

PROBLEM PARENTS—EXPERIENCES OF A JUVENILE AND DOMESTIC RELATIONS COURT JUDGE

True Confessions

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MARCH

TRUE
CONFESSIONS

10¢

Painting by
Zoe Mozert

WHEN LOVE BETRAYED

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH TRUE NOVEL IN THIS ISSUE



Entertainment Guaranteed!

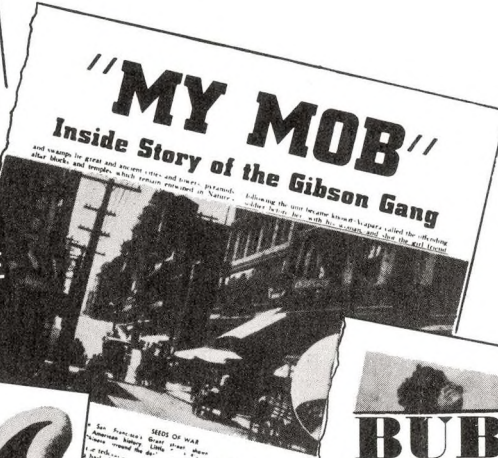


true is the most exciting, most entertaining magazine on the newsstands today. If you do not agree the purchase price of the magazine will be refunded.

true is guaranteed!

A money-back offer stands behind every copy of **true**! Go to your newsstand today and buy a copy. If it does not fulfill every claim we make for it; if you do not feel that you have received your money's worth in thrillingly different reading—**your money will be promptly returned!**

MY MOB—A BOOK-LENGTH DETECTIVE FEATURE THE PAINTED HOURI AND THE HOUSE OF DEATH • BEDSIDE BORGIA



I SMUGGLE White Carga

Helen's fault was prompted by the execution of her...
...the man who...
...the man who...

MASTER OF THE SECRET WORLD

...the man who...
...the man who...
...the man who...

BUBBLES OF DOOM!



No other magazine can match the excitement and drama that pulse through the pages of **true**! Every story and every photograph reflects some thrilling and amazing phase of life itself. Every story is strange—but **true**!

In the March issue, now on sale, you will thrill to: **BUBBLES OF DOOM**, the tragic story of the curse that has haunted the famous Mumm champagne family, despite great wealth and social position . . . **MY MOB**, the inside story of the notorious Gibson gangsters and their gun-toting women as told by one of them . . . **BEDSIDE BORGIA**, the incredible—but **true**! story of a comely nurse who mixed passion and murder in a bizarre career that led to the gallows . . . More than fifteen complete stories and features in all, every one of them **guaranteed!** Every one of them complete. No serials!

true Now On Sale At All Newsstands **true**

"'Pink Tooth Brush' – So that's why my smile has grown so dull!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer
and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE

That dull, dingy, dreary smile – it can't be yours! Why, yours was the smile that had such magic—yours were the brightest of bright, sparkling teeth! What happened— who's at fault?

You, dear lady! You saw that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—knew it meant trouble. You knew the step you ought to take—the step that, as an intelligent and sensible person, you're going to take right now!

You're too wise and too lovely to go on taking chances with the beauty of your smile. So see your dentist—and see him today. And when he tells you how to help guard against "pink tooth brush"—and if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage—follow his advice!

Protect Your Smile Against "Pink Tooth Brush"

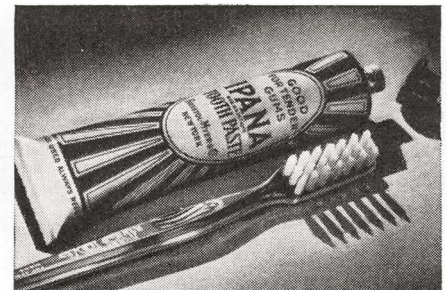
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is only a warning—but when you see it—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but find out the truth. Usually, however, it simply means gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods. His advice will probably be, "more work for lazy gums" and very often, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation is increased within the gum walls, gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Don't gamble with your smile! Get an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage your daily, common-sense dental health routine. Help keep your smile as attractive as it should be!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE



TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.



Posed by Franchot Tone and Rita Johnson, M-G-M featured players

TRUE CONFESSIONS

CONTENTS FOR
MARCH 1939

Vol. 34

No. 200

BLOOD ON MY HANDS..... 35
This man's chilling confession may make you wince, but you cannot doubt his sincerity.

MY SISTER LOVES A CAD—SHALL I TELL? 18
Won't you help this distracted girl solve her problem? Cash prizes for your letters.

Fascinating Features and Departments

CONFIDENTIALLY—By The Editor 6
Your page—and mine!

PORT OF LONELY HEARTS..... 8
.....By Sally O'Day
Let the Skipper help you fill your mail box.

THE MARRIAGE CLINIC.....By Frances McDonald 10
TRUE CONFESSIONS' famous marriage counsellor will help you solve your marital snarls.

FISH FOR LENTEN APPETITES By Mrs. Christine Frederick 12
THE COZY KITCHEN has helpful menus for meatless days.

MOVIE CROSSWORD 14
Here's a good stiff puzzle for you crossword fans.

THE GIRL ON THE COVER..... 15
The "inside" story behind TRUE CONFESSIONS' internationally famous covers.

CORRECT MANNERS 17
Our Etiquette Editor helps you acquire poise on "that first date."

ALONEBy Lucille Kendall Griswold 19
Constance Bennett illustrates this moving poem.

H-AIR CONDITIONING.....By Winifred Rogers 38
THE VANITY CASE concentrates on "your crowning glory."

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES—THEIR PREVENTION AND CARE.....By Beatrice Bergman, M. D. 42
YOUR BABY helpfully discusses the contagious diseases of childhood.

RENDEZVOUS FOR SPRING..... 98
.....By Celia Myrover Robinson
A poem to remember.

Poignant Confessions and Articles

BOOK-LENGTH TRUE NOVEL
WHEN LOVE BETRAYED! 83

HE WAS ALREADY MARRIED!..... 20
When a married woman becomes madly infatuated with another man, everyone suffers.

RUTH ETTING'S TRAGIC LOVE STORY..By Peter Levins 24
Concluding the story of a career that made musical history—and the front page.

SMALL TOWN SCANDAL..... 26
She resolved to marry for money—at what a price!

I WAS MY OWN WORST ENEMY..... 28
Should a woman follow the man she loves even at the cost of her own place in life?

PROBLEM PARENTS.....By Judge Henry S. Waldman 30
A noted jurist flays divorcing parents who ignore their children's plight.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (Part II)..... 32
Could her faith withstand the whole town's antagonism towards the man she loved?

Names of real persons or actual business firms are never used in the stories in TRUE CONFESSIONS. If the names of actual persons appear, it is a matter of coincidence.

Cover painting by Zoe Mozart

TRUE CONFESSIONS is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Incorporated, at Eleventh and Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Address all subscriptions to TRUE CONFESSIONS, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Address manuscripts to Editorial offices, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 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. All remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions, as well as notification of change of address, should be addressed to the General Offices in Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1939 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Price 10 cents a copy, \$1.00 a year; foreign subscriptions \$1.50. Advertising forms close the 18th of the third month preceding date of issue. Printed in U. S. A. Advertising offices: New York, 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Bldg.; Los Angeles, Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Bldg. General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Four Famous Paris Dressmakers

SPONSOR THE NEW
CUTEX SHADES



Schiaparelli

Schiaparelli whimsy in sulphur-yellow moiré. For added dash, Schiaparelli suggests finger tips in the new Cutex ORCHID.



Alix

Bonbon pink satin heartbreaker by Alix. "Emphasize its fragility," she says, "with delicate new Cutex CAMEO nails."



Lanvin

Loganberry lamé jacket—very narrow blue crepe pajamas—by Lanvin. With them she recommends nails in the new sophisticated Cutex ORCHID.



Lelong

Lelong creates a pale-blue suit with plum trim and blouse—advises mauvy nails in the chic, new Cutex CEDARWOOD.



IN a season mad-over-purple, Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Lelong and Alix sponsor three new Cutex nail shades—ORCHID, CEDARWOOD, CAMEO—to wear with their latest creations!

The new Cutex ORCHID is a rich, glowing fuchsia-rose... the new Cutex CEDARWOOD, a fresh mauvy-rose... the new Cutex CAMEO, a fragile pink, with a touch of lavender. They tone in perfectly with every purplish shade from bonbon pink to raisin, with the new mauvish blues, the even newer yellows.

Give your nails an advance Spring lift! Wear the new Cutex shades sponsored by the great Paris dressmakers! See the whole smart Cutex color lineup—15 stunning shades in all! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris.

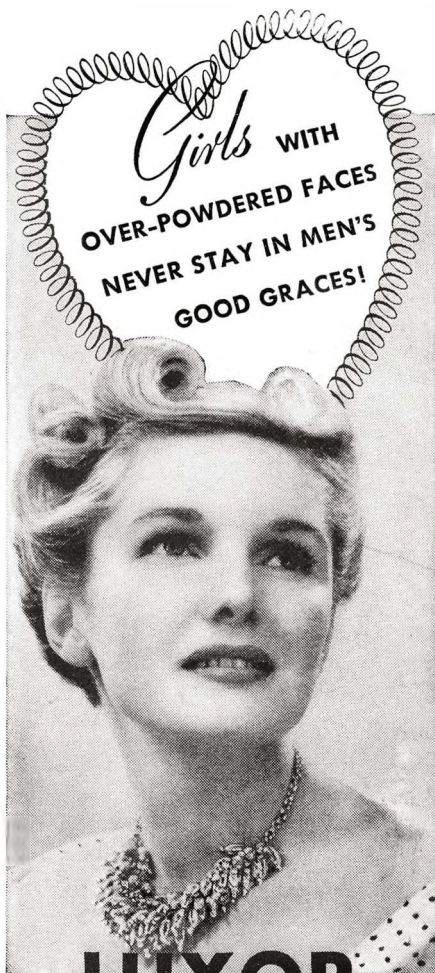


Other Smart Cutex Shades

- OLD ROSE:** Rich rose with a hint of purple.
- LAUREL:** Mauvish pink.
- HEATHER:** Deep purplish rose.
- CLOVER:** A deep, winy red.
- THISTLE:** Blended Rust and Rose.
- TULIP:** A soft, glowing red.
- ROBIN RED:** True red, subdued in intensity.

New Cutex Salon Type Polish
WEARS! WEARS! WEARS!

The new Cutex Salon Type Polish is the result of a quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing nail polish that modern science can devise. Based on a new principle, the new Cutex Salon Type Polish is heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish—gives days and days of added wear!



LUXOR

Feather-Cling

FACE POWDER

has a light touch!

You need never fear that stodgy, over-powdered effect when you use Luxor "feather-cling"—the face powder with a *light touch*. It sits lightly as a feather, stays on smoothly for hours. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it doesn't cake or streak. At toilet goods counters in smart, new shades (55c). For generous size FREE trial package send coupon.



Confidentially—

“WHO are the writers of the stories in **TRUE CONFESSIONS?**” Everybody asks me that question—my readers, my friends, and all the many people I meet. So, this month, I’ve decided to “tell all!”

And the answer is really so simple. Our readers are our authors! The writers are people like you and me, who have a story to tell. Mostly, they are housewives and business women, but we receive manuscripts from people from all walks of life, and from every corner of the globe.

For instance, the writer of one of the most gripping stories I’ve ever published is the wife of a college professor in a small western college; another is the successful operator of a beauty parlor; still another owns her own dress shoppe. And, from one of our country’s far-flung naval bases comes still another story. Last year I had two confessions from prisons—one a men’s penitentiary, the other a women’s reformatory.

“Are all stories that are sent to **TRUE CONFESSIONS** read by the editors?” is usually the next question. In answer, I could paraphrase a song and say, “Yes, Yes, A Thousand Times, Yes!” Our reading staff reads every manuscript submitted. Whenever possible, we send a personal letter to the author—or at least a personal message if a rejection is necessary.

We do all we can to help the authors whip their stories into shape, and I don’t have to tell you that every story we publish is cloaked in the most careful anonymity. All names are changed (even though the writer has already changed them), as are the names of all towns and cities, so that innocent friends and relatives of the narrator are saved from the possible embarrassment of being recognized.

Every story we buy is chosen for the moral lesson it teaches; for its universality of theme and its interest. We choose stories that might be yours or mine. I don’t have to tell you how much stranger is truth than fiction. You have only to read the newspapers and **TRUE CONFESSIONS** to realize the truth of that adage. We present the truth, because truth, like experience, is the best teacher of all and if we can point out to our readers the pitfalls they must avoid, into which others, less fortunate than themselves, have fallen, then **TRUE CONFESSIONS** has lived up to its best intentions.



For April, I have gathered some of the most vivid and exciting stories we have ever published. The complete novel-length true story, “Bigamist Bride,” held me spellbound. It is the story of a stenographer who was swept off her feet by an oyster fisherman from the East coast of Maryland. She went there with him to live. A close-mouthed, proud people are these fishing folk who make their own laws and their own code. I know you will be as enthralled by this dramatic confession as I was.

“Forbidden To Marry” is the kind of confession that comes to my desk, perhaps once in a lifetime. It is the harrowing experience of a navy nurse whose contract forbids her to marry for four years. But that wasn’t the worst of it! Innocently, she became involved with foreign spies. Perhaps you remember the case in the newspapers. Anyway, here’s her own true story. I can only urge you not to miss it!

A school teacher tells you her secret in “Too Sure Of Myself.” Unmercifully she flays herself—her “bossiness” and egotism, baring her inmost soul for your understanding and forgiveness.

Oh, I could go on and on! When I talk about my favorite magazine, there is no stopping me. Only lack of space can do it! So be sure and order your April **TRUE CONFESSIONS** now! And may March winds blow happiness and good luck your way!

So long, until next month.

The Editor

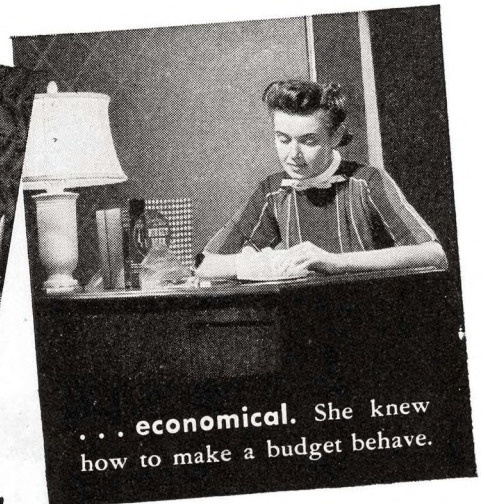
She was a "Perfect Wife" ... except for ONE NEGLECT*



... lovely. She always took care to look smart and fresh.



... efficient. Her house was always neat, clean, well-run.



... economical. She knew how to make a budget behave.



... affectionate. She was warm-hearted and tender.



... cheerful. She never nagged, or moped, or wept.

BUT... she was careless (or ignorant) about Feminine Hygiene *And her husband would gladly have traded most of her virtues to correct this one fault.

"Lysol" might have made her score 100%

LOVE is not logical, more's the pity. You probably know at least one woman who seems to "have everything" except the love of her husband.

Don't be too sure he's just ungrateful... Perhaps she's guilty of the one neglect no husband can stand. A neglect, a fault, that may kill a man's love, even when everything else is perfect.

If you're in any doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Here are some of the reasons why "Lysol" is preferred...

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

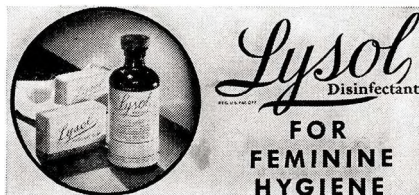
3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually scrub out germs.

4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.



Lysol
Disinfectant
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.
Dept. T.C.-903, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



*Women that stop
men cold
always stand out
alone or in groups*

ONE REASON will usually be found in the way they look and feel.

A clear skin . . . that is, a skin not only clear, but beaming with health and vitality . . . actually excites one to admiration.

Men are smart enough to always want to look their best, too.

rich, red blood necessary

And all this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess genuine vitality . . . the kind that makes for strength, energy . . . a wholesome complexion . . . and that assurance of well being.

If worry, overwork, undue strain, colds, or some sickness has reduced your blood strength, S.S.S. Tonic, in the absence of an organic trouble, will help you to build the blood back up to normal again.

an aid to digestion

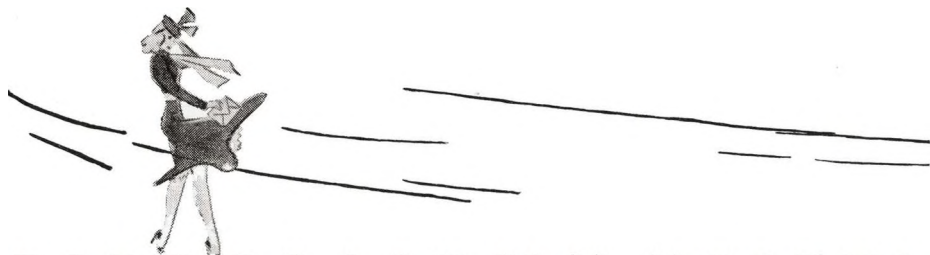
Further, S.S.S. Tonic will help you to enjoy and get more value out of the food you eat . . . it whets the appetite . . . and stimulates natural digestive juices . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

*S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the
appetite and helps change weak
blood cells to strong ones.*



PORT OF LONELY HEARTS

By SALLY O'DAY

Number, please. **A** PLEA from a "hello girl!" who talks to hundreds of people a day but never sees them. Are there a few sincere pals who will drop a line to a young woman of 25 years, brown hair, hazel eyes, pleasing disposition and a voice with a smile? Come on, make my line busy!
Carolina, N. J.

He's broken-hearted. **I** AM a heartbroken young fellow of 19 looking for a lot of letters from girls. My ex-girl friend left me for the leader of a swing band. I am 6 feet tall, have brown, wavy hair and blue eyes. I am interested in all sports but mostly auto racing. Come on, girls, cheer me up.
Shep, Wis.

A missionary. **I** AM a missionary from Pennsylvania, 32 years old. I have spent five years in Congo Belge, sung over the air and traveled around the world. Would like to hear from everyone.
Nick, E. Afr.

Fat, foolish and forty. **I** AM a widow; fat, foolish and forty, who would be glad to receive letters from anyone about the same age. I'm in the mountains of North Carolina. If I have hobbies, they are picture shows, music and baseball.
Winnie, N. C.

Are you interested? **I** WOULD like to hear from anyone, anywhere. I am especially interested in the stage and screen. I am personally acquainted with several movie stars and can tell you lots about their personal life. I would like to hear from anyone interested in the movies.
Kerry, Calif.

Loves beauty. **A** MIDDLE-AGED gentleman of education and culture, of perfect health and habits, but alone in the world would like to receive letters from congenial people. I have always been in business until recently. I love all good and beautiful things in nature, art, literature and music.
Literary, Mass.

She cooks. **I** AM a jack-of-all-trades. I am interested in any kind of pen pal, any age. I am 19 and sing, dance, play Hawaiian guitar, swim, sew, and turn out the best apple pie you ever tasted! (In other words—I cook.) I also write poems and short stories. If interested, please drop me a line.
Romayne, Mich.



Sally O'Day, in a new portrait.

A collector. **B** EING an amateur collector of stamps and flags, I invite one and all, especially foreign readers, to write me, as I truly enjoy this delightful hobby. I have a little knowledge of Spanish and German and promise to answer all letters and tell more about myself.
L. M., Pa.

Considered cute. **I** AM 27 years old and considered cute and a classy dresser by my many friends. I am a college graduate in music and an accomplished pianist, organist and singer. My vocation is teaching music and dancing is my most pleasurable hobby. I'll be anxiously awaiting letters from both men and women.
Dottie, Ill.

Loves to meet new people. **I** WOULD like to hear from persons that are of the opinion that there are still some good people in this old world. Being middle-aged, with lots of time on my hands, I love to meet and write to new people. Please fill my mailbox and I promise to answer all letters.
Tiny, Wyo.

Not a dull moment. **I** AM Scotch-Irish-American, 33 years of age, 6 feet tall and weigh 210 pounds. I have traveled in Europe and both Americas; served in three armies; worked as a cook,

**RULES FOR JOINING THE PORT
OF LONELY HEARTS**

1. You may write to any individual whose letter appears in this department; or, if you desire, we will publish your letter inviting others to write to you.
2. Addresses and real names of individuals whose letters appear on these pages cannot be given out. The first letter you write to one of these persons must go through the Port. We forward your letter to the person for whom it was intended. From then on, correspondence is direct.
3. When writing to the Port, enclose a three-cent stamp for postage and ten cents to cover clerical costs, for each letter you answer. If writing in response to a letter published in the Port, address the envelope to Sally O'Day, but the salutation on the letter itself should read "Dear Gloria, Missouri," or whatever name is signed to the published letter you are replying to. If sending a letter for publication, address both envelope and letter to Sally O'Day.
4. Make your letter interesting, so that the pen pal to whom you write will be anxious to correspond with you. I cannot guarantee a reply. I can only assume the responsibility of passing your letter on.
5. Please do not ask me to enter into personal correspondence with you, as that is impossible.
6. Address your envelopes to Sally O'Day, Port of Lonely Hearts, True Confessions, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

bottlewasher, leg man, engineer, logger, seaman, etc. I studied law in college but have never found time to settle down and practice. I like good books, good plays, sports, hunting and fishing.

McG, Calif.

Won five beauty contests. I AM 24 years of age and look exactly like a famous movie star. I am good natured and interested in everything. I have studied dancing from a famous instructor and I have won five beauty contests. My ideal is a clean-cut young man, 6 feet tall or over, neat, refined, wavy hair, nice eyes and teeth, and a pleasant disposition. Can I find him? I will exchange snapshots and answer all letters.

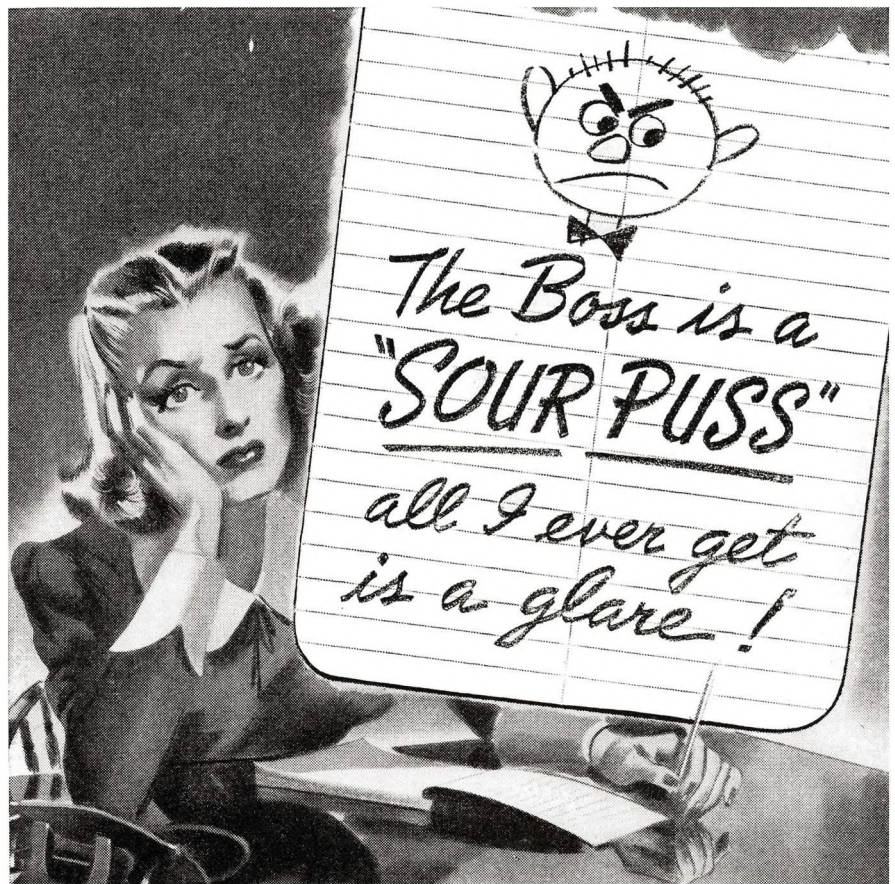
Jacqueline, Ala.

Nothing to do. I AM a young man of 21 and I've had trouble in my life already. I fractured a vertebra in my neck which has left me paralyzed. With nothing else to do, I'd enjoy writing letters to everyone.

Lyle, Ia.

Perishing for romance. I AM a willowy young brunette, 21 years of age, just perishing for romance. I love to dance and ride horse-back, but my real hobby is cultivating new friendships. You can rely on me for interesting letters as I am anxious to correspond with the right persons.

Bebe, Ill.



**Girls who click, in jobs and on dates,
avoid underarm odor with MUM**

Sally thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what *they* know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odor. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You *could* be popular—with Mum!"

Girls who win, in business and in love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath

removes only *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. Mum is such a *dependable* aid to charm!

MUM IS QUICK! In a hurry? Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Any dress is safe with Mum, for Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your drugstore today. Let Mum keep you always sweet!

GIVE ROMANCE MORE CHANCE...USE MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins—
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



THE KISS YOU DREAM ABOUT!

Perhaps your lipstick stands between you and the man you love...a harsh, greasy red...that makes him think your lips themselves are hard and cold. Why not experiment...tonight...with something different?



FOR WARM, SOFT LIPS—TANGEE!

Just stroke that orange magic on. Watch it change to your shade of blush-rose...see how it makes your lips alluring, tempting...ready to kiss...and so Tangee keeps them with its protective creamy base!



MATCHED MAKE-UP, TOO. For lovely, glowing, "natural" color in your cheeks, use matching Tangee Rouge, Compact or Creme...for "cameo" skin, use clinging Tangee Powder. Blondes, brunettes, redheads find Tangee gives the young, appealing look men love.

BWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.

TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

World's Most Famous Lipstick

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

NEW! Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post Booklet. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Flesh Rachel Light
Powder Desired Peach Rachel

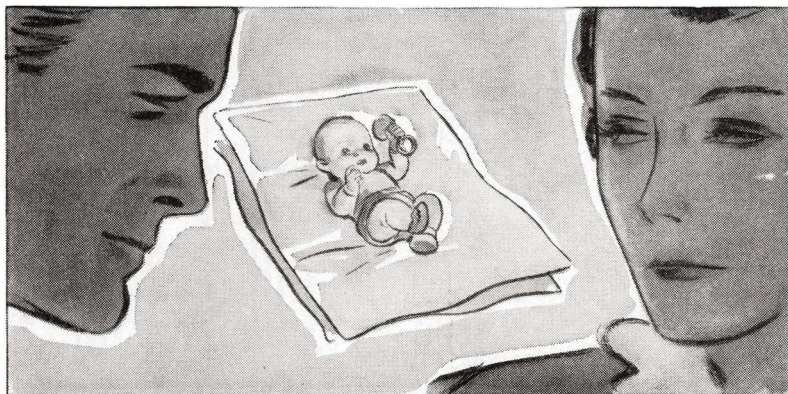
Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ F39

THE MARRIAGE CLINIC

By FRANCES McDONALD



JUST one year ago you helped me to reestablish my home. My husband and I had parted and I felt that he still cared but I could not bring myself to make the first overtures. Oh, I wanted to, but I felt it was not the woman's place.

"But you told me it was a wife's place to do anything that insured the success, instead of the failure, of her marriage. Well, I did everything you told me to do. And we started all over again. And we have not had a single quarrel in the whole year.

"Until now.

"Now I feel that he has intentionally tried to hurt me. In fact, to end our marriage. You see we have been married ten years. We cannot have any children. He knows how sensitive I am about this.

"But now he asks me to find a child that I can love and he will adopt it! He once hinted at this before, about six years ago. But I took it so to heart that I became ill. He never mentioned it from that day to this. And now when I had hope that our troubles were over, he suddenly brings up the subject again.

"This time it is not a suggestion, but a positive request that I find a child. He knows that it would make me feel like a nurse maid, not a mother, to be ordered to care for some strange child. I could not love it.

"Can he make my refusal the basis of a plea for divorce? Does a wife have to carry out such an order? Have I a right to say whether I spend my days caring for another woman's child? Or have I any personal rights at all? What are a wife's rights in such a case?

"Please do not get the idea that I am purposely being petty just because the adoption is his idea and not mine. I am being absolutely truthful when

I state that I would not be able to feel anything whatever for a stranger's child.

"I think it was sheer brutality for my husband to suggest this, since it is my infirmity that leaves us childless.

"In telling me that he wished me to find a child, he added insult to injury by remarking that I would be 'happier if I could get my mind off myself.' He seems to think that he has the right to tell me what to think about—as well as what to do with my time. He disregards the fact that adopting this child means that for the next twenty years my time will belong to that child!

"In addition to all this, my husband is the sort who will be carried away by the idea of having any kind of child around. He has already given the most costly toys to the adopted son of a couple we both know. So I know that even if I consent to this idea, I will have no say in the training of the child.

"My husband has left the selecting all to me. He even stated he would not mind having a little girl if I preferred that.

"Now I see the prospect of nothing but trouble over this. I resent his conviction that I need something to keep me busy. There are plenty of things I could do to 'occupy my mind' that would not involve the downright drudgery of running around after a child. I am not a moron.

"We were getting on so well, too. Until this happened. He had talked of getting a small house which I have always wanted. But now I see that he wanted to have a place for this child he pictures himself adopting. Please tell me whether I must agree just to save my home? Or can I positively refuse to consider the crazy plan? What are my rights?"



FRANCES McDONALD, noted marriage counsellor.

WELL, you followed our advice once and found that it worked. Will you accept it now—with equal confidence? You see, it just so happens that we have had a lot of experience with people who have adopted babies. And we have yet to find one couple who would not fight to the finish if anyone tried to take away the bit of humanity that had become their very own!

Surely you have read of the many court battles where foster-parents have spent their last cent to prove their right to retain a child, even when the real parents wished to reclaim it! Even the courts recognize the intensity of the affection involved and the terrible loss to foster-parents. And so the courts invariably decide in favor of the people who have taken an unwanted child and lavished upon it the love that is always waiting in the human heart for the unloved ones of the world.

You say you could not love an adopted child. Just the fact that you believe that, is proof of how badly you need the experience of being alone in your home with a baby. A baby who will teach you what faith and trust really mean.

Two days [Please turn to page 75]

If you need advice, write to Frances McDonald. Her sympathetic counsel on domestic problems has helped thousands.

Frances McDonald is Lay Judge of New York's Good Will court. Send your problem to her in care of TRUE CONFESSIONS, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Says Janitor Jim Southern
OF THE KERNERSVILLE (N. C.) PUBLIC SCHOOL:

"As I walked down the halls, I could tell which classes were following Vicks Plan. They hardly did any sneezing or coughing at all."



7,031 SCHOOL CHILDREN AID IN CRUSADE AGAINST COLDS

17,353 Men, Women, and Children Take Part In Clinical Tests—Sickness and School Absences Due to Colds Cut More Than Half!



JO ANNE PEGG, FRANCES MEADOWS, and JIM BOB CAUDLE followed Vicks Plan for five winter months and had no school absences due to colds. This perfect record is unusual, but read about the averages for all followers of Vicks Plan.

Help PREVENT Many COLDS

Va-tro-nol is specialized medication for nose and upper throat, where most colds start. You feel its tingling, stimulating medication go right to work. Used in time—a few drops up each nostril at the first sniffle or sneeze—it helps to prevent many colds from developing. Keep it handy and use it early.



**VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL**

EASE discomforts of COLDS

VapoRub is a family standby for relieving misery of colds. Massaged on throat, chest, and back, VapoRub works two ways at once: (1) It acts direct through the skin like a poultice; (2) Its medicated vapors are inhaled direct to irritated air-passages. This poultice-vapor action loosens phlegm—clears air-passages—eases coughing—relieves local congestion—and you feel comfortable again.



**VICKS
VAPORUB**

THE common cold has always been a serious problem, especially among school children. But now the results of a modern crusade against colds are giving new encouragement to mothers and teachers alike.

STARTLING RESULTS. Thousands of children—and adults—escaped many colds, with all their discomforts. The length of the colds they did have was cut more than one-fourth, sickness from colds was reduced more than half, the children's school absences due to colds were cut even more (over 57 per cent)!

These are actual figures—not just a few individual experiences, but the average results of four winter series of clinical tests in which 17,353 people (including 7,031 school children) took part.

These great clinical tests, in which sickness and suffering caused by colds were reduced so drastically, proved the worth of Vicks Plan.

A SIMPLE HOME GUIDE. Vicks Plan is a practical guide which emphasizes the importance of proper personal care and the use of two specialized medications—Vicks Va-tro-nol and Vicks VapoRub—for relief of symptoms in different types and stages of colds.

When colds threatened—at the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze—Va-tro-nol was used to help prevent the development of many colds. When a cold got by all precautions, its discomforts were relieved with VapoRub.

The results speak for themselves. Vicks Plan may do less for you—or it may do even more. But with such a record it certainly is worth a trial. It is simple and easy to follow in any home. You get the full directions in each package of Va-tro-nol or VapoRub.

For 24 Years Vicks Advertising has been passed upon by a Board of Physicians

COPR. 1928 VICK CHEMICAL CO.

FOLLOW THE CLINIC-TESTED VICKS PLAN IN YOUR HOME

**WHY NOT
USE
TAMPAX
THIS VERY MONTH?**



**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

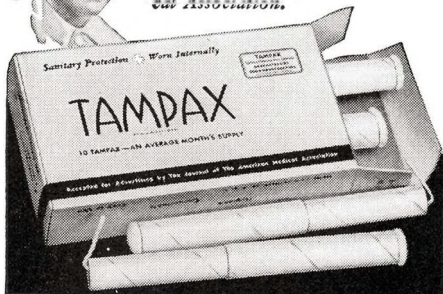
EVERY day more women are discovering Tampax, and spreading the news among their friends. This modern civilized sanitary protection is rapidly sweeping the country. Already over one hundred million Tampax have been sold to outdoor women, college students, housewives and office workers. It is really a necessity for any woman who *must* keep busy and active at all times of the month—every month, every season.

Tampax is unlike any other product. Of compressed surgical absorbent cotton, it is hygienically sealed in individual containers, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! No belts or pins are used, because Tampax is worn internally. No bulk to show. No odor can form.

Tampax is comfortable, efficient and very compact to carry in your purse. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory size 20¢, average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package.



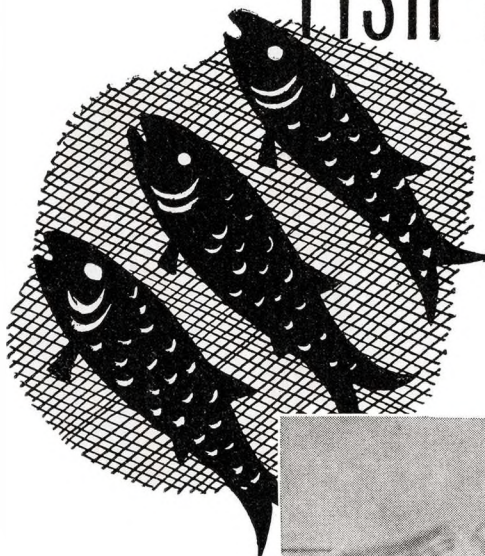
**"DESIGNED BY A DOCTOR —
WORN INTERNALLY"**
Accepted for advertising by the
Journal of the American Medical
Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED FWG-39
New Brunswick, New Jersey
Please send me introductory size package of Tampax
with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

FISH FOR LENTEN



"WHAT shall we have for dinner tonight?" That is the question home-makers everywhere are asking during Lent. And the answer is simple. "Let's have tuna fish!" Below, tuna sandwich tid bit—a meal in itself!

LENT! Forty days of meatless menus, is a trying time for the home manager. That old question, "What shall we have for dinner tonight?" takes on added obstacles when steaks and chops, pot roast and hamburgers must be eliminated from your considerations.

What, then, is the perfect food for the Lenten season? Fish, of course!

But freshly-caught fish is not always available. Too, fresh fish requires a lot of bother with scales and bones. And most important of all, as the practical home manager has found out many a time, fresh fish often proves expensive. For you must count out the waste portions of fresh fish—head, bones, skin, etc.

That's where canned fish enters the home marketing picture. For canned fish represents 100% edible food, free from bones, skin and other waste. It is ready to use, convenient, economical and time saving.

Perhaps, of all varieties, canned tuna fish is tops for the perfect Lenten food.



This tempting seafood delicacy has been truly called "chicken of the sea," because its own white meat so closely resembles the choice white breast of chicken. Its flakes are tender but firm, its flavor is delicate but distinctive, and its adaptability in combination with other foods makes it a prize culinary ingredient.

Moreover, the fact that tuna provides so many important food min-

FREE!

Let me send you "Tuna Treats," including Quick Tuna Cakes, South Sea Island Salad and Tuna Pot Pie, free of all charge. Address me: Mrs. Christine Frederick, c/o TRUE CONFESSIONS, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
Town and State _____

(This offer expires April 15, 1939)

TC-3

APPETITES

BY MRS.
CHRISTINE
FREDERICK
HOUSEHOLD
EDITOR

erals, among them iodine and vitamins A and B, makes its use important throughout the year. Tuna is concentrated and hence very nourishing. Yet, when combined with other ingredients such as chopped vegetables, gelatin, relishes, etc., it provides light, dainty specialties of unusual piquancy.

Tuna is packed in oil, in the usual small and large size cans. Both of these should be kept on every pantry shelf. The best, quality-brand tuna is distinguished by its delicate *light meat*, without any dark or coarse portions.

Open the can, drain off the oil, and the fish is ready to use. Some experts like to open the can directly into a wire strainer, and then let a rinse of hot water run over it, thus entirely removing the packing oil.

In addition to the familiar solid meat pack, a new variety of smaller pieces, or tidbits, has just been put on the market. These are particularly useful in preparing salads, sandwich spreads and the many delicious tuna snacks with which a hostess may please her guests.

Because of its highly nourishing, firm meat, tuna can easily be featured as the main dinner dish. When combined with a medium white sauce, with the addition of chopped vegetables, it can be the main dish of a satisfying meal for the raw days of late winter. Many recipes are built around this type of baked, scalloped mixture, such as the following: [Please turn to page 16]

THE COZY KITCHEN



**Because Joan makes up for Romance,
avoids Shiny Nose — wears
Powder that Dramatizes her Skin**

WHAT a nuisance... that horrid oiliness that gleams on your nose! Preys on your mind! Did you know that a germ-condition often makes it worse? Blessings on Woodbury Powder, which contains a special ingredient that discourages oily-nose germs. And its protectiveness lasts, because Woodbury Powder stays on.

No "powdered look", either. Woodbury's 7 shades *dramatize* your own coloring. *Champagne*, the very newest, is sponsored by Mme. Suzy, fashion-famous Paris milliner. *Windsor Rose* flatters pink-toned skins. Know your man's eyes must always find you vivid. Wear Woodbury Facial Powder—only \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. And wear Woodbury Rouge and Lipstick.



Woodbury Facial Powder

YOURS... SMART NEW MAKE-UP KIT

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 8302 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
(In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

Please send me new Woodbury Make-up Kit, containing attractive metal compacts of Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick; tube of Woodbury Cold Cream. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE WINDSOR ROSE
(For golden skin) (For pink skin)

Name _____

Address _____



RAW THROAT? Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite. Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact*; (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to 1/2 glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.



DANDRUFF ITCH? Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.
2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *This gives head an antiseptic cleansing — stimulates scalp — kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!*
3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (We recommend "Barcelona" Castile Shampoo.) *This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*
4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet.*
5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.* Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

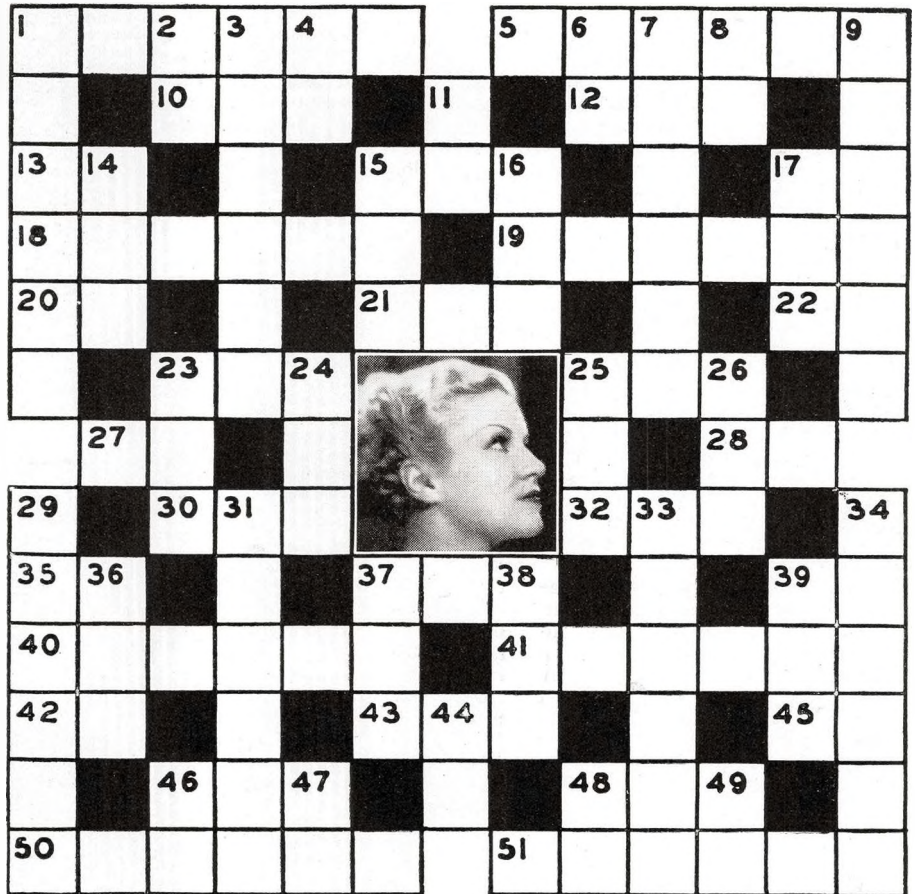
We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. *That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction* — or your money back in full!



*Zonite is a clear, colorless, liquid antiseptic — an improvement on the famous Dakin Solution which revolutionized World War surgery . . .

Use **ZONITE** for
FIRST AID • SORE THROAT
BAD BREATH • DANDRUFF
ATHLETE'S FOOT

MOVIE CROSSWORD



For solution see April TRUE CONFESSIONS

ACROSS

1. & 5. Feminine lead in *Valley of the Giants*.
10. Polly in *Love Finds Andy Hardy*.
12. _____ *Quiet on the Western Front*.
13. *The Show Goes _____*.
15. *Tip _____ Girls*.
17. Joe Penner starred in _____ *From the City*.
18. Screenplay shown in chapters.
19. Busch in *Yellow Jack*.
20. Bryant Washburn's initials.
21. Anne Shirley was formerly known as Dawn O' _____.
22. 1 Across played opposite Robinson in *The Amazing _____ Clitterhouse*.
23. *You _____ Me*.
25. Writing fluid used when stars sign contracts.
27. Nelson Eddy's native state (abbr.).
28. *I _____ the Law*.
30. First name of male lead in *Storm in a Teacup*.
32. A star of *Too Hot to Handle*.
35. Owen Moore's initials.
37. To portray a part in a motion picture.
39. _____ *Chase Yourself*.
40. Star of *The Crowd Roars*.
41. Cal Tullie in *The Texans*.
42. _____ *Couldn't Say No*.

43. Henrietta in *Having Wonderful Time*.
45. Mr. Ameche's initials.
46. Kind of lights under which screen stars work.
48. Eleanor Powell is a _____ cancer.
50. Mischa Auer's birthplace.
51. He portrays *Bulldog Drummond*.

7. Date in December on which Gilbert Roland celebrates birth.
8. Vivien Leigh's initials.
9. The count in *Always Good-bye*.
11. *Romance _____ the Limberlost*.
14. *Gangs of _____ York*.
15. *In _____ Chicago*.
16. To do as did Gable in *Test Pilot*.
17. Buck Jones was born in this state (abbr.).
23. _____ *Devils*.
24. Star of *Sky Giant*.
25. _____ *Give a Million*.
26. First name of lead in *My Bill*.
29. _____ *Carey's Chickens*.
31. Feminine lead in *Everybody's Doing It*.
33. Bob Baker starred in _____ *Express*.
34. First name of web-footed Disney character.
36. Remember _____ Busch?
37. *Men _____ Such Fools*.
38. *Smashing _____ Rackets*.
39. Arliss had title role in *The Man Who Played _____*.
44. Margaret Sullivan's native state (abbr.).
46. Initials of Miss Sheridan.
47. Charles Irwin's initials.
48. *A Trip _____ Paris*.
49. Janet Gaynor's native state (abbr.).

DOWN

1. Star of *Sing You Sinners*.
2. Adrienne Ames' initials.
3. Jim Thorpe is one.
4. Initials of Mr. Novaro.
6. Ronald Sinclair's former name.

Solution to February Puzzle



The Girl On the Cover

ZOE MOZERT, our cover artist, has found the ideal model at last!

"My new model seldom gets restless, poses as long as I wish, and never complains to me about working conditions," says Miss Mozart. "And the best part of it is that I pay her absolutely nothing!"

Zoe Mozart's new model is Zoe Mozart!

Yes, the alluring blonde who graces our cover this month is a self-portrait—a painting of Zoe Mozart by Zoe Mozart.

"It's all done with mirrors," Miss Mozart confesses. By an ingenious arrangement of looking glasses Miss Mozart is able to stand before her easel, study her own features, and thus use herself as a model.

Miss Mozart, as this self-portrait amply demonstrates, is a rare combination of personal charm and artistic ability. Her series of covers for TRUE CONFESSIONS and other Fawcett publications has made her one of the most widely-known artists in her field, with a rapidly growing reputation. No other woman artist portrays glamour, warmth and feminine beauty with greater success than she does.

Modeling is nothing new for Miss Mozart. She began her career as a model, posing for various artists to earn money for her own art studies. She studied at the School of Industrial Art in Philadelphia under the well-known instructor, Mr. Thornton Oakley. At this institution, she was urged to give up painting and devote

her talents to sculpture, at which she had shown exceptional skill. But Miss Mozart, not to be dissuaded from her ambition, worked with increased determination and won a scholarship.

Miss Mozart spent some time in the romantic French Quarter of New Orleans where she continued her studies and supported herself by modeling at the Arts and Crafts School.

Attractive enough for the movies, Miss Mozart's beauty is deceiving. There is nothing about her to suggest the great skill that lies in her hands, and the firm determination that has made her a front-rank magazine artist despite difficulties and set-backs. She is small and slim, with a ready laugh and mischievous eyes. She makes you forget the artist in her—until the newsstands blossom out with another stunning Mozart portrait.

Born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, Miss Mozart has traveled extensively around the country. At various times she



ZOE MOZERT, our charming, young artist and the glowing girl on the cover, are really one!

has made her home in Newark, O., Scranton, Pa., and New York City. At present she is off on a trailer jaunt to the South where she will work on more of the covers that have helped make your magazine more attractive and appealing with every issue.

Can you dance **1 HOUR**
AND **34 MINUTES**
without tiring?



ENERGY TESTS with BABY RUTH

By actual calorimetric tests, an active adult weighing 120 lbs., can dance continuously for 1 hour and 34 minutes on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth candy.

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—Remember
BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY
FOR ENERGY!



Lively people are gay, interesting partners in every kind of activity. Their energy lends them charm and personality. The energy of the body comes chiefly from Dextrose, which is the primary "fuel" sugar of the body.

Baby Ruth candy, so pure and delicious, is rich in Dextrose—rich in real food energy. You'll enjoy Baby Ruth—and you'll find it helps you to forestall fatigue.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OTTO SCHNERING, President





TEST
Thynmold
for 10 days
... at our
expense!

Appear
SLIMMER
... at once!

WOULD you like to **SLENDERIZE** your **SILHOUETTE** ... and wear dresses *size smaller*? That is just what the Thynmold Perforated Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful **THYNMOLD** Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES Smoothed Out INSTANTLY!

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat ... the thickness of waist ... the width of hips. Now slip into your **THYNMOLD** and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Test **THYNMOLD** for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your **THYNMOLD**. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted ... if **THYNMOLD** does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

■ **THYNMOLD** is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate...its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Send for free illustrated folder

Quickly
CORRECT
YOUR
FIGURE
FAULTS

BEFORE... A Bulging Figure
in a Few Ordinary Girdles



AFTER... Size Smaller!
No Bulges... in Thynmold!



Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 133, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name.....
Address.....
.....

THE COZY KITCHEN

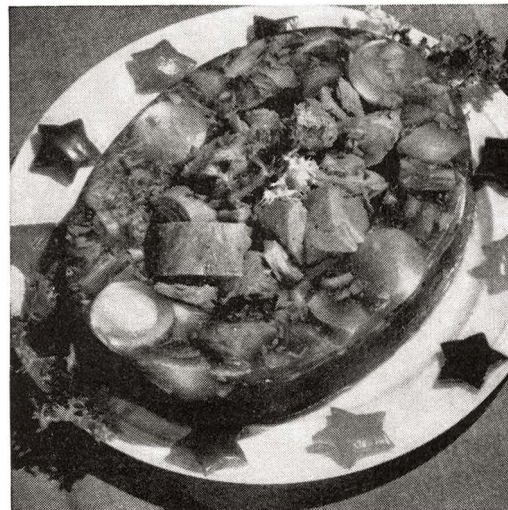
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

BAKED TUNA WITH BRAZIL NUTS

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon white pepper
- 1/4 cup minced pimiento
- 1 cup finely chopped Brazil nuts
- 1 cup tuna
- Pimiento strips
- Whole Brazil nuts

Blend butter, flour and milk to a thin white sauce. Add chopped nuts and pimiento and tuna. Heat, and pour into greased glass casserole. Arrange 6 strips pimiento alternately with 6 whole Brazils, wheel fashion, on top. Bake 15 minutes, moderate oven (350° F.) (Chopped celery or canned peas may be substituted for the nuts. Serves 6.)

In the special leaflet prepared for readers, there are two interesting variations on the above type of dish—one a *tuna potato puff*, and the other a *tuna pot pie with biscuits*—which was given to me by no less a gentleman than Ronald Colman. Be sure to send for it!



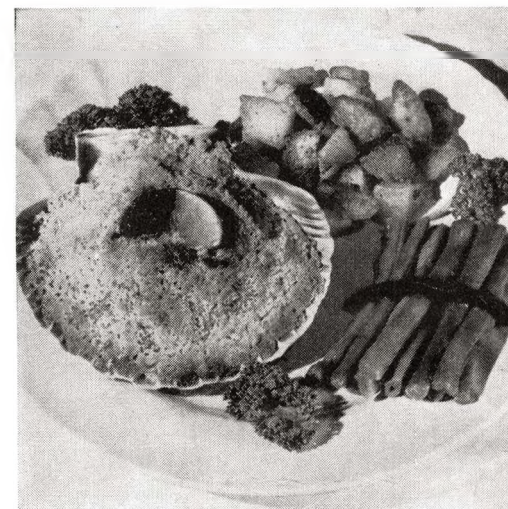
ANOTHER Lenten suggestion: Tomato Jelly Ring, filled with Tuna Salad.

IF A LESS hearty menu is required, as for a bridge or party luncheon plate, tuna will score again. Combined with zestful seasonings, packed into a decorative scallop shell, and brought brown and bubbling from the broiler to the guests, tuna makes this tasty dish:

SCALLOPED TUNA IN SHELL

- 1 1/2 cups tuna
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 1/2 cups medium white sauce
- 1/2 cup buttered crumbs
- 1/4 to one-half cup grated cheese

Break tuna into small pieces and combine lightly with lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce and white sauce. Grease large scallop shell and pack with fish mixture. Cover with crumbs mixed with cheese. Bake about 10 minutes, hot oven (450° F.) until crumbs are browned. Serve immediately with buttered string beans and cubed fried potatoes. (Serves 6.)



ABOVE, Scalloped Tuna in shell, served with vegetables.

And naturally, such mixtures do not need to have the fancy shells to make them taste good. The above mixture may also be baked in greased custard cups, pottery ramekins, or packed into any shallow glass baking dish.

For the party buffet, an interesting and most decorative platter is a *molded jelly ring with tuna salad*, of which there are several variations.

TUNA SALAD IN TOMATO JELLY RING

Tuna Salad:

- 1 cup tuna
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- Mayonnaise
- Lettuce
- Green pepper garnish

Tomato Jelly:

- 2 tablespoons granulated gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water

- 2 cups canned tomato juice
- 1 teaspoon minced onion
- 1 stalk celery, chopped
- 2 whole cloves
- blade of mace
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 4 hard-cooked eggs

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Combine tomato juice with seasoning, bring to boiling point, simmer 15 minutes, and strain. Add softened gelatin to hot liquid, stirring to dissolve. Add lemon juice. Arrange sliced hard eggs on bottom of ring mold which has been lightly rinsed with oil. Pour in tomato mixture, and chill until firm. Unmold. Fill center with salad made with tuna and other ingredients moistened with mayonnaise. Garnish with lettuce and green pepper stars. (Serves 6.)

When you're in doubt what to play, lead with tuna—it's trumps for Lent! Just paste the coupon which accompanies this article on a post card, and the specially prepared leaflet will be sent to you free of all charge.

THAT FIRST DATE



THAT FIRST DATE

I am going out on my first real date next week and I'm very troubled about what to say to him when he takes me home. Can you help me?

You needn't be troubled! Just be sweet and tactful, and you'll do well. All you need murmur is that you've had a lovely time—if you really have. If you haven't, you can say, "Thank you. Good night." But if you'd like to see the boy again, it is perfectly proper for you to say you hope you'll see him again soon. Or you may invite him to visit your home, some evening when your parents are in.

Whom do I ask for permission to dance with a girl—the girl directly, or her escort?

You ask the girl. Usually, she then turns to her escort and asks him, "Do you mind?"—which is merely a formality.

When leaving a rather large party, is it permissible to say good night just to those who are near, or must you include everyone there?

It is absolutely essential to take your leave of the hostess, and thank her. Saying good night to the other guests is a matter of convenience and your own desires.

Often my boy friend and I "double-date" with another couple. Could you tell me how the bill is supposed to be paid?

It is customary for one of the men to take care of the entire check, and then settle up with the other man when they are alone. It is in extremely poor taste to start reckoning and dividing up at the table.

CORRECT MANNERS

"BETTY'S REALLY BEAUTIFUL—BUT..."

"I KNOW—SHE OPENS HER MOUTH, AND FLOPPO! —WHAT SHE NEEDS IS IRIUM!"



Was My Face Red-but **IRIUM SHOWED**

ME how to win sparkling bright teeth...a "come-closer" smile!



Only PEPSODENT Powder has IRIUM

*to erase cloudy surface-stains from teeth...
reveal their full pearly brilliance!*

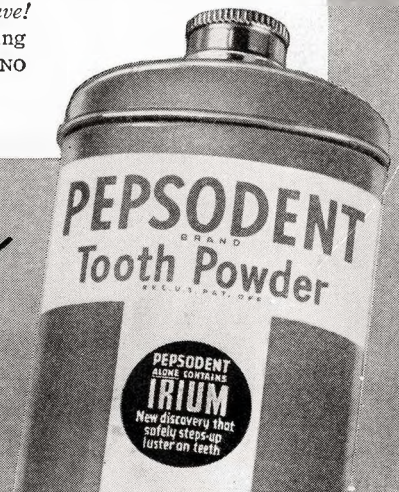
● Want a "Come-Closer" Smile... a smile that makes others look the second time? Then join America's landslide to Pepsodent Tooth Powder containing IRIUM! 32 million sales prove you can't go wrong!

Why is it Pepsodent Powder *has what it takes*? That's simple... because only Pepsodent contains wonderful IRIUM. Never before has there been so effective a cleansing agent in *any* tooth powder!

You'll discover Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM makes teeth shine and sparkle as they naturally should! Does so quickly... easily... effectively... for it brushes away *masking* surface-stains—thus revealing the full natural brilliance your smile *naturally should have!*

What's more—Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM is SAFE! Contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Get Pepsodent Powder now!

FOR A COME-CLOSER SMILE
START TODAY THE IRIUM WAY
with PEPSODENT
POWDER



MY PROBLEM horrifies me so, I'm at my wit's end to know what to do. And the tragedy of it is, that I brought it all upon myself. Not willingly, of course—but blindly, crashing up against a wall I cannot, dare not move.

To understand fully, you'll have to know how utterly different my sister Jule and I are. She is not beautiful, but to those who know her, the open sincerity of her eyes, and the steady character that is in every word and move of hers, creates a beauty all her own. A beauty that comes from within, and makes you forget her plain features and dull hair. As for me—well, never once have I been called by my right name, which is Katherine. I've been called "Kitten," "Kitty," and now "Kathy." In short, I've always been the beauty in the family!

The strange part is, that in spite of our being so different, Jule and I have always been the closest of friends. No two sisters ever loved each other more than we do. She was always my "big sister," wise and adored, to whom I looked for comfort and guidance. And I was her little "kittenpet," to be protected and shielded from all unpleasant contacts. That's why it was such a wrench, when I had to leave her.

But let me start at the beginning. At twenty-five, Jule had a fine job as private secretary to the president of a big manufacturing company, in our town. And I, at twenty, won the gold medal for speediest typist, on my graduation from business college—much to everyone's surprise. Immediately, through the school, I was offered a marvelous opportunity with a good firm. The only fly in the ointment was that the position was in a town a good distance away. Too far, in fact, for us to visit back and forth more than once or twice a year. But we talked it over, at home, and decided I must go. The chance was too good to pass up.

So that's how I happened to be away, when the "Big Adventure" came to Jule. I sensed it, from the very first letter in which she mentioned Sidney Field's name. Jule had never before raved over any man. We had had our beaux, of course, and had gone on dates—but "dates" were all they ever were up to now. So when she wrote, ". . . and I've met the most marvelous man, Kathy, dear! He travels, so I don't see so much of him, but you'll love him, I know! He's—well, I could go on for pages, but I'm going to wait until you come home, and see for yourself . . ." it prepared me for the letter announcing her engagement to him, three months later.

Even though I was expecting it, I can't tell you what that letter did to me. I believed it meant an end to the close relationship between us that I had always cherished. Oh, it was childish. I know—but I couldn't rejoice in her happiness. I felt left out of things, forgotten, and not important in her life, any more. Probably, if I'd had Mother and Dad close at hand to remind me that I myself would soon marry, I wouldn't have done the childish thing I did, the night I got the letter. But I had no one close, here, with whom I could talk out my hurt.

So, instead of getting my own supper on the electric plate in my little apartment, as usual, I had a good cry. Then I bathed and dressed, and went defiantly out to the town's swankiest hotel, for my meal. I figured that the lights, and people, and music, would lift me out of my doldrums. But once there, the gayety around me only made my mood of self-pity all the worse. Recklessly, I ordered a cocktail. And I wasn't even surprised when the waiter handed me a note, from a man two tables away. It seemed to fit in with

MY SISTER LOVES A CAD

SHALL I TELL?

the whole unreal evening. I let him join me.

He proved to be charming and attentive. His smooth, witty comments lifted my spirits unbelievably. I'm not trying to defend myself. I'm just trying to make you understand. We talked, and afterwards, I found myself actually walking into this man's room, upstairs, ostensibly to freshen up, before going on to a show.

Then Fate, or my lucky star, or whatever we call these unbelievable coincidences which often change the course of lives, took a hand. It led me straight to the mirror, to inspect my make-up. And there, tucked into the side of the glass, was my favorite snapshot of Jule! It was one of a dozen other pictures of girls! For one second, I couldn't breathe. I felt as if I'd had a swift dash of ice water in my face. Turning slowly, I addressed my companion, who was busy rummaging in his bag.

"What is your *real* name?" I asked, breathlessly. But even before he replied, I had glimpsed the initials S.F. marked plainly on his bags. Sickeningly, I knew! A nauseating wave of realization swept over me, then, and I acted purely on instinct. Snatching the picture, I ran out of the room, and out of that hotel, as if the devil himself were after me!

All the way home, I sobbed out my remorseful gratitude to Jule for protecting me, even while I was far away—for bringing me to my senses, with that quiet, trusting smile of hers, even over the distance of seven hundred miles. And it wasn't until I was back in the safety of my own apartment, that the other side of the situation dawned on me, in all its heartbreaking significance!

You see what it is, don't you? I must go home soon. I can't put it off much longer. But how am I going to warn Jule? How can I tell her that this man she has given her heart to, is not gold, but dross? That he is a man given to collecting girls' pictures? How can I warn her? And what will she think when she knows that the sister whom she has loved and adored all these years went casually into a strange man's room, at night, alone?

Which would be worse: To tell her, and shatter forever her faith in love, and perhaps in me? Or to keep silent, and let her marry Sidney, hoping against hope that she will never find out his true nature? But, on the other hand, how can I let Jule, who is herself so fine and straight, marry a man I know to be unworthy of her? And I've thought of this, too. If I do keep still, and hope for Sidney's reform, after his marriage, how can he and I ever meet, or even speak, knowing what we do about each other?

These are the maddening questions which have been making my life a torment this past week. I must act soon. The longer I delay, the harder it will be. But what course shall I take? I can't confide in Mother and Dad. It would almost kill them, if they knew. So I'm at my wit's end—and if anybody has the least pity for a girl who's paying a harrowing price for one rebellious hour, for one nearly fatal mistake—I beg of you to have pity on her, and tell her what to do!

A PROBLEM STORY

PRIZES FOR YOUR LETTERS, SEE PAGE 58.

Alone

*Are you, perhaps, remembering
Another night, my dear,
When we danced gaily until dawn,
To greet another year?*

*And so our love, but newly born—
Its glow undimmed by sorrow—
Burned gaily on to light today,
With no thought for tomorrow.*

*Why did the lovely flame expire?
Leave heartache? Bitter tears?
Why am I here alone, tonight,
Remembering other years?*

by Lucille Kendall Griswold

*Specially posed by Constance Bennett,
United Artists star*





He Was Already

THE "Thou shalt nots" that the Bible teaches, that ministers hurl from their pulpits, that worried parents point to with warning fingers, and that little fools like me, laughed at—and laughing, crashed into a thousand bits—they are not just words! Don't ever believe it. They're real. Break them and you pay. It's because I'm paying for the ones I broke, that I'd like to tell the truth here. "The truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God!" That's it. My guilty soul on the witness

stand, with truth the questioner, and truth my judge.

The truth that only three people, besides myself, have ever known—or ever will know. For even in these tear-stained pages, it must hide itself under altered names.

It isn't a long story, although it has its beginning back when Marty Hamill and I were children together.

Marty was the only child of the richest man in Sharpville, and my father was Seth Bent, a carpenter at the railroad yards, but Marty and I had been chums from grammar school

I knew that his eyes, I above his cards, were always seeking mine, resting on my hair, my mouth, my throat. I could feel them, like fingers caressing me.

was with the neat, white-capped maid who put the heaped-up plate before me.

I couldn't have been over ten then, but I had gone home to our cluttered kitchen, with Pop in his shirtsleeves and Mom ladling food from the stove, knowing that something was wrong somewhere, and wondering what it was.

It didn't take me long to learn that it was the difference between being rich and poor.

The Hamills were fine people. Democratic, kindly. Sharpville was a small town, and Marty was their only child. They worshipped her. "May you have Carry for dinner? Why, of course, dear!" "Could Carry spend the night? Could Carry go up to the cottage for the summer with you? Certainly, if her parents will let her. If her mother thinks she can spare her. . . ."

And because I was all Mom had, too, she would



Married!

up. The Hamills lived in a big white house on River Hill, with thick piled rugs on gleaming floors, and sunny windows looking down over smooth-terraced lawns to the river. Everything about it was beautiful. I still remember the dining room as it was that first day Marty had me over for dinner. The massive silver, impressively gleaming on the buffet, the table, lovely in the light of flickering candles, and Mr. Hamill, asking in his kindly voice, "What'll it be, Carry? White meat or dark?" I remember how awed I

CONFESSIONS



work nights getting my clothes ready, her eyes shining at my happiness, while Pop gave the money he couldn't afford and grumbled, "It's putting wrong ideas into her head, Ma, I'm warning you. It's spoiling her!"

And he was right. By the time I was seventeen and through high school, my home had grown to be a place to be endured and, deep inside me, despised. It seemed to me I never lived, until I was headed up the hill to Marty's.

Marty was a plain girl, with a wide, pleasant smile and grey, straight-forward eyes. And she loved me. Really loved me. She loved my red-gold hair and my dark eyes beneath their long-curved lashes. Standing before the mirror, she'd rub her sallow cheek against my pink and white one, and say: "I look like a mud-head, don't I, Carry?" But she'd laugh, and her laugh was cheerful, unworried.

There wasn't a grain of jealousy or envy or meanness in her. There was plenty in me. I boiled up and over until there were times when I almost hated Marty, because I loved the things she stood for with a love that was like a grinding pain.

THE day I learned that she was to leave for finishing school the coming fall and I was to stay at home, I wanted to die. I begged and raged and pleaded. Marty begged, too, until Mr. Hamill offered to pay my tuition.

Mom would have let me go, but Pop came out flat. In spite of all his grumbling, it was the first time I'd ever known him to put a "no" against Mom's "yes"—and stick to it.

"We're poor people. It's time Carry was learning it and getting her feet on the ground. Short's Business School, yes—we can manage that, and she's got her living to earn. But there's been enough of this keeping up with the Joneses. Time it was stopped."

Seventeen, eighteen, then nineteen. Three years—days, creeping like snails. Drab, depression-ridden years, with Pop working only part time now, and my twenty-dollar-a-week salary—a job that Mr. Hamill had found for me, going for winter coal and tax money instead of the pretty clothes that I wanted more each day.

They were ugly years that I hated. Marty's flying visits, and her unchanged, loyal friendship, only made me hate them more. Holidays and summers, the big house on the hill was always full of guests. Marty had me up—insisted on it. She'd drive down for me in her low-hung roadster, filled with her smart, gay crowd. Blithely she drove over the tracks where our house stood, all grimed with railroad dust and soot; where Pop sat on the porch, his great stockinged feet wriggling comfortably on the balcony rail, and where Mom, her apron wet with dishwater, waved a tea towel at us from the open door. Marty never seemed to notice these things and if her guests did, why they were too tactful to show it—openly, at least.

Marty couldn't understand what had happened to me, why I had changed so. Why I couldn't fit in with these city guests of hers, but hung on the outskirts at parties, stiff, shy, awkward.

"If you're worried about your clothes," she said, "forget it, Carry! You could wear a rag and look better than the rest of us. You're my friend, and I want you. And if the others don't—they won't be invited again."

Yet I felt, rather than saw, lifted eyebrows, and I thought I heard snickers behind my back. I felt they were laughing at me, at my home, at my folks, and bitterness grew to a great black cloud that covered me. It changed my friendship for Marty into an odd, fierce, possessive passion so near to hate, it frightened me.

Deep down in me I began to blame her for everything—even the fact that I had no friends. Those I might have had in town, I'd turned down so long for her, that now they'd have nothing to do with me, even had I wanted them to. "High-hat" the girls in Sharpsville called me. "A lot she's got to be high-hat about!"

As for the boys—they knew I wouldn't touch them with a ten-foot pole, and after a little, they didn't give me a chance.

I might have been in a convent for all the dates I had, until Jim Lightener came to town.

Jim was a dentist, just out of college. He was the only

modern, up-to-date dentist in town, and he was a success almost from the very first. Every unmarried girl in Sharpsville had her eyes on him, but he hadn't eyes for anyone but me. And for the first time in my life, I was glad that I'd met a man who liked me.

He came from people as poor as mine—poorer, in fact. He had worked his way through school and it had left its mark on his gaunt, dark face. But there was a friendliness about him that attracted everyone. His eyes made me think of Marty's—they were so straight-forward and honest and good. He was the first man I'd ever brought to the house, who hadn't made me feel self-conscious and ashamed. Mom liked him. There was a prayer on her face every time she looked at us together. And Pop said: "Got yourself a real man, Carry. If you've got any sense, you'll hang on to him."

I did. Within less than four months after Jim opened his office in Sharpsville, we were married. It wasn't hard to make myself believe I was in love. I was young and hungry for love. Starved for it. Jim's arms around me were tender and strong. He wanted me, needed me, loved me. And he understood me, as no one else ever had. My hatred of the town, my pleadings that he leave it and start again in a city.

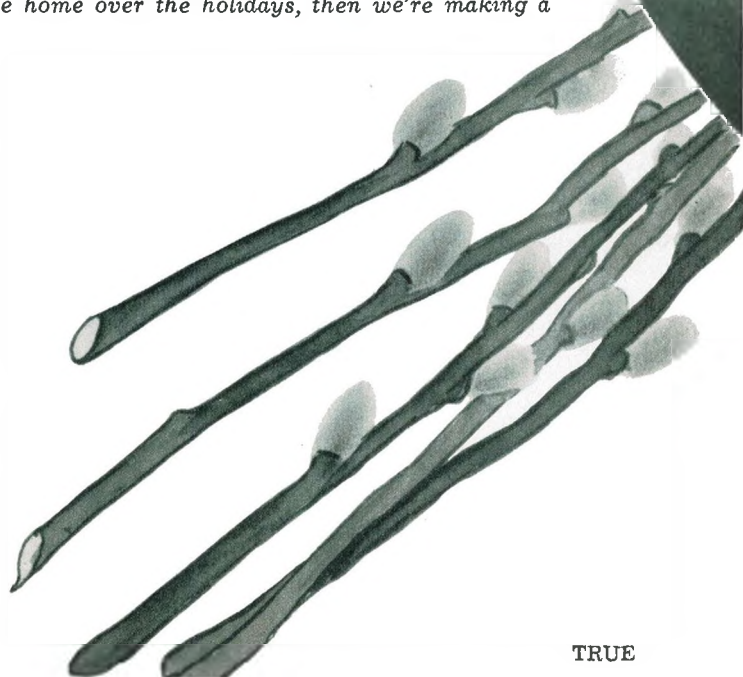
"This isn't a bad town, darling," he told me soberly. "The people in it are friendly and good, if you'd give them a chance. I've got a spot here, that I'd never in a hundred years have in a city. I'm able to give you a home, and a car, and even a maid to help you."

"There's a devil in you, sweet, that has put you at war all your life against the world, against yourself. Let me show you how to lick it. Let me show you how to find peace. . . ."

I MIGHT have found it, I think, if Marty hadn't married Mark Jamison and brought him back to Sharpsville.

Jim and I had been married almost a year then, and Marty had been in Europe where she had gone straight from school. She had met her husband on the boat, and they had been married in Paris after frantic cables and long-distance calls home.

"He's a foreign salesman for the Standard Rubber," she wrote me. "He's the handsomest, the most wonderful—the grandest thing, Carry! I'm so crazy in love I'm dizzy! We're to be home over the holidays, then we're making a





"TAKE me with you, Mark," I pleaded wildly. "Take me with you! You can't go away and leave me here! You and I, Mark, together. I can't live without you!"

long trip through the Orient. All of the out-of-the-way places in the world! Think of it, darling! A miracle like this happening to me—your homely, little mud-hen who's never had a real love affair in all her life! He's got black hair, Carry, almost as black as coal and. . ."

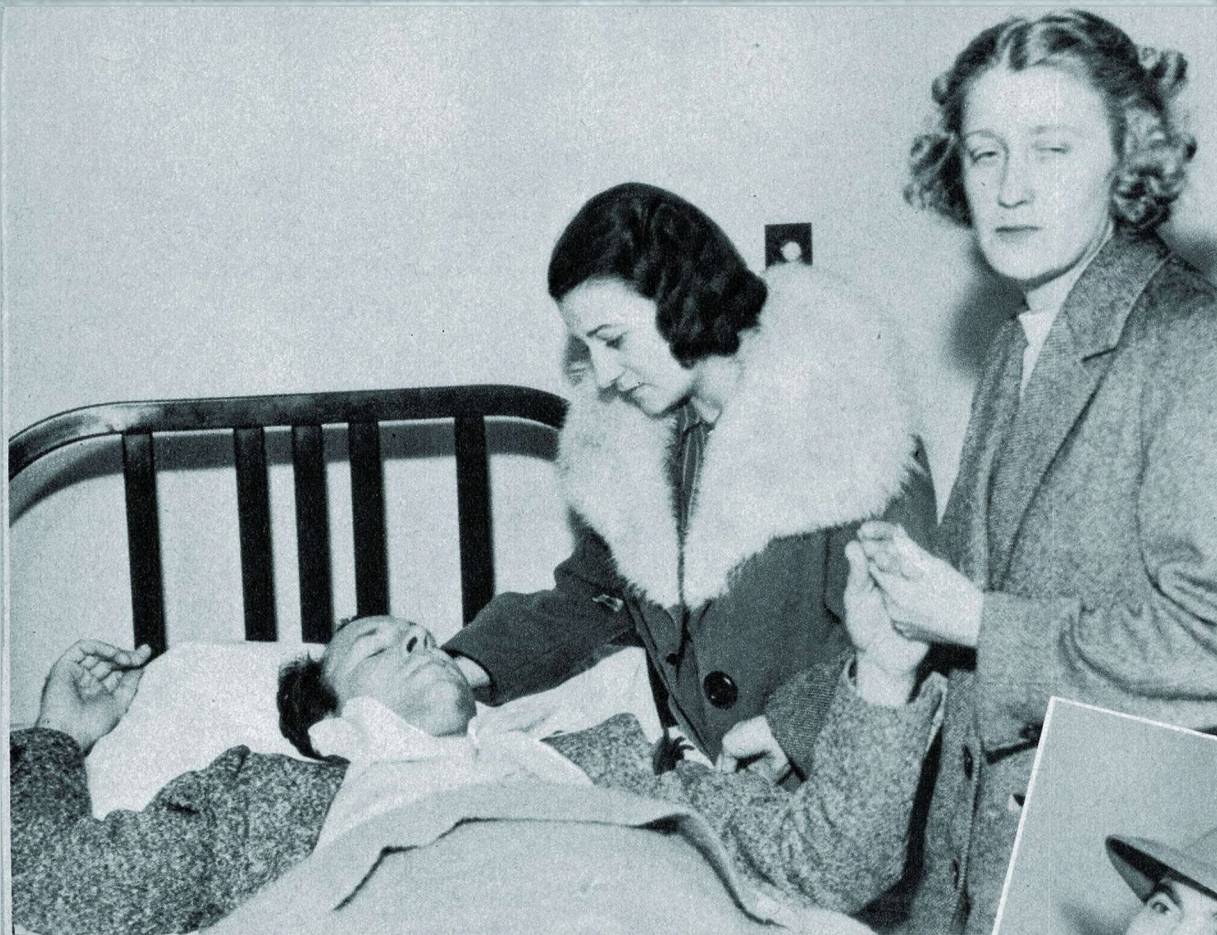
I didn't show the letter to Jim. I never finished reading it. I tore it up and stuck it in the furnace. She didn't have to write me what he looked like. I knew. Handsome, polished, sophisticated, sure of himself. . . I'd dreamed of a man like that, too. Marty's again! Romance, adventure—all of the things I'd wanted all [Please turn to page 40]

Ruth Etting's Tragic Love Story

She wanted only simple happiness—love, a home, children. After disillusion and tragedy, she stands near her goal. We hope, as the conclusion of her dramatic story here promises, that she will find it!

HHAPPINESS at long, long last! At Las Vegas, Nev., Ruth Etting and Myrl Alderman were married, dashing away during the trial of "The Gimp." Bliss is mirrored in Ruth's face.





AT the Hollywood Receiving Hospital, Ruth and her stepdaughter, Edith Snyder, are shown comforting Myrl, after he was shot by Ruth's ex-mate, Snyder. Found guilty of attempting to murder Myrl, "The Gimp," right, is jubilant at having gotten off so easily. The jury disagreed on four other counts.



By Peter Levins

TRUE CONFESSIONS concludes in this issue the tragic story of Ruth Etting, star of stage, radio and screen.

Chained in marriage for fifteen years to Martin (Moe, the Gimp) Snyder, insanely jealous husband-manager she dared not divorce for fear he would kill her, Ruth found love in the person of Myrl Alderman, handsome young Hollywood musician. She took her life in her hands to divorce Snyder—and when this savage, violent product of the Chicago underworld learned that another man was to have her, he went berserk.

Snyder's rage reached its climax on a night last October when he invaded a peaceful Hollywood cottage and shot the man Ruth loved, but whom she had not yet married.

Now the case has ended, for the time being at least, in Snyder's conviction of the attempted murder of Alderman. But as this is written Ruth still faces a future of lawsuits accusing her of love piracy—suits which threaten to drain the fortune she worked so hard to amass.

THE great tragedy of Ruth Etting's life, without any question, is that she ever met this man Snyder. But for him, her life would have been altogether different from what it turned out to be. Had Snyder not become interested in her, while she was appearing in a cabaret chorus in Chicago, she might never have attained the heights she did in the entertainment world. But she most certainly would have had a happier future.

Ruth never had any stage ambitions. To this day she feels that her real career was in fashion designing. When, as a young girl, she left her farm home in David City, Nebraska, for Chicago, it was to study designing, at which she had shown definite talent since childhood. She accepted the job in the Marigold Gardens chorus because she needed money to finance her art studies.

This beautiful, gentle, ambitious girl saw no future for herself in the amusement world. She knew that she had been hired simply because she had a lovely face and figure. Neither she nor anyone yet knew that she possessed one of the most unusual singing voices [Please turn to page 76]

SMALL TOWN SCANDAL

She resolved to get the things she craved by marrying money—and so she lost sight of all the worthwhile things in life—even love. Only when she saw her greed for what it was, did she realize how poisonous is such a plan of life.

ALL the wickedness, all the viciousness in the world is not found in the cities. Every small town, every village and hamlet has its man-about-town, its villain. Deedham, the little town where I was born and raised, had Morton Backson. But for a long time I didn't believe he was a villain. I didn't want to believe it. For to me Mort meant glamour and good times, money and a future that was assured.

The first time that I ever saw Mort he was standing on the corner by the Elite candy store talking to a big, black-haired woman in a red dress. She was wearing a red hat with a willow plume sweeping down the back. I must have been about eight years old. I thought Mort was handsome and the diamond ring on his left hand the most wonderful thing I had ever seen. And I thought the woman was beautiful.

But my mother hurried me along and told me not to stare. "They ought to be ashamed standing there in broad daylight where everybody can see them," she muttered.

When I grew older, I learned that the black-haired woman was Hattie Fairchester, the town's bad woman, and that she and Mort were supposed to be "more than friends." I learned a lot of other things about Mort. He was the richest man in town and what the people in Deedham called a "sport."

People said no decent girl in town dared to speak to him, and when Polly Drew, a girl a little older than I, got into trouble and moved out of town with her folks, everybody said that Mort was responsible and that Old Man Drew had gone after him with a gun but that Mort had bought him off.

Instead of making me look at Mort with horror, all those stories gave him a kind of dangerous fascination in my eyes. Life in a small town is dull and my life in Deedham was especially dull. My father was an unsuccessful small-town lawyer and because there never was much money, even for the things we needed, Mort and his money became a kind of symbol to me of all that was desirable.

Sometimes on summer evenings when I was out with Dick Marris, a tall, clear-eyed boy that I'd known all my life, I'd be dreaming of Mort while Dick was holding my hand and telling me how much he cared about me.

I remember one night particularly—Dick looked so handsome in his summer formal. I was wearing a new formal, too, a Grecian dress that did wonders for my arms and shoulders. We had gone to a dance at the Country Club and between dances, we sat on the lawn in the fragrant darkness. I knew how deeply Dick loved me—it was mirrored in his eyes—in the way he looked

at me, in the tender, almost reverent way he kissed me.

Dick didn't know it but when he'd kiss me, I'd pretend it was Mort kissing me. I'd close my eyes and a hot, excitement would race through me that would set my heart to pounding so hard that Dick would laugh deep in his throat and hold me tighter. "You love me, too, Marie, don't you? I can feel your heart racing just the way mine is."

That always made me a little ashamed. Dick was so sincere and so sweet. But he was only a kid, three years older than I—and I knew what his future would be. He'd never make any money. And yet, I'd probably end by marrying Dick and scrimping and stretching to make both ends meet, the way my mother had always done. I meant nothing in Mort Backson's life. I was sure I never would.

But I was wrong. One late May afternoon, Mort stopped me on the street and spoke to me. It was like a sign. We stood talking on the corner by the Elite candy store where I'd seen him talking to the woman in the red dress all those years before.

He said something about me growing up and how pretty I was. I was so excited and thrilled, I don't know what I said. It was as if the blood in my body had rushed to the spot where his hand touched my arm. I was a little over eighteen but he didn't look a day older to me than he had on that day when I was eight years old—and he seemed handsomer than ever.

If only I had had sense enough to turn and run from him then, before he could say any more to me. If only I had believed some of those stories about him that I had been hearing for years! But I didn't. I didn't want to. I prided myself on the fact that I was the one decent girl in town who dared to speak to Mort.



I stood there, right in broad daylight, just as Hattie Fairchester had done so long ago. The very way he looked at me with his eyelids dropped over his black eyes one minute, then flying wide open the next minute, sent a strange throbbing sensation through my whole body. Nobody had ever looked at me that way—as if his eyes were telling me secret, intimate, daring things.

TWO months later I went to work in Mort Backson's real estate office. Against my parents' wish, against Dick's pleading, against everybody's warnings, I went to work for Mort. I was going to live my own life. I could take care of myself. I had made my own plans. What those plans were, I told no one in the world.

I shall never forget that first morning, sitting at the little typewriter desk, looking across the office at Mort behind his big mahogany desk with the morning's mail spread before him.

I was a little shocked to notice in that clear, bright light that there was a sprinkling of silver through the thick dark thatch of his hair, that there were tiny lines about his black eyes that I hadn't noticed before and something about his full-lipped mouth, that for just a moment, I found repellent. Then he looked up and smiled at me and I forgot everything but the belief that I was right about Mort and the town was wrong.

His even white teeth gleamed and his freshly-shaven face seemed to glow. "It's great, having you here, Blue Eyes. It's almost like having a home," he said softly, almost wistfully.

My heart gave a jump. I could feel it in my throat, pounding there, making it impossible for me to speak. But I did manage to smile. For a minute I wondered if he had guessed my plan. The plan was very simple. I meant to marry Mort Backson. I'd show the town. I'd be somebody! They could call me a little fool now but later, when I was Mrs. Morton Backson, that would be another story. I was sorry about Dick but he was only a kid. He'd get over it.

"I wonder if you know how sweet you are?" Mort asked me. He was coming over to my desk when somebody came in, so he picked up a sheaf of letters and pushed them at me.

"Take care of these, please, Miss Bow," he said formally. I almost laughed, he gave me such a slow wink.

I did a great deal of laughing those first few months in Mort's office. He was always making some joke, usually at the old fogies in the town who couldn't have a good time and hated anybody else who did.

But I worked hard, too. I earned the twenty dollars a week that Mort paid me. Real estate was booming in those days and Mort was the biggest realtor in the section so I had plenty to do. Many times I worked after hours. But nobody could make anything out of that. There was a plate glass front to our office and anybody who cared to, could look in and see that we were really working. They could not hear what we said, of course. And Mort could say plenty when he got started.

He said enough during those first months to make me aware of myself, not as a girl, but as a woman—a desirable woman. Listening to him as he talked with his head bent

close to mine over some lease or transfer of property, that neither of us were looking at, he made love seem more than the simple thing of sighs and holding hands and kisses that it had seemed with Dick. It assumed the outlines of adventure, romantic and passionate; a game, thrilling and dangerous. He knew when to be gentle and tender and when to be masterful and dominating. Sometimes when he looked into my eyes, I felt weak and helpless, like a bird caught in a trap. It was almost as if he held the power to hypnotize me. I could feel myself swaying toward him, giving myself to him, feel him taking me madly, possessively—"the way a woman should be taken," he told me. [Please turn to page 69]

I know how deeply Dick loved me—it was mirrored in his eyes. But when Dick made love to me, I'd pretend it was Mort beside me.



"I was a government employee, proud of my job and my salary. Should I have given them up to follow the man I loved?" The answer is here in this heartbreaking true story for you to read—and profit by!

"THIS is Allison Keith," our hostess said. "Believe it or not, Kent, Allison is actually the head of one of those weird government departments here in Washington that give you loans and take away your houses and do all those other terribly complicated things that are being done nowadays. And Allison—this is Kent Cranford. You've heard of him, of course. He's always going some place and writing perfectly thrilling books and articles about it. I'm sure you two will have a lot in common." And then she fluttered away to try and introduce an attache of one of the foreign embassies to an ambassador

I Was



whose country had just been invaded by the armies of the *attache's* country.

Kent grinned down at me and I smiled wryly up at him. Behind our glances was the knowledge that we probably wouldn't have a darned thing in common—but Washington parties are like that! The hostesses seem to delight in mixing up strange, uncongenial people.

"I can't believe that you're such an important person," Kent Cranford said gravely. "Lady executives aren't slim and small with copper-colored hair and the dark, slanting eyes of the strange, lovely ladies in old Chinese poems.

so docilely because I was tired of the party anyhow, but in my heart I knew that I had liked him instantly—better than any man I had ever seen.

Sitting in his automobile beside the Tidal Basin he told me about himself. It was a shabby automobile, faded and marked by many miles of travel and when we had gotten out into the light, away from Mrs. Strangell's shaded lights, I could see that his suit was shabby, too.

"There's not much money in the kind of work I do," he admitted casually. "You spend more in travel expenses than any of your books and articles bring in. But it's thrilling

My Own Worst Enemy

You're a dryad who wandered in by mistake."

Um, I thought casually, a good line. A *very* good line! My gravity matched his. "I'm sure you get at least five cents a word for descriptions like that," I assured him mockingly. "Yes, I did wander in by mistake, all right! I'm a working woman. I don't have much time for this sort of thing. And I'm not nearly as important as Mrs. Strangell would have you believe. I was just another government stenographer until I got to be just another government secretary—and then my boss resigned and nobody knew where to find anything but me, so they gave me his job!"

"I don't believe it," Kent Cranford said. "I think you're just something out of my dreams."

Well, there's not much you can do with a man like that. I tried to tell myself that it was just another line and heaven only knew that I'd been in Washington long enough to become accustomed to all kinds of lines in all kinds of languages! I tried to tell myself that he was just another man who was tall, broad-shouldered and tanned. I'd seen plenty of those in Washington, too. They came from all over the United States and from all the nations of the world. There were "career" men and army men and navy men and diplomats. There were aristocrats and adventurers, newspaper men and artists. There were—

"Let's go some place and get acquainted," Kent Cranford urged and, taking my arm, steered me deftly through the heterogeneous crowd Mrs. Strangell gathered together for her "at-homes."

I told myself that I went with him

"WHEN a woman loves a man," Kent said stonily, **"she follows him to the ends of the earth. Otherwise she's not ready for marriage."** Hurt and bewildered, I cried, **"You're unfair!"**

and exciting and I wouldn't change it for any million-dollar profession in the world."

He spoke of all the far corners of the globe—from a tiny, enchanted island in the Illyrian Sea to a wild Balkan village where they had never heard English spoken until he arrived there.

"I've never traveled," I told him a little wistfully. "I never wanted to until now . . . but you make it sound attractive. I've never taken more than an overnight trip any place."

"You'll like it," Kent Cranford said. "We won't have a great deal of money, but we'll have fun."

One arm reached out and curled around my shoulder, drawing me to him. His brown cheek turned slow and hard against mine, until, in the gathering dusk, he found my mouth. It was the most heavenly moment I had ever experienced. It was insane, of course, I told myself wildly. Things like this just didn't happen. It was the cocktails we had had at the Strangell house. It didn't mean a thing.

"It's funny about us, isn't it?" Kent said wonderingly, his brown face so near that it made me dizzy with a dim, wondering ecstasy. "One moment we're simply two people in a room full of people with a dizzy old girl introducing us. And the next moment we're like this—"

His mouth came toward me again but I clutched my sanity wildly. My hands pushed against him. "Like what?" I demanded breathlessly. "Like what, Kent Cranford? This is crazy, ridiculous, impossible—"

"Like this," Kent said and his mouth came down upon mine again and into his kiss he breathed: "This is real. Elemental. Bigger than we are. It happens once in a lifetime and we've got it."

Well, it was crazy, but it was true! I hadn't known that love came like that—so swiftly and sweepingly and completely. I hadn't known that being kissed could be an aching rapture like birth or death or life's most magnificent moments. I had been kissed before and it had never been like this. Nothing had ever been like this since time began.

I didn't know how I was going to feel about it tomorrow—but tonight it was perfect. It was charged with all the beauty and strangeness of dreams, and yet it had nothing of a dream's incoherence. It was real. The most real thing that had ever happened to me. And I gave Kent back kiss for kiss, eagerly and shamelessly—me, who had always scoffed at petting parties!

It was very late when we finally started for home. It was even later after we had stopped at the Hot Shoppe for hamburgers and coffee. It was much too late to ask him up to the little apartment that I shared with Mom and so I kissed him good night in the lobby, under the delighted eyes of Julius, the night elevator boy.

After I got into bed I lay there and wondered about the whole thing. I didn't usually do crazy things. I was too level-headed. I had worked too hard. I wasn't silly about men and I wasn't used to being swept off my feet. But Kent Cranford was different. [Please turn to page 57]

It is the children who are the real sufferers of broken homes. In this honest and searing article, Judge Waldman discusses several pitiful cases. There can be no greater plea for tolerance and understanding in marriage than this chronicle of the victims of divorce.

WHATEVER individuals may think of the justifiability of divorce, modern men and women have come to accept it as a part of modern life. My own interest in the problem of divorce, as I have encountered it in my experience as judge in literally thousands of cases, has always been aroused by the children of divorced parents. No matter whether you think divorce the only way out of a hopeless marital tangle, or a wrong solution of that tangle, you will agree that it is the children who suffer when a home is broken in two.

Although you hear a lot of discussion of "problem children," it has been my experience that the root of unhappiness, maladjustment and actual crime among the children of divorce is actually to be blamed on "problem parents."

Because men and women are reckless, selfish, loose-living or merely thoughtless, their children are made to suffer untold misery, and sometimes are even thrown into situations that ruin their lives.

If men and women, irked by their marriage ties, were to reflect on the fate of their children, they might think twice before seeking the panacea of the divorce court. And if women, letting themselves be drawn by their primitive instincts into the entanglements of an illicit love affair, were to weigh their own uncertain future happiness with the almost certain unhappiness of their children, there would, without a doubt, be fewer passengers to Reno.

The trouble with problem parents is that they do not take the time to reflect on the future. They plunge into the affair of the moment, and are blinded by the first glimmer of romance on the horizon. That such heedless seekers after amorous adventure ever find happiness, is a miracle. That their children find nothing but misery goes without saying.

Of all the children of unhappy marriages that it has been my privilege to help, the case of a child whom I shall call Ellen Callender has lingered longest in my memory.

FROM the time Ellen was four years old, she was always running away from home. The first time, fortunately, a fire warden picked her up in a lonely stretch of woods near Homestead, where the Callenders lived. If the warden hadn't been making his routine inspection of the pines to the north of Homestead, Ellen might have died of starvation and exposure.

Young May Callender, her mother, was certain that Ellen had been kidnaped. She was a flighty, irresponsible young matron of about twenty-five, and had been playing cards with some friends across the street when Ellen disappeared.

"I was just across the way," she pouted, when her husband, an accountant, came home from his office. "I thought she was perfectly safe, playing in the back yard with her dolls. You can't expect me to play watch dog all day long. I have to have a little recreation."

Young John Callender, who worshipped his little daughter, had heard that particular complaint constantly. His mother had borne and brought up five children, on a much smaller budget than his own substantial salary allowed his wife. Perhaps if May Callender had had another child, Ellen would have been less lonely. But May felt she had done her duty when Ellen had been born, and she had little of the natural maternal solicitude which makes a child the center of its mother's existence. With no little brother or sister to play with, and a mother too impatient to play with her, Ellen was left too much to her own devices. So she had run away.



IN a spectacular court fight, 5-year-old Marilyn Thorpe, daughter of actress Mary Astor and Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, was awarded to her mother for nine months of the year.



ANOTHER youngster, the subject of plenty of litigation, is Gloria Vanderbilt. Her mother, Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt, lost custody of the child to her aunt, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.



HOWARD FRANKEL (shown with his father) ran away from his mother's home four times, after the divorce. The judge then decided Howard could live with his father.

PROBLEM PARENTS

By

Henry S. Waldman



PRESIDING Judge of the Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court of Elizabeth, N. J., Henry S. Waldman has had a long and noteworthy career as judge, lawyer, author and lecturer on juvenile delinquency and domestic relations problems. He was retained by the States of New Hampshire and Delaware as Legislative Consultant in framing model juvenile courts.

Fortunately Ellen was not much worse off physically for her adventure, but who can measure the psychic injuries such an adventure can inflict on a child of four? Being lost in the woods, cold, hungry, terrified, out of sight and sound of anyone known to her, Ellen was introduced to fear at an age when a child should be cherished and sheltered by parental love.

ELLEN was sixteen the next time she ran away. She had an average childhood, often being taken to movies far beyond her emotional capacity, because her mother wanted to go and couldn't leave her home. She had made fervent friendships in school because her mother didn't try to win her confidence. Her mother had little imagination or brain power, but she was shrewd enough to try to break up one of Ellen's attachments.

"You're only sixteen," she said. "I don't think it's right

for you to go with one boy. Larry Carter may be all right, but he hangs around here all the time. You're too young to have a steady beau. If you don't stop seeing him, I'll tell your father."

This threat, "I'll tell your father," was May Callender's strongest weapon, for Ellen returned her father's adoration. But in this case, the threat didn't work. The combination of hunger for understanding and puppy love for Larry Carter outweighed even the thought of her father's disapproval. Because her mother closed the door on her boy friend, Ellen began to see him outside. She went to the movies with him on the pretext of staying in school to finish back work. She met him after supper and told her mother she was spending the evening at a girl friend's.

Now these innocent deceptions are universally practiced, and in most cases serve only to romanticize what would be simply an ordinary boy and girl friendship. But unfortunately for Ellen, Larry Carter was playing a game in which he was only too well versed. He lived with his father, who worked nights as a printer, and Larry had already tasted the pleasures of an unsupervised life.

He was a classic example of the unfortunate effect of divorce on a young boy. His mother had divorced his father and remarried five years before, and Larry had been brought up by a young aunt who had no influence over him.

He had entertained other girls in the little frame house on the other side of the railway tracks. When things came to a break in the life of John and May Callender, Larry Carter was already on the verge of success in persuading Ellen Callender to spend the night with him at his house.

May Callender was the perfect example of the well-to-do American wife with too little to do and too much leisure. She was a complete slacker from responsibilities—which "bored" her. Her touched-up hair gleamed with its minted gold loveliness, and lack of worry served to keep the sparkle in her wide blue eyes. John Callender did all the worrying for the family. May couldn't understand why, when [Please turn to page 61]



ALTHOUGH 7-year-old Jane Bannister was awarded to her mother, movie actress Ann Harding, the latter must petition the court before she can take the child on a trip.

AFTER a cross-country flight, Mrs. Beulah Mae Elander, of Yakima, Washington, is forced to return her baby son to her estranged husband, Ernest, who was awarded the infant's custody.

Made



AS I stood there gasping, Jim wordlessly picked up Lola, weeping and screaming, and stalked out of the bar with her.

For Each Other

The whole town, even her grandmother, believed the man she had adored since childhood, had killed her father. Out of the bitter feud, could she salvage her love—when even that no longer belonged to her?



The story thus far:

I WAS fourteen when my dad beat Jim Herrick's dad to an option on a newly-discovered oil deposit. That act turned a life-long friendship between the two men, into bitter hatred. After that, I was forbidden to see Jim, with whom I was, even then, madly in love.

But parental objection couldn't stop us from meeting secretly. Our love blossomed, until that day when my dad found us in each others' arms. Then I was sent away to Aunt Em's and kept there. Jim, too, I knew, was sent away, and all my letters came back unopened, even the one telling him that

our baby had been born dead.

Four years later, when Dad died, I returned to Witch's Basin. I found the town growing. It was now a thriving, bustling, prosperous oil town. The enmity between the Herricks and the Blairs had grown, too. And I discovered that Jim, whom I had never stopped loving and whom I had come back to find, was married!

It was Phil Chaney, the new foreman at our place, who gleefully told me the details of that marriage. "Too bad you didn't know of Herrick's marriage," he chuckled. "Your grandmother's letters couldn't have been very newsy. They've been married for over a year. Right after he came home. Lola used to dance at the Palace. It was one of those lightning affairs. Guess he found the town pretty tame. I've found it tame, too, until now—" His eyes went over me, appraising me. "I've a feeling it won't be tame from now on."

From my grandmother I learned the gossip that was being whipped from one end of the town to the other. Gram hated the Herricks with the frenzy of an old-fashioned feud, but I found out that the rest of the town was taking sides, too. Some believed, as she did, that Jim killed my father, and others staunchly defended him. There were other mighty suspicious things happening, too. The latest outrage was the firing of two of our wells, which almost caused the death of Luke Mosey, one of Dad's most trusted old friends.

The first day at home was torture for me. That night I had just returned from a solitary ride, trying to rid myself of the horror and dread that had fastened themselves to my heart, when Jim Herrick rode up beside me, his low voice crying my name.

I don't know how it happened, but as he slipped off his horse, he stretched out his arms to me, and as if by magic, I found all my fears and doubts dispelled. I held out my own arms as simply and unquestioningly as a child.

As we stood there, our very nearness seemed to wipe away the past and all the pain it had held. We forgot that we were standing in front of my house, with my grandmother, Jim's bitterest enemy, inside. We forgot that next door was Jim's house—

It was Gram's voice that brought us sharply around. "You bad girl!" she shrielled. "You wicked, terrible girl!"

Your father not cold in his grave and you back in the arms of the man who put him there!"

Her voice was loud enough to wake the dead. It brought Lola, Jim's wife, out to where we stood and added her venomous words to Gram's.

"Back where I come from," Lola said softly, "we can hate, too. Only it isn't a whip that we use for such as you. It's—this!" I saw the quick back flash of a bare white arm, and the moonlight glinted on a sharp, steel blade.

"This isn't true," I thought crazily. "It's a picture—I'm seeing a picture." Yet even then, I could almost feel that steel blade buried in my heart.

Now go on with the story:

IT WOULD have been in my heart, too, that knife of Lola's, if Jim hadn't seen it even before I did.

He had her before I could move or think. Had the knife out of her hand, and her arms pinned to her sides. He was holding her, talking over her head and Gram's, as though there was no one in all the world, but just the two of us standing there together. His lips were pinched, and his words came pinched through them, sharp and aching with pain. "The truth, Peggy. Tell me the truth! Was there

a child? A child—and I never knew. . . . Was there?"

"It—died," I said stupidly. "It—it died, Jim. I wrote you when I knew—and—and the letter came back. It—it died."

It seemed a million years before he took his eyes from my face. And when he spoke it wasn't to me, but straight down at Lola, who was sobbing now, her lips shaking.

"You followed me over here," he said slowly. "You stood there, listening. You would have killed the only girl I love or ever will love, if I hadn't kept you from it. And what did it get you? Just this. I don't love you. I never did. You know it and you've always known it. Our marriage has never been a marriage—it has been a mockery. I am asking you to set me free. Begging you to. Everything I have—everything—it's yours, if you will give me my freedom."

I didn't have to wait for her answer. I knew what it would be before it came. Turning to the shivering, wizened figure beside me, I said gently:

"Come into the house, Gram. You'll catch cold," and took her arm. There wasn't a word between us as I led her into the house and helped her undress and got her into bed. But once there, she said flatly:

"I'll never walk again, Peggy Blair. This night's work has seen to that. And no use calling any doctor . . . I won't have one." She turned her face to the wall.

I didn't sleep in my room with the drawn shades that night. I took the only one that was left—my dead father's room. But I found no sleep there, either.

"Your father not cold in his grave," Gram had shrilled, "and you in the arms of the man who put him there!" I lay in his bed like a hunted thing, my hands over my ears.

The next morning as soon as breakfast was over, I went to see Luke Mosey. There was a hospital in Witch's Basin now, and I found him there, in a room by himself, his face that once had been as sun-tanned and wind-burned as Dad's, white now as the pillows that held it.

"I won't bother him with my troubles," I told myself. "I'll just talk about other things. . . ." But I couldn't help myself. On my knees beside his bed, my face against his kind, thin hand, my fears and tortured thoughts poured themselves out in a torrent I couldn't hold back.

[Please turn to page 52]

"THINK because I'm tied to this bed, I can't feel things?" Gram said fiercely. "I've seen you coming in with Jim Herrick's kisses on your lips and the bride look in your eyes! And Jim, your dad's murderer!"



Here is a man's grim confession, told with searing honesty. Its brutality may make you wince, but whether you condone his actions or not, you cannot doubt his sincerity or his bitter remorse.

"HOLD the veil, will you," Ronnie said briskly, "while I unpin this coronet business?" I was past surprise at my bride's matter-of-factness.



Blood On My Hands

BECAUSE I loved a seductive, unmoral girl, my hands are stained with blood. And, later on, I raised those hands again against a fellow man. Was the will to commit murder a part of my character? Or was mine a special case? *You* must be the judge.

In summing up my past, one scene stands out—because at the moment, in my deceived, blinded eyes, this scene was so beautiful. Ronnie and I—alone for the first time after our marriage.

She was wearing her wedding dress and veil, looking slim as the long, curved bud of a lily, and radiantly white except for her auburn hair which glimmered like finely wrought metal where the light from the bedside table struck it.

Ronnie sat in front of the dresser in the room in my home that I had furnished so carefully for her beauty. It was her home from now on, I thought happily as she smiled her childish smile at me.

"I must be tender with her," I thought. "She is young

and unawakened, and I must not frighten her with my love tonight."

And so, although I could have looked at her forever, it seemed, I turned away and walked toward the door.

Ronnie's sweet, slow voice stopped me. "Where are you going?"

"I'm—I'll be back soon," I stammered. "You—you'll want to be alone for a little while, won't you?"

"Don't go, Phil!" If she'd been any other girl, I would have thought she looked sulky and resentful. "Hold the veil, will you, while I unpin the coronet business?" she said briskly.

I was past surprise at the "sensible," unromantic, matter-of-fact way she was acting. I was so caught up by the tremendous appeal she had for my senses that I was beyond analyzing my bride's heart and mind at this intimate moment.

With the veil off, her hair had fluffed out richly. She was beautiful. So exquisite that I couldn't believe she was really mine at last. From the first moment of meeting her, I had felt that way—that somehow she was beyond me, unattainable. And knowing her better, I discovered that she was cold, with the careless, laughing coldness of a certain type of lovely child. I had to pull some kind of trick, for each kiss I got from Ronnie. She used her caresses to barter for what she wanted. But once she got her way, her ardor left me breathless.

And now she was saying, as she spread her wedding dress on the bed, "I'll have it dyed black. It'll make a smart little dinner gown." The way she said it was "smaht," for Ronnie had come from New York.

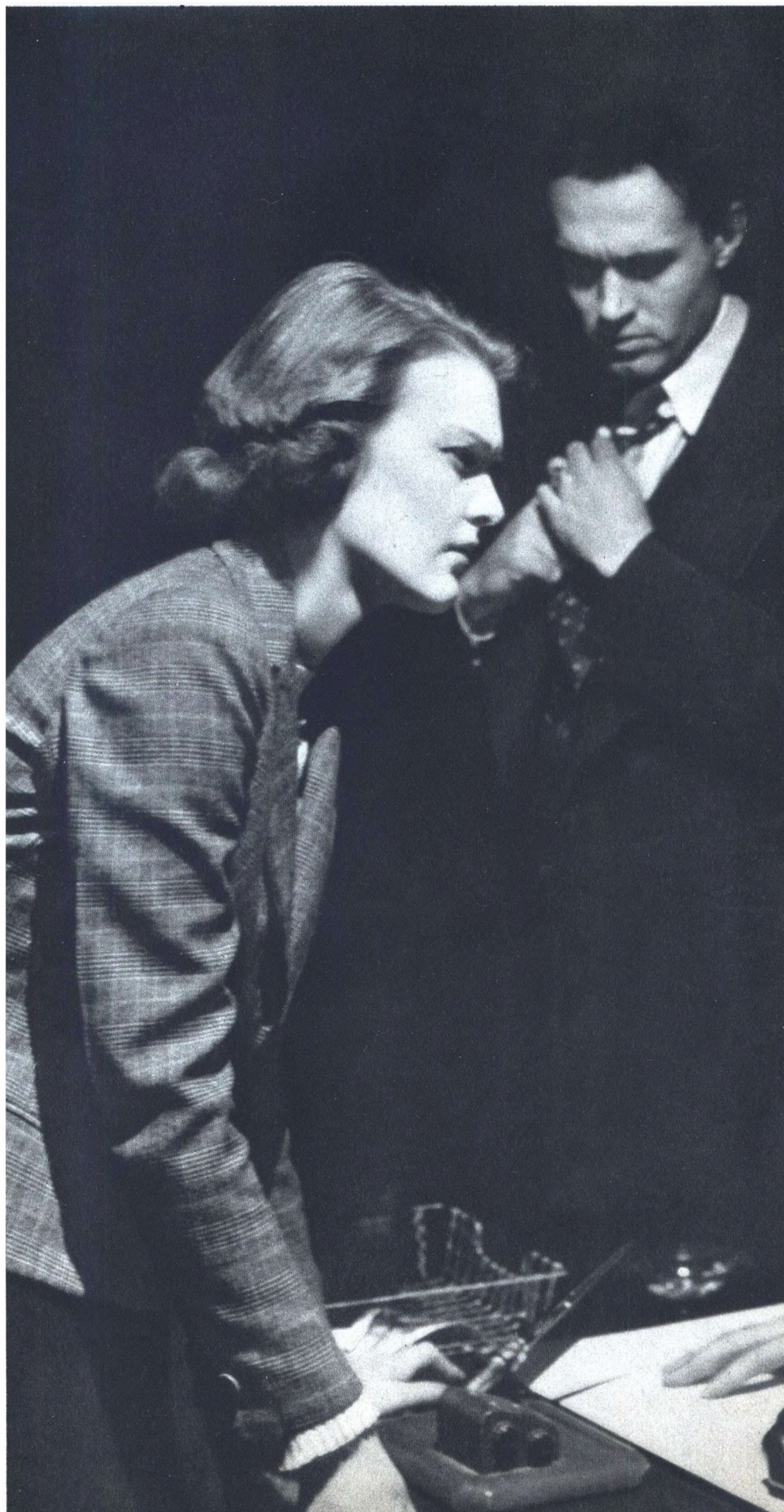
I thought she was nervous. Well, maybe she was. She should have been, anyway, for she had no right to wear that veil. She hadn't given me the slightest warning that there were past experiences in her life.

The funny part of it was that she might easily have deceived me. I was only twenty-five myself at the time I married her, no expert on the subject of women; and besides, I wanted to be deceived, as most men do in such a situation.

But Ronnie didn't seem to care what I suspected about her, once she had succeeded in marrying me. I, who thought I'd have to teach her certain things, found it the other way around. And yet, I was neither shocked nor disillusioned. It seemed as if I had always known, deep down in my heart, the kind of girl she really was—or would turn out to be, once the security of marriage gave her the nerve to be herself.

I accepted her as she was, and neither of us ever mentioned whatever was in her past. The next day, we set off on our honeymoon to a camp in the northern Wisconsin woods. I was Ronnie's, body and

"I came here to keep my husband from giving you money. You're powerless to blackmail us! Now get out!" Barbara raged.



MILT was struggling to get up. I had bruised his neck but he wasn't dead. Just in time, I had been saved from being twice a murderer.

soul. Intimacy made our kisses more thrilling, not less so. Those two weeks were a constant delight. At rare moments when I could think coherently, I told myself:

"This is a new life, for both of us. A wonderful honeymoon, but it will be great to get home just the same."

I saw the big white house on Maple Street, where I had been born and where I had grown up, become a real home again—with little children playing on the shaded lawn, and splashing around in the brook that bounded the property in the rear.

I fancied Ronnie would be doubly welded to me, with all her strange, feverish charm intact, but somehow softened and glorified by motherhood.

BUT when we returned to town, no one called on Ronnie. Not even the people who had come to our wedding. I wasn't dumb, and I understood my townfolk. It was as if they had said:

"We came to your wedding, Phil, because you are one of us, and because we knew your mother and father. But we won't be friends with the girl you've married. She isn't one of us, and we don't want her to be."

Curiously enough, Ronnie didn't mind this attitude. I doubt if she even understood she was being snubbed. She wasn't up on the social customs of a place like Carsonville, and she didn't expect certain women to call on her. At first, I was furious. I prepared to take hardboiled steps to bring about her acceptance socially. But when I realized her sincere lack of interest, I let matters slide. There couldn't be anything of mutual interest, I figured, between Ronnie, say, and the various social leaders in town who imported celebrities from Chicago to lecture at their culture clubs.

The young married set would be equally boring to Ronnie, with their petty rivalries, attempts at sophistication, and fake flirtations with each others' husbands. For my wife was a real personality, keenly, everlastingly herself, in a world where everyone frantically copied everyone else.

When our children came, I reasoned, my friends and neighbors would have become used to Ronnie and gotten over the shock of my sudden marriage to her and the situation would straighten itself out. Meanwhile, in the first winter of our marriage, we lived for each other, it seemed, with Ronnie's brother, Milton, the only guest at our home. For amusement, we went to Chicago once a week, staying over at a hotel, and playing around at night clubs and with acquaintances we formed there.

Still dazed by the miracle of possessing Ronnie, I was perfectly happy and took it for granted she was happy, too.

One morning, as I was having breakfast with her at the bedside—she always breakfasted in bed—she amazed me by saying:

"I want to [Please turn to page 46]"





H-AIR CONDITIONING

LOVELY Priscilla Lane is justly proud of her crowning glory. But, as she will admit, it takes careful and constant care. This article tells you how.

*East Side, West Side, all around the town,
Everybody's asking, "Shall I wear it up or down?"
From Maine to California
The girls all want to know—
So here are our suggestions on the question, "High or low?"
—To the tune of The Sidewalks of New York.*

Is your hair your crowning glory or just something to cover up with a hat? For specific advice on care of the hair, write to Winifred Rogers, c/o TRUE CONFESIONS, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (3 cents in U. S. postage) with your letter.

By WINIFRED ROGERS

THE VANITY CASE

FRANKLY, I don't think it makes much difference *how* you wear your hair—so long as it is becoming and beautifully groomed.

The upswept hairstyle has many things in its favor. Newness. A quaint charm that goes well with romantic clothes. An air of grown-up dignity. Display for beautiful throats and ears.

But there are just as many advantages to the long bob. A touch more sex-appeal. A youthful casualness. Adaptability to all occasions. A screen for not-quite-perfect throat, chin or ears.

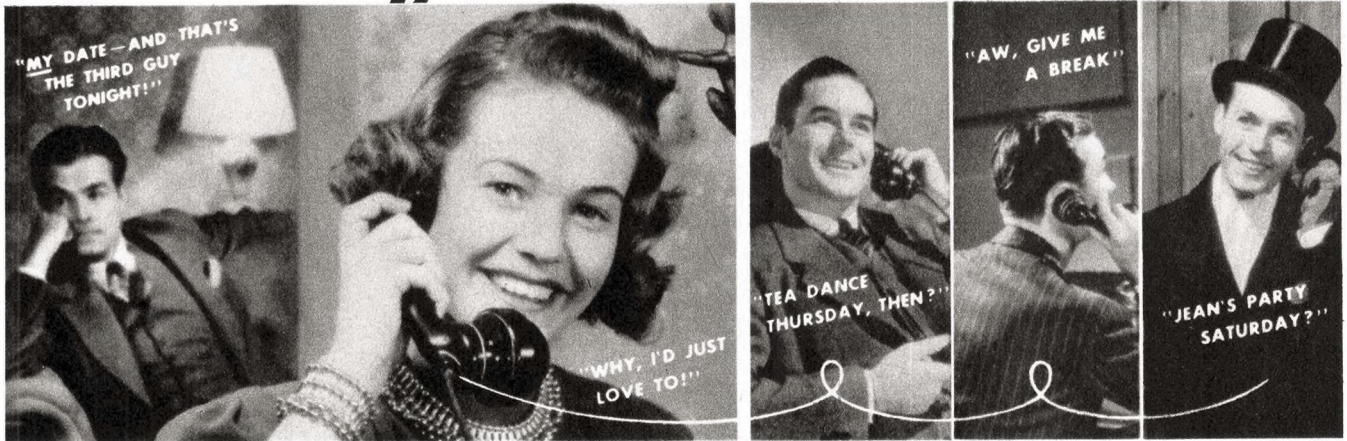
Besides—there are so many hairstyles betwixt and between these extremes. Hair up in front and down in back. Frankly long hair fastened in a knot at the neckline. A cluster of curls tied with a ribbon at the back, a la George Washington.

And now they say we're going to be wearing "lotsa" bangs. Curly bangs and other varieties. One of the smartest looking young women I know appeared the other day with a modern interpretation of the Dutch bob—a fringe of sleek black hair on her forehead, the rest of the hair a straight sweep of glossiness.

The answer, obviously, is take your pick and stop worrying. Spend your time and effort on making your hair itself beautiful—by making it appeal to the eye, the nose and the fingers.

You may think that if your hair *looks* nice, that's enough. Maybe it is enough to impress [Please turn to page 44]

Life's a Whirl!



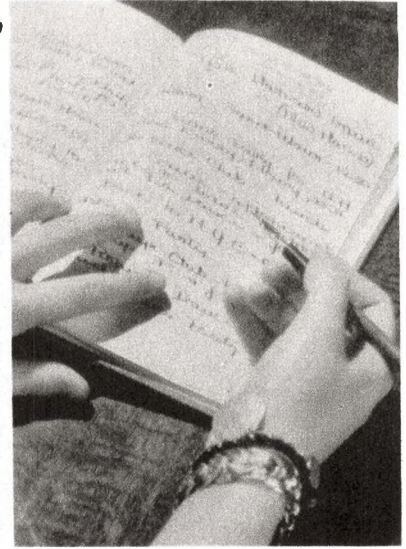
Today's Debs Take EXTRA SKIN CARE—They Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into their Skin*



In the Ritz-Carlton's Crystal Garden—Margaret Biddle, Philadelphia deb, dances. She goes in for today's extra skin care... "I always cream extra 'skin-vitamin' into my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream."



Benefit opens Chicago's Opera Season—Tita Johnson, season's deb. "Extra 'skin-vitamin' in my daily Pond's creamings is just common sense."



Date Book—Four parties in one evening! No wonder **Phebe Thorne, New York deb,** sleeps till noon. To keep that fresh, sparkling look she uses **Pond's**. "I believe in it."



White Week End—Boston Debs frequently week-end at Peckett's in the White Mountains. (above) **Adelaide Weld,** debutante in Boston and New York. Faithful use of Pond's helps keep her skin smooth and soft. "It's so easy—I just cream my skin with Pond's."



Washington—Evalyn McLean chats between dances at her family's mansion, "Friendship," rendezvous of international society. She chose Pond's. "It's famous for smoothing skin to give make-up **glamour plus.**"



In Pond's Laboratory—Electrically driven propellers stir and mix Pond's Cold Cream.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns **quicker.** Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, price.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

He Was Already Married!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]



my life, and never would have. Marty's Mine, a seven-room bungalow in a town I hated, and a small-town dentist for a husband, who would stay a small-town dentist, until the day he died.

All the old bitterness was back in my eyes when I looked at Jim that night. I saw little things I'd never noticed before—how the sleeves of his Sharpsville-made coat, hung too long on his wrists. The farm twang to his speech, that college hadn't softened. The way he handled his fork, and spread his bread in one big piece, like Pop, instead of breaking it into small pieces, as eating at Marty's had taught me. I snapped him up on it, my voice sharper than he'd ever heard it before.

He looked at me for a long minute, the piece of bread in his hands before he put it down. He said slowly: "Getting bread to eat has been a lot more important to me, I'm afraid, Carry, than learning how to eat it. I'm sorry."

I never was so ashamed in all my life. I made my lips sweeter on his that night than they had been on our wedding night. I was yielding and soft in his arms, praying for the love that I could stir in him so easily, to stir me, too—into forgetting his hurt and my bitterness.

But it didn't. It seemed to me in those days that dragged themselves out before Marty's home-coming, that nothing Jim could say or do was right. I picked at him and nagged at him. I found fault with little things and big. He took it at first as he had taken my criticism about the bread. He was careful with his eating, and kept his coat on when he came into the house. "Trying to make me over, are you?" he'd chuckle. "Sly puss, didn't you ever hear that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear?"

"Just because we live in a hick town, is no reason we've got to be hicks, too!" I snapped. I pretended I didn't see the hurt in his eyes, nor the tight, white line that edged his lips. A line, that before either of us knew what was happening, had taken its place with those other lines life had carved there.

It wasn't until the day Marty and Mark came back to Sharpsville, that we had our first real quarrel.

Jim came home from the office early, his eyes shining with his news. "Get out your glad rags, hon! Your friend Marty and her husband are back in town—or will be when the five o'clock gets in. Met Mr. Hamill on the street and he showed me the message. We're to go up for dinner tonight. She wants us. Wired her father to be sure we came. . . ."

"I won't go!" I cried, nearer to panic than I'd ever been in all my life before. "Dashing up there just because Marty Hamill crooks her finger! I won't. All

she wants is to parade her fine husband before me so she can. . . ."

"—can laugh at the lemon you picked. Is that the idea, Carry?"

"You said that. I didn't," I said angrily. But I couldn't keep the red blood out of my face. Jim saw it and swung me around, his eyes hard, his hands tense on my shoulders.

"Listen, Carry, this thing has been coming to a head for a long time. We might as well have it out here and now. I told you when I first met you that I understood you. I do. Better than I wish I did. I've always known you envied Marty, and I never blamed you much. I've envied people in my life—still do. But when it comes to envying her her husband, I draw the line. I'm no sophisticated, world-trotter like this guy of Marty's. I'm a small-town dentist who'll probably stay one, but I'm no humble dirt-eater who thinks he isn't good enough for you or any of your fine friends—because I am!"

"You're too good," I said miserably, and began to cry, my head against his coat. His arms reached in quick penitence around me. We were quiet, both of us, when we dressed for the dinner that night, and the lines in Jim's face were deep.

WITHIN less than two hours, I had met Mark Jamison.

I wish I could forget it. I can't. There are some things a woman can never forget. The birth of love is one. Weeks of envy had made my heart ready for it, I suppose, but I know it was born in me the minute I looked in Mark Jamison's face. A tall man, taller even than Jim, with seeking, restless eyes, and an odd, half-amused twirk to his lips, as though, deep inside him, he was laughing at this new domesticity that held him.

Through a fog, deep as pitch, I heard his voice saying: "So this is Carry? I've heard so much about you it seems as though I'd known you all my life!" I heard myself answering, with a voice I didn't know as mine: "And you are Mark, Marty's far-away god from far-away lands!" I felt my hand in his, and excited shivers ran down my spine.

I don't remember much about that dinner, except that Mark and I sat together at the table, while Jim, at ease beneath Marty's friendly, open approval, laughed with her behind the flowers that screened us.

I know that we played contract afterward, with Mark and me as partners against Marty and Jim. That we laughed and joked, and that Marty's possessive happiness, and the love in her eyes when they flew to Mark, were knives that cut my heart. And Jim—Jim was a man I'd never known, his kisses not even memories on my lips.

It had happened as quickly as that, and as completely. Love, full-blown, physical love, that ached and desired and implored. It was in my eyes everytime I looked at Mark—everytime I caught him looking at me. And he was looking at me a lot before the evening was over.

"I'm crazy!" I told myself. "Stark, crazy mad. He doesn't even know I'm alive." But somehow I knew that his eyes, above his cards, were always seeking mine, resting on my corn-yellow hair, my mouth.

the white line of my throat. I could feel his eyes like fingers that caressed me.

My consciousness of him was like a physical thing as I talked to Marty, and to Jim. It never left me. It was as though I had tuned in on his soul, and heard its message above every other sound. I could read the soul that shone behind his reckless, questing eyes. He had a hungry soul that Marty's worship was stifling rather than feeding. I knew that he had tuned in on mine, and knew what it held.

Out in the kitchen, raiding the refrigerator for a midnight lunch, with Jim and Marty laughing over a bottle of beer that had been too carelessly opened, he said to me, so quietly that at first I thought I had dreamed the words:

"If I were an artist, I'd paint you as Ceres with a sheaf of yellow wheat in your hand, and corn-flowers in your hair. But I wouldn't paint what I see in your eyes. I wouldn't—dare."

I hid them behind my lashes, a sick flood of shame sweeping me. I forced myself to laugh: "That's pretty big-town talk, for my small-town ears! Haven't you found out yet, that we are simple folk here in Sharpsville? What do you see in my eyes that you'd be afraid to paint?"

"The same thing there is in mine," he said bleakly. "Desire."

THEN Jim and Marty were there beside us, and we were eating sandwiches I didn't taste. I told myself: "It isn't true. I dreamed it. It can't be true!"

He didn't go out on the porch with us when we said good night but stood in the doorway, his hands cupped around a cigarette, while Marty walked down the steps with us. She flung her arms around me and pulled me close. "Your Jim's sweet, Carry. . . . I'm crazy about him! And don't you like Mark?" she whispered. "Do you wonder I'm so mad about him? I'd die for him if I had to and be glad!" In the light of the porch lamp, I saw her eyes like two stars shining through the mist of happy tears that dimmed them.

I didn't pay much attention to Jim's silence on the way home, for I was silent, too. I felt eerie and light, as though my feet weren't touching the ground. My heart didn't seem to be where it belonged, but flying high above me, in a star-spangled, moon-glorious sky. A foolish, singing heart. A run-away heart, that neither shame nor guilt, right or wrong, could capture, or tame.

I knew that the hurt of our quarrel before we had left for Marty's still rankled, and that seeing Mark hadn't helped it any. I knew I was talking too much, and foolishly. Crawling into bed, finally, I turned my face to the wall, afraid of what my eyes might betray.

Looking back at it now, I know that the fire that was burning in me had been smoldering for a long, long time. Envy, greed, frustrated hopes, frustrated desires—dangerous wood, needing only the final spark to send them into ravaging flames. The spark of a guilty, forbidden love.

I tried to shame myself out of it. "He doesn't even know I'm alive!" I told myself miserably. What he said to me the other night is just a line he probably hands out to every pretty girl he meets. But—

[Please turn to page 65]



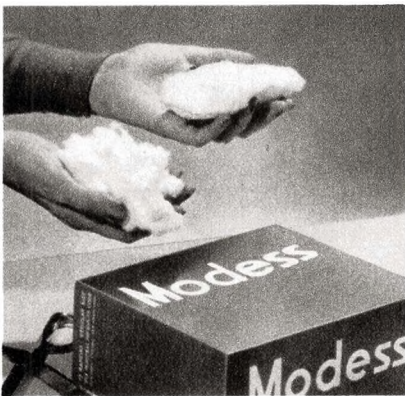
Daisy got orchids for telling—



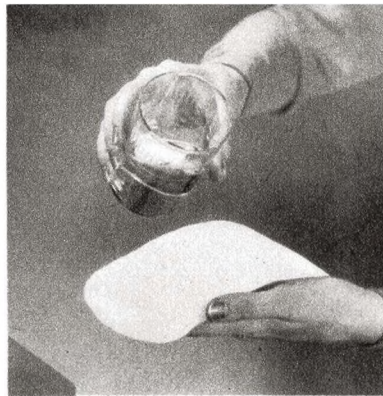
I could hardly keep a straight face at the bridge club yesterday. In strolled Daisy—with her whole shoulder a quiver with orchids. Naturally, the girls were dying to find out who'd sent them. But Daisy just smiled mysteriously and said, "Wouldn't you like to know?" Ha-ha, I thought, *wouldn't Daisy like to know!*

Here's what happened. I ran into Daisy downtown on Monday. I'd been shopping all afternoon, and I wasn't up to par anyway. "Daisy," I moaned, "I'm so chafed and uncomfortable I can't go another step. Let's stop in here and have a soda."

"So that's what ails you," said Daisy, when I'd explained more fully. And with that she marched over to a counter and came back in a flash with a package. "I just got you a box of Modess," she said, "and I'll deliver it and you right to your door. Come on—my car's outside . . ."



"Now for some scissors," were her first words when we got home. I handed them to her—and she cut a Modess pad in two and showed me the soft, fluffy filler. I was amazed at the difference between the "fluff-type" filler in Modess and the layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!



"You bet Modess is softer," Daisy continued. "And what's more, it's safer! There's a moisture-resistant backing inside every Modess pad!" Whereupon she took out the backing . . . and dropped some water on it. Safer is right!—Not a drop went through!



So—the truth is that Daisy's orchids came from me! Modess gave me such wonderful relief—both from chafing and worry—that I thought a corsage of orchids was none too great a reward. And to make the thrill greater, I left out my card—so Daisy would think they came from an admiring beau.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES— THEIR PREVENTION AND CARE



“AN OUNCE of prevention is worth a pound of cure!” These words were never truer than when they refer to contagious diseases. For today there is sufficient medical knowledge to stamp out completely most contagious diseases. One thing is, however, of paramount importance—the public must cooperate and help!

But before we get really started with our discussion of contagious diseases, let us take time out to define some of the words we are going to use, so that all of us will know exactly what is meant. First of all, a contagious disease is any disease which may be transmitted by contact with another person. In other words—a disease that's catching.

Immunization means protection against a specific disease, by substances called immune bodies, in the blood. Isolation means separating the sick one from the rest of the household.

General Rules To Follow

Contagious diseases are definitely related to seasons. Scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, whooping cough and chicken pox are more common in the winter and spring. Infantile paralysis is a disease of warm weather.

In the care and management of contagious diseases, isolation and quarantine are the first rules to follow. The period of quarantine is decided by the board of health in each town. The doctor is required by law to report the existence of a contagious disease to the local board of health, which in turn puts a sign on the house. It is unfair of parents to ask the doctor to break the law by not reporting the case. He has to consider every other child in the community. For it is by just such measures that epidemics can be prevented. Here is an opportunity for every intelligent parent to cooperate!

SPECIAL OFFER

Would you like to have a model diet for your year-old baby? Just write to Dr. Bergman, c/o TRUE CONFESIONS, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply. (3 cents U. S. postage).

YOUR BABY



By
BEATRICE
BERGMAN
M. D.

Isolation prevents the disease from spreading to others. At the same time, it protects the sick child, whose resistance is lowered by illness, from getting other infections.

The sick room must be isolated—if possible away from the other rooms in the house. It should be sunny, have fresh air and be free of drafts. All dust collectors, such as draperies and unnecessary furniture should be removed.

Visitors, even relatives, must positively be excluded. The person who takes care of the child should wear a gown or Hoover apron and a mask while in the sick room. Before leaving the room she should remove the gown, and wash her hands in a disinfecting solution, which is in a basin near the door.

Eating utensils and dishes should be boiled. All linens and towels must be kept separate and soaked in a disinfecting solution.

After the illness, floors and woodwork are washed with soap and water, followed by a solution of bichloride of mercury, which may be purchased at the drug store. The room is to be aired for several days and toys and books and rugs must be aired and cleaned. Fumigation, it has been found, is not efficient, because the fumes do not destroy the germs.

I would like to tell you a story that illustrates the importance of strict isolation. One of the children in a family of four contracted measles. The parents thought it would be just as well to have all the other children get the measles over with at the same time. They had heard that other families did [Please turn to page 72]

Will your baby grow as fast as Johnny?

A fine start . . . on Clapp's Strained Foods



Johnny at 3 months . . . "This picture was taken at the time Johnny had his first food from a spoon," relates Johnny Davies' mother. "We had agreed to let him be one of the test babies in our town (Westfield, N. J.) and the doctor started him off on Clapp's Baby Cereal first. After that came Clapp's Strained Spinach . . . and he loved it, right from the first . . ."



Johnny at 12 months . . . "Everybody said he was the happiest baby they ever saw—and he certainly was a healthy one! He had every food on the Clapp list from five months on—I'd give him a new one every few days—and he gained better than a pound a month right along. That speaks well for the vitamins and minerals in Clapp's Foods!"

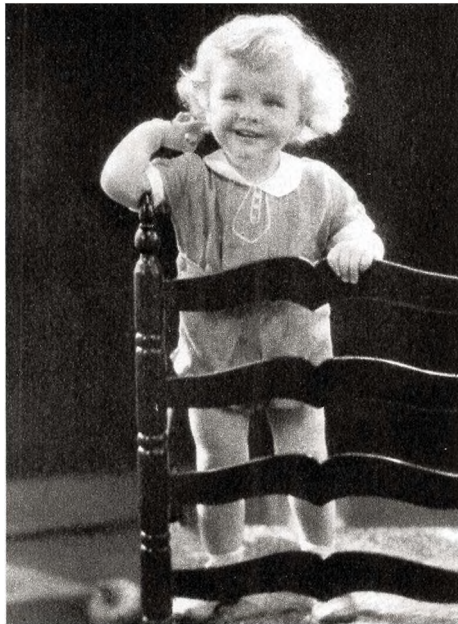


17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables
Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots Green Beans • Mixed Greens
Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce
Cereal—Baby Cereal

The good work is continued . . . with Clapp's Chopped Foods



Johnny at 22 months . . . "A regular husky! He could already play ball with his Daddy. Of course, he'd outgrown Strained Foods, but, luckily, just at that time the Clapp people started to make Chopped Foods. They're more coarsely divided, the way doctors advise for older babies and toddlers. And such a blessing! No special marketing or cooking, yet the baby has his own menu and the family have anything they like!"



Johnny at 3 years . . . "Here's Johnny now. Isn't he a big boy? And solid as a little rock. We think he's a great credit to Clapp's Foods—but then the other babies who had them are all fine, sturdy children, too. He still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods and he's specially fond of those new Junior Dinners. They're Beef or Lamb with vegetables and cereals. Very substantial, and flavorful, too—you ought to try them."



11 Varieties of Clapp's Chopped Foods

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup
Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables
Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens
Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.



CLAPP'S BABY FOODS



STRAINED FOR BABIES . . . CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN



If you've never
worn dress
shields before—
**START OUT
WITH THE BEST!**

"Marvelite"
CHIFFON LATEX
DRESS SHIELDS
BY HICKORY

"SO THIN—YOU WON'T KNOW THEY'RE IN"
Marvelite brings you pounds of protection and priceless comfort, daintiness and economy . . . in less than an ounce! Buy Chiffon Latex "Marvelite" Dress Shields for all your frocks—today! Never another whisper about perspiration stain!—no more underarm acid-damage to your clothes!—never another speck of annoying bulk!

Transparent, boilable, economical: 35c per pair, 3 for \$1. Money-back guarantee of satisfaction by the makers. You'll find "Marvelite"—and other styles of Hickory Dress Shields—at all good notions counters. Get your genuine **GUARANTEED** Hickory Shields today—refuse substitutes.



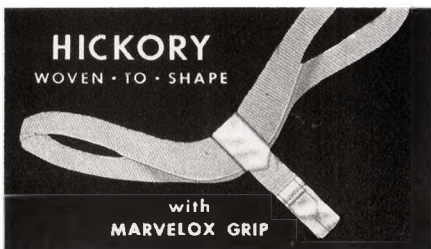
*"Be wise—do as I do—
wear a Hickory belt"*

HICKORY
"WOVEN-TO-SHAPE"

Sanitary Belts
WITH MARVELOX Grip

Don't buy bargains for the difficult days when you need **EXTRA** comfort, **EXTRA** security, **EXTRA** peace-of-mind. Get the best—you deserve it. Hickory Sanitary Belts cost so little more, but they give you so much more in the constant feather-light comfort and long wear of soft Miracle stretch Lastex. Perfect fitting . . . **WOVEN-TO-SHAPE** . . . with convenient Marvelox grip—no pins or bulky tabs. At all good notions counters—refuse substitutes.

A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles



THE VANITY CASE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

the gals, but don't overlook the men in your life, or the men you'd like to have in your life! Man is a funny creature. He is caught and held by just such little things as discovering, in the middle of a dance, that your hair smells like honeysuckle. Or that it feels soft and silky, brushing against his cheek—

Keep your hair clean. That's the first step in making it look like Priscilla Lane's glorious mop. Hair has a porous outer sheath that holds dirt and oil like a sponge. Unless this grime is removed frequently, the color and sheen of each individual hair is concealed. And you have hair that looks like a mass of cotton string, that feels rough and smells pretty awful.

If your hair is in that state—what difference does it make how you wear it? Getting down to fundamentals, let me tell you a few do's and don'ts of hair cleanliness. Always massage your scalp briskly for five minutes before shampooing, for a healthy, clean scalp is the foundation of beautiful hair. Massage also loosens scalp deposits so that they can be removed more easily by the shampoo.

Use a water softener in your shampoo water or, better still, use a special shampoo that is effective in hard, as well as soft, water. Otherwise, you'll find that you have merely substituted a dulling soap film for the dirt film. Rinse thoroughly, using a spray if possible.

Brush your hair dry, or almost dry, whenever you can. Never dry it with excessive heat. You needn't use a heavy, gummy setting lotion on your hair because there are so many lotions hardly thicker than water. And they leave no deposit on your hair or scalp. But they do control stubborn locks.

Consider your hair brush as much an aid to hair cleanliness as your favorite shampoo. You've heard girls complain that their hair never looks right, that it is fly-a-way and unmanageable for a few days after shampooing—and lank or oily for a few days before the next washing. Well, they're the ones who don't follow up their shampoo with daily brushing. A good brush, used correctly, polishes each hair, distributes just enough natural oil along the hair shaft to make it gleam—and removes excess oil and dirt!

Of course you must keep your hair-brush clean in order for it to be effective; but a brush with genuine bristles, fastened well, shampoos like a dream. Don't think you're doing a good job of brushing if you simply stroke your hair as you would stroke a kitten. Do it scientifically. Take a strand at a time, lift it *up* and *out* with firm sweeps of the brush. See that you exert a good pull on the scalp, too. Then you'll be stimulating the circulation as well as polishing off your hair.

ANY lecture on basic hair care must cover permanent waves, because they can, literally, make or break your hair. I have seen girls with frizzly permanent waves who would have looked much better if they'd left their hair straight as an Indian's. Curls and waves are luscious, indeed, but not at the price of ruined



UP, down, or half 'n half—
take your choice. Keep it
lovely with shampoo, good
brush, and cologne.

locks. If you will remember that permanent waving is a serious process, a method of bending each hair, via chemicals and heat, into a new shape, you'll see that it can't be taken lightly.

You can't buy a permanent wave in the offhand way you buy a hair-ribbon. And once you get the wave, you can't treat it as carelessly as you would a cheap hat. Be sure that your hair is fairly shining with health, before you shop for a permanent. If it isn't, then stick with your curlers and bob pin methods for a few weeks, and in the meantime, wield that old hairbrush faithfully, massage your scalp daily, shampoo carefully. If there is something seriously the matter with your scalp and hair, go to a really good scalp specialist for a series of treatments.

Buy your permanent by brand, not by the eeny-meenie-miney-mo method. Reputable manufacturers have laboratory staffs working overtime to perfect their machines, solutions and sachets, each one of which is an important cog. So you'll be safer if you stick with the big name methods.

The operator's skill is something else again. You'll just have to snoop around your town until you find an operator with a big following, and a long series of successful permanents. That proves her skill is up to the high standard of the manufacturer's supplies.

You can always put your tongue in your cheek when a beauty shop offers you a permanent wave at a ridiculously bargain price; because that means that they're not actually using good solution and sachets, even if they say so.

Once you've got your wave, keep up the good work of shampooing, brushing and

massaging. A slight dryness and frizziness immediately after the permanent doesn't mean that all is lost. With a week of home treatment, you can get rid of these enemies to hair beauty.

I'd like to take a stand right here against girls who let themselves be seen with their hair un-combed after it has been set and dried. Hair that has been properly set doesn't need to be pampered like that. Just as soon as it is completely dry, it should be brushed, and then combed, into place. Don't stir out of a booth until your operator has done just this; otherwise you'll look like a woman from Mars.

If beautiful hair is your goal, do write to me for any advice you need beyond the general hints given here. I'll be glad to give you the name, for instance, of some shampoos that are super-cleansers. One is made especially for dry hair and the other for oily or normal hair. Both are of the quick-acting type, which makes them just right for busy housewives and business girls. They lather madly before you can say scat, and rinse out just as fast. Hard water or soft water, it's all the same to these shampoos. They're made to lather speedily and cleanse thoroughly in any kind of water. And because your hair is so clean after a workout with one of them, you'll find it gleams brightly, whether in candle-light, sunlight or whatever.

I hope I have convinced you of the need for buying a permanent by brand name and I hope you'll write to me for the name of a wave that is going great guns out in Hollywood. (Incidentally, it isn't only the movie stars who have gorgeous hair out in sunny California. When I was out there recently, I couldn't help noticing all the healthy, glossy and thick heads of hair on girls everywhere).

Anyhow, this particular wave is used in most of the studios, and if it works on the stars, it should be all right for you and me. Curls and waves are necessary for the glamour girls—but even more necessary is that shining, alive look you see on screen coiffures. And that bespeaks a good, safe permanent.

A number of you have written me that you are afraid to brush your permanents because "it flattens out the wave." If your wave can't stand brushing, either you're not brushing properly, or your wave is faulty. Brushing vigorously "up" from the roots of the hair improves the wave and gives the hair life and luster.

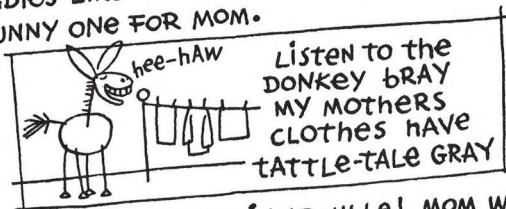
Remember what I said about making your hair appeal to the sense of smell? I still mean that, and here is a grand way of doing it. Dash cologne in your final shampoo rinse. Set your hair with cologne. Spray more cologne on it between shampoos.

There's one alluring scent that you'll like especially for this purpose. It has a spicy, lasting fragrance that has held its popularity for these many years. You can get perfume and face powder in the same scent, if you're afraid of conflict. Inexpensive, all of these. The cologne is only about a dollar a bottle, so you needn't feel wanton when you perfume your hair.

Write me before March 15th if you'd like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (3 cents in U.S. postage, please!) for my answer and address your letter to me, Winifred Rogers, c/o TRUE CONFESSIONS, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

DEAR GRANNY,

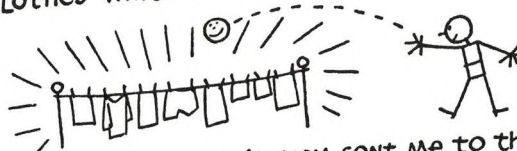
ON ACCOUNT OF YOU'RE ALWAYS GRUMBLING BEHIND MOM'S BACK ABOUT THE WAY HER WASHES LOOK AND ON ACCOUNT OF I ALWAYS THOUGHT LADIES LIKE TO GET VALENTINES I MADE THIS FUNNY ONE FOR MOM.



GOSH, DID IT GET ME IN TROUBLE! MOM WAS ALL FOR WALKING ME OUT TO THE WOODSHED TILL I TOLD HER HOW YOU SAID HER THINGS HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY CAUSE HER SOAP IS A SISSY AND LEAVES DIRT STICKING IN THE CLOTHES.



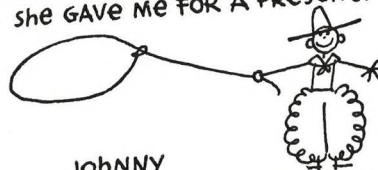
THEN I TOLD HER HOW YOU SAID SHE OUGHT TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP ON ACCOUNT OF ITS GOT HONEST-TO-GOODNESS NAPHTHA RIGHT IN THE RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND IT GETS CLOTHES WHITER THAN SNOWBALLS.



SO QUICK LIKE A RABBIT, MOM SENT ME TO THE GROCER'S FOR SOME FELS-NAPHTHA AND NOW SHE SAYS I'M AN ANGEL FOR SHOWING HER HOW TO CHASE AWAY TATTLE-TALE GRAY.



COURSE I DON'T BELIEVE THAT ANGEL STUFF, BUT I SURE DO LOOK SWELL IN THE COWBOY SUIT SHE GAVE ME FOR A PRESENT!



JOHNNY

Copyright 1939, Fels & Co.

P. S. If you want to see tattle-tale gray hurry out of your clothes—do what Johnny's mother did. Get Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's and try it! You'll find it easy on hands. Fine for your daintiest things. And it gives you the whitest, loveliest washes you ever pinned on a line!

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN. HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

Why IS THE ENGAGEMENT STONE a Diamond?



● According to old superstition, the sparkle in a diamond was said to be "the fire of love"—hence the diamond was thought to keep love undimmed.

Today, the beauty of a woman's skin is more important than the size or sparkle of her engagement ring. And Italian Balm, the famous Skin Softener, is "first choice" among countless women who realize that chapped, dry, coarse-textured skin is repulsive to the eye—and withering to romance.

You'll feel the difference in your skin the minute you start using Italian Balm. It will be smoother, softer, lovelier looking. Italian Balm contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest-selling brands—yet the cost to use is negligible, because it "goes so far." It's rich, wide-spreading—not thin or watery.

See for yourself why 98% of users interviewed said: "It acts quicker in overcoming dry, chapped, rough skin than anything I ever used before." Clip FREE coupon below.

Campana's Italian Balm

The Famous Skin Softener

FREE

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
573 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

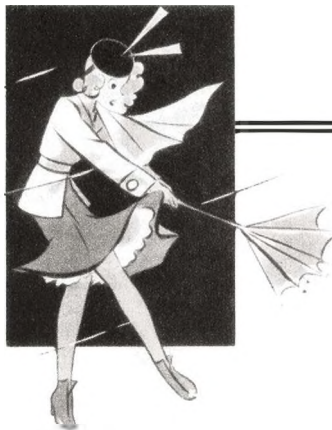
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., P.O. Box 100, Toronto



Blood on My Hands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

go to New York, Phil. I'll go nuts if I have to spend another month in this town."

"Sure," I said cheerfully. "We can go next year for a visit."

"Visit nothing," she snapped. "I didn't mean an outing. I want us to live in New York."

I stared at her, speechless, while she reached for a cigarette and began to sip her coffee. If anyone were ever tied to his own town, I was that person.

My father had been Carsonville's leading banker and my mother its civic, as well as social, leader. During the World War, when middle-west land values were sky high, Dad had been one of those paper millionaires. Then came the crash, felt in our part of the country before they felt it in the East. Dad's bank failed while I was away in an expensive military school, and a few years later Dad dropped dead in the street. Mother and I were without cash resources. All we had was farm land in Illinois and Indiana, mortgaged by my father and now returned to the estate, valued at a mere fraction of former inflation prices.

Mother and I dedicated ourselves to the task of straightening out Father's involved financial affairs. I got my law degree from the university and then discovered that the business of running big tenant farms, scattered throughout the state, was a full-time job. I attended to everything, from okaying a bill for a new barn roof, to holding grain until it could be sold to best advantage. I delighted in this work, for it meant building a new financial security for poor Mother, with the possibility of big profits if land should go up in value again.

But she, too, died. And then, about a year after her death, I met Ronnie Brooks through her brother, who, I thought, had been touring the country looking for a "business opportunity," meanwhile renting a small house that belonged to me while he looked over the prospects in Carsonville.

And now Ronnie was suggesting that we move to New York, even though she knew my deep interest in the farms, and my lack of other financial resources except the rents from them.

"Why, that would be impossible!" I cried. "With me in New York, profits would be cut in half. We simply couldn't get along on the revenue—not living in an expensive place like New York. Here we live rent free."

She didn't seem to be listening to me. Her eyes were blazing in fury. "I'll go back with my brother, then. I guess he can still support me—as he did before I got buried alive here."

"Is he going back?" I asked blankly.

"Yes! He's got connections there. He could get connections for you, too. You're a lawyer. Get alive, Phil, for goodness sake."

Again I refused. I wasn't a snob, and liked her brother well enough, because he was her brother. But I couldn't deny that Milton Brooks wasn't my kind. He was a pallid-looking man of about thirty, with a shifty air about him and an eye out for anything that came his way, so long as it wasn't regular work. Even after several months of marriage to Ronnie, I was still in the dark about how they had gotten on—how he was getting along now.

"I couldn't depend on him," I told her flatly, "for the kind of connections I'd want in New York."

"Leave him out of it, then," she said. "But I might as well tell you that you've got to move there. If you don't, it's goodbye."

The word sounded horrible, coming from those lips I loved. Goodby. I jumped up and took Ronnie in my arms, holding her close. She was perfectly passive, silent, as I kissed and caressed her. And then a terrible realization shook me. She meant what she said, and I was powerless to oppose her. I couldn't let her leave me, no matter what.

I couldn't face life without the sweet, languorous warmth of her body, the sound of her voice, the sight of her in my home. I knew she was selfish, small-minded, indifferent to all the values of life which I had been brought up to respect. But this meant nothing—absolutely nothing—against the passionate love I felt for her. And yet I suffered, accepting my weakness and my slavery, not fooled for a minute by what it was.

Suddenly she jerked away from me, and

was out of bed before I knew what was happening. I caught a flash of her white, frightened face, and then ran after her.

But she slammed the bathroom door in my face, and I knew she was ill. When she came out at last, a suspicion of the truth had occurred to me.

"No, I'm not!" she cried, when I began to ask leading questions. "And leave me alone, Phil Bradhurst. I'm going to sleep again."

I drove to the little office I had, over the one surviving bank on Main Street. All

HOW TRUE CONFESSIONS HELPED ME SOLVE MY PROBLEM

It is very gratifying to know that our magazine has helped so many people. The following letters to the editor won prizes:

H. D. H., Parkersburg, W. Va.	\$15.00
Mrs. W. R. S., Toston, Mont.	10.00
Miss A. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.	5.00
Dr. J. E. D'A., Costa Rica	3.00
Mrs. E. M., Grants Pass, Ore.	2.00

day, I was excited by the hope that she was pregnant. This would explain her sudden outbreak. It had been nothing more serious than slight hysteria. And besides, I felt that if she had a child, it would mean a better, more stable life for both of us.

At noon, I hurried home, instead of having lunch in the grill room of the local hotel with a group of friends, as I usually did. I was strangely happy when I reached the house. "She'll be feeling better now," I thought. "We can talk it all over, make plans, including a trip to New York to cheer her up."

She was still in bed, but sitting propped up against the pillow, reading a magazine. Beside her was a coffee-stained saucer piled high with cigarette stubs.

Hearing me, she dropped the magazine. I took the cigarette from between her puckered lips and kissed them hungrily. She said something sharp and pushed me away.

"Why did you come home?" she asked petulantly.

"To see if you were all right," I explained. "I'll tell Nora to make lunch for you, and to clear away this mess. What do you think you'd like?"

"To be let alone," she said slowly but ominously. "I told Nora to keep out, and she had sense enough to do it."

"Ronnie," I pleaded, "tell me the truth. You needn't be afraid. I'll be darned happy to be a father, if that's it."

For a moment that seemed hours, she fixed me with her brilliant blue eyes. Then she pushed back the rich, warm hair I loved, like a girl gone mad.

"You'll never be a father," she cried, her voice breaking into a scream, "if I can help it! Not as far as I'm concerned, you won't! Do you realize I'm only twenty? Do you think I'm going to be tied down with a kid at the very beginning of my life?"

I stepped back, appalled at her outburst—sick at heart at her words. Not trusting myself to speak, I went out of the house, back to my office. But before long, I was excusing Ronnie, trying to get up the nerve to phone her.

She was young, at that. Young and neglected as to background. She and her brother had grown up in the streets of New York, of poor, shiftless parentage. No, Ronnie hadn't had time to find herself yet. Just give her starved, greedy little soul a chance to expand in an atmosphere of security and comparative culture, I thought, and she'll change.

I began to blame myself for not helping her mind to develop—for treating her like a capricious, beloved sweetheart rather than like a wife. I couldn't wait to go home that evening to assure myself that she hadn't really meant what she said.

BUT when I got home, a full hour before my usual time, I didn't find Ronnie curled up in her usual corner of the big sofa. I started to go upstairs, when Nora called to me from the kitchen:

"Mrs. Bradhurst ain't home. I think she went to a doctor in Granada. I heard her telephone a doctor and then call for a taxi to drive her there."

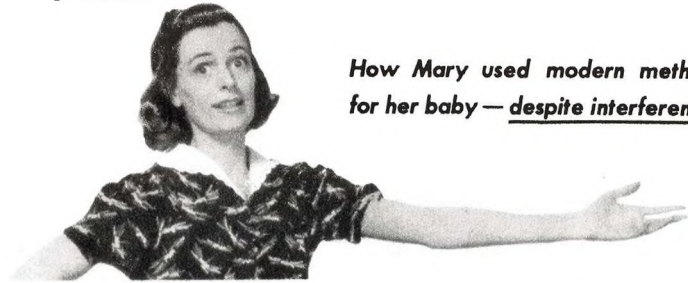
I was enough of a home town boy to know what that meant! In Granada, a village several miles south of Carsonville, there was a certain Dr. Hilbrun. Then there was no doubt Ronnie was pregnant.

I found myself shouting at Nora, "When did she leave?"

"Around three o'clock."

Would I have time to stop the horrible desecration of herself that Ronnie intended to perpetrate? For I knew with a

"Why does my mother-in-law *always* take my husband's side?"



How Mary used modern methods for her baby — despite interference!



MARY: John, will you take your hands off that child and listen to ME for a change?
JOHN: I'll handle this MY way! I'll *make* her take it...



MOTHER-IN-LAW: My dear, you know John is ALWAYS right...
MARY: Oh mother... please... please...



MOTHER-IN-LAW: But I'm only trying to help...!
MARY: But I *don't need help!* It so happens I talked with the doctor this morning. He said it's old-fashioned to *force* Sally to take a nasty-tasting laxative. It's liable to shock her nerves and upset her digestive system.



MARY: He told me to get a PLEASANT-TASTING laxative that Sally would take willingly, but not one made for adults. A grown-up's laxative can be TOO STRONG for ANY child's insides. He said that the modern method of *special* care calls for a *special* laxative, too. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



MOTHER-IN-LAW: Fletcher's Castoria?
MARY: Yes! The doctor said Fletcher's Castoria is the modern laxative made especially, and *only*, for children. It's SAFE... has no harsh drugs. And children simply love its taste!



JOHN: Look, mother, look!... she's taking Fletcher's Castoria like a lamb!
MOTHER-IN-LAW: Humph! Looks like maybe the modern method is best, after all.
MARY: We'll have some peace around here now.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children



THE EVIL MEN DO

One of the most powerful confessions ever printed—the startling revelations of a daughter of divorce, who was eager for love, yet terrified of its bondage. Nothing she had learned from her glamorous mother or her Puritan father could protect her from the follies of youth.

Is it any wonder she was baffled in that strange, frenzied world of broken ties and shattered faith?

Also in this issue of true stories you'll never forget:

- HIS FOR THE ASKING
- THEY SAID I WAS BAD
- FUGITIVE FROM MARRIAGE
- SHOULD I BE ASHAMED OF LOVE?

Plus the poignantly thrilling romance of Veloz and Yolanda, internationally known dance team—

WE MET IN A DANCE HALL

By Frank Veloz

NOW ON SALE

10¢



Romantic Story

terrible certainty what Ronnie meant to do, otherwise why should she go to Granada? It was a grim joke among the fellows that when you got a girl in trouble, you took her to Granada.

Dr. Hilbrun was a leering, prematurely aged disgrace to his profession, said to be a drug addict. A fiend like that daring to lay hands upon my beautiful Ronnie! Daring to destroy the sacred fruit of our love, to injure her health, perhaps.

I rushed out of the house and leaped into my car, rage singing in my head. Would he dare? A girl of my wife's standing? As the wheels ate up the road between Carsonville and Granada, I calmed down somewhat and told myself that Hilbrun surely would send her away. She was no unmarried girl who "was in trouble," or the school kids who crept to him for help.

In less than fifteen minutes, I was stopping in front of a prim white house on the outskirts of the little town. I charged up the porch steps and punched the bell. Presently, a thin, dark woman came to the door. That was the doctor's wife. She was said to be a former nurse, who now helped him in his shady practice.

In a hoarse voice, she asked, "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I want my wife," I told her shortly. "I understand she came here. My name is Bradhurst."

"No person named Bradhurst came here." Her voice dropped to a weak whisper. She seemed to be barring my way, and I grabbed her by the arm, ready to push her aside.

"I don't know what name she gave," I cried. "She's a red-haired girl—young—she was probably wearing a leopard coat."

And then, seeing fear and horror in her widened eyes, I knew Ronnie was some place in that house, maybe at this moment being butchered.

I shoved the woman aside, but she didn't try to hold me back. Instead, she dashed down the porch steps like a mad woman, hatless and wearing nothing but a house dress. I ran into the hall, then through the open door of a living room. Empty. The whole house seemed deserted. Where was his office?

Back in the hall again, I saw a closed door at the other side of the stairs. Flung it open, I found myself in a plainly furnished room that seemed to be where he received patients. To the rear of this room, was another door. Something told me Ronnie must be there, and I went in swiftly, without knocking.

At first, I was dazzled by an intense whiteness of sheets, and a long table under strong lights, and a man in white whose sleeves were rolled up like a butcher's. He was standing with his back to me, partially blocking my view of the operating table.

Without touching him, I moved to his side and looked down on what he was looking at.

"She's dead," I heard him mutter. "Went bad—passed out."

It was Ronnie, lying still and stark, her lips half-parted. She seemed to be saying her last words to me: "At the very beginning of my life."

AT THE trial, I told the truth when I said I didn't know what happened after that. There'd be no use lying now, would there?

My next memory is seeing him on the floor beside the table. Some kind of a surgical knife was sticking into his fat throat, and there was a long streak of blood on my wrist. Dazedly I looked to see if I had cut myself, but I hadn't. It was the doctor's blood. I had killed him.

A woman was screaming . . . screaming . . . as if she'd never stop.

"Ronnie," I remember saying, "don't scream like that."

Then my brain cleared and I recognized Hilbrun's wife, who had come back. With a sheet I covered Ronnie's body that wasn't cold yet, and telephoned the sheriff.

The sheriff, Elmer Barter, and the other boys at the county jail, told me it would be all right. But I knew it would never be all right. I couldn't sleep at night, remembering. Not only remembering Ronnie, but the way that woman had screamed, and the blood on my wrist. When they gave me drugs to make me sleep, I remembered in the daytime, instead.

In the spring, I went to trial. My lawyers' plea was temporary insanity, and a jury of farmers, farmers' wives and small town business men acquitted me in five minutes. The courtroom broke into spontaneous applause.

I walked out of the courtroom a free man, but in my heart I was still a murderer. Nothing could change that.

The minister of my church, the friends who flocked to comfort me and the family doctor, tried to snap me out of the guilty, shamed despair that was turning me into a hermit. I hadn't planned the act, they told me. If ever a man was justified in taking life, I was justified. The doctor didn't deserve to live, and undoubtedly I had saved the lives of many other women. I shall never forget the understanding and kindness of my old friends and neighbors.

But all this was only a review of what had been said in the courtroom. It meant nothing to me.

A week after my release, at about ten o'clock one night, Ronnie's brother came to the house. We sat in the living room, and I couldn't seem to concentrate on what he was saying, except that it was pretty much the usual stuff about how I had done the only thing a man could be expected to do under the circumstances, and that he was glad his sister's death had been avenged.

I let him yammer on, while I looked at his face in growing fascination. It seemed as if I had never seen him before—or maybe that I'd never really seen Ronnie. Because I noticed for the first time a decided resemblance between them. The same eyes, bright and rather close-set. And although his hair was a dirty brown, it grew in the same peak on the low forehead. He was about my own age, a colorless, vaguely rat-like, little fellow—and yet like Ronnie.

A weak, sad anger took hold of me, and I wanted him to go. My wife's image was the only thing I had to hold on to—the hope that she knew everything, and loved me from another world because I had loved her so much that I had killed for her. And now he was tearing down my only source of comfort by looking like her, even talking as she did.

"If you don't mind," I said finally, "I'm going to turn in. Come around another time, Milt. I'm all in tonight."

"I was thinking of leaving town tomorrow," he said. "Now that Ronnie's gone, and nothing interesting had turned up. It don't seem much use to stick around. But I'm kinda strapped—"

I realized now that I never wanted to set eyes on him again. "Can I help you out in any way?" I asked eagerly. I put aside the thought that Ronnie must have been giving him money after her marriage to me, and maybe before—that they were shoddy adventurers, both of them, living on whatever they could pick up here and there.

"I was thinking of buying a trailer," he said. "There's a good second-hand job down in Shipman's garage. He only wants seven-fifty for it. That'd get me out of town."

I had very little cash. The cost of my defense had left me pretty flat, too. But only yesterday, one of my tenants had offered to buy a farm. The offer had been ridiculously low, and I hadn't been interested. But now I said to Milt:

"I'm selling a piece of land tomorrow. I'll have the money for you in a few days."

Maybe it was this sale, and seeing the last of Milton Brooks, that gave me the idea of clearing out of town myself.

Anyway, that's what I did. I put the property in the hands of an insurance company that had a department which handled estates like mine, and told everyone I was taking a trip to Europe. Then I sold the car, boarded up the old house and took a train out of town. I hadn't any illusions about what the financial result of this move would be. I knew deposits wouldn't pile up in the bank. Farms require personal attention. My losses would be the tenants' gains. But I wasn't interested in money. All I wanted was to walk among people, no matter how kindly they were, who wouldn't know my hands were stained with blood.

LESS than a year later, I had become another person. I was a practicing attorney in a small city on the Eastern seaboard, and my name had been legally changed from Philip Bradhurst to Raymond Preston. Under the new name, I had taken the bar examinations of the state in which I was now living, receiving the right to practice law under that name.

Before leaving my home state, I had borrowed several thousand dollars on my property. This money I used to get started. I bought a partnership in a conservative old firm in the city I had chosen, and that's how I met Barbara Huxley. She was the favorite niece of my senior partner, Frederick Huxley.

On the day she first walked into the office to see her uncle about something or other, I understood for the first time what love really is. No, I didn't fall in love with her on sight, but I recognized immediately the foundation of a true, lasting love.

Barbara was neither pretty nor smartly dressed. It was a hot day in July, and she wore some kind of a cotton dress, flat-heeled shoes and her hat was pushed carelessly back on her head. She wasn't even good-looking, if you particularly object to slightly prominent teeth and freckles. But there was something heart-warming in her clear, gray eyes, fringed with black lashes, and a radiant quality to her smile.

That was my first impression, and it was enough to drive the longing for poor Ronnie from my heart forever.

Later, I met her under more flattering circumstances, when she was dressed becomingly, and more carefully groomed. But what she wore—how she covered that sturdy and yet utterly feminine young body—didn't matter at all. She was very popular with young men, and I never wondered why she outshone the sleek girls in town, and the beautiful ones, and the exclusive ones, without any effort at all. This was why: Barbara Huxley was a combination of goodness that was unconscious of being goodness, and a gracious love and acceptance of life and everything it offered. Men easily grow to

love girls like Barbara—girls who bring out the best that's in a man.

The following fall, Barbara came to work in our office as her uncle's secretary, having finished a stenographic course. I saw her every day, and love took root so naturally between us that our first kiss happened on the very first occasion we were alone together.

She was working late at the office on legal documents that had to be ready next morning. I didn't need to be there, but I stayed, too, pretending to be busy at the desk in my private office. Barbara was typing just outside the door, and by turning my head a bit I could see her short-nosed, piquant profile, the soft throat, and the backward sweep of her dark hair.

As the time passed, my heart beat more and more irregularly, and then I stopped looking at her for fear I'd give myself away. I didn't dare let myself love a girl like Barbara. There was the horror of my unpunished guilt, and the haunting conviction that some kind of punishment must come into my life before the slate was clean. I thought too much of Barbara to allow these things to touch her life.

I was thinking about this when she came over to my desk. "Will you lock up, Mr. Preston?" she asked. "I'm all through, and now I'm going home."

Uncertainly I stood up. "I'm going home, too," I said.

We looked at each other. We stood close together between the narrow walls. Barbara's wide-open eyes were fixed upon mine, as if she couldn't speak yet wanted me to know something important. And then something seemed to flow from her into me—tender and yet strong—of the flesh, and of the spirit as well. I tell you,

LOVE IS SUCH A PRECIOUS THING!
WHY RISK LOSING IT WITH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN?

I THINK YOU'RE JUST SILLY TO RISK GETTING DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH A LOVELY COMPLEXION MEANS TO A MAN!

BUT WHY DO YOU THINK PALMOLIVE WOULD HELP MY SKIN? WHY IS IT DIFFERENT FROM OTHER SOAPS?

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!

AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSSES GENTLY YET SO THOROUGHLY, KEEPS PORES SO CLEAN AND HEALTHY, LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

I GUESS I'D BETTER TAKE YOUR ADVICE AND USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, TOO! THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" OF YOURS CERTAINLY WORKS LIKE A CHARM WITH THE MEN!

IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?

Get relief this simple,
pleasant way!



1. TAKE ONE
or two tablets of
Ex-Lax before retir-
ing. It tastes like de-
licious chocolate. No
spoons, no bottles!
No fuss, no bother!
Ex-Lax is easy to use
and pleasant to take!

2. YOU SLEEP
through the night
... *undisturbed!* No
stomach upsets. No
nausea or cramps.
No occasion to get
up! Ex-Lax is a gen-
tle laxative. It acts
overnight — *without*
over-action.



3. THE NEXT
morning you have a
thorough bowel
movement. Ex-Lax
works easily, with-
out strain or discom-
fort. You feel fine
after taking it, ready
and fit for a full
day's work!



Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the
family—the youngsters as well as the grown-
ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.
Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Maternity STYLE BOOK FREE...

LANE BRYANT Mater-
nity clothes enable you
to dress stylishly during all
stages of maternity — and
after baby comes as well.
Designed to conceal condition
and to provide for expansion.
Latest styles in Dresses and
Corsets. Also apparel for baby.
Send coupon for FREE Book.



LANE BRYANT

— Address Dept. 427
Fifth Avenue at 39th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please mail free copy of your Style Book (427)

Name

Address

Town State

I couldn't help what I did. I swept her close, and slowly, lingeringly, tasted the sweetness of the mouth that was upturned to meet mine.

Then I was holding her cradled in my arms, looking down at the lashes that lay against her flushed cheeks. "I love you," I said.

Slowly her lids fluttered. "I know," she murmured. "And I love you, Raymond."

SIX months later, we were married. I married her, I must confess, without a qualm. When she said she loved me, it seemed to be a turning point from the old life to the new—an indication that I must go ahead and live the new life completely. This wonderful experience in love threw the past into shadowy unreality.

After our honeymoon, and when we were settled in a pretty little cottage in this mellow old seaport city, I made new, delightful discoveries every single day about the difference between a girl like Barbara and a girl like Ronnie; between cold, empty passion and full married love in all its beauty. For Barbara had warmth, and her love was as generous and natural as she was herself.

In other ways, too, I discovered the difference between a good and a bad wife. Barbara did most of her work as a matter of course, saying it was nothing because there were only two of us. I came home to a place filled with flowers from the garden, instead of to a smoke-clouded room littered with piles of red-tipped cigarette ends. My day started at a pretty breakfast table, that would have been wonderful even without Barbara's good coffee and cheerful china. It would have been wonderful with tin plates and bad coffee. My wife sat smiling at me across the table, her hair still damp from her shower, and her skin glowing with its healthy morning flush.

She was immaculate in mind and body without thinking anything of it. It was the natural way for her to be. Clear-headed, clean-minded, and yet as vigorous and free as nature herself.

One October morning, about a year after our marriage, she said to me with a sidewise grin: "How's the old bank balance these days, Ray?"

I thought she was going to negotiate something like a fur coat, and answered promptly:

"In good shape, and all yours, sweetheart."

"Then," she said, "how about founding a family? Oh, no, I haven't any glad news for you, darling, but let's think about it, shall we?"

I kissed her again and again, hating to leave her that morning.

It was that very morning, just as I turned the corner to our office building, that I heard a familiar—hatefully familiar—voice call to me, "Hi, Phil! How yuh doin'?"

I swung around and found myself face to face with Milt Brooks.

I muttered a confused greeting of some kind, and I think I said something about lunch. But he wasn't going to be dismissed so easily. He planted himself in front of me, a peculiar expression on his pallid face—a look of mingled good-fellowship and defiance.

"Maybe I ought to call you by the name of Raymond Preston in this town, anyway."

"That's my name now," I managed to say.

"Sure, you had it changed. Just the same, you mightn't like the new wife to get wise to what you did and who you

are." He was grinning now, trying to look casual and pleasant, but his eyes were hard as bits of stone.

I relaxed, and stood there, as if I had all the time in the world, and no fear of him—no shrinking, crawling horror of what he might do to destroy me in Barbara's eyes.

"You seem to have kept pretty well informed about my business."

"Why not?" he asked slyly. "I get around myself, and naturally I'm interested, being as I'm related to you by marriage." He brushed his eyes with a handkerchief. "You're my only tie-up with the memory of Ronnie, poor kid. I took the train with you to Chicago, and all points east."

And then I knew I was talking to a ruthless blackmailer. But I kept calm.

"On that money I gave you to buy a trailer?"

He nodded. "Better bring your check-book with you when we meet for lunch, Phil. I could use a financial lift right now." His voice wasn't threatening, exactly, but something worse—a *feeling*, exploratory kind of voice that made my flesh crawl as if filthy fingers had touched me.

Through clenched teeth I told him, "I'm not going to see you again, Milt. You're a crook. I was a fool not to know it before. Now, go right ahead and do your damndest, if you dare."

I didn't look at him, again—just left him standing there in the street. At my desk, I told myself, "I can't start paying blackmail. There wouldn't be any end to it." Yes, I knew all the rules against paying blackmail. Particularly in this case, the end could only come with his death. For it wasn't just a case of buying letters, or photographs. I could never be sure of my safety, while he had breath to speak.

And yet, I had to hold myself from dashing out of the office and trying to find him—to pay him whatever he demanded as a price for even a few months' silence, and a few months more of Barbara's unquestioning faith.

A WEEK went by—a week of in-
describable torment, in which I saw
everything, including my wife, through a
fog of terror. But I didn't hear from Milt
again. At last, I began to kid myself that
I'd scared him off, bluffed him. But it
turned out that he was using the usual
blackmailing technique of weakening the
victim's nerves before making a second
attempt.

Then he pounced down on me again—
came to the office this time. I didn't try
to escape. I didn't dare to. When the girl
had sent him in to see me, I closed the door
and asked him to sit down.

"I'll give you money to leave town," I
said, before he had a chance to speak. "A
few hundreds, if that will get you out. But
not a cent more—and never another cent
more. Do you get me, Milt?"

"Listen," he said coolly. "I want to buy
a lunch wagon. Set myself up in business.
It'll have to be in thousands, Phil."

"Like the trailer!" I cried. "All right.
If you don't locate here, I'll think the
proposition over."

"When do I get the dough?" he asked,
lighting a cigarette. "It's got to be in cash,
by the way."

My head was going round, and I realized
the money would be thrown away. But
anything to gain a little time. "I can let
you have a thousand, but no more. I'll go
over to the bank before it closes, and meet
you somewhere tonight."

"I was thinking of Barbara's economies,
and of the way she planned to use the

money we saved—not on herself, but to raise a family. And now that dream was gone—because I wouldn't dare—no, no, I couldn't subject children to such an exposure!

"Any place you say," he shrugged. "Here in the office, then," I said. "Meet me at the corner at nine o'clock."

After dinner that night, I told Barbara that I'd have to do a little work at the office.

"All right," she said, rather listlessly, I thought. "I'll go over to Mother's for a while."

She left the house about half an hour before I did.

Milt Brooks was waiting at the corner for me, and shoved out his hand the minute he saw me. I had withdrawn the money, and it was in an envelope in my pocket, but I wasn't going to hand it over so easily. I wanted to get some kind of a receipt out of him, if possible, so I could prove blackmail in case that was ever possible.

"It's in my office safe," I said. "Come on up."

He followed me up the flight of stairs to our suite of offices, and said, as I unlocked the door, "If you try to pull anything, Bradhurst, you'll be the real loser."

I switched on the light and slammed the door behind us. "I'm not going to pull a thing," I said. "But I'm going to demand a receipt, before I give you a dollar."

For a few seconds, he didn't say a word—didn't seem to breathe. It was a sinister silence.

"The money's right here," I said, "waiting for you—in cash. A thousand." I was hoping the possibility of ready money would soften him.

But I was wrong. "Hand it over," he said

shortly. "What kind of a sap do you think I am? You're not the one to make terms, you sneaking, lying hick! You've gotta crawl to me, and you'd better begin right now. Or go by your right name—murderer."

We were standing at my desk in my private office. Suddenly I had him by the throat, squeezing it with all my strength. I heard the crack of his head on the wood, and then saw his eyes bulging up at me. Again and again that cracking sound, as I banged his head against the wood.

"Ray! Ray!"

Barbara's voice rang out from the outer office, and then she seemed to fling herself across the room. "Oh, Ray," I heard her heartbroken wail, "have you killed him?"

She was holding my hands—had pulled me away from Milt's lax body.

But I pulled away from her, wanting never to see her again in my unworthiness—wanting to keep her from ever thinking of me again.

"Where are you going?" she cried.

At the door I paused to tell her, "I'm going to a cell, where I belong! I'm not fit to be free! I'm giving myself up, tonight."

She threw herself upon me, clinging to my coat. "He's not dead! Oh, darling, look, look! He's touching his neck—trying to get up—"

I managed to focus my eyes, and saw that she was right. Milt was struggling to get up. Just in time, Barbara had saved me from being twice a murderer. But it didn't matter much. My life lay before me—past and future—a dreadful thing. Again I turned the doorknob, but the door didn't open. She had locked it, to keep me there.

Barbara had turned to Milt and she was speaking to him fiercely. "I came here tonight to keep my husband from giving you any money. When I refused you—threw those clippings in your miserable face—I knew you'd go back to him. But you're powerless now! I know—and my husband knows I know. He and I will stand together now. You can't hurt us. Get out before I phone the police to arrest you for blackmail!"

She unlocked the door, and stood between me and Milt as he slunk out of the office like an ugly shadow.

We were alone, and her voice rang out, courageous as a clarion call. "We must go back, darling! Back to your old town, your old name. We'll have our children there, take care of your property. We'll face the past, and it will be a wonderful victory."

I said dully, "I killed a man. Almost killed another one. I'm a murderer—a predestined murderer. Don't you understand? I must pay the price."

"I read those clippings he tried to sell me, and I haven't doubted you for an instant," she whispered, close to my lips. "You've been unusually tried, in both these cases. It's not often for any man to be confronted with the provocation to commit murder that you've had. Oh, darling, darling, you and I will live another kind of a life! Nothing ugly can happen—will happen! Our love will keep us safe from everything that's bad."

She was in my arms, and I knew that she spoke the truth.

Today we are back in Carsonville. Our children are playing on the lawn and splashing in the brook. Everything else is just a bad dream.

S.O.S.

SORRY, JACK... I'M CUTTING IN. BUT LISTEN, FELLOW, WAIT FOR ME AFTER THIS DANCE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING

I KNOW JUDY GAVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN, WALT!

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY, JACK! ON THE LEVEL, PAL--- YOU'VE JUST GOTTA SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE'S

WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE--- IF IT ISN'T THAT DAILY DOUBLE, JACK AND JUDY, AGAIN!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Manufactured by Colgate-Palmolive Co., New York, N.Y.

I like Chamberlain's



IT HELPS KEEP MY SKIN
LOOKING YOUNG
IT'S ECONOMICAL TO USE
IT DOESN'T GET THICK
QUICK DRYING • NOT STICKY

And that's why so many prefer this clear, golden, liquid lotion that isn't thick nor gummy. It's ideal for hands, arms, and wherever skin is rough or chapped. It soothes as it smooths away roughness and resulting redness . . . helps to keep skin soft, smooth and young looking. Next time you buy, try

Chamberlain's Lotion

at Drug . . . Department Stores
and Toilet Goods Counters

SEND FOR CONVENIENT "CARRY-SIZE"

CHAMBERLAIN LABORATORIES, INC. F-39
DES MOINES, IOWA

Please send Free "Carry-Size"
Chamberlain's Lotion.

FREE!

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY-STATE _____

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY *Good only in U.S.A.*



Made for Each Other

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

I told him about my years with Aunt Em, the baby that never had lived, my sorry homecoming. . . . Jim, Lola, Gram—the night before. When I had finished, I was sobbing, "Gram, and Phil—they're saying Jim was behind Dad's death, Uncle Luke! That he—he killed him. They say he was behind those two wells burning, and that derrick that fell and—and hit you—they say he did that! They say . . ."

His thin hand covered my lips. "Hush, child," he said. "Hush. Think I don't know what they're saying as well as you? And they're not the only ones who are saying it either. Every Blair man and woman in this town is whispering th' same thing. Even my woman, Nan— But—don't you believe it, Peg. I don't. Ain't Herrick tricks—things like them. Not Big Jim's nor young Jim's, either. Hate? Lord, yes. Old Herrick hated your father's guts, but if there was any fightin' to do, he'd do it in the open. And Jim's th' same kind.

"Wish't you'd a-stayed with your Aunt Em, kid. Wish't you'd never come back to Witch's Basin. But—long's you're here, play it careful. Jim's married—nothin' you can do about that now. And Chaney. . . ." He stopped for an instant, and his voice trailed off into a groan of pain. "Dinged back of mine— If I was up and could be around again I could look after you. But tied here like a bump on a log. . . ."

I caught his hand and kissed it. "You're the sweetest thing in all the world, Uncle Luke," I whispered, and got out of the room where I could cry, for his pitiable plight.

It was still early when I got home, but Tex Millard, the bartender at the Palace Hotel, was waiting there for me, his bleary eyes more watery-looking than ever, his face even longer and more drooping than usual. He was chewing one end of a cigar and twisting his hat in his hands, as I came up the walk.

"How'dy, Peg," he mumbled. "Heered you was in town. Thought I'd drop over and pass th' time."

"That's fine, Tex. I'm glad," I said politely and waited. I knew he had something to say. Tex wasn't given to mornin' calls.

He didn't keep me waiting long. "You're going to be mad, Peg, when I tell you what I come to say. But—I got to get it out. I ain't no good, Peg, I ain't never been. And I'm so full of alcohol, a match would blow me up, but—you was a cute little tike, Peg, and you always got under my skin. I heered about you and Jim—at th' station. Th' way you run up and smacked him. It's all over town. And I jest had to tell you, you got to be careful. There's feeling in town

—strong feeling with th' Blair crowd, ag'in Jim, and—and—you being friendly with him ain't going to help it none."

"I—know," I said wearily. "Uncle Luke told me. I've been to see him—just came from there now."

"Yeah . . . Luke . . ." He gulped, and worried at his hat with his nervous hands. "He's bad off, ain't he, Peg? Going to—pass on, they say. Luke and I—we wuz friends—good friends . . . 'bout the only friend I had in the Basin." His hands stopped their uneasy twirling, and his eyes steadied. There was something in them I'd never seen before. Something stubborn and desperate. "They's something I'm going to tell you, Peg. Something I jest got to tell you, I . . . I . . ."

A CAR grated to a stop by the gate. There were footsteps on the walk, quick, sure footsteps. Phil Chaney, his head bare in the sun, his eyes narrowed against the glare, his big shoulders swinging, came striding up the path.

Taking what he wants when he wants it—that was Phil Chaney, I thought, watching him. Remembering the night before, anger flamed in my eyes.

"Gram's in her room," I snapped. "She's probably having her breakfast, but she's the only one around here I know of who'd want to see you."

He grinned at me. "Mad about last night? I don't blame you. Came to make my peace." He turned to Tex, his eyes narrowing a little. There was an edge to his voice that even I could feel.

"Hi, Tex! What you doing here? Calling on the girls? Thought you'd left that behind you years ago. Better get back to your bar—that's more your speed. Just came from the Palace, and your boss's looking for you."

Tex, shifting uneasily, twisting at his hat, his eyes refusing mine, mumbled, "Thanks, Chaney . . . I'll be going. . . ." He went shuffling down the walk.

"You had a lot of business doing that!" I cried furiously. "Whose house is this anyway—yours or mine? Tex came to see me. . . ."

"Let the old souse stay behind his bar where he belongs," he said gruffly. "I didn't come here to talk about him. I came to tell you I was sorry about last night. I just went haywire, that's all. Having you so close to me, and yet—not there at all. I only wanted to make you snap out of it and know that I was real."

"I told you yesterday that I had fallen for you. I meant every word of it, Peg. Listen. Your father died broke. Thanks to Jim Herrick and his crowd. But not so broke that I can't pull the business out. You're his only heir. You could fire me tomorrow, if you wanted to. But—you need me. In more ways than one. I want to know where I stand, Peggy. Not only with the company, but—with you."

I looked at him for a long minute. There was something in his face that hadn't been there the night before. A still, hot something, that had driven the mockery from it. His eyes blazed like a fire slowly kindling, burning up, brighter . . . brighter.

His eyes were so bright when I answered him that it frightened me.

"As far as the company is concerned, I don't know anything about it and never

THE LITTLE WONDER OF THE TYPEWRITER WORLD . . .



THE NEW

**CORONA
Zephyr**

NOTE FEATURES

SWINGING SHIFT

84 CHARACTER
STANDARD
KEYBOARD

BACK SPACER

WEIGHS ONLY 9 lbs

FITS INTO DESK
DRAWER

ONLY
\$2975

COMPLETE WITH CASE

MAIL THIS
COUPON FOR DETAILS

L. C. SMITH & CORONA
TYPEWRITERS INC Desk 3
161 Almond Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send me free folder describing
Corona Zephyr.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

have. Where else would you stand—there, but where you've always stood? As for me. . . .” From the house came Gram's voice, interrupting with the same harsh shrillness behind it: “Peggy! Is that Chaney out there with you? Bring him in. I want to see him.”

I didn't answer and neither did Phil. “As for me,” I repeated steadily, “you're asking that question—too soon. You've done a lot of talking against Jim Herrick since I came home, and I don't like it—nor believe it. The day you can prove to me that Jim Herrick killed my father and was responsible for poor Luke Mosey's broken back, I'll give you your answer.”

GRAM was lying propped against her pillows, her hair combed now, and tucked beneath her cap, her nightgown buttoned around her pipestem throat. Martha had brought her breakfast to her—the coffee, hot bread, sausage and bacon, that, old as she was, she always had eaten and still would eat.

Sopping her biscuit in her coffee, she fixed Phil with her black eyes.

“Jim Herrick was over here shining around Peg last night. I ketched him and give him what for. I don't mean it to happen again.” She chuckled suddenly. “And I don't think it will, if that devil he's married to has anything to say about it. Now—I'm telling you somethin' I want you to know.

“I seen you watching Peg last night, and I know the look. And I seen you out on th' porch together. Heered you, too, 'cause I was listenin'. Sweet on her, ain't you? Like to marry her and th' Blair

property along with her, wouldn't you? Well—it ain't her'n. It's mine. Lew left everything to me—in writin'. I've got it down in th' bank, and it's plenty legal! He give me everything, lock, stock and barrel, and I'm hanging on to it, till I see th' man that killed him and put Luke Mosey in the hospital, strung up where he belongs. I know that man is Jim Herrick!

“When that happens I'll make my will. Every cent Lew left will go to you. If Peggy is your wife, she'll get her share. That'll be up to her. You're a man like all the rest. I don't trust you no further than you could throw a bull by th' tail. Never have. But I got to depend on someone—and I can't on my own blood. So if you can avenge my son's death, you'll get his fortune.

“That's all. You can clear out now—both of you. I'm sleepy.”

My face was white when I left the room and my lips were twitching with mirthless laughter. “So! I'm a pauper, Phil. Maybe that changes things a little?”

“Does it?” Phil asked, his face blank, his eyes, like a poker player's, wiped clean of expression.

Outside Gram's door, he swung me around, his mouth hard. “So it was Herrick last night. All right. That old woman said her say, now I'm saying mine.

“I want the Blair Oil Company—sure. And I mean to get it—but I want you more. For the first time in all my life I want a girl more than money. And I'm going to get them both—with one stone. I've got your promise—you gave it to me. I've got hers. When the right time comes, I'm cashing in on them both.”

I shrugged myself loose. “Jim Herrick didn't kill my father. And he didn't fire those wells, nor wreck that derrick. You're barking up the wrong tree, Phil.”

But something inside me wasn't half as sure as my words. A nagging, haunting shadow of fear that wouldn't let me rest. That afternoon, going down to the post-office with a letter to Aunt Em, I saw Jim at his desk in the front part of his office window. The first thing I knew, I was going straight through those doors, and in. I hadn't meant to do it. It was the last thing I would have thought I could do. But I was beside him before I could stop myself.

He pushed back his chair and got up, and to me he looked ten years older than he had the night before. His face looked wiped clean of youth. He was alone in the glassed-in office.

“How long has it been since a Blair has passed through those doors?” I said shakily.

He didn't answer me, but stood there, his hands white-knuckled on the desk before him, his eyes eating mine.

“Don't, Jim! Don't, darling! Don't! I can't stand it,” I cried involuntarily. “I know I've no business here. I know it's only causing more trouble for you and for me. But, I had to come. Gram has put a bounty on your head, Jim. I—I thought you ought to know.” Swiftly I told him what Gram had told Phil and me. I tried to keep my voice light but I was shaking, scared to death inside and my voice ended in a sob. But I raced on before Jim could stop me.

“It's—it's a movie thriller, Jim! The money and the gal. . . . It's—it's funny—

"Happy Landing" FOR THE GIRL
WITH *Petal Smooth Skin*

Lady Harmsworth
uses Pond's Vanishing Cream daily. "Thanks for giving us this newest development in skin care—the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's."

NOW—
EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
IN A FAMOUS POWDER BASE*

Women everywhere praise Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base . . . now they're excited over the extra skin care this famous cream brings. Now Pond's contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that wounds and burns healed quicker when "skin-vitamin" was applied to them.

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to help supply extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars, labels, prices.

SKIN NEVER ROUGH, DRY OR WEATHERED LOOKING—
THERE'S NO DAMAGE TO MY COMPLEXION IN ANY AMOUNT OF SPORT SO LONG AS I USE POND'S CREAMS FAITHFULLY. BEFORE POWDERING, POND'S VANISHING CREAM MAKES MY SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH INSTANTLY

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N. B. C.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

Keep Kissable...

USE

FLAME-GLO
TRIPLE INDELIBLE
LIPSTICK



Alluring lips hold the key to romance and glamour. Triple Indelible FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK has revealed to millions of women the charm and loveliness of tempting lips... for FLAME-GLO has a brightness and allure all its own. Use FLAME-GLO and KNOW that you always look your very best, that your lips are alive with the color and sparkle of youthful beauty! Its special waterproof film assures color permanence and satin-smooth protection from wintry winds. Make this test: Try one of the five glamorous FLAME-GLO shades—you'll never want to change lipsticks again!

FLAME
Gay and youthful
LIGHT
Vibrant, warm blooded
MEDIUM
Balm to all complexions
RASPBERRY
Flattering to Brunettes
ORCHID
New shade of Fashion

10¢
20¢ and 25¢
AT LEADING
5 AND 10¢
STORES

Also ask for FLAME-GLO ROUGE in harmonizing colors!
REJUVIA Beauty Labs., Inc. 114 W. 14th Street, New York

666 relieves
COLDS
first day.
Headaches
and **Fever**
due to Colds.
in **30 minutes**

Try "Rub-My-Tiam"—a Wonderful Liniment

ONE YEAR TO PAY FOR RING

Realistic. Flashing. Simulated. Diamond. Hand set in Genuine Solid Steel. 14K. 1/30. Pure. Also "Richer" set in 1/30 14K. natural yellow gold.

WATCH FREE
WITH EVERY RING
ORDERED AND PAID
FOR WITHIN ONE YEAR!

Curved, "shockproof" GOLD PLATE FRONT watch with all the color and charm of natural yellow gold. Diamond-cut escape wheels, temperature compensated. Accurate. \$1,000,000 FACTORY GUARANTEE enclosed. Watch is FREE of extra charge with every ring ordered NOW and paid for within one year on our easy two \$2 payment plan. (Total only \$4 for watch and ring.) No charge for Credit... We trust you! No red tape. We'll ship at once. TEN DAY FREE TRIAL. SEND NO MONEY WITH ORDER! Mail Coupon or Postcard NOW... your package comes (postage paid to your door) by RETURN MAIL.

Send NO Money with Order

GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO., Dept. R-533, Newton MASS. RUSH OFFER

Lady's Model Man's Model

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

or it would be, if it wasn't so—so horrible! Oh, I know you didn't do those awful things that Gram says. I know it. But just the same, Phil thinks you did and so do—other people in town. Uncle Luke told me this morning—and old Tex—he came clear over to the house to tell me. Isn't there something you can do? Some way you can clear yourself?"

"God knows," he said soberly. "I don't. And after last night, I don't much care. All I can think of is you, Peg, and—the baby that died! If we could only see each other somewhere! Just now and then. If only we could talk to each other. I wouldn't even touch your hand! Just to have you near me! Just to be able to still this awful ache in me. But—we can't have—even that. You saw Lola last night... You saw what I took away from her. You know what it means..."

I said desperately, all the old hunger for him alive and tearing at my heart: "The sheep shelter, Jim, is it still there in the hills? I'll ride up tomorrow afternoon at three. If you can be there—come." Without waiting for an answer, I went out and down the street.

There were men in front of Dad's office. Hard-faced men in oil-stained dungarees, their eyes on me. They hadn't missed a second of that scene between Jim and me behind the plate-glass window of his office. I kept my head high, and my eyes straight before me as I walked down the street, but my cheeks were like fire.

SOMEHOW I lived through the rest of the day and the evening that followed it. Phil came up. There was a dance at the Palace. Why not take it in? I had expected him to mention my visit to Jim, had expected a scene, in fact, with both him and Gram. I was so glad he hadn't mentioned it that I would have gone anywhere, I think, in sheer gratitude.

He was a different Phil tonight. A handsome, hard man. A man who might have dropped in from one of the dude ranches I'd read about. And he had brought me violets! Violets in Witch's Basin!

"Wired into St. Louis this morning and had them expressed out on the evening train," he exulted. "Didn't I tell you I was sorry for last night?"

While I dressed I could hear him with Gram. I could hear her high cackle, and the rumble of his laughter. I felt, oddly, as if all the horror and misery of the twenty-four hours since my home-coming were a dream—like remembered pain.

Witch's Basin is lovely in the evening—a mirage of looming derricks resembling giant trees against a star-studded sky. The high hills looked like deep purple islands in a sea of mist. Suddenly the ecstasy that had held me as I stood on the platform of the train and had my first glimpse of Witch's Basin, was clutching at me again.

Phil must have sensed it as we walked along the dirt walks, for his fingers pressed more tightly on my arm.

"Surprised you with those flowers, didn't I, kid? Surprised myself. Didn't know I had it in me. Amazing, isn't it, what love will do to a hardboiled oil man like me?"

I wanted to pull my arm away, but I didn't. Quarreling would spoil my mood. And it was sweet! I wanted to hug it tight—steep myself again in that happiness I had had for so brief a moment.

The Palace was blazing with light, filled with noise. It always had been crowded with noise, ever since I could remember it. But this was a different sort of noise.

No fiddle, squeaking in a corner to the thump of cowboy heels, but a radio with the latest in swing. Drillers, field men and cowboys were drinking at the scattered tables, and some oil men, on a trip, from the east, were dancing with their wives.

In the old days when I had tagged in at Dad's heels, the bar had been at the front of the lobby. It was in an alcoved room now, off the main room. It had a shiny brass rail, and a new mahogany counter—and there weren't any flies.

The only thing about it that looked the same was Tex, his big shoulders hunched in their white coat, as he presided over glasses and bottles. He swung toward us as we came up, and I saw his face. One eye was swollen almost closed, and he had a cut on his cheek that certainly hadn't been there this morning when he called on me.

"Why, Tex!" I cried, "What's happened?" Phil didn't give him a chance to answer.

"Ran into a door," Phil grinned. "Isn't that where black eyes always come from? A couple of old-fashioned, Tex, and make it snappy." I noticed as Tex shoved our glasses across the counter, that his eyes were sullen and his weak mouth was pinched into a thin, white line.

We had almost finished our drinks when Jim and Lola came in. They saw us, and Lola headed straight for where we stood. I could see the blood rise high in Jim's tanned cheeks as he tried to edge her further down the bar. She had already been drinking too much. Her cheeks were scarlet, and her eyes appeared so huge that they dwarfed her small white face. Her voice had lost its husky drawl and was as high-pitched as Gram's.

"No, you don't!" she shrieked. "That hussy was in your office this afternoon, and I'm telling her what I think of her. Quit shoving me—pushing me around. Afraid I'll make a scene? You bet I'm going to make a scene! I'm going to tell this whole darn place what I heard last night. I'm going to tell..."

"Shut your mouth!" Jim said fiercely, and his words were a whiplash. She laughed. It was Phil who stopped her. She had taken her place directly beside me, and I don't think a soul in the room, besides myself, not even Jim, saw Phil's hand flashing out beneath the shelter of the rail, to catch her wrist and brutally twist it, nor heard his low, "Watch your step!" The black look that went with it sent the flesh crawling down my spine. That was all he did, or said—but it was enough for Lola.

She had a glass in her other upraised hand. It hit the floor with a crash. Her laughter choked in her throat into awful, twisted sobs. Suddenly she was crying drunkenly and without shame. Wordlessly Jim lifted her in his arms as I stood gasping from her attack and carried her from the room. He hadn't, of course, seen Phil punishing her. As he stalked out of the bar with her, I saw her hand—the one Phil had twisted, creep up to touch his cheek.

She couldn't have cried out her infatuation for Jim as blatantly as that gesture did. It was the first time I'd ever been sorry for her.

"You hurt her!" I cried. "You hurt her, Phil! You think no one saw you but I did. You twisted her wrist! You..."

"A swell thing for you to bawl me out about," he said, his eyes cold. "You ought to be damn' glad I did. Another minute and she'd have spread that little affair of yours all over the bar..."

"There's enough now who know about

it. No need of letting all Witch's Basin in our affairs. Come on—let's get out of this. Let's dance. And if you want to know where Tex Millard got that black eye of his, I'll tell you. I gave it to him, for coming up to see you. I'll have no drunken bartenders calling on the girl who's going to be my wife."

WE DIDN'T dance. We went home. I'd had all I wanted of Witch's Basin and of Phil that night. I went to sleep with the memory of Lola's hand on Jim's cheek. It made me feel guilty and cheap and shamed. But it didn't change my love for Jim, nor my hunger for him. That had been in me too long to die.

It was a hunger that was fed, through the days and weeks that followed.

"If I hadn't seen you again, I could have stood it, I suppose," Jim said somberly, the next afternoon when we met at the old sheep shelter. "But I can't now. There isn't any use trying. We can't live in the same town, breathe the same air, live day after day under the same tight, little sky, and not be somewhere—somehow—for a little time at least, together."

And so we managed—somehow, somehow in the old refuge of our childhood, the sheep shelter, high up on the mountainside. Stolen meetings. Hours with Jim's arms around me, mine around him, our lips crying their love. Passionate, hopeless love, that wouldn't be denied.

Going home, with Jim's kisses warm on my mouth, with my love open and shining in my eyes, it was agony to face those sharp, black eyes of Gram's. To face Phil, and his questioning, suspicious glances and his obvious love for me, plain

for all Witch's Basin to see, and growing harder each day to control. I found it hard facing Uncle Luke, too, on my daily visits to the hospital, watching him growing weaker and weaker with the days, and trying to hide my secret from his eyes. And always worried, always afraid that I wasn't succeeding in hiding my feelings.

Oh, it couldn't last. I knew that and so did Jim. But it wasn't until the day Luke Mosey died, that he told me what I knew, as well as he, was our only solution.

Uncle Luke had died at eight o'clock in the evening. Before midnight there had been a clash between the Blair men and the Herrick men. There had gathered a mob in front of Jim's house that the sheriff had to drive away. Panic-stricken, I'd gone downstairs, to find Gram sitting straight up in bed, her eyes like a cat's eyes piercing the darkness, and glistening.

"They'll get him now," she gloated. "Wait and see—they'll get him now!" Meeting Jim early the next morning, I clung to him, sick and scared.

"I didn't dynamite that derrick that killed Luke, and none of my men did," he said miserably. "Any more than I fired those wells of your father's! Any more than . . ."

"Any more than you killed Dad!" I cried, stopping his lips with mine. "Do you have to tell me that, Jim? Do you think I'd be here in your arms if I thought you had? Oh, there must be some way out of this, darling! There's got to be!"

He pushed my face back, held it where he could see my eyes. His were desperate and bleak with pain. "There is a way,"

he said. "I wasn't going to tell you. But—I am. Some oil men from New York came to town yesterday. They want to buy my property, and develop it. They'll give me a hundred thousand. It's worth three times that, and they know it. But what's the use! Hate and suspicion were bad enough, but I could stand them. Fight them. I can't stand my love for you, nor fight it. And neither can you. We've reached the end of the trail. Lola won't free me, and I can't free myself. But—you and I, Peg. . . ."

"Oh, there are countries where we could go, where we could lose ourselves. Forget. I would take care of Lola. Half of what I get, I'll leave here in the bank for her. . . . Darling, I would like to offer you so much—my heart, my soul—everything. And all I can offer you is—a life outside the pale, a life of furtive hiding and lies."

"You are offering me yourself," I said, my lips against his. "That's all that matters, Jim. Just you and I—that's all."

We made our plans then and there. They weren't complicated. That evening, as soon as he got back to town, he would sign the papers. A certified check, fifty thousand for himself, another fifty thousand for Lola. My things were to be packed and ready, and then—the night train out for Denver. A plane from there to New York and a boat. The first one we could get, and neither of us cared where it was bound.

We rode back to town together. "We're through sneaking, hiding!" he said fiercely. "One day more or less—what difference does it make now?" So we rode straight through town, Jim's face white as paper,



LORETTA YOUNG

MEN FALL FOR SKIN THAT'S SMOOTH AND SWEET



WHY ARE SO MANY GIRLS CARELESS ABOUT DAIN'TINESS?



WITH FRAGRANT LUX SOAP IT'S EASY TO BE SURE OF THIS CHARM



I ALWAYS USE IT. IT LEAVES SKIN FRESH—DELICATELY FRAGRANT

Protect daintiness the Hollywood way. Screen stars use LUX TOILET SOAP as a BATH soap, too. Its ACTIVE lather removes stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves skin sweet.



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use LUX Toilet Soap



IT'S A BEAUTY BATH THAT'S LUXURIOUS—YET VERY INEXPENSIVE. TRY IT!

Red, rough hands
ARE EMBARRASSING



WHY not have the comfort of soft, smooth, white hands that look well and feel fine! You can do it with Barrington Hand Cream—just a few seconds daily use is all that is necessary. Barrington is specially made for the sole purpose of bringing comfort to chapped hands, and hands roughened by house or office work. Get a jar of popular Barrington Hand Cream and see how much it can do for your hands.

Sold in drug and department stores and the better 5c and 10c stores, 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION
Mt. Vernon, New York

Barrington HAND CREAM
A NADCO QUALITY PRODUCT

STOLEN FROM THE SOUTH SEAS MAIDEN!

The Secret of Her Strange Enchantment



TATTOO for lips . . .
instead of pasty coating!

Does the glamorous little South Seas maiden entrust her charm to greasy pastes that might drive Romance from her lips? Indeed no! Far too charming for that, she tattoos her lips with an exciting red stain that leaves nothing on her lips but color of the most bewitching kind! No pasty coating at all. TATTOO is her idea improved for you. Put it on . . . let it set a moment . . . then, wipe it away and discover your lips gorgeously TATTOO-ed with ravishing South Sea color that stays . . . and stays . . . and stays. TATTOO your lips with one of the six gorgeous shades of TATTOO. Select the \$1 or the 55c size . . . anywhere.

CORAL . . . EXOTIC . . . NATURAL . . . PASTEL . . . HAWAIIAN
BLACK MAGIC (NEW . . . BLACK in the stick . . . RED on your lips)

TATTOO
YOUR LIPS for romance!

my head high, and my cheeks flaming with an open challenge for all Witch's Basin to see. We cantered up Main street. We passed the Blair windows. I saw Phil out of the corner of my eye but I never turned. We passed the jail. There was a group in front of it, men and women, too. They were friends and wives of the rioters of the night before. I could feel their eyes on us, sullen, grim. We could hear their muttered voices. Suddenly above them, a woman screamed. I knew the voice. It was Nan Mosey, Luke's wife.

"There he is! There is the man who killed my Luke! There's the man who killed Lew Blair! Hiding behind a woman's skirts! A shameless woman, who'll take a murderer's kisses. . . . Isn't there anyone in this crowd of white-livered cowards, who'll make him pay? Give me a gun! Won't someone give me a gun!" she shrieked. A shot rang out, sharp, splitting the air, hitting the dust beyond our ponies' heads, sending them into a wild gallop down the street.

We had almost reached my house before we could get them under control again.

I was white and shaking when Jim helped me off. But his hands were steady and his voice was quiet.

"Until tonight, sweet," he said. He kissed me openly, with the sun beating down on us. Then he kissed my eyes and my hands and once again, my lips.

IT WAS a good thing I didn't know what that night was to bring!

When I got in the house, Martha was in the kitchen, her eyes red with crying, trying to get supper together. I took her by the shoulders, and pushed her gently to the door.

"Go to your mother," I told her. "She needs you. But come back tonight. Because I'm going away. To stay. And I can't leave Gram alone."

"Going away?" she repeated stupidly. "You're going back to your Aunt Em's—to stay?"

I didn't even answer her. I just nodded and pushed her out of the door, and closed it behind her.

I got Gram's supper and took it in to her. "I've sent Martha to her mother," I told her. "But she'll be back later on." I waited for her to eat. But she didn't eat. She pushed her tray away, and stared at me from eyes that were black pebbles in the sunken pits that held them.

Her front windows looked out on the street. A clear straight sweep from her bed. I knew then that she had seen me with Jim, and braced myself for the storm that was to come. I didn't have long to wait before she bit into me with a fury that belied her frail body.

"Your father dead! Luke Mosey dead, and you, gadding off, spending your time, the good Lord knows where, with the man who killed them! I saw you out there this afternoon. And it ain't the first time you've been with him, either. Think I don't know? Think because I'm tied to this bed, I can't feel things—see 'em?"

"Think I haven't seen you, coming back here afternoon after afternoon, with Jim Herrick's kisses on your lips and the bride look in your eyes! Think . . ."

Gram was an old woman. She had loved Dad. She was, perhaps the only person in the world, outside of Luke Mosey, who had loved him. There never had been hate in my heart against her, only pity and fear. Fear of her sharp, old eyes and sharp, bitter tongue. Now, suddenly, even that was gone. I didn't have to fear her any more. I didn't have to fear anyone. Pulling myself clear of her clutching hands, I stood there above her and said, my voice so low I could hear my heart pounding:

"Yes. I've been seeing Jim. I've been seeing him every chance I could get for weeks. Hiding, sneaking, trying to keep you and Witch's Basin from knowing. But I'm through with that. I'm through with Witch's Basin and everything and everyone in it.

"Jim didn't kill Dad, and he had no more to do with Luke Mosey's death than I had—or you. I don't want your money, or Dad's. I never have. All I want and ever have wanted is the man I love. I'm taking him now. We are going away—to-night. And never coming back again."

I left the room, and closed the door softly behind me.

I ate my supper without knowing what I ate. I did the dishes, straightened the kitchen. When I had finished I went upstairs, pulled my suitcase out, and packed.

I had finished and dressed when I heard Phil's step on the porch. "Let him come," I thought. "Soon he won't matter to me, either." And then I bethought myself of what I had told Gram. How could I have been so stupid! If only I hadn't blurted out the truth to Gram! She'd tell Phil now all my plans. Well, there was nothing to do, but wait and see what happened.

"Five minutes, and he'll be coming up these stairs," I thought, "and he'll be standing here, shouting at me, trying to scare me. And I won't let him! I won't!"

But it wasn't his coming that scared me. It was the fact that he didn't come.

Standing there, huddled against the wall, I heard the bang of the front door, and the sound of Phil's feet running down the walk. My heart choking me, my breath strangling me, I ran down the creaking stairs, too, out to the porch, to stare toward the hedge that separated Jim's house from ours.

Phil carried a gun. I had seen it. And he could shoot!

What if he had gone after Jim instead of me? What if he killed Jim rather than see us go off together? Phil Chaney was a desperate man—a man not to be trifled with!

If only Peg hadn't blurted out her plans! So close to happiness, is her instinctive fear that Phil is going to get Jim, to be realized?

Don't miss the conclusion of this vivid, tragic drama of hate and vicious greed in the oil country in

April TRUE CONFESSIONS

At your favorite newsstand

March 1st.

Suppose you were forbidden to marry for four years—
Suppose you were madly in love—
Would you have done differently, particularly when the man you loved was in constant danger of his life?
Here is one of the most thrilling, poignant and gripping confessions ever penned by a remorseful woman.

FORBIDDEN TO MARRY
April TRUE CONFESSIONS
On sale March 1st.

I Was My Own Worst Enemy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]



What would he be like the next time I saw him—or would I ever see him again? Maybe he had been playing a game. Maybe it had been a line, after all.

And then I began to wonder what Mom would think of Kent. As a matter of fact, Mom didn't think much of any man. And then I went to sleep and dreamed, rather obviously, of Kent Cranford.

I SAW him a lot in the weeks that followed—and the glamour didn't wear off. In fact, it grew a little stronger. He was so good-looking, in a lean, bronzed fashion. I had never met anyone so filled with vitality and so sure of himself. He was completely different from any man I had ever known.

But I had been right in wondering what Mom would think of Kent. Mom definitely did not like him.

"What's he hanging around Washington for?" Mom wanted to know querulously. "If he's a traveler and a writer why doesn't he travel and write? It seems to me I never saw such a nuisance. If he isn't here, he's calling you up. What does he expect to gain by it?"

I laughed a little awkwardly. "Well, he's here to try and sell some of his articles to the National Geographic Society and to get them to back a trip for him and he's calling me up and coming to see me because he insists that he's in love with me and wants to marry me."

There, it was out, at last!

"You must be crazy, Allison," Mom cried scornfully. "The idea! Even repeating such trash! Why, you've scarcely known him a month. Do you mean to say that you would give up a splendid job to marry the best man living—let alone a penniless adventurer you scarcely know? Not many girls twenty-two years old hold down important positions with a salary like you get. Do you mean to say you'd give up all that for a man you know nothing about except that he's good-looking and shiftless? And what about me, Allison?"

And now Mom looked tragic and pathetic. "Don't you care about your own mother? What will I do without that extra money that's just beginning to make things easier for me? What will I

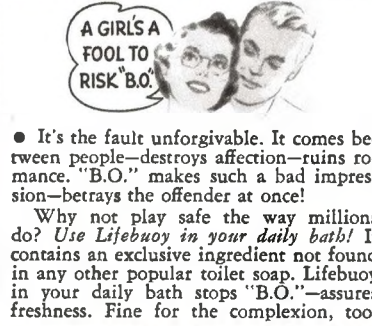
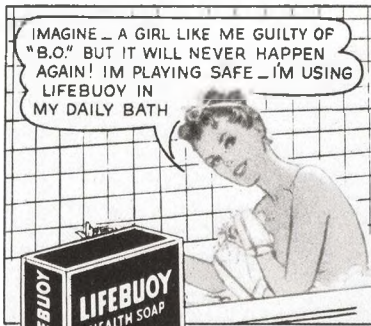
do with my only child—my little baby daughter—traveling around the country with a man that might beat her and neglect her and I'd be too far away to do anything about it?"

"Oh, don't get so worked up, Mom," I returned wearily. "I haven't said that I'm going to marry Kent."

But I wanted to—oh, I wanted to more than anything in the world. But, somehow, with Mom feeling like that I felt guilty every time I met Kent. Of course, Mom had a pension that would keep her nicely, if not as luxuriously as I supported her. But I realized that I was all that Mom had and I felt that maybe she was right about Kent. Maybe I hadn't known him long enough to know whether I really loved him enough to marry him.

I tried to tell Kent how I felt, but he was impatient. "It's not your fault that you're an only child," he pointed out. "I don't believe in only children. We'll have a dozen. And your mother has lived her life. Surely you have a right to your own. And as for being sure that this is really love—oh, Allison, don't be a little sap, darling. You know that it's been real from the first moment. Very few people are lucky enough to have a love like ours—sudden and real and exciting. Usually it's a prosaic thing that has lost its thrill by the time people have gone through all the required conventional engagements and

EVERYBODY THOUGHT SHE'D BE AN OLD MAID



LIFEBOUY in your daily bath PROTECTS AGAINST "B.O."

stuff like that, that doesn't matter."

But I felt that Mom was right about one thing. I *did* have a good job. I made more money than Kent made. Traveling around the world was all very well, but I felt that Kent ought to settle down and write some books and get a whole lot of money ahead before he traveled any more. If he really loved me he'd think about that. He would feel a sense of responsibility that would make him want to protect me from poverty and hardships. Living from hand to mouth wasn't any fun. I remembered how it was when I was a little girl and Pop hadn't been doing so very well. Pop had been a drifter, too. A drifter and a dreamer. That was why Mom didn't have much use for men.

But when I tried to tell Kent all this he wouldn't listen.

"Oh, Allison," he whispered hoarsely, and swept me to him. "Don't let's lose this thing that has come to us. Just keep loving me and believing in me. Maybe I won't be able to buy you diamonds and pearls, darling, and you won't be able to ride about in limousines—but we'll be doing things together and it will be wonderful."

His arms around me lifted me against him with a dominating, predatory force that made me limp and dizzy with ecstasy, but I could hear Mom's voice saying: "If he loved you he'd get some kind of a job here and not want to drag you around the country. Women weren't built for a life like that."

Dizzily, I tried to tell him all this—tried to make him understand. I had a good job—maybe he could get a job with the government, too, and write in his spare time. I could keep working until we got a little money ahead. Then when we had a nest-egg, something to fall back upon, we could go on those trips he had planned. But to get married this way was too big a risk.

But he wasn't listening. We were in the incredibly small one-room bachelor apartment he had rented for his stay in Washington. We frequently went there to talk. It was easier than trying to talk in our apartment with Mom hovering in the background. And better than driving around nearby country roads. Here we could pretend that we shared a roof together—that we were a family. Here Kent could kiss me to his heart's content. Sometimes we both realized that it was dangerous for us to stay there too long or for him to kiss me too much. I had never felt this exquisite danger before with any other man—never known what it was to be afraid and reckless and utterly mad and terrified all at the same time.

And now he didn't listen to me, but kissed me instead. His arms around me, there on that old studio couch, held me with a primitive, inexorable hunger that made words seem futile. His kisses didn't stop—and finally it was too late— We had gone too far. We both knew it. There was no turning back . . . My terror was swept away with my defenses. My thoughts were a strange medley of warring factors—fear and triumph and languid recklessness

—and somewhere in the back—"He'll have to marry me now. He'll have to do what I want him to—because he's decent and honorable and won't do otherwise."

But nevertheless I was frightened and ashamed.

"Darling!" Kent whispered. "I'm sorry. I hadn't meant that to happen until we were married. Oh, darling, forgive me. We'll be married at once."

"And you'll be satisfied here for a while, won't you, Kent—until we get Mom used to the idea that you aren't a wolf in sheep's clothing?"

But Kent's eyes were suddenly dark and opaque and expressionless.

"I'm marrying you, my sweet," he murmured. "Not your mom. We must live our own lives. And I meant to tell you today. I got that chance to go to Peru. They'll pay half my expenses and the rest I can make by incidental articles on this, that, and the other, as I go along. Oh, Allison, what fun we'll have, darling! I'll make a lady explorer out of you, my efficient, little business woman, and by the time you've spent four months in the jungle, you'll forget that you ever knew such a prosaic thing as shorthand."

"I don't want to go to the jungles!" I cried, rebelliously. "I'm not ready yet. Oh, Kent, it's too soon. Too sudden! I couldn't step right out of my life into a life like that. Wait awhile, dear."

"Arrangements have been made for me to leave in two weeks," he told me tonelessly. "If you love me, Allison, you'll be ready to go in that time. There's nothing for me here. I'd die with an office job."

"Kent!" I whispered in unbelieving horror. "You mean after—even after what's happened, you'd still go?"

"I want to marry you," he repeated patiently. "I love you, darling. Don't you understand? I love you and I want you to go with me. But nevertheless I'm going . . . whether you do or not."

This was a stranger. This wasn't Kent Cranford as I knew him. This man was cool, implacable, determined. I knew that nothing could move him.

I CRIED myself to sleep that night. If Kent really loved me he'd realize that he had no right to ask me to give up a good job for the uncertainty of a life like he was now living. When I thought of Kent speaking of us having a dozen children, when I remembered what had happened this evening, I felt that silly, dizzy ecstasy sweep over me again, shot through with the same sick, childish panic I had felt. But when I thought of a dozen children being born, heaven knew where, with a

father whose sole desire was to drift aimlessly, I felt bitter and resentful. I told myself Mom was right. All men were selfish, self-centered and inherently cruel. Kent claimed he loved me—but he wasn't willing to do anything I wanted him to do!

And now I had given myself to him! Oh, what had made me so weak, so stupid! It didn't change any of Kent's plans at all, I realized sickly. I was the one who would have to give in. I was the one who was trapped. But was I really? Couldn't I do something about it?

The next day when Kent met me after work I broached the subject of our marriage and my alternate plan. "I love you, Kent," I confessed miserably, in the little restaurant we had gone to, where we could talk quietly, "but I'm a coward. I'm not ready to live your kind of life yet. I need time to think about it. Time to adjust myself. Time to get Mom accustomed to the idea. It's all been so sudden, Kent—our love and the things that have happened. I can't just rush into a new life like that without any preparation. Let's get married, Kent, before you go—and you'll know that I'll be waiting for you, darling, when you come back. In the meantime, I'll keep on working and get a little money ahead and when you come back, Kent, I'll be ready to go with you next time. Don't you think that's the wisest plan, dearest?"

I couldn't read his expression. It was strange and withdrawn and his voice when he spoke was a little scornful. "You think a lot about that little government job of yours, don't you?" he asked sardonically. "And the snug little salary that goes with it. You like safety and your mother's apron-strings. But there's an old wheeze, Allison, that assures us that we can't have our cake and eat it—and you're no exception."

"Kent!" I cried, hurt and bewildered. "You're unfair! Don't you realize that I'm trying to find a solution for all of us. I love you, I want to marry you—but I can't hurt Mom. Oh, Kent, be fair! Be reasonable. We'll belong to each other. Some day we'll have each other always. We're young. Why do we have to rush into something? Why can't I marry you and wait here for you this trip? It would be so much better all the way around. You know you have barely enough money to finance yourself. I thought you wanted to marry me, Kent."

"I do," Kent said, stonily, "but when a woman loves a man and agrees to share his life, she is supposed to do it completely. Even the savage tribes know and recognize that fact. A woman should be willing to follow her man to the ends of the earth—to share his hardships, his triumphs, his work and his play. If she isn't willing to do that, then she isn't a woman in the best sense of the word and she isn't ready for marriage."

"Oh, Kent!" I exclaimed. "That's medieval stuff. Things aren't that way any more. Women aren't slaves and vassals any longer. They're individuals, capable of making their own choices and decisions."

"I see," said Kent,

SHE'S BOSSING ME ALREADY!

Our readers believe that you should "have it out" with Janet and make her see the folly of trying to run other people's lives. Winning letters were submitted by:

Mrs. C. S., McGhee, Ark. \$15.00
Mr. R. L., Macon, Ga. 10.00
Mrs. L. DeG., College Corner, Ohio 5.00

You, too, can win a prize and help to solve a girl's problem. Turn to "My Sister Loves A Cad—Shall I tell?" on page 18 and write today to Katherine, c/o TRUE CONFESSIONS, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



quietly. "And you've evidently made your choice and decision."

We were at the door of my apartment house by this time and Kent got out, came around to my side of the car and let me out. He stood looking down at me—and I shall never forget how he looked. The clear blue eyes in the brown square face and dark, unruly hair that I had always wanted to run my fingers through. I even remember how shabby his coat looked and how it made a little lump come into my throat. Suddenly I felt older than he was and compassionately maternal. He was such a boy—so stubborn, so set in his ways, so determined to follow his story-book existence. "Oh, Kent," my heart cried out. "Don't spoil everything."

He said coolly: "Goodby, darling. It was swell while it lasted."

And then he climbed back into his shabby car and was gone! I stood there looking after him, the lump still in my throat and a burning mist in my eyes. He hadn't really meant "goodby" I assured myself wildly. He was angry because he hadn't gotten his own way . . . but he wasn't gone for good. He couldn't be! Not after everything there had been between us. He couldn't leave me like that. He couldn't! When he cooled off he would come back or telephone and tell me that he was sorry and that I had been right and that we would get married before he went away.

But I never heard from Kent Cranford again.

WHEN two days went by I couldn't stand it any longer and I called the house where his bachelor apartment had been. He wasn't there, the janitor told me.

He had packed and moved the day before.

I still couldn't believe that Kent would do a thing like that to me. It was horrible. Unbelievable! Why, we had loved each other with a love that we had both known was everlasting!

I was a little panic-stricken at his ruthlessness. I had been so sure that sooner or later he would come around to my way of thinking. And then I became angry. He was trying to scare me into doing as he wanted me to, I told myself. He would come back and expect me to be weakly willing to follow wherever he led.

Well, it wouldn't work, I thought scornfully. He was proving himself unreasonable and cruel and I mustn't give in to him.

But day followed day and Kent made no move to get in touch with me and finally I was forced to believe he didn't intend to. I became frightened again. I called the organization that had furnished the traveling expenses for his trip. No, they had no idea where Mr. Cranford was at present. He had left Washington to make preparations for his trip and they had no idea where he could be reached.

I wrote a letter and sent it in care of them, to be forwarded to Kent in case they heard from him—but I didn't get any reply.

I wrote several letters in the months that followed—dreary, horrible months—but I didn't get any answer to any of them.

I was half-crazy with fear about my condition, for I was going to have a baby. As long as I was able I tried to keep the knowledge from Mom. I worked every day, but I lived in constant fear that the office would learn my secret, too.

Oh, I had been very modern and sure of myself, I told myself scornfully, but

I hadn't been smart enough to avoid this. Night after night I lay, cold with terror and grief, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling. And through my tortured body and mind ran the constant refrain: "Oh, Kent! Kent! How could you do this to me?"

During those sleepless nights I wondered who had been right? Was it Kent? Should I have done as he wanted me to? Was it a woman's place to follow the man she loves to the ends of the earth? Was it fair? Shouldn't a woman's desires and wishes count for anything at all? Didn't she have a right to share in making the decisions?

But I knew that whatever the answers might be, it was the man who had the final word. Since time began they had been the ruling force because women could be trapped—as I was trapped. Kent could go off and live his own life as he wished but I was left to bear a child that had no father. It wasn't fair! It wasn't fair! And yet . . . "I was weak . . . weak . . . weak," I cried pitifully. And that was the answer! I had been weak. Too weak to let my love for Kent give me the courage to tear up the roots Mom had kept watered by her jealous possessiveness. Too weak to hold out against Kent's passion—and then too weak to have the courage to marry him and follow him into a new life.

And now I had to tell Mom about my predicament. I can't possibly describe her rage and horror and the things she said. Finally I said dully: "It's your fault. I would have gone wherever he wanted me to but you held me back. He would have married me if I had been willing to go with him. I wouldn't be going through this now, alone."

It wasn't fair, I realize now. No one was

4 Quick Steps WITH THE NEW LINIT Complexion Mask

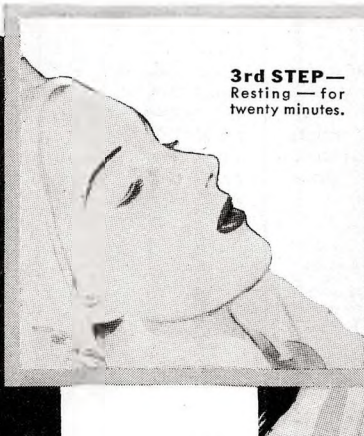
1st STEP—Mixing—takes a minute.



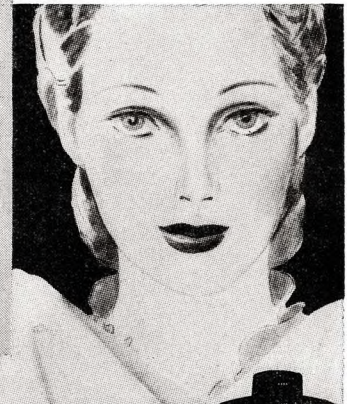
2nd STEP—Applying—takes a minute.



3rd STEP—Resting—for twenty minutes.



4th STEP—Rinsing off completely.



Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: 1—Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. 2—Apply it to the cleansed face and neck. 3—Relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. 4—Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

WHY NOT TRY THE LINIT COMPLEXION MASK? ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT



It's New!
LINIT
ALL-PURPOSE
POWDER

for every member of the family. Delightfully different. TRY IT TODAY! AT 5 & 10c STORES AND DRUG STORES

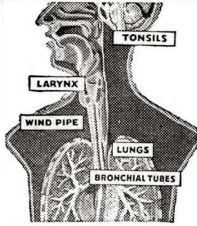


COUGHS...

Here's Why You Cough . . .

WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

- 1 Congestion results and the tiny glands in your throat and windpipe cease to work properly.
- 2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.
- 3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.



How PERTUSSIN Relieves Coughs—

- 1 Pertussin, an herbal syrup, stimulates the glands in your throat to pour out their natural moisture.
- 2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.
- 3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.

**QUICK AND EFFECTIVE, AS PROVED
BY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED**

PERTUSSIN

PRESCRIBED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR 30 YEARS

DID I TELL YOU ABOUT MY WORMING?



Me — I was "sick as a pup." And there was the master poring over the **Sergeant's DOG BOOK**, wafing information. "Now I know!" he says, "You've got worms! Let's get 'em!"



So — I go without dinner — and next day he hands me a capsule. "Hmm," I says. "A Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULE, eh?" "No," he says, "you're a big dog now. It's a **SURE-SHOT CAPSULE** — death on worms too!"



It worked! I feel like a new dog! And speaking of **Sergeant's DOG BOOK**, it has a swell article by Albert Payson Terhune. Get it free at drug and pet stores, or with this coupon!

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES



POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. GS-3, Richmond, Va.

Please send a **free** Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

responsible for my weakness but myself. No one can influence us or run our lives unless we give them the power to do so.

If I had married Kent and gone with him, Mom would have been furious. She would have been lonesome and infinitely sorry for herself for a while, but it wouldn't have been as hard on her as the thing I did instead. She never quite got over the thing she termed my "horrible disgrace."

Oh, she stood by me, all right, but she aged and shrunk during the process.

We went away. I took my sick leave and my vacation leave at the same time. The office understood that I had had a nervous breakdown and was going away to recuperate. Certainly I looked badly enough! My sleepless nights and my days of worry had left their mark. I was hollow-eyed and gaunt and all youth seemed to have fled from me just as Mom's age seemed to have descended upon her a hundred-fold.

We went to a city in the middle-west where no one knew us. Mom had decided that you could lose your identity much quicker in a city and there were fewer questions that would have to be answered. I registered at a big, city hospital. I don't know what Mom did about the entrance formalities. I knew she told them I was a widow.

We found a quiet boarding house until my time came. Mom spent hours looking out the window and crying, but I wandered around the city parks and thought and thought until it seemed that I must surely be going crazy.

AND finally I went through that Gethsemane of all women—the valley of childbirth. I think I suffered more than the average woman because my mental turmoil had so completely worn out my body. Then it was over and I had a small baby son.

At first I didn't want to see him, I was so bitter, so exhausted. Mom suggested that it would be better to let him be adopted at once before I saw him at all but something within me protested fiercely.

"We'll keep him," I told Mom weakly. "He's mine. It's all I've got to show for almost a year of torture and agony. I'm through with the easiest way out of things, Mom. You pay in the long run, anyway, and I'd pay in more misery and heartache if I let my baby go. I'd be wondering about him all the time. Where he was and how he was getting along and—and—we'll keep him," I ended positively.

There were many scenes with Mom, but at last I won. Mom took a little house on the edge of town and we got a little colored girl to come in and do the work every day and a woman about Mom's age who was looking for a quiet place to live, as a boarder. As soon as I was able I went back to Washington and my job. I lived at a club and I tried to pick up life where I had dropped it when I first met Kent Cranford.

But it can't be done! You can't go through the things I had gone through and be the same. There are scars of the mind and soul as well as of the body. Deep-reaching, hideous scars that never seem to heal quite through.

I put my pride in my pocket and tried to get in touch with Kent again through the organization that had backed his trip. He had only planned to be gone four months. He must be back by this time. They would know where he was, I was sure. It was my last chance for happiness. Kent would not have let me go through with my ordeal alone if he had known. I wouldn't reproach him. I would let him realize that I knew I was as much to blame as he was.

I would tell him that I was ready to follow him to the ends of the earth; that I had found out how miserable I was without him, and how important love can be. Oh, I had so much to tell him! And he would see our small son who had his grave blue eyes in an astonishing red, wrinkled face—and our son would have a name, at last.

The report from the organization was impersonally brief. Kent Cranford had died from tropic fever in Peru!

And so it was over—that young, gay, adventurous life and that deep voice that had whispered caressingly: "Oh, Allison! Don't let's lose this thing that has come to us. Just keep loving me and believing in me. Maybe I won't be able to buy you diamonds and pearls, darling, and you won't be able to ride about in limousines—but we'll do things together and it will be wonderful."

Kent, my darling, it would have been wonderful, I see that now! But we were so young, so greedy for life. And you wanted to sweep everything along with you in your stride. Couldn't you have waited? Oh, Kent, why couldn't you have waited?

I did love you. I believed in you, too. I didn't want diamonds and pearls and limousines but I wanted security. I didn't get it, Kent. I'll probably never have it now. Would things have been different if I had gone with you, darling? Would I have been able to take care of you and cure you? Would you have taken the chances you took had I been with you? Oh, Kent, my dear, who knows what the fates have in store?

These things I wept into my pillow night after night. These things ate into my mind day after day.

THAT was four years ago. I am married now, and strange as it may seem, I am in love with my husband. He isn't like Kent. Not at all like Kent in any way. He is tall and very blond, with a smooth, even disposition and the perfectly poised body that goes with a perfectly poised mind. He was a widower with a tiny boy, head of a big government department, and as his wife I am a person of quite a bit of social importance.

I met him at work and after our business associations we began to meet socially. I was glad of his companionship. I needed it badly. I knew that I was being too much alone—thinking too much of the past and worrying too much about the future. When he asked me to marry him I was confused and worried. I told him about Kent and my baby—but I didn't tell him the whole truth. I told him that Kent and I had been secretly married. Oh, God forgive me, but what could I do? Carl is too conventional to look lightly upon the sort of mistake I made. At first I lied because I was ashamed—and now the lie hangs heavily upon me because I love my husband.

Oh, Kent, wherever you are, I know you would have given your child the protection of your name if you had known—and I know that you understand my lie and the reason for it. There isn't any bitterness left in my heart, Kent. I loved you and when you went you took part of me with you. The love I feel for Carl is different. It is older, more mature. It is a love that doesn't demand as your love did, Kent. It is a comforting love—a protecting love . . . a love that I would follow to the ends of the earth.

Some day I may have the courage to tell Carl the truth. Perhaps he will read this and understand.

Problem Parents

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]



he devoted himself so wholly to business, he didn't bring home more money. She wanted a fur coat. She was restless, complaining, dissatisfied, and the sorrier she felt for herself, the more she picked on her husband. And then she met Murray Vincent.

Vincent was a typical playboy, with a comfortable income from his father's estate and a minor part in a Broadway production. His sister lived in Homestead, and May Callender met him one afternoon at a bridge party.

Unfortunately, she had none of her daughter Ellen's qualms. It was not long before she was meeting Vincent in his apartment in New York; not long before she was deceiving her husband. By one of those bitter quirks of fate, the night she left John Callender a note to tell him

she was leaving him and going to Florida with Murray Vincent, was the night when Ellen Callender failed to come home for supper.

Larry Carter had finally persuaded the lonely, unhappy girl to go away with him to New York, where, he said, he had been promised a job which paid well enough for him to marry her. She was to meet him for supper at his house, and they were to start for New York on the late bus, so that they would not be likely to meet anyone.

John Callender, waiting alone in the living room, became worried about Ellen and set out to look for her before he found his wife's note. He telephoned a girl in Ellen's class, and because her replies were evasive, he put on his hat and went to see her. After persistent questioning, he discovered that Ellen and Larry were "that way" about each other. He discovered, also, that Ellen hadn't spent an evening at this girl's house for over a month, although she was supposed to have been there twice that very week.

Thoroughly upset now, he went to the Carter house and found Ellen there. She and Larry had just come in with an armful of groceries. Because he loved and understood his daughter, John Callendar refrained from making the scene Ellen expected. He accepted Larry Carter's awkward invitation to supper. And he

took Ellen home with him afterwards.

John sensed that he must act as if nothing was wrong. Ellen went back with him because to refuse would give away their plans. Larry said nothing. He was a coward at heart, and he had no wish to come to grips with Ellen's father. Besides, he felt he could bide his time. Rumors were already rife about Ellen's mother.

When Ellen and her father got home, John found his wife's note.

"It's no use. I can't go on any longer. I'm going away with someone who understands me better than you do. Take care of Ellen. May."

John felt as if the world were suddenly whirling around him. At one moment he was wild with jealous anger and frustration. He would never let May come into the home she had violated! He would take care of Ellen, all right, and he would make a better job of it than her mother had done! And then, the next moment, remorse laid hold of him. Why hadn't he made a better job of it, both as a husband and as a father? He determined to devote himself to Ellen's happiness, from that moment on. And that meant, of course, that he must not tell her the truth about her mother.

An hour later, Ellen came down stairs, her eyes red.

"Where's mother?" she asked.

Modern AS A JITTER BUG

"Swing-master"... ARTIE SHAW



FOR YOUR ADDED PLEASURE

extra choice, extra long-aged tobaccos give extra rich flavor... extra Cellophane wrapper assures extra freshness.

TRY THE 1939 Double Mellow Old Gold

ALWAYS FRESH! Doubly protected by not one but two jackets of Cellophane. OUTER jacket opens at BOTTOM of pack.

Copyright, 1939, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

TUNE IN on "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network



Thousands of women are changing to WINX! This finer mascara looks more natural, adds a longer, silky appearance to lashes. Gives them darker beauty, makes your eyes seem brighter. Try WINX mascara today!



Scientific laboratory tests prove WINX mascara is amazingly fine in texture.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Get WINX mascara, eye shadow, and eyebrow pencil—in the GREEN PACKAGES—at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Change to WINX The Finer Quality MASCARA

TOO SURE OF MYSELF!

She was called a "bossy" school-teacher by the man she loved, and in this honest, searing confession she tells how her "bossiness" nearly wrecked her life.

April TRUE CONFESSIONS

Be sure and order your copy now!

How to get rid of Corns

FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

2 Simple Steps enable you to get rid of corns for good without risky home paring



1 Here's how. Put scientific Blue-Jay pads neatly over corns—relieve pain quickly by removing pressure. The special Blue-Jay medicated formula on the pad gradually softens the corns—loosens them so they come right out.



2 Now you have glorious relief! But that's not all—simply by avoiding the pressure and friction which cause corns, you can be free from them for the rest of your life—without trouble—without pain—without dangerous home paring.

Millions have gotten rid of corns this easy scientific way. So don't suffer needlessly—now you can say goodbye to the agony of ugly painful corns forever. Get Blue-Jay today—only 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

Ellen's father had managed, in the interval, to swallow his hurt pride.

"Didn't you know?" he lied. "Didn't Mother tell you? She got a wire from Aunt Carrie. Grandmother isn't feeling well, and your mother thought she could help out. She may be gone a week or more."

The "week or more" passed with, of course, no word from the woman who had deserted John Callender for someone who "understood her better" than her husband. John made some sort of excuse which Ellen accepted without question. And then a friend, with malicious satisfaction, came back from Miami with news of May Callender.

"Guess who I saw in Miami!" he told John. "Yep, your wife. I thought I ought to tell you. Saw her coming out of the Windsor Royal. Say, she looked like a million dollars. Too bad, old boy. I certainly can imagine how you feel."

After hours of bitter thought and outraged emotions, John Callender decided to divorce his wife. Up to this time he had nursed the notion that May would come back, humbled and contrite, that he would forgive her and help build up their shattered home.

But his "friend's" report had changed his entire attitude to a state of frenzied jealousy and rage. He started divorce proceedings the next day.

Of course he couldn't keep the truth from Ellen. It was town property by the end of the week. The truth had a curious effect upon the girl. Instead of making her stand loyally by her father, it made her defiant. Her father hadn't taken her into his confidence. She reciprocated in kind. She withdrew her shy, trusting confidences and though they lived under the same roof, they were strangers.

IN the midst of the divorce proceedings, on a raw, rainy night in March, May Callender came home. The finale for which her husband had so fervently hoped, before he stole his heart against her, had come crashing down about her. Murray Vincent had left her, without a word, without money, in the swank, expensive Havana hotel to which they had flown from Miami a week before.

May Callender knew despair, bitter frenzy. She had realized Vincent was tiring of her, but she had thought she could win him back. She had barely enough money to get back after selling a bracelet, and her fur coat which Vincent had bought her. Because she didn't know what else to do, she took a bus to Homestead. She arrived after midnight, exhausted from lack of food and sleep, her mind and heart numb. She wasn't sure what awaited her in the little house John Callender had bought ten years before. She had the key to the house, but she rang the bell. She heard her husband's voice.

"That you, Ellen?"

May Callender made no reply. But underneath the numbness and despair the feeble flicker of her mother love leapt to life. Why wasn't Ellen home, after twelve o'clock at night?

The door opened, and John Callender saw his wife.

"John, I've come home."

He looked at her, thrust his hand in his pocket and took out some money.

"Take this, if you want a night's lodging. You can't come back here."

Before she quite knew what had happened, May Callender found herself in front of a closed door, a ten dollar bill in her hand. Her husband was through with

her, too. What could she do now? Dully, she walked on, toward the railway tracks.

And then she saw Ellen walking hastily from the direction of the railway crossing. Where could the girl have been, across the tracks at this late hour? May put out her hand and stopped her. Ellen looked as if she had been crying.

"Ellen!"

"Let go of my arm. I hate you!" Ellen pulled away from her mother and ran down the street.

THE Callender divorce suit took on new meaning for me the day that Ellen Callender was brought into the Juvenile Court on a serious charge. She and a boy who had been in court once before on a charge of defacing public property, had been picked up the day before in a stolen car. The boy's name was Larry Carter. I saw at once that Ellen had gone for that ride with no suspicion of the fact that the car had not been borrowed, as young Carter had told her.

But her air of devil-may-care, her lapses from apathy into defiance, told its story too well. For some reason Ellen Callender didn't care what happened to her. When I discovered she was John Callender's daughter, I knew the root of the trouble. Separately I called Ellen's mother and father to my office. I spoke to John Callender first.

"If you care what becomes of your daughter," I said, "you ought to reconsider this divorce. Ellen's sensitive. The unhappiness at home and the insecurity of her place in your scheme of things have shaken the foundation from under her feet. She's running about now with a boy who's headed in the wrong direction. It doesn't take much to send a girl like Ellen down the same road. If you still love your wife, as I think you do, you ought to let bygones be bygones. She's done you a grave wrong, but there's still a good chance of rebuilding your life together. If you don't, Ellen's chance for happiness is going to be pretty slim."

I had him wait while I saw his wife. When I told her about Ellen, she began to cry.

"I knew something was wrong when I saw her come home alone from across the tracks," she sobbed. "If I only had another chance to help Ellen! I know I could make her understand about things!"

"You are sure of that?" I asked, gently. "You wouldn't lose patience? You're sure you can regain your daughter's confidence?"

"If John takes me back, Judge," she said earnestly, "I swear I'll make a new start. I've learned my lesson, and I'll never forget it. If Ellen sees that her father has forgiven me—if only I have a chance to talk to her as one woman to another—I am sure that I can help her and that she'll listen to me."

It wasn't easy to convince John Callender that his wife deserved another chance, that he owed it to Ellen to give her that chance. But beneath all his hurt and resentment, he was desperately eager to straighten out Ellen's warped, young life. I told him that our social workers had questioned Ellen and found out that she had not gone the whole way with Larry Carter.

I warned him, too, that if he left his family life in its present state of chaos, he could not hope to keep Ellen out of that particular kind of danger. Finally, after I had had a talk with Ellen, and won her from a state of sullen apathy to a realization of her mother's tragic situa-

tion, the Callenders all went home together, to build anew.

I saw them go off and I was grateful for the circumstances that permitted me to help that family right itself, even as I deeply deplored the human frailty which wrecks lives because grown-up people cannot learn to be adult and behave like rational beings—until tragedy opens their eyes.

NOT only their parents' weakness, but spite and viciousness make life difficult for the children of divorced parents. In Ellen Callender's case, divorce had not yet made a complete break in the lives of her parents and fate was kind to them in that Ellen was saved in time.

But in the case of little Billy Benton, home meant two places: the small, cramped apartment where he lived with his mother; and the ornate house in the country where his father—handsome, polo-playing, woman-crazy Bill Benton played with his string of ponies and his equally expensive light o' loves.

Myra Benton, small, blonde, more like a child herself than the mother of ten-year-old, sturdy, grave-eyed Billy, came to my office one spring two years ago to institute divorce proceedings against her husband. It was the usual painful story of too much drink, too many women and a severe case of inflated ego on the part of big Bill Benton.

Benton, the only son of a wealthy divorcee, had launched his marriage on the same rough seas that had wrecked his mother's happiness. He had been brought up in boarding schools, with intervals of

being thoroughly spoiled by his mother at home.

"He married me on a dare," his pretty young wife told me the day she came to my office. "I was almost engaged to Jerry Morrow, Bill's cousin, and one of the girls in our crowd dared Bill to get me away from Jerry. Jerry had been neglecting me for his family, who were down from Boston over Christmas week, and I was peeved. . . . So, to spite him, I let Bill devote himself to me. Before I knew what was happening, Jerry went off in a huff and, one crazy, reckless night, I motored up to Greenwich with Bill and we were married. I knew it was a mistake within a few months, but I knew by then that little Billy was on the way, and I determined to stick it out. After the baby was born, Bill seemed to mend his ways for a while, but now he's gone back to his old habits. I can't let Billy grow up in a house where he sees and hears the kind of things he's exposed to now.

"I know, Judge Waldman, that you believe a child has the right to two parents, but a father like Bill is, is worse than none. Billy's a sensitive child. He wakes up at night scared to death when he hears Bill and me quarrel. A child can't feel happy in a household where there's no love, no harmony."

After the divorce, Mrs. Benton took Billy to the pretty, but modest apartment in Manhattan which the court decreed Billy should call home for six days a week, under her sole supervision. On Saturdays, his father was permitted to visit him. If you are at all familiar with divorce procedure, you are familiar with the custom which is called "visitation."

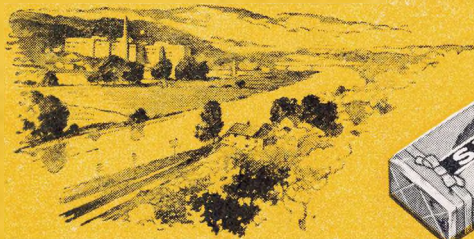
In legal phraseology, visitation means simply the visits permitted the parent who has not been awarded custody of the child. It's a method of compromise which almost always falls short of its objective.

In little Billy's case, visitation meant one of two things. Either his father stayed home with him in the little two-room apartment, which made things awkward for his mother, or they went out for a good time.

The father, who had never paid much attention to Billy at home, didn't know much about giving his little boy the kind of good time a real father gives a child. Every time he took Billy out, the routine consisted of an orgy of hot dogs, movies, ice-cream, pop, peanuts, and, invariably, a tummy-ache the next day. For fatherhood is a full-time job. A man can't play at it once a week and do his son any good.

Mrs. Benton began to realize that her ex-husband was not playing fair. He was undermining her boy's faith in her. Every time Billy came back from one of his disastrous excursions with his father, he was a little more rude to her, a little less obedient. One day, after Bill Benton brought the boy back, Myra Benton came to see me.

"He took Billy home to the old house," she said, her face white. "He asked Billy how he would like to live there always, with a new mother. That girl he's been mixed up with was there. She gave Billy a wrist watch, something he's begged me for and that I was planning to buy him for his next birthday. I know he's trying to win the boy away from me by bribery. I have the legal right to him, but suppose

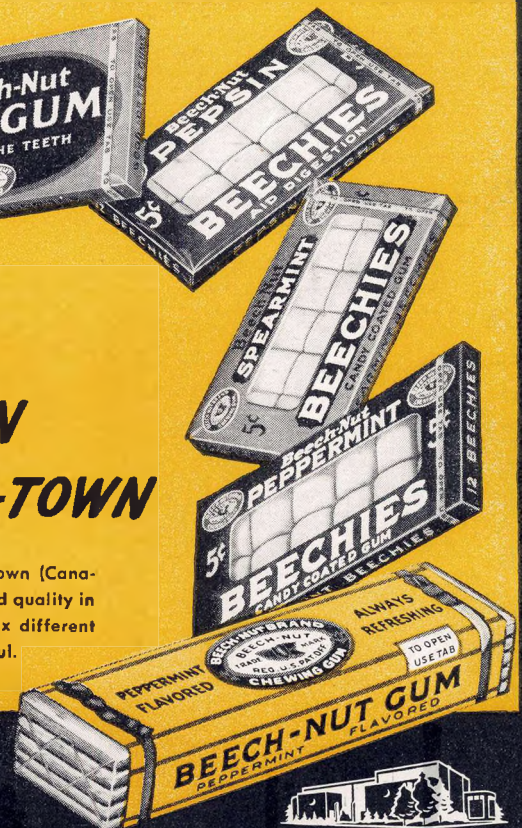


This lovely village in the Mohawk Valley, Canajoharie, N. Y., can truly be called Flavor-Town. It is famous for Beech-Nut flavor and quality.

**PACKAGES OF GREAT RENOWN
GOT THEIR START IN FLAVOR-TOWN**

All America looks to Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.) for fine flavor and quality in chewing gum. Your choice of six different varieties. Refreshing and restful.

Beech-Nut Gum
One of America's GOOD habits



Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, N. Y. and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

**New Under-arm
Cream Deodorant**
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being Harmless to Fabrics.

TEN MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

BIRTHSTONE RING—CROSS—GIVEN

Sterling silver Birthstone Ring. Or sterling silver Cross set with genuing sparkling Marcasites FOR selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each, returning the \$1.00. Order 4 Salve—Send No Money.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 17, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

**DOES YOUR HAIR
REFLECT HEALTH,
BEAUTY, CHARM?**

Use **KOTALKO**



GLAMOROUS

Is your hair soft, lustrous, beautiful? Or is it thin, stringy, faded? Does it enhance your appearance—or spoil your looks? You are lucky if your hair is rich in the elements that make for normal growth. But if it falls out excessively; if you have flaky dandruff, or if there are signs of approaching baldness, send for a sample of KOTALKO, or buy a full supply at the drug store. Thousands recommend KOTALKO, the distinguished hair proprietary, because it is a valuable aid to scalp energy which remains the only source of hair growth and the sole resistant against preventable baldness. Do not let scalp fatigue dull your hair, dim your popularity, or interfere with your charm. Safeguard your hair! Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.



ROMANTIC

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon.

Kotalko Co., A-64, General P. O., New York

Name

Full Address

he becomes unhappy with me, and wants to go with his father . . . and her?"

I saw that Mrs. Benton, even then, did not realize the lengths to which her unprincipled husband was planning to go to vent his venom on her. For Bill Benton, yet the spoiled child whom his mother had never refused anything, still held it against his former wife that she had left him. He didn't love her—he had probably never loved her. But no woman had ever walked out on him before. He was going to make Myra regret her decision to leave him. And he knew the surest way to hurt her was through the boy.

A COURT never awards permanent custody to either parent. If a mother should be awarded custody, and subsequently be discovered to be immoral or vicious, custody can be withdrawn. The law in New Jersey permits investigation to be made before and after divorces are granted, and if the child's situation is found to be undesirable, a change in custody may be affected. Bill Benton had questioned little Billy and discovered that Jerry Morrow was a frequent visitor at the little apartment in New York. He found out that Morrow had paid Myra's rent one month, when Benton's check had been delayed. When Mrs. Benton came to me, she was frantic.

"If they let him take Billy, I don't know what I'll do," she said to me in desperation. "Jerry's been wonderful to us, but there's nothing wrong in his coming to see us. He's the only man poor little Billy ever sees or has fun with. He wants me to marry him, Judge Waldman, but I don't feel it's right to saddle him with Billy and all my troubles. But if Bill gets hold of my boy, with all his drinking and that crazy riding he does, and that impossible girl he's going to marry, Billy won't have a chance to grow up decent. I don't know what I'll do!"

A little too much to drink and an erratic pony solved Myra's problem, two weeks later. Bill Benton, his brain befuddled by alcohol, was thrown from his horse, and killed instantly. From what I know of Myra Benton, her son is not likely to meet the same fate.

And if Jerry Morrow proves to be as persuasive a wooer as he is a lawyer, Billy will have a proper father before long. For I still maintain that a child needs two parents. It is only when one of those parents is still a problem child, motivated, by spite, or hatred, or greed, or viciousness, that the situation gets out of hand.

SOME parents are so wrapped up in their own ego that there is little room left in their hearts for the children they have brought into the world. Not long ago, you may remember, a Philadelphia sportsman attempted to kidnap his own children. A Delaware decree had awarded the custody of his two little girls, three and six years old, to the mother. The father contended that a Pennsylvania court had awarded the children to him.

On the tropically lovely island of Nassau, where melodrama so seldom stalks, the father chartered a seaplane and tried to make off with the children. Only the children's nurse, quick-witted and valiant, prevented him from doing so.

In this case the father considered his own wishes above and beyond the good of the children. For how do you suppose those babies felt, suddenly being snatched by a masked man and thrust into a roaring plane? Even a lifetime of happiness might not dispel the sense of terror engendered

in a child's heart at such a brutal act.

Children feel and suffer emotionally more than we imagine they do. A child's whole attitude towards love and marriage may be warped by the way the parents conduct themselves. The gravest indictment that can be brought against a parent is, I think, that he is responsible for a child's misery. The emotional instability of parents is the greatest cause of unhappiness in children. Although divorce may be an easy solution for the parents, too often, there is nothing in it but grief for the children.

OUR divorce laws are no less than scandalous. We have forty-eight laws governing divorce; from South Carolina, which prohibits divorce on any ground, to Nevada, which grants it on any ground. Because of this discrepancy, a man may be legally divorced in one state, a bigamist in the second, and guilty of adultery in a third.

Take the case of a man that has come to my attention whom I shall call Carey Hammond, a wealthy manufacturer who got a divorce because he tired of his middle-aged wife. He married a charming young girl of good family. Hammond made the mistake of establishing residence in New York, which does not recognize the kind of divorce Hammond received. Three children were born to the second Mrs. Hammond, and the family established a happy, normal life.

When the youngest child was five, the father died, leaving a sizable fortune. The grief-stricken widow, confronted with the problem of bringing up her family without her husband's guidance, suddenly had another, more staggering situation to face. The first Mrs. Hammond contested the will. She claimed that the three children were illegitimate, since the divorce was not valid in New York. The courts upheld her, and the father's sin was most graphically visited upon the children who were deprived of their legitimacy and birthright.

As a rule, women are more far-seeing than men when it comes to the matter of their children's happiness. There are women right around the corner from you, eating their hearts out and enduring marital incompatibility, because they do not want their children to suffer. They could get divorces—reprieves from the cruelties and indignities to which brutish husbands subject them. But they prefer marriage, however unbearable, to divorce.

They have read about boys like Howard Frankel, who threatened to commit suicide if the court awarded him to his mother; they have heard of girls, suddenly wayward and delinquent, because their youthful illusions have been shattered by the ugly realities of the divorce court.

Those women are mature, thinking mothers, not problem parents. They have determined to keep their homes together at any cost, because they know that broken homes mean unhappy children.

It is hard for me to understand the alacrity with which only moderately unhappy women rush into divorce. These problem parents regard marriage as an arrangement for their own convenience, to be cast off when it becomes irksome.

But when it's a little child's happiness at stake, when young lives are twisted and made ugly by these heedless divorces, we owe it to ourselves to make a success of marriage in order that our children shall be safe and happy. Otherwise they will be the problem parents of tomorrow, finding little happiness for themselves and none for their children.

He Was Already Married!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

knew it wasn't. Little things, that ordinarily I would not have noticed, began carrying secret, pointed meaning. The accidental touch of his hand, that lingered too long on mine; his eyes, meeting mine, sending the hot blood to my cheeks; his eyes that told me so plainly that I was beautiful—and desirable.

Several weeks followed in which we saw Mark and Marty almost every night at their house or ours. Dancing at the tavern out on the Pike. Or picnicking, bundled against the frosty nights, by a huge bonfire down at the River Grove, with Mark's shoulder pressing mine, with his nearness filling me with an ecstasy that had no name. But never a word passed between us, since that first night, that Marty or Jim might not have heard. Until that day at our house. Even that wasn't of his seeking nor mine. It was an accident.

My struggle with the shame and guilt that was raging within me had left me nervous, tense, irritable. Jim and I had quarreled at breakfast—a foolish quarrel, beginning over nothing and ending in ugly, bitter words.

"You're no more the Carry I loved and married, than day is night!" Jim raged at me. "You don't even know that my arms haven't been around you for two weeks, and—you don't care. But you know every time that guy Jamison looks at you. Do you think I can be your husband—love

you, and not feel what's going on inside you? And Marty's your best friend. The squarest, straightest-shooting girl I've ever met! How can you, Carry? How can you?"

"How can I what?" I cried angrily. "Put your finger on something I've done that I shouldn't, if you can."

He didn't try to answer, he just looked at me. But his look was enough. And he left, for the first time since our marriage, without kissing me goodby. I watched him stride down the walk, his shoulders sagging a little, his face aged and tired. I wanted to run after him, and put my arms around him. I wanted to hide my face against his shoulder. "But I haven't done anything," I told myself stubbornly. "What right has he got to accuse me?" I nursed my anger against Jim in miserable justification of the secret that I thought hidden deep in my heart.

Jim came home for his silent lunch, which I set silently on the table before him, and went back to the office. I was curled up on the living room couch, trying to lose myself in a book, when the doorbell rang.

Mom had said something about coming over that afternoon if she could finish her ironing in time, so I called out, without looking up: "Come in—the door's unlocked."

The living room opened off the foyer.

Mark was in the room, and standing beside me, before I knew he was there. I pulled myself upright. My book crashed to the floor. I could feel the blood rushing to my face and receding again. I could feel my heart a mad thing, high in my throat, choking me.

I stammered. "I—I thought it was Mom . . . I . . ." Then I wasn't speaking any more, for he was on the couch beside me, his arms drawing me close, closer—his face, as white as mine, his lips hunting my lips, crushing them. "Carry, Carry, darling," he whispered hoarsely.

At first I pushed him away and cried: "No, Mark! No—no! You mustn't! You—mustn't . . ." Foolish, futile cries, smothered in his hungry, clinging arms. The beat of my heart and the roar of blood in my ears was like the moan of the wind before the fury of a sweeping storm—a storm that had caught us both in its sudden path, and was sweeping us like leaves in the wild gale.

Minutes afterwards—hours—centuries it might have been for all either of us knew, we were facing each other in the little living room, trying to talk out the thing that had happened between us.

"I didn't mean it—I swear to God, I didn't!" Mark said brokenly, "Ever since that first night I met you, I've been—mad about you. A fever inside me that I've tried to wipe out—and couldn't. That first night I met you, I knew. I'd have left town the next day if there'd been any way of making Marty see a reason. I've tried not to be alone with you. I've kept away from you as much as I could. Even today, when Marty asked me to stop here and



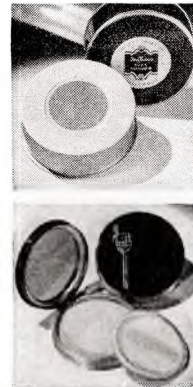
FRANCISKA GAAL
IN PARAMOUNT'S
"PARIS HONEYMOON"

"This Lipstick never dries my Lips"

It's Max Factor's new Tru-Color Lipstick...Hollywood's latest sensation. Just imagine a lipstick with these *four* amazing features...

1. lifelike red of your lips
2. non-drying, but indelible
3. safe for sensitive lips
4. eliminates lipstick line

For your most thrilling lipstick experience, try this wonderful new Tru-Color Lipstick created by Max Factor, Hollywood, for the screen stars and you...it's perfect! There's a color harmony shade for you whether you are blonde, brunette, brunette or redhead. Remember to ask for Max Factor's TRU-COLOR Lipstick...\$1.00.



POWDER... Your skin will look lovelier, more youthful, if your face powder is the color harmony shade for your type. This is the secret of Max Factor's Face Powder. Satin-smooth, clinging, it really stays on...\$1.00

ROUGE... Are you blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead? There's a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge that will be amazingly flattering to you. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily and evenly...50¢

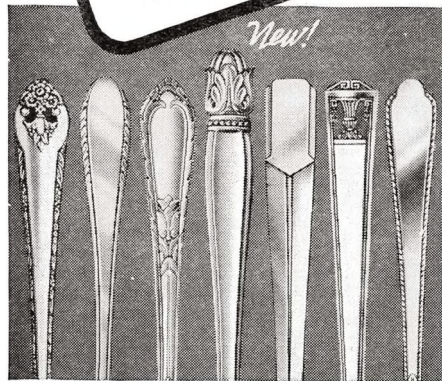
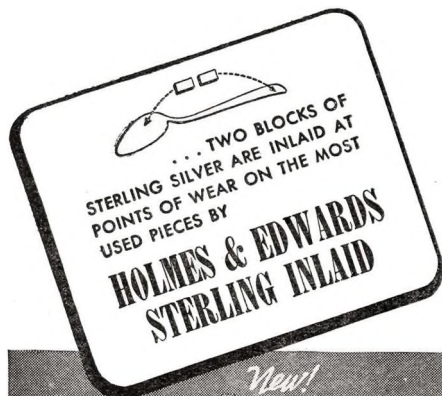
Max Factor
★ HOLLYWOOD

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD:
Send Purple-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Smpler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Beauty Make-Up"..... FREE.

NAME _____ 5-3-49
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Other <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Other <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Other <input type="checkbox"/>
Other <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	Other <input type="checkbox"/>
AGE		



LOVELY LADY FIRST LADY MASTERPIECE DANISH PRINCESS NAPOLEON - CENTURY GUEST OF HONOR
 COPR-1939 - INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO - HOLMES & EDWARDS DIV - MERIDEN, CONN

CALL ME SIT-TRUE

STRONGER MORE ABSORBENT
AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

Teeth hard to Bryten?

There's a famous dentifrice that gives new sparkle to your teeth. It is Iodent No. 2—made by a Dentist to SAFELY clean dingy teeth and remove brownish smoke stains, or money back. Have you tried it? Thousands have and use no other. Get refreshing Iodent Toothpaste or Powder today!

IODENT
TOOTH PASTE and POWDER

NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN **NO. 2** FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

pick up the hamper she left the other night, I tried to beg off.

"She's so darn good, Carry! So square. I—I thought I couldn't let her down—and this is where I've ended! I've always despised men who play with other men's wives. And now—I'm one. Yet I can't help it. I'm so crazy about you, I can't hear your name without shaking inside like a kid!

"If only your eyes hadn't told me so plainly, that first night, how it was with you . . . if only they hadn't kept on telling me, calling me!"

"That's right," I said, my voice shaking. "Blame it on me! Do you think what's happened here this afternoon makes me happy? Do you think I'll find very much peace in this house that belongs to Jim, from now on? Do you think . . ."

And then his arms were around me once more, and there wasn't any anger left in me, only pain and desire, and our secret, a guilty, bitter-sweet bond between us.

WE BOTH knew when he left, that what had happened that afternoon must never happen again. That we mustn't let it. We told each other so, with our arms around each other. But—once apart, it wasn't so easy.

Quick, stolen minutes, desperately snatched from beneath Marty's trusting eyes, and Jim's ever more watchful ones. Minutes that were no longer filled with glances, but with smothered whispers. "I love you." "I love you." Mad kisses answering mad kisses. Mark never came to the house again. And he was careful never to see me unless Jim and Marty were somewhere around.

I knew he was living up to the promise we made each other that afternoon, and I tried to make myself believe I was glad. I was, in a way. But it was such a bitter comfort. I grew thin and white and irritable. I brooded, until right wasn't right any more, nor wrong, wrong.

Money, position, beautiful clothes . . . they were Marty's. They belonged to her. She'd been born with them. But she hadn't been born with Mark Jamison's love. That was mine! I couldn't give it up! I wouldn't. No one had any right to ask me to—not even Mark!

I told him so. Over a game of honeymoon bridge, one night in Marty's own living room, with Marty and Jim busily cutting and splicing a reel of film, in plain sight through the wide, arched door of the library, not thirty feet away.

"I can't stand it," I said fiercely. "It isn't fair asking me to, Mark. It isn't fair to any of us—you or Marty or Jim. Jim suspects already. I know he does! He's suspected from the first. He'll set me free, if I ask him. And Marty would too, if you told her the truth. She wouldn't stand in our way. She'd . . ."

"Do you have to tell me that?" Mark's face was drawn, his eyes bleak with shame. "Marty loves me. I know the stuff that love is made of—I know her. I know that she'd give me the moon, if she could get it for me. She'd tear her heart out and put it bleeding in my hands, if she thought it would make me happy. She'd give me up. But—it would kill her."

"But you'd kill me to—save her!" I answered, my voice as his, a hard, tense whisper. "She's had everything I've always wanted, all my life, and now—she has you. I hate you both. Hate you, hate you, hate you. I never want to see either of you again as long as I live." I rushed out to Jim.

"I've a headache, Jim. I want to go home."

"It took you rather suddenly, didn't it?" Jim asked, and his eyes went from me to Mark. They were black, and suspicion-filled.

For days after that, I hardly left the house. "I'm sick," I told Jim, leadenly. I told Marty the same thing. "No, I don't want you to come over. I don't want to see anyone. No."

"Sick," I told Mom. "Leave me alone—for Pete's sake, I'm sick! Why can't folks leave me alone!"

Jim sent for the doctor. "Tch! Tch! It's nerves," he said. "Been gadding too much, probably. Rest is all she needs."

I laughed in his face. Rest! With desire for Mark a knife in my heart; with my bitterness at Marty because she stood between us, growing stronger each day and more terrible, it's no wonder I was nervous! I was half mad! I realized it even then, and stared at myself in the glass with frightened, shrinking eyes.

The strangest part of it was, that now, when I wasn't seeing Mark any more, Jim for the first time was certain that I was. He took to watching me from narrowed eyes, coming home at odd hours, in the middle of the afternoon. Nights when he was supposed to be at his office, he'd come back unexpectedly to find me as he had left me—alone.

Oh, we couldn't go on like this! It was killing me! And of all the people in the world, it had to be Mom who brought it to a head.

Running over to the house one evening when Jim and I were eating our dinner, with a pie for Jim and some fresh rolls hot from the oven, she said, her kind face creased with worry:

"What's come over you, Carry? I met Marty on the street this afternoon, and she said you wouldn't see her! She said she'd called and called and had been over here twice when she knew you were at home, and you wouldn't let her in! And her going away so soon! I don't see how you can act so mean!"

"Going away!" The words burst from me. I could feel Jim's eyes on me. My hands flew to my lips, to smother the cry that hung there. "Going away? Where . . ."

"I thought that would wake you up," Mom said. "It's her man. He's been called to some outlandish place, somewhere in China—I never could say them names. They're leaving Sunday."

The room was spinning 'round and 'round, but the knowledge that Jim was watching me held me steady. I said, almost quietly, "I guess I have been sort of nasty . . . I'm sorry. I'll call her up, Mom."

Jim was leaving that night for a dental convention in Des Moines. A two-day trip. Driving. He started as soon as dinner was over. It was a trip we had been planning on taking ever since summer. It showed how far the break between us had gone, that he hadn't mentioned our plans to me, nor had I to him.

I saw him off. He kissed me goodbye, his lips as cold as ice against my cheek.

I COULDN'T wait to get Mom out of the house before I was on the phone. But it wasn't Marty I was calling. It was Mark. A maid answered. That was luck, although it wouldn't have made any difference who answered. I would have asked for Mark anyway.

I was crying so when I heard his voice that I could hardly talk. "Jim's gone—to

Des Moines. Oh, for pity's sake, Mark, come to me . . . come . . .

It seemed to me I heard his car the second it turned into our street. I had been following it in my heart from the instant Mark left his driveway.

It had been raining all the afternoon, a rain that with night had turned to an icy sleet. I was out in it, and on the steps waiting, when he came up the walk, a dark, white-faced figure. Without saying a word, he walked straight into my arms.

He carried me into the house. I was clinging to him. My legs were so weak, I probably couldn't have walked.

In the living room, Mark set me gently on the couch, and sat down beside me, his face against mine, his lips groping for mine—hungry as mine were with the days that had parted us.

"Take me with you, Mark!" I wept. "Take me with you! You can't go away and leave me here! You and I, Mark—together—tonight—now. I can't live without you!"

I was fighting against that stubbornness that was back in his face; fighting against Marty's shadow, that was there so plainly between us. I was fighting, pleading, crying, until I lay limp and white, sobbing in his arms. He was crying too. His voice was hoarse. "I can't! I can't!" he gritted through tortured sobs, from a tortured heart.

Neither of us heard the sound of steps on the porch, nor the soft opening of the door. I wouldn't have heard a cyclone then through the storm that was sweeping me.

I didn't even know that Marty and Jim were in the room with us until Jim had

Mark by the shoulder, and was yanking him to his feet. Marty crowded in between them, her face white as death, shielding Mark with her slender body, and saying in a voice that was a stiff, dead whisper, through stiff, dead lips:

"Mark! Mark! Mark . . ." Just his name over and over.

I struggled to my feet, stood swaying dizzily. My eyes sought out Jim's accusing ones, my voice shrill: "You did this—you! You! Spying, sneaking . . . bringing Marty here! And I don't care! I'm glad! Glad!" I spun around to Marty, frenzied words tumbling from my lips.

"He loves me! Mark loves me! He wants his freedom so he can marry me, and he won't ask it. But I'm asking for it. Give it to him, Marty . . . Give . . ."

My voice that had begun almost on a scream, lost itself in a choking breath. There was something so strange about Marty, standing there so still before me, with her eyes not seeing me at all. She was looking by me, straight at Jim.

"You—you knew I would find—this, Jim?" she said at last pitifully. You knew, when you met me out there just now, coming to make a last effort to see Carry, that—that I would find, Mark—here. That's why you didn't want me to come in; why you told me Carry was over at her mother's. You knew . . . about Carry and Mark. You've known—all along?"

Jim said, "Yes, Marty, I've known, but I—I tried to spare you." His eyes were bleak with pain and pity.

She didn't look at me, even then. She turned to Mark, and reaching up her small brown hands, pulled his face down to hers. Such a simple gesture, but one that swept

Jim and me from the room, as if we never existed.

"You want your freedom?" she asked softly. "Freedom, dear? All these weeks you've wanted it and didn't dare to ask? Do you know me that little? Have you ever asked anything from me that I haven't given you, always? Love is an empty thing, without two to share it. You're free. I'll free you when and however you wish." She reached up and softly kissed him on his lips. Then she turned quietly and went out of the room and through the door.

As she passed through it, she seemed to be conscious of me for the first time. Turning, she looked at me—a long, still glance. And suddenly, as I cowered beneath her eyes, a strange thing happened. My heart, which had been filled with anger and bitterness, was like an orange, squeezed dry. And where there had been bitterness and anger, now was terror—a blind, unreasoning, paralyzing terror, that filled every inch of my body.

I don't know how long we stood there, Jim and Mark and I. Outside Marty's car grated into gear. The engine roared in the darkness. It took several seconds before I could pull myself out of the frozen horror that was gripping me. A horror that wiped out my mad infatuation for Mark, as though it had never been.

I caught at Mark's arm. I clutched at Jim and pushed them towards the door. "Marty!" I sobbed. "Marty . . . She's going to kill herself! It was in her eyes when she looked at me . . . Death . . . I saw it there—I saw death! Catch her! Stop her! We've got to . . ."

I was racing down the walk then, with

If Doctors did the Spanking—they'd probably Spank Mummies!

IN HERE — AND I'LL JUST SPANK THAT TEMPER OUT OF YOU!

AREN'T YOU GOING TO SPANK ME, MUMMIE?

NO, DARLING — MUMMIE'S SORRY! WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE NICE DOCTOR INSTEAD

YOU'RE RIGHT — SHE'S UNCOMFORTABLE — THAT MAKES HER IRRITABLE. AND YOUR BATHROOM PAPER IS PROBABLY AGGRAVATING THE TROUBLE

DIRT SPECKS... EVEN TINY SPLINTERS — I'VE CERTAINLY BEEN CARELESS

IT IS SCRATCHY, ISN'T IT, MUMMIE?

LOOK, JOHN — THIS SOFT-WEVE WALDORF IS QUITE DIFFERENT — SOFT AS AN OLD LINEN HANKY — AND SO ABSORBENT — IT SHOULD GO FARTHER, TOO

SOFT LIKE KITTY, MUMMIE?

LATER

NO MORE SCOLDINGS FOR TEMPER, KITTY, SINCE MUMMIE TOOK US TO DOCTOR WILL

MAKE THE "LIGHT TEST" YOURSELF AND — SEE WHY *Soft-Weve* WALDORF IS NON-IRRITATING AND COMFORTABLE

5¢

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TISSUE

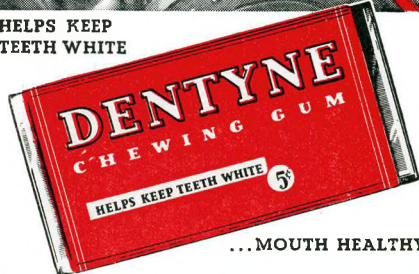
Copr., 1939, Scott Paper Company

Warrior Queen wins with smile!

Roman soldiers feared her—but admired her beautiful smile. Her teeth were kept sound and sparkling by exercise on rough, chewy foods. We moderns eat soft foods that fail to give our teeth enough healthful exercise.



HELPS KEEP
TEETH WHITE



...MOUTH HEALTHY

YOUR TEETH NEED DENTYNE!

Dentyne, the "chewier" gum, gives your mouth and teeth the invigorating exercise they need. Stimulates healthy circulation of the blood in gums and teeth-roots—and increases the flow of cleansing saliva. Helps keep your teeth cleaner, healthier, more lustrous white.

FOR SHEER PLEASURE, TASTE THAT FLAVOR!

You'll find it a delight as well as a sensible health habit to chew Dentyne daily—its spicy flavor is so delicious, so *lastingly* good! The flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature) slides neatly into your pocket or purse—a treat always in reach.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Jim, breathing hoarsely, beside me, and Mark, running on ahead.

"She's taken the river road... I saw the tail-lights of her car make the turn..."

"Take your car," Jim shouted, "it's faster. Quick!"

With the car already in motion beneath Mark's hard-pressing foot, we stumbled in and were roaring down the road, skidding, slipping, the sleet pelting against the windshield.

Passion, desire, love, anger—all were meaningless. Our one concerted thought was to head off Marty. In that stark moment we all of us knew that to a heart as simple, as loyal and true as Marty's, there could be only one way for her to give Mark his freedom—death.

AT THE edge of town the river road forks, one branch climbing the hill to Marty's home, the other, making a sharp turn along a steep, rail-edged cliff to the Indian reservation.

As soon as our headlights picked out the broken gap in the white railing, we knew what had happened. She had gone straight on—and straight through.

The river! An accident! In the clear white knowledge of Marty, as I was seeing her for the first time in all my selfish, envious life, I saw that even in death she would protect those she loved. An accident—with no one to prove it wasn't—not even us. That was—Marty.

I had been praying deep inside me ever since we started. I was praying out loud now, as we tumbled out of the car: "God... God... save her... spare her. Let her be alive, dear God... Oh, Marty, Marty! Marty, my beloved friend. Oh, Marty!"

We reached the bank almost together. It shone white in the glare of the headlights, each stick and stone sharp and clear. I don't think any of us could believe what we saw. I know that all at once I was sick and gagging, and clinging to Jim's arm, and that Jim and Mark were staring, their eyes white-rimmed and ghastly with the hope and fear that rode them.

"Caught!" Jim gasped, "The car's caught between the rocks and that scrub oak... that little ledge below is holding it. Marty's still in it! Look! She's down there beneath the seat! Her car's light and small—there's a chance... If only we had a rope—something to let us down..."

Mark raced back to his car, and brought forth a coil of heavy rope. "Bought it to haul myself out of a mudhole only yesterday... Here—a noose under my arms, like this. Wrap the other end around that post there. I can manage going down, but for God's sake, keep my weight off the car, when I reach for Marty. Another jar might send it crashing!"

I didn't dare hope, I didn't dare think. I hardly breathed. Hunched beside Jim, staring down the cliff, we watched Mark's slow, cautious progress down the icy rocks, while Jim cautiously let out the rope. Mark shouted directions in a hoarse voice. "A little to the left—slow—easy now, Jim, I'm almost down..."

"I've got her! Got her—but—the ledge—it's giving—pull us clear of the tree—quick... Oh, my God! Quick!" he shouted.

There was a crash and a rumble. Jim and I pulled together with every ounce of our strength. The rope cut and burned our hands. The muscles swelled under Jim's coat. Blood from his bitten lips, trickled down his chin, and his torn hands were wet with blood when he reached out at last to draw them in.

I don't remember much about what happened after that. Like in a broken film, I remember darkness, a flash of lights, voices, then darkness again.

I remember Jim gasping, "Is she alive, Mark?"

"She's still breathing. Get us to the hospital, quick!" Mark gritted.

I remember how he held Marty, in one straining arm, the other hanging limp and useless by his side. I knew vaguely, that the tree must have struck him when it fell. I was driving. Mark was in the back, still holding Marty, and Jim rode on the running board, steadying them both.

Jim and I waited in the corridor of the hospital, numb with misery. A doctor in a white coat rushed by and at our entreaty to tell us how Marty was, he said briefly, "Contusions and shock—she'll be all right."

At that moment, Marty's father came out. "Thank God," he said huskily, "she's all right."

The relief that poured over me was like a blinding light. The last thing I remember is Mr. Hamill shouting, "Look out, Jim! Carry's fainting! Catch her..."

I SEEMED to recognize the curtains at the open window. Was that my body—that felt so light, so empty? Was that the picture on the wall, that Jim and I had selected together? I reached out a thin hand. It was caught and held gently in Jim's big brown hand. I looked up into Jim's face. It was drawn and thin, but gentle as his hands. His eyes were filled with pity. Suddenly the haze cleared and memory flooded me. "Marty! Marty, Jim? Is she—all right? Is she..."

Jim's arms were around me, lifting my head to his shoulder, pillowing it there, and he was saying, quietly, soothingly:

"There, honey, there... It's all right! Everything's all right. Marty is fine. You're the one who's been sick. You caught pneumonia that night... We—we..." he choked, and I could feel his arms around me tighten. "We—thought you wouldn't live. Marty and Mark wouldn't leave town until the crisis was over and the doctor said you'd—get well..."

I looked into Jim's eyes humbly, penitent, pleading. In my eyes, he surely must have seen my love for him that my lips were afraid to speak, that begged the forgiveness my lips were ashamed to ask.

And he forgave me.

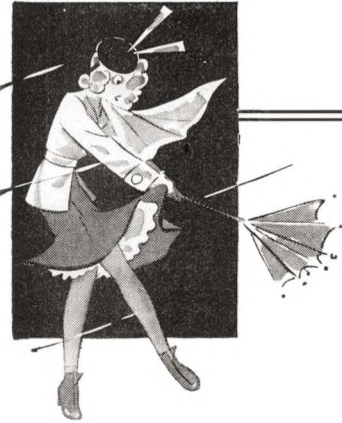
"Carry, darling! Don't look like that—don't, darling. I told you once I understood you. You've been mad, and now you are—sane. You've been sick, and now you're well. Death has been in this room for so long. It taught me things. If Marty was big enough to do what she did for love, my love for you would be big enough, too. If you still love me—I am yours. Always. You know that. A house that's been torn down, can be built up again. We'll build ours—you and I together, dear, as Mark and Marty are building theirs. We'll build a good house this time—one that will stand!"

If, in the arms that held me so tightly, there was pity, as well as love; if the eyes that met mine so tenderly, held a sadness they would never lose; if Jim's face, so close to mine, was etched with new lines it would carry to the grave, that was part of the price I must pay for my sin. And I knew it. Just as I know that I have made a vow of love and fidelity, that I will never break, through this world and the next and all the worlds to come.

So help me God!

Small Town Scandal

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]



It frightened me but it made him more fascinating than ever. Beside his strange love-making, Dick's seemed like a little boy's. Mort's was intoxicating, like wine. The more I had of it, the more I wanted. Dick's had been like milk, nourishing and sustaining, but unexciting. Mort's very nearness lighted a fire somewhere deep within me that made the blood course hotly through my veins. It would be thrilling, married to Mort. I wasn't giving up love for money. I was lucky. I was smart, too. I was going to have money—and love—passionate, intense love, besides. The love of a man of the world.

I knew, of course, that the town was talking about me. One of my dear girl friends went out of her way to tell me that it was a shame the way I had treated Dick, passing him up for a man old enough to be

my father. But nobody could make any scandal about it. I was very careful about that. Nobody was ever going to be able to say that I had been Mort Backson's girl.

Sometimes when Mort went to Chicago he brought me back presents. I took them. A wrist watch, and a gold and enamel vanity case, and a sapphire and diamond clip, along with some perfume and other things, but I kept them locked in a drawer at the office. Time enough to bring them out when I was married. I was sure that it wouldn't be long. By the end of six months I could almost smell the orange blossoms.

THEN one night after we'd been working late, Mort told me that he had arranged a little treat for me up at his house. He lived all alone in a big stone house on the corner of Elm Street across from the banker's. I didn't know what to say. I'd been pretty careful, never giving anybody a chance to say anything about me. A couple of times Mort had asked me to go to a roadhouse out past the county line but I had refused.

I wavered. Mort was looking at me with a little smile in his eyes. "You don't have to leave the office with me. I'll go ahead and pick you up at Orchard and Vine. It's black as your hat out there. We'll drive in the back way. Nobody'll see us.

I know you don't want to get talked about. I don't want you to, either."

Of course he wouldn't want the girl he was going to marry talked about. That decided me. I couldn't resist this chance to see the inside of the house that was going to be mine. Maybe tonight he was going to ask me. I knew Mort was crazy about me. It wouldn't do not to trust him. After all, in spite of everything people had said about him, Mort hadn't done anything off-color. He hadn't been fresh the way everybody said he would be.

So he left the office first and I locked up and went out to Orchard and Vine Streets and he picked me up and we drove to the house.

We went in the back way and stopped in the kitchen. It was jade green and ivory, with a big chromium sink and little jade curtains at the windows—the kind of kitchen a girl dreams about.

"I thought it would be swell to come out here and fix up a snack. I told Joe to leave the makings for sandwiches and stuff," he told me.

I was so tickled I could have gone into a dance. He wanted to see me here in his home, doing the things I'd be doing if I were his wife.

I felt like his wife already, slicing the bread and making the coffee and talking about things that had gone on at the office. The Negro man and woman who did his

Women TO Earn

UP TO \$23 Weekly

-and in addition get All Your Own Dresses FREE!

in this New Kind of Work for Married Women

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON

• No Experience • No Investment Necessary

Here's a wonderful offer for ambitious married women. Be the direct factory representative for glorious Fashion Frocks. Wear the lovely dresses offered to you free and show to friends, neighbors and all women. Take their orders and earn up to \$23 in a week doing this easy, fascinating and dignified work.

You can turn your spare hours into profit and get the thrill of having many new smart dresses, luxurious lingerie and fashionable silk hose, at no cost to you. Our plan starts you quickly and requires no regular house-to-house canvassing. And you don't have to invest one penny. Everything you need is furnished you free. Besides a chance to make a nice weekly income, you can save enormously through getting, in addition to the cash, all your own clothes Free. Mail coupon at once for this amazing free opportunity. There is no obligation. Nothing to pay now or any time.

• Write for Portfolio of 120 Smart New 1939

Advanced Spring Dresses

Many as Low as 3 Dresses for \$3.98

Fashion Frocks for Spring of 1939 are the finest in our 31 years of dress manufacturing history. They are advance styles direct from Paris, Hollywood, Riviera and other famed fashion centers, and have been personally selected by twenty-five prominent screen actresses. Fashion Frocks are approved by leading fashion editors and other recognized style authorities. They are never sold in stores, but by direct factory representatives only. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and known to women everywhere.

Lona Andie
Chooses this
stunning Rose-
wine print
with accordion
pleated bodice
and pockets.

Fashion Frocks, Inc.
Dept. CC-225, Cincinnati, Ohio

• I am interested in your Free offer. Send me all the details how I can make up to \$23 weekly and get my own dresses without a penny of cost.

Name

Address

City

Age Dress Size

FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Dept. CC-225, Cincinnati, O.



WE don't promise a "wonder cure" for children's colds, **BUT**—most folks advise a good "clearing out" as the first step in dealing with colds, and FEEN-A-MINT's ideal because the youngsters take it *gladly*. No tears, tantrums, or peevish to contend with. FEEN-A-MINT tastes grand and it's thoroughly dependable. Imagine, they get all its famous benefits simply by chewing. No wonder folks say: "FEEN-A-MINT seems just like magic!" Millions, young and old, rely on FEEN-A-MINT. Make it *your* family standby, too.

FEEN-A-MINT
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum!

Jeweled Watch given with every ring ordered and paid for promptly on our new plan!

FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE

SEND NO MONEY with order

Factory Guarantee for Accuracy enclosed. **JEWELLED**. Rich. Watch given **FREE** of extra charge with every ring ordered **NOW** and paid for promptly in two easy monthly \$2 payments (total \$4 — includes both ring and watch). Simulated diamonds set in 925/1000 pure Sterling Silver and 1/30 14K natural yellow **GOLD**. 10 Day **FREE** trial. We gladly trust you! **SEND NO MONEY** with order—send postcard—your order shipped **SAME DAY** by **RETURN MAIL**—**GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO.**, Dept. S-393, **NEWTON, MASS.**

CATARRH-- SINUS HEADACHE
Due to Nasal Congestion

Relieve hawking—phlegm-filled throat—catarrhal bad breath—stuffed-up head and sinus headaches caused by nasal congestion. Ask your Druggist for Hall's Catarrh Medicine, the pleasant Two-Method Treatment. Satisfaction or your money back. **SEND POST CARD FOR HALL'S CATARRH CHART**, diet rules. Write to-day! **F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 223, Toledo, Ohio HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE**

BABY COMING?

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

See your doctor regularly. Ask him about breast-shaped Hygeia Nipples and wide mouth Hygeia Bottles. New valve inside nipple helps prevent collapse. Tab keeps nipple germ-free. Smooth, rounded inner surface and wide mouth make cleaning bottle easy.

SAFEST BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

cooking and took care of the house weren't anywhere around. We had the place all to ourselves.

When we'd finished, Mort put his arms around me and asked me how much longer I was going to keep him waiting. "We could have some pretty swell times, you and I, Marie. You could go with me when I go to Chicago. We might run on to New York once in a while and see some shows and pick up some clothes for you."

I turned in his arms. My head was whirling and my breath was crowding in my lungs. "I haven't kept you waiting. You've just asked me." I was half-laughing and half-crying, I was so happy. Then something happened. For just a minute I seemed to see Dick Marris' face in front of me, looking at me the way he always looked when he told me how much he cared for me. It was just as if it were photographed there on the wall of Mort Backson's kitchen. Then it was gone. It gave me a queer feeling and I closed my eyes for a second.

When I opened them again, Mort was looking down at me. "When a girl is as smart as you are, a man doesn't have to ask," Mort was saying. He kissed me. He had kissed me before but this kiss was different. First his lips were soft and damp against mine, then they pressed down hard, crushing my lips against my teeth. His body was pressing against mine, too, his arms holding me tighter and tighter against him.

"This is what you were made for," he said to me in a strange, low voice that was shaking a little. His whole body began to tremble. I could feel myself trembling, too.

I tried to fight the feeling that was coming over me. I didn't want things to happen that way. I didn't even want to have to tell myself that I had been Mort Backson's girl before we were married.

He let go a little and took my arm and led me out of the kitchen, into a hall and upstairs. "They say suckers can't wait but I've waited a long time for you, Marie. I've sure been the white-haired boy for over six months now. But it's been worth it."

He pushed open a door and when he did a door in my heart that had been standing open for six long months, shut. Mort Backson wasn't asking me to marry him. He was asking the only thing that he had ever asked of any girl, any woman. My family had been right, the town had been right. Dick Marris had known all along.

Mort laughed in my face when I stammered out that I had thought he was asking me to marry him. He threw it up to me about all the presents I'd taken from him—that I had "jimmied" out of him, he said. And then he yanked me into the room and told me I wasn't going to play him for a sap.

I saw Mort Backson then as he really was. His heavy lips were drawn back from his teeth and the eyes that looked out at me from his deeply flushed face were the eyes of a beast. He looked horrible to me, not rich and fascinating but old and evil—and dangerous—terribly dangerous.

I could feel his breath on my face and neck and it wasn't romantic at all. It was just plain nasty. His hands clutched me so tight that the thick fingernails dug into my skin.

"Don't pull that innocent-lamb stuff with me, sister. I'm too old a hand. I won't marry you. I'm not the marrying kind. But I'll play pretty if you play pretty."

I felt sick all over and shaking inside. I

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

Use DERMOL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermol with amazing, true photographic proof of results also FREE.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermol. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Gravid users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermol is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Single our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Get a First School Graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

American School, Dept. H359, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work — prepares you for entrance to college. Standard H. S. texts supplied — Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a First School Graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H359, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

SHAMPOO .. COLOR GRAY HAIR

at SAME time....

ENTIRELY NEW - DIFFERENT. Does not stain scalp. No experience required. Beautiful, even, LASTING shades. Leaves hair smooth, glossy. Permits Permanent Wave. ... Write for **FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS**... RHODES CO. 35 CANAL ST. LOWELL, MASS.

IF YOU AGREE TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS I'LL SEND YOU ACTUAL SAMPLE

SNAG-PROOFED SILK HOSE

And Show You How To Earn Up To \$22 In A Week

Thrilling new! Amazing New patented process makes women's Snag-Proofed (thrift) Hosiery resist snags and runs, wear twice as long, and cut hosiery bills in half. Individual lengths to fit all customers. Lowest prices. Write for actual sample to show your friends. Send no money. **AMERICAN SILK HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. R-19, Indianapolis, Ind.**

Amazing, New, Popular PICTURE RING

ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE reproduced, permanently on an exquisite 4mm-like ring. Marvelous new secret process! A priceless keepsake! Guaranteed! Sample ring from any photo you send only . . . 48c

SEND NO MONEY—Everyone wants PICTURE RING. Show ring—take orders—make money! Just send photo with strip of paper trimmed so ends meet around finger for size. Post-man only 48c, plus few cents postage. Photo returned with ring. Money back if not delighted. Order **NOW!** **PICTURE RING CO., Dept. 2-33, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Earnings of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of **SWEDISH MASSAGE** run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Securing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Write for Anatomy Charts, and booklet — They're FREE

THE College of Swedish Massage
30 E. Adams St., Dept. 391, Chicago
(Successor to National College of Massage)

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. I tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My **FREE** book, "How to Overcome the Superluous Hair Problem," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write **Mme. Annette Lanzetta, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 9-A, Chicago.**

had thought I was so smart. Just a little bit of flattery, a few presents and I had thought that Mort was eating out of my hand. Now, for the rest of my life, I could eat out my heart. For I knew now, that I had thrown a decent, clean boy's love away for a chance at Mort Backson's money. I'd been the worst kind of a fool—a fool who had fooled herself. I had out-smarted myself. For I knew that Mort would never let me go. I'd seen him drive too many sharp bargains at the office, take quick advantage of any slip on another's part, to hope that I would ever leave that house as I came into it.

I was going to have a chance now to know what it was like to be taken madly, possessively—against my will. I knew in that moment that all the things he had said to me, whispered to me when our two heads were together at the office, were lies to fan the emotions and impulses of an inexperienced girl into white heat, to rouse her nature beyond the point of any caution.

I knew now in a swift flash of understanding that love was never meant to be an attack. It was a thing to be shared by two people, a single ecstasy welding two separate beings into one, both giving and both taking. It came to me, there in that dimly lit room with its brocade hangings and lace-and-satin bed spread that that was the way love was meant to be—and not as Mort had said, at all.

And because I realized it now—because it was still not quite too late for me to go back to Dick and beg for that love humbly, on my knees, if I had to—I began to fight Mort Backson with all my fierce, young strength.

"You knew what was what all along. What are you bucking now for?" he panted.

His coarseness came out then, all that was low and evil in him. He said things to me and used terms that I had never heard before in my life but by the very way he said them, I knew what he meant. I felt as if I were being dragged through loathsome slime. And all the time that he was talking, saying those dreadful things, I kept struggling wildly. But he gripped me tighter and tighter, pushing his huge shoulders against me until I could feel the heat of his sweating flesh, hot and damp through my clothes.

Finally he struck me with one of his heavy hands. "Stop it! Lay off! A little fight is okay. But I'm getting darned tired of this wrestling match. You're not fooling your Uncle Mort, you know. I guess you, with that flaming hair of yours, and your boy friend discovered the facts of life a long time ago."

With that he deliberately caught me at the neck of my dress and literally tore it off me to the waist. Only the tight red patent leather belt I wore kept him from stripping it off.

But this act of brutality seemed to give me fresh strength and I fought like one possessed. I could feel his eyes like hot coals, searing me, branding me, as he tried to pin down my flaying arms.

I went into a kind of frenzy. The room began to wheel and a red mist closed down over me. Just how the glass flower-vase came into my hand I have never been able to recall. I seem to remember having seen it standing upon a table beside the bed when I first came into the room

but I have no memory of how I managed to get hold of it during that terrible struggle with Mort.

I recall feeling it heavy and cold in my fingers and I remember bringing it down with what strength I still had left upon Mort's arm, then striking upward with it against the side of his head.

He gave a howl and plumped backward, striking against the table and then against the wall. There was blood on his face and trickling down over his white collar. But I didn't wait for anything. Free for a moment of his arms, I flew out of the room and half-fell down the stairs. I went through the kitchen and grabbed my coat and threw it around my quivering shoulders, and got out of that house.

IN THE street I slunk along close to the hedges, praying that I would meet no one. All that I could think of was getting home, getting into bed and covering my head so that I could blot out the horror of that hour. I knew I was lucky. I had no right to be so lucky. For I had brought this whole thing on myself. I had been vain and greedy and a coward. I had been afraid to stand up to a little poverty. I'd wanted luxuries I never had had. I had made the mistake of confusing sex-thrill with love. I was intelligent enough to realize at last that Mort's fascination for me had been nothing but physical appeal—not even that, really. The things he had said to me more than his actual self, had worked up my half-wakened emotions.

And I had been let off! The memory of this terrible night would remain with me forever but I had not been made to pay [Please turn to page 73]

THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN —

"I'm Me — You're You
— and that's that!"

Every woman is a law unto herself—women's sanitary needs differ on different days and what's best for another woman isn't necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets YOUR needs best... each day!

So Kotex* offers All 3 types of sanitary napkins—

Regular Kotex* Sanitary Napkins—in the familiar blue box.

Junior Kotex*—in the green box. Somewhat narrower than Regular, for days when less protection is needed.

Super Kotex*—in the brown box. No longer or wider than Regular, yet its extra absorbency provides extra protection.

You'll See — KOTEX IS MADE FOR YOU!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Contagious Diseases—Their Prevention and Care

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]



BABY CAN HOLD HIS OWN



IF IT'S A PYREX NURSING BOTTLE

Six-sided shape makes it easy to hold. Smoothly rounded inside for easy cleaning. Baby's bottle can be taken from ice-box to boiling water with safety. Two-year replacement offer if broken from sudden temperature changes. Four oz. size, 15c. Eight oz. size **20c**

Made by Corning Glass Works and Distributed by Owens-Illinois Glass Company



PYREX
BRAND
NURSING BOTTLES

BOOKKEEPERS! BECOME EXPERT ACCOUNTANTS!

Every day bookkeepers *just like you* are learning accountancy—stepping out of bookkeeping drudgery into executive accounting jobs at \$2,000-\$5,000 a year as Accountants, Auditors, Comptrollers, C. P. A.'s. LaSalle's home training in spare time *fits you* for such promotions—brings them *now* instead of years from now. Instruction to suit *individual* needs—from Elements of Accounting to C. P. A. Coaching. 30 years' success assures results. Thorough but inexpensive. Liberal terms, if you wish. Don't watch others get ahead. Go out and succeed *yourself!* Write for FREE book "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays." Address:

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 330-H, Chicago
A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION

INFANTS' and CHILDREN'S STYLE BOOK
Free

EVERYTHING you will need for babies and for children up to 14 years of age. Dresses, from 39c up to \$1.98; suits, from 50c to \$3.98. Coats, shoes, hats and underwear; bedding and furnishings; complete layettes for the baby. Money-saving prices. Make your selections in your own home. Just send coupon TODAY for your copy of this FREE Style Book.

Dept. **Lane Bryant**
423
39th Street at Fifth Ave. NEW YORK

Please mail free copy of your Style Book (423)

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

it. So the other children were allowed to sleep in the same room with the sick child.

Well, the other children developed measles all right, but with what tragic consequences! Serious complications followed in the cases of the three other children. One child had a severe infection of both mastoids. Another child developed pneumonia and died. And the third child had such a serious case of measles, that it lasted for many weeks.

So there can be no doubt as to the importance of strict isolation. These children might have contracted measles, but if isolation had been observed, the cases would very likely have been mild, and much suffering could have been avoided.

Diphtheria

Diphtheria is one of the triumphs of medicine. Before the discovery of diphtheria antitoxin, doctors used to stand by a case of diphtheria, helplessly watching the child die of strangulation. Today doctors know that diphtheria can be wiped out as surely as small-pox has already been in most civilized countries in the world. If every child in the country were immunized against diphtheria with the new toxin-antitoxin, this disease would indeed be a thing of the past.

It is hard to believe that there are some parents who can find any objections to such a simple procedure as inoculation. In diphtheria, it is harmless, painless and has no complications. Two or three injections are given to the child past six months of age.

At the end of from three to six months, a simple test, known as the Schick test, is given to determine whether the inoculation has taken—that is, whether the child is now immune. If the test shows that he is immune, this will probably last throughout life.

It is advisable to check with another Schick test before the child enters school. Occasionally a child will have a positive test after the inoculation—which means that he is not completely immune. It is then a very simple matter to repeat the injections. How much wiser it is, and what a sense of security it gives the parents to know that their child is protected from diphtheria! How much cheaper and how much easier it is to prevent than to cure!

Diphtheria can be recognized by an inflammation of the throat and by the appearance of a greyish white membrane. These symptoms will appear two to four days after the child contracts the disease. By all means call your doctor at the first sign! For, by using antitoxin, immediately, your child will be spared.

The child should not be released from quarantine, even though he appears perfectly well, until two throat cultures, taken on successive days, show no diphtheria germs.

Scarlet Fever

Scarlet fever prevention has not yet reached the state of perfection that has been achieved in diphtheria. Scarlet fever usually starts suddenly with fever, vomiting, sore throat, a high temperature and a bright red rash. After being ex-

posed to the germ, it will take two to four days for the child to show the symptoms.

It is important that the doctor see the child early, for the mildest cases may develop severe complications. There is a scarlet fever serum and in severe cases the doctor will most likely use it. Mild cases do not require the serum. Quarantine is usually twenty-one days from the beginning of the illness.

The Dick test, which determines the susceptibility of a child to scarlet fever, is being used more and more to-day. It is especially helpful during epidemics. If the test is positive, then the doctor immunizes the child by injections of scarlet fever toxin. Because of the uncertainty of the length of time the immunity lasts, the routine immunization of children is not as popular as in the prevention of diphtheria.

Measles

Measles is the most common of the contagious diseases. The incubation period is usually ten to fourteen days. The measles' germ which has baffled scientists up to the present, has recently been discovered. The symptoms usually resemble an ordinary cold—sneezing, coughing, running nose and redness of the eyes.

It is during this stage that measles is most contagious and isolation is most important. The rash appears after two or three days. The eyes should be shielded from light, only if they are sensitive. The old idea of making a room pitch black, is no longer considered necessary in every case.

The period of quarantine is generally two weeks.

It is possible, during epidemics of measles, to give short immunity, by injecting the blood of a person who has already had measles.

Whooping Cough

Whooping cough is considered a serious disease by physicians. Young babies are very susceptible to this disease and up to six months, deaths occur very frequently.

Whooping cough is a highly contagious disease. It is a series of spasmodic coughs, ending in a whoop, and followed by vomiting. It usually takes from seven to fourteen days to show up. The quarantine period is from six to eight weeks.

The prevention of whooping cough by the use of vaccine is being advocated more and more. While physicians feel that the use of the vaccine will not prevent every case, it apparently causes the attack to be milder. There is still some question about the effectiveness of the use of the vaccine.

IN CONCLUSION, I would like to emphasize again the need for your cooperation. It is necessary only to follow the simple procedures of isolation and management, as outlined above. In that way you will be helping to prevent the occurrence of contagious diseases in other children, and you will surely be making the care of your own sick child easier. Other contagious diseases, not discussed in this article, will be treated in a later article.

Small Town Scandal

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

the final price of my stupid folly. For that I thanked God in humble, broken prayers. I wasn't spoiled for Dick. I was still fit to be his wife, if he'd take me.

I got into the house through the cellar and up into my room without being heard. I took off my torn clothes and hid them in the back of my closet and then I went into the bathroom and ran the tub full. I knew that it would wake my mother but I had to do it. I couldn't go to my decent, white bed with the touch of that man's hands still on me.

Mother knocked on the bathroom door and I told her I had gone for a walk after work. "I was so tired I knew I wouldn't sleep. I thought a hot bath might quiet my nerves."

"Something's happened," my mother said, guessing, the way mothers do.

"Yes. I made a mistake. A terrible mistake. Mort Backson and I had a fight about it and I'm—I'm out of a job," I told my mother.

I heard her sigh. "I'm glad of it, Marie. I have never had a moment's peace of mind since you were in that man's office," she told me. "But you were so head-strong—"

I got out of the tub and wrapped a towel about me and then I opened the door. "I won't be any more, Mother," I told her. "And don't you worry, I'll get some kind of a job. I'd rather work for

room and board than ever step foot in Mort Backson's office again."

She put her arms around me.

"Mother, do you think Dick would speak to me if I called him up or went to the store?" I asked her. I couldn't tell my mother, but I meant to tell Dick everything—how I planned to marry Mort and all of it.

She turned her head away. "Why, Marie, I thought you knew. Dick isn't here any more. He gave up his job and went away over a month ago. Nobody knows where he went."

I think my heart stopped beating. I thought I had been let off! But now I knew that nobody is ever let off anything. God had spared my body but I was going to pay with my heart for the rest of my life, perhaps, for the thing I had done to Dick and to the love that was between us. Dick's mother had died the year before and apart from her he had no relations that I knew of. If he had left town telling no one where he was going, I would never be able to find him.

I stood like a person paralyzed until my mother led me into my room. She turned down the covers and tucked me into bed and she didn't say a word. I think she guessed very close to the truth for she bent and kissed me and held me in her arms for a long time. Then she put out the light and went out.

The next morning I was awakened by the ringing of the telephone. Half-asleep I went to answer it. It was barely day-light.

It was Mort's voice, low and menacing, that sounded in my ear. "You'll be at the office when I get there, you little wildcat, if you know what's good for you. I had to have three stitches taken in my face and if you think I'm going to have it spread all over town that you took a sock at me, you've got another guess coming. You'll not make any laughing stock out of me."

"I'll never come near you again and if you annoy me, I'll show you up for the silly old man that you are. I'll—"

"You'll be at that office or you'll regret it as long as you live," he threatened.

"I wish I'd killed you while I was about it," I told him. "But you can't frighten me. Nothing you can do can be any worse than what you've already done."

"No? No?" His voice was silky. "That's what you think, sweetheart. Nobody ever made a sap of Mort Backson and got away with it. If you're going to play dirty, I'll play dirty, too. You can't guess how dirty I can be if I really put my mind to it."

I hung up. What could he do? He couldn't even go around boasting that I had been his girl. Not with that wound on his face with three stitches in it. People would put two and two together and realize that with me not in his office, I was the one who had damaged his face defending myself against him. That was what he was afraid of and it was the way I had figured it out.

I was wrong. But I didn't find that out till later.

I didn't go to the office and nothing hap-

HERE'S A GOOD TIP FOR SKINNY, TIRED, NERVOUS PEOPLE!

10 to 25 lbs. gained by thousands this quick, easy way

THERE'S no good reason today for thousands of people to be unattractively thin—often tired and nervous—hardly able to eat, sleep or work. For great numbers have put on 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks—gained new health, energy and life—with these scientific, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets.

You see, scientists have discovered that a great many people are skinny, rundown and irritable simply because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the real body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing elements in these effective little Ironized Yeast tablets. No wonder, then, that with them thousands of men and women have quickly put on just the solid pounds they needed—gained new pep and a naturally attractive appearance—won new friends and popularity, new joy in life.

Try them without risking a cent
Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and

FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you have so longed for, the price of this first package promptly refunded.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, and not one of the cheap, inferior substitutes often offered which do not give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet. Don't take substitutes.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 283, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday Evening. See local paper for time and station.



DON'T BE SKINNY

I WAS A SKINNY, TIRED, NERVOUS WRECK UNTIL . . .



Posed by professional model



How to make Gay Crepe Flowers

Grow a garden indoors with bouquets of crepe flowers . . . and novel flower tie-backs for spring curtains. They will brighten your home . . . or thrill your friends as gifts. So easy to make of Dennison Very Best Crepe. In 50 colors . . . every shade you need . . . at stores everywhere.

Mail coupon today for FREE leaflet "How to Make Crepe Flowers."

DENNISON'S, Dept. No. C-2461, Framingham, Mass.
Send me FREE Instruction Leaflet:
"How to Make Crepe Flowers."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Why not let us include some of these other Dennison Books?
Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

Crepe Paper Flowers Birthday Parties
 Gay Decorations Gay Colorful Costumes

Dennison CREPE

WOMEN WANTED TO SELL DRESSES

As Low As \$1.24 to FRIENDS!

Easy to Earn Extra Money in Spare Time

It's easy to earn up to \$22 in a week demonstrating and taking orders from friends for newest, smartest Spring and Summer styles famous Harford Frocks. Amazing values. Complete line—all sizes. No experience—no money needed. No house-to-house canvassing. We send you beautiful style presentation FREE—also opportunity to get your own dresses FREE of extra cost. Please write fully about yourself.

HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. R-15, Cincinnati, O.

Chrome DeLuxe CAMEO STYLE PHOTO RINGS

Indestructible

NEVER BEFORE SOLD AT THIS SENSATIONAL LOW PRICE! Looks like a \$10.00 white gold ring. Send any photo and ring size. (Photo is returned.) Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send cash we pay postage. (Expertly painted.)

79c

REX CHROME RING CO. (Extra)

(Canadian and Foreign Orders Send Cash) (Waterproof) P.O. Box 14, Dept. F4, Cincinnati, Ohio

Can You Equal This Home for 795

Shipped Direct from Our Mill

Save 30% to 40% on Your New Home..

WE PAY FREIGHT

Don't pay several hundred dollars more than necessary when you build a home! Buy it direct from our mill at our low factory price. We ship you the materials—lumber cut-to-fit ready to erect. Paint, glass, hardware, nails, etc., all included in the price—no extra charges. We pay the freight. Plans furnished—also complete building instructions. No wonder our customers write us that we saved them 30% to 40%, compared with builders' prices. Easy terms—monthly payments.

Handsome Big CATALOGUE FREE

Pictures wonderful homes in colors at money-saving prices. Designs to suit everyone. Write for your catalogue today!

LEWIS MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 6493, Bay City, Michigan

pened—nothing but the whispers that traveled through the town about Mort's damaged face and my not being at his office any more. People who hadn't noticed me for months went out of their way to speak to me and there was a grin, warm and friendly, behind their eyes when they did. They admired me. I was the one girl who had put Mort in his place. But the friendliness and the admiration meant nothing to me. Nothing meant anything to me. I had lost Dick.

A WEEK went by. I got a job in the office of Franklin's department store at twelve dollars a week. I had no interest in anything, but I had to live. And then one morning the town was ripped wide open.

Mort Backson had been shot the night before and was not expected to live. The colored man who worked for him had found him at two o'clock in the morning unconscious and bleeding on the kitchen floor. The gun in the case was missing but one of the deputies had found a woman's hat.

I almost collapsed when I read that. I had taken my coat but I had left Mort's house without my hat on that awful night a week before.

I went home to lunch with too much rouge on to hide my paleness and there were dark circles under my eyes.

My mother looked at me and cried, "Oh, Marie! You do love that man!"

I stared at her. I shook my head. "I've never loved anybody but Dick." I couldn't tell her that I expected any minute to be arrested as the woman who had tried to murder Mort.

I could scarcely drag myself back to work. The afternoon was a nightmare but nobody said one word to me about Mort or what had happened. It seemed unnatural to me. I was sure they all thought I had done it.

Then there was another sensation. Hattie Fairchester, the black-haired woman whom I had seen talking to Mort on the corner that day when I was a child, confessed. She boasted about it. Her picture was in the paper, as she looked when people had called her the worst woman in town, and as she was now, a gray-haired woman with heavy lines about her face.

Her only explanation was: "I always knew I would kill him some day if I could and this seemed to be the right time. I hope he dies."

But Mort lingered on. He got better. There was a note in the paper that he had sent for his lawyer but for what purpose was not known. Then three days later he died suddenly the night. It came out then that he had sent for his lawyer to make a new will. The doctors had told him that he was not likely to live. The details of that will were published along with Hattie Fairchester's picture, the picture of Polly Drew, the girl he was known to have ruined—and mine!

He had left each of us a thousand dollars—for favors received!

With his dying breath almost, Mort Backson had found a way to ruin me as definitely as if he had despoiled me that night in his big stone house. No one would ever believe now that I had not been Mort Backson's girl—no one would ever dream that a dying man would take so terrible a revenge upon a girl for her having denied him. I had hurt his vanity. The town had laughed at him and he had reached out from the grave to blast me forever, tying me up with the most notorious

woman in town and the girl known to have borne his child.

I was glad in that hour that Dick was gone, that he would never know what had happened. My own parents still loved me but I could see in their tragic faces that they believed Mort's dying lie. The minister of the little church that I had gone to all my life came to see me. He didn't say it in so many words but he suggested that I should repent, that I should turn to God and live a new life.

"You're young, my dear girl." He spoke of the parable of the one lost sheep that the shepherd had gone out to save. I don't know what I said to him but he went away shaking his head and murmuring about my uncontrite heart.

I LOST my position at Franklin's department store. In a small town like ours, they couldn't afford to have a girl like me in contact with the decent young girls that they employed. I knew that every hand was turned against me. I felt as condemned and alone as a criminal in his cell.

Hattie Fairchester, who had killed Mort, could have felt no more scorned and shamed than I.

And then the final blow fell. Dick Maris came back. My mother with downcast eyes brought me the news. I couldn't believe that Dick had come home to gloat over me in my open and public disgrace but after the thing that Mort had done, anything seemed possible.

However, even I didn't dream that he would come to my house, into my very presence to do that gloating.

When my mother came to my room and told me that he was downstairs, I could scarcely make my legs carry me down there. But I went. I tried to hold my head up and look him in the eye but I couldn't. I crept in with my hands locked behind me and my head hanging as if I were as guilty as everybody believed me to be.

"Look at me, Marie," Dick said to me in a voice that I had never heard him use before—a man's voice, no longer a boy's. It held some power that made me obey him. He was standing very straight and taller than I had remembered him beside the mantle. He was very white and there were deep lines about his mouth but there was a look in his eyes that I was completely unprepared to see, a look that made my very flesh seem to melt against my bones.

"Marie, will you marry me? Now? Here? I came as soon as I found out—I read it in the paper. I love you. I want to take you away before you suffer any more."

I stood there staring at him. He hadn't asked one question. Dick didn't care whether I was guilty or not! He loved me. In my hour of agony and dishonor he had come back to shield me, to protect me in the one way he could.

I stood there for a moment savoring the full glory of what real love was really like and then I shook my head.

"I can't, Dick. I've done enough to you. I've spoiled enough of your life."

"Life doesn't mean anything to me, Marie, without you." He came to me then and took me in his arms. He picked me up and carried me to the old-fashioned sofa and we talked for a long time. That night we were married in the little parlor by the old minister who had pleaded with me to repent my sin.

As he said the final words that bound Dick and me together I stopped hating Mort Backson. That terrible will that Mort had left had brought Dick back to me. If

it hadn't been for that, I never would have seen Dick again.

We left Deedham on the midnight train for New York, where Dick had found work in an architect's office. That was three years ago. We have a small apartment and Dick is studying architecture at night.

He knows now that I never was Mort Backson's girl, that I never have belonged to anyone but him and we are very happy looking forward to the time when our baby will come to us. It won't be many weeks now. Dick's salary isn't large but it will stretch to take care of the three of us. I feel it is a blessed privilege to be able to scrimp a little here and save a little there. I never think of what that thousand dollars Mort left me would buy for our little home or for the baby that is coming. I am glad that Dick instructed Mort's lawyer to send it to the head of the Orphans' Home in Deedham. Neither of us could think of touching a penny of that money.

Hattie Fairchester served a short sentence. Through some technicality that I didn't understand she did not pay the full penalty for murder. No one was sorry that she was let off so lightly.

My mother tells me that Hattie is running a little store somewhere out West. They say Polly Drew and Mort Backson's little boy are with her. I hope it is true. Alive, Mort did so much damage, it is good to think that dead he has brought at least some peace to those he hurt so much.

I hope my baby will be a boy and grow up just like Dick. If that happens he'll make some girl the proudest and happiest woman in the world. For he will give her the kind of love that blesses and crowns a woman's life.

The Marriage Clinic

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

with that baby will teach you much about the fears that are in your heart, that possess your mind. For you are afraid.

You are afraid that this baby will claim part of your husband's love. You are afraid that the baby will receive attention that should be showered on you. But that is because you do not realize what a bond between man and woman, even an adopted child can be. It completes the pattern that man's heart recognizes as marriage. He wants his wife and all the love that she feels for him.

But he wants, too, the wondering and perfect adoration of the child leaning against his knee—safe and confident. Men have their moments of panic, when they feel pretty small and unnecessary. When all of life seems pretty meaningless. And from time immemorial, the answer to that sense of futility has been the trusting gaze of a child. A child brings out the man, in man. And wise the woman who knows that—and acts accordingly.

As to your rights. Your husband can not divorce you for refusing to adopt a child. But he can weary of his fight for happiness, and turn from you. He can grow cold. And he can even grow afraid.

So suppose once more you trust our judgment? Suppose you take a baby from some home just for a few weeks? Do this as an experiment in living. Study that baby. Wonder about it. And wonder how you ever thought that you could never love it! Trust us—once more!

BRER RABBIT'S ADVICE TO WIVES:

TO CHEER A COLD, HUNGRY MAN
GIVE HIM BAKED BEANS AND
BOSTON BROWN BREAD



BOSTON BROWN BREAD

Sift together 1 cup bread flour, 2 teaspoons soda and 1 teaspoon salt; add 1 cup corn meal and 1 cup whole-wheat flour. Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses with 2 cups sour milk; add dry ingredients. Beat well. If desired, add 1 cup raisins or nuts. Steam 2 hours in greased molds filled $\frac{3}{4}$ full and covered tightly.

THIS IS IMPORTANT! When you serve Boston Brown Bread, everybody expects the real plantation flavor of old-time molasses. So be sure to make it with Brer Rabbit—made from freshly crushed Louisiana sugar cane. Nothing else gives the luscious flavor you get from this fine molasses. Use Brer Rabbit for all your molasses cookery. Buy a can from your grocer today!



FREE! Brer Rabbit's famous book of 100 recipes for delicious gingerbreads, cookies, cakes, puddings, breads, muffins, candies. Clever menu ideas. Address: Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La., Dept. TC-4.

Name _____

Address _____

(Print name and address)

NOW ON SALE

10c

WHY STARS
HATE THE
CANDID
CAMERA

IT'S death on glamour—that little camera that clicks away the beauty and charm of Hollywood stars when it catches them unaware.

The March issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine tells and shows you why top-notch stars dread the candid camera.

Included in the same issue are:
Hollywood's Unseen Husbands—Who Are They?
My Pal, Spencer Tracy—by Pat O'Brien
And Many Others

SCREEN BOOK

COUGH MADE
(DUE TO A COLD)
FAST EXIT!

"I am an actress. Before a matinee I woke up coughing. I took Smith Bros. Cough Syrup. My cough was better before two o'clock." — Ann Fairleigh, 612 West 115th St., N. Y.

6 Oz. Bottle Only 60¢



SMITH BROS.
COUGH SYRUP
contains
VITAMIN A

Make No Mistake—there IS a Difference in EYEBROW PENCILS

If you're beauty wise, you would not think of using just any kind. You insist on the genuine Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil because: It is perfectly pointed to form trim, tapering brows—it has just the right softness to go on easily without smearing or breaking—its ingredients are so harmless, even surgeons use it for marking the skin. Why risk inferior quality—or smudgy, unbecoming eyebrows? Make sure of the most desirable results—get your Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil today at any 10c store. You'll see the difference! Shades: Black, Brown, (and Blue for eyelid liner).

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Maybelline EYEBROW PENCIL

Smooth-marking
HARMLESS
Highest Quality

Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

LARGEST SELLING EYEBROW PENCIL IN THE WORLD

NEW KIND OF MAN'S SHOE

The new sensation in men's shoes—The Chippewa Clipper. It zips on and off in a "jiffy". Right now is the right time to get into a dignified and highly profitable shoe business of your own with this fast seller, and a complete line of almost 250 styles of dress, work and sports shoes. Prices as low as \$1.98 a pair. Free 10-second demonstrator sells super-comfort air-cushion shoes like magic.

Manufacturer established 35 years wants salesmen. No experience needed. Write for complete sales kit. It's free!

MASON SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. S-4, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

ZIPS ON and OFF

SALESMEN WANTED BIG PAY EVERY DAY

Watch FREE with every ring ordered and paid for in one year!

ONE YEAR TO PAY FOR RING

Choice of Man's or Lady's

TINY SMART JEWELLED

To introduce our new Sterling Silver Simulated Diamond Rings, decorated in 1/30 14K Gold, we will give you your choice of man's gold plate front or ladies' 1939 jeweled wrist watch with every ring ordered NOW and paid for within one year on our new easy two \$2 payment plan! (total only \$4). The watch comes to you as a Gift . . . It does not cost you one cent extra! Wear 10 days on approval! Mail coupon or postcard NOW! **SEND NO MONEY** with order! We pay postage. We Trust You! Your package comes by return mail!

Send NO MONEY with order

WE TRUST YOU! We pay postage and ship AT ONCE!

Gold Standard Watch Co.,
Dept. A-393, Newton, Mass.
Rush offer. Lady's Man's

Name _____
Address _____

Ruth Etting's Tragic Love Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

ever heard anywhere. Even after she discovered this completely untrained but tremendously appealing vocal talent, she still hoped to break away from stage work. It simply was not her sort of life.

But then Moe Snyder, that limping, sinister figure, that Nemesis from a world she had never known, entered upon the scene.

In one sense, Snyder rescued her. This dominating, savagely possessive product of a violent era swept her along on the torrent of his enthusiasm and his infatuation. He pushed her ahead, won her better jobs than the cabarets she sang in in Chicago, boosted her and fought for her until all Chicago knew her, until all America was swaying to the husky, haunting voice of his "sweet little singer."

But in another sense, Snyder enslaved her. He spun the web of success in which she became entangled, and from which she could not seem to escape. He became her manager, her press agent, her bodyguard—her husband.

As related in the first instalment of this story, the marriage in 1922 grew out of a combination of circumstances. Ruth in the two years since she had met Snyder had come to depend upon him entirely in all matters pertaining to her career. Even though she still had no affection for the constant drudgery of rehearsals and performances, she felt grateful to the man who had made her success his life work. Besides, no other man had ever dared court her, knowing the Gimp's violent nature.

Ruth was one day to say her marriage was "a grave mistake." But there was nothing, really, that she could do to save herself. Divorce? Her answer never varied: "He would kill me if I ever left him."

During subsequent years, when the blues singer attained the greatest success on stage, screen and radio, this strange, always angry man made her life one of humiliation and embarrassment. Snyder's gangster methods of intimidation, terrorism, and threats of bodily harm, had gotten results in Chicago. But when Ruth invaded New York—at the urging of Paul Whiteman and Florenz Ziegfeld—her husband became more a liability than a help. She no longer needed that sort of exploitation; she had reached the crest and now was being carried along on the current of her hard-won reputation and her nationally recognized ability.

But Moe the Gimp never realized that. He thought she still needed his crude, ruthless and often unreasonable methods of managership. Chicago, New York—they were all the same to him. Big shot Broadway producers were no different, in his eyes, from the small fry cabaret operators he had snarled at in the old days. He could not change his hoodlum ways.

Though she soon was making thousands and thousands of dollars a week, Ruth Etting got no fun out of life whatever. Rehearsals and performances—stage, screen, radio, phonograph recordings—consumed almost all her waking hours—and at the end of every weary day there was Snyder, always angry, always suspicious of his fellow creatures, always

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...



Without Calomel — And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning
Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores.

How to Attract and Hold Your Man



Attract and fascinate the man of your choice
Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn from "Fascinating Womanhood" how to be and remain attractive to men. It tells you how to develop the power that is in you. Learn the principles of Charm that men cannot resist. Most

cases of social failure and spinsterhood are due to lack of understanding man's psychology. Married or single you cannot afford to be without this secret knowledge. Send only 10c for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," an interesting outline of the secrets revealed in "Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper. PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 42-C, St. Louis, Mo.

THE RING OF ROMANCE

IT'S BEAUTIFUL—IT'S NEW—IT'S DIFFERENT
NO OTHER PHOTO RING LIKE IT **50c**

We will reproduce any snapshot photograph and mount it in this brand new and beautiful adjustable ring. White or yellow gold like finishes, extra. State which you prefer. Send no money. Mail photo or snapshot with name and address. No size necessary as ring is adjustable. When postman delivers same pay him fifty cents plus postage. If you wish to save the cost of postage and C. O. D. charges mail fifty cents with order to the **PHOTO ART STUDIOS**, Dept. G, P. O. Box 1275 Milwaukee, Wis.

BE A CARTOONIST

AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME under personal supervision of the famous cartoonist **NORMAN MARSH** creator of "DAN DUNN" appearing every day in big papers. Success—Fame—Real Money may be Yours when you learn Marsh's easy simple methods and secrets. Send name and address for free details of MARSH'S Personal course. **ACT TODAY!**
NORMAN MARSH SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
4554 Broadway Dept. C-300 Chicago, Ill.

NOW, IRON A WHOLE WASHING

The amazing new Diamond Self-Heating Iron actually runs 3 to 6 hours for only 1c, and cuts ironing time in half. Beats high priced electric and gas irons for speed and economy yet costs less. No tanking wires—no trailing tubes or hoses—entirely self contained. Quick, regulated, uniform heat. Burns 96% air—only 4% common kerosene (coal-oil). Gleaming CHROMIUM finish assures handsome appearance and long life—to see it is to want it instantly. **HOME TRIAL.** Write for complete description and opportunity for trial offer.

Golden Harvest for Agents!
Wynne made \$16—Jamison \$15 in one day! Write at once for sensational proof of big easy earnings by agents everywhere.

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 665 Iron St., Akron, Ohio

BURNS 96% AIR

burning with rage about one thing or another, usually imaginary.

She never could go anywhere, except with him. No one ever saw her in a night club or at a party. No man dared even to smile at her in Snyder's presence. As Jack Miley once wrote in his Broadway style, "Snyder is a rugged hombra from Chicago. He is likely to bend anybody into a hoop and roll him home if he catches him slipping his frau a sly ogle. That is one of the reasons why Ruth is the most un-ogled girl on Broadway—the boys all know the Gimp."

Meanwhile the money rolled in. Ruth herself had little spare time to enjoy the riches she was making. Indeed, she preferred to spend her leisure hours designing and making her own clothes. But Moe, an inveterate gambler since his early days in Chicago, discovered lots of ways to play with their income. He dabbled in the stock market, which was booming then, played the horses, and also bet heavily on ball games and prize fights. It has often been said that the "Colonel" would bet on anything.

BY 1929 just about everything they possessed was invested in "sure thing" Wall Street stocks—and when the financial crash struck the country they were completely wiped out. Moe, it appeared, had made a few more wrong bets.

This blow hit Ruth particularly hard because she had just about decided to quit show business. She had made more than enough on which to retire. Now she must start anew. She gritted her teeth and told herself that when she made \$300,000 she would thumb her nose at Broadway and go back to the farm she had bought in Nebraska.

She voiced this ambition often in subsequent interviews. (Snyder would never let her be interviewed except in his presence.) She would quit as soon as she had made enough, she said; Broadway held no glamor for her. "It's hard, it's tiring," she said. "It's a world of throat-cutting. It's not my world, and never was. I'm a country girl, and that's the life I want."

Snyder never could take this seriously. "That's all right to tell the dumb reporters," he told her, with that ever-present sneer, "but don't think you're gonna drag me away from this town!"

"All I want is a little peace and quiet—some leisure to do the things I've always wanted to do," she said. "I never was meant for the stage in the first place. As soon as I can I'm going to get away from it—far away."

"Meanwhile," he growled, "you've got plenty work to do."

Ruth sighed. That was only too true. Three hundred thousand. . . . It would take years to make all that, years of living in hotel rooms, years of driving, exhausting work. And even then—what of her hopes for peace, what of her dreams of a home?

The precious years slipped by, and that dream of happiness still hovered like a will o' the wisp over the horizon. Youth had disappeared long since, though she still retained that freshness of face and loveliness of form which had won her such admiration in Chicago. Happiness . . . peace . . . love . . . were these jewels of great price ever to be within her reach?

Meanwhile success piled upon success. In July, 1932, she was voted "Queen of Radio" in a popularity contest. She went to Hollywood and starred in million-

dollar musical productions. She—and Snyder—bought a magnificent estate on Ambassador Drive, in exclusive Beverly Hills. A home of her own? Well, hardly. It never could rate that description so long as Snyder stalked and stamped about, ever angry, ever suspicious, ever raging against someone about some fancied slight or wrong.

The "rugged hombra from Chicago" never relaxed in his campaign of "carrying the torch" for Ruth. Whether he was in Lindy's on Broadway, a favorite hangout with him, or in the Brown Derby in Hollywood, she invariably became almost his sole topic of conversation. It was plain to everyone who met him that Ruth was the be-all and end-all of his existence. He seemed incapable of thinking of anything else for more than a few minutes at a time.

"He eyed everyone with mistrust," wrote columnist Ed Sullivan, "and he limped through the world with a cigar in his mouth, a sour look in his face, and the 'little lady' in his heart."

Ruth watched desperately for some change in him, some sign of recovery from this almost insane devotion. If only he would come to his senses and see how much she wanted her freedom! If only he were to fall in love with some other woman! But there seemed no chance of any such happy eventuality. If Snyder ever dallied with other women, they were merely passing fancies. His wife and his gambling remained his two consuming passions in life.

IN THE spring of 1935 Ruth admitted to reporters that she wanted to retire—that she would definitely retire early in 1936 after she had fulfilled her current radio and motion picture contracts. The truth was that she was tired, she said. She wanted to take a long, long rest far away from show business.

"It's been almost fifteen years since I started in the chorus and it's been lots of hard work," she sighed. "All my life I've wanted to take a trip around the world. I've never even been abroad."

Early the following year she and Edith Snyder, her sixteen-year-old stepdaughter, would board a ship on the Pacific Coast, Ruth continued, eyes shining with anticipation, and sail away on this dream voyage—Honolulu, the South Seas, Java, India, Siam, South Africa, South America, New York. They would probably travel on freighters because she wanted to dress as she pleased during the trip.

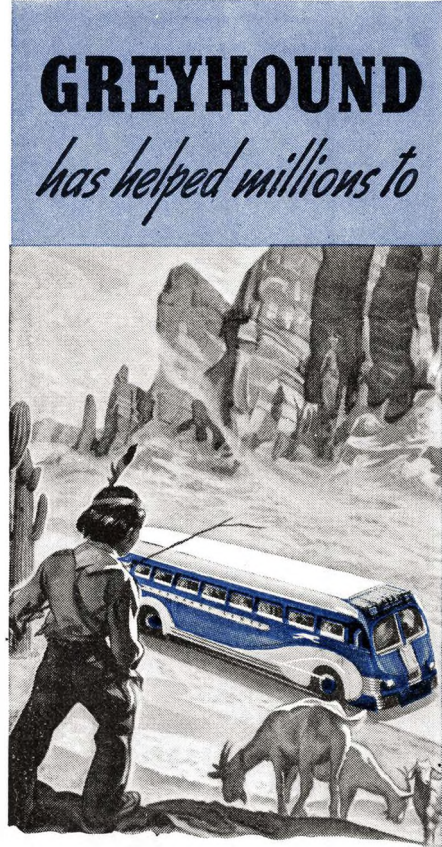
"I've been dressing up for fifteen years," she said, "and I'm tired of it."

She and Edith by this time had become great pals.

That summer of 1935 Ruth starred in a thirteen-week radio program staged at the N.B.C. studio in Los Angeles. Her accompanist and arranger was a young man named Myrl Alderman.

Ruth found working with Alderman extremely pleasant. Handsome, well-built, with a very attractive personality, he was as different a sort of person from Moe Snyder as it was possible to imagine. Had she met someone like him, years ago, someone nearer her own age, life surely would have been something else than drudgery. . . .

The musician, at that time twenty-seven years old, had just recently contracted his second marriage. His first wife had been granted an interlocutory decree on the previous January 7, and two days later, despite the fact that remarriage in California is illegal until one



**"BUY MORE
by
SPENDING
LESS"**

New and colorful horizons are now more than day-dreams to America's millions. Greyhound has brought the joy of scenic, educational travel . . . the stimulating excitement of new places and people . . . within the reach of every income. Two can travel by Super-Coach as cheaply as one by private car . . . or one can go twice as far! In addition, Greyhound's many optional routes, following famous highways, best reveal the unusual and intimate beauty of the "real America." We invite you to see for yourself!

SEND THE COUPON TO NEAREST GREYHOUND OFFICE

Cleveland, O. . . E. 9th & Superior	San Francisco, Cal.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	St. Paul, Minn. . . Pine & Battery St.
New York City Broad St. Station	Ft. Worth, Tex. . . 905 Commerce St.
Chicago, Ill. 245 W. 50th St.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Boston, Mass. 12th & Wabash	Memphis, Tenn. 609 Sixth Avenue, N.
Washington, D. C. 60 Park Square	New Orleans, La. 627 N. Main St.
Detroit, Michigan 1403 New York Ave., N.W.	Lexington, Ky. 400 N. Rampart St.
Washington Blvd. at Grand River	Cincinnati, O. 630 Walnut St.
St. Louis, Mo.	Richmond, Va. 412 E. Broad St.
Broadway & Delmar Boulevard	Windsor, Ont. 403 Ouellette Ave.
Charleston, W. Va.	London, Eng. A. B. Reynolds
156 Summers St.	49 Leadenhall St.

**GREYHOUND
Lines**

COUPON BRINGS "THIS AMAZING AMERICA"

To get this fascinating picture booklet about 140 strange or mysterious places in America, just fill out and mail the coupon. If you wish special information about Greyhound routes and rates to any particular spot, jot down place you wish to visit on the margin below.

Name _____
Address _____ P.V.-3

BEAUTY SECRET

OF SOME
OF NEW YORK'S
LOVELIEST
MODELS



Models who must daily face truth revealing cameras are far too smart to ever let constipation result in dull eyes, headaches and the aggravation of blemished skin.

They consider it wise *not* to let the second day pass and how smart they are to rely on a purely vegetable laxative like Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating his patients for constipation.

Olive Tablets are harmless—they contain no harsh drugs. They ALSO (important) help stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods. Test Olive Tablets TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

ITCH

Use D.D.D. Prescription

OF ECZEMA, RASHES AND OTHER EXTERNALLY CAUSED SKIN TROUBLES STOPPED QUICKLY AT ALL DRUGGISTS 35¢ • 60¢ • \$1.00

It's here! World's Smallest 1939 model Pocket Radio

NO TUBES BATTERIES MODERN PLASTIC CABINETS

Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Weighs only 4 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. NO CRYSTALS to adjust—NO UPKEEP—only one moving part. "Audiophone" gives superior performance. ENTIRELY NEW PATENTED DESIGN. Has 3-1 gear and enclosed luminous dial for perfect tuning. Many owners report amazing reception and distance. Sent complete with instructions for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed, etc. TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT. Receives FREE operating power from radio stations. SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only \$2.99 plus postage on arrival or send \$2.99 (Check, M. O., Cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. GUARANTEED. A most unusual value. ORDER NOW! Tintytone Radio Corp., Dept. F-3, Kearney, Nebr.

NEW 1939 MODEL

Easy to Beautify Skin with MERCOLIZED Wax CREAM

Make your skin young looking. Flake off the stale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful underskin by using Mercolized Wax Cream regularly. Give your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.

Try Phelactine Depilatory For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

year has expired, he had married Alma Mott, an attractive young singer, at Tia Juana. He and Miss Mott had met a few months before their marriage, while he was playing in a band at a Long Beach R.K.O. theatre and she was singing in a trio on the same bill.

Ruth's radio contract expired in October, 1935, and it was to be two years before she again laid eyes on Myrl Alderman. They met by accident on Hollywood Boulevard, and they had lots to tell each other.

Alderman's second marriage had failed, he told her. He and Alma had been separated since the previous May. As for Ruth, she admitted that life had not changed much for her. True, she had just about retired now, but Moe was still carrying the torch, still snarling at everyone, still making life miserable. She had realized one ambition and gone abroad, but thanks to Snyder the trip had been a nightmare.

Manager Moe had contracted for her to star in a London musical production, then alienated everybody in sight with his uncouth tactics. She had been mortified as she had never been before in all her association with him. Finally the production had been abandoned and she had returned home, resolved to have nothing more to do with the theatre.

Had she and Edith made that wonderful voyage around the world, Alderman wanted to know. Sadly she shook her head. The nearest she had come to realizing that particular dream had been a lovely vacation with Edith at Honolulu. "Edith is my secretary now," she added.

"What about your music?" he asked. "Surely, you're not going to quit that!" "I'm not so sure I could!" she laughed.

Myrl told her that he would like to do her arranging, as he had two years before. He recalled how pleasant had been their association then—and so did she. As he talked, so full of enthusiasm himself, he aroused new ambitions within her. For the moment, at least, that trapped feeling seemed to dissipate. She found herself agreeing that she could not give up her singing.

"We must get together," he said, "and talk all this over."

She thought that would be very nice. As it happened, Snyder was out of town. He'd gone to Chicago to see his ailing mother.

Ruth and Myrl met again—and again. They had dinner engagements. There were evenings at his apartment when they talked about teaming up in their music work. Delightful, comfortable, tranquil evenings.

How charming he is. . . . How sweet she is. . . .

When next Ruth saw her husband she knew that, come what might, she must have her freedom. Though she took her very life in her hands, she faced him and told him that she wanted to go her own way, that there must be a divorce, that she would pay him well for her freedom. They no longer had mutual interests, she pointed out, since she preferred a quiet retirement in Hollywood, and possibly later in Nebraska, while he preferred Broadway, the race tracks, the sporting, gambling world in which she had never moved.

Snyder raged and wept, stomped about and shook his fists, but in the end he gave in because, as he put it, he wanted her to be happy. She was still his sweet little lady—whatever she wanted he wanted for her. Nothing else mattered. Then he

AGENTS UP TO \$50 IN A WEEK

Big cash profits for you; full or spare time. Over 250 household necessities—things people must buy. Proven fast sellers; steady repeaters. No experience needed. Earnings start very first day with Complete Display Outfit and my proven money-making Plan. Ford Tudor Sedans given producers as bonus. Full particulars mailed free. Just send postcard.

E. J. MILLS, 9315 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE TO ASTHMATIC SUFFERERS

Free sample of Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND enables you to experience the quick relief this pleasant smoke vapor has brought to asthmatic sufferers for 70 years. At nearly all drug stores, cigarettes, 50¢ for 24. Powder, 25¢ and \$1.00. Write today for free sample. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. FW-11, Rupert, Vermont.

REMARKABLE SHAMPOO DISCOVERY

TINTS HAIR

Black or Brown—Titan or Blonde

Just Shampoo Your Hair with this remarkable new discovery TINTZ Cake Shampoo. . . . It washes out dirt, loose dandruff and grease—and safely gives hair real smooth black, brown, titian or blonde tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with dull, burnt, streaked, off-color hair a minute longer. TINTZ hair tinting cake works gradual—each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. NO DYED LOOK. Won't hurt permanents. State the shade wanted. Full size cake for 50 cents (8 cakes for \$1.00). SEND NO MONEY! Just pay postman, plus postage, on our positive guarantee of satisfaction in 7 days, or your money back. Sent remittance with your order and we pay postage.

TINTZ CO., 207 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 818, Chicago

More Beautiful Than Ever!

PHOTO RING

48c (Extra)

Beautiful onyx like ring. (Photos returned.) Instructible! Waterproof! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this (Especially printed for you) ring. (10c extra)

SEND NO MONEY! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay (Canadian postman plus a few cents postage. If you send Orders Mail etc we will pay postage. PHOTO MOVETTE RING Send Cash) CO., Dept. F-31, 626 Vine Street, Cincinnati, O.

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted, we will beautifully enlarge a negative (film) of your favorite Kodak picture, photo or snapshot to 5x7 inches FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors FREE with a frame sent immediately and your original returned with your free enlargement. Look over your snapshots now and send the negative today as this free offer is limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 157, 118 N. 15th St., Omaha, Nebr.

Nervous, Weak, Ankles Swollen?

Much nervousness is caused by an excess of acids and poisons due to functional Kidney and Bladder disorders which may also cause Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Swollen Joints, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Excess Acidity, Leg Pains and Dizziness. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and this soon may make you feel like new. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (siss-tex) today. It costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.



A ticket of admission to previews of all the big hit pictures! That's what the ten cents you pay for **MOVIE STORY Magazine** buys you. These previews are in the form of thrilling, full-length story versions of the films, and are generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the movie itself. This month Clark Gable and Norma Shearer are first on the program, in their new dramatic smash hit, "Idiot's Delight." And there are ten other movie stories and features for you to enjoy! You'll want to buy **MOVIE STORY** this month—and every month!

MOVIE STORY

MAGAZINE

March Issue Now On Sale!

PSORIASIS

FREE TRIAL Treatment Why suffer from this obstinate, repulsive, scaly skin disease, Psoriasis, **ECZEMA?** which you may believe to be Use **PSORA-DERMA**, the effective new treatment. Regardless of how discouraged you may be after trying other preparations withstanding that it will give you relief in two weeks or money refunded. You risk nothing. On sale in Michigan at Cunningham's Drug Stores. Send for Free liberal trial treatment of **PSORA-DERMA** at once to **UNION LABORATORIES, Dept. F-39, Box 115, Linwood Station Detroit, Michigan**

30¢ BUYS CLASS & CLUB PIN! RINGS

BIGGEST SELECTION, low prices, traditional Bastian quality—the combination that has kept Bastian out in front Pins in 2 colors with any 3 or 4 letters and year. Handmade Sterling silver rings. Oldest, largest makers, famous for quality for 44 years. Clean cut work distinguishes Bastian Pins and Rings anywhere. Write for catalog today!

BASTIAN BROS. CO., Dept. 44, Rochester, N.Y. 30 EACH

don't WORRY

Why put up with years of needless discomfort and worry? Try a Brooks Automatic Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance permits the opening to close, yet holds reducible rupture securely, comfortably—day and night. Thousands report amazing results. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or stiff springs to chafe or gouge. Made for men, women and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Never sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and proof of results. Correspondence confidential.

BROOKS COMPANY 428-A State St., Marshall, Mich.



brought up the question of a settlement. After all, he'd been her manager; he'd discovered her, he'd fought for her and got her onto Broadway. He rated plenty for what he'd done for her, didn't he?

So Ruth paid his gambling debts totaling \$50,000, turned over to him some \$25,000 in stocks and bonds, and also gave him a half interest in their Beverly Hills estate. The divorce was granted in Chicago, November 30, 1937, the grounds being cruelty. Incredible as it seemed to her, Ruth Etting was at last free of Moe the Gimp.

OR SO she thought—so she hoped. . . . After the divorce, Ruth moved with Edith into an apartment (the Ambassador Drive estate having been rented for \$400 a month) while Snyder returned East with his bankroll. He began gambling heavily.

Early in January he read in Ed Sullivan's column that Ruth had a new "boy friend," and immediately went into a tantrum. He telephoned Ruth via long distance, with the result that she hastened to the office of District Attorney Buron Fitts to ask for protection. Snyder, she related, had telephoned her, apparently from New York, and told her that he would take a plane out to the coast and kill her. Fitts assigned two investigators from his office as bodyguards for her.

Moe failed to show up. Nevertheless, she bought a revolver, determined to defend herself should he attempt to carry out his threat. Snyder was questioned by the authorities in New York, regarding his alleged threat to kill his former wife, and he assured them that it "didn't mean a thing." Why, he'd never harm a hair of her head, he said.

He continued to carry the torch. Indeed, he seemed more obsessed than ever. To lose Ruth was bad enough; to lose her to another man was unendurable. "I go home and I come right out again," he told anyone who would listen to him. "I walk the streets all night. I can't sleep."

When his money ran out, he raved on, he would "hit myself in the topper with a coupla slugs and call it a day."

At Lindy's he would smash his fists against the wall until they were bleeding, then he would all but sob, "My heart is bleeding just like that—for her." Associates who witnessed all this were agreed that Ruth would not have to worry much longer, because the "Colonel" would soon find a way to end things for himself. They didn't see how it could go on much longer.

Moe the Gimp "blew his wad." And then headed for Hollywood.

On Saturday evening, October 15, Ruth and Edith were preparing supper in Alderman's blue and white cottage on Lake Hollywood Drive. Myrl, employed at the NBC studio, would be home any minute—and this was his home, although shortly it would be Ruth's, too, as soon as his divorce became final early in December. She sang softly to herself as she attended the pots on the stove; she was at last a happy woman. The future stretched out ahead of her like a magic carpet, a rosy vista of peace and contentment with the man of her dreams.

Here is what happened within the next few minutes, according to the story she told over and over to the authorities:

Above the sound of the radio in the music room, where Edith sat, Ruth heard the sound of the car. Then Myrl's dog began to bark. She went to the kitchen door and opened it.

TRAIN FOR ELECTRICITY IN 12 WEEKS

BY ACTUAL WORK ON MOTORS, GENERATORS, ENGINES Etc.

PAY TUITION AFTER GRADUATION

Ill Finance Your Training
and include at **NO EXTRA COST** a **4 Weeks course in RADIO**



Mail coupon today for details of my "Pay after graduation plan" and famous Coyne "Learn by Doing" method of practical shop training for your start for success in this big-pay field as well as full particulars on the 4 weeks Radio Course I am including to all who enroll now. Age or lack of money need not hold you back . . . Get training first; then take 12 months to complete small monthly tuition payments starting 5 months after you begin training.

LEARN BY DOING IN 12 WEEKS IN COYNE SHOPS

Coyne Training is practical training, easy to grasp . . . you learn quickly by doing actual



jobs on real electrical machinery in My Shops. Not by books—not a correspondence or a home study course—you are trained right here in my big Chicago training shops. You don't need previous experience or a lot of book learning. Expert instructors guide you every step of the way. Start any time.

EARN WHILE LEARNING Job Help After Graduation

Big things ahead in Electricity mean steady jobs, good pay, and a real future for many trained men in this fascinating "live" industry. Thousands of opportunities. Rush the coupon TODAY for Big Free Book with many photos of the great Coyne Shops in Chicago—Opportunities in Electricity—How we can train you for your start in this field and let you pay your tuition after graduation in easy monthly payments. If you need part time work to help out with living expenses my employment department will help you get it. After graduation you will be given Free lifetime employment service.

DIESEL, ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION AND AIR CONDITIONING TRAINING

Now included at no extra cost. Take advantage of this training to increase your earning capacity.

GET MY STORY

I have a mighty interesting story to tell about my school that will interest any fellow who wants to get ahead. Fill in the coupon today and mail it to me and you'll get my big FREE Catalog and all the facts. *H. C. Lewis*



H. C. LEWIS, President,
Coyne Electrical School,
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 39-34, Chicago, Ill.
Send me, without cost or obligation, your Big Free Book and details of Pay-Tuition-After-Graduation-Offer and 4 weeks Radio Course.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

DOCTOR'S FORMULA

GREAT SUCCESS FOR UGLY SURFACE

PIMPLES



PRaised FROM COAST TO COAST!

Don't be humiliated by unsightly, blotchy surface pimples and blemishes because here's REAL help: powerfully soothing liquid Zemo (a Doctor's formula) quickly relieves itching soreness and starts right in to help nature promote QUICK healing. Here's why—Zemo contains 10 of the most highly effective medicinal ingredients long recognized by leading skin specialists for their great merit. Stainless, invisible. One trial convinces! 35¢, 60¢, \$1. Real severe cases may need \$1.25 EXTRA strength. Any drugstore.



BE A RADIO EXPERT

Learn at Home—Make Good Money

Many men I trained now make \$30, \$50, \$75 a week in Radio. Many started making \$5, \$10, \$15 a week extra in spare time soon after enrolling. Illustrated 64-page book points out Radio's many opportunities, also how I train you at home to be a Radio Expert through my practical 50-50 method. Television training is included. Money Back Agreement given. Mail coupon today. Get book FREE.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 9CQ2,
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.
Send me, without obligation, your 64-page book "Rich Rewards in Radio" FREE. (Please write plainly.)
AGE.....

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

A wife, after ten years of marriage, finds her husband is in love with another woman. No words can describe her agony—her broken pride—her shattered ego. You will long remember this wife's pitiful story:

HOW COULD HE FORGET?
April TRUE CONFESSIONS
On sale March 1st.
At your favorite newsstand



"Aids to Beauty"

Is the title of a fascinating free booklet which many women say has shown them the simple, easy way to

SECURE and KEEP

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

This helpful booklet was written especially for women who want to know how to make the most of their appearance and personality—for women who miss the popularity, admiration and attention which are the natural reward of being lovely. The makers of STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS will gladly send you a copy free and without obligation. Its valuable information may be just what is needed to help you achieve greater skin loveliness. Write for

FREE SAMPLE STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS and a FREE copy of

... what every woman should "AIDS TO BEAUTY" do. Send name and address now. Send to
F. A. STUART COMPANY
Box A-114, Marshall, Mich.

To her horror she saw Snyder, gun in hand, pushing Myrl ahead of him toward the house. Myrl's face was white. He kept shaking his head negatively at her, as though to warn her to get back into the house. But she could only stand there, petrified.

The men entered the kitchen. Ruth noted a wild, almost insane glare in Moe's eyes.

"Well, I've caught up with you two at last," he growled. "I've got you at last!"

She tried to pull herself together, to face this dreadful emergency. "Now, Moe, what is the use of doing anything foolish? We all have our lives to live, and if you kill us what good is it going to do you?"

"Whose car is that in the garage?"

"Edith's."

"Call her."

His daughter came. He snarled, "You're in this with them, and I'm going to bump you off, too."

He ordered them to line up. He herded them into the hallway, then into the music room.

"Sit down—all of you!"

Alderman sat on the piano bench, Ruth on the divan. Edith stood facing her father, back against the wall, betraying no fear.

"Sit down, damn you!" he shouted. "Sit down or I'll drill you!"

"Go ahead," she retorted. "If you want to shoot me, then shoot me!"

Ruth cut in. "Please sit down, Edith." The girl did so. Ruth continued, trying her hardest to be calm and persuasive. "Moe, what is the use of all this nonsense? Why don't you look at this the smart way?"

He sat down, glaring at her. Alderman began to say something.

"Shut up!" Snyder all but screamed the words.

And then he fired twice.

Ruth saw Myrl slump to the floor. She believed he had been killed. She believed Snyder would turn the gun on her and Edith.

Fortunately, at the very moment that Alderman fell, the one light bulb in the room flickered out. The concussion of the shots had jarred it loose. For the moment, at least, she was protected by the darkness.

"Where are you? Where are you?" she heard Moe shout. "Now you can call the police!"

Ruth managed to get out of the opposite door from the one Snyder barricaded. She dashed into a bedroom and got her own gun out of a drawer—the gun she had bought for just such a horrible moment. She turned on the light, and then he found her again. She held the gun behind her back.

"What have you got there, you—!"

He closed in on her. He wrenched the gun out of her hand.

Now, indeed, the end seemed at hand.

But then Edith rushed in. She gave her father a shove that enabled Ruth to break away and run for the kitchen. Moe threw Ruth's weapon into the hallway as he hastened after her.

Again he reckoned without Edith, who had found the gun in the hallway. She fired one shot, the bullet striking some dishes in the kitchen cupboard. Snyder ran out the back door, knocking over the garbage pail.

By this time Ruth was outside, too. Edith pulled her back and slammed the door in her father's face.

They called the police, then tried to

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



Comes complete—ready to use. No batteries, tubes or electrical connections needed. Beautiful tone, clear reception. Guaranteed. Works immediately. Use anywhere in bed, office, hotel, etc. Not a Toy. A practical set that will bring you music, sports, announcements, etc. Genuine Walnut Cabinet. Send No Money! Pay postman \$2.99 plus few cents postage. On cash orders we pay postage. American Leader, 1606 W. 78th St., Dept. 203, Chicago. (Attractive proposition for agents.)

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed. 3 for \$1.00

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
113 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 229-C CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



Remove superfluous hair privately at home, following directions with ordinary care and skill. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again by killing the hair root. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated booklet. "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." H. D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 56C, Providence, R. I.

NEURITIS Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.



At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

JEWELLED WRIST WATCH
FREE WITH EVERY RING
 ORDERED AND PAID FOR
 OF EXTRA CHARGE PROMPTLY



Simulated diamonds set in Lifetime Sterling Silver Decorated in Rich 1/30, 14k Gold. Accuracy Guarantee enclosed.

1939 Queen Quality Watch. Dial small as a Dime. Jeweled.

WATCH is yours FREE of any extra charge with every ring ordered NOW and paid for within one year on our new easy two \$2 payment plan (total only \$4). Remember, the cost of the watch is included in the price of the ring... **YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA for the WATCH!** Wear 10 days ON APPROVAL! Send NO Money with order! We trust you. Mail postcard now. We pay postage. Your package comes at once by return mail.

GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO. Dept. T-393, Newton, MASS.

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restless sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co. 74-D, Frontier Bldg. 462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

TYPEWRITER Brand NEW!
 Only \$19.95 and up



10-Day Trial—Easy Terms Guaranteed Brand New latest REMINGTON-CADDETT model only \$19.95 during this sensational sale. Also Royal, Corona and famous Featherweight Portables at real money-saving prices. Also standard full size office models rebuilt and fully guaranteed at 1/2 saving.

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 318, Chicago

VOICE
 100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises... and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%... Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 1583
 64 E. Lake St., Chicago

Class Pins 30¢ up FREE CATALOG

Artistic pins, rings and emblems for classes and clubs. Attractive prices. Finest quality, gold plated, silver, etc. Over 300 designs.

Write Dept. G, METAL ARTS CO., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

WORK FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT



START \$1260 TO \$2100 YEAR MEN—WOMEN

Many 1939 Appointments Expected. Qualify Now. Mail Coupon Today Sure.

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. G254, Rochester, N. Y. Sirs: Rush to me without charge (1) 32-page book with list of many U. S. Government Big Pay Jobs. (2) Tell me how to qualify for one of these jobs.

Name _____
 Address _____

administer first aid to Alderman, who had been struck once in the stomach. When officers arrived, Snyder was pacing back and forth in front of the house. They placed him under arrest and took his gun, a .38 calibre short-barreled automatic whose serial numbers had been filed off.

THE prisoner was charged with kidnapping, attempted murder, and with violation of the state firearms law. At the Hollywood police station he demanded an attorney and refused to make a statement.

Now the ambulance came. Ruth wept frantically as Myrl was carried out. Would he live? Would he live? They couldn't say—yet.

She told the police that Snyder had waylaid the musician as he left the NBC studio, and forced him at gun-point to drive to the cottage. "He was insanely jealous," she said. "He couldn't stand the thought of me having happiness with anyone else." (She said at this time that she and Myrl had been married since July.) "I've been ecstatically happy. Moe just couldn't stand it. He called me on long distance last January and told me that if I didn't come back to him he would kill me."

An examination at the hospital soon disclosed that the bullet had touched no vital part. It had merely passed through the abdominal wall. Ruth wept for joy. She took a room in St. Vincent's Hospital to be near the patient night and day. Gladly she posed for pictures stroking Myrl's hair and clasping his hand tightly in hers. "I'm lucky to be alive," she said. "If it weren't for Edith I'm sure he'd have shot me, too. Edith saved my life." Told that Moe had been locked up, she exclaimed, "Thank God! I feel safer now."

Edith sobbed, "I don't know yet whether I'm sorry I missed my dad or whether I am glad."

Meanwhile, the accused man gave his version of what happened. "I shot in self-defense," he insisted to the police. "Alderman pulled a gun on me when I went to talk to my former wife about some business problems. There was plenty of shooting going on that I didn't do at all. Ruth knows what happened and she won't prosecute me. I have to laugh at the story that my daughter fired a shot at me. That's ridiculous. Do you think she would shoot me after all I've done for her?"

Ruth, told of this statement by Snyder, declared Alderman had never had a gun in his hands in his life. "It all happened exactly as I've told it," she said. "The only offence that boy committed was that he was a good husband to me and made me happier than I have ever been in my life before."

Still maintaining the pose about having married Alderman in Tia Juana the previous July, she explained the simplicity of the seven-room cottage—a strong contrast to the Beverly Hills estate—by saying that she wanted to get back to the simple life. She wanted to do her own housework and cooking.

"I was all through with big city life," she said. "I wouldn't go back to Broadway if you gave me the street. That was what enraged Snyder. New York to him is the whole world. He's gone through everything and is probably about broke. He threw away everything I gave him. He has already had more than the average man has in a life-time."

Later she denied that she had been



• It's a romantic year for hats, hair and eyes! So curl your lashes demurely, for that sweet old-fashioned effect. KURLASH requires only a few seconds, is effective for hours... an easy, mechanical beauty-routine. And it's yours for only \$1.

With your KURLASH, use its companion piece, KURLENE—a scientific cream that keeps lashes silk-soft, easier to curl. (Adds a dewy lustre to eyelids too!) Try KURLASH and KURLENE together—your twin eye-beauty aids!

FREE—your Eye Make-Up Chart! Write Jane Heath, Dept. F-3, Give color of hair and eyes.

KURLASH
 THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.
 Rochester, N. Y. Canada, Toronto, 3
 The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line
 Copyright 1939, The Kurlash Co., Inc.

MOTHER EARNS \$35 A WEEK KEEPS HOME TOGETHER



"As a widow with two children I found it difficult to get steady work," writes Mrs. L. K. P., of California. "Two years ago I saw a CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING in a magazine and wondered if I could be a nurse. Well, I enrolled, and was still studying when I took my first case—at \$25 a week, which helped pay for my course. Now I get \$35 a week. Thanks for your wonderful training!"

YOU CAN DO AS WELL!

Thousands of men and women have prepared themselves at home, in spare time, for practical nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. Many earn while learning, like Miss L. M., of N. C., who earned \$2000 in 20 months after enrolling! High school not necessary. Equipment included, 40th year. Send coupon now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
 Dept. 83, 100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
 Please send free book, "Splendid Opportunities in Nursing," and 16 lesson pages.

Name _____ Age _____
 City _____ State _____

living at the Lake Hollywood Drive address. She said the house wasn't even furnished yet, that Alderman was living there alone. "There were just a few things there," she said.

"Oh, yeah?" Moe snorted. "What was her sewing machine doing there? I saw it. Besides, she said she ran into the bedroom to get her gun. She was living there, all right! She was waiting for Bill Bacher's lease to be up at our house in Beverly Hills so she could take enough furniture out of that house to furnish this place she bought on Lake Hollywood Drive!"

Still later Ruth was to say that the cottage was being furnished for Myrl and his mother. She denied that she had bought it.

Reporters checked the marriage records at Tia Juana, and could find no trace of the purported ceremony. Ruth, worn out from her constant vigil at Myrl's bedside, smiled wanly and wistfully and hinted that everything would be cleared up early in December.

Two days after the shooting, Alma Alderman, divorced second wife of the wounded man, filed suit against Ruth for \$150,000. She charged that Ruth had alienated his affections. Alderman in turn sued Snyder for \$225,000 as the result of the attack.

Ruth denied that she had stolen Myrl's love. Through her attorneys she stated that, even if the accusation were true, it was now legally too late for Mrs. Alderman to do anything about it. Subsequently, on October 29, the harried songstress submitted to questioning by Alma's attorneys in the latter's office. Alma sat nearby, listening in.

Ruth admitted, first of all, that she and Myrl had not married.

"Did you sign any papers as Mrs. Alderman?" attorney S. S. Hahn asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I did the night of the shooting. Everyone was calling me Mrs. Alderman and I was so excited I didn't know just what I was doing. So I signed my name that way at the hospital."

"When people called you Mrs. Alderman didn't Myrl object?"

"We just laughed," was her reply. "I think the main reason Myrl didn't deny or affirm it was because he thought if it were believed we were married, Snyder wouldn't carry out his threats."

"Did you ever have marital relations with Mr. Alderman?"

"Absolutely not!"

She denied that she had ever spent the night with him at the cottage, or anywhere else. On the night of the shooting she had simply been preparing supper. It was her practice to cook the evening meal two or three times a week.

As a matter of fact, she had become infatuated with Myrl, had she not? Ruth managed to answer this question ambiguously, saying, "I don't know. I felt a great responsibility for the shooting and

we'd had many happy hours together after the divorces."

The wounded man recovered rapidly. Soon he was able to leave the hospital. As Snyder in the meantime had won his freedom on bail, Alderman remained in an undisclosed retreat, pending the trial.

MOE the Gimp exuded confidence as he went on trial early in December on five felony counts. If convicted, he faced prison terms totalling more than the average lifetime. He seemed perfectly convinced that he would not be convicted, that he would win his freedom with his story of sacrifice and struggle on Ruth's behalf, and his version of what happened at the cottage on Lake Hollywood Drive. He had retained to defend him none other than Jerry Giesler, perhaps the most celebrated criminal lawyer in Los Angeles.

when she no longer needed him. He repeated his story of going to the cottage to discuss some business matters, and insisted that he had shot Alderman purely in self-defense.

Moe wept some more, later, when Giesler, in his final plea to the jury, likened his client's love for Ruth to that of "the Hunchback of Notre Dame" for beautiful but fickle Esmeralda.

Giesler pointed out that Miss Etting had departed from the Esmeralda role by marrying her crippled protector and living with him for fifteen years. "As long as she could benefit from this union, she kept this cripple," the lawyer shouted. "But when she was all through with her public life and wanted to play, she cast him out and looked about for a younger man."

"Esmeralda, too, wanted a younger man—a man who was physically whole. When she found him she left the cathedral, where she was sheltered and safe, and was hanged. They found the Hunchback dead at her bier, finally reunited with his love."

Referring to Ruth's romance with Alderman, the lawyer continued:

"She went out on the market and bought a playmate, for I tell you as surely as we are standing in this courtroom that Myrl Alderman sold himself for gold. He is a used article. This is his third marriage, and although I wish them all the happiness in this world, I do not think they will get it."

He referred to the elopement, then added, "I ask you not to give Ruth Etting

the wedding present she wants. The wedding present that would make her the happiest would be the conviction of the defendant."

But Giesler did not do all the name-calling in those final appeals. Prosecutor Blalock in his closing rebuttal called the defendant everything from "gangster," "fingerman," and "gambler," to "libertine" and "kept man."

The case went to the jury late the afternoon of December 20. They wrangled for two full days. According to unofficial reports, some were in favor of sending the Gimp up for a heavy stretch; others held that he had shot without premeditation. Finally they agreed upon a conviction upon one of the five counts—the attempted murder of Myrl Alderman.

Free at long last from the domination of the Gimp, Ruth Etting and her husband stand on the threshold of a new life—a life more in line with Ruth's heart's desire. What matter if other lawsuits are pending against her? With the Gimp in jail—no matter how long or short his sentence—she can breathe easier.

Hand in hand with the man she loves, even Moe Snyder can no longer touch her. That chapter in her life is closed out—and the new chapter should bring her the happiness she so richly merits.

ARE YOU MARRIED—AND HAPPY?



- Do you warn young people to have a good time before it's too late?
- Do you enjoy having strangers think you're single?
- Do you mind having your husband show up when you're talking to an attractive man?
- Do you talk about how much you gave up for marriage?
- Do you tell people that no one understands you?
- Have you made up your mind not to have children?

Answer these questions honestly, and test yourself. The more "no" answers you have—the more likely it is that you are glad you're married!

Six men and six women filled the jury box on December 9, and then Prosecutor U. U. Blalock opened his case.

Ruth, Edith and Myrl told their stories. There was no variation from the stories they had already told the authorities. They insisted repeatedly that Snyder had been the aggressor, and they repeated their belief that he had intended to kill them all, and would have done so had he not been frustrated. They merely wished to be left in peace, they said—and Snyder had come with a gun in his hand and blasted away their hopes.

Having testified, Ruth and Myrl then managed to accomplish a very much desired item in their plans for happiness. Early the morning of December 14, with the trial still in session, they flew to Las Vegas, Nevada, and were married there in the chambers of Judge William E. Orr. Then they flew back to Los Angeles—and sat holding hands while the defendant wept his way through his story.

"We're too happy to be angry at anyone," Ruth sighed. "We'll be happy forever!"

Snyder, on the witness stand, told how he had worked and slaved for Ruth all those years, from the time he first met her in Chicago in 1920 until she had reached the peak of the entertainment world as a high-paid star of stage, screen and radio; how she had discarded him

TRUE
NOVEL
OF THE
MONTH



When
Love
Betrayed!

Chapter One

I AM a phoney French girl, and because my role of French mannequin became so real to me, I was willing to cheat not only the government and the country I love, but also the man I love!

As Maxine Adair, I was supposed to be an exotic importation direct from Andre Latou's salon in the *Cite De Paradis*. It had taken me three years to perfect that French accent and that so-called Parisian flair for wearing clothes. Sometimes I found myself forgetting that I was just little Vicki O'Day, born on the lower East side, and that I had never been farther across the Atlantic than Hoboken.

I suppose that was why the American in me was a bit mixed up on the day when Paul Carties, our New York representative, sent for me to come to his office. It had been Paul who had brought me over from Lanaker's on Fifth Avenue to Latou's swank salon. Paul had trained me into becoming one of New York's most glamorous models. He who had suggested and polished that French accent, had done over my hair, my face and my figure, and had brought out every last ounce of any charm I might possess.

It can't be too absurd, then, that although Paul, in reality might have been just an excitable, not too scrupulous French couturier, I had come to believe myself in love with him. To me, he was

all of romance and glamor embodied in a darkly handsome charm, and although his love-making had seemed to be more for the mannequin than for the girl, I was so infatuated that I wasn't able to see any other man.

As I came into his office, Paul turned from the window, and I saw that his eyes were smoldering with resentment.

"Take a look at that!" he cried.

I moved quickly to his side and stood looking out at the glittering autumn splendor of Fifty-seventh Street.

"KEN CASTLE, INCORPORATED," he read from the new sign emblazoned on the recently remodeled shop across the street. "ALL-AMERICAN DESIGNS." Imagine that now, ballyhooing a thing like that right here on Fifty-seventh Street!"

I didn't dare remind him that after all, this did happen to be the little old U. S. A., and I couldn't help thinking of how many Paris labels we had pulled off imported flops to switch over on gowns that had been created right here in our own work room by Jeanne, our head designer.

"If Park Avenue falls for that stuff," he declared, "we're—what you call—sunk. Run over there, you and Valerie, and tell me what you see."

In the main salon I found a group of mannequins also looking out at the new Ken Castle sign.

"Ridiculous." The voice, husky and contemptuous, came from Celeste, our only real Parisian mannequin. She never quite got over her scornful resentment of my own pretenses, and curled her glittering, ruby-red claws every time I took a customer away from her. She was much more than just an ordinary mannequin. Paul sent her to Paris four times a year, and it was she who brought back our most exclusive designs.

"Ridiculous or not," I shrugged, "take a look at the chauffeured limousines pulling up for the grand opening. Come on, Valerie, Paul wants us to go over there and tell him what we see."

And what we saw was a bit breathtaking even for blase Fifty-seventh Street. It wasn't just ex-show girls and glamor queens Ken Castle had parading there in front of a silver curtain, but a group of society's loveliest debutantes.

After we got over the shock of the glorified models, we were able to give attention to the designs themselves. Valerie and I both knew style and how it should be worn, and we realized just what we were looking at.

"I don't believe it," Valerie gasped. "There aren't that many gorgeous gowns in the world!"

"And look at the slogan," I whispered. A glittering banner stretched across the silver backdrop, with the words "STYLED AND MADE IN THE U. S. A." on it.

After the incredible parade was over a man stepped to the center of the stage—a very young man, sleek, smiling and unmistakably American.

"Just a few words to remind you," he began, "that this United States of ours spends twelve billion dollars every year on *style*. Twelve billion, remember, so why should America divide that neat little sum with foreign trade? We are showing exclusive designs which no couturier in Paris could duplicate for less than twice the amount you will pay right here in New York. It's fashionable to be thrifty, and ultra-smart to be American!"

"My gosh!" Valerie whispered as we finally went outside. "He's got something there, and did you see those dames lapping it up?"

"Do you suppose that was Ken Castle, himself?" I asked.

"No, that was just the advertising chap who's been putting on all the ballyhoo, but he sure has 'em hypnotized."

"I'll bet Jeanne's worried," I said, and ran upstairs to tell our head designer the bad news.

Valiant Jeanne Mignard! There were over two hundred pounds of her now, and she no longer appeared in the front salon, but what a heart she had for beauty! Only a few of us here on the inside knew how often Latou and Paul reaped the credit for one of Jeanne's own designs.

If it was Paul who had made me glamorous, it was Jeanne who had loved and mothered me ever since I had come to work here, who had shifted most of my burdens on her own broad shoulders, and had taught me how one woman's loyalty can stand between a girl and a whole world's heartbreak. I had no family of my own, and she kept me from making too much of a fool of myself over Paul Carties. Jeanne knew how I felt about him and tried to make me call my infatuation by its right name.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she spat out when I told her of the Castle opening. "Do you know who young Castle's mother was? She came out of the sweat shops to open—how do you call it—a hole-in-the-wall on East Fourteenth Street. But I don't like the look of it, *ma chérie*."

We tried to come back at that spectacular opening by staging our own opening, with extra stress on the "subtle nuance of the Parisian mode." It was then we had to face the fact that what Latou's lacked to put Jeanne's ideas across was cash. The firm of Latou had been darned near broke ever since this "Wear-America-First" campaign had started.

It didn't help any at our opening when we saw the fair-haired campaigner, Castle's publicity man, looking on from the back of the salon. We knew what a poor show we were putting on compared to the glittering fanfare of the Castle display. Later that evening when Valerie and I were walking gloomily toward the apartment we shared, we had a sense of being followed. Just before we entered the lobby I wheeled sharply and came face to face with the Castle publicity man. He looked down into my angry eyes with what I'm sure he thought was an engaging grin.

"Good evening," he began.

"Do I imagine it," I cut him short, with my best French accent, "or have you been following us?"

"Sure, why not? That's as good a way as any to see how a girl wears her clothes and carries her lovely little chassis. Just a matter of business, you know. I noticed you at our opening and again in the Latou salon. You happen to be the best model I've seen in New York."

"So what?" I snapped.

Valerie tugged at my sleeve but I paid no attention and she walked alone into the lobby.

"We're going to need some new models," he went on, "and if you came over with us you could can that phoney French accent. That ought to be a relief to a swell American kid like you. And

you do realize, don't you, that Latou and his tricks are pretty well washed up?"

The angry color flew to my cheeks and I swept past him into the lobby without a backward glance. It was right then that a fierce resentment against the whole Castle outfit flamed into life, bolstered by an even more fierce loyalty toward Paul Carties. Washed up, were we? We'd show him! And a "phoney French accent" he had called this veneer of mine which Paul had so carefully built up.

The resentment was still smoldering when Paul called me to his office again next morning. He was pacing the floor, his dark eyes haggard from lack of sleep.

"We can't meet the Castle prices," he stormed, "and he's under-selling us with better designs. Something has to be done." He wheeled me around to face him, both hands gripping my shoulders. "What would it mean to you, *ma petite*, if the firm of Latou went to the wall, and our work together had to end?"

I drew a sharp breath, and the touch of his hands sent the quick blood racing to my heart. "I wouldn't dare to think," I choked. "It hasn't been just a—job—to me. You know that."

"I've thought sometimes," he went on, and drew me still closer, "that you, perhaps more than any of the others, have really loved me."

"You know that I have, Paul," I declared. "And I owe everything in the world to you." I felt his hands tremble and he bent his head until his lips rested on mine. There was a faint smell of perfume in his hair and a trace of powder on his cheeks.

I had dreamed that someday Paul might kiss me, yet when he did here in his office, I had a feeling of disappointment I couldn't quell. It was to have been such a different kiss, sweeping me off my feet, changing the world. I even had dreamed that someday he might ask me to share not only his work, but his whole life, that he would no longer see me just as a glorified mannequin he had created, but as a woman—beloved.

In a way I can't explain, Paul did not seem really to be kissing me—the woman. Somehow it was still just the mannequin who must be made to feel, even more than she ever had before that she was one of his own creations.

"Some one has to help me," he went on desperately, "and I wish it could be you."

"There isn't anything you could ask, Paul," I cried out eagerly, "that I wouldn't try to do. You must know that."

"I wonder—" He broke off and lifted my chin to look more deeply into my eyes. "Suppose I told you that I had decided to send you to Paris in Celeste's place?"

"But Paul," I gasped, "I've always wanted to do that more than anything else in the world, and you never would let me—"

"But this is—different. What I'm asking you to do will take a lot of trusting. Are you clever enough to do as you're told, and not ask too many questions, and keep your mouth shut if you find out too much?"

I couldn't help the shiver of apprehension which ran through me, but quickly I raised my head. "I know I'll try to do whatever you ask me, Paul."

He winced a little at that. "It's bad business, *chère*, and one of these days I may seem to have let you down. But Ken Castle and the other New York stylists are making it impossible for me to afford the high duty on imported models. Yet—Jeanne and I both need fresh inspiration, and we've got to get some new, original designs over here—the best way we can get—or close up."

"You mean," I gasped, "we've got to smuggle the new winter designs through the customs?"

"*Non, non*, Maxine, don't say it like that." As always when he became excited he burst into French. "Listen, I'll try to explain so it sounds not so bad."

I listened and with a sense of shock realized just what he was asking me to do. I was to take Jeanne's battered steamer trunk, her moth-eaten fur coat and her old padded lounging robe. The trunk appeared innocent enough on the outside, but had a trick lining where a number of gowns could be hidden away. The coat, with its New York label, would pass the customs without duty, and between the lining and the moth-eaten fur, there was room for more Paris models.

Other gowns would become the padding of the lounging robe. Beneath a Latou cape, which would be supplied me in Paris, would be worn as many additional gowns as I could manage to conceal. I then would make my declaration covering the one

hundred dollars allowed me in personal possessions, and if I were lucky, would smuggle in some ten thousand dollars worth of Latou's most exclusive designs without paying duty!

If I hadn't been so blindly infatuated with Paul I would have seen all this for just what it was, right at the beginning. Then, too, I was filled with that fierce resentment against the Castle outfit. This would be a clever way to out-smart them, and at the same time help the man I loved.

Paul had for so long been the center of my little world, and I owed him so much, that I was blinded to the graveness, the seriousness of what he was asking. Anyway Paul had asked it, had put it up to me almost as a test of my love. He was depending on me, and if I didn't do it, some other girl would. And I wanted to be the one to win Paul's everlasting gratitude!

Yet, even so, I should have realized that when you monkey with the Government, you take some pretty serious chances. I don't suppose I ever would actually have stolen anything from anyone in my life—love or no love—yet somehow Paul made it sound as if it weren't stealing.

I had heard of society women who boasted of smuggling bits of lace and jewelry on every trip, and thought it a great joke on Uncle Sam. In fact a lot of them came into Latou's and displayed the spoils. Why was this any worse? I was arguing with my own conscience all the time Paul explained, trying to make myself think of it as paying back a debt I owed him.

"Celeste will go over with you," Paul concluded. "She knows the way around, but she'll be staying in Paris with Andre. We have to cut expenses here, and I can't afford to keep you both. She's sore about it, but she hasn't been much help around here lately. Our customers seem to like you better, and so, *ma petite*, do I."

He bent to kiss me again, but in that moment we saw old Jeanne standing in the doorway, her round face creased with trouble.

"Non, non, Paul," she protested. "It must not be Maxine you are sending to Paris. She is too much the child."

"That's why it's so clever," Paul tossed back. "So get busy, Jeanne, and tell her what it is all about."

But Jeanne would have none of it, and it was Paul, himself, who had to drill me over and over in the part I was to play. He took me to the Forty-eighth Street dock when the *Ile de France* came in, and let me watch the passengers get their baggage through the customs. He told Celeste also to coach me, but she, too, kept grimly silent.

Only once did she turn to me with scornful eyes. "Little fool," she flung out. "Paul's crazy to trust a green American kid with a job like that. You'll get caught, and then where will he and Andre be?"

On the day before we sailed, I saw her talking to the Castle publicity man, across the street. Her face was flushed and her eyes seemed unnaturally bright. I forgot the incident in the excitement of preparation, but later I was bitterly to remember.

I said goodbye to Paul in his office, the morning that I sailed. When he bent to kiss me, his eyes could not seem to meet mine. "Perhaps, *ma petite*," he whispered, "when you come back—you and I—"

I listened for the words that did not come. He and I—yes, Paul, say it—But almost as if ashamed, he turned away.

And in spite of my dreams, and even though now I was trying so desperately to prove my love, nothing in that goodbye kiss had sought—or found—the real Vicki O'Day. It was still just Paul, the famed couturier, saying bon voyage to his most glamorous mannequin.

Chapter Two



UT one dream was coming true. My first trip to Paris! I was to use my own name, and unknown even to Celeste, I booked passage as Vicki O'Day. The name Maxine Adair was Paul's idea of glamor. He had arranged to have me travel on the *Boheme*, mainly because it was cheaper.

"Keep your eyes and ears open," he had cautioned, "and your mouth closed. You're to watch everything and know nothing. Celeste will—what you say—give the pointers."

But Celeste did not. No one came to see me off, and I stood

on deck feeling a bit let down, watching the familiar statue disappear in the autumn haze. I had on my oldest suit, and packed in Jeanne's trunk was one shabby evening gown. I hadn't taken anything decent, for my own clothes were to be left in Paris to allow more room for my precious return cargo. The deck was jammed with a waving, excited crowd, and only I seemed to be cut off and alone.

The dream of that first trip to Paris had been so thrillingly different. In that old vision I had stood trim and alert near the rail, the new foreign buyer, poised and a bit arrogant, in my snappy tailored suit. All around me were bon voyage gifts of flowers and fruit, the newest books, a flood of telegrams and a flock of admiring friends. But now, when the trip was a reality, I stood confused and deserted.

"Vicki," I said to myself. "You've been seeing too many movies."

The engines were quickening now. I felt a deeper vibration of the boat, and shivered a little, almost with a sense of premonition. Everything that happened in those next few days would be a detached interlude between the past and the future. I suppose it always must be like that on shipboard. I felt sort of suspended. Nothing that had happened before or would happen afterward seemed to matter much. This was now, a fleeting little life apart, with codes and customs all its own.

And then suddenly I saw him standing a few feet away from me, as alone and cut off as I, his eyes not on the disappearing Statue of Liberty, but on my own confused and excited face. His eyes twinkled and smiled, and mutely acknowledged some instinctive welcoming light which must for a moment have flashed into mine.

I had read eagerly of those swiftly dramatic, but seldom lasting, shipboard romances, which struck instant fire, then burned themselves out at first sight of land. Intuitively I knew that it was his first trip, too, and I was absurdly glad that to him, as to me, it was all new and exciting. Later—not too soon—we'd find each other, but for now our eyes must go blank again, remembering we were still strangers.

Long after he had gone below deck, and I stood watching the others drift away to their cabins, I kept his face in my mind's eye. He had seemed so eager and alive, with his blue eyes twinkling and his tall, slim body tense and alert. I had noticed how thick and fair his hair was, how broad and high his forehead, and the strong, square set of his jaw. A face to remember and to dream of. The men I had met in New York hadn't looked like that. There was an air of repression about him, yet of wanting life, perhaps too much. Queer how all that could come to me in just that meeting of our eyes. It was as if somehow he had said: "Wait for me, won't you? I'll be back."

I had almost nothing to unpack and didn't even care where my cabin was. I remembered with some shrinking that I must share it with Celeste. Too bad she resented me so much. In her eyes I was just the usurper who had stolen her job.

Nevertheless I went slowly down the brass-railed stairway and asked a steward to direct me to my cabin. I found Celeste there sullenly unpacking her bags. She turned swiftly to confront me.

"You realize, don't you," she demanded, "why Paul fired me? It was because I knew too much. But he needn't think he can keep me in Paris. There are other jobs, and I'll be coming back."

"Perhaps with the Castle outfit?" I shrugged. "They need models."

"And what they need they pay for," she snapped.

"Including—information." I don't know why I said that. It was just a hunch, I guess, but I saw the dark color stream into her face.

I had no intention of spending the trip quarreling with Celeste, so I quickly hung my clothes on the few hooks she had left for me, slipped into a shabby swagger coat, and went back on deck.

The air was fairly electric now, and the water had become a more intense blue. The shore line was a hazy blur, and the whole world seemed suddenly very new and clean. It would be easy to forget all the little meannesses, the grind, and the conflict, out here.

I flung back my head and must have laughed aloud without realizing it, for suddenly I heard another laugh close beside me.

"Do you feel like that, too?" a deep voice said, and I looked quickly up into the eyes of the man who now would no longer

be a stranger. It was as if on that wide, wind-swept deck, we stood alone, excited wayfarers, exploring an uncharted sea. "I don't know just how I do feel," I laughed back. "I only know it's great to be alive."

"First trip?" he asked.

"Yes, thank heaven!"

"Mine, too, more thanks. I'd hate not to have it mean a tremendous lot. Let's walk, shall we?"

We swung out together, timing our steps to the motion of the ship. "My name," he grinned down at me, "is Dennis Burke—Denny, after our first mile."

"And mine," I told him, "is Vicki O'Day."

"We seem to sound a bit Irish," he chuckled. "Pleasure or business?"

"Vacation." I hated to lie, but it was part of my bargain with Paul.

"And I'm a newspaper reporter on a special assignment. So now we have the whole set-up. After I fix my place at your table, and arrange our chairs on the boat deck, we'll be all ready for a swell trip."

We spent three hours together that first day, and afterward, lying awake in my cabin, it seemed as if there never could have been a time when there wasn't a Denny Burke.

"Either you're being awfully foolish or awfully clever," Celeste accused. "I suppose you know that your Denny Burke is a reporter for a New York scandal sheet?"

"Sure, I know," I answered dreamily, and tried to close out the sound of her voice.

THE second day I saw her standing close beside Denny near the rail. I knew only too well Celeste's way with a man. There was no denying her dark, sultry loveliness and the compelling magnetism of her charm. I always had felt a bit unsophisticated and colorless beside her. Their shoulders were touching and he was looking intently down into her face.

He must have sensed me there behind them, for he turned quickly and made a movement toward me. "I was wondering where you were," he said, and I knew just how deadly that would make her anger.

That night the dining room bloomed with gorgeous evening gowns. Later there was to be a dance. Celeste wore an exquisite Latou model that she had been able to buy at cost. It was a rich wine velvet and what it did to her dark, smoldering beauty was a bit breathtaking. I had only my shabby, black lace, the least glamorous of my gowns, and destined to be deserted in Paris. I couldn't have afforded to sacrifice any of my really lovely things.

Yet somehow, the moment I found myself dancing in Denny's arms I felt very lovely indeed. The old, black lace became suddenly enchanted. I knew that my eyes were shining and that my face was glowing with new life. I knew because of the look in his own eyes and the way his arms tightened around me.

"The reason I'm not talking to you very much," he declared at last, "is because I'd sound too crazy if I said the things I'm thinking. Life isn't really like this, is it, so— all-of-a-sudden?"

"Maybe it is— on ships," I laughed back. "You'll be sane again as soon as we see land."

"Yes, that's what they tell me. Anyhow, let's go up on the boat deck and dance there. Then perhaps I'll be able to breathe again."

The moving stars seemed very close and a little strange up there, like new stars never seen before, with different shapes and patterns.

"I'm not going to let you go when we land, Vicki O'Day," he declared.

We stopped dancing and leaned a bit breathlessly against the hard canvas of a life boat. A little pool of darkness stretched about us, closing us in. Lovers had not yet found their way up here, and we had the whole place to ourselves.

I told myself that I was so breathless only because of the steep climb. Just a brief, shipboard romance mustn't make my heart beat like that. A girl didn't leave the man she loved on shore one day, and on the next find herself thrilled like this by the first stranger who came along. Yet, in some inexplicable way, it was Paul who now seemed suddenly strange and alien. He would be there, of course, when I came back, waiting with that half-promise still unfulfilled.

I wasn't forgetting Paul— how could I be, when I was plunging into unknown dangers just to prove how much I cared—but there was no denying, that my heart was beating faster.

"I don't suppose love ever comes like this," he said at last, and tried to laugh at his own absurdity. "Not— so fast."

"No," I said, as lightly as I could, "of course not."

"Yet nothing else seems to mean anything," he declared. "Every other face is a blank until your cabin door opens and you come out on deck. Is that going to end the minute we see land?"

"They say so. It's a sort of spell, maybe— sea magic."

"But I'm going to see you again in Paris. I have to know, and you have to know— for sure. Yet, if it isn't real, I wish we never had to find out."

Later that night, again lying sleepless in my berth, I could fairly feel the malice in Celeste's eyes glowing through the darkness.

"Of course it had to happen like that," she fumed. "The only man on board worth bothering with, and I was just getting him interested, when you had to hang yourself around his neck. But I suppose you realize that a man never means anything he tells a girl on board ship. Why, I've had 'em promise me the moon, the sun and the stars in a platinum wedding ring, then forget I was alive the minute the boat docked."

"I'll find out in Paris," I declared.

"But you can't see him there," she exclaimed. "Have you forgotten what you're going there for, and that you aren't supposed to let any one in on your business, or follow you around, least of all an American newspaper reporter?"

Next night in our secret place of enchantment I danced again in Denny's arms. "I don't believe it's true," he said, "that it all ends out here, that the sea casts a spell and makes different people of us. I never felt like this about any girl before. Torn in two, unable to think or eat or sleep. It's madness. Come with me now, I want to show you something."

I followed, scarcely realizing where he was leading me until I found myself beside him in the dim seclusion of his own cabin. He turned the key in the lock, and stood for a moment looking down into my face. Then he pulled open a drawer and showed me page after page of closely scribbled sheets.

"Wild, crazy things I've been writing to you," he said. "I want you to take them to Paris, and we'll read them together there. If we have to laugh, we'll know it was just sea madness."

I folded the crumpled sheets and slipped them inside my dress. "I don't think," I breathed, "that I shall— laugh."

He caught me to him then. "Make it true, darling, and make it last forever. If it could go on like this always, life wouldn't have to mean anything more. There never could be any other woman for me. Love me tonight, and if love lives again— like that—in Paris, we'll know it's real."

"And if it is, what then?"

"Whatever you want. Is there any reason why we couldn't be married, Vicki?"

Any reason indeed! Maxine Adair, New York glamor girl, who for years had believed herself in love with another man, had no right even to dream that this could be reality. And even if it could, I mustn't let Paul down. He was trusting me to go through, was depending upon me for the very life of his business.

But old Jeanne's words kept coming back to me. "It isn't love you feel for Paul," she had declared over and over, "it's just infatuation. And Paul Carties never could love any woman. To him you always would be just another lovely little puppet."

I suppose, deep down I had known. But a girl, alone in New York, has to have something to pin her dreams to. Now, with Denny's arms around me, closed in by his vital, compelling nearness, all that seemed vague and very far away. Fifty-seventh Street, Ken Castle, the hectic competition, and the dark, magnetic charm of Paul Carties were all images out of a vague past. Yet how terribly real it all must become again the moment I got back to New York.

I drew away a little, trying to fight for sanity.

"Is there any reason," he insisted again, "why, if it lasts through Paris, we couldn't be married?"

"I can't even talk about it now," I whispered. "I don't know."

"Then let me make you know. Or if this is to be all there is, how can we dare say we'll want anything as much again? We never have before, have we, either of us?"

I knew he was asking me if there ever had been any other

man. Had there been, really? Was the vision I had created in my own imagination another man? I hated to realize that beside this sturdy young Irishman, Paul now seemed a bit effeminate. It surely was sheer disloyalty to remember that perfume in his hair and that trace of powder on his cheek. Yet, that couldn't have been—love!

"Have we ever wanted anything as much, Vicki?" Denny demanded again.

I couldn't answer, for the far-off pulsing of the engines seemed like the very beat of life within me, confusing my thought, blurring old memories, drawing me up into that suspended universe that had no connection with that other life at all. This was here and now. Maybe this was love, this new strangeness. It was so thrillingly different from anything I had felt before.

For one mad moment my heart whispered that perhaps nothing ever could be quite so sweet again. "Take it, Vicki," my heart was whispering madly, "there are ugly things waiting for you when it's over—secrets, guilt, perhaps disgrace, and no real surety of love. Paul didn't love you, not you—Vicki—yourself. Take tonight, take even Paris, and then if you must, let it go. Only a few days out of a life time. Perhaps Denny wouldn't want the real you, the Vicki who could plot to defraud her own country. Maybe he was that kind of American. His eyes looked like that, clear and steady and honest. Paul's eyes never were quite honest, never could squarely meet yours. Denny would despise the cheat that Paul was willing to make of you. Aren't you seeing it straight at last? Denny wants you now, but perhaps he never will again, so take it, Vicki, little fool, through every last lovely hour." The confused thoughts went rapidly through my mind.

Through the porthole we could see again those moving stars. We stood close together looking out upon that vast mystery of space, losing ourselves in it, feeling for a moment strangely small and helpless. Could we really believe that it was for us to decide? Those close, bright stars must have known all the answers; ageless, all-seeing eyes. They hung there now, peering out through that dark curtain which closed us in.

"Darling," he whispered. "Love me—you must—"

How valiantly I had saved myself back there in New York, and how fiercely old Jeanne had fought my battles! I was to be her girl, sheltered and safe, against just such nights as this. She had seen girls come and go in Manhattan's mad parade, and time after time her sure, strong hand had held me steady, when I might so easily have stumbled.

What did I know of him, or he of me? This was a life apart, that began and ended in that vast, whirling space. It pulsed and beat and soared with each throbbing movement of the ship, bringing the stars right out of the sky to pierce us with their blazing light.

"Nothing ever could happen to change it," Denny declared. "You know that, don't you?"

"Then if it is so real—" Somehow I found courage to thrust him from me. "It will still be alive when we meet again in Paris. We'll know then. Right now, we both are a little mad."

"Vicki, you mean, even now, that we are to let it go?"

"For tonight, Denny, yes. We'll both be glad—afterward."

He drew away and tried in the dim light to look deeper into my eyes. "Perhaps, darling," he said gently. "I'm almost a little glad right now. It will make Paris seem so much sweeter."

And so he let me go, but I wonder if deep down in his heart he was calling me love-coward?

Chapter Three



HEN the tense, choked silence of a journey's end, facing change and reality. Cherbourg, the scramble for baggage, the boat train, the clinging hands and the breathless goodbye.

"Telephone me at the Hotel Pont Royal, remember," Denny reminded me at the final parting.

"Let me know as soon as you're settled and I'll come to you. It's to be the beginning then, darling, not the end. I'm sure of it."

He had wanted to come with me when we left the boat train, but under Celeste's scornful glare I had told him I must have time to think, alone, before I could see him again.

"But you promise," he insisted, "that you'll save most of Paris for me? That you and I will explore it together?"

"Perhaps the sea is still in your blood," I said, "and when you're really there, you won't want to find me again."

"You know better," he declared. "It's you who are in my blood, a part of me, the part I never want to let go. Don't make me, darling, ever."

And so we had to leave it, eyes and hands straining toward each other, hearts aching with a sense of unbearable parting. So easy to become lost now, a little dream out of a sea mist, fading into a grim reality.

Paul had spent three years teaching me to speak French, so I didn't feel completely lost when at last the wheezing cab left me in front of a small *pension* near the *Cite de Paradis*. Paul had written down the name and given me full instructions. Celeste was supposed to help me get located but she had disappeared as soon as we left the boat train.

It was too late now to go to Andre's headquarters, so I experimented with my French, had my baggage and dinner sent up to the room, and ate close to the grilled balcony that looked out over a deserted cobble-stoned square.

New York would be just about waking up now, but this corner of Paris seemed drowsily getting ready for sleep. There were only a few misty lights, with now and then a taxi rattling over the rough stones.

My first night in Paris! This, too, was to have been so thrillingly different. I don't know just what I had expected, but the city I had pictured as glowing with an ageless, mellow charm, seemed strangely dingy and uninspired.

"We'll discover it together," Denny had said. It must be there, hidden and waiting. It didn't put on a show, there was no Great White Way, no fanfare of neon signs and blazing marquees. But Denny and I would find it, perhaps as soon as tomorrow. I had an absurd desire to telephone him tonight, to tell him I didn't really need to think, that although it had been only a few hours, it already seemed ages since I had left him at the station. Yet, perhaps he, himself, needed to think, so I settled down to my brief unpacking, and then tried to dream myself to sleep.

Next morning I opened my eyes to a changed and teeming world. Below me in the little square salesgirls were hurrying to work, men and boys were pushing handcarts filled with huge boxes, and there was a jumbled chatter of voices, that in spite of all my French, I couldn't understand.

Andre Latou's main showroom, I knew, was on the *rue de Rivoli*, but much of his real work was done here in the *Cite de Paradis*. Jeanne had told me how the shop had been handed down from generations of famed couturiers, and how Andre, himself, was the greatest of them all.

I dressed in my one shabby suit, my heart pounding as I realized that at last I was to meet the famous Andre Latou, the man who for twenty years had been old Jeanne's inspiration.

I walked across the cobble-stoned street and up two flights of stairs to a large, severe-looking room, bare except for a long board table, and a motionless model upon whom a very small, nervous Frenchman, with a dark eager face, was pinning a billow of shimmering yellow satin.

I held my breath as I saw a huge pair of scissors curve and whirl and snip into that priceless material. I heard the muttered exclamations, saw the narrowed, glittering eyes, and knew that Andre Latou was in the throes of a new creation. I had seen Jeanne, herself, working like that back in the Fifty-seventh Street shop, and I knew better than to speak until the spell was broken.

The girl model did not stir, seemed scarcely to breathe, and her face was very wan and white. I wondered how long she had been standing there like that, motionless, while Andre pinned and re-pinned, cut and swirled.

"Non, non, *Mon Dieu! Terrible!*"

More pinning, swirling, panting, until at last a new Latou design had come into being! Andre stood back and viewed his work, a hand against his forehead and a torrent of passionate French, hurling praises upon his masterpiece. He turned then and saw me waiting near the door.

"It is the new girl from America, yes?" His voice was still pitched to a shrill excitement. "Paul wrote me what a bad time he's having. It is sad. We have to do so many things not of a goodness."

He was looking me over with narrow, appraising eyes. Then suddenly he whirled me around in front of him. "*Ma foi!*" he exclaimed. "You American girls amaze me, always so—how

you say—stream-lined. Come, let me show you. Take off that terrible suit."

To Andre I was no longer a girl, either American or French. I was merely the background upon which he began to pin a sheath of fragile sea blue lace. There is lace and lace, but this was the mist-like foam of a crested wave. It was shot with slender silver threads woven into a delicate gossamer web. I could have crushed yards of it, light as sea spray, in my two hands.

As I stood in front of the mirror and watched it take shape beneath Andre's fingers I knew that it was my dress, moulded by my body, a part of me. I knew now why the girls upon whom Andre draped his inspired creations could stand so motionless. They seemed to see the very spirit of themselves unfolding before their eyes. To move might have destroyed the illusion.

I could hear his deep, hard breathing, feel the trembling of his hands as they moulded the lace to my body. I could see the rapt look in his eyes as the web-like folds fell into place. From time to time he stood off to study each curving line. It seemed as if no man ever really had seen me so completely before. It was in him to bring out all the charm I possessed, but how could I ever again separate my own new loveliness from the miracle of beauty his fingers had created? It would seem like taking part of my very self away.

It did strange, glamorous things to my eyes, my skin, my hair. I seemed to see again those blazing midnight stars above the boat deck, hear once more the music of the distant orchestra, feel Denny's kisses tearing through my soul. It was a magic dress, re-creating all of beauty. With one last intriguing touch, Andre fastened to the shoulder a fringe of tiny blue crystals that fell in a cool translucent cascade over one bare arm.

I hadn't known anyone—least of all a blase New York mannequin—could feel like that about just a dress. But it wasn't just a dress. It couldn't be! It was the stars, the spell of the sea, every lovely thing Denny had said and done. I never in the world could take it off.

"It is finished—*comme-il faut!*" Andre's voice, shrill and excited, suddenly broke the spell. "Francine," he shouted, "*Voila tout!*" An enormous Frenchwoman, who reminded me of Jeanne, lumbered in from the workroom beyond and without looking at me, began to baste the dress into shape. At last she lifted it over my head, inch by inch, and scurried back into the workroom with it.

I put on my shabby suit again, feeling indeed like Cinderella in her sackcloth. I turned back to Andre to find him crumpled near the table, his head buried on his arms. "I have been working all night," he told me wearily, "and now I must sleep."

"But the dress?" I asked breathlessly. "Am I to take it, that very same model, back to New York with me?"

"*Oui,*" he sighed, "but now I am too tired to talk."

"How long before it will be ready?" I began, but Andre already was asleep.

WITH a lingering backward look toward the workroom I reluctantly had to leave the dress in Francine's hands. I crossed the court and walked on toward wider, more brilliant thoroughfares. As I wandered along the unfamiliar streets, I felt less lonely because I realized that Denny couldn't be so far away. I signalled a cab and directed the driver to take me within a few blocks of the Hotel Pont Royal. I wanted only to see the place where he was staying. When the cab stopped I saw by a sign post that I was on the *Rue Montalembert*.

Self-consciously I pretended not to look toward the hotel, but felt a quickening of my heartbeats as I passed by. Not far away were the Tuileries Gardens. I walked slowly inside the gates and sat down on a low marble bench.

Soon I must find my way back to Latou's salon on the *Rue de Rivoli*, but right now I wanted only to dream and to get used to the idea of being a stranger in a strange land. I, who so long had posed as a French girl, now felt so completely American. A policeman in a flowing cape glanced toward me and smiled; a child danced by with a long, rather dirty loaf of bread clutched under one arm; and beyond, from the narrow, cobbled streets, came the ridiculous, squeaking of the French auto horns.

From where I sat I could watch the passersby, I was amazed, most of all, by the almost dowdy plumpness of the women. American girls were indeed stream-lined in comparison. And yes, I had to admit, American-made clothes had a certain finish which these clothes lacked. My mind leaped back to that "Wear-

America-First" campaign and I felt a stirring of uneasiness. After all—why not?

Yet, where but under Latou's magic fingers could that sea-blue marvel of a gown have been created; and where, except in Paris, could one feel that a beautiful gown was a piece of high art—to be classed with the immortals in the Louvre?

Hugging that thought close, I walked back toward the Pont Royal, knowing that I had been more than half hoping to run into Denny. Somehow, to telephone as he had asked, seemed so definite. A girl had to walk more steadily on her land feet.

I moved on with more purpose now, headed toward the famous shopping district. I looked in upon a special showing of Schiaparelli models, knowing how many questions Jeanne would ask when I returned. Lace seemed featured everywhere—lace evening gowns, lace coats and even lace hats, but nowhere was there another gown like my lovely sea-blue miracle.

I lingered a moment in the lobby of the Ritz, and made a sort of game of separating the French, English and American women. Then I would listen to their speech. I had hit it almost every time, because the clothes and beauty of the American women stood out in that stream-lined sleekness. I felt an inconsistent glow of pride and moved on in the direction of the *Rue de Rivoli*.

Finally I entered Latou's salon and stood for a while looking on. Again I was amazed by the plumpness of the mannequins. Not one of them could have found a job in New York without going on a diet. They were vivacious and chic, but on Fifty-seventh Street we'd have called them fat. Everything about the place seemed littered and a bit haphazard. I missed the air of swank, and crisp efficiency, and yes, the glitter of our American shops.

Andre must have recovered from his exhaustion for I caught a glimpse of him talking with Celeste in the rear of the salon. They were sorting a rack of dresses and had separated a pile from the others. Andre beckoned and I stood beside them looking at the fragile and priceless array.

"These will go back with you," Andre told me. "Jeanne has explained—just how."

"Yes, I know," I said a bit breathlessly. "And the blue lace, where is that?"

"I will send it to your *pension* with the others," he promised, "when it is finished."

"And how long am I to stay in Paris?" I asked, and waited in eager suspense for his answer.

"Jeanne will expect you to visit other shops," he said, "and make notes for her. It also will be well to take a trip to Cannes and the Riviera. You'll be returning to New York in ten days on the Lormandie. Celeste is to help you pack." He left us then to talk with a group of customers.

Celeste's eyes met mine in a mocking smile as she followed me out to the street. "And oh, yes," she added maliciously, "I also shall be going back on the same boat with you."

"But Paul said you were to stay here."

"Andre can't afford to keep me, and I've had the offer of a swell new job in New York."

I didn't question her, but felt a shiver of apprehension.

It seemed that she, too, had a room in the same *pension* and we walked together toward the *Cite de Paradis*. She left me in the lobby with a parting caution. "If I were you," she said, "I'd sit tight until Andre sends over the new models. It wouldn't be clever to mess things up with any snooping New York reporters. They're supposed to have a nose for scandal."

I shivered again and walked slowly toward the lift. In my room I stood looking at my own rather frightened face in the mirror. "Nose for scandal." It had a pretty ominous sound. Was I plunging into something more serious than I first had realized?

A dozen times that evening I was tempted to call Denny, and once even struggled with the French telephone system to the point of getting his hotel on the wire. But I turned away without giving his name, and knew that romance must wait.

I was to visit Cannes and the Riviera, Andre had said, places that I had dreamed of, but not really hoped to see. Wouldn't it be there I should arrange to meet Denny, to recapture, and perhaps lose again, that lovely hour? Tomorrow, maybe, after the gowns were safely packed away, I'd find courage to telephone him.

Suppose when I heard his voice again it should sound indifferently, even bored? What if it had been real only to me, and

to him had been just a bit of shipboard madness, as he had feared?

I read over and over those scribbled pages he had written to me on those nights when he couldn't sleep. The impassioned words warmed my heart. Yet might they not, too, have been part of the madness? He described, in a dozen different ways, my dark, shining eyes, my red-gold hair, the flower petal softness of my skin, and made me sound very lovely indeed. Yet, I wouldn't know how much he really meant it, until we met again.

I could not sleep that night. I must have been crazy to believe that what Paul had asked me to do was just a clever trick to outsmart Ken Castle. The very thought of it now made this strange land seem almost sinister. That homeward passage could no longer be a thrilling romantic pilgrimage. It stretched ahead as a menacing journey that would involve me in really serious danger.

Chapter Four



ALL seemed even more menacing when the pile of boxes arrived next morning, brought by a porter from Latou's and followed almost at once by Celeste.

"Let's get this over with," she said. "And I say again you're a little fool. I've done Paul's dirty work for over a year, and what did it get me?"

"How much would the duty on this stuff be?" I asked.

"How should I know?" she tossed back. "I never paid any. Now watch, and for heaven's sake, get things straight. The velvets go here, hidden in the trunk lining. The crepe and chiffon inside the fur coat. The laces in the padding of the quilted robe. See how it's done? Slick, don't you think? The tailored suit you'll wear under the cape, with possibly one of the lace models next to your skin."

"The blue lace," I said. "Leave that one out."

"It is rather a dream, isn't it?" she mused, and looked at me sharply. "Did Latou model it on you?"

I nodded and held its soft mistiness against my cheek.

"Don't get any extravagant notions," she shrugged. "That dress is worth over five hundred dollars and probably will be one of Jeanne's prize showings."

Yes, I knew, but I could dream, couldn't I?

At last the packing was finished and Celeste moved toward the door, her eyes unnaturally bright. "You're to report to Andre for expense money and your ticket on the Lormandie. He'll look after getting the trunk on board. It's to be put in your cabin, and not in the hold, and he'll show you how to make out the declaration. You're allowed one hundred dollars worth free of duty, including what you have on your back. That will cover the Kasha suit and the cape. You get the idea, don't you?"

Yes, I get it, and felt little prickles running up and down my spine.

"Is there—much danger?" I couldn't help asking.

"Not if you watch your step and are careful not to run around with the wrong people," she retorted.

When she had gone, I stood looking down at the trunk with shrinking eyes. How often, I wondered, had it been used for this guilty purpose? The fragile pricelessness of the gowns made that stained, ugly lining seem all the more hideous and menacing. Their loveliness never could seem quite the same to me again.

Jeanne's words came back to me: "*Non, non*—she is such a child to send to Paris." Perhaps I was, after all. For it seemed as if the gowns were actually reproaching me. Had they not been created only for beauty?

At last the details were all arranged. I had received additional expense money from Andre, my ticket on the Lormandie, and full instructions as to the customs declaration. It would be a week before the boat sailed from Le Havre, and in the meantime I was commissioned to explore the fashionable resorts for style notes. Cannes, St. Tropez—dream names—and a list of the right hotels.

Tucked away in my purse was an additional roll of bills, all my savings, that I had brought with me from New York. I intended to have one glorious fling. I was to keep my room at the *pension*, so that my trunk with its precious contents might remain safely there until the boat sailed.

Andre, himself, outfitted me for the Cannes trip, with a dress of Kasha, spiked with red, and a long, scarlet lined redingote.

Later these were to be used in New York as models. But it was not in the bargain that I should have taken to Cannes the fragile sea foam lace gown. Yet it could be tucked into such a tiny space in my traveling bag that I could not resist the temptation of keeping it with me, even though I must not be tempted to wear it.

And then, just before I boarded the Riviera Express, I telephoned the Hotel Pont Royal, and was lucky enough to find Denny there.

"Vicki," I heard the catch in his voice. "Where are you? When can I see you? I've kicked myself for not following that taxi."

"I'm on my way to Cannes," I told him, and gave the name of the hotel to which Andre had directed me. "Then I'm sailing back next week on the Lormandie."

"Vicki, listen. I can't possibly catch that train. I'm on the trail of a hot story, but I'll be there at your hotel tomorrow night."

My heart was thumping so wildly that my voice grew choked and incoherent as I told him I'd wait. Denny and I had found each other again, when we might so easily have become lost. As I felt that glad rush of relief I realized just what it would have meant, and with that realization came the sure swift knowledge that this, at last, was love!

Yes, old Jeanne had been right. I had felt for Paul merely gratitude at first, then infatuation, and now, only the shrinking sense that I must somehow, at rather terrible risk, pay back all that I owed him. I'd keep my promise and go through with his scheme—just this once—and then never again.

I was glad now that there never had been any real love affair between Paul and me. There wouldn't have to be any breaking off, except in the business. He even had left unfinished that last half-promise. "Perhaps," he had said, "when you come back, you and I—" Yes, Paul, you and I would settle our score and say goodbye. I owed you much, and would pay in the one way I could—by going through with these plans. After that, with a clean slate, I must end it! Clean, except for the guilty secret we must share!

CANNES! Even the air seemed different there, like liquid sunlight that warmed me through and through. I felt more alive than I ever had in my life and I could walk for hours, along the beach, through the market places, and up into the hills, without getting tired. I didn't want to explore too much until Denny came and I knew I was supposed to be searching for style, yet that electric quality in the air was tingling through my blood, and I wanted only to keep on walking.

Toward evening of the second day I didn't dare leave my room lest Denny telephone and find me gone. Could I remember clearly how his face looked, or had the deep blue of his eyes and the flashing light of his smile, been colored by that sea magic? When he finally came would I find him just another man?

It mustn't be like that. And how would I seem to him, now that the spell was broken? What would I wear for that first meeting? It would be evening. Did I dare—? Yes, why not? I'd risk wearing the blue lace. I'd be so careful, watching each fragile fold. If we went out somewhere I'd have to change, but here in the room, I wanted him to see me made glorious, even if only for just a few moments.

With fingers that trembled, I started to get ready. I piled my hair high. I used the faintest of make-up—ivory and rose. I smoothed the lightest of blue shadow around my eyes. Paul had taught me many little beauty tricks that most girls did not know.

I slipped the frothy loveliness of the lace over my head and drew a soft breath as I saw my reflection in the mirror. You wouldn't believe, unless you saw, that just a mere dress could work such a transformation.

How unbearable it would be if Denny did not see me like that, this first time, when he came to learn if our dream had been real. This was magic—a spell to snare his senses.

But he must come soon. I could not wear the dress long. What tragedy if one delicate thread of it should be harmed! Then the absurd tinkle of the telephone—a fairy bell, not like our shrill American summons. I lifted the receiver, and it was Denny's voice, as eager and excited as my own.

"I'm downstairs. May I come right up?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

I opened the wide doors that led out to the balcony, lowered the light and stood there against the shadowed backdrop of the night. I wanted it to be like that—unforgettably lovely, for that one moment. Then afterward I'd be just girl, again.

I had my reward when I saw Denny standing there in the center of the room, his eyes wide in dazzled unbelief.

"Vicki! But, great Scott!" He took a step forward and stopped, his eyes growing more puzzled. "It isn't—you! You weren't like that. I'm almost scared to touch you."

Yet it wasn't the dress that seemed to be holding his eyes. It was my face, that so magically had been transformed. "You're too lovely to be alive," he declared. "And I dared to think you never could seem so lovely again as you did that first night! That dress! I never saw anything so gorgeous in my life. No wonder women like to come to Paris for their clothes."

He lifted the cascade of blue crystals and ran the tiny stones through his fingers. "But it isn't just the dress—it's you! How in the world could you have fallen for a guy like me?"

I was in his arms then, the dress forgotten, my lips pressed to his in joyous relief. "Suppose," he rushed on, "that I hadn't been there when you telephoned? Suppose I had lost you again? It was a horrible chance we took, darling, knowing so little about each other."

"And we didn't even know if it was real," I breathed.

"What a fool I was! And now I've taken a suite here in the hotel and have ordered dinner for us. Will you join me there? But not in that gown. Get into something I can dare to touch."

I uttered a gay little laugh. He had made it simple for me to change and my gown had served its purpose. I went quickly toward the dressing room and slipped into the Kasha dress with its crimson lined coat. That, too, had a way of its own.

"Gosh!" he cried out again, his eyes sparkling. "Look what I'm going to be seen running around with. Why doesn't somebody tell me these things?"

I could feel the excited trembling of his hand as he led me to the floor below. "I had expense money to last a month," he told me, as we entered his suite. "But when you telephoned that you were going back on the Lormandie I decided to cut my stay short and get reservation on the same boat. So I splurged a bit on these rooms, and just take a look at my view."

From the window we could see the moonlight dancing on the purple water, and a feathery stretch of palms silhouetted against the sky.

"How can we ever bear to leave all this?" I breathed.

"Just like a girl," he tried to grin, but his own voice was unsteady, too. "Thinking of goodbye when we've scarcely said hello. And now look what I went and did." He opened one of the drawers of a massive carved chest. "I didn't know I was going to have a little glamor girl fully clothed to dazzle my eyes, so I bought you a few things. Just a bathing suit, a beach cape I thought was pretty cute, and a little rig I wanted to see you wear."

"The 'little rig' turned out to be white satin lounging pajamas embroidered with golden birds, and a white velvet negligee lined with gold metal cloth.

"Denny, you're crazy!" I choked.

"Sure, and you should have seen me trying to make the girl in the shop understand what I wanted. My French must be awful. And now, darling, will you dress up for me?"

"There's still a lot of thinking to do, Denny, and that seems, somehow, so sort of definite—"

He took me in his arms and led me toward the window. "Look, Vicki," he said, "the stars have followed us. Our stars, remember? And our same silver sea! It did last, didn't it?"

His arms crushed me more closely, and it seemed to me as if I never again could bear to have them let me go. There were so many frightening things outside them, and most of all that fear of never finding my way back.

"How could I have known," he said huskily, "that anything ever could be like this, that one tiny girl could make the beginning and the ending of a whole world? I guess I must have thought I was a pretty smart guy who could live most of his life alone. That's how I had it staked out, and then the moment I saw you standing there on the deck, with the wind blowing your hair and your brown eyes shining, there wasn't anybody else in the world. Can things happen like that? I've been asking myself ever since, waiting for the minute when I'd wake up. But now I'm never going to. We're not just a man and a girl on a ship,

but Vicki and Denny—for a ways. We're going to get married, my darling, even if that isn't how I had it charted."

"You didn't really want to marry any girl, did you, Denny?"

"I didn't see how the devil I could," he grinned. "Not on a reporter's salary."

"Anyway I'd rather wait until we get back to New York, Denny. There are some things I have to straighten out first—things I can't tell you about."

"We don't know much about each other, do we, Vicki?" he mused thoughtfully. "I realized that, when I saw you standing there in that blue gown. It frightened me a little. I didn't know anything like that could be you. But I guess it makes me even more darned lucky. Can you tell me a bit about your life up till now? Is it to be a career girl I'm marrying?"

"No, Denny, just a wife, who'll love you and love you, and never need anything else."

"No job, then, and no strings?"

"None that I can't give up, or that I won't break as soon as I get back."

In spite of the tropical warmth of the night I shivered a little in Denny's arms, and wished that we were back in New York with the dreaded homeward journey far behind us!

I looked up into his face, etched clear and strong against the darkness and knew that I always would remember him as he appeared then, while love was all so new. Never for him, or for me, could there be this one night again, not this first, radiant glowing night, when we came alive and—knew.

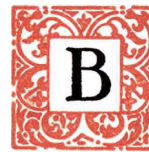
I did not want to think or to doubt any more. I just wanted to find all that life could hold, and make every moment sweet.

"You are my wife," he whispered, "nothing ever will make you more completely mine—than this."

He lifted me to the low, cushioned window-seat just inside the balcony and with my head against his shoulder I looked up at the stars. Beneath my ear I could hear the throbbing of Denny's heart. And then his face came between me and the night, crowding out the stars. His lips were hard and strong on mine, and I wished anew to somehow prove my love. I wanted him to have so much sweetness to remember that nothing ever could make him forget one glowing moment of it. All that I was—just a girl too terribly in love—did not seem enough. I cried out with the very pain of my longing to give more, and my realization that this one little moment must too soon be lost.

"Darling," he whispered huskily, "my own girl! I want you to be happy! Not just tonight, but always!"

Chapter Five



UT life does not let love's stolen moments end in happiness. Hours afterward, I sat on the sand, face upturned to the sky, trying to recapture not only that fleeting moment, but some very precious part of myself. How could one brief hour have so changed and darkened a world? Was it always like this, I wondered, afterward?

We did not try to talk, and I had the queer feeling that the little lost part of myself was lost to Denny, too. Everything that had been so vital and electrifying last night, now seemed heavy with premonition.

Even during the day, the heaviness did not lift, and although we tried to explore the picturesque beauties of Cannes, that sense of eager expectancy seemed to have vanished with the night.

And then, as if by the blow of an awakening hand, I realized just what it meant. Did I imagine it, or had realization come to Denny at almost the same moment? We had squandered our love for one fleeting moment!

"Vicki, little fool," my heart derided, "why did you believe you could be different from any other girl who has let her heart run away with her head? Denny would have waited, if you had known how to be wise. Before, there was always tomorrow. And now, what have you? Just a little dead dream to take back on that terrifying homeward journey."

I had even let myself forget the whole mission of the journey, and had not made a single style note. Denny, too, had done nothing, although he had said he must write a series of expose articles before the boat sailed. And I knew, too, how men always resent girls who get in the way of their work.

But most unbearable of all was that the deep-down sense of

beauty no longer thrilled my soul. Everything outwardly seemed the same—the brilliant blue of sea and sky, the golden day. But there was no inner sense of loveliness anywhere.

"Denny," I whispered at last, "did we lose something, somewhere, last night?"

He flushed. And was his tone a bit impatient, or was it merely the shrinking of my own sensitive spirit? "Of course not, my darling," he said quickly enough. "It's just that we've suddenly realized there is work to do."

So it wasn't all my imagination! He was eager to be gone, when we might so easily have stayed a few days longer. It seemed to me then that I would have given ten years of my life, to have that one night back.

"It can be no different with you and your love," I told myself, grimly. "You are no different from other girls. Men are men!" How often Jeanne had told me, and how completely I myself had known, that there can be no exceptions—ever. A man wants most what he can't attain. Yet I had let myself believe that Denny and I could be so set apart.

Back in Paris again it seemed even worse. True, we took time to explore a bit together. But although his hand sometimes held mine, and our shoulders touched, he seemed strangely remote and preoccupied. Just before the boat sailed we had tea in a little sidewalk cafe overlooking the Quai, and it was there, as bad luck would have it, that Celeste saw us together. She stopped for a moment near our table, her eyes bright, her smile mocking.

"So that is it," she laughed, and moved on.

"I don't quite trust your little French friend," Denny said. "Will she be on the boat going back?"

"Yes, but not in my cabin. I dread that trip," I shivered. "I wish it were over."

"That reminds me," he said. "Hadn't you better let me take those things I bought for you through the customs? I splurged a bit on the price and the duty will be pretty steep. Your own list is probably full, and mine is way below the hundred dollars allowed."

We left it that way. When we reached the pension I brought the things down to him in a big, pasteboard box. He wanted to help me with my trunk, but, remembering its guilty contents, I told him it already was on its way to the boat. The last few hours in Paris must be spent listening to Andre's warnings, and I did not see Denny again until I reached the Gare St. Lazare and was about to take the boat train for Le Havre. And then it was only for a moment. He seemed to be tremendously busy making notes in a little red book, which he afterward slipped into his overcoat pocket.

Andre had arranged that I should have a cabin to myself, and Jeanne's shabby trunk was already inside when I entered.

With my heart beating heavily I unpacked my bag. I dashed cold water on my face and, wearing my lovely Kasha suit, I started out. Part of that old dream, at least, was coming true. I was now the sleek, well-groomed foreign buyer, in the trim, tailored model. But not the poised sophisticate I once had pictured. Only just a girl with shining eyes and expectant heart, eager for that next meeting with her loved one.

On my way to the deck I ran into Celeste. She evidently had been waiting for me.

"Read any American newspapers lately?" she jibed.

Silently I shook my head and tried to hurry by.

"Well, you'd better. Then perhaps you'll realize why the clever little reporter has been trailing you all over Paris."

For the first time a real fear of her flashed into my mind. "Are you going to work for Ken Castle?" I demanded sharply.

"Sure, why not? Latou is—what you call—washed up. He isn't going to get by much longer with this sort of thing."

"But you wouldn't be—what I call—squealing—on him, would you?" I mocked her French accent.

"I'm minding my business," she tossed back. "What Latou does from now on can't mean a darn thing to me."

I felt some relief, and hoped she meant it.

I walked quickly on toward the deck, and found that although it had seemed brilliantly clear on land, the water was covered with a silver haze. The fog horns blew at short intervals, and with each hoarse vibration I felt gloom descend upon me.

There couldn't have been a trace of truth in Celeste's jibe. Denny, of course, did not know anything at all about my mission for Latou. If he had, he would have tried to protect me from it. I was sure of that. And he hadn't been just "trailing me all over

Paris." He had been loving me with all his heart, and wanting me with every breath. Why should I let Celeste's spite dampen my spirit? Any moment now Denny would come striding toward me, eyes aglow, drawing me apart, so that we two, in all the world, might be together again.

But Denny did not seek me out, not all that first day. The increasing roll of the boat made me feel more than a little sick, and nearly all the second day I had to stay in my cabin. Then at last the sun came out and the air became spiced and clear. Sea and sky were a deep green-blue, and, feeling my spirit lift, I went out on deck again.

Denny was there, leaning against the rail and he, too, appeared wan and pale. He looked up and smiled a little wryly when he saw me.

"Not so good," he grinned. "That's the first time in my life I've ever been sea-sick. I was divided between wanting you to visit me, and hoping you wouldn't. If ever you were to be disillusioned, it would have been right then."

"I was pretty busy myself," I tried to grin back. Did I imagine it, or was it more than just a touch of the sea that made Denny's voice so strange and remote?

"I have a lot of work to do, too," he groaned. "Maybe I played too long in Cannes. If I don't deliver that script when we dock I'll probably get fired."

"Then don't bother with me, Denny," I said in a faint far away voice. "I have things to do, too, and a terrible lot to think about."

"Me, too. Where's your deck chair?"

"I thought perhaps you had arranged it," I said, and felt again that dismal sense of let-down. How eager he had been on that other journey to make sure his chair was next to mine. "Played too long in Cannes," had he? So that was how it seemed to him now!

"I'll fix the chairs, Vicki," he said, "as soon as I get my sea legs."

But he didn't, and toward evening I saw him sitting alone in the shelter of a life boat, writing like mad in that red book.

I tried not to be silly about it. A man had a right to a bit of sea-sickness, and morning-after grouch, hadn't he? Also I tried to tell myself he probably did have to get those articles done. But I couldn't help feeling wretchedly alone and shut away from him. I wanted to go there and sit beside him, but some jabbing inner pride stopped me.

Had reality come back to Denny long before I was ready for it to come back to me? Was the sea madness out of his blood? Was our love, after all, just one more romantic interlude?

It couldn't be, and yet looking at him now across the width of the deck, feeling no right at all to approach him, he seemed heartbreakingly like a stranger again. A man with a young, strong face, and rather grim, set lips.

Was this, indeed, the journey's end? He had said we would be married as soon as we reached New York. But I remembered now, with a cold hand closing around my heart, that he hadn't mentioned marriage since we left Cannes. In Paris we hadn't talked much about ourselves at all. Come to think of it, hadn't all of Paris seemed rather like an aftermath?

Celeste's words came back to me with a malicious mockery: "*I've had 'em promise me the moon, the sun, and the stars, in a platinum wedding ring, then forget I was alive the minute the boat docked.*"

I arranged with the steward to have my chair brought to the other side of the deck, and settled down with my own note book, determined not to be just a love-sick little fool. I tried to draw from memory new style hints I had seen on the Riviera, but everything seemed flat and meaningless.

What did it matter? Why all this feverish concern about the length and width of a skirt or the size of a sleeve? What difference if lace or satin or velvet was to be worn this winter? Or if Latou, or Jeanne, or even Ken Castle, himself, designed the Park Avenue parade? I was sick to the soul of the whole business. I wished I never had to see another original model as long as I lived.

But I suppose now I would have to, on and on, endlessly. Up and down the velvet carpet of the salon, preening this way and that, smiling back over my shoulder, looking in my perfect 36 as Mrs. Park Avenue hoped to look in her bulging 42. I had thought all that was to end as soon as Denny and I were married. But now—well, a job was still a job. I suppose Denny had a right to wake up. He had even warned me that most men did.

"If it stays real," he had said, "we'll be married, but first I want

us to be sure." I, little fool, had been sure enough, so sure that I had taken the stars out of the sky and lighted my soul with their brilliance.

My pencil dropped unheeded from my hand and rolled across the deck. I leaned back and closed my eyes, refusing to look at the flame of sunset that was sending a blaze of color across the sky. It couldn't mean anything—not with Denny sitting, aloof and strange, on one side of the deck, and I, with a silly, sick heartache, on the other.

A hard wind swept across the deck and I pulled the rug around me. "Here, take this!" It was Denny's voice, still crisp and detached. He folded his overcoat around me, then moved on toward the stairway. "I'm going inside to the bar," he said.

I snuggled down into the warmth of his coat, and rubbed the rough cloth against my cheek. It smelled of tobacco. I remembered too well, and suddenly burst into stupid tears, my face hidden against the lining.

I sat there for a long time waiting for him to come back. A stiff gale was sweeping across the deck and everyone else had gone inside. Finally, I got up, and, with the coat still flung across my shoulders, went down to my cabin. If he needed his coat, let him come for it.

Sore and bitter, I turned the key in the lock and flung myself down on the bunk. It was the first time I ever had let myself cry over a man. I'd learned life in a pretty hard school, and I'd made up my mind long ago that a girl was a fool to let herself care too much. And here was my heart, at the first chance it got, smashing itself up. Had I lived with my eyes wide open for five whole years, or hadn't I? "Brace up, Vicki," I told myself. "You've got a job to do, and a mighty ticklish one."

With a fierce gesture I tossed off the big coat and watched it sag limply across the foot of the bunk. The red book fell to the floor and I kicked at it spitefully. It sprawled open and lay there, with Denny's familiar scrawl stabbing at my heart. His hot stories! So important he could forget I was alive, while I, with a job just as important as his, couldn't remember one color from another.

On that other trip, before the silly dream had burned itself out, he hadn't been so keen about that job of his, either. It had been just letters to me he had written then. They were still in my bag, glowing love words that had seemed so terribly real. I flipped scornfully through the pages of the red book, picking up a word here and there, not really trying to read them, until with a little cry I pounced upon a name I saw written there.

At the top of the second page was scrawled: *Maxine Adair*. And underneath was the all-revealing information, evidently added at different times. *Andre Latou, Fifty-seventh Street*. Lower down: *Rue de Rivoli*, and *Cite de Paradis*. Underlined were the grim words: *Trick trunk lining. Moth-eaten fur coat. Blue quilted robe. Sails on Boheme*.

My head was swimming, and suddenly I felt sick all over. There it was—the whole story, and Celeste had been right. He must have known just who I was, and what I was doing, from the very beginning. It was almost the first entry in his book.

Other names and dates were distributed through the pages, among them the name—*Ken Castle*—sprang out at me. So that was it. Denny was a hireling of the Castle tribe! This was to be just one more publicity stunt, an expose article of Latou and his models, for the benefit of the Castle firm.

All right, I had no kick coming about that. It was my own fault if I'd let myself get mixed up in such a mess. It was cheating, and I had known it. But it also meant that Denny— Oh, I could believe it! Denny had used my love to work a mean, cold-blooded trick. He didn't care what happened to me afterward. He had trailed me, just as Celeste said, to keep me under his thumb, to find out what boat I sailed back on. He must even have found a way to look inside my trunk, or how could he have known of the trick lining, the fur coat and robe?

And, while he was about it—why not have fun?

The cold rage mounted to a white fury. Sure, I knew, I was just a little cheat, but I didn't play his kind of rotten game. I wouldn't have used *his* love!

So that first day on the Boheme, we hadn't just found each other as I dreamed. It had been deliberate. He was there just to spy, to find out all I knew, so he could write his smart little expose for Ken Castle. It would make front page news, a nice hot story to boost their "Wear-America-First" campaign. And I had fallen right into it, poor little fool.

And now I had let both Paul and myself in for plenty. Exactly what I didn't know. Just what was the punishment for gypping Uncle Sam? How could I have jumped so blindly into a thing like that? Paul couldn't have felt as I did, for it was *my* country we were cheating.

Denny was right about that, but to have tricked me by such means! The strong, warm tenderness of his arms; the kisses that swept the very heart and soul out of my body; the love words; the promises. "We'll make it real, Vicki, then we'll be married," he had said. The old, old words, made new and shining, just for me. What an expert he must have been at it! And I, who had waited so long for real love to come, had swallowed it all!

I sprang to my feet, the quick blood tingling through my body. I'd find some way to make him and the whole Castle tribe look pretty silly. And already, the first spark of the "big idea" was kindling in my mind.

Chapter Six



STUFFED the red book back into the pocket of his coat, and, with my heart thumping heavily, marched out in search of Denny. As I reached the end of the corridor, I saw him standing near my deck chair.

"I was looking for you," he said, and took his coat from my arm. I saw his hand slip quickly into the side pocket. A look of relief flashed across his face as his fingers closed over the book. He drew me toward his cabin and I saw that the strained, aloof look had gone from his face.

"Gosh, but I'm feeling better!" he declared. "And now as soon as I get these articles out of my system I can start to be almost human once more. I never could write and do anything else at the same time."

"Flimsy alibis, little man," my heart derided. "You've been human enough, and now it's my turn."

I glanced around his cabin and spied the negligee and pajamas in the pasteboard box just as I had packed them. I lifted the soft velvet against my cheek. "I've missed them a lot," I whispered.

"Why not take them with you to your cabin," he said, and it was all I could do to keep the triumph from my eyes. So he had fallen for it, and had said exactly what I wanted him to say.

"All right, Denny," I replied softly. "They bring back so many memories."

His arms reached out for me then, but with a shiver I drew away. "Not tonight," I choked. "I still feel a bit shaky."

"You're white as a ghost, Vicki. This has been a ghastly trip so far, and I'll be glad when it's over. I just ran into your little French friend and the way she looked at me gave me the jitters."

Celeste! My mind leaped back. Sure, that was it, of course. I remembered now that I had seen her talking with the Castle publicity man, just before we sailed, and again with Denny, that second day out. It was she who had been the tip-off, who knew all about the trunk, the robe and the coat. How they must have been laughing together behind my back! And now she was to work for Ken Castle, and probably intended to testify against Andre and Paul when the show-down came.

But there wasn't going to be any show-down—not the way they planned. I picked up the box and moved toward the door. Denny reached out again to draw me close.

"Goodnight, darling," he said. "You couldn't go like that, could you, without one kiss?"

"Maybe I could," I laughed shakily, "the way I feel tonight."

"Vicki, wait a minute, please, darling. You aren't trying to tell me, are you, that it wasn't real?"

"Well, was it, Denny?"

"I'm asking you. I'm sure enough about *me*."

"Yes, I'll bet you are," my heart silently scoffed. "But you aren't being so good at it right now. You're just trying to let me down easy and give me a chance to smash things up without too much trampled pride. Nice of you, and I'll play your way."

"We knew, didn't we?" was what I said, through stiff, white lips. "We knew just how these silly little shipboard affairs must end. But it was swell while it lasted."

"Vicki!" But already I had closed the door and was speeding along the corridor with the box hugged under my arm.

Well, that did it, and at least he'd know I wasn't crying my heart out. As soon as I reached the cabin I flung myself down on the bunk again and stifled my sobs in the pillow.

No sense in that. I had plenty to do now, hadn't I, and I'd need all my wits. It might take me all night to make an honest woman of Vicki O'Day, and a perfect sap out of one Dennis Burke.

"We sound a bit Irish, don't we?" Denny had grinned that first day. Yes, and every bit of my Irish was up, to the last flame of red in my hair.

I jumped up, and with hands that shook unfolded the white negligee with its metal-cloth lining. Then the pajama coat, lined with shimmering yellow satin, and at last the long, knitted beach cape, also lined with thick, red towel-cloth.

Yes, a perfect set up, made to order. I took a pair of scissors from my sewing kit and went to work. First I ripped the false lining from the trunk, right down to the bare stained wood. They could pry into that now as much as they wanted to. Then I started to work on the lining of the old fur coat, until at last all the lovely hidden treasure lay spread out on the bunk.

Now I must check with my list and count every cent I had in my pocketbook. My own savings were still untouched, for Denny had not let me use any of my expense money in Cannes. One by one I made the estimate—the Kaha suit, the redingote, the cape and a few odds and ends, all came within the one hundred dollar allowance. Then there was the gold net, the powder blue crepe roma, the sea-weed print, the white faille tafetta, the black and white tailored formal—yes, I could make my money cover the duty on all those.

Also—and my breath caught—there was the lovely froth of sea foam, my dream gown of brief enchantment. I put it apart from the rest, and lifted a black chantilly lace, trimmed with ermine, and a Grecian gown of gold embroidered chiffon, with wide jeweled bands. I knew I didn't have money enough to pay duty on these priceless treasures.

All right, that was where the "big idea" came in.

First I ripped open the gold metal cloth lining of the negligee, and inside I smoothed and basted the jeweled chiffon. The metal cloth made a perfect covering and defied detection. Next, the black chantilly lace was concealed beneath the rough towel-cloth lining of the beach cape. Even the wide ermine band made no bump through the heavy cloth. And at last I folded the sea-blue lace inside the yellow satin of the pajama coat, and it rested there, fragile and light as a cobweb. The cascade of tiny crystal beads I coiled and basted beneath the gold cord that fastened the coat.

The rest of the lovely gowns I folded one by one inside the trunk, protected by the tissue I had taken from the pasteboard box.

I studied my declaration slip and underneath the list I already had made with Andre's guidance, I added the now revealed contents of the trunk, and declared their full value. After I paid the duty I'd be stony broke, but what difference? Paul would have to come to the rescue when I told him the whole maddening story.

I put the negligee, pajamas and beach cape back in the pasteboard box, and would make sure they were safe in Denny's bag long before we approached the customs.

But somehow the thought of any triumph on the dock didn't ease the unbearable pain in my heart. And all the cheap revenge in the world couldn't replace one lovely, lost hour of my broken dream.

One thing more remained to be done. Through the port-hole the last night on our trip I could see that the fog had risen and was swirling in a ghostly screen above the water. This was the last good chance I'd have to complete my work unseen. I folded the fur coat and quilted robe beneath my steamer rug and crept out on deck. The fog was so thick I had to grope my way to the rail. Then, hidden behind the life boat, I hurled my guilty bundle into the sea. Too bad about Jeanne's fur coat, yet it probably was many times too small for her now, and she hadn't worn it for five years.

All right, that was that, and now let Dennis Burke search for his clever clues. And where, indeed, was the Maxine Adair who headed his list? My passport plainly said Vicki O'Day, a good American citizen. And my customs declaration would reveal how prettily she obeyed the law.

I laughed aloud, a bitter little challenge that was suddenly echoed by Denny's sharp exclamation. "Vicki, what are you doing out here in the fog?"

"What are you?"

"I couldn't sleep. I wanted to talk with you, but there didn't

seem to be any words. You can't mean what you tried to tell me. It wasn't just a silly shipboard affair."

So there was something more he wanted to find out. He wasn't quite through with me yet. And how convincing he could make that tremble in his voice, and how warm and strong his arms felt as they went quickly around me.

For a moment I rested there in the once enchanted circle of his embrace, letting myself listen again to that mad turmoil close beneath my ear. Could he make even his heart pretend like that? Perhaps he had cared a little in spite of all his trickery. He might even be a little sorry to let me go.

"Don't tremble like that, Vicki. Tell me what happened to change you! I thought at first it was just because we were so wretchedly seasick. And then those darned articles I had to write kept getting in my hair. But, darling, we're together again, aren't we, even if all our lovely stars are hidden in a fog?"

I wouldn't cry. That mustn't be a sob choking in my throat. How could I be such an idiot as to listen to all that again? His arms weren't really strong and warm, his voice wasn't truly tender, and his lips, pressed so hard to mine, didn't mean that breathtaking kiss. He just wasn't finished with me yet, that was all. But even he wouldn't pretend that he still wanted to marry me. That would be cruel beyond all bearing.

He was leading me step by step through the fog back toward his cabin. We crossed the lighted stretch of the corridor, then I found myself inside his room again, closed in by the warm, intimate darkness.

"Darling," he pleaded huskily, "let me try to prove that it has lasted, that the fog didn't just blow it away."

"I wish you could prove that, Denny, but nothing could now, not ever any more."

"Vicki, you're crying, and you make it sound so final, and as if somehow it must have been my fault."

"No, not any more than mine, I guess. I'm probably getting just what I deserved."

"Vicki, one of us must be crazy. If you were that kind of girl, if you could promise to marry me—making me believe in all our shining stars—and say it was just a silly little affair, then I wish you wouldn't sound so darn sorry now. I'd almost rather you'd laugh, then it would make more sense."

"All right, Denny, I'm laughing. Remember me that way, will you? And here is something else perhaps you won't forget." My lips pressed themselves to his in one last fierce goodby. I know that the kiss must have been salty with my tears.

"I'm not forgetting any of it," he declared. "Nor am I losing sight of you when we land. You haven't made me believe a word you've tried to tell me. A girl doesn't kiss a chap quite like that unless she cares; nor does her heart pound itself right out of her body. There's something you haven't let me in on, Vicki, something that must have happened after we left Paris. Tell me, what have I done?"

So that was it. He wanted to find out if I'd pried into his little book, and to have some excuse to trail me after we reached New York. Perhaps I'd have to do a bit of pretending, too, or spoil my own little plans. But I wasn't so good at it as Denny. When I let my lips find his again I could not stop their trembling, or keep the stab of pain out of my heart.

"Vicki, don't leave me," he pleaded, "not yet. Tell me you've just been trying to punish me, perhaps because I got seasick at the wrong moment, or because I let those articles run me ragged. But we mustn't be like that. It wasn't that I'd stopped loving or wanting you, even for a minute. Maybe you don't know how writers are."

Yes, I knew; *anything* for a story, and I'd made darned good copy.

It was hard not to burst out with the truth, to tell him that I knew the whole sorry trick. But I still had to have that last laugh, didn't I? So I crept away with my heart bleak and lost, to cry out the rest of it on my own pillow.

I was roused later by Celeste's sharp knock on my door. I knew that my eyes were red-rimmed and haggard and it was all I could do to keep from hurling out bitter accusations against her. She came inside the cabin and sat down on the edge of the bunk.

"As much as you get in my hair," she began, "I hate to let you in on such a rotten deal. Remember, if things go wrong at the customs, you aren't supposed to know that Andre pulled—what you call—a fast one. Last month a smuggling case came up in court and the model swore she was an innocent victim."

"Sure, that's me," I grinned crookedly, "an innocent victim. But where did you get the idea that things were going wrong at the customs?"

"Well, they do, sometimes. I've been doing a lot of thinking these last few days, and after all, you are only a kid."

"Let's get it straight, Celeste. You sold out to Castle, didn't you, just before we sailed, and now you're having a bit of conscience trouble."

"He offered me a job and I took it, if that's what you mean. There's no secret about it."

"But, of course, you wouldn't have given him a list of the things in my trunk, now would you?" I mocked. "And he wouldn't think of passing it on to one Dennis Burke, or tipping off the customs?"

"I wouldn't know about that," she shrugged. "I'm only trying to tell you to watch your step, and to remember you aren't supposed to know what Andre put over on you. If any of those dresses are found you should act more surprised than anyone else."

"I know a better answer than that," I snapped. "Just stick around."

"One more thing," she said, and I saw, in surprise, that her face was really troubled. "I'm not sure Burke knows who you are, and I haven't told him. Maybe, though, Castle did give him your name and a list of the things you carried. I don't believe either of them is out for reform, but it would make a pretty big story for our little reporter, and swell publicity for Castle."

"All right, you've done your good turn for the day, now let me go back to sleep."

"Don't say I didn't try to put you wise," she said, and moved toward the door. "Paul should have known better than to fire me, and he deserves any punishment he may get. But now that I've cooled off, there doesn't seem to be much fun in taking it out on a green kid like you."

"Don't worry too much about me, sweet angel," I grinned back. Even beneath her warning I seemed to catch a glimpse of those crimson tipped claws. Could it be that the lovely Celeste, as well as the clever Denny, wanted to use me for something more? She might be figuring that an employe of Latou, friendly to the Castle outfit, should make a valuable little stool-pigeon. Or had Denny, himself, with his own conscience squirming, bribed her to warn me? That sounded more like it. They were offering me an alibi. If I got into trouble at the dock, I—little fool—wasn't supposed to know what it was all about.

Early the next morning I took the pasteboard box to Denny's cabin and breathlessly helped him pack it in his own suitcase.

"I'll meet you on the dock after we get through inspection," he said, "and we'll shift these things back to your bag in the taxi."

Clever Denny. That was as good a way as any to keep track of me.

Chapter Seven



MY HEART was pounding as I stood alone on the deck watching the skyline of New York take shape through the haze. There was a lump in my throat when I remembered how different everything had been, such a little while ago, when I had watched it receding. Denny had stood just a few feet away, then, and in that quick meeting of our eyes, I had felt our very hearts touch. Was he sorry now, and a little bit ashamed?

I went down to the cabin to make sure my trunk and bag had been taken on deck. My knees shook. There could be no turning back now. With the customs declaration safe in my purse, together with every cent I had in the world, I came back and stood near the rail, watching them let the gangplank down.

I could see the crowd of people on the dock, and realized dismally that no one would be waiting there for me. Then I saw that Denny was close behind me, and for a moment I felt his hand on my arm. "Remember," he whispered, "it shouldn't take us long to get through. I'll meet you at the taxi stand near the telephone booths."

He must go to the "B" section of the customs and I to the "O." They were some distance apart and I lost sight of him as I searched for my trunk. I found it at last and stood close beside it, with my declaration clutched in hand.

And then my heart gave a sick little leap, for just back of the "O" group I saw Denny talking to a stern-faced baggage inspector. They were studying his little red book. But Maxine Adair was the name written there, and Denny was standing right behind my section. That was proof enough, wasn't it, that he knew just who Vicki O'Day was? Or so it seemed then to my guilty heart. And then I became suddenly aware that the customs man at my elbow was holding out his hand for my list, and asking me to unlock my baggage.

How could he seem so casual about it? Couldn't he see my hand shaking, and realize that I had to lean against the trunk to steady my knees. He glanced through the list, rummaged briefly in the trunk, asked a few questions and finally named the rather staggering duty.

But it couldn't be over—not in a flash like that. Yet after I had paid him, I saw my trunk being closed and locked again. The customs' stamp was pasted on the outside, a porter lifted it to his truck and wheeled it to the end of the pier. There another man cancelled the stamp, and the trunk was passed through.

I looked back to see Celeste standing inside the enclosure, her eyes fixed in wide amazement upon my face. I couldn't resist the little mocking salute, and I saw the quick color flame into her cheeks. I realized that she followed close behind me as I moved on toward the "B" section and waited in the shelter of a loaded truck for Denny.

His brown leather bag which contained my things still stood there unopened and the inspector had reached almost the end of the "B" line. Then I saw Denny striding forward, another inspector by his side, and hastily pass in his declaration slip. His eyes were wandering anxiously around the enclosure, perhaps still searching for the missing fur coat and robe. He must have been watching me through the customs, and by now was realizing that his little clues had somehow missed.

Then suddenly I heard a commotion and Denny's voice raised in sharp protest. The "B" inspector, probably an old hand at just such tricks, had ripped open a bit of the pajama lining. I choked back a cry of dismay when I saw his rough hand dragging out the exquisite froth of blue lace. Then more ruthlessly he tore at the linings of the robe and beach cape. The black chantilly and the jeweled chiffon were held up before Denny's incredulous gaze. But it was the sea-blue lace that he lifted in his hand and regarded with stricken eyes. There could have been no mistaking that dress, and how bitterly his memory must have leaped back to the night in Cannes when I had worn it.

I heard his desperately jumbled alibi. He was taking the things through for a friend in Paris, he explained, as a gift to some one in New York. He had declared their full value, as they would see by his list, and of course, he added savagely, had no idea anything was hidden in the linings, or that he had been tricked. Didn't they know him better than that? He naturally would pay the full duty, and collect from his friend afterward.

But no, it wasn't going to be quite so easy. That probably was too much of an old story "carrying through for a friend." Another grim-faced official was summoned and Denny, with his baggage, was led away. Following them I saw a group of grinning newspaper reporters, hot on the scent of a story.

I knew one panic-filled moment when my heart rebelled. I couldn't do this to Denny. I hadn't intended that it should happen like that. To my inexperienced eye there had seemed no possible way those hidden gowns could be discovered. It was one thing secretly to turn the tables on Denny, and quite another to have him openly disgraced and ridiculed. I couldn't do that. I took an impulsive step forward, intending to tell them the truth.

But in that moment I heard Celeste's low, sardonic laugh close beside me. "And to think," she exclaimed, "that I worried about—you! I guess you have—what you call—been around!"

With her words, bitter memory came surging back. After all, what was happening to Denny now, was exactly what he had intended should happen to me, wasn't it? And I had just started to be a softie and rescue him from it.

I turned quickly in the opposite direction, trying not to see or care what happened to Denny. He was so clever at telling tall stories and putting on an act, let him think up a good one now.

The dock was almost deserted when I finally located my trunk and had a porter leave it near the taxi stand. I went inside a

telephone booth to escape Celeste and waited until she had called a taxi before I came out.

And there was Denny striding toward me, his face white with fury. In one hand he carried the pasteboard box and in the other his brown leather bag.

Before I realized just what was happening he had summoned a taxi, and had ordered my trunk put on the rack. Then, with no gentle hand, he lifted me inside and tossed the box after me.

"Lord, how I hate a cheat!" he flung out savagely, and slammed the door. The next moment I saw him striding across the dock.

With hands that shook I lifted the lid of the box. They were all there, the three priceless Latou models, and the things he had bought for me in Paris. And on top, crumpled as by a savage hand, was the customs receipt.

So his story had been good enough, after all! They had finally let him pay the duty and go. But I could almost hear the laughter of the reporters that must have followed him from the pier. So the smart newspaper man who had been out to expose the smuggling racket had, himself, been caught with the goods! What a story that would make! And how fiercely Denny must be hating me now!

But one thing was pretty darned certain. He'd remember that the girl he had planned to make such a fool of, was having the last, long laugh. And with that thought I burst into bitter, raging tears.

Chapter Eight



ALTHOUGH it was after closing time I knew that Paul would expect me to take the gowns at once to the salon, so I pulled myself together long enough to direct the driver to Fifty-seventh Street. But just as we were turning off Fifth Avenue I was startled to see the shop delivery truck trailing the taxi, and recognized the familiar face of Louis, Paul's chauffeur. At the first traffic stop he drew alongside and signalled me a bit wildly to get out.

I ordered the driver to stop, and made out from Louis's jumbled English that I was to have my bags transferred to the shop car and dismiss the taxi.

"We have to hurry," he said, and I realized he was in something of a panic. "We are to meet Monsieur Carties at the boat—"

"What boat?" I gasped as I paid the taxi driver. But already Louis had almost lifted me to the rear compartment and climbed into the front seat. I tapped frantically on the glass, but he drove on, unheeding, in the direction of the wharf.

It had grown dark now and a fog was rising from the water. When Louis finally stopped I could make out dimly that he was leading me toward the gangplank of a large freight boat.

"But, why—?" I began, trying to pull my arm from his firm hold.

"Monsieur will explain," Louis cut in. "My orders were to follow your taxi from the wharf and take you and the baggage directly to his cabin."

"You mean Monsieur Carties is sailing—on a freighter? But what has happened?"

"He will tell you. I don't know."

The boat seemed to be making hurried preparations for departure as Louis led me up the plank and along the deck. We went down a stairway to a narrow corridor and then I heard Paul's excited, rather high-pitched voice.

"*Mon Dieu*, what a relief!" he cried out. "I was afraid Louis had missed you." He drew me inside the cabin, then turned quickly back to the chauffeur. "Get the trunks and bags in here quickly. We have less than five minutes."

I heard the hoarse signal of the boat and felt a sudden vibration of engines throbbing.

"Paul, we seem to be moving. Tell me quickly. I must get back on the dock—"

"Maxine, listen, *cherie*. You are going with me. We're in—what you call—a bad jam. Both of us."

"You're crazy!" I almost screamed, but he silenced me with a quick hand across my mouth.

"Hush, *ma petite*, I'll explain. There's nothing else we can do. The police are after us both—and the gowns are the only real evidence—"

"But," I tried frantically to gasp out, "I paid—"

There was a thumping along the hall, and the next moment the trunk and bags were thrown inside, and Louis was dashing back down the corridor. He must have reached the pier just as the gang plank was lifted. I struggled toward the door, but Paul stood with his back against it, gripping my arms.

"Listen, Maxine—would I do this, if it were not of a necessity? No one will be looking for us on a freight boat. They will be watching at the salon for delivery of the gowns, but I had the tip-off in time—"

"It's you who had better listen." I was still struggling desperately to reach the door. "I can't go with you—like this. And they have nothing on either of us, don't you understand? I'm trying to tell you—I *paid the duty*. Let me off this boat—before it's too late—"

"It's too late now, *cherie*." He led me toward the port-hole, and through the mist I could see the disappearing lights of the dock.

Then, as if sudden realization of my words had come to him, he turned to me quickly. "How do you mean—you paid the duty—?"

My head whirled dizzily. Yes, I had paid the duty, all except the gowns Denny had carried through. And he, in his fury, wouldn't be likely to help me out much on that if it came to an actual arrest or show down.

Well, I was in for it—either way. People didn't just jump off boats in New York harbor, or make any scenes, when they were wanted by—the police. I shivered. Denny's savage words, "I hate a cheat!" came back to me. But no need to tell Paul about that part. I had customs receipts for all the gowns, and with nervous fingers fumbled in my purse for them.

I handed him the slips and crumpled down on the bunk. "But—why?" he gasped. With incredulous eyes he glanced over the papers. "You mean you had—what you call—a hunch, that things had gone wrong?"

"I mean I realized what a rotten way it was to do business, and I paid the duty with my own money—every cent I had in the world—so now it's *your* hunch, we'll explain. How can the police be after us—for something that didn't come off?"

I took back the slips and thrust them deep in my bag. They seemed pretty valuable right now. He stood looking down at me, his eyes still a bit dazed. "But I knew for a certainty," he began. "Valerie found out from one of Castle's mannequins that Celeste had sold us out. She was to testify in court that you'd been sent over with the trick trunk, and they were out to get the evidence as soon as the goods arrived. I knew I had to head them off. One of the newspapers had sent a reporter—"

"Sure," I cut in fiercely. "I know all about that, and a lot of good his snooping did when I tore out the trick lining, threw the fur coat overboard, and paid the duty. So now, what are we running away from?"

"*Mon Dieu*!" he exclaimed. "You are clever!"

Not quite so clever as I was making out, for there still was the little matter of the trick on Denny. But that was evidence against me. It didn't let Paul in for anything. He could always say, and I'd have to admit, that that part was my own idea.

"But," Paul reminded me, "there were witnesses—Celeste particularly, who could testify that you did have the gowns hidden in the trick trunk when you started out. If they put you on the stand—under oath—as they would, and you testified you knew nothing of any smuggling scheme, they might convict you of—*perjury*. But *ma cherie*, even if they could get you back there in court, I figured out that it is a law of your Uncle Sam—that a wife need not testify against her husband."

"Her husband!" I gasped, and felt a sudden, sick recoil.

"Yes. There was only one passenger cabin left on this boat, so I took it for myself and wife, under an assumed name. The captain is going to marry us when we get a bit farther out. I had to take him into my confidence a bit. Remember, Maxine, we agreed that when you returned from Paris—" He broke off and searched my face with his dark, too-glittery eyes. "You still love me, don't you, *ma petite*?"

"Paul—wait a minute. Let me get this straight. You mean this boat is bound for France, and there's no way we can get off? There are no vacant passenger cabins, and we're traveling as—man and wife? Just like that?"

"But, Maxine, you have said you loved me."

Yes, I had said I loved Paul, and once this would have been to me a thrilling adventure, indeed. But now I could remember

only a night in Cannes, with strong, hard arms around me, and the lost self that never could be at peace again, except as Denny's wife.

Paul came a step nearer, and tried to take me in his arms. I shivered a little, and drew away. How could I ever have believed that what I felt for Paul was love? How could anything that once had seemed so real, have become in just this little while, so meaningless and dead?

"The captain will marry us," Paul was saying triumphantly. "It is all arranged."

"You mean a marriage like that would be legal and binding?"

"As binding as any marriage. It is a law of the sea. I had time before your boat docked to arrange everything. It will be all regular, *ma petite*."

"But—where is Jeanne? Does she know?"

"It wasn't safe for her to stay in New York any longer. She sailed for Paris last night with a good part of our remainder stock. She took a fast boat and will be there waiting for us! Even though you did pay the duty on that last lot, there were other times, and Celeste will testify. Two other models I trusted have turned against us, too, just because I couldn't afford to keep them any longer. I have told you that you were the only one I really could trust—who has truly loved me. The firm of Latou is smashed! We can't ever go back."

"Not ever go back!" I drew a sharp breath, and felt a grip of real terror. Then what was to become of me? If I didn't marry Paul, and was somehow able to get money enough to go back to New York—I'd have no job! Probably Castle wouldn't want to hire me, after this mess, even if I could swallow my pride enough to ask him. Jeanne, my only real friend, would no longer be there, and I had just spent nearly the last cent I had in the world. I had, to be exact, ten dollars left.

"You're right, Paul," I said at last in a low, shaken voice, "I'm in—what I call—an awful jam."

"But it is not so bad, my little one, and we're safe enough now. This is a French boat. The captain will look after us. They can't take us back once we land, when no actual arrest had been made on the other side. They haven't even any evidence to get us back on—now."

"But if I *do* go back," I cut in quickly, "could they still make me testify, even if the duty was paid?"

"Not if you're my wife, Maxine. Don't you understand, that was the whole idea."

Yes, I understood, and my heart grew sick.

"Besides," he went on, and it seemed to me there was something odious in his smile, "there's still just the one cabin, and it's a slow boat."

"There's the deck," I flung back savagely.

"This isn't a luxury liner, *ma chérie*, and there are a number of other passengers to gossip. If we're wise, we won't make ourselves too conspicuous."

"Other passengers?" I said quickly.

"Yes, all men, it happens, two in each cabin."

"You mean—I'm the only girl on board?"

"But—a married woman with her husband—that's different. As soon as we get far enough out, we'll have the captain marry us. And now, let's be cozy. After all, it is our honeymoon, remember, and it could be a lot worse."

He came nearer again, and I could smell the sickish perfume that he used on his hair. His arms held me close against him, and his lips were pressed to mine. Remembering other kisses, the touch became too repellant to bear.

"No, Paul," I cried out, "I don't want to marry you. I can't—not like this—" But there was no use in making two men hate me— So I must count my words. "Later, perhaps in Paris." I knew I lied. I could never marry Paul. Not after Denny—no matter what they made me testify. "Let me talk to the captain," I ended desperately. "He'll find a place for me somewhere."

Paul drew back with a puzzled look in his eyes, and with the Frenchman's pride of conquest badly injured. "I do not understand, *ma chérie*, is it that you no longer are in love with me, yes?" But already I had darted beyond his reach and was running along the corridor.

PAUL had indeed been right, this was no luxury liner. It was filled with strange, unpleasant smells, and shadowy corners. Fog hung thick over the water and I had to grope my

way in search of the captain's quarters. With the help of a deck hand, I finally found him in a small, box-like room under the bridge.

One look into his bronzed, weather-beaten face and shrewd, twinkling eyes sent my spirits soaring. My words tumbled out, incoherently at first, then gaining in courage, as I somehow made him understand that I did not want to be married, that I had not even known I was sailing until it was too late to get off, and that I must, somehow, be given another cabin.

"But of a surety! You'll have my own. I'll go in with one of the men. And now I have a word to say to our young friend."

"I'll get my bag." I sped back down the corridor, followed by the cabin boy. I was glad in those next few moments that I didn't have to face Paul alone.

"The captain is giving me another cabin," I told Paul, and tried to speak with a brisk cheerfulness. But at the first sight of his puzzled, crestfallen face, I reached out my hand. "Don't look like that, please, Paul. Wait until we get to Paris, and then we'll decide what to do. It would be all wrong—getting married this way—and now there is no need."

With hands that shook a little, I quickly repacked my bag. I took only the things Denny had bought me, and my own toilet articles and underwear. Of the Latou models I kept only the clothes I was wearing.

"But, I'll be seeing you, Maxine?"

"Of course, Paul, the first thing in the morning." I was relieved that the captain came in then, and I let the boy take my bag back to the captain's quarters.

I had plenty of time to think that night, but one thing, whichever way I tried to figure it, just wouldn't make sense. If Denny had been out to expose Latou and to trick me, why hadn't he told the whole story there on the dock, and made instant charges? The more I thought about it, the more it wouldn't line up.

Celeste's words came back to me. "*I'm not sure he knows who you are, and I didn't tell him.*"

My mind went back and tried to take it, step by step. Celeste had sold information to Ken Castle. She had known that Paul was to use the fur coat and trick trunk. She had told Castle's man that one Maxine Adair was to take the trunk through, but she had not known until we boarded the *Bohème* that I was to travel as Vicki O'Day. So, if she really hadn't told Denny of my connection with the smuggling, then how could he have known? When he failed to locate Maxine Adair, he must have realized she was traveling under another name, but—and now my heart stood still—he might not have had the slightest suspicion that she was the girl he'd been making love to!

It couldn't be—it mustn't be—like that. And yet, which was more unbearable, to believe that he had known and really planned to trick me, or that I had been just Vicki, the girl he loved, and who had ended by tricking him?

But, either way, what difference could it make now? Wasn't I completely lost to him out here in the middle of the ocean? How could he find me, even if he tried? Or if he did, what good would it do now? Nothing could alter the facts. I was the culprit he was out to expose, even though I also was the girl he had loved. Which would be hardest for him to take? That I had cheated him, or that I had intended to cheat the country which should have had my loyalty?

How was I going to hold my head up if we ever met again? No use blaming Paul too much. I couldn't expect him to feel as I should have felt about it. He was a Frenchman, loyal to Latou, and I was an American. That should have meant something, shouldn't it?

Chapter Nine



IDON'T know how long I had been lying there, staring into the darkness, when I was roused by a movement on the deck, just outside my port-hole.

"Maxine!" It was Paul's voice, low and insistent. "Please, *chérie*, open your door and talk to me. I can't sleep."

The door led directly to the passage outside, and with hands that trembled I slipped on my negligee, the precious negligee which Denny had bought for me, and stepped for a moment into the cool mistiness of the night.

"Let me come in just for a little while," Paul entreated. "We have to figure out what we'll do when we get to Paris. What's going to happen to you, *ma petite*, unless we stick together?"

What, indeed? Cut off from my own country, wanted by the law, forced either to testify or commit perjury, despised by the man I loved.

Yes, there was no use denying it. With all my heart I still loved Denny, even though the farther away I got, the more hopeless it all seemed.

I shivered and drew back inside the cabin. Paul followed and stood for a moment with his back against the door. "This isn't the same little Maxine, is it?" he said sadly. "Not the girl who used to follow me with her eyes, and make me think she loved me. Have you forgotten?"

No, I hadn't forgotten, but it seemed like another world, hazy and far off. I wished for a desperate moment that I could bring it all back again, that infatuation of the mannequin for the man who had created her.

"What happened to us, Maxine?" he whispered. "You changed, didn't you, while you were away?"

Everything had changed, the whole world and all I had known of love. I looked up into his dark, glittering eyes, and wondered again why I ever had found them so fascinating.

"Let me love you, *ma chérie*, now, tonight, and then you'll never want me to go from you again. I can teach you many things about love. Come, there's no need to be so frightened. Your eyes are like a child's, filled with tears."

His arms reached out to draw me close, and I was glad that every instinct within me sprang back from the hot touch of his lips. It made all that I had felt for Denny seem the more precious because I realized so completely that I never again could love any man.

"Wait, Paul," I pleaded, "until we reach Paris. And if you don't go now, the captain and everyone will know we are here together."

"And why not? We took passage, didn't we, as man and wife? It would be more strange, I think, if we were not together. Come, *chérie*, even if you don't want to marry me until we get to Paris, at least love me before I go. I can't sleep, or do anything but lie there alone, wanting you."

I thrust out both hands to keep him from me, and held back my lips from his demanding kiss.

"No, Paul—no, and if you don't go right now, I'll have to call the captain."

He drew back then and I saw the flush of wounded pride which spread over his face. "You have said that to me—you, my little one. Then indeed it is true, you are no longer in love with me."

He went out quickly then and I drew a deep breath of relief. Strange, I thought that when I had been so wide-eyed and infatuated with him, he had never treated me as a woman, and now, when I spurned his love—he wanted me desperately.

ALL the next day Paul remained in his cabin, sulky and deflated. I found a deserted corner of the top deck and hid away as much as I could, trying to figure out what I'd do when we reached Paris. My only consolation was that Jeanne would be there and might have a job for me. Yet it would be unbearable now, trying to work again with Paul.

We were to dock at Cherbourg, and with heavy heart I remembered the thrill of excitement and expectancy I had felt on that other landing. As the pier came in sight I looked around for Paul, realizing that I'd be forced to tell him I was nearly broke, with scarcely enough money for the train fare to Paris.

But the captain met me near the gang plank and said that Paul had just gone ashore. "He seemed in a tremendous hurry to get away," he added, and came, himself, to help me with my bags.

Well, I suppose in the eyes of a Frenchman I had committed the unforgivable sin. I felt a bit helpless and confused as I looked out at the little group of strangers on the dock. I had no idea how to reach Paris, and of course there'd be no boat train to meet the freighter.

"Perhaps you'll be sailing back to New York with us, *ma petite*," the captain said, and I felt the friendly grip of his hand. I flashed a rather feeble smile into his weather-beaten face, and let him guide me down the gang plank.

I stood for a moment trying to figure out what to do next, then suddenly felt a firm hand grasping my arm. I wheeled sharply, to find Denny glaring down at me, his eyes like bits of hard, blue ice.

My first emotion was of swift, incredulous joy.

"Denny!" I cried out. "But how in the world did you get here?"

There was no answering joy in his greeting, and his lips pressed themselves together in a tight, thin line.

"*Madam Carties*," he bit out savagely, "I hardly expected to find you—alone. All right, let's get going."

Before I realized what was happening he led me along the pier, through the freight sheds, and into a dingy waiting room. We faced each other then with hostile, questioning eyes.

"Now—spill it!" he demanded. "And you'd better make the story good."

"Will you tell me," I flared, as savage now as he, "what you are doing here? Are you crazy, or am I? Can this mean that you actually followed me all the way from New York?"

"Well, why not?" he snapped back. "You're the story I've been after all this time, aren't you, and it seems I just woke up."

"But, how did you know I was on that boat?"

"That was easy. After I put you in the taxi I was fool enough to want to find out your address, so I waited until the driver came back to his stand. It seems, according to his report, that you shifted to the Latou delivery car just off Fifth Avenue. He heard the chauffeur say you were to meet a Monsieur Carties at some boat. The rest was a cinch. Latou, Carties, and a boat. It all lined up, didn't it?"

"I reached the other dock just five minutes after the only boat that was leaving for Paris right then had pulled out. It didn't take long to find out it was a freighter, carrying as special passengers one Frenchman named Carties, and his wife. I figured that Carties evidently had been tipped off in time and was taking the gowns back to Paris, not realizing you'd been scared into paying the duty on most of 'em."

Little devils were dancing around in my brain. So Denny thought I was Paul Carties' wife, who had made a fool of a smart newspaper reporter, one night in Cannes. Well, so long as he wanted such a darned good story, let him have it.

"So what?" I jibed. "Trailing after me to France, still doesn't make sense."

"Well, it's going to, by the time I'm through. I was in a mess with my newspaper over the first farce, but this looked like a real story, so I got the first fast boat over and beat you to it. How is this going to sound—in headlines? *Wife of famous designer posing as mannequin, dupes New York reporter into smuggling exclusive Latou models!* That's a hot enough lead, isn't it?"

"How perfectly ridiculous!" I taunted. "Surely you haven't forgotten that you offered to take those things through for me, and to pay the duty. You bought them yourself, didn't you? How was I to know that you intended to hide other gowns inside them, and cheat the customs?"

Stark, gripping, terrible is this confession of a girl's whirlwind marriage and her awakening to reality on the bleak coast of Maryland, among the oyster diggers. You'll remember this complete book-length true novel for a long, long time!

BIGAMIST BRIDE
in April TRUE CONFESSIONS
On Sale March 1st.

"So that's going to be your story?" he sputtered, and could scarcely get his breath. "Why, you—you darned little liar!"

"Why not? It's my word against yours, and it sounds convincing enough to me. I showed how honest I was, didn't I, by paying all that duty? So what can Uncle Sam, or you, or anyone, have on me now? Not even a very clever story. It seems to me you're the one who has to do the worrying."

"Look here," he blustered. "Do you realize what this has cost me, not only in cool cash, either? I'll probably have to look for another job, when we get back. Sure, I had to buy my own ticket, and beg, borrow and bribe enough to get us both back to New York."

"Both back!" I gasped. "Now I know you're crazy."

"You wait here," he cried out suddenly. "I've just had a hunch. And to make sure you do wait, I'll just take your bag along with me."

It seemed to me an endless while before Denny came tearing along the platform again. "Come on," he cried out. "We're going back on the freighter you just left. There will be no other passengers at all this trip."

He was fairly dragging me along, talking excitedly as we crossed the tracks and darted under the freight sheds. Surely he must have realized that I wouldn't have gone unless I wanted to. Yet I kept up a pretense of struggle and protest. I really was filled with a wild relief, but not for worlds would I have let him know it. I wanted to go back to New York, and with Denny, more than anything else in the world. I had hated the thought of being broke and an outcast in Paris. And as much as Denny had despised me, he wasn't going to forget—that night in Cannes.

Chapter Ten



THEY were still unloading when we reached the boat and the captain was nowhere in sight.

"They don't leave again for several hours," Denny said, "but that's all right. It looks comfortable enough, and thank heaven, it's cheap." He led me down the familiar corridor to one of the cabins. "This is yours," he said. "Mine is farther down the hall." He threw my bags on the bunk, and turned to grip my shoulders.

"And now, you little devil," he demanded, "I've just had a talk with the captain. I know all about the busted marriage with Carties. What I want to know is the whole truth, and it had better be good!"

"Get out the little red book, Denny," I commanded. "I'm going to tell you the truth—and it will be good."

He looked at me sharply, and half mechanically reached into his pocket.

"First turn to about page three," I directed, "it's headed Maxine Adair—remember?"

"Vicki—you mean you've read this book! You *knew*?"

"Sure, I knew, right after Cannes. Wasn't it a pretty shabby trick you played, Denny, letting me love you so terribly, just for a story? It made anything I did afterward seem lily-white."

"Vicki, hold on—I'm not getting it. Here, wait a minute, don't

cry. You mean you thought that I— But good lord, don't you realize I didn't have the slightest idea until that cabby told me about you and Carties, that Vicki O'Day, the girl I was crazy about and wanted to marry, had anything to do with Maxine Adair. And there at the customs I thought that you, Vicki, were just a little cheat who had used me and my love-making to smuggle through her own extravagant finery, while you laughed up your sleeve.

"No wonder I was sore, and let off that blast. But now, you mean you really were in a jam there at the dock? You had read my note book and thought I was deliberately planning to trick you and that you'd be caught with the goods. So you paid the duty. But—" he broke off, "why ring me in?"

"Don't you understand," I cried out desperately, "I paid the duty on all I had money for, and there were those few things left. I thought you'd played me a pretty mean trick and I did want to get even, but that wasn't the real reason. It just seemed the only way out, but I wasn't expecting you'd get caught, or ever have to know what I'd done." My voice broke and I tried to keep the silly tears from streaming down my cheeks.

"But great Scott, Vicki. Can't you see what that does to me now? It doesn't leave me any story, and not much of a mad. I'm no cop, and there isn't really anything legally against you anyhow. Not even scandal, unless this we're doing right now is going to be one. I'm no crusader, and I'm not going to be able to forget how completely you were once mine."

"Maybe you won't have to forget it, Denny," I whispered. "I don't believe I ever can, not one single lovely moment."

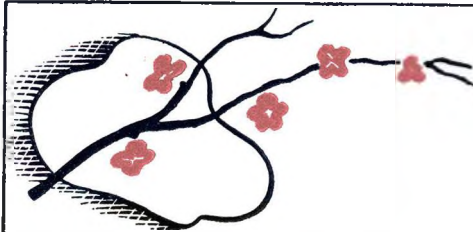
For one breathless moment, Denny's lips crushed mine. Then he was laughing shakily, his face buried in my hair. "Come to think of it, Vicki, I'm just a lad who finds he's in love with a crazy kid who didn't really know what it was all about but who saved herself from some pretty serious consequences by her quick thinking. But we're going to do the job together, Vicki, you and I."

"You mean—" I couldn't speak. Waves of happiness were choking me. "You mean—you still want to marry me, Denny?"

"I mean, my innocent little genius, I'm going to find that captain, and you're going to tell him that this time it isn't a kidnapping and he has a real marriage on his hands, as soon as we get out to sea. And then, Mrs. Burke, we're going to smash this smuggling racket together. Oh, it won't be Carties—there are plenty of others—and with the dope we've both got, we'll rip the rotten practice of cheating

Uncle Sam so wide open, that there won't be one smuggler left!"

You know the rest. Or at least that part of it that broke in the papers. That blessed little boat was our honeymoon and every moment of it was heaven. When we got back, Denny's paper ripped open the smuggling racket and it was Denny's stories—and the little help I could give him without actually betraying those I loved—that put the teeth in the law that will make it increasingly difficult for anyone—even innocent little fools like me, to cheat our magnificent government of any monies that is rightfully due it. I never featured in the stories for I'm satisfied to let Denny take the credit—I'm just his wife and out of it all!



Rendezvous For Spring

Have you forgotten how the winter rain

Beat down the last pale bloom? And how the pain

Tore at our hearts, to find our treasures cast

Out into darkness? And when that was past.

And all the woods were swept with bitter wind,

And thunders in their repetition dinned

Upon our ears the dirge that laid our love

Deep in its grave. With nothing more above

Than icy pall and whitest robe of snow,

We turned away, and wondered where to go.

Since then we two have wandered wide and far,

And all our dreams have squandered. But a star

Is shining where one night we made a vow.

I wonder if you know that spring is now?

—Celia Myrover Robinson

PARADE of PROGRESS

A Message of Great Importance To Every Woman In America

BEGINNING February 1st, and continuing to May 1st, the women of America will have an unusual opportunity to become better acquainted with their grocers and the hundreds of guaranteed quality, nationally advertised foods they carry.

During this period the "Parade of Progress" will be in full swing and you will see many evidences of what nationally known food manufacturers have done for you...of the great strides made in food processing, packaging, ease of preparation and above all—the amazing extra values offered.

The manufacture of food products represents the greatest industry in the United States. The member-manufacturers of the Associated Grocery Manufacturers of America, Inc., sponsors of the "Parade of Progress," alone employ more than one million adults and do an annual business of over \$4,000,000,000.

It is these manufacturers who have elevated the distribution of foods from the old unsanitary "cracker barrel" method to today's modern, clean packaging...from "horse cart" deliveries which allowed foods to become stale before the grocer

even received them, to streamlined fast daily deliveries of always fresh food...who through their constant search for higher quality and better methods of preparation have relieved the housewives of America of much of the kitchen drudgery...all of which means that you who prepare the family meals now have more leisure time for recreation and entertainment.

During the "Parade of Progress" visit your grocer often. You will see and learn much of interest to every woman. From day to day your grocer will feature extra values of nationally advertised foods. Take advantage of the many opportunities to become better acquainted with nationally advertised brands and prove to yourself that nationally advertised brands cost no more than unknown brands—very often they cost less—and quality is always dependable.

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS proudly salute the "Parade of Progress" and are happy for the opportunity to place this message before the two and one half million women who read Fawcett Women's Group magazines each month.

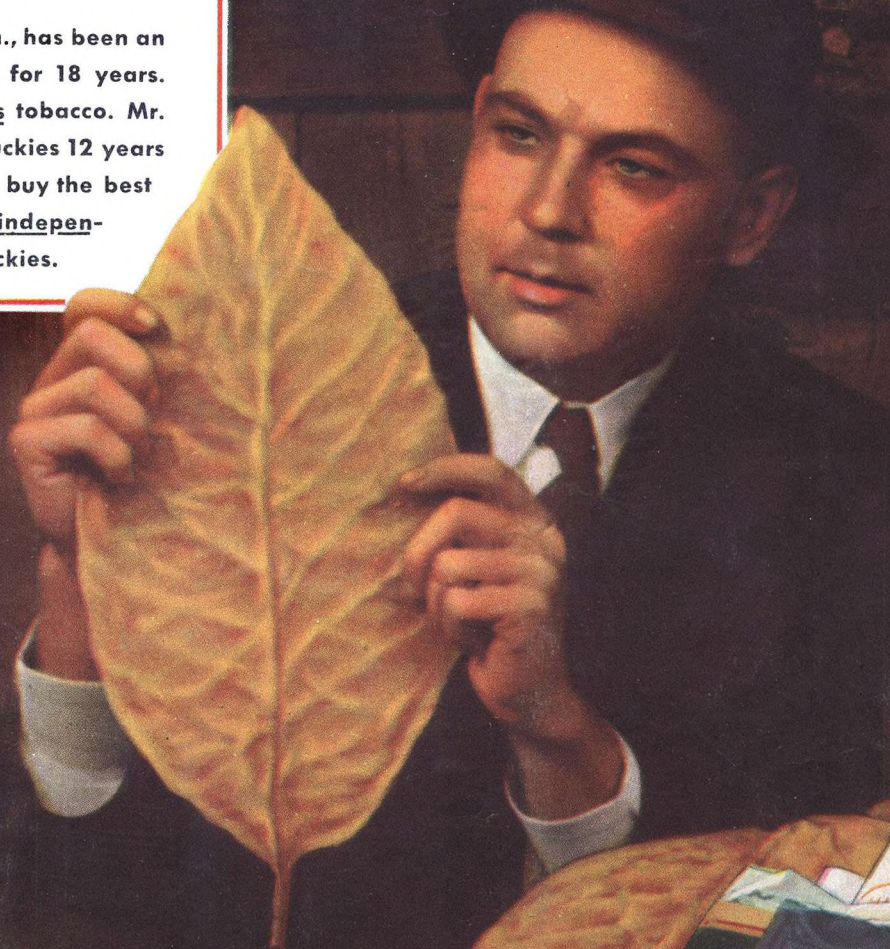


● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

Right

AT JUDGING TOBACCO

FRED EVANS of Danville, Va., has been an independent tobacco buyer for 18 years. His record shows he knows tobacco. Mr. Evans says: "I've smoked Luckies 12 years — I've seen that they always buy the best line of tobacco." Most other independent experts also smoke Luckies.



Have you tried a LUCKY lately?

RECENT tobacco crops have been outstanding in quality. New methods, sponsored by the United States Government, have helped the farmer grow finer tobacco. Now, as independent tobacco experts like Fred Evans point out, Luckies have been buying the cream of these finer crops. And so Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them a week and see why... **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**



*Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"*

Copyright 1939, The American Tobacco Company

PRICE 10 CENTS

TRUE CONFESSION

MARCH 1939