

MORE REVELATIONS ABOUT

THE LOVE STORY of COLONEL & ANNE LINDBERGH

# ★ True Romances

August

10¢  
A MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION



CAROL HUGHES

Husbands and Lovers —The Truth about Two Men Who Wanted Me  
**COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH TRUE NOVEL**

August, 1938

TRUE ROMANCES

10 Cents

**YOU CAN BE THE "Armful of Sweetness" THAT MAKES HIS SENSES REEL!**



**MAVIS Talcum Guards Your Thrilling Daintiness as the "Undies" Test Proves**

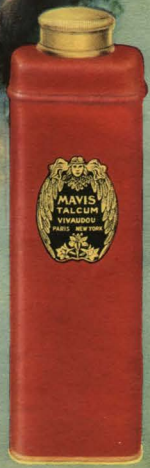
Close in his arms... heart pressed to heart—and yet the ecstasy of such a moment can be shattered, if you've been careless about your daintiness.

Why run the risk of losing love when it's so easy to play safe the Mavis way? Always, before you dress, shower your whole body with Mavis Talcum. It keeps you safe from giving offense because this marvelous talcum has a special protective quality—it prevents excess perspiration.

For Mavis Talcum forms a fragrant, soothing film of protection between your clothing and your skin. This lets the pores breathe... and yet—in a normal, healthy way—reduces the amount you perspire. And you can make a startling test that proves what amazing protection Mavis Talcum gives.

It's called the undies test. Here's all you do. Tomorrow morning, shower your whole body with delightful Mavis Talcum. Then at night when you undress, notice that your undies are dainty, fresh and sweet. That's convincing proof that all day long, you've been safe from giving offense.

And Mavis Talcum gives you an enchanting, exotic fragrance that makes you thrilling and seductive. Men will crowd around you... whispering that you're adorable... begging for dates. Get your Mavis Talcum at once and use it daily—at all drug, toilet goods and 10c counters. Very economical... generous quantities in every size—10c, 25c, 50c and \$1. V. Vivaudou, Inc.



Enchanting Mavis Perfume makes you glamorous. 10¢, 25¢. Silk-sifted Mavis Face Powder glorifies your skin. Clings for hours! 10¢, 50¢.

You can get the benefit of Mavis Talcum's special protective quality and yet—like Hollywood stars—choose Regular or Mildly Scented.

**MAVIS TALCUM**

**No phone calls!** No dates! As the lonely summer passes, Joan wonders why. (Joan doesn't know that men would think her lovely if she hadn't let a dingy smile spoil her good looks!)



**Here's news** little Doris could tell her big sister Joan. Smiles are always lovely when teeth get proper care! (Doris knows you must massage your gums as well as clean your teeth.)



**Wishes come true**—when girls have the kind of smile men find appealing! (Joan could have that smile. Joan could be popular! But Joan should start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage to help keep gums healthier and teeth more sparkling!)



*Does your date-book say—*

**"You'd be more popular if you had a lovelier smile!"**

**A GIRL SMILES**—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (*Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.*) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (*Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.*)

It's a shame when a girl ignores "pink tooth brush" and risks the beauty of her smile! True, "pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—see your dentist. Let him decide.

Usually, however, he'll tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums, gums robbed of exercise by modern soft, creamy foods. Probably he'll advise more work for your gums, more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he'll probably suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling but to help the health of gums as well. Massage a little Ipana

into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

\* \* \*

**DOUBLE DUTY**—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to clean teeth thoroughly.



*Change to*  
**Ipana**  
*and Massage*

# True Romances

VOLUME 27, NO. 6

AUGUST, 1938

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## BEAUTY CHATTER

**T**HOSE of you who are afflicted with split, brittle nails will be interested to know that it has been proved scientifically, that the use of liquid nail polish does not cause split nails. It seems that in a recent survey, made in hundreds of barber shops, it was found that men and children, too, have dry, brittle nails that split easily. This leads to the supposition that the condition is probably caused internally—perhaps through incorrect diet, lack of calcium, or some other physical cause. In addition, harsh polish removers will dry out the natural moisture and oil—the use of an oily polish remover removes that hazard.

Another experiment on split and brittle nails was made by keeping the nails entirely free of enamel for a period of two months and no improvement was found in the condition. However, these same girls' nails responded amazingly when brittle nail cream or oil was used regularly.

**S**CHIAPARELLI, whose Shocking Pink last year took the fashion world by storm, this season endorses tulip as a nail polish shade for summer. Champion of the clowns' hats contrived of pink sequins, of shoes with two-inch soles, of evening gowns with hoods, this designer champions tulip as an exciting, stimulating shade of polish.

Wear it with mustard, she suggests, with luggage browns and dusty blue. It lends sophistication to soft pinks and pastels and is daringly effective with purple and fuchsia.

**P**ERHAPS one of the most unusual products to attain remarkable popularity this year is bath oil—that body perfume that mixes with the natural oils of the skin while one bathes, and diffuses a perfume that is unmistakably one's own.

You need but two or three drops in your bath (sprinkle it in the tub before you draw the water so that the pressure of the faucet will diffuse the scent) and as you proceed with your bath, the fragrance becomes part of your skin; as you step out of the bath the fragrance lingers and follows you all day long.

Try using bath oil in other ways, too: at the crook of the elbow where moisture is likely to gather and where an individual scent, unmistakably your own will result; on your lamp bulbs to perfume your room; to scent your clothes while it is perfuming your bath by hanging two or three dresses on the shower rod; or as a shower perfume by applying it to a steaming wash cloth.

## NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART



### She doesn't dream that underarm odor is the reason men pass her by!

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she *should* be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor—that underarms must have special care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of *past perspiration*,

but Mum prevents odor *before it starts*. To avoid all risk of offending friends—use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be *sure* your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find *attractive!*

**MUM IS QUICK!** One-half minute is all it takes to smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm.

**MUM IS SAFE!** Mum is soothing to the skin, harmless to every fabric. You can use it right after underarm shaving.

**MUM IS SURE!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum's sure protection lasts all day or all evening long. No worries, then, about unpleasant odor. For Mum makes underarm odor *impossible!*

### IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM



**For Sanitary Napkins—**  
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



## THE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE

### FIRST PRIZE ■ \$25.00

**W**HEN I was in my last year of high school, I was forced to leave, as my family was moving out to the Coast due to my dad's ill health. Needless to say, we were quite broken up, especially I, who cringed at the idea of going to a new school to graduate. However, Dad's health came first and there was nothing for me to do but say good-bye.

I took sad leave of my classmates as I realized it would be a long, long time before we would meet again. However, their promise to write me and keep me posted about school affairs cheered me considerably.

When we got to the coast, I was enrolled in a new high school, and only

the frequent letters from my classmates in the east kept me from being too depressed. In all my letters to them, I bewailed the fact that I wouldn't be there at graduation!

I counted the days on the calendar, and when the day came for my classmates to graduate in the east, I was heartsick. My family tried to cheer me up but to no avail. My thoughts were with all my old friends and the teachers whom I had learned to love.

That evening the postman rang our bell calling out, "Special Delivery." It was a package. Imagine my delight and surprise to see before me on opening it, a beautifully bound leather book—a souvenir from my eastern high school with pictures of all my friends in the graduating class. The tears came to

my eyes, but soon my face was wreathed in smiles as the happiest moment of my life came, when on turning the pages I saw my own face staring out from the pages, included among the class. My dear classmates had not forgotten me!

—V. E.

### SECOND PRIZE ■ \$15.00

Being the eldest of six girls in a depression-stricken family, I was the first to be called upon to help in the financial matters as soon as I turned sixteen. The shock of discontinuing high school and having to walk the streets looking for a job, caused me to be so bitter that I made up my mind not to look for a job.

I'd start out at six A. M. and return at six P. M. (Continued on page 44)

Try the *NEW* different

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

*the dental discovery of the century*



*At last a dentifrice energized by saliva! Cleans, brightens, and polishes teeth as never before! Because it reaches decay-ridden "blind spots" that ordinary pastes, powders, and even water seldom enter.*

Luster-Foam (C<sub>14</sub>H<sub>27</sub>O<sub>5</sub>SNa), works a miracle in your mouth and on your teeth . . . you can actually feel it work. Not a soap, yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap.

The moment saliva touches it, Luster-Foam generates tiny aromatic bubbles of detergent energy (20,000 to the square inch), which instantly surround and whisk away surface deposits that dull the teeth. Then, Luster-Foam's energy breaks up decay-fostering deposits in the saliva before they have a chance to glue themselves to the teeth.

### Areas Never Reached Before

Next, Luster-Foam surges into and cleanses as never before, remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . the countless tiny cracks and fissures on teeth surfaces which catch and hold food, mucin, and discolorations.

Lay aside your present tooth paste and try this extra-safe, master-cleansing, luster-giving dentifrice that brings new dental health and beauty. And now is the time to try it while the Big 1 cent sale is on at all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

GET ACQUAINTED OFFER

**1¢ SALE**  
**PAY ONLY 1¢**  
**FOR BIG 25¢ TUBE**

of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste

WHEN YOU BUY ANOTHER AT REGULAR PRICE

For the sole purpose of letting you discover for yourself the benefits of the improved NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, we make this big 1¢-sale bargain offer. Now at all drug counters. The supply is limited—act quickly! If after giving the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste a thorough trial, you are not satisfied, return the partially used tube with the unused tube, and we will refund purchase price.

Money back if not satisfied

**IT'S NEW!**



**At all drug counters NOW!**

Offer good only while dealer's supply lasts



Photo by Albert Petersen

# True Romances

August, 1938

## CHASING THE BLUES AWAY

**S**OME people are encompassed by self pity. One could almost say they are never happy unless they are miserable. They have acquired the habit of being down-hearted, and such a mental attitude is difficult to change.

Happiness after all is to a large extent imaginary, although it is difficult . . . even impossible to be joyous when suffering from pain, real or fancied.

Many people have a bad habit of clinging to the remembrance of unpleasant experiences. Somehow they seem to be more impressive than happier moments.

But chronic unhappiness is usually associated with ill health. And health can be cultivated, provided you have the necessary knowledge, and if this requirement is lacking, there are schools and books which will give one full information on this important subject.

Turn back your memory to your teens . . . as a boy or girl . . . when your appetite was keen . . . when play was joyously delightful . . . when you could run, jump and wrestle and frolic with the best of them. It is almost impossible for one

at this time of life to be unhappy for a prolonged period. Tragedies no matter how serious are soon cast aside.

The mental attitude is important, but there are usually physical causes back of self pity, and if one will try the outdoor cure . . . sunlight, long walks, pleasant companionship, together with a reasonable observance of healthful eating, pleasing results can be assured in nearly every instance.

Happiness demands, first of all, normal functioning . . . a feeling of well being. Our vital organisms should operate with unconscious perfection . . . the heart beats and the oxygen adds life to our tissues through the lungs, silently yet effectively our bodily functions perform their duties.

A wonderful machine indeed, this house of flesh and blood . . . and happiness requires a reasonable amount of knowledge of its mechanical and other requirements to chase the blues away.

*Bernarr Macfadden*



# DO YOU NEED ADVICE?

by Jane Porterfield

**B**ECAUSE love is one of the most potent forces in the world, there is something about two young people in love which makes them want their own way at once. It is not always realized that even a true and fine love can become a two-edged sword unless it is disciplined and controlled. Love running wild can be tearing and destructive. If properly nourished, it can be made into a finer thing than it was at the start, into something noble and honest and beautiful, as it should be.

Love is a great constructive force. It is true that the expression of it should not be thwarted or cheated. But that word "expression" covers so many meanings. The mere physical fulfillment of love is not the only fulfillment. There are emotional and spiritual phases of the fulfillment of love which must be taken into consideration.

Young people, however, when in that first ecstasy of love, feel that the only fulfillment is the physical. And yet, even by that fulfillment, love can be cheated and thwarted just as surely as it can be by a long engagement

## *Cheating* **LOVE**

and years of waiting for marriage.

Unless you bring to love the full nourishment which is its right; unless you bring to it the finest that you have; unless you offer to your love and marriage the cleanest and most honest emotions of which you are capable, you are cheating love even though you may be married.

The problem which young people must face, that of waiting for normal marriage under decent circumstances, is not a new one. We are all inclined to believe that our problems are peculiar to our generation, and to ourselves. Ever

since the days when parents stopped marrying their children off by contract, or by arrangement in childhood; ever since the days when it was taken for granted that parents would set their children up in a home and give them enough money or land and material things to insure their start—the problem of delayed marriage has been one which people have had to face.

And yet, even though it is not a new one, that doesn't make it easier for you if you are facing it. Somehow, each individual does see certain phases which do make his or her problem peculiar. And yet, as in all human situations, there is a fundamental common cause which makes it possible to lay down certain rules, and hold up certain examples. I think all of you will be interested in this letter which I am printing this month, because there is in it that fundamental throbb, that common heart-beat which all of us will recognize.

Dear Miss Porterfield:

Rex and I talked this over before I  
(Continued on page 46)

# POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES

**"GLARE-PROOF" powder flatters  
your skin in the hardest light**

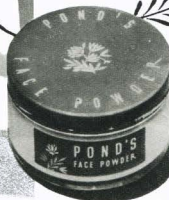
**S**TRONG sunlight is hard on your looks. It sharpens every little fault . . . and casts dark, unbecoming shadows where it is not lighting up your weak points.

But you can make that hard, bright light actually flattering to you! Pond's "Sunlight" Powder shades are "glare-proof"! They reflect only the softer rays of the sun. Give a clear glow to your tan!

Two glorious "Sunlight" shades, Light and Dark. Flattering to any shade of tan. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. Big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

The full glare of the summer sun  
throws a hard light on your skin

Pond's "Sunlight" shades reflect  
only the sun's softer rays—  
flatter you in glaring light!



**Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight**

Pond's, Clinton, Conn., Dept. 8TR-PV  
Please rush me, free, Pond's "Sunlight" shades,  
enough of each for a 5-day test.  
(This offer expires Oct. 1, 1938)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

■ If you wanted a gigolo for your husband, you married the wrong man



# Rich MARRIAGE

**Promises. Sacred words of ecstasy. Pledges of everlasting love throughout eternity. They were beginning to know each other, and he saw his young bride in so many moods in the short time that they were alone. And yet she had remained a mystery to him, complete stranger, because—**

**I** WAS twenty-two years of age, parading through an Eastern college, when I was shocked out of my pleasurable existence. I wonder which of the two shocks was greater—my father's death or his will.

To sum myself up briefly, I should say that I am tall and I never lacked for dates in college. My hair was very dark, and I combed it back tight in the fashion of college heroes. Many a time a girl would say to me as I danced with her, conscious of my good looks, my tallness and my activities on the field of sports, "Matt, you've got the bluest, bluest eyes I've ever seen."

I liked it. Though I pretended superior indifference to that sort of thing, just as I belittled my fame as an athlete, I liked them both. I walked through the campus swaggering a little, pleased that I was taller than most boys. I dressed with care, and when I fixed my tie in front of a mirror, I would find pleasure in my broad shoulders and regular features. Then when I was bored with a lecture, for I was not a very good student, though I managed to make the grade, I would think of my date for that night and the prospect of patronizingly kissing some co-ed.

These are my immature impressions of my college life, not very flattering to myself but essentially true. The news of my father's death was terribly shocking. My dad and I were never on intimate terms. Though I was his only child, he kept me at arm's length. I can't say that he was a tyrant or lacked generosity. I had my allowance and all that I needed. He lived in New York City, the great metropolis, but he never wanted me around. My vacations were spent somewhere else, in accordance with his carefully made plans. Never did he talk to me about my mother, who had left him when I was five years old and died about two and a half years later. I can still look back to that scene when I stood in front of him as he sat deep in his chair, very glum.

"Your mother died, Matthew. She was sick and she died."  
I stood in front of him and I think I had a sulky expression on my face. I've seen pictures of myself at that age, and they are all alike. I didn't cry, but I asked him a most amazing question, "Dad, are you going to marry again? I don't want a stepmother."

"You won't have a stepmother," he announced, and sent me back to my room.

I didn't grieve over my mother's death because at that tender age it is easy to forget even a mother.

Dad owned two drug stores in very advantageous locations, but he rarely was seen in either of the stores. He was considered a very clever business man, and I have recollections that he operated in real estate.

There were many people at his funeral, some distant-relatives of his but no relatives of my mother's. Most of the people were unknown to me. I was aware of a tall blonde woman with a black veil over her face, standing there and lifting a white handkerchief to her eyes. I wondered who she was. Even then I didn't grieve over my father, for I had never really known him.

It is not very pleasant for a young man to be stopped short in his tracks just when he has begun—for college, after all, is just a starting point. In my humble opinion, a much over-rated starting point. I went back home to the house that had belonged to my father, a small red brick house in the outskirts of the city. I would inherit this, I supposed, and I didn't know what I would do with it. But I was mistaken. After my conference with the lawyer, I was startled out of my restless indifference.

The lawyer, a small worldly man, with white hair and thin lips, told me the facts. He gave me figures and estimates which meant nothing to me, though they were so neatly presented. I couldn't quite understand.

"You mean," I asked, "that there is nothing left for me? What about the house?"

"The house belongs to Mrs. Eldridge."

"But my father always lived in it. It was his."

He took out some more documents. "It was, until three years ago. He sold it to Mrs. Eldridge—or the equivalent of that. He lived in it and paid her rent."

■ She had a genius for being lovely, for making herself seductively lovely through one of many moods

"Paid her rent?"

"Mrs. Eldridge, of course, is also my client," he said, leaning a little over the desk, as if to examine my feelings. "She knew your father—well. She is willing, in fact eager, to have you stay in the house rent-free for six months or so, until you find your wings."

"Find my wings," I grumbled, bewildered. "I'm not an aviator."

The little lawyer looked at his highly-polished nails. "Just a metaphor. A weakness of mine. To continue—your father—shall we say, lived above his means, entertained quite a bit."

"But I never saw anyone in the house in all these years," I cried, scared to death by his implications. "He was a recluse."

"Yes, yes, in a sense." Again he looked at his nails with that smug satisfaction that dudes have. Some older men who are successful act in such a superior way. "You're not a boy any more, Matthew. You might as well know what the world knows. Your father and Mrs. Eldridge were very good friends. He spent a good deal of time with her in her apartment. They went out a great deal, and in fact she was his business partner in many ventures. His business partner. When he died, his affairs were in bad shape."

"You mean she was his mistress! I don't believe it."

"The two drug stores are heavily mortgaged. Mrs. Eldridge holds the mortgages. If she called them in, the stores would be bankrupt. What a pity that would be. But I've got the papers here all made out. An agreement can be reached. All in all, it would leave you eleven hundred dollars. Of course you could live in the house for a year, rent-free, that's worth another thousand dollars."

Never will I forget that interview. My father's death had been a shock, but this interview left a bitterness that was like a poison. Dimly I reviewed my childhood, my few contacts with my dad. He never wanted me in the city. My vacations were spent in camps.

It meant that I could not finish college. I didn't want to, particularly under these circumstances. Other young men go through college on less, but they have an aptitude for studies.

I looked through my father's personal possessions in the house, like furniture and clothing and a lot of junk that Mrs. Eldridge had not taken away from me. Apparently she didn't hold a mortgage on his suits and shirts, nor on the old furniture.

This had all happened during the month of November. I would go to sleep quite early in the gloomy little house, amazed that there were no letters anywhere about to give me

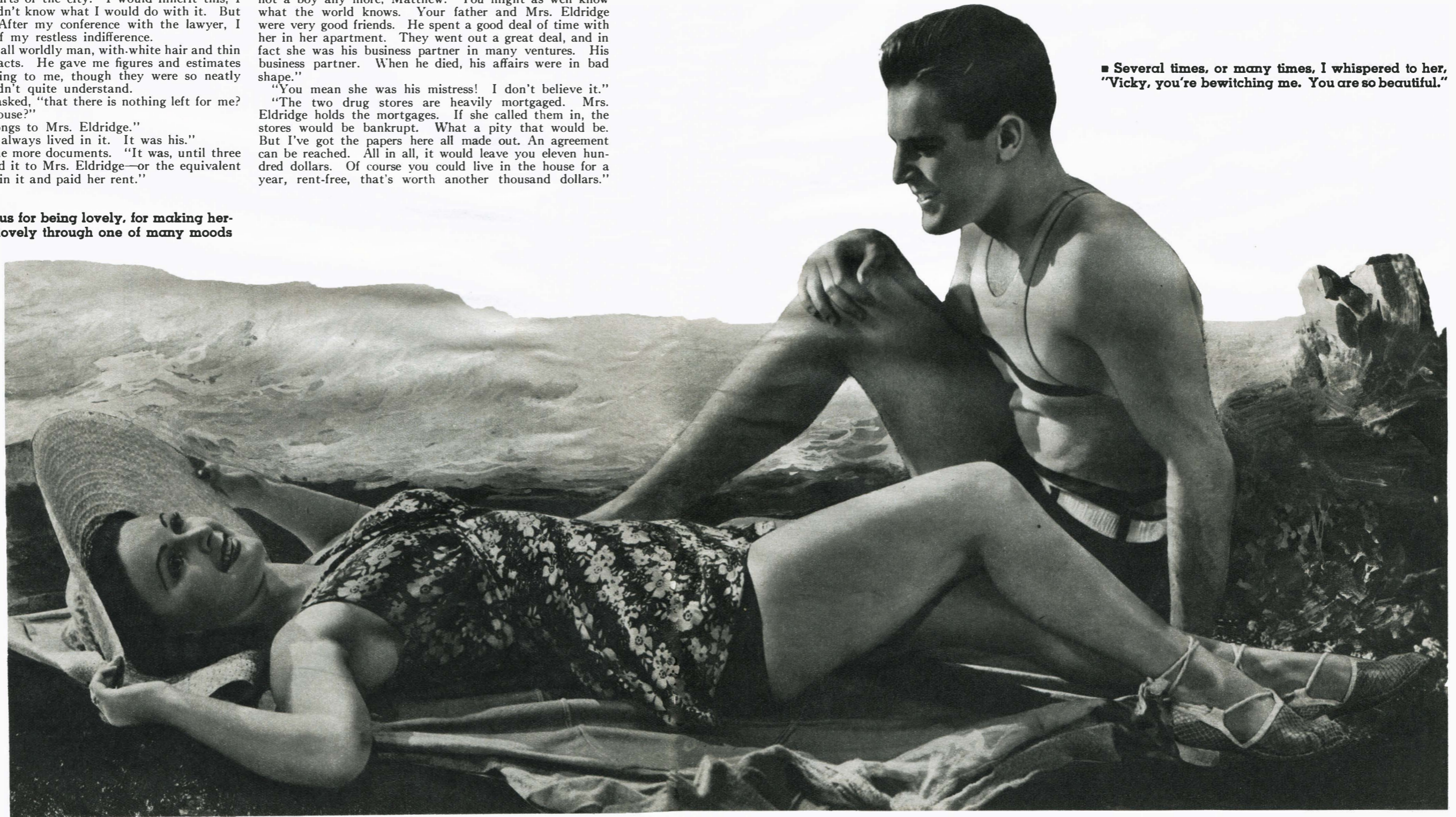
some clue to this puzzle who had been my father.

He had a little car in the garage which was in pretty good condition. This too, was generously given to me, for Mrs. Eldridge made no claim on it.

That first week, I wrote a few dozen letters to various of my friends in college announcing my great bereavement, but mainly to awaken sympathy for my terrible predicament. Few letters came back. The youngsters who had played with me and vowed eternal friendship, the girls who had danced in my arms and pressed their lips against mine, had all but forgotten me in that short time. Too bad. I wondered at first if it wasn't just as well, for I had never belonged to college really, except as a playboy.

There was a cousin of my father's I went to see, who had become a very successful broker. He seemed totally indifferent to my visit. He, too, sat at his desk, but he seemed tired and he rubbed his weary eyes. I told him

■ Several times, or many times, I whispered to her, "Vicky, you're bewitching me. You are so beautiful."



that I wanted some work, and he let me talk and made me feel very uneasy. Only once did he show some interest.

"I came to see you, Mr. Craig, because you're my father's cousin.

"Second cousin," he corrected, and then he let me go on talking. When he finished, he just said, "I can't do anything for you, Mr. Ludington."

I was hurt that he called me "Mister." He could have said "son." Then he mumbled something about my father that I couldn't understand, went to a cabinet and took out some notes. Father had borrowed money from him. My father was dead, but he didn't talk respectfully of him. He didn't say much, but his attitude wasn't very nice, and I left him with my head low and with a guilty feeling.

In the middle of December I was at the end of my rope. I still had my eleven hundred dollars, for I had sold Dad's clothes and the few things that had been given to me uncontested. Carefully I had checked on every relative Father had. My reception was practically the same everywhere. One relative was amused at my visit. He was a bachelor, a successful doctor. He laughed at my predicament and said, "You'll have no trouble, son. With your looks you ought to get a rich wife. Well, you'd better go now. With me time is money."

COLLEGE had taught me nothing, and I was bitter against the college authorities, not realizing that I had never wanted to learn. I fumed against the memory of my father and even speculated with disgust about my mother, who had left me behind and then gone and died. A reaction of complete indifference set in. Quickly discouraged, I decided to live in the house, marshal my funds, use up every cent and then blow my brains out. It would be very dramatic to buy a revolver with the last six dollars and leave a note denouncing my father and Mrs. Eldridge who was enjoying the riches that should have been mine. They would find me in a pool of blood at my father's desk.

This was just a period of self-pity and self-indulgence, for I was only twenty-two years old, and though my physique belied it I was really quite immature. A week after I had made this desperate resolution, I decided to send Christmas cards and I carefully checked my list. There were the boys and girls in college who had deserted me in my hour of need—they were out. There were people I used to send cards to every year; relatives and friends of my father's—they were out, too. There wasn't anybody I didn't have a grudge against, except one girl whom I hadn't seen for years. I had met her when I was eighteen and she, I think, was fifteen. It was at a party. She was a funny little girl, very thin, with black hair and black eyes that peered at me, and I had laughed at her and then felt sorry for her. So I took her address and we promised to send each other Christmas cards every year.

Actually she was the only one on my list who had not betrayed me. Instead of sending her a Christmas card, I would call her up—now. I looked in the telephone book and found the name, Dorman. Her name was Vicky Dorman, and by checking with the address I found her phone number. A maid answered the call and then a girl's voice inquired who I was. Naturally I was acting, for my feet were not

on the ground, and I was dramatizing my own tragedy. "I'm Matthew Ludington. Are you Vicky Dorman?"

"I am Vicky Dorman," a young chuckling voice challenged. "But who are you?"

"I am Matthew Ludington—your Christmas friend. We exchange cards every year. I met you when you were a very little girl, and I just thought of calling you up. You're the only friend I have left."

"Oh—oh!" And then laughter. "You're that tall handsome boy that I met—"

"I'm a man, madam."

"Oh, oh!" she screamed at the other end. The little

■ "You've got the right girl and the right family. You know a good thing when you see it, don't you?"



■ When he grinned at me, I suddenly felt hostile to him, and anxious to get away from the family fold

girl had developed a provocative voice. She was as homely as the night, I remembered. Maybe she had grown out of it. But I wasn't interested in looks. I wanted a friend. We talked and we laughed over the telephone, and I took it that the young lady was very popular, for she had a date for that evening and the next and the next. But she was curious. I knew enough about girls. She wanted to see me. The conversation lasted about twenty minutes, and I was thinking of my telephone bill. Silly, but I thought that this conversation would shorten my life, because it was depleting my finances.

Finally, I made a date with her, and she asked something

about dressing. Nonchalantly I said, "Of course." I had a tux, and it didn't cost me anything to put it on. I could press it myself, for I hadn't been able to sell the old irons for anything.

They, too, lived on the outskirts of New York City, but their house was spacious behind a well-kept lawn. I was amused, for only rich people could afford a house like that. Someone came to the door, and the girl's voice said, "I am Vicky Dorman. We should re-introduce ourselves."

She stood there in the subdued light of the spacious hall. She was small and dainty, with black hair combed silkily. It fell over the sides of her face, a (Continued on page 65)

# Pursued

## BY WOMEN

### The Story of A Foolish Young Man

I NEVER thought of my voice—my singing voice—as anything but a social talent. I was always glad to oblige with a song or two at a country gathering. I enjoyed the sound of my clear tenor as I did the farm chores, and I found singing an excellent way of keeping myself awake, while I made the long trip to New York, driving all

night in our farm truck loaded with garden produce. The idea of singing for a living, especially for a man, was something that never crossed my mind. It was an old friend, Eddie O'Hara, who ran a lunch room about half way between Maryland and New York, who put the idea into my head.

One dark rainy night I descended wearily from my truck and announced my arrival to him, as I usually did, with a song as I opened the door of the lunch wagon.

"Hullo there, Willy," his face broke into a welcoming smile and he put a large hand over the table for me to shake. "What will it be—the usual?"

I nodded my head. As he dished up my scrambled eggs and bacon, he flipped on the radio. A voice, feeble and strained, warbled over the air.

Eddie snorted, saying, "He's lousy." Then he swung around to face me, the platter of food in his hand. He asked, "Hey, why don't you take a shot at the radio? You're better than most of them guys I hear."

I laughed feebly in answer. "I know—I know—that sounds funny to a big, healthy, handsome farm boy. But them singers make plenty of dough." He leaned over the counter in his eagerness. "I mean it. You ought to cash in on that voice you have, kid. Go on—don't be a hick all your life. Take a chance at the big city and the big money."

I laughed again. But his words had made an impression on me. All the rest of that night, driving toward New York through the heavy rain, I toyed with the idea of radio singing. I saw myself rich and famous; sought after, surrounded by admiring women. It seemed incredible that men really got money for work like singing. It seemed

■ My voice broken, I cried "Did you know of this?"

Women were playing up to him, not because they liked him but because of his publicity value. His existence was a never-ending hunt for pleasure; success was the only thing he wanted and money his only standard, yet—

more like playing to me.

My father was one of those rare persons—a successful farmer. He ran a truck farm in Maryland. I was the oldest of four sons and it had always been assumed in the family that I would manage the farm. I really liked farming and found a never-ending interest in the change of the seasons, the sight of the new green things pushing upward through the earth.

BUT the truth was I didn't get on any too well with my father, who was a gruff, stern, intolerant parent. I began to see that a singing career would be a way of getting away from him and being really on my own. I knew there were other hands to carry on the farm work. I hated to leave my frail, sweet little mother; but soon the idea that Eddie had put into my head became an obsession that never left me night or day.

Finally summoning all my courage, I spoke to Father. He sniffed and said coldly, "Just what you'd expect from a son called Willis—never did think you'd amount to a row of beans. All right. When do you go? But it will have to be on your own. You don't get one red cent of help from me."

So it was settled. I hadn't expected it to be quite so definite, or so quick. Maybe even deep in my heart I had wanted Father to beg me to stay; to tell me that he couldn't get along without me. But that was not Father's way. He wasn't even around to say good-bye the morning I left.

It was Mother who clung to me in farewell with tears in her eyes. She was the one who had named me Willis, and I was her favorite. She didn't want me to go; but she insisted upon giving me a hundred dollars from her savings. That added to my own savings of several hundred dollars gave me sublime confidence in my ability to conquer New York. I had gone to New York once a week in season during the past two years. I would arrive in the grey mists of dawn; unload in the market; tumble into bed in a neighboring rooming house; sleep most of the day and start homeward again late in the afternoon. I knew nothing of the great city but the loud, friendly market life.

But now, for the first time, I came in contact with the harsh, busy, bustling work world beyond the market. I took a room in a rooming house in the west fifties. Then, day after day, I haunted the radio stations. No one was interested in my voice; no one seemed to have any time to



■ He came running after me, calling frantically to me

listen to me sing. I was lonely and bewildered and unhappy.

But I had one quality that Father used to say you had to have to be a good farmer—then he would always add, or "a good anything"—and that was persistence. I had come to New York to sing on the radio and I was going to get an audition, as I had now learned to call it, if I had to sit in outer offices till my hair turned gray.

This is almost what I did. By camping in one reception room after another in a dreary round, finally I was told one day I could come in for an audition the next day.

I was there promptly, but I had a long wait in the corridor outside the audition studio. Have you ever been so excited that you didn't seem to belong to this earth? That was the way I felt that morning. My lips were parched and my heart kept jumping into my throat; but I didn't seem to have any connection with the people around me or the chair in which I was sitting.

Suddenly I heard a low laugh and a voice saying, "You know, really, the electric chair isn't on the other side of that door."

I looked up to face a girl sitting next me. I hadn't even noticed she was there. She was young and pretty, with bright black eyes, a pert, turned-up nose and a wide, generous mouth. She was smiling at me and there was something



friendly in that smile. I smiled back and said, "Do I look as scared as all that?"

She laughed again, a low, sweet, throaty laugh. Then she said, "Well now that you smile—I see it wasn't your regular expression."

**S**UDDENLY she made me think of home and the girls I knew there. She seemed to have the quality of a small town. She was totally unlike the artificial, cold city girls with whom I had come in contact the past few weeks. I was usually shy with girls but something in her manner made me forget my timidity.

I asked, "Are you here waiting for an audition, too?"

Her quiet response was in such contrast to my nervousness that I said ruefully, "Well, you're certainly cool enough."

"I've done this before." She went on, comfortingly, as if to a child, "Lots of times. Like the best things in life, radio jobs don't come easily."

I thought this over for a moment. It had never occurred to me that if I once got a chance to sing my songs that I wouldn't be appreciated. Why, wasn't I supposed to have the best voice in Cecil County, Maryland! Hadn't Eddie said I was better than most of them coming over the air!

Then suddenly I met the eyes of the girl—kind, steady, thoughtful eyes. And, in that moment, on the very verge of doing what I had been living for ever since I came to New York, I forgot all about my singing; and only knew with a warm, happy feeling that I had found someone who was kind and interested. It was nice to have a friend to talk to, after long, lonely weeks. She told me that her name was Joan Palmer, and that she worked in a music store, where she sang and played new numbers for customers. But she was burned with an ambition to get into radio. She had had many auditions, not only with the networks but with advertising agencies and small stations. But she had not yet been able to click.

In a few moments I was called and, as I rose, the numbing, desperate fright clutched at me again. For a stilled second I was unable to move. Then I felt warm, soft fingers curled around my hand.

"Good luck," she said and gave my hand a gentle squeeze.

Urged on by her friendliness, I walked into the studio.

It was the biggest room I had ever been in. It was lighted by a single light and the long rows of empty chairs cast weird shadows. Far at the other end was the microphone, standing beside a piano; with the control room beyond.

I handed the accompanist my music and he said, "Okay whenever you're ready."

Standing before the microphone I sang to that great empty room. In the control room I could see the audition committee, smoking, talking, half listening.

After I had finished I hung around in the corridor waiting to see Joan again. However, there was no sign of her. Finally one of the men said to me, needlessly curtly I thought, "No loitering around here, buddy."

So I moved on.

Weeks went by and I heard nothing from the studio. I knew what that meant. I had failed. I couldn't believe it; I had been so sure.

One day I went out of the house and started walking, aimlessly, like one lost. Finally I found myself in a little park. It was a cold, chilly, autumn day and a few leaves were falling sadly. Suddenly I thought of the fall plowing going on at home; the rich, brown earth being turned over for

■ No one could stop me from finding Joan to get my question answered



■ I strode out of the room, literally pushing surprised people out of my way

"That's right," I answered bitterly. Then suddenly, with a wild fluttering of my heart, I knew that wasn't true. I did have a friend in the world; one. A friend with soft black eyes and a charming smile; who, unasked, had pressed my hand and wished me luck.

I sprang up quickly from the cold, damp bench. I was being persistent again. I was going to find Joan Palmer. She had said that she worked in a music store. Well, there couldn't be so many of them in New York. I'd find her if I had to go into every one in town.

I went into a drugstore and looked in the classified directory. My heart sank at the sight of the long column of music stores. But I straightened my shoulders. It was all right; it would just take a little time. She was some place and I was going to her.

In the next few days I went into big stores and little ones; stores on Avenues and side streets, asking politely for Miss Joan Palmer. Each time I was met by the simple refrain, "She doesn't work here."

Late in the afternoon of the third day I found her. I didn't have to ask for her. She herself came forward from the back of the store to wait on me. For a moment she didn't recognize me, then her friendly smile lighted up her face and she said, "How nice to see you."

She didn't ask how my audition had turned out. I guess she knew that if it had been all right I would have told her. And selfishly, I never gave her audition a thought. I was thinking only of her—of her lovely face, her soft lips, her small, straight body.

I blurted out, "I've been looking for you in every music store in town."

For a moment a slight flush appeared on her face. Then she said lightly, "And now you've found me. I'm almost finished here for today. Would you like to walk home with me?"

A few moments later we were walking side by side through the streets.

Wonderful how a friend can change everything for you, isn't it? It no longer seemed dull, damp fall weather; but the most beautiful of crisp, early

autumn evenings. Lights

were springing out in the tall buildings and even the people we passed seemed different to me.

Joan didn't live very far away and as we walked along she told me that her audition had been a failure again. Then it was easy for me to tell her that I, too, had failed.

its winter's rest.

Home was where I should be, I told myself. I wasn't a failure as a farmer. I could always return to the land. I would probably have to. But with a sudden, sickening shame I knew that I would starve before I faced my father's biting scorn and triumphant air of "I thought so."

I guess something of my thoughts must have appeared on my face, for a dirty, disheveled-looking tramp spoke up from the bench across from me.

"Not a friend in the world, hey, kid?"

**S**HE said, "I have a piano in my rooms. Would you like to sing for me?"

In that moment I didn't care much about singing. But I was glad for any excuse not to have to leave her. She had two rooms in an old-fashioned brown front house. When we reached them, she lighted a fire in a tiny fireplace and started the water for tea in a kettle in the tiny kitchenette.

Then, tossing off her hat, she sat down at the piano. She pushed her hair back from her (Continued on page 78)

# MORE REVELATIONS ABOUT THE LOVE STORY OF COLONEL and ANNE LINDBERGH



Mrs. Lindbergh receives the Hubbard medal from the National Geographic Society. She responds with a speech.



(Above) Lindbergh is seen on the wing of his plane. And (below) on the stand in the courtroom at Flemington, N. J.



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**S**INCE childhood, Charles Augustus Lindbergh was obsessed with the thought of aviation, yet in his early years as a pilot no one guessed that his prowess was to stir the world. And then, in exactly thirty-three hours and twenty-nine and a half minutes, he became our national hero.

He met Anne Morrow a year later. But Anne was quiet and shy. No one suspected, at first, that it was Anne he loved. For a time her older sister Elizabeth was believed to be the lucky girl who had captured the Lone Eagle. Then, somehow, the world realized it was exactly right. Anne was exactly the girl to be a wife, a helpmate, a companion to this man. And two years after his great flight, they were married very quietly with only their families present.

Both of them were strangely innocent and ignorant of evil, but over them hovered a dark cloud of such tragedy that the world will never forget. They were deeply happy together. They withdrew a little from the world when their first son was born. Then, with the news of their son's kidnaping, that tragic cloud burst above them. Above everything—above the soul-rending publicity, the agony of realization of what had happened to their son—was the knowledge that for them there was never again to be either peace or quiet.

How did this horror affect these two—and their love story?

## THE STORY CONTINUES:

**W**HEN the Ambassador's daughter, Anne Morrow, married the Lone Eagle, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, she had never learned to fly. In fact, she had shown no special interest in flying, no girlhood ambition to be a pilot. Danger had been no part of her sheltered existence. Her mind had no bent toward the scientific, and in school mathematics had been her one bugaboo.

It is characteristic of their love story that Anne learned to fly almost immediately after they were married and that Lindy himself taught her.

That statement is a vital one—and points in dramatic terms to part of the thing that has made this married couple great lovers.

Learning to fly is at times an amazing and often enough a terrifying



They couldn't dream, in those wonderful days of holding their first son in their arms, planning for his future, watching his first steps, his first words, his first smiles that he would be torn from them by cruel, death-dealing hands

experience. Wonderful it must be, but it is still filled with dangers and thrills far beyond the ordinary. The girl who is air-minded, who longs to fly, who has dreamed of it as boys dream, from the first time she saw a plane, will have some unforgettable moments when she comes to her first solo flight and her instructor says, "Take it away." There will be bad moments when she shoots landings and thrilling moments when she starts making take-offs. Even for the born flyer, it is an arduous business of long hours and hard work.

For an average girl without any particular flair for flying or any great desire to fly, it's a task that perhaps only those who have learned to fly can appreciate.

When she became Mrs. Lindbergh, Anne Morrow was just such a girl. Airplanes had played no part in her life. Suddenly, she was confronted with an airplane and she had to



Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh and son arrive at Liverpool, England, in the U. S. Steamer, American Importer



The house in South Wales where the Lindberghs stayed while their home in Kent (below) was being made ready





■ The Colonel and Anne Lindbergh take off from a New York airport on the first leg of their famous trip to the Orient



■ The Mayor of Point Barrow, Alaska, and the excited son of a missionary, cheerfully greet the flying Lindberghs

learn how to fly the plane.

Teaching flying is also something which takes patience and understanding. Great pilots are not always great teachers.

**I**t isn't at all difficult to imagine those first days of Anne's instruction. A shy person, not inclined to think too highly of herself, very much in love with her tall, blond husband, she was his pupil. She was a girl without any mechanical leanings, without any scientific knowledge, awkward as most girls are about such things—and she was being taught to fly by the world's greatest pilot, the man who had flown the unconquerable Atlantic.

She must have felt stupid, awkward, frightened. Perhaps the average woman who has married a man who plays a brilliant game of bridge, or drives a car superlatively well, or plays exceptional golf has had her husband for a teacher during the first tense days of marriage. If so, she can understand Anne Morrow Lindbergh's learning to fly.

But it was, as they probably both saw, essential.

For the sky was Lindy's home. His real life was lived in the sky, in planning, working and thinking about how to



■ Here we see the Lindberghs enjoying a ride in a native Japanese river boat

get further, faster, safer, in the new world above the earth which he above all men had conquered. His mind and heart were completely given to a world which has only recently become part of man's dominion, and was therefore doubly exciting.

Their marriage couldn't possibly be a success unless Anne, his wife, could enter that world, too. If she were earthbound, she must lose so much of him, he must lose so much of her. They would be living in different countries, speaking different languages.

The problem isn't a new one to marriage by any means. Every wife faces it. But with Anne Morrow Lindbergh it was a concrete and definite one. Lindy had fallen in love with her on the ground. Had found in her mind and spirit and her clean-cut young loveliness all that he wanted in a mate. But he wouldn't stay in love with her nor be happy in his love unless she could join him in his world above the clouds.

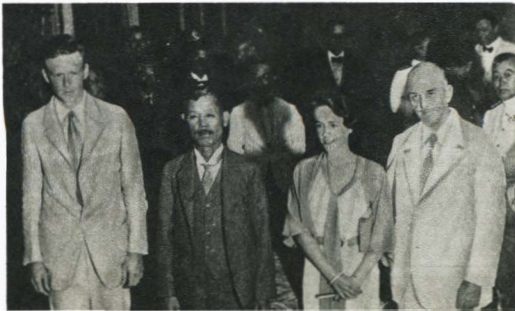
So Anne became a pilot. She learned to fly and to fly well. She learned to fly well enough to take the controls on long flights so that her husband might snatch a few

(Continued on page 34)

■ The two celebrated fliers receive advice from the Governor General of Libya concerning their flight to Persia



■ The "Aerial Vacationists" at a dinner party given by Baron Wakatsuki, an old friend of Ambassador Dwight Morrow







"I cried out, "She's dying—  
oh, my sister is dying!"

# Tainted FAMILY

She searched with her heart, with her mind—in fervent prayer—for some way to reach this girl who was her sister, and protect her from a marriage that was shameful and loveless, but to no avail, because—

#### THE STORY SO FAR:

**M**Y life started to take a new and hectic turn when my younger sister Peggy and I moved into the house of my sister Winnie. I was only eighteen then, and my parents had both recently died of tuberculosis. Winnie, who was twenty-three, was beautiful and had always attracted many men, but she seemed to be especially fond of Eddie Keyes. We were therefore surprised when she married stolid Burton Lodge, who owned a large drug store.

The day that they left on their honeymoon Eddie came up to have dinner with Peggy and me. Then he started rushing me. When a few nights later he told me that he cared for me, I realized that what I felt for him was love, too. I was happy in that knowledge until Winnie and Burton came home and Burton made a terrible scene because of my seeing Eddie. Later, Winnie advised me not to fool around with Eddie—then she said, "I'm going to break up this affair." Later in the week, I fell sick while at the office and decided to go home. The house was quiet when I entered. I opened Winnie's door—to see her in Eddie's arms. They turned and saw me. And then I felt myself falling to the floor.

#### THE STORY CONTINUES:

**I** FELT something cool on my forehead and on my eyes. Though I was dazed, I searched for some inkling as to my whereabouts. I searched for the reason.

I lifted my hand to free my eyes, but halted it in mid-air, and then it fell back limply to my side. I think I must have groaned with pain. Tired as I was, soul-weary and tortured, my heart twisted—I knew. The whole picture appeared before me, clear and evil.

Eddie holding my sister in his arms—his tall body bent forward, slim and muscular! Winnie, with her white beauty!

It was terrible. I hadn't been injured physically, and yet there was a deep wound in my heart. I could almost see it there.

I felt tears in my eyes. And then I knew that this was no time to cry. I opened my eyes and saw two anxious

faces bending over me. One had been my sweetheart. The other was still my sister. I tried to smile, but my lips refused to move. Winnie's hair was disarranged. She was wearing her white satin negligee. She seemed unashamed, and unafraid at this man's presence.

I just said, without turning my head to Eddie, "Please go."

He knew I meant him, and he left quietly. Winnie helped me off her bed, on to which they had carried me, and slowly I pulled myself over to the door. Even my feet did not function properly, would not respond completely to the demand of the mind. And I was crying now, the tears splashing down my cheeks, falling on my dress.

**I**N my room, Winnie undressed me gently. No one had ever served me this way. It was always I who had served Winnie, because of her frequent illnesses. Now she put me to bed, covered me with a blanket.

I said to her, my lips trembling, my body shivering, "It's so cold."

She went into Peggy's room and brought back another blanket of exactly the same texture and fabric. I thought, then, of the time Dad had been in Canada and had brought back a very long woolen blanket. It had to be torn in two—not cut, but torn. And all of us had had an argument about it. After the tearing operation and amid much excitement, Peggy had received one part of the blanket and I the other.

I smiled as I thought of the incident, and as Winnie was covering me I said to her, looking up, "Remember the blanket?"

"Yes," she said. "Now see if you can sleep."

I closed my eyes, and I felt Winnie sitting near me—on a chair near the bed. She was close to me, warm and alive, perhaps still tingling with Eddie's kisses.

I didn't sleep, and finally Winnie's hand touched my shoulder. I opened my eyes. Her words had the quality of a caress. There was an apology implied, and yet a sweetness that I had never heard in her voice before. "Lulu dear, Eddie is not for you."

I turned my face to the wall, my back to her, but she continued.

"Eddie loved me for many years." And then, simply, "and I loved him. But he is incapable of giving the woman he loves that—" she hesitated. "—which any man should. He can't take his work seriously. He couldn't for me. I love him, Lulu. And yet I couldn't trust my life, and my sisters' lives, into his care."

"She gave her body and soul to him," I thought bitterly, but I didn't say anything.

"I asked him to come here today, because I wanted to tell him to leave you alone. And then—" Her voice was very low and shamed.

I sat up. There was fire in my veins. "Why did you do it? How could you? I'm so ashamed of you. Haven't you any will power, any decency?"

The words were like sparks of lightning, burning by their impact. But I didn't care. I hated her.

Winnie folded her beautiful white arms, and leaned back in the chair. Her body was in repose, but her mouth seemed to be twisted in pain. She didn't look at me, and she talked as if to herself.

"I married Burt because of you and Peggy." She smiled a little bit. "No, not altogether. I don't want to be a heroine. I have been sick—I couldn't trust my life to Eddie. He would be very noble about it, but he would fail me somewhere. Burt is not noble." She sighed wearily. "He has fat hands all right, but he is dependable. Yet that isn't all."

There was a pause, as if she were selecting just what to say to me. My heart was beating with anticipation and fear. I was anxious to hear the rest, for I was sure it was something Winnie had never revealed to anyone else.

"I do not love Burt. It is torture for me to be with him. I'm frightened when he comes to our room. I can't describe what a great effort it is for me just to let him stay near me. I thought it would be easier after a time, but now he is wearing me down by his sheer presence. He loves me. He is not happy unless he is near me, touching me. And every time he does, I want to shriek with pain."

I remember that I put my hands over my eyes, for it was something I could never have thought of. It seemed to me that my girlish dreams had been desecrated.

Winnie saw my gesture, but she must have had a reason for going on. "When Eddie came to the house—though I had



every intention of keeping him in his place—I couldn't. I went limp. I couldn't help myself."

Winnie left me then, and I fell into a drugged sleep. It was Peggy who brought me a tray with food, some time later. She wanted to know how I felt. Her eyes searched about suspiciously. She looked around the room as if she were trying to find some clue, anything. But I don't think she was very successful.

The next morning I went to work as usual, and as I left the house I went over to Winnie. She gave not the slightest sign of any emotional upheaval. I kissed her swiftly, and she nodded her head and smiled at me. We understood each other. I was beginning to appreciate the part she was playing, and she in turn knew that I wasn't misjudging her.

I flirted with a half dozen young men that morning, though my heart was still twisted into a knot, and though I felt sure that the bleeding gash was still there. But after all, Eddie had really belonged to Winnie. She had married another man, but still he wasn't mine. He couldn't be mine.

He was ever before my eyes, just as he had bent over my sister, crushing her in his arms. I was still thinking of him when I left the office. And, even as I thought of him, I saw his figure standing before me in the flesh. There he was, wearing a light gray overcoat with the collar turned up. And he wore a light gray hat, the brim pulled down over his eyes. It was warm outside, a beautiful fall day—the sun pleasing, spreading its rays as in benediction. (Continued on page 50)

•The dreaded moment came swiftly. We all knew it when the doctor came out



She loved him deeply, and the tender touch of his hand sent wave upon wave of pain through her body. She looked up at him pathetically, praying that he would touch upon the question uppermost in her mind—the question of marriage



■ Before the evening was over, I was close in Walter's arms once more

# RED-HEADED

THE STORY OF

# MANICURIST

A WRONG COURTSHIP

**M**Y first day as a manicurist in one of the city's large barber shops is indelibly marked on my memory, for I know it was a milestone in my life. Behind me lay my flight from home in search of a career, broken dreams, final disillusionment, and then a six weeks' course in manicuring.

I knew why I had been given this job when there were so many more experienced girls looking for just such a berth in the center of the city and in a large office building. It was my flaming red hair, my white skin and black eyes. Sad and sorrowful eyes they were now, because I felt I was fitted for better things, and because I had deceived my parents back home into believing I had an engagement as a dancer in a motion picture theater.

In the white uniform, I looked especially striking, and

from the first moment, there were men at my table. I didn't bless my luck, however, for the touching of men's hands, this familiar contact of two strangers sitting close together was not to my liking. I was dreadfully afraid of being conspicuous in a place run by men for men, but by the end of the first day, when my nervousness wore off, I couldn't deny to myself, no matter how sorry I felt for my own misfortunes, that it was pleasant to be stared at and admired for one's beauty.

The three other girls were a little aloof at first. I was a newcomer and a competitor, but at heart they were generous, and mistook my dissatisfaction for shyness. Louella, a small dark, plump girl with rosy cheeks and sparkling blue eyes, was the first one who took an interest in me. During a lull she came over and tried to make conversation.

"Is this your first job, kid?" she asked in a kind voice. "Yes."

"What's your first name? That's a pretty good name—Edith Shore. Of course you could make it a little fancier. But with your red hair and your figure, you don't need a fancy name. You'll get by."

"How did you know that this was my first job?" I asked. "Well—we girls always know, but the men don't. They're dumbbells. Do you know, kid, I've got an idea. You could spell Edith with a 'y.' That would make it classy. I mean, when a man asks you for your name and you write it, you—just stick the 'y' in it. E-d-y-t-h-e. And don't ever ask any of them if they're married. Take it from me, they're all married. I don't think there are any single men left—anywhere."

This was the beginning of our friendship, for Louella considered it her duty to take me in hand and give me pointers. During the following days she criticized my behavior. She thought I was too solemn.

"Don't you know that men like a jolly girl? Smile at them, and kid them. Tell 'em they've got good-looking hands. They just eat that stuff up." You can always find something in a man's hand to praise."

I was not the smiling kind, however, especially since I considered myself sadly misplaced. Yet that very attitude of indifference had an unpremeditated effect. Men were interested, and they all searched for a secret sorrow in my life. That pleased me somehow, in my vanity, and the tips they left behind were usually very generous.

I fixed up a cozy little apartment—(Continued on page 57)

I MARRIED A

# Barbarian

**I**f I hadn't been so lonely, and desperate, so beaten and hopeless—yes, and actually hungry—none of this would have happened. This dark chapter would have been left out of my life. But with the dark chapter there was so much besides. I don't know, if I had the choice, if I would have left it out.

I am a minister's daughter. I was brought up carefully in a town in the middle west. Just after I graduated from high school I went to work for the local branch of a great, nationally operating company. I did pretty well. Men from the home office took notice of my work. After about six months I had an offer that looked dazzling to me. I could go into the New York office, with increased salary, and a chance for promotion. Of course I persuaded my parents to let me take the place. And like so many thousands of other girls I turned my face to the great city, sure that here all my dreams would come true.

For about a year I had a glorious time. I liked my work. I had a good salary. I made friends. With three girls I lived in a charming little apartment. We entertained; we went out; we enjoyed the things that the city had to offer.

Then came the depression. Ours was a luxury business, and sales fell off sharply. All over the country our company began to draw in. With decreasing business, and heavily increasing taxes the forces were cut in half. Many branches were closed up. After awhile the New York office had to retrench. I was one of the newer employees. I was let out. My employers were kind. They said that my work had been satisfactory. When better times came there would be a place for me again. They'd not forget me. But I was given a month's salary, and set adrift in the city

■ "Look," he said, and from his pocket he drew something



For the first time she began to ask herself some questions about her husband. What did she know about him? She had married him after an acquaintance of three days. He had volunteered no information about his nationality, family or occupation. Why hadn't he confided in her?

where a hundred girls were after every job that showed itself.

At the time this story begins I had been out of work for about six months. My money was so nearly gone that I was frightened. I could pay for the bare little room I had taken one more week. There was about a quarter for food each day for that week, and after that, what? I was afraid to think. What did become of a girl penniless and homeless in a great city? I kept searching frantically for a job. On Monday at noon I went into an Automat for my one meal of the day. After calculating what would give the most nourishment for the least money, I took the tray and collected my food, a bowl of soup, two rolls, and a glass of milk. As I turned toward a table someone bumped into me, and the contents of my tray slid off on the floor. At once the man began offering apologies.

"Madame, see, I have just filled my tray. You will take my tray, and I will fill another for myself. Do not refuse, or I shall think you do not forgive me my truly unpardonable awkwardness."

Before I could speak he had deposited a well-filled tray on a small table beside us. He took me gently by the arm, and turned me toward the table. He drew out my chair and was waiting for me. What could I do. I murmured thanks and sat down. How could I refuse that meal? I was so hungry and here were meat, vegetables, fruit, dessert and coffee.

In a few minutes the man was back with another tray.

"May I, madame?" he asked pausing at the place opposite.

What could I say? Of course I smiled assent. He sat down, and now for the first time I really looked at him.

I had known from his speech that he was

■ I shrank back with a cry of horror. It was a necklace

not American. There was some slight accent that I could not place. Now I saw that he looked foreign. He was very dark, black eyes and satin-smooth black hair. He was rather a small man, slight, and not more than five feet six inches. But he looked wiry and strong. There was no suggestion of the effeminate about him. And he was handsome. My first thought was that he must be an actor.

"Madame, I am Rafael Vernaes, at your service," he said, bowing toward me.

"I am Janet West," I responded, "but miss, not madame."  
"Ah, so much the better for me," he smiled.

There was a young American at the next table, and I could see he was watching us closely.

When I got up to go he arose, and said close to my ear, "I don't know whether you want to know it, but that fellow bumped into you on purpose—so he could scrape an acquaintance, I guess. I think you'd better look out for him."

"Thank you," I said in confusion, and went out.

Away from the spell of Rafael's dark eyes and liquid voice I, too, felt that I'd better look out for him. But I had agreed to meet him that evening, and I did.

A week later I was married to Rafael, and living with him in a cozy little furnished apartment. I was truly happy. I suppose no sheltered woman can ever understand how thankful I was to wake up mornings without that aching fear of want waiting for me around the next corner. I was loved, desired, made much of. Rafael was the lover every girl dreams of. His manners were gentle and considerate. He left me in the morning with lingering kisses as if he could not bear to be separated from me. He bought me little gifts when he returned. He praised my housekeeping and cooking extravagantly. He was always asking if I didn't want this or that. He gave me money freely for the household needs. I didn't need to ask him for anything for clothes, and I was glad of that. I had bought good things when I had my job, and my clothes were still good looking.

One day, after about a month of married life, he said he would not be home that night. There was work that would take him out of the city for two days.

"Oh, Rafael, I shall be so lonely," I said.

"Not so lonely as I will be, dearest one."

He took me in his arms with murmurs of endearment.

"Rafael," I said suddenly, "You've never told me what your job is. Think of it, I don't know what you do to make our living."

"Oh, I work down at the docks."

"I suppose you are a stevedore," I said laughing. For Rafael always went out and returned looking immaculate.

"No, I boss the stevedores," he countered smiling. And with another kiss he left me before there were more questions.

For the first time I began to ask myself some questions

about my husband. I was alone for two days and a night, without his magnetic presence to keep me from thought. What did I know about him? Nothing. I had married him after an acquaintance of three days. I was sure that he was of foreign birth, but I didn't even know his nationality. He had volunteered no information about his nationality, family, rank or occupation. And now in the cold light of reason I remembered that when I had asked questions he had cleverly evaded direct answers. I felt vaguely troubled. Why hadn't he confided in me?

But when he returned the evening of the second day all was forgotten in the warmth of his love.

There were three happy, peaceful months. And then the whole lovely dream was shattered by cold reality. Rafael came home one evening, and said, "The job is done, and there is nothing more for me. We must make new plans."

"Oh, Rafael, do you mean you are out of work?" He could

not fail to read the dismay in my voice. No job! Would I have to go through that slowly growing terror again? He took me in his arms quickly.

"There's nothing to worry about, dear one. Me, I go out and find another job."

"But jobs are so scarce just now, Rafael. What is your work? What do you know how to do?"

But even now he did not answer my question.

"If all the jobs fail we can go back to my home. I have plenty of property there."

"Oh, that's good, but haven't you any money saved?"

"I don't save money. I spend it," he smiled.

"Perhaps if you write to your people they will send you enough to tide us over until you get another job."

He laughed aloud as if that were a good joke.

"It's no use writing, my family can't read or write."

"But Rafael," I gasped. "And you seem so well educated."

"My father realized his handicaps in dealing with wh— people, and he sent me out to school. My father is a very clever man if he cannot read or write."

"Where is your home?"  
"In Panama."

For a moment I was stunned. Panama seemed as far away as Tibet. But I began to draw my mind together. What did I know about Panama? It was in Central America, and I had a dim idea it belonged to the United States. I found Panama is an independent government. It is a progressive state and advancing in importance, though it is so small.

"You mean we will go to live in Panama?"

"Yes, and don't look so sad about it. Panama is a beautiful place."

"I didn't mean to look sad. I am your wife, and of course I will go where you go. I was just surprised. You never said anything about your home before. Tell me about it. Panama is just a spot on the map to me."

He told about the thriving city of (Continued on page 39)

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out afterward I was wrong. Panama is an independent government. It is a progressive state and advancing in importance, though it is so small.

"You mean we will go to live in Panama?"

"Yes, and don't look so sad about it. Panama is a beautiful place."

"I didn't mean to look sad. I am your wife, and of course I will go where you go. I was just surprised. You never said anything about your home before. Tell me about it. Panama is just a spot on the map to me."

He told about the thriving city of (Continued on page 39)



■ Panic seized me: I drew back my arm and slapped him

# "MY Atone<sup>ment</sup>"

**THE STORY OF A GIRL'S PASSIONATE INTERFERENCE**

In her heart she felt a secret shame. She was adopting the tactics of a siren in luring Olaf away from her sister. Yet her shame was not as strong as her stubbornness in refusing to mind her own business, until—

**I** WAS fifteen when Olaf Swensen first came to our house and ate supper with us. Olaf was a huge Swedish lumberjack from the camp outside the little town where we lived. My father, who was a Methodist preacher, had visited the camp in an attempt to get some of the men to attend church the following Sunday. He had talked with Olaf, who was a sort of crew boss, and invited him to come to supper that night.

The scene, as I recall it, is vivid. Outside, the cold blasts of a Northern Michigan winter blew in from Lake Superior. Inside our small frame house, it was warm, and the smell of baked fish, as only my Swedish mother knew how to bake it,

drifted into the living room where my father sat with his glasses hooked to the lower part of his nose, reading the big Bible out loud.

Martha, my older sister, sat prim and quiet, listening. Big Olaf was slumped carelessly in a heavy rocker, his rough calloused hands folded in his lap, his eyes staring ahead of him at nothing. As for me, I fidgeted in my chair as I always did when Father forced us to listen to biblical readings.

It wasn't that I didn't have the orthodox faith in religion, nor that I lacked a feeling of respect for my father. It was just that I was averse to sitting (Continued on page 36)

# STRONG MAN'S

# Lady

THE STORY OF  
A BRUTAL HERO

As always when he had done wrong, he took her in his arms and told her he loved her. But the reconciliation didn't last—there was always another passionate outburst of anger, another storm, until—

#### THE STORY SO FAR:

**A**LTHOUGH my mother and father retained many of their Swedish ideals after they had come to this country, I tried my best to become thoroughly American. I loved my mother and my sea-captain father dearly, and I didn't want to hurt them, but I knew that it wounded them deeply when I fell in love with Captain Ransome. They considered him a man of the world, and not good company for me. But it seemed right to me that I should love him almost from the first moment I saw him—the day he came to our house to see one of his seamen, Sven Knudsen, whom mother had taken in because he was seriously ill. He was so big and strong and dynamic I couldn't help but be swept off my feet. And when a few weeks later he took me in his arms and said, "I love you, Linda," I knew that I would go with him to the ends of the earth if he asked me to.

When Father left on his next voyage, he tried to get me to promise that I wouldn't leave with Jim until he returned, but I couldn't promise. Then we had the sudden, horrible news that Father and his men had been lost at sea. That changed everything. I couldn't leave my mother now. But when I tried to explain that to Jim, he was furious and left me.

The next few years were lonesome, but Mother and I got along fairly well. With Sven's help Mother developed a successful rooming house for sailors. Then Jim came back to see me—and this time I couldn't let him go. We were quietly married, and I sailed away with him—the only woman on that ship of many men.

I was happy until Jim started drinking too much. He was morose, then, and jealous. He was especially jealous of Sven, with whom I enjoyed talking. One day, as I stood on deck talking to him, Jim approached. He hurled angry words at him, and then he hit him. I heard Sven's head hit the deck.

"Jim, you've killed him," I screamed.

#### THE STORY CONTINUES:

**I** STARTED for Sven, without thought, but Jim grabbed my shoulder and turned me toward the cabin, pushing me so hard I almost lost my balance, and his voice was like thunder, "Go forward where you belong. I'll teach that Swede to mind his own business. I'll teach him to stay where he belongs and not to make love to my wife."

"Make love to my wife"—had I heard aright? It struck me like a blow in the face. Then he stopped, but I had already gone back and something broke off my shoulders—I don't know what—but it was as if a yoke which had held me bodily in a vise had snapped, and the fear in which this man had held me, snapped. Suddenly I was not afraid. I stood in front of him, looked up at him and then at Sven who

was picking himself up and whose muscles, I could see, were tightening. Sven came forward, but I put up my hand. Even as I did so, I noticed a group of the men nearby watching and I knew this must be cleared up. I spoke loudly, "Jim, what did you say? Did you say, 'make love to your wife?' Take it back. Take it back, I say," and my voice sounded like nothing I had heard before. Jim looked at me in amazement and when he started to speak, I interrupted, "Jim look me in the eyes," and, reluctantly, he did so and I could see the anger dying in his face, but he went blindly on.

"I told that Swede," but he got no further.

"Jim," and my voice was loud and shrill, "shame on you. That Swede, as you call him, is Sven. He's your friend and my friend. You know he never made love to me."



■ "I'll teach that Swede to mind his own business. I'll teach him to stay where he belongs and not to make love to my wife."

■ I noticed a group of the men nearby watching and I knew this must be cleared up. I spoke loudly, "What did you say, Jim?"

The very sureness with which I spoke made itself felt, though he continued.

"Well, he wanted to marry you. He loves you. I know he does," Jim's words were as if he were trying to back up his evil deed.

But I could not let him go on, "Suppose he did. I refused him and married you. That should be enough for you," and then I turned to Sven and found he was not hurt. I told him I was sorry, "Please do nothing, Sven. It was my fault. I will be more careful."

**H**E started to speak but I motioned him not to. I didn't understand just what this assurance was which had come to me, but I stopped him and turned to Jim. "Sven didn't come up to me, Jim. I went up to him. I went up to walk with him and talk as I often have, and as I shall continue to do. Nothing you can do or say will make me stop talking to him."

I put my hand on his arm and literally guided him forward. He started to step into the cabin first, but I waited, standing there, until he realized, and stepped back and held the door for me to go in first. I told him, as calmly as if I were talking to a stranger, that though I loved the sea there were times when I was almost overcome with a sort of sickness—not homesickness exactly—probably grief for my father, especially at sunset when something made me remember my dad standing against the sun as I had last seen him.

He turned gently to me then and told me he was sorry, "Why can't you talk with me about that instead of to Sven?"

But I couldn't tell him why, for I had just begun to sense that there was an understanding between Sven and me which was deeper than the fact that we came from the same country or gratitude for his kindness to my mother.

Then Jim went on to tell me that I must remember that this was a long voyage, that the men were hale and hearty men who liked women.

"I'm afraid for you sometimes, Lindy. You're so beautiful—but maybe I'm just jealous." He looked sort of sheepish and I felt he was, in his way, apologizing for his actions. Then, as always when he had done wrong, he took me in his arms and told me he loved me and that was why he did these things—and then he made me forget, as women have forgotten all down the ages. He was, at these times tender and kind. I showed him the marks of his fingers on my white shoulder and he kissed them and was wholly penitent.

But something had happened to me. As I told you, something had broken off of me when Sven fell. I spent many nights, while Jim snored peacefully, in trying to figure out what had happened to me. I stayed away from Sven when he was alone, for I knew, even though I had heard Jim make him a grudging apology for having been so quick, that Jim, with drink in him, was not to be depended on. I had come to see that drink does strange things to men and makes them give vent to fears they hug tightly to themselves when sober, and they do things they would scorn to stoop to. I talked with Sven and the others when Jim was near. He understood, I knew, for one morning I met him as I was going to breakfast and he said, "What the skipper said was true, but he needn't be

afraid. I'm only watching over you. And the men feel the same way. You're safe when you're outside the cabin. Men who go to sea see deeper than the surface, and while they know he is a good skipper, they know too what kind of man he is—and what kind of a woman you are."

I did much thinking as we came down towards Capetown and looked forward to seeing land again. We laughed a good deal over the men's plans on shore. I had been doing a good bit of hand work and the big chest in our cabin was rapidly filling with lovely things. I had also made two linen dresses, one with handwork in my favorite blue, and was glad it was warm so I could wear them. Jim laughed at me, "As if you didn't have dresses enough. Who're you planning to meet in Capetown? Got a date with an Englishman down there?" And he went off roaring at his own joke. Would he never stop talking about my wanting men? My mind and heart were almost disgusted.

Jim had been steadier as we came toward port, but when he was drinking I heard him mutter several times about that "Swede," though, when he was sober, he had told me how dependable Sven was and how he trusted him. The first mate, Charlie, a big hulking man, Jim did not trust, as he felt Charlie wanted to be skipper in his stead. I felt Jim had no grounds for such fears and tried to calm him, but sooner or later, if I took any man's part, Jim accused me of wanting him. I suffered over this and tried to make Jim sure of my love for him, but when he had liquor in him, he was so repulsive I was beside myself. I spent hours standing aft watching the ship's wake and punishing myself because I had been repelled. When he was kind and tender I did want him, but the moment he had drink in him he turned into a loathsome beast. He saw this and it made him suspicious. One afternoon I saw him watching me, for he had been moody all day. I went to the cabin to get some sewing, and while stooping over and sorting out my work, I heard the key turn. I was locked in. He had threatened it several times.

"Jim, Jim let me out!"—I called several times, but heard only his booming voice roaring at the men. I went back and sat down to think what to do, and gradually during the afternoon I came to see that the thoughts I had been holding about dropping overboard there at the stern of the ship would not solve anything. Jim would accuse the men and take it out on Sven. I came to see that since I could think clearly, I must do so and stop being unnerved by Jim's actions and jealousy. I recalled the breaking of the

fear when Jim had hit Sven and how I had been able to control things and save a fight. Something told me then, as I prayed to be fair and square and do right that I must not only be wife to Jim but a sort of mother, too, and try to save him from himself. It might not be possible—but I could try, and then the thought of my wise mother came to me, and I knew I was hereafter to do as nearly as I could what she would have done under the same circumstances.

The first mate brought me some supper, so daintily fixed that I remarked on it, and he told me Gus thought I should have something special since I was such a fine lady on their ship. I was touched and grateful and (Continued on page 83)



## IS LITERARY OR ARTISTIC THEFT

■ So widespread has this evil become that the publishers of TRUE ROMANCES take this means of announcing that they will prosecute to the limit of the law any person or persons found guilty of this offense.

Stories submitted to this magazine come through the United States Mail. Before acceptance the author sends through the mail an affidavit sworn to, attesting to the fact that the story is an original literary composition.

The check in payment for an accepted story, also transmitted through the mail, when endorsed by the author, contains a similar warranty as to authorship and originality.

Despite these safeguards, there are some people bold enough deliberately to copy stories from other publications, and submit them as their own.

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The Publishers of  
TRUE ROMANCES MAGAZINE  
Will Not Permit You to Be Cheated



## THE MOST ROMANTIC

# Picture of the Month

**"M**OST romantic picture of the month." That's a pretty nice tribute to be able to pay a picture—don't you think? Especially when you consider all of the pictures released during a year and each company vying to produce the finest picture possible. Sometimes it is not easy to select this "most romantic picture." More and more motion picture audiences are demanding romance on the screen, and writers, producers, players are constantly seeking to fill that demand. But the other day I came away from the preview of Columbia's brand new picture, "Holiday," knowing that my search for this month has ended.

"Holiday" co-stars lovely Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant, whose tall, dark handsomeness invariably injects a note of romance into whatever picture he is in. The usual formula for a successful love story requires that the hero and heroine be brought together in the very beginning, then it introduces conflict of some kind, and in the end true love must win out.

But "Holiday," with delightful disdain for such tradition, has dared to be different. It all ends happily, it is true, but not until the two people who are meant for each other and don't know it, have hurdled all obstacles. And as is so often the case in real life—because women seem to have a truer instinct in matters of love—it is the girl and not the man who takes matters into her own hands.

"Holiday," which incidentally was a successful stage play, is the story of what happens when a young man, with high ideals and a great love for his fellowmen, is unfortunate enough to fall in love with a selfish, materially minded girl with too much money.

The man is Johnny Case (Cary Grant), a young lawyer. The girl is Julia Seton (Doris Nolan), of the Fifth Avenue Setons—one of the sixty families who are supposed to represent the backbone of society. They have met at Lake Placid where each has gone for a brief winter vacation. Johnny knows nothing about Julia except that she is awfully pretty and vital and lots of fun. Julia knows only that Johnny is a successful lawyer and so good looking her heart does flip-flops every time their eyes meet. There really isn't much time to do any heavy thinking when the days are crowded with tobogganing, ice-skating, skiing and snowshoeing



BY ANNE MACKLYN

through the woods with the gay crowd of vacationists. Before they realize what has happened, Julia has promised to marry Johnny if her family approves.

We like to think that all that really does and should matter is love. We so often declare that if real love is there, nothing on earth is going to change it—but the fact remains that love can change when it should, and "Holiday" proves the point. Because, you see,

Johnny and Julia make the same mistake so many of us make. Simply because they are romantically attracted to each other under the most auspicious circumstances they confuse it with love. They do this by building up an ideal about each other that is very different from what they actually are. Johnny sees in Julia a girl marvelously suited to his ways of thinking and living.

(Continued on page 63)

# More Revelations about the Love Story of Colonel and Anne Lindbergh

(Continued from page 20)

hours—or moments—of needed rest and sleep. Imagine taking over the controls from Lindy! To him, flying was second—maybe first—nature. The plane was part of him. He was born to fly. And this shy young girl had to learn to take over and fly that same ship, and in his absorption he expected her to do it and to do it well. And she did.

That is a supreme example of love, of the love of a wife for her husband. "Whither thou goest, I will go"—and so Anne entered a new world and with a courage beyond that which Lindy himself had shown when he flew from New York to Paris became part of her husband's real life.

In her heart of hearts she must have been glad that he wanted her to learn to fly for that meant that she could always be with him, could go with him. If she hadn't, she would have been left behind, so often, just an earthbound wife for him to come home to, and that was no part of Anne's plan nor her love.

**O**F the day upon which she and her famous husband landed in North Haven, Maine, before they began their flight across the frozen North to China and Japan. Anne Morrow Lindbergh wrote, "I felt my usual costume of restraint fall off me as though stepping into my own family."

There is infinite revelation and some paths in that simple statement to be found in her book, "North to the Orient."

That was in 1931, before tragedy entered their lives, before the glaring spotlight of the world's most famous crime was fixed upon the young Lindberghs. It shows, in its simple phrasing, that already the gracious and natural young girl had learned to wear the "costume of restraint" as a usual thing. Already she had learned to meet the constant demands of press and public with as much dignity and friendliness as possible. Her husband hated publicity in all its forms. He did not understand it. He was busy about great affairs, mapping new trails in the trackless skies. He was busy with things that would in time mean much to earthbound men and women. His mind was intent upon the things he had to do. She had to protect him as much as she could, and yet to live according to his code. To give out nothing and still do her best to win the good will of those she refused.

"I'm sorry, I really haven't anything to say."

That was Anne Lindbergh's invariable answer when the press came, in eagerness and always interested mass of readers and Lindbergh fans, came to her for the color and human touches connected with their flights and sky enterprises.

You can see her, slim, excited, very young, waiting to take-off on some new and hazardous journey. Bare-headed, in slacks and sneakers, the other half of the great Lindbergh and his mighty projects.

She was a mother when they started on the great flight that all men regard as so dangerous—north to the Orient. Her son, the little Eaglet, was at North Haven, Maine, where she had spent so much of her childhood.

But now we come to the strange and beautiful phenomenon of real love—of why people love and find each other in the complicated scheme of things.

Lindy had passionately wanted children. So had Anne. It had been in their love from the crowning achievement when little Charles Augustus Lindbergh arrived, a blond, curly-headed baby, of whom friends

and relatives said at once, "But he's exactly like his father!" And so he was. There was no dark premonition of foreboding to tell the shy and rejoicing young parents that their baby, heir to the throne of the skies, Lindy's son, the little Eagle, wouldn't be safe, that he was marked for pitiful disaster. They couldn't dream, in those wonderful days of holding their first son in their arms, planning for his future, watching his first steps, his first words, his first smiles that he would be torn from them by cruel, death-dealing hands.

But Anne was a maternal woman; Anne was in many ways the most home-loving of women. In her heart, it must have been that she saw her home, her husband, her baby with that passion for safety that all women have. No danger. Oh God, no danger to any of us.

Yet already danger beckoned. Not for little Lindy. He was safe. But for her and for Lindy.

For already Lindy must be off into the skies again. And there as you will see, we find that great magic of love. For Anne, the shy and reserved young girl who had lived so sheltered a life, Anne the wife and mother, who wanted safety for her loved ones had in her the great and flaming desire for adventure and for the voyages into unknown lands.

Her reading had done it. All her life she had been reading adventure. All her life upon the printed page she had followed this great navigator and that great adventurer. Marco Polo was a hero of hers. Hakluyt's "Voyages" had been one of her priceless favorites, a book dear to her and read over and over again. She knew the history of the world's attempt to find a passage "A passage by the North-west to Cathaia." Sir Hugh Willoughby's fatal expedition, in the days of great Elizabeth, was familiar to her in books. Frobenius—Davis—all the great explorers were her friends—in books.

**F**ROM the days when Icarus upon waxen wings attempted to fly—for the first known time in history—she knew the stories of flying.

And she knew that no attempts at new flights, new navigation, new routes, new ways for man to travel, were without danger.

Always this had been part of her inner secret happiness. While she sat safe within her father's house, protected, served, warm—the shy, quiet, middle daughter, Anne—she had been living these adventures in her books. Poetry she loved. But strangely it was adventure tales that were her real loves and that she read secretly, savouring their thrill, their sight of new lands, their adventures in unknown countries among unknown people.

Her own family and friends scarcely suspected this inner life of adventure. Anne? Quiet, humorous, understanding little Anne? The spirit of great adventure, the courage of the pioneer, the soul of the conqueror? They didn't know about it. How did Lindbergh know? How did he know when he met the Ambassador's daughter, with her smooth dark head and her bright blue eyes, her charming ordered manners, that her spirit matched his own? It was easy, easy for her to know that here in her own house meeting her face to face was the re-incarnation of those great heroes of the olden story books she had always loved. Here was a new Marco Polo. But how did he know? How did he realize that she would get into an airplane with him and fly where woman had

never flown before—and love it?

That, perhaps, is the proof of true love—the magic of the spirit that flows between a girl and a boy. It had touched the inarticulate hero, when he first saw Anne. Without words or knowledge, it had made him know that this was the one woman in the world for him.

So it proved. "I thought of the two of us, ready to go in it anywhere, and I had a sense of our self-contained insularity. Islands feel like this, I am sure, and walled cities and sometimes men."

So wrote Anne Lindbergh when she remembered their take-off on that dangerous flight.

**N**O mention of love there. No flaming words. No impassioned poetry. But no words written in our time express love with more beauty and more dignity. Those are words that will live and be remembered as long as Lindbergh's great flight itself.

"I thought of the two of us, ready to go anywhere in it." The two of us—man and woman, girl and boy, husband and wife. Ready to get in that plane and go anywhere, go where man had never been before, go into danger, face hazards, take chances beyond ordinary conception. And at that moment this girl had a sense of "our self-contained insularity." Islands feel like this—and walled cities. To those who have been in love the words speak for themselves. The thought of an island has always been the thought of lovers. Anne and Lindy—an island in the midst of all life, all people, the sea of humanity and its troubles and worries and sorrow and pain. Is there any greater love than that two people should feel like an island—a walled city—two against the world?

Only a woman knowing love at its height, loving and knowing herself loved and understood completely, could so express herself.

And it is important to note that those words were written after the tragedy that took the life of their first born son. The flight was taken before, when little Lindy was still safe in his mother's girlhood home in Maine. But the book was written after those horrible nights of suspense, after those harrowing days in the Flemington court house.

Still, in Anne's heart, she and her husband were an island, a walled city. Yes, islands feel like that and walled cities and, as she wrote, "sometimes men." Sometimes when a really great love has joined two people.

There is other proof of the greatest love story of our modern times.

To each man his own fear—so it has been written—and to each his own ideal, his own standard.

Courage was Lindbergh's ideal. Perhaps he didn't himself realize it. What courage it took to make that great flight that made him famous he was the last to understand. It was a job of work and he was more interested in what his plane, The Spirit of St. Louis, would do in the pinches. He was more concerned with its performance, with his use of navigation in the skies, with his ability as a flyer, than he was with anything that had to do with him as a man.

Yet it was courage, his courage, that thrilled the listening and waiting millions while he made that flight. We, the people, weren't concerned so much with the plane. We didn't, perhaps, even think of the flight with regard to its application to the future of aviation.

We thought of a tall, slim young Amer-

ican alone—utterly alone—flying across the Atlantic. We thought of the simple bravery with which he had taken off. We knew of the other proposed flights, the other failures. Plans—people—attempts at safety. And suddenly a young man alone had taken off. Lindy's on his way to Paris! Remember?

It was the courage of the thing that thrilled us, that made Lindy our hero—not his mechanical genius nor his flying ability.

In Anne Morrow, the great quality was courage.

She became a radio operator. It wasn't easy. Again, she had no flair for that sort of thing. But she became her husband's radio operator. A tough job, at best. An all-important one when their lives might depend upon it over and over again in their flights here and there about the world. She was frightened. To read her book, is to know that. She admits it openly—but more, the whole book itself shows, is the great conquest of fear, which is the highest courage there is. The man without fear—the woman without fear—is fortunate. Brave, yes. But not necessarily courageous. But the woman who conquers fear to do her job, to follow her man, to be part of his adventures—she has courage.

**SO** these two met in their supreme quality—the quality of courage.

And never, perhaps, was that quality so tested in two human beings as in the days following the kidnaping and murder of their first born son.

And in their ability to take up life afterwards.

There you have the supreme test of life—and of love.

Human beings bear up, somehow, under stress and strain and tragedy.

The nights after March 1st, 1932, when that crib in the Lindbergh nursery was empty, had to be borne. Nothing else do. Every man and woman can enter into those nights. The baby had been put to bed. He had a cold. A little cold, such as small boys have. His mother—his father—were there in the house. Then—the crib was unbelievably empty. The baby—their baby—was gone. Where was he? Was he cold, hungry, cruelly treated? What fiends had their little laughing, cuddly baby in their vicious hands?

That had to be borne.

The death of their baby—that little loved thing in his woolly sleepers found out in the cold, wet ground. That had to be borne.

The trial, when their hearts were torn, their feelings burned with fire, that had to be borne. With such dignity and such courage as might be. Then what?

There you have the great love story. For after that horror and that sorrow and that pain and fear, these two people managed somehow to take up their life and their love and go on and find some measure of happiness and achievement. They managed to keep their love for each other as the great protection against the world's menace and cruelty which they above all people knew so well. They went on with their work—together—carrying on the plans they had made, carrying out the dreams they had dreamed.

Their courage bound them together, never falling each other, never letting each other down.

During the coronation of King George VI with all its strange background of love and tragedy, there was born to Anne Morrow Lindbergh in a London hospital, a third son.

Already there was another little boy, Jon, who had been expected when his older brother was snatched and killed. Now, there was the third Lindbergh son, Land Lindbergh.

Carrying on. That's what they were doing—the Lindberghs. They were rejoicing

together over this new baby, over their two new fine boys. Yet they had been torn from their homeland. They had been, as far as they saw it, driven from the country they both worshipped and adored. By what?

It is no use to see the thing from any standpoint but their own. That is where you will find, always, with all people, the things of importance. They had both been born in America. Anne came of a family devoted to America, and ready to give life, service, devotion always to that country. Her heart was tied to that country. She had an intense love of home. Her memories, her girlhood, her childhood, were bound with steel hands to the mountains and woods and streams of the land where she was born. Lindy had given his deeds—his great deeds—to his country.

They needed home. They needed their homeland. And that most people have been through those things they had been through, they needed the feel, the protection, the rest of home.

But in their homeland they had been through so much. Death—agony—trial—everything that people can be forced to endure. No one is to blame that they were and always would be the center of avid curiosity. No one is to blame that their second son was threatened. But at last they faced, together as always, the fact that they must go away. They were targets. They always would be targets.

So they began a new life in a new country. Misunderstood, harassed, attacked, they still felt that only in some other land would they find at last a chance to be at peace. But it was a terrible and tragic thing when it happened, and more tragic and terrible for them than it was even for the land they had so honored, so served, so glorified. They knew little of other lands except to fly over them. They knew little of other customs, except as Anne had read of them. They were American to the very core of their beings as every act of their lives had proved.

**THERE** was, you know, a house at Hopewell, New Jersey. It wasn't in any sense a mansion. It was an ordinary farm house. Re-painted, re-built, made more charming. Around it stretched acres and acres of ordinary New Jersey farmland. It was charming in its way, but not beautiful, as many who have seen it know. But there the young Lindberghs, with their vast fame and their large fortune, with their one son and another baby expected, settled down.

There wasn't anything spectacular about it. It wasn't the sort of place millionaires might envy. It was farmland . . . American farmland. A good place to raise American boys. Quiet, out of the way, a place where a man and woman in love and with their children could make a home to which they might come back from great adventures in the skies.

It proves, in black and white, what they had planned for their lives. How much they wanted the ordinary life of an American family. How they yearned for it. How they intended to bring up their children. Of course, near it there was an airport. From it, they would fly away to great adventures. But always there would be the background of that American farm, with its rolling acres, the Sourland Mountains in the distance.

They had to give up all that. That house became a chamber of horrors. That house was haunted. From it, their son had been stolen and murdered. From it, they had been attacked.

So, in time, it came about that they had to go into exile.

The pressure of the past was too much for them. They had to find peace for a little while somewhere else, somewhere away from their own memories and the

memories of the public. They had to find safety for a little while from the threats that bore down upon them. Even Anne's courage, even Lindy's courage, weren't proof against those threats to their second son, against the curiosity that surrounded them day and night.

But bear in mind one thing. Through all this, they went on with their work—together. Anne wrote her great book, with Lindy helping her by drawing maps, by giving her positive aviation information. Lindy went on working, not only upon aviation but upon scientific problems with such great scientists as Dr. Alexis Carrell. They kept on with the great vistas they had seen when they married, young, glorified, happy, sure of their great future.

How did that come about?

There was only one way that it could have come about. That was in their great love for each other, their comfort for each other and their re-assurance given to each other. No two people of our times have ever suffered what these two did. The sorrows and troubles of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor are synthetic and simple compared to the sorrows and troubles that our own Lindy and Anne, his wife, have faced.

**LIFE** had given them the heights and the depths, without their choice or their seeking. Life had brought them pain and thrills in their work, and then had rid them with terror and bullets and sadness.

But their work went on. Nothing stopped that. They made new flights—together. They wrote new books—together. They did great work for science—together. They produced new sons—together.

The world and its greatest tragedies hadn't been able to break through the one great stability factor of their lives—love. It had survived everything for them. Sometimes, as all men and women know, great sorrow tears people apart. Sometimes its aftermath makes them draw apart from each other, wanting to forget. Sometimes sorrow so tarnishes love that there is none of its beauty and little of its romance left. That has happened many times. People stick together through the great pain of tragedies, only to break wide apart in the deadly sea of memories.

But Anne and Lindy never faltered. Shoulder to shoulder they met the problems of young love of new marriage, in the spotlight of the world's publicity. Shoulder to shoulder, they met a tragedy and a sorrow that no flight of imagination can top. And shoulder to shoulder as always, the slim young American girl, and the tall blond American hero, went on from there.

Ten years have passed since Lindbergh's flight. Nine years since their marriage—six years since Charles Augustus Lindbergh Jr. was stolen from his crib in the house in Hopewell.

Today, Charles Augustus Lindbergh and his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, have managed to pick up the pieces and to find in each other the great comfort, companionship, help and inspiration that true love can give. They were a couple of American kids. A hero—without his expectation. A wife, taking on all his problems. They have been beset by more drama than any fiction story could devise.

But they have kept their love, invulnerable, sure, strong. It is the one thing that has kept them carrying on and still being a glory to America, still accomplishing, still working and still happy. For they are happy together, as those close to them know. They have each other. That is the answer to the fact that they still laugh, that their sons find in them gay and devoted parents. Love has been their guide, their star and always their protection.

They are still in exile—and together, against anything the world can do to them.

## "My Atonement"

(Continued from page 29)

when I felt like doing something. As I say, I was fifteen, large for a girl my age, and filled with the customary impetuosity of youth.

Presently my mother came into the room. Hands on hips, she waited patiently until my father finished reading the twenty-fifth Psalm. Mother, or anyone, for that matter, never interrupted Father's reading of the Bible. God and my father ruled our home—gently, yet leaving no doubt as to their authority.

"Dinner is ready," said my mother. I rose first, glanced at my sister Martha who also rose, and at Olaf. Father looked at Mother, methodically closed the huge Bible and stood up. He turned to Olaf.

"Come, Olaf," he said with a smile. "Trout. Fresh-water trout for dinner. A change from boiled potatoes in the lumber camp, I'll venture."

Olaf lumbered to his feet.

"Yah, I smelt it," he said, and followed us into the dining room.

FATHER said grace, following which we set to with a will. A Michigan winter is conducive to hearty appetites, even though we engage in less physical activity than usual. Father dominated the conversation, talking mainly to Olaf, asking questions about life in the pine forests and the lumber camps. Olaf gave monosyllabic replies. Occasionally, the conversation came to a halt, and during these periods, I glanced up once or twice to find Olaf gazing alternately at Martha and me. More often at me, I imagined.

Dinner over, Mother and I carried the dishes to the kitchen while the others went into the living room. Martha, upon a request from my father, played the piano. I felt sure she was using the harp pedal a bit more frequently than usual. I peeped in once or twice and saw her sitting stiff and erect, her hair hanging straight down her back and secured by a small ribbon. Father sat in a stiff occasional chair, hands folded in his lap, his eyes closed. Olaf sat silent and motionless, his eyes going more than once to Martha's figure, then back to a study of his boots. Once, as I pecked, he glanced up and met my stare. The expression on his face didn't change; leathery, sphinx-like, it suddenly impressed me as being the index to a character devoid of imagination.

That evening set a precedent for many others. Always Olaf slouched in the same chair, hardly saying a word, never venturing an opinion save when he was asked. Always Father did all the talking, drawing him out as much as he could about life among the big trees. As far as Martha and I were concerned, Olaf's visits were directed to our parents, and we accepted his growing status as a family fixture much as we would have the purchase of an additional piece of furniture. Mother would answer our fretful impatience at the delay in eating with, "We can't sit down till Olaf comes."

Two years went by swiftly for Martha and me. Martha became eighteen, then nineteen. I was seventeen, and was beginning to experience the first thrills of maturing girlhood. I belonged to the Junior League, and we had parties and socials, and two or three evenings a week. I would come down to dinner with my best frocks on and my hair done up, so that I could slip away quickly after the dishes were washed, to attend some doings. On these occasions, Olaf would watch me closely, staring at me furtively when he thought I wasn't aware of him.

At first I was embarrassed by his con-

stant scrutiny; then, in time, the self-possession which comes with the knowledge that one looks at one's best overlook me, and I adjusted myself to the complacency of conceit. Olaf liked me, my untutored instinct told me. Olaf was thirty-five and a man; I felt a guilty pride in my unconscious conquest.

I was soon engrossed in a routine of activity typical of that of other girls of my age. Father was, in spite of his orthodox leanings, quite broad-minded in regard to my comings and goings. Once in a while he dropped in at our school dances to see how things were going, but as he was the pastor of the only church in miles, that was to be expected. Everyone knew him and liked him.

One night I returned home from a party around ten o'clock and found Mother and Father sitting alone in the parlor. I inquired about Martha's whereabouts. "She went out for a walk with Olaf," Mother said, and I was aware of a note of quiet satisfaction in her voice.

As I took off my wraps, I thought of Martha and Olaf going for a walk. Martha and Olaf! The situation suddenly struck me as being very funny. I began to laugh. Father looked up at me over his glasses.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked. "I was just thinking," I answered, still giggling. "Martha and Olaf. How funny they must look! Big hulking Olaf, shuffling along, and Martha—"

Father interrupted me, and his voice was very stern.

"That will do, Jenny. Olaf is a good man. He will make a fine husband for Martha."

I remember thinking about that when I prepared for bed that evening. I thought of it seriously; the humor had become, somehow, a bit pathetic. Martha and Olaf married!

I COULDN'T imagine it. It seemed all out of proportion. Martha had, with the years, grown quite pretty in a quiet, unassuming way. She had a good figure, a sweet, serene disposition, and would eventually make some man a fine wife. But Olaf!

It wasn't that I thought Olaf to be a wicked man—I had come to think of things as being either righteous or unrighteous, and people the same way. No, as far as I knew, Olaf was mentally and morally sound. But he would always be the same Olaf who shoved his feet under my mother's table and gobbled his food noisily, using his knife in place of a fork, and letting dabs of gravy get on his shirt front. Never a spark of imagination in his whole make-up. Never a display of discontent with his stationary position in life.

Had I been honest with myself, I would have realized that Martha was the same inarticulate quantity. Humble, tradition-abiding, God-fearing, she had already reached the limit in her development of personality. She was a machine, destined to bear children, keep house and nothing more. But, with a loyal sister's anxiety over the future happiness of her own blood, I couldn't help but feel depressed at the present situation. It was this thought, I knew, that went with me in to fitful slumber that night. The dreariness of Martha's future, the definite boundaries to the world that would be hers when she buried herself with a man like Olaf.

The next morning, when I sat across the breakfast table from Martha and looked

at the strange light in her eyes, I knew that the fulfillment of something or other was at hand. Whatever suspicion I might have had the night before, that the entire situation was a figment of the imaginations of both my father and my mother, was dispelled. I realized for the first time what Olaf's presence at our supper table for the past two years had meant. It had been a methodically arranged marriage—at least the thought had been in my father's mind when he continued to invite the burly Swede to our home month after month.

I suddenly had a strange desire to laugh again—at the irony of it. For two years I had been living in the midst of a courtship—and the pitiful subtlety of it had escaped me. I wondered if it had escaped Martha, too. To my knowledge, in the entire two years of sitting in the parlor, playing the piano to an unappreciative Olaf, never, by action or word of mouth, could she have been given reason to believe that she was playing herself into a romanceless marriage.

FROM then on, it was not "just Olaf" who came to eat supper with us. It was Martha's Olaf, Martha's beau, her future husband. And as I suppose I should have resigned myself to the fact that it was also her own life and not mine. Since then, when I think of the tragedy which followed and the part I played in it, I have denounced myself bitterly, time after time, for not keeping a "hands-off" policy. Had I gone my way, leaving Martha to find her happiness by herself in her dreary little world, there might not have been that black shadow hovering over us—a shadow which threatened to descend any moment and blast the lives of four people.

At the time, everyone else accepted the situation silently. There was no outward change in demeanor, either of Olaf or Martha. My parents seemed content to let things take their normal course.

It was this genial acceptance of what I considered a drab, shabby affair that stung me into action. If Martha was too near-sighted to realize the dullness of the life into which she was drifting, at least I could do my part to open her eyes. Then and there I made my decision. I would awaken Martha to the truth!

It was the first rebellion toward the conventionalities of my life as the youngest daughter of a minister that I had undertaken. Perhaps I was a bit more progressive-minded than the rest of my family. At any rate, I couldn't help but continue to imagine myself in Martha's position, after which I always experienced that dreadful sinking feeling.

Possibly it was the remembrance of the occasional glances that Olaf had turned in my direction at various times in the past, and the dawning realization of what those glances had implied. At any rate, I realized that if Olaf were capable of any love, save a certain, dumb, animal-like passion, he was incapable of expressing it. I couldn't stand by and watch my own flesh and blood thrust into an existence resembling a loveless marriage.

I doubt if even my parents recognized my first attempts at breaking up that potential union. I dressed myself more painstakingly than ever. I even went so far as to adopt rouge, something which would have evoked a wrathful outburst from my father had he seen through my artifices. I was continually changing the style of my coiffure. In my heart, I felt a secret shame. I was adopting the tactics of a siren—how my father would have rolled that word in one of his Sunday sermons—for the purpose of

luring Olaf away from Martha. Yet my shame was not as strong as my stubbornness in refusing to mind my own business.

Olaf, who had been taking Martha out for walks or to some social doing quite frequently, now preferred staying in the house if he knew I was going to be there. And I stayed home religiously. I fitted conspicuously about the parlor, flaunting myself before him. I broke into conversations, asking questions with coquettish side-glances at the mountainous lumberjack.

Once, when I had been particularly lively one evening, my father sniffed the air suddenly and said, "Jenny, are you wearing perfume?"

"Just a little, Father," I answered. "On my handkerchief."

"His brow darkened.  
"Child, you know how I feel about such things. Go burn that handkerchief immediately. No Godly woman thus adorns herself!"

AS I went out of the room, I stole a glance at Olaf. He was eyeing me with a strange expression. For a moment, I almost fancied that I saw him wink furtively. And I hated myself with a loathing that was indescribable. To use perfume for the purpose of making myself attractive to someone I cared for—even my father could not have convinced me that was wrong. But to resort to such a device for the purpose of arousing the baser instincts of a man whom I had grown to dislike, as I had Olaf—!

Altogether, it was an ordeal for me. The nights I remained at home to "charm" Olaf, I was conscious that the rest of my friends were at a dance, a party, or on a hayride. I turned down invitations by the dozen, for this or that function. I was obsessed with the desire to open Martha's eyes to the realization that Olaf was no prize as a husband! that if she really exerted herself, she could do much better. The climax came when I least expected it. It was a warm summer evening, Father and Mother were on the front porch, talking in low tones. Martha and I and Olaf were in the front room—the sacred parlor. Martha was unusually restless. Olaf kept darting glances at me, studying me when he thought I wasn't looking. We had been discussing a forth-coming picnic in a rather desultory way. Suddenly Olaf came to his feet ponderously and said, "I will take you to the pitcher show if you want to go."

I looked up, expecting to see Martha nod agreeably and start for her coat. To my surprise, she was wearing a stunned expression and staring at him. And he was looking at me!

I must have blushed; I know I was taken aback. Unwillingly my eyes went to Martha's face. Olaf turned, and in a strange, grudging voice said, "Do you want to go, too?"

"Martha rose, her face pale, and got her coat. We all went out. We stepped out on the porch, past Mother and Father, who smiled benignly on us and watched us go down the walk. We walked toward town, only a few blocks from home. We sat through the picture, although afterwards I couldn't recall a single part of the feature. Martha sat straight and silent through the program. Olaf slumped awkwardly in his seat, but I was aware of him eyeing me continuously, and I was concerned solely with the fact that I had brought on this situation and that it was up to me to carry it through to a plausible and painless finish.

For days afterward, I was aware of a subtle change in Martha's attitude toward me. She was intelligent enough not to accuse me openly. Yet she had sufficient lack of subtlety to let me know what she

suspected. I began to feel like a low variety of woman—what my father often described to his congregation as a fallen woman.

I became, at times, almost panicky. I had deliberately engineered this situation. My scheme was succeeding. But it was getting out of control.

Hoping that Martha had discovered the true tickleness of Olaf's nature by now, I relaxed in my efforts to enthrall him. But the damage had been done. Olaf relaxed, too—in his efforts to conceal his feelings for me. He was quietly defiant in his attitude. How it escaped the notice of my parents I don't know to this day.

In the days that followed, he plainly showed that if there was any choice between me and my sister, I was the choice. His eyes followed me wherever I went. I began to loath myself for the misery I saw registered on Martha's face. I realized that I had played up to the coarseness in the lumberjack's nature, and the fact that I had succeeded in being more physically alluring to him than Martha was no consolation to me.

One night, as I was walking home from town after having made some purchases, I met him coming from our home. He smiled—it was the first time, I believe, that I had ever seen him smile—and asked me if I didn't think it early to be heading for home. I told him that I didn't think so, it was tired and anxious to get to bed.

He turned with me and began to accompany me. I asked him, for lack of something better to say, if he wasn't going out of his way.

"No," he replied, grasping my arm, "I have lots of time."

"Where is Martha?" I asked, walking faster.

"Martha went to bed early. She didn't feel so good."

After a hit, as we entered my home, he said, "Besides, I like you just as much as Martha. More, maybe."

He glanced at me as if to note the effect of his words. I didn't reply. Somehow, home had never seemed so far away. I began to walk faster.

SUDDENLY he stopped and grabbed me by the shoulders. His breath, smelling strongly of tobacco and fish, nauseated me.

"You like me, too," he muttered. "You like me a lot."

I fought to free myself from his grasp.

"I do not," I gasped. "At least, not that way. Not like Martha does."

"You do!" His voice had become low, bestial. "You do. For many days you have liked me. You have stayed home, you put paint on your lips, your cheeks, and you smiled at me. You stayed home at night, so I would see you and so I would forget Martha." He squeezed me until I tried my lips to keep from crying out. He tried to kiss me, finally, but I turned my head away. Blind panic seized me; I drew back my hand and slapped him, hard across the mouth. Then I broke loose from his grasp and fled, running the remaining two blocks to my home.

Martha was asleep when I went up to bed—we shared the same room. I didn't turn on the lights, because I didn't want to awaken her. I was afraid she would be able to read clear through me, and see the shame which was turning my soul to lead. Everything Olaf had said—that I had tempted him—was true, but not because I liked him! To draw him away from Martha, yes, but not to have him for myself. Sudden loathing filled me, and it was hours later before I slept.

Olaf kept coming to the house in the evening, following his usual custom. I suppose he knew that I wouldn't dare mention the incident to anyone. He came and

dined with us, but his manner had changed. He talked to Father even less than before, and was almost surly toward Martha. As for myself, I avoided him as much as possible. Sometimes I didn't even come down for dinner, pleading a headache, or no appetite. When I did come in contact with him, he eyed me openly, a frightening, unholy light in his eyes. I began to develop a case of nerves.

Martha, too, appeared to be undergoing some sort of strain. She became pale, listless—and a little frightened, I thought. Often I would catch her watching me, her eyes dull yet intent. I wondered how much of her thoughts was suspicion and how much knowledge. Had Olaf told her?

I began to avoid Martha as I had Olaf. Anything was better than facing that silent, unfathomable star. Anything was better than watching her pick at her food, nibble absently, push her plate away and suddenly leave the table. On these occasions my mother would ask her if anything was wrong, and my father would act surprised, yet unworried. And I was sitting there, knowing the truth—or thinking I did.

And then, suddenly, life took a turn for me. I met Carl. Without warning, the dark, forbidding clouds on the horizon vanished, and everything seemed gloriously beautiful and alive. I forgot Martha, forgot Olaf, forgot the developing case of nerves—for a time at least.

CARL was a lumberman from Milwaukee, and he had been sent down by his firm to look over some timber land. He came to see Father about a list of names, for he knew he would be more apt to find honesty in the local minister. Father invited him to dinner. Olaf wasn't there that night. I was thankful for that. Carl sat there, a clean-cut man in his middle twenties, and talked amiably with Father and Mother. He smiled several times at me and at Martha. He described Milwaukee, and to us who had never been much farther than Marquette—and, on one occasion Manistique—it was interesting. I watched his face as he talked, and subconsciously I knew that I would see him many times after that. I knew I would. I must!

And I did. Although his expenses had been paid for a three weeks stay in our town, he stayed six weeks. He came to the house once or twice a week, at first, then more frequently. Soon he was as much of a fixture as Olaf had been.

Olaf! He still was a visitor, of course, but seldom more than once a week. And when he did come, it was obvious to me that he was developing an intense dislike of Carl. Perhaps it was because I couldn't quite conceal my delight whenever Carl came into the room.

At any rate, while Carl was the perfect gentleman, cordial to Olaf, courteous to me and to everyone else, Olaf was surly and grouchy toward Carl.

One evening we were waiting for supper, and Carl was standing in the kitchen watching Mother and me—Martha had gone to bed, complaining of being ill—Olaf came in. His right hand was bandaged.

Father noticed it at the table, later, and inquired as to the reason for the bandages.

"I hit a feller today at the camp," Olaf grunted, his eyes on his plate.

"Why?" asked Father.

"He was lazy and wouldn't mind my orders."

Father shook his head gently.

"Sometimes there are better ways of getting men to put forth their best efforts other than striking them," he said.

"When a man does not do what I tell him, there is only one way to handle him!" He moved his bandaged paw suggestively.

Carl said, jokingly, "He must have had

a hard jaw, to injure your hand like that, Olaf."

Olaf raised his eyes. He looked for a long moment at Carl. His expression was unchanged, yet there was something in his stare—something menacing. His right hand twitched. Then he glanced fletingly at me. I shuddered involuntarily. I looked hesitatingly at Carl, who seemed mildly surprised.

Carl had come to our town in September. One evening, a month later, while the first winter snowstorm beat against our windows, he proposed to me. I need not describe the answer I gave him—the glorious feeling that suffused my heart. Married—to Carl! Even now, it is impossible to describe the sudden happiness I felt.

Later, when I told Mother and Father, they were happy. They thought Carl to be a fine fellow. Father looked over at Martha, who was staring in a strange fashion at me.

"Soon it will be your turn, Martha. You and Olaf!"

**M**ARTHA'S lower lip trembled a moment. Suddenly she leaped up and fled from the room. We heard her weeping as she sped up the stairway. Father and Mother looked at each other in amazement. And once again that dull, sick feeling struck me as I thought of poor Martha. She knew, now, that Olaf didn't love her. Although they still went out together once in a while, Olaf's attitude was almost surly toward her.

When I went up to bed later that evening, she was lying there in the darkness, still weeping. I turned on the light and saw her face contorted with anguish.

She sat up and looked at me. Her eyes were wild.

"Olaf won't marry me. He wants you!" I made a feeble attempt to laugh away her remark. She stopped me.

"He wants you. I know it."  
I sat down beside her on the bed.  
"Martha, why waste your time over Olaf? There are plenty of nice men—men who would be better husbands than Olaf ever thought of being."

I talked to her quietly then. I told her that the reason Olaf liked me was that I had made him like me—so that I could open her eyes to his real self. I tried hard not to make my words sound like a guilty confession. I began to feel better as I continued to unburden myself. Surely Martha wouldn't condemn me. She'd understand—I thought.

When I finished my story, having told everything there was to tell, including Olaf's declaration of love for me—Martha sat for a moment, surveying me out of swollen eyes. I wondered what she was thinking. And for some unaccountable reason, I began to be afraid. Martha had never looked like that.

She said, "You shouldn't have done that."

"But honey," I protested, "I did it for you. Don't you understand? Olaf is not the man for you. You'd be unhappy for the rest of your life! I tried to save you."

"No other man would have me," she said, sinking back listlessly onto her pillow. "It's Olaf I must marry."

I said, "Do you really love Olaf, Martha?" I couldn't keep the revulsion out of my voice.

"I hate him!" she cried.  
"Then why—?" I began in amazement. Then I stopped. There was something about her, the way she was lying there.

"Martha, you're—you're—"  
She looked up at me, her eyes flashing.  
"Yes. Now you know it. I'm going to have a baby!"

"Olaf?" I asked, falteringly.  
She nodded, sobbed miserably and turning her face to the wall.

I decided on a course of action the next day. Whatever Olaf intended to do, I must know immediately. And I meant to find out. Soon Martha would be unable to conceal her condition from Mother and Father.

The thought of the possible result of Father being made acquainted with the sordid story drove me to haste. Father must not know. I realized he would be as fair in his judgment as his church-restricted philosophy would permit, but I knew there would be condemnation in his heart. Martha would surely die under that condemnation. She had always worshipped Father and he in turn had lavished the greater portion of his love on her—his first-born. Poor Martha! She had had a rough time, all told. If she incurred the displeasure of Father to that extent, I was sure she would be unable to survive the ordeal.

I went to the livery stable just as it was growing dark that evening and rented a horse and cutter. The snow was falling quietly. I headed out toward the camp where I knew Olaf was superintending the last of the cutting before the severe storms would stop all work for a while. I meant to confront the Swede with my story. Then to get his decision. Desperation filled me as I thought of Martha, and I whipped the horse into a trot. The snow began falling more heavily as I neared the clearing where the first signs of tree-felling appeared.

I turned the horse around so that he was headed in the opposite direction, then climbed down and began walking the remaining hundred yards. This was a sudden bit of foresight on my part. I wanted everything ready for hasty flight, should Olaf prove annoying. I couldn't help but remember his feeling for me.

Halfway to the camp, I noted a figure ahead of me, also heading for the log house, from which a single light glowed. Olaf? No—yet there was something familiar about his walk.

**S**UDDENLY my heart gave a leap. Carl! A warm glow coursed through me. I was on the point of calling out to him, when, as he neared the house, the door swung open and another figure stepped out and made for a pile of wood.

Carl shouted, "Hello, there!"  
The figure turned and I saw it was Olaf. He straightened when he heard Carl's voice and dropped the few sticks of firewood he had picked up. Hands on hips, he waited for Carl to reach him.

"Is that you, Olaf?" Carl's voice was friendly, almost jovial. "I just came over for some estimates your boss was going to leave for me. Know where they are?"  
Olaf stared at Carl a moment.

"I don't know nothing about them," he grunted finally.

I had edged up the trail, so that I could see and hear them, although I remained invisible. Carl moved up closer. A sudden foreboding struck me. I held my breath.

"Olaf, you don't like me, for some reason or other. What's the trouble?"  
Olaf said, his voice low with hate: "If you know what is good for you, you go back—back to your city, right away!"

Carl laughed. "Come now, Olaf. We've got to be friends. Why, soon we'll be members of the same family. You and Martha—Jennie and I. Did Jennie tell you we are going to be married next month?"

Olaf reached out and grabbed Carl by the front of his coat. My heart leaped. I tried to call out a warning, but the words stuck in my throat.

Olaf said, "You will not marry Jennie! Jennie is for me, even if she doesn't like me now. She will like me—I'll make her

like me. You better leave town—quick!"

Carl shook off the Swede's grip. "Why—" he began, and then Olaf drew back that tremendous hand of his and struck Carl a terrific blow on the side of the head, knocking him sprawling. Carl struggled to a half-upright position and Olaf hit him again.

Carl quivered on one side, ducked his head and rose beneath the Swede's flailing arms. He swung his fist hard against Olaf's mouth. Olaf staggered back, half fell, staggered again, then landed prone on his back.

Carl waited for him to rise, breathing heavily. The Swede moved a bit, then relaxed—groaning. Carl watched him a moment longer, then swung on his heel and walked away. He headed down the trail at right angles to where I crouched in frozen fear. I was tempted to call after him—then I suddenly remembered my mission. I must rouse Olaf and extract from him a promise to come and see Martha. I was satisfied that he wouldn't be able to hurt me in his battered condition.

**I** STUMBLED through the snowdrifts to his side. I knelt down, and suddenly noticed a pool of scarlet staining the white ground around his head. Then I saw that an axe, half-buried in a wooded block, was also covered with blood—and Olaf's eyes were half open and glazing rapidly. A wave of nausea swept over me.

Olaf was dead! When he had stumbled, his head had struck the axe!

My first feeling was of terror. It was growing darker every second—and I was in the middle of the forest with a dead man!

Then I thought of Carl, and of the danger that threatened him. He didn't know he had killed Olaf—but they would trace it to him! I didn't know how—but I knew that the police had ways of finding out things.

I knew that, without witnesses, Carl would not have a chance. They'd convict him without wasting time. I was the only one who had seen Carl acting in self-defense—but who would believe me?

Carl must have a chance to get away! That was his only chance!

I reached down and grabbed one of Olaf's stiffening arms. Had I not been so panic-stricken, thinking about Carl's peril, I would never have had the fortitude to go through with it.

I pulled, tugged, and hauled. I dragged Olaf's body over to a small gully, about ten feet deep. I pushed him over until he lay sprawling on the bottom. Then I seized the axe and dropped it into the gully beside him. I hastily located a shovel and began shoveling snow over the edge, until I had completely covered Olaf and the axe. Then I tottered weakly back along the trail to my waiting horse—praying fervently that it would storm that night, that the snow would come in huge drifts and cover all the gruesome evidence—at least long enough to allow Carl to get out of danger.

How I made it back to town, how I climbed the stairs to my room and Martha's, to sink sobbing with spent energy, I can't remember.

It snowed heavily that night.

The next day I talked with Carl and begged him to marry me within that week—instead of waiting a month. He seemed surprised, but finally consented. I think he was just as eager to be married as I was. During that week I was frantic with fear that Olaf's body would be discovered, and his death traced to Carl. Several times I caught myself on the verge of telling Carl everything. The secret of this tragedy seemed almost too heavy for me to carry alone.

Each time I opened my mouth to let the whole dismal tale come out, something

stopped me. For one thing, I was learning more about Carl every day. I knew, subconsciously, that if he discovered he had been the cause of Olaf's death, he would give himself up immediately. And I couldn't bear to think of that. So I remained silent, though it seemed that the whole world, including my parents and Martha, must know the torment of anxiety I was going through.

The day before the wedding, one of the men at the camp came to our house to ask Father if he knew where Olaf was. When Father said that he didn't have any idea, the man shrugged his shoulder, murmured something about "Guess Olaf decided to take a trip somewhere," and went back to report to his boss.

And Martha, thinking the only possible thing, went up to her room and sobbed herself to sleep. I thought desperately for a solution to the problem. My hands were tied. If Martha's condition were discovered, it would not be through any disclosure from me.

Father married us, early the next morning. Mother stood by, weeping happily. Martha stood by me, vacant-eyed and pale.

I felt guilty about leaving Martha in her predicament—yet my fear for Carl's safety was greater. He hadn't told me, or anyone, for that matter, of his fight with Olaf. And if I could help it, he would not know that that battle had ended in death—for Olaf.

**M**Y father was a very just man, far more broad-minded than I had thought possible. I received a letter from Martha after I had been married a month. It was a letter devoid of feeling, a bare statement of facts. It said that Father had bought Martha a wedding ring, and had told his congregation at church next Sunday about her wedding to Olaf a few days before. And everyone was very happy and congratulated Martha, although they were surprised that Olaf should disappear so suddenly right after his marriage.

Father himself wrote:

I feel that God will be much easier on Martha than would the tongues of gossip. Perhaps Olaf will come back and make the lie a truth. At any rate, I have prayed for forgiveness for myself, as well as for Martha and Olaf.

## I Married a Barbarian

(Continued from page 28)

Colon, and the country about it. He spoke of palm trees, orange trees, tropical vines and flowers. Perfume on the air, perpetual summer, and yet no intense heat, the blue waters of the Caribbean lapping white shores, towering mountains rising in the distance. It was a picture of enchantment.

"Are we really going?" I asked.

"I think we'd better. As you say jobs are scarce. And there is plenty there. I own a whole island off the Panama shore."

"Oh, Rafael, an island! And shall we live there?"

"Perhaps, though I may decide to stay in Colon."

**I** WAS all for starting at once. But Rafael seemed to hold back. A doubt crossed my mind, as he spent another week looking for a job.

"Rafael, will your people like me? Will they be glad to see me? Or will they be angry that you married up here?"

"They'll like you all right. But of course you know things are different down there."

Rafael soon became convinced that there were no jobs for him in New York. One night he counted up his money and said we'd better start. If he paid rent again he might not have enough left to get us to his home.

There was a flurry of getting ready. We had little to pack besides our clothing. I packed a box of our books, and another box of the few things I had bought for our home, mostly bed clothes and things for the table.

"Don't take those," said Rafael, when he saw me folding some sheets. "You'll not need them."

"Not need them? Why you need sheets wherever you are."

He said nothing more but helped me with the packing. Two weeks later we left the ship at Colon. We went to a small hotel. When we were settled in a room I looked at my husband to see what he should do next. When would we meet his family? Were we going out to the island at once? But he was as uncommunicative here as in New York. The next three days he was out almost constantly, day and evening. He was always kind and courteous but never seemed to have time to talk to me.

I went about the city, thrilled at its strangeness. I saw the tropical flowers

and trees, and many small brown men and women. I had plenty of time to think about things. I found myself looking at the Panamanians closely. Was Rafael one of them? He didn't look like any I had seen so far. Of course there were many Americans in Colon. I heard English spoken everywhere, and some portions of the city had an American look. Administration officials, employees of the Canal Zone and the American railroad men lived there. No one spoke to me except people in the shops.

On the third day when I returned late in the afternoon from a walk, I found Rafael in our room with a roughly dressed man.

"My brother Francis," Rafael presented him. He jerked a quick nod at me without rising from his chair. A cold hand of fear seemed to touch my heart. I had been picturing a prosperous, refined Spanish-American family of in-laws. But this crude man did not fit in to the picture. Rafael and he immediately went on talking in some strange language, paying no attention to me, though they looked at me now and then as if I were the subject of discussion. And I in my turn watched them. What was this man? Suddenly the truth dawned on me, and I barely suppressed a cry of dismay.

That afternoon I had seen a group of Indians coming up from the docks, the women in voluminous skirts, and the elaborately embroidered blouses they make to wear—and to sell: the men in khaki trousers, and gay-colored shirts. All were bareheaded. A few wore sandals, but most were barefooted. But there was that unmistakable likeness of features, the straight, damp-looking, black hair, the full black eyes, the sharply cut features, the rather sullen expression. And Francis was an Indian. I could not doubt it. He was dressed like them. He might have been one of that very group. There were the Indian features and expression. But what of Rafael? I stared at him. Dressed in his carefully kept New York clothing he would have looked just like Francis, only somewhat younger. I arose and left the room. I needed to be alone to think.

I faced the truth. I was married to a Central American Indian. His people might be savages living remote from civili-

zation. It seemed to be his plan to rejoin his family, and what would be my fate there? I shuddered at the unknown terrors. But presently my common sense asserted itself. Rafael was no savage, but a man educated. I knew not how, in the American manner. He had adjusted himself to life in New York. Someway he had made a good living there. Even if he rejoined his people he would not change. He was my husband, always kind, and courteous. I loved him. I could go anywhere with him, sure of protection. I would not be afraid even if we lived among uncivilized Indians. My own battle over, I turned back to the hotel. Francis was gone. Rafael was waiting for me to go to dinner. I am glad to remember that I didn't utter one reproach, nor even ask a question. We went down to the dining room. Rafael walked beside me, handsome, well-dressed, well-bred. How absurd of me to conjure up terrors.

**T**HERE was a man in the dining room who had spoken to Rafael several times, a Doctor Wade. As he bowed to us this evening I suddenly remembered that I had heard someone say he was a missionary doctor who ministered to the Indians. I resolved to find an opportunity to talk with him.

Rafael went out again that evening. Before this when left alone I had stayed in our room. This evening I went downstairs after he left. Dr. Wade sat beside a window reading a magazine.

"Dr. Wade, can you spare me a few minutes?" I said.

"Oh, Mrs. Veranes, certainly."

He arranged a chair for me, and sat down facing me.

"Now what can I do for you?"

"I want you to tell me about the Indians," I faltered.

He sat silent for a minute, and then began, and in ten minutes he had told me a great deal about the Indians. Dr. Wade had been working among them for ten years; and what he told me was not a guess.

I learned that the Panamanians were, in large proportion, of mixed Spanish and Indian blood though of course there were some purely Spanish families, and there were tribes, or rather communities of the Indians that had refused to mix with the

white race, and had kept their blood purely Indian. My husband, he said, belonged to one of these purely Indian communities. They were proud people. They kept to many of the old customs that went back to the time of Columbus. Some of them were wealthy, perhaps much richer than their neighbors suspected. They got gold from the mountains the other side of the Isthmus, though no one had yet succeeded in finding their source of supply. They had also learned to trade in the port towns. They raised fruit and brought the natural forest products, dye stuffs, and rare woods. As a people they were illiterate by our standards, though they had keen minds. But now some of the more influential families were recognizing the importance of American education if they were to hold their own in Panama, which was filling up with foreigners. So it had become the custom for a family to select one especially promising son, and send him out to the United States, or to some city nearer home with good schools, so that he might obtain an education. Also the government was establishing schools among them as fast as it could, but it would be years before the remoter communities were reached.

I LISTENED and asked a question now and then. At length I arose to go. I wanted to get back to my room. Some inner sense warned me that I had better not let Rafael see me talking to Dr. Wade. The doctor arose and walked with me to the stairs.

"parting he said. "Mrs. Veranes, do not go back with your husband to the island his family owns."

"But what can I do? I'll have to go with my husband."

"The American authorities will help you get back to New York. If you decide to go back call upon me. And I will help with the arrangements."

"But why ought I not to go with my husband?"

"These are a primitive people. They live by their old laws. A white woman ought not to go among them."

"What will they do to me?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to frighten you. They will not offend you as a human sacrifice to the dark old Mayan gods they still secretly worship. You will suffer no physical injury. But you'd better heed my advice and not go."

I tossed on my bed half the night debating the doctor's advice. Sometimes I decided to go to him the first thing in the morning, and ask to be sent back to New York. Then I was ashamed to give up weakly. This was my problem; I ought to meet it. I fell into a troubled sleep before Rafael came in.

But in the morning my fears vanished. There was Rafael, the dear familiar person who had become a part of my life. What could happen to me while he was with me?

"Don't go out this morning Janet," he said. "Some people are coming to see you."

"To see me?" I asked. "Is it some of your family?"

"No. Oh yes, Philip belongs to our family, a sort of cousin. The others do not."

Without anything ever having been said about it I had learned that it was no use to question my husband. I must wait.

Three Indian men were ushered in at ten o'clock. One was about Rafael's age, the other two much older. The younger one was dressed in American clothes, and he bowed to me when presented. The other two merely stared. I grew nervous as they sat there with their black eyes staring at me all the time. Philip asked them some question in their own tongue. They grunted an assent. So Philip told

why they had come.

They wanted to know if I would come to the Island of Avradi, and teach in a school for their children. They would build a home for me, and a school if I would consent to come. They knew their children must have education like children in the States. But they didn't want to send them away. So when they heard their kinsman, Rafael, had married an American they decided to ask her to become the teacher.

"What do you want me to do, Rafael?"

"I think it would be a good thing. Avradi is close to our island. One can sail over in an hour. But I think you will like it better on Avradi. There are more people there. There is a store where you can buy American things. There are often visitors from the mainland. The doctor comes, and the padre, and trading boats sometimes tourists and students. You will not be so lonely. They will build our house and your school. They will keep us supplied with food. If I am away you can live with Philip's wife, so I will know you are quite safe."

"Very well, I will do it, though I don't know anything about teaching. I suppose I can teach the children to speak English and to read."

The Indians departed, and I felt better. I liked the idea of helping my adopted race. I saw myself leading them out of ignorance and savagery, and accepting the good things of civilization.

But one evening when we came back upstairs my doubts returned, for I saw a side of Rafael that I had never seen before. Dr. Wade had come to our table, and talked a few minutes addressing several remarks to me. Rafael was silent until we were in the room. Then he said in a low tone, "If any man should ever look at you with desire, I should kill him."

I laughed it off. I said, "I don't think any man will. Anyone can see that I am a very firmly married woman. I don't want any other man, and men do not flirt without some encouragement."

"Are you sorry you married an Indian?"

"WHY, Rafael, I never thought of it. I married you—not your race. And I married you because I loved you. Anything outside that doesn't matter."

"I loved you from the moment I saw you. I said, 'This is my woman. No one else shall have her.' I would never let you go."

He swept me into his arms. But even while he caressed me I was afraid. He would never let me go. I could make up my mind to that. There would be no easy American divorce if I found life unbearable. In this case the words of the marriage vow would be literally fulfilled: "In sickness and health, for better or worse, till death us do part." There was no longer for me any thought of dreading back.

A few days later we went down to the docks, and embarked in a small sailing vessel, manned by three Indians. As sailors, these Indians are without equals. There were several other Indian passengers, but none except Philip could speak English.

I watched the shore recede. Soon even the dim outline of the taller buildings sank from sight. There was only sea and sky, and the little white sailboat in the center of it. My world had shrunk to this boat filled with brown-faced Indians. I felt cut off forever from my old life. We sailed for several hours without a sight of land, and while once we saw a ship on the horizon it seemed only to make our loneliness more evident.

"Rafael," I said, "are they lost? How can they know where to go?"

"They know the way," he answered shortly.

He had hardly spoken to me since we

left land. I had yet to learn that the Indians do not like to speak to their wives in public.

I put my head down on the cushion I had brought with me and dozed. When the sails were brought out it woke me. I sat up, and saw that we were nearing an island. How beautiful it looked from the boat. The blue water lapped a white sand shore. Farther back was the dark green or tropical foliage. Ready to grasp at a straw of hope my spirits lifted.

"It is beautiful," I said.

"Um," grunted Rafael.

And I may as well say here what I soon had to notice. From the moment of embarking in the boat Rafael seemed to become all Indian. Gone were the charming manners, and all the endearing little attentions. He did not extend a hand to help me from the boat. He stalked ahead of me up toward the buildings that I saw through the trees. The Indians unloaded our boxes and left them on the sand. I meekly followed my husband.

A CROVD had gathered to see us land. Men, women and children stared at me as I went up from the shore. I looked at them and tried to smile. But their faces remained solemn and inscrutable. Amid this alien and unfriendly looking people I must make my new life.

Most of the men and women were dressed in dull clothes, khaki, gray, brown or black. The men wore shirts and trousers, the women full gathered skirts and sleeveless blouses. The children, up to perhaps ten years of age, were quite naked. But though the grown people were dressed in such ugly clothes they had fiery for special occasions.

I followed Rafael to the row of queer little buildings. They were set close together. There was no privacy. They had a bird-cage effect. Rafael stalked into the open door of one of the houses. I followed.

"Here we live," he said.

The house was an oblong box made of slender poles of bamboo set close together. There was one room. My house had a rough floor, though many of them had only the white island sand for a floor. For furniture there was a straight kitchen chair, and a stool. A shelf along one side held a few utensils and tools.

"Is this your house?" I said fighting down the panic that was rising in me.

"Yes."

"When can we get the furniture?"

"There is no more furniture."

"There isn't any table or cookstove or bed."

"We need no table, and you make the fire, to cook outside the door. Yonder are our beds."

He pointed and I saw that two bright hammocks were slung from the ceiling.

"Oh do we sleep in hammocks?" I said, and laughed. "Well, if you can stand it I can. Perhaps we can get some more things from the traders, for you have been used to a different kind of life since you've been away."

"We'll see." He was unsmiling. I've wondered since if his sullen air was not pride. Perhaps he hated to offer me such a home. But I'm glad that I never uttered one complaint. He stood across the room looking at me, almost glovering at me. I put down my hand luggage and took off my hat. He reached for the hat and hung it on a peg in the wall.

"We'll get along, Rafael, and as time goes on, and we earn some money, we can furnish our house. If those Indian women can keep house this way I think I can manage to do it. Will you go to the store and get something for our supper?"

"My cousin will give us supper," he said.

"A little later we will both go to the



store and get what we need."

He went out, and through the slits between my bamboo walls I watched him go down the village street, an incongruous figure in his trim New York clothes.

There is no use going over that painful time that passed while I was learning to live like a San Blas Indian. Just in brief, here is the way we lived:

I grew used to my bird-cage house. No one except small children peeped through the slits, and when I complained to Rafael that was stopped. I did not miss a city bathroom, for there before my door was the ocean, with its warm but refreshing water. I went down for a dip each morning and evening. My neighbors, both men and women, went in naked, but I wore a kimono down to the beach, and I soon made a cotton bathing suit for myself.

There was no house to care for. Each day I sprinkled damp sand on my floor and swept it off with a broom of bound palm fronds. The floor was always fresh and clean. Bed-making simply meant drawing the hammocks up nearer the roof so they would not be in the way. Cooking was the worst. I watched the other women and did as they did. I made a small pit in the sand before my door. I brought drift wood from the beach to make my fire. When I came my utensils were several large tin cans like lard cans, and a few rusty spoons and knives. I used some of my small amount of money and bought a frying pan, an enamelled kettle, and a few cheap dishes.

**A**LSO I persuaded Rafael to make me a table, and we sat down for each meal to a table spread with a white cloth. My mother had taught me to be a good cook, but my experience was of no use here. I had to learn all over again. Rafael's cousin Tolita showed me a few things. I never learned to eat the native stew that is the food mainstay for the island tribes. It is made thus:

In the large tin lard can they place plantain, fish and sometimes rice. The mixture is drenched with coconut oil—they make that themselves—and then slowly cooked over the open fire. To me it is a horrible tasting mess but the Indians like it and thrive on it. However I did not go hungry. There were always fish fresh from the sea. There was an abundance of fruit, oranges, bananas, limes, pineapples, avocados, mangoes and pomeelos, and the always plentiful plantains. I could have all the coconuts I wanted. I just went out under the trees and picked them up. Orange, avocado and banana trees grew close to our house. Tomatoes, yams and beans were either raised by the islanders or sold for a few cents from the trading boats. At the store I could buy canned milk, and packages of crackers that took the place of bread. So you can see that food was never a problem.

The women never became friendly. I found that most of the people on this island could speak a little English. When I went to the home island I was among people none of whom could speak English except Rafael and his father and brothers. The women would answer my questions, but they never spoke first, and even if I sat down near a group they never included me in a conversation.

I heard nothing more of the school, though for a month or more I continued to ask about it. I would have liked to teach these children. There were many of them running wild about the island, dashing in and out of the water, lying on the warm sand, seeming to belong to nobody. They were shy little creatures, running away when I tried to talk with them. They did not seem to get into mischief, and while I was there I never knew of a child's being punished, nor even spoken to harshly.

While I lived on Avradi I learned how many things that we think necessary one can do without, and still be comfortable and happy. No father on the island had to worry about clothes or shoes for his small children. They went naked, and their little, golden brown bodies were beautiful. No one worried about keeping them clean. A dirty child was simply shooed into the sea. There were no doctor bills, for there was no doctor. You dropped a hook or net into the sea and came back with fish for dinner. You gathered the rest of the food from trees. For a house you went to the mainland jungle and cut enough bamboo poles to build one. The women wove the hammocks which were the only beds. A few yards of cheap cotton cloth made the clothing for the adults.

However, every Indian woman had one luxury. She made herself one or more of the blouses of cut work which I believe are worn only by these Indians. They are cut on a simple pattern with cap sleeves and open neck. Several layers of cloth are basted together, and the pretty patterns are made by cutting away one layer in a design, and then sewing in the edges with stitches as fine and even as the finest embroidery. The Indian women now have quite a trade in these blouses, for tourists are willing to pay a good price for them.

There were no dishes, no furniture, and hence the women had no housekeeping. There were no automobiles, for the island was only a mile or two across. You travelled by boats which the men made themselves by going to the mainland, felling a large tree, and hollowing it out. So you can see how simple life was. Yet the people were happy. They laughed and sang and swam and sailed in the boats. They attended the numerous fiestas that were celebrated either on the island or on the mainland.

There was one little child on the island about whose fate I still wonder. I saw her the first day I was there. She was a beautiful little creature, blue-eyed, and golden-haired, a little fairy princess. Among the naked brown children she stood out not only because of her blonde beauty but also because she was dressed in a white dress, white socks and patent leather slippers. The second day I saw her with her mother, a slim, pretty Indian girl who did not look old enough to have a child of five years. But next day I saw her with a tall black negro. He was leading her by the hand with an air of possessive pride. He knelt down on the sand to straighten her little socks, and she threw her arms about his neck, saying "Dear Daddy" in her sweet childish voice.

**I** JUST had to know about her, and Rafael told me the story briefly. The mother had gone to the mainland when she was fourteen to work for an American family. She had worked only a few weeks and then had married a white man. Her husband had died when the child was two years old. After trying to keep herself and child for awhile she had returned to her father's home on the island. She and the child had been taken in and made welcome, for most of the Indians do not object to these mixed matches. But the negro man who had been her suitor after she was a widow, followed her to the island, and they were married. He adored his little blonde step-daughter. It was he who insisted that she should be dressed like a white child. And he talked to her in English so she should know the language, and he kept watch over her manners. I stopped to talk to him one day when he was walking with the child.

"Curtsy to the lady, Rose," he said in the soft slurred English of the south. He

had been a houseman in a good American home in the Canal Zone, and being observant, he remembered how the children were trained.

The child dropped a charming curtsy, and I praised her to the father, making him my firm friend.

"She shall go to a convent school when she is older," he said. "The sisters will know what to teach her. She shall not become a savage. I am saving money now. There will be enough for her."

But I still wonder what will become of little Rose Jansen. Will that devoted negro step-father be able to give her the sort of life he wants her to have?

There were many half-breed children, as I noticed when I began looking at them more closely. There were several white men there who were married to Indian women. But they were the type of men that are called beach-combers. They had lost touch with their own nationality and were willing to sink into this lazy life. There were several negroes also. The Indians mingle freely with negroes, and they intermarry—that is unless they belong to one of the proud families that claim descent from the ancient Mayas. These from upon inter-marriages either with white people or negroes. It was in this sort of family that I belonged.

**I** DO not know how Rafael filled in his time. He was away a great deal. He would set out in his boat in the morning, either alone or with another man, and would not return until evening. He always seemed to have plenty of money, and gave me money when I asked for it. Some of the more energetic Indians and negroes engaged in trade between the islands and the mainland, and they made money—money in sums that appeared large to these people who had so few expenses for necessities. Some of the men, Rose's father among them, were reputed to be rich.

The fiestas seemed to be occurring every few weeks. Since I could not understand the language I did not find out much about them. Rafael was very vague about their meaning. To the Indians I think they only meant a time of merry making; some had been started by the old Spanish missionaries, but some were native Indian festivities. Most of our islanders went to the nearest town on the mainland, a village called Manita to enjoy the fiestas. They wore all of their finery, and stayed to dance until the dawn of the next day.

I was taken just once with Rafael to a fiesta. But there was quite a large party of tourists that had come to watch the dance. Of course they noticed me. I had put on a pretty lace dress to do Rafael credit. And he was wearing his New York clothes. Some of the American men from the tourist party came and asked me to dance. I refused discreetly. But even the fact that they spoke to me roused Rafael's jealousy. One of the men, astonished to find I spoke English, asked how I came to be there with those "savages."

"Don't you want to go back?" he asked bluntly. My husband was at my elbow. I said, "Oh, no. I live on one of the beautiful islands out in the bay. That is my home."

I was never taken to another fiesta. Thereafter Rafael went to the mainland with the Indians, leaving me on the island with the old people and small children.

One evening, returning late after a fiesta in Manita, Rafael came in looking as if he had been in a fight. His nose had been bleeding. There was a scratch on his face, and his shirt collar was torn half off. But Rafael was chuckling.

"Carlo sure didn't want to get married," he said. "But we made him."

"You don't mean that all this happened at a wedding?"

"Yes, for Carlo fought, but we were too much for him."

"You don't mean the bridegroom was unwilling to be married?"

"Yes. He didn't like the girl his father picked for him. But we threw him in her hammock all right, and they are married by this time."

I had to ask a good many questions to get it out of him, but for the first time I learned of the marriage customs of the Indians.

When a girl is thirteen or fourteen her father looks about for a husband for her. The fathers of the prospective bride and groom arrange the marriage. A bamboo house is built for the girl; her hammock is slung in it. When all is ready she retires alone to her hammock. The young men of the neighborhood bring in the groom, pretending to struggle to escape—only sometimes it is a real struggle if the groom does not like the girl his father has chosen. In spite of the struggles the youth is cast into the hammock with the girl. The captors go away, and that is the marriage. There is a feast and dancing the next day, the celebration being as elaborate as the father of the bride can afford.

I FOUND out about the funeral customs, too. A neighbor woman died suddenly. I called with Rafael to offer sympathy. The body was to be carried to the mainland next morning, for the funeral in the church in Manita. The woman had been baptized in the church in her infancy, and now the church was giving her its last rites. She was lying in the hammock in which she had slept, and this was her winding sheet and coffin. It would be wrapped around her and she would be buried in it, in the Indian cemetery on a remote rocky hillside on the mainland.

She was dressed in her fine embroidered blouse, and her necklace was about her neck. Her necklace was a chain of gold on which was strung all the wealth she had accumulated in her life time. There were gold coins, American and Spanish, and South American. A scientist told me afterward that some of these coins are very old, and worth a great deal. There were also several gold ornaments made of pure gold that the Indians dig out of their secret supply in the mountains. That necklace represented enough wealth to keep an Indian family in luxury for a good many years.

When we were going home I said, "Will they give the necklace to her daughter?"

"No," said Rafael, "they will leave it on her."

And that was the custom. The Indian woman's wealth was buried with her. And sometimes the graves are dug up, and the dead body robbed by greedy white men who have heard of this custom.

The German storekeeper was my friend from the first, and he was the only man to whom I could speak without arousing Rafael's ferocious jealousy. Herr Leisherm was so old and fat and homely that I suppose Rafael thought it absurd to see any interest on my part. But if he had known how much I liked the old man he might have gone into rages even over him.

We had a good many tourists visiting that year. Most Americans had not known before that we had ruined cities, temples, palaces and pyramids older than those of Egypt, and both explorers and curiosity seekers came to try to get a glimpse of these wonders. Most of the ruins lie in the jungles and are not easily reached. But the tourists overflowed in Central America, some even visiting our island.

"When the tourists are going back would you not like to get in the boat with them?" said Herr Leisherm one day when I stood

with him in the store looking out at a crowd of tourists who were taking pictures of the Indian children.

That was the first I knew that he realized my plight there.

"I wouldn't dare," I answered. "I'd only get to Colon, and there I would have to wait till the immigration authorities allowed me to sail. I would be found. I might be killed."

"Yes, that is true. But if a canoe comes and you need help remember that Uncle Otto will do anything he can."

"Oh, thank you. I would like to get back to my own people. My husband is not unkind to me, but this is no life for an American woman. Perhaps sometime I can persuade him to leave this island, this savage life. But I am glad to know I have a friend here."

The party of Professor Angleston, the archeologist, stopped at our island the next week and from then on events moved swiftly to the climax of tragedy. The party stayed on the island only a few days. We had no ruins. I suspect these flat islands are swept by tidal waves or high seas at intervals, and all buildings are swept away. The scientists wanted to talk with the Indians, get some of their legends, and stories, and especially to try to trace their connection with the ancient Mayas. Avery Thurston was a writer who had joined the expedition to get material for a book and magazine articles on Central America. Carlos Borja, a Nicaraguan of Spanish descent had joined the expedition for purposes known at that time only to himself.

I was the only white woman on the island, and both of these young men noticed me. I shrank from their friendliness all I could, remaining in my house when they visited the island. They had located a camp almost opposite us on the mainland, and either Avery or Carlos came to the island almost daily. The exploring party had a small gas launch, and the trip across was a quick and easy one. They had been coming for a number of days before Rafael saw either of them talking to me. He came home early that day. Carlos was leaning against my doorway talking to me as I sat sewing in the house. Before Rafael's cold stare even his self-assurance melted away. He said good-bye, and went down to his boat. I kept my head bent over my sewing. For a long minute Rafael did not speak. Then he said in low, frightful tones, "Among our people it is the custom to bury an unfaithful wife alive."

I threw down my sewing and faced him. Now my temper was aroused, too.

"DON'T you dare call me an unfaithful wife. You know that is a lie. Among civilized people a woman can speak to a man without suspicion that she is in love with him. I am still a civilized woman though I live among savages. I shall talk to whom I please and you need not complain as long as I conduct myself properly. And if you mean what you said as a threat I shall not stay here any longer. No one would expect me to stay with a husband who threatens my life. I shall go home at the first opportunity."

"No, no," cried Rafael. "You shall not go. You are mine. I will not give you up. I know you are not unfaithful, but I cannot bear to see you even smile at another man. What I said is not a threat. I was just telling you of an old custom of my people. I would not hurt you. I would die for you."

His arms were around me, and for a moment the old feeling was alive again.

"Rafael, let us go back to New York. We were happy there. And you ought not

be wasting your education and abilities living like a savage. Surely you are not satisfied."

He gave me a strange look. "These are my people," he said. "Perhaps some time we will go back—not now. There are things I must do. But this Carlos Borja—you will not talk with him any more. He is a bad man. If you knew how bad you would shrink from him in loathing. And the vengeance of the old gods will fall upon him. I would not have it strike you, too."

"I don't like him at all," I said. "I've felt there is something sinister about him. I will not speak to him again if I can help it. He came here with only invitation from me. And now that he's seen how angry you are perhaps he will not come again."

"My dear one!" cried Rafael, "You are mine. You are mine only."

He was no longer the silent Indian, but the ardent lover of our New York life. And I clung to him, feeling that my troubles were over. But even while my husband held me a fear stirred. It was true that I didn't want to see Carlos. There was something about him that repelled me. But when Avery Thurston came up from the beach toward my door my heart leaped with gladness that I dared not think about. Suppose Rafael saw him some day. Would he suspect, and could I remove his suspicions as I had done this time?

But alas! I did see Carlos once more. It was late afternoon when he looked into my open door.

"YOU are here, fairest lady, and you are alone?"

I came to the door.

"Mr. Borja," I said earnestly, "You must not come here. My husband is an Indian, and he will not allow me to talk with you. You are putting yourself, and me also in danger. Please do not come again."

"Ha! I thought it was so. But what do I care for that low Indian? And what do you care, fair lady. The launch is on the beach. Come with me now, and we can laugh at his jealous rage. I can give you all your heart desires, love, jewels, travel and every luxury. Tonight I shall gather my cache, and then we will be off to New York, Paris, wherever we will. Come, lovely lady. You can escape now. If I leave you tonight it may be too late. Your life is not safe with these lawless savages."

"Don't talk nonsense," I said coldly. "Of course I shall not go with you."

"Look," he said, and from his pocket he drew something that glittered in the sun. I shrank back with a cry of horror. It was a necklace such as the Indian women wear. But this one flashed back the cold fire of diamonds. Many of the cruel gold ornaments were set with diamonds. Where had he got the necklace? The Indian women will not sell them, nor give them away, even to those of their own family.

"Hush!" he said fiercely, "if anyone knew I had this I'd not leave the island alive. Keep silent, or my blood will be upon you. Why should such treasure be left lying in the ground? An Indian woman dead a thousand years ago will not be needing this. I showed it to you so you might know I had enough for us both."

"Go quickly," I said. "You are indeed in danger when you meddle with tribal customs."

"But I will be far enough away tomorrow to laugh at them, but you—you'll be sorry if you do not come now. This is probably your last chance to escape."

I turned from him without another word. A few minutes later I heard the launch on its way back to the camp.

Of course I never knew just what happened that terrible night. When I went out next morning I thought my Indian neighbors were looking at me strangely. At first I thought some accident might have happened to Rafael, for he had not come home at all. But when I reached the store Herr Liebscherm told me what had happened.

"The man Borja who came to the island so many times was found dead early this morning. His head was crushed by a rock. It could have been an accident. He seemed to have fallen down a cliff—at the Indian cemetery. He had been robbing the graves of the old jeweled necklaces. Of course the Indians are in a ferment. If he had been caught there by them he would have been hurled from the cliff on to the rocks below. But no one will ever know. Professor Angleston is moving his camp today. The Indians are in an ugly temper. Someone else might fall over the cliffs tonight. My child, would you like to borrow my boat and go to the mainland? You could ask Professor Angleston to protect you until you were on a boat bound for home."

"Oh, no, no! I can't do that."  
"You see, you knew this man who died so strangely."

"**B**UT there was nothing between us. I did not know what he was doing. Believe me, I am not that kind of woman." "I do believe you, my child, but will your husband believe you?"

"There is nothing—nothing at all that can disturb him."

And so I let that chance of escape go by. Rafael did not return that day. But late at night, after I had been asleep, I heard him stirring in the house.

"Rafael," I called.  
"Get up and come with me," he said in a strange muffled voice.  
"I'm not going anywhere until morning," I said.

"Get up at once. We are going in the boat to the home island."  
I protested and begged. It did no good. He pulled me out of the hammock, saying, "Hurry! Hurry!"

I lit a candle and collected a few clothes. He seized me by the arm and fairly ran the boat with me. As the wind caught the sail and we drew away from the land I knew chilling terror. All about us lay the blackness of the moonless night. The black water around us sometimes showed a phosphorescence, the black sky above showed its stars. But I could not see my husband's face and he did not speak. Something had happened and I now knew Rafael well enough to know that his silence meant black rage. But I knew I had done nothing to deserve his anger. Carlos? But I had refused to go with Carlos, and I had known nothing of his horrible deed until it was done.

At dawn we were approaching a small island that I had never seen before. It lay remote in the sea. From Avradi we could see several other islands and also the mainland. But nothing else was visible from this island. I never found out its name. Rafael always called it "the home island." I could see few houses, and also the vegetation was scant. A few cocoanut palms bent before the trade wind. No one came running to the beach to see us disembark, as they did at Avradi. We walked up the beach and Rafael led me to an empty bamboo house and gestured for me to go in. Then he went away. There is little to tell of that terrible two weeks on the home island. It was inhabited only by Rafael's family, perhaps fifty persons in all. I met none of them except his father, the chief and ruler of the community. He came in once

to stare at me, I am sure disapprovingly. When I approached any of the women they went away without speaking to me. The men did not speak either when they met me, though they stared at me curiously. I could see that I was in disgrace. Those first two days when Rafael came in I begged him to tell me what was wrong, and why the people treated me so harshly. He would not answer my questions. The third day he brought that woman home.

He came in while I was preparing food, a squat little Indian woman walking behind him.

"This is my wife," he said. "I have brought her to live with me."  
"You can't do that," I said. "I am your wife, legally married to you with a license and by a minister in New York."  
"I was married to her before I went to New York," he said with a gleam of malice in his eyes.

"If you had a wife before me why didn't you leave me on Avradi? I could have gone home."

"We Indians do not leave an unfaithful wife to go to her lover," he answered.  
I was too beaten to even answer that.

"This is the end," I said. "If this woman stays here, and if she is your wife, I shall go."  
"You can't get away." This time the

fury of a madman was burning in those black eyes. Rafael had loved me once, but now he hated me. He would hurt me in any way he could.

In silence I gathered my few possessions and moved out. I took shelter under a palm tree, and spread my one blanket for a bed. There was no hardship in living out of doors. These small islands swept constantly by the salt winds, have no flies or mosquitoes. It did not fall below seventy degrees at night, and while it was quite hot in the afternoons there was always the water where I could swim and find refreshment.

I stayed for a week in the shade of the tree. No one came near me or spoke to me. I had no food but the fruit I gathered. Fortunately there were ripe bananas on the trees, and these would sustain life for a long time. I wondered listlessly what Rafael meant to do with me. Surely he didn't mean to leave me camped out here on the island. There seemed little hope of help from outside. I saw ships, but at a great distance—too far away to signal. No small boats came near. There was no store on this island, and I felt sure visitors from the outside world were rare. I think Rafael was the only person there who spoke English well.

**F**ROM my despairing musings I was aroused one day by a voice at my shoulder.

"Mrs. Veranes, is it really you? What a time I've had finding you. Most of the Indians on Avradi said you'd gone back to New York. But old Uncle Otto told me I'd better look here before I gave up. And he told me how to get here."

I was on my feet. Hope sprang alive in my heart. It was Avery. He had sought me out. I would be saved from this living death.

"Oh, Mr. Thurston, take me away. I am a prisoner here—and I am afraid. Take me, now, quickly, before Rafael gets back."

"You bet I will. Don't fret any more. You poor little thing! You look as if you'd been through some beastly kind of Indian hell. I guess you have at that. Now don't worry; I'm not leaving without you."

"Let's go," I begged. "Let's hurry—hurry, or it will be too late."

I reached for his hand. And then I saw Rafael approaching from among the

trees. My heart died within me. This was despair.

But to my utter astonishment I saw that Rafael was smiling. He met Avery with outstretched hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Thurston, this is a surprise."

"Yes," said Avery. "I wanted to see both you and Mrs. Veranes again. I got directions from a friend on Avradi, and borrowed a boat and sailed over. I'm going back to New York next week. I'm writing some stories about these islands you know."

"Yes, I'd heard about it. And you wanted to visit as many islands as possible, no doubt. I'm afraid you'll get no stories here, however. My people cannot speak English, and they distrust the white man."

"Perhaps you and Mrs. Veranes will give me some information."

"Janet will not be able to tell you anything. She has never learned our language, and she cannot talk with the people. But I'll do what I can. Perhaps you would like to visit my father. He is chief, and keeps to the traditions of ancient times."

"I'd like that very much."  
"Come with us, Janet," said Rafael carelessly as they turned toward the largest of the bamboo houses.

I dared not see Avery's eye, though I felt he wanted to give me some message. I followed behind the two men. I was in deadly fear. Under Rafael's smooth voice, speaking faultless English, I felt his hatred burning like a blasting fire.

**I** HAD never been in my father-in-law's house before. I looked round the large room which had some semblance of luxury. There were couches covered with bright rugs, the first I had seen among the Indians. The imperious old man sat cross-legged on one of these couches.

"There is the women's apartment," said Rafael, pointing to a door covered with a curtain. I had no power in me to resist that pointing finger. I pulled the curtain aside and entered the room. Half a dozen women busy at sewing or embroidering sat on the couch or the floor. They stared at me coldly. No one spoke. I sat down on the floor in an angle next to the main room. Rafael was translating everything that was said. So I knew an invitation was given for Avery to remain for a native supper. He could set sail in the morning when the wind was favorable, Rafael told him. Most of the women left to prepare the feast. But one wrinkled old Indian grandmother remained with me. There was no way out of this room except by going through the main room where the men were.

Sometimes, even now when I am safe, I hope, from that dark vengeance, I wake in a cold perspiration from a nightmare dream, thinking over again that terrible night. I saw the fire leaping the black curtain of night. I saw the Indian men sitting about the fire being served with food by the women. They passed like indistinct figures on a darkened screen. I began to realize that Avery had been drugged by something in his food or drink. I saw him nodding forward, and straightening up by an effort of will. In the darkness where I sat, watched by the old crone, I wanted to shriek out to him to run to his boat and set sail. And after awhile he slid down on the sand, senseless. The men carried his inert body into the darkness. I thought he was dead, or if he were not dead they would kill him.

I must have fallen into a stupor myself. When I awoke it was dawn, and Rafael was standing over me.

My self-control snapped. "You have killed him," I screamed.

"You are a fool," said Rafael coldly. "We do not kill anyone—not even faithless wives.

We just allow them to kill themselves. We did not kill that robber of tombs. But we chased him where he would fall over the cliff. We have not killed your latest lover. We set him adrift on the out-going tide without oars or sail. We shall not kill you—but you will die."

The bamboo door was closed and fastened on the outside. I do not know how long I lay in that prison. I lost count of time. No one brought me food or water, and I was in a stupor of misery and weakness. I was roused—it might have been the second day—by a sound outside my prison. I looked between the bamboos. Someone was digging out on the beach. I watched for awhile long. Then I noticed that the hole was fully and narrow. "Among our people it is the custom to bury an unfaithful wife alive." The words seemed written on my brain in fire.

**I** BEAT against the bamboos. I kept up the struggle until I fell exhausted. And then I heard the drone of an approaching sea-plane. Some inner sense told me it was coming for me. My prayers out of this dark place had been heard. I would be saved. The men who were digging paused in their work, and looked out over the sea toward the sound. They one flung down his shovel and came running toward the house. A minute later Rafael burst in upon me. His face was contorted, his teeth bared in a passion of anger. He jerked my hands behind me roughly and tied them. I was too weak to resist at all. Then he thrust a wad between my teeth, and tied a hankerchief about my face. Only then did I realize that he meant to hide me until the seaplane was gone. He dragged me to

the couch and thrust me underneath so that the covering concealed me.

I heard the plane land. I heard a strange man's voice say, "We have information that a woman who is an American citizen is being detained on this island. We would like to see her and find out whether she would like to go back with us."

"You probably mean my wife," said Rafael. "She married me and came here of her own free will. I do not know why you say she is detained."

"I do not wish to interfere with your affairs, Mr. Veranes. If I may just speak with the lady, and if she says she wishes to stay, that will settle the matter."

"Unfortunately you cannot see her. She is on the mainland."

Then a new voice spoke—Avery's. And even in my agony of mind I was thankful that he was alive. "Captain Ames, I know the woman was here two days ago, and she was being held prisoner. Use your warrant and search the houses."

Their footsteps died away. How I strained at the bonds. Somehow I must make them hear. If they left, my fate was certain. I heard their voices again. They were in the house. They were in the room where I lay.

"Not much searching necessary. There's nothing in these houses. I'm afraid she is not here, Thurston."

I got my foot against the drapery, and pushed it out.

There was a cry from Avery. The drapery was torn from the bamboo couch, and my eyes looked up into Avery's. Then I sank into oblivion.

I awoke days later in the hospital in Colon. Kind American people berriended

me. I was taken into the doctor's home until I was able to travel. Avery visited me daily. Dr. Wade came, and Captain Ames of the air forces and his lovely wife. They asked if I wished to prosecute Rafael for the indignities I had suffered on the island. They hinted that his father was a rich man and would probably pay compensation to keep his son out of the toils of the law.

"No, no, no!" I wanted nothing of them but my freedom."

"Good girl," whispered Avery when we were alone. "Money can't pay for what you went through, and I don't want you indebted to them for anything. I'm taking care of this. And a year from now, when you are my wife, and have forgotten this horror, we're coming back down here. I found out something about the gold mines. I think I located one. You can pick up hunks of quartz just full of gold. I've got some in my trunk. I'll show you—"

"No, no, Avery. I don't want to see them. I don't want to think about them, and I can never come back here."

"Of course not, my darling. I was a brute to suggest it."

I am back home now, at rest and happy; and I feel safe—almost. Suppose I should walk down the street someday and meet Rafael!

Would I shrink and grow weak before the blazing hate in his eyes? I must not think of it. The chapter is closed. I am the wife of a fine American man. I must forget the past.

Sometimes I hear travellers speak of the bright sunny islands of the Caribbean. But to me they are always the dark islands of the sea.

## The Happiest Moment of My Life

(Continued from page 4)

every day. Spending my days in the library I kept up my education. I kept this up two weeks.

One night as I was retiring, I overheard my mother softly pray, "And please, dear Lord, bless and watch over my Bette, for enduring so bravely the cross she was called upon to bear." I smiled bitterly and fell asleep.

The next day as I entered the library, the librarian asked me to take care of the desk while she returned home for some cards, she would need.

For days she would let me check books and arrange them on the shelves until I was as experienced as any librarian should be.

When news came that the assistant librarian was being married, I at once applied for the position which was given to me readily because of the chief librarian's word.

That night, I carelessly announced my getting a position as assistant librarian. The happiest moment of my life was when I caught the look of love and appreciation my parents gave me. —B. L.

### THIRD PRIZE \$10.00

Imagine a bride's disappointment when she awakes on her wedding day to find that the outside world is drenched in a cold hard rain! That's exactly what happened to me only a few days ago; and I immediately turned to the old prediction that a bride would "shed as many tears as there were raindrops." However, the down-pour ceased about noon, and my fiancé and the minister came for me about two o'clock. We were to go to the county seat for the license, and come back to my grandmother's

er's for the ceremony; but the clerk refused to issue the license because neither of my parents was present, and I wasn't twenty-one.

We drove back to get my father, and then it began to rain! It seemed that everything was against us, and we were nervous and afraid that the court house would be closed before we could return. Finally Dad was found and we started over the narrow mountain roads that seemed to be all curves. My spirits were dampened by the continual downpour, and my thoughts kept repeating, "Teardrops, raindrops, teardrops, raindrops."

But as we rounded a great bend in the road, one of the loveliest sights I've ever seen met my eyes. A great rainbow was only a short distance ahead of us, one end meeting the center of the road, and the other reaching across the hillside down into the valley below. Nearer and nearer we came, and, as I held my breath, we seemed to pass through the very end of it that met the road. A great weight lifted from me, for I remembered God's promise to Noah, and I felt that the rainbow was a benediction and a blessing—a promise of happiness to come—and my happiest moment! —Mrs. T. C.

### FIVE DOLLAR PRIZES

My husband, Jim, is a young petroleum engineer. For six years I was radiantly happy. Two adorable babies had added joy to our lives.

Anguish entered my life when Jim became infatuated with Rita, a beautiful, slim brunette. We belonged to the same country club. One night at a club dinner dance, I saw Rita in Jim's arms. They

were on the club verandah. I crept away in the shadows of the night, hurt and shocked.

I said nothing to Jim. I prayed that this was only a flirtation. Weeks went by. Jim became indifferent to me. Life was a hideous nightmare. I tried to be brave and sensible and did not show my feelings.

When I was Jim's bride, I was blonde and young and lovely. As time went on I was busy with my home and babies and I did not make an effort to keep myself well-groomed. My mirror now revealed drab hair, sallow skin, and a too plump figure.

The company Jim works for sent him to South America for four months. After he sailed, I took myself in hand. I changed my habits. I took long walks, regulated my diet and entered a gymnasium class. I worked tirelessly to improve myself.

When Jim returned I met him at the dock. He looked at me in amazement. I had lost sixteen pounds. My figure was trim and my face glowed with the bloom of health. My new clothes were attractive. I was carefully groomed.

"Darling," he said, "I hardly knew you. You are beautiful."

Jim held me close and kissed me eagerly. I looked into his eyes and my heart sang for I knew I need never fear Rita again.

My life is again filled with joy, but that one moment was the happiest.

—Mrs. A. J. B.

**W**HEN I was sixteen years old, my own mother died. Shortly after, my father began to keep company with another woman and naturally I resented it terribly. This flame of resentment was only to be kindled by relatives and neighbors telling

me what stepmothers were like and how I would probably be treated. I lived in terror of the day my father would announce his plans of marrying this woman.

It was scarcely a year later when the event occurred. She came to live with us and I believe I left no stone unturned to make her life uncomfortable. If it was a nice day to her, I thought it was terrible. If she wanted pork for dinner, I wanted beef. This went on for some time. But my stepmother never once crossed me or said a thing against me.

As time went on I began to awaken to the fact that all the hard feelings and showings of temperament were all on my part, and gradually I began being a little nicer.

On the first mother's day following her marriage to my father I sent her a plant of flowers. She was so very pleased she broke down and cried and said her dreams were all fulfilled—now she had a real daughter. Then she told me that in her former marriage she had lost three babies and had always hoped to have a child of her own.

Where she can't of course, take my mother's place, it was the happiest moment of my life to know I had been able to bury my false pride and make her life a little more happy. I am older now and married to a fine young man; but my stepmother is one of my best friends and helpers.

—Mrs. R. C. S.

**A** WIDOW. I supplemented my meagre income by renting two spare rooms in my old-fashioned home. One winter I had a middle-aged English couple, new to this country. He was a bricklayer, a good one, and was not long in finding work. For a time they were the jolliest, happiest couple I had ever known. Then one day during a spell of severe cold, sleety weather, he took cold and in five days was dead from pneumonia. It was what was left of his estate had accumulated for the expenses involved, and the wife was left penniless.

Dazed by her great sorrow, she was the most heartbroken creature I had ever seen. One night I heard her weeping in her room and went in to see if I could not comfort her. She sat huddled in bed, her body racked by great choking sobs. My woman's intuition told me she was suffering not alone from grief but of fear of being alone and penniless in a strange country. I sat down beside her and put my arms around her. "Don't cry so," she said gently. "It is my own friend. I'll see that no harm comes to you." Lifting her tear stained face she gazed intently in my eyes for a moment, then with a great sigh, her weary head dropped against my shoulder, her sobs ceased and the tension of her body relaxed.

As I sat there, my arms around her, there flashed across my mind with illuminating clearness, the meaning of the words: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto Me." That it had been my privilege to help this poor, suffering woman made me very happy, in fact I am sure it was the happiest moment of my life.

—J. T. S.

After having been married nine years, and passed from the "people of moderate circumstances" to being a "case" on the E.R.A., I discovered the wish of our first years of married life was to be realized and we were to have a baby.

We did not like the idea because of my age and no money. I had to have special care for which the county had to pay. When the first baby was twenty-two months old she had a brother—still at the

expense of the county. The son was six months old when, to my consternation, I discovered there was to be another.

I just about went out of my mind. Two babies crying themselves to sleep with hunger, and now another. A friend asked me why I did not do something. I did. I did everything anyone told me to and when my family scolded me about the chances I was taking with my life, I said, "I will get it or it will get me."

After two months "it" got me. I was rushed to the hospital where my life was despaired of. I lay in a coma for hours. Before I sank so low, I was conscious enough to know how near death I was and what a terrible wrong I had done my other two babies.

I prayed as I never prayed before to God to forgive me and let me go home again to my babies.

When the ambulance stopped at the door and they slid me out, the first thing I saw was my two babies with their little noses pressed against the window waiting for their Mommy.

It was indeed the happiest moment of my life to realize that my prayers were answered and a live Mommy was coming home to them.

—F. L. K.

Stepfathers and stepmothers are so often criticized when they are trying to rear the child of someone else, that it is no wonder that the incident that I am going to relate is the happiest moment of my life.

At the age of twenty, I fell in love with and married a fine young man. We had been married only twenty-five months when God saw fit to call him Home. Naturally this was a great shock to me as I now had a nine-months-old boy to rear without the helping hand of his father.

I went to live with my mother and father again. In about two years, I began dating again as I was still young. One young man whom I met was especially nice to my baby, and soon won my love. We married in about a year. We visited in the home of my first husband's mother and she visited us as if it were her own son living. Once when she spent a week with us she said, "Grace, I want you to know how well pleased I am with your choice of a stepfather to place over my precious grandson. If you had picked the world over, I couldn't have been better pleased, for you couldn't have found one who would have been better to you and little Tommy."

That was the happiest moment of my life, for it was sweet music to my ears. We have been married ten years now and everyone still remarks about how much my husband and son love each other and how good they are to each other.

I am indeed a very happy wife and mother.

—G. T.

**W**HEN I married Ed I knew very well that there had been a great deal of opposition in his family to me. But then my own family was up in arms about our marriage, too, only for a different reason. My people didn't want me to marry Ed for reasons of religion.

But there was a more personal reason for the Thorntons not wanting me in their family. They thought I was beneath them.

After Mr. Thornton died Ed and I got married. It seemed then that his whole family, and all their friends and neighbors, were out to show me what a bad bargain Ed had made. I was miserable, especially since we would have to live with Ed's mother, in their old house.

But one nice thing happened when we came back from our honeymoon. That

first morning Ed's mother came to me and said:

"Ellen, I've always wanted a daughter. I know there has been bad feeling on both sides—but it's all over now. You're in my family now, and as far as I am concerned you are my daughter."

The richest reward of my life came one day about two years later. Mother Thornton had been dangerously sick for a month. Immediately I had given up my job and had nursed her day and night from sickness into health.

One evening I heard her say to a neighbor who came to sit beside her bed—"Among the greatest blessings in my life I count my daughter-in-law. She's a fine woman and a real daughter to me."

Another Thornton's words wiped out, then and there, all the misery and wretchedness I had gone through when I married Ed. I am sure life couldn't hold a happier moment for me.

—L. T. C.

**I** HAVE had many happy moments in my life. But the very happiest happened in my younger days when my children were small. Although my husband and myself came from very religious families, we had neither one joined church until after our darling baby was taken from us. I could hold out no longer and joined our home church, and although I begged and prayed for my husband to come with me he said, "There is no God. If there is He would not let so much meanness occur in the world."

Several years later at a revival my husband suddenly surrendered. At the time, my happiest moment occurred, and has continued until this day. My husband's first consideration until his death, was his God and his church.

—Mrs. S. L. Y.

I'm sure my happiest moment was when I had the courage to refuse a very elaborate proposition, by a handsome fellow. Of course he was married, and his religion did not permit divorce. So he said he wanted to rent an apartment for me and doll me up in grand style. But having read so many stories in True Romances, to that effect and knowing the results, I firmly declined, even though it meant working twelve hours a day as a maid to keep the wolf from the door. Now I am very happy with my husband and little son.

It just shows that sometimes the hard way out at first, is really the easiest in the long run.

—Mrs. E. J.

For years I had struggled to raise a little family that their own father had spurned. He left us to shift for ourselves and started a business that has brought him a wonderful income. He never cared whether my five children and I starved or froze as long as he gloried in his money.

My health failed but I struggled on, caring for my babies and also earning their bread and butter by caring for other children.

Just the other day my oldest daughter reached the age when she can help me, and her dad tried to tempt her with clothes and money to leave me and go to him. Her answer was, "He didn't want me when I was a baby or when I was helpless to care for myself. You, Mother, stood by me. Now I will teach him that nothing in the world will break the faith you had in me. I will stick by you until my other sisters and brothers are able to help you. Then I will make a home of my own which will be yours too, if you ever need it, and I hope if I ever become a mother I can be just as good a mother as you have always been."

I'll leave the rest to you. Could I be more happy than I am today?"

—Mrs. P. A.

Mom had very little education—I guess you might have called her illiterate—but she taught me at least one thing for which I shall always be grateful. If a girl gives herself to a man before marriage there is apt not to be a marriage. Men just don't like to think of their wives as the free-and-easy kind they take on week-end parties.

When I met Jimmy and consequently learned what it was to be in love I had the usual pleas and promises dished out to me that girls have heard since Eve married Adam.

Then one particularly lovely moonlit night when love and passion blotted out all thought of caution, Mom's words came to me as though she were standing at my elbow, "Wilma, when a girl grants a man privileges before he's married, he learns to despise her." Imagine my surprise when

at my refusal to meet his ardent demands my sweet, impetuous lover promptly proposed.

We were married in late October. As we listened to those sacred and lovely words, "I pronounce you man and wife," I breathed a little prayer. "Thank God I took Mom's advice and waited." That was the happiest moment of my life.

—Mrs. R. L.

**A**LL my life, even when I was just a small girl, I was very staunch in my belief that the very best kind of husband any woman could have, was the one an all-wise loving Providence had provided for her. So firm was I in this belief that always when it was mentioned I declared very emphatically that I would know when the right one came along and I would not marry any other.

It was in the early spring of 1923, I was working in a store in a small western town, when I met L—. I knew at once that he was the right one. It seemed that

the revelation came more quickly to me than it did to him (although I never gave up).

I had known him several months before he asked me for a date. But we had gone together only a few times when he declared his love for me. He said he knew the first time he ever saw me that I was the one for him. But waited to be sure. He confided in me that he had always believed that God would bring the right one to him at the right time, and he would know that she was the right one, which was exactly what I believed.

Time has proven this to be exact and true. For, side by side, and in hand, down the pathway of life, we are walking together. We were happy then and with the passing of time we grow happier, and as we near the sunset of life, we can truthfully say, with the apostle Paul, that after the seemingly most desirable things in life are taken into consideration, that love is the greatest of all.

—Mrs. C. S. B.

## Do You Need Advice?

(Continued from page 7)

started writing to you, and we both agreed that you can help us. You will see very soon why it would be impossible for us to talk to our parents. We know exactly what they would say, just how they would act, and what they would do about the whole thing. We felt that we would get an impartial view from you, and that since you didn't know us you wouldn't be emotional and personal about it. Anyway, we know you have had a great deal of experience helping young people and that you can see this situation from many angles which we can't even understand, and which we feel our parents won't understand.

**I** AM twenty, and Rex is twenty-two. I can't remember the time when we weren't in love with each other, although it was only four years ago that I met him. I don't suppose I was in love with him before I met him, but still those four years feel like a lifetime. It seems as though I must always have known him in my heart, even though I had never seen him.

Anyway, for a year now we have known we wanted to be married. A year ago, when we became engaged, we certainly thought that by this time we would be all fixed and ready to start housekeeping. And here we are exactly where we started, with not a hope in sight. I don't have to tell you it is discouraging. You don't mind climbing a mountain or trudging along a dark, muddy road, if at least you know where you are going or what is at the end of it. But if, after a year of climbing and tramping, you still haven't any idea what is at the end of the road, or even what the next town is—all the work and planning hardly seems worthwhile.

A year ago when Rex and I began to plan for our marriage, the two of us together were earning twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents a week. I was making ten dollars of that. I suppose it will seem crazy to you that two people with that small sum between them should be thinking of marriage. And when I look back now, I guess it was crazy. But Rex was expecting a very substantial increase, and I was expecting a smaller one. And we felt that if we got up anywhere near forty dollars, we could manage it.

Neither of us has any savings, because you see we have always had to contribute something at home. Of course it is the same in every family. Nobody can live for himself any more. Whether it is two

dollars or five dollars or eight dollars that has to be contributed, every boy and girl I know must give something at home. Of course we'd all want to, considering that we eat at home and sleep at home.

Then, in the past year, both in Rex's family and in mine, various members haven't worked from time to time, so there just wasn't any talk about our saving anything. It couldn't be done.

That was the first hope we had to relinquish—of our saving something toward simple furniture. Then Rex didn't get his raise, and I didn't get mine. So that was the second.

So you see, from this point on, we just didn't know where to turn. We are desperately in love. For a while we found comfort in just being together, and hoping against hope. Then for a while, we even stopped seeing each other, because we were afraid. Our love seemed to be too much to handle. But separation wasn't any good either. We were both disheartened and lonely, and inefficient in our work.

Just getting married, the license, the cheapest kind of ring, and the minister's fee would cut into our week's wages so that we probably wouldn't be able to eat the first week. Everything seems tied up in knots. Whichever way we turn, there is a knot we can't untangle.

It is true that we live in a town where living isn't as high as in the big cities. But still, even if we both keep our jobs, as we would have to, we must both have carfare and lunches and shoes. I know that if young people marry on too little, there is sure to be trouble ahead. Neither of us expects a palace and fine clothes, but there is a certain minimum, and to keep our jobs we have to keep decent. If two people begin to starve right at the beginning of their marriage; if they have to pinch pennies and live in squalid surroundings—surely their love can't grow very beautiful. Both are bound to be disappointed and desperate.

And yet there is another kind of starvation which we are suffering now, so that we are unhappy and discontented anyway. We have talked about breaking completely, just sacrificing all our plans for love and marriage and never seeing each other again. That frightened us both more than anything else, because it seems to us that since the world depends on marriage and on the raising of families, on homes—surely there must be some way that we can be together,

and out of our love build something valuable and beautiful.

We have seen a number of our friends of about our age, perhaps a year or two older, marry under the conditions which we were facing. And certainly it isn't attractive. As a matter of actual cold cash, we don't see how we would manage it and still contribute something to our families.

You see, whichever way we work it, Rex and I together would have only twenty dollars left to live in. Even if we get the cheapest kind of furnished room, you see that with what we would have to work with, it would mean the barest kind of living. I couldn't go to work in a gingham house-dress, such as I could wear if I stayed at home. But on the other hand, if I gave up my job, we wouldn't have twenty dollars.

**T**HERE are a thousand ways we have tried to work this out, and I am sure you can see them yourself, Miss Porterfield. But it always gets back against a stone wall. Frankly both Rex and I are getting the jitters. We are beginning to feel that anything is worth while, and that you might as well take what you can while the taking is good. But even so, there isn't much to be taken—except one way.

I suppose you may think it strange that I am the one who thought of that way. At first, Rex was horrified and wouldn't think of it. He wouldn't even talk about it. But I am beginning to win him around. Frankly, although I have been very persistent about convincing him, I have been a little afraid and finally Rex confessed that he, too, was afraid to take this step unless we have the advice of some older person who would understand the situation and not have a closed mind.

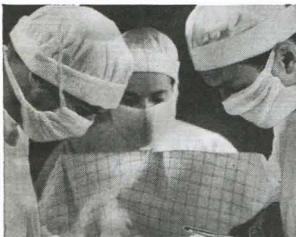
Very frankly, I don't see why Rex and I can't live together secretly. If we can't have the full bloom of marriage, and it certainly looks now as if it might be five or six years before we can, why can't we have some of the fragrance at least, and a little bit of the beauty?

I suppose I ought to be grateful, and I guess I am, that Rex was horrified when I first proposed this. He simply wouldn't hear of it. In fact, we almost quarrelled. He wanted to know what kind of a man I thought he was, and where I thought it would lead.

But as the months have passed, and still there is no streak of dawn in the sky, he is

(Continued on page 48)

# "SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN



**Scientific findings** in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, when applied direct to the skin!



**New York!** Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—how skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.



**Telephone calls** and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).



**A young wife** in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything like this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."



**Society beauties** tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin"—(reading down) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEHR, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT—"Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."



**Druggists**—answering increasing requests from women for Pond's Cold Cream with the "skin-vitamin" in it—explain to them that it comes in the very same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

## Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

**Tune in on "Those We Love," Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.**

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(Continued from page 46)

beginning to think, too, that since I am willing, maybe that is the best way. I know that people say a man doesn't respect you afterwards; that a girl makes life too easy for a man when she breaks the conventions; that it relieves him of his sense of responsibility, and all that sort of thing. But Rex isn't that way. He really loves me. I think he is the kind of man who would feel a greater responsibility, more devotion and a deeper sense of obligation—if we should do what we have in mind.

Of course we would have to keep it secret. I know how the world feels about such things. I know how our parents would feel, eternally disgraced and furious, too. We both come from respectable families, even if we are poor. We don't want to hurt them too badly, but after all, haven't we some right to find our own happiness? Can't we claim the privilege of being together, just as our parents did, and our grandparents before them? Can the fundamental happiness of two people really be assured, just because a minister repeats the marriage ceremony; just because they have a home to which they openly come; and just because they acknowledge their love in public? Can't there be something just as precious in their love if they keep the secret to themselves, if they nourish it close to their hearts like a precious jewel? Many of the most beautiful things in life, I once read somewhere, like flowers and poems, are secretly fed, and kept close in some hidden spot in the creator's mind before they bloom in full. Why can't it be the same with our love? Why can't those years or months of our keeping our secret mean a beautiful blooming in the end, when we are in a position to be married and announce our love?

**I**F there are no mean thoughts in our minds, does such an arrangement have to be mean and furtive? If we consider it as holy as any love has ever been considered, then why does it have to be frowned down upon for a symbol of disgrace. Certainly our love is being cheated now. It is being thwarted and shriveled. We don't want to see it cheated. We just can't bear the thought that we are missing the finest time of our love. I have been feeling lately that in every experience there is one top point, a crest of the wave perhaps. And if you don't catch the experience at that crest, something goes out of it and you never reach the same point again.

I suppose if we were both so certain as we seem to be when we are in each other's company, we wouldn't ask for your advice. We'd go ahead and do it. I guess you know that it is because there is a little doubt in our minds that we are coming to you. And believe me, Miss Porterfield, we will listen. We will take to heart whatever you say.

Sally.

Dear Sally:

You know, all of us when we are young have a common feeling. And that is the belief that things are never going to change. As we grow older and have a little more experience, we see that life is a constant change—that no two days, and certainly no two months in eternity are exactly the same. I can remember when I was a little girl and went to a picnic, I would be broken-hearted when the picnic was over. Because, while I was running around eating ice-cream, playing games and swinging from a tree, I was convinced that the picnic would last forever. It was the same with unhappy events. It always seemed to me, and I know it does to all young people, that if we have a little period of unhappiness that, too, is going to last forever.

We only learn later that if we do the

very best we can every given moment, that the situation must change. After all, a cloudy sky doesn't last forever, any more than the rain does. Life is an alternation of day and night, or winter and spring, and spring and summer. Even rain and floods stop, and the sun comes out.

So when you say that there just isn't any hope in sight, I understand what you mean. What you mean is that you don't see any break in the dull sky. But after all, there are so many things in life that we don't see. They may be just around the turn in the road, or just over the brow of the hill. And when we come upon them, we are so astounded that in our ignorance we did not know they were there.

Because you and Rex have a small income, that doesn't mean that in three months, or in six months, or another year you will still be living on the same income. Haven't you ever heard of some people getting raises and better jobs, or getting ideas which help them to make money? Haven't you ever heard of families coming to a point where everybody is working, and where they no longer require as much assistance from the children? Let me tell you, that people can never live alone, whether they contribute financially to each other or whether they have been financially independent. The world is not made in such a fashion that we live independently of each other. In one way or another, it may be spiritual, mental, financial or emotional—our lives are all intertwined. They are related even to the lives of strangers whom we may never see.

I bring this out here purposely, because I want to impress upon you that even in love, and the fulfillment which love brings, no two people live entirely alone. The world still goes on around them, and their behavior and acts have far-reaching effects on other people.

But let us consider first what sort of effect your plan would have on you and Rex. You say your love is being cheated, that you are afraid of missing the crest of your experience. Surely in one year you haven't reached that crest. Isn't your love stronger and finer than that? Isn't it more deeply rooted than to be shriveled and thwarted by a year's separation? Our superficial things wear out quickly. The more fundamental ones endure. And real love is enduring.

**L**ET us be very practical about this idea of yours. It means, first of all, secrecy. And let me tell you, my dear, that because we don't live alone in the world, there is scarcely any such thing as absolute secrecy. You say beautiful things are nourished in secret. So they are, but they bloom in the open. According to your plan, your love would be fulfilled in secret, not in the open, and you can not hope for the finest kind of flowering. This period of waiting which you are now going through is that nourishing period of love. And once you find fulfillment, you will need sunlight and air for your love. Secret affairs like that never remain secret long. Such little things can betray you—somebody seeing you come out of a house in a distant corner of town; or the sudden glare of an automobile headlight on you; or somebody's excellent memory for faces.

Just how, in a practical way, would you manage such a scheme? Don't you think it would require money? You would have to have some place to meet. And here and there you might find it necessary to bribe somebody into silence. It sounds very sordid, I know, but that is how such things become. There is really no way to keep them on the upper levels of human experience. It means hiding in corners, deceiving your

families, making false excuses, worrying about detection. Do you think that is the soil in which love grows?

Let me tell you, my dear Sally, you would be cheating love much more mercifully by following such a plan, because you would be cheating yourselves. Remember that marriage is a physical change for both men and women. New emotions are born out of it. One of them, and a strong one, is the desire to be acknowledged in public, and to have all those things which marriage stands for. Not palaces, not jewels—but a home where the two of you may come openly.

Under the circumstances which you would encounter in fulfilling your idea, you would both become more discontented, because your hearts would know you are cheating love and marriage. You would be full of fear and a sense of shame. You would both come to the point of regret. Yes, it does make a difference if a minister repeats a marriage service. You must remember that these things we call customs are more than that. The marriage ceremony is the official sanction of society for two people to go ahead and live their lives together. And the point comes when every two people want that sanction.

**A**LL this hiding and deceit will alter your characters. You will not be happy in it. It has been my experience that young people never are. You are merely exchanging one kind of unhappiness for another kind which can't be undone. Through all of your lives you will remember that you couldn't wait for the sanction of your fellow human beings. If some day you have children, you will always be worried that they will find out. Believe me, Sally, if you ever have a daughter of your own, you will know what I am talking about—because this is precisely the kind of thing you would not want your daughter to do.

Of course you are thinking now, "What then are we to do?" First of all, you must expect the good. You must not think that the rain will last forever, but make up your mind that the postponed picnic will still take place. Keep your eyes and ears open. If you see any way to have a home, which may be only one room—but yours, where you can publicly acknowledge your love—seize that opportunity. Talk with your parents. Perhaps they can get along with less. Perhaps they don't know how you feel, and if they know they will see to it that the other members of the family get together and make it possible for you and Rex to get married.

I know that young people don't like to live with one or the other of the parents. It is perhaps not the ideal way. And yet, as a start, it would help.

You will have each other openly and joyously, and the added strength which you will both draw from the open, honest relationship should certainly help you to get out of your parents' home as quickly as possible.

But if none of these things work, then wait. You are both young. If you make up your mind to wait, it can be done gracefully and happily.

Self-control is not the bugaboo which people have made of it. In all things we need self-control and discipline. You know that yourself. In your work, you can't work just when and where and how you please. You must discipline yourself. In your pleasures you must discipline yourself, as in eating, drinking and sleeping—and so love, too, must be disciplined. And just as steel must be tempered in order to be strong, a tempered and disciplined emotion emerges truer and finer with the strength of steel.





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\* \* \*

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ACCEPT NOTHING BUT THE FILM IN THE FAMILIAR YELLOW BOX—KODAK FILM—WHICH ONLY EASTMAN MAKES

## Tainted Family

(Continued from page 23)

His eyes wavered as he saw me. I stood there for a second and looked at him as one looks at an enemy. Then he took a step forward, and I looked at him in horror. "Do you want to talk to me?"

He clenched his fists in determination, and never before had I felt so much contempt for anyone. "I must talk to you. Will you come in my car. We'll take a drive—don't look like that, Lulu. Please don't look at me that way."

There were people passing, and so I held on to myself. I was sure that my lips curled in disdain, that my eyes were hard, but all I said was, "I don't want to talk to you. There is nothing you can say—that can make the slightest difference. And what is more, I despise you."

He wavered, and I thought he would let me pass. But he said, "I'll drive you around for a few minutes. I love you, and I know that I haven't got a chance. But if I don't tell you what I have on my mind, I'll never forgive myself." He became bold suddenly, and said in that challenging voice of his, "What are you afraid of? I only want a few minutes of your time."

**H**E was smart, because that aroused me. With pride I responded, and with even more disdain. "Afraid? All right, I'll go with you for a few minutes. Where's your car?"

He pointed to it. I sat next to him, watching his long hands take hold of the wheel. Those same hands, I thought, had taken hold of Winnie's heart and then had dropped it into the gutter. Those same hands had twisted my heart into a knot.

We rode in silence. How different everything looked. I had been trembling with eagerness only a short time before, because of this man. Now I was filled with hatred for the same man.

He found a place near the city park which was quite deserted, and he began to talk at once, his head down, and in a deep voice full of contrition. "I loved Winnie—but not like you. It was different with her. I was a young boy, and she was beautiful and composed. But you are alive, electric." I wondered about that. What did he mean—electric? But I would never ask him. I just sat there stonily.

He went on and on. I knew he was pleading for his life, in a way, but I held his life cheaply—just as he had held my sister's life cheaply. Yes, and mine too. "I never could give up my freedom for her. I never could fight for her, starve—and really try to make a comfortable living. I was in love with a beautiful woman, infatuated. But I have never loved her really—the way I love you."

His voice was shaking when he went on. And though his body was tense and straight, I knew he was squirming inwardly.

"Winnie wanted to see me about you—honestly. She didn't trust me. But then, she didn't know, she couldn't know how I felt about you. And when I came to her home—I could see his right hand shaking with excitement; it was a terrible admission for any man to make—"she was so womanly, so gloriously beautiful, I was swept off my feet. You can't imagine what it means to be in the presence of a woman like that, a woman whom you have known well in the past."

I sat very still. He watched me as if he were trying to penetrate my brain, touch my heart. "You're only a young girl, Lulu. You don't know how terribly drawn I was to her. It's all wrong—it's unfair. But it happened! And

now I come to you and humble myself," he bit his lips, "—as I have never humbled myself before—to any human being. I'll say just this. For you, I've given up my old job. I'll work like a dog for you, every day. I'll make you a good home. I'll give up everything and everybody. And I could never have done this for Winnie, even though—" He couldn't finish, but I knew what that "even though" meant.

My mind was made up. Firmly I opened the door of the car, and closed it again after I had got out. I knew I stood as straight as an arrow. He had only convicted himself in my eyes, for to me his story was full of contradictions. He loved me, he said, was ready to make the greatest sacrifices. But even before our marriage, yes even before we were truly engaged, he had succumbed to the temptation of another woman—because she was beautiful. My sister!

I held my hand on the car, to show him I wasn't running away, that I was unafraid. "I'll take the trolley home. I've given you your few minutes. That's all you'll ever get." I came a little closer to the car, and bent forward deliberately. I knew I was pretty in my defiance, and I wanted him to remember me that way. "I'll never speak to you again. Our paths will never cross." Then I turned away, and flung the final words over my shoulder, "I'm only sorry for one thing, and I will never forgive myself for it. Yes, I'll tell you what it is—that your lips have touched my lips. I wish I could wash away that contact."

I left him then, crossed the street and waited for the trolley. I stood erect and proud, making believe that the huddled figure in the car across the street was of no consequence to me. He didn't budge when he saw me enter the car, and I left him sitting there, hating him and despising him as only a young girl can hate and despise.

**I**F the memory of this man still remained in my heart, I would have to tear it out, painful as it might be. Though my heart might bleed, I would have to forget him ruthlessly.

I tried to accomplish just that in the next few months. Burt was satisfied, for he knew that I had given Eddie up. He was pleased beyond words, and he purred like a satisfied cat, beamed at me—often smiled at me with satisfaction. Once, when he bought Winnie a hat, he insisted that both Peggy and I should select hats for ourselves, too. They were Austrian velours, very simple made—but very expensive. Both Peggy and I were delighted, and thanked him for the hats.

Often the telephone would ring while I was home, and I would be startled. It was like a thrust of a knife, a series of knives cold against my body. But they were mostly business calls, and I would sit there in the living room, my legs stiff with anticipation. Maybe it was Eddie. If it were, I would squelch him with icy fury. I would add to the insults I had heaped upon him. And yet, not even admitting it to myself, I would hope that maybe it was Eddie.

Several times Burt would call up good naturedly, even humorously in that pleasant way of his, "Hi for you, Lulu. On of your sweaters!" He would laugh boisterously, and I thought that once or twice I heard someone else laughing with him—perhaps a clerk, or a customer. Yes, I did go out with some boys—to sit in a movie and hold hands, because it was expected of me—or perhaps to go to a dance. When they brought me home, they would want to kiss

me. It was always the same. Eagerly a young mouth would reach out, try to touch mine. And, whoever it was, I would let him. It really didn't matter. Perhaps it was wrong, but I didn't feel as if my innocence was being tarnished. Giving a kiss that way was giving so little. It left no mark, no burn. It left no heartache.

We were preparing for the Christmas celebration when Winnie had a sudden heart attack, and became dangerously ill. I knew that at once, just by looking at her face. It was drawn and white, and her lips were purple. She was lying very still, as if she were trying to preserve every ounce of her energy. And when I learned that two doctors had examined her that day, my suspicions were verified.

**W**E had a dismal Christmas, and the New Year started bleakly, threateningly. Winnie was in grave danger, for now, in addition, she had developed a cold and coughed violently. That only aggravated her heart condition. Burt was frightened, and told me that the doctors had said very frankly that Winnie's life might be snuffed out at any moment. And, though he was scared and worried, yet at the same time, he tried to impress me with his scientific knowledge, telling me in medical terms just what was wrong with my sister. At that moment I felt sorry for him, sorry for this limitation within him. He was trying to make an impression on me, using terms that didn't mean anything to me, and I suspected not much more to him—even while his wife lay on a death bed.

I offered to give up my job, but he said, "I can afford a nurse. It's true, Lulu, you're Winnie's sister, but still you can't give her the services of a trained nurse."

I admitted the truth of that argument, and I assured him that he was acting very generously.

By the end of February, there was no change in Winnie's condition though there were whole days when she felt better. The expenditures had been considerable, and Burt talked the matter over with us and told us that perhaps it would be wiser to have a practical nurse who would stay on duty all the time, rather than a day nurse and a night nurse. He showed us his bankbook, indicating that he had spent eight hundred dollars already.

"Of course I have money left," he admitted, as if he were afraid we might think him poor. He showed Peggy the balance in one bankbook, and then as if excited by her interest and curiosity showed her two other bankbooks. Though the whole incident seemed tragic to me, yet it had its humorous aspect.

That winter I did not go out at all. Tuesday afternoon was the nurse's day off, and she would not come back until about ten in the evening. Peggy would come home from school at two o'clock on that day, and stay with Winnie until five. At about a quarter after five, I would relieve her and stay with my sister until ten. I was also with my sister every night from eight to ten, also relieving the nurse.

People get used to everything, even to sickness. Burt slept on a cot in the living room now, and often in the morning he would groan when he got up. I was always up earlier to see Winnie, and we could hear his groans from the next room. I couldn't help laughing at them, and even Winnie sometimes joined me in my merriment. Once she said laughingly, "He wants us to know that he's uncomfortable on the cot."

(Continued on page 32)

# THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON—



**GRETA GARBO.** Is it true what they say? • •



**RONALD COLMAN.**  
He started as a sewer sweeper. • • • • •



**JOAN CRAWFORD.**  
She reveals her secret of attraction. • • • • •



**JACK BENNY.** He has a stand-in wife. • • •



**BARBARA STANWYCK.** She's really crazy about a chap named Dion. • • • • •



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(Continued from page 50)

The nurse, who was very tall and angular and rarely laughed at anything, said, "He certainly lets us know every morning." And then, as if realizing that she was taking too great a liberty, added, "I beg your pardon. It's none of my business."

She was spogging Winnie at the time, and Winnie, her face pale and drawn, her eyes dark with rings under them, said in that slow way of hers, "It may not be your business, but it is funny." In tragedies like these, it is such incidents that we often remember. They may be trivial, but they stand out in our memories.

There was still another incident, sharper and more painful, and one which I remember not very pleasantly. I made it my duty to sit down at breakfast with Burt every morning. He would squirm in his chair, touch his body, and tell me frequently how uncomfortable the cot was and that he preferred to sleep in a bed. Peggy would sit and listen to his recital, her lips pressed tightly together. I knew she was controlling herself, trying to keep from laughing.

"One day I said to him, 'Why don't you have a bed put into the living room?'"

**H**E hemmed and haved, assuring me that it would only add to the confusion, that the cot was only set up for the night, and I really began to suspect that he was enjoying this constant complaining. I was also aware of the fact that he was eyeing me again, watching my every movement. And I became more uncomfortable in his presence than ever.

The incident that I am referring to occurred in the evening. It was a Tuesday night. Burt was dressing in the living room, putting on his tuxedo, for his lodge was waiting at midnight for one of the officers. He had assured us that he had to attend, and Winnie had begged him to go and not to worry about her.

I knew, when he dressed, that he would be coming in and out of Winnie's room, for his clothes were still there. And he would enter in various stages of undress. At the time, I had the unholy feeling that he was doing this for my benefit, passing to and fro for my benefit, and I couldn't help shivering.

And, since Peggy was still a child, and not as sensitive to, or aware of this man's thoughts, I asked her to stay with Winnie. I was sure that with Peggy in the room alone, he would dress very quietly in the living room.

I was in my room when I heard his steps outside. I went to the door quickly and faced him in the hall. "What is it, Burt?" I asked sharply.

He held out his bow tie. "Will you fix this for me?"

The hall was dark, and I had to ask him to come into my room. I began to fix the tie, but my fingers were trembling. I didn't like the idea of his being in my room, and yet I had a perfectly reasonable excuse. Finally it was adjusted, and he looked at himself in the mirror, thanked me. But just as I was sighing with relief that at last he would go back down, he pulled me suddenly to him. His rough face was against mine, but before he had a chance to kiss me I drew away fiercely. I pushed him away furiously with one hand, and I found myself searching desperately round the room for some kind of weapon. I had hated Eddie but not with a fierce hatred such as I felt for this man. I wasn't afraid of Burt, of his proximity, or of being alone with him in my room. I knew that if he tried to touch me again, I would kill him—strong as he was. For the first time in my life, I had some conception of what murder meant, and of what I would do to defend myself from this man. At the same time, I am sure that I was calm.

The door of his room was half open, and I walked over swiftly and closed it. I didn't want my words to be heard downstairs. He was surprised, stunned for a second, misunderstanding my gesture.

I stood at the door, covering it with my body as if I weren't going to let him out until I had my say. The words that I said still ring in my memory. "Burt, I don't want you to come up here again—into my room, or into Peggy's room. If you touch either of us, if you make a pass at us, I'm going to kill you. I'm not fooling—I'll have no sympathy about it."

He blinked his eyes in consternation, but before he had a chance to say anything I continued in a level voice.

"I'm only staying in this house, and letting Peggy stay, because of Winnie. I can't leave Winnie. I know we're not paying you enough for our board—but some day I will pay you back. But don't you ever touch me, because Burt, if you do, I'll kill you."

It was a terrible oath, and I have often regretted it. But I meant it then, every word and syllable. And he knew it. I moved away from the door, and I let go for him and he went out, frightened and uncomfortable. I knew he would never bother me again.

It was very cold that winter, and the snow covered the streets throughout the month of March. I would go to work every morning with a heavy heart, not knowing whether I might get a call during the day—a fatal call. I wasn't even sure whether, by the time I reached the factory, something might not already have happened to my sister. She was sinking, losing ground almost day by day. It looked to us as if she couldn't last another week, and yet at the end of March, though she was more emaciated than ever, more weary—she still lingered.

One night, I think it was in the middle of April, the doctor came out of her room and went over to Burt. They held a whispered conversation.

In the tragedy of these past weeks, my encounter with Burt had been practically forgotten. The stark gruesomeness of the situation—an individual fighting for life, losing that fight inch by inch, being with us and yet about to leave us—had had its effect on all of us.

**B**URT went around quietly, and he seemed to have aged. Peggy cried in corners, and her black eyes were wide with fright. Many times I had heard her cry out in the middle of the night, and I would rush to her bed, take her into my arms while she cried herself to sleep again.

Yes, tragedy and the closeness of death had brought us all together—for even Burt was now in that close circle of intimacy which he had never penetrated before.

He came over to me after his whispered conversation with the doctor, and said quietly, "Winnie has no chance. She might go—" And he made a helpless gesture with his hand.

It struck me then that he hadn't used the word "death" and I was grateful to him for that. Then he mumbled something else, and I thought I heard him use the word "Eddie."

I leaned closer. "I can't understand you, Burt."

He was terribly embarrassed, but he repeated, "Winnie would like to see Eddie. It is his last request."

I looked at him. My voice was hollow. "It's all right with me, if you want it."

He explained at length that I would have to go to get him. It was eleven o'clock at night, and he didn't want to leave Winnie. After all, he was her husband and he didn't want to leave the house—he wanted to be

with her until the end. Yes, he was right. He was her husband. I was only her sister.

Then he began to explain that Eddie had no telephone—that was why I would have to go for him. A sharp interest caught at me. I knew that, of course, but how did he? Tense as the moment was, I had to ask for an explanation.

Again he spoke indistinctly. "I wanted to call him at once—after he called you here. I wanted to tell him not to call here again—and so I know he has no phone. They live on Elm Street—three hundred and ten Elm Street."

The air was cool and bundled myself up. The air was fairly warm, and I didn't know why I was being so careful. After all, my sister was dying, and my personal grievances, my petty quarrels and hatreds had ceased to exist. Eddie Keyes—why, I had told her that under no condition would I ever see him again—that our paths would never cross. How little we know about our destinies? How futile my anger had been!

**N**OW I had to go to this man and ask him to come to the deathbed of my sister, thus openly acknowledging to her husband, to Peggy, to the doctor, to the whole world—that he had been her lover. As the words seeped in, that was a terrible admission. And yet—how silly that admission was—how small, how little it meant to my sister, who was dying. She wanted her last few words to be with him, perhaps see his face for a few seconds, the face that was so dear to her.

I don't know how I got to his house. It was dark, and I couldn't see the numbers. I stumbled around until I finally found three hundred and ten. When I rang the bell, a man opened the door. It was Eddie.

He didn't recognize me in the darkness, and I said, "Winnie wants to see you. She is dying." I was composed and serene at first, and then suddenly all that serenity I had built up broke. I cried out, "She's dying—oh, my sister is dying. Don't you understand? She wants to see you. This is her last request—her last wish!"

He brought me into the house. His mother gave me something to drink. She spoke to me, but it was just a jumble of meaningless words to me. I drew myself up.

"Let's go," I said. "We have no time to lose."

He got his car out of the garage, and helped me in.

The moment I got into the house, I listened intently for voices, trying to learn from the sounds about me whether we had come too late. And the moment I reached the top of the stairs, I peered at the faces that turned toward us. The same solemn faces—she was still there.

In death there were no secrets. Burt's head was bowed, realizing that his wife was entitled to this last wish. He did not move and it was I who motioned to Eddie, showed him the way to Winnie's bedroom—as if he didn't know. The doctor was sitting in the kitchen while Peggy served him a cup of tea. Even the nurse came out of the sickroom, leaving them alone. There was a hush, for everyone was afraid to talk—as if the mere sound of words would bring that ghastly visitor.

How clearly I remember every detail. I stood there in my coat until the doctor came over to me and took it off. I held on to myself. I must not burst into tears again.

The minutes were endless. It seemed an incredibly long time since Eddie had gone into Winnie's room. And yet when I looked at the clock, it was just five minutes. Finally he came out, stealthily as if he were trying to sneak through the room—ashamed, and yet shaken by the tragedy.

# Gossip at the beach!

**JUDY:** "He nagged and acted so terribly mean, it sure looked like a bust-up for a while. I really felt sorry for Jane."

**ALICE:** "Aw, be fair! Tom raised Cain—but so would you if you always had to go around in tattle-tale gray. Jane was to blame for using lazy soap. It left dirt behind! Tom's shirts and her whole wash showed it."



**SALLY:** "Well, I'm glad the fuss has all blown over! If we'd only told Jane sooner how Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of naphtha hustle out every last speck of dirt—the whole mess wouldn't have happened."

**MARY:** "Better late than never! Since she listened to us and switched to Fels-Naptha Soap, everything's peaches again and they're off for a second honeymoon!"

He came over to me and whispered, "I don't think there is anything else I can do."

I didn't answer him. There was nothing I could say to him. Once he had meant something to me. Now he meant nothing. He was just a man who seemed clumsy and out of place in this room. In that other room, my sister was dying. It was inevitable. There was no hope. And yet I couldn't believe it.

The dreaded moment came swiftly. We all knew it when the doctor came out of her room. There had been a coughing spell a few minutes before, and then it had stopped. The three of us had thrust our heads forward, straining our ears, waiting for that cough to start again. And when it didn't, we waited tensely for a sign—any sign.

That sign came—the doctor's serious face. I don't remember what he said, or whether he really said anything. But we knew.

I don't know what happened to Eddie, or how he had left the house, but he was gone. All I remember now of that period was that Peggy became very white, and began to tremble. I had to take her up to her room and calm her. I was with her for many hours, until Burt insisted that I go to bed, and he had the nurse stay with her.

**I** WISH I could catch the real grimness and desolation of the next few days. Peggy, who had been like a flower—sparkling, mischievous Peggy—was in bed, and I had moments of fierce agony whenever I saw her pale face. There were times when she looked like our dead sister, though there was not the slightest physical resemblance.

There were people all over the house, even waiting downstairs in the drug store. Some good neighbor brought black dresses for Peggy and for me. But Peggy couldn't go to the funeral. She had to remain in bed. There are stretches of time which have remained blank and desolate in my memory, but I do remember the trip to the cemetery, sitting alone with Burt, though we did not exchange a word. I remember a sea of faces, women holding their handkerchiefs to their eyes and men coughing. And it seemed natural, too, to see Eddie there, for my sister had meant so much to him.

The grimness of this tragedy, however, was eased somewhat because I was so worried about Peggy. I don't know how I got home, but I rushed up to her room immediately, taking her hand into mine and pressing it to my lips. They were such small, beautiful hands, and I gathered them in my larger hands and held them to my heart. She was crying, and I wiped her tears away. She was like my own child now, my own responsibility.

The next day she was feeling better, and we talked of Winnie more easily—as if she were still with us. Peggy remembered a few incidents in our girlhood, and told them over again. And though she would cry a little, these spells did not last long.

In the afternoon, Burt called up through the hall. "Lulu, can I come up to see you and Peggy?"

It was a nice gesture on his part. He didn't just come and knock at the door, but asked permission first.

He came in, and both of us sat near Peggy. The tragedy had chastened him, and the weeks of grim expectancy had thinned his face somewhat. His words were very gentle.

"I want you two girls to stay here. It is your home." I was about to say something, but his gesture stopped me. "We can make some arrangement that will be satisfactory—to all. In the meantime—well, you are Winnie's sisters. You belong here."

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He stroked Peggy's hair, and smiled at me—then left us alone.

Peggy did not usually hold a mood very long, but now she seemed very thoughtful. Her dark eyes were filled with mysterious thoughts, and I sensed that she wanted to be alone.

I had to go back to work, for I needed my salary more than ever now. Some definite change must come into our lives, but I could not see my way out yet. We couldn't go on living with Burt forever, even if I were to earn more money and pay him board for both of us. I was making twenty-six dollars a week, and had saved three hundred and twelve dollars. That money could not take us very far, and it would be practically impossible to live on my salary and send Peggy to a business school after she finished high school.

And so I drifted during the weeks that followed. The weather was warm, and I enjoyed walking to and from the factory. I enjoyed watching the trees starting to bud, and I would often sit in the park and breathe in the soft odor of the fresh earth, touch the grass just to feel its aliveness. I was too lazy to make a decision, to face the facts. I knew that something had to be done, but I postponed the hour when I must do it.

**BURT** had been marvelous during those weeks. Breakfast was still a family affair, but he always came to the table dressed now. The colored girl still prepared our meals, and at times there was even laughter in the house.

I had been paying Burt ten dollars a week, but since Winnie's death he had refused to take any money from me. We had got an argument about it, but I couldn't induce him to accept any payment. He and Peggy even became friends, and he would often buy her little things—inexpensive things. I really began to respect him for his attitude.

Peggy was to graduate from high school at the end of June, and two weeks before her graduation we had a birthday party for her. Burt gave her a dark green camel's hair coat, and I was somewhat shocked when I looked at that expensive gift. A friend of his had brought the coat from Canada, at his request, and apparently Burt knew Peggy's size for the coat fitted her perfectly. She looked like a little green elf in it, and it brought out her black hair and black eyes, the softness of her skin beautifully. I was sure Peggy did not know the value of the coat, and though I didn't think she should have accepted it, I couldn't prevent the acceptance.

The following Saturday when I came home from work, I knew that the time had come when I would have to make up my mind. Perhaps I could ask for a raise. The man in charge of my department was very understanding, and he liked me. Perhaps he would help.

That afternoon I set out for the park. I walked leisurely, hoping that, in among the trees where everything was so clean and fresh and full of a complete zest for life, I could come to some decision. As I walked, I suddenly had an impression that there was an automobile following me, but I didn't want to turn around. Often that is considered a sign of encouragement by such people. I found a quiet place in the park, and a few seconds later I realized that I had been right.

It was Eddie who had been following me, and he was coming toward me now. He wore a light brown suit, and carried a straw hat in his hand. He seemed very serious, and I thought he was also just a bit afraid of the encounter.

I looked up at him without any emotion. I didn't encourage him or discourage him, but continued to sit with my hands folded.

"I want to apologize for following you. I've been waiting outside your home for the past hour, hoping that you would go out for a walk. I was just a little afraid to meet you at the factory." He smiled, a sad smile. "You see, Lulu, I'm afraid of you."

I invited him to sit down. His presence meant so little to me now—all that was in the past.

"I wanted to see you, Lulu, because of my feeling for you."

I just looked at him serenely, and listened.

"You and Peggy can not continue to live with Burt. You will only invite the scorn of the community."

I wanted to say that this was truly not his business, but instead I challenged him, baited him. "And since when are you such an angel?"

He was confused, and then angry—I could tell by the way his hands clenched at his straw hat. He reminded me somehow of an annoyed little boy, and yet at the same time his emotions were those of a grown man. His eyes narrowed, and his jaw set in determination. He knew I was baiting him, and he answered my challenge by looking directly at me with fire in his eyes, a fire that reached me and scorched me though I had thought I could not be reached. I was confused, but I didn't show it. His words were grim, though steady.

"I want to take you away from Burt. I want to marry you. Peggy can come to live with us. I'm not rich, but both of you can live with Mother."

I just shook my head. My gesture conveyed the finality of my decision, for his voice held a tinge of excitement and desperation that I had never heard before.

"I'll tell you something, Lulu, that I have never admitted to anybody else. There is something about us—Winnie and me—that you don't know. We were sweethearts—we lived together before she married Burt."

I exclaimed sharply, and looked at him in consternation.

His face was set with a determination to make me realize something, even though he had to perform an operation. "We couldn't afford to get married. As a matter of fact, Winnie didn't want to marry me. She said I would not make a good husband."

**HE** didn't have the faintest realization of how he was condemning himself in my eyes by disclosing this unholy past. He misunderstood my tenacity. He told me anxiously that she hadn't wanted to marry him, though they were crazy about each other.

"So you see, Lulu, when I came to see her, the step was unpremeditated by both of us. I saw this beautiful woman, so desirable—my former sweetheart. I couldn't resist her. We couldn't resist each other. I tell you, Lulu, you have no conception of that temptation. I just couldn't think of anything else." And then finished hoarsely, "Not even of you."

I remembered one phrase of that speech especially, and I repeated it after him. "You couldn't resist her."

"Yes," he cried out. "You're a young and innocent girl. You don't know what a hold such an affair can have."

I interrupted him bitterly, throwing the words at him. "An affair! An affair with my sister! And now you're worried about my reputation." I stood up and faced him. "You come here and offer me marriage and respectability, because it is unseemly to you that we should live in the same house with Burt." I laughed, my heart bursting with anger. "You're afraid, now of what the neighbors will think. How can a man be such a hypocrite?"

He stood up, his fists clenched, his lips pale, his eyes bewildered. "You're not fair about this whole thing. You're giving it a

girlish interpretation. Yes, I've been guilty. But I love you. I wish you would give me a chance to prove it."

"You've proved it, all right," I assured him bitterly. "You follow me here to disclose something of the past to me, something that no decent man has a right to reveal." I raised my voice, and pointed my white accusing fingers at him. "Did you even think of that, Eddie? Of what a detestable thing it was you told me—even if it were true?" I paused. "And you want me to marry you—after that."

I remember how swiftly he picked his hat up from the bench and walked away, as if he were running from a plague. I knew I had hurt him to the core of his being. He would hate me after this—and I was glad of it.

That same day Burt proposed to me. I was aghast at this coincidence, at the similarity between the scenes. I had just come home, and saw Burt standing in the doorway of the drug store. I waved to him, and went up through the side entrance. When I reached the living room he was already there.

HE rubbed his hands in excitement and asked me to sit down. He was smiling, but he was tense, too, and I could tell that something unusual was coming. And I still remember how surprised I was when he touched me the same phase of the situation. He started by saying, "You and Peggy are welcome to live here, of course. But there is such a thing as gossip. People talk. I feel I have to protect you, and I am really fond of you, Lulu."

I knew my mouth was open wide, for foolishly enough I had not expected this. I was still thinking of my sister's death, the tragedy of it—his love for her. I had practically forgotten the time he had tried to kiss me.

"I can well afford to give you anything you want. And Peggy could even go to college. She has a good head."

And then came the fatal words.

"We could be married right after Peggy graduates from high school."

He was proposing marriage! Was this the answer to my problem? Here was an escape—just as my sister had tried to escape!

My eyes wavered. They must have shown consternation. I stammered, "But I can't marry you, Burt. How can I?"

He frowned, but thought better of it and moved a little closer to me on the sofa. He kept his hands to himself, however, and suddenly I thought of Peggy and how she would have burst into spasmodic laughter at this scene. Honestly, I almost prayed for control, for my whole throat seemed to be itching with laughter.

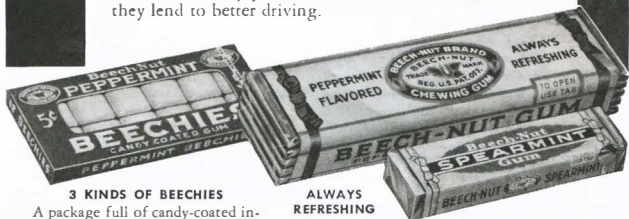
I found myself listening to him only after he had already started speaking. He was explaining how much he had loved Winnie. He cleared his throat, intimating that some day he would explain what it meant for a healthy man to have a sick wife—and especially when there was a beautiful girl like me in the house. Then, with great sorrow, he alluded to that occasion when he had tried to kiss me. "I didn't mean anything by it," he assured me. "It was just an impulse." He added solemnly, "I did love Winnie—but it's wrong to mourn a wife forever."

"Two months," I murmured. "is not forever."

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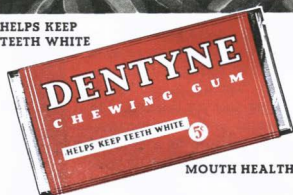
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# DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

"What did you say?" he asked. I put my hand to my heart, and when he followed that gesture with his eyes I put my hand back on my lap. I seemed to be sitting on sharp needles, but I realized swiftly, in a furiously clear way, that living with this man, marrying him, would be the greatest torture that I could ever submit to. Yes, I knew now that I would die from it just as my sister had died from it. I said aloud, "I was thinking something out. But it's not important, Burt."

He gathered courage from my attitude, though I don't know why. And he told me what it would mean to him—to us—that we would keep Winnie's memory sacred. He was planning to send Peggy to camp for the summer. "She'll get brown as a berry," he said. "She needs the sun."

I began to understand how he had got around Winnie. She had married him for us, and she gave her life for it. She had brought herself only suffering and tragedy. Those few months that I had lived in this house had taught me something about marriage—the more intimate aspects of marriage. And that was what he wanted of me.

**I** KNEW I couldn't go through with it. Though I was stronger than Winnie, I too would be a victim of an alliance that was all wrong, unnatural. Winnie had been phlegmatic, whereas I was high strung. And not only had I always hated this man's touch, but even just having him close would be unbearable. His eyes sliding over my body—even that was more than I could bear.

I made a pretense of being sorry. I had truly been sorry at the beginning of the interview, when the whole situation had struck me funny. But now I played a part, just as Peggy often played a part. My eyes were cast down, and I told him that I couldn't think of marriage. I was only nineteen, and I was afraid of it. "I don't feel happy about it," I concluded.

I saw that he wasn't going to take it like a sport. "You don't feel happy about it? What sort of crazy answer is that?"

I looked at him, exasperated. "I can't marry you, Burt. I never will marry you. As a matter of fact, I don't want to marry anybody."

He stood up and walked in a semi-circle around me. I turned my head to follow him. He saw I was afraid, and he laughed. "You're watching me like a hawk. What do you think I'll do to you?" And then he sat down next to me again, and changed his tone. "You're welcome to stay here, as I said. It will make it difficult—not for me. I'm a man after all—but for you and Peggy. People do say things."

I patted his hand. "I understand. Don't worry about it, Burt. I'll find a place for Peggy and me. You don't mind if we just stay a few more days."

He changed again. He apologized. He said I've misunderstood his attitude—that we were welcome to stay, but that he loved me and it wasn't easy for him to see me in the same house with him, so aloof and unapproachable.

Peggy came up the side stairs just then, and he went down to the drug store, leaving the two of us alone. Her cheeks were rosy, and she seemed so beautiful that even I was surprised at the glow in her eyes.

I had a talk with her about the situation, and told her that we would have to find a place somewhere in accordance with our means. I intended to turn to the director of the local Y. W. C. A. for guidance—a girl in the office had suggested that to me. But Peggy, who had come in so alert and

alive, suddenly became petulant. There was something about her that eluded me. She didn't seem to approve of my intentions, and I brooded about it all that night.

I could not see the director of the Y. for several days, because we had a great deal of work at the office and I had to work overtime. I was promised, however, a two dollar raise, and I was very much brightened at this prospect. There was also a chance that I could get Peggy a job in the factory. It would probably be just a part-time job in the label department. But that was ideal, because Peggy wasn't at all strong enough to hold down a full-time job. With our joint earnings, we could manage to find a place.

I told Peggy about it during dinner a few days later, and Burt listened without saying anything. Peggy seemed very melancholy, and didn't answer. That wasn't at all like Peggy—this rebellious mood. I suddenly realized that her eyes had stopped laughing in the past few days. She had actually been avoiding me.

After dinner, Burt closed the door to the kitchen—telling the maid to clear the table later. He was all dressed up in a dark suit, and he wore a flower in his button-hole. Usually, he sat down at the table without a coat, or just wore the linen coat he wore in the store.

Very brusquely, he said to me, "Lulu, I think you should be the first one to know. Peggy and I are going to be married—after she graduates."

"After she graduates?" I cried stupidly. I looked at Peggy, but I didn't need any confirmation from her lips. I felt a wave of nausea sweep over me from head to feet.

He saw my reaction, and ignored it. "Peggy is of age now, and though we would like your—your consent—still, my dear Lulu, she is of age." He nodded to me, and then said to Peggy, "Will you be down in a half hour, Peggy?"

"Yes, Burt," she said.

The kitchen door was still closed, and Peggy sat there with her eyes glued to the plate before her. I knew she wanted to get away from me. But I couldn't ignore this situation, and I asked just as kindly and patiently as I knew how. "Why are you doing this, Peggy?"

**S**HE was petulant, but she answered. "I can't help it. I know I haven't enough strength to take a job. I'm not feeling well—and Burt will give me comforts. He'll even send me to the country for the summer."

I searched with my heart, with my mind—in fervent prayer—for some way to reach this girl who was my sister. "Don't you realize, Peggy, that this marriage will kill you? You don't know what you're doing. You don't love him. It's not marriage—it's murder. You can't go through with it!"

Her eyes flashed angrily. "Yes, I can. I can't work. I haven't strength or health like other girls. You don't know how tired I get. This way I'll have everything I want. I don't dislike Burt the way I used to. I like him now."

I reminded her of how she had laughed at him, imitated him with disgust. But she sat there stonily, resenting every word I said. "I'm telling you, Peggy, marriage with this man will blacken your soul. It will taint you. You don't love him—you hate him, inside of you." My voice rang out fiercely. "And I warn you. He's going to kill you just as he has killed our sister!"

*If lovely young Peggy marries Burt, will she meet the same fate as Winnie—or will her sister be able to save her? And what of Lulu's own life? Can she ever bring herself to forgive the man she once loved? Read the concluding installment of this story in the*

SEPTEMBER TRUE ROMANCES MAGAZINE—ON SALE EVERYWHERE AUGUST 12TH



## Red-Headed Manicurist

(Continued from page 25)

room and kitchenette—in the Greenwich Village section of the city, and was busy for the next few weeks. Of course I had many requests for dates—men considered us their natural prey—but I consistently refused. Louella, who was very observant, said to me:

"Edith, I've got to hand it to you. That line of yours is perfect. Me—I mean I—I couldn't get away with it. I've got to jolly them along. But your pose is just right for you. You look as if you didn't care. I'm telling you, kid, it just fits your sad eyes and that figure of yours. Gee, I wish I had your figure."

We both laughed. "What would you do with it?"

"Oh, I'd just strut around. I like the way you hold your tray—just as if you didn't care. But me—if I tried that, I'd be a flop. It doesn't go with my equipment."

I LIKED her and was grateful for her interest, but yet with it was sad. It wasn't just a pose. I think my nightly letters to my mother about the marvels of the big city kept me painfully and constantly oppressed with a knowledge of my deception. After a while I began to send her small sums of money but I continued piling up little white lies, recounting flashes of backstage life and chattering about dance routines, all of which information I gathered from newspapers and magazines.

I had been backstage just once, when a young actor in the boarding house where I first put up, believing I could really dance, took me to a theater where they were casting for a musical comedy. I felt sick right then and there at the marvellous skill and execution of the applicants. The next night I went to one of the big movie houses, and the expert precision of the permanent ensemble, their dazzling speed and ease told me all I had to know. I could never be a dancer, with the kind of training I'd had in Miss Sonya's dancing school in Beadsville. It was then I registered for my manicuring course.

Moreover, my conscience bothered me. I had left home with the consent of my parents but not with their approval. The three hundred dollars Dad gave me at parting represented the sale of a piece of land he had owned for years, and I was too ashamed and proud to tell the truth—that I had made a mistake in accepting this sacrifice and leaving my staunch, loyal, true parents. In my deceit was the echo of many arguments with Mother over the error of my viewpoint.

Yet my work in the barber shop had its compensations. I had no friends, and was lonely, but many attractive men came to my table, and I might have accepted their invitations had I met them on another level. I felt that, considering my position, they were bound to look down upon me as "easy."

One afternoon business was rather dull. I was reading a magazine when a man passed me, then turned back, and stopped in front of my table. I looked up into a pair of blue eyes, and then I saw a massive blood head. He was tall and a little arrogant.

"Say!" he said.

"Would you like a manicure, sir?"

"Do I look like a sissy? I cut my own nails. See!" He held out his hands and I saw that his finger nails were scarred.

"They look it!" I answered. "You certainly need a manicure, sir."

"Well—all right. But I'm not going to

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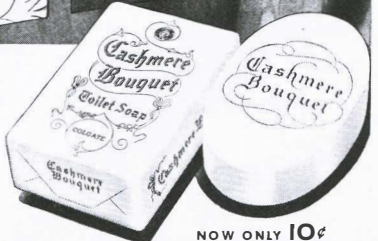
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**CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

# A TIRED WOMAN MAKES A POOR WIFE



## How You Can Have Time for Home and for Husband, Too!

How can you be comfort to your husband and a help to your children, if you are tired out all the time? Too many women work so hard over their homes that they have no time for play. Then they wonder why their husbands seem restless, and their children are a burden instead of a joy.

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Franco-American is packed with nourishment, and it tastes so good that the family never seems to get tired of it. For the children's lunch give them this savory dish—with milk and fruit you have a complete meal that's on the table in a jiffy. For dinner use Franco-American as a side dish, or it is perfectly wonderful to make left-overs go further and taste better.

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get one," he added, laughing as he passed on to seat himself in a barber chair. "Give me the works," he said to the barber. "All except that fancy stuff on my hair. I don't want to smell like the flowers of spring."

I couldn't help noting his hearty, vibrant voice although I wanted to put him out of my mind. There was a challenge in his very presence, though, in his burly figure, apparently carelessly clad in brownish tweeds, yet well-groomed and attractive despite the nails.

He surprised me again when I found him standing in front of my table. He pulled out the chair and sat down. This time I knew I would have to put him in his place, for the management did not encourage conversation with men unless they were there for business. But before I had a chance to say anything, he spoke to me.

"I guess I'll have my nails done after all. I've neglected them of late. In fact, I've neglected them since I was born. Do me up good, will you?"

I stood up to fill my bowl with warm water, but before I left I had to throw one word at him. "Sissy!"

HE looked after me seriously, watchfully, but I thought he liked my banter.

I took his hands to examine them, trying to avoid that sudden, intense magnetism in them which drew me irresistibly. His hands were large and he had worked with them at some time, for there were marks of toil on his palms and fingertips. Yet they were warm and alive, so alive that as I accidentally touched a handsome agate ring he wore, a spark flew out at the point of contact. I started in consternation.

"That's a good omen," he said.

"Omen of what?"

"Where there's spark, there's fire," he misquoted. "It must be in you. I don't naturally give off sparks."

I began to file his nails vigorously. "There's fire—if there's something for the spark to catch."

"Well—some like 'em hot—some like 'em cold. You know the cold things usually burn brighter and harder. Their boiling point is higher. I ought to know, I'm a chemist. Listen—will you tell me your name if I tell you mine?"

His assurance provoked me to play with him. "Why did you change your mind about a manicure now?"

"Simple enough. I wanted to talk to you. I couldn't very well do it otherwise. In fact, I want to take you out to dinner tonight—and tomorrow night. I would like to buy your breakfast some morning, too, and maybe lunch. That's all I want to do for the present."

"My name is Edith Shore." I kept my eyes down, ignoring his invitation.

"And mine is Walter Brinley—Walter for short. You haven't answered my question—and I'll be glad to supply you with additional information, if that will help you make up your mind. I'm twenty-nine, and single, decidedly so. In fact, I have no intention of marrying."

"If they burn brighter when colder," I laughed, "they also fall harder who fly higher. But I'm not interested in your intentions—really. I don't go out with every man who comes here."

But there was no doubt in my mind but that I would accept his invitation, no matter how much I pretended to ignore it. I just wanted him to ask me again and again, to justify, somehow, the crumbling of this code which I had so laboriously built up. But I was afraid now that I had overplayed my hand and his silence filled me with regret.

"What time do you get through here at night?" he asked finally, just as if I hadn't spoken those last words.

I flushed and prayed that he wouldn't

see how eager I was. "It depends on the night. Tonight I finish at seven."

"All right, I'll be waiting for you at the north entrance."

He did wait for me, and although my heart pounded, I pretended surprise. "So you were really serious?"

"Never more so in my life. Why shouldn't I be? I like you—and I hope you'll like me. Let's go."

"Where to?"

"Dinner—dance—"

"Couldn't I go home and wash up a bit? It sort of makes me forget the barber shop—when I change my dress."

I sensed he was taken aback, but I was too simple and inexperienced to know why until later.

"Where do you live?"

I told him around Sheridan Square.

"Alone?"

I nodded and settled luxuriously in the taxi he had hailed.

"You're not happy in your work," he said.

"No, but I don't want to tell you the story of my life."

"Why not? Let's exchange experiences. It's the best way to a fast and furious friendship."

It wasn't possible to relax very long in his presence. His eyes and his mind were probing my silence, sending out long feelers to investigate my mind, and his intensity disturbed me. He was no longer a boy, but a man of twenty-nine, and eight years older than I. This, I realized, could not be any boy-and-girl attraction. It was more than that, already.

"Thinking about me?" he broke in.

"Yes. You want to know so many things—even if you don't ask for them. You're asking silent questions all the time. It scares me."

Instantly he became solicitous. "I'm just used to going after things directly. Don't let it scare you, Edith. You see—you don't have to tell me a thing. I like you for what you are."

IT was when he had dismissed the taxi at my door, that I realized he had thought I wanted him to come upstairs to my apartment and that's why he was taken aback. He didn't say so, but he hadn't sized me up as the kind of girl who'd ask a stranger up when she lived alone. As he hesitated, not knowing what was expected of him, understanding came to me. "You'll have to wait here," I said. "There's a little reception room, and I'd rather not have you come up. I have only one room—I wouldn't feel comfortable, but please—don't be angry."

His eyes contracted, with what emotion I did not know. "All right, I'll wait for you here."

I dressed with misgiving—and with exhilaration. In accordance with my own ethics, this date seemed a little out of place. I didn't know anything about the man, and yet there was nothing about him that I could criticize. I liked his strong face, and I could feel, even in my room, the intensity of his blue eyes. He might just as well have been in the room, for his eyes seemed to follow me everywhere, and once when I was stepping into my best slip with the lace top, Mother's parting gift to me, I thought for the moment that he had followed me upstairs, into the apartment. He was so close, so vibrantly close to me that even when I realized my folly, I flushed all over at the wild, thrilling possibility.

I knew I looked my best when finally I returned to the lobby. He wheeled as I came up behind him, and then held me at arm's length. "It's not just your complexion—I mean—you haven't hardly any make-up—but you're alive and fresh and natural. You can't have been here in the

city long, or you'd have lost that color."  
 "How do you know so much about complexions?"

"First of all—anybody can see yours is the real thing. Then—I'm a chemist. I've dabbled a bit with co-metics but it's not up my alley. My line at present isn't so romantic."

Our meal, in a rather expensive restaurant, was high adventure for me. I'd had boy friends at home and they'd taken me out but we always went to the same places—movies, drug stores, church dances. This was different. To hear Walter Brinley give his order to the waiter, with confidence and precision, to watch the dancers in the island of polished floor set off by purple plush ropes, to have him fold his arms about me as we joined the gliding, happy, graceful couples—that was heaven.

He danced well, and although I hadn't enough equipment to be a professional, I could certainly make my way about a dance floor. In his arms so perfectly guiding me, with my body so perfectly moulded to the movements of his, I didn't believe that I had only met Walter that day. But I still felt him asking a host of silent questions and finally I decided to tell him about myself. After all, what had I to hide? Slowly at first, we began to exchange confidences, until, all at once, I realized I was doing the talking.

HE might have held a mirror before me, so clearly could I tell from the expression on his face when my eyes began to glisten, when my skin grew whiter and my cheeks tinted. He watched my lips so ardently that, perturbed at last, I begged him not to do so, though I didn't tell him that I felt it was like being kissed in public.

"But your lips are beautiful, my sweet, especially when you talk. Honest—I haven't heard a word. I was just looking. You're so—the most gorgeous girl I've ever met."

Perhaps he was right about cold substances burning brighter once the spark has caught. I had kept that secret place in my heart aloof for so long, but now the spark had ignited it, and the steady flame of it was creeping toward an intimacy, daring yet fascinating.

We stopped in the little reception room of my apartment house to say good-night. I don't know how it happened. There seems to be an impassable chasm between a casual handclasp and the first kiss, yet in a flash, in a blinding radiant burst of glory we bridged that chasm. I cannot say I felt him sweep me off my feet. I only know that he had been kissing me in his mind all evening, and that now I found myself in the arms of a tornado, a kind and gentle one who did not want to destroy but only wanted to fan the flame.

"My sweet," he whispered into my ear. "Please let me see you soon."

Walter had said something about a fast and furious friendship—and fast and furious it became. He stopped in frequently for manures, but all the men did that. They had too many manures, more than they could use in a year of Sundays. Soon he was known as my "sweetheart," a word often used in the shop's vocabulary, which meant that he was the one customer who had the greatest claim on my time and affection. To be perfectly frank, they considered Walter my lover.

This attitude caused me a great deal of distress, not because of what they thought, but because Walter was too smart not to understand his position. Lotucella was the only one who knew better, and she seemed a little impatient with my point of view.

"Edith, if you don't do good by yourself now, you never will. How long do you think you can stay in a barber shop



## "ARMHOLE ODOR" may be robbing you of popularity

Learn to keep your underarm dry  
 and your dress can't smell



**H**EAVENLY MUSIC! A dozen partners to dance with. Yet you sit alone—unnoticed! Cruel, yes—but it's bound to happen if you neglect that little hollow under your arm.

If the slightest perspiration collects on your dress, your dress will smell. A man's illusion of glamor will be shattered the moment he leads you on to the floor. To be sure of not offending, you must keep your underarm not only sweet, but DRY.

**MAKE THIS TEST!** One simple test will tell you if "armhole odor" is standing between you and popularity. When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the armhole. Horrified, you will instinctively draw away from its stale "armhole odor." And you will never again wonder why other people draw away from you.

**ODORONO IS SURE!** Odorono simply closes the pores in that one small shut-in area—and you can't offend! It insures you and your dress against unpardonable "armhole odor" by keeping your underarm *always* dry. No more embarrassing perspiration stains . . . no possibility of offensive "armhole odor"!

**TAKES LONGER, BUT WORTH IT!** Odorono takes a few minutes to dry, but it makes you safe from embarrassment for 1 to 3 days!

**GREASELESS AND ODORLESS!** Odorono is really pleasant to use—greaseless and entirely odorless. It comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for more frequent use. Use Liquid Odorono according to directions on the label of the bottle.

Protect your share of popularity and happiness by keeping your underarm *dry* with Liquid Odorono. Start today! On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

**SAFE!** "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when carefully used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.



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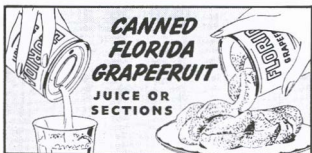


**Grand for the complexion,  
too—and so delicious!**

**T**HERE isn't a thing in canned Florida grapefruit to add to your weight. But *everything* in it adds to your health and good looks. It's rich in vitamins and minerals that bring glowing radiance to your skin and sparkle to your eyes—that make you peppier and more attractive.

So enjoy canned Florida grapefruit every single day. You'll love the chilled sections or a big glass of juice for breakfast. You'll relish a grapefruit salad for lunch or dinner. And a glass of grapefruit juice at bedtime will send you off to sound sleep. Order several cans of sections and juice from your grocer today. Look for the name "Florida" and be sure of the best!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLA.



—holding men's hands? Your friend is a gentleman, and if he brings you a present, grab it. Make believe you're shy, but grab it. You're not making a sucker out of him. He enjoys your company—let him pay for it. I'm telling you, kid, that a man enjoys giving things to a girl!"

This argument was repeated at least once a week, for Louella made no bones about wanting to know what had transpired between us. Gradually, it was difficult for me to resist Walter's generosity. At first he had sent me flowers, and then a few knick-knacks for my room. When he wanted to buy me a hat, however, I rebelled. "I'm not going to let you buy clothes for me."

"Oh, a hat isn't clothes," he teased. "Anyway you've got too many prejudices and scruples."

"Yes, I'm small-town," I agreed. "And glad of it."

**F**OR a breath-taking moment of challenge and longing, our eyes were locked. "Yes, you are," he said very quietly, "and I'm glad of it, too. That's one of the things about you that enchants me."

The magic movement was broken and we strolled up Fifth Avenue once more, the blood beating in my temples. That's one thing about you that enchants me—one thing—one thing. Now was the time for him to mention other things. Were there no others—besides my beauty? Oh, why didn't he talk? Why didn't he say the one thing to release this bursting pressure in my soul—this ache in my heart.

And then he did talk. We had reached The Plaza and had gone into the park. It was late autumn. The trees lifted mournful, bare arms and dead leaves carpeted the walks. We sat down on a bench, both silent until he broke the silence. He took my hand, and in a charming way he had, thrust it into the pocket of his coat, his own covering it. I loved him deeply, and the tender touch of his hand sent wave upon wave of pain through my body. I looked up at him pathetically, praying that he would touch upon the question uppermost in my mind.

He responded to my unspoken plea. "Edith—I love you," he said with directness. "We can't go on like this."

A new, soaring hope made me dizzy. "No, we can't." "There's a way out. I wish you'd be sensible. Your notions are so old-fashioned."

I began to see, but I suppose I didn't want to see. A moment before he was proud of my ideals. Now—because they did not suit his purpose—

He pressed my cold hand. "Marriage isn't the ultimate goal of happiness. Look at all the unhappy marriages. We love each other. The fact is, I can't afford to marry."

I suppose countless girls the world over have had their dreams ended in this way, but that did not help me to bear my grief. I felt frozen inside. I thought I had never loved his blond head, his sharp blue eyes so much as at that moment, when we were worlds apart. He took my silence for acquiescence, and continued talking.

"You see, darling, my business pays a fair income but marriage in my set requires a certain standard. An apartment in the city—a house in the country—no matter how modest—provision for a family if we have one. I just can't afford it."

The bitterness in my heart paralyzed me. I should have hated him, run from him as from a despised creature. His "set" required standards in marriage. Love wasn't enough of a standard. They needed two homes, though we could only live in one at a time. It was easier for him to give me expensive gifts, but less expensive than creating a home and a family. Of course one expects a family in marriage, but not from a mistress. That's what he meant without saying it.

He expected me to give up my pride, my decency, because he knew I loved him. Yet he was not willing to give up his theaters, his luxuries, to live more modestly—for his love. The light of the world went out. The wind swept through me, as through an empty trunk of a dead tree. And after turning all these thoughts over, paying no heed to all the promises he was making me, I was able to disengage my hand, and rise.

"Why Edith—where are you going? Please—darling, I don't want to offend you. Listen to reason now."

"Reason? You told me the first day we met that you never intended to marry. I should have remembered. The fault is really mine. I was a fool—and I am a fool, but I don't think that—because I took a few gifts from you—I'm obligated to you."

**H**IS blue eyes blazed into mine. "You are a fool, you haven't got sense enough to know that I love you—but I explained why I couldn't marry."

Alone in my room I was desolate. I had no place to go, no interest to fill my days. Mother and Dad were far away. Louella would be unsympathetic. I was sorry for what I had done.

Life without Walter stretched out as unbearable. I wept bitterly, calling myself a fool for having deliberately thrown away my chance for happiness. If he had knocked at the door then, he could have had me on his own terms—on any terms.

Yet some sleeping seed of pride prevented me from calling him on the telephone. My work seemed more of a yoke than before. A young doctor, one of my regular customers, asked me to go out with him that very week. I knew that,

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If your need is urgent and you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped envelope addressed to yourself, and I shall write you as soon as I possibly can.

JANE PORTERFIELD.

given half a chance, he would propose marriage. But, never before did I realize how deep is a woman's love. It wasn't just marriage I wanted. I wanted to give my love in marriage.

I was completely shocked when, at the end of the second week of my torment, Walter came into the shop and sat down at my table. He said nothing, but as I greeted him formally, he watched my lips, in that odd way that was almost a kiss. Actually his lips seemed to be pressed against mine in warmth and ardor and appeal. The memory of delight unnerved me. I began to tremble and as I took his hands, quick stinging tears filled my eyes. Utterly oblivious to others in the room, he took out a handkerchief and wiped my tears.

"DON'T, my sweet. You make me feel so badly. Shall I meet you at seven tonight?"

I nodded and proceeded to do his nails as best I could. Had he left without a manicure, as he wanted to do, we would have been conspicuous.

We walked home that night, each knowing that the other wanted to prolong the joy of reunion. At my door, I asked him to come upstairs—for the first time. He said, "If you really want me to, Edith," but he knew I did.

Walter explored my apartment with delight; then he went down to buy food, and he helped me prepare dinner. Hanging over our carefree fun was the sword of a decision we knew we must make. Before the evening was over, I was close in Walter's arms once more, my scruples drowned in the ecstasy of his whispered words of love.

I only knew I would never give him up again. I didn't care what happened to me—it was so glorious just to feel his cheek

warm against mine, to draw from his magnetic, strong body the strength I required.

"Edith darling," he begged, "give up your job. Take a rest—learn to enjoy life."

"I think—I want to earn my own living, Walter," I said. "I want to come to you in love—for love, and for no other reason. Oh, Walter, I've had so much time to think. There are two sides to love, I see now. If love is all that matters—why then—you're right. Nothing should stand in the way of love."

Actually, I hadn't thought anything out. I only knew I had found my straw of happiness and I was going to cling to it. I could not make myself promise to come to his apartment, nor did I want to make mine a rendezvous. We agreed at last to go away for a week-end, to a place where, Walter said, I would be protected and shielded.

Our parting was difficult, especially since he had promised not to communicate with me for those few days until the week-end. The few days of postponement gave me a breath of relief. Maybe I was hoping for a miracle, a change of heart on Walter's part now that he saw I was ready to give my love.

THE last day, especially, was torture. I came home earlier than usual to pack a bag. My heart was heavy. I can't say why I looked into the little reception room. Perhaps I expected Walter to be waiting for me. On one of the red plush chairs I saw a little woman, trim and erect, a valise at her feet, a paper box on her lap. I stood aghast for a moment, then I rushed forward.

"Mother!" Here was my miracle. We hugged each other hysterically, laughing and crying all in the same breath,

as I pelted her with questions. "Is everything all right? Why didn't you let me know? How's Dad? Has anything happened?"

"You ask me questions and don't give me a chance to answer. Everything's fine. I just wanted to surprise you."

The instant Mother stepped over my threshold, a load fell from my shoulders. Somebody to lean on, at last, a sense of security for a short time at any rate. Without removing her hat and coat she began to unpack the pasteboard box, and somehow the sight of the cakes and jellies and home-made delicacies she had brought broke my spirit.

I BURIED my face in her lap, and sobbed out the whole story of my deceit over my work—how futile my ambitions had been, how I hated my work as a manicurist—how I had enmeshed myself in life, but I said nothing about Walter.

"That's better, my dear," Mother said. "I didn't want to doubt you but I didn't like your last letters. That's why I came. I thought you were unhappy and needed me. But you should never be ashamed of your work, Edith. If it's honest and sincere—why, then it's good. You know, when your father and I married, we were very poor and once, to help out, I took in washing although I came from a well-to-do family."

I knew that, for my Dad was so eternally grateful he always spoke of it, I might have told her about Walter, if at that moment he hadn't arrived, carrying what was obviously a week-end case. His introduction to Mother was embarrassing all the way round. Soon, as we chatted, trying to make casual conversation, it became painful. I excused myself to Mother, telling her I had to see Mr. Brinley privately, and Walter and I went downstairs.

# Dear Lonely Hearts,

**BUT JANIE! THE TOWN'S FULL OF NICE YOUNG PEOPLE! YOU SHOULDN'T BE LONELY!**

**OH, DAD, I JUST DON'T SEEM TO KEEP FRIENDS!**

**LOOK HERE, YOUNGSTER! DO YOU THINK THE TROUBLE COULD BE—WELL, BAD BREATH? ANYWAY, IT'S WORTH ASKING YOUR DENTIST ABOUT, ISN'T IT?**

**TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...**

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**AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S... ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR BEAUX, JANIE! NO WONDER MY FRIENDS COMPLAIN THAT THIS LINE IS ALWAYS BUSY!**

**NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!**

**...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!**

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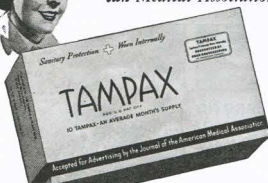
telling other women about Tampax, the new form of sanitary protection for monthly use. Tampax is worn internally. You can do your household work or office work or take part in outdoor sports without even remembering you are wearing it. You can wear the sheerest gown or a modern swim suit—no bulk, so nothing can show. Use Tampax this summer; a month's supply can be carried in your purse.

Tampax was perfected by a physician for all normal women. It is neatly and efficiently absorbent, doing away with pins, pads and belts. It will not come apart and so fail in its protection. No odor. Disposed of easily. Made of absorbent surgical cotton, greatly compressed, hygienically sealed in patented applicator. Endorsed by gynecologists. Sold at drug stores and notion counters—month's supply, 35¢. Introductory package, 20¢. If your dealer has not stocked, please use coupon.



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In the little reception room with its stiff, red chairs, we both felt choked, bewildered.

"I suppose this means you're not coming," he said.

"I can't, Walter."

"How come your mother popped in just at this time?"

"She didn't pop in," I said sharply, more in distress than resentment. "She came unexpectedly. I think my mother has the right to visit me if she wants to."

"Is she going to stay long?"

"As long as she wants to."

He tried to come closer to me, but I couldn't endure it. I was torn to a thousand remnants of myself and each piece seemed to have a heart and nerves of its own.

"Please—please don't make it harder, Walter. I think we'd better say good-bye."

"Did you tell your mother about me?"

"I was ashamed to."

"Did you tell her I love you?"

I STOOD up and cried angrily. "No! I told you I was ashamed. Definitely and finally—I'm ashamed of such love—of you—of myself. I wouldn't know how to tell her."

After an eternity, I watched him get into the taxi he had ordered to wait, in which he had hoped to drive off with me. When I returned to the apartment, Mother seemed thoroughly at home in the kitchenette. She was bustling about, chiding me for having no real food in the house, asking me what I'd expected to eat.

I knew I would never sleep that night unless I told her the whole story. Piece-meal, a word here, a sentence there, I described the situation with Walter, confessed that I had no food because I hadn't expected to be home, and finally recounted the scene with him, just finished.

She wasn't indignant or outraged. No accusation passed her lips. Finally, after a long silence during which her very thoughts rushed out to comfort me, she said, "Don't you think it would be a good idea, Edith, to give up your work and come home for a visit—until you get back to your old self?"

I didn't sleep that night. Through the dark hours, I cried with relief, with joy at the prospect of being home in the white house with the green shutters, at home on Main Street where everybody greeted me by name, at home in Dad's grocery with its mixed fragrance of crackers and store cheese and new brooms.

The next day was Saturday, a day of long grueling hours but at the end of it I turned in my notice, and told all the girls that I was going home. Home! I pronounced the word gratefully, proudly. There was even a hint of envy in their eyes, I thought.

Twenty-four hours later, having made arrangements with Louella to dispose of my furniture, Mother and I boarded the ten o'clock train for our two-day trip home. I tossed sleeplessly in my berth, yet when I awoke before the first call for breakfast, Mother was dressed and waiting for me to go into the dining car. She was so cheerful and fresh, so excited at the sights from the car window that I couldn't help falling into her mood.

In the diner, a shock awaited me. Walter was sitting at a table! As we approached, he looked at Mother, not at me, and said, "I was holding this table for you!"

Mother seemed not at all surprised. I almost fell into the chair, and in a daze heard vaguely that she and Walter were ordering three breakfasts. I had to spend every ounce of energy to keep back the tears. Endlessly the small talk between Walter and Mother continued until she excused herself and left us alone.

"Look at me, Edith," he said.

I raised my head.

"Don't you know why I'm here? There'll be a wedding in that white house with the green shutters—as soon as you say—if you'll still have me."

"And what makes you a different man today from what you were Friday?"

"Your mother. I paid her a visit while you were at work Saturday. I don't know why I did—but I couldn't keep away. I had to talk to her."

"I don't think," I said slowly, "I could marry a man who had to be talked into marriage by my mother."

HE covered my hand with his. "But she didn't sweetheart. She never mentioned your name. We just talked. Lord, I admire her spirit! One thing she said—and that sold me straight down the river for the fool and waster I'd been. You know what it was? She said young people think they're smart and courageous living their own lives, throwing marriage overboard, running away from responsibilities, but they're real cowards. It takes starch, she said, real old-fashioned starch to build a home, assume responsibility and bring up a family."

I could just see Mother telling him this in her indomitable way, prodding him, goading him to show the stuff he was made of.

Walter's eyes commanded mine. "Will you, my dearest, let me supply the starch—and the tables and chairs—and the love?"

To the delight of the porter, as we left the car, we stopped on the platform so Walter might kiss me, and renew within my heart that faith which had almost been destroyed. I thank God for my mother who had twice given me life, once when she brought me into the world, and again when she renewed in the man beside me the true spirit of love.

## Next Month MASQUERADE

● "I was beginning to get the light. She was sympathetic now, a little ministering angel—not wanting to leave tragedy in her wake. She wanted to keep her hands clean, and she was ready to say pretty things to me now, because she was going to marry another man. If that wasn't sweet of her!"

"Inside of me, everything seemed to be burning up. As I listened through that receiver, I felt as if my heart was being torn out of me. Finally I managed, 'Harriet, what's the use—I can't stop you. There is nothing I can say or do. But I can't lie to you, because I love you. So if you want my best wishes, you certainly have them.'"

"Again there were sweet words, soothing and precious, yet actually divisive because they were given to me in substitution for the girl whom I wanted. Perhaps, however, I had misjudged her. She was touched, and felt sorry for me. But who wanted pity? I wanted her, and no substitute could heal me."

The Story of a Bride Who Could Not Tell the Truth. Read it in the next issue of TRUE ROMANCES on the newsstands August 12th.

## The Most Romantic Picture of the Month

(Continued from page 33)

A natural, wholesome girl to whom the simple things of life mean more than the tinsel.

But Julia loves tinsel! And she, in turn, regards Johnny as an attractive playboy who will lend just the right sort of sophistication to her appearances at swank dinner parties and cocktail gatherings. What a furor she will cause when she sweeps into Mary Whosis's coming out party, dangling handsome Johnny from her arm! How she will delight in showing him off to her debutante girl friends.

**T**HAT would all be very fine for Julia—only Johnny has absolutely no use for or interest in rich and fashionable people. Says Johnny: "I've been working since I was ten. Now I want to find out why I'm working—and the answer can't be 'just to pay bills or pile up more money.' The world is changing. There are a lot of new exciting ideas running around—some of them might be cockeyed and some of them might be right—but they're all affecting our lives. I want to know about them and I want to know just how I stand—where I fit into the picture. You can't find that out while you're stuck in some office behind a desk. The minute I earn enough money I'm going to knock off for a while—quit. Retire young and work old. Come back and work when I know what I'm working for. It'll be too late when I'm sixty. Does that make any sense to you?"

A long speech, isn't it, and remarkably interesting coming from the lips of a young man who skis like a streak, dances divinely and is almost too good looking to be true. It is the sort of speech he should have

made to Julie the first time he realized she had the power to stir his senses as no other girl had ever stirred them, making him think seriously about marriage and a home and a companion who would share his views as well as his life.

Johnny made the speech all right—but he made it to Linda, Julia's sister, Linda (Katharine Hepburn), pretty as a picture, bright as a button, real as sunlight, never pretending to be anything but what she is—a perfectly grand girl who doesn't any more belong in the huge and imposing Seton mansion than Johnny does. For Linda has only contempt for the traditions of the society her father and sister worship.

Linda calls herself the black sheep of the family. She has dabbled in the arts, burned her fingers on lost causes, tilted her lance at any old windmill for the sheer fun of it, and has now practically retired to the top floor of the big house where the playground is. There she can get away from the "museum" influence of the cold rooms downstairs. Yes, Linda is at heart a crusader—exactly Johnny Case's type of girl. Now do you see what must happen when these two meet?

**S**UCH things are happening every day in real life. That is what makes "Holiday" such a real, down-to-earth picture. A man and girl fall in love—or think they do—then a third person, another girl say, comes into the picture and turns out to be the living embodiment of what the man had seen in the first girl because that was what he wanted to see. He has invested her with all of the virtues he wanted her to

have. Sometimes that happens to us and we see our mistake too late. We are too deep in the engagement, afraid to back out, or all tied up in marriage. Then, "like ships that pass in the night" two people who were meant for each other drift past and are lost.

**I**T is exactly this situation that arises when Johnny, who comes to the Seton mansion to meet Julia's father (Henry Kolker), arrives early, wanders around, gets lost in the big place and winds up in the playground where Linda has practically barricaded herself.

Talk about "Love Walked Right In"! Linda has only to talk with Johnny a few minutes to discover that she has been waiting for him all her life. This is real love at first sight—plus the realization that Johnny feels exactly as she does about all the senseless fuss and feathers, has the same delightful sense of humor that dares to be silly when the rest of her world is deadly serious about what fork to use and whether to sit Mrs. Smith on Mr. Green's right or left.

But Linda also loves her young sister with a blind sort of devotion. All she wants is happiness for the younger girl, and is selfishly delighted to find that Julia has fallen in love with such a rare prize as Johnny. Now, Linda happily tells herself, Julia will really begin to break the fetters that are enslaving her to useless tradition. She will begin to see the trees no matter how thick the forest. Julia will know what it is to be alive, to think, to feel, to realize that there is a vastly more important world beyond the great front doors of the Seton



Lovely Patricia Ellis protects the freshness that first won her a successful screen test. She's 5 feet 5; weighs 115; loves to swim and ride horseback. (See her in Republic's "Romance On The Run.")

# Freshness wins Fans for young star...and Old Gold

**S**TARS have risen, gleamed brilliantly for a time—and faded out of popular sight. Why? Their talent was no less. Their looks were not lost. Yet something was lacking; something that makes the difference between greatness and mediocrity. *Freshness*. In a star or a cigarette, freshness gives you an extra thrill that no other quality provides!

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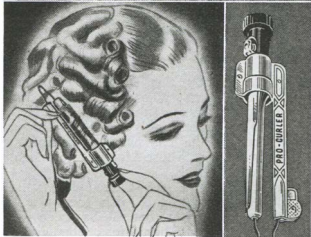
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A. E. Staley Mfg. Co.  
Decatur, Ill.

mansion. Under Johnny Case's tutelage and love Julia will emerge from the cocoon of her ignorance. Be herself. Alive. Real.

Poor Linda! Her unfinished plans for her little sister begin to go awry almost immediately. Almost, in fact, with the meeting of Edward Seton and his prospective son-in-law. While Seton does not exactly like the idea of welcoming into the family a young man with no background, no important antecedents, whose father was never able to make his small grocery store in Baltimore pay, whose mother had to work, and who, himself, while in college "ran an eating joint and a laundry, and in vacations worked in a steel mill and even drove a garbage truck one summer," still—Johnny has cleverly managed to turn a smart investment into real money and, with their meeting, is on the point of quitting his job.

Edward Seton can use a young man of Johnny's financial talents. He is likable, presentable, and under Julia's watchful eye his social talents can be cultivated. Johnny is "in" and the wedding set for the very near future.

**A**ND now things begin to happen. Johnny sees that he is walking straight into a trap. He sees that the breach in understanding between Seton and himself can never be bridged, when Seton makes it plain that he expects Johnny to take a job in the Seton bank and give over his life and soul to the accumulation of more money. But Johnny is still in love with the idea that he is in league with Julia—and so he makes a brave attempt to compromise. Yes, he will settle down to the business of making more money for Seton—but only for a few years. Then he must take that hard-earned holiday and "find out" the truth about things.

Julia, of course, is in league with her father. She is convinced that at the end of three years time Johnny will be so much in love with her, so enslaved to habit, so set in the path she and her father have set before him that the holiday he has planned will drop into the limbo of forgotten things. Only Linda hopes that Johnny will remain true to himself and see it through.

So does Ned Seton, Jr. (Lew Ayres), who is so hopelessly the tool of his father that he is too weak to strike out for himself as Linda has done. Instead Ned drinks too much and leads a pretty empty existence.

As the picture progresses it is interesting to watch the struggle going on inside Johnny Case. Even when he is forced to realize that Julia is so different from the girl he believed her to be, he fancies himself still deeply in love with her—so deeply in love that even though he practically breaks their engagement on the very night it is announced and tells old man Seton where to get off, he humbly comes back for love's sake, ready again to make compromises.

What Johnny doesn't realize is that it is Linda and not Julia who is bringing him back to the "Museum"—Linda, whose gay sense of humor matches his own, who is silently praying that he will hold out against her father and show her young sister the true way to happiness.

And there are two other people, two wise and lovable souls whose eyes are not blinded by any false issues. They are the Potters, Susan and Nick (played by Jean Dixon and Edward Everett Horton), friends of Johnny's. His kind, Linda's kind. They can see so plainly that it should be Johnny and Linda and not Johnny and Julia who are getting married.

Then matters come to a head. The wedding date is set. The three of them—Julia, her father and Johnny sit down

to discuss the future. Johnny again is forced to see that even his honeymoon is being planned for him. And it won't be a honeymoon at all if Edward Seton has his way, because he has decided that Johnny shall combine pleasure with business and visit the representative banking houses of Europe. After that they will return, live in a house Julia's father is lending them, accumulate possessions, Johnny will settle down.

"Julia," says Johnny quite suddenly, "I'm sorry but I can't stand it."

"Would you mind telling me what you mean?" the girl asks.

"I can see now that if we begin, loaded down with possessions and obligations, we'll never get out from under them. Let's forget the wedding invitations. Let's make our own life. Let's get married tonight."

It's no go. Julia loves her way of life just as deeply as Johnny loves his. They simply can't get together on it. An Johnny is forced to tell her that feeling her inside is, to him, even better than his love for her.

And so he goes out of her life knowing it is the right and only thing to do, seeing at last that Julia never really cared for him after she saw his reactions to her environment. Up at Lake Placid where they merely played at life and love it was all very different.

Now the way is clear for Linda. Johnny is sailing for Europe with the Potters. Sailing away and out of her life, too, unless she has the courage to go along with him.

Courage? Linda has it. It takes her but a moment—once she hears from Julia's own lips that she is actually glad to be free of Johnny—to throw some clothes into a suitcase and race for the boat on which Johnny and the Potters are sailing.

And so begins Linda's and Johnny's life together—a life destined to be as replete with fulfillment and love as Julia's and Johnny's would have been devoid of it.

**T**HIS is romance with a capital "R"—the sort of romance that finds its way to fulfillment regardless of obstacles. Perhaps you, like Linda, have been waiting for "something to happen" in your life. Something that really matters, that will be meat for your famished soul, bring laughter into your heart, give you some reason for living. Linda had kept hoping for it. Johnny had kept hoping. Neither suspected that realization of their every dream would come in the slightly cockeyed way it did.

The unexpected! Welcome it. That's what makes life an exciting, glamorous adventure. That's what keeps hope flaming in our hearts and a love for life coursing through our veins.

See "Holiday" and I believe you will agree with me that Columbia has produced one of the outstanding pictures of 1938. The characters in the picture do the same annoying and stupid things that the people you know in real life do, but tolerance teaches us that they are victims of their environment and training.

Most of us are sheep, you know. It takes a rare brave man or woman to strike out from the herd and blaze a new trail.

It is not always that Katharine Hepburn has been so perfectly cast, or that Cary Grant has been given a part so ideally suited to his fine talents.

In fact the entire cast contributes to make "Holiday" a really human, true-to-life story that brings a laugh to your lips one minute, a tear to your eye the next, but never once lets you down by deviating from honesty and realism.

In other words—don't miss this fine picture!



## Rich Marriage

(Continued from page 13)

cascade of shining black silk. Her coal-black eyes were impertinent but charmingly inquisitive, ready to spring into a smile. I didn't say anything for a minute, but just looked at her. Her shoulders were bare and very white. She wore a simple sky-blue dress that seemed to encompass her and bring out an effect of a girlish figure just beginning to round into exquisite young maturity.

"I am Vicky Dorman," she repeated, holding out her hand.

"I can't believe it," I stammered.

**S**HE knew what I meant, for she smiled that precious smile that had lurked on the surface ready to shine. She helped me with my coat and then stood there looking at me, and then smiled again. "You've fulfilled your promise," she announced.

"What do you mean, Vicky? Now don't say I'm not to call you Vicky. I knew you when you were a little baby. I used to hold you on my lap, as a matter of fact, and play with you."

"Oh, you did not! I think you're very good," she laughed.

With a shock I realized that I wasn't in college any more, that the line which I had just used was out of place, that the tuxedo I was wearing was a fraud, because all I had left was a thousand and thirty-one dollars and sixty cents. After that was gone—well—

And this girl was beautiful and rich. She took my arm and walked me into a spacious room done with exquisite simplicity. And then I knew. Aha, a decorator. They could afford an interior decorator, and here I was, a fraud looking like a million dollars in my tuxedo. Well, I Vicky, I would be a liar

but at the very first opportunity tell her my story, spend a pleasant evening, for she was nice and exciting, and then go back to my rent-free rooms.

There were some pictures on the wall, and I admired them. I pretended that I knew something about art, but I really didn't. I looked at my wrist watch and asked, "Aren't we going out for dinner?"

She took my hand, apparently to see the time, and her fingers did something to me. It was like a tiny warm electric shock. "A quarter to seven," she said. "We'll have dinner at seven o'clock. My parents will be down."

"But Vicky, I want to take you out for dinner. Let's renew our old romance. Homely little girl—" and I put my hands over my eyes—"oh, what a homely little brat—" and then I said softly—"who blossoms out like a princess. I'm here to claim you. I don't want to sit here with your parents. Oh come on, let's go out."

**H**ER eyes glistened. They were black pools of mystery. She was smiling, and I thought that she glowed as if more life had gone into the life that was already there. "Matthew—may I call you Matthew?"

"You must. No! Call me Matt."

"We'll go out for dinner somewhere and dance? And then we'll talk. I'm so excited! Cute way we met, sending each other Christmas cards every year. But Matt, I never thought you'd blossom out into such a handsome cavalier."

I lit a cigaret and then apologized and offered her one, which she accepted. We both smoked and watched each other, and

we both knew that we were excited. My excitement was full of misgivings. My state of affairs was such that I couldn't just jump into a flirtation, for I was on shaky ground, economically on the verge of disaster, having no profession and, what was worse, not knowing what I could do. There was something else, something that was unrolling in my head. She was exciting, she was smart and alive, like a coiled wire charged with electricity. I couldn't just take her out and talk clever college talk and squeeze her a little during the dance, and touch my face to hers and then kiss her when I had brought her home. All that, I thought, and more. It wouldn't be so easy to forget her kiss. And I was a pauper.

**I**N the midst of all this exciting confusion, I was meeting her parents, and had to look up at her father, who was even taller than I was, a giant of a man, with gray eyes. He was nice, I commented silently, but not quite in the room. He smiled, and I wasn't sure whether he saw me or not. He was a business man and he had created these riches. I could sense that. Mrs. Dorman was smaller, but not quite as small as Vicky. She had a round face, brown hair and warm brown eyes. She beamed, and I knew that she liked me. She was charming and open-hearted, but she wanted to know just who I was, and she questioned me rather audaciously.

"So your father died? Oh yes, I knew who your father was." And she turned to her husband, "Joseph, didn't you buy the ground for the factory from Mr. Ludington?"

Mr. Dorman searched in his mind. "Yes.

## HER MOTHER-IN-LAW'S VISIT SAVED THE DAY!



NAG, NAG, NAG THAT'S ALL YOU DO, MARY!

WELL, HERE I AM, CHILDREN!

AND ALL YOU DO IS CRITICIZE

COULD YOU KEEP HOUSE FOR JOHN, IF I GO HOME TO MOTHER? I JUST CAN'T STAND THESE QUARRELS—AND I'M SO UNCOMFORTABLE

NOW MARY DEAR, YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THAT—LET ME MAKE A PURCHASE FIRST... AND SHOW YOU SOMETHING

LOOK, THIS ROUGH BATHROOM PAPER YOU'VE BEEN USING IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE UNCOMFORTABLE AND BAD TEMPERED

WHY IT'S GOT SPLINTERS IN IT! DIRT, TOO!

I BELIEVE YOUR MOTHER IS RIGHT, THIS PAPER IS CERTAINLY HARSH AND IRRITATING

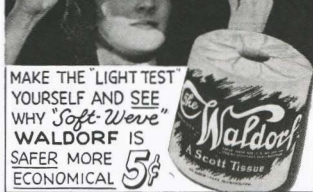
I'LL BET IT WAS JUST OUR DISCOMFORT THAT MADE US SNAP AT EACH OTHER SO!

I'VE BOUGHT YOU A NEW TISSUE I CAN REALLY RECOMMEND... WALDORF

WHEW! WHAT A DIFFERENCE! GOLLY, THAT IS SOFT

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He was a good business man. Hard to drive a bargain with."

Mrs. Dorman protested. "You shouldn't say that, Joseph. The man is dead."

Vicky had left us, and she came back in a white wrap. "It looks like ermine," I thought.

"Now, we are going out. Mother," she said pleasantly, but resolutely. "Might as well tell you Matt and I met years ago. I was a very little girl and he took me on his lap. Don't get shocked, Mother. I was very little, don't you see? And we just found each other—and her voice rose deeply as if, in exaggeration, imitating my own—in this great, big city. We're going to have dinner together and we're going to dance and we're going to talk of old times."

"Vicky, how you talk," her mother scolded indulgently. "How can you talk so fast? Why, you're all excited!"

She pulled me by the sleeve and helped me in a proprietary way with my overcoat, fixing my collar. "I'm excited, and how! It's a reunion." She kissed her mother, kissed her father, and I wondered ironically whether he knew that we were going out, whether he had heard a single word.

**NONCHALANTLY** I called a taxi. Nonchalantly I was playing a part, my last fling. And with the peculiarity of youth justifying its faults, I felt terribly sorry for myself. My outward attitude, however, was dignified and sophisticated. I leaned back in the taxi, and I remember—I know—that I touched the cool soft fur with my hand and then bent my face and touched it with my cheeks. She sat there smiling and a little aloof, and then I pressed my cheek harder. Through the wrap, through the fur, I was feeling the warm body underneath, while Vicky was smiling knowing all the time what I was doing but not showing her hand.

"I'm not going to kiss you, Vicky," I said crazily, playing with fire, and reckless because of my fear.

"Indeed you're not. You certainly are not!"

"I am not," I announced in a funereal voice.

It was fun. It was danger. And I was coming out of a sort of mental stagnation. We had dinner in a very lovely restaurant, and both of us nibbled our food. We were both sparring for time and speculating. Vicky didn't know very much about me, for once she asked, "Are you going to college?"

I gasped a little. "Are you?" I answered.

"Mother wants me to, but I'm such a terrible student. I should, but I don't know."

I didn't answer her question, but went over to her chair, took her elbow and lifted her into the dance, into the swing of the music. It was play until then, passionate, exciting play. But as I held her white body, unrestraining, pain was beginning to creep in. I was a charlatan, in a sense, an impostor. In my tuxedo, gliding on the floor, I seemed like one of the mob—the mob of idlers or perhaps the mob of the well-to-do. Vicky belonged to this class. Her simple dress, I knew from experience, probably cost a small fortune. But prettier than her dress was Vicky. Lithe and dainty, but so delicate, so seductively gracious. Yet alluring as her charm was, it was not offensive.

Gently I leaned over, my cheek against hers—a liberty young folk take when dancing. Deliberately I took a strand of her hair between my lips and bit a little. I said very gravely, "Vicky, I'm falling in love with you."

She didn't answer. Her eyes were lowered and she was swaying to the music. "Vicky, I have no right to. I'm a pauper. I left college two months ago. I came home to my father's funeral, and I have nothing. I have no job. The only thing I can do is

drive a taxi. And here I'm falling in love with you."

Some poet has said that the eyes are the windows of the soul. It certainly is a true statement. That indifference suddenly melted away, and her eyes widened at every word. There was astonishment, and then a sweet smile lit up her soft lips. "Matt, do you think I care? Do you think that would make any difference to me?"

This was an unexpected reception to the news, yet pleased as I was, I winced inside. We didn't talk about this phase any more, but I paid the check and we were on the sidewalk, and the doorman was whistling for a cab. Gently the snow was falling. The taxi was warm, and I told the driver to take us somewhere for a ride. Vicky was covered up, the collar of her fur wrap lifted over her neck and part of her head. Underneath that fur cover, she had a warm, pulsating body and a tender heart—and courage.

I wanted to tell her my whole story, but I was afraid the driver would hear it, even though the glass panel separated us. So I followed her example and relaxed in the warm cab, searching for her hand, which I found in her pocket. I took off her glove, her white glove, and held her hand in mine, enjoying the sweet tender moments of sheer bliss.

I watched her though I didn't look at her. I felt her trust though she didn't say a word. And then she fell asleep, and gradually her head rested on my shoulder. I didn't dare move, feeling her warmth, and thrilling at her lovely innocence.

When she woke up she was terribly embarrassed, and she apologized. "It must be terribly late!" And she took my hand and looked at my watch, but she could not see the time in the darkness of the cab. I lit a match. It was a quarter after one.

"You better take me home, Matt."

"Vicky, Vicky," I sighed. "Let's not go home—yet. This is probably my last escapade."

"She picked me up on that. 'Escapade?'"

"It's my last fling. I'll tell you about it later. So let's go to a restaurant—a simple restaurant where we can just have some coffee and sit and talk."

I told her my story as we sat in a booth at this late hour. But in New York City one is really never aware of the lateness of the hour, for there is a traffic of people coming and going, and many people act after midnight as though it was just daybreak.

With some reluctance I started my story. I painted frankly my life at college, my youthful conceit and then the rest of the story. I even told her of my father's will and of Mrs. Eldridge, who owned everything Father had, even his soul. Not once did Vicky interrupt, not once did she ask a question, but her eyes, black and mysterious and tender, urged me on. When I came to my father's will, she shivered a little, and I got up and helped her wrap her fur coat around her shoulders.

I described minutely my search for a job, and then how I came to call her. Here there was a suspicion of tears in her eyes, and she said huskily, "My father will give you a job, Matt."

"No, he won't Vicky. If I didn't know you, it would be different. But that would be trading on our friendship, and honestly, Vicky, I just found you. You're my only friend. But you know, Vicky, you go to my head like wine. It's even more intoxicating than that. So I want to be with you tonight—and then I'll remember you always."

She had a trick of looking quickly from under her lashes as if prying unbecomingly the works for the unspoken message. "You're having dinner with us tomorrow

night. Oh, I've got a date, but I'll break it."

"You want to take me under your wing, Vicky? Well, it's no go."

"Under my wing? I'd like to, but I'm not trying to be patronizing, Matt. We are friends, aren't we?"

"Vicky, in a sense, no. You're not the kind of girl I want to be a friend to. As a matter of fact, it can't be done."

"All right, Matt, then I'll see you to-morrow night. A quarter to seven. Don't dress. And any man who's so proud that he refuses to share his problems with people who like him—oh, Matt, you're not so small as all that! You can't be. Everything about you tells me it's not so."

THAT was the line of attack from the very first. It was in a sense sincere, for she wasn't appealing to my sympathy but to my logic. Definitely she showed me that everybody needs help at one time or another, but the thing that made the greatest impression was her story of how her own mother had helped her father. Her father was penniless, but took her mother's three hundred dollars which she had saved in several years, and opened a little grocery store in New England. Promptly they lost their money, whereupon her mother went to work again and for three years held a job in addition to keeping house for her husband.

"That's how they started, my parents," she said softly. And when I took her home, I promised that I would come for dinner.

I didn't kiss her. When she gave me the key to open the door, I could have, but this was too precious to start off with the usual kiss. She waved her hand and disappeared into the darkness.

I spent a pleasant evening in her home, and I really did enjoy her mother. She treated me like an old friend, though Mr.

Dorman acted in his usual way. Vicky's brother Alex surprised me a little. He was a replica of his father except in height. His shoulders were very broad and his features were like his father's, but whereas his father was full of silent vitality, Alex was voluble. He was the only one who wore a tuxedo, and later I found that he always dressed in the evening, whatever the occasion.

It was from Alex that I glimpsed something of their business. They had a large plant where they put up oyster bisque and soups derived from sea food. They had a large distributing agency and many salesmen. He, Alex, was sales manager and impressed me with the fact several times during the evening. One sentence stands out, spoken for my benefit: "Matt, take it from me, I know from experience—the sales department of any organization is really the soul of the business, the life of it."

Mr. Dorman looked at him a little wearily and said, "Don't talk nonsense. What do you know about business?"

Alex was offended and he got red in the face and tried to continue the argument—at his father's nod. But Mr. Dorman left the table, took up a newspaper and began to read, paying no attention to his son's flow of words.

BUT there was Vicky, quiet as a mouse, watching me and thinking her own thoughts, and every once in a while smiling a little darting smile which was like a quick needle without the sharpness of a needle. It had a quickening effect on me of physical warmth and of physical delight.

Alex left shortly after dinner, shaking my hand profusely in that manly way which some people affect, and Mr. Dorman went into his study. Mrs. Dorman remained with us for some time, adroitly inquiring into my affairs, warmly sympathetic but, in spite

of her naive, quite worldly. Talking of something else she managed to convey to me that she wanted her daughter to go to college, but at the same time she made me feel that I was a welcome visitor.

Vicky and I again talked of my prospects, and I was glad to report progress. That morning my father's second cousin, Mr. Craig, had called me up and offered me a job as his chauffeur. He was buying a new car and wanted to know if I wanted the job. It would pay forty dollars a week.

"Does that shock you, Vicky?"  
"It does not," she announced emphatically. "Don't forget how my father started."

I WAS so grateful to her, so warmly grateful for the lack of snobbery. My words failed me, and I walked over to her chair in the corner. Gently, I lifted her hand, and as she stood up looking at me surprised, I put her hand through my arm, not knowing myself what I wanted to do.

"Come on," I said.  
"Where to? It's cold outside."  
"Let's just walk through the room, you and I." It feels so good having you by my side.

Quick as a flash she entered into the spirit of the little game, and we walked through the room, she imitating my long stride, and I loving her more and more with every step she took. Her head reached exactly to my shoulder, but small as she was in body, she had a warm expanse of spirit that was not only exciting, but stimulating.

"It's no use," I groaned and buried my face in her hair. "It's no use," I cried, and then pressed my lips to hers.

"It's no use," she sighed, responding.  
Vicky, radiating sheer ecstasy, confessed to me with misty eyes that she had known it from the first. We exchanged con-

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fidences and told each other everything, and little by little a new structure was built, with the elements of a song and music and love.

"But Vicky, it's only the second time we met—the third."

Her lips parted and made a little pattern of a kiss. "Do you really feel as if we had just met?"

"No!" That very night, after the hour struck one and then two, the plans were crystallized, taking shape and coming into life. Definitely, Vicky told me she would not go to college. We loved each other. It was clear in our minds. Or wasn't I sure of myself? My kisses convinced her that I was. There is only one way out of a situation like that. In a clear voice, unembarrassed by maidenly reserve she declared herself that when two people loved each other they should get married. She didn't believe in long engagements. With some show of embarrassment, she quoted scientific articles on the harmfulness of long engagements.

"But how are we going to live? On forty dollars a week? Right here I've got to make one thing clear!"

"That you won't live on my father's money."

"That's it exactly."

With quiet self-assurance she showed me that it wouldn't be necessary. She pointed out that I had some money left, and she would add an equal amount. "You can't object to that. Or will that foolish pride still get in the way? Haven't I the right to contribute to our happiness in every way as much as you?"

I had to admit that she was right, though I teased her about the eloquence of her arguments. They were so precisely clear; her blows were so telling, Vicky didn't want to calculate our happiness in dollars and cents or in precise plans. "People who do things do not plan everything minutely—so many dollars and we'll do this and that in the next year. Maybe we won't have to. You're young and intelligent. Almost anything might happen to us."

If I had any qualms, her warm-hearted convincing words swept them away, and her nearness did the rest. Without hesitation she announced that we should get married right away. Secretly, we were not to tell her parents, but take a short honeymoon and then when we came back, face life boldly. There was a magic in her words that was like the music of a shepherd's flute. "We're entitled to a honeymoon—" her eyelashes fell a little at that—"somewhere in paradise. Anywhere. And then we'll come back, and whatever is—is. We'll face it."

I was in the clouds when I reached my little house. We had decided that we couldn't move into this place. It was out of the question. I couldn't bring Vicky to this place that had known disappointments and—I shuddered—a mistress.

I sold the furniture for very little money and accidentally found some old letters in the attic from my father to my mother. They gave me a pang. Mrs. Eldridge must have missed these. Then I wrote a letter to the little lawyer asking him to thank Mrs. Eldridge for her hospitality in lending her home. It wasn't a very nice letter, but youth in its excitement is often unnecessarily cruel.

I took out the license and then called Vicky, who was excitedly waiting for the news. We decided not to see each other for three days, and then she was to meet me on the morning after. The wait was a self-imposed torture. It seemed so romantic, and Vicky agreed to it.

Quietly we were pronounced man and wife. The moment that stands out dazzlingly clear is when we walked down the steps of the big building arm in arm. Vicky

wore a gray fur coat of Persian lamb, with a gray fur hat that rested lightly on her head. Her hands were tucked in the muff, and as I held her arm, she glanced at me in that darting way, electrifying me. "You're my wife," I said, squeezing her arm.

"I am your wife."

It was exciting, and Vicky had been right. We hadn't made any plans and didn't know what our next step would be—but we were on our honeymoon. The air was crisply cold, and I wanted to shout with happiness, to share my happiness with every living soul.

"What will we do now, Vicky?"

"Let's have lunch. I'm starving. I didn't have my breakfast. I was too excited to eat anything."

We found a restaurant down the street and we sat down to our wedding breakfast. Precious moments were those, delicate and elusive, yet never to be forgotten. We sat there listening to the other's voices, our hands searching and meeting under the table. Everything we said seemed to have a deeper meaning, a fuller significance. And the food tasted like manna, the aroma of the coffee was ambrosia.

Even then I was a little startled when Vicky said musingly, "You know what would be fun? To go home and tell Mother."

"But, Vicky, we are going away somewhere, just the two of us. It was you who said that newlyweds should absolutely be alone, for the first period of their marriage means so much. It shapes their lives."

"Yes, Matt, I said it and it's true. I don't mean to go home and stay there. But after all, let's be sensible about it. Suppose we go down and tell Mother about it. She'll be so happy. Instead of running away and telephoning her or sending a wire, we go to her in person. The person of Matthew Ludington and the person of Vicky Ludington. We tell her we're married, and she sees us happy and shining. She's my mother. It's so little to do for her."

I WAS taken aback at first by the change in our vagabondian plans. But she was right, and her voice was so warm, and her eyes, darting and looking at me and concealed by her eyelashes, were ecstatic in their joy. Her fingers reaching out and touching me were warm with the warmth of a young girl's love. No, a young bride's love.

"Vicky, you simply bewitch me. You want to do one thing. I'm agreeable. You want to do another thing, I'm agreeable. You make white out of black, and purple out of orange. But I love you, and now that I've got you I can't let you go. So go ahead, take advantage of me, and if you want to make a dishonest man of me—I suppose I can even sink to that."

It was all said in sheer youthful exuberance, crazy words, mad words, but I felt as if I had wings, and the girl facing me, my young bride, had wings also. And when she said, "Darling, I don't want to mislead you. I don't want you to do anything which isn't right," I wanted to cry out, "Darling, I love you, and I never knew what love was like, what it really meant. Oh, how I love you."

Later I whispered these words into her ear in the taxi that sped us to her parent's home, and the driver was smiling as he held his wheel, as if some fairy had whispered into his ear that he was driving a young bride and her groom.

Mrs. Dorman was completely taken aback, and at first quite perturbed. Through the expression of surprise she showed herself taken off guard and words tumbled from her mouth. Vicky, excited, was also talking fast, almost incoherently.

"But you've just met him."

"I know, but I love him. Don't you see,

we've known each other ever since we were children. Moms dearest—a great romance blazing like a trailer through our youth into adolescence. Oh, Moms—" and the two women kissed each other as I stood there listening to this talk about me.

"I don't want to stand in the way of your happiness, Vicky dearest, but what will your father say? I'm so worried. You won't want to go to college, now, I suppose."

"Who cares about college? You know Moms, that you'd love to have Matt for your son-in-law. The two of you would look so well going out shopping together. You know you would like that. Look at him! How handsome he is."

"YOU foolish girl! You're such a silly little girl!"

Mrs. Dorman kissed me and asked me to call her "Mother," and she was glad though she cried a little. Mr. Dorman was summoned from his office, and when told the news acted surprised and laughed at the idea of his little girl going off like that and getting married.

It was Alex who introduced the first note of discord. He, too, had been summoned, and he insisted on finding a bottle of champagne. Because of a peculiar remark, I remember it so well. "It will take two hours to chill this champagne. What a pity!" And then with a patronizing air to me, "Champagne should be served very cold." And he fussed around with a bucket with an air of being used to it.

I tried not to resent his attitude, but when he said confidentially, "You certainly pick them right, Matt. You've got the right girl and the right family. You know a good thing when you see it, don't you?"—and when he grinned at me, I sud-

denly felt hostile to him, and anxious to get away from the family fold.

Plans were being made behind my back, for Vicky and her mother were whispering. My two trunks with my clothes were still at the old house and Alex offered to send a truck for them right away.

Dinner was a solemn occasion, and then Vicky came to me and pulled me away from the table before we had finished our food. "Darling," she whispered, standing on tip toe, "we'll go to a hotel tonight. It would be more fun than staying here. Of course my room is all fixed up, and it's large enough—"

"No!" I cried.

"Don't get angry, now. We can take our grips, but I'll have to pack. Now I want you to do something for me; only don't snarl because I'm afraid of you."

"Afraid of me? Vicky!" We were standing near the large folding door which separated the dining room from the living room. Vicky closed the door slightly; the family remained at the table discreetly. We were in each other's arms. Her soft lips touching mine whispered between kisses.

"DON'T scold now. Mother and Dad have bought us tickets to Bermuda.

The boat sails tomorrow afternoon at three. That's legitimate—a wedding gift like that from the girl's parents." She wouldn't let me answer. Her lips pressed tightly against mine, stifling any possible reply. "A week or maybe two in Bermuda. And then we'll come back. We'll start off right then and there, the two of us. But this is our honeymoon, dearest. You've got some money and I have some. Not very much, but the tickets are a present, and the cabin is all booked. It's a surprise."

I couldn't resist the prospect of a sea

voyage. There was more excitement and thanks, and then what seemed to me like an avalanche of money. Mr. Dorman gave me a check for five hundred dollars, and before I could protest, Vicky, pulled my arm and pressed my knee. Then Mrs. Dorman called me into her bedroom and slipped two one hundred dollar bills into my hand. Her eyes were misty, and she was so motherly, and even at my age I felt the need of a mother at that moment. Even Alex, Alex whom I was beginning to dislike, took me aside and said, "Say, old man, here is fifty. It's not a wedding present, but we in this family stick together. I can spare it. Buy yourself a drink."

Bewildering moments, moments of tender feelings. I was finding a family when I hadn't known anything about it a few days ago.

THE suite in one of the large hotels was on the seventeenth floor, and as I looked down from this height to the lighted streets below, I felt as if I were on the top of a mountain. Vicky was unpacking some of her things, swiftly, efficiently, and I, imitating her, began to put some of my things away. I had a lounging robe which still carried the emblem of my college on a pocket. I looked very smart in it. And when Vicky came out she surveyed me and cried out, "Matt, you look perfect—like one of the college heroes in the advertisements."

"Now that's a nice thing to say."

We were estranged for a moment, not because of the words but because of a swift panicky realization that we were now man and wife. Until now we had been playing with our thoughts. And now, marriage was to present another aspect. Vicky, the clever one, the worldly one, was a little scared.

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And I, who had walked through college with a lit to my feet, graciously nodding to co-eds and at night kissing them with experience. I was now scared to death.

She sat down in a chair. Her black hair was shining, for it had just been brushed, and it enclosed her head in a soft circle. She picked up a magazine from somewhere and began to turn the pages.

"Vicky!" She looked up. "You wretch, throw away that magazine. You're not going to sit here and read—on your wedding night." Her eyes were glued to the pages of the magazine. I thought her fingers trembled a little. "Vicky!"

"Just a moment."  
I went over to her and sat on the edge of the chair and gently pulled the magazine out of her hands. I wanted to say something to her which was more than a declaration of love, something stirring and graceful. "I had my misgivings at first, Vicky," I whispered, touching her hair with my lips and pulling it a little. "The idea seemed so crazy—oh, Vicky, to marry you, a young princess, and me a pauper. I didn't quite understand your spirit. But now, dearest, I'm so grateful to you. Not only do I love you, but I feel like throwing myself at your feet to show my gratitude because you were right!"

**WE** were now both in the chair, and I pulled her to my lap as she comfortably pressed against me. "And well have this glorious honeymoon and I shall not worry."  
"You shouldn't," came her muffled voice. "We'll come back, and I'll find something—anything. We'll save some of this wedding money."

"Oh, no! Let's spend it. It's more fun to start from scratch."  
"All right, we'll start from scratch. And you'll be just a housewife and cook for me, and then—"

Prizes. Sacred words of ecstasy. Pledges of everlasting love throughout eternity. We were beginning to know each other, and I saw my young wife in so many moods in the short two hours that we were alone. Perhaps others had loved in this spacious suite. Undoubtedly they had. But our hearts were aflame, and there was music in our souls.

Vicky was asleep. She seemed like a statue that had been carved out of the stuff that stars are made of. But she was more alive. Silently I got off my bed and tip-toed to the chair near the window. She, the child, had fallen asleep. But I couldn't. The miracle of my young wife with her hand under her cheek, sleeping there! Her lips half-opened—and she was mine!

She stirred and glanced over toward my bed. "Where are you, Matt?"

"I'm here."  
"Can't you sleep?"  
"No. I'm just thinking about you, and wondering what I have done to deserve you."

"Don't be silly. What time is it?"  
I found my watch and peered at it. "Exactly midnight."

Vicky switched on the lamp on a night table, and we looked at each other shyly.

"You know, Matt—listen, Matt, I've got a great idea. Let's get dressed in our best, go down, have a bite and dance and dance." She shouted. "It's our wedding night, Matt."

It was an incredible idea, but it caught fire and inflamed me with a wild desire for merryment. We both dressed, chatting and crying and laughing. During that half hour we really were learning to know each other better and better.

Sitting at the table, we sipped wine and ate caviar sandwiches, intimately, the two of us, with a little rose light between us.

We didn't miss a dance, and to hold my young wife intimately during the dance was a new and searing experience.

We were both tired when we returned to our hotel, and poor Vicky was so sleepy that she almost fell asleep while she was getting undressed. Still, she combed her hair again carefully before the mirror, yawning so deliciously that I watched in fascination at every move.

Everybody was at the boat to see us off. But they were all on Vicky's side of the family. She sensed my reaction, and her hand would find mine again and again with a reassuring squeeze. There were more presents—flowers and books. Mrs. Dorman almost wanted to give me more money, but my horrified look stopped her. When the last whistle blew and the visitors had left the boat I was relieved, though Vicky insisted I must go on deck and see if we could find her mother in the crowd on the pier. We did and waved.

The weather was threatening and cold, but we sat in our deck chairs, and it was a new revelation for me to have my wife next to my chair, with the ocean enclosing the ship and us. It was such a gentle ocean. I said to Vicky. "Look at the ocean, darling."

"I am looking."  
"Don't you see anything?"  
"Yes, the ocean."

She was under a steamer rug, just her toes sticking out and part of her face. I leaned over her.

For some reason she was a little startled, and then moved. And I whispered, "Are you going to cry now, just when we are so happy?"

She shook her head vigorously. "No, Matt—but I really didn't know how much I love you—until now."

Then she closed her eyes and I closed mine, and though we didn't look at each other we knew that we were there together on the deck of a ship in the midst of a vast expanse of ocean. I was searching in my mind for something I had read about water as the symbol of life.

These were the scenes that were intimate, and left an indelible impression. They were like little cameos buried deeply in the heart. I would take out one of these treasures and recapture the period of the scene and inhale the fragrance of it.

**WE** had a little table for two, which had been very difficult to secure, because the boat was filled with merry-makers. The steward knew that we were honeymooners, and though it was a little embarrassing, it was pleasant. For they took us under their special care. That first night we danced on the ship, and everyone remarked how smoothly the ship was gliding. The waters were still, and it was our marriage trip.

We met some people, and for the life of me I cannot remember how. They were young men who wanted to dance with Vicky, and she regretfully went from my arms to theirs, always looking back to me from the middle of the floor and sending me glances which only I could understand.

Next day we began to come into warmer waters, and during all the day we watched the miracle that was taking place before us. The color was changing, the color of the sky and the color of the water. Many times that day we said to each other, "Look isn't that wonderful? Look, the sky is deep blue. I have never seen such a blue, have you? These waters, blue—no, green. It's really green. Opalescent green." We argued about the colors. We accused each other of being color-blind, and then for fear we were hurting each other, we looked quickly around and kissed and made up. It was fun. It was our honeymoon—and we were unfolding our hearts to each other, and I saw the beautiful soul of a

young girl, her longings and her secret thoughts.

These experiences were not only uplifting, but unified us into oneness. It didn't seem possible that into such oneness, which comes from deep spiritual experience, discord should creep in. The first day in Bermuda we quarreled. We were sitting on the veranda of one of the most luxurious hotels I have ever seen. The veranda was semi-circular with glass windows partly open into the green semi-tropical gardens. The warmth of the trees and the sparkling lusciousness of the green were like kindred spirits sending us messages of love.

I was admiring Vicky and her lovely costume of lavender. I wish I knew how to describe her, but all I can say is that she was spreading her maidenly wings and showing even greater beauty than I had dreamed of.

"You should buy yourself a coat here," she said. "They have fine English fabrics."

I demurred. "I won't need a coat until next winter."

She went on unheeding. "I'd like to buy some perfume," and she began to enumerate the things she desired.

"But, Vicky," I remonstrated. "That'll take an awful lot of money."

"We can each bring back a hundred dollars' worth duty free."

"Two hundred dollars' worth of presents? Don't you see, if we stay here a week—why, it costs us twenty-five dollars a day."

"I'm not going home in a week."

"Aren't you?"

**S**HE seemed so crestfallen, and she pleaded with me. "Let's stay a little longer. We'll never forget this time. We'll always look back to our honeymoon, Matt. I feel that I'm only beginning to know you. When you get to work, you'll be away for whole days." Shyly, she added, "This is our chance to get acquainted."

She always had phrases that fascinated me. But I insisted on figuring the amount of cash we had with us. I pointed out that we would have to find a place to live, and buy furniture, and that the simplest home would cost money. But she was annoyed. Several times she asked me, "Aren't you happy just to be here with me?"

"I'm happy. But I want to look to the future. We can't just burn up this money in pleasure, in silly pleasure."

That was obviously the wrong thing to say. Young as I was, I saw that she took this as a personal reflection on her desirability. She left the veranda, with me trailing behind her, and I had to apologize to her in our room and kiss her tears away.

We went shopping, and it was fun, though I was not without misgivings. Vicky's idea of money was something strange and far away from my own. But there was Christmas, which we celebrated in Bermuda, Christmas in a strange land with phosphorescent waters surrounding us, with everything in bloom and not even a possibility of snow. There was music and Christmas carols and an exchange of cablegrams.

There were three cablegrams from her family, and I think that Vicky, not to be outdone, sent off a half dozen. The charges were appalling to someone who intended to earn his own living without knowing just where to start. But it was impossible for me to sulk or worry, for the season was festive and full of good will.

It was obvious now that we were going to stay two weeks, and I determined to try hard and make those two weeks happy. We bathed in the green waters, we swam out and raced each other, we rolled around in the white sand, and one night we went for a ride in one of the carriages. Sitting back, we held hands and breathed in the warm air. There were sounds of a stringed

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instrument somewhere, and laughter, joyous and provocative.

"The place is made for lovers," I said to Vicky.

She was in one of her finest moods, yielding and soft and so ready to please. "We are lovers," she whispered.

She had a genius for being lovely, for making herself seductively lovely through one of many moods.

It was ecstasy. One swift experience after another. Too swift at times, for it seemed that love-making was not only enchanting us, but consuming us with an ever-changing flame. Several times, or many times, I whispered to her, "Vicky, you're bewitching me. You are so beautiful." At that she would sigh contentedly.

ONE Sunday night it rained quite violently, and it looked as if we would have to spend the day in the hotel, but the rain lasted actually only fifteen minutes. The sun came out, painting the leaves and the drops of water with a golden green. Vicky was jubilant. "Look! Look. At this week we can go out. I want to see the caves, but we can see them next week."

"Next week?"

She was putting on a light costume, and I watched her as she dressed swiftly and surely, fixing a belt or a few flowers on her dress that made her look so chic and desirable. She didn't answer, and she turned her face away from me. This was something new. This feeling of a mystery that I was unable to pierce. She was keeping something in that beautiful head of hers.

There was a shadow. She was different somehow from the girl I had thought she was, more fascinating unquestionably, but more crafty.

"Next week? Vicky, come here."

She was putting on her hat, then powdering her face.

"Vicky, come here. I want to talk to you. The Monarch of Bermuda sails tomorrow and we are going back."

She pouted and said something that I couldn't hear.

"Don't mumble. What is it you said?"

She turned around and slowly walked to me. "Matt, can't you be reasonable? You've got very noble ideas, but they are very silly. You are still a noble college boy."

I winced at that. "Just what do you mean by that?" I folded my arms and felt very much injured.

I listened to her words. "Aha," I thought, "that easy trick of talking glibly. I'll be on my guard. Just what does she really want?"

"We can stay here for a while. There is no rush for you to go back to work. You have no job, anyhow."

Anger was rising slowly within me, but my mind was clear. "I have no job, so I'll stay here and be your dancing partner?"

"My dancing partner! How you talk! You're my husband. We're supposed to share everything. Suppose I have more money than you do? I wouldn't care how much money you had. I'd take it and spend it. It's silly, your small-town stuff."

"And as my face grew redder, she cried, "Hick ideas!"

I really felt weak. I was beginning to see a crafty mind, the black secret. Schemes and schemes were dancing in her head, and she hadn't come clean. She had a beautiful body, but the mind was not clean, for she was deceiving me, always had intended to deceive me. Somewhere then I burst out, "You mean to say that you planned this right along? You married me so that I

could make love to you—just that, and by your little playmate? Your father's money will pay me for making love to you?"

I was shocked at the transformation in her expression. "Matt, I never knew you could be so cruel."

Both her fists were closed, and I had to admit her anger gave her a new kind of beauty, but it was an unholy beauty. I had started a torrent, not realizing that my anger would release this fierce torrent within her. Her words were swift, cutting.

I was adolescent and I had hick ideas. That cut deep. It was her notion that we should spend the winter in Bermuda, and then I knew that she had always planned it. She had come with two trunks filled with her clothes, and I had been stupid enough to look upon it indulgently and say to myself, "Well, she's just a young bride."

She was buying new clothes! And now she was revealing her diabolic scheme. It would be time for me to start working in the spring. Her father would, of course, provide the money. Proudly—yes proudly she told me that she had considerable money of her own, and an income. This should be used for our marriage. We were entitled to a good time. And then the final dig.

"And you should not be the one to stand in the way. You should be grateful for it."

I STARTED my speech slowly. It was starting hot and gathering momentum. "Vicky, I am not going to degrade myself."

"Oh, so being with me is degradation?"

"Put it that way if you want to. It's just a cheap trick of yours to twist my words. And don't interrupt me," I yelled at her. "Where are your manners?"

"My manners are as good as yours. And my family is as good as yours. You—you have nothing to boast of."

So this was the lovely girl I had married. "I am not proud of my family," I said quietly, "and I am not proud of myself, either. I am ashamed because I married you. You bought yourself a husband. You talked nobly about your parents—how they started—and you lied in your mind all the time."

"I am proud of my parents," she said icily. "Proud of their humble start." And then she screamed almost hysterically. "But we don't have to do that. It's not necessary. It's stupid! Stupid!"

I began to look around. "I'm going to pack. You can do whatever you like." And then I cried out, the words burning their way through my heart, "I am not a gigolo. If you wanted a gigolo for your husband, you married the wrong man. I never knew of your devilish schemes. I never knew that when you promised yourself to me in sweetness and innocence, your mind was full of cheating plans. You were cheating before marriage, just as you are cheating now."

She swayed a little. No one had ever talked to her like that. But she had it coming to her. I thought she was going to fall, but I was not going to support her. But somehow a new anger was born in her, a new fury. "You're not a gigolo, Matt, you're perfectly right. When you pay a gigolo, he delivers his time and his courtesy. You, my gigolo husband, you are not giving. You are not as good as a gigolo."

The words were murderous and stabbing. It was a desperate situation and I knew that I could never forget my humiliation. I was being paid in full for a crazy step, a crazy marriage.

What a calamitous ending to a beautiful honeymoon. Will Matt leave his desirable, young wife now that he has found that she tricked him into this hasty marriage? Follow the adventures of this modern, young couple in the

**SEPTEMBER TRUE ROMANCES MAGAZINE—ON SALE EVERYWHERE AUGUST 12TH**



# COOL COMFORT

**P**EOPLE would have us believe that on the fifteenth of June, the entire populace of every city packs up and moves to the seashore or the mountains, there to remain in cool comfort until after Labor Day. The truth of the matter, however, is that the vast majority of us remain in the city all summer long except for week-ends and brief vacations.

So—we stay at home—hot, sticky and uncomfortable. And this is really unnecessary for half the art of feeling cool is in looking cool. For the harried housewife, the busy business girl, there are a number of short cuts to cool comfort which will help make the torrid months more bearable.

To be cool, you must first be clean. That's obvious, yet, it is amazing how many women fall short of the mark. There's Sue, who would no more think of missing her daily bath than she would overlook her morning coffee, yet her girdle frequently needs laundering. There's Mrs. M., who's a stickler for fresh underthings every day, but doesn't shampoo her hair quite often enough.

The only way to be completely fastidious is by unwavering practice of the simple, fundamental rules of cleanliness. The daily bath and change of underwear and stockings, the regular shampoo are all necessary to keep you fresh and clean, but along with this is the importance of using a deodorant or perspiration check, especially during the summer months when we perspire so freely. And everyone needs to take precautions against unpleasant perspiration odor because everyone is subject to it whether there is noticeable moisture or not. The daily bath or shower is essential, but does not prevent unpleasant odor later. The only way to guard against this is to apply your deodorant or perspiration check the minute you step from your bath. You may use a deodorant, which takes the unpleasant odor out of perspiration and other body odors or you may prefer a non-perspirant which stops perspiration.

Then there is the matter of superfluous hair, which is more of a problem than ever in these days of sheer dresses and gossamer stockings and bare legs. Much has been written in the past regarding the proper method for eliminating the embarrassment of superfluous hair. Why, oh, why do so many women use a razor to shave their legs when a coarse, wiry stubble is the result? Why, when a depilatory will remove the hair simply and effectively, and leave the skin soft and smooth?



■ The art of feeling cool is in looking cool, and Gladys Swarthout does both picturesquely

*Courtesy of Paramount Pictures*

The depilatory people have spent years in laboratory work and research developing products which will remove ugly superfluous hair satisfactorily. If a light down appears on your face, upper lip or arms it can be easily bleached by frequent applications of peroxide to which a drop or two of ammonia has been added. If, however, the growth is dark and unsightly, it is better to remove it—and this is where your depilatory comes in handy. The important thing to remember about using a depilatory is to follow directions carefully.

But to get back to the subject of cool comfort, from which I seem to have strayed to other summer problems, how about your hair? Have you adopted one of the new hair styles that won't keep your neck too warm for comfort and one which is easy to arrange after a day at the beach or a hot afternoon of shopping? One of those new brushed-up coiffures is as cool as it is becoming. In between visits to the hairdresser, you can arrange your hair yourself quite simply. Just brush it up all around and tie a thread (the color of your hair) around those locks that are gathered on the top of your head. Then comb those ends into soft curls allow-

ing them to fall over and cover the thread. Short ends that persist in falling down in back may be secured with a few invisible hairpins.

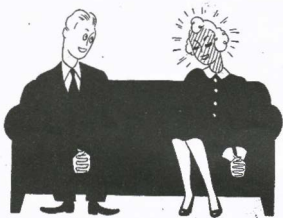
Another cool idea is to wear open sandals with the sheerest hose you can find. And give your feet a little extra attention during the hot months, too, for surely it's no fun to tread the sizzling pavements if your feet hurt. Try bathing them in tepid water to which a dash of salt has been added and follow the footbath by rubbing the swollen portions of the feet gently with witch hazel or alcohol of mild strength, then dust with talcum. If you have time, prop your feet up on pillows and give them a few minutes rest.

It's a cool idea to keep one of those little compacts of facial cleansing pads in your purse so that every time you freshen your make-up you can clean off the old. These facial cleansing pads remove make-up in a jiffy and you can always start with a clean, fresh skin. Rouge and powder go on more smoothly and last much longer, and it practically insures against powder caking. Another hot weather make-up trick is to wrap an ice cube in a piece of gauze saturated in skin tonic and pass it over your face and neck after you have used cleansing cream. It gives you that cool, mint-herbet feeling.

**BY JANICE PAGE**

# Beauty Previews

**SPARE THOSE BLUSHES:** It's all very well to blush with maidenly modesty when your best beau whispers sweet nothings in your ear, but it's something else again to go about with a beet-red face—all because your rouge is wrong. There's a new self-blending rouge on the market which is described as tinting the natural oils of the skin with transparent color, thus giving a most natural glow. Curiously, this rouge is snow-white when first made,



turns a faint orchid in the box, and, when applied, gives a natural color to the cheeks. Moreover, this powder rouge is not applied with a puff but blended on with the fingertips. But most surprising of all—a blonde, brunette or redhead may each get her own harmonizing color from the same box. Don't ask me by what magic it works, but it does.

## BRUSHING UP ON EYE BEAUTY:

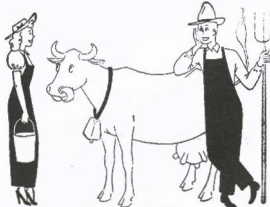
One of the most engaging and practical gadgets that has come to your beauty reporter's attention is a new mascara in stick form with a tiny spiral brush attached. The trick in applying mascara, gentle readers, is to get it on the lashes and not in the eyes. Yet, how many of us get taken with an attack of the jitters when attempting this somewhat difficult feat?

With this little gadget, all you do is wet the spiral brush, twirl it round and round inside the hollow in the cake mascara and apply it to your lashes. The brush applies the mascara to the top side of your lashes as well as the underside and makes them appear long, luxuriant and lovely.



**THREE-MINUTE SPECIAL:** The 'phone rings and your husband is bringing his boss home to dinner or perhaps it's that good-looking man you met last week for the first time who wants to take you out dancing—a half hour to get ready and no time at all for a facial at your favorite beauty shop. Isn't that always the way it happens? One of the nicest ways to banish five-o'clock fatigue, to remove pore-deep dirt and to stimulate facial circulation, is to use the three-minute special—a rich, penetrating massage cream that restores your complexion to clear beauty and youthful freshness. You first clean your face in your usual manner. If your skin is dry, you leave a bit of moisture on your face before applying the massage cream. Then massage your face lightly with the fingertips using an upward and outward motion. Continue massaging until the massage cream rolls out. Wipe off with soft tissues, rinse with clear warm water and finish with a dash of cold. This three-minute special leaves your skin tingling, glowing and refreshed—and there you are, looking young and beautiful and ready for whatever the evening has in store.

**BUCOLIC BEAUTY:** Milk—pure, fresh dairy milk—is one of the ingredients used in a brand new lotion, and we all know how good milk is for us, externally as well as internally. Oils extracted from milk, it seems, are chemically similar to oils in human skin.



That's why this lotion does such a nice job of soothing, smoothing and softening skin that is dry, rough, or burned by the sun or wind. It's marvelous for those horny elbows and sand-papery legs and if your skin is definitely dry, you might use it as body rub, smoothing it over your entire body before you get in the tub. In that way, enough of it will get worked into the skin to do a marvelous job of softening and to give it a satiny smoothness.

If you would like further information about the articles described, write enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope to Janice Paac, TRUE ROMANCES, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

## SOCIAL SECURITY

**N**OBODY today can face the world with any sense of social security unless she is sure that her breath is fresh and clean.

Neglected teeth almost always cause unpleasant breath, so if you haven't seen your dentist within the last few months, better make a point of doing so at the first possible moment. The next step toward social security for your breath is to brush your teeth after every meal. The mid-day brushing of the teeth is simple for the housewife who is invariably in her own home at noon. Simple for the business girl, too, if she will keep a toothbrush and dentifrice in her desk drawer or locker and use them as religiously as she does her lipstick after lunch.

Finally, there is the matter of the use of a mouth wash to insure a fresh sweet breath. Proprietary mouth washes on the market today do a great deal more than merely flavor our breaths. They not only deodorize but tighten the tissues, and have antiseptic properties as well.

It is a good idea to use some of your mouthwash first as a gargle, then more to be just held in the mouth and swished around.

The mouthwash is an item which occupies an important place on the bathroom cabinet shelf and it should occupy an equally important place in the life of the business girl.

She has a small size bottle (because it takes up so little room) and keeps it handy for use during the day—then she can enjoy the social security that belongs to those whose breath is always fresh and fragrant.

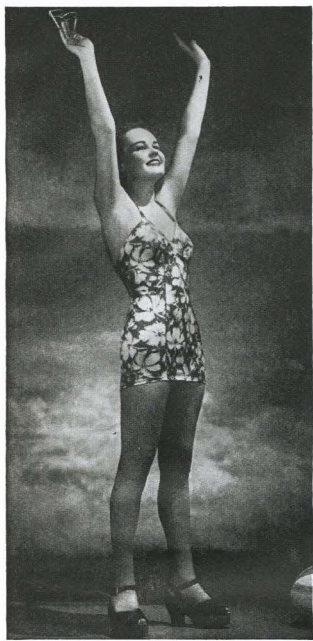
## Don't Forget

... to give your neck the same cleansing, toning and powdering that you give your face. Otherwise, the skin of your neck will be in unpleasant contrast to your face. It's a good habit, when powdering, to start your puff at the base of your throat and powder upward—in that way, you won't neglect to give your neck the once-over.

... to wear your sun glasses if you are out in the sun very much. The tinted lenses shield your eyes against the bright glare which causes squint-lines and crows feet. In addition, remember to keep that sensitive area about the eyes well-lubricated with an eye cream or rich tissue cream.

... to use a darker shade of lipstick at night than you do in the daytime. The medium and light shades seem to fade out under the yellow night lights, hence a deeper shade of red is necessary to accent your lips.

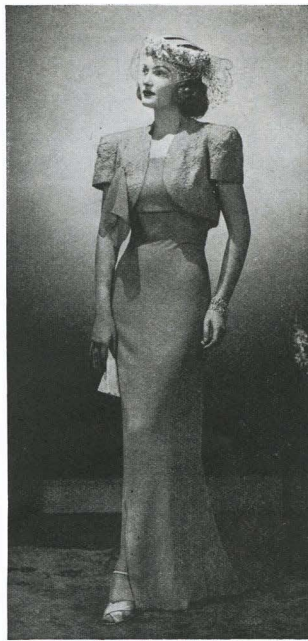
... don't forget that oval-shaped fingernails are the best looking and that long, pointed Chinese nails are no longer worn by chic women. Nails should never be cut closely at the corners but shaped carefully with an emery board. Never scrape underneath your nails with a metal instrument, for this can spoil the shape of the nail.



■ Down to the sea we go, in a dashing printed suit of satin lastique



■ A cool, sailor boy playsuit of navy with white piping and buttons



■ Bolero evening gown of Acele acetate rayon crêpe for summer nights

## MORNING, NOON and NIGHT

**S**UMMER'S here—and here to stay. By this time, your summer wardrobe is in pretty good shape and you will keep on wearing your summer prints, pastels and sheers. You'll doubtless spend a lot of time in sport clothes, too. But just in case your wardrobe doesn't contain suitable clothes for every occasion—morning, noon, or night—you might want to fill in the gaps.

How about your hathing suit? If the one you purchased early this season is beginning to show signs of wear and tear from the sun and salt water, you doubtless need a new one to carry you through the season. The one pictured above shows the corseted silhouette. It is made of satin lastique in a dashing print, sleek as a seal. If your "tigger" needs this and that, here and there, this is the suit to do it for you.

How are your playtime clothes? There's the freedom of the seven seas in the navy blue sailor shorts with white piping and sailor-buttoned waist. The tang of salt air is the smartness of the Jack Tar halter with cute sailorette stars-and-stripes collar.

For afternoon wear, there's nothing quite like crisp white with black accessories. A white-lace blouse, black crêpe skirt, and open-crown picture hat is worn with hand-crocheted filet net gloves that give glamour to bare arms.

The Chantilly lace design shown in the photograph is especially attractive, and these gossamer-like gloves are unusually strong. With it, carry the cocktail kohlkerchief which is a sixteen-inch square of sheer linen, hand embroidered and appliqued in matching linen in several Chinese floral designs.

■ Crochet gloves in Chantilly lace design add glamour to bare arms

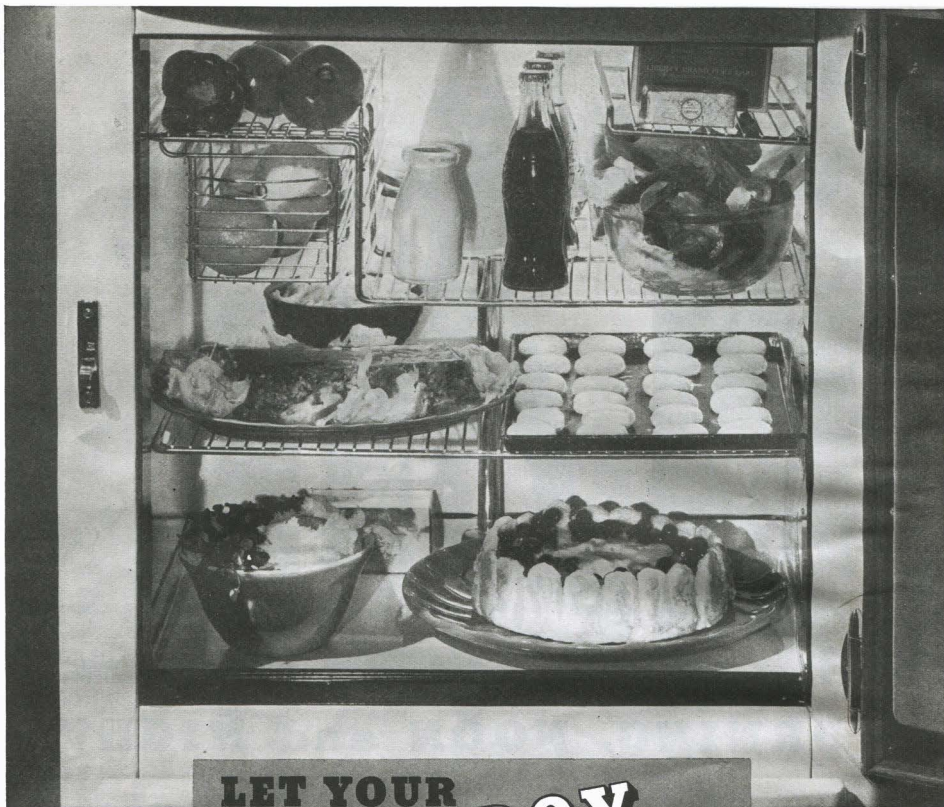


**By Mrs. Jordan Davis**

With many hot days ahead, it is a good idea to have at least one good black street dress which you can wear through August and September. Black with frosty-white touches is just about the smartest and coolest-looking costume for town wear. Tie a long, white sash around your sheer black dress, pin a clump of fresh lilies-of-the-valley at your neck, wear fresh white doeskin gloves and a sparkling white hat. Or wear with your black dress, a crisp white piqué jacket, tiny white piqué pill-box and snowy white fabric gloves. A black dress is always a good background dress, because numerous accessories give it the spice of variety.

The bolero evening gown is smartly illustrated in a youthful gown of acetate rayon crêpe with a slightly pebbled surface. You might have it in soft chartrreuse, deep pink, or Miami blue, or you may prefer it in all black or all white. Note the all-over braiding on the little bolero with its slightly broadened shoulder line.

The skirt is carried out on very slim lines, opening at center front half way to the knee. The bolero removed leaves a formal gown with low back décolletage and square front. Wear with it a tiny toque covered with tiny flowers and a wisp of a veil. Note the open-toe sandals which appear at the slit opening in the skirt.



## LET YOUR ICE BOX DO THE WORK

**A**LWAYS enjoy yourself at your own dinners and parties," is what a famous hostess told me when I asked her for the secret of her popularity. "I'm always free to be with my guests and family at dinner time, and that, I feel, is only possible by planning very carefully in advance."

Here are some very practical and interesting points she made.

"Of course, the planning of menus is very important; upon this depends whether you're going to have time to enjoy yourself or get stuck in the kitchen. So, my rule is to select dishes that can be made long in advance; I let my refrigerator do most of my work, and this goes not only for parties but for everyday cooking as well.

"And, by the way, I must tell you about my new ice refrigerator which

I've just bought and which has so many nice new features.

"My foods do not dry out, meats remain fresh and juicy for a long time, and salads and vegetables stay crisp and retain their fresh, garden flavor. Food odors are carried off before they have a chance to affect or hurt other foods.

"Economy is another advantage of my new ice box. It cost so little, and requires re-icing only once or twice a week. Nevertheless, a constant low temperature is maintained whether the ice chamber is full or nearly empty. I know it sounds amazing, but it's true!

"I can make ice cubes, as many as I

want and to my heart's content, with a clever ice cuber which will cut sixteen ice cubes in less than five minutes.

"Really, to be fair, I must share honors with my new ice refrigerator for the reputation you've given me; that of being a successful hostess. Because of it I've been able to carry through successfully my plan of working in advance. The dishes I prepare keep their freshness and flavor longer. I'm finding a lot of new freedom by making real use of my new ice box.

"Another important point which I believe leads to successful parties is to choose dishes that are old-time favorites."

It was very interesting to hear my hostess tell how she had the idea of serving Corned Beef and Cabbage, but since this was certainly not a summer

**By Carol Fenwick**

dish. she wanted a similar combination that would be cool and refreshing.

"My original idea of Corned Beef and Cabbage," she said, "blossomed into Molded Corned Beef Loaf and a Salad Bowl of mixed greens with plenty of shredded, green cabbage, tossed together with Pimiento Mustard Dressing."

Here's the entire menu which proved a grand success:

*Molded Corned Beef Loaf*  
*Hot Buttered Biscuits*  
*Potato Chips*      *Carrot Straws*  
*Sweet Pickles*  
*Summer Salad Bowl with Pimiento Mustard Dressing*  
*Cherry Refrigerator Cake*      *Coffee*

The menu looks a bit fancy, but it is amazingly easy to prepare. The night before, in the cool of the evening, most of the dishes were prepared and set away in her icc refrigerator to become firm and cool which left the next day practically free.

Here are some of her delicious refrigerator recipes which I know you will welcome. They will help to solve many of your summer cooking problems.

#### MOLDED CORNED BEEF LOAF

$1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons gelatin  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water  
2 cups boiling water  
2 bouillon cubes  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
1 cup diced celery  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup cooked peas  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup diced pickled beets  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sliced radishes  
1 can (12 oz.) corned beef, chopped  
Lettuce

Soften gelatin in cold water; add hot water and bouillon cubes, stirring until dissolved, and season with Worcestershire sauce and salt; chill. When mixture begins to thicken, add celery, peas, beets, radishes and corned beef; mold as desired and chill until firm. Unmold and serve on lettuce. Yield: 6 portions.

#### CHEESE BISCUITS

2 cups flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon paprika  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup shortening  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  cup milk  
2 teaspoons prepared mustard

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and paprika. Cut in shortening. Add grated cheese. Place in refrigerator. When desired, remove biscuit mix from refrigerator. Then add milk and prepared mustard, mixed together, and blend lightly with a fork. Pat or roll out on a floured board. Cut into small biscuits. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in hot oven, 450 degrees F., twelve to fifteen minutes.

#### PIMIENTO-MUSTARD DRESSING

Add to Mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons minced pimiento,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon dry mustard, and a dash each of salt, pepper and paprika. Thin with 1 teaspoon vinegar and a little cream or evaporated milk. Yields: Two-thirds cup dressing.



#### CHERRY REFRIGERATOR CAKE

Dissolve 1 package cherry-flavored gelatin in 1 pint boiling water. Chill. When mixture begins to thicken, beat with rotary beater until light. Then fold in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups canned red cherries, pitted, together with 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Split  $1\frac{1}{2}$  dozen lady fingers in half and line a small mold or loaf pan with them, round side out. Then arrange alternate layers of the cherry mixture, and lady fingers in the loaf pan. Place in refrigerator and chill three to four hours. When ready to serve, top with whipped cream.

#### REFRIGERATOR DATE COOKIES

Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of butter and add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of brown sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup white sugar. Add 2 eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Mix and sift 2 cups of flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, and add. Blend thoroughly. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla extract. Make into roll, and chill in refrigerator. Combine  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound chopped dates,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water and 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and cook until thick. Cool. Then remove dough from refrigerator, divide dough into two parts and roll out to  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thickness; spread with date filling and roll up like jelly roll. Return to refrigerator and chill thoroughly. Slice  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick and bake in moderate hot oven, 375 degrees F., about twelve minutes. Makes four dozen cookies.

#### APPLESAUCE SPICE CAKE

$\frac{1}{3}$  cup shortening      1 cup sugar  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  cup seedless raisins       $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
2 cups cake flour      1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon soda       $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon mace  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cloves      1 cup thick applesauce  
1 egg

Cream the shortening. Add the sugar slowly—beating well. Add raisins. Mix and sift together the dry ingredients. Blend into the creamed mixture. Store in refrigerator until desiring to bake. Break up mixture with pastry blender. Beat the egg slightly and add to applesauce. Then add to cake mixture. Mix thoroughly, pour into greased loaf pan, and bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees F., forty to fifty minutes.

#### CARROT PARSLEY MEAT PIE

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water  
1 cup left-over gravy  
2 cups left-over beef (cut in cubes)  
5 small onions, cooked  
1 cup sliced carrots, cooked  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt

6 carrot parsley biscuits  
Blend together boiling water and left-over gravy and add left-over beef, vegetables, and salt; heat to boiling point, then pour in casserole. Top with unbaked carrot parsley biscuits. (Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup raw carrot, grated, and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley to ordinary baking powder biscuit recipe). Bake in hot oven, 450 degrees F., about fifteen minutes.

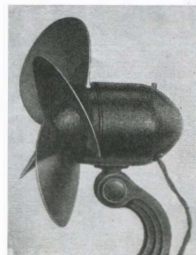
## COOL and COMFORTING

Imagine doing your homework while soft, silent breezes cool and caress you! That's exactly what's happening to me right now through the aid of my new electric fan.

And what a streamlined beauty it is—truly a thing of grace and balance! You enjoy the feel of the air circulating gently without the monotonous and disturbing drone of yesterday's model.

And there's a safety element about it, too, that is most comforting—the flexible rubber blades eliminate such dangers as curious fingers getting hurt and wind-blown draperies getting caught.

Here's wishing you cool comfort, too!



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FAST  
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## Pursued by Women

(Continued from page 17)

face and said, "Well, what shall it be?"

She ran her fingers over her keys and broke into the wistful sweetness of "At Dawning." I leaned over the piano, and forgetting that I was singing for criticism, gazed into her lovely eyes and sang—to her.

When I finished, she dropped her fingers from the keyboard and turned away.

I sat down on the narrow piano seat beside her, saying, "I know. You don't have to tell me."

She swung around to face me. Her lower lip trembling and a soft mist of tears filled her eyes. "Tell you—tell you that you're grand. Look, you've almost made me cry. I know a little about voices—I've heard lots of them. And I know that you've got something, real—you're marvelous." I was flushed with pleasure and mumbled my thanks.

"But it's going to take a lot of training and practice to make it fit," she went on. "I know now that it was your lack of microphone technique that beat you."

I SHRUGGED my shoulders, "Well, I guess it's back to the farm for me. I haven't enough money for teachers."

For a moment there was quiet in the room. The water in the kettle started to boil with a soft hiss. Then Joan said, her voice low, "We can fix that. I'd like to help you, and I think I can, if you're willing to work. Do you want to try?"

Of course I wanted to try. My eyes met hers and funny, wasn't it, but I wasn't thinking about the praise she had given me, or even about my voice. I was thinking that I'd never seen a pair of eyes so sweet and dear.

The next few weeks were busy ones. Early every morning I walked over from my room to practise all day at Joan's piano. She left for work early, before I arrived, and I had the place to myself. I worked hard, harder than I ever had in my life. I looked back on having time as something easy; and laughed to think how I had once thought that singing was just child's play. I soon discovered that there are few things harder or more tiring in life than going over and over one song.

Soon I got into the habit of filling the kettle with water and having tea ready when Joan returned from work. It was difficult for me to do much work late in the afternoon, for I found myself listening every second for the sound of her light step on the stairs.

As time went on I began going out at noon and doing the marketing and getting a little supper ready for us. By watching my money carefully I was just able to get along and pay my own share. I learned almost as much about cooking during those weeks as I did about the value of running scales. I used to scrub the floors and now and again knocked off from voice exercises to wash the windows.

Joan was touchingly grateful for the small things I did for her. Grateful—grateful to me, for what I was doing for her! And what was she not doing for me, in encouragement and faith and interest. Keeping up my belief in myself; cheerfully and patiently practising with me. More than that she was giving me what every human being craves—companionship.

Every night, after our simple supper, we worked together at the piano. She played and sang with me; then I would sing alone for her, over and over again till she was satisfied. Using a bridge lamp as a make-believe microphone she taught me when to sing into it and when to turn

slightly away.

Sometimes—but I'm afraid not often enough—I would protest that I was taking up too much of her time; that surely she had other friends whom she must want to see. She always smiled and said not to worry, this was work and play time was coming.

But one night a man did drop in. He was introduced as Alex Waxenblum. He smoked thick cigars, called Joan "Darling," and listened to us sing together and then several songs alone from me. When he left Joan went with him into the hall and I could hear their voices, murmuring together.

I stood alone at the window, gazing into the darkness beyond. I told myself there was nothing really wrong with him—but I didn't like him. I knew I was being silly and jealous. I had been spoiled. I had had Joan's undivided attention for so long that I couldn't stand to see her even look at another man.

When she came back in the room her eyes were shining. I thought I had never seen her so lovely. Suddenly I wanted to take her in my arms and hold that sweet loveliness close to me. Instead I said good-night, almost curtly, and walked home through the night.

The next day early in the afternoon I was busy at the piano when the door flew open suddenly and Joan rushed into the room. Before I could ask what brought her home so early, she burst out excitedly, "I've quit—I'm through with music stores forever. I hope."

Then at my amazed expression she laughed, that dear, adorable laugh of hers and said, "Oh, haven't you guessed—Alex Waxenblum is an agent—our agent now—or will be as soon as you sign, that is. I wanted to keep it all as a surprise. He called me at the store today to tell me that he has a job for us. Not a part to start, just a sustaining program in a morning spot, but there will be more later; maybe vaudeville and private entertainments, and then a commercial program."

"JOAN—you mean it—really—and together—" And suddenly the most marvelous, exciting, wonderful thing about her news was that we were going on as we had the past couple of months—together.

I didn't wait for her answer. I crossed the room and gathered her in my arms, tilting up that sweet, flower-like face and pressed my lips on her quivering mouth. "Best friend anyone ever had," I cried huskily.

She freed herself gently, saying softly, "That's right—best friends. And that's how we can go on, working together."

That night we celebrated and went out to dinner at a little Italian restaurant around the corner and sat over the red-checked tablecloth and drank white wine. In the yellow glow of the candlelight Joan's black eyes glowed. We were merry and happy. The future lay ahead of us, secure and safe.

"Ah, if only it had!

"We did have our job, and in the year that followed we got some, if not all, the things that Joan had prophesied. We didn't get a commercial program; but we were asked now and again to sing at private entertainments. And we played several weeks vaudeville around Long Island in the summer.

"We made money, too. But somehow we never seemed to have any, or at least I didn't. For some reason we gave Alex twenty per cent. He had signed us with the understanding that we pay him double

the usual agent's fee. Joan and I both had to have teachers now; and she insisted that I get a better one than she had. There were diction lessons and always new clothes and casual but necessary entertaining around the studio.

Of the one hundred dollars a week that I was making, I seemed to have nothing, and time after time had to borrow from Joan who always had a little nest egg someplace.

A year ago this would have seemed like wealth beyond our wildest dreams but like so many things in life, when your dreams finally come true, they often don't seem so wonderful.

I grew that year to love Joan, deeply and truly; or so I thought. The daily contact with her over long months had shown me what a loyal and fine person she was. I never knew her to do a selfish or a mean thing. She never failed me in understanding and comfort and sympathy.

**I** DIDN'T know if she loved me or not. Sometimes it seemed to me that when her eyes rested on me, I saw a look in them, pensive and sweet, that caught at my heart with an exciting little stab. But the look would pass and she would be her usual friendly self; like a dozen other girls around the studio.

I never kissed her again after that one evening when I had held her warmly, sweetly, in my arms. I wanted to know how I wanted to! Sometimes I would wonder if my voice was of much importance compared to Joan in my life. It probably seems strange to you—almost unbelievable—that I didn't speak up and declare my love and learn how Joan felt about me.

But apparently there was more of my stern, moral father in me than I realized. I could not bring myself to tell Joan that I loved her until I could ask her to be my wife, and was able to support her. And I didn't see how it was at all possible on my part of the money we were now making.

I thought I couldn't love Joan any more than I did. But I know now that I was wrong. Mine was a selfish love. I could have given up my expensive music teacher and gone without a few of the little luxuries that I now accepted as necessary, and had plenty to take care of her on.

Also, I'm ashamed to confess it—but after all what would be the good of my story if I were not honest—I was afraid of Joan's refusal. She had never given me any sign that she loved me; and my ego wouldn't face the possibility of her turning me down. I didn't want to take any chances of disrupting the friendship between us, which was so vital a part of my life.

Things went on like this until fall. One day, early in October, Joan told me that Alex wanted to see me in his office. She wouldn't tell me what about; said she didn't know for sure.

I went with sinking heart. I couldn't help it—I didn't like Alex Waxenbaum; never had from that first evening when I had been childishly jealous of him. It was his attitude toward us, especially toward Joan. Not that he treated her in an objectionable way as far as her sex was concerned. In fact, it was the exact opposite; he didn't treat her as if she were a human being. Or me, either. We were merely merchandise to him and he regarded us in somewhat the same way as a grocer's clerk regards his bags of flour. We made money for him and that was all that concerned him.

However, this afternoon he was quite excited. He rubbed his hands and his eyes glowed as he told me of the offer of a big contract to sing on a coast to coast commercial program. As he talked he kept

saying, "You" and I assumed that it was the plural "You" and meant both Joan and myself. When he announced the figure of five hundred dollars a week, I gasped and said, "What—five hundred a piece?"

"A piece—" Alex chortled. "Who said anything about anyone else? This is for you alone, Big Boy. You've been heard and you're about to arrive."

"Oh no, I'm not." I answered quickly. "I don't arrive any place without Joan. Do you think I'd desert our team and leave her high and dry? What kind of a four-flusher do you think I am?"

"Now, now," he soothed. "You can't afford to turn down this opportunity. Joan's a nice dame, Will; but you're the one who has the voice."

I didn't even answer him. I merely turned on my heel and walked out of the office. He came running after me, calling frantically to me. But, unheeding I went on down the stairs.

I was angry and upset and like a small child turning to his mother I went straight to Joan. She was in her little apartment running over on the piano a tune we were rehearsing that week. I stood outside the door for a few minutes listening to her voice, sweet and low, singing softly. Then I knocked and went in.

She looked up from the piano. It seemed to me that her face was white and tired and that her eyes did not glow with the same fine light that usually lighted them from within.

She said steadily, "You've seen Alex?" "Yes, and I told him no." My voice broken, I cried, "Joan did you know about this?"

Her eyes did not meet mine, as she answered, "Yes."

**YOU** sent me to him! You want this—this separation—this break up of our team?"

"I didn't say that, Will." Her hands lay white and idle on her lap. Her eyes lifted to mine as she trembled with tears. She said, "But I knew it—it was bound to happen some time. You see I've known for a long time that—that you were too good for me—" She hurried on, as I started to protest, "You must know yourself that my voice is nothing but a simple, ordinary singing voice; there's hundreds of them on the air, doing just what we're doing; small time stuff. But you're too good for that—you have a real voice—and you belong just where you are going—" she cried to smile as she ended, "—to fame and fortune."

Then she drew in her breath, her lower lip caught against her teeth and half whispered, "And I want you to go."

Then suddenly, gloriously, I realized what this really meant. I could ask Joan to be my wife! Five hundred dollars a week and a new job for me wasn't going to tear us apart. It was going to unite us, beautifully, radiantly.

I dropped down beside her on the piano seat and took one of her small hands in mine. My voice thick with emotion, I asked, "Joan, will you come along with me—to fame and fortune as you say? Not as my partner—but as my wife?"

For almost a second she made no answer. Then she raised her eyes in which there still were tears. She answered quietly,

"Willis—please, wait and let me answer that question later. I mean—this is a big thing for you; bigger than you realize, I think. And really—well, I believe that you should go on your own for a while and—we'll see how things turn out."

—So that was the way it was left. And I agreed to take the job. It was a way to make Joan my wife. Go on my own—forget her—what was she talking about!

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I was unbelievably busy in the months that followed. There were work and rehearsals and play. Play for some reason was becoming an important part of my life. Alex managed even that for me.

He was always at my elbow, seeing that I went to a good tailor, busy making contacts for me, insisting that I be seen here and there with important people; talking incessantly about Hollywood and "the big money." Bigger than five hundred a week! For out of the five hundred I still could save nothing. The more I made the more I spent. And with success came demands from every side, expenditures of which I never dreamed. I know this doesn't sound reasonable but life around a radio studio, I found, is seldom reasonable.

**M**y program was a nine o'clock one and from there I usually went to some night club; often on to another party. Sometimes I didn't get home until dawn. I slept until early afternoon and then did my rehearsing. I ate a light supper and rested an hour before my broadcast.

Somehow Joan didn't fit into this picture at all. I saw less and less of her as time went on. The truth was she didn't belong. I knew she didn't like or enjoy the rather racy Broadway crowd with whom I was now going. At first I had insisted that she go places with me; but she almost always refused. And Alex usually seemed to be around to back her up in her refusal.

I tried to argue with him, telling him that I was going to marry Joan soon, though strangely in my heart "soon" seemed to be getting further and further off.

He answered, "Yes, I know Joan's a fine girl. You couldn't get a better wife. But before you think about getting a wife, remember that now you're public property.

You've got to be seen in the right places by the right people, and with the right woman."

"And who's she?" I demanded hotly. "The girl that'll get you the most publicity. This week she'll be that blues singer from the Casino, next week that blonde from Hollywood, and the week after—well, I'll take care of that."

I told him I didn't like it. I tried to believe it as I said it; but I knew I lied. I was receiving admiration for the first

time in my life; and being paid for it. I was pointed out in public places; asked for my autograph; written up as radio's latest "heart throb." I let myself be pulled around like a puppet on wires. I was seen, admired, gaped at. And, truth to tell, I revelled in it.

Soon Joan faded almost completely out of the picture. I knew that she had gone back to work in the music store. I did have a momentary pang at this news, thinking of her glowing eyes when we had gotten that first job together and she had cried exultantly that she hoped she was through with music stores forever.

But I soon forgot all about it. I was busy with the blonde from Hollywood, Alicia Haywood. She was not a very good actress—or a very good girl. But she had had a lot of publicity over a recent divorce suit. Our names were soon linked in the papers, with pictures of us dining and dancing together.

The gossip columns even mentioned marriage, and though nothing had been said, Alicia seemed to expect that in time I would become her third husband.

Several months later I went to a big party given by a well-known Broadway playboy. It was one of those newly popular combination society and theatrical parties. Society came to look over the people of the stage and radio; and they in turn came to rub elbows with society.

It was a loud, gay party; there was singing and dancing, people drifted in and out all evening, and the liquor flowed freely. I was, of course, asked to sing. At first I refused. I was honestly tired from a trying broadcast that evening. And besides, I felt somehow that the host was using one half of his guests to amuse the other half.

**B**UT finally I was pushed to the piano.

There was a flutter of clapping. I was conscious of the admiring looks.

The man who was to accompany me sat down at the piano. As he waited for me to finish my cheap moment of triumph, his hands fell idly on the keys. And it must have been a strange, yet smiling fate that prompted those hands to run through the first few bars of "At Dawning."

At the sound of that soft, sweet music in this noisy smoky place, it was suddenly as if something in me snapped. I saw myself as I really was, an ego-soaked and boastfully successful swell head—everything that was false—worthless. I stood

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beside the piano; but I did not sing.

I looked at the loud, drunken men, the sleek, artificial women, as if I had never seen them before. Then through the doorway into the crowded dining room my eyes fell on the girl I'd brought—Alex's latest "find"—flaunting herself before a group of men.

In a flash I saw what my life had become. Night after night of stupid, boring parties like this one. Women playing up to me, not because they liked me but because of my publicity value and their desperate desire for attention. My existence a mad, never-ending hunt for pleasure; success the only thing I wanted; money my only standard.

With the music ringing in my ears, I remembered Joan: I had not thought of her in weeks. She was the only good and real person I knew in the whole city and I had deserted her for this vapid and superficial crowd.

I THOUGHT of the first time we had sung "At Dawning" together in those warm, friendly rooms of hers, before her fire with the kettle softly humming. Suddenly it seemed that all that mattered was to get back to her; to that simple and fine companionship that we had once shared.

To everyone's utter amazement, without singing a note, I strode out of the room, literally pushing surprised people out of my way. No one could stop me from finding Joan and getting the answer to my question I had once asked her.

It seemed to me that the short taxi ride to Joan's house was the longest I had ever taken in my life. I had forgotten it was late; yet it seemed quite right to me that even at one o'clock in the morning, there should be a light burning in her window.

In a moment I was at her door. At the sight of me her face whitened. "What are you doing here at this hour?" she faltered, "Has—has anything happened?"

"Yes—plenty—I've come to my senses." Then noticing that she was fully clothed, I seemed to realize for the first time how late it was. I asked, "Why are you awake and dressed at this hour?"

She turned away, her eyes not meeting mine. "I—I don't sleep very well lately. I've been working and—"

I couldn't wait to hear the rest. I caught her two hands in mine, my heart pounding thunderously in my breast. Tremulously I asked, "Joan—could it possibly be that—that I have anything to do with your not sleeping?" Then before she could answer, I finished quickly, her nearness and earnestness sending an anguish of longing through me. "Don't you think it's about time you gave me an answer to my question—the right answer?"

Her eyes filled with that lovely glow and her body quivered as if swayed by a strong wind. Then suddenly she was in my arms, her lips clinging to mine. And without a word being spoken, I knew that my question had been answered.

That was five years ago. Joan has her wish now for good—she'll never have to work in a music store again. I hope she has all her wishes granted. For she deserves them; she's the best wife in the world and the finest mother to our two small sons.

I still sing over the air—you probably hear me sometimes. But I'm no longer after the big money. I'm being paid for my voice; but for notoriety and newspaper stories and being a "heart throb" for the public.

Even Alex respects my work now and my right to be a human being. I'm not a piece of merchandise. And most important of all, we both realize that the things I have—happiness and love and loyalty—are finer than all the money in the world.



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Following our regular policy True Story will not conduct a true story manuscript contest during the summer months of July and August. On September 1st, a sensational great new true story contest will begin. But in the meantime writers of true stories can, during the month of July, earn the highest word rates on straight purchase submittals that True Story has ever offered—as high as 4¢ per word.

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We have not abandoned this rate, but because we realize the energy required to write stories of better-than-average quality we will pay 3¢ per word for above-the-average true stories and 4¢ per word for exceptionally good true stories submitted in July of this year.

## A Magnificent Bonus for Extra Effort

Think what this means in money! Ordinarily for a true story of 5,000 words you would receive \$100, a very satisfactory price. But if during the limited period of this offer you send us a 5,000-word true story that is noticeably above the general run in quality, right away the rate jumps to 3¢ per word, or \$150. And if it happens that your story is of exceptionally high quality your rate immediately leaps to 4¢ per word, netting you the splendid total of \$200 for a 5,000-word story—literally making \$2 grow where formerly \$1 grew. And if your story should run to 8,000, 10,000 or 12,000 words, based on these special rates your remuneration would be correspondingly greater.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of True Story are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in a story of extra quality you will receive the corresponding extra rate. This is in no sense a contest—simply a straight offer to purchase true stories with a handsome bonus for extra quality.

Here is your opportunity. The time, as explained, is limited to the month of July, 1938. So strike while the iron is hot. Start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming with our sincere congratulations. Be sure your manuscript is post-marked not later than midnight, July 31.

## MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

P. O. BOX 490

GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

### Important Notice

Every person writing true stories should not fail to send for a free copy of our booklet "What You Should Know Before Writing True Stories." In it is described the simple technique which years of experience has taught us is most effective in writing acceptable true stories. Write for it today, read it carefully and your story will reach us in proper form to be eligible for acceptance at our liberal word rates. A coupon is provided for your convenience. Sign and address it to—Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. J, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

### We Want YOUR Story, Written In YOUR Own Way

Many persons have sought to take advantage of writers of true stories by offering—for a price—to "edit" or "revise" them; some falsely representing that because of "connections" they can help have your story accepted.

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DO NOT DEAL THROUGH INTERMEDIARIES. SUBMIT YOUR STORIES DIRECT.

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NO FEES NEED BE PAID TO ANYONE IN CONNECTION WITH THE SUBMISSION OF A STORY TO "TRUE STORY" MAGAZINE. WE DO NOT SELL NOR AUTHORIZE TO BE SOLD IN OUR NAME ANY COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN WRITING TRUE STORIES.

### Caution

When sending in true stories, be sure, in each case, to enclose first-class return postage in the same container with manuscript. We gladly return manuscripts when postage is supplied, but we cannot do so otherwise. Failure to enclose return first-class postage means that after a reasonable time the manuscript if not accepted for publication will be destroyed.

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# Strong Man's Lady

(Continued from page 32)

I told him to thank Gus and tell him I would eat every bit. I didn't ask him to let me out, but he looked me straight in the eyes as he turned to go out. "I took the key from the skipper, Mrs. Ransome. He's sleeping at the supper table," and he laid the key on my table. I managed a "Thanks very much" before he closed the door. My supper, good as it was, was a little salty from my tears, but they were the clearance of the storm, for I locked the door and went to bed and to sleep.

I awoke when the watch changed and I heard the men stepping about and smelled the fresh coffee brewed for them, but nobody bothered me. It was broad daylight when I heard Jim's unsteady step as he came up and tried the door, but I was dressed before I unlocked the door.

"DIDN'T I lock you in?" I said nothing, but standing outside our door was a bucket of water, and as Jim sat down to take off his shoes I lifted it and doused him good and sped away as fast as I could. I started to go below when I heard the look-out, "Land ho!" and though I strained my eyes I could see nothing but water, though the gulls circling over the ship told me land was near. I went to the bridge and the man at the wheel gave me the glasses and after a while I could see something. I heard Jim come in and handed him the glasses to see, too. He started to speak, but thought better of it and that now familiar sheepish grin came over his face as I told him right before the man at the wheel, "Don't ever do that again, Jim." He knew I meant he should never lock me in again, and as I went out I told him to have the boy clean up the cabin. I started on alone, but came back.

"Come and get some coffee—it will do you good."

He came like a child, and as he went down the companion, he put his hand on my shoulder, "I'm bad, Lindy. Don't hate me."

Eagerly I turned, though I shook off his hand. "I don't hate you, Jim. But the way you are doing certainly does not make me love you more." He was penitent all day and wanted me to stay right by him. The calmness I had gained during the hours alone stayed with me and I knew I could never again be as hurt as I had been.

I stood or sat all day as we drew toward the port and then watched the business of unloading. At night we went ashore and it seemed good to be on land again. We had a fine dinner and went to a show, and Jim did not even want a drink. He stopped on the way to the cabin to speak to the mate and I was tempted to lock the cabin door against him, but wisdom told me that was not the right way.

We were in port for a week and I shopped and saw the sights and the places I had read about on the way down. It was a wonderful city and its cosmopolitan air appealed to me. Jim went with me several days and took me wherever I wanted to go. He bought me some extravagant things and praised my looks and told me how proud he was of me when he saw people looking at my blonde hair. On the fifth day he told me to go alone, that he had work to do, and that I should do the shopping for the ship which I had spoken of. I dressed in the new blue linen and the first thing I did was to buy a blue hat to match it, with a wider brim than I usually wore. It was very becoming. I did my shopping, had tea in a nice place and went back to the ship to find Jim. Sven was in charge and he told me Jim had gone ashore.

"I thought he went to meet you, Lindy. He was dressed up." I turned away, not knowing just what to do. I read awhile and when supper came and no Jim, Sven and I ate alone. I made up my mind to go ashore, but Sven stopped me.

"Don't go alone, Lindy," and I looked away when I saw what his deep-set blue eyes said.

"Come ashore with me then, Sven. We have a long trip before us. Let's go while we can. We'll leave at the movies." But he could not leave the ship and I went back to the cabin. But I was restless and getting a wrap, went back to where Sven was sitting.

"Get a chair for me, Sven, and I'll sit with you." He started to say something about the skipper, but I cut him short.

"I'll go away, Sven, but only if you don't want me."

"Want you! Don't tempt me, Lindy," and then, as if it were literally torn from him, "You're another man's wife, but I'll always want you. Always."

He got the chair and a rug and we sat there a long time. The stars were bright and the boat gently rocked with the tide. The men came in. Sven stepped out and they spoke to him and when the watch changed at midnight I went to bed. No sign of Jim yet, but Sven walked to the cabin with me and then I told him, "It has been a happy time. Thanks," and he took my hand and in an old-world way kissed it, and then went briskly aft. I locked my door and leaned against it, for I knew at that moment that though I had been married but a few months, I already loved a man other than my husband.

IT was dawn before I slept soundly, and still no Jim. After breakfast I went ashore again and when I came back in the middle of the afternoon he was snoring deeply and the room was full of the fumes of his unpleasant breath. He woke for supper and we ate in silence. Nothing was said about going ashore, for he needed sleep. The next day he was kind and good. I never asked him where he had been and when he started to tell me, I told him.

"Don't lie to me, Jim. You did what you wanted to do. Let it go at that." His reply showed his weakness. "Ah, gee, Lindy, I don't know how you stand me," and it was not until the day after when we stood at the rail watching the city that he asked me where I had been the night he had not come home, and I told him.

"Here on the ship." After a moment he asked, "With Sven, I suppose."

I looked him straight in the eye. "Yes, with Sven, sitting over there watching the lights of the city. I wanted to go ashore but Sven thought it was not safe for me, a stranger, and he could not leave the ship, so we sat there until twelve o'clock and I went to bed." I saw his sneering look and went on, "Don't forget, Jim. Your men were here and they know I went to our cabin at that time. They know, too, that Sven was about the ship, for they saw him as the watch changed. They know, too, that you were not on board what time you came and how, which, by the way, is more than I know."

He muttered something about being sorry and then—"But a man has to have some fun."

I could not forbear any longer. "Fun, yes, if that is what you call it. But let's stop, Jim. You can always remember that with you I have had all the man I want. Your behaviour does not recommend me to me." I turned to go below but came

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back and told him I was sorry—"I'm always sorry when we quarrel. But there is one thing you must stop. You must stop accusing me of wanting other men." I could see his heavy lips framing Sven's name, but he thought better of it and did not say what he had in mind.

When dinner time came he said, "Be patient with me, little Swede, if you can."

The next day we started for home. For several days I had watched them filling our ship with coal, and now the boat was low on the water. I stood at the rail watching the city as it seemed to recede, and when we got out into deep water again and the ship settled to the swell, I was happy again. I realized then that my love for the sea was very real.

**B**Y this time, of course, I had found many things to do on the ship and the days were full of small duties, but with plenty of time to read and think. I loved the ship—it was like a stalwart friend. I loved the sea and stars and the waves and even the storms. I spent many a happy half-hour watching Gus, and his deftness with pots and pans interested me. Always there was coffee on the stove, for sailors drink coffee between every watch, strong coffee and several cups.

After we had been out some days there came quite a storm. I helped Gus to keep the coffee pot going and made a stew they all liked, which I knew was full of the nourishment they needed. I found it required much skill to keep from burning myself. Once Sven ordered me to my cabin, and once Jim picked me up and carried me to my cabin and fastened me in the bunk so I would not get hurt, but the storm spent itself and died as quickly as it came. I was grateful to the bottom of my heart that there was no evidence of drink on Jim. I saw how the men obeyed him and depended on his judgment, for he came through when he was really needed. My respect for him grew, and when it was over and the sun blazing hot again he came into the cabin and dropped on the bunk.

"I can't even wash," and he was asleep before he finished. I got a pail and soap and washed his face and hands, but I could not get his clothes off, he was too big. He slept the clock around and after he was shaved and bathed I had my chance to tell him how proud I was. He laughed shyly, pleased at my praise.

"Well, a skipper never deserts his ship when she needs him," and I turned quickly away wondering why that same skipper could not feel about his wife as he did about his ship. But he continued, "You're a pretty good sailor yourself, Towhead."

For several days I was happier than I had been for a long time and did not mind the heat, though Jim made me keep out of the sun during the day and I sang a lot as I sat sewing—more than on the way down. I found the men liked to sing and a number of them had good voices. We sang songs altogether at twilight, Jim standing near, and I could hear Sven's rich voice joining mine when I turned, as naturally as could be, into the slumber song

of my childhood.

But it could not last. The day after we had had a good time singing, immediately after noon, I saw Jim had liquor again and as I went aft I heard him bellowing for me and turned back to the cabin.

"Come in here, Lindy," and as I stepped in he towered over me. "Sing with the men, will you—well, I've told you to stay away from them. I'll fix it so there'll be no more singing for a while at least." He lifted me up on the bunk, walked out and locked the door. I turned away disgusted, for I knew, in his mood, talking would do no good, and the hours wore on. I had no lunch, but when dinner time came, he brought in a tray and I saw his face was almost livid. "You can stay right here until you give me your word to stay away from the men, especially that Swede." He set the tray down and stomped off.

I resolved then it was time for me to take my stand, and when he came in I sat in the chair fully clothed and refused to budge.

He but failed the more. "Think you're smart, do you? Well, sit there, if you want to. I'm going to bed." He jeered and jibed and laughed until the tears ran down my face in humiliation, but still I sat there and bit my lips to keep them closed. Finally he slept, and when I heard his breath coming evenly and knew he was asleep, I got a blanket and wrapped myself in it and sat in the chair all night. I would not give in this time.

The next day was the same thing, but this time he tried his love-making tactics on me, but I held myself rigid and would not talk, and when he asked for my promise, I shook my head.

"WELL, stay there then," and he picked me up and threw me into my bunk so hard my head snapped, but he stomped off after locking the door. I was so weary I slept fitfully and toward night realized I had had nothing to eat all day—and then I heard his key.

"Lindy, if you don't get up and eat, I'll force it down you." But I got up with all the dignity I had and told him he need not bother. I washed my face and ate every bit. As he started out, I spoke, as quietly as I could.

"What do you think your men think about your keeping me locked up?"

He roared with laughter. "Oh, they think you are indispensible. Your lover, Sven, is very much worried about you, but I think I made it clear to them that you are going to have a baby."

"Jim, how could you. You know that isn't so," and the tears I could no longer hold back, came.

"Well, why not? Are you ready to give in?" But I was stubborn too, and shook my head no.

That night he was sober, and when he was ready for bed, he took off my clothes forcibly and put me to bed. After he had gone off to sleep I rolled myself into a blanket and slept the rest of the night on the floor.

By this time I was beaten, and so when

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**YOUR  
LIVER  
BILE**

he asked me in the morning if I were ready to give in, I told him yes. But during those days in the cabin all the love I had for Jim died.

The men were solicitous, but I stayed away from them, as I had promised, and when Sven wrote me a little note, I just tore it up and shook my head. I knew they were all watching me and I felt their sympathy. The worst times were at night when they would gather and sing, for I could not sing with them. The song had died in my heart.

One day, not long after this, as we were eating dinner, I saw a strange look go over Jim's face, as he called the boy to bring him a fresh glass of water. "Why give us warm water—draw some fresh," but when the boy brought a fresh glass, he took one sip and went out. I tasted my own and found it sort of warm.

Jim came back and ate his meal in silence. I asked him what was wrong, but he answered that he didn't know, absent-mindedly, I thought, and I knew he was not telling what he feared. Right after we were through I saw him talking earnestly with the mates and knew they were going carelessly over the ship. I sensed something was wrong, but Jim laughed when I spoke to him about it, but I noticed the water was still warm.

**THE** second day after this I sensed, as I came out of the cabin toward noon, that something was wrong. Everything looked all right, but I could not find Jim. Then I heard his voice below, and as I started down the companionway, the first mate called.

"Better stay on deck, Mrs. Ransome. There's a little trouble below." We was gone before I could ask more, so I went to the bridge, knowing there would be somebody there, and the boy at the wheel told me plainly enough.

"There's a fire, Mrs. Ransome, in the forward hold." I gasped, for I knew what that meant. We had a cargo of coal. I looked up at the tall boy's face and saw he was fighting fear too, but his words were calm as he answered my unspoken question.

"Combustion, I guess. Nothing set it." For a few minutes I was panic-stricken. Here we were in the middle of the ocean and the ship afloat. But in a few moments, my heart stopped its erratic beating and I could ask.

"Anybody hurt?" He replied that nobody was hurt and that all hands were fighting it. "The skipper put steam on it. Haven't you noticed, ma'am, that the drinking water was warm?"

Of course, that was what Jim had been afraid of. I realized then that my fears had been calmed—I thought it was caused by the hot water. The boy went on to tell me how they had turned steam on it to put it out and went on "so you don't need to be afraid." Mrs. Ransome, the skipper can take care of it and already the ship is headed toward an island which he says is about two days away. He says nobody's on it, but it's land anyway."

I went on deck to get myself straightened out, and I knew the time had come when we must all show the stuff we were made of. It was exciting, I found, but I was not really afraid after I had conquered my first panic and knew Jim was sober. I could hear his voice and, occasionally, Sven's which was a little slower than usual, as they gave quick directions. I found the water, and when I drew it very warm I knew they had a real fight on hand. It seemed an awful thing to witness: I kept thinking of this fine sturdy ship—the way it was built—why it seemed like seeing a friend destroyed bit by bit. For quite a while I could not get this out of my mind, but soon I came to see that this was not right—that courage was needed and

## CORNS

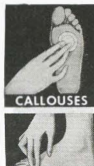
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I must help. To be grief-stricken would not help the ship, nor me, nor the men.

Jim came up and I questioned him. but his words were few—"If the steam doesn't work, we'll have to batten down everything. Maybe we can stifle it," and then he looked at me.

"You don't need to be afraid, Lindy. I'll take care of you. I promised your mother. We've turned the ship toward that island off the coast and I guess we can keep the fire down until we get there."

The men, in the next room, ate in a silence you could almost feel. I have never felt so helpless. What could I do? I went to help Gus, but he sent me away, saying he couldn't rest when the rest had to work.

"WHY don't you just take it easy, Mis' Ransome? Maybe you could pray a little?" And I wondered why I hadn't thought of that. And I did pray, and thought of Mother and her faith: and of my father who had weathered so many storms: of the rescues Jim had made and of those I had heard the men talk about. I am grateful to say that the fact that Father had died on his ship in a hurricane never once came to my thought at that time, but my faith grew and my fears died. This, I recall, was on a Monday.

Jim charted his course and made two copies, one for each small boat, and there came to me then something I could do. I could help to provision the boats and, though the men didn't want me to, I fetched and carried, packed a small bag for us. Each man gave me his locker key and told me what he wished to take, and I prepared a bundle for each of them. There were times when the gas was terrifying, but the boats were ready and we were making time toward the island. There was no time for talk and Jim and the men worked like machines, but I knew things were no better when I saw them go about and batten everything down tight. Jim stopped a few moments while he drank some coffee.

"Perhaps that will stop it," and he dropped to sleep right there on the floor, but roused himself enough to say to me, "Keep watch." I stood at the door of the cabin, listening and watching. I knew not what for, and praying while he slept an

hour, only to waken and rush out, without a word.

Wednesday morning, as we were finishing our breakfast, there came an explosion, and immediately I understood that this was what Jim had been expecting. The noise of it had not stopped before his orders to lower the boats were being obeyed.

"To the boats," and each man took his allotted place and the boats swung off the davits. The sea was calm and I was the only one who had trouble keeping my balance, as the boat rose on the swell. Jim was in charge of one boat, with Sven and me, and the first mate in charge of the other. We drew away from the ship, from which gas was coming heavily, but kept lines aboard. All day long we stayed there. It was terribly hot. The men didn't talk much. They were content to sit quietly. While some slept lightly sitting up, others just sat, but all with their hands on the oars ready to pull away if another explosion came.

Toward night the fire seemed to go down and Jim and the mates talked it over and decided to go back on board, leaving Sven, the cabin boy and me in the boat.

"We might have to leave in a hurry, Lindy, and in the dark it would be better for you to stay here."

I told him I would do whatever made it easier for him, but Sven wanted to go back with them.

Jim told him, "You take care of her—watch every minute. We might have to leave in a rush."

**THE** boats were pulled up and the men went back on the ship, which was listing quite a bit, and we three just sat there. We talked very little—but I prayed, and toward morning slept a little. The cabin boy dropped off to sleep like a baby and I saw Sven put a folded coat under his head and throw a coat over him. His only question was to ask if I was all right. In the morning I saw by the look of his eyes that he had kept them glued to the ship as Jim had told him.

At daylight we three also went back on the ship. The sea had become heavier during the night and we had some trouble getting aboard. The first thing I saw at the rail was a "bo'un's chair," and Jim

# THE UNFORGETTABLE MOMENT

■ Into every life, no matter how dismal and drab, there comes an occasional moment of happiness. Each of us, at some time, has known joy so intense that its radiance spreads light through the years.

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told me to get into it at once if they had to leave the ship again. He told Sven to drop to the boat and he, Jim, would swing me down in the chair. I wanted to ask more questions and felt helpless watching them work, when I could do nothing. For Jim had told me to stand by.

"We'll have to go in a hurry, maybe. Don't want to have to look for you."

Toward the latter part of the afternoon there came another explosion and Jim's voice seemed almost a part of it, as he told them to take to the boats and pull away. His words brooked no refusal and I heard him speaking to the first mate. "Keep away from those rocks, like I told you. They're nearer than the island, but your boat may be broken up," and then he turned to Sven.

"JUMP, Sven, and catch her." I was already in the chair and he was fastening me in as the men went overside. "Catch her," and as the small boat litted on the crest of the wave, he dropped me overside and Sven caught the chair. Even I could see the ship was going down—it listed terribly. I wanted to put my hands out and right it. All this, and I could hear Jim's voice. "Pull away. Pull away. I tell you. There'll be another explosion in a minute," and I saw him rub the back of his hand across his face. I saw the other boat pulling away, and even as our men put their strength to the oars, Sven's quiet voice ordered them. "Pull alongside, men," and then in a loud voice to Jim, "Pull above the harsh crackling of the flames—" "Jump, Captain, on the next wave." I know I called, too, and tried to turn around, but I was still tied in the chair, and Jim's voice boomed over all. "Pull away—pull away! Do as I say. I'm the skipper. I tell you—pull away. I promised her mother I'd take care of her. Do as I say. I'm the skipper. Pull away. You'll all go down." They pulled, but Sven ordered them back and again I heard my voice. "Stop. Stop, Jim," and Sven's call rang over all, "Jump Captain," and he maneuvered the boat.

But Jim stood with his hand. I saw him wipe his face with his again. "Pull away. Don't cry, Lindy. She's my ship," and then in a raging voice, "Sven, pull away. She's your charge. Take care of her," and the men pulled. I know I saw Jim for a moment standing, his hand as if on the rail and the flames below and behind him. I was conscious of my chair tipping, and I know I tried to get up. Somebody steadied the chair and me—and then there came another blast and I must have lost consciousness for a second, for I saw Jim's hand at salute as the wave caught the bridge, and then I had to hold on tight for our small boat was pitching and tossing and weaving and the men were roving like mad.

For months afterward, every time I closed my eyes I saw that hand over the wave, but then I was too stunned to do anything but sit. The men rowed steadily and rhythmically and I could catch a faint whisper occasionally, but I was like a person who has been hit a hard blow on the head. I realized, after a while, it was getting dark and we could not see the other boat. I drank a few sips of water when it was passed, but shook my head at the food. Over and over all that night the terrible scene—Jim on that burning ship—went through my mind. The men were weary to the bone, and they looked as if their eyes would jump out of their sockets. Some had scorched hair, but only one was burned and he bore it stoically. Somehow I knew what they were thinking, and I felt their kindly sympathy. When noon came I ate a few bites, but when I tried to swallow, the lump in my throat was too big and the tears came like a flood. Old Gus looked up.

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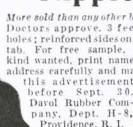
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## STUDY THE ADS AND MAKE \$2.00

Pick out the advertisement which you like best, or dislike most, in this issue of True Romances. Then tell us why in about fifty words. We will pay \$2.00 for each contribution accepted. (See details on page 71.)

"Cry it out, Mrs. Ransome. It'll do you good. Don't feel too bad. The skipper loved his ship."

I remember seeing a tear trickle down his wrinkled and weathered face and the tears of the cabin boy he furtively wiped off with his hand. When I calmed down I asked about the other boat—for suddenly I realized we had not seen it all day and the men, looking at one another, told me what I remembered when they spoke of it—the first mate thought he knew better than Jim and they were sure he had set his compass and made for the nearest place. Nobody said anything, but Sven voiced their thoughts when words that were almost a prayer came from his lips. "The skipper knew what he was doing. Hope they find it out in time."

Toward night we sighted the land, and as we drew near we were amazed to find people watching for us. The island had been marked uninhabited on the charts, but we found a group of scientists there studying tides and birds, and they welcomed us, fed us and cared for us. They had not seen the other boat. The men dropped to sleep like logs. Our cabin boy dropped asleep on the beach and two men picked him up and carried him to a cot. I, too, slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, but several times roused to see Jim's hand at salute.

IN the morning the men told their stories and these kind people offered their sympathy to me and the tears came again, but this time it was like a flood tide which washed some of the pain away. As the men voiced their thoughts and told of the brave fight they had put up and of Jim's courage, I grew calm. They knew, and explained, that Jim would never have been happy again after having lost his ship—even though the fire was not his fault. I knew this was true, for his pride in his ability to do anything on a ship was the strongest good in him.

All day we watched for the other boat

and it was not until night that they came in sight and we helped them out, so weary and worn they could hardly get out themselves. I saw then that Jim had been right in his estimate of the first mate, for he had thought he knew better than Jim and had nearly wrecked his boat by going to the nearer land which he found, as Jim had said, was solid rock. They had been without water and food all day. Our kind friends helped them from the boat and cots were found for them.

TWO years have passed since the cold day in March when we were landed back in the States, with only the clothes on our backs, brought back by the first boat to receive the message calling for somebody to pick us up. I was deeply grateful when I found that my mother had not heard of our disaster, and my word to her was the first she knew of our trouble. The company had reported to her that the ship had been delayed—that was all. I went home to her, knowing her and understanding her better than I had before.

Sven went back to sea and last year earned his skipper's papers. Last summer we had our Swedish friends in and were married in Mother's own living room. Now we have our own home just a block away. When he is away I go back and forth to her house, and we are happy. Sven has promised, when our first baby comes, he will buy a small boat of his own and stay not too far off shore.

It is useless for me to ask him to work on shore, for the sea is in his blood, but the work he has now takes him up and down the coast and he is home every second week.

I have learned that real love is care and kindness and unfeeling courtesy, for he loves me as girls dream of being loved, and I had found the harbor and learned the truth of the adage my mother spoke so long ago.

"A slow wind does bring the ship to harbor."

THE END

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# Husbands AND Lovers

The Truth about Two Men Who Wanted Me

**A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL**

IN THIS ISSUE

# HUSBANDS and LOVERS

Illustrations by Belar

## Chapter I

**M**V STORY is really the story of a family. It was always that way with me. On one side, a slim blonde girl with burning brown eyes and a heart that throbbed with easily-stirred, little-understood emotions. On the other—a family, unending hard work and seemingly hopeless struggle. I was trapped between the two.

There were three of us sisters. I came between Christine Rosamund and little Marie who, till I was past sixteen, mattered more than anything else in my life. Marie had the sweetest disposition in our family, and was the brainiest, too. Night after night, in the bedroom we shared at the top of the frosty old brownstone boarding house Ma ran, we'd plan how Marie would win her scholarship and go to college. She didn't belong in this stale atmosphere of boarding house cabbage and cheap tobacco.

For Marie I longed to have life perfect. She was only two years younger than I, but I'd looked after her since she was a baby. Ma adored Marie, too, but years of struggle, tied to a man who drank too much, had swamped her initiative. The day's job, from five in the morning till well past midnight, was all Ma could tackle.

For Marie's sake I could make myself civil to objectionable roomers. I was clever at dodging, eager reaching hands, seeming not to notice too cordial smiles as I cleaned rooms, made beds and cleared dishes. We weren't always sure of our room rents at the end of the week and my steady fifteen dollars, as stenographer with the Western Shipping Company, was good to fall back on.

Often the roomers tried to date me, but Ma didn't like that. Some I'd have liked to accept. Tall, twinkling-eyed Hal Colburn would stop me, teasing, "Say, kid, never clap eyes on you but you're flying off somewhere else. Don't you ever take time off? Can't you give a poor motor mechanic a break? Or is it the smell of grease and the sight of overalls? If I was a slick bond salesman, Miss Francine Marne, would it make any difference?"

"Gee, Mr. Colburn, it isn't that! But working in the office all day and having to help Ma mornings and nights—"

"Sure, I understand. You're pretty swell, the whole load of this house on those slim shoulders. I've watched you heckle old meanie Fennick for his room rent and laughed myself near sick when you answered up to Mrs. Rix about the custard not having enough eggs in it and the pork chops being too fat."

"That's nothing."

"What a manager you're going to be some day! Bet you'd like to run a real

swell restaurant, white-capped chef and flunky outside. No checks less than a dollar and a rose on every table!"

I shook my head. I couldn't tell him I hated all these things and all they stood for. Even hated the senseless clack-clack of the office typewriter and endless invoices. It was music I loved and dancing. When I heard music, flame seemed to leap along my nerves. In dancing, I knew, I could have expressed the fire that burned in my soul. Only there wouldn't be time. I'd get old first and tired, like Ma.

"So you're not out to run a swell boarding house! Must be something you love to do," Hal insisted.

"Dance," I said suddenly.

"Say, I know a swell Mexican place, down near Riker's Dock. Notphony like most of these city joints—an honest-to-goodness rhumba orchestra. Say, how those yaller dames can shake their joints, and do the sailors like it! Come tonight, Franny, huh?"

Could I? Standing there, just inside Hal's open door, I was crazy with longing. Suddenly Hal's arms reached out and held me. He whistled a low tune and together we danced down the passage reeking of cabbage and yellow soap, back through Hal's room and out again. Our bodies seemed fused in one as we danced. I was under a spell. It was achingly sweet.

"Too good to miss, Franny!" Hal stooped his tall head and kissed me hard on the mouth. "Come to the El Chuca tonight and I'll teach you some real dancing."

"I couldn't. Ma wouldn't—" "I'll wait at the corner. We don't have to stay long. Just time enough for a couple of beers and swing a leg. Ten-thirty okay, kid?"

A voice seemed to answer from the depths of my being, "Yes, oh, yes."

It was my first real date with a man. To go dancing! To go on dancing! When should I ask Ma? I could hear her down in the basement kitchen. Seven already, and not a table set for breakfast! My pulses still throbbed with the memory of that stolen dance.

"Franny!" Ma called from the well of the stairs. "See if you can get a quarter out of your Dad for the gas. This darn meter's running out again. If only they'd trust us with a monthly—"

"Can't expect 'em to, way we pay bills," I muttered. I tore back into my own room to pull on a short-sleeved sweater, then jerked the bed clothes off Marie. "Kid, time we were skipping!"

I pulled Marie upright and darted onto the landing. "Yes, Mrs. Villert. No hot water? Gee, that is annoying. Wait, I'll run down to the basement myself."

I stopped in at Ma's room on the floor below ours. Dad was snoring. I went through his pockets—a dime and a few pennies. My own pocketbook held only fifteen cents, I knew. My carfare and a glass of milk for lunch! Still, we had to have gas.

Hal Colburn was grinning as I rushed downstairs. "You couldn't loan me a quarter, could you?" I stammered. "It's the gas."

"Sure."

That was Hal—cheerful, friendly, always ready!

My elder sister, Christine Rosamund, was the beauty. At least she had been until two years ago. Tall, slim, exquisitely blonde, where my hair was ordinary honey colored, hers was silvery gold. Her eyes were large and brown, too. They'd grown hard, though, lately, as if she'd battled too long.

In the old days Marie and I would sit on the bottom of Chris' bed and listen to her talk. She was falling in love with her boss, then, Mr. Hartman, a swell architect in Tower City. Christine wore her radiance like a sort of mantle. She was mysterious, scented, wonderful! Always humming a secretive little song, coming home from dates starry-eyed.

One day we'd been staggered by a note left on her bureau. She'd eloped. They were off to Denver, where Mr. Hartman's new office was to be established.

Ma had been tearful but exultant. "Guess she's through with greasy dishes for good. Chris was always my lucky baby, though I'd have liked to see her stand up in satin and veil and have cards printed and everything."

"Never mind, Ma," I comforted, "we'll have a swell show at my wedding. Cake and lobster salad and streamers and—and champagne!"

Ma hugged me close. "Hate to think of you going, Franny. Only I do want you girls to have it easier than I did. I had them sort of dreams, too, only I married a man who—"

"A boozier," Marie put in unexpectedly, "a lazy—"

"Don't you ever dare to speak of your father that way, Marie Marne. I won't have it," Ma screamed. "All got our weaknesses! One thing, your Dad's never give me a moment's trouble far as other women are concerned. You all know that."

"Sure, Ma. Marie didn't mean anything. She's only razzing," I soothed. I looked at Ma's streaky hair, the deep lines of weariness under her eyes. She'd borne ten children and raised three. Her days began and ended backstairs. Yet nothing would quench her belief in romance. She'd

**She felt herself part of the great scheme that swings planets in their courses and moves in the deep sea tides. Motherhood, she knew, was a path of glory despite the lies and subterfuges that soon would hedge her in. But how could she tell the news to her mother?**

dream of bridesmaids in sweet pea shades, with enormous bouquets of pink streamers.

"I'm never going to marry," Marie announced, eyes gleaming in her peaked face. "It's a mess. I'm going to school and college, read books and be something. There's always trouble when you get mixed up with men!" After her outburst she went into a fit of coughing.

"Maybe you're right, baby," Ma smiled, patting her on the back. "Seems natural, though, for a girl to want a man around, eh, Franny?"

"I dunno. I guess I'd sort of like a man I was crazy about. I'd like a baby."

"Well, don't start thinking about that yet awhile. Time enough."

I'd entered business school at fifteen. At sixteen I felt myself an experienced wage earner. Boys used to notice me both at home and in the office, but I'd been too busy to snatch more than an occasional soda. Always in back of my mind were thoughts like groceries, kitchen stair rods, how to cajole rent out of unwilling tenants. Now and then I'd remember the look in Christine's eyes when she was going out with Mr. Hartman. A sort of "lost look" but thrilling, too.

**M**Y heart trembled when I thought of having someone make me look that way. There'd be music and a moon somewhere. My hands would smell all sweet, like they did when I borrowed some of Christine's lotion. I'd link my fingers around his neck and—and a delicious wave engulfed me. I'd be tall and good looking and refined.

Maybe something like young Mr. Robertson of the Pacific Outboard Motor Company, our subsidiary. I'd met him at the employees dance and we'd danced together quite a bit. He'd seemed to like me and the girls talked a lot. I'd taken dictation from him once but that was all. Nothing had really come of it. Well, how could it? His father owned the company.

Maybe my real "romance" would have a voice like that English lecturer who spoke on Shakespeare in Town Hall. Maybe he'd come down from the platform and stop where I was sitting. Everyone would see him and he'd say, "Miss Marne, Francine, my car is outside. Perhaps you'd take pity on a stranger in this seaport town and—"

I'd interviewed plenty of men but they hadn't spoken that way!

I was seventeen when Hal Colburn had first come to board with us. He'd faced me in the dining parlor. "See from your ad you have rooms. My name's Colburn and I'm with the Pacific Outboard Motor Company, Mechanic. I make speedboat tests. Don't mind much where I bunk, long as I can get my eight hours regular. Want any references?"

I wrote the names down. "We have a nice room on the fourth back. Seven dollars a week and meals extra. If you'd like me to show it to you—"

"Chow, too, eh? Good?"

"Best money can procure," I said primly. "Well, if the beds and the food live up to the landlady's standard of looks—say, who are you? Look like a babe in arms."

"I'm the manageress. Of course, it's Ma's house, you understand, but I assist, settle all complaints and interview prospective roomers."

"Guess there won't be any complaints between you and me," he grinned. Suddenly I knew I liked his keen twinkly blue eyes in a deeply tanned face. He'd a large warm mouth and a shock of nondescript colored hair. Bit on the thin side, I decided, as we shook hands. He had the long sensitive fingers you often find on a mechanic's hand.

I felt myself coloring. "Sure you wouldn't like to see the room first?"

"Take your word, sister. Can I move in tonight? Want a week's rent in advance?"

Gosh, he was a swell roomer!

The family always had meals separately. During breakfast and dinner I'd be in the kitchen, passing hot dishes through the hatch to our one slow-moving maid. Her orders rang monotonously, "Coupla eggs. Hash and fried. Nother cupper cawfee fer Mr. Dewberry."

I'd leave the dishes to Ma and Sophy, the maid, gulp down my coffee and fly off to the office. Evenings were the same mad rush. In my mind Ma's "paying guests," as she liked to call them, were hardly human beings. I thought of them, rather, as a dissatisfied pack with whom I constantly had to do battle.

"See here, Miss Marne!" "Miss Francine, I wish you'd explain to your mother!" "Try sleeping in my bed yourself, Miss Marne, you'll understand what I mean."

Hal Colburn was always an exception. I was conscious of something different when he was around, as if little unseen feelers crept out of me. Coming downstairs I'd try to pass him with a casual "G'morning," but he always tried to stop me.

"Say, Miss Francine, ever heard the story of the tortoise who lost the race?"

I'd laugh and hurry on, but no matter how often I did he wouldn't be shaken off. "Can't anybody have a second's conversation with you except to grumble? I ain't got nothin' to grumble about. Swell here. Regular home from home."

"I wish I had more time."

"Mostly I manage a movie and a dance now and then. What about a jaunt in a speedboat? Got a dandy new skiff, Skimming Bird III. Mr. Robertson's going to run her in some of the cup races. If you could sneak out early some morning, or even after work—"

"Love to sometime when we're not quite so rushed."

Once he caught me at the corner of Marlboro Road as I was coming home from work. My heart leapt uncomfortably at the sight of his tall figure.

"Any objections to me walking along?"

"Guess it's all right."

"What about a coke or a soda? Cute place on Denny Street."

"Thanks, Mr. Colburn, but—"

**S**AY, I can't get you. Call me Hal.

Here I've been stopping at the Marne Mansion nearly a year. Don't tell me ice cream won't tempt you. Give you two large scoops in this joint. I always have one on my way home. Prepares me for that swell supper of yours."

He grinned and slipped his arm in mine. An electric feeling shot through me, made my fingers curl. Hal held our clasped hands close to his chest.

"That's better!" he smiled down. "Know how pretty you are, Franny? Yeah, I'm going to call you that. We've been acquainted for months and here's the first time we've sat down at a table together. Know that? Scandalous! Never taken so long to get such a short distance with a girl in my life."

I laughed. Waves of happiness throbbled through me. Sitting, sipping sodas, our hands remained clasped.

"Caught you once. Try to get away now. Guess I sort of feel you belong to me," Hal teased.

His look set me trembling.

"Those eyes of yours for instance! All the guys tell you about them? Talk about enormous brown velvet flowers! No, not that, either. Let me look closer. Like those dark pools you find in the mountains, deep and still yet shimmering with hidden life. See what you're responsible for, young lady! Making a poet out of a hard working mechanic!"

The stab of joy frightened me.

"Listen, I've got some swell new records for my phonograph, Fran. Like to hear

'em tonight out on that back porch? Have your Ma come out and listen, too. We might dance."

I nodded. "But I'm going to be terribly late for serving dinner. I must fly."

I didn't think Ma would take to the phonograph idea but Hal asked her nicely, and she declared it would be a relief after the hot kitchen. Dad came out, too. The back stoop was old and rickety and the yard had only a couple of trees and some straggling weeds, a kind of jungle for stray cats. But this night it became an exotic woodland.

Hal carried cushions and newspapers, found a mangy swing chair in the basement. Ma and Dad had kitchen rockers. Hal worked the phonograph, calling out names. Ma picked her favorites. "Sweet Melody of Love," and "Just a Song at Twilight." He had those too. I caught Ma sniffing once, moving her chair closer to Dad's.

I dropped onto a pile of newspapers and stuck my head on my knees. "Music sounds swell out in the air like this, doesn't it, Ma?"

She patted my head. Dad cleared his throat. "What about splitting a bottle of beer?"

**I** FOUND some crackers and cheese in the kitchen. Hal left a record playing and came in to get the tray. "Why can't I interest you?" he crooned under his breath. The words were silly but they didn't sound that way. Maybe I was just a crazy kid, a lonesome one!

Hal snapped off the kitchen light. He groped towards me, "Franny!"

I wanted to pull away from his arms, but I wanted to get closer, too. "Please, Hal," I choked.

His lips met mine in a fierce kiss that was terribly exciting. This wasn't the wise-cracking Hal I knew. This was a cyclone, driving, furious. He forced my head back onto his shoulder, held me there for swift, throbbing moments. Then his mouth found mine again. I kissed him, madly exultant. I wanted him to kiss me harder.

"You care! You're not an icicle but the sweet, warm little darling I knew you were—chuck full of love. Oh, Fran?" His quick change from fierce love making to tenderness set me throbbing all over again. "Coo—ee. Long time about those bottles of beer," Ma called.

We pulled apart. "You go out and sit down, sweetheart. I'll bring the tray." Hal got bottles from the icebox and picked out glasses. How could he be so calm when the very air was still electric! Maybe men are different!

In a daze I listened to Dad's jokes. Ma asked for more music. Hal put on a waltz. "Dance?"

I was in his arms again. I adored dancing and I adored Hal. The combination made me delirious. He held his cheek close to mine when we swung round to the side of the porch. "Happy, Fran?" he kissed me again.

"Not here, please, Hal!"

"Okay, but you know I want to anywhere, all the time. Say to yourself a thousand times a day, 'Hal's crazy to kiss me!'"

My heart hammered as I pushed his face away. It had been too much joy, too much excitement. I tore upstairs to my bedroom. Marie was leaning over a pile of books. Her eyes were tired and her face paper white.

"Time you stopped slaving. Come on down. Music on the back porch," I cried. "Dad and Ma and Hal Colburn. Beer and cheese, Marie."

"You look drunk, Franny. What's come over you?"

## TRUE ROMANCES

"Go on down. There's still some beer left."

I wanted to have the room to myself, to live again those thrilling moments of love. I was suffocating with happiness. I threw the window wide open. I fancied I could hear Hal's voice.

I pressed my hands over my thumping heart. "Oh, dear love," I whispered, "dear, dear love." Never had I imagined anything like this. Even our drab home seemed glorified.

The music and my longing joined together forming a kind of bitter-sweet ache in my heart. A kind of hunger that I couldn't understand. It wasn't enough, just kissing Hal. It wasn't enough.

"Francine Marie," I cried, "you're horrible." I clasped my hands over my ears as though to shut out a tempter's voice. Something that had been slumbering in me had wakened. Wonderful, but terrible! Even my mouth, when I looked in the mirror, seemed changed, softer, redder!

"It's love, Franny. Love! I don't care about the old boarding house. Just at this moment I don't even care about Marie's getting a chance. I want love."

To be near Hal, hear his voice, feel his lips. I wanted to go on kissing. I threw my arms wide open to the night.

### Chapter II

**N**EXT morning Ma had an upset at breakfast—a letter from Christine. Lately it had always been this way when my sister's letters came. "Things not going too good, Franny," Ma said. "Say, what d'you think she means by this?"

"What, Ma?" I took the letter from her shaking hand. Nothing could be really wrong with Chris. She was married to the man she loved. They were successful and now had a swell home in Chicago. I remembered Chris' eyes as they used to be. Had she loved Mr. Hartman as much as I did Hal? Perhaps not quite. Nobody who'd ever lived, not even poets, felt quite the way I did this morning.

I read under my breath. "Guess, I might as well tell you straight, Ma, things haven't been right with Maurice and me for some time. Business knocked into a cocked hat, and ever since Mike was born—"

We all adored Christine's son, tiny blue-eyed Mike, and had often had him to stop with us. Not at all like my sister to look at, with his great big blue eyes and sandy-colored hair. Both Chris and Mr. Hartman had brown eyes and he had black hair. We used to joke about it. Ma said she had an uncle once with just that coloring. I always said Mike was so swell that to look like himself was enough for anyone. I went on with the letter. "Ma, if you could let me have fifty dollars for a loan."

"Yeah," Ma wailed, "what you make of it, Fran? And where does she think I can lay my hand on fifty! She's my own flesh and blood but fifty dollars! My saints!" "We'll scrape it together somehow. Ma!"

It meant pinching and squeezing but we did in the next few weeks. A grateful note came back from Christine, but no explanation. Now our days were haunted with worry about her troubles. If Ma or I could have gone to visit her it would have been better. But how could we raise the fare to Chicago and who'd run the boarding house meantime?

Another worry came close on the heels of Christine's mysterious demand for money—Marie came down with a feverish cold. We were used to her coughing, but this was worse. Ma and I nursed her. We called in Dr. James. He pulled me into the corridor one evening. "Have your sister take the rest of the semester off. She

needs a complete rest."

"But, Doctor, she's working for a scholarship."

"That can wait. She needs rest, good food and—"

"Not serious?"

"I don't like the condition of her lungs, Miss Francine. This foggy coast! We should get her away for several months. Arizona—"

"You don't mean she's got—" I stuttered. I felt cold all over. The dread of Marie's weak lungs had always haunted me.

"I mean she's got to take care. It isn't serious yet, but with overwork and lack of sleep—"

T. B. I! If Marie got T. B. I! She was so brilliant. I had such wonderful hopes. Graduating from college with honors. Teaching—maybe in a college! Little Marie, the only brainy one in the lot of us!

Well, Ma and I would have to save up. We'd get her away for six months. You can do these things if you want to. A small glass of milk would have to do me for lunches. There were ways to save. But somehow, strive as we did, it seemed impossible to squeeze much out of the meager weekly total that came into the house.

But, as the weeks slipped by, Marie seemed much better, gloriously better! Just as though the spell had done her good rather than otherwise. She wanted to be back at her books. Ma and I shouldn't have let her, but there were so many other things to see to. We decided—Marie begged us to—just to push that six months rest a little further into the future.

The only time I could really forget the family difficulties was when I was with Hal. After the night on the porch Ma seemed to trust him. We went to the movies together. I loved the warm darkness with Hal's arm around my shoulder. We went to the beach. There's never been anyone like you, sweet. I've played around, but this is different. Love me a little?"

Hal never let me forget his main plans. He despised the idea of getting into a rut, he'd been with the Robertson concern, the Pacific Outboard Motor Company, longer than he'd stayed on any job, he said. He was getting tired of it already. Monotony in any form, I soon learned, was not for Hal. He reminded me of a leashed hound, straining to get loose.

"New places, new people, Franny. Always moving on! You bet my chance will come. Got to. Then, watch my dust! But there'll always be a place for you, kid. Like to marry an adventurer? Danger! That's life, Franny. Taking chances! Gee, I always felt I'd venture anything!"

**S**OUNDS marvelous, Hal, but I hope you'll always come back, that you'll never stay long away from Coast City.

"The world's our playground, sweet!"

Was it? I couldn't feel sure.

Sometimes Hal and I would sneak out to his favorite El Chuca Cafe. Ma didn't know about these jaunts, because the fun didn't get going there till around eleven and she wouldn't like me out so late. I got so I could say good-night to her without a pang, knowing that the kitchen window was open and that, on stockinged feet, Hal and I could creep in around one o'clock or later. Marie'd never tell on me.

A visit to El Chuca was always a sort of celebration with Hal. He chose it for the night before he left on what he called his Big Chance! He was so thrilled and excited it wasn't difficult to get me all tingly, too.

"My break, Franny, my Big Chance. The boss, Mr. Robertson himself, has picked me of all the mechanics. We're leaving the airport at dawn, flying right down the coast to Los Burgos. The

'Bird' is down there already."

"Is Mr. Robertson going to pilot her himself?"

"Takes both of us. Say, and has that little Skimming Bird II, got wings! Is she a daisy! Samson, he's our ace mechanic, can't get up from Los Deos in time. He's had a sprained shoulder and been kept down there in a hospital. Don't wish him any bad luck, but gee! A chance to pilot the Skimming Bird in the Van Resen Cup races! Hit the front pages of the sporting news, we will, Fran! I nearly went crazy when Robertson said he was going to take me. Didn't let him see it, though."

"It's wonderful, Hal. Say, why doesn't young Mr. Robertson ever race? He looks strong enough and he's athletic."

"Hasn't got the sporting blood of his Dad. Takes more after his Ma. Yeah, I believe Craig Robertson's a mother's darling."

"I don't believe it!" I found myself snapping back. "I've spoken to him, danced with him at the employees' party. He's swell. Miss Nicholls thinks he's the brains of the concern. Even if he doesn't race."

**O**H yeah! Well, and what's it to you, Franny? Gee, kid, isn't this going to be our night?"

"Sure, Hal. I'm sorry!" The evening stretched into a blissful haze. It was hot. I wore my crisp primrose organdy. My hair was brushed so each springy curl seemed alive.

Now, with the thought of Hal's flight down to South America and the possible dangers of the cup races, anguish caught me by the throat, a somber undertone to the bliss of being held close in Hal's arms, in the flickering, candlelit dance cafe. I was afraid suddenly. I didn't want him to go. The throbbing of stringed instruments, the wine Hal had ordered, made me reckless. "There's a moon on the water, Hal!"

"So you want to be alone, too! Glad you're going to belong to me some day?"

"Someday, never comes, Hal," I said wistfully. The amorous glances of the dancing couples pricked my sensitive nerves with fire. I felt cheated. I'd had too many lonely nights.

The sand was warm under our feet. No one came near this little cove where we could watch the white waves frothing in. I heard Hal cry, "You do belong to me, Franny, you do, you do!"

I lifted my face. Oh, the fierce ecstasy of his kisses on my waiting lips. I was intoxicated with his nearness.

"Is it wrong, Franny, is it wrong?" he choked.

"Yes," I half sobbed. But I kissed him again.

"You don't hate me, Franny? Franny, I've got to go now. Franny, come back from where you are!"

He pulled me roughly to him. "I love you, Hal," I whispered. "Remember, I'll always love you."

He kissed me again, tenderly, gently. We were silent while we drove home. When we got there I stood on tiptoe and looked straight into his eyes. "Happy landing, my dearest heart!"

Ma was waiting for me. "Why are you so late? Mr. Robertson has been ringing up for Hal all evening."

"Why, what's going wrong?"

"He didn't say. Simply that it was important to get a hold of him."

"He'll get him down at the airport. Hal left in plenty of time."

I couldn't stay talking with Ma. I had so many things to straighten out, so many jumbled-up emotions. Getting into bed I fancied I heard the whir of a plane motor. It was like the throb of my own heart. I did hope Hal hadn't gotten in Dutch with

Mr. Robertson—that nothing had gone wrong!

There must have been other girls who get up one morning to read newspapers with unseeing eyes and suddenly paralyzed mind, a mind that refuses to take in glaring headlines, shrieking that the end of the world has come! Yet, it seemed, there'd never been any but me to live through such agony.

#### TRAGIC ACCIDENT TO SOUTH AMERICAN CLIPPER!

"Mysterious Engine Trouble. Nose Dive into Mountains. Pilot and All Passengers Feared Killed. Notable Names—"

The lines jiggled and jumped. There was a list of those who'd purchased tickets for the journey.

Edward Robertson, well-known speedboat racer. Harold Colburn, Robertson's mechanic."

Then, lower down, "At a luncheon in his honor yesterday afternoon, Mr. Robertson stated confidently that he fully expected to return with the Van Resen Cup. The winner of many lesser races, his heart was set—"

I couldn't read further. Over and over my mind cried, "Harold Colburn, Robertson's mechanic. Harold Colburn! Hal! Hal!" I wept.

Ma was kind, everyone was, but of course no one knew it was the end of the world for me.

"Nice, clean-spoken young fellow, too; pleasant about the house," Ma sighed. "Not many roomers—"

I ran away from her. I couldn't have anyone, not even Ma, pitying me. I wouldn't let anyone know how desperately hurt I was—as if my heart were bleeding drops of pain.

Ma herself was so near despair these days. Ever since we'd had that disturbing letter from Christine she'd worried till she was almost sick.

"You think she's all right, Franny?" she'd ask a hundred times. "You think he's treating her right?"

"Of course, Ma. Isn't a man alive wouldn't be good to Chris, with her looks and—"

"YOUR Dad says you're going to be the pick of the bunch, Franny. Even when you were a baby he'd say, 'This one's going to make us all rich and happy, Ma!' You've been a good daughter to us, Fran."

"Don't talk that way," I begged. "I'm not good."

"Well, anyways, I'm real relieved to know you weren't seriously stuck on that poor Hal Colburn. Nice fellow, though."

It was a blessing to have the office to get away to. At least there I wasn't so conscious of probing eyes. I worked in the large stenographic room of Western Shipping. Miss Nicholls was the head stenographer. Around forty-five, pleasant spoken, but a regular glutton for work. I didn't care for women bosses any more than I did most girls. It always seemed to me Miss Nicholls would pick the meanest jobs for me to do.

But today the pain I was carrying about inside me made everything else insignificant. I couldn't bear to be idle. That meant remembering Hal wasn't coming back—going over and over every step of that last night. Had we been too happy? Is glorious piercing joy a sin? Part of me, the wise part, realized that no human being should be allowed such ecstasy and then to be shut out forever!

Like that evening, when I came in from a short walk before bed, I found Marie and Ma glued to the parlor radio. As I came in I heard Ma shriek, "Did you hear that one, Marie? Saints above, did you hear what I heard?"

"What?" I cried.

Ma had her head in her apron. Marie

stood over her, white-lipped, her enormous eyes staring straight ahead. "Every word, Ma," she said slowly. "Terrible."

"What is it?" I shook her. "What program were you listening to?"

"West Coast Music Hall. Then suddenly they switched to police messages—missing persons."

"Lord have mercy," Ma groaned, "and her that happy! I might have known it, though, when she wrote needing that money."

"You're driving me frantic, Ma. What is it?" I yelled.

"Christine," Marie choked. Then in a strange clipped voice, "She's missing from her home in Chicago. Five feet seven inches, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Had with her a little boy of three—woman's hair blonde, brown eyes, probably wearing—"

"Lost!" Maybe they're dragging the lakes. Dead! That's what she is, dead!" Ma groaned. "If I could get my hands on him I'd kill that brute."

"Hush, Ma," I panted. "I'll phone Chicago. I'll—"

I MANAGED to get the Hartman apartment, Maurice himself.

"Franny, she's with you, isn't she?" he demanded.

"No, she's not, Maurice. We just heard on the radio—Wh-wh-what happened?"

"I got back from a trip tonight. The maid had notified the police. I was furious with her. She was in a dreadful state, of course. No word from Christine for five days, and no way in which she could contact me. Christine hadn't seemed herself, Ellen said, so she just took things into her own hands; went ahead and rang the police. Naturally I can understand Ellen being nervous and upset, but if she'd waited till I—"

"But, Maurice, what can have—did you quarrel?"

"Yes, we quarreled, nothing very bad. She had money when she left here. I'm stunned. I can't take it in yet, Franny, can't believe she won't be walking in any minute. You'll phone me at once, if you hear? I'll pay for all messages. I'm just lost without her."

He was lost and desperately frightened, too.

Hal gone! Now Christine missing! My world rocked. The nightmare worry about Chris did one thing for me. It dulled my aching misery over Hal a little. But for that I think I must have gone mad reproaching myself, torturing myself with memories.

Did I regret? Wherever he was, wouldn't we have that shared memory somewhere, always? In years to come, when the sting was gone and the pain, would I be glad we'd crushed the whole life into one hour? I was only eighteen! I could live for sixty, seventy years yet—lonely, terrifying years! How could I endure them?

It was good to work—any sort of work! I had to take some days off from the office, Ma was so prostrated. Her courageous spirit began to flag. She lay, moaning Christine's name.

In two days she was up again, though, a little slower of step, a few more lines around her sunken eyes. Dad tried to comfort her but there was a vagueness about his attentions. Ma had known so little real happiness. So little besides unremitting work had come her way.

"I'll manage," she said pluckily, "You go on back to the office tomorrow, Fran."

I was so preoccupied with worrying thoughts that I didn't get a newspaper or my way downtown. My heart nearly turned over when I heard a bunch of girls discussing the Robertson affair as they made up their faces in the office washroom.

"Gee, am I glad that nice Mr. Robertson was saved! Wonder what happened. It'll make some story." That was Isabel Trite talking.

"Say, Frannie," someone yelled as I came through the inner door. "You knew Robertson's mechanic, Colburn. Funny it doesn't mention his name in the paper. But if Robertson's saved, probably—"

What were they saying? I was panting as if I'd run miles and miles. My eyes devoured the paper they held out. Not for minutes did the truth seep through. "Mr. Robertson, well-known speedboat racer, definitely reported saved!" He'd been found in a peon's hut near the coast. Was now on his way back by plane!

The office could talk of nothing else. Was Hal alive, too? Perhaps. Oh, if he only could be! But why wasn't his name there in satisfying black and white? Was he anywhere near a place where he could phone or wire me? He'd know I'd be sick with worry. He couldn't leave me in this agony of uncertainty. My heart jumped from peaks of bliss to depths of grinding uncertainty.

There was more news in the evening paper but no word of Hal Colburn! Then he hadn't been saved. He hadn't! Could I wait till Mr. Robertson returned? I knew I'd have to force myself on him, beg for news of Hal.

I could hardly sleep a wink that night. Marie was restless too and coughed a lot. Miserably, I remembered we were supposed to be saving money to send her away. She was still working too hard. In sleep her limbs twitched nervously. I caught myself imagining all the disasters that could touch Marie. It hurt me so when she tried to stifle that raucous cough in the bedclothes. Hot milk and honey often helped. I'd better creep down to the kitchen and fill some.

I pulled my woolen robe on. At the bottom of the three flights of stairs I turned on the dim hall light. Then I stopped dead, my heart thumping madly through my thin gown. Someone was crouching outside the glass door. Why hadn't they rung? What were they wanting this time of night?

I CREEPT closer. A drooping figure, hunched up! My heart seemed turned to ice; then throbbled again crazily. Hal! Could it be Hal returning hurt?

"Hal, oh darling," I sobbed under my breath. I wasn't afraid any more. I ran forward and slipped the chain off the door.

But it wasn't Hal who came half falling through the door. It was a strange woman in a rumpled raincoat. A woman and a child. For a moment we gazed at each other. Then I opened my arms wide and flew to her.

"Chris! Oh, thank God, Chris!" I wept. "Mike too! We've been nearly dead with worry. So is Maurice. He's phoned. He's notified the police. We were afraid. We thought you might be—you must be—I can't say it. Come on in, darling!"

I dragged her into the dingy parlor. Mike followed, his eyelids drooping with fatigue. Christine didn't say anything, just looked about her. Her lips moved wordlessly. When I brought some tea from the kitchen, she'd taken off her raincoat and Mike's woolly jacket. "We're tired. We've come a long way."

"I know you are, darlings. And if you only knew how thankful I am to see you. I must call Maurice at once."

"No! No! You mustn't do that, I don't want him to know where I am." Chris stood up. Her fingers bit into my arm.

"But, Chris, he's worried to death. You don't understand."

"I understand only too well!" "Your own husband!" "He's not my husband!" She spoke the words in a kind of dead voice.

She was deranged. She must have been ill, very ill. We both looked up as Ma's voice floated down the stairs. Her worn heels thumped.

"Don't say that to her, Chris," I begged, "I mean about you and Maurice not being—Ma's not been well. Don't worry her."

"All right. Can you give Mike and me a bed somewhere?"

I nodded, then hurried out and put my arm around Ma before she saw Chris. "Good news," I cried, "get your breath, Ma. Sit down a minute." Then, when her breath came easier, "Christine's safe. She's here. Ma. She's brought Mike to stay with us, awfully."

Ma looked dazed. The next minute she and Chris were sobbing in each other's arms. I hurried Mike off to the kitchen where I fixed a bite to eat.

## Chapter III

**C**HRIStINE was safe. There was some mysterious trouble about it but still she was here, with us! Next morning I begged her permission to notify Maurice Hartman. At long last she consented, but said she'd leave immediately if he came after her.

The relief in Maurice's voice told me that he loved her. Whatever was wrong, he still loved her! I wanted to blurt out a question, ask him about that ridiculous statement of Chris', but I'd promised her I wouldn't.

Maurice said he'd tell the police she was safe—on a visit to her folks—apologize for being so hasty.

"Is she all right, Franny?" he begged. "Could I see her if I came right away?"

"No, she wouldn't see you. Please wait, Maurice. She'll be better in a few days."

"Franny, God bless you for all you've done."

"Mike's fine," I said bluntly. "Mike? Oh yes, Mike." He actually sounded as if he weren't interested. Did his love for Christine completely eclipse all feeling for his child? Mike was such a swell kid, too!

Two hours later a wire came from him and a huge box of deep red roses. I took them up to Chris' room as I left for the office. She tossed the flowers to the bottom of the bed, turned a stony face to the wall. Mike was in the kitchen watching his grandma fry real sausages to go with the pancakes. I heard his excited chatter as I let myself out of the front door.

A jolly little kid, Mike! Wonderful for Chris to have him. Yes, even if she didn't love Maurice, she'd gotten Mike out of it. I should have adored Hal's child!

"Hal darling!" It did all swept back over me. How could I wait for news? Mr. Robertson was expected back today. I'd have to see him. But there should have been a mention of Hal's name somewhere. It could only mean one thing. I thought despairingly. My feet tramped solidly on.

That day was the longest in my whole life. Several times, with a quaking heart, I rang up Mr. Robertson's secretary. He was expected, but it wasn't sure when. Then, "later in the afternoon." Then, "possibly not until the morning."

How could I face another sleepless night? I watched the hands of the big clock crawling toward five-thirty and quitting time. When it was five minutes of, I knew

I had to do something. I was reckless, desperate.

I asked Miss Nicholls if I could get away at once on an important date. Then I jammed on my hat and rushed into the elevator. I didn't know what I was going to say. I had no special plans beyond just getting to Mr. Robertson's office.

Upstairs the girls were all leaving, hurrying to the elevator. I caught a glimpse of Mr. Robertson's secretary going down. Too late! Still I rushed through the large main office, stopped a second to catch my breath outside the door marked, "President."

I knocked. My heart seemed to turn a complete somersault, then settled down to a rapid thump-thump-thump.

A man rose from the big mahogany desk, a man with a friendly smile that touched his nice gray eyes as well as his lips. It was young Mr. Craig Robertson.

"I'm sorry," I mumbled, "I hoped to see—"

"You expected my father to be here. Miss Marne? It is Miss Marne, isn't it? Miss Francine Marne, if I remember."

"Yes, we danced once at the—"

"I haven't forgotten. Now sit down. Perhaps I can help you. My father's at home. The doctor thinks he should take it easy for a few days after his narrow escape."

**W**OULD he have heard anything about Hal? I'd have to ask at any rate. I drew a long breath just as the phone rang. Would I never get a chance to speak? I was shaking from head to foot with nerves.

I must control myself. For the next few minutes I wouldn't let myself think of Hal. It made me desperate. I forced my whirling thoughts to concentrate on Craig Robertson. What a strong profile he had against the light, as he sat calmly talking over the phone. A rugged strength about him I hadn't noticed before! Hal didn't like him because he wasn't a racing man like his father. But even Hal had had to acknowledge his business ability.

But why did he have to go on talking so long? I wanted to dash the phone out of his hand. His mother, they said, worshipped him. I wondered what she was like. Probably she did spoil him, an only son. But Craig seemed too sure of himself for a mere "mother's darling." There must be scores of women out to attract him. And I'd once thought on the strength of a few dances, that he'd like me. Fool!

He dropped the receiver, and my blood went rushing through my veins. "Hal!" I almost screamed aloud.

My heart throbbed it. I could think of nothing else. Maybe Craig read the agonized question in my eyes.

He said, "There was something you wanted to ask my father?"

"Yes, did he—did he mention Hal Colburn? Your mechanic. Hal stays in our house. Naturally we knew he was flying with Mr. Robertson. But the papers didn't say that he was saved. Mother and I have been so worried—"

Craig leaned across the desk and touched my hand kindly. "No need to worry. He's all right."

"He was saved with your father? Oh, why didn't they say so?" I lifted my eyes to Craig's face. There was a strange expression there, a very kindly one.

"I didn't realize it—meant so much."

His voice comforted me, like sunlight after raw mist. He poured me a glass of water. "Here, steady!"

He thought I was going to faint. I almost did, the relief was so great. He lifted the glass to my lips, his arm about my shoulders. I felt safe, suddenly, relaxed and peaceful. Then happiness stole through me. Hal was safe! "Thank you," I said and rose to go.

"Is that all you came to ask my father about? Well, aren't you interested in the details?"

I sat down again. "Please, if I'm not wasting your time."

He shook his head. "Nothing so very mysterious. The plane crash occurred in the Chavez district. You've read all about it. My father, and one of the other passengers managed to crawl as far as that peon's hut where they were cared for. When the rescue party came along, the peon hid them. My father's arm was set, and it was altogether a miraculous escape."

"A miracle for Hal, too," I murmured happily.

"But you're wrong. Colburn wasn't there."

"What do you mean? The papers said—"

"A plane ticket was purchased for him. Yes, but we'd received word that our ace mechanic, Samson, was completely recovered and had gone on to Los Burgos, as originally scheduled, to pilot Skimming Bird III. He knows every inch of that little craft. Loves her as some men do a child. You know, I tried all hours to get Colburn on the phone that night. We had other plans for him. He was only located a short time before the plane left the airport."

I remembered. Ma had said Mr. Robertson had been trying to get Hal all evening. But so much had happened since then, I'd forgotten it.

**I**F he didn't fly to South America, where is he?" I demanded suddenly.

"Somewhere between here and the Great Lakes, with Skimming Bird II on a trailer. The Lanlitt Cup Races are run the end of this week. Colburn, released from the southern trip, was immediately switched to that job. It'll mean a big promotion if he does well, brings the company in a first."

I hid my face in my hands. After the relief, I felt suddenly furious. Those needless hours of torture could have been saved me. Hal hadn't bothered even to phone. Why not? Was the excitement of having complete control of the Skimming Bird too much? Hal had a great pride in his job. I could understand that, but didn't he realize the torture I'd gone through? Had he meant to surprise me?

Craig Robertson was still speaking. "Perhaps I should tell you Colburn was instructed to tell no one about the change of plans till the beginning of the races. Secrecy is often necessary in racing. As a matter of fact, we hadn't intended to enter Skimming Bird II at all—"

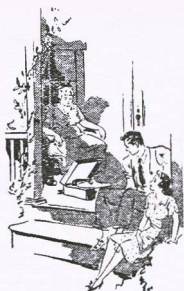
"But surely with the plane crash and everything, he would have been allowed just to tell us he was safe?"

"Of course, in an extreme case like this—naturally, he should have notified you."

As I was picking up my hat and purse to leave, Mr. Robertson offered to take me home in his car. "A run around the block to get all this out of your system!" he smiled.

"Well, thanks, if it's only five minutes," I agreed.

"You know the old saying, 'Grace before meat?' I always say, 'Air after work!' Sometimes I can persuade my mother to come out with me. We have a game of golf before dinner."



Skimming along Sunset Drive he told me about her, painting an utterly different picture from the one I'd imagined. Not a socialite mother, holding her son by selfish throttling affection, but a gay companion. Involuntarily I thought of Ma, her drab hair, hands stained with kitchen work. Old before her time. She'd fancied herself in love once, borne far too many children.

"Your mother," Craig said suddenly, "she must be a fine woman."

"How do you know?"

"Well, you for instance!" It was the nearest thing to a compliment we'd reached.

"If courage counts," I said with a tight feeling in my throat, "courage in the face of grinding work and disappointment, then she's a queen. I adore her anyway."

His hand closed over mine. "I love you for saying that. Now, you really insist half an hour's your limit?"

"Yes, I'd like to get home, please."

"We'll turn then. Don't suppose I could persuade you to give me a date? We might dance maybe—"

"Perhaps, sometime. Thank you so much for everything."

"I wonder if Colburn realizes his luck! By the way, he's a fine mechanic. One of the best. He's going places."

"That's swell! Awfully decent of you to tell me," I cried happily.

"I hope I'll never be anything less than decent where you're concerned, Francine. You see, I haven't forgotten my dancing partner. I'm still hoping."

How dear he was! And some fortunate social register miss would marry him, bully him, maybe not realize her good luck.

Ma was on the steps waving a telegram. Hurriedly I introduced Craig. Then ran indoors to read the message:

GUESS YOU HEARD MY NEWS FROM ROBERTSON. WON EARLY TRIAL HEAT TODAY. SWELL, WHAT? WATCH ME. HAL.

Not a word of love! Stupidly, I felt cheated. Of course, one doesn't put love in telegrams, but after the first burst of gratitude over Hal's safety a numb feeling gripped me. His message was so terribly self-centered—not one word of regret for the anxiety I must have suffered.

**M**A was standing at my elbow. "For pity's sake, what does it all mean?"

"I heard at the office, Ma. It was a mistake. Hal didn't go on that South American plane. He didn't crash. He's alive, Ma! Isn't it wonderful?"

"And he never let you know he wasn't dead, did he?"

"He couldn't, Ma. He wasn't allowed to. He's piloting one of their other boats in races on Lake Michigan. You see, he wasn't allowed to say anything about it."

"Hope you're not getting too sweet on him."

"Don't talk that way about Hal, Ma, please don't."

It was the maid's night off. Presently I went down with Ma to tackle the dinner dishes piled in the sink. Work always! Marie would be studying but why shouldn't Dad help? He did practically nothing.

And where was Christine? I'd almost forgotten my sister.

Ma shook the suds off a vegetable dish and handed it to me. "That Mr. Robertson seems like a nice young fellow."

"He is."

"And I know this. There ain't any man, don't care who he is, that's too good for my daughter!" she finished fiercely.

When at last she pulled down her sleeves, I heard her catch her breath sharply. There were tears in her eyes.

"Chris is funny, Fran, acting so cagey. Won't tell her Ma nothing. Sitting there brooding! It's not healthy and him call-

ing twice today and she wouldn't answer him."

"Maurice Hartman?"

"Yeah. Such a swell husband, Franny. Chris had an apartment—well, you know, near the lake like that must cost plenty. What you think's wrong? Franny, see if you can't get something out of her. Gives me a turn watching her like that."

"I will, Ma. But you quit worrying."

Christine had moved into a large attic room with Mike. Standing outside her door, I suddenly remembered Hal was alive! Safe! All was gloriously right in my world. Yes, despite Ma's the boarding house, Marie's cough and Christine—

Ma wanted me to have my share of happiness. She wouldn't stand in my way. Hal and I would be married. We'd have our own little house where Hal would come home to me each evening.

**I** KNOCKED on Chris' door. "It's Fran!" No answer. I knocked again and slowly opened it.

She was gazing out over the roof. Mike's even breathing filled the room, the sweet talcum-powdery odor of bathed and sleeping childhood. How good it seemed, how safe! I crept to the window, past Mike's cot, and put my arm about Christine.

"I want to talk to you, darling."

In the twilight her eyes seemed enormous in her pinched face.

"I'm all right, Fran."

"Ma's wretched about you. I know you're worried. We'll disturb Mike. Let's go into another room."

"Leave me alone. I don't want to talk."

"Chris, I love you so, darling. Please come on."

I half dragged her across the hall to the unused boxroom, settled her into the ancient divan with the broken springs Ma kept there. There was a musty smell, as if the attic were a suitable place for ferreting out ugly secrets. I wished Chris and I were in some beautiful garden with the sounds of Mike's laughter in our ears.

She didn't give me any help in starting. I took her long fingers in mine and squeezed them. "It's not good to bottle things up, Chris. You can trust me. I've always adored you, so gay and beautiful and fine."

"Stop, Franny."

"I can see you're utterly miserable, darling. I can't do much help but I'd do anything for you. I love you so terribly. I know it's Maurice. Something's happened between you two."

All at once her face seemed to sharpen, as though every line was etched deeper.

"I think I hate him," she shivered.

"Hush, you can't say that about Mike's father. He loves you, Chris." I tried to think of comforting things to say while her grief spent itself in sobbing. Finally, her eyes seemed to blaze through me.

"Never let yourself love any man, Franny. Never trust them. They're selfish, the very best of them. You think love's fun at first, exciting and thrilling, but it doesn't last. It's dress, the minute you scratch the surface. Never give yourself to any man, Franny. You'll regret it. I know."

"But when you love a man and marry him?" I felt a stab of pain. I hadn't waited for the security of marriage. We'd snatched our glorious moment Hal and I, but he was coming back to me!

"Chris," I said softly, "remember how

Maurice rushed you—flowers, candies, shows. I used to love watching it. After your ring and got married—"

Her fingers crushed over my mouth in an almost maniacal pressure. "You know nothing. You're an infant prattling!"

"Tell me."

"All right. Listen to this. Love's a trap, a cruel one. Maurice didn't marry me. He couldn't. He was married already."

"But you told us! The apartment! Mike!"

"I got the apartment. Maurice threw money around. He used to think he loved me in those days. After the first shock of knowing he was married, I didn't care so much. That's what love does to you. Deludes you. You pretend nothing else matters. But it does! A girl's got to have security."

"At first Maurice was always saying we'd be married at the end of the month, next week, the end of the year. He was busy. Oh, he'd a million excuses. We drank a bit. All our set did. Guess that dampens your sense of right, too."

But every now and again, Franny, I'd see Ma's eyes. You know how they look

straight through you. She's had poverty and trouble, but she's straight. Gosh, I wish I were!"

"You are, Chris. It's really all Maurice's fault."

"I'm worse than he is, Franny. I tried to deceive him, thought I got away with it. Franny, Maurice isn't Mike's father."

"What!"

"You might as well know. We had a friend, an artist. He and I got sort of stuck on each other. Week-ends when Maurice was away—you see, he did have a wife somewhere—Harry and I spent together. Once, Maurice was away two months and I became pregnant. When Mike was born, I didn't think Maurice guessed, but each day it seemed clearer. Mike's coloring, everything—Harry's Harry had gone away to study in Paris. We'd agreed it was better. Franny, Maurice never let me know he suspected. Last week Harry returned. Maurice found him kissing me. Fran, for three years we'd lived with a kind of cloud of doubt and suspicion between us. Now it burst. Maurice nearly killed Harry, beat him up horribly." Chris shuddered.

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I drew her into my arms. She was so achingly lovely. "I think I'll go to bed now," she said. "You're right. It's helped to talk."

I kissed her adoringly. "No more morbid thoughts, Chris."

"Don't worry," she said almost cheerfully, "it's going to be all right. You'll help with Mike, won't you, Fran? You love my boy?"

"Of course."

I kissed her again; then helped her undress. "I love you so, Chris darling," I whispered.

"Thank, Franny, I'll always remember. I can't go any place where I won't remember that."

When I got to bed horrible pictures began forming themselves in the darkness—Chris and a furious Maurice, then Ma's tearful face. I tried to think of Hal, only I couldn't somehow. Craig's friendly face was there. I seemed to feel his hand on mine, warm, comforting.

"Good-night, Craig," I murmured, but I didn't catch any reply. Then Hal seemed to be there, kissing me. Hal—no! dead!

I slept like a drugged person till—it must have been around five o'clock. A voice was shrieking somewhere—somewhere in our house!

Marie jumped upright in bed. "Did you hear it, Franny?"

"It's nothing. Lie down. I'll go and—"

Half way downstairs I found Ma, her old wrapper clutched about her. Doors were opening on every landing. "Miss Marne, what—?"

I flew after Ma. "Let me go. I don't want you in the kitchen. Sophy's throwing a fit or something. Please, Ma."

"But, Franny—"

"Miss Murphy," I called to a stolid middle-aged schoolteacher, who'd been with us for five years, "please quiet Ma. Our colored maid's ill."

When I opened the kitchen door, Sophy was standing with a towel thrown over her head. The door to the back porch was open, the porch where Hal and I had danced! The milkman stood there, an empty bottle in either hand.

"Shall I call a cop, Miss? You'll want the police."

"Police!" I shrieked.

"It's Miss Christine," Sophy moaned through the muffling towel, "she's out there. She's—"

**I**N a nightmare I stumbled to the back door but the milkman caught me.

"Shouldn't look if I was you, Miss. Too late to do any good. I'll take out this rug and cover her up. The cops'll have to take charge, Miss. She—she's dead." Then he turned to Sophy. "He you screaming idiot, ain't you got a drop of brandy or something? Watch out, before she faints."

But I didn't faint, not even when I glimpsed the crumpled form of my sister. I'll never forget how kind that milkman was. "You go tell the rest of the folks some tale, Miss. You don't want them running out here."

It was too late. By the time the police came there were curious faces glued to every window, morbid eyes staring—staring. I heard a wailing cry from the attic. Mike! I fought down the faintness and terror. Anguish hadn't come yet. I'd have to face that later. Mike! Chris wanted me to look after Mike.

I can't say much about the next few hours or days. I believe some things are so terrible, a wise providence tries to blur them for us in memory. I had to keep up because of Ma. The shock and sorrow was worst of all for her. I never could have imagined such desolation as hung over our house. I thought Ma was old and tired before. Now she was a ghost, haunted,

shriveled almost. Publicity added its scourge. I fought to shield Ma from the ugly stories that always creep in about a suicide.

Moments stand out, like that one when Sophy called me to the parlor. "Gentleman to see you, Miss Francine."

My heart leapt. Could it be Hal, returning to stand by my side through sorrow! But it was Craig Robertson, his face grave, his voice deep and inexpressibly kind.

"Francine!" Comfort stole from his warm hands and crept up to the icy region around my heart. Tears came, blessed wonderful tears that scorched but eased me. Craig just held my hands and let me cry.

"If there's anything at all I can do, you must let me know," he said. "Naturally, the firm wants you to take all the time off you need. I suggest two or three weeks at least. But that's sort of cold comfort. Though we've seen so little of each other, Francine, I'm your friend. If you need a man around, to deal with reporters or anything—"

**M**Y lips trembled. "It's because I'm so frightened, Craig. Ma's in bed. And they all seem to expect me to—I'm so lost." "I know, dear." He took me in his arms, a sheltering harbor. There was no hint of passion in his clasp, only a heavenly sense of comfort.

"Could you, could you come to the inquest with me, Craig? There's only Dad and me."

"Of course, I'll come."

Maurice Hartman arrived long before my wire could have reached him, on the very morning of the tragedy itself. He seemed middle-aged to me now and his eyes held bitter hurt. Looking at him some of the resentment faded from my heart. Whatever had happened between him and Christine he wasn't entirely to blame.

I remember I blurted out, "How did you come? Surely it isn't in the papers yet?"

"What are you talking about? I've come to see Christine. She won't speak to me on the phone or answer letters. I've come to clear everything up. Where is she?"

I pulled him into the parlor. He didn't know. I should have to tell him!

"We've had a horrible shock, Maurice. It's uncared us all."

We sat on the stuffed horse-hair chairs gazing at each other.

"I'm sorry. You do look upset, Franny. I've been so absorbed in my own troubles that—Franny, did Christine tell you anything about it? I mean about our quarrels. I've been a brute, a senseless stupid brute. I was to blame entirely."

"She told me everything, I guess, Maurice," I said dully.

"You know we weren't married, that my wife refused me a divorce?"

We seemed to be acting in a play, as though set lines came through our lips. I heard myself say, "She told me all that—about Harry and Mike. I'm the one person who knows everything!" My voice rose shrilly. I clamped it down.

"I was a colossal fool, accused her of horrible things, taunted her. I was unforfeiting and unforfeiting. But I never stopped loving her."

"She loved you, too," I said gently.

"God bless you for that, Franny. Genevieve, my wife, is giving me a divorce. She's fallen in love herself. In a few weeks Christine and I can be married. We'll make it very quiet and simple. I'm sure I can make her understand."

I walked over to the window. How could I break his heart? I swung round. I'd have to make it quick and sharp. "You can never tell her, never make her understand because—she's dead!"

I didn't look at him. I heard his sharp

intake of breath, almost felt it myself. My own words were like hammers hitting against the icy walls of my heart. "You'll find—they've taken her—she's at St. John's. She jumped out of the attic window this morning, Maurice. Or maybe, it was an accident."

In the silence I felt his brave, broken spirit trying to catch hold of itself.

"I must go to her. I'll come back to look after—my son."

"You—"

"My son, I said." The fierce voice rang through the room long after the closing of the front door.

The words "Suicide while of un-sound mind." It was correct. Christine had been so sure of her "blank wall" that her mind couldn't function sanely. I believe now, in human experience, there is always an escape. Christine's was rushing along to her as fast as a westbound, streamline express could carry it, but she didn't wait that long. Don't think I had this wisdom then. I didn't. But now I know it.

Then I was bound under a weight of grief un-speakable. I longed to rush away from newspapers, banked flowers, all the horrible grotesquerie of death. Craig Robertson's unostentatious help enabled me to go on. Ma gradually grew a little stronger. The roomers were kind.

Marie was visibly thinner and was not sleeping well. Her cough seemed worse, or maybe it was just the state of her nerves. Ma didn't want to let Mike go, but Maurice put up such a fierce fight that we couldn't keep him.

"I'll go nuts, Franny, if I don't have something that was Christine's. I'm going to make him my son legally, bring him up as she'd want. Harry's a selfish weakling. He won't want him. As I hope, one day, to see Christine again, I'll be good to Mike. I'll let him visit you, see he doesn't forget his mother's people."

"I'd never let him know about those ugly things, Maurice. I'm not going to tell Ma. Christine loved you. Mike believes you're his father. That's enough."

I winced at the fierceness of Maurice's handshake. "Gosh, what an understanding soul you are, Franny. Good-bye, dear."

#### Chapter IV

**T**HERE'D come a long letter from Hal for me on the very morning I first went back to the office. After his condolences—I guess he didn't feel he could say much about our sorrow—he wrote:

"Swell news for you and me, Franny. 'The Bird' was her first fling. Bless her throbbing little brain. I've got swell new prospects. I may have to be away for awhile but—well, wait till we see Roger's new evening for me, Fran. Six o'clock at the old El Clubba, huh? I'll be putting up at a hotel for a night or two. Guess it's best."

Why shouldn't he have his old room back? As practically one of the family, shouldn't he carry his share of our sorrow? But, of course, he couldn't possibly realize what we'd been through. A glow stole through my hurt. We'd be together again. Maybe we could be married. Hal's success would mean a substantial salary raise. I dreamed of my happiness.

I wanted my own home, my man and my children. Yes, despite Chris' tragic words. Even her man had offered her security—at last!

When I told Ma I was going to meet Hal, I had to brace myself to turn away from her sad face. I had to snatch my happiness. I had to! None of us wore real mourning for Christine. Our grief was hidden in our hearts. I had a soft dove gray silk dress. For Hal's sake I stuck a little boutonniere of mauve and pink flowers into the neck. This matched the ribbon on my hat. Even in my sorrow I wanted to



be my loveliest for Hal.

"We didn't meet at the El Chuca, but in the main entrance to my office building. My heart nearly jumped out of my breast with the joy of seeing him. So strong and sunburnt and a new subtle air of confidence about him.

Joy throbbled through me at his "Lo, darling!" I forgot Ma's tired eyes. Hal excited me, made me want to rush out and grab joy; take it in great glorious gulps. His eager love seemed to burn through my gloved hands. It was wonderful, loving this way!

"Why?"

"Why? It seems to tell you, Franny. Just been upstairs handing in my resignation to old Robertson?"

"Resignation! Hal!" I'd dreamed of promotion, raises that could have swept us into one of those little Meredith Avenue cottages with two-by-four parlors, a handkerchief lawn and porch just big enough for a bassinet.

"Sure, my resignation! Wait till you hear my surprise. We've got to talk; that's why I decided on a quieter place than the old Chuckachuk."

We took a taxi out to the "Palmeries." Hal chose a balconied window with a fine view of the sea, where a handful of yachts were riding serenely.

"Pretty view, huh? How would you like to see the world, Fran? English watering places, Italy—"

"Have you been drinking, Hal?"

"Waiting for you. We'll have some wine now so I can tell you my story straight and get some roses into your pale cheeks. Say, I'm sorry about this family business, kid. Must have been a shock."

I quivered under his sympathy. "Please, we won't talk about it yet. Ma's been wonderful. Of course, it's worst for her." I shot me a quick look. "Sure! But don't you forget, you've your own life to lead, young lady. Can't bury yourself in the family always. I figure we should get married right away."

"Yes, Hal, yes," my heart throbbled. "It's been terrible without you."

**M**AYBE he read it in my eyes, for he leaned over and kissed me full on the lips. I felt faint with the joy of it.

"Hal, darling," I panted, "you wouldn't mind if just at first we lived on with Ma. For a few months. She needs me. So does Marie. I could give up the office and have plenty of time for you evenings. Later, when Ma gets over the shock of Christine's death, we can have our own house and—"

"Wait a minute! Where do I come in? I thought you wanted adventure, too. That's what I'm offering you. Complete new experiences, Franny."

I looked into the dear eyes I adored. I'd have to go slow to make him understand. I changed the subject abruptly. "I nearly died when I read the accounts of the plane disaster, Hal. Why didn't you write? I went around with my heart all in little bits inside me. Never again, Hal. Please, darling."

"Yes, Fran, you know how it was. The company's rules and all. Of course, I was all taken up with having this chance on my own. And when I got around to wiring you, the news of Robertson's escape had come through. I was on the road, taking the Bird by trailer myself. Now, my real news will make you forget it. I want to watch your eyes shine. Listen, kid!"

"Yes, loving Hal, I suppose I'd have to be ready for things like that—thoughtlessness. With his adventurous spirit and eagerness to try his wings his "woman" would have to snatch her happiness where she should. But there would be joy too—moments of utter joy."

"Francine Marne, dear Madam! Our big chance has come. We're being mar-

ried right away. Leaving here in a few days to go east on our way to England."

"Darling idiot! We could never afford a honeymoon like that!"

"How about a year's honeymoon? I'm not crazy. How'd you like to see the whole world? I resigned from Robertson's outfit because—yeah, because when it comes to running a nifty outboard craft, where everything depends on quick eye and steady nerve, your "fr-anncy," Miss Marne, ain't so far lacking. Robertson offered me a nice berth, but nothing to what the Hon. Reginald Furrows suggested. He's an English racing man. His first love is speeding motors. Outboard motor boats second. His firm builds 'em.

"Yeah, he watched me pilot the Bird and made me an offer. Told me to put it up to my boss and if he wouldn't meet it—well, Robertson saw it was my chance. Sure, he advised me to go ahead."

"Go where?"

**"W**ELL, I'm to pilot the Furrows' motor boats in the big races. Test new boats. Maybe train men later. We'll always be on the move from one racing place to another. Hundred dollars a week—and bonuses! Two year contract. How's that?"

"Wonderful! The chance you've been waiting for. Of course, I'm proud!"

"Okay. Then, we'll be off!"

"My bright bubble burst into a thousand glittering fragments. Could I desert Ma right at once? What would she do without my help?"

"I can't leave Ma right away, Hal. She's not been well. It'd be cruel to make a sudden break like that. In six months per-

haps—"

I'd never seen such disappointment and black anger on Hal's face.

"You don't love me, Franny. If you did you wouldn't let anyone come between us. I understand how you feel but, sweetheart, thousands of young couples have thrown away their chance of happiness over some silly scruple, like families. Everything's gone bust on them. You've only got one life to live, Fran. It belongs to you and me. I'm not waiting, I tell you. I'm going ahead. If your Ma's made a mess of her life, why should we pay?"

"Hal, please, you're breaking my heart!"

"Somebody's got to make you see sense. A girl can't have it both ways. You can't hold up your family forever. No husband would stand for it. It's a choice, Franny. Every woman has to make it. Get out of this piddling treadmill. Live! Get around!"

"But I can't desert Ma. It might kill her."

He leaned over and gripped my wrists so hard I nearly screamed. "I'm no longer a boy. I believe I can make you happy. But not even you can ruin my big chance. If you love me, you'll live my life with me. You'll come now. If you love your family better, we'd better understand that now. If you send me away, it means you don't care, and I'm through."

For the first time I noticed the bitter line about his mouth. I touched him with a trembling hand but he pulled away.

"Times you've got to ride roughshod, Franny, even over people's hearts. In the long run they understand and forgive you. Your Ma would—"

"Yes, she would, Hal. But could I forgive myself if she cracked up?"

"You've always allowed the family to drag you down. Even in these two weeks they've got their grip in deeper. In six months, who knows?"

Six months, with Hal having new adventures, meeting new people!

"We finished our meal in hurt resentful silence, took the trolley back to town. Hal wouldn't come in. He said, "I'm stopping at the Hampshire. You can get me there

till midnight. Leaving in the morning. If I don't hear, I'll know."

"Hall"

"Yeah, I'll understand your preference. Ever hear this—'Forsaking all others'! All, Fran! No alibis."

I tried to smile. "Kiss me, Hal."

There was no joy in our kiss, no thrill. I forced myself to run up the steps jauntily. Oh, what could I do? I wanted life with Hal, wanted it desperately. The house was a prison, closing down on me greedily. Suddenly I knew. I'd call the hotel right away, before he got back. Leave a message for him to call me at once. "Nothing'll stop me. I'm going to live," I sobbed.

I dropped a nickel in the hall phone box. As the line buzzed I heard Ma's voice. "That you, Fran? Come on up. I've been praying you wouldn't be late."

"Just a minute, Ma. Is that the Hampshire? I want to leave a message for Mr.—"

"Franny, where are you? It's Marie—"

"For Mr. er—"

"She's ill, Franny—"

"Mister—oh, I'm sorry. It's a mistake. Please forget it. I dropped the phone. Ma, what's that?" I flew upstairs.

"Marie came home early from night school. Her head was bad. She's flushed terrible. I'm sure she's got fever. Talking so funny, and I can't quiet her. Should I call a doctor?"

"Of course, Ma. You should have got Dr. James at once."

Marie had been taxing her feeble strength beyond endurance. That and the threatened lung trouble, capped by the shock of Chris' death had been too much. And I'd almost forgotten Marie! How could I?

Dr. James ordered her to the hospital right away. We'd caught her just in time to save a real breakdown. When we knew the danger of brain fever was over it was like a reprieve from death for Ma and me. She lay white and seemingly heedless. I visited her twice every day, on my lunch hour and after the office. Ma was too upset to go often, but Dad would bring a few flowers in his trembling hands.

Marie's scholarship examination was to have been on the seventh. Occasionally she roused herself and asked for her books. She didn't notice that no one brought them. Once she asked me how many days she had till the seventh. "I'll be too old to try again next year, Franny. My whole future depends on this time. You think I'll make it?"

**"S**URE," I smiled. It was the tenth already and I hadn't the heart to tell her. "Just you get strong and well."

"Each day seems like years. How long have I been here?"

"Hardly any time, sweet, hardly any."

At the door of Marie's room—a semi-private one that she had to herself—I ran into Craig Robertson, bringing some yellow roses.

"Caught in the act, eh, Franny?"

"Come in, Craig!" There was actually life in Marie's voice.

"Now you've caught me, Franny, I want to talk to you. My car's outside."

"All right. I'll be seeing the nurse."

How did he know about Marie's illness? He seemed so interested in her. A wave of utter loneliness engulfed me. Why couldn't this be Hal beside me, helping Marie? I hadn't heard from Hal since I'd failed to phone that night. But he couldn't accept that as final. He loved me. I knew he did. When he got over his anger, he'd come back. He'd have to. Had I made the most terrible mistake of my life? You can't have it both ways, he'd said. Can't you? Then should I have left Ma and Marie? Oh how!

I blinked back tears as Craig came out. "I've taken the liberty of phoning Mrs.

## TRUE ROMANCES

Marne. "I'm taking you to dinner. She says will I please see that you eat! So there's a place I know where the chicken and waffles are a dream and we're not coming back till ten o'clock. You need air, and talking to, Franny, and—and loving," he finished under his breath.

Color flamed into my cheeks. Loving! Yes, I needed Hal, needed his kisses.

I liked the way Craig's gloved hands gripped the wheel as we slipped out of town, liked the crinkles about his kind eyes and the way his smooth dark hair sat on his head. There was a trim strength about him, even if he lacked the glamour that my love had wrapped about Hal.

"Wish we could stay out and watch dawn over the bay, Franny. Palest primrose, and green blazing suddenly into gold."

"THE sunset's lovely enough, Craig."

"Yes, night, too. But there's something about dawn. You can almost see everything jaded and tired being wiped out, giving you a clean new sheet to work on!"

"But how quickly we daub them up and spot them. Guess we don't have the knack of living right."

Craig. My voice trembled as I spoke. "Maybe, it's all part of growing. But knock me over the head for a pie-eyed professor. Out with a lovely girl and treating her like a first year philosophy class."

"I like you to talk this way. You know I used to dream about being a dancer. Not just to make money. I wanted to create new sort of dances, say in them the things I could never find words for. You see, I've never been clever, like Marie. You think I'm crazy? I've never spoken to anyone else this way."

"I think you're splendid and original, too. That's better than being clever. What a swell kid Marie is, bright as the dickens, too."

"Yes, and she still thinks she has a chance for that scholarship!"

"Why not let her? She could be told her standard was high enough without the final tests. Be fun to send her to Stracher's college. She needn't know who'd be paying the fees."

"And who would?"

"I." Craig announced shamelessly. "Marie'd be a sound investment."

"No, no, no!" I snapped.

"Pretty vehement, Franny, aren't you? A chance for her not to have her chance?"

"That's not from a stranger." I almost sobbed.

"That's not very kind. Another thing, Dr. James says it's essential for her to have six months in Arizona. Put her back on her feet. Now I—"

"Craig, if you as much as hint at one more kind thing, I'll bawl and howl right here in the car. I can't stand it!"

"You know why, don't you Franny? It isn't only Marie. I love everything that's even part of your life. It's got to come out, darling."

"It wasn't a shock to me. In my heart I believe I'd known it. Why couldn't I love him? Why must my heart still throbb with passionate desire for Hal?"

Over dinner and the long peaceful drive home, we spoke of general things. When we were almost home Craig said, "If your feeling for me ever changes, you'll be brave enough to come and tell me, Franny?"

"Yes, I promise."

"And you'll let me take you out sometimes, just to see you eat a square meal?"

"I'd love it."

"Mind if I kiss you on that?"

I lifted my face. I felt none of the restlessness longing Hal aroused in me, but a sense of peace and quietness that went indoors with me, up into the bedroom that was so lonely, now Marie was away.

I awoke early. Jumping out of bed a strange dizziness sent me reeling back against the pillows. My knees shook and a retching pain tore through me. I'd experienced nothing like it before. Vaguely I wondered if the dinner last night had given me a touch of ptomaine.

The mere thought of food sent me rushing to the bathroom where I was violently sick. Nauseating wretchedness took complete hold of me. When I got my head back on the pillow I began to fight against insidious thoughts. This was no ordinary stomach upset. This was nature's signal to woman. I'd been too worried about Marie to notice the irregularity that should have warned me.

When this morning experience had gone on a week, my dread grew into

certainly. I was to bear Hal's child and Hal had left me in anger. I should have married him, let the family struggle along alone. I'd got to find Hal. Dread fear haunted me. Supposing Ma found out before I got to Hal! Poor Ma, faced with a little illegitimate child. I thought of Mike, Christine's love child. Christine's tragedy had almost killed Ma. Now with Marie's health so insecure! This added disgrace! How could I bring this onto Ma? I saw her sad eyes turning from me in horror. Ma had to keep her faith in me.

"I'm so stupid, so frightened!" I cried aloud. I was against the blank wall Christine had faced. Only I had no one, no one!

### Chapter V

I DON'T know what would have happened if I hadn't fainted at Marie's bedside, when Dr. James was there and Craig, too. They'd been discussing arrangements for Marie's going away.

I remember I stood up and said, "It's very kind of you, Craig, but Ma and I feel we can't—"

Then Marie's little face blurred before me, Craig's, the doctor's—

It was difficult trying to evade Dr. James' expert questions. Something in his cool friendly gaze made this impossible.

"I should advise you to be married just as quickly as possible, Miss Marne. A new life has definite rights. The man responsible—"

"Then I am going to have a baby?"

Could I call Hal back, clip his wings now? Wouldn't he hate me, the baby too, perhaps?

Craig waited for me in the corridor. With the cool breezes of Sunset Drive blowing over my face, I screwed up my courage. "I'm going to have Hal's baby, Craig. You better drop the Marne family while you can."

His mouth was a grim line, his eyes stared straight ahead.

"Say something," I choked. "You despise me. I know you must. I wouldn't care so much for myself, but Ma trusted me. She's borne such a lot."

"Not a crime to have a child, Franny," Craig said quietly.

"It is when you're not married. I didn't

dream of this that night. There was only once. Hal was going away. I loved him so, Craig, loved him. Maybe it'd be better if I could die."

"Franny, how dare you?" His furious cry checked my hysteria. "You've never been a cowardly whiner. Chin up!"

"Why don't you loathe me?"

"Because I see you aside from all this, I guess. One part of me almost hates you. I could thrash the daylight out of Colburn happily. But you're such a slip of a girl and you've been through plenty. Want me to bring him back? Still love him?"

The face he turned to me was a white mask, dark eyes burning.

"I wish I didn't," I faltered.

We hardly spoke on the drive home. Did I have to go on loving Hal? The fact of bearing his child seemed to overshadow everything else. I had moments of happiness after the first despair. I felt myself part of the great scheme that swings planets in their courses and moves in the deep sea tides. Motherhood, I knew, was a path of glory despite the lies and subterfuges that soon would hedge me in. I, too, caught an echo of the angel's song. But how could I tell Ma?

CRAIG came one evening to tell her he'd arranged for Marie to go to Arizona. Her voice sounded stunned as she tried to thank him. I was in the hall arranging the flowers he'd brought. Ma said chokily, "It's for my Franny you're doing it, ain't it? Mr. Robertson, you'll excuse a blunt old woman."

"You're right. I've never loved any girl this way."

"She's bright," Ma cried, "she'd learn new ways quicker'n a flash. You'd never need to be ashamed of her. She's not like her Dad and me."

I nearly dropped the vase. Waves of humiliation swept over me. How could Ma—pleading this way!

"Franny knows I want her to be my wife."

Through the crack in the parlor, I watched Ma's face light up. At that moment it was a young face, as beautiful as Christine's. Ma was thrilled out of her everyday self. "That's wonderful!"

"It would be—if she loved me." The catch in Craig's voice set up a dull ache in my heart. I couldn't face them then. I dragged myself upstairs, threw myself on my bed. My eyes were dry but they ached.

"Hal," I cried drowsily, "I'm going to have your child. Oh darling, don't you see, they want me to marry Craig. It would make everything so simple. He's good, better than we are. Help me, Hal!"

Ma raved over Craig's kindness. When I merely agreed, she seemed almost angry.

"How can you still think of that filthy-gibberly speed boat mechanic? Where is he anyways? What does he care for you or your family? He's warped your judgment. You could have everything I've always wanted for you. No I won't stop." She saw me clap my hands over my ears. "This is the finest chance God ever gave a girl. I bet that Hal's had a dozen sweethearts since you. He doesn't know the meaning of responsibility!"

"Ma, but how could I marry Craig, when every beat of my heart is for Hal?"

"Yeah, I loved that way once but what did it do for me? You're deluded, Franny, same as I was." Ma stopped, then sighed resignedly. "Still, if you love him I guess that's all—"

"Then you're not angry with me, Ma?" She snatched me to her warm slack bosom. My face was buried in her moist neck.

"Why does it have to be this way?"

"Guess you'll have to ask the One who made women's hearts—dratted contrary things!" Her smile was a rainbow through



tears, and it pulled me with gladness.

Craig found out for me that Hal was making a stop-off on his way to England. "He's at Elkington, Franny. Quite a boating colony on the lake there. Goodish sized town, about half way between here and Chicago. I was thinking, we have some business coming up in Ruthven City, a hundred miles west. I could leave tomorrow, clear that up, see Colburn and—" "You'd tell him about me and—hold a gun to his ribs?"

"That's about it, Franny."

I shook my head. "I'd rather tell him myself."

"Well, could you catch the morning plane with me?"

"I'd better go alone. If people saw us together, they'd talk. There's your mother—"

"Sometimes I wish you'd met her, Fran. You might have liked me a little better if you'd known her."

"I don't see how I could like you better. All you're doing—"

**A**ND I'm fool enough to take you right because—up to Colburn, see you get married,

"Why?"

"Never mind. I guess your happiness means something."

"Craig," I asked suddenly, "would you have really married me, even with Hal's baby coming, and—?"

His eyes blazed. "Franny, you don't have the vaguest idea of what a man's willing to do when he's in love! What would anything matter if I had you? Don't you know anything at all about love? I think about you day and night, scheme how I can just be near you, make you look at me as though I counted."

I caught a glimpse of Craig's spiritual stature. I was in the presence of something bigger than I'd ever known.

"If you love me that way, Craig," I faltered. "I'll marry you thankfully! You're so good and kind."

He swung me to the light, pressed his lips on mine—a thrilling kiss but a kind one, too. Vaguely I sensed it as a husband's rather than a lover's. Marrying Craig, I'd be missing something—

He dropped me as suddenly as he'd clasped me. "Be ready nine-thirty. Only one suitcase, mind. Tell your mother I'm taking you to Colburn."

"But Craig!"

"Don't you think I can tell by your kiss you love that guy?"

I sat beside Craig in the plane, pretending to read the magazines he'd bought me. I wanted to talk, but his expression didn't encourage me. There was a sort of armor about him I couldn't pierce.

Swooping at last down into the airport he smiled, "Enjoyed the journey? Thrilled?"

Was I? This very day I'd be in Hal's arms again, learn that he loved me. Nothing else really counted. The baby must come first. My blood began to pound. I was filled with the sense of completion, of belonging, that is part of marriage. The rest is compounded of comradeship, carving out the single path of destiny. Would Hal and I make a success of marriage? We'd cast the die. We couldn't draw back. A child meant a home, settled hours, roots!

Craig booked a room for me at the Lake Hotel, where Hal was staying. He was going over to the Woodenough himself. The desk clerk asked if we wanted Mr. Colburn's page. But it was late so Craig suggested we have a meal first. Then I should get some rest. He'd arrange an appointment with Hal for the morning.

I felt tired and headachy, sorry that we'd allowed ourselves to be conducted into the Palm Lounge. An orchestra was playing and I didn't feel at all festive.

"Shall we change, Franny?" Craig asked. "No, don't bother."

"Well, what'll we eat? You like oysters? What about an oyster stew?"

We said little over our meal. I think we both felt it was a kind of farewell. A desolate sort of feeling. We'd begin sentences and never finish them. I was so near Hal now I felt scared.

Looking through the palms, as a large party was moving out, I suddenly saw him. At the far end of the lounge facing the orchestra. A woman was with him. Even at this distance I could see she was exquisitely pretty, in ice-blue satin, cut to reveal the beautiful molding of back and shoulders. Hal was in tuxedo, more debonair than I'd seen him in my whole life.

We seemed to have grown miles apart in these few weeks. He was almost a stranger. He certainly hadn't taken long to forget me. I watched him laughing down into the lovely face opposite and a jab of furious pain shook me. I felt—stricken! He was so absorbed, so gay—and I'd been eating my heart out.

"Stick, Franny?" Craig asked.

"No, just that Hal's over there, facing the orchestra. He's with a girl—a beautiful girl!"

Craig's face hardened. "Looks as if he's having a swell time, too. Shall I fetch him?"

"Wouldn't do, right now."

"I should say it's the best possible time." Craig's eyes were taking in Hal's lovely companion. Did I look hopelessly drab in comparison? My gray suit and small hat were all right for a flight across country but—

Craig pushed aside his demitasse. I watched him thread his way between the tables. He lacked Hal's huge physique but there was a distinction in his bearing. Anger shot through me, and desperation. How could Hal sit making love to that girl when he belonged to me? He'd have to face his responsibilities!

**B**UT when Hal returned with Craig and I listened to his, "Franny, this is a swell surprise!" something melted in me. I felt all warm and soft. I wanted to throw myself into his arms, have him kiss away my terrible headache.

Craig said, "Franny, there's some work I've got to attend to."

I turned my eyes to his face. I'd completely forgotten him.

"Better join us, Robertson," Hal said.

"Please do, Craig," I clasped his hand.

"Sorry. I'll phone you first, this in the morning, Franny."

"All right." I pulled Hal down into Craig's chair. "I've got something to tell you, Hal darling. Something you must know at once."

"Give me the home dope later. I must get back to Miss Furrows. She's the daughter of the man I'm working for. Isn't she a looker? You'd like her. She's got everything. The way I've taught her to handle a speed boat, too! Best thing I ever did was leaving the Robertson gang, Fran. They're swell people but I'm in the real inner circle now—big money, big names. Come on and be introduced. Can't leave her alone with all these guys hanging around."

"Of course not. But I've got to speak to you, Hal. Terribly urgent."

"Tomorrow morning. Can't break this evening's date," Hal urged me forward.

"Margery, this is Francine Marne, just blown in from the west."

She was more beautiful than I'd imagined, with her patrician features and eggshell skin. Her slim fingers, even if they could handle a boat expertly, looked as though they'd never known a dish-pan. "Nice to have one of Hal's old friends join us. We're proud of him. Consider him a great find. Expect him to snaffle the big prizes for us. And I never let Dad forget I was the one who first spotted him."

"Margery," Hal pretended to groan, "I feel my head swelling."

"Jinks to you! A man who does his job as ably as you would never get swelled head. Wait till we're in England and the beauties flutter around!"

She loved him! I could tell by the way she looked at him, chaffing but sincere, by the way her fingers rested on his as he lit her cigarette. And Hal? He never took his eyes off her. She was fascinating, cultured and fine, and she held his future in those two small hands. I wanted to hate her but I couldn't. There was something so genuine there. She'd been so good for Hal!

**I** REFUSED to let myself be a wet blanket. I accepted one of Margery's cigarettes smiling, "I know you've been wonderfully helpful to Hal!"

Her face was positively radiant. "You know, we'd planned on going out to the Pleasure Gardens tonight, Miss Marne. A crazy place, sort of children's paradise, like Coney Island. I just love to hang on things and scream my head off. You'll come, too?"

"I think I'd better get to bed."

"Come on, Franny, you'd enjoy it!" Hal echoed her invitation.

How strange for me to be the odd girl when Hal was around. I should be the one persuading a third girl to join us.

Margery's stony, pointed-nosed car stood at the hotel door. She wouldn't get me escape; insisted on driving herself and pushed Hal and me in back.

"We can all squeeze in front, Marge," Hal laughed.

"You two old friends'll want to yarn in comfort. Takes half an hour to get out to the gardens anyway."

So Hal and I sat in the scented darkness. The car ran like velvet. I wanted him to reach out and draw me close, wanted his hands squeezing mine, sending a message of love and confidence clear down to my heart. But at the first contact of our shoulders at a bump in the road, he jerked away and began to discuss the route with Margery.

In a panic I caught his hand and pressed it to my breast, as though he must sense the love there. After a moment he gently withdrew it. I felt chilled. His lips were near my ear. "Not now, Franny, for pity's sake—"

I withdrew into my corner. Maybe he was right, but love shouldn't be so careful, it should be a little mad, too, and reckless.

"Boys and girls, here we are!" Margery swung the car into the parking place. The Gardens had a small lake and water chute. Margery took my arm. "I'd advise that! I never get enough of fairs and merry-go-rounds. I love the ferris wheel and the cyclone. I want to eat hot dogs and have my picture taken in that old 1905 automobile! Let's have fun!"

"Baby!" I winced at the teasing warmth



in Hal's voice when he spoke to her. "Tomorrow," I whispered to myself, "tomorrow, he'll know!"

There could hardly have been a person less in the "fair" spirit than I, but that night the more my heart ached the more I shrieked and giggled. I refused to be a damper. That would be letting Hal down. I don't know why I did it. It was a sort of desperation, egging me on to feverish hilarity.

The steam organ jazz made my head ache, the crack of the shooting range. But I held doggedly on, matching Margery's insistence on "two tries at everything."

"You're a grander sport than I am, Gunga Din!" she laughed, around one o'clock. "What about one more 'go' on those crazy coasters, Francine?"

"Sure!" I was utterly reckless now, more than a little mad in my determination to keep up.

The coasters were funny little individual cars that slithered about the shiny floor, bumping each other noisily. I could see nothing but screaming faces and lights, lights, lights! I half stood in my little car, swaying as I had bumped to right and left.

"Sit down there," the guard yelled. I dropped onto the seat. Horns blared, music roared. A stout man in a cowboy hat, stuck on the side of his bald head, whizzed round the corner. We bumped crazily. My coaster spun round and jammed against a drunken sailor's.

He pushed me free. Bump! Bump! Bump! I'd no idea where I was steering. The sea of lights swirled. I couldn't see Hal or Margery. The stout man again, minus his hat. He gave a loud, "Yippity!" and made for my car. My hands slipped off the pole supports. I couldn't catch it again. I stood up, swayed, while the car spun and spun.

We bumped with a hideous crash. Everywhere lights shooting like stars—swinging, screaming! Then a zigzag of pain that cut right through me. I was falling, bumping. Again that zigzagging pain, bending me double, tossing me. I clutched at nothing.

"Hall!" I screamed through all the other screams. "Hall!"

Then it was dark.

## Chapter VI

**I**T was very still in the room and heavily quiet. I opened my eyes. The pain was agonizing, shooting through my whole body. I shut my eyes and drifted into lassitude.

Once, when I opened my eyes, Margery was sitting there. Her lovely face was grave. "The doctor says you may talk a little now. I've got someone outside waiting to see you. You scared us Francine but, praise be, you're going to be all right."

Hal came in and they both talked. There was something I wanted to say to Hal but I was too weary.

When Craig visited me, I just lay and looked at him through half shut eyes.

One day Hal asked, "You know all that's happened to you, Franny?"

"It hurt a lot."

"I bet it did. You poor kid. It wasn't just the accident of the bumping, crazy coaster, you know. That bruised shoulder and your head! They're well on the mend now. It was something else?"

"What, Hal?" I asked simply.

"You must have known, Franny, you were going to have a baby!"

I shut my eyes. I couldn't look into Hal's face then. Did he want it? Did he love me enough?

His hands gripped mine. "You—you lost it, Franny. Part of the accident. That's what you were coming to tell me about, wasn't it?"

I began to cry softly. To lose my baby, my own little baby! Hal's eyes were full. "I'll marry you, Franny."

How cold it sounded suddenly, how pitifully cold!

"I don't mind telling you, knowing all this has struck me rather of a heap. Changes things quite a bit. Why didn't you tell me before?"

"You mean, it'll make it difficult about your future? Don't you love me, Hal?"

"Of course."

"Kiss me, then."

I pulled him down so our cheeks touched. His was wet. I felt frightened. He kissed me harder. "I thought I'd forgotten but sure, I love you, Franny."

Two good men loved me. I could marry either. It was almost a frightening thought, somehow. I looked at Hal. As he'd kissed me, I'd seemed to sense that he could have kissed anybody just that same way. Margery—or any other, attractive woman. There wouldn't be just one girl in Hal's life. A "special" shut away securely forever in his inmost heart. Next week, next year there'd be, there'd always be, others!

**I**BEGAN to laugh softly. When Hal kissed me he'd refound a thrill in my lips but I—I hadn't thrilled at all. There'd been no answering throb of joy in me, no delicious surge of the blood, no heady madness.

Hal murmured against my lips, "I love you, Fran, but—"

"But you're worried about the future. It seemed so big and exciting and you're wondering if loving me will harm it. Be honest, Hal."

"Franny, I don't see why we should lose anything. I'm a mutt."

"No. You're a baby, seeing two dancing lights."

"Franny!" He kissed me despairingly.

I felt that something beautiful was slipping out of my life but something I didn't want to drag back! When Margery came to see me we talked a lot about Hal.

She said, "I'd like to stand up for you at your wedding." There were tears in her eyes. Her love for Hal was desperately sincere. The words must have been like knives.

I found myself thinking—couldn't she, with her interest in his work, her position, make him a better wife than I?

"I'm not going to marry Hal, Margery," I said abruptly. "I don't believe in marriage without real love. It took an accident to show me."

She drew a sharp breath. Tears spilled from her eyes. How she did love him! She was the type to whom everything else would be secondary. Hal's welfare would always come first.

"Francine, I've felt so responsible for your accident. I dragged you out there, onto that stupid crazy coaster."

"Let's forget it, Margery. I'm just so thankful the doctor says there won't be any lasting ill effects. I can go home in a week if I go by easy stages. Home—to Ma! There's so much I can do for her, Margery. She's so splendid. I can't tell you how much I've missed her."

"But your marriage? Hal says—"

"I'm not going to marry anybody. Hal's a dear, Margery, and he really adores you. Honestly he does. He's free and you love him!"

"You're sweet. Of course, I can't hide the fact that I do love Hal, but he still—"

"He doesn't really. In a few weeks he'll have forgotten me. I know it. You're linked with Hal's career, his success. In a month you can make yourself indispensable, all the world to him, Margery."

"Will any woman ever be that?"

Our eyes met in a look of complete understanding.

Hal tried again to persuade me. I turned

him down with an ache in my heart. After all, he was my first love; he'd awakened my youthful passion. I wasn't going to marry my man, but I knew that Hal and Margery would make a finer job of life than he and I.

It was wonderful being back with Ma again. I explained as much as I could about Hal, and tried to evade her questions concerning Craig and me. Dear heart, she didn't pester once she realized I simply couldn't talk—yet.

Good reports, cheerful letters, began to come from Marie in Arizona. I tried to thank Craig for what he'd done. Dear faithful Craig! He'd come and see us often, striving to hide the hunger in his eyes. My heart was still too hurt and broken to answer that look. I'd done right in giving up Hal. I knew. His irresponsible nature would never fully satisfy the deep cravings I sensed in my own soul. I was a woman now, a woman who'd been hurt.

Someday there might be a blossoming of love in my heart again—deeper, more durable than anything I had experienced. I had so much to give. I dared not risk another mistake.

When the depression came along the speed boat business, a luxury trade after all, almost ceased to exist for awhile. When Craig visited us, he tried to hide the fact that his family was hit harder than most. Shipping, in all lines, was going through a fierce struggle for life. I suffered with Craig.

It was then I realized I loved him—for himself. Not for his position or what he could do for my family but for himself, for the dear, brave generous soul of him.

I went to him one night, when he was utterly despondent. "I've been a greedy child, taking you and all you've done so far granted, Craig," I whispered. "I want to marry you, Craig. Darling, I love you so, I love you!"

"You once promised you'd come and tell me if you changed, didn't you, Franny?" He gave a rueful smile. "I appreciate it but how can I marry when business—"

"The way I feel, business doesn't count. That'll right itself. I've been a blind idiot long enough. Oh, Craig darling, how I love you!"

**H**E swept me close, towering above me. His kiss roused a passion of bliss in me because now he really dared to kiss. He knew I loved him. Craig's love was like that.

A trembling cry of joy came from my throat. This wasn't the hectic excitement I'd known with Hal. This was sheer glory, the eternal love of a man for a woman, fused through struggle and disappointment and pain. Craig's love hadn't come to quick showy blossoming like Hal's, it had grown from the deep strong roots of reality! I would always be—the one woman!

We were married when business was at its lowest ebb. Craig's father was suffering from a complete breakdown. I learned to know and love his mother in those days.

Our love gave us courage to fight. Together Craig and I are rebuilding the business. It isn't what it has been, though it's beginning to pick up. We've seen many things tooping about us. Craig and I, but we've seen one thing grow and grow, till it's like an enormous tree that shelters our lives and reaches further out to shelter both our families, too. That is our love.

When Craig takes me in his arms and whispers, "Happy, Franny?" I can truthfully answer, "Utterly, and maybe the other thing we want will be coming along soon, very soon. Our baby!"

Yes, in Craig's arms I have found the love that is the meaning of life, that soars at times to almost unbearable bliss, the love that is always there. No words can express it.

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Marion Marsh chooses Style 621, the all-round pleated skirt dress in Rose wool hop-lucking, with Brown trim

Marion Marsh



Patricia Ellis selects Style 601, gorgeous hetro frock in Black non-cash velvet and embroidered lace

Patricia Ellis

Binnie Barnes chooses Style 618, a two-toned wool sports frock with stunning zipper neck and clever details.

Binnie Barnes



Wendy Barrie selects Style 604, smart laced-front hetro, new deep raih. Black satin on rich crepe.

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# VETERAN of 2000 Tobacco Auctions

Billie Branch says: "Like most other independent tobacco experts, I smoke Luckies!"

*Mr. Smoker:* What about these experts who smoke Luckies 2 to 1?

*Mr. Lucky Strike:* It's a fact... and sworn records show it.

*Mr. Smoker:* What sort of experts?

*Mr. L. S.:* *Independent* experts. Not tied up with any cigarette maker. Auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen.

*Mr. Smoker:* What do they do?

*Mr. L. S.:* Take Billie Branch, for instance. He's been "in tobacco" since boyhood. He is an auctioneer.

*Mr. Smoker:* He must *know* tobacco!

*Mr. L. S.:* He *does*. He's seen the tobacco all the companies buy, Lucky Strike included—and he's smoked Luckies for 15 years.

*Mr. Smoker:* That speaks well.

*Mr. L. S.:* What's more, only Luckies employ the "Toasting" process.

*Mr. Smoker:* What does that do?

*Mr. L. S.:* It takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in *all* tobacco. "Toasting" makes Luckies a light smoke.

*Mr. Smoker:* I believe I'll try them.

*Sworn Records  
Show That...*

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO  
BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

