

ELAINE BARRIE'S OWN STORY OF BARRYMORE LOVE

January

10c

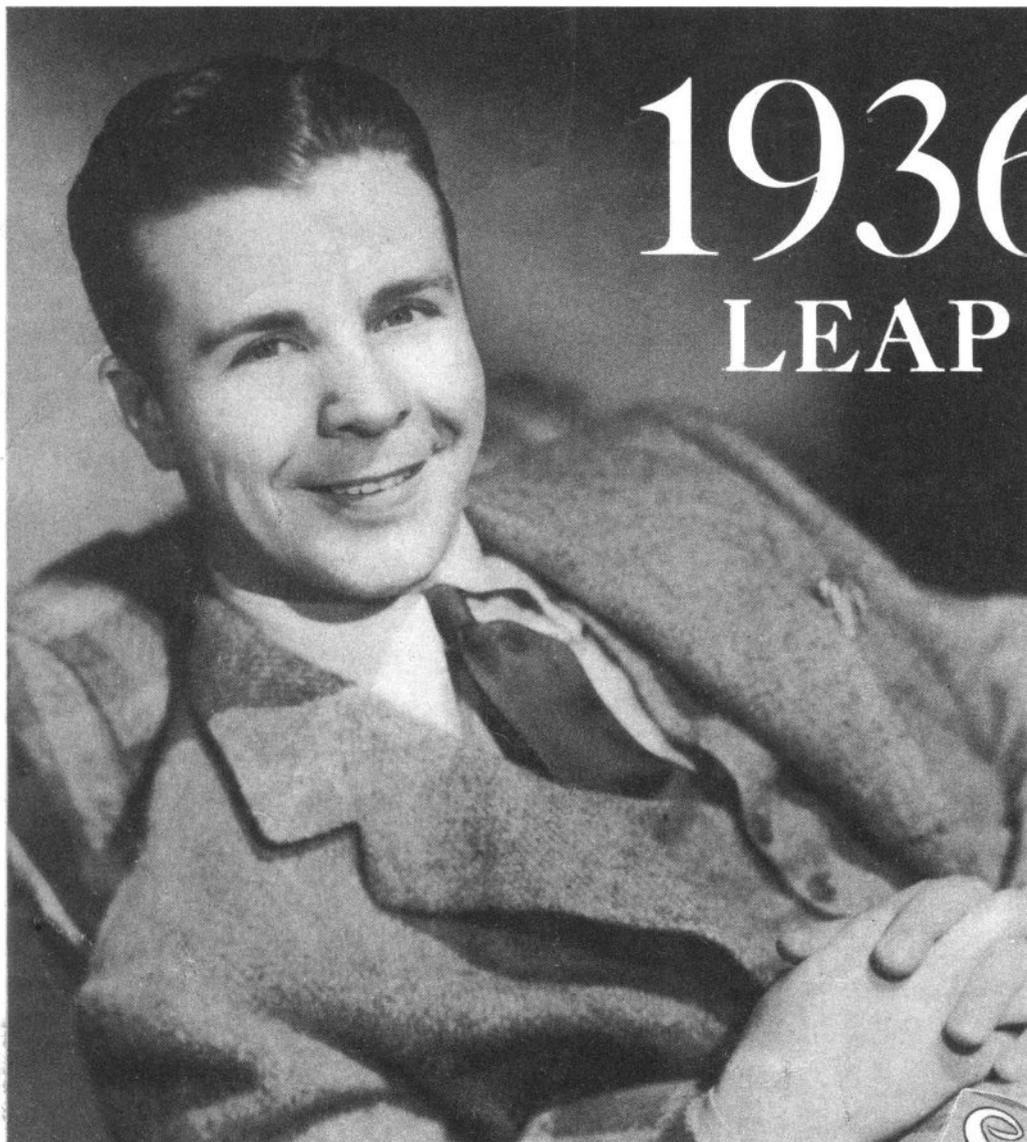
True Confessions

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ROCHELLE
HUDSON

*Has Every
Girl a Price?*



1936 IS LEAP YEAR!

And what are you doing about it, girls? Dick Powell, Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, comes to your rescue in the January issue of SCREEN PLAY, with his *Leap Year Advice to Girls*—advice you cannot afford to miss.

Another great feature in the January issue of SCREEN PLAY is the story of *The Girl in Nino Martini's Dreams*. The country is afire with Nino's charm. What is there in the mind of this attractive singer and actor? You will learn only by reading SCREEN PLAY.

ON SALE
AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS

10c



HOW SMART IS SHIRLEY?

You'll find the amazing answer in January SCREEN PLAY! Just read the story entitled, *Shirley Temple's Intelligence Tests*. The miracle child of the movies, that's little Shirley! But that isn't *all* you'll find in the big January number of SCREEN PLAY! Read what the charming British star, Binnie Barnes, has to say about her marriage in the story called, *Binnie Barnes' Long Distance Marriage*. And don't miss the exciting feature, *Jeanette MacDonald Fights Her Own Battles!* Great stories about great stars—only by reading SCREEN PLAY each month can you be certain that you are keeping up with the Hollywood parade.

Screen Play

Enchanted Moment

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says . . . "You're a charming woman."

And a woman's eyes may answer . . . "You're a likeable person."

And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

WHY IS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" SO COMMON?

It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—

cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it in thor-

oughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly.

And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite "pink tooth brush." You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.





Posed by Jean Muir

True Confessions

VOL. 27

NO. 162

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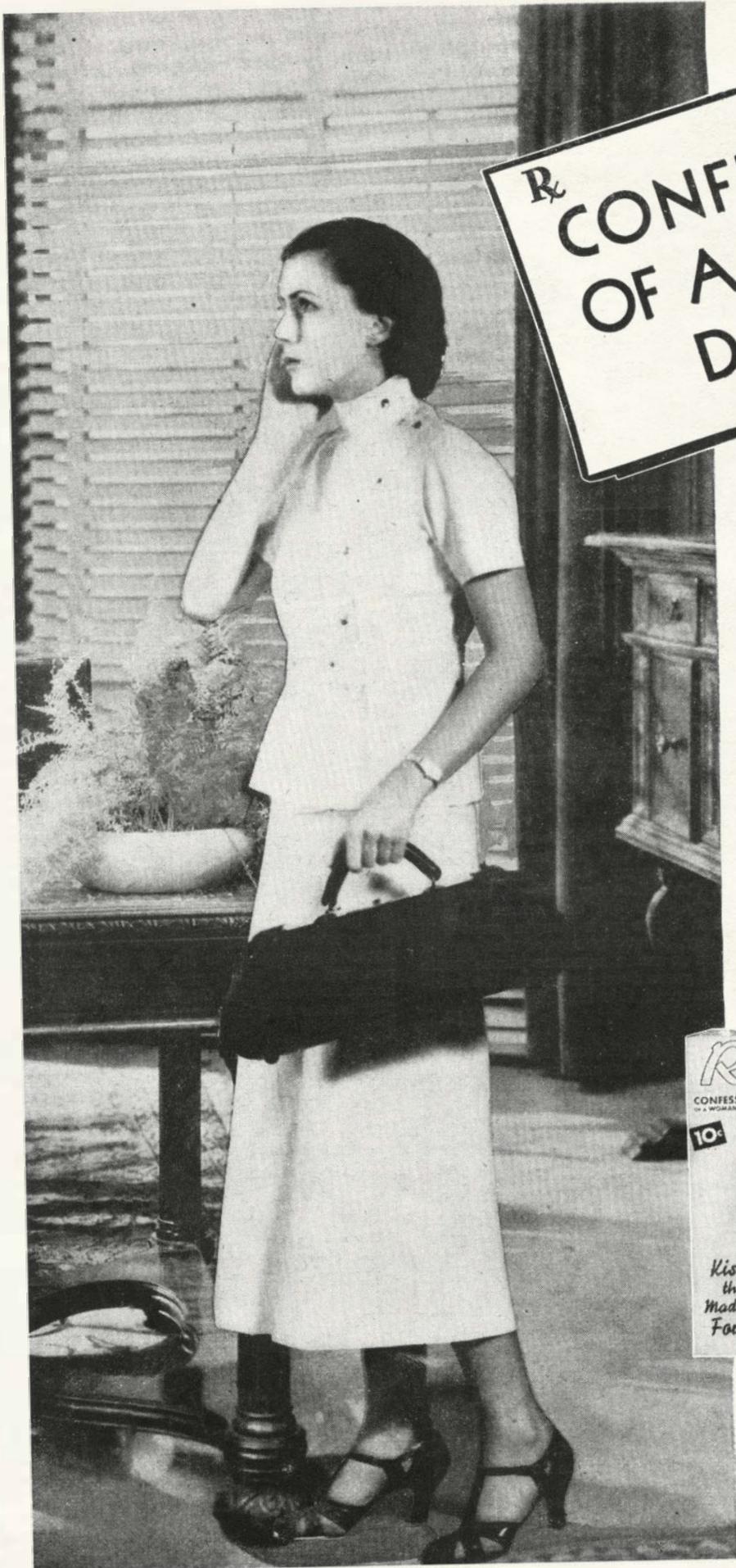
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TRUE CONFESSIONS is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Incorporated, at Eleventh and Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Connecticut. Address manuscripts to Editorial offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. All manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage, and submitted at author's risk. Not responsible for lost manuscripts, though every care is taken in prompt handling of all material submitted. Payment is made promptly on acceptance, and all material reported on within ten days. Motion picture rights reserved. TRUE CONFESSIONS is copyrighted in 1935 and the title registered in U. S. Patent Office. Price 10 cents a copy, \$1.00 a year; foreign subscriptions \$1.50. Advertising forms close the 20th of the third month preceding date of issue. Printed in U. S. A. To protect our contributors, please note that all names appearing in these stories are fictitious. Advertising offices: New York, 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, Simson-Reilly, 1011 Russ Bldg.; Los Angeles, Simson-Reilly, 536 S. Hill St. General business offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn.

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R & CONFESSIONS OF A WOMAN DOCTOR

SHE had taken the doctor's oath to guard the secrets of her patients, this girl who knew and sympathized with suffering, sinning humanity, but her own secret—that shadow cast by a reckless past—was the one secret that she could not keep. Don't miss this revelation of a doctor's experiences, as only a woman can tell it, in the January

Romantic Stories

Also:

- UNWISE SCHOOLGIRL
- KISSES THAT MADE ME FORGET
- WHY HUSBANDS STRAY
- COLLEGE TEMPTATIONS
- BEFORE MY MARRIAGE
- BETRAYAL

And many other experiences and romances from life.



Romantic STORIES

"BILIOUSNESS AND HEADACHES MADE MY LIFE MISERABLE"



"Then I traded 3 minutes for Relief"

I experimented with all kinds of laxatives. Then I discovered FEEN-A-MINT. I traded three minutes for relief. Whenever I feel constipated, I chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes.* Next day I feel like a different person. Of course if you aren't willing to spend three minutes—jarring "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference FEEN-A-MINT makes—no cramps, nothing to cause a habit. Try the three-minute way yourself... 15c and 25c a box.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

* Longer if you care to

better because you chew it



Port of Lonely Hearts

By SALLY O'DAY

Letter-hungry seaman. I AM a young man of thirty-four... not handsome but plain and ordinary. I have been in the Merchant Marine Service since 1919 and have traveled all over the world. I am a lover of music and all outdoor sports. I am twenty to twenty-five days at sea at a stretch and get very lonely.

Steve, N. Y.

Unhappy divorcée. I AM thirty-five years old and not bad looking. I enjoy good clean sports, movies, etc. Since my divorce, my only pal is my dear old dad whom I keep house for. Since he is away a great deal of the day, I have plenty of time to get the blues so won't someone please write to me? I guess I am just about the loneliest woman in this big city.

E. E., Ill.

Lacks friends. AS I am lonesome and haven't any friends, I'd like to hear from pen pals everywhere. I am alone and like very much to write letters. I am forty years old and have a good musical education.

Nell, Conn.

Is in a sanitarium. I'M SIX feet three and twenty-two years old. I am considered a good banjo player and baseball player, but have a light attack of T. B., so am in a sanitarium; however, I expect to get out soon. I would love to hear from pen pals under thirty.

Clare, Ga.

Interested in domestic science. I AM a young, lonely girl of sixteen and am considered good-looking. I love all sports, music and reading, also domestic science. I'd especially like to hear from boys and girls between sixteen and twenty-five living in Arizona, but will gladly welcome any other letters received. Please write to me.

Billy, Kansas.

Don't let them down. WE ARE two girls of sixteen and seventeen and would like to hear from pen pals from all corners of the earth. Sally is five feet, five and Kay is five feet, two. We both have dark wavy hair. We enjoy all sports, especially tennis, horseback riding and swimming. Please don't let us down.

Sally and Kay, Calif.

He's in the British army. MY AGE is nineteen and I am in the Royal Army Medical Corps of the British Army. I am Irish by birth, although I am interested in most sports, time hangs heavy as there are not many facilities for games here. I guarantee to be an interesting pen pal and will answer any queries about subjects I am familiar with. Have pity on me and drop me a line.

Cunny, Ireland.



Lives on the "Dark Continent." I AM a blue-eyed, twenty-year-old South African brownette, living in the Golden City—Johannesburg. I should love lots of American correspondents. All those interested in the "dark continent," with its big game hunting, native war dances and gold mining are welcome to write long letters to me. I must also confess to a terrible weakness for Gary Cooper. Come on, stamp collectors, war veterans and college students, I'm all set.

Anne, South Africa.

Not hard to look at. I AM a man of forty and not hard to look at. They say I have a very nice disposition. I do not drink or go to wild parties. I have traveled in most all the states. Please won't someone write to me?

L. H., Calif.

Hates office work. I WOULD like to correspond with men and women. All letters will be appreciated as I am bored with the monotony of my existence. I am twenty-seven years old. I have been working at the same job for eight years now and get awfully tired of the same routine. Think maybe I can get some interest out of meeting people by mail. I work in a large office and hate it. Am much more interested in farms and people who like the country.

A. B., Utah.

South African bachelor. WOULD anyone care to write to a South African who hopes to tour the United States within two or three years? I am a young bachelor.

Vis, South Africa.

A C. C. C. boy. I AM six feet tall, twenty-four years old and weigh 170 pounds. My chief hobbies are football, baseball, basketball, swimming and dancing. I want to make a lot of new friends. Come on, fellows and girls, help fill up my old mail box.

E. P., Va.

RULES FOR JOINING THE PORT OF LONELY HEARTS

1. Letters to pals must contain a three-cent stamp for postage and ten cents to cover clerical costs. There is no charge for publishing a letter.
 2. Addresses of pals cannot be given out. The first letter must go through the Port. After that, correspondence between pals is direct.
 3. Make your letter as interesting as possible so that the pen pals to whom you write will be anxious to correspond with you. Although it is seldom that a pen pal does not answer the letters he or she receives, I cannot guarantee you a reply. I can only assume the responsibility of passing your letter on.
 4. Please do not ask me to enter into personal correspondence with you as that is impossible.
 5. Address your letter to the *Port of Lonely Hearts, True Confessions*, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn.
- Sincerely yours,
SALLY O'DAY.

The Roving Reporter



discovers the sure, safe way to reduce . . . THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

"IS EXERCISE EFFECTIVE?"
"I'm all tired out going through dozens of strenuous exercises. I have no pep left for any fun."

"DID DIET REDUCE YOU?"
"It took off the weight, but chiefly from neck and face. I look like a scarecrow and I'm so irritable."

"DRUGS TAKE OFF FAT?"
"Yes, too much of it, and now I can't get it back. I feel miserable most of the time and look haggard."

Reduce YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 inches in 10 days.. or no cost!

WOULD YOU like to have the slender, graceful figure so admired by everyone? Of course you would! Our roving reporter found that the majority of women want to be slimmer. Yet many go about it in a way to get unpleasant, and even harmful results. Profit by the experience of 200,000 women and reduce the safe Perfolastic way! You will appear smaller immediately and then, after a few days those unwanted inches actually disappear. Remember, you lose 3 pounds in 10 days . . . or it costs you nothing!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly
The healthful, invigorating principle of massage is the basis of Perfolastic's great success. The special Perfolastic material is so designed that it exerts a gentle massage-like action on your flesh. With every move you make, every breath you take, this massage-like action takes away those extra inches, and with the loss of burdensome fat comes added energy and pep.

No Diet . . . No Drugs . . . No Exercises
All this is accomplished without any discomfort or effort on your part. You do not have to deny yourself the good things of life. You eat what you want and take as much—or as little—exercise as you wish. Yet the extra inches disappear from waist, hips and diaphragm with a rapidity that is amazing!

Perforations Keep Your Body Cool
The inner surface of the special Perfolastic material is soft and delightfully silky to feel next to your body. The many perforations allow your skin to breathe and moisture to evaporate without the usual sticky-corset unpleasantness. The specially designed lace-back keeps your Perfolastic fitting perfectly as the inches disappear.

MAKE THIS FREE TEST NOW!
See for yourself that Perfolastic is the sure, safe, invigorating way to reduce! Remember, it costs you nothing to try it!

"WHAT DID PERFOLASTIC DO FOR YOU, MISS HEALY?"
"I lost 9 ins. from my hips and 20 lbs. in weight. I feel so much better and I eat everything."

DON'T WAIT! Mail this coupon now. You, too, can regain your slender, youthful figure!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 71, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

BID THAT COLD BE GONE!

**Oust it Promptly with This
Fourfold Treatment!**

BEWARE of a cold—even a slight cold—and *any* cold! A cold can quickly take a serious turn.

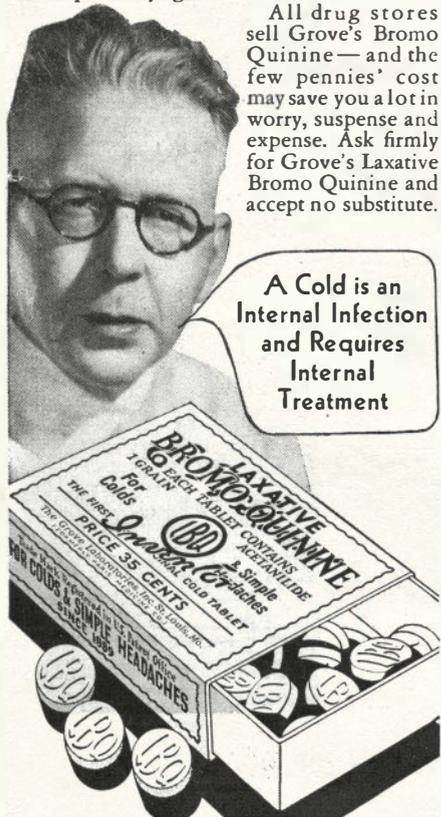
What you want to do is treat it promptly and thoroughly. Don't be satisfied with mere palliatives. A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. That's common sense. A cold, moreover, calls for a cold treatment and not for a cure-all.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold. First of all, it is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for half a dozen other things as well. Secondly, it is internal medication and does four important things.

Fourfold Effect

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Bromo Quinine—and the few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense. Ask firmly for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and accept no substitute.



**GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO
QUININE**

Our Week-Ends



HE bent his head; our lips clung. "You're the most precious thing in the world to me," he murmured.

A CRYSTAL curtain of rain hung outside the window of the hotel. As dusk fell, the lights of the town came on, blinking uncertainly at the white arrows that slanted past their glowing orbs.

Gene, wearing a black silk lounging robe, his grey eyes intent upon the magazine he was reading, sat smoking in the pool of lamplight next the window. Clad in a pair of aquamarine pyjamas, I lay on the bed, watching him.

"Gene?" My voice was low, husky. Gene had always liked my voice, "It does things to people, to me especially," he often told me, with a smile on his lips, but a serious, compelling look in his fascinating eyes.

Now he glanced up. "Yes?" he inquired casually. "Gene—are we going to get married?"

He smiled indulgently. "Feel a domestic mood coming on?"

"I don't think this is a mood," I answered slowly, drawing my tinted fingernail along the design of the spread upon which I lay.

"I think so," said Gene with a smile, and resumed his reading.

I continued to trace the design. "Being a woman means more than just being a secretary, a playmate, and a sweetheart, Gene. I wish I could tell you—make you feel—what it means to be a woman," I said in a strangely hushed, awed voice.

"So you'd like to make a pansy out of me, would you?" he bantered lightly, grinning at me boyishly.

"Don't joke with me, Gene." I turned my head away. Tears streamed down my cheeks. I drew a long, sobbing breath.

Gene got up, dropped his magazine on the dresser, walked over and sat down on the edge of the bed. He took hold of my shoulders, turned me over, drew me into his arms.

"A cry will do you good, honey," he said gently. "Go on. Get it out of your system."

I sobbed until I was weak: spent. Then he put me carefully back, adjusting the pillow under my head. Leaning over me, he patted my cheek. He asked quietly, "Feel better now?"

"I—guess so."

I lay staring at him through a blur of tears, my lips trembling. His eyes were filled with tenderness.

"Why—don't we—get married, Gene?" I whispered brokenly. "We've been coming here every week-end for almost two years. Nobody knows about us—we've been lucky—but sometimes I get afraid. I want to have a child for you, Gene. A son. Your son."

He brushed my hair back from my forehead. "You're a brave, sweet girl, Val. You make me feel swell, saying a thing like that. But if we got married, we'd hate each other inside of six months. You'd make demands on me. I'd make demands on you. It's human nature."

I shook my head protestingly, but he went on:

"If you had been my wife, think

She sinned and she suffered for *his* happiness. Would he ever play the love game *her* way?

you would have come here like this with me every week-end for two years? No, Val, you wouldn't. There would have been times when you would have insisted on inviting the Joneses or the Smiths over for bridge; when you would have considered the weather; when you would have seen absolutely no sense in coming to such a God-forsaken place."

"But we would have had so much more—than we have this way," I protested.

"No, we wouldn't," he continued. "All the romance, all the thrill would be gone. This room would look dingy to you. You'd find the food tasteless. When I ordered meals sent up to the room, you'd protest the extra expense. Don't tell me you wouldn't, Val. I'm prejudiced. I've seen it happen on all sides of me.

"Let's keep this precious thing we have, and let the world roll merrily on its way."

"But Gene—" I took hold of the lapels of his robe, drew him down so that his cheek lay against mine. "I want to have a child for you." I closed my eyes. "I want to feel his soft little arms around my neck, his fuzzy little head against my breast. I want him because he'd be yours—and mine—why must we wait? Why must we put off anything so wonderful as that, Gene?"

"Because we have something more wonderful," he said gently, "without all the pain, the anxiety, the responsibility. I know men who have sons. I know women who have borne children. Maybe they've found something, but much has gone out of them. No, Val," he shook his head, "we've everything this way. Listen. Listen to the rain outside. We're warm in here and secure. We're happy, too. Don't let the old orthodox idea of wifehood get you down. We're moving ahead, Val. The old world is going places. And you and I are going with it."

He pressed his lips to mine; slipped his arms under me; lifted me up. "You're the most precious thing in the world to me," he murmured. He bent his head, straining me against him. Our lips clung. His arms tightened.

I no longer remembered what I said to him, what we had talked about. It was all swept away as if it had never been. Somewhere rain was falling; I could hear it vaguely but it had no meaning. [Continued on page 60]

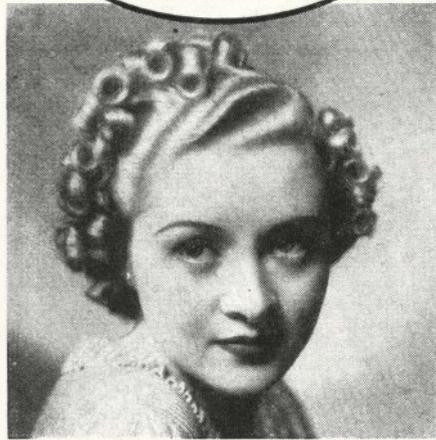
Q-1 - PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN PARKINSON, LONDON



Double Mint Gum
just naturally helps
make a beautiful mouth

IT'S THE CHEWING EXERCISE THAT DOES IT!

WANT
a Beautiful wave
LIKE THIS?



MARIAN MARSH, featured in the Columbia Production of "Crime and Punishment"

Your permanent can be just as lovely as the soft lustrous waves you see on the screen if you remember three things: 1. Select a good hairdresser—pass up shops with "bargain" prices. 2. Demand a genuine Duart wave. Nine out of ten Hollywood stars say it's the best, and they ought to know. 3. Look for the SEALED individual package of Duart waving pads. YOUR package will be opened before your eyes. This is your GUARANTEE that your hair will be waved with the same genuine Duart materials used in Hollywood. Duart's FREE BOOKLET of smart Hollywood coiffures sent with a ten-cent package of Duart Hair Rinse used by the stars to brighten the natural color of the hair and add those glamorous highlights. Your choice of 12 delicate shades. Use coupon.

DUART

THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS



DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET
 DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet. "Smart New Coiffures."

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....

<input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde
<input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown
<input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde
<input type="checkbox"/> Henna	<input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum)	<input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde

Household Hints



MEMORANDUM *From Date*

When vegetables or other foods become scorched, remove the kettle at once from the stove and put it into a pan of cold water. In this way you can save your scorched food.

If you sprinkle the bottom of your oven with salt before baking, none of your cakes or pies will burn on the bottom.

MEMO *from*

To pick up pieces of broken glass from a tile floor, dampen a cloth and press it down over the scattered glass. The cloth will gather up pieces that probably would be missed in sweeping. Absorbent cotton can also be used satisfactorily.

A new household convenience that is proving very popular is the Howe Hostess Ironing Table. It can be tucked away in the smallest corner and is very simple to operate. It's ideal for small apartments.

MEMO

If your children tear out their buttonholes and rip their clothes, make the loops out of soutache braid and sew them on tightly. They will last longer than buttonholes.

To clean pearl buttons, rub with olive oil. Then apply fingernail polish and let it dry. Polish with a buffer or chamois skin.

PORTRAIT *of the* MONTH



Lovely to look at is Claire Trevor as she poses in romantic mood with Ralph Bellamy. The career of these two charming young folk shines more brightly than ever.

The Secret of *Rochelle Hudson's*

What will love do to this young modern who made good on her own? Has her heart been touched by romance? Have kisses brought joy or heartache? (A glowing story of the girl Hollywood calls "Little Princess.")

ROCHELLE HUDSON is an amazing example of modern youth. Even though the glamour of Fame surrounds her, she has the balancing sense of proportion, the objectiveness towards herself and towards the things she has done which promises much, not only for a brilliant career, but for Rochelle Hudson, the woman.

She is not a Cinderella come to Hollywood and suddenly become a princess. Her nineteen years have been marked by physical comforts, by financial security, by opportunities for development. But in accord with the creed of this modern age, she has maintained the belief that what one *has* means nothing—that what one *is* means everything.

She has acquired the wisdom of adulthood, has achieved Fame far beyond her years, without once forsaking the attitudes of youth. And so, while her name shines brilliantly in the cast of important productions, while she is being discussed as a coming great star, she seeks none of the tributes to success, but sits back quietly, never remembering her success, but always remembering that she is young, that she has much to learn and that self-importance is stupid.

She was born in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, the daughter of Mae Lenore Hudson and Lee Hudson, who had been for many years Federal State Employment Bureau Manager. She was an only child—and so was cherished and cradled in love.

Her first memory is at two-and-a-half. She remembers standing, with nose pressed against a window pane, watching the children in the neighborhood skipping along to school. She looked with reproach at her mother, who told her that she was not old enough to go to school, that she was only a baby.

Going to school became an obsession with her. In the midst of her bedtime story, she would interrupt her mother and ask when she might go to school like other children. When she said her prayers at night her last plea was—"And please, God, make me grow up quick so I can go to school."

Rochelle shed her infancy quickly. At three, she was so superior mentally, that her mother was permitted to enter her in a private school. Long before she was at the age when children begin their lessons, she was doing fourth grade work.

She learned much very early. Not only out of books, but also through her association with older and more aggressive children. She had been a little princess in her home. Being the only child, the world had revolved around her. All the affections of her parents were concentrated on this tiny mite with such beguiling ways. But in the school bus which picked up the children each morning, no attention was paid to her queenliness. It was a shock to the child to discover



HERE'S a girl to whom the highest compliment is—"She's a good sport!" The petite Shirley and Rochelle are "pals," since appearing in *Curly Top* together. The door to Fame is wide open for both of them.

Youthful Fame



ROCHELLE is a girl in whom men confide, to whom they bring their troubles and their difficulties. She gives them strength and her own sweet philosophy of living.

that if there was not a seat available, she was expected to stand—that others would not surrender their place to her no matter how important she was, nor how little, nor how cunning. And so she discovered that she lived in a world of “give and take.” That one morning she had a seat and another child was standing, and that on another morning she was the one who was seatless. Instead of waiting to have things come to her, she learned quickly to fight for what she wanted. And fight she did—for favorite seats and for favorite sight-seeing spots.

CONFESSIONS

Perhaps it was this active contact with children which brought to the surface, and developed her organizing ability. It came to the fore at eight when she was placed in complete charge of the annual May festival of her school. But the child was far beyond her years, and that maturity, incidentally, is evident today in this nineteen-year-old girl who thinks with the sharpness of a mature woman and is able to file, in the proper pigeon-holes, her emotions, her beliefs and her attitudes.

She developed a taste for dill pickles and chocolate bars

almost simultaneously with the discovery of her by the little boys in her school. She was a piquant youngster, with her Pixie face and her inset eyes. And so it was, the little boys would write notes to her, pass them across the desk and in childish scrawls declare their love for her. Another little girl who found small favor with the scrubbed little boys came to Rochelle bearing tales. It seemed that "Tommie" was threatening to kiss Rochelle. And eventually Tommie did find enough courage to do so, and was promptly kicked in the tummy and completely knocked out.

Rochelle came home to detail the incident and was severely reprimanded by her mother. For Mrs. Hudson had impressed the philosophy of love on her daughter's mind. She sought to guide her youngster by love alone and to make love an integral part of Rochelle's life. Perhaps it is this early training which makes sympathetic understanding so great a part of this girl's nature.

THE child was a familiar figure at all the benefits in Oklahoma City. She was an exquisite dancer, as light as a feather, as dainty as a fairy. Her abilities could well have ranked her with many professionals, but the state of Oklahoma bars minors from theatrical work and it was this fact which prompted her mother to bring her to California.

The Hudsons took a house in Van Nuys, California. Motion pictures, in themselves, held no glamour for them, but definitely Rochelle was pointed for an artistic career. Her ambition was to be a dancer—to become of importance in the theater.

And now Rochelle was thirteen—not too happy in her new associations at high school—still intent on the many and

varied lessons for the development of talents which her mother felt sure would carry her to success.

Rochelle was young, but had begun the study of voice long before the customary time. Her mother was not at all sure that intensive training would make her a singer, and so she sent her to Jessie Lee, an old friend, who at that time was in charge of the voice department at the Fox Studios.

Jessie Lee, whose profession had sharpened her eye for possible motion picture talent, saw in this thirteen-year-old child the same sweetness, that same appealing quality, which had made Janet Gaynor a star overnight. It was this marked resemblance to the star of *Seventh Heaven*, who at that time was in Honolulu and at odds with her studio, which prompted Miss Lee to take Rochelle to the Casting Office. The Casting Director also realized Rochelle's latent quality of heart-tugging appeal and signed her on a six-months contract.

Strangely enough, Janet Gaynor has been an influence in this girl's career. Her first contract was due to Gaynor's war with Fox; her first important leading rôle in *Way Down East* was also circuitously enough, due to Gaynor. When Janet was hurt during the first days this picture was in production, it was Rochelle who replaced her in the cast. And so her life and her destiny have been closely influenced by another player. This debt Rochelle today recognizes, even though, in many instances, the constant comparison to one of her independence has been difficult to face, smilingly.

In all the time Rochelle was under contract to Fox she was never permitted on the sets. She never saw a picture in the making. She was considered too young to see what it was all about. And so for six months she drew her weekly salary, and never was given even so much as a bit to do for the turning cameras.

Just before her contract expired, Frank Borzage made a test of her for a rôle in *Young Sinners*, which he was to direct. The test was good, though she was not put in the cast. However, Borzage sent it to a colleague at the RKO Studios, and when Rochelle's option was not taken up at Fox,



MIRACLES have always functioned for pretty Rochelle. One was the featured rôle opposite the male star, Fredric March in *Les Miserables*.

RKO signed her. Her first rôle was in *Laugh And Get Rich*, with Edna May Oliver and Russell Gleason.

The miracles which have always functioned for Rochelle Hudson, functioned again. She had never asked for anything and had always received everything. The beginning of her career was a miracle in itself, and now her signing by RKO before she had even made a picture for a studio with whom she had been six months, was another miracle.

Even though her career at this time began to have a semblance of reality and to hold promise for the future, she was not content. Rochelle was still a child in many ways—her adulthood had in no wise kept step with the meager years on her calendar. She had the heartaches and the sense of loss which youngsters suffer when their school life is unhappy and unfulfilled.

Her unhappiness measured against the stature of her Fame was out of proportion. Yet it is understandable how her school associations, even though she was on the roster as a player at a motion picture studio, could tinge her life with sorrow. The strange attitude of her schoolmates towards her cast a shadow over the more important future which was hers, and became the one thing of importance in her life.

Rochelle, who had been the leader in the school in Oklahoma City, found herself a stranger at the gates when she began attending the Van Nuys High School. She was of a different mould from the others. That she was a treasured child was evident. She had shoes to go with every dress, and so many dresses that in a month it wasn't necessary for her to wear the same one twice. Her mother brought her to school every

Even today—when the name of Rochelle Hudson sparkles on theatre marquees, when the gifts of the Gods and the fruits of her labor and talent are tangible things, she is still the hurt high school youngster when she speaks of those Van Nuys days.

OF THOSE days which brought her such heartache as she never hopes again to experience. Of this she is certain—no matter what life can bring her, no matter what disappointments and what cruelties and what failures she might find in the future, nothing will compare with those dreadful days when she was enclosed by loneliness. At school parties her toes were tipped with lightning—she was the Belle of the Ball. And the male tenderling sought her out for a partner. But when the party was over, Rochelle was taken home. While the others planned other diversions—while the close-knit little group found further pleasures, perhaps at the home of a fellow student.

Rochelle was not ignorant of her isolation—nor did anyone fail to bring her news of activities in which she was not included.

And so she learned her lesson of independence early. The lesson that no one must be dependent for happiness on the attitudes or reactions of others, nor find unhappiness in the untidy barbs of untrained minds.

It took her some years to get the full import of this, but now she knows the value of independence and of self-sufficiency.

The hurt did not heal completely when she was taken out of this school, to continue with her studies on the RKO lot under a teacher assigned by the Board of Education. This is customary when players are of school age, and must continue with their scholastic work, even though they are under contract to a studio.

Despite the fact that she was now enrolled in a high school for one, she still gave her allegiance to the class she considered her own at Van Nuys.

When that [Continued on page 58]



ALTHOUGH her pictures have thrust the winsome Rochelle into a host of heart entanglements with such handsome young males as Dick Cromwell and Henry Fonda, in private life she has had only one serious love affair.

day in a shiny car. Her home had the placid air of financial comfort. The dinner parties to which she invited her schoolmates and to which all of them came, were perfect in their appointments. And Mrs. Hudson and Rochelle were perfect hostesses. But even this hospitality, which Rochelle extended to the boys and girls in her classes, failed to change their indifference towards her. The girls, particularly, with the venom very young girl-children can so early display, made her feel her strangeness with cunning cruelty. Rochelle's popularity with the boys in the school, her aplomb so unusual in one so young, so irritating to those who had never been taught it, further isolated her.



THE late Will Rogers and Rochelle Hudson both hailed from Oklahoma. They appeared together in *Life Begins at 40*.

Has Every Girl a Price?

By MARGARET WYNN



"NO wonder girls will pay high for love, says Margaret Wynn, noted love counsellor. "It is the most vital and important thing life has to offer them. It is a necessity to the normal woman . . ."

A GOOD many years ago—back, in fact, in the dark ages before I had married the grandest man on earth—I read in a magazine a story which both irritated and shocked me. I have forgotten the name of the magazine, I have forgotten the name of the author, but I have never forgotten the story. So evidently it impressed me as deeply as it antagonized me.

A dying girl—the story ran—kept babbling to her nurse that the worst thing had happened to her that could possibly happen to a woman. The wondering nurse strained her ears, naturally expecting some blood-curdling confession. But what the girl gasped out, with those last painful breaths, was, “I am dying a virgin. Dying without having known love—a man’s arms, a man’s kisses . . .” the worst thing that could possibly happen to a woman!

Ah, well, I’m older now than when I read that story, and I know, of course, that the reason it so mortified my feminine pride and so shocked me was because it illustrated something which I knew in my heart was true but disliked admitting. It came right out and said, boldly and baldly, what every normal girl feels, even if she might dislike putting it just that way. So it angered me.

A dark-eyed girl with a determined mouth remarked to me the other day, “I’m twenty-one and I’ve never let but one boy even kiss me. Tie that for a record in these present times if you can! I’m thoroughly careful and moral and I defy anybody to say anything else. But I’ll tell you one thing, Margaret—if the right man ever comes along for me, I’m going to learn fully what love means, no matter what the obstacles are. I mean that, so you needn’t look shocked. If he’s married—well, I’ll learn it anyhow. Or if he doesn’t love me, I’ll lure him into loving me for a night—or a week—or as long as I can. I tell you I simply won’t wither away and grow old and dry up on my stalk. I’ve got to know fulfillment sometime.”

A very unhappily married woman wrote me, “Life gets more complicated and perplexing every day. I can’t leave Joe—I couldn’t support myself and there are the children. But more and more I relive that magic week you know about—the one I spent with *him*. I’ve led a pretty blameless life except for that one episode, my dear—and isn’t it rather strange that the one thing I ought to be most ashamed of, ought to suffer the bitterest remorse about, is the thing that gives me the most pure happiness to recall? Do you suppose God will punish me some day because I’m not—because I can’t be sorry?”

To the girl I must say, in all sincerity, “You will be very foolish, my dear, if you give yourself to the first man you fancy yourself in love with for fear love will never come your way again. It probably will—maybe more than once—and you’ll be bitterly sorry because you’ve squandered the finest gift you could bring your future husband.”

But what shall I say to the woman? She is married to a wealthy man who drinks constantly and is constantly unfaithful. Her lover is married to a frigid woman who has locked him out of her room since the birth of their first child, years ago. If these two people have sinned—and of course they have—surely they have been even more sinned

“I’m twenty-one and I’ve never believed in easy kisses—but when Mr. Right Man comes along, I’m going to learn fully what love means, no matter what the obstacles . . .”

of her convictions—both felt life to be utterly bleak and barren without the rich fulfillment of love. Men love too—but differently—oh, differently! Much less single-heartedly, much more sporadically. A man has his career and his girl. But to a girl her man is her career.

A FEW months ago a mother came to me in utter despair about her young daughter who had been away at college. “It doesn’t seem possible!” she sobbed. “I simply can’t believe it—but it’s true! Oh, Margaret, she was going to have a baby—and she went right on taking gym and swimming and everything, so she lost it. And then the college authorities found out, and sent her home. The disgrace of it is killing us, and the sin and the shame of it; and she won’t even tell who the boy is. Please talk to her. Maybe she’ll talk to *you*. She’s utterly sullen with us.”

I did talk to her and at last she told me about it.

“But I won’t tell you who he is. I won’t! Because, even if you promised, Mother might get it out of you. Mother has some strange idea that he’s got to marry me. I won’t have him bothered, Margaret—I tell you, I won’t!”

Then the piteous, commonplace little story came out. She had met him at a college “prom.” She’d never seen anybody like him before. It wasn’t that he was so handsome—but there was just *something* about him. Something different. He’d rushed her a lot, even that first night. He’d said, “Honey, you’re just my style of a girl.” And then he had come to see her nearly every night.

They’d studied together in the library and walked home from class together and strolled on the campus in the scented spring nights. And one night they’d staid late and the darkness had deepened about them while his kisses grew more and more ardent, and he held her closer—closer. And it was that evening that—

—he begged me to slip off for a week-end. He said we could do it safely. At first I wouldn’t promise. But I loved him so. And he took his arms from around me after while and he said I didn’t love him, not like he loved me. He said he’d always been good, too, and if he wanted to, why shouldn’t I? He said real love wasn’t so cool and so calculating—and he sat over on his edge of the bench. And that hurt me—that hurt me terribly.” She was sobbing now. “So I said maybe we would go away for the week-end. And he caught me in his arms, and it was like Heaven feeling he [Continued on page 46]

“I’ve led a blameless married life except for one episode—and isn’t it strange that instead of feeling bitterest remorse, memory of it only gives me beautiful happiness . . .?”

“He loves me dearly. . . but we couldn’t get married because he had no job. Depression sweet-hearts! So I told him to take all of my love. What was it for but for him . . .?”

Connie gave all,
as women will,
for love . . . then
came the unfor-
gettable day
when regret sent
her to his wife
to say



"Give Me

DON came into the office. It was after eight. Forbes had gone home with the flu, and the credit bulletins had to go out on the morning mail. I was typing furiously; supperless, disheveled; a trifle smudged. When I saw Don come in, in evening clothes, I stopped typing and swung around. I started to wise-crack to cover up the feelings I had. But his eyes stopped me.

"Connie," he said, unsteadily.

There was a deathlike stillness. Against the great square of darkened glass behind me, a power light played from a theatre roof. I watched it cross his handsome face.

He walked over to my desk, stood looking down. "Do you believe there can be something between two people that won't let them rest until something is done about it?" he asked.

That was Don. Right to the point. No pretense. No apology.

"Answer me, Connie. I want to hear you say it."

We had been working in the same office for six months then. We had spoken, smiled, tossed remarks back and forth. The first time I met him, I felt drawn to him by an intangible bond. Something deep down within me whispered, "Here he is, Connie." And then I had learned he was married.

"You're sweet, Connie," he said huskily, "so *darn* sweet." I clasped my hands tightly together.

"Going some place?" I asked.

Go on, bluff, I warned myself. You must. Steel yourself against him--don't let that expression in his eyes get you--*don't even see it.*

"Yes, with you." He didn't smile. "When you finish



I saw love in Don's eyes . . . love for me. Awed by the singing glory of it, I whispered, "Good-night, Don, good-night, dear, you must go now before. . . ."

Your Husband"

that bulletin, I'm taking you home so you can change your clothes. Then *we're* going some place—together."

Suddenly I wanted to cry. You see, it was something I had dreamed of night after night, going out with Don.

"Connie," his voice was pleading now. "You know how I feel about you, or I wouldn't be here like this asking you to go out with me. Come on, Connie. There's nothing else just now that we can do about it."

There's nothing else just now that we can do about it.

It was true, and I knew it. Maybe it was wrong—and I should have said no, no matter what my body said. But the way I felt with him there in the office with me, made it seem so sweet, so fine, so altogether wonderful. Even now, looking back, I wonder if I could be strong enough to send him away.

DON took me home and waited for me in the car while I ran upstairs to my apartment. Maida, who shared it with me, had been called home to her mother's bedside, so there was no one to whom I need explain. I caught up a rose-pink gown that Maida said made me look like something sweet and wistful holding up a lamp. I could laugh at the things Maida said now; fear was gone and laughter bubbled like a spring inside me.

A quick tub that smelled like rose-petals; a hurried dusting of fragrant powder over my white, satiny body. I shook my curls, and wriggled into sheer, wispy undies, and finally stood ready before the full length mirror in the dressing room door.

Downstairs Don was waiting. Upstairs. . . . The girl who looked back at me was a vision of pink and gold, with starry eyes.

We drove slowly. There wasn't anybody else in the world. Oh, there were lights and people everywhere, but what were lights and people?

We laughed. Don kept turning his head and looking at me. His eyes were adoring. It was just as if it were meant for us to be together that way; that we always had been and always would be. It was something I can't describe. It was the most wonderful dream in the world—come true.

We drove to a roadhouse, a small place where there were only a few tables tucked away by themselves; a small, parquet dance floor, a handsomely carved radio. A place where people go when they want to be alone, and, perhaps, not be recognized.

In Don's arms, my body blended with the music, became part of it, throbbed with it, trembled with it. His arms tightened. He bent his head.

"Connie," he breathed, "you'll do this often? You'll come here with me again soon? Oh, my darling."

I laid my face against his chest and closed my eyes. I'd come every night, if he wanted me to. I had never known life could be so beautiful. Ecstasy spilled through me. We moved on in the dance.

"You will, Connie?" he pressed.

I raised my head, drew away from him, looked up into his compelling grey eyes. "Do I have to answer you, Don? Don't you know?"

"Oh, sweet—sweet," he breathed in adoration.

THE night was over. He parked the car and we walked to the apartment house in which I lived. An auto raced by, voices trailed back; somebody feeling good, trying to sing, not caring much about tunes. Only one thing was missing—he hadn't kissed me.

Under the dim flare of the corner arc light we paused. I looked up. He looked down.

"Going to ask me up, Connie?" Don asked.

"No, I don't think I'd better," I smiled. "It's awfully late, Don," I reminded him.

"I wouldn't do anything to hurt your reputation. You know that, don't you, Connie?"

"Oh, yes," I said quickly. "I know."

"Connie." My pulse beat in my throat. "Connie, I've no right to ask you. But won't you let me kiss you—right now? I want to. Terribly."

I thought he'd hear my heart then. It seemed like the world was a hollow drum, and the beating of my heart the only sound.

"I didn't know—anybody ever asked—any more," I said, staring at a milk truck weaving its way back and forth in the street.

"I wouldn't ask it, if it were anyone else besides you, Connie. I'm so afraid of making you afraid of me. I want you to trust me. I want you to feel free to go with me wherever I ask you to go. If I should do anything at the wrong time, something you didn't want to do, you might find it easy to turn me down. You know I'm at a disadvantage, Connie. You know why I can't make demands on you. I've got to be contented with what you want to give."

He was looking at me, waiting.

"Do you want me to kiss you?"

It was part of my dream. The whole evening had been a dream, the most wonderful dream I had ever known in all my nineteen years. This, Don's kiss, would make it complete.

"Yes," I whispered.

His lips hovered over mine. "How do you want me to kiss you, Connie, like I should, or like I want to?"

"You should want to kiss me as you should," I murmured.

He touched his lips to mine briefly, drew them away to whisper. "That's how I should, but this is how I want to." His lips closed down

upon mine with savage tenderness; ecstasy claimed me; Paradise was born. Our lips clung together; his arms folded me closer, closer, there was no breath, no will to breathe.

My eyes fluttered open when he drew his lips away from mine.

"Connie," he said huskily, "it's hell to be a man. I'm—I'm sorry."

"Dear Don," I raised my hand and drew his face down to mine. "Don't torture yourself so because you think it isn't fair to me. I've been a child, but I'm not any more. I've been afraid of you, but I'm not any more."

"I was a little kid tonight, in search of a dream. I'm a woman now. I scarcely know how it all happened, but it has happened. Don't apologize for the way you feel. I feel the same way." I smiled tremulously. "I think it's the way you're supposed to feel when you love somebody, Don."

"I know it is, Connie."

"And now, I'll go in. And you'll go home."

To his wife. I stood still then, thinking.

"The word home hurts, doesn't it, Connie? It does make a difference?"

"Don," I turned to him, "from what I hear she's made you unhappy. Why you live with her is your business. I'm not going to whine about it. So far as I am concerned you are a single man. Let's don't talk about it any more, Don."

He drew me to him again. "Darling, listen. We don't live together. We had an agreement eight months ago, that the income from her grandfather's estate and my salary would be kept separate, and we'd each go our own way. We keep up a front for her parents. They're the only reason why we are together today."



"I'M at a disadvantage, Connie. I'm married. I can't make demands on you. I've got to be satisfied with what you want to give. . . ."



"If Rita left me she'd have to go home and live with them and they're strict. This way she can do anything she likes . . . and she likes to do plenty. I have no feeling for her at all. We seldom see each other. To the world, we're married. I should have refused this arrangement and insisted on divorce but, after all, I felt I owed her something. I liked her parents, and I hadn't met you then. The only way out of it for me is for her to meet somebody she wants to marry. Then she'll divorce me."

After a long moment, I found my voice. "What about you, Don?"

"I don't know, Connie." He looked suddenly tired.

The dream was gone. Shattered.

"Connie."

After a while, I turned my head.

"It's a racket in which many married couples engage these days, Connie. I know of many cases, personally, where the same condition exists. For anyone who is single, who looks for marriage and trusts and believes, it's a losing game. I want you to know I haven't got you on the make with this in mind. I'll be as much loser in this as you will. If we go down, we go down together. I want you to know that I mean it, Connie."

"I do."

"Then?"

"Goodnight, Don. It's been a grand evening."

"Better than that, Connie."

"I hope I get those credit bulletins out in the morning," I said wistfully.

"God bless those credit bulletins," Don said softly. Then, "Tomorrow night, Connie. Same time?"

"Same time." With a flick of my hand, I ran up the steps and let myself in through the grilled door.

When I entered my own apartment, I noticed the sky was growing pale in the east.

DURING the next three months, Don and I went out every night together. Maida's mother passed away and Maida did not come back to share the apartment with me, so I paid the full rent myself so I should have to explain to no one about my going out with Don. It didn't leave much salary by the time the rent was paid, but I had a reserve fund in the bank upon which I drew when it was necessary.

I didn't let Don come up to my apartment. I felt that because there were usually people in the lobby, he might be seen. He protested that Rita was seen everywhere with other men. But I felt Don was far superior to Rita in every way. I didn't want people to think them two of a kind.

Julia Forbes, whom I always called Forbes because everybody else did, saw us together one night, and the word got around the office. But everybody seemed to put themselves out after that to be nice to us. They had never liked Rita, and perhaps were glad, for Don's sake, that her attitude toward marriage hadn't wrecked his life.

You grow bold sometimes when things come too easy. The conviction grew in my heart that we were right, that everyone should see it, and no one should condemn us.

The wonder of being with Don never lost its sweet sense of adventure. Every place we went, everything we did, was a new world discovered. It seemed so right, so very good.

One night, Don said, "Oh, Connie, I love you so much. It isn't right for us to be separated this way."

And I knew then all our battles had not been fought. I had been feeling brave and triumphant, altogether victorious so far as the world was concerned. But lying back in his arms in his car, while soft snow of early winter veiled the street lights and left the streets slushy, I knew there was something beyond marriage and man-made conventions, even defiance of them. There was a reason why you loved somebody, a plan behind the feeling you had.

"Connie, can't we go away somewhere together? A weekend alone, away from everybody and everything?"

"You mean—" my heart stopped. "You mean *together*, Don?"

"We could get separate rooms—if we went to a resort."

"Hasn't Rita found anybody" [Continued on page 41]

The story thus far:

Leah Hunter, my half-sister and I, were both nurses in a small private hospital backed by a young millionaire named Red Raymond. I was engaged to Richard Orton, a young medic. Leah made a play for Richard, chiefly, I guess, because she couldn't make Red fall for her. He fell for me. When he had to go on a rest cruise, he insisted that I go along as his nurse. I was compelled to go . . . it left Leah free to work her wiles on Dick. She did so—and when I returned, I found he had married her, thinking she was going to bear his child. It was then I agreed to marry Red. In Richard's apartment, where Leah and Richard and I were together for the moment, I called Red . . .

Now continue Shiela's story:

IF THAT'S Red Raymond you're calling—"Furiously Dick snatched at the telephone. It was Leah who caught him back.

"Just a gesture," she sneered. "A long way she'll get with Red! He's married."

"Married!" I laughed the word at her. I felt like a tooth alive and tingling beneath a dentist's drill. I wanted to hurt as I was being hurt. "It may be news to you but it isn't to me—Red is free as air. His wife is getting a Paris divorce, and if you think that isn't going to mean anything to me, just listen!"

And then Red was on the wire, his voice, thick with surprise and sleep, answering my hysterical: "It's Shiela, Red. Shiela! It's about what you asked me yesterday—about that—number three. I've changed my mind, Red. It's lucky! Sure—I know what I'm saying and I know what time of the night it is too, but—I've changed my mind. I'll marry you. I'd do it tonight if you had your decree!

"Tomorrow night? A party to celebrate? Fine, if you can fix it so I can get off. And—why not ask Dick and Leah? They are celebrating, too. I'm over here at Dick's room now—we'll tell you about it tomorrow. It's a secret but—as long as we keep it in the family—!"

He was still talking when I hung up to meet Leah's distended eyes.

"You're lying!" she cried furiously. "I don't believe you were talking to Red at all. I don't believe there was anyone on the line! I—" But she did believe it, and her face looked for an instant like an old woman's face with little white spots where the nostrils met the cheeks.

I didn't look at Dick. I didn't dare. I turned and walked towards the door.

My hand was on the knob when he caught up with me. He said: "God, Shiela! Don't do this crazy thing! Don't!"

"Crazy like a fox!" Leah sneered.

I said, shaking his hand free, "A lot you've got to say about what I do or don't do from now on!" But somehow the triumph had gone from me. Dick's eyes were such tortured things. They left me weak and tired and sick.

Red's car was just parking in front of Dick's hotel when I came through the door, to the street. I doubt if I would have seen it, if Red hadn't called to me.

He grinned, with a flick of his watch in my eyes. "Seven minutes to the dot! I figured I'd make it before you got away if I hurried." And swinging on me, as I settled myself at his side, he asked, his eyes quizzical: "Mind telling me, young lady, just whose chestnuts I'm pulling out of the fire?"

"You aren't calling me at three o'clock in the morning to tell me you've changed your mind about marrying me, without some reason, you know. I wasn't born yesterday."

I told him the truth. It didn't take very long. When I had finished, I laughed. "A one-woman man is a funny thing, Red—you were right. And—a one-woman woman is almost as funny. Wife number three, four or five—it



"O H, Dick, don't drink any more! Your first real operation tomorrow morning—and here it is midnight—and you like this! You'll throw the chance you've been working for away."

A Nurse's *Holiday*



“When I kiss a girl, I kiss her! Not the ghost of some other man’s discarded love.”

The story of two who were passion-bound.

doesn't make much difference, does it?" And then, frightened at his silence, I said sullenly: "If you don't want me, all you've got to do is to say so. You needn't be afraid of hurting me."

"Afraid of hurting you? It isn't you I'm afraid of hurting, it's myself! I may be an understudy for the Sultan of Turkey but—for the time being at least—I like my wives to love me—or think they do. I'm funny that way. It wouldn't be so hard for me to fall in love with you, Shiela, darling. And I—don't relish falling in love with any woman who is marrying me to spite another man!"

Red's words were like a dash of cold water in my face, bringing me back to sanity once more—and to shame.

"Sorry, Red," I said. "If you'll take me back to the hospital, please. And—if you'll forget that to-night ever has been!"

BUT that wasn't what Red wanted either, and he told me so. At length. Parked in front of the curb at the nurses' hall. And when we parted at last, the great ruby Red had worn on his little finger was gleaming on my engagement hand, and I had promised that if I were still of the same mind when his Paris decree was confirmed, that we would be married and leave for the South on his yacht.

"A new experience," he said, a little grimly. "Red Raymond playing second fiddle. Taking an 'if' from any woman. That little devil of a step-sister of yours now—no jitters about her. She knows what she wants and—takes it!"

"She knows what I want," I answered. "That's what she takes!" The words had jumped from me before I realized what I had said. They were still on my lips, the taste of them bitter as gall, when I reached my unlighted room to find Leah there.

She must have left Dick's room almost as soon as I had, and used the alley entrance to the hospital and the fire-escape up to our floor. At any rate, there she was, perched on the edge of my bed, her face a white blob in the gloom and the red point of her cigarette burning a hole in the dark.

She said: "That was Red Raymond down there. wasn't it? I saw his car. [Continued on page 43]



A CHATTER item in a movie magazine brought news of the marital rift between Dolores and John (pictured above) to Elaine, nineteen-year-old college girl.



Elaine Barrie's own

IT REALLY started—my tempestuous romance with John Barrymore—with a chatter item in a movie magazine. It was March. Damp and blustering. I sat in a beauty parlor, thumbing over this particular magazine while I waited for my shampoo and wave. My heart and my eyes came simultaneously to a stop at this paragraph:

“It is more than a rumor that John Barrymore and the beautiful Dolores Costello Barrymore have come to the parting of the ways. . . .”

A nice thing for a nice girl to do! Reading news of some other woman's bad luck at holding her man, and turning faint with exultation at the news. But I knew something! I had a hunch. In fact, I had had it for years, ever since I had known of John Barrymore, seen him behind the foot-lights, studied his image on the screen. *He was my man.*

I was his woman. It was decreed. And now, in view of all that has happened, no one can say “childish” and “absurd.” Because, you see, my hunch has been proved. He WAS my man; I WAS his woman. The decree was obeyed. I am psychic and I knew the truth long before it occurred.

But to go back to the beginning. . . .

It was when the papers reported that John Barrymore was in a New York hospital, recovering from the flu, that a daring plan for contacting him formulated in my mind. I was a Journalism pupil at Hunter College. Why not write John Barrymore a letter and ask him for an interview? In the end, that was exactly what I did.

“My dear Mr. Barrymore,” I wrote. “If this letter reaches you, as I hope it will, I want you to know this is not just another ‘fan’ letter. The truth of the matter is



SAID Elaine, upon her return from a Southern cruise as the guest of John Barrymore, "He's my man. I'm his woman. I'm psychic. I know!" But did she?

story of *Barrymore*

Love

that as long as I can remember (practically all of my nineteen years) I have cherished a deep admiration for you. I know you must have heard this so many times before, but believe me, it isn't just the idle worship of another of your great audience. To me you are more than just a world renowned actor. You are the living embodiment of the Theatre, which I love so much.

Am I presuming too much if I ask a great favor of you? If you will, you can make a dream of mine come true! Permit me to see you and talk to you—for a few moments.

I hope that you will receive this message and that you will treat it kindly (it means so much to me!). I am,

Sincerely,
ELAINE JACOBS."

I wrote that letter on March, the third, went hot and cold in spells all day long and that [Continued on page 62]

CONFESSIONS

Cupid pierced the heart of pretty

Elaine with John Barrymore's first

kiss! Let her tell you all...



"DON'T worry about me, darling," I told Lola. "I know the playboy type . . . and I've never burned my fingers yet!"

I Was Wife Number

"IF YOU can hold Binny Burke's interest any length of time," Lola told me candidly, "you'll be the first that ever has, not even barring the first two Mrs. Burkes. Don't let him make a fool of you, Mona."

I removed my thick stage make-up with a steady, practiced hand.

"I know his type," I retorted. "Don't worry about me, darling. Mona's never burned her fingers yet. By the way, is the second Mrs. Burke definitely off the scene?"

Lola slipped out of the brief costume that we had worn in the closing act, the grand finale of *Midsummer Scandals*,



“WELL, if you can hold Binny’s interest any length of time, you’ll be the first who ever has. Don’t let him make a fool of you. He knows women.”

periences, I felt quite confident of looking out for myself.

I was twenty, with the slim lovely curves required of *Scandals* girls, a creamy skin that make-up hadn’t yet affected, vivid blue eyes and wings of brown hair sweeping back from a face which was rather finely sculptured.

Throwing a wrap of gold lamé about my shoulders, I opened the dressingroom door.

“So long, Lola. Thanks for the advice. I’ll be seeing you.”

I turned and looked straight into the warm brown eyes of Binny Burke. A boyish smile spread over his brown, handsome face.

“So you’ve been warned,” he said, showing not the least trace of embarrassment. “I start with a handicap. Do you call that fair?”

“I’ll be fair,” I answered seriously.

I couldn’t be otherwise than serious at that moment. I couldn’t have handed out my usual flippant line just then if all my future had depended on it.

For something had happened to me when my eyes met Binny’s, something that sent my heart downward with sickening speed because I was disgusted at my own weakness.

I took his arm wordlessly, let him lead me out and put me in the gorgeous custom-built coupé that waited at the curb.

“There’s a nice little supper club quite a distance out, if you’re not tired,” he suggested. “It isn’t particularly swank, but it’s quiet. We could talk and get acquainted.”

I nodded. Inwardly I was astonished. Binny’s line was different. “Talk and get acquainted!” I’ll confess I was skeptical. I had been out with this playboy type before, and had learned that the last thing they wanted of a *Scandals* girl was “talk.”

THE supper club was quiet, as he had said it would be. And there I received the shock of my life. We *did* talk and get acquainted! We talked endlessly and with no reserves. Those were the most fascinating hours I’d ever known.

Binny had more than charm. He had character and depth which he hid from most people under a casual, flippant manner.

“Gee, Mona, you’re swell,” he told me toward the close of our first evening together. “I really believe you understand a fellow.”

I smiled a little.

He said abruptly, “Sally was on the stage, too. Sally was my first wife, in case you don’t know. So I thought I knew all about show girls. What makes you different, Mona?”

I laughed lightly. “I’m not different. No woman is different really, Binny. We have different tricks but we’re all about the same, down deep.”

“Maybe,” he said skeptically. “Sally was sweet. And rather a gorgeous number physically. A honey blonde—marvelous hair—and not a brain under it.”

I found that I had almost a morbid interest in the first two Mrs. Burkes. I gave Binny flattering attention.

“I was twenty-one when I married Sally,” he said, reminiscently. “Maybe that was the real reason I married her. At twenty-one, lovely eyes and pretty shoulders and beautiful slim legs mean a lot to a kid.”

He lifted his cocktail glass, contemplated the amber depths of his Martini. Then he looked across at me. “You’re not laughing,” he said in some surprise.

“Of course I’m not laughing,” I answered a little indignantly. “I’m—sorry, Binny.”

He shrugged. A small smile twisted his fine lips, made his dark eyes brooding and cynical. “Don’t be sorry. I’ve had fun. I’ll have more fun. We’ll have fun together, Mona. I like you. You won’t believe it, but I’ve never told a girl that before. I always start out by telling ‘em I love ‘em.”

His laugh wasn’t pleasant. My throat felt choked.

“Let me tell you about Cam,” he said suddenly. “Cam was the best looking deb of the season, two years ago. It was a funny thing about Cam. Before we were married—I’d always known her, you understand—she was the gayest, most unconventional person you’d want to meet. We had

and began to step into a couple of frothy bits that answered for underthings.

“Definitely,” she said. “Poor Binny’s footloose and looking for more trouble. And don’t be so sure you won’t burn your fingers, honey. You haven’t met him yet. He’s the most fascinating male on seven continents. You wait and see.”

I shrugged, getting into the clinging blue dinner gown I expected to wear when I met Binny Burke outside the stage door for a late supper—alone.

Two years on Broadway had taught me my way around rather thoroughly, and after one or two disillusioning ex-

more than a bit of fun, playing about together. After we were married, a little over a year ago, it was a different story. Oh, Cam still played about, but she took on dignity so thick it was pathetic. She suddenly discovered that she had a 'position' to maintain as a young 'society matron,' and it took all her time and thoughts."

He looked across the table at me. "What a sob story I'm handing you." The usual line of the misunderstood husband. Only I'm a little different. I've been misunderstood by two wives."

"I wish you wouldn't be so cynical, Binny," I said, trying desperately to keep the pity out of my voice.

"Listen, Mona," he said seriously. "I'm cynical—not because of women, though God knows I've reason enough to be cynical because of them—but because I know my own weaknesses."

"You don't need to be weak," I said, looking at his strong square chin and looking away again quickly because I didn't dare look longer.

"It's congenital," he grinned, but there was a note of seriousness in his voice. "Our family is full of divorces. The Burke men all have the same weakness—a passionate desire to possess every bit of beauty we see. Our money is a help there, naturally, especially where the beauty we covet is a woman. Every woman has her price and it's better that way. You know where you stand with them then."

I shook my head mutely.

"You don't agree with me?"

"If I—loved a man," I said carefully, "I'd put no price on myself to him."

For an instant our eyes met and a vivid flash of mutual understanding sprang between us—and was gone. He said, "But when you ceased loving, then you'd have your price. They all do."

I didn't answer. I couldn't say that I knew I'd never cease loving—him! It was too fantastic. I knew myself rather well, well enough to know that I had never even imagined myself in love before, and that now I was, completely and irrevocably, with—ironies of ironies!—a handsome millionaire playboy who had had two wives and was apparently looking for his third!

But I didn't think of Binny that way. To me he was merely a boy who had been grievously hurt and who was trying to hide his bruised heart beneath a hard, cynical shell, for protection.

NEVERTHELESS, I told myself that there was no reason why I should get hurt too. I would play his game as lightly as he did, and never let my deepest emotions get involved.

And for awhile I believed I was successful. I should have known better. There was never a time when I was safe with Binny, never a time when the mere touch of his hand didn't have the power to thrill me to the core of my being. That should have been a warning in itself; but it was not. And finally there came a time when I didn't care if I did burn my fingers! All my reserves were down, the warm tide of my passion for Binny completely submerged me.

It happened this way. We had been together constantly during the months following our dining in the quiet little supper club. None of our contacts after that had ever been so personal, had ever dipped into our pasts and so laid our souls bare to each other.

We had simply become the best sort of companions, loved doing things together, found complete satisfaction in being with each other.

But nothing had happened of a sentimental nature until the day Binny told me about his Lodge at Phantom Lake and suggested we run up there for a week-end. I know that's hard to believe, but it's true. I'll be honest. There were times, feeling as I did about Binny, when I ached to have him take me in his arms, had to hold myself back from showing him how desperately I loved him. But once he told me,

"I've never had a friendship with a girl before, Mona. I didn't know friendship was possible between a man and woman. It usually warms to something else before it's even started."

So I couldn't spoil that. I couldn't believe that Sally and Cam had ever really loved Binny; they couldn't have, and have hurt him so. They had given him passion. I could give him the gift of friendship, and if that was all he wanted of me—well, I'd make myself be content with that.

SO THINGS stood in December when we drove to Binny's Lodge on the island in Phantom Lake. We were in such a gay, carefree mood that day.

The Lodge was a snug little log affair luxuriously furnished in a manner that was meant to be rustic. I was charmed with it. We skated on the lake, skied and tobogganed on the hill, cooked our own meals and were happy as two children.

But with the sunset over the snow, the swift fall of twilight, and our return to the cozy warmth of the Lodge, something mysteriously electric, something elusive but frightening and breathstating, sprang up between Binny and me.

We were both poignantly conscious of it as we went about the preparation of supper, for we were very silent where before we had laughed a lot and talked much gay nonsense. Now our glances locked from time to time, and we looked away swiftly. I think we were both afraid!

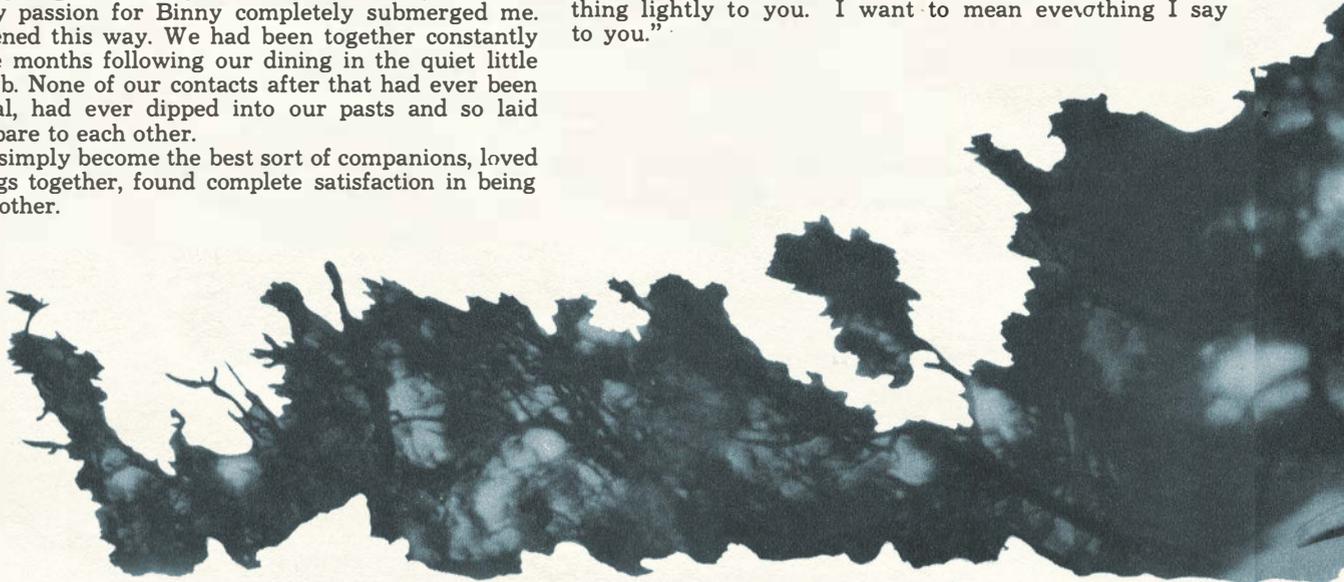
But it is useless to fear love, folly to try to escape the inevitable. I knew it after supper when we sat before the blazing fire in the wide-mouthed fireplace, knew it when Binny, at my feet, leaned his dear brown head against my knees, and then put his arms around my waist, burying his face in the soft frill of my blouse. A little tremor shook him.

"Mona—Mona!" he whispered. "We shouldn't have come up here alone! I swore I'd keep our relationship different from all the others. God knows I've tried to. Now—oh, Mona, my very dearest—I want you—I want you so terribly!"

I lifted his head from my breast, looked long into those sincere, boyish eyes. I tried to keep my voice steady. "I can't be anything but glad you do, Binny!"

He kissed my fingers swiftly, held them pressed against his cheek. "We've been such good playmates," he said slowly, "such good friends. I—like you so much, my dear. Damn it, Mona—I like you too well to do anything to hurt you."

He touched my lips. "I'm afraid to tell you that I love you, Mona," he said reluctantly. "I've said that too often—and too lightly—to too many women. I don't want to say anything lightly to you. I want to mean everything I say to you."



Suddenly he drew me close against him, catching me up in a wave of passionate desire that turned my body limp as a doll's in his arms. His lips sought mine hungrily, demandingly. "Whatever it is, Mona," he whispered hoarsely, "you're sweet and I want you. I want you like the very devil, my darling!"

I tried to collect my swimming senses, tried to reason myself out of a situation that had no reason in it, only pure emotion that could be bound by no rules.

Nothing else mattered—and I knew that it would never matter—tomorrow or a year from now. I would have no regrets. If Binny wanted me, then I knew that I would give myself to him and never count the cost. This had been inevitable since the moment of our meeting.

Binny lifted me in his arms now, held me breathlessly close against his pounding heart. For a long moment, he looked down at me. "Mona," he whispered, "do you want this, too?"

I put up my arms, drew his face down to my lips. "I want what you want, Binny," I whispered.

The next moment my whole body was a sweet singing fire as Binny laid me tenderly on the bright blanket that covered the bed.

NEXT morning we faced each other across the little breakfast table—Binny had prepared and brought my breakfast to me—and his eyes were dark with a tenderness that made my brain whirl.

I could only look at him mutely.

There were no words for the moments of ecstasy we had shared the night before; to me they had been fulfillment. In Binny's arms I had learned the meaning of life and I knew that I would always have the secret of it to keep—after Binny had gone. [Continued on page 50]

All the world knew his mad escapades with women, but Mona thought love would be infinitely sweeter, life more glowing and intense if a girl took chances, even in marriage!



"Mona, dearest, you're not like the others . . . you're more than a sweetheart . . . you're a pal. Do you think you could marry me . . . sweet?"

My

"YOU were in love with my mother, weren't you, Tad? You were even with her the night she . . . she . . ."



I KNEW instantly, the moment I saw the doctors' grave face, that my father was dead. "My father?" I said, and without waiting for him to reply, I pushed past him and went up the broad stairs and into his room.

On his bed he lay—white, straight, his face in repose. I went closer and looked at him, looked at his closed eyes, his high forehead, his eagle nose, his jutting chin. Then I felt my knees giving way and I sank down by the bedside and buried my face in the linen.

After awhile I arose. I wasn't afraid now and I felt calm. I stood looking down at my father's face—and then I bent forward and kissed his brow. It straightened me up. I stood still. "My father is dead," I said aloud. "I am alone." In the ten seconds culminating in those few words I seemed to know the whole tragic drama of death to its utmost significance—know it and suffer.

Yes—my father, who had lived like a baron in his castle, was gone—gone forever—and he had left me, his daughter, Heather, quite alone.

We buried him—I and the doctor who had been his only friend. Then a lawyer came and read me his will.

He said, "I am glad to know you, Miss Heather," in a big, gruff, good-natured voice.

I liked him instantly and held out my hand. Then he pulled the document out of his brief case, sat down, fumbled for his glasses. "This house, Heather House, is yours—and all that's in it, to do with as you please. But beside this house your father left a lot of money," he told me. "The point is—" he hesitated.

"I know," I said intuitively, "there is—a woman."

"Exactly." The lawyer seemed vastly relieved. "But I tell you, Miss Heather, if you want to break the will—no will is air-tight—"

"Break it?" I interrupted. "But doesn't it say what my father wanted it to say?"

"Yes, it most certainly does, but—"

"Who is the woman?" I interrupted him again. "Tell me."

OWN DESIRE



"YES—and she loved me. But get this . . . she didn't love me as you think. She loved me as a son."

He avoided my eyes. "A—a woman by the name of Vida Farrell. She lives in California."

"Was she my father's mistress? Oh, don't look at me like that. I know about my father's women. Why shouldn't I?" I could feel the blood pounding in my temples now. "But this last year things have been better at Heather House—different. I supposed—" I faltered, "I thought perhaps—" Pride came to my rescue. I squared my shoulders, lifted my chin. Belligerently I faced the man across from me. "Well—tell me," I blazed. "Get it over with. Don't pity me. I can take it."

The lawyer was on his feet. He cleared his throat. "All right, my dear. Here it is. Until you are twenty you are to live with this woman, Vida Farrell. Why—I do not know. When you are twenty, you are free and will inherit half of your father's fortune. No strings attached. Until that time, she is to be your guardian. Is that clear?"

Live with my father's mistress! Was it clear? Yes—it

Defiantly she loved, dearly she paid—yet deep in her heart she knew that no one was to blame for the loss of trust that went with her kisses—except herself!

was quite, *quite* clear. And as a result of it, three months later I, Heather Mueller, was setting tables, paring vegetables, running errands—in other words, chore girl for Vida Farrell who secretly owned and operated what was purported to be one of the most famous nudist camps on the western coast.

VIDA FARRELL was a beautiful woman. She said, when she saw me, and a cryptic smile edged her beautiful lips, "Yes—you are your father's daughter all right. That's plain to be seen," and gave my cheek a little pat. Then she frowned, "Stop staring at me, Child. You're as solemn as a little hoot owl, but you've got lovely hair—" She broke off abruptly, pushed me toward a door that stood ajar, called back over a naked, dimpled shoulder, "Leave your clothes in there," and departed.

Vida Farrell's camp was beautifully situated. The building, itself, consisted of a huge log mess-hall with a balcony running completely around it from which opened innumerable small bedrooms. I shall never forget my first night there—of standing, alone, in the shadows of the balcony, so completely embarrassed by my nudity, that I would not go down to dine.

I padded softly around the balcony, reading placards tacked to the walls, exploiting famous nudists' theories.

"We were created to live naked," one read. "The sensation of shame is an artificial impression." Another read, "Nakedness, far from exercising upon the individual a carnal attraction of sensuality, rather inspires the mind with esthetic thoughts." And lastly, "Young girls, if they adopt nudism, would acquire a greater frankness."

I was standing before this last placard, pondering it, seeking to glean from it the seed of truth if truth there was there, when a masculine voice startled me.

"You're new here." It was a pleasant voice and it came from, I noted when I whirled about, a good-looking face of which a mouth that curled upward was the distinguishing feature. Aside from the mouth there was a thatch of yellow hair and two astonishingly straight-looking, flat-

gray eyes. "I can tell you are new," he continued, "mostly because your body is so white. Are you going to stay long?"

"Yes," I answered. "A year," and started to back away from him in my embarrassment.

"Here!" He stopped me, a hand on my arm. "Don't go! I don't eat little girls and besides—" His smooth lips ruffled in a smile. "You'll get used to it. It's great. And so is Vida Farrell. Say, what's your name?"

"Heather," I answered lamely. "Heather Mueller."

"I'm Tad," he replied with dignity. "Tad Hemingway. Behold!" He struck a pose. "A medico in the making."

I laughed. His gayety was infectious. And, before I knew it, he had me by the hand and was racing me madly down the stairs to where the others were.

I WAS awakened next morning by a bugle. It was Tad, blowing the camp's *reveille*. It was notice to bathe before breakfast.

I joined the figures that came out of every door and a moment later was running with them toward the pool. Tad shouted to me over the heads of a half a dozen others, "Isn't it swell? Isn't it glorious?"

I shook my head in vehement denial. I hated it, loathed it.

Vida talked to me about my sullenness. "Do you think it's very fair to your father acting the way you do? He wanted you to grow up healthy and clean-minded. If he hadn't thought this was the best way, he wouldn't have sent you to me."

The scorn in my short laughter stopped her. "You don't have to pretend with me, Vida Farrell. Father sent me to you because he was in love with you at one time, and there wasn't anything else to do with me. That's the truth and you know it. But I bet he didn't know you were doing—doing this—"

For a moment, something like pity flashed across the face of Vida Farrell. Then her features hardened and she walked off, hips swinging a little, chestnut hair shining in the sun. And I thought bitterly, "—my father loved *her*. A woman like that!" and burst into sobs.

Tad found me, face still swollen and streaked with tears. He asked no questions, but his eyes were sweet and full of sympathy and when he suggested we take a hike up the beach, I gladly let him lift me to my feet.

We sat down on a flat grey rock to rest. Tad sprawled at my feet. The tide was coming in, the surf ran high and white. I wanted to put my hand on Tad's unruly hair—and I did. He looked up.

"What made you do that?" he asked. "I thought only girls in love wanted to maul a fellow's hair."

I winced and stiffened. He didn't notice. "Look up there!" he said at last. "Jim and Kate."

Dutifully I followed his glance. Jim and Kate, two of Vida's pupils, were engaged in a game of ball. As we watched they dropped the ball and drew together. They stood, a long moment, not touching. Then he stooped and kissed her on the lips.

Tad began to laugh. "They're in love—doesn't it look sappy? But then, love is sappy—"

"Why is love sappy?" I managed to ask quietly.

Tad said kindly, "It's sappy because it makes you want to get married and a fellow's a sap to get married these hard times. Of course, if you loved a girl a terribly lot—some fellows fall so damn hard."



"Haven't you ever loved a girl a terribly lot, Tad?"

He did not answer me. He was looking down along the beach where stood a solitary figure. Her flesh against the sky was rose-hued and divine. Her hair streamed on the wind like a burnished pennant. It was Vida Farrell.

Tad said, "Heather—look!" in a husky whisper.

Before the sudden radiance in his face, I felt a quiver of apprehension. At that moment Vida saw us and flung up an arm in indolent greeting.

Tad said, "Gee—she's beautiful," and gripped my shoulder.

I said, laughing, but I did not feel like laughter, "Tad—in spite of all you've just said, I believe you're in love with Vida."

For a second amazement drew his brows to a crooked line. He sat, silently thinking. Then his fingers slid away from my shoulder and a flame burned for an instant in his eyes. "No, I don't believe I'm in love with her, but I think she's the most beautiful woman God ever made. And she does something to me."

"I know," I answered bitterly. "She excites you. She



TAD took a threatening step toward me. "Vida is dead," he said in a queer choked voice. "And you—you killed her!"

makes you want to grovel at her feet and bring her sumptuous gifts. She affects every man in this camp the same way. She's rotten—rotten clear through!" For the second time that day I burst into tears. "I hate Vida Farrell. I hate nudism. It's rotten. Everything is rotten," I sobbed. "I'm going away from this place. I can't stand it. I won't stay. Tad—take me away—"

He patted my arm. "Brace up, kid. If you don't like it, why don't you go? Silly to stay. Say—Vida seems to want us to join her." He got to his feet. "Coming?"

I shook my head.

"Mind if I go?"

Again I shook my head. He was off like the wind.

THAT night I ran away—

Funny, isn't it, how, once the die is cast, adventures pile up on one another? It wasn't a day after I hit a certain west coast city, dropped there by a kindly motorist, that I met Strude Kendall, sophisticate, and things began to happen.

I met Strude Kendall at the *Galleries* where I had gone, simply because the crowd seemed headed that way. I stood entranced before the portrait of a girl—a girl who looked as though she were thinking about a garden, or a kiss. I

glanced up and found Strude standing beside me.

"Do you like it?" he asked me.

"Yes," I answered. "I like it because the girl, I know, is thinking of something nice."

"It looks like you."

"Does it?"

"Yes," answered Strude Kendall. "That's why I couldn't help but stop and say a word to you. You see, I think that portrait is the best thing I've done so far. I'd like to paint you."

"When would you like to paint me? And how?" I asked him quietly.

He looked excited. "Tomorrow. Here's my card. But say—" he took my arm, "I know a place where we can get some anchovy sandwiches and beer, close by. Will you come? We can talk things over."

"Of course," I answered.

I told Strude my story—all of it. I told him about Tad. "I thought I loved him. Now—I don't know. Maybe it's love I'm in love with. I know I feel I'm missing things. I want the cup to be full, whatever it's full of. My cup's so empty."

He didn't laugh, nor smile even. I had thought he might. He said in a quiet voice, "Your cup will be full. Don't worry. Life may be very hard, very dangerous for a woman like you will grow to be—but it won't be empty." Then he touched my hand and I thrilled to my finger tips. "I wonder if the ecstasy of the high places will compensate," he mused.

Under the tingle of his fingers, I breathed, "For what?" "For what I might do to you."

I followed him outside. It was dark now, foggy. Night had fallen. When he opened the door of his car and stood, looking at me, I got in. It never occurred to me not to. The moments we had just spent together were too full, the sensations too heady, to do otherwise.

He skirted traffic deftly and soon we were on country by-roads. He drove with one hand, his other crushed over mine. Then he stopped the car, and, without warning, took me in his arms. I had never been in a man's arms before, and there was a wonder, a miracle about it. I was so ripe for love, so starved for it, foolish kid that I was!

My lips lifted, to touch his cheek. He looked down at me. Then he crushed me against his heart and murmured, "Cool skin—gentle hands—so dark and beautiful."

My lips sought higher. His mouth touched mine. I slipped my fingers into his. He dropped his head to the flower he had bought and pinned to the shoulder of my coat. I touched my cheek to his hair. It was wet with mist. He lifted his face, his lips. He kissed my eyes, my cheeks, seeking my lips, and finding them, stayed pressed to them.

We did not stir. We hardly breathed, pressed close to each other.

A car went by, died away in the night. We held each other closer, in silence—later, I heard, to my amazement, my own lips uttering passionate murmurings, and his soft responses.

In the distance, a village clock rang out twelve strokes. "Damn!" Strude straightened up. Then he smiled, a beautiful smile. "Child, you must not be so sweet. If I kiss those soft lips of yours again, I'll be believing I'm in love with you—an old roué like me. Star eyes." He kissed them. "Here—bundle your coat about you. It's getting cold. Got the card? Or do you remember the address? Now—just one more kiss and we're off."

By one o'clock, I was back in my hotel room. Vida Farrell awaited me there.

IF VIDA hadn't been there, I probably should never have had the courage to keep my appointment with Strude Kendall; but Vida *was* there—dressed in a smart, backless evening gown, sitting on my bed, [Continued on page 55]



When A Man Needs Love

"JON, JON," chuckled Sally merrily, "I thought you'd never wake up! I thought you'd never want to kiss me! I've wanted you to so very, very much. . . ."

I WAS always sort of a dreamy kid, as far back as I can remember. And I guess I am one of those persons who must be constantly in love to be happy. Since I know this to be true, I suppose it sounds odd to say that the first time I fell in love, I didn't know what had happened to me!

And I was nineteen years old, too! Yet a more naive, unsophisticated, idealistic boy never lived than I was at that age. It wasn't that I didn't know the facts of life or that I was a "sissy." It went deeper than that.

For I was thrilled by life, as only youth can be thrilled by it. But I thought girls were perfect works of art to be placed on a shrine and worshipped. My mother was swell—and very lovely, and very much in love with my father. And I had three sisters, each of them a beauty in her own distinctive way. So it wasn't because I didn't know girls that I fell so completely, head-over-heels in love with Sally Carley.

I was a Senior in high school and Sally was seventeen, a Junior. I wish you could have seen Sally at seventeen. She was like all the lovely spring things poets make poems about. She had a cap of auburn hair all smothered over with little curls, and eyes like blue stars. And she was slim and lissome and moved with an unconscious rhythm and poise that was remarkable in a girl of seventeen, although I didn't realize that then.

In fact, I didn't realize much of anything then. I was too preoccupied with trying to write very amateurish poetry and with my elaborate dreams of writing books and plays. Oh, I was an ambitious youngster, and had all the cocksureness of youth. I *knew* I could conquer life; it was only a matter of time!

WELL, it all started with the Junior-Senior play, rather a cute, fast-moving little comedy called "The Queen Commands." Sally and I were cast for the leading rôles!

Then came the first rehearsal. I was the only one who knew all my part, although Sally knew more than half of hers. Our mutual disgust at the slowness of the rest of the cast drew us together. We sat on a property bridge and swung our feet, waiting for the others to stumble through the reading of their parts, and I was conscious, for the first time, of how truly lovely Sally was.

That was because she was so close to me, sitting there in a little pink frock that barely covered her lovely knees and looking up into my face as she talked.

"I think you're wonderful, Jon, to know all your part so soon," she said, in her soft clear little voice. "How can the rest of the kids be so stupid, I wonder? I'll know all of mine next time we practice."

I liked being told I was wonderful. I could count the dates I had had with girls, and the fact that I was regarded as slow and half-asleep didn't bother me in the least. I had other, more important things to think about, I told myself with superiority. That was before I met Sally, of course.

She was a comparatively new girl in school. Her family had bought a large estate on Huyler Hill only a short distance from our own big house and grounds, about two months before the play. So I had seen her, but I had never spoken to her, and had only thought, rather abstractly, that she was "a pretty little thing."

I knew she was immensely popular. She had pretty clothes and plenty of freedom—too much, I know now.

She leaned close to me. "Jon, this is so dumb, just sitting

Begin today this electrifying story of a boy's passionate search for a love that would last—and satisfy!

here listening to the rest of them stammer through their parts. We don't go on till the next act now. Let's slip out for a breath. Miss Parsons won't miss us."

I was perfectly willing. There was an old-fashioned steel fire-escape behind us, and we slipped out and sat on that in the soft darkness of late May. Sally sat even closer to me outside, and there was a faint fragrance about her that made me a little dizzy. There were dim, far stars but no moon yet. I could see Sally lift her face in the dim light, could see the soft rise of her small breasts under the little pink dress as she drew a deep, happy breath. I thought she leaned against me just a little.

"I love this, don't you, Jon?" she whispered. She made a swift little gesture. "The night, so close to us, and the stars, and—and being alone out here away from everyone else in the world."

Her words struck a quick chord of response in me! Why here was a girl who was different, who seemed to feel about things as I did! I wanted to touch her, to feel as close to her physically as I felt in spirit. But I didn't touch her. I said shyly, "It is nice, Sally."

To my astonishment, she gave a little low laugh. "What a funny boy you are, Jon," she said. "Some of the others told me you were—different; that you almost never date, and haven't much time for girls. Don't you like me, Jon?"

"I think you're sweet," I said sincerely.

She laughed again; she had such a light, lovely little laugh, and she laughed so much.

"That's better," she approved. "I believe Barry's right."

"Barry?" I repeated. "What did he say?"

I knew she meant Barry Heath, my one real friend and chum, the only boy who really knew me and my dreams and aspirations, outside my own family. Barry and I were like brothers, although he was three years older than I, and in his third year of engineering at the State University, fifty miles away.

"Barry says," said Sally, "that no one understands you, that you're going to be a great person sometime—and that—you're unawakened."

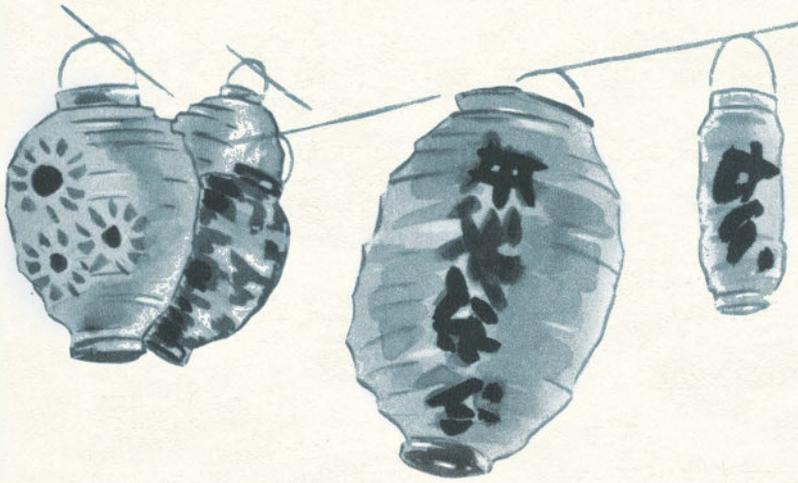
I laughed. Barry had told me that too, but I felt I knew more about life at nineteen than Barry Heath would ever know, fine as I knew him to be. I knew Barry would never feel life to the depths as I would; he was too sane and practical!

"So Barry says I'm unawakened," I said now. "What do you think, little Sally Carley?"

Sally stood up. I heard her draw her breath on a sharp, catching note. She bent toward me, and for an instant her



"TAKE care of Sally for me," I said to Barry. "I wouldn't trust her to anyone but you . . . you'll keep her safe for me. . . ."



small hands touched my face in the faintest caress. "I—don't dare tell you—what I think, Jon Faber," she whispered. She turned and I was left alone on the fire escape.

A queer shiver thrilled through me. I didn't know whether it was caused by her words or the touch of her hands. Something was stirring to life in me, and I was still too inexperienced to know what it was.

BUT Sally knew. And Sally knew what to do about it. Somehow I found myself calling to take her to school on practice nights and taking her home, too. My classmates raised amused eyebrows and said among themselves, "Jon Faber is waking up! It took Sally Carley to do it!"

But I didn't care what anyone said. I was completely preoccupied with the glamour of Sally. She was girl-glamour personified and I was being exposed to it for the first time.

In fact, Sally was opening an entirely new world to me. I had danced before, a little, but dancing with Sally was something else again. When you danced with Sally, you became one with her, you became a part of innate rhythm and moved in a symphony of movement that was sheer delight. I suddenly developed a craze for dancing—I, quiet, book-inclined Jon Faber, wanted to do nothing else but dance!

So Sally and I went to three or four dances a week and I held her warm young body in my arms and was aware that she liked me. Still I hadn't kissed her, except in the play. There, in the last scene in the last act, the Queen and the wandering Troubadour exchange a fleeting, self-conscious kiss of farewell and relinquishment. And I liked touching Sally's little red mouth with my lips for an instant; I had learned to do it without embarrassment at rehearsals, but the thought of really kissing Sally—believe it or not—hadn't occurred to me!

Until a certain May night a few days before the play was to be given. Sally and I were walking across the fragrant tree-edged Commons from a dance. Sally was wearing something soft and clinging and there was a moon to make her hair like something out of a dream. As we walked along, she slipped her arm through mine, and it was warm and soft against me. The night seemed suddenly breathless; it must have been the night, for Sally felt it, too.

We stopped. Sally turned a little toward me. The white light of the moon sculptured her face into new loveliness. "You're beautiful, Sally," I said. "I wish I could paint instead of write. I'd make a portrait of you, as you are to-night."

Sally's warm young body was suddenly pressed close to me, as it was when we danced; her white arms went about my neck, pressing my head down to hers. And I was kissing Sally—not as I kissed her in the play, but with an awakening hunger I could not understand. Not one kiss, but many, pressed against her eager mouth, and all along the line of soft white throat down to the sweet small hollow where her

dress began. I don't remember sitting down on the thick soft grass, but when I next became conscious of external things, I was sitting there, holding Sally in my arms! I felt dazed and bewildered as I stumbled to my feet.

"Jon! Jon!" Sally whispered. "I thought you'd never wake up! I thought you'd never kiss me. And I wanted you to so much!"

So this was waking up! I smiled a little uncertainly, and kissed her again. Then she leaned back to look up into my face.

"Jon," she asked seriously, "am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

I felt my face growing warm and red with the rush of blood to it. "You're the first I ever kissed—that way," I admitted.

"Oh, Jon! You're sweet," laughed Sally and lifted her seductive young lips, mutely inviting more kisses.

LOOKING back, I wonder now why things went no further between Sally and me that night—nor for many more nights. For now I was no longer content merely to dance with Sally—I wanted to hold her and kiss her and feel that indescribable thrill that rippled through my whole body at every touch of her lips.

We were together almost every night, dancing or riding or canoeing or walking. I was Sally's escort to every party and dance. We played tennis together, rode horseback—and one moonlight night, we went swimming.

We had left the dance at the Del Prado because it was too hot to dance. A thunderstorm was brewing and the air was close and murky. We took the road to the lake, got out of the car and walked along the deserted white beach in the moonlight. In a sheltered cove we paused for Sally to come into my arms for a kiss that made my heart race madly. But Sally drew away, laughing a little.

"We stick together, Jon! Let's swim and cool off, are you game? We'll feel simply marv afterward."

I looked at her incredulously. "You mean—?" But she was already kicking off her absurdly tiny pumps, pulling the wisp of chiffon gown over her head.

"Don't be Victorian, Jon!" Her voice came to me huskily sweet through the muffling folds of the chiffon.

A very definite icy chill went up my spine. "But, Sally," I protested, "what if someone came—?"

She stood before me in two wisps of silk, her lovely, rhythmical body etched in moonlight, her hair a halo about her mocking, laughing face.

"Are you a prude, Jon?" she taunted. "I'll give you one minute to join me. If you don't come, I'm going in alone."

We stood staring at each other in the moonlight. Then Sally gave a little breathless laugh, left the two wisps of silk



"JON, I love you better than anything in the world . . . but I have to tell you something . . . and when I do, I don't suppose you'll want to marry me. . . ."



on the white sand, and ran toward the lake, looking like a lovely white figure out of a sculptor's dream!

I stood looking after her in astonishment. Was there ever in all the world a girl like Sally, I wondered? What other girl could have shed all her clothing so unself-consciously, could have been so perfectly natural and spontaneous and real! She was a reproach to me, held back by silly conventions, out-moded ideas of decency and good conduct. Two minutes later I followed Sally into the cool dark water.

I caught up with her with long sure strokes, and she laughed back at me over her curved white shoulder.

"We'd better make for the Point, Jon," she said. "The moon's going under in a minute. I've already felt some big drops of rain, haven't you?"

"Then we'd better beat it back to the beach," I exclaimed. "Our clothes will be soaked."

"The Point is nearer," argued Sally.

Lightning slashed the sky now and the moon was suddenly swallowed in a black bank of clouds. What Sally had said was true; we were within a few rods of the narrow wooded finger of land called the Point, and the beach was some distance behind us. Sally was a sturdy little swimmer; her movements were beautifully coordinated as they were in everything she did which involved movement.

My feet touched the shallow beach-bed of the Point first, and I turned to reach a hand to Sally. We waded in, stumbling, laughing, shrouded in blackness. Once or twice, a vivid flash of lightning revealed our two young figures making for the land, both slim and youthful, one brown and showing signs of becoming a fine man-body, one white and lovely and curved, already definitely a woman-body.

We made the Point as the storm broke and stood under a ledge of rock to watch the rain beat on the lake. But we didn't notice it much, after all, for there in the soft warm darkness, Sally crept into my arms and we were merged in an ecstasy that shook the foundations of my universe.

I DIDN'T see how things could be the same after that. And they weren't, of course. Nothing is ever the same after a boy looks into the realm of manhood and has his first revelation of the underlying meaning of life, receives his first answer to the thousand questions he has asked through youth.

Now I completely and utterly adored Sally. We belonged to each other and I began to dream dreams of all the years of life we would build together. I would write books and great plays—for Sally. I would become famous—for Sally—and for our children.

It seemed to me that Sally softened and sweetened in the days that followed. She was less flippant. Now she would be sweetly serious with me sometimes. That wild night in the storm was the beginning of other hours of wonderment beyond anything I had ever supposed could come to human beings. I had no regrets about anything, and, apparently, neither did Sally

[Continued on page 72]



Winifred Rogers suggests beauty aids for Christmas gifts. If you need help in selecting them, she'll be glad to advise you. Miss Rogers will also be most happy to advise you on any and all of your beauty problems. Just send a STAMPED, self-addressed envelope to Winifred Rogers, care of TRUE CONFESSIONS, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Connecticut.

GIVE BEAUTY AIDS FOR CHRISTMAS



GRACE BRADLEY thinks a sparkling compact like hers is one of the nicest presents any girl could receive.

FOR almost a month I have been excited about cosmetic Christmas gifts, each day bringing news of another lovely gift. . . . A compact with a neat compartment for cigarettes. . . . A pig-skin manicure set so complete and perfect that it would induce the most careless person to fuss with her nails. . . . A lipstick with a tiny mirror attached. . . . A combination package of dusting powder, face powder and perfume, resplendent in red cellophane wrappings.

These are only a few of the beauty aids that are being packaged appealingly for the Christmas season and which you should be able to find at your toiletry counters by this time. If you are at all in doubt about what to give your best friend, your second best friend or your sister, you can't help finding the answer at your toiletry counter. There's even a grand suggestion for your very best beau, in the shape of a shaving kit he'd be proud to own.

THE compact I liked most among several styles offered by a compact "specialist" is square and flat, with one side holding an ample supply of cigarettes, the other side containing cake rouge and a loose powder compartment—grand for facial touch-ups at any time of day or night. The design of the compact is stunningly modern, and it comes in various smart color combinations that will harmonize well with most any costume. There is a white one with black trimming that is simply stunning, and a pale yellow, gold and blue one that would be a find for a blonde. The price is \$5.50, but that's not too much to pay for a really well-made double compact with space

for cigarets. I know you'll buy one for Dorothy and then become so attached to it that you can't bear to part with it, so you might as well buy two in the first place!

The combination package of dusting powder, face powder and perfume is a remarkable value—priced at \$1.10. By giving it as a present, you are conferring hundreds of pleasant moments. The large square green box of dusting powder with its green velour puff will put a nice flourish on the daily bath for weeks. I like this bath powder because it is so infinitesimally fine and so delicately perfumed. The face powder, also in a green box, is the kind that adheres to your nose in spite of all. It has definite moisture-defying qualities, a nice, smooth texture and comes in five natural-looking shades. The small vial of perfume which completes this trio is languorous, lasting

and lovely. Do let me know if you're interested in the trade name.

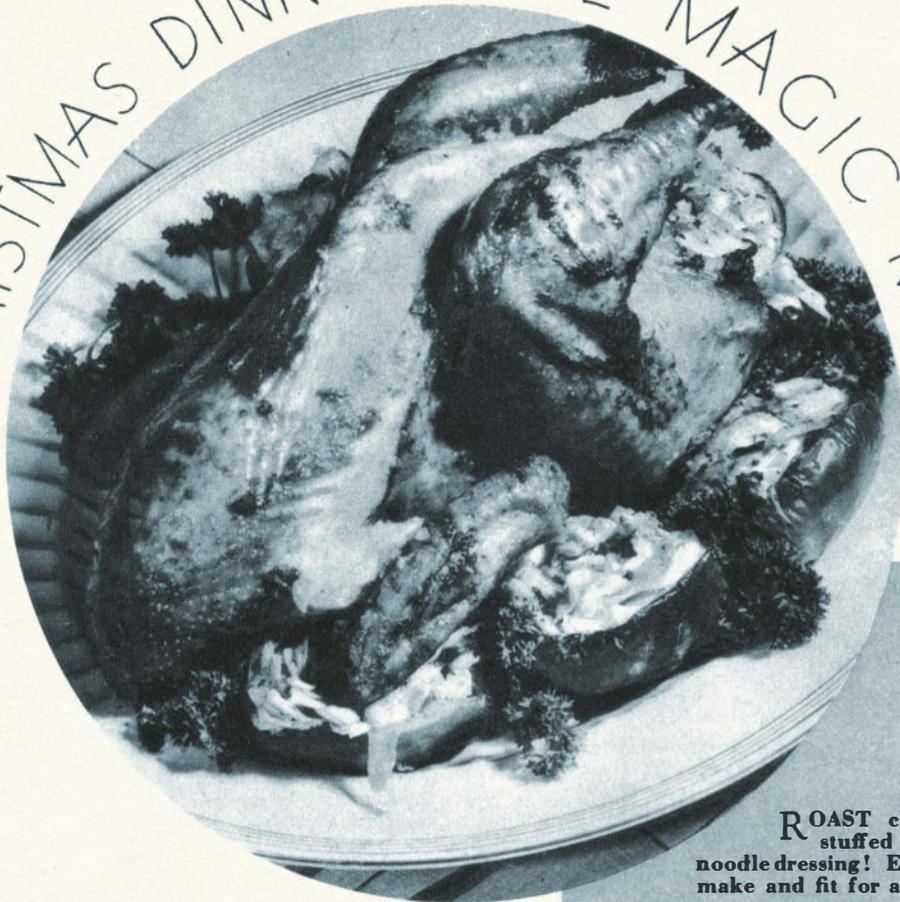
HAVEN'T you had the sad experience of wanting to renew your lipstick in a great hurry—between dances, say, or at a luncheon when you see some important person advancing toward your table—yet failed in your purpose simply because you couldn't find your mirror or vanity quickly enough? It's one of the minor annoyances that can very easily become major, given the right set of circumstances!

But that's all been ended now, by the entrance of a grand lipstick with a small but adequate mirror attached. You can now whip out your lipstick and apply it properly with one or two swift motions. As you remove the lovely black and silver cover of the lipstick, an [Continued on page 70]

The Vanity Case

By WINIFRED ROGERS

CHRISTMAS DINNER - THE MAGIC MEAL



ROAST chicken stuffed with noodle dressing! Easy-to-make and fit for a king!



Recipe Leaflets!

- Chicken Pie Free
- Christmas Cookies . . . Free
- Bridge Refreshments 5 cents
- Favorite Christmas Dishes of Screen Stars . 5 cents
- Prize-winning recipes 5 cents

Address your letter to Grace Ellis, TRUE CONFESSIONS' Foods Editor, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope!

good bird to roast. A dressed chicken tucked into a slow oven (about 300 degrees F.) may be taken out 2-3 hours later, dripping luscious juices and done to a turn. No cover, no basting, no water in the pan, not even any stuffing, if you happen to prefer chicken without. It's all in using a low oven temperature and a well insulated oven.

If you don't know your butcher (and maybe if you do) you'll have to know how to detect a good bird when you see one. Recipe books hold pages of instructions for those who would know good poultry from bad. But the one thing which I should advise any cook to look for is compactness. An underfed bird is rangy—too much bone for the meat he carries. A well-fed bird is thick and deep. His meat has developed before his bones have had time to stretch out and give length. And a bird well-fed, and therefore

deep of meat, and with a nice layer of fat beneath the skin, is apt to have good flavor, regardless of age or weight.

Following are directions for roasting the most common holiday fowl, and with favorite Cozy Kitchen stuffings for each:

ROAST CHICKEN—WITH NOODLE STUFFING

Clean a 5-6 lb. roasting chicken, washing inside and out. Drain. Sprinkle generously with salt inside the body cavity. Fill lightly with stuffing, but do not pack stuffing in closely. Truss the bird and sew up. Rub lightly on outside surface with melted butter, or better still, with olive oil. (Butter, [Continued on page 71])

The Cozy Kitchen

By GRACE ELLIS

CHRISTMAS is a magic season! And Christmas dinner is a magic meal!

That's why it doesn't have to be an expensive one. Merely festive!

"Better good creamed chicken than tough turkey," says Sally, my clever young neighbor. And she proceeds to tell me about one of the gayest Christmas dinners which she and Sam ever had. It consisted of Chicken Soup, Hot Biscuits, Salad, and a Fig Pudding.

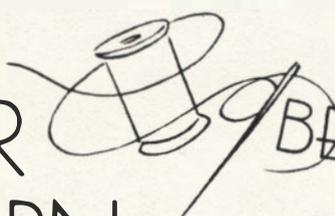
For any cook, the first question to ask concerning Christmas dinner is, "What shall I have for a main dish?"

Time, taste, and the state of the family budget will determine the answer. If time is precious and the bank account weak, there's nothing nicer than genuine Old-Fashioned Chicken Pie. It's one of the favorite meat dishes of

America. Who doesn't love it? Bubbling with rich yellow gravy, topped with golden crust (made, if you like, with boxed biscuit flour) and carrying within, its offering of juicy drumsticks, breasts and thighs. (One of the Cozy Kitchen recipe cards contains detailed instructions for making the dish. So we won't take time for that here. Merely send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, if you'd like a copy.)

If Christmas dinner to you, however, means roast chicken, turkey, goose or duck, then this is the year to indulge. For dressed fowl at the present market is apt to cost less than such holiday substitutes as ham, crown roast, and prime ribs.

There's no trick to roasting fowl now-a-days, providing you have a



OUR PATTERN SERVICE

By
BARBARA RAND

BE A LITTLE DRESSMAKER

A LLURING femininity! That's what lovely Lois Lindsay suggests in these beguiling pajamas in which she shines in the Columbia film "Grand Exit." You'll favor lounging as a national pastime when you learn that you may make an exact copy of Miss Lindsay's crinkled satin pair—the softly tailored, tuck-in blouse a-sparkle with buttons, and luxuriously swish trousers easy to make and suitable for lounging or sleeping.

Pattern T-931 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 4 1/8 yards 39 inch fabric.

Anne Grey, who lends glamorous support to Charles Ray's come-back picture "Just My Luck" is giving you a lucky break! Yes—you've guessed it—it's a chance to copy the young, soft-line frock she's wearing. True, hers is the more formal full length, but you'll find it equally adorable in a street length.

Pattern T-932 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Full length dress with contrasting collar and cuffs, size 16 requires 4 1/8 yards 39 inch fabric and 3/8 yard contrasting.

Price of pattern 15c each.

Forty handsomely illustrated pages of exclusive new Fashion and Pattern Ideas! Smart, practical clothes to make for yourself and children—from easy-to-use patterns. Clothes for work, play, parties, school, business. And a whole thrilling section on "make-it-yourself" gifts for the holidays. Send for this helpful book today! The price of the book is 15c. Book and a pattern together, 25c.

Outside of U. S. or Canada, orders must be remitted in coin or international post-office money order and five cents extra is charged per pattern or catalogue. Foreign stamps not accepted. Address all mail and orders to TRUE CONFESSIONS' Pattern Department!, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.



If you like Anne Grey's frock, send for the smart-as-a-whip pattern that serves two purposes.

DELIGHTFUL to make—a joy to behold are these beguiling pajamas modeled by Lois Lindsay.

TRUE CONFESSIONS' Pattern Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed.....send me Lois Lindsay's pajama pattern.

No. T-931 Size.....Anne Grey's frock pattern, No. T-932 Size.....

Pattern Book.

(Place checks in squares to indicate your order).

Name

Married Single

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CityState

Pattern 15c Fashion Book 15c Combination Price 25c

"Give Me Your Husband"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

yet, Don? Anybody she might want to marry?" I pressed anxiously.

"I thought so—until last week," he replied. "She told me she was thinking of divorce. I didn't say anything because I wanted to be sure. But it blew up. She knows about you, Connie. But don't worry, that wouldn't make any difference to her," he admitted bitterly. "She looks after her own interests first."

"Don—" I searched his eyes. "You're sure, if we did go somewhere for the week-end that you—you wouldn't expect me to do anything I didn't feel was right?"

He took my face between his hands. "Connie, have I ever asked you to do anything against your will? No, and I never shall. I think getting away for a couple of days would do us both good. There's a place near the ocean about eighty-five miles from here. I could reserve two rooms, and we could go next Saturday as soon as we get off work, and come home Monday morning."

"Oh, Don," I said, "I'd love to go. It'll do us both a lot of good."

ALL Saturday morning I wondered if anybody could tell that Don and I were going some place for the week-end. My suitcase was in the rumble seat of his car, beside his own. One moment I was frightened, the next I was calm. After all, it was going to be a very right adventure, quite different from what the world would think, if it knew.

I had arranged to meet him two blocks away, so no one would see us leave together. I had a little difficulty in getting away from Forbes, but finally managed it and we met and I got in his car and we settled down for our drive.

Don and I were both excited. We talked a lot. About two o'clock we stopped along the road and had lunch, and then went on.

Once or twice I had a queer feeling steal over me. Did one think more clearly, or less clearly when he got away from things? It seemed strange to be alone with Don. But at least there was no one to be afraid of!

In a large clearing, behind a rustic arch and enclosed in a rustic fence, stood the summer hotel.

We found our rooms beautifully furnished. Don's was next to mine.

I had a new white wool sports dress to wear. It felt good in that crisp country. I'd had a shampoo the night before and my hair was a mass of tiny curls that framed my face. I drew on a white, angora cap, and let a white scarf drift from me like a young snowdrift while I locked my door and knocked at Don's. He was wearing a soft blue flannel shirt, and trousers and blue leather jacket.

"Just what is this?" I asked, "A fashion parade, or an outing?"

"Did you expect me to come up here with you and look like a tramp?" he laughed.

Did I expect him to come up there with me and look like a tramp. How much he cared! How he wanted to please me in every way. Oh, it was wonderful to be loved like that.

"All in white," he said, his eyes sweep-

ing over me admiringly. Then, suddenly, he glanced away.

He's thinking I look like a bride, I thought. He doesn't want to say it, but I can tell what he's thinking by his eyes. Brides always wear white. Oh, when will I be Don's bride? When will Rita find the one she loves, or give up her silly agreement and get a divorce?

Rosy from a crisp, intoxicating walk in the slanting sunshine, we had just time to dress for dinner. There weren't many people in the hotel. Too late for the summer crowd and too early for those who came up for winter sports. After dinner we sat around the fireplace and listened to the radio. One of the other guests came up to Don and started telling him about the different hikes to take. At last I could keep my eyes open no longer and I slipped upstairs. I knew Don would come as soon as he could, for a last precious moment together before we parted for the night.

Putting on a negligee over my pajamas I slipped into bed to read until he came. Ginger, the Scottie, whom we'd brought with us from town, curled up at my feet. I must have dozed for, all at once, Don was there, sitting beside me. "The lady doesn't snore," he teased. "Can I bank on that?"

"Well—if we're going to take even half of the hikes I heard the man downstairs tell you about, I'm going to need some sleep. It wore me out just listening."

He started a laughing rejoinder. Half through, he paused and I saw the dawn of the sweetest expression I had ever seen on a human face break through the darkness of his eyes. Gently he drew me up into his arms.

"Good-night, Connie," he whispered.

"Good-night, Don," I breathed. "Good-night, dear. Now go before . . ."

He kissed me tenderly. But when the time came to release me, our lips clung madly, his arms tightened mercilessly. I lay crushed against him in a strange new darkness, while a wild, sweet ecstasy flooded my being. Then he was whispering huskily, "Connie—Connie—sweet." After that, there was only our love in a world of darkness; our bodies blending in mad sweet fire destroying the darkness, destroying the world; tomorrow, yesterday, everything I had ever known. . . .

Was Don to blame? Was I to blame? Was Rita, with her selfish, scheming mind, to blame? I don't know. But I do know, from the very moment Don and I met, something was driving us on and on, something over which we had no control or power; something stronger than ourselves. It drove our kisses into our blood and changed them to fire; it sent our hearts crashing against our sides; it made thinking impossible, surrender inevitable. Who was to blame? I don't know.

ON MONDAY morning we arrived home at dawn. For a long while we sat in Don's car, tired as we were from the long drive.

"I feel as bad that it happened as you do,

Connie," Don said huskily. "And yet—I realize that if it hadn't happened there, it would have happened some place else, some other time. We're human, Connie. Nature doesn't give a rap about ceremonies."

It was then I asked him something that had been growing on my mind. "Don, do you suppose if I went to Rita and explained that she would get a divorce? Sometimes women don't realize."

"You'd be hurt. You'd come away sick with the poison of her selfishness, Connie."

"But—you wouldn't care if I went?"

"No. Only about your being hurt."

"I've been hurt so much now, I don't think anything will matter any more."

"Poor little Connie," he breathed huskily. "And I only meant to bring you happiness."

The following Wednesday afternoon I got off work and went to see her.

She was tall and slender, with dark hair parted in the middle and brought straight down over her ears. Her face was pale, her eyes very dark and heavily shadowed. Her mouth was cruel, and much too red.

"My husband told me you wanted to see me." She waved me toward a divan.

I didn't know where to begin. Finally I said, tremulously, "Wouldn't you have just as much freedom, if not more, if you divorced Don? You see, Don and I love each other. We want to get married."

She lighted a cigarette. "So he told me." She flung herself into a chair, crossed her long, shapely limbs, and exhaled slowly. She looked at me, her eyes were very hard. "I'm sorry. You see my parents are coming to live with us for a while. Don and I are going to have to see more of each other for the next few months than we've seen in a year. They arrive on the plane tomorrow afternoon. You'd better not expect to see Don tomorrow night."

The telephone rang. She reached for the handset, picked it up. Her voice was honeyed as she spoke into it.

I got up, stood on trembling legs, and waited. There was nothing more to say.

"I was busy a few minutes ago," she explained with a low, affected laugh. "A girl came here asking me to divorce Don. Yes, wives used to have some respect shown them. What did I say to her?" She raised her eyes and looked at me. I'd never seen such fury, such cold hatred in human eyes before. "I told her to get out. As for Don—wait until I tell him what I think of his sending her here."

With a sob, I turned and groped my way out into the street.

"Oh, Don, Don," I cried. "Why did you let me come? Oh, Don, why did you?"

I DIDN'T go back to the office. I was too spent; shaken. Don, was right, it was a losing game. A despicable, cheating racket. You couldn't beat it. The odds were stacked against you from the start.

I lay down across the bed. I felt as if all life was drained from my body. The telephone rang. I let it ring. I had neither the strength nor the will to answer it.

Don had given Rita his word, promised her protection. He had done it not only for her but for her parents. Now they were coming. It was his place to stay by his word. What claim did I have on him? None.

The next morning I telephoned the office I was ill and wouldn't be down. I'd have to give up my apartment, go away. It meant giving up my job, but how could I keep on working in the same office with Don? I couldn't.

It would mean more secret meetings; forgetfulness. It was so easy to forget everything when his arms were around me.

In the middle of the afternoon, I put on my hat and went down to the bank and drew out my three hundred dollar balance. I went over and bought a ticket to San Francisco. Then I went home and packed.

When dusk came, I didn't turn on the light, but stared out over the city, watching the lights come on. Life was hard and cruel; it was mockery; love was a lure that never satisfied; a promise that was never fulfilled. There was only emptiness and despair everywhere. *Everywhere...*

But I couldn't go without calling Forbes. It was only fair to them in the office.

"Don't be a fool, Connie," Forbes said. "Don't be a fool."

"I'm not," I told her. "There's something you don't understand, Forbes." I tried to keep my voice steady.

"Don't I?" she flung back at me. "Don't kid yourself. Listen, Connie. Unpack your things. I'm coming over."

I told her I was sorry, but I couldn't wait. It was no use. I had to go. I couldn't stay.

I hung up, took my bags downstairs to the desk, checked out of the apartment house, and called a cab to take me to the station.

I had half an hour to wait in the depot. I sat down and watched those about me. It was like watching a picture that was out of focus.

But the picture cleared sharply, as I saw—Rita and a tall dark man, coming toward me. She wore a mauve suit, with an orchid pinned on her shoulder; a violet scarf fluttered out from her. She carried an expensive traveling case, and he carried two elaborately monogrammed bags. He, too, was dressed for traveling. Rita's face was flushed, her eyes brilliant. The man's face was strangely familiar to me; his black eyes held a possessive light as he turned his head and they swept over her. They were hurrying. Rita laughed as she passed close enough that I might have touched her. Her laughter was hard, brittle.

She didn't see me. They went on, and hurried through the gate. I raised my eyes and read the names. *Points east.*

For an instant I sat very still, my hands clasped tightly in my lap to stop their violent trembling. Then, the next thing I knew I was running—somebody at the gate tried to stop me but I broke away from them and ran.

When I caught up with Rita, I took hold of her arm and she whirled and faced me.

"You can't go," I cried. "You can't, with your mother and father coming—Don doesn't want them to know. I'm going away. Don't you see? Oh, please don't hurt Don any more..."

The man had put down the two bags and walked over to us.

"What's the idea?" he demanded. Then—as I stared at him, I fell back a step. *He was the man Don had talked to that night at the Lodge.*

"We're in a hurry," he said shortly. "What is it you want?"

29
815
4763



Numerology Solves Love Problems

NUMBER 7 in Numerology is symbolic of sincerity and depth of emotion. If your name and birth month reduce to this number, you will have very few love problems in life. You should attract true love and hold it!

Rochelle Hudson, who comes under the vibrations of Number 7, is typical of the charm and simplicity that these people possess.

It is generally considered unwise for those who have 7 ruling their lives to sacrifice everything for a career. The money making instinct is lacking in the nature of number 7 people.

Early marriage is often advisable for number 7. You should not decide hastily, but it is not necessary for you to experiment over a number of years before knowing what type you love.

Because your type of nature is not aggressive, you require a mate who is practical and capable in all matters. You are emotional and warm-natured, but you are not the type to make advances in love.

Your impulsiveness and generosity often cause you to be taken advantage of by other people, but it is these very qualities that make you such a success in love.

1936 promises to be a very good year for love. If you are a number seven (see rules at bottom of page to find out what your number is), you can look forward to the months of March, May and August of 1936. They promise to be decisive months and bring you your share of romantic thrills and happiness!

THERE is one sure way of knowing who your Cosmic Lover is to be. Numerology holds the key! Use it to unlock the mystical door to your future!

Send to Norvell, care TRUE CONFESIONS, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn., for your Birthpath Numerology chart. Let him analyze the birth dates of your friends or sweetheart and tell you the love secrets that might possibly lurk in their lives. Find out who is compatible to you, and who is not! Send one dime and a self-addressed, STAMPED ENVELOPE for your reply.

I shook my head. "Nothing," I whispered. "Nothing—" He must not tell Rita, he must not give her that evidence against Don.

Rita had recovered her poise. She looked at me coldly, her lips a bright red scar, slightly curved.

"My parents aren't coming," she said. "They never were. Here comes the man after your ticket. I suggest you scam before I tell him you were after my purse." She turned quickly to her companion. "Come on," she said. "That's the girl I was telling you about. Let's hurry and get out of here."

"I've seen her somewhere," the man said as he picked up the bags. "I can't think where—but I've seen her."

Don't let him remember, oh, please don't let him, I prayed.

A man in uniform touched my arm. "You can't go out here without a ticket," he said severely.

"It's all right," I told him. I fished in my purse, and handed him mine. Should I use it? Should I go away now?

"That's San Francisco," he said. "Second gate down."

I went back to my bags. I reached down to pick them up. A hand closed over mine. I looked up and straight into Don's eyes. His face was white as a sheet.

"Forbes told me," he said. "Come on, Connie, you're going home."

PEOPLE were staring at us. He strode off. I followed, feeling as if my legs would crumple under me every step.

He deposited my bags in the back of his car.

He climbed in beside me. His arms reached for me, and he crushed me to him and buried his face in my neck.

"God bless Forbes for telling me where I could find you," he whispered hoarsely.

There was the sound of a train somewhere. A train going east, chugging... Clattering off into the night...

"Remember, Connie, I asked you once, a long time ago, if you didn't believe there could be something between two people that wouldn't let them rest until something was done about it. That something's going to be done now, Connie."

"I didn't realize—until tonight—when I almost lost you—that you've had the least consideration in this deal of anybody. From now on you have first. I don't know where Rita is. I've been waiting for her to come in all afternoon. I've done the best I could for her straight through. I've bailed water out of a sinking ship trying to kid myself into thinking it would float if only I kept going. It isn't true. It's going down. But I'm not going with it. Her parents are coming. When they do, they'll know the truth."

He didn't know, then, that Rita had gone, that her parents weren't coming, that everything between them was finished. I wanted to tell him, but tears filled my eyes and my throat ached so I couldn't speak.

"Connie—Connie—sweet—" The deep huskiness of his voice, the hard pressure of his arms, the fierce tenderness of his lips, as they captured mine.

There was the sound of another train pulling out of the station. This time, for San Francisco. Don's arms tightened mercilessly. He, too, was thinking what might have been.

But I knew then that love is something from which you cannot run away. It's part of you and part of him; it's both of you, together.

A Nurse's Holiday

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

"Does he really want you to marry him, Shiela? To—actually *marry* him?"

"What do you think he's asking me to be? His mistress?" I switched on the lights. I had forgotten all about the ring on my finger until Leah's startled wail brought it back to me in sudden sick realizing.

"That's Red's! That's Red's ring! Shiela! You're wearing Red's ruby!"

For an instant I stood there, staring down at it, watching its red heart, like a living thing, burn and throb and glow, and suddenly I thought of an ugly thing—a thing as warped and bitter as my warped and bitter soul. As warped and bitter as the envy that twisted Leah's small face, as the greed that shone from her eyes.

Whatever I want—that's the thing she takes, I'd told Red. And it was true. First Dick—because I loved him. Now this ring that Red had given me. Why not Red next, because he gave it to me? Why not—Red—? Suppose she should want him badly enough to give up Dick to get him? Suppose—

And all at once I wasn't the old Shiela any more. I was a new person, hard and brittle and cold as ice—and gloating.

I thrust out my hand. I swung my ring so that the light would catch it. "Pretty, isn't it? He's giving me the bracelets to match as soon as we are married. We're taking our honeymoon up the St. Lawrence and down the coast to Florida, just as soon as he gets his decree." And then the final touch. The thing that changed Leah's blue eyes to green pools of anger:

"Thanks for taking Dick off my hands, darling. I admit I was pretty sore at first—it hurt my pride. But—I'm all right now. You're welcome to him.

"It's going to be pretty swell, having a rich man crazy about you. I'm just beginning to realize how swell!"

For a breathless instant I thought that Leah was going to strike me. I'd never seen such hate in anyone's eyes, as she jumped from the bed and stumbled towards me, but before I could move or guard myself against her, she had swept by me and was gone. From down the hall, I heard the closing of her door.

IT WAS early when I reported for duty the next morning, at the office. Dick was there, talking with the Head. From across his littered desk, Doctor Kelly saw me. Before I could get away, he motioned me inside.

Doctor Kelly was a brusque man, but kindly. He knew us all. He knew our loves and ambitions—his children, he called us, the nurses and doctors and internes. You see, ours was a private hospital. We weren't just efficient automatons there to give service alone.

"Welcome home, Shiela!" he said now. What are you so shy about all of a sudden? Come in and get an earfull of news! We're letting this young man of yours have his chance at last. He's to operate tomorrow before the clinic. A tumor case that came in while you were away. A hard thing but a feather in his cap if he can pull it off!"

And then, his eyes twinkling: "Don't

think I'm nosing in, Shiela. I'm not so old but what I realize that two months is a long time to keep lovers like you apart—but the next time you and Dick want to go on a petting spree—park your car somewhere besides the hospital curb.

"You shocked the housekeeper nearly out of her curlpapers. Kissing at three o'clock in the morning!"

The minute the words were out, he knew there was something wrong.

I answered, my chin high and proud, "I'm sorry about the housekeeper, Doctor. And—that wasn't Doctor Orton it was—Red Raymond. Red and I are going to be married."

I don't remember going out of the Head's office. All I remember is that I did go and that Dick was beside me, saying in a tight, hard voice that wasn't his at all. "Great work, Shiela! It's a good driver who carries spares! Didn't take you long to change your tires and ride along, did it?"

"What did you think I was going to do? Wait for you?" I asked him. And I added, making my voice impersonal: "It's fine—your getting that chance to work before the clinic."

He said: "Damn the clinic!"

The corridor stretched before us, narrow, deserted dim. Catching my hands in his, he swung me around to face him. "What is this that we're doing to each other, you and I?" he cried. "What's come over us? You—marrying Red Raymond! Letting him kiss you—make love to you! Hold your face up to me! I want to see your eyes."

And when I wouldn't because I didn't dare, he pushed it back with cruel fingers and held it there, while he kissed my lips. A hard kiss, that bruised and crushed and burned.

My hands torn loose from his, pushed against him, wrenched myself free. Then I saw Leah coming out of a side door, not four feet away. And I knew that Dick had seen her too, for I could feel him stiffen, and his arms stopped in their sudden reaching, to drop listlessly to his sides.

She halted beside us and let her eyes slide slyly from Dick to me and back to Dick again.

"Some kiss!" she said. "Maybe I'd better wear a bell or carry a siren, after this. It might be safer."

"You're siren enough without carrying one—!" I answered. "As for that kiss, I didn't ask for it nor need it." I turned my finger to bring my ring into view. I made my voice as sly as hers; as crowded with meanings: "I don't expect to be exactly starving for kisses from now on, if you get what I mean!"

As I turned to swing away, I caught just one glimpse of Dick's eyes, and I dug the nails in my palms until the blood came to keep from going back to him.

I HAD forgotten about our boat party entirely until, coming off duty at five o'clock, I found Leah in the linen room, waiting for me.

"No need spitting at each other like a couple of cats every time we meet, is there?" she offered. "After all, we're

step-sisters. And that party that Red's giving tonight—he called a little while ago and left word that he's coming for us at six-thirty. We're picking Dick up at his hotel."

"Dick!" I cried. "You aren't letting Dick go, Leah! You know the kind of a party Red'll give, and Dick with his first clinic operation tomorrow at eight! Where he ought to be is in bed!"

"Maybe you'd like to put him there," Leah said nastily. "Go ahead. It's okay by me!"

Red's car was like everything else about him—huge and arrogant and spectacular. I had been late dressing and when I came down at last, Leah was already in it, with Dick.

I had worn white, but Leah was in red—a flame of red that slapped the world in the face.

Red's eyes told me I was beautiful, but even as his arm around me pulled me in beside him and held me there, his grin took in Leah with a deviltry of companionship.

"Hot stuff!" he said. "They'll know we're coming, eh, baby?" And to Dick, stiff and silent beside her. "Some party we're going to have tonight, Doc! Fixed it up so the girls don't have to worry about getting in, and—have I got the old skiff stocked! We'll wrap ourselves around some liquor that is liquor!"

Red began to drink almost as soon as he struck the boat. There was something pagan about him—prankish. He made love to me—crazy love that I couldn't escape. He knew he was torturing Dick, and Dick knew he knew. Pride and stubbornness made him meet each glass of Red's with one of his own, and Leah, sharp tongued, viperish with jealousy, urged him on.

"A lot of fun I'm having with you, Dick Orton! A swell frost you've turned out to be! For Pete's sake, go on and get drunk! Maybe it'll thaw you out!"

And Red joined his plaint to hers: "You and me too, baby! Might as well make love to an icicle as to Shiela. Come on and dance. You wouldn't freeze a guy out, would you? A hot little blonde like you!" And with her eyes sliding slyly my way, Leah let him grab her up and dance her away, leaving Dick and me to face each other, alone.

Alone with Dick, I pushed his glass away. The tears I wanted to shed and wouldn't, were making me feel hot and aching and desperate.

At last I said, "Oh, Dick, don't! Thinking you can drink with Red Raymond! Your first real operation at eight o'clock tomorrow morning, and here you are—midnight and like this! You'll never be able to sober up in time! You'll throw it away—the chance you've been working for! You'll—"

"It won't be the only chance I've thrown away!" he said. "How about my chance with you? As for being a surgeon—Hell! I'm not even a man. When a fellow like Red Raymond has to teach me how to hold my liquor and my women!"

"I'm staying here until they drag me out. If they fire me at the hospital—I'll get a job as a ditch digger—that's my speed. Digging 'em and falling in 'em, too."

I said, my voice brittle as glass: "Okay. I've shown you I can dig a few myself," and I held out my arms to Red.

Red couldn't complain about my lack of warmth after that. We were all crazy, but I was the craziest of the lot, with

my arms around Red's shoulders, my face against his down-bent cheek, gritting my teeth against his love-making, but answering it.

It was Leah who broke up the party. "This isn't a party—it's a brawl!" And she sent her glass splintering to the floor. "A pretty story I could write your father, Shiela Moore! His precious darling acting like a a—street walker with a man who isn't even divorced!"

Dick said: "Shut up! You've nothing to say about Shiela's morals, and neither have I. If you're ready, come on. We're getting out of here." Then, all at once, standing there before us, he crumpled up, limp as a rag, in a heap on the floor.

Oh, we brought him out all right. But it was daylight before we could drive him home.

I was crying when we went up to our rooms. "Hands like those—and operating in less than three hours!" I sobbed, and Leah answered spitefully: "Well, you didn't help matters any, acting the way you did with Red. You knew you were driving him crazy!"

On my dresser was a letter with money in it from Dad, and a box of cake from my stepmother—"to her two dear girls." I wondered what she would think if she knew what her two dear girls were up to, and I took the box in to Leah.

"Damn you and your cake!" Leah said, and slammed the door in my face. She was crying, too.

DICK'S patient died on the operating table. Heart failure.

I was carrying breakfast trays out when the news came down. I don't know who brought it but all at once it was there, everyone whispering it. "Orton was taking it hard—all cut up. Blaming himself."

I was up the stairs to the operating floor almost before I'd begun to breathe. I was there when Dick came out. The stretcher had passed me just as I came running down the corridor, and the nurse with it. For an instant we were alone. I snatched at his arm. I cried: "Oh, Dick! Dick! What happened? What . . ."

"Happened?" he repeated, and looked at me. "I've just killed a man, that's all." And when I tried to hold him, tell him it wasn't true, he pushed me from him with a violence that sent me spinning against the wall.

"Get out," he husked in a voice I never would have known as his. "Get out and let me alone. Go and hang yourself around Red Raymond's neck, where you were last night. You and Leah, too. I've made my bed and I'll lie on it, but—I'll lie on it alone. I'm through with women."

"And—I'm through with you," I told him. And I meant it.

It was a nightmare, those days that followed. What's the use trying to re-live it? Meeting Dick, making his rounds with him, up and down the wards. Those stiff, impersonal rounds. "Number eighteen is running a temperature today. Increase that prescription. Number six—too many visitors. Thought you were a nurse, Miss Moore!" And the cold, hard anger that lived in his eyes, like a knife in my heart.

And to add to it all, Leah was seeing Red. I knew it—not from anything Leah said to me—she was on night duty and I on day, and since that night on the yacht we had spoken hardly at all, but meeting

her by chance, in the dining room, in the halls, I could feel it in the air. Then, in the cushions of Red's car, I had come across an amber comb that belonged to her, and reaching my hand into his coat pocket after his cigarettes, I had drawn out her compact.

I hadn't said a word either time, and neither had Red, but his face had gone fiery as his hair. And when I gave the things to Leah, she just said, "Thanks, darling," with that kitten and cream smile I knew so well.

As though I cared! As though I cared about anything those days—but losing Dick!

Red felt my indifference and chafed under it. "What do you think I'm marrying! A shadow of a woman? You're growing thin as a rail, and when I kiss you or touch you even, you aren't there at all. You're a million miles away!"

And his passion would sweep over me like a wind, blowing its fury away, while I gave him my lips in a sort of dull wonder that he couldn't feel the ghost of Dick's kisses between us.

NOT quite a month after that night on the yacht, Red got his long looked for decree. He came to me jubilant, the marriage license in his pocket.

"What you get for marrying an experienced hand like me! Saved you a trip down to the city hall, and I've even got the newspapers muzzled.

"This is Tuesday. Get your stuff packed and we'll get hitched Saturday afternoon and I'll take the boat into Buffalo myself. Pick up a crew there. They've promised not to spring the news until we're in the middle of Lake Michigan. How's that with you? Okay?"

"Anytime, anyhow! Just so you take me away from here, and take me quick!"

It was the first time Red had pushed me away from him. The first time I'd ever seen him grim and cold and hard.

"When I kiss a girl, I kiss her," he said. "Not the ghost of some other man's discarded love."

It was a situation that couldn't have lasted. I see that now, but it wasn't until Friday evening that the blow-up came. Friday evening, with my marriage less than twenty-four hours away.

We had taken some of my things out to the yacht, and down in the stateroom that was to be ours, I found Leah's purse. It was lying in plain view, in the middle of the satin covered bed, with her gloves folded and on top of it. And I knew it was there because she had meant it to be there. That she had wanted me to see it.

I showed it to Red. I said: "Leah was here this afternoon, wasn't she?" He neither affirmed nor denied it.

"A lot you care," he said sullenly. "A lot you've ever cared." He poured some whisky from his pocket flask into a glass and gulped it down, banging the thin crystal against the dresser top.

"You've known for weeks that she has been making a play for me, and you've never raised a finger to stop her.

"All right, you've opened this up and we're going to have it out, right here and now. I told you once and I'm telling you again, when I marry a woman, she's got to pretend, for the time being at least, that she loves me.

"That night when you told me you'd marry me, I knew you didn't love me then—that you were just sore over Doc Orton and Leah—but I was fool enough to think I could make you. Crazy enough about you to want to try.

"I'm still crazy about you. I want you

more than I've ever wanted anything in all my life, but not badly enough to make myself a target for you and Dick Orton to shoot over.

"If you want to sail as per schedule tomorrow, okay. If you don't, Leah does. She'd have gone this afternoon, if I'd said the word. And—I won't have to marry her to get her either. She loves me. Laugh if you want to. She does. She loves me so damn' much, she doesn't care if I ever marry her, just so I let her trail along. And I've got more respect for her than I have for you—using me to get even with another man!"

"I—I guess I have myself," I said miserably. "And—if she wants to go that badly, Red, you'd better take her. Because—you're not taking me.

"Not that Dick wants me—he doesn't. If I were the last woman in this world and he the last man—he wouldn't touch me. He hates me. But—what I told you that day on the yacht goes for me still. I'm a one-man woman—and Dick's my man. Hating or loving, I'll—have no other."

I RODE the street car back to the hospital. Not that Red hadn't wanted to drive me—he had. But I wouldn't let him. I wanted to be alone. I wanted to get back to my room and close the door on myself and the world.

The picture of myself that Red had given me hadn't been a pretty thing to look at.

As for Leah—I thought of her hardly at all. Whether she went with Red or whether she didn't meant so little to me then. And remembering how I had prayed for that very thing to happen—how I had schemed for it, miserable as I was, I laughed.

But the next morning, meeting Leah as she came off duty, I stopped her, my hand on her sleeve.

"Red and I are through," I said. "I thought I might as well tell you, save you making a fool of yourself. You don't have to run away with him to get him now. We're not sailing this afternoon—"

"I don't care about your having Red, Leah, but get a divorce from Dick, and go after him right. Make him marry you first. That's the only way to hold a man like Red."

She jerked her arm loose. "Old stuff!" I knew you were through half an hour after it happened! No need of my running away with him, eh? Wait. That's what you say."

Her eyes slid over me to hide themselves behind a film of jealous hate. "What you want is a chance to square yourself with him. I know you. Nothing doing! Mind your own business. I'm taking Red when I can get him and how—and it's no one's affair but my own."

I said wearily: "Have it your own way, Leah. It's all right with me."

And I thought it was until that telephone call came from home. About four o'clock. Almost time for me to go off duty.

The head nurse on the floor was ill and I'd taken over the desk—telephone calls, orders, room bells flashing their signals. I caught the call on its first relay from the office. The long distance buzz, then dad's voice calling my name:

"Shiela, what's going on up there? What, in heaven's name—" A telegram had come from Leah—a crazy thing—not half an hour before. Saying good-bye to her mother, telling her she would never see her again. They'd tried to get hold of her and she wasn't in. The

matron said she had left, bag and baggage.

"Get hold of her! Bring her home—"
"Couldn't I answer him? Where was my voice?"

I said: "All right! All right. I know where she is. I'll find her, Dad. I'll do the best I can—honest I will!"

I slammed the receiver on its hook to find myself staring into Dick's narrowed, satirical eyes. Then I went hay-wire. Everything in me.

"This is your mess," I snapped. "Leah is running away with Red. Maybe they're sailing now—heaven only knows! She's your wife; go get her. It's up to you."

He just laughed at me. "What's up to me? To bring her back? I don't want her—and she doesn't want me. But I do want my freedom. And I don't intend to sacrifice that to save Red Raymond for you—not if I know myself!"

His hand—that brown strong hand that I loved so—lay on the desk in front of me. I covered it with my fingers. I cried: "I don't want Red, Dick, and you know it! I—want you. I don't care whether she goes with Red or not, but—that was Dad, Dick—he's nearly crazy—and Leah's mother—it will kill her. I promised I'd get her back. I promised, and I can't go back on it now. If you won't help me, I've got to do it myself. I've got to—and there's no time to lose—not a minute!" I pushed by him, as I ran for an elevator down.

In the nurses' hall, the matron met me. Her eyes were worried, her voice concerned.

Leah had gone. Bag and baggage. Left without permission, without a word. A serious thing. She was just coming after me. Did I know where she had gone? Did I—?

I shoved her aside. I didn't even bother to look into Leah's room. I knew what I would find—empty drawers, empty closets, and besides—there was no time. Even now I might be too late.

THERE is always a string of yellows parked near the hospital. I grabbed one. "Yacht Club Pier," I said "and step on it." I shoved the driver a bill.

Red's yacht was still at anchor when I swung to a crazy stop at the curb.

The gang plank was still down, and I ran across it, my rubber heels making no sound.

I was on deck and had called Leah's name before she saw me.

"I won't go back!" she wailed. "I won't! you can't make me! No one can make me! I love Red! I love him!"

Red, separating himself from the shadows that held him, came towards me.

He said, wearily flippant: "Greetings, darling. I take it you're after your sister. Well—there you are. You see how it is. If you're getting her off, be quick about it. I'm going below to start the engines now," and he disappeared towards the stairway, the red point of his cigarette a flare in the gloom.

I didn't plead with Leah.

"If you think I've come here because I love you—because I want to save you from making a wreck of your life," I said, "you've got another think coming. I—wanted you to do this very thing from the very first. I—don't care now. But your mother does. It will kill her. Dad called me, and told me to get you. To send you back to her. That she was nearly crazy. You're coming, if I have to drag you. You're coming, no matter what I do to make you. I promised."

But before I could start for her, before I could move hand or foot, she was on me. I remember throwing my arms before me; I remember thinking: "She's mad! She's stark, staring mad!" and then I remember nothing but a roar that seemed to shake the earth, the surge and heave of the deck beneath my feet, and Leah's cry coming dimly to me—a ghostly voice through the cataclysm of the world. "It's the boat! It's blowing up! The boat—"

And then I was tumbling backwards, and the water was reaching up to smother me, and I was struggling and panting for breath, striking out with frantic arms.

THAT Dick should be there beside me; that his arms should be around me holding me up, steadying me, seemed the most natural thing in the world. As natural as his voice in my ears, saying:



What's Your Marriage Rating?

1. When you think of the person you are going to marry, do you think of his or her appearance rather than character?
2. Could you spend a whole day with him or her without getting bored or restless?
3. Do you respond pleasantly to his or her mentality?
4. Is your respect for him or her genuine, not merely an emotional glow?
5. Do you feel yourself superior socially or educationally to him or her?
6. Has he or she little habits or mannerisms that grate on your nerves?

FOR YOUR MARRIAGE RATING, TURN TO PAGE 54

"Easy, darling—easy. I followed you. You knew I would, didn't you? Made it just in time. What happened? What—"

And then Dick wasn't whispering any more, and I wasn't listening; we were both paddling there on top of the water, and staring at a black spiral of smoke swirling at us over the water, and at Leah's face, gleaming through it, ghastly with fright:

"It's the engine!" she screamed. "It's blown up! Red's down there in that awful hole! He's hurt. If the oil catches fire, he'll burn! Help me, quick! Help me get him out!"

By the time Dick and I had made the pier and were back across the gangplank to the boat once more, the smoke was a thick blanket that sent us strangling and gasping for breath. It was a smoke blanket that, any minute, would become a flame blanket. We knew it.

Dick started for the hatchway, but seeing me at his heels, he thrust me back. "Not you!" he said savagely. "Not you!" and kissed me. As though he could have kept me back then!

Leah had Red out of that inferno of an engine room and had begun to drag him up the stairs when we reached her.

A ninety-eight pound girl, dragging the almost helpless weight of a 178 pound man! That doesn't seem possible, does it? But—it's true.

Doctors have a name for the strength that comes to people at times like that—it's a Latin name and it means shock hysteria. But—it hadn't been hysteria that had given Leah the power to drag Red clear from the wreckage of the engine that had half buried him. To pull him out of that smoke filled, gas filled room to the stairway. A man with a broken leg and a cracked collar bone, a man stupefied with smoke and pain, unable to help himself, unable to help her! No indeed, no hysteria, no matter how strong it was, could have done that—but something else could and did. Love.

I was there and I saw her face. It was glorious, glorious with a beauty that neither grime nor smoke nor oil could dim. Red saw it too. And through twisted, pain-wracked lips, he groaned: "Plucky little devil! Saved my—life. Get—her out—of here—get her out of this damned ship before—hell breaks—loose—get—"

We made it just in time. Leah held steady in my arms, leading the way, with Dick, Red's unconscious form

draped across his shoulders, staggering at our heels.

Before we had half way crossed the gangplank to the safety of the pier, that black cloud of smoke was a glare of shooting flames.

What happened afterwards has never been more than a jumble to me. The wail of sirens, the jangle of bells, shouts and crowding faces.

Then there was the ambulance and the hospital, with Red's old room made ready, and Dick and I, through it all,

together, shoulder to shoulder, hand by hand.

Since we had kissed each other on the deck of that terrible boat, I doubt if we had spoken. There had been no need.

But, there beside Red's bed, with the Head gone at last, and Red, white and weak, smiling his crooked smile from the curve of Leah's arm, Dick looked down at me, his old sweet smile flooding his thin face:

"For this life and the next one, darling? And—for all the lives to come?"

And I answered: "It couldn't be anything else for either of us, could it, Dick?"

Red grinned at Leah, the ghost of his old impudence in his eyes: "Mrs. Raymond Number Three," he ordered, "put your mouth down here where I can reach it! Guess I'll have to show the doc how a guy kisses the girl he loves."

Dick said: "Is that so, m' lad?" But he wasn't looking at Red, he was looking at me, and suddenly his arms were around me and mine were around him, and it was to each of us as though our lips never had kissed before.

Has Every Girl a Price?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

wasn't mad at me and loved me again."

"But, Peggy, darling, why didn't you tell him when you discovered the predicament you were in? Does he know, even now, why you had to leave?"

She shook her head. "No, he doesn't know. I think he loves me"—piteously. "He—he just thinks I'm sick. He—writes to me. I didn't tell him because—why, he's just a second year med! If he married me now he'd have to give up his whole career and get a job to support me! Do you think I'd let his life be spoiled like that? Not for anything. I'd rather die."

Now it is my honest and considered opinion that most girls do not, decidedly do not, really want this intimate relationship before marriage. She doesn't want it—any more than Peggy wanted it, actually. But what she does want, most utterly and most passionately is to please and to satisfy the man she loves entirely. She wants this with a selfless and beautiful ardor. Peggy paid love's asking price—that was all. And this doesn't mean that she had no character and no convictions of her own. Could one say a girl lacked strength and character who was willing, even determined, to pay, all alone, the bitter penalty for the moments of passion she and her lover had shared? Peggy had convictions and principles—plenty of them. But she was willing to sacrifice them for love.

IT ISN'T popular now-a-days to talk about a girl being "seduced." The very word has gone out of style. Girls tell you defiantly, "I knew what I was doing!"

No father asks a young man now-a-days what his "intentions" are. No one seems to think that modern girls need any protection. They're supposed to be quite as well able to take care of themselves as boys are.

But—I wonder if they are! I wonder if their very essential nature doesn't mean that they do still need protection—from themselves and by those men who love them. Maybe I am simply old-fashioned. I'm sometimes told so. But I know—partly because I was a girl myself not so long ago, and partly because my especial job throws me constantly with girls—that girls are utterly generous

where love is concerned. They give with both hands and never stop to count costs. They are seldom, when they truly love, calculating.

"He wanted me," said a clear-eyed girl to me, "and we couldn't get married yet, for he'd no job . . . depression lovers! . . . Oh, of course, I'd always thought I'd save—you know, that sort of thing, for my wedding day. But, Margaret, if he wanted my womanhood, what was it for but for *him*?"

And that is why my husband and I

mon originally because they happened to be true? The woman *does* pay.

After all—what price a man's virginity? Does the strictest moralist in his heart attach a great deal of importance to it? Whereas a girl's is the most valuable gift she can bring her husband and its loss means a distinct lowering of her value and her prestige, social and moral.

The girl knows this. And yet—she'll risk it all if that is love's price. The truth is, that to this average little girl of ours, love is so important that she doesn't give a tuppence for anything else.

A few weeks ago a certain popular radio comedian got a laugh from that portion of his unseen audience which happened to be gathered in my living room by remarking, "In the spring a young man's fancy turns to what the girl has been thinking about all winter!" But when the laugh had died down, an honest youngster, a very pretty girl, observed *sotto voice*, in a rueful tone, "That's really too true to be funny! A man has his romantic seasons, but a girl lives and breathes love all year!"

A YOUNG man asked me the other night, in a somewhat superior and patronizing tone, why girls were so often catty and jealous about each other. Men weren't, he said.

"Oh, yes, they are!" I answered. "They are when they belong to the

same profession. Musicians knock each other—preachers seldom like another preacher's sermon—doctors hate to give another doctor credit. Men of the same profession are always notoriously jealous."

"But girls aren't in the same—" he began puzzled.

"Yes, they are," I interrupted him. "They're all in the same profession. They all want love and marriage . . . and every other attractive girl is a potential rival. Naturally, they're fearful and jealous."

It is because I know these things about girls so well that I get completely provoked with the young men who go about bitterly criticizing the modern girl.

"There aren't any nice girls left," they tell Jeff, my husband, sourly every day. "They all drink and swear and dress like courtesans. Modesty for women is completely out of fashion. What in the world

Do You Know?

Billie Burke has played the rôle of mother to more famous persons than anyone on the screen.



Frances Langford is now Katharine Hepburn's rival as the star with the smallest waistline. Each measures 22 inches.



Madge Evans cannot diet because her face is the first part of her body that shows the effects of any hunger strike.

are agreed that when our small son is a young man, we shall try to teach him to protect the girl he loves—the girl who loves him—from her own generous, glowing self. We're going to tell him that her feminine honor is very largely in his hands, because if she loves him she is going to so long to be to him everything he wants her to be, that this very trait—which is fundamentally one of the loveliest a woman has—almost puts her at his mercy.

A man's passion is a more selfish thing than a woman's. His is the passion to possess; hers to give and to belong. Oh, yes, I know—it's become the fashion just now to laugh at the old phrase of melodrama—"The woman pays." Funny comedians say it and audiences split their sides laughing.

But—did you ever happen to think that most bromidic sayings became com-

has happened to the girls since our mothers' day?"

I wish Jeff would send some of them to me! I'd tell them what has happened to the girls. They've simply remodelled themselves according to what they've found out the boys like.

"Listen," I'd like to tell these young critics, "it is you boys, yourselves, and nobody else who are fundamentally responsible for the way girls act and dress and talk! Girls are absorbed in just one aim—they want to please and to charm you. And they are keen. You can't fool them. They watch you and they judge what you admire, not from what you say but from where you go. You may talk from now till doomsday about the sort of girl you like, but if you give your attentions to another sort, the girls will know what you really admire, you may be quite sure."

Jeff remarked the other night that oftentimes to hear the youngsters talk, you would actually suppose that most of them were spending all their spare moments looking for an old-fashioned girl, simper and ringlets and all the rest!

"Well," I answered, "if I am sure of anything in the world I am sure of this—that the very moment the young men really do start in dead earnest to hunt for that old-fashioned maiden, they'll find her. In fact, they'll probably find one of her on every street corner. For the very simple reason that the majority of girls always have been, always are, always will be, exactly what the majority of young men most admire in girls, just as far as the poor darlings can possibly manage to model themselves according to specifications!"

What other impelling motive, really, has a girl got to be attractive but just that? Do you actually suppose that if the kid with the orange lips and the brilliant fingernails and the manufactured platinum hair, the one who smokes a package or so of cigarettes an evening, the one who packs her own flask and uses it, too, the one almost anybody can kiss, the one who tells off-color jokes in a too-loud voice . . . do you, I ask, really suppose that if this girl sat in a corner all evening neglected while the demure little girl with the paintless mouth and the childish ruffles and the blue sash and the modest mien got the rush, that practically all our girls wouldn't change overnight into demure misses? Of course they would!

They have found out that it is the daring girl who attracts the attention of boys.

"Why do you dress that way for a dance?" demanded a horrified mother of her daughter. "Why, your whole back is bare! The boy will have his hand at your bare waist! It's immodest."

"Yes, darling," answered the girl honestly, "but it gets me a rush."

A few weeks ago my husband and I chaperoned a dance. At the punch bowl, we found ourselves standing next to one of the wildest, most reckless youngsters of the wildest set in our city—a pretty, vivid girl named Joan. As the four of us chatted, a girl stumbled by, very drunk, her worried escort trying to hold her up.

Joan's pretty mouth had just opened on a ribald comment—I saw it coming—when the boy with Joan spoke—an attractive youngster he was and a newcomer to our town.

"Gosh, doesn't that make you sick?" he said, an expression of deep distaste wrinkling his handsome face. "I sure

Correct Manners



A few important etiquette rules of interest to all.

Must a girl wear a hat when dining out?

A girl wears a hat when dining out unless she is wearing an ankle length dress.

When a boy calls for a girl in his car is it absolutely necessary for him to go up to her door?

It is very bad form to sit in front of a girl's home and honk for her. Always go up to the door and ask for her.

How do you signal for a passing taxi?

To signal a passing taxi, lift the hand. Do not shout.

Is it permissible to find your own table in a hotel dining room?

No, it is not. Wait quietly at the entrance to the dining room until the waiter comes to you. Then the girl follows the waiter to a table, followed by her escort.

If you drop a piece of silver on the floor should you pick it up?

No. The waiter will supply you with a fresh one.

How much should you tip?

Ten per cent of the bill is sufficient to tip. For instance, if your bill is \$2.50, tip 25c.

Is it proper for two girls to dance together in public?

It is a very bad breach of etiquette for two girls to dance together in public.

Isn't it very improper for anyone to start eating before the rest of the guests are served?

It certainly is. You should always wait until everyone has been served before starting to eat.

do hate to see a girl drunk. It takes their charm away for me. Fact is, I don't even like 'em to smoke. I think a girl ought to be dainty."

Joan shut her mouth—but not before she had given him a long, thoughtful scrutiny.

It was a few weeks later that I heard some of the other youngsters talking about her. "Isn't it funny about Joan? She's on the wagon and she won't smoke and she's teaching a Sunday school class and she says wild parties and necking and all that may or mayn't be immoral, but they're disgusting."

My husband and I looked at each other and burst out laughing. And we weren't surprised, still later, to see the announcement of her engagement to the boy who didn't like girls who drank or smoked!

Little Joan had simply made herself all over for him. That was his love price and she was meeting it. Joan was lucky that the price was not very high. But if it had been high, she would still have met it.

HOW many times have we all seen women, inherently honorable, passionately justifying crooked conduct in the men they cared about? A woman's man comes first. Before such abstractions as right and wrong; before law and order. So whether he is a poor little bank clerk who has stolen a few hundred dollars, or a shady financier who has robbed his millions, or a gangster, hands red with blood, you will likely find some woman passionately proclaiming to a pitying world her faith in him and his essential rightness. A year ago, in this very magazine, poor little Evelyn Frechette, one of many loves to Dillinger, wrote of her single-hearted devotion to the man for whom she'd risked—and got a prison sentence, defending him and staunchly reiterating her piteous faith in as cold-blooded and unscrupulous a villain and libertine as ever drew breath.

But he wasn't that to Evelyn—he was the man she loved. And she was willing to pay love's price.

A girl whose six years engagement has just been broken at the man's request, wrote me the other day a most piteous little letter. She said, in part, "Write to me often for I need it. Oh, I wonder if you can possibly realize—you, so securely loved—how entirely and completely unimportant I feel to myself and to everybody else now that Dan no longer loves me!"

All the agony of frustrated womanhood was in that cry. Above everything else, the unloved woman feels completely unimportant—to herself and to everybody else. Nothing, no sort of brilliant personal success, can bring to a woman the radiant self-confidence, the feeling of being highly successful, that the knowledge she is ardently loved and cherished by the man she loves brings her. The humblest little shop-girl can patronize the duchess then, and she would not change places with anybody in the world since it is only she that he loves.

As witness a very successful business woman who remarked to me the other day with intense bitterness, "I am an utter failure." She waved down my polite protests. "Oh, yes, I am! I've failed to win love, and the woman who fails there has failed at being a woman. If I had my life to live again, I tell you I wouldn't give a hang about advancement or making good in business. I'd set out to get love by hook or crook, by fair

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means or foul." And I thought again, sadly, of that little story and the girl who had whispered, "... the worst thing that can possibly happen to a woman."

DON'T think for a moment, either, that it is just the girls of rather ordinary intelligence who feel this way. Indeed, I am rather inclined to believe that the more highly intelligent and alert a girl is the more entirely she is aware of what love really means in a woman's life, and of the utter tragedy of sterility.

Some time ago, one of the rather highbrow magazines of this country which belongs to that small group popularly known as "the quality group" because they are read only by the intellectual and scholarly few, published an anonymous article by a woman entitled, "Life Ends at Forty." Seldom have I read anything sadder or bitterer or more completely dreary. The woman was a successful school teacher; she knew that she had been

a real influence for good among her pupils; she knew that the parents of these pupils appreciated her. But at forty, never having known love, all this was as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Here was a super-intelligent woman—a woman with friends, interests, books, a successful career . . . and a woman completely frustrated, bitter and wretched because she had missed love.

In another of this small group of magazines, there appeared an article by the mother of a daughter in which she described the way she meant to conduct her daughter's education. Most mothers, she evidently felt, are very stupid in ignoring the fact that a girl's main function is to charm; they do not train their daughters for charm. This mother intended to make no such mistake. Frankly, she proclaimed her complete belief—and this, mind you, was another woman of the type known as "highbrow"—in the fact that a girl who cannot charm and attract men is a failure, no matter what else she can do. Therefore, she meant first of all and most of all to teach her girl-child the art of pleasing the male.

No wonder girls will pay high for love when it is the most vital and important thing life has to offer them!

As I sit and think, memory flashes before me, little pictures of girls who



DRESS DOIN'S

NOTHING so betrays one's ignorance of social customs as inappropriate choice of clothes for the time and place. Follow these rules and you'll be safe:

AT HOME—For busy mornings: Washable housefrock, low or medium heeled shoes, serviceable stockings.

FOR THE OFFICE OR SHOPPING—Tailored suit or dress, conservative coat, pumps, ties or oxfords, medium or low heels. Simple harmonizing hat and bag.

LUNCHEON—Restaurant, hotel or city club: Tailored suit, dress or ensemble; tailored hat, bag and shoes.

Informal luncheon at Country Club: Sports clothes with sports hat, shoes and bag.

FORMAL LUNCHEON—Home, hotel or club: Dressy afternoon frock, dress coat, dressy gloves, slippers and bags.

TEA DANCE—Home, restaurant or hotel: Afternoon dress, dressy slippers, coat or fur scarf.

FORMAL FUNCTIONS—Theater parties, dinners, opera, bridge parties, receptions, weddings: Formal evening gown, evening wrap or dressy fur coat, evening slippers, gloves in vogue, evening bag or vanity, flowers, if you like, and jewelry to enhance costume. No hat and never a daytime coat!

INFORMAL OCCASIONS—Occasions in town from noon to midnight: Dinner, theater and informal dancing later: The restaurant dress or suit, dressy slippers, gloves and bag. Dress coat and hat.

have paid for love and are content. There is the lovely French girl, Madeleine, with all the deep, intense, almost fantastic devotion which every Frenchman has for his country. She left France ten years ago to follow her American husband. "Madeleine's a real American now," he boasts "She never thinks of France any more."

But as he spoke and Madeleine smiled at him, I was remembering one time when I had visited her and, at my request, she had shown me how to make a very special sort of cake. Watching her dark head bent over the prosaic task of beating batter, I realized, of a sudden, how romantically lovely she was, how much she seemed to belong to some old-world setting; how different, really from her commonplace surroundings. And I asked impulsively, "Are you ever homesick?"

She raised her pansy-purple eyes to mine; such quiet, deep eyes. But a flame leaped into them suddenly. She said,

"Ever homesick? Always homesick." Then, as suddenly, the mask dropped into place again. "Now we add our sugar," she said.

Love had asked of Madeleine that she give up, for its sake, everything else she cared about; and she had made the sacrifice gladly and never even let her lover see.

I think of the girl who might have been another Grace Moore, except that she loved a man who didn't want her to go on singing. She stopped and she is happy in her choice; no one has ever heard her complain. But I went to Grand Opera with her one night and watched her face, and I know the sacrifice was no small one.

I think of the girl who has stood faithfully by the chap who is so charming and so devoted but can't keep away from liquor. And the splendid woman who has lurked in the backstreets of a prominent married man's life for many years. And the other girl who married the movie star, knowing that she, alone, held his heart, but knowing, too, that her rivals were legion.

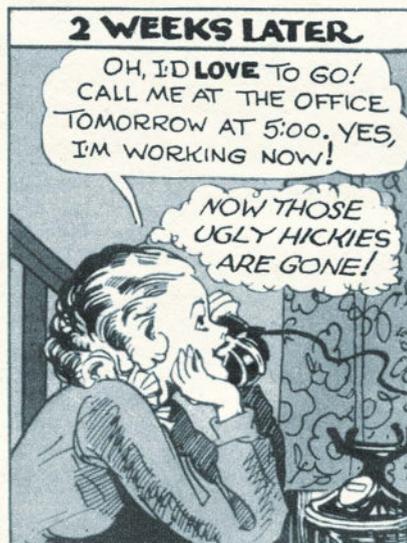
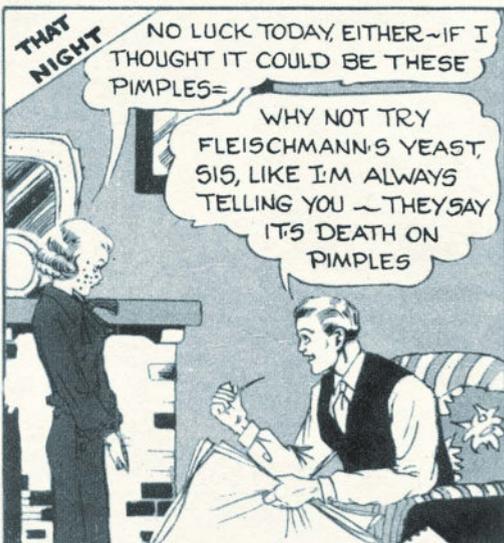
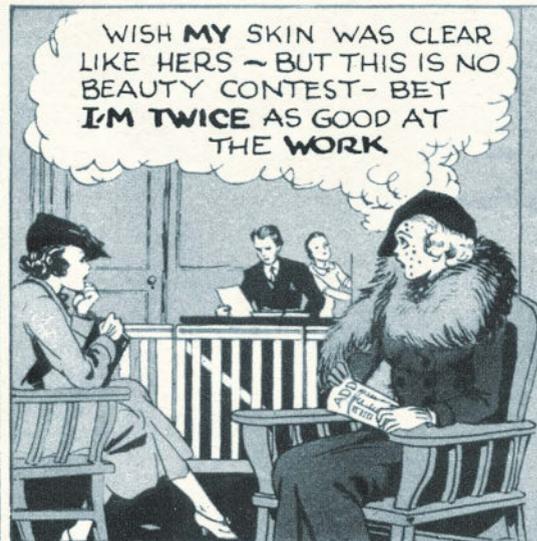
What price love, for a girl? Ah, it is priceless.

And how much will she pay for it? In the last analysis—whatever it costs.



**JUST LIKE A
MAN TO CHOOSE
A PRETTY FACE**

**Yet in her
heart she
knew her
bad skin
was no
asset for
any job**



**Don't let
adolescent pimples
keep YOU out of a job!**

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**by clearing skin irritants
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OF BLOTCHY SKIN...**

**I TAKE THE
3-MINUTE
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I Was Wife No. 3

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

In the afternoon we skied. We talked very little, but every look, every touch was a caress. We made angels on the snow like a couple of kids and his lips were warm on my cold cheek. Finally I scrambled to my feet. It was time to get back. It was then he said, looking up at me from the snow covered hillside. "Mona—my very sweet—you're not like anyone else I've ever known. You're more than a sweetheart—you're a pal. I need you. Would you be afraid to risk—life with me? I'd be so good to you. I'd adore you, give you everything in life you could want. Do you think you could—marry me, sweet?"

"Yes," I answered simply, so wildly happy I dared not say much for fear of crying.

He scrambled to his feet, shook the snow from his shoulders.

"It's a gamble, Mona dearest. I'm not a stable person to tie to, but—I think you and I could have a good life together. You're all I could want in a woman."

We were married the next day. I became the third Mrs. Binny Burke.

HOW can I tell you what happened during the next three years? How can I explain what I couldn't understand myself until it was too late?

I was a small town girl who had never had anything. I was one of five children, and my father worked in a shop, making barely enough to feed and clothe us. At sixteen, I cleared out, and no one minded much.

Anyone who has gone through it knows what I went through in my climb from one night stands in cheap vaudeville, through the educating processes of the burlesque, to the luck and hard work, the final breaks that put me in the chorus of the *Scandals*.

From having nothing, I now had everything. I had Binny and the ecstasy he had taught me. I had Binny's love and tenderness, and his bewildering generosity that showered gifts and every luxury.

I honestly think it might have gone to any girl's head. I'm not trying to excuse myself. But I had money—never less than a fifty thousand dollars on my checking account, besides the extra cash gifts Binny was always tucking into my pockets as a surprise.

After our wedding, life unfolded like a glamorous veil—and that's just what it proved to be. A soft, luxurious veil that hid the reality of things, swirled and floated across my eyes until I failed to see—where I was heading.

For I was so happy. And so was Binny, I'm sure, at first. I did make him happy for a while. We went everywhere. We had a honeymoon that stretched across all the smart resorts of Europe and lasted nearly a year.

We went from Binny's New York penthouse to his luxurious country place on Long Island. We bought a farm in Connecticut; we went to the West Coast where Binny purchased a gorgeous estate fronting the ocean. I met Binny's friends, his crowd, lived his swift, easy life—and loved it.

Clothes, jewels, cars, parties, balls, cocktails, gambling with stakes that took my breath—it was an endless, and to me, a fascinating round.

Now, it's hard for me to realize how I could have been so blind, how I could have failed to see the gradual boredom that was creeping over Binny like a paralysis. The brittle life we led took all of me, so that I had too little left to give him.

We were seldom alone, our nights were days, and when gaiety ended for a few hours, I was only too often too infinitely tired to meet the passion of Binny's need for me.

It wasn't that I didn't love Binny still—I loved him utterly. It was just that I didn't realize that I was taking less and less time for love, that we were living so rapidly that we were letting life and love slip from our fingers.

Then I found I was to have a baby! I shall never forget Binny's sweet tenderness when I told him, his quiet exultation.

"It's what I've always wanted, my darling," he whispered, holding me close against his warm vibrant body. "And I'm so glad—you are to give it to me."

I knew what he meant and my heart leaped joyously. Neither Sally nor Cam had given him that deepest proof of their love. I wanted Binny's child. For the months preceding its birth, our life changed—but only a little. For I was very well. I drank less, smoked less, but I was still well enough for a great deal of gaiety, a great deal of going—again too much living, while the undercurrents of life swept by us unheeded.

Our son was born dead.

I'm not sure, but I've wanted to think that if he had lived, Binny's life and mine together might have been changed and shaped by his tiny fingers. But would it have been? For there was something sinister about the way this empty, hollow gaiety of living had caught us.

After the baby died, things were worse. I threw myself harder than ever into the bright senseless round of cocktail parties, bridge, teas, dances, constant going, going, going, a restless migration from place to place. I did it to forget my grief and disappointment, at first. A few times, we talked of sometime having another child. But we never did.

I DON'T know when Binny started seeing Heather Masters.

I didn't realize that I was seeing less of him. I was so busy going, going—

The day Binny told me about her, I was completely stunned and dazed. He stood watching me change into a dinner gown while I chatted to him over a bare shoulder of trivial things. When he cut in on something I was saying, I couldn't believe I had heard right.

"Mona," he said quietly, "our marriage hasn't been a tremendous success, has it?"

I stared at him blankly, the color draining from my face. "Why—Binny, what do you mean?" I whispered.

He lighted a cigaret, then he looked up and met my eyes squarely. "I warned you, Mona, that I wasn't really a steady

person to tie to, if you remember? I told you I had—a weakness for lovely things—lovely women—”

“Binny!” I cried. “You mean you—” He moved restlessly. “I thought our marriage would be different, Mona,” he blurted out, his eyes suffering. “But it’s been—too damnably much like the others. I thought you and I together might find some meaning to life, but we don’t seem to have found time. Maybe there isn’t any meaning, I don’t know. But Heather—” his eyes softened and a sharp pain went through me, “Heather has made me think perhaps there might be. Maybe I’m being a fool again. Probably I am. No doubt I’ll go through life always thinking I’ll find something—real—some day—”

“Binny!” I cried, “You’re breaking my heart! I didn’t dream—”

He shook his head wearily. “No. I’m not blaming you, entirely. I didn’t realize either where we were drifting until Heather—”

“She’s beautiful, Binny,” I whispered, wondering how I could suffer so and still go on talking, thinking.

He nodded briefly. His dear dark face flooded with color. “Don’t you understand, Mona?” he cried almost fiercely. “I want her! Ours has been just another marriage—perhaps a little more painful than the other two because I expected so much of it.”

“Binny, I’ll make our life what you want it!” I cried. “We’ll slow up, stop running about so madly—”

He shook his head. “You like it, Mona. It’s crept into your blood. You’d never be satisfied now with a quieter life. You couldn’t stand it a month. Because—I don’t know, something’s dead between us. And something’s—exquisitely alive, between Heather and me.”

I covered my face with a little moaning cry.

His voice was impersonally compassionate. “Don’t take it that way, Mona,” he said quietly. “I’ll see Kennard Scott, my lawyer. You’ll still have all the money you could possibly want. Your life needn’t be any different—”

Money! When I wanted Binny and Binny’s love and all the loveliness we had known at first together!

A WEEK later I sat in the lawyer’s office, Kennard Scott’s suave tones falling dully on my ears.

“Mr. Burke is ready to offer you the choice of two very handsome alternatives, Mrs. Burke,” the smooth, slightly pitying voice went on. “He will settle five hundred thousand dollars on you, outright; or a fixed sum of alimony, amounting to two thousand dollars monthly until you remarry.”

The pain in my breast kept me from crying out at this cruelty. That Binny could do this to me! Could so crucify the deep love I had and would always have for him.

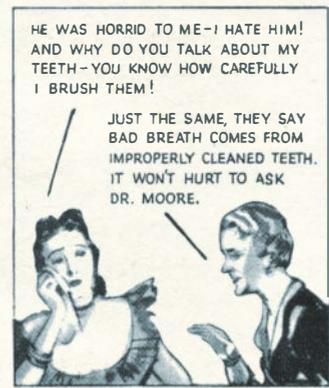
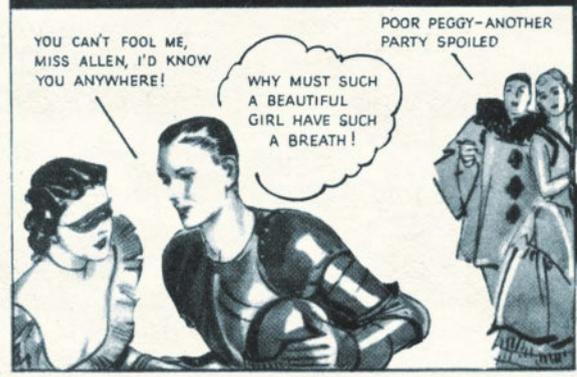
With a tremendous effort that taxed every nerve in my overwrought body, I kept my voice steady. “I can accept neither offer, Mr. Scott. I don’t want Binny’s money. I want his love. I want him.”

He gave a slight shrug. “Mr. Burke is being very generous,” he suggested. I rose stiffly and turned toward the door. If Binny scorned my love, if the lovely heart-shaped face of Heather Masters meant so much to him—

I faced Kennard Scott defiantly. “I’ll never give Binny a divorce,” I said, with



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passionate intensity. "And I never have, and never will, give him any reason for divorcing me."

A slight smile touched the lawyer's thin lips. "Your attitude may present an obstacle, Mrs. Burke, but not, I think, an unsurmountable one."

I turned and closed the door after me. I felt slightly blinded, and my knees trembled, as I went down to the car where my chauffeur waited.

IHAD not seen Binny for a month. It was that long since he had come to the penthouse apartment where I was staying and where the first intimation of the break between us had come.

He had not even returned for his clothing, but had sent his man-servant to pack them and bring them to his club.

In my luxurious boudoir, after that crushing interview with Binny's lawyer, I sat gazing at my white-faced reflection in the mirror of my dressing table. I knew Binny loved me! He couldn't stop, just because Heather Masters had a sweet provocative smile, a glamorous sheen of platinum hair, deep mysterious eyes, and a body that was definitely alluring and alarmingly young.

Of course, I knew that he hadn't stopped loving me only because of Heather. He had ended our marriage because it had proved empty and hadn't brought him all he expected. And the marriage had failed because I was too engrossed in what I thought was having a good time.

Memories of those perfect hours at Binny's lodge, before our marriage, swept over me in an overwhelming tide. I put my head down on my arms and sobbed convulsively. I had had so much, and let it slip away through carelessness. Had I continued to return Binny's love as passionately through these three years of marriage as I had that first night in his arms, I knew that Heather would have held no attraction for him.

The Lodge at Phantom Lake—where I had been happier than I had ever been anywhere else in the world. I would slip away up there and see if, alone, I couldn't find a way to gather together the broken fragments of my marriage. There I might find perspective and the answer to this problem that seemed so frighteningly hopeless.

So the first time I saw it, Binny's Lodge sat beside the lake in a lost snowy world of sunshine and silence. I had brought a large supply of provisions with me and had come utterly alone.

With the opening of the door, memories rushed over me with such sweet poignancy I was nearly overcome. Here Binny and I had laughed and played and loved, here I had first lain in Binny's tender arms knowing ec-

stasy and the meaning of life—which I had forgotten, allowed to become blurred by luxury and running around.

I settled down in the Lodge with a feeling of permanency! I would stay until I saw a way out, a way of winning Binny's love again, or a way of going on without him.

We plan, we puny little humans—and then Fate disposes of our plans, doing with us what she will!

I had been at the Lodge over a month that afternoon that Fate took a hand in my destiny. I was skating on the lake when I looked across its frozen expanse and saw a car approaching.

I bent and took off my skates with fingers that shook—for I knew who was in that car! Two people—and one of them was Binny. I walked gaily to meet them, lifted a hand in greeting as I neared the car and could see the softly blurred outline of Binny's dear face through the windshield.

"Hello!" I said. The car slowed for me to step to the running board. "This is a surprise. Hello, Heather."

She was so beautiful in the coat of silver fur, her incredibly silver hair escaping in curling tendrils from beneath a tiny turban.

Her sapphire eyes held a smoldering flame. "Hello, Mona. We thought we might find you here. We've come to talk terms. Binny and I are getting impatient."

Binny looked annoyed. Color flushed his lean brown cheeks. He avoided my eyes.

"We'll talk about that later. How're provisions, Mona?"

"Plentiful," I smiled. "I've been alone over a month. It will be—amusing—to have guests."

But my heart was thudding with such pain I had to fold my lips together to keep from crying out. Just seeing Binny after all these weeks, and in the old surroundings where we had been so happy—!

Heather didn't seem to be in a pleasant mood. At the Lodge, she said pettishly, "You'll have to carry me in, Binny. I didn't wear boots to this God-forsaken hole."

Her cheek was against his as he carried her through the door, and I looked away quickly at the sharp pang of memory that brought back the day Binny had carried me in his arms against his pounding heart, across that same threshold!

Inside, Heather stood shivering by the blazing fireplace! Binny hovered about her anxiously.

I said briskly, "I'll fix some chowder. That will warm you up, and some coffee."

Binny flashed me a grateful look as I went to the kitchen. When I returned, he was sitting with his arm about



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Heather, her small hands smuggled warmly in his.

"Soup's on," I said lightly.

I sat watching them eat, noticing that Binny ate almost nothing, that Heather ate the clam chowder ravenously and refused to touch the coffee because there was only canned cream for it.

She sat back and lighted a cigaret, held a match to mine, her blue eyes studying my face. "Binny says," she said slowly, "that every woman has her price. That's what we hunted you up for, Mona. We want to know your price."

"Binny said that to me once," I said, trying not to show how her insolence stung my pride. "I either said or thought at the time that no woman would have a price if she loved a man."

Binny's dark eyes caught mine across the table. "You said that, Mona. If you'll remember, I told you any woman has a price, after she stops loving. Women are made that way."

I rose quickly. "Shall we adjourn to the living room for our conference?" I asked, fighting down the rising tide of anger and hurt that threatened to sweep away all my defenses.

I sat in a deep chair looking from one to the other of them, Heather sitting close to the fire on a low hassock, looking small and innocent and appealing, Binny leaning against the mantle, a little frown between his dark brows as he pulled on his pipe. I said slowly, "Since you want to talk in terms of dollar signs, suppose we do."

Their glances came to me quickly, Heather's slightly suspicious at my sudden capitulation, Binny's dark with something like pain.

"You have a paper and pencil, Binny?" I asked casually. "We don't want to make any mistakes. You see, I've had plenty of time to think during the month I've been up here alone—"

Heather gasped, "A month? Alone? How did you stand it?"

Binny was dragging at his pipe, re-lighting it; I couldn't read his expression.

I said steadily, "You mentioned five hundred thousand dollars as a settlement, Binny. That was correct?"

He had actually taken a pencil and a scrap of paper from his pocket.

"Yes," he said briefly.

"Perhaps Heather doesn't know that to pay me half a million dollars, you'll have to sell valuable holdings and that when you do, you'll have considerably less than half a million left for you—and her? These are depression days, but perhaps Heather hadn't thought of that. I suggest this only because, since all women have their price, Heather probably has hers."

Heather straightened, indignant amazement evident in all her lovely features.

"I didn't know Binny's circumstances," she said with ominous calm.

"I suppose he thought having you would be worth the sacrifice," I said very seriously.

I paused, took a deep long breath to fortify myself. "But you see, Heather," I went on, "I happen to love Binny. I suppose you think that's odd, after all that's happened between you two. Binny has a weakness, maybe you know? A mania for collecting lovely women. But I can't let him make the sacrifice necessary for adding you to his collection. You see, I want his happiness more than my own."

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I couldn't read Heather's stormy blue eyes and I was afraid to look at Binny. "I doubt if Binny knows how much money he has lavished on me, from time to time," I went on with an effort. "But with the hundred thousand he settled on me at our marriage, his lavish allowances and gifts, I have a considerable fortune myself."

Heather's eyes never left me. "During this month I've been alone, I've been looking back over the three years Binny has given me," I said. "They've been years out of heaven—mostly. And now, I want to help Binny in return. I'm going to put a price on the happiness he's brought me—and give him a check for the full amount. Since you both seem to measure happiness in terms of money, I'm sure you'll appreciate what I'm doing."

"Didn't you—measure happiness the same way, Mona?" Binny asked suddenly. "Or in terms of the luxury money could buy? I—I was under that impression—"

The color drained from my face. "I—may have seemed to," I said with an effort. I took a new grip on myself. "Now I see things differently. I want you to be able to—afford Heather, Binny. You might jot down these figures and check my addition."

"I think I'll begin," I said slowly, "With one perfect night in Phantom Lodge. Shall we say five thousand dollars for that, Binny?"

Five thousand dollars—when I would have paid for it with the rest of my life!

"One honeymoon," I went on, "lovely and ideal in every detail, ten thousand dollars. I won't itemize that—it means so much to me that I find it hard to translate it into dollar signs."

I paused an instant, remembering, then hurried on.

"Then there was that glorious month in Bermuda, after our first—and only—real quarrel. Incidentally, the cause was a lovely platinum blond creature you probably know, Heather—Bonny Brooks of the *Follies*. But I understood Binny's weakness and knew that it wasn't serious; we hadn't been married many months. Maybe that had something to do with it, too."

Heather snapped, "You needn't tell me all of this, Mona. I know Binny, too. If you had been all he wanted—"

I disregarded her.

"Those long white moonlit nights in Bermuda have rather a haunting effect on my memory, Binny. I'll place a sum of one thousand dollars on each of those thirty nights."

Binny went very white.

"Once," I said, "Binny, by clever management of his stocks, made some money himself. We thought it would be fun to buy a farm in Connecticut. We had such fun 'shopping for our home acres' as we called it. For the dreams we made, driving over those winding Connecticut roads, I'm giving you—twenty thousand dollars, Binny."

I had to pause. Emotion was surging over me. *The dreams we made!*—dreams of the little boy who would look just like Binny and the little girl who would

be my image and who would play about that farm when we found it. Twenty thousand dollars—money to measure those memories!

And if now, the pain at my heart would no longer let me keep my voice steady, I didn't care. This comedy must end and leave me alone with my tragedy.

"There's one more item on my list, Binny. I'm giving you—what money I have left—fifty thousand dollars—for that. I think you know what it is."

Binny's eyes never left mine.

"It goes back to a sweet spring night when my body was wracked with the agony of bearing your son. The fifty thousand isn't for the agony, my darling—it's for the memory of the way you stayed beside me, encouraging me, helping me to bear that torture that seemed beyond human endurance. And it's for remembrance of the way you held me and comforted me, after we knew we had lost him. It's for the promise you made—of another son. The promise was sweet even if it was never fulfilled."

To my horror, my voice died away in a sob I couldn't keep back, and my eyes were so blurred with tears that I couldn't see Binny at all, but I suddenly felt his arms around me in an embrace.

"Mona—Mona! Oh, my darling!" he whispered. "You've found your old self again, and there've been times the past three years when I thought I had dreamed that you could be real and lovable, something more than a flighty pleasure-seeker, a searcher for empty thrills. Oh, Mona—you've found your old self again, up here alone—"

I couldn't speak, could only pray for this moment, of again being pressed hard against Binny's heart, to last forever.

"It's been my fault, too, dear," he went on. "Our empty life, I mean. We didn't work to make our marriage a success, either of us. We both—played too much."

There was the scraping sound of a chair being pushed back.

Heather rose, stifling an exaggerated yawn. "I'm hiking over to the caretaker's house to spend the night," she said. "I'll leave you doves to your cooing. You win, Mona. You seem to want him more than I do."

I think we scarcely heard the door close after her.

"You—let her go?" I whispered incredulously.

Binny gathered me closer. "Of course I let her go," he said happily. "There's no woman on earth I want, if I can have you, Mona—the real Mona."

"You can—have me, Binny," I said softly.

Then I put my arms about him fiercely. "Oh, take me, Binny! Never let me go! Never let me—lose myself again—never stop loving me—"

His fingers touched my lips in a light caress. "Let's not talk," he said tenderly. "Let's just—love! Oh, Mona—I've been so starved for you!"

He drew me gently toward the room where we had spent the first agonizingly sweet night of our belonging to each other, and closed the door quietly on our private heaven.

Answer to "What's Your Marriage Rating?"

Page 45

If your answers coincide with the following, you should find great happiness in marriage.

- | | |
|--------|--------|
| 1. No | 4. Yes |
| 2. Yes | 5. No |
| 3. Yes | 6. No |

My Own Desire

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

a cigarette posed in a blood-red nailed hand. I stood, gasping a little with surprise, backed against the closed door.

Vida spoke. She said, "It was so silly of you to run away. You must of known I'd find you."

I answered, and I could feel my cheeks burn, "I'm not going back. I won't."

"Yes, you are. I can make you."

"Not if I forfeit my share of the money," I flared. "I'm nineteen. I'm of age. I can do as I please—"

"Suppose I tell you," said Vida Farrell with indulgent calm, "that you cannot do as you please."

"It's not up to you to tell me anything," I blazed. "I'll write to my father's attorney."

"Do," interrupted Vida, "and he will tell you that I have the right to boss you because I am—*your mother*."

Silence. Heart-breaking, desolate. My hand flew to my throat. There was such a great sob there. "No—no—oh, no—not that," I whispered brokenly. Then I brushed my fingers to my eyes to shut out the sight of her. "It can't be—I don't want you for my mother. It is bad enough—the other way."

She must have seen the disgust written on my face—seen and pitied me; for she took a step forward, toward me, and for the second time I saw on her face a look of tenderness.

If I had softened then, if I had let her put her arms about me. But I couldn't. All I could think of was Tad—Tad as he had looked at her—*my mother*—desire in his glance. Cold sweat enveloped my body. I shuddered. "Don't touch me," I cried. "Please don't touch me."

At my words, Vida stood still. Only her eyelids fluttered once. Then she moved swiftly out of the room without speaking to me again. Her face, I noticed, was utterly white.

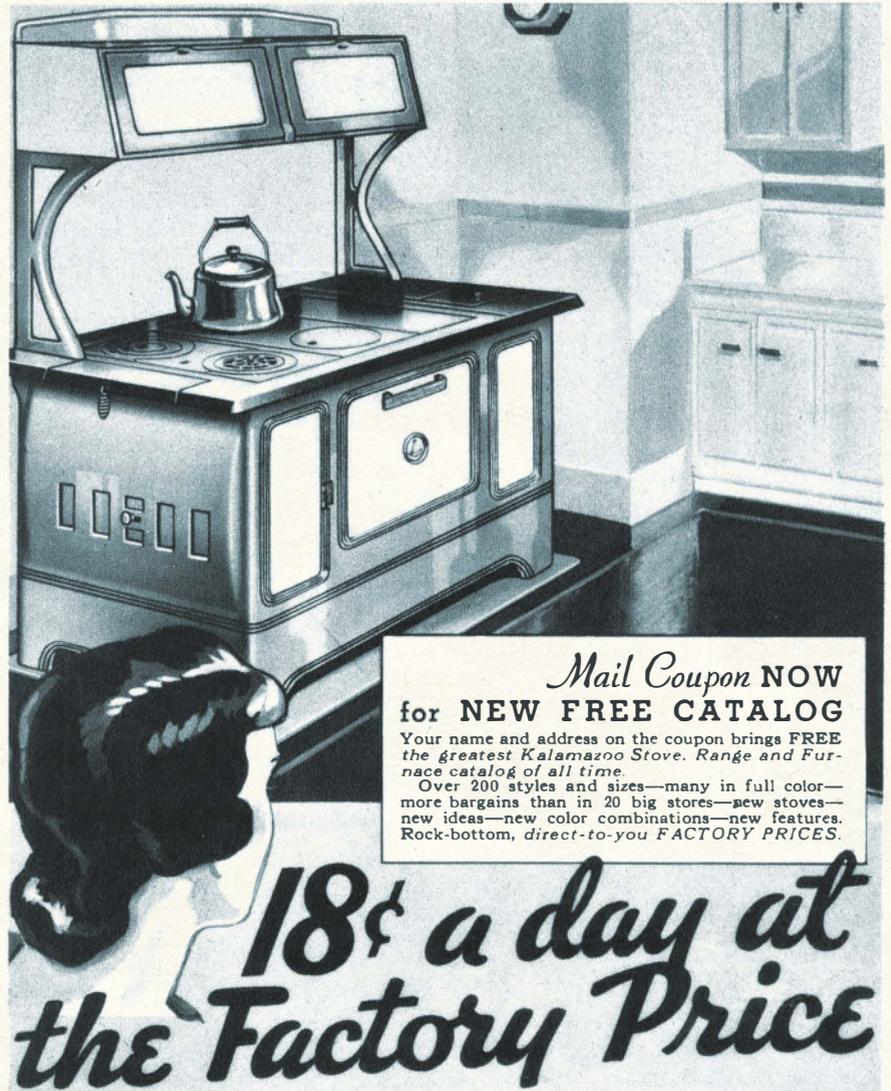
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Time passed, seconds, minutes of it, while a succession of pictures flashed across my brain, beat into it like hammer blows—My father—how he had lied to me about my mother. She hadn't died at Heather House to give me birth . . . She was alive—somewhere in this very hotel . . . Now . . . Maybe she wasn't even married to my father—Maybe that was why he had lived so alone . . . Maybe I was a child of sin. Maybe—I began to shake—shake from head to toe. I wanted to move. I couldn't. I was afraid to be alone—and I was so alone—I couldn't bear it. My knees gave way and I crumpled to the floor—and there before me, tumbled from my pocket, lay the card—Strude's card—Mr. Strude Kendall, 724 Crocus Road—I gave a little cry of relief—"Strude," I sobbed in relief, "Strude!" Why hadn't I thought of him before?

WHEN he opened the door to my rap, he gave me one long, searching look. Then he held out his arms and I went into them, like a flower blown by the wind.

He held me gently, as one would a tired child.

He bent his head and brushed his lips across mine. "Promise me you won't be sorry that you love me. I don't want to hurt you, little star-eyes—"



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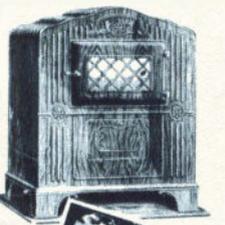
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I did not answer. "No one could help loving you," he told me next. "You understand. You won't—"

I put my arms about his neck, locked the fingers, rested my head against his breast, but my thoughts were of Tad—Tad's arms, Tad's lips, the taste of which I had never known. Why, why should I think of him now? Why should he seem so near? Was it because I always connected him with my mother? I shivered a little.

Strude put his arm around my shoulder, pressing my face down tighter against the tweed of his coat. "I don't want you to be hurt," he whispered again, "but what can I do?"

Now his fingers stroked the back of my neck, pushed up through the roots of my hair. My nerves thrilled with a sudden secret bliss.

There was a long silence—ghosts walked in the silence. I closed my eyes against them. Now and again I felt Strude stir uneasily.

Presently he turned his face up to mine and began to kiss me. He kissed me again and again—with light kisses, with quick, hard kisses that hurt, with slow, deep kisses that stayed where they fell and at last brought an answering response.

He lifted me up closer in his arms. Then he turned out the light. He bent back my body and kissed my throat.

"It's too late," he whispered. "I can't give you up now. No man could resist you."

I closed my eyes. A tear ran down my cheek. I shook it off. I told myself fiercely, "Nobody else cares . . . nobody else cares about me."

* * * *

Strude and I sat at breakfast. The table was exquisitely laid. A servant served us eggs and golden toast. Sun dappled the cloth. I could not talk. I felt, oh, so old, for I knew now that what had transpired last night had been a great mistake—God only knew why. One has to love a man in all ways to lie beside him through the still dark hours of the night—and be glad.

I wasn't glad. I was miserable. But it was my mistake and I must bear it alone. Certainly Strude Kendall must not pay. No girl can tempt a man as I had tempted him and get off scot free.

I was the fool—I who had taken the easiest way when I came to him. The easiest way always demands a price in heartache.

I met Strude's eyes. I tried to smile. "Will you want me to model today?"

He didn't answer my question. Instead he said, and he reached for my hand, "I'd marry you if I could. You know that, don't you? You're a good kid. But I have a wife somewhere. I don't know where. Besides I'm really not the marrying kind. No artist is."

I nodded. "I understand. I'm not blaming you." I wiped my brow. "I can see now it was all my fault. I shouldn't have come."

Strude bent across the small table, leaned his cheek against the curl over my ear. "You sweet, sweet thing!" he whispered. "Oh, Child, you would be so perfect for some man. But not me. You understand?"

"Yes."

His tone was lighter. "Yes, I want you to pose for me today. Come on." He came around the table.

His servant appeared. "There is someone in the hall," he told Strude, "asking for Heather Mueller."

"For me?" I said in a startled whisper.

Strude went quickly toward the door, motioning me to stay where I was. I heard him say, "What"—then, "How"—then, "When—" Monosyllables curt with horror.

I broke from the servant's detaining hand. I walked somehow to the door and opened it.

A man turned. It was Tad.

I stood frozen, Strude's protecting arm about me. Tad looked at me, stepped toward me. "It's good you left this man's card," he said, "otherwise I'd never been able to find you when—when Vida—"

"Vida? What about Vida?"

"When she came back to my room after seeing you last night, she threw up the window. I thought she was going to faint. The next thing I knew—"

"That'll do," said Strude sharply, holding me close to him.

But Tad had one thing more to say—and said it. "When we picked her up, she was dead. And you," his eyes blazed queerly, "you killed her!"

I said: "My mother—" and thought, "This is the first time I have said those words out loud." Then, and not before, I fainted.

IT WAS a clear golden afternoon, a week later. In the distance, from where I sat on the tree trunk, I could view Vida Farrell's cabin, desolate now, windows and doors boarded.

"You've been awfully good to me, Tad," I said to the man in white ducks and sweater who stood beside me. "You don't know!" And my eyes filled with tears. I shook my head to clear my sight. "If I could only be sure what you said about my killing her, you said only in a fit of anger. Do you really think she lost her balance, Tad? I'm so afraid. . ."

"You're being morbid. You can tell by the letter she left you that she really loved your dad—and didn't care much about living after he died. Funny how she loved him—yet left him. She couldn't stick it, I suppose, being so much younger and used to gayety and fun. He must have been pretty much of an ogre."

I defended my father's memory hotly. "He wasn't. They weren't alike, that's all."

"Gee, you could've knocked me for a loop when I found out you were Vida's daughter. Yet," he studied me briefly, "you look like her. I never thought so till I saw you in that slinky thing you were wearing that morning I came to tell you. It—it was the way you looked up at that man. It made me think of—of her—"

"You were in love with my mother, weren't you, Tad? And she must have loved you. You were even with her the night she—she—died."

"Yes, and she loved me." He looked at me. "But not as you think. She loved me as a son. Vida Farrell was



one swell woman, Heather. I've always thought so. I always will—and can you imagine her leaving this camp to me?" He paused, lit a cigarette, mused for a moment in silence, chewing at a blade of grass between puffs. Then he said abruptly, "When are you leaving?"

"Tonight."

"Going back to Strude Kendall?"

I flushed. "No."

"Why not? You love him, don't you?"

My lips started to quiver. I tried to steady them before he saw, but I wasn't quick enough.

He softened toward me. "Listen, Heather, don't cry. I'm sure this guy wants to marry you. It's just the way things happened . . . so sudden and all—"

"You're mistaken. He doesn't want to marry me . . . and I don't want to marry him."

"Then in God's name, what is it all about?"

"Nothing. That's just it. It was a—a mistake and I never want to see Strude Kendall again."

Tad puffed in silence for a moment. "That's too bad because that looks like him standing down by the cabin."

I stood up instantly. Sunlight fell on Tad's hair and I had the same old desire I had always known, to touch it.

"Come on," he said, tucking my arm in his, "I'll walk back with you."

Together we walked toward the cabin. Just before we reached it, Tad put out his hand for a friendly handshake. "Good luck, Heather. I think I'll cut down this path here. I don't like that guy. He's too wise about women."

I stood still. All the turmoil I had gone through this last week seemed like a paralyzing crust that held me so I could not move. Tad tried to remove his hand. I gripped it even tighter. "Tad," I begged, "I don't want to see him. He understands. We have nothing to say to each other. He's just trying to be polite. Tell him to go."

Tad pushed me from him. "Heather, you're behaving like a coward. Any girl who went to a man as you went to him—well, he must mean something to you. If you don't go back to him, I'll always think of you—think of you as cheap—the kind of a kid who gives easily. I can't bear to have you go out of my life like that."

His voice was low but I heard every word. I flinched; then I said cold as ice: "Why not? And why should I care what you think? You hate me anyway. You always have. I'm not going to see Strude."

Tad did not answer for a moment. The funniest expression came over his face. I had seen it once before—the time he looked at Vida. Then his whole body began to shake. Mine shook, too. I tottered. He caught me by the arm. He put his arm around my shoulder; then both arms.

"I don't hate you. That's the whole trouble. I love you and I'm so damned jealous of that man and what he's been to you and what you've been to him—Oh, Heather, it's been hell—"

"But it's heaven now," I whispered. "Oh, tell me, Tad, it is for you, too—"

Then he kissed me, kissed me and kissed me and I whispered, "Tad, as God is my witness, if you will only forget the past, I'll never betray you again."

Then we went together to tell Strude of our happiness. Truly life is good to wayward girls.

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Secret of Rochelle Hudson's Youthful Fame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

class graduated, Rochelle wanted to attend the exercises, but the class, instead of feeling pride in the achievements of one of their own, were resentful of her success and voted against the suggestion that she be included as a member of that graduating class. Although she was hurt and hurt dreadfully, she wanted to attend that gala night in that small town, which held festival when graduating night came around.

Through one of her former teachers, who alone had not discriminated against his talented pupil, she secured three tickets for the auditorium. And now her allegiance was displaced by an understandable desire to "show them." The nicest-looking boy on her list of acquaintances was asked to escort her. An additional advantage was his ownership of a very impressive, imported limousine.

Graduation night, Rochelle Hudson, motion picture actress, her escort and her mother, arrived in state. Rochelle was properly haughty. She spoke to no one as the small party went to their seats. It would have been such a small thing for the class to have voted her in as an honorary member—and yet, through childish pique, they had refused to lend their votes to so simple a request. Now she was here—and now she would show them how little she cared.

ROCHELLE did not, as yet, give complete devotion to her career. It still did not claim her single-minded purpose. She seriously considered concentrating on her voice so that she might devote herself to radio work. She was still studying dancing and had not completely abandoned the idea of a career behind footlights. While she did the best she could in the rôles assigned her, she had no particular desire to be sensational. To her, motion pictures still seemed to be a stop-gap—an uncertain stop-gap. And this, in spite of the fact that she was being built as the white hope among the younger players and her name was in every magazine. She posed for fashions, for trick publicity stunts, and with distinguished visitors to the lot. Her face was everywhere save in pictures. It was this wide-spread publicity which kept Rochelle at the studio, even though she was now only doing bits. As happens frequently in studios, she was slowly but surely being forgotten by those who allot the good rôles.

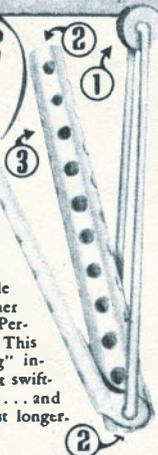
When her option was not taken up, she was by no means discouraged. Sturdier, more experienced players have faced free-lancing with some misgivings, but Rochelle believed that for her, it would have no drawbacks.

In the eight months between her contracts with major studios, Rochelle Hudson became a woman grown. In those long months she had been cast in only two independent productions. They were a far cry from the important pictures which she thought would be available to her. But she learned something of far greater value than marquee-light rôles

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could have given her. She discovered that no one person is very important; that no one person is indispensable, either in a profession or in a defining circle. She realized that if she didn't make herself more valuable as a player; then, definitely, there was no future for her in pictures. She became more eager, more devoted, more definite in her plans. Shortly her star shone again, and she replaced Boots Mallory in Will Rogers' picture *Dr. Bull*.

It wasn't a large part, but it was a part which gave her opportunity to indicate her talent.

Fox Films signed her on a long contract in August, 1933, and from then on her stride has been consistent, her life definite.

She found herself in her work, and parallel with that, she was discovering a philosophy of life. The philosophy that satisfaction, contentment, happiness is something one builds from inside—can never find on the outside. That happiness is a state of mind and a state of heart.

She unfolded emotionally. In *Imitation Of Life*, with Claudette Colbert, she discovered in herself an ability to perceive a character consistently, and to carry the characterization through. She has begun to feel a unity with her work, which is invariably the first step towards great achievement.

DEFINITELY Rochelle Hudson is rapidly ascending the ladder of fame. On her young shoulders was placed the burden of taking the lead in *Way Down East*. She did her job so magnificently that Darryl F. Zanuck, Chief of Twentieth Century-Fox Productions, prophecies a brilliant place in the spotlight of fame for her. He believes in the little Hudson as a coming great star. Soon audiences will see her in *Snatched*, the kidnapping drama, sanctioned by Federal Crime Suppression Agencies.

Her ambition is to be, not a Pollyanna, not a Cinderella, nor to continue in the wronged-heroine rôles of which she has had more than her share. Rather, she wants to do the bright things. The things which will give a mental lift to audiences. For it is her belief that we reflect in our own lives the incidents and the emotions we see portrayed on the screen—and Rochelle's desire is to give a bit of joy, of stimulation, of forgetfulness to those who see her pictures.

Although today she is engrossed in her career, she has the attitude of other girls of her young years toward dates and new enchantments. She is catholic in her tastes as far as men are concerned. A man does not necessarily have to be labelled with importance to intrigue her. Only the inner qualities interest her at all. And she is as likely to be delighted with the attentions of an ambitious young extra with background, as of a producer with pull.

In the recent past, life has held dates for her with Johnny Darrow and Tom Brown and the grandson of a Mexican General, and many other aspiring and admiring males.

She has been rumored engaged on several occasions. When she not long ago appeared in public wearing a diamond ring on the important and logical finger, she was instantly linked to Barry Trivers, the song writer. Barry was at that time in New York, and Rochelle was on her way East for a long-delayed holiday. Hollywood put two and two

together and made six, and instantly the engagement was taken for granted. The two youngsters exchanged telegrams. It was such fun to give the gossips a run for their money.

Her young heart has remained untouched, with one exception. That exception was Bud Eichelberger, son of a wealthy father. Rochelle had been much in his company and, while he was touring Europe, newspapers carried the story of their engagement. The resulting misunderstanding between the two broke the friendship which held much promise. Fortunately, Rochelle was able to forget her heart in work.

As a matter of fact, this was the first romance, for she sought to avoid emotional entanglements by her social program. She rarely dated with the same man more than once a week. Was by no means a night-hawk who delighted in the rising sun. Twelve or one is her usual deadline for dances and parties—agreeing with her mother that a starlet, going places, must husband her health and beauty.

ROCHELLE has a broad, a high, an intelligent brow and sophisticated legs. She has a face like a Pixie, grey-blue eyes, intense and earnest, heavily fringed with incredible lashes. Her cleft chin has an intriguing way of wrinkling. And the ensemble is completely enchanting.

She has a sophistication of the post-war generation, which is the perfect blend of childish illusions and adult experience. Her air of knowledge is by no means assumed, for even though this girl has had no background of tribulation to give depth to her nature and value to externals, she yet, through some strange alchemy in her own nature, has acquired a wisdom beyond her years. And so heartbreak and disenchantment and difficulties which come her way in screen portrayals assume reality and she gives to them something out of her own unconscious knowledge.

She is poised, mature and abstract—and her very behavior denotes that this girl has come to some definite conclusion about life and about living.

She has learned the secret of never sacrificing her youth to her career and has called on each to subsidize the other. So, realizing the value of not being adult too determinedly, she permits herself the moods of youth.

After a long day at the studio, she stretches her slim length on a window seat and watches the birds in the garden, as twilight settles across the Hollywood hills. In between pictures she finds relaxation in portrait painting, in the innumerable lessons which punctuate her life, in long drives and occasional dancing parties.

She is a girl in whom men confide, to whom they bring their troubles and their difficulties and out of her own unusual maturity, and out of her own philosophy of happiness she gives them strength.

She is a girl to whom the highest compliment is—"She's a good sport." And that label she earned when she worked in the snow scenes in *Way Down East*. She took great physical discomfort without a whimper.

On the whole, this Rochelle Hudson is a modern youngster, making good on her own. The door to Fame is opening for her.

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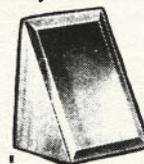


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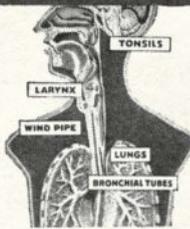
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Our Week-Ends

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

Somewhere there was a girl named Val who had been unhappy, who had dreamed a dream that would never come true. But she seemed very far away; unreal. . . .

THREE months later we attended a mid-week dance at the Valmont Club. I had taken more than usual pains with my appearance, covering the shadows beneath my eyes with a new, expensive, exquisite powder. I had bought a new gown of shimmering white satin.

"I've never seen you look so beautiful," Gene whispered as we danced.

He looked handsome in evening clothes; immaculate, compelling. My heart beat faster. "Gene!" He inclined his head. "I'm going to have a child. The doctor told me today."

I felt his body stiffen. He raised his head. We missed a beat of the music. After a minute, he said, "You're sure?" "Positive."

He led me back to our table. After we were seated, he lighted a cigarette, and said, "Val. There's a doctor in the Sedgewich Building."

Our eyes met and locked. I clasped my ringless hands tightly together on the tablecloth, dug my nails into my flesh.

"That's—what you—want me to do?" I asked him.

"Yes. That's what I want you to do, Val," he replied evenly.

For a long moment I stared at him. Tears, over which I had no control, welled up in my eyes.

"Val." His voice sustained me. "I love you. Never lose sight of that fact."

"It isn't that—" I managed brokenly. "What I told you—just now—wasn't true. I wanted to see—what you would say. It was an impulse—I've been so desperate—"

A slow light of utter, indescribable relief flooded his face. It was something I felt he'd rather I didn't see, yet he couldn't control it.

"You mean—you're not going to?" His eagerness was pathetic. "That it isn't true?" I nodded.

He drew a deep breath, looked confidently around the crowded room, then his eyes came back to me. "Shall we go?"

"Yes—please—" I murmured.

The night was crystal clear with a silvery moon and millions of stars. We drove for miles over a shadow-splashed highway.

Gene didn't touch me. Finally he said, "You know now how I feel about it, Val. I'm sorry I had to tell you so—so brutally."

I rested my head against the back of the seat.

"I'm glad to know," I whispered.

Yet—after all, wasn't it Gene's happiness I wanted more than anything else in the world?

Gene's happiness! Did he know what his own flesh and blood would do to him if he should gaze upon it—his flesh and mine? Did he understand it wasn't a whim, an impulse, a mere inclination, but that for which I was born, for which I had lived, the reason I loved him so terribly, so possessively, so passionately?

Did he know? Oh, God, would he ever know. . . .

For that, he, too, had been born. That was why he desired me, loved me with such devastating abandon. Why wouldn't he see? Why wouldn't he understand?

He bent his head, kissed me suddenly, swiftly, as if he knew my sorrow and

wanted to reassure me. I closed my eyes against scalding, blinding tears. My heart and soul and body were numb under his caress.



WE continued to spend every possible hour together. Gene was very tender and as much the lover as he had ever been. I half-expected, half-hoped that, in time, he would come to regret his request, but he didn't.

I never mentioned marriage again. I knew it was futile. There was nothing I could do but go on. I couldn't go back.

Gene had an uncle of whom he was very fond. One day while I was taking dictation in his private office, a telephone message came that his uncle had been found dead in the bed by the butler.

I remember watching the deep concern on Gene's face as he slipped into his coat and hurriedly left the office.

"Death," I thought, standing by the window, gazing down upon streams of

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people and traffic on Broadway. "Will this make any difference in Gene? Will it make him realize time is slipping away from him? That, perhaps, he—or I—will lie like that someday?"

Gene was very quiet afterward; said little; didn't seem quite his old self. The day he was to hear his uncle's will read, he asked me to accompany him. As his secretary, of course.

It was raining. Even as it had been that night in the hotel room when futility and despair had overwhelmed me. We entered the large brick home that stood in a quiet, aristocratic neighborhood. The butler showed us into a book-lined library where a kindly gentleman with iron grey hair greeted us, and spoke a few words of condolence to Gene.

We seated ourselves. The gentleman took his place at the great carved desk.

I don't remember what was read at first. My eyes were on the life-sized portrait in oils of the dead man. It hung over the mantelpiece. He had such a kind, sweet face, and deep, sympathetic, understanding eyes.

Then came words that electrified me . . . "To my nephew, Eugene Vincent Spicer . . ." My body grew rigid . . . "I bequeath one dollar. . ."

One dollar!

The voice continued, "It is my humble belief, as I have often expressed to him, that every man should know the fullness of a family life. He should know, if he is duly blessed, the love of a good woman, and understand the great sacrifice she makes in body and spirit to bring his children into the world, for this enables him to have a deeper and greater appreciation of humanity. It is the most painful regret of my life that Eugene has never deemed it fitting to live the life of a normal man, but has preferred to take his love clandestinely.

"I therefore bequeath . . . charity. . ."

I couldn't turn my head. I couldn't move. I could only sit with my hands clasped tightly in my lap, and listen to the voice drone on, and feel the eyes of the portrait fixed upon us reproachfully; sorrowfully.

GENE went home with me to my apartment. I fixed a little supper, but he only drank a cup of black coffee.

Afterward I turned off the lamp and we sat in the dim light that came into the room from the street lamps veiled in mist.

Gene sat with his head in his hands. I knelt beside him. He put out his hand, took mine, crushed it in his.

"I've cheated you out of everything, Val," he said huskily. "Everything." Then, with a little groan he caught me to him, and buried his face in my neck. "Oh, I love you, love you . . . Why have I hurt you so?"

My eyes swept shut. All the pain and despair I had known was touched by something new, softly radiant. Life seemed to flow through my body again; fear dissolved; was swept away.

"Marry me, Val." His arms tightened mercilessly. "Let's live your way now. We haven't—the money—we might have had. But, Val, we've got each other." It was almost a sob.

I took his face between my hands, and with tears streaming down my cheeks, I let my lips move tremulously over his eyes, his lips, his hair. Money. Dear God, what was money? Gene knew at last. He understood. Gene was going to live as he had never lived before. . . .



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Elaine Barrie's Own Story of Barrymore Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

evening could not stand it any longer but called the hospital and asked, rather inanely, whether Mr. Barrymore had received my letter.

"Hold the wire, Madam, while I ask Information," said the Operator.

Wait—wait—wait—wait!

"Yes, Mr. Barrymore has received your communication. He desires you to leave your telephone number."

Miracle of miracles! John, my idol, was going to call me!

WHEN he did call, stage-struck girl that I was, I was unable to talk. I pressed the receiver to my ear so hard it hurt, but, for the life of me, I could say no word.

"My dear lady, please don't think so loud. You'll deafen me," said John Barrymore to me in his voice of such richness and irresistible charm.

I think I answered him with something epigrammatic and electric, a line of which Voltaire would have been proud. In fact, I think I said:

"Oh, Mister Barrymore!"

"Oh, Miss Elaine Jacobs of Riverside nine-five-three-three-three," he cruelly mimicked my awed tone. "And what can we do for Miss Elaine?"

I should have said that I wanted to interview him for my college paper.

What I did say was: "I've got to see you."

Only I'm afraid my diction and grammar went back on me and that what John Barrymore heard was something between a croak and a screech:

"I gotta see yuh."

Bless him (and damn him for being so wise and polished and all I was not!) He shifted tactfully at once to the safe ground of the proprieties, to continue:

"I'd love to see you, really I would. And I'll arrange it with these pestiferous hospital tyrants as soon as it's humanly possible. I'm just over the flu, you know. For one thing, I wouldn't like to pass my germs to Riverside nine-five-three-three-three. And for another, the nurse won't let me—for a few days."

And that is how it came about that I, Elaine Jacobs, came to meet and later love John Barrymore, idol of millions.

I went to the hospital alone. A nurse took me to the door of his room. She said, "Go right in. Mr. Barrymore is expecting you," and left me.

Then I was inside.

John Barrymore was sitting in the window seat of his room. He wore navy blue lounging pajamas and robe. How the talk began I don't know. I do know that before very long I was the one being interviewed—not he.

"You're full of hero worship. No, you're not. I'm full of heroine worship. No, I'm not. I'm full of germs. We're full of something, probably beans. Sit down. No, stand up. Walk around. Talk. Say something—anything. Say, 'Riverside nine-five-three-three-three.' Say it fast. Say it slow."

"What a voice! Do you KNOW what a voice you've got, child? Look out the window at all the boats and the cunning little prisoners over on Welfare Island. I demand that you look at all the boats and the cunning little prisoners. You can stand it once. I've had to stand

it for five thousand four hundred and fifty million years. Why didn't someone tell me flu was so long? Give me short diseases. Give me galloping consumption. But don't give me flu."

He was wound up. It had never occurred to me as a possibility, but John Barrymore was isolated and lonely. It was a week of pent-up talk that was gushing out, like water from a crumbling dam, a deluge that bowled me over.

FINALLY he asked me about my work at Hunter.

"I was a newspaperman once myself," he quoted the old saw and burst into a laugh. "And what a rotten one!"

"But I don't want to be one—not even a good one," I finally managed to say. "It's the theatre for me—the theatre or nothing. If I can't be of it, I'm going to be somewhere around it, a hanger-on. I'll sell the tickets if I can't do anything else."

His eye-brows danced all over his poor fever-furrowed face.

"What experience?" he barked at me.

"Oh, so little! And so amateurish! Only one thing that even approached professionalism—a job in stock with the Chamberlain Brownie Stock Co., in Mount Vernon, supporting Pauline Lord and Victor Jory in *What Every Woman Knows*."

For fear of having used some great names to convey a false impression, I hastily added:

"I was the maid. I had no lines. I brought on a tea tray."

"Did Miss Lord think you managed the tea tray like a maid?"

I laughed! "I'm sure I don't know."

"You should have asked her," he declared earnestly. "There's a woman who knows."

HOW that incredible interview in the hospital room gravitated around to an actual dramatic test, with myself standing up on legs that wobbled reading the part of *Queen Anne* to John Barrymore's *Gloucester*, I'll never be able to account for lucidly, even to myself. But it happened. On my first visit. And at the end of one of the dramatic passages, the one that starts, "I'm foul and I'm clever," and ends, "I'm going to kiss you . . . but you can't move," he *did* kiss me. *John Barrymore* kissed me.

After that extraordinary kiss, personal and impersonal at once, Richard III kissing Elaine Barrie, John Barrymore kissing Lady Anne, it was a little difficult to get going again. For me. But not for Mr. Barrymore. Bless you, he plunged right on into the next scene as if nothing noteworthy had happened at all.

The reading came to an end.

"Now I get mine!" I said to myself. I was sunk. What an ass I had made of myself, reading Shakespearean lines to this Shakespearean!

"Okay, you've got the stuff, kid!" I heard a thin faraway voice—and certainly this was no Shakespearean line!

Barrymore was mopping his face with a big handkerchief. I noted, mechanically, that it was torn.

"You've got it, all right," he reiterated.

Got what? The smallpox? I collapsed into a chair, still unconvinced that a

Barrymore could have found in me the slightest trace of the actor temperament.

"But I haven't got it," he was saying in a voice full of mock despair.

"Got what?" I asked faintly. "What is it I've got that you haven't got, Mr. Barrymore?"

"Your telephone number, damn it!" he burst forth. "I jotted it down on yesterday's sheet and this is the kind of a joint where they change the bed-linen every day."

He made good use of that telephone number in the next few days—that number and many others. I had to leave with my mother each day a complete itinerary of my movements for the day, including telephone numbers everywhere I expected to pause. The calls came from him at the rate of a half-dozen a day. He caught me at class. His page calls pursued me at sandwich parlors, the homes of friends, into a dentist's chair.

I do not think I am overstating it; that I was getting chummy with John Barrymore.

An incident of John Barrymore's hospitalization which gave me a brief instant of personal triumph remains to be told before this "first phase" of the romance ended.

Having heard me speak my piece, having decided he could make something out of me on the stage and being no doubt quite masculinely and insufferably sure that he had invented me on the day he first looked at me, Mr. Barrymore decided to gladden the little girl's heart with a promise of a radio audition.

"I can get you a hearing up at NBC," he said, rather magnificently.

The suggestion by Mr. Barrymore gave me an opening for which I had hoped, one to put forward my modest claims to having had an identity before walking into that hospital room—an identity and a few credentials to prove it.

"But I've had radio auditions," I replied.

I think he looked a bit disappointed. He hastened to add:

"Oh, but I mean an audition under the right conditions—conditions which might lead to a job."

The talk was going just the way I wanted it.

"But I've already been listed at NBC for jobs."

It was true, and I handed him the correspondence with the good people of the NBC studios to prove it.

John Barrymore looked up from the reading of those NBC letters.

"They tell their own story," he said, and flew off the handle suddenly. "But it's a miserable story none-the-less! It takes years to get going. Ten years, I tell you! You'll be a haggard old woman before you get your chance. Oh, it's damnable. I've got to spare you those ten years of heartache and heartbreak. Stick to me. You will, won't you?"

It provoked an indescribable sensation to hear Barrymore in this mood of pleading with me to continue our acquaintance. It so utterly reversed the probabilities, which were that he would forget me long before I should ever forget him, that he would move on presently out of my ambiance, while I would remain forever anchored by memories in this one little spot of girlhood glamor he had created for me.

THE week that followed was a perfect one. For one whole week, we, John and I, idled and idylled away hours of companionship in that dear hospital

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room. Then, on John's last night at the hospital, I brought Mother to meet him. It was as Mother and I were on the Lexington Avenue local, on our way to the hospital, that we spied, over the shoulder of the man in front of us, headlines in a paper:

DOLORES ILL, JOHN

DENIES ARK CRUISE

HOLLYWOOD, March 19.—Dolores Costello, third wife of John Barrymore, is ill in bed partly because of a report in New York today that her temperamental husband is planning a yachting cruise with his former wife, Michael Strange, the poetess; her present husband, Harrison Tweed, and Diana, the 14-year-old daughter of Barrymore and Michael Strange.

Six months ago, Dolores said that she and her two children by . . .

Poor Mother! It could scarcely have improved the state of her mind, that evening to have been so forcibly reminded, as she must have been by the Hollywood story, that Barrymore had a yacht, children, plans and a number of wives, one current, or maybe two. And that it was her young college daughter who was becoming involved in his life! As far as that is concerned, it was the first time I had dared to admit to myself that John and I were living in a world full of other people, other people linked with John by personal ties and business affairs.

When John and I parted that night, he promised to call me next morning. He was to receive his hospital discharge after breakfast and he had promised to take me to see *Escape Me Never* as a celebration of the event.

His call of the following morning, to announce in a great gust of glee that he had captured the tickets and wanted me to fast until he could haul me off to lunch on some restaurant chef's perfectly amazing eggs in black butter, found me so sleepy that I couldn't gather my wits and tell him of the news paragraph seen the previous night.

He, himself, called back to tell me of it fifteen minutes later.

"Damn it all," he shouted into the phone until the earpiece screamed, "they've just brought me up a lot of murder with my orange juice here. Newspapers! Filthy rags full of—"

He got to his point, "You mustn't stir out today. At least not to come near me."

"But the Bergner matinee!" I protested in dismay.

In my heart of hearts I think there was an even more fundamental dismay. I was thinking this was the "out"; this was the end; this was John Barrymore taking up wherever he had left off to have the flu. There would be that yacht trip now, that yacht trip with his former wife. I would be forgotten. But then . . .

Thinking these things, I was silent awhile after my outburst over the 'phone, and John's voice broke in:

"What's the matter? Hello! Hello!"

And then I heard as thrilling a love speech as has ever come to a woman's ear. I do not envy Roxana nor Juliet. My lover outdid Cyrano and Romeo. He said:

"Fry her soul in hell! The little— has hung up on me."

"No, I'm here!" I hastened to state.

"I don't see, though, why I have to miss the Bergner matinee just because you're upset by something in a newspaper."

"Oh, you don't, don't you?" he ex-

claimed witheringly. His rage was against others, but it was vented on me. "Well, there are twenty newspapermen downstairs now and they've sent out for reinforcements. By the time I get out of here, it'll be a mobilization. I don't want you mixed up in this. If you come near me today, I'll—I'll have you pinched as a Communist."

Privately, I thought then that he was exaggerating. I was not yet so much in love as to be totally blind (said I to myself) and this was John Barrymore being John Barrymore and a Great Big Cynosure; Cynosure spelled with a Capital B.

I knew different a week or so later—the night I lost a heel off my best evening slippers when I got caught in a Barrymore autograph hound rush. But a lot happened before that memorable night, the first event being the telegram that announced John's departure on a Southern cruise, without seeing me again . . .

ELAINE JACOBS—

280 Riverside Dr—

GOING TO MISS YOU LIKE BLAZES EVER SO MUCH LOVE HANG ON TO YOUR END OF THE RAINBOW—

CALIBAN.

That was the message I received. My answer was:

IMPATIENTLY AWAITING YOUR RETURN. ALL YOURS.

—ARIEL.

He got to a telephone in Miami on April second and called me up at home. We talked nearly two hours. I recall one thing he said:

"Every night, after everybody aboard the boat is asleep, I go up on deck and look at the stars and wish you were with me!"

I couldn't have stopped him and, frankly, I didn't want to try. It is nice, of a bleak icy New York night, to sit snug in your bed with a receiver to your ear and hear a man in Miami tell you that the palms and the tropic moon mean nothing to him because you aren't there.

"I keep thinking in terms of your being with me on the yacht," he went on. "We'd pull anchor and get clear away from, oh, lots of irritating things, Elaine."

When the wire to Miami closed that night, I was bereft and was to remain so for two empty weeks. *The Infanta*, with John and his daughter, Diana (by his former marriage to Michael Strange) aboard, was pointed out to far places over water, and I became very wretched, indeed.

I recall, as an incident of warmth in the bleak interval, a reading in a Gypsy tearoom where my mother and I dropped in one afternoon to dry our feet and swallow something warm. The sixth Avenue Gipsy on duty came over and picked up my cup to read the leaves.

"You've lately met a middleaged man who is slightly gray," she began, and succeeded in capturing my attention!

"He's a professional of some sort, I don't quite know what; not a doctor or a lawyer. Through him, your whole life will be changed. Do you drive a car? Don't even own one? Well, you will have a car to drive by August, and you'd better learn now. You'll go to a place where there are palms, but not in the car."

Now, I did get a car, and in June I did walk under the palms of Havana, and my whole life has been changed. I have a suggestion for editors whose

newspapers so hopelessly misreported my romance with Barrymore. Fire a few legmen and hire the staffs of a couple of Gipsy Tearooms.

JOHN finally arrived back in New York on Friday, April 12.

He burst in on Mother and me at eleven, brown as a nut, full of vitamins and rarin' to step out. New York had welcomed him with a downpour of mixed sleet and snow and rain. When he bundled us down and out into the night, we walked into weather that felt like a thousand frozen icicles dashed against our faces. The lights of his waiting taxi-cab gleamed fitfully through masses of wet sleet which had piled onto panes and headlights. I tripped over something in the cab. It was his luggage.

He had reserved rooms at the Hotel New Yorker, but had not yet taken time out to leave his bags there. At about 6:30 the following morning, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the Hotel New Yorker finally saw him.

Some time about six that morning, I remember waking, out of a sound sleep, in that taxi-cab and listening to the confused mutter of the voices of my mother and John Barrymore. How long had that been going on? I twisted around to steel a look at my wristwatch; six! that meant they had been mumbbling like that in this snow-bound taxi-cab for two hours. We had arrived at the door of our home at four!

Good grief, what could they have to talk about for those two solid chills-and-fever-and-pneumonia hours? I gave ear.

"She's a combination of child and woman, Edna," he was earnestly informing my mother, whom he had learned at once to address by her first name. "I swear I'll never cause her unhappiness. Now please don't throw obstacles in my way. I'm utterly sincere. I'm thinking in terms of my own daughter, you know."

And he insisted then and there upon taking my mother's hand in both of his and making a formal vow:

"I swear never to do anything that would make her unhappy."

THE pace he hit in those first 48 hours of all-night clubbing on his return from Florida was the one John Barrymore held all through the ensuing week—up to the night he collapsed in our front parlor and mother and I had to wrap him in a pair of papa's pajamas and put him to bed.

What with the emotional crisis precipitated by this incident and the fact that Ethel Barrymore, my John's famous sister, was prevented only by kind fate from starting out with posse and dragnets to search all New York waters for her missing brother, the week stands out in my mind as the maddest one in my life—a period during which I seem now to myself to have lived at least eight of my nine lives.

As for the pace itself, and whether or not it was the one that kills, I cite a column of entries in my diary and leave the reader to judge:

SUNDAY—With B. in a hired car out to Arrowhead Inn and back to the Circus at Madison Square Garden. To Jack Dempsey's restaurant for supper and we met Hannah Williams and Dr. Dafoe, the man who delivered the Dionne quintuplets. Mrs. Dempsey and the doctor talked babies.

MONDAY—Day off for all hands. Even B. admitted feeling like bed and book. But I'm developing athlete's ear from

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contacting that telephone receiver.

TUESDAY—Who do you think stooged for me today when I went to NBC studio for an audition? Why, Mr. John Barrymore! Don't know whether I was good—or good and rotten. No time to care! Dinner at the Casino de Paris. A combination of a mad-house, a Rockefeller wedding and the Black Hole of Calcutta. Famous people four deep. If you shoveled off the top layer of Jolsons and Barrymores and Durantes and Warner Brothers, you found a lot of almost-as-bigs the next layer down. It would have taken a steam shovel and dynamite to get down to Elaine Jacobs in that pile.

Party by Harry Warner for Al Jolson. De Wolf Hopper the Master of Ceremonies.

WEDNESDAY—Barely staggered out by dusk. It's a funny feeling when the street lamps come on while you're dunking your breakfast toast. Went with B. to the Russian Kretschma down in 14th St. for dinner and ate burnt meat on a hatpin. Good, though.

Wound up at the Hungarian Tokay, mid-town. Could see B. had something on his mind. I said: "Out with it." He told me the plan for me to stooge for him in "The Jest" on the Jolson program was off. While he was doing all his dandy conspiring, the studio people were going ahead and engaging Sylvia Fields for the job. Oh, well, I'll have my chance yet.

THURSDAY—Ye gods, what a day! In fact, such a day that I shall abandon my skimpy diary notes and tell in detail all that happened, from the moment John staggered in and collapsed into father's reading chair straight through to when we walked into Ethel Barrymore's room at the Hotel New Yorker and told her that, no, we were not two messengers from Alvin Karpis' kidnap mob.

In the first place, all of Thursday passed without a word from John Barrymore.

It was the same all of Friday. Our entry door-bell rang at 11 p. m. of that second day. My stumbling heart said: "Telegram!" I opened the door myself. John pitched forward through the door. He was ghastly to look at. He grinned at me vacantly and straightened up and walked by me toward the living room like a sleepwalker.

He strode forward blindly until my father's reading chair caught him across the knees and then spun half 'round and folded in the middle and plumped down. I rushed to him. I remember thinking this was awful and terribly sweet, all at once, to have him ill at all, and to have him ill on my hands. If any hands, mine! Mine belonged.

He was shaking with chill and I could feel the fever in his palm. Mother and I worked swiftly and competently, I think, as women do in emergencies of this kind, all women. We got hot tea into him and blankets around him. He talked through chattering teeth:

"Look here, my dears. Do you mind if I spend the night in this chair? Look at the sleet on those window panes. I can't go out into that, can I? You wouldn't have the heart to shove me out into that weather? If you can't spare me, father, spare muh che-ild!"

His attempts at gaiety would make you cry. The fever was making him quite irrational. I think he really feared that we might turn proper on him, like a couple of old schoolmarms, and send him away.

He became quite limp and docile when we dragged him out of the chair and helped him to father's vacant room. We got him into pajamas and tucked him under layers of wool and down. Once in a while I touched his forehead. Pure gladness is something I haven't felt often. The time I got the "notice of approval" of my radio audition at NBC, perhaps. My first professional pay envelope from the Chamberlain Brown stock company in Mt. Vernon. And now this, touching John's hot forehead and feeling it a bit cooler, and wet. He slept sound.

A PIECE of loin beef was stewing in a pot on the kitchen stove, turning into beef tea. My mother was receiving drug-store packages from the elevator boy at the front door. Our family doctor was in the back bedroom arguing with John Barrymore.

John's point was the trouper's—"the show must go on"—and, flu or no flu, sleet or sunshine, doctors and loving women, or no doctors and no loving women, he would be at NBC studios that night at the hour of the Al Jolson program, ready to go on the air in his scene from *The Jest*.

The doctor came out, shaking his head. "I've just given strict orders that the patient is not to attempt that broadcast," he told me. "So, of course, the patient will make the broadcast despite my orders. So get that beef tea into him and dose him up as indicated and, in any event, get him into bed after the broadcast and sit on him—and then we'll see."

A while later, I went in with a tray. There were glasses and medicine bottles on it, and a steaming cup of the beef tea. I went on sick-room tiptoes toward the bed. It was empty. Somebody was whistling the overture to William Tell in the bathroom. Honestly, I could have thrown things at him!

He stuck out his head and called cheerfully:

"Breakfast? Good! I've got to get going. Pull on your hip boots, Elaine. You're coming along."

I pass over the "wifely" protests. They had the usual force of such protests and the appointed hour found us plowing through slush in a taxi bound for his hotel.

"I just thought of something," he said with no particular emphasis. "By now, Ethel probably has detectives looking for my remains."

He had run into his famous sister and she had detected the first symptoms of his relapse and had hustled him out to her home in Mamaroneck. (Privately, I felt just a little jealousy of this sister who had forestalled me in the rôle of ministering angel: MUST those Barrymores ALWAYS have first crack at the fat parts?)

Ethel Barrymore had managed to keep him quiet and in bed for 36 hours, but he had bullied her into driving him back to his Hotel New Yorker the previous evening.

"I gave her the slip in the lobby," he blandly informed me now. "I said I had to call a man on the phone and that's the way I slipped out and came up to you."

But Barrymores apparently know Barrymores better than Barrymores think. When we paraded into the Hotel New Yorker and went on up to the Barrymore suite, and John dragged me on into his illustrious sister's room, we did not find the latter losing her mind or her poise or any sleep over her brother's inconsiderate prank. In fact, John Barrymore had to produce a loud stage cough

to waken Ethel Barrymore out of deep and placid sleep.

But now, in retrospect, it occurs to me that Miss Barrymore was instantly alert as she awoke and saw her brother by her bedside, that she estimated the whole thing in a flash, that she saw that she was expected to play up to him in a big scene and that she was going to do nothing of the kind—and that the actor in John Barrymore was taken aback when his sister patted a sleepy yawn and inquired placidly:

"What time is it, Jack?"

Nor was she tricked into any obliging demonstrations of surprise or high-keyed curiosity when I was dragged forward and introduced:

"This is Elaine Barrie, Ethel. She's been nursing me. I collapsed on her hands. It's quite a story."

He paused dramatically. Miss Barrymore reached for the phone. We watched her with bated breath. What was she going to do?

"Room service, please," sang Miss Barrymore dulcetly into the phone.

John chuckled appreciation at my side. The chuckle was an acknowledgment, I think, that sister Ethel had trumped that trick.

In the next half hour Miss Barrymore absorbed enough of a rather purple account of the incidents of the last fourteen hours to enable her to reach a conclusion which I think was very quick, kind and acute—under the circumstances. She looked at me understandingly over her breakfast tray at a moment when John was out of earshot and murmured:

"Thank you for putting him up—and for putting up with him."

UNTIL a half hour before "curtain time" on the Al Jolson program that night John Barrymore rehearsed the big scene from *The Jest* and I rehearsed the thankless rôle of a great actor's wife. Which is to say that I kept an eye on a clock, a finger on his pulse, my mind on his cue-lines in the script of *The Jest*, and my heart out of my mouth.

The broadcast went off stunningly. It was my first experience "backstage" in the wake of theatrical genius.

John Barrymore occupied father's room again that night at 280 Riverside Drive, and again the next and then on through the whole of the month. Father is a traveling man.

IT WAS a genuine idyll, the month that followed, the month John spent at our home. And it also had the qualities of what must be the experiences of people marooned on uninhabited islands. We were completely unaware of the outside world. Unfortunately, the outside world was not completely unaware of us. There were people concerned in John's looming domestic troubles on the Coast who were anxious to solve the problem of his having sunk completely out of sight. There were frantic newspaper ferrets looking for him all the while. Agents with plays for him to read. Motion picture scouts sniffing a chance to horn in on some Hollywood picture contract.

Lawyer Hotchner faithfully steered them all wrong. None-the-less, had anyone had the simple idea to take a walk up Riverside Drive in the lower "hundreds," they would have found the object of their search sunning himself on a Riverside Park bench, or could have trailed him and his companion in the plaid coat and the brown hat to the local movie house. could have nabbed him on

one occasion at the ringside at the Canzoneri-Ambers fight or, more than once, could have buttonholed him in the corner market up on Broadway, his arms loaded with groceries designed for incorporation in one of his awful and amazing Welsh rarebits.

As this perfect month drew to a close, John suggested a trip to Havana. It was while we were there that the moment every girl dreams about came to me.

It was at five o'clock on May 31. We were at the Havana Country Club. It was soft, spring weather. We left our party at a table, sipping cool drinks, and strolled to a secluded corner of the terrace. For a long time we just sat quietly, looking at each other. Suddenly John took my hand and kissed it.

"Darling," he said, "I feel awfully awkward, damn it! Will you marry me as soon as I am free?"

It wasn't unexpected. But I felt all jittery and barely managed to gasp, "Yes—dear."

He went on:

"Don't let people or things separate us, Elaine. If I get wrenched away from you by any circumstances whatever and can't get back, then come to me. Remember that, will you?"

From Havana on (I can see it now) our fates were taken out of our hands. July, which found John's yacht lying off Long Island and its owner scurrying all over the scenery in search of privacy, furnished some fair instances of what I mean.

It was the Fourth. We were being sheltered at Hewlett, L. I., by some family friends. The previous day, John had managed to motor off by himself, undetected, and had come home with a carload of fireworks, which remained in the car locked in the garage.

After breakfast, the morning of the holiday, he was all for going out onto the lawn to blow himself up.

"I got a dozen that are nearly a foot long," he imparted gleefully. He inquired if our host had a top-hat handy. "I'd love to set one off under a top-hat."

Rising from the table he made a move which had become automatic with all of us by that time. He approached a window from the wall side, pulled out the curtain with a finger, and peeped out. His face fell.

"Those men are here again."

Neighbors had evidently reported to the local newspapers that John Barrymore was in Hewlett and they were on our heels again!

We were hounded out of Hewlett. My birthday came on the 16th. We spent it out at the Ross-Fenton Farm at Deal, N. J. We drove there in my birthday present, a La Salle. It was a lovely looking thing, that La Salle, but, strangely, I never felt right about it. I stripped it of a front fender, and other things happened later on.

Now, I give it for what it is worth and with no backing of credulity of my own, but we had been given an astrological warning not to buy that particular car on the day we did. The warning was given John by Mrs. Helios Hotchner, wife of John's business manager and a striking figure in the John Barrymore entourage.

A believer in the occult (Mrs. Hotchner's given name, "Helios," was one she took "in consonance with her aura"), "Helios" was in the habit of furnishing John with weekly astrological oracles listing for him in much detail his "good" and "bad" days of the period ahead.

We had managed to shroud in privacy

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our moves of that period in connection with leasing an apartment on Central Park West, which we were enthusiastically preparing to turn into the home we projected, in what we hoped was the not very distant future. Day and night, we argued about the remodeling, the decoration scheme, the furnishings. John covered all our table-cloths with sketches. An interior decorator was working out an estimate.

But, as an actual record of fact, we were not even thinking of the apartment that day we went into the furniture gallery and were trailed to the bedroom suite department by those Demon Deducers, the ladies and gentlemen of the press.

John had received a note from an artist friend of his who was exhibiting drawings in the furniture galleries in question and John was anxious to see his friend's work. John started life as an artist, by the way, and switched to his acting later on.

We made the art gallery tour together. My feet hurt and I remember that I complained. We passed a doorway. Just beyond, I noticed an enormous made-up bed on display in a salesroom. Anyone who has ever "done" the Metropolitan or any other museum or art gallery knows what I did at that point. I did a slide for that great big inviting box-spring cushioned with taffeta and down and plopped. And bounced!

John sat down beside me. A salesman skated up to us rubbing his hands. Behind the salesman I glimpsed the face of a lady reporter who had been on our trail from the start. She said nothing, but her eyes said it for her:

"Aha!"

JACK AND ELAINE Go Shopping

A faint aroma of orange blossoms seemed to hover over Fifth Ave. shops yesterday as John Barrymore went shopping for boudoir sets with Elaine Barrie, the youthful raven-haired "find" he has proclaimed a genius . . .

WHETHER that was an especially bad omen or not, I don't know. I do know that right on the heels of that incident came the quarrel—the quarrel that has lived and died across the headlines long since.

The day the trouble started, John and I were somewhat vaguely bidden to lunch with Edward Sheldon, the extraordinary cloistered seer whose sound-proof retreat atop a building in upper Madison Ave. is a place to which are ultimately drawn all of New York's people of genius and talent.

As things finally turned out, John went to that luncheon alone, and for a reason which appeared at once when he telephoned me shortly before the hour of the date:

"Hello, Elaine, this is John. I'm going on to Ned Sheldon's without you. Al Woods is to be there, to talk about a play he has in mind for production this winter. There's a part in it which sounds as though it might fit you. Now, it would look a little bit—well, insistent—if you turned up while I was trying to talk you into the job, wouldn't it?"

I agreed. I said I would send the car and chauffeur at 2 o'clock to pick him up at Sheldon's and that is what I did. About 8 o'clock p. m., Bill, the chauffeur turned up at 280 Riverside Drive and told me:

"Mr. Barrymore didn't come out of Mr.

Sheldon's until just 10 minutes ago and then he just waved me away and said, "No message, Bill."

Now, our own dinner at home had been set for seven. It was a dinner which I had carefully ordered to suit the tastes of "the master." On the subject of punctuality I am liberal. I say that it is wrong, but not unforgivable, to stand up a friend.

At 11, I turned in—boiling. About midnight, tossing around, I cooled down a bit and began to hunt excuses for him. It occurred to me that a disaster which John had often contemplated in a spirit of chronic dread had finally struck. He had lost his address!

Preposterous as it may seem, that man sometimes forgets his telephone number and address. For that reason, mother and I sometimes slipped pieces of paper inscribed with the address and telephone number into his pockets. We used to have a stack of those slips piled up handy on the telephone stand in the hall. So I said to myself, "He's lost his address, poor boy. Maybe I ought to get dressed and go downtown to find him."

At 1:30 a. m. he rang the doorbell. Mother opened the door. He walked in with a chip on his shoulder. With certain types (roughly, all male types) this is sure to be the pose when in wrong. When he failed to pick a fight with mother, it occurred to him that he was sure to be able to steam up a good one with mother's darling child.

"Where's the baby?" he inquired, his voice full of hypocrisy and honey. "In bed? What's the matter, a headache?"

(Oh, the Jesuit!)

"It isn't a headache," I called through the door. He flung it open and grinned in at me, spoiling for trouble. Well, he got it.

"It isn't a headache," I repeated to his face. "It's that I'm fed up on your inconsiderateness. We had a ham souffle for dinner, especially for you, and you go off and disappear for hours on end and don't even bother to call up and let me know where you are. Who do you think you are?"

He put on his Mr. Hyde-Richard III-Macbeth-Hamlet-Othello face and began to work himself up.

"Who do you thing YOU are?" he retorted tragically.

"I don't know who I am, but I'm sick. I worried myself into a fever. I sat here like an idiot waiting on you and—and—and I bought you a present, a book."

"What book?"

"No book. You don't get it now."

"Is that so? Well, let me tell you something you don't know. If you bought me that book and inscribed it to me, it became my book. If you don't turn it over, you're withholding property."

"Is that so? Well, let me tell YOU something—"

"Oh, shut up, you fool. Here I was, out on the warpath, trying to land you a swell job, a part in an Al Woods play, and what thanks do I get for it?"

"But if I go out, even to do a little shopping at Macy's, what about that? What about the shoe being on the other foot? What about my having to drop everything and call you every hour on the hour? What about that time you had fits because I went out for a book of stamps and got stuck on the other side of the parade?"

"Oh, forget it."

He began doing the caged tiger between the door and the dresser and the third time he turned his face toward me, it showed a grin. I grinned. We started

laughing. Mother finally had to come with water. I gave him the book and he said it was just what he needed and all that kind of thing and we said good-night in the key of E-flat major, dulcetly. But neither slept, and the hostilities opened again at the breakfast table.

He looked at me, and, I suppose I did look pretty seedy (certainly not as bad as he did).

"What the hell's the matter with you?" he opened agreeably.

"Oh, you wouldn't know."

"Oh, so you're the mysterious female, are you? Full of superfine feelings a brute like me can't understand, is that it?"

I think I said something that could be heard across the table.

"Don't you yell at me!" he yelled.

"This is my house. I can yell in it all I want." (I did.)

He pushed the book I had given him and his napkin rudely off onto the floor and stood up, white and trembling.

"All right, I'll go somewhere where I CAN yell."

"Please do."

So he did. He packed furiously. I sat glued to my seat at the table all through the packing episode. I sipped cold coffee and read a newspaper ad about varicose veins 342 times. He broke two pairs of nail scissors, mine and mother's, forcing the lock on a trunk to which he had lost the key. When he stood at the door, hat in hand, an hour later, neither of us would back down. We tried, but could not.

"Oh, damn it, I'm sorry," he essayed.

"No, you're not," I truthfully replied. We both cried. We kissed, but it was not the kiss that made up. We agreed on something uncomfortable and untrue about "maybe it's better to keep apart for a while."

IT WAS after John left, when I was trying to make some sort of order out of the chaos in which I was involved that I remembered what he had said to me that night in Havana. "... don't let people or things separate us, Elaine. If I get wrenched away from you by circumstances, then come to me. ..."

From the moment I remembered those words, all was clear. Instantly I knew what I was going to do. My plan seemed perfectly simple and workable. I knew that John had stopped thinking for himself and that others were doing his thinking for him. I knew I could put him back in control of himself, instantly, merely by appearing before him.

It was then that I took the midnight plane for Chicago from the Newark Airport. It would put me in Chicago some hours ahead of his train. I had five hours or so in which to sit and think. Along toward dawn, with the grain-fields of Indiana sliding along below, my thoughts took a practical turn.

What I wanted when I got to Chicago was a few moments alone with John, not with the combined press services and newsreel field squads of the United States. How to work it for privacy? I gave that problem some extended thought. What happened was the result.

A call had been made from New York to one Nate Gross, a reporter on the Chicago American. He was to take full charge of the situation and arrange that I see John. In return, I promised he could then use the story exclusively for his paper.

My plane was late. Nate and I had ten minutes to get from the airport to

the railroad station where the 20th Century was due to pull in. Hastily we made plans. We boarded the train with a woman cub-reporter who wore glasses and carried copy-paper, pencil and a press card.

We ran through the cars, constantly misled by porters, finally deciding that Car 28, Compartments B and C was it. We knocked on one of the doors which was opened by a porter. I started to enter the room when John's business manager, Henry Hotchiner caught sight of me and literally threw me out. I realized then exactly how critical the situation was.

By this time dozens of reporters were hovering around, and fearful lest they recognize me I left the train with Nate Gross. Then I bought a ticket for "The Chief," which was the train John was scheduled to take for California. Two minutes before it left, I boarded "The Chief" with about 12 reporters following me. They thought I was a fellow-reporter in search of the elusive Barrymore.

Expectantly, I waited and hung out of the window as we passed small towns where he might board the train. But he never came. As I look back on the trip now I realize that the suspense and endless waiting was the most grueling experience of all.

When I reached Kansas City I received information that confirmed my suspicions. John was unaware that I wanted to see him. He hadn't received my message and he thought I was still in New York. I realized then that to continue would be futile. Warily I returned to New York.

Then came word he was in New Mexico and could be reached by phone. Fearfully I told the operator I wanted to talk to him. It seemed hours later when I heard his voice saying, "Hello. Who is it?"

"Darling!" I screamed with joy. "Mickey, darling! It's me!"

That conversation was heaven, although the connection was awful and we had to scream across the wires. It was the tenderest, most satisfying talk I've ever known.

The sun shone again for the first time in weeks. From that time on John called me frequently from California. We talked at great length. A few days ago he called me four times. The last call—at four o'clock in the morning—was sweet and very reassuring:

"Baby, I'm so darn lonely here without you. When am I going to see you?"

"John, dear, I'll come to you wherever you are. Just say the word."

"Look, dear. . . . Wait till this mess out here is over. Then I'll come East to you, or you and Mother come out here."

"All right, dear," I said.

I was happy that night. Then I learned that the settlement had been reached and John had left Los Angeles and was on his way to Florida. I don't know what happened. I've waited for word from him, but only silence prevails.

Our future is in the lap of the gods. It is for them to decide. What is to be, will be.

If we should never meet again—if this should be the end—I'd want him to know that I was happier with him than any other person. I loved him sincerely and deeply and still do. My one wish is for his happiness—always.

THE END

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unbreakable mirror about an inch and a half wide and half an inch long pops up. And as you replace the cover, it slides back into place with quiet alacrity. The lipstick itself is of the smooth, creamy texture that keeps your lips satiny and it comes in four smart shades. The lipstick and a refill come packaged in a snug, attractive cream and silver box, making the whole thing all the more suitable as a Christmas gift. The price of the lipstick and refill is \$1.50.

Fine toilet and bath soaps, boxed attractively, make a most practical gift for very close friends or members of your family. There are some personalized soaps that are obtainable in two sizes—a large size for the bath and a smaller

square size for facial use. These soaps really are "personalized" for they come in three types, one for oily, another for dry, and a third for normal skin. The first two are made especially to correct these abnormal skin conditions, and the third to guard the smooth, refined texture of normal skin. The soap for oily skin is green, that for dry skin is pink and the one for normal skin is cream colored.

They are all delicately scented and of the type that lathers freely but lasts a long time. Four cakes of facial soap in simple, modern looking boxes cost \$1 and three cakes of bath soap cost the same. A box of each would be a charming gift for any fastidious person who likes nice things that are also useful.

I HAVE quite neglected the hands and nails in my articles for the past few months, but now is an excellent time to remedy the matter, for there are several new accessories to hand and nail beauty to tell you about. First of all, there's the news that a hand lotion which has been a household word for years now comes with a free dispenser that makes it heaps easier to use. Improved recently by being made quicker-acting and non-sticky, this lotion has a dozen uses, all of them in the interests of skin beauty.

The only way I can describe the tricky new dispenser is to say that it screws on the neck of the bottle, when the regular bakelite cap is removed, and operates on the plunger principle. In other words, you press the cap against the palm of your hand and release just the amount of lotion you require. The price of the bottle with which the free dispenser comes is only 50 cents.

I hope you realize the value of a good hand lotion in keeping your hands soft, white and young looking. It is wise to use one throughout the entire year, but actually fatal to omit it during the winter. It protects the skin from the reddening and roughening influence of cold weather and replaces any natural oils that are lost. As is the case with all beneficial beauty treatments, the trick in



The Vanity Case

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

achieving the best results is in using the lotion frequently and regularly. The handy new dispenser certainly makes it easier to use this particular lotion and should, therefore, encourage you to apply it often and regularly, if you're a bit inclined to be careless about this duty.

If you have a lot of messy household tasks to perform, if you fuss with a garden or plants or drive a car, then you ought to have the extra hand protection afforded by some new lambskin gloves that are impregnated with a special cream. This cream makes the gloves very soft, pliant and easy to work in. Besides the protection they afford against penetrating dirt, scratches and bruises, the treated leather has a softening and whiten-

ing effect on the skin. Costing only \$1 a pair, they are very economical and can be laundered many times without affecting their usefulness.

They're grand, too, as night gloves for anyone whose hands are abused or very hard to keep in condition. If you use them at night, keep an extra pair for this purpose alone, and before donning them, massage good tissue cream into the hands. They're indispensable, at any rate, while you're sweeping, dusting, polishing furniture and floors, cleaning silverware and all such indoor sports! I'll be very glad to send you the manufacturer's name.

The nails, as well as the hands, should come in for their share of conditioning. Otherwise, they are bound to become brittle and when they do, they persist in breaking off and ruining the appearance of the prettiest manicure. Ugly ridges appear, disfiguring white spots crop out and cuticle becomes ragged and unsightly. To counteract all these evils, there is a ruby-colored, perfumed oil made in Hollywood that I've been using with amazing results. Applied faithfully twice a day, this oil overcomes the above-mentioned nail defects and makes the nails smooth as cellophane and quite as strong and supple. It is to be applied over your liquid polish and massaged well into the nails and cuticle. The price is 75 cents a bottle. Do write to me for more information about it.

Winifred Rogers will be glad to advise you on any beauty problem, **FREE OF CHARGE**, if your inquiry is accompanied by a **STAMPED**, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to **Winifred Rogers, c/o TRUE CONFESSIONS, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.** If you do not enclose a **STAMPED**, self-addressed envelope, she will be unable to answer your inquiries.

because it contains salt, is apt to blister and crack the chicken skin.) Do not sprinkle salt on the outside of the bird.

Place dressed fowl in an open broiling rack or in an uncovered roaster. Set oven temperature at 300 degrees F. and bake, allowing 45 minutes for every pound of dressed meat. No basting is required. For a nicely browned chicken, turn oven temperature to 375 degrees during last 15 minutes of roasting.

If a more speedily baked bird is an advantage, the oven can be set as high as 350 degrees F. and 25-30 minutes allowed for every pound, dressed weight. But in this case occasional basting may be necessary, and the meat will not be quite as juicy as when a lower temperature is used.



The Cozy Kitchen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

NOODLE STUFFING

- 1 8-oz. package egg noodles
- 1½ cups chopped celery
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
- Chopped, cooked giblets
- ¼ cup butter
- ¾ teaspoons poultry seasoning
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ⅔ cup thin cream or top milk

Cook noodles in boiling salted water for 15 minutes. Drain. Cook celery in butter for 10 minutes. Add to noodles with seasonings and cream. This will be sufficient to stuff one medium-sized chicken and leave 1 pint in addition. An interesting garnish for roast chicken is made by splitting medium-sized green peppers in half, parboiling, and then filling with the additional stuffing. Place peppers around chicken during last half hour of cooking, and arrange around the bird on the platter.

ROAST TURKEY—WITH MUSHROOM-GIBLET GRAVY

Turkey may be cooked in either a covered or an uncovered roaster, but the oven temperature must be low—not more than 325-350 degrees F. At this temperature, basting is not necessary. There will be less shrinkage in the size of the bird and the muscles will fairly glisten with juice when the meat is sliced.

Salt the inside of the body cavity, then stuff the dressed bird with any favorite stuffing. Fasten with skewers to hold legs down to sides, and make a compact roast. Rub outside with an unsalted fat. Place in roaster and cook without cover at 325 degrees F. from 25-35 minutes per pound, depending upon the size of the bird. A 12 lb. bird will require only 25 minutes, smaller birds 35 minutes. Or place in covered roaster and bake at 350 degrees F., allowing 20-25 minutes per pound.

MUSHROOM-GIBLET GRAVY

With the new method of roasting most of the juice stays in the fowl, and there is little given off for gravy. A delicious

gravy may be made, however, by cooking the chopped giblets until tender in boiling salted water. Combine this mixture with 1 can of delicious Cream of Mushroom Soup, and the drippings from the turkey pan. Then season and thicken to taste.

BRAZIL NUT STUFFING

(Sufficient for one 10-lb. turkey, or two 5-lb. chickens)

One of the best turkey stuffings which I have ever tasted was made of Brazil Nuts. Merely mince two small onions and cook gently in ½ cup of melted butter. Add 2 cups of sliced Brazil Nuts, 2 quarts of soft bread crumbs and 2 teaspoons of salt, and cook 5 minutes in the butter. Add about 1 cup meat broth or boiling water, and other seasonings to taste. Pack lightly into fowl.

ROAST GOOSE

No stuffing is required for good roast goose. In fact the bird is better if roasted without, unless it is very fat. In that case stuff with 4 cups of chopped, peeled, tart apples mixed with 1 cup currants. Scrub the dressed goose well, rinse inside and out, and rub the body cavity with an onion cut in halves. Season inside with sage, salt and pepper. Do not truss, and do not rub with fat. Place in covered roaster and bake at 350 degrees F., allowing 30 minutes per pound. When partly done prick skin so that fat will drip out. During last half of cooking period pour ¼ cup water over goose every 15-20 minutes. This will make a good crisp crust.

Serve with baked apples.

IF YOU want additional help in planning your holiday dinner, write to Grace Ellis. Remember that that easy and never-fail recipe for Old-Fashioned Chicken Pie will be sent upon receipt of a *stamped*, self-addressed envelope. And if you want a copy of the marvelous new "CHRISTMAS COOKIES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD" leaflet, better write for it at once. Copies are FREE as long as they last.

Other recipes and leaflets with helps for your holiday plans are:

- Old-Fashioned Chicken Pie.....Free
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28x5.25-18	2.60 1.15	37x4 1/2	3.10 1.15
29x5.25-19	2.60 1.15	38x4 1/2	3.10 1.15
29x5.25-20	2.60 1.15	39x4	3.10 1.15
31x5.25-21	2.90 1.15	40x4	3.10 1.15
30x5.50-17	2.95 1.15	41x4	3.10 1.15
29x5.50-18	2.95 1.15	42x4	3.10 1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95 1.15	43x4	3.10 1.15
30x6.00-17	3.10 1.15	44x4	3.10 1.15
31x6.00-19	3.10 1.15	45x4	3.10 1.15
32x6.00-20	3.10 1.15	46x4	3.10 1.15
33x6.00-21	3.10 1.15	47x4	3.10 1.15
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34x6.00-20	4.85 2.00	34x6.00-20	4.85 2.00
36x6.00-20	6.00 2.00	36x6.00-20	6.00 2.00
38x6.00-20	7.25 2.00	38x6.00-20	7.25 2.00
40x6.00-20	8.50 2.00	40x6.00-20	8.50 2.00
42x6.00-20	9.75 2.00	42x6.00-20	9.75 2.00
44x6.00-20	11.00 2.00	44x6.00-20	11.00 2.00
46x6.00-20	12.25 2.00	46x6.00-20	12.25 2.00
48x6.00-20	13.50 2.00	48x6.00-20	13.50 2.00
50x6.00-20	14.75 2.00	50x6.00-20	14.75 2.00

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32x6.00-20	3.60 1.95	32x6.00-20	3.60 1.95
34x6.00-20	4.85 2.00	34x6.00-20	4.85 2.00
36x6.00-20	6.00 2.00	36x6.00-20	6.00 2.00
38x6.00-20	7.25 2.00	38x6.00-20	7.25 2.00
40x6.00-20	8.50 2.00	40x6.00-20	8.50 2.00
42x6.00-20	9.75 2.00	42x6.00-20	9.75 2.00
44x6.00-20	11.00 2.00	44x6.00-20	11.00 2.00
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When a Man Needs Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Yet when I spoke of marriage, she laughed lightly, teasingly.

"I don't want to be made an honest woman yet, Jon," she said. "Settle down to bacon and eggs and babies—at seventeen? Jon, you know I couldn't possibly."

Nor would she be engaged, be tied by any promises.

"I want us both to be free!" she cried. "I don't want to be held, Jon—only sometimes, an hour in your arms."

I was a little troubled by the stand she took, although I thought I understood, too. We were both so young. Down in my heart, I didn't want to assume the responsibilities of marriage either. It was enough to know that Sally and I belonged to each other, that some day we would live together and found a family.

And so we drifted through a glamorous summer. I was graduated and would attend the State University in the fall to begin a course in Journalism. But Barry Heath, ironically, would be coming home to work in his father's office until some engineering project required his services.

Although the University was only fifty miles away, I was to stay in the university town, coming home only occasionally for week-ends. But I knew that Sally would draw me like a magnet.

Barry came home from a Western vacation a few days before I was to leave. Sally and I both thought Barry one of the Creator's best works.

It was great having my best friend and the girl I loved such good friends.

"Take care of her this year for me, Barry," I told him. "I wouldn't trust her to anyone but you."

I thought Sally looked at me a little oddly. Perhaps it was my imagination, but I had thought for several days now that Sally had a worried light in her eyes, that she responded to my caresses absently, was less ardent in my arms. And that night, after we were alone, she told me.

"Jon," she said, without preliminaries. "I need twenty dollars. Could you let me have it?"

"Why, yes, I can manage it, dear," I reassured her. I turned her little white face up to mine. "Sally, what are you worrying about?"

She smiled at me. "I'll not worry any more," she promised. "I have thirty dollars. But I needed twenty more. Can't you guess what I want it for, Jon?"

I hadn't the vaguest notion. Sally didn't meet my eyes. "I'm going to a doctor tomorrow. Something has happened."

Well, I didn't argue with Sally. I found I had no words. For I regarded what had happened as a tragedy and Sally seemed to accept it casually, as part of what we had let ourselves in for in loving each other! I couldn't stop her from going to that doctor. She went.

But something I had thought fine and deep and beautiful in my love for Sally, turned out to be suddenly garish and cheap and meaningless. My dream of Sally was not the real Sally, and the discovery did something permanent to my sensitive boyish soul.

DURING the three years that followed I had time to realize bitterly that I had loved Sally's lovely body—and nothing else! I had really known little about Sally's mind under her shining cap of auburn curls; and I had discovered her soul to be little and mean—and cowardly. I didn't blame Sally. It was just that she wasn't big enough for life. Or rather, she wasn't big enough, at seventeen. Poor, young little Sally! I have no right to criticize her, for I suppose I cannot realize the terror she faced.

But it was a somewhat cynical young man who studied journalism those first three years at the State University. My freshman year I shunned girls, much as I had in High School. I was tremendously interested in my journalistic work, and shut out every thought of Sally. Vacations I saw her occasionally but we were never again alone together; I didn't want to be. Sally was having her usual gay time and didn't seem to miss our once close companionship.

My second year at the university I met Alison Merton. I think Alison was one of the strangest girls I've ever known—and as you'll see, I've known my share of girls. She was in Journalism too, although she frankly disliked it. It was in a class of News Editing that we became acquainted.

Alison had large, serious brown eyes and a great mass of bronze colored hair that she wore like a crown. She was small, but there was something queenly about the way she carried her dainty little figure, and she was very reserved. It was only gradually that we became friends, and that I learned her dislike of Journalism.

"Then why on earth do you specialize in it?" I demanded, in astonishment. I had caught up with her after class one day and we strolled across the campus together under the great wide-spreading elms.

Alison was always very serious; her smile was rare and lovely.

"Because I have a flair for writing," she said without any trace of bragging in her voice. "And I have to make a living. Poetry doesn't pay. Even attics incur a small rent," she said.

"So it's poetry you're really interested in," I said.

She nodded. But that was as far as I ever got with her on the subject. She would not talk about her deep desires, her hopes and aspirations. She would not talk about herself! Here again was another sort of girl, indeed. But she never stirred any desire in me to date her, although once or twice we had lunch together and talked about books and people. My third year I saw even less of her, for we had no classes in common. But I knew she was still at the university, for occasionally I saw that small queenly little figure hurrying across the campus and she would wave her hand to me and flash me that rare sweet smile.

IT WAS a queer thing. Two wonderful things were on the campus all through the first three years that I was there, and I didn't discover them till half of my last year was gone! And it so happened that I discovered them both

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on the same day, at the same time in fact.

One was the little King's Chapel, a tiny sanctuary that a mother had built in memory of two sons, former university students. Oh, of course, I had seen the little building many times, had admired its exquisite details, and had intended to go inside sometime. But I was so busy, every day was so crowded, I had never managed to do it.

Late one January afternoon I passed near King's chapel and noticed the beauty of the stained-glass windows softly lighted from within. As I paused to admire them, the soft muted strains of organ music came to my ears. Someone was playing the chapel organ.

I entered the little building quietly, sank noiselessly into one of the little dark-stained pews and lost myself in the gorgeous symphony of sound this unseen player seemed to be producing so effortlessly. The music flowed out smoothly and sweetly, without a flaw in its rendition.

I am ashamed to admit I haven't the faintest knowledge of music, technically. I only know that some music thrills and stirs me deeply, transports me outside myself into far away worlds of my own imagining. This music did that to me now, there in the quiet little chapel, softly lighted by only a few tall tapers on the little altar.

I don't know how long I sat there. The music sighed away into silence and I sat motionless. Presently a girl appeared, a sheaf of music under her arm. She was muffled in a fur coat, had a tiny little blue felt hat pulled down over her hair, shading her face.

I spoke quietly so as not to startle her. "I hope you don't mind. I've been listening to you play. It's the first authentic thrill I've had since I came to the university."

I hated myself for the flip turn I gave that last sentence. But she would probably laugh if I told her how her music had really made me feel. She was close to me now. In the shadowy dimness I saw a lovely little heart-shaped face and enormous gray eyes, a sweet mouth.

"You're nice to say so. I play almost every afternoon between five and six. Have you been in before?"

We were walking together toward the door of the chapel.

"No. But I'm coming again, now that I know that. My name's Jon Faber."

"And mine's Gabrielle Knox."

Outside we turned up our coat collars. "So you are an angel," I said. "I had a suspicion when I heard your music."

Her laughter was delightful to hear. "I'm usually called Gay," she said. "And I turn here, Jon Faber."

"Then I do, too," I answered her.

We passed a lighted tea room. The orange lights looked warm and inviting. "Have dinner with me, will you, Gay?" I asked impulsively. "I'll have to eat alone if you don't take pity on me. It's too late to eat at the House."

"I'd like to have dinner with you," she said simply.

And simplicity was the keynote to Gay. She was as frank and natural and unaffected as—great music, I guess, or a flower, or anything that is its own reason for being. It wasn't that she was unsophisticated; she knew life remarkably well for a girl of twenty-two; she seemed to know it intuitively and with deep surety. She had a philosophy of life that I couldn't begin to approach—then.

Of course I didn't learn all this in our first meeting. When she took off the fur coat and the little blue hat, I saw that she had a rounded young figure in beautiful proportion, that her hair was a deeper, browner auburn than Sally's, that her eyes were very wide and wise and understanding.

We talked as though we had never been strangers. We dawdled through our dinner and still sat talking. I was completely fascinated by Gay's ideas about life and her frankness in discussing every phase of living from love to religion, from marriage to the choice of a life-work. I loved to watch her enormous gray eyes dream as she talked. No one I had ever met was like her.

After our first meeting, Gay and I, as a matter of course, saw each other every day. There was never any pretense between us. There was little, if any, coquetry about Gay. I knew she liked me; it was in her smile when we met each time, in the warm clasp of her small hand in mine as we walked.

Winter was nearly gone when it occurred to me to wonder where Gay and I were drifting.

"Why we've become necessary to each other!" I told myself, in astonishment.

I was astonished, for I had never felt myself attracted to Gay physically. It was pleasant to walk with her hand snuggled warmly in mine, but I had never wanted to kiss her. It occurred to me, for the first time, that during the four years since Sally had gone out of my life, I had never wanted to kiss any other girl! I grew a little panicky at the thought. Had that affair with Sally robbed me of all capacity for loving another woman? The idea worried me more than I liked to admit.

THEN spring came to the campus over-night. Gay and I were caught up by it, hopelessly lost in it—and in each other. She was so lovely that spring in her soft thin little frocks, her bright hair, her slender eager body, her mouth that was made for laughter—and for kisses.

Yes—I discovered with a fierce, almost a frightening intensity, that I wanted to kiss Gay, I wanted to hold her close—and I wanted never to let her go! In the passionate surge of relief I felt at this normal desire for her, I laughed exultingly as I caught her to me. "Gay, I love you!" I cried. "I didn't know I did, but I guess I always have, right from the first. I love every bit of you, my darling. And I want you! Will you marry me when school is out, Gay, dearest?"

I tilted her heart-shaped face up to mine—and my heart sank sickeningly. Her eyes were brimming with tears.

"Sweetheart!" I cried. "Gay, what is it? You can't mean—you don't love me? That there's someone else?"

She shook her head mutely, trying to gain self-control. Then she said, with a tremendous effort, "Jon, I love you better than anything in the world. If I didn't love you so much what I have to say would be easier. But I have to tell you, Jon. When you know—" her voice broke—"I don't suppose you'll want to marry me."

What is Gay's secret?

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Are January-Born

NORVELL, in casting Paula Stone's horoscope recently, assured her that there is great happiness ahead for her.



Fickle in Love?

ARE those born in December and January always fickle in love? In reading Paula Stone recently, she asked the same question that so many Capricorn-born ask of me. If your birth date is between December 21 and January 20, you too may wonder why it has been so difficult for you to find complete fulfillment in romance.

Are you fickle? Just what strange fate is it that decrees you shall not hold love that is rightfully yours? Is it true that those you love often judge you to be fickle? Speaking from the viewpoint of Astrology, I can at once put your mind at ease on this question.

Those of you born in this intense emotional sign were intended for a brilliant Destiny in love and marriage. You have a clear-cut mental and physical ideal of the perfect sweetheart in your mind, but it is difficult for you to make up your mind regarding romance. You are apt to be tricked by physical charms and temporary infatuation! It is this instinctive fear that keeps you from holding on to love when it comes into your life!

We have several instances of Capricorn-born who have made the mistake of marrying hastily. There is lovely Loretta Young, whose tragic youthful marriage will be remembered. She and romantic Grant Withers staked everything on an infatuation of beauty and young passion. If Loretta had obeyed her natural instincts, she would have waited until the right man came along.

There are other examples in the ranks of our prominent motion picture stars which might lead the average person to suspect Capricorn of being a fickle mistress.

Ruth Chatterton, a Capricorn subject, has let her heart rule unwisely in love. Twice she has failed to listen to the romantic message of her ruling star, and she has known defeat each time in marriage. There is no need of such things happening in your life, if you are born in the same sign. You can avoid such experiences by knowing what signs to marry and how to attract your true love mate from all signs in the Zodiac!

JUST what signs in the Zodiac should those born between December 21 and January 20 marry?

A most successful marriage could take place with one born from April 21 to May 21. This is an earth sign, and rules the home and family life. The most successful business people are born in this sign. It proves a most suitable mate for Capricorn. Bob Montgomery and Gary Cooper are of this type.

If your type prefers the more mental and idealistic kind of love, you may well choose the sign of Virgo, August 22 to September 23. Fredric March and Maurice Chevalier are typical of men born in Virgo, and Garbo, Dolores Del Rio, and Fay Wray are very good examples of women born in this sign.

Capricorn may also mate with fiery,

dynamic Aries, the leading sign in the Zodiac. Its type is well expressed by Lee Tracy and Spencer Tracy among the men; and Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson among the women. This sign includes those born from March 21 to April 21.

WHAT about money matters and immediate business prospects for all you Capricorn-born? What is your financial Destiny? I can tell you that it has been very bad for the past seven years, during Saturn's afflicted transit, but it is now coming out of that cycle and is about ready to enter a cycle of prosperity and success.

You could do any work connected with beauty parlors, teaching, secretarial work or executive detail where you handle the accounts of others.

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The complete fiction story of their new Samuel Goldwyn picture, *Splendor*, is in the January issue, on sale December 10.

Other Stars And Stories In This Issue:

JEAN HARLOW and SPENCER TRACY in *Riffraff*; KATHARINE HEPBURN and CARY GRANT in *Sylvia Scarlett*; SHIRLEY TEMPLE and JOHN BOLES in *The Littlest Rebel*; SYLVIA SIDNEY in *Mary Burns, Fugitive*.

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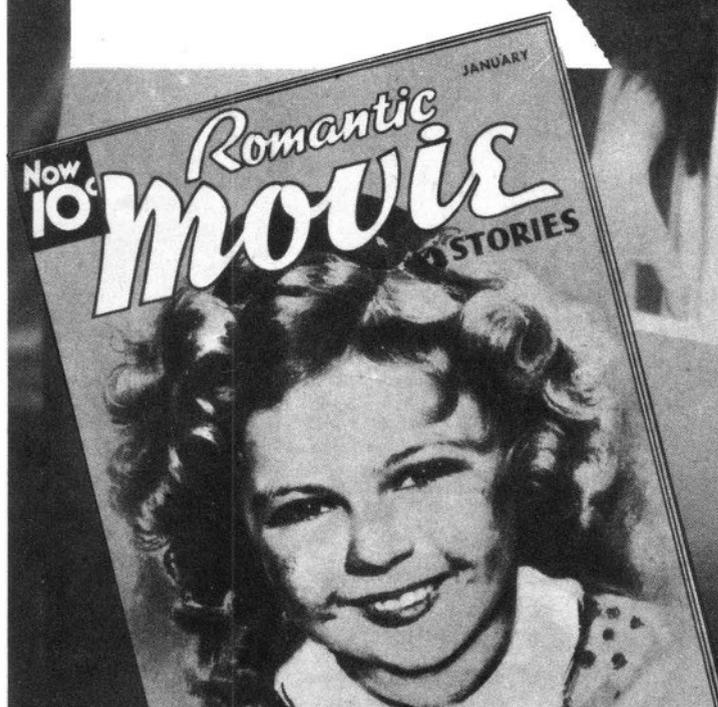
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