to her hallucination?" he asked.

How the warning reached me—what invisible waves of sense-perception transmitted the message—I have never known; but while I stood there, facing the splendor of the doctor's presence, every intuition cautioned me that the time had come when I must take sides in the household. While I stayed there I must stand either with Mrs. Maradick or against her.

"She talked quite rationally," I replied after a moment.

"What did she say?"

She told me how she was feeling, that she missed her child, and that she walked a little every day about her room."

His face changed—how I could not at first determine.

"Have you seen Doctor Brandon?"

"He came this morning to give his directions."

"He thought her less well today. He has advised me to send her to Rosedale."

I have never, even in secret, tried to account for Doctor Maradick. He may have been sincere. I tell only what I know—not what I believe or imagine—and the human is sometimes as inscrutable, as inexplicable, as the supernatural.

While he watched me I was conscious of an inner struggle, as if opposing angels warred somewhere in the depths of my being. When at last I made my decision, I was acting less from reason, I knew, than in obedience to the pressure of some secret current of thought. Heaven knows, even then the man held me captive while I defied him.

"Doctor Maradick," I lifted my eyes

for the first time frankly to his, "I believe that your wife is as sane as I am—or as you are."

He started. "Then she did not talk freely to you?"

"She may be mistaken, unstrung, piteously distressed in mind"—I brought this out with emphasis—"but she is not—I am willing to stake my future on it—a fit subject for an asylum. It would be foolish—it would be cruel—to send her to Rosedale."

"Cruel, you say?" A troubled look crossed his face, and his voice grew very gentle. "You do not imagine that I could be cruel to her?"

"No, I do not think that." My voice also had softened.

"We will let things go on as they are. Perhaps Doctor Brandon may have some other suggestion to make." He drew out his watch and compared it with the clock—nervously, I observed, as if his action were a screen for his discomfiture or perplexity. "I must be going now. We will speak of this again in the morning."

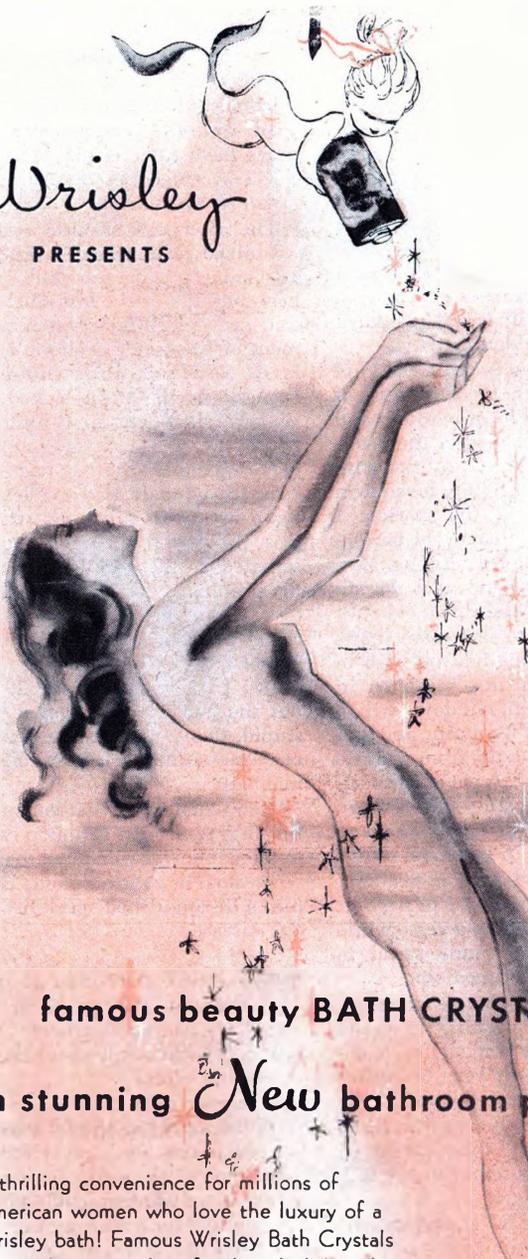
But in the morning we did not speak of it, and during the month that I nursed Mrs. Maradick I was not called again into her husband's study. When I met him in the hall or on the staircase, which was seldom, he was as charming as ever; yet, in spite of his courtesy, I had a persistent feeling that he had taken my measure on that evening, and that he had no further use for me.

As the days went by Mrs. Maradick seemed to grow stronger. Never, after our first night together, had she mentioned the child to me; never had she alluded by so much as a word to her dreadful charge against her husband. She was like any woman recovering from a great sorrow, except that she was sweeter and gentler. It is no wonder that everyone who came near her loved her, for there was a loveliness about her like the mystery of light, not of darkness. She was, I have always thought, as much of an angel as it is possible for a woman to be on this earth. And yet, angelic as she was, there were times when it seemed to me that she both hated and feared her husband. Though he never entered her room while I was there, and I never heard his name on her lips until an hour before the end, still I could tell by the look of terror in her face whenever his step passed down the hall that her very soul shivered at his approach.

During the whole month I did not see the child again, though one night when I came suddenly into Mrs. Maradick's room I found a little garden, such as children make out of pebbles and bits of box, on the window sill. I did not mention it to Mrs. Mara-

Wrisley

PRESENTS



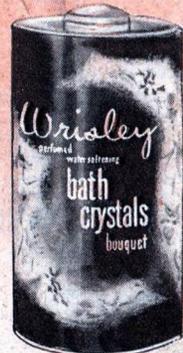
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dick, and a little later, as the maid lowered the shades, I noticed that the garden had vanished. Since then I have often wondered if the child were invisible only to the rest of us, and if her mother still saw her. But there was no way of finding out except by questioning, and Mrs. Maradick was so well and patient that I hadn't the heart to question. Things couldn't have been better with her than they were, and I was beginning to tell myself that she might soon go out for an airing, when the end came so suddenly.

It was a mild January day—the kind of day that brings the foretaste of spring in the middle of winter, and when I came downstairs in the afternoon, I stopped a minute by the window at the end of the hall to look down on the box maze in the garden. I thought as I gazed down on the garden that it would be a good idea for Mrs. Maradick to go out and bask for an hour or so in the sunshine.

When I went into her room, however, I found that she had no wish to go out. She was sitting, wrapped in shawls, by the open window, which looked down on the fountain; and as I entered she glanced up from a little book she was reading. A pot of daffodils stood on the window sill—she was very fond of flowers and we tried always to keep some growing in her room.

"Do you know what I am reading, Miss Randolph?" she asked in her soft voice; and she read aloud a verse while I went over to the candle-stand to measure out a dose of medicine.

"If thou hast two loaves of bread, sell one and buy daffodils, for bread nourisheth the body, but daffodils delight the soul! That is very beautiful, don't you think so?"

I said, "Yes," that it was beautiful; and then I asked her if she wouldn't go downstairs and walk about in the garden.

"He wouldn't like it," she answered; and it was the first time she had mentioned her husband to me since the night I came to her. "He doesn't want me to go out."

I tried to laugh her out of the idea; but it was no use, and after a few minutes I gave up and began talking of

other things. Even then it did not occur to me that her fear of Doctor Maradick was anything but a fancy. I could see, of course, that she wasn't out of her head; but sane persons, I knew, sometimes have unaccountable prejudices, and I accepted her dislike as a mere whim or aversion.

The afternoon slipped away while we talked—she talked brightly when any subject came up that interested her—and it was the last hour of day—that grave, still hour when the movement of life seems to droop and falter for a few precious minutes—that brought us the thing I had dreaded silently since my first night in the house.

I remember that I had risen to close the window, and was leaning out for a breath of mild air, when there was the sound of steps, consciously softened, in the hall outside, and Doctor Brandon's usual knock fell on my ears. Then, before I could cross the room, the door opened, and the doctor entered with Miss Peterson. The day nurse, I knew, was a stupid woman; but she had never appeared to me so stupid, so armored and encased in her professional manner, as she did at that moment.

"I am glad to see that you are taking the air." As Doctor Brandon came over to the window, I wondered maliciously what devil of contradictions had made him a distinguished specialist in nervous diseases.

Who was the other doctor you brought this morning?" asked Mrs. Maradick gravely; and that was all I ever heard about the visit of the second alienist.

"Someone who is anxious to cure you." He dropped into a chair beside her and patted her hand with his long, pale fingers. "We are so anxious to cure you that we want to send you away to the country for a fortnight or so. Miss Peterson has come to help you get ready, and I've kept my car waiting for you. There couldn't be a nicer day for a trip, could there?"

The moment had come at last. I knew at once what he meant, and so did Mrs. Maradick. A wave of color

flowed and ebbed in her thin cheeks, and I felt her body quiver when I moved from the window and put my hands on her shoulders. I was aware again, as I had been aware that evening in Doctor Maradick's study, of a current of thought that beat from the air around into my brain. Though it cost me my career as a nurse and my reputation for sanity, I knew that I must obey that invisible warning.

"You are going to take me to an asylum," said Mrs. Maradick.

He made some foolish denial or evasion; but before he had finished I turned from Mrs. Maradick and faced him impulsively. In a nurse this was flagrant rebellion, and I did not care—I did not hesitate. Something stronger than I was driving me on.

"Doctor Brandon." I said, "I beg you—I implore you to wait until tomorrow. There are things I must tell you."

A queer look came into his face, and I understood, even in my excitement, that he was mentally deciding in which group he should place me—to which class of morbid manifestations I must belong.

"Very well, very well, we will hear everything," he replied soothingly; but I saw him glance at Miss Peterson, and she went over to the wardrobe for Mrs. Maradick's fur coat and hat.

Suddenly, without warning, Mrs. Maradick threw the shawls away from her, and stood up. "If you send me away," she said, "I shall never come back. I shall never live to come back."

The gray of twilight was just beginning, and while she stood there, in the dusk of the room, her face shone out as pale and flower-like as the daffodils on the window sill. "I cannot go away from my child!"

I saw her face clearly; I heard her voice; and then—the horror of the scene sweeps back over me!—I saw the door open slowly and the little girl run across the room to her mother. I saw the child lift her little arms, and I saw the mother stoop and gather her to her bosom. So closely locked were they in that passionate embrace that their forms seemed to mingle in the gloom that enveloped them.

"After this can you doubt?" I threw out the words almost savagely—and then, when I turned from the mother and child to Doctor Brandon and Miss Peterson, I knew breathlessly—oh, there was a shock in the discovery—that they were blind to the child. Their blank faces revealed the consternation of ignorance, not of conviction. They had seen nothing except the vacant arms of the mother and the swift, erratic gesture with which she stooped to embrace some invisible presence.

"After this can you doubt?" Doctor

SHE WOULDN'T STAY MARRIED

by Jerome Weidman

Mrs. Mary Gilliam—the wealthy, the beautiful, the fabulous—found it easier to believe in hatred than in love. She took from her first husband his name, from the others their money. But she left them all. Only two people in the world knew why.

A FICTION FEATURE COMING IN OCTOBER

Brandon had flung my words back to me. Was it his fault, poor man, if life had granted him only the eyes of flesh? Was it his fault if he could see only half of the thing there before him?

But they couldn't see, and since they couldn't see I realized that it was useless to tell them. Within an hour they took Mrs. Maradick to the asylum; and she went quietly, though when the time came for parting from me she showed some faint trace of feeling. I remember that at the last, while we stood on the pavement, she lifted her black veil, which she wore for the child, and said: "Stay with her, Miss Randolph, as long as you can. I shall never come back."

Then she got into the car and was driven off, while I stood looking after her with a sob in my throat. Dreadful as I felt it to be, I didn't, of course, realize the full horror of it, or I couldn't have stood there quietly on the pavement. I didn't realize it, indeed, until several months afterward when word came that she had died in the asylum. I never knew what her illness was, though I vaguely recall that something was said about "heart failure"—a loose enough term. My own belief is that she died simply of the terror of life.

Doctor Maradick asked me to stay on as his office nurse after his wife went to Rosedale; and when the news of her death came there was no suggestion of my leaving.

The next summer Doctor Maradick went abroad for two months, and while he was away I took my vacation in Virginia. When we came back the work was heavier than ever—his reputation by this time was tremendous—and my days were so crowded with appointments, and hurried flittings to emergency cases, that I had scarcely a minute left in which to remember poor Mrs. Maradick. Since the afternoon when she went to the asylum the child had not been in the house; and at last I was beginning to persuade myself that the little figure had been an optical illusion—the effect of shifting lights in the gloom of the old rooms—not the apparition I had once believed it to be. It does not take long for a phantom to fade from the memory—especially when one leads the active and methodical life I was forced into that winter. The violence of the next turn in affairs left me, I often fancy, with a perpetual dizziness of the imagination.

It was in May that we heard of Mrs. Maradick's death, and exactly a year later, on a mild and fragrant afternoon, when the daffodils were blooming in patches around the old fountain in the garden, the housekeeper came into the office, where I lingered over some

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accounts, to bring me news of the doctor's approaching marriage.

"It is no more than we might have expected," she concluded rationally. "The house must be lonely for him—he is such a sociable man. But I can't help feeling," she brought out slowly after a pause in which I felt a shiver pass over me, "I can't help feeling that it is hard for the other woman to have all the money poor Mrs. Maradick's first husband left her."

"There is a great deal of money, then?" I asked curiously.

"A great deal." She waved her hand, as if words were futile to express the sum. "Millions and millions!"

"They will give up this house, of course?"

"That's done already, my dear. There won't be a brick left of it by this time next year. It's to be pulled down and an apartment-house built on the ground."

Again the shiver passed over me. I couldn't bear to think of Mrs. Maradick's old home falling to pieces.

"You didn't tell me the name of the bride," I said. "Is she someone he met while he was in Europe?"

"Dear me, no! She is the very lady he was engaged to before he married Mrs. Maradick, only she threw him over, so people said, because he wasn't

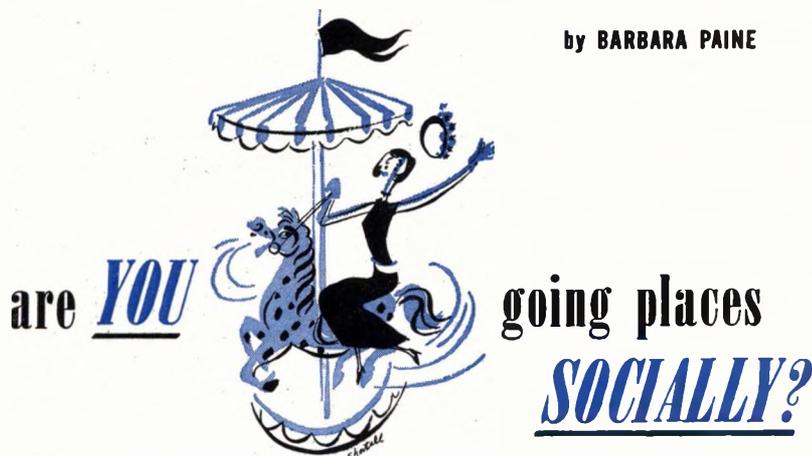
rich enough. Then she married some lord or prince from over the water; but there was a divorce, and now she has turned again to her old lover. He is rich enough now, I guess, even for her!"

It sounded as plausible as a story out of a newspaper; and yet while she told me I felt, or dreamed that I felt, a sinister, an impalpable hush in the air. I was nervous, no doubt; I was shaken by the suddenness with which the housekeeper had sprung her news on me; but as I sat there I had quite vividly an impression that the old house was listening—that there was a real, if invisible, presence somewhere in the room or the garden. Yet, when an instant afterward I glanced through the long window which opened down to the brick terrace, I saw only the faint sunshine over the deserted garden, with its maze of box, its marble fountain, and its patches of daffodils.

The housekeeper had gone and I was sitting at my desk when the words of Mrs. Maradick on that last evening floated into my mind. Almost unconsciously I repeated the verse she had read to me:

"If thou hast two loaves of bread, sell one and buy daffodils"—and it was at this very instant, while the words were still on my lips, that I turned my eyes to the box maze, and saw the child skipping rope along the graveled path to the fountain. Quite distinctly, as clear as day, I saw her come, with what children call the dancing step, between the low box borders to the place where the daffodils bloomed by the fountain. From her straight brown hair to her frock of Scotch plaid and her little feet, which twinkled in white socks and black slippers over the turning rope, she was as real to me as the ground on which she trod or the laughing marble boys under the splashing water. Starting up from my chair, I made a single step to the terrace. If I could only reach her—only speak to her—I felt that I might at last solve the mystery. But with the first flutter of my dress on the terrace, the airy little form melted into the quiet dusk of the maze. Not a breath stirred the daffodils, not a shadow passed over the sparkling flow of the water; yet, weak and shaken in every nerve, I sat down on the brick step of the terrace and burst into tears. I must have known that something terrible would happen before they pulled down Mrs. Maradick's home.

The doctor dined out that night. He was with the lady he was going to marry, the housekeeper told me; and it must have been almost midnight when I heard him come in and go upstairs to his room. I was downstairs because I had been unable to sleep, and the book I wanted to finish I had left that afternoon in the office. The book—



In America, the wife usually sets the family's social pace. Where do you stand in the game of making worth-while social contacts for your family: with the home-bodies who scorn it, the excessively interested who overreach themselves or

somewhere between these two extremes?

This quiz may help you find out. First, check after each question the one answer which is most correct for you. Then turn to page 112 for scoring directions and explanations.

1. Do you think that trying to advance your family through social activities is: a) insincere, undesirable and undemocratic, b) an obligation to your family, c) a means of satisfying your personal ambition?

2. Within the last two years have you: a) made any drastic change in your circle of friends, b) added a few new friends but also kept up with the old, c) just seen more of your old intimates?

3. Would you prefer to: a) furnish your home handsomely, b) own a fine car, c) live in solid, unpretentious comfort?

4. Which do you feel is most important in your children's education: a) character training, b) enlarging their experience in informal ways such as travel, music lessons and theater treats, c) the best formal education you can afford?

5. Bearing in mind natural variations in necessity, whose social affairs lie closest to your heart: a) your children's, b) your own, as expressed in bridge parties and luncheons, c) the joint social career of your husband and yourself?

6. When your husband's boss says something with which you disagree utterly, do

you: a) keep quiet, b) express your honest opinion without being aggressive about it, c) temper your opinion to suit your audience?

7. When you meet a stranger and you're both trying to place each other, do you: a) make a careful selection of the facts in order to give a good impression, b) embellish a little to make a better one, c) tell the plain unvarnished truth?

8. Community work is a very important part of women's social life. Do you pick such jobs: a) for their intrinsic merit and interest alone, b) mainly for the job but with a little thought about social contacts as well, c) entirely because of whom you'll meet and work with?

9. Which would you rate highest as a qualification for your son's wife: a) social ability, b) homemaking talent, c) family background?

10. When you buy toys for your children, do you: a) choose them for quality and durability, b) get the most expensive you can afford, c) buy inexpensive toys so you don't have to worry about how they are treated?

I can't remember what it was—had seemed to me very exciting when I began it in the morning; but after the visit of the child I found the romantic novel as dull as a treatise on nursing. It was impossible for me to follow the lines, and I was on the point of giving up and going to bed when Doctor Maradick opened the front door with his latch-key and went up the stair.

I was still sitting there when the telephone on my desk rang, with what seemed to my overwrought nerves a startling abruptness, and the voice of the superintendent told me hurriedly that Doctor Maradick was needed at the hospital. I had become so accustomed to these emergency calls in the night that I felt reassured when I had rung up the doctor in his room and had heard the hearty sound of his response. He had not yet undressed, he said, and would come down immediately while I ordered back his car.

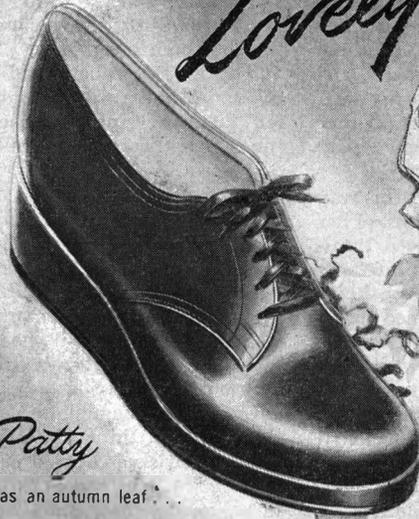
"I'll be with you in five minutes!" he called as cheerfully as if I had summoned him to his wedding.

I heard him cross the floor of his room, and before he could reach the head of the staircase, I opened the door and went out into the hall in order that I might turn on the light and have his hat and coat waiting. The electric button was at the end of the hall, and as I moved toward it, guided by the glimmer that fell from the landing above, I lifted my eyes to the staircase, which climbed dimly, with its slender mahogany balustrade, as far as the third story. Then it was, at the very moment when the doctor, humming gaily, began his quick descent of the steps, that I distinctly saw—I will swear to this on my death-bed—a child's skipping-rope lying loosely coiled, as if it had dropped from a careless little hand, in the bend of the staircase. With a spring I had reached the electric button, flooding the hall with light; just as I did so, while my arm was still outstretched behind me, I heard the humming voice change to a cry of surprise or terror, and the figure on the staircase tripped heavily and stumbled with groping hands into emptiness. The scream of warning died in my throat while I watched him pitch forward down the long flight of stairs to the floor at my feet. Even before I bent over him, before I wiped the blood from his brow and felt for his silent heart, I knew that he was dead.

Something—it may have been, as the world believes, a misstep in the dimness, or it may have been, as I am ready to bear witness, an invisible judgment—something had killed him at the very moment when he most wanted to live.

THE END

*Oh, Lovely
Lovely Lady...*



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Slow-Flying Stork

Continued from page 31

tired of being huge and hot and clumsy and out of contact with her own two feet. She couldn't face one more person who persisted in surrounding the process with a mystical aura. She couldn't put up for another minute the front of sentimentality that everyone expected of her.

Of course, she couldn't talk this way with her mother or Prue or most of her friends, for they had followed tradition, smiled nobly and suffered in silence. That was the way things were, and she had been forced to accept it. She couldn't talk to her closest friend, Maura, for a different reason. Maura and Bob had been married twice as long as Elizabeth and Johnny and Maura was very candid about planning not to have any babies at all. Since Elizabeth wanted Maura to have them too, she carefully avoided any complaints about pregnancy.

She couldn't complain to anyone but Johnny, and maybe even he wouldn't like it very well because he wanted babies so much. She felt a quick, unhappy pang.

"Johnny!" she called urgently. "Johnny!"

Johnny was down in the kitchen getting her a cup of coffee, in deference to convention and their baby, due in a week. Elizabeth was a morning person; she woke up easily and she loathed eating in bed and she didn't even like coffee much. But she thought it was darling and appealing of Johnny to do it, and since it pleased him to be taking such good care of her, she supposed she could stand it for a week, along with a lot of other things.

There were flying footsteps on the stairs. One object crashed to the floor and others rattled.

"Liz," Johnny shouted, banging open the door, "shall I call the doctor? Are you all right?"

He looked wild and disheveled and utterly unlike his usual suave self. Elizabeth felt remorseful, but she laughed till she was weak.

"Oh no, Johnny, no! No such luck. I'm sorry, dear—I just wanted to tell you something."

Johnny collapsed on the bed beside her and slapped her hard on the side where the baby wasn't.

"Well?"

Elizabeth looked at him intensely and whispered, "Johnny, I'm just sick as hell of Feeling Life."

Johnny gave a shout.

"Johnny, isn't that awful?"

He leaned over and kissed her.

"No, Liz, I don't think it's awful. Don't you think all women feel that way by the ninth month?"

"Oh, no," Elizabeth told him positively. "I'm the only woman that ever felt that way since the beginning of time. All the rest of them think it's only right."

"Oh." Johnny looked bored. "Well, since you're the only woman that ever interested me since the beginning of time, I just don't give a damn. And I don't think it's so awful."

He kissed her twice more and that was fine, and besides he had forgotten the coffee. Elizabeth relaxed. The day was looking up. She pulled his head down close to hers again.

"Don't you think chickens are better?" she asked him dreamily. "I could take awfully good care of an egg in a nice suburban setup like this, and all the time I'd be my own slim beautiful self for you. . . ."

Johnny swung his feet up in the air and kicked his shoes off.

"It won't be long now," he said.

"Last night I dreamed I was pregnant forever," she said. "It was all a big joke and the baby never came and I just stayed this way always and after awhile I tried to walk backwards so people would think maybe I was a hunchback."

"Are you making this up, woman? You told me you dreamed about eating everything on the smorgasbord at Bit-of-Sweden again."

"That was before."

Johnny looked at his watch and jumped up.

"Well, little mother," he said, grinning at her in the mirror, "time to go to work!" He whistled as he tied his tie and then put on his shoes.

Elizabeth's arms felt empty and she was pricked with a sudden rage. She didn't want him to jump up and leave this way, and especially she didn't want him to whistle about it. It made her furious that he called her "little mother" and thought it was funny, but then she turned the fury upon herself for being so unreasonable as to joke about something herself and then be angry because Johnny did exactly the same thing.

If Johnny had stopped whistling right then everything might have been all right. But he didn't stop and suddenly everything about him irritated Elizabeth and made the day before her stretch out endlessly, filled with a thousand petty annoyances.

She turned away from him and buried her head in her hands.

Johnny came over to her and she could see through her fingers that he looked bewildered. Oh, Elizabeth, she cried to herself, why are you acting like this? And then she thought. Poor Johnny, he isn't used to temperament.

"Liz, Liz!" Johnny sat down and took her hands away from her face and held them. "Darling, don't let it get you down. Listen, you look swell to me. Anyway, it's almost over now." He stopped and looked at her anxiously. "It doesn't seem long now, looking back."

Elizabeth sat bolt upright.

"Oh, it doesn't!" she snapped, and could have cried at the look on Johnny's face. "It doesn't seem long! Not to you! It doesn't seem long to you! I love that!" She knew she sounded like a child, but she couldn't stop. She was crying now for all the weeks of wanting him, of lying beside him misshapen and lonely while he slept, for all the times she had seen him go down to Maura and Bob's to drive to work with them. She thought of Maura, with her trim little waist and her smart clothes and her way of sharing her smiles with both of the men. "I don't think you even care," she sobbed. "I don't think it matters to you at all. You don't even love me, you don't want me any more!"

Johnny's face was grim as he lay down and put his arms about her securely. He kissed her again and again.

"Johnny," she said at last in a weak little voice.

"Liz, you little fool." His voice was harsh and strange. "Liz, honey, I've been going through hell these last few weeks, and when you were sick for awhile before. Why do you think I've been reading downstairs almost every night? Why do you think we've been going to so many movies? I was worried about you. The doctor said to be careful and I was trying to make it easy for you, dear, because I want you to be all right. You know that. It seems as if you've been this way for a thousand years. Of course I want you—don't say things like that."

Elizabeth felt warm and comfortable inside, but she clung to him for a long time. She didn't want him to go; she couldn't help wishing that he would forget the doctor, not care, and stay. Something inside of her said: And the baby—how about that? She knew that she might hate him if he stayed. She held him tighter, and hated herself for teasing him, making it hard for him when he had been making it easy for her.

Then she felt his weight and got frightened.

"I—I—guess you'd better go before you're late for work," she said faintly.

Johnny gave her a kiss that was brief and final. Then he got up promptly and reached for his shoes.

He is sweet and kind, she reminded herself, but another, not so pleasant thought intruded. He was in a great hurry. He couldn't have wanted to stay so badly after all.

"Walk, don't run, to the nearest exit," she murmured, not sure whether she wanted him to hear her or not. Of course he did, and she buried her head in the pillows, more miserable than she had ever been in her life.

Johnny finished dressing quickly and she heard him hesitate for a second at the door. Then he closed it gently and a few minutes later she heard the front door click.

Remorse descended swiftly upon Elizabeth. She was appalled at what she had done. When she called the office they told her Johnny wasn't in yet. You are a nasty little five-letter word, she told herself as she dressed for the day ahead. Appointment with the doctor at ten, lunch with her mother and Prue, then out here again to have tea with Maura.

Nothing about the day pleased her. Oh, Johnny, she thought sorrowfully, how could I say things like that? I'll call him while Mother and I are at lunch, she decided, and I'll absolutely crawl. . . .

Usually she looked forward to her visit with the doctor. She liked him to begin with, and in addition the visit seemed to indicate progress; to prove that time really was passing, however slowly; to assert that some day, some time, the baby actually would be born. But today she wished that she didn't have to go. It was to be her last visit. She was afraid that the doctor might say to her, as he had done about a month before, "Think you may be coming along about two weeks later than we had figured, Elizabeth." He had said it impersonally, without looking up from his desk pad.

Her mother had been grand all along. Usually they were the best of friends. But Elizabeth didn't want to see her mother today, looking so much bigger than last week. "I'm sure the doctor must be wrong," her mother said, meaning to comfort. "You'll just never go as long as he says, I'm sure!" Elizabeth had cringed at the implied suggestion. "Don't mind being so big," Prue, the tactful one, had consoled her. "It's worth it when it's all over." Poor mother and Prue! She laughed thinking about it. They really meant it as a compliment when they talked that way—they were speaking to the old Elizabeth who could laugh at herself and always see things in their proper perspective.

Well, I'm not the old Elizabeth. she



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thought savagely as she pulled on her big black straw and jabbed a pin in the back of it. Oh, how she dreaded meeting one of those old ladies who had known her since Sunday School days, and who would greet her with a cheery, "Well, dearie, hasn't that baby come yet?" or "Well, Elizabeth! I never thought I'd see you on the street by now!"

She slammed the door and started for her train. Although the sun was still low in the sky it was very hot, and after she was seated she took off her hat and fanned herself. The train slid past Maura's and Bob's house on the hill. It was a trim and well-kept little place, pleasant and inviting, like Maura herself.

The part of the day that Elizabeth dreaded most was seeing Maura. It made her wretched to admit it because she really loved Maura, because Maura was the kind of friend with whom there were no barriers, or hadn't been until now. She had to admit that the difference was not in Maura; it was in herself. The strange alchemy of pregnancy had created a tension which nothing seemed to relieve.

Foolishly, she kept remembering things she hadn't thought of for years, childish insecurities long since overcome. A Maura who was poised and mature at fifteen when the other girls were still gangling or chubby and very, very silly. Maura and Johnny, the handsomest couple in the senior class that year, drinking cokes at the drug-store, holding hands or linking fingers as they strolled from class to class. Elizabeth at fifteen was reserved and shy and she didn't "go out with boys" yet. She always walked the long way around to her math class so she could catch a glimpse of Johnny leaning on Maura's locker door, picking up Maura's books, looking into Maura's eyes. Not because she had any real feeling for Johnny then, either, but because the sight seemed to fill a new need in her life.

Elizabeth didn't remain awkward for long. She had quite a rush when she went to college. So did Maura, at a different sorority house, and Johnny went out of both their lives when he went East to prepare for law school. It was not until near the end of their college days that Elizabeth and Maura were strongly attracted to each other. A strong bond of understanding grew between them, taking the place of childhood relationships that sometimes suffer drastically from maturity and separation.

A year later Maura married Bob, loving him very much, going on to architectural school with him, sharing his work. Still another year passed before Johnny came back to practice in his home town, met Elizabeth at a

country club dance and married her within a year.

How could I envy her, Elizabeth wondered as she waited in the doctor's office. I've never been jealous of anyone in my life. Besides, I love Maura too much to be jealous, even if she had something I wanted, and she hasn't! Her career? It's wonderful for her, and I'm terribly interested in it, but I never wanted a career, I just wanted Johnny and a home and babies.

Last night—but she wouldn't think about last night.

Maura has been so sweet and helpful all along, too, Elizabeth kept on, always getting things for the baby, telling me how nice I look, having Johnny for dinner when I was sick... another dead end. Just another reason for Elizabeth to hate herself, the way she'd felt when she was sick in bed, all alone every night, and Johnny over at Maura's...

"Because," Maura told her on the phone, "I know you, and what you'll worry about most is whether Johnny is getting enough to eat!" Ah, wrong that time, Maura! You overestimated me! *But you would worry if he had to go to restaurants, and you told him to go over to Maura's, another Elizabeth countered. But I didn't want him to! But you urged him to!*

Last night again.

Well, she thought wearily, might as well think that out too.

They'd had dinner with Maura and Bob and afterward they'd gone out on the broad back porch to listen to records. The music floated out clearly on the night air and Elizabeth felt in harmony with the world once more. When Johnny said, "Want to dance, Liz?" she just said, "No, thanks—but why don't you anyway?" So Johnny danced with Maura for several minutes. As she watched them Elizabeth felt her poise slipping away, and fought down the unreasoning surge of anger that welled up in her. He should have known she was tired, that she'd like to go home! Or they could have talked, or listened to the music, or played bridge. Anything would be better than sitting alone with this tired, lost feeling while Bob changed records at the other end of the porch and Maura drifted by endlessly in Johnny's arms. But you told him to, protested the other Elizabeth.

It was some time later that she had her moment of insight. Bob and Maura waved good-by from the doorway and then disappeared inside. Johnny had trouble getting the car started, and as he worked on it Elizabeth saw the downstairs darken, the upstairs light up, the flick of the blinds blotting out the long lines of light. The car backed into the driveway, and as it did Eliza-

both knew what had been tormenting her, and she was sick and ashamed. Maura and Bob were going to bed, they were together, they were just as they always had been. In their darkened room there would be love and laughter.

Johnny put his arm around her tenderly and she had a strange feeling that he had read her thoughts. But after they reached home he stayed downstairs reading for an hour, and when he finally came up awkwardly on tiptoe Elizabeth knew that she should pretend to be asleep, and she did.

The woman sitting beside her stood up, and Elizabeth came back with a start to the reality of the doctor's waiting room. She looked about at the other women and wondered if all of them had taken to temper tantrums and talking to themselves.

She was glad when her turn came to see the doctor. She loved him. He scolded her and joked with her and said things she would have killed Johnny for, but he always made her feel better. He called her "fat stuff" and ranted at her for gaining a pound and didn't seem to care if the baby came next week or next year, but she adored him.

"If your wife has to be in love with another man," Johnny had said to Bob one night, "it might as well be a good obstetrician."

"Any minute now, Elizabeth. Call me right away!"

Elizabeth looked at him aghast and he added, "Right away, at the first sign. I mean it!"

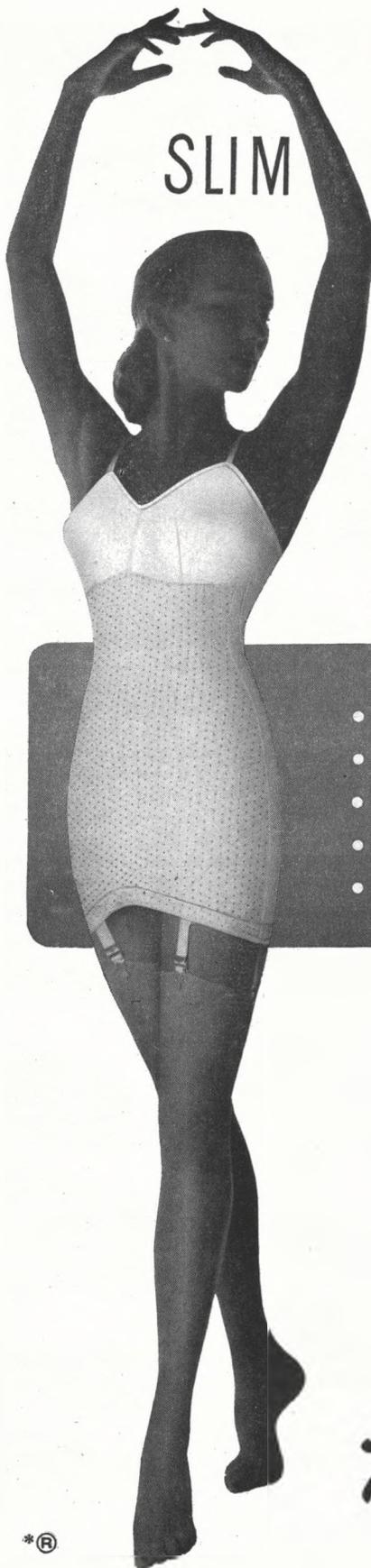
"You mean—less than a week?"

"I'd certainly think so—tonight, tomorrow. Can't be sure, of course. I'll be at a dinner party Wednesday night so here's the telephone number, just in case you hold out until then. . . ."

Elizabeth walked on air down Cherry Street. Now that she was so happy, her quarrel with Johnny seemed far away. She was eager to tell him what the doctor had said, but she called him and he was out. She bought a gardenia to celebrate and pinned it on her dress, then reconsidered and fastened it to her handbag, where she could sniff it but where it wouldn't show.

She lingered in front of The Men's Store and saw a pair of swimming trunks on a tall, sun-tanned model who reminded her of Johnny. Impulsively she went into the store and bought the trunks without asking the price, and had them wrapped as a gift. Then at the grocery on the next street she bought a two-inch steak and an avocado and a strawberry cream pie.

No more diet dinners for poor Johnny, she thought blithely as she



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hurried back to the station to meet her mother. Oh, Johnny, darling, forgive me! I'll treat you like a king! Forgive me, darling, for being such a female!

Her mother looked smart as always, and she smiled when she saw Elizabeth.

"You look lovely, dear," she said kindly. "Not a bit different from last week!"

"Darling, you're lying!" But she was pleased, and as they went across the street, arm in arm, she told her mother the good news.

"Wonderful! What would you like to do to celebrate?"

"I'd like to have a huge meal instead of a vegetable salad—after all, it won't matter whether or not I gain a pound now!"

"Fine," her mother said. "Prue is waiting for us at the Richmond, so we can have our fling there in the Green Room."

When they arrived Prue was waiting impatiently, as usual. But she was delighted at the news and led them to a table near the dance floor.

"Hmm. Can't decide whether to have lobster—" she glanced at her mother's horrified face. "Well, perhaps chicken soufflé with mushroom sauce—how does that sound? And let's have huge gooey—" She was going to say "sundaes," but she looked up suddenly and froze in her seat. Out on the floor dancing was Johnny. He was drifting about in the easy way he had, and in his arms was Maura, laughing and talking into his ear, her arm around his neck.

Along with her shock and pain came the sudden realization that she had to get her mother and Prue out of the hotel before they saw too.

"Playboy, eh?" she could remember Prue saying a long, long time before. Prue, who hardly knew Johnny at all then, always thought handsome men were that way, maybe because her own husband wasn't very handsome.

"He's very nice," her mother had said, long before she and Johnny had become serious. "But dear, I always wonder about these very handsome men. Johnny has had so many girls and men do get spoiled, you know, and—well, you just can't help wondering. . . ."

Elizabeth got up blindly and reached for her packages.

"Mother, Prue," she led them out with their backs to the dance floor, "I feel awful—let's get out of here."

They left the air-conditioned lobby and the heat from Main Street hit them in the face. Oddly, it revived Elizabeth and she straightened and laughed.

"Wasn't that funny? The air conditioning did it, I guess. I felt so chilled and sick, but I'm all right now." She

insisted that they go on, as they did, to a hot little tearoom where Elizabeth sat through an interminable lunch and had difficulty swallowing.

Her mother and Prue took her home from the station.

"What are you doing this afternoon?" Prue asked casually as they came up to the house.

"Maura's coming home early and Mary and I are going to have tea with her." Elizabeth thought she would strangle over the sob in her throat as she spoke. When they finally left she slammed the door, flung herself on the couch and cried until she was exhausted. She couldn't blame Johnny, after the way she'd been acting. Oh, Johnny, Johnny, she cried, I don't want the baby, I don't want it, I just want to be myself and have you back again. . . .

Finally she forced herself to get up and put away the groceries. The strawberry pie was soup—what had she been thinking of on a day like this? She heaved it into the garbage with disgust. Tonight would have been so wonderful. The big pre-baby dinner. The present. The surprise. She would have been so gay and so loving that Johnny would have forgot her moods. Now it was too late. She went up to dress for tea with Maura.

She knew she should walk her mile a day, but the sun was like a blow on her head, so she drove the few blocks to Maura's house.

Then the door opened and there was a sea of faces—Maura, her mother, Prue, all the familiar faces.

"Surprise!" they shouted.

In a daze Elizabeth made all the polite exclamations, and then they led her into the dining room to a little group of beautifully designed baby things—a table and two small chairs, a lamp, an easel, a toy chest, all polished and gleaming in the afternoon sun.

"Oh, how perfect!" she cried in delight, forgetting everything else for a moment.

Maura put her arm around Elizabeth and there was nothing but affection and concern in her eyes.

"Do you really like it?" she said. "Johnny picked it out. He had lunch with Bob and me today. We had a wonderful time." She smiled. "Johnny's one of my favorite people too, you know."

"Yes, I know," Elizabeth said mechanically, fingering the white shade of the lamp. "I love it! Oh, Maura, all of you, it's a wonderful present!" Yes, she did know. In a rush of gratitude and repentance she knew that it was one of the reasons she loved Maura. Maura liked Johnny and understood him, appreciated him in a way that

even her family never could. She could hardly stand there now, looking back over the day of horrors. How awful I've been, she thought, sinking down beside the little table and crying with remorse and relief.

But later she laughed, of course, when they all told stories about people they'd known who were so surprised at their showers that they had their babies on the spot. Everything was pleasant and fun, Elizabeth thought with surprise. She had never thought of herself as liking things like showers.

Maura was in the kitchen heating a bottle for Mary's baby, and now she came back, testing the milk on her wrist.

"Look, how professional," someone said.

"Let Elizabeth hold him," someone else called. "Give her some practice!"

"Would you like to?" Mary asked her.

"Why—yes," Elizabeth answered, but she was shocked to realize that she really didn't want to hold the baby. She thought of herself as loving children, but when Prue's children had been babies she'd never really cared about holding them. They wet or spit up and had a nasty smell. This seemed unnatural to her now, so she put more eagerness into her voice and added, "Oh, yes, I'd love to, if you don't mind."

Mary put the baby into her arms and tucked a diaper under his chin. He didn't smell nasty at all, she noticed. He smelled sweet and warm.

He curved himself into her arm, and as he sucked eagerly at the bottle he looked up at her wisely. After awhile his hand touched Elizabeth's cheek in a light, tentative gesture. Elizabeth felt strangely stirred by an emotion she'd never known before. It had been a terrible day, and this was so nice. "A baby is such a comfort," she'd heard people say, and had thought it a stupid, sentimental idea. But when she looked into the baby's eyes now and felt its weight against her body she was at peace.

The others were chattering and Mary sat down beside Elizabeth.

"Are you going to nurse your baby? I tried to nurse Jimmy but I didn't have enough milk. We were awfully disappointed."

Elizabeth didn't answer for a minute. She hadn't wanted to nurse the baby. She knew that the doctor thought she should and she'd read that it was better for the baby, but the idea had been a little repellent to her—perhaps, she felt, the baby would be intruding on an intimacy that belonged to her and Johnny, a relationship that she didn't want changed. Now she sat

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But which is the best when I'm cleaning the attic?
I've coy ones that say "S'il vous plait," "Oui," and "No sir!"
But which is correct when I visit the grocer?
And suppose I get out of that amorous quandary,
Which should I wear when I'm counting the laundry?

So this is the problem that puzzles me most:
Must fragrance forever be shocking?
How about naming one "Cinnamon Toast"?
Or, possibly, "Sitting and Rocking"?
I grant their delight for a fabulous night,
These scintillant scents on my shelf,
But gentlemen, couldn't I—just for a rest—
Be my placid, undangerous self?

TODAY'S WOMAN FEATURETTE

there looking at Mary in surprise. The very idea that she could have felt that way seemed suddenly immature and even unwomanly to her. She could hardly grasp the new emotion that was taking its place.

"Yes, I'd like to nurse mine," she answered at last, and then kept silent, looking at the baby's wide eyes. No, she hadn't felt womanly before. She'd envied Maura because she seemed more feminine with her slim figure still intact. She'd begrudged her partial separation from Johnny. But in all her thinking she'd gone past the very essence of her own femininity. She had forgot the feeling that they both would have after the baby was born. Even the fact that the baby should continue to take comfort and nourishment from her after birth now seemed to her astonishingly beautiful and natural.

She didn't look up at Mary. She sat holding the moment, afraid to break the spell. I may not feel like this in half

an hour, she told herself honestly, but as long as I live I'll never forget how I feel this minute.

Johnny came then, and they put the things into the back of the car. He said he was glad she liked them, but there was a shadow on his face.

"What's the matter—" Elizabeth stopped. She hadn't remembered this morning—it seemed so very far away. "Oh, darling, I was so awful. I'm sorry, dear. I'm all right now. You can see that, can't you?"

Johnny looked at her and he could see.

"Oh, Johnny, the doctor says the baby might come tonight, or tomorrow. Really soon, anyway. Isn't that wonderful?"

He stopped the car to show her just how wonderful he thought it was.

Elizabeth sank back in the seat. They would go home and she'd cook him a wonderful dinner and give him the present. Then she'd suggest a good,

long, double-feature movie. As soon as dessert was over she'd get the paper and they'd decide. The seats were hard, of course, and she'd probably have to leave at least twice. But the movies were such a good, safe place, so pleasantly cool and dark. No opportunity for chance remarks to injure her tender feelings!

And it made the time pass until it was time for bed. Perhaps tonight the baby would come. Or if not, maybe tomorrow. Looking up at Johnny's face, with its unfamiliar lines of strain, Elizabeth thought that even tomorrow seemed far away.

"Let's have dinner in town," Johnny said suddenly, as if he'd been reading her mind. "You can have a big gorge because I hear they don't feed you much in the hospital for awhile. Then we'll go to a good, long movie."

"All right," Elizabeth said, and reached for his hand.

THE END

My Escape From Sleeping Pills

Continued from page 32

It is simple to know when you have become an addict. It isn't normal to shut yourself in a room—as I did—counting the pills you have hidden away, then caching them again like a miser. It isn't normal to become panic-stricken when you realize your supply of pills is low—and then to dash from drugstore to drugstore, filling the prescriptions that are due. Eventually, it got to be a race between me and seven drugstores.

Instead of having a calendar for social engagements I had one to remind me when my various prescriptions came due. Although it has recently been made illegal to refill barbiturate prescriptions in New York State, it was at that time possible to renew one after the minimum number of days had elapsed. A prescription for twenty pills could be renewed in twenty days, one for ten in ten days, and so on.

My eyes were lack-luster and puffy, I was frightfully depressed, my hair was dull and rapidly losing its color, my weight dropped off alarmingly, my skin looked like burnt leather, and I was irritable and nervous. I felt it a personal affront if anyone else said he could sleep—for I really didn't believe anyone could sleep normally with the street noises, the tax situation, the inflation, the coming depression, the European situation, and the heat or cold.

However, I never blamed my physical or mental condition on the barbi-

turates. I still had a certain amount of control left and none of my friends knew of my addiction.

Then, out of the blue, my control was gone. I was on a toboggan, heading downhill with terrifying speed.

One night, sitting quietly with the door locked and the lights low, I had taken my pills and was drinking a beer, which I found accelerated their action. I felt wide awake even after taking four pills. As I had an important appointment in the morning and sleep was necessary, I took a couple more. Still I didn't feel sleepy.

After awhile I decided the druggist had made a mistake and had given me only half-grain capsules. So I took more. Gradually, a strange sensation came over me. I felt horrible. Shadows leaped from dark corners and seemed about to speak. I was frightened and cold. When I stood up my legs were weak and unsteady. Staggering across the room I flopped on the bed. What was the matter? How many capsules had I taken? I didn't know. Wells of darkness came toward me, sucking me down deeper and deeper into an abyss. Strange, colored lights winked at me.

The next morning when the phone rang I reached for it and knocked over a night lamp a foot away. I'd lost my sense of distance and the familiar room seemed strange to me. Vaguely, I remembered my appointment and pulled myself off the bed. As I tried to stand, the floor rushed up at me and I

lost consciousness. When I came to, my face was buried in the rug. My nose felt broken. I grabbed a table to pull myself up. The table and I went down in a heap together.

The hot, wet stickiness on my face must be blood! I felt as though I would choke. I tried to get up again and a chair got in my way. I was hurled into a corner, one chair leg pinioning my chest against the wall. Pushing it away I gulped for air—then everything went black.

When I opened my eyes again I knew better than to try to stand, so I crawled to the bathroom. My head ached and my body was a mass of pain. A pill was the only thing that would relieve my misery. When I awakened I would feel well again.

It took a long time to get to the bathroom, and longer to open the drawer where I hid my pills. I tugged feverishly at it and at last managed to pull it out. The pills were not there! In a frenzy I threw the contents of the drawer onto the floor. Tears streamed from my eyes. *Where were my pills?*

Then I remembered. I'd hidden several bottles in a box of bath powder. I reached up and pulled the box down from the cabinet and the powder spilled over me in a miniature snow-storm. But, digging my fingers into it, I found three bottles of pills. I held them in my hand in exultation, then I crawled back to bed. *I was safe again!*

When I next came to I was sprawled in the bathtub. My legs were covered with great blue welts. My negligée was filthy and streaked with blood. And it hurt to breathe—a piercing, awful pain.

As I put my hands out to grasp the edge of the tub I saw they were scratched and bruised. One elbow was swollen and the skin on my arms was scraped. Each time I pulled myself up the pain became worse. I sank back into oblivion again.

At last I found myself on the bathroom floor and I lay there quietly. I was afraid to feel my nose but I had to know whether or not it was broken. Grasping the basin with both hands I managed to stand in front of the mirror. As I focused my eyes the blur eventually faded and I could see myself.

I couldn't believe what I saw. It was dreadful. My eyes were black and there was a cut, dried blood on it, over the right one. One cheek was swollen and a horrid greenish color. My lips were cut and bleeding, my nose beet-red and about four times its normal size.

I closed my eyes quickly and sank to the floor. Was it my appointment day? What time was it? I had strange recollections of speaking to people on the phone, of falling many times, of opening cans and eating. It was also evident that I had been violently sick at my stomach.

My thirst became intolerable and somehow I got to the kitchenette and pulled myself up to the sink. Half-empty cans of corn, beans and grapefruit stared at me. The corn was moldy.

As I crawled to the bedroom with the glass of water it crashed to the floor. It didn't matter: I was too tired and exhausted to care about anything but sleep. I closed my eyes and slipped down into a fathomless pit. Someone seemed to be calling me. When I struggled back to answer there was no one there.

Suddenly I knew that if I slept I never would awaken again. I had to call my doctor. I opened my mouth to practice what I would say to him. The words were unintelligible. Eventually, when I felt I would be understood, I tugged the receiver off the hook and called him. He said he would come over immediately.

The next thing I knew I was sitting in a chair trying to swallow the hot, steaming coffee the doctor was forcing me to drink. He looked like a stranger. His face was ashen and his mouth was set in a grim, determined line. He never loosened his grip on my pulse. Soon he pulled me from the chair and started walking. We walked for miles, it seemed, and when we passed the tables and chairs that were overturned, I began to have hazy recollections of falling over them.

Eventually, he examined my eyes under a strong light and listened to my heart again. This time he seemed more satisfied with the result.



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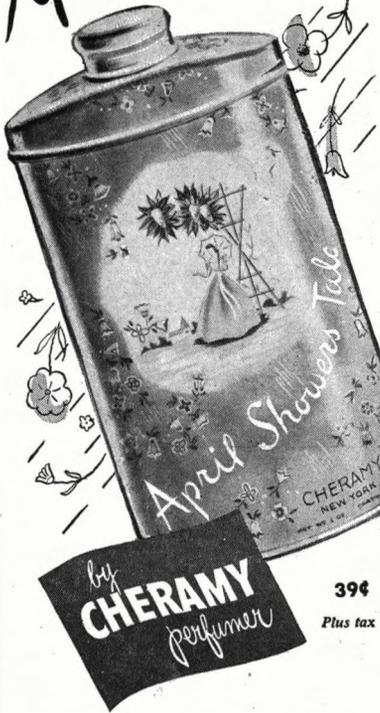
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He opened the cupboard drawers and searched through them, then went into the bathroom and searched through the medicine cabinet. When he came back into the room he said he must leave but would be back later. I soon was fast asleep.

When I awakened, a nurse was standing by the bed pushing food into my mouth. Food was the last thing I wanted. I wondered where she had come from—and I wished she would go away. But she had other ideas. She insisted on getting me out of bed. Then she grasped me firmly about the waist . . . and we walked. Sometimes we would stop for food or coffee but we always walked again.

Toward morning she let me go back to bed, but I was sleepy no longer. As I lay watching the dawn come into the room, I wondered what had happened and why. I felt as though I had had a long illness and had been unconscious for a time. How long a time I didn't know. Maybe it was like sleeping sickness . . . only I had brought it on myself by taking the pills. Why had I taken the pills? I couldn't answer that, and all I now realized was that every nerve in my body seemed to be screaming at me. I was in agony.

Somehow the nurse got me to the doctor's office and he X-rayed me from head to foot. A bone in my nose was broken, another near my left temple was cracked. A rib was fractured. There were bruises, cuts and scratches. And, judging from my headache, I had a slight concussion.

I sat across the desk from the doctor. "Do you feel like telling me what happened?" he asked.

At once I launched into a fantastic story of an automobile accident—of hit-and-run drivers, wet streets and witnesses who ran away.

He looked at me a long while, then said, "Don't ever try to fool a doctor."

I assured him I was telling the truth. And at the time, in my condition, it seemed logical that it could be the truth. But I knew he didn't believe me and I started to cry. There was no justice. The crying did no good and he called the nurse. She took me home and put me to bed.

After she left I thought I would go out of my mind. My arms and legs twitched and my whole body jumped so that I felt I would be pitched onto the floor.

I couldn't take it. I ransacked every drawer and hiding place where the pills might be. There were no more pills! I couldn't go out and get some for I couldn't walk far without help—and besides, I wasn't a pleasant sight to be seen on the streets.

Then an extraordinary sound came to my ears. It was the organ grinder. He must have his days mixed up—he

always came on Saturday. A cold feeling tugged at my heart. This couldn't be Saturday! My appointment had been for Monday. All that time hadn't gone by. Yet the corn had been moldy.

The door opened and the doctor walked in. He sat across the room and lit a cigarette.

"Maybe you'd better tell me the truth," he said quietly.

At first the words came slowly but gradually they poured out and I was glad to tell him the true story. He scarcely could believe I had been in the apartment since Monday. When I told him the approximate number of pills I had taken, he was incredulous.

He asked me if I wanted to die. He said if I continued taking barbiturates I could not expect to live much longer. The next "binge" might prove the last.

I wanted to live. I loved living. My compulsion for barbiturates was something I couldn't understand. I promised him I would never take another sleeping pill so long as I lived. He knew and I knew that it was not going to be easy to cure my obsession for sleeping pills, but I didn't care. I would go through anything to get rid of the addiction. The doctor gave me a vitamin shot and said he would drop by each day until I was strong enough to come to the office for them.

I would have to stay alone until my black eyes and bruises got better, I knew. If I called my friends they would ask questions and I was not going to tell more lies. I was also afraid of my friends because I didn't know whom I might have phoned during the past few days . . . or what I might have said. That was something I would have to find out later, no matter how I dreaded it.

They say sleeping pills leave the system within seventy-two hours. Maybe that is correct, but the effect on the nervous system lasts many weeks.

For the next seventy-two hours I didn't know when it was day or night. I only knew when it was six o'clock because that was when the doctor came. He gave me nothing except the vitamin shots, and those only because I was suffering from malnutrition.

One sip of water would provoke paroxysms of nausea. The furniture seemed to move toward me when I looked at it. Water hung from the ceiling in motionless streamers, choking off my air supply. Springs would coil and uncoil their wires, rushing at my eyes. Pictures came down off the wall and flew at my face. Someone was in the room with me but I couldn't find him.

As I dodged the rushing objects I'd knock my head against the wall. If I closed my eyes, the mental images became even more horrible and danced

faster and faster until I was exhausted from following them. I didn't know if the things I saw were real or imaginary. I was bathed in a cold nightmare of fear. The lights burned constantly but I was assailed with terror that a fuse might blow out and I'd be left in darkness.

On the fourth night I could stand it no longer. I had not eaten for days and was losing weight which I could ill afford to lose. The doctor was crazy, I decided. You couldn't get over pill-addiction at once. You had to taper off.

I dressed and left the apartment by a rear door. After I finished telling my "accident" story to an understanding druggist, he was more than happy to sell me some pills.

Walking home I knew that within a few minutes I would feel well again and later I would sleep. There was no longer a reason to worry about the addiction. I had learned my lesson. I could take care of myself. It never occurred to me that I should keep faith with the doctor.

Everything worked out fine for about two weeks—and then the law of periodicity asserted itself. Some of my prescriptions were once more negotiable and I went to drug-stores and got a fresh supply. I didn't know I was getting ready for another "binge." I'd also collected a quart bottle of a powerful liquid which was only to be taken in extreme cases of insomnia.

Forty-eight hours later I had finished the pills and the quart bottle. I had also missed the hospital psychopathic ward by the skin of my teeth. I won't go into the sorry details; Dante wouldn't believe me. But this time I acquired a respect and a loathing for barbiturates that I never had before. For the first time I knew that if I took even one pill, I was powerless to stop. Sleeping pills, I realized, were stronger than I.

I called the doctor again. He said there was little he could do for me. I pleaded with him to see me. Finally he agreed. When he arrived he looked at me in disgust.

"Won't you ever learn?" he said.

I wasn't sure myself. But this time I knew I would cure myself completely of my addiction to barbiturates—or I would sign myself into a county hospital, if they would have me. I was beaten.

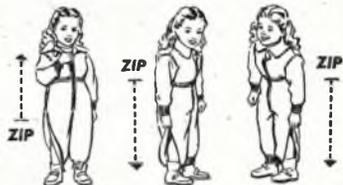
The doctor advised me to drink clear tea with plenty of sugar in it. The tea would help settle my stomach while the sugar would supply nourishment. Hot baths were a relaxing agent. As I had no alcoholic tendencies he suggested I drink beer for its quieting effect. I was to force myself to eat. If I couldn't retain the food, I was to eat



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Second Honeymoon



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Let's hop in the car and go meet her.

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Then Fie! to the whys and the maybes—
We'll off to romance and adventure, my pet
(But who will look after the babies?)

We'll carelessly capture the rapture of old,
We'll snare it and share it like lovers.
(But what if the weather turns suddenly cold—
Who'll bundle them under the covers?)

by
William
L. Parker

Yes, Fall is a clamorous, amorous maid
And her playground's from Nepal to Nome—
But if we're to play with her, dear, I'm afraid
She'll have to come see us at home.

Delectable Vine-Fresh Flavor with Sure-Jell's 1-Minute Boil!



SURE-JELL, the powdered pectin product that helps all fruits jell just right!

Wonderful RIPE GRAPE FLAVOR —because, with Sure-Jell, you use ripe fruit!

Follow this foolproof Sure-Jell recipe exactly, for super results!

GRAPE CONSERVE

5 cups prepared fruit; 2 lemons; ½ pound seeded raisins; 1 cup chopped nuts; 7 cups sugar; 1 box Sure-Jell.

To prepare fruit: Slip skins from about 3 pounds fully ripe grapes. Add 1 cup water to pulp; bring to a boil. Simmer, covered, 5 minutes. Sieve to remove seeds, add chopped skins. Measure 5 cups into large saucepan. Add 1 table-

spoon grated lemon rind, ¼ cup lemon juice, raisins, and nuts.

To make conserve: Measure sugar, set aside. Place saucepan of fruit mixture over high heat. Add Sure-Jell; stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once stir in sugar. Bring to full rolling boil, boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, ladle quickly, paraffin at once. Makes about 13 six-ounce glasses.

65 RECIPES IN EVERY BOX —a different recipe for each fruit!

A HALF-MINUTE BOIL FOR JELLY, a ONE-MINUTE BOIL FOR JAM, with Sure-Jell!

About 13 GLASSES! And you're sure of sure results, with Sure-Jell!

GRAPES ARE RIPE—

—ready for the jelly makers! Make plenty of this delicious, fresh-flavored conserve — the easy, speedy, Sure-Jell way!



A product of General Foods

again. Above all I must realize I had no control so far as barbiturates were concerned.

I sent for magazines and ordered food and beer. I fixed the bed attractively and got out my electric blanket. And then I prayed that by some miracle I would stop retching and go to sleep.

The miracle didn't happen. It was worse than before. But I told myself that someday I would sleep normally. Until then I wouldn't try. Sleep cannot be had for trying.

I've always felt sorry for the four per cent of Americans who do not believe in God. I believed in Him. Yet when the pills became unmanageable I lost Him and there was a great emptiness in my life. I knew I had to prove myself worthy before finding Him again or expecting His help. And I knew I had lost my right to sleep.

The third night my breathing became more rhythmical and the suffocating feeling began to leave me. It was a wonderful relief after being able to get air only by fits and starts.

The fourth night I felt drowsy and was about to put my magazine away when I had a chill. It is eerie and frightening to find yourself blue and shaking when there is no reason for it. Hot baths did no good. Blankets piled upon the electric blanket, and scalding tea, had no effect. I didn't dare call the doctor again. I felt that perhaps this was the end. Maybe now I would die.

After several hours the shaking began to ease and I felt a release I had never had before. Tight bands seemed to give way in my stomach and chest. I looked at a chair and it stayed put. The imaginary streamers of water were gone from the ceiling. There were no more writhing springs. When my body quieted I felt almost happy for the first time in years. A feeling of peace descended upon me.

I put my head down on the pillow and turned out the light. Then I whispered, "Thank you, God." When I opened my eyes again it was noon.

It was weeks before I was able to sleep normally and my nerves were not at the jumping-off point. But gradually I found myself emerging from the dream world into the actualities of life—and I could cope with them. I can't explain why I had tried to run away from responsibilities as I did. I only know it is wonderful to face them and to be free. For barbiturate addiction may be only a weakness in the beginning—but in the end there is no time to think of anything but the cure. That's why I thank God every night that my addiction is ended . . . in time to live.

THE END

September 1948

TODAY'S WOMAN AT HOME

Dorothy Wagner • director



THE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW



We questioned hundreds of husbands

for this issue devoted to the man's point of view, and we are now rife with statistics and percentages, none of which is as fascinating as the composite picture of the young husband that emerged from the questionnaire. He's an interesting fellow who earns his livelihood in sixty-six different occupations ranging from forester to lawyer (these are our arbitrary extremes). He seems to be good-humored and even humorous, judging from some of the unsolicited comments we got. He cooks, sometimes just breakfast, sometimes big dinners. To our surprise, he can set a table without help from the distaff side. He shops for food, helps with the household chores. He's the one who usually gets stuck with jobs like emptying the dust container of the vacuum cleaner. His hobbies run to woodworking, photography, painting, gardening. He shows considerable interest in what goes into the house in the way of furnishings, knows furniture styles and periods and likes to mix period and modern. He's a conservative when it comes to beauty and fashion—likes long hair better than short, doesn't like dyed hair, doesn't like conspicuous make-up or clothes. Still going along with the questionnaire, he likes his wife's figure the way it is (were you looking over his shoulder, madam?). On this and the following twenty-five pages we give you the picture story of what he likes in FASHION, BEAUTY, HOME FURNISHINGS and FOOD.

about fashion

Husbands like smooth-looking wives, from breakfast on through the day. We gather from our questionnaires that they prefer restful effects rather than flashy look-at-me costumes. *The suit on the cover* gets a husband's okay. Its lines are as clean as a bar of soap, and the burnt sugar color is a fine foil for fall's top accessory shades—gray, green, the brown family or black. In Botany's all-worsted gabardine. By Tailorbrooke. Sizes 8 to 18, under \$50. *On this page* a coat for women who live in suits—graceful, easy to wear, with detachable hood. We chose it in gray to complement the burnt sugar of the cover suit. By Rothshire. Sizes 10 to 18, about \$45. All clothes here and on following pages at Bloomingdale's, New York

HAT BY JOE COHN, DANIEL HAYS GLOVES, COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR





That Restful Effect is achieved here with varying shades of brown. The deep brown all-wool suede cloth coat has a smoothly fitted princess line and two knife pleats in back to give the coat lovely movement. Note the high, pointed collar with narrow bands of fabric tying beneath it. By Donnybrook. Sizes 10 to 18. About \$60. The flat peaked bonnet of fur felt is café au lait, which goes well with both the coat and the dress. By Brandt. About \$15. The dark brown bag is of cowhide, simulating alligator. By Kadin. About \$5, plus tax. Companion to the coat, a fitted dress of wool and rayon. By Ginet. Sizes 10 to 18. About \$18. We tied a small chiffon scarf under the collar to add a flash of color. Both models are wearing Tussy's Midnight Lipstick

JEWELRY BY BENTLEE, BROWN SUED PUMPS BY VALLET, CAFE AU LAIT STRAPPED SHOES BY JOHANSEN. PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATHRYN ARBE

simple hats get his vote

Husbands said that smart heads wear simple hats. We nominate these to please the men—and to go with the three different hairdos of the year, very short, medium and sleekly long. The hats on these two pages are by Madcaps.

Peeking around the corner, a medium-length pageboy crowned with a crocheted pillbox, enlivened by Karu's scatter pins. Hat about \$7; pins \$2 each plus tax.

An English riding hat inspired the cloche in the center. It's made of soft, soft suede and frames a very short haircut. About \$15. The lady with long locks wears a gray felt beret, adapted from a Jacques Heim original. It has a twist of black cord around it and cords to tie at the side of the chin. About \$5



Below, left: A small pillbox of black velveteen trimmed with tiny velvet bows looks well over a chignon. It's worn very straight across the brows in the French manner. About \$13. With short hair, a very sophisticated black felt tricorne, copied exactly from an Albouy hat. The veiling can be worn high on the forehead, or flirtatiously down over the eyes. About \$5. With medium-length hair, a quaint black velvet bonnet with a ruching edge. This has no crown and is so flexible it can be folded back to wear as a small, head-hugging band. There are streamers to tie in back or under the chin. About \$5

All hats on these pages are available at Bloomingdale's, New York

PHOTOGRAPH BY KATHRYN ABBE; DRESSES BY INTERNATIONAL





We want our wives to look neat and pretty at breakfast," said the husbands. With few exceptions, they think you're at your early morning best in a housecoat or cotton dress. And it's the quickest, easiest way to appear clean and sparkling

at a price: A housecoat (Opposite) of woven cotton seersucker, zips down the front, has a lace-edged collar. Tie a ribbon under the collar and presto—glamor in a hurry. By Fifth Avenue Robes. In sizes 12 to 20. Under \$11. Daniel Green slippers. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Soft Note lipstick

Right: A two-piece dress of iridescent gingham, as crisp as your very best waffles, has a dropped shoulder line and push-up sleeves. By Kay Whitney. Sizes 12 to 18. Under \$9. Both housecoat and dress at Bloomingdale's, New York



KATHRYN ABBE

the way you look to him

The man of the house pays more attention to you than you think. He has some definite ideas on how he'd like you to look at home—fresher at breakfast, neater through the day. Not all the young husbands we queried thought their wives careless about their appearance, but enough did to make it worth your taking stock. Are you passing fair? You are if you can answer *yes* to eight of the questions below. For twelve *yeses*, give yourself an extra pat on the back. If your score is 100%, you don't need us to tell you—you're divine.

- 1 Do you brush your hair and put on lipstick for breakfast?
- 2 Do you do household chores in clothes you wouldn't mind answering the door in?
- 3 Do you choose "working" clothes in becoming colors?
- 4 Do you use your working hours to set your hair, so you won't have to sleep in curlers or pin curls?
- 5 Do you occasionally go in for a little girl hair style just for fun?
- 6 Do you use a deodorant or anti-perspirant no matter how you're dressed?
- 7 Do you protect your hands during dusty work by first using protective lotion and digging your nails into a bar of soap?
- 8 Do you wear a girdle if you know you need one?
- 9 Do you de-fuzz your legs regularly?
- 10 Do you freshen up and put on perfume and make-up before your husband comes home?
- 11 Do you remove fish or onion smells from your hands with a cream or lotion deodorant?
- 12 Do you repair your nail polish if it chips during the day?
- 13 Do you put on a fresh apron when you start dinner?
- 14 Do you use a fixative over your lipstick so it won't come off on glasses, china or your husband?
- 15 Do you apply cream while you're in the tub to avoid going to bed with a greasy face?
- 16 Do you put on a ribbon to keep your hair out of your face while you sleep?

Mildred Doughty • beauty editor

teamwork in Color

Men tell us they often buy accessories for their wives and this year they should find their shopping easy. Makers of fabric, shoes, stockings, jewelry and handbags combined to make their products go together. So if you buy colored shoes, your husband can match them with a handbag. Shown here are Green Turtle and Red Tortoise—both subtle, both very smart. Either is good with gray, warm browns, coppery colors. Choose your make-up to harmonize for that well-assembled look.



Green Turtle

Husbands split their votes fifty-fifty for high and medium heels. Far left: High slender heel on a sleek calf cross-strap shoe of Green Turtle color. By Paradise. About \$15. Beside it, a beautiful shoe with an instep strap and the new baby Louis heel, graceful and very comfortable for young women used to flats. By Avonette. About \$16. The calf bag matches exactly. About \$18.50 plus tax. Pearl, bronze and emerald beads add contrast. About \$10 plus tax. Green Turtle cotton gloves and a copper-toned silk scarf are each about \$3. Sheer nylons complete a carefully co-ordinated group of accessories

Red Tortoise

A strapped shoe with a medium heel, comfortable for walking but with a light-looking line. By Rhythm Step. About \$14. With it, a matching bag, about \$15 plus tax, and Red Tortoise double-woven cotton gloves, about \$3. The gold-finished chain with enamel, and simulated rubies and pearls, about \$7 plus tax. Matching earrings cost about \$2, plus tax. The nylon stockings echo the warm Tortoise shade, with a deliberate splash of brighter color added by the silk crepe print scarf. About \$3. Write the Fashion Department for stores carrying the accessories shown on this page



HANDBAGS BY MICHEL; JEWELRY BY CORO
STOCKINGS BY BERKSHIRE
GLOVES BY WEAR RIGHT; SCARVES BY GLENTEX



PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATHRYN ABBE

teamwork in dressmaking

Handy is the husband who helps with a hem. Here he pins up a dress made from pattern No. 4964 of Foreman Fabric's rayon tissue faille in the new Green Turtle shade. It has dolman sleeves, hip drapery ending in a double bustle over a flared four-gore skirt. Fabric available at stores on page 103. Pattern in sizes 12 to 20, 35c. To order pattern, write P. O. Box 58, Station F, New York 18, N. Y. Enclose money order or stamps. Give pattern number and size. Tortoise Shell make-up by Revlon—equally becoming with Green Turtle and Red Tortoise

M

by William Masee

an's place is in the home



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
GEORGE LAZARNICK

For years, a man's home has been his wife's castle and any sensible husband was glad to leave it that way. A man would put up with any amount of dimity curtains and chenille bedspreads if he had a comfortable chair, the bottom drawer of the bureau and closet space in which to hang his extra suit. When the redecorating or rearranging gleam came into his wife's eyes, a man would head for the corner bar or work late at the office until the whole thing blew over.

Recently, however, there have been signs of revolt. Men have grown tired of cramping themselves on too-short couches for an after-dinner nap or trying to tamp out cigarettes in pottery sombreros. The feeling is growing that a house ought to be comfortable. This has received a boost from modern architects, who have shown apprehensive housewives that a house doesn't have to look like a barracks to make the male animal feel at home.

The perfect room for masculine enjoyment need bear no resemblance to a ship's cabin or the drafty dining hall of a medieval castle. If a man were designing a perfect room, he would probably start with the furniture, all of which would be so upholstered that he could put his feet up. The couch would be long enough so he could stretch out for a nap. Men are going to continue to nap as an aid to digestion and there's no use fighting the tendency.

Men like to sprawl, and chair arms should be strong enough to support a leg thrown over them, and wide and flat enough for a drink or ashtray. The seat should be large enough to hold at least one child and a fairy tale book in addition to the man of the house. It should be possible to make lap room for a wife when the occasion arises. All chairs should be high enough off the floor so that there is no struggle to get up when visitors come.

Tables, too, should be strong enough to be sat upon or leaned against without fear of disaster. Tables should be of varying heights, so that a man can sit on the floor and eat or drink off the tops, or flick an ash without contortion.

Each chair should be supplied with enough light for reading fine print. It should be possible to dim the light for dozing, talking or listening to the radio. No light should glare in the eyes, and all switches should work easily.

Desks and writing tables should be large enough to hold writing and working paraphernalia. There should be plenty of room for the knees and easily accessible drawers full of paper and extra pencils.

After these basic things are considered, anything goes. A man could be happy in such a room. Chances are, his wife would enjoy it, too. In such a room, a man would feel he had a place in his home. Everything considered, that's not such a bad idea.

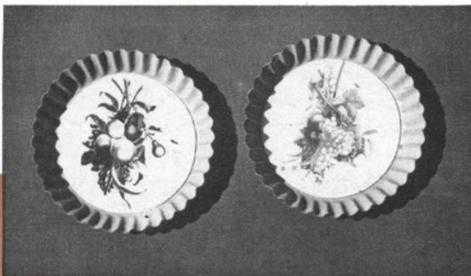
The majority of the young husbands who answered our questionnaire agreed on combining traditional with modern furniture. The photograph on the opposite page proves how successfully this can be accomplished. The traditional desk, bookcase and accessories complement the comfortable modern pieces. Color photograph by Hans Van Nes taken at Bloomingdale's, New York.



framed at home



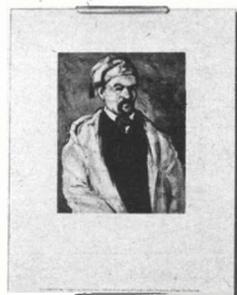
Even a husband who is not the proverbial handyman about the house can carry out these decorative ideas for framing prints, paintings or photographs to their best advantage



Four architectural prints, above, are glued to the backs of shallow baking pans. Lacquer the pans any color before applying the prints. These are effective when hung in groups of four, six or eight. Fruit and flower prints, left, in plain and scalloped circular pie tins that have been painted a color complementary to the prints. Framed this way they look well in a bedroom or in a dining room. Old military prints, below left, recessed in the depths of oblong baking pans painted a contrasting color, give distinction to a hall or living room



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LAZARNICK,
PETER COWLAND AND HANS VAN NES

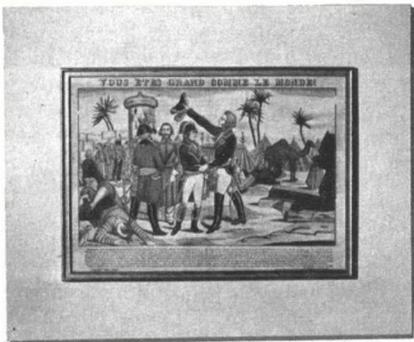


Bracquette, an inexpensive device sold in department and art stores, is ideal for framing modern prints and photographs

Jack Macurdy

home furnishings editor

a good way to introduce texture to a wall. Frame a pair of modern prints in Celotex mats. Mats can be painted to bring out one of the picture colors. A square of Celotex also provides a good background for thumbtacked snapshots



a small print or picture can be reproportioned to fit a larger space by mounting it on a panel. The panel can be painted, covered with felt or wallpapered. An easy way to salvage an old favorite and give it new importance



bright yarn edges the frame around a mask mounted on a silver foil-covered board. Felt can be substituted for the foil, and the same treatment used for a collection of shells



mr. harris designs

with an eye to cost and space

WALTER KELLY



Dining table is a Harris design which would not be too difficult to copy. It is made of blond poplar, opens to seat four to six guests



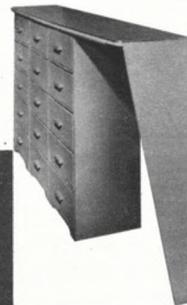
Edwin Harris, Jr., a designer of furniture and interiors, solved the problem of furnishing his small two-room apartment with inexpensive built-ins, most of which would not be too difficult to copy if the man of the house has any skill as a carpenter.

The dual purpose (14x14) living room shown on the opposite page had to serve also as a dining room, provide space for overnight guests, and offer some solution to the storage problem. Duplicate sectional sofa units with storage space below cushions

were placed against opposite walls. This conserved floor space and left room for a small semi-circular love seat to fit gracefully between the windows. End pieces of the built-in sofas provide for storage and extra table tops for buffet-style suppers. The result is a surprisingly spacious room in effect, a feeling of unclutteredness. Note the simple, practical radiator cover and the sturdy tweed materials that were chosen for this much-used room.



The sofa unit, another simple built-in, makes a storage and desk unit. Like the other wood pieces it's made of blond poplar



Three E-Z-Do chests and a tapered board combine to form the bar. The linoleum counter top acts as serving space, chests store small linens

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HANS VAN NES



Erna Nibley food editor

PIZZA PARTY

Pizza (pronounced peet'za), borrowed from Italy, is so popular in many parts of this country that there are special pizza restaurants. Easy to make at home, and served piping hot, pizza makes wonderful party food for crisp weather. It's especially popular with men, so fix it up for your husband to serve the next time he has a stag party. Add beer, and the menu's complete.

Pizza Dough

Prepare 1 package hot roll mix according to directions on package. When dough is blended grease top lightly, cover and set in warm place to rise. When double in bulk (takes about 1 hour), punch dough down, divide in thirds. Shape each third into a ball. Light oven, set at 425°F. Roll out each ball of dough on well-floured board into a circle about 10 inches in diameter, 1/8 inch thick. Fit each loosely into greased 9-inch pie pans or shallow baking dishes. Make rim by pressing edges as for pastry. Add filling, bake 25 minutes at 425°F. Stagger the baking to keep pizza coming hot from the oven. Put one in; 10 minutes later add the second; in another 10 minutes the third. When done, cut in wedges, eat with fingers. These three pizzas will be plenty for four.

For stag party, fit dough into pans as above and prepare filling ingredients. Store separately in refrigerator. Your husband can add filling and bake the pizzas himself.

Filling for Pizza

1/2 cup olive or salad oil	1 onion, chopped fine
2 No. 2 1/2 cans whole tomatoes or	1 teaspoon oregano
8 fresh tomatoes	Salt
1 pound mozzarella cheese	Fresh black pepper

Brush dough well with oil. Drain canned tomatoes very dry (save juice; delicious for drinking), or peel fresh tomatoes. Chop coarsely, scatter over dough. Slice cheese thin (mild cheddar will do if mozzarella is not available) and lay on top of tomatoes. Brush again with oil, sprinkle with chopped onion, oregano, salt and pepper. Bake as directed. Makes enough filling for three nine-inch pizzas.

Variations of Filling

Chop 1/2 pound Italian garlic sausage, trim and slice 1/2 pound fresh mushrooms. Heat a little oil in frying pan, add sausage and mushrooms, sauté about 5 minutes. Put mixture over tomatoes on dough, add remaining ingredients as in directions above.

Drain oil from 2 cans flat anchovy fillets. Chop fillets, sprinkle over tomatoes on dough. Add remaining ingredients. 1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives may also be added.

Quick Pizza

For pizza-in-a-hurry, split English muffins in half, scoop out doughy center (save for bread crumbs). Brush each half with oil, add filling as for regular pizza. Slip under broiler about 3 inches from heat. Broil until the filling bubbles and the cheese melts.



Wedges of pizza



and ice-cold beer



disappear in a hurry



Ready for more

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LAZARNICK

men like Stew

and like to cook it too

Men, according to our questionnaire, do like to cook—with meat dishes heading the list. Asking around among men we know, stew turned out to be a favorite. “And not just in winter,” they pointed out. “It’s a fine dish for summer too.” We tried their recipes and found them so good we thought you’d want to try them.

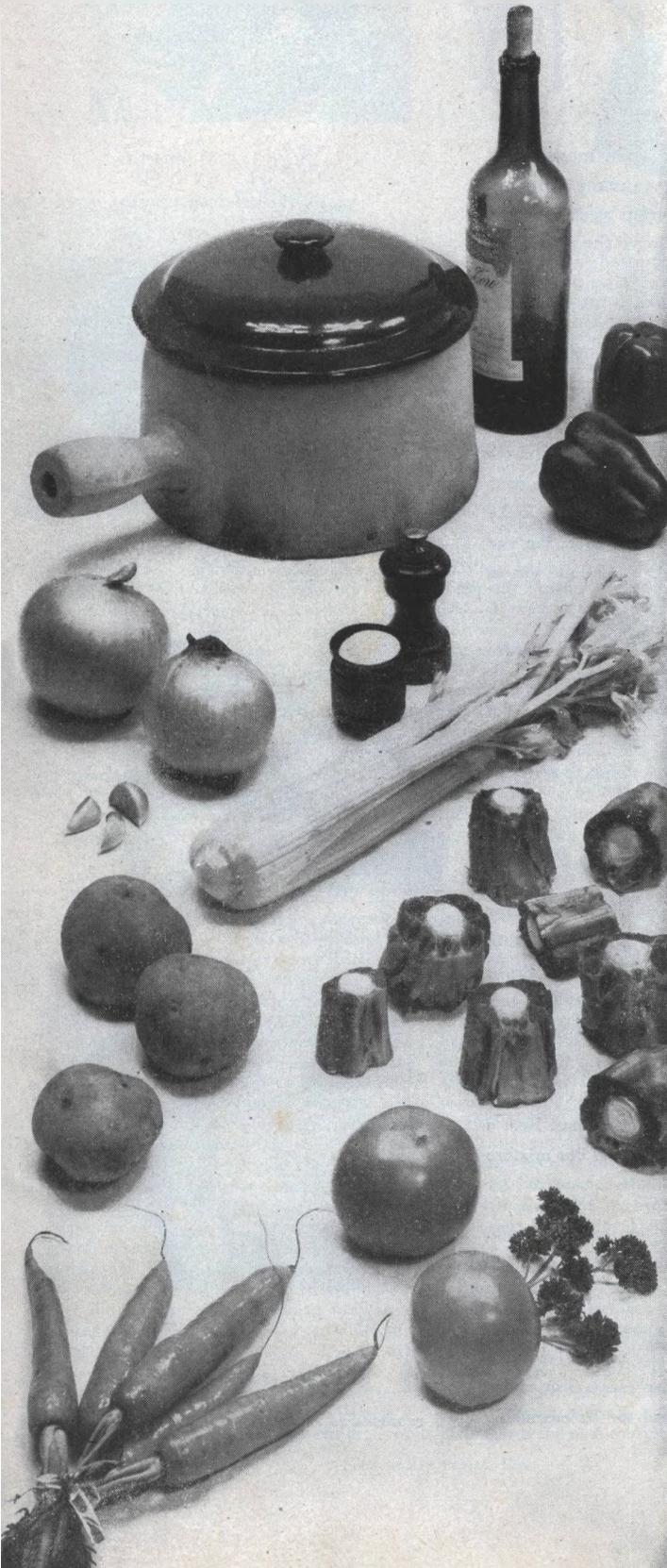
Aleks Bird designs lamps and furniture for a living, cooks three meals a day for pleasure. He entertains often and even bakes his own bread—no mean feat with a kitchen that boasts only a two-burner hot plate and a small oven. He considers fresh herbs so indispensable that he grows his own supply. Here’s his recipe for:

Oxtail Stew

1 oxtail	½ bottle dry white wine
4 medium onions	Few sprigs fresh tarragon.
3 carrots	parsley and thyme
¼ cup butter or margarine	Salt and pepper
2 cloves garlic	¼ pound bacon
½ cup brandy	½ pound mushrooms
	12 small white onions

Have butcher cut oxtail in pieces, cover with cold water, soak 2 hours. Wipe dry with cloth. Peel onions, scrub carrots, chop coarsely. Melt butter or margarine in Dutch oven, add meat, onions and carrots, brown. Peel garlic, crush with flat of knife blade, add. Cover and cook 2 minutes. Add brandy, light with match and let burn out. Add wine and enough water to cover. Cut herbs fine with shears (if fresh herbs are not available, ¼ teaspoon each of dried herbs will do), add to meat with salt and pepper. Cover, simmer gently for 3 hours. Cut bacon in small pieces, put in flameproof casserole. Add chopped mushrooms and peeled whole onions, saute until bacon is crisp and vegetables browned. Skim fat from broth on meat, add meat and broth to vegetables and bacon. Cover and cook 1 hour in slow, 300° F. oven. Serves 4.

Harry Botsford, hunter and amateur chef, specializes in fish and game cookery. He got this recipe in a Pennsylvania Dutch home, where it was served with



potatoes, turnips, corn, coleslaw, onions in mustard sauce, beet pickles and three kinds of hot bread. He makes it with wild rabbit, but domestic is good too.

Hasenpfeffer

1 rabbit	8 peppercorns
Water	4 whole cloves
Cider vinegar	2 bay leaves
2 onions, sliced	¼ teaspoon tarragon
2 tablespoons salt	¼ cup butter or margarine
	1 cup thick sour cream

Clean rabbit and cut into serving-size pieces. Put in a crock or bowl, cover with equal parts water and vinegar. Add sliced onions, salt, peppercorns, cloves, bay leaves and tarragon. Let meat marinate not more than two days, overnight will do. Remove rabbit, dry pieces well. Melt butter or margarine in heavy skillet, add meat and brown well on all sides. Add enough of the sauce in which the meat was marinated to almost cover the meat, cover and simmer gently about ½ hour, or until meat is very tender. Just before serving, remove meat to hot platter, stir sour cream into sauce left in skillet. Pour this gravy over meat and serve. Serves 4.

In college days, Pat O'Halloran spent his summers vagabonding as cook on oil barges and in lumber camps. He works for a publishing house now and can't wander, but he still likes to cook and has his own ideas on the subject. About stew he says, "The secret of a good stew is in the setting process. Make it in the morning, let it stand for flavors to set, then reheat for dinner."

O'Halloran's De Luxe Mulligan Stew

1 pounds beef	Claret or Burgundy wine
4 tablespoons butter or margarine	½ teaspoon each sugar, salt and black pepper
1 clove garlic, minced	½ teaspoon allspice
1 bunch small carrots	Few sprigs fresh sweet basil
1 green pepper, chopped	and oregano
2 pounds small onions, peeled	4 medium potatoes, peeled
	½ pound peas

The cut of beef depends on your pocketbook. The day before payday use chuck. If you've just had a raise and want to celebrate have the butcher cube a thick slice of top round. Brown beef cubes and garlic in 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine in Dutch oven. In another pan, melt remaining 2 tablespoons fat, add scraped carrots, chopped green pepper and whole peeled onions, brown. Add to beef with wine enough to cover (full strength or half water, as you prefer), sugar, salt, black pepper, allspice and cheesecloth with herbs tied in it. Simmer gently for 2 hours, then add peeled potatoes. Fifteen minutes before potatoes are done, toss in the peas. Remove from stove, let set for 4 hours. Reheat, discard herb bag, and serve with hot French bread spread with garlic butter and a green salad. Serves 4.

William St. Clair Pugh grew up in Dixie. Now he works for a steamship line and travels everywhere. Each trip he gathers new food ideas to try in his own kitchen, but his favorite food is still Southern. He suggests a typical supper: Brunswick stew, coleslaw, cornbread and for dessert, sweet-potato pie.

Brunswick Stew

2 small piece fat pork	10 pods okra, sliced
½ pound beef chuck	1½ cups diced potatoes
1 stewing chicken	6 medium onions, sliced
1 quart butter (lima) beans	8 large tomatoes, peeled
1½ cups shredded cabbage	Salt and pepper
	1 dozen ears corn

Try out fat in skillet. Dice beef in 1-inch cubes, disjoint chicken. Add to hot fat and brown on all sides. Add water to just cover, simmer until meat is tender, about 1½ hours. Remove chicken, cut meat from bones, return to stock. Add remaining ingredients except salt, pepper and corn. Simmer 1½ hours. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add corn, cook 20 minutes more. Serve in soup bowls. Serves 8.

Bernard Bertland spends his days as advertising manager of a textile firm, relaxes after hours with his hobby of cooking. This recipe is an example of his specialty—the kind of meat dishes men like. His idea of a meal is a good meat dish with a big green salad, Roquefort cheese and toasted crackers for dessert.

Bachelor Stew with Dumplings

2 pounds lean chuck	1 teaspoon marjoram
Salt and pepper	1 bunch slender carrots
1 No. 2½ can peeled Italian tomatoes	3 medium yellow onions
4 bay leaves	3 stalks celery
4 peppercorns	1 wineglass Burgundy or Claret wine

Have butcher cut meat into 1½ inch cubes, and ask him for a small piece of beef fat. Try out fat in Dutch oven until bottom is well greased, discard fat. Salt and pepper meat thoroughly, brown well on all sides in hot fat. Add tomatoes. Do not add any water. Bring to a boil, turn heat down until mixture simmers. Add bay leaves and peppercorns. Crush marjoram in palm of hand, add to stew. Cover and simmer gently 1½ hours. Meanwhile, scrape carrots, cut in 2 inch lengths, peel onions and cut celery in 2 inch lengths. Add to stew with wine, stir to mix. Cover, bring to boil, then simmer gently ½ hour before adding dumplings. Serves 4.

Dumplings

Mix ¼ cup finely chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 cups of biscuit mix. Add 1 cup milk, beat well. Drop by large spoonfuls into simmering stew. Cover tightly and simmer 20 minutes. No peeking at this stage. Turn stew and dumplings into deep dish and serve at once.



men like Pie

With a little patience and a light hand anyone can make tender, flaky pastry. If you've never tried, or if you've tried and the result was a family joke, these step-by-step directions are for you.

GEORGE LAZARNICK



Sift some all-purpose flour onto waxed paper. Put sifter in mixing bowl, measure 2 1/4 cups sifted flour and 1 teaspoon salt into it, sift into bowl. Measure 3/4 cup shortening, pack down in cup to press out air. For pastry, we do not recommend measuring fat in water, because some water clings to the fat and may toughen pastry.



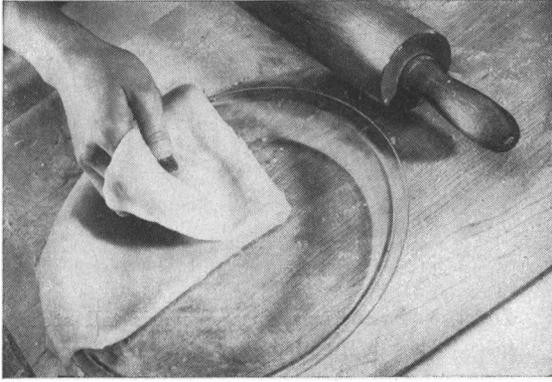
Add half the shortening to flour, cut into flour with pastry blender. Scrape blender occasionally to loosen fat particles; blend until mixture resembles coarse corn meal. Add rest of shortening, cut in until particles are the size of peas. We like this method of adding shortening in two steps—the first gives tenderness, the second flakiness.



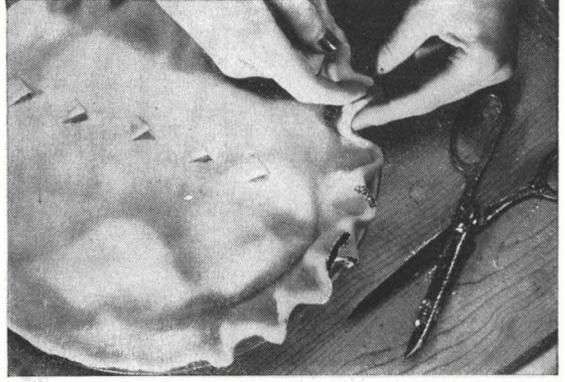
Use very cold tap water, or ice water. Measure 1 tablespoon at a time, sprinkle by drops over flour mixture. Mix lightly with fork, toss the little balls of dough that form to one side of bowl. Sprinkle another tablespoon of water on dry portions, repeat until 6 tablespoons of water have been used. Work quickly, do not overmix. Gather dough together, press lightly with hands a few times until particles hold together in a ball. Wrap in waxed paper, chill in refrigerator 1/2 hour.



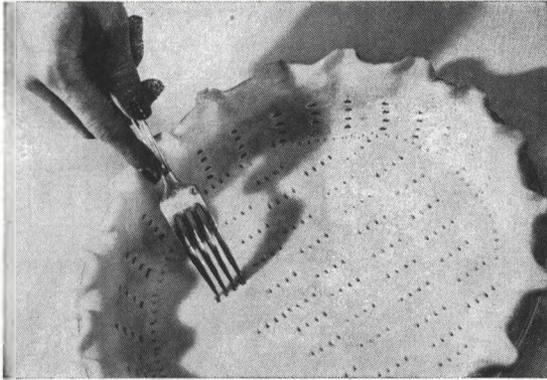
For two crust pie: Divide dough in 2 parts, one slightly larger. Shape each into ball. Sprinkle board with thin coat of flour, rub rolling pin with a little flour. (Too much flour makes pastry tough.) Roll out larger part for bottom crust. Starting from center of dough with each stroke, roll from center to edge all around to make a circle. Lift pin near edge of pastry to avoid splitting, start again from center. Rolled crust should be 1/8 inch thick and 2 inches larger than the pan.



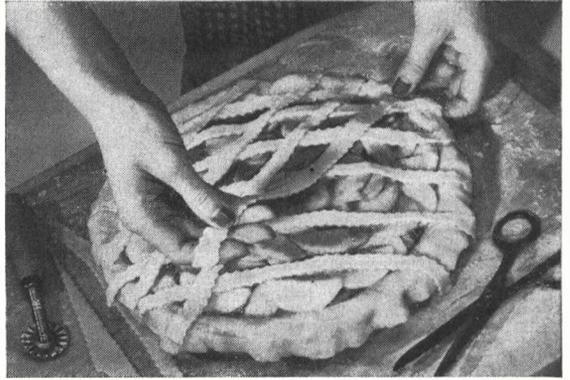
Slide spatula under edges of dough to loosen from board, fold the dough in half, then fold again into quarters. Lift into pan, put pointed end in center of pan, unfold. Fit loosely in pan; don't stretch the dough. Roll out other pastry ball for top crust, $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches larger than the pan. Fold in half, cut several gashes with a sharp knife along folded edge to let steam escape from filling while baking. Put aside, prepare filling.



Put filling in bottom crust, brush edge with a little water, lay folded top crust over. Unfold crust and fit loosely over filling. Trim edges of crust evenly with shears, turn crust under on rim of pie pan. Flute edge by holding dough with thumb and forefinger of left hand, pressing dough between the two with forefinger of right hand, as directed in recipe for filling. For a glazed crust, brush lightly with milk before baking. Makes 1 9-inch pie.



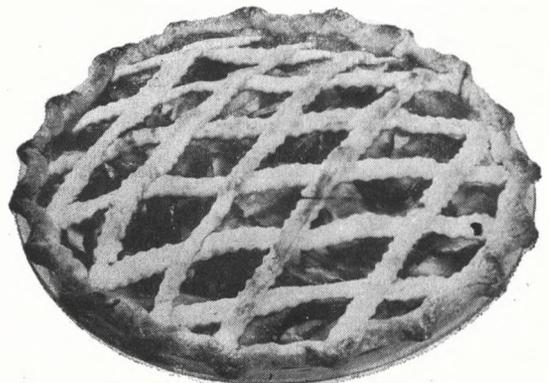
For one-crust pie: Divide dough in half, roll out, fit in pan as for bottom crust. Pat surface with a small ball of dough to push out air. Prick dough with fork over bottom and sides of pan to prevent bulges. Trim crust evenly, turn under and flute. For a shell, bake at 450°F. for 10 minutes, let cool before adding filling. For a baked filling like custard, pour into unbaked shell, bake according to recipe for filling. This recipe makes 2 9-inch shells. Bake them together, save one for next day. Or refrigerate one a few days, then bake.



For lattice top pie: More work, but nice for special occasions. Divide dough, roll out bottom crust and fit into pan as directed for double-crust pie. Add filling. Roll out remaining dough $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches larger than the pan. Cut in strips about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, lay strips over filling about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch apart. Lay remaining strips diagonally over first layer to make a diamond-shaped pattern. Trim ends of pastry strips even with edge. Roll up bottom crust to cover edges of strips, flute edge. Makes 1 9-inch pie.

“Make mine apple,” men say—

Apple Pie Filling: Turn on oven, set at 425°F. Use firm, tart apples; peel and slice enough to make 6 cups (takes about 2 pounds). Mix 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt. Put apples and sugar mixture in alternate layers on bottom crust in pan, end with sugar mixture. Sprinkle with juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, dot with about 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine. Add top crust, or lattice strips; bake 25 minutes at 425°F. Fills 9-inch pie.



by Christine Rose

Man's work is never done



Upright vacuum cleaner needs tall storage space. Here it lives happily in a clothes closet sectioned off with beaverboard. The upright cleaner has a motor-driven brush, excels in cleaning rugs. But its work shouldn't end there. With a full set of attachments, 70 per cent of all cleaning can be done with it. The remaining 30 per cent is mostly soap and water cleaning. To empty the cleaner dust bag, turn it upside down on moistened newspaper. The moisture keeps dust from flying. In some upright cleaners disposable bag liners may be used.

Tank-type vacuum cleaner stands on end for easy storage, and, along with the attachments, fits easily into the average cleaning closet. It can be moved about the house with ease, does a good job of dustless dusting and general cleaning. For most efficiency, dust containers should be emptied according to manufacturers' instructions, usually about once a week. A new idea in dirt removal is a toe release to shake the dirt out; hands never touch the dust bag. Another cleaner uses bags that fit inside the regular dust bag and after using may be thrown away.



How to clean with a vacuum cleaner

We recommend cleaning one room at a time, using one specific tool around the room before changing to another. The vacuum cleaner and attachments take the place of brooms, brushes, mops and cloths, and they collect twice as much dirt. As more dirt is removed, less cleaning is necessary and the cleaning consequently becomes quicker and easier. A simple-to-make apron for attachments will save many steps.



Dusting Tool: Dust ceiling fixture and ceiling first; work down and around the room. Vacuum

clean the brush as it collects lint and dust. Dust walls, moldings, picture and mirror frames, and baseboards. Do not vacuum walls if you burn soft coal or live in a smoky city. Dust blinds and shades next, then draperies. Dust books, lamps, and lamp shades, too, inside and out. Dust all ornaments, and as you dust the furniture, don't forget bottoms and legs. Don't bother emptying ash trays; use the dusting tool.



Upholstery Tool: Collect the dust and dirt from the ledge over doors, on top of high bookcases and cabinets. Instead of beating and brushing the upholstery, vacuum clean it. Pillows may be cleaned, but don't



Young husbands tell us they like to use the vacuum cleaner but hate to rummage for it. So we worked out these ideas for storing it handily, using it well and often for a cleaner house

Hand vacuum cleaner occupies little storage space. See how it fits into an ottoman. It also can be hung on a peg or stored in a drawer. The hand cleaner is an efficient, inexpensive cleaner, good for small areas. It's ideal as an "upstairs" cleaner because it eliminates carrying the large cleaner up and down the stairs. It weighs little more than an electric iron, has a motor-driven brush, and usually comes without attachments. Attachments are available for some hand cleaners, and there's one that can be converted to a rug and floor cleaner.



DRAWINGS BY SEYMOUR NYDORF



Canister vacuum cleaner can be stored in as small an area as the living-room cabinet shown here. It is easy to use and easy to move about because it has a handle on the top and glider ridges on the bottom. Some canister cleaners use paper filters that must be replaced when the dust is emptied—about once a month. The dust containers empty like a wastebasket. One cleaner traps dust and germs in water which must be thrown out after each use. Canister cleaners usually allow for scrubbing floors. The suction of the cleaner pulls up sudsy water.

use the vacuum cleaner on down pillows. The strong suction of the cleaner may pull the down out and do more harm than good. In the bedroom, include the mattress and box springs, and banish the dirt and lint from coats and suits.

 **Crevice Tool:** Use this attachment to clean hard-to-reach places missed by other tools. Clean the radiator, corners of upholstered furniture, the seam where the walls and floor are joined. In the kitchen, use it to pull crumbs from the bread box, toaster, range burners and oven; to clean around pans and jars without moving them; to clean drawers without removing contents.

 **Floor-Brush Tool:** After all the above-floor places are cleaned, turn back edges of large rugs and dust all bare-floor areas. In the bathroom, clean the tile floor; in the kitchen, the linoleum. Use the floor-brush tool on the brick terrace or outside porch; on cement floors, too.

 **Rug Nozzle:** Clean turned-back edges of rug, then go over complete surface of rug. Clean both sides of scatter rugs. Move cleaner at walking speed; it's easier and removes more dirt. Work lengthwise on large rugs, crosswise on scatter and oriental rugs. Go over rugs every day. It's better than one long cleaning each week.



about



Children



by Milton J. Levine, M. D.

Assistant Professor of Pediatrics at Cornell University-New York Hospital Medical Center

I am a hard-working man whose only day for rest and relaxation is Sunday. Is it right that I should have to spend this day with my four-year-old son, as my wife suggests?

Unfortunately, most American fathers see very little of their children. They leave home early in the morning and return when the children are preparing for bed. But few parents realize how important a father is in the development of a child's personality. In his contact with his father, a boy learns his ideals of manliness and finds a model to imitate—while from her father, a girl develops many of her future attitudes toward men. Sunday, in most homes, is usually Father's Day—a day the children can look forward to with great expectancy. This is the day (or at least part of the day) to spend with Daddy. However, mothers who feel that Sunday should bring them a complete vacation from the children are overlooking another important factor. There must also be times when the whole family is enjoying life together. Certainly, a man who has a six-day job deserves a few hours to himself on Sunday, but this is the day when a father should put aside hours for his children.

Shall I give my six-year-old child an allowance?

Yes. Six is a good age at which to start your child with a small allowance. It not only initiates a child in the use of money but gives him some degree of independence in its use. However, do not expect a child to save money at this age, when he is just learning to use it.

Is it true that the father should be responsible for the sex education of his sons and the mother for the sex education of her daughters?

No. Sex education is the mutual responsibility of both father and mother. Up to the age of ten most children

will question either parent concerning sex and reproduction. These should be answered when asked. During pre-puberty and puberty (approximately after the age of ten years) boys will usually turn to their fathers and girls to their mothers with their questions concerning sex.

My wife says I shouldn't spank the children. I say she's too soft. Isn't an occasional spanking necessary?

Spanking is a poor disciplinary measure for it only proves to a child that "might makes right," and that you are gaining your way only because you are stronger. A spanking is in no way educational or corrective; it only scares the child into submission and makes him fear rather than respect the parent. However, to the child who knows that he is loved and wanted by his parents, an occasional rare spanking or slap on the hand is not too upsetting. All children need intelligent and consistent discipline, but discipline which is not too "soft" and carries with it the real authority of the parent.

My little son, age three years, masturbates occasionally, but most usually when in bed before sleeping. Isn't this weakening?

Masturbation, if not extremely excessive, is not weakening and of no danger at all. As a matter of fact, the handling of the genitals is a normal phase in the development of every child. Scolding the child or pulling the hands away from the genitals is likely to be harmful for it gives a child the feeling that there is something taboo about the area, something that isn't nice. This attitude may prove of great difficulty when the child matures. The dangers of masturbation are not inherent in the fact, but occur from the anxieties of parents, restrictions, punishments, moralizing and humiliation.

If you have a question about child care that you would like to have answered in this column, address it to About Children Dept., TODAY'S WOMAN, 67 W. 44th St., New York 18, N. Y. We will answer as many of your questions as space will permit.

1 Easy to keep a little boy looking spruce in this wind-and-water-repellent washable Kodiak cotton jacket. For very cold days, there's a zip-in sheepskin lining. The hood is detachable. The pants are all-wool, lined with plaid cotton. They have suspenders, zippers at front and ankles, reinforced kneepads. By Zero King. Sizes 4 to 12. About \$32 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.

2 Very elegant for a little girl—suit of Elkskin, wool-and-cotton lined, with mouton collar and trim on the matching bonnet. Zippers on the legs reach from ankle to waistline, making it easy for even a father to dress his daughter. By Weather Winky. Sizes 1 to 6x. About \$17 at The Dayton Company, Minneapolis.

3 Let a boy go climb a tree any time he wants to—this two-piece cotton gabardine snow suit is almost wear-proof. The jacket is lined with alpaca, the detachable hood with wool; and the suspender pants are lined with rayon-and-cotton fleece for extra warmth. By Sno Fo. Sizes 3 to 6x. About \$25 at McCurdy and Company, Rochester, New York.

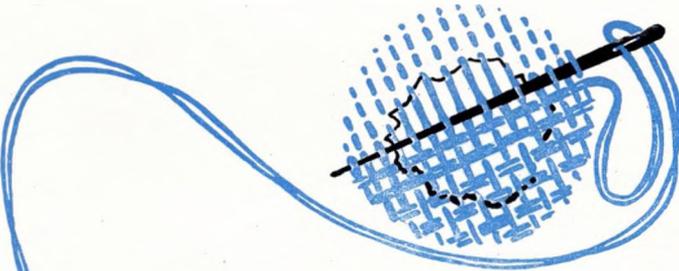
4 Bright as a red bird—a water-repellent cotton poplin snow suit, appliquéd with birds on a bough. The jacket is wool lined; the matching bonnet ties under the chin. By Young-Set Sportogs. Sizes 1 to 4. Suit about \$13, hat about \$1.50 at the Higbee Company, Cleveland, Ohio.



DRAWINGS BY CECILIE



Weather Wise



Mending

About half the husbands we questioned like the way their wives mend and darn, about twenty-five per cent were not satisfied, and the rest said that their wives did no mending at all! We cannot tell you how to join this happy group, but we can give you some suggestions for fewer and better repairs.

An ounce of prevention: When certain types of damage appear regularly, find the cause and eliminate it. Socks that wear out in the toes are probably half a size too short. Holes in the heels may be the result of rough shoe linings or run-over heels; heel-pads or wedge-shaped lifts may be the answer. Too-large buttons will tear buttonholes. Bed springs that snag sheets can be slip-covered. It is easier to darn thin spots than holes; easier to mend a small rip than a large one. Ask your family to call attention to minor damage promptly. Look over the laundry before it is washed and again, carefully, before it is put away.

Mending basket: You'll need proper equipment. Keep a variety of buttons in a small glass jar. Save them from discarded garments. You'll need No. 30 white thread for shirt buttons, carpet thread for suit and overcoat buttons, darning cotton, mending wool; needles in assorted sizes, No. 5 to No. 10; sharp scissors, thimble, darning egg, tape, elastic, shoulder strap ribbon, hooks, eyes, snap-fasteners.

Timesavers: Badly worn linens require a lot of mending and are usually not worth it. Weak fabric will not hold a patch or take a new seam. This is the time for iron-on tape to cover holes and reinforce thin spots. A make-over job may be best; an old sheet will make a couple of pillow cases or a small sheet for a crib; an old shirt will make a new apron or blouse. Slightly worn linens may need only a darn or a neat patch to give them new life. Call on your sewing machine for help; it will accomplish miracles in mending and darning in record time.

Lifesavers: Good linens can be restored with careful needlework. Mask small holes with flower appliqués. A hole in a damask cloth can be darned, then covered with a monogram cut from a handkerchief in the shape of a circle or diamond. Baste the monogram over the darn and finish edges with buttonhole stitch.

Sewing on buttons: The knot in the thread belongs on the right side of garment, under the button. A pin across the top of the button keeps stitches loose, takes the strain off thread. After button is sewed on, remove pin, wind thread around several times under button to form a shank. (See sketch below.)

Darning socks: Trim any bulky edges around hole. Place darning egg under wrong side of hole. Use 2 strands of darning cotton or 1 strand of wool; do not make a knot. Make rows of small running stitches about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch apart. Start at one side of hole and cover entire worn area, making long strands across hole. Keep these long strands as tight as possible without puckering edges, so darn will be flat when egg is removed. When area is covered, double the number of strands in needle and work across the first set of stitches, weaving in and out across hole. (See diagram at top of page.)

Turning collar and cuffs: Mark center of collar and neckband with pins. Rip collar from neckband, turn it around and pin in place, matching center markers. Baste and machine stitch over original stitching lines. French cuffs may be turned in same way as collar.

Here are some booklets about mending that we suggest:

Mending Men's Suits. Send 10c to Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C. for Agriculture Miscellaneous Publication No. 482.

Sew and Save. Send 10c to Spool Cotton Company, Dept. T. O. W. 9, 264 Ogden Street, Newark, N. J.

Instruction Leaflet on Mending Tape. Free. From Press-On, Inc., 2434 Grand Concourse, New York 57.

by Miriam Peake





Brush up on paint

A large percentage of the men who answered our questionnaire do interior painting in their homes. Because of this we compiled a list of recently developed paints that make it possible for the layman to gain decorative effects which heretofore required professional mixing skill. Contrary to popular opinion, there is abundant evidence that postwar paint is as good as, and in some instances better than, the prewar product. We have included some new household paints that have qualities other than surface coverage, from a fire-resistant paint to a liquid designed to keep rugs from skidding.

Murphy Color Scheme plan consists of 77 colors chosen by a well-known designer. Your selected shade is mixed by adding a tube of Murphy liquid tinting color to a can of their base white. It is an oil paint and is available in all finishes.

Wonsover, a new Dutch Boy flat interior oil paint. Requires only one coat to cover wallpaper, smoke-stained fireplaces, soiled walls. In 12 washable pastel colors, moderately priced.

Magicolor has a range of 612 colors, making it possible to choose your favorite shade or match your draperies or rugs. Flat, satin sheen or gloss finish. Sold in leading stores.

Kem-Tone Vogue colors, a new line of deep and brilliant colors that can be mixed either with each other, with Kem-Tone pastels or Kem-Tone white. The desired shade must be attained by mixing the powders before water is added.

Dek-All, for professional-looking painting on glass, china, glazed surfaces or metal. Variety of shades can be mixed in either opaque or translucent colors. Can be "fired" in home baking oven to insure against wear.

Fire-Stop, a new fire-resistant paint that does not stop fire completely, but does retard spreading. An oil base flat interior paint, washable, available in 6 pastel colors.

Pavinoleum, a new one-coat liquid linoleum. This paint seals wood or concrete with a linoleum-like finish. No primer or sealer necessary. Can be used on linoleum. Comes in 10 colors.

Plasti-Kote, a transparent cellophane-like plastic finish designed to protect floors, woodwork, and furniture. Leaves a non-porous film that does not absorb dirt. Slip-proof and alcohol resistant.

Tuf-Cote, a new rubber-base paint that forms a tough elastic coating. Waterproof. Impervious to frequent washings, ideal for kitchen or bath. Available only in white enamel and flat white paint. Can be tinted with tube oil paint.

Rugback, a liquid rubber material for painting the backs of scatter rugs. Helps prevent accidents by de-skidding any type of rug. Dries in an hour and creates a tough transparent film. Flexible and waterproof, can be washed.

Paint-O-Plast, a new double purpose wall finish that seams and smooths uneven surfaces, hides plaster cracks, nail holes, etc. A washable oil base paint that comes in a variety of colors, can be used on plaster, brick, cement, wood and wall board.

Where to buy the fabric shown on page 85. Foreman Cavalier rayon tissue faille comes 42 inches wide, about \$2.70 a yard. Available at the following stores:

BALTIMORE, MD. HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO.
 BOULDER, COLO. BROOKS-FAUBER, INC.
 CHICAGO, ILL. MARSHALL FIELD & CO.
 DALLAS, TEXAS SANGER BROS.
 DAYTON, OHIO BIEF-KUMLER CO.
 DENVER, COLO. THE MAY CO.
 DETROIT, MICH. J. L. HUDSON CO.
 EUGENE, ORE MILLER MERCANTILE
 HAYNESVILLE, LA. BROWN MELTON CO.
 INDIANAPOLIS, IND. WM. H. BLOCK CO.
 KANSAS CITY, MO. EMERY BIRD TRAYER
 LOUISVILLE, KY. STEWART D. G. CO.
 MADISON, IND. GOODMAN'S DEPT STORE
 MEMPHIS, TENN. B. LOWENSTEIN & BROS., INC.

NEW YORK, N. Y. STEEN BROS.
 OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. HALLBURTON'S
 PROVO, UTAH EVAN THOMAS CO.
 PUEBLO, COLO. CREWS BROS. D. G. CO.
 RICHFIELD, UTAH CHRISTENSEN'S, INC.
 ST. LOUIS, MO. SCRIBOGS, VANDEVOORT BARNEY
 SANTA ANA, CALIF. RANNEY D. G. CO.
 SEATTLE, WASH. FREDERICK & NELSON
 SHREVEPORT, LA. RUBENSTEIN BROS.
 SOUTH BEND, IND. GEORGE WYMAN & CO.
 SPOKANE, WASH. THE CRESCENT
 TACOMA, WASH. FISHER'S
 TULSA, OKLA. VANDEVER D. G. CO.
 UNION CITY, IND. THE E. KIRSBAUM

The Secret of a Happy Marriage

Continued from page 29

husband. But I shall give up my job and shift to free-lance writing at the earliest possible moment so I can be at home. I don't want an office blurring my first objective—the success and welfare of my husband and child.”

“You would give up your column, so widely read by men as well as women?” I asked.

“Why not?” she said. “I didn't marry until I was thirty-four. I found out how lonely and empty a career girl's life is.”

“But you are so successful!” I persisted.

“Success can't fill up the hollow-ness,” was her answer.

After I left her I thought of another attractive young newspaper woman who in her first ten years out of college made her name famous in the Middle West. She conducted a women's page on a metropolitan newspaper and organized a women's conference for which she obtained as speakers outstanding people from all over the country. She seemed set for a career.

Then one day the governor of a near-by state came to address the conference. He brought with him his bachelor brother. The brother fell in love with her at first sight and soon afterward they were married. The girl abandoned her career and went to live in the small town where her husband's business is located. She has three adorable children and is one of the happiest persons I know.

If every girl could have a taste of a successful career before she married, there would be fewer restless young wives. Every girl who reaches the age of thirty without marrying, whether she lives at home with her parents or alone in her own apartment—and no matter how much professional or business success she may have attained—already knows the hollowness and emptiness of life without a husband.

She may build for herself a format of existence which is to some extent satisfactory. But she cannot be happy. She feels frustrated, denied the privileges of wifehood and motherhood for which her body and her instincts were created.

Today the American woman appears free in contrast to Victorian standards. She can enter business and the professions, dine in restaurants unescorted, smoke cigarettes and take a cocktail without being considered an outcast. But emotionally, psychologically and sexually, she is as bound as the first woman created. Without husband,

home and children, she is unhappy— if the truth is honestly told.

I wish it were not so. I wish every girl born into the world could find happiness within her own personality and through her own independent achievements. But she cannot.

In 1940 when my husband (*former, famous president of the University of Wisconsin—Editor*) and son were killed, friends and strangers alike pitied me. They knew I must go on existing although my life was over. I had many letters from successful, unmarried career women. Every one expressed regret that her young years had been spent in building a career. All wrote in effect, “I would give all

The difference between perseverance and obstinacy is that one comes from a strong will—and the other from a strong won't.

—Anonymous

my success for one year of the real happiness you have known.”

I remember a conversation with one woman whose offices occupy almost a whole floor of a huge building in a big city. Her weekly bill for postage stamps would be considered a good monthly salary in a small town. She maintains a luxurious apartment and entertains beautifully. She can pick up her telephone and order a new mink coat without explaining *if* or *why* to anyone. But when she came to comfort me there were tears in her eyes. “You have had real happiness,” she said, “which some of us never have known.” A woman who climbed to a professorship in a famous college, a physician on the staff of a well-known hospital, a buyer for a large firm and other top career women opened their hearts in sorrow to tell me the same story.

Therefore, if marriage is the only way to a woman's complete happiness, the girl fortunate enough to marry happily should be wise enough to protect her happiness. She should do her full part to make her marriage the supremely satisfactory experience of life. She should see to it that the particular and proper functions of the husband and of the wife in marriage are maintained.

First, her chief ambition must be for her husband's success in whatever trade, business or profession he is undertaking. A woman cannot effectively divide her ambition between a

career of her own and a career for her husband. The reasons for that premise are too delicate for explanation. A man must feel that what he accomplishes means almost more to his wife than to himself. Her admiration and approval inspire him to the fulfillment of his highest capabilities. And his crowning happiness is to bestow upon her the fruits of that success.

A few years ago an electrician hurried home to tell his wife about his day's work. He had finished installing lights in a new home and his enthusiasm for having, as he expressed it, “brought the feeling of sunlight” into the house fairly bubbled from him. That evening for the first time the wife fully realized what her interest in his work could mean to her husband. Household tasks and two babies took many hours, but she would find time for reading.

Time and again she wheeled her babies to the public library to take out every book she could find on lighting. Her eager information and sympathetic understanding inspired her husband. He now owns his own business.

One of America's foremost scholars, now professor emeritus in a leading university, once told me, “When I was a young college instructor, I was thrilled with my work and with my pupils. One day the president called me in and said my contract would not be renewed at the end of the year.

“‘And why?’ I asked.

“Your teaching is too radical—not compatible with the policy of the institution,” the president told me.

“Of course, what I was teaching then would now be considered conservative to the point of being stodgy. What was I to do? I had a wife and a baby and another baby on the way. I hated to tell my wife the bad news and yet I could scarcely wait to get home to her, to see how she would take it.

“‘Darling,’ she said, ‘we're young. We'll get along. You must not sacrifice one principle or one idea for the sake of a contract.’ And then she said what I knew wasn't true but what I knew she sincerely believed because she loved me so much. She said, ‘Remember—you know more than the president. You'll be a leader in the scholastic world of America when he is still head of a small college.’

“That was the turning point of my life,” the educator said. “I could never measure up to Eleanor's estimate of me. But what I have attained is due to her sympathy and understanding love at the moment I most needed them.”

Years ago when I went to tell an old lady, a family friend for three generations, about my engagement to be married, I asked her, “Everyone knows

how happy and interesting and worth while your life has been. Tell me your recipe."

"I have no recipe," she said. "I loved my husband and believed in him and I wanted him to do what I knew he was capable of doing. The early years were hard going financially. But even with the household tasks—there were few conveniences then—and babies to care for, those early years were the most wonderful of my life. How excited I was when someone brought a case to my husband in his one-room law office.

"I remember how worried I was during the first months of our marriage because John wouldn't polish his one pair of shoes. I knew unkempt shoes placed him at a great disadvantage in the courtroom. I argued and pleaded. But it did no good. Just a peculiarity of his. He *wouldn't* black his shoes. I could have done it in five minutes after he was asleep. But a wife black her husband's shoes? Never!

"So one night after he was asleep I blacked *one* shoe. I knew he wouldn't appear in court with only one shoe shined. Without comment, my husband blacked the other shoe and since has kept his shoes immaculate."

"But," I said, "Glenn blacks his shoes. Tell me something else to do."

"I only told you that story as a symbol," she said. "You must always want, above all things, that your husband appear at his best. You must do everything you can to help him attain his highest capabilities, but never at the sacrifice of your own dignity. A man who feels he is not attaining his best is frustrated. A frustrated man is not happy. And an unhappy man cannot be the best husband.

"There," said the old woman who had been married for more than a half century, "is my recipe, if you wish to call it that."

Some summers ago I attended a fiction work-shop class at a well-known university. Most of the students were school teachers apparently seeking additional college credits as arguments for salary increases. There was one conspicuous exception, a young woman of twenty-six who had married a few days after her graduation from college. She lived not far from the university but always arrived late for class and in a dither because the baby sitter for her two small children was invariably late.

After watching her for several weeks I asked her to have luncheon with me. Luncheon had not progressed very far before she was telling me about her problem. I could see that, although she had been out of school five years, she couldn't forget the contributions she had made, as a student, to the college paper. Now she dreamed of becoming

the
secret's
in the
circle!



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MAIL COUPON TODAY →

a famous novelist. The precious duties of formula preparations and household tasks had become dull routine. That's why she had come back to school to study fiction writing.

I felt she was on the edge of a precipice and that I must snatch her back at any cost. So, taking advantage of my seniority in age and of my position as her hostess, I scolded her soundly.

"Maybe you are a genius," I said, "and maybe you aren't. Geniuses are few. But suppose you are. What are fame and loneliness compared to wifehood and motherhood?"

"But," she said, "I'll get to be forty. Period!"

"There is never any *period* to the life of a wife and mother," I said. "Forty—fifty—sixty—eighty—so long as you live you have the comfort of human relationships. No one can retire

at sixty-five. By then you and your husband will be as one. Even if the tragedy of premature death takes all your loved ones, there are memories."

Then I tried to explain to her what I have observed over the years.

Happiness in marriage during the first years is as fragile as a cobweb. It can be broken easily. But through the years by the proper attitudes it can be made as strong as steel.

The first process towards gaining that strength is that the husband be made to feel he is the provider, the career-maker, and that the position of dignity and service he attains in his community brings respect to his wife and children.

The wife who would be happy must take pride in her husband and look up to him as head of the family. He then

feels pride in himself and immeasurable desire to live up to her belief in him.

In the meantime, with modern substitutes for manual labor, the young wife has time to interest herself in all that is going on in the world and still keep herself and her home attractive. She will be many times repaid by her husband's gratitude and admiration and devotion, without which her life is futile and miserable.

Every woman feels marriage is life's only completely satisfying experience. And her only true happiness is to be found in her husband's happiness. Out of years of observation and experience I wish I could say to all young wives, everywhere, "*She that loses her life in her husband shall find her life.*"

THE END

The Belle of Brooklyn

Continued from page 41

"You say you already told Mrs. Kane from next door? And she doesn't believe Sonny's interested?"

Shuffling through the wire basket on her desk marked "Incoming," Irma picked out Sonny Winston's telegram: "ARRIVE NEW YORK TODAY. WILL CALL AT 5:15 REGARDING FUTURE APPOINTMENT TO LOOK AT OKAY FROCKS DRESS LINE. LOVE, SONNY."

Irma pressed a kiss against it and tossed it back into the basket. "I'll tell you what, Momma," she counseled. "You stop by the office at five today and bring Mrs. Kane with you. We'll show her that even if her daughter Shirley did come back from vacation with five new men, your daughter Irma got the catch of the Catskills and he can't even wait to call up!"

Sometimes, Irma reflected, opportunity knocked with both hands. Not only was Sonny's call a joy in itself, but it also would give Momma a talking point when challenged by Mrs. Kane. As their next-door neighbor and mother of the belle of Brooklyn, Mrs. Kane made Momma's life unbearable. She was always building herself up at Momma's expense, and all month she'd been running all over the neighborhood saying that Irma Mishkin was the only girl on the block who'd come home from vacation without getting a man.

Now Momma's troubles would dissolve like Rinso, Irma assured herself. Humming a little, she reached for the list of Things To Be Done. But the list had disappeared.

"Ernie!" she shouted, as Ernie Fisher

from the stockroom shot past her office door.

Ernie skidded to an about-face and saluted, shifting a wad of gum from one cheek to the other. "What's on your mind, you Gorgeous Thing, outside of that nest of birds you're wearing for a hat?"

Irma steadied her voice. "Ernie, did you by any chance see a list on my desk? A small pink slip?"

Ernie jerked a thumb toward the boss's office. "I just took a whole mess of stuff from your desk in to the High Command."

He flung out his arm to illustrate, and almost knocked down Mister L. himself.

"Hot Pink shutters! Love seat shampooed!" the boss bellowed, brandishing Irma's memo above his head. "On my time! In my place of business! She's conducting her domestic life like this was her own fireside!"

Irma rose and drew out a chair. "Sit down, Mister L.," she offered graciously.

Mister L. appealed to the ceiling. "Sit down, she says! While my firm is disintegrating and time is wasted like water!"

He thundered toward the door, then spun back for a parting shot. "And take off that hat! I won't have people wearing birds on their heads while they're working in my employ!"

"But Mister L.," Irma informed him, "the outstanding women in High Fashion wear hats while they work!"

"I don't care if they wear rings through their noses!" he shouted. "I won't have it in my concern!"

As soon as the boss was out of sight, Irma took out her Tru-Vu mirror and reconsidered the hat. Maybe the boss was right after all, she decided reluctantly. When a girl had hair like silk, it was really a shame to cover up most of it.

The boss was still raging over the inter-office when Momma and Mrs. Kane arrived a few minutes after five.

But Momma didn't even hear the boss. She was staring around Irma's new office like Alice in Wonderland.

"Such a view," Momma clucked, peeping out the window. "The whole garment district right before your eyes!"

Irma snapped the blind higher so Momma could see it all, and kissed her warmly on the back of her plump neck.

"Seventh Avenue," Irma offered proudly. "The dress center of America!"

"And my Irma," Momma bloomed "Right in the heart of it, with an office all to herself."

Out of the corner of her eye, Irma could see Mrs. Kane beginning to bristle like a rain-drenched pigeon.

"My Shirley could have a job on the Avenue," Mrs. Kane said, loosening her fur neckpiece. "Six different wholesale dress men wanted her for a model. But I put my foot down. I'd prefer Shirley got married!"

"And if a girl should model, would it mean that she couldn't marry?" Irma inquired pleasantly, drawing up a chair for her mother.

Mrs. Kane spoke with authority. "No girl who has her mind on business every day can concentrate properly on getting a man. And if she doesn't concentrate," Mrs. Kane added, with a significant glance at Irma, "she's very apt to get left!"

The prideful flush drained from Momma's face and she scrutinized Irma anxiously.

"Now you take Shirley," Mrs. Kane continued. "Shirley was in the Catskills only ten days and she came back with five new admirers!"

Irma stacked the letters in a neat pile on her desk and put on her gold harlequin glasses.

"Well, Irma's vacation to the Catskills wasn't wasted either," Momma tried to put in. "Maybe she was too busy working to meet a lot of men, but my Irma got the right one—"

"And where is he now?" Mrs. Kane demanded, looking around the office.

"He's calling," Momma said, "he's calling." She glanced anxiously at the clock.

"I can't stay here too long," Mrs. Kane replied. "I must dress Shirley for a date."

Irma's phone jingled at last, and as she picked it up Momma listened tensely, perched like a plump robin on the very edge of her chair.

Irma waved encouraging fingers, and when Sonny's voice came through she was so relieved that she scarcely let him speak.

"Sonny, darling!" she sang. "Welcome to the city! I've got a million plans for you. I hope you're in holiday mood."

A silence fell, but Irma held right on, waiting for Sonny's reply. Maybe it was a faulty connection. Or perhaps Sonny might not want to appear too impulsive over a business wire.

At last Sonny cleared his throat. He was tied up tonight, he explained, but he'd see her tomorrow, first thing, at the office.

Irma was a little disappointed. But after all, she reasoned, he probably felt that he wouldn't be at his best, fresh off the train from Pittsburgh.

"Tomorrow, then?" she whispered into the telephone, her voice soft as velvet.

Gently replacing the phone in its cradle, she turned to Mrs. Kane.

"That's the young man I met in the Catskills this summer. Money to burn. And built like a Roman god."

"He's a social connection?" Mrs. Kane probed. "Or merely a business acquaintance?"

"Would a business acquaintance be coming all the way from Manhattan to Brooklyn merely to see a girl?"

"He's coming to Brooklyn when?"

"Tomorrow night," Irma replied a bit precipitately. "For dinner and a talk."

Pursing her lips, Irma drew on an extra layer of Hibiscus Pink lipstick. True, she had not yet set the exact evening with Sonny. But she'd known him only two days in the Catskill Moun-

tains when she'd seen him on buying Okay Frocks for his father's department store. And didn't it stand to reason that if a girl could arrange such a business transaction, arranging a dinner date for tomorrow night should be an easy matter?

Irma was the first person in the office next morning. She'd taken an extra hour to dress, and from vagabond hat to lizard platforms her outfit was the latest thing on the market.

Even Ernie took time out to whistle as he came crashing through the double doors of Okay Frocks, a half hour late to work. Mister L. shot a glance from under his hat brim and said, "Good morning," for the first time in three months.

Irma had answered her mail, rearranged all the office furniture, written six publicity releases, and was already being measured for a strapless formal when Sonny arrived at ten.

Although it was not exactly ethical to be fitted for a dress during office hours, Irma did not feel uncomfortable. Her morning's work was out of the way, and if the boss happened by she'd simply tell him that it was part of her job to be as well-dressed as possible.

Eva, the designer, was taking chest measurements when Irma caught sight of Sonny Winston outside her office.

Without disturbing the tape, Irma shouted Sonny's name and held up both arms in greeting.

"You keep right on with what you're doing, Eva," Irma said. "It doesn't hurt any man to know that a girl has a thirty-six chest. And besides, I'd like you to meet him."

In the bright morning sunlight, wearing a dark business suit, Sonny Winston looked more adorable than ever. It was all Irma could do not to throw both arms around him and plant a kiss on the top of his golden head.

Instead, she decided on the more formal approach and said in a businesslike manner, "Sonny, meet Eva, our designer. The best in the garment district. Eva, meet Sonny Winston. The handsomest man to be found buying Juniors from Maine to California!"

Even before Eva could leave them alone, however, Irma sensed that something was wrong with Sonny's manner.

The Sonny Winston she had met in the Catskill Mountains—bronzed and laughing in his swim trunks, co-operative, pleasant and ready for any sport—had disappeared entirely.

This Sonny beside her, with his blue eyes fixed on an order pad, wrote up dress after dress without even a glance her way.

Irma moved a little closer. "You're so businesslike that you scare me," she

I haven't the time



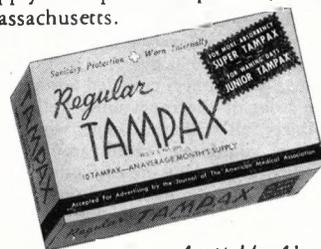
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A Teacher Asks . . .

IS YOUR CHILD READY FOR SCHOOL?

• by Louise W. Linahan



So your Bobby—or Betty—starts to school this fall! And doubtless both of you are excited and a little worried about the new life he'll begin without you.

As a first-grade teacher, I earnestly hope that the child you are sending us is going to make a fine adjustment to our routine. If Bobby is healthy and alert, eager to go to school and has good habits of application and obedience, I'm sure you have nothing to worry about.

If he has had neighborhood playmates, he probably already knows several children who will be in his kindergarten or first grade. Tell him that school is a place where he will play with familiar playmates and meet many new ones, where he will make things, play new games and some day learn to read his favorite stories as well as Daddy and Mother can.

Of course, you must be sure he understands that Teacher will tell him things to do and that he must obey her. Just as important, make sure he knows that he is to tell his teacher at once if anything is troubling him, so that she can help him.

The great day arrives; you dress Bobby and the two of you set out to school. Be sure that his clothes are of the same general type worn by all the other children in your neighborhood. This first day should be a happy occasion so keep your talk light, and please, no tears and no suggestions that he may cry, as "If you will promise not to cry when Mummy leaves, we'll have ice cream for lunch."

Unless the teacher happens to live in the same community, you'll probably have no opportunity to see her before the first day of the session. If there are certain things she must know about your child before the first day gets under way, you will want to tell her as soon as you arrive at the school. Save everything else for a more leisurely conference during the first week or so. You may receive a note requesting a conference or you may just talk to her after school some day when you pick up Bobby. But don't wait around that first morning! I remember how, my first day of teaching, five mothers crowded around me at the front of the room until well after nine-thirty, all talking at once, while my forty-two youngsters raced around the room shouting and poking each other.

Make an effort to know and understand your child's teacher. Remember, she is a person who genuinely likes children or

she wouldn't have chosen that arduous and not too well-paid career. An invitation to your home will help and also will give her a better understanding of your child and his special interests and abilities.

Always let Bobby see that you are very much interested in his school. Encourage him to tell you all about it, but do watch your answers! If he makes a complaint about the teacher, treat it lightly, no matter what you may be thinking. Because if you let him guess that you are agreeing with him, he has lost much of his chance to learn from that teacher and she has lost much of her influence over him.

When Bobby comes home and says that mean old Teacher made him go back and walk all the way upstairs over again, when he was only running in the first place because she told him to hurry, *don't* say, "Hmm, I think I'd better talk to that teacher of yours!" Your best answer is to treat his punishment lightly, with something like, "Well, I guess you'll walk up next time, Son," and then forget it.

Never tell your child to give Teacher any verbal message. A child always gives the message in a blunt way which instantly puts the teacher on the defensive. If you have something to say to the teacher, try to tell her in person. If this isn't possible, send a note by Bobby; but if you are making a complaint, don't inform him of the nature of your note.

Perhaps you are one of the many mothers who want to help their children with the actual work of learning to read and write. When Bobby reaches first grade, he will begin to learn to read by matching words and pictures. He may bring home smudged and lumpy papers on which he has pasted words beside a picture. You can ask him to read the "Come Baby's" "See Baby's" and "Run, run run's" to you, being properly impressed at his reading ability. But don't ask him to spell them and don't have him write them until he brings home copies in his own large print. Don't be concerned about spelling at all. When he enters second grade, ask him to spell a number of the common words which he frequently reads on store signs and in your magazines. You will be agreeably surprised.

Above all, don't worry about your child's success in school. If he is a happy, busy little boy, secure in his family life, he will without doubt make a good adjustment to the new routine.

teased. "If I didn't already have dinner fixed for tonight I'd be afraid to ask you."

"Dinner? Tonight?"

"Tonight's as good as any," she lied, and she was telling him about the wine she'd bought and the little cocktail snacks Momma had fixed up last night (all ready and cold in the ice-box), when Sonny held up his hand.

"Look," he pleaded. "It isn't that I—I mean I will come out for dinner this trip—but my time's not my own, Irma. My mother's in town with me!"

Irma was so relieved because that was all that was troubling him that she reached out and grabbed both of Sonny's hands.

"Why didn't you tell me right off?" she inquired. "It's no trouble at all! We bought out every food store in Brooklyn, and there's more than enough for you both!"

Sonny moved away. He floundered a moment, then plunged.

"My mother—well—she has ideas of her own. She's planned on going to El Morocco tonight. She's wearing her full-length mink."

Irma took the blow standing. "Well," she said, "after all, she's your mother. We'll put the dinner off for an evening and make it tomorrow night."

Sonny ran a distracted hand through his hair. "Tomorrow," he said. "I don't know what she's planned for tomorrow night."

"Well then, when?" Irma pressed.

The match case in Sonny's hand was being ripped to confetti. "Look—" he suggested uneasily. "I'll tell you what. You might come along to Morocco tonight—"

"El Morocco!" Irma locked both arms around Sonny's neck and kissed him right there in the showroom. El Morocco—with his mother along! It was tantamount to an engagement.

All the rest of that day Irma walked on air. At five o'clock she decided to take a cab past El Morocco, just to get an advance look.

From the outside, in the five-fifteen light, it didn't look like much. But in the wholesale garment district, where all the best night spots were known and discussed, it was considered the cream. Some of the most gorgeous clothes in America were worn there, and it was nothing for them to pack the place as full of celebrities as sardines in a tin.

Irma leaned out as the taxi shot past. "El Morocco, here I come!" she cried. Then she sat back and tried her best to be quiet until the cab stopped at her subway entrance. But when she reached Brooklyn, she could hardly wait to race up the steps to Momma.

"Momma, Momma, Momma!" she

shouted. "Wait till you hear what's happened!"

Momma rushed out of the kitchen, her hand over her heart, her face pink from steam. "All that shouting—" Momma gasped, "I thought you were in an accident!"

Irma grabbed Momma and skipped her around in circles. "El Morocco!" she fairly sobbed. "And with Sonny's mother. We're going tonight, Momma!"

In an ecstasy of misunderstanding, Momma tossed aside her apron. "Tonight!" she exulted. "I haven't been out formal since Poppa died! Irma, what will I wear?"

Irma stopped dead and stared at Momma, horror-stricken. But Momma wasn't asked along! Hadn't she made herself clear?

"Momma," she began. "They didn't — you aren't — oh, Momma!" she wailed.

But Momma was glowing and blushing and she looked happy as a lark for the first time since Poppa died, six years ago April. Across her plump shoulder, Irma could see into the lighted dining room, where the preparations for tonight's dinner party must have kept Momma on the run since nine this morning. There were pink wax tapers and the best linen, and Momma's wedding china brought down from a crate in the attic. There were bowls of fruit and party favors and crepe-paper candy baskets set at every place. And from beyond, in Momma's spotless kitchen, there came roasting and boiling and frying smells and an occasional hiss, as something outgrew its pot or pan and sizzled onto the stove.

"But, Irma," Momma said shyly, "do I look right for such a place? I haven't got a long dress and my hair needs a wave."

Right or wrong, Irma decided, she couldn't leave Momma home. Momma wasn't fashionable, El Morocco-style. But Mrs. Winston was a mother too, and she and Momma would surely have interests in common.

Besides, Irma reasoned as she and Momma dressed for the evening, if anything serious came of tonight, what could be better than having both mothers right there to give witness?

She cut Momma's velvet a little lower in front to give it the New Look and draped her up with some of her own best costume jewelry, and when Sonny phoned to tell her to come into town by taxi and he'd pay the fare, Irma was feeling really festive.

She didn't mention that Momma was coming, because Sonny sounded in a hurry. And anyway, once he met Momma and found out how friendly she could be, Momma would speak for herself.

On the way out to the taxi they were challenged by Mrs. Kane.

"You two going out alone?" she called from the next porch. "I thought Irma was having a dinner guest tonight?"

"We're going to El Morocco!" Irma tossed back. "With Sonny Winston. And his mother is coming along!"

Under the bright porchlight, Irma could see Shirley Kane holding court. Her usual covey of men crowded the porch and strung along the railing.

"He didn't call for you?" Mrs. Kane persisted.

"Sonny will be coming out!" Irma called back confidently. "But with millionaires, Mrs. Kane, it takes a little more time!"

"A millionaire," Momma whispered. "I'll be afraid to say a word!"

But Momma said a word the moment they got out of the cab in front of El Morocco.

"In Brooklyn," she confided to Sonny, who was waiting to pay their fare, "in the whole of Brooklyn, you couldn't find so many gorgeous cars as are parked in front of this place!"

"This is Momma," Irma hastened to explain.

Sonny, resplendent in a tuxedo, acknowledged the introduction with only a mild start of surprise.

"Glad you could come, Mrs. Mishkin," he said, as Momma stood staring at him with worship in her eyes.

"I wouldn't have missed it for a million!" Momma quipped. "I wanted to meet you for a long time, Sonny. Ever since Irma's home from the Catskills she's talked nothing but you!"

The doorman was dressed in red pants and a long cape, with a turban wound around his head, and Momma turned all the way around and tripped over the white rubber door mat, just to get a second look.

Once inside, Irma had to stifle a twinge of disappointment. There was scarcely any noise in the place except for a tinkly little orchestra which sounded as if it were playing from two blocks away. The club was so small that she scarcely could believe her eyes. Was this the cloakroom, she wondered? But no, the waiter was showing them to a table and this was all there was.

And then she caught sight of Mrs. Winston and all thought of the surroundings fled. Of all the High Fashion Irma had ever seen, Mrs. Winston was the highest.

Draped in Silverblu floor-length mink, she surveyed Irma and Mrs. Mishkin through laminated black lace eyeglasses. From silver-fox hair, which was swept up in intricate swirls, to pale pearl nail polish, she looked fresh off the boat from Paris. Never, Irma

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thought, had she dreamed that such perfection existed outside the pages of a fifty-cent fashion magazine, where the photographer and retoucher had a great deal to do with the over-all effect.

"Happy to know you!" Irma sang out with genuine admiration.

Mrs. Winston held out a limp, cool hand as Sonny made introductions. Irma squeezed it warmly, and it flashed through her mind that she'd never before had so many diamonds in her hand.

Momma just stared, openly flabbergasted. But Irma took the situation in hand.

"Carnegie?" she inquired with friendly interest, pointing to Mrs. Winston's gorgeous gown.

Irma's inquiry broke the ice like a charge of nitroglycerin. Not only was the dress from Carnegie, Sonny's mother explained, but it was an original (three hundred dollars up).

"She made me six others this trip," Mrs. Winston added with a wave of her glasses. "This dress I'm wearing right now is nothing to compare!"

"Six Carnegie originals?" Irma repeated, drawing up her chair. "Momma, did you hear what Mrs. Winston said—*six* Carnegie originals?"

Momma shook her head in amazement.

"Six dresses is nothing for her!" Sonny testified loftily. "She came back from Paris this spring with three trunks of clothes. The whole of Pittsburgh was talking!"

"Your mother," Irma marveled, turning to Sonny, "is a walking fashion plate!"

"Dad's best advertisement," Sonny said proudly. "She never walks down the street that people don't turn and stare."

Mrs. Winston beamed on her son. Sonny asked Irma to dance.

As he led her out onto the crowded floor, she held up her hand for him to take.

"You hep?" she inquired, beginning to bounce a little as she picked up the orchestra's time.

Sonny caught her hand and jerked it out of the air. "They don't do that here!" he reproached. "They either dance plain or rumba."

Irma glanced around. Sure enough, the others in the place weren't dancing as if they really enjoyed it.

"It's forbidden?" she asked, following Sonny's lead. "Or there isn't enough room?"

"In places like this," Sonny informed her, "rug-cutting has never been in style!"

A bit cramped by this restraint, Irma danced in silence. Admitted, though the place was small, it was a gorgeous layout. Stars twinkled in a blue ceiling and white palm trees sprouted out of the floor. Minks were common as wash dresses and if there was one diamond in the room there must have been a thousand.

No one could deny this was the upper crust. And they were glamorous, yes. But not a soul in the whole night club seemed to have any let-go. For all

the fun they were having they might as well be at work.

"Never heard Mother talk so much before," Sonny was telling Irma. "Usually when I bring a girl along, Mother is silent as the Sphinx."

"Your mother often comes along when you date?" Irma asked.

Sonny nodded. "She likes to meet any girl I become acquainted with. She's a friendly type person."

They were in line with Mrs. Winston's table now, and Irma noticed Sonny's mother watching them both with a slightly fixed smile.

"Maybe we'd better go back to the table," Irma suggested, feeling uncomfortable, though she didn't know why.

The oysters were being served in frosty beds of ice, and Momma looked confused and unhappy as she glanced at the vast array of silver beside her plate.

Irma reached under the tablecloth and squeezed Momma's hand for encouragement. Momma squeezed back and her face brightened a little.

"I always say," Mrs. Winston was telling Momma, "that no woman is really well-dressed without at least three or four Paris numbers in her wardrobe."

Momma nodded and chewed her oysters gravely. All this was Greek to her, and she looked a little lonely.

"Momma was in fashion too," Irma championed, dunking one of the oysters in a bath of cocktail sauce. "Before she married she was one of the best millinery trimmers ever to hit New York!"

"Oh?" Mrs. Winston's eyebrows rose.

"Tell them about it, Momma," Irma encouraged, anxious to draw Momma back into the magic circle. If Mrs. Winston liked fashions, Momma could talk fashion.

Momma followed the cue. "Conditions," she confided, clapping both hands to her head, "working conditions in the old days, no one could believe! All night sometimes, stitching, sewing! And our fingers pricked working on those plumes—"

Mrs. Winston dropped her handkerchief and a shocked silence ensued.

"Momma, Momma," Irma interrupted, "they know about labor conditions. Tell them about the plumes. Momma has some of the most gorgeous plumes," she began in a desperate attempt to pilot the conversation. "Aigrettes, willow plumes, even a bird-of-paradise. She got them in the wholesale district in the old days. They're still in the attic. Never even touched."

Mrs. Winston's interest picked up like a fish near a baited line. "A bird-of-paradise? In *your* attic, and never even touched?"



Today's Woman At Home takes a fond backward glance at the enchanting young wives of 1898 who knew how to sew a fine seam, hook a fine rug, twist a fine switch into a chignon and bake a whiffy loaf to lure the heart of man and boy. Come to think of it, they're not so old now!

Young wives in speedy 1948 face many of the same problems as did their grandmothers who were young wives fifty years ago. But there's a difference. Today's ways with food, fashion, decorating and beauty care have the benefit of time-saving equipment and an accent on practicality. So look back and feel lucky!

DON'T MISS— Young Wife 1898—Young Wife 1948

THE TODAY'S WOMAN AT HOME SECTION

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

"Not only plumes," Momma hastened to add, "but velvets and satins and silks such as you never see these days—"

"But a bird-of-paradise!" Mrs. Winston persisted, touching Momma's hand. "They've been the rage of Paris. I've been wanting one myself."

Momma put down her oyster fork, her face pink with excitement. "It's yours," she said with a sweep of her hand. "All yours. And don't give me a penny for it. I wouldn't take even a cent!"

Mrs. Winston gave Momma her very best smile in all its gracious dazzle. "But they're worth nearly two hundred dollars on the open market," she demurred. "I really shouldn't accept it just as a gift."

Momma held up a hand, so happy she had something that Sonny's mother would want that her eyes were brimming with tears. "It's the least I could do. Think nothing of it," she said. "Irma found the plumes when she was cleaning up house for Sonny. She turned the place upside down fixing for him. Shutters painted, love seat fixed over, floors scraped and waxed—you'll see it all when you come out for dinner. A perfect little wife my Irma will make for some man when she settles down and gets married!"

Momma took courage to wink at Sonny, and her hint twanged home like an arrow.

Mrs. Winston laid aside her fork. "Isn't your daughter too young to get married?" she bristled. "Sonny is twenty-three years old and I consider him *much* too young for any such ideas!"

Momma's face fell like a landslide and Irma began to get angry. True, Momma had been a little forthright in making her point. But surely no one could think that a girl ever went out with an unattached young man without considering his matrimonial possibilities.

"Sonny should become bald-headed," Irma challenged, "before he takes a wife?"

"Let's dance," Sonny implored, dragging Irma to her feet. Out on the dance floor he spun her around so fast that she couldn't talk. The stars winked, the palms glittered, and the band was so tactfully elegant that it was almost holding its breath. But for Irma, El Morocco had lost its magic. Debutantes, movie stars, fashion plates like Mrs. Winston—you could have them, Irma thought.

For all her money, Mrs. Winston was not a friendly person.

A feeling that had been rising in Irma all evening long rushed over her in a wave. She would give this whole night at El Morocco for fifteen minutes at Sammy's Place on Flatbush

Avenue, Brooklyn. There you found life inside—a juke box you could really hear, nutburgers and cheeseburgers as thick as a small book, and Sammy, the proprietor, singing out loud over a microphone right along with the juke box discs.

The boys were completely at ease out there; if they liked, they felt free to dance in their shirt sleeves. And when people were in love at Sammy's they weren't afraid to show their feelings in public.

"There isn't even a floor show here?" Irma asked, gazing about with a frown.

"They don't need them," Sonny said. "The people who come here are interesting enough in themselves."

"Oh?" Irma inquired, raising her eyebrows just a little, exactly like Mrs. Winston.

After the Peach Melba was cleared away, Mrs. Winston called for the check, pleading a splitting headache. Irma was secretly glad. If this was all there was to The Rich Full Life, the Winstons could take it away.

But Momma could console herself with no such easy philosophy. When Momma and Irma repaired to the powder room, Momma's face was puckered with disappointment.

"The whole evening," she mourned. "It's a wreck! And she told us right to our faces that he was too young to get married!"

Irma glanced around the powder room, a little disturbed. "Shhh, Momma," she cautioned softly. For Mrs. William Rhineland Stewart sat at the very next dressing table, powdering her dainty nose.

But Momma had never heard of Mrs. William Rhineland Stewart, and besides she was too unstrung to care even if it were Mrs. Truman.

"If only Poppa was alive," she grieved, "you wouldn't have to pin all your hopes on one man. You could socialize like Shirley Kane, instead of running to business!"

"But Momma," Irma tried to reason, "a career's a good thing. You were a career girl before you married Poppa."

momma spun on her, almost accusing in the depth of her despair. "And if Poppa hadn't been blocking hats when I was trimming them? Who knows? I might never have got a husband!"

"Momma," Irma pleaded in an anguished whisper, "you're in such a hurry for everything! Give it a little time and I'll meet more boys. He's not the only one in the world."

"But the neighbors," Momma persisted. "The house all fixed up and waiting!"

"Shhh," Irma comforted, patting Momma's shoulder. "There's still time, Momma. You can't tell what might

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answers to
**ARE YOU
 GOING PLACES
 SOCIALLY?**

(Test on page 64)

QUES.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
A.	1	3	2	1	3	1	2	1	2	2
B.	2	2	3	3	1	2	3	2	1	3
C.	3	1	1	2	2	3	1	3	3	1

Give each answer the rating shown in the box score above, then total your score. These questions and answers are based on studies of American society made by professional sociologists.

A score of 15 or under indicates a wife

1. Since we live in a *credit* economy, social prestige is another form of money in the bank and no wife who wants to be an asset to her husband can ignore her social duties. To deny social opportunities shows blindness not only to one of the basic facts of American life but to human values as well. On the other hand, aggressive personal ambition adds a sour note and is just as undesirable as rejection of social activities.

2. To sociologists, your friends are an unerring indication of your social position. If within the last two or three years there's been no change in your group, you're pretty static socially, no matter how frequently you entertain your friends or how successful a hostess you are. However, if you're so mobile that you ease off old ties for the sake of new and perhaps more worth-while ones, you're obviously on the make and probably leaving hard feelings behind you. The happy medium here is to expand your group.

3. A characteristic of the socially static is to rate creature comforts very high. People eager to get ahead in the social world are always interested in the symbols of prosperity. The more visible they are, the more eagerly they are sought after—and what is more obvious than a glittering car? The socially well-adjusted are likely to prefer nice possessions to either comfort or show.

4. Studies indicate that your educational theories are closely related to your social aspirations. The ambitious believe especially in extra-curricular education, the uninterested in character and the middle-of-the-roads in formal education.

5. The socially ambitious realize instinctively that social climbing is most easily done vicariously through their children and tend to emphasize children's

whose lack of social interest and awareness may be a handicap to her family. A score above 25 shows excessive emphasis on social prestige. From 16 to 24 is about normal, with the more socially effective wives scoring at least 20.

parties. The homebody type prefers to relax with the girls. Joint husband-wife entertaining reflects the mature and common-sense attitude toward social life.

6. It's characteristic of the socially secure to be pretty honest in expressing their opinions. The over-ambitious switch opinions to suit the occasion, while the naive keep quiet to avoid giving offense.

7. First impressions are important and to tell the unvarnished truth on such occasions is the hallmark of social innocence. On the other hand, glamorizing your history is an over-ambitious technique which often leads into hot water. The only sound practice is to give an honest picture of yourself—with your best foot forward.

8. The ambitious long ago staked out good works as their happy hunting ground and they've been so obvious that many a sincere but socially unaggressive woman has turned away in disgust. The wise wife, however, accepts the opportunities while she participates in community work mainly for its own sake.

9. If you and your husband are interested in improving your social standing, your future daughter-in-law's family background will be of the greatest concern to you; if you're moderates, her social competence; and if you're uninterested in this angle of life, her domestic talents.

10. Expensive toys have an irresistible appeal for socially ambitious mothers, while quiet mothers, not interested in keeping up with the Joneses or impressing the Browns, tend to pacify their offspring with plenty of inexpensive toys which can be enjoyed for a time and then thrown away. A sound social philosophy generally means good quality but not elaborate toys for the children—and insistence that the children take care of them.

happen before the evening is over."

When the Winston limousine pulled up to the curb, however, the crushing blow fell.

"You don't mind if we put you in a taxi?" Mrs. Winston inquired. "Brooklyn is so far out of the way and this head of mine is killing me!" She held out one gracious hand, while the other clutched her head.

Irma glanced at the glittering town car, so long and low it looked a block long. The chauffeur sat stiffly in front, and a mink lap robe showed conspicuously through the wide-open door. On their busy street in Brooklyn its effect would be remembered forever!

Irma looked directly at Sonny. "You're coming for dinner when?"

Mrs. Winston dropped the hand that was holding her head. "Well, to be frank," she said before Sonny could put in a word, "we don't know when. Friends of ours are coming to town. Society leaders from Pittsburgh."

Irma drew herself up coolly. "It was Sonny who made the commitment."

"Well—I—" Sonny began. He looked at her unhappily.

Mrs. Winston simply started toward the car. "Oh, and by the way," she added, turning back with a smile, "I'll give you my address in Pittsburgh, Mrs. Mishkin, so you can send the bird-of-paradise in case I'm so busy that I can't pick it up."

Irma stepped between. "Momma wouldn't think of shipping the feathers by mail. If you want them, Mrs. Winston, you'd better drive out and get them."

Mrs. Winston controlled her annoyance. "We might stop by in the daytime, but we couldn't stay long—"

"Tomorrow at two?"
 "Tomorrow at four," Mrs. Winston conceded, and the door slammed shut while Sonny was still scribbling down the Brooklyn address.

"You shouldn't have," Momma protested woefully as the Winston car shot off, leaving them both at the curb. "She wasn't anxious to visit us, Irma, and you should have displayed more pride!"

Irma helped Momma into the cab. "Pride is a wonderful thing, Momma. But when the neighbors come asking questions about Sonny, can I show them my pride?"

"That woman and her son will never come out to Brooklyn," Momma announced. "She was looking me straight in the face, Irma, and I saw it in her eye."

Irma gave Momma a reassuring pat. "With paradise feathers at nearly two hundred dollars, you couldn't keep her away!"

Nevertheless, Irma telephoned Sonny three times next morning just to check and be sure.

"I got the address the first time," Sonny protested, his voice a trifle irritated.

"Notwithstanding, Brooklyn's a big place," Irma informed him. "And I don't want you two getting lost."

"There's no danger," Sonny answered. "Bernard is an excellent chauffeur."

"Bernard, the chauffeur!" Irma repeated softly. And she saw to it that Bernard was the talk of the neighborhood, even before the Winstons arrived and Bernard could put in an appearance.

"You shouldn't talk so much, Irma," Momma cautioned. "It sounds like bragging when you tell it all over the block!"

"Good publicity," Irma explained, "is worth its weight in gold, Momma. Shirley Kane's popularity hangs by nothing but her mother's promotion!"

"And if Mrs. Winston runs in here only to grab a feather," Momma inquired, "is that good publicity?"

"Publicity is all in the handling," Irma responded. And when the Winston limousine nosed down the block, Irma was out on the porch to welcome the Winstons publicly.

Never, she noted with a glow of satisfaction, had the sidewalks been more crowded. From five-year-olds playing Potsy and Stoopball, right up to the shopping housewives, the whole block teemed with violent activity. The Kanes' porch was crowded with the most select young men in the neighborhood.

Irma took time out to greet the group briefly, then turned her attention to the glittering car which purred to a stop directly in front of their house.

Bernard leaped out smartly and held open the door. Mrs. Winston emerged, swathed in a Russian sable stole, her arm weighted with diamonds.

From the porch next door a low whistle split the air and a chorus of whistles followed.

Sonny stepped out. Tall, blond and dignified, he was every inch a Merchant Prince.

Irma rushed down and showered them both with kisses. Mrs. Winston was too startled to resist, and Sonny seemed to like it.

"Come in, come in!" Irma cried, leading the way up the walk, an arm about each. Even though Mrs. Winston's shoulder stiffened, Irma maintained her grip.

Once inside the house, the Winstons hurried through their visit.

Momma had scarcely got the feather out before Mrs. Winston began to glance at her sapphire and diamond watch.

"I *did* want to stay longer," she said. "But it took almost an hour getting out

here through all that traffic. So I'm afraid we'll have to be going."

"Oh, that's perfectly all right!" Irma breezed back, and she meant it, for her phone was beginning to ring and she knew she was going to be busy.

Two of the boys who'd been on Shirley's porch had broken away and were phoning from the cigar store down at the corner.

"Good-bye, Sonny," Irma called out, her hand over the phone. "It was gorgeous having you both! I'll see you next week at Okay!"

"Come right over!" she said into the phone. "Sonny is just leaving."

Before the Winstons' car moved out of the block the phone rang again.

"It's like living in a firehouse," Momma sobbed as the phone rang once more, in unison with the doorbell this time.

"It's like living in heaven," Irma sang back, and by eight o'clock that evening Momma had to agree. With her daughter the talk of the neighborhood, the porch was crowded with boys. Tall boys and short boys, the dentist's son from across the street, a senior from N. Y. U., and that dark handsome Manny Morton, who'd just bought his own filling station, adjacent to Brooklyn Bridge. As they kidded her about having mink carpets and paving the bathtub with diamonds, Irma let her laugh ring out across the porch.

The door of the next house opened and Mrs. Kane burst out.

"You're engaged," she demanded of Irma, "or those people in that limousine only stopped by for a visit?"

"Engaged?" Irma repeated. "Oh, no, Mrs. Kane! I decided against it. Sonny lives in Pittsburgh, and I'd have to settle out there!"

"You'd let Pittsburgh stop you, with so much money involved?"

"When I can breathe the fresh air of Brooklyn," Irma countered, "I should go around the rest of my life with coal dust in my lungs!"

A rousing cheer went up from the boys surrounding Irma, and Shirley Kane emerged, her slightly pink nose tilted loftily in the air.

"Come on, Shirley," Mrs. Kane snapped. "You and I are going to the movies!"

It was just at that moment that Momma came through the door, carrying a tray of refreshments for the boys. She gazed after Shirley and Mrs. Kane with a look of utter confusion.

"On a Saturday night?" she questioned. "And with no date?"

Then glancing at Irma's oversupply, Momma seemed to connect the two. "My Irma," she marveled softly. "The Belle of Brooklyn overnight. A career girl, yet popular too!"

THE END

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Soft Lights . . . Sweet Music

Continued from page 42

thing about fine hair—and next time she had to tell him all over again.

When Antoine seated her under a dryer, she took up a magazine and held it directly before her face, but Leota recognized her and gave a little shriek above the noise of the dryer.

"Marie Talbot, it's ages since I've seen you. I've been at the shore all summer, you know. Les tells me Jock's been home for a long time. Why don't you and Jock come over and see our new house?"

Two chairs down, the operator had turned on a dryer and was waiting. Leota settled under the hood, stretching her suntanned, bare legs before her, and thrilled across the stranger between them.

"Les was so sorry he couldn't buy the house through Jock, but he just didn't have what we wanted. You couldn't blame Les for that, could you?"

Marie felt heat, greater than that from the dryer, rise along her cheekbones. She pretended to read her magazine as if she had been unable to hear. Leota turned her attention to Elaine Evans seated beside her.

On the way home, Marie felt the heat of the sidewalk through the soles of her sandals and her annoyance increased. It persisted while she peeled off her rumpled dress and got into fresh shorts and a bra. As she straightened, she saw her hair in the mirror above the dressing table. She picked up her hairbrush and worked furiously at the stiff waves. When the curls finally clung softly to the contours of her head, she dropped the brush, only to be confronted by her high school graduation picture in its place of honor on Jock's dresser.

It was the first picture she had ever given him and he always had kept it there. She had passed it, unseeing, a thousand times, but today it mocked her. She cupped it in her hands and knelt before the window to get a better light.

She saw the hair first, like a slap in the face. She remembered those washboard waves made with a thick steel curling iron which she had heated in an open gas flame.

But the hair faded into insignificance beside the eager, sensitive mouth and the wide, clear eyes. She examined the eyes more closely. They seemed to belong to a stranger. All the wonder of the world, the things she would do and see and be, were there looking out.

She noticed that her hands, holding the picture, trembled.

She heard the outside door open and Jock's voice from the kitchen.

"Marie, you home?"

She tried to answer but no words would come. She heard him slam the screen door, heard his footsteps along the walk, then the sound of the car starting and backing down the driveway.

Jock could not stay in the house a moment if he reached home before her. It was one of the things she had never learned to understand about her husband. She treasured solitude; Jock could not stand being alone.

She had the table set by the time he came back. When she heard the car swing into the driveway and stop abruptly, she turned on the gas under the heavy iron skillet.

"I went back downtown past the office to pick you up," he said. "You must have taken another street."

She looked at the salt browning slightly in the bottom of the skillet and knew that it was hot enough for the steaks. She dropped them into the pan, drawing her hand back quickly from their instant sizzling.

She turned and saw Jock still standing behind her, teetering back and forth on his toes. She knew instantly that he was pleased with something, waiting there for her to notice it or perhaps to ask him why. The possible things ran through her mind.

"Did you make the Childster deal?" she asked.

He had not. She knew every small expression of his face and body too well not to know when she had guessed wrong. A sudden weariness took possession of her. The steaks were hissing and she turned to flip them over. He came and stood at her shoulder. She felt the heat of his body and stepped over to the sink as if she had to wash her hands.

"Steak," he said sniffing. "Boy, steak is what I call a real man's meal."

He had said that every time they had had steak in the fourteen years she had been his wife.

She turned from the sink and he was still watching her, smiling expectantly. She looked at his hands. There was nothing in them so he had not brought home ice cream. He liked to surprise her with a quart of ice cream for dessert, though you could hardly call it a surprise since it was always ice cream. It wasn't always chocolate, though. Sometimes it was malenut or black raspberry.

"See anything new?" he said.

She looked at his brown shoes. They were the same old ones, as incredibly large as ever and wrinkled deeply across the instep. He had on the same tan trousers. He shifted his heavy shoulders and she knew. He had a new coat. It was exactly like the half dozen other sport coats which hung in his closet, like all the sport coats he had worn through the years.

"Like it?" he asked, holding out the sleeve for her to inspect the bluish plaid material.

She rubbed a fold between her thumb and finger.

The popping of the steaks saved her from answering.

After dinner he dried dishes for her, whistling the latest song hits while he polished round and round on an already dry plate.

"How about running out to the park tonight? Do a little dancing at the pavilion?"

She felt blood gather and begin to pound at the nape of her neck. At the park he would tell her what happened to the Childester deal. First he wanted her to get dressed up and ready for a good time. Then it wouldn't hit her so hard when he told her that the deal had fallen through.

Why couldn't he just come out and say, "Look, Marie. I didn't sign Childester. So now we don't buy the house and you don't quit work."

That was not his way. He would wait until they were dancing together, or perhaps until he had taken her out on the balcony that edged the outdoor pavilion. He would bring her a tall drink and stand with his back to the railing, looking up at the moon. He always stood very close to her even on hot nights.

When he had done everything he could to ensure her having a good time, he would begin. He would not mention Childester. He would have something else figured out, a new deal, the big chance they had been waiting for. In a few more weeks, when he had this new fellow sold, she could quit work, they'd buy the house and—

Only, she knew that in Gainesville there were no other men who owned the amount of property which Mr. Childester possessed. If Jock had signed Mr. Childester, he would have been assured of enough commissions from the sale and exchange of the property to enable her to stop working.

Wearily she stood watching the soapsuds gurgles down the drain. They had needed new plumbing for all the years they had rented this house, but the landlord had done nothing about it. If they had been able to buy the house, all the needed repairs might have been made.

While she wiped the sink clean, she

heard Jock close the bathroom door, heard him whistling in the shower.

She went into the bedroom and lay face down on the bed, pressing her aching temples with her fingers. She was glad now that she hadn't told Mr. McClean that he had better be looking around for another girl to take her place at the office.

She had gone to work in Charles McClean's law office as soon as she left high school. She had been there only a few months when Jock Talbot brought in a client to have a property title searched. While Mr. McClean and the client bent above the files, Jock Talbot had watched her. She had kept her eyes on her copy but her flying fingers made three mistakes. She had erased the first two, but on the third one she looked up with quick tears in her eyes. "Go away," she had said.

He grinned at her. "For now. I'll be back at five and take you home."

He had never let her walk home alone again. And from that first night, she had never again wanted him to go away. They had been married that fall. She had decided not to stop working immediately.

"I'll stay on another year until Jock gets his real estate business going good," she had told Mr. McClean. "He's only starting, you know, and there're so many things we'll need—"

He had looked at her, so full of plans, and smiled. "I might have known you were too pretty to keep," he said.

For the first few years he had made little jokes about what he would do to that husband of hers for taking her away from him. At the end of five years he had made her his private secretary and never again mentioned her leaving.

It was this promotion that had crystallized her doubts into certainty. Jock was never going to get on.

The first five years had been bad years—too much property was being sold at auction for taxes and no one had money to buy. Then the war came and it seemed providential that she had not given up her job. Jock was away for five years. Property values shot up, doubled, tripled. Real estate agents were busy day and night. But Jock was still with the occupation forces.

She remembered how angry she had been when he had written that he was being kept in Europe. "If he wasn't so darned willing to do what is expected of him, he wouldn't be asked to stay after five years over there," she had stormed.

Then one day he was home and she had fallen in love with him all over again, more deeply and urgently than twelve years before, as if by the very intensity of their love they could make up for five lost years.

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She always closed her mind against those lost years and she turned from them now, remembering instead the abandon and recklessness of their love-making in the first months after his return.

Twice during those first months, she had spent days filled with the fear that now, when they needed her money for so many things, she was going to fail Jock by having a baby.

Both times when she had discovered that she was wrong, relief had flooded her, to be followed almost instantly by a deep sense of poignancy, as if she had borne a child and lost it. She grieved for all the children she was to have had in these years, for their plans had included children from the first.

She thought of the children who had been born to her former high school classmates. Sometimes she saw them now, going to school as she went to work.

On the other hand, there was Elaine Evans. Elaine had been five years ahead of her in school. She had been married only last year and she was expecting a baby in October. When Marie had sat beside Elaine at Antoine's she had noticed the plastic apron bulging frankly over Elaine's stomach, her eyes as happy as any twenty-year-old expectant mother's.

Marie's mind stopped its exploring when Jock came into the room rubbing himself briskly with a thick towel. He stopped when he saw her lying across the bed.

"What's the matter, honey?" He sat on the edge of the bed, making the whole side incline steeply until she rolled over in spite of herself and came to rest against him.

"You need a little fun," he said. "Come on. I'll get your clothes out for you." He was rummaging in her closet. "A red dress? I always liked red on you."

I would never have anything but a red dress if he picked them, she thought. She got up and went into the bathroom. When she came back he had dressed and gone out on the porch.

A cerise taffeta dress lay across the bed. On the floor were very high-heeled slippers fashioned of tiny red straps. He had brought them to her from St. Louis when he had made the first trip on the Childester deal. She put them on.

At the park pavilion in the first half hour, they were able to dance only once around the floor. A dozen people nodded or called to Jock. A half dozen more stopped briefly to shake his hand. Jock had been home over a year, but many of the people here tonight were friends who were home on short vacations, back in town

to visit their folks. She watched Jock laughing with Harry Brennon during a brief pause in the music.

"What you doing now, Jock?"

"Back at the old stand," Jock said.

"There was some good picking while you were gone, Jock," Harry said, "but some of the big boys got a head start on you."

"I'll catch up," Jock said.

His arm was about her, guiding her firmly across the dance floor. She looked up at him, but there was nothing in his face to indicate whether or not he believed his own words.

"Let's get some air," he said. "It's hot as the devil in here."

Figures don't lie, darn it!

The girls in the underwear ads look so sleek,
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Want to know what they've got that's so chic and unique?
They're not lumpy.

How I wish as I stand in my girdle and bra,
I could look in the mirror and coo,
Ooh la la,
Do I look like the pictures?
The mirror sneers, "Naah."
I'm too lumpy.

—F. B. Hurt

TODAY'S WOMAN FEATURETTE

She walked beside him, a small feeling of dread beginning to grow in her mind. This was it, she knew. He was setting the stage.

There were other couples in the dusk of the balcony, but he led her to a remote corner and stood beside her watching the moonlight brighten the dark trees below them. Her heart ached. The beauty of the moonlight sent the memory of all her lost plans and hopes flooding through her mind. She felt Jock move closer to her. She drew away, not even being careful now to have an excuse.

"I'll get you something to drink," he said.

She turned then, her body braced, her hands holding tightly to the rail.

"Why don't you say it? Without stalling. Just say—" Her voice had risen, broke.

He stood very still. He was so close to her now that she had to lean backward over the rail to look up into his face, but she could not tell whether or not it was just the moonlight that made it so pale.

When she could bear the silence no longer, she began to cry helplessly with painful, convulsive waves of weeping that could not move out of her chest. He made no move to touch her.

She knew that she had hurt him without cause—he had not even understood what she had meant.

She lifted her head and spoke softly, so that the other couples on the balcony could not hear.

"Jock, why aren't you angry? When I'm irritable and mean as I've been all day, why don't you hate me? Why don't you get mad and say what you think?"

He did not offer to take her in his arms but his voice was gentle.

"You're my girl," he said. "You'll always be my girl."

The wonder of it caught in her throat. To Jock she was still the girl with the eager, sensitive mouth. As long as Jock lived, that girl with the something-wonderful-around-the-corner look in her eyes lived too. And as long as what she had been lived in Jock's heart, it would never be lost to her either.

She felt her body relaxing, her fingers losing their grip on the rail. She touched the back of Jock's hand. His arms went about her. Relief enveloped her and a sense of comfort at the strength of his arms, to be followed immediately by excitement. Her mind leaped ahead to the moment when they would leave these other people.

She wanted to leave now, to go with Jock through the shadowed lane of parked cars to their own and sit close to him on the way home, to go into their dark, quiet house together.

He was kissing her hair. She heard his voice, soft and promising.

"I know how hard it's been for you, darling. But there's a fellow here tonight—Longley. He's only going to be in town a few days, so I have to work fast. He owns a lot of property in this county. If I could make a deal with him—"

He turned toward the pavilion.

"That's him, over there," he said.

She looked across the floor at a stout, red-faced man holding a glass in his hand and looking very much alone.

She smiled at Jock. "Well, what are we waiting for?" she asked.

She saw delight spread across Jock's face. He squeezed her arm.

With her hand in his, she walked beside him across the dance floor toward the man at the bar.

The man looked as if he would welcome companionship. And Jock was fun to be with. Maybe this was the time.

THE END

Dimes into Dollars

Continued from page 27

dollar bill he made. He simply put it aside and forgot he had it, depositing the wad each month in a special account. He *retired* on that fund recently. True, his business was pretty successful, but that silly little saving-system is what he's living on comfortably today.

There's also the story of the kindergarten teacher who threw the whole economic structure of her little southern town out of whack by hoarding pennies. She had \$3,000 worth of them stowed in wash buckets under the sink by the time local bank officials found the weird penny blockade and made her break them out into the public bloodstream again. Despite the fact that she was paid in full, she was most unhappy. It had taken her years to get them "all in one lump."

Fines for household offenses is another device used by some families to extort domestic funds for the piggy bank—a quarter for cussing, the same for not hanging up clothes, half a dollar for missing dinner or not getting up in the morning when called, etc. The hole in this system is that people quit breaking rules and, first thing you know, there's no money coming in. Besides, fines can become pretty elaborate, precipitate arguments over technicalities and frequently demand an outside referee. A newly-married couple we know in Philadelphia had a glass bank for depositing half-dollars each time one snapped at the other. They got into such violent battles over who was snapping at whom that half-dollars were forgotten in the face of the more immediate problem of staving off separation. The bank still was almost empty after a year of fights.

Paying yourself the money you save by bargain shopping, and paying yourself standard fees for things you do yourself *but normally would pay to have done by someone else*, are among the most successful ways of saving money without missing it.

a friend of my wife watches "specials" like a hawk. When she spots a \$5 item (which she'd *have* to buy sooner or later anyway) on sale for \$4.25, she grabs it and puts the saving in a special account right away. She buys in bulk whenever possible and banks the saving. She estimates that this contributes about \$200 a year to her growing account.

A woman in Texas recently described how, when she got a new automatic washing machine, she paid herself standard laundry prices for big

items which she formerly had sent out. This saving she tucks in a bank account. She claims it will buy her a mangle in a year and a half.

My own wife constantly touches me for the advertised price of such things as slip covers, draperies and clothes for our little girl. These occasions always are followed by great activity on the sewing machine and another U. S. Savings Bond (in the name of our three-year-old) in the metal cash box. There's evidently a profit in it.

Several people we know pay themselves two cents a mile for all the driving they do in their car. Figure it out. At 40,000 miles they've got \$800 in the bank plus a car that still has a good turn-in value.

Even the simplest things add up quickly. A young wife we know in Cincinnati used to spend \$5 a *week* in a beauty salon. She now manicures her own nails, sets her own hair and visits the salon once a *month*. In a little over two years she has piled up \$500, counting interest.

There are dozens of other ways to cheat yourself out of a few pennies today so you can enjoy a bank account tomorrow. Lots of folks give coins or bills to the kids on their birthdays. It's a good plan. Try giving junior a dollar on his first birthday, two on his second, etc. At twenty-one he'll have about \$250 in the bank. That's a nice wedding gift no matter how poor or wealthy you might be.

Almost everyone has a number of windfalls in the course of a year. Birthdays, anniversaries, gifts from rich uncles, unexpected income tax rebates, bonuses and whatnot. Don't save all of it or you'll never have any fun. But you'd be foolish not to save some of it—say 50 per cent. You didn't expect it anyway, so you won't miss it if you put it away quickly. It adds up.

A common squawk, of course, is "I'd love to save but I just can't seem to make myself put it away regularly." Well, like everything else, saving is a habit pattern. Force yourself for awhile and pretty soon it comes naturally. A friend of ours who saved money in a metal cash box but couldn't control the urge to dip into it now and then finally cut a slit in the top of the box, locked it and gave the key to his mother-in-law. He dislikes the woman and knows he'd never ask her for the key!

After you've saved up some money, put it to work. Banks now have a "Buy \$1,000 on Easy Payments" plan and "Plan a Purchase" accounts, by which

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you can save for specific items. "Packaged Savings" is another new idea which combines bank life insurance and savings. Christmas Clubs and Vacation Clubs are designed to help you build up capital. Some banks sell \$25 and \$50 stamps. Bank interest varies from 1 to 2½ per cent today. And if going to the bank is a nuisance, you'll find most banks will let you deposit by mail.

Savings and Loan Associations have plans similar to the banks. Right now they are paying even better interest

rates—from 2 to 4 per cent. Rates vary in different states and with business conditions. U. S. Savings Bonds, of course, are fine investments, paying 2.9 per cent over ten years. The series E are best for small savings. Many people don't realize that the U. S. Post Office has an excellent savings plan. You buy certificates in denominations of \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10 or more. They pay 2 per cent and are similar to U. S. Savings Bonds except that you get a wider choice of denominations.

What you do with your money after

you've saved it is, of course, no business of mine. The point is, you *can* save money today, no matter how impossible it may seem. Matter of fact, our sarcastic friend who wanted to know "Who can save any money these days?" is now hoarding dimes in a lamp base. She says she's figured out she saves about a dollar a week. In five years, she says, she'll have 2,600 dimes. In ten years, she says, she'll have . . . unless somebody knocks over the lamp.

THE END

Adventures In Editing

Continued from page 19

dition. I bought an electric heater which fried my legs and left the rest of me to the icy blasts, and finally took to working in an outfit which suggested that I was on my way to hunt penguins at the South Pole. One night when I was working late on a difficult part, a piece of insulation fell from the roof and struck me neatly on the brow. This hastened the decision to have the attic finished off."

With this statement about her life, Mary Gus said she was going back to the kitchen to do the dishes.

***Robert Wallsten, author of *Study in Blue* (page 34), started life as an actor. It took him thirteen years to get on the stage: at that age he played hooky from school and became a "super" at the Metropolitan Opera. He doesn't claim any particular success from that period. He got a dollar-fifty a performance and, like supers then and now, was crowded into a back room at the Opera House during *Aida*, *Boris Godounow*, etc., until the time came for him to carry his spear and march about the stage.

His stage career was merely interrupted when he was forced to leave the Metropolitan and go back to school and then to Harvard. If you were an enthusiastic theater-goer before the war you may have seen him in some of Broadway's big hits. He played the lead in the Pulitzer Prize-winning play *The Old Maid*; he was the red-wigged lover in the Theatre Guild's famous production of *The Rivals* with Bobby Clark and Mary Boland. Then he turned into a French menace in the Katharine Hepburn show *Without Love*.

His most recent performances were played in the jungles of New Guinea. After service as gunnery officer on a

merchant ship and as a Navy intelligence officer attached to MacArthur's staff, he was assigned to play Macbeth in the USO show that brought Judith Anderson to the South Pacific.

When Robert Wallsten went on as Macbeth, with 5,000 GI's waiting in the dark, he had many qualms about success. "I had three strikes against me," he says. "I was Navy and the audience was Army. I was an officer playing for enlisted men. And," he adds, "this was . . . Shakespeare."

Macbeth was such a hit that afterward he was asked to read the play to some of the boys in the chapel. He expected a turnout of five or six GI's, and arrived to find them "hanging from the rafters." Then he made a circuit of the bases in the neighborhood reading *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* and the favorite ("for its love scenes") *Romeo and Juliet*.

The stage is still a lure for Mr. Wallsten, but he has committed himself to write without interruption. He finds that if he leaves writing for even two or three days, it's difficult for him to get back to his typewriter. And, as many actors-turned-writer note, the life of the theater has its peculiar disadvantages. You always hope to be in a hit but get bored when the show plays season after season—or you are unemployed.

***Most versatile dress of the season: Lucie Lyons' gray wool. This is Fashion Editor Lyons' own design, made for a fashion editors' competition sponsored by Lilli Ann of California.

The hip-length jacket slips off, like any jacket, to reveal a simple dress of the same material. But then, if you look closely, you'll see that the dress



Fashion editor Lucie Lyons designed her own wardrobe-in-one dress with a back-flare jacket



comes apart in two pieces, and Lucie has a blouse and skirt.

"See," she says, "it's all done with four zippers. The blouse zips onto the skirt, and the skirt and blouse both have side plackets."

The outfit was one of two suits singled out for special mention in *Women's Wear Daily*, the fashion trade newspaper, but it is a "fashion of the future." It's not being manufactured, and you'll have difficulty finding zippers that are detachable at both ends and still long enough. The longest ones in the stores run only about twenty inches, so you won't find the dress handy to make unless you're really a slip of a girl.—G. E. R.

Let's Go to a Hollywood Party

Continued from page 13

is silly, but it's good for a million laughs—and you don't have to wait for Christmas to do it, either. Your most austere guest will become one of the gang when he gets his ears full of hot buttered popcorn.

Another Rosalind Russell specialty is the trick of tying a candy kiss in the center of a long string of dental floss. Two persons take an end in their mouths and start chewing. The one who gets the candy gets a prize.

The hat-trimming contest is another favorite. Each guest is given a cardboard box containing scissors, a large piece of paper, ribbons, pins, odd feathers and flowers. Then all the lights are turned out and hat-designing takes place in the dark. The results are never ordinary.

Sophisticated Hollywood goes for these capers like high school boys go for high school girls. Don't be afraid to try them in your own home.

Good food is what you'd like? In that case, we'll go to the home of Maureen O'Hara. Miss O'Hara, who has just finished *The Long Denial*, is married to director Will Price, a locally celebrated amateur chef.

Depending upon what is served by Wilman and Dan, the Negro cook and butler from Will's home town, McComb, Miss., parties are either sit-down or buffet. This is what you get:

Chicken gumbo, barbecued chicken, Virginia ham, fried shrimp, corn pudding, hot biscuits, honey, wild strawberry preserves, fish and sauce, Sally Lunn, beaten biscuits, wild rice—man! Later there are mint juleps by Will Price, served frosted in a ritual which somehow only southerners seem to achieve perfectly.

All of this takes long hours of skillful preparation, but Maureen and Will probably spend as much time scanning their guest list in advance. They provide no entertainment, no orchestra, and play no games. But they select guests who have ideas in common, put them together, feed them well, and let them talk. This is an absolutely unbeatable combination, as any hostess knows.

Loretta Young, Hollywood's current first lady by virtue of her Academy Award for *The Farmer's Daughter*, who's now turned psychological on us with a new picture called *The Accused*, had us to dinner one evening not long ago, and she told us her ideas about entertaining. Her parties are almost always buffet.

"When people serve themselves," explains Loretta, "there is an atmosphere of informal relaxation and even the host and hostess can have a good time. There is no worry about the serving problem, whether dinner is moving too fast or too slowly, who should sit next to whom, and a thousand other details that can wear you out before the party even begins.

"Guests like to be left alone to settle down in their own circle of friends. They like the freedom of serving themselves—and returning for a second helping. They like to brouse around for a comfortable chair and sink down into it to eat in peace. All these privileges are extremely important to the success of a dinner party," Loretta points out.

Loretta's foremost tips for buffet parties: "The color and design of the serving dishes are very important factors in making the food look more appetizing. Baked beans in a bright yellow casserole make your mouth water. A spicy tossed salad served in a fabulous Sheffield bowl, pressed duck glazed with herbal orange sauce and displayed on a gay flowered platter, baked capon New Orleans stuffed with wild rice and sage and placed in a gleaming silver serving dish, baked ham garnished with meringued yams on an old-fashioned green plantation platter—these are my favorites."

As a matter of fact, Hollywood's most skillful party-giver, the celebrated Mr. Kent, practices and preaches precisely the same formula. At one of his big parties the other evening while Van Johnson, Bob Hutton, Betty Grable, Ann Sheridan and a half hundred other celebrities were dancing, we asked Mr. Kent if he had any particular do's and don'ts for parties. It turns out he has, and his rules are definite. He says:

"People come to a party principally to talk. They may want to play games, but don't ever force them to do anything. Leave them alone.

"I find that the chief things—after talk—are food, drinks and dancing. In that order.

"Then—always buffet. Even at my most formal dinners, I let the guests serve themselves. Then—and this is very important—I put them at small, comfortable tables set close to each other. A big, formal table makes people feel like strangers.

"One more thing. No soup. I like soup, but I eat it alone. Don't serve it at parties."

THE END

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My Child and the Three R's

Continued from page 39

marked dramatic talent. She is a leader and is very popular with the other children. Her drawings show originality and imagination. She is graceful and I would suggest that she take dancing lessons."

"How wonderful!" the thwarted actress within me thrilled. But, wondered the mother instinct, what about reading, writing and arithmetic? Of these there was no mention. I hired a baby sitter and went to school.

It was quarter past one when I got there. School was supposed to start at one, but the halls were still filled with chattering, roughhousing boys and girls.

"Has school been dismissed early?" I asked one of the little boys.

"Heck, no," he replied with disgust, "but I sure wish it was!"

Miss Adams, the first-grade teacher, beamed at me as I opened the door of her room.

"How nice to have you. Mrs. Hofmann," she said. "Children, Nancy's mother has come to observe."

I looked at the children and smiled. They looked at me. It was obviously a test as to who was going to observe whom. I eyed the kindergarten chair provided for me with alarm, for I was expecting another baby in a few weeks. I might possibly have seated myself in it, but my chances of getting up again were slim. So I sat in the back of the room on a table used for exhibiting toys from home, while some of the children continued to gawk at me.

I decided to begin by observing the room. At the front, near the teacher's desk, was a double easel equipped on both sides with large sheets of paper, jars of paint and brushes. Near me in the back of the room was a sandbox with cars and small figures in it. The room also contained a canary, some goldfish and other distracting objects.

Miss Adams spoke sweetly to the children. "Now we will have our reading lesson. Those who want to read will bring their books over here."

This was the signal for general confusion. Five or six children promptly rose and left the room. My own little darling started to follow suit. I called her back.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Your reading lesson," I said firmly. She glanced toward the teacher, now the center of a group of perhaps ten intelligent-looking children. They were sitting in a circle in their chairs and Miss Adams looked quite triumphant

at having attracted so large a group of would-be readers.

Nancy walked over to the easel and started to paint. Three of the children were playing in the sandbox. Some just sat and stared at me, open-mouthed and vacant-eyed. The rest found some other pastimes, of which the room seemed to offer an almost infinite supply. This was a deflating experience, indeed. My little genius had become a dope.

"Nancy," I said sharply, "you are supposed to be having a reading lesson." Miss Adams smiled again.

"Oh, don't force her, Mrs. Hofmann. We never do that. When she's ready

Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for friendship and it is far the best ending for one.

—Oscar Wilde

for reading she'll come of her own accord."

"Suppose she never gets ready?" I asked.

"She will." Miss Adams spoke with a confidence I did not share.

After the reading lesson they had something called spelling. Papers were passed and half of the children sat at their tables. The others got down on the floor, their little rumps in the air, and printed their names. Nancy was, of course, in this latter group.

"Isn't that bad for their eyes?" I asked Miss Adams. She just looked vague and changed the subject.

Behind the sandbox I found two boys and a girl satisfying their curiosity as to how one of the boys was made. Despite the modernity of their schooling and upbringing they jumped apart, guilt oozing from every pore, when they saw me watching. When I told Miss Adams about it after school, she said she had been having trouble with two of the children along that line but she was surprised to hear about the third. When would there be a fourth, I wondered. In the old-fashioned school such behavior would have been impossible.

The remainder of the afternoon was taken up with arithmetic. The principle was the same as counting on one's fingers, a practice frowned upon not so very long ago, and consisted of counting chestnuts on a string. During the entire time there was a steady flow of children in and out the door. They

were noisy and Miss Adams frequently had to raise her voice in order to be heard. When things got *too* loud, she blew a whistle which quieted them for two or three minutes. My head was aching from the confusion and I heard the dismissal bell with relief.

"Why," I asked Miss Adams, "do you leave reading, spelling and arithmetic until after lunch when the children are getting tired? What do you do in the morning?"

Well, the children planned their own schedule," she said. "First, we clean house—dust, take care of the bird and fish. Then we have singing. Then art, next a story which the children act out. This gives them poise. Then recess and a nap. That brings us up to lunch."

At home, I told Nancy she would have to learn to read or else. I refused to read to her any more until she began to learn. This was a real threat, for she loved stories. Within a few months she was reading the evening paper, proving that she was not so much a dunce as lazy. Still the quality of her spelling and arithmetic did not improve. She wasn't interested in them. Once, when she was in the second grade, she asked me how much three and two were.

"Don't you know?" I asked in exasperation.

"I do at school," was her reply, "but at home I haven't got my chestnuts."

Chestnuts! When I was in school we would not have dared to let the teacher see us counting on our fingers. Why should memorizing addition combinations and multiplication tables be frowned upon, when it tends to make arithmetic easier?

Perhaps the principal of the school spoke for many of our modern educators when he said: "Don't we put too much stress on arithmetic when everyone will be using adding machines?" By the same logic I suppose one could say, "Why teach them to read when there are picture magazines?"

Nancy is now ready for eighth grade. In the intervening years, I have started three other children in school. Each has shown an aptitude for the thing in which he was interested. The other subjects just haven't taken. We have moved about the country sampling the educational offerings of the public schools of several states. They all lacked the same fundamental things.

It doesn't seem to be important to spell well, to use proper punctuation, to be neat. In seventh grade, Nancy still had not learned to use pen and ink. Her efforts at home in that direction are horrific blots. I have talked to many parents who have the same com-

plaints. Many mothers are teaching their children how to spell and write at home. They are drilling them in multiplication tables. The trouble is that the children themselves don't care.

"I got sixteen in arithmetic today," announces Nancy, as if it were something to be proud of. Then she adds, "Everyone else got low marks too. The highest was sixty."

I have talked to many teachers in the progressive system, some of them teachers I had in high school. The majority agree that while the schools have made wonderful advances along some lines, they are sadly deficient in their approach to the three "R's."

During the war the various branches of our armed forces complained of the scores made in the different tests draftees were required to take. Said one examiner, "Every paragraph is filled with misspelled words, grammatical errors and incorrect punctuation. Their mathematics is pathetic."

Perhaps there were some things wrong with old-fashioned education. Maybe some of the children were afraid of the teacher and the slower ones were embarrassed by their marks. Still, I can't remember that many of them developed neuroses over it; instead, the competition was keen. I can remember well the intense excitement with which we watched the teacher write the names and monthly averages of the honor roll on the board. A new name was the cause for excited congratulations. Those who were always exchanging the top two places took victory or loss with the same good sportsmanship to be found on the playground.

We were marked with 90 or 75 or 100 per cent and knew where we stood. The marks on department, whether or not they detracted from our monthly average, helped by making it our responsibility to behave. The last half of my eighth year, the grades were changed to A, B and C. The class greeted this innovation with disappointment, but even at that we knew better where we stood and looked forward more to reports than the children of today, who bring home a couple of paragraphs saying that they have improved or not improved but anyway they can make beautiful paper doilies.

Spelling bees were fun and excellent drill, yet our children know little about them. Drill is something the moderns avoid like the plague. Neatness used to count on all papers. Every desk was equipped with pen and inkwell and most of our work was done in ink.

I heard one important educator of the progressive school of thought speak. He said all we had to do was to

read the newspapers and we would see what was wrong with our former methods of teaching. All the crime and talk of war and so on. That was nine years ago. Nine years is not a very long time in which to prove a new system, but offhand I'd say that today's newspapers don't seem to indicate great improvement.

We parents may not have had so much time to devote to arts and crafts and to the development of grace and self-expression, but we wrote pretty fair compositions, read good books, memorized poetry and learned the fundamentals on which any career must be built. In spite of these handicaps, people did emerge from past generations to do quite well in the creative arts. Our grandparents seemed to be able to adjust themselves to the complexities of life without the aid of a psychiatrist, and divorce was rare.

Why can't the schools today combine the good advances they have made with the basic principles of older methods of education? Discipline, it seems to me, is one of the most important needs. Not to browbeat the children, nor to humiliate them, nor to make them afraid. Children can't learn when they are frightened by the teacher, but they should be made to feel responsibility. They should be taught that they can't have their own way in everything, that they can't get away with a job half done. They should be taught that the person who gets to the top is the one who is willing to put forth that extra effort, to do just a little bit more, a little bit better, than is required to "get by."

Our children are certainly not less intelligent nor capable than their ancestors, so why should we pretend they are by making everything too easy for them? When they have formed the habit of getting by with the minimum of effort, they are going to find themselves unprepared to cope with life after graduation.

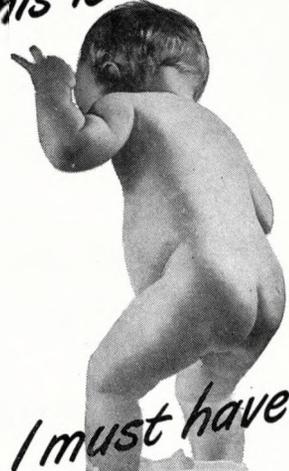
There is an old story about three men who were breaking rock. Each, in turn, was asked what he was doing. The first answered: "Breaking rock." The second said: "I'm earning ten dollars a day." But the third replied: "I'm building a cathedral."

How wonderful if our schools would teach our children that, no matter how menial their tasks both in and out of school, they are all, in reality, building a cathedral!

THE END

The results of a special investigation of American schools will be presented in the October TODAY'S WOMAN. Don't miss this outstanding fact-feature.

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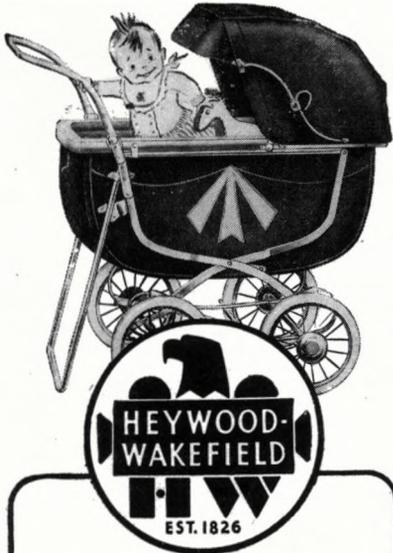


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Continued from page 47



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biscuit cutter to her left hand. Irene Gaines and her husband moved to the sofa. Irene sat down, stood up, pushed a toy truck from under her. Ricky came in from the kitchen, banging two pie plates together like cymbals. Bobby sang with the record: "One day muh sweet mudder says fetch yuh dear brudder, He ain't showed since yesterday noon. . . ."

Ruth snapped off the record. She smiled brightly at Irene while she whisked off her apron and pushed it under a chair cushion and sat down.

"What sweet children," Irene Gaines said. "Ruth, they're adorable."
"We think they are," Ruth said, aware that she sounded flat. The meeting of two distant relatives called for a simple and routine conversation, but Ruth couldn't seem to manage it. Pinckney Gaines, a stout man with curly gray hair and a sagging face, lit a cigar and said nothing. Irene took charge of the conversation. Her light, flexible voice gave the effect that the three of them were talking smoothly and easily to each other.

Ruth sat and nodded and said, "Oh, yes," and felt like a stump while Irene talked on. She advised shops and restaurants, she spoke of the theater and coming events, she touched lightly on politics and world affairs, she mentioned a trip to New York and several books she had enjoyed reading lately. She asked questions about the children, expressed her eagerness to meet Lewis and inquired in detail about Ruth's father. She moved from one subject to another managing never to sound like a chattering woman. She also managed, with a technique too delicate to be observed, to bring in the names of a great many people—senators, ambassadors, cabinet members, Supreme Court justices, editors, publishers, party leaders. She called them all by first names or nicknames, and then gave, in neat little asides, their full titles.

The topics varied, but the theme remained the same. Irene Gaines knew everyone worth knowing, went everywhere worth going, and did everything worth doing.

With relief, Ruth heard Lewis' car pull into the drive. "Daddy's car pull into the drive." "Daddy's home!" Bobby cried, rushing forward with a whoop and a holler. Lewis' face was flushed with the cold; entering into an atmosphere stamped

with the sophisticated personality of Irene Gaines, he looked brawny and his voice seemed loud. But Ruth retired to her chair to let Lewis take over. He slung his briefcase and the evening paper onto the desk, pulled up Ricky's pants, found a handkerchief and wiped Bobby's nose. He listened courteously to Irene Gaines, commented, lit her cigarettes. And she somehow faded, with his entrance, into what should have been her position all along—a casual guest in their house.

"Pinc," Irene said, turning to her husband, who was touching a match to another cigar, "we must rush."

She stood up, smoothing the collar of her coat, her gloves. "I will call you soon, Ruth," she said, as if delivering a promise much sought for.

When Ruth went inside after seeing them off, she drew a deep breath. "Well!" she said abruptly. "Wasn't she something?"

Lewis looked up. "Hell of a good-looking woman. I didn't know she was a relative of yours. I've heard a good deal about her."

Ruth frowned. "Does she do something?"

"She gives the biggest parties in Washington. Celebrities served up like hors d'oeuvres."

"I rather got that idea," Ruth said. "I think I was supposed to be more impressed than I was. I think I was supposed to work myself to death for an invitation."

Lewis stretched out on the floor, Ricky on his stomach. "How about working yourself to death to serve dinner?" He had dismissed Irene Gaines, forgotten about her completely. Ruth wished she could do it so easily.

"If she goes after important people," Ruth said to Lewis at dinner, "I don't see why she should bother with us."

Lewis grinned. "Don't worry," he said. "She won't."

But a week later Irene Gaines called to invite them to dinner. A small dinner, just a few friends they might enjoy meeting. Black tie. Shall we say eightish?

Edith was there. Ruth turned from the phone. "Do you know Irene Gaines?" she asked.

"Good Lord," Edith said. "The elegant Mrs. Gaines, the charming hostess, patroness of the arts, noted for her chic and beauty? The rich, influential Mrs. Gaines? That harpy?"

"She's a distant relative of my father's," Ruth said limply. "She wants us to come to dinner."

"G'wan Home Your Mudder's Calling" Lyric by Ralph Freed; music by Sammy Fain. Copyright 1945 Leo Feist, Inc. Used by special permission Copyright Proprietor.

"Well!" Edith said with exaggerated vim. "Congratulations. You're in. Let us not ask into what."

"I take it you don't like her."

"In a word—a polite word—no, I don't," Edith said. Her tone was dry. She spoke as if reading from a dossier.

"She began as a paid companion to a wealthy, sick old woman with the incredible name of Mrs. Foster-Fish. Mrs. Foster-Fish was thoughtless enough to die without leaving her any money, but while she lived she did trot Irene all over Europe and introduce her to a lot of rich people. Irene then made a career of being a charming house guest—until she managed to marry Pinckney Gaines. Pinckney is a member of the Virginia huntin'-and-shootin' set, and an impressive figure on a horse. But stand him beside the horse and he doesn't show up so well. The newlyweds started out with the ancestral acres near Warrenton and a small, smart house in Washington. Irene's idea—Pinc has never been known to have one. Now she's the leading unofficial hostess of the city. Everyone adores her because they'd damn well better—she's one of the most malicious and meddling women on earth and gets her exercise tearing reputations to shreds."

Ruth couldn't help laughing. "Oh, Edith, honestly. She can't be that bad."

Edith gave a wry grin. "All right," she said. "Perhaps I got wound up. But I don't like her type, and her type is entirely too plentiful in this town."

Perversely, Ruth felt less nervous about Irene Gaines after Edith's blast. It had made her sound colorful. She began to look forward to the dinner party. She had a hard time finding a baby sitter and it was only the day before the party that Rose-Marie Botts, a fat, mournful high-school girl, was located and engaged. Ruth had two dinner dresses, one black and the other rose-colored chiffon. Lewis preferred the black dress; Ruth decided regretfully to wear it. She always felt rusty in black.

"Maybe I look better in the black, but I *feel* better in the pink," she said to Lewis, who was pitching about violently in his top drawer trying to find cuff links. A howl came from the kitchen where Rose-Marie was feeding Ricky his dinner. "That's all right, he doesn't have to eat all the carrots," Ruth yelled. She felt rushed but festive.

"We'll try to get home early," Ruth said encouragingly.

Rose-Marie evidently did not believe a word. She looked like a martyr.

Ruth ran out to the car. Lewis slammed the doors and started off with a jolt. "Vivacious type, that child," he said.

The rush of the last hour had left

them both feeling breathless and hilarious. Ruth giggled and brushed at the crumbs Bobby and Ricky, with their farewell hugs, had left on her shoulder. "Don't complain. She only charges thirty-five cents an hour."

"All right, baby," Lewis said. "Another crack like that and I'll toss you out of the car."

"Try it."

"Don't be kittenish." He grinned and patted her hand.

"Lewis—don't you be—watch out, the way you're driving!"

There was a brief, happy scuffle. Ruth settled back and smoothed her hair. "We could have had a wreck," she said.

"But in such a worthy cause," Lewis retorted.

Ruth laughed again. She had not thought of the dinner party or of Irene Gaines, and so had had no time to become shy. They stopped before a square, brick house, shrouded and indistinct in the dark, and Lewis ran her up the stairs quickly and pinched her just before the butler opened the door. She struggled to appear quiet and sedate, although she felt nothing of the kind.

Standing there in the hallway, her cheeks were glowing and her eyes shone; her hair was the color of caramel in the light. She looked fresh and young and very pretty.

Irene came toward them, her voice like a flute. She wore a black dress, distinctive as a Parisian accent, tight to her thin waist, the skirt intricately draped to her figure from there.

"Ruth, dear," she said like a benediction, and drew her forward.

Drinks were being served in the library. A fire blazed on the wide, low hearth, and the flames cast amber shadows on the paneled walls, the muted colors of books and the dull sheen of a piano, the silver and gold of prize cups lined across the mantel. Ruth found herself with a drink in her hand, sitting next to a man who was attractive and dapper, with deep wrinkles around his eyes when he smiled.

He smiled at Ruth. His smile changed his face, made him appear old, but suddenly kind and confidential. "I'm Nelson James," he said. "I've heard a great deal of favorable comment about Mr. Dabney. But I hadn't heard that he had such a charming wife."

It was obvious flattery, but Ruth felt her spirits rise. She liked Nelson James immediately.

"Of course, I suppose you find Washington very exciting," he was saying, and the way he said it made her feel like the belle of the ball.

At dinner, she found herself seated

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next to Nelson James. He was an engaging companion. He laughed and smiled and listened attentively to her every word and gave her brief outlines on the other guests—a special envoy to one of the Balkan states . . . a well-publicized senator then conducting an investigation . . . a French countess.

The light from the chandelier shone like sparks from a cluster of diamonds and the wine glasses before Ruth turned into prisms. All the men at the table seemed handsome and all the women beautiful. Ruth drank a good deal of wine and tried to keep the squab from skidding off her plate. She glowed under Mr. James's compliments. By the time she was sitting on a damask chair in the drawing room, an incredibly thin and gold-edged demitasse in her hand, and the countess next to her asking if she didn't find Washington very exciting, she felt as though she were floating on a satin wave.

Nelson James and Lewis, after-dinner coffee cups in their hands, were talking in a corner. Lewis was laughing, but there was a frown between his eyes. Ruth tried to catch his attention and then sat back. She was beginning to feel sleepy, and she had no one beside her.

Lewis came over and touched her shoulder. "Let's leave," he said.

Ruth was suddenly glad to be going home. She pressed Lewis' hand hard.

"Darling," she said as they went to the car, "did you like it? Did you have a good time?"

"Fine," Lewis said with a lusty yawn.

"I saw you talking to Nelson James," she said. "I liked him better than anyone else there. He was very nice to me."

"He was nice to me, too," Lewis said with a touch of sarcasm. "That's his job, darling. Don't be naïve."

"What do you mean, his job? And what do you mean, naïve?"

"He's a lobbyist for the Brown-King Corporation."

"Well, I still don't see—"

"The Brown-King Corporation has a large government contract for airport construction. The construction appropriation might very possibly have to be enlarged, and if it does, the Brown-King Corporation would naturally like to have the Air Transportation Committee report out favorably." Lewis sighed. "And since I am on the Air Transportation Committee, Mr. James marks me for a friend. Odd how these things work out."

"You make him sound so sinister," Ruth complained. "I suppose he shook hands with a bribe in his palm."

Lewis chuckled. "Don't ruffle your feathers so, Ruthie. It's all right if

you like Nelson James. But the point is this: if the question of enlarging the appropriation does come up before the committee, I prefer to make up my own mind as to how I'll vote. I won't need Nelson James."

It was only a little after midnight when they returned. Ruth felt a sudden letdown as she went around turning off the lights, for it struck her that the rooms looked small and dingy.

"All right, Cinderella," she said to herself. "Your house does not have chandeliers and winding stairways. Countesses and diplomats do not come to dine. Too bad. So sad."

But she couldn't help saying, before she went to sleep, "Lew, I'll bet

Max was by no means bad—but he could be very annoying. One day he exasperated his mother almost to the point of tears. She lectured him severely, then sent him to his room to "think things over."

He soon reappeared, smiling. "I've thought things over," he announced, "an' I prayed."

His mother was greatly moved. "That's a good boy," she said tenderly. "That will help you to mind Mother."

"Oh," explained Max, "I didn't ask God to help me mind better. I just asked Him to please help you put up with me."

—Webb B. Garrison

you didn't even try to find a house in Georgetown."

Lewis turned over without answering. She knew what he would have said. He would have pointed out that it would have cost three times as much and that he'd rather be able to send the difference to a fund to feed starving children anyway.

"I had a wonderful time tonight," she said, argumentatively now, and kicking him a little to make him answer. "Wouldn't you love to live like that? I mean, not considering anything else?"

"God forbid," he said sleepily.

"Isn't Irene Gaines glamorous? Why, tonight she was—"

"I think I've a fair idea of what she is. She's an interesting curiosity. It's amazing to see how carefully some people empty their lives, and to what lengths the emptiness drives them once it's accomplished. But they're people you want to see only once."

She sat up straight in bed. "Are you raving?"

"No, I'm just warning you that Irene Gaines is a good woman to stay away from. Forget about her, Ruthie. She's way out of your league. And it's

not a league you would want to attempt, Sweet."

The next morning at breakfast, lingering over coffee and the paper, Irene's name caught her eye. She stopped and read the column carefully.

"The Social Side" was the title, and under it, the byline: "By Birdie Blackwell." The style was high-speed chatter; it was almost as though you could hear Birdie Blackwell breathing. "Glimpsed among the crush of those attending the French Impressionist show at the National Gallery—Madame Bonnet in the most *ravishing* dress, teal-blue with the longest skirt yet—Helen Gahagan Douglas, looking like a hint of spring in. . . ."

But the next paragraph interested Ruth more.

"Tips to newcomers—" it said, "to tell if you've *really* arrived in Washington: IF you know at least one Cabinet Member, IF you are a member of. . . ." Ruth skipped to the last line. "IF you're invited to one of Mrs. Pinckney Gaines's select little dinners. . . ."

Ruth tore out the clipping and stuck it between the pages of the scrapbook her mother had given her when she left Benham.

She found herself wondering, with what she said was merely an academic interest, if Irene Gaines would invite them again. And the next week, when Edith Cohn came out to dinner, she said, "I think you were all wrong about Irene. That night we went to dinner, she was very nice."

But Edith seemed little interested in Irene Gaines. She was helping Ruth clear the table, working fast and with unnecessary energy, the way she did everything.

"Lewis makes quite an operetta of putting the children to bed, doesn't he?" she said. Sounds from the bathroom indicated that he was bathing Ricky and singing lustily.

She stopped for a moment, and then said abruptly. "Did I ever tell you about the time Lewis rescued me? One day, coming home from school, a couple of kids ganged up on me. Lewis came along and beat hell out of them. Then he bawled me out for being a sissy and bought me a soda."

Ruth said, "M-hm," and sprinkled soap powder lavishly and sneezed. "By the way," she said, "I saw your mother before we left home and she gave me the impression that you were in the midst of a romance."

"Hardly that. She's thinking of Wiley Rainey. He's editor of the News-Times. He's a nice guy. But Mother's a little cloudy about the details—Wiley's separated from his

wife, but not divorced. There's not much to it, I'm afraid."

"You ought to fall in love with him," Ruth said. "Or with somebody. Haven't you ever been in love?"

Edith smiled at her, a slow, teasing smile, Ruth thought. "I guess you might say I have."

"Was he anyone I ever heard of?" Ruth asked eagerly.

"How could you?" Edith was still smiling, but the smile was remote. "It was Lancelot," she said. "But I wasn't very good at being Elaine. You know me. I was never one to sicken and die for lack of love."

Lewis came in, his shirt damp from Ricky's splashing. "Feminine chatter?"

"Just talking," Edith said hastily. "By the way, Lew, I read a report on Greece the other day and I wanted to ask you—"

They moved out of the kitchen. Ruth heard them settle down in the living room, talking, interrupting each other.

Ruth thumped the last of the pots and pans down on the sink. She always felt out of the situation when Edith and Lewis were talking this way. I can chime in, she thought with a darting resentment, when they talk about inflation. I can give them the housewife's point of view. But I don't think there is any housewife's point of view about Greece, so I might as well stay in here and scour the sink.

She wrung out the dish cloth as though she were twisting someone's neck.

"All right," Lewis was saying when Ruth came in. "I don't deny that point. You don't have to beat it to death. Relax, Bubbles." Lewis often called Edith "Bubbles." He had for years and Edith loved it. The name had something to do with an old joke between them, Ruth knew. What she didn't know was why this had suddenly begun to annoy her.

As soon as Edith had gone Lewis asked if Ruth were tired. "You sounded pretty cross tonight," he said concernedly.

She thought he wasn't going to say anything more but he looked up and smiled at her. "You haven't been having much fun, have you, Ruthie? It's my fault. I get busy and forget a lot of things. But I don't forget you."

She put her head on his shoulder, and he stroked her hair. "Poor old Mama," he said. He was very sweet and tender, but still that was an unfortunate choice of words to use to one who yearned to feel gay and bright and pampered by life.

But Ruth hadn't much chance to feel that way for some time. She continued to keep up her scrapbook; for the most part she pasted in clippings

mentioning Lewis and some of Edith's columns.

And then Irene Gaines called again. "I've been trying to get in touch with you, dear. I hear the most marvelous things about Lewis. I know you both must be rushed to death. . . ."

"Well, Lewis has been terribly busy," Ruth said. It was nice of Irene to call again when there was no reason for her to bother; it was nice of her to be complimentary about Lewis. Damn it, she didn't care what Edith said, she *liked* Irene Gaines.

"Do you think you can manage to lunch with me tomorrow?" Irene asked, and Ruth, making an effort to sound as though she were throwing several engagements to the winds, said she was sure she could manage.

The lunch was delicious, served in a small, white-walled room, all green and gold with flowers and sunlight. Irene was very amusing. She spoke with engaging frankness, leaning forward, her hands moving in the crisp gestures so characteristic of her, her voice light and melodic. The atmosphere between them grew intimate. "Really, darling," Irene said with an air of confession, "I can't tell you what a wonderful surprise you are. When you first called, I thought to myself, How hellish, what will I do with the child, a minister's daughter from that dull little town? She'll probably expect group hymn singing."

Ruth was very pleased. "Everyone has the worst idea about minister's children," she said. "Sometimes I feel I should enter parties doing the can-can so people will know they can relax around me."

"An amusing thought—but hardly necessary! You've no idea how many compliments you've had from people you met here the other evening." She bent forward and patted Ruth's hand. "Do you remember Nelson? He thought you were charming."

"I thought he was," Ruth said, happy but embarrassed.

"He's a dear. I've known him since the world began," Irene said. "He deals a good bit with Lewis' committee—he represents Brown-King, you know. From the other night I'd gather that we're all very congenial and I've thought that perhaps we should get together again soon. The four of us. Pinc is always so bored with quiet, friendly evenings, and besides, he'll be off to Aiken in a day or two. I really think Lewis would enjoy Nelson."

Ruth was still embarrassed but no longer happy. ("Of course he was nice to me," Lewis had said. "That's his job, darling. Don't be naïve.") She looked away from Irene.

"It sounds wonderful," she said lamely. "But—it's hard to plan any-



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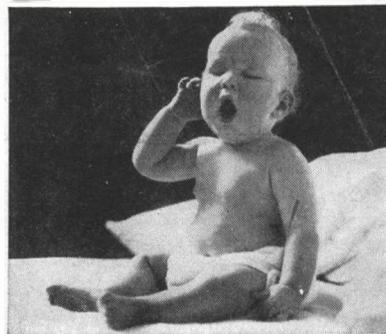
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thing. I never know when Lewis will want to stay home at night and work on something. . . ."

"Oh, of course," Irene said easily, but her eyes flickered. "Darling, don't sit there drinking that coffee so meekly. It's stone cold. I'll have Martino bring some more in just a moment. There's someone at the door. . . . Why, Nelson! Speak of the devil!"

He dropped his coat and hat on a chair and turned to Ruth. "Why, hello, so good to see you. How is your husband? And the children?" He sat down beside her and lit a cigarette. "You know, I was thinking of you the other evening. You remember what you told me about liking French food—well, I found a very good spot last night. New little place, not much to look at, but the *coq au vin*—"

Ruth very seldom felt that she was the center of attraction; she was feeling it now, from both Nelson James and Irene, and it was a new and heady sensation. Nelson had fresh coffee, and when he finished it he persuaded Ruth to have more with him. Martino brought in little sandwiches, and suddenly it was five o'clock.

Ruth got home just before Lewis. Under Rose-Marie Botts' limp guidance, the boys had wrecked the house and Ruth had time only to manage an uninteresting meal from cans and warmed-up leftovers. But she felt gay and unsubdued. "Irene wants us to come to a party a week from Monday," she told Lewis, "and Nelson James is giving a cocktail party this Saturday. Don't we sound like social butterflies?"

"An awful thought," Lewis said. "I hope you got out of it. I'm pretty rushed. And you know how I feel about James, anyway."

Ruth looked astonished. "Oh, stop sounding so suspicious. He's probably asked ten million other people to his party. It doesn't mean anything."

Lewis frowned. "Did you read the paper yesterday? Pearson's column? He thinks Morrissey is going to demand an investigation of the Brown-King contract. Morrissey's on the Air Transportation Committee with me and he can throw his weight around plenty. I don't wonder that Nelson James is starting to operate."

"Oh, Morrissey," Ruth said contemptuously. He was a veteran congressman from a district near Benham, and a strong spokesman for the Henny machine. He had attacked Lewis violently during the campaign and was still out to get him. "All he does is scream for investigations."

"He'd like to do a few other things," Lewis said, smiling abruptly. "Such as getting me out in the next election. But on this Brown-King contract, I think he's right about not enlarging the appropriation. It looks as though there's been gross inefficiency somewhere. The airports are hardly under construction and yet Brown-King wants an increased appropriation."

Ruth stopped short. "You're not going to take sides with Morrissey?"

After all those speeches he made about you? Lew Dabney, you must be crazy."

Lewis stretched back, his hands behind his head, and looked at her. He grinned. "Look," he said. "If Morrissey takes the same stand I do about the Brown-King contract, I'm not going to change my vote just because I don't like him."

Ruth felt that they had wandered off the point entirely. "I still don't see why we have to be so silly about Nelson's cocktail party," she said stubbornly.

"Very easy. I don't want to waste any time with Nelson James. I don't think the Brown-King contract has been handled well and I'll vote against the appropriation. I'm not implying that James isn't operating

legitimately, but I might as well save him the trouble of throwing a lot of charm and drinks at me."

Ruth's voice turned cold. "It's all very well for you; you're out all day, seeing people—but I'm sick of sitting at home!"

"Now look here, old girl," Lewis said. He always called her "old girl" when he was angry and trying not to show it. "What's the trouble?"

"Nothing," she said. "You just make me so mad I could—" She tried to control her voice but she could hear it break. It was horrible and humiliating, but she always cried when she was good and mad.

Lewis sighed. "All right," he said. "I'll compromise by going to Irene Gaines's party if you'll forget about the James affair."

Ruth found herself forgetting in the swirl of anticipation over Irene's invitation. She bought a new dress, shuddering at the cost but enchanted with its effect. Then she began to realize how much she needed to go with it. A bag, some rhinestone clips, some really decent perfume. She fought back a guilty feeling. There was no reason to behave as though she and Lewis were paupers. It occurred to her for the first time that, after all, she had a position to maintain.

The party turned out to be one of the largest Mrs. Pinckney Gaines gave that season and Birdie Blackwell devoted her entire column to it next morning, using the words "brilliant" and "glittering" so often that a casual reader might well have thought that she was describing a jewelry display. The names of Representative and Mrs. Lewis Dabney appeared in the guest list, a position well below the salt, since news of with whom they had been seen chatting and what Mrs. Dabney wore was not included. Fortunately, Ruth was not aware of this subtle indication of her rank. She had always said, agreeing with Lewis, that such things meant little to her. "When a group takes as its pride and point the mere fact that it is exclusive—" Lewis had said, "when you're proud to get in mainly because others are kept out—well, then it strikes me as ridiculous. It reminds me of children whose only idea of playing is to grab up all the toys from the other kids."

But to Ruth there was little connection between that remark and the world of Irene Gaines. The Gaines world was a special thing in itself, so very different from the home-town social life she was used to—the church-basement jollities of the Young People's League, the Halloween dance at the country club, the political dinners given among forests of tables and frail gilt chairs in hotel banquet rooms. Irene Gaines's house reflected

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not only money but taste and distinction, the food and liquor excellent and served by servants so deft and noiseless that they seemed like genii, the guests already familiar through the press and newsreels of the world. Entering that house with Lewis, Ruth felt that after years as a humble spectator, pushed back with the rest of the crowd, she was finally entering her milieu. This was Washington—and the center of its stage—and here she was. She talked to a delegate to the United Nations, she smiled at a confidential adviser to the President, an ambassador and an admiral stood near by, someone murmured a greeting in Spanish, someone else replied in French, a Cabinet member was pushed against her and spilled some of her champagne.

She moved toward Lewis and felt something slip beneath her heel. Bending down, she found a diamond ring, the stone as large as a headlight, lying wedged between the rug and the floor. She picked it up and looked around for Irene. She seized Lewis' arm.

"I found a diamond ring," she whispered. "What shall I do?"

He eyed her glass of champagne and grinned. "Hock it," he advised. The grin faded when she opened her hand and he saw the diamond in her palm. He put his hand under her elbow and steered her rapidly across the room to Irene.

"Look what I found," Ruth said breathlessly. Irene smiled.

"Fudge," she said to the woman beside her, "isn't this yours?"

Ruth turned. The woman was old, square and stout, sheathed in black velvet and silver lamé. She lifted her eyebrows, thrust out her hands and studied the fingers. "One, two, three," she said, "four, five—I distinctly remember I had six. Of course it's mine!"

Ruth had some more champagne. A prince lit her cigarette and behind her someone was saying, "With this penny-watching Congress they won't appropriate more than four million—"

Irene moved Ruth toward another group. They paused at the end of the drawing room, near the musicians. They were dressed in uniforms with gold braid and were playing Viennese waltzes.

"You were so sweet about the ring," Irene murmured. "Fudge liked you on sight. She wants me to bring you to a tea of hers next week. You'll like her, she's absolutely fantastic." She turned her head slightly and tightened an earring. "Will you be at Nelson's little thing next Saturday?"

Damn, Ruth said silently. Aloud she said, "I was looking forward to it—but Lewis—Lewis has to work all

week end. I'm afraid we won't be able to make it."

Irene's eyes were a very clear hazel. Like doll's eyes, they never seemed to blink. "Oh, that's too bad," she said.

Damn, damn, damn, Ruth thought. Lewis had made her so self-conscious about Nelson that she couldn't handle anything. Her lame excuse made it very obvious that Ruth wanted to go but that Lewis did not.

Then Irene smiled. "Well," she said, "I hope you won't hide yourself in Arlington, darling. And I hope you can make Fudge's tea."

Miss Fanny Slaughter, "Fudge" to her intimates (a select group of ten thousand, Edith Cohn said acidly), reigned side by side with Irene Gaines as leading party-giver of the unofficial set, but where Irene's parties were most often called "distinguished," Miss Slaughter's were referred to as "fabulous." They were—and so was she.

Long after Ruth arrived at Miss Slaughter's crowded house the following week, the hostess put down her tea to ask, "Irene, where's the child who found my ring?"

"Darling, you've been talking to her for the last half hour," Irene said.

They spoke as if Ruth were not there. Fanny Slaughter smiled at Ruth. In her shapeless velvet dress and array of diamonds, she looked oddly like a primitive idol, but still warm, comfortable, likeable. "You should wear your hair pulled back," she said to Ruth. "You don't need all that hair around your face. You have a pretty nose."

And then she turned to someone else.

Ruth sat alone at her end of the sofa and regarded the empty cup in her hand. She heard someone say, "Well, hello," but she did not look up; it was impossible that she would know anyone but Irene Gaines in this gathering. But whoever it was said, "You're looking very pretty, Ruth. That's a most becoming dress." She glanced up and saw Nelson James.

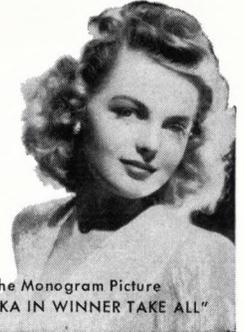
"And how have you been?" he asked, sitting down beside her. "Did your older little boy get the measles?"

He always remembered what she'd said to him before, even the slightest remark. It made the conversation very easy and gave it a confidential air. It did not seem strange that he should call her by her first name. She found herself thinking of him as Nelson and regarding him as an old friend.

"Oh, it turned out to be just a rash with an exotic name," she said. "It's called Rosiola."

Nelson grinned. "Rosiola," he hummed, "in the clovah. . ."

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Ruth began to laugh. "That's a terrible pun," she said.

He laughed with her. "I enjoy nothing more than terrible puns," he said. He put her teacup down for her and handed her a cigarette. "I was sorry not to see you and your husband last Saturday," he said.

Ruth colored. She started to burst into explanations. When she was embarrassed she had a tendency to explain too much. But Nelson saved her by going on. "How is Lewis finding things up on the Hill?" he asked.

"About the same," Ruth said. She braced herself for discreet questions from Nelson on the Air Transportation Committee and Lewis' views on the Brown-King contract. They did not come. The argument with Lewis had made her unfairly suspicious of Nelson. He was merely inquiring politely about her husband.

Irene came up then and bent down toward Ruth and Nelson. "Fudge has a collection of utter bores here today, don't you think? Let's escape—just the three of us."

They took their leave and got into a cab. "You're both coming to my house for a moment," Irene said. "I won't have any argument. Ruth, did you meet Bunny Fordwallston there? There's the most wonderful story about Bunny—you tell it, Nelson, you do it so well. . . ."

The three of them were crowded into the back seat of the cab. Ruth was crushed against the soft fur of Irene's coat and the scent of Irene's perfume hung luxuriously in the air. They were all talking and laughing together. There was a hot-house feeling of intimacy. Ruth remembered the time as a child when she and two other children had banded together to form a secret club. They had passwords and a secret meeting place and they tried to sign documents in blood. The club finally had dissolved because they were never able to think of any secret good enough to justify the secrecy, but while it lasted they had a fine time. Ruth now felt something of the atmosphere of those meetings. But this time there was a secret.

Nelson put her into a cab when she left. She'd stayed too late again—it was dark and the stars were out—and she found when the cab had gone two blocks that she'd left her purse. Leaving the cab waiting, she dashed up the steps, found the door ajar and did not bother to knock. At first she did not see her purse. I could have sworn I left it on the hall table, she thought. I'll call Irene, perhaps she—

Ruth had not moved but her eyes had grown accustomed to the unlit hallway. The library door was partly open. Nelson's dark head, Irene

Gaines's pale gold hair. Irene's voice was low, barely a whisper. "Nelson, you hurt me, my earring . . . that's better . . . that's much better. . . ."

"This week end?"

"Perhaps the next. . . ."

Ruth saw her purse on a near-by chair, picked it up and shut the front door carefully as she left. It was very fitting. The final fillip, the perfect touch of intrigue. Irene Gaines, so small, so elegant, so calm. Madame la Comtesse. Nelson James, the deft, the self-assured, slightly mysterious. The lover. Pinckney Gaines, wealthy, red-faced, a bore. The oafish husband. "Locate your purse, lady?" the cab driver asked.

Ruth looked at him with a start. She had been staring at the Gaines house. She might have been interrupted while deep in a romantic novel.

Through Irene she saw a good deal

The trouble with women today is that they use face powder instead of baking powder as the foundation for a home.

—Nellie B. Stull, Pres.
and Founder of the Widows
and Widowers Club.

of Nelson James. He was not often at Irene's parties—Ruth could understand all this now and understanding made her feel rather deep and mysterious herself—but he often came in during the afternoons.

"I think he's very nice," she said to Lewis. "Do you know something, he used to know F. Scott Fitzgerald?"

"Well," Lewis said. "That changes the whole picture." They were not quarreling, but they were not quite good-humored. "Why mention him?" Lewis asked.

"Oh, I just happened to see him at Fanny Slaughter's, and he was telling me about Fitzgerald—" She felt that it wouldn't be fair to go any farther. It was not that she was keeping anything from Lewis. But if she said much, if he thought that Nelson and Irene were together so much, he might guess. . . .

"Has that appropriation come up yet?"

Lewis looked a little surprised. "Appropriation—you mean, for the airport contracts? Brown-King? No, I don't think the question will come up before the next session."

They were at dinner. "Try some of this strawberry jam," Ruth said. "Your mother made it. Are you still opposed?"

"To the jam or the appropriation? I like the jam. I don't think there's any justification for an enlarged appropriation."

Ruth took a muffin. She looked at Lewis. "I wonder if Nelson James knows that you're against it?"

"I'm sure he does. I've stated my views. Why all this interest?"

"Well," Ruth said lightly, "it's—well, I do think Nelson James is very nice and—sometimes I can't help feeling self-conscious. I mean, he must know that you don't—"

"Look here," Lewis said. His face was angry. "I've told you before that James means nothing to me."

"Well," Ruth said, "I'll be glad when the vote on the appropriation is over and done with."

"There's a lot more I'd be glad to see over with," Lewis said. "And, believe me, it has nothing to do with the appropriation."

"Oh, for Lord's sake," Ruth said. "Just because I'm having a good time for a change!" She pushed her food away. She didn't want to quarrel. She was having a marvelous time under Irene Gaines's guidance and she wanted to be left alone to enjoy it.

Outwardly her life was much the same. On Tuesdays and Thursdays Ruth and Bobby and Ricky picked up Lewis at his office, and on Thursdays Edith Cohn came out to dinner. Edith brought surprises for the children and called herself their maiden aunt. "They'll loathe me in years to come," she said. "I intend to advise them on their romances and criticize their behavior in college."

How about advice on your romance?" Ruth said. She had met Wiley Rainey at lunch with Edith one day, and she liked him.

"Rather stagnant at the moment," Edith said, in a way that closed the subject.

It seemed the same, but even so there was a feeling of change. After dinner there was political talk between Lewis and Edith. Ruth sat by, no longer resentful at feeling left out, trying only not to look sleepy. She had stopped feeling guilty about her lack of interest. "It's notorious," Irene Gaines said, "that there is nothing most people in Washington know less about than politics."

Edith had toned down her remarks, but she still mentioned Irene Gaines with a distinct lack of approbation. "Her group," she once said to Ruth, "can hardly be classified as legitimate Washington society. There's the official set and the diplomatic set and the cliff-dwellers. And operating on these, as a sort of fungus growth, is a large social group, of which Mrs. Gaines is a notably luxuriant specimen."

Ruth was not bothered by Edith's words. The truth was, she did not

care. For the first time in her life, Ruth felt that she belonged to a clique, a real group—and she had never dared imagine it would be such a group as this. Fanny Slaughter. The French countess, who ran a small dress shop on Connecticut Avenue. Stiffy, the only son of a Texas oil man, lately gone into politics. The former tennis champion who had married the Danish princess. It was impossible to classify such a group, but they all gave parties and, because of Irene Gaines, they invited Ruth.

More and more often, Rose-Marie Botts was engaged for the evening. Lewis was very often difficult. He was tired, he was too busy, he flatly refused to go. "For the life of me," he said in an irritated manner which was becoming habitual, "I can't see what you get out of this continual rat race."

Ruth did not explain. All she knew was that life was happy and exciting and gay. Sometimes, walking down the broad, tree-lined avenues of Washington in the first bright spring days, she felt a little giddy, as though she held the city in the palm of her hand.

"Oh, don't be such a wet blanket," she said to Lewis. "Anyway, you like Fanny Slaughter. You said you did."

"I didn't say I admired her," Lewis said, jerking at his tie. "She's a greedy old tramp, but she's honest. She's lived within her code. But the others—Irene Gaines, your current dream girl—are not even that. They're the best bunch of international bums you'd meet in a day's march."

"I don't criticize your friends," Ruth said coldly.

It was always such a relief to be with Irene Gaines, without Lewis around to look bored and wrathful. In the lazy afternoons at Irene's Georgetown house, people were always dropping in for drinks and gossip, and it was all very pleasant, with sandwiches on a table and Martino moving about, emptying ash trays and bringing in silver pails of ice.

Ruth gave the ice in her glass a little swish. "I'll have to leave early today," she told Irene. "Lewis likes to find me at home when he gets there."

Irene sat back. "I find that rather a childish attitude," she said, and added quickly, "for someone as—as intelligent as Lewis. After all, when he's so busy. Nelson's been up at the Hill a good bit lately. He hasn't said whether or not he's seen Lewis. The charges about the Brown-King Corporation that Morrissey's been making—well, you know. So utterly ridiculous. Lewis couldn't possibly agree, could he?"

"We were talking about that just the other night," Ruth said.

"Oh?" Irene waited a moment. "I

should think," she said, "it would be quite unfortunate for Lewis—politically, I mean—to side with Morrissey on such a public issue. I understand that Lewis' party actually favors an increase in the appropriation."

"That's just what I was telling Lewis," Ruth said eagerly, and hardly with accuracy. She liked to agree with Irene Gaines. "But Lewis can be terribly stubborn. You haven't any idea."

"I like stubborn men," Irene said, smiling gently. "But I find it hard to believe that he's stubborn with you. Nelson and I were talking, and I said to him, it's so touching, I've never known a more devoted couple than you and Lewis."

Remembering their last quarrel, Ruth felt a pang. "Of course I can talk to you," she said hastily, hearing Martino going to the door. "But I don't feel that I should say anything to Nelson about Lewis' committee work. Not that I'd say anything I shouldn't, but I'm afraid that Lewis wouldn't—"

"I know," Irene said, nodding. "By the way," she added. "there's that benefit luncheon at the Statler next Friday. I've made up a table and I'm counting on you."

"Oh, Lord!" Ruth cried, suddenly remembering. "Irene, I can't think how I forgot to tell you, but Lewis has to go to New York this week end and I'm going with him."

"New York?" Irene echoed, with a slight rising inflection. "This week end?" She stopped and looked down at her hands again. Her eyes narrowed in a look of speculation and appraisal. "Well, Ruth, just possibly—"

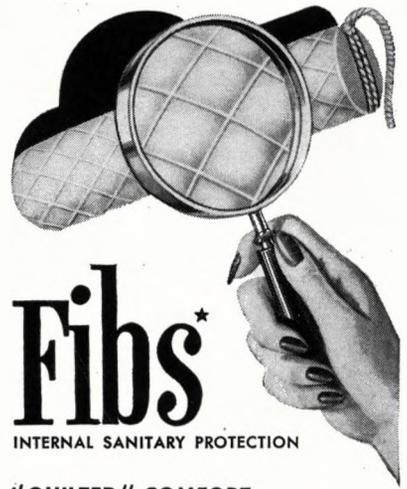
People were coming in and she rose to greet them. "Be sure to talk to me later," she murmured, and went toward the door.

Nelson had come in. He came over to Ruth. "I'd hoped you'd be here," he said. "You look as though you're thinking very seriously. Don't you know that's against the house rules?"

Ruth smiled up at him. "As a matter of fact," she said, "I was thinking about Irene."

"She's an amazing woman," he said, and again Ruth caught, as she had before, a puzzling tone. Nelson often said that Irene was amazing. And Irene was always saying that Nelson was a marvelous friend, she didn't know what she'd do without him. Publicly they were very discreet, but they seemed not to care if Ruth knew they were lovers. And yet, especially when they said kind things about each other, something crept into their voices, something not quite kind, not quite pleasant. . . .

"Irene was telling me that you have a daughter," Ruth said, wondering even as she pronounced the words why



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she was mentioning it. "I didn't know you ever were married."

Nelson looked as though he found this rather entertaining. "My dear," he said lightly, "I still am." He let his smile fade into regret. "My family lives in California. Helene—my wife—suffers terribly from sinus and the climate here is impossible for her."

He spoke as a devoted husband, but he didn't ask Ruth to believe him.

It was as if they were sharing a private joke. So much of his conversation had that quality, and its flattery was irresistible. No matter what he said to Ruth, his tone implied that it was just between the two of them, he wouldn't be saying it to anyone else but she would understand because they were such great friends and could enjoy it together.

Ruth leaned back. She felt very tired and soon she would have to start home. Lewis had the car; the trip would involve two streetcars and a bus. She could, of course, take a taxi. But the fare would be two dollars and she was having so much trouble with money lately. She didn't want Lewis to know. He could be so darned unfair.

"You're looking serious again," she heard Nelson say. "Is this your contemplative hour?"

Ruth sighed. Perhaps she shouldn't . . . but that was something else she liked about Nelson, she felt that she could say anything to him. "I was just wondering," she said, "how much it must cost to live like this." Her gesture included everything in sight. "How does Pinckney Gaines—well, I know he's a rich man, but it looks to me as though this would take all the money in the world."

Nelson glanced up quickly. His expression jarred Ruth for a moment. Then he chuckled and lit a cigarette. "Pinc is quite comfortably endowed with funds," he said, and then changed the subject.

When she was ready to leave, Ruth found Irene in the hall, talking to Bunny Fordwallston. "Wasn't there something you wanted to tell me, Irene? I thought you said—"

"Yes, I did, but there's such a mob and I haven't had time to see Nelson yet—"

"Nelson?"

Irene brought her whole attention to Ruth. She turned away from Bunny and her hands moved together in a gesture of mock despair. "Ruth, I'm impossible! I was thinking of what Bunny and I were saying about Nelson. All I wanted to be sure to tell you, dear, is that you're not to worry about the luncheon I mentioned. I'm not sure myself that I'll be going. But I'll call you. Have fun in New York."

It was probably not Irene's fault that she was not convincing. But the afternoon left Ruth feeling unsettled. Irene had started to tell her something and then decided against it. And then that one quick, suspicious glance of Nelson's. Uneasiness stirred, like the first sensation of waking from a dream.

Irene did call the next morning. "Have fun in New York," she said again. "Where will you be staying? Pinc has some business to see about and I might run up with him if I feel like it. I doubt if I'll go, really, but I thought I'd mention it. . . ."

Ruth and Lewis arrived in New York on Friday morning. At noon Lewis had gone to keep an appointment and Ruth was washing her stockings when someone knocked at the door. Ruth went to answer it, cold cream on her face, wearing her

Think not the beautiful doings of thy soul shall perish unremembered; they abide forever, and the good thou doest nobly, truth and love approve. Each pure and gentle deed of mercy brings an honest recompense, and from it looms the sovereign knowledge of thy duty done, a joy beyond all dignities of earth.

—From the doorway of an old hospital in Philadelphia

old maroon wool bathrobe, and her hands wet and soapy.

It was Irene. "Darling!" she said. "How at home you look!" She sat, slim and straight in a smoke-gray suit, watching Ruth while she dressed. The star-shaped pin at her throat glittered, and her gloved fingers tapped the arm of the chair. "I hope you don't mind my just dropping in, but I'm so bored with Pinc attending to all this dull business. . . . I suppose Lewis is going to be busy almost every moment too, isn't he? Had you intended to do any shopping while you're here? I'm going to a showing this afternoon. It might be fun for you, do you want to come along?"

Ruth threw her robe into the closet and yanked a dress from a hanger. The contrast between her and Irene was always a little painful. "I'm afraid not," she said. "Looking at things I can't afford isn't much fun for me. It's no novelty."

"Oh, darling," Irene said in gentle reproach. She tilted her head and her eyes narrowed. "You know, you have a very good figure but you really don't dress to it. That blouse of yours, now."

She rose quickly, and, with surpris-

ingly competent hands, tucked back the bow at the neckline, slipped Ruth's jacket on her, stepped back, shook her head, pulled the bow out and tied it.

"I'm afraid there's nothing to be done with that blouse," she said. "But I would love to see you in—"

A pause. A contemplative look. A smile, a very engaging smile, and a brisk little clap on her hands. "Ruth, do come to the showing with me this afternoon! Darling, it would be so much fun for me! Clothes have been my major interest all my life and it would be so exciting to see you really blossom forth. In the right clothes, you'll be a dream. Don't you think that's a marvelous idea? And such a great favor to me, Ruth! I've been so bored, and you've seemed a little dispirited lately, I've noticed. It would be a tonic for both of us, a real shopping spree, I've grown so fond of you and it's—" her voice lowered—"well, it's always been rather a pang that I never had a daughter to dress and fuss over. Why don't we have a quick cocktail and just rush along?"

Irene's eyes were bright, her voice rapid, hurrying. They were both standing still in a spreading rectangle of sunlight from the narrow hotel window, but Ruth felt that she and Irene were whirling along, pushed by a strong current. She took a deep breath and tried to touch her way through the flow of words.

"Irene," she said, "that sounds so marvelous. But I told you, I simply can't think about it."

"Ruth, you're going to hurt me very much. This is my party, darling. I hate to talk about money. It's so unimportant, it distresses me. Aren't you fond of me, Ruth? Must you feel hesitant?"

This surrender was a luxury. Something light and shining, like a champagne bubble, rose within Ruth.

After the first awkward moment of acceptance, everything was so astonishingly easy. At Mrs. Gaines's request, models paraded, salesgirls hovered, designers appeared to suggest and advise. Ruth was pressed to make delightful choices: do you like this hat or the other one, dear . . . I think you look divine in the chiffon, do you want to try it . . . don't you think the whole thing simply cries for a clasp there?

a suit. Two dresses. Two hats. A dinner dress, straight from Paris.

Shoes, a bag, perfume. "Odds and ends," Irene said, dismissing them. It was hard to believe that money was involved. No price tags fluttering from sleeves. No charge slips signed. Simply a nod from Irene, a smile.

When the suit arrived, Ruth tried it on for Lewis. "Well," she said,

turning slowly, feeling very proud, "like it?"

If she had expected him to be impressed, she was disappointed. She realized, in one uncomfortable moment, that she had not thought how she expected Lewis to feel.

"Humm," he said. He had never paid any attention to her clothes. "That's fine. Been shopping?"

"I should say I have. Irene and I—"

She saw him frown at Irene's name. Lewis' face was very stern when he frowned. "Oh," he said. "She's in town, too? She behaves as though she's considering you for adoption."

Ruth was stung. "I got a good many things," she said. Surely that was not a lie. "Got," she'd said, instead of "bought." It was perfectly true.

"Well," Lewis said. "That's fine. If you didn't break the bank. Our expenses have been running too damn' high. I think we ought to go over things pretty soon."

Ruth heard the unsaid words scream through the silence. She muffled them frantically. It doesn't matter, there was no good reason why I shouldn't have . . . but Lewis has never liked Irene, he's very unfair about her. I'm not afraid to tell him, I'm only avoiding a bad quarrel.

She was trying to be patient and good-humored. But a quarrel developed, nevertheless. They were quarreling so much these days. . . .

"I hope you haven't made any more plans with Irene while we're here," Lewis said. "I don't think I can stomach much more of that female."

"Well, there is going to be a big dinner party tomorrow; it sounds very fancy. Oh, Lew," Ruth said, grimly patient. "It sounds wonderful. And there'll be so many people there, you won't have to see much of Irene. It's the mob sort of thing. I'm not even clear who's giving the party."

Lewis took off his tie with an impatient jerk. "Sometimes, I swear to God, I think I'll join the Mennonites. Don't they have religious scruples against these social messes? Look, Ruthie. Let's be by ourselves. Have a good dinner and go to a show."

Ruth looked disappointed and forlorn, standing there in her new suit. "You know how it'll end up! You'll want to come back to the hotel right after dinner and read the Times and go to sleep about nine! This was supposed to be a holiday!"

"All right," Lewis said wearily. "Okay. You win, Ruthie."

The dinner party was a lavish affair at one of the best hotels. There was a mob of guests, and the host turned out to be Nelson James.

"I didn't know," Ruth said. "I really didn't."

Lewis' indifference surprised her. "I didn't say I thought you did," he said. "You came to have a good time, so go ahead and have it. I'll sit here and try to keep the guests' elbows out of my soup." He really behaved very well. But the evening was not much fun. Lewis looked so tired. They didn't seem able to break away before two-thirty in the morning, and their train back to Washington left at nine. Ruth hoped that Lewis wouldn't ask her if she'd had a good time in New York. He didn't.

But he did ask about the bill for her clothes. Going over the check-books a few evenings later, he pushed away from the desk and said, "Where's the entry for those clothes you bought in New York, Ruth? I'm trying to figure our balance."

Now was the time to tell him. "Well . . ." she said, and then faltered. "I entered the check," she said, "in my checkbook. I don't know where it is right now. When I was unpacking, everything got so mixed up—"

"Just tell me the amount."

Her laugh sounded inane. "Well, I wrote a couple of checks—and then I decided not to get something—it's so mixed up, Lew, I can't remember, but I've got it all somewhere, and I'll try to straighten everything out."

Lewis stared down at the litter of bills and receipts on the desk. "You're not very clear," he said. "And these bills are in a hell of a mess. We're spending entirely too much money."

She jumped to the defense. "We can afford it!"

"It's not a question of what we can afford. There's the question of choice."

"Oh, yes," Ruth said. "And always your choice. Never mine!" She drew a furious breath. "For someone who believes so strongly in individual liberty, you certainly are dictatorial with me!"

Lewis spoke one word. He pronounced it very seldom, but then with harshness and perfect clarity.

"You haven't ever considered me!" She was rushing on; she had gone too far to stop. "It's always been you believe we should do this, you believe we should not do that. Is that fair?"

She was throwing the questions at him. "Ever since we've come to Washington you've been after me. You don't like Irene. You don't like to go to parties. You don't like that sort of life. Suppose I do? I don't have much, Lew. You have a full life outside our home. You have no right to demand—"

"I never realized, until now, that I was demanding anything from you," Lewis said. "I thought we were together."

He left her sitting there on the sofa,

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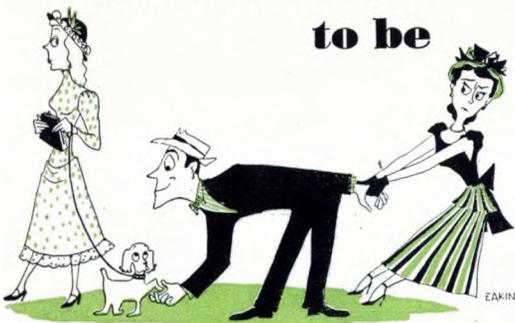
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It's normal to be jealous



by amy selwyn

WHO says women are more jealous than men? Not the experts who have studied the causes and effects of jealousy. Men and women, they divulge diplomatically, are equally jealous. And, they add, this is as it should be, for jealousy is a normal human emotion which all of us have.

The authorities are quick, however, to point out that jealousy can become abnormal, depending on how much it takes to incite it and what happens once it is aroused.

"Jealousy is unnatural or neurotic when it is out of all proportion to the danger in which a person actually is." That's the basic explanation of Dr. Karen Horney, chief of the American Association for the Advancement of Psychoanalysis. A woman who sees green because her husband ogles the woman next door might be said to be normally jealous. The woman who is abnormally jealous passes her hours in miserable self-torture, even though she has no proved cause. If her husband is innocently delayed at the office, she conjures up visions of his sleek blonde secretary. If he attends a weekly poker session at a friend's house, she telephones every hour to make sure he's really there.

People obsessed by excessive jealousy often say that "love" made them that way. The scientists agree that love is to blame—only it's self-love. The wife who steams open her husband's letters or maintains a suspicious vigil over her children acts thus because it makes her feel important and powerful.

Sometimes her aggressive, possessive behavior is a cover-up for a deep-lying sense of insecurity and inferiority. An inordinately jealous woman is usually a troubled, uncertain person who feels she has been short-changed on life's pleasures and treasures. To compensate for her helplessness, she develops an exaggerated sense of pride and possessiveness. She so distorts her normal relationships with people that she literally feels they are her personal property.

Actually, a very jealous person is conducting herself as a young child would, but in a child such behavior is quite normal. It's inevitable that a child regard his mother as a private possession and be resentful of others who receive her attentions. (Psychologist Lee E. Travis of the University of California has observed that jealousy is so indispensable to a youngster's development that a mother should be concerned if her child never shows jealousy.)

Investigators have noted too that typical outbursts of suspicion are most likely to occur when a woman is physically below par—and therefore most likely to feel sorry for herself. Statistically, women have been shown to be most jealous during menstruation and the menopause and during the weeks following childbirth.

No matter how immoderate her jealousy is, however, a woman (or a man, for that matter) may be completely oblivious of it. Of all the emotions we experience, jealousy is the one we conceal in the most extraordinary fashions. The result is that jealousy may manifest itself in ways ranging from dyspepsia and fainting spells to a poor complexion or a series of painful accidents.

Sometimes envy may be released in a manner completely painless to the afflicted person, through a neat device which psychologists call projection. A woman may, for example, be extremely jealous of her husband but she sincerely believes with her conscious mind that it is he who bears the grudge against her.

This trick of projection may save a woman from owing up to her deep-rooted resentment but she is the loser in the end. While she's railing at the other fellow, her own aggressions remain bottled and boiling within her. The explosion must come sooner or later, and when it does it may provide pain all around.

Jealousy is a progressive, expanding reaction, rolling up complications as it goes along. Psychiatrists agree that the only practical answer is to release jealousy when it first begins, not to repress, rationalize or project it.

Most of us cannot help concealing and distorting jealousy though, so long as we believe that jealousy is something to be ashamed of. Authorities in this field still wonder how people can brag of their angers and laugh off their fears and yet be universally mortified over being jealous. They unequivocally suggest that we chuck all such feelings, and quick.

Instead of repressing jealousy, own up to it freely and then try to give it air. Some spokesmen think we can let off extra steam by thrusting pins into a wax image of the resented one or by lambasting some other inanimate object. But an admittedly superior approach is to talk things over squarely and logically with the person causing our jealousy. Perhaps then we'll find we had nothing to be jealous about in the first place.

near the desk. She heard him taking a bath, then in the boys' rooms, changing Ricky and tucking them both in for the night. When he had walked out of the room, she had been shaken with a dizzying feeling of helplessness and sudden fear. It was as though the floor beneath her had split and she stared down at a chasm. The moment was shrill with intensity, and then it passed away. Everything was all right. You said anything when you were quarreling. It didn't count.

Early summer came with June. Hot, full-blown, heavy green. Life continued with a flourish. Cocktail parties. Benefit luncheons. Fashion shows. Dinner parties. Dances. The long, luxurious afternoons at Irene's house. The engaging attention of Nelson James. Ruth had never felt so gay, and everyone complimented her on the way she looked. Birdie Blackwell mentioned her several times in her column and once referred to her as "the charming and beautiful Mrs. Dabney."

Lewis' surprise, when it came, was abrupt.

Edith had come out for dinner and she and Lewis were in the living room. Ruth was putting the boys to bed. Ricky wanted to go to sleep with his teddy bear; Ruth had come out into the hall to look for it.

"... and I began to wonder if I weren't accepting entirely too much on hearsay," Lewis was saying. "It turned out that I was. Sure, the Brown-King Company hasn't got the airports built on schedule—they've had trouble getting steel, and they've had two strikes. And the cost of material has doubled since their original estimates of cost were made. I visited a couple of the places where they're building airports this summer and I talked to a lot of people—"

Edith interrupted. There was a smile in her voice. "Not Nelson James, I take it."

"You take it very well. No, not James. But I have changed my mind. Those airports are vital. Brown-King has done as well as they could. There's no reason to hold up construction any further. I've changed my mind. I'm going to vote for the appropriation."

Edith murmured something. Ruth did not hear her. Absurdly, she felt like a spy. It was ridiculous that she should. Lewis hadn't told her because he had no reason to think that she would be interested. And Edith *was* interested. . . .

Ruth slipped back into the boys' bedroom. Later, she intended to say something to Lewis. "My, that was quite a surprise," she would say. "I heard you talking to Edith about the appropriation. Doesn't it bother

you, having to admit that you were wrong?" She intended to say something like that, but she never did. She forgot about it entirely until Irene mentioned the subject.

"I haven't seen hide nor hair of Nelson lately," Irene was saying in light complaint. "He's so busy, with the vote on the appropriation coming up, you know. The last time I did see him, he was saying that it looked as though Lewis would cast the deciding vote."

"Lewis?" Ruth asked. "How does that work out?"

Irene sighed. "You see, there are twenty-one on the committee. The views of the other members are pretty well-known by the vote on the first appropriation. Ten for, ten against. Lewis is the freshman member. I suppose he must be giving his vote a good deal of thought. . . ."

It was then that Ruth remembered. "I should say he has!" she said. "I was so surprised. Lewis has changed his mind," she said. "Isn't that surprising, though? He's going to vote for the appropriation."

For a moment, Irene stared at her blankly. "He has?" she said. "He has?" She looked at Ruth hard and then suddenly her attention snapped off and she began to laugh. Harsh, strident laughter. It went on and on; she didn't seem able to stop.

Ruth stared back at her, frightened. She started to call for Martino. What was the matter with Irene? The questions, like the sound that filled the room, were suffocating.

It stopped as quickly as it had begun. Irene sank back, her hands over her face. She held them there and then, with a slight shudder, let them fall limp. She spoke softly. "Oh, Ruth. How terrible of me. I must have frightened you."

She nodded toward the tray on the table. Ruth handed her a cigarette and lit a match.

"You're much too young and healthy and untroubled to understand," she said. "I've had to take sleeping pills lately. I wake up in a horrible fit of nerves and I feel tied up all day. And something like this happens—"

"That's too bad," Ruth said automatically. She felt strange herself.

She couldn't quite describe how she felt. As though she were caught in something. As though she were battling a rip tide. As though she were afraid that she might drown. . . .

The next week she had lunch with Edith at the Press Club. She felt rather noble about it, having refused an invitation from someone else. She wore her best hat, a cloche with a sweeping array of feathers, and the

black suit, part of her New York wardrobe, and was almost on time.

"You're looking very well," Edith said. Everyone was saying that to Ruth these days.

"So are you," Ruth said generously, thinking that Edith dressed well but too severely. Her hands were nervous, her voice hurrying and intense, and her eyes often looked strained and very tired. They looked that way now, Ruth noticed.

In comparison, Ruth felt pampered and lazy, like a cream-fed cat. She ate several olives and listened to Edith and looked around, discreetly, to see if there was anyone she knew. She waved to Birdie Blackwell.

"The rich woman's Winchell," Edith said, sotto voce.

"Oh, you and Lewis," she said. "And the way you criticize. You two would make a fine pair."

Edith drew hard on her cigarette and waved the smoke away. "Do you really think so?"

"Yes, I do. Now you and Lewis—"

Edith interrupted. Something is bothering her, Ruth thought, without much interest. I wonder if she feels well.

"How are the boys, Ruth?"

"Fine," Ruth said comfortably, and went on to ask, "Been seeing much of Wiley Rainey?"

"No," Edith said, and the controlled violence in her manner shocked Ruth. "If we could have married three years ago—but it wasn't anything either of us could help—it turned into a mess finally. Like everything else."

Her attitude worried Ruth, but Ruth had developed a good technique for matters which worried her. She slid the conversation back into safe channels. Safe, but cloying and unsatisfactory. Edith seemed to relax. They finished their luncheon, gathered together their coats and gloves, and went into the ladies' lounge to replace their lipstick.

"Has Lewis heard anything about Morrissey lately?" Edith asked, jerking off her hat and frowning at her reflection in the mirror.

Ruth was searching for her lipstick. "I wouldn't know."

"I've heard a rumor—I don't know whether it's reliable or not—I can't see how—" Edith paused.

"I don't want to worry you," she continued, strangely enough, since Ruth was certainly not prepared to worry about Representative Morrissey, "but I've had a tip that Morrissey isn't through trying to beat the appropriation yet. That he might demand an investigation."

Ruth was only half listening. She wet a finger and brushed the powder off her eyebrows. "Oh, well, Morrissey," she said.

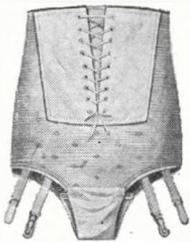
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"Lewis seem worried about anything?"

Ruth answered stiffly, holding her mouth still for the lipstick. "Lewis is always worried about something. When he hasn't got a good substantial worry he manufactures one."

"Well, if this tip is true—it's so fantastic that I don't even want to repeat it, but I've been worried ever since—"

"Oh, you're exactly like Lewis. I don't see any need for so much deadly seriousness."

They were alone in the bright, mirrored lounge. Ruth was bending forward to blot her lipstick, and at Edith's next words she froze in that position.

"It's become increasingly evident that you're tired of me," Edith said. "But I don't think you should talk as though Lewis were an idiot child." Anger lashed through her voice like a whip. With trembling hands she picked up her comb, lipstick and compact and threw them into her purse. She jerked on her hat, threw her coat over her shoulders, stuck her gloves into the pocket of the coat.

Ruth stared at Edith in the mirror. Then slowly she turned around.

"I don't need," she said coldly, "the least advice from you."

Edith laughed. "You don't think so? Haven't you got any sense at all left? Don't you know a bad situation until you're buried alive in it? I thought for a long time that Washington was changing you. Now I think you've been a fool all the time and I never knew it."

Ruth put her hands down on the table. It was cool and smooth to the touch. She sucked in her breath. "Apparently," she said, "you haven't changed your mind in any way about Lewis."

"I've never had to change my mind about Lewis."

The years of friendship fell away. Flushed and stinging with anger, Ruth could not feel surprise. Unconsciously, she must always have known. Somewhere, buried deep in her mind, had been the knowledge. Edith was in love with Lewis. Edith had always been in love with Lewis.

"All right," Ruth said. "This clears up a great deal. I see what you meant a little while ago when you were talking about Wiley Rainney. Of course. Lewis came to Washington. You saw so much of him. It's too bad you couldn't know that it wouldn't do you any good."

Something savage lit Edith's face. "Don't be too sure," she said. "In your present position, Ruth, I wouldn't be too sure of anything."

Ruth was fighting for control. She was going to throw something, she was

going to say hideous words, she was going to slap Edith's face. . . .

"I don't need an invitation to get out of your life," Edith Cohn said. "This has been long overdue." Her voice was suddenly quiet, with a gentle hardness. "I've become very tired of you, Ruth," she said, and the door swung shut behind her.

Ruth's gloves had fallen to the floor. She picked them up, dusted them off. She made busy little motions, but she could not stand up. The room was lined with mirrors and everywhere she looked she saw the reflection of her face, multiplied into a dozen images. She sought escape and was confronted with a bright, repeated pattern of her face. Repeated and repeated until the room seemed to swirl around her.

In your position, Ruth, I wouldn't be too sure of anything.

Ruth sat up. "There is nothing the

We know some bright children
who should be applauded—with
one hand.

—John Newton Baker

matter," she said aloud. "Edith is a jealous, disappointed woman."

There wasn't even an echo from the mirrored walls.

She went out, down in the elevator, through the lobby, into the street and hailed a cab.

The driver spoke into the rear-view mirror. "Where to, lady?"

Where to, indeed? She saw that he was waiting to write the address on his report sheet; she thought of going by to see Irene and then, without planning, said, "The old House Office Building." When she'd first arrived in Washington, she had given these instructions with such pride, imagining that the cab driver would mark the address and know that she was the wife of a congressman. Now she knew better. A congressman, or his wife, was no more to them than any man or woman with a date to keep.

She went into Lewis' office. "Oh, hello, Mrs. Dabney," Miss Bulet said. "Mr. Dabney's in there but he has someone with him. I'll let you—"

"Oh, no, I'll sit right here. I'm only waiting for a ride home," Ruth said, smiling conscientiously at Miss Bulet, the faithful secretary whom she'd meant to have out for dinner sometime but never had. Miss Bulet smiled, sat back down at her desk, answered the phone, listened, and then said, "Mr. Dabney is busy at the moment but he'll be glad to see that you get passes to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. . . ." At the other desk Miss

Mattwell was typing briskly. Ruth could imagine the letter ". . . appreciate the statement of your views . . . we have checked with the passport division and under the present immigration quota . . . enclosed is an excerpt from the Congressional Record which gives. . ." She looked away, at a framed photograph of Benham, an aerial view which was the triumph of Benham's Town-Herald photographer. He had been airsick, but he had got a good picture. People in Benham referred to him as the Town-Herald's crack photographer; he might be, but he was also the only one.

Then Lewis came out and guided her into his private office and closed the door. He pushed a package of cigarettes toward her, and she took one. She seldom came to his office and, sitting across from him with the desk between them, she felt as removed and unfamiliar as though she were one of his constituents.

"If you're in a hurry, you'd better catch a cab," he was saying. "I won't be able to leave until six, Ruth."

She fiddled with the matches. "Okay, I'll tell Lulu to hold dinner up until seven."

"Don't do that, it'll make the children eat too late. I'll get something around here before I come home."

He had been doing that often lately; she had not thought before how often. A suspicion shot through her. What had aroused Edith this afternoon? Why should it come out now, after all the years? Was Lewis having dinner with Edith, these nights he did not eat at home?

She smiled. She knew she did, because she felt her lips moving up from her teeth. "Oh, if you do that, you'll probably get just a sandwich and you ought not to eat that way. Lulu won't mind staying late."

"A sandwich," Lewis said, "is as nourishing as the meals Lulu has been throwing at us lately. But I suppose I can get home by seven."

She glanced at Lewis, then at the framed picture on his desk. A photograph of her, with Bobby and Ricky, which she had given him for Christmas two years ago because he had asked for it. Look, she wanted to say, forget about Lulu's dinner. We haven't done anything on the spur of the moment for a long time, let's us go out to dinner together somewhere. But she was constrained by the silence. There was a lag after everything they said.

"Anything you want me to pick up for you on the way back?"

"No," she said. With quick intensity, she wanted to go around the desk and kiss him, but she could not take the chance. She could not bear it if he

looked surprised and a little annoyed. She watched him begin to glance through a stack of letters. She did not move and in a moment he glanced up again.

"Well," he said, "there's nothing the matter, is there?"

"No," she said again. "I'll get a cab. Try not to be too late."

"All right, Ruthie."

Everything was flat, drab; Lewis' abstracted manner more frightening than anger. Perhaps he, like Edith, had become tired of her. She was overcome with a sense of bleakness. Even the air seemed to have turned a dirty gray; she was surprised to reach the street and find the sun shining clear and cold on the dull grass and the littered pavement. She took another cab and gave the driver the Arlington address. She sat still, watching the meter. She had a headache. Coming into the house, she called to Lulu:

"Where are the children?"

"Out playin' somewheres," Lulu answered.

Bobby and Ricky came roaring in, their cheeks and noses pink from the cold, their snowsuits bagging and caked with mud around the knees. They pressed close to her, telling all the news of the wonderful afternoon, and their shrill, happy voices drove back her feeling of sour disappointment and hurt. They were invited to Buddy's birthday party, a kitt-cat scratched Ricky's hand but he didn't cry, and Boss chased the kitt-cat way up in a tree. . . .

Ruth hugged them, pathetically grateful that they at least were glad to see her. "Lulu's going home early," she said, "because we have to wait for Daddy." She let Bobby set the table and he broke only one glass. She put flowers on the table and candles on the buffet. She made garlic-flavored croutons for the tossed salad, Lewis' favorite.

When she had everything ready, she took Ricky into the living room, sat him down beside her on the piano bench, pulled Bobby up on the other side and played nursery songs for them. She played loudly and sang with the children, refusing to think, refusing to admit the reason for anything she had done. Behind her, the stage was set. See the dinner table? Bobby helped set it. See the dinner all ready? Mommy fixed it. And see the happy little group at the piano, waiting for Daddy to come home? How nice this all is. Nothing could be wrong. Could it?

She pounded out the thumping chords. "One, two *three* little Indians, four, five *six* little Indians. . . ."

Bobby interrupted to shriek, "There's Daddy!" But it was only the

paper boy. They started again. "John Brown *had* a little Indian. . . ." when the telephone rang.

"Ruth," Lewis said hastily, "I can't get away. I've been held up here. . . ."

"All right," she said dully. The children were sitting on the piano bench looking at her. She could see into the dining room, and the sight of the children's little blue table drawn up beside the larger one, the silver and china set out, the candles pointing their small orange flames—all of it seemed suddenly pointless and horribly pitiful.

"Daddy won't be home for dinner," she said shortly. "We might as well go on and eat."

By the time Lewis came home she was reading a novel. The words could have been in a foreign language, but she kept her eyes on the page while she heard Lewis sigh wearily, drop his overcoat and hat on a chair and go toward the kitchen. Except for the usual few remarks, she had not spoken.

He came back, finally, with a cup of coffee. "Want some, Ruth?"

"No."

"What's bothering you, old girl? Why that sulky look?"

She glanced up briefly. "Nothing. I'm a little bored, that's all."

If this keeps up, we'll have to hire a circus and a string of nightclub entertainers and keep them on twenty-four-hour call to see that you're amused."

"Indeed?" That was not like her; a year—even six months ago—she could no more have managed an "indeed?" in that clipped tone than she could have stared someone down with a lorgnette. Not to anyone, certainly not to Lewis.

"Come off it, Ruth."

She heard Lewis put down the coffee cup. They had had so many of these short, bad-tempered exchanges that she expected them, waited for them, and tried to prepare her retorts in advance.

She waited, but, his coffee finished and his cigarette out, he was still sitting there.

"Ruth," he began, "let's see if we can't sit here and talk something through without an argument."

What he said was no appeal. He was, simply and without too much hope, asking.

She put down her book. Fear returned. It raked with sharp claws. "Talk about something?" she repeated. "What?"

"Why not just talk? We used to."

"Did anything exciting happen today?" A normal question. The wife interested in her husband's activities. But the mood was wrong; the picture had been shifting out of focus



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for a good while. Nothing sounded spontaneous.

"I don't know whether you'd consider this exciting or not. But Representative Morrissey rose on the floor and demanded an investigation of the Brown-King Corporation and its government contracts. Alleged mis-handling of government funds and Lord knows what."

Edith had started to tell her something about Morrissey . . . something she'd heard . . . it kept coming up, this business of the appropriation. She had no interest in it, had never had any deep understanding of it, but it kept coming up.

"Oh," she said. "What happens now?"

"Appointment of a subcommittee. Then the actual investigation. Probably in a week or so. So far it doesn't look as though there's much to investigate, but Morrissey must have something up his sleeve. I think it ties up some way with Tom Henny's political machine. Henny has been up in Washington lately and Morrissey has been his shadow."

"Do you think Nelson—will he have to testify?"

"Undoubtedly. I imagine he'll do all right. He has the reputation of being able to say nothing and make it sound like anything he wants it to sound like. But he won't have to worry. I think the Brown-King boys are completely in the clear. I wouldn't have changed my mind and voted for the appropriation otherwise."

"Do you think you'll be on the subcommittee?"

"No. I won't be here. You remember, I've got to be back in Benham. To settle Uncle Howard's estate. You remember, I told you."

She thought that he was going to finish reading the newspaper. As it had been in his office this afternoon, constraint was between them. They were not quarreling. They were not happy. The mood was queer, off-key.

But Lewis had put the paper down again. He was watching her. His expression hid what he thought.

"Ruth," he said finally. "Ruth, what's the matter?"

Immediately she was defensive. "That's what you're always saying. Lew, and it's beginning to—nothing's the matter!" If she said it loud enough, she could force it to be true. "Nothing!"

"We're losing, Ruth. We're losing and we don't quite know what the fight is. Something's changed with us—"

"Don't!"

"But something is happening. We're pulling two different ways and it's no good—"

"Stop it!" She was not angry now, but desperate. Arguments about money, about Irene, whether they would or would not go to still another party—these she could cope with. She would not let herself be boxed in, she had as much right as he did. But those were *things*, outside the final circle. Lewis and Ruth Dabney were apart. She could not endure this—oh my God, she thought, he sounds as though he is miles away, so far that I can never reach him. "Oh, Lew, don't," she cried, utterly without defense. "You sound as though we're both dead!" She reached for him blindly. The lamp beside her crashed to the floor. Everything dissolved in the darkness.

"Darling," she heard him murmur. "Don't cry. Don't cry." He held her as he held Bobby when he was hurt. And as he said to Bobby, he said to her, "It's all right. Don't cry. It's all

The haunts of happiness are varied, but I have more often found her among little children, home firesides and country houses than anywhere else.

—Sydney Smith

right." Comforting words. She would not think of Edith. She was determined to believe them.

Lewis had asked if she wanted to take the boys and go back to Benham with him for the two weeks; she had not considered it and now, left alone, she wondered why she hadn't. Solitude was a void. She had trouble going to sleep in the empty bedroom, and she hated to be alone in the morning. She felt listless and irritable and drank too much coffee. She read the morning paper with unusual thoroughness, not even skipping the fillers about the rainfall in Ecuador; it was something to do. The second morning after Lewis had left, she sat down at the breakfast table and spread the paper open at the first page.

Representative Morrissey had called a press conference, evidently. There was a picture of him. Morrissey Charges Committee with Star Chamber Tactics. "Certain members of the committee, and I refer to one in particular," Representative Morrissey was quoted as saying, "might have reason to keep this investigation quiet, but I am determined to bring it out into the open. I demand that the Air Transportation Committee hold open hearings on this investigation. The public has a right to judge the facts. The taxpayers have a right to know when their money is being squandered."

The story ended: "Reporters ques-

tioned Mr. Morrissey on the identity of the committee member, but he declined to make a fuller statement. 'Just wait till the hearing starts, boys. It'll all come out in the wash.'"

Ruth lit a cigarette, put it down to go into the kitchen and heat up the coffee, and came back to sit down and read the story through again. She shook her head. "I wonder if Nelson—" she said aloud, and just then the telephone rang.

It was Irene. "Terribly early I know, dear. Did I wake you? Have you seen the paper this morning? Isn't it disgusting? What does Lewis say?"

"He's in Benham," Ruth said. "And I'm here, high and dry." The expression was used with accuracy; that was exactly how she felt.

"Well, how depressing," Irene said. There was a pause. Ruth had the idea that she had stopped to put her hand over the receiver and speak to someone beside her. Then her voice came back. "Why don't you come have lunch, Ruth? Nelson will be here—he wants to stay out of his hotel for the day. The reporters are after him to comment on Morrissey and he's feeling very dreary."

Irene had said one o'clock, but Ruth was anxious to get away so she arrived early. A vacuum cleaner was whining in the upstairs hall and the door to the library was open. She heard Irene saying, biting the words off, "*Certainly* it's unfortunate, but it *couldn't* have been foreseen. There's no sense in *wailing*, Nelson."

"Oh, God," she heard Nelson mutter. She hardly recognized his voice; it was choked with resentment. "You handle it then, if it's so damn' simple."

Ruth clicked her heels down hard as she walked toward the door. Nelson was sitting on the sofa, a drink in his hand. Irene stood against the fireplace, her arms stretched back along the mantel's edge. She wore a simple white blouse and a black silk skirt. She looked beautiful, as always, but the Victorian schoolgirl air of her dress did not go with her expression, which was like a croupier's at a high-stake gambling table.

"Ruth, do sit down and be sweet to Nelson," she said. "He's in a foul mood. Let's try to cheer him up. Let's pledge ourselves not to talk of anything the least serious until we've had something to eat."

Martino served lunch there in the library. Chicken and asparagus, a salad, tiny rolls, very hot. The three of them had had many luncheons together like this; no detail was different, but there was a shadow, a hint, a subtle warning. It was like a mist, clouding everything it touched.

Nelson sat back, lighting cigarettes and putting them out after one quick puff. He looked very tired. Ruth had known him over a year now, but for the first time she thought, He must be nearly as old as my father.

Irene sat down to pour the coffee. They drank it in silence. Then Irene, putting down her cup, leaning forward and smiling, said, "Do you know any more than you saw in the paper this morning, Ruth?" And Ruth felt that somewhere footlights had flashed on, a curtain had gone up, and the scene had begun. Martino went out with the last of the luncheon dishes. The overture was over.

It was Irene's scene. Nelson sat back, an uneasy spectator. It was only Ruth Dabney who seemed not to know her role.

"Why?" she asked. "Is there any more to know?"

Irene ran her finger around the edge of her saucer. "Darling, I'm afraid we have it on very good authority that Morrissey plans to bring Lewis into the investigation."

Ruth's voice was too loud. Irene and Nelson looked at her as though she had violated a pact of silence. "That's impossible," she said. "How could he?"

Irene was like a schoolteacher now; it was as if she bent down and moved the beads at the top of a slate. Don't you see, dear, this yellow bead and this red one, we put them together like this and one and one makes two. You can understand anything if we take it slowly, step by step.

"This investigation," she said, "is a political move on Morrissey's part.

It really has very little to do with the Brown-King contracts. Politics to Morrissey means elections. One, this investigation will give Morrissey publicity to aid his next campaign. Two, it gives him a good chance to see Lewis defeated. He has found out in some way—we don't know how—that Lewis' name figures rather prominently on Nelson's expense accounts for the last year. He won't risk an actual charge of bribery against Lewis. But he will take the expense accounts, and the fact that Lewis changed his mind about voting for the appropriation, and he will have quite an effective smear. The Henny machine will be proud of Mr. Morrissey."

Ruth had a cigarette in her hand. She put it to her mouth. The smoke had a tinny taste.

"But Lewis *couldn't* be in Nelson's expense accounts."

She looked at Irene. She looked at Nelson.

"To all intents and purposes, I'm afraid he is," Irene Gaines said. She

rose, her skirt sinking into graceful folds, walked over to the piano and hit a minor chord. She hummed a snatch of melody.

"I do wish I could play," she said, hitting another chord, and then went back to her chair.

"You see, all the times last year you and I met Nelson for cocktails—well, that's down. And then those clothes of yours—those we bought in New York—"

Ruth was wearing the suit. Irene glanced at it.

"The clothes, you know or perhaps you don't, added up to well over a thousand dollars. And it's all listed as entertainment. For Lewis Dabney."

Ruth said nothing. She did not change her position. She sat in the big leather chair near the fireplace, wearing the suit and the blouse which had been bought for her in New York.

"I'm afraid," Irene said, "everyone will have to assume that over a period of time a great deal of money was spent on Lewis by Nelson, in his capacity as representative for Brown-King. There will be no actual charge against Lewis. You needn't worry about that. You needn't do anything, as a matter of fact. Lewis will deny that the money was spent on him. Nelson will be as vague as possible. The whole thing will blow over, without the necessity of any explanation from you. Especially without any explanation from you. Because you are very much in love with your husband, very dependent on him—even, in a way, afraid of him. Lewis Dabney is an uncompromising sort of man. Naturally you will prefer to take the chance of Lewis' losing the election, rather than take the chance of losing Lewis himself. You will prefer not to explain to him that it was you on whom the money was spent. And that way he may never know the truth. Very possibly he will accept it all as a political maneuver and never tie it up with you in his mind.

"You see, we don't have to ask you to keep quiet. You'll decide to do that yourself."

Irene did not smile again, but she leaned forward and put her hands lightly on the coffee table before her. The game was over. The croupier was raking in the chips.

Ruth leaned over to reach the ashtray. The motion, slight as it was, broke something within her and she began to laugh. The sound of her own laughter roared in her ears and swelled with an echo—the echo of Irene Gaines's laughter the afternoon that Ruth had told her that Lewis had changed his mind, that he would vote for the appropriation. The money spent on Ruth had been intended even then as a trap, somehow to influence

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Lewis' vote. It had looked as though the trap was not necessary after all. No wonder Irene Gaines had laughed so unhappily, not knowing that the trap could be used again.

"Really, Ruth," Irene said. "Hysterics will have no effect on the situation."

Ruth couldn't stop. "Why didn't you mark this suit?" she asked. "Why didn't you mark it 'For Value Received'?"

Irene shrugged. "Oh, stop it." Ruth stood up. Her voice was quiet and her face calm, but Irene Gaines must have known that she was, at that instant, dangerous.

"Don't give me any more orders," Ruth said.

Nelson James suddenly came alive. "You could hit her, of course," he said in a conversational tone. "But it wouldn't do any good, Ruth. Believe this, anyway. I was very glad when Irene told me that Lewis had decided to vote for the appropriation. Thank God, I thought, there'll be no reason Ruth will have to know—oh, it was a dirty business from the beginning. I'm not denying that. But I never thought this investigation would come up—"

Ruth did nothing except walk out the door. She went home, making all the correct transfers from streetcars to bus. Bobby and Ricky were playing with a group of children in the vacant lot across the street. She watched them for awhile; then she went into the house and had a bath. After dinner she took a long time putting the boys to bed. She played blocks with Ricky and read Bobby all his favorite stories. Lewis usually put them to bed; the sense of his presence was acute in the room, accenting his absence. "Sing like Daddy," Bobby said, snuggling against her. "Sing the Charlie song."

The lights went off in the children's room, the window halfway up. How can you be fair about children? They're his, they're mine, how can they be divided? Will it be like this? Will I take care of them alone?

Ricky had his teddy bear. Bobby wanted to sleep with his wind-up train. "All right, boys," she said. "School's out. Hop into bed. It's late." She tucked the blankets around them, felt their cheeks and hair, bent down to kiss them. "Good night," she said.

In the living room she turned on all the lamps, but it still seemed as large and empty as a cavern. The chair Lewis slouched down in after dinner. The evening papers he read so thoroughly. Not many of the objects in the room were his, not things he had selected or noticed very much. But every object, every room, the house—all of it existed only because he did.

The air was deaf with silence, but there was the whisper of Edith's voice. "Don't you know a bad situation until you're buried alive in it?"

Yes, for all the good it would do her, she knew now.

Irene Gaines's voice was no louder, but the memory of each word sank to the bone. *You are very much in love with your husband, very dependent on him; even, in a way, afraid of him . . . Lewis Dabney is an uncompromising sort of man . . . lose the election . . . rather than lose Lewis himself. . . .*

She could tell him. "But I love you, Lewis," she could say. What would that mean? I dismissed everything you wanted, Lewis, I ignored your warnings, I rejected your beliefs, I lied to you, and finally—unintentionally, but that does not matter—I betrayed you. "But I love you." What would that mean? What was love? She wanted to wait, to whimper. But there was no one to hear or care.

I can't lose you, Lewis. But perhaps I have already, and for what?

She had wanted Lewis always to love her; beyond that she had never thought. She had wanted distinction and the easy glamor of Irene Gaines's life. She had wanted that—and Lewis home, waiting, too. Suddenly she felt that if at this moment she should go straight to Irene's house, she would find it standing empty, the very structure only a shadow. For less than nothing, the foundation of her life had crumbled.

Anguish, cutting deep, finally drove Ruth to search for escape in sleep. She went to bed, and, surprisingly, she slept.

On Monday, the Subcommittee investigation began. "Morrissey Charges Waste of Government Funds," the headline read. "Cites Lavish Expense Accounts." "Chief development in the first day of the Air Transportation Committee's investigation into contracts for airport construction held by the Brown-King Corporation was Representative Morrissey's indirect accusation of a fellow Committee member, Lewis Dabney. According to the expense accounts of Nelson James, Washington representative for the Brown-King Corporation, a sum soaring into four figures was spent in gifts and entertainment for Mr. Dabney. The Air Transportation Committee recently voted for an increase in the appropriation, Mr. Dabney casting the deciding vote. Mr. Dabney, who has asked to testify, will arrive in Washington for tomorrow morning's hearings. Nelson James, subpoenaed by the Committee, also will testify."

Ruth was still reading the newspaper story when Lewis called from Benham. He explained rapidly that

he was getting in early, going right to the hearing from the airport and please not to bother meeting him. He was too concerned even to ask his usual quick questions about the boys.

The morning of the hearing, Ruth dressed in an old tweed suit and a sweater which did not quite match the blue in the tweed; her grocery-store outfit, she used to call it. "I won't be gone long," she called to Bobby and Ricky, as though she were going casually to the corner.

Driving, she let her mind go no farther than the traffic, the street lights, the next turn. She drove very carefully. And yet when she walked up the steps into the new House Office Building a short while later, she could not remember anything about the drive, not even where she had parked the car. She walked past the uniformed guard at the entrance, went back to ask him where the Committee hearing room was, went up a flight of wide marble stairs and around a small group of people smoking and chatting just outside the open doors.

The room inside them looked almost like the ballroom of a good hotel, with its chandeliers and tall white walls. From the back to the front were rows of folding chairs. Ruth sat down.

She leaned out to peer at the front of the smoke-filled room. The members of the Subcommittee sat behind a long, horse-shoe table, microphones and glasses of water before them. The microphones amplified coughs, the rattling of papers. Reporters, seated at tables near the witness chair, made occasional notes and spoke to each other; photographers wandered around dangling flash cameras. At that moment there was a stir and murmur all through the room.

What courage she had left forced Ruth to look up. Lewis was taking his seat before the committee.

She heard a rattle of paper through the microphone and then Lewis began to read his statement. At the sound of his voice, the ice of her control splintered. Until then she had not believed it. All this was utterly impossible.

But Lewis' voice went on, sounding low and rough and unbearably intimate to her in the midst of this crowd.

"I have met Mr. James socially a few times," Lewis was saying, "but I have not been personally entertained by him, nor have I accepted anything from him. I make this statement without any reservations whatsoever."

The woman next to Ruth knitted steadily. The two girls on the other side kept their heads together.

"Did you hear that?" one asked. "Well, what did you expect him to say? They always deny it."

Ruth wanted to scream at them like

a fishwife. Couldn't they hear the plea of honesty in his voice?

"As for the sum of one thousand, eight hundred and twenty-three dollars which Mr. James has listed on his expense account, I have no explanation. None of it is true. Why it should be listed under my name Mr. James will have to explain."

The two girls still had their heads together, cozily, as though commenting on a movie. "Well, he certainly is laying it on thick."

"They never can prove these things. I'll bet he got plenty."

Ruth felt a sharp pain go through her. She knew she should turn and deny what these strange girls were saying, but she did not move.

"I will welcome any questions from the Committee or the Committee counsel," she heard Lewis say.

The microphone rasped as someone cleared his throat.

"You said that you had met Mr. James socially several times. The largest items Mr. James lists are dated from New York on the last week end in May. Were you in New York at that time?"

"Yes."

"Did you see Mr. James then?"

Ruth saw him move forward slightly in the chair. He had forgotten, then.

"Yes, I believe I did. A large dinner party. I had forgotten about that. I did not know that Mr. James was the host until later in the evening."

"Mr. James was the host?"

"Yes."

"You had forgotten this when you made your previous statement?"

"Yes. But it was certainly no entertainment given for me. At least seventy-five people were in the party."

Murmurs and whispered comments rose from the audience.

Oh, well. He forgot. What else did he forget? Oh, sure, he can get out from under. No distinguishable word, but the feeling, the mood, was clear.

"This was before the vote on the appropriation, wasn't it?"

"The committee voted on the appropriation June 17."

That was all. More than enough to ruin Lewis Dabney, plenty with which Tom Henny and Representative Morrissey could attack him. Lewis was leaving the witness chair; the flash bulbs were exploding around him. Ruth waited until she no longer could see him. Then she stood up.

The faces of the Committee members and the reporters at the front of the room became more distinct as she walked forward. She saw, with mild surprise, that Edith Cohn was in the press section. She stood before the Committee counsel's desk. She must have told him that she was Mrs. Dab-

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ney, she must have expressed herself sensibly when she asked if she might testify, but she didn't hear anything. She sat down in the witness chair.

"I don't have a statement to read."

She heard her voice then. It sounded odd. Such a thin little voice. Without the microphone it would not reach past the first rows of chairs. She knew that she would not express herself well. But the words were powerful. They would explode through the newspapers, the radio, in the streets of Benham, where everyone had always spoken so fondly of that fine young couple, Ruth and Lewis Dabney.

"I can explain," she said. "the items listed on Mr. James' expense account. My husband met Mr. James first at a party given by Mrs. Pinckney Gaines. The only other time he met him was at the party in New York. Mrs. Gaines invited us to the party. We didn't know that Mr. James was the host. Mrs. Gaines was also in New York that week end. She is a distant cousin of my father's, and since first coming to Washington I had grown to feel that she—and Mr. James—were very good friends of mine. Mrs. Gaines bought a good many clothes for me while we were both in New York. I didn't know until she told me recently that these clothes were charged to Mr. James' expense account. The money was spent on me. Not on my husband."

She sounded shrill. She saw the reporters stop talking among themselves and start writing rapidly.

"You're sure about all this?"

"Yes. Yes, I am." For the first time in her life, she was completely sure.

"You say that Mrs. Gaines offered to buy you these clothes while you were in New York. Were they very expensive?"

"Yes. Very expensive."

"Did you know at the time how much they cost?"

"No."

"What reason did Mrs. Gaines give?"

"She said—she said she was very fond of me—that we were cousins after all— The words were like splinters in her throat. "She said she wanted to do it. I thought she was very kind and generous."

"You had no idea that the bills were paid by Nelson James?"

The flash bulbs were blinding. "Not at the time."

"I see," the Committee counsel said. He shifted some papers on his desk. "Are you sure that your husband didn't know about this, Mrs. Dabney?"

Ruth shut her eyes. When she opened them, she spoke clearly. "I didn't tell him. He never liked Mrs. Gaines. I was afraid to tell him."

The faces of the Committee members before her swam out of focus; she

could not even see her hands pressing against the edge of the table. But she heard what must have been a whisper from someone at the press table.

"There goes Irene Gaines. So she was undercover hostess for Nelson James . . . well, God Almighty."

The voice of the Committee counsel came from a great distance. It was not nearly so clear as the whisper had been. "Did you, at any time of your close association with Mrs. Gaines, feel that she showed undue interest in your husband's status as member of the Air Transportation Committee?"

Ruth answered mechanically. "Not then. I see the pattern now, though."

The Committee counsel leaned forward. "If Mr. James was so often with you and Mrs. Gaines, why is it that you never suspected a connection between them? Why is it that you never suspected that their interest in you might be other than social?"

This was the question she would answer for Lewis. The final indictment was not of Irene or Nelson. They had not betrayed her; she had betrayed herself. They could have done nothing if she had not been what she was.

She looked up and saw Lewis sitting there, his face twisted with unreadable emotions. "Because I was a fool," she said flatly, looking straight at him. "I was so flattered at their attention that I refused to see anything honestly—even of how little interest I was, personally, to them."

Finally it was over. She stepped down from the witness chair. She was dimly aware that Nelson James was being sworn in. She felt weak, but released, as though she were only now beginning to recover from a long and severe illness. "Excuse me," she said politely to the reporters who pressed around her. "Excuse me, please."

Someone hustled her through the crowd. She let herself be led, until she saw Lewis standing before her.

"We'll have to hurry," he said in an impersonal tone. "The reporters will be after us."

They found the car and wordlessly she handed him the keys. He got in behind the wheel and they drove

home in silence. Lew broke it only once to say, "I think you swung it. I think they believed your story."

Ruth didn't answer; all she could say right now she already had said to him from the witness stand. Sooner or later they must talk, but now her guilt was inarticulate.

The newspapers arrived next morning while they were having breakfast in a tense silence. They heard the thud as the newsboy threw them on the porch.

The story was there—in full. On the front page of one, Edith Cohn's by-line caught Ruth's eye as Lew silently handed the paper over the breakfast table. "The courage and honesty of Mrs. Dabney's testimony . . . the undramatic accents of simple truth . . . the record of an able and honest man. . . ." Ruth read it rapidly and looked at Lewis in silent hope.

He finished perusing the other stories, folded the papers beside his plate and arose. She followed him into the other room, watched him sink tiredly into a chair. He slumped there, one browed, square hand tapping the chair arm.

"Anyway, the reporters are on our side, no matter how Morrissey stands," he sighed. "That will mean a lot to the voters back home."

"Oh, Lew," she began, "I can't tell you how sorry—"

She broke off when he got up sharply and walked to the window. She couldn't come close to comfort him she knew, not yet, anyway.

"Don't be humble, Ruth," he said, his back to her. "I couldn't stand it." He turned slowly. "We had so much," he said, and Ruth knew he was remembering the past, happy years. "Too much to give up easily. . . ."

Ruth looked down at her hands clasped tightly in her lap. "We still have a lot, Lewis—much more than most," she said. "Can't we—can't we remember that?"

Lewis looked at her searchingly for a long moment. "Yes, Ruth," he said at last, "I guess we do. If only this time we can remember it—and hang onto it."

THE END

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